

Prof. Adler Talks

Calls Our Laws Ideal and Praises the Common Schools

"The laws of the State of New York," says Prof. Felix Adler, "are quite ideal; the trouble is with their enforcement."

There is perhaps no one in the city of New York who is more competent to express himself trenchantly and advisedly on this subject, for though Prof. Adler's work is connected in the minds of the reading public with the mystic phrase "ethical culture," in reality it embraces every department of reform and progress.

On one of the few mornings of the week when Prof. Adler is at home the interviewer has an opportunity, uninterrupted by the usual many calls on the professor's time, to find out something about these many reforms as well as the real meaning of the ethical culture movement, so well advertised and so little understood.

Prof. Adler spends a great deal of his time at the Ethical Culture School, now in the second year of its brief but prosperous life; some of his remaining hours are given to Columbia College, where a chair was created for him and where on certain days he lectures on political and social ethics. Besides this he is the chairman of the National Child Labor Committee. He was the instigator of temperance reform, and Jacob Hill speaks of him as his master in this movement. He established the first free kindergartens in San Francisco and Cincinnati; his manual training shop preceded the initial one in the public schools, as these in turn, according to the professor, preceded those now established in France and Germany.

There are many men, nearer the focal point of the public eye, who are much better known than Prof. Adler. This is due largely to his personality, which is far removed from the aggressive. His influence, dominating it, is a domination of the intellect rather than of physique and manner. To gain even a short interview one has to go through a sort of third degree, kindly administered, it is true, but no less a third degree.

The years have dealt kindly with Prof.



PROF. ADLER.

Adler, for, as he himself speaks of his work in periods of three and four decades, it is no breach of confidence to say that his hair is sparse and his face furrowed with the keel of time, which allows no returning ripples to hide its advance.

His spare body, the student stoop, the broad expanse of brow, the clear, emotionless eye, the steady gravity of the face, which seems to speak a minor tune to great problems, broken now and then by a radiance of human sympathy, are all evidences of that mentality which the words "ethical culture" express.

Prof. Adler speaks first and best of the

Ethical Culture School. It is easy to see that his heart is in that work.

"The school was dedicated in the first place," he says, "as Supt. Maxwell said in his address at the laying of the cornerstone, to the proposition that no human being is a negligible quantity; that a higher nature, which we call 'the soul,' is latent in every child of man, and that it is the greatest thing on earth to labor for the actualizing of what is potential in human nature."

"The house and all external appointments may be perfect, the technique of instruction may be in accord with the latest requirements of educational science, the curriculum may be rich and varied, and yet, if the right spirit does not prevail in the school, the whole object of education is defeated. The aim of the Ethical Culture School is to create the right spirit, to provide an atmosphere in which self-respect and consideration for others and an ideal outlook on life shall spontaneously grow up."

"I believe this task of eliciting the higher nature should inform and inspire the work of education in all its branches. Serious intellectual interests and enthusiasms should be awakened by the right sort of teaching, in order to counterbalance the pleasure-loving and self-indulgent tendencies which are fostered by the life of a great commercial city and the excessive emphasis on athletic sports which at present largely prevails in our colleges and preparatory schools."

"The ethical culture training gives to athletics due encouragement within their proper sphere, but is strenuously opposed to the excessive stress which is being placed on games and sports in many quarters."

"There is another feature of ethical culture training. It makes its aim to preserve and to be true to the democratic tradition to be a common school. We must realize that, while the public schools in the country districts and in small towns are still common schools, in the great cities our public schools are no longer in the full sense common schools in the sense that they are common to all classes."

"In the poorer districts of great cities the public schools often very largely a class school, a poor school; elsewhere it is patronized by a part of the middle class and by the poor, but in increasing numbers the wealthy are no longer educating their children in the common schools, but in class schools, where they meet only members of their own class."

"I believe that the class school is an evil, whether it be a school of the rich or of the poor."

"We must make every effort to retain the common schools, because without them

we shall see the gulf widening between the social classes—and it is already far too wide. Only then can there be coherence between the members of the social classes, when children in their infancy are impressed with the democratic idea of the facts, and not merely by words. And I say to the wealthy with and business, whether it be found in the son of the mechanic or of the banker. "I congratulate the child that has, in its youth, the healthy friction which is to be well educated in the largest sense that is not educated in a common school."

