

JOHN HENRY



ON THE BARN STORMERS.

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

Dear Bunch: Still in the ring at the Spoonsbury Commercial house, and here's some of the dope the near-actors of the "Bandit's Bride Company" handed out last night.

"I tell you, Mike," the Juvenile said, "I'm too delicate for this one-night stand gag. I'm going to New York and build a theater."

"What with?" sneered Low Comedy.

"With a reporter I know on one of the papers," the Juvenile chuckled. "Say, what was the name of that town we played night before last?"

"Murphy's Landing, wasn't it?" Mike answered.

"I guess that's right, because Murphy landed on me good and hard," the Juvenile said. "Remember those nice white door-knobs we ate for breakfast next morning? The waitress

They'll shout while your wealth endures. Show a tearful lamp And you'll see them tramp— And it's back to the woods for yours!

There's always a bunch to boost you While at your money they glance; But you'll find them all gone On that cold, gray dawn When the fringe arrives on your pants!

"You've got the game of life sized to a show-down," was the Juvenile's comment.

At this point Jabe, the Reub bartender, pointed a frocked finger at Mike and butted in with: "Say, you be the fat cuss that cut up with that thrif troupe at the op'ry house last night, beent ye?"

"No, I'm the skeleton man with a circus," Mike answered, and the bartender roared with delight.

"You don't look as how you took much exercise," sneered Jabe.

"But I do take exercise. Oh, me for that exercise thing, good and strong!" protested Mike.

"What kind of exercise do you take?" Jabe inquired.

"Well," Mike answered, "every morning I swing clubs for 15 minutes, then the dumb-bells for ten minutes, then I run about three miles—and then I get up and eat, my breakfast."

Jabe guffawed loudly over this bit of facetiousness.

"I was at the op'ry house last night," Jabe informed them, "and I 'most laughed myself sick to the stomach at this yer fat cuss takin' off that Dutch policeman—ha, ha, ha, ha!" Jabe looked at the Juvenile.

"You was patty good, too," he admitted, "takin' off that newspaper reporter and rescuin' the girl from the barnin' structure, but you didn't do no funny fall and bust your galluses like this yer fat cuss—ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Get him to unhook the laugh; he's a good steady listener," whispered the Juvenile, and Mike started in.

"Fine town, this," Mike began. "All the modern improvements, eh? Cows wear nickel-plated bells, streets paved



"Not a Cookie in the Lunch Basket."

said they were hot biscuits, but I had to eat mine with a nut-cracker. I've got it in my pantry yet, and every time I walk around the knob turns, and I can hear a door open somewhere."

Mike's double chin showed signs of agitation.

"Stranded, here in this Jay town!" The Juvenile grabbed the black bottle and upset it again. "Say, Mike, what we need is a guardian. And while we're at it let's pick out one with money so we can wire him for a little price to help us out on occasions like this. The next manager that wins me away from the stock yards will have to wear a gold-plated overcoat and stand in the wings every night where he can throw ten-dollar bills at when I make my exit. No more slob impresarios for mine, with nothing in their inside pockets but a date-book and a hearty appetite."

"Same here!" Low Comedy nodded.

"The next manager that picks me out will have to drag me down to his bank and let me pick his coupons off the shelf before I'll sign."

"Bumped, good and hard, here in the tall grass," the Juvenile complained again, "and not a cookie in the lunch-basket. Say! It has me winging, all right, and that's no idle hoot! This is the third troupe that blew out its mainspring for us this season, and I'm beginning to believe we ought to get vaccinated. How am I going to do Hamlet in New York this winter, I'd like to know? Eight weeks since we left Chicago, three shows to the bad, and still a thousand miles from the Great White Way. Say, Mike, at this rate it'll take about 629 shows to get us to Jersey City; are you hip?"

Mike laughed. "It's the old story,

with grass and the river has running water."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" Jabe roared.

"Reminds me of a place we struck out in Missouri last winter," Mike went on. "Same style of public architecture, especially the town pump. But the hotel there was the hit with us. It was called the Declaration of Independence, because the proprietor had married an English woman, and wanted to be revenged. At supper time I ordered a steak, and they brought me a leather hinge covered with gravy, so I got up to add an amendment to the Declaration of Independence. The head waiter was an expugillist, so he put the boots to me and covered my amendment with bruises. Then he made me eat the leather hinge, and for two weeks I felt like a garden gate and I used to slam every time the wind blew."

Jabe's laugh shook the building.

