

HOW TO MEET WIFE'S HAND

Just Keep Doubling Your Bet if You've Got the Coin.

GAME THAT TAKES LOTS OF CASH

Old-Timer Gives His System of Self-Defense When He Gets Home at an Unpopular Hour.

"Man that is born of woman is small potatoes and few to the hill," said Uncle Henry wearily when the door closed and she left the room.

"Not that I mind digging, I don't. But I'd like to do a little talking to you, gum! I'm going to do it. You hear me! I'm working on a system and if I stick around a while we'll see."

"Now my wife, she's about the average verbose. That is, she's got good will, a pretty elaborate vocabulary and a willing heart."

up and you don't know for sure whether you spent the evening with a sick old or a live tiger she gets her cold, fishy eyes on you and she says: 'Henry,' she says, 'it needs a man of more originality than you've got to get away with that Hans Anderson,' she says. 'Now you listen to me! That's what gets me. I don't want to listen! It's tiresome.'

Several Ways to Beat It. "Now of course there are several ways to beat that game. In the first place you can get mad as a hatter and grab your hat and go out and slam the door after you. That works with some of 'em. Not with mine, though."

"I tried it once, and when I came back an hour afterward the first thing I heard when I came in the door was 'And, Henry as I was saying,' I had interrupted her, but she came back strong."

"There was another pretty good idea. The feller was talking me about, but it didn't work with mine. That's sitting still while she is speaking her little piece and saying, 'Yes, dear,' and 'No, dear,' as nice as pie. The feller says they just naturally can't get used to have any one agree with them and it takes the wind out of their sails. Well, son, it might, I don't know. It don't work with mine."

"There is one though that I've got a good deal of faith in. I just tried it out a little to see how it was going to work and I will say that I got better results from it than from anything I ever did."

"It's scientific. It's got a regular kind of a name like. It is called 'The Gambler's Last Resort.' See what I mean? It's based on the old poker principle of doubling your bets to recoup your losses."

Here is the Answer. "Listen here, son. This is it. You come home sometime and you see there's something in the air. You know from past performances that the colloquial monsoon is about to take place. Get that? You see the dark clouds looming on the domestic horizon and you hear the distant

cracking of the forked lightning that is going to blast you to your roots pretty soon. The air is heavy in the classics. There is something going to occur. 'Well, sir, you don't get ready to beat it. You decide to stay and fight.' That is, maybe you decide to stay and fight. It depends how long you've been married or how much natural foolishness you've got."

"Well, sir, she starts; she moves. She begins handling it to you from both sides of her mouth. It's nothing short of wonderful where she gets her ideas from, but they're hits, son."

"She dallies with the inanities of your boyhood, describes the tenuous asininity of your present and casts a few shrewd guesses over in the direction of your probable future. It's pretty, son-like any electric storm. But it's dangerous."

"Well, here comes 'The Gambler's Last Resort.' When she gets going good give her a chance to get per pace and sort of get oiled up. Then sass her back."

"Eh? That's an idea for you. But you never would have thought of that, by gracious! Yes, sir; talk right up to her. Get her madder! Get her hopping!"

Head It to Her. "See what I mean? Every time she comes to the end of a line where you ought to shiver just spruce up and act sort of debonair. Say 'My! but your nose is red! You must be laced terribly, m'dear. Something like that. See? Nothing definite what she could hold you on. Just kind of like you weren't paying much attention."

"Well, sir, you'll be surprised. She'll get so mad you can see the sparks coming out of her eyes. She'll talk faster and faster, and what she'll say will be more to the point than before. Of course if you've got sensitive feelings I wouldn't advise you to try this out. Me, personally, I'm a hard old party."

"So you keep on getting her madder and madder and by and by she is so plumb stupefied that she can't stay living word and you cash in. It's a real good system if it's worked right."

"Eh? Yes, indeed, I tried it. Well, that is to say, I began to try it, but I didn't have so much luck as I probably will have next time; that is, if I decide to try it again."

"What was the matter? Oh, nothing much. Only the system has got one weak feature. I found it. My capital didn't last long enough to win. You got to have lots of the goods when you start doubling bets."

WHERE D. BOONE MISSED OUT

Might Have Died Rich, but Neglected His Fine Opportunities.

If his greed of possession had borne any sort of relation to his greed of discovery, Daniel Boone might have died the greatest land owner in America. When he died, in 1825, in the settlement of Charrette, which he had established on the Missouri river a little way above its mouth, he owned not land enough to bury him in.

The grave was provided by his thrifty and prosperous son-in-law, Flanders Callaway, with whom the old pioneer passed his declining years, the ruling passion for wandering in the woods remaining with him to the end. Testimony of his descendants, published in the Republic, does not encourage the doubt that this was the grave that was opened when Kentucky reclaimed the grant in 1845 to build a monument over them in the burial ground of its state capital.

