

JOHN HENRY



ON WOMEN AND POKER

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

Dear Bunch: Say, Bunch, I don't think women have any business playing poker, anyway—that is most women.

There are a few cheerful exceptions, of course. Take Monday evening for example. George Riggaby dealt, and I being next, passed.

Then we waited while Maude said to Peaches, "Oh! yes, I think a bodice trimmed with moire antique and with white chiffon over the corsage is perfectly stunning, but I want to get a house dress of green silk with lace insertion—oh, did you see Mrs. Wilson's new automobile coat? If she isn't a perfect fright, well, I hope—"

"Pass! Pass! Pass!" I yelled. Then Mrs. Lorenz, paying no attention to us, unbundled herself to Peaches: "And do you know, our new cook lost one of my handsome silver spoons that's been in our family for generations, and I didn't dare say anything to her about it, because she'd leave, and I know what trouble I had last time finding a cook. But a handsome silver spoon—"

"What do you do?" I shrieked at Peaches, who sat next to me.

"What do I do? What do you mean? What do I do?"

"Do you pass, or do you open it?"

"Oh! I pass. You needn't yell so, I'm sure. Do you know, Mrs. Lorenz, the same thing happened to us, only ours was a fork; yes, a silver fork, one of a set that Aunt Martha gave us for a wedding present, and don't you know, when—"

Then all of a sudden Maude yelled, "Oh, I open it. No, I don't—I thought I had an ace—darnaluck!"

Whereupon Mrs. Lorenz laid her hand down and began to count her chips, declaring that a white one was missing.

After looking over the table and under the table and on the mantelpiece and all around the room, she finally found the white chip under the hand she had laid down.

When peace was restored George Riggaby said, "I'll open it for ten!"

Whereupon Mrs. Lorenz screamed, "No, you won't. I'll open it for five!"

"But you said you passed."

"I didn't!"

"Pardon, me, I thought you did!"

"Pardon, me, I thought I didn't!"

"Cards?" asked George, resignedly. "Give me three," I said.

"Three," said Peaches. "No, two, no, three—wait a minute! Give me one—no, wait; that's a diamond. Give me two—no, no; give me three cards!"

"That's the way with me," said Maude to Peaches: "I got so confused sometimes. I remember one evening we were all playing over at our house, and the baby—"

"Cards?" screamed George. Maude gave him a withering glance, and Mrs. Lorenz said, "One card, please!"

George gave his mother-in-law the card, took three himself and laid the deck down.

"Well, I'd like to know where my two cards are?" inquired Maude scathingly.

"Well, I thought you stood pat," said George.

"Stood pat; the idea!" snapped

"Pass! Pass! Pass!" I yelled.

Maude. "I never did such a thing in my life. I'd like two cards, please."

"It's too late now," I butted in. "You'll have to play your hand or drop out."

"Drop out, indeed. Well, I guess not! George Riggaby, you give me two cards!"

"Can't do it; against the rules," said George.

"Against what rules?"

"Hoyle."

"Who cares for Hoyle. You give me two cards!"

And so to keep peace in the family she was given two cards—and won the pot.

she called me again—but I'd hate to tell you what.

Never before, Bunch, in the history of the game did one woman get mad in so many different places at the same time.

You see, Bunch, she had four deuces all the time, and after the first bet she began to buy a new dress.

After the second bet she selected the trimmings.

After the third bet she changed the material and took something more expensive.

After the fourth bet she decided to pick out an imported dressmaker on

Fifth avenue, and after the fifth bet she felt wealthy enough to go there in a cab.

Soon came the awful awakening, and she had to put the dress back in the store.

I don't think Mrs. Lorenz will ever quite recover from the shock.

She will be a saddened woman all her life unless a rich relative dies somewhere and leaves her seven dollars.

And to make matters more like a life insurance investigation, about ten minutes later George Riggaby stung Uncle Gregory for \$5.75, which caused uncle to go up in the air.

