THE CANDID FRIEND

An Independent Review of Men and Things That Figure in the Contemporary Life of California

BY EDWARD F. CAHILL

WHEN Maurice T. Dooling was sworn in the other day as a judge of the United States court in this city it was thought worth while to telegraph the country over as news that he "wore the same old soft shirt." A few days later, during the trial of Diggs before Judge Van Fleet, the following dispatch was sent out as news:

SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 7.—Bailiffs in Judge Van Fleet's courtroom, where the Diggs white slave case is being tried, are being kept busy warning spectators of both sexes that "gum chewing is strictly against the rules of the federal court and subversive of its dignity." At least a dozen persons, including several prospective jurors, received the whispered caution today. One jauntily attired girl left the courtroom in high dudgeon rather than give up her gum.

To the heedless reader it might seem that there is no connection between these two items of contemporary news, but in fact, as I may be permitted to explain, they are closely related. This relation will be made clear by a brief study of the natural history of the federal court bailiff. Judge Dooling having spent most of his life in Hollister, is not yet familiar with the ways and habits of the federal court bailiff and therefore can not be expected to realize the legal distinction between the hard boiled shirt and the soft boiled shirt—which exists chiefly in the mind of the bailiff.

HIS MAJESTY THE BAILIFF

Let it be understood at once that the bailiff is the visible embodiment and outward sign of the majesty of the law. If you should stick a pin in the bailiff's leg he would bleed starch. In his presence the placid ruminant chumping the sweet or bitter quid of gum wilts and shrivels away into outer darkness. If in the course of human events it should be your fortune to visit the United States circuit court of appeals you will see the judges of that august tribunal habited in flowing gowns of "some soft clinging stuff," as the society column might describe them. What, then, is the purpose of these extraordinary clothes? They do not promote warmth and they are far from being ornamental. The explanation lies in the fact that the judicial gaberdine is a concession to the bailiff's sense of dignity and propriety.

The judges, being humane and polite men, wear these clumsy gowns to gratify and satisfy their exacting and starchy servitor.

LIKE A SODA FOUNTAIN

Probably you have never visited this particular court of appeals. It is a fortune that happens to few. Nevertheless, the chamber is worth a visit as a matter of curiosity, if only to inspect the extraordinary piebald bar or counter of patchwork marbles behind which the high justiciars sit. Now, Judge Morrow on occasion indulges a sense of humor, which his bailiff regards as scarcely respectable, and so his honor in a light minded way observed that "the first time I sat in that court I thought I was presiding at a soda fountain." It is obvious that Judge Morrow would not dare make such an unfortunate remark in the presence of his bailiff.

TOO OBVIOUS SNORES

Possibly the most flagrant outrage of the well assorted feelings of the blameless bailiff occurred last winter in this same court of appeal. The weather was cold under the shrewd and biting blast of the north wind, and a homeless tramp casually drifted into the august chamber, where he found in the carefully adjusted warmth provided by a paternal government a means of inexpensive comfort. The benches were not too hard, and he naturally fell asleep, which, perhaps, might have been forgiven had he not been betrayed by his too obvious snores. He was, of course, promptly and ignominiously ejected. He had been gently reminded of the last indignity that could be put on a sensitive official.

THE EDUCATION OF A JUDGE

Doubtless, when Judge Dooling comes to realize and appreciate the atmosphere diffused by the blameless and respectable bailiff of his court, he will put away from him the freedom of the soft boiled shirt out of regard for the nice sensibilities of his official servitor. Yet, it may be permitted to cite a case in point of the reply made by an Eton schoolboy to his tutor, who said to him: "Your younger brother knows more than you do." To which the boy answered, pleasantly: "Probably he hasn't been at Eton so long."

SARTOR RESARTUS

In these days, as it happens, we are greatly concerned, and even agitated, over the philosophy of clothes. It is not alone the court bailiff who is disturbed in mind, but Mr. Bumble likewise and the other parochial authorities are grievously exercised by the insubordination of the rebellious feminine and her tempestuous petticoat, which up andedown the coast, in Los Angeles and in Portland, has been put under the official ban with orders issued to the police to exercise what might seem to be a somewhat embarrassing censorship based on the principle that skirts are for purposes of concealment, not display. I have not heard of any arrests, and one may understand that a modest policeman confronted by a too obvious slit might—what?—look the other way. At any rate there is a tremendous pother not of any means confined to the Pacific coast or even to America.

