

# GREENHUT NEEDED

## Winterbottom's Cousin Bill Turned Up When the Poker Game Was at Low Tide.

"Somepin' sure has got to be did," said old man Greenhut with a troubled air, "for to stir up more pop'lar interest into the game of poker 'n' 'pears to be took lately, judgin' I'm the way people ain't settin' in like they useder."

"If this here codin' 'ol what's been man-ifested recent continues to cool, first we know the iron hand of adversity 'll strike this here bunch 'ol talent one cruel av'nt. 'Tain't reasonable 'r to 'spret an ole man like me to be puttin' 'r a bunch of able bodied citizens indefinte 'thouten there's somepin' diddin'."

There was silence in the old man's saloon for considerable time after he had delivered himself thus, and he looked around from one to another of his cronies with more or less anxiety, as if apprehensive of some trouble. As no one spoke immediately, he opened a fresh box of cigars and plucking out the fattest and blackest he could find, he lighted it carefully and, having started it fairly, walked around to his favorite seat by the window. Placing his feet on the window sill, he smoked diligently till Joe Bassett was moved to speech.

"There is them," he said deliberately, "what'll bellyache over a few measly dollars of expense money the minute business sticks up an' still hold out 'r a repp'ntation of 'bein' open handed. Then there's others what's just natural 'awn hogs. Come the hog every time."

"That's what," said Jake Winterbottom with emphasis.

Jim Blaisdell and Sam Pearsall nodded. They both seemed about to speak, but hearing what the others said they contented themselves with the nod.

Again the old man looked around from one to another, this time as if somewhat startled. He flushed and opened his mouth as if to retort hotly, but hesitated. Then he said querulously:

"Th' ain't no call 'r to talk intertemp'rate, Joe. You hadn't ought 'r to be slingin' obbleky onto your best friend, just 'cause there's somepin' said about stirrin' up pop'lar enthusiasm in draw poker."

"Well," said Joe, "I ain't no all-fired certain 'ol my best friend is. He might be a man as sets back an' takes a rakeoff outen the sweat 'ol a brow an' my pals 'thouten the nerve to set in hisself, an' again he might be some unelse. 'Tain't quite clear."

The old man was still more perturbed and seemed at a loss how to reply. Then observing a grin on Jim Blaisdell's face, he said:

"You know 'tain't fair, Jim, 'r a man to be gettin' 'ol no such wry-bald remarks as that, don't ye?"

"Well," said Blaisdell slowly, "mebbe I might have said a few words 'ol my own self, 'ol reckon I'll wait 'ill after the draw 'r I slide my chips in. Looks like seed gave you a raise, an' it's your say 'est, Greenhut."

There was another long pause. Then the old man sighed and rose to his feet behind the bar.

No objection being raised, he produced a special bottle from some hidden recess, and after they had all quaffed he reopened the box of cigars which he had locked up and passed that around.

"No hard feelin's, boys?" he said, a little anxiously, when they had accepted his offering.

"Then, when they hesitated, as if loath to reassure him too soon, he continued:

"'Tain't to be wondered at as a man should worry some when business is bad. But 'cordin' to Scripser, Moses said he'd been young an' was now old, an' he hadn't never saw a righteous man broke, nor short 'o' seed when it come plantin' season. Mebbe these 'll brighten up."

"Speakin' 'ol Scripser," said Jake Winterbottom, "I ain't holdin' no such hand as you be, but I'd call to mind a text about the 'ol little faith what needn't look to be prospered. 'Pears like you'd do better, Greenhut, if you was to have faith. I heard 'f'm a cousin 'o' mine this week what I'd lost track of some years ago. 'Pears he's well fixed now."

"How's that?" asked the old man with forced interest.

"His old man an' mine was brothers," said Winterbottom, "an' his'n done mine once 'ol table night 'ol 't was comin' to his'n old estate. Now he's dead, an' Bill, that's his cousin, 's got the hull 'ol an' he's done sent me word as he's goin' to look me up. 'Pears he feels friendly."

