

JOHN HENRY



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

ON THE COUNTRY HOTEL.

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 woozy 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



"Struck His Feet Upon the Brass Rail."

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 me! bit me!" 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 get it good and plenty every day," said Steve, and just then something about six feet tall, wearing a slouch hat and a gilt mustache 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, Bub! you're hellanall on asking questions, now ain't you?" an-

swered 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, hopped 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 ginger-ale bun on and recite "Osler Joe."

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 strangle-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 a postal card from the pickle factory every two weeks asking him if the people along his route have all lost their appetites.

"No literature for you," Steve answered.

"Strange," said Willie, "my lady friends are very remiss, aren't they?"

"Yes, it looks like they were out to drop you behind the piano," said Steve.

Willie tore off a short rabbit laugh, and then inquired what time the next train left for New York.

The pickle factory expects Willie to make Pocomoke City, Squashtown Junction and Nubbinsville before next Sunday, so he tossed the train gag just to show Steve that he knows there's a place called New York.

"At 7:45 over the D., L. & Q.," said Steve.

"What's the next?" inquired Willie.

"At 8:10 over the H., B. & N.," Steve answered.

"Which gets there first?" Willie asked.

"The engineer," sighed Steve.

"Oh, you droll chap," said the pickle-pusher; "give me some tooth-picks."

Then Sweet William went over to big window, burrowed into a big chair, stuck his feet up on the brass rail, ate toothpicks, and thought he was IT.

When I got back to Steve he was



"Began to Let a Peep Out of Him."

dealing out the cards to a lady from Reading, Pa.

Her husband had been up in the air with a bum automobile, and when he came down he was several sections shy.

They found a monkey-wrench imbedded in his left shoulder which he couldn't remember using when he tried to fix the machine.

She was traveling for his health.

"My room is immediately over the kitchen," she informed Steve.

"The cook hasn't made a kick up to now," Steve went back at her.

"But they've been frying onions ever since we took the room yesterday afternoon," she snapped.

"Yes, madam," chortled smiling Steve, "this is a local option town, and the onion is the only pickle that's allowed to appear in public."

She started a get-back, but her indignation choked her, so she gave Steve the society sting with both eyes and flounced out.

Steve bit the end off a penholder and said the rest internally.

Just then a couple of trouper trilled in.

They were with the "Bandit's Bride Co." and the way had been long and weary.

"What have you got—double?" asked the villain of the piece.

"Two dollars and up!" said Steve.

"Nothing better?" inquired Low Comedy. He was making a crack, but nobody caught him.

"Four dollars, with bath," Steve suggested.

"Board?" asked the villain.

"Nothing but sleeps and a fresh cake of soap," said Steve.

"Ring down!" Low Comedy put in.

"Why, we lived a whole week in Pittsburg for less than that."

"You can turn the same trick here if you carry your own choke and sleep in the park," said Steve.

"What's the name of this mint?" asked the villain.

Steve told him.

"To the tow-path!" said Barrett Macready; "we're outside the lifelines. We thought it was the Liverwurst hotel, where they throw things at your appetite for \$1 a day, double. To the left, wheel! Forward, march!"

I followed those two trouper out to the dingy barroom, because the moment I saw them I knew it was a cinch they'd pull some wheezes that that would hand me a couple of guffs.

"The woods for ours! Isn't this a bird of a place for a show to get stranded?" groaned the low comic, as he gave the Reub bartender the high sign, and the latter pushed forward two glasses and a black bottle.

"It wouldn't have been so bad if the show had gone to pieces in some burg where the people have insomnia in the daytime," the juvenile growled.

"But here, Mike, the men go to work in their pajamas, and the town hasn't any street cars because the conductor's bell sounds too much like an alarm-clock, and it might wake the mayor."

I think that will hold you for tonight, Bunch. It's enough for me, and if I'm strong enough to-morrow I'll hand you the balance.

Same as ever,

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

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.

Hobby for Brain Fag.

Physically, mentally and often morally a good hobby is a business man's salvation. When his mind has been strenuously at work for many hours he has used up a large quantity of life force. If then he turns to his hobby for a change his brain experiences a relief and the jaded parts get rested.—Business Man's Magazine.

New Beauties in Mums.

