PARISIANS BECOME MORE AND MORE CONVINCED THAT WEARING OF CHARMS WILL DISPEL ALL EVIL

Sterling Heilig Writes of Fanciful Superstitions That Rule Particularly in Boulevard That Sprang Into Prominence Only After End of War. For Dodging Hoodoo and Carrying Ju-Ju Batting Average Remains Unsurpassed.

The Paris Boulevard Before The War

BY STERLING HEILIG.

PARIS, Nov. 25.—The Paris boulevard, before the war, had among its regularly unknown side streets, one which was particularly stupid—the rue Caumartin, between the opera and the Madeleine, the boulevard's own dazzling zenith.

The rue Caumartin (before the war) was short, uninteresting, negligible. It was a street of dentists, tailors, wholesale lingerie, stoves and gas meters, paper, furs, corsets, etc. Its two liveliest concerns were a sad, exotic tea-house and the side door to the underground Taverne Olympia, which remained open all night, and was practically on the corner. No tourist promenaded the rue Caumartin unless he had Cook's coupons for the Hotel St. Petersburg. No boulevardier, unless to consult card-layers and clairvoyants in its third-floor flats. To the superstitious boulevard, the rue Caumartin had a musty perfume of ill-luck.

Golden Test—The boulevard believes in luck—more than any other street in the world. There may be more superstitious spots in China or central Africa; but for touching wood, whispering to cab-horses, dodging hoodoo and carrying ju-ju, the batting average of the boulevard remains unsurpassed.

Central Truth—The astonishing luck of the rue Caumartin confirms the natives in their thoughts. Armistice found the rue Caumartin still dead; but, suddenly, when the boulevard lit up in its routine, for the rich razzle of peace, the little City-dentist street kicked one tiny dancing slipper into the ring and robbed the boulevard concerns for six blocks round of their best partners!

Today, the rue Caumartin rejoices in six dance palaces, four tango teas, four dancing supper-restaurants, the Rabbit, the Big Teddy and the Little Teddy, two fox-trot hotels, three "clubs," umpteen craps-and-poker flats and residential details which, all rolled together, make a crush of private limousines, coupes and taxi-autos choking entrance and egress around midnight in a pandemonium of laughter, squeals and hoarse calling, while the arc-lights spit in the fog. It breaks the slumber of the American Women's club, one-time Hotel St. Petersburg and, later, foremost Hostess House of the Y. W. C. A. When they took it, the rue Caumartin was still dead—dead, still. Today still, the fair secretaries here walk serene, untouched, unseeing, like the lady in "Comus."

Otherwise, they would be counting buttons, bowing to hunchbacks, kneading dough-balls, buying bangles, crossing fingers, giving pennies to red-checked children, running away from red-bearded men, and avoiding singing bald-heads like the pest!

They are the only sane girls in Paris!

Now I've said it. I'll go on and tell a pack of superstitions which compose absolutely one of the phenomenons of the hour—the luck of the boulevard, the queer beliefs of the world's greatest promenade, where anything can happen!

In the blazing show-windows of boulevard jewelers glitter the massed "charms" from every corner of the superstitious world. There is the "Swastika," or Maori love charm, brought over, it is said, by the New Zealand contingents. There is the "Heart of Khepera," which comes from the east; and it is said to be the oldest charm in the world. There are buckles of Isis which guarantee "magical protection," and such trifles as a little bits of horn-beam set in gold, that are handy when it becomes advisable to "touch wood," and rabbit feet, platinum mounted, and tiny turquoise birds in gilt cages for bangles.

Judged by the expensive form in which it is made, the grand amulet among the smartest of the smart is the "Ankh," which its owners claim—and who can contradict them?—to be the exact pendant that hung on the chain put about Joseph's neck. The "Ankh" symbolizes "living"; and I can guarantee the "high cost of Ankh" in 40 jewelers' shops of Boulevard des Capucines, Italiens, Madeleine, rue Royale, rue de Rivoli and rue de la Paix—a trip which forms a hollow square.

By count, the "Thav" or "Tav," in simple flat gold outline as stamped or sawed out, is the most distributed. Show windows regularly display the Hebrew form of it (the letter tau, "th") with a printed guarantee: "3000 Years in Existence. Genuine Luck-Bearer, Actually Bringing Happiness and Success to Those Who Wear It!"

It's enough for the girls. They don't care to go into it deeper. On the other hand, Mlle. Amparita F——, the loveliest brunette that does the shimmy in the rue Caumartin, will show you a ring with an engraved emerald which she never takes off. The engraving is a ram; by aid of it the patriarch Methuselah lived to be the oldest man. Another school (that of Jeada E——) prefers the amethyst engraved with a bear, worn by the prophet Aaron as a secret tip (the whole street knows it now) "from the man higher up," who was obviously Moses, but they never name him. On testimony of the Alpine chasseurs who were in Macedonia, boulevard jewelers have added a bunch of grapes to the bear.

