WOMAN AND HER BICYCLE.

THE NEW CRUSADE OF THE HUMANE SOCIETY IN CHICAGO.

Physicians Say that Riding in Baskets on the Handle Bars Is Dangerous for Infants—The Parade of June 6—Hats for Wheelwomen—Mashers on the Boulevard

For once in the days of wheeling the rain came and the wheelwomen did not kick. They were glad of it for two reasons. The dust had the upper hand to such an extent that it was impossible to take a ride even through the Park or up Riverside without being reminded of house-cleaning days when shiftless housekeepers shake their rugs and draperies out of the front windows. Then, too, the wheelwomen love a rainy day. So that they can get a chance to stay at home? No, indeed! There was a time when women liked a real old-fashioned, soaking, all-day rain because it gave them a day to themselves. They could set themselves to answering letters or to picking up some piece of fancy work which had been laid aside until just such a day should come; or could even skim over the newest books and the latest magazines without fear of interruption. They can't do that now, and, indeed, they don't want to; but all the same they dote on a rainy day, for it gives them an opportunity to come together at the riding academies and talk to their hearts' content about wheels and wheeling. And if any women do not care to do this they are few and far between.

They got their rainy day last week, and they enjoyed it as much as a child does one that keeps it from school. May has been playing queer tricks with them, though. Talk about the capriciousness of April! Why, April is a very sober, sedate, trustworthy old month compared with May. Monday she poured the wrath of an August sun's rays on the heads of the wheelwomen and set them all to talking about cool hats. Tuesday she started out with the same blistering heat, but about 2 o'clock a stiff wind took a spurt and played such havoc with dust and hats and skirts that a woman could hardly stay on her feet, much less on a wheel. To cap the climax, a great black cloud came rolling up and emptied itself, and then the mercury took a tumble so sharp and so sudden that it made Wall street brokers reminiscent over the tumbles of another kind, but just as sharp and just as sudden, that they in their day have taken. And then it began to grow cooler. The change was not great, but it was so sudden from hot to cool that it seemed as if there was twenty degrees difference. The women who were caught on the road in shirt waists shivered and shook and trundled their wheels homeward through the mud, declaring that the only safe garment to venture out in is an all-wool sweater.

Wednesday morning was perfect again for the sport. The dust was a thing of the past, and a breeze was blowing just stiff enough to make pedalling easy. Those who rode through Central Park said that it was like a spin on one of those first crisp October mornings which make one feel like doing whatever he happens to be at for the rest of his life. But this was too good to last, and by night the much-desired soaker had set in. It soaked all that night and all day Thursday, too, but the wheelwomen were not disconcerted. They crowded the circles in the schools, and those who are experts had a chance to show beginners and novices what it is to be a bicycle rider. They rode round with hands off and feet off and some of 'em with skirts off, and had the best kind of time showing off. They enjoyed themselves, and everybody else enjoyed watching them. They gave the beginners pointers, and the beginners were duly grateful. When they were tired of this they filled the benches around the circle and talked the rest of the day away. When they were almost talked out they began to wonder if Sunday would be clear, and when Friday came with heavy, threatening clouds they began to fear that they had got more than they wished for. The sun pushed its way through every now and then, though, and this gave them heart to plan their Sunday runs. If to-day does happen to be clear the Coney Island cycle path won't hold the people who will want to ride over it, and as for the Jersey and Long Island roads, cyclists will be as numerous on them as pickaninnies are in a blackberry thicket in the South on a hot summer day.

The members of a certain wheelwomen's club were in a cosey corner in an academy on the Boulevard that rainy day talking about everything that they had ever known or heard of concerning bicycling. Presently they noticed a very tall, straight young woman making for their corner. She wore a short skirt made of a pepper-and-salt mixture, a sailor hat, and high black boots, and she walked with that free, swinging stride characteristic of the college boy athlete. Every woman of them jumped up and began to ask each other:

"Why, when did she get back?"

"I'll answer that myself," said the girl, giving a firm hand grasp all around and holding her head very high. She towered above every one else, so there was no necessity for this when any one attempted to kiss her. "I got back yesterday. Excuse me for not being effusive in my greeting. Really, I'm just too happy over seeing you all and am crazy to take a run with you, but I don't kiss anybody any more. Bicycling did that for me, too."

"How on earth could it?" asked one whose kiss had been turned down.

"Oh, I've been so perfectly well since I took to wheeling that I won't do anything, eat anything, or drink anything that could possibly hurt me any way, so I've stopped kissing. It's a fine way to exchange microbes, you know. I tell you wheeling teaches one common sense, doesn't it? What's the news? Been taking many club runs? Not if you've had much weather like this, I suppose. Now in Chicago it's been simply perfect, and I——"

"Chicago never saw such weather as we've had here for cycling," interrupted a woman who has spent the fifty years of her life here.

"And for nearly two months, too," added another matron.

"Why, the cyclists have just been praying for rain," spoke up a spinster.

"And longing and sighing and wishing for it until they got it," said an effervescent girl. "But what's the bike news in Chicago?"

"Oh, biking and bikers are booming out there," answered the newly returned. "The weather has been perfect, the roads good, and really for two months or more I've done nothing night or day but ride."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed some one in a disgusted tone. "Same here. What is new in bike circles in the wild and woolly West? We want to hear that. They must be doing something crazy out there. They always are."

"I'll venture to say you've never been West," quietly responded the tall girl. "Chicago and New York have many essential points of difference, but the one that struck me most was in the number of babies and small children. There, it seems to me, everybody, rich and poor, has a good supply of children. Here only the poor have them. But the Chicago cyclists are in a peck of trouble on account of these children just at present."

"Are they so thick in the streets as to make riding uncomfortable?" asked the spinster.

"No, indeed. Fond papas and doting big brothers and uncles and big sisters' sweethearts have been in the habit of strapping baby in a basket and giving the tot a ride on the front of their wheels, and they can't do this any more without running the risk of being prosecuted. The men are dreadfully cut up about it, and so are the women. You see, it's different in Chicago. You go out here for a Sunday afternoon spin, and not one man out of every two or three hundred has a little child on his wheel. The proportion is much greater in that city of churches and children, Brooklyn, but even that can't be compared to Chicago in this respect. Go out there on a fine Sunday afternoon, and every block you meet or pass a man with a dear little boy or girl perched up in front of him. Very often the mother is along, too, and if she isn't, one feels that she is having a quiet, peaceful Sunday afternoon at home alone, instead of struggling to amuse a three-year-old, while the hired girl is out with her steady. But all that is at an end now. There will be no more biking for baby there."

"Who on earth can prevent it?" asked a young mother. "If a man chooses to take his own child out on his own wheel and his wife is willing, how can any one interfere?"

"The Illinois Humane Society has interfered by sending forth an edict that the practice so much in vogue, of taking small children out on wheels, not only imperils the life of the child by possible accident, but has a tendency to impair its health in many ways. The officers of the society have thoroughly investigated this question, and report that they are much alarmed at the consequences being visited on the very youngest of bicycle riders, and they have taken action to put a stop to it."

"Do tell!" remarked the spinster.

"I can see very well," volunteered a sweet-faced woman, "how a baby strapped on the front of the wheel would necessarily be forced to stand the brunt of the shock should a collision occur, and of course the poor little things are utterly helpless. For my part I wish somebody would take just such a step in New York. Taking a small child on a wheel is being cruelly kind to it."

"That's one of the slightest objections raised by the officers of the Illinois Humane Society," continued the young woman who knew all about it. "They have consulted many leading physicians, and these medical experts say that they are convinced that the rapid and unnatural motion affects the child's brain. On this ground the society intends to issue a warning—most likely it has done so by now—to that effect, with the hope that it will set parents who have been in the habit of taking care of and amusing their babies in this way to thinking, and that hereafter they will not permit any but mature children to go on a wheel."

