

High Gas and Dry Tanks

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

MOTOR-CAR owners are fine fellows for figuring. Ask any one of your friends how much longer he can run on the gas he has left in his tank and he can probably tell you to a mile. But it would be well for him to turn his mathematical mind for a moment from his personal problem to the larger problem of which his is a part.

This problem was recently put upon the blackboard of the American people by the Federal Oil Conservation Board in the form of two facts and two questions.

Fact 1: The United States is producing 72 per cent of the world's output of petroleum. Fact 2: The United States possesses not over 18 per cent of the total petroleum resources of the world. Question 1: How much longer will our supply last? Question 2: What shall we do about it?

Nobody can answer the first question now. But everybody can help to answer the second question.

The board put the question to the class recently. The earliest response came from one of the quickest boys in the school, and the one who next day was seated at the head of the class. He raised his hand, snapped his fingers and spoke out plainly: "If oil is going to get scarce before long, I will keep in the ground all that Uncle Sam has now." This made some of the Western boys mad and they said they would not let him interfere.

BUT even if the President should succeed in checking the leasing of oil fields on the public lands, it will not do much to solve the main problem. For the government has no control over the owners of the private claims, who keep pumping out petroleum as fast as they can, and often faster than they want to, because if they do not get it, their next-door neighbors will.

When a man takes up a claim he gets a chunk of earth in the form of a square-topped pyramid four thousand miles deep. If it contains gold or coal he can save it till it suits him to take it out. But oil is liquid and liable to be drained away.

Obviously it would be for the best interests of all the owners of any oil field to come to a common agreement and regulate their output. But that may be contrary to the anti-trust laws and anyhow it is apt to be impossible, for if one man stays out of the agreement he is rewarded for his contumacy by getting more than his fair share of the pool.

At first sight Question 1 seems easy to answer. In 1928 the petroleum output of the United States was in round

numbers 900,000,000 barrels. According to the government geologists the total known supply of petroleum remaining in the ground and obtainable by present methods is about 9,000,000,000 barrels. Now any of us, without being mathematicians or geologists, can divide the second figure by the first and get ten; so we conclude, not being mathematicians or geologists, that by the year 1939 the last drop of oil will be drained from the ground.

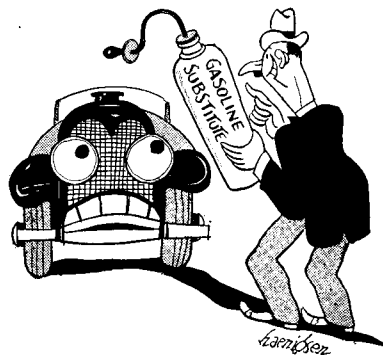
BUT this answer is wrong. The supply of petroleum will never be suddenly shut off, for its products will gradually rise in price as substitutes come into use. The automobile will have to be weaned to live on other liquids than its natural gasoline. We will import more—so long as we can.

Then, too, we must remember that geologists are conservative, the best of them are, and that even the best of them can not tell exactly how much oil remains undiscovered.

In 1920 the chief geologists of the U. S. Geological Survey ventured the prophecy that "the production of natural petroleum in the United States must pass its peak at an early date—probably within five years and possibly within three years—though the long sagging production curve may be carried out beyond the century." But petroleum production has continued to increase year by year since then, and we cannot tell yet if 1928 was the peak.

If the peak has not been passed, we may safely say that we are getting nearer to it every year. The boy in the fable who cried "Wolf, wolf!" was not wrong but merely premature.

Question 1 can be answered accurately only by the course of events, for it depends in part upon unknown factors in nature, and in part upon the unpredictable actions of man. But whether we can solve Question 1 in advance or not, we know that Question 2 will, sooner or later, be put to us for solution, and it is time we began to think about what answer we can give. There is so far no satisfactory answer in sight.



April Escapade

Continued from page 19

you talking about?" he asked her again. But without the confident note now, and in a rougher tone.

"I'm trying to tell you!"

A pause. Then Cass said in a puzzled tone:

"Who is he?"

"He's a New York man," Mary Kate answered unhesitatingly. The joy of speaking of him flowed through her fevered heart and soul like the waters of a cool river.

"Say, listen, are you kidding me, Mary Kate?"

"Kidding you!" she echoed, in patient scorn. She was silent a moment. "No, I'm not kidding you," she said simply.

Cass twisted about, to try to see the expression on her face. But the room was too dark.

