FOR WIDOWS OF PRESIDENTS

PENSIONS AND PRIVILEGES GRANTED BY CONGRESS.

Custom That Began With the Widow of the First President—Special Honors to Mrs. Madison—Mrs. Garfield Well Provided For—Appeal of Mrs. Lincoln

WASHINGTON, June 11.—The late Grover Cleveland in a magazine article published shortly before he died commented upon the manner in which this republic left to their fate men who had served in the highest elective office. Other ex-Presidents probably have felt just as Mr. Cleveland felt, but few have ever publicly expressed their feelings.

If the republic has been ungrateful to its ex-Presidents, it has been more considerate to their widows. In fact there has never been a widow of a President, so far as the records show, who has not been remembered by Congress when such remembrance was necessary.

In some instances the widows of former Chief Executives have received the mail franking privilege, which really meant little, but in other cases large pecuniary contributions have been made through Congress and in several cases a pension of $5,000 a year has been granted. Only a short time ago the Senate Committee on Pensions reported favorably a bill granting pensions of $5,000 a year to Frances Folsom Cleveland, the widow of Grover Cleveland, and Mary Lord Harrison, widow of Benjamin Harrison. To both Congress granted in 1909 the franking privilege.

Only a few of the men who have become President of the United States left the White House with comfortable fortunes and the majority have had comparatively little with which to face the world, bring up their children and maintain the dignity which attaches to a man who has been at the head of this nation. Even in these days, when a President receives $75,000 a year with $25,000 each twelve months for travelling expenses, no one who is familiar with the requirements of social life at the capital and realizes the drain upon the purse of the President would expect him to retire with a large surplus saved from his four or eight years salary.

The custom of taking care of the widows of Presidents began with the foundation of the republic. Martha Washington didn't need the assistance of Congress when her husband died, but nevertheless it voted her the franking privilege, which she probably exercised infrequently, for the death of her husband so broke her health that she lived only a few years.

Dolly Payne Madison, the most famous of all the women who have ruled over the White House and whose reputation as a wit extended even to the courts of Europe, was probably honored more than any of the others. Not only did Congress give her the right to send her letters through the mails free of charge but it purchased from her records of debates of Congress from 1782 to 1787, written by her husband. President Jackson thought that these papers were so important and was so impressed with the need of coming to the aid of Dolly Madison in this way that he sent a special message to Congress on the subject in a day when special messages were not so common as they have been in subsequent administrations.

Dolly Madison was not left in poverty by her husband, but she was one of the most famous entertainers Washington ever knew and maintined the levees for which she became famous long after she went out of the White House and for years after President Madison died. It was these entertainments that drove her to sell the manuscript of the Congress debates.

Still another mark of the approval of Congress came to this remarkable woman when the Senate bestowed upon her the privilege of the floor. No other woman has possessed that either before or since. The Senate is a much more formal place than the House, and the privilege of the floor was indeed an unusual distinction.

Next in popularity to Dolly Madison, perhaps, came Sarah Childress Polk, widow of James K. Polk. President Polk was not a wealthy man nor was he poor. When he died friends of his widow took care to see that his estate was carefully guarded for her.

She had not been a notable figure in the White House, but had held the high regard of all who met her. She retired to her husband's home, Polk Place, near Nashville, Tenn., and lived there until her death.

Unfortunately, bonds of the State of Tennessee in which she had invested much of her husband's estate were declared valueless by the Commonwealth, and for a time it looked as if she would have to suffer the loss. Of all the investors in those bonds, however, so history says, Mrs. Polk was one who didn't lose a cent, even the interest being paid by the Commonwealth. Mrs. Polk afterward received a pension of $5,000 a year from Congress.

Of all the widows of the White House Mrs. Garfield seems to have been best provided for. When President Garfield was shot in the old Union station here in September, 1881, he carried life insurance worth $50,000 and possessed an estate worth about $30,000. Shortly after Gen. Garfield died a subscription started by Cyrus W. Field for the widow brought in $312,000, and in addition Congress decreed that she should receive $50,000, the salary of a President, for a year, less any amount that had been paid in that year. This left $40,000 salary. In all Mrs. Garfield received something over $400,000, which brought her an income of about $21,000. Congress in addition later gave her a pension of $5,000 a year.

The most pitiable case revealed in the records is that of the widow of Abraham Lincoln. After the assassination of President Lincoln in Ford's Theatre in this city his widow broke down in health, and in an effort to regain it went to Germany. Although Congress had granted her that portion of the $25,000 of yearly salary due her husband at the time of his death, she was soon in uncomfortable circumstances. To the Speaker of the House she wrote this letter:

"SIR: I herewith most respectfully present to the honorable House of Representatives an application for a pension. I am a widow of a President of the United States whose life was sacrificed in his country's cause. That sad calamity has very greatly impaired my health and by the advice of my physician I have come over to Germany to try the mineral waters and during the winter to go to Italy. But my financial means will not permit me to take advantage of the urgent advice given me. Nor can I live in a style becoming a widow of the Chief Magistrate of a nation, although I live as economically as I possibly can. In consideration of the great services my dearly beloved husband has rendered to the United States and of the fearful loss I have sustained by his untimely death, his martyrdom, I may say, I respectfully submit to your honorable body this petition, hoping that a yearly pension may be granted me so that I may have less pecuniary care. I remain,

"Most respectfully,

"MRS. A. LINCOLN."

