

How would You play it?

By
Milton C. Work
Author of Auction
Bridge Complete

North

- ♠ A-10-3
- ♥ J-9-6-4-3
- ♦ 7-4
- ♣ A-K-J

East

- ♠ 9-8-4-2
- ♥ 8-5
- ♦ J-10-8-3
- ♣ Q-8-5

West

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

South

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

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

The Auction

South bid one Heart, West two Diamonds and North two Hearts which obtained the contract.

At Contract Bridge the bidding would involve a bit more consideration for both North and South. South would be tempted to bid two Hearts because her strength is nearly two tricks greater than the requirement for a minimum one-Heart bid which shows only four tricks, at least two of which must be high-card tricks. South can reasonably expect to take five Heart tricks and one Spade trick, which would be the six tricks a two-bid would announce. However, the Spade trick is not assured beyond doubt and it is not conservative in Contract to open with a suit-bid of two unless the six tricks are more definite than they are in this case. It would be a close question with this holding, but a one-bid would be much safer.

Over the one, West would bid two Diamonds, and North three Hearts. North would be tempted to bid four and has so close to the strength justifying it that she could not be seriously criticized if she did; but her hand is one short of the count and, as the count will prove the best guide in the long run, the safest plan is to follow it accurately. In Contract, when your partner starts by bidding one of a suit, it requires a count of 13 based on the suit valuations, to jump to two, 17 to three, and 21 to four. North would count her Ace of Spades as 5 (in raising suit-bids, an Ace counts 5, although it counts only 4 for the different scale of No Trump values), her five trumps as 3, her Diamond doubleton as 1, her Ace-King-Jack of Clubs as 11, making a total of 20.

Of course after North's jump to three, South, with much more than a minimum one, would bid four without the least hesitation.

The Play

When this hand was actually played, West led two high Diamonds and then shifted to a Club, leading through Dummy's Ace-King-Jack. Declarer declined the opportunity to finesse on the first round, winning with Dummy's King;

led two rounds of trumps, winning the second in Closed Hand, and then tried the Club finesse. When it lost, East led a third Club, putting Dummy in the lead; and Declarer then led a Spade from Dummy, finessing the Jack in the Closed Hand, which West won with the Queen, and the adversaries saved game, taking two Diamonds, one Club and one Spade.

At the end of the hand the Declarer commented quite forcefully upon her hard luck in finding both finesses wrong. She had, however, a sure game had she only noted the way to make it. After drawing the adverse trumps and with the Diamonds gone from her two hands, all that it was necessary for her to do was to get out North and South's Clubs, put the adversaries in and force them to lead either a Diamond or a Club which Declarer could trump in one hand while she discarded a Spade from the other; or to lead a Spade, and a Spade lead from either adverse hand insures game for Declarer.

Consequently the cinch method for Declarer to handle the play would be after the adverse trumps were exhausted, to lead another Club, winning it with the Ace in Dummy, and then to lead the Jack of Clubs from Dummy, giving up any thought of taking three Club tricks but insuring all the remaining tricks. It would not matter to Declarer which adverse hand won the third Club; her losses would be limited to one Club trick and two Diamond tricks, and game would become a certainty.

This is the classic "elimination play"; and like most classics it has been studied mostly by scholars and is not very well understood outside of their ranks—"scholars" in this case, meaning Bridge experts.

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

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

The Ha'nt Hound

Continued from page 11

The afternoon was much the same as the morning, with Martha prompting Spudge to greater speed, while Spudge's back ached and cramped. Once while Martha was at the packing shed, Della suggested that Spudge drop around some night to visit some.

"Nunh-unh," he objected. "I too skeered to git out after night."

"Skeered er yo' maw, hunh?"

"Naw, ha'nts." Spudge almost shivered at the idea of walking abroad at night. "I got gray eyes—"

Della laughed heartily. "You b'lieve in dat stuff, hunh?" It was too ridiculous!

"Cou'se I do," Spudge declared. "Ev'ytyme I gits kotched out after dark, I sees 'em." And he started recounting the time that the big one got after him over in the road when he was coming home from Needmore. But before he got to the shooting part, Martha returned and Spudge went to work.

THEY left the field a little before sundown. Spudge insisted on getting through the thicket before dark and Martha consented, mainly because she was very tired, herself, and had many tickets in her tobacco sack.

As soon as supper was over, they went to bed. Martha was sleepy and tired. Spudge was just tired. He couldn't sleep because Della was on his mind, and some way or other he couldn't get her off.

By eight o'clock the moon was up, full and brilliant. Martha snored peacefully, and Spudge was about to doze off. Then out in the night he heard old Spot yowling and wailing.

He sat up in bed and listened. Martha opened and closed her mouth with a sputtering sound.

"He trailin'," Spudge announced to himself, and he listened intently.

The long wailing sounds suddenly were replaced by short, sharp yelps in the edge of the clearing by the cabin.

"Got him treed!" exclaimed Spudge, crawling out of bed. "I bet ole Spot done run dat coon up a tree!" He stepped excitedly into his trousers, procured his gun from the forks over the mantel and started out.

At the door he halted suddenly and stepped back into the house. He stood a minute in indecision. Old Spot's sharp tree barks tingled his huntsman's blood. Yet it was night outside and the darkness was swarming with ghosts, ready to grab him the instant he ventured out alone.

"G-g-g-git up, Martha," he stammered. "Git up and come out to dat dog wit me, and le's git dat coon."

"I ain't studyin' no coon," snapped Martha. "But ef'n you don't make dat dog stop dat racket so I kin sleep, I'm gonter club you wid a poker."

"Sweet," protested Spudge, "I can't git out by myse'f. De ha'nts 'd git me befo'—"

"De ha'nts my hind foot!" exploded Martha. "You git out and stop dat dog's racket, or I'm gonter git up and stop yo's! You hyared me!"

There was no use holding back. Ha'nts were terrible things. But Martha was worse. And more immediate. Spudge clutched his gun and stumbled out the door.

Ha'nts swarmed all about him, pulling his clothes and sticking briars into his hide, but he couldn't see them, because he had his eyes closed.

After countless ages of agony and fear, he got to the tree. It was a dead tree, free of leaves and small branches. The coon was on the first limb, and the

excitement of seeing his game drove the fears of ha'nts away from Spudge's mind, for the moment. He circled the tree until he had his game "mooned." One shot brought it down.

It was the work of very few minutes to get the coon skinned, the hide tacked to the wall of the house, and the fresh meat salted, and it was only after Spudge crawled back into bed that he realized that he hadn't seen a single, solitary ghost while working with the coon.

The next day was a hard one in the berry patch. The sun was hot and it beat down upon the backs of the pickers. It also ripened the berries too rapidly, and, even that early, the pickers encountered many that were too ripe to be shipped. The boss-man grumbled and swore that the "Old Man" would lose half his crop if he didn't hustle out some pickers from Baton Rouge.

