

JOHN HENRY



ON POKER PLAYING

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

Dear Bunch: So now you're at Monte Carlo, eh?

Ge! 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-serves," and in a confidential tone give an order like this to your French waiter: "Avec le beaufour pomme de terre. Donnez-moi de l'eau chaude; je vais me raser. Avec get a move on!"

Then in a French hour and a half your French waiter hurries back and serves you a culinary melodrama



Handing Out Bad French to Hotel Waiters.

wherein each swallow is a thrill and your stomach gets up and yells at every climax.

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

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 littleoldnewyork when you ordered lamb chops and a baked potato in French? The waiter bowed, said, "Oui, M'sieu!" 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 Leoni at the Bling 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 Vaugirard, over to the Batignolles, to Cléchy, 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-Elysées—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.

Abs le Fred!

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



Uncle Gregory is the Original Human Safe.

Paris and that you stayed up all night playing poker.

It's a good old wheeze, Bunch, and no doubt Alice knew 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 \$2,400 in real money. But why wake 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 instep and quit four dollars winner.

If you play the game, play it like a sport, Bunch, and wear overshoe 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.

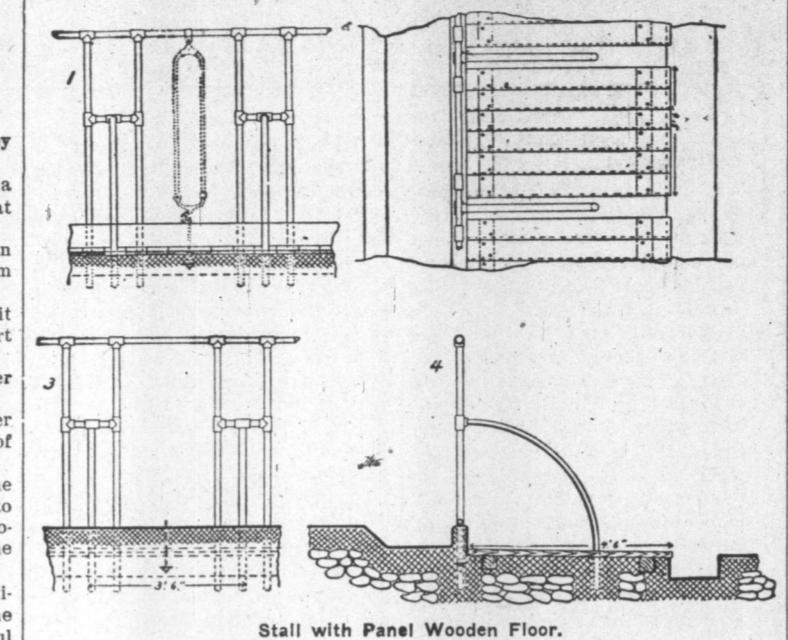
Poker players are divided into two classes: the Companions of the Cold Feet and the Little Brothers of the Cold Feet.

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 of

WHY THE COW BARN MUST BE SANITARY

Clean Milk Cannot Be Produced If It Is Not.



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 aces and a pair of jacks seriously.



Had a Little Poker Party at Our House.

THE WINTERING OF CATTLE

By Director H. J. Waters, Missouri Experiment Station.

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 increased.

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.

THE WHEAT JOINTWORM

How to Combat Pest—By H. A. Gossard, Ohio.

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 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 grazing, for two reasons.

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

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 and Russian Karen, 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 skis. The starting-point for this, as for most of my expeditions, was the little village of Snjorv, situated on the lake of the same name, 14 Swedish (84 English) miles to the east of Wartsls, in Finnish Karen.

Within the last few years I have enjoyed any amount of experience in bear hunting, mainly throughout Finland and Russian Karen, 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 skis. The starting-point for this, as for most of my expeditions, was the little village of Snjorv, situated on the lake of the same name, 14 Swedish (84 English) miles to the east of Wartsls, in Finnish Karen.

At dawn we left the village and

traversed the greater part of the distance in sledges. Then on skis we came to a dense thicket where our bear was surprised 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 root him). Capt. Björkenstam 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 missed.

In Karen the bear is yet regarded as a noxious horror. The great black-haired "Slagbjörn," 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 dropped 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-clad 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 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 missed.

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 fury 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.

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 pulled out the spear, but its strength still remained in the hand of 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 Slagbjörn 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 snowdrifts and frost-stiffened, obtrusively 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 ski 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 untenable.

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