OLD MAN GREENLAW PROVES HIS THEORY

Namely, That a Man Will Invariably Win Out if He Sticks to the Game.

AN INSTANCE FROM POKER

By DAVID A. CURTIS.

"Beats all," said old man Greenlaw, with the air of one who has just come to a realizing sense of an amazing truth, "how much a man c'n 'complish if he sticks to it long enough. 'Pears like they's mo' into p'sistence 'n they is into nachul ability in the long run o' things.

"Take a man what's bo'n with a good edication an' a fa'r knowledge o' draw poker, b'sides havin' all th' opporchunity they is to be looked fo'. It's nachul to reckon how sich a man 'd git rich an' respectable in the co'se o' time. Would, too if they wa'n't no yellow streak into him. All things comes to them that's fittin' fo' 'em, as the Good Book says.

"But they ain't mo' 'n one outen a hunderd ever gits anywhar. Mebbe not one outen a thousand. I never reckoned it up, but they ain't many on 'em takin' the world by an' large. Mostly they gives up a'ter things is done went wrong fo' a spell, an' they ain't none on 'em nothin' but plain, ornery citizens a'ter that. Just av'rage so to speak, an' the av'rage man don't amount to no gre't, nohow.

"But take a man what sticks to it. Don't make no diff'rence what he sets out fo' to do, he's gwine to git thar if he keeps a-goin' long enough.

"I know a little runt, name o' Tim Whister. The boys useter call him Tin Whistle, long o' him bein' kyind o' squeaky into his voice, an' not never 'mountin' to much. They didn't nobody reckon as he never would, neither, but he sho' done somepin' remarkable afo' he quit, just 'long o' stickin' to it.

"Wouldn't never give up. O' co'se if it come to a showdown an' he was beat he wouldn't get the pot, an' to that 'xtent it mought be helt what he was 'bleeged to give up, but he 'peared to look on a thing like that as nothin' but temp'ry an' he'd keep right on playin' the game.

"They was one time he set in with Cal Hooper fo' a freezeout. I dunno just when it begin, but I seen 'em playin' when I come past Cal's shack one mo'nin', an' judgin' fr'm 'pearances I reckon they must 'a' been playin' all night, but they was hard at it an' they didn't neither on 'em pear to be much ahead.

"I didn't think nothin' p'tic'lar 'bout it, on'y I rec'lect thinkin' what Cal 'd prob'ly win out. He wa'n't no gre't player at that, neither one on 'em bein' reckoned experts, but he was a tol'able gifted drinker, an' they wa'n't neither on 'em what 'd be called 'xactly sober when I seen 'em first off, so I just nachully reckoned what Cal 'd outdrink him even if he couldn't outplay him.

"But when I come by next mo'nin' they was still a-playin'. Didn't neither one on 'em 'pear to be no drunker'n they was the day b'fo', but they sho' was some sleepy. 'Peared like Tim couldn't keep his eyes open all the time, an' while I was lookin' on, bein' some int'rested, I seen what Cal was stackin' the cyards somepin' shameful while Tim was kyind o' dozin' like. Not reg'lar sleepin' 'twa'n't, but kyind of a cat nap, like.

"Well, just nachully, I 'njoyed a quiet laugh, all to my own self, when I seen it, an' when Tim done opened his eyes an' picked up his cyards I says to him, kyind o' banterin' like, I says, 'Tim, I reckon yo' all don't stand no gre't show o' winnin' out. Cal 'pears to be gittin' the best o' yo' all, some.' An he sho' was, fo' his chips outstacked Tim's by c'nsid'able.

"Tim had some left, though, an' as I was a-sayin' he wa'n't one to give up, not while he had any kyind of a chanst, an' he 'peared to be some riled, 'long o' me a-devillin' of him. 'I'd 'a' beat him out, long ago,' he says, mighty cross, 'on'y Cal cheats.'

"Well just nachully I 'xpected fo' to see a ruction when he done said that, cheatin' bein' a sho' 'nough fightin' word; but Cal he on'y just grins an' don't say nothin', so I laughs again to myself, an' I says to Tim:

"'Well, I dunno 'xactly how it'd be if I was to find myself in that kyind of a perdicament. I hain't never played cyards with nobody when I knowed he was cheatin', but 'pears to me like if I was to be playin' with a man an' I knowed he was cheatin', 'pears to me I'd lick him.'

"'Well,' says Tim, 'I'd do that my own self if I could. I done tried it three or fo' times a'ready, but 'pears like I don't make out. Cal's c'nsid'able bigger 'n I be, an' he licks me ev'ry time I 'ndertake it; but I'm gwine to win out into this freezeout just the same.' An' throwin' down the hand Cal had just doled to him he gathered up the deck an' begin shufflin' of 'em fo' the next deal.

"Didn't look to me like he had no gre't show fo' to win, but I done give him credit fo' good 'ntentions, an' I couldn't he'p 'dmirin' of him fo' stickin' to it, so I stood 'round a spell, watchin' to see how he was gwine to make out; but they didn't neither on 'em 'pear to git nowheres. Just played along, win an' lose, sometimes one ahead an' sometimes t'other, so I lose int'rest into it bimeby, an' I moseys along about my business

"But the next mornin' I comes along the same way, an' thar they was, still settin' at the table, with the cyards an' chips in front of 'em an' the money they was playin' fo' layin' in the chip box whar they done put it when they begin playin'. But they was both on 'em asleep, or drunk, or somepin'. Anyways they both on 'em had their haids layin' on the table in front of 'em. 'Peared like they wa'n't nothin' mo' doin'!

"Made me laugh again, thinkin' o' what Tin Whistle done said, how he was sho' gwine to win out, an' I was just c'nsid'rin' how easy it'd be fo' somebody to come a'ong like I was doin' an' grab the money when they wa'n't neither on 'em lookin', but all of a suddint Tim rose his haid an' looked round keerful. I seen then what he wa'n't drunk, even if he had done been asleep, which mebbe he was, an' mebbe he wa'n't. I dunno.

"Then he made good on what he done said the day b'fo'. I reckon he realized what they wa'n't on'y one way he c'd do it an' he done waited fo' his chanst.

