

A SUITOR TOO MANY

MILDRED BARBOUR

LILA LATHAM becomes the bride of HERBERT WARE, but the picture of an old sweetheart, CAPTAIN JACK FARQUHAR, lingers in her mind. She confides her plight to her friend, DOROTHY CASE, an artist.

While in France during the war, Lila saw her bride when his regiment came back from the front. Jack is reported dead, and later his insurance is forwarded to Lila, who gives it to disabled veterans.

Herbert learns of the gift, and Lila gives the money to her uncle's and was given in memory of his son. Several other complications arise over the gift, but Herbert's mind is put at rest.

Lila one day sees GILROY HOLMES, a war-time buddy of Jack, and she meets him, and she invites her to luncheon. During the meal, Jack asks Lila to marry him.

While he is explaining his misadventures escape from death and the circumstances of his return, Lila is laying her plans.

CHAPTER XXV

The Old Story

"Lila, sweetheart, why are you crying?" Farquhar implored. Lila's only answer was to weep more bitterly. They were no false tears; she wasn't thinking of herself now, as she had been, ever since the arrival of Farquhar's cable.

She was thinking, instead, of the immensity of the disaster for Farquhar, for Herbert, for everybody. Somebody had to be hurt, and desperately. Which one of them should it be?

For a moment she felt that Farquhar, after all his agony, should be spared. But her heart cried out to her to spare Herbert. Or was it to spare herself, because she couldn't live without his love?

Even while she wept, she was reviewing the tangled situation, wondering how to cope with it. She couldn't marry Farquhar anyway, since she was already married to Herbert, so it was Farquhar who must be sacrificed.

She would have to tell him, have to destroy with her own words that dream he had worshipped through all his trouble and suffering.

She opened her mouth to speak, her tears checked now.

But Farquhar, whose hands were again reaching out for hers, said suddenly, sharply:

"Lila, where is your ring?" She flushed crimson, thinking, for a moment, that he had caught sight of the ring she had slipped from her finger under the shelter of the tablecloth.

"Why—I—I—"

"You don't wear it any longer?" His smile had vanished. He looked very stern.

"Not—not since—I—"

He stared and stopped.

Here was the time to speak. But Farquhar said:

"Please get it and put it on. We will need it this afternoon. I want it to be your wedding ring, as I first intended."

SOMETHING in his voice frightened Lila. She saw him again as the determined young man, who had wooed her so impetuously in those early days of the war, sweeping her off her feet by the very strength of his ardor.

She laughed a trifle shakily.

"How stern you sound! You almost make me afraid of you, Jack."

His face softened.

"You need never fear me, Lila, as long as you love only me and never give a thought to another man."

"Isn't that—Isn't that rather threatening?" she faltered, trying to smile.

"Perhaps," he shrugged, "but it's the truth. I'd kill the man who tried to take you from me."

"Jack! You frighten me horribly."

"Do I, sweetheart? But it only goes to prove how much I love you."

Lila's heart was beating suffocatingly. She tried to laugh, as she clasped her hands together tightly, so that their trembling wouldn't be so evident.

"You're a splendid lover, Jack," she managed to say, banteringly.

"You always know how to say what a woman likes to hear."

After a minute, she said hesitantly:

"But what would you have done,

if you had returned and found me married to some one else?"

Her heart almost stopped, while she waited for his answer.

"Done?" he echoed. "Why, simply have shot the chap and made off with you."

Her cry of horror made him smile.

"You've forgotten what a savage I am, haven't you, sweetheart?"

"Yes," said Lila, faintly. She had, indeed. She stared at him, wondering how she had ever dared to love so ruthless a young man. Or was it his very ruthlessness that had attracted her? Was that why she had forgotten him, when she was no longer under the spell of his presence?

"It's getting late, Lila," Farquhar reminded her. "Can you

forego coffee this once—in favor of matrimony?"

Lila drew a quick breath.

"I can't marry you today, Jack."

It was out! She waited, tense. There was a long minute of silence.

"Way not?" asked Farquhar quietly.

"Because—because there are reasons why it—it would be better to wait," she stammered helplessly.

"What reasons?"

"Oh," thought Lila desperately. "If only I dared say: 'because I am already married,' and have done with it!"

(To Be Continued)

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Radio Bridge Play Opens

THE winter radio bridge season opened Tuesday with the broadcasting of the first of the series of Work-Whitehead radio bridge games from station WFEB.

An innovation this year was the discussion by Work of the bidding of the radio hand both at auction and at contract bridge, the new form of the game that is becoming so popular all over America.

The player who follows the radio games soon will have an enviable knowledge of how to bid successfully at contract.

