MAKES THE TENEMENTS BLOOM

THE PLANT AND FLOWER GUILD IS BRIGHTENING NEW YORK.

How It Can Be Done Even Though the Back Yards Are Flagged and Earth and Sunlight Are Scarce—Good Women in Country Homes Who Help the Work.

To make flower gardens in New York's back yards and conservatories on the tenement escapes is the aim of the Plant, Fruit and Flower Guild, which has its headquarters at 70 Fifth avenue. Mrs. John Wood Stewart, who has charge of the active work of the society, has been in Egypt this winter, and Miss Ada Fairfield is preparing for the summer campaign. Miss Fairfield is an enthusiast.

"It is pitiful," said she, "to see the constant struggle in the tenement house regions to have a bit of green and blossom in the house. With the exception perhaps of the Hebrews, almost all the immigrants now settling in New York are from country districts, especially the Slavonians and Italians, and they miss the growing plants greatly.

"The most persistent and successful window gardeners in the tenement districts are the Italian women. Pots overflowing with luxuriant greenery almost always decorate their fire escapes and window ledges. Their ideas are utilitarian, however, not æsthetic. The pots are full of 'soup greens,' many of them herbs of a kind not to be found in the market here, except as imported dried from Italy. The Italian woman sometimes has a thrifty box of tomato plants, bearers of the most revered fruit of the earth to the Italian. And I have seen corn growing in an Italian woman's window box, though whether for ornament or profit I cannot say.

"The Jews seem to care least of any people in New York for growing things, and the Germans and Irish the most. The German's love for a garden, and his determination to eat and drink in, one when possible are well known. On the upper East Side there is a German bakery occupied by goodhearted thrifty people. Every spring that German baker goes to the expense of having a load of earth hauled from Long Island to spread on his garden. Because of the absence of sunlight and the presence of the unnatural heat from the furnaces the garden never thrives. But he tries it year after year with unabated care. When it fails, the couple buy palms and rubber plants and potted flowers and put them about, to make it look like a garden, anyway.

"In West Forty-seventh street between Tenth and Eleventh avenues there are five families living up on the rocks. They get up by a staircase from the street. They have four inches of soil on those rocks, and they have flourishing gardens of whatever will grow in four inches of soil. They have an arbor covered with vines, a hammock, and the men, being all mechanics, have fixed up a fountain fed by a hose.

"These, however, are successful experiments. It is different when the people have nothing but a flagged area to utilize. Yet these very people are crazy for growing things. Repeatedly I have known them, when they lived near a place where horses were kept, and oats scattered about, to plant oats in the back yard, simply to have the ground covered with something green.

"We had some club work in a little house in West Forty-fifth street. Our kittens died, and the children buried them in the back yard and planted oats around the graves. The children used to come from all around to see where the kittens were buried. It was the only place in that neighborhood where there was dirt enough to bury a kitten.

"One of our greatest difficulties is in these flagged areas. Children cannot take up the flagging to plant gardens. This is where we expect the Tenement House Department to help us. By a recent court decision landlords must gradually remove the old outhouses from the yards. The landlord cannot leave a hole there. He must fill it with earth. This would make a plot of earth containing perhaps twenty-five square feet. Tenement House Commissioner Crain has told us that he will cooperate with us in any way he can. We hope to arrange the matter so that wherever the inspectors know of one of these being removed he will notify us and we can seize upon the place as a garden.

"The problem is to find out what will grow in such a place. The dry, stored heat of stone walls and the network of pipes underneath are slow death to most plants. We would like to plant permanent things, like shrubs, trees and vines, but the first two are the hardest of all. The poplar and the ailantus are the only trees that will grow in the congested districts of New York.

"Did you know that the man in charge of the Harvard campus has a map of the roots of every tree on the grounds? When anything is the matter with a tree they look at the map and locate the pipe that is leaking and injuring a root.

"We can't be so scientific as that, so we must try to plant such things as will flourish with their roots in an atmosphere of sewer gas. We think that phlox and peonies will grow, especially if cut back in the fall, and perhaps hollyhocks, sunflowers, golden glow and wild cucumber vine. We hope to discover others. Perhaps after a few years we can write a book on species of North American flora adapted to the tenement regions of Manhattan.

"The people love geraniums, and buy them for themselves in great quantities every spring from the geranium carts which go through the tenement districts, so tempting with their masses of scarlet. The trouble is, the little plants have been forced to produce that one blossom, and there is almost no way to make them do well afterward. A great quantity of slips and cuttings have been promised to us from private greenhouses this spring, and we hope to create a boom in geranium culture.

"It is possible to have a good garden in New York under apparently the most difficult conditions, if one knows how. At the University Settlement the back windows overlooked a yard which was full of the desolation of tin cans and tenement house rubbish. The Settlement residents consulted with the people who lived there, planned a garden, furnished seeds, tools and instruction, and their back windows now look upon a flourishing garden, the beds all picked out with clam shells.