"Where'd you meet him?"

"In Mr. Rountree's office."

"Who is he?"

"His name is Steynes. Christopher Steynes."

"The polo player, who shot a burglar the other day?"

She had forgotten that. She had forgotten everything but Chris. Her heart leaped with instinctive fear, but she answered carelessly enough:

"That's the man."

"And you met him in the office?"

Mary Kate's head jerked an assent against his shoulder.

"What'd he do? Try to make love to you?"

"No; he never touched me. He never said a word—like that, I mean."

"O-h-h?" Cass said, in a different, a lighter, tone. Whatever dawning suspicions he had entertained were allayed.

"How often did you see him?" he asked.

"Three times," Mary Kate answered, after a moment's consideration. "Twice in the office," she thought, "and once more to cover all that other time."

Cass laughed.

"You saw him three times, and he never said a word about love," he summarized it.

"Well, yes—he did say something about love," she remembered. "He even said something about—well, falling in love with me. But it wasn't serious. It was sort of—about how funny it would be—something like that—"

"And you got a sort of crush on him?" Cass asked, amusedly.

"I suppose that's it."

"But you don't know one thing about him, Mary Kate!"

"I know."

"Look. You might hate him."

"I might." There had been moments, she remembered, when she had thought that she already hated him.

BUT then what makes you think you have a crush on him?"

"The—the way I feel, Cass," Mary Kate said earnestly. She had to tell somebody, she couldn't tell anyone else. "If I hadn't met him, I'd think I was sick," she resumed, with a shamed laugh. "Because most of it is just feeling sick—hot and dry and cold and shaky and—well, just mad with restlessness, all the time. I'd not think it had anything to do with—with him, except that it's worse when I think of him—the way his voice sounds—the way he looks—"

Cass had squared about to face her in the dark. Now he said, in an altered voice, a speculative, deliberate voice:

"Say, you *have* got it!"

"I've got—something," Mary Kate confessed, with an unhappy laugh.

"You've felt like that before?" the man questioned.

A silence. Then she said simply: "Never in my life before."

Cass fell silent now, too. He got up from the davenport, and went to the light, and turned it higher. A flickering half-hearted illumination wavered on the ugly walls, shabby chairs and curtains. The man lighted a cigarette.

He came back to the davenport, but sat apart from her now, twisted about so that he faced her, the cigarette in his fingers.

"Mary Kate," Cass said, in what, considering his young confidence in his masculine power to handle all her problems as well as his own, was a new strangely uncertain voice, "you didn't—I mean when we were so happy last week—when I was so crazy about you—as God knows I am now—you didn't feel that sort of feeling then?"

HER passive hand lay in his; she raised her troubled eyes, spoke apathetically.

"I think that's what I'm trying to tell you, Cass."

"That's the way I feel about you," he said humbly.

"I know." Mary Kate's voice was almost inaudible.

"Every telephone means you, to me," the man went on.

"Oh, I know!"

Cass was speaking. She could hear his voice, but not the words.

"Where's he staying, Mr. Steynes?" "I didn't hear you."

"Is this Mr. Steynes, or whatever his name is, staying in San Mateo?"

"Burlingame."

Then there was a long silence. Mary Kate had closed her eyes again, and was leaning back, looking spent and limp. But there was a sudden narrowing, a sudden speculative light, in Cass' eyes.

"Did you go to Sacramento?" he asked suddenly, in a level voice.

Her eyes flashed open; color rushed into her face.

"No—" she whispered, fearfully, slightly shaking her head. She was sitting erect now, and as Cass did not speak, but continued to regard her, with a sort of horrified astonishment in his look, she put her two hands to her head, and disordered her brilliant crushed hair with frantic fingers.

"My God—" Cass breathed, whispering in return, his unmoving eyes glued upon her face.

Silence. Silence. It spread and rose and deepened between them like the noiseless waters of a swollen river.

"Oh, not the way you think!" Mary Kate presently said, impatiently, indifferently. "I didn't do anything—wrong. I'm not a kid, to be led astray. I know the Commandments. I went down there on business for Mr. Rountree."

"But why didn't you tell us?"

She spoke apathetically.

"I knew Mother'd raise the roof."

"Why should she?"

"I thought she might."

"But if there was nothing wrong—?"

