

A BIG GAME OF POKER

JOSEPH LEITER AGAIN SHOWS HIS NERVE

He Wagers \$30,000 on a Pair of Sevens and Wins a Jackpot Containing \$80,000

New York.—(Special)—Two sevens, fortified by a bet of \$30,000 and nerve such as almost carried the greatest wheat deal in the world's annals, won for Joseph Leiter a jackpot containing about \$80,000 and turned the tide of fortune his way, with the result that the young Chicago plunger pulled himself out of a bad hole and evened up an old score with his bosom friend, John W. Gates, president of the American Steel Wire company.

Unlike many famous poker games, this one was played for cash. The players were all mutual friends, and yet every hand was played for "blood." No favors were asked or given.

Away back in June of 1898, when the American flag was blockading Santiago harbor and an American army was fighting its way through Spanish entrenchments, Joseph Leiter was engaged in the manipulation of wheat, and the world, when not figuring on the result of the military operations in Cuba, was wondering how much profit the young millionaire would be satisfied with. Suddenly the Chicago wheat pit was started by the appearance of heavy selling orders, which did not emanate from Leiter. There were a few days of hesitation, and then a crash, which tore a terrible hole in the Leiter millions.

John W. Gates was responsible for that crash.

LEITER SWEARS VENGEANCE

Joseph Leiter was dazed for a time, but he took his defeat in good humor, betrayed no ill feeling toward his friend, Mr. Gates, but he took an oath that if they both lived he would make the president of the steel trust wish he had never heard of wheat.

Nearly a month ago, Mr. Gates and Mr. Leiter and some other men in a private car on a trip from Chicago to New York. Hardly had the smoke atmosphere of the city by the lake been left behind than cards and chips were produced and one of the heaviest poker games was under way that has ever been known. The details of that game have not been made public.

All that can be said about it is that it was 1,000 miles long, lasting until the Grand Central station was reached, and that it cost Mr. Leiter upward of \$80,000. However, that was only an "eye-opener" for the higher play that was to follow.

Following a good dinner at one of the finest hotels in the city, the proposition was made that the evening be spent at cards. The game was quickly made, there being at the table John W. Gates, Joseph Leiter, L. L. Smith, John A. Drake, one other man from Chicago and a young New Yorker. The two last mentioned were content to "pick" along, watching the pyrotechnic evolutions of the others. Mr. Drake, too, played a comparatively conservative game. The result was that these three won nicely, without taking any of the chances indulged in by the three high-rollers.

ILL-LUCK PURSUES HIM

At first bad luck seemed to pursue Leiter, though he won an occasional pot, which kept him from falling hopelessly behind. It was about midnight when the play referred to occurred.

There was an inclination to quit on the part of one of the players, when the proposition was made, and accepted, that a jackpot should be formed with \$1,000 "anted" by each. That started things off with \$6,000 in the center, and it is said that the deal passed twice without "openers" being out. Each deal each of the players "sweetened" with a check valued at \$100.

When the pot was finally "broken" there was \$7,200 in sight. Mr. Gates, being first to speak, guessed that his hand was worth \$5,000, and after Mr. Drake had dropped out, Mr. Smith guessed that his cards were also worth \$5,000.

HAS THEM GUESSING

Young Mr. Leiter was seen to be nervously fingering the hand that had been dealt to him. He showed symptoms of having finally received a smile from dame fortune. He offered the opinion that his friends could each have another guess. Then he pushed \$5,000 to the center.

Mr. Gates was thoughtful. He didn't like the looks of his young antagonist, neither did he like to lay down the three fours with which he had opened. Finally he called. Mr. Smith followed with the promptness which always marks his poker playing. When the call for cards was given the three men had \$30,000 for which to struggle. The opener called for one card, holding a ten spot to his three fours. Mr. Smith also drew one card, while Leiter said that he saw no chance of helping the hand which he held by drawing to it.

Mr. Gates and Mr. Smith looked unhappy.

Before glancing at the card which he had drawn Mr. Gates threw a \$100. The play was finally broken about two at his draw and placed his hand in the deck, indicating that he had been trying to make a short flush or a four straight.

