HE FOUND VARIETY IN DRINK AND POKER

Though He Scoffed at Arkansas City's Attractions at First Sight.

BASSETT'S OBJECTIONS

By DAVID A. CURTIS.

"I sho' is done travelled a heap," said the stranger, after he had crossed the gangplank and taken a more or less comprehensive look at Arkansas City. "I done been asho' nigh 'bout everywhere else on the river, an' I reckon this yer's the Gawd-fo'sakenest town they is—but I like it," he added heartily, as Joe Bassett loomed up suddenly beside him, huge and threatening of aspect.

A critical observer would probably have decided that the stranger had taken more stimulant than he required for merely steadying his nerves. There was not, however, evidence of his having been affected by it to any greater extent than was manifested by a certain ebullience of manner and an apparent desire to express himself with great fulness. No mere allusion sufficed him. He seemed to feel that it was necessary to explain.

So, after he had given vent to his somewhat explosive declaration of his real opinion of Arkansas City and had followed this up with a disavowal of personal prejudice against the place, when he perceived that the large and truculent sheriff was regarding him unpleasantly, he went on to say more about it. And this, to say the least, showed questionable judgment. It might have been better if he had stopped where he was. But no.

"I reckon mebbe," he went on to say, rather feebly, "what the kyind o' people what likes the kyind of a place this is is liable fo' to c'nsider what Arkansas City is the kyind of a place what suits 'em tol'able well, but fo' a man what ain't 'xactly 'customed to it 'pears like th' ain't what mought be called a hellova lot o' v'riety into it. No offence, pardner," he added, as if doubtful as to how his remarks might be taken.

Mr. Bassett himself was lighted up to some extent with the glory of strong drink at the moment, and being one who was more or less brusque at all times, he showed even less tolerance than he might have shown under other circumstances.

"If we uns 'd known yo' all was gaine to come asho' right now," he said with a palpable sneer, "we mought 'a had the town made over some diffrent ruther 'n to had yo' displeased like yo' 'pears to be. Bein's things is the way they be, mebbe yo' all 'd better git aho'd the boat agin afo' she leaves. I reckon mebbe yo' won't find no 'commodations what 'd be liable fo' to meet yo' requirements."

"Oh, I ain't so doggoned p'ticlar 'bout 'commodations," said the stranger with a fatuous effort to placate the indignant sheriff. "I was aimin' to stay 'round fo' a few days an' sort o' git acquainted. 'Most any old place is good enough fo' me, pardin' I c'n git a little booze f'm time to time. Mebbe if me an' yo' was to liquor up some we c'd git to know each other mo' fav'able like."

Hasty and even violent as Mr. Bassett was, his nature was not wholly without its better side, and this appeal to the noblest instinct of it was not without effect. The wrath excited by the stranger's slighting remarks gave way to gentler emotions, and holding his resentment in check temporarily he promptly led the way to a small hostelry kept by old man Greenlaw in the immediate neighborhood. And the stranger, wotting not of the experiences in store for him, followed cheerily.

The old man's hospitality to callers who had the price was boundless, and this one had the bearing of a prosperous man. It was therefore a pleasant visage which confronted him across the bar, when he lurched toward it, saying, "Let's liquor."

There was also a total absence of hostility on the faces of three other men in the saloon who promptly took advantage of the opportunity which presented itself. No one of them had heard the strictures the stranger had conveyed in his comments on their habitat, and they had as yet no cause of quarrel with him. So far as they knew he was merely an individual item in the vast assemblage that peopled the world, indistinguishable from any other item until he should differentiate himself from the mass in some way.

His compliance with the etiquette of the occasion when he entered the place was an indication merely. Of itself it removed one possibility of unfavorable judgment, but by no means removed him from the category of those who might prove objectionable. Tentatively he had established himself as one entitled to a hearing. What might happen later on remained to be seen.

Bassett precipitated matters. Himself a stickler for etiquette, it had not been possible for him to slight the invitation which the other had extended so freely, but he had not by any means forgotten the prejudice the other had aroused against himself, and as soon as the libation had been disposed of with due ceremony he recurred to the subject of their difference. And being outspoken at all times he did so abruptly.

"The gent says what he hain't no 'pinion o' Arkansas City," he observed to old man Greenlaw loudly and clearly enough to compel the hearing of the entire party. And he said it in such fashion that no further exposition of his own feelings seemed necessary.

"Well," said the old man, as one who is not too hasty to take offence when some profit might attach to an attitude of neutrality, "th' ain't no 'accounting fo' po' taste, as the Good Book says. I reckon 'tain't gave to everybody to 'preciate th' 'dvantages of a metropolus like ourn afo' he gits mo' 'quainted like. Mebbe the gent is on's 'gin'nt. Don't foller what he's gaine to be fensive about it. Have another."

This last utterance came somewhat hastily, thereby serving to check the big slice in an utterance of his own which was evidently imminent. Etiquette was still paramount, and not even an indignant man such as the sheriff certainly was could interfere with so important a matter as another drink without offence to the whole party.

