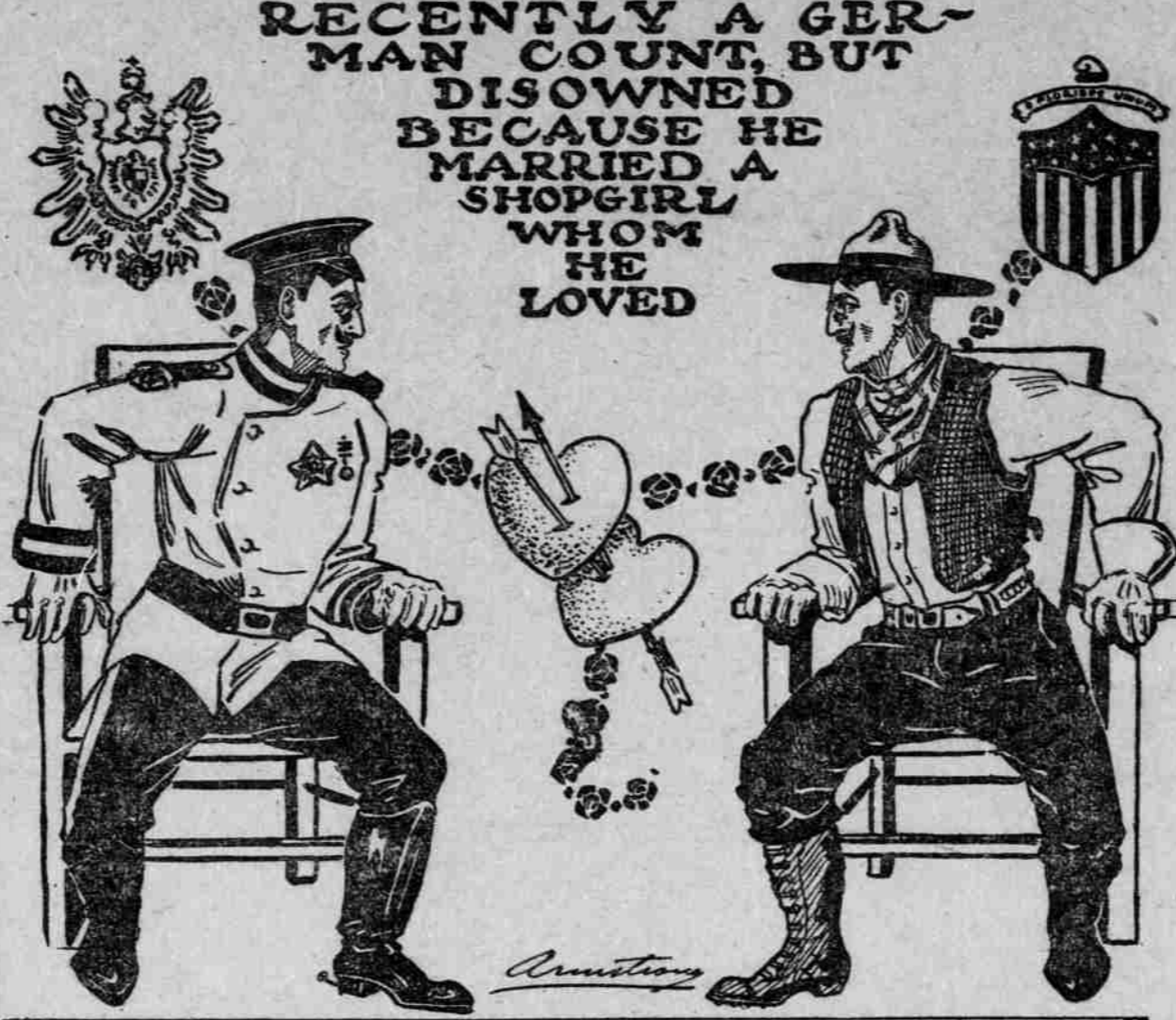


# PLAIN "MR. BARNES" OF COLORADO

## RECENTLY A GERMAN COUNT, BUT DISOWNED BECAUSE HE MARRIED A SHOPGIRL WHOM HE LOVED



MR. BARNES OF COLORADO, WHO WAS COUNT VON HOCHBERG



THE COUNT DIRECTING WORK AT HIS MINE



MRS. BARNES, WHO WAS A BERLIN SHOPGIRL AND THEN A COUNTESS



THE COLORADO HOME OF THE FORMER COUNT AND COUNTESS

"B. R. BARNES, of Colorado, if you please" laughed a fair-haired, clear-eyed, immaculately groomed young man, standing on the deck of the mighty Lusitania at her dock in New York the other day. And turning to the black-haired, radiant young woman who stood beside him, he went on:

"We are not the Count and Countess von Hochberg, heirs to Rohstock, any more, are we?"

