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AT THE WHELAN MEMORIAL AUDITORIUM
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Modern and Old Time
9—12 o'clock

Music supplied by the
"IRISH SWINGSTERS"

CHECKROOM — CANTEEN

Admission 35c.

Deadline Lady

By Georgia Craig

Tracy's eyes swept her again and he said grimly, "Like I said, the society department's on the next floor—"

"You don't hear very well, do you, Mr. Driscoll?" asked Ann wearily. "There's no vacancy in the society department and if there were, I wouldn't want it. I'm a graduate journalist of a good college" Tracy groaned and put his head in his hands and his elbows on his desk, but Ann went steadily on, "and I was promised a job in the city room and here I am ready to go to work!"

While Ann and Tracey kept arguing on about just who was and who wasn't going to work for the Courier, neither of them noticed the big, middle-aged, well-groomed man who had emerged from a private office opening off the city room. He stood, a little uneasily, near them.

His round, rather florid face, lit with pale blue eyes, wore a slightly hunted look, but he stepped forward, saying briskly, "Well, well, Ann, how are you? I see you and Mr. Driscoll have already met—"

"Oh, very definitely!" Ann assured Haynes Jerome as she put her hand in his.

Tracy said furiously, "Now see here, Jerome, I can't have the paper weighted down with amateurs and high school kids. I've got a paper to get out.—"

CHAPTER II

"Now, now" protested Haynes Jerome hurriedly, not quite meeting either Tracy's blazing green eyes or Ann's that were quite as angry. "I'm sure Ann will make you a very competent and valuable employee, Driscoll! The paper's lucky to get her."

Tracy made a rude sound that brought the color to Ann's cheeks and made her hands clench tightly. She had never ached to smack anybody so hard in her life. How dared he behave so to her? How dared he take it for granted just by looking at her that she couldn't write? Why should he take it for granted that she didn't need a job? She did, desperately, but no one must know that, no one except Haynes Jerome, who had been her father's closest friend and was almost like a member of her own family.

Haynes said hurriedly, "Oh, and about that girl-friend of yours, Driscoll — the one for whom you wanted a job. There's an opening in the classified ad department. I'm sure she'll be quite happy there. Have her report to Goodman in the morning. I'll see you later, Ann. We must have lunch together soon."

And with the air of one removing himself from danger, Haynes made his escape, leaving the two enemies to stand glaring at each other.

"So you want to be a reporter, do you, Clayton?" Tracy asked and his tone was so warm and friendly that suspicion leaped in her mind.

"I do," she told him curtly. "And I intend to be—in spite of you!"

He nodded as though that was quite understandable

"O. K., then, you win," he said almost gently and scribbled something on the slip. "Hop over to the city morgue, and ask for Jim; see what you can get on that stiff they pulled out of the river this morning."

Ann caught her breath as though he had flung ice water in her face; her hand shook a little as, reluctantly, she took the slip of paper.

"The—the—city morgue?" she stammered and swallowed.

Tracy looked up at her, acid amusement and derision in his eyes.

"What's the matter, Clayton, can't you take it?" he wanted to know. "It's a routine story — any cub reporter could handle it. It ought not to be tough for a clayton!"

Her chin went up and her color came back, beneath the sting in his words, the look in his eyes.

"I'm sure it won't be," she told him coolly. "And neither will you! I came here wanting to be friendly and do my job to the best of my ability. Maybe I'm a rotten reporter — how can I tell until I try? But how dare you take it for granted I am, without so much as giving me a chance to prove I'm not? You've made up my mind to be tough! Well, that's quite all right with me. I can do it the hard way too!"

And before he could answer, she turned on her heel and walked out of the office. He had been quite sure she would refuse the assignment. Instead she had accepted it with words that stung a little.

