

"OBSERVER" TALKS ON THE BRIDGE "INDUSTRY"

The Bridge Playing Craze is Carried to Extremes
By Women Who Should Know Better—
Should Have Higher Aims

No, I am not going to talk about the Hartt Boot and Shoe, nor the Chestnut Canoe, nor Ryan's Brickyard, None of these is Fredericton's chief industry. Our chief industry is bridge. And I don't mean the new bridge over the St. John river; I mean the card game so called, once internationally known, but now restricted pretty much to Fredericton and vicinity. Does that statement surprise anyone? It will doubtless surprise our indefatigable hostesses, of whom the city is full to overflowing. Nevertheless it is a fact that the game of bridge, once the most popular recreation on the North American continent, is now rapidly falling into disfavor. And none too soon. Those who travel about from one place to another, and are in a position to know, all agree that Fredericton is one of the last outposts of this once all-absorbing pastime.

The game of bridge grew into favour in the same way that other popular crazes arise. There is no way to account exactly for its rise; it is, as every one knows, a development of the older game of whist, which is still played in England. But the game of bridge followed a somewhat different course from other popular amusements. We can all name some examples of popular games which swept the country like wildfire: Mah Jong, crossword puzzles, miniature golf and many more. Where are they now? During the time when these games were in vogue bridge declined in popularity but never quite disappeared. This fact is quoted by the bridge fiends as a proof of the overwhelming superiority of the game. Nothing of the kind is true, however.

What happened was this. When it was seen that bridge, like other popular crazes, was about to die a natural death, one man got busy and determined that it should not. This man an immigrant to the United States from Europe, who had already made a name for himself as a bridge player, revived the dying game by inventing his famous system. The controversies that then arose concerning the respective merits of the Culbertson System (for that immigrant was Ed Culbertson) and what came to be known as the Official System served to stimulate interest and give the game a new lease of life. The popular worship accorded to Culbertson was all the more remarkable in view of the fact that he is not, and never was an exceptionally brilliant player. He has not won a championship of any kind for a number of years. But he has published countless treatises on the game, evolved his system, and by persistent advertising kept the game alive. For him it was a veritable gold mine.

But this gold mine, like all others, was bound to give out at last. Bridge took another decline, this time one from which there was no return. People simply got tired of it as they do in time of any other craze. But here and there exist communities in which the game hung on, like little puddles in the rocks left by the re-

ceding tide, and Fredericton is one of these, almost the last one.

It is possible to account for this, of course. Our city is not large and one's circle of acquaintanceship is wider than it would be in a larger place. One who has been a long resident in such a community becomes in time acquainted with almost every body else. Then again such communities become very conventional and provincial in their customs and pastimes. They are slow to adopt new things, and when they do they are equally slow to change. So our hostesses have grown accustomed to the bridge party to entertain their guests and to "pay their debts" and haven't originally enough to think of any other way to do it.

Of course I don't imply, that because a hostess' circle of acquaintances may be large, that all those acquaintances will be honoured by an invitation to her bridge. Oh dear, no. Such a thing would be unthinkable. For in small places the social lines are drawn more rigidly than in the larger ones. In larger places the people have been able to avoid the "small town" characteristics. The chief one of these characteristics is snobbishness. In every such community there are your social leaders. Their circle is sacred and is never broken. It is useless to try to discover what it is that has given this circle their exclusiveness; they probably don't know themselves. But there they are; they always invite the same people and go to the same places. They are hopelessly antiquated and outdated, but of course don't know it. To the rest of the community they are an object of envy to some, and of ridicule to others. But nothing disturbs their smug complacency; and their favourite pastime is bridge.

Below this exalted peak there are numerous strata of less important individuals, all with their little cliques and clubs. And their favourite pastime is bridge. Scattered throughout the community are several organizations and clubs, not made up altogether on social lines, but which nevertheless have their social functions. And their favourite pastime is bridge.

