SPURIOUS OZARKERS ARE WELL RECEIVED

But Enjoy Only Brief Welcome in Old Man Greenlaw's Place.

MR. PEPPER HELD TO BLAME

For a Serious Misunderstanding That Endangers the Peace.

By DAVID A. CURTIS.

"This here congregation o' talent 'pears to be some like the children o' Israel what's told about in the Good Book," said old man Greenlaw rather mournfully. "Fact is yo' uns is c'nsid'ble like 'em mo' ways 'n one.

"The Good Book says how they was stiff, naked an' rebellious, an' Gawd knows yo' uns is rebellious enough, let alone bein' stiff poker players. I reckon th' on'y reason yo' don't go naked is 'long o' that bein' onfashionable sincet the Dark Ages. Bein' 's that was when the children of Israel was started, didn't make no p'tic'lar diff'rence whether they wo' clo's or not. Nobody couldn't see 'em in the dark.

"But what I was thinkin' of mo' special was when they useter gether 'round the Pool o' Salome. Oncet in a while they'd come a angel what 'd tu'n the water into wine, an' all hands 'd get a free drink. 'Pears like whiskey does yo' uns just as good as wine, but yo' set 'round waitin' fo' a angel just the same."

The old man was accustomed to speak his mind freely at all times, and it was by no means the first occasion on which he had reproached his cronies for what he considered shortcomings on their part, so that this outbreak, albeit he was rather more uncomplimentary than usual, did not stir them to immediate reply. They continued to consume tobacco as if serenely indifferent to his opinion.

Gradually, however, the idea that he intended to express reprobation in some way appeared to seep into their consciousness, and Jake Winterbottom spoke up.

"Yo' all 'pears to be some het up over somepin'," he said gently. "What's ben eatin' of yo' recent?"

"Don't have to be nothin' p'tic'lar diddin' fo' to make a man of incrimination reelize how yo' uns is fritterin' away the days o' yo' youth, as the Good Book says," retorted the old man with a touch of bitterness. "When I was yo' age if business was as dull as 'tis now I'd a ben out into the by-laws an' hedges a lookin' fo' strangers an' c'mpellin' of 'em to come an' p'take o' the feast what's p'pared."

His hearers looked at him as if slightly bewildered. Then they looked at one another doubtfully, shaking their heads with an air of great concern.

"Reckon it's the weather?" asked Sam Pearsall. "Judgin' f'm 'pearances I sh'd say what he 's mo' 'r less crazy with the heat."

"No, 'tain't the weather," said Jim Blaisdell. "I ben tookin' notice of him fo' a c'nsid'able spell recent. 'Pears to me like it's nothin' but old age. I reckon he 's done fell into his adage."

"I dunno what a adage is," said Joe Bassett gravely, "but if he's done fell in he'd ought fo' to be pulled out. 'Pears like he's drivellin' some painful. Th' ain't no hedges in Arkansas City 's fur 's I know, an' I ain't never heer'd o' nobody p'parin' no feast fo' no strangers."

"Ain't they a game ready fo' 'em in the back room?" exclaimed the old man violently. "If yo' uns had th' intelligence of a wild ass o' the wilderness yo' mought 'a' knowed I was talkin' parabolic. But 'pears like th' ain't nary one on yo' what wouldn't set 'round f'rever ruther 'n to hustle fo' players."

"Mebbe if his head was to be shaved he mought come to," suggested Jake Winterbottom. "'Pears like they 'd ought fo' to be some 'xtreme measures took."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Owen Pepper. "I reckon if his head was to be shaved plump off they wouldn't be no sense into it. 'Cordin' to what I done heer'd a doctor say one time they has to be some kyind o' gray matter into a man's head afo' he c'n be 'xpected fo' to have 'ntelligence. Mo'n likely his gray matter's gone blue mouldcd."

The old man grew purple, and reaching for his bungstarter he made at Mr. Pepper, exclaiming: "If yo' 'll has any brains in yo' own head p'pare fo' to have 'em shed."

But Mr. Pepper sat undisturbed.

"Oh, I don't know," he said calmly. "Yo' all was makin' mention o' strangers. I done met up with two on 'em up to Little Rock yesterday what was lookin' fo' a poker game.

"O' co'se they is poker enough played thar, but 'pears like they done got the local talent some timified, bein' 's they was mo' gifted 'n common, an' I was tellin' of 'em how they was mo' scientific poker played in Arkansas City 'n they was anywheres else, so they 'lowed they'd take in Arkansas City next, a'ter they done cleaned up Little Rock.

"Mo' 'n likely they'll have a healthy wad. They done mighty well so fur, an' they was lookin' to clean up a other party last night."

