

WITH THE FLAG THEY LOVE



Photograph by Frank Fournier, Staff Photographer.

HUMOR OF THE DAY

The "Glorious Fourth" Considered in Lighter Vein.

Looking into the Future of Willie and Johnny—Some Thoughts of the Celebration—Safe and Sane Father.

GRIEF.

"Why are you weeping, my poor boy?"
"Boo-hoo! My p-p-paw said I m-m-mustn't spend more'n half of m-m-my money for firecrackers, bu-bu-because we might need the rest for the doo-doo-er. Boo-hoo."

ALL USED UP



The Torpedo—I feel bang-up! How about you?
The Cracker—Oh, I'd feel better if I wasn't busted.

TOO BAD.

"I'm sorry that it is no longer fashionable to have fireworks on the Fourth of July."
"Why should you care?"
"My wife's old maid sister, who has been living with us for the last 15 years, has just become engaged to a willing widower, and I'd like to celebrate without letting the neighbors know just why."

UNNECESSARY.

"Do you always take off your hat when the flag goes by?"
"Naw! I'm not runnin' for an office."

EAGLE AS NATIONAL SYMBOL

King of Birds Properly the Proud Emblem of the Greatest Country of the Earth.

On the fourth day of July the scream of the American Eagle can be heard from coast to coast, from lakes to gulf, over hills, valleys, plains and mountains, and "we, the people of the United States," pay homage in one way or another to the brave men of 1776, who dared defy King George and the British lion.
The eagle had not yet been adopted

AFTER THE BATTLE



"The search among the slain."

WHERE, OH, WHERE?

Willie has his pistol ready, Willie's heart is full of glee;
He has bought a little cannon and his breast from care is free;
Willie counts the passing moments as they slowly drag away—
Where, oh, where, will little Willie be in two weeks from today?

Johnny's little bank is empty, he has squandered every cent,
With a giant cracker Johnny will begin the merriment;
He possesses all the fingers and the toes he should—but, stay!
Where, oh, where, will Johnny's digits be in two weeks from today?

HIS SAFE AND SANE FATHER.

"Father, didn't you ever shoot off firecrackers when you were a boy?"
"No. I couldn't afford to burn up money in that way."
"And didn't you ever have a toy cannon?"
"Never. I did my celebrating in a safe and sane way."
"How was that?"
"Well, I used to get a piece of gas pipe, plug one end of it, fill it with powder and then touch a match to it. Talk about noise. It beat any toy cannon I've ever heard."

HIS FATHER A STANDPATTER.

"Well, my little man, I see you are carrying a flag. Do you know why we are celebrating today?"
"Yes. 'Cause Huerta didn't bust the country."

INDEPENDENCE.

This is the day on which the average man shows his independence by doing foolish things without having gained his wife's permission.

ROCKETS AND CRACKERS.

A wet Fourth makes a lean graveyard.
The fool and his digits are soon parted.
The sticks fall alike on the just and the unjust.
A thumb on the hand is worth two in the alcohol.
It is better not to take a dare than to get your hand scorched.
The boy who doesn't get too gay may celebrate another day.
It isn't always the firecracker with the longest fuse that makes the most noise.
Remember that the giant firecracker is always just getting ready to go off when you bend over it to see what is the matter.
Let us then be up and shooting, with a heart for any fate, lighting fuses and then scooting—learn to stand aside and wait.

SAFETY AND SANITY MADE EASY.

Little Willie's sick a-bed,
Mumps have put him to the bed:
Do we view his case with dread?
No, in fact, we're rather glad.
Doctor warns him not to stir;
In his bed he must remain;
This will make it easier
For us to be safe and sane.

PUZZLE PICTURE



Find the boy who had two whole dollars to spend on fireworks.

NOT WORRYING.

"My goodness! I shouldn't think you would permit your little boy to have such big firecrackers. Aren't you at all afraid?"
"Oh, no, not a bit. I'm only his step-mother."
S. E. KISER.

The American Farmer.
All things recalled, wouldn't it be the part of statesmanship to do congressionally for the American farmer? He's one-fourth of your population, and the nation's best hope. The American merchant borrows at five per cent. The American stock gambler, producing nothing, accomplishing nothing, a mere leech living by the toll of others, borrows for even less. The American farmer, with all that can be said to his good and solvent advantage, must and does pay 8 1/2 per cent.
And all the time the savings and postal banks are bulging with billions. If the government would make two blades of grass grow where but one has grown before—and publicly it would pay—the wide-flung chance lies open. Let it model action on French or German lines, and place the farmer on a borrowing par with the merchant, the manufacturer and the stock jobber. Let it evolve a system of farm loans which shall put those savings and postal bank billions at a per cent within the farmer's borrowing reach.—Hearst's Magazine.