After bouncing between the floor and the ceiling for five minutes he had an internal fit, which nearly became epidemic all over his system.

And thus it happened, Bunch, that these two members in good standing in the ancient order of the Companions of the Cold Feet had to sit there all evening and play them close, trying to get their money back, which they didn't.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, Bunch, but once in a while they grind out something worth while.

Play poker if you must, Bunch, but always keep your rubbers on.

This goes for the neck as well as the feet.

Yours to the finish,

JOHN.
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BILL SAW HIS CHANCE.
Willing to Pay Three Dollars to Get Rid of "Old Woman."

Bill, who was employed in the capacity of oster at a wayside inn, was standing at the yard gates with the inevitable bit of straw in his mouth, wondering if life was worth living.

Before leaving home in the morning he had engaged in a wordy warfare with his wife, and had decidedly come off second best.

In the midst of his meditation a break, filled with ladies on their way to a well-known resort, pulled up to allow the driver to hail his horses.

After seeing to the animals, Bill and the driver adjourned inside to refresh the inner man.

"Not much of a day for a drive," said Bill. "Where's yer going with that lot?"

"O," said the driver, in an offhand manner, "I'm going to Burnham."

After thinking deeply for a few minutes, Bill inquired, "Got room for one?"

"Yes," was the reply. "Cost yer two and a half."

Hurriedly Bill clutched the driver by the arm and excitedly whispered, "Do us a favor, mate, and wait ten minutes while I go home and fetch the old woman and I'll give yer three dollars, if you burn 'em good."—Rehoboth Sunday Herald.

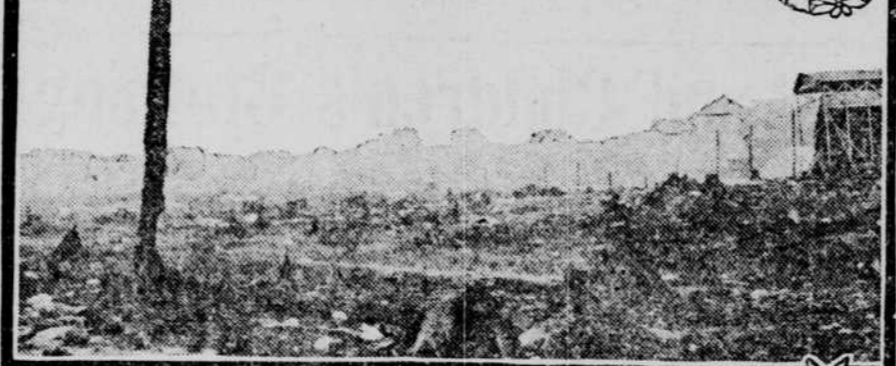
Royal Composers.
The Princess Friedrich Luitpold, sister of the kaiserin, one of whose compositions was recently performed at a sacred concert at Dresden, is the latest recruit to the ranks of royal composers who have challenged public criticism. The duchess of Orleans, eldest daughter of the Archduke Joseph of Austria has won golden opinions by her charming songs, many of them set to Hungarian words; the Archduchess Marie Valerie of Austria has also composed a number of pretty songs; the Princess Feodora of Reuss (a princess of Saxe-Meiningen) is credited with considerable talent and originality in composition; and the Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia, also possesses considerable gifts as a composer. The male royalties whose musical talent has taken the same direction are quite numerous, ranging from the German emperor and the Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch of Russia, who made his debut some years ago with the "Infinuzza March," composed while suffering from that uninspiring ailment, to the blind Landgraf of Hesse-Cassel, incomparably the most talented of all royal musicians, whose many compositions, chiefly produced at Paris, are very highly esteemed by experts.

Money Well Spent.
Health is an important factor to the people of New York city and the public treasury expends \$6,300 each day in looking after it.

