

No. 15

North

♠ 6
♥ Q-10
♦ A-Q-10-9-6-3
♣ 7-5-3-2

West

♠ 3
♥ 9-7-5-2
♦ 8-5-2
♣ A-K-Q-8-6

South

♠ A-K-J-10-7-5-4
♥ A-K-J-4
♦ K-J
♣ None

East

♠ Q-9-8-2
♥ 8-6-3
♦ 7-4
♣ J-10-9-4

How Would You Play It?

By MILTON C. WORK
Author of Auction Bridge Complete

SOUTH, with ample strength to justify a bid of four or five Spades initially, bid only one (the game being Auction, not Contract) because her hand was too strong to preempt. She had no reason to fear that the adversaries, who could have nothing but minor strength, could force her higher in Spades than she was willing to go. Any bidding by her partner or either adversary would be enlightening and there was a faint chance that she might be forced to four and doubled.

Over the one Spade West bid two Clubs, and North bid two Diamonds to deny South's Spades and show strength in Diamonds. East passed; although he had four Clubs

headed by Jack-Ten, the rest of his hand was so weak that he was not justified in supporting his partner's Clubs.

South of course bid two Spades, and West passed. North was placed in a doubtful position. She had denied Spades, but had not shown that she had more than five Diamonds and only a singleton Spade; by a second denial (three Diamonds) she tried to convey this information to South, who, of course, was strong enough to disregard it.

The Play

WEST led the King of Clubs, on which Dummy played the Deuce and East the Nine; South ruffed with the Four of Spades. Having had a total of eight Spades and the adversaries a total of five, Declarer saw the chances were against dropping the adverse Queen by leading out the Ace and King of Spades; it was a better gamble to lead the Spade from Dummy and finesse.

So South led the Four of Hearts to trick 2 and Dummy took it with the Ten. Dummy led the Six of Spades to trick 3, and South finessed, playing a false card—Jack instead of Ten. When the finesse won, not being able to lead Spades again from Dummy, she led (trick 4) Ace from Closed Hand, hoping the adverse Spade division would be 3-2. When West failed to follow to this trick, Declarer could see at once that the Queen of trumps could not be captured by hammer and tongs methods. She had discarded the Three of Clubs from Dummy and now she planned her campaign.

The trumps left in South's hand were the K-10-7-5; in the East hand the Q-9. North and South had all the winning Diamonds and Hearts, so the only trick that Declarer could possibly lose was a trump. Of course it would have

been simple for her to put Dummy in to lead the good Diamonds, hoping that East would trump one of them, in which case the Declarer would have a Grand Slam presented on a platter; but East could count the trumps as well as Declarer could. The only way in which Declarer could make every trick was by reducing her trumps to the number held by East.

THESE hands were broadcast by Mr. Work on Tuesday evening, February 7th. Compare your playing of them with his complete description of the play given below.

To trick 5 she led the Jack of Hearts from Closed Hand, winning with the Queen in Dummy; to trick 6 she led the Five of Clubs from Dummy, ruffing with the Five of trumps in the Closed Hand. To trick 7 she led the Jack of Diamonds from Closed Hand, taking it with the Queen in the Dummy; to trick 8 she led the Seven of Clubs from Dummy, ruffing it with the Seven of trumps in the Closed Hand. She now had reduced her trumps to two (K-10), the number held by East, so all she had to do was to put Dummy in and lead good Diamonds, taking the risk of East's ruffing the second Diamond (trick 9).

To trick 9 she led the King of Diamonds from Closed Hand, winning it with the Ace in Dummy; and when East followed suit, Grand Slam was assured. She now (to trick 10) led the Ten of Diamonds from Dummy, and it mattered not whether East ruffed or discarded. If he ruffed, South would over-ruff, win East's remaining trump and make her Ace and King of Hearts; if East discarded, South would discard and continue to lead winning Diamonds from Dummy.

The Grand Coup is defined as the playing of a superfluous trump on partner's winning card; so that, strictly considered, South's ruffs of North's Clubs were not Grand Coups because she did not actually trump winners. But as she had winning cards in Dummy which she might have led, and only led losers so as to reduce her trumps, the play in this hand was equivalent to the Grand Coup and fully as difficult and brilliant.