"Does he play poker?" inquired old man Greenhut eagerly.

"If he does I reckon I'll get some 'ol that family estate back," said Winterbottom, with grim emphasis.

"Proves what I said," declared Greenhut. "A righteous man ain't never forsok, an' it's a gen'ly the darkest just afore daylight, like the Scripser says. When are you lookin' for him?"

"Most any day, now," said Winterbottom, "but there ain't goin' to be no body 'round here buttin' in 'ill I've seen him an' find out how things be."

"Well, that's fair enough," said Greenhut, "but you ain't goin' back on 'f' pals, 'count 'o' a cousin 't you hain't no feelin's for ye?"

"No," said Winterbottom, "nor I ain't goin' back on my own self 'count 'o' no pals 't keeps tabs on expense money."

Further than this he would not commit himself, though Greenhut produced his private bottle again. And when, a few days later, it was known that Bill Winterbottom was in town and that Jake had seen him he refused at first to gratify old man Greenhut's curiosity.

After two or three interviews with his cousin, however, he entered the saloon one night and said, after lighting his pipe:

"Looks to me like I'd bit off more'n I can chew easy. Mebbe there's somepin' in this 'r 'ol us."

They knew too much to interrupt him with questions, but the interest they showed was almost painful, and Winterbottom smoked his pipe nearly out while he was enjoying the sight. Finally, however, he said:

"You was askin' if that there pirate played poker. Well, he sure is some piece. Done me outen fifty into a little breezeout what we played 'r fun, an' I laughed at me when I wanted to play another. Said he had a scheme framed up what he'd call 'hell's game.'"

"Pears he'd be playin' the boats two or three years ago his old man died, but he cut loose 'f'm him when he was sid, an' never lookin' for the old man to leave him nuthin', which he wouldn't 'ol 'f'ryin' sudden afore he signed a will."

On the boats he had two or three side partners different times, an' they done

# THE HEIRLOOM

## Lost the 'Tater Knife and How He Got It Back.

"I felt it in my bones the instant I got into the wagon that I wasn't to be disappointed in the man who was going to drive me from the railroad station five miles over to Geoville, in the hemlock belt, that trip," said John Gilbert, the traveling grocerman. "He had a solemn face, and a twinkle in his eye, and the most comical set of mixed whiskers encircling his neck I ever saw."

"He drove slow, showing that he was thinking; and he drove a mile or more without saying a word, that being another good sign that he had points. Then by and by he said, with a sidelong glance at me:

"'It's funny if I never got in the papers about the way Truman Apthorp got his mother's heirloom 'tater knife back, hain't it? Or did it get in and I didn't happen to see it?'"

"I assured the driver that I had seen no account of the incident in any newspaper I had read, though I read a lot."

"Then just like as not you hain't heard about it, neither," said the driver. "Or maybe you might 'a' heard about what Truman lost it, an' the gittin' 't' back hain't ketched up to you yet?"

"I said no; Truman and the 'tater knife and everything about 'em were going to be news to me, I said, for I felt now it was on the way."

"'Hope you don't mean that you never heard 'ol the Apthorps' heirloom 'tater knife,' said the driver, looking straight ahead and touching up his horse a little. 'The 'tater knife that's been in the family since the time they can't remember when, and that Truman Apthorp's mother, Samantha Apthorp, sets more store by than she does by the hull Apthorp clearin'?"

"I was forced to admit my entire ignorance of the existence of such a thing as the Apthorp family heirloom 'tater knife, and I felt it more and more in my bones that I wasn't to be disappointed in my driver."

"Then," said he, now apparently satisfied to do his job, "I was the kind of a listener he had taken me for. 'I better give you a little inklin' as to that 'tater knife, fer you might lose standin' in this ballin'-wick pervidin' folks found you didn't know about it."

