

THE GREAT GAME

By AGNES LOUISE PROVOST

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It was a big day at the race track, and as it was also a holiday, there were at least four thousand men crowding and pushing one another in the pool room.

There were three men among the 4,000 who were vitally interested in each other's movements, but it was not until they came in from the second heat that Mr. William Lyman—address not found in the directory—discovered J. Brownley of the San Francisco detective force standing before the boards, well in front of the crowds and apparently studying the odds with thoughtful eye. It occurred to Mr. Lyman that J. Brownley's other eye was keeping watch on the rear exits.

Mr. Lyman melted away into the crowd like fog before the sunshine, being by nature ever modest and retiring when an official appeared on the landscape. He wriggled his way back until he sighted his friend and co-partner, Mr. Collins, and retired with him from the range of inquisitive ears.

"Mickey," he mumbled cautiously, "We're pinched."

"Hell!" observed Mr. Collins profanely, staring around him in an unpleasantly suspicious manner.

"Sure thing. Brownley's up in front. He's done up something great, but you can't fool me on Brownley. It's him sure."

Mr. Collins expressed a desire that the immortal part of J. Brownley might be subjected to a roasting process for an indefinite future. Under stress of emotion, Mr. Collins was apt to be vituperative.

"He's foiled us all the way from Frisco," he grumbled wrathfully, "an' three times this month we've just got off with our necks. The only way to get rid of Brownley is to kill him."

"And have the whole U. S. know we did it? Not on your tin-type, Mickey. I don't throw my head away like that. Never kill a man unless you have to. S'pose you sneak around front and see if the road's clear for a break."

Mr. Collins worked his way swiftly back to the front entrances and casually looked out. One would have said that he was enjoying the beauty of the cloudless sky, so innocently distant and abstracted was his gaze; certainly no one would have suspected that he saw two men look quickly at him and away.

The two men outside looked at one another, and moved closer. They were in no hurry. J. Brownley's orders were that unless these two shy birds could be captured together at the track, they were to be quietly and cautiously followed to their lairs, and there invited to take up their residence in the nearest police station.

The reasons why Messrs. Lyman and Collins were so greatly in demand were numerous and interesting. These were versatile gentlemen, and if one vocation proved irksome or unhealthful from the legal point of view, they could always pass on to another. They found it convenient to change their occupation frequently, as well as their post office address; it diverted the official mind, and kept it guessing.

Mr. Collins found his partner in a marvelously short time; he was used to it. He shook his head a trifle, which meant that their immediate future was not of an encouraging nature. Mr. Lyman thrust out his under lip in token of his displeasure, as they edged away from their nearest neighbors.

"If we run for it when the crowd goes out to the track, there'll be a million smart Alecks ready to help 'em catch us," he mused discontentedly. "I think they mean to catch us here if they can, or track us down to a good place and nab us. But they don't know that we're onto 'em. We'll fool 'em. We might raise a big row, Mickey, and light out in the racket. We'll stampede the crowd, that's it!"

Mr. Lyman radiated good nature again, as he thought of the mischief at his command.

"Fire?" queried Mr. Collins dubiously.

"M'm, no, Mickey; that's an old gag. We'll do somethin' original. Brownley's in front of the whole bunch—awful reckless to stand in front of a crowd—the other chaps are back of it, and we'll keep about three-quarters back, and save our skins while we lose the other fellows. Chase, Mickey; it's 'most time for the start."

Mr. Collins was not a man of many words, but his little eyes twinkled as Mr. Lyman hastily told him what to do. He wriggled swiftly away, lost himself in the thicket of the crowd and managed to get his brown derby knocked off. When he came up from searching for it in the press, several feet from where he had been, he had in his hand a large and rakish light felt, which he tilted well over one eye. He was now ready for business, and if there were any investigating

gentlemen craning their necks to see a man in a brown derby, they missed him.