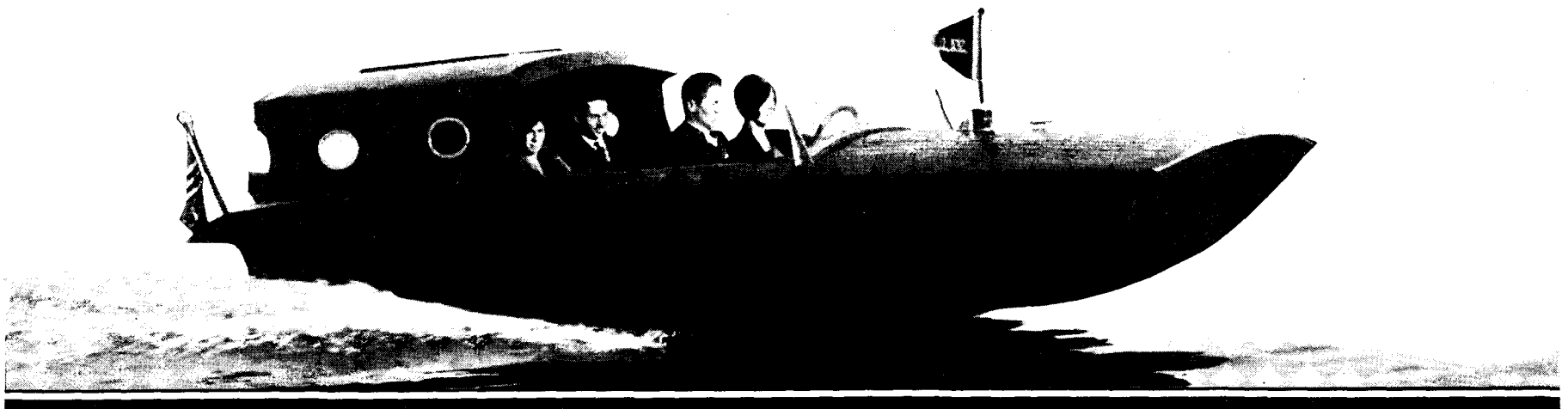
Mary Kate shrugged, sighed, and made no answer. There was infinite indifference, infinite weariness in her averted eyes.

"When I went into the kitchen, a while back, to give your mother a quarter for the gas meter," Cass said, "I didn't have a quarter. So I picked up your purse, and took it from that. And I saw a return ticket from Burlingame there."

She remembered now. Chris had

(Continued on page 46)

Come Outdoors and *Play*—



If you don't mind getting soaked, go out in anything. But if you like comfort, dryness, safety and speed try a Sea Sled

THE waterways beckon and Sea Sleds are at your service. In these days when every state road parades an endless hot procession of slow moving cars, the joys of river, bay and lake seem more worthwhile.

Each year more and more vacationists are taking advantage of fresh breezes, crisp cool air, freedom of motion and the delight of green banks and sparkling waters.

To make competent water tours you need a craft which will protect you against a sudden shift of weather and on which you can comfortably cook and sleep. And for this purpose there is nothing at the price, length or draft to touch the new Outboard Express Cruiser, Model 18.

A patent adjustable cabin affords comfortable sleeping quarters for two, or slides aft at a touch to leave you completely in the open. A kitchenette and toilet make the voyager absolutely independent of local conditions. Shallow draft, high speed and the highest degree of seaworthiness enable her to go anywhere it is safe to take a boat.

In any other craft to get even an approximation of the same capacity you would go several thousand dollars higher in price.

Model 18 is a handsome craft "Sea Sled built" of Philippine mahogany, dependable to the limit and moderate in price. She is good for a speed of from 20 to 25 miles an hour according to power. And at these speeds you get a thrill second perhaps only to flying.

Addressed to the Boat Owner

We build Sea Sleds all the way from \$229.00 up to \$8,500.00. All built under exclusive patents, handsome, able and seaworthy to the top limit. And all carrying the highest factor of safety in the boating world.

If you own a Sea Sled you can always go anywhere it is safe for any boat of the size to go, and many times when nothing of the size can follow.

For the eye of the Dealer

The boat business today is the fastest growing business in the United States. Our sales show a 100% increase over last year.

East and West the best boat dealers are usually Sea Sled dealers, and every good one would want a high price for his franchise. If you are equipped to handle boats, write for terms.

TRADE-MARK REG. **SEA SLED** U. S. PAT. OFFICE
 ~ THE SEA SLED CORPORATION ~
 Sole Licensee under Hickman U. S. Patents
 226-228 Fourth Ave. at 19th St., New York
 All prices F.O.B. Yards at W. Mystic and Groton, Conn.