Martha worked feverishly, filling her boxes and prompting Spudge to greater speed. The tobacco sack about her neck bulged opulently with yellow tickets, and more were added as rapidly as she could get her boxes filled.

Spudge worked hard, but his back hurt and the needle-like rays of the sun cut through his blue shirt and stung his hide. Della, always on the row to his left, occasionally contributed a handful of berries to his tray, and Spudge found time, while Martha was away, to finish his fiercest ghost experience.

"Riz right up in front er me, like a cow," he explained. "Right out er nothin'. And so I tuck my gun and I leveled down on him—"

"You shot dat cow?" demanded Della.

"Naw, I shot dat ha'nt," Spudge stated.

Della was so surprised at first that she could not even giggle. Then finally she broke out in a high-pitched peal of laughter. She raised on her knees and fell over backwards, rolling over and over between the rows.

"So hit was you done dat, hunh?" she asked between outbursts of laughter. "Dat was last month, hunh?"

Spudge could not see the joke, but he grinned agreeably.

"Boy," she explained, finally controlling her mirth, "you better not let de boss man know you shot dat ha'nt." She almost gave way to more laughter, but she controlled herself after a struggle. "'Cause about de time you shot dat ha'nt hit was somebody which kilt one er his fine deery cows up on de road, and he offerin' a solid hun'ed dollars to find out who done hit." She gave way to laughing for a minute. "Dat was a full-blooded Holstein ha'nt you kilt, son," she added. "Pure full-blooded!"

MARTHA returned from the packing shed and Spudge got very busy again. So it was a cow, hunh? Well, what did a cow want to get up behind him on old Clipper for, after she had been shot twice with turkey shot? And then ride old Clipper all night long, after she was dead, and bring him home at daylight with his mane and tail all knotted into witch stirrups?

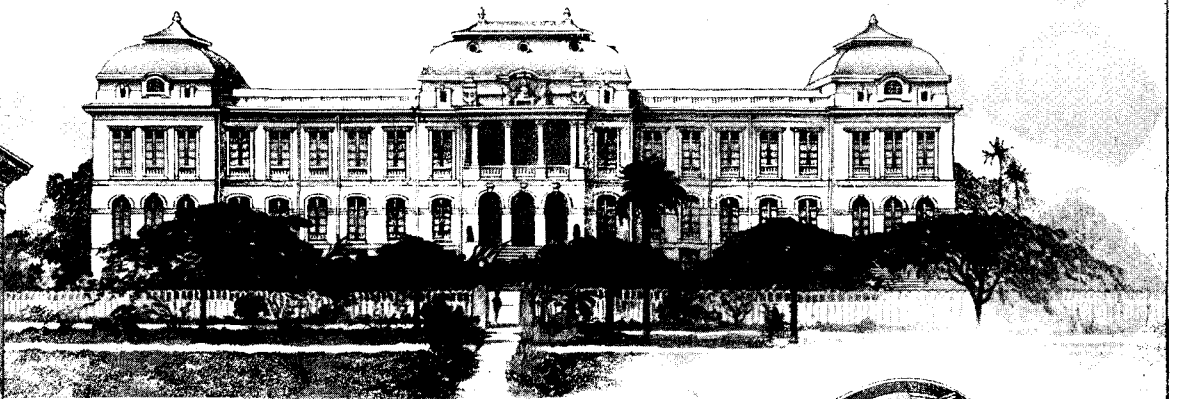
Berry after berry went into the boxes, and little by little things argued themselves out in Spudge's mind. Come to remember it, Clipper had gotten all of those cockleburs in his mane and tail before Spudge rode him to mill. He remembered now, how the boys at Needmore had ragged him for being too lazy to curry them out. And with that part explained he began to wonder if the

(Continued on page 44)

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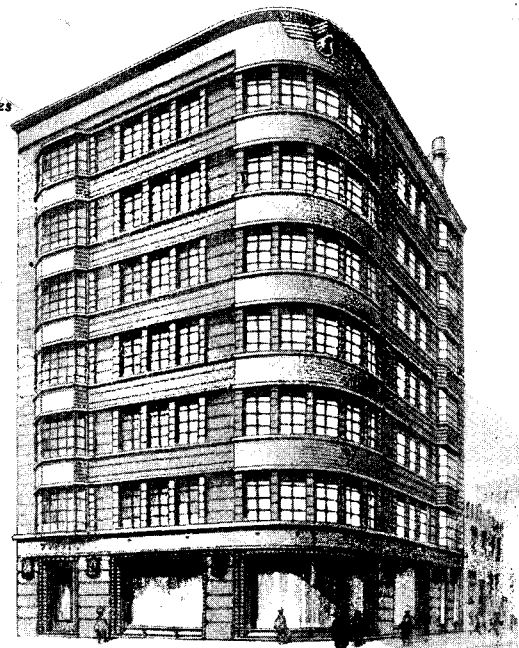


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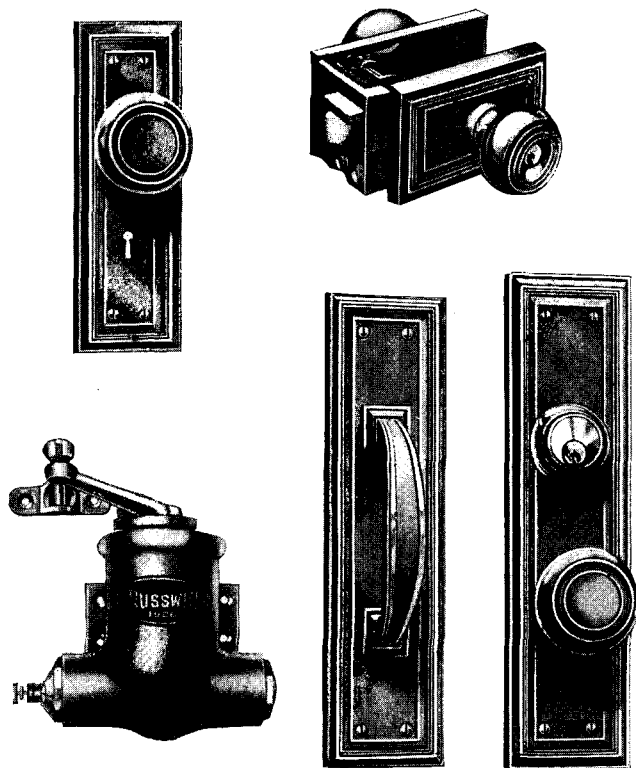


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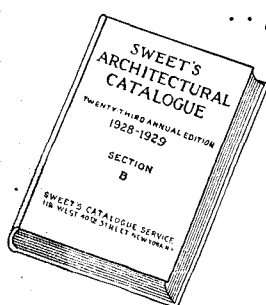
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The Ha'nt Hound

Continued from page 42



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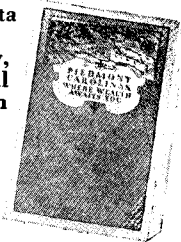
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cow actually had climbed up behind him. He thought she had, of course. But it was a big cow—or big ha'nt. "Must er weighed a solid ton," he concluded. "And old Clipper too old to go ridin' anything like dat all night." No, probably he just expected the ha'nt to crawl up behind him, and he left before he actually saw it do so.