Prof. Adler was asked if ethical culture was absolutely necessary and if the moral training of school and life was not sufficient.

"The ethical culture training builds up definite ideals of action and endeavor," he replied. "Vague sentiments are by their very nature unstable. Habits tend to run in grooves, to be associated with specific types of conduct, while incapable by their very nature of being extended to other related types or to new situations. The main question has to do with the face and with which the school is concerned is this: What type of man and of woman do we wish to create? What is to be the human outcome of the process of education? What part do we wish the men and women taught by this method to play in the world?"

"It is not enough to instill the highest aim for a Jesuit school; a Mennonite, a Mohammedan could make the same claim. There are many divergent types of character. One must specify the character he has in mind. The type of character we seek to

to abuse this offer. "A sad commentary on this deplorable state of affairs, which so far has only been lightly touched by reform, is in the answer of a teacher in a factory neighborhood to the question as to whether the children she knew were sent to work on account of some real family necessity. She thought a moment before answering: 'I can at this moment think of but one family whose children are at work under age in which there is no drinking.'"

"The leader of a boys' club says: 'Our boys' primary reason for going to work is not that they or their parents need money. They go because the other boys go. They do everything in the gang spirit.' "There is no question before the public to-day that engages so much attention as this of child labor. Men who never allow their names to appear with any movement, no matter how progressive or what their private aim may be, come out boldly. Clergymen of every denomination, a long list of bishops of the Church, have lent their aid in this way, and even the Sweden-



AN UNCONSCIOUS PICTURE OF BRAIN AND MUSCLE.

produce it that which answers to the needs and expresses the ideal aspirations of the American democracy.

"Social progress does not consist in the mere betterment of external conditions, in the improvement of the social machinery or in the mere increase of the sum of human happiness. The degree of perfection to which a society has attained is measured by the degree to which the social life reacts on individuals so as to develop their intellectual, aesthetic and moral personality. The perfection of a given society is proportioned to the number of fine, strong, able and just men and women in it."

"The poor widow, dependent on her children for support," he says, "is often a hypothetical rather than a real person, but when she is real and demands our sympathy, society, through legislation, must determine that the mothers who are bearing burdens heavier than they can carry shall not unload them on their children. Society must protect both the mother and the child, and this can be done without pauperizing them."

"Groups of public spirited people in New York and Illinois, realizing that in exceptional cases a child may be working hard, have assumed responsibility by a system of school scholarships; that is, the equivalent of the child's wages has been paid regularly to the child, and this is one of three gifts, recently made, aggregating \$75,000."

borgian sect, by its minister, Mr. Smythe, has ranked itself with our workers.

"Legislation advances but slowly, as in all vital matters. The practical work is evidenced by the formation of committees and the use of pamphlet literature to create and keep alive public interest.

"Our work among the classes where child labor is prevalent has taught us that the question of sending children to work rather than to school is, generally speaking, a question of intelligence rather than of poverty. The more intelligent and ambitious parents are the more anxious they are to secure for their children an education, the more willing to deny themselves in the present for the future good. It is only the worst class who look upon a child as an asset to be put to use as soon as possible."

"The step from child labor to the ethical school is not so far as it seems, superficially considered, when more than half of the pupils in the ethical culture establishment are scholarship pupils and all that is required is that a child shall have ability and decent home surroundings."

"No school which deserves the name," said Prof. Adler, in conclusion, "can exist to-day without endowment. Philanthropists who have made this subject a study agree in this and in the need to suffer. The stings and arrows of real-estate fortune—

That is something like what the lines would sound in the Mansfield dialect. Even here, however, improvement is discernible. Mansfield still falls far short of the limpid utterance of Forbes Robertson; but at his worst he is better than Irving.

If there is an English speaking actor who has richer physical resources in his art, I have still to know him. His figure is naturally erect, athletic, stalwart, and is yet capable of being attenuated by the easiest of make-up to the dandyism of Brummel, or reduced by unforced mimicry to the decrepitude of Icarus. His features have the character and regularity necessary to stand the glare of the footlights, yet no one of them is so salient as to prevent the greatest extremes of impersonation. Forbes Robertson looks gaunt and nasal in whatever character, Irving ascetic and austere. Mansfield can transform himself into hero or villain, comedian or tragedian. He can look radiant and rosy youthful in one act and haggard to the point of death in the next. His Richard and his Brummel are a whole world removed from each other; yet each in the limits of a single play passes in his own way from youthful joy and vigor to despair and death. It has been acutely remarked that Gutzkow owed a large part of his versatility to the regularity, almost periodicity, of his masques. Mansfield is similarly fortunate.

