THE WOMAN RICE PLANTER'S DIARY

A Santa Claus Party in a Motor Car Out in the Pine Woods.

MISHAP ON A LONELY ROAD

Startling Results Produced by Jonadab's Mixing Roman Candles and a Torch.

CHEROKEE, Dec. 30.—Miss L. has become greatly interested in the poor people out at St. Peter's in the woods and she sent me word that if convenient to me she would come up to-day in her motor and get me to go out there with her to distribute some things which she had collected for them. I was so delighted at her interest that I said it would be perfectly convenient, and though in the back of my mind was the picture of the dining room chimney place all torn to pieces I asked the party to take lunch with me.

So early this morning I sent for Bonaparte and told him he must make some mortar and repair the fireplace and put back the mantelpiece and please to have it done by 12 o'clock so that Patty Ann could clean up the mess and make the fire and be ready for lunch at 1. All of which was done, and by the time the sound of the auto was heard everything was ready but myself.

I had been obliged to contribute greatly to the result and had not time to change my working outfit before they came. That did not matter, however. They brought a huge hamper and basket full of all sorts of nice things. The dear little girl had brought lots of her dresses and shoes all toys! Such beautiful things, Teddy bears and billikins and dolls and animals and clowns. They brought also groceries.

We had our lunch and then I joined them and we went the nine miles in no time. The visit to Louise Moon was most successful. She and her house and children were clean and sweet. That term could not be applied to the biggest boy, about 6, however, as he had been skinning our possums, which were extended on sticks in the little porch.

Then we went on to poor old Mrs. Sullivan and her Dickens-like daughter. She was overjoyed at the groceries and nice things. Her great poverty was very apparent in her surroundings, above all the flimsy garments she wore, but all was clean. The next visit, two miles beyond, was also satisfactory, but alas, the last visit was a shock. Mother, daughter and granddaughter were too dirty for words. I could not help wishing we had not gone there, it was so disappointing.

Certainly nothing could show more their need of help and industrial training. I had only seen them as a rule at church and had no idea this special family was so untidy. I had been to the home two or three times, but I suppose that was not on Saturday afternoon when everything, including ablutions, had lasted over since the Saturday evening before. This last visit rather dampened our spirits, though the little French woman, who had carried a large box of stick candy which she distributed as we went, found something pleasant to say even about that.

When we got back to Cherokee Chloe had a cup of tea ready and the party returned to Gregory. I felt anxious, it being late and cold. They left a large basket of things for me to keep for further distribution. I wish so I could get at the poor Lewis family with some of them.

Miss Chevy, who was visiting Mrs. Sullivan, answered when I asked about the Lewises in a high and righteous voice:

"Yes, Miss Pashuns, they've gone away bag and baggage an' I tell you truly it's a good riddance, Mis' Lewis she acted that ridiklous with them children.

"A man come there one day in a wagon from de up country lookin' for han's to pick cotton, an' he asked me if them Lewises could pick cotton, an' I spoke up an' said, 'Yes, sir, they kin pick cotton every one o' them,' en he jes' drove right to the house an' asked them to go with him en he carried them all off, father and mother and three children, en I'll tell you, Miss Pashuns, it's me that's thankful.

"You see I didn't like no lie; he didn't ask me if they would pick cotton, but he ask me if they cud, an' I up an' says they cud, but I didn't say they's that shiftless that they won't do it."

December 31—Spent this last day of the old year writing letters of thanks and affection and after dark I made up a bright fire, Chloe and Patty Ann having gone away on their Sunday outing, and sat in the firelight without lighting the lamps and reviewed the mercies and blessings of the past year. God forgive me for my mistakes and sins therein, my blindnesses and lost opportunities.

Jan. 2, 1912—The new year ought to fill one with bright anticipations and hopes but somehow I am so weighed down by realities in the shape of bills and accounts which should be paid and for which I see no wherewithal that my horizon seems dark and cloudecapped. I try to keep myself hard at work, as that is the only way to get rid of anxiety.

I am having wool washed to make a mattress, as I need a nice single mattress, and the only way to get it at this moment is to make it. Chloe and Patty are to wash it to-morrow.

I had a letter from a friend referring to an adventure which I had four years ago that I do not think I ever wrote down, so now I am going to do so, for I forget things so entirely. My friend had come from New York to make me a visit of a week. At the end of that time, wishing to be with her as long as possible, I drove her to Gregory in the buckboard to take the train. The train left at 4.30, which in the latter part of December is very nearly dark.

I had taken Jonadab behind the buckboard. When I started on the fourteen mile drive home I felt dismayed, for I knew it would be dark soon. I crossed the ferry with the last light of the dusk and drove on into blackness.

I had only gone a little way, however, when we drove into a forest fire. Both sides of the road were aflame and Ruth at first was frightened, but finding it did not come into the broad, white sandy road she soon enjoyed the illumination so I did.

