

A Job for the Handy Man

Continued from page 23

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"Oh, I do, I do! But, after all, this doesn't settle anything. At least not anything else—"

"The worst things have settled themselves, Marian—money, and my thick-headedness, and maybe your itch for freedom. As for the rest—do you know anybody who's settled everything? But if we do try again—"

Leaning against his shoulder, she began to laugh—a little hysterically, she was afraid.

"I'm not going back to town after breakfast, Paul! After breakfast, I'm going to fire Miss Todd."

This photograph was made one bleak Christmas Eve during the war, in the stable of an old Turkish inn at Leskowatz, Serbia. A dreary festal day for this little group—but not so dismal as to kill their spirits and courage

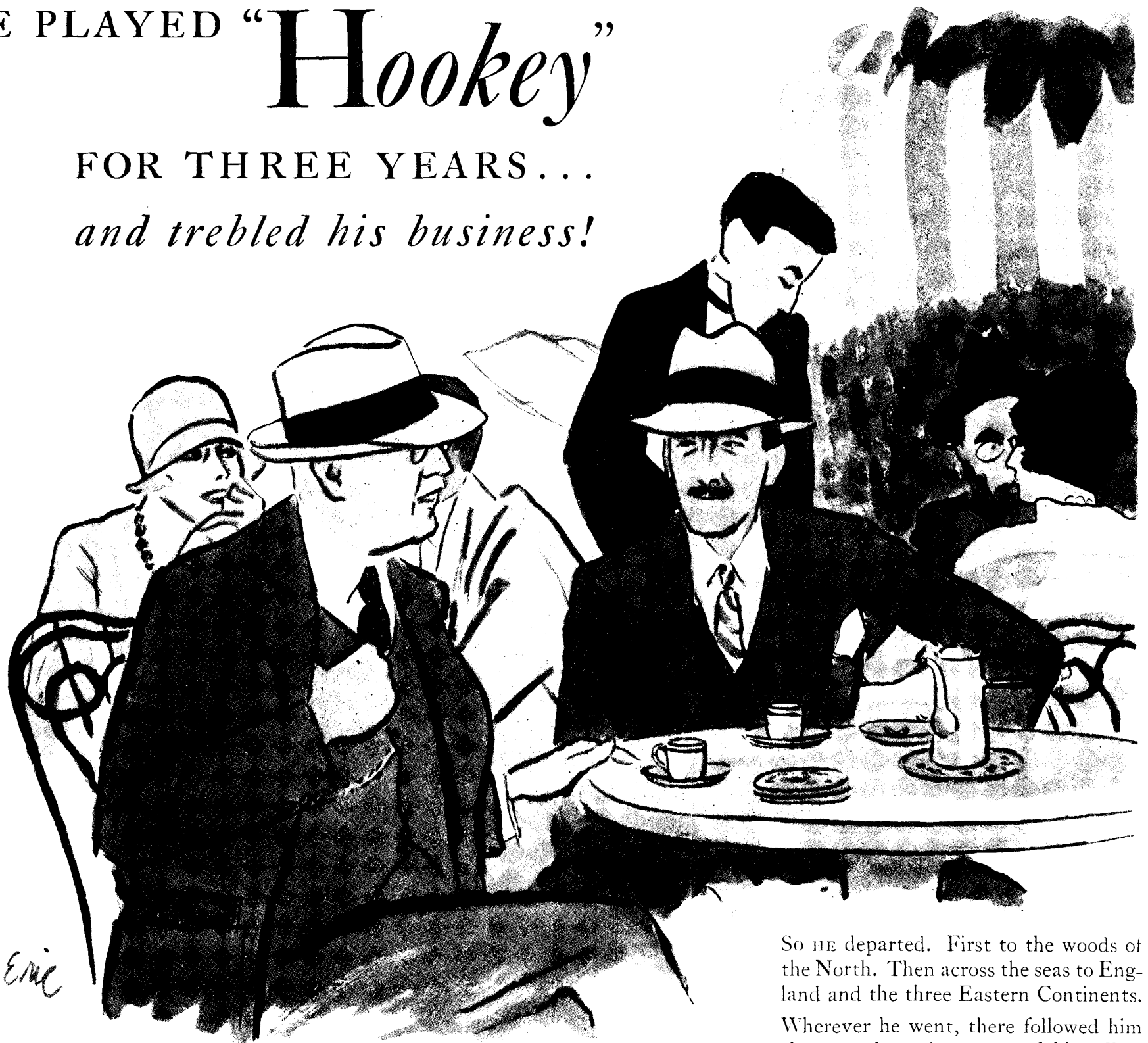


A tenement-house madonna. Santa Claus is only mother-love masquerading in white whiskers. And so he visits humble spots which the unthinking might think aren't in his address book

