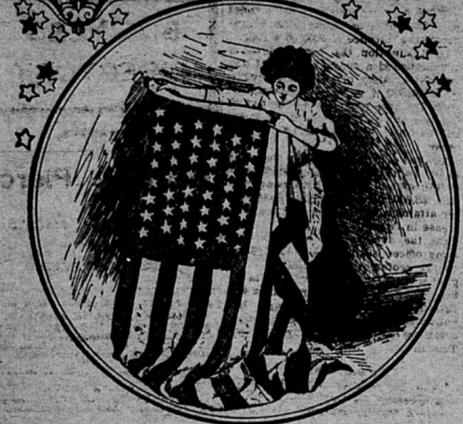


CHANGING THE STARS ON "OLD GLORY"



The admission of Oklahoma into the Union has necessitated the rearrangement of the stars on the flag to admit the symbol of the new State and it has been a big task to rearrange the stars on all the military flags of the country.

AFTER LONG YEARS

Dear, whom I would not know
If I passed you on the street,
So long and long ago
Are the days when we used to meet.

AUNT HANNAH'S PARTY

"Dear me, Ezra," said good Aunt Hannah, "I do wish something would happen! Land o' liberty! I get so awfully tired of this monotonous life—a single neighbor less than a mile away an' not a chick or child at hand. I ought to be ashamed to complain, an' I am! But I do wish something would happen right here in front of our house! Something to look at!"

Aunt Hannah, good soul, little dreamed that, before three hours had passed something would happen. It was the great event of her life—her own life was the daily passing of the overland passenger train, which brought their eager tourists to California or carried home returning wanderers back toward the rising sun.

In Aunt Hannah's daily life this simple passing of the train grew to be an event of importance. She could catch tantalizing glimpses of women's fair faces and the laughing eyes of little children as the Overland flashed by, not three rods from her own front door.

Sometimes she waved a snowy dish towel at them as they rushed past, and looked awfully after them till they got out of the curving train.

On this particular day Aunt Hannah's heart almost stood still in her ample bosom. For the Overland came into sight, running more and more slowly, and finally coming to a laboring, clanking stop almost at her very door.

Such a thing had never happened before, and Aunt Hannah was filled with wordless excitement. Something had happened at last! Uncle Ezra was sitting around near the house, keeping a watchful eye upon old Dobble, the white horse, which was patiently waiting for the train to pass.

Aunt Hannah speedily informed him of the great event, and Uncle Ezra, as wonder-filled as she, walked down to the adjacent track to see what might be wrong.

chals entrusted with the work of rearranging the flag. It has not been thought expedient to adopt the idea without appeal to Congress and through Congress to the nation, for it is felt that such an important matter as the re-designing of Old Glory is a matter of national consideration.

Far-seeing citizens have pointed out that in time the addition of new States and the unavoidable division of single States into double or treble commonwealths will crowd the field of stars as at present arranged that it will look inartistic and unsatisfactory. The greater the number of stars the smaller will be the symbols, for the comparative size of the field cannot be changed without spoiling the flag and destroying the appearance of the finest banner on earth or sea. This problem is being discussed by patriotic persons who take an interest in national matters, and a number of designs are on file at the War Office that aim to provide an artistic and striking arrangement of stars that, like that suggested by the circular array, will permit of the addition of a great number of constellations without making the flag look at a little distance like a striped banner with a sack of pure white, as would be the case were the blue field crowded with stars.

VEGETABLE CURIOSITIES

Plants that Murder Other Shrubs and Flowers Around Them
Trees are very like human beings. They have their sympathies and aversions. Most of them like company and grow better in clumps, but many are very particular about the company they keep. When they have what they like they flourish. When they have ungenial neighbors they are stunted and often die.

The young lady from Boston tied on Aunt Hannah's very best white apron, beautifully ironed and smiling of old-fashioned lavender and carried plates and cups and forks and spoons out to the waiting travelers under the great portico.

When Aunt Hannah's famous coffee began to send forth its enticing fragrance, one by one the men came, too, standing around looking sheepishly expectant.

"I do wish something would happen," she said. "The white-capped waiters served a few select souls in the dining car of the Overland, but Aunt Hannah's was by far the best. Everything seemed to be going so well, but she was so nervous she was like a great beautiful party, something had happened at last."

Out of the abundance of her generous heart Aunt Hannah had fed the multitude, but the multitude was not content to have it so. The brass-buttoned conductor himself (who had set a very bad example by eating of Aunt Hannah's cooking instead of the colored crew) had a dozen men and women gathered in a shining shower of silver, which he presented with a neat little speech to Aunt Hannah.

