



# The CIRCULATING MEDIUM

## A Case That Might Literally Be Called Poetic Justice.—The Immaculate Matt Loses His Bankroll by Playing a Game Unfamiliar to Him, and Gets It Back from an Entirely Unexpected Source.

By Thomas T. Hoyne



### "How You Fixed?"

IT IS not chance with super-mortal slightness—Argus-eyed blindness, as it were—at whom soldiers of fortune rail. Any true adventurer, driven against the ropes by a wallop from the wildly swung mace in the hand of the goddess of luck, as she blind-buffs her way through crowding humanity, can shake the constellations from his mind and gayly lift his head for another jar. It isn't his fault. But the turning over for another nap after the alarm has sounded, the stopping to smoke one more cigarette, the playing of the wrong card—these lead to the melodramatic nail biting. Not old Dame Fate, nor Pantalon Jinx, but misfeasance, mismanagement, and miscue are the goat getters.

This epitome of life could have been pieced out from the broken bit of thoughts that shook and jounced together in the throbbing head of Matt Carney, like scrap iron in a jolting junk wagon. Matt might not have fitted the complete mosaic himself, but the scheme of tessellation was clear to him: A man is a fool who doesn't stick to his own game.

Matt sat in a self-abasement, head on hand, hand on table, in the back room of Sullivan's saloon, where he made a handbook on the races. He was broke—which was a small matter—but he had lost his money against an unfamiliar game. Lured from the trail of the equine equivocators to the turmoil of commerce, as represented by the board of trade, Mr. Carney had parted with \$300 in the attempt to lay a cornerstone in May wheat. He had sent in his play to Stelz & Co. by

one of his own customers, an employe of that firm. As the \$300 represented a cent and a half margin on 15,000 bushels of purchased wheat, the operation by which Matt went into the market and out of the May future partook somewhat of the nature of bucket shopping. But on the floor gambling walks with firm dignity as Mr. Investment, and short changing appears in dinner dress as the Hon. Business Acumen. Meanwhile new mansions go up in the suburbs and champagne corks pop o' nights in the red eye district.

### Sunk Deep in Gloom.

It was 12 o'clock at night, when nerves worn by overwork or overstimulation are as jumpy and fluttery as a debutante doing the tango in public for the first time. Matt had sipped many beverages during the day and now these drinks had died within him, like sailors in a fever stricken hulk. He was helpless, but bound to suffer rather than ship another crew. Matt, the refulgent, the racy, the remorseless, was sunk deep in gloom from which even interest in the next day's entries could not lift him.

Sullivan looked in the door with coldly sympathetic eye.

"How feeling?" he grunted genially.

"Flat, and I have to pay off tomorrow morning."

"How much?"

"About two hundred."

Sullivan coughed hopelessly.

Matt leaned back in his chair, his immaculate shirt crinkling cozily below his spotless collar. He gazed thoughtfully at his highly polished shoes. Then he raised his head and looked ceilingward beneath the turned down brim of his collegiate felt hat. He rubbed his smooth shaven face with a well manicured left hand as his glance floated downward from on high to settle definitely on the two carat diamond that glittered on the third finger of his right hand. It was with his right hand that Matt took in money.

Matt did not make his own book. He merely took bets for the clearing house. But like many other well known dwellers within the loop, who are bibliophiles of a sort, he held out a few bets that looked easy now and then. That day he had chosen several \$1 and \$2 wagers on a 15 to 1 shot as a soft means of increasing his earnings. The 15 to 1 shot won, however. Thus, bludgeoned by Fate, stripped by his own ill judgment, and immersed in a gloomy bath by drink, he felt as helpless to shield himself from a cruel world as a million dollar divorcee before a dozen newspaper cameras.

But one moment, gentle and other readers; all is not yet lost. Behold, a man, drunk beyond the dreams of drunkards, fighting his way forward, against backward feet, into Sullivan's. Sturdily he goes along the bar, hand over hand, struggling against an unseen under-tow that seems to threaten to carry him swirling out into the sea of the city. He gains

the end of the bar, staggers a few steps unaided by the lifeline, and lurches into the chair opposite Matt, exhausted but safe.