For about three miles we passed through this brilliant region, and then I saw we were coming to the end of it and would soon be in the darkness again, so I told Jonadab to get out and pick up a good piece of burning wood for a torch and light it, which he did, succeeding in a very short time in getting a long, fat piece just full of turpentine, and just before we left the circle of light he lit it and held it behind so that it gave a very satisfactory path of light just ahead of the horse.

All went well until we came to a turn in the road where we had two bridges to cross and I feared, as they were narrow and without railing, that I might not see well enough, so I told Dab to get out and carry the torch in front until we crossed the bridges. This he did, walking quite rapidly, so that just after we crossed the last bridge the torch blew out; the rapid motion somehow being in front made too much draught. Dab was much concerned, but I said:

"It does not matter now, Dab, we are only three miles from home and I know every foot of the road; get up behind and we will soon be at home."

He got up and we went on several hundred yards, when there was a terrific report and great flames of fire, blue, green and red, passed over our heads. Ruth dashed on, throwing me out on my head, upsetting the buggy, broke loose and disappeared in the darkness. I must have been stunned, for I got up quite confused, found no horse in the shafts and just walked ahead, forgetting all about Dab.

As I walked on I heard the noise of the horse in the woods to the left of the road. I went in a little way and called to her. Fortunately she has always come to my call, and did not fail to do so now. I caught her and led her back to the buggy. I found both traces broken and felt hopeless.

By this time Dab, who must have been stunned too, came forward to help. I gathered all the strings that the resources of feminine apparel furnish and tied up the traces, then without getting in told Dab to lead Ruth off, which he did, but the buckboard did not move. I had no knife to cut holes in the leather, so no string could hold. Still making the effort to secure the two pieces together, I said:

"Dab, what did happen? I never have seen or heard such a thing before. Do you know what it was?"

Dab, stuttering fearfully, said: "'Tis—is—is—is de flah cracker ma—a—a—m!"

"What?" said I.

"Yes ma—a—m, I—I—I buy six roman candles to town en I had dem een my bussom en me jacket button ober dem, en w'en the torch gone out I ben' down en bin a blow um fu make um blaze, en a spaa'k fly un me bussom en set off de roman candle, en den dem blow we up."

There in the darkness three miles from home, with no hope of mending the harness, I laughed until I sank on the sandy road. I could not stop laughing, to Dab's great amazement. Why his nose was not blown off I can't imagine; it had been such a near thing that he was much nearer tears than laughter, and he had expected certainly a scolding from me, and now this totally unexpected and unnatural laughter awed him still more.

When I resumed my efforts I saw far down the road a light drawing slowly near. When it got within hailing distance I called several times before I got an answer. I said: "Please come here, whoever you are. I am in trouble and I want your help."

They seemed reluctant and came slowly. When they got near enough and the light fell on me one man said: "Why, my Lawd, 'tis you, Miss Pashuns?"

"Yes," I said. "Who are you? I don't seem to know you in the dark."

"No, ma'am, you don' know me, but I knows you well. I'se Rastimus en dis is my fren' Joshua."

"Well, Rastimus, I want you and Joshua to fix my harness for me. I've had an accident and I can't manage it at all myself. Have you a knife to cut a hole in the trace, because we can do nothing without that?"

"Yes, my missus; I got a very shaa'p knife, en don't you worry, me en Joshua'll hab um fix korrek 'fo' yu knows it."

And true enough, though their motions were very unsteady and the air was redolent of firewater, in very quick time the harness was tied up in an ingenious and substantial way. Then I asked for the loan of the lantern. This they hesitated about, but when I gave my word that it should be sent to the store the next day with a little note of thanks and an enclosure for each they consented, and I went on my way with songs of praise and thanksgiving in my heart for the many and varied dangers I had escaped. The next day the lantern was duly returned, with a quarter apiece for my knights errant.

January 8—Started on mattress about 10 o'clock and worked steadily until I finished it at midnight. I made the tick on the machine just after breakfast and then had Bonaparte make me a frame just the size of the spring I wanted the mattress to fit. This was not finished until 10 and I was very much afraid I would not be able to finish, but I did by working with only half an hour for dinner. I get so interested in anything I am doing that, it does not matter what it is, for the moment, it is the most engrossing occupation in the world. The wool was beautifully washed, which made it pleasant.

When it came to sticking a needle a foot long throughout the mattress and tying with twine I had to get Jim's willing and efficient help, but that was not until after 9 to-night. I am so exhilarated by the success of my work that I am neither tired nor sleepy and have to make myself stop working and go to bed, when I hope to sleep serenely "clothed in the light of high duties done."

PATIENCE PENNINGTON.

THAT SPANISH PRISONER.

Headquarteps of Organization That Worked the Famous Trick.

Madrid Correspondence London Daily News.

The police of Bilbao have discovered an influential organization the members of which have been engaged in working what is known as the "Spanish prisoner swindle."

The concern was conducted like a big commercial undertaking, there being a managing director, a staff of employees, ledgers and classified correspondence. The concern has ramifications all over Spain, each provincial capital having a branch and office with a subdirector and a special code for the transmission of secret messages.