The chrysanthemum is again in great favor, and it is said that American florists are bringing some new varieties from Paris that will astonish all those interested in the subject. The new varieties are to be named for well-known American women, and will no doubt supplant the former favorites.

The True Man.

Who is a true man? He who does the truth, and never holds a principle on which he is not prepared in any hour to act, and in any hour to risk the consequences of holding it.—act of hanging out some clothes. Thomas Carlyle.

ROUND THE CAPITAL

Information and Gossip Picked Up Here and There in Washington.

Wiley Puts Ban on Cracked Crockery



WASHINGTON.—Restaurant keepers who own cracked mugs must not intrude them upon their patrons. Dr. Wiley, Uncle Sam's chemistry expert, says it is wrong.

The cracked mugs which have fallen under the ban of Dr. Wiley are not those known in some circles as badly arranged faces or pounded visages. They are rather the abused drinking utensils which come bounding over the counter at you when you enter a hurry-up lunchery and hoist the cry: "Arf and 'arf," or "draw one."

Dr. Wiley says the crack in an ordinary mug doing daily duty in a lunch-room shelters enough bacilli to put the nation into decadence. Death of a horrible sort lurks in these cracks. Show Dr. Wiley a cracked mug—a china mug—and he will lay a bet that you are a dead man if the right bacillus hustles out of the crack and bites you on the lip while you are

quaffing your daily beverage.

The report made to Dr. Wiley by his chief bacteriologist goes on to graphically describe a process of examining the mug cracks in terms that will undoubtedly cause quick lunchers and habitués of those restaurants where chinaware is slid, rather than pushed, to purchase sanitary lunch boxes and tote midday snacks from home.

"Judging from the number of colonies developed upon the glass plates upon which we spread the watery dilutions containing the debris," writes the expert, "there were undoubtedly many thousands of organisms in the recesses of the broken china, some cracks harboring more germs than others and varying in accordance to their magnitude and character of material contained therein."

Among the germs disclosed by the bacteriological examination of the cracks was the bacillus coli, which the department experts say unquestionably belongs to the group of undesirable bacteria, especially when associated with foods in any manner. This particular cup crack inhabitant is said to be associated with many inflammatory conditions in man, particularly appendicitis.

To Clean White House for Next Tenant



IT IS the official view of Col. C. S. Bromwell, the army engineer in charge of the White House, that it will be necessary for the American people to spend \$1,000 a week during the next fiscal year to keep the home of the president in a habitable condition. This is the minimum of cost based on conditions as they exist now.

Should the one time executive mansion be turned into a two apartment structure, the cost would probably be about the figure set forth by the colonel.

The up-keep of the house during the current fiscal year is only \$673 and a few pennies each week. But things are getting shabby. The children

have been using the chairs to build choo-choo trains, they have placed their hands on the paper in the red, blue and green parlors, and in some mysterious way a big hunk of the stucco was broken out of one of the columns in the reception hall.

Col. Bromwell thinks the chairs should be sent to the upholsterers, new paper put on the walls, and the whole interior done over with fresh paint and enamel. The wall paper on the wall, of course, is not paper at all, but the finest brocaded silk. The upholstering on the Seves designed chairs is also of the finest. So the colonel figures it will cost \$15,000 to do the absolutely necessary work.

In submitting his estimate to the secretary of the treasury he remarked that the annual appropriation of \$35,000 is barely large enough to keep the house from going to rack and ruin. The \$15,000 asked for is put under the head of extraordinary repairs. Congress will grant the money.

Uncle Sam's Budget Goes Above Billion



OFFICIAL figures have been prepared by Thomas P. Cleaves and James C. Courts, chief clerk respectively of the committee on appropriations of the senate and that of the house of representatives, showing that appropriations at the last session of congress reached \$1,008,397,543.56. Of this amount \$95,328,247 was appropriated for the army, \$122,655,885 for the navy, \$163,053,000 for pensions, \$222,970,892 for the postoffice department and \$111,953,088 for sundry civil expenses.

