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How would You play it ?

North

- ♠ K-4-2
- ♥ Q-10-8-5
- ♦ A-9-6-3
- ♣ 7-4

East

- ♠ 10-5
- ♥ K-J-9-3
- ♦ Q-J-4
- ♣ J-10-8-6

By
**Milton C.
Work**
*Author of Auction
Bridge Complete*

West

- ♠ 7
- ♥ 7-6-4-2
- ♦ K-10-5
- ♣ A-Q-5-3-2

South

- ♠ A-Q-J-9-8-6-3
- ♥ A
- ♦ 8-7-2
- ♣ K-9

THE above Auction Bridge hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description of the actual play follows:

The Auction

South opened the bidding with a pre-empting bid of three Spades.

Pre-emption should never be indulged in with a hand which might work better at No Trump or at some other suit; but when the initial bidder is convinced (as in this case) that his suit will furnish the most advantageous contract, it is best to shut out competition and not allow the opponents to hear from each other.

The Play

West did not wish to open her Clubs headed by an Ace-Queen, nor her short Diamonds headed by King-Ten; so she was reduced to a choice between a singleton trump and four worthless Hearts. Many thoughtless players, with hands containing uninviting plain suit openings, start by leading a singleton trump.

In this case, West led her Deuce of Hearts and Dummy played the Five. East knew that West's Deuce was either a singleton or a fourth best; if a singleton, South must hold four (the Ace and three others) Hearts. Under such conditions she would not have been so apt to bid three Spades. East could depend upon West, when leading against a trump contract, not to open a small card of an Ace suit. East played her Trey of Hearts on the first trick—a play that involved no risk whatever even if West had led a singleton and South held four Hearts. If South had a singleton Ace, East's duck was obviously advantageous; if West was leading the improbable singleton, East, by playing low on the first trick, must eventually make two Hearts; she would not make more if she played the Nine.

Declarer led the Queen of Spades to trick 2; and the Six of Spades to trick 3, taking with the King in Dummy. This made Dummy's Spade Four an entry which might be seriously needed. Having exhausted the adverse trumps and knowing that a Heart lead from

Dummy would be useless, Declarer tried the expedient of leading a small Diamond from that hand. She must lose two Diamond tricks and one Club trick. If she loses only three tricks, she will go game; but if the Ace of Clubs is held by West, South's only chance of not losing two Club tricks is to have West lead that suit, or to be able to establish a long Diamond in Dummy.

The first Diamond was won by East with the Jack and she, realizing that a continuation of her partner's Hearts up to Dummy's Q-10-8 would be fatal and returning the adverse Diamonds foolish, had but one lead left; viz., the Jack of Clubs. South had no course but to make an almost hopeless cover with the King; and the adversaries, taking two Club tricks and two Diamond tricks, saved game.

If East had played her Nine of Hearts at trick 1, North would not have led a Diamond at trick 3 but would have led her Ten of Hearts. East would have covered with the Jack, South would have trumped and then put North in with the Four of trumps. North then would have led her Queen of Hearts, which East would have covered with the King. South would have ruffed once more, put North in with the Ace of Diamonds to cast a good Heart and give South the discards he needed to make his game. The winning or losing of the game therefore hinged on East's play to trick 1.

Next week's hand is given below; make up your mind how you would bid and play it before you read next week's description.

