Bonds Certainly Are Bonds When Backed by Uncle Sam

Author of "Pigs Is Pigs" Gives Graphic Word Picture of Wise Investment in Liberty Issue

By ELLIS PARKER BUTLER,
Author of "Pigs Is Pigs."

THERE are times when it is all right to "Let George do it," and there are times when George should be headed off before he "does it."

The George I have in mind was young George, the son of Henry William, who was the son of Ebenezer J. Henry W. was a bookkeeper and living in an apartment in New York, and George was still living with the old folks, although he had a mind to marry Dorothy soon and have a home of his own. George was not a bookkeeper, he was merely a clerk, but he was earning almost as much as his father, and with the $200 bonus the firm had handed him at Christmas he had $1,000 in the bank.

He came home one evening in quite a glow of excitement. This was only a few days ago, in March, 1918. He hung up his hat and threw his coat on the couch in the hall and hurried into the "parlor" where his father was reading the evening paper.

"Well, dad," he said. "I've got things coming my way at last!"

"Got another raise, George?" his father asked.

"No, better than that! I'm going to buy some stocks. I've run across the greatest little chance in the world. You know Roddy, the fellow I had up here the other evening? Well, Roddy has hooked up with an oil company and, believe me, it is the greatest chance in the world. It is a million dollar company, 200,000 shares at $5 par, but old Roddy is going to let me in on the ground floor. He is going to let me have 500 shares at $2 apiece, and the stock is dead sure to go up to $10 or even $100 the minute they strike oil!"

"Yes?" said his father sadly.

The Little Black Book.

"Why do you say it that way?" asked George. "I tell you, dad, it is a sure thing! Even if the stock don't go up to $100 a share it will pay 10 per cent. at the very lowest——"

"Yes?" said his father, still more sadly.

"There you go again!" said George disgustedly. "I thought you would be as pleased as I am. What——"

"I thought you had decided to buy Liberty bonds, George," said Henry William wearily.

"Liberty bonds? That only pay 4¼ per cent. when I can get stock in the Rosy Dream Oil Wells Company that will pay 10 per cent? Father, what was the highest the United States Spanish war bonds went to?"

"They went to 112, I think, after peace was declared," said Henry William.

"Yes, that's all. They cost 100 and went to 112, and Roddy says this stock that costs $2 may go to $10 or $100—maybe to $1,000—nobody knows!"

"That's it," said Henry William. "Nobody knows!"

"Well?" queried George.

"George," said Henry William, "stocks may be stocks, but they may turn out to be worthless scraps of paper; but bonds certainly are bonds!"

"You say that, father, but—I don't mean any disrespect—although it sounds wise you can't say you have been much of a financier. You are 60 now, and you have to work just as you always worked."

"That is what I mean when I say bonds are certainly bonds," said Henry William. "George, will you hand me that little black book in the second pigeonhole of my desk? Thank you! Do you know what this book is?"

"I never saw it before, dad."

First Step to Wealth.

"This is your grandfather's diary—my father's diary. There is his portrait on the wall, George—an enlarged photograph; he could never afford to be painted in oils. Neither could I. He stopped keeping this diary in 1870, and he began it in 1840, when he was 20, just your age.

"I found it in his desk in 1880, George, after his death, and I began jotting things down in it. I was just 20 then, and that was thirty-eight years ago. It is a record of two generations and there are still many blank pages in the book. I am going to give it to you. You can write in it from now on."

Henry William turned the pages of the book.

"Here is his first entry, George," he said, and he read it aloud:

To-day I am 20 years old, and by great economy I have saved the sum of $1,000. Saving is slow and tedious work but by good luck I learned of an excellent opportunity for investment to-day and I have put my $1,000 into shares in the Royal Wealth Quarries Company.

"There are other entries, dealing with his life and his love for your grandmother, but here three years later he records the fact that he has quite given up hope of ever getting back a cent of the money he put into the Royal Wealth Quarries Company, which had failed ignominiously to live up to promise.

"Seven years later I find another entry. He has saved $3,000 and his friend Roger Hopeful is forming a stock company. He writes:

There seems not the slightest chance of this venture being anything but most successful. The Golden Hope Gold Mining Company owns an entire mountain in California, and Roger tells me it is said to be almost solid gold.

Last of All Were Hogs.

"That was in 1850. The following years tell a story of hope deferred, with a final entry acknowledging that his investment was a total loss. He invested no more until 1860. It was hard for him to save money, but he managed to scrape together $2,000 by that time, and there is an entry as follows:

My old friend James P. Eager was East this month and offered to let me participate in a new company he is forming to raise hogs in Louisiana. I have invested $2,000.

"A year later is this entry:

Eager writes me that the cholera has carried off all the hogs owned by the Eager Hog Raising Company and that the concern is insolvent. He asks me to send him money to get back to New York.

"There are few entries after that, but my mother often said that she believed that unfortunate venture worried him until it caused his death."

George said nothing and his father turned the pages of the old diary.

