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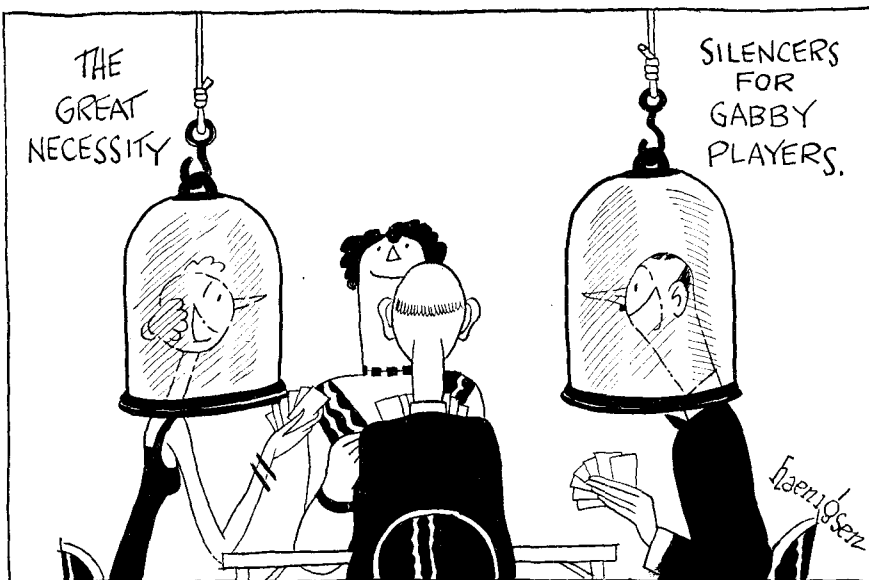
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## MALLORY STRAWS

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## Don't let Contract scare you

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

**L**AST week we enumerated the various degrees of strength which would justify original bids of one No Trump, two No Trumps, or three No Trumps; but unless the original bidder assumed the responsibility of bidding for game, his partner is called upon to play an equally important part in the declaration.

When an original bidder (for the purpose of this article we will consider him to be the dealer and call him South) has started by bidding one or two No Trumps and West has passed, the burden is upon North to determine whether to permit South to play at his less than game-going declaration, or to jump his bid to game or possibly, when it is one No Trump, to make the short jump to two No Trumps.

In this article we shall not consider cases in which North's action would be complicated by uncertainty whether to jump South's No Trump or shift to a suit, but shall confine ourselves to cases in which North should either jump the No Trump or pass.

In Auction Bridge the partner of a No Trumper, unless he has a strong five-card Major suit, generally passes; but in Contract, unless the No Trumper has bid three, the situation is very different; game cannot be made unless bid for.

To determine whether North has the strength to advance South's No Trump, we use the same count that South employs in bidding his No Trump: Ace 4, King 3, Queen 2, Jack 1, two Tens 1; but there is an item in the jumping count which is not included in the one used when determining whether to make an original bid. That item is the holding of a strong five-card suit.

When bidding an original No Trump, it is somewhat of an advantage to have a hand as evenly distributed among the four suits as possible; but when determining whether to advance partner's No Trump, a strong five-card suit which probably can be run if the No Trump becomes the contract, is a distinct asset. Consequently, when a five-card suit headed by one of the three top honors (Ace, King or Queen) is held by North, the value of the hand is increased. The five-card suit counts 1 extra when it has one of the honors named, 2 extra when it has two of them, and 3 extra when it has the whole three. In all cases the extras are in addition to the value of the honors.

Estimating the worth of his hand in this way, North, after South's No Trump, should jump to two No Trumps with a count of 9 and to three No Trumps with a count of 12; after South's two No Trumps, North should jump to three with any count of 6, or an Ace and any additional count, or a King and Queen.

To show how North should count his hand, the following four illustrations are given:

	(1)	(2)
Spades:	A-10-x	J-10-x
Hearts:	x-x	x-x
Diamonds:	K-J-x-x-x	J-x-x-x-x
Clubs:	Q-10-x	A-Q-J

In No. 1, North would count 4 for his Ace (Spades), 3 for his King and 1 for his Jack (Diamonds), 1 more for a five-card suit headed by one of the three top honors, 2 for his Queen (Clubs), and 1 for two Tens—total 12.

The No. 2 hand would be valued as follows: Jack of Spades 1, Jack of Diamonds 1, and 7 for the Club honors. (Ace 4, Queen 2, Jack 1)—total 9. No count for the five Diamonds as they are not headed by one of the three top honors, and no count for one Ten.

With No. 1, North would jump South's one No Trump to three; with No. 2 he would jump only as far as two.

	(3)	(4)
Spades:	Q-J-x	K-x-x
Hearts:	10-x-x-x	Q-x-x
Diamonds:	J-10-x	x-x-x
Clubs:	J-x-x	x-x-x-x

With either No. 3 or No. 4, North would jump South's two No Trumps to three although short of the count of 9 needed to jump South's one No Trump to two. No. 3 counts 6, the Queen 2, the three Jacks each 1, and the two Tens 1—just enough for a jump of two to three. No. 4 counts only 5, but a 5 composed of a King and Queen or an Ace with either a Jack or two Tens, is O. K. for the jump.

Now let us look at two cases in which we view the hands of both partners.

(A)	(B)
North	North
♠ A-x-x	♠ A-x-x
♥ K-x-x	♥ K-x-x
♦ 10-x-x	♦ 10-x-x-x
♣ J-x-x-x	♣ Q-J-x
South	South
♠ K-x-x	♠ K-x-x
♥ A-Q-10	♥ A-Q-x
♦ K-Q-J	♦ K-Q-J
♣ 10-x-x-x	♣ 10-x-x-x

In A, South, with a count of 16, bids one No Trump; North with 8, one short of jumping strength, passes.

In B, South, with a count of 15, bids one No Trump; North with 10 bids two; and South with the minimum for the rebid goes to three. He must win eight tricks; he probably will take nine, and may take ten.

