

JOHN HENRY ON POKER PLAYING

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

Dear Bunch: So now you're at Monte Carlo, eh? Gee! you and Alice must be having the time of your lives hiking over Europe, handing out good money to hotel clerks and bad French to hotel waiters all day long. Oh, what bliss, what joy must be your portion, Bunch, when you squeeze into one of those French cafes, grab a French menu card, glance over the "ready-to-serve," and in a confidential tone give an order like this to your French waiter: "Avec le beaucoup pomme de terre. Donnez-moi de l'eau chaude; je vais me raser. Avec get a move on you!"



Handing Out Bad French to Hotel Waiters.

Then in a French hour and a half your French waiter hurries back and serves you a culinary melodrama wherein each swallow is a thrill add your stomach gets up and yells at every climax. I can see you and Alice sitting there, spilling Schenectady French all over the tablecloth, while the waiter gets a stone bruise on his palate from holding back his Parisian laughter. Now don't wrinkle the map when you read this, Bunch, because I've been present when you blurted out some of your French with the ossified accent and it's a scream all right. Remember that day in Martin's here in Littletonnewyork when you ordered lamb chops and a baked potato in French? The waiter bowed, said, "Oui, M'sieur!" and brought you a bowl of vegetable soup and a morning paper!

That's how good your French is, my lad. It's almost as bad as Fred Perry's—and that's going some. I met Fred and Henri Leon at the Bingle club not long ago, and they put it all over me. With Henri speaking almost-French and Fred gesticulating nearly-French there wasn't anything left for me to do but call the waiter and talk booze. I found out later that Fred knows exactly nine ordinary French words, including n'est pas and avec plaisir, but he has memorized the name of every street in Paris.

So when Fred exhausts his nine ordinary words he rushes all over the city, out to Vaugrard, over to the Batignolles, to Clichy, by Rues and side streets to the eastern Boulevards Beaumarchais and St. Denis, then across lots to the western Boulevard des Italiens, then with a hop, skip and jump, he's in the Place de la Concorde and off into the Champs-Elysees—it's immense!

Fred can sit there and rattle off the names of the streets in Paris so eloquently that the average listener begins to cuss himself inwardly because he didn't learn French enough to follow the Guy de Maupassant story which he thinks Fred is telling. A has le Fred!

I notice in your letter, Bunch, that you met some of your old pals in



Uncle Gregory is the Original Human Saff.

Paris and that you stayed up all night playing poker. It's a good old wheeze, Bunch, when you and Alice believed you when you brought home the nine million francs you won.

Of course she didn't stop to think that nine million francs is only about \$2.40 in real money. But why make her up?

If you really had to play poker, Bunch, I'm glad you stayed up all night at it. When you first mentioned the word in your letter I was afraid to read further for fear I'd see that at 12 o'clock you got a kink in your in-sole and quit four dollars winner.

If you play the game, play it like a sport, Bunch, and wear overalls to keep your feet warm.

I hate the poker player who gets congestion of the ankles every time he wins two dollars over his car fare.

Poker players are divided into two classes; the Companions of the Cold Feet and the Little Brothers of the Boost.

The Companions of the Cold Feet make the most money, but the Little Brothers of the Boost have all the fun—and this would be a pretty tough old world if we couldn't have a bit of fun with each other, wouldn't it, Bunch?

We're living out in the country all the year round now, and once or twice a week the neighbors drop in at

an evening and try to drag money away from us.

Uncle Gregory Grant and Aunt Julia from Kansas City are visiting at Uncle Peter's house across the road.

Uncle Gregory is the original human safe. You can't get money out of him with an ax.

He came to New York on a visit some years ago with a red undershirt and a ten-dollar bill.

He stayed two weeks and never changed anything.

Uncle Gregory is a charter member in Zero lodge of the Companions of the Cold Feet.

Uncle Gregory never sat in a game in his life without being prepared to have pneumonia in both heels the moment he was six dollars ahead of the game.

He plays them close to his appendicitis, unkie does, and every time he fills a four-flush he feels an awful draught on the floor.

He has his feet so well trained that every time their owner rakes in a pot with four blue checks in it they give him the icehouse signal to cease firing and cash in before the bank explodes.

We had a little poker party at our house last Monday night, and for several days after we bought costly trifles with the money left by our loving neighbors.

There was Uncle Gregory and Aunt Julia, George Riggaby and his wife, Maude, George's mother-in-law, Mrs. Lorenz, Peaches and yours respectfully.