SEA SLED

SPEED . . . WITH COMFORT AND . . . SAFETY

April Escapade

Continued from page 44

bought her a return ticket on Saturday afternoon, not knowing that she already had such a ticket in her purse. It hadn't seemed to matter, then—

"It kind of surprised me, because in all the months I've known you you've never been to Burlingame that I knew of," Cass pursued.

"They wanted me to go to a dinner, and pretend to be somebody, that was all there was to it!" Mary Kate presently volunteered.

"I see. Well, your mother wouldn't have minded that!"

"She might have."

"Where'd you stay?"

"Oh, at one of their houses."

"Other people there?"

A second's pause. Then she said:

"Yes."

"DID Mr. Rountree ask you to do it, Mary Kate?"

"Oh, yes; as a favor to him." It was all beginning to seem natural and simple. Her nerves steadied.

"I don't see why you shouldn't do that," Cass mused. "Was Steynes staying with him?"

"No, he's taken a Spanish house, a little way off. The Bersinger place, I think they called it."

The name stirred Cass' memory.

"Were they talking about the burglar—no, it was before the burglar," he thought aloud. "When were you—let's see—"

"It was that night, it was when I was there," she confessed, fearfully, yet with sudden relief in her voice, too.

"My God!" Cass said, not irreverently, as he glanced at this slender, crushed, anxious girl with the deep blue eyes, who was one day to be his wife. "You might have let yourself in for something!"

"I did," Mary Kate admitted, raising her steady look to his.

"You weren't in Steynes' house?"

"I was—as it happened."

"How'd that happen?"

"The arrangement was made that way."

"He had a house party, eh? Mart would skin you, Mary Kate," Cass said, off on a tack.

"I know it. And Mother, too."

"But why, in the name of all that's holy, did you do it?"

"They wanted to pay me for it, Cass. And you know how I wanted to help Mart."

"To go to Germany, you mean?"

"With Doctor van Antwerp."

"H'm!" Cass mused. "Why, but look," he said, brightening, after a moment's thought, "that's what's been the matter with you, you poor little thing! You've gotten yourself all wrought up over nothing, and you think it's a crush on Mr. Steynes. Don't you see? It was the excitement and the risk—how much did you see of the man?"

"Of Chris—topher Steynes?" She had to add the last three syllables to the name as an afterthought.

"No. The burglar."

"Oh, I heard voices—and the gun—" She covered her face with her hands. "Gosh!" Cass ejaculated youthfully.

"They got the police, huh?"

"Immediately."

"Didn't get your name?" He was agitated. The fears of the boy who has worked his own way up, through newspaper deliveries, street gangs, messenger service, were in his voice.

"They got everyone's name—the servants, everyone." Mary Kate had thought this answer out before.

It caused Cass to fall into long thought, his lips pursed, the cigarette dead in his hand.

"Rotten break," he finally commented. "But you don't have to tell me," he went on, patting her hand, "that you didn't do anything wrong."

"No; I didn't do anything wrong."

He went on absently patting her hand.

"Lucky thing for you Mart was away!"

"Oh, wasn't it!" she breathed fervently.

"None of the names got into the paper," Cass said, visualizing a large house party. "Were the women crazy?" he asked.

"What women?"

"The women in the house?"

"Oh—? Well, the butler's wife, a nice sort of middle-aged woman called Peters, came and slept the rest of the night with me. Everyone was pretty well wrought up."

"I should think so! What did—you didn't tell me—what did Mr. Rountree want you to do? I mean who were you supposed to be?"

"Oh? Oh, yes! Well, you see, an unscrupulous sort of Russian countess was rather—taking it for granted, do you see?—that he was engaged to her daughter," Mary Kate began, feeling the ice crackle under her, trying to keep her thoughts policing her words in ten directions at once.

"She was probably in with a gang of thieves," Cass opined, with some recent thrilling movies in mind. "Most of those titled Russian women seem to be."

"Oh, no—she was a countess, she was probably genuine enough," Mary Kate defended her. "I mean, she *had* jewels, she looked like all those ugly women with dog collars and crowns on," she explained. "In the Sunday pictorials, you know?"

"But he didn't want to marry her daughter?"

"No. He hates the daughter!" Mary Kate answered, with satisfaction.

"And so he was supposed to be engaged to you?"