SOME BITTER COMFORT

Indeed the London Times in a learned editorial tells us:

What is patent to the least observant nowadays is that women wear almost nothing under their gowns, even in the daytime. Petticoats went long ago, and were replaced by tights—or not replaced at all. The stockings are of such diaphanous silk as to embarrass the beholder who sees, even in the street, so much of them, and they are not covered by any but court shoes. So much for the foundation. Over this is worn a flimsy sheath of half-transparent material, cut almost as low by day as by night, and with such slashings and liftings in the skirt as may fully display the leg half way to the knee and which show every movement of the limbs—almost of the muscles. A story has been going the round of Paris in which it is told that an English woman was offered a dress with the following inducement to tempt her: "Madame will be satisfied with this robe, for by putting a pink ribbon underneath, Madame will appear completely nude." As if that were the absolute ambition of every woman for the moment! Certainly there is an orgy of undressing going on, and it shows no signs of abating. And what is to be the end? It is difficult to see; but obviously when you have gone on undressing for a certain time you come to the end of what there is to take off, and the only thing to do is to put your clothes on again. But no one can foresee when that happy hour of sanity will be with us. There is no sign of it at present.

DISCOVERS THE LIMIT

The London editor takes bitter comfort from his remark that "when you have gone on undressing for a certain time you come to the end of what there is to take off." This doubtless is the philosophic view, especially where lovely woman is concerned. It is useless and futile to shout, like Mr. Bumble, for the police. We have gone through it all before and the controversy is as old as the hills. I quote from the observations of an old fogy:

Ruskin complains of the evening costumes, "insanely expensive and indecently attractive," worn by English women a generation ago, but in the early part of the nineteenth century the fashionable street dress was as clinging and transparent as it is today. In this respect women are about the same. A highly respected judge in Philadelphia said: "There is only one thing that will keep a woman's clothes on her in the street, and that is the police."

But apparently the police can not do anything of the sort, and the desperate editor of the London Times, by way of climax, feels that there is nothing left but to "resort to prayer to avert a thunderbolt."

IN THE DAYS OF ISAIAH

Now, on the other hand, that pleasant and humane humorist, the Rev. Robert J. Burdette of Pasadena, takes a more hopeful view and calls for neither thunderbolts nor the police, and he observes that "nearly 3,000 years ago the prophet Isaiah put on his dress reform warpaint and went off the reservation in a whirlwind of denunciation of about everything that a woman could put on, naming each article in such detail as could not have been surpassed by any modiste of his time." He was better posted than the preachers of our time, who are cautiously prone to generalize in their specifications of feminine frippery. But the thunder of the inspired prophet no more availed in those days than the contemporary futility of Mr. Bumble shouting for the police.

IF SHE WILL, SHE WILL

Doctor Burdette concludes:

So long as she dosn't care a whoop about what the men think or say concerning her apparel, why should we say anything? Why scold her about her eccentricities of dress? The fulminations of Isaiah had no more effect upon the fashions of Israel than and editorial in the Nation has upon the style of a Catalina bathing suit, which is simply a few marks upon the body to show where the bathing suit would come of it were worn.

Let her dress, then, as she will, please or discontent herself, without the annoyance of masculine comment. The less we notice her eccentricities the shorter lived the new style will be. We will abuse her and make fun of her, anyhow. Whether she dress like a suffragette, a militant suffragette or a "sweet, homekeeping body," who arrays herself in the dear old styles of "Godey's Lady's Magazine," we will caricature and ridicule her. Slip her halter and turn her loose, and let's see what she will do with herself when nobody turns a head to look at her. You know we always have a curiosity to know how anybody acts when nobody is looking. But it's mighty hard to geet a peep at the actor when he isn't acting.

SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

Besides, the ladies—God bless them—are carrying the war into the enemy's camp, and I note these home questions: "How about the way the men dressed in revolutionary times? Look at the knee breeches of George Washington's time. Whoever has said anything about the exposing of men's forms?" Just so. When Mr. Thornwell Mullally appeared in masquerade as the great Napoleon, exposing the outlines of his lovely and symmetrical legs, nobody called for the police. Indeed, certain graceless jokers laughed.

Other defenders of the fair are not lacking, and one young lady writes from Santa Monica to a Los Angeles paper:

Since when did it become "immodest" to wear short skirts and low cut shoes? Low cut shoes and slippers have been worn, at times, since civilization began, also short skirts, but not until the present day were they branded as "immodest." When women wore long skirts on the streets they were lectured for their folly in sweeping up microbes and endangering their movements, and were advised to wear the sanitary "common sense" short skirt, sensible for rainy days, clean and allowing freedom of movement. As soon as they adopt short skirts a wail goes up that they are "indecent." Furthermore, short skirts are not fashionable at present. Perhaps the Pasadena correspondent would like to see the wide skirts of the early sixties come in style. They would surely conceal the fact that we are bipeds, but then women at that day wore decollete dresses on the streets and in prayer meeting.