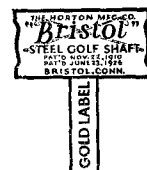
### A Free Contract Pamphlet

Mr. Work has prepared a pamphlet describing the Contract count and explaining what is meant by "vulnerability"—a new term for a card game. Address Milton C. Work, in care of Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, and a copy will be sent you free. Mr. Work also answers, without charge, any Contract or Auction question.

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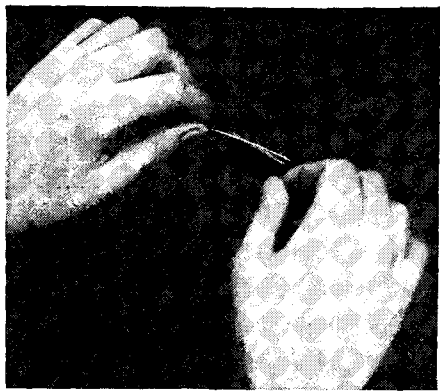
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## The Wolf Hunter

Continued from page 28



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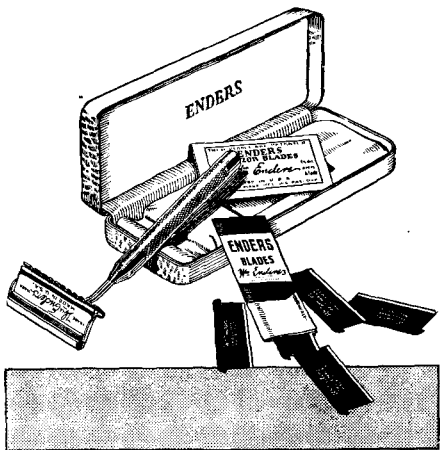
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"Oh, you copper-lined son-of-a-gun!" he yelled at the animal. He thought that by some slip he had failed to poison the bait.

At the next opportunity he slit a good-sized hunk of wolf haunch and loaded into it enough poison to stretch out half the wolves of the open range. When in the morning the bait was gone and the Grinner still on deck, he took advantage of a light snowfall to trace the imprinted diagram of the coyote's theft. He found the remains of his bait skillfully nibbled, but with the heavy drench of poison untouched. Jed grunted. Three times more that day he tried to bring the coyote down by rifle.

So it went for another week, while Jed's circling carried him from the slopes to the flats and back to the rock-bound slopes again. Soon after midday he would begin looking for a good place to camp. Unless he was seeking water, the prairie was a vast blank, with no point of focus, no logical place to stop. This induced an indecision that used up most of his afternoon.

But once the fire was built, all that was changed; his fire had a way of seeming the center of the universe, a permanent living thing that had always been destined to be just there. It was a bright landmark, reducing everything to relationship with itself.

And by the time the darkness had closed in about the fire the grinning coyote was there. Jed got so he paid no attention to him. After all, he was not trying to get all the coyote ears in the world—only the easy ones. If the Grinner didn't want his baits, Jed didn't give a whoop. Thus the wolf hunter and the coyote, along with that unconsidered horse, slowly trailed a great circle and got back to the place where the Grinner had first baffled Jed's gun.

Now a new element came in, changing their relationship. For the first time in three years Jed rode along a day's line of baits without finding a dead wolf. At first Jed thought only that wolves were getting scarce; but when, the next day, he still found no wolves, he inquired into causes. He rediscovered his baits with some trouble, but when he had found a few the difficulty became clear.

Systematically the Grinner had nosed out Jed's baits, nibbled what he could of each without poisoning himself, and so defiled the remainder that no animal would touch it.

A FURY steamed up in Jed, making his eyes watery pale against the red of his face. He shook knobby fists over his head, calling upon Heaven to witness that he would get even with that varmint if it were the last thing he did. When he had cooled he began to scheme, matching his resources against the coyote's nose.

From day to day he rode on, in short stages now, spending most of his hours in preparation. He no longer rode back over his baited lines, for the continuing company of the coyote discouraged him. Instead he put out only clever baits, pointed for the Grinner alone.

He made grooved sticks and crammed the grooves with poisoned tallow. These the Grinner spoiled, but would not touch.

He poisoned tiny hashed pellets of meat and set them aside to freeze, to kill the scent; hid the pellets in small chunks, and froze them, and finally wrapped the chunks in fresh meat, forming baits still so small that a coyote should take each at a gulp. The Grinner gnawed off the outside wrappers, and the ruse failed.

For a week he experimented with marrow bones, making short tubes of them, with poison in the middle and pure marrow in both ends. This failed too. He made snares with his lariat, cunningly contrived and baited with unpoisoned meat. The Grinner scratched in underneath, and stole the bait. He also tried a deadfall, when once materials lay at hand, but that night the ground thawed. The Grinner, tunneling under, escaped uncrushed, and after that would not steal from beneath logs again.

Stopping at a ranch for provisions, Jed borrowed a string of wolf traps, very cumbersome to carry, with no pack horse. These failed him, as had everything else. He cached them in a gully and never remembered to take them back to their owner.

Jed wandered on, his marches lengthening. He made only half-hearted efforts now to poison the beast. Instead he burned his scraps of food in an attempt to starve the coyote out; but there were as many resources along Jed's trail as anywhere else, and the coyote stuck. The wolf hunter brooded sourly over this thing that was "just his luck."

JED'S unplanning routine, calling for little thought or attention, had served as a comfortable oblivion. Through the slow days his mind wandered wool-gathering over his past. As he relived each remembered scene he improved it, putting into his own mouth bold and witty remarks, confusing and overbearing his persecutors. He reenacted his battles, letting inconclusive outcomes flower into triumphs. "A mite quicker, an' I'd 'a' had him by the throat. Now, blast you, I guess you'll—"

But now the Grinner broke into his meanderings like a persistent fly on the face of a man who is trying to sleep. A dozen times a day Jed's hand stole toward his rifle; in the night he sat watching for the Grinner's green eyes, like phosphorous balls hung in black frost.