The story is curious. Up in the mountains there the mules of a supply outfit balked beside a precipice and the boys' meals were saved by the nerve of a young Greek on the edge of the dizzy abyss. "I have done no act of courage," he protested. "I did not risk falling. I wear a charm which protects me from all accidents." And with this he showed a crystal suspended from his neck. It was engraved with a bear and a bunch of grapes!

All right. They wear the charms ostentatiously and brag about their virtues; but when the "Royal Peacock" to the Rabbit and the Cafe de Paris, too, if anyone still eats there, you will find all, if you watch them—all the girls and half the men—are secretly fingering a simple ball of bread crumbs underneath the table cloth!

The soft part of bread, you know; kneaded in the fingers, becomes like dough or putty.

Dough! Mysterious stuff! All witches use it for their spells. In the middle ages they made dough-dolls and stuck pins into them for their enemies. Dough dolls are not things to brag about. A girl is proud of her jewel charm; but the bread ball takes shape secretly beneath the cloth. It may be a rude heart (for love) or disc (for money) or an animal (big lump for body and four little lumps for legs) to beat the races; but more frequently it is the sure-to-goodness dough-doll, which she names in her heart for the person loved or hated; apt she pets or abuses it on the dead quiet, while innocently chatting.

Search the hand-bags (or men's pockets) and you will probably find, anyhow, a formless ball of dough. Many people roll and squeeze bread-balls from simple nervousness at table. These don't. They slip them into the pocket, to ward off the one grand, universal bug-a-boo of the boulevard—the "guigne," or hoodoo.

It comes from the theater.

(The boulevard is the street of theaters.)

It is the one word in the French language which must never be pronounced. You must say cherries. It is the one thing which the actresses and all beautiful women of Paris fear. All actors also. And as most establishments of this extraordinary street know fluctuations as capricious and unmerited and inexplicable as the theater itself, all dread and seek to protect themselves, by all means, from the guig—beg pardon—cherries!

For example, the delicious Spinelly says she would not take a million dollars for the things she knows. When she meets a funeral, she first says a short prayer, then retraces her steps and "makes her destination by another route." If she meets a cross-eyed child under 14 she does the same without the prayer. If anybody sneezes, you must say, "God bless you!" Never stay in a room with a red-bearded man. "Judas had a red beard." Never attempt anything important the day you see a man with a bandaged head (it killed 22 pieces, on first nights, throughout the war!) or a bald-headed man sing, or a cat mew in the house. If you have a special worry, whisper it to a cab horse.

All of which is but the outer rim of the—you know.

If you ask what it means, you will be told it is bad luck, but more and worse. In one sense, it means the hoodoo. In another, it may be called the aura or the microbe of bad luck; and it is catching. In still another sense it is viewed as a kind of semi-intelligent entity that can be offended or placated. Also it may be fooled or baffled.

Also, there are specialists to break it, of whim Alexandrine with her drum is best known and quite expensive.

For example, it can attach to certain places or objects. Miss Arlette D—— the beauteous dancer, rented a flat. She could not feel safe in it. Her dog ran away. Her fur coat was stolen; she quarreled with two best friends; her auto went lame; and she caught cold in the head. Finally, when it turned to grippe, she sought advice of a specialist.

Alexandrine came with her drum. She beat around a while, then said: "I can do nothing here. The flat is soaked with bad luck. Beat it!"

Arlette forfeited her lease and went into war work. It led to her present grand vogue with the poilus; and she has never been sick a day since June 11, 1918!

DUSTIN FARNUM BIG-HEARTED LOVER OF GREAT OUTDOORS

To Picture Fans, Secret of Actor's Success Is That He Is Human. Story of His Stage Life Told by Player Himself.

Dustin Farnum.

Everybody knows there are two Farnum boys—"Dusty" and "Bill."

They are brothers and they're such good pals and close companions that each agreed he'd hold no hard feelings if The Oregonian interviewed the other and ignored him altogether.

If actually was a very hard choice to make and "Dusty," who finally was selected, says "Bill" really should have been chosen. But they both are modest.

Here follows the second of a series with prominent moving picture actors to appear in The Sunday Oregonian.

BY RAY W. FROHMAN.

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THIS is neither a geographical nor an interstate interview, and yet we've just simply got to start it off with "The Virginian."

For in spite of the fact that he was born and reared away up in New England, it was as "The Virginian" that Dustin Farnum—his friends call him "Dusty" and he likes it—won to the peak of popularity.