In next week's issue Mr. Work will play the Collier's Radio Bridge Hands, to be broadcast Tuesday evening, February 14th, at ten o'clock Eastern Standard Time, through the following stations:

WEAF, New York; WEEL, Boston; WJAR, Providence; WTAG, Worcester; WTIC, Hartford; WGR, Buffalo; WFL, Philadelphia; WRC, Washington; WCSH, Portland, Me.; WSM, Nashville; WHAS, Louisville; WGY, Schenectady; WDAF, Kansas City; WCCO, Minneapolis-St. Paul; WCAE, Pittsburgh; WTAM, Cleveland; WWJ, Detroit; WSAI, Cincinnati; WGN, Chicago; KSD, St. Louis; WOC, Davenport; WSB, Atlanta; WMC, Memphis; WHO, Des Moines; WOW, Omaha; WTMJ, Milwaukee.

A Man Must Eat

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all right?" he asked, with a frown. The other nodded.

"The weather's pretty good over the Channel. You'll get half a gale tonight, which means you'll have to stay in Brussels, but I don't think you'll have a very uncomfortable time."

Giles scratched his chin thoughtfully. He was by no means so optimistic.

He hurried back to the girl.

"Leslie darling, I want you to give up this trip. I don't think either your father or your pie-faced friend ought to go flying on a day like this."

She shook her head. "Father has to be in Brussels this evening. He has a very important conference."

"With Con-Lacto?" he asked irritably, and was instantly penitent. "I'm terribly sorry, but I really wish you weren't coming up. It looks like being a very jumpy voyage, and you'll be sicker than three cats."

"Don't be coarse," she said. Five minutes later he went up in the teeth of a wind of rapidly increasing strength.

Clear of Croydon he began to have an idea of what the weather really was like. The southwest was a black wall. At one minute the countryside was plainly visible, the next it was blotted out by a tumbling, swirling mass of gray cloud. His wireless began to chatter. He picked up his number and the message: "Return to airdrome. Cyclonic disturbances southwest."

"A cyclonic disturbance," was a mild description of the storm. It treated his huge monoplane as if it were a piece of paper. The speed indicator told him nothing; the compass jiggled furiously. Suddenly on his right flickered a broad, jagged crack of blue flame, and the reverberation of the thunder almost shivered his head.

Exactly what was his position he could not tell. He sent out a wireless to request the direction, but received no reply. Again and again he brought the plane down, always to find raging water beneath him and no sign of land.

The reserve of petrol was not a very large one. He looked at his watch: for two hours he had alternately battled and gone with the wind. He was moving north all the time—he was only too conscious of this—and going north at a terrific rate. The third hour passed, and the mechanic made a report on the petrol supply that struck him cold with fear. Again he dipped, came almost to sea level, and zoomed up again. Higher and higher he climbed, and well for him. Suddenly out of the confusion ahead, he saw a white, jagged cliff, cleared the crest of it with a foot to spare. . . . Beneath he saw a level boulder-strewn plateau, ran wide of it, and, coming back into the wind, battled in the teeth of the gale. . . . The wheels struck the ground, just missed a devastating boulder, and came to a standstill abruptly. Only for a second, then he found himself going back, and restarted his engines.

"Get out and tack her down," he yelled.

HE SEIZED a tool box and followed the mechanic. They were in a saucerlike depression, almost bare of vegetation, and around them circled a shrill cloud of gulls.

The airplane was being slowly blown back to the end of the cliff as Giles trundled a couple of bowlders beneath the wheels. He climbed up, wrenched open the door of the saloon, and Count Filitera almost fell into his arms.

"Get out, quick," he commanded, lifted the white-faced girl clear, and assisted Mr. Conway to solid earth.

Giles looked round. At one end of the plateau he had seen a square, wooden hut, and, taking the girl's arm in his, he piloted her through the driving rain. There was need for his support, for the force of the wind was so terrific that they could scarcely keep their feet. And when he spoke to her he had to shout.

"Island of some sort . . . quite small. . . . I thought I saw an automatic light-house."

