

# POKER AND LAW

Judge Hoke of Sandy Bend Explains Relationship.

LOSER YELLED FOR JUSTICE.

Chinese Witnesses Said Game Had Been Square and Redheaded Mike Had Won Only Because of His Great Luck in Accumulating Full Hands.

By M. QUAD.

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“WHAT is the cry that comes to me an hour after midnight, when the Red Dog saloon has been closed and I have sought my bed?” asked Judge Hoke of Sandy Bend as he opened court and looked over his audience. “Is it the cry of a hungry coyote, of a prowling wolf, of a steer which has broken his leg in a stampede? Is it the cry of a night bird, a lost woman or a wounded man?”

“Three nights ago such a cry came to my ears as I dozed, and I felt my ears go over me. I got up, seized my



guns and opened the door. There stood the critter who had uttered the cry, and as he saw me he wailed out again: “Justice! Justice! Justice!”

“Not to get anybody worked up to a nervous state, let me tell you that Jack Taylor stood there before me. The cry had cum from his lips. He sits over there on a bench, and his mug is familiar to all of us. He’s been hanging around Sandy Bend for a matter of

three years, and it’s been generally believed that he was a handy man with a gun. I’ve been one who believed it, and when I think of it I could weep tears of chagrin.

Issued Warrant For Mike.

“Yes, Jack Taylor stood there and wailed out that he wanted justice, and it was my opinion that he must have bin terribly wronged. He tells me what seems to be a plain story, and my judicial sympathies are aroused, and I issue a warrant for Red Headed Mike and tell the constable to bring him in dead or alive.

“That’s Mike over there. He don’t know one end of a gun from another, and every Chinymen in town has given him the boot a dozen times over. He’s red headed, but he hain’t got no more fight in him than a jack rabbit.

“Jack Taylor tells me that as he was goin’ up the trail that night to his shack somebody holds him up with two guns under his nose and goes through him for \$10. He recognizes that somebody as Red Headed Mike. He makes an awful struggle to save his dollars, but is knocked down and left for dead. When I heard of that bold faced robbery and assault within eighty rods of this yere courthouse I made up my mind to give Mike such a sentence as would make his hair curl in knots. He was found by the constable and brought in yesterday, and I don’t think that any of you are gazin’ at a desperado when you look at him.

Is All Right on Poker.

“Now for the other side of the story. Mike was lookin’ round for free drinks the other night when he runs across Jack. Jack asks him to come up to his shack and play poker. No matter what sort of a critter Mike is in other directions, he’s all right on poker. This court has tried him to its sorrow. His trick of holdin’ full houses and fours is simply remarkable. He goes along with Jack. He hasn’t a red cent, but he has an old silver watch to make a pot on. He wins three on the very first pot.

“Then two Chinymen drop in and see the rest of the game, and they tell the same story. There’s a five dollar pot on the table, and Jack gets three and draws down to his hand and bets \$1. Mike gets two pairs and draws another queen to make a full house. He sees the dollar and goes one better. They see and raise, and when Jack finally calls he’s a beaten man.

“The next pot is a leetle better for Jack. He stands pat on an ace full, while Mike holds up three tens and catches the fourth. Then it was a good thing to see. Mike’s watch and winnin’s and clothes was in that pot, and so was Jack’s money and guns. When the call came he was a busted man and chills was gallopin’ up and down his back.

Says He Is Ruined Man.

“P. yells out, that he had been

created, but the Chinymen swear that it was all fair play. Mike leaves a dollar on the table, accordin’ to Hoke, and saunters off with the balance, and Jack Taylor cries out that he is a ruined man and falls down in a fit. It was after he had recovered that he comes crawlin’ down to the Red Dog and I hear his wail from the darkness.

“Feller citizens, there is no more to be told. If any of you can’t see that Jack Taylor is a squealer you’ve got patches on your eyes. You must also realize the principle at stake. The noble game of poker is totterin’ to its fall, or would be totterin’ if this yere court wasn’t here to extend a brucin’ hand. We may steal each other’s hosses, but we must not steal the foundation stones of poker. The man who loses has to pay, and the loser who squeals can’t abide among men.

