

WHETHER COMMON OR NOT.

The Flag.

(The following poem was read at the raising of a flag over the North Side Christian church, Omaha, Neb., on July 6, 1902.)

Hurrah!
Aloft the flag floats free,
A blaze of color for eyes to see;
Its stripes of crimson and purest white
And glorious stars break on our sight!
Blood of patriots gladly shed
To paint its gleaming stripes of red;
Broad stripes washed white with women's tears
Through bitter nights of war's sad years;
Star field torn out of heaven's blue—
Hurrah!
The old flag floats in view.

But is this flag all we raise on high
To blend its colors with cloud and sky?

A few bright colors? A painted rag?
Nay! Not these alone can make a flag.
Its gleaming folds must hold to sight
Truth, Honor, Justice, Power, Right—
A living flame—that men who grope
In galling chains may see and hope;
And seeing, gladly shall proclaim,
"Hurrah!
It floats in Freedom's name!"

With martial strains and songs of praise
This emblem of the free we raise.

Hurrah!
Its folds reflect the sun!
They shine with vict'ries nobly won!
It tells of men who dared to die
To keep its waving folds on high!
And floating there this legend tells:
"Keep me alone where honor dwells;
And whether on the land or sea,
Keep me the banner of the free."
And so we raise this banner bright,
Hurrah!
"Old Glory" greets our sight!

Hurrah!
Salute the emblem grand!
The emblem of our glorious land!
May it ere stand for truth and right
Unstained by lust of gain and might.
God grant this flag shall ever be
The banner of the brave and free!
Save one, no banner floats in view
Above the old Red, White and Blue—
Praise God!
And all with one accord
Bow 'neath the banner of our Lord.

Hurrah!
Twin flags we raise this day!
Two flags, and both shall float away!
And carry love and hope and peace
Till wars' alarms forever cease,
And nesting birds shall sing their notes
From out the unused cannons' throats;
Till men with honest, joyful cheers
Make pruning hooks of warrior spears;
Till swords shall gleaming plowshares yield
To turn the soil of peaceful field.
Hurrah!
That glad day dawns to view
In gleaming tints—Red, White and Blue.

A FABLE CONCERNING A PEOPLE WHO WELCOMED THEIR DELIVERERS IN MANNER SOMEWHAT PREMATURE.

It came to pass that a Certain People were delivered from the Exactions of a King by a lot of Uniformed Gents bearing aloft a Starry Flag.

"Ah, you have come to give us the Blessings of Liberty!" exclaimed the Certain People.

"That's What," remarked the chief Uniformed Gent. "You are now citizens of my Country, and in my Country Every Man is a King."

Whereupon the Certain People Re-

joiced and were Exceeding Glad, and proceeded to Engage in Business with Much Zeal.

After Tolling for Some Months the Certain People had Goods to Sell and bethought Themselves of the Country from Whence came the Uniformed Gents.

"Ah," said they, "we will Barter and Trade with our Fellow Citizens."

But when They would Barter with Their Fellow Citizens the Fellow Citizens remarked in Loud Voices:

"Not on your Tin Types. You must Cough up the Dough, meaning the Tariff Duties."

"But are we not One People?" asked the Astonished Certain People.

"Not on your Tintype!" jeered the Parties Questioned.

"But you told us that it was Even So."

"Of course, but that was for Campaign Purposes only. This is a Business Proposition and we are not inclined to Give up a Good Thing."

Moral: He who Welcomes a Deliverer Prematurely is Remote from His Mental Base.

A FABLE WHICH SHOWS CONCLUSIVELY THAT IT WAS AN OLD FOGY WHO SAID THAT MEN SERVE BUT ONE MASTER.

It came to pass that the People of a Certain Province Chose a Learned Attorney to look after their Interests in the Halls of Congress. No sooner was he It than the Lawyer began Accepting Retainers from the Enemies of the People, whereat the People Murmured and Said Things.

"Whyfore Murmurest Thou?" asked the Lawyer. That is to say, this is the Polite Way of putting the Question he asked. What the Lawyer did say was, "What is a Aching of you? You make me Tired."

"You are not Serving us, but are Serving our Enemies and Oppressors," replied the People.

"Nay, not so," exclaimed the Lawyer. "I represent you as Your Senator, while I appear for your Oppressors Merely as an Attorney."

"But it is Written that no Man can Serve two Masters," said the People.

The Lawyer spent a Few Minutes in uttering Hoarse Hoots of Derision and then Spieled:

"Stuff and Nonsense. Do you not observe that I am Doing it?"

"But where do We come In?" asked the People.

"Ah, you did not Employ me to Answer Fool Questions," said the Lawyer.