MAKES POKER COSTLY

Leiter looked across at his old friend, and remembering the wheat deal and Mr. Armour, remarked: "John, when a man has reached your age he should quit his bad habits. There is only one way to break a man

of playing poker, and that is to make it too expensive for him. It will cost you just \$30,000 to see my cards."

With that the young man who had once made a wheat pit look like an Ansterlitz, pushed enough money to the center to make his words good.

His opponent then looked at the card he had drawn. It was a nine. Still he was not satisfied that he was beaten. He had known Leiter to "bluff" before, and it took his quite five minutes to make up his mind to lay down. Drawing a long sigh he finally said:

"Jones I guess you have 'em. I'll quit." As required, Mr. Gates, being the opener, showed his hand. Then Leiter could not restrain the impulse to chuckle. He showed down two sevens, an ace, trey and king. It had been a superb bluff, successfully carried out.

TURNED TIDE HIS WAY

From that moment the game went Leiter's way. It continued with enforced intermissions for five days and five nights. During that time millions of dollars changed hands, being shuffled back and forth across the table. Lumbus was found on this island. Weeks ago, when Mr. Gates and Mr. Drake were compelled to go to Chicago. When a final reckoning was made, Joseph Leiter had recovered about all that he had lost on the train on the way east. Perhaps he had a trifling balance to his credit. Mr. Smith, who had played in uniformly good luck, was \$100,000 winner. Mr. Drake and the two unnamed players aggregated winnings of about \$60,000.

INDIANS MAKE LACE

New York Society Women Wear Indian Made Lace

Many a New York society woman whose finery is adorned with lace made by the Chippewa Indian women would shudder to know that much of it is made upon the spot made famous by the massacre of the Third United States cavalry last October.

In 1891 Miss Sybil Carter of New York opened a school at the White Earth reservation in Minnesota, to teach the Chippewa women lace-making—pillow and English point. She extended her work to Beaulieu, Leech Lake, Red Lake and Birch Coulee, and the Shoshones and Plutes.

The difficulty of keeping delicate materials clean during the working out of elaborate designs is the greatest obstacle. It necessitates great cleanliness, and this in itself is a step toward education; the necessity of bringing the work up to a certain standard is another step.

All sorts of pretty laces are made by their skillful fingers, from tiny edgings, fit for the daintiest infants' wear and costing only 50 cents a yard, to elaborate designs that sell for \$8 and \$10 per yard, and are worn by sumptuously apparelled women. Boleros, fichus, collars, cuffs, vest fronts, table spreads, jackets, as well as edgings of all widths, are made in fine princess lace, while royal Battenberg curtains and many other articles are manufactured.

The work done on these reservations in tiny log cabins or tinier teepees by women dark of skin and hair and eyes; women whose tongues perhaps never essayed an English word, and to whom a book is a riddle, is not surpassed by any done in the largest city in the country. Many of these women have never left their native wilds except to go to market, to dispose of berries, fish or game. One of the cleverest and most industrious of them is a dweller on Bear Island, where General Bacon's troops were massacred.

Among wealthy patrons of the Indian lacemakers are Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Huntington.

A BANQUET FOR HORSES

A Fad Indulged In By Some English Ladies and Gentlemen

Horses were the sole guests at a recent dinner given by a company of English men and women who journeyed from London into the country for the sole purpose of entertaining their four-footed dependents.

The scene of the banquet was the Home of Rest for Horses, Friar's Place Farm, Acton. It is an institution presided over by the Duke of Portland, and patronized by many of the best-known horse lovers in the United Kingdom.

Primarily its object is to enable poor people to obtain a few weeks' rest for their overworked and underfed beasts of burden, but it also affords a permanent asylum for old favorites that have outlived their usefulness.

The menu included chopped apples and carrots, and slices of white and brown bread, mixed with a few handfuls of loaf sugar. Nothing could have been more to the taste of the guests, judging from the eagerness with which they plunged their noses into the delicate potpourri.

There are 42 horses at the home—23 of the min the "old favorite" or "pensioner" class—and two donkeys. The most famous inmate is Boxer, an old charger of the Horse Guards, who outlived the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and was afterward bought by Dorothy Hardy, the artist, who used him as a model. He has been in the home six years.

Then there is a supernumerary brown gelding, whose owner, a woman, provides him with pillows and blankets, and has established her home at Acton in order to be in constant attendance upon him.