“Jack Taylor, if you had anything to pay with I’d fine you \$10 and costs, but as you are busted all I can do is to advise you to take a walk. Walk in any direction, but walk fast and keep goin’. If you show up in Sandy Bend agin within a year I won’t be responsible for what may happen.

Poker and Sentiment.

“Poker was invented not that one man might skin another, but that the nobility of soul of all men might be drawn to the surface and made better. The man who has stole hosses, abandoned his wife, driven his children out into the world and become a thing of evil can’t sit in a game of poker with \$20 in the pot and four aces in his hand without sentiment bubbin’ up in his soul and carryin’ him back to the happy days of childhood. I’ve knowed ‘em right in my Red Dog saloon to rake in the pot and resolve to lead better lives thereafter. Poker built up the west and made it the noble and glorious country it is. Abolish the game and what becomes of us? In a year we would be wearin’ tan shoes and eyeglasses and the gun would be relegated to the scrap heap.

“Mike, stand up. You’ve got all the money and Jack’s guns besides. You haven’t done anything to be fined for, but you’ve got to pay \$6 costs allee same, and I’ll take advantage of the occasion to observe that if you’ll drop around to the Red Dog saloon this evenin’ I’ll start a little game for you and do my best to take them shooters off your hands.

Booze and the Law.

“There’s a little matter this yere court wishes to refer to this mornin’. Sartin individuals in Sandy Bend have been heard to say that it don’t look quite the thing for a man to keep the Red Dog and run a hall of justice at the same time. I can’t see where there’s anything wrong. When I am in the Red Dog I’m one of you. When I am in this hall of justice I’m representin’ the majesty and dignity of the law. I’m knowin’ none of you to favor you over another. I’m lookin’ to ladle out justice and give you a square

deal, and the Chinymen who so forgits hisself to spit on the stove never gits outdoor without a fine of at least \$3.

“Here in the hall of justice my chest swells out. I am the ‘it’. I rule the roost. I represent truth, integrity, law, justice and several other things.

“At the Red Dog I humbly set out the best drink for 15 cents to be found west of Chicago, and if I take a hand in a poker game it is only to be a good fellow and show my love of country. I separate one position from ‘tother as wide as the poles, but any critter findin’ any more fault will find himself sandwiched between the Red Dog and this yere court and both doin’ their best to use him up.

“The calendar bein’ clear, we will now disperse until justice calls us together agin to dispense her favors to rich and pore alike, no matter in what clime they was born in or what particular object brung them to Sandy Bend.”

The last time President Taft was traveling in Texas he was invited to a dinner of bacon and boiled cabbage. The invitation was telegraphed from the citizens of a small town to the president’s private car, and was received by Captain Archibald W. Butt, the president’s aid. After consulting with the president the captain telegraphed this reply:

The president accepts your invitation with pleasure. BUTT.

This is the way the message read when the prospective hosts received it: The president accepts your invitation with pleasure, but—

—Popular Magazine.

There You Are.

“Why is it that so many men are frankly in favor of letting their wives vote and hold office?”

“Because of the unconquerable masculine,” replied Miss Cayenne. “A man thinks that a woman who can manage him is equal to any test of executive ability.”—Washington Star.

Flying High.

“Pop, can you fly?”

“Why, of course not. What makes you ask such foolish questions?”

“Well, pop, why did Mrs. Babble tell Mr. Jaggsby the other night that you were a bird?”—Baltimore American.

Usually the Case.

The husband may be boss of his own house, but his wife usually conceals the fact from his knowledge until he forgets about it.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Prosaic.

Elsie—Elsie’s marriage was dreadfully unromantic.

Ida—Yes; even the man she married was the one she was engaged to.—Chicago News.

## WHY HE WAS PARTICULAR.

Sirloin Steak Had to Be of the Finest For Hortense.

WEARING a brand new outfit and a suspicious smile, a man entered the corner butcher’s.

“My first order,” said he gravely, “is for one-half pound of the finest and tenderest sirloin steak you have. It must be very tender, mind you, and without a bit of fat on it. My next is for a pound of round steak, but as that is of less consequence please make sure about the sirloin first.”

