

ESCAPE

By Royal Brown

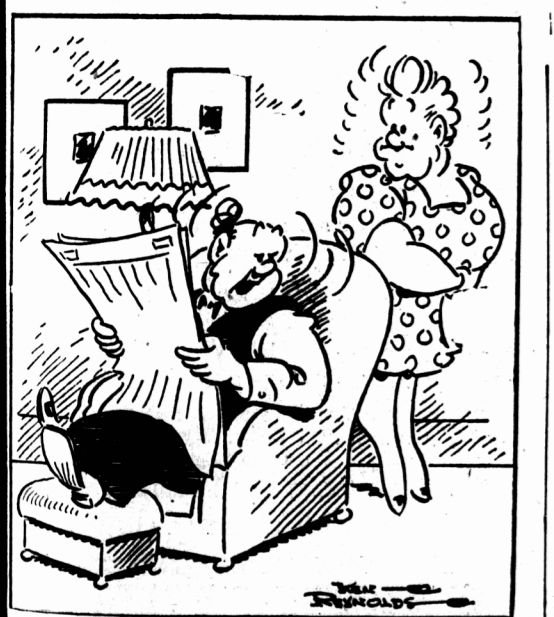
As Bing read this it suddenly struck him that the latter part of the telegram being sent so personal might not make sense to him. "I wired her this morning," he explained self-consciously. "The last is in answer to something I asked her."

DAILY CROSSWORD

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Clues include: 1. Sacred (Russ. Ch.), 2. Blamable, 3. Poems, 4. Fresh, 5. Scorch, 6. Unclad, 7. Long-crested rodent, 8. To regain possession, 9. Dried, 10. Sily, 11. Boring-toot, 12. Greek letter, 13. Winnow, 14. Erubium (sym.), 15. Rubbish, 16. Armed forces, 17. Fate, 18. Malt beverage, 19. Snow vehicle, 20. Bureaucracy, 21. Hawaiian bird, 22. Obtained, 23. Trouble, 24. Keg, 25. Remain, 26. Observes, 27. Sharp to the taste, 28. Otherwise, 29. Keep, 30. Observes, 31. Branch, 32. Egg on.

CRYPTOQUOTE—A cryptogram quotation. I V L B N F B B F K B V S A U V B E V L F B V J P E B P U S Y L P Y Y L J C R V J W E S Q F K H F I — B A Q Q F K. Yesterday's Cryptogram: USE ALONE MAKES MONEY NOT A CONTENTIBLE STONE—HEBBERT.

QUICKIES



"Of course you don't lose your independence when you're married — I'd never object if you get a dish-wash job with a Guardian Want Ad!"

OUR WAY



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believed that she would have little difficulty in getting her way with any man. "It's going to be such a shock to him," she had remarked, referring to Bing's father, while she and Sam dined.

Sam had been determined they should have dinner together. The evening had not seemed long to either of them. Inevitably, they discussed Bing and his troubles. But that was not the sole topic of conversation, nor why they spent so long time at dinner. Sam was talking about himself, or at least law as a profession. He seemed rather pessimistic about it. He was doing all right in one way, he supposed, but just the same a young lawyer wasn't so very much. Some people might wonder why he felt moved to make this confession, but Ricky suspected what was in his mind.

What he was saying obliquely was, "Oh, Lord, I'm falling for you fast, and what have I to offer a girl like you?" He did not put it into words. That was not necessary; they both felt it. Midnight, when Ricky must take her train, had rushed toward them as if it too had a locomotive hitch-

ed to it. At half-past eleven Ricky glanced at the clock, murmured that she must go soon. Sam dismally agreed. The taxi he had ordered arrived shortly to take them to the Back Bay station. As they stood on the platform waiting for the train they talked idly. Then the locomotive headlight swung down upon them and they became breathless. He took her hand, his eyes meeting hers. "I want to see you again. I must," he said quickly. Ricky babbled, "Well, why not?" They knew they had but an instant. He still held her hand imploringly. She hesitated and then—well, after all, it was not the first time Ricky had been kissed. Yet she knew subtly that this was different.

"Did—did you mean that?" he demanded fiercely as his lips left hers. Ricky had to answer swiftly. She had just one second left. "If you did," she managed. The Grand Central was invested in Sunday morning calm when the taxi arrived there and so was New York. It was still early, so Ricky took a taxi and drove to a hotel in the Fifties. In answer to the wire Sam had sent for her, Bing's father had said he would see her at ten o'clock in his office. Presently a taxi carried her south to a famous building in the financial district.