Bassett realized this and held himself in abeyance again, but only till the second drink was taken.

"I was tellin' of him," he continued, "what mebbe he's best go some other place, bein' 's Arkansas City don't 'pear to size up 'cordin' to his idees o' what's fittin'. Th' ain't nothin' to hender him f'm buildin' a town to suit hisself when he gits thar."

"Time enough fo' that," interposed the old man, who had a deep abhorrence of premature strife. "Mebbe the gent mought think diff'rent if he was to be mo' 'quainted."

"Tha's the talk," said the stranger eagerly. "Le's git mo' 'quainted. I c'n git 'quainted with mos' anybody, don't make no dif'rence who they be. Th' ain't nothin' 'bout me what's no better'n anybody else, p'vidin' they's liquor handy.

"I sho' does hate a place where th' ain't nothin' to drink, but outsiden that I hain't got no vi'lent pref'rence agin nothin'. All's I said was what they didn't 'pear to be no gre't v'riety 'round, but 's long 's they 's booze I don't 'bject to that strenyous."

"Gent said the place was Gawd-fo'sooken," persisted Bassett, insisting on his grievance. But the old man was also insistent. He was not minded to have business interfered with.

"Gawd-fo'sooken is c'lokyal," he said slightingly. "Don't mean nothin' p'tic'lar, not 'thouten it's took ser'ous. I reckon the gent is mo' 'r less reas'nable even if he is some keerless in his talk. He says all's he wants is booze an' v'riety. Speakin' o' booze——"

He paused significantly and the stranger said promptly, "Le's have another."

A pause in the conversation ensued, during which they had another, and after that the old man continued:

"'S fur 's v'riety is c'ncerned," he said thoughtfully as one who is groping around for some solution to a difficulty, "I reckon they is mo' v'riety into a game o' draw poker 'n they is in anythin' else under the blue canister o' heaven. If v'riety is all what the gent is a lookin' fo', they hadn't ought fo' to be no gre't difficulty in p'vidin' of it fo' him. Mebbe he don't play poker, though."

This last was spoken doubtfully, as if calculated to draw out a declaration of some sort, and the stranger's response was ready and satisfactory.

"I c'd eat draw poker fo' breakfast eight days in the week," he said with much enthusiasm, "but I don't play no desp'rit kyind of a game. What I likes is a nice easy, sociable game among gen'lemen. If yo' uns plays thataway they wouldn't nothin' please me mo' 'n to set in fo' a spell."

"Th' ain't no desp'rit play 'lowed on the premises, not never," declared the old man very emphatically. "What's did is fo' to play along, friendly an' nice, fo' the puppose o' passin' the time b'tween drinks. Chips is $50 a stack, an' they don't nobody have to bet no mo' 'n he has on the table, no time. 'S fur 's the drinks is c'ncerned, they c'n be served here or on the table, 'cordin' to the c'nvenience o' them what's playin'. They won't be no trouble 'bout that."

"In that case," said the stranger pleasantly, "they mought be one mo' set up afo' we sets in, just so 's to start the game right."

Even Bassett's hostility abated somewhat in the face of the stranger's manifestly earnest desire to ingratiate himself regardless of the price of liquor at the bar, and when Blaisdell, Winterbottom and Pearsall declared their readiness to participate in an effort to provide him with the variety he craved the burly sheriff was persuaded without any great difficulty to take a hand in the game. His comment, however, was somewhat ungracious, to say the least.

"Th' ain't no guarantee but what he'll c'ntinner to call it Gawd-fo'sooken," he muttered sullenly, but the others took no notice, and without further ado the party adjourned to the back room.

Chips were sold and cards were produced, which Blaisdell proceeded to shuffle, and the old man after seeing that all was in order retired to the barroom.

To him presently entered Mr. Owen Pepper, of whom the old man inquired if he knew anything of a stranger who had just come ashore.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper, "but if it's Jim Plagget yo' mean, he's c'nsidable of a tight wad round home. Lives in Helena. He just come asho' offen the Creole Belle. 'Peared like he was drinkin' some. He loosens up a heap when he is, but he don't never do it on'y when he travels."

"That's proper," said the old man. "Time to spend money is when yo' travels. They wouldn't be no sense stayin' to home on'y fo' to 'cumulate money to travel with."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "I travels to git money, an——"

But just then a call for refreshments in the back room was heard and the old man hastened away.

The next hour or so passed quietly in the barroom, though the old man had occasionally to bestir himself in answer to other calls from Mr. Plagget, twice for more chips and twice for drinks. Each time he returned to his chair by the front window with a contented look.

"Comin' an' goin'," he murmured softly. "Comin' an' goin'."

Then Mr. Plagget emerged from the back room with three or four chips in his hand and a discouraged look on his face.

"I was reck'nin' what they was mo' 'r less v'riety into the game," he said, "but 'pears like th' ain't."

