HIS OWN GAME FIRST



She—"Do you ever give any consideration to our foreign relations?" He—"Can't say I do. My poor relations get all I have to give."

EVERY-DAY SUIT



He—Yes. I have a suit for every day in the week.
She—The one you have on now?

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Tendency to Drop Use of Solemn Word "Death"

The word "translation," in its sense of the removal of a person to heaven, concerns such removal of a mortal body in life, as the "translation" of Enoch. "Transition" is passage from one place, or condition, or action to another; as in biology, the change of a tadpole to a frog; or in geology, of one formation into another; or a change from heat to cold. Neither the word "transition" nor the word "translation" ought to be used in a letter of condolence. The correct word to use is unquestionably "passing," which is defined as "a going away; departing; hence, dying"; from the verb to pass, "to go beyond recognition by the senses; to depart from life," in which case the verb is followed by away, as in the sentence," "All earthly things must pass away," or "She passed away last night."

But what word is there that is more solemn than the word "death" itself, and why should not one make use of it? Among other words are, decease, demise, departure, and desolation.—Literary Digest.

"Perpetual Motion"

Soon after the Civil war there was great public interest in perpetual motion, that is, a machine which would keep perpetually in motion without outside energy. Scientific bodies took up the question and pointed out for the benefit of investors and others that such motion was an impossibility. It was likened to a man lifting himself by his own bootstraps. Judging the interest of the people by the number of patent applications on such machines, the conclusion that none of them will work, or can work, seems not to be generally accepted.

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Fairlee, Maryland

THE MOTHER OF ED COOKE

By FANNIE HURST

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THE paradox of Ed Cooke's position was one that had amused the town folk over a long period of time.

At thirty-five Ed Cooke was undoubtedly the community's outstanding figure. At thirty-five, this boy, whom they had seen grow from a tow-headed youngster to a bizarre, poetic-looking fellow, was anything but what he appeared to be. In spite of his shock of blond-gray hair, his tendency to loose clothing and flowing ties, his rather rolling gait and easy air of nonchalance, he was a self-made millionaire. And the paradox was that this up-and-coming fellow, whose widowed mother had kept a notion store, and whose success was entirely a matter of his own aggressiveness, was at thirty-five as much under the thumb of his parent as he had been at fifteen.

The town looked on and rollicked with laughter. Ed Cooke and his mother now occupied a fine six-room suite in the small city's best hotel. As a matter of fact, Ed Cooke was a silent partner in the ownership of this hotel. As a matter of further fact, Ed Cooke was the sometime silent and the sometime articulate partner in pretty nearly every enterprise in that up-and-coming oil community.

He had his finger in practically every financial pie in the district, was president of two banks, on the board of directors of every local corporation worthy of the name, owned real estate that had grown in value from a cost price of thousands to a selling price of hundreds of thousands, was the largest share-holder in the city's newest skyscraper and owned outright the two largest motion picture theaters in the state.

He was a local figure. He was more than that. New York capital reckoned with the operations of Ed Cooke. And he was more than that. The largest institute for the blind in the Middle West was the result of his direct endowment. At thirty-five he was an important philanthropist. Some said that his mother directed entirely this aspect of his activities. That was true. But so did she direct pretty nearly every other aspect.

When Ed Cooke came home to his mother, after a day of high finance or big business, he was just any small boy, and Mrs. Cooke, who at sixty looked like a large, lean, calculating eagle, reigned with a free, bold hand.

It was, "Ed, I won't be kept waiting for dinner." "Ed, you're to take me to the movies tonight." "But mother, I have a directors' meeting." "The directors meeting will keep. We are going to the movies."

And to the movies they did go.

There certainly was no exaggeration to the local interpretation of Ed and his mother. He was a henpecked son.

"Mother, may I go out to the country club this Sunday with some of the boys for golf?"

"No. I promised the old ladies at my deaf institution to bring you out there."

"Mother, how would you like to take a trip to Hawaii with me? I need a rest."

"I'd hate it. We'll go to Cedar Springs for your rest."

And to Cedar Springs they would go.

People said that Ed Cooke had never dared contemplate marriage. They were forced to admit further, however, that so far as anyone knew, the hem of romance had never brushed by Ed's way. That is, until he once seen out with a telephone girl in one of his banks. A little, demure, brown-eyed girl named Betty Simmons.

At that, gossip ran high. A chambermaid in his hotel reported to another chambermaid that Ed kept a journal under lock and key, and that in this journal there was pasted a picture of Betty Simmons. That, too, spread like wildfire through the town and then died down again. Nothing happened.

Ed had a little system which he employed with his mother, a psychological device. Let Ed so much as say to his mother, "I don't feel like going downstairs in the big dining room tonight. Let's have dinner in our rooms," and sure as fate, Mrs. Cooke, whose vitality at sixty was amazing, would up and prepare for a descent into the dining room.

Through long years Ed had come to learn this streak in his mother. Her unconscious expression of her strong self-will. She loved him with a passion that was ruthless. She tried to kill the thing she loved. And for years on end Ed, who was by nature an executive, an aggressor, a success-person, lived under the blight of her; thrived in spite of her; achieved, where a lesser man would have gone down to his defeat.

