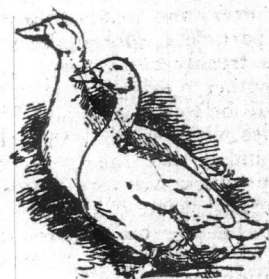


AN

answer for duck breeding. The may be given plenty of liberty to egg-supply, whilst water to swim in the fertility. Although smaller breeds, Indian Runners, Khaki or Buff Orpingtons, require less water, still a brook for all breeds of water fowl. Juveniles of greatest importance, unfertilized eggs will result, whilst fertilized materials must not be neglected. A fattening nature must now be given, and Indian meal, barley meal, and also maize, be avoided altogether. Oats will be found a grain supplied, and may be steeped or rolled, whilst cracked peas and good. Animal food must be given, and excellent. Grit and coarse sand should be regularly supplied to promote

the advantages of collecting eggs in co-operation in poultry-keeping, in country districts, interesting parties have been received from the Street Collecting Depot, Limited, near the City, Somerset, which is affiliated with the National Poultry Organization Society, 12 Square, W., and is most successfully under the superintendence of an expert manager, Mr. W. Reynolds, whose aviculture matters were conspicuous in carrying out one of the most successful competitions yet arranged. The branch is deserving of no collection and disposal of eggs and incubation of eggs, rearing and fattening, and also breeding of same, to purchase land, buildings, poultry, and all essentials for such work, and into contracts on behalf of the depot. The depot has about 150 poultry-keepers, sympathisers, and good work has been done, even in the first few years of its existence, whilst with the gradual increase in home-produced eggs, together with the packing and grading, considerable business is confidently looked for in the future when the advantages of co-operation were fully recognized. The depot is worth of eggs during 1908, or an of 10 is 1d per dozen. Mr. Reynolds has given constructive advice to inquirers, who are in the first instance to apply to Mr. Brown, the government adviser, of the National Poultry Organization Society, Regent Street, for information and leaflets to start a branch depot. In cases where conditions are not at present favorable, a small society should be formed to stimulate interest in the industry, and for lectures, also the distribution of leaflets on poultry subjects (supplied free by the Board of Agriculture, 4 Whitehall, S.W.). It is further advised that as to poultry-keeping should not start by realizing that it is a highly technical in-



Pair of Aylesbury Ducks

and therefore as a means of livelihood should never be undertaken except after experience, whilst Mr. Reynolds furthers that even those with only a back seat need not be discouraged. It is bad policy to crowd a house or run; a grass run should have thirty square yards per fowl allowed, and when only a covered run is possible, a square foot of floor per bird should be allowed, and fully six inches of litter per bird, in which grain should be scattered twice. Those with limited accommodation should do better to buy than rear their stock. It is to country dwellers that Great Britain must mainly look for the increase of industry; farmers have immense opportunities which are poorly realized; ten to twenty acres on pastures improves the land without interfering in any way with stock, and such birds will pick up at least half of their own living.

POULTRY CULTURE

(London Daily Telegraph)

Information is solicited as to the treatment characteristics of one of the prettiest and attractive of ornamental breeds of poultry known as the Poland. Its chief feature is its handsome crest, which may be described as a large bushy mass of feathers, inclining backwards, and the breed is unique as regards shape of the head or skull, which has a peculiar protuberance on the top portion, in no other breed of poultry. There are many varieties bred and exhibited, and it is found that while white-crested, black or golden spangled, are all deserving of attention, probably the silver-spangled is the most attractive. As shown in the accompanying illustration, the marking and general plumage make them worthy objects of admiration, and it is surprising that fanciers do not breed in larger numbers and endeavour to improve the breed's prolificacy, which is at present rather unsatisfactory. The crest of the silver-spangled is extra long, and the feathers over the head in abundance, almost hiding the face, each feather being regularly tipped with black. An additional attraction is the

thick spangled beard, which completes a wonderful headgear. The general body plumage is decidedly handsome and striking, being nicely marked with silver moons, each feather distinctly laced with black, even to the tail and sickle feathers, which must be well splashed at the ends, and the longer the feather the better. The legs are dark blue or black, and rather short. To breed or rear Poland crests-cutting must be adopted; in fact, the breeding pen the crests of all male birds are regularly clipped to ensure fertility with the eggs. Hatching is best carried on in May and June, whilst the chickens are fairly hardy (if kept dry), even their crests must be kept closely cut until the autumn arrives, and only by this means can the birds be kept in a vigorous condition. It is useless to attempt to keep Poland unless the poultry keeper possesses three essentials—dry, sandy soil, a grass run, and plenty of patience, when his energies will be rewarded by having one of the prettiest fowls of poultrydom as a fascinating hobby.