"Here," said his father, "is the first entry I made in the book:

Experience of Two Generations With Speculative Stocks Opens Eyes of Young Man Who Saved $1,000

May 6, 1880. Bought $2,000 Magic Wizard Silver Mine Stock.

"That was money thrown away, George. For several years there were hopeful reports from the mine in Colorado and then the company simply faded away. There were no dividends and the stock was worthless. It taught me to be wary, but not to be wary enough. Here is another of my entries:

August 14, 1890. Wife and I bought to-day $3,000 of the stock of the Glad Tidings Patent Medicine Company, of which my old friend O. B. Glad is to be president.

Fortune in Copper.

"He was indeed president, George, at a nice fat salary. I liked Glad, so I should be thankful that some one got something out of the company; I never did—not a cent. It was a hard blow to your mother and to me. We had counted on that $3,000 for our old age. But I scraped and saved, and in 1900 I was able to write this:

Every one is making fortunes in copper these days and why not I? At any rate I mean to have my chance, and I have investigated carefully and have invested $1,000—all I have in the world—in Castle in Spain Copper stock.

"I think you have heard me speak of that stock, George, but not with mad delight. It is not worth the paper it is printed on and it never will be. That $1,000 was thrown away.

"Altogether, George, your grandfather and I have 'invested' only $6,000 each. It was not much, but it is all we had, and it is gone. There are good stocks, but all stocks are not good. Those that promise most brilliantly are often the most worthless. But that is not what I wanted to tell you, George. That is not all I wanted to tell you.

"You have scoffed at United States Government bonds that pay only 4¼ per cent. interest, but the fine fact is that they do pay. Twice each year when the interest is due it is ready for you. You get the money and not an explanation of why you do not get it.

"Suppose, George, your grandfather had not been so eager for magic. Suppose he had been able in 1840 to buy United States Liberty bonds that paid 4¼ per cent, and had put his $1,000 into them. If he had reinvested his interest at the same rate he would have had in 1850 $1,522.66. A nice increase, George.

If They Had Bought Bonds.

"If in 1850 your grandfather had then invested his $3,000 in United States Liberty bonds bearing 4¼ per cent. interest, instead of in Golden Hope Mining Company stock, he would have had $4,522.66, and in 1860 this, with the interest reinvested, would have amounted to $6,886.95. He would have had that much wealth, instead of nothing, as the result of his investments. I wish he had then put his final $2,000 into Liberty Loan 4¼s instead of into Eager Hog Raising stock, for then he would have had $13,519.89 to leave me when he died, instead of the nothing he did leave me.

"Yes, George, it is better to have an absolutely safe bond, like the Liberty Loan bonds, than anything doubtful. Imagine the difference it would have made in my life—and in yours—if father had invested in Liberty bonds. In 1880, when I was 20 years old, the amount of my fortune would have been $21,022.64 plus the $1,000 I had saved of my own earnings. My yearly income from father's investments would then have been $893.44. A nice little sum, George.

"But I have been guilty too. If father had bought Liberty bonds and I had done the same whenever I had money to invest, at the times I have told you of, I would have been worth $35,092.68 in 1890. That is how the 4¼ per cent. you despise increases when there are no losses of capital. And the United States Government never fails, George. Your bonds never 'go bad.' Not if they are United States Government bonds.

"Have you any idea how a small income from safe bonds increases when it is reinvested regularly, George? Do you know that with the small investments father and I were able to make the income would have been $2,039.52 each year by 1895? That is the truth, George! And in 1900 I would have been worth $56,921.91.

How Interest Grows.

"In 1901 I would have been worth $60,359.74.

"In 1904 I would have been worth $70,104.88.

"In 1908 I would have been worth $81,221.81.

"In 1910 I would have been worth $90,225.94.

"In 1913 I would have been worth $100,251.85.

"That is how 4¼ interest compounds, George. It is amazing. Do you know what I ought to be worth to-day, at that rate, if father and I had not thrown our poor little capital into foolish investments? $124,675.31! Yes, George, I ought to be worth $124,675.31 to-day. My income from our investments would be $5,298.70 each year.

"Well, father was not wise, and I was foolish. Some day you will be growing old, as I am now, and you will have a son you love to whom you can leave nothing because you have nothing. Then you will know how I feel now. You will know how I regret my folly.

"I say this will happen to you, George, because I fear the desire to make foolish investments runs in our family, it seems to me, since you mean to begin by investing your first savings as I did mine and as your grandfather did his.

"We did not have much to invest—father and I—only $6,000 each during the course of each of our lives, and that is what any frugal man can save, but we threw it away. I hoped, George, now that these Liberty Loan bonds gave you a chance to invest in the best there is, that you would take advantage of the opportunity, but I see it is not to be. I am sorry."

For a moment the young man said nothing.

"Dad," he said presently, "you're right! I'm going to buy Liberty bonds! Those stocks may be real stocks, or they may be fake stocks, but—what was it you said a bit ago?"

"Bonds are certainly bonds," said his father with a smile. "And United States Liberty Loan 4¼ per cent. bonds, George, are the safest, sanest investment ever offered to an American. Buy them, George; it is time this family's luck turned. It is time we used our common sense. Remember this: stocks may be stocks or they may be scraps of paper, but bonds are certainly bonds!"

