

Skat: The Newest Social Fad.

An Old German Card Game Which, Says the Teacher, Will Make Bridge a Back Number.

Skat is, or, rather, skat it is going to be, and the lovers of the famous bridge whist have got to begin all over again if they want to be in the inner circle of those who know not only who's who, but what's what.

Miss Granger, who teaches skat in an uptown hotel, says so, and explains as much of the old German game as can be understood by the technically trained mind of the hearer.

First of all, Miss Granger points about her pretty card room and explains the reasons for her choice of environment.

"I know that most of the teachers of

bought a new picture, a pretty bit of bric-a-brac, a new drape which has to be connected on or admired. It may be a strange house to some in the party and every minute I would notice her eyes taking in some special bit of arrangement which appealed to her. The distraction of the attention of one in a class means the distraction of all.

"When my class comes to the St. Regis they take off their wraps in the reception room, which has only the conventional furniture, a few pictures and the wall and door draperies. Here one look suffices. In this room are the green covered tables,



THE SKAT GIRL OF NEXT SUMMER.

Skat is also spelled skat. Its derivation is wrapped in as much mystery as that of whist or bridge. It has been played for many years in Germany, Austria and Sweden, but only recently in London has it had the vogue it now possesses. In Germany it is the game among the students and army officers. The Kaiser is said to have a game every night of his life. I learned the Leipzig game from one of the German nobility, for there are almost as many varieties of the original game as there are places where it is played, and it is necessary for a teacher to familiarize herself with each form. The Leipzig game is played at the tournaments in that city and is really considered the court game, for every alteration suggested by any player or club is carefully investigated there before the tournaments take place, and either adopted or thrown out entirely.

"There is an American form of skat, for the Germans have great players, and their form of the game will probably be adopted when the game has more vogue, but at present my pupils are preparing to play the English game, which is the Leipzig game with very slight difference in form. King Edward introduced it into England, and the gay set took it up at once.

"On the day of the blizzard two of my former pupils came to the St. Regis and said:

"Oh, Miss Granger, we must begin right away to learn skat, for we might as well give up going to London during the season if we don't know it."

"Incidentally, I might take these two women as a type of what I have discovered in my return from Europe among my pupils whom I taught in whist and bridge when I was here before; that is, that the knowledge of cards and the practice have done more to develop women of the leisure class mentally than anything else that has ever come into their lives.

"When I first taught certain of my pupils—and this was the rule rather than the exception—was almost impossible for me to hold their attention. Their minds were absolutely at the mercy of any fleeting thought; they could not concentrate at all.

"I have said something, and before the mind grasped it I would hear: 'Oh, Miss Granger, do let me tell you what happened on my way here.' Then I would have to

begin all over again, as one does with children.

"Little by little, as whist and bridge have taken more and more of the attention of women in society, so little by little have they learned the lesson of concentration. To-day it is not necessary to put down my cards and say, as I have so often done in the past:

"Ladies, remember every time you speak you are losing time and money." No, from the moment they sit down until the hour is over I have no complaint to make, and I consider that mental development is worth more than can be estimated.

"A young man said to me a while ago on this subject that at first he rather resented the amount of time his wife de-

the question she put to me to be answered. Now she has trained herself to concentrate her attention, entirely through bridge.

"The professor of a well known university here was one of my pupils. He brought his little boy to me and asked me to get up a children's class in whist, for he considered it more necessary for a child to learn concentration than anything else, and he did not know of any better way to acquire it. He said if he had his way a class in whist would be a part of every school's curriculum and that he believed in time it would be.

"I got up the class of youngsters and it was one of my most interesting experiences. At first I had to make up little stories about the cards to interest them. I would say to them that the jack was the son of the queen and king and never went anywhere without them, and little ideas like that. It was not long before they became deeply interested and really played fine games.

"The principal of a fashionable boarding school said to me on this subject that if it were not for the fact that there were still many people prejudiced against cards, she would have a class under my tuition, not so much in her case for the concentration, but because the young girl now must be able to play bridge, and will have to play skat, to be eligible for house parties.

