

# John Henry's TELEGRAM

By GEORGE V. HOBART

Bunch was out of the tolls of the law. He had loaned his country house for a day, and I had presented it to Clara J. Intending to take it right back. I had used ghost stories and burglars as levers with which to pry her loose from her ownership of Trouble villa, but she wouldn't part with it. Bunch, as the phony burglar, had been galloped in by the village constabulary, but had escaped, and I was returning from the shadow of the toll.

When I reached the cottage I found all the members of my household dressed for the day and lined up on the piazza, eager for news from the battle-field.

"Go wizz!" exclaimed Uncle Peter, "the boy is bareheaded! Where's your hat, John?"

"Mercy! I hope you're not scalped!" Aunt Martha cried, sympathetically.

I explained that the desperado put up a stiff fight against Dicks the constable and myself, warning up to the subject, I went into the details of a hand-to-hand struggle that made them all shiver and blink their lanterns.

When finally I finished with the statement that the robber knocked us both down and had made a successful break for liberty, Uncle Peter gave expression to a yell of dismay, and once again he and his bow and arrow held a remon.

Tacks, my sweet little brother-in-law, suggested that we turn the house down so the burglar wouldn't be able to find it if he came around after dark. I thought extremely well of the suggestion, but didn't dare say so.

Aunt Martha had just about decided to untie a fit of hysterics when Clara J. reached for the kerosene bucket and threw oil on the troubled waters.

"Let's drop all this nonsense about burglars and ghosts and go to breakfast," she suggested. "I don't believe there ever was a ghost within sixty miles of this house, and to save my soul I couldn't be afraid of a burglar whose specialty consisted of falling in

Uncle Peter sat down on a rock overlooking the clay bank which sloped up about four feet above the lazy brooklet. He carefully arranged his expensive rod, placed his fish basket near by and entered into a dissertation on angling that would make old Ike Walton get up and leave the aquarium.

In the meantime Tacks decided to do some bait fishing, so was an old case knife he sat down behind Uncle Peter and began to dig under the rock for worms.

"Fishing is the sport of kings," the old man chuckled; "an it's a long job that won't turn when trodden upon. If you're not going to fish, John, do sit down! You're throwing a shadow over the water and that scares the fishy monsters. A fish diet is great for the brain, John! You should eat more fish."

"There's many a true word spoken from the chest," I sighed, just as Uncle Peter made his first cast and cleverly wound about eight feet of line around a spruce tree on the opposite bank.

The old man began to boil with excitement as he pulled and tugged in an effort to untangle his line, and just about this time Tacks became the author of another spectacular drama.

In the search for the elusive worm that feverish youth known as Tacks, the Human Catastrophe had finally succeeded in prying the rock loose, and immediately thereafter Uncle Peter dropped his rod with a yell of terror and proceeded to follow the man from Cook's.

The rock reached the brook first, but the old gentleman gave it a warm hustle down the bank and finished a close second. He was in the money, all right.

Tacks also ran—but in an opposite direction. For some little time my spluttering relative sat dumfounded in about two feet of dirty water, and when finally I dipped him out of the drink he looked like a busy wash-day. Everything was damp but his ardor.



"And Who Are the Two Queens?" She Queried Bitterly.

the cellar and swearing till help came!"

After breakfast I was dragged away to the brook to fish for lamb chops or whatever kind of an animal it was that Uncle Peter and Tacks decided would bite. Aunt Martha posted off to the city on urgent business, the nature of which she carefully concealed from everybody.

Clara J. said she'd be delighted to have the house all to herself for an hour or two, there were so many rooms to look through and so many plans to make.

Uncle Peter gave her his bow and arrow with full instructions how to shoot if danger threatened, and Tacks carefully rubbed the steps leading up to the piazza with soap so the burglar would fall and break his neck. Then the little shrimp called my attention to his handiwork and demonstrated its availability by slipping thereon himself and going the whole distance on his face. He didn't break his neck, however, so to my mind his burglar alarm failed to make good.

