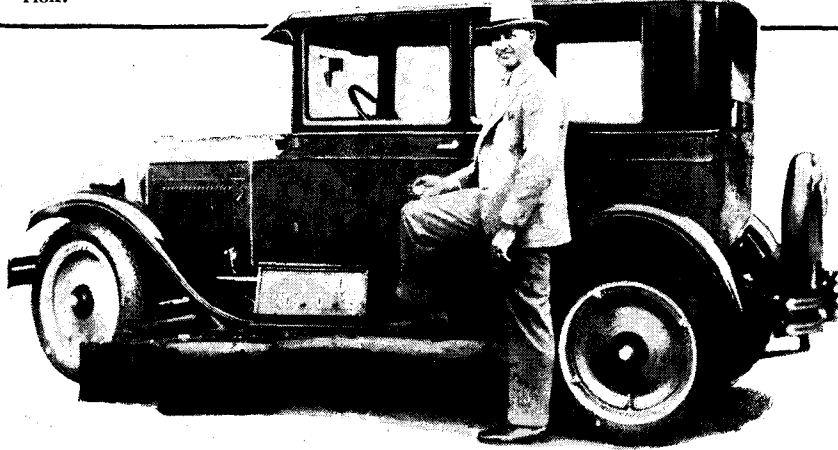


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Catching up with the World



By Edwin E. Slosson

Director Science Service



Rejuvenating an Immortal

THE 40 members of the French Academy have always been called "The Immortals," but this has hitherto been understood in a literary, not a literal, sense.

But now one of them (name not revealed) has been rejuvenated, and so his mortal life has been extended by the surgical operation of Dr. Serge Voronoff. Anyhow so says Dr. Voronoff in his book, *The Conquest of Life*. He meets the skeptics with the statement: "My adversaries have not been able to prevent more than a thousand persons in the last seven years from recovering, thanks to monkey glands, the vital energy abolished by age." The Collège de France has given him an official position by naming him Director of the Laboratory of Experimental Surgery, but the School of Medicine still refuses him recognition. This also is the general attitude of the medical fraternity in other countries toward the claims of Voronoff and his teacher Steinach. In the United States several scientists who have repeated his experiments have failed to find them successful.

In Algeria the French Government gave him a free hand for experimenting on 3,000 sheep, and it was reported that amazing results had been attained in restoring decrepit rams to youthful vigor, and in increasing the growth and wool clip of flocks by grafting them

while young. I gave an account of these experiments in Collier's for January 21, 1928. But when the Board of Agriculture of Scotland sent a committee of experts to examine the Algerian sheep, they rendered on their return a canny Scotch verdict of "not proven."

So there is as yet no certain evidence that the universal desire of mankind for unlimited length of life or the recovery of lost youth is possible to satisfy. Nor is it certain that it would be as desirable as it seems. The experiment of Faust turned out disastrously, as least for Marguerite. The undying but always aging Struldbrugs whom Gulliver encountered in the land of Luggnagg were unenviable creatures. Nor are we persuaded by Shaw that Back to Methuselah is the path of future progress, for neither the archbishop at the age of 283 nor the housemaid at the age of 274 had a very happy time.

Better to have a general and gradual lengthening of life than such exceptional and sudden cases, and that is what we are getting through the application of sanitary science. In England in 1834-1854 the average expectation of life at birth was 40.88 years. In 1920-22 it had risen to 56.95 years. Such extension of life of a whole people can doubtless be considerably continued. Meantime we can get used to living longer.

A One-Way Providence

THE early settlers in America had the rare good fortune to find a fertile continent from which the aborigines, who at first appeared formidable, vanished with a rapidity that seemed miraculous to their pious minds. The Rev. J. J. Morse, father of American geography and founder of the Association for the Reformation of Morals, calls attention to this providential interposition in his first schoolbook, *Geography Made Easy*, which was published in 1794: "In 1763, on the island of Nantucket, in the space of four months, the Indians were reduced by a mortal sickness from 320 to 85 souls. The hand of Providence is undoubtedly in this surprising evidence of mortality among the Indians to make room for the English. Comparatively few have perished by wars. They waste and molder away. They, in a manner unaccounted, disappear."