"I know that her point of view is quite right, for the mothers of debutantes come to me with their daughters and say that I must teach them or they will not be invited anywhere and regret loudly that after the sums spent on their finishing, they have not been taught these fashionable games.

"I have one pupil, a girl who has not married, although she has been out several seasons. She tells me that she fully intends to be an old maid, but she is making ready to be a very popular one by becoming proficient in bridge and skat, for she wants people to invite her, and the only reason they will, so she says, is because she will be such a good card player. She is perfectly earnest about it, and at present is probably my crack scholar.

"But to return to skat by way of Leipzig. I attended some of the tournaments there, and they are interesting sights. All the professors and students attend, men with queer lugs on their foreheads and on the backs of their heads, where the cranium develops cardplayers unduly. The prizes range as high as a thousand dollars, which would not be considered much in America, but is a large sum in Germany.

"The usual limit to the skat game among amateurs in Germany is a pouncing point, and one can play without losing more than a dollar an evening. In the army they play for ten pennings, or a cent a point, which makes a very fair betting

fact that your own hand cannot have a good deal spoiled by a bad one of your partner's. That is the great objection to bridge, for there is always a possibility of some one ruining your chances, and when the stakes are high it is a great drawback, from the gambler's point of view.

"The game of skat is played by three usually. The 'game' as it is termed, which corresponds in a way to 'trump,' is made by bidding, and the highest bidder has then to play against the other two. Sometimes another is allowed to play, but the fourth is always on the side of the adver-

to decide whether she will continue or try her luck alone. I do not try to prolong the time, for my stay in any place is limited. I want to perfect my classes and then go to London for the season, then to Berlin, and so on.

"Letters from Switzerland inform me that nothing but skat is played in the places where I have been. Interlaken, where there are extensive English colonies, and I shall form classes there also. I really do believe that all those who contemplate receiving social attentions in England or on the Continent would do well to prepare themselves, for they will find bridge a back number.

"Do I find that what playing has increased among the smart set since I was here last? "

"People play ten times as much; in fact, a person is excluded from nearly everything if she does not know bridge, just as she will be in time without skat. Playing cards is just as much the equipment of a woman in society to-day as are dancing, golf riding and skating."



A JOCK NEVER GOES OUT WITHOUT HIS FATHER AND MOTHER.

sary, and is not allowed to make the game.

"In skat all the cards below seven are taken out; ten are dealt to each of the three players and the remaining two are put in the 'skat' or 'kitty,' as it would be in poker.

"The term 'game' does not exactly correspond with the term 'trump,' for in skat you sometimes make a trump, sometimes you do not, that being at the will of the highest bidder, who controls. The game as played without a trump is called 'nullo.' "

"It is impossible to tell how long it would



FIRST PRIZE AT AN AFTERNOON WHIST.

bridge and other card games go about to the pupils' homes, and I have a few classes in the suburbs which I shall drop off one by one, for the time spent in going and coming to and from a class is a serious consideration. In bridge, three have to go out, anyway, if the class meets at the home of the fourth, so it is just as easy to have them all go to the teacher's rooms.

"But the special reason is this." She points to the plain walls of white mahogany, unadorned by a single frame, about the Louis Quinze rooms, which, except for beautiful tapestries, two handsome bronzes and long, sweeping curtains of Nile green, are devoid of anything to distract the eye and mind.

"A teacher of cards should have a place where everything can be taken in at a glance, where there is absolutely nothing to distract attention from the cards.

"Often, when I began to give lessons in whist, ten years ago, and later in bridge, I have held my classes at different houses. The result has been this:

"A telephone bell rings, and the hostess excuses herself, perhaps there is a message for one of the class, who puts down her cards, runs out of the room and talks perhaps two or three minutes. Altogether, ten minutes may be taken up, and the hand has to be begun again, while every bit of information given has to be repeated. The lesson is limited to an hour, another class has to be reached after that, so all that time is thrown away.