As time wore on I felt more and more like a meek turtle being led to the soup house.

The fact that Bunch was sore worried me, and I began to realize that it was now only a question of a few hours when I'd have to crawl up to Clara J. and hand in my resignation.

Every time I drew a picture of that scene and heard myself telling her I was nothing but a fawn-colored four-flush I could see my future putting on the mitts and getting ready to hand me one.

And when I thought of the dish of fairy tales I had cooked for that girl I could feel something running around in my head and trying to hide. I suppose it was my conscience, getting even with me for telling her I had bought her a country house, to explain the missing numbers from my ray envelope, which had in reality been left with the bookmakers at the track.

At the brook Uncle Peter began to throw out hints that he was the original lone fisherman. The lobster never lived that could back away from him, and so for fly casting, well, he was Piscatorial Peter, the Fancy Fish Charmer from Fishkill.

The old gentleman is very rich, but he loves to live around with his relatives, not because he's stingy, but simply because he likes them and knows they are good listeners.

I threw out my chest and gave an imitation of St. Anthony.

"You must know who he means," she insisted, brightening a bit, how ever.

"Ah, I have it," I cried, brave-hearted liar that I was; "he means my Aunt Eliza and her daughter Julia! You remember Aunt Eliza, and Julia?"

"I've never heard you speak of them before," she said, still unconvinced.

Good reason, too, for up to this awful moment I never had an Aunt Eliza or a cousin Julia, but relatives must be found fit the emergency.

"Oh, you've forgotten, my dear," I said, soothingly. "Aunt Eliza and Julia are two of the best aunts I ever had—er, I mean Aunt Eliza is the best cousin—well, let it go at that! Bunch may have met them on the street, you see, and they inquired for my address. Yes, that's it. Dear old Aunt Eliza!"

"Is she very old?" Clara J. asked, willing to be convinced if I could deliver the goods.

"Old," I echoed, then suddenly remembering Bunch's description; "oh, no; she's a young widow, about twenty-eight or forty-one, somewhere along in there. You'll like her immensely, but I hope she doesn't come out until we get settled in a year or two."

Clara J. dried her eyes, but I could see that she hadn't restored me to her confidence as a member in good standing.

She pleaded a headache and went away to her room, while I sat down and I tried to find even a cowpath through the woods.

"Uncle Peter came out, none the worse for his cold plunger."

"Ah, my boy, isn't this delightful!" he cried, drinking in the air. "There's nothing like the country, I tell you! Look at that view! Isn't it grand? Look to be frank with you, up until I saw this place I didn't have much faith in your ability as a business man, but now I certainly admire your wisdom in selecting a spot like this—what did it cost you?"

"Cost me? So far it had cost me an attack of nervous prostration, but I couldn't tell him that. I hesitated for the simple reason that I hadn't the faintest idea what the place had cost Bunch. I had been too busy to ask him."

"It's all right, John," the old fellow went on; "don't think me too inquisitive. A rubberneck is the root of all evil. It's only because I've been watching you rather closely since we came out here and you seem to be nervous about something. I had an idea maybe it took all your ready money to buy the place, and possibly you regret spending so much—well, don't you do it! The best day's work you ever did was when you bought this place!"

"Yes, I believe you!" I sighed, wearily, as I turned to look down the road. I stiffened in the chair, for I saw my finish in the outward form of two women rapidly approaching the house.

"It's Bunch's sister and her daughter," I moaned to myself. "Well, I'll be generous and let the blow fall first on Uncle Peter!" Accordingly, I made a quick exit.

In the kitchen I found Clara J., her headache forgotten, busily preparing to cook the dinner.

She's a foxy little bundle of peaches, that girl is; and I was wise to the fact that her suspicion factory was still working overtime, turning out material for the under-sleight.

I felt it in my bones that the steer I gave her about Aunt Eliza had been placed in cold storage for safe keeping.

Her brain was busy running to the depot to meet the scandal Bunch's telegram hinted at, but she pretended to catch step and walk along with me. "John," she said, "I certainly do hope your relatives won't come out for some little time, because we really aren't ready for visitors, now are we, dear?"