"We shall be in a position to furnish slips, cuttings, seeds and ideas. What we want is to get persons or groups of persons in the different parts of the city who will take an interest in backyard gardening and keep a friendly eye upon it. There is a great love for flowers among the people. I found that out during the flower distributions of seven years at the West Side Y. W. C. A. Settlement.

"The children would line up for a block and stand in line for hours, waiting for the flowers to come. I have seen the worst boy in the neighborhood keeping carefully in the shade as he went home to save his roses from wilting. This love of flowers and growing things, we think, can be directed and developed into a great civilizing and educative influence. One successful back yard garden will have more influence and educative force in a neighborhood than a year of ordinary 'nature study' in a big public school."

Every summer there is a standing war between the Police and Fire departments and the fire escape conservatories. It is against the law to have encumbrances on the fire escape. A woman who never knew country life, because she was born in Manhattan, and has seldom been out of the borough, had a greenhouse of twenty-five pots on her fire escape last summer. The eagle eye of the policeman fell upon it, and the dangerous collection had to go, amid many tears.

The guild is planning to provide window boxes this spring which will hang on the fire escapes by stout iron hooks and thus escape confiscation. Last summer they tried a few, which were planted with seeds, and thus required more time and knowledge to bring to success. This year they will try them with slips and cuttings. They would like some one to offer prizes and arrange fall exhibits, as has been done with signal success in Washington and Cleveland for both window and back yard gardens.

In Cleveland the movement rose to the height of a model garden, conducted all summer, where the private gardeners might come for information, advice and practical illustration. Interest rose in Cleveland till seed dealers found their sales larger than they had ever been in the history of the city.

Another branch of the guild work is the distribution of flowers, fruit and jellies in the city hospitals and elsewhere. Fifty-nine such institutions, including hospitals, homes, asylums, missions, day nurseries, diet kitchens and settlements, have applied, up to date, for such distributions in the coming summer. Their requests aggregate 4,766 bunches of flowers, 8,176 glasses of jelly and 1,894 pounds of fruit. The guild has no assurance of meeting requests for fruit or jelly, but it is approximately sure of filling the flower orders from among its friends and branches in the vicinity of New York. Levi P. Morton's gardener, for instance, has a standing order from his employer to send a weekly box of flowers from the Morton country home at Rhinecliff.

Other friends of the guild manage their contributions in different ways. At Fishkill-on-the-Hudson a large and flourishing branch has been conducted for several years by Mrs. Winthrop Sargent of Boston. In this branch are wealthy women of the summer colony and village women who have no wealth except that of their bright hued gardens. Eight collectors drive from garden to garden and collect the packed baskets. The branch has meetings, with programmes and social times, and every fall, when the summer's work is ended, Mrs. Sargent gives a large reception to members.

At Rowayton, Conn., the branch work has taken still a different form, under the charge of Mrs. John Sherman Hoyt of this city. The branch was started in 1902 among the children of the Methodist and the Broad River Sunday schools. They gathered wild flowers that summer and sent 7,000 bunches to the poor of New York. Later it was decided to organize the branch into a flower club, which any one might join on payment of five bunches of flowers a week.

An illustrated lecture was given on tenement house life in New York, which roused both interest and sympathy in the village. Last summer it was decided to have a club garden, in which all who chose might raise their own flowers to send to New York. A lot 50 feet square in the middle of the village was lent to the club. The services of a gardener to prepare it for gardening were given and the club furnished seeds and tools at an expense of only $19.22. Fifty-five children cultivated garden plots there all last summer and sent 15,000 bunches of flowers to the poor of New York.

The Flower Club gave an entertainment which netted them $113, so that they were able to make a generous contribution to the National Guild and still have a good surplus to start this summer's work.

WALCOTT LIVED ON ICE.

How the "Giant Killer" Made the Weight to Fight Kid Lavigne.

A dispute between sporting men as to the weight scaled by Joe Walcott and Kid Lavigne in their memorable fight at Maspeth in 1895 has been settled by Lavigne's old manager, Sam Fitzpatrick, who handled the former lightweight champion on that occasion. This is the way Fitzpatrick explained the details at the scales:

"Lavigne and Walcott were to weigh in at 6 o'clock in the evening of the battle at 133 pounds each or less. They weighed in at a well known Turkish bath house and neither scaled 133. After each had been weighed, Tom O'Rourke, who was Walcott's manager, said:

"'Joe, step on the scales and show them what you really do weigh.'

"Walcott jumped back on the scales and he tipped the beam at exactly 131½ pounds. I then said to Lavigne:

"'Step on the scales, Kid,' and as he did so it was seen that he, too, weighed 131½. As soon as they had been weighed Walcott dashed into a Bowery hotel and threw a good, square meal into himself. It was the first hearty meal that he had eaten that day. The Kid had consumed two good meals, on the other hand, while Walcott, in his eagerness to keep down to 133 pounds, had not taken even a drink of water, but had sucked chopped ice all day.

