OLD MAN GREENLAW SORELY AFFLICTED

Persecution by a Fool Proves a Preliminary to a Rival's Enterprise.

FRIENDS RALLY TO HIS AID

And a Way Is Found to Reap Substantial Benefit From Threatened Disaster.

"There's a heap o' things what th' ain't no use tryin' to do, as the Good Book says," remarked old man Greenlaw with considerable emphasis, "an' one on 'em is to show a fool the errors of his ways.

"'Pears like there's some hopes o' 'most everybody but a fool. Don't make no diff'rence what happens 'em, there's al'ays a chanst fo' 'em to get straightened out an' mebbe win a consolation pot what'll put 'em onto their feet again.

"But 'tain't so with a fool. If a man is bo'n thataway an' spends the best part of his life a-cultivatin' of it, like most on 'em does, yo' c'n deal that man fo' parts of a royal an' a pair o' tens on the side afo' the draw, an' then a'ter he's done stood three or fo' raises, an' yo' ast him how many cyards he wants, like as not he'll chuck his ace, king, queen in the discard pile an' draw to them two tens.

"Yo' can't never tell what a fool is liable fo' to do, on'y whatever 'tis the chanct is nigh about 10 to 1 it'll be the wrong thing. Yo' can't never rely onto it fo' a sho' thing, but that's what the chanst is liable to be."

"There's consid'able many on 'em round," observed Jake Winterbottom, as if he was not greatly interested.

"O' co'se they is," retorted the old man impatiently. "There's a heap sight mo' minnies into a trout stream nor there is trout. Reason they're there is so's 't the trout'll have somepin t' eat.

"Sim'lar there's a heap mo' fools put into the c'm'unity by a overweenin' Providence nor there is capable citizens fo' the puppose o' p'vidin' a-livin' fo' them that ain't. I ain't a-sayin' what 'tain't right there sh'd be fools, an' I ain't a-sayin' what th' ain't a pow'ful lot on 'em runnin' round loose.

"What rubs me the wrong way is when some feller 't's al'ays been looked on as reliable, keepin' his end up tol'able even an' maintainin' hisself respectable at th' 'xpense o' th' c'm'unity, makes a fool break all of a suddint an' shows what he reely is.

"'Twouldn't make no diff'rence to nobody else if he done it 'thouten steppin' onto nobody else's feet, but that ain't what a fool most gen'ly does. If he makes a break there's al'ays liable fo' to be a heap o' mischief did, an' there's others is mo' liable fo' to be cut an' injured 'n he is."

It was evident enough that the old man was not in a good temper, and his friends looked at him with interest, but, apparently to his surprise, no one offered a remark. He glared at them angrily for a few moments as if expecting a question, and then, seemingly more angry than before, he produced a cigar from his vest pocket, from which he bit a larger piece than usual to eat before lighting the remainder. When he had it alight, he puffed at it in a vicious way and looked around again.

"Bill Tremaine was tellin' me last night," observed Jim Blaisdell, "what the squir'ls up to his place is that gentle how they done scratched nigh about all the paint offen his front do' tryin to get in the house fo' to——"

"Bill Tremaine's the p'tic'lar fool what I was makin' ref'rence to," interrupted the old man, seeming to have lost control of himself.

"Well," said Blaisdell, with judicial calm. "I wouldn't 'xactly go so far as to say he was a fool 'long o' them squir'ls. If yo' all was to call him a liar, now——"

"I didn't say nothin' 'bout no squir'ls," interrupted the old man again.

"No, but Bill did," said Blaisdell quickly. "He was sayin' how——"

"Don't make no d'ff'rence what he said," declared the old man. "I say he's a fool."

Blaisdell looked at him disapprovingly.

"Yo' all 'pears to be some het up," he said.

"I reckon mebbe yo' all 'd be some het up too," retorted the old man, "if yo'd had th' 'xper'ence I done had recent."

"Them squir'ls sho' is aggervatin' when they gets that gentle," said Sam Pearsall, "but 'pears like th' ain't no sense in lettin' 'em——"

"Quit yo' devillin', Sam," said Bassett, reprovingly. "Mo'n likely Greenlaw 'll bust wide open if he don't get somepin' offen his mind. What's eatin' of yo' all, Greenlaw?" he added, in what sounded like a sympathetic tone.

But the old man looked at him doubtfully.

"I don't reckon none o' yo' uns is liable fo' to lose no sleep 'count o' me bein' afflicted," he said, angrily, "but 'tain,t no mo'n right fo' to let yo' know what a hellroarin' big mistake yo' made when yo' voted fo' Bill Tremaine fo' tax assessor last 'lection."

"Well, Bill 'peared to want the place," said Winterbottom. "Lord knows what he wanted it fo', but he let on he did, an' bein' 's there wa'n't no one else——"

"The Lord don't know nothin' 'bout it," old man Greenlaw interjected. "Nor there don't 'pear to be no reason to b'lieve what Bill knowed his own self.