Participants in the game with Work and Whitehead were two other New York bridge authors and players of note, Sidney S. Lenz and Wynne Ferguson.

The hands were: Work, South, dealer; Spades, 7, 6, 4, 3; hearts, 9; diamonds, K, Q, J, 9, 6, 2; clubs, A, 7. Whitehead, West; Spades, 10, 9; hearts, A, K, 10, 7, 3, 2; diamonds, A, 7, 3; clubs, K, 4. Lenz North; Spades, A, K, 5; hearts, Q, J, 8, 6; diamonds, 10, 5; clubs, Q, J, 9, 3.

Ferguson, East; Spades, Q, J, 8, 2; hearts, 5, 4; diamonds, 8, 4; clubs, 10, 8, 6, 5, 2.

Bidding of the hand, at no score, was conventional—one diamond by Work, dealer, South; one heart by Whitehead, West; and one no trump by Lenz, North, who held only two cards of his partner's suit, but had double stoppers in the adverse suit and strength in the remaining two suits.

Ferguson, East, passed, as did also the dealer on the second round. The dealer, Work, did not consider his singleton heart a menace to his partner's no trump, as Mr. Lenz had bid the no trump directly over the adverse heart bid. Moreover, Work's diamond suit, with a re-entry in the ace of clubs, promised good no trump support.

WHITEHEAD, West, was strong enough to bid two hearts, but considered it inadvisable to do so in the face of his partner's pass.

He saw no possibility of going game without help from his partner, and he feared that to raise his own heart bid would impel the opponents to shift from no trump to a suit bid, probably spades, at which they might have a better chance for game. Therefore Whitehead passed, giving the bid to Lenz, North, for one no trump.

Ferguson, East, properly opened his partner's suit, leading the 5 of hearts, the higher of his two small cards of the suit.

Dummy's hand went down, and declarer played from it the singleton 2 of hearts. Whitehead, West, played the king; declarer the 6. Had Whitehead played the ace, he would have denied holding the king. Whereas the play of the king informed his partner that he also probably held the ace.

The high spot of the play came in Lenz's lead to the next trick. From the bidding he inferred that Lenz, the declarer, had a double stopper in hearts; therefore it would be possible for Whitehead to establish the suit without giving declarer two heart tricks. These two

tricks, with five probable tricks from dummy's diamonds and dummy's ace of clubs, would leave only one more trick to be produced for game.

This additional trick declarer undoubtedly held in spades.

Whitehead, therefore, shifted his plan of defense to a scheme for preventing declarer from making dummy's diamonds. He figured that if he removed dummy's ace of clubs re-entry, he could block the diamonds by holding up his ace, unless declarer happened to hold four diamonds, which was unlikely.

Therefore, at trick two, Whitehead, West, led the king of clubs, sacrificing a sure trick in order to save three future tricks in diamonds. Declarer played the 3 of clubs; Ferguson the 2; and declarer played dummy's ace, as he realized that holding up would merely postpone the loss of the entry one trick.

DECLARER could foresee that his diamonds would be blocked, but figured he could take two tricks, as the holder of the ace would undoubtedly hold it up as long as possible.

Therefore he took his two diamonds, with dummy's king and queen. Whitehead played the 3 and 7; declarer the 5 and 10; Ferguson the 4 and 8.

Declarer now had three tricks, with two more sure tricks in clubs and two in spades in his hand. He could also establish a heart by leading that suit; but he still would lack one trick for game.

An extra trick in clubs was possible by a finesse of the 9. Moreover, if the finesse failed, Ferguson, East, winning the trick with the 10, might make the error of leading another heart, which would give declarer two tricks in that suit and game.

Therefore declarer led the 7 of clubs from dummy; Whitehead played the 4; declarer finessed the 9; and Ferguson won with the 10.

Ferguson, however, was too wily to fall into the net. He read the heart situation from his partner's failure to continue the suit.

He therefore avoided hearts and also the untied spades, and led the 5 of clubs. Dummy played the 2 of diamonds; Whitehead the 2 of hearts; declarer the jack of clubs.

DECLARER then led the queen of hearts to establish a trick in the suit before losing control of clubs and spades. Mr. Ferguson played the 4; dummy the 6 of diamonds; Whitehead won with the ace of hearts.

Whitehead led the ace of diamonds; declarer discarded the 5 of spades; Whitehead the 2 of spades; and dummy played the 9 of diamonds.

Whitehead then led the 10 of spades, which declarer won with the king; Ferguson played the 8 and dummy the 3. Declarer led the ace of spades; Ferguson played the jack, dummy the 4, Whitehead the 9.