In Canada devout Catholics noted the same marvel. Madame Guyard, founder

of the Ursuline convent, said in 1639:

"When we arrived in the colony, the Indians were so numerous that it seemed as if they were going to grow a vast people; but after they were baptized God called them to Himself either by disease or by the hands of the Iroquois."

Nowadays, when the whites are no longer in danger of being wiped out, the Indians are increasing.

In Mexico the Spanish conquest was also facilitated by disease, as Friar Toribio wrote in 1541:

"God smote and chastised this land and those who found themselves in it, natives as well as strangers, with ten burdensome plagues."

The first of these ten plagues of New Spain was smallpox, which killed over half the people in most of the provinces. The second was measles, introduced eleven years later. But the other eight scourges enumerated by Friar Toribio were due to the ill treatment of the Indians by the Spaniards.



Better than Fame

Continued from page 28

it was a man who had passed or merely a memory she had glimpsed. At last she said, almost abruptly:

"Isn't it strange how sometimes things come back to you with extraordinary force. Little things and great things. Ronnie, if you ever love anybody very much, be humble, whatever happens. Don't ride off, thinking that you're strong enough to go alone. Don't do it! There's advice for you!" She stopped, laughing. "How terrible of me to talk like that! It's because I'm excited and tired. Forgive me! But it's true enough, and I meant it. I'll say it again."

But she did not repeat that which had sprung from her heart a moment earlier. Instead, she caught some stammered words from her companion. What were they? He was saying something in a dry voice, something terribly in earnest. Jessica did not know what it was. But she knew that the car had stopped, she knew that she was home at last, and that Pagan was helping her to alight, guiding her blindness past the portals of the block of flats in which she lived.

They were within doors now, and her maid had taken Jessica's cloak. They were alone, in the lovely room with the glistening wall-paper and the softness and mellow lights which made Jessica's home so exquisite.

"... get you away from it all ... makes me ashamed to see you ... get married ... take you away. ... Why, he was proposing to her, this young man with all the talents and all the wealth of the Indies! Proposing marriage, when she had supposed him merely expressing anger at the fuss of the evening.

"I BELIEVE you're asking me to marry you, Ronnie!" exclaimed Jessica. "And I've never even given it a thought. Oh, my dear boy! You know this is *very*—" She laughed. "So sudden!" she teased. But Pagan did not laugh.

"Jessica!" He turned away. A young man deeply in earnest. She must not laugh. She did not want to laugh. But to marry him! Well, why not? Why should he not love her? Why should she not love him? She was a little breathless.

"Ronnie, you've surprised me. I don't know what to say to you, my dear—" Her mind said, "Why not?" Her heart had its own secrets.

"We'd be so happy!" he declared. "Jessica! Say 'yes.'"

With those ardent eyes so close to her own, Jessica hesitated. Then she shook her head decidedly.

"No. No, Ronnie. I'm not just being silly and coquettish. I know exactly what's in my mind."

"You're not married, are you?" he begged, his cheeks haggard.

At that, Jessica gave a little laugh.

"What a boy!" she exclaimed. "No, nor ever have been! There!"

"But you love somebody?"

"I wonder. I'm not sure. I did. Perhaps I still do—"

"Jessica. I'll take the risk. That risk; or any other!"

She gave a smiling groan.

"And if I did. And if he did—" she murmured. "But perhaps he never did. He let me go." She was speaking to herself. "Perhaps he never did." Her face had grown bitterly sad.

The young man listened impatiently. Twice he attempted to speak. At last he stammered:

"Give me a chance, Jessica! That's all I ask. This other man—" He

checked his tongue. "Come down with me—"

"Come down! But where?" Jessica was amazed. "Are you going away, then? I hadn't counted on that. Oh, don't leave me!"

"Tomorrow. I must. I hate to leave you. But I'm going home—at least, I'm going to visit my mother. Do come! She'd love you. She'd love to have you as a daughter-in-law! Jessica!"

"Perhaps—" She hesitated. "It's very tempting. There, Ronnie, I'm tempted!" She was laughing.

"Jessica!" he cried. His eyes sparkled. His hands were outstretched.

"Where is your home?" Jessica demanded quite suddenly.

"I'm going to stay with my mother, down in Shropshire," he muttered. "Near Tanchester."