He roused from sleep at the Grinner's howls, cursing and hoping for a shot. When the coyote was long out of sight, which occurred every day, Jed's eyes forever searched the sage, so that the brute's absence was no relief.

Sometimes, as he lay looking at the pulsing dance of the rocks behind his fire's heat column, he thought of women he had known and certain others he had only seen. His wandering mind glorified himself and them so that for a while he forgot the cold snow cake of the prairie, and walked in a world of music, warmth and light, admired by women's eyes. His vision caressed con-touring silk, round white arms. Then near by would go up that long falsetto devil-yell; "Hee-ee yipipipipip—" And out of his blankets would start the actual Jed, the man with sourly furrowed face and hands grimed and gnarled, cursing so as to shatter any dream past all recall.

One day, in a paroxysm of helpless wrath, he turned the dirty-gray horse toward the coyote, and with spur and quirt set out to run the animal down. For two miles the Grinner led him up slope and down; then, tiring of the pursuit, went into an easy sprint and was lost in a long reef of sage.

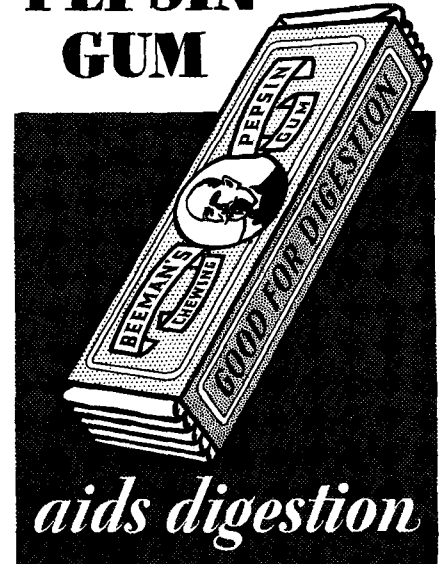
The horse stumbled to a walk, then stopped of his own accord, head down. Jed, getting down to tighten the cinch, noticed how lean the animal was. It was weeks since the horse had tasted grain. A poor keeper would have been out from under him long ago.



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In the saddle again Jed mumbled endless curses at the forlorn sage. He sat thinking for a long time, sometimes turning the wad of cornmeal in his cheek.

"All right," he said at last. "You win. I'm leavin' this whole damned range to you. Take it an' keep it. I ain't wantin' it no more."

He turned Hey's head north. "I guess you can go it three days more," he decided.

That day he covered a long distance steadily north through a rising blow. Gray noon found him at the foot of the Long Ridge, which divided that part of the free range, the north from the south. He was heading over for the Crazy K country. "The varmints have their ranges, same as a man," he was telling himself. "They won't noways cross out of 'em if they ain't terrible pushed."

LATE in the day the toiling horse reached the Saddle Notch in the Long Ridge's backbone, and Jed stopped. A slashing gale was roaring through the gap, swaying him in the saddle; it carried with it a whip of hard, dry snow. He turned sidewise, looking back. "I ain't through with you," he promised. "I'll come back and do fer you yet."

A furlong down the trail he twisted his head to look back through the thin, racing snow. On a boulder he saw a small blurred projection, like a vague pin. It disappeared, and a gray wisp, like a shadow, drifted tangent-wise down slope across a drift of snow. The Grinner was following Jed through.

Hollow-eyed and bitter-lipped, Jed pushed on down the slope with the sting of the wind in his face. The darkness closed in an hour earlier than usual, under a moaning sky already hidden by level-driving flakes. The gray horse tried to turn tail to the wind and quit, but Jed forced it to go on. For an hour more they drifted with the barren slope, head down into the storm, until at last the flattening way suggested the foot of the Long Ridge, and Jed swung down.

Moving clumsily on saddle-cramped legs Jed sought a windbreak behind which a man in blankets could live through the night. He clung stubbornly to the idea that since here he had stopped, here he would camp; yet as rod after rod showed only wind-scoured hollows, windward drifts, he was forced to admit that only a fool would have

crossed to the windward side of the Long Ridge in such circumstances.

The storm was growing worse. The sage shrilled, and the sky was alive with a vast moaning, the rushing of great winds high above. Shamefacedly he resigned himself to pushing on twelve miles to the Crazy K.

He hurried back, searching for Hey in the dark. When he reached the place where he had left the horse it was gone.

A stark terror, the first he had known in years, came into Jed like rising water, slowly at first, then with a wild rush like the scouring wind. Panic urged him to go rushing and plunging ahead; for an instant he almost yielded, and his bed roll slid from his shoulder to the snow.

Then the plainsman's experience took the upper hand, and instead of abandoning his bed roll he sat down on it. He sucked at the cornmeal in his cheek, seeking half by reason, half by instinct, to divine in which direction the gray horse should be sought.

At first, while he still thought his horse could be found, he searched keenly and wisely. Later, as successive sorties gained him nothing, he searched obstinately still, but with an increasing fear-some despair. He lost account of his position and hence of the probable position of the horse.

There could be no limit to that groping under the blizzard, other than that set quite as much by the grip of despair as by the numbing of his limbs. He went on with the dogged hunt until his feet were like clubs and the dree of the wind was dulling in his ears. His purposes were becoming blurred.

JED did not believe it possible for a man to lie down on that wind-planed slope and live through the night. To roll in his blankets meant to him to die, caught in the closing trap of the cold. Yet, partly because the shelter of his blankets offered that last slender hope, he at last resigned himself to it.

He fumbled the strap from his bed roll. The wind tore at the loosened blankets, almost snatching them from his grasp, but his numbed hands held on to them with the grip of fear, and he managed to roll himself into them, like a mummy or like a worm in a cocoon. He lay in a bitter snow, nose down in the blanket, breathing hard.

Swiftly the snow salted over the

(Continued on page 62)



"Say, Boss, Mrs. Jones wants to know what to do—she says her kitchen is full of water."  
"Tell her to open the back door."