Mr. Pepper's Tale Stirs Ire at Greenlaw's

By DAVID A. CURTIS.

"TH' AIN'T nothin' impossible," said old man Greenlaw impatiently. "O' co'se they's heaps o' things what can't be did. Ev'rybody knows that much. But that ain't to say what 'tain't possible to do 'em.

"If it's wuth while they's al'ays somebody finds out the way an' goes ahead an' does 'em, 'thouten stoppin' to reckon whether they c'n be did, or whether they can't. Some'res in the Good Book it says what impossible things is the on'y ones what's reely wuth doin'."

"I don't take no stock in no sich preposition 's that," said Jake Winterbottom obstinately, "even if 'tis into the Good Book, an' I wouldn't b'lieve 'twas thar, not 'thouten I seen it thar my own self. Stands to reason if a thing can be did it's possible an' if it's impossible, it can't."

"Sou's reas'nable when it's put thataway," admitted the old man, "but hist'ry proves what 'tain't so. Impossible things is been did f'm the b'ginnin' o' time, an' they al'ays will be. Thing to do is to find out some other way.

Mississippi an Example.

"That's what the Gov'ment is doin' with the Mississippi River right now. Ev'rybody al'ays knowed what 'tain't possible to keep her f'm overflowin' onc't in so often, but the Gov'ment is spendin' millions o' dollars a doin' of it."

"Yes, an' the river keeps on floodin' reg'lar," retorted Winterbottom.

"That's 'cause they hain't finished yet," persisted the old man, "but it'll be did evenchal 'thouten the Gov'ment goes broke first off. Yo' don't find them engineers stoppin' to 'nquire whether it's possible or not."

It was now Mr. Winterbottom's turn to be impatient and he took the turn.

"I reckon 'tain't nothin' to them whether 'tis or not, 's long 's they git paid," he said, "but that ain't got nothin' to do with what I was sayin'."

"What was it yo' said?" inquired Joe Bassett, who had come in after the discussion began.

"I said what 'twa'n't possible to beat fo' kings an' a ace, not 'thouten yo're a playin' straights," said Mr. Winterbottom, as one who defies dispute.

Old man Greenlaw, however, was not so easily silenced.

"Mebbe 'tain't possible," he insisted, "but that ain't to say what it can't be did. O' co'se they ain't no way o' doin' on it, on'y with a straight flush, not 'thouten they's five aces in the deck, an' just nachully if they was that many they'd have to be——"

But just as guns were about to be mentioned again, Mr. Owen Pepper spoke. He had listened without butting in as long as it was possible for him to do so.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, with that intolerable assumption of superior knowledge which always tried his hearers sorely. "Oh, I don't know. I seen it did onc't."

"He seen it did," muttered Sam Pearsall feebly. There was awe in his voice, but also there seemed a subordinate thought, possibly of derision or incredulity. They could not tell exactly how it was that he was impressed by the monstrous statement, but they saw he was staggered.

The old man also started to speak, but he choked suddenly and showed symptoms of a fit. Winterbottom, however, retained his composure.

"Pepper ain't 'xactly what yo' mought call 'nstructive," he said calmly, "but he's monstrous amoosin' sometimes. I motion what he's 'lowed fo' to tell what he seen. 'Pears like he mought stretch hisself c'nsid'able a tryin'."

"Oh, I don't know," Mr. Pepper chirruped. "Don't take no gre't of a effo't fo' to tell what yo' seen a'ter yo' done seen it.

He Tells His Tale.

"They was seven on 'em playin' on the Belle o' the Bayous the last trip she done made afo' she bust her b'iler, an' they wa'n't no p'fessionals settin' in. They was enough on 'em abo'd the boat an' I reckon they was some on 'em 'd 'a' gave a eye fo' a chanst in the game, but the Cap'n knowed 'em an' he 'lowed what he wouldn't have no skullduggery played on them p'tic'lar gents, bein' 's all on 'em had c'nsid'able p'litical influence an' was liable to make trouble fo' him, case o' bein' did up onto his boat.

"One ol' feller, name o' Cunnel Withers, sho' was greedy. Luck was runnin' his way an' the way he done pounded them others was onmerciful. They was all good natured 'bout it, first off, but bimeby some on 'em git mo' 'r less peevish, an' I c'd see what they was layin' fo' him onfriendly like.

Three Aces Dealt Him.

"One on 'em, p'tic'lar, Bud Mathews f'm Baton Rouge way, 'peared to git nigh desprit, long o' bein' beat on big hands repeated. Didn't made no diff'rence what he done helt, 'peared like the Cunnel done helt over, an' he must a lose nigh a hundred thousand when they come a time when he caught three aces cold on his own deal.

"I done said afo' what they wa'n't no s'picion o' nobody dealin' crooked, but even if they had 'a' been they wouldn't 'a' been that time, bein' 's he done doled 'em his own self, an' just nachully he done played 'em accordin'.