Then Lyman caught Collins' eye over the heads of a dozen or more men, and pulled out a huge roll of bills which ran into the thousands, fluttering them over with the air of a man who has plenty more, and will risk the whole business with all the pleasure in the world. He turned his back deliberately upon Collins, who edged his way toward him, watching him with sharp but furtive eyes.

A swift hand shot toward the roll of bills, but Lyman was ready for it. His revolver flashed out as he whirled around and faced the dodging Collins; the hand with the bills was crammed safely in his pocket.

"Look out in front!" he yelled, leveling the weapon at Collins' head, and a score of men in the line of his aim melted away with warning shouts and jammed against those in front. Only 20, certainly no more, but the mischief was done. It was marvelous how slight a thing may set a great crowd in motion.

Up at the front Brownley turned in surprise as he heard a roar behind him. Four thousand men, not more than 20 of whom knew the cause for their flight, were bearing down on him in a howling, fear-stricken mob, sweeping toward the rear exits. The pool room was not as lavishly provided with exits as the more modern structures, and a mob there was a thing to flee from.

There was but one thing to do, and that was to run for life or death in the same direction. Even as he ran Brown-



"MESSRS. LYMAN AND COLLINS"

ley saw men piling on each other in layers in their frantic efforts to jump from the windows, but he shot past them for the broader exit ahead and felt himself whizzing through the air as he took a flying jump into the back enclosure and landed on all fours on something soft and struggling—a German of vast circumference, who swore frightfully at the concussion. A pain shot through Brownley's foot, but he rolled swiftly to one side, just as the pushing, struggling mass poured out on the ground.

It was over in three minutes, and men rushed from all sides to disentangle the heaped-up mass of humanity. Many picked themselves up and limped off, disheveled and cursing, but some had to be lifted carefully, with broken ribs and legs, and bleeding faces, and above and around there was a babel of excited questions. Rolls of money had disappeared in the rush, watches were lost and hats gone, but no one knew what had happened.

Later, some of the few who had seen it told how slight a matter had started a great stampede, and J. Brownley swore to himself as he went through the streets in an ambulance, with a leg and ankle that would lay him up for weeks to come, and 10,000 bruises distributed impartially over his person, but Messrs. William Lyman and M. Collins were far away, speeding through the land in a Pullman car and drinking cool drinks.

Even J. Brownley and his exasperated aids did not guess that they had done this thing.

"It was a great game," sighed Mr. Collins, contentedly, tapping his glass with his finger and noting with dreamy satisfaction that their nearest fellow-traveler was three chairs away. "It was the slickest thing I've seen this season, and there was lots of money dropped or pinched in the shuffle. I went in with the crowd, Billy, and I made some fair pickings myself."

"So did I," admitted Mr. Lyman, with a reminiscent chuckle. "We've made the haul of our lives this day, and if Brownley wasn't killed, it'll take him all summer to piece himself

together again. It certainly was a great game, Mickey. We'll work it again."

BROKEN LEGS AND FLOWERS.

True Artistic Temperament as Evidenced by Landor.

"At a dinner in Philadelphia," said a clergyman, "I once heard the lamented Bishop Potter talk in a most amusing manner about the artistic temperament."

"First he described the contradictions in the characters of Whistler, Poe, Hawthorne and other great Americans. Then he turned to Landor, the great Englishman."

"Landor," he said, "was at the same time the most violent and brutal and the most delicate and sensitive of men. He adored flowers. The gardens of his beautiful villa in Florence were full of flowers, and the poet walked among them daily, never reverently, only bending over them to admire their loveliness and their perfume."

"Landor's cook one day served him a wretched dinner, and in his rage the poet threw the man out of the window into a bed of splendid roses."

"As the cook writhed with a broken leg below, Landor from the window exclaimed in a horror-stricken voice:

"Good gracious, I forgot the roses!"

Blamed Death on "Debil-Debil."