"Have a drink, Pepper," said the old man joyously. "Them sho' is good news. There's times when yo' all 'pears to not know s'much 's yo'd oughter, c'nsid'rin' how yo' has to go 'round alone, but 'longside o' some what's nigh hand, yo' 'pears to be plumb talented. If there's any justice in the 'rangements what's made fo' a hereafter, I reckon yo' all 'd ought fo' to have a 'xtra halo gave to yo'."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper, helping himself with a liberal hand. "I don't 'pear to take no gre't int'rest in haloes. Groc'ries is my reg'lar business, an' I draws down a sal'ry an' 'xpense money fo' sellin' of 'em, but when I takes on a side line, like ropin' in suckers to a poker game, I al'ays looks fo' a c'mission. I reckon all yo' all has to do is fo' to declar' me in on the game 'thouten ref'rence to no haloes."

"Th'ain't but mighty few things what's mo' d'scouragin' to them what's lookin' fo' the betterment o' mankyind, 'n to see sich a graspin' disp'sition as yo' all 'pears to have," said the old man, grudgingly. "I wouldn't be thataway fo' gold an' di'monds. 'Pears like yo all mought be satisfied with knowin' what yo' all is doin' a good turn fo' them what's d'serving of it."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "Mebbe I be, an' mebbe not. 'Pears like that ain't 'mpo'tant, one way or t'other, but I ain't fetchin' in players fo' nothin'. If th' ain't nobody else adoin' of it, I reckon I'll declar' my own self in. An' that goes."

This preliminary being settled, discussion followed of the two strangers who had distinguished themselves in Little Rock, and old man Greenlaw was plainly discomfited when he learned that they were mountaineers from the Ozarks.

"Them Ozarks sho' is ondesirable," he said. "They 'pears to be some like them other swine what's mentioned in the Good Book. 'Pears like they spends their time mostly a runnin' down steep places, mo' 'r less vi'lent. Gen'ly when one on 'em comes in here there's a hellova cleanin' up to be did a'terwards, an' if they is two on 'em to oncet, th' ain't no tellin'."

But to this Jim Blaisdell made a scornful rejoinder.

"I reckon," he said, loftily, "how th' ain't no two players gwine to get away with this crowd, not if I'm a-settin' in the game."

"Well, they is some grounds fo' b'lievin' that," admitted the old man, though somewhat doubtful. "If I didn't think so, I wouldn't be backin' yo' game. But when it comes to Ozarkers they is some 'casion fo' to remember how the Good Book says what a man what's buyin' chips didn't ought fo' to avaunt hisself like him what's cashin' in.

"Anyways, they wouldn't be nothin' lost by havin' a c'mittee 'p'nted fo' to meet these here two when they come, an' kyind o' size 'em up afo' they sets into the game. Th' ain't nothin' like bein' p'pared fo' the wust, an' if they 'm f'm th' Ozarks likely they'm nigh 'bout the wust they is."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Owen Pepper. "I've saw wuss'n Ozarkers afo' now."

It was evident that he felt encouraged to unusual freedom of speech by reason of having established himself, as he reckoned in the good graces of the company by his missionary work. His complacency, however, was of brief endurance. The old man reached again for his bungstarter and Bassett made a quick motion that Mr. Pepper interpreted correctly. In consequence there was an immediate vacancy in the little circle.

The old man was not wholly dissatisfied with this, but insisted with some reason that it was all the more necessary to have the committee he had suggested meet the coming strangers before Mr. Pepper should have an opportunity to confer with them.

"Pepper sho' is erratic," he said, and Bassett and Winterbottom were sent out forthwith to meet the train that was then due from Little Rock.

Some four hours later, the train having arrived as punctually as usual, they returned to the saloon with two strangers whom old man Greenlaw regarded with mingled apprehension and astonishment.

They were citizens of entirely ordinary appearance, who seemed themselves considerably surprised by the attentions that were shown to them and more or less doubtful as to the meaning of their hosts. When they were invited to liquor, however, they showed presence of mind sufficient to avail themselves of the opportunity.

"They uns 'pears to be c'nsid'able onusual fo' Ozarkers," said the old man in a cautious undertone to Winterbottom during an awkward pause, and Winterbottom nodded. He too was puzzled.

As no one else seemed inclined to lead up to the subject that was uppermost in his mind Jim Blaisdell broached it.

"We uns is done heer'd c'nsid'able o' yo' uns' diddins up to Little Rock," he said, pleasantly. "'Pears yo' done tol'able well into the poker game."

"Well," said the elder of the two strangers, "I dunno but what we did, c'nsiderin'. O' co'se we didn't break even. Mebbe that wa'n't to be 'xpected, but we didn't leave no gre't amount behind when we come away."

He spoke somewhat hesitantly, and to his evident surprise his hearers laughed heartily. They well appreciated the subtle humor which the reply seemed to indicate. As a tribute to it old man Greenlaw immediately proposed another round, and again the strangers demonstrated their gumption. It was evident that they were not destitute of intelligence.

When Blaisdell, however, proposed that they should play a little more poker they showed no such eagerness as might have been looked for.

"We uns was reck'nin' how we wouldn't play no more this trip. 'Pears like we done had nigh 'bout enough," said the younger man when the elder appeared doubtful. "O' co'se," he continued, waveringly, "luck mought change. Th' ain't no tellin'."

Old man Greenlaw was greatly disgusted, and took no pains to conceal the fact.