"When he seen what Cal was reely asleep, he done reached out fo' the money, seein' his chanst 'd done come, an' puttin' it in his pocket he riz up soft an' snoke. He win out all right in that freeze out sho' nough, even if 'twaa'n't did, 'xactly reg'lar, an' he sho' was 'ntitled to credit fo' stickin' to it like he done.

"Proves what I done said, first off. A man c'n a'ways win out if he sticks to it long enough."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Owen Pepper. "Tin Whistle done stuck to it, 'cordin' to what yo' all says, an' he done win out, sho' 'nough, but 'pears like t'other feller stuck to it as long as him, an' he done lose."

"Didn't, neither!" exclaimed the old man. "Cal Hooper done went asleep at a crikit'l period o' the game an' he done lose out. If he'd 'a' stuck to it proper, he'd 'a' kep' awake, or if he'd went asleep, he'd 'a' wokened up, same as Tim done, an' he'd 'a' win out."

"Drinks is on yo' all, Pepper," said Jake Winterbottom, gleefully.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper, doubtfully, but recognizing his discomfiture he paid for them while the old man chortled.

"It's alway's so," he reiterated, after the drinks were disposed of. "A man 'll al'ays win out if he sticks to it long enough." And Mr. Pepper bristled up again.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "I've knowed cases was diff'rent. They was a old man lived back in the mountains where I done come from in East Tennessee what was c'nsid'able older'n anythin' else they was round, 'thouten 'twas the mountains. Prob'ly they mought 'a' ben older'n him, but they wa'n't no way o' tellin'. I's done heer'd a heap say what he was prob'ly the oldest man in the hull world. Sho' was amazin'!"

"Ain't nothin' amazin' 'bout a man gittin' old," said old man Greenlaw testily. "He can't do nothin' else. Wouldn't 'xpect him to git young, would yo'? Ain't got nothin' to do with what we was sayin', nohow."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "Proves how he was stickin' to it, don't it? What I was gwine to say was how he done stuck to one thing p'sistent all his life an' didn't never win out. If that wa'n't what yo' all was talkin' about, I reckon I must be gettin' hard o' hearin'."

"Sho' was," said Jim Blaisdell, with a grin at old man Greenlaw's expense. "But what was it he done stuck to b'sides livin'? 'Pears like this yer's some int'restin'."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "They was a c'nsid'able number o' things. Prob'bly he stuck to draw poker closeter 'n anythin' else.

"They wa'n't never a Saturday night but what he'd come to town an' set into a game. Didn't make no difference 'bout the weather. He done come reg'lar, an' my gran'ther, what was the oldest man barrin' him what they was in Tennessee, done told me repeated what they hadn't never been a Saturday night sincet he was a boy what old Gumbleton hadn't done came to town an' set into a game.

"They wa'n't nobody knowed where he done got the money fo' to set in with, but they wa'n't no d'sputin' what he sho' had a wad every time, fo' they wouldn't nobody 'a' played with him if he hadn't, an' they was al'ays a game. 'Peared like old Gumbleton's wad was nigh 'bout the most reliable so'ce o' s'ply what the town had fo' s'po't, bein' 's they done win it off'n him reg'lar.

"'S fur's anybody c'd see, 'twa'n't nobody's business where he got it, 's long's he had it. P'int was, how he done p'duced it, reg'lar, an' set in. Sometimes it'd be mo' an' sometimes less, but he al'ays p'duced. An' he al'ays lose.

"They was them what said how he was gwine to quit some day, bein's 'twa'n't reasonable fo' to look fo' nobody to keep on playin' f'rever 'thouten he made a win some time, but 'peared like Gumbleton wa'n't reas'nable thataway.

"Then they was some what said what he wa'n't no player. Way they put it was how if he knowed anythin' 'bout the game he was boun' to win some time. Cyards mought run ag'in him fo' a few years, mebbe, but they couldn't run al'ays one way. That's what he done said, his own self.

"'I hain't never helt the cyards,' he says, 'but stands to reason I'm gwine to git 'em some time, an' I'm reck'nin' on givin' somebody one terrible swat when I does git 'em.'

"So he kep' on, an' kep' on till bimeby the gen'l opinion 'peared to be how he didn't understand the game. On'y them 't watched him play said how he done nigh 'bout 's well 's anybody was liable to c'nsid'rin' the run o' the cyards."

"Yo' all 'pears to be takin' a hellova long time tellin' 'bout nothin' much on'y fo' a man havin' hard luck," said Joe Bassett impatiently.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "What I was tryin' to tell was what things don't al'ays turn out the way Greenlaw says. He p'tends a man 'll al'ays win out if he sticks to it long enough."

"Sho' will," said the old man grimly. "Yo' all hain't said nothin' diff'rent, not yet yo' hain't. Haint proved nothin' 's fur 's yo've done went."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "Gumbleton sho' done stick to draw poker durin' th' 'ntire co'se of a long life, an' he never win nothin'. 'Pears like that proves somepin'." And he looked around triumphantly.

But old man Greenlaw said, "Trouble with yo' all is what yo' ain't got no logic. O' co'se they ain't no way o' provin' whether yo' ain't a-lyin'. Way yo' tells it, sounds like yo' was, fo' sho'.

"'Pears like 'tain't reas'nable fo' to b'lieve nobody 'd keep on playin' 's long 's this yer Tumbleton done, 'thouten he'd hold somepin' sometimes, but fo' the sake o' th' argyment I'm willin' to admit how he mought 'a' did it. Cyards is queer, an' th' ain't no tellin' when they're gwine to run diff'rent. Question is how long did Bumbleton c'ntinue to play?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "Must 'a' been risin' a hundred year. He was the oldest man in the world, and' he kep' on playin' till he died."

"That's it," said the old man quietly. "If he'd 'a' kep' on long enough, he'd 'a' win out like I done said. Trouble with yo' all is what yo' don't 'pear to understand the meanin' o' words, an' the trouble with Fumbleton was he done died prematoor. If he'd 'a' kep' on——"

"Drinks is on yo' all, Pepper," said Sam Pearsall.

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Scythe Tree.