Kentucky owed him this tribute. He was the first white man to penetrate and explore the forests of the "dark and bloody ground"—the hunting-grounds on which the Indians from the north of the Ohio fought so fiercely with those in east Tennessee and Mississippi that none of them could stay there in peace. There are conflicting stories to explain why Boone died landless. One of them is that he sold his great grants of land in Kentucky for scrip that proved to be worthless. Another adds that he held much of the land until Kentucky became a state, and then it was found he had neglected precautions necessary to make his title good. At any rate, he quit Kentucky as landless as he entered it, and came to Missouri, where he was to spend the rest of his life.

The Spanish governor here offered him a grant of 10,000 acres, but he scorned the trip to New Orleans that was necessary to get the grant confirmed by the Spanish governor, and later congress voted him a grant of 1,000 acres, but that also slipped through his hands.

Boone was negligent in looking after his landed possessions because he was more intent upon exploration than upon occupation. He must have felt also that land could be had anywhere in these parts for the asking. It was fortunate for Boone that Flanders Callaway, who had rescued a daughter of Boone from the Indians in Kentucky before he married her, was a better man of business and provided well for the veteran wanderer of the woods. Missouri took good care of Boone.—St. Louis Republic.

CONCERNING CLERICAL HEALING

Medical View of the Emmanuel Church Movement and What It Means.

At present the catchword of the Emmanuel movement is "functional disease." We are told repeatedly that the clerical healers will have nothing to do with any sufferer from organic disease, and they use their medically trained skills to separate the functional sheep from the organic goats, the latter being thrust back into the outer darkness of legitimate medical practice. But what do these people mean by "functional nervous disorders"? Do they really believe that there are two distinct kinds of disease—functional and organic? If they do not know, their medical advisers should tell them that every day we are shifting so-called functional diseases into the class of organic diseases.

Will these clerical healers abandon a functional disease to the medical healers when it is discovered to be dependent upon an organic lesion of brain, spinal cord, or sympathetic nervous system, or will they simply deny its organic basis and continue to treat it? And once they find themselves treating one disease called organic, why not others—why not all? Every physician knows that "cheerfulness, hope, courage and religious faith and prayer," which constitute the pharmacopoeia of the New York School of Medical Healing, are just as necessary in the treatment of tuberculosis as in that of constipation, and indeed that they are often distinctly curative in various organic diseases.

If the clergy have a divine commission to heal the sick they are refract to their trust and cruel to the suffering to deprive any of the benefits of their healing words, and it will not be long before they recognize that fact and act accordingly. That the law forbids them to practice medicine is, of course, a detail of no importance.—Medical Record.

Clever Tommy. "I don't like these pants," said Tommy. "Lemme give 'em away to some poor little boy." "No, Tommy," said his mother, firmly, "they are not bad enough to give away. You can still get some wear out of them."

POSTERS ADVERTISE NOVELS

New Scheme of London Book Producers to Force Wares.

HISTORY OF BOOK CLUB WAR

Publishers Generally Dissatisfied with Existing Conditions of Affairs in Trade—Northcliffe's Diplomatic Coup.

LONDON, Nov. 21.—(Special).—Now that the Times Book club war is definitely settled—to nobody's satisfaction in particular—many book producers are beginning to spend money on advertising their wares. The latest evidence of this fact is a huge poster of a book called "John Silence." Advertising the novel by means of the poster is a new departure in England, and the fact that one publisher has begun it will have a stimulating effect on the others. It may not be altogether correct to describe the "posting" of novels as an altogether new departure, for Fisher and Co., once employed Aubrey Beardsley in this capacity and Heinemann ordered a poster from Nicholson, but it was a long time ago, and, apparently, the attempt in those days was not a success.

However, the revival has begun, and several London publishers are thinking out striking ideas with which to hypnotize the public who have money to spend on books. The "John Silence" poster simply portrays a man standing at a window looking out into the night. His position is against a black background. There is nothing to prevent the Times Book club, after three months, from the publication of a novel, putting its copies into the 4-cent box, if it wishes to do so. This hits the bookseller, small, large or medium-sized, for the \$1.50 novel is one of his great mainstays. In spite of this, it is said about people not buying books. They do buy high-priced novels, and, of course, they will not pay the bookseller \$1.10, which is the English cash price for a \$1.50 book, if by waiting a little they can purchase from the Times at, say, 75 cents.

Concerning the great "book club war," inquiry among booksellers reveals the fact that they are anything but satisfied at the outcome of the struggle. Nor does it seem possible to deny that they have a very real grievance remaining. Their position is this: The publishers have won a victory over the Times in the matter of net books, but the case of the 6-shilling or \$1.50 novel is still going hard against the bookseller. There is nothing to prevent the Times Book club, after three months, from the publication of a novel, putting its copies into the 4-cent box, if it wishes to do so. This hits the bookseller, small, large or medium-sized, for the \$1.50 novel is one of his great mainstays. In spite of this, it is said about people not buying books. They do buy high-priced novels, and, of course, they will not pay the bookseller \$1.10, which is the English cash price for a \$1.50 book, if by waiting a little they can purchase from the Times at, say, 75 cents.

