FOR QUICK RELIEF FROM
TIRED, ACHY MUSCLES
Sprains • Strains • Bruises • Stiff Joints
What you NEED is
SLOAN'S LINIMENT

Masters Of The Parachute Mail

By Peter Benedict

That was a nasty one, but she contented herself with saying a mild goodbye, and ringing off. And with the click of the telephone upon its stand the machinery of her mind slipped into position, with a spontaneous leap almost equally audible, and she knew what had been worrying her. She sat up in bed, and for a moment was seriously afraid for the first time. Then she got up in a great hurry, and dashed through her toilet with no end but speed in view. By the time Peter at length rang her up she had been poring for a solid hour over her most cherished books of reference, a comprehensive study of North America, with maps, and the record catalogue which had stood her in such good stead before.

CHAPTER XI
Among the Village Idiots

Peter Milne and Eleanor Vandeleur took cocktails at Lady Cowle's charming old Queen Anne house in Coleridge Square. The company was fairly small, but select, as indeed this redoubtable old woman's parties generally were. It was noticed, among the frequenters of these lofty places, that the great old lady went out of her way to be nice to the American girl, and spent the greater part of an hour talking to her, which was an exceptional performance for a girl, and especially for an American.

The interest which Eleanor's undoubted beauty has aroused, her severe but daring clothes—Sylvia Milne's new gown and hat trimmed with startling bottle-green plumage —had enhanced, and her vigorous personality had made stable, now became redoubled by Lady Cowle's obvious liking for her. If the old lioness could bear to hold animated conversation with her for one hour by the clock, it stood to reason there must be something in her lovely head besides bone.

Corrie separated Peter from Peggy almost as soon as they entered the house, and was careful to be nice to him, paying rather more attention to him, indeed, that he thought natural. Her talk was all of Miss Vandeleur. Grandmother was charmed with her. What part of America did she hail from? And what were her people? Commonplace stuff he might have thought it, if Peggy had not so earnestly spent the entire morning and afternoon working out with him a full and vivid account of her childhood, parentage, and life in the United States, complete with dates and maps.

She had not told him what she feared, she had merely implored him to take her seriously and help her to concoct the story, since his knowledge was much greater than hers. And again and again she had impressed upon him that each of them must know it by heart without one tiny discrepancy. And he had taken her seriously, because he had learned that it paid, that in all her madness there was method and to spare. Poor Peggy had said, in reply to all appeals to formulate her suspicions:

"No, please, don't ask me. It's too impossible and silly, and I expect to be proved a fool; but I'll tell you all about it when I know the end of it myself."

Having made this his own argument on at least one occasion, he had been unable to quarrel with it in her. In consequence, here he was, being pumped with great tact and charm by Corrie, envied by all her admirers, and chaffed by a young man who entered late, and was made much of, and who finally reached Peter's circles to be introduced as Leslie Graham, though Corrie addressed him constantly as Gray.

It transpired tha he was Miss Cowle's fiance. Peter did not like the cut of him overmuch. He had the feminine line upon the short full mouth which had made Peggy revolt from the good effect the handsome face should have made. It was something in the smoothness of the blond face which offended him more, and the arrogance of his manner. This Graham fellow, though he had all the arts and graces of this sort of life, carried himself with a swagger—a bounce, thought Peter, seeking the right word—which fell only a little on the safe side of bounding.

Peggy, alertly talking New York and music to Lady Cowle, also saw her enemy enter. He gravitated to their corner in time, as many distinguished people already forgotten by name had done, and was presented to her.

She noted various things about him, without stopping to consider that he could damage her if he would. But, of course, that idea was already gone by the board. He could not damage her, did not want to damage her; all they wanted was to bleed her white —if only they knew the true state of her worldly goods!— and then pitch her aside. She talked with him a little, carefully, constrainedly, letting her eyes dwell upon him in mute apprehension which she proudly told herself was one of the best things she had done. The perfect attitude of mingled cool courage and pleading, as from one startled by the unforeseen arrival, at a feast where she intended to shine, of one who could, if he would, take away her small hope of glory. Her eyes said, for his consumption: "What are you doing here? For heaven's sake don't let these people know where we've met before. You see I'm making a hit with him. Don't go and spoil it."

He was flattering to her beauty, but gave no hint that he had ever seen her before; and after a few minutes his fiancee called him away. Probably, thought Peggy, he was thinking: "The silly fool! Why should I want to damage the goose that lays the golden eggs? But they're all alike—they think the world rolls round them."

"And was all your childhood spent in California?" asked Lady Cowle, calling her back to earth.

"Well, most of it, until I was fourteen. We'd been across to Honolulu several times on vacations, and all that; and of course we went to New York for a while, at least once every year. We went by 'plane mostly. I shouldn't think there are much better lines anywhere than out from Los Angeles —"

Across the room she could see Peter being surprisingly sweet and patient to Corrie's casual pumping. No doubt Corrie thought she was doing wonderfully well in her excavations this time. It was just the sort of questioning which a hostess with a particularly high reputation to keep up might expend upon the forbears and history of a promising new recruit to her circle. That was the danger of it, that it all looked so ordinary.

(To be continued)

FISCAL — FISCUS

The word fiscal is derived from the Latin fiscus, meaning a wicker basket.

USE SKEETER SKATTER
New and Improved
FOR BLACK FLIES, MOSQUITOES

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

Getting the Right Start

The slam contract in today's deal was lost by declarer's play to the very first trick.