Uncle Peter and Aunt Martha don't play poker, so they went out in the other room and played the phonograph.

I think the phonograph won, because they are both easy.

George Riggaby is a member in good standing of the Little Brothers of the Boost, and he can laugh louder and mean it when he loses three dollars than any man I ever met.

But George's wife, Maude, takes two aces and a pair of Jacks seriously,



Had a Little Poker Party at Our House.

while her mother, Mrs. Lorenz is the corresponding secretary in the Woman's Annex to the Companions of the Cold Feet.

She certainly runs Uncle Greg. a close second when it comes to getting frappe in the pedals.

Every time Mrs. Lorenz is separated from 50 cents something in her mind seems to give way with a crash.

But Uncle Greg. and Mrs. Lorenz love money so much that every time they bet a blue check they close their eyes and pretend it was a white one.

Any time you see a silver dollar with all the tall feathers pulled out of the eagle it's a cinch the bird once belonged to Mrs. Lorenz and the parting was a bitter one.

She is the original Tessie Tightwad.

Ever thine, J. H. (Copyright, 1908, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

TRIUMPH FOR MEAN MAN.

Unbeliever in Vacations Kept His Clerks at Their Desks.

The man who doesn't believe in vacations gathered his office staff about him.

"I want to read you something, boys," he said kindly, "from the diary of the great John Wesley. Listen."

And he read:

"To-day I entered on my eighty-second year, as fit for any exercise of body or mind as I was 40 years ago. I am as strong at 81 as I was at 21, but abundantly more healthy, being a stranger to the headache and other bodily disorders which attended me in my youth."

"In his eighty-fourth year he said he was a wonder, writing: 'I am a wonder to myself. It is now 12 years since I have felt a sensation as weariness. I am never tired either with writing, preaching or traveling.'"

In the impressive silence that ensued the man who doesn't believe in vacations said:

"Boys, Wesley attributed his extraordinary health and longevity to early rising, to hard work, and above all to the fact that he never took vacations."

With grunts of assent the young men wearily took up their pens again.—Buffalo Express.

First Jewish Cemetery.

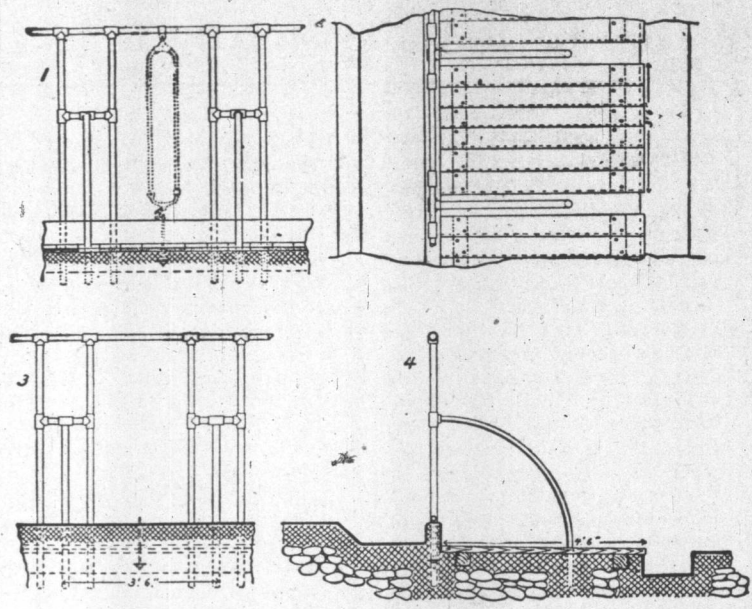
Many travelers on the Third and Second avenue elevated railways of New York city wonder how the little cemetery at New Bowery and Oliver street came to be there. It is a remnant of the first Jewish cemetery in the United States and was established in 1656.

Tea a Germ Destroyer.

Tea is now elevated to the dignity of a germ destroyer. Dr. McNaught, the medical investigator, has found that typhoid bacilli placed in cold or lukewarm tea are greatly diminished at the end of four hours, and have completely disappeared at the end of 24 hours.

WHY THE COW BARN MUST BE SANITARY

Clean Milk Cannot Be Produced If It Is Not.



Stall with Panel Wooden Floor.

One of the most important things in connection with the production of clean milk is that of a clean barn. Without it, absolutely pure milk cannot be produced. Time was when any old place was considered good enough for the cow, and the cow barn was synonymous with filth and foul smell.

