

If you can't get perfectly to listen to a match any other way he calls it a "New National Hymn."

# The Top o' the Mornin'. By W. D. Nesbit.

But on the other hand the fourth of July orator gets about as tired talking as you do listening to him.

## HIS PROTECTION.



"I notice no boys ever attempt to tie firecrackers to Bruiser's tail."  
"No. One look at his face is sufficient to cause them to change their minds about such a trick as that."  
"I should think half a look at his tail would be just as efficacious."

### WE CELEBRATE.

## PERHAPS.



Upon the Fourth day of July  
We get our auto and we fly  
Across the land in booming style,  
Cursing on for mile and mile,  
And why is it that thus we go!  
Because we love our country so.

Some of us also seek the field  
Where curves and inebriates are revealed;  
We whoop and yell and maully root  
As down to third the runners scoot.  
Why do we cheer the batsman's blow!  
Because we love our country so.

Some of us find the picnic grove,  
Which is as hot as any stove,  
And there we view with startled eyes  
The ants and spiders in the pie.  
Why do we gather freckles! O,  
Because we love our country so.

Still others sit within the hall  
And hear the famous speaker bawl  
In fiercely patriotic moods  
The same time honored platitudes.  
And why is this? Ah, you must know,  
Because we love our country so.

### SURE TO TALK THERE.

"We are greatly worried about Lucie,"  
says the fond mother. "Of late she has become so silent. She simply refuses to say a word. We have tried every expedient to induce her to talk, but nothing seems to be of any avail."  
"Get up a theater party," advises the wise old friend of the family. "Take her to see a show that has lots of scenes where the actors speak in undertones. put her in a box, and she will be sure to chatter away at the top of her voice at once."

"Yes," says the poet, "I wrote a beautiful ode to our country, and would have been glad to read it at the exercises, but the chairman of the celebration committee would not give me a place on the program."  
"Ah," commented the crass materialist, "maybe he wanted to have a safe and sane Fourth."

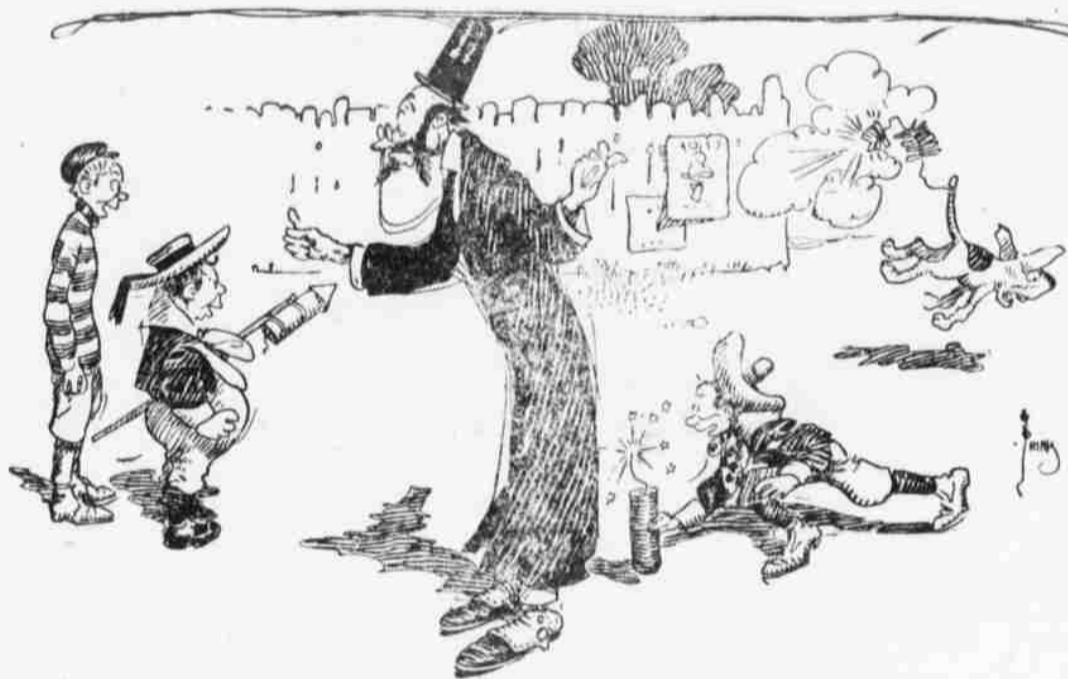
### His Fate.

"You are my hero," whispers the beautiful maiden, dropping her head upon the bosom of the handsome youth.  
"Alas!" moans the handsome youth. "Can it be that one so young and fair can be so cruelly heartless as to tell me my fate in such frivolous words?"  
"What can you mean?" asks the beautiful girl.  
"You say I am your hero?"  
"Yes, and you—"  
"Then that means that within a week you will be giving me the laugh."