Mrs. Lincoln received a pension of $3,000 a year and later when Mrs. Garfield got a pension of $5,000 Mrs. Lincoln's allowance was increased to that amount and she received besides $15,000 in cash. She too had the right to use the mails free of charge.

In addition to those mentioned, the widow of John Quincy Adams had the franking privilege; Mrs. William Henry Harrison got all of the $25,000 yearly salary which had not been paid to her husband; Margaret Taylor, widow of Zachary Taylor, also enjoyed the franking privilege; Julia Gardner Tyler received a pension of $5,000 a year. To Julia Dent Grant, widow of General Grant, Congress gave the franking privilege and a $5,000 pension, and to Ida F. McKinley, widow of President McKinley, it gave also $5,000 a year.

NEW USE FOR PREACHERS.

Asked This Year to Help in Securing a Good Corn Crop for Iowa.

"Let us pray for our seed corn!" would sound to the Eastern ear almost like sacrilege; but out in Iowa it isn't very different from saying "Give us this day our daily bread."

Anyhow, seed corn as a subject of prayer and exhortation did get into the Iowa churches this spring. The corn experts at the State Agricultural College sent broadcast an urgent appeal to preachers to devote a Sunday service to remarks on this year's seed corn.

It was a new departure in piety. Generally preaching and praying on the subject of crops doesn't begin until they're as good as lost. This time the preachers were asked to get busy when it would do most good, which this year was before the crop was even planted.

Twenty years ago corn was just corn. You put it in the ground. Nature did the rest. A comfortable enough method, for you could always put the blame for a poor crop on Providence.

The agriculture sharps know better now. They pick out their seed corn, a whole lot of promising ears, and they take a few grains from each ear and along toward spring they plant these test grains in boxes of earth, or in testing houses if they have them. Then they wait to see what happens.

Now, the cause of the rumpus in Iowa this year was that what happened was pretty nearly nothing at all. To the dismay of the sharps it was found that more than half of the seed corn on which Iowa was depending for this year's crop was not fertile. When you planted it there was nothing doing.

It looked all right. That was the danger of it. Absolutely the only way you could find out whether it would grow was to plant it and see; but that was something the average farmer hasn't been in the habit of doing. Out in Iowa especially, where they pride themselves on never having had a complete crop failure, they have had a good deal of confidence in the special attention of Providence.

The men who tested the 1910 seed corn knew that Providence had put it up to them this year to save the Iowa crop, and away back in February or March they began hustling to do it. They got the newspapers to print columns of warning to the farmers. "Test your corn!" was a command met with at every turn. Circulars of instruction were sent through the country. Men from the agricultural college went about the State talking and demonstrating, and as a final effort every preacher was asked to devote one sermon to the subject.

A year or two ago Iowa's corn crop jumped to a total of 400,000,000 bushels, thanks to a more intelligent selection of seed corn. They mean to keep it there, or perhaps to make it go on jumping.

The "corn gospel" train has gone up and down the State year after year teaching farmers how to improve their corn, how to make 500 grains grow where only 300 grew before. As a result in the course of a few years seed corn was produced which brought fancy prices, a good many dollars for a single ear.

In order to stimulate interest in the prospective farmers corn contests were inaugurated among the boys and girls of the State. Seed was supplied to the school children by the County Superintendent. Along in December the district contests were held, each contestant exhibiting five ears of corn of his or her own raising.

Reports showed that the boys and girls harvested an average of ten bushels apiece, which made it not altogether a work of pride with them. The winners received cash prizes and certificates. In a single one of these contests fifty-one boys and girls took part.

BOYHOOD OF GEN. NOGI.

His Early Hardships in Trying to Get an Education.

Gen. Nogi, the Japanese soldier, belongs to the cosmopolitan army of self-made men. His account of his boyhood, except in the details, has the familiar earmarks of such stories the world over.

"My father could not give me the education other boys in the clan were receiving," he writes in *Nihon no Shonen*. "I had to stay at home. But one day I said to myself: 'Come what may I must learn while I am young. Life without some sort of achievement is not worth the living.'

"So I pleaded with my father and at last prevailed upon him to send me to a dormitory known as the Shudōba, from which I was able to attend the Clan School.

"My days at the dormitory were days of hardship. It was under the control of the Clan Government and sheltered about sixty boys, all under 18 years of age, for in those days a boy was supposed to reach manhood at 18, and what 'man' would live in a dormitory?

"Things have much changed since that time. In those days the boys brought their own unhulled rice to the dormitory and pounded it for themselves in the mortar provided for their use; there was not a shop in the place where you could buy hulled rice. The boys too had to cook their own rice for themselves and to collect their own fuel from the neighboring woods.

"There was also a stable attached to the dormitory and it was the duty of the boys to groom the horses. As the poorest lad in the dormitory a great deal of this work fell upon my shoulders. I pounded rice for the others, I went into the woods to gather fuel, I cooked the meals and I groomed the horses.

"There were no currycombs or clippers in those days. I had to singe the horses' coats with improvised torches made of dry twigs and to chop the straw for their bran mash as well as I could, and all this for want of labor saving contrivances entailed much expenditure of time and trouble.

"In addition to all this manual labor I had the usual school lessons to attend. Never very strong, I found my double task a severe strain on my powers of endurance, and I began at times to doubt whether I should be able to go through with the task I had set myself. But I never allowed myself to lose heart."

