# FINAL DOWNFALL OF TIGHTWAD BEASLEY

## Moral Sentiment of Community Was Roused Against a Mean Man.

## OLD MAN GREENLAW'S TALE

## Of the Man Who Accumulated All the Money There Was in Greenville.

By DAVID A. CURTIS.

It was an unusually hot night in Arkansas City, and even the well acclimated citizens of that warm place were uncomfortable. There was little breeze stirring and what there was did no good indoors.

It therefore happened that old man Greenlaw, contrary to his custom, had taken his favorite chair from its place by the window in his saloon to the sidewalk in front of his door and sat there with the stump of a cigar firmly clenched between his teeth. His friends, five in number, who were usually to be found of an evening sitting inside with him, had followed his example, and the little group sat suffering silently though by no means patiently the discomfort they could not escape.

It was bright moonlight and from where they sat nearly all there was of Arkansas City was plainly visible, but no sign of life was to be observed. Even the river in front of the town seemed languid in the heat and flowed on smoothly untroubled by the faint zephyrs that came too infrequently and too feebly to vex the surface of the water. Nature was in a semi-swoon and civilization was locally at a standstill.

After a long period of quiet that seemed remarkable even in Arkansas City they saw a man walking a trifle unsteadily along the levee toward them. As nearly as they could judge from the manner of his advance he was more or less uncertain of his destination. Several times as he came up slowly he stopped and looked around him as if trying vainly to locate something or somebody. Then he would walk on.

Presently, as he approached them more nearly, it was evident that he saw them, and with quickened purpose he made his way to a point directly in front of the saloon. When he arrived there he spoke.

"Where'bouts does Billy Dugdale live?" he said somewhat thickly but with sufficient distinctness.

There was a lack of deference, though no positive discourtesy, in his tone, and for a moment no one answered. Then, however, the old man said:

"Nigh 'bout half a mile south, a ways back f'm the river."

The wayfarer pondered the reply for a while, evidently trying to adjust his faculties to a clear apprehension. Then he said:

"Wha' 'd yo' say?"

This time there was no appreciable delay. Without the slightest loss of time the old man sprang from his chair and smote him squarely in the countenance with sufficient severity to send him spinning a dozen feet away. Then the stranger fell down and the old man resumed his seat. The stranger lay still for a few moments. Then he arose with some difficulty and went on his way.

"Speakin' o' money," said the old man a while later, "they is them what 'pears to not have no idee o' what 'd ought fo' to be did with it. 'Pears like if they ain't got none to speak of they don't do nothin' but bellyache over it till they gits some, an' when they gits it they don't do nothin' with it but throw it away. 'Pears like the gen'l run o' mankyind is mo' 'n less foolish."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Owen Pepper. "I reckon the gen'l run o' mankyind is got somepin' like the av'rage amount o' sense. Way I look at it money ain't no p'tic'lar good to nobody 'thouten it's kep' circ'latin'. What 'd be yo' idee?"

"Th' aint on'y one thing to do with it, what's any ways intelligent," responded the old man contemptuously, "an' that's fo' to 'cumilate it. O' co'se, they is a sutt'n amount of it has to be used fr'm time to time fo' the puppose o' gettin' mo'. That's legitimate, an' that's what makes draw poker what 'tis. Th'ain't nothin' under the blue canister o' heaven what 'll fetch mo' lib'ral returns on the money 't's invested, nor they ain't nothin' 'll do it quicker 'n draw poker will."

"That's reas'nable, o' co'se," said Jim Blaisdell. "But a'ter yo' done got yo' returns on yo' money, what's to be did with 'em? Poker's 'mpo'tant fo' to make money outen, but 'tain't nothin' mo'. Them that plays it fo' 'xcitemen' or fo' the fun o' the game is the suckers, an' they al'ays will be. What yo' all is tryin' to git at is somepin' else. Question is what yo' gwine to do with yo' money when yo' done win it."

"I hain't never found but one thing to do with mine," said Sam Pearsall. "I give it to Mis' Pearsall, an' 'pears like the mo' I give her the m.o' she wants. It's mo' 'r less d'scouragin' at times, but I hain't never found no way outen it 'thouten makin' mo' trouble 'n it's wuth."

"That's the wust o' getting married," observed old man Greenlaw. "O' co'se they has to be some what does it, seein' th' ain't no other way to perpetrate the human race, but it's hard on 'em. Don't give 'em no chanst for to do nothin' else."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "I've knowed married men what——"

"Oh, shut up," said old man Greenlaw so impatiently that Mr. Pepper immediately perceived the wisdom of silence.

"That ain't neither here nor there," continued the old man. "What we was d'scussin' was the proper use o' money, an' th' ain't but one way fo' to use it 'ntelligent like I done said afo'. They is a sutt'n p'centage of it has to be kep' out fo' to make mo' with, but the heft on it 'd ought fo' to be 'cumilated."