### Avoided Injury.

Are you the gentleman who compiled that list of household remedies that every family should lay in against possible accidents on the Fourth? Ask the man with the mayonnaise whiskers, approaching the desk of the answers-for-the-enger editor.  
"I believe I am, sir," replies that individual.  
"Then, sir, wish to compliment you upon your foresight. Your advice saved my family from any injuries at all."  
"I am glad to hear that."  
"Yes, sir. By the time I had bought the amonia and the camphor and the bandages and the listerine and the first aid for the injured packages and all the rest of the stuff I didn't have any money left to buy fireworks with."

## WOULD FIND OUT.



"Cruel boys! How do you suppose a human being would feel with such a terrific, frightful explosion as that behind him?"  
"Wait just a minute, mister, an' you'll find out."

### THE YOUNG MOTHER.

"Have you any fireworks suitable for small children?" asks the young mother.  
"Yes, ma'am," answers the dealer. "We have some splendid firecrackers, Roman candles, and all such things."  
"But I fear my little boy is not old enough for them."  
"Then here are some pinwheels, and—"  
"O, the very thing! Have you some safety pinwheels? My little boy is not yet a year old."

### A SUGGESTION.

After we have dodged around the corner and have left behind us the gay party on the lawn where the giddy young girl is endeavoring to help set off the fireworks, our friend turns to us and says:  
"It would make a bully subject for a debating society, wouldn't it?"  
"Wouldn't what?" we ask, straightening our necks.  
"Resolved: That a Woman Can Do More Damage with a Roman Candle Than with a Garden Hose."

We have come to the conclusion that four-fifths of the time of a professional athlete is taken up in being photographed.

### A Most Remarkable Thing.

A very remarkable thing  
I sing  
Concerning Aurelius Blye.  
He furnished his girl and his boy  
Much joy  
With fireworks the Fourth of July,  
Firecrackers, torpedoes—that's what it was  
He bought—  
Skyrockets and candles of some  
Inventions productive of hums  
And bombs,  
And fountains of fiery foam,  
He carried them into his lot  
And got  
Some matches for touching them off.  
He said: "I will show you right now  
Just how  
The rockets should set in the trough."  
The children declared they were glad  
Their dad  
Would make all the fireworks explode,  
Aurelius bent over to scratch  
A match,  
And just how to strike it he showed.  
He smiled: "See the flame, it pursues  
The fuse  
Until it gets into the charge,  
And then with a vigorous whizz  
It is  
Among the heavens at large."  
The children exclaimed in delight—  
The night  
Was pierced by the rocket that rose,  
They set up the merriest shout  
About  
The sputtering sparkings and glows.  
He fired off the lot one by one—  
Such fun for  
The children there never was known.  
He didn't blow off with a bomb,  
His thumb,  
Get burned and in misery groan,  
And so this remarkable thing  
I sing  
Concerning Aurelius Blye  
Whose children were glad that he  
Shot the lot and  
They never murmured. That's why!

## SHORT.



"Where are you folks going to spend the summer?"  
"At home."  
"But you usually go away, do you not?"  
"Yes, but Mr. Stoxenbonds was squeezed in May wheat and now he says he has nothing but the summer to spend."

### Changed the Program.

How's it come, you didn't have no greased pig at your Fourth of July celebration? Hank said your fellows was koin to grease the pig so slick nobody could catch it."  
"Was goin' to, but had to omit the greased pig number from the program."  
"How's that?"  
"Could'n't none of us catch the pig to grease it."

### MIGHT AS WELL.

We're sure to rise, all blithe and gay,  
Before the summertime is through  
To ask (I—So, here goes today,  
This: Is It Hot Enough for You!

### Nature's Reproof.

"Them smart alecks over at Windville got pretty well punished for their meanness in saying that they didn't want none of our citizens to come to their town to see the Fourth of July doings," says the citizen of Brozertown, Kansas.  
"What happened?" asks the visitor.  
"Long about 7 o'clock in the eve, ring up come a cyclone that naturally blew their celebration committee and all their fireworks over here, and just as they struck the ground a flash of lightning set off the whole shooting match and we got to see the whole show without moving out of our front yards."

### THE SATISFIED AUTHOR.

I never had a helpful book;  
I never hope to need one—  
But I can tell you, as to that,  
I'd rather write than read one.

### Not Explicit Enough.

The calm, suave stranger enters the office of the busy man, and inquires:  
"Sir, may I inquire if you have yet decided where you will spend the heated term?" The busy man looks up from his desk for a moment, then asks:  
"Before I answer that question, tell me whether you are the agent for a summer resort or a revivalist?"

### IT IS.

Hands Off—"thus read the fireworks sign.  
But he was so inclined to scoff,  
He had a fiercely spurring misse,  
And now the most of his hand's off."