"When Truman Apthorp's mother, Samantha Apthorp, told Truman to take the bag 'o' seed 'taters over to Sam Sarkin's, and Truman said to her that if he took the 'tater knife along with him Sam would more than likely give him the job 'o' cuttin' up the seed 'taters, and he'd git easy two shillin' 'r do in it, Samantha said to him:

"'Truman,' says she, 'you know that your great-great-grandfather used to seal injins with that knife, says she, 'and that a long line 'o' your ancestors fit with it ag'in things year after year and that it has only got to be a 'tater knife now to keep it from rustin', says she; 'consequently you know it's an heirloom that money nor land can't buy, but if you kin make two shillin' 'ol use 'ol it for Sam Sarkin's—why, take it. But, Truman,' says she, 'if you let anything happen to it I wouldn't be in your place, nor even for the heirloom 'tater knife,' says she."

"So Truman carried the bag 'o' seed 'taters over to Sam Sarkin's. And when he mentioned to Sam that he had the heirloom 'tater knife along with him and could just as well favor Sam by cutting up the seed 'taters with it for a couple 'ol shillin' Sam said he didn't know as the 'taters would grow any better fer bein' cut up with a 'tater knife that was an heirloom than they would if they was cut up by one that wasn't an heirloom, such as he had his ownself and which he could use first-rate without its costin' him a cent, and so Truman lost the job he was nosein' round fer to git, and he stuck the 'tater knife in his pocket and started back home."

"On his way he set down with his back up ag'in the dead stub of a tree to rest a little and think over what a mean and unappreciative fellow Sam Sarkin was, and he set her there he heard a scratchin' and a scramblin' inside the stub, and that was the first he discovered that the stub was hollow."

"Then that nosein' round 'o' his'n took hold onto him and he stuck his ear ag'in the stub and listened. Then besides the scratchin' and scramblin' he heard some-thing whinin' in there."

"'A bear cub, sure as sap,' says Truman. 'I got to have it!' says he."

"'Throw in the empty bag around his neck he shinned up that stub to the top like a squirrel, and peerin' down into the hollow, he saw that there was only one bear cub but two or three cats, little fellows, not much bigger than a pair 'ol cats."

"'Two cubs is better than one,' says he, 'so I'll git 'em both.'"

"And he himself down into that hollow stub and argued them cubs into bein' satisfied with goin' along with him up out of it. Then it came to him all of a sudden that while it hain't been no trick at all to shinn up that stub on the outside and drop down into it on the inside, it was goin' to be another kind of a job to crawl up the smooth inside 'o' that stub to the top so he could drop out of it on the outside."

"Truman didn't waste no time in foolish tryin' to climb out of the hollow stub, but he set to work to get the cubs out of 'f' pocket and set straight to work with it to dig a hole through one side 'o' the stub, which wasn't much more than a half an inch thick, and he dug, but had a thickness 'o' six or eight inches, just the same."

"'Truman,' says I to him afterwards, 'how long did you call that it was goin' to take you to crawl out of the hollow stub that big enough for you to git yourself and your bag 'o' bears out of it with only a four-inch 'tater knife, even if it was an heirloom?' I says, 'I cal'lated that two days would just about take us out 'o' the stub,' says he, 'and I done it, too, if I hain't been interferred with by ye.'"

"Now, the most amazin' and unaccountable thing about the hull proceedin' was its never occurin' to Truman that he had set to work to crawl out of the hollow stub that had been turned out on the world yet to shift for themselves, and consequently he had dropped in on 'em old folks. But it never had occurred to him, and it didn't occur to him either until he'd been outin' away with the 'tater knife in the side 'o' the stub quite a spell, when he heard a scratchin' and a scramblin' on the outside, and 'fore long the light that came in at the openin' in the top 'o' the stub was shut off."

"Then in a second it popped into Truman's head what was goin' on. Then he bear cubs of his had a mother and she was comin' back home."