Prospective winter layers are in many yards a source of anxiety, and advice is solicited as to the best means to adopt. It is inadvisable to force egg-production until proper development and maturity is ensured, and the problem of securing winter eggs will only be solved by a consideration of hatching, rearing, and proper feeding. Many poultry keepers are overfed on overfattening and feeding too generously on overfattening and starchy foods, forgetting that it is not fat but flesh, frame and muscle that is wanted to ensure the necessary surplus of energy for egg-production. Barley meal, Indian meal, maize or potatoes should be excluded from the bill of fare for growing pullets, but nitrogenous foods, including meat, substituted; in fact, it is surprising the difference meat and green cut butchers' bone makes in the egg supply. Attention has lately been directed to the "Oxford Ideal" poultry meal, sent out from one of the oldest mills in this country—Church Mills, Standlake, Oxford, established over 200 years. This meal is giving excellent results, and analysis proves it to be a general utility and perfectly balanced ration containing meat, biscuit meal, linseed, clover meal. After being scalded and dried off with sharps or middlings it makes a capital food for growing fowls and laying hens, and may be used to advantage by breeders. As over-fatted poultry are so numerous in the autumn months it will be wise to mention that oats is the best grain for laying hens, inasmuch as, although it contains more fat (oil) than other cereals, yet it is of such a nature, and so easily assimilated, that fowls fed on oats can never get over-fat as on wheat, barley or maize. Clover-hay was much recommended by the writer last winter (with splendid results), especially where green food is scarce. Clover is rich in protein (flesh formers). Scientists contend that in 100 pounds of clover hay there is 11 pounds of protein and 3 pounds of fat, whilst 32 pounds of heat and energy producing matter is found, including lime. It should be finely chopped (in a chaff cutter) and steamed for many hours until every particle is thoroughly swollen and it resembles freshly cut grass. It should be mixed with other meals in proportion of one-third, and will be found to combine high nutritive properties with health-giving effect. Readers are reminded that the object of feeding (when egg-production is the desideratum) is to repair constant waste of the fibre and tissue—sustenance for the bird, material for egg-production, for it must be remembered that the composition of hen and egg is similar. Before concluding this feeding note, readers are reminded of the advantages of filling to a good depth the scratching shed, covered runs, and even poultry houses, with dried leaves, now so plentiful in town and country. Such leaves are splendid for poultry, and provide the necessary exercise which keeps birds of all ages in health and vigour. All grain should be scattered in such litter and will keep the hens busily employed in the coldest of weather. Those who can store dried leaves are advised to do so without delay. After use in the scratching shed such litter makes the best manure for gardens.

Fattening turkeys which have been on the stubbles demand attention now, and "E. M." South Norwood Hill, who seeks information, is advised that they should be pushed on with easily digested food. Cooked corn, Sussex ground oats, barley meal, and middlings in equal quantities make a good food when mixed with skim milk and towards the last few weeks a little mutton fat added helps to form juicy flesh of good colour; in fact, for prime quality flesh this diet is the best. A handful of pepper and salt to each bucketful of food given every other day is advised. Boiled and mashed potatoes may be used, mixing two parts with one part ground oats and one part barley meal; whilst for a change three parts mashed potatoes, one middling, one barley meal, and one cooked maize, all scalded with skim milk, is an excellent feed. Experiments recently made proved that blocks of turkeys confined for twenty-one days increased on an average of four and a half pounds when fed first ten days on a mash consisting of two parts each of boiled potatoes, boiled turnips, barley meal, maize meal, ground oats, linseed meal (all prepared the previous night), given in the morning, and at eventide crushed maize, oats and barley. The birds should be fed in V-shaped troughs, the top being 9 inches from the ground, and long enough for twenty birds. Only sufficient should be given to be eaten at one meal. All grain given should be placed in the troughs and not thrown on the ground, as turkeys prefer to take a mouthful rather than to pick up each corn separately. Clearance. The feed mentioned may be varied by adding pulped swedes, celery tops, and green cut bone, whilst Sparr's poultry meal will be found a beneficial change. All birds should be kept well supplied with grit

and charcoal and given plenty of skim milk to drink. The feeding operations should be near the building in which they are penned up, and a bedding of soft litter or dried leaves is preferable to perches for the birds to rest upon. Three to four weeks is sufficiently long confinement for fattening purposes, and during this time the turkeys must be kept in clean surroundings. Two hours' exercise each day is sufficient.