"Th' ain't no mo' soul destroyin' vice 'n avarice," he said, indignantly. "Them what quits, 'long o' havin' enough, ain't no reel spo'ts. Mo' 'n that, the time to play is when yo' is on velvet. If yo' lose, yo' ain't no wuss off, an' yo' stand a chanst o' gettin' rich an' respectable into a single settin'."

"That sounds reas'nable," said the elder stranger, "an' if we uns was on velvet they wouldn't be no question o' settin' in. Fact is, they done us up some onexpected up to Little Rock an' we was recknin' some clos't on havin' enough of a wad fo' to get back to Girardeau."

The old man's indignation increased.

"Does yo' all p'tend to say what yo' ain't Ozarkers?" he demanded. "Yo'd oughter know what they's laws ag'in goin' onto a man's premises under false p'tences. What oughter be did with yo' uns is to put yo' in the calaboose."

"We uns ain't said nothin' 'bout th' Ozarks," was the spirited reply. "Th' on'y Ozarkers we knows anythin' 'bout is them two hellyons what done us up in Little Rock. I reckon it was some lucky fo' us what we founded out they was Ozarkers afo' we was plumb broke. O' co'se we done pulled out soon as we knowed it. Th' ain't nobody but the devil hisself what c'n hold his own playin' ag'in Ozarkers."

"Just what I al'ays said," exclaimed the old man. "An' that's what makes it all the wuss fo' yo' uns passin' yo'selfs off onto we uns fo' Ozarkers. Best thing to do is fo' yo' to get onto the next boat up the river afo' yo 'gets locked up."

And he hustled the luckless strangers into the wide outside without further ceremony. No great amount of violence was needed to accomplish their removal, but he seemed to find some emotional relief in displaying it, so that he panted considerably after they had gone.

"I reckon that there Pepper person won't find it safe fo' to come in here no mo'," he said after he had caught his breath. "We uns is done put up with a heap f'm him afo' now, but he sho' is done broke the camel's back this time, as the Good Book says."

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Song of the Hill Trails.

Quiet runs the valley way
Where the river dreams,
And the winds go soft along,
Weaving into tender song
Happy moods and themes;
Upward where from mountain heart
Breathe the stormy gales,
And the white plumed torrents cry,
Plunging rocky barriers by,
Run the hilly trails.

Oh, the high trails, the hill trails,
The sunny trails of brown,
Seeing first the sun arise
And last its going down!
Ever do they call the heart
With their windings far,
Luring feet to follow on
Where peak is friend with star!

Quiet runs life's valley way,
Gently for the feet,
But there vision fails the eyes
Looking to the narrow skies
Where mount and cloudland meet.
Only on the mountain path
Vision never fails;
Shimmering plains are far away,
And beauty lingers night and day
On the hilly trails.

Oh, the high trails, the hill trails,
Life's lofty trails await,
Mounting through the flaming dawn,
The pilgrim heart elate.
Glorious are the visions there,
Far the eye can see
Wonders of the years agone,
And of the years to be!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

The Crescent Moon.

'Tis the hour of fable—of the mystic rising of the night.
There beside the farthest furrow, what is that which gleams so bright?
Curved it lies along the furrow in the misty fading light.

'Tis the hour of fable, and a dim enchantment flows around.
Is it not the reaper's sickle, dropped beside the sheaf he bound?
On the morrow he will find it with a quick grown vine enwound.

'Tis the hour of fable. Soft airs flutter round the sheaves arow—
Now I see no reaper's sickle, but a silver shining bow;
And, meseems, I hear the bugle in a hunter's dreamland blow!

'Tis the hour of fable. Can it be mine eyes have been misled?
Now I see no bow nor sickle, but a maiden form instead;
In a curve lies her fair body—white arms reached above her head!

'Tis the hour of fable. Through the ivory gate those dreams took flight:
There was never sleeping maiden, bow nor sickle gleaming bright—
But beyond the farthest furrow sinks a young moon's laughing light.

EDITH M. THOMAS.

An August Path.

I know a path where balm o' the bee
Makes bright its crimson torch for me,
And the wild sunflower's whorled gold
Is scattered on the trodden mould.
Here mint and sassafras combine
With spicy attars from the pine,
And the sweet clover's fragrance fills
The little hollows of the hills.

I know a path where winging by
Goes the bright mailed dragon fly,
Knightlike, to seek his Guinevere
Beside some willow bordered mere;
And where the thrush that made the May
Thrill with the burden of its lay
Still tunes a flute as fine and true
As the rapt Marsyas ever blew.

I know a path where I would lead
Your steps away from toil and greed,
And wrap you round with the duress,
The cloistral balm of quietness;
A path of drifting dreams where dwell
Life's honey and its hydromel,
The taste whereof is joy's increase,
And the full heart's ease that is peace!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Poems Suggested by Prose Masters: Samuel Johnson.