PLAYING WITH FIRE

BY RAYMOND W. PULLMAN

STORY OF CHISHOLM, THE MINNESOTA TOWN THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN SAVED



RUINS OF CHISHOLM



THE FEW DWELLINGS SPARED WERE TURNED INTO STORES



VAULT OF FIRST NATIONAL BANK

The people in the section around Chisholm, Minn., say that it is the driest year that they have ever known. The woods and the brush growth on cut-over land are as dry as tinder and fires can be seen in as many as a half dozen places at one time, starting from what no one knows.

The natives give various causes of how the flames start, the most popular of which are sparks from engines, hunters' campfires, careless brush-burning by homesteaders and incendiaries. One man even advanced the theory of spontaneous combustion, and did not seem to like it when I told him that I

used to fires, and hardly feel at home unless there is the smell of smoke in the air. Until the flames menace a town or a very valuable stand of timber they are fairly indifferent to the danger.

A striking evidence of this over-confident feeling of safety was given on the day of the Chisholm fire, the losses in which are now conservatively estimated at \$1,250,000 to \$1,500,000, including real property, stocks of merchandise, and every other item of direct loss. The same fire that destroyed the town had been burning in the forests near by for more than a week. It was at five o'clock in the afternoon that the fire entered the city in the clutch of a gale from the northwest and laid the place in ruins in less time than it takes to tell it. Up to within a half hour before the flames caught the town the people were confident that there was no danger.

When the fire came all were panic-stricken and grabbing the few things nearest at hand, which in numerous cases were not articles of the greatest usefulness, fled the town, many making for the iron mines near by. Had ordinary precautions been taken even as late as the forenoon of the fire, it is said that the place could



Ruins of Chisholm Hotel—Getting Lines for New Building.

thought this was hardly the case. In many sections up here the ground is of peat bog formation and a spark may burn for weeks after it finds a lodging before it is fanned into a flame.

It is hard and practically impossible to figure losses accurately at this time, and it will be weeks before even an approximate estimate that is final can be made. Cruisers will have to be sent over the burnt-over areas before close figures can be obtained and the timber owners say that it is absolutely useless to do anything in this line until a heavy rain comes and the end of the fire is assured.

Putting the losses low, to be on the safe side, they are commonly agreed to be \$5,000,000 to \$10,000,000. The majority of people say about \$5,000,000. This is considered a conservative estimate by those who have been over most of the ground. At five per cent. interest the amount of capital lost would yield \$250,000 a year. This is worth contrasting with what the state forestry board now has to spend for protection. It has an appropriation of \$11,500.

The burning of the prosperous little town of Chisholm on the Mesabi iron range is the item of loss which figures most prominently in conversations with all who have anything to say about the forest fire destruction to date. The people in this country are

have been saved. As it was, all that was spared by the flames were the two churches, the beautiful \$125,000 high school, the grammar school, and two blocks of dwellings on opposite sides of town, which were saved because of a peculiar shifting of the wind.

One of the fortunate things about the fire was that it struck Chisholm awake in the afternoon instead of at night after all were asleep. There was no loss of life as it was, but had the flames swept in in the dark the holocaust which would have resulted would have been most horrible, for there is no telling what part of the 5,000 people would have been cremated in their beds, so quick were the flames, or what would have happened to the fleeing, panic-stricken people and their children who might have been awake.

Many of the people of the city were hard hit by the fire financially and some lost practically all they had. The same dauntless spirit that impelled large cities like Baltimore and San Francisco to arise from the ruins of fire and rebuild is in the people of little Chisholm and already there are about 50 new stores and dwellings nearly completed. When I saw the people going about their work in such a cheerful go-ahead way, I was surprised, for one can hardly expect such quick action from a small town.

Benedicts in High Place.

Few Unmarried Men Rise to Prominence in This Country.

