A POKER GAME THAT WAS NEVER PLAYED

Owing to Certain Happenings That Were Interesting of Themselves.

A GOOD MAN LED ASTRAY

By DAVID A. CURTIS.

Squire Hapgood rode gayly into Arkansas City on his favorite saddle mule while there was yet a little time to elapse before the going down of the sun. A contented expression sat on his rugged countenance and a sizable wad nestled in his breeches pocket. The time had arrived for one of his occasional outbreaks, and he was contemplating with no small satisfaction the prospect of a few hours of hilarity with which he was about to relieve the monotony of life as he lived it on his plantation a few miles away from the town. Having arranged his programme with due care, he was about to cut loose.

Certain matters of business demanded his attention, and being warned by previous experience he set about the transaction of these before relaxing. When on other occasions he had begun his round of pleasures first his business had suffered, so this time he rode past old man Greenlaw's saloon without stopping. The old man saw and understood this, but was not well satisfied.

"A fool an' his wad is soon parted, as the Good Book says," he grumbled. "Thar 'goes the Squire, hell bent on wastin' his substance in riotous hardware or somepin' fo' his home c'nsumption, 'stead o' gittin' the good on it his own self, like he mought if he was to come in hyar."

"I reckon he'll be back hyar, later on," said Jake Winterbottom, soothingly.

"O' co'se he will," said the old man. "Th' ain't no question o' that. But in the meantime he'll be shuckin' bills offen his wad what b'longs to we uns by rights. Talk about computation bein' the life o' trade! 'Tain't. It's mo' like the ruin of a business man, an' when it's took to 'xtremes like the Squire's a doin' on right now they's a ser'ous loss into it.

"Well," said Sam Pearsall, as one disposed to make the best of things, "I reckon he won't spend no mo'n he's 'bleedged to afo' he comes back."

"Prob'ly not," said the old man, "but th' aint a hellova lot o' satisfaction 'bout gittin' half of a wad when yo'd ought fo' to git it all."

It was undoubtedly true that the four friends of the old man who were sitting with him when he said this were in a sense the beneficiaries of his business system. That is, they shared in the profits of the poker game which was kept going in his back room under his careful superintendence. Ordinarily, therefore, they were little disposed to criticise him for the exceeding care with which he looked after the monetary details of his business, seeing that they were, to a certain extent, participants in the prosperity that was so greatly enhanced by his grasping methods.

Nevertheless there were times when they cavilled. Joe Bassett especially was occasionally outspoken to a degree in his reflections concerning parsimony, he being possessed of a gorge which rose promptly on the slightest provocation and having small respect for persons.

This was one of the times.

"If yo' all was to own the Mississippi River," he said with utter contempt, "I reckon yo'd begrutch a glass o' water to a dyin' man."

"Not if he had the price, I wouldn't," said the old man earnestly. It was evident from his manner that he thought he had met the criticism fairly, and the others laughed. Bassett, however, was deeply disgusted, though he kept silence when Blaisdell chipped in.

"How much 'd yo' all reckon a drink 'd be vuth under them circumstants?" he asked gravely.

"Well," said the old man after considering the question a moment, "that 'd d'pend c'nsid'able on how thirsty the man was, an' how much of a wad he had. Just nachully, if he was reely dyin', he'd be p'pared fo' to pay lib'ral, seein' he wouldn't have no other use fo' his money. It 'd be a charity fo' to give it to him at any price, an' they wouldn't be no reason fo' not gittin 's much 's I could.

"I wouldn't ast him no mo'n he had, bein's I'd be liable fo' to lose a sale. Th' ain't no sense in overreachin' yo'self. Moderation pays best in the long run, so I al'ays moderates. I hain't never had the chanst fo' to sell nothin' to a man when he was akchully dyin', but if I was to I'd want to know how much he had afo' I'd sot the price."

"I b'lieve yo' would," said Bassett as he spat on the floor, but the others laughed again.

"By thrift we thrives," said Blaisdell with mock admiration, and the old man stared at him, uncomprehending.

"O' co'se we does," he said indignantly. "If we has nachul talent, 'nstead o' which yo' uns sets 'round heehawin' like a mess o' wild asses o' the wilderness, showin' a highly on proper respec' fo' money."

"Oh, shucks!" said Bassett, and rising he stretched himself mightily and stepped outside.

No more was seen of him by those who remained in the saloon for a considerable time, during which they waited patiently for Squire Hapgood to appear. Then a sudden thought appeared to disquiet the old man.

"Somepin' must 'a' happened to the Squire," he said. "I on'y hope they ain't nobody takin' 'dvantage of him an' gittin' the remains of his wad away f'om him. He's liable fo' to git drinkin' up to the hotel, an' they is some in Arkansas City what 'd think nothin o' takin' his money offen him if they was to git half a chanct.