Nowadays, however, farmers are coming more and more to realize that successful dairying cannot be carried on without paying due attention to sanitary stable conditions.

Light, ventilation, cleanliness are all matters that must be given consideration if the cows are to be kept healthy and the milk product is not contaminated before it can be removed from the stable.

An ideal barn for cows is a one-story structure of wood with plenty of light and provided with the King system of ventilation. The floor, wall and manger should be of cement; the ceiling may well be of lath and plaster, and swing stanchions should be used for ties.

In a building of such construction it was found that the cement floor was too hard for the cows to stand on and was the cause of various troubles, such as garget, etc.; consequently it

was later covered with two-inch matched pine flooring, which gave better results.

In building again we would substitute panel floors for stalls, as shown in an illustration. Two pieces 4x4 inches by 3 feet are laid in the concrete, and a panel three feet wide made of 2x6-inch matched plank nailed to them. The panel projects over the gutter about one inch. A space of six inches is left between panels which is cemented level with the top of the plank. This admits of taking up a panel and putting in a new one without disturbing the rest of the floor.

In putting down a floor in a new barn, or in replacing an old floor, it is recommended that tar be used in the joints and on the lower surface of the floor.

In the construction of a barn intended for the production of certified milk care should be taken to have as few posts as possible, and preferably no cross beams or braces should be exposed. The interior should be smooth with no place for the lodgment of dust.

With the construction of such character that a barn may be kept clean, it only remains to use energy, water, and washing powder.

has already been pointed out, gains made on anything less than full feed are made at a cost that increases directly as the quantity of food is decreased.

Second, fat on an animal affects its ability to make rapid and economical gains the following summer at grass, as has been clearly shown by our results where cattle had been made to gain different amounts in winter and were grazed together the following summer.

In general the age of the animal will affect materially the kind, quality and amount of feed that may profitably be used in wintering. In other words, the age will determine largely whether they are to be fed liberally on palatable and nutritious feeds, or to be roughed through on coarse fodders of the cheapest sort.

Young cattle will require the former class of feeds in more liberal quantities, while the older cattle will be able to utilize to advantage the poorer and coarser grades. This is principally true because it is more important to keep the animals gaining steadily at the age of 6 to 18 months than later.

Checking the rate of gain after 24 months of age, when the rate of growth has naturally declined, and when the tendency of the animal to lay on fat begins to assert itself, will make much less difference than if it be checked in the earlier stages when the tendency to grow and not to fatten is much more marked.

It is believed that to make growth at the natural or proper time, that is, when the animal is young, and when the tendencies of the entire organism are to convert food into growth, and when it may be made with the least expense of food, room, labor and investment, will be highly advantageous as compared with so feeding the animal as to restrict the growth at this age and depend upon making up this deficiency by liberal feeding later.

In fact, it is believed that from birth until the steer goes to grass at the age of 12 months, there should be sufficient food of a palatable and nutritious character to supply the requirements of the maximum growth of which each individual is capable, without laying on any considerable quantity of fat. This is, of course, on the supposition that they are not to be fed out as baby beef. In case they are to be made into baby beef, naturally the quicker they are made fat, the greater the profit in the feeding. The first winter, between the ages of 6 and 12 months, is not the time to attempt to utilize cheap, coarse fodders extensively, like stover, etc. These materials should be used chiefly on older cattle.

It goes without saying that from 12 to 18 months of age the cattle should receive an abundance of nutritious grass, so as to promote a uniform and rapid growth or to approximate the full capacity of the animal for growth and to lay on as much fat as possible, for gains at pasture are cheap, and all the fat it is possible to make here will be made at the very minimum of expense.

As to the winter treatment from the ages of 18 to 24 months, all will depend upon what the immediate future of animal is to be. If it is to be grazed the following summer as a two-year-old, it should be made to utilize the cheap fodders on the farm, eat out the stalk fields, etc. In any case, it should not be permitted to lose in weight, but should be made to gain liberally, so long as it does not lay on any fat.

The laying on of fat at this juncture is unprofitable if the animal is grazed, for two reasons.

First, it is unnecessarily expensive to make fat by partial feeding. As

Second, fat on an animal affects its ability to make rapid and economical gains the following summer at grass, as has been clearly shown by our results where cattle had been made to gain different amounts in winter and were grazed together the following summer.