The handbook man and the bar man said nothing. The drunken man straightened up in his chair and cocked an eye at Matt. The latter's faultless dress found favor.

"Have a drink," he spluttered truculently. Matt, sick with the stale lees of countless drinks and weary with the wrongs of this old world, fidgeted. It was preferable to sit in one's hall bedroom at night, studying chess problems, to being annoyed in this way.

"Here, boy," roared the drunken one to Sullivan. "Get ma frien' an' myself a drink." He dug from his pocket a great, matted clot of bills, damp and dirty, but of a noble golden color and bearing kingly numerals.

Matt, irritated and disgusted, rose and silently walked out to the bar. He did not care to see what he thought might happen. He had his code, and Matt was a stanch standpatter in his way.

### Sullivan Quotes Scripture.

Sullivan, cheerful and talkative as old John Silver about to scuttle a ship, hurried glasses and decanter to the rescue. Matt stood at the bar moodily. Fragments of bibulous talk, riveted into maudlin conversation of epithets and the phrases, "I make plenty of money" and "Have another drink" drifted to him.

Fifteen minutes in the ceaseless procession of time rode steadily into infinity before a loud snore preceded Sullivan out of the back room. He looked at Matt cynically.

"Don't you never read the Bible, Matt?" he asked.

"Cut it," answered the mournful one.

"Forget that story about the manna com-



"Sullivan Had Deftly Shunted His Guest Into the Alley."

"Fit as a fiddle to do a Dutch," replied the self-made victim heavily. "Losing a hundred and fifty in the book might have been bad enough without perspiring three hundred more trying to Jim Patten myself into the market that feeds the world."

"How you fixed?"



"Have a Drink," He Sputtered Truculently.



"Better Take a Half," Said Sullivan, Laying Two Quarters Before His Priceless Customer.

ing along for them guys that was all but down and out?" And Sullivan counted the huge clot of currency.

"Four hundred and forty," he said.

"It's a sucker play, just the same," remarked Matt judiciously, "to pull that kind of stuff in your own place. You better get him out."

"Certainly and sure," said Sullivan merrily. He jammed the money into his pocket and returned to the back room. Followed exhortations, grumbling, shuffling of feet, and finally the opening of the back door and the closing slam. Sullivan had deftly shunted his guest into the alley.

"I'm going to quit this keeping open so late," said Sullivan, as he and Matt stood at the bar a few minutes later. "Thus dump don't do enough after 9 o'clock to pay for the light."

Matt looked thoughtfully at the clock. It was a quarter to 1.

"Say, Matt, I know there's no use of talking split with you, because you ain't on that lay, but I'm going to slip you three hundred till you get set right again." He pushed the money across the bar to the gambler.

"I'll be there with bells on in a day or two."

said Matt, carefully slipping the bills into the inside pocket of his silk lined coat.

"Sure," said Sullivan, "but keep away from them brokers' games. There ain't nothing in gambling anyhow. I'd sooner be a business man—even with only a little place like this—than a gambler, any day. I always know what I'm at. Nothing gets me—except the booze now and then."

The minute hand of the big clock over the mirror behind the bar had worked round almost to the closing time. Sullivan stretched himself slowly, rocked on his heels and toes, and looked discriminately at his cuffs, preparatory to complying with the 1 o'clock ordinance. Suddenly the front door was flung open and the filched bacchanal entered, teetering with emotion and alcohol and blinking in the light.

Matt's right eyebrow lifted an eighth of an inch as he glanced covertly at Sullivan, and, unconsciously it seemed, his left hand went up to his coat just over the inside breast pocket. Sullivan, a slight moisture at his temples, smiled genially.

### Loan of a Quarter.

"Say, you a good fella?" the drunken man jerked the words at the shirt sleeved proprietor.

"Sure, old top," Sullivan answered pleasantly, but there was a certain hardness in his tone.

"Stand me off for a drink?"

"Surest thing you know," and Sullivan slid decanter and glass along the bar.

"Know what happened to me?" hiccupped the drunken one, leering into the mirror as he poured out his drink. "Was in some place round here and got rolled. Every cent. Gotta borrow carfare to get home. Len' me a quarter?"

"Better take a half," said Sullivan, laying two quarters before his priceless customer.

