



Young America

We were up at early morning, and the echoes quickly woke, And the atmosphere was murky with the clouds of powder smoke. We whooped it up for Washington, and Israel Putnam, too, But we whooped it up the loudest for old Yankee-Doodle-do. Every blister was a token of our love of liberty, And we fired salutes in plenty to the banner of the free. 'Twas a grand old celebration, full of noise and smoke galore, And considered something bully by a lad aged 4.

He shot off the biggest crackers, and for him the rockets flew, And for liberty he shouted, and for Yankee Doodle, too. And he killed a million foemen, more or less—I think 'twas more— With a gun that shot from Q street to the furthest foeman's shore. When he lit the cannon crackers with a glowing bit of punk Ev'ry enemy of Freedom thought it wise to quickly flunk. Yes, he waved the starry banner till the great day was no more, Did this patriot so sturdy who is aged just 4.

We were up at early morning and the lad was in command, And we whooped for dear Old Glory in a way to beat the band. Every blister on our fingers was a sign of victory, While the stains of burning powder filled our souls with ecstasy. He was acting major gen'ral, I the private in the ranks, And I know he is deserving of the nation's grateful thanks. He's a royal, true-blue soldier, patriotic to the core, Is this sturdy little fellow who is aged just 4.

Musings

Of course, as you grow older you long for a little more quiet, but now and then something comes up to remind you that there are things of vastly more consequence than quiet and repose.

There is the youngster—a lad a little past three years old, and just able to enjoy things with some degree of knowledge. What about his Fourth of July. Isn't it worth all the discomfort of noise, and powder burns and smoke and excitement just to hear his shrill cries of joy at the exploding cracker? Every time he whoops in sheer gladness you forget all about your own discomfort—that is to say, you forget if you've got a single spark of patriotic and parental pride.

And when you are nearing the fifty-year mark you dislike crowds, but what about the kiddies on circus day? With a girlie of less than two, a laddie of about three and a half, and a couple of girlies between seven and eleven—well, wouldn't you be willing to stand the crush and the jam of the streets while the parade goes by just for the pure joy of hearing their shouts of glee and their naive remarks concerning the animals and the clowns and the riders? If you wouldn't, then all we've got to say is that you don't deserve to be the father of a bunch of children that any man might be proud of.

Then, too, when nearing the half-century mark, you prefer to take your ease on a shady porch in a

comfortable chair, but supposing you have a bunch of kiddies who want a day in the woods, under the trees, with a lunch basket filled with cold grub. But wouldn't you leave your shady porch and easy chair now and then and undergo the discomfort of bugs and ants and cold grub and a cold in the head just to hear those kiddies discuss the different kinds of birds and bugs and animals they see? If you wouldn't—well, in that case some one ought to seize a large club and beat a little responsibility into your head.

Your gathering years may entitle you to some consideration, but the lack of years on the part of others entitle them to consideration, too. And the man who isn't willing to undergo a little discomfort in order to give the children a good time ought to be banished to a desert isle where he wouldn't have anything but peace and quiet.

Both Ends From the Middle

The devious ways of capital are hard to understand. For instance, here is the story of a street railway corporation in a western city:

This corporation pays the smallest wages of any similar corporation located in a city of similar size. It has delayed the paying of a constitutional occupation tax until it now owes the city something like \$50,000.

This corporation's employees are asking for an increased wage. The city is demanding the payment of the tax.

The corporation opposes paying the tax on the ground if it pays the tax it will be unable to meet the employees' demand for a fair wage.

At the same time the corporation refuses to increase wages, arguing that it can not afford to because it has to pay such heavy taxes.

The Ethiopian's con trap wasn't a circumstance to this corporation's little trap that catches the municipality at one end and the employees at the other.

She Was

She was one of June's sweet girl graduates, and from the heights of our worldly experience we were inclined to joke her a little.

"So the Alps lie between you and Italy," we remarked sarcastically.

"Perhaps, but there's nothing that stands between me and the making of a pan of light biscuits, or broiling a steak, or making a batch of bread, or a cherry pie, or a cake, or keeping a house in order—unless it is the absence of a young man who has got sense enough to hold a job that pays enough salary to warrant him in undertaking the responsibilities of a husband."

Ever since we have wondered how we mustered up mental activity enough to change the subject without loss of time.

L'Envoy

Little Johnnie had a cracker Filled choke full of dynamite; Big and red and full of danger It looked good to Johnnie's sight. Johnnie lit the fuse with pleasure, Held the cracker in his hand— Where is Johnnie? Ask the echoes Bearing fragments o'er the land.

Ample Reason

"So Billkins has gone broke, has he? What was the cause of it?" "He drew an automobile in a raffle and his wife gave him a fine Panama

hat. So he went broke trying to live up to both of them."

Hard Luck

"Jones met with a sad misfortune on the Fourth."

"How's that?"

"Filled his ears full of cotton to deaden the sound of the cannon crackers, and a spark flew in and set the cotton on fire."

Successful

"Well, Johnnie; what did you do on the Fourth?"

"Blew off a finger, burned holes in three shirtwaists, filled Bill Scroggs' face full of powder, set fire to my sister's skirts, burned down the woodshed and chicken house, scared the dog into spasms and spent three dollars and twenty-seven cents. It was a bully Fourth!"

Ever See It

Maymye sits there in the parlor, Hands on the piano's keys, And her songs of "Home and Mother"

Swell upon the ev'ning breeze. Clear and sweet is Maymye's singing At the setting of the sun, While her mother's in the kitchen Till the dishes all are done.

Wise Johnnie

"Johnnie, there is one who watches all your actions, knows everything you do, hears everything you say and knows your every thought."

"Now look here, mamma; I know Senator Aldrich is a big man, but he can't do all those things."

Compelled

"Jones says business is pushing with him."

"So it is. I heard his wife tell him he had to mow the lawn or she would go home to her mother."

Strenuous

"How did Bilkins meet with his accident?"

"He fell trying to dodge a street car and an auto hit him and knocked him on top of a dynamite cracker just as it exploded."

Brain Leaks

Sin is sexless.

The sugar barons are in a sticky mess just now.

You get good out of life only as you put good into it.

Dollars may build a palace but love makes the home.

Satan never takes a vacation nor puts on an understudy.

Self-sacrifice is not giving up something you do not want.

The older we get the shorter grows the night before the Fourth.

The testimony of the heart is not always best given by the mouth.

Most of us city fellows find it easy to work a garden until the weeds begin to grow.

Don't it beat all how big a little cottage seems when the babies are all visiting grandma?

Some people imagine that philanthropy consists in giving a collar button to a shirtless man.

We are quite well satisfied to let the boys celebrate the Fourth just as they please—they'll do it anyhow.

We did not enjoy a "noiseless Fourth" for the simple reason that we preferred to enjoy a noisy one with the kidlets.

It takes a mighty big firecracker these days to make as much noise as the little firecrackers made about thirty-five or forty years ago.

It was because our revolutionary sires were not afraid of noise that we are permitted to celebrate the Fourth with cannons and crackers.

We met a man the other day for whom we are profoundly sorry. He

had never read "Robinson Crusoe" and he is now too old to appreciate it.

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