Just exactly why there ever was "The Virginian" nobody appears to know—not even Owen Wister, its author. For "The Virginian" started full grown, in a country far removed from Virginia, and never even went back to the Old Dominion on a visit.

However, let's drop literary problems, for this is supposed to be a story about Dustin Farnum. Though it has been many years since he fought his last duel with the redoubtable "Trampas" on the stage, "Dusty" is still a perfect matinee specimen, both on and off "the boards," and—yes, and on the screen, also.

"Dusty" Is Human.

We have, of course, no alarming dearth of motion picture cowboys. But no certified playgoer, male or female, who saw "The Virginian" in its day, can ever hear of cowboys without an immediate "think" about Dustin Farnum!

To his associates in private life "Dusty" was and is known as a cordial, big-hearted lover of the great outdoors.

And among picture fans of today Farnum is known as a big, handsome, chivalrous, magnetic hero—the secret of whose magnetism is, perhaps, that he is so human.

Sometimes he's the manly, heroic figure of the rough country, quick on the trigger, firm of mouth, magnetic of eye.

In one of his recent releases Dustin was a dynamic business man, a forceful speaker, a gentleman who, to shield his sister, confessed to a killing; but it was the great open spaces that he loved most of all, I think.

He was at home on a horse. He looked as if he belonged in backwoods clothes. His face fitted a sombrero.

He Has a Brother.

Yet, deliberately and emphatically, Farnum has not played exclusively western roles upon the screen. In his own phrase, he "has done everything from an Irish cop to David Garrick."

In "The Corsican Brothers" Farnum plays the powerful dual role of the romantic young twins of the Dumas novel, whose tissues had been severed shortly after birth but whose souls remained as one.

"Dusty," of course, is the brother of another picture luminary, William Farnum, who—but this story's about "Dusty," as we remarked before, and it's high time we were about it.

It was, "on the set" at the Astra studio in Glendale that my friendly gaze first rested upon "Dusty" Farnum, except across the footlights.

At the moment—it was supposed to be in the good old days when kissing "her" hand was in vogue—Dustin was receiving "beaucoup" courtesys from the dainty and charming Winifred Kingston. She, be it known, was managing a lovely hoop-skirt creation of white satin, figured with rose and violet designs, as if she had been born in one.

Help! Help! Murder.

Just as I arrived the murder happened.

Wedgewood Nowell, the "heavy," artistic looking to his finger tips—and nails—gave "Dusty" a "dirty look" over the flock of light-brown curls on Winifred's neck.

"Dusty" reciprocated with gusto.

It was not merely a 50-50 exchange of glances.

It was mental and optical homicide.

On the sidelines were L. J. Gasnier, seigneur of the studio, nothing if not French; Director Colin Campbell, brother of San Francisco's newspaper executive, Lindsay Campbell, nothing if not Scotch; S. E. Schlager, who helps the public not to forget Lew Cody, and—

A male vision in the colorful costume of the period—a lackey in vivid yellow frilled shirt, coat and "knickers" of purple with gold braid, white hose, and one black buckled pump, hose and shoe airing a hoof several inches too long!

But "Dusty" himself—!!!

Garcon, raid the Louvre and page the old French masters!

There was much of Colonel Bath's "natural dignity of man" about this handsome, curtly figure with the dark eyes and curly black hair—the sort of hair that matinee girls would give their last chocolate cream to tousle.

Oh, You Pleated Shirt.

He was in the morning dress of the period—pleated shirt, soft collar of light yellow, black stock, white frill, orange cuffs, blue cutaway coat, a vest that was a mosaic of blue and gold, tight fitting mouse colored trousers looped over the black shoes and a brooch and a ring of coral to complete the picture.

At intervals, "Dusty," the lover of outdoors, left the set to "come up for air"—and a few puffs on a cigar. As he couldn't possibly sit down in that shrieking costume without wrinkling it—and wrinkles show in pictures—our chat was probably the longest standing-up interview, as well as the most intermittent, on record.

Right off the bat "Dusty" narrated, with many a chuckle, the following episode of the first professional engagement of brother "Bill" and himself—a labor of love, at nothing per:

"We were 14 or 15, had red whiskers, and were so skinny that we'd fall down if we tried to run quick!

"It was with the Thomas E. Shea repertoire company, at Winterport, Me., presenting 'The Hidden Hand.'

In Song and Dance.

"While we're waiting for our leader, Red Mike, to come to our dungeon,' announced the president pro tem of the bandits to the audience, 'Bloody Jerry and Long-Haired Louie will entertain us with an Irish song and dance.'

"Out we stepped. We knew three steps, and all of the song!

"Before Will and I went to Winterport, up the Penobscot from our home at Bucksport, we had 'suped.' Every time a repertoire company came to Bucksport, we'd 'beat it' for the theater to see if we could 'get on.' I can ever hear of cowboys without an immediate "think" about Dustin Farnum!