"No; only quarter. That's plenty. You're all right. You don't know me, but I'm all right, too. There's my card," and he pounded the bit of pasteboard down on the bar after a thick fingered search through his waistcoat pockets.

"I know when a man's all right," said Sullivan in flattering innuendo, "and I'll take a chance with you any time."

"I'm all right," continued the drunken man, taking up his theme again. "I'll bring a lot of my frien's round nex' time I'm out."

With drunken gravity he carefully pocketed one of the quarters. Protesting the all rightness of himself and the house of Sullivan from shingle to cellar he warped his way to the door and was gone.

Matt idly turned over the card left on the bar and read:

STELZ & CO.

John D. Stelz, La. Salle street, Grain, Stocks, Bonds.

# WANTED—10,000 BRIDES IN THE PHILIPPINES

(Continued from first page.)  
a city of the orient and shelters one of the most cosmopolitan communities in the world. On the tram cars, in the streets, and at the Laneta our friend finds himself rubbing shoulders with Filipinos, Spaniards, Germans, Englishmen, Portuguese, Turks, Hindus, Chinese, Japanese—in short, with men from every part of the globe. In addition, there are mestizos, or half castes, of almost every combination of race conceivable.  
"Who is that tall, olive skinned chap that just passed us—a Spaniard?" he asks a companion.  
"He comes from Macao," is the answer. "His father was a Portuguese and his mother was Chinese."  
"And that pretty girl over there—looks as though she might have just arrived from London."  
"Never saw London in her life. She was born at Nagasaki. Father was English, all right, but her mamma was a Jap."  
"How about that towheaded, light complexioned, rosy lipped little boy on his way to school?"  
"His papa's an American school teacher. Fell in love with one of his Filipino high school pupils several years ago and married her. That's their oldest child. Guess he's what you might call an 'Ameripino.'"  
"But aren't there any American girls over here?"  
"After Novelty Wears Off."  
"A few, but they're as scarce as hen's teeth. In addition, most of 'em are spoiled to death. Too much attention, that's the trouble. They don't have enough competition,

there being only one girl to every dozen of eligible young men."  
Whereupon Mr. Young Man reflects and the more reflecting he does the more does discontentment get hold of him. Perhaps the subject of matrimony may never before have been considered seriously by him, but the fact that in the Philippines it is a difficult state to attain—as far as American girls are concerned—is impressed on him at every hand. It is the old and venerable principle of "not really wanting something until that something is hard to get," which is working out with him, that's all. Gradually the novelty of his surroundings wears off and finally even the native fiestas, so full of vivid life and color, fail to appeal to him. Even companionship with American youths like himself palls upon him. He becomes morose, melancholy, and morbid. He wants a wife.  
In order to gratify his desire for feminine companionship there are only three courses open to him. The first is either friendship or possibly marriage, if he can beat out his competitors, with one of the scarce and much sought after American girls aforementioned. Now, it is taken for granted in all parts of the world, that there is nothing quite so precious as the average unspoiled American girl. But where you find one that isn't that way "hell hath no nuisance quite so great, Horatio." Consequently, after having this impressed upon him by practical application, our friend says, "I pass."  
The next course open to him is flirtation with another man's wife. In the Philippines this is quite customary, the pastime having been introduced by the Spaniards. Anything that is customary most of course is all right,

for the reason that it is customary. There was a time when you could take a bolo and cut off a man's head and afterward escape punishment by saying you thought such a performance was customary. The only difficulty about this arrangement was that the dead man's relatives might consider it customary to experiment on your head in the same fashion. It's the same way about flirting with another man's wife. That's customary. On the other hand, it's equally customary for the husband in the case to lay for you some dark night with a shotgun or a paving brick. As a result Mr. Young Man—perhaps after practical investigation, perhaps not, but if he's sensible—again says, "I pass."  
★ ★ ★  
**Many Happy "Squaw Men."**  
The third and last course open to him is to run the gauntlet of criticisms from many of his male companions and become a "squaw man." By this is meant marriage with either a mestizo or pure blooded Filipino girl. Now, this is not a discussion of the ethical side nor anthropological advantages or disadvantages of such unions, but merely has to do with the cause. Let it be said, however, that many "squaw men" are living far happier and more contented lives than many of their most severe critics, a majority of whom never have taken the trouble to inquire into the characteristics of the better class of Filipino women. Taking these characteristics into consideration, as well as conditions in the Philippines, it is not so surprising if Mr. Young Man hesitates some little time before saying, "I pass," with regard to this course. In some cases he doesn't say it—more power to his independence—but in the great majority of instances he sus-