The force of the wind was broken as they came under the shelter of the sloping crater. The house was closed and shuttered; there was no sign of life; even the squat stone chimney had its cover firmly lashed. On the thick weather-beaten door was an inscription. He peered at this, and deciphered the almost obliterated words.

"It seems to be a sort of bird sanctuary. I've read about it. And this is the watcher's crib."

He knocked at the door, but did not expect an answer. Leaving the girl in the shelter of the hut, he returned to collect Fred and the tools, and in a very short time they had wrenched open the lock and had entered the close-smelling cabin.

It was surprisingly well furnished. There was a bed, a table, an easy-chair, and on a shelf a number of books. Evidently the guardian of this lonely rock spent only a few months of the year in his or her enforced exile.

THE small room leading off the main apartment was the kitchen. There was a Primus stove, but no immediate sign of food. By the time he had finished his inspection Mr. Conway had supported his sick-looking guest to the hut.

"Well, well, this is very unfortunate," quavered the master of Con-Lacto. "I suppose we can get off here?"

"You can swim off," said Giles.

"But we shall be seen—"

"I doubt it," said Giles coolly. "Ships give this rock a wide berth. They hate it so much that they never look at it. My wireless is out of order—at any rate, we can't possibly be rescued until this storm ceases, and it looks like lasting two or three days."

Conway's jaw dropped.

"But . . . but we shall starve!" he stammered.

Giles looked at him with grave, thoughtful eyes.

"Con-Lacto is Strength," he said gently, and saw Mr. Conway wince and the face of Count Filitera lengthen.

"I agree," Conway's tone lacked heartiness but his voice was firm. "And I am very glad, my dear Giles, that you remember the shibboleth of our—of my—in fact, of Con-Lacto."

They retrieved the case from the airplane and brought it into the hut. Leslie's search of the kitchen had been most successful, for she had found not only crockery and spoons in a cupboard but—most wonderful find of all—a large tin of tea and sugar, a round box of petrified cheese and two unopened tins of biscuits.

"We haven't any milk—"

"One teaspoonful in a cup of tea," murmured Giles, avoiding her eyes.

"What about you, er—Giles?" asked Conway diffidently. "In the circumstances we can hardly expect him to live on a diet he—um—loathes."

To the girl's amazement, Giles nodded. "Con-Lacto for me—The Food of Giants," he said, and when the tin was opened he took a spoonful of the viscid mass and swallowed it without a grimace.

And only then did Leslie Conway understand how he had come to win the Distinguished Flying Cross.

Mr. Conway took up his teaspoon and looked long and earnestly at the white contents of the tin.

"Splendid!" he said, but there was no enthusiasm in his tone. "And what about you, my love?"

"The biscuits and the tea, I think, will sustain me," she said. "They're sweet biscuits too, and there's a box of cream cheese."

Mr. Conway dipped in the spoon and filled it.

"Not for me," said the count hastily. "I have no hunger."

"This will prevent hunger," said Mr. Conway gently.

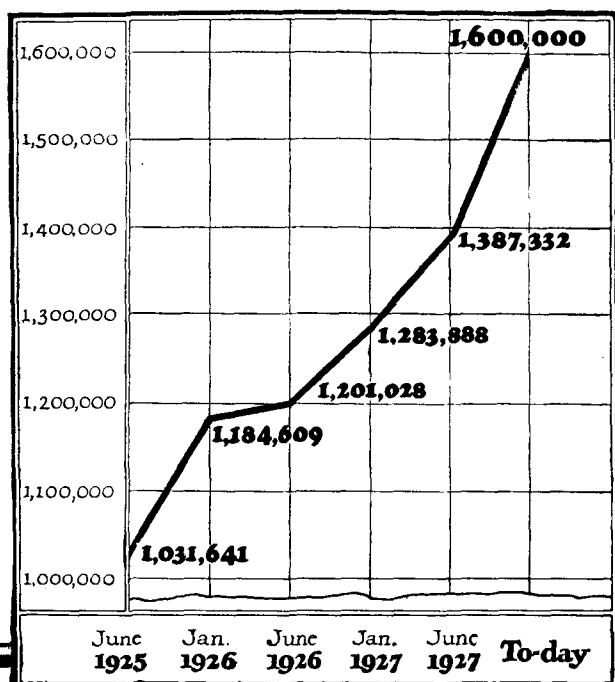
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To ADVERTISERS *who have* *ordered Space in Collier's* NOW 1,600,000

with more than 650,000 *on the* newsstands

Since June 1925, Collier's circulation has steadily increased—showing a growth to date of 568,359. Note that each six months' period has registered an emphatic gain — there are no fluctuations in the circulation curve—and the chart tells a story of consistent progress resulting from a sound and brilliant editorial program.