"What!" exclaimed Jessica, sharply. An extraordinary flush darkened her cheeks. "Where did you say?"

HE SAID again: "Tanchester." She had changed. He knew that she had changed and grown cold, because he had said that name. But why?

"Jessica!" he pleaded again. "Come with me!"

She was quite white again, and held her head as if she were listening, remembering.

"I can't ... Go now. My dear, don't think me unkind. I can't think. My head's too full of noise and excitement. I'm quite dazed. Good night, now. Good night."

She was alone.

"Tanchester," she murmured to herself. "Tanchester."

Mechanically, Jessica picked up from a small table near the door a newspaper, which had come that day through the post. Its wrapper was still about it, and she tore the flimsy covering away and unfolded the paper. It was The Tanchester Chronicle.

"Tanchester!" she said again, thoughtfully; and stretched her arms wide as she opened the paper in the middle. It was a small sheet, badly printed, with blurred headlines, but she scanned the ugly type as if she sought a meaning in every word of the paper.

And as she read here and there in the center pages, she caught a short headline which brought the blood to her cheeks. Her eyes dropped below it to the tipsy print:

"... Much regret to announce ... wife of our popular doctor. ..."

What more there was, Jessica did not know. She carried the paper close to the light, for her eyes were suddenly blurred. ...

AMID much coughing, half a dozen patients were waiting in the surgery of Doctor Gerrard, which lay somewhat back from the High Street of Tanchester.

One by one, as the previous comer was sent away; those who remained edged nearer to the doctor's door. At last only two still sat waiting. One of these was a large stout man who gave a groan—a very startling groan—from time to time. The other was a small, neat little woman dressed plainly in black, whose black hat hung over her eyes and who continued to sit with her eyes fixed upon the floor even when she had been left alone by the exit of the stout and groaning man. She looked as though she was prepared to wait until the last trump without moving.

Suddenly the doctor's door was sharply opened, and the stout man shambled

(Continued on page 70)



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(Continued from page 69)

out. He no longer groaned, but his cheeks were rather redder than they had been, and his pursy lips were folded together in a curious look of mingled relief and discomfiture. Upon his heels came the doctor himself; and at his coming the little woman who was waiting sat bolt upright. She no longer looked at the floor, but now stared straight before her. She seemed to tremble, as if she felt dread of the interview which was to follow.

"Come in, will you?" requested the doctor. It was a low-voiced command, and the tone was pleasant. But the doctor did not look at the little woman. He still seemed to be thinking of what he had said to the stout man—or perhaps he was thinking of something else altogether—something that had happened long ago. It was his customary manner, grave, unsmiling, but kind and abstracted. He was a tall, thin man, a little gaunt, rather gray at the temples, but not yet elderly. Indeed, there was a liveness in his movements which at times gave an impression of youth; and if only he had not been so careworn he might have been extremely handsome.

Some perception of this may have struck the little woman who was waiting for him, because she gave the doctor a quick and very searching glance before she followed him into the inner room. But as soon as she was there her eyes were once again dropped, and her face was hidden beneath the shadow of her hat.

"What is the trouble?" asked the doctor kindly. He half smiled at the quaint little figure before him; then he turned his eyes away as if he would be able to hear better what she had to say of her symptoms if he did not look too closely. Or it may be that this was tactful habit, so that patients should not feel embarrassed by his gaze while they talked of their troubles.

The little woman moved her hands helplessly, and began to answer his question in a little simpering voice.

"Well, Doctor," said she. "It isn't really any trouble I've come about—in one way. And yet it is, if you understand me. The real fact of the matter is, if you'll allow me, is that I—well, I heard of your trouble, and—well, I thought you might be in need of a good housekeeper to look after you. I mean to say, I'm very experienced and I'm used to all sorts of things."

The doctor interrupted her. "Housekeeper?" he asked, rather vaguely. "Oh, but I think that's all settled."

"Oh, no, it isn't, if you'll excuse me, sir," persisted the little woman. "I went to Miss Clarence; and she told me you had asked her to look out for someone; but when the lady who was coming heard that it was a doctor, and a widower, she said she really, well, couldn't think of it. So Miss Clarence said I might come along and—well, try my luck, sir."

THE doctor looked away from the little woman.

"Oh," said he, dryly. "A doctor and a widower, eh? And you didn't find the same drawback?"