"We played in the Bucksport band—in the Methodist church and at strawberry festivals. We were the town pests!

"Our pet scene, among those we'd present at festivals, was the quarrel scene from 'Julius Caesar.' 'Bill' was Brutus. I was the lean and hungry Cassius!

"It was natural for all our family to act. All my folks were speakers or singers. My mother, Clara Adele Farnum, was a concert singer. My father, G. Dustin Farnum, was manager of the old melodrama, 'The Silver King,' and was for 15 years manager of the tragedian, Robert Downing.

Born Near Boston.

"I was born at Hampton beach, near Boston, but all three of us boys—my other brother, Marshall, died recently—went to intermediate and grammar school in Bucksport, Me. It was on my grandfather's farm in that little country town that I got my love for the outdoors—fishing, boating, riding.

After I finished my course in the east Methodist conference seminary there, a 'prep' college, and had a couple of years more schooling in Boston, I first really acted for pay—when I was 19.

"The Ethel Tucker repertoire company came through Bucksport and was short an actor. It was summer, and school was over.

"Ethel Tucker was the mother of George Loane Tucker, producer of 'The Miracle Man'—and no wonder, he's a good director if he inherits any of her ability!

"In 16 weeks I played 32 leading 'heavy' parts with that company, in 'Camille' and melodramas such as 'The Lights o' London.' My salary was $7 a week and board; and much to my surprise, I got all of it!

"My idea of acting then was to make as much noise as I could!

Gets His Chance.

"Finally Kirke La Shelle sent for me and asked me to play in the No. 2 company of 'Arizona,' then being organized.

"'What do you want to play?' he asked.

"'Lieutenant Denton—the leading juvenile—' I answered."

"Of course — everybody wants to play Denton,' he replied. 'I'll use you as Captain Hodgman (the villain).'

"But after I played half a season as Hodgman he put me in as Lieutenant Denton in the company in New York! I played there 24 weeks. For two and a half years I was Denton.

"After I closed in 'Arizona' I was playing leads in stock in Buffalo, as I often did for the experience. La Shelle sent for me to be the original 'Virginian.'

"When Wistar looked me over and declared that I was just the man to portray his hero—ideal for that character in physiognomy, height and complexion.

A Bas La Mustache.

"All but the mustache!" added "Dusty" by way of revelation.

For, lo, until you read this, no one has ever called attention to the fact that Wister's hero wore a mustache, while "Dusty," who played him six years—with Guy Bates Post as the likeable but misled Steve and Frank Campeau as the original bad man, Trampas—played him smooth-faced!

Arise, my gimlet-eyed brethren of the dramatic reviews, and produce your alibis!

The wonderful all-star revival of "The Squaw Man" in New York brought "Bill" Hart and "Dusty" together upon the same stage. "Dusty" in the William Faversham role, the "Squaw Man,' which he had originated west of Chicago, and "Bill" as the bad man, Cash Hawkins. Theodore Roberts was the Indian, Taby-Wana.

Dustin Farnum made his motion-picture debut in 1914 as a star, after he finished his season in "The Littlest Rebel" in New York, and has been starring ever since. He tells about it thusly:

"Cecil de Mille and Jesse Lasky had the picture rights to 'The Squaw Man' and asked me to play it. I suppose it was valuable financially to have the same man play it in pictures who had played it on the stage. It was Lasky's first picture, as well as mine. Yes, it 'went' well.

"I received $500 a week and expenses and a 25 per cent interest in the picture—less than I had been making for many years in theaters. I also did for them the picture version of 'The Virginian,' and 'Cameo Kirby,' in which I was a Mississippi river gambler of about 1840 or so.

"Lots of times then, I was fishing. I only made pictures when I wanted to.

"Then, in about a year and a half, up to 1917, I made five or six Paramount picture for the Morosco Photoplay company. I played cowpunchers and straight leads. I was an Irish policeman, a boob in John Fox Jr.'s 'The Call of the Cumberlands'; a fighting preacher in 'The Parson of Panamint.'"

Concentration, hard work, sincerity and earnestness are the qualities to which Farnum himself attributes his rise to stardom. To these he adds "a healthy constitution" and "not allowing those people whose mission in life it is to discourage others to affect me—I always had confidence that if I'd work hard enough I'd do something."

Farnum the actor, off stage, is a million miles from being "up stage." He's the sort of a chap that folks say "will do anything for you."

Registers as Sportsman.

But it is Farnum the sportsman who registers and exudes the real enthusiasm. All winter he hunts—ducks, quail, rabbits. He bubbles over with joy regarding southern California's ideal weather for motor-boating and yachting.