"The Cunnel didn't boost it a hellova lot, him settin' next but one to the age, but havin' fo' kings an' a ace in his hand afo' the draw, he just nachully tilted some, not wantin' to drive nobody out, but hopin' what somebody'd come back at him.

"O' co'se if they had he'd 'a' went further, bein' 's they wa'n't playin' straights an' he knowed the stren'th of his hand, but they wa'n't nobody had a risin' hand, on'y Bud Mathews, an' he was timified, like I done said, so he done what all the others done, an 'a'ter everybody 'd saw the Cunnel's raise they was seven on 'em to draw cyards.

"The age he done took three an' the next man one, fetchin' it up to the Cunnel. If he'd 'a' stood pat, like he was 'ntitled to, o' co'se they wouldn't be nothin' mo' to tell on'y 'bout the size o' the pot, but the way he reckoned was how they'd all be liable to size him up fo' two pa'r, bein' 's he hadn't h'isted it fur, an' he called fo' one. Just nachully he wa'n't throwin' away none o' them fo' kings, so his side cyard went into the discyard.

The Unexpected Play.

"The nex' two players, I disremember what their names was, they done called fo' three cyards, an' Bud give 'em to 'em, leavin' on'y six cyards in the deck. Bein' 's he on'y wanted two his own self 'peared like they was just enough to go 'round' thouten shufflin' up the discyard, p'vidin' the nex' man didn't do nothin' onexpected."

At this point old man Greenlaw seemed to think that the narrative was running along altogether too smoothly, so he interjected a query and a sneer.

"What 'd yo' all reckon was to be 'xpected onder the circumstants?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "Th' ain't no tellin' what nobody c'n be 'xpected to do afo' the draw, not 'thouten yo' knows what they has, but I c'd see this yap's hand f'm whar I stood, an' I seen a fo' flush. 'Twa'n't on'y a little one, eight spot bein' high, so 's 't he'd 'a had to git either the nine or the fo' o' di'monds to do him any good.

"Just nachully I'd a drawed one cyard my own self an' tooken the chanst, but 'peared like he must 'a' be'n lookin' at the Cunnel tol'able clos't an' likely he reckoned a flush wouldn't be no good, so he done throwed down his hull hand an' called fo' a book."

"That's the way things goes into a game sometimes," exclaimed the old man greatly disgusted. "Two fools settin' in to onc't is liable fo' to bust up any kyind of a play what anybody 's tryin' to put over." He seemed to have a premonition of what was coming in the story, and to resent the fact that Mr. Pepper should be the one to vindicate the theory which he had himself put forward without being able to justify it.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper. "I ain't a sayin' but what the Cunnel was a fool to discyard his ace into a seven handed game, but if it hadn't 'a' been fo' they bein' a other fool settin' in Bud Mathews 'd never 'a' be'n able to put over the play he was tryin' to make, bein' 's how if the last one had drawed to the stren'th of his hand Bud wouldn't 'a' had to shuffle up the discyard afo' helpin' hisself, an' just nachully, he wouldn't 'a' drawed that other ace like he reely done."

"'Pears like it was all over but the shoutin'," said Pearsall.

"Oh, I don't know," said Mr. Pepper, "They was c'nsid'able mo' did afo' it was all over. 'Pears the first man to bet 'd made a full house on his three cyard draw, an' he had mo' confidence into 'em 'n was good fo' him. He bet out, an' just nachully the Cunnel rose him.

"He was mod'rate at that, not wantin' to drive nobody out, but the nex' three dropped, fetchin' it up to Bud Mathews, an' he 'peared to have the same idee o' coaxin' the others along, so he just rose it $100.

"That wa'n't hardly nothin' a tall into the kyind of a game they was playin', but it was mo' 'n the age was willin' to put up on his hand, him on'y havin' three little ones, so he done folded.

"Then Mr. Full House he done made it $100 mo', still havin' confidence, but the Cunnel give a kyind of a yelp o' d'light, an' rose it $500, so Bud seen he done had him hooked, an' he stuck in the gaff.

Mr. Pepper Escaped.

"He rose it $1,000 an' Mr. Full House 'peared to see a gre't white light. His cyards was good, but he was up ag'in a one cyard an' a two cyard draw an' the wind was blowin' a full gale. I reckon he made mo' money not stayin' no longer 'n he ever made into a game o' poker afo'. Anyway he 'peared to be tol'able well satisfied when it come to a show down.

"Well, o' co'se the Cunnel didn't had no knowledge o' three aces bein' out ag'in him afo' the draw, nor he didn't had no way o' tellin' what the fo'th one 'd went plumb through the discyard pile an' landed up alongside the other three. His fo' kings looked good enough fo' him to back 'em up with nigh 'bout all he had on airth an' he played 'em.

"They was bettin' town lots an' plantations when it come bedtime, an' bein' 's I'd be'n up late the night afo', I went off to bed an' left 'em playin'. 'Cordin' to what I done heer'd next day Bud Mathews must 'a' win out."

They tried to lay hold of him as he went out, but it was not easy to catch Mr. Pepper when he exerted himself. They talked it over after he had gone though, and decided that he had lied about something, even if it was only about having gone to bed when he said he did.