In some neighborhoods parasites are making fine headway, and may save next season's crop from perceptible damage. Insects escaping between harvest time and winter through small round holes cut in the walls of the straw are parasites and not the adults of the jointworm.

These parasites are two-brooded and, if numerous, will clean the stubble fields of jointworm larvae before the opening of next season. The straw from other localities produces but few parasites or none.

The adults of the jointworm appear in late May or early June and seem to prefer to lay their eggs just above the highest joints available at the time of their appearance, provided these stalks are not so near to heading as to preclude the possibility of larvae within them from maturing before the ripening of the grain. In the latter case, younger or more backward stalks seem to be hunted out and the nearly matured straws are passed by. If only one or two joints need to form above the worms before heading, the kernels will have time to fill and harden before the sap flow ceases, while if three or four must form the kernels will be small, shriveled and light. The wheat grower should therefore keep these points well in mind when planning for next year's crop:

1. Sow from one week to ten days earlier than is customary in your neighborhood. Other things being equal, in every instance of which we have knowledge, the early sown wheat was much better the past season, in badly infested territory, than that which was late sown.

2. Have the seed bed worked into the best possible condition before seeding.

3. Sow an early maturing variety.

4. Fertilize well with commercial fertilizer, barnyard manure, or better with both. A formula containing three or four per cent. of ammonia, 8 to 10 per cent. of phosphoric acid, and two to three per cent. of potash is suggested as suited to wheat on the average farm. Apply at the rate of 200 to 300 pounds per acre. Wheat on poor soil suffers in the same manner as late sown wheat and for the same reason, viz., it is late in maturing and gives the worms too long a period in which to work.

5. Sow as far as possible from wheat fields of the preceding year.

Italian Town Drought-Stricken.

Apulia, Italy, suffered so much from drought during the last few months that water had to be brought by train from Naples and distributed by wagon among the peasants. An immense aqueduct is being constructed, but eight years will elapse before its completion.

Sign of Prosperity's Return.

According to the story told by New York retail dealers, there are 5,000 more cigars being smoked daily in the metropolis than there were six months ago. They say that this is one of the signs of prosperity's return.

FORT LEE MONUMENT

UNVEILED ON SITE OF REVOLUTIONARY DEFENSE.

Marks Vantage Point Whence Continental Soldiers Watched British Operations in New York.

New York.—The Fort Lee Revolutionary Monument association gained its desired end the other day when the monument erected to commemorate the important events which took place near Fort Lee in the war of 1776 was unveiled. The association was organized October 22, 1902, and in the winter of 1902-'03, through its efforts, an appropriation was obtained from the legislature of \$1,000 as the nucleus of a fund for a monument. To this amount the legislature added at the following session \$5,000.

Steps had been taken by the association to obtain the only suitable site, which was in the outer works of the old fortifications, and after three years a title to this property was gained through condemnation proceedings. A competition for a suitable design was held in October, 1906, in which many sculptors entered. The design offered by Carl E. Tefft of New York, who designed the fountain in the Bronx Zoological park, New York, was chosen by the association, and later approved by the Palisades Interstate Park Commission, which commission was made custodian of the funds.

The design represents two of Gen. Washington's soldiers, a continental and a drummer boy, scaling the Palisades at Fort Lee. The figures are cast in bronze, and are seven and one-half feet high, mounted on a pedestal ten feet in height, quarried from the shadow of a mine. The statue is erected on a three-foot terrace, bringing the total height to about



Fort Lee Battle Monument.

20 feet. Elaborate plans were made by the association for the exercises which marked the formal recognition by the state of New Jersey of this historical landmark.

On behalf of the state, the principal address was made by Gov. Ford. Other prominent persons, representing the national government, the state of New York and all the principal revolutionary societies, took part in the ceremonies.

The monument is in a park, and stands on a point where the original outer works of the old fort were situated. The monument will also mark occupied by Gen. Lee as his headquarters and the site where Morgan's Virginia riflemen were encamped. The fort played an important part in the movements of the revolutionary army, but no battle of importance was fought there.

Many persons believe that the old fort and camp at Fort Lee were on the Palisades bluff, overlooking the Hudson river, but this is not the fact. The monument cannot be seen from the Hudson river. It was to guard a ravine leading up the Palisades that the fort was erected, and it was situated inland for strategic reasons.