"What if yo' all was to go look him up, Jake? I'd hate to see a man like him fall in with a lot o' pirates what 'd git the best of him. He won't have nothin' left o' that wad if he don't git no p'tection agin' the dishonest element o' the population."

"Oh, very well," said Winterbottom, and he, too, arose and went outside, after which the others continued to wait until the old man got uneasy again.

"Must 'a' been somepin' wrong did," he said nervously. "Stands to reason that if the Squire d 'a been left to his own advices he'd 'a' been back hyar 'c' now. Th' ain't no tellin' what Bassett's a-doin' on, but Winterbottom 'd ought fo' to been back afo' this. Mebbe he's stacked up ag'in mo' of a band o' pirates 'n what he c'n git away with single handed. I reckon he needs help."

"Mo' 'n likely," said Blaisdell, who was himself impatient by now, and he also went forth. And after another interval Pearsall constituted himself still another relief party, after which the old man sat alone eating his heart in anxiety until Mr. Owen Pepper came in. That gentleman had not at that time queered himself hopelessly by the outrageous behavior already chronicled and the old man greeted him eagerly.

"Wotinell's didin' round town? 'Pears like all hell must 'a' busted loose simultuous!" he exclaimed. "Is yo' all done seen anythin' in the way of 'xcitement anywheres round?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "I wouldn't hardly go so fur's to call it 'xcitement, but they sho' is somepin' diddin' up to the hotel. When I come past there they was singin' 'Dixie,' an' smashin' bottles, an' the landlord was tryin' to put 'em out.

"Looked to me like they was mo' liable to put him out. Last I seen they done stood him on his haid an' spinned him 'round fo' a top. 'Peared like he was some het up, but everybody else 'peared to be 'njoyin' hisself. I reckon likely some on 'em must a been drinkin' some."

"Mo'n likely," said the old man, sadly. "Th' ain't no tellin' what'll he did when a man gits drinkin' rotgut, like what's kep' up to the hotel, 'stead o' gittin' good honest liquor like he can at my bar. That's the cuss of intemp'rance, an' comes o' not keepin' a bungstarter handy.

"Wa'n't Bassett thar? He's the Sheriff, an' it's up to him to see what things is did orderly. I reckon he wouldn't stand by an' see no whiskey bottles smashed, not 'thouten they was empty."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "I'm what I seen I reckon he ain't gwine to hurt hisself none tryin' to stop nothin'. Him an' Squire Hapgood was dancin' a c'tillion on the bar when I seen 'em. That's what the others was sining' fo'. Stands to reason they couldn't dance good 'thouten they was some kyind o' music."

"That's the wust o' Joe," said the old man, and his tone was very bitter. "He will drink. I've done reasoned with him frequent, but it don't do no good.

"I says to him what it wouldn't make no gre't diff'rence if he did, on'y fo' him doin' such ongodly, doggone foolish things when he's drunk, but all's he did was to laugh an' say how they wouldn't be no good gettin' drunk if all's a man done was to do the same's he would when he was sober. 'Pears like that was nigh 'bout the most r'diculous thing I ever heerd said."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper thoughtfully. "Sounds to me like they mought be somepin' into it."

"How if yo' all was to go up yonder an' tell Blaisdell what they is a game on in the back room?" he suggested.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "I mought mix it up with a mess o' wild cats if I was drunk, but bein's I'm sober I reckon I'll stay out. I ain't got no gre't idee o' bein' spinned on my haid my own self."

"Yo' calls yo'self a man, don't yo'?" said the old man indignantly. "Ain't yo' got the courage o' yo' c'nvictions? When dooty calls a man he'd ought fo' to take a chanst anyway."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "I ain't never been c'nvicted. I done been arrested now an' ag'in on s'picon, but they wa'n't no proof. An' I don't see what that's got to do with it, nohow. 'Tain't no dooty o' mine to spile spo't."

"That ain't spo't," argued the old man. "It's the ruination o' my business. They's money bein' spent what 'd ought fo' to be fetched in hyar."

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "Didn't look to me like they was nobody payin' fo' nothin' up yonder, an' mo'n likely too gain'll come hyar a'ter they done cleaned out the hotel. I reckon that won't take long, the way things was gwine."

"A good job too," said the old man viciously.

He might have said more, but at the moment came the noise of a tumultuous procession outside, and his troubled expression gave way to anticipatory gleams. Assuring himself by a glance that his bungstarter was in place, he rubbed his hands together, and even spat in them.

Presently the procession entered and filled the saloon. Squire Hapgood headed it. He seemed to be enjoying himself.

"Let's liquor," he said.

They liquored, and thereafter liquored again. Each repetition of the ceremony involved a considerable payment of money and each payment was made by the Squire, which fact seemed to trouble no one, least of all the Squire.

Of all the assemblage Mr. Blaisdell was the only one who drank sparingly. Also he was the only one who looked discontented. An ardent devotee of a loftier pursuit, he had little toleration for anything that stood in the way of it, and after some consultation with Bassett the two of them began weeding out the company, so to speak.