There are workshops for the making of the false seals, which were used to give an appearance of genuineness to counterfeit documents like court orders and magisterial decisions.

Owing to the concern having an excellent espionage service the chief operators of the swindle got warning in time of the intended action of the police. The general manager had an automobile always ready at his disposal, and availing himself of this he crossed the frontier into France. Only subordinates and a caretaker were arrested.

Lost Quarter Caused Fire.

Zanesville correspondence Cincinnati Times-Star.

While working in a haymow a small son of Jerry Gregory of Byesville lost a quarter. He struck a match to look for the missing coin, and as a result his father's barn and two valuable horses were burned. The barn of Robert Snowball, next door, was also burned and the entire town was threatened.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Earning Their Salary.

I read in the paper that Jonathan Mear,
Who's head of the Charlotte Russe Trust,
Gets thirty-five thousand as sal'ry each year.
And thought to myself, How unjust!
Some folks are the fav'rites, I grumbled, of fate
And plums tumble right in their lap;
Those people are crazy, I bet he's dead lazy—
I wish I could find such a snap.

'Twas not long before the acquaintance I made
Of Mear's secretary one day—
He said, "Lots in life with the Boss I'd not trade,
No, not if I got twice his pay.
He's down every morning at eight on the job,
He never gets home until ten,
He'd think it a crime for his lunch to take time—
He gets through the work of six men."

Again, I was told twenty thousand in cash
Was paid to a fellow named Bunts,
Just simply for floating a business, devoting
His time to the work for six months.
I felt as though I had been unjustly used,
It seemed like a personal slight
To think he should get such a sal'ry and let
Me work for a pittance, a mite.

Now, chance and propinquity brought it about
That I, somewhat after this, wed
The daughter of Bunts—I discovered at once
The folly of what I had said.
My father-in-law slaves twelve hours a day,
And half of the night often steals
I wouldn't, no, sir, change with him. I prefer
My pittance and time for my meals.

WILLIAM WALLACE WHITELOCK.

Recompense.

The world's a song that's out of tune
Because we are apart,
And Junetide lacketh much of June,
'Tis snowtime in my heart!
I see the gracious roses blow
Unmindful of their bloom,
The sunshine's dim; I miss you so—
Come! Bring me back my June!

The world's a song, full sweet and true,
For you are here and mine.
And once again the skies are blue,
And happy suns do shine.
Outside I glimpse the winter gloom,
Yet summer I renew.
You robbed me of my rightful June—
Then brought it back with you!

FAITH BALDWIN.

The Drama of the Winter Stars.

Annie L. Muzzey in the Independent.

O splendor of the crystal winter night,
When bold Orion stars the blazing sky,
Belted and armed and poised for valiant fight,
He faces Taurus of the fiery eye.

Close on his track the brave Dog Sirius leaps,
The Unicorn vaults o'er the Milky Way,
And Procyon his faithful vigil keeps
Upon the fight that rages till the day.

The gentle Gemini with arms entwined
Smile softly at the sister Pleiades,
Whose "influences sweet," that none may bind,
Are infinite as the eternities.

Northward young Perseus, flushed with victory
Comes with the trophy of Medusa's head.
But rests not till his loyal sword sets free
Andromeda, chained to her rocky bed.

Eastward King Leo, rising in his wrath
Bears up the sickle with its golden light,
To cleave a way on the Ecliptic path
To the fair Virgin of the summer night.

Pacing forever on his polar round
The Great Bear watches the celestial plan
Unconscious that his plodding feet are bound
By an attraction that he must obey.

So we, firm planted on our rolling star,
Heed not the subtle change of time and place,
Unmindful, while we gaze on worlds afar,
That we with them are wanderers in space.

But this we know: that tho the heavens fall,
By Power Omnipotent our way is spanned;
That the Creative Love doth hold us all
Secure within the hollow of His hand.

JOILET, ILL.

To a Dumb Girl.

From the Somerville Journal.

I see you sit, so fair and sweet,
Whose voice is never heard,
A maiden paradox, who thinks,
But never says a word.
The eyes alone their language speak,
And blushes come and go,
Most eloquent, beyond a doubt,
Could we their meaning know.

I see you watch the other girls,
All voluble and gay,
You yearn, I know, to understand,
You wonder what they say
And as they chat of this and that,
To praise or to condemn,
While you sit silent, fair and sweet,
How you must envy them!

To Jane Austen.

From the Saturday Review.

It would be strange beyond the thoughts of men
If in that Day when all our work is tried
Some glorious intellect superbly wide
Should bow before your limitations then;
For, if your genius longed with freer pen
To do the things that truth in you denied,
Your faithful fear o'ermastered all beside,
Nor dreamed of praise in worlds beyond our ken.

Yet is your life a beacon calmly clear,
Of pure unselfishness and honor true,
Too true to clutch at satisfaction here;

And I should like to pay a tribute due
Even more for this than for your witty cheer
And hours of happy laughter spent with you.