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Book of Years.

In sleep I turned the volume of my years:
The leaves were many, rough and soiled and marred,
And here and there a line was blurred and scarred,
Where to erase it I had tried with tears.
No page was perfect, but through all there ran
Fair lines and many spaces white and clear;
Ah, small they were, the blotted lines too near,
But each showed where a higher thought began.

Unknowingly I traced these pages interlined.
I thought them but loose leaves soon torn and lost;
I knew not then the tears which they should cost
When in the western sky my sun declined.
Could I but write them now how fair they all should look
When the great angel comes to close and seal my book.

NINETTE M. LOWATER.

Joy and Pain.

Out of the glooming night and wind and rain
Came he whose name is Pain;
Out of the dawn—sun rays without alloy—
Came he whose name is Joy;
Yet are they brothers sworn,
He of the night, he of the jocund morn!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Sahara.

My life is like the hidden stream
That flows beneath the desert sands,
Whose sluggish memory holds a gleam
Of long past sunny lands.

Across the waste the camels glide,
The sands of centuries drift and blow;
And thrones are dust that rose in pride,
While I sleep on below.

O lands so fair! O sunny days!
Have ye forever vanished hence?
My soul flows on in deep amaze,
It knows not where or whence!

A million eons yet my stay
Beneath the deserts sands may mark,
O for a single daylight ray
To gleam across the dark!

M. E. BUHLER.

Sun Magic.

The mist wreaths curled and swirled o'er the crests of the lilac hedges,
And the apple boughs were blown and the cherry branches tossed;
And the roses seemed to grudge to open their crimson pledges,
And the silvery lances of rain slanted, and then were lost.

The very visage of grief—tremulous, tearful, tragic;
Niobe's look of woe—sorrow without alloy!
When, lo! a rift in the clouds, the glamour of gold sun magic,
And all the garden shone with the radiant face of joy!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

The Umpire.

The umpire stands behind the plate
Conspicuously in view;
The way that fellow toys with fate
Just keeps me in a stew!

He calls the balls the batter swats
And those he doesn't touch;
It's wonderful the way he spots
Left handed twists and such!

He puts the batter out or not
Just as he seems to please;
I'd hate to stand in that same spot
And hand out things like these!

Back to the bench he sends some chap;
A Giant maybe, too.
I often wonder if a scrap
Won't come when they are through.

An umpire cares not what he gives,
Strike three or just ball four;
It sets us guessing how he lives
When all the team is sore.

Ten per seems but a fragile sum
For umpiring I say
If you consider what may come
To him some cruel day.

I. F. P.

Your Neighbors.

Attempt to do a novel thing
And folks'll say you're crazy.
And if you work the shortest way
They'll also call you lazy.
They'll ridicule, do what you may,
Because you haven't asked their say.
But when they find you've made it pay
They'll all say you're a daisy!

C. C. MULLINS.

The Rivals.

Said the Bicycle to the Automobile:
"How high and mighty and gay you feel;
Yet I can remember the day when I
Would let no other one pass me by—
Cart horse and roadster and racehorse too,
Far ahead of them all I flew.
Now my tires are unpumped and my warning bell
The attention of nobody can compel.

"Though you maim your thousands where I hurt one,
Though ten times my furthest is your day's run,
Still I have been learning while lying here
That a rival's coming for you to fear.
I have heard them talk of a wonderful thing,
That can fly in the air like a bird on the wing,
That can carry a man over land, over sea;
In a twinkling he is where he wishes to be.

"So swiftly it speeds in a week and a day
One may girdle the globe I have heard them say
While you are contented from dawn to dark
With a few score miles to have made your mark."
The giant throughout his quivering frame
Felt the truth that was mixed with his rival's blame.
"I'll never be such a clod as you."
He sputtered as off on the road he flew;
And his end the Bicycle never knew.

HELEN LEAH REED.

The Joys of June.

We used to sing of gentle June,
Soft sun and showers,
Of dewy eves and golden moon,
Bird song and flowers—
Of boating on the still lagoon
In twilight hours.

And it was not so long ago
But one remembers,
E'en though his locks be not as snow,
Rugged Decembers
When welcome was the warming glow
Of ruddy embers.

But now the calendar's awry.
Would you a gay ride?
When glows the hot December sky
'Twill be a hay ride—
But when in June the snowflakes fly,
Ho! for a sleigh ride!

E. T. NELSON.

The Farmer's Joys.

From the Somerville Journal.

Who wouldn't be a farmer now
And live 'mid pastures green,
And lug the water from the well
And light with kerosene?

Who is there happier than he
Who hears the bullfrogs chug
And stops his haying frequently
To gurgle from the jug?

Who does not envy him the joy
Of rising with the sun
Or thinking that at 3 A. M.
His day's work's well begun?

Who would not then a farmer be
And live among the birds?
His joys no poet could express—
They are too deep for words.

KAISER'S OLD DRILL MASTER.

Death of the Sergeant Who Taught Him Military Exercises as a Lad.

The Kaiser's old drill sergeant, Robert Lucke, has just died in Berlin at the age of 78. The Kaiser never forgot him and whenever his eye fell upon him among the bodyguard at the palace he used to address a cherry word to him.

In 1863 young Prince Wilhelm, then 11, and his sister, Princess Charlote, now the wife of the hereditary Prince of Saxe-Meiningen, were entrusted to Lucke to be drilled in military exercises, extension motions they were called, and in shooting at a target with miniature rifles. Lucke left his regiment in 1868 and went into the royal bodyguard, but after a few years was taken into the mess office of the First Life Guards at Potsdam.