When Martha "knocked off" to prepare dinner, Spudge grinned at Della. "Dat was a good joke," he declared. "Me killin' dat cow like she was a ha'nt!"

Della laughed. "Hit's a good thing I'm yo' friend," she told him. "'Cause ef'n I wa'n't yo' friend and went and told de boss man—"

Spudge chuckled. "I know a mo' better joke dan dat," he informed her. "You think dat woman which is always bossin' at me is my maw, don't you?"

"Ain't she?"

"Now, gal," Spudge laughed outright. "She ain't my maw, a-tall. She my wife!" He laughed with gusto.

Della froze up immediately. "Humph!" she snorted, and turned her back on Spudge.

"Ain't dat funny, gal?" Spudge was disappointed because she couldn't see the joke. "You think she was my—"

"I ain't studyin' what I think," Della said coldly. "And you too. Go on and pick yo' berries. Don't come jawin' wid me. I don't know you."

Spudge picked. It was too many for him. A good joke was a good joke and ought to be laughed at, not gotten mad at. The more he puzzled the worse muddle it seemed, and the worse muddle it seemed, the harder he picked berries.

Spudge forgot to mention knocking off work in time to get home before sundown, and Martha forgot it too. They walked down the path through the thicket together in the fast-approaching darkness, Spudge strangely silent and moody, and Martha worried in her mind about something she just could not quite place. Martha knew something was in the air; something had happened to Spudge, probably. But what? He acted like a man with a woman on his mind, and she knew better than that. But still—

She pictured in her mind each woman that Spudge had seen in the field. Only one was dangerous-looking, potentially—the same one Martha had seen on the foot log, earlier in the year—and she always seemed to be attending strictly to her berry picking. As was Spudge. No it couldn't be a woman.

She studied the bulky shadow of the big man in the path in front of her. Big as a giant, and gentle as a lamb! And afraid of ha'nts!

THEY had supper in silence, and while Martha was setting things aright, Spudge got his gun down from the rack, cleaned it, put it back, and then took it down and cleaned it again. He then fidgeted about, doing things and undoing them. He usually wasn't that way.

"Got a weary on yo' mind, son?" Martha asked, finally.

"Nawp," Spudge said. "No weary. Jest feel like trompin' around some. Outside. B'lieve I'll git old Spot and see can't us tree a possum, maybe."

Strange action for Spudge! Martha worried in silence for a minute. Then suddenly she recalled they had come home in the dark and Spudge hadn't said a word about ghosts.

"What about dat ha'nt you shot, son?" she asked.

Spudge laughed. "Dat's a joke," he

said. "Hit wan't no ha'nt; hit was a cow!" He laughed heartily. "Della, she told me de boss man got powerful mad when he found I had done shot dat cow!" He continued to laugh at the fine joke!

"Della!" broke in Martha. "Who Della?"

"She ain't gonter tell de boss man," Spudge explained. "She my particular friend." When he said that, he remembered again how she acted in the field, and he quit laughing. And before Martha could press more questions at him, he got his hat, called old Spot to heel, and walked out.

AFTER he left, Martha thought more seriously than ever. "Della, hunh?" Things worked slowly in her mind but they worked. No doubt Della was that very same woman that she had decided was working too hard to be harmful!

It wasn't too clear in Martha's brain, yet, but it was clear enough for action, and Martha believed in action.

But not Spudge. He believed in ambling about aimlessly until the worry worried itself into a solution. He tromped about the woods, for a while, with old Spot at his heel.

"Della ain't no fool," Spudge remarked aloud, "but she sho' ack like one, dis day. I'm gonter ax her how come she done me like dat."

He got up and walked toward the Pitard houses, through the thicket path, the meadow and the berry patch, finally arriving at a clump of Negro cabins just behind the big barn. It was after eight o'clock and the moon was just rising. Most of the workers were in bed, already, but he saw one man sitting on a porch, and he asked the whereabouts of a girl named Della.

"Hyar is Della," a voice from within the cabin called. "Who wants Della?" It unmistakably was Della's own voice.

"Hit's me, Della," Spudge explained. "Spudge."

"Wawk along, boy," the voice called back. "You got de wrong Della."

"Aw, listen," protested Spudge. "I know you. And I jest want to find out how come you got so mad at me when I ain't did you nothin'!"

"I ain't mad," Della stated impersonally, "nor neither glad. I ain't got time to git mad at no married man."

So that was it? "Well, I too sorry, Della," Spudge told her. "I like you, and I thought hit was a powerful good joke about you thinkin' Martha was my maw." He stopped and waited for her to laugh. But she didn't, so he continued: "I married wid her befo' I knowed you. I hope you ain't got no hard feelings?"

"None a-tall, Spudge." Della intended it to sound entirely impersonal, but it didn't quite. So she added for the sake of her conscience, "Nor neither no good feelin's."

"Well, good night, Della," Spudge said.

"So long, Spudge. See you tomorrow."

Spudge trailed off with old Spot sympathetically at his heels. He walked wearily as if the burden on his mind weighted him down.

"Ef'n I had just a-seed Della befo'—"

but he stopped right there. His ear heard a strange sound. A moaning, sighing sound. And before he had time to figure out what made it, he saw what made it!

A ha'nt! A pure ha'nt! White and moaning! It stepped right out of nothing, and into the path in front of him!

It all happened so quickly that nobody ever figured out how.

Spudge probably jumped back as soon as the ghost appeared, for Spot limped about the house next day as though some sudden move of Spudge's feet had caught one of his forepaws. If that was the way it happened, then probably the yowl of pain from Spot, exploding so suddenly right under Spudge's feet as it must have, sent Spudge forward as rapidly as the ghost had sent him backward.

However it happened, the first thing Spudge knew he was all tangled up in something he couldn't get out of. He fought and yelled and begged, and soon the ghost, was yelling and begging some too. But everything was so tangled up that Spudge kept right on pounding and kicking and yelling, all the time trying to scramble free.

"Spudge, aw—ow! You mighty nigh killin' me."

"Mighty nigh ain't de startin'!" Spudge was gaining confidence. "You de first ha'nt I ever got my hands on—"

"I ain't no ha'nt, Spudge; I'm Martha—"

She was crying and blubbering from the beating.

Spudge was winded, and mad clear through. "How come, woman?"

"I was funnin'," she whimpered.

"Well, I hope you got yo' bait er fun, den." Spudge was not to be appeased.

They walked home in silence. Martha wanted to accuse Spudge of visiting the Della woman, but she thought it prudent to wait until he was more docile.