Even now she dared not be quite truthful.

"That was it."

"Yes, but where did Steynes come in?"

"Oh, it was to Mr. Steynes. He was the one."

"Oh—?" Cass said, on a long-drawn note. "I see!"

FOR an interval there was silence. Then suddenly the man said, in a definite voice:

"Now, I'll tell you, dear. That was an awful experience, and of course it shook you all up. Your nerves are shot to pieces, and no wonder. He goes away on Sunday, doesn't he?—and that will end it. And next week, very quietly, you and I'll be married. Then you can tell your mother, and everything will be all cleared up."

"Cass, nobody'd believe that I was down there, and yet that nothing wrong went on—nothing wrong was even thought of."

"But you know who does believe you, don't you, baby?"

"If you do—" she said, wistfully, with an affectionate and grateful smile.

"If I do!" He was close to her again, he had his arm about her.

Mary Kate nudged her fragrant, soft young face, and the tossed cloud of her silky hair, child fashion, against his cheek.

"And what—what good will our getting married right away do?"

"Now is that a nice question?" he asked tenderly.

The girl laughed a little guilty laugh, but made no other answer.

"Why, in the first place," he said, holding her firmly, "in the first place, dear, it'll mean that you have someone

to look after you. You can't get into this sort of scrape, if I'm running you. And then, your mother and Mart, if they ever hear the story, will look at it as just—just nonsense. And then—I hope, anyway, you'll be so happy, and so busy, taking care of your boy, that you won't know there's anyone else in the world."

She was suffocating again. She sat quietly resting against his shoulder, rubbing his hand with the firm little thumb of the hand he held in his, and made no reply.

They were silent for a while, and to Cass at least it was the silence of absolute content. The curtains continued to move fitfully to and fro across the window sill, and from the street came angles and slits of light, and the occasionally sweeping brilliance of a motor car's lamps, as it turned the corner.

"Want to take a little walk, now?"

"Want to go to bed. I'm dead, Cass. You'll have to go."

THEY got up, and while Cass emptied the ash tray into the air-tight stove, Mary Kate shoved and dragged at the couch, with knees and hands, and straightened out the bedding that was always strapped in place inside it, for Tom. She plumped a soggy pillow, and left a light burning behind her, when she and Cass went into the kitchen.

The place was deserted now. The children had finished their home work, and vanished; Mrs. O'Hara was nowhere to be seen. The kitchen windows were open, and a cool draught of air was blowing through the room; into a speckless sink a faucet dripped a few occasional drops that stood like gray pearls against the carefully wiped zinc. From the stove came a wheaten smell; tomorrow's cracked wheat was already steaming in the double boiler.

The linoleum on the floor was worn in circles, down to its ugly brown warp, at stove and sink, but under the table and in the corners its pattern of red and white and egg-yellow discs and squares was still visible. On the sill of the open window was a tumbler with a score of long-stemmed sweet dark violets in it, and a dozen varnished but-tercups on jointed stems.

"Kiss me—" Cass said, holding her slender shoulders in one strong arm, as in a vise, tipping back her chin with his free hand. Her tumble of soft hair fell back; she shut her eyes.

"Don't you like me to kiss you, you little darling, you?"

"I don't." She was breathing hard. "I don't like to have the breath squeezed out of me!"

"Ah, you're such a darling!" His lips were tight and hard against hers again. "Are you a darling?" he asked.

"I don't know."

"Are you a little idiot that can't mind her own business?"

"Maybe I am."

"Baby," he breathed. "Baby, I love you!"

"Mary Kate!" her mother called, from the bedroom that adjoined the kitchen.

"Did Cass go?"

"Going, Mother!"

He was gone, and Mrs. O'Hara came to the kitchen door, brushing her thick, short, curly black hair, that was silvering at the temples, with a disreputable old wire brush. She wore a worn old gray wrapper; her feet were in black felt slippers.

"He's the salt, that one," she said simply, of Cass.

"I'm awfully glad you like him," Mary

Kate said, feeling that she would fly into pieces.

"The girls did the kitchen for me—Tess is worth as much to me as any woman ever would be!" the mother said, regarding the ordered room with pride.

Mary Kate was standing still in the open doorway, her back turned toward the room, her eyes looking out at the backyard, and the bulk of the great apartment houses, checkered with little rising tiers of gold squares, in the spring night. The light of the cigarette advertisement flashed on her coppery hair, sank, wheeled and flashed again, aureoling her head with gold.