The wife of General Joubert is a utilitarian. The story is told of her that when she was in Amsterdam a few years ago a friend took great pleasure in showing her the fine collection of pewter in the Rijks museum. Her only comment was: "Good to make bullets of." She ought to be a judge.

THE YAQUI WARRIOR.

A SKETCH OF THE INDIANS WHO ARE IN REBELLION.

The Mexican Government Finds It a Difficult Task to Subdue the Yaqui Tribe.

(W. W. Marshall in Post-Dispatch.)
The Yaqui will never be conquered by Mexico until they shall have been exterminated. The republic will never own and control the valley of the Yaqui river while an Indian remains to defend the land. This is my candid opinion, formed from my knowledge of the Yaqui, gained by reading of their centuries of war with Mexico and a close observation of the people during my travels among them.

What remains of the Yaqui country is the valley of the river and the almost impenetrable fastnesses of the Sierra Madre, to which the sloping valley leads at various distances from the river bed.

The Yaqui were born and raised there. They are fighting for their own homes, their adobe huts, their fields and their churches. These same fields raised crops of corn and frijoles for their ancestors hundreds of years ago. The Yaqui are a home-loving, agricultural people, yet they are fiercely patriotic and they fight for the land they believe to be justly theirs, with the reckless disregard of danger characteristic of fanatics.

The last Yaqui war lasted fifteen years and its close Mexico signed a treaty of peace defining the boundaries of the Yaqui country. The valley country is the richest in the state of Sonora. The mountains are rich in gold and silver. Since the signing of the treaty, in 1890 or 1891, the Mexicans have gradually encroached on the Yaqui possessions. The present war is simply a breaking out of the old feud. The Yaqui's hereditary hatred of the Mexicans, which smoldered after the treaty, was inflamed by the influx of miners, and without declaration or notice of any kind the Yaqui chiefs assembled their followers and began to kill Mexicans.

The Yaqui valley extends from the mouth of the Yaqui river—the river empties into the Gulf of California—northeast about 250 miles. It varies in breadth from 50 miles to the width of the stream. The stream is dry during several months each year, but the valley land is always productive. The chief Yaqui towns are Potam, Torrin, Corcorrit, Uthagotha and Becum. It was near the latter town that young Lorenzo Torres was killed. These towns lie along the main trail, which follows the course of the river. There are numerous pueblos scattered about the valley and in the mountains which do not appear on the maps.

Uthagotha is far up the valley and in the arid region. It is near here that the irrigation camp of an American company which was given an extensive land grant is situated. The company has built a canal from reservoirs in the mountains to its land. The land has been platted in blocks of 1,000 acres each and laterals have been dug, so that everything is in readiness for the reception of the mountain water which is to turn the desert into a garden. But the war prevented the consummation of the capitalists' plans. The work done by the Yaqui on the irrigation ditches earned the money with which they have bought the Winchester rifles which they are now using with disastrous effect to the Mexicans.

About one week before the war began I was at Becum, an interior town. A feast was in progress. A feature of the feast was a competitive dance for males which lasted sixty hours. There were about 3,000 men at the feast. They wore nothing but breech cloths and serapes—the serape is a lightweight blanket.

Each man carried a Winchester rifle and wore around his naked waist a cartridge belt of fanciful design. Most of the rifles were new. I remarked to my companions that the assemblage of so many armed Indians, to my mind, presaged war. My fears were not entertained by others. Shortly after the ending of the feast Torres was killed and killing has continued since.

The Yaqui is a beautiful work of art in flesh. He is seldom, when grown, short of six feet in stature and is often six feet and six inches tall. He is hard as steel and muscular as an athlete, with powers of endurance almost beyond belief.

The Yaqui runner travels sixty miles over burro trails in seven hours. He will endure twenty-four hours without water, and one pound of parched corn, ground, furnishes him with subsistence for a day. He goes to battle in his breech cloth, with sandals to protect his soles from cactus thorns.

He carries his ammunition in a belt and his ground corn in a goatskin bag. His canteen is a gourd or skin. His supply is one quart. When that is gone, if there is no more to be had, he does without and fights on.