"Now, though Truman was only 12 and small for his age, he knowed right away that the ole bear wasn't goin' to excuse him on account of his youth for bein' in that stub, with her two cubs in a bag, and so he was mortal sorry that she had come along and interfered with his minin' himself out 'o' the stub with the 'tater knife. As he ketched sight of

# NO SLEEP FOR HIM ON THE ROAD WITH A PRISONER.

## Attempts of Criminals to Escape From Trains—Two Prisoners Instead of One—An Overdose of Morphine—A Train Coupled—Bouncing a Woman.

A retired Headquarters man who ranked among the star sleuths when Byrnes was at the head of the Detective Bureau was reading something in a newspaper at his home the other evening that caused his shoulders to shake.

"I never did belong to the push that claimed that New York had the only assortment of fly cops on earth," said the grizzled ex-detective, putting down the newspaper, "and I wouldn't 'r for money be held up as criticisin' or knockin' the sleuthing staff of another town; but they sure must have a swell job of huntin' for pinhead bulls in it a certain big town out West if this fellow that I've just finished reading about is a fair sample of the lot."

"This detective from the big middle Western city was conveying from San Francisco to his home town a Class A gun who'd been corralled out in the Slope town. As the train slid through Utah the bull began to feel like forty kites, or so for himself, so he pulled his griddle forward to shade his lamps and sprawled down in his seat alongside his gun captive for a few leagues of slumber."

"It looked all right, it seems, to the bull, for did 'n' his man have the brace-lets on, but this gun was a guy character. He waited until the fly cop had asphoned along to the fortissimo stage and got to dreamin' of real money and then he frisked the sleuth for his key ring and its ornaments."

"The handcuff key was attached to the key ring, which of course made it soft for the gun. He unlocked himself, and with a neat sense of humor snapped the wristlets onto the sleuth, who still slumbered on, being some weary—maybe the dinner in the dining car had something to do with it. Not only that, but the gun cunningly chained his escort to the sleuth, and still the man with the badge slumbered on."

"Then the captive, continuing to observe how good it all looked, separated the Rip Van Winkle from his split second souper, his three carat blue headlight and his leather, which contained some three hundred and odd of the see high cooskins."

"This came off, the paper says, in the smoking compartment of the sleeper, of which the badge man and his captive were the only occupants. At Ogden the gun raised the beat it banner for himself, dropped off the train and vanished in the chapparal."

"Before the train reached out of Ogden the fly cop, oddly enough, awoke. He was perturbed, I reckon, so that his story sounded meshy. Anyhow, the new conductor, who came aboard at Ogden, couldn't see the chained sleuth's story. He was certain that the hobbled detective was really the prisoner, and so he unlocked him and turned him over to the Ogden constabulary. The fly cop had to stick around in the Ogden calaboose as a prisoner until the Ogden authorities got a wired description of him from the police of the town where he worked, and then he was turned loose."

"I'd sure have hated to report back to Byrnes after having been treated in that manner by a prisoner," says the retired Headquarters man, "and I can see the look in the Byrnes lamps right now if anybody on his staff had limped in with a tale like that."

"It ain't all wine and song, nor hot coffee and doughnuts either, this thing of fetchin' a prisoner in. The detective who's got a man to fetch in, no matter how long the railroad hike may be, has got to have a certificate of membership in the sleep flagging and bed hatin' association, that's all."

"There was a time away back yonder before the lags all got so foxy when you could ask him: 'Bill, are you going to be good or airt?' and take his word for it if he gave you the up and down nod, but that time fitted out even before I backed out of harness."

"Down in Mobile a few years before I quit I snagged one of the most scientific scratchers that ever kicked big money paper around this seaboard. He consented to return to New York with me without the extradition papers."

"I'm plumb tired of all this duckin' around," he said to me, "and I'm going to plead guilty, hand the book on the bench the gaselle gass and try to swing him, say, for a three speaker or something about as light and gay as that. Then after that I do my best to get going to fix the scratchin' stuff. There's nothin' in it."