Far afield the camera went to make the other pictures on these pages. But here is one from the house around the corner from where we all live: a fine little American mother and her child



HE PLAYED “*Hookey*”
FOR THREE YEARS...
and trebled his business!



THE *veteran head of a great American business called together his department heads and associates. “Boys,” he began, “I’ve got to play hookey. Something has snapped inside of me. And I want to get out before I’m carried out.*

“But please understand, I want to get out physically... not mentally. I’m depending on you to keep me closely in touch with all that goes on. I want my mind to stay with you, even though my chair is vacant.”

So he departed. First to the woods of the North. Then across the seas to England and the three Eastern Continents.

Wherever he went, there followed him the records and reports of his office. Typed and charted business facts and figures. Statistical “televisions” that enabled him to see into every nook and cranny of his business.

Three months after his departure, things began to happen.

From a fishing camp in Maine came a letter from the absent chief suggesting new colors for the new season’s goods. It was the first time “eye-appeal” had been added to this prosaic product. And the new line sold like “hot cakes.”

From Paris he mailed a series of new model designs, created by a French stylist, in the modern manner. Again,

THE EMANCIPATION OF THE AMERICAN BUSINESS MAN

a trade sensation was registered almost overnight.

From Germany he cabled a production short-cut which saved 15% in factory overhead, while improving the quality of the output.

Scarcely a week passed which did not bring a message from the Absentee Landlord, suggesting new ideas for the advertising department, hot stuff for the sales force, helpful hints to the executive personnel.

For the first time in thirty years, freed



from the fetters of detail, the business veteran found himself playing a complete and unhampered *thinking part* in the conduct of his business.

"The rolling stone may gather no moss," he chuckled, "but it picks up a lot of new ideas. Besides, moss belongs to the desk-tied mossbacks."