"Decidedly not," answered the young woman, with just the trace of the German accent. "We are just plain Mr. and Mrs. Hans Ferdinand Barnes, of Cottonwood Creek, and we have closed up all our affairs abroad and are back here to stay. We are going to be Americans now, to be sure!"

"No more chumming with the Crown Prince of Germany and no more 'der officer' in the First Guard of Foot of His Majesty, the Kaiser, and no estates at Rohstock for us. We like our mine better."

"And why not?"

"Mr. Barnes—really, Count Hans Ferdinand von Hochberg, heir to the Castle of Rohstock with its vast estates, son of Count von Hochberg, former Lieutenant of the Emperor's Foot Guard, chum of Crown Prince Frederick William, heir to the German throne, nephew of the Princess Marie von Saxe-Weimar, and cousin of Grand Duke Michael von Saxe-Weimar, was returned from his old native Fatherland and Berlin upon a very pleasant errand. He was bringing his bride with him."

"But the pleasant errand? Just this, rich, successful, he had gone home to meet his family and to be reconciled. The young man was disowned for marrying that very bride against the parental will. They had picked out a Princess for his wife. There was to be a grand wedding, the Kaiser would send his congratulations and a superb gift, and there would be great feasting and rejoicing at splendid Rohstock, the family castle."

"But I don't love her!" insisted the young man to his father, when the advantageous marriage was suggested to him.

"Fiddlesticks!" laughed the father, "what of that—the Emperor wishes it!"

"I cannot help it," protested the young man, "there already is a woman I love and I shall marry her, if for no other reason than that I have promised her."

"Who is she?" demanded the old Count-Eloko von Hochberg, wild that his will should be broken by a mere strapping young man.

"Louise Carow," answered the young man.

"Louise Carow?" echoed the father, "what is she?"

"She works in a little shop on Unter den Linden. I met her when I went in to buy a pair of gloves. We love each other and I have promised to make her the Countess von Hochberg."

"The old man was purple with wrath."

A von Hochberg marry a shop girl? Never! The young man was dismissed from the army. The father went at once to the Emperor and begged him to stop it all. The Emperor promised, but he forgot that love sometimes even fears not the Emperor.

"The Kaiser sent for the youth. 'You will be cast out from the court,' he began. 'You will be dismissed in disgrace from the army. Your father will disown you. I forbid you to marry this woman of the shops!'"

"I cannot help it, Your Majesty," protested the young man. "I love her and I shall make her my wife."

Wilhelm was furious. No man had ever dared go against his will before. So the imperial ukase was issued—young von Hochberg was cashiered and dismissed in disgrace as a Lieutenant of the Guards. Then Berlin turned its back on the young nobleman whom before it had welcomed so cordially. And the old Count cut the boy off without a penny and turned him adrift to shift for himself, a social outcast. He had but one friend left in the world—Louise Carow.

"I have a little money left," he told her. "It will be enough to get me to America. There I can find something to do. When I have saved enough I will send for you and we can be married. A von Hochberg holds honor above everything. I love you and I have promised to marry you, and I will."

His first job as chauffeur.

So off to America came the young man while Louise Carow went back to the little glove shop and waited. Berlin turned back to its amusements and forgot the young nobleman who had sacrificed his career and his father's favor for the girl he loved.

But the young Count did not forget. He hunted for a job and at last found one—he got a place as chauffeur in Tarrytown, N. Y.—this young nobleman who had been a Lieutenant of the Emperor's Foot Guard in Berlin. He got \$15 a week. He took a room in a little boarding-house and saved and scraped until he had enough—he could send for his Louise now.

"Come," he called, and Louise Carow took the first steamer, escaping from the Berlin police who were trying to watch her every move.

Up in the little Hudson River town of Ossining, Louise Carow, the shop girl, became Madame von Hochberg, the Countess. There were no guests at the wedding save the witnesses and no music and no flowers. The Rev. Dr. McWilliams, of the Ossining Presbyterian Church, performed the ceremony, and a von Hochberg had kept his honor.

But all this had not been done without a storm of protest from the old Count, who loved his son. There were formal letters of warning sent from abroad before the wedding. One of the family lawyers even came from Berlin to seek out the unfortunate Count and beg him to return home.

