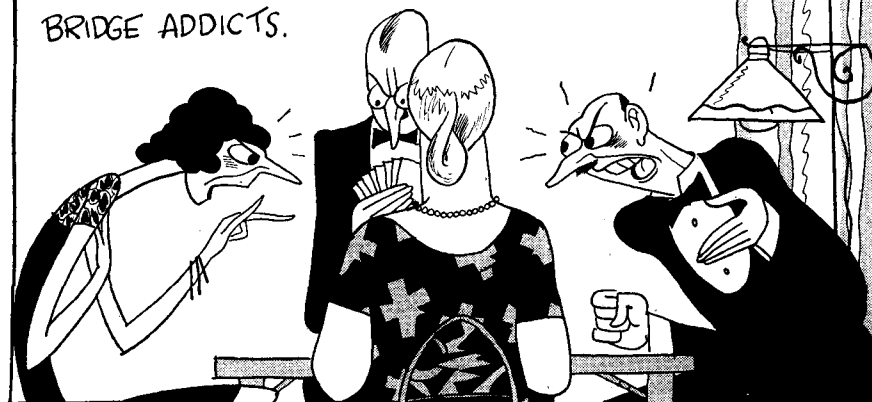


THE PERFECT COUPLE WHO WENT THROUGH FIRE, FLOOD, FAMINE, SHIPWRECK, PESTILENCE AND POVERTY TOGETHER WITH SMILES ON THEIR FACES AND THEN BECAME BRIDGE ADDICTS.



How would You play it ?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

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

THE above hand was given in last week's Collier's; the description follows:

The bidding at Auction Bridge would be: South one Spade, followed by three passes. The only possible variation would be that North might jump South's bid. But with this type of holding a jump is unnecessary and adverse bidding is to be courted, not shunned.

In Contract Bridge (the game in which I saw the hand played) the bidding was: South two Spades, West pass, North five Spades, East pass, South six Spades, which held the contract.

South's two Spades was thoroughly sound as a Contract bid. He counted on two high-card tricks and two probable low-card tricks in Spades and on two high-card tricks in Hearts, which gave him a total of four high-card and two low-card—a better combination than the minimum of six probable tricks of which three are high-card. In addition to his highly probable six tricks, he had the King of Clubs as an added attraction.

Considering North's jump to five, we must appreciate that South has bid two so North would jump to three with a count of 8, to four with a count of 12; but North's count is so far in excess of 12 that he naturally thinks of slam possibilities.

After North's slam suggestion, South's bid of six was sound because his hand is much stronger than the minimum for an initial two-bid.

The Play

Whether played at one Spade at Auction or six Spades at Contract, the initial lead would be the same, viz., the Queen of Diamonds. Dummy would win the trick, and the first thought of the Declarer would be to exhaust the adverse trumps. If able to do so in two rounds (i. e., if the adverse trumps are divided 2-2), it is obvious that his small slam will be made because he will lose only one Diamond. If he fail to drop the adverse trumps in two rounds it would look as if he must lose one trump and one Diamond, and be defeated.

There being no finesse to consider, he

must lead a small Spade from dummy to trick 2, winning in closed hand; and to trick 3 lead a second winning Spade. When the adverse Queen does not fall, the situation becomes serious. There is no way in which Declarer can discard a losing Diamond from either of his hands upon any card that he can lead from the other hand, except by exhausting all the trumps, and on the fifth round discarding a Diamond from dummy; but in that event dummy would not have a trump left to ruff closed hand's last Diamond. The situation is a trying one for the Declarer.

In this case the Declarer has a show-down for eleven tricks—five-odd—but how can he get the twelfth? He must lose to the adverse Queen of trumps and at first glance there does not seem to be a way to discard his Diamond. The Declarer I saw play the hand, however, arose to the emergency. He did not know how the adverse Diamonds were divided. There was every chance, in view of the rather even distribution of Declarer's hands, that the East and West Diamond division would prove to be 4-3. If so, game for Declarer was impossible; but it might be West 5—East 2, and in that event Declarer had a good chance to fulfill his contract. Consequently to trick 4 Declarer led his King of Clubs, and to trick 5 a second Club, winning in dummy with the Ace. Trick 6 was a small Club ruffed in closed hand. Declarer (trick 7-9) led three rounds of Hearts, and then a Diamond won by dummy's Ace. East accommodatingly followed to all tricks as was to be expected; the Declarer then (trick 11) led a losing trump, putting East in the lead. East was left with two cards. If one of them was a Diamond, Declarer's brilliant scheming must go for naught; but if East held only two Diamonds originally (as was the case) and consequently was left with one Club and one Heart or with two Clubs, Declarer must make his game.