E. MARION DURST.

The Man o' the Hills.

From the Denver Republican.

The Man o' the Hills roams through the trees
With his burro and gun and pick,
And always upon the mountain breeze
Comes the sound of his hammer's click;
He has followed his quest for forty years
With an ardor that never chills,
And ne'er has his face reflected fears—
Hope dwells with the Man o' the Hills.

The Man o' the Hills is old and gray,
And his figure is worn and bent;
The veins in his trembling hands all say
That the flame of life is near spent;
But still his campfire twinkles bright
Where the wind from the snowpeak shrills,
And still he sits with his pipe alight
And dreams in his wondrous hills.

The Man o' the Hills will some day fall
To turn to the slopes so grim,
And the peaks that gleam like a fleet of sail
Shall never again see him;
But ever, where shone those vagrant lights,
Where ever vision thrills,
The winds that hurtle from off the heights
Shall mourn for the Man o' the Hills.

My Boy.

From the Chicago Record-Herald.

My boy, you cease to come at night
To gladly climb upon my knee;
Your childhood days have taken flight
And soon you will be leaving me;
I may not greet you with a kiss
Lest I your manhood should offend,
But, oh, my boy, remember this:
That I remain your stanchest friend.

Your work is waiting for your hand,
The world will call to you ere long
To serve or to assume command,
To show if you are weak or strong;
Upon the rung your foot is set;
God give you courage to ascend.
But, well or ill, do not forget
That I remain your steadfast friend.

My boy, your playtime soon shall be
A pleasant memory, no more;
But in your need come back to me,
Not pause to knock upon my door.
The world will strive to break your will,
Your trust in sorrow oft will end,
But, come what may, remember still
That I remain your faithful friend.

S. E. KISER.

Seeds of Flame.

From the Boston Transcript.

The scenes of uttermost disaster thrill
With gift divine. The heaven smitten oak
Crashed. Man first quelled his cavern's darkness chill
With brands enkindled by the lightning stroke.

JOHN ELIOT BOWMAN.

A London Night.

From Putney bridge I saw the moon,
The great full moon of vermeil dye,
Drift like a full blown lotus up
The arch of London sky.

And, lo, it seemed to sift its light
Upon the city like a shower,
And then in middle heaven to hang
A great transcendent flower.

And over every tower and spire
Cleaving the clear horizon space
The obelisk of ancient Nile
Lifted its slender grace.

And marking the dark waters coil,
And watching the dusk ripples gleam,
I could but fancy that I saw
Old Egypt's mighty stream.

The lotus moon, the obelisk,
The dim, mysterious river ways,
Their blended magic bore me back
To Cleopatra days.

And Putney bridge and London Town
With all its pulse of joy and tears
Were lost in the abyss of time
Its lapsed four thousand years!

CLIFTON SCOLLARD.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

"Hafed's Dream" was in "Towns's Third Reader," a book now lost to me for more than thirty years. It was used by my mother as a child more than eighty years ago. Hafed (not Hafiz) dwelt in the shadows of the Caucasus mountains with his wife, son and daughter, a happy, God loving and God fearing man. His wife went forth to nurse a neighbor, sickened and died. His daughter died from eating some poisonous berries or herb and his son met some accident and was killed. These things happened in quick succession. Hafed was overwhelmed by his misfortunes, cursed God, then denied His existence and declared the world was ruled by blind and heartless chance, since God would never have permitted such things to occur. Then Hafed had a dream and dwelt for a season in the world of chance, peopled with grotesquely misshapen things called men—just as they chanced to be born. The sun rose and set at all kinds of times—just as it chanced. One man's food was poison to his fellow, or it might at any time be poison to himself—just as it chanced. Vegetation was as grotesque and topsyturvy as the mind of man can imagine. Grass and trees might grow with their roots in the ground or in the air and figs might grow on thistles—just as it chanced. It was the culmination of Hafed's misfortunes. He longed for order. He prayed God for deliverance, and his prayer was answered. On awaking he saw the beauty and wisdom of God's laws, gave thanks and lived a life of devotion. STEPHEN BELL.

The story of "Hafed's Dream, or the World of Chance," for which an inquiry is made in to-day's SUN, can be found in "Sanders's Union Fifth Reader," published in New York in 1867. The name of the author of the story is John Todd. F. T. T.

Referring to the inquiry of A. Cuthell concerning "Hafed's Dream." It is not "Hafed," neither is it "Hafiz," but "Hafed's Dream." This is an article written by the Rev. John Todd, who was born in Rutland, Vt., in 1800 and died in Pittsfield, Mass., in 1873. Dr. Todd was a graduate of Yale College and a prolific writer. He wrote and published over thirty volumes, some of them passing into editions of hundreds of thousands, and some of his works have been translated into ten different languages and his "Lectures to Children" have been printed in raised letters and used as text books for the blind. Among the better known of his works are the "Students' Manual" and "Index Rerum." His works can be found in any public library and "Hafed's Dream" is one of the most popular of his short narratives. This article was written in Oriental style as a fictitious narrative to impress the reader of the great value and justice of the fixed laws of nature, and while it contains only about 300 lines it has impressed many million readers, for it is published in Towne's Fourth Reader, one of a series of readers published by Salem Towne in collaboration with Nelson M. Holbrook, of which millions of copies were sold, this series of readers being popular text books throughout the New England and middle States. I still have a copy of the reader, which can be furnished at once if Mr. Cuthell is unsuccessful in finding the article sought. Appleton's Encyclopedia of American Biography will furnish Mr. Cuthell with all particulars concerning Dr. Todd. GEORGE C. WING.

