

SPOTLIGHT

BEGIN HERE TODAY
SHEILA SHAYNE, dancer, is discharged from her job at the RAY MARION RANDOLPH, the star, is jealous of her. Sheila searches for work and finally secures a part in a musical show going on at the Broadway.
SHEILA is friendly with JIM BLAINE, another actor in the company from which she was discharged. When Jim offered Miss Randolph quite unprovokedly, she said CHARTER ABBOTT, who is backing the show financially, to discharge Jim.
Abbott, tired of Marion and her demands, goes to see Jim and through him secures an introduction to Sheila. A few days later Sheila hears that Marion is out of the show.
Abbott takes her to tea and offers her the part Marion had. Sheila says she does not want it.
Then Abbott asks her to marry him. Sheila refuses, knowing Abbott is not in love with her.
A few days later the road company sets out on its tour. Sheila becomes friendly with JIMMY, a chorus girl, a small midwestern city Sheila goes for a bus ride into the country.
She leaves the bus at a picturesque spot and sits down to enjoy the view. Suddenly she discovers a young man nearby.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE (Continued)

FURTHER investigation assured her that the young man had come from the factory. He was clad in overalls, a blue shirt, and was not a neekie. His arms were smoothly tanned, and his work kept him a great deal in the open.
Sheila wished that she could see his face, but he was lying with his

CONTRACT BRIDGE

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IT is remarkable that a wealth of inferences can be exchanged by a series of constructive bids at a low level. If players will make their own bids carefully and draw all possible inferences from their partner's bidding, each of them should be able to make an accurate diagram of his partner's hand without ever seeing the cards.
Today's hand occurred in a recent match at the Cleveland Whist club and is a good example of the thoroughness with which one over one bidding reveals the distribution.

None	None
A-K-J-10-8-6	A-A-10-
10-9-7	9-4-3
A-J-8-6	7-3-2
Q-7-5	4
Q-9-	Q-10-
5-4	7-2
6-3-2	Dealer
9-4-3	SOUTH
A-K-J-8-6-2	
None	
A-K-Q-J-8-5	
K-5	

The Bidding

South bid one diamond and North one heart, a one over one force. South replied with one spade—another one over one force. North's next bid was two clubs. To the uninitiated these might sound like denials, but the one over one system does not use weak take-outs and each of the above bids shows new high card, or distribution, values.
At this point four constructive bids have been made and both partners know that the bidding will not stop short of game.

South now bid two diamonds and North two hearts—each one thereby guaranteeing a five-card suit. South's next bid of two spades was most illuminating, for it gave an accurate count of his distribution.

The spades must be at least five cards to be valuable and the diamond suit, having been bid first, therefore must contain six cards. This leaves only two clubs or hearts. The bidding proceeded—North three diamonds, South four clubs, North four hearts, and at this point each partner can count practically each card in the other hand.

North's three diamond bid showed at least three of that suit, and South's assist in clubs showed that his two unidentified cards must both be clubs.

Furthermore, he certainly would not assist the suit on two small, and therefore he must have the king and one.

South now knew that North can count him void of hearts, so North's third rebid of that suit must indicate a holding as good as six to the ace king. Therefore, South positively could count in the North hand six hearts headed by the ace king, four clubs headed by the ace queen or ace jack, and three diamonds, and the hand obviously could contain no spades at all.

North could read his partner for six diamonds, five spades, the king and one club and no hearts.

With every significant card thus located, and the distribution counted perfectly, the bidding inevitably proceeded to seven diamonds.

The Play

Against any lead but a trump, South could take two hearts, two clubs, and nine diamonds, making each one separately by means of a cross-ruff.

However, West wisely opened a trump and the declarer was obliged to plan his play differently.

He allowed dummy's seven to hold the first trick and led the ace and king of hearts, discarding two small spades.

He next ruffed a heart with the eight of trump and entered dummy again by ruffing a spade.

Another heart lead established two good hearts on which to discard the king and jack of spades, and after the remaining trumps were drawn, the ace of clubs served as the necessary entry.

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head toward her. His blond hair, which was almost gold colored, was the only part of his head that was visible.

Presently, without moving, the young man drew a package of lunch from his overall pocket and began eating.

The baseball game was evidently a good one. Shouts arose frequently and flying figures sped around the diamond in whirled of dust. Then there was a lull and another player came to bat.