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

Still Waters

Continued from page 34

a lad he had climbed after Adrian's good night.

He recalled that on the table at the head of his uncle's bed an electric torch always lay. He found it, paused a moment, passed a caressing hand over the pillow and stole down the hall. The torch's beam showed Lucius' room empty and disordered by the haste of the Negro's departure. He entered the bathroom, found that the water still ran hot, filled the tub and lowered himself into it.

The heat melted the soreness from strained muscles, numbness from his extremities, consciousness from his mind. He might have slumbered hours longer had he not in turning slightly immersed his head and sat up wheezing to find the white-tiled chamber blue gray with the dawn.

He rubbed down, cast his soaked clothing into a hamper, shaved, and, crossing the hall, dressed swiftly in dry garments. Through a gap in the drawn window curtains, he observed the outside world. The wind had passed, the lawn and the lake beyond lay dream-like in a mist that was quickened by the wide, aloof light of the daybreak.

York resumed his dressing, smiling slightly to think of the panic that had gripped him when he entered this house. Something, he felt obscurely, had changed him in his sleep. The driving impulse to flight was gone. The subconscious, unreasoning terror had been erased. His mind, which had turned abjectly from the vain hope of escape to the prospect of inert surrender, had stabilized and with the returning flow of physical energy had come mental activity. Adrian was dead. Someone had killed him. Someone.

Was this unknown someone remorse-smitten? Was he stricken that his guilt, by a sardonic interlocking of circumstances, was borne by the dead man's nephew? No one, York thought, as he drew open a drawer and rummaged among his neckties, had ever innocently faced a more grimly implicating situation. His plight was complete. The overheard mock-quarrel and the chief's pistol, with its accusatory empty chamber, neatly clothed the theory that he was Adrian's murderer. Almost too neatly. The murderer might not be conscience-tortured at York's arrest. He might be relieved by it. He might, in fact, have helped arrange it.

THE thought suspended physical activity for an instant. He was aware that his hands rested on cold metal. He drew forth from the rear of the drawer, a curved, heavy flask of silver. It was full. He remembered that he had poured therein the remaining half of a bottle of brandy, the smuggled gift of a friend returning from France; stout heartening liquor that would wipe the vestiges of fatigue from his body, comfort an empty stomach, quicken thought. He unscrewed the cap and the ripe fragrance invaded his nose. He raised the flask halfway to his lips and checked himself.

"Yorks and alcohol are a poor combination." It was as though the silent house had spoken. Yet it was not his uncle's face he saw now, but the arrogant head of Desire Minot, the hand at her throat, the hurt, scornful eyes. He had lost her. He had lost Adrian. He had been ravished of his good name, his liberty. "Yorks and alcohol are a poor combination." They were indeed. Directly or indirectly, their association had accomplished all this.

In the flask as he turned it, the

brandy gurgled invitation. He lingered an instant longer, walked to the bathroom and emptied the liquor into the bowl.

"All right, old scout," he said aloud, as though acknowledging an inaudible request, and grinned with a half-shamed pride at his mirrored reflection as he knotted his tie and buttoned his jacket with a decided jerk. He ran downstairs, opened the front door and strode through knee-deep mist that was the hue of the lighting sky, toward the summer house.

He walked thoughtfully and his pace slackened as his mind was accelerated. This was the way Adrian had come barely ten hours before. Suddenly to York, the presence of the old man seemed an almost tangible thing, so real that an eerie shiver trickled down his spine. The path lay blank, washed clear of footprints by the night's down-pour and yet the conviction unwillingly grew that Adrian walked before him.

YORK skirted underbrush that spat-tered him with wet and, looking up, saw the outline of the battered summer house, leaden against a gray sky and in the ghostly vista of mist-blurred trees, a figure, a human shape, dim but indubitable, standing motionless above where Adrian's body must have lain.

Breathless, rigid, York stared at the barely outlined form. A breath of wind troubled the treetops and drops pattered dully on the sodden earth. The man fought an unreasoning terror that rose, ebbed and was replaced by mounting suspicion. What need had he to fear a specter? Yet returning sanity made him only the more wary.

