

A VICTIM OF GOOD LUCK

By BARRY PAIN.

"Well, now," said the Philanthropist, when the Criminal had finished his tea, "let us see what can be done in your case. You struck a policeman engaged in the execution of his duty."

"I did," said the Criminal, with something rather near to an air of self-satisfaction. "I struck him hard."

"You are poor and in rags. Yet your pronunciation of the aspirate, your manner of taking tea, and several other points about you would seem to indicate that you were once in a better position."

"I was."

"And what brought you to poverty? What maddened you to crime? The answer is but too obvious. Drink. O my dear friend! O my poor brother!"

"One moment," said the Criminal, rather emphasizing a slight drawl; "you have behaved in a friendly way to me in offering hospitality, and I have shown equal friendliness in accepting it. But when it comes to 'brother' it seems to me that you are introducing a family complication which is—er—unnecessary. Now let me put one question to you. You assign, correctly enough, my downfall to drink. To what do you assign the drink? Why did I take to it?"

"Our natures are frail and sinful. Even for the best of us it is a constant struggle with the power of evil. We can but"—

"Yes, yes," said the Criminal, "all very true, no doubt. And, while granting it, I may tell you that I assign my downfall to my natural generosity and to a quite exceptional stroke of good luck."

"I don't think," said the Philanthropist plaintively, "that you should treat me in this way, and make fun of a well meant effort to help you on the"—

"My dear sir," said the Criminal, "accuse me of anything else you like, but not of an error of taste. I speak in all seriousness, and I will prove it by telling you my story. But let me first inquire if you are acquainted with the American game of draw poker, for the story turns upon that."

The Philanthropist was quite well acquainted with it. In his unregenerate days—as a young man at Cambridge—he had played it a good deal. But he was a little ashamed of admitting it.

"It is part of my duty," he said, "to be acquainted with the so-called rules of these deplorable gambling games. My knowledge is superficial, of course, and very much a matter of hearsay."

"That's all right," said the Criminal. "I wasn't asking you to play. In the days of my prosperity I was in the habit of playing poker every evening at the club. I need not say that by the rules of the club poker was most strictly forbidden; in fact, we always called it Californian whist in consequence. The play was never outrageous, but it was fairly high sometimes. However, we could all afford to lose, except one—a mere boy. He was a nice boy in many ways, but a fool. So far as the game went he was not in our class. He always insisted on playing, and he invariably lost."

"Naturally, if you're playing too high for your means you get nervous, and that means that you get frightened out when you ought to stay with it, and you altogether overdo the bluff yourself. At least," the Philanthropist added, "so I am informed."

"Correct. Well, we were playing one night, and a pot of about \$60 was opened for a sovereign, and the opening was raised twice—the last time it was by the boy, and I could see easily enough by his voice and manner that he was very good. I had nothing that I could keep. However, I had won more of the boy's money than I wanted, and I thought I would help to make the pot up for him. So I said I didn't mind buying five cards for three sovereigns, and put my money in."

"You were dealing, of course, being the last to speak?"

"Quite so. The opener on my left took two cards. The next man had stopped out. The first raiser also took two, the boy stood pat, and I helped myself to five. The opener bet, was seen by the next man, and raised the limit by the boy. I picked up my cards as a matter of form; I had no expectation of getting anything, and I had only come in to lose. And there in my hand was a straight flush—the first and only time I ever held one."

"Joker in?" asked the Philanthropist.

"We never used it. There's no sense in a hand of five aces. Naturally, I raised the limit again. The other two dropped out, and the boy and I went at it ding-dong. I didn't want his money. I implored him to see me and stop."

"Why didn't you see him, if you wanted it stopped?"

"I held a straight flush, and I am a poker player."

"The temptation was great, I admit."

