

memorably high opinion of Bardsley and the latter's wonderful placing on the list."

"The South African cricketers will be found as manly and unassuming a lot of good men as Australia has deservedly boasted of since Jack Conway's lot first astonished England, but they and the supporters of the game in this country are obscured by an ignorance of Australia, and the conditions of cricket there, which are ludicrous to those who have come from 'down under.' And we get remarks from people who purport to know, and see comments in the newspapers from others which have had the effect of putting the South African association in an invidious position. Just fancy the imbecile remark of Major Trevor—that the Australian population was so small that a guarantee should be demanded by a team visiting there—and this kind of piffle being cabled out to our daily papers. This is only a sample of the rubbish that has caused the hesitancy of the South African Cricket Association in this guarantee matter, and would never occur now that South Africans and Australians are going to meet in a way which will prove the criminal absurdity of the prophecies of many who would be far better in a home.

"Now that Monte Noble has withdrawn from the world's cricket, we in South Africa think Aubrey Faulkner the world's best all-round man—on all wickets and in all conditions. What you Australians will find in him is that he is a man of enduring physique, indomitable courage, kindly and sociable demeanour, and the temperament of our forefathers, which does not allow them to know when they are beaten 'untill the numbers are up.' Our men will have about a fortnight's experience on the beautiful Adelaide turf before they meet South Australia in the first match, and you will find Faulkner not only 'at home' there, but exerting an influence on his side which will be far-reaching. I hold no brief for Faulkner, and he will need none with Australians. I have abused the semi-crouching attitude he has found so effective here, and told him he will launch out into nobler methods in Australia. See if he does not! He is now the best exemplar of the googlie bowling theory in the world, untiring, entirely monochalant over punishment as long as he has the hope of eventual success in view, and he is a fine field anyway. His undoubted place in the field is at short slip, and he comes a good second to the brilliant Vogler in that position—and that takes a great lot of beating.

"In my opinion the inevitable second best man of the South African side is Ernie Vogler. If he does the best that his superb bowling and fielding abilities warrant one in expecting, you will see something to warrant the admiration of even those who hark back lovingly to the exploits of 'Spoff,' Harry Boyle, George Giffen, George Palmer, 'Ted' Evans, 'Charlie' Turner, and 'Jackie' Ferris. I have told him that he is likely to be worse extended this trip than ever he was in his life, but he is no shirker, and has a splendid physique. You will all like Ernie.

"Sibby Snook is the man I should place next in the category of fine South Africans. If he ventures to wear the old slouch hat which he has affected hitherto here, the Australian public will say that he is a buck blocker from somewhere out Cloncurry way, and the Queenslanders will love him. He is a truly fine and reliable bat, with that imperturbable temperament which is so valuable in critical situations, a fine field anywhere, and a bowler who, I think, will make a big name for himself on this tour.

"A. D. Nourse (the 'good old Dave' of the South African public) is another man hard to beat all round. He is a left hand batsman of the utmost courage, and with a ready grasp of bowling conditions; a bowler of quality, and possessed of a good head piece, and a field who has hands like what we used to denominate 'carpet bags' in my time, and with fatal resiliency also. Dave will be a very popular man with the Australian public.

"R. O. Schwarz will certainly be included as a 'googlie' bowler, and may or may not (as aforesaid) be a success in that capacity. But he is a proved fine batsman, never nervous, always making the best of his opportunities, and a useful field. He should come out with a good measure of credit.

"Writing of 'Billy' Zuleh at the beginning of last season, I ventured to call him 'the coming bat of South Africa.' I did not then know that he would have

the near chance of exploiting the Australian wickets, but his performances against the recent M.C.C. team very nearly justified my prediction. You will find him a very hard batsman to dismiss, with increasing resource and punishing powers, on your wickets; a great outfield and a change bowler whose average will be far from the worst of his side. It is likely he will be one of the opening bats for the South African side, and will prove very worthy of the honour.

"Jimmy Sinclair (the popular idol with the bat on the Rand) opened last season with a brilliancy reminiscent of the best days of your Bonnor and Lyons, but was not himself (as a cricketer) against the last M.C.C. team here. He is now again capable to the full extent of his fine physical powers, and may be expected to do his fine reputation full justice. He has always stood in the front rank of South African cricketers as a field and bowler (usually taking mid-off), but he could not be left out of any South African team as a bowler, and his peculiarity of spin, combined with judgment, I look to see enhance his reputation on the Australian turf.