The last time the Kaiser saw him was at a jubilee of the regiment, when after the parade was over he shook him by the hand and said, "Well, my dear Lucke, but for you I would never have got on as I have."

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Seldom has any request for information in this column met with a response so abundant and so generous as that which has greeted the request for the "Little Rid Hin." It is found to exist in two versions, prose and verse. Because of the interest which has been aroused the metrical version is here printed despite its almost prohibiting length:

THE LITTLE RID HIN.

There was once upon a time
A little small Rid Hin
Off in the good ould counthry,
Where yez have niver been.

Nice and quiet, shure she was,
And niver did any harrum.
She lived alone all be hersel'
And worked upon her farrum.

There lived out o'er the hill,
In a great din o' rocks,
A crafty, sly and wicked
Ould felly of a fox.

This rashkil of a fox
He tuck it in his head
He'd have the little small rid hin,
So whin he wint to bed

He laid awake and thought
What a foine thing 't would be
To fetch her home and bile her up
For his ould marm and he.

The fox he thought and thought
Until he grew so thin
That there was nothing left of him
But just his bones and skin.

But the small rid hin was wise.
She always locked her dure
And in her pocket pit the key
To keep the fox out shure.

Till at last there came a schame
Intil his wicked head,
And he tuck a great big bag
And to his mither said:

"Now, have the pot all bilin'
Agin the time I come;
We'll ate the small rid hin to-night,
For sure I'll bring her home."

And thin away he wint
Wid the bag upon his back,
And up the hill and through the woods
Softly he made his track

Until he came along,
Crapin' as still as a mouse,
To where the little small rid hin
Lived in her snug ould house.

And out she comes hersel'
Just as he got in sight,
To pick up shticks to make a fire;
"Aha!" says fox, "all right!

"Begorra now I'll have yez
Without much throuble more."
And in he shlips quite unbeknownst
And hides behind the door.

And thin a minute after
In comes the small rid hin,
And shuts the door and locks it too
And thinks "I'm safely in."

And thin she turns around
And looks behind the dure,
There shtands th' fox wid his big tail
Shpread out upon the flure!

Dear me! She was so scared
At such a wondrous sight,
She drapped her apronful of shticks
And flew up in a fright.

And lighted on a beam,
Across on top the room,
"Ye see," says she, "Ye don't have me.
Ye may as well go home."

"Aha," says fox, "We'll see.
I'll fetch yez down from that."
And out he marched upon the flure
Right under where she sat.

And then he whirled around,
'Round and 'round and 'round,
Fasther and fasther and fasther
Afther his tail on the ground.

Until the small rid hin
She got so dizzy, sure,
Wid lookin' at the fox's tail
She just drapped on the flure.

And fox, he whipped her up
And pit her in his bag,
And off he started all alone,
Him and his little dag.

All day he thracked the woods
Uphill and down agin,
And wid him, smotherin' in the bag,
The little small rid hin.

Sorra a know she knowed
Jist where she was that day.
Says she, "I'm biled and ate up sure,
And what'll be to pay?"

Then she bethought hersel'
And tuck her scissors out
And shnipped a big hole in the bag,
So she could look about.

And 'fore ould fox could think,
She lepped right out, she did,
An' thin picked up a great big stone
An' popped it in, instid.

An' thin she rins aff home,
Her outside door she locks,
Thinks she, "Ye see, ye don't have me,
Ye crafty, sly ould fox!"

And fox, he tugged away
Wid the great, big, heavy stone,
Thumpin' his shoulders very bad
As he wint on alone.

And whin he came in sight
Of his great din o' rocks,
There, watchin' for him at the dure,
He spied auld mither fox.

"Have ye the pot a-bilin'?"
Says he to auld fox thin.
"Sure and it is, me child," says she.
"Have ye the small rid hin?"

"Yis. Jist here in me bag.
As sure as I shtand here.
Open the lid till I pit her in,
Open it—niver fear."

So the rashkil cut the sthrings
And hild the big bag over,
"Now, whin I shake her in," says he,
"Do ye pit on the cover."

"Yis, that I will," and thin
The stone wint in wid a dash,
And the pot of bilin' wather
Came over them, ker-splash!

And scalded thim both to death,
So they niver breathed no more,
But the little small rid hin lived safe
Just where she lived before.

The verses first appeared in Horace E. Scudder's "Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country" (Houghton Mifflin & Co.). It is also in Bryant's "Stories to Tell to Children." In the preface to the Bodley book the author says "the story of the Little Rid Hin is an adaptation made by an anonymous writer from the same story as told in prose in Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's 'Faith Gartney's Girlhood.'" In that book (1863) Bridget the applewoman tells the story to little Glory McGuirk, who saw such lots of good times in the world and she wasn't in 'em. In one edition the versification is assigned to F. W. Sweetser in the *Riverside Magazine*.

Cordial acknowledgment of their courtesy is made to L. Lamprey, F. D. S., H. L. H., Helen C. Nolty, Mrs. G. J. F., L. A. W., M. A. Emery, L. E. Holcomb, M. S. W., H. G. H., C. N. Arnold, Ericacea, Rowena Ladd Hall, T. G. Spence, Epes W. Sargent, Mrs. J. W. D., Frank Ludlam, W. S. B., Jr., Arthur Tomalin.