POEMS WORTH READING.

At the Sign of the Red Triangle.

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft
And takes care of the life of poor Jack."
The seafaring man has been led to believe
For more than a century back.
But over in France where our army has gone
To settle the scrap with the Huns
The Y. M. C. A. is the cherub that guards
America's gallant young sons.

With the rudest of tools it has fashioned some huts
From the flotsam of war—broken bits
Of timber and junk that a tale could unfold
Of the terrible doings of Fritz,
And just as a vial of perfume retains
The fragrance of odorous flowers
So it's keeping a whiff of the sweet air of home
For these trench weary heroes of ours.

It is there that the boy who is lonely and sad
Can read and can write and can hear
A phonograph playing the tunes of Broadway,
Or the songs to the home circle dear.
Though the earth is a welter of gases and gore
And Death is unleashed overhead
There is always a welcoming hand at the sign
Of the blessed triangle of red.

MINNA IRVING.

When the Ice Is On the Rill.

Let's take a trip with nature
In the good old fashioned way,
When there is an invitation
From the April's hazy gray.
The tamaracks are alluring
With the hemlock and the pine,
While your uncle is cajoling
With his fishing rod and line.

Friend Perkins is a-waiting
On his porch to greet you there.
But there's not the fine aroma
Of the tanzy in the air.
Ah, it is too early, bless you!
For the old delightful thrill
Of the pestle and the tanzy
When the ice is on the rill.

A jolly trip with nature
When the fishing has begun,
When the pussy willows glisten,
Is the greatest ever, my son.
Then the melody of songsters
Brings the old delightful thrill.
Yes, it's fine to go a-fishing
When the ice is on the rill.

You may get a bite—or never;
But that doesn't matter, nay!
Be a sport and go a-fishing
In the good old fashioned way.
For when you return from fishing
You can raise that same old thrill
With your lies of fabrication
When the ice is on the rill.

HORACE SEYMOUR KELLER.

The Last Reserves.

From the Woman Citizen.

"The women are our last reserves. If they cannot heal the world, we are lost, for they are the last we have—we cannot call the angels down."—*Nellie McClung in "The Next of Kin."*

Aye, the trumpets are calling, amid the din of conflict,
The last, wild, mortal conflict of a man made, worldwide war,
The trumpets are calling, where the gallant lads are falling,
And the flame and hell soot belches from the hate born demon's maw.

They are calling up the women, the women, the women,
Whose place, they said, was in the home, the kitchen and the kirk;
They are calling forth the women from the special sphere assigned them,
And those last reserves are coming, through the blood and hell and murk.

The healers and the binders, the watchers and the lovers,
The mothers and the daughters and the sisters and the wives,
The lads they bore are calling them, with thirst mad throats are calling them,
To come, with women's hearts and hands, and save their souls and lives.

The last reserves are coming! A cheer goes up to meet them!
A cheer that's half a choking sob and half a stifled groan:
"We were waiting just the word, lads!" the women shout a-running,
"Just the trumpet call of freedom, to bring us to our own."

"We cannot call the angels down," so we must call the women,
Call them from the kitchen stove, the byre and sheltered roof,
To wash and mend life's garments, that the wasteful boys have trampled,
And weave love's shining pattern in the soiled and tattered woof.

ELIZABETH CURTIS HOLMAN.

Mister Mornin'.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Come in, Mister Mornin'—
Come and take your place!
Mighty glad to see again
The sunshine of your face!

Come in, Mister Mornin'—
Tarry with us long;
You've brought the sunshine,
And you've brought the song!

A Singin' Lad.

From the Southern Woman's Magazine.

He was a lad from an Irish town,
A blue eyed lad with a smilin' brow,
An' brushin' aside the mists o' woe
That cling to my past I can see him now.

His sweepin' lashes an' gold flecked hair
An' lips that curved in a wistful way,
So that his smile wrapped round your heart
Like the misty shine o' an April day.

An' the voice o' him when he'd sing a song
The lilt o' his voice and the swing o' the tune,
It would carry you up an' on an' on
Till [illegible] kissed the fairies that light the moon.

An' then he would sit an' brood an' brood
With the waste o' dreamland in his eye,
As tho' he could hear in his heart the rime
O' the clingin' shadows driftin' by.

Ah, but he was the lad to love,
But he thought o' it light, an' he went his way,
But he left an echo to break my heart,
Adrift in the shades o' the twilight gray.

ZOE KINCAID BROCKMAN.

To-morrow May Not Come.

From the Detroit Free Press.

To-morrow may not come. What then?
To-day would be my last with men;
From dawn to dusk, my final chance
To wield for truth a shining lance,
And these would be my last few hours
To prove my worth and use my powers,
And with the setting of the sun
My work of life would all be done,
And I should be remembered here
Just as my record should appear.
Oh, let me live and toil to-day
So that if I am called away
I need not pass and leave behind
A single deed or word unkind.

Say to the Sun.

From the Atlanta Constitution.

Say to the sun: "The prospect's fine!
You take your task to rise and shine,
And I'll take mine!