"I simply cannot bear it," she said to herself. "I'll die. I simply cannot bear it!"

There was a frenzy upon her. She wanted to beat her hands together, beat her head against a wall. She wanted to get away from all this familiar setting; get away into silence, and darkness, and strangeness, where she could forget.

"Tom took a bath," her mother said mildly, rubbing some homemade compound of mutton fat and lemon juice upon her hands.

"Mother, would you think I was crazy if I went out for a walk?"

"At fifteen minutes after ten o'clock at night?"

The telephone tingled, and as both women turned fearfully in its direction, Mrs. O'Hara said breathlessly:

"That's Mart! Oh, blessed Queen of the Angels—"

Mary Kate was in the passage, had snatched the receiver from the hook.

"Hello!" her mother heard her say. Then her voice changed. "Oh, yes?" she said, in the very essence—the very distillation, of her usual tones. "It isn't Mart, it's business," she said, in a reassuring aside, to her mother. "Yes, Chris," the new voice resumed. "No. It's all right. I was up—my mother and I were talking. Go on—"

AFTER a moment she put the receiver back, and laughed.

"It was some business, Mother," she explained, in a voice that sang. She went to the sink, and took a long drink of cold water; filled a second glass full, eying her mother innocently over it, as she turned about. "It was a man Mr. Rountree knows—" she explained.

"Well, it's a nice hour to get people out of their beds, not knowing but what it's a death message!" Mrs. O'Hara commented, scathingly.

"He said he'd put the call in an hour ago, but they kept telling him it was busy."

"Your aunt Julia called up. Maybe that was it."

"Maybe. Shall I close up here, Mother?"

"No; you go to bed. I'll do this!"

Mary Kate got a kiss that smelled of soap and lemon and mutton fat, and then went on her way upstairs, humming. Twice she had to stop, once on the stairs, once in the dark upper hallway, to put her hands over her face, her whole body moving in a long writhing motion of ecstatic excitement.

Oh, life! Wonderful and thrilling and satisfying. Oh, youth and beauty and hope, drawing off silk stockings, hanging up the shabby dress, stepping quietly to and fro in the stuffy bedroom gloom, kneeling at last to pray—and unable to find words!

Yet what Chris had said to her would have struck frozen terror and fear to her heart, a few short days ago.

"We aren't out of the woods yet, Mary," he had told her anxiously. "There have been some new developments in this damn' thing. Can you lunch with me tomorrow—in fact, you've got to. We're in trouble!"

(To be continued next week)

"Our Sales Broke All Records"

"Means More Profits for Distributors"

**THERMOID BRAKE LINING — in the automotive field and
AGFA ANSCO—in the camera field—both depend on
Collier's for major advertising service. They
describe Collier's value to their salesmen,
distributors and dealers as follows:**



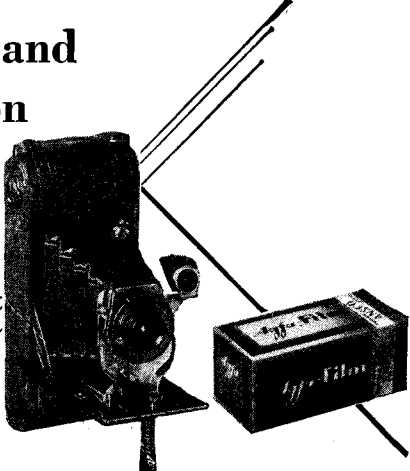
Thermoid

"WE use Collier's because we don't know a more efficient method of getting our message into nearly two million better class and more prosperous American homes, at so low a cost.

"We believe that Collier's editorial policy appeals to people who are neither 'high-brow' nor 'flaming youth' — but solid, substantial citizens — who drive good cars and realize the value of good service on their cars.

"Last year when Collier's held a prominent place on our magazine list, our sales of Thermoid Brake Lining broke all previous records. Needless to say, Collier's is down for a substantial slice of our national program for 1929."

—THERMOID RUBBER COMPANY



"WE have selected Collier's to announce Agfa Ansco to America because it reaches more than 1,900,000 homes of the type in which the most enthusiastic users of cameras and films are usually found.

"This is proved by the alertness, vitality and pictorial quality of the magazine itself—reflected by its gain of more than 700,000 copies a week in newsstand sales in less than four years.

"To our dealers and distributors this means an ever-widening circle of alert buyers in every community — more sales and more profits from the Agfa Ansco line."