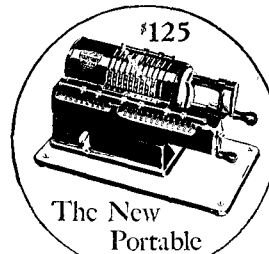


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THE SHORTEST BRIDGE TO EUROPE

(Continued from page 61)

blanket roll. Within it the nightmare of conscious existence was slowly seeking numbed oblivion. Yet, when the Grinner yelled, Jed heard the yammering voice through the growl of the wind, and his mind was drawn back.

He thought, "No coyote howls in a blizzard." And then, "It ain't right he don't get froze."

The Grinner howled again, that long falsetto nicker: "Yipipipip, hee-ee-yapapapap—" An insane fury brought him to his elbow, fumbling his Colt free. He dragged the blanket away from his face, and the salt snow whipped against his mouth. In the faint gray luminosity of the snow he thought he made out a moving blur, a close circling form.

He leveled the gun, elbow grounded, and fired.

The dark blur became a fallen, frantically kicking swirl. He heard the Grinner's thin yip, and fired four times more into that swirl, until the hammer snapped on an empty cylinder. Then he drew back into the tube of his blankets, better fixed, as he thought, to die.

Jed was mistaken. He was not dying, or anything near it.

HE WOKE in misery, every joint filled with cold pain. A faint seepage of light showed on the nap of the blanket an inch before his eyes, and presently he stiffly raised himself. A douse of snow dropped across his face like feathers, for half a foot of it lay over his blanket roll. He blinked his eyes across a morning gray and still. The gray horse was huddled dejectedly a few feet away.

The circumstances of the night returned to him slowly. Their force was dulled, even when they were complete. He was a little chagrined that he had overestimated his danger, a little pleased that he was mainly unharmed. But his underlying emotion was a flat one—merely the wretched sense of ill-being that goes with stiff joints and a cold dawn. Then his loose Colt reminded him of the Grinner.

He hardly believed, even when he had kicked the stiffened coyote out of the snow, that the Grinner was really dead. The animal in death looked more meanly small than before, more mangy, more fleabitten, less furry. His rigid tongue, sticking sideways out of his jaws, was bright with frozen blood. Only the crease between his eyes gave him a resemblance to the immortal grinning varmint that had spoiled Jed's wanderings for so long.

What would have been a grand triumph under other circumstances was reduced to only a faint ironic satisfaction as Jed opened his big knife and haggled off the Grinner's scalp.

Jed stopped only three days at the Crazy K. During that time he cooked, and they wanted him to stay on in that job. But as soon as he was warm clear through, and tired of eating, he judged that the gray horse had downed enough grain to move on. He was anxious to prove to himself that he was as good a wolf hunter as ever, now that the Grinner was dead.

For the first week he had little luck, for the Crazy K had been fighting wolves on its own account; but as he came into new territory things began to improve. For a week or two he heartily enjoyed the discovery of gray carcasses near his baits.

Then he began to notice that something was lacking. Once more he futilely attempted conversation with Hey. Often, as he rested by his fire, he would catch himself listening; not naturally, as he habitually listened, but tensely, waiting. If a coyote yelled far off, he would stir, brightening almost, with the fresh breath of animosity that the Grinner had earned. Then his interest would fade out again, leaving the prairie more bleak than before, peopled only with the foolish brutes that ate his baits.

Sometimes a voice almost exactly like that of the Grinner would sound not far away, and for an instant he would forget that the Grinner was dead. Even after he had remembered he would lie listening to the yapping voice, pretending, half-convincing himself that it was the same.

Often he amused himself by thinking how he would outsmart the Grinner, if the brute were still alive. There was not much to that, though; there was so little he had not tried.

Perpetually, as he loafed in his makeshift camp, while the gray horse grazed, his eyes wandered to sweep the snow-floored sage. The brush was a salty gray; its twigs worked faintly in the wind, with a whispering voice indescribably desolate.

Once as his eyes roved from his fire his nerves leaped to action; for a coyote was watching him, seated in plain sight ninety yards away, as the Grinner had sat. His rifle came up cautiously, for he expected the animal to disappear. When he had shot the coyote through the head he lacked the spirit to walk out and get the ears; he let it go until the next day, when he was ready to move on.

A month passed in that way. The winter had grown old, but there were still six weeks of it left.

Late in a gray afternoon, after a dinner of fried mush, Jed got the ears of the Grinner out of his bounty sack, and put them on a rock behind a bush, a hundred yards from his camp. They made the rock look a good deal like the Grinner in the failing light. He meant to use them as a mark to shoot at, but instead he played for half an hour with an elaborate calculation of how he was going to shoot the Grinner this time and get round that disappearing trick.

Suddenly he was shocked at his own childishness. With a grumble of oaths he turned his back and tried to go to sleep, but his awareness of those taunting ears out there behind the sage would not let him. On an impulse he resaddled his horse and rode away, leaving the ears behind. Three miles farther on he decided he wanted them, after all, and rode back.

Then, as he sat his horse, staring down at that pair of ears in the twilight, a sense of his own folly overwhelmed him. He sat pulling at his lower lip with gloved fingers, gazing vacantly at those ears—two shabby triangles on a hardened bar of hide.

He was wishing he were a granger, eating a frosty winesap apple by a hot stove, with a family of kids around him. It seemed to him that if he could only have a decent job again, away from the stark loneliness of that vast vacant prairie, he would never want anything else. Those accursed ears kept pulling his attention back.

"Gosh," he muttered, "I can't go this no more."

He turned the gray horse, and they went lumbering off into the dark.

ONCE, a long time after, he found himself on that prairie again, while he was driving the cook wagon for the Crazy K. Cooking had turned out a good job for Jed. Cooks were supposed to be crotchety and queer; the riders made allowances for that. Men in hopes of coffee at odd hours spoke pleasantly to him, and when they joked him they put in elaborate winks and grins. He felt foolish when, as the trail passed near the rock where he had left the Grinner's ears, he turned off to see if they were still there. They were gone, of course. Something hungry had carried them away.