"O' co'se there's al'ays a chanst fo' a assessor to make a little side money fo' hisself, an' there wa'n't no p'tic'lar reason why Bill shouldn't have it. He c'd 'a' got some f'm me if he'd 'a' had sense enough fo' to see me, same 's th' assessor 's al'ays did afo' now, but bein' a fool, just nach'-ally he never come nigh me till a'ter he done made up his list.

"An' my taxes this year is mo'n $50 mo'n they ever was afo'. If that ain't bein' a fool, what is?"

"Well, $50 ain't no gre't amount o' money fo' a business man," said Blaisdell with a mistaken notion of showing the old man how trifling his trouble really was.

"No," snorted the old man. "Fifty dollars ain't a hellroarin' lot o' money fo' nobody, when it's somebody else what gets did outen it. I was a-sayin' what yo' uns wa'n't liable fo' to lay awake nights, not to no gre't extent, broodin' over my troubles."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Owen Pepper very briskly. "I reckon if yo' all was into a ser'ous difficulty yo' friends 'd kind o' pull together fo' to get yo' out."

He had just entered the room, and breaking into the conversation as he did without the usual introductory remark, he failed to impress the company favorably.

"I reckon," said Joe Bassett, reaching for him, "how yo' all is right. Th' ain't no mo' ser'ous trouble liable fo' to happen to nobody nor to have yo' all settin' round."

But Mr. Pepper had acquired considerable agility by long practice and eluding the big Sheriff's grasp, he stepped up to the bar.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "I reckon mebbe if we was to have a drink——"

And hostilities were suspended.

Moreover, when the nature of the old man's affliction was made known to him, he suggested a remedy. It was made clear to him that the company collectively regarded Mr. Tremaine as an abundantly foolish person.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "I reckon Bill Tremaine ain't no gre't of a fool. 'Cordin' to what I done heer'd 'pears like he's reck'nin' on startin' a s'loon his own self up the levee a piece. 'Pears he reckons to have a poker game in the back room. Mo'n likely he's tryin' to make things onpleasant fo' yo' all, so 's 't yo'd get het up enough fo' to sell out."

"I was a-sayin' how he was a fool," exclaimed the old man, "but I wa'n't a-reck'nin' on nobody bein' so many kinds of a fool all to oncet. 'Pears like he'd oughter have a guardeen app'inted afo' he gets mo' dangerous."

But Mr. Blaisdell suggested astutely that Mr. Tremaine's project so far from being a menace to the community might possibly prove to be a substantial benefit.

"Th' ain't no p'tic'lar 'bjection 's fur 's I c'n see," he said, "to havin' a poker game started 'most anywheres round. There can't be no poker played nowheres 'thouten there bein' mo' 'r less money gathered together fo' the purpose. An' whenever Bill Tremaine 'cumulates enough on it to make it worth while all's we uns is got to do is to go over an' set in. Mo'n likely it 'll be a open game."

"Mebbe 'twill," said the old man doubtfully, "but Bill Tremaine 'd be consid'able mo' of a fool 'n I ever give him credit fo' bein' if he was to let yo' all play into it."

"Well," said Blaisdell grimly, "I reckon there won't be no poker game run nowheres round Arkansas City where me an' Joe Bassett won't be let take a hand if we uns takes a notion to play." And he looked inquiringly at the Sheriff, who nodded in a matter of fact way.

"Well, the Good Book says how blessin's comes in disgust, some frequent," observed the old man thoughtfully. "Mebbe this'll turn out to be somepin' o' that kind. But there's one thing is got to be onderstood afo'hand. If there's anythin' diddin' o' that kind that $50 what's done been put on my tax bill is got to be tooken out first off afo' there's any dividin' the pot did." And after a certain amount of discussion this was agreed to.

Astonishing as Mr. Pepper's theory was concerning Mr. Tremaine's motives, the events of the next few weeks seemed to justify it. Moreover, the new establishment enjoyed, almost from the start, a local patronage which old man Greenlaw had been unable for a long time to attract.

The residents of Arkansas City were not, generally speaking, averse to the game of poker, but there were few of them who were anxious to play at the same table with the four who invariably joined in any game that was played at Greenlaw's, wherefore the money that was brought to town by strangers was the main reliance of the older place. Accordingly, Mr. Tremaine seemed to have opened up an undeveloped field of enterprise, and he flourished apace.

Not long after his prosperity had become apparently assured, Mr. Bassett and Mr. Blaisdell entered his barroom one evening and called for a drink. No one else was in the room at the time except the proprietor, but as the three were emptying their glasses there came a rattling sound from the back room and Bassett remarked pleasantly:

"Sounds like chips, don't it?"

"Yes," said Tremaine, understanding the futility of evasion. "Some o' the boys is playin' poker."

"I reckon," said Blaisdell quietly but firmly, "how if there's a game on I'll set in."

"Well," said Bassett, "I ain't noways anxious fo' to play my ownself, but I'll take a hand fo' comp'ny's sake."

"I dunno's there's any seats vacant," suggested Tremaine, rather nervously.

"I ain't in no hurry," said Blaisdell. "I c'n just set round till somebody cashes in." And he went into the other room, followed by his friend.

