

The Tell-Me-A-Story-Lady



The Story of Robin Goodfellow

LONG ago, when fairies played among the hills and in the valleys, their king fell in love with a mortal maid. She had shimmering curls and deep blue eyes and was fairer than most girls. Her parents were poor and lived in a little hut on the edge of a forest. To gather fuel for their hearth fires the girl had to go into the forest every day, where she picked up sticks and as many good sized pieces of wood as she could carry.

In the forest the fairy king first saw her and fell in love with her. He won her, but, like many husbands, he wanted a home of his own. So he took his bride to a newer, better cottage than that of her parents; but his power did not extend far enough to make her a fairy.

With their king absent from fairyland things began to go all wrong. After many messages from his people, the fairy king had to go back to fairyland, but he could not take his beautiful wife with him because she was a mortal. He left her in the cottage near the forest and never returned.

She was not left all alone, however, for she and the fairy king had a son, who was a very wonderful baby. His name was Robin Goodfellow.

For several years the mother and her son were happy. The baby, although he was half fairy, seemed much like other babies. He was brighter than most children of his age. Even when he was very little, at the time when most babies simply eat and sleep, he seemed to understand all that was going on about him and sometimes much more.

As soon as he was old enough to run around and play he was so active and mischievous that he nearly drove his mother mad with worry and vexation. The life of the mortals seemed stupid to Robin. It made him so restless and impatient that he was inspired to play all kinds of tricks. Then to his dismay they usually did not take his jokes in the ways he had meant them. He became discontented with life at home and finally one day after his mother had punished him very, very hard he ran away, just as many mortal boys threaten to do, but seldom really go.

Wandering about in the forests and wading in the streams was good fun for a while. He wondered why he had never thought of running away before. But Robin was only six years old and, although he was far bigger and brighter than any mortal child of that age, he did not know how to take care of himself all alone out of doors. When he grew hungry he did not know where

to look for food and he could not find the way back to his mother's home.

Struggling on, instead of lying down and dying as an ordinary child might have done, he came at last to a village. He dragged his weary little feet to the door of the first house he saw and with one last effort knocked feebly.

A queer little man came to the door, a man with a pincushion tacked to his waistcoat and an unfinished suit of clothes over one arm.

First the man gave the child food. Then he made him a bed on a cot in one corner.

Robin was so tired, so much of his strength had gone in his journey through the forest that for several days he behaved much like any tired boy. The tailor, for such the little man was, did not believe in giving something for nothing. Almost at once he taught Robin to help him in his work. The boy was quick to learn. He was interested as long as it was new to him and he could make it a sort of game.

But as the days went on the tailor made him do more and more work and gave him less and less food. The newness of the shop wore off. Every day was more tiresome, and the man became crosser.

Again Robin Goodfellow ran away.

This time he knew more. He took some food with him.

After the first day in the open, having a delightful time running and wading and playing among the trees, Robin at last ate some of the food he had. Then lying down under a bush he went to sleep.

For the first time in his life he had most wonderful dreams. They were not the dreams of persons who sleep under roofs, in stuffy rooms. They were all mixed with the smell of outdoors and peopled with fairies and lulled with faint music.

When Robin awakened, feeling better than he ever had in his life before, he found beside him a sort of magic scroll. This was made of delicate fairy tissue and upon it were written verses in pure gold. As you may have guessed, the scroll had been left there by Robin's fairy father.

The verses said that the boy could have everything in the world for which he wished. He learned by reading that he could turn himself into a horse, a dog, a hog or anything he wished to. The golden letters went on to say that he must use his power only to harm knives and other wicked people, and told him that he must love hospitable people and help them.

Robin Goodfellow was so excited

over finding out these things that he danced about like a real fairy himself. Of course, one of the first



things he did was to try his power. Surely enough, it was all true.

Life was changed. It was like starting to live over again. Without a care in the world Robin Goodfellow went on his way.