Farmer Johnson strode from the field
With an eager step that was long and lithe;
The summer sun, like a blazing shield,
Burned on high in the hazy sky.
A forked bough, as he hastened by,
Seemed a fitting place for his scythe.
So he swung it up in the balsam tree;
"There let it hang till I come," said he.

Then he homeward hied him, humming a tune,
But he heard a word at the farmstead gate
Under the fervid heat of the noon,
A ringing call to each volunteer,
For all the land was alive with fear,
Doubt and fear for the country's fate.
So Farmer Johnson shouldered his gun,
And left his scythe to the rain and sun.

Fifty years have sped since then,
Fifty hastening years and more;
By Southern wood and brake and fen
Faithful he fought, and in gallant wise,
Fought and died, and now he lies
By the far off Carolina shore,
Where the long trades blow, and the grasses wave
Over the loam of his sunken grave.

"There let it hang till I come," he said
Of the scythe he left in the balsam tree,
And they let it hang, as the fleet days fled,
Till the small bole, fed by the kindly earth,
Clasped the scythe with a mothering girth.
To-day whoever so will may see
The starry emblem of freedom flow
Over the tip of the scythe below.

He gave his all, and he never came,
He that was strong and young and lithe,
But the balsam boughs seem to name his name,
Name his name both late and long
To the tuneful beat of a summer song,
To the undulant sway-song of the scythe;
And the banner swings to the rhythmic bars,
The banner he loved, the Stripes and Stars.

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Sea and Sand—Pastel.

The sea is gray where it films the sand
And green where it meets the sky;
It is white as snow where the sailboats go
And blue where the sun is high.

The sand is silver above the tide
And sparkles in the sun;
It is like dull brass as the waters pass
And gold where the tide has run.

MAURICE MORRIS.

Pathless.

Kin are these two: a life that has no day,
A night that has no star. One star alone
Can light the heart's wide acres gray—
The light of hope across the ages thrown!

ARTHUR WALLACE PEACH.

"Mornin' on the Desert."

From the Western Miner.

(Lines found written on the door of an old cabin in southern Nevada.)

"Mornin' on the desert, and the wind is blowin' free,
And it's ours, jest for the breathin', so let's fill up, you and me.
No more stuffy cities, where you have to pay to breathe,
Where the helpless human creatures move and throng and strive and seethe.

"Mornin' on the desert, and the air is like a wine,
And it seems like all creation has been made for me and mine.
No house to stop my vision, save a neighbor's, miles away,
And the little 'dobe shanty that belongs to me and May.

"Lonesome? Not a minute! Why, I've got these mountains here
That was put there just to please me, with their blush an' frown an' cheer.
They're waitin' when the summer sun gets too sizzlin' hot,
An' we just go campin' in 'em with a pan an' coffee pot.

"Mornin' on the desert, I can smell the sagebrush smoke.
I hate to see it burnin', but the land must sure be broke.
Ain't it just a pity that wherever man may live
He tears up much that's beautiful that the good God has to give?

"'Sagebrush ain't so pretty?' Well, all eyes don't see the same.
Have you ever seen the moonlight turn it to a silvery flame?
An' that greasewood thicket yonder, well, it smells jest awful sweet
When the night wind has been shaking it, for its smell is hard to beat.

"Lonesome? Well, I guess not! I've been lonesome in a town.
But I sure do love the desert with its stretches wide and brown.
All day through the sagebrush here the wind is blowin' free,
And it's ours, jest for the breathin', so let's fill up, you and me."

The First Straw of Summer.

From the St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

It was the first straw of summer—
Made white by the sun;
I looked for another—
There was but one.
The young man who wore it
Was angrily eyed,
But he openly bore it
With obvious pride.

With that sign of summer
The weathercock veered,
And the exquisite drummer
Looked hot in his beard.
I thought of my own hat,
A pretty conceit,
And, ah! but the groan that
Went up from the street.

It was the first straw of summer
At eighty degrees,
And he beat us all to it
As slick as you please.
He left us few comforts,
But still there was one—
He was, for a venture,
The weather man's son.

My Dog.

From the Boston Transcript.

He's just plain yellow: no "blue ribbon" breed.
In disposition—well, a trifle gruff
Outside his "tried and true." His coat is rough.
To bark at night and sleep by day his creed.
Yet, when his soft brown eyes so dumbly plead
For one caress from my too busy hand,
I wonder from what far and unknown land
Came the true soul, which in his gaze I read.
Whence all his loyalty and faithful zeal?
Why does he share my joyous mood and gay?
Why mourn with me, when I perchance do mourn?
When hunger pressed why scorn a bounteous meal
That by my side he may pursue his way?
Whence came his noble soul, and where its bourn?

ANNA HADLEY MIDDLEMAS.

Invocation.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

O Thou whose equal purpose runs
In drops of rain or streams of suns,
And with a soft compulsion rolls
The green earth on her snowy poles;
O Thou who keepest in thy ken
The times of flowers, the dooms of men,
Stretch out a mighty wing above—
Be tender to the land we love!

If all the huddlers from the storm
Have found her hearthstone wide and warm;
If she has made men free and glad,
Sharing, with all, the good she had;
If she has blown the very dust
From her bright balance to be just,
Oh, spread a mighty wing above—
Be tender to the land we love!

When in the dark eternal tower
The star clock strikes her trial hour,
And for her help no more avail
Her sea blue shield, her mountain mail,
But sweeping wide, from Gulf to Lakes,
The battle on her forehead breaks,
Throw Thou a thunderous wing above—
Be lightning for the land we love!

WENDELL PHILLIPS STAFFORD.

A Lament.

A disappointed lightning bug
Went flitting through the night,
Disgruntled that his work in life
Was merely giving light.

Cried he: "I've studied ways of men
And find without a doubt
'Tis not the silent shining chap
Folks ever hear about.

"And this is why I sadly weep;
My lot is reft of joys;
I'd rather be a thunder bug
And make a great big noise."

MCLANDBURGH WILSON.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

In your paper of June 7, 1914, you published a picture of the last days of Napoleon entitled "On Board the Bellerophon," from the painting by W. Q. Orchardson. Would it be possible for you to inform me of the color of the uniforms that both Napoleon and all of the officers wore? H. J.