"What if parents don't take the warning?" asked a Vassar girl who always wants to go deep down into everything, even if it is the adjustment of a tiny bolt on her wheel.

"Oh, in that case the officers have the law with them, and it reads that it shall be unlawful for any person having the care or custody of any child wilfully to cause or permit the life of the child to be endangered or the health of the child to be injured. It goes further and says that the person shall not cause or permit the child to be placed in such a situation that its life or health may be endangered."

"An admirable law," feelingly commented the young mother, and every matron present agreed.

"But hard on the babies," sighed a girl enthusiast. "What will they do with people who break the law?"

"The penalty as laid down for the first offence is a fine not to exceed $100 or imprisonment in the county jail not to exceed three months, or both. But if a man offends a second time, woe unto him! He may be fined $500 or imprisoned in the penitentiary for two years. The society is in earnest about this matter. They mean to see that the law is enforced. Their plan is to be very lenient until they give the public a chance to learn that the practice of carrying small children on bicycles is injurious, and that being such it comes within the law. The officers believe that parents do this thing thoughtlessly, and they think that publicly calling attention to the consequences will put a stop to the practice. If it doesn't, they have already announced their intention of promptly responding to specific complaints made by its officers or any one else."

"Splendid!" said one woman. "I wish such a step could be taken right here. It's dangerous for any but very expert adults to ride a wheel in this city, and it is certainly dangerous for any man living to venture out with a small child on his wheel."

"I'll be sorry for the bike coppers if such a step is taken," called out one of the young women as she did a fancy mount. "They have enough to do to keep up with scorchers and to keep drivers straight. I believe that if the burden of arresting the fond parent were to devolve on them they would all resign."

"Any way it's an excellent law," persisted somebody, "and I should think it would be a fine thing for Brooklyn. It makes my blood run cold to ride down the Coney Island cycle path and see the great number of men flying along with children on their wheels. It takes away the pleasure of the ride for any one who has ever known a mother's love. Strange to say we never hear of a child being killed on a wheel. After all, I guess it's true that a special providence watches over children. Some people believe so, any way, and I don't know but what I do, too, when I call to mind some of the things that I've seen on that Coney Island path. Actually, one day I saw a man scorching with a little girl on his wheel, and when he stopped at a road house the youngster was as white as a sheet and had a queer expression, as if she had been hypnotized. On a bicycle is no place for a child until it is old enough to propel the machine for itself."

"Exactly so," said a jaunty blonde in tight knee breeches, who had been listening impatiently. "Now, here's a poem I cut out of the *Chicago Dispatch* the other day—I guess you left the Windy City too soon to see it (to the girl just back from there)—but I have a gentleman friend who sends me good things that he sees, and he gave me this yesterday. You'll have to read it yourselves, for my voice isn't jiggety enough to do it justice."

And this is what they read:

BABY'S COMPLAINT.

Take me out on the bicycle,
And jog me up and down;
Papa's so proud of his baby, he
Must show me to all the town.

Women shout "There's a darling!"
Pretty girls throw me a kiss.
I'd really enjoy the ride, you know,
If my brains didn't go like this.

Danger! What do I care for it?
There, we missed a team!
It's fun to see strong men turn pale
And hear the old maids scream.
I never enjoy myself half so much
As when we just scrape a wheel,
For I am a jolly Chicago kid,
And not of the kind to squeal.

I like to get out and see the world,
And sniff the good lake air;
On the wings of the wind my papa and I
Can distance the millionaire,
With his high stepping steeds and his big barouche,
And his liveried ride and fuss.
When we're in training, and it isn't raining,
There's nobody in it with us.

So—
Take me out on the bicycle;
Give me a nice milk shake;
When we shall reach the road house,
Papa will have a nice steak.
Mamma's a block and a half behind;
Beaten! Ha! Ha! what bliss!
I should enjoy it immensely, if
My brains didn't go like this!

"Right you are," agreed every one; and the girl from Chicago then made them tell her of every club run that they had made this spring.

They were a jolly crowd. No long skirts were to be seen there. In fact bloomers were quite in evidence and ultra short skirts. They had been through the Park, up the Boulevard, and had rounded Claremont, and it wasn't yet 9 o'clock in the morning, either. There were six in all, and they stopped to rest on the benches on Riverside just this side of Claremont.

"Yes, girls, it's going to be simply great, the bicycle parade on the afternoon of June 6 is," said a very plump woman all in gray. "Why, I wouldn't miss being in that parade for a farm. Everybody is going to take part in it—men, women, children, scorchers, and all."

"You talk as if scorchers weren't human beings," suggested a bloomerite, who isn't fond of slow riding herself.

"They ain't," was the emphatic reply, "but they'll have to keep to the pace in this procession or be put out of line. Why, one of the riders told me that even the women had to stay where they belonged."

"Well, what did he mean to insinuate?" asked a thin girl with wrinkled leggings indignantly.

"Just this, that women are perfectly uncontrollable in processions of any kind, even funeral processions, and he's right, too."

"The idea of going back on your own sex," muttered some one.

"Well, you would, too, if you had experienced what I did last Sunday. A certain wheelmen's club gave a run to Coney Island and asked a number of wheelwomen to go along. Thirty accepted. Going down each woman rode with an escort, and the whole way from New York, through Brooklyn, and down the path everybody was complimenting us on the fine appearance that we made. Everything went as smooth as butter. Not a hitch, not a jar. When we started back the men suggested that the men ride back together two by two and the women follow them in pairs. Well, we started out, and the parade was an utter failure. After going three miles, mind you, the women gave out. They lagged behind and were as cross as wet hens with each other. We were a sight to behold. The men proposed that we start over again. We did, each woman with an escort, and we then made the return trip in as fine form as we did the one going down. You are all women and it's no use for me to explain why this was thus because you all understand."

"Of course we do," chorused the crowd.

"But we couldn't make a single living man appreciate or sympathize with us in such a matter," said a frisky girl. "Go on and tell us all you know about this parade."

"It is going to form at Sixty-fifth street and the Boulevard at 2:30 o'clock on June 6, and anybody who wishes to enter can do so provided he or she takes the proper step. There will be twelve divisions. Police Commissioner Andrews will lead the procession on a bicycle, and he will be followed by eight mounted policemen. Then comes the first division, consisting of the visiting Military Bicycle Corps from Washington. They will be followed by the uniformed military bicycle companies of this city, in charge of Grand Marshal Staubach, who is celebrated as a century rider. Next in order will be the uniformed bicycle clubs of New York city. They will hold position according to the date of organization, the oldest having first place, and so on down."

"Which is the oldest?" questioned a bloomerite.

"I don't know, but the Harlem wheelmen think they are. The aides to the Grand Marshal will have charge of these clubs. They will be followed by the Brooklyn and Long Island uniformed wheelmen and then the Jerseyites and visiting wheelmen come. The next division will be a sight for gods and men. The wheels will all be decorated and ridden by men and women in fancy costumes. A great many women are busy having their suits made and I've heard of some very funny ones. The next division should prove interesting to all cyclists, for it is the manufacturers' division. They will make some wonderful displays, so it is said, and so will the sundry concerns. The schoolboys from various military schools will be next in line, and many of them are crack riders. You've all heard of the great unwashed. They sink into an insignificant few when compared with the great unattached, and they will follow the dear schoolboys. By them I mean the riders who do not belong to any club except perhaps the L. A. W. There will be four or five thousand of them, so I'm told. But I forgot; I'm leaving out the most important division. The unattached wind up the tail end of the procession, and before them comes, or rather goes, a division of tandems and wheels carrying more than two persons. These tandems will be ridden by women with escorts, and will be followed by women on single wheels with escorts. Then come the women on single wheels alone, unless they act as the women did on our club run last Sunday and won't go alone. I guess if they do they can hitch on to some of the great unattached."

"How many will be in line and how long will it take them to pass?" asked the girl who wanted to know all about the whole affair.