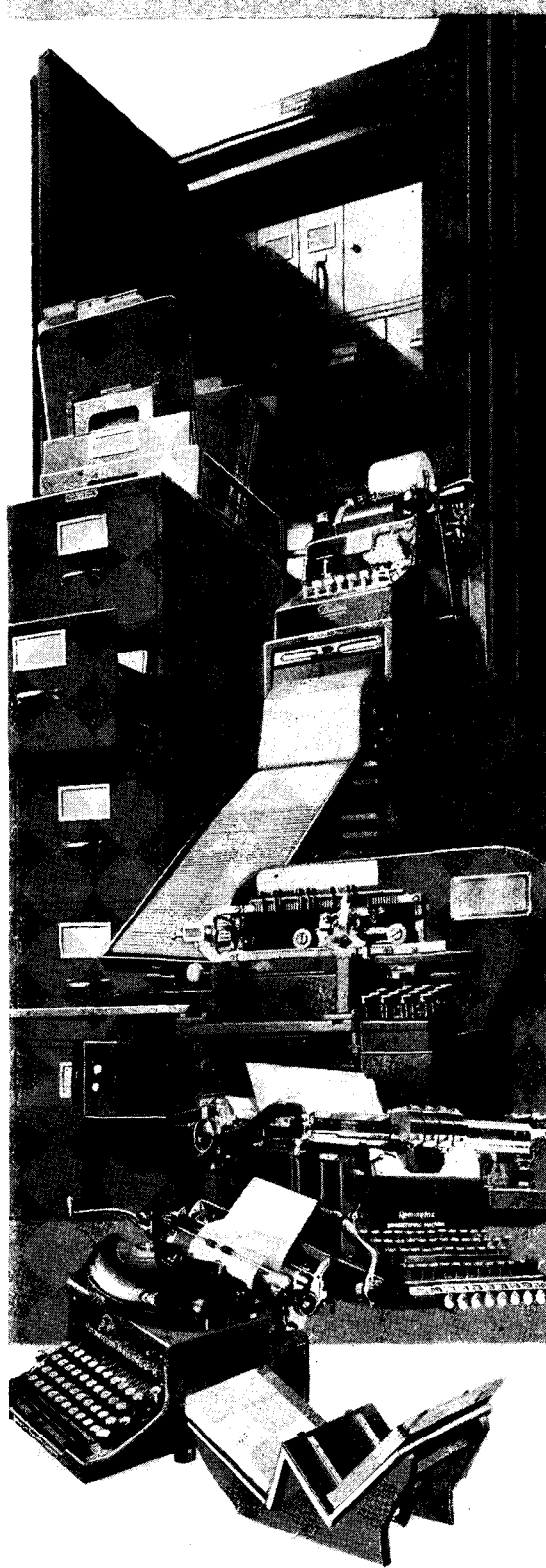
✓ ✓ ✓

WHAT a man accomplishes in business depends largely on his viewpoint. His business can go no further than his aims and dreams. If he confines his viewpoint to the needles and pins on the office floor, he will never envision Opportunity's heights.

The Absentee Landlord was able to direct his business from afar because he never got away from its control. The facts and figures that kept this control with him came to him automatically. He did not have to stay on the job to dig them out.

The business machines and methods which automatically furnished him his constant mirror of his business were products of Remington Rand.

THE GREAT EMANCIPATORS



These machines and methods are largely responsible for the emancipation of the American business man from desk-confining detail drudgery. They have replaced memory in keeping the records of business. They have vastly reduced the need for hand and head work in charting the day's results.

Use this amazing new Business Service

THE LEADING manufacturers of business appliances have recently merged into one organization . . . Remington Rand. There is nothing comparable to the service it renders, here or abroad. No such central station for the reception of ability and intelligence, and the broadcasting of proved, *exact* methods, has ever been in existence. It offers a single source of supply for business equipment. And it combines 4,000 trained business analysts into a field force that can beat down the most complicated obstructions to better business.

A telephone call . . . makes every man in this army your ally, at no cost to you

WRITE or telephone for a Remington Rand man. No matter what your need, it will be met adequately and with intelligence. No matter what your problem, it will receive the attention of a trained mind. Hit-or-miss office arrangements, stumbling routine, inefficient machines and ineffective employees may be costing you hundreds, even thousands of wasted dollars. Get the truth. Telephone our local office, or write Remington Rand Business Service Inc., Remington Rand Building, Buffalo, N. Y.

Remington Rand

BUSINESS SERVICE

REMINGTON *Typewriters and Accounting Machines* . . . LIBRARY BUREAU *Filing Systems and Indexing Service*

RAND AND KARDEX *Visible Records* . . . SAFE-CABINET . . . INDEX VISIBLE . . . POWERS *Accounting Machines*

DALTON *Adding and Bookkeeping Machines* . . . KALAMAZOO and BAKER-VAWTER *Loose Leaf Equipment*

Sales Offices Everywhere

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Just One Thing



"Do you remember, you said you would give me anything I wanted for a New Year's present? Well, what I want is something for you as well as for me. . . . Is it a promise?"

©1928 M. L. I. CO.

THERE is one thing that every wife who loves her husband wants above anything else in the world—that he may have good health and a long life.

How many thousands of wives there are who are haunted by a secret fear that their husbands are not entirely well—who steal glances, when the other is off guard, in an effort to discover the cause of that constant dragging weariness, those too frequent headaches, those mysterious fleeting pains. Almost every woman knows that sharp thrust of anxiety to her heart, that catch in her throat when she thinks something is wrong with the man she loves. What is it? What can she do?

No longer must a doctor judge the physical condition of a man by his unaided senses alone. Now, by means of marvelous instruments, he can actually look inside the body and watch the various organs at work! He can see the heart beat, the lungs contract and expand, he can watch the activities of the digestive tract. He can take x-ray photographs showing nearly every part of the body.

So new are the discoveries of medical science in relation to prolonging life that the majority of intelligent men and women have not heard about them. So amazing are some of these discoveries that they are difficult to believe. That seems to be the only sensible explanation of the estimate that but one person in 500 has an annual health examination.