As a matter of historical fact the slit skirt was worn universally by the women of Athens 3,000 years ago, without causing a convulsion of nature.

OH,

MR. JOHNSON

I see by the paper that one "William Johnson," not otherwise identified, is preparing to dig up the honored bones of Don Gaspar de Portola, which he is convinced are buried somewhere in the classic neighborhood of Carmel mission. He asserts himself qualified for this undertaking by his researches among the California Indians and by reason of his (alleged) success in "unearthing" the remains of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo. One learns from the newspaper that "he got on the track of what he believes to be the grave of Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, whose bones he claims to have exhumed from San Miguel island." He now believes himself to be "on the track" of Don Gaspar's grave and hopes to come up with it if the trail does not peter out, but he admits that he is engaged in a somewhat blind quest. There is, in fact, no record anywhere of Portola's death and burial.

Mr. Johnson's pursuit of the supposed place of interment is based on vague Indian legends, and in case of discovery we should be left in doubt whether or not we were doing reverence to the wrong bones.

But why in any case disturb the remains of the illustrious dead? Better far to observe the injunction, "Let them rest in peace." It seems a strange fancy that puts a detective on the track of a grave, supposing a grave to leave such evidence.

IT ALMOST FLEW

My ingenious friend, Carl Browne, is in Washington, D. C., trying out his famous octoplane on which he hopes eventually to fly home across the mountains to Calistoga. The Washington Times printed this:

The octoplane is a monoplane raised by eight propelling power. Browne is the inventor of it, and he expects to give his model a test in Washington next week. It has eight radiating planes from its axle shaft, and the inventor explains that they are nonrigid, so that they adjust themselves automatically and prevent the aircraft capsizing, as rigid plane machines are prone to do.

So confident is Browne in his new machine that he has sold his return trip ticket to San Francisco and announces he will fly back home in a full sized octoplane which he will shortly begin to build. He has made one test of his model, but the engine failed to work properly, and consequently the model did not get off the ground. But the action of the machine when it apparently all but flew raised the hopes of the inventor to a new pitch.

Representative Kent of the California delegation helped Browne to get his patent and gives him the use of his lawn for experiments with the model that almost flew.

LABOR COUNCIL SITS AS A JURY

Case Against Electrical Workers' Local Tried Before Executive Session

Charged With Misconduct and Members Are Cited to Appear in Defense

The San Francisco Labor council in executive session, last Friday night, after the close of the regular business, sat as a jury to try local No. 6, of the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. None of the delegates from the accused union, charged with "conduct unbecoming a union affiliated with the San Francisco Labor council," were present. After the matter had been discussed for several hours it was decided to communicate with the accused union and ask it to appear at the next meeting to present a defense to the charges.

* * *

The 70 members of the Musicians' union, local No. 6, who are to furnish the music during the Labor day celebration at the stadium tomorrow afternoon, had a full rehearsal in the hall of the San Francisco Labor council yesterday morning under the direction and instruction of John A. Keogh, leader of the municipal concert band. There were in attendance a large number of members of various unions and they enjoyed a rare musical treat.

* * *

The following deaths in labor circles were reported during the last week: Michael J. Fox, United Laborers' association No. 1; Charles E. Sloan, Bricklayers; James Welch, Hod Carriers; S. G. Brown, Letter Carriers; James Davis, Electrical Workers No. 6; Joseph Kosick, Bricklayers; Ernest V. Nelson, Carpenters No. 483; Henry C. Rice, Painters No. 19; Thomas Landwehr, Varnishers and Polishers; Charles Preffer, Machinists, and Chris Sophus Jortall, Sailors' union.

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The Labor Clarion, official organ of the San Francisco Labor council, James W. Mullen, editor, has issued a Labor day edition of 102 pages, in which there are many interesting articles on labor by Eugene V. Debs, William Cardinal O'Connell, Eva Goldsmith, Richard Caverly, Rev. Charles Stelzle, W. J. Ghent, Will J. French, Theodore Johnson and Joseph E. Cohen, and special articles by Prof. David Starr Jordan, Frederick Gruel and Kent Heppe.

* * *

The board of directors of local No. 6 of the Musicians' union at its last meeting reinstated J. L. Callaghan and F. D. Picidillo to membership; accepted the transfers of Harry Carney of Portland and Lena H. and Trevlyn Sharp of Los Angeles and permitted E. R. Howard to withdraw his transfer.

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Charles Noonan, former president of local No. 7 of the Bricklayers' union, has been selected as secretary of that organization to fill the vacancy caused by the recent death of Charles E. Sloan.

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The San Francisco Typographical union will hold its regular meeting today for the discussion of a number of matters that are to be presented.

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The ball given by the Waitresses' union, local No. 48, in Majestic hall last night was well attended and was a successful affair in every way.