The careful breeder of poultry, whether the stock is required for exhibition or utility, is advised to keep a strict record of the birds used in the breeding pen as a guide for future mating, and for breeding with stock possessing the most desirable qualities or properties. That like breeds like is a truth which should never be absent from the progressive poultry breeder's mind. Colour, size, shape, head points, bone, vigour, and general productiveness are the necessary foundations on which to build a reliable strain. All these essentials have too long been neglected by poultry keepers, especially agriculturalists, with deplorable results, but the awakened interest now manifest bids fair to improve matters considerably. Why pedigree should, for so many years, be confined to equine, bovine, porcine, or canine stock has always surprised the writer, when, by the aid of line breeding, careful records, and trap-nests, poultry can be easily and permanently improved. It will generally be found a certain source of profit to devote time, energy and money on strain, and to shun any haphazard methods. Those who intend to make purchases this autumn will do well to see that the vendor is a breeder that can be trusted to sell stock absolutely of the strain he advertises. The interest excited by the illustrations and details of trap-nests in last two weeks' Daily Telegraph bids fair to be productive of much good this winter, and correspondents are assured that without a trap-nest and numbered hens it is impossible to ascertain to a certainty if hens lay fifty or one hundred and fifty eggs in the year, for even in the most prolific breeds of poultry there are almost barren hens. The various laying competitions amply demonstrated this fact, for even in such breeds as the buff Orpington, buff rock, white Wyandotte and white Leghorn, all of which have occupied at different times premier positions, there have been competing pens of similar breeds which have proved most indifferent layers. Trap-nests ensure a prolific strain of fowls, and appeal strongly to the poultry keeper who wants a full egg-basket, and a flock of birds that are essentially layers.

CARRION PLANTS

Stapelias are in the vegetable kingdom what starfish are in the animal kingdom. They belong to the old, queer looking, and in one respect disagreeable section of plants, their stems being fleshy, their flowers star-shaped, often hairy and lurid in colour, and they have a powerful carrion-like odour, which is strong enough to attract bluebottle flies. It is said that this odour serves the same purpose as the economy of these plants as fragrance does in others, its object being to attract flies, which, when busy "blowing" the flowers, scatter the pollen and so effect fertilization. On the whole, therefore, stapelias are not what one would call drawing-room plants; yet they have a fascination for some people, who have made collections of them and studied their peculiar habits with interest; indeed, one of these enthusiasts when an invalid went so far as to insist on the plants being brought when in flowers into his bedroom because he loved to see and smell them! They are all African, and many species to be discovered in the arid regions of that country are already known to botanists. They used to be abundant in Cape Colony, but sheep and goats have devoured most of them, and it is said the natives even find their succulent stems palatable. They ripen seeds in abundance, and as each seed has attached to it an awn which serves as a flying machine, their distribution is as secure as that of the dandelion and thistle. The seeds germinate readily in moist sandy soil and the plants grow quickly to flowering size. In the winter they are happiest when kept dry, but during summer months they like as much water as ordinary plants do. Most of them can be grown in a house from which frost is excluded, provided they get plenty of sunshine in summer. Some of them have very large flowers; in S. gigantea they are a foot in diameter, and there are many with flowers about six inches across. S. hirsuta, here figured, is one of the best known; the flowers are four inches across, very hairy, claret coloured, and almost leather like. The commonest species, S. bufoia, is cultivated here and there in cottagers' windows.

MADAME CALVE AS MASCOT.

Like most Southerners, Mascagni is very superstitious, and is a great believer in "charms" and tokens. His principal charm, which he never fails to wear, is a watch fob on which are hung some teeth of his first two children. The great composer also believes in luck attaching to persons as well as to things, and he is firmly convinced that if he can only get Mme. Calve to sing in his operas, they are certain to be successful. Of course, her name would be bound to carry weight, but apart from this, Mascagni thinks that she will bring luck to any opera in which she appears.

