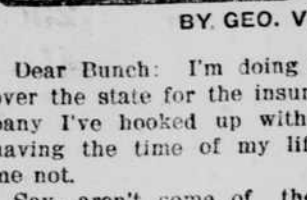


JOHN HENRY ON THE COUNTRY HOTEL.



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

Dear Bunch: I'm doing a hot-foot over the state for the insurance company I've hooked up with, and I'm having the time of my life—believe me not.

Say, aren't some of these Reub beaneries the woolly limit!

I blew into the Commercial house at Spoonsbury day before yesterday, and His Nobs, the hotel clerk, certainly staked me to a fine bundle of home-made laughs.

Did you ever make Spoonsbury, Bunch?

Oh! It's on the map, all right. Spoonsbury is a railroad junction where careless people change cars and wait for the other train.

I fell for this "change cars" gag and went over to the Commercial house to kill time.

I was deep in conversation with Steve Splevin, the hotel clerk, when an old guy with Persian rug trimmings on the end of his chin squeezed up and began to let a peep out of him about the pie he had eaten for dinner.

"Calm yourself!" said Smiling Steve, "and tell me where it bit you."

Steve has been throwing keys at the wall for some time, and he knows how to burn the beefers.

"Bit met bit met!" snarled the old guy with the tapestry chin-piece; "nothing of the kind, sir! I want you to know, sir, that your pie isn't fit to eat, sir!"

"Cut it out!" suggested Steve.

"Cut it out, sir; how can I cut it out when I've eaten it, sir? It's an outrage, and I shall leave this hotel tomorrow," said Omar Khayyam.

"With the exception of \$31.72, balance due, that will be about all from you," said Steve.

"I'll see the proprietor," said the old guy, moving away with a face on him like four dollars in bad money.

"We got it good and plenty every day," said Steve, and just then something about six feet tall, wearing a slouch hat and a gilt moustache fell against the counter, grabbed the register and buried a stub pen in its pages.

After looking over the result, I decided the stranger's first name must be Skate, because it looked like one on the register.

"Bath?" queried Steve.

"Only during a hot wave," said Skate.

Steve went to the ropes, but he came up smiling, as usual.

"American or European?" asked Steve.

"Neither," said Skate. "Don't you see I'm from Jersey City?"

"Going to be with us long?" inquired Steve.

"Say, Bunch! you're hellanon on asking questions, now ain't you?" answered Skate. "You just push me into a stall and lock the gate—I'm tired."

"Front! show this gentleman to 49!" said Steve, side-stepping to avoid punishment.

Then Sweet William, the Boy Drummer, bopped into the ring for the next round.

Willie peddles pickles for the fun he gets out of it.

It is Willie's joy and delight to get a single-bun on and recite "Oster Jon."

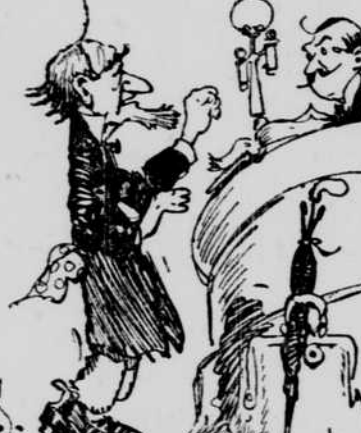
When trained down to 95 flat, Willie can get up and beat the clapper off "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night."

When Willie gets a strange-hold on "Sheridan's Ride" you can hear horses galloping outside.

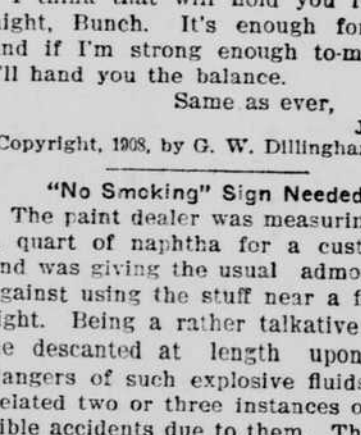
It's the rest of the community getting out of harm's way.

"Any mail?" inquired Willie.

All the mail that Willie ever gets is



"Struck His Feet Upon the Brass Rail."



"Struck His Feet Upon the Brass Rail."

TRUE AMERICAN PRINCESSES

LAST OF THE TRIBE OF MASSASOIT FALLEN ON EVIL DAYS



MASSASOIT'S SON, KING PHILIP

as part of the great tragedy. Not so the elder sister. There is in her a dash of the old haughty spirit of her ancestors, some of the unconquerable pride of race which made Massasoit the autocrat of warring tribes and spurred King Philip to a hopeless struggle that swept the length and breadth of New England with death and flames. When Princess Tewelleema speaks of her wrongs and the injustices of the white intruders, her aged eyes regain their youthful fire, her gestures take on the simple grandeur of her illustrious forebears.