—AGFA ANSCO CORPORATION

Collier's *for Action!*

now more than 1,900,000



How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

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

THE above hand, which was published in Collier's last week, was dealt in a game of Contract. South, with four suits stopped and a No Trump count of 19, started by bidding two Spades; his singleton Ace made the two-Spade bid sounder than two No Trumps. The hand has more than the minimum strength required for a bid of two Spades, but is a little short of the strength needed for three; especially because its Spade suit is only five cards and not nearly solid.

West hated to pass, but a bid of three Hearts would be for four tricks more than his hand contains and it would be dangerous since his partner had not been heard from to make up the deficit. The only doubt of North, on the contrary, was whether he should jump to three or four Spades. He had a count of 11—8 in Clubs and 3 in Spades. The jump of a two-bid to three is authorized with a count of 8, and to four with a count of 12. North conservatively called three, South going to four. Had North bid four Spades, South, with more strength than he had shown by his original declaration, probably would have launched the partnership upon a slam career, possibly with disastrous result.

The Auction Bridge bidding would be much simpler. South would bid one Spade, West two Hearts, North two Spades, and then would come three passes.

The Play

West's first lead was the King of Hearts, which closed hand won. Desiring to finesse in both Spades and Diamonds, Declarer opened the attack by leading the Nine of Clubs, overtaking with the Ten in dummy. From dummy he then led the Queen of Spades, and East with four declined to cover an honor with an honor. South carefully played the Nine, not the Seven, under the Queen; and consequently when the Queen won and North led the Eight, South was able to underplay it also, leaving North still in the lead. It then was easy to insure every trump trick by leading through East's King toward

South's A-J-10; so Declarer was able to capture East's triply guarded King of trumps at the expense of one dummy entry.

Declarer led the Jack of Clubs to trick 7, taking with dummy's Queen; and to trick 8 led dummy's Nine of Diamonds. When East played the Deuce, the Declarer placed at least one Diamond honor in the West hand. As dummy had but one more entry and South might wish to duck a second lead of Diamonds from that hand, South played the Ten on dummy's Nine. West won the trick, false-carding with the King. West then led another Heart, forcing South's last trump; and South put dummy in a third time with a Club in order to be in position for another Diamond finesse.

When East discarded on the third Club, he let go his Ten of Hearts and kept his three worthless Diamonds in the hope that this deceptive play, combined with what he imagined was a false card played by West, would induce Declarer to misplace the Diamond Queen. It would be natural for Declarer to suspect West's false card but coupled with East's Heart discard it was more apt to deceive—but it failed to accomplish its purpose in this case. North led the Eight of Diamonds to trick 11, and East played the Four; it looked very much as if East held the Queen of Diamonds and as if a finesse would produce a small slam. If a small slam had been bid, the finesse would be sound play; but Declarer had won nine tricks and by playing his Ace would cinch the game; if the finesse were tried and West had the Queen, that trick, plus the two long Hearts, would set the contract. Declarer therefore refused the finesse—he played the Ace of Diamonds. Virtue was rewarded: West's singleton Queen fell; all South's Diamonds were winners, and Declarer made an unexpected slam.

The dash and brilliancy were with East and West, the caution and conservatism with North and South; yet with cards barely good for ten tricks, Declarer made twelve. Verily the race is not always to the swift.

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

The Prince's Darling

Continued from page 7

among the camp followers in Brussels!" "Hush, that is not known here."

"I know it. I thought today Madelon had some glances that woman had taught her."

"No, no." Steffani was troubled. He gazed at the harpsichord keys; the old ivory, cracked and stained, was the color of his own long, pallid, wrinkled face under the black cap. "Madelon is brought up in the sternest honor, she has her father's sole attention now he is disgusted with the boys; Madame de Rosny stays largely because she knows how to train a gentlewoman."

Haverbeck interrupted sternly:

"Madelon is twelve today, in a few years she will understand—what then?"

"Then Madame de Rosny will go. She ages, and he is almost tired of her."

"Turned off with a month's fee in her pocket and hatred in her heart?"

"You know Neitschütz," said the Maestro uneasily. "He has no tenderness, he is devoured by this ambition—an odd passion to me—to rule Saxony, to be in Count Stürm's place—"

H AVERBECK once more interrupted: "How is Madelon to help him to that?"