"Two hours before weighing in time I saw Walcott going about his hotel carrying a pitcher of cracked ice. O'Rourke, who was with him, laughed and said:

"'As both boys are here now, we might as well weigh in without further delay.' To which I responded:

"'We will weigh in at exactly 6, Tom. No earlier.' O'Rourke smiled, but Walcott did not. A short time previous I had written to Jim Kennedy, the manager of the Empire A. C., which pulled off the fight, that I had learned that Walcott could not make the weight. We had $500 forfeit up to make 133 pounds, and I notified Kennedy that if Walcott did not scale under those figures we would claim his forfeit and there would be no fight. I still have a letter from O'Rourke in my possession offering to forfeit the $500 if I would let Walcott weigh in at 135 pounds. I concluded that if it was worth $500 to O'Rourke it was worth $500 to me to keep Walcott down, so I declared that it would have to be 133 pounds or no fight.

"There was no purse offered. The men fought for 50 per cent. of the gross receipts. I had put up my $500 against O'Rourke's $1,000 that Lavigne would stay the fifteen rounds, which was the stipulation. P. J. Dwyer handed me the $500 when he heard O'Rourke make the crack that he was willing to make such a bet. As is the usual thing with Dwyer when he stakes a friend that way, he took down his $500 after Lavigne won and gave the $1,000 to me to split up with the Kid. It was a very cold night and the house had turned out to be below expectations, but the fight was the hottest thing that was ever seen in a ring. I have seen nearly all of them, and I still maintain that it was the best glove fight that ever took place in this or any other country."

It has often been set up as a fact that Walcott and Lavigne were never the same pugilists afterward. For a year at least both men were ailing. Walcott narrowly escaped a knock out in the last round, but it has always been the contention of sporting men who saw the mill that the colored pugilist was greatly weakened by the weight limit, to reach which he was compelled to practically starve himself.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Wind Magic.

O minstrel of ethereal things
That take the heart with all unrest,
Sinking upon long-muted strings—
O March Wind—magic roamer—guest
Revivalant of vanished Springs,
Blow me a memory from the West!

Blow, driving changeful light and gloom
Over the meadow's faded breast!
Waft, on the moment, strange perfume
From dream ways, unimagined, blest—
The breath of violets, ere the bloom,
Blow me a memory from the West!

Fan up the sunset fires of old—
The phœnix in his cloud-bright nest,
The pennoned galleons of the bold,
Slow drifting past the home-hill's crest,
With spoil of crimson, bronze and gold—
Blow me a memory from the West!

Set shouting now the treetops stark,
With Spring's delirious joy possessed!
Lift from the hearth the slumbering spark,
Then make the farthest star thy quest,
That glitters in the lofty dark—
Blow me a memory from the West!

Blow, floating up from Under Springs
The Voice of One that loved thee best—
That vowed to ride upon thy wings,
When of this mortal frame divest!
That Voice to thy wild harping sings,
O March Wind, this is all my best:
Blow no more memories from the West!

EDITH M. THOMAS.

"Trouty."

The far off hills
Are bare and brown;
The maddened rills
Go plunging down.
The ice no more
Withholds its flow;
The wooded shore
Is clear of snow.

The angler who
Resides in town
Now takes his cue
And hurries down
To where in glee
The stream boils out—
He thinks that he
Can sniff a trout.

JOE CONE.

Signs of Spring Down in Maine.

A long farewell to winter with his forty-five below:
We're crawling out from in behind the stove;
We've been buried up all winter under forty feet of snow,
Now we want to hear the birds sing in the grove.

The checkered hens they cackle, and another egg is born,
And the cows they are a-coaring in the yard;
The old hog is a squealing for another whack of corn,
And he's giving of it to us good and hard!

The herring man is with us, selling fish right from the sea,
Salted down ten years ago for use
The maple man doth fleece us every time, that is, when he
Can make us think he's selling maple juice.

We're ripping up the carpets, feeling cross as any bear
While we stretch 'em on a line tied to the shed.
While we ought to feel like praying, we feel more inclined to swear,
While we whale 'em till our eyes with dust are red.

I look up to the ceiling with a countenance of woe,
For I know they've got some new scheme just at hand;
And I know the kitchen paper from the wall has got to go;
It is plain enough for me to understand.

How soon the spring time comes!! 'Twas just the other day
The whitewash brush was flopping overhead;
Yet it must be most a twelvemonth (it don't seem to me that way)
Since they fed me on the woodbox in the shed.

HAMPDEN, Maine. A. M. T.

Romping.

From the Houston Post.

Me for a romp,
What shall I do?
Down on the floor,
Baby, with you!
Up and down stairs,
You on my back,
Grasping my hair,
Riding a pack!
Now for a tumble!
Hang on now tight!
That is dad's girlie,
Now you're all right!
Now I'm a camel,
Watch how I kneel!
Now I'm a choo-choo
Automobile!
Now I'm a tramp,
Now a bow-wow,
Here's where I chase myself—
Hang to me now!