"When you've fought a 322-pound swordfish off Catalina for five hours and 30 minutes, you've done a day's work," he asserted.

"William and I, in ten days, with rod and reel caught within 3 pounds of two tons of tuna!" he alleged alliteratively. "Three thousand nine hundred and sixty-six pounds! They ranged from 50 to 108 pounds each."

And listen to Farnum, the motor-boat fiend, rave in his dreams over his new speedboat for racing, which cost him nearly $10,000.

"Solid mahogany, from keel to gunwale—everything but the wheel and brass fittings—airplane engine—28 feet 6 inches long—Miss Los Angeles—takes an easterner to name a motor-boat after this town! I could run her clear to New York—I'm a licensed pilot—if she could stand the buffeting and I could put enough gasoline in her—she's the most beautiful thing I know!"

He's Enthusiastic.

You listen. I didn't. For if I'd have let "Dusty" show me all his "stuff," snapshots and "port-hats" of that boat's cabin—or was it the binnacle?—or the aft barnacle?—I'd be there yet!

And what do you suppose big, boyish, buoyant 'Dusty's" ambition is?

To play St. Peter in an 88-reel production of "Heaven," with associated prologues and a special score for the music of the spheres?

Not a chance.

One of the most prominent men in Nairobi, East Africa, has invited "Dusty" and "Bill" to come play in his yard, stay as long as they like and leave their purses behind, and "Dusty's one ambition is to puncture leaping lions and pot festive rhinos for about six months in darkest Nairobi!

Checkers.

E. H. BRYANT, Editor.

Portland Chess and Checker club, Worcester building, Third and Oak streets, room 216. Contributions solicited. Mail to 143 East Thirty-fifth street.

PROBLEM NO. 961.

By Charles F. Barker, ex-champion of America.

Mr. Barker will be remembered by a host of the old-timers as one of the best checkerboard players in the U. S. or any other country.

BLACK, 13, 14, 27.

WHITE, 10, 22, 28, KING, 3.

White to move and win.

PROBLEM NO. 962.

By J. H. Robinson.

Although this is not as critical as many published it contains positions that every solver should be familiar with. Try to win (c) without taking back a move.

Black 18, 3; kings, 11, 15. White, 27, 12; kings, 31, 4. Black to play and win.

PROBLEM NO. 963.

By R. L. Sunderland, England.

A very pretty composition and one that will not fail to please. It is a mix-up that will require considerable ingenuity to straighten out.

Black, 6, 10, 12, 14, 19, 23; kings, 15, 21. White, 5, 16, 17, 26, 30, 32; kings, 7, 13. Black to play and win.

PROBLEM NO. 964.

By D. L. Gorton, Iowa City, Ia.

Black, 15, 17; kings, 1, 8. White, 21, 32; king, 23. Black to play and win.

SOLUTIONS

Problem No. 952—Black, 3, 4; kings, 5, 27. White, 10, 14, 15, 21. White to draw. 15-11, 27-23, 21-17, 5-1(A, 10-7, 3-10, 14-7, 1-6, 7-3, 23-18, 17-13, 18-15, 3-8, 15-10, 8-3, 10-14, 3-7, 6-2, 7-3, 2-6, 3-7 14-18, 7-3, 6-1, 13-9; drawn. (A) If 23-18, 17-13, 18-9, 13-6, 5-9, and we have John T. Hennigan's fine problem.

Problem No. 953—Black 3, 6, 10, 12, 24. White 14, 17, 18, 23, 32. Black to draw. 24-28(1, 14-7, 3-10, 23-18, 6-9, 17-13, 10-14, 13-6, 14-23, 6-2, 23-26, 2-7, 26-31, 7-11, 31-26, 11-16, 26-22, 16-20, 22-18, 20-24, 18-14, 19-16; drawn. (1) 3-7, 26-18, 24-28, 18-15, 12-16, 19-12, 10-19, 12-8, 19-23, 8-3, 6-10, 14-9, 10-14, 9-10, 14-21, 10-14, 21-25, 14-18. White wins.

Problem No. 954. Black, 1, 5, 9, 10; king, 22. White, 13, 18, 17, 27; king, 7. White to win. 13-6, 1-10, 18-6, 22-15, 7-14, 13-9, 14-10, 9-2, 27-23, 5-9, 23-18, 9-13, 18-15, 13-17, 10-14, 17-22, 15-10. White wins.

Problem No. 956. Black, 1, 2, 4, 9, 13, 17, 19. White 6, 12, 16, 20, 26; king, 27. 27-23, 1-10, 12-8, 4-11, 16-7, 2-11, 23-21. White wins. Harry Baker.