"Didn't the cyards run good?" asked the old man with a sympathetic accent.

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Plagget. "They run fine. I got hell-rearin' good hands nigh 'bout every deal, but the way they was beat was somepin' monotonious. These yer few chips is all I got left, an' I reckoned I mought better cash 'em in for drinks, rather'n to bet with 'em.

"Th'ain't no 'bjections to that," said the old man. "C'hips is took at the bar, same as money, on'y o' co'se they is a discount on 'em, long o' the bookkeepin' devolved."

"To hell with the discount," said drinks."

They were given, and the entire party drank with him, including Bassett, who seemed less indignant than he had been, though not entirely satisfied.

"Mebbe yo' all mought take back what yo' said 'bout Arkansas City bein' Gawdfo'sooken," he suggested threateningly, as Mr. Plagget turned toward the door.

That gentleman stopped and seemed about to answer hotly, but noticing Bassett's expression he changed his mind.

"Mebbe 'tain't 's Gawdfo'sooken 's I reckoned it was," he admitted, with a morose look, "but th'ain't no question but what it's gwine to be fo'sooken 's quick 's I c'n git away."

And it was.

POEMS WORTH READING.

Whence Cometh War?

Strange epidemics have swept o'er the earth
In ages past and taken toll of men,
And human life to God seemed little worth
As thousands perished—and ten thousands then.

Scourge after scourge has come upon the race,
And run its course from land to sea and land;
Its source mysterious no mind could trace,
The dying passed and could not understand.

What sin was man's that he should be thus cursed?
Why fell the innocent beneath a cruel rod?
Death stalked abroad and did to man his worst,
And nations murmured 'twas the will of God.

But what of this blood madness now that runs
From race to race as former scourges ran?
The dying gaze upon night's million suns,
And know that war comes not from God but man.

EDWARD S. VAN ZILE.

A Winter Song.

I see the drugget colored days
In dreary file go by,
And long for the untrammelled ways
Beneath a vernal sky.

I yearn for solace and for song
That April hours unfold,
For winds that blow green lanes along,
And dandelion gold;

For butterflies like dancing motes
Above the cloistered dell,
And birds that toss from tawny throats
The airs of Ariel;

For cress and calumus and mint,
The hint of orchard snows,
And on the briar the crimson tint
That presages the rose.

Then, haste, ye drugget colored days!
In trooping file speed by!
I long for the untrammelled ways
Beneath a vernal sky!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Early Japanese Verse.

From the Japan Magazine.

EMBLEMS.

Kono tabi wa
Nusa mo tori aezu
Tamuke-yama
Momiji-no-nishiki
Kami no mani-mani

I bring no prayers on colored silk
To-day to-day thine to-day,
But take instead these maple leaves,
That grow at Tamuke;
Finer than silk are they.
KWANKE (Ninth Century).

LOVE'S PERPLEXITY.

Yura-no-to wo
Watari funabito
Kaji wo tae
Yukue mo shiranu
Koi no michi kana!

Like a mariner
Sailing over Yura's strait,
With his rudder gone * * *
Whither, o'er the deep of love,
Lies the goal, I do not know!
SO-NE-NO YOSHITADA (Tenth Century;
Translated by Dr. Clay MacCauley).

ONE FRIEND.

Kokoro ni mo
Arade ukiyo ni
Nagarayeba
Koishikaru-beki
Yowa no Tsuki kana.

If in this troubled world of ours
I still must linger on
My only friend shall be the moon,
Which on my sadness shone
When other friends were gone.
Emperor SANJO (Eleventh Century).

PRAYERS.

Ukari kemu
Hito wo Hatsuse no
Yama-oroshi
Hagesht kare tewa
Iboranu mono wo.

Oh! Kwannon, patron of this hill,
The maid, for whom I pine,
Is obstinate and wayward, like
The gusts around thy shrine
What of those prayers of mine?
TOSHITOSHI (Twelfth Century).

"Somewhere in France."

From the King's College Record.

Rough was that night in the trenches deep,
In the snow and biting cold,
Half of the regiment lying still
And stark on the frozen mold.
The censored news was bad enough,
But half has never been told!

Somewhere in France! And Christmas Eve!
And tears which they could not stem,
And over them flamed a crimson star
Like a blood red diadem.
They thought of home and the village church,
And the star of Bethlehem!

The village church! And the holly leaves!
The choir vested in white!
The friends who with them a year ago
Forged to the front to fight!
Some had gone to their long, long home,
And some were going—to-night!

Hark! No angel voices those,
No chime of their village bells,
But sickening screech and angry roar
Of a torrent of bursting shells!
The din of a million demoniac cries
From the throats of a thousand hells!

God! they are coming! No peace on earth
In the hearts of you savage brood,
Good will to men! They hear it not
In their hearts of murderous mood!
Is this the night of the angel song?
Or Gethsemane's foreshadowed road?