Then the ever-present tourist cameras came into action, and Aunt Hannah was taken with her big white apron by her long downy arms. Then there were other snapshots, too—Uncle Ezra in his overalls, the great pepper tree, the disabled engine, the perspiring conductor, and even old Dobble himself.

At last the conductor wiped his streaming brow and shouted "All aboard!" and Aunt Hannah's beautiful party was over. There were hurried handshakes, and one or two impulsive hugs and kisses for Aunt Hannah, many cheery words of thanks and appreciation, and then they all ran toward the cars and scrambled aboard.

Aunt Hannah, looking and feeling twenty years younger, stood on the porch and watched the long train as it got into motion and slowly pulled out, leaving her white apron in response to a score of waving handkerchiefs, and could scarcely see them for the tears which dimmed her kind eyes.

POLITICS OF THE DAY

Republican Danger Signals
There are two classes of voters that have heretofore gone almost solidly for the Republicans in many States, but which seem this year to be so thoroughly disgusted with the leaders of that party that they will be found on election day almost a unit in opposition to it.

As to the negro vote, the comparison in case Taft or any other man favored by Roosevelt should be nominated by the Republicans, that vote may largely go to the Democratic candidates, because of the attitude of the administration towards the negro troops implicated in the Brownsville affair. This vote is the controlling factor in many Republican districts. In New York it holds the balance of power in the district represented in Congress by Herbert Parsons; in Indiana there are four congressmen, including Jesse Overstreet, who owe their seats to negro votes; in Iowa there are two; in Ohio, three; in New Jersey, two; in Ohio, two; in Illinois, three; in Kentucky, three; in Missouri, one; in Maryland, two; and in Wisconsin, two. In all, there are 25 districts in which the negro vote is absolutely necessary to secure the election of a Republican.

But the vote of organized labor is still of greater importance, since that vote counts in almost every congressional district in the country, and has practically endorsed the program of legislation for which the Democrats under the leadership of John Sharp Williams are battling in the House of Representatives against the wishes and purposes of Speaker Cannon and the Republican majority of that body.

"1. To amend the Sherman anti-trust law so that it will not include labor unions.
"2. To adopt a bill to regulate and limit the issuance of injunctions.
"3. That a general employers' liability bill be enacted.
"4. By an amendment to extend the application of the eight-hour law to all government employes, and those employed upon work done for the government, whether by contractors or subcontractors."

This program was approved by labor throughout the country on Easter Sunday in mass meetings held for the purpose of outlining the policy to be pursued by its organization in respect to legislation. And in all those assemblies the votes of workmen enrolled in the union were pledged to candidates who should favor such demands.

President Compton of the American Federation of Labor, in a letter read at these Easter day mass meetings, said: "The labor unions will not flinch, but manfully stand for their rights, and the workers and their friends throughout the country will pledge themselves without regard to party affiliations, to unmake the open or hypocritical opponent, and send to political oblivion those who, by negligence or antagonism, fail to respond affirmatively to the demands for such reforms."

With the labor vote and the negro vote in its present temper, the Republicans are beginning to feel that something must be done to save their party from defeat. But the trusts and monopolies who control their leaders will not permit them to do anything, because these political interests would rather see a Democratic President, and a Democratic House of Representatives than to allow Congress to make any concession whatever to organized labor.

Intrigued in the Senate, they would not be able to defeat any measure which the Democratic House might pass. Hence it is that Republican congressmen are unhappy and cross and peevish these days.

High Trust Prices Continue
The high trust officials refuse to reduce the high prices for steel products because of their few small competitors who combined with it to maintain prices. Judge Gary, chairman of the steel trust, declares that "the mere fact that the demand is greater than the supply, that the necessities of the purchaser are great, does not justify an increase in price, nor does the fact that the demand is less than the supply furnish an argument for lowering the price. In neither case would the quantity bought or sold be more or less."

At the present time the demand is much less than the supply and only about 50 per cent of the capacity of production is being operated. Yet this steel monopolist tries to make us believe that if the price of steel products was reduced there would be no greater quantity sold, thus overthrowing all the experience of business that the cheaper products of general utility can be produced and sold at the greater consumption. If the price of steel products were reduced 25 per cent, which it would be with open competition the world over, those who are now waiting for a reasonable reduction in the price of steel would at once begin to manufacture and build. All the numerous things that steel enters into would thus be 25 per cent or more cheaper than they now are, and that would undoubtedly lead those who have money to invest to take advantage of the low prices. The railroads would be able to buy more rails and engines; steel bridges would replace wooden ones; steel buildings would be ordered by those who have capital to invest in them, because a demand would be created by the reduced rates that could be charged. The farmers would buy more agricultural implements, wire for fencing and tools, if the price was cheaper; new stores and household utensils would be bought, because they would be offered as bargains, whereas now nothing is bought at present high prices that is not absolutely needed.