With every inch of the pressure of her passionate love for him, the mother of Ed Cooke, unconsciously, of course, tried to destroy him. And yet the boy, with ineffable sweetness; with an inextinguishable fortitude, struggled on against the odds of the mother from whom he had inherited so much of that fortitude.

And then, to the stupefaction of all, when Ed was not yet even in his fortieth year, this fellow, so perennially good-natured, so tolerant and indulgent of his mother, so successful in his enterprises, so outstanding in his community, suffered what is technically known in the phraseology of bewildered doctors as a "nervous breakdown."

Ed Cooke went to pieces. His resistance seemed suddenly to snap. The sound of a person entering the room was enough to send him into tears. He took on a melancholia. The mere sight of his mother would induce a hysteria which his doctors regarded as most acutely serious. Ed Cooke was in a bad way.

Forbidden to enter her son's apartment, deprived of what she considered her divine right to succor this child who was begot of her very being, Mrs. Cooke felt abject terror lay hold of her heart. She was frightened into a new kind of submission. She was catapulted into a new kind of silence. It was nothing for her to crouch outside the closed apartment of her son for six, eight, and even ten hours at a time, until doctors and nurses dragged her away by force. She took to puttering among his belongings. She took to sitting for hours with one of his neckties, or one of his kerchiefs, spread in her lap. She took to fumbling among his drawers for this and that, searching for objects which might give her solace, even venturing, in her frenzy, to pry open locks that she might browse further.

One day she found the journal about which the chambermaid had tattled, and for hours she sat with it open on her lap, reading, crying the great retching tears of those who have scanty tears to shed, moaning into her hands and beating in a curious fashion, with her long, strong hands, against her breast.

After that, there was some talk among the physicians and nurses of sending Mrs. Cooke away. But there were limits to her submissions. She defeated them one and all. Planting her big body firmly in the room adjoining that occupied by her son, she refused to move. She defied them. She snapped her fingers at their insistings. She rose in all the curious power that was hers, and she won. Mrs. Cooke would not leave her rooms adjoining those occupied by her stricken boy.

In the weeks and weeks of his struggle with the adverse health that had overtaken him, she waited and watched and in her peculiar way, she prayed. It was horrible to see her pray. Submission came so haltingly to Mrs. Cooke. Pleading was not part of her make-up.

Then one day, no one was ever to know how, the mother of Ed Cooke forced her way into his bedroom. He was seated there alone in a chair beside a window, looking with unseeing, lusterless eyes upon the scene below.

"Ed," said his mother, and approached him without preamble, "what is this I hear about you and a girl called Betty Simmons?"

It was as if she had struck him in his already stricken face. It was as if the pallor that was already there had receded into a still more devastating kind of pallor. It was as if hearing his mother's words the very heart of Ed Cooke had turned in the grave of his body.

And then automatically this sick man, her son, employed with his poor tired brain, the formula of psychology he had so often employed before. "I don't care a thing for Betty Simmons," he said, the lie fluttering from his lips like so many dead leaves, "I never want to see her again."

And true to precedent the figure of the mother of Ed Cooke straightened, and out came her dominating voice. "I want you to marry her," she said. "She is the only girl I have ever known whom I want you to marry. That is that."

After an incredible half hour with his mother, playing his game as he had never played it before, Ed Cooke appeared reluctantly to acquiesce to the demands of his parent.

That was the beginning of his consistent and complete convalescence.

The marriage of Ed Cooke and Betty Simmons is in its tenth year of fine fruition.

People say, of course, that the mother of Ed Cooke managed his marriage.

Ammonia Ends Slumber

Upon entering a street car at Philadelphia at midnight, a young man told the conductor he desired to leave the car at Queen lane in Germantown, whereupon he sat down and promptly went asleep. As the car neared Queen lane the conductor shouted lustily. Getting no response he shook the sleeper by the shoulder. Still no results. He then produced a small phial and held it under the slumberer's nose, and instantly he awoke and hurried off the car. Then the few other passengers were told that the phial contained a solution of ammonia and that "it wakes 'em up when nothing else will."

Unlikely Contingency

When Robert Underwood Johnson attended Earlham college, in Indiana, he had two favorites among the lecturers there—Henry Vincent, an Englishman, and Wendell Phillips, the orator and abolitionist. Johnson asked them to write in his autograph book. Vincent wrote his name first, and added the words: "Let justice be done though the heavens fall." When it came to Phillips' turn he wrote on the opposite page: "If justice be done the heavens will not fall." —Kansas City Star.

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"Offer him a serial."

Reason for Lemon

He—"What made you choose lemon for your new dress?"

She—"Because I had such a job squeezing it out of you."

The Card Sharper

By R. T. M. SCOTT

(Copyright.)

MILTON, the Wall Street giant, had one special form of relaxation. This was poker. Every Friday afternoon, if the market was quiet enough to skip Saturday, he seaplaned down to Florida and joined a small group of his own cronies who were addicted to the same pleasure.

In Milton's subdued and massive Wall Street office Aurelius Smith heard that all might not be quite right with these poker games. One of the regular players had introduced, perhaps a little carelessly, a business acquaintance who had recently come to America from Europe.