"You do the work you have to do;
You're going to see this old world through,
And I will too!"

The Touchstone.

We of this nation must now prove our truth by our endeavor.—*Theodore Roosevelt at Portland.*

Our truth by our endeavor
This land must test and try,
And all her sons soever
The touchstone must apply.

The lofty declaration
Shall be of no avail
Except a steadfast nation
Assure it shall not fail.

Whoso shall vaunt the beauty
Of peace apart from right
Fails in a sacred duty
And works in our despite.

Now to the inner questing
That we our hearts may know.
Now to the stern self-testing—
Now must we fight the foe!

MAURICE MORRIS.

Three Kinds of Double Against the Contract at Auction Bridge

Bridge Experts Fall Into Trap Set by Prof. Wertenbaker—Boys in Camp Foiled by Checker Problem

Bridge problem No. 474 was not intended as one of the honor list, but was given as an illustration of the importance of a complete analysis of the A and B hands, as well as those of A and B. Had this been one of those coming under the rule of crediting the discovery of duals or of exposing false solutions, there would have been only about half a dozen of the cracks left in the race.

Some thought there was only one solution, the spade opening; others thought only the heart opening would solve; while still others declared it was a dual and that either opening would do. The fact is that neither opening will solve, as the defence can hold Y and Z down to two tricks in any variation. Here is the distribution:

Y: ♡ ----- ♣ 6 5 ◇ Q 10 9 8 5 ♠ -----

A: ♡ ----- ♣ 9 ◇ K J 7 6 4 ♠ 6

B: ♡ 10 9 8 6 ♣ K J 5 ◇ ----- ♠ -----

Z: ♡ A Q J 7 2 ♣ ----- ◇ A ♠ 7

Clubs are trumps and Z is in the lead. The popular idea was for Z to begin with a spade, which Y trumps. B is compelled to overtrump this trick or Y will lead the trump while Z still holds control of the diamond suit. Whether B wins this trump or allows it to go to A's nine the result is the same, as B must lose three heart tricks.

After trumping the first trick B must lead the hearts, and when A trumps Y must undertrump; because if Y discards B will trump the next trick, a diamond lead, with the jack of clubs and lead the three, putting Y in. Now, Y will be forced to lead the diamonds up to A's major tenace, giving A and B five tricks. An examination of this defence should have shown careful analysts that the heart opening could be defeated by this line of play in the trump suit by B.

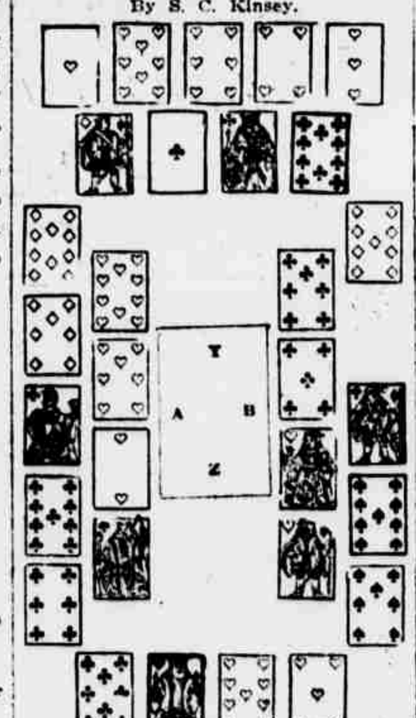
The defect in this solution is that B will lead a high heart, and if Z does not cover A will not trump. If Z covers, A trumps and Y must under trump. Now B trumps the diamond and leads another high heart, and must make a heart trick at the end.

If Z starts with the heart A trumps with the nine and leads the diamond. This B trumps with the jack, leads the king of trumps (if Y still holds two trumps), and then the small one, putting Y in. Then Y loses two diamond tricks.

Y cannot escape this by undertrumping A on the first trick, because B will trump the diamond with a high club just the same, but will lead the small one at once, making his last trump after A has made two diamond tricks.

Here is another interesting situation by the composer of No. 468 which has an instructive point in it.

BRIDGE PROBLEM NO. 476.
By S. C. Kinsey.



Clubs are trumps and Z is in the lead. Y and Z want eight tricks against any defence.

The distribution is: Y has the ace eight six four three of hearts; ace king ten of trumps and jack of diamonds. A has the ten seven two of hearts, queen nine six of trumps, ten seven of diamonds and king of spades. B has the queen jack of hearts, seven five of trumps, nine eight of diamonds, jack nine seven of spades. Z has the king nine five of hearts, eight of trumps, queen five of diamonds, queen eight and six of spades.

Some Mental Arithmetic.

Tom, Dick and Harry were three boys who frequently played hookey during the trout fishing season. A game warden came upon them one fine morning and thought they were still young enough to be at school, so he asked Harry how old they were. Tom, who was the headliner in arithmetic at school, volunteered the cryptic information that if three-quarters of his age was multiplied by one-twelfth of Dick's it would give Harry's age, and if he got it right he would know their ages also.

How old were the boys?

THAT SUM IN ARITHMETIC.

