

A TALE OF THE PIED PIKER

BY RICHARD S. GRAVES.

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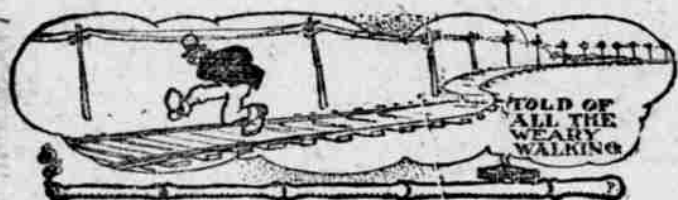
[Being a Christmas story of the biscuit shooter's revenge, which is offered with apologies to the shade of Henry for infringing on his particular style of blank verse and at the same time hinting one to the memory of the old boy who had everybody else beaten to a pulp and three ways from the jack at this sort of thing.]



WRESTLING with the pots and kettles,
Shooting biscuits like a ranger
With an aim that was unerring,
Swiftly dealing out the ham-and,
Also beefsteak tough as leather,
Labored daily Minnie Harhar,
Sometimes known as Laughing Waiter,
Jerking sinkers from the cuisine
To the grill room for the hungry,
Working for a measly stipend
Of two-fifty, coming weekly.
One day to that cobwebbed kitchen



Came a young man cold and hungry.
He was walking on his uppers
In the storms of wintry weather,
And his garb was built for summer,
Hanging on him loose and flabby,
Like a hide hung on a fencepost.
Any cop he might have met then
Would have run him in and vagged him.



Minnie Harhar saw the stranger;
Saw that he was weak and weary;
Took him in and filled him quickly
With the leavings from the tables.
It was in the time of Christmas—
Time of cheer and time of plenty.
Then she sought the boss and told him
Of the stranger in the kitchen—
Told him of the weary walking
All the way from Kansas City,
Where the stranger had been fired from
Just because he had got jagged and
Could not work at biscuit shooting.



Then the stranger seized a tray and
Went to work with Minnie Harhar,
Dodging cops until she helped him
Get a more befitting raiment,
And the philanthropic movement
Set her back just seven-fifty.
Then he got a shave and hair cut
And a bottle of loud perfume.

Thus equipped to make a conquest,
He threw googoo eyes at Minnie—
Threw them hard and threw them often
Until finally she wilted.
Then he took her, unresisting,
In his arms and hugged and kissed her.
He was hers and she was his'n
For a week or ten days, maybe,
Until he had met another
Out upon the public highway—
Met a gazelle with a light step



And they'd take their beer quite often
In the wine room at O'Kelley's.
Christmas days were soon forgotten,
And the lean he'd got from Minnie
From his memory fast was fading.



One day Minnie Harhar saw them
Sauntering along together,
And the air was fairly reeking
With the stickiness of love talk.
Minnie caught on very quickly,
Saw which way the wind was blowing,
But refrained from taking action.

When he came to work
at evening
Minnie Harhar sprung
it on him,
Boned him for the sev-
en-fifty,

Saying he must dig up quickly
Or she'd put him out of business.
Waiting then for half a minute,



Minnie also shied utensils,
Using them for punctuation;
Hurled a plate with such precision
That it spoiled his face forever;
Slammed a stove lid on his stomach,
Pot of beans against his bosom;
Hit him with the mashed potatoes
And a fricassee of chicken.
All the time the guests were dodging
Round the tables in the grill room.



All that she could lay her hands on.
Nothing else was there remaining
But a pie; 'twas made of custard.
This she seized without a tremor.
With a cry she sent it hurtling
Through the air, and safe it landed
On the visage of the piker.
With his face all plastered over,
Squally he was out of business

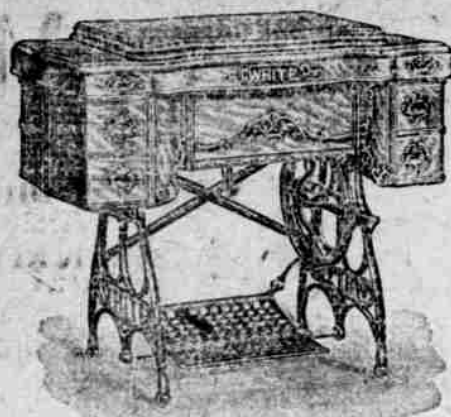
Pans and plates were flying wildly,
Walls were splattered with their contents,
While the boss had taken refuge
In a corner, with a table
Upturned there to shield and hide him.
And the piker, he was hiking
Fast round the room and dodging,
But at every throw was getting
All that could be coming to him.
Everything was thrown by Minnie,