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There is a somewhat peculiar "inside history" of the conclusion of this "Times" book war which throws a slightly lurid light on British diplomacy. It will be recalled that it was announced to the world some time ago that C. Arthur Pearson had bought "The Times." This was considered one of the greatest journalistic coups on record, and Pearson was hailed as the "Thunderer" of the world. It might be said in passing, that, through some unexplainable cause, the London "Times" still yields an enormous influence, despite its fossilized condition and its prohibitive cost of 6 cents per copy. Well, among the people most unctuous in their congratulations to Pearson was his great rival, the Daily Mail, which, with Lord Northcliffe—otherwise Alfred Harmsworth—among the principal wrath-throwers. As soon as the first excitement is over, however, Northcliffe himself bows to the public as the actual owner of "The Times," and C. A. P. is supposed to retire some distance into the rear and sit down.

BAT ON TOAST—EVER TRY IT?

Tar Heel State Delicacy that Proves a Big Hit Down in That Country.

"I stopped at a little hotel in Iredell county, North Carolina, when I was making a trip through the Tar Heel state," said a traveler, "and among the things the waiter announced in my ear that they were serving that day was bat on toast. "Now, that was something that might well startle anyone who had been used to associating bats with anything but a delicacy for the table, and I turned my startled gaze on him and exclaimed: "What's that?" "The waiter repeated it and almost everyone at the table stared at me as if I were a curiosity. I was feeling very uncomfortable, when a good-natured native at the end of the table spoke up and said to me: "Reckon you're a stranger round your holler, cunnel. They ain't the mouse bats you got in 'yo' mind, sah; they's bull bats, and they mighty fine eatin' sah."

MAN OF ORIGINALITY

Whatever may be said of Crosland, there is no doubt of his originality. He is a man of remarkable personality, being "a great big fellow," with an insatiable desire for the financial rewards of literature, rather than the glory of which is supposed to follow the pursuit of letters. In a recent interview "with himself" in one of the magazines, the following passage occurred: "And now, Mr. Crosland," said the interviewer, with great deference, and evident awe at my literary reputation, "will you tell me whom you consider your best friends?"

"The money lenders" was my prompt response. "Crosland is a virile writer, with a magnificent hatred of his enemies. His books have made him hosts of haters in return—a situation in which he positively gloried. The latest literary story here may perhaps be considered to convey a useful warning to journalists. Frank Harris, a well known author-editor, who is at present conducting a social weekly, was lunching with the editor of a great halfpenny morning journal, and surprised to find that this editor had not read any of his books, promised to send him a volume of his short stories—which are very good and some years ago made quite a hit. The volume, entitled "Elder Conklin," was duly sent to the editor's office, but unhappily went astray into a pile of books for reviews. One of the halfpenny dailies

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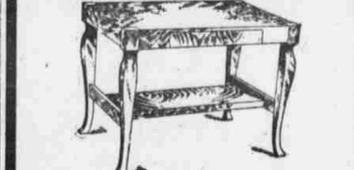


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"young men" (he was really a young man, for this paper is noted for catching its staff young) reviewed the book as a new one, praising it with patronizing moderation and encouraging the author to continue the pursuit of literature. When the notice appeared, the author-editor, who is a fiery Celt, was even more unprepared in his language than is his wont. CHARLES OGDENS.

We see in its swift and erratic flight at the close of summer days in the north. Why they call it a bat in North Carolina I don't know, but that is the name these birds go by—long-winged bats and bull bats. "I believe that they have at last succeeded in convincing the legislature of that state that this bird is one of the greatest destroyers of insect pests that flies and that the indiscriminate killing of it should no longer be permitted and that the sport of bat shooting is now illegal in North Carolina. When I was there, however, it was popular and had been for time out of mind.

Sooner than has been the lot of most men who have served Boston, Massachusetts, New England and the nation, says the Boston Herald, the memory of this man has taken the imperishable form of stone and bronze, art being wedded to the service of civic adornment and hero worship. But the tribute is deserved. There was a power as an actor in this Irish-American, a thoroughness as a legislator, state and national, a breadth of view as a defender of men of every race and all creeds, a loyalty as a friend, a steadfastness of conviction as a partisan of the best type, which made him a marked man while he lived and as fine a representative of the Celtic strain of Americanism as the country has yet seen in public life. When he fought he fought face to the foe and as a man of honor. When some would confound liberty with license he stood for liberty under law. When placed where he might have become rich, and yet not transgress the current code of politics or business, he chose to remain poor and beyond reproach of his own conscience. Like his friend and fellow exile from Erin, Boyle O'Reilly, he hastened materially the happy blending of races and religions that New England has seen in recent years, and he left a personal record and words of wisdom pertaining to fundamental American ideas which will make clear the path of generations that follow.

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