



AS SEEN THROUGH WOMAN'S EYES.

Bridge Whist the Game of the Hour.

Bridge whist will be the game of the hour this summer. There is a perfect furor for this new adaptation of the sedate old game of whist, which is now being played by its devotees morning, afternoon and evening at the various watering places. It is claimed for the newcomer that it is quite as scientific, as well as far more exciting, than its progenitor. And while, of course, it is impossible to give more than the actual rules of playing in a short article, good regulation whist players will probably find out for themselves the intricate laws which govern the science of the game. In bridge whist the cards are first dealt to the four who are playing partners, as in whist. The person who has the last card as the trump, but has the option of making it anything he chooses. Of course, in doing this the choosing must be considered. If hearts are chosen every extra trick over the book counts 8—diamonds 6, clubs 4, spades 2, and the highest count of all is made if the dealer wins the tricks after having decided to make it "no trumps," that is, each suit winning or losing on its own merits. This counts 12. The game is won by the first couple scoring 30 points—and the rubber, as in whist, consists of the best two out of three games—the winner of the rubber being credited with 100 points above his score, the counting being according to the score at the end, when the "extras" held by each player during the game are also counted. These consist of "honours," "chicane" and "grand and little salm." The honours are the face cards of trumps and the ten spot, and count by the side having the majority being credited with twice the value of a trick. For instance, if hearts are trumps, the credit is 16—four honours count four times the value of a trick. "Chicane" is where

no trumps are held by one of the players. This at the final reckoning costs the opponent pair the value of half the honours held by them for that hand. Grand salm is when all tricks are taken by one side; this counts 40. And little salm is when all tricks are taken except one, 20 being the advantage in count. If the dealer has not sufficiently good cards to make trumps of any suit he turns the privilege over to his partner, it being generally understood that if the dealer cannot make it red he gives his partner the choice, who, unless he has an exceptionally good hand of red, makes it black, as in that case the loss will not be so great if the other side wins. It is obligatory for the dealer or his partner to declare the trumps. After the question of trumps (or no trumps) has been decided, the person on the left of the dealer has the right of doubling. This, of course, he will only do if he thinks he can score on his adversary. If his hand is not sufficiently good to take the risk he says to his partner, "May I play?" an expression which gives the latter the opportunity of doubling it in case his cards warrant it. This point being settled, the game begins. After the play, on the left of the dealer has laid down his card, the partner of the latter, who is called "dummy," places his cards face upwards on the table and retires from the game until the hand is played out, the dealer playing his partner's turn and having the entire responsibility. The game then proceeds as in ordinary whist, the counting, however, being as has already been stated. This making a dummy is a feature of bridge whist, and constitutes the radical difference between it and regular whist, and it will be easily seen by experienced whist players that the cards being laid face upwards for all to see would call for a new adjustment of the unwritten laws that govern good whist playing.

Is Chivalry Dying Out?

IF SO, WHY?

We hear a great deal these days about the lack of courtesy on the part of women in street cars, and a great many sharp criticisms and cutting paragraphs are indulged in against this alleged state of things. But it does not take very long for a critical observer to discover that there is a good deal of nonsense in this kind of talk, and that much of it is talked and written merely as a cloak for indifference and lack of politeness on the part of men. That there are times when women fail to respond with a "Thank you!" for courtesies extended is unquestionably true, but the times and occasions are few and far between, as compared with those where the response is immediate and all that could be required. There is a certain class of men always on the look-out for some excuse for criticism and fault-finding. These persons are instant in season and out of season in making public their ideas of the out-of-placeness, so to speak, of the women of the age. The enlargement of her sphere is a serious grievance to them, and they have no hesitation in saying so, and in predicting all manner of evil to follow. As a matter of fact, the more intelligent the woman, the more likely she is to fill all of the positions to which her circumstances call her, with credit both herself and pleasure with credit to herself and pleasure to some ill-bred woman in a street car fails to say, "Thank you!" it is not at all just, to say nothing of being generous, to have the entire sex berated in consequence. It is a pity when men have so little to do that they can descend to pettishness of this sort. It is a pity, not so much on their own account and that of the women whom they abuse, as for its effect on the minds of children and youth; for the youngsters through this means ac-

quire a sort of contempt for the courtesies of life and those who observe them. They grow to believe that it is not mainly to offer a seat in a trolley car or other public conveyance to a woman, because, perchance, she may be a woman's rights woman, or one of those who are trying to supersede men in the various walks of life. The girl gets disgusted with the boy's rudeness, and if she have not careful home training, is likely either to return it in kind or to express herself in a way that might be characterised as extremely un ladylike. If these croakers, these men who can see all sorts of impending dangers in the path of the universe on account of the advanced education of women, could be induced to keep their vapourings to themselves, the world would be better for it. They have a right to their opinions, but they have no right to poison the minds of the rising generation by a process of reasoning that for the most part has its origin in selfishness and brutal indifference to anything else but their own ease and comfort.

Toothache.

(By Mary Kyle Dallas.)

If there is a test of how much people know it is the toothache. Get one and you will see. "Hops in hot vinegar," says A, "cures it at once." You try it and the cure fails. "Hot salt in a bag," says B. Instantly you order hot salt. The same result. "Oil of cloves in the tooth," says C. "That is certain." It is not in your case. "Try mind cure," says D, "the process is very simple. You imagine you have no pain, and you say that, anyhow, pain is only intensified pleasure. In fact you separate your mind from your body, and as all pain is felt by the mind— You understand?" You say you do. You try this a little while. Then D returns, with a beaming smile, and asks: "How are you now?" And she sees that in your eye which warns her to fly for her life.

After this E proposes a mustard plaster. When the skin is all off your cheek and you have ceased to dance with pain, you find that the tooth is worse than ever. Just then F calls. F is scientific, and has made a study of animal magnetism. He proposes to magnetise your pain away. After he has fixed you with a stony glare for some moments, he makes passes at you with his hands. At any other time you would laugh, but in the agony of the toothache symptoms suggestive of delirium tremens begin to display themselves. Your scientific friend declares that you are thwarting his purposes by not becoming "negative," and departs offended. Inspired probably by the mind cure and the magnetism, comes G, Honora Kenelly, out of the kitchen and informs you that three hairs from a black cat's tail worn in a bag on your chest will prove infallible; but the family cut is white, and the fence cat's gray, and your neighbour's a tortoiseshell, so the hairs are not procurable. H prescribes sulphonal. Failure. I, at this juncture, suggests sending for a doctor. Now this is maddening. No doctor ever took a toothache simply as a toothache. He always ignores it; tells you it is merely a symptom of some awful affliction with a Latin name, and provides you with several large bottles of medicine to take; calls three time a day; gets you down low; holds you up again, if he can, and sends in a bill of enormous length for you to settle; and all the while you keep your toothache. Your reply to I is that if the doctor is sent for you will shoot him. You have no pistol, and do not know how to fire one if you had it, but I retires appalled, and sends you a new prayer-book, with the book-mark in the right place at the commandment: "Thou shalt not kill!" J, who is very gentle and timid, knows that, though it is astonishing to think of, ice will stop some toothaches. You try it. A moment after, the heads of all the neighbours are sticking out of their windows. They