The town of Warren, R. I., has done something toward the memory of the sisters' ancestor, Massasoit. On October 10, 1907, a tablet was unveiled over the spring which has always been known by the name of the mighty Indian sachem. It bubbled near his forest home and the Massasoit Monument association walled it up and improved the surroundings that the spring might run for all time as a reminder of the white man's indebtedness. On a huge stone was placed the tablet and on the tablet is this inscription: "This tablet placed beside the gushing water known for many generations as Massasoit's spring commemorates the great Indian sachem Massasoit, 'friend of the white man,' ruler of this region when the Pilgrims of the Mayflower landed at Plymouth in the year of our Lord, 1620."

When the Pilgrim Fathers landed in America Massasoit's empire extended from Cape Cod to the Narragansett. Thirty villages owed him allegiance; 20,000 Indians obeyed his word. But a furious plague broke out and when the white men met with the sachem his people had been almost exterminated; whole tribes had been decimated. The early historians say that the savages "died in heaps," and only a remnant of about 300 warriors was left to the ruler in his lodges about Massasoit spring.

It was on Thursday, March 22, 1621, only 101 days after the Pilgrims had landed on the new continent, that Massasoit met them formally for the first time. He had previously given an audience to two of their emissaries, one of whom was Edward Winslow, and had expressed friendliness for the white man. So to this meeting he came in all good faith, accompanied by his half-brother, Quadequin, and 60 of his warriors, all armed with bows and arrows, their faces painted.

"Some had sk us on them and some waked; all strong, tall men in appearance."

The Indian chief appeared dramatically on what is now called Watson's hill, and lined up his men, making an imposing array. To them came Edward Winslow, carrying a pair of knives, a chain and a jewel for the chief sachem; also a pot of strong water, with some biscuit and butter for a treat. Winslow stayed with the Indians as a hostage and Massasoit, followed by 20 of his warriors, descended the hill toward the Pilgrims. Capt. Standish met him with a file of six musketeers and gave him a salute, afterward escorting the chief to a hastily erected building, furnished with a green rug and three or four cushions.

Here a treaty was made and signed between Massasoit and the Pilgrims. Winslow offered himself as a hostage for the keeping of the agreement; Massasoit declined. A regulus as to honor himself, he scorned to accept a pledge. Honor was to him as the breath of life, and for 50 years he kept the treaty to the letter and the spirit; until his death, in fact. It was the Pilgrims themselves who violated it. The great Indian's fidelity to this agreement made the American colony possible.

Several times during his life, Massasoit prevented raids by warlike tribes upon the almost helpless colonists. For years he held the Narragansett in check. He died in 1661; and his death spelled disaster to the colonists.

RUSTY CANS RUIN FLAVOR AND QUALITY OF THE MILK

A Great Handicap to the Cheesemaker—By George A. Olson, Ass't. in Agricultural Chemistry, Wisconsin University.

Milk comes in contact with iron in the form of rusty cans or poorly tinned utensils in practically all creameries. The quality of the milk will to a large extent depend upon the condition of utensils into which the milk is poured, kept, and finally hauled to the factory. The degree of influence of iron on milk will depend largely upon the temperature of the milk, the length of time kept in the cans, and the amount of exposed surface.

It is not necessary to describe here the American milk can, and especially the cheaper ones; if not the first time, surely the second or third time these cans are used, one will find places where they have been dented in. As the number of indentations in-



Wagon Load of Factory Cans in Actual Use. Nearly all of These Are Unfit and Should Be Rejected.