Solutions have been received from Isadore Greenbaum, W. L. Bryant, Aaron Hart, J. Graham, George Robinson, S. O. Turner, C. Davenport, Harry Baker, Harry Gibbs, Ira Dennis, R. Payne, A. A. Simmons, H. B. Alexander, N. Sanfield, J. J. Roberts, Oliver N. Phelps.

J. Huntley, Powers, Or., "Lee's Guide to Checkers translated into English" is probably what you want to start with. Spaythe' "Checkers" or Robinson's are good. Yes, I believe you could secure a good lawyer to give you a few lessons by writing to the Portland Checker club for information, Worcester building.

Mr. Huntley writes that he thought he could play checkers a little, but a socialist checkers traveled the board with him and he is after his goat.

Editor: In column of November 30 L. S. Hart's assertion for a win seems sound. I overlooked the following black win: Black, 1, 9, 12, 13, 14; white, 15, 18, 21, 22, 23, black to win. 12-16, 15-10, 16-20, 10-7, 20-24, 7-2, 24-27, 2-7, 27-31, 7-11, 31-27, 11-15(X, 5-6, 15-11(X, 6-10, 23-19, 14-28, 11-7, 10-14, 19-16, 27-24, 16-12, 24-19, 7-10, 19-16, 10-14, 16-11; black wins. (X-X). I had to get my second sight from Poll could see this.—N. Sanfield, Centralia, Wash.

Harry Baker sends us the following position from the "double corner" game: Black, 1, 6, 9, 10, 11, 12, 14, 27; white, 13, 17, 18, 19, 21, 23, 26, 32. He says that his opponent moved 27-24 and won the game! He should have lost the game: 27-24 loses for black and we are not going to give the analysis of which good it for solution to The Oregonian solvers.

In an old number of the A. C. Review Psalm Neigh of New York city writes that he came very near getting old Hilliup. He says they had played 19 games with the four he gave for the difficult, and were playing loud in the "cross," thusly (Neigh had the white): 11-15, 23-18, 8-11, 27-23, 4-8, 23-19, 9-14, 26-23, 7-11, 27-18, 26-22, 18-23, 19-15, 11-18, 22-15, 10-19, 24-15, 14-18, 31-27, 7-11, 28-24, 12-16, 24-20, 2-7, 25-22, 18-25, 29-22, 11-25, and here I made three jumps with the man on 20 and landed him on 9 and Hillup said as how I ought to have stopped on 2; which raised a disturbance which resulted disastrously for me. All of which goes to prove that if a checker meet a checker comin' cross the board, and a checker jump a checker mon's he oughter should, old Hillup gets his back up and raises such a roar, that Pollak grabs me by the pants and chucks me out of the store. But I am going down there again one of these days.—Psalm Neigh.

GAME NO. 1016.

Played at the Vancouver (B. C.) Checker club between D. Jeffrey (black) vs. W. H. Hanson (white) 11-16, 21-17, Mr. Mason handled the white side up to the 28th move, when he threw the game away. Mr. George Robinson asked the privilege of continuing with the game, which was readily granted. Play it over and observe the closing moves very carefully.

11-16	9-14	8-11	7-11	10-15
21-17	18- 9	22-18	14- 7	14-10
16-20	5-14	19-16	3-10	13- 9
17-13	24-19	25-22	26-22(A	32-28
8-11	11-15	11-16	11-15	6-15
22-18	29-25	18-14	23-18	C)17-14
4-8	15-24	16-11	15-24	9-13
25-22	28-19	22-17	18-14(B	D)14-10

A—Mr. Robinson played the white from this point with remarkable result.

B—Mr. Jeffrey asked his opponent what stunt he was trying to pull off.

C—Two men down, but white battling strong.

D—A complete tieup. The stunt is pulled off! It is quite possible Mr. Jeffrey did not try to avoid the result—a little tarty for the old man—otherwise an absurdity seldom realized in cross board play.

GAME NO. 1017

"Souter."

Granger, black, versus Steele, white.

11-15	9-14	19-26	15-18	27-32
23-19	26-23	14-10	5- 6	7-11
8-11	7-11	28-32	11-15	17-14
22-17	31-26	25-22	6- 2	15-19
9-14	5- 9	32-27	18-23	32-27
25-22	21-17	23-18	7- 3	19-24
9- 9	14-21	27-23	8-12	14-10
17-13	22- 8	18-14	3- 7	2- 6
2- 6	10-14	23-18	15-19	10- 7
29-25	19-10	10- 7	7-11	11- 2
4- 8	6-15	18-25	19-24	3-10
24-20	22-17	13- 9	11-15	2- 7
15-24	14-18	8-10	23-27	10-15
26-22	26-23	14- 7	10- 7	7-11
11-15	12-16	25-22	27-31	15-18
27-24	23-14	17-14	7- 3	11-15
14-18	16-19	22-17	24-27	18-23
32-27	27-23	14-10	3- 7	Drawn.