'Twas Britons they fought that starlit night,
Britons who met their advance,
For the sea girt isle hath many such
To laugh at a levelled lance!
The empire's sons flung back their foes
That night—somewhere in France!

Somewhere in France that Christmas Eve,
When the trenches were dark and still,
And Britain's banner still waved on high
From the red shaked shattered hill,
The angels sang their glory to God,
And peace to men of good will!
B. W. ROGERS TAYLER.

Magdalen.

From Poetry.

God made my body slim and white
To be men's torture and men's delight.

God made my heart a wayside inn,
And there the guests keep merry din.

God left my soul a lamp unlit—
But only God ever thinks of it.
MINA LEE.

A Song of Pleasant Memories.

From the Boston Transcript.

The drowsy murmur of some tideless river,
A sudden gleam of the transcendent sea,
Young poplar leaves with April's kiss a-quiver,
And Ilion lives again for you and me.

A child's cry through the hush of dawning breaking,
A woman's voice that answers tenderly,
Song of a bird, his little soft throat shaking,
And Ilion lives again for you and me.

Ripples of sunlight 'twixt vine tangles dripping,
Plaint of an unforgetful hemlock tree,
A pheasant through low rustling leaf drifts slipping,
And Ilion lives again for you and me.

Ruffle of wings through apple orchards flying,
Fragrance of burgeoning lilacs blowing free,
Spilled incense grains 'neath willow censers lying—
And Ilion lives again for you and me.

The Milton hills through veils of violet peering,
Platoons of gulls patrolling the gray sea,
Young Dian toward the west her shallop steering,
And Ilion lives again for you and me.

Greetings, half said, with stream of longing broken,
Chrism of the look reveals divinity,
Silence, through which love's ultimate is spoken,
Dear—Ilion lives for aye—with you and me!
FRANCES BARTLETT.

"Dot."

So seeming weak, and yet, and yet—
Some force holds sway,
At times suspected not;
Even tension feels a sudden stay,
Life's turmoils cease to fret,
And oft a weary head finds rest
At just the touch of Dot.
M. M. M.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Kindly let me know the exact distance that Havana, Cuba, is west of New York. W. K.

As the degrees of longitude converge toward the poles the comparison can only be made by putting both cities in the same latitude. The local office of the United States Coast and Geodetic Survey has kindly made the calculation, as follows:

Morro lighthouse, Havana harbor, is in latitude 23 degrees 9 minutes 26 seconds north; longitude 82 degrees 21 minutes 29 seconds west. The City Hall, New York, is in latitude 40 degrees 42 minutes 44 seconds north; longitude 74 degrees 0 minutes 24 seconds west. The difference of longitude is 8 degrees 21 minutes 5 seconds.

In the latitude of New York this difference is equal to 381 nautical miles or 439 statute miles; in the latitude of Havana it is equal to 462 nautical miles or 532 statute miles.

Will some of the old Manhattaners come forward with the words of the song "Ole Man Moses, He Sells Roses"? Dvorak in his "Symphony From the New World" uses the melody for his theme. What are the words? Also who sang them? G.

"Old Man Moses" is in "College Songs" published by Oliver Ditson & Co. It has been sung by college glee clubs for years.

G. is mistaken in thinking Dvorak used this or any other song as a theme in his symphony. Some of the themes in the symphony have a certain kinship to negro tunes, but there is not the slightest actual borrowing or adaptation of any single song. Dvorak's idea was simply that we could get American color by imitating the melodic character of the slave song.

It is generally understood that every fourth year is a leap year, but there are some exceptions; how are these determined? Was the year 1600 a leap year? W. H. M.

Every year of which the number is evenly divisible by four is a leap year, excepting the century years, which are only leap years when evenly divisible by four after omitting the two ciphers. This is the rule of the calendar as revised by Pope Gregory XIII. on February 24, 1582. Under this rule our years exceed the solar year by 26 seconds, an error of a day in 3,323 years. It has been proposed to rectify this by making the year 4000 and its multiples common years. This would reduce the error to not more than a day in 20,000 years.

The year 1600, as will be seen, was a leap year.

Concerning Spoonerism it should be noted that the word is in Sir James A. H. Murray's dictionary as follows:

"Spoonerism (from the name of the Rev. W. A. Spooner, 1844-19—). An accidental transposition of the initial sounds, or other parts, of two or more words. Known in colloquial use in Oxford from about 1885."

There is a citation from the London *Globe* of February 5, 1900: "To one unacquainted with technical terms it sounds as if the speaker were guilty of a spoonerism."

A contends that the clause "if the plank was full of holes" is wrong, the intention of the writer being to convey the idea that the plank was not full of holes; and that the subjunctive "were" should be used. B says that many modern writers of good English have restricted the use of the subjunctive and that the sentence as it stands is correct, whether expressing doubt or certainty. A. C. SMITH.