"You will be forgiven," he promised.

"Your father will make you his heir again; his Majesty will restore you to the throne. You are not done with this mad infatuation!"

After the wedding the couple settled down in the little boarding-house in Ossining. They saved and scraped. A little daughter was born—the mother named it Johanna Louise—and they were very, very happy.

Found a Rich Mine.

But a Count could not be a chauffeur always, and so they decided to take a trip out West. Now, at the military school the young man had been extremely fond of science, especially geology and metallurgy. He thought he would like to put his knowledge to practical use, and he hunted around until he got a job out in Barnes City, Colo., on the Cottonwood Creek mine.

"I'm going to make money," he said to himself. "I'll be a rich man in a few years."

And his wife is the happiest little woman in the world with her husband and her baby. They enjoy our Western life, no Berlin for them, admit that so, Hans."

He is going back now to show his folks at home that he can be a man even if he is a Count. He's made good out West and he's going to stay there. No titles for him.

"And his wife is the happiest little woman in the world with her husband and her baby. They enjoy our Western life, no Berlin for them, admit that so, Hans."

And the breezy Westerner looked admiringly at the Count for his answer.

"Quite so," answered von Hochberg, "and then he went to tell some more about himself."

"You see," he said, "in renouncing my titles I had to have a name, so I took that of Barnes, my dear, good friend. He has done everything for me. So now I am Hans Frederick Barnes, of Barnes City, Tremont County, Colo. I legally renounced my titles. You will find my renunciation in the Almanach de Gotha for 1906, just published, and authenticated by the Berlin police on July 18, 1907."

"I have had the name of Barnes formally conferred upon me by the Legislature of Colorado, and I have taken out my first citizenship papers; I intend to become an American citizen just as fast as the law will allow me. And my dear little wife is with me in everything. She would rather be just plain Mrs. Barnes than the Countess von Hochberg, wouldn't you, dear?"

"Indeed I would," smilingly answered the one-time shop girl.

"So we are happy out in the golden West," continued Mr. Barnes. "We have a pretty home, we are well, and why shall I not say it—we have made money. What more do we want?"

Let it be said right here that the Count—beg pardon, "Mr. Barnes," has \$100,000 of his own now and doesn't care a straw whether he ever gets a cent of his father's great fortune or not.

"I went to Berlin," he said, "two or three times. One was to see my father and my mother, and show my wife and baby."

"After the end of the year, though, there was a curious change. Luck ran for or against four of us as it had done before, what we might lose for one or two sittings coming back to us in the next two or three. But for one in the party—I'll call him Perkins, because that was his name—there was no change. He lost at every sitting for over two months, and lost rather heavily every time, so that when we gathered for what proved to be the final game he must have been \$200 or \$300 behind."

"We didn't any of us like it, and we said so, as delicately as we could, saying to him jokingly that he must certainly be in for a long run of good luck if that theory was to be upheld; but he was a cheerful loser, and turned over his checks as gaily as if they had been waste paper instead of being as good as gold, which they were—all but the last one."

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best knows. He came to New York with the Count and Countess to see them off. The young people regard him as their benefactor because it was Mr. Barnes that gave the struggling young husband his chance to support his wife and baby; it was Mr. Barnes who gave them the chance to get rich, and they will never forget it."

"I saw at once that the young man was above the ordinary fellows around a mining camp," said Mr. Barnes. "He knew a lot about mining and the metals and he busied himself prospecting until at last he hit the vein, the real thing, and now we're taking the richest kind of copper from it. The Count got ahead fast. I made him secretary of the company and now he is general manager. He is going back now to show his folks at home that he can be a man even if he is a Count. He's made good out West and he's going to stay there. No titles for him."

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mother, in trying to save the situation, lost what little she had, too. So we all went to Berlin to sink or swim. We just managed to keep above water."

"They put me to work in a glove factory, and there I toiled many hours a day for years. Finally I couldn't stand it any longer, and when I was 17 I got a position in a glove store, and there I met the Count von Hochberg."

"He came to buy a pair of gloves and I served him. When he came a second time I served him again. We became acquainted in that way, and so my love-story began, for I had loved him from the first time. And when the Count told me he loved me I was the happiest girl in Berlin. His marriage had all been arranged with another, but he would not have it."

"His family tried every conceivable way to embitter him. But he remained true, always saying that he would marry me. And I knew in my heart of hearts that he would, though sometimes I was so despondent I would have gladly died."

