

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 rag. 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

be the fat cuss that cut up with that throng at the o'pry house last night, brent' 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," snickered 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 o'pry 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 putty good, too," he admitted, "takin' off that newspaper reporter and rescuin' the girl from the burnin' 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 stockyards will have to wear a gold-plated overcoat and stand in the wings every night where he can throw ten-dollar bills at me 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 mainpring for us this season, and I'm beginnin' 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 I'll take about 629 shows to get us to Jersey City; are you hip?"

Mike laughed. "It's the old story,

"The Proprietor of That Hotel."

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 expugilist, 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 pathetic," 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 whiskey 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. (Copyright, 1908, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)"



"The Proprietor of That Hotel."

"Jabe Guffawed Loudly."

my boy; we're a sad bunch of plow-boys 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 truck contained herein," said Mike, whereupon he proceeded as follows:

Knock, and the world knocks with you, Boost, and you boost 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; Renig, 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 flush, 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; Be dull, and they'll whip your wealth en-dure; 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 freckled finger at

EFFECTIVE BLOUSES



THE first garment shown is a pretty shade of blue taffetas, worn with a cashmere skirt—the same color. It is tucked from the shoulders to bust, the neck is cut away to show a vest of tuckered net, the edges of fronts being trimmed with lace, they hook invisibly below the bust. The sleeves are gathered into a double puff and have undersleeves of tuckered net.

The second is in the same material as the first, our model being in a dark shade of green cashmere. It has a fitting lining to which the vest of spotted silk is fixed; the material fronts are trimmed with cords and buttons. The collar is faced with velvet.

NOW THE DRAPED WAISTCOAT. HARD TO IMPRESS MODERATION.

It is Worn with Fancy Jackets and Becomes Woman of Slim Figure. Women Prone to Overdo Things When Exercise is Ordered.

The draped waistcoat has come in again. It is to be worn with fancy jackets, and will prove especially becoming to thin figures. Being made to wear with a princess skirt, or a skirt having a princess belt, it is very short, coming just to the top of the princess belt. It is much shorter at the sides than the front and very much shorter in the back than anywhere else. The back is absolutely plain and tight-fitting, and it is most important that it should fit well, otherwise the effect of the outer jacket cannot be successful. The drapery begins at the shoulder seams, where the material is laid in folds. There are more folds which come from the under arm seam, so that the front of the waistcoat is entirely draped, the folds being arranged to give an equal fulness across the bust. The waistcoat is double-breasted and has four buttons, covered with the material.

Such a waistcoat is usually worn over a thin shirtwaist that is not particularly elaborate because it will hardly be seen, although it should be very well fitting and of sheer material, otherwise the costume will be too warm and one may not remove a coat worn over a waistcoat. There is almost always a high collar and a fancy jabot worn with such waistcoats, and either a jabot or a lace bow of some dimensions is necessary to make the proper effect.

Ribbons for Fall. Many of the new fall and winter costumes will be finished off with a sash, due largely to the directoire style now in vogue. These will be made of broad satin of soft pliable quality, and will swathe the waist in soft folds, the ends falling gracefully down the side or front of the costume. Already this fashion is beginning to show in the latest summer styles, as many of the elegant princess frocks are now completed with a ribbon sash fastened to the back only. In some fall gowns the sash is on the Turkish idea, being wound tightly around the waist and hips, and then falling in soft folds almost to the bottom of the costume. The up-to-date sash must be of a shade to harmonize with the costume, rather than to contrast.

The Princess Underslip. A summer gown keeps its freshness much longer when made without a lining, and worn instead over a princess underslip that can be laundered whenever necessary. These underslips may be of wash silk or of lawn or batiste—the latter is much cooler—and are boned and fitted quite as carefully as the lining of a gown would be. Whether the skirt be long or short, it is well to have it finished on the underside with a dainty lace trimmed ruffle corresponding to that on the upper side of the skirt—for then there is no possibility, when seated, of the showing the unfinished side of the petticoat. Of course, too, for the decollete gown, the underslip is cut low and sleeveless.—Vogue.

FOR SUMMER WEAR.