THE accusation, however, was never made. The next morning when they got to the berry field, two truck loads of berry pickers had come out from Baton Rouge, and among them was one Lonnie. Since Martha left him, two months before, he had been driven to the extremity of working. He saw Martha first "Hello, baby," he greeted. "Whar you been at so long?"

Martha looked. The same old Lonnie; the same old easy, confident, irresistible way that twice before had changed her mind. "I been out hyar," she grinned.

"Pickin' berries for papa, hunh?" He eyed the sack of tickets at Martha's neck. "Dat's all you done picked?"

"Un-hunh. Dat's all."

"Gimme."

Martha hesitated. "Not t' papa take me to de preacher. 'Cause I done got married up again whilst I was out hyar."

Spudge had watched the meeting with interest. When the talk ended, he grinned, placed his empty tray upon a stack of empty crates, and took Della's carrier and placed it by the side of his.

"You ain't aimin' to let dat woman give him yo' tickets too, is you?" Della was indignant. "You picked dem tickets, boy."

"I ain't studyin' tickets," Spudge declared. "I got me a gun and a fishin' pole and a dog, and a gyarden patch, and I don't know what all. I don't need no tickets."

"Us got all dat stuff?" Della was surprised.

"And you to he'p wid de fishin' and de cookin', maybe."

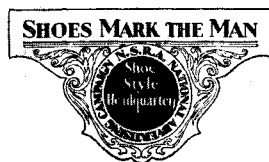
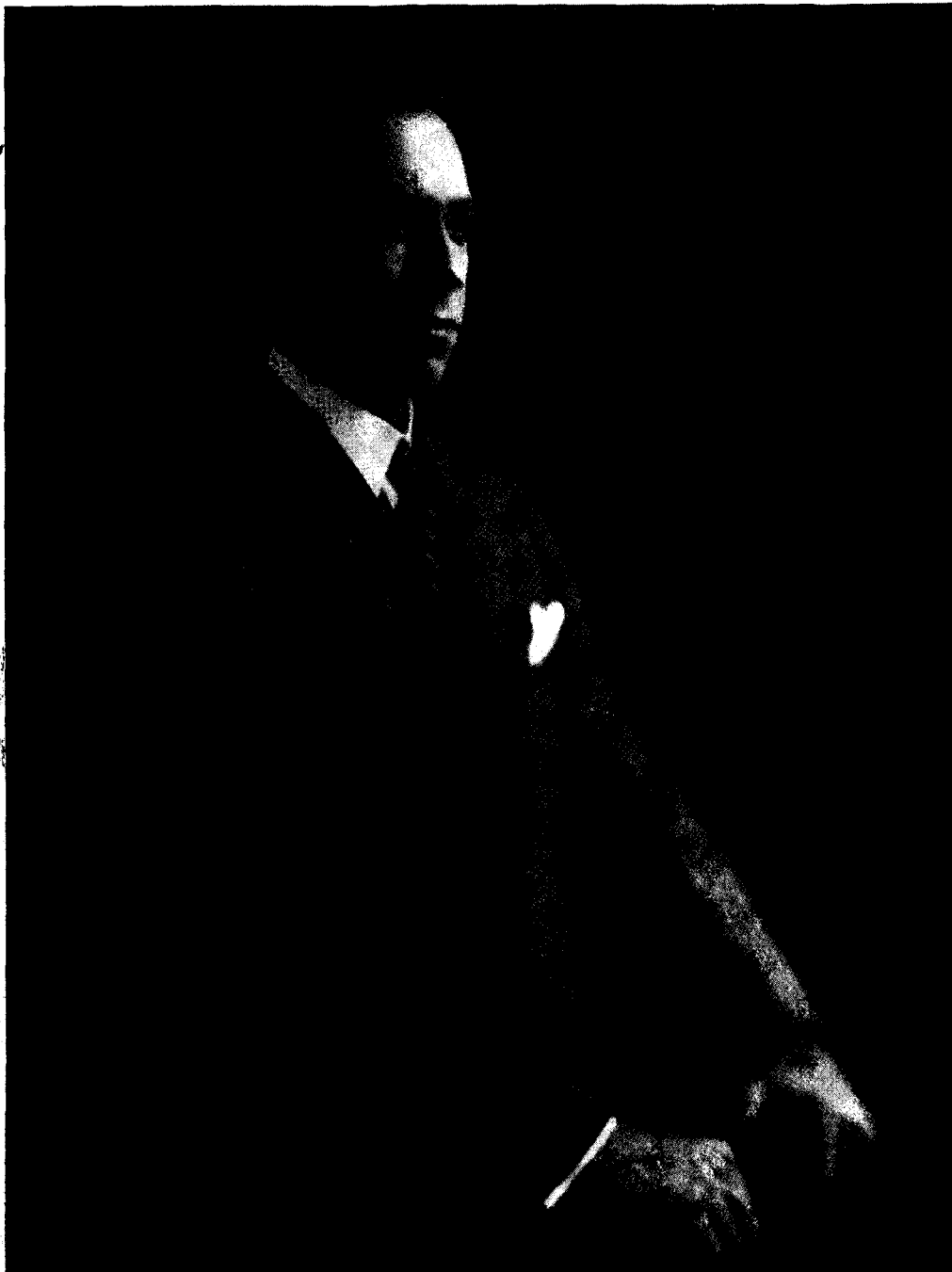
They started off together, willing to let Martha and the tickets be bygones.

But Martha wanted to be friendly. "Watch out for de ha'nts, Spudge," she warned, good-naturedly.

Spudge stopped and grinned at her. "Yeah?" he asked. "Well, I kilt me one ha'nt and I whupped me one ha'nt. And de next one I sees I'm liable to skin hit alive!"

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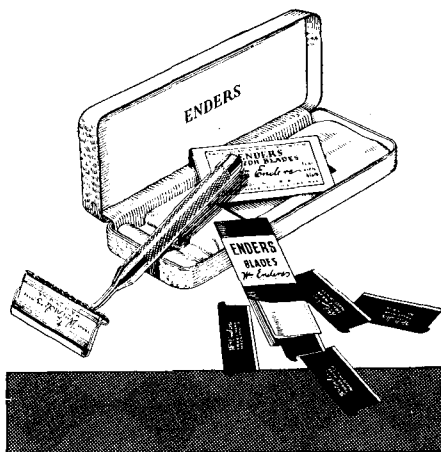
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Mr. Perkins has all the earmarks of a pillar of the church. He looks to us like a man who would wear a white vest every Sunday; he is in reality a highly reputable merchant, and on this particular morning he is feeling unusually happy. The evening before he made a good trade, one which lined his wallet with much ready cash, and now as he steps jauntily up to the cashier's window he is about to sweeten his account with seventy nice, new, crisp \$50 notes. He does so; he shoves in the money; remarks carelessly to the teller, just by way of accounting for the undue size of the deposit, that he has just got rid of some old oil stock, and then, in the very next second, he receives the worst jolt of his entire business career.