One of the first adventures he had

tricks here and helping people there. He found a farmer's house which he liked so well that he thought he would stay there. The farmer's daughter was beautiful and kind.

girl heard him laughing as he said: "Had you left me milk or cream, you should have had a pleasant dream. Ho, ho, ho!"

He left that farmhouse and sought

To Restore an Ancient Monastery

HOW an old center of culture and learning is being revived at the famous mother house of the Carthusian monks, in France, near St. Pierre de Chartreuse, is told in The London Times by a French correspondent.

From St. Pierre de Chartreuse the way leads for a mile or so through an absolute desert—a waste of dark, close-set woods, of dizzy crests and jumbled masses of rocks, where the silence is broken only by the murmurs of mountain torrents and the cow bells of an invisible herd.

Suddenly, at a turn in the path, there comes into view, set in a double circle of mauve heights and bright green meadows, that vast monastic city which was the mother house of the famous Order of Carthusians.

The Carthusian monks were expelled from France by the law of 1901, but a visit to their monastery, formerly forbidden to outsiders, enables one to reconstruct the inner life of the community and reveals with striking clearness the double

character, spiritual and temporal, mystical and practical, by which that community was moved.

After crossing the fine, spacious court of honor, with its two large fountain basins, you pass through a massive doorway into that part of the monastery which was set apart for strangers and visitors of importance. It consists of two enormous wings, with protruding turrets, which contain imposing, austere halls bearing such names as Salle de France, of Italy, of Germany, of Burgundy, so called because they served as meeting places for the Carthusian priors from those countries. For the order was above all an international one; every country of Europe was represented. One of its most revered members was St. Hugh of Avalon, Bishop of Lincoln. In the last few years before the dissolution, however, the majority of the fathers were Germans and Austrians.

The order was fiercely jealous of its privileges and its independence. From the time of its foundation, in the eleventh century, it had many a difference with the Popes, and it was

by no means anxious to belong to France. Until the very eve of the Revolution it played the part of a sovereign principality, with feudal jurisdiction over high and low, maintaining its seat of authority in what might be described as a neutral canton between France and Savoy and possessing its establishments all over Europe. These monks were, in fact, as a close student of their history put it to me, in some ways the successors of the Knights of St. John, and right up to our times they preserved the traditions and certain of the prerogatives of the great ecclesiastical feudalism.

And this great tradition is not to be lost. Not long after the departure of the monks the University of Grenoble had, with the assent of the state, which now supports the monastery as a historical monument, conceived the idea of reconstructing the Grande Chartreuse, of reestablishing it as an international center of learning. This scheme, which was on the point of taking shape when the war broke out, is expected to be carried out next year, and it is hoped to interest foreign universities in it.

Robin liked her so much that he used his magic powers to help her. At night when all of the family was in bed he would do this girl's work, spinning, weaving, bolting meal and breaking flax and hemp.

In the morning the girl was surprised to find her work done so that she could play and have a good time. After several mornings her curiosity got the better of her. She waited that night and hid to find out who was doing her work. When she noticed that he had few clothes, she thought she could do something for him. Several days later she left a little coat for him. But clothes were not needed by this gay fellow. He would have preferred food. The

other adventures, and had many every place he went. Other story tellers have told these, and you will no doubt read them when you are older. In Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" he has been made immortal as Puck. Robin says in the play:

"I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through briar,
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, like hound, like bear, like fire, at every turn."

One time Robin Goodfellow in his

wanderings about where people lived got to a farmhouse in the evening just before a big wedding. The spirit of mischief possessed him.

When the guests had gathered he played all sorts of pranks upon them. He would slip up to two men who were talking, and, making himself invisible, he would hit one and then the other. The men would think each that the other was hitting him. They became angry and were soon actually fighting. Then Robin would play the same prank on others. He kissed the girls and pulled their hair. In the end he would have broken up the entire wedding had not his father seen what was going on.