B is wrong. Good English usage does not permit any other meaning for "if * * * was" than uncertainty regarding a matter in the past. If the writer intends to imply that the plank was not full of holes he must say: "If the plank had been," &c., for "if * * * were" is the present tense.

In several recent motion pictures dealing with newspaper subjects the word "thirty" has been used as a noun. The context of the pictures does not make the meaning clear. Will you tell us its meaning and application? T. L. EDGWILL.

It is newspaper slang for "the end" of a news despatch or story, and so, figuratively, for the end of a day's work or a newspaper man's work and life. But we have never seen it used outside fiction.

Benham, in his book of quotations (page 461, column two) cites as the motto "said to have been inscribed on a banner in a Western State" these words: "Modesty is a very good thing, but a man in this country may get on very well without it." Do you happen to know the name of this Western State? A. B.

The vagueness of Benham's reference has effectually defeated attempts to trace the sentiment. Does some reader know its history?

Not only does John Nevil Maskelyne in his book "The Fraud of Modern Theosophy Exposed" reveal the miserable deception that passes as "the Indian rope trick," but in the same volume and in another book, "The Supernatural?" written with Lionel A. Weatherly, M. D., he destroys the idea that the Indian juggler may possibly achieve his marvels by hypnotizing his audience. As Maskelyne says, it would be impossible to hypnotize a whole audience, and the idea that hypnotism might be at work originated in the brain of a clever short story writer. The writer made his character employ a camera while the juggler was at work. The film showed the juggler moving about—nothing else. The character in the story concluded that hypnotism was used. This ingenious piece of fiction was widely copied as fact. MASK.

Will THE SUN kindly give the words of Samuel Lover's "Widow Machree"? KATE HUDSON.

They may be found at page 1908 in Burton E. Stevenson's "The Home Book of Verse," which must be in nearly every library.

As regards the quotation "I expect to pass through this world but once," &c., how would it do to seek the authorship as far back as Job, Chapter xvi., twenty-third verse (Douay Bible): "For behold short years pass, and I am walking in a path by which I shall not return." J. A. C.

Why is a cracker bonbon in England termed a "cosaque"? A. B.

The only reference that has been found is in Sir James A. H. Murray's New English Dictionary. Marking the word as "not naturalized," Sir James says that it is "apparently a trade application of the French Cosaque, Cossack, probably in allusion to the sudden and irregular firing of the latter." He gives three examples of its use. The first is a definition in a dictionary of trade products, 1858. The other two are dated 1882 and 1884.

SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Auction Bridge. A. T. R. says: We are in doubt as to the rule when all four players pass without a bid. Some say it goes round again, others say it is restricted to one trick in any five card suit, the first one making such a bid on the second round being the declarer without any further bidding. The game is progressive, four deals at a table.

In straight auction the laws distinctly state that if four players pass the deal goes to the left. In progressive games, in which it is usually one of the conditions that each of the four at the table shall have a deal, the rule is to let the same dealer deal again. If the game is also duplicate the hand is redealt if it is the first time it is played, otherwise it is passed up and the scores entered as nothing to nothing. In no form of the game is a second round of bids allowed, if all four pass the first round.

Mrs. A. B. B. asks what the dealer should bid on these cards, no score: Seven clubs to the king jack, four diamonds to the ace jack, and two small spades, no hearts. The actual bid was two clubs.

This is not even a one club bid. There is not a single sure trick in the suit. The dealer should pass and see what the others bid. A two trick bid in a minor suit shows six or more sure tricks in the hand and begs the partner to go no trumps. There is only one trick in this hand—ace of diamonds.

F. W. B. says: A club is bid on my right, which with us is an invitation to the partner to go no trumps if he can. I hold a pretty fair no trumper myself, but only queen and two small clubs. What should I do?

Anticipate the declaration of the third hand, no matter what it may be, by showing your strong suit, the suit you would like your partner to lead. By doing this while it is cheap you do not risk much. If he declines to bid, your partner is informed that you are willing to have him do something.

S. C. J. says: Dealer bids no trump; second hand passes; third hand holds nothing but a long string of clubs, headed by the queen. What should she say?

If by a long string is meant six or more she should certainly bid two clubs, if for nothing else than to warn the dealer that there will be nothing in her prospective dummy in the way of high cards to assist a no trumper.

P. H. says: My deal. I find queen ten nine eight two of spades; ace king small in diamonds; ace and another club, with three hearts to the ten. What is the bid? I have no sure tricks in spades.

There are enough tricks in the other suits to fill up the holes in the spade suit, and a spade bid is much safer than no trumps. The hand should be good for six tricks, which is far above the average strength of an original declaration.

G. L. says: Dealer leads a club from dummy, finesses the ten. Third hand holds jack nine, but drops a diamond, and at once says he has a club when his partner asks him. Can dummy say anything, as his partner does not know the rules very well?

Law 60 (f) allows the dummy to advise the declarer as to which penalty to exact for a revoke. He should advise in this case for the call of the smallest club, if it is a finesse.