A Hard Blow

The young teller takes the money, starts to count it, squints his eyes, runs a few of the notes rather carefully through his fingers, and very rudely pushes a gun out right under Mr. Perkins' nose.

"Better stick around, Mr. Perkins," he says, "until I can get an officer in here. This stuff's all counterfeit."

It WAS all counterfeit, and as a result out came the entire sad, sad story. In years gone by Mr. Perkins had been a reputable merchant; the necromancy of the Eighteenth Amendment, however, had transformed him into a wholesale whisky dealer, and only the night before a pair of dishonest, unscrupulous, unfeeling bootleggers had come along and passed off on him a big bundle of the Ramirez currency. It was a hard blow, with a chastening effect; it converted Mr. Perkins at once to the cause of prohibition, and he immediately squealed.

But in the meantime, while many interesting little transactions like that mentioned had been taking place, what had the men in the Secret Service Division been doing about it? They had been doing a lot and saying nothing. Those fellows hardly ever talk. For ways that are dark and for tricks that are vain that gang is peculiar. What they don't know is hardly ever worth knowing, and what they do know generally hurts—somebody.

They knew, for instance, a good deal about this new privately-printed issue of Ramirez money, from the very day almost that it made its appearance on the American side of the line, and very soon after that they knew ALL about it. They knew who made it, where it was being made, how it was done, and, strange to say, all of this information came to them as the result of a poker game.

A traveling man "sat in" with the boys in a little friendly meeting in Fort Worth, and after a few hours of devotion he emerged, as he thought at the time, about \$1,000 to the good. But he was wrong about that. In reality he had lost that amount because in return for the \$2,000 in Ramirez currency which he took out of the game he had left behind him \$1,000 in real money. When this man woke up the next morning, rubbed the sleepers out of his eyes and took his pocketbook from under his pillow to gloat over his winnings, he realized that something very unpleasant had happened. But what could he do about it?

Bad Luck Pieces

Continued from page 34

Stepping out high, wide and handsome, this knight of the gripsack headed north. He passed through Memphis, St. Louis, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, New York and Buffalo, and everywhere he went he left behind him a thin trail of bad money.

But a thin trail is always enough for those boys from Washington. They picked this one up, followed it on through the various cities, and within less than a month after the historic poker game they pinched the traveling man in Detroit. He was sore, of course, and naturally he tried to wriggle out by squealing on the man in Fort Worth. It didn't do him any good, though, except that when he went to the pen he had the satisfaction of taking with him, to help him out with his labor on the Atlanta rock pile, not only the Fort Worth distributor, but the man from Dallas also.

The Secret Service men went down to El Paso; crossed the line into Mexico; made the acquaintance and cultivated the friendship of one of the Ramirez brothers, and finally, after catching the youngster with the goods on him, they prevailed on the Mexican authorities to lock the lad up.

But a lot of good that did! Down in Mexico, you see, even as is frequently the case in this country, questions of right and wrong and justice and injustice are very often decided by referring not to the statute books of the law but to the pocketbooks of the accused. In the case of Señor Ramirez something like that seems to have happened. His financial status was investigated, and when it was discovered that he could pay handsomely for his liberty, and that Uncle Sam wasn't willing to dig up a slick dime to deprive him of it, he was very promptly turned loose.

Finding that the United States had become a land in which life for their representatives was just one term after another, the Ramirez boys looked around for a new field in which to dispose of their output. They found one easily, over in the Bahamas.

The Secret Service Division, of course, immediately took cognizance of this new turn in the affairs of the Ramirez men and sent an agent down south to look into the matter. This man's name was Webster, he was one of the best men in the service, and within less than a week he was aboard a small revenue boat, manned by a crew of five men and bound from Fort Lauderdale, Fla., to the island of Bemini.

Nothing Else to Do

On this trip the sole mission of the cutter was to land Webster on Bemini but when they were 20 miles out at sea, and the captain sighted a fast-moving launch in the distance, he couldn't resist the temptation to run it down to see if she was carrying a cargo of liquor. She was. After a long chase the launch was overhauled, a search showed that she carried a big load of rum, and her two occupants, named Alderman and Keech, were ordered aboard the cutter while their boat was made fast to the stern to be towed into port.

That part of it attended to, the captain ordered Alderman, who seemed to be the leader, to go with him to his cabin. The rum runner obeyed, and the instant they were alone he jerked out a pistol and shot the officer dead. Then, snatching the gun from the holster of the fallen man, thus arming himself with a pair of weapons, he rushed back on deck. At the head of the companionway leading to the engine-room he shot

the engineer, who rolled, wounded, down the steps, and, turning on Webster and the three remaining members of the cutter crew, who were unarmed, he shouted, "Stick 'em up."

There was nothing else to do. The boys stuck 'em up, and in less time than it has taken to write it the tables were completely turned. In place of being prisoners Alderman and Keech were now in complete control of the revenue cutter.

"Go below," shouted Alderman to his partner, "open the valves and flood the engine-room with gasoline. I'll take these fellows over the side to the launch, and before you come you throw a light down into the gas. We'll burn this — ship right here."

Keech followed instructions. He went below, opened the petcocks, saw that the gasoline flowed out freely over the floor, and over the wounded engineer, who lay helpless, and came back on deck. In the meantime Alderman, with a pair of cocked revolvers as persuaders, was urging Webster and the cutter crew into his own launch. When the transfer was complete he called out: "All right, Keech; touch her off, jump for it and push this boat away as quick as the Lord'll let you."

Keech struck a match, tossed it down the companionway, and dived over the rail of the cutter into the launch. But there was something wrong, as no explosion followed. It would come, though, at any second; Alderman knew it would, and swore at Keech to hurry and start the engine. Keech got busy, and Alderman turned to his four prisoners.

"Do you birds know," he snarled, "what I'm goin' to do to you? You don't, hey? Well, I'll tell you. I'm going to shoot you all dead; one at a time, just as you're standin' there, and pitch you all overboard. Nobody'll ever know what happened to any of you. Are you ready, and may — your souls!"

The Happy Ending

He raised a pistol and leveled it at Webster; the boat lurched a bit; Keech cursed the engine; it distracted Alderman for the fraction of a second, and the Secret Service man jumped for him. But the brave fellow was too late. Before he could grapple with him the rum-runner had fired, and Webster went down with a bullet through his heart. He had saved the situation, though. When he jumped the cutter men followed; they threw themselves into the fracas, overpowered Alderman and Keech, and once again, having paid for it with the lives of two good men, the cause of prohibition had triumphed!

Nor is this all. Messrs. Alderman and Keech, the former having already been tried and sentenced to death, will undoubtedly pay for their misdeeds with their lives, while as for the Ramirez boys it is safe to say, as this is being written, that adequate justice is in the making. The happy ending in the case of the young artists, however, will not be brought about through the unwieldy operations of International Law. The Secret Service Division tried that once; it didn't work, and so the case, through the intervention of the State Department, has been placed directly in the hands of the Federal Government in Mexico City. The probabilities, therefore, are that these boys will never bother anybody again, because whenever the dungeon doors at San Juan de Ulloa or over at Zapote clang to and lock ominously behind anybody, for anything, it is generally GOOD NIGHT.