Quite unostentatiously but unwaveringly they pursued their purpose, singling out man after man whom they desired to be rid of and escorting him outside the street door while the celebration continued inside, after which the man would be seen no more, until finally none remained save the Squire, Mr. Pepper and the regular habitues of the place.

Then Mr. Blaisdell broached the subject he had been considering.

"Le's have a little game," he said, looking at the Squire.

"Le's have a few mo' drinks first off," said the Squire promptly. And old man Greenlaw set forth another bottle on the bar.

"Th' ain't no 'bjections to havin' mo' drinks," said Blaisdell, pouring out a very small one for himself, "but valuable time is bein' lost. They c'n be took while we plays." He realized, as did Bassett and Winterbottom and Pearsall, that the profits of the entertainment were all going to the old man, whereas they all shared in the proceeds at poker.

But the Squire, usually eager to play, was curiously hesitant. "I like poker," he admitted, "but when I drink I don't like nothin' to interfere with it."

Then, perceiving that the others looked on this as a subterfuge, he continued: "B'sides that, I ain't got no mo' money. If yo' all was to sell me chips on tick I wouldn't mind settin' in."

This hint was addressed to the old man, who replied readily. "Yo' credit is good fo' all yo' wants at the bar, Squire, but chips ain't merchandise. They's cash, an' yo' can't c'lect fo' 'em a'terwards, 'cordin to law."

"Oh, hell!" said Blaisdell, and he went home.

POEMS WORTH READING.

The Easter Parade.

Amaryllis! The pageant is passing,
And the churches are all letting out,
There's a toque with a feather,
And as for the weather—
But what was the sermon about?

I suppose it's the Vanderbilt mansion,
Did you see that creation in green?
There is beauty prophetic
And peripatetic,
And age in a pink limousine.

The triumph of spring over winter,
The abracadabra of style,
The hues iridescent
Will not be quiescent
A radius short of a mile.

But where are the prominent people?
Though Fifth avenue's crowded as sin,
No lords of society
Give it variety,
When will the smart set begin?

Amaryllis! I glimpse of the riddle,
And all of this flurry and fuss
Is not of the city,
The folk, more's the pity,
Are strangers from Jersey like us!

CHARLES DIVINE.

Rupert Brooke.

Died en route to the Dardanelles April 23, 1915.

"If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England.

"R. B."

An olive grove in Scyros is
Whither English hearts shall turn;
Over its sudden, rough marked grave
How English hearts shall yearn!

A torch's flare on that burial night
Was his comrades' fitful guide;
For requiem chant the crescendo moan
Of the dark Ægean tide.

Say you he died on a foreign sea,
Was buried in alien earth?
You know not the hearts of Englishmen,
Nor the land which gave him birth!

"Forever England" that island spot
By his dust made consecrate,
Forever England that olive grove
In his grave articulate.

STELLA FISHER BURGESS.

When the Sap Is in the Maple.

When the sap is in the maple
And the robin's in the tree,
Then's the time when we escape all
Trouble, trade all care for glee,
Then's the time when we go wending
To the jolly treasure trove
Where the sugar bush is sending
Incense to the skies above.

In the even when the flicker
Of the flames lights up the wood,
And the syrup growing thicker
Smells so savory and good—
Then's the time for us to tackle
The fine lunch Mandy and Nan
Sent us, while we list the crackle
Of the fire 'neath the pan.

Now, I fondly love to mention:
It's an artist, he who dips
In a splinter—close attention
Paying to each drop that drips
"Done! This run's the proper candy.
Got the amber tint all right—"
Just then Nan and Liz and Mandy
Stepped into the firelight.

What a trio gay and chipper,
Full of merriment and glow;
Sweet as jackwax from the dipper
Spreading on the glist'ning snow.
Ah, I hear their songs and laughters,
And I see their dancing eyes,
There beneath the forest rafters
Interlaced against the skies.

HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER.

An Investment Suggestion.

When comes the man with glowing word
of profits that are high
Just tell him you'd prefer that he indite
it.
For men there are whose ardor will permit
the spoken lie
Who never in the wide, wide world would
write it.

C. E. E.

April-Over-the-Hill.

From the Youth's Companion.

April, April-over-the-hill,
When I was young as you,
I too could laugh, pout, whistle or trill,
For I was a madcap, too
I too had half that never lay smooth,
And feet that never were still,
And my cup foamed with the wine of youth,
O April-over-the-hill!

April, April-over-the-hill
I've grown so grave and wise
I hardly know my face in the glass
Or in men's eyes
But when the shape of you dances by,
A flash, a ripple, a thrill,
I too must laugh, sing, whistle and cry,
O April-over-the-hill!

DORA READ GOODALE.

A Day of Rain.

From the Kansas City Star.