TRANS-PACIFIC MAILS

The following sailing dates and closing times of trans-Pacific mails are based on the latest information furnished by steamship companies. They are subject to change on notice. Paper mail for the Hawaiian and Philippine islands closes one hour earlier than times given:

For Australia—Steamer Niagara leaves Seattle September 3. Ordinary mail closes at 9:30 a. m., September 1. Registered mail closes at 9 p. m., today. Steamer Sonoma leaves San Francisco September 23. Ordinary mail closes at 11:30 a. m. Registered mail closes at 10:30 a. m.

For New Zealand—Steamer Niagara leaves Seattle September 3. Ordinary mail closes at 9:30 a. m., September 1. Registered mail closes at 9 p. m. today. Steamer Moana leaves San Francisco September 17. Ordinary mail closes at 8:30 a. m. Registered mail closes at 9 p. m., September 16.

For China and Japan—Steamer Bellerophon leaves Seattle September 2. Ordinary mail closes at 9:30 a. m., September 1. Registered mail closes at 9 p. m. today. Steamer China leaves San Francisco September 4. Ordinary mail closes at 10:30 a. m. Registered mail closes at 9:30 a. m. Steamer Empress of Asia leaves Seattle September 10. Ordinary mail closes at 9:30 a. m., September 8. Registered mail closes at 9 p. m., September 7.

For Manila—Steamer China leaves San Francisco September 4. Ordinary mail closes at 11:30 a. m. Registered mail closes at 10:30 a. m. United States army transport Thomas leaves San Francisco September 5. Ordinary mail closes at 9 a. m. Registered mail closes at 8:15 a. m. Steamer Empress of Asia leaves Seattle September 10. Ordinary mail closes at 9:30 a. m., September 8. Registered mail closes at 9 p. m., September 7.

For Hawaii—Steamer Honolulan leaves San Francisco September 2. Ordinary and registered mail closes at 8:30 p. m. Steamer China leaves San Francisco September 4. Ordinary and registered mail closes at 11:30 a. m. United States army transport Thomas leaves San Francisco September 5. Ordinary and registered mail closes at 9 a. m. Steamer Sierra leaves San Francisco September 9. Ordinary and registered mail closes at 12:30 p. m.

For Tahiti—Steamer Moana leaves San Francisco September 17. Ordinary mail closes at 8:30 a. m. Registered mail closes at 9 p. m., September 16.

BAND CONCERTS FOR TODAY AND LABOR DAY

Golden Gate Park Programs Arranged for Sabbath and Tomorrow's Holiday

The following program will be rendered this afternoon by the band in Golden Gate park:

Anthem, "Star Spangled Banner"
March, "Salenelle" ... Tschaikowsky
Waltz, "Love and Life in Vienna" ... Komzak
Overture, "Arsilo" ... G. Verdi
Ballet suite, "La Reine de Saba" ... Gounod
1—Allegro andante. 2—Moderato. 3—Andante. 4—Allegro. 5—Finale.
Mosaic, "Lucretia Borgia" ... Donizetti
"Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 14" ... Liszt
Vocal selections—
(a) "Sunshine on Roses" ... Egbert Van Alstyne
(b) "Sailing the Chesapeake Bay" ... George Botsford
Herbert Medley.
"A Charivari" ... R. Ferber
Gems from "Merry Widow" (by request) ... F. Lehar
March, "Diplomat" ... Sousa
"America."

Labor day the following program will be rendered:

Anthem, "Star Spangled Banner"
March, "Queen of Sheba" ... Gounod
Overture, "Zanetta" ... Auber
Waltz, "Les Gouttes des Roses" ... Waldteufel
Duet, Marie Rappold and Bach-Gounod
Reminiscences of P. Tosti, introducing principal gems of the renowned song writer ... Godfrey
Mosaic, "Songs of Stephen Adams" ... Kappey
Patrol, "Blue and Gray" ... Dalbey
Fantasie, "Albion" (introducing familiar melodies) ... Baetens
Gems from "Chocolate Soldier" ... Strauss
March, "Stars and Stripes" ... Sousa
"America."

Julia Witheroll was arrested yesterday on a petty larceny charge on complaint of T. McMahon, 115 Market street, who accuses the girl of stealing $8.

CHESS

Call Chess Editor's Swan Song

On February 2, this year, we made our bow to the Pacific coast chess public. And now, in the last number of The Sunday Call, we take occasion to thank the followers of the royal game in this locality for their interest and loyal support. During this period a successful problem solving contest was carried out. Among the problems printed in the competition were several by A. J. Fink which received the enthusiastic praise of those qualified to judge. Seventy-two diagrammed problems have been printed absolutely without error, except by the irony of fate, a "little black pawn" was omitted in problem No. 1. Accuracy has been our watchword, and few and far between have been the misprints in the record of games printed. Readers of this column have been duly apprised of all news of interest in the chess world. Considerable attention has been given to end games, etc. In short, an up to date, live column has been maintained, as was promised in the initial number. As to the future of the column, well, our friends can get next Sunday's Chronicle???