There were seven at the table. Two of them on seeing who had come in immediately cashed in, but the others, unwilling to show fear, continued in the game even after the two newcomers calmly seated themselves.

Of the details of the play that followed it would be a shame to tell. No player at the table lacked either nerve or skill, nor was there one who did not feel confidence in his ability to detect any crooked play of any ordinary sort; but despite the caution they displayed it became evident in a short time that no one present was qualified to win at poker from the old man's redoubtable friends.

"There wa'n't no use wastin' time," said Blaisdell afterward. "They was all some s'picious, but 'peared like the cyards come to 'em nachul enough fo' to encourage 'em in the bettin', an' me an' Joe skun 'em alive."

So complete was their victory that Mr. Tremaine was moved to say, as diplomatically as he knew how, while they were taking their final drink that he had no great yearning for their patronage at any future time, but Mr. Bassett removed any doubt that he might have felt as to how his hint would be received.

"Th' ain't no 'bjection, 's fur's I know, Bill," said the big man, "if yo' all is wishin' to run yo' place, 's long's it's run respectable. But th' ain't goin' to be no poker game run in Arkansas City 's long's I 'm Sheriff, 'thouten it's a open game. An' me an' my friend is al'ays liable fo' to set in, f'm time to time, if we knows of a open game anywheres nigh hand."

And Mr. Tremaine understood.

Divided the Spoils.

From the Rockville Center Herald.

L. Wolff of Blake avenue, Lynbrook, is mourning the loss of two fat geese from which he was separated in a peculiar way on Tuesday morning.

An automobile speeding at about forty miles an hour passed through Blake avenue, scattering chickens and other barnyard fowl and leaving a trail of dead. In front of the house of Wolff the car ploughed into a flock of geese, killing several.

A member of the autoing party signalled to the chauffeur to stop after the accident and two young men jumped out of the machine. Each picked up a goose and climbed back into the car, which immediately set out full speed ahead.

"Tough luck," said Wolff when told of it. "I have heard of nervy people, but these autoists do beat anything. They kill four geese and then divide the spoils with me."

POEMS WORTH READING.

By the Sea.

And this is what a billow thought,
A brooding billow of the sea:
"I cannot dream when I was not,
Nor vision when I shall not be.

"The æons vanish at His nod;
The ages melt away like rime;
And if ye seek to know the god,
Time is the god, and God is time!"

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

The Green and Gold Wedding.

The meat grows tough and tougher,
And the boarders have to suffer
On the farm,
And they view the hundred pickles,
And the jam that gently trickles,
With alarm.

The butter's rather salty,
And the bread a trifle faulty,
That's the way!
And it's rather heavy sledding
Till the green and golden wedding
Saves the day.

When the sweet corn comes, all golden,
Every boarder to embolden
To be rash,
For it certainly is prime, ah!
When it weds the tender lima,
Succotash!

CHARLES IRVIN JUNKIN.

Twelve Months Weather.

Remember, as the year began,
How very cold it was in Jan.
Our spirits all began to ebb
When it was just as bad in Feb.
And went a hundred below par
As winter laid its claws on Mar.
Rejoicing then at our escape
We had a fairly pleasant Apr.
And never had a word to say
Against the merry month of May.
Why didst thou pass away so soon
With all thy balmy airs, oh, Jne.
For hasn't it been hot, my! my!
Since we encountered torrid Jy.
Let's hope the thermo. has a jog
That we may have a pleasant Aug.
Although the sun has sometimes kept
Right on the job till after Sept.
But autumn's glories are unlocked,
Its gold and crimson glow in Oct.
And we prepare to light the stove
To warm the chilly air of Nov.
Though in the past I must confess
You've not behaved too well, oh, Dec.
Perhaps when all twelve months have passed
The balance will be fair at last;
So we'll regret to have to shelve
The record made by 1912.

GEORGE B. MOREWOOD.

The Solemn Pose.

From the Denver Republican.

"I feel very, very solemn."—Woodrow Wilson when informed of his nomination.

I feel very, very solemn when the glad news comes to me
That a long forgotten uncle's left a handsome legacy;
Some men would jump, through gladness, but I'm not built that way—
I'm very, very solemn on the brightest, gladdest day.

I feel very, very solemn, and my chin droops on my neck,
When an editor thus pens me: "I am sending you a check
For that little yarn you sent us—please dash off something more";
Some men would dance to ragtime, but I think joy a bore.

I feel very, very solemn when the home team wins a game—
When the horse that I have bet on makes th other nags look lame;
Some men may show their gladness, but I shroud myself in gloom,
And when good news has reached me I'm the saddest in the room.

I feel very, very solemn when the price of meat has sunk;
When my landlord cuts the rental it just throws me in a funk;
Oh, list to one who's tried it, and who knows, good friend, who knows—
There's no pose that is equal to this very solemn pose.

English as She Ain't.

Irg Kellerman Reed in Life.

A manly buoy road fourth won thyme.
His hoarse past buy a would;
Two stray a loan is knot a crime,
Ewe'd due sew if yew could.

He soon be held a buck some made.
Write gently bread was she;
But week she seamed and soar a frayed,
And pail as pail could bee.