Mrs. Flipflop—Yours is a foreign title, is it not, count?
Count Wiskiwiski—Madam, I am a Pole.
Mrs. Flipflop (gushingly)—A Pole? How delightful! You at least will be able to set all our doubts at rest. Pray tell me which we are to believe, Commander Peary or Dr. Cook?—Golf Illustrated.

Beethoven, the Man

To the musical, no less than to the general public, Sir Herbert Tree's promised production of the play "Beethoven" should be of great and genuine interest. For, if it be granted that "of all who have written music, Handel was the greatest man," a dictum I am not disposed to dispute, which Mr. R. A. Streetfield enunciates in his recently-issued study of the mighty Saxon, it can hardly be denied that to Beethoven, the greatest of all the world's musicians, belongs a very high place as a man. An intensely human creature, Beethoven may well be treated historically, and if it be Sir Herbert Tree's intention to portray the physical man, there can be no overwhelming difficulty in arriving at a clear idea of his outward appearance, for pen-portraits abound, many of which are authentic. But precisely how Sir Herbert Tree is to reduce his own abundant material to a small space (of five feet five inches) is evened added, by Ries, I think, that he was compelled to shave his face right up to the eyes. A massive, broad jaw; a firm, almost grim, mouth; very bright but not large eyes, that were wont to dilate extensively in moments of great pleasure or emotion, and have been variously described as black, blueish grey, and brown in color; a head that was large, and broad in the forehead; hair in great abundance that was always "in shock," and that, though originally black or nearly so, ultimately became snowy white, in striking contrast to his somewhat rubicund complexion; teeth that remained white and regular to the day of his death—such appears to have been Beethoven, the physical man, as generally depicted, while there is a characteristic thumb-nail sketch contained in the following brief analysis: "Beethoven was not made for practical life. Never could he play at cards or dance. He dropped everything that he took into his hands, and overthrew the ink into his piano. He cut himself horribly in shaving."

A Young Dandy

"Ein unordentlicher Kerl" (a disorderly creature) was Beethoven's own description of himself, and the adjective seems to have been at least as well applicable to his manner of wearing his clothes as to the very clothes themselves. In his early days in Vienna his pleasure was to appear garbed in the latest fashion, and a delightful pen-portrait exists which depicts him in silk stockings, perruque, long boots, carrying a sword, a double eye-glass, and a seal ring. But the vanity of these early days did not endure for longer than a season, since Goethe has written of Beethoven as wearing on the occasion of one—I think his first—visit a thick, scrubby beard nearly half an inch long, his pitch-black hair unkempt and unbrushed, his ears filled with cotton-wool that appeared to have been soaked in some loose, hairy material, which gave him the appearance of Robinson Crusoe. At yet another period we see him in the far more picturesque garb of a light blue tailed coat with yellow buttons, a white waistcoat and tie, "all very untidy." Indeed, untidiness seems to have been thoroughly characteristic of the man, who himself has told the tale of his taking a letter, addressed by his own hand, to the postoffice, only to be asked on presenting it to the official, to what town it was to be forwarded. We know from his manuscripts and sketchbooks that his penmanship was apt to be very ill-conditioned.

But it must not be thought that untidiness was the sole characteristic of this Colossus. His smile is said to have been angelic to his friends, however grim and repellent his manner may have been to others; and his voice became genial and soft in tone on occasion. That he was not made for a practical life, as someone has said, seems clear enough, but is not quite the whole truth. In many respects he was simplicity itself, as, for example, when he asked (according to Moscheles): "What these d-d boys are laughing at?" when he was standing before an open window clad only in his nightshirt; or again, when he preferred to quit one lodging for another rather than abandon his constant practice of shaving cream populo, as it were, at his window, whereby a crowd of people was wont to collect and watch him. The stories are quite familiar to the musician of historic taste, if not to the greater public, of Beethoven insisting really had to study as other children understand the word. He read the text-books, through and understood them. To "study," in the modern acceptance of the word, is to mentally tear the book up and store its statements, definitions, and dates—un-understood—in the head. This is purely a parrot's method.