In turning a corner which wheels of a wagon, the inner or outer, would leave the ground first provided the ground is level and the speed sufficient to overturn the vehicle? Is it at all possible under these conditions for the outer wheels to leave the ground first?

E. B. CRANE.

The inner wheel tends to leave the ground. In building railways the outer rail is raised by such an amount as will meet and neutralize this tendency.

What's a lobbygow? I occasionally see the word used in your Chinatown legends, and although from the sense of the narrative I can tell it's human I don't know what color it is nor what occupation it follows. B. U. COLIC.

In etymology lobbygow is pidgin. The person thus designated is a Caucasian hangeron at the fringes of the transplanted Orient who earns his living as a runner of errands and general exploiter of Chinatown.

When is the sun nearest the earth? In summer or winter? And why nearer at one season than at another? JOHN A. HAMBRICK.

In the present year the earth was nearest the sun January 1; it will be most remote at 6 P. M. on July 4. The reason for this variation in distance, amounting to some 3,000,000 miles, lies in the fact that the earth's orbit is not a circle but an ellipse.

There is murder in the air at this office over the parsing of this citation appearing unexpectedly when the tearing off of yesterday's slip on the calendar exposed the statement "The world is a workshop and none but the wise know how to use the tools." Is know or knows correct.

J. W. C.

It should be knows, none can be nothing but singular and therefore calls for the concord of the singular verb.

I can help John Woodford out by the chorus of the "ham-fat" song:

"If you'll marry me, said the hamfat man,
Why, I'll marry you, said the ham-fat man.
For a pint of peppermint away she ran
To drink the health of the ham-fat man."

This is as I heard it sung by the sailors on the great lakes when I was a small boy.

E. E. C. GIBBS.

"Justice is a theorem; punishment is exact as Euclid. Crime has its angles of reflection and its angles of incidence and we men, we tremble when we perceive in the obscurity of human destiny the lines and figures of that enormous geometry which the crowd call chance and the thinking man calls Providence."

Will some reader locate this extract found in a scrap book of some fifty years ago? It is attributed to Victor Hugo, but is not to be found in any of his writings at hand. E. T.

SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Auction Bridge. A. L. B. says: How are ties to be decided in cutting for deal and seats under the new laws just passed by the Whist Club, and where may these laws be obtained?

The suits will outrank one another as they do in straight bridge, the heart having the preference over diamonds, diamonds over clubs and clubs over spades, when the denomination of the cards is equal. Address the secretary, 13 West Thirty-sixth street.

H. M. C. says: During the deal one of the cards that fell to A—on the dealer's left, was turned up and showed the ace of hearts. The dealer at once threw the remainder of the pack on the table, gathered up all the cards and proceeded to shuffle the pack for a new deal. A protests that he has no right to do this, as neither A nor B objected to the exposed card. The dealer bets that an exposed card calls for a new deal always, as otherwise B would know an important card in his partner's hand. What should be done under the circumstances?

It being the dealer's fault that the card is exposed and that B knows it is in his partner's hand, the dealer must suffer for it and the laws distinctly state that if a card is exposed by the dealer a new deal is at the option of the adversaries: not at the option of the dealer. When this card is unimportant, or falls to the dealer or his partner, the adversaries may demand a new deal, but if the card is a good one and falls to them they would be foolish to give it up.

In the case cited, A, having the ace of hearts dealt to him, has a perfect right to keep it, but as the dealer has unjustifiably gathered the cards for a new deal all that A can do is to demand that he be given the ace of hearts and twelve other cards in their order of dealing. The ace of hearts must be found and handed to A before the new deal begins.

J. L. P. says: A bets that if a player deals out of turn, let us say A, it being Z's deal, the proper dealer must make the first bid, as otherwise A would lose the advantage of his position.

If the deal is completed the actual dealer must make the first bid. It is A's fault for letting the misdeal occur.

R. B. V. says: Y has bid two hearts and B says three spades. Attention is called to the irregularity, but it is impossible for B to amend his spade bid so as to be equal to two hearts, 16 points. Z bets that B must make some other bid that is equal to two hearts.

Z is wrong. B's bid is simply out of order and his partner is barred from any declaration that deal unless Z in the interval makes a higher bid than Y.

Bridge. E. A. L. says: The trick has been turned and quitted when the dealer asks one of his adversaries if he followed suit. The adversary declines to answer the question. Under what rule can he refuse or the dealer demand an answer?

Two laws seem to cover the case. The first is that a trick once turned and quitted may not be seen, which will prevent the trick in question from being turned up to see if the player followed suit or not. The second is that an adversary is not allowed to make any reference to any incident of the play which might affect his partner's game. It is a common trick for a player to turn over a trick that has been quitted, look through it and then remark, "You didn't follow suit, did you?" The penalty should be strictly enforced for all such irregularirles.

H. B. S. says: We noticed in your answer to C. L. S. last week a reference to the "Indian theory." Will you be good enough to explain it?

The English garrison officers in India made a very thorough test of the various disputed declarations in bridge, and a writer who lived in India embodied the results of these experiments in a book. The Indian theory, so called, refers exclusively to the principle of making it clubs rather than spades when you have at least four clubs and not so many spades. The theory is that your weak spade make will be doubled, worth 4 a trick, while there is not so much danger of clubs being doubled, and they are also 4 a trick. When the two black suits are equal in numbers the Indian theory is to make the weaker the trump, so that four spades to the ace king and four clubs to the ten would be a club make on a pass. The spades will win tricks on their merits, the clubs only by their rank as trumps.