"Again, I have found in going from house to house that perhaps the hostess has

the gilt chairs, nothing more. While I am giving my lesson not a note, telegram or telephone call is allowed; the butler locks the door and the hostess is so perfectly built in regard to acoustics that a big dinner might be given across the hall and no one would hear a sound."

Seating her visitors at one of the round tables, Miss Granger begins her explanation of skat, the rage at present in England and long the favorite court game in Germany.



ORIGINAL SKAT PLAYERS.

voted to bridge, but as he realized the positive benefit her mind was receiving through the only form of mental discipline she had ever had since she left boarding school, he changed his opinion.

"When I used to try to converse with her," he explained, "her thoughts would fly off like a humming bird, her answers would be irrelevant and she would never wait for

game. Here in New York it is claimed that skat enthusiasts have played for a dollar a point, but I have only rumor for that statement.

"Those who play all sorts and kinds of gambling games contend that skat is superior to poker and to whist, for it combines the elements of chance and skill; it is greatly superior to bridge from the



DEBUTANTES LEARNING SKAT FOR THE SUMMER'S CAMPAIGN.

Jiu Justso; a Brief but Sufficient Treatise on a New but Noble Art

It frequently happens that a man finds himself in a position where he requires some simple and effective means of defending himself against a greater strength than his own. The following accurately explained rules will be found adapted to all forms of attack and defense.

If you are approached at any time in a suspicious manner by a shady friend, be prepared for the fivea touch, and when the opponent extends the glad hand twist the hand above the wrist and twist the elbow out of joint. This will successfully foil the intended touch and decrease the likelihood of subsequent similar attacks.

Beware of the utter stranger who endeavors to speak to you at the railway station. If he looks you squarely in the face, take his nose between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand and twist it outward and upward until the tip touches the forehead. Should he attempt to strike you in the meantime (or anywhere else), trip him up and lay him gently but very politely upon his neck, taking care all the time to smile and ask after his family.

If you are met in a dark street by two thieves who approach you from opposite directions, take each one by the nape of the neck and bump their heads together. This is called the hokey pokey, and will result in causing the diversion, the two thieves attacking each other at once, thus giving you a chance to escape without ruffling or unfluffing your temper.

If the crowd in a street car becomes too dense for your comfort, just take the tip of the index finger and touch each of the ladies within reach under the chin. The ladies will draw back and give you all the room you desire. This is the famous kitchi kitchi.

Should you kill your brother and a policeman come to arrest you, lie in wait for him

at the door of the parlor, and as he enters, kick him in the knees with both feet at once, then winding his left arm twice around his waist, throw him up into the chandelier and leave him there. In bidding him farewell, avoid any touch of irony which might cause him chagrin.

Whatever happens, always maintain a cheerful and smiling countenance.

If the father of the girl you are courting attempts to put you out at one or two in the morning, speak him gently. Should he force his attentions upon you, give him tatapapa, effecting it by seizing his upraised foot with the right hand and the collar of his dressing gown with the left, placing your right foot against his stomach and thrusting him out the front door. These motions should follow one another so rapidly as to form practically one movement.

If while seated in a friendly game of poker an acquaintance draws a knife and tries to stab you in the heart, catch the point of his knife between the thumb and forefinger and give it a short, quick twist toward your opponent's throat, then shove his elbow until the knife strikes out of the back of his neck. This is called dagoon and should be used only in extreme cases and then by an expert in Jiu Justso, as it requires a thorough knowledge of the art to restore your opponent.

If in the course of a little family altercation your wife should seize the rolling pin and attempt to brain you, advance toward her with calm self-assurance and a cheerful smile until just within range of the weapon. Hold your head within reach of her arm and as she swings the pin, duck and grasp her around the waist as the pin goes by. Lift her bodily and toss her over into the corner, expressing the hope that she will enjoy the place.

If you should happen to awake in the night alone in the house and find the light of a dark lantern and the muzzle of a revolver in your face, backed by a vicious looking thug, throw up your hands and surrender, for Jiu Justso won't help you any.

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE.

Caustic Explanation.

From the Birmingham Post.