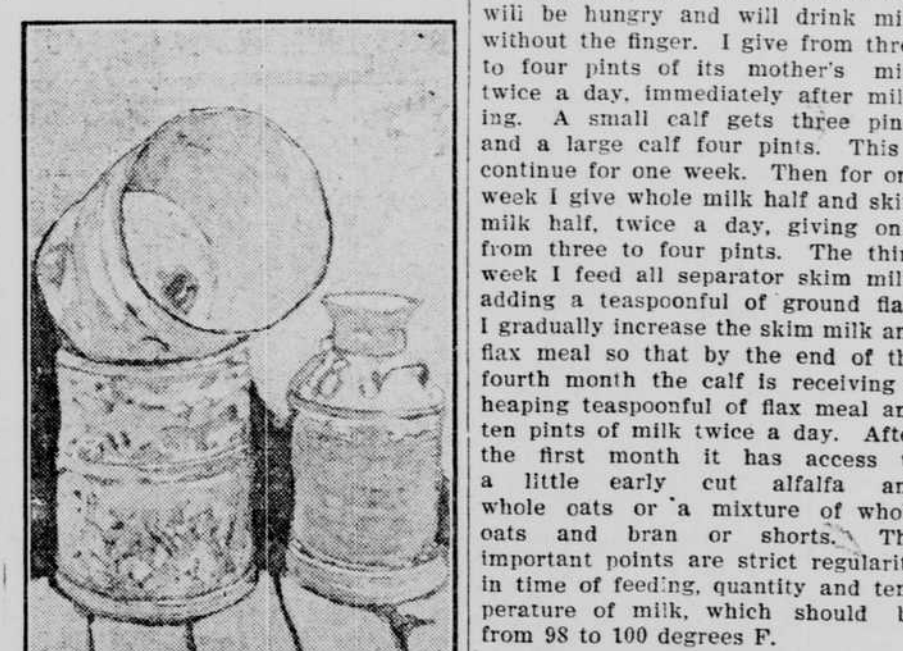
crease the tin begins to crack, leaving fissures or inroads for milk and water. acid. Often this thin layer of tin does not cover all of the iron, thus leaving microscopically small surfaces of iron exposed which also become the sources of damage by water and acid. Under such conditions the tin peels or falls off, and it is then only a short time before the cans become unfit for use.

The accompanying illustration shows a wagon load of cans which were in a poor condition, and from which milk was accepted. This load is only an example of several equally bad, if not worse. The same conditions were found to exist at several factories. The creamery to which the above load was delivered did not receive milk on Sundays, and the quantity of milk brought in on Monday was generally twice as large as on any of the other days, and consequently required twice the number of cans. Among the large number of cans required for Monday's shipment, there were naturally more poor ones. In our other illustration is shown two of the cans which were used for Monday's lot of milk. One of these cans had been used for 13 years and when closely examined contained no less than 40 soldered holes, some of which were covered with lead patches over two inches in diameter.

Of course this is an extreme type

cheese factories or creameries to adopt a system like this, realizing that better milk makes higher grade dairy products, which will sell for higher prices and consequently yield more profit for the patrons.

Several systems for buying milk on its merits have been proposed. Among such systems may be mentioned (1) The use of the score card; (2) the method of sorting tainted milks from those of excellent conditions; (3) the practice of accepting only milk of excellent condition.



Cans Like the Three Shown Above Have a Deleterious Effect Upon Milk for Cheesemaking.

of poor can. Milk kept over night in cans of this kind when treated with rennet would require in some instances as much as 40 minutes longer to coagulate than milk kept in good ones.

By using cans of the type illustrated it is possible to accept from patrons milk which really has developed more than two-tenths per cent. acid which cannot be revealed by either the Manns or Farrington alkaline tablet test, owing to the neutralization of the acid by the iron.

The unsanitary conditions that still exist at some Wisconsin factories at the present time are largely due to the use of unclean utensils, such as starter cans, iron pipes for conductors, whey tanks, etc. Where such conditions exist at the factory, it is not surprising that the patrons also become negligent. The management of cheese factories and creameries should first of all see that their operator is a good, reliable man, who will practice cleanliness above all other things. Then the management should see that all utensils used by factory and patrons are in first-class condition, i. e., with no exposed iron in vats, rusty cans, etc., since neatness and cleanliness in all dairy methods would be ineffectual if poorly tinned or rusty cans, etc. were used.

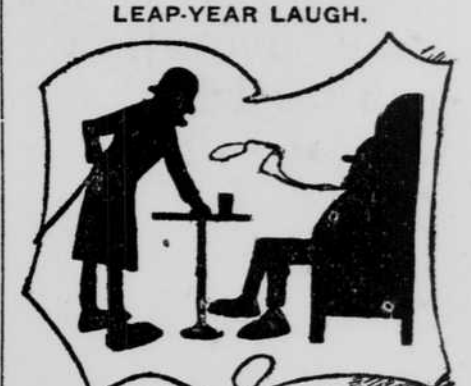
The operator should not hesitate to refuse milk which is hauled in poorly tinned or rusty cans, for in addition to the retarding influence of the iron on rennet action, and the neutralization of the acid by the iron, there are also produced taints or off flavors

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.



LEAP-YEAR LAUGH.

"You look worried, old man!"
"Yes. Had three proposals last night and I don't know which one I ought to accept!"

IT SEEMED INCURABLE

Body Raw with Eczema—Discharged from Hospital as Hopeless—Cuticura Remedies Cured Him.