The original painting is in the Tate Gallery, London. We are indebted to the Berlin Photographic Company for this description of the costumes: "Napoleon has on a black hat, a light gray coat and a crimson sash. The small boy (an apprentice lad) has a blue coat and gray trousers. All the officers are attired in naval uniform, consisting of blue coat, crimson sash, white trousers and gold shoulder straps. They wear black and white hats. The one figure in civilian dress has a chocolate brown coat, gray trousers and a dark top hat."

In answer to the query of A. H. in THE SUN I would state that it was the late Senator Seward who used the quotation from Cowper's "Conversation,"

A modest, sensible and well bred man
Will not affront me—and no other can,

in the debate on the assault upon Senator Sumner by Representative Preston Brooks in 1856. W. S. VOSBURGH.

No less a faunal naturalist than Tennyson attributes only five wits to the owl. Maybe this will answer the query of E. S. Y. in THE SUN of May 23, asking for the meaning and origin of the phrase, used by one of the classic writers, "the seven wits of an owl":

When cats run home and the light is come
And dew is cold upon the ground,
And the far-off stream is dumb,
And the whirring sail goes round,
And the whirring sail goes round.
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

When merry milkmaids click the latch,
And rarely smells the newmown hay,
And the cock hath sung beneath the thatch
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Twice or thrice his roundelay,
Alone and warming his five wits,
The white owl in the belfry sits.

If this is the origin of the phrase sought it will not be necessary to speculate as to the two extra senses. Possibly E. S. Y. has been reading too much of your "seven seas" discussion. JOHN MILLER BONBRIGHT.

Will some of your readers tell me where to find an ode to Napoleon which begins: "Behold the man whose war horse neighed upon the Po," and goes on to recount his power and greatness, finishing, I think, with the line "But France forgot her Emperor and Helen's Isle entombed him." B. A. V.

What is a bob major? Kipling uses the word in his poem "The Bell Buoy":

Till the sweated ringers tire
And the wild bob majors die.

P.

A bob major is the changes to which a set of eight bells can be rung. These changes are made according to certain rules of the art of bell ringing, and are not a mere series of possible permutations and combinations. Sir George Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," under the subject of "Change Ringing," gives a table in which it is figured that a bob major will yield 40,320 changes, for the ringing of which one day and four hours is generally allowed. The correctly made changes in ringing a bob maximus on a set of twelve bells run up into the hundreds of millions and are estimated to require nearly thirty-eight years.

The bestowing of the degree of master of arts by Columbia University upon Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, the foremost English actor, marked the first time an English actor had been honored in America by a university. Does it not also mark the first time any actor of any nationality has received a degree from an American educational institution? J. R. H.

No. Joseph Jefferson received the degree of master of arts from both Yale and Harvard.

The poem "The Tapestry Weavers," the authorship of which was asked for by C. T. Wettstein, is pronounced to be by Anson G. Chester. One correspondent says "the Rev. Anson G. Chester," another makes him "Anson G. Chester, M. D." It is reported that the verses have been translated into many languages, including Hindustani, Chinese and Japanese. One reader clipped them in 1882 from a magazine which may have been *Littell's Living Age*. L. P. recalls the author as a clergyman living in or near Buffalo, N. Y., and the brother of the principal of a seminary for young women in Buffalo.

In answer to Samuel Gibson regarding the old Red House race course, I beg to say it was a half mile course bounded by 104th and 106th streets, First and Second avenues. The inner field was used as a drill ground during the civil war; later it was used as a ball field, and the Mystic, Eclectic and Gramercy baseball clubs played important games there. The Red House was kept by Mark Maguire and in 1866 was used as a cholera hospital. W. S. VOSBURGH.

Grapho, who inquires in THE SUNDAY SUN of July 4, will find the story of the nervous man who suddenly opened a bank account and closed it with even greater precipitancy in Stephen Leacock's "Literary Lapses." If Grapho would like to have some more of this sort of humor, rarely refined, let him hunt out the scarce little volumes by G. S. Street, "Some Notes of a Struggling Genius." TAB.

Grapho will find, I think, the answer to his query in THE SUN in that piece of admirable fooling Leacock's "Literary Lapses." F. G. I.

The story Grapho seeks is by Stephen Leacock and is called "My Financial Career." It was published in *Life* and may be found in a collection, "The Best Stories in the World," compiled by Tom L. Masson, Doubleday, Page & Co., New York, 1913. Perhaps also in other collections. A. H. WILSON.

Will you kindly advise me if it is necessary to get a charter to conduct a correspondence school? J. D. W.

State Attorney-General Woodbury replies: "A person may organize and carry on a correspondence school, like any other lawful business, without incorporating and without geting a charter from the Education Department."

About 1869 there were a number of local newspapers published in the city of New York which made a specialty of Masonic news—such papers as the Sunday *Atlas*, the Sunday *Dispatch*, the Sunday *News*, the Sunday *Mercury* and the Sunday *Times*. I have been to every public library in New York and to the Masonic library in West Twenty-third street without finding a file of any of these newspapers for that year. Can any of your readers tell me where a file of any of them for 1869 can be consulted? OLD NEW YORKER.

SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Auction Bridge. H. L. H. says: Under the new bridge laws we do not understand whether after the rubber has been played we add up to see who gets the 250, giving it to the side that has the most points, or whether the 250 is added to the score of the winners before we add up.

Several persons seem to find a contradiction between laws 1 and 10, both of which define the rubber and each in a different way. Law 1 says the first two games decide the rubber. Law 10 says the side having the higher score wins it. But Law 10 is very clear in saying that the side that has won two games gets the 250. The next paragraph defines the size or value of the rubber as the difference between the totals, after adding the 250; but the two lines that follow, stating that the side having the higher score wins the rubber, are confusing and unnecessary. They do not win the rubber. What they win is the difference in the totals. The law would be clearer if it said: "The trick, honor and bonus scores of each side are then added, and the difference between the totals is the amount won or lost by each side."

J. G. asks which of the partners should take in the tricks, as no rule can be found to cover the case.

A common practice is for the winner of the first trick taken by the adversaries of the declarer to take in that trick, and those that follow it which are won by either partner. Some players always take in the tricks, no matter which partner wins them, and occasionally one sees each taking home tricks, putting them together later. The declarer always takes in the tricks for his side.