"Tom Campbell is the undoubted best wicketkeeper in South Africa, bar Percy Sherwell (who was debarred from representative honours by business requirements last season). He is very sound and untiring, and, besides justifying his place in the capacity against the M.C.C. team here, he proved his worth as a reliable batsman so well that no South African team would be complete without him.

"Sid Pegler is a great 'bolt,' one of the rare breed, who play better for their country than they do in club matches. He was regarded as, and played as, such a bowler against the M.C.C. team last season, and, beside doing himself justice in that department, he batted splendidly. I look to see him put up a big batting record on Australian wickets.

"Micky Commaile, the Capetown representative in the preliminary fifteen, and the only player chosen so far living outside the Transvaal, is a sturdy and athletic fellow, a cool and determined bat, defensive to a degree when necessary, but with any number of bright points when things are going well with his side. He will be the star outfield of his side, no matter who else goes.

**THE DRUG FIEND.**

[A 'Frisco sporting writer insists that Mr. Jeffries was drugged when he went to the canvas in his late lamented battle.]

When jolly Julius Caesar, with his well-developed beaser,

Which he called his Roman sneezer in the days that are no more,

Got an awful stab from Brutus through his cuticle and cutis,

He was sore.

But though Brutus said "Sit Semper,"

Julius Caesar kept his temper,

And before he kicked the bucket all his loyal friends he hugged,

"Friends," said he, "I'm not complaining,

But my good luck star is waning—

I was drugged!"

When Napoleon hit three hundred, when his cannon roared and thundered,

Any time his henchmen blundered he was swift and sure to strike;

Never from a fracas shrinking, he was always thinking, thinking,

Sleep or hike.

When his Waterloo was over, and the English were in clover,

And he longed to be a rover, while Parisian shoulders shruaged,

"I will bet you a simoleon," quoth the hard-luck Kid Napoleon,

"I lack Kid Napoleon,"

"I was drugged!"

When Kid Co hit Battling Abel with a leaf from father's table,

And the daylight turned to sable for the younger son of Eve,

Abel, knowing he had plenty, lay and took the count of twenty

On his sleeve.

Down the lane came Father Adam, thinking that his Abel had 'em,

Then he telephoned the madam while the stricken youth he hugged,

"Tell me, tell me, little baby, tell me how it happened, Abel,

"Were you drugged?"

When I wrote these little verses, funny as a string of beasers,

Funny as a line of nurses, I was thinking to myself

That the editor would love them and would never, never show 'em

On the shelf.

I supposed that he knew merit and could find it like a ferret,

Now I think I'd grin and bear it if that editor were Juxted,

For he said, in acute chubly, while I stood there sort of silly,

"When you wrote this poem, Billy,

"You were drugged!"

**CHESS.**

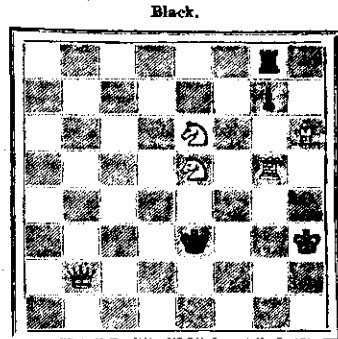
All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor, "The Weekly Graphic and New Zealand Mail," Box 704, Auckland.

The Auckland Chess Club meets on Monday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings, at No. 24, His Majesty's Arcade, Queen-street (2nd floor).

**Answers to Correspondents.**

F.H.—Correct solution to 64 received. W.J.H.—Your solution quite correct. A.J.H.—The number of possible combinations in the game of chess is enormous, and for the benefit of yourself and other readers, some idea will be given in this column next week.

**Position No. 66.**  
(By S. LLOYD.)



White to play and make in two moves. Notation.—6r1, 6pl, 4KtR, 4KtR1, 8, 4k2K, 1Q6, 8.