There's somethin' in a day of rain
Gits in a feller's freelin's so,
A somethin' that I can't explain,
And ketches me and holds me fast.
My old corn planter kicked and sung
Down that last row and put her in,
Then humped itself like tow and swung
Up through the lane and home again.

I turned the hosses to their hay
And dung 'em down a little grain,
And, lootin' in the shed this way,
I kinda like to watch the rain.
There's pictures in it, drifting slow
Up through the orchard plot to me,
Of truant ways I used to know,
And days of dear old Used to Be.

And promises of crops and things,
For when the rain falls down to sink
Into the thirsty loam and sings
As though to call the corn to drink,
A feller's got to just admit,
With all his labor and expense
Of plantin' corn and tendin' it,
He's still in debt to Providence.

And when the last row's in and done
Just what the Lord sends is my choice,
Or soakin' rain or burnin' sun,
I'll stump my back and still rejoice.
But when it's rain like this to-day,
With pictures in the atmosphere,
I want to jest git down and pray,
And thank the Lord because I'm here!

JAY B. IDEN.

Speechification.

From the Washington Star.

I heard de speechifyin' man
Come out an' lift his voice,
He sure is built upon a plan
Dat makes my heart rejoice.
An' dis is 'bout de only song
He sings, both day an' night:
"De other feller's always wrong
An' I is always right."

De rain hab its special tune,
So hab de whippoorwill;
We's gwineter hear 'em both nex' June
When all is warm an' still;
But of de tunes dat float along,
Dis brings me most delight:
"De other feller's always wrong
An' I is always right."

To-day's the Day.

From the Richmond Times Dispatch.

What's the sense, good friend, in grieving
For the chances you have lost?
They are gone beyond retrieving;
They are part of folly's cost.
You have lost them to your sorrow.
So just let them slide away,
Looking to some fairer morrow
For the chance you can make pay.

Opportunity will find you
If your eyes are opened wide.
But the jade may pass behind you
If to ancient woes you're tied.
So don't grieve much for the chances
That of yore you threw away,
But just concentrate your glances
On the chance that's due to-day.

Our Seventh Cavalry.

From Maine to California,
From Michigan to where
The orange groves of Florida
Perfume the sunny air,
With proudly swelling hearts to-day
This nation of the free
Arises to a man to cheer
The Seventh Cavalry.

Their ride to San Geronimo
Through hostile hills by night,
Is added to the stirring tales
That history loves to write.
Safe on its staff the starry flag
Forevermore will be
While guarded by the sabres of
The Seventh Cavalry.

MINNA IRVING.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

At the time that Lowell was Minister to England Julian Hawthorne interviewed him at the request of a New York paper, obtaining information largely on the ground of old acquaintance that Lowell had with the elder Hawthorne. Can you let me have in a word or two the subject matter of the interview? C. S. K.

In the late summer or the fall of 1886 Lowell was interviewed in a fashion thus described by his biographer, Horace E. Scudder, in "James Russell Lowell" (Houghton Mifflin, Boston, 1901, page 336 et seq.):

"When Lowell went abroad in the spring of 1886 he had been asked to give the address in November at the 250th anniversary of the founding of Harvard University. The thought of it harassed him during the summer. * * *

"His equanimity was further shaken by a disagreeable experience when the son of an old friend, making a show of a friendly visit, led him on into discourse about England and English affairs, and then, relying on his memory, decanted the conversation into an article for a New York paper with which he was connected. 'If he had reported what I really said, instead of his version of it, I should not feel so bitterly,' was Lowell's comment, and to a friend he wrote: 'As for ——— he *lies* that I didn't know he was interview-ing me. To any sane man the shimble-shamble stuff he has made me utter is proof of it. I say "made me utter" deliberately because, though he has remembered some of the subjects (none of my choosing) which we talked about, he has wholly misrepresented the tone and sometimes falsified the substance of what I said. * * * The worst of ———'s infidelity (I mean to keep my temper) is that it is like a dead rat in the wall—an awful stink and no cure.'"

There is reason to believe that this description of the affair is unjust to the interviewer. A letter from C. S. K. to Mr. F. B. Sanborn of Concord, Mass., brought a reply which Mr. Sanborn has kindly given THE SUN permission to print. Mr. Sanborn says:

"I remember the interview very well, because it was the subject of the last conversation with Lowell, whom I had known very well since my college days when his nephew, C. R. Lowell, killed in the civil war, introduced me to him in his study at Elmwood.

"We came into the Boston and Albany station together one day—I from further west and he from his daughter's house at Southboro, and we got into the same cab. The interview had lately appeared in the Boston *Globe*, for which Hawthorne asked it—Lowell not knowing that he would also print it in the New York *World*. He had talked freely with Julian as the son of his old friend Hawthorne, and not supposing that it would go back to England from the Boston daily. He thought he ought to have been warned by J. that it was to appear also in New York. That was the breach of confidence of which he complained. But when he came to see it in cold type he no doubt saw that he had spoken too freely of the Queen and other English public characters, of whom, as a diplomatist and a guest of the best English houses, he ought to have kept silence in American newspapers.