Is marriage good for statesmen? Disraeli said no, but then "Dizzy" unburdened himself of more than one foolish utterance. Certainly, in this country, the answer is yes. Almost all the men who have been at the head of affairs in national or state politics in the last two or three decades have been benedicts. Most of the presidents since the war have not only wives but children. President Roosevelt, of course, was the head of a large family when he entered the White House. President McKinley was married, though his children did not survive infancy. President Cleveland was a husband and father when he began his second term. He started his first term as a bachelor, but it did not take him long to learn the disadvantages of single life in Washington. President Harrison had not only a wife and children, but a grandchild. President Arthur was a widower, but his children lived

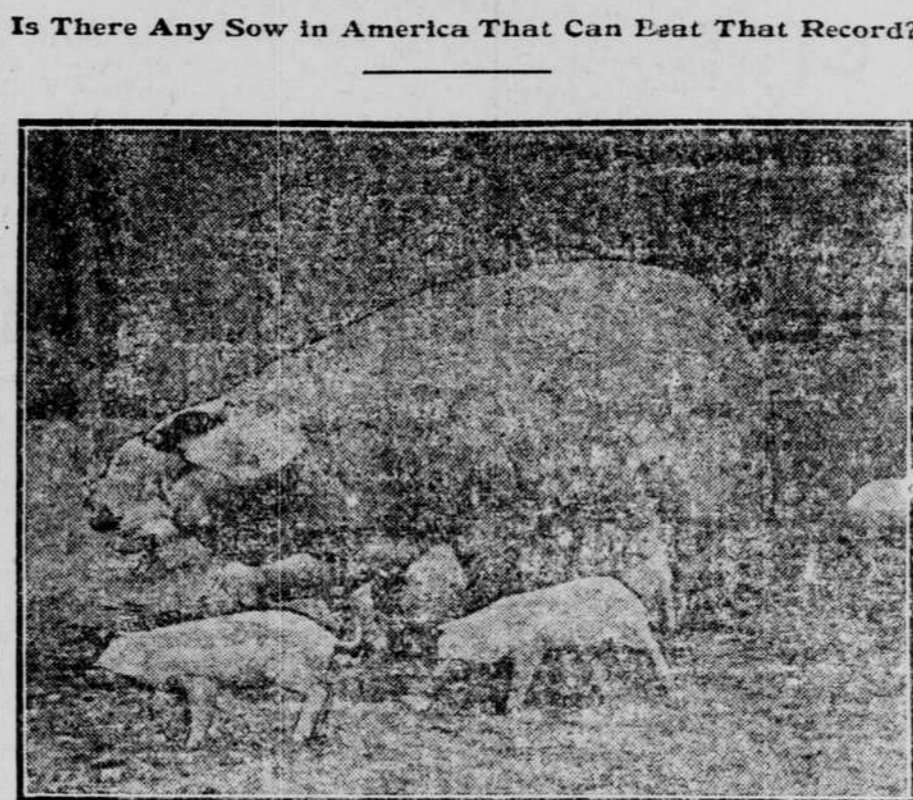
in the White House with him. President Garfield was a family man. President Hayes was married. So was President Grant. President Johnson also had a wife. In fact, with the exception of the short time Grover Cleveland was in office before his marriage, only one president, James Buchanan, had been a bachelor. Four of the presidents—Tyler, Fillmore, Benjamin Harrison and Roosevelt—married twice.

Had No Attraction for Author.
Being once asked whether he had read any of the books of a popular novelist, Thackeray rejoined: "Well, no. You see, I am like a pastry cook. I bake tarts and I sell 'em; but I eat bread and butter."

Autos Forging to the Front.
From one day's observation at five points of greatest vehicle congestion on Manhattan island it was learned that there are 63 horse-drawn and 37 power-drawn vehicles in each 100