# France



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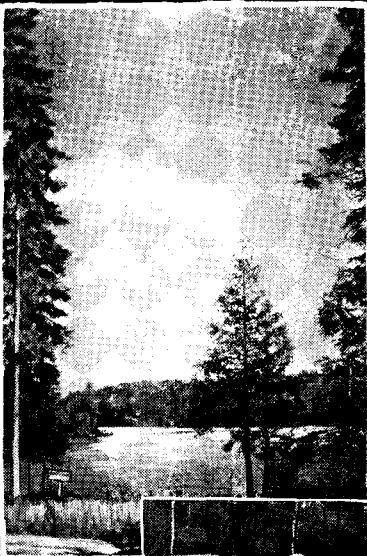
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## A Taste for Red

Continued from page 20

That was a gown—no, a poem—written in a silver-misted gauze about an amorous moonbeam caught in the passionate swirl of amethystine water. A most devastating gown—a most censorable poem—

"From your own dressmaker, darling," replied Anne sweetly.

"Where," said Mrs. J. Cavendish Sherrill slowly, formidably, "are you going in that get-up, with that hairdress, and—What on earth have you done to your eyebrows?"

Anne had turned to face her.

"Plucked 'em—made them sophisticated, provocative... and I've blue shadows on my lids, mascara on my lashes, the most brilliant lipstick I could find on my mouth."

"Where," repeated Mrs. Sherrill with a dangerous quiet, "are you going?"

"To Lilas Terhune's party."

"Who's going to be there?"

"Everybody, I expect. Lilas' parties are always like a Saturday afternoon in the Grand Central station."

"But who in particular?" insisted Mrs. Sherrill.

"How should I know?" And Anne turned her back to her mother.

But Anne was always a bad liar. It was evident that Anne knew "who in particular" would be there. But it was also evident that she didn't intend telling her mother... just in case—well, suppose—suppose the new personality didn't work...

MIDNIGHT. Music. Revelry. "Gotta be good—" wailed the saxophones... "Gotta be good—" wailed the blond young man dancing with Anne. "Gotta be good... an' I don't wanna—" "Pardon."

Cut-in. Another. And another. Success with the stag-line—for the first time... complete success... even Lilas had remarked on it... pertinently... to the point...

But where was he? He was to have been there.

But he hadn't come to dinner. And it was nearly one o'clock!

"Gotta be good—" wailed the trombones.

"Gotta—" "Pardon." Cut-in.

"If they play that again," said Anne, staring desperately at the whirling figures about her, "or if you say it again, I'll scream—I'll yell right out!" And she looked desperately up. And (typographically recording) exclamation point; several dashes; an entire row of asterisks.

Then Anne said: "So you came after all... Why did you?"

And he said: "Perhaps because something told me I'd find you."

She was silent. She thought frantically, "Please God don't let me fail now... please..."

She smiled provocatively up at him. And (again typographically recording) many dots; countless asterisks.

Cut-in?... They went on dancing... Cut-in?... Not a chance...

So far Anne had remained entirely silent. The music helped. It blared deafeningly, defiantly. But now a waltz was in order...

He said quickly: "Can't we get out of this mess? I want to talk to you—to tell you something."

And not waiting for her reply, he led the way to a remote, deserted table in the supper room that paralleled the dance floor. They sat down. A weary waiter brought champagne. Real. No imitation at Lilas' parties. Anne drank hers with the proper gesture. "You are," said the man opposite her, who

was, by way of mention, tall and dark and much too good-looking to be the famous Colonel Kevin Burke, explorer, mountaineer, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and but recently returned from the Everest Expedition, "remarkably beautiful." And he filled a glass with water and drank it entirely down.

Anne smiled at him—a slow, brilliant smile. "Modesty," said she, "forbids me to agree with you."

He returned her smile. "Of course. I expect you do get a lot of that guff, don't you?"

"Lots," she affirmed with a slight grimace. "You know—'darling, what wonderful eyes you've got'—and so on, ad nauseum."

And she allowed her shadowed eyes to rest deeply in his.

His own looked quietly back.

She said, after a moment and with a faint, faint smile: "Well?"

"Not at all well," replied Burke, entirely serious. "I've got off, I'm afraid, to a very bad start."

She denied this. "All things considered, I think you've done exceedingly well, sir." And her smile deepened.

His gaze wandered, came back to her. "What do you mean—all things considered?"

She went on smiling. "You see, I have you rather at a disadvantage. You can only guess about me—vague surmises at best. But I know all about you. That is, all that gossip and newspapers and periodicals can tell me."

She had the pleasure of seeing him flush.

He said: "Then to you, I must appear a singularly insufferable and unpleasant person."

"On the contrary," said Anne, "to me you appear a wonderful, a most marvelous creature. As a matter of actual fact, I'm quite in love with you."

The color deepened beneath his tan.

He said slowly: "You rather enjoy having me on, don't you?"

"But I'm not 'having you on,'" she told him calmly. "I'm entirely sincere. I fell completely in love with you in my debutante year and I've never outgrown it. I used to cut your pictures out and paste them in my memory book."

THE weary waiter replenished her wine-glass. She sipped it thoughtfully, gazed thoughtfully over its rim into the quiet, intent eyes of Kevin Burke.

She said slowly: "At that, you could do much worse than marry me."

She thought desperately: "What on earth am I saying! And I'm not even drunk! But at least I'm being startling. One couldn't now accuse me of being negative—colorless—"

Then she saw that he was laughing. With his head thrown back, his eyes narrowed, his lips parted, he was laughing, but silently, as if the source of his mirth was too deep, too secret, for articulation.

He said at last: "You are fascinating—I've never been handed a cooler, more individual line in my life."

Anne twirled the stem of her wine-glass. Her nerves throbbed with a curious excitement.

She said evenly: "I assure you it's not a line. You may consider my proposal a legitimate one."