Moral: The Fox offered to Guard the Farmer's Poultry. But the Farmer was not a Chump.

THE FABLE CONCERNING THE MAN WHO WAS SORRY HE DID NOT REMAIN DEAD FOR ALL TIME.

Once upon a Time a Man of Ability performed Some Stunts in the Interests of a Feeble People. After Putting them on their Feet the Man of Ability gave the People some-Sage Advice and then Passed into the Great Beyond.

An Hundred-Years fell over the Precipice of Time and the Man of Ability came Back from the Great Beyond and was Astonished to Find that after Following his Sage Advice with Great Profit for Many Years the People were about to Pass it Up and Take the Advice of Newer men.

"What, has not my Advice proved Profitable?" asked the Man of Ability.

"Yes."
"Have you not Followed it and Become It among the Nations of the Earth?"

"Yes."
"Then why do you, shake It now?"

Then the People gathered and Spake in Concert, saying:

"Aw, go Chase Yourself. Them Fellers Advisin' us Now are Experts in Makin' Coin an' we want to Git our Share. We ain't got no More Time for Dead Men. It's Coin we're After, not Honor."

Then the Man of Ability Gladly returned to the Great Beyond.

Moral: When you are Dead you are Well Off.

Two Men.

He went his way through all the years Bestowing smiles where'er he could; He dried the stricken widow's tears, And gave the orphan clothes and food.

With warm handclasp he lifted up The brother who fell by the way; And with a heart that beat with love He scattered good abroad each day. And when he died the telegraph Gave to the world—a paragraph.

He waded to his knees in gore And filled the land with blood and tears;

He battered on the weak and poor And profited by force and fears. He sold his kindred and his friends For gold, and fed his awful lust Of gain by trampling human rights Beneath his feet into the dust. And while he lived, with wild acclaim The papers magnified his name.

The Point of View.

"You told me Wraggsley was unprejudiced. Why, he is the rankest partisan I ever met."

"Partisan, nothing! Why Wraggsley is as fair-minded and non-partisan as a man can be. He and I agree perfectly on all political questions."

Short Poems.

An esteemed contemporary offers this as the shortest poem on record:

We
De-
Spise
Flies.

That is very short, very good and very true. But here is one that is shorter, even if it is not better and truer:

U
Do?
We
Agree.

The Difference.

"I tell you, that man Blewey is a great man. When he speaks the world should listen. His remarks are worthy of attention. What he said about—"
"But a month or two ago you called

him all kinds of bad names because his verdict in—"

"O, that's true; but he and I did not agree then."

A Hero.

Little Johnnie had a cracker
Filled chock full of dynamite;
The fuse he lit and held a bit—
Poor Johnnie is an awful sight,
He lost two fingers and a thumb,
His face is full of powder—
But he's a hero 'mongst his chums,
And no boy could be prouder.

Brain Leaks.

The easier it comes the shorter its stay.

Men who sleep on their rights should not grumble when they awaken.

The real Christian does not have to tell it in order to have it known.

A sucker is born every minute and the supply of bait never gives out.

We sympathize with the man who stubs his toe on a nail, but we laugh at him if he stubs his toe the second time on the same nail.

—Will M. Maupin.

Imperialism Unmasked.

Confidence in their ability to do what they please with the Philippines has betrayed the imperialists in congress into throwing aside all pretense of condemnation of cruelties and exulting openly over the atrocities at which they professed to be shocked a few weeks ago. From denial of the facts they were first forced into excuse and explanation by the evidence wrung from Secretary Root's reluctant hand. Now they applaud and glorify the worst instruments of the war department's criminal policy.

Representative Landis, of Indiana, in the closing hours of the Philippine debate, flung into the faces of those who hold that Providence has not imposed upon the United States the duty of spreading civilization with fire and sword the exultant boast that swords of honor will be given to Waller, the murderer of prisoners, and to "Hell Roaring Jake" Smith, the Herod of Samar.

Better this frank brutality, this laudation of the utter hellishness of war, this exultation of the devil's own servants for the worship of benevolent assimilators, than the loathsome cant which prates of the subjugation of the Filipinos and the piratical exploitation of their country as "duties and responsibilities which in the Providence of God have been cast upon us."

Mr. Landis makes plain to all what imperialism really means, and thus renders a service to the cause of humanity. Knowing the Philippine invasion for what it is, the American people can have no excuse for failure to deal with it according to American principles and traditions.—Philadelphia North American (rep.).

He Will That.

Ollie James made a big hit before the Nebraska democratic convention. He went to Nebraska upon an invitation from the democratic committee of that state. James will also make his presence and influence felt in the national house of representatives.—Owensburg (Ky.) Messenger.