So from the highest to the lowest, from the wealthy to the poor, from one end of the town to the other, it is bridge. Walk along one of our residential streets on an evening, and there they are, in every living room, lights blazing and blinds raised, playing bridge. "See how toney and sophisticated we are. We're playing bridge." God help them, don't they know that if they were one tenth as toney and sophisticated as they think they are, they wouldn't be playing bridge?

Do I hear some one say, "What is the matter with bridge?" Bridge is a game, it is not an occupation nor a profession. If it is your only form of recreation, your only way to entertain your friends; if you have a few minutes to spare and can't think of any more useful or profitable way to spend your time than to play bridge; if it is your only form of social entertainment, then you need to get out and get some new ideas. Polish up the lost art of conversation, and try to find out something worthwhile to converse about. Social gatherings formerly found much that was worthwhile to occupy themselves with before the bridge craze. This is a university town, although no one would ever know it, and one would expect it to partake somewhat of the university atmosphere. In short, we ought to be above bridge. The game has produced a crop of old girls, and young ones too, who have but one ambition in life, to get the prize. They are gamblers, and are not one bit better than the confirmed poker player. This is not an article on the ethics of gambling, but some people might be surprised to learn that gamblers they are.

SOCIAL HAPPENINGS

Mrs. H. H. Gunter recently entertained charmingly at bridge at her home.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. Babbitt who were visitors in the city have left for their home in Toronto.

Miss Eloise Black, R.N., of Amherst, N. S., is visiting Mrs. Gerald McManus at her home on George street.

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Kane have returned to their home in Ontario after a few days' stay in the city. Mrs. Kane is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George W. Babbitt of Toronto.

Were Presented to King and French President Yesterday at Vimy

VIMY RIDGE, France, July 27—Lady Currie, widow of Sir Arthur Currie, commander of the Canadian Corps; and Lady Byng, widow of Lord Byng, who was in command of the corps at the time of the Vimy victory, and chose "Baron Byng of Vimy" as his title, were presented to King Edward VIII here today.

Others presented to His Majesty by Hon. Ernest Lapointe were Sir Robert Borden, wartime prime minister; Sir George Perley, Hon. J. G. Gardiner, minister of agriculture; Hon. A. W. Roebuck, Ontario attorney-general; Maj.-Gen. Sir Fabian Ware, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Richard Turner, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Henry Burstall, Sir Eugene Fliset, Maj.-Gen. S. C. Mewburn, Brig.-Gen. Alex. Ross, Brig.-Gen. H. T. Hughes, Col. H. C. Osborne, Col. W. W. Foster, Lieut.-Col. D. E. MacIntyre, Walter Allward, designer of the Vimy Memorial; Major D. O. U. Simon, monument engineer; Luigi Riga-Monti, the designer's assistant; Jean Desy, of the Canadian legation, and Madame Lafleche, wife of the Canadian deputy minister of national defence, who conceived the original of the monument.

Miss Alice Sterling of Jersey City, N. J., is visiting her sisters, the Misses Sterling, Brunswick Street.

Miss Phyllis Wilby and Miss Kay Horwood are spending a few days at Grand Manan.

A quiet but pretty wedding took place on Saturday afternoon at Stanley, at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Frederick Pincock, when her daughter, Miss Katie Pincock was united in marriage to Harry Bamford. The ceremony was performed at three o'clock, the bridal couple standing under an arch of banked moss and roses. The wedding march was played by Miss Phyllis Forbes. Rev. R. W. Barker officiated. The bride looked charming in gold crepe trimmed with brown and carried a bouquet of roses sweet-peas and baby's breath. The bride couple were unattended and the guests were friends and relatives. After the ceremony a small reception was held with Miss Ellen Thorburn presiding at the tea table and Miss Edith Forbes, Miss Phyllis Forbes, Miss Muriel Folkins and Miss Evelyn Sinnott serving. After the reception the happy couple left for St. Martin's N. B. where the groom is engaged in farming. On going away the bride wore a rust dress and brown swaggar coat with white accessories.

Miss Laura Smith of Centreville N. B., is a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Manzer of this city.

Rev. Thomas Gordon, formerly of Penniac and now of Yarmouth, N. S., was in the city visiting friends.