Now let's build houses—
Build a whole town!
Houses and steeples
Just to knock down!
Now take your dolly,
Sing it to sleep;
Dearie, your daddy
Loves you a heap!
Hushaby, baby,
Hushaby, do;
Dearie, here's daddy
Waiting for you
Put down the dolly,
I'll go and hide
You could not find me,
Dear, if you tried!
No, you can't find me
All you can do!
Now you are warmer—
Peek-a-boo! Boo!

The Song of the Retreating Russian Armies.

From the Boston Evening Transcript, Sept. 9, 1904.

We're marching on to freedom, in the dark before the dawning
The shells are bursting round us, and the shrapnel shriek on high.
We're marching on to freedom, through the black and bloody morning,
A crimson thread is in the east and creeps across the sky.

We're hopelessly defeated; let the joyous news be shouted.
Our armies are in full retreat and soon we shall be free.
Outfought and outmanœuvred, outflanked and raked and routed.
Three hundred thousand beaten men are singing like the sea.

Our forces fill the valleys full; the plain is overflowing
Our bayonets clothe the trampled earth like fields of sloping corn.
Above the distant mountain tops the light is slowly growing,
A scarlet cord is in the east and soon it will be morn.

O grave, where is thy victory? O death, where is thy stinging?
We die that Russia may be free—we lose that she may gain.
There's blood upon the road we take; but still we take it singing,
Our triumph is in our defeat, our glory in our pain.

We're marching on to freedom through the blood-red light of morning
The cannon roar behind us and the dead are falling fast
You can see our patient faces, in the crimson of the dawning,
We've suffered through the weary night, but day has come at last.

For we're beaten—beaten—beaten! Let the joyous news be shouted:
We've lost the tyrant's battle now, and soon we shall be free
Wronged, robbed, oppressed, tormented, imprisoned, exiled, knouted,
A hundred million Russian Slavs are rising like the sea.

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

Subwayed and Squelched.

It was a goodly soul who leaned
To me and softly said:
"I think that women of to day
Are somewhat far ahead
Of women of the long ago
For instance, that one's hat
Some women that I used to know
Would sniff their noses at.

"At present women seem to be
Crowding out everywhere
The man of business who once
Was boss of the affair.
Now, here's a woman janitress,
A woman financier,
A woman lawyer and, ah, yes,
A woman prisoner.

"Now, I have always fought against
Progressive womankind;
I say that man should lead ahead
And woman stay behind.
And I assert with vigor that
A man should boldly stand
Up for his rights, denying flat
This petticoated band.

"I don't know how the thing I end,
Though there is not a doubt
If women come along so swift
They'll crowd the men all out—"
He quit; and in the corner seat
Shrank into nothingness;
He was erased, hidden complete,
Squelched by a woman's dress.

HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Who are the people who drop their h's? Isn't it the English, those from England? Are they from a certain part of England? If so, where? Is it a certain class of English—that is, would you call them the ignorant class or the costers?

I. M. G.

Certain English folk are conspicuous offenders, and more conspicuously do they offend by pitching on an h where none belongs. "If a hadich and a ho and a har and a hess and a he don't spell 'orse, why 'ow am Hi to know what it do spell?" was the query below one of Keene's scenes of London life. The part of England where the practice is most persistent lies eastward of Whitechapel and Mile End road, but it has been found even in Albert Gate. You might say that it is the ignorant class and (not on) the costers, for the costers' escapes early and uncontaminated from his board school. But philologists, on the other hand, find in this misuse of h a survival of one of the great dialects of early English speech, which is traceable back to the Heptarchy. The assumption of it is not confined to English people. It is quite common in certain parts of our South among the white people of scant schooling. The Canadian habitant conspicuously offends. That it was a potent influence even in the best period of Latin is to be seen in Catullus:

Ionios fluctus, postquam illuc Arrius isset,
Iam non Ionios esse, sed Hionios.

Which is the richer city, London or New York?

J. R. BOWDEN.

There can be absolutely no comparison, and that for lack of agreement upon the objects to be compared. When we speak of New York we have an act of Legislature to define just what territory is covered in New York. But for London there is no certain set of metes and bounds—they vary for different purposes of government and change almost from month to month. In the same way there can be no definite standard of what constitutes the wealth of either city. If it be no more than a sum of all the values of the parcels of real estate within the city limits there can be nothing to go upon but the assessors' appraisements, and these are cast upon such radically different systems in the two municipalities as to be incommensurable. If the calculation at all deals with the wealth of the individuals who reside within the walls or without, there is a wide variation between the assessment rolls, as sworn off on the one hand, and on the other the picturesque exaggeration of certain types of journalism. With no sacrifice of local pride we may acknowledge that in some respects London may be wealthier than New York, for in the same confession we must note that much of London is in a state of bitter poverty that New York is a stranger to.

1. A friend of mine contends that the name Farragut is an Anglo Saxon name. I allege that it is a Basque name, from the Basque word "farragu," with the 't' added to it after Admiral Farragut's paternal ancestors had lived for some generations in Catalufia; and that the Admiral's father was born in the Balearic Islands. Am I right? 2. Any opinion you may give us or information of the Basque people living on the Bay of Biscay will also be greatly appreciated.

