

4TH of July

By Johnny Jones



"Paw Met Me at the Kitchen Door and Sed to Be Careful."

Grampaw wudent let paw boled a fire cracker in his fingers while it went of.
4:45 a. m.—Paw and grampaw still fustan.
5 a. m.—Willie Grene who lvs nex dore has just got up an come owt to tuch of his fierwurks.
5:02 a. m.—Mr. Grene has come owt an toled Willie he better be cairful.
5:03 a. m.—Mr. Grene is showin Willie how to tuch of his fierwurks.
5:30 a. m.—Grampaw stuk a bunch of firecrackers in his pokket, while he was tellin paw about how thay use to shute of anvils when he was a boy.
5:31 a. m.—Grampaw jumped over the bak fence an hollered bluddy murder; he dident kno the fier cracker he put in his pokket was lited. They was. I knode it. I tride to tel him but he sed ltel boys shud be sene ad not hurd. Grampaw run up an down the alley 2 or 3 times until paw an Mr. Grene got the garden hoes turned on him an put him owt.



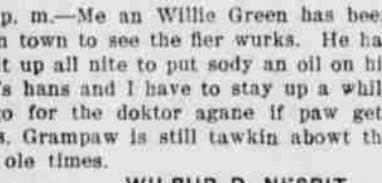
"Grampaw jumped over the bak fence and hollered bluddy murder. He dident know the fier cracker he put in his pokket was lited."

fence. He sed grampaw jumped like
5:43 a. m.—Maw is up. She maid paw come in an skoledd hif rer sending me in. She sez tey wont be enny more fire cracker shutin till after brek-fust.
7 a. m.—Paw fell of the poerch wate he was trying to nale up the big flag. He cot his pants leg in the wire whare the clemattis vine is an tore the vine down also his pants leg. I got whipped, paw sed it was my folt.



"Paw Has Set Down on a Big Fire Cracker!"

10 a. m.—I cride till maw sed for gudness sake wylum give the boy his fier crackers an let him kill hisself if he wants to. I have set of a hole bunch hisfolt.
10:45 a. m.—Paw come owt an begun showin me agen how to shute them. I knode he wud.
11 a. m.—Grampaw come out leenin on a cain and stood around a while an then him an paw got into a nuther rakket about how to shute of fier crackers.
11:30 a. m.—Grampaw has burn both hans an the doktor is here.
11:45 a. m.—Paw has set down on a big fier cracker. He got up rite away but not sune enuf. The Doktor has come back. Paw sez he will whip me.
12 m.—The fier engines has jest left. Paw thru a fier cracker in the dining rume to surprise maw. It did.



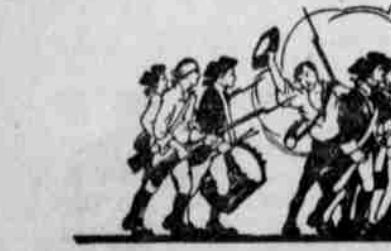
"I Have to Stay Up a While to Go fur the Doktor."



"I Have to Stay Up a While to Go fur the Doktor."

TOPE POEM.
On high the rockets gleam and glare
And iridescent spangles glance
Athwart the bosom of the air
Full jeweled with their radiance.
Below the bursting of the bombs
Which on the sidewalk dart and dance
Tells that the sulphury perfume
Soon will the twilight air enhance.
And now there comes a ringing clang
And hoofbeats as the chargers prance—
It is the warning blast and bang!
Made by the speeding ambulance.

FATAL DAY.
"Had a permaturre explosion of fireworks in our town the Fourth. Caused a terrible stampede."
"Had a stampede in our town, too."
"Fireworks explode there?"
"No. Happened before dark. During the speaking exercises the chairman announced unexpectedly that Mr. Longfellow Tennyson Scruggs was about to read an original poem composed especially for the occasion."
An Anatomical Mistake.
"Pardon me," said Mrs. Justgottit, to her callers. "It is growing so dark I believe I will ring for the livers."
"For the what?" exclaimed the callers.
"Now, just listen to me! Of course, I meant ring for the lights. A body does get so twisted sometimes, doesn't she?"



False Alarm.
"Gazing down the dim vista of the future," cried the impassioned Fourth of July orator, "what do we see? We see freedom struggling against the shackles of anarchy! We see justice defying the onslaughts of injustice! We see independence again rising in its might and shaking off—"
"You're off, mister," interrupted a hearer, whose eyes had followed the direction of the orator's forefinger. "That's Hank Jones, the town marshal, arrestin' Bill Spivver for his ter Fourth of July drunk!"

