

IN LIFE'S LAST HOURS

THOUGHTS OF CONDEMNED MAN
AWAITING EXECUTION.

No Authentic Record Has Ever Been Made, but One Man Here Sets Down How He Imagines He Would Be Affected.

It is a curious fact that no man condemned to death by process of law has left what might be accepted as an authentic account of his thoughts and acts during the closing hours. W. R. Rose writes in the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

For the most part condemned men are not intellectual men. To put their feelings into words and transcribe them on paper would be a task for which they could have no liking and little aptitude. They approach the hour of death, we may believe, in a dull and largely unemotional manner, keeping their thoughts away from the dreaded hour and getting such comfort as they can out of the immediate moment. With men of higher grades of intellect it would be different. The mind of the man of reason and imagination would be beyond his control. To be alone with himself and his thoughts and his sense of absolute helplessness would be maddening.

Robert Louis Stevenson could have clothed these final hours in poetic English; Poe could have given them a ghastly finish; O. Henry would have made them worldly and cynical.

If it were possible to put yourself in thought in a condemned man's place how would your mind regard the situation?

This is the way one man says it would affect him:

"I roused up this morning with a sudden start. Something called me. It battered at my ears.

"Two more days—two more days! I wonder why I sleep, I wonder why I eat! I'm ashamed of my body. It is a clod. It doesn't understand. Once in a while, however, my stomach has that horrible sinking sensation and my body realizes for a moment what my mind endures. Then it goes back to its old ways—its appetite, its demand for exercise, its call for sleep.

"I am beginning to look upon myself as something apart from my body. Perhaps I am. Perhaps it is only my body they will hang, while my spirit—but why should I speculate when I am so soon to know?

"Of course I pray. That's the primal instinct. I cry out for longer life. I beseech and I make promises—a coward's cry. Yet there's comfort in it. It draws my mind from that one maddening thought.

"There's something else in which I find a little comfort: I am going on a journey that billions have undertaken. The millions who are alive are only a small part of the host that has peopled the earth. I am going over to the great majority, and whatever my destination may be I shall have company. There are near and dear ones in that tide of outgoing souls. Is there a shadowy shore where we may meet?

"God, it is night again!

"The guard has just looked in. The death lamp in the corridor is burning. A single thread of light comes through the grating. Is it hope?

"One more day.

"I feel torpid. Is the thought of death dulled? Have I exhausted its terrors?

"I faintly wonder if my body will shame me? Will it break my pride?

"There will be no tomorrow. Somehow, the thought doesn't unnerve me. No, no, I'm not going to break down!

"There are men in the corridor. I hear their tramping feet, their hurried voices. Someone has called my name! My heart bumps my ribs. Hope is fumbling at the lock!

"I—I am reprieved!"

WOULD TEMPT THE EPICURE

No Modern Dish Can Be Accounted Superior to the Squirrel Stew of the Early Days.

Young squirrel, new potatoes and June peas, stewed together in an iron pot, over a hickory wood fire. As Harry Lauder says, "Ye canna beat it."

In the early days it was a prime favorite in Kentucky, and the pioneers of Missouri brought a yearning for it with them when they came overland from the Blue Grass state and settled along the rivers and creeks in Missouri.

There were plenty of squirrels in the woods of Missouri in those days, and in the middle of June, when new potatoes were about the size of walnuts, and early peas were big enough in the shell, the old man, or the biggest boy of the family, would lift the long-barreled squirrel rifle and powder horn down from the pegs over the fireplace and go out after a "mess" of young squirrels. At that time in June they were just large enough to dress well.

A hunter who would shoot a squirrel anywhere except through the head was accounted a mighty poor shot. And it had to be shot in the head or not at all, for a squirrel is a wary animal. As the hunter goes around one side of the tree the squirrel goes around the other way, keeping the tree between him and the enemy, but occasionally he peeps out to see what is going on, and that is the hunter's chance.

Half a dozen squirrels is enough for a mess. While the head of the family is dressing them the womenfolk are grubbing out a half peck of new potatoes and rubbing off the tender red skins, and shelling a quart or two of new peas. Squirrel, potatoes and peas are put into the pot together.

It must be an iron pot. Any old settler will tell you that there is a flavor and a tang to "vittles" stewed in an iron pot that modern pots and pans never impart. The ingredients must be allowed to simmer, not to boil briskly, but stew gently over a slow fire until the whole mass is thoroughly disintegrated. Then it is ladled out and eaten while piping hot. A chunk of corn pone, dipped into the juicy stew and munched with it, improves it.

Anyone who has eaten of this dish will tell you that in all the range of cookery there is nothing quite so good. The tender young squirrel meat has fallen away from the bones, the new potatoes have melted, the peas have imparted to the whole a faint greenish hue, and all have blended together in a savory mass redolent of June buds and June blossoms.

Extra Pay for Beauties.

"Every American boy and girl has an inalienable right to have a good-looking school teacher, and school boards should be willing to pay \$15 a month more for comely instructors than for homely ones."

Dr. Henry S. Curtis, New York play expert, expressed that theory to western Kansas school teachers at Fort Hays Normal.

Doctor Curtis believes that better looking teachers mean better discipline and more effective teaching.

Doctor Curtis also believes that play should be made compulsory just as education is. In 12 generations most Americans will be insane unless play is taught, he says.

Important Service.

"Can't you drive your own car?"

"Oh, yes. But I employ a chauffeur so that my family or guests won't be able to blame me when anything goes wrong with the trip."