Australian aborigines fear crocodiles but have no fear of sharks. The author of "Confessions of a Beach-comber" says: "They take every care to avoid crocodiles, exercising great caution and circumspection when crossing inlets and creeks."

Their indifference to sharks is founded on the belief that those which inhabit shallow water among the islands never attack a living man. And so they continue to think, notwithstanding a tragic incident like the following, which, indeed, they attributed to a 'debil-debil' and not a shark at all: The captain of a beche-de-mer cutter was paddling in a dingy along the edge of a detached reef not many miles from Dunk Island, where several of his boys were swimming and diving. Suddenly one of them was seized and so terribly mutilated that he died in a few minutes. Although the captain was within eight or ten feet of the boy and three of his mates were not more than a few yards off

no one saw a shark or any other fish capable of inflicting such injuries as have caused the death of 'Jimmy' nor was there any disturbance on the surface of the water."

Peril of a New Dance.

"If the young people allow this barn dance craze to grow," remarked a well-known local architect, "buildings here will have to be erected much more substantial than heretofore—that is, all buildings such as private homes or clubs where dancing is carried on. There is a jump and a swing about barn dances that will cause swaying of the beams in even the most substantial frame houses."

"With a whole crowd on the floor at once and skipping up and down on the floor right together, with the music, you can imagine what might happen. You know how necessary it is sometimes for a company of soldiers to break step when crossing a bridge. If this dance continues popular, it may be necessary for some of the dancers to keep out of step with the music. I know of one dance out at the Colonial club last season at which the barn dance numbers had to be stopped, the buildings swayed so noticeably."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

BILLY'S EYE-OPENER.



Dog—How can you eat those old suspenders?

Goat—Oh, these mornings I want a "bracer."

A Paying Profession.

Mr. Million—H'm! Want to marry my daughter? Newspaper reporter, I understand. I never heard of a newspaper reporter getting rich.

Mr. Quicker—Oh, there are plenty of lucky reporters. I know a dozen who have married heiresses.—New York Weekly.

She Knew Him.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—The doctor said I must give up coffee.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—What are you going to use now, cloves?—Yonkers Statesman.

To be ignorant of one's ignorance is the malady of ignorance.—Spritz.

NOTES FROM MEADOWBROOK FARM

By William Pitt



Rake and burn up the rubbish.

That low, wet ground will do well in Herd's grass.

Kill a sheep this fall and corn the meat. It is delicious.

Never feed more to the animals than they will eat up clean.

Often the pessimist needs a change of diet as much as anything else.

Keep down the weeds in the fall. It will lighten the work in the spring.

Pig raising is most successful where skim milk is a large part of the feed ration.

Machinery all housed? You cannot afford to let the rust eat out the lining of your pocketbook.

Irregular feeding is one contributory cause to horses acquiring the habit of bolting their feed.

Put a mulch of strawy manure around the berry bushes and the grape vines, but don't put on too early.

Your first mistake is excusable, your second, never; for no man has any business making the same mistake twice.

The dairyman's profits come in during all the year. That is one reason why that type of farming is better than any other.

A good herd of cows of one breed and in thrifty condition is the best kind of an index to the character of the farmer who owns them.

Colts will not raise themselves. Hit-and-miss methods never yet produced the best horses. Remember that raising colts pays if you give them intelligent care.

Careful feeding can keep up the milk flow. It does not pay to let it run down, for once a smaller yield is established it cannot be increased until after another calving.

Not only place the farm machinery under cover, but oil it up so that atmospheric dampness will not rust the exposed bright parts. A little time now will save days of trouble next spring.

A tidbit in the way of a piece of sugar or an apple will prove ideal in winning the confidence of the colt. Always have something for him, and you will be proud and delighted at the attention he will shower upon you.

Grade up your dairy cows by using a pure bred bull. It may take a few years to do it, but each year saving the best of the heifer calves will give you in time a herd of cows that will prove far more profitable than your present herd.