"From the age of three months until fifteen years old, my son Owen's life was made intolerable by eczema in its worst form. In spite of treatments the disease gradually spread until nearly every part of his body was quite raw. He used to tear himself dreadfully in his sleep and the agony he went through is quite beyond words. The regimental doctor pronounced the case hopeless. We had him in hospitals four times and he was pronounced one of the worst cases ever admitted. From each he was discharged as incurable. We kept trying remedy after remedy, but had gotten almost past hoping for a cure. Six months ago we purchased a set of Cuticura Remedies. The result was truly marvelous and to-day he is perfectly cured. Mrs. Lily Hedge, Camblewell Green, England, Jan. 12, 1907."

Thrift in the Family.

A little girl was playing with a girl friend of her own age on the porch of her home in West Philadelphia.

An elderly gentleman, her mother's father, and an elderly lady, her father's mother, were sitting on the porch talking pleasantly with each other. The little girl had often wished her grandparents were of the same name, like other children's grandparents.

Presently the little guest remarked: "What a nice grandmother and grandfather you have."

"Oh, yes," she said, with a sigh, "but they don't match."

The Sort of Thing He Liked.

In an early day in Stone county, Missouri, a farmer's boy rushed into the office of Dr. T. J. McCord of Geneva and urged the doctor to come quickly to see his father, who seemed to be dying. Said the doctor, "What ails him, and what has he eaten?"

"The boy said: 'Oh, nothing much but 14 roasting ears for supper.'"

"Well," said the doctor, "just go back and throw him a couple of bundles of oats and tell him I will be up there in about 30 minutes."—From Hoamley's Library

Her Face.

Miss Hoamley—He seemed to think he knew me. I noticed him studying my face.

Miss Knox—Yes, I noticed that, too. He's from New England and he probably thought—

Miss Hoamley—Yes, he asked you if I was born down that way, didn't he?

Miss Knox—No; he simply asked if you were "born that way."

WONDERED WHY Found the Answer Was "Coffee."

Many pale, sickly persons wonder for years why they have to suffer so, and eventually discover that the drug—caffeine—in coffee is the main cause of the trouble.

"I was always very fond of coffee and drank it every day. I never had much flesh and often wondered why I was always so pale, thin and weak."

"About five years ago my health completely broke down and I was confined to my bed. My stomach was in such condition that I could hardly take sufficient nourishment to sustain life."

"During this time I was drinking coffee, didn't think I could do without it."

"After awhile I came to the conclusion that coffee was hurting me, and decided to give it up and try Postum. I didn't like the taste of it at first, but when it was made right—boiled until dark and rich—I soon became very fond of it."

"In one week I began to feel better. I could eat more and sleep better. My sick headaches were less frequent, and within five months I looked and felt like a new being, headache spells entirely gone."

"My health continued to improve and today I am well and strong, weigh 145 lbs. I attribute my present health to the life-giving qualities of Postum."

There's a Reason.

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

IF YOU WOULD LIVE LONG

Drink Buttermilk and Lots of It, Says Famous Physician.

gouty difficulties usually arise from sluggish excretion, buttermilk is a blessing to all gouty subjects, gently stimulates all the excretories—liver, skin and kidneys. It also tones the stomach and furnishes it with the material from which to make rich, red, healthy blood.

Divisions of Colorado Land.

Of the 66,332,800 acres area of Colorado, 23,848,772 acres are under government reservation control—forests, 15,748,772 acres; coal, 9,800,000 acres, and for Indians 300 acres. The state owns approximately 1,400,000 acres, and there are 2,651,228 acres of open government land subject to entry.

Edison's Figures Too Low.

Edison's \$1,000 concrete house will cost not less than \$2,462, declares Popular Mechanics. Experts have figured up the cost on the lowest basis practicable and found it impossible to crowd the expense into the \$1,000 limit.

Secret Prison Writing.

A remarkable secret writing of the prisons has been brought to notice in Germany by Prof. Gross. A well-moistened sheet of writing paper is laid on a hard, smooth surface under a dry sheet, a hard point being then used to write on the latter, which then at once destroyed. The writing, which disappears from the bottom sheet on gradually drying, reappears distinctly as often as the sheet is moistened.

Air Makes French People Cheerful.

One of the great charms of Paris is certainly its atmosphere—so clear, light and buoyant; it is like inhaling champagne. Paris in May or June is sufficient to convert the veriest of hypochondriac into a cheerful, good-natured being. This climate has, no doubt, a great influence on the character of the people, and accounts for their joyousness, their excitability, their wit.—Donahoe's Magazine.