"Some think that there will be 10,000 people on wheels. If so, it will take them about three hours to pass. Some of the bosses of the concern wanted to round Claremont, come back to Ninety-sixth street and disband there, but that would never do. What would that crowd do?"

"What are they going to do, then?" persisted the interrogator.

"Go up the Boulevard to 118th street, cross there to Riverside, and wheel on up to 122d street, where they will disperse. That is the best possible point for breaking up, for it so happens that there are several outlets. The Park and Police departments have promised to do everything in their power to protect the riders. No vehicles will be allowed on the Boulevard and Riverside during the hours of the parade. One thousand policemen have been ordered out, so that the women who take part need not fear any jaw from onlookers, and the streets are going to be swept clean for the occasion. Oh, I wouldn't miss being in it for anything."

"I wouldn't miss seeing it for anything," said a big jolly girl, laughing heartily, as she pictured the parade in her mind, and every other one of the girls agreed with her that those who looked on at such a spectacle would have the advantage—that is, every one except the girl who knew all about it. And she is booked to go on a tandem with a first-class pedal pusher.

Midsummer heat in May makes the wheelwomen go back to the old yet ever new subject of clothes. Experienced riders say that heat affects the two extremities more than any other part of the body.

"There's just this much about it," exclaimed a little woman, rushing into an academy on one of the hot days; "if I don't get something cool to wear on my head I'll quit riding."

"Same here," spoke up several women, mopping their brows as they came in off the road.

"It's terrible," went on No. 1. "I tried a woollen Tam o' Shanter and it was hotter than hot. Tams don't shade the eyes much, any way. Then I tried a derby. It didn't shade the face at all and felt heavy and binding somehow. Then I thought I'd hit on the right thing. It was a soft light wool alpine hat. I enjoyed it for two or three days until a real scorcher came and, if you'll believe me, it felt like a whole sheep on my head instead of a little bit of wool. Now I've got on this sailor, and while it is light and does shade my face, there's absolutely no comfort in riding in a stiff sailor. The wind gets under it, and you might thrust forty hat-pins through it, but they wouldn't keep it down. What to wear that is light and cool, and shades the face and won't blow off, is a mystery to me. The person who solves it will make a fortune, and wheelwomen would most likely erect a monument to his memory at his death."

"I have it," said the little girl who is always buying every new thing that can be attached to her wheeling self or her wheel. She loomed up suddenly from nobody knew where, and on her head was certainly something new in the way of a hat. It was a broad-brimmed affair made of crash, about the color of grass linen. The brim was stitched and the crown was high; it could be worn straight or creased in the centre like an alpine.

"Feel it," she said, passing the hat from one to another. "Light as a feather, shades the face completely, is of a color that doesn't soil easily, and if it does it can be washed and is cheap; oh, my dears, so cheap that it will make you who give from $3 to $7 for a bicycle hat ashamed of yourselves. It cost $1.25, and I've been wearing it three weeks. It has never blown off once, and indeed I never remember that I have on a hat. And don't you think it's rather becoming?" she added, giving it a smash in the middle and setting it up on her head.

"Too lovely for anything," exclaimed everybody. "Where can we get them?"

"Oh, at any of the big dry goods stores from 75 cents up to $3. They come in all sizes, shapes, and colors, and their name is solid comfort. My motto is to keep the head and heels cool when wheeling and you'll never suffer."

"We were just talking about that when you came in," spoke up a woman, fanning her moist leggings with her short skirt.

"Yes," said another, "leggings are so hot, and bicycle boots are hotter. Whatever are we to do about it?"

"Why, don't wear any," spoke up the little girl. "As Chimmie Fadden says, 'Do I look so worse?'"

She stepped out, and everybody held up her hands in amazement. Her little skirt came very little below the knee, and no leggings or high boots were in sight either. She wore plain black stockings and low spring-heel shoes, and she looked well, too, for everybody said so.

"Do you think I'm going to bundle myself up in leggings or high boots just because it is the conventional thing to do?" she commenced. "Well, I'm not, and before the summer is over half the wheelwomen in Greater New York will have discarded them. Leggings are an abomination to the eyesight. They wrinkle and look untidy on the most beautiful leg, and they are so warm and uncomfortable. Boots look trim enough, but they are warmer than leggings. Women ride the bicycle for pleasure. Now, will somebody tell me why they can't make themselves comfortable while they are about it? In Paris no woman ever rides with anything on her feet except thin stockings and low ties. Now, I would never wear lace stockings awheel, not that there is any harm in it, but I wouldn't wear heavy ribbed hosiery with a ball gown, and that's the way I feel about conspicuous stockings on a wheel. I haven't had on leggings or bicycle boots since that first hot spell, and I'm not going to wear either again until next winter. You'll all come to it. I see a good many women riding in golf stockings. They'll soon discard them for the plain, everyday stockings. While you are all quarrelling and stewing over hot hats and hot leggings, I'm sitting here as cool as a cucumber, and I've made forty miles to-day, too."

She hopped on her wheel and pedalled around three or four times, calling out: "Did any of you ever see a woman wearing stiff leather or bulky woollen leggings or clumsy bike boots show such a neat ankle action as this?" and they all decided that they never had and never would, and wished that they, too, had the courage to pedal forth legginsless.

There is one class of wheelmen far more obnoxious to wheelwomen than the scorcher. Nobody seems to know who these men are or where they come from. Indeed, the only certain knowledge concerning them is that there are many of them, hated alike by wheelmen and wheelwomen. They are known as mashers, and if something isn't done to stop them in their wild rides and wilder ways pretty soon somebody is going to suffer.

"Things are coming to such a pass," said a mother recently, "that it is impossible for a woman to go out alone for a spin on the Boulevard in broad daylight without receiving at least one insult from some masher on a wheel. These men take it for granted that they can speak to any woman who happens to be riding alone. The other day I was starting out from the Metropolitan Bicycle Academy with my husband for a ride. We crossed the Boulevard at Sixtieth street, and I found that I had left my pocketbook and handkerchief. I dismounted and waited while he went back for them. While he was away a fine-looking man, one of the mashers, rode up and began his mashing process. He didn't only look and smile at me, but he addressed me. I ignored him utterly, and as my husband approached he saw how things were going. We mounted and wheeled away, laughing at the man, but that was a wrong course. I am an old woman, and we should have gone at once to the station house and made a complaint against the masher. That is the only thing that will stop them. A dainty, refined girl hates to make a complaint against a man who speaks to her, so every matron a little advanced in years should do so. This will protect the young women. As for riding at night alone, it is absolutely unsafe for a self-respecting girl to do that, and such certainly should not be the case. In a well-lighted, well-policed city like New York, women who have to work through the day should be able to go out for a bicycle ride alone after dinner without fear of being spoken to by some low, ill-bred fellow."

"Right you are," answered a wheelman standing near. "The conduct of these mashers makes other men boil with rage; but what can we do? It seems impossible to get a woman who has been insulted to make a complaint then and there. These men are no respecters of persons. There is a class of women who go out on their wheels at night for the purpose of attracting attention, and any man can spot them quick enough. These mashers know them, and if they would confine their conversation to them all would go well, but when it comes to their saying disagreeable things to mothers who are out with their daughters and attempting to ride with them, that's another story. The mounted policemen are powerless, for they are so few and the mashers are so many. The only solution that I see is the one you have suggested. Let every woman who has a daughter or young sister or young girl friend enter a complaint when one of these fellows has anything to say to her."

"That's just the reason some people think that wheelmen and wheelwomen feel free to speak to each other," put in the woman again. "That's altogether a mistaken idea. Refined people who wheel would no more think of speaking to strangers they meet on the road than they would think of yelling at the passers by they meet in carriages on Riverside. It makes me positively sick to hear people talk that way. Women and men who are well bred will conduct themselves properly when awheel just as much as they would at a swell function or in the quiet of their own homes. No, all this talk comes of the conduct of these wheel mashers. They take the liberty of speaking to everybody, and the uninitiated jump to the conclusion that every man, woman, and child who rides a bicycle does the same."