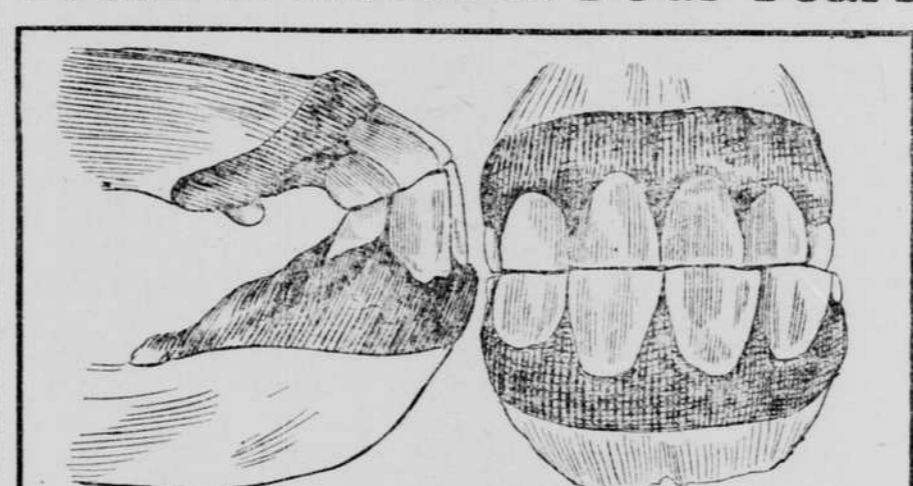
PROLIFIC ENGLISH SOW; OFFSPRING 135 IN 4 YEARS

Is There Any Sow in America That Can Beat That Record?



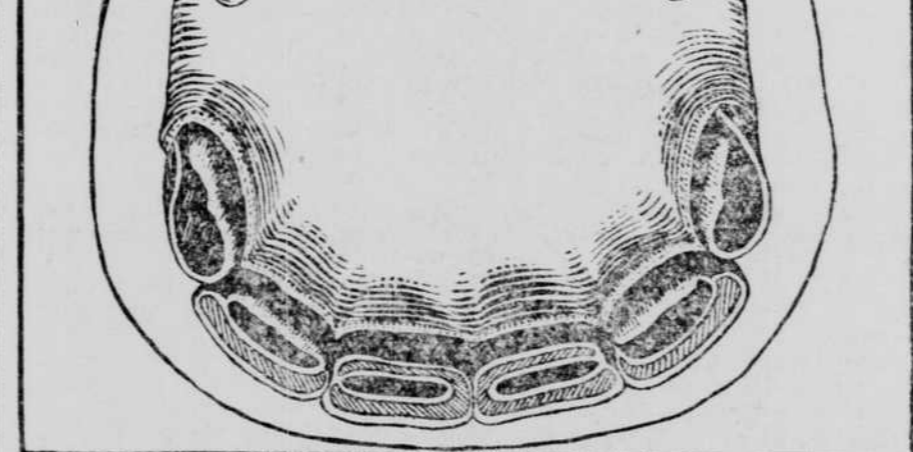
Our illustration shows an English sow with a wonderful history as a producer of bacon. She was born—so her owner informs me—about March, 1904, and since then her records read as follows: March, 1905, litter of 13; September, 1905, 17; February, 1906, 18; August, 1906, 17; February, 1907, 20; August, 1907, 15; February, 1908, 22; August, 1908, 15; total in four years, 135.

Teeth of Horse at Four Years



At four years old each jaw shows four permanent teeth, whose tables are worn to the same level. The dividers are worn upon both of their borders. Looked at from the side, the corner teeth are quite small.

At four and a half years the nippers show wear on both edges. The corner teeth and the hook or canine teeth are in evidence.



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STABLE AND CARRIAGE HOUSE

Will Provide Room for Two Cows and Three Horses.

The accompanying diagram shows ground plan for stable and carriage house 40x25 feet. The cows' stall for two is six feet wide, and the horse stalls are each five feet wide, which is the proper width. This will give you a carriage house 20x24 feet, and feed the stock from the front. A passage leads from the stable to carriage

shingles; 22 studs for partitions and stalls, 2x4—10 feet; 500 feet inch lining for stable; 670 feet plank for stalls, 2x10—8 feet; 4 stall posts, 6x6—8 feet; 2 pieces stall caps, 2x8—8 feet; 3 ridge boards, 1x7—14 feet; 3 ridge boards, 1x6—14 feet; 150 feet cornice. If foundation be built of concrete it should be at least 2 feet below surface, and if set on level, would re-

"The Law."
Parents of Wayne, a suburb of Philadelphia, are required to report promptly any case of contagious disease, in compliance with the regulations of the local board of health.