The touchstones of histrionic genius is in none of these things. It is in the power of giving vibrant force and varied color to the verbal utterance of emotion. An opera singer may have a voice; an actor must. Some excellent voices suggest silver. They do very well for the minor movements of the heart, the pearly rhapsody, moonlight of the spirit. Mansfield's voice is pure gold. Even in its most delicate and colloquial shadings it has the fresh color, the unmistakable authenticity of sunlight. Its anger is torrid, its rage scintillating; and when the shadow of defeat, despair, and even death, passes over and into it it glows with the crimson and the purple of sunset. In that sobriety restrained excess of the quarrel between Brummel and Cozzoni of the austere carriage and the hammy eye of the actor will linger long in memory; but what swelled the veins and lifted the heart into the throat was the smouldering pathos of the voice.

O Cæsar, I am sick of my great grief... No man bears sorrow better. Fortis is dead. In the scene before Agincourt King Henry's prayer swelled like an organ with majestic spiritual fervor.

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RICHARD MANSFIELD, ACTOR.

A GENIUS UNSURPASSED, WHOSE NAME IS WRIT IN WATER.

The New Mansfield and His Popularity—Artistic Equipment—Irving and Forbes Robertson, Actor Intelligence and the Other Kind—Star Drama.

Late one evening a year or so ago Richard Mansfield amused the remnant of a party of friends by a series of burlesque and imitations at the piano quite in the vein of Prince Karl. The subjects were Parisian, and, improving both words and music, Mr. Mansfield passed from the lightest of sobriety ditties to the sentimental outpourings of popular melodrama. It was a truly remarkable and altogether delightful feat in a piano long ago abandoned in public performance. "Admirable!" exclaimed one of the listeners, in a somewhat mistaken burst of enthusiasm. "How they would rise to you in Paris!"

The youthful face of the actor, wreathed in rollicking laughter, suddenly became quite grave. "This isn't my best line, you know," he said. In fact, it was not, and the awkward question obtruded itself of what Continental Europe, trained in classical drama and acting, would think of the great American tragedian as he appears at the New Amsterdam. It is not an easy question, for even in America his position is far from fixed, though the past few years have done much to inform and crystallize opinion on the subject.

The time was, and not so very long ago, when the personal equitation obtruded itself before the artistic in Mr. Mansfield's relations with his public. Who will ever forget those fiery speeches before the curtain in which he castigated the tastes of his hearers, or the answering fusillade from the press, which ever resents encroachments upon its prerogative, and scoldingly attacks there was, and notably Mr. Dikmar, who always saw Richard Mansfield true and whole, but they were in the minority. It required some new sensation in the way of a play, "Cyrano de Bergerac," or a stupendously spectacular "Henry V." to fill the theatre.

Now Mr. Mansfield can scarcely get before the curtain by the most tumultuous applause, and one of the biggest theatres in New York is nightly crowded to the roof by revivals of the most ancient pieces in his repertory. "The world is grown honest," said Rosencrantz. "Then is doomsday near." Hamlet answered. Mr. Mansfield has his ripest years before him, but since the hatbox was buried it has become increasingly possible to forecast the verdict of the day of judgment.

"People talk about my mannerisms," Mansfield once exclaimed. "I wish they would say what they are. I wish reformers would say from which it appeared that he was the one man in America who had never heard of the Mansfield attitude of oob and shoulders, the Mansfield stride, the Mansfield bark and the Mansfield sing-song. Perhaps somebody took out an accident insurance policy, hired a corps of private detectives for a bodyguard, doctored chain, armor and then gently apprised him of these things. Certain it is that in late years they have been gradually diminishing. Since Brummel, they have not been distressing. Not even Devere, the august inventor of the word, would now accuse him of being chasty."