F. C. H. says: The dealer's side is 27 up, rubber game, when the opponents are nothing. He bids no trump. Second hand passes. Third hand holds five hearts to the king, queen, ten, the jack of spades being his only other face card. He bids two hearts, supposing the dealer to have a miscellaneous hand, wanting support in all the suits, and also with a view to shutting out opponents' bids to show a lead. Dealer insists that at the score the partner had no right to increase the contract to two tricks when one no trump put them out.

If every no trump bid was good against the cards for the odd trick the dealer's argument would be sound; but almost anything can happen to a no trumper that is not sure of two or three tricks in each of the four suits. Modern players make it an invariable rule to take the dealer out of a no trumper with five hearts or five spades, no matter what else they have or what the rank of the five cards. If the dealer does not like it he can go back to no trumps without increasing the contract.

Poker. W. H. H. says: We have had some argument as to which is the better game for the scientific player, 50 cent limit or table stakes. We play 10 cent blind call, 20 cent ante when we buy $2 or $5 at table stakes, and we find at 50 cent limit the jacks are often worth three or four dollars, although they can be opened for 50 cents only, which seems out of proportion.

Table stakes is generally assumed to be the only game to play for blood, as one can get back a long series of losses on one good hand. The 50 cent limit game is for those who play for amusement and want to be sure they can gratify their curiosity cheaply. One can lose more money in a small limit game than in any other form of poker.

R. M. asks what the rules are for the variation called "charity poker."

Each player starts with an equal number of chips, and no one can buy more at any stage, but when a player is busted he can still come in and draw, and although he cannot do any betting, if he has the best hand for the showdown he takes the pot and starts life all over again.

Pinochle. J. C. R. says: A bets B that the round trip is worth 220, and B insists that it is 240. A further bets that with the ace ten jack of trumps the meld is worth 370, while B maintains that it is only 350. Please state the law that will apply to both melds.

The mistake made in betting about these values is in thinking the round trip, four kings and queens, is a single meld, whereas it is five melds, and they are just the same melds and made in the same order at three or four hand as they would be in two hand. The only difference is that the experienced player knows what the five melds are worth and allows all the cards to be put down at once in three or four hand. Precisely the same usage prevails at cribbage. Every good player knows that a round trip in cribbage, such as two sevens, two eights and a six, is worth 24 holes, so the holder is not asked to count it all out two and three points at a time. The five melds in the round trip at pinochle, each separate meld requiring at least one fresh card from the hand, are: 80 kings, 40 royal marriage, 20 and 20 marriages and 60 queens. There is no card left for any further melds. Add to this 220 the ace ten jack of trumps for 150 and you have 370, so that A wins both bets.

Cribbage. J. T. Y. says: We are playing once round the board. A gets to the game hole when B is only 28 and claims double stakes. Is this the rule?

In playing for stakes it must be agreed beforehand that lurches count as two games. In all games the maximum gain or loss according to the possibilities of the result should be understood beforehand. If the stake were theatre tickets, would B have to take A to the theatre twice?

Spoil Five. A. T. D. says: Three men tie for the first deal, all getting sevens. A bets that the suits rank: hearts, diamonds, clubs and spades, and that it is not necessary to cut again to decide the tie. B bets it is.

The cards are not cut for the first deal at spoil five, but are dealt round one at a time, and the first jack deals.

Euchre. C. K. says: Playing four hand the joker is turned up for the trump. No one seems to know the rule in such a case. What is the correct way to decide the trump suit?

It should be agreed beforehand that if the joker turns up a certain suit shall be the trump, usually spades; or it may be agreed that the dealer should choose a suit before looking at any of his cards. The former rule is much the more convenient and satisfactory to the players.

NOVEL POINTS OF THE LAW.

A recent English decision of interest was made by the Westminster County Court by Judge Woodfall in construing the "riot act" of 1886 to apply to a demonstration against a shop owned by a German. The case was brought by an insurance company under the following statute:

"Where a house, shop or building in any police district has been injured or destroyed, or the property therein has been injured, stolen or destroyed, by any persons riotously and tumultuously assembled together, such compensation as hereinafter mentioned, shall be paid out of the police rate of such district to any person who has sustained loss by such injury, stealing or destruction. * * * When any person having sustained such loss as aforesaid has received, by way of insurance or otherwise, any sum to recoup him, in whole or in part, for such loss * * * the payer of such sum shall be entitled to compensation under this act in respect of the sum so paid in like manner as if he had sustained the said loss."

Judge Woodfall held that "where a crowd assembled for the purpose of attacking the premises of aliens and the common object was partially carried out, there being an insufficient police force present to prevent it, and the damage sustained was made good to the owner of the premises by insurers," said insurers were entitled under the riot act to recover the amount so paid by way of indemnity from the receiver of police for the district.

The Court also said:

"Fortunately there is an authority (Fields vs. The Receiver of the Metropolitan Police, 1907, 2 K. B., 853, 76 L. J., 1015) in which the law has been discussed. All I have to consider is whether the facts of this case bring it within the definition of a riot as laid down in that case. The Divisional Court there, in a considered judgment, laid down five points as necessary to constitute a riot. The first was that the number of persons assembled must be no less than three. There is no difficulty about that point, because here there was a large number, probably scores. The second point is, was there a common purpose? I have come to the conclusion that so far as the disorderly members of the crowd are concerned—I mean those that took part in uttering threats against the shop and in stone throwing—that there was a common purpose. The common purpose was to attack the shop carried on by the German. The third point was, was there an execution or inception of the common purpose? There certainly was inception of the common purpose in the crowd, and there was partial execution of it. It is true they did not break their way into the shop so as to maltreat the inmates, but they did attack the shop and smash the windows. The fourth point is the one that gives me difficulty. There must be an intent on the part of a number of persons to help one another, by force if necessary, against any person who may oppose them in the execution of the common purpose. Of course it would be very difficult to get evidence on that point which would establish it as a fact. I can only get at it by seeing what may be derived from a just inference from the evidence. Here I find that there was an intention on the part of the crowd to help each other by force, if necessary against the people, that is, the police who were opposing them. I am led to that conclusion, firstly, by the number of police it was thought necessary to bring on the ground, and secondly, by the fact that the police found it necessary to send for mounted men. I think the just inference to be derived is that the crowd were going to oppose by force the police, and if they could have got the better of the police they would have done it. The police brought sufficient force and overcame the crowd. I must find it as a fact that there was an intent to help each other by force. The fifth point was that there must be force or violence not merely used in demolishing, but displayed in such a manner to alarm at least one person of reasonable firmness and courage. There was violence. You must take the whole history of the case and remember those threatening letters, the shouts of the crowd, 'Rush the shop,' and 'Go for the German,' and the bombardment by stones. Goerg could see from the windows that the only thing which kept the crowd off the shop was the police—not a very large number even of them. If the crowd increased they might have overcome the police. A man of ordinary pluck would have had considerable apprehension. I think the fifth point has been made out. On all these five points I find plaintiffs have made out their case. There will therefore be judgment for the amount claimed."