"Temptation? Why, it was an absolute necessity to play that hand for everything there was. The boy saw me at last, when he stood to lose a couple of hundred. He had four kings, and it was hard work for him to smile prettily when he saw my straight flush. However, I will cut my story short. The boy paid me, and he stole money in order to do it. The theft was found out, and he tried to shoot himself. That was all hushed up, but he left the club, and it was hinted that I had better resign also. The talk went round about me; I had as dealer given the boy four kings, and I had given myself a straight flush, and the age of miracles is past. Now, I have done almost everything else, but I

NEW SCRIBNER BOOKS

for THE LIBRARY and for HOLIDAY GIVING

GENERAL DE WET'S BOOK

THREE YEARS' WAR

By CHRISTIAAN RUDOLF DE WET

With frontispiece portrait by John S. Sargent, plans, maps, etc. \$2.50 net. (Postage 28 cents.)

This is the plain, bluff, unvarnished story of General de Wet's experiences and doings in the great struggle which took place between the Boer and the Briton. The simplicity of the narrative, its sincerity, its soldierly fairness, and its unconscious eloquence, will make the book appeal to all men who enjoy a story of action; while the light it throws upon military operations and battles hitherto known only from the English view-point, gives it a genuine historical value.

Each of these Books is fully and richly illustrated.

UNKNOWN MEXICO

By CARL LUMHOLTZ

1100 pages, 530 photographs, 16 color plates. Two volumes \$12.00 net. (Carriage extra.) The most important record of exploration and discovery in America for many years.

THROUGH HIDDEN SHENSI

By FRANCIS H. NICHOLS

Profusely illustrated from photographs. \$3.50 net. (Postage 21 cents.)

"It informs us (about China) as we have not before been informed."—*Outlook*."A fine piece of literary workmanship and a most delightful narrative of travel."—*The Nation*.

ACROSS COVETED LANDS

By A. H. SAVAGE LANDOR

With 150 photographs by the author. Two volumes. \$7.50 net.

Dealing importantly with Persia and Russian ambitions, it is also a travel work of absorbing interest, studied with the freshness of view and keenness of observation characteristic of Mr. Landor's former well-known works, and, as in those works, full of unusual incident.

ALL THE RUSSIAS

By HENRY NORMAN

More than 100 illustrations from photographs. \$4.00 net. (Postage 26 cents.)

"Of the charm of this book no quotation will convey an idea, nor can we here do justice to its importance."—*London Academy*.

ITALIAN CITIES

By E. H. and E. W. BLASHFIELD

48 full-page photographs in tint. Two volumes. \$5.00 net.

"It is criticism based on a full technical knowledge, especially of painting, but expressed with great literary urbanity and an almost entire absence of strictly technical phraseology."—*Atlantic Monthly*.

CROSS COUNTRY WITH HORSE AND HOUND

By FRANK SHERMAN PEER

Fully illustrated in color and black and white. \$3.00 net. (Postage 27 cents.)

NEW YORK SKETCHES

By JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS

Elaborately illustrated by McCarter, Guerin, Shinn, etc. \$2.00 net. (Postage 28 cents.)

The third edition of *ORIENTAL RUGS*, by John Kimberly Mumford, is elaborately illustrated with *NEW COLOR PLATES*, magnificently reproduced from *NEW SUBJECTS*. \$7.50 net.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, New York

have never cheated at cards. And if I had cheated I should have given myself that straight flush in two lots and not all together. No one accused me, or could have accused me, but I was not exactly welcomed. The thing got on my nerves, and then—not until then—I took to drink. The drunkard is never a good gambler. I lost my money. I got into bad company. And the rest you have seen for yourself."

"An extraordinary story," said the Philanthropist. "I must think it over. Come and see me to-morrow at this time, and we will see what can be done for you."

"With pleasure. Thank you very much."

"Of course," said the Philanthropist, as he assisted the Criminal with his very shabby overcoat, "you should have kept to your first generous impulse; and the moment you saw what your hand was you should have thrown it face downward on the rubbish heap and gone out."

"Could you have done it? Could St. Augustine himself have done it? Could anybody on earth have done it? No, the luck was too good. Too good to be true."