"Well, no, sir," said the little woman. "You see, sir, if I may say so, nobody would look at me, sir. Would they?" She paused, as if for reply. Then, when the doctor in fact did not look at her, she continued: "Whereas this other lady, it appears, was quite a beauty, and, well, it seems she had some expectations, sir, from another gentleman."

The doctor gave a short laugh. "Besides," continued the irrepressible little woman, "she heard that you wanted a nurse for your motherless little girl." And as she said this, the little woman

bit her lip, as if the tears had started to her eyes. Neither the doctor or his companion looked up. But the doctor sighed very faintly.

"That's true," he murmured. "Well, and the thought of that doesn't frighten you, eh?" He shot a sudden glance at the lowered head. "What's your name?"

"Mrs. Jones, sir."

"When could you start?"

"Now, sir," quickly answered the little woman, with a jump.

"There's one thing I must ask you," said the doctor. "At least, you said—I think you said you were fond of children?" He had come to a halt, and was listening with eagerness for her answer. "You did, didn't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then—you won't mind, will you—we must see how Jessica takes to you."

"Jessica?" faltered Mrs. Jones.

"My little girl," explained the doctor.

"Oh, yes, sir," answered Mrs. Jones.

"Jessica, of course, sir."

A slow crimson seemed to spread in her thin cheeks, which until that moment had been so pale under the shadow of the large hat.

A WEEK later, Tom Gerrard, passing up the stairs upon his return from morning calls upon his patients, heard his little girl laughing with delicious merriment. As a rule, such happiness was the result of his own companionship; and Jessica had not taken kindly to any of the well-intentioned people who had tried to be kind to the doctor's motherless girl. He stopped upon the stairs, listening, a faint smile upon his lips, lighting up the rather serious expression of his face, and making him appear to be younger than one would have supposed from his ordinary demeanor. But Tom loved his six-year-old daughter. He adored her, and had done so ever since she could walk and talk.

A little clapping of the hands came from within the room. Then a murmur. Somebody was singing in a very low voice. Tom could distinguish neither the words nor the tune, but he guessed that the song was an old nursery rhyme. When Jessica's voice again became audible, as if she too were singing, Tom could resist no longer the impulse to peep into the room. An astonishing sight met his eyes.

In the center of the room stood Mrs. Jones, her skirt—that long black dowdy skirt—slightly lifted, and one foot pointed out. Opposite to her, very serious now, stood Jessica, in a similar attitude. Her tiny hands were at the edge of her short frock, her toe was pointed, her fair head was thrown forward. She looked the daintiest little dancer in the world; and her face was radiant. But her companion! Tom Gerrard could hardly repress laughter at the quaint sight she presented. That skinny little figure, with the ugly buttoned boots and the rusty old skirt, the corkscrew curls of very coarse gray hair, was something too ridiculous for straight faces.

He turned away with a smile, and continued upon his way up the stairs. Who could have guessed this? He had said to Mrs. Jones that they must "see how Jessica 'took' to her." Well, they now saw. Such a thing had not seemed probable to Tom, he now remembered. And this was the first time he had looked at the new housekeeper. If he had looked at her earlier with the same attention, he would have supposed that she never could hope to please his fastidious little daughter. And yet—It was marvelous! The tired face of Tom Gerrard relaxed again. He almost grinned. This was great!

Ten minutes later, Jessica came creeping into his room.

"Oh, Daddy!" she exclaimed. "And

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I didn't know you were home! If Joan hadn't sent me up to see, I should have gone on practicing."

"Joan..." murmured Tom. "Practicing..." He seemed to be bewildered. Jessica came forward like the little fairy she was. She climbed up on his knee.

"Joan," she explained; "that's what she says I may call her. Her name's really 'Mrs. Jones,' but we thought that was such a bother. And, oh, Daddy! She's teaching me to dance. It's lovely! Look!"

Like a feather she had left his knee and was gravely standing before him in just the same attitude as the one in which he had seen her earlier. Tom watched, amazed. The little witch had extraordinary grace. She held herself so well!

"But you really want music," she told him. "That's what Joan says. Joan sings to me; and I dance—Joan says I dance beautifully."

"So you do, my darling," cried Tom. "Beautifully!"