There was the sharp sound of the impact of the bat and the ball, a roar, and then a black speck against the sky. The ball dropped sharply within a dozen yards of Sheila's feet. It bounced and dropped again in a tangle of green vines. The crowd rushed across the field to the roadside.

Sheila was wondering if she should find the ball and toss it back, thus protecting her solitude from interruption, when the young man rose to his elbow and, turning, faced her.

"Did that ball strike you?" he asked.

She shook her head. "No, but I wish you'd find it. I like it here and I don't want all those men tramping about looking for it. It's somewhere among those vines."

The young man rose, stamped about in the thick tangle, found the ball and tossed it well into the center of the field. Then he looked toward her again.

"You should be pitching for a team," Sheila said. "That was a grand throw."

He laughed, settling himself once more on the mossy bank, this time facing her. "Maybe you do a few things well yourself," he hazarded.

"Don't we all?" she asked gayly.

He shrugged slightly. "I don't know. However, I do know there aren't many girls who can dance as well as you do, Sheila Shayne."

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

SHEILA could not hide her surprise. "You know me?" she asked.

The young man laughed. "Indeed I do! Don't mind if I move over a little nearer, do you?" He rose to his feet, crossed the patch of mossy bank and sat down near Sheila.

"But I don't understand—" She began.

"How I knew you? Well, for one thing, I've seen you on the stage every night this week. I'll be there tonight, too—that is, if I may."

"You'll have to take that up with the man in the box office," Sheila observed.

He laughed easily. "Oh, I'll do that."

"How did you recognize me if you've only seen me on the stage in costume?"

"I happened to see you as you were leaving the stage door last night. As a matter of fact, I've waited there each evening. Just to see you, you know. I didn't dare hope that you'd have supper with me or anything like that."

"No?" Her voice was cool, not encouraging. "What would be like having supper with you, for example?"

He smiled. "Doing it again. Would you try it—this evening? That is, if you haven't an engagement."

"Usually I eat with some of the others from the show. And we don't spend a lot of time sitting and talking afterward. My work is hard, you know. I need my rest."

"You don't make it seem hard," the young man said after a moment. "You are like this afternoon. You're—oh, you're wonderful! But then you know how I feel about you. What do you think of me?"

"I think that you're wasting a good deal of valuable time," said Sheila slowly. But her smile belied the words.

HE nodded, seriously. "I know. Time that belongs to my employer." He pointed to the red brick buildings across the wide field. "Still, he gives us time for lunch, you know."

"Some one told me those houses there were built for the factory employees. They are attractive, aren't they? Do you live in one?"

"I live on the other side of town. I haven't had this job long—although it seems rather long to me. In July it will be a year."

He paused, gazing at the palms of his hands. "Tough work, too, in hot weather. Are you going to have supper with me tonight?"

Sheila admitted to herself that she liked him. He was self-confident, without being over-assured. He was attractive, too, yet apparently not was aware of it.

What was he doing working in a factory? He had the face of a well-bred, educated young man to whom a white-collar job would seem better suited.

Vaguely she felt that in a job demanding brawn and endurance he was out of place.

A whistle blew and obediently the young man arose, twisting the sack in which he had carried his lunch into a ball and tossing it into the brook.

He watched it bobbing along on the surface of the water until it finally disappeared.

"I have to go now," he said. "That leaves the brook entirely at your disposal. I wish I could talk to you longer. It's back to the looms, though, for me. Would you really be willing to have supper with me tonight? I have a cheap little car, but it can travel pretty well. Maybe you wouldn't mind riding in it. Will you?"

"Well—I'll see."

He paused a moment, uncertainly. All right, I'll be there, anyhow. Please, don't turn me down!"

Sheila watched as he hurried the fence and disappeared across the field. Yes, she liked him. She found herself wondering what his name might be, tried to think of one that would suit him.

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OUR BOARDING HOUSE

—By Ahern

OUT OUR WAY

—By Williams



FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

—By Blosser



WASHINGTON TUBBS II

—By Crane



SALESMAN SAM

—By Small



BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES

—By Martin



TARZAN THE UNTAMED

—By Edgar Rice Burroughs



Real favor tells
WRIGLEY'S
SPEARMINT
THE PERFECT GUM
KEPT RIGHT
IN CELLOPHANE