The city morgue was a place hitherto known to Ann very vaguely as an adjunct to the city hospital, where she had done nurse's aid duty. The big charity hospital occupied a very long block in one of the slummier sections of Midland City, and as Ann made her way through the grimy, smelly streets in the brisk spring sunshine that made everything look even dingier, she felt a little sick.

She drew a deep breath and made herself walk up the steps, but at the top she collided with a man hurrying out of the building and for a moment they rocked, and the man's arms steadied her, and then the man looked down at her. A tall, blond, pleasant-looking man in his very early thirties, an expensive camel's hair coat topping a well-tailored dark suit, setting off a really superlative silken scarf.

"Well, if it isn't little Annie, the joy of my heart!" the young man greeted her exuberantly. "What, in Heaven's name are you doing here this morning angel-face?"

"An assignment," Ann said and the little thrill of the words helped to steady her. "I'm working, as of this morning on the Courier, and my first assignment has to do with—a story about a dead man—found in the river this morning—"

(To Be Continued)

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

Advice to Defenders

A player cannot defend correctly unless he keeps one eye on the pile of tricks in front of the declarer. Observe East's fall from grace in today's deal.

West dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

North: ♠6 4 3 ♥9 8 2 ♦A 10 5 3 ♣K 7 3

West: ♠J 9 ♥A 10 7 3 ♦6 4 ♣J 9 8 4 2

East: ♠A 10 7 5 2 ♥K 5 4 ♦K 8 ♣Q 10 6

South: ♠K Q 8 ♥Q J 6 ♦Q J 9 7 2 ♣A 5

The bidding:

West	North	East	South
Pass	Pass	1 ♠	1 N T
Pass	Pass	Pass	

West decided to make a surprise attack with his club suit, and opened the four-spot. As it happened, this was an excellent idea, since it should have resulted in the defeat of the contract. Dummy played low and declarer took East's queen with the ace. The diamond queen was then allowed to ride; East won and led back the club ten. West overtook with the jack and, when dummy ducked, continued the suit, driving out dummy's king.

At this point it might have been a good idea for South to try to "sneak by" a spade trick, before East could know just how the land lay, but South chose instead to run off his diamond suit. West discarded the seven and three of hearts and the nine of spades.

Now, with six tricks home, South laid down the spade king. East saw his partner's jack fall on this trick, and apparently concluded that the best plan was to wait for another spade lead from South, which would come into East's ace-ten. Unfortunately, however, East failed to recognize that by passing this trick, he would be conceding the one-no trump contract to the enemy.

If the contract had been higher, East's hold-off when the spade king was led might not have been bad, but under the actual circumstances it was downright silly! Why concede the contract without a struggle? If East had counted his adversary's tricks, he would have "jumped on" the spade king without hesitation and shifted to hearts.

When North-South went game with another partial in the next deal, East found out how important it was to defend properly!

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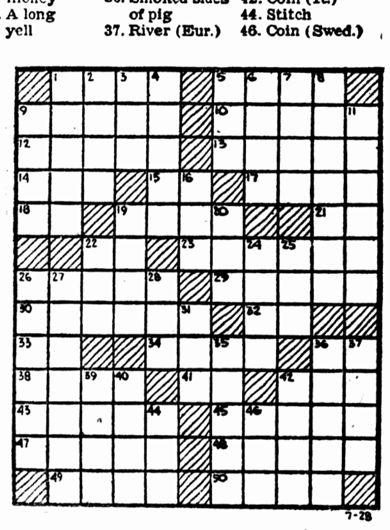
DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. Fawn (slang)
5. Card, as wool
9. Rascal
10. Smells
12. French river
13. Danger
14. Sheltered side
15. An eastern state (abbr.)
17. Bristle-like organ
18. Music note
19. River (Belg.)
21. Indefinite article
22. Depart
23. Yield
26. Buffoon
29. Satellites
30. That which heals
32. Negative reply
33. Upon
34. Maestro's baton
36. Board of Ordnance (abbr.)
38. Particle
41. River (It.)
42. Youth
43. Floats
44. Speech
47. Kind of rod
48. Mistake
49. Merganser
50. Thin