One of the prettiest summer hats seen this season was worn at a recent outdoor wedding. It was white, soft, lacy straw, the wide brim turned up in a most fascinating manner, at left side and edged with a narrow band of hydrangea blue velvet ribbon. The top was a mass of hydrangeas in delicate shades and a large bunch of satin ribbon loops matching the velvet band was artistically fastened at back.

For a Cold Sore. The persistent use of peroxide of hydrogen, when a cold sore first makes its appearance, will kill it in a short time. Dab it in thoroughly every few minutes, and it will in a short time draw the pus out, when, of course, the cause is removed. Then a healing cream should be applied.

The Workbag. Of course, hemstitching is always to be desired as trimming for dainty lingerie, but just at present it is especially in favor—many garments being trimmed exclusively with the dainty hand finish, without the assistance of a yard of lace or embroidery.

A handy piece of work to keep in that pretty little workbag that lives on the porch table is a long strip of handkerchief linen or fine batiste—just the width of a ruffle for drawers or petticoat—with threads drawn and hem turned and basted.

A few moments' stitching now and then will result, presently, in a yard or so of hemstitched flouncing, which will be most useful when lingerie making is in order. Yards of ruffling may be hemmed in this way, and the occupation prove a pleasant pastime, which, otherwise, would be tedious work.

Valuable Cocoanut. In Zanzibar island there grows a cocoanut which has only a very thin layer of meat, being entirely filled with milk; this furnishes the natives with drink, both before and after fermentation.

THE GRADE HORSE

Many So Designated Are De-Grades.



A "grade" horse, strictly speaking, is one that was sired 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.

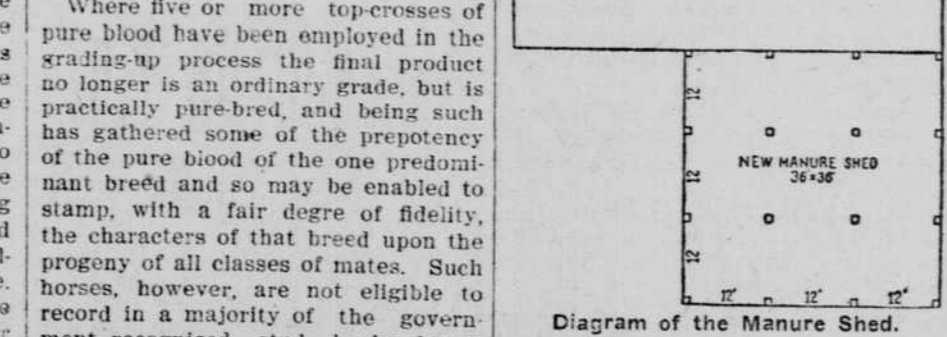
When a grade stallion is mated with a native or grade mare the resultant progeny is of mixed breeding. It is not a grade, strictly speaking, for there has been no grading up in the breeding process and no advance can possibly be made so long as a grade sire is used in place of a pure-bred stallion. This 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 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 possesses of superior vigor, by reason of hard work in harness, but there is little if any breed 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.



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 necessary 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 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. I 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 space are made 14 feet it may be as a whole 42x42 feet, or any desired dimension.—Breeder's Gazette.

WATER LILIES GROWN IN TUB

Everyone recognizes the charm of a pool of water in which there are a few gold fish. Add to this pool a few water lilies, scientifically known as nymphaeas, a few water hyacinths for a border and a plant or two of parrot's feather and a transformation of increased delight will be wrought.

Such a garden may be made from half a barrel or a tub or, better, three or four of them placed together and sunk into the earth. The space between the tubs may be used for a rockery and the edges may be hidden with moss. The little umbrella plant, the calamus, many of the wild growing sedges and the wild arrow head are all useful to hide the artificial shape of the tub ponds.

The tubs should be half-filled with rotted vegetable material from boxes or ponds, or with good loam mixed with and fill the tub with water. There are both hardy and tender nymphaeas. The former are especially desirable for tub growing, for they bloom freely in shallow basins. There are day blooming and night blooming lilies. One lily plant to each tub is sufficient, in addition to the border plants. The water hyacinth floats on the surface of the water without root hold and a mass of them, with their beautiful light blue flowers, sometimes rival orchids in rich markings and delicacy of color. The roots of tender nymphaeas must be stored in a cellar or greenhouse at a temperature of not less than 60 degrees and the hardy roots should be well covered with straw if left in the tubs during the winter.