Emeroch was a large and impressive man who seemed to have plenty of money and whose poker technique was superb. Milton did not object to the large sums of money which Emeroch was winning but his sixth sense warned him that something was wrong.

"It is possible that he is just a better player than the rest of you," suggested Smith.

Milton suggested that he take the detective down to Florida and let him sit in at a few games so that he might scrutinize the suspected man.

"I know the game very well," returned Smith, "but I never play cards for money. My memory is too good and I have trained myself to read faces too well. It would not be fair to my opponents."

Milton, insisted, however, and gained his point.

After dinner on the following Friday evening Smith and Milton sat down with two other financiers in the library of a palatial Florida mansion. A table was arranged for cards. As yet Emeroch had not arrived.

"Over a short length of time poker is a game of chance," Smith said, "but, when many hands are dealt, it becomes pure science and the best player must win."

At that moment Emeroch limped into the room. He stepped only upon the fore part of his right foot and leaned heavily upon a cane each time that foot came to the floor. He shifted his cane for a moment to his left hand while he shook hands with Smith. After that he sank painfully into a chair at the table, placed his cane between his legs and reached for a glass.

The play lasted until the small hours of the morning. From the first it was apparent that there was not a novice at the table. When the game ended there were only two winners—Emeroch and Smith. Emeroch had won $17,000 and Smith had won $800.

"Did you spot anything?" asked Milton of Smith when they were alone.

"He is the best poker player I ever met," returned Smith. "He knows exactly how to bet his cards and his face is a mask. I think he is honest—and yet—"

"Well?" questioned Milton.

"Most of his big killings were made on his own deal," added Smith, "and he never bet and lost on his own deal."

"I could detect nothing wrong with his dealing," commented Milton.

"There was no substitution of cards," said Smith emphatically. "By-the-way, you did not tell me that he was a cripple."

"He has been that way for ten years," explained Milton. "He told us that he had been injured in a riding accident."

The following afternoon the players met on the lawn in front of the house in which they were to play. Smith and Milton were somewhat in the rear of Emeroch as he painfully hobbled up the marble steps to the broad veranda where an early game was to be played before dinner. Suddenly Smith grasped Milton's hand and detained him under pretext of getting a light.

"I have caught him!" whispered Smith. "Don't be surprised at what I may do."

On the veranda the game was short and not very exciting. Milton shouldered the losses. Smith was about even. The rest were moderate winners. A servant brought before-dinner cocktails and the party relaxed around the table.

"Beautiful stick you have," said Smith to Emeroch. "May I see it?"

Emeroch made a desultory remark about his cane but kept it between his knees and did not offer to pass it over to Smith.

"May I see it?" persisted Smith with a polite smile.

The two looked into each other's eyes for a few seconds and then Emeroch rose. Smith advanced. Emeroch turned and limped toward the marble steps. Smith sprang forward and snatched the stick away. Emeroch ran down the steps and across the lawn like an athlete.

Amid gasps of astonishment Smith swiftly examined the cane.

"This silver band is strangely placed on top of the crook," he explained, bringing it to the table. "You see that it turns and exposes a small mirror. He holds the cane between his knees and deals over the mirror. On his deal he knows every card you hold." He tossed the cane on the table. "Emeroch, however, was not quite thorough enough. He limped as an excuse for the cane. He walked on the fore part of his right foot but, coming up the steps, I noticed that both heels were somewhat worn down. He only limped for his poker friends."

Medieval Defense

The portcullis of medieval times was hung so as to slide up and down in groves with counterbalances. They were made of strong-framed grating of oaks, the lower points shod with iron. Sometimes they were made entirely of metal. The drawbridge was raised by chains and counterweights attached to levers projecting from the wall at a proper distance above it. The levers were elevated by heavy weights attached to their inner extremities, the wall forming the ful-

Bridges Over River Jordan

Although, generally, it has a swift current with many rapids, the River Jordan is shallow in parts and fordable, while at its lowest reaches its valley widens out into the once luxuriant plain of Jordan, where stood the famous city of Jericho, and south of it the destroyed cities of Sodom and Gomorrah.

Just below the sea of Galilee the Romans built a stone bridge, the ruins of which are still in existence. Further south is a substantial bridge called the Jisr-Mejamia, probably also of Roman foundation repaired by the Saracens some centuries later. Where the Jabbok flows into the Jordan are traces of another bridge, long since allowed by Turkish indifference to fall in ruins. This or another bridge lower down was destroyed by the Turks in the World war and replaced by the substantial stone and iron Allenby bridge.

Defined

The conversation at the village inn was about the newcomer, who had rented a cottage for the summer.

"What be his business?" asked one of the company.

"An oculist," was the reply.

"And what may that be?" persisted the inquiring one.

"Oh, well, an eye dentist."—London Answers.

Co-Operation in Work

The laborer is worthy of his hire, we are told. But this is only half the story. The wage is also worthy of the worker. Equal emphasis to both sides of this proverb results in that co-operation of capital and labor which doubly insures prosperity for all.—Grit.

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