The Ladies Aid Society of Hulbert, Okla., vs. Trustees of the M. E. Church South, is the style of a case tried in the justice court and appealed to the county court. A plea in abatement was sought to be filed on the ground that the plaintiff was neither a person, a copartnership nor a corporation, and was, therefore, without capacity to sue. The court held that because the lawyer in the justice court, who was also a preacher, had demurred to the evidence and prayed for affirmative relief by adjudging the property to be that of the defendant, he had waived the right to object to the capacity of the plaintiff to sue. Whereupon a local lawyer explained the situation as follows:

"Mr. Harris, you see, is a preacher as well as a lawyer, but his trouble is that he prayed before he was called on and was required to stay through the service till the benediction."

The manufacture of ice by a town and its distribution among the inhabitants is held in the case of Union Ice and Coal Company vs. Ruston, 135 La. 898, 66 So. 262, L.R.A.1915B, 859, not be be within the permissive operation of a constitutional provision allowing the taxing power to be exercised only for purposes strictly public in their nature.

Case and Comment says that a Texas storekeeper brought suit in justice's court against a seed company, the plaintiff's demand being for the sum of $75, "due upon an account for certain seed bought from defendant, which said defendant failed and refused to ship to plaintiff as per a certain contract of date July 28, 1914. Plaintiff represents that said defendant wilfully and maliciously, and for the purpose of defrauding plaintiff, refused to comply with said contract, and that said defendant was never known to do an honest act in dealings with plaintiff, or as far as plaintiff knows, never was guilty of doing an honest act with any person on earth; that their said business is based on defrauding honest people, as shown by their business dealings with plaintiff.

"Wherefore plaintiff prays the court that he have judgment for his damages in the sum of $75 and all cost of this suit, and if possible that the entire bunch that composes defendant firm be sent to the penitentiary for life."

The case has been tried, and it is needless to say that the relief demanded by the plaintiff was refused.

The following motion was made recently in the Circuit Court of a county in Tennessee:

"That this suit be dismissed at plaintiff's cost and that the defendants go hence free from past offences with the gentle warning for the future contained in the paragraph below: Plaintiff, after six months study of the law and close attention to a similar suit for slander in the United States court, has become convinced that in the United States the proper remedy for personal slander, whether newspaper, political or financial, is neither chemical, medical, nor legal evidence for action, but a cowhide. If unintentional injustice has been done any defendant herein, plaintiff respectfully refers him for explanation and a courteous means of redress to a written paper left by plaintiff with the court."

CHESS FOR PLAYER, LOVER AND STUDENT

British Tell Story of Joffre as an Expert and How He Won Soldier's Game.

PAIR OF MOVES DECISIVE

Italians are noted for being best able to dispose of anecdotes by simply saying *si no e vero e ben trovato* (if not true it is well invented). But it is very doubtful if they would use this famous proverb when being told the latest chess story, which made the round in a great many British exchanges. According to these, which came to hand last week, Gen. Joffre when examining the trenches found two soldiers engaged in a game of chess. When one of the players took a seemingly long time for the consideration of his move, Gen. Joffre, who was looking at the board without the players having noticed his presence, suddenly cried out: "Move that pawn." And when the soldier had obeyed the command Joffre exclaimed: "And now move the other pawn." And sure enough, the pawns were moved and the game won.

Probably the Italians would say the story is badly invented, for nobody ever heard of Joffre being an expert player. Few famous men are noted for being good chess players. Moltke, for instance, was a knight's player, that is to say, a master could have given him the odds of a knight. The great Napoleon was only a weak player and it is stated that Moltke was a superior player to Bismarck, who nearly always lost to Moltke when these two were trying their skill on the checkered board.

There is not such a thing as an expert chess player, known as such in private circles only. To become an expert one has to cross swords with expert players and then there must be a record of games. Neither Joffre, nor Moltke, nor Bismarck has any record.

Blackburne tells a good story of Harrwitz, the celebrated chess player. The latter was playing a game at a London club and his opponent had just attacked a knight with a pawn. Harrwitz saw that if the knight were captured he could force a mate in four moves, but feared that if he abandoned the knight suspicion would be aroused and his little scheme frustrated. How was his opponent to be thrown off his guard?

He hit upon the ingenious expedient of making a false move with the attacked knight. His opponent of course claimed the usual penalty of compelling him to move his king. Remonstrances were in vain, the laws of the game must be adhered to, and with well simulated disgust at his own stupidity, Harrwitz replaced the knight and moved his king. His opponent innocently snapped up the knight, whereupon the wily German blandly announced his mate in four.

At a recent meeting of the Good Companion Chess Problem Club, held at the rooms of the Franklin Chess Club in Philadelphia, an interesting exhibit was made of the chess pieces and books of Benjamin Franklin. Russell Duane, the owner of the chessmen and a direct descendant of America's first chess player, kindly exhibited these historical curios and told how they had been handed down through the family until they came into his possession.

An original copy of Franklin's "Morals of Chess," the first printed article relating to chess published in America, also was placed on exhibition. The article appeared in the *Columbian Magazine* published in Philadelphia in 1786. *Poor Richard's Almanacs*, Continental money and books printed by Dr. Franklin were displayed by J. F. Magee, Jr., the club's secretary, who gave an interesting talk on Franklin's devotion to the mental game.