"But you ought to see Joan!" exclaimed Jessica; and burst into a tinkle of laughter. "Oh, Daddy; she's so funny!"

"I'm sure she is!" agreed Tom, grinning again. He had not grinned for a hundred years; and he had done it twice within ten minutes. Once at the sight of "Joan," and once at the memory of her. "What a queer old stick!" he thought. "Somewhere in that withered old body she must have a heart about as old as Jessica's!" Aloud, he said: "And what is Joan doing now?"

"I think she's getting the lunch," explained Jessica. "She said I'd better run along and see if you were in."

But Mrs. Jones was not getting the lunch. It was not yet time to do so. She had still a good deal of work to do in the house, for in the months of illness preceding the recent death of Mrs. Gerrard everything had fallen into sad neglect. The doctor had been compelled to take what service offered, and as he was naturally careless of his own comfort, and as he was in addition an exceedingly overworked general practitioner, the house was in a pickle. Sighing as she tidied and dusted, Mrs. Jones was rearranging innumerable knick-knacks upon a bureau—photographs and little vases and little mats which had probably been dear to the dead woman—and as she came upon a photograph of the doctor's wife she held it up to the light, scrutinizing the features with close attention. Not a kind face, she thought. A rather hard face, in fact. But the face of one who would snatch at her chances. Mrs. Jones nodded to herself as she laid the photograph down again.

"I wonder if he wants this out," she murmured to herself. "It might be better to put it away."

HESITATING, she tried to open the bureau, in order that she might hide the photograph of the late Mrs. Gerrard. It was locked. But in the lock was the doctor's bunch of keys, left there, evidently, because he had absent-mindedly forgotten to take them with him. Mrs. Jones gave a quaint grimace. Then she opened the bureau, and saw that here, too, there was some tidying to be done.

"Yes, but if he found me here," murmured Mrs. Jones. "Well—"

She hastily opened the lowest of the small drawers, and was about to thrust therein the photograph of Mrs. Gerrard. But the drawer was full. Lying upon the top of everything else there was an unframed photograph, face downwards.

"Another!" gasped Mrs. Jones. Then she gave a cry. The other photograph was not that of Mrs. Gerrard. It was the photograph of a young girl, taken

perhaps fifteen years before, and now very faded. A young girl with roguish eyes and an indescribable piquancy in her expression. Curly hair worn in the fashion of the day before yesterday. But Mrs. Jones seemed to ignore the fashion. She was staring at the face.

"How on earth did he get that?" she was muttering. Then, almost feverishly, she threw down the photograph and seized the little bundle of papers which lay below it. Letters! Not much faded. They had been kept from light and air for ten years or less. And the handwriting brought a low whistle to Mrs. Jones' lips. Her eyes were round—round and full of tears. Her cheeks were scarlet.

"What a man!" she exclaimed. "What a man! Was there ever!"

Beneath the letters was a small lace-edged handkerchief, rather crumpled, but neatly folded. A telegram. And in the corner of the drawer some small object folded in a piece of paper—an object that was hard as well as small. Mrs. Jones took it in her fingers, her head bent, her breath coming unevenly. Upon the paper packet she read, in the doctor's script: "Jessica's ring."

"Ah!" cried Mrs. Jones. "Ah, ah!" She had half turned away from the bureau, as if she were stifling. Then, suddenly, as if she could do no otherwise, she caught these old treasures in her two hands, and convulsively pressed them to her bosom. Her thin shoulders were bowed. She was crying.

LORD PAGAN jumped from his handsome limousine, which he had himself driven into Tanchester at high speed. He looked once again at the red lamp outside Doctor Gerrard's surgery, and walked up to the front door and rang the bell. In a few moments Pagan saw the big door slowly open and a child about six years old, a fairy child with blue eyes and golden hair, stood before him.

"Will you come in, please," said this child, very courteously. "My daddy is out just now. But Mrs. Jones—"

"Here I am!" came in another voice. Lord Pagan looked up sharply. Before him stood a little wizened woman in a black bombazine dress which was beginning to turn a mixture of green and brown. Her gray hair was arranged in corkscrew curls, and her face was pale and thin. Who was this woman? Pagan frowned.