"Indeed we are not," I groaned. "I can't help thinking it awfully strange that you should be notified of their coming by Mr. Jefferson, and in such peculiar language," she said, after a pause.

"Didn't I tell you Bunch is a low comedian?" I said, weakly. "Besides, he knows them very well. Aunt Fanny is very fond of Bunch."

"Aunt Fanny," she repeated, dropping a tin pan to the floor with a crash. "I thought you said her name was Eliza."

"Sure thing!" I chorused, while my heart fell off its perch and dropped in my shoes. "Her name is Eliza Fanny; some of us call her Aunt Eliza some Aunt Fanny—see?"

She hadn't time to see, for at that moment Tacks rushed in exclaiming, "Say, sister, there's two strange women on the piazza talking to Uncle Peter, and maybe when they go one of them will fall down the steps if I put some more soap there!"

Like a whirlwind he was gone again, Clara J. simply looked at me, treated and said, "The queens are here; greet them white, John!"

I felt as happy as a piece of cheese (Copyright, by G. W. Dillingham Co.)

**Hypnotizing Lobsters.**

Here is a curious and little known experiment that can be made with live lobsters. It is quite impossible to stand a lobster up "on end" unless it is first put to sleep.

This is done by first striking its tail downward with the hand two or three times, when the fish is at once thrown into a state of coma, or deep sleep, and remains in that position, without a movement of any kind, for about ten minutes. Even its eyes are fixed, and it has every appearance of being dead.

Another curious thing is that when one lobster wakes up the noise it makes in falling down rouses all the others, and the effect of one or waking up is very strange.

**Manners vs. Mannerism.**

There's a vast difference between manners and mannerisms. For instance, manners take its soup softly and quietly, while mannerism gorges it. Manners says: "Pars the butts, please," while mannerism bites a chunk out of a piece of bread and stutters: "Slip me the grease, will you?"—Detroit Free Press.

**One From the Cashier.**

The harmless customer leaned across the cigar counter and smiled engagingly at the new cashier. As he handed across the amount his dinner check called for he ventured a bit of aimless converse, for he was of that sort.

"Funny," said he, "how easy it is to spend money."

"Well," snapped the cashier as she fed his fare to the register, "if money was intended for you to hold on to the mint would be turning out coins with handles on 'em."

**Lo, the Rich Indian.**

The per capita wealth of the Indian is approximately \$2,130, that for other Americans is only a little more than \$1,300. The lands owned by the Indians are rich in oil, timber and other natural resources of all kinds. Some of the best timber land in the United States is owned by Indians.

The value of the agricultural lands runs up in the millions. The ranges which they possess support about 500,000 sheep and cattle, owned by lessees, bringing in a revenue of more than \$272,000 to the various tribes besides providing feed for more than 1,500,000 head of horses, cattle, sheep and goats belonging to the Indians themselves. Practically the only asphalt deposits in the United States are on Indian lands.—Red Man.

**Our Voices.**

I think our conversational soprano, as sometimes overheard in the cars, arising from a group of young persons who have taken the train at one of our great industrial centers, for instance, young persons of the female sex, will say, who have bustled in full dressed, engaged in loud, strident speech, and who, after free discussion, have fixed on two or more double seats, which having secured, they proceed to eat apples and hand round daguerreotypes—I say, I think the conversational soprano, heard under these circumstances, would not be among the allurements the old enemy would put in requisition were he getting up a new temptation of St. Anthony.

There are sweet voices among us, we all know, and voices not musical, it may be, to those who hear them for the first time, yet sweeter to us than any we shall hear until we listen to some warbling angel in the overture to that eternity of blissful harmonies we hope to enjoy. But why should I tell lies? If my friends love me, it is because I try to tell the truth. I never heard but two voices in my life that frightened me by their sweetness.—Holmes.