The last stronghold of personal idiosyncrasy is the voice. Now and then may be heard an unduly staccato word. More frequently a false intonation offends the ear, the voice sometimes rising a full octave on a single word, and especially on that distressingly perpetual pronoun I. A far more insidious distress arises from a lingering modicum of German accent—which is much more discernible, however, in Mansfield's imitations than in his own elocution. Its chief harm comes from the fact that it precludes the accurate and easy vocalic quality which is indispensable to the charm and the sense of even the loftiest poetry. He, or she, is not to be that is the question. It is in the need to suffer.

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played more simply and with a less affected conception of the character. But I know no actor who can rise to such an altitude and to such power of emotion; and this is the true measure of genius. In the English speaking world to-day there is no actor who, taken all in all, is his superior.

Intelligence? There are two kinds, actor intelligence and intelligence. Of actor intelligence Mansfield has abundance. It shines out in every triumph of his manifold versatility. In his characterization of Richard he even evinces subtlety and compelling originality of conception—the light hearted dandy of assassination, the ironical virtuoso of crime, who calculates every effect artistically, except the ultimate one of sudden degradation and defeat. But there are depths of human nature which his plummet has not sounded.

Some years ago it happened that he and Irving were playing *Shylock* on Broadway at the same time. In most respects, or so it seemed to me, his rendering was far superior. Avoiding the sentimental sophistications of the nineteenth century, according to which the Jew was the protagonist in the tragedy of a downtrodden race, commanding veneration like an austere Hebrew prophet, Mansfield kept his performance, in the main, within the sphere of character delineation in which Shakespeare undoubtedly conceived it; and if he suppressed the archaically grotesque humors of the part, the comedy of Jew baiting, there is warrant, perhaps, in the change which three centuries have wrought in popular taste. Even the business with which he gave the point to his exit from the trial—the jeers and hisses with which Tabal and his tribe scorned him for his conversion to Christianity—was a useful alternative, perhaps, to the comedy exit which Shakespeare provided in *Gratiano's* gibe about his christening. In sheer dramatic force there was no comparison. Mansfield's *Shylock* was a creature of volcanic, of cosmic, emotions, of which Irving could embody only the faintest shadow.

But in the finer and more sincerely intellectual phases of the character Mansfield was a poor second best. When in answer to *Gratiano's* rough invective he retorted: "Thou hast cast the seal from my bond Thou hast offered to speak to my lord."

He held the bond up and dangled the seal before *Gratiano's* lips—a touch of crude and gratuitous theatricism. Irving preferred the lines by gathering the precious instrument beneath the folds of his gown, at once elevating the passage into the sphere of finely divined interpretation. Nothing could more aptly indicate the difference between actor intelligence and intelligence.

It is in regard to the drama as literature that Mansfield's lack of the finer intelligence is most evident. In classifying books Lamb dismissed the major portion of them as books that aren't books at all. Most of the pieces in Mansfield's repertory are plays that aren't plays. "Daisy" and "Mr. Hyde" is a mere orgy of sensational theatricism, powerful in the extreme, but otherwise innocent of the least pretension. "A Parisian Romance" is so out of date, with its feeble and mawkish sentimentalism, that when Mansfield is off the stage, as in the last act, the audience with difficulty restrains itself from giggling. "Ben Brummel" is equally feeble in all but its title character. "Ivan the Terrible" is the crudest and most chaotic chronicle history ruthlessly garbled. "Richard III." is much the same, and requires the adapting hand of Colley Cibber to make it viable. Even at that Mansfield leaves out two of the most famous passages, the "winter of discontent" soliloquy and the dream and death of *Gloucester*. "The Merchant of Venice" is a play of a very high dramatic order, but Mansfield has so cut and trimmed it in the interest of his own performance as to destroy its virtue as a whole. In the American drama, he has contributed nothing to it since his cotemporaries with Clyde Fitch over "Beau Brummel"; and though he was the first to recognize the ability of Bernard Shaw, he has relegated "Arms and the Man" and "The Devil's Disciple" to oblivion, refusing even to take advantage of the recent Shaw boom. In a word, he has given us a magnificent gallery of theatrical figures, but no dramas.

One may well pause in contemplating the fate that would await Mansfield's "best line" on the Continent. There the "part" is never permitted to outweigh the whole. To any actor of high ambition, as, for example, Coquelin or Sornblait, the drama as literature or it is nothing. At the Théâtre Français, at the Schillerhaus of Berlin, at the Vienna Hofburgtheater, the repertory now on view at the New Amsterdam would be whistled down the wind. Do you cry: "Away with the classics and tradition!" Very well. Go to any one of the independent theatres, Antoine's, for choice. The ideals and the repertoires are different, but the play is still the thing.