When the young mistress of the house entered the kitchen she carried herself with great dignity. She had come to call the cook to account.

"Mary," she said, "I must insist that you keep better hours than that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last night I was kept awake because of the uproarious laughter of one of your young women friends."

"Yes, mum, I know," Mary replied cheerfully, "but she couldn't help it. I was telling her how you tried to make cake yesterday morning."

Tommy Changed His Mind.

From the Boston Record.

Little Tommy had brought the teacher a handsome bouquet of roses, and as she placed it on her desk his little heart swelled with pride. During the morning session she had occasion to correct and punish him for some infraction of the rules, and he went back to his seat very much disconcerted, not to say humbled, in spirit. "He thought it all over and at the close of the session presented himself before the teacher.

"What was the charge?" asked the Court.

"After thinking a while the prisoner looked up and said: 'Ah'm not quite shun, but Ah tink it was 'tree dollars, yer Honor.' "

Charge as He Remembered It.

From the Albany Journal.

Judge Brady had a colored man before him in police court and he asked him when he had been arrested before. The fellow scratched his head, thought a moment and then said: "Ah tink it was about a year ago, Judge."

"What was the charge?" asked the Court.

"After thinking a while the prisoner looked up and said: 'Ah'm not quite shun, but Ah tink it was 'tree dollars, yer Honor.' "

Couldn't Break the News.

From the Washington Post.

Senator Dignon of Idaho was United States Marshal there during the Territorial days. A. J. Underfoot from the East came to Blackfoot with a large roll of money to be

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE.

Caustic Explanation.

From the Birmingham Post.

When the young mistress of the house entered the kitchen she carried herself with great dignity. She had come to call the cook to account.

"Mary," she said, "I must insist that you keep better hours than that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last night I was kept awake because of the uproarious laughter of one of your young women friends."

"Yes, mum, I know," Mary replied cheerfully, "but she couldn't help it. I was telling her how you tried to make cake yesterday morning."

Tommy Changed His Mind.

From the Boston Record.

Little Tommy had brought the teacher a handsome bouquet of roses, and as she placed it on her desk his little heart swelled with pride. During the morning session she had occasion to correct and punish him for some infraction of the rules, and he went back to his seat very much disconcerted, not to say humbled, in spirit. "He thought it all over and at the close of the session presented himself before the teacher.

"What was the charge?" asked the Court.

"After thinking a while the prisoner looked up and said: 'Ah'm not quite shun, but Ah tink it was 'tree dollars, yer Honor.' "

Charge as He Remembered It.

From the Albany Journal.

Judge Brady had a colored man before him in police court and he asked him when he had been arrested before. The fellow scratched his head, thought a moment and then said: "Ah tink it was about a year ago, Judge."

"What was the charge?" asked the Court.

"After thinking a while the prisoner looked up and said: 'Ah'm not quite shun, but Ah tink it was 'tree dollars, yer Honor.' "

Couldn't Break the News.

From the Washington Post.

Senator Dignon of Idaho was United States Marshal there during the Territorial days. A. J. Underfoot from the East came to Blackfoot with a large roll of money to be

THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF LIFE.

Caustic Explanation.

From the Birmingham Post.

When the young mistress of the house entered the kitchen she carried herself with great dignity. She had come to call the cook to account.

"Mary," she said, "I must insist that you keep better hours than that you have less company in the kitchen at night. Last night I was kept awake because of the uproarious laughter of one of your young women friends."

"Yes, mum, I know," Mary replied cheerfully, "but she couldn't help it. I was telling her how you tried to make cake yesterday morning."

Tommy Changed His Mind.

From the Boston Record.

Little Tommy had brought the teacher a handsome bouquet of roses, and as she placed it on her desk his little heart swelled with pride. During the morning session she had occasion to correct and punish him for some infraction of the rules, and he went back to his seat very much disconcerted, not to say humbled, in spirit. "He thought it all over and at the close of the session presented himself before the teacher.

"What was the charge?" asked the Court.