Collier's Growth



COLLIER'S, today, puts an extra quarter million or an extra half million families into the market of those advertisers who last year looked ahead and ordered space for 1928.

In other words it gives them 1,600,000 homes — whereas they contracted to buy only 1,100,000 — or 1,350,000 — depending on the date space was reserved.

Collier's newsstand sales have grown so fast that they have outrun all office forecasts and our own organization repeatedly overnight has been forced to revise figures, plans, mechanical and traffic arrangements.

Three times in the past twelve months our promises to advertisers have been made good far in advance of expectations.

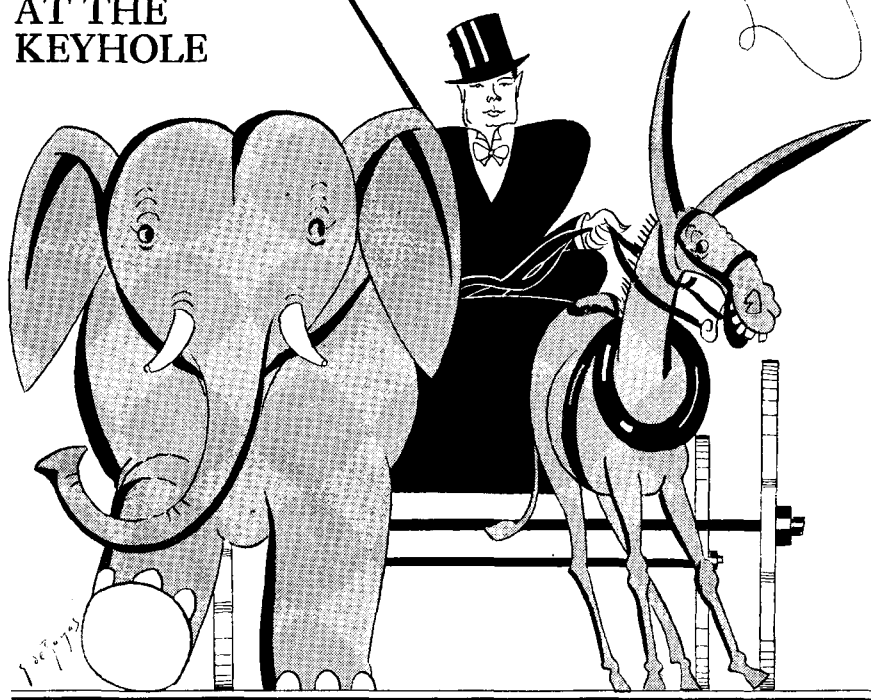
Today we are delivering 1,600,000 with more than 650,000 on the newsstands.

And the most gratifying feature to those advertisers who in 1928 will reap their share of the profits incident to Collier's progress — is the fact that this dramatic growth has been constant—as shown by the chart opposite.

THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY
 NEW YORK

The Spoiled Child

BY THE
GENTLEMAN
AT THE
KEYHOLE



THE new senator from New Mexico, Bronson Cutting, appointed to succeed the late Andrieus A. Jones, is a novelty: an "Independent Republican"—the only one in the Senate, in fact, for Progressives profess to be "pure" Republicans. He is going to be a Republican when he feels like being one and a Democrat when he feels that way. He always has been. The Republicans are likely to have as much trouble with him as the Democrats have with Cole Blease, and that is a five-ton truck load.