To all our loyal friends we would therefore say, in the words of Brutus to Cassius:

And, whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore, our everlasting farewell take:
Forever and forever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then, this parting was well made.

To which I might add that "we shall smile" if this is the last column, and we do not meet again.

Recent results of games in the pending Northern California vs. Southern California Correspondence Match are: W. M. Dickinson (N. C.) lost both games to Fred Pelouze (S. C.); L. W. Palmer (S. C.) has won one game from C. A. Haufe (N. C.); N. H. Greenway (N. C.) and C. J. Gibbs (S. C.) have drawn one game. Hallwegen, captain of the northern team, forced the resignation of C. H. Whipple (S. C.) in one game, while O. E. Frazier, captain of the southerners, has likewise won a game from H. E. Church (N. C.). Contestants are requested to forward score of games to the respective captains as soon as completed. If this column is discontinued, results and scores of meritorious games will be printed in the American Chess Bulletin. The prizes offered by The Call Chess Editor will be awarded at close of match. Officials of correspondence match and addresses are: George Hallwegen, 57 Post street (Mechanics' Institute, third floor), San Francisco; O. E. Frazier, 426 North Burlington avenue, Los Angeles, and Dr. H. Epsteen, San Rafael, referee.

Sportsmanship at Havana

Premising that Americans are in the habit of expecting good sportsmanship, no matter what game is played, and that to be considered a good sportsman a defeated man should keep his mouth shut unless he can say some kindly thing of his victor, Edward P. Sharp, chess editor of the Nebraska State Journal, administers a deserved rebuke to the tactics of Capablanca during and since the recent Havana chess tourney. Sharp continues:

Ever since the Havana tournament we have been waiting in vain for some older and more experienced editor to stand on his toes and call to heaven to witness the disgraceful and unsportsmanlike conduct of some of the masters taking part in that affair. The silence is doubtless due to a broad but misplaced charity which does a mighty good job of "overlooking" on account of "artistic temperament." Artistic temperament is not considered by the rules of the sporting page. What happens when a jockey is caught pulling his mount? What would happen if a Wood, a Johnson or a Mathewson should "let down" in his play to help a rival and openly boast of doing it? What would have happened when the chess editors of the country read the report, "Previous to the beginning of play Capablanca had addressed Kupchik, telling him that he should play very slowly indeed, in case Janowski should get a drawing or losing position against Marshall he would be unable to share in first and second prizes with Marshall, even if he should beat Kupchik, and he would therefore not take any exertions at all to bring about the downfall of this young player?" No wonder Marshall absented himself from the room when he later found Capablanca stalling. Less culpable, perhaps, but in decidedly poor taste was the action of Janowski in refusing to resign his game with Marshall, but let Marshall know through President Paredes that he had given up the fight. Then, after Marshall had won the tourney, what kind of sportsmanship was it for Janowski to get "on a chair, addressing the crowd as follows, 'I did all in my power to help Capablanca. I promised to beat Marshall today and I succeeded. I could do no more.'" But the crowning touch to the Havana tournament is the appearance of the Havana Congress Book under the name of Capablanca. On a par with the conduct of a man who mentions a good woman's name in a slurring manner is the following, translated from Torneo Internacional de Ajedrez (Havana Congress Book):

Page 10 (by "J. C. P.")—"Jaffe played beneath his reputation, whether it was because in some cases he could not and in others he would not."

Page 20 (Marshall vs. Jaffe)—"We make no comment on this game because we have the intimate conviction that Black made no effort whatever to win, and the role of the commentator is disheartening, pointing out the weakness of this or that move, when the first one is based upon the desire not to vanquish one of the contestants."

Page 72 (Jaffe vs. Marshall)—"This game, like the first between these two masters, doesn't need any comment because it is apparent that Jaffe did nothing to win, and the manner in which he lost it is sufficiently significant for us to throw over the lapses of the game a merciful veil."

("Merciful veil!" Oh, heavens!!—Sharp.)

Good for Sharp! The "silence" is due to something else besides "misplaced charity." I know why, but I also will grab Capablanca's "merciful veil" and "throw it over the lapses" of chess editors.