"Nice, hitting line of Epworth League conversation, hey? Of course, though, I pretended to gulp it as he sifited it out; why not?"

"And what's more," he went on, handing me the winsome peek out of the corner of his eye, "you'll be doing the real chummy thing if you don't hobble me on this run to the big town. The chill of the wristlets gives me rheumatism in my forearms. I'll be good all right, I sure am going to be nice and good, but I'll take my word with you over myself, so you needn't bother about me."

"'Won't that be grand!' says I, and I snapped the cuffs on him."

"That didn't prevent me from fastenin' one of the cuffs to my own wrist after we boarded the northbound train at Mobile. It was a day over to the start of a week, and I was making a dive out at a sloup, when he made his bid at a sloup, nearly the whole pulp, male and female, in every branch of the creek business."

"As soon as I piped her I pretended to be a day over to a dose, and from the lightning exchange of glances between her and my man as soon as she located him I saw through the slits of my eyes that she was there for the start of a week, and I had a wire from the creek 'ol his pals as to the train he was riding on."

"She plumped herself into the vacant seat right in front of us—we were in the last seat in the car—and then, curious to see what she thought she was going to do, I started in to snore real hard. The train was hardly a mile out of the station when she got on her feet, without stirring in her seat, she snatched my scratcher over the back of her seat a bunch of handkerchiefs, which he nelled quickly with his loose hand."

"Giving me a good look over and dopping it that I was as good as temporarily dead he began to try the keys that she had slipped him—on his own cuff, of course, as he was there for the start of a week, I wanted that chance to use both hands."

"He was just rising to his feet when I put him to the bad with the best I had in

# THE APTHORPS

## This Is How Truman Apthorp Lost the 'Tater Knife and How He Got It Back.

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"I assured the driver that I had seen no account of the incident in any newspaper I had read, though I read a lot."

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# COYOTES KILLING GAME.

## Deer and Grouse Their Prey in Western Colorado.

Coyotes in such large numbers that they threaten to destroy all of the deer and other game in the vicinity of Hot Sulphur Springs are reported by Frank G. Stanley, who yesterday appealed to both the State Bureau of Child and Animal Protection and the State Game and Fish Commission to take prompt action in preventing the coming Legislature to provide a bounty on coyotes throughout Colorado. These State departments have agreed to cooperate to secure such a bill.

"During a recent heavy snow the coyotes straggled down and killed thirteen helpless deer within ten miles of Hot Sulphur Springs," said Mr. Stanley, "and fawns stand no chance at all with the ravenous brutes. On every side can be seen feathers of grouse and sage hens which tell the story of slaughter, and although there are pheasants in almost every other part of the State the coyotes have completely cleaned them out in our county. There have been a great many beaver near Hot Sulphur Springs and these have been unaccounted for by the settlers. Unless some reward for killing coyotes is offered there will soon be no game left in that section of the country."

# THE AVERAGE DINING CLUB

## STANDARDIZED BANQUETS.

Features of the Invariable Menu—A Banquet of Brown Sauce and Cream Soups—More Public Dinners—Chance for a Gifted Chef.

The number of so-called public dinners in New York has increased out of all proportion to the size of the population. Dining clubs, whether they meet in the most expensive restaurants or in the so-called bohemian resorts, are many, and so devoted are their members to the enjoyment provided that one club organization holds its meetings all through the summer.

Another never misses a Sunday dinner from November to July. One that holds a monthly meeting throughout the year never has less than 800 persons at its 50 cent dinner and is usually able to get a speaker who is, by no means of a modest level of the cost of the meal.

The great increase of the number of strangers in New York is given as the reason for this increase in the number of club dinners. The opportunity to enjoy society for one evening a month or a week, possibly to make acquaintances and at least to feel that they are a part of New York just as are the other public diners that they read about in the papers is an inducement to newcomers to join such organizations.