From a late bulletin of the Good Companion Chess Problem Club of Philadelphia it is learned that in the brick wall at the side of the door of 1604 Walnut street will be found the artistic symbol of the Franklin Chess Club, named in honor of America's first chess player and author. It was presented to the club by one of its patrons, Ira L. Conkling, member of the firm of the Conkling-Armstrong Terra Cotta Company of Philadelphia. Thomas Robertson, the sculptor, designed, moulded and decorated this lustre polychrome terra cotta tile—a speaking likeness of the patriot.

The artist received his inspiration by blending, redesigning and remoulding the Houdon bust, 1871, and the well known portrait of J. S. Duplesis, which appeared in Paris the same year. The ivory colored bowllike background adds greatly to the artistic effect. The outer wreath of these figures—a Teuton King, Queen Elizabeth of England, the rules of the Church, horse's head of the cavalier—is in blue; the letters of the club are in red, combining the colors of the University of Pennsylvania. The wreath is as a frame to a beautiful picture. The work is about 2 feet wide and 3 feet high, and the detail may be seen plainly from the sidewalk and trolley cars. This is the only chess club that has so costly and handsome a signboard to tell passersby where it is located. All chess players passing through Philadelphia should make it a point to visit the Franklin Chess Club and view this unique work of art.

A correspondent in Buenos Ayres, writing to the *Times Weekly Edition*, says that in all the public schools of his country "chess is obliged to be taught to all the pupils in the higher classes."

Among the games played by the interned Russian masters in the tournament at Triberg the following will be found to be of special interest to the reader:

KING'S GAMBIT DECLINED

Maljutin. White.	Selesnew. Black.	Maljutin. White.	Selesnew. Black.
1 P—K4	P—K4	16 PxQP	P—B?xP
2 P—KB4	B—B4a	17 P—B5	Kt—K2
3 Kt—KB3	P—Q3	18 PxKP	PxP
4 B—B4	Kt—QB3	19 R—B	P—B3
5 Kt—B3	B—KKt5b	20 PxBPh	KtxP
6 P—KR3	BxKt	21 R—QKt	Kt—B3
7 QxB	Q—R5 ch c	22 KtxKt ch	PxKt
8 P—Kt3	Kt—Q5	23 RxPj	KtxP
9 Q—Kt2	Q—R3	24 R—Kt7 ch	K—B
10 P—Q3	Q—Kt3d	25 R(B6)—B	R—KB, KB
11 QxQ	KtxQ ch	26 B—Kt k	RxR
12 K—Q	KtxQ5e	27 RxR	P—QKt
13 Kt—Q5	K—Q2	28 R—B	P—Q4
14 P—QKt4	P—QKt4g	29 R—B	R—Kt3
15 PxB	PxB	[illegible]	Resigns

(a) Probably a sounder way of defending the gambit than by P—Q4.

(b) The usual continuation is 5. ... Kt—B3; 6. P—Q3, P—KKt5. Maljutin, in his notes to the game, said that if this had been played he intended to reply 7. Kt—QR4 and if ... BxKt; 8. QxB, Kt—Q5; 9. Q—Q, P—QKt4; 10. BxP ch, KxB; 11. KtxB, PxKt; 12. PxP, Kt—Q2; 13. Castles ch with two Ps and strong attack for the piece. This latter variation is an invention of Alechine, but we doubt whether it is analytically sound.

(c) Not good. If, however, 7. ... Kt—Q5; 8. Q—Kt3, KtxP ch; 9. K—Q, KtxR; 10. PxP, PxR; 11. R—B with an irresistible attack. The correct move was 7. ... Kt—B3, threatening 8. ... Kt—Q5.

(d) If 10. ... Kt—B5 ch; 11. K—B threatening to win the Kt by 12. P—KKt4.

(e) Again Kt—B3 should have been played. This time to parry Kt—Q5.

(f) The best to defend the P would have been 13. ... B—Kt3. White would probably have been reluctant to exchange his well posted Kt for B, especially as by doing so he would have opened the file for Black's rook.

(g) The only move, for if 14. ... B—Kt3; 15. KtxB, PxKt; 16. BxBP.

(h) White fails here to realize the strength of his position. PxP instead of 20. move should have won easily, e. g. 17. PxQ, PxQP; 18. R—QKt, K—B3; 19. PxP, PxP; 20. R—KB, P—B3; 21. B—K3 threatening K—Q.

and KR—B ch and Black would have been almost without resource.

(i) Maljutin points out that he still could have won by PxQP, e. g. 20. PxQP, KxP; 21. B—R3 ch, K—K4 (if K—B3 instead; 22. K—Q2, Kt—R3; 23. KtxP); 22. K—Q2, KxP; 23. QR—Q, ch, KxKt; 24. R—B5 ch, K—B3; 25. RxKt ch, K—Q2; 26. R—Q6 ch, K—K (if K—B2; 27. R—B5 ch, KxR; 28. R—B8 ch and wins); 27. R—Kt5, K—B2; 28. R—Kt7 ch, K—Kt3; 29. R(Q6)—Q7 and wins.

(j) The final mistake. He should have defended his KP by R—Kt4 and the game would probably have resulted in a draw.

(k) This loses at once. B—R6 would have prolonged the game, but could not have saved it.

(l) Against the threatening P—Q7 there was no defence.

Following is the score of a game which netted the winner the brilliancy prize in the New Zealand championship tournament. The notes to this game and that contested at Triberg are by Amos Burn in "The Field." The game:

RUY LOPEZ.