North

- S. 9-5-2
- H. 9-8-6-4
- D. J-6-4
- C. 9-4-2

East

- S. A-K-J-10
- H. 7-3-2
- D. Q-9-7
- C. 8-5-3

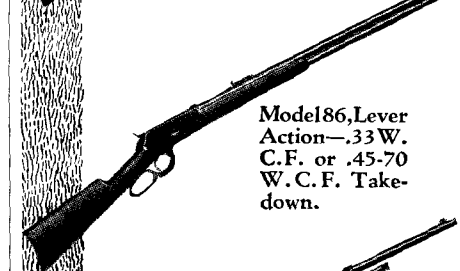
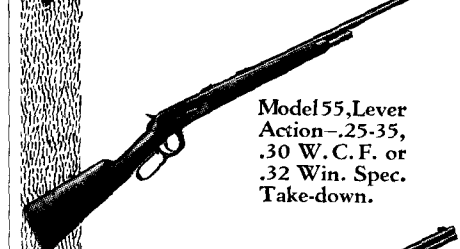
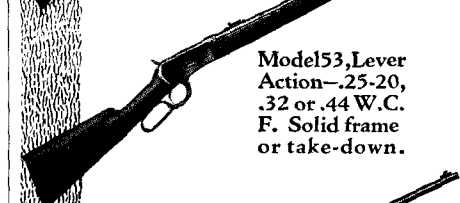
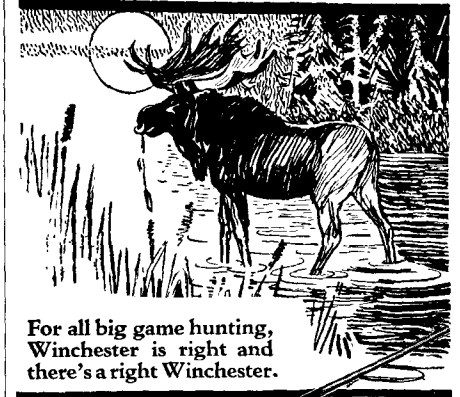
West

- S. Q-8-6-3
- H. K-J-5
- D. A-10-5
- C. K-J-6

South

- S. 7-4
- H. A-Q-10
- D. K-8-3-2
- C. A-Q-10-7

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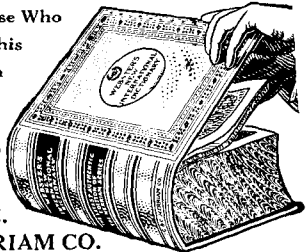
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Shepherd of Guadalupe

Continued from page 24

mansion on the knoll had known her for only few and short intervals. Now she had come back to stay, only to find the romance and joy of it ruined perhaps forever.

Her sad misgivings were interrupted by the opening of the door.

"Come in, Virginia," called Mrs. Forrest, who stood there, with traces of tears on her flushed face.

Virginia slipped in with the weight of other years upon her shoulders. Clifton was lying on the couch under the window.

"Mother wants to thank you," he said, with eyes that would haunt her.

"Please don't," implored Virginia.

"Lass, you made it easy for me," said Mrs. Forrest quaveringly. "Bless you!"

"Mother, not so long ago this tall, dignified, young woman was a red-headed tomboy with bare legs," said Clifton.

"Laws-a-me, Cliff, she was indeed," replied his mother, with a sigh. "She's changed like everything."

"My heart hasn't changed," returned Virginia, her cheeks hot.

"Virginia Lundeen, come closer," commanded Clifton, "so I can see in your eyes. . . . Do you know what your father did to my father?"

His query, sharp though it was, had nothing of the confounding quality of his accusing, soul-searching gaze.

"Clifton, I know nothing—nothing at all about what happened between my dad and yours," she protested wildly, conscious of her inability to maintain composure. "I've been away most of the time since it happened."

Forrest did not answer for several moments. He appeared to be lost in some mood of introspection. Then he said quietly, almost matter-of-factly, "We're ruined—peiniless—and I've come home to die."

"Oh, don't say that last—don't!" cried Virginia entreatingly. "Say you will live! You must not—you cannot give up now—and leave them alone, when they most need you. . . . Clifton, you lived to get home!"

"MY SON, prayer and hope and will are mighty," added his mother fervently.

"Oh, Clifton, that is the spirit," went on Virginia eloquently. "You stood it all to get home. Now stand it all and more—to get well. . . . And let me help you. I—I have more money than I know what to do with. If you will only let me make it easy for you—till you're strong again!"

"Do you imagine I could take money from a girl whose father robbed mine?" demanded Forrest.

"Robbed! Oh, that's not true," she returned hotly. "You are unstrung. You speak wildly. My father might have been hard, unforgiving to your father, who was hard too. But dishonest—no. I couldn't believe it—and—and you must apologize."

Heavy footfalls on the porch outside stopped Virginia's lips. The door jarred—opened wide to disclose a tall man with upstanding, grizzled hair like the mane of a lion. Virginia knew him, though four years had passed since her last glimpse of this rugged face, gray like a stone, with eyes of burning jet that transfixed her.