To determine the value of health examinations, a group of 6,000 policyholders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company were given physical examinations. These persons

The doctor today who has kept step with the great discoveries in medicine can sometimes learn important things about the condition of the person he is examining, merely by testing the blood or taking the blood pressure. He can often trace the cause of pain in some remote part of the body to infection in a sinus or tonsil. Frequently ailments of years' standing have been traced to unsuspected infection at the roots of teeth.

Doctors today need not guess. There are means for them to find out. They can detect trouble and in many cases check it before it has had time to damage the body greatly. Often their scientific examinations show the beginning of serious ailments of which the person examined had not the slightest suspicion. It is folly of the most inexcusable sort to refuse to take advantage of the marvelous aids science has given us to discover and check disease and to prolong life.

Make sure that your dear one has a thorough health examination this month. And why not have one yourself? No better New Year present can be made.

were advised to the extent they and their physicians deemed necessary on the proper way to conserve their health. In nine years the saving in mortality in this group was found to be 18 per cent.

The Metropolitan has recently prepared a booklet containing most important rules for gaining and keeping health. It gives much valuable information that tends to make life both long and happy. Send for booklet 19-C. It will be mailed without charge.

HALEY FISKE, President.

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK
Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

How would You play it?

North

♠ A-Q-4
♥ A-5-3
♦ K-J-2
♣ 7-6-3-2

East

♠ K-10-9-8
♥ K-9-8-7
♦ Q-7-5-3
♣ 10

West

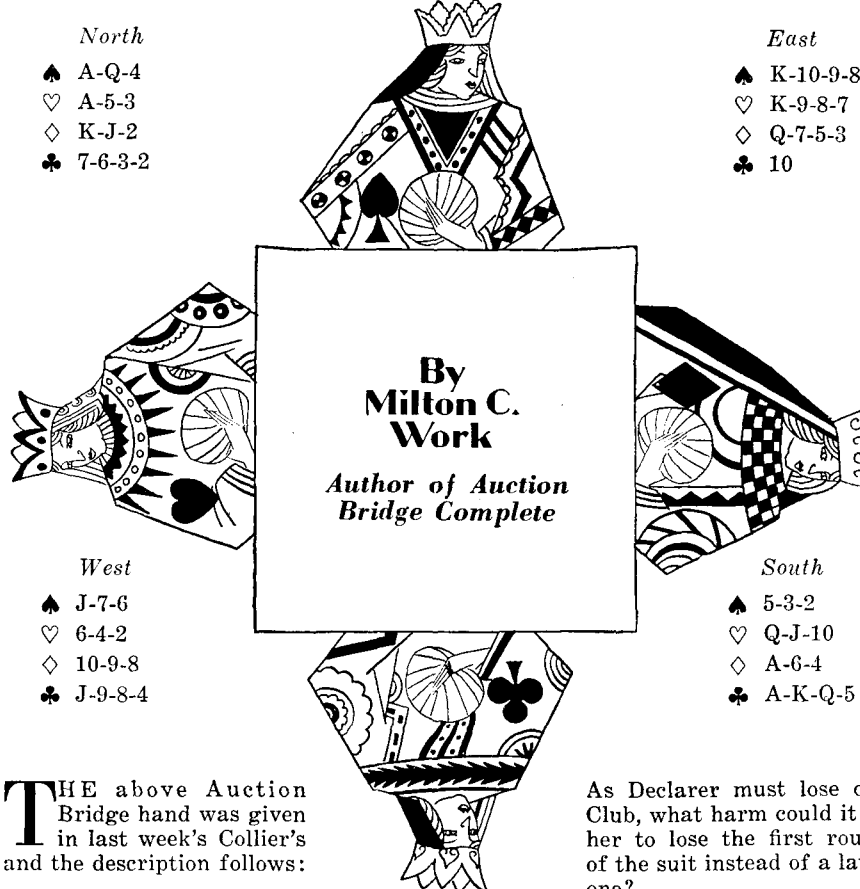
♠ J-7-6
♥ 6-4-2
♦ 10-9-8
♣ J-9-8-4

South

♠ 5-3-2
♥ Q-J-10
♦ A-6-4
♣ A-K-Q-5

By
Milton C.
Work

Author of Auction
Bridge Complete



THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's and the description follows:

The Auction

South opened with one No Trump. With this hand one school would try to find out where the strong Spades were located and so would start with a Club and approach the No Trump gradually. The other school would contend that bidding one Club does not picture the full strength of the hand; and in the long run the best results are obtained by bidding No Trump when the hand sizes up to No Trump requirements—as South's hand surely does.