The king of the fairies thought Robin had done quite enough mischief. So he came and carried him off to fairyland. Here is a fairy song from "Midsummer Night's Dream" which is sung by a sprite:

"Over hill, over dale,
Through bush, through briar,
Over park, over pale,
Through flood, through fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tell her pensioners be:
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours,
I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear."

Auction Bridge

By R. F. Foster
Author of Foster on Auction, Auction Made Easy,
Foster's Complete Hoyle, etc.

WHILE the double, used conventionally, is a good thing in its proper place, there seems to be a growing tendency to make it work overtime and to ask the partner to pick out a declaration when the doubler could do it just as well himself.

There are two or three things to be taken into account when considering a double. One of the most important is the suit that the partner is likely to call. Cautious players avoid doubling on hands that are short in one suit, for fear the partner may be long in it, and then it may be necessary to deny it, for fear he might have only about nine high. In such cases the doubler might better have bid the suit he runs to in the first place.

While the principal object in doubling is undoubtedly to build up a contract that promises a fair chance for game, it may also be used as a pusher, so that even if the take-out of the double is not promising, so far as going game is concerned, it may induce the original bidders to go a bit too far with their own contract. In such cases nothing has been lost by doubling.

The typical hand for a double, when a suit is bid, is two honors in each of the three other suits, none of which are more than four cards. If there is a five-card suit in the hand, the double is an alternative to calling it. So fond are some players of the double that they will never call these five-card suits, even if they are hearts or spades, but take a gamble on the partner calling them in answer to the double. This is hoping that there will be nine cards of the suit between the two hands, when eight would be quite enough under ordinary circumstances. If the partner calls some other suit, there is no way to find out if he could have supported the five-card suit except to bid it, which might just as well have been done in the first place.

Here is a deal that was played in a duplicate game which shows how game may be missed by abusing the double:

♠ J 10 8 4 2	♥ 7 5 3
♣ 7 2	♦ A J 8 3
♦ Q J 8 7	♠ 7 5 4
♠ J 10	♥ 7 5 4
♥ K Q 6 5	♠ A K Q 9 6
♦ A K 9 3	♠ 10 9 4
♣ K 9 8 3 2	♥ 10 6
	♠ A 6 4

Z dealt and bid a heart. Instead of bidding a spade, which his cards abundantly justified. A doubled the heart at three tables, and Y passed, to see what B had to say. Of course, B called the clubs, and Z went to two hearts. To shift to spades now would seem to deny the clubs, so A goes to three clubs, hoping that if he did not hold and win the game it might push Y and Z too far with their hearts.

Y did not go any further. His trumps are good for nothing, as he

has no short suit and no outside tricks. His partner's rebid shows an outside trick somewhere, but it is doubtful where.

B could not quite reach game in clubs, although he got within a trick of it, making four-odd. This was because he did not play the hand as well as he might have done.

Z led a heart and dummy trumped. To ruff another heart B put himself in with a trump and dummy trumped with the queen. Being unable to get in again to give dummy a third ruff without exhausting dummy's trumps, B led three rounds of diamonds. Of course, Y led the trump the moment he got in, and B had to let the king win or Z would have won a trick with the nine. Now, two of Z's aces save the game.

Had B left the heart ruff alone and started the spades Z would have had to lead something, and no matter what it was B would be in and would either have three trumps left, winning the third round with the king and making all the spades, or A would have been able to exhaust the trumps if B was forced a second time, and could then have led a spade, making a little slam in either case.

The players who did not double on A's cards, but called the spade, had no trouble in winning the game, even after being forced on the first trick and again on the third. A had trumps enough left to exhaust both Y and Z, making four clubs and two diamonds, but having to lose two diamonds at the end.

The hand contains a useful lesson in the play. There are only five spades out against the two hands, three of them honors. There are six diamonds out against them, also three of them honors. The chance of making two spades was better than that of making one diamond by establishing the suit.

Here is the solution to problem No. 45, given last week, in which hearts were trumps, Z to lead, and Y to win six tricks.