Lady, from all care thou shouldst be free,
Love and gentler joys are thine at leisure;
Thine every honor and immunity;
Dear Lady, what can interrupt thy pleasure?
The poet wears out life to celebrate
The virtue and the beauty that commend thee,
One smile shall banish frowns, shall soften hate,
One glance, and heroes perish to defend thee.

From every art and science thou dost claim
Tribute, nor can we ask to be requited
Who seek to bring thee more of joy and fame,
Except to hope that thou shalt be delighted.
Lady, from all care thou shouldst be free,
And yet I know content is far from thee.

C. T. G.

Summer's Passing.
From "Madrigali."

Like a matron grown jaded—
Fat, forty and fair—
In a nook cool and shaded,
Who nods in her chair;
Then, sudden, aware
Of the eyes of the masses,
Feigns a wide awake air,
Summer smiles as she passes.

All the charms she paraded
In Junetime so rare,
When new roses were braided
And twined in her hair,
No longer are there;
All her gold but worn brass is,
But, still debonair,
Summer smiles as she passes.

That her beauty is faded
Beyond all repair,
All the pools where she waded—
Her mirrors declare.
Brown limbs that are bare
Every woodland pool glasses;
But what does she care?
Summer smiles as she passes.

Come, then, autumn! and dare
To be brave as this lass is,
When the like fate you share—
Summer smiles as she passes.

T. A. DALY.

Fearless of Eternity.
From the Independent.

So be it! It is well.
Heaven we shall not fear, who knew on earth
The leap of life, the tremulous sweet birth
Of love, the poignant ecstacy of laughter.
We are inured to happiness
And joy's sharp stress.
Nay, heaven we shall not fear, hereafter!

Ah, and if we have dwelt
Close to the heart of fellow man, and felt
His tears upon our cheeks in blinding rain;
His every pulse of pleasure, surge of pain;
Shoulder to shoulder standing, heart to heart praying.
Hand in hand playing—
Then are our souls fulfilled with comradeship benign;
We never shall divine
The utter naked loneliness of hell!

HELEN COALE CREW.

A Game of Whist.
From Puck.

Four ghosts there were who played at whist.
Forsooth, they played it well!
And all agreed they'd not desist
Until the matin bell.

They dealt the spectre cards around
With quivering quail and quake,
For fear that if they made a sound
The sleeping world would wake.

Then something sharp the silence broke—
"What's trumps?" a voice did cry.
It was a lady ghost who spoke
And knocked the game sky high!

WINTHROP GRAY.

The Flowing Bowl of Five o'Clock.

When beauty presides at this rite,
And pours out the fragrant Bohea,
This suppliant won't you invite
To join in your five o'clock tea?
Though sugar and cream can excite
Some envy and malice, maybe,
And cynics cry out with delight,
"So this is your five o'clock tea!"
Still I'll be in my element quite,
While you prattle in garrulous glee,
For I know all you say must be right,
If you say it at five o'clock tea.
So ask me—I think that you might—
Just give me a chance to agree
That there's not the proverbial "fight,"
As I'm told at your five o'clock tea.

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

I have heard old farmers speak of the potato bug as a modern invention. Do they mean that there ever was a time when the suburban gardener did not have to practise the art of poisoning with a sprinkling pot? SUBURBS.

Men yet hale remember the eastward march of the potato bug, the Colorado beetle as it was then known, and such will recall the interest with which discoverers carried the advance comers of the pest around in pill boxes to exhibit to incredulous neighbors. This was considered rather foolhardy, for the bug was popularly supposed to be deadly poison. The beetle was a native of Colorado and was content to live on the sand bur of the plateau land. The sand bur is botanically akin to the potato, therfore when advancing civilisation introduced the more succulent herb the bug turned to it with greed long held in check. This appears to have been in the '50s. Not content with eating potatoes in Colorado, the bug spread along the potato trail eastward in a devastating trek. The dates of the migration which have been preserved are the following: In 1859 it was 100 miles west of Omaha, 1861 Iowa, 1864 it crossed the Mississippi, 1867 Indiana, 1869 Ohio, 1870 Ontario, 1872 western New York and Pennsylvania, 1873 eastern New York and District of Columbia, 1874 it reached the Atlantic seaboard from Connecticut to Virginia, and it is recalled that in the next few years the Jersey beaches were strewn with dead beetles in windrows. The pest was several times taken to western Europe, but did not establish itself.

Is there really a poem into which I may fit the distich:

Good boys are seen
To be decent and clean,

which memory has preserved to me from a childhood when the advice must have been needed, so often it was dinned into me? CHESTER LAWRENCE.

The poet was gentle Jane Taylor, that bard of the commonplace. The poem was entitled "Dirty Jim" and here also memory recalls the blue boards and leather backing of a volume of her verse. Memory is not quite strong enough to recall the whole poem and recourse is had to Burton Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse." So flat and moral as to show what a housemaid was Jane Taylor's muse it deserves a new currency.

There was one little Jim,
'Tis reported of him,
And must be to his lasting disgrace,
That he never was seen
With hands at all clean,
Nor yet ever clean was his face.