cumbs to the restraining influence of the "public opinion" of his countrymen.  
Therefore there is nothing for him to do but remain brideless and bemoaning. He rapidly develops a mania for "cussing" the islands at the slightest provocation, and gets into the habit of going down to the water front and watching the steamships leave the harbor for the United States, wishing fervently and soulfully, that he might be a passenger on one of them. In the event that he is stationed at some town in the bosque his condition is even worse. There he has none of the "civilized" diversions of Manila with which to while away his spare time—such as his club, tango parties and an occasional third grade repertoire or musical comedy company. He has only the native fiestas, plenty of sunshine and fresh air, resplendent sunsets and "the sigh of the sheltering palm (plunk! plunk!)" to amuse himself with.  
★ ★ ★  
**Drives a Man to Bino.**  
Now, there is nothing in the world quite so nice as to stroll with your affinity in the silvery sheen of the tropic moon and listen to the "sigh of the sheltering palm (plunk! plunk!)" but when the affinity in question happens to be away off westward in San Francisco or New York or Oshkosh, the palmy sigh gets to be considerably monotonous. It usually drive a man to seek refuge in Scotch and soda, or, this not being available, in a certain native poison called bino. All of which is bad for a white man in the tropics, and usually has an ending at the Cementerio del Norte.  
So, you American girls of marriageable

age and disposition, it is up to you to decide whether Mr. Young Man and 9999 like him shall continue to suffer, or whether he will, amid the sweet perfume of the tropic verdure, forever bask in the lovely sunshine of your smiles—tra la! The only solution of the problem is equalization of the numbers of American girls and young men in the islands—a pair of stockings for each pair of socks, or words to that effect. So, if you want to be patriotic and do something for your country, go right ahead and emulate your Jamestown predecessors of 300 years ago.  
You will be received with open arms and the tintinnabulation of many many hearts. And there are lots of worse places to live than in the Philippines.  
★ ★ ★  
**Some Rules and Regulations.**  
If you decide to take the hint, it would be well to observe a few rules after landing in the islands. Some of these are as follows:  
1. Don't get discouraged if you acquire dengue fever. It's no worse than la grippe and never does anything more harmful than make you feel bad for a week. Besides that, it's customary with all newcomers. You're not likely to get anything more severe, the bureau of health having accomplished wonders in the islands since American occupation.  
2. Don't mind the mosquitoes—you'll get used to them. Here's a little secret—wear white stockings and you won't get your ankles bitten; that is, not so much as if you wear colored ones. The reason for this is not known, mosquito psychology not having been

developed so far as that. If you live near Manila bay you will be annoyed scarcely at all, salt water mosquitoes not having acquired a habit of banqueting on human beings.  
3. Don't go into hysterics if you wake up in the morning and find a centipede in your shoe. Simply take your other shoe and mash him, and then call for your muchacho to take him out and bury him. A nip from a centipede, while by no means pleasant, is not fatal, a general opinion to the contrary notwithstanding.  
4. Don't, after acquiring a husband, allow yourself to be dazzled by the brass buttons and gold braid of some shavetail tenente just out of West Point. If you're attractive and good looking you're quite likely to be subjected to this dazzling process. However, all that you have to remember is that the chief occupation of a shavetail tenente during his spare moments is to monkey around and practice up his efforts to dazzle. Just keep a level head and an asbestos heart whenever he tries to start something and you'll be all right.  
5. Don't get into the habit of signing your husband's name to chits, which are credit slips easily obtainable at all places of business in the islands. Pay for everything you buy—that's the wisest plan. The chit-signing habit, both on the part of husband and wife, has ruined many a happy home. If your husband happens to be of the T. Wadd variety, however, it sometimes proves a most excellent cure.  
Observe these rules and your common sense and you can't go far wrong. Also, as remarked before, the Philippines, taking them by and large and fore and aft, are a pretty nice place.