**Marshall v. Tarrasch.**

The game referred to below as the most remarkable ever played by Mr F. J. Marshall:—

**"SCOTCH GAME."**

- |                    |               |
|--------------------|---------------|
| White.             | Black.        |
| Mr F. J. Marshall. | Dr. Tarrasch. |
| 1. P—K4            | P—K4          |
| 2. P—Q4            | PxP           |
| 3. Kk1—B3          | Qk1—B3        |
| 4. B—B4            | B—B4          |
| 5. Castles         | Kt—B3         |
| 6. P—K5(a)         | P—Q4          |
| 7. PxBt            | PxB           |
| 8. R—Kch           | B—K3          |
| 9. Kt—Kt5          | Q—Q4          |
| 10. Qk1—B3         | Q—B4          |
| 11. Qk1—K4         | Castles QR    |
| 12. Kk1xB          | PxKt          |
| 13. P—Kk4          | Q—K4(b)       |
| 14. PxB            | KR—Kt(c)      |
| 15. B—R6           | P—Q6          |
| 16. P—QR3          | B—Q3(d)       |
| 17. P—B4           | Q—Q4(e)       |
| 18. Q—B3           | B—K2          |
| 19. P—Kt5          | Q—Kt4         |
| 20. Kt—Kt3         | Q—B2          |
| 21. Q—Kt4          | QR—K          |
| 22. R—K4           | P—Kt4(f)      |
| 23. P—QR4          | P—R3          |
| 24. PxB            | PxB           |
| 25. K—Kt2          | Kt—Q          |
| 26. Q—B3           | P—B3          |
| 27. R—Q4           | Q—Kt3         |
| 28. BxKt           | Resigns(g)    |

(a) Transforming the opening into a Max Lange attack.  
(b) The consultation games between Blackburne and Gunsberg were on much the same lines.

- (c) No doubt to be preferred to R—K.
- (d) If B—Kt3 instead, White could play 17, K—Kt3, threatening P—B4, and to win the exchange by Kt—B6.
- (e) Well counted. If now Kt—B6, Black wins by B—B4ch.
- (f) A suicidal move.
- (g) Very pretty. If Black takes the Rook with King, Rook, or Bishop, 29, QxBP follows, leads to a forced mate in two or three moves.

**Notes.**

Mr F. C. Ewen won from Mr Wilson, the deciding game for first prize in the Auckland Working men's Club chess handicap.

Mr J. C. Grierson retains his position on the ladder of the Auckland Chess Club having defeated Mr Ewen recently in a match.

A writer in a recent issue of the "American Chess Bulletin," discoursing on "A modern view of Chess," condemns the appetite for "brilliances," such as the game yielded in the days before Steinitz, characterising it as a cry for the fleshpots of Egypt, proceeding from an undeveloped interest in the game, when the taste is naturally satisfied with gross and coarse effects. The British Chess "Magazine" points out that if by "brilliance" is here meant a flashy unsound, style of play, founded on inexperience, no doubt this characterisation is valid. But in that case the author is misapplying the word, and gaining a meretricious effect by doing so, for the word brilliancy gives an air of novelty to what is then no more than a self-evident proposition. His remarks would thus be open to the very condemnation he himself utters. If, on the other hand, his disparagement is levelled at what is commonly meant by a brilliancy, viz., a game that from a dull grey opening, perhaps, goes down to its setting in an increasing blaze of colour—well, we can only say there is no accounting for tastes. We can appreciate the dainty and delicate manoeuvres constituting position play in an otherwise eventless game. But to us, a genuine brilliancy, like a peacock, has all the charm of its soberer fellow, with a superadded glory of its own. It is an expression of virility breaking in an outburst of splendour through the commonplace forces that would restrain it. Normally our chess games are prosaic, but there are times when in conception and execution they rise above this level, and make a direct appeal to our poetic sense. Imagination in chess should be encouraged, not disparaged.

Marshall, on his return to the United States from the Masters' Tourney at Hamburg, writes with pardonable pride: "They say that my game against Tarrasch is the most remarkable game I have ever played, and that I have smashed all analysis of the book, which gave 11...Castles, QR for Black as a win." "The American Chess Bulletin" says: "It is just as Marshall says, and in this connection it is interesting to note that he was giving special attention for the Scotch Gambit shortly before taking his departure for the other side. He had several sessions with metropolitan experts, among whom Captain B. T. Walling, U.S.N., was of material assistance to the master player. So enthusiastic was Captain Walling over the investigations that, being uncertain about the position of a bishop in one of the diagrams, he sent an inquiry by wireless to Marshall on board the steamship Graf Waldersee."

**Solution to Position 65 :**

- 1. B—Kt3ch
- 2. Q—Ktch
- 3. Q—Kt6 mate

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