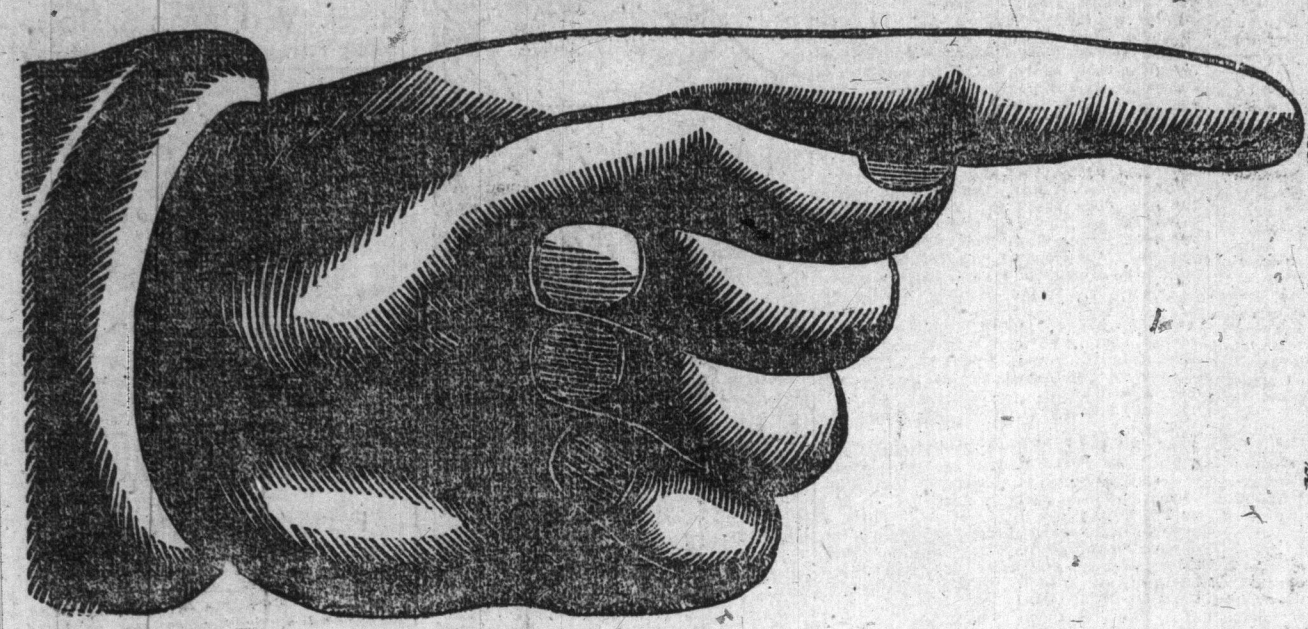


AGRIE! INFLUENZA!



CENTS

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ALL THINGS TO ALL MEN.

HOW THE PREACHER WON THE BIG POT AND BUILT HIS CHURCH.

Rev. Mr. Franklin's former knowledge as a gambler secures him a noble contribution for his new church—Novel Method of Raising the Fund.

They tell a story of a Methodist minister out in Seattle who was endeavoring to raise money for a new church. After he had drained the resources of every member of his church and had passed the subscription-book among all the merchants of the city, the thought struck him of seeking donations among the lower strata of society—the saloon men and gamblers. After having secured about \$300 from the liquor-dealers he proceeded to invade the ranks of the card-dealers. The first man he struck was Billy Morgan, keeper of the most notorious joint in Seattle.

"Mr. Morgan, I am the Rev. Mr. Franklin of the Columbia Avenue Mission Church," began the plucky little expounder of free grace and undying love on the Wesleyan doctrine, "and I have come to you for a subscription to our new church. Won't you give me something?"

Morgan was, of course, astonished at being approached by a man of the cloth, but he was a good-natured sort of a chap and he treated the preacher politely. The latter indulged in a few earnest arguments for a donation, when the gambler cut him short by this proposition:

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Mr. Franklin; you bear the record of being a convert yourself from your profession—am I right?" The minister acknowledged that he once dealt on the finest lay-out in San Francisco.

"Well," continued Morgan, "you haven't forgotten the difference between a king bill and a bob-tail flush, and you know enough yet to grease the board when your ante comes round. Now, I'll make you this bargain: You and I will play a game of old-fashioned draw. I'll give you \$100 in chips to start with. For every dollar you win I'll give you a five dollar bill; if you lose anything you don't get a cent. Is it a go?"

The good Mr. Franklin was stumped. He did want the money so badly, and if he won it all it meant \$500 for the new Columbia Avenue Church. Then the question presented itself. Would this be gambling? Certainly not; he would be hazarding nothing, except his luck. If he won, the church would get \$500; if he lost the church would not be out a cent.

"It's agreed," he said, and Morgan led the way to a neighboring hotel, as it would never do to have the minister seen going up into his rooms. The cards and a box of chips were brought out and spread on the table. Morgan counted out twenty whites, ten reds, and three blues to the minister, of the respective values of \$1, \$5, and \$10 each. He then gave himself the same number and the game began.

By courtesy the preacher dealt first, and from the look which Morgan betrayed on his face, he must have imagined for a minute he had run up against a regular old poker shark.

Morgan drew two cards and the good man him. The latter ventured five whites on the start.

"That's pretty cheap, and I'll have to call," smiled Morgan as he shied a red into the pile.

"What have you there?" asked Mr. Franklin.

"Three treys," said the gambler laying his hand on the table.

"No good. That last heart gave me a flush," said the pastor of the Columbia Avenue Mission raked in the pot.

"I see you understand the game," logically remarked Billy as he picked up the cards preparatory to a second deal.