GAME NO. 1018.

Granger, black, versus Briard, white.

11-16	6-10	1- 6	16-19	14-18
24-20	27-24	24-20	23-16	16-11
16-19	8-12	3- 7	12-19	18-23
23-16	29-25	20-11	31-26	11- 7
12-19	4- 8	7-16	7-11	15-18
22-18	32-27	22-17	26-23	7- 2
9-14	8-11	2- 7	19-26	19-15
18- 9	17-13	27-23	30-23	2- 9
25-22	11-16	19-24	11-15	18-22
25-22	20-11	28-19	23-19	9-14
10-15	7-16	15-24	9- 6	22-26
22-17	25-22	26-22	15-19	Drawn.

GAME NO. 1019.

"Switcher."

11-15	21-14	2- 6	32-27	7-21
21-17	6-10	25-19	9-13	23-19
9-13	22-17	18-22	27-23	3- 7
23-21	15-22	27-23	10-15	19-22
8-11	26-17	4- 8	19-10	White
17-14	18-18	23-18	5- 9	wins.
10-17	24-20	6- 9	14- 5	

Chess.

E. H. BRYANT, Editor.

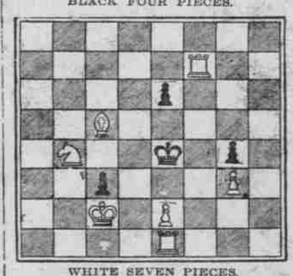
Contributions of games, endings, problems or items of interest, criticism and club notes solicited. Send direct to 143 East Thirty-fifth street.

PROBLEM NO. 881.

By Dr. W. R. Inge Dalton, Seattle, Wash.

This was published in the Literary Digest some years ago, the doctor writes. It is a clever proposition with but few pieces, and an attractive solution. The discovery of the key is not the only feature to be discovered in this problem. Many of the solvers appreciated the doctor's magnanimity in his kind suggestion in regard to their efforts in problem composition.

BLACK FOUR PIECES.



WHITE SEVEN PIECES.

White to mate in three moves.

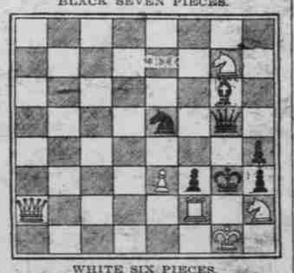
White king on QB2, rooks on E and KB7, bishop on QB3, knight on QK14, pawns on K2, KK13. Black king on K5, pawns on K3, KK15, QB6.

PROBLEM NO. 882.

By Dr. W. R. I. Dalton.

Several have complained that most of the problems were too difficult for them to solve. At our request the doctor has sent us some of an easier grade for beginners. At least that is the way the doctor has tagged it. Looks easy for Q and R, but supposing black QxP. Try it.

BLACK SEVEN PIECES.



WHITE SIX PIECES.

White mates in two moves.

White king on KK1, queen on QR2, rook on KB2, knights on KR2, and KK11, pawn on K3. Black king on KK16, queen on KK4, bishop on KK13, knight on K4, pawns on K36, KR5, KR6.

PROBLEM NO. 883.

By A. Elkham. (Selected.)

Black five pieces. White six pieces. White to mate in two moves. White king on KR2, queen on QR2, bishop on KK13, knights on QB4, and KB6, pawns on KK12. Black king on K6, knight on QB3, pawns on KB4, Q6, Q7.

SOLUTIONS.

Problem No. 875—Key, H-K3.

Problem No. 876—Key, BXB, RXB, 2, QXR, K-Q6, 3, PXK(K) mate.

Problem No. 877—Key, R-B1.

Solutions have been received from C. G. Givens, Mrs. Harriette Ehricke, H. Green, Robinson, C. Davenport, G. Campbell, C. F. Roberts, P. Claudianos, H. S. Davis, George Griffith, Joseph Murray, D. Looney, L. E. Smith, Ray Lafever, C. S. Rorer, H. Baker, H. Pyeritz and James Constable.

James Constable, Oregon, Or., H. S. Goddard, Vancouver, Wash., and George Griffith, Oregon City, Or.—Your problems are on file. Held over for publication.

Chester Roberts, send us another. Solvers were greatly pleased with your composition.

C. G. Givens writes that problem No. 784 was one of the greatest yet. Look over solution given again. It is absolutely correct.

We acknowledge the receipt of a very neat little book entitled "Chancellor Chess, or the New Game of Chess," edited by Ben R. Foster, A. M., St. Louis, Mo., in 1889. We copy the following, which will provoke a smile possibly from some of the ancient devotees of the game, but to many new students at this time we believe will prove very interesting.