Pinochle. C. C. says: Four playing, each man for himself. A melds enough to put him out and has the lead. B melds all he has. C refuses to meld, as his chances of game are hopeless. The dealer, D, melds enough to go out, making two players who need only a trick to win. A bets that C must meld what he can so that they may see what he has. C bets it is optional with him to meld or not.

C is correct. A player will sometimes overlook a meld, and there is no law to force him to make it.

J. C. G. asks if a pack can be counted to see how many cards still remain to be drawn?

Yes. It is often done to be sure that there has been no mistake or irregularity in drawing up to that time.

F. R. M. says: Playing two hand. A melds royal marriage and on winning another trick adds the ace, ten, queen, jack for 150. On winning another trick he produces the second king. Can he meld that to the second queen on the table for 40 more?

If the first marriage was still on the table when the ace, ten, jack were added the second queen was unnecessary. If both queens are still on the table when the second king is laid down the meld for the second 40 is good, as only the first marriage belongs to the trump sequence.

H. M. B. says: Playing with the 48 card pack, 3 cards in the widow, the bidder wants the ace of hearts, having neither of the heart aces in hand. What are the odds against getting it?

If he holds 15 cards there are 33 that he does not hold, and only three of those are in the widow. As either of two cards will fill his hand it is 5 to 1 that he gets neither of them, because there are ten cards not in the widow to every card in it.

D. L. says: A gets the bid for 400 and melds 250. Toward the end of the play C finds he has a card too many, the others having their right number. The cards are counted and 49 are found, the extra one being the nine of hearts, a triplicate, in C's hand. What happens now?

B makes his bid, and the adversaries score nothing, as one of them has a foul hand, sixteen cards.

P. G. says: The bidder has the lead with two cards left, which he lays on the table with the remark, "Both the last tricks are mine." A can win one of these, perhaps both if the bidder leads the wrong one. Should he say, "One is mine," or can he call the cards?

All he can do is to tell the bidder to play the hand out without any remark as to whether his cards are good or not. Cards cannot be called when exposed by the single player.

Poker. C. D. P. H. says: Playing stud, five in the game, two cards face up to each. A's first bet, B calls it, dealer C drops out and D calls. Before B had a chance to raise it, which was his intention, C helped D to a card, face up. What happens?

D cannot take the card, and it must be placed on the bottom of the pack, as if faced in dealing for the draw.

POKER, ITS LAWS AND PRINCIPLES. By Algernon Crofton. Edited by R. F. Foster.
Most up to date work on poker for many years. R. F. Foster.
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NOVEL POINTS OF THE LAW.

In affirming a conviction by a Brooklyn city Magistrate of one Garstenfield for disorderly conduct, Judge Roy of Kings county wrote the following opinion:

"Is it disorderly conduct for one individual to publicly greet another by placing the end of his thumb against the tip of his nose, at the same time extending and wiggling the fingers of his hand? That momentous question is involved in this appeal. What meaning is intended to be conveyed by the above described pantomime? Is it a friendly or an unfriendly action; a compliment or an insult? Is it a direct invitation to fight, or is it likely to provoke a fight? Doctor Holmes, that delightful wit and philosopher of a former generation, remarked in his 'Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' that 'there are a good many symbols even that are more expressive than words.' In the Knickerbocker History of New York we read that when William the Testy sent an expedition to treat with the belligerent powers of Rensselaerstein the Ambassador who accompanied the expedition demanded the surrender of the fortress. 'In reply the Wachtmeester applied the thumb of his right hand to the end of his nose and the thumb of his left hand to the little finger of the right, and spreading each hand like a fan made an aerial flourish with his fingers.' No breach of the peace ensued, but this was apparently owing to the fact that the Ambassador was ignorant of the significance of the Wachtmeester's salutation. It is, however, recorded that the practice became widespread, and that up to the author's day the thumb to the nose and the fingers in the air is apt to be a reply made by tenants to their landlord when called upon for any long arrears of rent. The practice still persists and is not limited to tenants who are indisposed to pay their rent. Among boys it serves as a harmless vent for injured feelings which lack the proper vocabulary to relieve themselves through audible speech. But when boys become men they should put away childish things. In the case at bar the circumstances attending the enactment of the nasal and digit drama aforesaid tend to show a design to engender strife. Moreover, the defendant had committed the same offence to the complaining witness on previous occasions, this indicating a determination to annoy him to the limit of patient endurance. My answer to the question stated at the beginning of the opinion is: It depends on circumstances. And under the circumstances disclosed I am satisfied the Magistrate was fully warranted in reaching the conclusion he arrived at."

In one of the after dinner speeches of Lord Reading, Lord Chief Justice of England, when he was in this country last summer he said that "the idea that it is the duty of the law courts to dispense law is becoming obsolete. It is recognized that it is the true duty of the courts to dispense justice."