"And then, by degrees, I came to understand that he was giving up—splendid Rohstock, his army commission, the Princess he could have married. So when they asked me if I would accept \$300 a month for three years and \$12,000 after that I said 'Yes.' But the Count would have none of that. Instead he came to America and now we are happy at last!"

And such is the story of the Count and Countess von Hochberg, no longer exiles. Soon Barnes City will welcome them back again, proud in the grit and pluck and brains of the young German and his bride for whom he sacrificed so much.

I had other things also, to keep me busy there—business chiefly, and seeing some of my old friends who have written me that if I should come ever again to Berlin to let them know."

"My old friend, the Crown Prince, sent me a photograph of himself and his wife, who was the Duchess Cecile von Mecklenburg-Schwerin, with His Royal Highness's autograph upon it. You know, we went to the Military School at Bonn together and when he was married, by permission of the Kaiser I was usher at his wedding."

"I had much to busy me in Berlin. Part of the time my wife visited her parents. There was much to attend to in business for me, I can assure you, as I am in charge of the German branch of the company. Much of our stock is held by German investors. It is quite different being an American business man with work to do and being a German nobleman with nothing to do but to amuse one's self. But I like the change."

The young man looked fondly at the wife who had been the innocent cause of it all.

Mrs. Barnes of Colorado.

"Yes," she interposed, "what a strange thing Fate is, a little while ago I was Louise Carow, the Berlin shop girl; next day a German Countess. And now I am plain Mrs. Barnes, of Colorado."

"I was born 25 years ago in the little town of Schneidmuhl, where my father kept a tavern. I had three sisters and we all grew up together. We left school when we were very young—I think I must have been 8 years old—for my father had met with reverses, and my

seemed remarkable to us was that Perkins got the worst of it every time. It was really phenomenal, his bad luck."

"Any one of us would have played sympathy with him at any stage of the game, but we really wanted him to win, and we'd call his bets time and again, only to take the pot when we'd rather have seen him take it. It went on till he was a thousand behind, and then he took \$200 more, and the next deal was on my right."

"I was a jackpot, and I opened it for the else of it, which was \$25. I having a pair of kings. The next two men stayed out. Perkins raised it \$50. The dealer dropped, and I made it \$50 more. I swear to you that my only thought was to swell the pot for Perkins, for I was sure he had one pair beaten when he raised."

"I called for three cards, as a matter of course, and he stood pat, so I threw in a white chip without looking at my draw. He said nothing, but pushed his stack forward, and I had to look at my cards. If I had thrown down without looking at my hand I would have had to show my cards, being the opener, and if I had bettered it would show for a sympathy play, which I knew would offend him deeply."

"So I looked, and to my utter amazement I found I had a king full. Then, as a matter of course, I had to call. If I could have concealed my hand in any way I would have dropped, but under our rules the opener had to show his whole hand. I called, and he showed down a ten full."

"He was a gallant fellow, and though he turned white he strove to speak cheerfully when he said: 'I've reached the limit, boys. I can't lose any more tonight. I'll make the check good before it reaches my bank, but I'll have to leave off poker for a while. And he wrote out his check and said good-night. We didn't want to take it, but he took that as an insult, so we took the paper, and when he went out we talked for half an hour, trying to decide how we could best make it up to him, for we all liked him and hadn't thought before that he was so badly hurt by his losses."

"I said a few minutes ago that I wasn't afraid of what poker could do to me, but that was hardly true. When a pasture can make me one of the instruments in ruining one of my best friends it is no amusement of mine. So I, too, have cut off poker."

The outsider had listened to the four stories attentively, and when Jackson finished he said: "I can understand how you have all turned against the game, but none of your reasons appeals to me. I eat Welsh rabbits; I drink whisky; I play poker. If those things hurt other people they shouldn't induce in them. I can see, though, that I must go elsewhere for a game." And he went—New York Times.

## WHY JACKSON STOPPED PLAYING POKER

### THERE WERE THREE OTHERS IN THE SAME BOAT AND SO THE GAME WAS CALLED OFF

THEY were talking in the smoking room about the great American game and the conversation went far toward proving that all four in the party had more than an average man's knowledge of poker science. In discussing, as they did, some of the finer points of the game, and the reasons for some of the rules that seem arbitrary to beginners, it became evident that they had all studied principles and had well-defined ideas of the reasons for things. The genius of poker was no idle word to any one of the four.