Fort Lee is full of traditional revolutionary history. The ruins of the stone huts which were used by Morgan's men in their stay at Fort Lee are still to be seen, and the Fort Lee association will take steps to preserve them. In these huts the hardy and determined patriots, with constitutions that defied weather and hardships, slept in the cold nights of October and November, 1776. Another reminder of the period is the old stone bake oven found on the premises of the Belvidere hotel, and which for years has been properly labeled and protected. It was in this stone oven that bread for the revolutionary soldiers was baked.

Fort Lee has one tradition handed down from the revolution that has always afforded food for discussion. It is relative to Dead Brook and how the little stream received such a name. One story is that a Hessian soldier was shot by a scout while crossing the brook. Another authority says that the scout, after climbing the Palisades, stopped to take a drink at the brook, and not relishing it went further up to ascertain the cause of the unusual taste of the water. He discovered a Hessian bathing his feet in the stream and shot him. Another story is that a bloody battle was fought along the brook, and because of the presence of so many dead soldiers alongside the tiny stream the name of Dead Brook was applied.

Another bear had lodged himself for the winter in a cave made by himself in the bowels of mother earth, and under cover of a huge prostrate pine. After locating him, I gave my foresters the order to halt, and proceeded alone. Advancing cautiously, so as not to disturb his slumbers, I hesitated some moments over the fallen tree trunk, for round and about its roots I noticed the snow was discolored and of a brownish hue. I guessed this to be the ventilator and the entrance to the den. I announced my coming by repeated shouts, but the occupant made no sign. I thereupon called one of my men and bade him call a young tree, and use it as a stake to stir up the sluggard. A formidable roar was the immediate result of these tactics; our rushed the landlord of the besieged premises with an

BEAR HUNTING IN SWEDEN

BY COUNT ERIC VON ROSEN



IN SEARCH OF SUPPER

Within the last few years I have enjoyed any amount of experience in bear hunting, mainly throughout Finnish and Russian Karelen, where I have accounted for over a score or more of these fascinating beasts. My hunting in Finland and Russia has always been in winter time. The most pleasurable hunting trip that I can recall was one carried out on ski. The starting-point for this, as for most of my expeditions, was the little village of Shojarvi, situated on the lake of the same name, 14 Swedish (84 English) miles to the east of Wartsila, in Finnish Karelen.

At dawn we left the village and traversed the greater part of the distance in sledges. Then on ski we came to a dense thicket wherein our bear was surmised to have stowed himself away for his long winter's nap. It had been ascertained that he had taken up his quarters on "Bratt" (i. e., above ground, on a bed made of moss and twigs with the trunk of a fallen tree to roof him). Capt. Bjorkenstam and I volunteered to make our way into the dense brushwood and have a look round. I was a few yards ahead of my friend, when my eye was arrested by the sight of some dark object protruding from beneath the shadow of a pine. I grasped the fact with some tumultuous thumping of the heart—for I was serving my novitiate—that there snuggled, unaware and unsuspecting, the object of our call. I halted; our visit was unexpected, unprepared for, and the gentle soul might shyly decamp. Hastily I took aim and fired. My bear as hastily vanished, melting away with phantasmal precipitancy into space. I ran to the charmed spot where he had lain and searched eagerly for gory traces that might show my bullet had not been misspent.

No trace was visible, but a plowed furrow through the snow indicated the direction he had taken. The long fur of his coat had been my undoing and my bullet had flown too high. I followed hotly in pursuit with Broberg at my heels, and a memorably exciting race followed. At last, on a more sparsely wooded tract, where we could increase our speed considerably, we sighted the broad back of the runaway some yards ahead of us. A grand spectacle he presented, this great black furry object, floundering with heavy tread through the pure white snow, against the vast shadowy background of stately pines in their wintry dress. I opened fire; the beast growled savagely, shook himself painfully, yet doggedly proceeded on his course of retreat; then my second bullet laid him prone. His chase had lasted just three-quarters of an hour.

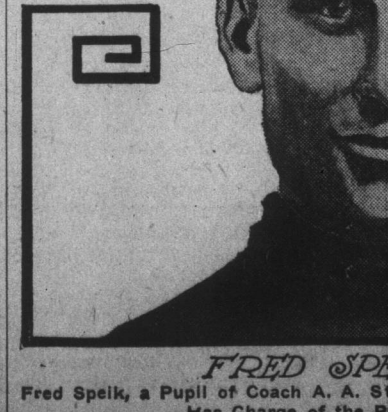
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expression of countenance that spoke of hospitable intentions of the warmest description. I judged it not to await this welcome, and he straightened out on his own doorstep with a bullet through his brain.