"Well, a'ter yo' done 'cumilated it," said Jake Winterbottom, "what yo' gwine to do with it? 'Pears like yo' all is some like a dog chasin' his tail. The mo' faster yo' talks the quicker yo' gits round to where yo' started."

"That's 'long o' there bein' on'y one p'int in the hull d'scussion what's wuth c'nsiderin'," replied the old man. "If a man is done 'cumilated money th' ain't on'y one thing fo' him to do an' that is fo' to 'cumilate mo'."

"That there dog 'pears to done turned round again," observed Joe Bassett in some disgust. "Anyways he don't 'pear to be gettin' nowheres. Just s'posin' a man is done 'cumilated all they is, what then? This vere argument is gittin' some interestin'. I never reckoned along as fur 's this afo'."

"Well," said the old man, somewhat staggered, "that ain't hardly a s'posable case. Th' ain't nobody ever done 'cumilated all the money they is. Stands to reason he couldn't. They'd al'ays be mo' to be had."

"Well, but s'posin'," persisted Bassett. "Mought as well folly this thing out to a c'nclusion, 's long 's it's been started."

"Well, in that case," said the old man, rather lamely, and then he paused. It was evident that this was a phase of the matter that he had never considered and he required time to accustom himself to the thought.

"In that case," he said again, and again he paused. Taking a cigar from his vest pocket, he bit it in two thoughtfully and ate an end of it while he slowly fumbled through his clothes for a match. Finding none, he went inside and supplied himself from a box on the bar. Returning to his chair he lighted up and smoked for a period.

"In that case," he said once more, "I reckon he couldn't do nothin' on'y fo' to keep what he done had. Stands to reason they wouldn't be no p'tic'lar 'xcitement 'bout it, bein's the on'y way he c'd make a profit onto it'd be fo' to let the int'rest 'cumilate.

"If they wa'n't no mo' to be made he wouldn't have nothin' to do, and' he'd find how things 'd be kyind o' monogamous. O' co'se they'd be some satisfaction 'bout havin' it, but they wouldn't be no gre't fun in livin'.

"But," he continued, rather more cheerfully, "that ain't really no s'posable case, as I was sayin'. Stands to reason how if one man was to git p'session of all the money they was, banks 'd turn to an' print some mo'.

"They'd be 'bleeged to, seein' they couldn't be no business did 'thout money. An' o' co'se soon as they was mo' on it to be had the man c'd set to an' 'cumilate that. 'Pears like they ain't no feeble way o' stoppin' that there dog f'm chasin' his tail."

"I al'ays reckoned how a dog had mo' sense 'n a human," observed Jake Winterbottom. "Mebbe th' ain't no way o' stoppin' the dog 's long 's he feels like goin' round. Anyways I never see nobody try it, but he'll gen'ly stop his own self when he feels like he'd gone fur enough. But this yere man you 'm tellin' 'bout don't never 'pear to know enough to stop. 'Pears like he'd ought fo' to know enough to quit soon 's he had enough.

"Mo' 'n that," he went on hastily, as the old man started to break in with some argument. "Mo' 'n that, yo' idea o' what's to be did with the money a'ter yo' done got it 'pears to be some foolish. If he ain't gwine to do nothin' but keep it when he's done 'cumilated it I sh'd say how 'twouldn't make no p'tic'lar diff'rence to him whether 'twas reel money or not.

"That's plumb r'dic'lous," exclaimed the old man indignantly, "an' mo' 'n that, it's blasphemious.

"O' co'se counterfeit money is just as good 's any other, 's long 's it's kep' circ'latin'. It's on'y when yo' can't pass it what 'tain't no good. But as fo' its bein' just as good fo' to put away th'ain't no sense into it, an' a wild ass o' th' wilderness 'd know better 'n to say sich a thing.

"But they was sompin' else what yo' all said what's nigh about 's foolish. 'Pears like yo' all is dore went wild tryin' to d'scuss things what's too much fo' yo' computation. Yo' was mentionin' somepin' 'bout a man havin' enough money. Now th' ain't no man never had enough money. Stands to reason he couldn't have, not while they was any mo' fo' him to git."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Owen Pepper. "I done seen some what I reckoned had too doggone much."

"That's diff'rent again," said the old man. "Tha'in't nobody never had enough, but they is a heap o' them what has too much. I c'n call to mind one on 'em what has a c'nspic'ous 'xample on it.

At this moment Sam Pearsall rose from his chair, yawning mightily.

"I c'n put up with c'nsid'able," he said in a manner that betokened extreme exasperation, "but when it comes to one o' them Greenville yarns I reckon I'll be movin' on." And he started away.

"Hold on, Sam," exclaimed the old man, who seemed to be himself provoked. "Set yo' chair inside afo' yo' go. I don't p'pose to be totin' furniture round town fo' to suit yo' c'nvenience."

"Hire a nigger if yo' feels thataway, an' charge it to me," he said indifferently, and continued on his way, leaving the old man speechless.