His friends were much hurt
To see so much dirt,
And often they made him quite clean;
But all was in vain,
He got dirty again,
And not at all fit to be seen.

It gave him no pain
To hear them complain,
Nor his own dirty clothes to survey;
His indolent mind
No pleasure could find
In tidy and wholesome array.

The idle and bad,
Like this little lad,
May love dirty ways, to be sure;
But good boys are seen
To be decent and clean
Although they are ever so poor.

What was the principle of the pinfire cartridge in fixed ammunition? When were these cartridges in use? HUNTSMAN.

Each cartridge was equipped with a pin projecting through the rim in the plane of the base and engaging at its inner end with the fulminating charge. The projection of the pins was designed to lie in a socket against which the breech block of the piece closed. The hammer fell upon the projecting pin, which served to carry the shock to the detonator and thus to fire the cartridge. Pinfire cartridges were still in use in the '70s and some of the more skilful rifle shots regarded them as the most satisfactory ammunition. They represented a stage of progress between the rim fire and the centre fire in cartridges. The first fixed ammunition in metallic cases was exploded by a fulminating charge folded within the rim, but it was soon found that the metal was weakened by making this fold and the metal case frequently burst at this point with unfortunate results. The pinfire obviated this weakness but had a danger of its own, for the projecting pin made the cartridge dangerous to carry and slow to put into position in the piece. From 1880 the centre fire cartridge has been generally accepted and has been developed into satisfactory and trustworthy ammunition.

Who wrote the music for the national hymn "America"? CHARLES ROGERS.

He who wrote the music for "God Save the King," from which it has been borrowed. According to some authorities the composer was Henry Carey, whose undisputed glory is the composition of "Sally in Our Alley." Others assign the credit to John Bull, Mus. D., and say that it was first sung at a dinner given to James I. at Merchant Taylors Hall in 1606. The French claim that it had been in use among them at a much earlier period. The controversy is exhaustively dealt with in Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Times," but no definite decision is reached.

Where may I obtain a concise account of the Vehmgerichte which committed such cruelties in the Middle Ages? HELEN BARNES.

A popular account is accessible in Sir Walter Scott's "Anne of Geierstein." The rise and influence of this organisation has been exhaustively studied by German historians, the most satisfactory work being that of Wiegand. The courts of the Vehm were at least an effort to administer exact justice and to correct the evils of the power of feudal nobles. The seat of the Vehm was Westphalia, but its influence extended through all the Germanic countries and it had the right to summon any one in Germany, a summons which it found the means to enforce.

Is is true that George Gordon (Lord Byron) made verses when a child? Fifty years ago I was told that Byron, who disliked his nurse, recited a verse which, as near as I can remember, ran as follows:

There is an old woman who lives on Swan Green.
She is the ugliest old woman I ever have seen.
They say she will die, and I hope 'twill be soon,
And that she will dry up and fly up to the moon.

R. G. S.

What naval hero bore the nickname "Foulweather Jack"? C. P. M.

Commodore Byron of the British navy, a circumnavigator in the eighteenth century. He was a good seaman and an excellent commander, but he had such persistent hard luck of bad weather that his sailors invented the nickname.

On the paper money of the United States appears the seal inscribed: Thesaur. Amer. Septent. Sigil., apparently standing for Thesauri Americanæ Septentrionis Sigillum. Does the lore of spot cash relate how the United States came to be referred to as North America for Treasury purposes? QUESTIONER.

SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Royal Auction. J. T. says: A maintains that if the declarer makes six by cards he can score honors as held and little slam, although he has made a revoke, as the adversaries cannot take away from him any actual tricks in penalty.

The revoking side cannot score anything that could be affected by the play; that is why that side cannot score except for honors as held. The revoke may have materially affected the making of the little slam, and that is why it is barred from being counted.

R. G. S. says: A bets that it is the rule in all games that a misdeal passes the deal, and that it should be so in auction. What is the reason for the single exception to the rule in this game?

It is not a single exception by any means. It is the rule in all games that the same dealer must deal again after a misdeal if the deal is a disadvantage. In poker, for instance, the advantage is with the age and he cannot be deprived of it by a misdeal. The deal at auction is a disadvantage, as the dealer is forced to make a bid of some kind. In bridge the deal was an advantage and in that way the game was an exception to the rule, as the same dealer was allowed to deal again. The reason alleged was that the loss of the deal was too great a penalty for such a trifling offence as a misdeal, which was invariably unintentional. In games in which it would be to the interest of the dealer to pass the deal on he is prevented from doing so.

H. N. T. says: Dummy calls his partner's attention to the fact that he has played twice to a heart lead, so that there are five cards in the trick. A bets that dummy has no right to make such a remark, as the declarer, being a card short, might lay himself open to a revoke if hearts were led again and he had none. That is, dummy's comment is one that might affect the score and is therefore against the rules. Dummy quotes law 60 as his authority.

Law 60 does not say that dummy may call his partner's attention to his play, but it specifically allows dummy to point out that there are too many cards played to a trick, it being supposed that the declarer will then discover who has played the superfluous card. A may be correct in his assertion that dummy has no right to tell the declarer that he is the one that has played twice to the trick, but that seems to be splitting hairs.