Few of the clubs offer membership in them an object, nor does the average public dinner in New York make any application of that ground. The food on these occasions is not the strong point. It was the result of years of experience that a habitual diner out who rarely failed to attend every dinner to which he was invited embodied in the following pointed observations:

"Why public dinners should not be better than they are," he said, "I have never been able to find out. Yet it rarely happens, whatever the price may have been, that after the dinner it is impossible to say, 'That was good.' More remarkable even is the lack of variety in the dishes. If every dinner consists of the same number of courses it does not necessarily follow that every one should offer the same dishes."

"Take the average dinner. About the table are hors d'oeuvres that the bill of fare will possibly describe as 'various.' Yet one rarely finds anything else than waterlogged radishes, olives that have faded from their original color by excessive proximity to crushed ice, and so-called salted almonds. A salted almond properly made, dark brown, crisp and shiny like old mahogany, is a thing of gastric delight; but such a result means care and time. The salted almond of the public dinner is a nut that has been dipped into white of egg, then into salt and then kept on the fire so long that it is so warm it burns the tongue."

"After the tempting appetizers there comes the soup. I find after a quarter of a century that a compound described as 'printanire' is the favorite. This consists of a watery bouillon which cannot be warm after it had been paraded the length of a dining room."

"The spring effect that the name suggests is supplied by small round objects that are usually as hard as rocks and which as little taste to the adventurous diner who tries his teeth on them. I suppose the small green balls represent peas while the pink balls are beetes and yellow represent carrots. The only difference is in the color."

"The reckless diner jumps them together and swallows them. The prudent man leaves them untouched. I have seen few persons brave enough to risk eating them."

"Salmon never has nine times out of ten the pink of memory, but always rather pale and wabby looking, more like jelly than fish. Then there is the mayonnaise to give 'f' flavor."

"The 'ol beef 'ol bouaf 'ol bouaf 'ol bouaf, unless the chef is some erudite genius who insists on departing from this time honored dish. It consists of lumps of rather fat pieces of beef and is inserted at intervals, and a thick brown gravy covering all."

"There are certain interesting things about this dish. Why, for instance, should the beef always be so brown, why should the insertions of fat be so hard, and why above all things should the meat be so cold? But all these questions remain unasked in the presence of the deep brown sauce."

"There must be a culinary reservoir somewhere that contains gallons and gallons of this stuff. It is a fact that every dinner table between New York and California. The most expert sidestepper cannot dodge it. It is bound to turn up at some stage of the dinner. It is at the public dinner and it is on the ordinary bill of fare. Great is brown sauce."

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# CONCERNING FIE.

## Bakeries and Restaurants.

"One may not exactly understand," said Mr. Glimmerston, "how a pie made in a bakery or a restaurant can be so home made, and yet one may see in the windows of some establishments signs reading 'Home Made Pies.'"

"It is probably some signs are not intended to deceive, but only to convey that these are pies of superior excellence, such as mother used to make, home made as here used sitting and their origin and their quality."

"And home made is a phrase that may well appeal to all. Happy he who finds it in a sign over a bakery, or when it is set in a sign over a restaurant table."

Little Helps for Avowing Makers.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Our greatest benefactor," said a local manufacturer of awnings, "is the office man who sits and smokes and throws his cigar stubs out the window. At it's the time of year when awnings are up on the big office buildings it is not improbable that the cigar will fall on an awning and burn a row-sized hole."

"Possibly it will fall against a roll of the canvas and burn through several folds. Look at the canvas and you will see the holes of the little round holes that have been caused by the cigar stubs. These holes of course greatly hasten the time when the awning must be replaced. Nearly every office in town has seen this same damage."

### A Club Cocktail

Is a Bottled Delight

—a mixed-to-measure blend of fine old liquors aged to a wonderful mellowness.

Once drink CLUB COCKTAILS and you'll never want the guess-work kind again.

Martini (gin base) and Manhattan (whisky base) are the most popular. Get a bottle from your dealer.

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