

From *The Problem*, 28th March, 1914.

Original appended at the end

Alain White

## THE INFANT PROD AND THE SIAMESE TWINS.

By A. C. W.,

(Fellow of the Society for George Ade to the Injured.)

ONCE upon a time an Infant Prodigy lived and grew in the City of Darwin, Miss. All but Family thought he was in danger of Outgrowing himself. His Head had swelled. Below the Neck he was all Chest.

The Local Barber had taught him Chess when he came to Clip Young Hopeful in the Cradle. Family never recovered. Father lent Money in a small business way ; he thought both his children Pippins. Mother was the old-fashioned Kind and pondered more about Cheese than Chess. Sister Gwendolyn was New Fashioned. She seldom finished a Square Meal because she would get up and Tango, forgetting that even Hash grows Cold. As Father would not Tango, she took to the Chairs. Lots of Steadies stood about, but they were the Old Style. One was the Parson, a Pickled Widower. The Bank Clerk was a Young Man in Years, but his Clothes had been left over by Noah, and he wore a Yachting Cap in Summer.

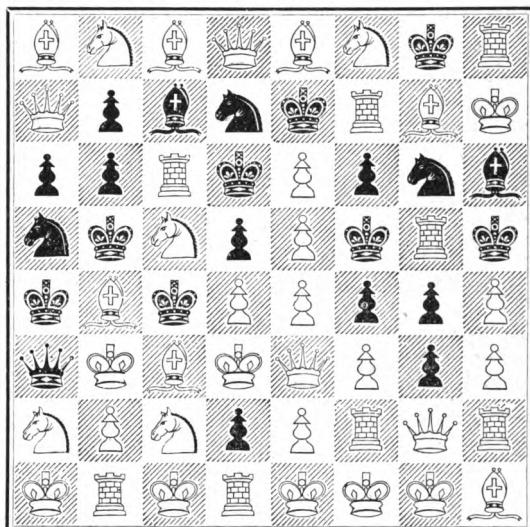
After a while the Barber began to Drop in regular. Heaven had blest him with a Squint. While he taught Gambits to the Prod, he could follow Gwen at the Pianola. Gradually the Happy Home all caught the Germ. Father spoke of Business as capturing the Little Pawns *en Passant*. Mother owned herself a Good Cook, and Sister called her gyrations Vernon-Castling.

Barber began to Stay to Meals. While the Prod laid out simple Two-movers with the pepper shakers, Barber Taught Gwen several New Moves. He never missed an Opening. He was a Gabby young Man, dressed Smart, and never forgot to change ends on his Cuffs.

For his Eighth Birthday the Prod conceived a Fitting Tribute to his Toga Virilis. For a Week he forgot that he was learning to Shave and concentrated Day and Night upon his Grand Idea. His plan was to cover the Checkered Field with Eight upright Three-movers, a File to Each, thusly :—

## No. XV.

BLACK.



WHITE.

Mate in three on every file.

Also see text.

D

On the Happy Birthday, Barber was called in to Admire. Candles were lit, Cake placed, and the Prod drank his Own Health in Strong Punch. He then told Barber that he called the Problem the Siamese Twins because They were so Close Together. Thereupon Barber, who could articulate at All Times, told the Good Old Chestnut about the Stranger who inquired, when P. T. Barnum showed him the Famous Twins: "B-b-b-b-brothers, I suppose?"

After the Festival, Barber was coaxed to the Chess Table to Contemplate the Magnum Opus. As he Concentrated upon the Crowded Board a Strange Phenomenon took shape. "Look here, My Boy," he chortled, "I have found the Link connecting your Eight Twins. Just re-arrange those Files and you will glimpse a Two-mover running right across the Board." The Prod was Spellbound. For an hour or more he searched in vain. Father and Mother dozed in the Red Plush Chairs. Gwen was at the Pianola. To the Barber the lovely Peroxide of her Hair gleamed like Sunshine in the Corn. He put a dozen Burning words across the Plate. You could see Gwen stop Every One.

When Father and Friend Wife awoke, the Happy Pair were Miles away in Barber's Cycle car.

Moral: While you're fatting a Calf for the Infant Prod, don't forget to Watch your Ewe Lamb.

Problems, from left to right, are by:—

- (a) J. N. Babson (version), *Brentano's Chess Monthly*, 1882.
- (b) C. S. Lamy, *La Strategie*, 1881.
- (c) W. J. McArthur and Murray Marble.
- (d) J. N. Babson (adapted), *Brentano's Chess Monthly*, 1882.
- (e) F. W. Martindale (adapted), *Detroit Free Press*, 1880.
- (f) G. Hume, after F. W. Martindale and J. N. Babson.
- (g) G. Hume, original.
- (h) G. Liberali, *Detroit Free Press*, 1879.

The resulting two-mover is by I. Gross.

so long as one single worthy effort unpreserved in it. And there is hardly a chess player in the world who does not carry with him, as a precious amulet, a few of these jewels. Whenever two or three "fans" are gathered together, each will unfailingly produce his particular treasure—some flawless masterpiece of an author perhaps long since dead.

And what use, prithee? It is beautiful, and whatever is beautiful is useful, per se. That's the only really useful thing there is.

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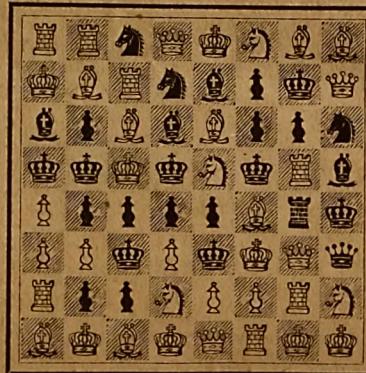
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A prize consisting of two circus tickets is offered for the best analysis of the Prod's Problems showing the missing link 2-mover. Time limit six weeks.

### The Problem!

The greatest of chess problems is to run a chess magazine, and to run a chess magazine that shall deal only with problems is a venture requiring no ordinary enthusiasm.

There are three reasons for this, and each reason is simply the need of a particular kind of a collaborator—first, the editors; second, the contributors; third, the subscribers!

We cannot all be the editors! Indeed, none of us need worry about the problems of editorship. We all know Howard L. Dolde and C. P. Carpenter, their enthusiasm, their determination, their genial good nature. A ship with such a captain and mate will not be deserted before port is reached.

We cannot all be the contributors! But a great many of us can, and, indeed, unless the working crew is a large one, the passage will be a dull affair. Composers and solvers, poets and critics, there is work and fun for all—and cargo is already being shipped.

But there is one thing we all can be—subscribers. The fate of the Brig is in the hands of its passengers. It is not enough for US to help, we must get all our friends, at home and abroad. Then with a full deck, band playing, flag flying, we shall sail out of harbor with the most favorable of winds. The gangplank is already up. All aboard!

—Alain C. White.

Send names for sample copies.