B. F. L. says: Toward the end of the hand, playing a no trumper, the declarer looks over the situation and remarks: "Well, you must make a club trick. I will take my five by cards, as you won the first trick." All four then lay down their hands and the declarer discovers that no one but himself holds a club. He explains that he had miscounted the suit and the discards and thought there was a better club out. Is he entitled to the little slam? Had he played the hand out it would have been impossible to stop it.

The etiquette of the game demands that if a player concedes in error one or more tricks and the adversaries accept his offer, the concession should stand. Of course neither of them knows that the conceded trick is not in the partner's hand.

S. L. O. says: The declarer leads a card and discards from dummy at the same time. Fourth hand is about to play when the second hand asks him to wait a moment until he trumps the trick. The declarer, after expressing his astonishment that second hand should have none of the suit, wants to take back dummy's card and overtrump. Can he do this?

No. The card touched and played from the dummy is final. Many persons have this habit of playing from dummy before it is dummy's turn, and they must suffer for it when the haste costs them a trick or two.

B. R. P. says: The dealer holds six hearts to the jack, ten, ace and king of diamonds, and five small in the black suits. A bets the correct opening bid is a heart. B says it should be two hearts. Y says it should be a diamond. The dealer, Z, bets it is a spade and that is what he bid on it.

The spade is the sound bid, as the hand is not good enough to bid two hearts, which would mean that the declarer was strong enough to win two by cards without much assistance, whereas he is not good for the odd trick without a good deal of assistance. The diamond bid is old style. There is not enough in the hand to encourage a forward no trump make by the partner. On the second round the situation might encourage a bid of two hearts.

Five Hundred. J. B. M. says: The player holds both red bowers and the ace, king, queen of diamonds; ace and queen of clubs; king, nine, eight of hearts. A bets the hand should bid six diamonds, although the joker is against the hand, as there are trumps enough to drop them all and establish the hearts. B bets it is a six heart bid.

At diamonds there are only four sure trump tricks and the hearts cannot be established against ace, queen, ten without some trouble. Making hearts trumps the hand is worth a bid of seven at least, as four of the side cards are good for tricks after the trumps fall, and at least three trump tricks should be counted on.

Skat. D. G. F. says: A bets that the highest bidder may announce a solo after he has taken up both the skat cards, provided the solo he names is good enough to cover his bid. B bets any player taking the skat cards must play a grand.

The modern game, usually called American skat, is all guckis, and all games are announced after the bidder has seen the skat. It does not matter whether the game he names will cover his bid or not. If it does not, he loses, that is all. This game has not been recognized by the league, but it is very generally played.

Poker. H. L. B. says: All pass to the dealer, who opens. A comes in. B says he will not come in until A draws his cards. Only these three in the game. Can B insist on A's drawing before B decides to come in?

No. The antes must be equal amounts from all who are going to draw cards before the dealer will help any one. For B to know in advance how many cards A was going to take might give him an unfair advantage.

H. S. W. says: The pot is opened. Every one throws up his hand. Must the opener show five cards or only openers?

All five cards.

C. W. says: The dealer gives himself three cards by mistake, when he needs two only, but corrects himself at once. A bets he must take the three.

A is right.

G. H. T. says: A opens and B stays. A makes a bet and B refuses to call, but asks to see openers. A has no openers. What becomes of the pot? B is bluffed out of it.

If B still holds his cards and has a fair hand he wins the pot, as he alone drew against the foul hand. B will have to show that he has a hand that is not foul.

NOVEL POINTS OF THE LAW.

A railroad conductor is held to be a policeman by the Supreme Court of North Dakota in Houston vs. Minneapolis, &c., Railway, and the railroad company is not responsible for his acts as peace officer. The plaintiff sued on the ground that he was wrongfully arrested by the defendant's conductor five minutes after he had left the train at a certain station. Before the train reached the station the conductor saw the plaintiff offer another man a drink of liquor, and after seizing the bottle the conductor notified the plaintiff that he would be arrested at the station. In holding that the railroad company was not responsible for the conductor's acts the court says he was discharging what he deemed to be his duty under law requiring a conductor to arrest any person offering an intoxicating beverage to another on a train.

In construing this law the court said: "He acts for the State, not the railway company, and the former's interests alone are controlling of his acts. The Legislature, in its wisdom, saw fit to place the duty to enforce this law, not upon the railway companies, but upon their conductors. Their responsibility and duty in such cases is not to their companies but to the State. It logically follows that the companies have no voice in the matter, and even though deemed detrimental to their interests, the enforcement of said statute cannot in any legal manner be controlled by them. Manifestly, therefore, the framers of the statute in question never intended to impose a liability on the railway companies in such cases, it being clearly their intention that in the enforcement of such statute the conductor should be deemed an officer of the State and not of the company."