"First game in ten years, so you must pardon any breach of poker etiquette."

"No fear of your making any breaks,"

responded Billy, and the cards went spinning across the little mahogany table. The minister ailed with becoming alacrity and gathered up his cards for the survey. This hand Morgan won, but he only gained a chip by the operation. By mutual consent, the third round was made a jackpot, and both men moved a little closer to the table, probably to get better action. It was Morgan's deal, and Mr. Franklin opened for \$2 and Morgan staid. Each man drew two cards. The minister bet a red chip and Morgan threw in a blue, meaning five better. Franklin put in another blue, and Morgan followed with two blues additional. He was a jolly sport, right at the start, and the good preacher's hair began to bristle as he witnessed the two lower buttons of his vest, and cast two blues and a red into the pot, and nervously waited to see what his opponent would do. Billy now fully realized that the man on the other side of the board was hard as that \$100, which meant \$500 if he won, and that he could gain nothing by betting more, so he called. The minister excitedly laid down his hand with the remark, "I'm afraid you've got me beat; I've got only two little pair."

"No good, old boy, I'm sorry to say, there's the prettiest set full you ever saw."

"Hold on there," interrupted the pastor, "my two pair are all treys, and he shovelled in the pot with a horseness and celebrity that would do honor to an amateur."

To make a long story short the presiding head of the Columbia Avenue Methodist Episcopal Mission walked out of the room an hour later with a roll of fresh, crisp greenbacks representing \$350 and a check on the National Bank of Seattle for \$150, made payable to James Franklin or order, and signed by William Morgan.

As the two men parted on the curb below the minister turned to his benefactor with the remark: "Thank you very much, Mr. Morgan, for your contribution and the afternoon's pleasure. This money shall buy our new pews, and I hope to see you occupying one of them some day."

"Yes, I ought to have a private box for life in your church," answered Morgan. W. B. Rodgers, in the Indianapolis Journal.

An Inducement.

Ruralistic Customer—"How does it look on me?"

Dealer (in hollow whisper)—"Mein fren, hat you an enemy?"

Ruralistic Customer (amused)—"You bet I have, that St. Perkins."

Dealer (in still more hollow whisper)—"You shoooot pay dot doings, un? rear dot your enemy will see it, un? he vos of envy die right off?"

Tobacco and Copy.

The Bookman recently invited an author to tell its reader how he worked. His only reply was the following on a crumpled sheet, which had evidently once contained tobacco.

Journalism. Fiction.

9 pipes, 1 hour. 8 pipes, 1 ounce.

2 hours, 1 idea. 2 ounces, 1 week.

1 idea, 3 paragraphs. 20 chips, 1 chap.

3 paragraphs, 1 lead. 2 miles, 1 novel.

THE WORLD'S LETTER BAG.

Humane Society Not to Blame.

Editor World: Cannot something be done to draw the attention of the public to the staminal way in which the horses of the Street Railway are used? They are far more noticeably ill-treated since they have been handed over to the new company than they were in former times—even the drivers say so—but they do not seem to blame for the way in which they are over driven and over worked, for they are obliged to make the allotted time on their respective routes, and they are suspended and lose a week's wages, so they prefer beating the horses and being fined \$1 and costs for cruelty to animals. Then there is the overcrowding, which might be stopped by the drivers and conductors if they had the power to do so, but they are compelled to take on as many passengers as the car will hold conveniently or otherwise.

I might say that the remedy is in the hands of the public alone, who, if they took the trouble, could bring an action against the company for want of proper accommodation, as each passenger who pays his or her fare is entitled to a seat; but instead of this the manfully and taking some action in the matter, the very people who complain of the ill-treatment are those who crowd into the cars, whether there is room or not, and then blame the Humane Society for not coming forward in the matter, whereas the society is doing all in its power to alleviate the sufferings of the poor brutes. Only this week, when one of the horses in a Yonge-street car fell in coming down the grade, the car was on the top of it, a member of the T.H.S. stopped the driver from harnessing him up and walked him down to the end of his journey, but insisted upon his being taken out and walked back to the stables in North Toronto, the car being left standing till another horse could be got.

A LADY FRIEND OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY.

Woman's Art Exhibition.

Editor World: This is in answer to that letter in Tuesday morning's issue referring to the Woman's Art Club exhibition signed in language of "Piss Art." This person, in the saying "he done the whole show," I say because I cannot imagine a lady visiting the Woman's Art Club exhibition and saw quite conveniently all there was to see and would like to ask this person what he found hidden away in obscure corners. I saw all that was there and thought the ladies had done very had to make their display in a quarter of a room. Does drip know that this wonderfully talented person actually lives in our midst? The picture of a housewife referred to may need a few "amorous cats," every man to his taste or perhaps a quarter of level or a road leading to a sample room "where every touch of the brush tells its story" and "where every detail is beautifully wrought out so that it requires no stretch of imagination." That is what would suit this clever joker, as it is easily seen he has none. A little horse refinement or injection of grey matter would not hurt around as lovers of fine art. If this person was a lover of fine art, as he claims to be, he would be willing to help these ladies in their brave efforts to advance art in Toronto, but one can expect little else from an ass like a bray. I am a member of the O. S. A., and I want the person to distinctly understand that we do not wish the ladies to disband so as to become members of our society, but I wish them every success and hope that their society will become stronger every year, as it will. I feel certain that if a do'clock has been present on a certain date that a do'clock has would have been provided, to have made up for what he apparently considered a loss, viz., twenty-five cents. A lover of fine art, who can see he can do it by annihilating a lot of scrubbers of art and those arguments with wolf man enough to strike a woman.

Toronto, Feb. 3. A. R. C. A.

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