Z leads the trump, A discarding eight of diamonds, Y the ten of spades. B leads a small club, which Z wins, leading the six of diamonds, which Y wins over whatever A plays, B discarding a club. Y leads the spade king, on which A sheds a club. When Y leads the ace of diamonds B must unguard the clubs or give up the best spade. The rest is easy.

BRIDGE PROBLEM NO. 44

♠ 8 5	♥ 17
♣ 7 2	♦ 10 8 7 5 4
♦ 9	
♠ 5	
♠ 8 4 3	♥ 3
♣ 10	♦ 10 8
	♠ J
	♥ 7

There are no trumps and Z leads. Y and Z want four tricks. How do they get them? Solution next week.

School for Card Players

AUCTION BRIDGE

Question—Z deals and bids a heart. A bids a spade, Y and B passing. Z says two hearts, A passes, and without waiting for Y to declare himself, B says two spades, which Z doubles; at the same time telling A he cannot bid, as B's bid was out of turn. A bets he can bid, as Z reopens the bidding by his double, and that it is only when the bid out of turn is passed that the partner cannot bid.—B. C. J.

Answer—The law requires Z, or his partner, Y, to cancel the bid out of turn before declaring. If Z doubles without first cancelling the bid out of turn, he accepts it as regular, and there is no penalty, therefore A may take his partner out of the double if he wishes to do so.

Question—The dealer bids one heart, second hand two spades. The third hand holds three small hearts, one small spade, five clubs to the king, queen, ten, and four diamonds to the ace, king, ten. Should she bid three hearts or four?—C. C. G.

Answer—Three hearts should be opened. It is not necessary to shut out any further spade bidding, as even three odd in spades looks improbable against the cards, if the leader really has a heart bid. It will be time enough to bid four hearts if the spades go any further, and then to double spades if they go to four.

CASSINO

Question—Do the picture cards count equally as tens, or have they a progressive value in playing 21-point cassino, such as 11 for jacks, 12 for queens and 13 for kings?—A. S.

Answer—In royal cassino, the court cards have the ranking value, and can be combined with smaller cards, so that a queen would take in a seven and a

five. In the ordinary game of cassino, court cards take in nothing but cards of the same denomination.

POKER

Question—We have had some dispute as to the proper place of a blaze, whether it should be beaten by a full house, or be just below four of a kind, as there are 624 hands of four of a kind; 792 that contain a blaze and 3,744 full hands. Where can these calculations be found carried out in detail?—G. Y. F.

Answer—In Practical Poker, published by Brentano, you will find the correct rank of all these freak hands, tigers, blazes, big dogs, and round-the-corner strikes. They are not recognized in the regular game of poker, and their rank with regard to the legitimate hands is largely matter of house rules.

Question—There is a house rule that if a player splits his opening qualification he must announce it. Playing with the joker, A opens, holding three jacks, the joker and a king. He announces he splits, and draws one card, discarding the king. On being called, he says he split a pair of kings; but he now shows his hand for four jacks. Who wins the pot?—T. R.

Answer—Who wins the pot cannot be decided until it is known what the man held who called. The house rules must decide whether a player has split who still has openers. If A says he split kings, then he ranked the joker as a king and it must so remain, his hand being just three jacks.

PINOCHELE

A bids 350, B passes, C bids 380 and gets it, but decides not to play it. A and B throw up their cards. Can C demand to see what A bid on?—A. E. C.

THE LESSON OF REALITY—By J. H. Rosny, Aine

Translated by William L. McPherson
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IT WAS on a Saturday evening in May that Mme. Clotilde Fervanges realized definitely the intolerableness of her lot. Through the open window she saw the stars, which at that season, like the roses and the nightingales, stir thoughts and songs of love. At a desk near by she saw her husband, Edouard Fervanges, poring over some drafting sheets.

Edouard was an engineer, thick-set and hirsute. He wore a luxurious beard and tufts of hair projected from his ears and his nostrils. His square-shaped hands were covered with a similar growth. Edouard Fervanges had a thick jaw, a flattened nose and the faithful and patient eyes of a dog.