Chess is a splendid game, and there is certainly room for the professional chess master. But lovers of the pastime demand a certain amount of decency along with skill in those who make their living from the game. Therefore, if the jockeying practiced at Havana is much indulged in, it does not take a prophet to foresee an end of professional chess. To appreciate the difference between clean professional chess and the other kind, just contrast the Hastings, 1895, tourney and Havana, 1912! However, like Mr. Heire, in "The League of Youth," "I say no more!"

As for Janowski, he proved himself the boor he is by his conduct at Cambridge Springs, Pa. Marshall, in a game with Janowski, after a couple of adjournments, finally had a sure win. When it came time to resume play Marshall sat down, and after a while Monsieur Janowski sent word to Marshall by a waiter that he resigned! Recall the splendid courtesy and chivalry displayed by Pillsbury in the deciding game of the great Vienna tournament of 1898 with Doctor Tarrasch. The lamented Pillsbury (idol of thousands of chess players), with the honors of first place snatched from his grasp by the German master, nevertheless retains his honor. It was at the close of two grueling rounds. Pillsbury and Tarrasch were tied for first place, with 28½ to 8½. A supplementary match of four games was played to break the tie. The pride of Nuremberg won the first and third games, while Pillsbury had scored the second. They sit down to the final game. Pillsbury must win in order to again share the high honor of first place. The opening is faultlessly played on both sides. Pillsbury realizes it is a drawn position.

"The moment of decision is nigh. Not an eye is taken off Pillsbury, who opens a cigar case, selects a cigar, cuts off its end and then lights it carefully, drawing a heavy puff of smoke therefrom. He had gained time for the decisive, important step. With perfect elegance, with the fullest recognition of the most chivalrous form, with the most amiable smile, just brushing his hair from his forehead and casting a glance on his beautiful hand, says, half audibly, yet with a winning mellowness:

"'Remis?'

"Doctor Tarrasch consents.

"Pillsbury rises. Thus dies a great man."

Can any one imagine that beau ideal of American chess, Paul Morphy, resigning a game via a waiter!

Mr. Sharp, kindly hand me that "merciful veil."

We have received a splendid letter from W. A. Strohmeier of this city concerning the beautiful McCracken end game printed in this column two weeks ago. "Stroh" maintains that end games and problems are a distinct advance on the game, having evolved from it. Readers of this column would be delighted to see how charmingly he proves, to his own satisfaction at least, that followers of these two branches of the game are on a distinctly higher plane than those whose joy is found in the lust of battle over the chess board. "Stroh's" essay is a classic and I only regret that space forbids its publication in its entirety. If the column is continued, I promise to run it in two installments; otherwise it must see light in the American Chess Bulletin. It is altogether too neat a piece of writing to "blush and bloom unseen."

GAME DEPARTMENT

Following are two games from the pending Northern California vs. Southern California Correspondence match. Gibbs saves himself by perpetual check, while Scobey of Los Angeles turns the tables on his adversary.

GAME NO. 101
QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED
C. J. Gibbs, San Diego (white) vs. N. H Greenway, Oakland (black).

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
1 P—Q4	P—Q4	10 PxKt	Kt—Kt5
2 P—QB4	P—K3	11 B—KB4	P—KB3
3 Kt—QB3	Kt—KB3	12 P—KR3	KtxP(K5)
4 B—Kt5	B—K2	13 BxKt	PxB
5 P—K3	P—Kt—Q2	14 KtxP	B—Kt2
6 B—Q3	Castles	15 Q—R5	P—Kt3
7 Kt—B3	P—QKt3	16 BxP	PxB
8 PxP	PxP	17 QxPch	Drawn
9 Kt—K5	KtxKt		

GAME NO. 102
KING'S BISHOP'S GAMBIT
C. H. Scoby, Los Angeles (white) vs. G. Herrington, San Francisco (Black).

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
1 P—K4	P—K4	18 P—Q4	Q—B3
2 P—KB4	PxP	19 PxKt	P—Q5
3 B—B4	P—KB4	20 Q—B3	QxQ
4 Kt—QB3	Q—R5ch	21 KtxQ	PxP
5 K—B	PxP	22 B—Kt5ch	B—K2
6 KtxP	Kt—K2	23 R—Qch	K—K
7 Kt—QB3	Kt—QB3	24 B—QTch	K—B
8 Q—K2	P—Q3	25 P—K6	BxB
9 Kt—B3	Q—R4	26 KtxB	PxP
10 Kt—Q5	K—Q	27 Kt—B7	R—Kt
11 KtxKBP	Q—KB4	28 K—K	K—K2
12 P—Q3	Kt—Kt3	29 R—KB	KR—KB
13 Kt—K6ch	BxKt	30 K—Q2	Kt—R5
14 BxB	Q—KR4	31 K—B2	Kt—Kt7
15 P—KKt4	Q—QB4	32 R—QKt	P—B4
16 P—B3	Q—Q4	33 KxP	Resigns
17 Kt—Kt5	QKt—K4		

In forwarding the following miniature to A. B. Stamer (who has so ably conducted the game department for several months), Prof. A. W. Ryder of Berkeley remarks: "I inclose a skittle game of my own, from the days when I didn't overlook everything." Ryder has had hard luck in the pending Prize Winners' Tourney, which probably inspired the pessimistic tone of the above:

GAME NO. 103
RUY LOPEZ
Buck (white) vs. Ryder (black).

