

JOHN HENRY ON DINNER GUESTS



BY GEO. V. HOBART, ("HUGH M'HUGH.")

Dear Bunch: Your letter from London to hand and contents noted. Peaches and I are mighty glad you're starting for home in two weeks, and we'll meet you at the pier with bells on.

We're all well here with the exception that Peaches gave an onion saengerfest night before last and I've been on the blink ever since.

This onion saengerfest thing may be a new one on you, Bunch, so I'll specify.

An onion saengerfest is where a bunch of people gather in your parlor in the evening and spill a lot of cheap songs all over the carpet while waiting for dinner to be announced.

I don't know just exactly where the onion comes in, but I suppose that applies to most of the guests.

There were present at the battle I speak of Uncle Peter Grant and Aunt Julia, Bud Hawley and his second wife, your sister, Jennie, and her husband, Stub Wilson, from Milwaukee.

Oh, I forgot to mention that old Dr. Guffhander, the celebrated food expert, was the guest of the evening.

Dr. Guffhander is a great friend of Uncle Peter's, and has been using him for a meal ticket for several days. Somehow or other Uncle Gregory got on to the fact that Morty Smith had sent me a case of Pommeroy, and

"Listening with a Heart Full of Pride."

from another ballad when dinner was was another and our lives were saved.

I'm so unstrung over the narrow escape, Bunch, that I'll wait until later to tell you about the eats—which were what we come for.

With respect, J. H.
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WALK THROUGH FIRE.

Ceremony of Sect of Brahmins in Honor of Gods of Fire and Water.

Six thousand Hindus and a select few English officials have recently witnessed in the neighborhood of Madras a remarkable religious ceremony, the principal actors being Solivastas, a sect of Brahmins.

The festival was called "the march through fire," and it is appropriately enough named. The proceedings were in honor of Brahma and Vishnu, the gods of water and fire.

Preparations for the ceremony had been going on for a month. A trench 23 feet long and 19 feet deep was dug, and in it a fire was kindled. At sunrise 40 fanatics, who were to demonstrate their asbestos nature, slowly marched around the furnace bearing the curious idols. The Solivastas were clothed in yellow tunics, and without hesitation entered the fire trench singling a hymn, the refrain of which was "Govinda! Govinda!"

After walking around this artificial Gehenna three times they emerged apparently none the worse for their experience, and have established an unassailable claim for sanctity among their people.

MINISTER A BUSY MAN.

Virginia Pastor Caters Not Alone
Souls of His Parishioners.

Mr. R. J. McKay, assistant general purchasing agent Toledo, St. Louis & Western and Chicago & Alton railroads, in his travels through the east recently noticed in a certain Virginia newspaper the following advertisement:

REV. GEORGE W. WHARTON
Carries a Full Line of
STAPLE AND FINE GROCERIES,
OIL, OYSTERS, ETC.
He receives almost daily, fresh, first-class
Oysters, at moderate prices.

FRESH FISH!

Various kinds of Fresh Fish in season, the very best, to tempt the epicurean taste.

MATRIMONIAL MATTER.

Rev. Mr. Wharton's residence is a mecca for marrying couples. So just gain the confidence of the minister, and the cense, and together with a fat fee, give him a call, and he will perform the ceremony in the most approved style.

Who Wields Most Power.

In the smoking room of a popular West End club the other afternoon a group of men suddenly raised the query as to which six men wield the most power in the world, and very considerable diversity of opinion was expressed. By general consent King Edward was placed at the head of the list, but it seemed impossible to arrive at any agreement as to the remaining five. After some considerable argument it was decided to canvass the whole of the members then in the building and ask them to write down the names of the six they considered the most powerful. The following was the result, with the order of voting:

First, the king; second, the pope; third, the czar; fourth, the sultan of Turkey; fifth, the president of the United States; sixth, the emperor of China. Among others who were voted for very generally were the emperor of Japan, the French president and the kaiser.—London Sketch.

Nor a Hospital.

"Talking of our British cousins?" inquired E. Black Ryan, tax attorney of the Southern Pacific. "I heard one of them at Yale, sides up in front of the piano and begins to squeak: 'Good-by, summer! Good-by, summer!' just as if she were calling the dachshund in to dinner. I think it's time she declined the nomination."

Then Bud Hawley, after figuring it all out that there was no chance of his getting arrested, sat down on the piano stool and made a few sad statements, which in their original state form the basis of a Scotch ballad called "Loch Lomond."

As you know, Bunch, Bud's system of speaking the English language is to say with his voice as much of a word as he can remember, and then finish the rest with his hands.

You can imagine what Bud would do to a song with an oatmeal foundation like "Loch Lomond."

When Bud barked out the first few bars, which say: "By yon bonnie bank and by yon bonnie brae," you can believe me, Bunch, everybody within hearing would have cried with joy if the piano had fallen over on Bud and flattened his equator.

And when he reached the plot of the piece, where it says: "You take the high road and I'll take the low road," Uncle Peter took a drink. Jack Merton took the same, Stu took an oath and I took a walk.

Never in my life, Bunch, have I heard a song so roughly banded.