Business and Politics

In spite, however, of all the intense simplicity of his nature, Beethoven was a keen, if not what is now called a good business man. There are countless references in the splendid collection of letters reviewed in this column on its appearance some six months or so ago

to money matters in connection with Beethoven's compositions. And if no one can say that Beethoven reaped even approximately his due reward for his work (witness the £50 for which he undertook, for our own London Philharmonic Society, the Choral Symphony), having regard to the enormous sums of money that publishers have derived from them (a way that publishers are reported to have), yet it seems clear that he himself was fairly well satisfied with the terms generally accorded to him. On the comparatively few occasions on which any haggling over a bargain or a deal arose, Beethoven appeared to be content, with, roughly speaking, a few shillings extra, all too often because he had not the time necessary to drive a bargain, since he, like the lesser gods, stood in absolute need of ready funds to defray everyday, commonplace expenses.

A very interesting and even entertaining paper might be written upon Beethoven as politician. Sir Hubert Parry has said that he had very strong and independent views about great social subjects. "His sympathies were all on the side of the masses and against privileges and class distinctions and artificial dignities of all sorts. He could hardly be patient at the conventional subservience expected of ordinary people when they were brought into contact with aristocrats, for he felt that the common people were often worthier and more useful members of society than the individuals they were expected to bow down to." Numerous tales of this attitude are told by every biographer of Beethoven, but the classical instance of his "Republicanism" (if the term may pass), is that connected with the Eroica Symphony. As all the world knows, the idea of this symphony arose from General Bernadotte's suggestion that a symphony should be written in honour of Napoleon, at the time (1798) "the passionate champion of freedom, the saviour of his country, the restorer of order and prosperity, the great leader to whom no difficulties were obstacles." Ries tells us that the outside page of the first copy of the Eroica bore only two names—that of Bonaparte at the top, of Luigi Van Beethoven at the bottom. On May 18, 1804, Napoleon assumed the title of Emperor. When the news reached Beethoven a tremendous explosion occurred: "After all, then," said Beethoven, "he is nothing but an ordinary mortal! He will trample all the rights of men under foot to indulge his ambition, and become a greater tyrant than anyone!" And with these words he seized his music, tore the title page in half, and threw it on the ground, and his admiration was turned into hatred.

"We are here in want of money, for it costs us twice as much as formerly—curse war," he wrote in 1809, and added further, "I have already become a member of the Society of Fine Arts and Sciences—so I have got a title—ha, ha! I cannot help laughing!"

In good sooth Beethoven was a man whose psychological self was nothing if not dramatic.

"Musicus," in London Daily Telegraph.

GROWTH OF A BOY GENIUS

His Father's Amazing Theory of Education
More details are now being obtained of the extraordinary history of William James Sidus, the eleven-year-old prodigy whose admission to Harvard University as an undergraduate was announced a few weeks ago. It is claimed for this boy that he is not a freak nor a phenomenon. He is the result of an experiment by which his father, Professor Boris Sidus, of Brookline, Mass., has sought to prove some of his theories. Professor Sidus is a psychologist. That is, he is a student and expert on the human mind.

Sidus had a theory of "latent energy" of the mind. He believed that just as the athlete has a "second wind," and just as the body rallies under severe strain, permitting new and extraordinary exertion, so the human brain is capable, if called upon to do so, to rise to almost any task and test. And this not only without harm, but with actual benefit to the mind. The result was that the child, not being held down to the alphabet, "learning to count ten," and a few vague and unrelated facts about the things he saw about him, was as easily interested in history as he was in Mother Goose. He didn't "learn to count ten," but he learned by playing dominoes, the relation of numbers (not figures), and his mind was permitted to discover for itself that twice two makes four.

They found that a simple book on chemistry was as interesting to the child when he first began to read as was "Alice in Wonderland." Not only as interesting, but as understandable.

He Understood

Well, this Sidus boy went to school when he was six years old. He entered the first grade as usual, and by noon was sent up to the third grade. In six months he had passed through seven school grades, and he didn't study more than, if as much as, did his fellow-pupils. Indeed, it is doubtful if he really had to study as other children understand the word. He read the text-books, through and understood them. To "study," in the modern acceptance of the word, is to mentally tear the book up and store its statements, definitions, and dates—un-understood—in the head. This is purely a parrot's method.