That is a light casual question the Artillery Major puts you, apparently expecting a short, simple answer. What does he mean by the Colonial period? Probably he intends both the Colonial and Provincial periods, covering the time from the settlement of the country up to the American Revolution. Provincial and Colonial governments were apt to be quite different. We had thirteen original States. They had different charters and each managed its affairs in its own way. So far as Massachusetts is concerned no red coats were stationed here till Andros brought a company in 1686. A book could be written about the British soldier in Massachusetts alone, gradually leading up to the Boston massacre and Lexington. Though the Provincial troops were generally levied by the provinces and paid by them, it does not follow this was invariable. One can find almost nothing in the records about Rogers's Rangers. Though they began service in pay of a province, their force was enlarged and they were taken into the King's service and their records were sent to London. In your answer you refer to four companies of regulars in 1696. These, I believe, were stationed in New York city. What the Board of Trade proposed and the colonies disposed were two different things. In general it may be said that the provinces levied and paid their own soldiers, but sometimes it was done at the command of a royal Governor imposed upon them. M. J. CANAVAN.

How is the grain which is the basis of weight arrived at? What establishes the standard? C. B. S.

The two questions are wholly distinct; one is a study in the history and development of weights and measures, the other deals with the preservation of the standard with the utmost nicety of precision. The grain first appears in the reign of Henry III. in the thirteenth century, and it was then just what the name implies, a grain of wheat. The law established that 32 grains of wheat should make a penny, 20 pence should make an ounce, 12 ounces should make a pound; this was the Tower pound which remained official until the middle of the fifteenth century. There was variety in wheat grains, but the penny was less variable and served as a check on the weighing. From that beginning there has been a long series of attempts to standardize the weights and to provide means for the recovery when the standard has been lost, a fate which overcame the standard pound and the standard yard in 1834. The weight standards are now the pound Troy of 5,760 grains and the pound avoirdupois of 7,000 grains. These standards are preserved with great care at Greenwich, and with equal care a secondary and very accurate derivative set are preserved at Washington.

In reply to the inquiry of your correspondent James A. Tanner I beg to say that the lines which I think he has in mind are the following:

"Warm summer sun,
Shine kindly here;
Warm Southern wind,
Blow softly here;
Green sod above,
Lie light, lie light;
Good night, dear heart;
Good night, good night."

These lines, as I understand, are inscribed in the form of an epitaph on the monument of Mark Twain's daughter and were taken by him from a poem written by Robert Richardson, an Australian poet, published in Edinburgh in 1898 in a book of poems by the author under the title of "Willow and Wattles." JOHN A. DELEHANTY.

Richardson's poem bears the title "Annette," and as originally penned the personal theme appears in the closing lines:

"Good night, Annette;
Sweetheart, good night!"

Your answer to the query on the S O S signal in wireless telegraphy last Sunday is possible of some elaboration. S O S is the international distress signal now, primarily because the radiotelegraphic convention of Berlin of November, 1906, decrees it to be so. The rules went into effect on July 1, 1908, though the United States has only recently ratified the convention. It so happens that July 1, 1908, fell just after the collision of the Republic and Florida, which brought such signals to general attention. It was then understood that C Q D was the code distress signal of the Marconi system. The first use of S O S to the writer's knowledge was on the Pacific coast, and its subsequent use was naturally given considerable prominence in view of the great benefit both signals have been in saving life. DENYS P. MYERS.

In 1863 there were some pennies in circulation which had on the back of them "Not one cent" and some of them had Army and Navy and some also had the coat of arms on them. Can you tell me if they were issued by our Government or were they counterfeit? E. F. S.

They are "hard times tokens," issued by private brass founders for merchants who suffered from the lack of real money. They passed in ready circulation until the Government was able to provide a paper currency in shinplasters of low denomination.

In preparing a turkey for the oven should any onion be put in the stuffing? F. P.

'Tis hard to conceive of a turkey properly clad when the dressing does not include the onion until the cook is moved to tears. Its case is on all fours, if that be applicable to bipeds, with the goose, and of the goose a lickerish bard hath sung:

Oh, it is my opinion
That stuffed with sage and ingun
No bird that flies
Is half so nice
As a goose with sage and ingun.

The song "I ought to love my mother," which was sought for the benefit of a granddaughter who hopes to be a "sing lady," may be found in "The Sabbath School Bell No. 1," published by Horace Waters in the '60s. The music was arranged by Mr. Waters. M. V. BISHOP.

SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Auction Bridge. D. J. C. says: The declarer plays twice from his dummy to the same trick, but the error is not discovered until the end of the hand. The mistake made no difference in the result, but the adversaries seem to think there might be a penalty for it.

Dummy is a card short, but as he is not responsible for any revokes, there is no penalty lying against him. Had the error been discovered earlier, the declarer could have searched the tricks for the superfluous card and restored it to the dummy hand. As the hand was played out without the error being discovered, there is nothing to be done.

J. O. P. says: We have a dispute over the policy of this bidding: Dealer, Z, bids one lily. A on his left two clubs, Y says two lilies. B and Z passing, A goes three clubs and Y overcalls with two no trumps. The question in dispute is, should Z, who bid the lily to start with and has not a club in his hand, overcall the no trumper with three lilies, or has he a right to assume that Y has the clubs stopped, as he called no trumps over three clubs?

In the absence of any information as to the value of a lily in this game, which is not as good as two clubs, and two of them not as good as three clubs, it is hard to say what the bidding meant, but it is clear that it would take about twice as many tricks to win the game in lilies as it would in no trumps, so Y was right to shift, and Z would be foolish to go back to a cheap make if there is any chance to win the game at no trumps. How three lilies would overcall two no trumps is a mystery, for all that.

L. C. says: We are playing on the Street system, and the score is love all. My partner deals and calls a diamond. I hold the ace and queen of diamonds with four small ones, ace and three small spades, ace and two small hearts, but no clubs. I pass. Fourth man bids two clubs and my partner passes. He bets I should have gone no trumps, instead of which I went two diamonds and overcalled three clubs with three diamonds, but we failed to go game. Without telling what my partner had we should like your opinion to settle the bet, the only question being my declaration.

No trumps, unquestionably. The most your partner can have in diamonds is king, jack, ten to four or five in the suit and he would not make such a call without an outside ace. The only ace he can have is the club. Six diamonds and three aces is three by cards and the game.

C. M. P. says: Dealer starts with a spade, A passes, Y says two hearts, and B says, "Two hearts—no, I mean two diamonds, but two is not enough, so let it go. I pass." Z objects and says B's bid must stand. The question is, what is his bid?

There is nothing in the laws to cover a case in which a player names two suits; but as hearts is the suit first named, B can be held to have big three in hearts, as that is the number of tricks necessary to overcall two hearts. He certainly cannot pass after naming a suit, unless the adversaries choose to ignore his bid altogether.

J. T. S. says: If the dealer shuffles after the cards have been cut, what happens?

They must be cut again.

Euchre. B. N. says: Three of us are playing for a dollar a corner, when B, who wants one, and C, who wants two to go out, euchre A. Should the stakes be divided between B and C, or does B get it all, as he was the nearer out before the euchre.

The stakes are divided, as both go out together.

Cribbage. M. T. J. says: Playing two hand, A to lead, the cards fall 4 2 3 5 4. The first run of three for A is admitted, also the run of four for B, but he disputes A's right to a second run of four.

The run is correct, as the four cards necessary to make it are there without getting back to the duplicate four, first played by A.

Dice. H. McH. says: Is there any standard pattern for dice, or may the pips be put on in any manner the maker pleases?

All fair dice must be made so that opposite sides add seven, and when the ace is on the top and the six on the bottom, the order of the four sides must always be 2, 3, 5, 4. When this order is not followed it is usually for the purpose of enabling a sharper to distinguish his loaded dice from fair dice.

Again. If in a throw at poker dice, one die lies tilted against the box, is it at the option of the caster to throw it over again, or can he remove the box and let the die settle on the counter as it will?

Neither. All the dice in that throw must be taken up and cast again.

A. K. P. wants to know what the odds would be in craps against a caster throwing both 6 and 9 before he got a 7, and he wishes the calculation explained.

When it is desired to find the chances of two events happening the odds on one must be multiplied by the odds on the other. To illustrate by an experiment that any person can make: Lay out four aces and bet that you cut the ace of clubs twice, shuffling after the first cut. It is a 1 to 4 chance that you cut it the first time. If you get it, and the cards are shuffled again it is still a 1 in 4 chance for the second time. Therefore we get $\frac{1}{4} \times \frac{1}{4} = \frac{1}{16}$ or 15 to 1 against it.

This can be easily proved by writing out all the ways the two cuts would come and demonstrating that there are 16 of them, of which only one is two clubs. In the dice the chance to get a six is 5 in 36, and to get a nine 4 in 36. Multiply these and we get

$$\frac{5}{36} \times \frac{4}{36} = \frac{20}{1296} = \frac{1}{64\frac{4}{5}},$$

or about 63 to 1 against getting these two throws, while the chance of getting a seven remains at 5 to 1.

Set Back. M. C. I. says: The score is A 3, B 7 and C 9. A gets the pitch, but makes nothing, B getting high low game to C's jack. Who wins if the game is 10 points?