**Add to Cost of Living.**

The American Magazine reprints a letter which was sent to the Massachusetts cost of living commission. It goes as follows:

"It seems to me that the elimination of waste is nearly impossible in households where there are numerous servants; at least, I have found it so, with only one, and the waste rises in geometrical progression with the number employed. I have now been doing my own cooking for nearly a year and I feed my family twice as well on about two-thirds the cost. A large part of the saving comes in the economical use of meat. I make a delicious dinner with a few scraps of meat that a cook would give to the dog."

"Then I depend a good deal on soups, which I invent to suit my larder. A few cold baked beans, with a little tomato and a bit of meat on a bone, or a little left over gravy, make a soup that all eat with much pleasure and it is so nourishing that it goes far to make the dinner. Most people do not understand how different a soup is when it has simmered a good many hours. The soup that has been boiled fast a couple of hours will taste flat and uninteresting, whereas the same soup five hours later will have such a delicious blend of flavors that all you know is that it is nice without being able to distinguish the ingredients. Again it is time that counts. Cooks waste the coffee and tea horribly. Mix the coffee with cold water the night before with an eggshell and bring it to a boil in the morning and you do not need a great deal for a good cup of coffee. The tea in the kitchen is piled into the teapot and thrown out with but little of the goodness extracted. Another frightful waste is the coal. I use less than half as much as any girl I ever had and my stove bakes better. I never complain of the draught, as she does or did after burning all the goodness out of her coal in the first hour after lighting."

**All Need the Earth.**

"There is an Antaeus in every one of us and in the whole of us which needs the earth," says Henry Demarest Lloyd in his posthumous book. "A grandmother was spreading before the vision of a beloved child a picture of the beauties of heaven with its gates of pearl and its pavements of gold. 'What,' said the scornful boy, unacquainted no more: 'We are earth animals, and we need contact with all the aspects of nature, human nature, and other nature. They who feed wholly on white bread and the tenderloin and the sweetness and light of the best people, art for the art's sake, cannot get phosphates enough and soon develop the rickets. The man I heard say he liked to eat with the common people once in a while, the woman you heard say that she thought it was her duty to associate with the middle class, confess the approach of extinction. They are losing touch with the source of all personal and social power."

**Thanks to Burnt Cork.**

"Gosh! But the colored race is a-comin' to the front fast!" whispered innocent Uncle, at the vaudeville show, as the black-face comedian was bawling out.

"Yes, indeed," smiled the city man; "anyone can see that that fellow is a self-made negro."

**A Medical Compromise.**

"You had two doctors in consultation last night, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"What did they say?"

"Well, one recommended one thing and the other recommended something else."

"A deadlock, eh?"

"No, they finally told me to mix 'em!"

**The "Country Churchyard."**

Those who recall Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" will remember that the peaceful spot, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" is identified with St. Giles, Stoke Poges, Buckinghamshire. In the prospectus of a recent issue of the little Gazette there appears an order in council providing that ordinary interments are henceforth forbidden in the churchyard.

**MAKE UP YOUR MIND.**

If you'll make up your mind to be contented with your lot And with the optimists agree That trouble's soon forgot, You'll be surprised to find, I guess, Despite misfortune's darts, What constant springs of happiness Lie hid in human hearts.

What sunny gleams and golden dreams The passing years unfold, When how soft and warm the love-lights beam When you are growing old.

**Home Thought.**

"It must have been frightful," said Mrs. Bossim to her husband, who was in the earthquake. "Tell me what was your first thought when you awakened in your room at the hotel and heard the alarm."

"My first thought was of you," answered Mr. Bossim.

"How noble!"

"Yes. First thing I knew, a vase off the mantel caught me on the ear; then a chair whirled in my direction, and when I jumped to the middle of the room four or five books and a framed picture struck me all at once."

Even after saying that, he affected to wonder what made her so angry for the remainder of the evening.—Mack's National Monthly.

**No Slang for Her.**

"Slip me a brace of cackles!" ordered the chesty-looking man with a bored air, as he perched on the first stool in the luncheon room.

"A what?" asked the waitress, as she placed a glass of water before him.

"Adam and Eve fat on their backs! A pair of sunsiders!" said the young man in an exasperated tone.