"Taking advantage, therefore, of inaccuracies and inferences in J.'s version of the talk, he disclaimed the whole, which he had a right to do. But I have no doubt, knowing how freely Lowell talked when with friends, that he said in substance what J. reported, for the lad, who had been a pupil of mine at Concord for two and a half years, had a good memory and great facility with the pen. It annoyed Lowell greatly, and he expressed that annoyance to me in our drive from the old station to his Boston address on Beacon street."

In a subsequent letter Mr. Sanborn says:

"I regretted that Julian should have taken such a liberty, but wondered that Lowell, with all his experience of the world, should not have seen that a publication of such matter, even at Cranberry Centre, would reappear in the most public music halls of fame. He had read Virgil and knew how

Extemplo Libyæ magnas it fama per urbes;
Fama, malum qua non aliud velocius ullum:
Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo.

It is plain that the affair carries a lesson both for interviewers and for public men.

Can you inform me, or can any of your readers, where a little brochure having a list of the four hundred and comments, can be obtained? It was got up by the late Ward McAllister, William K. Henry and Clarence D. Levey. S.

An expert on these matters informs us: "Mr. McAllister's only book was 'Society As I Found It.' The various lists of the 'four hundred' compiled some years ago were all unauthorized and imperfect. They were not to be depended on then and are, in addition, out of date now. I am quite certain that there was no such booklet as the one mentioned."

Kindly tell me on what week day April 2, 1915, fell. T. W.

On Friday.

In reply to the assertion that but 1,500 Americans fell in the War of the Revolution D. F. M. who inquired as to the truth of this in Questions and Answers for March 26, may consult Townsend's "U. S." index, which gives an incomplete list of losses. In adding up the column of killed, I find it approximates 1,650, with 5,000 wounded and missing. Several battles are omitted, particularly that of Long Island, where 30,000 men were engaged.

THOMAS J. BURTON.

Daniel D. Tompkins was vice-president of the United States in 1820. Before that he had been Governor of New York. Can you or any of your readers inform me what his middle name was?

J. C. BENSON.

Search in a dozen or more places has not disclosed that he had any. Even his contemporaries do not seem to give him more than the initial. We have known of some instances where there was a middle letter but no middle name. Perhaps this was one.

Please give me the address of the new Spanish daily, *Los Andes*. G. D. H.

Address Jorge U. Orozco, 132a Broadway, New York.

Who is the author of: "The most satisfactory form of government is an intelligent oligarchy"? Where does it occur? G. G. HOOD.

Can you inform me whether Roswell Smith, mentioned in THE SUN as the founder of the Century Company, is identical with Roswell C. Smith, the author of "Smith's New Grammar," published by E. H. Butler & Company, Philadelphia, in 1867? GERTRUDE A. RYAN.

No. Roswell C. Smith was born in Franklin, Conn., in 1797; Roswell Smith was born in Lebanon, Conn., on March 30, 1829.

Exactly when did spring commence this year? ARTHUR EAMES.

March 20 at 5:39 P. M.

What was the date of the last performance given at Niblo's Theatre, at Broadway and Prince street? A. A. W.

It was given in the evening, March 23, 1895. After a performance of "My Aunt Bridget" by George W. Monroe and his company actors and audience joined in singing "Auld Lang Syne." The destruction of the theatre was begun a few hours later.

SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Auction Bridge. A. B. S. says: Z deals and gets the contract at three no trumps. After winning the first nine tricks and making his contract he finds he has still five cards left, while his dummy and the player on his right have four only, the player on his left having three. What is the rule?

It is a misdeal, as both sides are in error.

J. C. R. asks the correct bid for the dealer on these cards: Three hearts to the jack, two spades to the king, one small club and six diamonds to the king queen jack nine.

One diamond. There are two tricks in the diamond suit but no more, and the rest of the hand is worthless. There is nothing wonderful about the diamonds unless the partner can lead them twice and has stoppers in the other suits.

A. L. S. says: Dealer bids no trump. Third hand holds five hearts to the king ten, and two guarded kings. What should he say?

Two hearts.

H. C. says: Spades are trumps and a heart is led. Dummy lays down five to the ace king and plays the king. The declarer discards a diamond. Upon getting into the dummy hand again, he leads the ace of hearts and discards another diamond. At the end he turns up with a small heart. Are the opponents entitled to 200 for two revokes, or only to 100, as the revoke is made in the same suit each time?

The penalty is 100 for each revoke, regardless of the fact that the revoke is a repetition. Why did not dummy ask him if he had no hearts?

L. P. H. asks what is the custom as to scoring rubbers at duplicate when four persons play the game "up and back" with the same cards. On one hand pair A made three odd at no trump. On the replay the other pair made it spades and got three odd. The no trumper was worth 30 and 30; the spades 27 and 45, a gain of 12. Is this correct?