F K Kelling White.	G F Dodds Black.	F K Kelling White.	G F Dodds Black.
1 P—K4	P—K4	16 Kt—K4	QR—KBa
2 Kt—KB3	Kt—QB3	17 Kt—Kt3	RxKt
3 B—Kt5	P—QR3	18 PxR	RxPo
4 BxKta	QPxB	19 P—KB4h	KtxP
5 Castlesb	B—KKt5	20 BxKt	RxB
6 P—Q3	B—Q3	21 Q—R5	R—KKt5
7 B—K3	Kt—K2	22 Q—Kt6	Q—R
8 QKt—Q2	Castles	23 R—Kt k	Q—R l
9 P—KR3	B—Q2	24 RxR	PxR
10 P—QB3	Kt—Kt3	25 Kt—Kt m	R—Kt
11 Kt—Kt2e	P—B3	26 R—K n	R—B
12 KKt—B3	P—Kt3d	27 Kt—Kt5o	Q—Kt
13 R—B	Q—K2	28 Kt—R7 ch p	K—Kt q
14 R—K	P—KB4f	29 Kt—B6ch	Resigns
15 PxP	RxP		

(a) This move has occasionally been played by the leading masters. It gives white slightly the better pawn position, but abandons the initiative and leaves the opponent with two B's against B and Kt.

(b) The usual move P—Q4 is more energetic and stronger.

(c) Losing time. P—Q4 would have been better.

(d) Intending to play later on P—KB4 and guarding against losing his QKtp by QKt3 ch.

(e) Black has now the better developed game.

(f) A perfectly sound sacrifice, which if correctly followed up might have resulted in the prize for brilliancy being awarded to black instead of to his opponent.

(g) This move is good, but better would have been Kt—R5, threatening to win the exchange by KtxP ch. If to prevent this white had played P—KB4 he would have lost, e. g.: 19. P—KB4, PxP; 20. BxBP, QxR ch; 21. QxQ, Kt—B6 ch; 22. K—R (if 22. K—B, BxP ch), KtxQ; 23. BxB, PxB; 24. RxKt and black would be two pawns ahead, with an easily won game. If instead of BxP white plays 20. B—Q2, PxKt; 21. RxQ, PxP; 22. K—R (if 22. K—B, BxP ch, BxP, threatening B—Kt7 mate, and white has no resource.

(h) Kt—R5 was still threatening.

(i) Black could now have won by PxP, e. g.: 19. ... PxP; 20. BxBP, Q—B; 21. B—R3, Kt—K4; 22. K—R, Kt—B6; 23. R—K2, BxKt; 24. PxB, QxR and wins.

(j) Premature. B—B6, preventing R—B4 and threatening Q—R5 might have won, for if 23. Kt—B5, Q—Q2; 24. KtxP ch, K—R.

(k) After many narrow escapes white is at last in safety, and his excellent play from this point gained him the brilliancy prize, although black had a chance of drawing.

(l) B—B6 would probably have drawn.

(m) Threatening mate in two moves, beginning with Kt—B6 ch.

(n) Again threatening Kt—B6 ch and mate next move.

(o) There is no satisfactory reply to this fine move.

(p) A pretty finish to a highly interesting game.

(q) Of course if 28. ... K—K2; 29. QxQ, followed by RxB ch, &c.

The appended problem received the first prize in an international problem tournament. The success of the local composer, who is looked upon as the most ingenious two move problem maker of to-day, is all the more creditable inasmuch as such eminent men as Dr. Emanuel Lasker, the champion of the world; Dr. S. Tarrasch, German champion, and R. Teichmann were the judges and were unanimous when reaching the verdict. The position:

PROBLEM NO. 578, BY FRANK JANET.

Black—7 pieces.

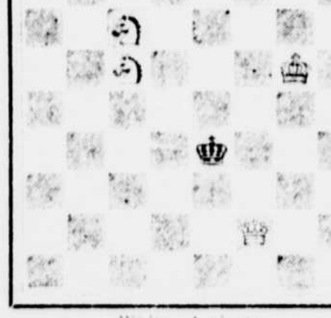
White—9 pieces.

White to play and mate in two moves.

By the same author a problem in three moves is herewith presented. The reader will find it of exceptional merit. The position:

PROBLEM NO. 579, BY FRANK JANET.

Black—1 piece.

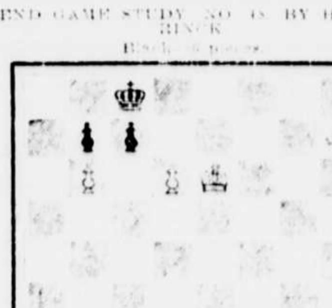


White—4 pieces.

White to play and mate in three moves.

END GAME STUDY NO. 48, BY HENRI RINCK.

Black—6 pieces.



White—4 pieces.

White to play and win.

SOLUTION TO NO. 576.

1 Q—R, P—Kt3; 2 B—Kt5 ch, &c.
1 ... P—Kt4; 2 B—B5, &c.
1 Q—R, any other; 2 Q—Kt7 ch, &c.

SOLUTION TO NO. 577.

1 Q—Kt4, &c.

SOLUTION TO END GAME STUDY NO. 47.

1 K—Kt7, K—Kt3; 2 K—B8, B—Kt; 3 Kt—B2, B—Kt7 or B8; 4 P—Kt and wins.

1 ... K—Kt5; 2 K—Q6, B—B3 ch; 3 Kt—K3 or K—B6 ch and wins.

[illegible] game study 47 from [illegible] O'Connor, Montclair, N. J.; Robert H. Hixon, New York city; A. H. Baldwin, Norwalk, Ct.

Solutions to 576 and 577 from S. A. Chittenden, [illegible], Conn.; W. Mason, Rye, N. Y.; Dr. W. H. Ibler, Danbury, Conn.; Charles Wilcox, Atlantic City, N. J.

Solution to 576 from N. J. Lane, New York city.

Solution to 577 from W. D. L. B., New York city.

Additional solutions received to 474, 475 and end game 46 from Dr. W. H. Ibler, Danbury, Conn.; to end game study 45 from Alfredo Parsons, Key West, Fla.; the latter also solved 574 and 575; to 574 and end game 46, from Prof. N. L. Perry, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CORRESPONDENCE.

E. F. Polx, Brooklyn—Thanks for kind contribution.

Collar Saved Pastor's Neck.

HAZLETON, Pa., July 10.—As the Rev. E. H. Wilson, pastor of Jeddo, Lattimer and Milnesville charges of Methodist churches, was returning home after services an unidentified man stepped out, slashed him across the neck with a razor and escaped.

The linen collar of Pastor Wilson saved him from being perhaps fatally cut. The collar was cut almost through at a point along the jugular vein. Mr. Wilson cannot account for the murderous attack.