"Mr. Forrest," said Virginia, brave at the sight of him. "I'm Virginia Lundeen. . . . Clifton came up to my—to Cottonwoods by mistake. And as he needed assistance I—I brought him down."

Forrest inclined his head, as if in forced acknowledgment, and his hand swept toward the open door, dismissing her from a roof that could not harbor a Lundeen.

Virginia fled. And as she reached the porch she heard his booming voice: "Howdy, prodigal son! So the war drove you home to Dad?"

Perhaps some of Virginia's breathlessness, when she reached the car, was due to haste; however, a little hurry could hardly have been responsible for her scarlet face.

"'Ginia, what'd the old devil do?" demanded Ethel, bridling.

"He deigned me—a grand gesture of dismissal," panted Virginia as she flounced into the car. "Take us back, driver."

"Didn't he say anything?"

"Not a word. I was dirt—in his house—and his hand swept me out."

"AFTER all your kindness? Mean of him! 'Ginia, he was as nice as pie to me until he asked who was calling. Then I got fussed. I was afraid you'd come out. I spilled the beans all right. He turned as white as a sheet. It was good I wasn't the one to tell Clifton's mother. I felt sorry for him. Then, when I got to Clifton's mistake, going to your house, and your bringing him down here—whew! Oh, my! . . . Come to think it over, I don't really believe he meant to curse us. Probably it was the rotten luck of it."

"I wouldn't put him above it."

"But if he loves Clifton? . . . Pretty tough on Clifton, don't you think?"

"Sickening to me. What must it have been to him? . . . But oh, Ethel, he's game. You should have seen him!"

"'Ginia," murmured Ethel dreamily, "you'll fall in love with Clifton Forrest."

"I would if it'd help him get well," flashed Virginia, unreckoning. Then she was appalled at a reply which had not emanated from her thoughtful self.

"You've fallen already," went on Ethel, bent on completing her case.

"Ethel, you're a sentimental little idiot," declared Virginia impatiently.

"Well, darling, if you don't fall in love with Clifton, I will."

"Ethel Wayne! I'll pack you back home to Denver and never ask you here again."

"You've asked me for two months. You can't go back on that. And, honey, you've likely forgotten how much I can do in little time."

"Do be serious, Ethel. This—this thing has made me unhappy."

"I am serious. And I wouldn't give a hoot for you if you weren't unhappy. But, 'Ginia, you're as cold as a fish. All our Western boy friends say as much, anyhow. Who'd ever think you were born in the South? You slip into a Southern accent once in a while—just enough to make me want more, but as for Southern love and passion, why, you're simply not there."

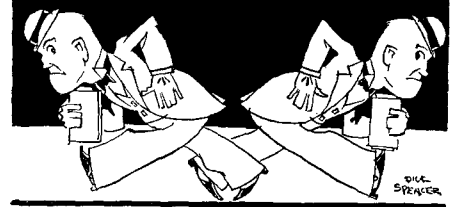
"Ethel, it strikes me you're not paying the Southern girls much of a compliment. And your own mother came from Louisiana."

"I sure am. Love, anyway, is the only thing in the world."

"You speak from a wide experience—that is, dearie, if by flirtation you mean love."

"Is that so? You've got a pair of eyes yourself. Don't be a prune, Virginia. Be a good sport, as you always used to be. You've toddled home from the East for good, so you say. You've

Tom Masson Says



The best way to meet a bill collector is to be one yourself.

Excuse for a divorce by a companionate marriage husband: "She didn't return my call."

The Department of Labor says the selling of newspapers by boys builds character. And on Sunday, muscle.

Now that Hollywood has its museum, it is understood that a special section will be devoted to the obsolete husbands of stars.

John B. Watson says that geniuses can be manufactured. When we get going we are not likely to run out of raw material.

Flaming youth gets most of its fuel at gas stations.

Most people who build castles in the air fail to provide parachutes.

A good many of the American tourists who spent \$4,000,000 in Canada last season are making rye faces.

Proposed prize contest: To be awarded to the man who wasn't fired before he resigned.

The New York Library is to have an addition costing several millions. Someone must have been taking out a book.