Actions against surgeons for malpractice for failing to remove sponges or other foreign substances from the bodies of patients after operation are common, but the case of Davis vs. Kerr before the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania is interesting because the defence was that it was the custom of the surgeons in the hospital in question to rely on the count of the nurses to determine whether all sponges and pads had been removed, and in this case the surgeon was so told by the nurses. The court held that the evidence failed to show that the surgeon was free from negligence. The court inquired of him whether the sponge was so hidden or concealed that reasonable care would not have disclosed it or whether conditions were such that in his judgment further exploration by him for sponges would have endangered the safety of the patient, and the court in its decision said:

"Except as one or the other of these questions can be answered affirmatively from the evidence, the law will presume to the contrary, and attribute the unfortunate consequences to his contributing negligence. Neither does the defendant, nor a single witness in his behalf, undertake to give any explanation of the fact that here a sponge which the defendant should have removed was allowed to remain, except to say that the nurses failed to keep accurate count. For all that appears in the case, the retained sponge might readily have been discovered by the surgeon and reasonable prudence and care on his part would have avoided the accident. If this were so, clearly his negligence contributed with that of the nurses, and responsibility therefor in law attaches."

Law Times tells a story of the late Lord Ashbourne, who as Lord Chancellor in presiding in the Court of Appeal in Ireland would occasionally make up his mind to bring a case to an end before the rising of the court.

A junior who was not conscious of his humor stood up to open what appeared to be a short interlocutory appeal. Lord Ashbourne after a sentence or two had been spoken interjected, "Now, Mr. ——, why should we reverse the King's Bench on a point like this?"

"My Lord," repoined counsel, "there are six reasons why the order should be reversed."

"Then," said the president of the court, "suppose we commence with your three best."

"No, my Lord," said counsel, "I could not consent to that, because I have frequently succeeded in this court upon my bad points."

Lord Ashbourne collapsed and for once was unable to have his own way in the Court of Appeal.

The court denied the application for an injunction on the facts shown and in its opinion said: "Had the Secretary power and authority to make and promulgate the regulation complained of? the court answers the question in the affirmative. This court is no better informed than the judge of the Supreme Court of Michigan who wrote the opinion in Armour & Co. vs. State Dairy and Food Commissioners, 159 Michigan 1, 123 N. W. 580, 25 L. R. A. (N. S.) 616. He said: 'Sausage is defined by all the lexicographers as an article of food composed of meat, salt, and spices. The people generally so understand it. The writer of this opinion would be compelled to admit that until very recently he had no knowledge that cereal was used in the manufacture of sausage.' The judge, although eating sausage for seventy years, never knew or even heard that cereals were used in this toothsome delicacy until the beginning of this hearing on last Tuesday. The act of Congress under which the Secretary of Agriculture claims to have acted in promulgating the order of Feb. 28, 1913, is so important in its character, and so far-reaching in its effect upon the good of mankind, the court should be absolutely sure of its footing before it strips the officer (charged with the duty of making 'such rules and regulations as are necessary for the efficient execution of the provisions of the act') of the right he claims to have exercised in promulgating the order of Feb. 28, 1913."

A judicial ruling as to sausage is found in St. Louis Independent Packing Company vs Houston, 204 Fed. 120, which was a suit in equity to restrain the Secretary of Agriculture from carrying out a regulation preventing the use in interstate commerce of sausage containing over 2 per cent. of cereal or 3 per cent. of water or ice. The bill disclosed the fact that the complainant was a corporation organized under the laws of Missouri, and as such owned and operated a slaughtering establishment, at which it conducted the business of slaughtering cattle, sheep and hogs and manufacturing a meat product commonly styled and designated as "sausage." The plaintiff alleged that the sausages so manufactured by it "are compounds and mixtures composed and manufactured from meat of hams, pork, spices and cereals"; that in the product thus manufactured there was contained from 1 to 10 per cent. of wholesome cereal and a varying amount of pure water, which, together with meat and spices, made a sound, healthful and wholesome product, with which there were neither dyes, chemicals, preservatives nor ingredients calculated to make the same unfit for human food. The bill further alleged that the use of cereal and water in the manufacture of sausage was customary and necessary and had been universally recognized for more than fifty years, and ever since sausages have been known as a commercial product.

Justice Riddell of Ontario made the following comment on affidavits offered by neighbors in a habeas corpus case before him for the custody of a child: "A mass of affidavits has been filed, containing much irrelevant material. The climax of absurdity in that regard is reached by the filing of a petition signed by a number of neighbors, giving their opinions as to the proper custody of the child. This will be taken off the files. The court does not decide cases according to the wishes or views of neighbors, however respectable, and the solicitor should have known better than to offer such a document."

NATURE'S PERVERSITY.

By W. J. LAMPTON.

It was Sunday afternoon and a little bunch of farmers had drifted into town to sit around the porch on the shady side of Tolliver's tavern to talk crops and politics and discuss the relation of the tariff to the tiller of the soil.

The discussion was lagging, when a big red touring car swung down the quiet street and pulled up in front of the tavern. A man in fashionable attire got out and, leaving the car in charge of an elaborate chauffeur, came up on the porch. If he wasn't rich there was no virtue in signs. Whatever else he was remained to be determined.