Let it not be thought that I am throwing all the blame on Mr. Mansfield. Those who play to please must please to live, and it is easily true that there is no public here for the drama as drama. When Mansfield puts on Molière's "Misanthrope," as he has had the courage and ambition to do, we shall see what we shall see. But the facts are the facts. "Here lies one," wrote Keats for his epitaph, "whose name was writ in water." Untrue of the poet, the sentence is pathetically true of the actor. There is water so very far from clear and the actor happens to be one of the most versatile and powerful geniuses of the modern world.

In addition there are many Easter novelties entirely new in shape, design and cutting and not to be found elsewhere.

Dinner Ware For those who desire to make their Easter gifts both useful and ornamental we offer for your selection the largest stock of Dinner Ware in the country. Over 200 open stock patterns from which you may select any number of pieces you wish to be matched at any time.

To those who wish to make their selections for Spring furnishings we are ready with every requisite in Toilet Ware, Glass Ware, Dinner Ware, Jardiniers, etc., etc.

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HIGGINS & SEITER

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Easter at the World's Greatest China and Glass Store.

Kind words, good wishes are all well enough, but something more substantial is certainly more satisfactory. What shall it be? A few suggestions herewith must suffice.



Easter Vases. Beautifully cut, handsome shape, 12 inches high; value \$4.50, our special Easter price - - - \$3.00

Tall Comports. For Easter candies, etc.; value \$6.00, special Easter price - - \$4.50

Nappy. Entirely new cutting, 8-inch size; value \$5.00, special Easter price - - \$3.75

Sugar and Cream. A very handsome, richly cut, full size sugar and cream; value \$5.00, special Easter price, \$3.75

Salad, Fruit or Berry Bowl. 8-inch size; value \$6.00, special Easter price - - \$4.50

Water Bottle. Very handsome, beautifully cut water bottle; value \$6.00, special Easter price - - \$4.50

Nappy. A special new cutting in seat design, 9-inch size; value \$7.50, special Easter price, \$5.00

Water Tumblers. Strawberry, diamond and fan water tumblers; the \$3.50 kind, at, per dozen - - - \$2.75

Celery Tray. A cutting that you will like; value \$3.50, special Easter price, \$2.90

Water Jugs. Three cuttings—your choice of shapes; value \$9.00, special Easter price - - - \$6.00

Flower Centre. Full and complete line of this modern table decoration. One particularly good pattern; nice cutting, priced as follows:

7 in. size, \$6.75 10 in. size, \$16.50
8 " " 9.00 12 " " 25.00
9 " " 12.00

Rules for Five Hundred, the New Game of Cards

The game of 500 was invented to fill a long felt want—a good game for three players. Persons who are not familiar with card games generally may not be aware that there are only two really good games for three persons, skat and calabassella. The first is so complicated in its counting arrangements that few Americans will take the trouble to learn it, and the second requires so much science in the play that it is beyond any but those who have been educated in the higher tactics of whist and bridge.

The new game is not quite new, having made its first appearance in the New England States about the beginning of this century. Like all new games, it is a mixture of ideas borrowed from other games, and might be fittingly designated as an attempt to simplify the game of skat, so as to make its popularity possible by bringing it within the general principle so often insisted upon in THE SUN, that no card game can ever hope to gain a foothold in this country unless its principles can be easily learned, no matter how difficult it may be to become an expert in the play.

Some time ago THE SUN asked, in its column for card players, that those who were familiar with the game should send in descriptions of the way it was played in their part of the country. About fifty correspondents have generously responded by sending in their versions of the rules.

Hardly any two of these are alike in the minor details, and many important points are not even mentioned. These accounts have all been very carefully compared, and requests for more detailed information have been cheerfully answered. The rules sent in by William B. Hendrick of 400 Greene Avenue, Brooklyn, are the most complete, and have furnished the key to many of the points which others leave obscure.

A careful analysis of all the rules submitted enables THE SUN to present to its readers the following brief description of the game, which is so rapidly growing in popularity, especially in New York and New England.

The game is played with what is commonly known as the euchre pack, thirty-three cards, including the joker, all below the seven being thrown out. In plain suits the cards rank in the ordinary way: A, K, Q, J, 10, 9, 8, 7, but in the trump suit they rank as in euchre.

