

THE BRITISH FOURTH.

England's Equivalent of Our Independence Day.

THE LEGACY OF GUY FAWKES.

Felled in His Attempt to Blow Up the House of Parliament, the Gunpowder Plot Conspirator Gave to the English Boy a Joyous Holiday.

The day in England most nearly corresponding with the American Fourth of July in its manner of celebration is Guy Fawkes day, Nov. 5, the anniversary of the attempt to blow up the British houses of parliament, king, lords and commons by Guy Fawkes in 1605. The celebration, although gradually losing its national and historical significance, is still observed as a holiday by children in many parts of the country.

For several weeks before "the Fifth" the lads scour the countryside for tree trunks and branches, boxes, barrels, anything that will burn, in fact, and they trail their finds to some old barn miles away, where they are stored in anticipation of the great day and guarded with a zeal that often leads to pretty stiff fights.

Marauders from other localities will, if not carefully watched, secretly remove inviting "chumps," as the lads are called, and add them to their own collections.

Between this intermittent warfare and dodging the police and owners of woodland property the younger element of Great Britain has quite a lively time during the few weeks prior to Guy Fawkes day.

The day itself is occupied until dusk in building bonfires, "cading" coal, coke and oil and eating "parkin," a cake inseparably associated with the celebrations. This cake is made of molasses, ginger and oatmeal or any other coarse meal.

As soon as the first night shadow falls the fires are lighted, firecrackers begin to snap, and pyrotechnic displays of every description are in evidence in all directions.

The fun is kept up with a vim similar to our Fourth of July spirit until far into the night, when potatoes, roasted in the fires, are indulged in.

The name given to the day is somewhat misleading perhaps, and the whole credit or onus of the plot has been popularly laid upon the shoulders of Guy Fawkes, whereas he was far from being the most important of the plotters and seems to have been chosen by the chief conspirators entirely because of his superb courage and coolness.

The plan was originated by Robert Catesby, a man whose natural atmosphere was one of plots, but a man of extraordinary personal charm. The Roman Catholics had expected great things from the accession of James I. to the throne. The laws of Elizabeth were cruel and unjust toward them, and they were led by James to expect amelioration and tolerance.

Instead of this, the laws against them were enforced with renewed vigor, and the great discontent resulted in the gunpowder plot. The conspir-

acy was elaborately and carefully conceived, and great hardships were undergone to carry it out.

It was not until the conspirators, all gentlemen unused to physical labor, had excavated through nine feet thickness of stone wall in order to get beneath the house of commons that they found that a vault underneath the edifice was to let. The vault was taken in the name of Guy Fawkes, and the severe physical work was ended. Under cover of night thirty-six barrels of gunpowder were conveyed to the vault, and all was in readiness for the meeting of parliament on Nov. 5.

Then came the first weakening which was to end in the failure of the scheme. The conspirators could not agree upon a plan to warn the Catholic lords and members who would otherwise be blown up with the rest.

The plotters were all prominent gentlemen and had personal friends among the apparently doomed legislators. An anonymous letter was received by Lord Montague, one of the Catholic peers, warning him not to be present. The author of the letter is not really known, but it is commonly believed to have been Gresham, in spite of his vigorous denial when accused by Catesby. At all events, this is supposed to have been the key to the discovery.

Montague showed the letter to Salisbury, who in turn took it to the king, and all sorts of ingenuity were exercised to discover its meaning. A close watch was kept, and in order to take the plotters rehandled the arrest was palpably postponed until the dramatic moment in order to allow Catesby to escape, though he was shot a few days later while attempting to raise an insurrection at Worcester.

Guy Fawkes, whose work it was to fire the train, was taken as he was leaving the house through which access was gained to the vault, and the rest of the plotters were either killed or captured at Dunchurch, to where they fled.

Fawkes was put to the torture, but nothing could shake his magnificent fortitude, though he was so weak from agony and sickness that he could scarcely mount the scaffold. The day (Nov. 5) was proclaimed a day of thanksgiving forever by an act of parliament, which was only repealed after 200 years.

For nearly 300 years the celebrations were carried to riotous excess. Effigies of Guy Fawkes were paraded in towns and villages all day amid shouting and singing and burned at night in huge conflagrations to the accompaniment of thousands of fireworks.—Scrap Book.

SAVED HER SON'S LIFE.

The happiest mother in the town of Ava, Mo., is Mrs. S. Ruppee. She writes: "One year ago my son was down with such serious lung trouble that our physician was unable to help him; when by our druggist's advice I began giving him Dr. King's New Discovery, and I soon noticed improvement. I kept this treatment up for a few weeks when he was perfectly well. He has worked steadily since at carpenter work. Dr. King's New Discovery saved his life." Guaranteed best cough and cold cure by Chas. Rogers, Druggist. 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free.

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The Hatch experiment station has been devoting its attention to the improvement of conditions on the farms where milk is produced. It has been giving particular attention to the bacterial content of milk. The two cows shown in the illustration represent the average and the extra way in which herds are kept.

The cow which was kept in the clean dairy will be easily recognized. She



KEPT IN A CLEAN DAIRY.

is perhaps no better bred than her sister, but she looks a whole lot better. Her product is more desirable, too, because by actual test it was found that the bacteria in her milk was much less than in the milk of the other cow. The unkempt cow looks as if she might be affected with tuberculosis. As a matter of fact, she is healthy enough, but the stable in which she was kept and the care which she got necessarily gave her this appearance.

On March 24 her milk was tested and showed 11,500,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter. A cubic centimeter is about 1.500 of a pint. The other was tested on March 31 and showed 4,050 bacteria per cubic centimeter. These figures are hard to comprehend, but bacterial tests do not lie.