Quffe ofter, the boy who celebrates the Fourth by tying a bunch of firecrackers to a dog's tail grows into the man who delivers the spread-eagle oration on the same day.
"I'm full of American spirit!"
"You are?" asked his wife, with a shrug.
"You're full, for a fact, but I fear it is spirit that comes from a jug."
A Fourth of July luncheon is all the more enjoyable if the guests join in blowing up some mutual friend who is not present.

WILL NOT PITCH UNLESS RIGHT ON EDGE



Russell Ford, Consistent Highland Twirler.

A greater number of pitchers will be employed by the major league clubs this year than ever before. Several managers had more than fifteen pitchers at the southern camps, and all the team leaders declare they will carry an extra supply of box men. The demand for pitching material has developed into a mania which is fattening the expense accounts of the magnates to an alarming degree.
Pitchers nowadays complain that they are overworked if they take part in more than one or two games a week. Some of them insist that they must have at least four or five days' rest after a siege of nine innings, no matter how easy the opposing team may be. That is why the club owners and managers feel compelled to carry so many pitchers, even though more than half of them are not first-class.
Christy Mathewson is an exception to the rule. He is willing to pitch as often as McGraw calls upon him, but it must be remembered, too, that Matty is said to be drawing \$12,000 a year. Russell Ford, who will earn a big salary this season, will not pitch unless he is physically ready. That is an agreement he made a year ago with President Farrell, of the Highlanders.
"When I go in I want to be right on edge," says Ford. "Then there can be no excuses and I'll come pretty near winning every game I pitch." Ford won 26 games and lost 6 last year, working along on these lines, and as results count he will be allowed to follow this policy again.

TOOK OFF BABY BLUE SHIRT

"Wild" Bill Donovan Cheats Baseball Writers Out of Paragraph by Duffing Under Garment.
Bill Donovan cheated the quill-fakers out of a paragraph in a recent game with the Champion Athletics.



"Wild" Bill Donovan.

All season Bill has been wearing a baby blue undershirt. The wires were all laid to announce, in case Bill went bad at his first appearance, that "he had nothing but a blue undershirt." But Bill doffed the shirt before he started to hurl.
Bill's 1911 debut was not an auspicious one. Philadelphia players took an early fancy to his curves. Anyway, the Athletics were certainly in a hitting mood and Bill suffered what other Tiger pitchers encountered.
Lamy Makes Good in Baseball.
Edmund Lamy, who for six years was the undisputed champion of America on skates on the ice, has made good in his first attempt at professional baseball, opening the season at center field for the Mansfield team of the Ohio and Pennsylvania league. Manager Hahn, formerly of the White Sox, believes he has a find in the Saranac lake player.

COLLEGE PLAYER BIG ASSET

Through Discipline and Educational Advantages They Are Amenable to Suggestions.
President Thomas J. Lynch of the National league of baseball clubs believes that the college baseball player who demonstrates his ability to play fast ball is a valuable asset to a big league club, and in an interview in the Yale News gives his reasons.
Lynch says, among other things, that the college players bring with them from the college campus that spirit of true sportsmanship and determination to win which they have learned in college. Through discipline and educational advantages they are particularly amenable to suggestions and easy to manage. As a rule they come to the clubs in excellent physical condition and understand thoroughly both the necessity and the methods necessary to maintain such form. Their whole career has been one of instruction, which enables them to grasp the finer points in baseball as played in the big leagues and the futility of attempting to transgress the rules and regulations laid down to preserve the integrity of the game.

PFIESTER VICTIM OF JOKERS

How Discarded Cub Southpaw Was Driven Out of Major Leagues—Nothing Wrong With Him.

How Jack Pfeister, discarded southpaw of the Cubs, was imposed upon by scheming foes and kidded out of the major leagues by the mental suggestion process is a story that leaked out the other day. It goes away back to the training trip days, when Jack went all the way from New Orleans to Chicago to see if the valves in his heart were in proper working order. Eminent physicians, after careful examination of Jack's ticker, informed him that it was still true to him and that he could go back in the game assured of its pumping qualities.
Jack returned to the game reassured with normal pulse and good color, but it was shortly after this when he became the victim of a cruel conspiracy that eventually sent him to the minors.
Players on visiting teams who had read of Jack's trip to Chicago in the interests of his pumping station, but who still feared the possibilities of Pfeister's efficient left whip, would stroll up to him before the game began and remark kindly, even affectionately, that he looked sick. And the funny thing about it was that Jack



Jack Pfeister.

felt for it, worried himself out of form and condition and finally out of the league. He started calling on the club physicians again and, despite their optimistic reports, weakened under the series of sympathetic remarks of the conspirators.