Declarer then took his good queen of clubs and jack of hearts; Ferguson playing the 6 and 3 of clubs; dummy the 6 and 7 of spades; and Whitehead the 3 and 7 of hearts. Declarer's final lead of the 8 of hearts of course was won by Whitehead's game-saving 10.

Declarer, therefore, scored only 20 points for his two tricks. There is no honor score as aces were easy.

CONTRASTING the new game of contract with auction bridge, Work said that the play of a hand, as a general thing, is the same in both games, and the bidding is not so different as many people suppose.

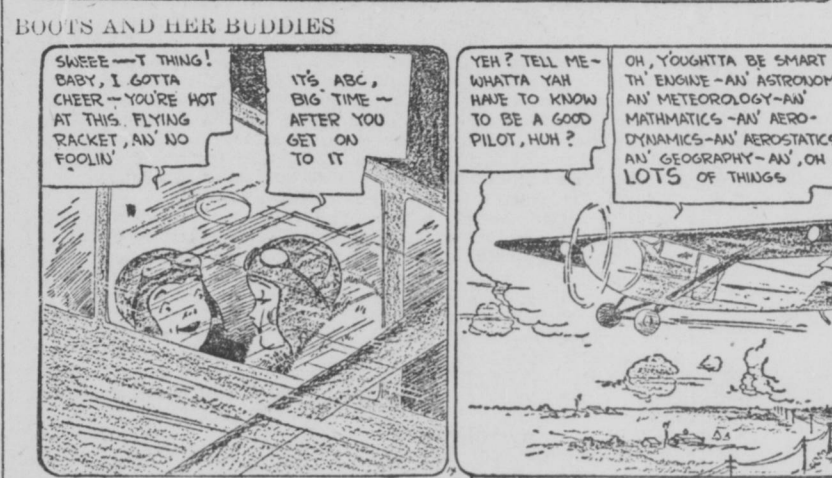
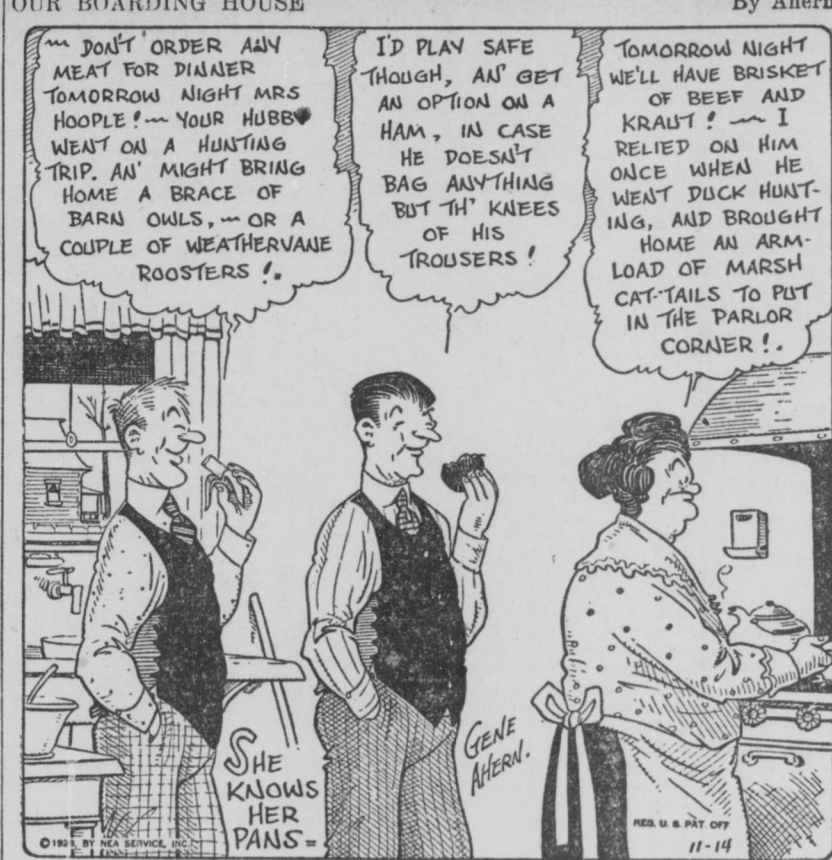
The inherent difference is that in auction bridge a game may be made, if enough tricks be won, regardless of whether a smaller number were bid; but in contract a game can not be made unless the size of the bid is a contract to go game.

For instance, a declarer bidding two spades and making four tricks would go game in auction bridge; in contract he could score toward game only the two tricks bid. Therefore the bidding at contract is influenced by the desire to bid game if possible.