He rowed too her four two in choir,
And asked, "What dew eye sea?"
"Fare sir," she side, "my knead is dyer,
Prey paws and sucker me.

"Bowledrobbers am bush awl this weight
Their boulder than ewe guess;
Low, awl the day they steel and sleigh,
Eye flea them in distress."

The buoy herd awl her tail of whoa,
And fourth with razed his seared;
"When eye meat those whom now eye no
Isle beet them well," he roared.

"Be wear there crewel mite," she wales,
"A lass, weave caws to fear;
They clothes a bout us, naught a veils,
Know, nun will piteous hear!"

He concord awl that grate a ray,
Then tolled her what heed dun;
Of coarse she wood knot say hymn neigh,
The blew I'd made he one.

The Teachers.

Edward Wilbur Mason in Ave Maria.

Never a sweet flower idly grows,
Or scatters on the wind;
Out of the ashes of the rose
Spring dreams that warm the mind.

Never a cloud floats lightly by,
Nor withers like a scroll,
But flings a vision from the sky
That lingers in the soul.

Never a linnet or a lark
Breaks Sabbath with a song,
But sends the ear at dawn or dark
Some hymn with message strong.

Never an idle thing at all
In heaven or the clod;
For every beauty, great or small,
Preaches the word of God.

My Proud Pa.

From the Detroit Free Press.

I s'pose the big head bendin' over my crib
Is my pa.
I s'pose that wiseacre whose talk is so glib
Is my pa.
I've not been here long now—my days are but three,
But there's something that even a baby can see,
An' the man who takes all the credit for me
Is my pa.

I s'pose that the man with the hat that won't fit
Is my pa.
I s'pose that that fellow who thinks he's "it"
Is my pa.
He's a little guy, too, but as proud as can be,
An' that wonderful lady an' I both agree
That the one who takes all the credit for me
Is my pa.

I s'pose that the man with that face stretching grin
Is my pa.
I s'pose that that short chap, so terribly thin,
Is my pa.
My ma is that wonderful lady in white,
Her voice is as sweet as an angel at night,
Now I'm next to that proud little geezer, all right!
He's my pa.

Its Sound.

From the Baltimore American.

Does it trumpet like elephants dying?
Does it honk like a Juggernaut car?
Does it baa like a sheep, does it boo with a creep,
Till you're frightened to know where you are?
Oh, what is the call of the Bull Moose?
For soon 'twill be heard in the land.
Doth it roar lion's dander, or like Alexander
When playing his rag time band?

The Poet and the Sunsets.

From the Somerville Journal.

The gorgeous grandeur of the sunsets thrills me,
The brilliant colors and the golden glow,
I think sometimes it must be I'm a poet,
For poets all say it affects them so.
I love to watch the sinking sun's departure
And muse and wonder why it goes away.
It leaves with regularity, I've noticed,
And always at the closing of the day.

It fills my soul with deep poetic feeling
To watch the daily setting of the sun.
I've started several poems on the subject,
But somehow I have never finished one.
But none the less the daily sunsets fill me
With vague poetic feeling and unrest—
Another thing I've noticed about sunsets:
You regularly see them in the west.

Concerning Man's Summer Attire.

The women ask: "Why don't the men
Wear comfortable dress
As women do in summer time
And thus avoid distress?"

To this men everywhere reply:
"We did when we were kids,
But since we've come to man's estate
Our modesty forbids."

W. J. LAMPTON.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Long ago I read a couple of anecdotes showing the ignorance of old time English statesmen. In one of the French wars in the early part of the eighteenth century, some one who knew the unprepared condition of Nova Scotia told the Duke of Newcastle, who managed the affairs of the province, that Annapolis ought to be fortified. "Certainly," said the Duke, "Annapolis must be fortified. Er—where is Annapolis?" When Pepperell took Louisburg in 1745 news was brought to Newcastle that Louisburg, in the island of Cape Breton, was captured, he cried out: "Cape Breton an island! Is Cape Breton an island? I must tell the King." And hurried off and reported the news to George II., who exclaimed: "What? What? Cape Breton an island? What? What? Cape Breton an island?" I thought it would be easy to lay my hands on the memoirs from which the stories were taken, but I do not find it so. Can you help me? M. J. CANAVAN.

These anecdotes are recalled from a volume with the grandiose title "Milleduicia." Despite the name and the ornate binding which seemed to stamp this work as intended to lie for show on the parlor table with an intervening crocheted mat, this volume proved a mine of disconnected but interesting treasures of life and literature.

A few days ago a gentleman from Philadelphia asked through your columns in relation to the whereabouts of the presumed nearest living descendant of Benjamin Franklin. When in business on Park row, New York city, some years ago I frequently met a gentleman of the name of Thorpe, a clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church, who furnished a supply for clergymen during vacation time and incidentally sold books, and also published a book on the silver question in the latest Presidential campaign in which that question was an issue. The address of this gentleman can no doubt be found in the diocesan book of the Protestant Episcopal Church of which I have no recent copy at present. It will probably furnish the name and address in full of the Mr. Thorpe to whom I refer. The features of this gentleman are in remarkable accord with the published portraits of Benjamin Franklin. Mr. Thorpe repeatedly referred to this resemblance and offered a portrait for comparison. ALZAMORE H. CLARK.