The game has a tendency to disrupt home life. Most of the bridge parties are made up of women. Some of them supposedly have husbands, but one never sees them out in company with their wives. They are left behind to shift for themselves, and some extraordinary shifting some of them do. And who can blame them? Are the bridge-playing women ashamed of their husbands? One would think it might well be the other way round. There are mixed bridge parties, but the average man would rather be shot than attend them because the women insist on gossip rather than the game. If a man does consent to play bridge, he wants to play it, and not spend the time in tearing his neighbor's reputation to shreds.

Bridge is sometimes said to be a scientific game. It's about as scientific as an old shoe, the way most people play it. It is really a game for morons. Don't forget that cards were originally invented to amuse a feeble-minded king. How many descendants he seems to have today! I realize that what I have written is likely to offend a number of people. But, as Alexander Woolcott said in one of his recent broadcasts: "There are some people whom it is not only a duty to offend; it is a positive pleasure."

OBSERVER.

Mrs. C. C. Camp, was hostess at a delightful family supper party on Saturday evening at her home. The guests later played bridge, the prize being won by W. R. Fraser.

W. R. Gilbert of the staff of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, Campbellton, is here on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Gilbert.

Miss Barbara Wetmore returned home this morning from St. John where she has been the guest of Miss Isabelle Hartley for a few days. Miss Hartley accompanied Miss Wetmore and will visit her for a few days.

Richardson-Clark

An interesting wedding took place on Saturday afternoon at five o'clock at the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Clark, when their daughter, Annie Elizabeth, became the bride of Dr. Laurence Robert Richardson, Montreal, son of the late P. R. Richardson and Mrs. L. M. Richardson, Footscray, Australia. Rev. Gerald Guioi officiated at the ceremony. The bride was given in marriage by her father. She wore pale green chiffon and pink shoes, and carried an old-fashioned bouquet of tiny pink roses and lily of the valley. A small reception was held afterwards with about thirty present, all intimate friends of the bride and groom. The bride's table was decorated with white tulips, sweetheart roses with ribbons of pink and silver and centered with a three-tier bride's cake. Miss Bertha Harvey presided at the tea table and Miss Janice Fowler, Miss Melda Calder, Miss Frances VanWart and Miss Josephine Hughes served.

The bride's mother wore a black crepe dress with quilted collar and cuffs and carried a mixed corsage. The groom's sister, Mrs. J. G. Frost, wore blue and white chiffon and carried a mixed corsage. Among the out-of-town guests were, Mrs. J. G. Frost, Jr. of Montreal and Miss Calder of St. Andrews, N. B. After the reception the happy couple left on a trip to the Mediterranean countries. On going away the bride wore a yellow and brown tweed suit with brown accessories. The bride was educated at Fredericton High School, received Bachelor of Arts Degree from the University of New Brunswick, 1931 and the degree of M.Sc., in 1933 from McGill University. The groom attended Melbourne Church of England Grammar School Australia, University of British Columbia and received degrees of B.Sc. 1931, M.Sc., 1933 and Ph. D., 1935, from McGill University. On their return they will reside in Montreal.

Saint John Boy's Body Recovered

(Special to The Daily Mail)
SAINT JOHN, July 27—The body of John H. A. Logan, elder son of Stipendiary Magistrate G. Earle Logan and Mrs. Logan, of West Saint John, who was drowned at Oak Point on Thursday last, was recovered this morning, only a few feet from where the young man was drowned. The coroner decided an inquest unnecessary. Arrangements for the funeral have not yet been made. R.C.M.P. Constables and others have been engaged in the search for Logan's body since the tragedy, and have been using a patrol boat from this city.

Most Impressive

(Continued from Page One)
French children from Vimy village, to whom the Great War is the story of an earlier generation, merrily climbed the steep face of the ridge. And for miles around the sun shone brightly on peaceful fields, on thriving municipalities which a score of years ago were little more than shell-wrecked names.