Through the shifting mists the form had moved. Could it be that a policeman stood guard here? Could it be that Adrian's slayer—

It was not a man but a girl. Unwillingly he responded to the faint beginnings of recognition. The girl stepped forward and in the colorless dawn flashed the bright sheen of her hair. She saw him now, gave a little cry and stepped back.

"Good morning," he heard himself say.

"Oh," was her only reply. She wore a blue slicker but her head was bare. Dew glistened on her hair. The gray of fright left her and color stirred in her cheeks. Voiceless, she turned toward him her chiseled face, saved from austerity by the red passionate mouth, and her eyes were the hue of a wind-swept channel.

"The murderer," he announced, "returns to the scene of the crime."

Her slender hands caught the lapels of her oilskin so tightly that her knuckles gleamed white.

"I didn't know," she said at length, "that they'd—discharged you. I'm glad."

"So should I be," York replied with dry bitterness. "They didn't. I'm an escaped prisoner."

"I'm sorry," she said, obviously ignoring an ill-cast jest, "that you found me here. I'll go now."

"May I ask why you came?" Her lips twitched. Emotion clouded in her clear voice.

"Oh, because I'm a fool. I woke two hours ago and somehow—I can't explain—I felt that—perhaps if I came here—and searched, I might find something that might explain this hideous thing. I felt—oh, well, I am a fool."

"I think," he said slowly, "that you came because—I was calling for you, Desire. I—"

(Continued on page 38)

SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES



"Let her burn!" *said Nero,*
as he dropped the fiddle and grabbed the bottle

"Rome was not built in a day," droned the Philosopher.

"No; but I set fire to it in about half-a-minute!" bragged Nero.

"Which proves," droned the Philosopher, "that the forces of Destruction are exactly 976 times faster than those of Construction."

"Razzberries!" interrupted Nero. "The only figures that interest me are those of the

Dancing Dollies chorus. Send 'em in. As for you," pointing to the Philosopher, "you can go to blazes!"

* * *

"No use talking," said Nero, settling himself for a pleasant afternoon as the third fire alarm rang out, "there's just one way to keep cool on a hot day . . . Boy, bring a few more bottles of carbonated beverages. Those zippy drinks go right to the thirsty spot!"

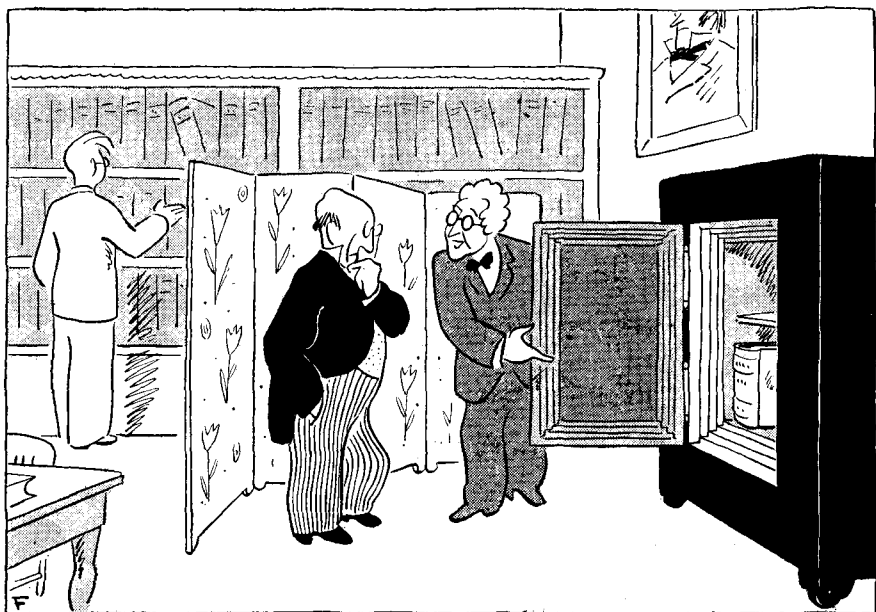


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T H E R E ' S A B O T T L E R I N Y O U R T O W N



Food for Thought

By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service

HOW many books does a college need? Authorities differ. One says 100,000. Another says 75,000. A third says 50,000. The American Council on Education puts the minimum at a more modest figure, 8,000. But it stipulates that they should be "well distributed, professionally administered and bearing specifically upon the subjects taught." For, when closely inspected, many colleges are found not to have the equipment required for the courses they profess to teach.