“Stranger in the neighborhood, aren’t you?” inquired the genial cleaver wielder, smiling in a patronizing way.

“Yes. Slice that half pound evenly, please.”

“If I’m not amiss you’re—you’re just married, aren’t you?”

“Yes, but how did you guess that?”

“Oh, you’re like the general run of newly wedded men. For a time they’re all very particular about pleasing her in everything; I’ll do a nice job on this half pound, sir, don’t worry!”

“Say, you’re certainly a judge of human nature, Mr. Butcher. This special piece is for her. Now, if you please, do that half pound up as neatly as possible. Thank you. Now for the pound of round steak. Oh, any old piece will do! My wife and I will enjoy it, so long as the other suits her.”

“But, sir,” stammered the butcher, pausing with the long meat knife sticking up into the air, “I thought the tender sirloin was for her—your wife, you know?”

“Oh, my dear sir, not at all! The round steak is for my wife and me. The sirloin is for Hortense, my wife’s pug dog.”—Lippincott’s.

Had Experience.

“Be truthful,” said the teacher.

“Always?” asked the boy.

“Always,” answered the teacher.

“Never tell a lie?”

“Never.”

“Not even a white lie?”

“Not even a white lie.”

“Huh!” ejaculated the lad scornfully. “It’s a good thing for you you ain’t a boy with my dad for a father.”

“Why?” asked the teacher.

“Because,” replied the boy, “if you was my dad’s little boy, an’ you heard what he said about Aunt Eliza comin’ to visit us with her children, an’ Aunt Eliza had asked you if you weren’t all glad to see her, an’ you told the truth, like I did, you’d think there was a place where your trousers was mighty thin after dad had finished with you.”

He went back to his desk, and as he sat down with great care there was an expression on his face that showed the great lesson of truth had been, at least in a measure, lost on him.—Tit-Bits.

Spring Styles.

“Have you any ancestors, Mrs. Kelly?” asked Mrs. O’Brien.

“And phwat’s ancistors?”

“Why, people you sprung from.”

“Listen to me, Mrs. O’Brien,” said Mrs. Kelly impressively. “O! come from the rale stooock av Donohues that sprung from nobody. They sprung at thim.”—Catholic Tribune.

Better Than a Gun.

Desperadoes who tried to rob a man in Seattle recently ran away when their intended victim began to read poetry. It may pay you to read poetry.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Sigh For the Plumber.

“Blessings brighten as they take their flight,” said the ready made philosopher.

“Yes,” replied Mr. Growcher, “I’d give a good deal to go home now and have them tell me that the water pipes are frozen.”—Washington Star.

Check Does It.



Merchant (to commercial) — Why, what’s the matter with your nose? Some one run over it?

Traveler—No; you said I wasn’t to show my nose in here again, so I’ve covered it up. (Gets an order.)—Comic Cuts.

His Theory.

“Why do you want to take sides in a feud that doesn’t concern you? You run great risks.”

“I know I do, pard. But it’s safer than being an innocent bystander.”—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Rudder.

“The dog,” said the scientific gentleman, “sometimes steers himself with his tail.”

“Uses it to guide his wandering bark, does he?” asked the irresponsible humorist.—Christian Register.

Useful.

Briggs—Have your daughters accomplished much in music?

Griggs—Yes; their playing has rid us of two very undesirable neighbors.—Boston Transcript.

# NEW STORE

## AT SWANSEA, S. C.

I wish to announce to the people of Swansea and surrounding Country that I have opened a New Store in the town of Swansea in Dr. Brooker’s Building.

I have just returned from New York and the Northern Markets, where I have selected the Cream of the Season in the following goods:

**New Store, . New Goods . And Low Prices.**

Ladies Ready to wear Suits in the latest patterns and best makes known to the trade. A complete line of men’s and youths’ Suits, Pants and Overcoats. Also a full line of Gents’ Furnishings

### SHOES A SPECIALTY

You are cordially invited to inspect our new Stock and Judge for yourself as to its merits.

Our Motto: More Goods For Less Money, and Less Money for More Goods.

# M. CITRON

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