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
1 P—K4	P—K4	11 R—K	Kt—R4
2 Kt—KB3	Kt—QB3	12 QxKt	RxB
3 B—Kt5	B—B4	13 Kt—B3	P—Q4
4 P—B3	B—Kt3	14 PxP	QxRch
5 P—Q4	P—B3	15 KtxQ	RxP
6 PxP	Q—K2	16 P—KKt4	BxP
7 BxKt	KtPxB	17 Q—R4	R—KTdis.ch
8 B—B4	PxP	18 K—R	RxKtch
9 KtxP	Kt—B3	19 QxR	B—B6mate
10 Castles	Castles		

The appended game was played in the Prize Winners' Tourney at the Mechanics' Institute. If Herr Fink had won he would at least have tied for first place. But I needed the point so as to keep in the running. Anyway, our Problem Editor wouldn't have room for any more medals. Fink has recently received a medal from Alain C. White as a special prize for his task problem in the Western Daily Mercury (England) tourney. A feature of this game is the tremendous influence exerted by the black Kt at Q4:

GAME NO. 104
GIUOCO PIANO
A. J. Fink (white) vs. E. J. Clarke (black).

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
1 P—K4	P—K4	34 P—K6	PxP
2 Kt—KB3	Kt—QB3	35 B—K5	R(R6)—R7
3 B—B4	B—B4	36 RxPch	K—B
4 P—B3	P—Q3	37 R—KR7	RxPch
5 P—Q4	PxP	38 K—Kt3	R—Kt7ch
6 PxP	B—Kt3	39 K—R4	R—Kt3
7 Castles	Kt—B3	40 B—B4	K—Kt
8 Kt—B3	Castles	41 R—QKt7	R—R
9 P—KR3	P—KR3	42 B—Kt3	R—Kt2
10 P—K5	PxP	43 RxR	KxR
11 PxP	QxQ	44 B—K5ch	K—Kt3
12 RxQ	Kt—R2	45 B—Kt2	R—R7
13 Kt—K2	R—K	46 R—B	R—KKt7
14 Kt—B4	Kt—B	47 R—Q4	P—R4
15 Kt—Q5	B—K3	48 R—K4	K—B4
16 B—B4	Kt—B4	49 R—QB4	P—B4
17 KtxB	BPxKt	50 P—B4	R—Kt
18 B—QKt5	P—QB3	51 B—Q2	R—R7
19 B—Q3	Kt—B5	52 B—B	P—K4!!
20 QB—B	B—Q4	53 PxP	K—Kt3
21 R—K	Kt—Q2	54 P—K6	Kt—K2
22 BxKt	RxB	55 R—B4	Kt—B4ch
23 P—R3	B—Q4	56 RxKt	KxR
24 B—B4	BxKt	57 P—K7	R—Kt
25 PxB	R—R4	58 B—Kt5	P—Kt4
26 QR—Q	Kt—B	59 B—R6	R—K
27 B—Kt3	R—B4	60 B—Kt3	P—B5
28 R—K3	Kt—Kt3	61 PxP	PxP
29 K—Kt2	Kt—K2	62 B—B5	P—B6
30 R—Q7	Kt—Q4	63 K—Kt3	P—B7
31 R—Q8	R—B7	64 R—R3	RxP
32 P—Kt3	R—R	65 Resigns	
33 RxKtP?	RxRP		

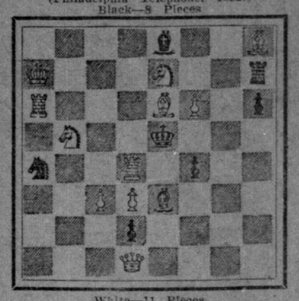
The appended game will be found worthy of study. It is from the N. C. vs. S. C. Correspondence Match. Hallwegen has the enviable, though somewhat equivocal, reputation of being "the best player in the world for one who knows nothing of 'book' play." Such is the statement of Griffiths of Los Angeles. Whipple's possession of the German Handbuch evidently cut no ice. Hallwegen has a way all his own in playing the openings. He favors the so called "Grass Valley" (King's Fianchetto) defense because it at once throws his opponent on his own resources. In the present game it is surprising how quickly black's game crumbles. Those who think correspondence chess is apt to be a long drawn out affair have another guess coming.