DOWN
1. Book of the Old Testament
2. S-shaped molding
3. Mongrel
4. Saves
5. Tube on which silk is wound
6. Poems
7. Additional
8. Island off Europe: Great —
9. A valley of the moon
11. Slopes
16. Roman money
19. A long yell
20. Alcoholic beverage
22. Tibetan gazelle
24. A tie
25. Cry of a cow
26. Trained choral groups
27. Pea-like vegetable (pl.)
28. Fresh
31. Knock
35. New
36. Smoked sides of pig
37. River (Eur.)
39. Kind of cheese
40. Apportion
42. Coin (It.)
44. Stitch
46. Coin (Swed.)

Saturday's Answer

D	E	A	D		S	O	U	S	
A	R	B	O	R		A	R	R	O	W
P	R	O	N	E		H	A	N	S	E
			T	R	A	I	T			
A	H	A		E	M	B	O	L	U	S
B	O	M	B	A	Y		R	A	N	T
I	M	B	E	D		H	I	N	D	U
D	E	L	E		H	O	O	D	E	D
E	Y	E	S	P	O	T		E	R	S
			W	A	G	E	S			
S	A	T	I	N		L	O	D	E	S
I	R	O	N	S		S	C	O	R	E
R	A	N	G	Y		K	R	A	N	



CRYPTOQUOTE—A cryptogram quotation

N G B W O V Q K B J . W O U L A P O K U J J K B O - U B J P P X G W A J — V P Y U L K.

Saturday's Cryptoquote: OUR SYMPATHY IS COLD TO THE RELATION OF DISTANT MISERY—GIBBON.

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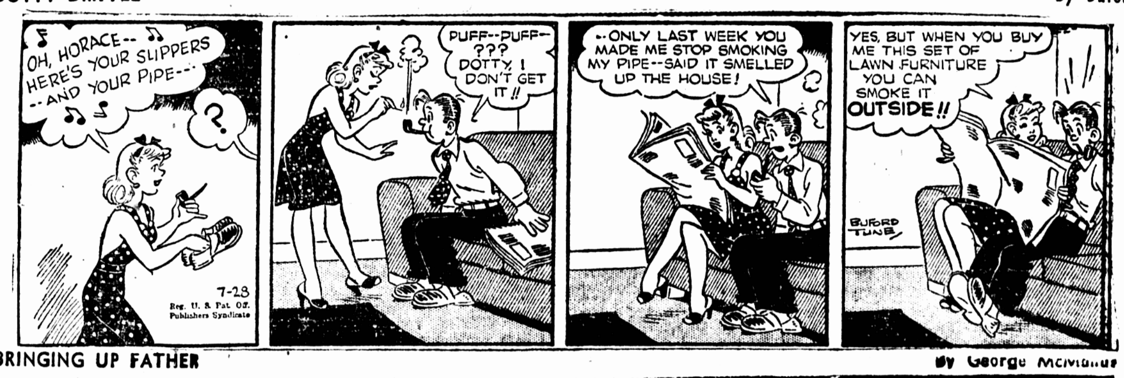
JOE PALOOKA By HAM FISHER