It is unnecessary to say that when the speaker takes that "It is unnecessary to say" something he goes ahead and says the unnecessary thing.

### Little Henry's Slate.

## CUNNING.



"I've got a box of cannon firecrackers to take along."  
"Cannon crackers? And what will we do with them?"  
"Every time we hit anybody we will touch off a firecracker and throw it beside him. Then the people that find him will think he is merely another victim of careless celebrating."

### O SAY, DID YOU EVER?

O, say, can you sing on our land's natal day  
What the bands at full strength are expressively playing?  
Can you start at the first—at that glib "O, say,"  
While the transience the air is full joyously playing?  
And the tub's wild foot and the siskie of the flute  
Run riot with glee in our national air—  
O say, did you ever forgetful become  
And wind up with a feeble tum-tum, te, tum-tum?

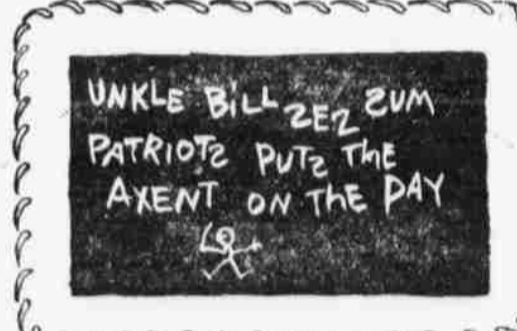
You start out with the band on "O, say, can you see."  
And your voice gets a shake that is really thrilling—  
"What so proudly we hallooed at the tum-ty to too."  
Just to show that to help in the song you are willing.  
Then you echo the drum with a rington to tum  
and you look at your neighbor to see he is out,  
And "the start-sprung blunder," you sing, then you hum,  
And conclude with a "tum" with the alto's last foot.

O, think it is ever when out comes the band  
To render the anthem that Key wrote so bravely.  
The leader starts things with a wave of his hand  
And you sing "O say," like a patriot, gravely.  
Then you wonder what next and your mind is perplexed  
And you rub at your chin as though needing a shave.  
O say, did you ever forgetful become  
And wind up with a feeble tum-tum te tum-tum?

### COMMITTED HIMSELF.

"My dear Miss Ologdun!" says Mr. Datch. "I understand that you have sued me for breach of promise."  
"Yes, sir," crisply responds Miss Ologdun.  
"But is there not some mistake?"  
"Mistake? No, indeed."  
"Why, you know I never even mentioned matrimony to you."  
"When and where?"  
"At the Fourth of July exercises."  
"At the Fourth?"  
"Yes, sir. Didn't you read Patrick Henry's address during the program?"

## Little Henry's Slate.



"I did, but—" "And didn't you shout 'Give me liberty or give me death?'" "Of course, but I—" "And wasn't I the goddess of liberty?"  
When a man hangs a flag on his house he cannot help thinking that every one who passes will muse: "What great patriot lives here?"  
Bald men talk more than anybody else about baldness.

## HELP.



"This is my Fourth of July costume. Isn't it fetching?"  
"Rather, but then everybody will be sure to believe the rumors that you are trying hard to strike a match."



## An Alphabet of Jokes



**R** IS the Rusty Rufus quip—  
To Weary Waggles it is kin  
And it bears a relationship  
To all the hoboes that have been.  
  
Take one back window, where a pie  
Has been set on the ledge to cool;  
Let Rusty Rufus turn his eye  
Toward the pie, and sigh: "How crool!"  
  
"In yonder house there is a bride—  
I fear this is her first attempt.  
From one first pie I wish I'd shtied  
For awful were the things I dreamt."  
  
Let Rusty Rufus turn to go  
And give his head a doleful shake  
With: "Not for me, for well I know  
The first pies mother used to make."

### Thoughtful Woman.

The family picnic has reached the selected spot. It is eight miles from nowhere. Papa puts down the baskets and packages with a sigh of relief.  
"Now, children," he says, "we will begin the festivities of the afternoon by shooting our fireworks."  
Laying out the cannon crackers and other things, he cautions the children to be careful, while he searches through his pockets for matches. Finding none, he hastily turns over all the bundles and packages, then says:  
"Mamma, I put a box of matches in one of these baskets. Did you see anything of it?"  
"Yes, my dear."  
"Where is it?"  
"Locked in the pantry at home. I have read so much about terrible accidents happening because matches were kept near fireworks that I was determined to remove all possibility of such a thing occurring if it could be prevented."  
But for genuine ingrown patriotism commend us to the man who will carry a heavy picnic basket from the end of the trolley line to the grove this year, after having done the same thing last year and the year before.

## Bound to Get It.



"What in the world are you going to do with a diving suit, Bliggs?"  
"Going to spend the Fourth in a nice, cool, quiet spot."