W. H. K. says: The dealer led out of turn, second hand, A, followed suit, but before dummy played A remarked "It is not your lead. Dummy leads," and took back his card. The dealer bets that by playing to the trick A has accepted the lead out of turn and cannot recall his card except when the lead is objected to by his partner, who has not yet played. B now speaks up and asks what if he objects after A has called his attention to the wrong lead. The dealer bets B cannot avail himself of A's hint, and the lead must stand.

The dealer is wrong all around. Law 78 distinctly says that if only the second player has played to the false lead his card may be taken back, and it nowhere insists that it shall not be take back at his own suggestion, unassisted by any hint from his partner.

Euchre. E. S. H. says: Playing four hand, the dealer turns down a club. Can the next player on his left make it spades without a spade in his hand?

Yes. He can make it anything he pleases. If he fails to get the trick out of it he pays the fiddler.

Cribbage. G. H. H. says: A bets that a player cannot go into the game hole on a muggins penalty. This is what happened. A was non-dealer and showed a hand worth 14 and pegged it, putting him within two of game. The dealer pegged his hand correctly but missed two points in his crib when he pegged that. The non dealer claimed muggins and took the two points. The dealer bets he cannot go game that way.

If muggins is played they count at any time, as there is nothing in the laws of any game that says the rules shall be suspended because of any accidental position of a player's score. Cribbage players must remember that muggins is matter of agreement, as the strict rules of the game do not allow the adversary to take points overlooked, but only to take those overscored.

J. P. B. says: When is it too late to correct a deal out of turn?

After the starter is turned up.

M. R. says: Please count this hand for us. The five of hearts turned up, the jack of hearts, another jack and two fives in the hand.

Laying the fives in a triangle, each side will make a pair, 6 holes. A pair of jacks, 2 more. Each jack will make a fifteen with each five separately, 12 more. The three fives themselves are a fifteen, 2 more. Finally there is the 1 for his nobs 23 in all.

Auction Pitch. J. McF. says: A is the bidder and is playing to make three. He takes in high, low to his opponent's jack, the point for game being a tie, each man having 16. A bets that the bidder has the first count in everything, so that he counts the point for game, which puts A safe. B bets this is wrong and that there is no game out.

B is right. Many players hold that if either player has the ten of trumps when game is a tie the ten of trumps shall get the point; but this is purely arbitrary and there is no authority for it.

Roulette. H. J. F. says: Some time ago THE SUN gave the limits at Monte Carlo. How many times could a player double up without reaching these limits?

That depends on what he was betting on. If on colors, odd and even, or any of the even chances, as the smallest bet accepted is a dollar and the limit is $1,200, if he started with $1 he would reach the limit when he had doubled the tenth time and put down $1,024.

Poker. W. L. says: Seven playing, it is found that thirty-five cards have been correctly dealt from the pack, but one player has four cards and another six. What is the rule under the following three varying conditions: If both have looked at their cards. If neither has looked. If one looks and the other does not?

If the players sit next each other it is assumed that the mixture of hands is accidental. The dealer must be called on to adjust them and if neither player has looked the dealer takes a card from the six and gives it to the player with four only. If either has looked his hand is dead, and the dealer adjusts the other. If both have looked both are dead.

E. S. H. says: A holds three treys but by mistake asks for one card only, after discarding two. His triplet is high. Does he win the pot?

No. The hand is foul.

W. B. says: The decision given in THE SUN on May 22, that if no one comes in against the opener he must show all five cards, seems inconsistent with the other laws of the game, as a player is not obliged to show his hand unless his bet is called. When an opener bets the others have a right to see that he has the qualification to make the bet, but they are not entitled to know whether he opens for a small amount on a full house and a large amount on a pair of jacks.

The opening of a jackpot is not a bet but an ante. The betting is done after the draw. When the ante is not met by any other player it must be taken down again and then the opener must show the hand on which he takes down the pot. As he has paid no more for these five cards than any other player at the table it is considered a called hand and all five cards must be shown. If a player does not wish to disclose what he had when he opened, he can take down his ante or opening amount and let the pot stand. No one will object to that.

M. L. says: Must a card faced in dealing be accepted?

On the deal before the draw, yes. On the deal for the draw, no.

W. G. D. says: A opens and draws two cards. B comes in against him, drawing three cards. When A bets the limit B drops. How many cards must A show? He put down a pair of jacks only, although he kept three cards of his original hand.

Openers are enough. Unless B calls it is none of his business what A held up with the jacks or what he drew to them.

J. F. M. A full hand beats any kind of flush but a straight flush.

POLITICAL NOTES.

Speaker James W. Wadsworth of Geneseo has given up the lease of his house in Albany and on a recent visit to New York city told his friends that he would not be a candidate for reelection to the Assembly or a candidate for Congress in his district next fall. Several of the Speaker's friends have suggested that he retire for a short period and the Republican organization of the State would see to it that he was nominated for Governor in the Presidential year of 1912. The Speaker and Frederick C. Stevens, Superintendent of Public Works, have patched up their differences, it was said, not to the extent of forming a defensive or offensive alliance but simply to put an end to the personal differences that have existed between them for several years. Others of Speaker Wadsworth's friends have urged him not to retire from the Assembly but to remain as Speaker, but to these importunities he said that he was tired of the whole business and added that he wanted a rest.