W H Y F A M O U S M E N O F T H E D A Y U S E B A R B A S O L

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD

.... *Glorifier of feminine pulchritude,
creator of superb musical productions.*



“I insist on shaving quickly, in comfort.”

“Without the old-fashioned props, brush, lather and rubbing, Barbasol gives a perfect shaving performance quickly and leaves the skin feeling soft and refreshed.”

Florenz Ziegfeld
FLORENZ ZIEGFELD

BARBASOL does for shaving what brushing, lathering and rubbing never could do. That's why prideful, comfort-loving men use this modern shaving cream.

There's nothing like it

No time-wasting mess. You just squeeze a bit of Barbasol from the man-sized tube and lightly spread it on the face as your barber spreads a massage cream. Then shave. From the first smooth sweep of the razor to the last, it's a succession of pleasant surprises.

There's no razor pull, no scratching, no nicking. Barbasol does away with that. As it smooths the razor's path, it softens the skin, soothes it, cools it. You get a clean, close shave so easily. And when you've finished, what a change after old-

Barbasol
For Modern Shaving
No brushing—No lathering—No rubbing



Women like their men

young looking, bright and keenly fresh looking. Men like to be this way too. New Barbasol Skin Freshener cools, revives, freshens. Douse it on the face—after shaving—whenever tired. Nothing better...you'll agree!

fashioned shaves. The face looks as refreshed as it feels. Here's how it's done: 1: Wash the face (leave it wet) 2: Spread on Barbasol (don't rub) 3: Shave—dry the face. That's all! In a mere fraction of the usual time! You have the cleanest, smoothest and by far the most comfortable shave you ever had! Today, get a tube of Barbasol from your druggist, two sizes, 35¢ and 65¢. And tomorrow morning, step into the bathroom and treat yourself to this “who's who” shave. Your face will enjoy it and so will you. The Barbasol Company, Indianapolis, Ind.

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with this extra 20%



We do not make golf clubs. We make only shafts. Look for this Bristol Gold Label on the shaft of any make of club you buy.

GOLD LABEL

HERE'S the story. Carbon is the thing which gives steel greater strength and "pep". Spring steel from which Bristol "Gold Label" Steel Shafts are made has at least 20 per cent more carbon than any other steel used for golf shafts. Bristol "Gold Label" Steel Shafts are the only golf shafts made of spring steel.

Twenty per cent more carbon in a Bristol "Gold Label" Shaft adds a proportionate amount of "kick" to your own power. This means greater snap, speed and—all things being equal—greater distance.

This greater "pep" is not merely theoretical. You can feel it. Take two clubs, one with a Bristol "Gold Label" Shaft, and one with any other make of steel shaft. Hit a dozen balls with each of them and you'll quickly sense the difference.

Write for interesting booklet on golf.

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"made of Spring Steel"

Bristol
Steel Golf Shaft

popularity. Entirely too much publicity attends Tia Juana and her moving-picture hussy sister, Agua Caliente. Too much like hiring a brass band to assist you in sneaking up on the customs officials. It is wholly impossible to keep a secret in Tia Juana.

With small exception the only persons to try smuggling booze in from Tia Juana are the trippers and tourists who simply can't resist the temptation.

"A amateur," explained Picker Murfin, one of Tia Juana's numerous New York exiles, "is a sucker to try it. It's like as if you or me was to try to sing tenor or sell a dry gusher or something. We wouldn't know the first thing about it, see? First thing we know we'd have a hell of a flop on our hands, see? People ought to leave liquor-running in the hands of the guys who know how."

A Better Chance for Life

And to prove that the amateur smuggler is a sucker, Picker told me of the deceit of the proprietor of one of Tia Juana's saloons.

"Nine times out of ten," said he, "a guy who was having a last drink at his bar before starting back to the States would say: 'Gosh, I hate to leave all this good drinking liquor behind. Say, d'you think I could get away with taking a couple of quarts in with me?'"

"And this double-crossing tramp behind the bar would always say: 'Sure you can. Everybody's doing it. Put it under your coat and don't go out the front way because you don't know who's watching these days. Go out the back way there and then follow the narrow street to your left and have your car meet you there.'"

"Then what happens?" said Picker. "Why this: The sucker is met by a couple of guys who say they're United States men and that they're wise to them and to give up the booze before there's trouble. And the sucker gives up and the liquor goes back to the saloon to be sold all over again to the next sucker."

"But don't the suckers know that United States men wouldn't be operating like that?" I asked.

"What if they do?" sighed Picker. "A guy ain't taking a chance of taking a poke in the jaw that far away from home, is he? Not for just a couple of bottles. Now if you really want a couple of bottles to take back with you, listen—"

In Los Angeles liquor arrives after long motor hauls and much may have, and frequently has—with no increase in its purity—happened to it. Some of Los Angeles' booze arrives pat on the docks of San Pedro, its harbor, but what with a dry mayor, a dry chief of police and a dry county prosecutor, Los Angeles puts the harbor rum-runners to a severe test. In fairness to their ingenuity it must be said, however, that they are doing well.

In San Francisco the bulk of the liquor comes straight from the fleet and, generally speaking, is delivered with ease and expedition. San Francisco's government is not at all satisfactory to the Anti-Saloon League, although it appears to be eminently so to San Francisco.

In San Francisco the drinking element enjoys a better chance for life than does that of Los Angeles, where you telephone for your liquor and get what you get. The bulk of Southern California's booze is devastating stuff.

In Hollywood you will meet, if you're lucky, a beautiful and talented lady

whose name and form are familiar to all persistent movie patrons. Her home is one of the most popular in the movie colony. It is usually overcrowded with the famous.

"One of the reasons that people like to come here," said she, "is that they always know that they can have a drink if they want it. Personally, I ride the water wagon, but I do not seek to control the appetites of my friends. Yes, I have gin, Bourbon and Scotch. Moreover I have what appears to be an inexhaustible supply. Look."

She went to a cabinet and fetched forth three bottles—one of gin, one of Bourbon and one of Scotch.

"I have plenty more," she said, "so don't stint yourself. I got it from the studio bootlegger, and you know that bootleggers serving such important people as movie stars and producers would not dare sell bad stuff. The studios are very careful about whom they give the bootleg concession. So please have a drink. You will notice that, just to make sure that it is good stuff, I have had it analyzed and the chemist has pasted his analysis upon the bottles."

On the Scotch was the sprightly news that it contained formaldehyde "in more than appreciable quantity" and "other foreign matter, chiefly mineral, making

Trip Number Ten

A breezy short story of love, parents, travel and a purser whose business was everybody's

By
FRANK CONDON
IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

it dangerous for internal use." The gin analysis showed the presence of wood alcohol. The chemist's label proclaimed that the Bourbon contained "furfuryl oil and alcohol containing more than one per cent of denaturant salts which would cause serious gastric disturbances if taken internally."