In accordance with this order, Health Officer Leary received this post card recently:

"Dear Sir: This is to notify you that my boy Ephraim is down bad with the measles as required by the new law."—Harper's Weekly.

NOT A MIRACLE.
Just Plain Cause and Effect.

There are some quite remarkable things happening every day, which seem almost miraculous.

Some persons would not believe that a man could suffer from coffee drinking so severely as to cause spells of unconsciousness. And to find complete relief in changing from coffee to Postum is well worth recording.

"I used to be a great coffee drinker, so much so that it was killing me by inches. My heart became so weak I would fall and lie unconscious for an hour at a time. The spells caught me sometimes two or three times a day."

"My friends, and even the doctor, told me it was drinking coffee that caused the trouble. I would not believe it, and still drank coffee until I could not leave my room."

"Then my doctor, who drinks Postum himself, persuaded me to stop coffee and try Postum. After much hesitation I concluded to try it. That was eight months ago. Since then I have had but few of those spells, none for more than four months."

"I feel better, sleep better and am better every way. I now drink nothing but Postum and touch no coffee, and as I am seventy years of age all my friends think the improvement quite remarkable."

"There's a Reason."
Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in plgs.

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

Clean and Cold.—Keep the milk clear, and cold and you will keep it pure.

Grass in the Poultry Ration.—Grass is one of the best foods that we can feed the hens. It is cheap because it is harvested by the poultry themselves. This save not only the cost of harvesting, but also the cost of hauling it. Grass contains much nutriment, all of the food elements being represented. Blue grass and clover are rich in protein, and they also carry a good proportion of carbon. These are the elements needed by the fowls in the producing of the materials for growth. The owner of

poultry on the farm should make careful provision for this kind of food, especially when it can be fed in a green state. The increasing price of all grain feeds makes it necessary for the farmer to turn to grass as a feed to the largest possible extent.

THREE WEEKS.

Thought about a Remarkable Change.

Mrs. A. J. Davis of Murray, Ky., says: "When I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, kidney disease was slowly poisoning me. Dizzy spells almost made me fall, sharp pains like knife thrusts would catch me in the back, and finally an attack of grip left me with a constant agonizing backache. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me quickly and in three weeks' time there was not a symptom of kidney trouble remaining."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

SICK MAN WANTED CHANGE.
More Than Willing to Make Transfer with Physician.

A Syracuse business man who, besides being extremely active and ambitious, has much sense of humor, was taken sick with a slight attack of pneumonia. His physician, aware that it would be a task to keep his high-strung patient in bed, sought to impress on him the seriousness of the ailment and the necessity of absolute rest; all of which the sick man listened to in a bored manner. Nevertheless he consented to obey the doctor.

But this enforced inactivity rankled in him; and each succeeding day found the patient importuning the medical man attendant to allow him to get out to business. Then, disgusted, he would lie back to cast imprecations at the inexorable physician.

One morning the physician, after having been up all night on an important case, appeared at his patient's house at the usual hour. He had hardly struck his haggard face inside the door, however, before the man in the bed gave him a quick glance and sat up.

"Eh? ejaculated the patient. Then showing up his hand to grasp the doctor's satchel, he added: "Doc, I guess you'd better get into bed here and let me go out with the medicine bag."

A PROGRESSIVE.

The Bride's Look.

A girl about to be married worries so much she begins to look like an old married woman. In addition to worrying about her clothes and coaxing her folks to give her a new outfit, she sits up too late with her young man, and the result is an anxious, careworn look a week before the wedding that cannot be told from the look on the face of a woman who has been married a year or two. Look at the next girl you meet who is soon to be married, and you will remark that she has "aged rapidly."—Atchison Globe.

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The Grade Cow.—The grade cow may be your salvation, but the grade bull, never.

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