Mr. Thorpe was once a familiar figure in Mr. Clark's sociable book shop. The latest clergy list contains no entry with which he can be identified.

And now again, thirsty for authentic information, we humbly come to you in these sultry dog days as to an inexhaustible fount. If "Eothen," as used by Kinglake, is a coined word signifying "from [or "in," or "out of"—which is it?] the East," what are the elements of the coinage? And in what language did he find them? Further, to extend the neology in the same lingo, will you give us corresponding words to go with "Eothen" signifying "From (or "in," &c.) the West," "From the North" and "From the South"? MONTEZUMA & CIE.

Not even in the Greek is the word a neologism, for it is in that language that Kinglake found the title for his pictures of the Levant and Lady Hester Stanhope madly scampering through scenes once glorious. The directive terminations, *then* in the sense of *from* and *thi* in the sense of *in*, are archaic survivals in classic Greek and of extreme rarity apart from this particular stem. In Kinglake's title the meaning is "out of the East," but the Greeks use *eothen and eothi* almost solely in the sense of "at the break of day," that is to say of time rather than place. We have better Greek authority for the similar derivatives "from north, south, west" Borrathen, Notothen and Hesperothen respectively.

A claims that if a child is born in the United States and its father is not a citizen and does not intend to be a citizen, that child is not a citizen of the United States. B claims that any person born in the United States, whether his father was a citizen or not, was entitled to all the rights and privileges of a citizen, and when he became of age was entitled to vote. CHAPEL HILL.

You might go even further and specify that the father not only does not intend to become a citizen, but is expressly precluded from citizenship. Even then the child born in the United States may at the age of 21 elect United States citizenship. That has been settled by the Supreme Court in the case of Wong Kim Ark, whose parents were Chinese who could not be naturalized, yet he was held to be a citizen by virtue of birth in the United States.

Kindly tell me if a billion is one thousand million, or a million million? CAMPUS.

That depends on which system of notation is followed. The French mathematicians introduced the word in the sixteenth century when numerals were punctuated in periods of six figures; at the introduction billion was employed to designate the second power of a million, in other words a million millions. In the seventeenth century it was found convenient to punctuate numerals in periods of three figures and to maintain thereby a decimal system throughout rather than the older system based on involution. In consequence of this change the English mathematicians assigned the designation billion to the period next higher than the million, therefore an English billion is a thousand millions. As showing how modern the name billion really is we may cite Locke, "Essay on the Human Understanding," in 1687, where he speaks of it as a novelty. In this country we follow the English usage.

What American author wrote under the pseudonym of Commodore Rollingpin? HENRY LACEY.

It smacks somewhat of that other gallant navigator Capt. Reece of the Mantelpiece, but it was not really a pseudonym. A volume was published in this city in 1874 having the title of "The Log of Commodore Rollingpin." It was anonymous on its first appearance, but was later acknowledged by its author, John Hanson Carter. So far as discoverable by Allibone and his successor, this seems to have been the author's sole excursion into literature.

Can the editor of THE SUN explain why the heel of a shoe "runs down" on the outside instead of the inside? The wear is ever on the "off" side, never on the "near" side, with either shoe. Why this? CONSTANCE DIXON.

A cobbler of this town who has stuck science to his last denies the fact. He points out the fact that the wear develops from the gait. All such as toe out will bring the first impact of the shoe upon the pavement at the rear outer corners of the heel; those who walk with the foot straight ahead show the wear at the back of the heel. He remarks that another cause lies higher up the leg, the bowlegged wear down the outside of the heels; the knockkneed wear down on the inside.

What was the date of publication of Judge Albion W. Tourgee's "Hot Ploughshares"? A. R. KENDRICK.

1883. His best known book was "A Fool's Errand," published in 1879; his best work was the "North Carolina Code of Civil Procedure," published in 1878.

SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Auction Bridge. H. L. B. says: Z gets the winning declaration at no trumps, A to lead. On the five of hearts, dummy puts the six, B the ten and Z the ace of clubs. A and B make no protest when Z takes in the trick and turns it down. Presently, when Z wants to lead a club and looks for the ace, he turns up the first trick, puts the ace of clubs into his hand and substitutes the jack of hearts in the trick. When he leads the club ace, A and B claim a revoke.

Z insists that as they allowed him to substitute the heart for the club, they waived their claim to a revoke, and that the revoke was not established anyway, as the trick was not turned down by the actual winner of it, and as long as the wrong player turned it down, the revoke is not beyond recall.

There is nothing in the laws that limits the turning down of the trick to the winner of it. A and B probably waited for the lead of the club before claiming a revoke, so as to establish it, as leading to the next trick puts the revoke beyond recall. The trick must be restored as it was when turned down, with the ace of clubs in it, and then handed to B, who won it. It is then B's lead, and Z is liable to the revoke penalty, 150 points.