KNOCK ON BASEBALL SLANG

College Game or "Murderous" Expressions Accompanying It Should Be Abolished, Says Professor.

College baseball, or the "murderous" slang expressions that accompany it, should be banished from the earth, according to Dr. John S. Nollin, president of Lake Forest college. He quoted the following as some of the terms that so greatly grate upon his sensitive ears:
"Kill the umpire."
"When did you leave the farm?"
"Tain't no strike, get off the diamond," and "you ought to pitch hay."
"I feel that if some of the barbarity of the game is not abolished, the game should be. I am astonished at the conduct of Lake Forest students. When the Milliken pitcher gave a base on balls everybody jeered him. It was most ungentlemanly. Most!"
"This is due to the inroads of professional baseball on the college. Conduct of students at football games is becoming better and at baseball games is worse."

Derogatory Remarks Barred

Fans in Columbus will no longer be able to make derogatory remarks to players during games. A fan roared Second Baseman O'Rourke when he erred, telling him "to kick another one and go to the hospital where he belonged." A policeman arrested the fan and threw him out of the park. Detectives will be placed throughout the crowd at all games hereafter and insults will be taken to the gate, handed their money and told to move on.

Temperance

WHY DRINK AIDS MENTALITY

Some Men Do Their Best Thinking Under Influence of Liquor Because Nerves Have Been Weakened.

We wish to answer seriously a seemingly flippant inquiry, omitting, of course, the signature of the writer, says the New York American.
"Will you tell me how I manage to think my most beautiful thoughts in drink?"
Some men really do their best work under the influence of drink for this reason: Drink has weakened their nerves and put their constitutions and vitality below par. They do their best work when they drink, just as a poor, thin, abused, tired cart horse does his best work when he is lashed with a whip. This does not speak well for the whip, does it? It does not prove that the lashing of the horse is a noble process or the whip an admirable instrument. It simply proves that if you abuse an unfortunate creature and render him unfit for work, you must abuse him still more to get a little work out of him.
You think your most beautiful thoughts in drink for various reasons.
In the first place, when you drink you are quite easily pleased, and you are pleased most easily with yourself. If you were sober, your thoughts would not seem so beautiful to you. Often what you think in drink you would be very sorry to hear repeated in your dull, sober hours.
In the second place, feeling is essential to a strong thinking. It is essential to the expression of any strong emotion. The man who drinks hard or even comes to rely to any extent upon drink has dead nerves and a dead imagination when his drink time is over.
Drink sets the heart to beating; it sets the blood to pumping through the brain; it stimulates the mysterious combustion of matter which results in thought, and emotion becomes stronger in proportion to the strength that accompanies this combustion.
The coward wants to fight when he is drunk. He has some feeling. The dull mind gets imaginative. It has some feeling. This does not glorify the coward or make the dull mind better. It usually makes both ridiculous and pathetic, in addition to being cowardly and dull.
Stop drinking for six months, sleep two hours more per day than you do at present, take in more fresh air, think steadily and soberly instead of talking boisterously, as you probably do now. We venture to predict that you will soon find springing up in your head some very acceptable "thoughts" with which drink will have nothing to do.

High Purpose Not Enough.

It is not enough to have the right aim or purpose in what we do. We may have the aim or purpose of Christ himself, yet do great harm. Our methods as well as our aim must be right. When we would be used of Christ to bring others to him, for example, it is possible actually to misrepresent him by criticizing or condemning those whom we would reach, or by trying to crowd them into a decision that must be made in free will or not at all, and thus to antagonize them and drive them further away from Christ than ever. Our purpose is good, but our methods defeat it. This does not mean that we should therefore abandon our efforts at soul winning; for the worst mistake in that work is not the mistake of doing it wrongly but of not doing it at all. It does mean, however, that we should ask our Lord himself to show us how to do his will, quite as much as what his will is. In Christ's service, as in all else, let us work and pray to do aright "what our hands find to do."

Beer Drinking and Longevity.

Insurance doctors are much against beer drinking. Dr. Rogers of the New York Life, in reference to beer, says: "Recently I had occasion to make some study of what happens among persons engaged in the manufacture of beer. My cases included not only the workmen employed in breweries, but also the proprietors of breweries. It is a curious fact that the mortality among the proprietors is about as high as among the workmen, showing that they are all given to copious libations. The mortality is strikingly low among brewers in early years. Up to forty or thereabout, brewers seem to be about as good risks as pretty much anybody else. After forty the mortality rises very high, and I should say that at fifty-five or sixty years of age about three brewers may be expected to die where one average person dies."