ECZEMA ITCHED AND BURNED

R. F. D. No. 2, Seymour, Mo.—"My scalp broke out with fine pimples at the start. They itched and burned so much that I was compelled to scratch them and they would fester and come to a head and break out again. The trouble was attended by such burning and itching I could not sleep, also when I sweat it burned the same. My hair fell out gradually and the scalp kept rough and dry with itching and burning. After about two years the pimples broke out between my shoulders. My clothing irritated them. I was troubled with that eczema five or six years.
"I tried everything that was recommended without any benefit until I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment according to directions, and Cuticura Soap and Ointment cured me sound and well in two weeks." (Signed) S. L. Killian, Nov. 22, 1912.
Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Sample of each free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston."—Adv.

Must Have Stirred Audience.

Dan Daly once essayed the legitimate. It was in his early days. All he had to do was to come to the center of the stage at a critical moment and shout:
"The king is dead; long live the king!"
When the time came Mr. Daly promptly assumed the correct dramatic pose, but for a moment was so agitated that words failed him. Then he belted out at the top of his voice:
"Long live the king—he's dead!"

Idle Thoughts.

"Why are you watching that fly so intently?"
"I was just wondering if men will ever be able to tango up and down the walls like that. Wouldn't it be fine?"—Pittsburgh Post.

Bright, I Say!

"Algy makes very sure of himself before he does any boasting."
"A safe blower, eh?"

It is easy enough to be popular. Just agree with everything the other fellow says.

REAL LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

Fact is Shown by Man's Eagerness to Escape From Congestion of the Crowded City.

Why is it that railway magnates, presidents of banks and heads of great enterprises who must perforce do business in cities, almost all try to have homes on farms in the country, where they develop soils, plant crops and breed animals? It is because there is wearisome monotony in piled up brick and stone. There is confusion in crowded streets and clanging trolley cars and hot smoky railways. These things man has made, and they are needful, but they are not life, much as the farm boy may imagine them to be.
Life is in the open country. Life is in the growing grass, the waving fields of wheat, the springing corn. Life is in the trees and birds, life is in the developing animals of the farm.

Any man who works with the land, who feeds a field and watches the result, gains a real fundamental knowledge of the underlying foundation on which rests all our civilization. It makes him a sober man, a thoughtful man, a reverent man, and if he experiments wisely a hopeful optimist. Life is where things are born and live and grow. On the farm is real life.—Breeder's Gazette.

Boon to Mankind.

Ignatius Tootle, the renowned authority on floral life, who lives near the quiet village of Yankee Springs, is at the present time trying to out-burbank Burbank, the wiz., by growing a rectangular watermelon. Mr. Tootle has noticed for years that ultimate consumers have had much trouble trying to carry watermelons from the store, inasmuch as they (the watermelons) are of awkward shape and quite slippery, and after a watermelon has fallen and has hit the cement sidewalk its usefulness may be said to be over. Mr. Tootle's watermelon will be long and will have square corners, one of which corners will fit into the bent elbow when the melon is carried on the inside of the arm. Mr. Tootle expects to have his new melon growing and on the market by 1927, if nothing happens.—Boston Globe.

Anvil on the Scales.

It is customary when a militant suffragette is placed on trial in England for her friends to while away their time in court by bounding shoes, bags of flour and bales of pamphlets on the magistrate's brow. This conduct is calculated to bias—if not brain—the court.

New Modern Dancing

The leading expert and instructor in New York City, writes: "Dear Sir:—I have used ALLEN'S FOOT-BALM, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, for the past ten years. It is a blessing to all who are compelled to be on their feet. I dance eight or ten hours daily, and find that ALLEN'S FOOT-BALM keeps my feet cool, takes the friction from the shoes, prevents corns and blisters, aching feet. I recommend it to all my pupils."
(Signed) E. FLAHERTY, HALLAMORE, Sample Feet. Address: Allen & Ointment, Le Roy, N.Y.

Wear Well.

Husband—I note that the papers again say that Huerta is on his last legs.
Wife—They certainly do last.

But Not Toothless.

"Call off your dog, for goodness' sake!"
"No use; he's deaf."—Le Rire.

WOMEN CAN HARDLY BELIEVE

How Mrs. Hurley Was Restored to Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Eldon, Mo.—"I was troubled with displacement, inflammation and female weakness. For two years I could not stand on my feet long at a time and I could not walk two blocks without enduring cutting and drawing pains down my right side which increased every month. I have been at that time purple in the face and would walk the floor. I could not lie down or sit still sometimes for a day and a night at a time. I was nervous, and had very little appetite, no ambition, melancholy, and often felt as though I had not a friend in the world. After I had tried most every female remedy without success, my mother-in-law advised me to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and gained in strength every day. I have now no trouble in any way and highly praise your medicine. It advertises itself."—Mrs. S. T. HURLEY, Eldon, Missouri.

Remember, the remedy which did this was Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For sale everywhere.

It has helped thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing down feeling, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means have failed. Why don't you try it? Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



Genuine must bear Signature

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