M. N. V. wants to know whether it will ever be officially settled which is the right name, lily or royals.

Not until the new laws come out, and even then it may be found that both terms are used. The better class of players at present seem to regard royals as the correct thing, and "lily" as bordering on slang.

H. E. M. says: When not playing rubbers, THE SUN seems to advocate giving the winners of a game, or thirty points, 100 in honors. This gives the winners of two games, or a rubber, only 200 for it, instead of 250, and if they get two games to the other side's one, they have only a balance of 150 in their favor, as they have to pay 100 for the game won by the other side.

The count referred to is used only in progressive games, in which four deals is a rubber, and the object is to get all there is in each individual hand, not to win two games out of three. The bonus of 100 points has been found ample incentive to reach thirty points and is not to be judged by the rubber points in the ordinary game, as they are totally different games. The 250 is an assumed value, with no logic back of it, and the 100 for a single game has just as much right to be considered equitable. In some places they take 150 for a finished game, and in the others 125. It has always been insisted that a straight rubber of two games won and none lost should be worth more than the odd game in three, and the score in progressive games has that end in view.

W. H. H. says: Z gets the declaration at three no trumps, which A doubles. On the play Z gets four by cards. What does she score under the new count?

Four by cards at double value is 80 toward game. Then aces as held. Then 50 penalty for making good on the contract after being doubled and 50 more for the extra trick after being doubled.

W. W. W., Jr., says: Z deals and bids a royal. A, sitting second hand, declares no trumps on these cards: H. Q 9 5; C. K 4; D. A K Q 10 8 7; S. A 5. Third hand, Y bids two royals. This is doubled by B, who is A's partner, and Z passes. What should A declare, if anything?

If B is a good player, his double means a sure stopper in spades, which must be both king and queen, and the bids made by Z and Y must be freaks, unless Z has eight or nine spades and Y has three tricks sure in clubs and hearts. A's best chance to go game seems to be to bid two no trumps, as he cannot hurt the royals much if the bids made by Z and Y are sound. B's double looks like an invitation to A to go on. In such cases as these, judgment of the men who are doing the bidding is a great element.

C. H. D. says: I deal and find in my hand nine diamonds, queen high, and the four top spades, on which I bid a diamond. Player on my left doubles, the others passing. As I have a certainty, I redouble. Apart from the result, I am betting this is a good redouble, as it cannot lose.

If you have a certainty, it is a very bad redouble, because it gives the doubler a chance to escape. As it is impossible for you to lose more than four tricks, even if the trumps are all in one hand, you must win three by cards at double value, which is the game, and 150 penalties for being two tricks over your contract. The double may have been made simply to show two stoppers in your suit, and the moment you redouble you let the doubler reconsider and declare something else, in which you may be at a disadvantage, or may even lose the game.

Cribbage. H. M. S. says: Will you kindly count this hand for me: I hold three sixes and a nine with a trey turned up. I peg 24, but my opponent says it is only 18.

Your opponent is correct. Lay out the three sixes in a triangle, and each side will make a pair, 6 holes. Each of these pairs combined with the trey will make a fifteen, 6 more holes. Each individual six combined with the nine will make a fifteen, 6 more holes, or 18 in all.

H. P. says: A and B sit down to play for so much a game. At the end of the sitting A finds that B has counted every game as a double win in which A had not turned the corner. Is this correct?

Lurches do not count unless agreed to beforehand.

Five Hundred. C. H. D. says: A is playing a no trumper to win eight tricks. His long suit is clubs, but on finding he cannot drop the queen in two leads with ace and king he leads the joker and calls for clubs to be played to it. B bets this cannot be done while he has clubs in the same hand with the joker, and that A must lead a club letting the queen make and then trump himself in again.

B is wrong. This would lose a trick for A, who can lead the joker at any time, as it is in a suit by itself and there is no rule to compel a player to keep on leading the suit he starts with. When the joker is led the leader must name the suit to be played to it, and he can name any suit, whether he has any himself or not.

Rum. J. C. T. says: Which is the better way to finish the game when no player has got rid of all his cards before the stock is exhausted?

This seems to be matter of opinion or taste. Some prefer to gather up the discards, shuffle them, and after having them cut, placing them face down for the players to draw from as from the original stock. Others think it better to stop the game the moment that stock is exhausted and to show the hands, counting the pips in each and making the player with the smallest pip value the winner.

Pinochle. H. H. L. says: A has the round trip and the trump sequence and scores 390. B bets it is only 350. Which is right?

Neither, as the value is 370. The round trip is worth 220 and the sequence 150.

LUCK OR NO LUCK?

Relation of Success to Fate and Accomplishment.

In the first place, there isn't any. The slant eyed goddess has long since translated the word into a phrase known to most successful men as the psychological moment. And it is vastly encouraging to hear these same successful men, owners of the great fortunes of the universe, assert that the psycho moment comes at least once to every man.

How does it come? In various ways, but never the same way twice. If you're napping at the juncture when the psycho moment chooses to descend with its bright, glittering promises of swift coming wealth and fame, you have only yourself to blame. You must have the quick eye and the ready brain always on tap; the first to perceive, the second to act.