"You got me, kid," returned the waitress. "Watcha want?"

"Eggs up," said the young man.

"Eggs," the kid that came before the hen or after, I never knew which."

"Why didn't you say so in the first place?" asked the waitress. "You'd had 'em by this time."

"Well, of all things—" said the young man.

"I knew what he was drivin' at all the time," began the waitress as the young man departed. "But he's one of them fellers that thinks they can get by with anything. He don't know that they're using plain English now in restaurants."

**Had Money in Lumps.**

Charles H. Rosenberg of Bavaria had lumps on his shoulders, elbows, and hips when he arrived here from Hamburg on the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria. In fact, there was a series of smaller lumps along his spine, much like a mountain range, as it is presented on a bas-relief map.

The lumps were about the size of good Oregon apples, and as Rosenberg passed before the immigration doctor for observation, the doctor said softly to himself, "See that lump!"

Then he asked Mr. Rosenberg to step aside.

"You seem like a healthy man," said the doctor, "but I cannot pass you until I know the origin of those lumps on your body." "Ah, it is not a sickness," laughed the man from Bavaria. "Those swellings is money."

Taking off his coat he broke open a sample lump and showed that it contained \$500 in American bank notes. He informed the doctor that he had \$11,000 in all, with which he was going to purchase an apple orchard in Oregon.

He was admitted to the country.—New York Tribune.

**Moslem Traditions.**

Ramadan is the month exalted by Moslems above all others. In that month the Koran—according to Moslem tradition—was brought down by Gabriel from heaven and delivered to men in small sections. In that month, Mohammed was accustomed to retire from Mecca to the cave of Hira, for prayer and meditation. In that month Abraham, Moses and other prophets received their divine revelations. In that month the "doors of heaven are always open, the passages to hell are shut, and the devils are chained." So run the traditions.—The Christian Herald.

**The League of Politeness.**

The League of Politeness has been formed in Berlin. It aims at inculcating better manners among the people of Berlin. It was founded upon the initiative of princely Cecelia Meyer, who was inspired by an existing organization in Rome. In deference to the parent organization the Berlin league has chosen the Italian motto, "Pro gentilezza." This will be emblazoned upon an attractive little medal worn where Germans are accustomed to wear the insignia of orders. The idea is that a glance at the "talisman" will annihilate any inclination to indulge in bad temper or discourteous language. "Any polite person" is eligible for membership.

**Why He Laughed.**

Miss Mattie belonged to the old south, and she was entertaining a guest of distinction.

On the morning following his arrival she told Tillie, the little colored maid, to take a pitcher of fresh water to Mr. Firmans's room, and to say that Miss Mattie sent him her compliments, and that if he wanted a bath, the bathroom was at his service.

When Tillie returned she said: "I tol' him, Miss Mattie, en' he laughed fit to bust hisself."

"Why did he laugh, Tillie?"

"I dunno."

"What did you tell him?"

"Jus' what you tol' me to."

"Tillie, tell me exactly what you said."

"I banged de doah, and I said, 'Mr. Firmans, Miss Mattie sends you her lub, and she says, 'Now you can get up and wash yo'self!'"—Lippincott's Magazine.

**Exaggeration.**

On her arrival in New York Mme. Sara Bernhardt, replying to a compliment on her youthful appearance, said: "The secret of my youth? It is the good God—and then, you know, I work all the time. But I am a great-grandmother," she continued, thoughtfully, "so how can these many compliments be true? I am afraid my friends are exaggerating."

Mme. Bernhardt's laugh, spontaneous as a girl's, prompted a chorus of "No, no!"

"Yes," said the actress, "unconscious exaggeration, like the French nurse on the boulevard. Our boulevards are much more crowded than your streets, you know, and although we have numerous accidents, things aren't quite as bad as the nurse suggested."

"Her little charge, a boy of six, begged her to stop a while in a crowd, surrounding an automobile accident. 'Please wait,' the little boy said, 'Want to see the man who was run over.' 'No; hurry,' his nurse answered. 'There will be plenty more to see further on.'"