Dr. David A. Robertson of the Council has not been content with taking the figures reported in the catalogs. He has in many cases looked over the shelves to see what the books were. Sometimes they were largely "Pub. Docs.," obtainable free from congressmen, or cast-away and antiquated books, chiefly sermons. In one university where the English department offered two courses in Shakespeare and three on the novel, the departmental library consisted of a few shelves over the teacher's desk, lacking most of the essential books for the study of the English novel, and the only book on Shakespeare was a single volume of his collected plays.

In another college offering thirteen courses in French, there were only thirty-two books in the Romance Department. When Dr. Robertson asked

the librarian if that was all he had, he admitted that he had other French books, but had hidden them away. Dr. Robertson insisted on seeing the sequestered volumes, but there was only one, an English translation of Rabelais.

One college, which boasts a million-dollar recreation building with three gymnasiums, swimming pool, squash courts, etc., has only 7,500 volumes of any sort. Seven colleges admitted to the approved lists of the regional associations have fewer than the 8,000 volumes stipulated as the lowest limit. From that they range up to Oberlin, which stands highest among the independent colleges with 274,200 volumes, and to Harvard, which stands highest among the universities with 2,497,200.

A good test of whether a library is alive or not is its periodical list, for scientific research comes out mostly in the journals, and no student can get a modern education unless he has access to the latest knowledge and discussion in his field. In the report on American Colleges and Universities, issued by the American Council on Education, five colleges (which perhaps I had better not advertise here) report that they take only ten, eighteen, twenty-four and twenty-five periodicals, respectively. At the other extreme is the University of California, which takes 11,774.

Juice makes the Berries

THE members of the French Academy of Science had a rare treat recently. They were served with strawberries that had never seen the sunlight. Yet the fruit was quite as red and ripe and the leaves quite as green and gay as if the plants had grown in the old-fashioned manner. Two revolving electric lights had taken the place of the revolving sun, and since the lights in revolving were throwing their beams all the time on the plants, while the sun in revolving hides behind the world half of the time, these strawberries were grown in half the period that it ordinarily takes; and this in Paris in midwinter!

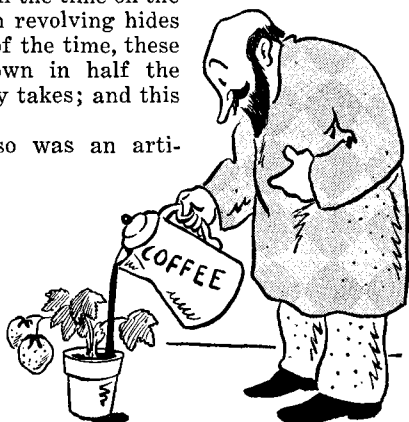
The fertilization also was an artificial process, for the savants played the part of the insects and carried the pollen from the stamens to the pistil.

This interesting experiment in electro-culture was performed by Messrs. Truffaut and Thurneysen.

Light was given by two tungsten filament lamps consuming twenty-four amperes of current under fifty volts. These were fixed with reflectors at the ends of a horizontal bar rotated at the rate of fourteen turns a minute four feet above the pots containing the plants.

The French experimenters have also been successful in growing beans, tobacco and oats by electric light alone. In the United States very extensive researches have been made in controlling growth by varying the length, intensity and composition of light.

But no reduction in the price of strawberries is to be expected from this scheme unless the price of kilowatts takes a decided drop.



Still Waters

Continued from page 36

Her gesture interrupted him.

"I thought," she explained carefully, "that those idiotic police had kept you—a prisoner. I'm going now. My car is down the woodroad, as close as I dared drive it. I'm—I'm glad you're free. Good-by."

The appeal in his voice checked her. "Then you don't believe," he blurted, "that I—did it."

She faced him with a swift rasp of her oilskin, scorn on her face.

"Believe," she retorted. "I know you didn't, of course."

"You are the only person beside me with that knowledge," he said gravely. "The others don't matter."

She searched his face and came, unconsciously, a step nearer. Hostility, embarrassment had left her suddenly.

"What is it?" she asked. "Tell me."

"I've told you already," he said, keeping self-control, "I'm an escaped prisoner. I got away last night." Then, because her face grew white and a little sound, half indignation, half pity escaped her, he recited quickly, yet quietly, what had happened since last she had seen him, obscurely comforted by her rapt attention and the quick play of emotion about her lips and eyes.