ERNEST GOODSZA.

1. Neither is right as to the Farragut name. In its present shape the name is not known before George Farragut, father of the Admiral, who came to this country and joined the patriot side in the War of the Revolution. His father was Antonio Ferragut of Ciudadella, Minorca. In that form the name is traced back continuously to Don Pedro Ferragut, who fought with James I. of Aragon in expelling the Moors from Minorca in 1229. In the interval the Ferraguts played a prominent part in the affairs of the Balearic Islands, but nowhere do we find any mention of their living in Catalufia. 2. In a brief space it is impossible to say more of the Basque than that they are the only people in history who have never been conquered. Their language, the Euskara, yet remains a puzzle to philologers, for it has no known congener on the lips of men.

What was the nature of the temporal power lost to Garibaldi by Pope Pius IX.? Did the Pope exercise independent monarchial jurisdiction over the Papal States, or was he subject to another monarch? Was the Pope ever recognized as King by the other nations?

T. M. S.

At the end of the Middle Ages and after the healing of the Avignon schism the Pope was in possession of the following States on the Italian peninsula: Romagna, Bologna, Ancona, Camerino, Ferrara and Commachio, Castro and Ronciglione, and Urbino. This was the extent of the possessions of the Pope in 1649. After many of these States had been wrested from him the Congress of Vienna restored practically this list. These formed the Papal States or States of the Church. Over them the Pope exercised supreme civil rule as Duke, Count, Marquis or whatever might in any given case be the designation of suzerainty; in the exercise of such supreme civil authority the Pope was not subject to any one as overlord. None of the States of the Church happened to carry the title of King, but the Pope was recognized by other States as a reigning ruler. Since 1870 the sole remaining temporalities of the Pope are the Vatican and its domain.

A bets that 12 o'clock at night is 12 P. M.; B says it is 12 A. M. Which is right, and, if neither, what should be the abbreviation?

JOHN WALKER.

If you were to attempt to reason this thing out you would soon find yourself in a snarl over an infinitesimal recess. It all depends on the point of view, for when the clock strikes 12 it registers twelve hours that have passed since the preceding noon, yet it may none the less stand for the beginning of a twelve hour space before the next meridian altitude. Such being the case, custom must rule. Most almanacs refer to the midnight 12 as 12 P. M. and then change to 12:01 A. M. To prove to you what little uniformity there is, just run your eye down a column of railway time cards, where, if anywhere, you might expect precision of statement. Here is the way it is dealt with: The first railway in the column referred to says "12:10 night;" the second, "12:10 A. M.;" the third, "12:00 P. M.;" the fourth, "12:15 mdt.;" the fifth, "12:10 night."

What color of hair has the Goddess of Liberty?

FLAVIUS.

So far as appears in the legislation of the Continental Congress the lady's hair is auburn. The first committee having in charge armorial bearings for the rebellious colonies, to wit, Mr. Adams, Mr. Jefferson and Dr. Franklin, invented a Goddess of Liberty for one of the supporters, but they left the details to popular fancy. No such hesitation characterized the ingenious William Barton of Philadelphia. In two designs offered to the Congress in 1782 he included the Goddess of Liberty, and he described her respectively as "a maiden with loose auburn tresses" and "a maiden with flowing auburn tresses." Further than this legislation is silent.

1. What was the date of the great Boston fire? 2. When was Ristori, the great Italian actress, in New York?

1. From Nov. 9 to Nov. 11, 1872, causing a loss of thirty-five lives and $73,000,000. 2. Ristori made her American début Sept. 20, 1866, at the Théâtre Français, a structure which in later evolution bore the names of the Lyceum, Haverly's and the Fourteenth Street Theatre. She appeared in fifty-five pieces in her first engagement. She revisited this country in 1875, and again in 1884-85.

A paragraph in the transactions of the Council of Berwick, Pa., has caused an argument. The issue is lotted on the sentence, "We would recommend that Council exonerate all fire companies of borough taxes and pay company tax for same." A holds that the word exonerate has not been used properly or grammatically, B, who is a native of the State, holds that the term is properly used and is in the statute books.

W. A. K.

Bouvier, with court decisions to back him, rules that exoneration is where a person or estate is relieved from a liability by the liability being thrown on another person or estate.

Tell me the lowest temperature reached last winter in the city and State of New York.

Mrs. J. H. CAMMICHAEL.

The lowest temperature in this city was 4 degrees below zero, Jan. 5, 1904, and the lowest reported by the Climate and Crop Service, New York section, was 46 degrees below zero at Paul Smith's Jan. 19, 1904. Paul Smith's is about ten miles north of Saranac Lake.

Please publish the date on which President Garfield was shot by Guiteau.

E. P. McD.

President Garfield was shot July 2, 1881, and died Sept. 19 following.