It is usual to add 125 for a game won, which would give the no trumper an advantage of 113.

J. W. L. says: The dealer has seven hearts to the jack ten and realizes that his cards are good for five or six sure tricks if hearts are trumps. Should he bid one or two? Or should he pass if he has no trump assistance?

He should pass. Not because he has enough to assist a no trumper but because he wants a no trumper to assist him. It will be time enough to bid the hearts on the second round. If there are two sure tricks in the hand in any suit but the hearts bid that suit and wait.

M. A. C. says: Dealer bids no trump, second hand two spades. Third hand holds six diamonds to the king ten; ace and one small club; small hearts and spades. Should he bid three diamonds or pass?

Pass. He has only one trick in his hand, and to bid a minor suit in such a situation would be to beg his partner to go on with his no trumper if he could stop the spades even once, which might be disastrous. If the dealer really has a no trumper he can save the game against the spades, or it is no use bidding against them at all.

F. A. C. asks what are supposed to be the four fundamental principles of modern bidding.

They seem to be these: 1. Never make a free bid without two sure tricks. 2. Never bid hearts or spades without length as well as tops. 3. Never leave your partner in with a no trumper if you have five cards of a major suit. 4. Never overcall a no trumper on your right unless you can go game against it, with only a trick or two in your dummy.

N. B. P. says: Last hand of the rubber, three cards left, queen of clubs led through dummy, which declarer wins with the king, showing two more clubs and saying, "The rest are mine." The score is put down and 250 added for the rubber, when B asks A why he did not lead a diamond. A replies that he had nothing left but clubs. "Then," says B, "we must make a trick, and he did not win the game." Does the score stand?

Yes. Tricks conceded in error must be allowed, especially when the cards have been thrown up and the error cannot be proved.

Poker. G. L. says: Playing all jacks. A opens. B comes in and raises, to be raised again by the opener, who stands pat. B drawing two cards. When the opener bets B refuses to call, but holds his hand and asks to see openers. A says he has a flush, but one of his spades is a club. Who wins the pot? No one but B had legitimate openers.

The pot stays. B had the better hand, but was raised out, so he cannot claim it, and as A never had openers he has no right to it.

B. H. says: Three men come in for 50 cents, the fourth man making it a dollar to play, and all stay. The opener drew three cards, showed a pair of kings and threw his hand into the discard. B drew three cards and chipped 5 cents. C drew one and threw up his hand. D stood pat and raised it 50 cents, whereupon B spread his hand on the table face up, showing three aces, as if he were calling. D insists that as B did not call the raise before showing his hand he is out of it, but B maintains that he can still call, as he is in turn to bet. D answers that he should have been watching the game and should have known he was raised. D took the pot. The bet is as to whether B was still in time to call.

If B laid down his hand under the impression that he was calling D it is clear that he has not laid down his cards with any intention of passing out, and as there is no penalty for any player's exposing as much of his hand as he pleases, B can still call D's raise or even raise him again as soon as his attention is drawn to the fact that it will cost him 50 cents more to see D's hand. D had no right to the pot.

J. B. A. asks which is the better hand if two flushes meet in the call; one is ace king high, the other is joker eight high. A bets the joker is higher than the ace.

The joker is nothing at all in itself and some card in the pack must be named in its place. As the highest card that can be named is an ace, it is clear that the ace king flush will still beat the ace eight flush.

W. E. A. says: Playing with the joker, A shows a straight, king high. B lays down a straight, king high, in which the joker takes the place of the king. Which wins?

The straight made with the assistance of the joker, because it is the harder to get. There are four actual kings available to head up immense variety of straights, but only one joker.

NOVEL POINTS OF THE LAW.

Under a ruling by the Supreme Court of Texas all lodge goats in that State must conduct themselves in such manner as not to cause injury to their riders, otherwise the keepers of the goats will be held responsible. The court heard the case of Grand Temple and Tabernacle in the State of Texas of the Knight and Daughters of Tabor of the International Order of Twelve vs. Johnson, in which the court said the evidence showed that "the candidates were blindfolded and were in that condition marched around the hall to be halted on mysterious squares, called '333,' '444,' '777,' &c. Johnson had made application for membership, his money was paid, and he was accepted for membership. He was being initiated, when one of the guides, a part of whose regulation regalia was a sword, negligently permitted same to act between Johnson's legs. He was thereby tripped and fell, causing his injuries. This court is not willing to subscribe to the doctrine that a secret order may provide forms and ceremonies that are or may by manner of executing the same become dangerous and then escape liability when injury results from the negligence of its agents in carrying out those ceremonies. Neither do we concede that a candidate loses his right of action by reason of the fact that in his application and obligation he may agree to be bound by the constitution and laws of the order and to conform to the forms and ceremonies of initiation, for in the very nature of things he cannot know what those things are until they are made known to him during his initiation and afterward. There was ample testimony in this case to warrant the jury in finding, as it did, that the sabres were part of the initiation regalia of the lodge and that the injuries of Johnson were caused not by some one desiring to have fun and in a mischievous spirit but by the negligent handling of the swords by the guides in the performance of a duty to the master."