"Beats all what gittin' married 'll do to a man," he observed after he had recovered himself. "Gives him a grutch agin the place she come from.

"This yere citizen I was tellin' about," he continued presently, "was reckoned nigh 'bout the meanest man they was anywheres round. Got the name o' Tightwad Beasley, 'long o' never 'pearin' to have no c'nsideration fo' nobody nor nothin' on'y fo' to git mo' money fo' his ownself, irregardless o' what was to be 'xpected f'm a man 't had as much 's he had. Hadn't no public sperit nor nothin'.

"He was tol'able well fixed fr'm the start, bein's his madam left him a fortune when she died, an' when his pa cashed in the hull prop'ty come to Tightwad, makin' him the richest man in Greenville by c'nsid'able, but a'ter that, 'peared like they wa'n't never a season went by 'thouten somebody in the fambly dyin' an' leavin' him mo' money. 'Peared like they wa'n't no end to it. Come to be a reg'lar scand'l.

"Likely they wouldn't 'a' been so much feelin' ag'in him if he'd 'a' been any ways lib'ral with his money, but all's he 'peared to think of was how to git mo', an' just nachully he come to be gen'ly d'spised. They was al'ays some what'd treat him well to his face, but nobody never had no good word fo' him when he wa'n't round.

"They was on'y one thing about him what they couldn't nobody say nothin' ag'in him fo'. He done played poker nigh 'bout all the time, an' o' co'se they is redeemin' qualities into a man 't'll do that.

"But in the co'se o' time they come to holt that ag'in him too, bein's he was the best player in Greenville, an' gra'dly it come to be reelized how if they wa'n't somepin' did he'd cumilate all the money they was in Greenville an' they wouldn't nobody else have nothin'.

"O' co'se they couldn't be nothin' like that thought of, an' when the citizens come to reelize it they was a kyind of indignation meetin' hel', an' ways an' means was d'scussed careful. They couldn't nobody s'gest nothin' first off, but a'ter they done chewed it over fo' a spell, old Judge Packard he spoke up.

"'I reckon th' ain't nobody in Greenville c'n beat Tightwad indivij'lly,' he says, 'bein's he knows mo' poker 'n any on us. But th' ain't no man livin' what c'n beat the c'munity if the c'munity 'll c'mbine an' play ag'in him 'ntelligent. What we uns has to do is to c'mbine,' he says.

"Well, they done it, an' f'm that time on Tightwad Beasley begin to lose money. Inside of a year he hadn't nothin' left. Shows how 'tain't no good fo' no man to go ag'in the moral sentiments o' mankyind."

## POEMS WORTH READING.

### To R. L. S., Pirate.

When he passed on, so much of youth he took away
The world grew old. So much of joy embarked that day
With him, the world grew sad. Gray haired, staff leaning, bent,
The world limped on. "Not given," the gods declared, "but lent
To show what life may be. From us he stole the joy
Of heaven to give to you. Now we reclaim the boy.
Glad pirate of Olympian cheer. With you remains
The message that he brought, easing the galling chains."

THOMAS CRAWFORD GALBREATH.

### A Vernal Lover.

God taught my spirit how
To love all vernal things.
The flush upon the bough
As on auroral wings;

The green fires on the slope
That mount from base to crest,
Like harbingers of hope
Within the brooding breast;

Reeds by the river's marge;
The fern's fine laceries;
The May moon like a targe
Above the apple trees;

Thrush answering plaintive thrush
In beechen thicket glooms;
Across the twilight hush
The scent of lilac blooms;

The south wind crooning by;
The brook's mirth multifold;
The violet's dewy eye;
The kingcup's magic gold.

Gratefully I avow,
As springs succeed to springs,
God taught my spirit how
To love all vernal things!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

### Life.

Youth is a glory all too bright to last,
Whose joy we know not until it is past.

Manhood is courage, strength and conscious power—
Ah, happy he who lives its crowded hour.

Age is a shadow falling on the light,
The dim horizon where earth says "Good night."

And life? It is a bubble on a stream,
The broken warp of a fantastic dream.

Fate, laughing, pulls it from our clinging hands,
And to another throws the worthless strands.

NINETTE M. LOWATER.

### John-a-dreams.

Oh, in the park walked John-a-dreams
With a slow and measured tread;
The weary park, where round and round
The winding pathways led.
The sky was shadowy with cloud
And the crescent moon had fled.
And outside in the blazing streets
The lights burned green and red

Outside along the blazing streets
The lights burned gold and blue,
And winked and glowed and flashed and reeled
As drunken lights might do,
The hundred thousand garish lights
That night and Broadway strew;
And in the park walked John-a-dreams
Where the grass was wet with dew.

All night within the park he paced
The paths that nowhere led;
And at the dawning came a voice
From the far white stars o'erhead:
"Whence comest thou, O John-a-dreams,
That pass here with the dead?"
"I come from going to and fro
And up and down," he said,
"Upon thine earth, Lord God, whereon
I sold my soul for bread."