A Fowl Affair.

"Jack took a cocktail first of all."

"What did he take after the cocktail?"

"His wife saw him and he took a henpeck."

PREHISTORIC WORKS IN OHIO

In the State There Are Some Five Thousand Remains of Ancient Civilization.

On the banks of the Scioto, within four miles of Columbus, on its north boundary, stand two conspicuous examples of the work of the prehistoric peoples of that vicinity. One is on the old Flenniken farm, on the east bank of the river, and on the west side of the river road, about a mile north of the water pumping station and filtration plant. The other is on the west side of the river, three miles farther north, and is on the west side of the road that skirts the west shore of the river. It is on the Shrum farm.

They are mounds of the same type and of considerable size. They stand on level planes, from which they rise abruptly and symmetrically to a height of twenty or twenty-five feet. It must appear to any observer, writes H. J. Galbraith in the Columbus Dispatch, that they are artificial and not natural mounds. The owners of the properties have long placed high values on them and have not been disposed to permit them to be opened. As a matter of fact scientific archeologists are not anxious to explore these mounds, for, while they admire them as examples of the work of the ancient inhabitants here, they know from experience in exploring such earthworks that it is extremely unlikely that they would yield anything worth the time and labor it would take to make the explorations.

There are several less conspicuous mounds in the county that Doctor Mills, the curator of the museum at Ohio State university, would prefer to open, mounds that the general public would lightly regard, if indeed they would recognize them as the work of prehistoric peoples at all. There is a mound of this kind on the Olentangy river near Worthington that is hardly known at all to the general public that Doctor Mills has been watching for some time. "I know that mound would yield a rich store of treasures," said he. "There isn't any sort of doubt about it, but I feel sure that anyone who would explore the two Scioto mounds would get little for his pains." Counting them all, big and little, there are probably 150 earthworks of these ancient people within the borders of Franklin county, and five or six thousand in the state of Ohio. No other state in the Union is richer in the evidences of a prehistoric civilization than the Buckeye state is.

The Silver Lining Appears.

The Association of Skirt, Dress and Suit Makers have decreed that lovely woman's attire shall be more roomy the coming fall season. This is a bright spot on the horizon for the cotton grower. There are said to be 20,000,000 women in this country alone who wear clothes, and should the fashion require a yard and a half more cloth for a dress, it would mean a consumption of 80,000,000 yards more cloth. Figures do not lie. Here is a ray of sunshine that ought to dissipate the gathering gloom. Now if the Filipinos and Chinese and Cubans and other nationalities that aspire for recognition in the world of civilization should require that their skirts be made an inch longer cotton ought to jump like it did when Sully was in the market.—Selma Times.

Connecting Archangel With Siberia.

One of the semstvos of the government of Vologda is handing in a petition concerning the connection of Archangel with Siberia by means of the following water route; Northern Dwina-Vyehgeda-Pechora-Ob. The establishment of such a water route was planned in 1908, when, by imperial order, a special expedition was sent out to make the necessary investigations. This route would be of the greatest importance for the exportation of Siberian products to European Russia as well as to foreign countries.

KEEP THE COWS CLEAN

Pure Milk Cannot Be Secured From a Filthy Animal.

Curry Comb and Brush as Essential in Dairy Barn as in Horse Stable—Remove Bedding From the Stalls Every Day.

The curry comb and brush are just as essential to the health, comfort and appearance of the cow as they are to the horse. Clean, pure milk cannot be had from a filthy cow. A well arranged barn and plenty of bedding assist greatly in keeping the cow in a sanitary condition at all times.

By the use of good stanchions the cows are kept much cleaner than where they are simply tied with a rope or halter, as by the use of stanchions the cows are not able to back off and lie down in the manure, as they do with other methods of stabling. Straw is usually cheap and plentiful on most dairy farms, and it does not pay to neglect to bed the cow well. The bedding should be removed from the stalls every day, and fresh litter provided. The manure should be hauled from the barn to the field or storage pit often, every day or two if possible to prevent it from being a breeding place about the barn for flies, disease germs and bad odors which taint the milk.

It is a good plan to disinfect the stables occasionally, whether there is any apparent reason for it or not. It is not expensive, can do no harm and does much good in the way of destroying lice and disease germs. Where enough cows are kept to make it profitable it is advisable to use milking machines, as we believe milk can be produced much cleaner in this way than can possibly be done by hand milking.

Where hand milking is necessary see that the hands are always clean before milking, and use a covered pail. Curry and brush the hind parts of the cow well each morning at least half an hour before milking time, which should always be regular, and rub the udder well with a brush or burlap sack, to remove all dirt and dust that might get into the milk.

Dry, well-drained and well-kept feed lots assist greatly in keeping the cows clean, hence, also in producing clean milk. Where cows are compelled to stand all day in a wet or muddy feed lot, unless much care is used, the evening milk will be far from pure. A naturally high, dry and well-drained location is advisable for the feed lot



Well-Kept Dairy Cow.

during winter and spring, and if it can be graded and stoned it is much better. It is preferable to have the feeding pens provided with feed racks, in place of feeding on the ground, as the cow is a very cleanly animal, and will not readily eat soiled food if it can be avoided.

Water Supply for Cows.

In the matter of water supply for the cows if it cannot be had from running stream or spring it should come from a deep well that is kept clean at all times and not subject to surface drainage, and the water for use in the barnyard or for washing the dairy utensils should be kept free from foreign matter and taints of all kinds.