Burke leaned forward on the table and regarded her squarely.

He said: "But why should I consider it at all?"

Anne was not abashed.

"But why shouldn't you?" she coun-

(Continued on page 64)



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(Continued from page 63)

tered. "You'll probably fall in love anyway—the logical reaction to months of isolation—and why not with me? I'm young, rich, good-looking, and healthy. I'm not particularly a home-body, but I won't bore you and I won't nag you."

"I see." His eyes left her face to stare out at the seething mass of dancers once again. Then they came slowly back. "Do you really expect me to take you seriously?"

Take her seriously! She wanted suddenly, poignantly, to say: "No, I don't. But nevertheless I love you—from the first moment I saw you—on the lecture platform of the Geographical—I knew, quite without doubt, that you were the one man in the world for me. But then, you were not entirely mortal—the *liaison* officer, as it were, between the gods and the mortals. But now—now—"

She said to him, in an almost expressionless voice: "No, of course I don't expect you to take me seriously. . . . Shall we dance?"

They danced—were cut in upon. This time he did not ignore the summons. Anne could not see her new partner. Her eyes were blind with hot, bitter tears.

It was not till three encores later that she discovered she was again in his arms—had been in his arms for a number of minutes.

She said stupidly. "Oh, it's you again."

And he replied: "Didn't I wait a decent interval? I'm not entirely accustomed to this 'tag' sort of dancing."

Anne searched frantically for something to say—something unusual—

No use . . . she was tired. . . .

She said suddenly: "This crowd is deadly. I'm utterly worn out. Would you mind dancing me toward the entrance? I'm going home."

He directed her in silence to the entrance. There he said: "I'm going with you."

She stood still a little moment, looking up at him. Had she been, after all, successful? Had she really put it over?

He said, guiding her toward the vast cloak-room: "I'm off again tomorrow. And this sort of thing isn't exactly good training. I'll be glad of any extra sleep."

THEY rode the brief distance almost in silence. Arrived before the tall, dark house in East Sixty-fourth Street, she said: "Jamison will drive you home." But he replied: "Thank you—but I prefer to walk."

She dismissed the car. He followed her up the shallow steps. She had difficulty in finding her key—her eyes were again blind. He took the bag from her cold hands, explored its perfumed depths, brought forth a small, shining object.

"There you are." He had unlocked the door.

"Thank you." She had taken the key from his thin, bare hand.

A dim light burned in the marble foyer. It illumined Burke's face, dark, utterly expressionless. The sight of it hurt Anne intolerably. Far better to have continued as before . . . realizing him only as the *liaison* officer between the gods and mere mortals . . . than realizing him as a man, looking at her thusly. . . .

Well—she threw back her head defiantly. "Good night, Colonel Burke. Perhaps we may meet again—"

"Perhaps—"

She still held her head high, defiantly. She said, looking at him fully, unflinchingly: "But I really suppose that this is good-by."

"I suppose so—"

"Then," said Anne clearly, deliberately. "You'd best kiss me . . . it's rather expected—"

He kissed her. Anne could not analyze that kiss. She had little experience to go by. But she could analyze her own emotions.

He released her. The dim light showed his face, still dark, inscrutable—

"Good-by," said Anne, with a slow frozen smile.

"Good-by," said Kevin Burke, without the faintest glimmer of expression. Then he turned and left.

Failure. Hour after hour, wide-eyed and tense, while the dawn reached careful, gray fingers into the dim room, Anne sat crouched in a warm nest of pillows, staring at the word. It cavorted, grimacing and jeering, before her strained vision. Failure.

Nothing remained but—the vision that passed behind her closed eyes brought a little sob into her throat; she saw it all so very clearly, so very distinctly . . . colorless years running drearily away into the colorless distance. . . .

HER sobs ceased. She sat up. She knew exactly what she was going to do. She began to pack swiftly, carefully, with the swift care of one whose mind is clearly made up. From that moment on, Anne Tabitha Sherrill was going to live her drab, insignificant life as and where she pleased. And she pleased that it should be far from the contemptuous, critical gaze of others.

It was June. At least the calendar so stated, and Mrs. Sherrill had so written, and the country, particularly the Shenandoah Valley, so proclaimed. But according to Anne's heart, it was bitterest winter. Bleak, drear, without sun and without hope.

Still it was hot in the garden. No denying it was exceptionally hot in the garden. Anne took off her hat. With its removal, she became almost as God had made her, save for a disreputable gingham smock and a pair of time-out-lawed canvas sneakers. But she was comfortable. Natural. Unconcerned.

So, living her own life as and where she pleased, Anne knelt almost as God had created her, picking rose-bugs on a hot June morning in the tumbled garden of an unfashionable farm in the heart of the Shenandoah Valley, Virginia.

And it is very probable that Anne would have continued kneeling, picking rose-bugs, et cetera, only that someone, with long legs encased in riding boots and breeches, said in a clear rich voice far, far above her: "I beg your pardon, but would you tell me if this is Honey-suckle Farm and does Miss Anne Sherrill live here?"

"One . . . two . . . three" . . . counted Anne, eyes tightly shut.

"Four . . . five . . . six" . . . eyes open. The legs were still there, right beside her.

"Yes, sir," said Anne. And went on picking rose-bugs.

"Thank you," said the voice very politely. "I used the front knocker, but no one answered."

Anne attacked a fresh bush. "I reckon there's no one about," she mumbled. Her rôle was obviously that of a stupid Southern farm-girl, and that "reckon" was a good touch.

"I reckon not," he agreed with her. "But do you, by chance, know when Miss Sherrill will return?"

"Can't rightly say," mumbled Anne, pinching a rebellious bug viciously.

Silence. Ditto.

"Here—you dropped one." And the long legs had bent at the knees, were lowering, were kneeling. . . . "Here he is, the little—why—"

And (as on a night five months earlier) dashes, dots, asterisks.