No farmer ever did things so well but that somewhere there was room for improvement. Always be on the lookout for better methods and new ideas which will make the work of the farm easier and the productiveness of the farm greater.

Raise the best crops you can and sell them at the best price you can, but don't speculate. The farmer that begins to deal on the grain market has taken his first step to ruin, for nothing but failure and loss ever came to the farmer who tried his hand at the game.

An old swindle that is being tried on the farmers again is that of selling them a new and wonderful kind of wheat and binding them by a contract to return to the man (who thus places them in a way to get rich), a certain number of bushels of the grain next year. Look out for it.

Sheep that have been a long time without salt are apt to make themselves sick eating too much of it when the opportunity comes. Be regular in feeding it to them, or, better still, provide a box to which the flock can have access at all times. They will help themselves, and will eat only such as is good for them.

Rape makes a good pasture for hogs.

Plow the land only when it crumbles away from the plow.

Not, "Shall I build a silo?" but "How large shall I build it?"

Get things in shape for the winter. Make the poultry snug.

Try feeding wheat to the hens and see if it will increase the egg yield.

Kind words is the oil that makes the machinery of life run smoothly.

Get after the tent caterpillars in the trees. Cut out their nests and burn them.

Why not a good dairy if a dairy herd at all? You can have such by care in breeding.

Currant bushes should be propagated only from bushes that bear the most and best fruit.

Attend to the tile draining this fall. Perhaps all that ails that young orchard is the need of tilling.

Poison vines growing in the fence corners are poor testimonials to a farmer's character. Dig 'em out.

Good winter quarters must be provided for the sheep if they do well. They need sunlight, fresh air and dry floor.

Neglected to mark the turkeys and now there comes the dispute with the neighbors as to who's who, and what's what.

Pound for pound, sheep manure is three times as valuable as cow manure. One argument in favor of keeping sheep on the farm.

The manure spreader is a drudge saver. Many a farmer thinks he cannot afford one who would find that a few seasons' work would more than pay for it.

The overhead rack is a poor place from which to feed the horse. Besides being an unnatural way for the animal to feed, it causes a great deal of dust, which is a bad thing.

Have a hospital pen where the sheep that give evidence of being sick can be isolated and treated. Many a contagious disease can in this way be kept from spreading in a flock.

Pull a few of the tomato plants on which green tomatoes still hang and put in the cellar. They will ripen and you will continue to have ripe, fresh tomatoes until after Thanksgiving, if you manage right.

The chief trouble with the party line is that some folks make hogs of themselves and monopolize the telephone in visiting to the prevention of the transaction of urgent business by other parties on the same line.

Watch the chickens when the farmer is going through the barnyard, and you can often learn a heap as to what kind of a man he is. If the hens run as though in fear of their lives be sure that that farmer has a brutal strain in him which even the chicks have discovered.

Don't let the fences get in bad repair. It is not only an invitation to the stock to get breechy, but it makes the work of fixing them up much more difficult than would have been the case had they been fixed in season. Remember the old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine."

A road which has successfully stood the test of two years at Mankato, Minn., and cost only 80 cents a lineal foot, was made by overlaying the ordinary road with crushed stone and gravel upon which a dressing of cement was spread followed by a coating of sand and then well rolled.

In our opinion the best time for a cow to come fresh is in the fall, for the stimulus which then comes to the lacteal glands will with proper feeding and care continue a good milk flow through the winter; then, with fresh grass in the spring, a still further stimulus is received. On the other hand, the cow that is fresh in the spring receives all the stimulus at once, then as fly time comes she begins to shrink and when she goes on winter feed she falls off rapidly.

A farm paper suggests a use for old tin cans by melting off the tops and bottoms and straightening out the tin and lining the inside of the chicken house. It certainly would make the walls and corners nice and rat proof, but how about the lice and mites? The small overlapping pieces of tin would prove ideal hiding places for the pests. This difficulty might be overcome, however, by whitewashing and making sure that the cracks were plastered flush with the whitewash.