"Trade in bicycles continues to hum," said a dealer, rubbing his hands gleefully. "Of course, it isn't what it was those first hot days. The salesmen would all be dead if that had kept up. But still the sales are steady. In one of our branches we average selling from sixty to eighty machines every week, and that keeps us all lively. Trade in second-hand machines is humping as it never humped before. It is nothing to sell fifty at a time to one dealer. These second-hand dealers are just as jubilant over their business as are the dealers in high-grade wheels. The truth of the matter is that everybody who sells any kind of bicycle or any part of a bicycle or any article that a bicyclist can use or wear is happy. As for the cyclists themselves, they are in the seventh heaven."

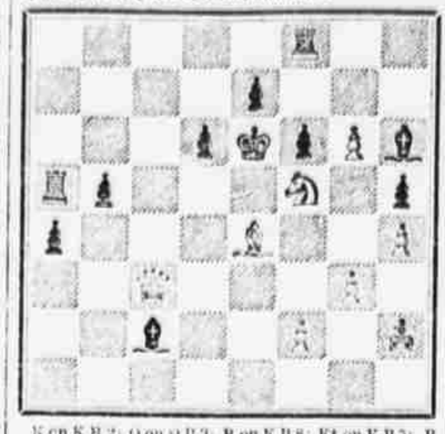
OUR CHESS CORNER.

PROBLEM NO. 435—BY V. SCHIFFER, VIENNA, AUSTRIA.

DEDICATED TO BARON ALBERT DE ROTHSCHILD.

BLACK—TEN PIECES.

K on K 3; R on Q R 4; Bs on Q B 7 and K R 3; Ps on Q B 5, Q Kt 4, Q 2, K 2, K B 3, and K R 4.



K on K R 2; Q on Q B 3; R on K B 8; Kt on K B 5; B on K 4; Ps on K B 2, K Kt 3, K Kt 6, and K R 4.

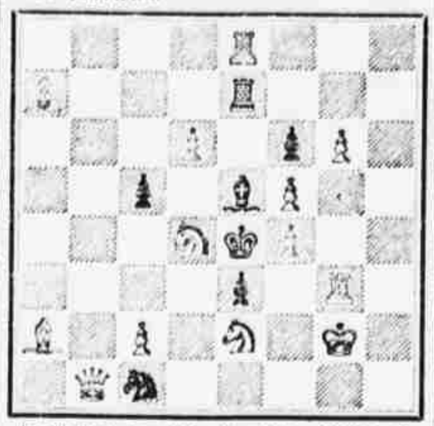
WHITE—NINE PIECES.

White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM NO. 436—BY W. A. CLARK, MOLESLEY, ENGLAND.

BLACK—SEVEN PIECES.

K on K 5; R on K 2; Kt on Q B 8; B on K 4; Ps on Q B 4, K 6, and K B 5.



K on K Kt 7; Q on Q Kt; Rs on K 8 and K Kt 3; Kts on K 2 and Q 4; Bs on Q R 2 and Q R 7; Ps on Q B 2, Q 6, K B 4, and K B 5, and on K Kt 6.

WHITE—THIRTEEN PIECES.

White to play and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION TO NO. 433.

1. Kt—K 5, K x Kt (K 5); 2. B x Kt, mate.
1. Kt—K 5, K x Kt (Kt 5); 2. Q x P, mate.
1. Kt—K 5, Kt—K 8; 2. Kt—Kt 6, mate.
1. Kt—K 5, Kt—R 5; 2. Kt—Q 3, mate.
1. Kt—K 5, Kt—R; 2. Kt x P, mate.
1. Kt—Kt, Kt—Kt 4; 2. Kt x P, mate.
1. Kt—K 5, Kt—Q 4; 2. Kt x P, mate.
1. Kt—K 5, Kt x P ch; 2. Kt x Kt, mate.
1. Kt—K 5, Kt—K; 2. Kt x P, mate.
1. Kt—K 5, P—K 7; 2. Q—Kt 8, mate.

Correct solutions received from Fred Carter, Boston; Yet Another, New York; Once More, New York; Fred Engel, Brooklyn; A. Quitzow, New York; R. W. Whymann, New York; May Win, Brooklyn; Theodore R. Huyler, Brooklyn; A. M. Wardmann, Brooklyn; Stephen McGrath, New York; Pretty, New York; C. O. Flensbury, Boston; Just in Time, New York; Take Me In, Brooklyn; How Easy, Boston; Correct You Are, Brooklyn; Edwin Metzger, New York; Grover's Lil, Danbury, Conn.; Dr. A. H. Baldwin, Norwalk, Conn.; Edwin H. Baldwin, Norwalk, Conn.; W. J. Ferris, New Castle, Del.; B. F. Wood, Mount Vernon, N. Y.; H. W. Barry, South Boston, Mass.; Kida Semaj, New York; H. R. Brook, Brooklyn; R. S. Dix, Brooklyn; H. L. Dickerson, New York.

If 1. Kt x P ch, K—Kt 5 or K—B 6; 2. Q—Q, P—K 7 and no mate. This to several would be solvers.

SOLUTION TO NO. 434.

1. Kt—Kt 4, K—Q 4; 2. B—K 5, P x B; 3. Q x K P, mate.
1. Kt—Kt 4, K—Q 4; 2. B—K 5, K—B 4; 3. Q—R 5, mate.
1. Kt—Kt 4, K—Q 4; 2. B—K 5, K—K 5; 3. Kt x P, mate.
1. Kt—Kt 4, K—Q 4; 2. B—K 5, P—B 4; 3. Q—B 3, mate.
1. Kt—Kt 4, K—Q 4; 2. B—K 5, any other; 3. Q—Q 4, mate.
1. Kt—Kt 4, P x Kt; 2. Q x P ch, K—B 4; 3. Q—Q 3, mate.
1. Kt—Kt 4, P x Kt; 2. Q x P ch, K—B 6; 3. Q—Q 3, mate.
1. Kt—Kt 4, P x Kt; 2. Q x P ch, K—K 6; 3. Q—Q 3, mate.
1. Kt—Kt 4, Kt x B; 2. Q—K 3 ch, K—Q 4; 3. Kt x P, mate.
1. Kt—Kt 4, Kt elsewhere; 2. Kt x P, mate.
1. Kt—Kt 4, P—K 4; 2. Kt x P ch, K moves; 3. B x P, mate.
1. Kt—Kt 4, P—B 5; 2. Kt—B 2 ch, K—Q 4; 3. Q—Q 2, mate.
1. Kt—Kt 4, P—B 5; 2. Kt—B 2 ch, K—B 4; 3. Q—B 2, mate.
1. Kt—Kt 4, any other; 2. Kt x P, mate.

Correct solutions received from Fred Carter, Boston; Yet Another, New York; Once More, New York; Fred Engel, Brooklyn; A. Quitzow, New York; R. W. Whymann, New York; May Win, Brooklyn; Theodore R. Huyler, Brooklyn; A. M. Wardmann, Brooklyn; Stephen McGrath, New York; Pretty, New York; C. O. Flensbury, Boston; Just in Time, New York; Take Me In, Brooklyn; How Easy, Boston; Correct You Are, Brooklyn; Grover's Lil, Danbury, Conn.; Dr. A. H. Baldwin, Norwalk, Conn.; H. L. Dickerson, New York; R. R. R., Philipsburg, N. J.; R. S. Dix, Brooklyn.

Francis Schner, New York, forwarded an additional correct solution to No. 430, as did R. S. Dix, Brooklyn, to No. 431.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A. D. Davies, 40 West Seventy-seventh street, New York, wishes to join a chess club on the west side, should there be one in existence. He would otherwise coöperate in the organization of such a club, should others be willing to communicate with him.