The office into which Ricky was ushered might have been accepted by a movie director as stage setting, with a little touching up here and there. When Ricky entered, Bing's father rose and greeted her with a kiss. There had always been a deep affection between them. Ricky glanced at him and he smiled at her reassuringly. He had nice eyes—like Bing's. Abruptly she plunged. "You mean Bing's married?" he repeated in stark incredulity. But after that he made it as easy as possible for her. When she had finished he said nothing for a moment. Then: "I'm sorry for Bing," he remarked. "Need you be?" she asked impulsively. "I mean isn't it possible it may not work out so badly? Bing is a lot like you. Isn't that something to think of?"

He turned that over in his mind in silence. "And there's something else I've thought of," she went on, pressing a sensed advantage. "All this may not be so bad for Bing in the long run. Don't you think that just seeing it through may be good for him—help him to find himself?" "What do you wish me to do?" Ricky retorted instantly. "You know Bing well enough to know that he wants you to be proud of him, always."

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Oulbertson

Some experts make a practice of "hogging the bidding" when they are dealt with weak partners. Quite aside from the fact that this is not the highest sportsmanship, it is not even good bridge! Today's deal offers a typical illustration of this point.

Bridge bidding table showing South and North hands and bidding sequence.

If South had not been afraid of his partner "getting there first" with notrump, he would have started out with one club and later shown his spade suit, eventually ending up in the proper—and easily makable—contract of four spades. Even after the two-occurrence opening and North's three-heart response, South could have recovered by trying out the spade bid at the three-level, and North undoubtedly would have raised to four spades, merely because of his distribution and the club king. As it was, South stubbornly persisted with notrump, and North, who had played against the particular declarer often before, was not too impressed to risk a double.

On the diamond lead South soon found that he had set a hopeless goal for himself. He guessed the winning club finesse, but East's queen could not be captured, and neither could the ninth trick. To repeat, if South had been particular with a player he considered his equal, he undoubtedly would have opened the bidding with one club, and even though West would have done some bidding on his own account, he could have forced in spades on the next round. The attempt to "master mind" all 26 cards of the partnership rarely ends in anything but grief.

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KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



JOE PALOOKA



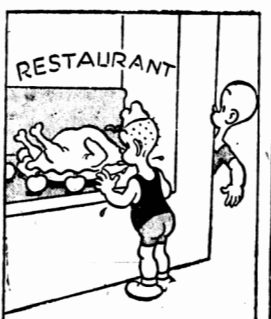
DOTTY DRIFPLE



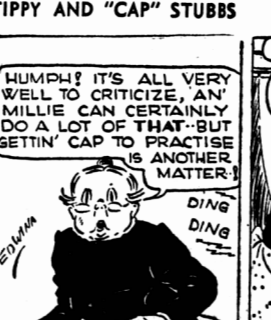
BRINGING UP FATHER



HENRY



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS



NAPOLEON AND UNCLE ELBY



TILLIE THE TOILER



By Webster

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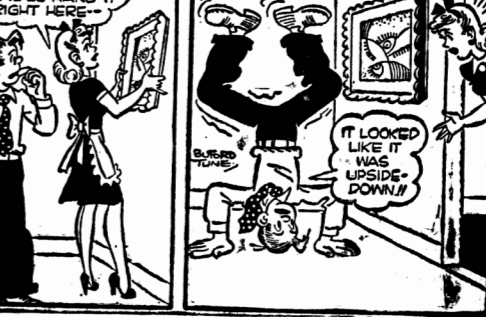
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By HAM FISHER



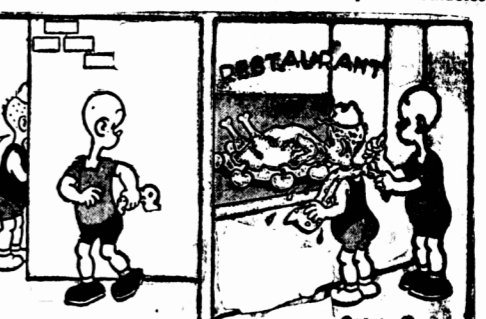
By Buford Tun



By George McManus



By Carl Anderson



By Clifford McBride



By Webster



By Webster



By Webster

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