Law Notes of London commenting on the speech says:

"If his Lordship is correctly reported, then the observation of the average blunt old lawyer will be short and simple. 'Rot!' The tongue of the most careful man runs away with him in an after banquet speech and if his Lordship did make any such remark he now bitterly repents it. What a nonsensical idea laymen have on this point. 'Well, sir, it may be law, but it ain't justice.' In our experience we have noticed the remark is generally made by a litigant who has just lost his case. The law of the land is made up of common law and statute law. If this law does not produce what the community regard as justice then let Parliament amend the law. But in the name of common sense don't let justice depend on the length and breadth of each Judge's foot, or rather, brain."

To this criticism Alexander H. Robbins, managing editor of the *Central Law Journal*, adds the following comment:

"Law and justice are not interchangeable terms. The one is objective, the other subjective. Law, in the practical use of that term, is society's conception of justice, concretely expressed in statute and decision. Abstract justice is an ever advancing but never completely attainable ideal toward which society keeps steadily striving. This ideal is realized in some measure from time to time by legislation changing or modifying rules of law. It must be borne in mind, however, that the popular assembly of the people is alone authorized to make the changes which the people regard as necessary to bring practical legal rules and abstract principles of justice into closer working relationship, and a Judge is justified neither in lagging behind nor in going ahead of the community's conception of justice as expressed in the action of the Legislature."

In Gordon vs. Wyness the Appellate Division, Second Department, heard a suit by a husband and wife against the father of a child for services in caring for a child of the defendant and for injury to their feelings when the child was taken away by the father when he remarried. The complaint was dismissed by the trial Judge, but the Appellate Division orders a new trial on the ground that while the plaintiffs couldn't recover for injury to their feelings, they did have a cause of action for services rendered. The opinion in the case, which is the first of the kind reported, is in part as follows:

"The complaint is somewhat discursive, but what it states in effect is as follows: The defendant's wife had given birth to a child and died shortly thereafter; by a mutual agreement between the plaintiffs and the defendant plaintiffs took the child and cared for it for a period of four years; thereafter the defendant remarried and took the child away from the plaintiffs. The complaint alleges further that there was an express agreement between the plaintiffs and the defendant that the child should be allowed to remain with the plaintiffs until it attained full age. The complaint contains an allegation of damages to the plaintiffs in their feelings and also loss to them in the reasonable value of the maintenance of the child in the meantime. Doubtless as to the claim for damages for injury to feelings there may be no recovery. But is it possible that under these circumstances there may be no recovery on the question of quantum meruit for services actually rendered? The defendant has had his child cared for for four years. According to the complaint, he agreed to leave the child with the plaintiffs until it attained its majority. The contract was plain. Of course, it was not such a contract as equity would enforce by specific performance, for the father had the right to take his child away and give it his parental bringing up, according to his own judgment. But he could not farm out his child in the meantime and have it receive the care and attention of others without being liable for the reasonable value of such services if he broke his agreement. So it seems to me."

The Missouri Court of Appeals holds in a suit before it that it is not necessary to make definite proof of a wife's services, "as any intelligent citizen might be presumed to know their reasonable value as a matter of common knowledge."

The *American Legal News* says that in Iowa a merchant sent a dunning letter to a man, who replied by return mail: "You say you are holding my note yet. That is all right, perfectly right. Just keep holding onto it, and if you find your hands slipping spit on them and try it again. Yours affectionately."

CHESS FOR PLAYER, LOVER AND STUDENT

Rice Memorial Masters' Tournament Proves a Great Success.

THREE ROUNDS REVIEWED

At the conclusion of the third round of the Rice Memorial Masters' Tournament on Thursday evening the masters, the public and the management were unanimous in their verdict on the contest, namely, that it is proving to be the most interesting competition since the international tournament, played at Cambridge Springs in 1904. Quite apart from the fact that men like Capablanca, Janowski and Kostic are in the ring, it is conceded all around that never before in the history of the game did such a splendid team represent the United States as on this occasion. That the public is aware of this fact is shown by the record attendances in the first three rounds of the tournament. At the Brooklyn Chess Club, where the first round was played; at the Manhattan Chess Club, when the players crossed swords for the second time, and at the Hotel Ansonia, the venue of the third round, record crowds were in attendance. It is therefore natural to suppose that the interest will increase from round to round, until the players will face each other in the final bouts.

Of course, at the start Capablanca was favorite, with Janowski as second choice. There was no disappointment experienced so far. Both these men won their games in the first and second rounds, and when they met in the third round they played a very interesting game, the issue of which, however, is still pending, the game having been adjourned after six hours of play in a very difficult position. The champion of the Manhattan Chess Club, Kupchik, so far occupied the third place, but as this player lost one game to the Brooklyn expert, Schroeder, his score was not as good as that of Capablanca and Janowski. Next in line were five men, each of whom scored 1½ points. While Bernstein, Chajes and Perkins have lost ½ point each only, Kostic and Schroeder have lost 1½ points each. Little, if anything, need to be said of the rest of the field at present. It is only fair, however, to explain Black's position in the tournament. This player had to play the black pieces against both Capablanca and Janowski in the first and second round respectively, and much better, seeing that he has the heaviest part of his work behind him.