"And now?" she prompted gently when at length he paused. He shrugged and forced his voice to lightness.

"I start all over again," he told her. "I'm going to try and dodge cops addicted to assault and battery until I've seen Andrus. I don't care to have Clow and his flabby friend get me again."

"I see," she murmured. He went on in a slightly unsteady voice:

"I thought I came this way to see if perhaps I could find something here, read something into the place where my uncle was killed that might help explain this nightmare."

"I know," she interposed with eager nod. "I've been searching for it. But there's nothing here, not even a track. Only mud and rain-beaten grass. That was why I came, too."

"No," he denied. "I made you come and you made me, Desire. I know that now."

HE PAUSED and his blue eyes tested her calm face. He shrugged.

"Strike that off the record," he amended. "After all there is an appropriate time for everything. Thank you for coming through and—good-by."

The mist-muffled distance was troubled by something, half shudder, half sound.

"Good-by," he said again and turned. She spoke quickly:

"Where are you going?"

"To the house," he told her. "To get a hat and see if there's anything in the ice box. I haven't had food since—"

"Wait," she cried. "You can't. You mustn't. Listen."

The distant tremor had grown into the steady purr of a car. Her voice was sharply beseeching, her face quick with fright.

"You can't," she exclaimed. "They've come to search the place again. I heard them speak of it last night. This way, oh please, quickly."

She caught his hand and pulled him along the way she had come. He followed. Far down the dim, tree-arched lane, she relinquished her clasp and turned to face him. Her smile was almost gay.

"I've thought it all out," she said quickly. "I'll drive you to my house. You can lie in the tonneau and no one will see you. No one will think of looking for you in our garage and Skeen

has gone. He told me when I took the car this morning that he had a better job. I can get your breakfast, and by then father will be back."

"Father," he repeated. His dubious voice affronted her a little. She spoke more sharply:

"They wired him last night. I'll talk to him first and you can surrender to him."

He hesitated with a faintly sardonic expression.

"Your father," he commented dryly, "will be pleased."

"My father," she flared, "is—"

"Your father," he completed with a silencing finality. "All right. I'm your prisoner."

ALONE in the little bedroom above the Minot garage, York wolfed with surreptitious haste the breakfast Desire had brought him. Her face had been vivid with excitement, her voice quick and imperative. Minot had returned a bare ten minutes before, she had confided. She had had no moment with him alone, for Clow and Andrus had been waiting when he arrived and the two state troopers had just ridden in. York was to stay until she appeared again, not stirring from the room.

He set down his cup now and half rose as feet sounded on the stair and the door was thrust open. For an instant he and Skeen stared blankly at each other. Neither spoke until York after an instant of indecision had dropped back into his chair. He drained the cup and offered with faint defiance:

"Well?"

Skeen's feet shuffled upon the door-sill. His pale face, wrinkle-laced as though beneath the parched skin his skull bones had shrunk, showed no flicker of alarm. Shabby, lank, faintly woebegone, he rubbed his twitching nose and mumbled: "H'lo, Mr. York."

"I'm waiting here for Mr. Minot," the other replied desperately. Skeen seemed barely to hear his explanation and to take no interest whatever therein.

"Uh-huh," he acknowledged, and his hungry eyes strayed about the room. "Left so suddenly this morning," he explained elaborately, "that I forgot something. Mind if I come in?"

His was the indifference of ignorance, York decided, or else a masterly pretense. At his nodded permission Skeen crossed the room with haste and rummaged in the top drawer of the battered bureau. A grunt of relief escaped him as he drew out a flat metal packet and dropped it into his pocket.

"Medicine," he said to York as though explanation had been demanded. "For my stomach. I suffer a deal from indigestion and when I went this morning, I forgot them."

He went toward the door, the hand that had thrust the packet away, still in his pocket. Delaying words were on York's lips when the man stopped and peered out of the dusty front window.

"Trooper ridin' his cycle into the yard," he reported. "Rather not see him, maybe?"

"Yes," York admitted dazedly, incredulous of the shabby man's manifest indifference. Still peering, Skeen mused aloud: "Young-looking lad. Must be a rookie. I'll get rid of him for you, Mr. York."

He had clumped away downstairs before the other could find reply. Tip-toeing to the half-open door, York, in the movement to close it, was halted by conversation directly below him.

(Continued on page 40)