Then he said swiftly: "Why you are—"

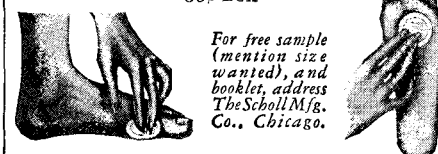
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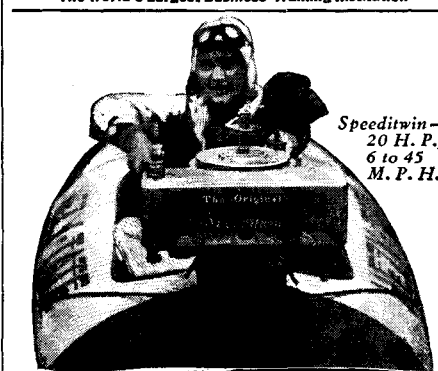
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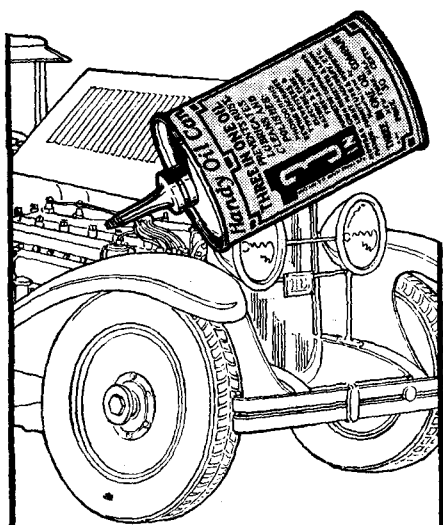
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"Anne's sister," said she, just as swiftly; "Anne's twin—Tabitha."

"Oh," said Colonel Kevin Burke.

"Yes," said Anne positively, emphatically. "Lots of people think we look alike, but it's not so noticeable when we're together. Anne's so much more—well, you know."

He nodded gravely.

She went on, quite pleased with her histrionic abilities: "Between you and me, I don't think features amount to much anyway—it's what lies behind them really. The personality, I mean. Take Anne and me, for example. Our eyes, noses, mouths, are similar, but there the resemblance ends, as you can easily see. Anne's got a vivid personality, while I—well, my personality is best expressed in gingham picking rose-bugs."

"Do you really like picking rose-bugs?" the colonel asked suddenly.

Anne frowned at the bush before her. "No—I loathe it. But Uncle Uly's got rheumatism and can't kneel down and this rose garden is his one pride and joy since he can no longer wear his resplendent false teeth."

Burke laughed. Not silently, as on that other night, but with full articulation.

When he had done, he said, suddenly, without prelude: "I say, why not change and come for a ride with me?"

She remembered the riding boots . . . he had ridden—from somewhere—over to see Anne . . . to see Anne . . .

She said swiftly: "Oh, I couldn't."

"Why not?"

She attempted to dissemble. "So much to do. Besides, it's too warm."

He did not insist. After all, he had come—after five months, five eternities—to see Anne . . . Anne of the Garbo hairdress and sophisticated manner . . . Not Tabitha of the faded gingham and commonplace utterances.

She said quickly: "Anne will be so sorry she missed you. She'll be back for tea. You—you might come to tea."

He said slowly: "I might."

Might? He must.

"You'll surely come?"

"Surely."

"I—I expect she will be glad to see you again."

"And I'll be glad to see her—very glad, I may tell you."

Well, that was *that*. Anne it was . . . the vivid red aura had won after all . . . men have a crude taste for red . . .

"Well—good-by."

"Good-by."

And he was gone. A "good-by" for Tabitha now, as it had been a "good-by" for Anne then.

Anne got slowly up and went slowly towards the house.

THE old grandfather's clock was striking the half hour of four when Anne Tabitha went into the living-room that afternoon. The long dim room was cool with the pale gleam of pewter on Spanish mahogany and fragrant with the elusive perfume of lemon-oil and crushed rose-petals. She put the flowers she carried into a wide-mouthed majolica "crock," then went over to a mirror.

Men have a crude taste for red . . . even the *liaison* officer between the gods and mortal . . . But what was the use, oh, what was the use of making an effort, any effort, for that thing, so elusive, so unsubstantial, so easily influenced, which one calls love?

She turned away from the mirror.

From the doorway, Uncle Uly said with relish: "Cunnel Kevin Burke."

Anne's heart stood still. Time, planets, the entire cosmic universe stood still. Then Kevin Burke came in.

He came into the long dim room and stood, suddenly motionless, gazing straight across at Anne Tabitha.

She waited for him to speak. When he did not, when he continued to stand there, motionless, silent, she said, with a shadowy smile: "We meet, Colonel Burke, for the third time."

And he said: "For all time, Anne Tabitha."

Her eyes rested in his. "What do you mean?"

He came swiftly towards her. She did not seem aware that he was holding her two hands in his as he answered: "What do you think I mean, Anne Tabitha?"

She turned her gaze from him.

She said, with an effort: "You can't possibly mean—" her eyes came back to his steadily, bravely: "what I hope you mean."

And she waited for her answer. It did not come. But looking into his face, Anne saw there what she had been seeking, unconsciously, always.

THEN Kevin led her over to the divan. They pronounced each other's names as if just discovered.

"Kevin!"

"Anne—darling!"

Anne sat very still. "I'm afraid to move," she said at last. "I'm afraid I'll wake myself up."

"And I."

"But how did you know—when did you know?"

"The moment I'd kissed you."

"But you went away—without a word of ever seeing me again—of even wanting to see me again."

"I was afraid of you—of what you might do to me."

"Darling, but *why*?"

"Because you were so utterly modern, Anne. So completely of that life with which I have—could never have—any sympathy or connection. I'd watched you dancing—you'll never realize Anne, how lovely you are dancing—and I thought you looked different, aloof, from those stereotyped dolls surrounding you. Your face, in repose, had a sort of shimmering, poetic enchantment. So I cut in, purposely without an introduction, so that I might discover you, and all about you, for myself—"

"And I hastened to disenchant you, to disillusion you."