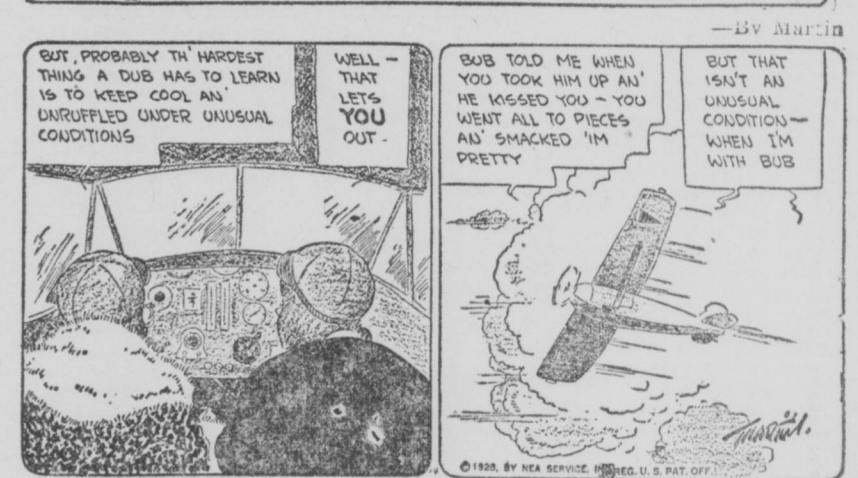
This radio hand, therefore, the contract bidding would be one diamond by declarer, the same as in auction; but West would bid two hearts instead of one, to show his partner that he was stronger than a one-heart bid would indicate, and to urge his partner, if North should pass, to jump the two hearts to four if possible.

North, however, would bid three no trumps, a game-going bid he could, reasonably expect to make with the help promised by his partner's diamond bid, and therefore justifiable.

North's three no trumps probably would obtain the contract, as neither East nor West would have sufficient strength to bid further, or double. The play at three no trumps in contract would be the same as in auction.



OUT OUR WAY



THE NEW Saint AND Sinner

By Anne Austin

The purple shadows of a mid-September twilight closed about Crystal Hathaway as she sat on the ground, her back against the smooth trunk of a birch tree.

How miraculous that this bit of weeds on the Crayson farm should have become in actual fact that "trysting place" of which she had fictionalized so romantically to Tony Tarver. The wonder of it still caught at the girl's heart with a delicious pang.

A book of poems by Rupert Brooke lay open face downward on her knees. She had felt the need of poetry lately.

As she waited now, waited with a heavenly certainty that she would not wait in vain, that he was as eager to see her as she to see him, she quoted softly aloud from one of the poems she had been reading:

"In the magic of the woods
I lay and watched the light
Paint in the pale high solitude
And washed with rain and relief by night."

Crystal was glad, for the sake of her suit and her health, that there had not been any rain, but otherwise, how beautifully the poem fitted this night and this tryst. She went on quoting.

"And I knew
That this was the hour of knowing,
And the night and the woods and you
Were one together, and I should find
In the silence the golden key
Of all that had hurt and puzzled me—
Why you were you, and the night was kind."

And the woods were part of the heart of me."

So much had hurt and puzzled her, Crystal mused. Why, she had been hurt and puzzled since she was 14 years old. When she first had discovered that boys were not attracted to her. Only her mother had understood and had been mutely sympathetic.

And now her mother was dead. Tears began to slip down Crystal's

checks. Maybe she was a very wicked girl—"making up" Pablo Valencia, because she had no real lover to boast of to Tony and the other girls, and now lying to Faith and Bob so that she could slip away to meet the real Pablo, who was not an artist at all, not even a "gentleman" just a farm laborer whose only painting was done on barns.

But she didn't feel wicked—not half so wicked now as when she had tried so hard to attract George Pruitt or Harry Blaine, or—or Dick Talbot. That last name still had the power to make her wince.

Of course she wasn't in love with him any more. Let him run after Tony all he wanted to. A lot of good it would do him! Tony meant it when she said she didn't want to be married.

For the thousandth time Crystal wondered how any girl could not want to be married. Of course she wasn't taking this queer September episode with Pablo Mendoza seriously.

Of course not! But it was sweet to be so much admired. No man else—not other man—had ever looked at her as Pablo Mendoza looked at her out of his long-lashed, romantic black eyes.

He shouldn't dare look at her like that, Crystal acknowledged hastily, and she wouldn't have anyone else look at her like that.

Of course she mustn't see him again, after tonight. She hadn't come at night before. Maybe she was being desperately foolish, in vainly indiscreet. Maybe Pablo thought—

In sudden panic, Crystal sprang to her feet to flee, but just then the soft strains of a guitar, playing a Mexican love song, paralyzed her with ecstasy.

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