War memories moved the great crowd. Eyes were moist as the Last Post rang over remembered comrades. Yet in all the ceremony there was no clamor of triumph. The note in almost every spoken word was of tribute to the fallen, of rededication to the cause of peace.

"Let the peoples learn to love one another," pleaded Auxiliary Bishop Deschamps of Montreal, "until the word 'enemies' has passed from the lexicon of mankind."

As the two-minute silence fell, swallows fluttered around the memorial. Then when Revellie sounded its call to another day, they started away as, though bearing abroad a message of peace.

Archdeacon F. G. Scott, of Quebec, still known to thousands of ex-service men as 'Canon Scott,' had a part in the ceremonies though no official function had been assigned to him.

At the request of veterans, the beloved wartime padre offered a prayer from the King's dais when the ashes of crosses from Remembrance Day fields was scattered at the base of the memorial by Rev. S. E. Lambert, Dominion president of the Amputations Association.

CANADIANA

BUCHAN BOOK

New Novel by Lord
Tweedsmuir
Praised

LONDON, July 27—A novel by Lord Tweedsmuir, Governor-General of Canada, encountered an appreciative press today in Great Britain.

The novel is called "The Island of Sheep."

The Yorkshire Post says: "Lord Tweedsmuir is probably the greatest living exponent of the literary thriller. He brings to this sometimes despised form of authorship the perfect rose of John Buchan, the historian, and a descriptive power unequalled in the whole history of the thriller. 'Perhaps it is a pity that such talents are wasted on a book destined to be read in hundreds of railway carriages and thousands of deck chairs. Nevertheless they play no small part in adorning the tale with continuous, breathless excitement.'"

Mutual Desire

(Continued from Page One)

ed the monument where a number of Canadians were presented.

Formal presentations over, the King mingled with the cheering veterans who broke into the unmartial strains of 'For He's a Jolly Good Fellow' as the Sovereign stopped to talk with one or other of their number. He spent 20 minutes chatting and asking questions, smiling broadly at their enthusiasm.

Squadrons of the Royal Air Force and French air force zoomed over the memorial in an aerial salute as the King and those having an official part in the dedication service proceeded to the dais.

Plaintive strains of "The Flowers of the Forest," the Scotsman's traditional lament in any country, for the fallen, concluded the religious ceremony, after brief addresses by Rev. Cecil C. Owen of Vancouver, Rev. G. O. Fallis of Toronto, and Monsignor E. A. Deschamps of Montreal, official chaplains of the pilgrimage. All offered the "homage of an unflinching gratitude" as Monsignor Deschamps phrased it, and spoke of the necessity of making of the 1914-1918 sacrifice a pathway leading to permanent peace.

Hon. Ernest Lapointe said the mutual desire of "old Europe and young America" for peace, and the nation building quality of Canada's twofold heritage, derived from her origins in Britain and France, were outlined today by Hon. Ernest Lapointe, minister of justice, and Hon. Ian MacKenzie, minister of national defence, in brief addresses at the unveiling of the Dominion's memorial to her war dead.

Canada was the first of all American peoples to enter the war. The response was spontaneous and immediate, Mr. Lapointe said. Now "it is old Europe and young America who commune in the conception of a mutual desire, arising out of the immolation of that great conflict. This conception, this noble desire, predicated a new human ideal, a higher plane of civilization, in which recourse to brute force will vanish before the rights of the helpless, the revolt of conscience, and the cries of sorrowing mothers."

Humanity was now determined to rise above the level of the "bloody Golgotha" of 1914-18, and to "seek sanctuary in justice and truth."

Mr. Mackenzie referred to the symbolism in the memorial of "the two civilizations, British and French, united in those dark and testing days as they are united here today in this solemn service of commemoration—and as they have been united in our Canadian land for well nigh two centuries, devoting the best that is in the genius of the two peoples to the steadfast upbuilding of a united Canadian nation, lofty, benignant and free."

"Let us not despair," said Mr. MacKenzie, "for we are gathered here not only in the commemoration of those who died, but for the rededication of the nations here represented to the sacred cause of peace."

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