Two weeks ago readers of THE SUN were asked what should be done with the following figures to show that the result was correct, as given in the last line:

3414
340
74813
43374813

The answer is that they should be held up to a looking glass.

Checker Endings.

Problem No. 474 had a much quicker solution than many of the cracks were looking for; some of them strung out the play for thirty moves, and then did not demonstrate the draw.

The distribution is: Black men on 3, 5, 11, 12, 16, 20 and 22. White men on 18, 19, 21, 23, 27 and 30; king on 2. White to play and draw. The composer is Charles Hefter. Here are the moves that solve:

White.	Black.
19—15	3—8
2—7	22—26
23—19*	16—32
7—16	

The starred move is certainly a rather disconcerting one for black, just when he appeared to have the game in hand.

Only six out of thirty-three solved this problem. They were William D. Clarke, De Witt E. Cayton, Fausto Dalumi, Owen Fox, L. S. Hart, Jr., and John Mutch. This brings Hart into second place, Cayton third, John Mutch fourth, tied with James Hyland.

Checkers seems to be fast becoming the favorite side line to trench digging and drills among the soldier boys at many of the camps, and any one who has a good problem to spring on the alleged experts is in demand. Here is one that has been puzzling them at Camp Devens. They cannot beat it, so they are sending to THE SUN for reenforcements.

PROBLEM NO. 476. CHECKERS.
Black.

White.

White to play and win.

The distribution is: Black men on 9, 11 and 18. White men on 21 and 30; king on 2.

SCHOOL FOR CARD PLAYERS.

Cribbage. L. M. C. says: A holds two pairs, threes and deuces, and turns up an ace. How do you count the hands?

In addition to the two pairs, worth 4, there are six runs of three cards each, worth 12 more, or 16 altogether. This will be seen by laying out one run of three and then changing the deuce to make a second run. Now change the trey with the new deuce and you get a third. Now put back the old deuce with the new trey and you get a fourth.

A. S. W. says: A bets there is only one count that cannot be made at cribbage, and that is a nineteen hand.

There are four counts within the possibilities of the game, 1 to 29, that cannot be made with any combination of cards: 19, 25, 26 and 27.

Baccarat. L. De V. says: A bet that in playing at a club no one is allowed to draw if he holds more than five. B bets a player can do what he likes, and if the bystanders do not like his game they need not bet on it.

The conventional rule is to stand or draw at five, the player being allowed to do which he pleases, but in many cases this rule is not adhered to. In South America, for instance, it is the common practice for the player to ask if the game is regular or open. In many of the best clubs in Rio there are players who habitually draw at six.

Gin. T. L. asks if there is any penalty for laying down the hand when there is more than 10 in his deadwood, or if it is enough that he has exposed his hand to his adversary.

The penalty for a premature call is five points. The player may then take up his cards again and proceed with the game.

Euchre. Mrs. L. asks if there is any way in which a small party, such as eight persons, could meet and play with or against every other, as the usual progression system does not accomplish this result.

The whist and bridge schedule for eight individuals might be used, playing four deals at each table. This is the schedule of movements:

5 4
8* 1 2 6
7 3

No. 8 is the pivot and sits still. After four deals, No. 1 goes to 2, 2 to 3, and so on. Each player follows and takes the place of the same person all evening. After 28 deals the combinations will have been exhausted.

Russian Bank—H. McK. asks if this game is the same as blind hookey, or Dutch bank, and where the rules for it can be found.

This is not a banking game at all, but a form of double solitaire, played by two persons with two packs of cards. One plays until he makes an error or can go no further. Then his opponent takes up the play until he is stopped. THE SUN is unable to find rules for it in any book on card games.

Pirate Bridge—E. H. H. writes all the way from Brisbane, Australia, to ask if the usual method of computing the scores at pirate does not give just twice the amount actually won and lost. He says: Call a b c d the respective gross winnings of the four players and s their sum, and let l equal A's losses. Then (a—l) is what we want. This equals 2a—(a plus l), which equals 2a—s divided by 2.

This fact has long been recognized, but the present method of computing the scores is used on account of the ease with which the proportions are arrived at. In settling upon the stakes they are reduced one-half from those adopted at auction, so as to equalize the two games.

Auction Pitch—M. J. says: A bids and B outbids him, pitching a club. A wants one and makes jack. B wants three and gets them. Both would be out. A insists that as the rule of the game is "bidder goes out," A can count his jack, as he was a bidder. This would put him out ahead of B.

The expression quoted refers only to the player who makes the final bid, on which the hand is played.

Euchre—G. F. says: Z takes up the trump and says he will play it alone. A at once says he will play alone against him. Z protests that no one but the maker of the trump can play alone. Is there such a rule in euchre that one lone hand can play against another?

Only in the variation known as railroad euchre. In straight euchre, Z is correct.

Chances Missed by Players Who Fail to Keep Track of the Value of Cards When They Bid for the Contract.

By R. F. FOSTER.

The next great discovery that will be in order in the forward march of the science of bidding at auction, for it is rapidly approaching a science, is some rule that shall control the double to defeat the contract.