Ed H. Baldwin, Norwalk, Conn.—If black K takes Kt on white's K 5 he must write down the move K x Kt (K 4); if black K takes Kt on white's K 4 he must write down the K x Kt (K 5).

Edwin Metzger, New York.—Write to Will H. Lyons, Newport, Ky., and you will get a priced catalogue of chess books. Don't fail to enclose a two-cent stamp.

THE SIMPSON'S DIVAN TOURNAMENT.

Following is another game for the masters' tournament, as played at Simpson's Divan, on the Strand, London:

RUY LOPEZ.

BIRD. White.	TEICHMANN. Black.	BIRD. White.	TEICHMANN. Black.
1 P—K 4	P—K 4	33 P—B 4 (h)	P—K R 3 (i)
2 Kt—K B 3	Kt—Q B 3	34 Q R—R 3	B x R
3 B—Kt 5	Kt—B 3	35 P x B	P x P
4 Q—K 2	B—B 4 (a)	36 Kt x P (j)	Kt—R 4 (k)
5 Castles (b)	Castles	37 Kt x B P	Kt x Kt
6 P—B 3 (c)	R—K	38 Q x Kt ch	K—K
7 P—Q 3	P—K R 3	39 R—K B 3	R—R 2
8 P—Q Kt 4 (d)	B—B	40 R—B 5	Q—K 2
9 B—R 4	P—Q 3	41 B—R 5 ch	K—Q
10 P—K R 3	B—Q 2	42 P—Kt 4	Q x Q
11 B—B 2	Kt—K 2	43 R x Q	R (R 2)—R
12 R—Q (e)	Kt—Kt 3	44 R—K 6	K—Q 2 (l)
13 B—K 3	Q—K 2	45 B—Kt 6	K—B
14 Q Kt—Q 2 (f)	Kt—R 4	46 P—Kt 3	K—Q
15 P—Q 4	Kt (R4)—B 5	47 B—R 5	R—Kt 2
16 B x Kt	Kt x B	48 K—Kt 2	R—B
17 Q—B	P—K Kt 4	49 K—R 3 (m)	R—B 8
18 Kt—R 4	B—Kt 4	50 R—K 8 ch	K—Q 2
19 P—Q R 4	B x Kt	51 R—K R 8	R—R 8 ch
20 Q x B	B—Kt 2	52 K—Kt 2	R—Q B 8
21 Q—B	P—Q R 4	53 K—R 3	R x P
22 P—Kt 5	P—Kt 3	54 P—Kt 5	R x Kt P
23 R—K	Q R—Q	55 R—R 7 ch	K—Q
24 P—Q 5	Q—Q 2	56 R—R 8 ch	K—K 2
25 R—K 3	B—B 3	57 P—Kt 4	R—Kt 2
26 Kt—B 2	P—R 4	58 R—K 8 ch	K—Q 2
27 B—Q	K—Kt 2	59 R—K 6	R x K P
28 R—Kt 3	R—K R	60 B—K 8 ch	K—Q
29 R—R 2 (g)	Q R—K Kt	61 B—R 6	R—Kt
30 Q—B 4	K—B	62 P—Kt 5	R—K 8
31 Q—B	P—Kt 5	63 K—R 2	R—K B 8
32 P x P	B—R 5	64 Resigns.	

NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

(a) The right continuation being 4. .. P—Q R 3.

(b) White could win a pawn now with 5. B x Kt, Q P x B; 6. Kt x P, Q—Q 5; 7. Kt—Q 3, B—Kt 3; 8. P—K B 3 and white retains the pawn.

(c) 6. B x Kt, followed by 7. Kt x P, does not hold good now, because of black's R—K.

(d) Bird's favorite continuation in many kindred positions, chiefly in the Giuoco Piano.

(e) A useless displacement of a well-posted piece supporting an advisable advance of the K B P.

(f) 14. Kt—R 2 would have prevented 14. .. Kt—R 4. Allowing the latter move and the consequent posting of the black Kt at B 5 gives black the better game.

(g) If 29. Kt—B 3, then 29. .. P—Kt 5; and if 30. P x P, then P—R 5 wins the exchange.

(h) If 33. R—K 3, then 33. .. P x P, threatening P—Kt 6, with a winning attack.

(i) In order to get the queen into play at K R 2.

(j) If 36. P x Kt, then 36. .. P—Kt 6; 37. Kt—B 3, R—R 8 ch, leading to a mate.

(k) Inferior. The simple continuation would have been 36. .. Q—R 2 (as intended with 33. .. P—R 3); P x Kt, Q—R 8 ch; K—B 2, Q x Q ch; 39. K x Q, R—R 8 ch; 40. K—K 2, R x Kt; and if 40. K—B 2, then R x R, &c.

(l) Taking the open file with 44. .. R—B would have been better.

(m) Bird played the game ingeniously enough after he had lost the exchange, but here, in trying for a win, he throws away a certain draw by allowing the adverse rook to get among his pawns. The rest is plain sailing for black.

NAPIER VS. RUTH.

Appended is the score of the ninth game of the match between the boy Napier and Ruth, as played on Tuesday at the Brooklyn Chess Club:

NINTH GAME PETROFF.

NAPIER. White.	RUTH. Black.	NAPIER. White.	RUTH. Black.
1 P—K 4	P—K 4	14 P—Q B 3	B—Q 3
2 Kt—K B 3	Kt—K B 3	15 P—K B 4	Q x Kt P
3 P—Q 4	P—Q 4	16 Kt—Q 2	Kt—Q 2
4 Kt x K P	Kt x K P	17 K R—Q Kt	Q—K 6
5 B—Q 3	B—K 2	18 Q—Kt 3	Kt (Q2) x Kt
6 Castles	Castles	19 B P x Kt	Kt x K P
7 P—K B 3	Kt—K B 3	20 P x Kt	B x P
8 B—K Kt 5	P—Q B 4	21 Q—B 4	B—B P
9 Q—K	P—B 5	22 R—K B	P—K B 3
10 B—K 2	Q—Kt 3	23 Kt—Kt	Q—K 2
11 Q—B 3	B—K	24 Kt x B	P x B
12 K—R	B—Q Kt 5	25 Kt x Q P	Q—K B
13 Q—K 3	Kt—Q B 3	26 Q x Q ch	Resigns.

SEÑOR DON MANUEL MARQUEZ STIRLING IN MADRID.

Señor D. M. Marquez Stirling, the Mexican champion, who spent a couple of months in this city last winter, is now at Madrid, and has written a rather interesting treatise on chess, "Tratado analitico del Juego de Ajedrez." It is clearly and brightly written, and contains many fine games. Of these the following will doubtless be much appreciated by the readers of THE SUN:

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

STIRLING. White.	AMATEUR. Black.	STIRLING. White.	AMATEUR. Black.
1 P—K 4	P—K 4	7 R—K	Kt—B 4
2 Kt—K B 3	Kt—Q B 3	8 B—K Kt 5	P—B 3
3 P—Q 4	P x P	9 P x P	Q x B ch
4 B—Q B 4	Kt—B 3	10 Q x Q ch	K—Q*
5 P—K 5	Q—K 2	11 Q—K 8 ch	K x Q
6 Castles	Kt—K 5	12 P—B 7 mate	

*10. .. Kt—K 3 would have prolonged the game a bit. Señor M. S. now finishes off with a pretty mate in two moves.

AROUND THE WHIST TABLE.

THE OPENING LEAD IN THE SHORT SUIT GAME CONSIDERED.

High Cards, Supporting Cards, Ruffing Cards, and the Trump Invitation—How the Problems Are Received—Notes.

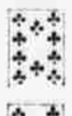
If all five varieties of the opening lead in the short-suit game are grouped together, four of them will be found to apply to the plain suits, one to the trumps. The theory and practice of the trump attack has been outlined in our articles of April 12 and 19. The system of leading from plain suits, which originated in the American Whist Club of Boston, and is generally known as the "Howell game," may be easily remembered if the student will impress the following division of the suit on his memory, always keeping in mind that the original lead is used to indicate the general character of the hand, rather than any details of the individual suit.