It was therefore with a half laugh and with considerable diffidence that a fifth man who had listened in silence for a considerable time took advantage of a lull in the talk to say: "I've been spelling for a game myself for some time, and I came here tonight, hoping to find one. I'm not much of a player, and I can see from what you say that you all understand the game much better than I do. I'd like to play with you, though. Even if I lose I'll be likely to learn something that will be valuable later."

There was a little pause after this proposition, and the four looked at one another, smiling in a shamefaced way. Then Hammond said: "I don't like poker any more. The fact is, I'm too fond of it. Whether I'm lacking in resolution or not I can't say. I hardly think I am, because I can stay away from the card table altogether without any very great effort, but I find if I

play I can't indulge moderately. When I sit in at a game I simply can't quit as long as there's anybody to play with me, and if I know of a game going on I'll give up my business, my sleep, my meals, and my social obligations to take a hand."

"I think it was Artemus Ward who said that when he was drinking he never allowed business to interfere with it. That is certainly the case with me. When I play poker I don't let anything else interfere. And as I really believe there are other things that are more important to me than poker, I've cut out the poker."

When he finished his confession he looked from one to another of his three friends as if half expecting they would laugh at him, but somewhat to his surprise they all looked serious, as if they were thinking of their own experience rather than his.

"I noticed that you had quit playing," said Roberts, "and I rather wondered at it, knowing how much you liked the game, but I've quit myself, though not exactly for the same reason. I did it because I care more for Mrs. Roberts than I do for poker. My business takes me away from home a great deal, and she makes no kick on that, but she did say that the demands of business and poker combined were too great. She thought some time ought to be reserved for her, and as I thought so, too, I quit."

Terrill spoke next. "The reason I stopped playing poker," he said frankly, "is that I am afraid of it. I don't mean by that that I'm a loser, for I'm not. I'm very sure I won't as long as the

fact, I'm a good bit ahead of the game. I'm almost always lucky when I play, and I suppose I understand the game as well as the next man, so it isn't any fear of losing that keeps me away."

"What I'm afraid of is the gambling fever. As long as I could keep on playing for the sake of the game it was all right. I look on poker as the most scientific game there is, and almost the best possible mental exercise for a man who plays it understandingly, but there is no denying that it's a gambling game, and when a man gets to playing it for the sake of the stakes he's in a fair way to become a thorough-paced gambler—not necessarily a professional, but a habitual gambler. I'm afraid of the deterioration that comes always to come from that—so I quit."

Jackson, the fourth one in the quartet, listened intently to his friends, and when they had finished he said very thoughtfully: "Those all sound like good reasons. I don't know but what I might quit playing poker myself for any one of them if they applied to me, but as it happens, they don't. There isn't any Mrs. Jackson, and as far as I know there won't be any—at least for a long time. I'm not so overfond of the game that I can't leave it when it's time to go to bed, and I never have neglected business for it. And I haven't the slightest fear of becoming a slave to the habit of gambling. So none of the things that have led you to give up poker would induce me to do it. Nevertheless, I don't imagine that I shall ever play it again. I'm very sure I won't as long as the

memory of the last game I sat in remains as fresh as it is now in my mind."

"There were five of us who played at one another's rooms every Saturday night for something over a year, and the game was a thoroughly enjoyable one, though it was considerably larger than I ever played anywhere else. We thought little of it, though, for we were all fairly prosperous in business, so that a few hundred dollars was no killing matter to any one of us, and we had a theory that if we played together regularly the winnings and losses would balance up pretty nearly even at the end of the year."

"It's curious how many people believe in that theory. If you stop to think about it, as I have a good many times since then, you'll see that it makes no allowance for the difference in skill between one player and another, and none for the run of good or bad luck which any player is liable to have, and which sometimes continues for months—even for a year at a time."

"At our little game, however, I'm bound to acknowledge that the theory was justified the first year. Somebody kept tabs, as a matter of course, and when he footed up for it against nobody was more than about \$200 ahead of the game or behind. It was practically an even game, for we played table stakes and usually bought \$50 apiece at the start. Of course, buying in again five or six times it might be, a man might lose several hundred dollars on an evening, but we always settled by check at the end of the sitting, and each man's check was always good. If anybody was hurt at

any time there was no indication given. After the end of the year, though, there was a curious change. Luck ran for or against four of us as it had done before, what we might lose for one or two sittings coming back to us in the next two or three. But for one in the party—I'll call him Perkins, because that was his name—there was no change. He lost at every sitting for over two months, and lost rather heavily every time, so that when we gathered for what proved to be the final game he must have been \$200 or \$300 behind."

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