Those of the Speaker's friends who have advised him to retire for a short time from the activities of State politics did so, they said, because they had no desire that such a talented young man should be "thrown to the animals." They do not want him nominated for Governor this year. They do not believe much in the report that Speaker Wadsworth may be nominated for Senator to succeed Mr. Depew. They further declared that Wadsworth if nominated for Governor would not be supported by the Hughes independents, and on the other hand a Hughes candidate for Governor would not be supported by the regular Republicans.

In the event of the Speaker's retirement should the Republicans retain control of the Assembly next fall Assemblyman Edwin A. Merritt, Jr., of the Second district of St. Lawrence, chairman of the Ways and Means Committee for a number of years, would be in direct line of promotion to the Speakership. There has been a little friction in Mr. Merritt's district, or rather an agitation which has now subsided.

While Speaker Wadsworth is on the friendliest footing with ex-President Roosevelt and the latter speaks highly of the Speaker, it is a curiously interesting fact that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Merritt in all their political lives have only met on three occasions, and then informally, and there is no degree of political or social intimacy between the two men. On the assumption that Roosevelt is to take a keen interest in the approaching campaign in New York there is considerable curiosity as to how Roosevelt would regard the disposition of Mr. Merritt's friends to make him Speaker, provided always Speaker Wadsworth continues in his determination to retire.

Roosevelt and ex-Representative James W. Wadsworth, Sr., clashed several years ago, and one of the results of that difficulty was the retirement of Wadsworth from Congress. Since then though, according to present information, Roosevelt and the elder Wadsworth have come to a better understanding. It was Roosevelt and the late Gov. Higgins who made James W. Wadsworth, Jr., Speaker of the Assembly.

A number of influential Republican politicians in the New York organization say that they have information to the effect that Senator Josiah T. Newcomb of the Nineteenth district is not to be renominated next fall. Up-State Republican politicians have the same information.

The only Collector of the Port of New York nominated for Governor in the last twenty-five years was Representative J. Sloat Fassett, who was nominated in 1891 and defeated by Roswell P. Flower by 47,937. In fact of the thirty-four Collectors of the Port of New York since John Lamb, the first Collector, appointed March 22, 1784, none was Governor of the State of New York. Chester A. Arthur became Vice-President and by the death of Garfield President.

Naturally the extraordinary session of the Legislature called by the Governor has come in for much talk on the part of the Republican legislators who have been in New York city since the regular session adjourned. A tentative programme, involving two propositions, has been discussed and rejected. The first was that the Legislature on assembling at Albany on June 20, should Gov. Hughes recommend legislation on the lines of the Hinman-Green direct nominations bill, should take a recess until January 1. The second proposition was that the Legislature should take a recess until after October 1, when the Governor is to take his place on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.

This programme had for its foundation the fact that all bills on direct nominations had been exhaustively discussed for months at Albany, and that the Hinman-Green bill, the Cobb-Hughes compromise and the Grady-Frisble bill, after free and open debate, had been defeated; that the Meade-Phillips bill, which the Governor vetoed on Wednesday, thus carrying out the statement of his emergency message in the closing hours of the regular session, represents the views of the Legislature. The Hughes men in New York city, it was learned, have endeavored within the last few days to induce Democratic Assemblymen who voted against the Hinman-Green bill to change their attitude at Albany in the extraordinary session, and have failed. On the other hand, it was ascertained, Republicans opposed to the Hinman-Green bill have endeavored to induce Republican Assemblymen who voted for that bill to change their attitude at the approaching extraordinary session, and have also failed.

The lineup, therefore, at the present moment in the Assembly is identical with that at the regular session. No Republican cared to predict what the Senate would do should the Governor in his message to the extraordinary session insist upon direct nominations legislation along the lines of the Hinman-Green bill.

It was the opinion of Speaker Wadsworth and Mr. Merritt and their friends that Gov. Hughes's recommendations in his message to the extraordinary session of the Legislature should be respectfully considered and should receive careful thought. The Speaker and Mr. Merritt were opposed to any programme which would shut off further debate on the Governor's ideas on direct nominations.

They believed, though, according to their friends, that the Governor must take the affirmative and that the Governor's friends should be ready with a bill embodying his views on this subject, and that neither branch of the Legislature should be again requested to frame direct nominations bills. In other words, the Senate and the Assembly having passed the Meade-Phillips bill, as representing the views of the Legislature on this much vexed question, they are in position respectfully to adopt the attitude toward the Governor and his friends expressed in the famous command, "Gentlemen of the Guard, fire first."

It was more or less the general opinion that the Governor's friends will reintroduce the Hinman-Green bill.

When you talk with Republicans of New York State and ask them how next fall's campaign is to turn out one and all reply that they will surely win. When you point out to them the Democratic victory in the special Congress election in the Monroe county district and ask if that election had any significance they tell you that it had none whatever; that the Payne-Aldrich Republican Congressmen in the President's own State of Ohio won renominations with a single exception. If you ask these Republicans to point out the significance of the near defeat of Representative John Dalzell in Pennsylvania and the very greatly reduced primary vote for other Payne-Aldrich Republican Congressmen in the Keystone State they tell you that this vote was due entirely to local conditions.