DOTTY DRIPPLE By Buford



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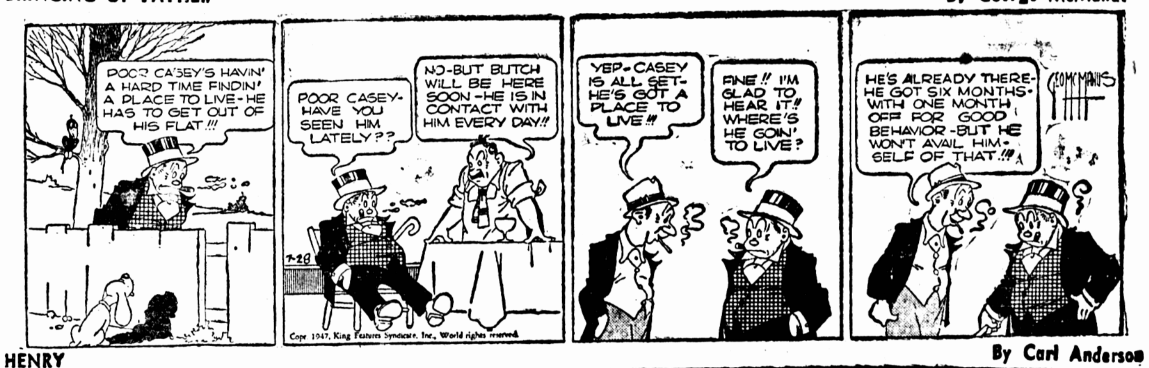

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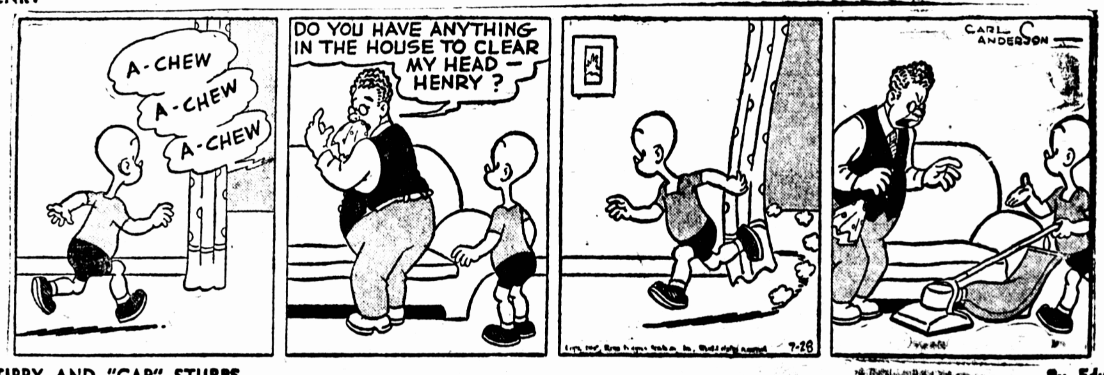

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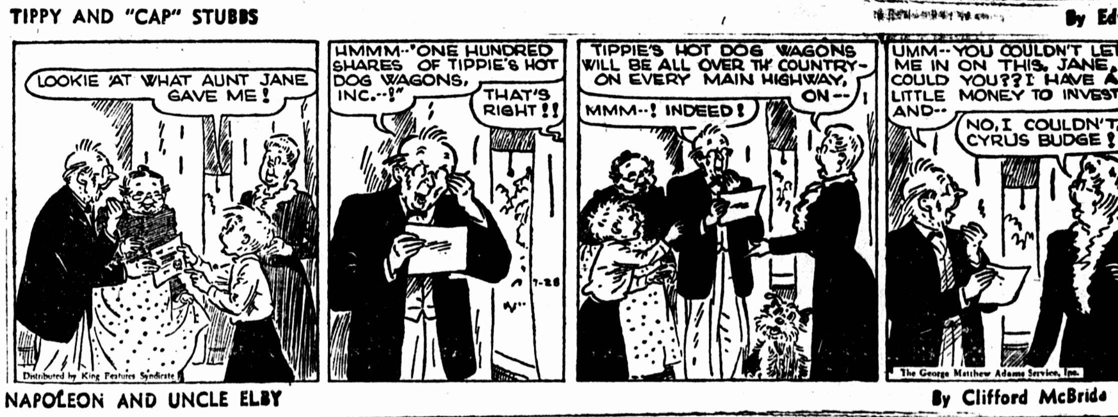

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TILLIE THE TOILER By Webster

OUT OUR WAY By J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE Major Hoople