The joker is the best trump; the jack of the trump suit is the second best, and the jack of the same color, red or black, is the third best, so that if hearts were trumps, the rank of the ten cards in the trump suit

would be: Joker, H, J, D, J, H, A, K, Q, 10, 9, 8, 7.

When there is a red trump the black jacks take their places between the queen and ten of their respective suits. When there is a black trump, the red jacks take their places between the queen and ten, each in its own suit.

If the joker is led the suit which it calls for must be named by the player leading it. When the joker is not led it can be used as a trump, but only when the holder of it has none of the suit led. If he trumps with it while holding a card of the suit led it is a revoke.

In some places it is the custom to allow the holder of the joker to play it at any time on any suit led and to call it the best card of that suit, but this does not seem to be the most generally adopted rule.

The béquie marker is not available, but the case of the dealer's right, to be out, is not less than five cards must be left in either packet. They are then dealt from left to right, three at a time the first round and two at a time the next round.

Three cards are then laid off for the widow, face down, and then three more are dealt to each player and finally two more, so that each player receives ten cards. The cards laid off for the widow must never be the first or the last cards dealt, and should always be placed aside after each player, including the dealer, has received five.

No trump is turned up, and a misdeal does not lose the deal, because the deal

is no advantage.

The privilege of naming the trump suit, taking the widow, and leading for the first trick, is bid for. The bidder must state the number of tricks he proposes to win and also the suit which he will name for the trump, or that he will play without a trump.

No bid of less than six or more than nine can be offered. The usual formula is: "Six on spades," or "Eight on hearts."

The bids have a determined value, according to the following table:

	No. of Tricks.	Value.
Clubs	6	80
Spades	60	120
Hearts	60	160
Diamonds	100	200
No Trump	120	240

In order to remember this table it should be observed that each additional trick adds the unit value of six tricks to the bid. For instance, the unit value of spades is 60 for the lowest bid. For seven tricks it is 66 more, or 126, and for eight tricks it is 60 more than for seven, or 186.

No player is allowed a second bid. The bids outrank one another according to their value in points, so that a bid of "six diamonds," worth 100, would be a better bid than "seven clubs," worth 80 only.

If the point value of both bids is equal, the higher number of tricks is the better bid, eight tricks in clubs being better than six at no trumps.

If no one makes a bid, the deal passes to the left.

Any player bidding out of turn loses the privilege of bidding for that hand.

The successful bidder takes the three cards of the widow into his hands and afterwards discards any three cards he pleases in their place. No one is allowed to look at these discards.

After discarding, he leads any card he pleases, and is not obliged to pitch a trump first. The winner of one trick leads for the next, and so on. Each player in turn must follow suit if he can, as failure to follow suit when able to do so is a revoke.

When a revoke is claimed and proved, the hands are immediately abandoned. If it is an adversary of the bidder who has revoked, the bidder scores what he bid and neither of the adversaries can score anything for the tricks they have won.

If the bidder himself revokes, he is set back the amount of his bid, and his adversaries score 10 points each for all the tricks they have won.

The bidder cannot change the suit he first named, even to a bid of equal value, and should he announce that he has made a mistake, even before seeing the cards in the widow, he can be compelled to play the hand on the bid actually made.

HIS REAL CAUSE OF WORRY.

Kentuckian Didn't Mind the Auto's Impact So Much as the Loss of Good Bourbon.

The tall angular man in the wide brimmed felt hat was evidently one of the vanguard of Southern merchants on a shopping trip. Certain it was that he was woefully unacquainted with New York ways.

He had, in accordance with the principles of the automobile, in a moment the visitor was bumped into the gutter.

Happily, he was uninjured. With a ferocious yell he started to his feet, and simultaneously reached back his hand to his hip pocket.

"Hey, don't shoot 'em!" yelled the spectator's prompt apprehension. "You can have 'em arrested, and then sue them."

The man still kept his hand in his hip pocket, with a look of impotent rage flashed across his face and he looked at the vanishing auto.

"But why have you got your hand thrust threateningly into your pistol pocket?" "That's th' conundrum, sub. I had a flask of 'oot toot' on me, B-s-grub whiskey in th' State of Kentucky stored away that sub, an' th' flask's done smashed, sub!"