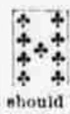
HIGH CARDS.

The lead of an ace or king shows that the player is anxious to make what tricks he can with his high cards while he is in the lead. If the ace is led it cannot be accompanied by the queen or jack, unless it is from a suit of at least five cards. If the king is led, unaccompanied by the ace, the leader must have both queen and jack. This is called the "running game," because it shows that the leader has not strength enough to defend his good cards or to establish his small ones by leading trumps.

SUPPORTING CARDS.

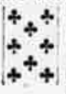
The queen, jack, ten, and nine are supporting cards, and are led for the purpose of inviting the partner to finesse. The queen is never led except from a suit of two cards only, and the leader can be counted on with absolute certainty to ruff the third round, if not the second. The jack, ten, and nine may not be from short suits, nor need they be the top of the suit. They may be led from suits of any length, and may be intermediate cards, such as a nine from K 9 2, or a jack from Q J 10. The third hand should finesse all such cards unless he holds both ace and king. Holding both king and queen some refuse to finesse the nine, on the chance that it is an intermediate, and that the leader holds an honor in the suit. If a jack, ten, or nine is led from a short suit, the remainder of the suit should be "played down." For instance, jack is led from J 8 2. On the second round the 8 should be played, no matter who leads the suit, because partner can miss the 2 and will place it with the original leader. If the leader drops the 2, or any card that partner knows is the lowest of the suit, it should be a certainty that he not only can but is willing to ruff the third round. This "playing down" cannot be a trump signal, because if the original leader wanted trumps led, he had other means of showing it.

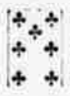




THE RUFFING CARDS.

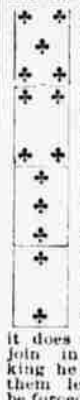
The lead of a six, seven, or eight shows that the leader holds only one other card of the suit, if any, and is anxious to ruff the third round, if not the second. These cards are not necessarily the top of a suit. They may be led from such combinations as A 8 or J 8. To lead the ace would indicate a running game; the jack would indicate finesse; neither giving any indication of the wish or ability to ruff. By leading the eight first, the leader absolutely fixes the number of cards in the suit led from, and expresses the desire to ruff it. Third hand should win the first round if he can, and should seldom finesse, even with ace queen, for it is very probable that the card led is a singleton, and nothing would be gained by the finesse, the chance for the immediate force being much better.





THE TRUMP INVITATION.

The original lead of any card smaller than a six shows that the player is on the verge of leading trumps, and that the fear of his partner's weakness, either in trumps or in the suit led, is the only thing that deters him. These cards are not necessarily the lowest of a long unestablished suit, although they should be. They may be cards of a suit in which the leader is very weak, and if the strength in that suit is against him, he may not want trumps led; but if the suit is with his partner it may be very important that trumps should be led immediately. These cards are also led to indicate trump strength, but no plain suit worth leading trumps to defend. Some players regard the lead of any of these small cards as a positive call for the best trump to be led if an honor is turned.



These opening leads do not compel the partner to play his hand on the system indicated. If one player "runs," it does not follow that his partner should join in the stampede. On the lead of a king he may call for trumps if he wants them led. In response to an invitation to be forced he may draw all his partner's trumps if it better suits his game; but at the end he cannot plead that he had no idea his partner was so weak, or say that he was not fairly warned by the opening lead. Both theoretically and practically, this indication of the general character of the hand by the first lead is a great advantage over the routine lead of the longest suit, which gives the partner no hint that a ruff or a finesse would be better for the leader than hammering away at the small end of nothing.

The fundamental difference between the long and the short suit systems of play is thus defined in the last edition of Foster's "Whist Manual," just published, p. 162: "The object in leading the long suit is to establish it, and to try so to obtain for the small cards of it a trick-taking value which they do not naturally possess. The object in playing the short-suit game is to secure for certain cards a trick-taking value which does not naturally belong to them, by taking advantage of the probable, known, or inferred positions of the cards in tenace and in finesse."

To carry out the long-suit theory, every hand must be opened on the principle that the player can succeed in his object, and will take tricks with the 2's and 3's, after the A's and K's are out of the way. As the hand advances and it becomes evident that success is impossible, which will be twenty-nine times out of thirty, the original scheme of the hand is abandoned, and a good ending patched on a bad beginning by "chucking" the long-suit game and paying proper attention to finesse and tenace.

In the short-suit game, only such hands are opened on the long-suit theory as offer more than reasonable hope of success. If it is highly improbable that the long-suit game will succeed, strengthening cards are led to the partner, tenaces are carefully preserved, and opportunities for cross-ruffing are eagerly looked for. Short-suiters are divided as to whether the ruffing game or the supporting card should have first choice when the long-suit game cannot succeed.

THE SUN presumes its readers to be thoroughly familiar with the theory and practice of the long-suit game, because that is the system given in every text-book and taught by every teacher. These books and teachers may be said to present the long-suit game at its worst, because they aim to reduce it to a mechanical routine, and to give a rule for every case. With them every small card originally led has the same meaning: "This is my long suit, and I wish to establish, defend, and bring it in." Whether there is not the slightest hope of success, or failure is highly improbable, the lead is the same, and in the majority of cases the partner is deceived.

In the articles which have appeared in THE SUN since April 5, the short-suit system has also been presented at its worst; because, under the Howell system, every card originally led must have a certain meaning, and if there is no card in the hand which will convey the meaning intended, the partner is just as much deceived as in the long-suit game. Many instances occur in which the leader cannot properly show his hand. His long suit has no card below a seven; his short suit has none above a five; he has no supporting cards, his suits being headed by kings, with very small trump-inviting cards with them. Many cases arise in which an intermediate or ambiguous card must be selected, or a ruff must be invited in a suit in which the leader holds three cards.

The trouble with both these systems is that they are too exact and are too much like attempts to play whist by machinery. The remark made on page 123 of Foster's "Duplicate Whist" seems particularly appropriate: "Any one who plays every hand he holds on a predetermined system of strategy will continually find himself forcing square pegs into round holes, and round pegs into square holes, and will never be more than a third-rate player."

Extremes are seldom or never right in anything, and it is the opinion of THE SUN that neither of these systems, as a system, is sound, but that the true theory of whist lies between, and that the future development of the game will be toward the discovery of the proper proportion in which the two systems, long and short, should be mixed.

BROOKLYN CONGRESS TEAM.

As mixers, the star team of the Brooklyn Whist Club, Taylor, Rowe, Herring, and Newman, are certainly a success. In their second match with the New Yorks they won by the score of 11 to 5. Half way the New Yorks were one trick ahead; but in the remaining twelve hands they could not win a single trick, the Brooklyn team getting seven. Since Buffinton and Kelley took the place of Foster and Gilhooly to play with Hawkins and Henriques, the team has played the Howell game strictly. The old team simply added the supporting card and the finesse and tenace elements to the long-suit game. In this last match against Brooklyn the cards seemed to lie very badly for the Howell game. Kelley was forced to open one hand with the 9 of spades, holding Q, 9, 8, 6, 3. His partner, holding A, J, x, x, put on the ace. Had he passed it, the solus ten in the fourth hand would have won the trick. At the other table the fourth-best spade was led, and Taylor finessed the jack, and did not lead back the ace; two violations of the long-suit theory, but good whist nevertheless. His partner did not lead the suit again until the fourth hand's trumps were exhausted. Then he led the queen; the king covered, and the ace won, establishing the 9, 8, 3 in the leader's hand. In another hand Taylor held four established diamonds, four trumps with the minor tenace, king, jack, and two short suits, jack high; the player on his right having opened the hand by inviting a force. Taylor did not lead trumps, because he held minor tenace; neither did he lead the established suit, but one of his jacks, to show his partner that he held four trumps. By so doing he made three tricks in trumps, besides the diamonds. At the other table the minor tenace in trumps was led away from to save the diamonds, and only one trick in trumps was made. It was very evident to the spectators that the Brooklyn men played with a freer mind, and were less ambiguous in their leads. Besides their good play, the cards lay well for them. Three times Taylor finessed jack from ace jack of his partner's original lead, and three times the jack held the trick, the ace catching the king twice on the second round.