M. E. BUHLER.

### The Pipes of Long Ago.

Old pipes! Here is a rack of them.
With one more in my mouth pro tem
A meerschaum, colored to a T,
Who gave me that? Now, let me see!
Oh, yes! I know—and, when she wed,
I bought that dismal old death's head.
No doubt, as she had proved unkind,
Felo da se was in my mind.
That good ripe briar represents
Another one of those events,
Though, when we swore we'd never part,
I had a—well, tobacco heart!
This corncob, full of nicotine,
Reminds me of another queen,
Who hated smoking, made me vow
I'd give it up—to save a row
I promised, but I didn't do it.
And now I come to think of it don't rue it!
This pipe—the last one on the rack—
Brings, perhaps, the sweetest memory back.
A clay still sweet—where did I get it?
Oh, pshaw! as if I could forget it.
Through this, a very youthful joy,
I blew soap bubbles when a boy.
And really I'm not sure that this
Did not give me the greatest bliss!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

### The Goodly Company.

*From the Youth's Companion*

Look in thy heart—behold, how many men
Lie prisoned in it, hoping for thy call!
Thou art their lord, the master of them all
And wilt thou let them languish there in vain?

Look in thy heart—a hero fettered waits
Untried, unknown, a stranger to thine ease;
And yet, if thy awakened will but please,
With joyful valor he will front the fates!

Look in thy heart—a steadfast saint of God
Stands there unsummoned, while the hosts of sin
Mock at his plight. Thy word alone can win
Him forth to heights of holiness untrod.

Look in thy heart—a soldier and a sage,
A poet true, a lover pure and high,
A friend of unstained faith, in bondage sigh.
Their jailer thou, thine inert soul their cage.

Look in thy heart—and summon forth but one,
One of these hidden selves, and set it free.
Lo! it shall reach what it was born to be
And flood thy halls of life with glory won!

PRISCILLA LEONARD.

### The Airman.

*From Collier's*

Between the clouds the airman weaves his craft
Miles o'er the dust, through which his fathers crawled.
Whirling and tumbling, riding, unappalled,
The shrieking windstorm on his flimsy raft.
Gay as a boy, adown the sunbeam's shaft
He slides and somersaults—then soars again
To chase the eagle, vex him from abaft
And flout him, wondering, in his lone domain.
Long thus he frolics, making fearful jests
With gravitation, while we wights below,
We who once sneered with noses high aslant,
Gawk upward, musing with deflated chests
On the wise fools who ever onward go,
On the fool wise men who have said: "You can't."

### Cause and Effect.

*From the Cincinnati Enquirer*

Paw smells of booze,
He's cold as frost;
Did the Reds lose?
Sure, the Reds lost!

Paw wears a grin,
He's full of fun;
Did the Reds win?
Sure, the Reds won!

### When Dolly Does the Dishes.

Some laud her when she dances
And therein find delight,
A humbler job entrances
The lyre I fain would smite.
For oh, ye gods and fishes,
What praises I would ring;
When Dolly does the dishes
Is what I want to sing.

For while her hands are making
The china clean and fair,
My heart says she is breaking
Another fragile ware;
Such vain domestic wishes
Just thrill me through and through;
When Dolly does the dishes
I think she does me too.

McLANDBURGH WILSON.

## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Never mind the limitations of space, for the multitude of replies shows that Ivan Petrovsky Skovar has proved one of the song hits of this refuge for the querulous. The product of some unknown Tyrtæus, the ballad smacks of the dashing Skobeleff in his raid through the Tekke-Turcomans to Samarcand and almost to the conquest of the Afghan. To many men of many minds it has appealed as the letters show, lawyer, doctor, merchant chief. Here on heavy prussian blue stationery the rhymes are written out by a judge in chambers and initialled like a decision, the next was written in a committee room of Congress by a chairman finding relief from the cares of legislation, another version "on my wife's best come to my party paper I hasten to comply," and only one cites a source in the 1904 edition of "Columbia University Songs."

ABDULLAH BULBUL AMIR.

The sons of the Prophet are valiant and bold,
And quite unaccustomed to fear:
And the bravest of all was a man, so I'm told,
Called Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

When they wanted a man to encourage the van
Or harass the foe from the rear,
Storm fort or redoubt, they were sure to call out,
For Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

There are heroes in plenty, and well known to fame
In the legions that fight for the Czar;
But none of such fame as the man by the name
Of Ivan Petrofsky Skovar.

He could imitate Irving, tell fortunes by cards
And play on the Spanish guitar.
In fact, quite the cream of the Muscovite Guards
Was Ivan Petrofsky Skovar.

One day this bold Muscovite shouldered his gun,
Put on his most cynical sneer,
And was walking down town when he happened to run
Into Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

"Young man," said Bulbul, "is existence so dull,
That you're anxious to end your career?
Then infidel, know you have trod on the toe
Of Abdullah Bulbul Amir.