"Well, the Electoral Prince has taken a violent fancy for her. When he was sick he would not eat till she was brought to him; he would not do his lessons till she helped him. It is not only the dawning passion of a youth for a maiden; it is the domination of a strong mind over a weak one."

"Does my uncle dream of a marriage?" asked Haverbeck.

"I believe he stakes on it. He knows the boys will never do anything. But she—she will be, no doubt, a wonderful creature."

"But a marriage with the Electoral Prince—it is absurd. Count Stürm would prevent it, even if the Elector was persuaded."

"I do not know," answered the Maestro wearily. "I stand apart in this house, but I cannot evade what comes before my eyes. For years have I watched the General struggling for advancement, blocked by Stürm—seen him drop deeper into difficulties; I know the shifts and economies that go on here. His estate of Gaussig is sold and that of Diemen mortgaged—all gone on flourishing at Dresden in the winter—the money spent on Madelon, too, these last few years since he saw she was to be a beauty—dresses, horses, dancing masters, jewels, even, and sometimes hardly enough on the table and the servants unpaid—"

Haverbeck interrupted:

"Madelon was a noble-minded child—has all this changed too?"

"I do not know. I cannot read her. She is very gay and courteous, but as ambitious as her father, and avid for pleasure and luxury."

"Madame de Rosny cannot have taught her honor," said Haverbeck sadly. "An ambitious woman! That has an ill sound."

Steffani explained himself, as if he feared he had been less than fair to his pupil.

"She is exceptional—clear-headed, alert-minded, full of energy and resource, born surely to rule and sway other people; she has already great control; her passions are well under—"

"You mean that Madame de Rosny has taught her duplicity?"

The Maestro had no answer to this. "Talk of yourself," said Steffani, rising. "I hoped you would find some opening in Paris."

"I might have, through the women, but I will not succeed by favor of another man's mistress. There will be war soon and I shall do very well."

"Another war?"

"Nothing else is talked of in Paris. Everyone is tired of the peace, which gives no opportunity to a gentleman."

"You are staying here?"

"If at all, only for tonight. I must go to Dresden for my uniforms, and to join my regiment."

Steffani regarded him wistfully and regretfully; so many brilliant advantages of mind and body, a lineage so ancient, to win no more than a lieutenancy in the Life Guards . . . but the young man seemed neither disappointed nor dismayed.

"No doubt," smiled Haverbeck, "my uncle will turn you off as well as Madame de Rosny, but I will provide for you. In a few years I shall be able to do so."

"I don't deserve that," said the poor pedant, "I never did much for you."

"Everything; I never forget what I learned from you—"

"You were such an excellent pupil," Steffani sighed.

Haverbeck clasped the old, chilly fingers in his warm grasp; then said, thoughtfully and earnestly:

"Watch over Madelon—do what you can. Instruct her in honor at every opportunity. I know she has a noble heart."

Haverbeck heard, as he left the library, voices from the courtyard, glanced through a window on the stairs and saw the Electoral coach and escort preparing for departure. He joined the group in the entrance hall. Major-General von Neitschütz was taking ceremonious leave of the Elector. He had an air of exasperated triumph.

The Electoral party went into the courtyard. Neitschütz remained in respectful attitude on his own threshold until the coaches were out of sight. When he returned, heavily, to the hall, he found Madelon talking to Haverbeck by the stairs, thanking him for the gift he had brought from the Palais Royale.

"But Madame de Rosny says I am too young for fans."

Her father passed between youth and maiden.

"Everyone has gone now, Madelon. Go to bed. I'm tired—amusing fools. . . . Give me the diamonds."

THE child put her tiny hand to her throat. "Can I not keep them? Are they not mine, now?"

"No, you are too young. Take them off."

With no further protest she resigned the glittering string.

"Some day," said Haverbeck gently, "you will have many diamonds, Madelon."

Neitschütz glanced at him sharply. "No doubt she will. Go to bed, Madelon. You have had a pleasant day?"

"Yes, my father." She curtsied. "Good night, Cousin!"

She approached Haverbeck. He would have saluted her hand, but she offered her cheek. As the youth kissed her, Neitschütz exclaimed harshly:

"What is this? Your hand was good enough for the Prince, eh?"

"Delphicus," smiled Madelon, "is my cousin."

Madelon tripped up the wide stone stairs, a gleam of lightness, of brightness. Her candid laugh was heard when she was out of sight. The Frenchwoman, discreet, silent, followed her like a shadow.