Why should this gigantic trust be protected by the tariff from competition when it refuses to reduce prices under the spur of no demand? Why should wire for fencing be taxed 41.90 per cent to help the trust keep up property prices? Why should wire netting be taxed 41.70 per cent to prevent competition to the trust? Why should wire rope be taxed 35.93 per cent? Why should chains be taxed \$7.21 per cent? Why should cutlery be taxed 66.92 per cent and razors 52.66 per cent?

YOUNG FOLKS

A Floral Alphabet.
A is for Alyssum, so dainty and sweet;
B for Begonia, both handsome and neat;
C for Carnation, for buttonholes best;
D is for Dahlia, in gaudy robes dressed;
E stands for Eucharis, stately and white;
F is for Fuchsia, a summer delight;
G for Geranium, the staidy of old;
H gives us Hyacinth, sweetest untold;
I is for Iris, varieties many;
L for the Lilies, bloom grander than any;
M for Mornetia, with flowers of flame;
N among others Nasturtium I name;
O for Oxalis, a favorite race;
P stands for Pansy, with bright little face;
Q for the flowering Quince from Japan;
R get a better than those, if you can;
S for Swainsonia, a climber so dainty;
T for the Tuberoses, plant bulbs in plenty;
U must be you, for none has that letter;
V for the Violet, none can be better;
W for Wallflower, you surely will meet;
X is for Xeranthemum, grown from the seed;
Y is for Yucca, so stately and tall;
Z stands for Zinnia, and that ends them all.



Why do the birds of all the children like Belinda best? It is because they think her hair's intended for a nest!

A Girl's Giggles.
Samuel Shadwell, a touchy old man living in an Indiana village, had a pane of glass broken in his house one night not long ago and next day he had a 10-year-old girl named Minnie Dayton arrested for it. When the case was called in court he was asked how he knew it was Minnie. He admitted that he didn't see her, but heard her giggle. When asked if her giggle was different from that of any other girl, he said it was, but he couldn't tell why. Neither could he imitate the giggle, and he lost his case.

A Loaded Shot-Gun.
A curious incident comes from British Columbia. A settler named Graham, living in the wilderness, returned home one day after a hunt and stood his shot-gun in a corner of the cabin and went out to chop wood. While he was chopping and while his daughter, 12 years old, was preparing supper, she accidentally knocked the gun down and it was discharged.

Dolly's Trunk Man.
Once on a time a little girl named Dolly (something or other, I really forget her name) was going to take a real trip in a steam car to visit relatives in a far-off place. This Dolly had been looking forward with great excitement to the trip, and the evening before the little calfskin trunk had been carried down and carefully packed. Then the night wore on, and bright and early Dolly was dressed, waiting for the arrival of the expressman.

The big black clock ticked away, and Dolly grew restless and unhappy.
"Oh, dear!" she sighed; "will he never come? I'll be too late for the train."
Mother and grandma tried to comfort her, but she was inconsolable. At last the clock struck ten, and she began to flounder in the garden gate, and up and down for the trunk man, but no one was in sight, and Dolly's tears began to fall.

At last, a tall, gaunt man came along; but he was not the expressman. He was a stranger, but he had so kindly a face that Dolly was just about to speak to him when the man caught sight of her tear-stained face. He stopped and in a kindly tone said, "What's the matter with this little girl?"

Dolly looked up at him and grew confident. "I was going to visit my relatives in a far-off place, and I was looking forward with great excitement to the trip, and the evening before the little calfskin trunk had been carried down and carefully packed. Then the night wore on, and bright and early Dolly was dressed, waiting for the arrival of the expressman."