When the Sidus boy was nine years old he was ready for Harvard. They had to take him out of school for a couple of years because he was physically a little child (and mentally, too), and he could not endure the discipline, the sitting still, and the dull routine of high

school. He was, in fact, the mischievous little rascal of seven or eight years.

Remember, this is no bulging-browed "cramping machine." It is just a healthy child who has been taught that he has a mind and how to use it.

Professor Sidus says that modern school methods tend to repress children and to stunt their minds by holding them down to certain "easy" subjects. "This," says Sidus, gets the child's mind into a groove and destroys its courage, its originality, and its power for independent thought. It makes the brain merely a receptacle for information rather than a producer of knowledge and thought.

Professor Sidus has at least given us something to think about.

He believes that there are two great faults with our school system. "First, education is not begun early enough and, second, that children are 'taught' rather than 'educated'."

Encouraging the Reasoning Powers

To "teach" is to cram a fact or a definition or a date or the name of a letter or the word c-a-t into a baby brain. To "educate" is to permit and encourage the child-brain to learn automatically by encouraging the reasoning powers. This sounds a little dense, but perhaps you can make it plain. Sidus took his baby boy in hand when he was less than two years old. He started three separate lines of development. First, he was taught a love of play and physical exertion; then Mrs. Sidus was assigned the duty of giving the child a full normal dose of Mother Goose, fairy tales, and all the babble and prattle of nursery days. The father, then, each day sought, not to teach the child anything, but to lead him to discover for himself some fact and the relation of that fact to other facts.

The first course gave the child a sturdy body and made him a lover of outdoors and an expert in all childish games. The second course kept him a "baby" and stimulated his imagination. The third gave him facility in handling that most wonderful of all tools—the reasoning brain.

Never in his life has he been told, in answer to a question, that he "wouldn't understand." Never has he been told a thing is true "because father says so." Never has he been given a false or slovenly answer in reply to his childish questions. Each time the little mind reached out—whether to ask, "How big is the sun?" or "Why does the kitty have a tail?"—a careful truthful answer has been given. Sidus found that the "foolish questions" which his boy asked were the same that all children asked, but he saw in them the groping of the awakening mind, and sought to give them direction, purpose and relation.

SHE MINDED HER MANNERS

Miss Prindle was a formal and precise old lady who "conducted" a very select sewing class for young girls. Besides an excellent school for learning needlework, Miss Prindle's pupils were instructed in the niceties of old-fashioned manners. Miss Prindle was herself a model of propriety, and had her pupils tried only to imitate her, their time would not have been wasted.

One day, downtown, Miss Prindle saw coming toward her a girl whom she recognized to be Marion Knight, one of her sewing class. The girl was walking along rapidly, not seeming to notice her teacher. As the two met, Miss Prindle caught her eye and bowed and smiled in her most formal way. She then passed on, reflecting that Marion would doubtless benefit by the example of her salute, and some time be herself an example to others.

A few yards farther on, to her surprise, Miss Prindle again encountered—so she thought—Marion Knight. The girl was coming toward her, as before.

Miss Prindle stopped.

"Are you—?" she began, "are you not Marion Knight?"

"Certainly, Miss Prindle," said the girl. "And didn't I meet you only a moment ago?" she asked.

"No, Miss Prindle, I think that was my twin sister, Elsie."

Miss Prindle looked her confusion. "And she—she isn't in my sewing class, is she, Marion?"

"No, Miss Prindle; she has been away at school for a long time."

"O dear! O dear!" exclaimed the old lady. "And I don't know her, and I bowed and smiled to her! Oh—Marion, dear, will you tell her just as soon as you see her that I shouldn't have smiled and bowed to her, because I've never met her, you see? It was very bad form, you understand."

"But, Miss Prindle," protested the girl, "I think you met her last year when we first came to live here. Don't you remember? It was at the church bazaar."

"Oh, so I did!" cried the other, after a moment. "So I did. Well, in that case Marion, you may tell your sister that I am glad I bowed, but I shouldn't have smiled. Good-bye, dear!"

LYRICS FROM THE POETS.

Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along;
Far from the world's gay, busy throng;
With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes;
Pure bosom'd as that watery glass,
And heaven reflected in her face—Cowper.

"I hope and pray," remarked a gentleman, as he left the steamer, "that I shall never have to cross the Atlantic again."
"Rough passage, eh?" queried a friend.
"Rough" is no name for it. I had four kings beat three times.—New York Sun