Beyond all this the Republicans of the Empire State say that there is no use whatever of the Democrats thinking for a moment that they can win next fall. To the curious, to those who cannot understand this confidence, the Republicans say that the Democrats are sure to make some blunder; that they have got to reckon with Hearst; but even without Hearst as a factor these Republicans tell you that the Democrats will do the wrong thing at the right time as usual.

Roger C. Sullivan, Democratic national committeeman for Illinois, and his side partner, ex-Mayor John P. Hopkins of Chicago, have been in New York city for the last few days and both declared that no serious Presidential talk from a Democratic point of view should be indulged in until after the Ohio election and the Congress elections next fall. It was learned that Bryan and his friends have already organized a crusade against Gov. Harmon of Ohio in Oklahoma, the little new State which dominated absolutely the Democratic national convention at Denver in 1908. That convention, it was remarked, was the most pronounced instance of a little tail wagging a little dog in the history of national conventions.

Representative Herbert Parsons of the Thirteenth New York Congress district, according to his friends, is not confident of reelection next fall should he accept a renomination. The pluralities of Mr. Parsons in the district have been as follows: 1904, 2,662; 1906, 6,560; 1908, 2,728. Contrary to the usual order of things, Mr. Parsons's smallest pluralities were in the Presidential years.

Mayor Gaynor's suggestion of a new avenue through the heart of the city from Eighth street to Central Park midway between Fifth and Sixth avenues recalls a recent conversation held with Richard Croker, who said:

"New York was laid out wrongly at the start. It should be twisted around. The blocks 200 feet long, particularly where the traffic is heavy, should run east and west not north and south as they do now, and the avenue blocks ought to be longer. If that had been done you wouldn't have all this blockading of the streets with traffic, as you do now. The city should have been laid out that way.

"We have gone to an awful lot of extravagance in the building of bridges. We should have had only tunnels and no bridges at all. It is easier to take care of the tunnels and cheaper, and they could be built for half the expense, and besides they don't spoil the river. I think it is an awful mistake; the money spent for bridges was absolutely thrown away. We could have had six tunnels—yes, ten tunnels—under the East River for what we will pay for the bridges, which only ruin our beautiful city."

There is more or less mystery as to the real physical condition of former Mayor Tom L. Johnson of Cleveland. His friends are concerned over it, some insisting that Mr. Johnson has fully recovered from a recent very severe illness, while others equally intimate with Mr. Johnson declare that he is by no means a well man. Mr. Johnson to a disinterested observer seems by no means in robust health.

Representative Francis Burton Harrison of New York, several of his colleagues recalled last night, should not have felt especially aggrieved at President Taft for barring him out of the White House, for President Roosevelt did the very same thing.

COPIED WITH THE CAMERA.

Uncle Sam's Way of Making Duplicates of Deeds in the General Land Office.

WASHINGTON, June 11.—Up to a year ago the charge of 15 cents a hundred words and $1 for the certificate of correctness barely paid the cost of furnishing the copies of land patents which the General Land Office of the United States Government supplies to all who apply for them, and there are hundreds of such requests each day. Now, thanks to a new process, Uncle Sam is making a very neat profit from this 15 cents a hundred words, the price stipulated by act of Congress, because instead of employing clerks to copy the titles laboriously word for word the copying is all done in less than a minute and there is no necessity for a minute scrutiny of figures and phraseology in order to guard against errors. The work is done by photography.

In the basement of the big granite building that occupies the block between E and F and Eighth and Ninth streets, N. W., is a small room in which one man, a photographer, does the work which formerly required ten clerks, and the work is done infinitely better.

Stacked high against the walls of the rooms are volumes of records of land patents, possibly 200 patents to be copied; something less than half a day's work. By the old method of typewritten copies a clerk considered that a good day's work had been accomplished if forty of these patents were copied. If the handwriting were illegible, and some of these clerks back in the '30s and the '40s did write illegible hands, twenty such copies were a fair day's work.

While the photographer explains the process of copying he does not pause a moment in his work. One book after another is placed on a board upon which beat the rays from two mercury tube lights. The book is opened at a page indicated by a paper marker, placed there by the clerk who has charge of the requests for copies. The page is placed in position, the camera bulb is squeezed, the sensitized paper—no glass plates or films are used in this process, the paper itself being treated as a negative—is exposed for ten or fifteen seconds, the bulb is squeezed again and the book is taken down.

While a new page is being placed in position an electric motor unwinds from the big five hundred foot roll of sensitized paper that portion which has just been exposed to the light, carries it beneath the camera into a developing solution, and by the time the new sheet which has been brought into position is exposed the sheet just preceding it has been developed and is automatically delivered into a tray at the end of the camera. These prints are taken out of the hypo and strung on racks to dry and are then ready to be sent out.

The photographer finds no difficulty in copying the oldest records in the Land Office; in fact he declares that the paper and ink used a hundred years ago frequently give better results than materials used in more recent times. It is only when he strikes a book of records of twenty or twenty-five years ago that he sometimes has to send it back to a clerk to have the patent copied by hand, for it was at that period that Government clerks adopted the habit of using purple and violet inks for their books of record.

The photographic process has been so satisfactory that the General Land Office utilizes it for making copies of almost all sorts of documents. Any long typewritten statement of which a copy is desired is sent to the basement, where the two hours work of a typewriter is accomplished in less than a minute; and there is no danger of misplaced commas, dashes, &c.