South Sea Islands Temperate.

There are three islands in the South Pacific, namely, The Pitcairn Island, inhabited by the descendants of the mutineers of the "Bounty"; the Norfolk Island, a hundred miles to the south of the Pitcairn, inhabited by the overflow population from Pitcairn, and the Corsus Keeling Islands, all of which are run on teetotal principles. No spirits are used, and the few ships that visit them are not allowed to land any spirits. These are all under English rule, and the governor of each island dictates what the inhabitants shall do. These are ideal places for the inebriate, particularly in the absolute freedom from all spirits.

Who Keep the Saloons?

It is sometimes said that the majority of our saloonkeepers are of foreign birth. This is no doubt true. We observed the names of 192 which were published in the papers of this city recently, together with the names of their surlities. It is safe to say that nine out of every ten names were foreign names, says a Detroit exchange. There was scarcely any one that was unmistakably American or English. "often as bondsmen were peered so often as bondsmen were foreign. One brewer's name appeared on 18 bonds, and another on 15.

The ONLOOKER

Plaint of the Seamstress



I used to make dresses for women and girls.
With skirts that were wondrous with swishes and whirrs!
I used to delight in designing a waist That typified art and exemplified taste— But O, what a change 'twixt the now and the then!
The womenfolk all get their clothes made by men.
The men take their measures and help choose the stuffs
And argue them out of the ruffles and puffs.
The men make their skirts with a machine hang—
And I, as I think of it, suffer a pang.
Why, would you believe it? Or, say don't you care?
The men now are trimming the bonnets they wear!
The jackets—o'er them how my very soul grieves!
They're naught but men's coats as to collars and sleeves
And pockets and tails and— The fit of the back!
They have no more fit than an old dressing sack!
The skirts that the men make— What else would they do?
They're trousers with one leg instead of the two!
But women go in for the man-fashioned things.
My custom has vanished as though upon wings.
I weep for my profits, I weep for my sex,
I weep over problems that fret and perplex.
O, where is the woman once joyous to see?
The woman who had all her things made by me.
But what is the use to make moan and repine?
I'll go to a painter and get me a sign.
If men will make dresses and jackets and skirts
Then I will make trousers, and vests, coats and shirts!
Ah, treacherous cousins and sisters and aunts,
I'll hand out a sign: "Wear Manlike-Made Pants!"

A Friendly Comment.

The composer is playing his comle opera score for the candid friend. The composer has hammered out his choruses and the solos, and is now doing the overture for the second act. The listener has noted in a vague way that about most of the numbers there is a haunting familiarity—something that smacks of Wagner, and Liszt and Sousa, and Herbert, and many others.
"Now, this," says the composer, "is the andante movement."
He plays it through.
"What do you think of it?" he asks.
"That was the andante, was it?"
"Yes."
"Then the other pieces must have been the andantediluvian movements."

Biff!

"A new and novel idea for an afternoon affair!" asks Mrs. Justgottit of Mrs. Paddygreigh. "O I can suggest a very clever plan. Let us have a spirit housecleaning party. Let us invite all our set and have them don aprons and take mops and brooms and dusters and clean the house!"
The suggestion is hailed gladly by the others of the 400. Whoreat the originator of dinners to monkeys and doll parties and similar joyous affairs jealously remarks:
"And Mrs. Justgottit will be the very one to take charge of such a function, won't she?"

Unhappy Statement.

"My only objection to the young man," says the father, speaking of the youth who has proposed for his daughter, "is that he doesn't seem to have the least bit of sense or foresight."
"But," answers the mother, "he has as much sense as you had when you asked for my hand, John."
"Confound it, that's why I object to him!"

Guessed It At Once.

"What," asked the young man with the witty eyes and the knowing smile of one who acknowledges himself to be the life of the party, "what is the difference between me and a hale of hay?"
"Why, Mr. Foolish," responded the young woman with the high broad brow and the common sense sheek, "no horse would eat you."

Use for Celluloid Dust.

Cutlery makers in Sheffield report that a demand exists for the filings and sawings of celluloid used in the manufacture of knife-handles which greatly in excess of the quantity being produced. Until a few years ago this form of scrap was thrown away as useless, and as the material is extremely inflammable, its disposal was a troublesome matter. Then it began to be used in the manufacture of inferior grades of celluloid, and fetched from 3d to 5d a pound. Evidently new uses have now been found for the dust.