He was a breezy sort and his manner of approach put the farmers on their guard at once. They had heard of bunco gentlemen, and this stranger might be one who had come out into the rural districts looking for business owing to dull times in the city. Anyhow they were suspicious. But little he recked their suspicions and promptly sailed in.

"Excuse me, gents," he said genially, "I am looking for a party named Melvin —Jim Melvin, who lives around here somewhere, they told me back yonder at Wheatly. Do any of you happen to know him?"

All of them knew Jim, but only Squire Horton acknowledged the acquaintance. They were sizing the stranger up and were willing to let the Squire be spokesman for the present. The stranger had their measure, all right, but made no sign and directed his conversation to the Squire, who told him where Melvin lived and the way there; but the visitor was in no hurry to move on. Instead he took a chair without invitation and looked around the place inquiringly.

"I suppose," he said after a minute's survey, "that such a thing as a little something for the stomach's sake could not be had here on the Sabbath day?"

Everybody looked at everybody else and there was a slight unbending.

"As to that," replied the Squire cautiously, "this is a law abiding community and the Sabbath is observed as it should be, but if a man ain't feeling just right inwardly Capt. Tolliver ain't the man to see him suffer."

The stranger laughed, a kindly smile lighted every face and Squire Horton got up and went inside. Two minutes later there was a slight tap on the window pane and the entire crowd arose and passed in out of sight, the stranger last, as least knowing the custom of the community. Five or six minutes later, looking friendly to all the world, they returned and resumed their chairs as though nothing had happened. The stranger took a handful of cigars from his pocket and passed them around.

"As I was saying a few minutes ago, gents," he proceeded, "I am a farmer myself, though I may not look the part, but clothes don't make the farmer, as the poet says. Seven years ago I lived in the western part of this State and had a thousand acres of new land. I own it yet and farm it, but I don't live on the farm. I don't have to. And gents, I want to say to you right here that I made my pile on the perversity of nature."

"I never heard of that crap," ventured old man Diggins, and the others looked it.

"No, and most farmers haven't," the stranger continued, "but let me tell you about it. You know there is nothing so perverse as nature is. Whatever you try to do nature seems to have a different idea from yours, and what you want to do your way nature does her way. You've tried to drive a hog through a twelve foot gate, wide open, and he'd tear down a panel of fence trying to get under it, you've noticed, haven't you?"

Everybody nodded; everybody owned hogs and had fences with gates.

"And you've had Government seed corn sent you by your Congressman that was guaranteed by the pure food law to come ten ears to a stalk on any soil and you've put in days and days giving it the best attention and then waited and watched for that corn to came up and it never did, haven't you?"

Everybody smiled and nodded affirmation.

"Of course you have and so have I. But don't blame it on the Congressman. He can't help it. It is nothing but nature being perverse and trying to bust up the Department of Agriculture or have the Congressman defeated by the outraged farmers of his district. That's all there is to it.

"But I am getting off my story. On that farm of mine I put in corn, wheat, oats, grass and a few other things, but they had no show on earth against the weeds. I never saw such weeds.

"I couldn't get rid of them, that was certain. So I wrote to Luther Burbank, the California plant wizard, and to the Secretary of Agriculture for tips and I began studying up a plan to convert them weeds into stock food and go to raising cattle and hogs for profit on the high price of meat. Well, I put in a year of the hardest study I ever did in my life and at last, gents, I worked out a combination of all the weeds with molasses that fermented and made an ensilage that cattle cried for like babies cry for candy.

"I bought up all the poor stock I could find and turned them loose on my new feed and you never saw the like of fat they took on in no time. I had hit the bull's eye, as you might say, and saw my fortune coming in hand over fist. Next season I planted the whole thousand acres to weeds and gathered in all the stock I could find.

"But did my weed crop come out as I wanted it to? Take it from me, gents, it did not. Nature perversed as usual, and instead of raising the weeds I wanted I'm a goat if somehow or other the corn and wheat and oats and so forth didn't get a start of the weeds and by harvest time there wasn't a weed on the whole darn farm, and such crops of grain and hay as you never saw anywhere. And it's been that way ever since with me doing all I can to raise weeds and naure choking them out right along with the grain and hay.

"Of course I make a wad out of the crops I do raise, but nothing compared with what I could make if I could only raise weeds and convert them into my phenomenal fattener for stock with the price of meat going up every time the meat trust feels like declaring an extra dividend.

"But this ain't getting to Jim Melvin's. So long, gents," and before they had time to sit up and take notice he was in his car and off down the street.

"Well, by crackey!" exclaimed Squire Horton, "it's a good thing he didn't try to sell us the receipt for that weed feed of his ain't it?"

"Mebbe so," said old man Diggins, chewing up the stranger's cigar faster than he was smoking it, "but it kinder seems to me as ef he mightn't change his luck by giving up his weed feed notions and try to raise hay and grain, like he done at first."

And everybody nodded again and grinned.