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ASHES OF FUN

"Were the amateur theatricals good?" "Splendid! I never saw anything so good!"—Life.
Jones—Is your daughter a finished musician? Smith—No; but the neighbors are making threats.—The Club Fellow.
"Is she a hill-climber?" "You bet! This machine will get 'em unless they take to trees."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Miss X—Wouldn't it be horrible to have to die an old maid? Miss Y—Not half so horrible as to have to live that way.—Cleveland Leader.
"What do you think young Chumpley weighs?" "About 200 pounds on the scales and about ten ounces in the community."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
"Can I have a pass over your line?" "No," replied the railroad man, "law's too strict. We can't pass anything but a dividend now."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Out of Town Friend—Say, old man, where is the best place to get umbrellas? New Yorker—Oh, a large reception at a club meeting.—Lippincott's Magazine.
Bacon—Has been successful with his new airship? Egbert—Partially so. He goes "up in the air" every time he tries to start the thing.—Yonkers Statesman.
"I didn't notice you at the mothers' congress." "No," replied the woman addressed, "I'm not a theoretical mother, you know. I have six."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Ella—I'm to be married to-morrow and I'm terribly nervous. Stella—I suppose there always is a chance of a man getting away up to the last minute.—Brooklyn Life.
Eliza—Did you say Sam was makin' a lot of money out of his voice? Cloe—Sure thing! At de opera. Eliza—At de opera? Cloe—Yes, he calls de carriage.—Yonkers Statesman.

Miffins—I understand you said that I had outlived my usefulness. Miffins—You have been misinformed. I said that I didn't believe you ever were of any use.—Chicago Daily News.
Reddy—I understand that new automobile of yours goes like the wind. Greene—That's right. Nobody can tell just when the wind is going to start or when it is going to stop.—Yonkers Statesman.

"Did you and your wife take a long trip on your honeymoon?" "It seemed long to me. Her father had promised to settle a snug sum of money on us as soon as we got back."—Chicago Record-Herald.
Reddy (putting down a gold piece)—Ticket for Del Monte. Ticket Clerk—Change at Castrolville, if you take this train. Reddy—I'll wait then, for I want my change right here, uncle.—Monterey Gossip.

She—I see where a fellow married a girl from his deadbeat, just so she could have his millions when he was gone. Could you love a girl like that? He—Sure, I could love a girl like that! Where does she live?—Puck.
"What would you do if you was one of those millionaires?" said Meandering Mike. "I'd marry," answered Plodding Pete. "Wat I'd get myself a gold outfit an' walk fur pleasure instid' o' from necessity."—Washington Star.

Mabel—Jack proposed to me last night. Stella—Poor fellow! So he did keep his word after all! Mabel—Why, what do you mean? Stella—When I refused him last week he said it would come him to do something desperate.—Chicago Daily News.
The Actress—In this new play I'm supposed to die from a broken heart. Now, how am I to know how a person with a broken heart behaves? The Manager—I'll tell you what to do. You play the author of this play after he sees the first rehearsal.—Illustrated Bits.

Mr. Acum—Have you any 5-cent stamps? Drug Clerk (absent-mindedly)—No, ma'am, but we have something just as good. Mr. Acum—Ha! ha! force of habit. That's where I caught you. Drug Clerk—Not at all, ma'am. I can give you two twos and a one.—Philadelphia Press.
"Katy, who's in the high school," remarked Mr. Dolan, "has been reading Herbert Spencer to me." "Who's Herbert Spencer?" "He's was in the smartest man on earth. He could explain anything at all by it if you could only be polite enough to stay awake an' pay attention."—Washington Star.

"Which is the cow that gives the butter-milk?" innocently asked the young lady from the city, who was inspecting the herd with a critical eye. "Don't make yourself ridiculous," said the young lady who had been in the country before and knew a thing or two. "Goats give butter-milk."—Springfield Journal.

Yonchub—What are you crying about, my dear? Mrs. Yonchub—The cook got m-m-m and I left to-day without g-giving me a m-m-m's notice. Yonchub—Well, you ought to be glad of it. You said you were going to discharge her, anyway. Mrs. Yonchub—Yes, but the m-m-m-meaning thing b-beat me to it.

Biggest Man in the House.
Cy Suloway of New Hampshire still retains his place as the biggest man in the House of Representatives, and so far no one has appeared that may claim honor to second place ahead of Ollie James of Kentucky.
Suloway is something more than six feet tall, and weighs more than six hundred pounds. His height is proportionate with his weight, and he towers above his colleagues. Frank D. Currier, as he does above most all the members of the House. He is one of the members who do not exercise his prerogative of taking his luncheon on that side of the House restaurant where the sign proclaims "for members only," but each day partakes of a sparing lunch on the public side of the room, where negroes are not barred and where the motto is that anybody's money is good.

In Melodrama.
Knighly Hero—I say, old chap, that lady's glove episode makes a great bit. Admiring Super—Yes, sir, you're always sure of a hand on that.—Baltimore American.
Don't take up a man's time in talking to him about the smartness of your children. He wants to talk to you about the smartness of his children.