"So take your last look at the sky, sea and brook,
Make your parting remarks on the war,
For I mean to imply you are going to die,
O, Ivan Petrofsky Skovar."

So this fierce man he took to his trusty chibouk,
And murmuring, "Allah Akbar!"
With murder intent he most savagely went
For Ivan Petrofsky Skovar.

The Sultan rode up, the disturbance to quell,
Likewise give the victor a cheer.
He arrived just in time to bid hasty farewell
To Abdullah Bulbul Amir."

A loud sounding splash from the Danube was heard
Resounding o'er meadows afar;
It came from the sack fitting close to the back
Of Ivan Petrofsky Skovar.

There lyeth a stone where the Danube doth roll,
And on it in characters queer
Are "Stranger, when passing, pray for the soul
Of Abdullah Bulbul Amir."

A Muscovite maiden her vigil doth keep
By the light of the pale Northern Star,
And the name she repeats every night in her sleep
Is Ivan Petrofsky Skovar.

The Byronic fate of all good men and true is to be spelt wrong in despatches. In the several versions submitted the Muscovite, with variety of spelling, is Ivan Petrofsky Skovar. Yet the original querist and one of the contributors agree on Ivan Pitskitherwinsky Skivar.

Please print the poem "The Burial of Moses." I believe it was anonymous. The first stanza is:

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave
In a vale in the land of Moab
There lies a lonely grave;
But no man built that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the soil
And laid the dead man there.

MARIA L. HALSEY.

There are ten stanzas in all, somewhat too long to be printed here; but the whole poem is ready of access at page 2490 of Burton Stevenson's "Home Book of Verse." The author was Cecil Francis Alexander, born 1818, died 1895.

Mrs. E. L. Smith of Phenix, R. I., wishes to be directed to printers of art cottons for upholstery use in order to offer them the advantage of some antique patterns in her collection. She writes: "I have pieces the material of which dates back to Gov. Winslow of Colonial days and many other beautiful examples of printing by hand of cotton fabrics; I judge they would be valuable for reproduction."

During a discussion of the Astor family the writer spoke of the present W. W. Astor, a great-grandson of the original John Jacob, as a representative of the fourth generation of the family. A friend differed with him, claiming that he was of the third generation, arguing that John Jacob the first was not to be counted a generation, the writer on the contrary holding that the founder of the family in this country was to be considered the first and foremost generation.

C. BENKENDORFER.

The discussion might prove interminable unless there were some agreement upon the terms. It would be perfectly proper to speak of the great-grandson as of the fourth generation in this country, for in that case the original immigrant must be included. Genealogists would with equal propriety speak of the great-grandson as of the third generation in descent from the founder of the family, for it would not be correct to include him as a generation.

"C. M." inquires for title and author's name of the song commonly called "Loch Lomond." The correct title is "The Bonnie, Bonnie Banks o' Loch Lomond," but three different collections of Scotch songs fail to supply any author's name, so it is apparently a product of that prolific parent of good things, "Anon." But "C. M.'s" "amazement" can't be greater than is mine at learning from him (or her) that we have turned that beautiful old lament into ragtime. I've heard it sung many, many times here in America, and that always in a manner that made every old heart wound ache.

I. W. McL.

## SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Auction Bridge. M. J. C. says: Dealer bids a spade. Second and third hands both pass. Fourth hand also passes so as to get the 100 in penalties, the game being progressive, with no bonus added for winning a game. The dealer's side contends that this is a trick and should not be allowed. The partners who passed insist that they are not breaking any rules.

The fault lies with having no bonus for winning a game of 30 points or more. Whenever it is the custom to score just what you get in a progressive game, with nothing added, the trick is to pass everything and play to set the bidders every time, because you are then always playing for 50 a trick, or 100 if you can double safely, while they are never playing for more than 10 a trick. In all progressive games there should be a bonus of 125 points for a trick score that wins a game.

J. B. C. says: We disagree as to the score for the following result: The winning declaration is four diamonds, doubled. The declarer wins five by cards, with four honors. The opponents insist that the score is only for the contract, four tricks, at double value toward game, and that the extra trick scores only the 50 for being over the doubled contract, because they did not double five diamonds, but only four.

If the player carries out the contract she scores for every trick over the book at whatever value was given to those tricks by the final bid. Doubled diamonds are worth 14, and five by cards is worth 70 below the line. Then there is the 50 penalty for carrying out a doubled contract and 50 more for the extra trick, with 28 in honors, 128 above the line as well as the 70 below.

R. T. says: Dealer bids a spade. Second hand passes, third hand bidding a club. Fourth hand holds ace and one small heart, two small clubs and ace king at the head of five spades and four diamonds. What is the bid, no trumps or royals?

Do not see any reason for either. If the partner has nothing to show it is highly improbable that he can win four tricks at no trumps, which would be necessary to go game at no trumps, as there are only five tricks in the fourth hand. At royals there might be a chance for game, but it is doubtful in view of the two losing clubs. Six small cards then remain in the hand and the partner must take care of four of them to get the game at royals. The chance to set the contract and the certainty of saving game at clubs looks much more promising.