I hope he has a sense of humor, but probably he hasn't, for a man with a sense of humor could have had a lot of fun doing what he has been doing in the politics of New Mexico. He started out a young man from Harvard who went to New Mexico, perhaps for his health, by being the leader of the Progressive party in his state in the great days of Armageddon. Two years out of college, he had a needy party all to himself, and being rich, a son of one of the wealthy Cuttings of New York, he financed it. After leading the riotous soldiers of the Lord in the mad campaign of 1912 it would not be easy to settle down in the lower ranks.

When Roosevelt put an end to the Progressive party Cutting resented it, and so, it is said, supported Wilson for President in 1916. Thereafter, with his newspapers and campaign contributions he supported Democrats and Republicans as the spirit moved him.

Will He Ride the G. O. P.

NEW MEXICO being a close state, he became a sort of balance of power. Whichever side enjoyed his favor was pretty likely to win. He broke with the last Democratic governor, in the middle of his term—his breaks with those he has created are frequent, for he is willful, as befits an independent or a young man born to authority. He threw his influence for the Republican ticket in the last state election, and the Republicans were victorious. The only Democrat he supported in 1926 was Congressman Morrow, who was the only Democrat elected. Starting with a party all his own, he had become the maker and breaker of parties.

All this time the Democrats would say of this young arbiter, "He will end

by being a Republican." And Republicans similarly eying him would predict that he would end by being a Democrat. And each side would be divided between regret at losing connection with his generous pocketbook at campaign times and relief at having no longer to try to please a rather dictatorial young man who demanded a great deal of consideration and who was easily offended if he did not get as much as he thought he deserved. If they could have had his campaign contributions in their own party and himself in the other, each party would have been happy.

By common repute the richest man in New Mexico, he is the first of the young men of family and fortune who has succeeded in making himself master of the political destiny of a state. And he is the first young man of this description to reach the Senate. He reached it in this way: The present governor of New Mexico, R. C. Dillon, owes his election to the support Mr. Cutting gave to the Republican ticket in 1926, after his break with the Democratic governor, whom he had made two years earlier. The governor was therefore under obligations to Mr. Cutting and could hardly do otherwise than appoint him senator. Whether Mr. Cutting can do as well by himself when he comes up for reelection as he has done by Republicans and Democrats whom he has chosen to support is another matter. He will have to run in 1928, and in that year Al Smith will be carrying the states for the Democrats. Moreover, a lot of Republican politicians in New Mexico are made unhappy by the appointment. You can't have your own way as much as Mr. Cutting has had without causing resentment.

Has the new senator at last landed in the Republican party as the Democrats of New Mexico predicted he would? That word Independent indicates that he likes too well to be the balance of power between the two parties ever to surrender its advantages for a mere senatorship. And *noblesse oblige* obliges the other fellow. And the other fellow has not always recognized obligations enough so that Mr. Cutting could ever settle down comfortably in any one party. His enemies refer to him unkindly as "the spoiled child of politics."

A Man Must Eat

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The count swallowed, shaking his face many times in the process.

When Giles went back to the plane the gloomy Fred had important news for him.

"I made a mistake about the juice, sir: there's enough in No. 2 tank to get us to land as soon as the wind drops, and she ought to be able to take off from here: we're 300 feet above sea level, and after I've cleared away a few of these stones there's a straight run to the edge of the cliff."

Giles waited to consult him about another matter, and returned with his news. The machine was not damaged at all, except that a couple of stays were broken, but Fred had put these right. Giles consulted the girl.

"You and your father had better sleep in the hut. This other bird can make himself comfortable in the kitchen, and Fred and I will use the saloon of the plane."

Next morning Giles arrived at the hut to find two of his passengers at breakfast and to witness the revolt of one of his passengers. He heard the count's voice raised before he reached the hut:

"I will not have it! It is muck! I would sooner starve: last night I drank it, but it nearly killed me!"

"I am sorry to hear you say that," said Mr. Conway gravely.

Toward evening Mr. Josiah Conway came to Giles with a sad story:

"I am perfectly sure I saw that wretched foreigner throw a tin over the cliff. Something startled the sea gulls."

"That was Con-Lacto," nodded Giles.

"I can imagine nothing more startling." "And I found him," Mr. Conway went on soberly, "sucking eggs: sea gulls' eggs! Are they nutritious—sea gulls' eggs?"