The points go out in order for the non-bidders, high, low, jack, game, so that C wins, as B cannot get to 10 points with his game until C has had his turn to count his jack, which puts him out. Many players make the mistake of thinking that the player who gets high goes out when it is a tie, but this is an error.

Poker. G. T. A. says: A opens a pot and B comes in. The opener makes a bet, but B declines to see it, so A shows a pair of queens as his opening qualification. B bets he must show up all five cards.

If B wants to see how A draws to openers he must call A's bet, otherwise all he is entitled to see is the opening qualification, and he may also look at A's discard, which is under the chips in the pool. It is only when an opener draws no cards and therefore pays no more for his five than any other player in the pot that he is obliged to show the whole hand.

U. R. C. says: Five men in a game, A opens and all stay, last man, E, raising. On the draw E is pat. The opener bets and E is the only caller, whereupon A lays down an ace full. E says: "That's good," and throws his cards in the discard, face down. A demands to see the hand on which E stood pat.

It is not the hand on which E stood pat so much as the hand that was in the call that must be shown. Any one at the table may demand to see E's hand if E called A.

Pinochle. F. W. says: A starts to lead trumps, and on the second round B renounces, but turns out later in the hand to have a trump. A calls attention to the revoke and demands a new deal. B bets there is no new deal.

B is right. The penalty for a revoke is that the player in error loses his entire score for cards on that deal, so that all he can count is his melds.

J. F. O'H. says: Playing two hand, A lays down the trump sequence for 150, letting the marriage go. On the next trick he wins he lays down a new king for the 40. Is this allowed, and if not why not?

The new king is of no use without a new queen, because the queen having been used in a meld of higher value, but in the same class, cannot be used again in that class.

J. H. says: Playing auction, A buys but is set back, B declares out, and on counting his cards is out. C also counts and finds he is out. B bets he wins because he was the first to call out.

If B called out during the play or before touching his cards for the purpose of counting them there was no necessity for C to count at all because if B was right he won and if he was wrong he lost the game right there.

W. J. C. says: How do you count the king and queen of each suit and what difference does it make if the ace ten jack of trumps are added, the game being three hand?

The melds are always the same in pinochle, no matter whether it is two hand or three hand. It takes five melds to score all there is in the four kings and queens, 80 kings, 40 marriage, two more marriages for 20 each and then 60 queens with the last queen. By adding the three trumps you get 150 more, or 370 altogether.

Pinochle. W. M. G. says: Two hand, A melds the dix, but does not exchange it for the turned trump. B wins the next trick or two, and then A regains the lead by winning a trick, whereupon he exchanges the dix for the turned trump. B bets this cannot be done, as it was not done at the time of the meld.

The meld and the exchange are two distinct things. No one is obliged to meld the dix and the ten points are often sacrificed. Neither is a player obliged to exchange, but the laws say the exchange may be made "at any time." Of course A ran the risk of B's getting the other dix and taking the trump away from him, but as long as the trump is there and A has a dix to exchange for it it does not matter when he takes it.

J. L. says: A bets that if he turns a dix in two hand, wanting only ten points to go out, he wins the game. B bets he must win a trick to make the meld good.

It is not a meld. It is ten points, so A is right.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Douglas Taylor, since the death of John Bigelow, is probably the Nestor Democrat of New York city. In the fund of anecdotes of eminent Democrats whom Mr. Taylor met on intimate footing is one of Samuel J. Tilden. "Mr. Tilden," said Mr. Taylor, "had one remarkable characteristic. It has been brought to my mind by recent stories in the newspapers telling of physicians' bills sent to the executors after death. After Mr. Tilden's death a bill was sent to his executors by a well known New York dentist for $150,000. As I recollect the settlement of that bill, it was for $75,000. I believe it was a perfectly just settlement from what I know of the circumstances and the character of Mr. Tilden concerning the payment of bills. That bill represented Mr. Tilden would never pay a bill if he could possibly avoid it. He wouldn't pay a shoemaker or a tailor or a haberdasher or any other person to whom he owed money unless forced to do so by threats of suits. Even then he wouldn't pay, but in the course of time he would direct one of his secretaries to settle. He was constitutionally opposed to the sight of a bill. He wouldn't look at one. If he saw the heading of a bill he would crumple it up and fling it on the floor. And yet Tilden was a thoroughly honest man, and in time everybody was paid. He had an unspeakable aversion to the sight of a bill, to the payment of a bill, and very often his personal expense accounts were fearfully tangled. When that bill for $150,000 for dentistry came in his executors were astounded, but on investigation they found that if they paid half of it it would about square the account. Take Tilden, though, in a law case and he was methodical and precise to a degree. He simply wouldn't be bothered with bills concerning his personal affairs. On the other hand, he was very stout for sending his bills for legal fees and insisting upon prompt payment, and he left a fortune of millions. It must not be understood that Mr. Tilden paid cash for his personal wants, for he never did. It was so well known that he was wealthy that credit was never refused him, even though all hands knew that he was mighty poor pay."