J. D. M. says: Dealer holds nine spades to the jack ten ace king queen in hearts and one diamond. B bets the correct opening bid is three spades to show the length without the tops. A says it is three royals, as there are only four losing cards in the hand.

There being no danger of hearts or no trumps, why not bid the hand at once for the full value that one is willing to bid on it eventually? The three spade bid is made to find out whether the partner has the top spades or not. In this case it does not matter what he has, the hand is good for three royals if he has not a trick to assist it with.

T. L. D. says: Dealer bids a spade and second hand holds four to the ace king. Which is the correct bid, to double, to call two spades or to declare the diamonds, in which second hand holds ace queen jack to four?

Doubling shows the short spade suit, three at the most. With four in suit to two sure winners, the conventional bid is two spades, showing a hand ready to assist anything. Second hand cannot go to tramps with nothing in hearts or clubs.

C. J. E. says: Dealer starts with two royals. The fourth hand bids three hearts. Dealer passes. All that the dealer's partner holds is ace and small in spades, four hearts to the jack. Should he assist?

Much depends on the dealer's system. So many persons bid two on any average suit without the tops that it is dangerous to assist on an average hand. With a partner that bids two only when he can make eight tricks on his own cards it is safe to assist with any certain trick, such as the ace of trumps, especially with the adverse suit stopped.

Poker. E. L. W. says: A opens a jack and three men come in. A bets the limit and they throw up their hands. When A shows the hand he stood pat on it. It is found not to be a perfect straight. What happens to the pot?

It stays, as A's hand was not qualified to open it, and there is no one to dispute it with him if the other hands have all been thrown up.

R. R. says: Opener draws one card, bets the limit and is not called. He shows his pair and three cards face down. B bets he must show his whole hand face up.

If players draw cards against the opener they must call the hand if they want to see what he drew. All they are entitled to know otherwise is that he had a right to draw cards at all, and his openers show that he had.

C. H. E. says: A bets that every hand before the draw has an average value after the draw. Will THE SUN please explain what this means and what would be the value after the draw of a pair of sixes before the draw? It looks as if it would still be sixes or else triplets or two pairs.

Averages are based on how you would come out against a player who held a given hand all the time. If you drew three cards to a pair of deuces 1,000 times against a player who stood pat on a pair of jacks, you would each have the better hand about an equal number of times. If he stood on aces he would beat you out on averages, but with nines pat he would lose more pots than you would. The average value of a pair of sixes, sevens or eights is two small pairs.

Pinochle. S. L. E. says: The bidder cannot possibly make good. When A leads ace of diamonds the bidder puts on the king and the third player throws in what he thinks is the other ace of diamonds to fatten, but sees at once that it is the ace of hearts. As the trick is not touched can he correct the revoke? If not, what happens?

Board is the play and the revoke stands, as the card is a very important one for the partner to know about. The bidder cannot be set back and the revoking sides loses all its score for cards.

A. D. V. says: Playing two hand, A melds 40 jacks and later 40 spades, which are trumps. When he gets the 40 pinochle he scores it for 300, as the spade queen and jack of diamonds melded in other things are still on the table. B bets it is only for the single pinochle.

B is wrong. A cannot score 40 for the first pinochle, as the cards are down, but by adding to those cards he can score the 300, just as he could add to the spade marriage and score 150 sequence. As long as the rule to play at least one fresh card from the hand to each meld is followed the melds are allowed.

## NOVEL POINTS OF THE LAW.

The latest decision as to the value of evidence of tracking of the defendant in a criminal case by a bloodhound is handed down by the Supreme Court of Illinois in People vs. Pfanschmidt, in which the identification of the defendant depended not alone upon the direct following of his scent but of following a horse he owned. The master of the bloodhounds testified that the animals have a natural instinct for nothing but the human scent, and that they must be trained to follow the scent of a horse or other animal. In excluding such evidence the Illinois court said:

"Furthermore, we have reached the conclusion that testimony as to the trailing of either a man or an animal by a bloodhound should never be admitted in evidence in any case. A bloodhound may be used to track down a known fugitive from justice. If the dog in fact takes up and follows the trail of a known fugitive and finds him or aids his pursuers to find him there can be no mistake as to whether or not he is the party sought. His guilt or innocence of a given crime, however, should be established by other evidence. Neither court nor jury can have any means of knowing why the dog does this thing or another in following in one direction instead of another; that must be left to his instinct, without knowing upon what it is based. The information obtainable on this subject, scientific, legal or otherwise, is not of such a character as to furnish any satisfactory basis or reason for the admission of this class of evidence. We agree fully with the statement in Brott vs. State (97 N. W., 593) that the 'conclusions of the bloodhound are generally too unreliable to be accepted as evidence in either civil or criminal cases.' The admission of this evidence by the trial court was a reversible error."