Quite a while ago there was a young Scotchman who was earning $40 a month and saving $5 a week out of it. His salary had just been raised and it seemed munificent, for he was a telegraph operator in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and it had heretofore been up to him to make $25 a month cover everything. He was sitting at his instrument one afternoon when another young man entered and came over to Andy—Andy Carnegie as he was then. He had a tiny model of a sleeping car wrapped up in cloth under his arm, and he unwrapped it to show it to the interested operator.

"Why," said Andy the proud on $40 a month. "We're going to need those some day in our business."

He mentioned the model to the railroad people, with the result that a couple were ordered for trial. Later the young inventor, whose name was Woodruff, came back to see the telegraph operator who had taken an interest in his model. He was elated over his success and remarked.

"I think you're a pretty good sort, Carnegie. I believe I'll let you in on this."

Andy was delighted. He didn't have the few hundred dollars necessary, but the railroad was willing to help its efficient telegrapher along, and so loaned it to him. It wasn't long before $10,000 came rolling his way, and from that on it was easy. But he knew when his psycho moment had arrived, for it simply screamed at him to buy that stock at any cost. He has had a good many since then, and it isn't on record that he has missed one yet.

Frederick Weyerhaeuser found his in the wilds of an Illinois forest. He was cutting and hauling logs in the employ of a lumber mill which failed soon after and left him stranded with nothing but the idle saws and moss covered walls to look at and ponder. He took a walk down by the Mississippi River one morning and noticed the jam of logs and lumber laden rafts bumping against the shore.

He hadn't any money, but he decided that he would ask the creditors of his old company to rent him the mill for a week and try to cut enough lumber to start a little sawmill of his own in a town a few miles away. The creditors were willing and the saws began humming. The first log that slipped down the river from that little mill pointed the way to a fortune in later days of $200,000,000.

But Weyerhaeuser, the "lumber king of the Northwest," didn't really know his psycho moment when he saw it. He just plodded along in his somewhat slow German painstaking fashion until he found the first few hundred dollars coming in, and like Carnegie, it isn't on record that he has missed any since then either.

A railroad accident occurring to the train which carried George Westinghouse, then an alert young fellow with the inventor's brain and large powers of observation, started him to thinking how such accidents could be averted. Once on the problem it fascinated him. There had been a big smashup, and as he watched the crews struggling with the handbrakes the idea flashed into his mind:

"If there were only some way by which the engineer could brake the train!"

He thought on the question for months with all the force and concentration of his nature, but solution was still distant when one hot day as he was sitting at his desk in the noon hour a little girl entered and timidly approached with a request to subscribe to a magazine. Young Westinghouse, busy and absorbed, but incapable of speaking shortly to a child, hurriedly purchased a copy and turned back to his work.

But the psycho moment had arrived, for in that magazine at his elbow lay the phrase which was to solve the problem of the airbrake. The model had been completed, but the motive power was unsatisfactory. In idly turning over the page Westinghouse saw an account of a tunnel building where the motive power was compressed air. Presto! In a flash he knew he had found the solution.

Chance, accident, fate—what you will—had sent a child into his life to point out the way to a great name and still greater wealth. The airbrake is in use on three continents, and although young Westinghouse realized his psycho moment and tried hard to find the little book agent and raise her above want he never saw her again. Her work was done.

Andrew Carnegie loves to pass on the psycho moment. He passed it on to Charles M. Schwab because that young clerk in the Thompson Steel Works at $30 a month could play and sing in a fashion that appealed to the canny Carnegie soul. He heard him first at one of those clerk social organizations of which he highly approves, and, being charmed with his song and impromptu organ accompaniment, sent for Schwab to come and sing for him at his house. Schwab hadn't the least idea that this was his psycho moment pointing out the turn of fortune's tide, but he played and sang his bravest and so captured Carnegie's liking that he offered him a rung on the ladder which he has since mounted to the very top. It wasn't the song alone, nor was it Carnegie, but the combination of the two at just the right instant did the trick.

Success and wealth are not exact synonyms, although often so considered. Several brilliant stage stars owe their greatest achievements to the psycho moment, as in the cases of Sothern and Mansfield. Young Sothern as a lad made such fairly good sketches of animals that his father was overjoyed and thanked his stars that his son need not be an actor. But shortly after this an opportunity came up for him to take a small part in one of his father's plays and ambition fired him to do his best.

He made a dire failure, forgot the single line he had to say and so aroused his father's ire and pride that he permitted him to give up painting and used all his power and influence toward making his son a successful actor. Sothern's psycho moment was the instant he stumbled falteringly over those eight or nine words he had studied faithfully to obtain his chance.

Richard Mansfield owed his success to a series of happy accidents. He twisted his ankle while dancing and went to New York to wait for it to recover. While there he was offered a small part in "A Parisian Romance." He accepted, as it gave him the opportunity of watching the veteran James H. Stoddart play the *Baron*, the only important role in the piece. Stoddart didn't like the costume he had to wear and finally, in sheer nervousness, refused to wear it or to appear at all.