"The proprietor of that hotel was so patriotic," Mike continued, "that he wouldn't number the rooms like any ordinary hotel. Every room was named in honor of a president of the United States. That evening there happened to be a rush while I was standing near the desk, and I heard the clerk say: 'Front, show these gentlemen up to John Quincy Adams, and tell the porter to take that trunk out of the alcove in Thomas Jefferson. Front, go and put down that window in Rutherford B. Hayes, and here, take this whisky up to Abraham Lincoln. Front, what's all that racket in James Buchanan? Here, take these cigars to U. S. Grant, and turn off the gas in Grover Cleveland.' But I nearly fainted when he said: 'Front, run a sofa into James A. Garfield, and take these two ladies up to George Washington.'"

"Mortal Caesar! Ha, ha, ha, ha!" roared Jabe. "Doggone, if that ain't funny, you fat cuss!"

When I quit them Mike had worn finger-marks on the side of the black bottle, and Jabe had signed a verbal contract to go on the stage as the Juvenile's dresser.

"I'm for the Reub hotel, strong. Yours as always, J. H.



"The Proprietor of That Hotel."

my boy; we're a sad bunch of plowboys on this old farm of a world when we haven't a little mazuma in the vest pocket. I've got a new bit of a recitation spiel I cooked up last night when I couldn't sleep. It's called 'Knock, and the World Knocks with You,' and I'll put you jerry to it right now before it gets cold!"

"Well, I'm from Texas, so you'll have to steer me," said the Juvenile.

"Pipe the everlasting truth contained herein," said Mike, whereupon he proceeded as follows:

Knock, and the world knocks with you. Boast, and you boast alone! When you roost good and loud You will find that the crowd Has a hammer as big as your own!

Buy, and the gang is with you. Rent, and the game's all off. For the lad with the thirst Will see you first. If you don't proceed to cough!

Be rich, and the push will praise you. Be poor, and they'll pass the ice. You're a warm young guy When you start to buy— You're a slob when you lose the price!

Be flash, and your friends are many. Go broke, and they'll say 'Ta ta! While your bank account burns You will get returns. When it's out you will get the Ha! Be gay and the mob will cheer you,



"Jabe Guffawed Loudly."

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SUPREME COURT CHANGES

FIVE JUSTICES MAY RETIRE AFTER PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.



At the present time three of the United States supreme court justices are eligible to retirement, and within the period of the incumbency of the next president two more will reach the age limit when they may retire upon pension if they so wish to do. This opens up an interesting condition and brings within the scope of possibility, if not probability, that the successor to President Roosevelt may have the privilege of filling five vacancies, which constitutes a majority of the membership of the highest judicial body in the United States. If such were the privilege of the next president and he were Democratic instead of Republican it would change completely the political character of the tribunal, and for the first time since the civil war give the Democrats a majority.

Politics is not supposed to cut much figure in, that high tribunal, but political parties, none the less, have considerable pride and concern in seeing men of their own faith wearing the ermine, and the close decisions in a number of great legal and constitutional questions within the last decade make the personnel of the court a matter of concern for the future.

Three of the nine members of the court are now Democrats—Chief Justice Fuller, appointed during Mr. Cleveland's first term; Justice White and Justice Peckham, both appointed during his second term. Five of the justices will be eligible for retirement before March 4, 1913, when the next presidential administration will have come to an end. All but two of these—Justices Fuller and Peckham—were appointed as Republicans.

There is a double qualification essential for retirement, involving not only 70 years of age, but ten years of service on the tribunal. Chief Justice Fuller is 75, and has been eligible for retirement since February 11, 1903, but, being devoted to his high office, he has never indicated any intention of relinquishing the honor.

Justice Harlan, the ranking associate, who has been a member of the court over 30 years and has just passed his seventy-fifth milestone, has been eligible for retirement since June 1, 1903—more than five years. Justice Brewer has been eligible a year, having passed his seventieth birthday on June 20, 1907. Justice Peckham has now served on the court 13 years, and will be 70 on November 8, 1908, so that on the Sunday immediately following the coming presidential election there will be four members of the tribunal who may allow either president Roosevelt or his successor to designate their successors.

The fifth member of the court who will be eligible for retirement under the president to be chosen in November is Justice Holmes. Although he is one of the newer members of the court, being President Roosevelt's first appointee, he will be 70 on March 8, 1911, and will have rounded out his tenth year on the tribunal on December 4, 1912. He will therefore possess the right of retiring just three months before the end of the next president's term.