The Yaqui take their women and children to war. The younger women fight as well as the men. The children and old people are placed in some secure mountain retreat, where none but Yaqui have ever been. The young women go with the men on their marches. They have their flocks of goats and their herds of burros. The burro is the burden bearer of the army. He carries the ammunition and the corn. The Yaqui do not use horses. The horse is not sure enough of foot for the mountain trails.

When the Yaqui are hard pressed they hide in the mountains and divide into small bands to harass their ene-

emies who invade the valley below. We saw the detachment of Mexican soldiers that does not get back to the main command by nightfall while in the Yaqui country.

And the main command dare not go far into the valley, for the Yaqui will cut their lines of communication and starve them out.

The Yaqui people do not number more than 50,000. These are divided into many bands. Some bands approach the size of armies. But an army composed of all the fighting males of the nation would be more mobile than a single company of the famed Rurales, the pick of Mexico's mounted fighting men.

While the Yaqui are fierce in war they are kind and hospitable in time of peace. It has been my experience that they will go any length to assist a friend, and no sacrifice of personal comfort is too great for them to make for a traveling stranger. I also found that they admire and trust Americans.

A NICE ROOM FOR CHILDREN.

How To Make An Attractive Room For The Children.

If there is any room in the house which is destined to receive the overflow of furniture, broken and mismatched odds and ends, you may depend upon it that room is the nursery or "children's room."

It does not always occur to parents that the simplest explanation of their children's desire to be forever on the go is because they have no place at home sufficiently attractive to hold them there.

The nursery should be made a place of beauty to the little ones. Instead of half-worn and cast-off furniture, it should be furnished with an entire new set. Oak furniture is never expensive and is bright and cheerful in a living room.

One of the prettiest adjuncts to a child's room is a picture screen. Make the screen of pale blue or red denim on a light wood frame and fasten the pictures on it with small brass paper clips. Every child has its own collection of photographs and picture cards, and when these are artistically arranged the effect is dainty.

A toy closet with ample shelf room is another requisite of the nursery. The children should be taught that this closet must be kept in order or it will soon show an accumulation of litter. A weekly renovating will keep it fairly clean.

If there are any cushions in the nursery they should have good, strong covers of denim, fastened on by buttons and buttonholes, so that they can be readily removed and laundered when soiled.

The draperies for the small toilet tables, curtains, etc., should be of fine white muslin, capable of enduring innumerable washings. It is well to have two sets if possible, so that they may be changed every week or so and kept in spotless cleanliness.

DEEIES THE UNITED STATES.

Ice Cream Man in Honolulu Refuses To Vacate.

There is an ice cream merchant in Honolulu whose habit of taking jokes seriously has brought about such public consternation that the government has had to take a hand in the affair in order to show the merchant wherein the point of a certain joke lay.

Cocoanut island has been used as a public pleasure ground, and is the favorite spot of all the Hawaiians. It is only six or seven acres in extent, but lies close to the shore of the island of Hilo. The cocoanut grove which covers the grassy knoll is considered the most beautiful in the islands. An old grass hut adds to the picturesqueness of the place. It is said that the Hawaiian government lays claim to this pretty spot as having been set aside by the old monarchy as the site for a quarantine station.

All of which advantages contributed to Mr. Pringle's delight in his easily acquired property. Having staked and recorded his claim, he moved lumber to the island and began to build a pavilion and a residence. The Pringle ice cream plant was set up under the very trees where Hawaiian lovers loved to sit together.

So the Hawaiian sheriff was appealed to. The majesty of the law, in the person of the sheriff, warned Mr. Pringle. But he continued to stand upon what he considered his rights.

The attorney general looked up the law and reported against Mr. Pringle, and, as the supreme authority, Minister of the Interior Young served formal notice upon Mr. Pringle, with instructions to move away from the cocoanut island without any further delay.

Mr. Pringle then proved himself a man of spirit and resources. Instead of leaving he threw up a fortification within the cocoanut grove and declared that he would defend himself by force of arms.

A straight dash in the hands of his opponent, when shown against his own four aces, killed George Brown, a colored man employed as janitor in several buildings in the vicinity of Pine and Leidesdorff streets, San Francisco. The event happened in the basement at 15 Leidesdorff street. In company with several other janitors, Brown was in the habit of going into the place in which he died and indulging in a game of poker. Brown held four aces, which he backed with what money he had. When another player exposed a straight flush, Brown uttered an exclamation and died. He was 31 years old and a native of Jamaica.