"No, not that. But to make me wonder—to pull myself sharply up. No use, I thought, deliberately placing myself in the torture-chamber. It was as if a sign reading 'Unhappiness ahead' warned me."

Anne did not speak. So there was a long moment of silence.

Then she said dreamily: "But you came back."

He looked away from her, at the jar of yellow roses. "Yes, I came back. I couldn't help myself."

ANNE took his splendid dark head in her narrow hands and turned his face to hers.

She said: "Kevin, you must be sure—sure of what brought you back. Was it the memory of the girl who boldly told you she loved you? The memory of a compelling personality?"

"Darling, it wasn't any personality. It was just you. You—Anne . . . Tabitha . . . or Anne-Tabitha . . . just you. And the thought, the memory, of the kiss you gave me."

The thought of that kiss suddenly reminded them—

Later, quite a while later, Anne Tabitha smoothed down her pale, straight, simply arranged hair. But there was no make-up to repair. And the plain little blue crêpe frock that she wore did not crush easily.

Men have a crude taste for red? . . . Well, perhaps . . . But it stands to reason that the *liaison* officer between gods and mortals should be just a trifle, just a little bit different.

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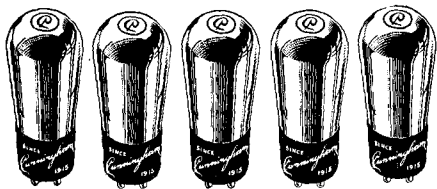
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## Picked Out of the Air by Jack Binns

THE gent who keeps me informed of the doings at WBBM in Chicago quotes Nate Caldwell, chief announcer there, as saying: "A number becomes hackneyed only if poorly played, and Yes Sir, That's My Baby should be just as well received the millionth time it is played over the radio as it was when introduced, providing it is well played."

There may be something in Nate's view, but unfortunately one hundred million people in this country do not agree with him, otherwise we would still be hearing Yes, We Have No Bananas, especially as that song had the advantage of being a potpourri of classical excerpts.

No, Nate! Music, like literature, has certain masterpieces, sired by genius out of supreme inspiration. These remain ever youthful throughout the ages, while the rest just sprout up, blossom a moment, wither away and finally reach eternal rest in oblivion.

### Let's Have the Tax

THERE is spirited opposition to the proposed tax on broadcast stations. In their campaign some of the broadcasters will undoubtedly attempt to stir up public sympathy and use the aroused public interest against any bill that may be introduced in Congress for that purpose.

It costs the country almost a million dollars per annum to regulate radio through the Federal Radio Commission. No matter what the broadcasters may say the public has to pay the bill, and no argument they can raise will alter that fact. The right to broadcast is a privilege conferred by the public on the broadcaster. His main object after getting the permit is to make a profit on the transaction. He should pay for this privilege in the same manner as any other concern pays for valuable franchises received from the government.

A tax on broadcasting is sound. The stations unable to meet it will be chiefly those who are operating more for their own profit than in the public interest. Such a tax might conceivably achieve what the Federal Radio Commission has failed to do; that is, eliminate half of the present stations now in useless operation every day.

### The Two Floridas

THE epic story of the Florida rescue has been fully told and by this time almost forgotten. There was an interesting coincidence about the event, however, that was not told in the newspapers. Exactly twenty years previously, almost to the very hour, another Italian steamer, also named the Florida, crashed into the liner Republic during a dense fog, within a comparatively short distance from the spot where the newer Florida foundered.



That event twenty years ago put radio to its first great test and focused public attention on its potentiality as a means of saving life at sea. On that occasion two thousand lives were saved. So impressed were the civilized nations of the world that all of them passed laws immediately, making it compulsory for ocean-going ships to be equipped with radio. The increased demand for radio apparatus that followed the passage of these laws made it possible to undertake the research that has culminated in so many wondrous things, including radio broadcasting.

Subsequent marine disasters led to additional radio legislation, such as the laws which require a continuous day-and-night watch by radio while ships are at sea. Let us hope that in our admiration of the heroism displayed in emergencies at sea we will not overlook the lesson it teaches: *Every ship that crosses the seas should be equipped with a radio compass direction finder. When human life is in peril money is of no consequence.*

### Wireless Wire Tapping

HERE is a cute little yarn related to me by R. H. Marriott, who has been radio engineering ever since Marconi invented radio by hitching an aerial wire to an electric spark. R. H. is now chief engineering for the much harassed Radio Commission. Well, here is the tale:

In the far reaches of Flatbush, N. Y., where two-family houses hold each other up on every block, one family invested in an electric socket-operated radio receiver. At the end of the month the lady of the house was in ecstasy. "It doesn't cost me a cent to work it," she exclaimed to her friends.

"I watched the electric bill and it's just the same as it's always been!"

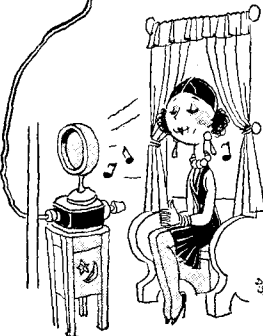
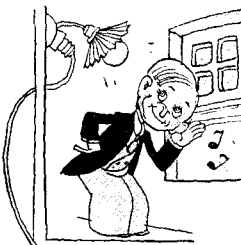
A couple of weeks later the floor lamp attached to the same socket as the radio went out. So did the radio. The man who owned the house and lived in the apartment upstairs came rushing down.

"What's the matter?" he asked, excitedly. "All the lights in my place have gone out."

"Mine are all right," replied the lady tenant, "but the radio won't work."

When the electrician came in to locate the trouble he found that the downstairs socket had been ingeniously connected to the main lead of the electricity supply that served the owner's apartment upstairs.

It was discovered later that this job had been done by a previous tenant noted for his thrifty habits.



This adv. suggested by J. Riker, 217 Quincy St., B'klyn, N.Y.  
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