Finland.—Capt. John G. Hulphers, master of the Old Dominion steamship Monroe, very courteously supplies the information in reply to Cropsey's question that the best work of reference on Finland is "Finland," by Prof. N. C. Frederiksen, published by Longmans, Green & Co. Capt. Hulphers is a Finn and is certainly cognizant of the subject, and his commendation of the book should carry weight.

All Right.—Several anxious inquirers have encountered the location all right and seem in some doubt what to do therewith. Their letters severally propose alright, allright and all right. The dictionaries have not as yet taken cognizance of any but the form all right. If for any reason that simple and customary statement prove objectionable, one may always fall back on O. K.

Termination -cion.—Two more words have been added to the list by M. T., making seven in all which end in -cion. The two new exemplars are cion and pernicion. The same diligent investigator of words by their latter end supplies a list of nineteen words ending in -doms. This, of course, removes that termination from curious study.

SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Whiskey Poker. J. S. O. says: A knocks, B draws again, both have equal straights. Which wins?

Neither. The act of closing gives no advantage in the showdown that follows.

Pinochle. W. F. H. says: Four hand cut throat, melds to count whether the player gets a trick or not. A melds enough to get 1,000 on the slate, but does not win a trick. No one else gets to 1,000. Does A win, or must they play another hand?

A won the game when he made his meld. If his meld was good without winning a trick, it was wasting time to play the hand, because the game was practically "meld out."

Colos. G. E. C. says: A, B and C are matching, the odd man to lose. A and B are using respectively a United States half and quarter dollar, while C has a Canadian quarter. On the show A has a tail, B a head and C has the head up, but this side has no date. A bets B loses.

In the United States dates are heads, and the ruling is usually applied to all coins when used for matching in the United States, so A is right.

B. H. L. says: Bidding to the player who deals, points bid to count. A needs two only when he deals. B bids him one when C is willing to bid four if necessary. A refuses to raise B's bid of one. Now C insists that as A refused one only he need make only one to save a set back, and C ought to have the right to bid two, so as to make A give him the pitch or make two himself. This would prevent A holding the pitch when he had no right to.

C cannot change the rules of a game to suit a particular case. The rule says that a player cannot bid the seller out, and that if the seller refuses he must make as many as bid. How can C bid two and ask the seller to refuse it at the same time? In this case, as in many others, it should be noticed that the dealer has no right to sell. That privilege belongs to the eldest hand, not to the dealer.

Shasta Sam. J. G. says: How are you going to tell whether or not a man follows suit at this game? He might have a ten blank and not play it on your lead.

You cannot tell. That is one of the things that prevent this game from being as popular as it might be.

Bridge. H. McC. says: We cannot find any laws governing duplicate bridge. Suppose after a hand has been played at the first table, the leader at the second table finds he has fourteen cards. What does he do? In this case the dealer had already declared and it was dummy that was short, but the dealer made it before dummy had even looked at his cards.

There are as yet no laws for duplicate bridge, but at tournaments where the duplicate form is played the laws of the A. W. L. are generally adopted to cover all matters of irregularity in the hands. Under these laws, the hand would be sent back to the table it came from and there act right by those who had just played it. This is assuming, from the statement of the case, that the leader had not played to the first trick.

J. P. K. says: The dealer passed the make. Dummy called hearts. The leader asked if he should play and the pone doubled. Dummy went back, and before the pone had time to say anything, the eldest hand said, "I'll double you." Does this double stand, or must the pone be forced to double on his own account?

The dummy is the one to decide whether or not the irregular redouble shall stand, because he is the player who is irregularly doubled.

T. N. says: Hearts were trumps, three more cards in each hand to play. The dealer led a club, of which suit dummy had only one small card, his other two cards being trumps. Before either the eldest hand or dummy had time to play to the dealer's lead, the fourth hand put down the winning club, with the remark: "That ends it. Rest are ours," he having in his hand the best trump, and knowing that his partner had the second best. The dealer bets he can call on the eldest hand to trump the club if he does not hold a club.

The dealer is right, under the rule, 82, which allows him to call upon the second hand to win the trick if he can, when the fourth hand plays before his partner. Calling upon him to trump the trick is incorrect, as he may have the suit. The proper expression is to "win" the trick if he can.

C. D. says: A played a card, second hand, but before the third hand played he took it back and substituted another. On being called upon to play the card, B'd first shown, insisted that as it had not been covered, i. e., played to by the following player, he could take it back as a played card, leaving it on the table as an exposed card.

If the card was taken back to save a revoke, which is not stated, the player is right, otherwise, there being no question of correcting a revoke, the first card shown must be played and the second card, if not the dealer's, becomes an exposed card.

Cribbage. J. D. says: In a four hand game the cards fall 6, 5, 8, 5. D pegs the run of four. A says "go" and B plays a 5, claiming thirty one and another run of four. The run is disputed.

There is no run for 8, because if the cards are laid out in the order in which they were played it will be found that the order was 6, 5, 8, 7, 5, so that the duplicate 5 is reached before the run is complete. Many players in four hand make the mistake of counting what shows face up, instead of the order of the play.