The furrows of affliction become flames for the flow of mercy.

SAVED THE BIG TREES

CALIFORNIA'S BIG GROVE WILL NOT FALL.

Congress Appropriates Money To Purchase the Ground for a National Park.

California's grove of the Calaveras mammoth redwood trees has been threatened.

A month ago a lumberman bought an option on the ground for the purpose of cutting down the big trees and sawing them into lumber.

A cry went up in California from the snows of Mount Shasta to the orange groves of Los Angeles, to save these mammoths of the forest from destruction.

By the efforts of the women of California the matter was brought before congress. Last week a resolution was passed by the house of representatives to buy the grove of big trees and make them into a national park.

These are the "sequoia giganteas," or redwoods that first gave California her reputation for having the biggest trees on earth. Through one of them a Concorde stage coach may be driven. The stump of another, thirty feet in diameter, is used as a dancing pavilion.

Redwoods like these tower up two hundred feet without a limb, and then burst out into a crown of foliage, rising one hundred to two hundred feet higher. These monuments of nature seem like the pyramids of Egypt to be looking down upon things modern from the prehistoric ages.

Some scientists say they are 1,200 years old. Others insist that they must be 4,000 years old—older than Christianity, older than the Mosiac law.

These trees have outlived the natural age or cycle in which they belonged. The climate and surroundings of today are not congenial, and they are slowly dropping their limbs and wearing away with age and weather. Their time should be counted not by years, but as geologists count it, by ages, for they appear to be as much out of place among the vegetation of today as would a sleek plesiosaurus among our comparatively diminutive hairy cattle.

Some of these groves of trees were offered for sale recently for ridiculously low prices; \$20 an acre for large tracts that have in some places six or seven of the great trees upon each acre.

It is difficult to realize that but for the prompt action of congress, for a few dollars one could have bought a tree so old that our entire civilization has lasted for a time which is only a fraction of its age.

The women of California went to work to save the Calaveras grove. The plea of "Woodman, Spare That Tree" of the old school song has no effect upon a lumberman's heart. So the women of that state have set about to set congress to intervene and buy the grove for a national park, as has been done in the Yosemite National Park in California.

There is no subject that so quickly arouses the sentiment of a California man, woman or child. They have been accustomed to look upon the big trees as the deities of that land. No wonder a summer day spent in the Sierra Nevadas under the redwoods is one never to be forgotten. The wind may blow if it will, but so faintly does the sound descend that it seems more like the rolling of the distant ocean. Sound and silence alike are majestic and impressive in those surroundings.

Here Bret Harte located one of his most fascinating stories, with an Indian lover living in a spacious hall within a hollow tree. Here he hides and shields from danger of outlaws his paleface sweetheart. What more romantic place to unfold the love of a wild, passionate nature?

Many of the hollow trees in the grove has served the more prosaic purpose of homes for miners and prospectors. In 1852 one of the largest trees in the Calaveras grove was cut down, and the stump smoothed off.

Five men were busy over three weeks felling it by means of burning and the use of pump augers. The stump is 24½ by 23 feet, and Prof. Whitney counted 1,225 annual rings, which, making allowance for the core of the tree, indicates an age of about 1,200 years.

That a vast difference exists between the ages of these trees is now generally accepted as a fact, and this tree was evidently of the younger generation. The stump of the tree cut down has served various purposes—theatrical performances have been held upon it; over thirty people at a time have danced upon it; a newspaper, the Big Tree Bulletin, flourished for a time from its surface. Upon the fallen tree itself was maintained a ten-pin alley and a reception room.

The Baptist church in Santa Rosa was, with the exception of the arches, built entirely of lumber secured from one redwood, and but half of the tree was used at that. The age of this giant was estimated at 1,200 years.

When one of these big trees gives up the ghost and falls under a stress of wind it goes down like an avalanche of the Sierras. The ground trembles and the crash and ruin in its path marks a tragedy of nature.

Such a thing happened not long ago in the Calaveras Grove, the great tree being known as the "Father of the Forest."

Mourners for the dead giant came from scores of miles around. A troop of California cavalry paraded about it with one row of men and horses standing upon the upper side of three.