"Read 'em," said the lovely lady, "and drink."

In San Francisco the spirit of the Vigilantes survives, but on the side of liquor rather than law. Not fewer than thrice within the past two years have vendors of wood alcohol been raided by indignant drinkers and banished from the city.

Contrary to the prevalent opinion in the East, prohibition has not been heaven's great gift to California's grape industry. For a time, directly after alcoholic beverages were proscribed by Congress, the grape was regarded as a new gold strike.

With tremendous accord California's vineyardists went in for juice which, according to their roseate dreams, was to be bought in large quantities by dry America and stored away in cellars where Nature was to take her course. America was to become a wine-drinking nation. Not a grape-juice-drinking people, understand (California does not raise Concord and Niagaras from which is made the non-fermenting drink so dear to the late Mr. Bryan), but consumers of delicious Tokay, sound Port, nutty Sherry and inspiring Chiantis

and Burgundies and delicate Sauternes and Muscatel.

Where there were about 7,000 grape growers in 1921, now there are 20,000. Acreage production almost doubled. And then the horrors of overproduction appeared. America had not become a wine-drinking nation although for a brief time after prohibition the dreams of the growers threatened to come true. Wine grapes sold for a hundred dollars a ton and more. Raisins rose to as much as \$235 a ton.

Then the decline. And nothing to do about it either. Grape vines, once planted, have a way of remaining. The vineyardist's problem is far harder than, say, the cotton planter's. Cotton land is cleared once a year, and if the planter wishes he can turn his ground to other crops. But it costs more to get rid of a grape vine than it does to plant it.

Grapes fell to \$16 a ton last year—all varieties.

So there you have California willing, eager, able to fill the nation's cellars with fine wines—and no buyers. In other words \$300,000,000 worth of vineyards fighting for life!

They have combined now under the California Vineyardists Association which is slowly rescuing the purple industry, although acreage will have to be reduced—perhaps drastically.

No, the grape is not an important element in California's nor in America's prohibition problem. Furthermore the California grape experience all but cuts the ground from under the feet of those of us who go about crying for light wines and beer. California has proof that the American drinker demands hard liquor.

Hard liquor such as Mile-Away Thompson and his faithful Spotty Chu dealt in. For five years Mile-Away followed his wild profession with never a day in jail nor a penny of fine to sully his record. He was arrested a dozen times, maybe more; but he always had a beautiful alibi.

"Who, me, Chief? Me? Why, Chief, I wasn't nowhere near Laguna Beach last night—nowhere near. Why, Chief, I was a mile away. Yeah, a mile away."

He was always a mile away until that fatal evening.

No Heed to Spotty's Advice

It was in the afternoon that the lady upon whom Mile-Away Thompson lavished his affections and dollars received a telephone call from a man who said that two truckloads of high-proof stuff—clean as a whistle, see?—had been rolled into a garage at such and such a corner.

"Slip it to Thompson," said the voice. "He ast me to watch."

Spotty Chu, who when not working the road was to be found at the Thompson flat, was instantly suspicious. He besought the lady to say nothing to Mile-Away. Later he begged Mile-Away to ignore the bait. But the lady passed it on, and Mile-Away, to whom successes had become a matter of course, told Spotty to stay home with the women—he was yellow inside as well as outside. Spotty Chu stayed behind.

Mile-Away went to the garage alone. With a short jimmy he broke the lock. The doors fell open. Four of Mile-Away's enemies arose from behind trucks laden with decoy cases and they opened fire with machine guns—Tom-mies—and automatics.

Thus died Mile-Away Thompson. . . .

This tire is built to stand abuse ...then **BONDED** against abuse

YOU want trouble-free tires. How are you going to be sure of getting them?

Suppose you were offered a *certainty*, by a manufacturer who had had a 40-year record of absolute reliability. Suppose that this tire company had been so successful that you just knew it must be intelligent.

Suppose that tire company backed each tire with the most sweeping guarantee ever offered. Suppose this guarantee not only covered your tires against usual tire hazards, but also against accidents, such as collisions and milk bottles . . . and even against ABUSES.

You would hardly believe such a guarantee. You would think the manufacturer had gone crazy to offer such a guarantee.

But when you know the tire-maker has been proved of more-than-average intelligence over a period of 40 years . . . when you know his reputation is such that he could borrow millions on his mere name . . . then, even the most skeptical must believe.

No ordinary tire could carry this guarantee

Dunlop would be too intelligent to offer such a guarantee on an ordinary tire. If the brains and the materials were not put into each Dunlop in such full measure as to make it stand abuse, a guarantee like this would be suicidal.

All the way from Egypt, where only the finest long-staple cotton is selected . . . through Dunlop's own spinning mills at Utica, N. Y., where the cord is spun . . . all the way from the rubber plantations on the other side of the globe . . .

through the great Dunlop factories at Buffalo . . . where the rubber and the cord are transformed into the finished tire by master craftsmen . . . at every step this question guides all: "Will this make a tire that can stand abuse?"

Dunlop is confident of the answer.

A guarantee that is a seal of confidence

A guarantee? It is far more than that.

"What will make the public SURE that this guarantee will be fulfilled to the very letter?"

Dunlop asked that question and thought it through like this:

The public knows that a Surety Bond is as certain as the law of gravity. The public knows that of all the companies issuing Surety Bonds, none has a higher rating of intelligence and reliability than the American Surety Company of New York. "Is the tire good enough to stand up under such a Surety Bond?"

That was the natural question of the bonding experts. The fact that they decided to put the name of the American Surety Company behind the guarantee, was the answer.

It is sweeping . . . it covers tire hazards from accidents to abuses. It is iron-clad . . . a guarantee in the form of a regular Surety Bond, backed both by Dunlop and the American Surety Company. Before you buy another tire, you will want to know about this. Why not read a copy now. Without a mite of obligation to you we will mail you a specimen Surety Bond FREE. Mail the coupon today.