J. F. N. and many others write about as follows: I have played cribbage for many years and have never seen a hand in which the pone could be prevented from pegging at least one hole either in a two, three or four hand game. Will THE SUN please give an instance of such a hand and the play?

This is in answer to the statement made in THE SUN on Feb. 19 that it was possible for the dealer not to peg anything for A, B or C, a fifteen, or a run, or a last card." Among many examples of such cases, the following is sent by J. F. W.: A held 3, 6, 7, A. B held 10, 10, J, Q. C held 6, 7, 8, 9. The play on the first round was: J., 9, 6, go, 6. On the second round: A. Q., 8, 3, go, 7. On the third round: 7, 10, 10. Cribbage players who like puzzles may study out a hand in which the dealer shall peg nothing but a go in two hand, that is, no pair, fifteen, run or last card.

W. G. F. wants to know how to count this hand: A held the two black jacks, 10 of diamonds and 9 of clubs, and the heart jack was the starter.

If the three jacks are laid out in a triangle each side will make a pair, 6 holes. Then the 9 and 10 will make a run of three with each of the jacks, 6 more holes, 12 holes in all.

Poker. A. B. L. says: A dealt five cards to each of six players and then somehow picked up another pack, which he thought was part of the pack he had been dealing with, and gave another card to each of the first seven, making them six cards each. Two men threw up their hands, claiming a misdeal, while two others insisted that inasmuch as the extra cards were dealt from another pack it was not a misdeal.

The mere fact of giving more than five cards to more than one player makes it a misdeal, apart from the additional irregularity that the pack from which the cards were dealt was imperfect, because it contained duplicate cards.

G. L. D. says: B's blind; all ante and draw. C bets a white chip. The dealer raises it. B makes good and says: "I see the raise and call." C wants to raise the dealer. B bets he cannot, as B said he called.

B cannot call while there is a player behind him still to be heard from. He can call the dealer, but that does not stop C from raising the player who raised him, because C still has to put chips in the pool to meet the dealer's raise, and when a player is called on to put more in the pool, he can always do one of three things—drop out, call or raise.

D. A. says: In a jackpot, when it came to a call, the opener laid down his whole hand, saying "Only queens here." Next man showed two cards only, saying, "aces here." The third man showed jacks up and reached for the pot. Thereupon the second man showed the rest of his hand, which contained a pair of trays with his aces. Third man says he is too late.

Aces up wins the pot. Third man should not have shown his hand until all the five cards in the second hand were shown, as all hands must be shown in a call every card in them.

Freeze Out. H. G. says: It is a jackpot, and it is up to the dealer to open it. He has openers, but his last chip is already in the pot. Must the other men chip in, or do they show down for the pot after the draw?

Those who still have chips can raise each other before the draw if they please, and can bet each other after the draw. If either can beat the dealer, they take the pot. If he beats both of them, he takes the original pot, and the higher of the two other hands takes the balance, that is the amount they bet after the dealer had his last chip up.

Pinochle. T. E. H. says: In two hand, A has 980 up, and B has 950. B deals. A leads trump ace and melds 40, calling out. B insists that A must win another trick to go out.

B is wrong. Winning the trick with the ace of trumps made good any meld that A had in his hand before drawing a card from the pack, and as that meld was enough to put him out, A wins the game. Winning another trick would give A another meld, which he does not need.

T. F. McC. says: In four hand clubs trump. A leads a diamond. Second man trumps. Third man follows suit. Fourth man has no diamond. Must he play a small trump, or must he win his partner's trick if he can?

He must win his partner's trick if he can.

L. T. H. says: A has enough in his tricks to go out, but has not called out. Can B call out while A is in the lead?

Yes. But if he is wrong he loses the game, no matter how many A has.

P. C. P. wants to know if four kings and four queens can be melded all at once in two hand.

No. A separate trick must be won for each meld made. To score 220 it would take five tricks: six kings first, then 40 and two 20's and finally 60 queens, losing one marriage.

G. S. says: If both sides meld enough to go out in a partnership game, do they have to play the hand out, or does the first trick settle it?

The first trick won makes the meld good and puts the side out before the other side can make their meld good.

"DARK HORSES" IN BOXING.

Fistic Records Show That Backing Them Is a Good Betting Proposition.

Backing "dark horses" in the ring in championship fights may not look like a safe betting proposition, but it is. When one goes to look back over the records of important ring battles it certainly sounds logical enough. A pugilist cannot be "doped" like a racehorse. If this were possible, Joe Walcott would come as near being the heavyweight champion as Jim Jeffries, the recognized leader in this class. Walcott whipped Joe Choynski, who fought the boilermaker a draw, and so on.

Naturally most of the "dark horses" in championship encounters were the under dogs as far as the odds were concerned. When the champion of a certain division is matched against an aspirant he is sure to be made a strong favorite, no matter what the reports of his condition may be. The public knows what he can do and expects him to live up to his reputation. Invariably the odds on his chances are 2 to 1 and better.