"If you get them fresh. But I don't think they can be sea gulls' eggs: it's rather early in the season."

"They are not dangerous?" asked Mr. Conway anxiously. "Would you call them—um—nutritious? . . . A little fishy, perhaps?"

At lunch time he was missing from the festive board. Leslie munched her biscuit and cheese, and drank her tea.

"Daddy's taken his Con-Lacto with him—he says it tastes better in the open."

"I saw him as I came in," said Giles. He did not wish to hurt her with a too vivid description of a middle-aged gentleman squatting behind a rock, en-

tirely surrounded by the cracked shells of eggs ravished from maternal nests.

The wind dropped very gradually. There was a sea fog the second day. By the third day, when the count and Mr. Conway were not on speaking terms, and when the sight of a tin of Con-Lacto set Mr. Conway shuddering, the sea mist cleared off, and far away on the west they could distinguish a coast line.

"We'll chance it," said Giles.

They packed their baggage again into the airplane, all except one wooden case three parts full of circular tins.

"I'd better take one of these," said Giles, pocketing it.

"I think you're a hero!" she breathed. "And Daddy thinks so too. He was saying this morning that a man with your power of . . . something or other—"

"Digestion?" suggested Giles.

"No, it was something rather nice . . . ought to be a partner. And really, darling, there must be something in it: I've never seen you looking better."

"Con-Lacto is Health," said Giles absently as they started off.

THEY found a car to take them to the nearest main-line station. Just before she left Leslie went in search of the mechanic to tip him.

"It's all right, miss," he said, waving away the note. "It's a pleasure, I assure you. After all, I've done nothing only me dooty. It might have been worse, if there hadn't been any food—"

"You do like Con-Lacto, don't you?" His face was a blank.

"Con what, miss?"

"You know—the food in the little tin. Mr. Broad said you liked it."

He shook his head. "But," she insisted, "Mr. Conway had it."

"I don't remember seeing it, miss; but, as I was saying, all them sandwiches my missus brought come in handy after all. They lasted me and Mr. Broad three days, which only shows that my wife's got the rummest ideas about a person's inside—"

But Leslie did not stop to listen. She hurled a fleeting "Hypocrite!" at Giles as she took farewell of him. But apparently she said nothing nor did nothing to prevent her father's nominating Giles Broad as a director of Con-Lacto, Limited, and did not so much as raise her voice in protest when Mr. Conway suggested that it wouldn't be a bad idea if a fellow like that . . . should be a member of the family. . . .

Aladdin on Broadway

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sign, which means Standing Room Only.

It dawned slowly upon the baffled Broadway wisecracks that here was a phenomenon quite new in the experience of the Great Midway.

Whenever a play runs on for a time in New York without visible means of support there is winking and leering. The first suspicion, of course, is that some fair lady of the theatre has persuaded a fatuous and enamored Moneybags (her husband perhaps) to give her the kind of rôles which, through the jealousies of her craft and the stupidity of the commercial managers, had previously been given right over her head to such nobodies as Ethel Barrymore or Ina Claire.

Or perhaps the "angel" himself has written a play and, smitten by the usual budding author's infatuation with his own brain child, is unwilling to face the dismaying fact that, as a work of art, it is somewhat inferior to Hamlet and as a piece of merchandise somewhat less marketable than Abie's Irish Rose.

Or perhaps the backer is a triumphant Wall Street speculator with an ineradicable belief that he was really

meant for bigger and finer things. And certainly you can imagine how the pirates of Times Square swarm up the rigging of such defenseless treasure ships when they heave guilelessly into view.

None of these familiar formulæ seemed to touch The Ladder. Then bit by bit an explanation took form in the talk of the town and grew slowly into a legend. The play had been written, it seemed, at the behest of a rich and silent adventurer in the Texas oil fields whose name was Edgar B. Davis. It had been staged at his instigation and expense—and he, for reasons known only to himself, had decided that The Ladder should go on running whether anyone wanted to see it or not.

In attempting an explanation of him, I can only tell you how he came to produce the play in the first place and hint to you what so many diagnosticians seem to forget—that a man may start something from one motive and keep slugging away at it from quite another.

Edgar Davis, now a man in his early

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