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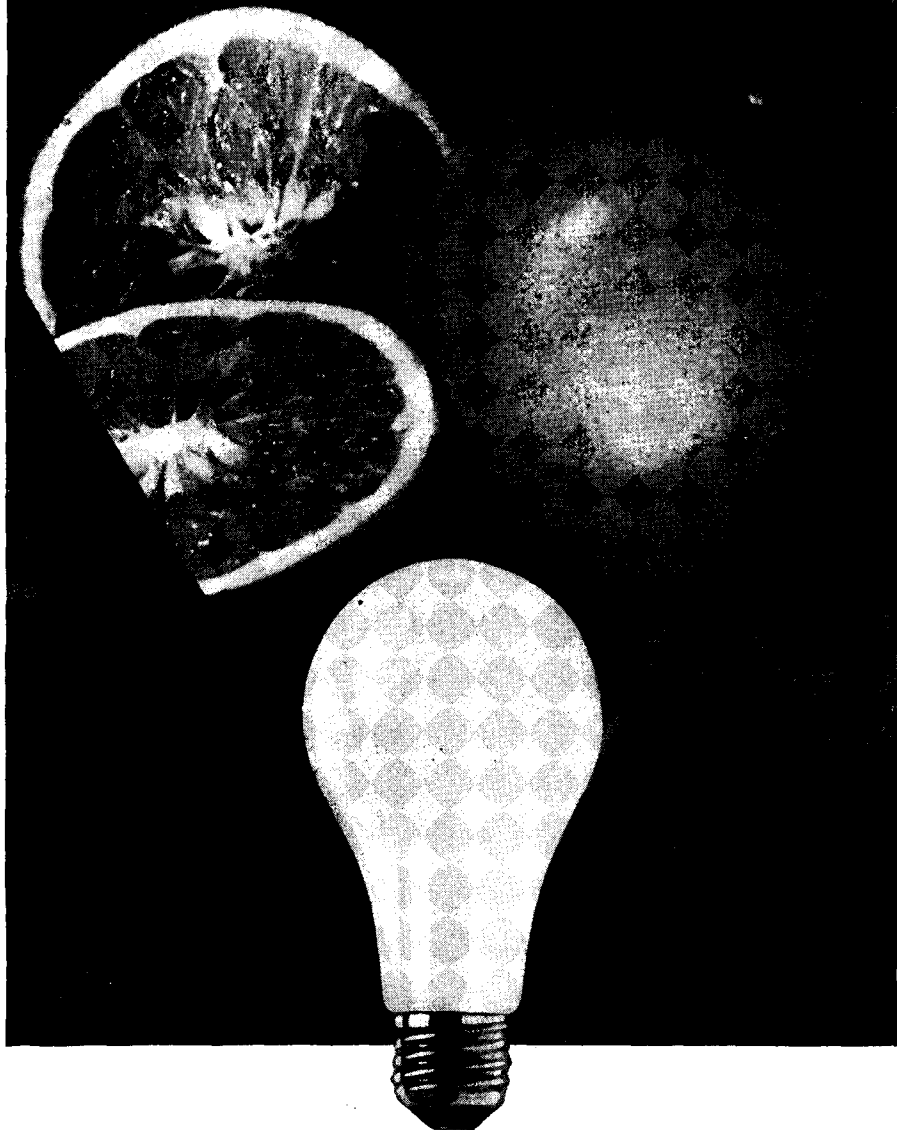
Please send me free specimen copy of the new Dunlop Surety Bond. It is understood this does not obligate me in any way.

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They may *look*
alike — *but...*



SKILL and experience are necessary to prevent mistakes in choosing grapefruit. Two specimens that look alike may be vastly different in quality. There may also be a vast difference in the quality of lamps that look alike, but neither skill nor experience is needed in making a wise choice.

The name MAZDA upon the bulb is always an assurance of highest quality... and quality is an important thing to consider when you are buying lamps. Because of their high quality, Edison MAZDA Lamps give the *full value of the current consumed*. Burning a 60-watt Edison

MAZDA Lamp costs only about half a cent an hour.

When you buy Edison MAZDA Lamps, ask for them in cartons. They are safely and conveniently packed... and it is wise to have good lamps handy when sockets need refilling. There is danger of accidents and injurious eyestrain where sockets are permitted to remain empty.

Edison MAZDA Lamps represent the latest achievement of MAZDA* Service, through which the benefits of world-wide research and experiment in the Laboratories of General Electric are given exclusively to lamp manufacturers entitled to use the name MAZDA.

*MAZDA—the mark of a research service

**EDISON
MAZDA LAMPS**
GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**



Artificial Giants

By
**Edwin E.
Slosson**
Director Science Service

H. G. WELLS is the quickest of all writers to catch wind of coming events in science and sociology. One of the most remarkable, although one of the least remarked, of his many anticipations was *The Food of the Gods*, which produced hornets as large as eagles and rats like mastiffs, and finally a breed of supermen, surpassing Bulwer-Lytton's *Coming Race*.

Now, twenty-five years since this book appeared, the newspapers and maga-

zines talk much of vitamins and hormones, especially in their advertising pages. Experimentation has proved that these chemical regulators of growth and health are quite as potent and even more varied

than forecast by Wells, but not so directly applicable to the enlargement of animal and plant life. The newer knowledge of nutrition is bringing up a lusty lot of youngsters, who otherwise would have been spindling and bow-legged or dead, but there are no signs as yet of a race of superior physique. The chemical causes of overgrowth or undergrowth are beginning to be understood, but the application of any one of them results in monstrosities like the "natural" giants and dwarfs of the side show.

An experiment at Harvard in stimulating the growth of a bulldog produced a beast too large and lazy and logy to lift itself. It was so ugly that Yale would not have taken it as a mascot. The investigators, T. J. Putman, E. B. Benedict and H. M. Teel, started with two female pups of the same age. One was given a daily injection of an extract of the anterior lobe of the pituitary gland taken from cattle, while the other was left for comparison to grow in the ordinary way. The pup experimented upon was the smaller of the two at the start, but she soon outstripped her rival and at the end of a year weighed ninety-four pounds, while the naturally grown dog weighed only forty-six pounds. The under jaw of the stimulated dog developed so far that her canine teeth stuck out of her mouth. The thighs were fat and the heavy skin hung in folds on the body. The feet

and head were enormous. When the dog died, the post-mortem examination showed a striking enlargement of all the viscera, especially the genital tract.

Various investigators in Germany and the United States have in recent years shown the influence of the secretion of the anterior lobe of the pituitary body on the acceleration of growth and maturity. Attempts to use it for rejuvenation are being made by Steinach, the Viennese physician, who has for the last twenty years sought for a means of prolonging life, and seems likely to die before he finds it, as did his predecessors, Brown-Sequard and Metchinikoff, in their search for the elixir of life. His first process, the grafting of glands, is still regarded with skepticism by most American physicians. Its most conspicuous success in America was its use by a feminine writer as material for a plot; it galvanized the novel into such life as to bring it into the ranks of the best sellers. Steinach's most recent claim is that the injection of an extract from the anterior pituitary gland will renew the youth of senile rats, both male and female, and restore their mental and physical vigor.

Whatever may come of such experiments, it is evident that this little organ, buried at the base of the brain, has a potent influence on the body in many ways. Although it is no bigger than a pea, it is composed of two glands which have very different functions. At the recent New York meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the annual \$1,000 prize was awarded to Oliver Kamm for his demonstration that the posterior lobe of the pituitary body secretes two distinct hormones, both of which may be used in medicine. He has extracted both secretions from cattle glands and has purified them, though in minute amounts and at an expense which, if the present methods are employed, would make the cost of a pound of one of them \$1,000,000 and of the other \$3,000,000.

If that remains the price of production, how much would the doctors and the druggists charge the patient for a dose?