West passed and North bid two No Trumps, which obtained this contract. This would be considered doubtful by some, because probably unnecessary. But, in spite of North's strength, it is possible that a bid of any one of the four suits by East, calling for that lead from West, might be embarrassing to South if North subsequently bid two No Trumps as she doubtless would.

At Contract Bridge South would bid one No Trump; North, with a count of 14, two over the minimum generally required for the double jump, would bid three at once.

The Play

West opened her only four-card suit, leading the Four of Clubs. Dummy played the Deuce, East the Ten. Declarer could then count three Club tricks, two Diamond tricks, two Heart tricks and one Spade trick—one short of game. Of course she had finesses to take in Spades, Hearts and Diamonds; and if these three finesses succeeded, she would make a total of eleven tricks; but even with everything right, there would be no chance for a Small Slam. The hand was of the type which we see occasionally, North and South having exactly the same number of cards in each suit, in which no opportunity is afforded for either hand to obtain discards upon established cards of a suit led from the other hand. It was absolutely certain that the Declarer must lose one Club and one Spade. She knew that West had opened a four-card suit, and, as Dummy and Closed Hand each had four Clubs, that East's Ten of Clubs played on the first trick must have been a singleton.

As Declarer must lose one Club, what harm could it do her to lose the first round of the suit instead of a later one?

In most hands the Declarer wishes the lead to be up to the Closed Hand, and in such cases frequently utilizes a small card of the adverse suit to place the lead (late in the hand) with the adversary on her left so as to force her to lead a suit advantageous to Declarer. In this instance, however, the shoe was on the other foot. Declarer wanted leads up to Dummy. So she made the unusual play of placing the lead on the first trick by ducking East's Ten of Clubs, although she had three Clubs with which she could take that trick. East must lead a Spade, Heart or Diamond and, regardless of her choice, the lead must be advantageous to Declarer.

East selected a Heart. Declarer false-carded, playing the Queen from Closed Hand, which held the trick.

Declarer now decided to see how discarding would affect the East hand; so to trick 3 she led the Ace of Clubs, on which East discarded the Trey of Diamonds. The King of Clubs produced from East a discard of the Eight of Spades and the Queen of Clubs placed East in an awkward position. Any discard she made might weaken her hand seriously. She decided in favor of a Heart. South then could read the situation with great accuracy; she could place the King and one other Heart in East's hand, so she led a Heart from Closed Hand to trick 6 and won in the Dummy; and to trick 7 led a Heart from Dummy, placing East once more in the lead. It mattered not whether East led a Spade or a Diamond; either lead insured game for Declarer.

Next week's hand is given below; bid it and play it before you read next week's description.

<i>North</i>	<i>East</i>
S. A-9-3	S. K-5-2
H. K-7-6	H. Q-J-10
D. 10-9-3	D. 7-6-5-4
C. K-7-6-3	C. Q-J-8
<i>West</i>	<i>South</i>
S. Q-J-8-7-6	S. 10-4
H. 9-8-5-3	H. A-4-2
D. K	D. A-Q-J-8-2
C. 10-9-2	C. A-5-4

Marriage for Two

Continued from page 21

ex-fiancée he would know that it was through unwillingness to touch a sore spot. . . .

Of course, the servants knew that the invalid in his bedroom was soon to become the mistress of the house. Tracy told Hogan, told him in a colorless voice that forbade any comment even from this devoted servitor. But Hogan had not offered the mockery of congratulation. As for Nurse Evans, her manner took on a strange coldness, but what did Tracy care?

And now, on this first day when Dr. Blanchard had given his consent for the patient to leave the house, they had driven downtown together and been married.

The ceremony itself had made no impression upon Tracy.

BUT now, as it receded behind him, its implications took hold, and all the conventionality that was his background rebelled against the outrageous thing he had done, the wicked thing that he had persuaded this young girl to do. Or perhaps, instead of these implications, this thrusting into the foreground of a hazy background, it was the expression on the girl's face that made him realize what he—she, too—had done.

"How can one be sure of understanding anything about a man like you?" she demanded.