GAME NO. 105
RUY LOPEZ
Hallwegen, San Francisco (white) vs. Whipple, Los Angeles (black).

WHITE	BLACK	WHITE	BLACK
1 P—K4	P—K4	14 Q—Q2	R—K
2 Kt—KB3	Kt—QB3	15 Q—B2	P—QB4
3 B—Kt5	Kt—B3	16 Kt—K2	P—KR3
4 Kt—B3	P—Q3	17 B—B	P—B4
5 P—Q4	PxP	18 Kt—B4	K—R2
6 BxKtch	PxB	19 Kt(KB4)Q5	P—B3
7 KtxP	B—Kt2	20 Kt—KB4	KB—B
8 Castles	P—Kt3	21 P—KR3	P—Kt4
9 Q—Q3	B—Kt2	22 Kt—R5	K—Kt3
10 B—Kt5	Q—B	23 P—B4	KtPxP
11 KR—K	Castles	24 Q—P	Q—K3
12 P—KB3	Kt—Q2	25 RxP	Resigns
13 QR—Q	Kt—K4		

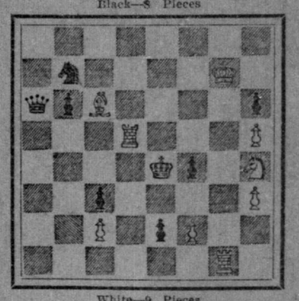
PROBLEMS

PROBLEM NO. 71—BY O. WURZBURG
(Philadelphia Telephone, 1892.)
Black—8 Pieces



White—11 Pieces
White to play and mate in two moves.

PROBLEM NO. 72—BY W. GRIMSHAW
(One of the finest pieces of strategy extant.)
Black—8 Pieces



White—9 Pieces
White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS:

PROBLEM NO. 67—S. LOYD
Key: R—B4
If KxP, then 2 castles.

PROBLEM NO. 68—J. J. O'KEEFE
Key: P—B4

PROBLEM NO. 69—R. WINDLE
Key: R—Kt4

PROBLEM NO. 70—L. HALLE
Key: Kt—K8

PROBLEM NO. 71—O. WURZBURG
Key: B—R3

PROBLEM NO. 72—W. GRIMSHAW
Key: R—KB

SOLVERS' LIST

Name and residence—	Numbers 67	68
C. O. T. Jr., city	3	2
Norman, city	3	2
"Ruy Lopez," city	3	2
"Ignoramus," city	3	2
W. B. C., Niles	3	2
E. S. B., Niles	3	2
R. E. L. Windle, Nevada	3	2

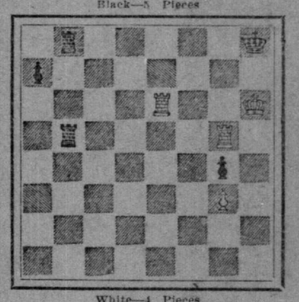
NOTE

Hugo Legler allows that the printing of Problem No. 67 was an imposition on the readers. Perhaps if we hadn't given the composer's name—Loyd! But surely Loyd composed it to be published, so that let's us out.

END GAME DEPARTMENT

Sometimes an extra pawn, which ordinarily would win, proves a detriment. The following position arose between two Viennese players, says the Birmingham Post:

Black—5 Pieces



White—4 Pieces

Black has some advantage in the extra passed pawn, providing he can render White's rooks harmless, and so he played R(Kt1)—Kt2. Then followed (2) R takes R (Kt3), and Black, with no suspicion at all that he had a losing possibility, replied (2½) R takes R(Kt6), intending to parry White's threat of R—QKt8 mate with R—KKt1. However, White went instead (3) R—QKt7! Now Black's rook is en prise, and it has no retreat. R—Kt1 permits of (4) R—R7 mate! Had Black had no pawn on QB2 he could have saved the game with (3½) R—KKt2, for then (4) R takes R would be stalemate. The whole makes a curious and very interesting complication, such as may be occasionally looked for in practical play.

NATIONAL PARLOR PLANS TO LEAD

City Organization to Make Grand Display in Parade Admission Day

National parlor No. 118, N. S. G. W., has appointed a committee actuated by the "hands around the harbor" spirit and is working to the end that no parlor shall excel it in the entertainment line during the Oakland Admission day celebration. It has secured the new home of the Woodmen of the World at Sixteenth and Jefferson streets, where it will receive guests in the auditorium and on the beautiful roof garden. The parlor will have a parade in this city the night of September 3 and will depart for Oakland by the creek route.

One hundred and twenty-five uniformed members will take part in the general parade under command of Captain Phil Newman. The section will be led by Drum Major John von Staden, who head