

With the Chess Players

By Ring W. Lardner of the Chicago Tribune

The feature chess meet of the week was that held between Princeton University and the Armour Institute Tuesday night. Princeton was represented by A. Seckel and we bore the colors of Armour, whatever they are.

The game was an even thing for the first hour, not even a pawn being bumped off. During the second hour there was wholesale slaughter, which left us with five pawns, a knight and a bishop, and our opponent with a rook and five pawns, one of which had a clear field for a touch down which would have meant a reinstated queen and probable victory for the orange and black.

But you know Princeton; you remember what happened in this year's Yale game. A Yale man kicked off and the Princeton quarter back allowed the ball to fall undisturbed to Mother Earth while he pondered what play to call on the first scrimmage, serene in the belief, that as Yale was on the offside, the oval pigskin would remain where it was until he chose to pick it up.

A Yale man, however, had doubts about the blues being on the offside. So he brazenly raced down and clutched the ball to his bosom. Strangely enough, the referee agreed that he had a right to do that thing, and a very few moments later, Yale was kicking, or missing, a goal from touchdown.

Well, in this here chess game, in the last period of play, Princeton left its remaining rook unguarded in the very path of an Armour bishop, and the first thing you know, Mr. Rook got the hook.

The standing of the team is now: Armour: Won one; lost none. Princeton: Won none; lost one. And it will be a beautiful night in January before Armour agrees to a return match. We agree with the Germans—The time to quit, etc.



An Irishman had secured a job loading freight, and was on his last trip, with a three-hundred pound anvil under each arm. When he was half way across the gang-plank, it broke and he fell in. With great splashing he came to the surface.

"T'row me a rope!" he shouted, and again sank. A second time he rose.

"T'row me a rope, I say!" he shouted again. Once more he sank, and once more rose struggling to the surface.

"Say", he shouted, angrily, "if one o' you shpalpeens don't t'row me a rope, I'm goin' to drop one o' these dom tings!"