As a rule, members of the supreme court are not prone to retire the moment they have a chance. Most of the justices have died in harness. Since the civil war only seven justices have taken advantage of the retirement clause, although there have been 26 appointees. There are now only two living in retirement—Justices Brown and Shiras. When eligible for retirement each member of the court becomes a law unto himself. A notable instance was that of the late Justice Field, who spent 34 years on the supreme bench. He could have retired any time after the middle of Cleveland's first term, but waited until the first session of the court after the inauguration of President McKinley, in

1897, and then gave way for the appointment of Attorney General McKenna. This was Mr. McKinley's only selection to fill a vacancy in the court, and it placed a Republican jurist in a Democratic seat on the bench.

Justice Field was a noted Democrat, who had several times been spoken of as a possible candidate for the presidency, and the statement that he did not want a Democratic president to fill his place by appointment may seem strange. Nevertheless, Justice Field, just before his retirement, gave his friends to understand that he did not purpose to allow President Cleveland to have the pleasure of appointing his successor on the bench if he could help it. Justice Field and his friends believed that he was badly treated by President Cleveland when Chief Justice Waite died. Petitions came from all parts of the land and many legal organizations passed resolutions asking that Justice Field be made Chief Justice Waite's successor, but President Cleveland passed over him and chose the present chief justice. Except for this Justice Field would undoubtedly have resigned toward the end of Cleveland's second term, and there would now be four instead of three Democrats on the supreme bench. Justice Strong, who was appointed by President Grant in 1870, though eligible for retirement in 1883, retained his place on the bench nine years longer, until his death, in 1892.

The important hearings of this year's presidential election upon the personnel of the court revives the fact that there was a somewhat similar condition during the last national campaign. Chief Justice Fuller and Justice Harlan were both eligible for retirement in 1904, and it was then evident that before the end of President Roosevelt's present term three other members of the court—Justices Brewer, Brown and Peckham—would likewise possess that right. One of these five eligibles—Justice Brown—did retire, making way for Mr. Moody's appointment, but the four others have remained.

WANTED TO BE A MASCOT. Small Boy Sent on a Three Weeks' Tramp by Illinois Humorist.

When 11-year-old William Sanders arrived in St. Louis the other evening the soles were worn from his shoes and his feet were bloody. He had been on the road three weeks and he had come all the way from Rockport, Ill.

Some mendacious person had told William that the Browns would pay the right kind of a boy \$1,000 to be their mascot, and he came over to apply for the job. It remained for the man in charge of the house of detention to disillusionize him. But the point is, William got here. In our opinion, William has enough grit and pertinacity to get there at anything he undertakes.

He has several things to learn, but one of these days, with a little judgment, he will select the road he wants to travel, and then travel it to the end. He will make up his mind what he wants to be, and then be it.

The qualities that brought William all the way to St. Louis with his bare feet on the ground and bloody are the qualities that carry men furthest on the road to success—a single purpose with everlasting pluck being behind it. These will not, it is true, carry a man to the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow; but only a very little judgment is required to select one of the many roads to substantial success. The main thing is to stay with it.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

I believe that in a game of hearts a girl should be willing to let a young man hold her hand.

THE GRADE HORSE

Many So Designated Are De-Grades.



A "grade" horse, strictly speaking, is one that was bred by a pure-bred stallion. Always the sire must be pure-bred, if the progeny is to be entitled to the name of "grade." Where a pure-bred mare is bred to a grade stallion her progeny is not a "grade." Such breeding is de-grading—a step backward and downward—and, the progeny which has not been graded up, but degraded down, is of mongrel breeding.

When a pure-bred stallion is mated with a native or mongrel-bred mare the product of this first mating is a "one-top-cross" grade, the offspring being one-half pure blood and one-half impure blood. If the first progeny is a female and in turn is bred to a pure-bred stallion, of the breed used for the original top-cross, her progeny will be a "two-top-cross" grade, or three-quarters pure-bred. When five top-crosses of the same kind of blood have been put on, the last resultant offspring is practically pure-bred, and if the work of further top-crossing is persistently carried on, without a single turning aside to a sire of some other breed, the blood of the offspring becomes purer all the while and purity of blood, when fully established, produces in its possessors decided hereditary power (prepotency) to stamp upon their progeny the fixed characteristics of the breed employed in the grading-up or top-crossing process.

When a grade stallion is mated with a native or grade mare the resultant progeny is of mixed breeding. It is not a grade, strictly speaking, for there has been no grading up in the breeding process and no advance can possibly be made so long as a grade sire is used in place of a pure-bred stallion. This applies to the stallion that is still a grade, by reason of too few top-crosses to make him practically pure-bred.