"After thinking a while the prisoner looked up and said: 'Ah'm not quite shun, but Ah tink it was 'tree dollars, yer Honor.' "

Charge as He Remembered It.

From the Albany Journal.

Judge Brady had a colored man before him in police court and he asked him when he had been arrested before. The fellow scratched his head, thought a moment and then said: "Ah tink it was about a year ago, Judge."

"What was the charge?" asked the Court.

"After thinking a while the prisoner looked up and said: 'Ah'm not quite shun, but Ah tink it was 'tree dollars, yer Honor.' "

Couldn't Break the News.

From the Washington Post.

Senator Dignon of Idaho was United States Marshal there during the Territorial days. A. J. Underfoot from the East came to Blackfoot with a large roll of money to be

New Utah Senator's Wife Once in Peril From Indians

SALT LAKE CITY, Feb. 4.—When Mrs. Rosemond Sutherland, wife of George Sutherland, the newly elected Senator from Utah, was 2 years old she had a narrow escape from death at the hands of Indians.

Mrs. Sutherland's father, John Percival Lee, settled on South Creek, Beaver county, Utah. His family consisted of his wife, five children, a hired man and a hired girl, 13 years old. On Oct. 23, 1890, his home was attacked by Indians. At the beginning the hired man, Joseph Lillywhite, was wounded in the chest, and he remained a helpless spectator of what followed.

Lee was able to shoot three of the Indians in their first rush and then he and Mrs. Lee and the older children strengthened the defence of the doors and windows and prepared for a fight to the death. The logs of which the cabin was constructed furnished absolute protection against bullets.

The oldest daughter, now Mrs. Mary Black of Plute county, Utah, was then a girl of 17. Her mother gave her a knife, with these words:

"The children will be brained and your father and myself shot down if the Indians break into the house. A fate worse than either probably awaits you. Do not suffer yourself to be taken alive."

The mother did not believe it necessary to tell the other children to kill themselves—she could depend on the Indians for that. Lee carefully inspected his barricades and saw that every available weapon of defence was in readiness.

A spell of smoke revealed to the inmates of the house the Indians' next move. The savages had thrown poles and brush on the roof and fired the house.

The mother did not believe it necessary to tell the other children to kill themselves—she could depend on the Indians for that. Lee carefully inspected his barricades and saw that every available weapon of defence was in readiness.

almost suffocated, labored with the wounded man.

Emma, then a girl of eleven, made a rush to the barn, where she secured a crowbar and returned with it in safety. With this implement the father was enabled to tear off some of the roof logs, but the smoke continued to grow denser. Lee was about to start for water when Emma sprang forward again.

"Let me go!" she cried. "If you should get killed what would become of the rest? It won't make any difference about me!"

The mother joined her urges to those of the daughter, and Lee reluctantly consented to let the child venture out again. She made several trips, under cover of her father's gun, and the fire was put out.

The smoke still filled the house. Charles A. Lee, then 9 years old, came to his mother and said he intended to make a break through the Indians and run to Beaver, four miles away, for help. He explained that he would take the short cut down the creek where he could not be followed by horses.

"I know I can sneak through without being caught," he said, "and if they are trying to kill father they won't hurt me, anyway."

Both parents refused to give their consent. At length, with a cry that he would not stay there to be killed by smoke, he made a dash out the door and was gone.

Barefooted, half clothed and covered by blood from the wounded man, the boy escaped the notice of the Indians and ran at top speed toward the town. His feet were trampled and torn by rocks and brambles, but he never slackened his pace until he met a man on the outskirts of the village.

One word, "Indians," caused the man to wheel his horse and race back to Beaver, repeating the boy's cry. Ten minutes later twenty men were riding at top speed for the Lee ranch, where they drove the Indians back.

Similarity of names and the fact that both were early settlers of southern Utah has led to a belief that Mrs. Sutherland was the daughter of John D. Lee of Mountain Meadows massacre fame. The families are in no way related.

Mrs. Sutherland was in Washington when her husband during his term as Congressman from 1901 to 1903. She married at the age of 19, and though now but 40 is a grandmother.