He worked hard—like an ox, as Clotilde used to say. But this ox earned 60,000 francs a year, which permitted Mme. Fervanges to keep two servants and have a comfortable home and stunning clothes—even at after-the-war prices.

He loved his wife in a calm and silent fashion. She held it against him that he had no real appreciation of the charm of women.

monious existence from which he had rescued her. At that time her dream, her great dream, was precisely this comfortable home, these pretty clothes, these fingernails, polished by the manicure; the theater, teas, beautiful hours of leisure. Because she had all these things now, she now saw only the hairy man, with the square fingers and flattened nose.

"Exactly nothing at all!" she repeated.

That evening she shut herself up in her room to write a letter to Florent Magalle, a poet whose works she had recently discovered and who seemed to her to have a wonderful knowledge of the workings of the feminine heart.

"He will understand me," she said. As may be imagined, she didn't speak of love in the first letter. She limited herself to praising the poet and quoting verses which had particularly moved her.

Florent Magalle sent an appreciative reply. Clotilde was delighted and eagerly continued the correspondence. She had a sort of eloquence and described cleverly the melancholy sufferings of a lonely heart. She put a little more of herself into each letter and ended by asking some personal advice, so that Florent Magalle invited her to come

to see him. She hesitated for a day or two. She had a great deal of self-respect. If she decided to go it was because the poet's letter suggested merely a friendly talk.

But she didn't neglect to make herself as charming as possible for their friendly interview. That wasn't so difficult. She was attractive, though not beautiful in the ordinary sense.

Florent Magalle lived in a sumptuous apartment house in the Avenue de la Grande Armée. The janitress, installed in an imposing office, told her when she mentioned the poet's name:

"Third floor. To the right."

On the third floor to the right a femme de chambre asked her to wait a few minutes and took her into a salon in Louis Philippe style, elegant in all its appointments. There she spent some palpitating moments. She felt that from now on she was going to become a plaything of destiny and that, probably, she would let herself be launched on a sea of adventures, traveling as far as it as Florent Magalle might wish to go. She tried to picture what the author looked like. Strangely enough, she knew absolutely nothing about him.

No literary criticism had ever enlightened her. She had never thought of consulting a Who's Who. But he certainly must have, she decided, a face full of refinement, luminous eyes and a tender and delicately shaded voice.

As she dreamed, a curtain was drawn aside and Clotilde saw a young woman coming toward her. It was a young woman of her own age, with blonde hair shading toward chestnut, if not chestnut shading toward blonde; with eyes of a Veronica blue, a wide but appealing mouth and a strikingly graceful carriage.

"Excuse me," said the newcomer, "for having made you wait, but"—Clotilde stammered:

"It was you, madame, who—? I thought it was M. Florent Magalle."

"But I am Florent Magalle. Many of my readers don't know that I am a woman."

Clotilde, taken aback, looked rather foolishly at the poet.

"I am somewhat ashamed," said the latter, "of the mystification I have caused you. But your letters interested me. I hoped sincerely to be of service to you."

would have taken too long and been very much harder to give it by letter. And then there are many things which one can say but can't write. Don't you want to have a confidential talk with me?"

She had a winning voice, and in her general attitude there was a cordiality which quickly disarmed Clotilde. They talked together. Florent, or, rather, Florence, was a master in the art of asking questions. Clotilde answered readily, because she seemed to divine always what the questioner was driving at.

When the examination was over Florence thought a while. "Your dissatisfaction," she said, "isn't due to your husband; it comes from life itself. You are wrong in believing that you would have been happier if you had married a man personally more attractive and more sensitive to the charms of the other sex. For he would probably have been untrue to you; or, at least, would have kept you suspecting that he was. Besides, one gets accustomed to charm and then charm no longer counts. After five years, how much charm of that sort tends to become a mere matter of indifference? I made exactly the marriage which you might have dreamed of. But I wasn't happy at all. I have even had to separate from my husband.

"Didn't you ask me for advice? It