Where five or more top-crosses of pure blood have been employed in the grading-up process the final product no longer is an ordinary grade, but is practically pure-bred, and being such has gathered some of the prepotency of the pure blood of the one predominant breed and so may be enabled to stamp, with a fair degree of fidelity, the characters of that breed upon the progeny of all classes of mates. Such horses, however, are not eligible to record in a majority of the government recognized stud books, hence their retention for breeding purposes is inadvisable when legitimately recorded pure-bred stallions may be had in their place.

The pure breeds of horses have been bred in one line for so many years without an admixture of alien blood that each stallion representing a pure breed is possessed of the power to transmit at least the designating breed characteristics of his kind. Some pure-bred stallions have more power than others in this way and the degree of power (prepotency) may be said to depend largely upon the degree of prepotency possessed by each individual ancestor and the length of time those ancestors of the individual horse have been bred pure in a direct line. Sometimes the pure-bred stallion may not be so individually excellent as we could wish, but almost inevitably, if he is well bred and of a good family, he will transmit successfully the characteristics of his breed and in many instances some of the superior qualities of his ancestors. Always a pure-bred stallion must be employed, if the breeding operation is to be a true grading-up process, and the better bred and more perfect the individual stallion is the more quickly will his grade progeny attain the type, character, quality and valuable attributes of the pure breed.

This grading-up process everywhere should be patiently and persistently followed in practice, the males being each time castrated for the work-horse market and the females retained for the furtherance of the improved horse-breeding operations.

The grade stallion may be, and sometimes is, a "good looker" and possessed of superior vigor, by reason of hard work in harness, but there is little if any bred prepotency back of his good looks. His pleasing appearance

often is like the thin layer of silver that gives a plated article its look of reality, but merely covers base metal; and as the base material predominates in the makeup of both, so in the scrub and low-grade horse the prepotency comes from the predominant elements which were derived from scrub ancestors and merely gives the owner the power of transmitting like undesirable elements. He may be stronger than many a pampered pure-bred, so far as begetting numerous rugged offspring is concerned, but he stamps all of them indelibly with the seal of the scrub. There is much need of making some of our pampered pure-bred stallions more vigorous and virile by work, exercise and sensible feeding, that their colts may be more numerous and robust, but the unnecessary weakness of some pure-bred stallions is an insufficient argument for the general use of grades throughout the state.

Water cannot rise above its level; neither can the grade or scrub stallion, however muscular and hardy, raise the "blood level" of his progeny above that of his own veins in quality. The use of such sires, therefore, usually means no progress, no grading-up and on, but mere maintenance of a dead level with a possibility of retrogression where unsound, unfit horses are employed.

MANURE SHED FOR OLD BARN

By Joseph E. Wing.

The idea of a covered place where manure may be spread and kept, trodden down under the feet of animals, is an excellent one. Almost any sort of shed will serve, but it is really nearly as cheap to make an upper story under the one roof, where straw may be stored for bedding, and even hay may be placed. The shed proper should be high enough to permit ready driving under, even with a depth of two to

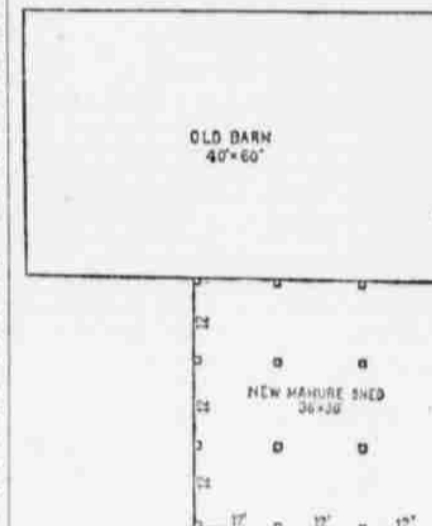


Diagram of the Manure Shed.

three feet of manure. Therefore we design the shed proper to be 10 feet in the clear. If manure is to be stored for long periods it should be 12 feet in should make the shed without any permanent furniture, but with movable feed racks that can be set anywhere. The dimensions may be 36x36 feet, as in the illustration, or if spaces are made 14 feet it may be as a whole 42x42 feet, or any desired dimension.—Breeder's Gazette.

Wastes.—Two things cause expense in the poultry business. The first is loss or waste; the second feed. Prevent waste and make a pound of feed produce the greatest possible gains and you have solved the mystery of profits in the poultry business. Cleanliness is more than half the battle in preventing loss. Keep the lots, the yards and the houses as clean as you can and you will find that the losses of last year will be reduced 50 per cent.

Hens and Grasshoppers.—Drop off the meat rations in grasshopper time. Save that for cold weather, when the hens are shut in.