He met her anger with an equal rage. "You value yourself too highly," he said. "You have nothing—that I want."

"And I," she told him, "would never wish to give anything."

"You may even," he went on, "rest assured that after your usefulness to me has ceased, I shall in no way interfere with any plans you may care to make for the future."

"My usefulness," she sneered—"will cease, I suppose, as soon as Miss Wilson is aware that you were able to forget your grief in marriage?"

"Not quite," he said. "I do not wish her to think that I merely—was married. I wish our marriage, apparently, to be a happy one."

"You think we can successfully impose such a pretense on anyone?" she asked.

"Unless you try," he said, "I shall feel that what you said—about being willing to repay me, was a cheap promise, with no honest intent behind it."

He felt, angrily, that he sounded bookish, unreal. But the situation in which they found themselves was so outside his experience that he knew no way to meet it.

"I shall keep my word," she said.

Then she turned her head away from him, and they arrived in silence at the house. Behind Hogan could be seen the smiling face of Nora and Kinjo, the Jap cook, a chef's cap looking strangely out of place above his swarthy countenance.

But the welcome that had been planned for the bride and groom died a-borning. Even loyal old Hogan could not maintain the pretense of celebration. Not in the face of the set, stern countenances of these two young people. So the planned boisterousness became a curtsy on the part of Nora, a sickly grin on the part of Kinjo, and an abashed lowering of the eyelids on the part of Hogan.

Then, in the library, the young couple were alone. Tracy was first to break the silence.

"It is usual," he said, "for a newly married couple to go on a wedding trip." "Whatever you like," she replied, indifferently.

"It's what you like," he said.

"I?" She shrugged. "If my usefulness"—she stressed the word—"can be increased by a wedding journey, then I suppose it is my duty to become enthusiastic at the prospect."

He sat down deliberately, first placing a chair for her.

"Suppose," he said, "that we come to a reasonable understanding. Anger, recrimination, quarreling, will get us nowhere. We both very deliberately did a thing. We are both—well, not proud of it. But—we've done it. We must continue, so far as the rest of the world is concerned, to pretend we are happy. That will be difficult if—we quarrel when we are alone. I shall not inflict myself upon you forever. After a reasonable length of time, I shall not interfere with your procuring a divorce. In the meantime, suppose we show that courtesy to each other which will make it possible for us not to be—too miserable."

Her face softened slightly.

"Let's," she said, with a return of the impulsiveness that had seemed part of her. "At least, if we despise ourselves, let's not try to despise each other."

"Fair enough," said Tracy.

They found themselves shaking hands on the bargain, and Tracy was aware of the fact that her hand was both soft and firm at the same time.

"I should like, if you don't mind, not to go anywhere," she said. "I—I'm still tired."

"Of course," said Tracy.

He watched her go from the room, and he was conscious of admiration for the dignity with which she moved. In the doorway she stopped and looked back.

"May I—dine in my room?" she asked.

He nodded assent. Then she was gone. He sank into a chair, to remain, absolutely still, until Hogan announced dinner. Then, white, strained, worrying about what Hogan was thinking even while he assured himself that it didn't matter what Hogan thought, he dined. That ordeal successfully undergone, he instructed Hogan to tell any newspaper men who, having learned of his marriage, would wish to revive the sensation of last week that he and Mrs. Tracy—how odd the title sounded—were out of town. Then he went to that room which he had occupied since Joyce's arrival in his house.

HOW cheap a thing revenge was! And how futile, especially when one's revenge reacted—as all revenge must—upon one's self. What an ass! What a wicked fool! He, Laurence Tracy, to have married a woman about whom he knew nothing beyond the fact that her name had been Joyce Carroll.

But there were, in this city, others who knew more of his wife than the man who had married her. And one of these, aptly though not euphoniously known as Ratty Rogan, looked up from the evening paper, with its glaring headline:

LAURENCE TRACY MARRIES

JOYCE CARROLL

Jilted Fiance of Helen Wilson Finds Solace with Another Girl

"So," said Rogan, "that's where she went. That's what happened. How in hell did she cop herself a swell like that? And what do I get for keeping me mouth shut about—everything?"

For the Tracy-Carroll wedding was to stir more than the upper world. The underworld would ripple also.

(To be continued next week)