Until he had eaten through it.
Then outside the door he ambled—
Exit pie and farewell piker.
In the art of roughhouse making
Minnie Harhar cleans the platter.
Trifling some with her affections
Is not now considered healthful.
And the piker who has tried it?
It is best that he be nameless.



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WE WILL ALSO SELL DURING THIS BIG SALE ONE OF THE BEST DROP-HEAD, BALL BEARING SEWING MACHINES WITH ALL THE LATEST SET OF ATTACHMENTS FOR \$20.00
NOTHING WOULD BE MORE APPRECIATED FOR A CHRISTMAS GIFT THAN ONE OF OUR LIGHT RUNNING, BALL-BEARING SEWING MACHINES.

T. RICHTER & SONS, Inc., 221 W. Second Street,
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SPIRIT PRIZE TEST.

Physician Will Seek \$5,000 Of-
fered For Counting Oranges.

HAS TWO GIRL MEDIUMS.

Believes He Can Fulfill Requirements
Of Contact With Young Women of
Remarkable Powers—One Who Never
Saw Greenwich Described Fire There.

If two young women patients of Dr.
A. J. Fox of New York are the medi-
ums he says they are, it is time for
the Metropolitan Psychological society
of New York to begin counting out the
\$5,000 it has offered to one who could
tell the number of oranges spilled on a
table behind him or her. The doctor
has been treating patients for hypnotic
suggestion for the past four years, and
so much success has he had in making
Miss Emma Monroe and Miss Mary-
ret Marx do the "mentally supernor-
mal" that he is convinced it will be a
shame to take the money.

The test is expected to prove wheth-
er there is such a thing as communica-
tion with the spirit world. Here it is,
as announced by the officers of the
Metropolitan Psychological society:

When a medium announces that a spirit
is in the room—that can see we will nobel-
ly spill a few oranges upon a table
behind the medium, so that she cannot
see them. We will also keep our own
eyes in another direction, so that we do
not see them, thus eliminating the ques-
tion of telepathy. But the spirit, who is
in the room and sees the oranges, can
communicate the number to the medium.
If the spirit does this often enough to
render coincidence improbable, the medi-
um will be presented with the money.

That Dr. Fox is firmly convinced of
the powers of these young women is
apparent to any one who talks with
him. Some time prior to four years
ago he was junior physician at the
Manhattan State Hospital For the In-
sane, and he told a reporter for the
New York World the other day that
it was there he first became interested
in what is commonly known as spirit-
ualism.

"One of the head physicians told
me," he said, "of a man in the hospital
who was undoubtedly a madman in
many respects, but that he had fore-
told the assassination of President Mc-
Kinley on the very morning that it oc-
curred. He not only gave the hour,
but described the assassin and the spot
where it was to occur. Of course such
a marvelous feat could not be explain-
ed away as an instance of mental tele-
pathy. I had been deeply interested in
hypnotism, and this story made me
more so.

"After leaving the hospital I treated
many of my patients by hypnotic sug-
gestion. Of course there are many
physicians who do the same thing
nowadays.

"Certain little phenomena that I have
noticed while administering the treat-
ment have tempted me to experiment.

and some of the things I have proved
to my own satisfaction I hesitate to
talk about because I fear I will be mis-
understood and branded as a crank or
a faker. I venture to say, however,
that I have discovered so called clair-
voyant powers in at least 95 per cent
of the patients I have experimented
with that simply cannot be accounted
for on any ground yet known to sci-
ence.

"Two young women that I have re-
cently been treating and whom I had
in mind when I called on Secretary
Davis of the Metropolitan Psychic so-
ciety are Miss Margaret Marx and Miss
Emma Monroe, both of 215 West For-
ty-second street, New York. Only re-
cently I have been treating Miss Marx,
and one day when I had caused her to
pass from a deep sleep to a somnam-
bulic sleep I told her to transport
herself to Greenwich, Conn., a town I
knew she had never visited.