When Jack Dempsey was matched against Bob Fitzsimmons, everybody who thought that he knew anything about the game concluded that Dempsey had an ironclad cinch on the result and figured that the Cornishman was in for a severe thrashing. Dempsey money was everywhere, and his friends mortgaged everything they had to get their greenbacks down on him. But Dempsey was whipped just the same, and by a man who it was thought had not the slightest chance of a victory.

So great a hold had John L. Sullivan upon the affections of the public that when he was matched against Jim Corbett for the heavyweight title in 1892 the large majority of the sports refused to look upon the young bank clerk from California in any other light than as a loser. In fact, the bout was all along regarded as the easiest thing in the world for Sullivan, and when he entered the ring the big fellow was an overwhelming favorite. They were laying as much as 5 to 1 that he would win. And when Corbett knocked the ex-champion out more than one follower of the ring went clean broke.

The same thing was illustrated in the case of Jim Corbett against Bob Fitzsimmons at Carson City in 1897. It was admitted that Fitz was a great fighter and all that, but to beat a man of Corbett's known cleverness and reputation was thought to be impossible, especially by a man like Fitz, who had the worst of the bargain in point of weight. But again the "dark horse" triumphed. Corbett was outfought from the start and eventually put away with a blow in the solar plexus.

After that mill the Cornishman was regarded as invincible by every one who thought he knew how to size up a real mighty pugilist. But his turn came when he tackled Jim Jeffries at Coney Island in 1899. Previous to that mill Jeffries had not done anything to warrant any enthusiasm over his chances. He was big and strong, it is true, but had not displayed anything near championship form. Fitz, so his friends said, treated Jeffries as a joke.

"Why," he told them, "he is so big I can't miss him. Just one swat is all I want and he will go down." The betting was all on Fitz's side and the money went down on him in bunches. Again the favorite players were wrong, for the big, brawny fighter from the West took all the blows that Fitz could send over and finally knocked Lanky Bob out.

"Dark horses" have upset calculations among the little men, too. After Terry McGovern's winning streak, and especially so after he had conquered the mighty George Dixon in a manner to convince the critics of his greatness, it was whispered all along the line that he could not lose. So when Terry was matched to meet Young Corbett at Hartford, McGovern's friends were laughing in their sleeves and were figuring upon just how they would spend their money. Ring followers remember the outcome of that mill pretty well. Terry was put to sleep in just two rounds and by a man of whom little was really known in the East. McGovern's friends thought that their man had been whipped by a chance blow, so another match was arranged. This time the affair took place at San Francisco and the result was the same.

Young Corbett's recent defeats by Jimmy Britt and "Battling" Nelson were instances of the talent going wrong again. Joe Bowker proved to be a good dark horse when he defeated Frankie Neil recently in England. So did "Pedlar" Palmer when he fought Billy Plimmer the first time and repeated the dose later on. Terry McGovern surprised the fight sharps when he conquered Palmer at Tuckahoe, N. Y., as did Kid Lavigne when he went abroad and dethroned England's pride among the lightweights, Dick Burge. This list will be increased as time goes on, and dark horses are certain to figure in ring history. In nine cases out of ten the man who bets against the favorite in a fight will come out a winner in the end.

PISTOL AGAINST RIFLE.

A Hard Fought Duel in Indiana, With a Log Between the Fighters.

INDIANAPOLIS, March 11.—The circumstances of an attempted assassination and a remarkable duel, which followed it, came to light here this week with the arrest of Samuel Smith, a young farmer living near Nora, in this county. Sympathy with Smith, the would be assassin, who was believed by his neighbors to be justified in his attempt on the life of the destroyer of his domestic peace, made them keep the affair a secret till his victim was near death. Then the attending physician felt that he could not honorably refrain from notifying the officers of the law.

Elmer Jennings and Albert Smith were seated on a log in front of the schoolhouse at Nora when the report of a rifle startled them. A bullet passed between them, so close to Jennings's head that it carried away a lock of his hair. About 150 feet away stood Samuel Smith, a nephew of Albert.

As he was recognized he raised the rifle to his shoulder and sighted along the barrel. The two men on the log sprang to their feet. Jennings grabbed Albert Smith around the waist and held him between himself and the man with the gun. In the struggle a part of Jennings's body was exposed. Instantly there was a report, and a bullet from the rifle ploughed through his back.

Jennings released his hold on Smith and fell to the ground, but managed to crawl behind the log before another shot could be fired. From this protection he sent two shots from his revolver after Smith, but both went wild. A third shot from the repeating rifle struck Jennings in the thigh and broke the bone.

The pain of the wound compelled Jennings to throw his leg on top of the log. Instantly there was another shot from the rifle, and a bullet pierced the calf of his leg. The wounded man fired two more shots from his revolver, but neither took effect. He was then reduced to one shot, and, fearing that Smith would advance upon him, he kept it in