Of the three doubles described in THE SUN two weeks ago two are pretty well understood by the average player, even if not always judiciously used. These are the double of the original or free bid and the double to show stoppers. The double to defeat the contract is still in the air.

The problem of the double, when the bids go up to high figures, lies in appraising the depreciation in the value of high cards in what will then be plain suits. The ace and king of a short suit may safely be considered as two sure tricks when the bidding starts, no matter who plays the hand. But after the bids have been around a few times, and somebody is undertaking to make four odd, that ace and king may be worth absolutely nothing, as the four trick bidders are almost sure to trump the very first round of that suit.

One solution of the problem, to double or not to double, adopted by many beginners is called the free double. That is, they double when the contract, if it succeeds, will win the game whether it is doubled or not. This system saves a lot of thinking, but it is simply another way of saying that you may as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, without any regard to the fact that no one is asking you to steal either, or any calculations as to your chances of being able to get away with it without being caught.

The Odds Calculated.

The odds against a doubtful contract are as 50 is to the value of the tricks. If the declaration is in hearts it is 50 to 8 against the contract without doubling. After the double it is only 100 to 16. That is, the odds against the contract are reduced one-fourth.

There are at present about three varieties of the double to defeat the contract. One is the double upon the certainty that it cannot succeed; another is the double upon the strong probability that it will fail; the third is the double upon pure imagination, or the want of it.

Here are a couple of specimens. To which class they belong is left to the student of tactics to decide for himself. The first one was played in the Knickerbocker duplicate game of March 21. It was No. 18; dealer east:

Y: ♡ K 10 9 ♣ J 10 5 4 ◇ A K 4 ♠ K 7 5

A: ♡ A J 8 4 ♣ A 2 ◇ 8 7 ♠ A J 10 9 6

B: ♡ Q 7 6 3 2 ♣ 8 6 ◇ Q 2 ♠ Q 5 4 2

Z: ♡ 5 ♣ K Q 9 7 3 ◇ J 10 9 6 5 3 ♠ 8

Z dealt and passed. A bid a spade, which both Y and B passed. Z now bid the higher ranking of two suits, either of which would be a fair secondary bid, two diamonds. A went to two spades and Y assisted the diamonds, going to three.

Chance to Redouble Lost.

Again B passed, refusing to assist the spades even after a rebid, which marks him with at least a trick below average, which is precisely what he had. As A had a legitimate rebid the combined hands should have been good for two odd at spades, but no more. This is their actual value and is all A could make when the hand was played at spades.

Instead of letting the bid stand at three diamonds Z anticipated the possibility that A might go on with the spades and bid four clubs, showing that he had a two suiter. In view of his partner's refusal to assist the spades A dropped that suit and doubled the four clubs.

Now, instead of redoubling, which was the proper way for Y to show that he could assist the clubs just as he had already assisted the diamonds, and which would have scored at least [illegible] points for Y and Z, probably 469, if left [illegible] passed. If A or B goes back to spades they will be set for 200.

In consequence of Y's failure to indicate any support for the clubs Z was compelled to go back to the suit Y could support and bid four diamonds, and A doubled that. Again, Y passed instead of redoubling, apparently blind to the possibilities of two such strong secondary bids on Z's part and his own [illegible] trumper, so the hand was played at four diamonds, doubled.

A led the ace of spades and [illegible] and on the second round, which Y won with the king, Z discarded the [illegible] heart. Five odd, 323 points.

Three Points to Study.

The student's attention is invited to three points about this double [illegible] part. 1. What chance has Z [illegible] in either of the minor suits [illegible] diamonds, while A holds three [illegible] the lead? 2. What chance has A to hold Z down to three odd if he doubles the contract to make four? 3. Which way will A jump if he is redoubled?

Probably most players will agree that the chance is about 10 to 1 against [illegible] going game if A will lay down his three aces one after the other; the trump [illegible] The answer to the second is [illegible] must be assisting the diamonds on [illegible] side tricks it is about 10 to 1 that Z can make four odd, especially as Z was known to be a very sound bidder.

Here is another illuminating example of the double, which shows the failure to take account of the depreciation of high cards in plain suits, with strong bidding against them:

Y: ♡ 7 6 ♣ Q 6 5 ◇ Q J 8 7 5 4 2 ♠ 7

A: ♡ A K 5 4 2 ♣ 8 ◇ 10 9 6 3 ♠ K 8 4

B: ♡ 8 ♣ A J 10 9 4 3 ◇ ----- ♠ A 10 9 6 5 2

Z: ♡ Q J 10 9 3 ♣ K 8 7 ◇ A K ♠ Q J 3

Z bid no trump. A and Y passed and B said three spades to take the [illegible] out of the defensive class. Z and A passed, and Y did what he should have done at first, bid the diamonds. B went to four spades, and Z doubled instead of going to five diamonds.

The student is asked to [illegible] cards and determine the class to which this double belongs. [illegible] slam in spades by [illegible] before leading trumps, [illegible] all his own trumps, [illegible] two clubs and two hearts [illegible] points on the doubled [illegible] slams against original no trumpers are not common.