Tonic for Hens.—If a tonic is needed give one teaspoonful of venetian red to every 20 fowls.

GOOD CAUSE FOR WRATH.

Art Collector and Irritated Waiter Had the Same Feelings.

A Chicago art dealer was talking about the wrath of William T. Evans, the New York collector upon whom so many bogus paintings have been imposed.

"He's awfully angry," said the art dealer, repressing a smile. "Some of his costliest pictures, you know, have turned out fakes. His blood boils when he thinks of the way he has been duped."

"He told me the other day that he could hardly understand the rage that possessed him against every petty little insignificant dealer that had cheated him. He said it was like the rage of a waiter that he had noted one afternoon at luncheon."

"At luncheon, Mr. Evans said, he called his waiter's attention to a dead fly in some dish or other."

"The waiter, as he took the dish away, muttered with a malevolent look at the limp insect:

"I'd give a two-dollar bill if I knew for certain that this was the fly that's been buzzing about my nose all the morning."

SHE COULD NOT WALK

For Months—Burning Humor on Ankles—Opiates Alone Brought Sleep—Eczema Yielded to Cuticura.

"I had eczema for over two years. I had two physicians, but they only gave me relief for a short time and I cannot enumerate the ointments and lotions I used to no purpose. My ankles were one mass of sores. The itching and burning were so intense that I could not sleep. I could not walk for nearly four months. One day my husband said I had better try the Cuticura Remedies. After using them three times I had the best night's rest in months unless I took an opiate. I used one set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills, and my ankles healed in a short time. It is now a year since I used Cuticura, and there has been no return of the eczema. Mrs. David Brown, Locke, Ark., May 18 and July 13, 1907."

HARD TIMES, INDEED.

"Poor man! so you are a victim of the late financial panic?"

"Yes, lady. You see, folks along de route is too poor now ter hand out free grub!"

Mother's Accomplishment.

In the Bohemian set of New York two of the popular members are a well known writer and his wife, who also has written several books. They have a daughter about four years old. Recently the little girl was visiting at the home of a friend and her small playmate asked her: "Can your mamma sew?"

The daughter of the literary pair evidently was a bit chagrined. She could not remember that she had ever seen her mamma sew. She is a truthful child and would not claim any advantages she was not sure of, yet she felt that mamma's honor was at stake.

"I don't know if mamma can sew," she replied, dubiously, "but she can smoke a cigarette."

English Idea of It.

Little things frequently illustrate the English view of American geography very picturesquely. An Englishman had taken the Pacific Express at Philadelphia, and, feeling tired, had retired to his berth. Just before he fell asleep he happened to remember that he had forgotten something, so he put his head out between the curtains and called:

"Portah! Portah!"

The porter came.

"What is it?" he said.

"Please wake me when we get to San Francisco, you know."

ALMOST A SHADOW.

Gained 20 lbs. on Grape-Nuts.

There's a wonderful difference between a food which merely tastes good and one which builds up strength and good healthy flesh.

It makes no difference how much we eat unless we can digest it. It is not really food to the system until it is absorbed. A Yorkstate woman says:

"I had been a sufferer for ten years with stomach and liver trouble, and had got so bad that the least bit of food such as I then knew, would give me untold misery for hours after eating."

"I lost flesh until I was almost a shadow of my original self and my friends were quite alarmed about me."

"First I dropped coffee and used Postum, then began to use Grape-Nuts although I had little faith it would do me any good."

"But I continued to use the food and have gained twenty pounds in weight and feel like another person in every way. I feel as if life had truly begun anew for me."

"I can eat anything I like now in moderation, suffer no ill effects, be on my feet from morning until night. Whereas a year ago they had to send me away from home for rest while others cleaned house for me, this spring I have been able to do it myself all alone."

"My breakfast is simply Grape-Nuts with cream and a cup of Postum, with sometimes an egg and a piece of toast, but generally only Grape-Nuts and Postum. And I can work until noon and not feel as tired as one hour's work would have made me a year ago."

"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.