HISTORY.

As every chess player well knows, chess is as old as India, having originated in that land before the hanging gardens of Babylon were designed or the towers of Persepolis erected. At first pieces in the shape of animals, but afterwards changed to the modern figures, were used, some of them had different movements from those at the present time and boards of various shapes and sizes were adopted. Some thinking spirits weary of the old and monotonous debuts and not believing the game has reached perfection, have originated a new piece called the chancellor, which shall have the move of the rook and knight, and increased the board to 81 squares, nine on a side, for the purpose of giving his majesty more room for exercising his power. There are four instances where the chancellor under different names was used on different boards. Carrera, in 1617 inserted two new pieces, a camplone, having the moves of rook and knight, to be placed between the king's rook and knight's rook, and a centaur, combining the moves of bishop and knight placed between the queen's rook and queen's knight on a board 10x8 squares, etc. It is full of items of interest and we acknowledge, friend Foster, again your kindness in mailing it to us.

Mr. Wooley of Eugene, Or., writes that that old chess fiend and friend, George Griffith of Oregon City, Or., who taught him how to play chess, is pulling off some chess stunts in problem composition. Mr. Wooley cannot see in the prize problems the use of some of the pawns, but sends in complete solutions all the same.

Problem No. 877 was defective. White pawns on K2, KB5. Otherwise the description is correct. At the thirteenth move of game No. 514 between E. G. Short and C. F. Reed played in the simultaneous exhibition given by Mr. Short at the club rooms a very interesting position occurs. Mr. Short overlooked a very strong play. Look it over.—C. S. Rorer, city.

H. S. Goddard, Vancouver, Wash.: Look over the "Sam Lloyd" proposition again. There is something in it. Mr. Lloyd's compositions are among the greatest in the world and are all good.

J. H. Vanderbilt, Stellacoom, Wash.: Have sent you solution. Sorry you missed them in the Oregonian of November 16, 1919. SSS by George Griffith.

GAME NO. 518.

Petroff Defense.

The following game was played in a Manhattan tourney. Capablanca, white men, and Kostich, black. It was declared drawn after 56 moves. A prize for the most brilliant contest was divided between the players.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1—P-K4	P-K4	21—R-K4	P-KB4
2—Kt-KB3	Kt-KB3	22—BxP	QxP
3—KtxP	P-Q3	23—RxPch	KxR
4—Kt-KB3	KtxP	24—Q-Kt4ch	K-R
5—P-Q4	P-Q4	25—RxP	Q-Kt
6—P-Q5	B-K2	26—R-R7ch	QxR
7—Q-Q3	Kt-QB3	27—BxQ	KxB
8—P-B4	Kt-B3	28—Q-Q7ch	K-Kt
9—PxP	KKtxP	29—P-QR3	R-QB1
10—Kt-B3	O-O	30—Q-KR4	R-Q1
11—B-K	B-K3	31—QxP	R(B-B3
12—Kt-K5	Kt-B3	32—Q-Kt5	R-Q3
13—Kt-Kt5	B-KKt5	33—Q-K8ch	K-Kt2
14—KtxKtch	BxKt	34—Q-K7ch	R-Kt2
15—BxB	BxKt	35—Q-Q6	R-B5ch
16—P-Q6	Kt-Kt5	36—K-R2	Kt-B4
17—B-K4	P-QR3	37—P-R3	R-B3
18—Q-R5	P-R3	38—Q-B7ch	R-B2
19—R-KKt4	BxB	39—Q-Kt3ch	K-B
20—RxB	R-R3	Drawn.	

GAME NO. 519.

A lively Allgaier Gambit.

During a visit to Sweden Rudolph Spielman stopped at Eskilstuna, one of the leading chess centers, and gave an exhibition of simultaneous play at the local club, when he won the following game from E. Peterson: Spielman (white) vs. Peterson (black).

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1—P-K4	P-K4	22—Kt-Kt7ch	K-B2
2—P-KB4	PxP	23—Q-R6	Kt-Q2
3—Kt-KB3	P-KKt4	24—Kt-R3	QR-KN1
4—P-KR4	P-Kt5	25—Kt-B4	Kt-Kt3
5—Kt-Kt5	P-Q4	26—Kt-K2	R-Kt3
6—P-Q4	P-KR3	27—Q-B2	R-K1
7—Kt-R3	PxP	28—Kt-Q4	Kt-B5
8—KtxP	B-R3	29—Q-QKt3	P-Kt3
9—Kt-R3	BxB	30—R-B5	Q-Q2
10—BxB	QxP	31—R-R5	K-Kt1
11—Kt-B3	Q-K4	32—Kt-B5	Q