The New Yorkers seemed needlessly discouraged at the result. They were simply outplayed at their own game of finesse and tenace, for the long suits had nothing whatever to do with the result. The Brooklyn men finessed judiciously, and held on to their tenaces with great skill. They ably carried out the theory of their captain, A. E. Taylor, that "whist is nothing but a skirmish for position." The only hand in which the New Yorks gained two tricks was No. 9, and the result was due to the Howell system. The Brooklyn player, Rowe, led the jack from a two-card suit, to show four trumps. The New Yorker, Henriques, at the other table, led the deuce from the same suit, to invite a trump lead. His partner led trumps from three, and afterward led a strengthening card to the original leader's tenace suit.

OUR PROBLEMS.

If those who are interested in our weekly problems could read over the correspondence about them received by THE SUN they would probably be quite as much amused by the letters as they are entertained by the problems.

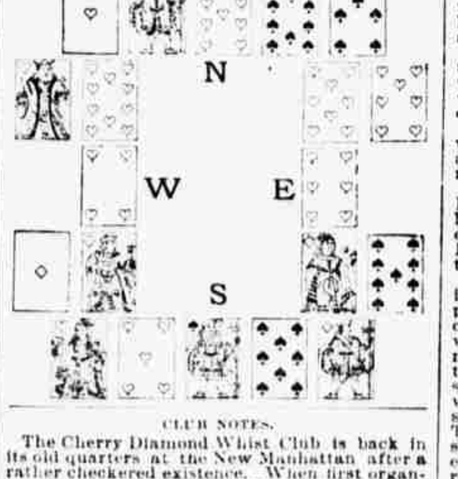
One or two correspondents never fail, Geo. H. Fish and "Convent Avenue" sending the briefest and best answers. Many never get any but the simplest problems quite right. Some are derisive in their remarks on the simplicity of the problems, while others think they are masterpieces in their way. One covers both sides of a sheet of paper with a description of the few moments that elapsed between standing the paper against the sugar bowl at the Sunday morning breakfast table and solving the Whitfeld problem before it was time to pour the coffee. Another sends word that two members of a certain whist club are willing to play the E and W hands of the problem of March 22 against any players in the world, so sure are they that it cannot be done. One correspondent heads his letters, "Give us Something Hard;" another says we are sending him to a lunatic asylum.

A member of the Baltimore Whist Club writes that none of the club could solve our problem of April 26: "J. H., a chess, Boston, whist, and double dummy expert, said it could not be done." Another correspondent, W. A. C., of Meriden, Conn., writes: "Your published solution of the problem of April 26 is based on E and W not discarding correctly. If N makes two trump leads, as you suggest, E must win the last trick, as follows: He discards or follows suit in this order: D 10, S 6, C Q, S 7, and D 8. S is then in the lead, and E must win the last trick with the S 8. I claim it is an impossibility for N and S to make six tricks." Our readers may amuse themselves by playing over the cards and discovering the absurdity of this demonstration.

The proper way to solve these problems is to avoid any self-deception, and to test yourself honestly by treating the problem as if it were an end game at double dummy. The cards should be laid upon the table as shown in the diagram, and carefully examined. None of them should be touched for any purpose until you are sure you have solved the problem. When once you begin to play the cards, or to turn them face down, you have either solved the problem correctly or you have not. If not, you have failed on that problem absolutely, no matter how quickly you may see your mistake and go back to correct it. You would not be allowed to go back a single card at double dummy; your adversary would not allow you to experiment. If it was whist, you would not be allowed to take back your lead and say, "Wait a minute, I've got that wrong; this is it." The same rule should apply to solving these problems, and if it is honestly followed THE SUN will guarantee that not one person in a thousand can solve 90 per cent. of them. By continual trial and experiment they may solve them eventually, but that is not a fair test. Our readers should be honest with themselves, and try their skill under the conditions given.

The solution of the problem May 10 is for N to lead a spade, on which S will discard a club. N then leads a club for S to trump, whether E covers or not. S then leads diamond ace, and N's trump tenace makes.

No trumps. N to lead, and N and S to take all five tricks.



CLUB NOTES.

The Cherry Diamond Whist Club is back in its old quarters at the New Manhattan after a rather checkered existence. When first organized in 1890 its President, M. H. Eikin, proved a wonderful magnet to draw members, and its Secretary, R. F. Foster, was full of schemes to get these members to play whist. In its palmy days it was undoubtedly the most successful whist club in the world. A member could drop into the card room any time from 2 in the afternoon until 4 in the morning and be sure of finding a game for any stake he wished to play for, from 50 cents to $50. When the rottenness of the parent club caused it to fall the whist club was found to be the only sound branch on the tree. They owned most of the furniture in the card room and all the library, and had a handsome balance in bank. They moved to the Clover Club, which they soon afterward absorbed, and called themselves the Continental Whist Club, which was chiefly famous for the entire absence of whist from its card room, Boston being the game. Now the Continental is no more, the name of "Cherry Diamond" having been resumed, with every prospect of a boom in whist and perhaps a team at the congress. J. H. W. Cole is the Secretary.

In the Brooklyn compass whist match last Monday high scores were made by Wilde and Dollard—11 plus, E and W., Elwell and Lawrence, 9 plus, N and S. Another decided change took place in the leaders for the individual prize. The score now stands: Rowe, 107; Baker, 101; Weems, 98; Taylor, 96. If this event remains open much longer, and Mr. George La Vie continues to make the surprising strokes that have lately gained for him the name of "The Brooklyn Cooper," there will be still further changes, and he will soon be in first place.

In the compass whist match at the Cherry Diamond Whist Club on Thursday night there were five tables. R. F. Foster and C. R. Kelley made the top score N and S, 7 plus; J. Lynch and G. Casper E and W, 7 plus.

The Knickerbockers again defeated the Carltons in a return match. The Field Club has lately been playing a very strong game.

It is settled that "Cavendish" will be at the congress, and will return to England July 4. F. S. Parker and R. H. Weems will sail on the same steamer, and whist players are wondering who will make up the table. It is a pity that some really representative English player, such as J. C. Davis, cannot be persuaded to come over here on an occasion like this. His game is about as much like "Cavendish's" as Harry Law's is like George Bunn's; and yet "Pembridge" writes to *Whist* that "there is no finer player in all England."

Very few clubs have yet decided on the exact team that they will send to the congress. In Chicago there are five fours that are candidates for the honor, and it seems very difficult to decide between the two leaders. Baltimore has decided to send Whelan, Smith, Steele, and Duval after the Hamilton trophy; W. F. Smith, Bouton, Thomas, and Howard after the A. W. L. trophy; while R. W. Smith and Harvey McCay play for the pair trophy. The short-suiters of the Capitol Bicycle Club are still unable to find a running mate for Harris, Low, and Wooten. The Philadelphia clubs seem to think they can get together a team on short notice. Even the Hamiltons have not yet decided on their players. St. Paul will send Dunn, Briggs, and Bronson; the fourth man will probably be Gordon.

So many players are practising for this congress that it would not be at all surprising if some rank outsiders carried off the principal prizes, there are so many small towns where players devote a great deal of time and attention to the game and develop strong players, but have few opportunities to play matches with the big clubs. The continual change of system that will be met with as each team moves from table to table in the preliminary rounds will very likely upset the play of many clubs that rely upon the information game for success.

THE BICYCLE LAW EVADED.