An interesting case involving a claim for damages for physical discomfort and mental suffering was before the Supreme Court of Michigan in McConnell vs. the United States Express Company, in which it appeared that the plaintiff, a woman of middle age who had planned an ocean voyage for her health, contracted with the express company to ship her steamer trunk from Michigan to New York in time to be placed on the steamer she intended to take. The trunk contained suitable clothing for the voyage worth $500, but it was not delivered in time and the plaintiff had nothing except the clothing she wore on board, and was unable to participate in the social activities on the trip. The jury gave a verdict for $558, which included damages for mental suffering, and it was affirmed by the majority of the court. The court said in its opinion:

"We have, then, the situation of an intelligent woman past middle life, just recovering from an illness, who had planned long in advance an ocean voyage knowing from previous experience the advantages she might reasonably expect from it, planning in great detail for a wardrobe and other articles which would supply her necessities and provide for her comfort and pleasure, making an expenditure therefor of approximately $500. She had also made a like expenditure for tickets that would enable her to go with a party of congenial people. Without fault of hers, and because of the failure of defendant company to carry out its contract, Mrs. McConnell at the outset of her ocean trip found her plans all put aside and herself in a condition where she necessarily was practically a prisoner in her stateroom for ten days and was deprived of her wardrobe until after her return home. It is not surprising that she should say she was disappointed and ill."

A felon caused by an accidental bruise upon the finger of the holder of an accident insurance policy is held in the Vermont case of Robinson vs. Masonic Protective Asso. 47 L. R. A. (N. S.) 924, to be within the clause of the policy providing compensation for accidental injury resulting from some violent, external and involuntary cause, leaving external and visible marks of a wound. This appears to be a pioneer case upon the question.

In Goldstein vs. Pullman Company the Appellate Division, First Department, heard a suit for damages because a travelling bag was stolen from a passenger on the defendant's car while he was asleep. The rights of passengers in such cases are set forth in the following syllabus from the opinion of the court:

"Where a passenger who had purchased a sleeping car berth boarded a train and entered a sleeping car at about 10 or 10:30 at night, with a handbag too large to go under the berth when made up, containing personal belongings, the porter preceding the passenger into the car carrying the bag, which he placed and left beside the passenger's berth, and afterward the passenger took the bag to the washroom with him, but later, before going to sleep, returned the bag to the place alongside of the berth where the porter had deposited it, and upon the passenger's awakening in the morning the bag had disappeared, held that a prima facie case of neglect of care and watchfulness on the part of the defendant's employees was established which the defendant was required to meet."

The Supreme Court of Washington in Stirtan vs. Bichlen held that a forest contract whereby the defendant employed the plaintiff as his agent to carry out a movement for the recall of certain officers, the defendant agreeing to pay all the expenses incident thereto, was void as contrary to public policy because the tendency of such a contract is just as harmful as a contract to influence legislation or an election. The court said:

"It cannot be questioned that the recall and its usual concomitant, the referendum, are wholesome means in the preservation of responsible popular government. They embody a principle as old as the English constitution. The frequent appeals of the English Ministry from a vote of Parliament to a vote of the people on a given measure, requiring the members of Parliament to stand for reelection upon that measure as an issue, the continuance or resignation of the Ministry being dependent upon the result, is obviously but a recall as to the personnel of the government and a referendum as to the given measure. It is patent, therefore, that every secret contract looking to the advancement of private personal ends by the financing of a recall is just as inimical to a sound public policy as it existed at the common law as would be the same course of conduct when applied to an election itself, or as would be a contract to influence legislation by a secretly paid lobby."

A woman who has left her husband justifiably and removed to another State for the purpose of taking up a permanent residence acquires a domicile in the latter State so that she may maintain an action in the Federal courts against a citizen of the State in which her husband resides, according to the ruling of the Supreme Court of the United States in Williamson vs. Osenton.

The syllabus in a novel case before the Supreme Court of Nebraska is written by the court in Warrick vs. Farley, as follows: "One who voluntarily exposes himself to danger by attempting to separate two fighting dogs then engaged in a combat cannot recover damages from the owner of the dog by which he is bitten, because he has himself helped to create the condition and the danger.

"Where a dog is allowed to run at large and bites the owner of another dog with which he is in a fight and the owner is bitten while negligently attempting to separate the fighting dogs there is no liability for damages because of the injury unless the evidence shows that the owner of the dog which committed the injury knew that his dog was accustomed to bite persons, and then the injury must not be carelessly brought about or contributed to by the plaintiff, and if it is, the plaintiff cannot recover."

## EARLY PRAYER BOOKS.

In the life of the early Christians a large proportion of each day was set apart for prayer and reading. St. Jerome, St. Ambrose and other fathers of the Church mention the seven canonical hours and old writers tell us that in the Eastern monasteries the monks assembled for worship six times a day and most of them at midnight as well.