There was a very exhaustive discussion several evenings ago in which Democrats and Republicans and men of business joined concerning the continued prominence of Col. Roosevelt in the newspapers. The majority believed that the newspapers should not continually print Col. Roosevelt's doings, on the supposition that he managed to keep things stirred up and uncomfortable, both in political and business circles. A newspaper man present at the gathering explained that Col. Roosevelt's doings and sayings were news, and that it was the function of a newspaper to print the news, especially the news concerning a man of Col. Roosevelt's prominence. One of the business men spoke up and said: "I believe the newspapers should continue to print every little act of Col. Roosevelt's. My suggestion to that effect is supported by the old treatment for the cure of drunkards. You know the old treatment consisted of making the inebriates positively and utterly sick of the smell and taste of alcohol. For instance, for breakfast in the morning the inebriate seeking a cure for drunkenness was given a smashing drink of whiskey, whiskey was put in his coffee, and his fruit, rolls, eggs and bacon, and even the cereals were saturated with whiskey. At first the drunkard didn't understand this munificence in the whiskey line. He rather liked it. But when that treatment had gone on for a week and had been repeated for luncheon and dinner every day he became so sickened at the taste and smell of whiskey that he was utterly nauseated. It was an abomination to him. He hated to go to the table. He hated the sight of his food. But he got that and nothing more until he was ready to take a lifelong pledge for the sake of getting away from it. Then they gave him drugs to quiet his nerves and put him to sleep. Sometimes they didn't do even that, but let him recover as best he might by giving him unsaturated food and coffee or tea.

"Just so," continued the merchant, "if I owned a newspaper I would become a veritable Jenkins concerning Mr. Roosevelt. I would print when he turned out in the morning, every bit he ate, indeed the most minute details of his daily life. As for his speeches, statements and interviews, I'd print every line, period and comma of them. You'd find the people of the United States would become so nauseated that they would demand a cure consisting of absolute silence concerning the Colonel, and on his part as well."

The Republican national committee at Minneapolis in 1892 was controlled several times by both the friends and foes of President Harrison. The friends finally gained positive control of the committee and were thus able to renominate Harrison. Most national Republicans with whom you speak nowadays feel that there is danger of a similarly muddled condition of affairs at the Chicago Republican convention on June 18. Without the slightest doubt the Roosevelt men are to attempt to control the committee and thus prevent at the start President Taft's renomination. The President's friends are thoroughly aware of this proposed effort.

Many Democrats hereabouts have had interesting thoughts since Senator Thomas Francis Grady's funeral. The burden of these thoughts as expressed by them was the thousands and thousands who attended the funeral. Nearly all had read of the many criticisms to which Senator Grady in his lifetime had been subjected, but it was evident that these criticisms had not the slightest effect on the thousands and thousands who knew Senator Grady personally, and who expressed the most affectionate regret over his death. Then the thought took this line as suggeseed by the following inquiry, "How many men and women will attend the funeral of Grady's most pronounced critics?" Usually, in New York city especially, where men are given over to the whirl of a hurried life a large attendance at a funeral is especially indicative of profound regard. The verdict was that the severe critics of Grady lacked that human element which Grady possessed to a very marked degree.

As a matter of fact, the two largest funerals in recent years were those of Senator Patrick Henry McCarren of Brooklyn and of Senator Grady of Manhattan. Even to this day Brooklyn Democrats speak of Senator McCarren's funeral. The City Hall bell tolled for him. It had not tolled for a public man in many years. Then it was almost impossible to get within a block of the church where the funeral services were held. In constituencies like those of Senator McCarren and Senator Grady folks do not attend funerals, it was insisted by those who spoke of this subject, to gratify a morbid curiosity; they attend these funerals because of their real affection and admiration and a desire to express their affection and admiration for the deceased. And yet Senator McCarren had as severe critics as Senator Grady. But they both lived close to their people, who would not believe one word against them.

The same remarks as the foregoing, it was stated, apply to the late Patrick Keenan. His memory is still fresh and green among his old constituents. His funeral was also an evidence of the affection and regard for him, and yet as a matter of fact Keenan had few if any critics. But he was never in the limelight of political affairs to the extent of McCarren or Grady.

The very latest report in Democratic national circles is to the effect that New York and Ohio are to join hands in selecting a Democratic candidate for the Presidency at Baltimore. The delegates from these two States combined will be a tremendous force in the convention.

Commercial travellers who have just returned from Oklahoma and adjacent States tell you that they found little or no sentiment for the nomination of Col. Roosevelt. These commercial travellers have keen minds and it has been their custom for many years to observe in their travels the drift of political sentiment and on their return to New York city report it to their superiors.

Speaking of Col. Roosevelt every reasonable effort and perhaps not a few unreasonable ones have been made to ascertain if the Colonel is to be a delegate to the Republican State convention at Rochester. The Colonel lives in the First Congress district. Does the Colonel desire to go as a delegate to this convention