"She described the streets, houses
and certain familiar figures in the
town. Up to that point it was possi-
ble that she was telling what was in
my mind. I know the town well. But
suddenly she exclaimed that there was
a fire in Greenwich and described it.
I thought her mind had wandered,
but that afternoon I read in the news-
papers that a big fire had broken out
in Greenwich at the very time I was
experimenting on her.

"My experience with Miss Monroe
has been equally remarkable. Some
time ago I was treating her by hy-
pnotic suggestion for a stomach trou-
ble, and, feeling that she was a good
subject, I ordered her to transport
herself to the apartment of a friend
and tell me what he was doing. She
described his room minutely and told
me the color of the clothes he wore.
Again I accounted for it all as an in-
stance of mental telepathy.

"Of course what she said was in my
mind, and she was at that moment
absolutely under my control mentally.
But when she said he was seated by
a window reading 'Three Weeks' I
marveled. I did not know that he

owned the book, and I don't know
that I had even heard of it at the
time. As soon as I left her I called
my friend—George Rohan—on the tele-
phone and asked him how he liked
'Three Weeks.' 'That's funny,' he re-
plied. 'I have it in my hand now
and have just started on it today.
How did you know I was reading it?
I told him what Miss Monroe had said,
and he was startled.'

Dr. Fox said he had planned to give
a private exhibition at his home soon
of the powers of Miss Marx, Miss
Monroe, Miss Anna Silver and others
of his patients. Then he will notify
the Metropolitan Psychological society
that he is ready to compete for the
rich prize it has offered. Secretary
W. S. Davis of the society said that
he would arrange the test whenever
Dr. Fox was ready for it.

A Contest of Experts.

Ian MacLaren used to tell a story of
two Scots worthies, dour elders of the
kirk, who found themselves alone in
the compartment of a railway carriage
traveling in Perthshire, and, thrown
upon each other for company, they
fastened on a knotty point in theology
to baffle the time. The subject of
controversy was whether a man is
saved by faith or works. The discus-
sion became heated, and the train
drew up at the destination of one of
the debaters not a moment too soon.
Loath to give up the argument, they
continued to wrangle until the train
began to move out of the station, and
the discharged passenger had to run
along the platform to eke out the
precious moments left for a last word.
The subject seemed to hang fire for a
perilous moment—the train was ac-
celerating its speed—when back from
the figure leaning far out of the car-
riage window came the cry, "Hebrews
—ten—thirty-eight!" ("The just shall
live by faith.") Quick as lightning the
other lunged after the receding anti-
nomian, "James—first—twenty-four!"
("By works a man is justified and not
by faith only.")—Harper's Weekly.

Don't Experiment.

You Will Make No Mistake if You
Follow This Rock Island Citi-
zen's Advice.

Never neglect your kidneys.

If you have pain in the back, uri-
nary disorders, dizziness and nervous-
ness, it's time to act and no time to
experiment. These are all symptoms
of kidney trouble, and you should
seek a remedy which is known to cure
the kidneys.

Doan's Kidney Pills is the remedy
to use. No need to experiment. It
has cured many stubborn cases in
Rock Island. Follow the advice of a
Rock Island citizen and be cured your-
self.

Mrs. Isaac Shiffer, of 1417 Fifth ave-
nue, Rock Island, Ill., says "My hus-
band was troubled for two years with
kidney complaint before he found any-
thing to help him. The worst symp-
toms he endured were severe pains in
the region of his kidneys and across
his back, and a frequent action of the
kidneys which he could not control.
He was unable to stoop or lift any-
thing and he tried many remedies
without obtaining relief. He read of
Doan's Kidney Pills in the paper and
he decided to try them, procured a
box at the Harper House pharmacy
and after using them a short time the
pains and other symptoms left him.
I have used Doan's Kidney Pills my-
self and find them to be exactly as
represented. My husband and I agree
that Doan's Kidney Pills are the surest
and safest remedy for kidney trouble."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50c.
Foster-Milburn company, Buffalo, N. Y.,
sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and
take no other.

For any of the ordinary diseases of
the skin Chamberlain's Salve is excel-
lent. It not only allays the itching and
smarting but effects a cure. For sale
by all druggists.

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