In a remote corner of the park the Criminal examined the pair of sugar tongs and the teaspoon that he drew from his pocket. "Plated," he said to himself; "I was afraid so at the time."—(Black and White.)

AARON BURR'S ALLEGED PUN.

Aaron Burr was fleeing immediately after the duel.

"But where will you be next?" asked his second.

"I can't tell," returned the statesman, "whether I'll be Aaron Burr, or Burr in air."

Stopping to kick a suggestive piece of rope out of his pathway, he hastily resumed his flight.

A SURE THING.

Flubdubbe—Do you suppose that girl Bilkins is to marry is as rich as she is said to be?

Pinhedde—No question about it—I know Bilkins.—(The Smart Set.)

FINSSEN LIGHT TREATMENT

A REMEDIAL SYSTEM WHICH MAY WIN FOR ITS AUTHOR A NOBEL PRIZE.

It was rumored a few days ago that one of the five \$40,000 prizes founded by M. Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, went this year to Professor Finsen, of Copenhagen, whose method of treating disease has attracted a great deal of attention within the last few years. The statement was not correct for 1902, but it may well prove true another year. Others besides the learned and benevolent Dane have known that there are certain rays of the spectrum which exercise a baleful influence upon bacteria. These are the visible violet and invisible "ultra-violet" rays, which are so serviceable in photography because of their chemical power. The discovery was first made in regard to solar radiation, and Finsen began by exposing his patients to the sunlight only. He soon found, though, that cloudiness seriously interfered with that policy. As it had been ascertained that the light of an electric arc, when analyzed, contains an abundance of violet and ultra-violet radiance, Finsen set to work to devise apparatus of such a form as to utilize this. Thus he would have at his command the desired agent at any time of the day or night, and be independent of the weather.

The disorder which has shown the most marked amenability to this kind of treatment is a tuberculosis of the skin, called by medical men lupus vulgaris. In a special hospital which has been established in Copenhagen, and known as the Finsen Institute, 456 cases had been treated up to the close of the year 1900. Of these a large proportion were so thoroughly cured that for two or three years there was no recurrence of the trouble. The treatment was necessarily slow, since few patients required less than twenty sittings, of an hour each, one daily, while many had from three hundred to five hundred. Nevertheless, the success which attended

the work led other physicians in Europe and America to try the method, and it is now in use in a number of hospitals, besides being employed extensively in private practice. Nearly every doctor who tries the Finsen system introduces some trifling innovation in the form of his apparatus. There are variations, too, in the length of the sittings. But there is increasing faith in the virtues of "photo-therapy," or the light cure, itself. Dr. George G. Hopkins, of Brooklyn, began to experiment with it about three years ago, and it has been in use in the Presbyterian Hospital, of the Borough of Manhattan, for some time.

Dr. Hopkins had a special lamp constructed for his use. A small concave reflector was placed behind the arc to focus as well as project the rays. Still further to intensify this influence, lenses were placed between the arc and the patient. Inasmuch as glass obstructs the passage of the chemical rays, it was deemed wise to make the lenses out of quartz. Along the route traversed by the rays was placed a cell or chamber, containing distilled water, to absorb the heat. So great was the latter that it was found necessary to provide a water jacket around the chamber, and maintain a steady flow of liquid in it. In this way only cool radiation reached the patient's skin. At the Presbyterian Hospital, in New-York, and the Victoria Hospital, in London, the same general plan is pursued for suppressing the heat, although the exact form of the lamp is not identical with that of Dr. Hopkins's.

Finsen employs light for the cure of smallpox, also, but he uses a different set of rays from those with which he attacks lupus. He wants the red light instead of the violet, and introduces red glass or red cloth to filter out the latter. His theory is that he thus prevents or abbreviates suppuration. In this treatment the patient is put into a room where the only light is red, and is kept there without interruption until all the vesicles have dried up. Finsen claims that if the treatment is begun early enough, scarring can be avoided. Although this red light cure has been tried in hospitals and private practice for eight years, it has attracted less notice than the blue glass system.