PETTY SPITE SHOWN TO WHEELMEN ON SOME RAILROADS.

Bicyclists Subjected to Annoyances when They Have Their Wheels Transported as Baggage Under the Armstrong Bill—Bikes Smashed—Talk of Retaliation.

There is a prospect of war between several of the railroads operating lines in this State and the League of American Wheelmen over the law passed by the latest Legislature compelling railroads to carry bicycles as baggage. If the complaints received almost daily at the office of the league in the Vanderbilt building are based on actual experiences, many of the railroad companies in this State are flagrantly violating the law and thereby causing wheelmen no end of trouble and annoyance.

The measure, which became a law on April 20, is an amendment to section 44 of chapter 565 of the Laws of 1890, known as the Railroad law, and as amended reads as follows:

A check, made of some proper metallic substance of convenient size and form, plainly stamped with numbers, and furnished with a convenient strap or other appendage for attaching to baggage, shall be affixed to every piece or parcel of baggage when taken for transportation for a passenger by the agent or employee of such corporation, if there is a handle, loop, or fixture therefor upon the piece or parcel of baggage, and a duplicate thereof given to the passenger or person delivering the same to him. If such check be refused on demand the corporation shall pay to the passenger the sum of ten dollars, and no fare shall be collected or received from him; and if he shall have paid his fare it shall be refunded to him by the conductor in charge of the train. Such baggage shall be delivered, without unnecessary delay, to the passenger or any person acting in his behalf, at the place to which it was to be transported, where the cars usually stop, or at any other regular intermediate stopping place upon notice to the baggagemaster in charge of baggage on the train of not less than thirty minutes, upon presentation of such duplicate check to the officer or agent of the railroad corporation, or of any corporation, over any portion of whose road it was transported. Bicycles are hereby declared to be and be deemed baggage for the purposes of this article and shall be transported as baggage for passengers by railroad corporations and subject to the same liabilities, and no such passenger shall be required to crate, cover, or otherwise protect any such bicycle; provided, however, that a railroad corporation shall not be required to transport, under the provisions of this act, more than one bicycle for a single person.

The wheelmen charge that ever since the measure became a law the railroad companies have been doing their best to make good the threats uttered by officials of some of the companies just after the amendment was introduced in the Legislature, to the effect that bicylists would be sorry before the companies were done with them that they ever suggested such a measure. The wheelmen say that it was easier and safer to ship bicycles from one place to another before they had a law governing the transportation of wheels than it is now.

The law says that when a bicycle is taken for transportation a check of some metallic substance, shall be attached to the wheel and a duplicate given to the shipper. The wheelmen say that instead of giving a metallic check for the wheel, the companies, many of them, give pasteboard checks on the back of which is printed a statement to the effect that the company will transport the wheel, but does so at the owner's risk. The companies, in this release, as it is called, disavow all responsibility for delivering the bicycle at the place to which it is shipped in as good condition as it was received.

The wheelmen further assert that that clause of the law which provides that "such baggage shall be delivered, without unnecessary delay, to the passenger, or person acting in his behalf," is frequently violated. They say that a favorite trick of some of the companies is to switch off the baggage car as far from the station as they conveniently can, and then compel the owner of the wheel, or his agent, to spend a half day hunting up the car. It is further charged that baggagemasters, when a man appears with a bicycle to be checked, will tell the wheelman that there is no baggage car attached to the train he desires to take, and, therefore, will refuse to check the wheel.

Again it is charged that the handlers of baggage often intentionally arrange the trunks in a baggage car so that the first severe jolt of the car will cause the trunks to topple over. When they are picked up it is almost invariably found that the wheel or wheels in the car lie battered and broken at the bottom of the heap. An instance of this was cited. A bicycle was checked over a certain road. The owner had heard of the treatment bicycles received at the hands of baggage handlers, and took particular pains to inspect the baggage car before the wheel was put in. There were just five trunks and two satchels in the car and nothing else. When the wheelman reached his destination he went for his wheel. The man in the baggage car said:

"Oh, your wheel is broken all to hell!"

"Is that so? How did it happen?" asked the owner.

"Oh, a trunk fell on it going 'round a curve and smashed it."

"Well, if the wheel is broken, it was broken through your intentional negligence, and I'll hold the company responsible for any damage."

"Well, here's your damned wheel," replied the baggage handler, handing out the bicycle with nearly every spoke broken. "I say it was broken accidentally. Now, let's see you recover damages."

The wheelman had no proof that his wheel was broken through carelessness, or by intent, and he has never recovered a cent from the road.

The wheelmen are particularly severe on the Long Island Railroad. They say that they have had more trouble with it than with any other road in the State. Speaking of the Long Island road to a SUN reporter, Isaac B. Potter, Chief Consul of the league, said:

"The Long Island road has been rubbing it into the wheelmen ever since the law was passed. The league paid no attention to the complaints that came pouring in at first, but when they kept coming we investigated the matter. We found the most flagrant violations of the law. We have been engaged for several weeks in collecting evidence, and when we have finished we shall not begin one suit but a hundred suits for damages at once. There will be no doubt of the result. We shall not make a move until we have all the evidence. Then we shall see whether or not a railroad company may violate the laws of the State and outrage its citizens and not suffer for it."

Then Mr. Potter discussed the question more generally. Continuing, he said:

"I have just had a conversation with the general baggage agent of one of the prominent lines, and have assured him, as I am glad to assure all others, that the wheelmen will do everything in their power to make the work of the railroad companies easy and profitable. If the companies insist, though, upon a hostile attitude and attempt to kill the effect of the Armstrong bill by absurd and unreasonable regulations, we shall be compelled to respond in like spirit.

"A proposition to compel wheelmen to present their wheels at the railway stations an hour before train time is too absurd, and all this talk of retaliation on the part of the railroads is making enemies by the score for lines whose officers set this talk afloat. I have letters from several parts of the State complaining of this hostile spirit, and any number of retaliatory measures are suggested. Some of these might be adopted, not in the spirit of retaliation, but as a matter of general public concern. It is proposed, for example, that a law be passed compelling every railroad in the State to keep a flagman at every surface crossing. Such a law would save many lives, and would be no more than fair to the public.

"It is proposed to forbid any railroad company to collect a fare or ticket from any passenger who has not a seat in the passenger car. Such a law would be both proper and popular. It is also proposed to compel the railroad companies to adopt a uniform style of passenger ticket, and to forbid the printing of the absurd restrictions and limitations which every passenger is now called upon to read when he receives his ticket.

"We have thousands of merchant shippers among the wheelmen of this country, and it is proposed to circulate among these merchants printed directions and requests for information on all points where the Inter-State Commerce law is wilfully violated. Not to speak too plainly, it is suspected that facts can easily be developed upon which to base a wholesale legislative investigation during the next winter. Directly in the line of retaliation some of our more ardent friends believe that merchants and travelling salesmen should be asked to discriminate in favor of friendly roads in directing the shipment of goods and in travelling from point to point.

"Please understand me: I strongly deprecate any movement of this kind, and would not even assist it if it can possibly be avoided; but it may as well be understood at the outset that we still have ammunition in the locker, and, if we must fight, it will not be altogether on the defensive. We have better business in hand than to fight the railroads, and they have infinitely better business in hand than to undertake a petty warfare against the wheelmen. I am sure the thoughtful and influential railroad officials will not encourage a conflict. Some of the railroads, notably the Baltimore and Ohio, Central Railroad of New Jersey, and the New York Central, have adopted a sensible and consistent course, and have made many friends and much money by the operation. Thousands of wheelmen will travel Westward and home again during the next three months to attend the big meets, and the transportation committees of the league will soon issue official circulars directing this traffic over friendly roads.

"The League of American Wheelmen is growing at the rate of more than two thousand a week, and the best people in the country are with us. We should like to work for good roads, to cultivate friendships, and to avoid conflicts, and these things we shall aim to do and hope our railroad friends will assist us."