In Ashton vs. Fall River Gas Works Company in the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, which was an action for death by asphyxiation, alleged to be due to defendant gas company's negligence in serving two tenements in a building from one meter, plaintiff's evidence showed that decedent moved into one tenement, and while waiting to have the gas turned on the defendant turned on the gas for the other jointly served tenant, whereby, without decedent's knowledge, the gas was turned onto his tenement. The following morning decedent was found in a chair dead, with a gas fixture which he had unscrewed in his hands and a rag and some cleaning material on a table in front of him. The doors and windows were closed, but not locked, and there was nothing to show how much of or when the gas escaped, or what if any precautions decedent took as to ascertaining whether the gas was on before removing the fixture. It was held that there being nothing but conjecture regarding decedent's exercise of due care for his own safety judgment for plaintiff could not stand.

The *American Legal News* says that a lawyer noted for his laconic style of expression sent the following terse and witty note to a refractory client who paid no attention to reiterated demands for the payment of his bill:

"Sir, if you pay the enclosed bill you will oblige me. If you don't I shall oblize you."

Mental suffering from shame and humiliation experienced by a woman assaulted in the presence of her neighbors may in trespass for the assault and battery be recovered without special allegation.—Rogers vs. Bigelow, Vt., 96 At., 417.

A simple assault cannot be repelled with a deadly weapon or by acts calculated to kill the assailant unless the assault is such as to excite the assaulted person's fears as a reasonable man of danger to life or great bodily harm.—Gransden vs. State, Okl. Cr. App., 154 Pac., 684.

Attorneys for the wife in her successful suit for absolute divorce against her husband were entitled to a fee of $5,000 from the husband, though they could have procured a divorce upon the ground of abandonment alone with very little trouble, but in fact charged cruel and inhuman treatment and infidelity as well.—Winslow vs. Winslow, Tenn., 182 S. W., 241.

A son, who owned a dog and lived with his mother, on whose premises he kept the animal with her consent, and mother were jointly liable to the mother's guest, bitten by the dog, under Ky. St. § 65a, subsec. 5, providing that every person owning or harboring a dog shall be liable to the party injured.—Davidson vs. Manning, Ky., 181 S. W., 1111.

The *Docket* says if a railroad train should leave the track and crash through the fence of your front yard, startling you from your sleep, so that in your hasty attempt to leave your bed your head becomes entangled in the bed rods and you are injured, can you recover damages? Such is the question in Louisville and Nashville Railroad Company vs. Chambers, 178 Southwestern Reporter, 1101. The opinion states that "in the instant case there was no apparent or seeming peril rendering reasonable and apparently necessary a choice of means of extrication therefrom and action upon that choice; nor is it made to appear that appellee made any such choice or acted thereupon. True, there came in the night time a loud crash at the front of his residence and a scream from his wife; but the noise of that crash and that scream were all that could possibly have come to the appellee's senses. He saw no seeming peril; he is not here insisting that he sought to avert any seemingly impending danger and was thereby injured; he only knows that he awoke in the night to find his neck entwined in the cool embrace of the rods at the head of his bed. How or when he got in that position he does not pretend to know. For aught the record shows he may have been nestling in that snug caress for some time before the crash of the car or the scream of his wife aroused him to the stern realities of his peculiar situation; or he may have been awakened by the crash, and while in a semi-conscious condition have become so entangled; or he may have been awakened by the scream of his wife and got in that position before reaching full consciousness."

In Duval vs. Inland Navigation Company in the Supreme Court of Washington (March, 1916, 155 Pac., 788) it was held that a steamboat passenger who, after the boat had reached his destination, remained on it in the smoking room about thirty minutes because his wife was elsewhere and "there was no use to go home," and also because he wished to talk to another person who had been a passenger, ceased to be a passenger. It was held that the purser of a steamboat who wilfully or wantonly assaulted a trespasser on the boat, becoming such by failing to leave within a reasonable time after landing, or who used more force in accomplishing the trespasser's ejectment than was reasonably necessary, was liable to such trespasser.

It was, however, decided that where a purser of a steamboat in ejecting a trespasser or passenger thereon acted under the direct command of a police officer his conduct did not render the owner of the vessel liable.

CHESS FOR PLAYER, LOVER AND STUDENT

The Late Mr. Rice's Brilliant Tactics Over the Board.

CAPABLANCA'S EXPLOITS

While the royal game is booming all over the country, with many interesting contests in sight, things are rather low in Europe. All the exchanges to hand deplore the state of affairs in the realm of chess in Great Britain as well as on the Continent, a notable exception being perhaps the city of Warsaw, where the most noted and distinguished Polish masters are pursuing their favorite pastime as if no deadly combat is going on at all in any part of Europe. Under the circumstances it cannot be wondered at that foreign chess columns and periodicals bring scarcely anything else but the games played in the recent Rice memorial masters' tourney, and no doubt the exchanges will likewise fill their columns with the stories and games of the recent Jaffe-Janowski bout.