Then he recalled the eager, intent face of young Mansfield as he had seen it watching him from the wings and sent for him to give him the part. Nobody expected anything, either of the piece or the young actor, but that January night Mansfield saw his life chance waiting. He played the part so superbly that the next morning the newspapers rang with praise both of the play and his work. In one night he had lifted "A Parisian Romance" and himself to fame.

When Oscar Hammerstein, stage manager, impresario, beloved of song birds and theatrical stars, sat in a little dilapidated office some forty years ago, looking reflectively at a sink which had overflown and made the office look like a ship in a heavy sea, he didn't think his psycho moment was about to appear, but it was. He gazed at that sink so long that his partner became worried and looked in to see what the matter was.

But Oscar was busy with an idea and couldn't be disturbed. Finally, he sent for a plumber and explained what he wanted. He wanted a hole punched in the side of the sink so that the water would have no chance to overflow no matter how long the tap was turned on. The plumber listened to this and several other little items, and then astonished Oscar by demanding bluntly:

"Where did you get this idea?"

"Out of my head," retorted Oscar, who was nearly penniless and rather hungry, but whose spirit and raillery never failed.

Then the psycho—appeared.

"I'll give you $2,500 for the idea," announced the plumber; "me to have exclusive rights of manufacture."

"It's yourn," replied Oscar, and the road to fortune had opened.

The pathway to good luck and wealth opened for Thomas F. Ryan when at 17 he applied for a job in the commission house of John S. Barry of Baltimore. Cupid took a hand in the game then and gave him the heart of his employer's young daughter, Ida, whom he married. Then came a first successful venture in Wall Street, then another and still a third. By this time people began to look up when the name of Thomas Fortune Ryan was mentioned and to make joking allusions to his middle name. Since those early days, and his first stroke of matrimonial luck, he has caracoled gayly along the gold highway.

When a certain young man travelling for a big New York house was told to accept almost any offer for a job lot of small articles he had in his sample cases, while on his Western trip, he never dreamed that in those words lay the nucleus of a mighty fortune. He simply put on his hat, took his cases, and with a hearty "All right," stepped aboard the train that carried him to Michigan. There he got off and hunted up a small store whose proprietor was his friend and customer. He swung his case with the job lot of articles into the store and remarked:

"I've got to get rid of this stuff some way. Had orders before I left and they've reminded me of it ever since. What do you think I can do with it?"

The proprietor and he talked the subject over and finally the owner of the store bought the lot. The next day he had out a sign stating that every article in the stock, just purchased from the East would be sold at five cents each. The public jumped at the offer and the counter cleared as if by magic. But when the storekeeper wished to replenish his stock it couldn't be done.

The house had got rid of its job lot and didn't want any more. The chagrined storekeeper was telling his experience to any one who would listen, and one afternoon when trade wasn't very brisk he told it in a grocery store a little distance away. Among the listeners was a young man named Woolworth. He was just a clerk in the store.

You can't hear that name now without realizing just as he did that his psycho moment had come. He borrowed capital and started in selling goods over five cent counters. The scheme failed. Then he introduced the ten cent counter and the plan leaped into popularity and instant success. The right combination had been found and the stores grew.

The psycho moment for F. W. Woolworth had come while he was lounging in a little grocery store listening to the chatter of a group of rather stagnant men. When one pictures the immense building soon to be erected in the heart of New York's business section, declared to be the tallest building in the world, financed wholly by this same Woolworth, it is not difficult to perceive that the critical moment was not ignored.

Luck? "Yes," says brilliant, incisive Maeterlinck. "No," declares Jules Lemaitre. "What we call luck," he says, "is the belief in some equalizing power; an idea born of the innate sense of justice in man." But Prof. Richet of the French Academy of Medicine, reduces the inexplainable word to a formula. "Success," he says, "is made up of intelligence, capacity and luck.

"At chess, talent means 100 per cent. and chance nil; but at roulette chance means 100 per cent. and talent nil. Between these two extremes lie all possibilities. Success taken all in all means, I should say, 60 per cent. intelligence, 10 per cent. industry and 30 per cent. luck. Good luck is an uncertain factor, and the only bad luck I know of is to be born a fool."

Says John G. Saxe:

An' I, from bein' much behind the curtain
An' gettin' often very badly stuck,
Finds out at last there's nothin' so uncertain
As trustin' cards an' everythin' to luck.

Cotton Duck for Motor Tires.

From the Manufacturers Record.

One million yards of high grade duck, to be made from sea island and Egyptian cotton, has recently been sold by a Georgia cotton mill to a manufacturer of automobile tires.

The quality of this material is of the highest grade, used only in the larger tires, the lower grade of goods being available for the smaller tires. One million yards of cotton duck, one yard wide, is a pretty big order to go from one mill to one tire manufacturer.

It illustrates, however, the ever broadening market for cotton and the reason why a big cotton crop has been so promptly absorbed. Every year sees new uses for the South's cotton. Not only is it being used in the manufacture of tires it is likewise used in the manufacture of automobile tops, and the wider the use of automobiles the greater will be the demand for cotton.