**Fidelity to Parels.**

Judge Crain of the Court of General Sessions has just held a reception more worthy of note than any ball, banquet or other high function of the season. It was held in his courtroom at night. In response to his summons came 117 men and women, some old, some young every one of whom was a victor over some form of temptation; an example of what human faith can do to help human weakness to redeem itself and be strong.

Each of the company had been convicted of some first offense against the law, and each had been permitted to go out on parole of future good behavior. Each had kept the faith. The word was as good as a bond. Those who might have gone down in the struggle had found a way to rise and fight again. They were all able to report good work done and bright prospects ahead.

Time was when no one was trusted on his word save men of high degree. Fidelity to parole was deemed a princely virtue. Perhaps it is. There was nothing in Judge Crain's reception to dispel it.

## What About Brain Food?

This Question Came Up in the Recent Trial for Libel.

A "Weekly" printed some criticisms of the claims made for our foods. It evidently did not fancy our reply printed in various newspapers, and brought suit for libel. At the trial some interesting facts came out.

Some of the chemical and medical experts differed widely.

The following facts, however, were quite clearly established:

Analysis of brain by an unquestionable authority, Geoghegan, shows of Mineral Salts, Phosphoric Acid and Potash combined (Phosphate of Potash), 2.91 per cent of the total, 5.23 of all Mineral Salts.

This is over one-half.

Beauvais, another authority, shows Phosphoric Acid combined and Potash 72.44 per cent from a total of 101.07.

Considerable more than one-half of Phosphate of Potash.

Analysis of Grape-Nuts shows: Potassium and Phosphorus, (which join and make Phosphate of Potash), is considerable more than one-half of all the mineral salts in the food.

Dr. Geo. W. Carey, an authority on the constituent elements of the body, says: "The gray matter of the brain is controlled entirely by the inorganic cell-salt, Potassium Phosphate (Phosphate of Potash). This salt unites with albumen and by the addition of oxygen creates nerve fluid or the gray matter of the brain. Of course, there is a trace of other salts and other organic matter in the nerve fluid, but Potassium Phosphate is the chief factor, and has the power within itself to attract, by its own

law of affinity, all things needed to manufacture the elixir of life."

Further on he says: "The beginning and end of the matter is to supply the lacking principle, and in molecular form, exactly as nature furnishes it in vegetables, fruits and grain. To supply deficiencies—this is the only law of cure."

The natural conclusion is that if Phosphate of Potash is the needed mineral element in brain and you use food which does not contain it, you have brain lag because its daily loss is not supplied.

On the contrary, if you eat food known to be rich in this element, you place before the life forces that which nature demands for brain-building.

In the trial a sneer was uttered because Mr. Post announced that he had made years of research in this country and some clinics of Europe, regarding the effect of the mind on digestion of food.

But we must be patient with those who sneer at facts they know nothing about. Mind does not work well on a brain that is broken down by lack of nourishment.

A peaceful and evenly poised mind is necessary to good digestion.

Worry, anxiety, fear, hate, etc., etc., directly interfere with or stop the flow of Pyloric, the digestive juice of the mouth, and also interfere with the flow of the digestive juices of stomach and pancreas.

Therefore, the mental state of the individual has much to do (more than suspected) with digestion.

**This trial has demonstrated:**

**That Brain is made of Phosphate of Potash as the principal Mineral Salt, added to albumen and water.**

**That Grape-Nuts contains that element as more than one-half of all its mineral salts.**

**A healthy brain is important, if one would "do things" in this world.**

**A man who sneers at "Mind" sneers at the best and least understood part of himself. That part which some folks believe links us to the Infinite.**

**Mind asks for a healthy brain upon which to act, and Nature has defined a way to make a healthy brain and renew it day by day as it is used up from work of the previous day.**

**Nature's way to rebuild is by the use of food which supplies the things required.**

**"There's a Reason"**

**Postum Cereal Co., Ltd.,**  
Battle Creek, Mich.