In Karelen the bear is yet regarded as a noxious horror. The great black-haired "Slagbjorn," or killing bear, is still rampant there, and a couple of winters back I was able to wreak justifiable vengeance on some beasts that had killed over a score of cows and nine horses. News had been brought me that some of these rascals were hibernating on a small marsh-bound island. We found no difficulty in locating their lair, and I took up my post at the entrance to it, armed only with my spear. I may explain that a bear-spear consists of an ash staff some two yards long and about a couple of inches in diameter; there is a blade of steel about 12 inches in length, and the shaft is copper cased as a prevention against the teeth of Bruin. As soon as my gentleman appeared I tried to stick him in the throat, but he parried adroitly and I missed. I made another lunge and succeeded in driving my spear point through his breast. He started, roaring furiously and snapped at my copper-cased staff, then made an attempt to strike at my arm with his huge forepaw, so that I might drop my weapon. There was a thrilling uncertainty as to the outcome; the powerful brute hung on to my spear at the one end, while I as grimly held on at the other end. His bites went through the copper plate and he started shredding the wood beneath. Stronously I checked his further advances, and gradually, as his wounds began to tell, his resistance weakened, and he dropped at last over the aperture of his den. I pulled out the spear, but so much strength still remained in him that he seized the blade and bit it with a force that left deep indentations in the steel. Herr Broberg then finished him off with his own weapon. This struggle from start to finish covered five minutes.

I certainly have had, as have all other big game hunters, one or two narrow escapes, but so far my luck has carried me through and Bruin has never got the best of it. I once found myself in tight quarters with an overgrown specimen of the Slagbjorn variety. He had chosen for his sleeping place the center of an open tract where, while the giant forest trees had long since been burned down, dense bushes had grown in their place and these, snowladen and frost-stiffened, obdurately impeded my way. It was no easy task to advance noiselessly here, where every twig was a snare to entangle my long ski. I stumbled, fell and lay floundering in the deep snow. Simultaneously my bear loomed forth on the near horizon. He might—I considered—have selected a more auspicious moment for his manifestation. Prone as I was, for skis are internal machines when speedy extrication is desirable, I took careful aim and fired; my shot went home, and certainly my good genius directed it, for had I missed or merely wounded, my position would have been almost unenviable.

COACH OF PURDUE ELEVEN



Fred Speik, a Pupil of Coach A. A. Stagg, of the Chicago University, Who Has Charge of the Purdue Football Squad.

DRAGS YOU DOWN. Backache and Kidney Trouble Slowly Wear One Out.

Mrs. R. Crouse, Fayette St., Manchester, Ia., says: "For two years my back was weak and rheumatic. Pains ran through my back, hips and limbs. I could hardly get about and lost much sleep. The action of the kidneys was much disordered. I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and the result was remarkable. The kidney action became normal, the backache ceased, and my health is now unusually good."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

AT ATLANTIC CITY.



Silas—I jes' tell yer, Mandy, this ride makes me feel 50 years younger. Mandy—Yer don't say!

Silas—Yep; it's jes' about ther fer back when I wuz handled the same way.

RHEUMATISM PRESCRIPTION

The increased use of whiskey for rheumatism is causing considerable discussion among the medical fraternity. It is an almost infallible cure when mixed with certain other ingredients and taken properly. The following formula is effective: "One-half pint of good whiskey add one ounce of Toris Compound and one ounce of Syrup Sarsaparilla Compound. Take in tablespoonful doses before each meal and before retiring."

Toris compound is a product of the laboratories of the Globe Pharmaceutical Co., Chicago, but it is as well as the other ingredients can be had from any good drugstore.

Why He Went Back to His Old Tricks "You ingrate!" exclaimed the irate judge, addressing the culprit; "this gentleman took a fatherly interest in you after you had promised to stop stealing, and he gave you a job in his store, did he not?"

"Yes, sir!"

"And when he left you alone in the place one day you repaid his gratitude by sneaking behind the desk and rifling the cash drawer, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, why did you do this?"

"I got remorse of conscience, judge!"

A Common Regard.

"Just back from your vacation?"

"Yes."

"How was it?"

"Fine; I haven't but one regret."

"What's that?"

"I wish I had waited until next month to take it."

"Why?"

"So I would have it to take."

An Inopportune Query.

"For whom do you intend to vote at the next election?"