And all the while Bud's wife sat

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



The separator cannot be kept too clean.

If you are in the chicken business be alive and progressive.

When cream is not ripe for churning you will lose much of the butter fat.

To realize the best profit from dairy cows all the feed should be grown upon the farm.

Dairy show at Chicago, December 2 to 10. Remember the date and plan to attend.

Be sure the rungs on the ladder are safe before trusting yourself on them at any great height.

Cold fall rains will prove a sure robber of the sheep profits, if the animals are given no shelter.

The reason a woman makes a success of poultry raising as a rule is because she is careful, watchful and mindful of all the small details.

Clean up the garden plot and burn up all the rubbish. This will make the place look more tidy and will destroy a host of insect pests and weeds.

Pluck off the smut balls from the corn and burn them. Corn smut spreads rapidly if the smut balls are thrown on the manure pile and will manure spread on corn-fields. Never throw a smut-ball on the manure pile.

Dairy note from Life: "In the hot days of fly-time there are the usual kicks over the milk," and by way of illustration the cow is depicted lying over the pail and incidentally the milker himself.

Experiment seems to prove that chicks grow faster upon soft mashes than upon dry grain. There seems to be least danger from bowel looseness when the dry grains only are fed, and it is very essential that the mash be dry enough to crumble in order to avoid that difficulty. Young chicks like the moist mash better than though it was not moistened and will eat more of it. There is no danger from the free use of the properly made mash twice a day, and being already ground the young birds can eat and digest more of it than when the food is all coarse.

Persons who are seeking information about Alaska are recommended to read the letters published herewith. They are in a way more valuable than reports from the experiment stations, in that they record the things the people accomplish. These are only a few of the letters received on that subject. All that reach the station are not written in the same sanguine mood which characterizes most of these. Taken as a whole, the season was not favorable and many report failure, though most of the following letters report splendid successes. Then, again, the reader is recommended to study them because of the practical directions found in many. To garden successfully in Alaska requires experience, whether one gets it for himself or utilizes the experience of others. The latter plan may often save time and labor, to say nothing of disappointments. The reports show the possibilities of the country. From the southernmost boundary to far north of the arctic circle they tell what Alaska can produce under ordinary pioneer conditions, with very meager facilities.

W. H. Snyder, Kukokwim River, Alaska, February 2, 1907.—I planted the seeds sent here by the experiment station and can say that most of it turned out very successfully, in fact all but peas; they were planted on the first of June and came up in about five days and grew nicely for three weeks and then seemed to stop for nearly a month. They then took another very thirsty start and grew luxuriantly for the rest of the season, but did not produce anything at all. Potatoes, turnips, radishes, cabbage, kale, rutabaga and lettuce did just as well as at any place I ever saw. All seeds were planted in a sandy loam or a sedimentary deposit of the river.

Judge C. W. Thornton, Nome, Alaska, November 19, 1907.—I hereby report to you my success and partial failures with plants, trees and seeds received from your station: First, apple trees; these, with currant and raspberry bushes, arrived in July. They had evidently been on the way for some time and did not appear to be in the best of condition. However, they were carefully planted and given attention and appeared to be doing well up to the latter part of August, when we had several cold storms, which seemed to blight and wither them and from which they seemed never to recover. The final freeze up came about the first of October, and these trees and bushes seem now to be dead. With vegetables I have a very different story to tell, having had wonderful success with some, particularly radishes, lettuce, turnips and spinach. In fact, I beg to venture the assertion that no better radishes and turnips can be grown any place in the world than right here in Nome. I raised three crops of radishes on one patch of ground and some of the first crop, left in until the close of the season, attained a growth of nearly two inches in diameter, and were still as crisp and tender as any radishes I ever ate. Immediately adjoining us Henry Kuehne guarded and tended one of his earliest and largest turnips and at the close of the season it measured over 22 inches in circumference and weighed a little over four pounds.

Henry Butke, Chena, Alaska, October 15, 1906.—I wish to report the result of the seed that was sent me. The Brussels sprouts, cabbage, kale, car-

rots and rutabaga all did very well; in fact, I never saw any better out in the states. Parsley, onions, and celery did not do very well. I planted turnips, potatoes and string beans, some seed that I had, and they were extra fine. In fact, the only stuff that did not do well were onion, parsley and celery.

F. N. Kreuz, Fairbanks, November 4, 1907.—My place is 36 by 50 feet. The soil was only six inches deep, so I wheeled some soil from the road to a depth of 1½ feet, and had about three inches of wood ashes and four inches of old horse manure mixed with it and tamped so the soil was raised 1½ feet above the ground. I planted two boxes with Wakefield cabbage, kept them in the cabin, and transplanted May 15. They did not grow much for the first two weeks. A big "worm" was eating the leaves off the stem. I had to keep transplanting them again until finally I had the worms destroyed. It grew profusely in dark rich healthy colors at all times. On June 15 it commenced to head up. Planted them 18 inches by three feet apart in rows. On September 15, when cut, from 10 to 15 heads weighed 15 pounds apiece, all good solid food for cooking; the smallest weighed seven pounds; 50 heads in all. It was the best I have seen anywhere around town.

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