"I want to see the doctor," he said, impatiently. "It's very important that I should do so at once. I've been trying to telephone; but something seems to have happened—"

"I know," agreed the housekeeper. "I know. Sickenings, sir, isn't it! Out of order! It got knocked down this morning, and—"

"When will the doctor be back?" questioned Pagan. "My mother, Lady Pagan, is very ill, and I'm told Doctor Gerrard—"

"Doctor Gerrard is a very good doctor, sir—I mean, of course, My Lord—" said Mrs. Jones.

Something in that speech, or perhaps in the tone in which it was spoken, caused Pagan to look at this elderly woman with a glance which was not one of mere hauteur. She continued:

"The doctor will only be a few minutes. Will you wait to see him, or will you let me give him a message?"

Pagan did not answer. He was staring at the face of Mrs. Jones.

"Have I ever seen you before?" he asked abruptly.

A puzzled expression came into her eyes; the brow was wrinkled.

"You should know that, sir," said she.

He still examined her face with an air of suspicion and started toward her.

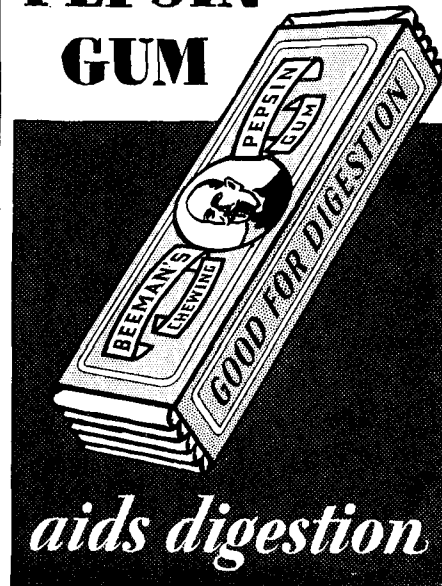
(Continued on page 72)



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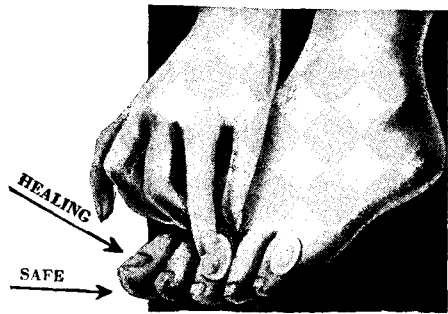
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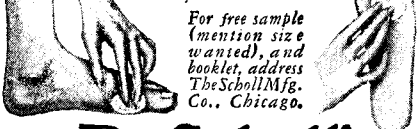


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(Continued from page 71)

He did not notice little Jessica in his path, and knocked against her.

"You know, I have seen you before," he began. Then he noticed little Jessica, who had stumbled at contact with his leg. "Hullo, have I hurt the child?"

Mrs. Jones had stooped, and little Jessica's arms were about her neck.

"Jessica mustn't cry," said Mrs. Jones. "Jessicas are always brave," responded the little girl. "Aren't they?"

"Well, what I said was silly," answered Mrs. Jones. "Silly, but wise in time."

The little girl laughed her tinkling little laugh, and rubbed her golden head against the gray curls of the kneeling woman. Pagan, his lip curling, listened to the nonsense. But as he listened he continued to watch Mrs. Jones, and he saw something very peculiar. The gray curls were twisted. And beneath one of them was a streak of gold. At once his doubts were gone. He knew where he had seen the old dame.

"Jessica!" he cried, vehemently. "It is you!"

"I don't know what you mean, sir," said Mrs. Jones, taking a step backward.

"It's me that's Jessica," eagerly interposed the little girl. "You see, it's me. That's what my daddy calls me!"

BUT Lord Pagan did not cease to stare at Mrs. Jones.

"Jessica!" he cried, peremptorily. "You can't—" He caught at her hand. It was small and exquisitely delicate. "I know it's you. Oh, for heaven's sake, my darling! Forgive me!"

Mrs. Jones tried to free her hand from his clasp. Her cheeks were slightly flushed. In an instant, breathing rapidly, she was standing erect at a yard's distance from Pagan.

"My dear, what's the meaning of this masquerade?"

"Ssh!" cried Mrs. Jones, with a sharp glance at Jessica. Pagan grew very pale. His hands trembled.