During this week the schedule will be his friends now hope that at subsequent rounds he will be able to acquit himself as follows:

To-day, fifth round, at the Rice Progressive Chess Club, at 6:30 P. M.—Chajes vs. Janowski, Fox vs. Capablanca, Kupchik vs. Tenenwurzel, Bernstein vs. Perkins, Hodges vs. Black, Rosenthal vs. Schroeder, Banks vs. Black.

To-morrow, sixth round, at the Manhattan Chess Club, at 3 o'clock—Kostic vs. Rosenthal, Perkins vs. Hodges, Tenenwurzel vs. Bernstein, Capablanca vs. Kupchik, Janowski vs. Fox, Banks vs. Chajes, Black vs. Schroeder.

On Tuesday, seventh round, at the Empire City Chess Club, at 3 P. M.—Fox vs. Banks, Kupchik vs. Janowski, Bernstein vs. Capablanca, Hodges vs. Tenenwurzel, Rosenthal vs. Perkins, Schroeder vs. Kostic, Chajes vs. Black.

Thursday, eighth round, at the Hotel Ansonia, at 3 P. M.—Perkins vs. Schroeder, Tenenwurzel vs. Rosenthal, Capablanca vs. Hodges, Janowski vs. Bernstein, Banks vs. Kupchik, Chajes vs. Fox, Black vs. Kostic.

On Friday, ninth round, at the Empire City Chess Club, at 3 P. M.—Kupchik vs. Chajes, Bernstein vs. Banks, Hodges vs. Janowski, Rosenthal vs. Capablanca, Schroeder vs. Tenenwurzel, Kostic vs. Perkins, Fox vs. Black.

On Saturday, tenth round, at the Yale Chess Club, at New Haven, Conn., at 3 P. M.—Tenenwurzel vs. Kostic, Capablanca vs. Schroeder, Janowski vs. Rosenthal, Banks vs. Hodges, Chajes vs. Bernstein, Fox vs. Kupchik, Black vs. Perkins.

Twenty-eight players are competing in a handicap tournament at Marshall's Chess Divan, 70 West Eighty-sixth street, and the following are in the lead: H. Hartshorne, 6—1; R. Stutz, 2½—½; G. Christiansen, 3—1; E. J. Callahan, 4—2; B. J. Marshall, 5½—2½.

With one game unfinished but likely to end in a draw, the hard fought match between the Brooklyn Chess Club and the Isaac L. Rice Progressive Chess Club in the Metropolitan Chess League stands at a tie of 3½ points for each side. The tie was brought about by the victory of H. Helms in the adjourned game with Oscar Chajes, which went to seventy-one moves after two sessions of play, which consumed all told 7 hours and 20 minutes. Another big match, Manhattan vs. I. L. Rice Progressive, was scheduled to be played at the Manhattan Chess Club last night. The Brooklyn—Manhattan match, on which the championship will in all likelihood depend, is scheduled for February 5 at the Manhattan Chess Club.

The first annual banquet of the Isaac L. Rice Progressive Chess Club, renamed as such in honor of the late Prof. Rice, was duly held in the Physicians Club at the Cafe Monopol and was attended by a large gathering of prominent chess players, many of whom eulogized the memory of the deceased patron. Joseph Idebergall, president of the club, acted as the toastmaster, and Dr. Henry Siff offered a resolution that the members note with sorrow the absence of their beloved and departed friend, and that it be resolved to give reverent expression to the consciousness of this sorrow caused by his absence through his demise, and that the family be duly made cognizant of the fact. Many excellent addresses were made. Miss L. Kirschner rendered several delightful solos. Dr. H. Diez entertained with a recitation and Dr. S. Gold submitted a two move chess problem, composed especially for the occasion.

A selection of games played in the opening round of the Rice Memorial Masters' tournament is herewith appended:

RUY LOPEZ

Bernstein. White.	Hodges. Black.	Bernstein. White.	Hodges. Black.
1 P-K4	P-K4	24 PxP	Q-K3
2 Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	25 P-Q5	QxKP
3 B-K5	P-QR3	26 PxP	Kt-B2
4 B-R4	Kt-B3	27 R-B3	Q-Q2
5 Castles	B-K2	28 R-B2	QR-K
6 R-K	P-Q4	29 Kt-Kt2	Kt-R
7 P-B3	B-Kt5	30 R-Q	Q-Kt3
8 P-KR3	BxKt	31 R-B	P-Q4
9 QxB	Castles	32 P-B5	RxR
10 P-Q3	P-QKt4	33 QxR	Q-Q5
11 B-B2	Q-Q2	34 R-K2	Q-B4
12 QKt-Q2	Kt-K	35 PxP	PxP
13