Of course none of the papers lets the opportunity slip to comment upon the decease of Prof. Isaac L. Rice, whom one and all consider as the greatest Maecenas who ever lived. A German exchange in addition reprints one of his games with analytical notes, a game which has for years been considered one of the most brilliant tactics ever seen over the chessboard. The reader will find the score of this remarkable game below.

It is not generally known that the late Prof. Isaac L. Rice, the inventor of the gambit that bears his name, was known at one time as one of the most brilliant exponents of the game. When on a visit in London many years ago he met the famous Yorkshire player, L. Donisthorpe, at the British Chess Club, and among the games contested between Rice and Donisthorpe on that occasion is the following. As will be seen from the appended notes, which are being taken from a German exchange, the game is full of beauty and brilliancy. The score:

CUNNINGHAM GAMBIT.

Rice. White.	Donisthorpe. Black.	Rice. White.	Donisthorpe. Black.
1 P-K4	P-K4	15 Q-K2	B-B3
2 P-KB4	PxP	16 QKt-K5	Q-K2
3 Kt-KB3	P-Q4	17 Kt-Kt6 ch	K-Q2
4 B-B4	B-R5 ch	18 KKt-K5 ch	BxKt
5 P-K5	PxP	19 QxB	BxB
6 Castles	P-Q3	20 QxKt ch	P-K3
7 B-R5	P-KB4	21 BxP ch	K-B3
8 PxP	Q-K2	22 P-Q6	PxP
9 R-K	Kt-Q	23 RxKt ch	QxR
10 P-Q4	Kt-K3	24 Q-Q6	P-KKt4
11 B-QB3	B-Kt3	25 QxKtP	Q-K2
12 Kt-B3	Kt-R4	26 Kt-K5 ch	K-B3
13 Kt-K4	P-KB4?	27 Kt-K4 ch	QxKt
14 R-B1	Kt-Q2g	28 QxQ	Resigns

(g) K—B is generally played here. The text move, however, brings interesting complications, mostly in favor of black.

(h) The authorities consider RxP far stronger. The inventor, Stamma, of this particular line of play recommends in reply to 9. P-Q4 (if 9. Kt—K5, Kt—Q3; 10. Q—Q2, PxQP; 11. BxP ch, K—P, &c. Steinitz, on the other hand, played 8. B—B3 and then white could not continue 9. Kt—K5, BxKt; 10. R—K, Kt—K2; 11. BxB, castles, but 9. P—Q4 or Kt—B3.

(i) Not good. B—K2 is best.

(j) Forced, if 9. ... Q—K2; 10. KxB, BxR; 11. QxQ ch, KxQ; 12. Kt—B3 and the black pawns are too compensation for the material lost at this early stage of the game.

(k) Steinitz recommends 10. B—Kt3 or Kt—Q.

(l) This beautiful move gives white a decided advantage.

(m) Of course not 11. ... PxKt on account of 12. RxB ch.

(n) If 15. ... K—Kt2, the following brilliant finish would have taken place: 16. QxKt, PxQ; 17. B—Q6 ch, K—R3; 18. R—K7 mate.

(o) A very complicated position. This naively though dangerous move proves that the Prof. Rice had scarcely any equal in the conduct of such positions.

(p) If 21. ... K—Kt; 22. Q—Kt4 ch, K—R3; 23. Q—R4 ch, K—Kt4; 24. Q—Kt3 ch, K—R3; 25. Q—R4 ch, K—Kt4; 26. Q—Kt3 ch, K—R3; 27. Q—R4 ch, K—Kt4; 28. Q—Kt3 ch, K—R3; 29. Q—R4 ch, K—Kt4; 30. Q—Kt3 ch, K—R3; 31. Q—R4 ch, K—Kt4; 32. Q—Kt3 ch, K—R3; 33. Q—R4 ch, K—Kt4; 34. Q—Kt3 ch, K—R3; 35. Q—R4 ch, K—Kt4; 36. Q—Kt3 ch, K—R3; 37. Q—R4 ch, K—Kt4; 38. Q—Kt3 ch, K—R3; 39. Q—R4 ch, K—Kt4; 40. Q—Kt3 ch, K—R3; 41. Q—R4 ch, K—Kt4; 42. Q—Kt3 ch, K—R3; 43. Q—R4 ch, K—Kt4; 44. Q—Kt3 ch, K—R3; 45. Q—R4 ch, K—Kt4; 46. Q—Kt3 ch, K—R3; 47. Q—R4 ch, K—Kt4; 48. Q—Kt3 ch, K—R3; 49. Q—R4 ch, K—Kt4; 50. Q—Kt3