"To hide your beautiful hair!" he groaned. "It's monstrous!" His eyes glittered. It was with the utmost effort that he refrained from approaching her once more. "If you knew what these last days of torture have meant to me!" he continued with emotion. "No word of you. Everything I could do a mockery. My mother ill, you missing. I've been nearly out of my mind. Jessica, how could you! How could you do it?" He held out his twitching hands to her.

"Poor boy!" said Mrs. Jones, in a low tone. "Poor boy. I'm so sorry for you." She no longer stood apart, but came nearer to him. Her hands were in Pagan's hands, cool and gentle.

"But this!" he groaned. "To find you here, disguised. My dear, I can't bear you in this horrible wig!"

As he said these words, Pagan made a sudden irresistible snatch at the gray curls around Mrs. Jones' face. Mrs. Jones drew back. A tug, a jerk, and the wig was off. The curly hair of Jessica Mowbray was revealed. Instantly her whole face was changed.

"Oh, Joan!" cried little Jessica, in an ecstasy. "How lovely you are!"

"Who is this child?" demanded Pagan, in agony.

"And what does this mean?" said a low voice behind them.

Tom Gerrard stood there, his face curiously drawn. He had come into the house very quietly, had paused at the open door, and had been as one transfixed.

From Pagan's face to Jessica's his eyes roved. Then he started. But he did not say anything. He looked directly at Lord Pagan for the second time.

"I am Lord Pagan," said the latter. "My mother is staying out at the Grange, near Worpleford; and she has been taken suddenly ill. I want you to come at once if you will. We can't discover what is the matter. I have my car here—"

Tom Gerrard had not heard a word of his explanation. He seemed to be listening, but the voice he heard was not that of Lord Pagan. It was a voice he had heard ten years before.

"Is it you, Jessica?" he murmured. "And you were here—looking. . . And I didn't know—" A puzzled frown crossed his face. "Why did you come? Was it in kindness or—no, it was in kindness, I am sure."

"Will you come?" insisted Pagan, who was deadly white. Sneeringly, he added: "I recognized her at once."

It was jealousy which moved him—bitterest jealousy. But of that Tom Gerrard took no heed. He hardly heard the words; he certainly did not understand their meaning.

"Yes, he'll come," answered Jessica, impatiently. "He'll come at once. But he's waited ten years to see me. I'm sorry, Ronnie. So sorry. But I broke his heart ten years ago—and never knew it. And I'm not going to do it again. Nor my own heart—Go now. My dear—" Her voice softened: "It was never any good. Never possible between you and me. It was always Tom. Go now. He'll come to you. Please—"

"But he didn't know you!" stammered Pagan. "He didn't know you—all this time—Ah, God!"

With a groan, he turned away, and was gone, while Tom continued to stand there, as if he was dreaming still.

"Tom," Jessica said, "I sent you back your ring ten years ago. My finger's been cold ever since. And my heart colder. Will you forgive me, and let me try again?"

"But you're a great woman now," he murmured, shaking his head. "I'm afraid of you now. You're so great and so famous that a little surgery—"

"I suppose I can do as I like?" demanded Jessica with some of the old fire. "Good gracious, don't I give satisfaction? Isn't your home clean and tidy? Aren't your clothes mended? Can't I cook well enough for you? Ungrateful man!"

SHE was scolding him, and the tears were all the time in her eyes, although she was smiling.

"A surgery with you would be better for me than the whole world without you, Tom," said she. "I know that, because I've tried the other. And I've come back. May I stay? It's for you to decide."

"For me?" He shrugged, doubtfully. "And that fine young fellow who's just gone, is he of no account?"

"None. He might have been, but he made me think of you. And I knew I'd got to come back and see if you still wanted me—if you ever had really wanted me. Do you? Tom, you do still love me a little, don't you?"

Tom was smiling slowly. Desperately Jessica went on:

"And, after all, little Jessica does 'take' to me. Don't you, darling?"

"I love you!" cried little Jessica, in a loud voice.

"Can the father do less?" asked Jessica the elder.

Apparently he could do no less, for as she moved toward him Tom took her hands into his own. Across his face there spread that marvelous broad grin which he had twice before within the last week revived, as it were, from his former life.