Another series of tests was made on July 29 and Aug. 15. At this time the



KEPT IN AN UNCLEAN DAIRY.

cows had been upon pasture for some weeks. They would naturally be cleaner than when the tests were made in March, because that date represented the end of the winter season. The spring rains and living upon the clean pasture produced a more sanitary condition than sleeping on filthy bedding in dark barns. The clean cow tested, on Aug. 15, 600 bacteria per cubic centimeter, and the other one tested 1,000,000 on July 29. One way to account for this great variation is the difference in stables and surroundings at milking time, says Kimball's Dairy Farmer. Most of the bacteria get into the milk after it leaves the cow's udder.

Ventilation of Stables.

Every good cow stable should have about 800 cubic feet of air space per cow. That sounds like a big space—800 cubic feet per cow. It is not, however, too much space. You should not have your cows all dumped up in a heap. And I would not advise you to have the air space all above the cattle. Have it all around them—that is, have good wide passages and give the cows lots of room in their stalls. Do not crowd them down to two and one-half feet, but give them three, or, better still, three and one-half feet. I speak from experience when I say that that kind is a profitable stable. I have seen both kinds tried. Where the ventilation was practically equal and where a much larger space was given the cows they were in very much better health. I have in mind two farms. In one I should judge the air space is about 700 feet, not quite up to the standard, and in the other I should judge there is about 300 feet of air space, a long way below. In one the cows are continually getting sick, and the milk is not up to the standard of quality or quantity. In the other stable there is never any complaint about the health of the animals or the quantity or quality of the milk. This is a result of having sufficient air space.—J. H. Grisdale in Kimball's Dairy Farmer.

Going It Blind.

Why are dairymen so willing to go it blind? I heard a man say the other day he did not intend to take time to test any cow in his herd until he had a hundred registered cows in milking. He said he had no time to run the Babcock, though he had a fine steam one connected with the boiler. I thought how much money he could save by weeding as he grows the herd. The undesirable sire could be spotted at once when his heifers came in and discarded, while the valuable one, the one that nicked kindly with his strain of cattle, could be used more freely. Numbers in a herd amount to little. I had at one time twelve cows at the head of the herd that made in a year 6,132 pounds of butter, while at the foot of the herd it took over nineteen to equal them in production. These last nineteen made an average of 309 pounds of butter in a year, so they

were not so awfully poor, after all.—Mrs. M. R. Sherman in California Cultivator.

HE GAINED HIS POINT.

To Do It the Actor Spoiled the Play and Lost His Position.

An American actress who had toured in England was telling her experiences and related an incident that amused her. She said:

"In a play produced in the provinces there is a scene in which the hero strikes the villain, who slinks away without seeking to defend himself. One night in a large manufacturing town the young fellow who played the deep eyed scoundrel remarked to the leading man before the curtain rose:

"I say, old chap, I've got my fiancée out in front tonight with her father and mother. Now, of course they don't know anything about our business, and I'm afraid it would rather hurt me with them if I received a blow and got away in the usual cowardly fashion. So, dear old chap, can't you omit the blow tonight?"

"But, my boy, the management will fine me 2 shillings!"

"Well, I'll pay the fine."

"Oh, yes! That's all very well for you, but what do I get out of it? Nothing but a bad name with the powers that be!"

"Oh, well, I'll give you 2 shillings extra, or, better yet, you hit me as usual, and I'll hit back! They'll fine me, not you, and I'll give you the 2 shillings besides. You see how I'm situated. I shouldn't like the girl to mix me up with the character I play. Outsiders are so funny that way!"

"So the compact was made, and that night when the hero cried, 'Sir Daniel Deepwater'—or something of that sort—'base offspring of a noble race, take that!' Sir Daniel not only 'took that,' but gave it back with such force that 'the pit in cheers rose at him,' including his relatives to be by marriage, and he walked off the stage in triumph.

"I am sorry to add he lost his situation, but he gained his point."

An Odd Animal Community.

Natural enemies of the animal world are sometimes found living together in extraordinary communities. J. G. Millals in a volume on animals quotes this experience of an observer: "On one occasion when ferreting I boited a fox, a cat, a stoat and several rabbits and rats out of the same earth. The fox boited first, after giving the ferret a nip across the back, from the effects of which it died an hour later. Next came the stoat and then the cat, both of which I shot. Then followed the rabbits and rats promiscuously. It was a large burrow on the bank of a deep, dry watercourse and often held a fox when I ferreted it afterward."

Talking Through a Human Body.

To talk through a human body or a row of human bodies, for the matter of that, is one of the weirdest of the electrician's feats. If a telephone wire be severed and the two ends be held by a person, one in each hand, but far apart, it is quite possible for two individuals to carry on a conversation through the body of the medium as readily and as distinctly as if the line had been properly connected.

Johnny's Horrid Finish.

"If you don't quit eating so much, Johnny," exclaimed Mrs. Lapsing, horrified at the gluttonous propensities of her youngest, "the first thing you know you'll be a regular filibuster!"—Chicago Tribune.

Feminine Bravery.

Tom—Do you think women are braver than men? Dick—Yes, I do. I never saw one yet that wouldn't take a chance at marriage.—Detroit Free Press.

Not So Very Final.

"I cannot be your wife," she replied and added, "This is final."

He paced swiftly to and fro several times, then halted abruptly in front of her.

"Pray, be candid with me," he said, not without the note of masculine impatience. "About how final?"

This was too much. She burst into tears.

"How do I know?" she sobbed.—Puck.

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