Pope Celas, in the fifth century, was the first to unite in one volume prayers suitable for every day in the year, as well as for the feasts and fasts of the year. These prayers were said to have been composed by the Apostles themselves. Other missals were composed by other Popes, and as time went on each diocese and each community had its own missal, with its Liturgy conformed to its special needs. In the portions set apart exclusively for the worship of God there was little variation. In the missals of the diocese, however, the saints and martyrs, their lives and acts, occupied an important place; while in those of the monasteries preeminence was given to the founder of their order and the particular doctrine which he taught.

The services were long and fatiguing, so Pope Gregory VII. ordered an abridgment to be made. It was a very imperfect work and was followed by others more or less faulty. Finally the Papal See was commanded by the Council of Trent to prepare a breviary suitable for all dioceses and for all communities. This was accordingly done and in 1568 a breviary was published, which has ever since been the base of the Catholic ritual all over the world and from which, with the necessary modifications, our Book of Common Prayer was compiled.

Before the introduction of printing, missals and other devotional books were transcribed by the monks in the different monasteries. These manuscript books are veritable works of art, ornamented with miniatures, illuminated borders, vignettes and tail pieces. Copies of them are carefully preserved in most of the public libraries of Europe and numbers of them are well known by reproduction.

A treasured volume in the Mazarin Library at Paris is the "Missal of Mont Cassin" of the eleventh century. It is the work of the monks of that celebrated monastery in Lombardy. From the time of its foundation, on the site of a temple to Apollo in the sixth century, this monastery has been the home of religion, science and art. Many valuable works relating to the history of the early Church would have been lost to the world had they not been copied by the devout and talented men who formed the Brotherhood of Mont Cassin. This beautiful missal is not very large; the writing is in the Lombardian style of the period and the book is ornamented with illuminated vignettes and superb initials in the richest of colorings. These letters often occupy a whole page.

There exist three devotional books which belonged to Anne de Bretagne. The "Grandes Heures," in the Bibliotheque Nationale, is one of the most remarkable and beautiful of books; but a smaller one, "Les Paternostres," has recently been found, which is of an earlier date, 1492. It is ornamented with exquisite miniatures, said to be the work of Jean Perreal. Each miniature is surrounded with a border varying in shape, but which is entirely filled in with the letters of which the Queen's Christian name is composed, ANE, so that the name can be read in any direction. This little book was bought by the late J. Pierpont Morgan and reproduced for him in colors by Mr. Quarritch. A small edition with six of the miniatures in black and white has been brought out by a Paris firm for private circulation only.

In following centuries painters of all nations, as well as the most noted engravers on wood, copper or steel, have contributed to embellish the books of prayer. Many of those illustrated by the engravers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries can vie with the earlier illuminated ones. The ornamentation of religious books was regarded as a labor of love by Albert Durer. His celebrated picture "Death" was used to illustrate a Flemish prayer book about 1470. Van der Brock and the three brothers Wierx devoted their best energies to the illustration of the remarkable books published by the firm of Plantin at Antwerp.

The earliest known of English breviaries are the Salisbury ones. The first was printed at Venice in 1483; another, which is now in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, was published at Rouen in 1492; that of the Countess of Richmond about 1530. Those of York and Aberdeen are also among the earliest and rarest English ones.

The subject chosen for these illustrations is always the same old subject, the glorious glory of the divine life, which has inspired a thousand artists, which has given us most that is best in art, and which has been represented in a thousand different ways.

The illustrations in the earlier prayer books are primitive, but certainly sincere. Each artist has depicted his idea in his own manner; sometimes the result is grand, sometimes it is almost grotesque, though underlying all there is evidently a reverent and a deeply religious feeling.

The more copiously illustrated prayer books have also reproductions of Old Testament scenes, often engraved after celebrated paintings by old masters; frequently, artist and engraver are one, and to the best of the epoch. In nearly all the breviaries and missals the commencement of the Psalms is preceded by an engraving representing King David playing on his harp. It is curious on comparing several books to see the various ways in which that one subject alone is treated, and how different a conception different artists have of the same scene.

The Paris Breviary of 1637 is illustrated by Lepautre, one of the best engravers of his time, as well as one of the most prolific. Among the fifteen hundred engravings which bear his signature there are several religious ones, though his principal work is architectural. In almost all his engravings he has introduced some elaborate construction, perhaps, as in the present case, not quite in harmony with his subject.

Engravings from the frescoes of Raphael in the Vatican are used to illustrate a Prayer Book dated 1615.

The Augustine Breviary of 1692 is beautifully illustrated by Marlette, in Saone. The frontispiece is a curious composition which ranks among Saint-best. It depicts St. Augustine thundering anathemas on the leaders of false doctrines who are crouching at his feet. There we see Pelagius, the English monk, who denied the existence of original sin; Manichæus, the founder of the Manichean dogma of the two principles good and evil, light and darkness; Donatus, Bishop of Carthage, whose teaching was the cause of the first schism in the early church, and Arian, who would not acknowledge the divinity of Christ. All these doctrines were vigorously