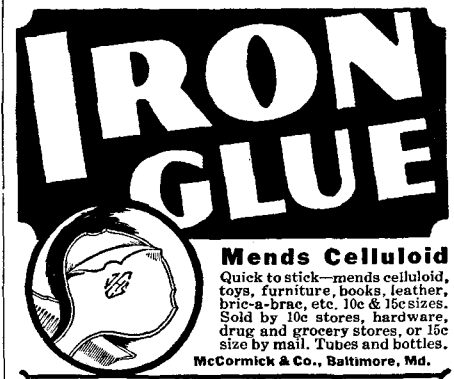
"Hurrah!" cried little Jessica. "Me too, Daddy!"

They were all three in each other's arms.



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How would You play it ?

North

- ♠ 5-4-3
- ♥ J
- ♦ A-9-6-2
- ♣ J-10-8-5-2

East

- ♠ 8-6
- ♥ 8-7-5-4-3-2
- ♦ 7-3
- ♣ 9-7-3

By Milton C. Work

Author of Auction Bridge Complete

West

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

South

- ♠ A-K-7-2
- ♥ A-Q-10
- ♦ K-Q-J-8
- ♣ A-K

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

The Auction

South bid one No Trump; West, North and East passed. If North's singleton had been accompanied by strength on the side, so that the hand furnished a good major suit bid, that bid would have been wise. But with the North holding, it would be foolish to think of bidding two Clubs. There could be little chance of game in the combined hands at Clubs and the danger from the Heart suit is not serious enough to justify making a bad bid in order to avoid it.

In Contract South, with a count of 26 and with every suit stopped at least twice, has a hand which needs but little assistance across the table to produce a Slam. Its holder could not expect North to be strong enough to make any declaration suggesting a Slam if South should start with three No Trumps or less, so she must bid three No Trumps and be satisfied with game, or try for a Slam by bidding four No Trumps. If the latter bid should be made, North, with a count of 6, would bid either five No Trumps or five Diamonds, depending upon whether, after her partner's bid of four No Trumps, she believed it advisable to indulge in Ace-showing. Ace-showing was very much overdone when Contract was new, but under such a condition as this it is doubtless the most informative method of indicating strength. If South once started on a Slam career, she doubtless would bid six after North's bid of five Diamonds. The showing of that Ace would add greatly to South's confidence. It is doubtful whether she would bid for a Slam if North should bid five No Trumps.

The Play

West leads the Queen of Spades, which South wins with the Ace.

To trick 2 South leads the King of Diamonds; and to trick 3 the Queen of Diamonds. When both adversaries follow to both tricks, it becomes evident that North has two Diamond entries and that her Clubs can be both established and run.

Consequently to trick 4 South leads the Ace of Clubs; and to trick 5 the King of Clubs.

To trick 6 she leads the Jack of Diamonds, drawing the last adverse Diamond and overtaking with the Ace in the Closed

Hand; and to trick 7 Dummy leads the Jack of Clubs, forcing the adverse Queen and establishing two Clubs in the Dummy hand with the Nine of Diamonds as an entry with which to cash them. South discards her Ten of Hearts, hoping to tempt West to lead a Heart.

Trick 8, West leads a second Spade, establishing that suit in her hand and hoping that the King of Hearts will prove an entry; but to trick 9 South leads the Eight of Diamonds, taking in Dummy with the Nine, West discarding her Six of Hearts.

To tricks 10 and 11 Dummy leads the Ten and Eight of Clubs respectively. It matters not what East discards, but on trick 10 South discards the Deuce of Spades, watching keenly for West's card. West, feeling it necessary to keep her King of Hearts guarded, now lets the Nine of Spades go; and the Declarer draws the inference that West holds the Ten of Spades and the guarded King of Hearts. However, Dummy has another Club to cash on trick 11, and South on it discards her last Spade.

Now West dare not discard her Ten of Spades; if she did, Dummy would have a thirteenth Spade and the Small Slam would be easy for Declarer. She therefore discards her Nine of Hearts. Declarer consequently leads the Jack of Hearts from Dummy and, when East plays the Seven, refuses the finesse. Of course it is possible that West has been clever enough to false-card in Hearts, holding 9-8-6. South's play of the Ace is, therefore, not a certain winner; but it is more probable that West has the lone King than that the deceptive play above named has been made.

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

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