In addition to specific appropriations money was provided for continuing contracts to the amount of \$49,443,750. Among the continuing appropriations were the amounts to be paid for two first-class battleships, two

colliers, ten torpedo boat destroyers and eight submarine torpedo boats, with the armor and armament for the battleships estimated to cost \$25,700,000. Appropriations for public buildings aggregated \$20,789,750. Comparison of the contract liabilities with those of the last session of the Fifty-ninth congress, amounting to \$67,934,349, shows a reduction of \$18,490,599. The total apparent number of salaries increased is 129,928, at an annual cost of \$9,146,575. Of this number 42,636 are commissioned officers, warrant officers and enlisted men of the navy, and 8,907 officers and enlisted men of the marine corps.

A comparison of the total appropriations of the last session of the Fifty-ninth congress—\$920,798,143—with those of the first session of the Sixtieth congress—\$1,080,397,543—shows an increase of \$187,599,399. Increases are shown in all of the general appropriations acts, except those for the District of Columbia, the Indians and the military academy, the reductions in these three aggregating \$438,709.

Society Girl Takes Her Second Husband



MRS. MINNA FIELD GIBSON, formerly Mrs. Preston Gibson, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Nelson Page, has given society another surprise in her marriage to Algernon Burnsby of Leicestershire, England. The ceremony took place in the summer home of Mr. and Mrs. Page in York Harbor, Me., where Mrs. Gibson and her sister Mrs. Lonsday of Boston, are summering. The future home of the bride will be Baggrave Hall, Leicestershire, one of the oldest estates in the heart of the hunting district of England.

It was just a year ago that Mrs. Gibson surprised Washington and society by a divorce in Chicago, their home at that time, from Preston Gibson. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gibson were

well known in the social circles of both cities. Since her divorce Mrs. Gibson has made her home with Mr. and Mrs. Page. Mr. Gibson also moved east and established himself on an old estate near Alexandria, Va.

Mrs. Gibson spent the greater part of last season in England with her late father's relatives. Her small son, Henry Field Gibson, was with her. She was admired in England for her skill as a horsewoman. Much of her time was spent in the hunting district, where she met Mr. Burnsby. Mrs. Gibson has an income of about \$60,000 a year, left her from her father's estate. Her sister, Mrs. Lonsday of Boston, has an income equal to hers and they will receive more from their mother.

Mrs. Gibson is still very young, her marriage as a schoolgirl to Mr. Gibson, a schoolboy, being well remembered in Washington society, as it was an unexpected runaway match. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson made their home in Chicago, where their married life was ended after a little more than five years.

The Mission and the Vagrant

The mission has a distinct place in charitable work for the homeless, in conveying religious stimulus to overcome temptation—a field purposely avoided by most charitable societies. The use of meal tickets and bed tickets to attract "down and outers" may result in occasional actual converts; the practice certainly results in creating the so-called "mission rounder," in fostering mawkish, hypocritical testimony, in antagonizing relief societies, and in clouding the vision of the mission leaders themselves. Missions often maintain carbstone bread lines and free midnight coffee stands, on the theory that hundreds of homeless men are nightly starving upon the streets. Yet this free treat keeps from the night's bed and the day's work the man who is thus tacitly urged to depend upon the bounty of indiscriminate charity. Mission efforts to save men's souls are often pitifully regardless of the necessary physical and industrial salvation that

must go hand in hand with any enduring religious conversion. To dole out the suggestions of a square meal, in bread and coffee, and to stop there, invites the criticism of being a ridiculous commentary upon salvation.—Orlando F. Lewis, in Atlantic.

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The True Man.

Who is a true man? He who does the truth, and never holds a principle on which he is not prepared in any hour to act, and in any hour to risk the consequences of holding it.—act of hanging out some clothes. Thomas Carlyle.

"No Smoking" Sign Needed.

The paint dealer was measuring out a quart of naphtha for a customer, and was giving the usual admonition against using the stuff near a fire or light. Being a rather talkative man, he descanted at length upon the dangers of such explosive fluids, and related two or three instances of horrible accidents due to them. The customer promised to be very careful, and then, when the paint man straightened up from his stooping posture, the open bottle before him and the uncorked jug still in his hand, both noticed that he was smoking!

The customer smiled, though rather alarmed, nevertheless, and the paint man exclaimed as he threw his cigar into a far corner:

"Well, I'll be darned!"

"Familiarity with any kind of danger makes us careless, I guess," he explained, sheepishly. "But if anybody had told me that I would do such a thing as that I never should have believed it—never."

Love that feeds on beauty soon dies of starvation.