The "Father of the Forest" in the Calaveras Grove had seen a thousand years when the great majority of its present associates were either non-existent or literally but little larger than mustard seeds. Its first limbs are 180 feet from the base, and with a diameter of six feet, compare favorably with the largest trees of the country east of the Rockies. There are 125 trees in the lower and upper groves over forty feet in circumference. In the Yosemite National Park in a belt about two and a half miles long by two miles wide, is the next grove of redwood trees. Here are some 600 trees which would be considered too large as shade trees for the broadest avenue. The largest has a circumference of eighty-one feet three feet above the earth. It is in many ways the greatest and grandest forest on the globe; a forest that perhaps, would appear like home to the prehistoric orichippus or the brontosaurus monsters. They are unrivalled attractions of the nation's great mountain playground. The redwoods thrive best at an altitude of 6,000 or 7,000 feet.

SAYS WE ARE FALLEN ANGELS.

Georgia Man Has a Queer Idea Concerning Mankind.

The Hon. William L. Scruggs, of Georgia, has the idea that mankind is descended from a higher spiritual existence, and that we are, so to speak, fallen angels.

"As a matter of fact," he says, "we know that children, or at least some children, have a vague and dim remembrance of a prior existence. This, however, becomes more and more indistinct and vague as the years pass by, and at maturity it usually fades out entirely. We then remember only that we have once had such a remembrance."

"But if modern experiment by psychologists can be credited, it may be recalled and made even more vivid when the objective mind is in a hypnotic state. This is now spoken of as a 'new science,' but it is merely a revival, in the western world, of what was known and practiced among the Orientals from time immemorial."

"It is precisely in the east where the doctrine of metempsychosis has always been universal. All the sacred books of the east are full of it. Many of the books of our bible are full of it; for, as we all know, it was from the 'weird east' that its sources were derived."

"Among the ancient Jews this doctrine of rebirth was very common—almost universal in fact. The Kabbalists taught that the same spirit, the identical ego, was embodied successively in Adam and David; that it should return again in the Messiah, who was therefore in a mystical sense the son of David and the second Adam; that the soul of Japhet, son of Noah, was the same as Simeon, and that Terah was reborn as Job."

"The story is that he finally disappeared in one of the frightful typhoons which are the terror of the southern coast of Asia during the summer solstice. Or, to keep within the literal range of the text, and speak in the hyperboles of the Orient, he was carried up to heaven in a whirlwind. (II Kings, 2:11.)"

"According to the generally accepted chronology, this tragic disappearance of Elijah took place nearly nine hundred years before the advent of Christ. Consequently, if John was Elias (or Elijah), as Jesus affirmed, there was an interval of nine centuries between his disappearance and reappearance. Moreover he had disappeared as an old man and had reappeared as a young man under thirty-three."

"To assume, then, that he reappeared in the same physical body that had been fed by the ravens three hundred generations before would be preposterous. It would be an unwarranted distortion of the text and an insult to reason. He must have reappeared, then, in his spiritual body reincarnated in the physical body of John. For, if we are to give credence to what the Christian church holds as divine inspiration, there is a natural (or physical) body, and there is (not to be) a spiritual body." (I Cor. 15:44.)

"But the most remarkable thing about Jesus' declaration of identity of John and Elijah (or Elias) was that it seems to have created no surprise in the minds of his hearers. The inference is that it involved no new doctrine. It seemed perfectly congruous with a generally accepted belief."

"Nor was this belief limited to the humble fishermen, nor yet to the Jewish nation. It seems to have been equally common among the educated Roman officers who held the country in subjection."

One point in favor of the new spring hats is their lightness. Tulle in a new variety which is very durable, chiffon and lace straw, are the leading materials with the most exquisite colored ribbons, flowers and fruits imaginable. Grapes and cherries are the favorite fruits and, as for flowers, there is every kind and color. Black silk flowers on colored tulle hats are extremely stylish and then there are toques made entirely of colored leaves with a bunch of roses at one side. Toques are the prevailing style of hat, perhaps, but there are hats with fluted brims, hats with bell crowns and hats with almost no crowns at all. Polka dots of straw on black malines formed into a toque are very effective. Straw applied to net and lace applique on straw are especially pretty features of the new millinery.

Mr. Frick is simply assisting his old friend Carnegie to avoid the perils of dying rich.