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

	♠ J 3 ♥ A K 8 7 5 2 ♦ A Q 10 ♣ 6 3	
♠ 6 4 ♥ J 4 3 ♦ 9 8 7 5 ♣ A Q 5 2	N W E S	♠ 9 5 2 ♥ Q 10 9 6 ♦ 6 4 3 2 ♣ 9 7
	♠ A K Q 10 8 7 ♥ — ♦ K J ♣ K J 10 8 4	

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	2 ♥	Pass
3 ♠	Pass	4 N T	Pass
5 ♦	Pass	6 ♠	Past
Pass	Pass		

If West had laid down the club ace (as so many players would) there would have been nothing to the play — declarer would have collected his 12 tricks without even taking a finesse.

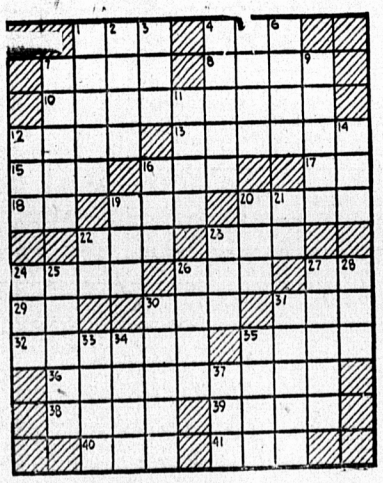
Actually, however, West opened his top diamond. Declarer took one pleased look at the dummy, then played the diamond ten and won with his own king. He did not know it, of course, but right then and there he had "wrecked himself." Now the best he could do was draw trumps, return to dummy by overtaking his last diamond, discard two clubs on the high hearts and one on the high diamond — and finally lead a club toward his remaining king-jack. Since West had the ace-queen of clubs, all the previous play went for naught, and the contract was down one.

Declarer had neglected to try for all the possibilities. The proper line of play was to win the first trick with dummy's diamond queen then to ruff a low heart. Now re-enter dummy with a trump to the jack and ruff another low heart. This would establish the rest of dummy's heart suit, and it would be simplicity itself to draw trumps, overtake the diamond king with the ace, and discard all of South's clubs on the established hearts and the good diamond. Thus, instead of going down one, declarer would actually make an overtrick!

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. Girl's nickname
4. Small explosion
7. Deep, flat-bottomed boat
8. Send forth
10. So. Am. republic
12. Measure of land
13. Oils of rose petals
15. Tunisian ruler
16. Lever
17. Therefore
18. Bone (Anatomy)
19. Part of a lock
20. Reimburses
22. Fruit
23. Witch (Colloq., U. S.)
24. Matured
26. Cupid
27. Jumbled type
29. Lutecium (sym.)
30. Slight taste
31. Carting vehicle
32. Canal between Atlantic and Pacific
35. Wind instrument
36. So. Am. republic
38. Wheaten flour
39. Droops in the middle
40. Varying weight (Ind.)
41. Epoch

DOWN
1. Repentant
2. Incite
3. Hole in a needle
4. Trifling
5. Leave out
6. Pineapple (So. Am.)
7. Cyprinoid fishes
9. Ankles
11. Not any (colloq.)
12. Fuss
14. Turf
16. Pin
19. Young goat
20. Animal enclosure
21. Hewing tool
22. Iron (sym.)
23. Chance
24. Lofty mountain
25. A pear-shaped fruit (So. Am.)
26. Pres. of Mexico (d. 1915)
27. Brazilian province (poss.)
28. Tavern
30. Daub
31. Russian river
33. Seines
34. Poker stake
35. Listen to
37. Employ



Saturday's Answer: ERAS FADE / ROSE IRON / ERUPT BERTH / GOT BES RO / GREATER SUM / HUT POSE / SQUAB LUSTY / CURB PAR / RAN MICROBE / AR WIG WAR / PRIAM DANGER / ERNE ALEE / LEES WARD

CRYPTOQUOTE—A cryptogram quotation

LOR FVHRTKJIW JY LORMW PVVRPW. PTSR MF URGJTK LORMW DRPTF—GINRTPH.

Saturday's Cryptoquote: EACH ONE IS A COPY OF GOD IN A SMALL FORM—MANILIUS.

Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

QUICKIES

By Ken Reynolds

"I can always get another job with a Guardian Want Ad—yours isn't the only lap in town!"

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey

JOE PALOOKA

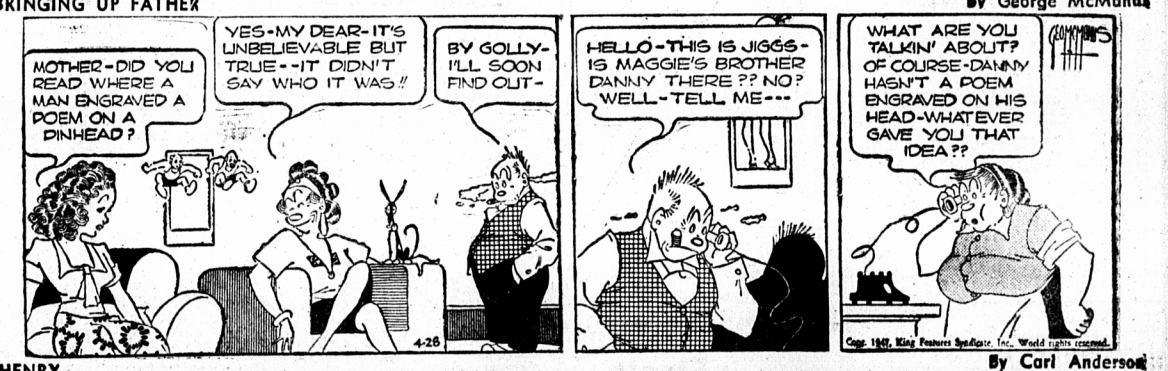
By HAM FISHER

DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Buford Tune

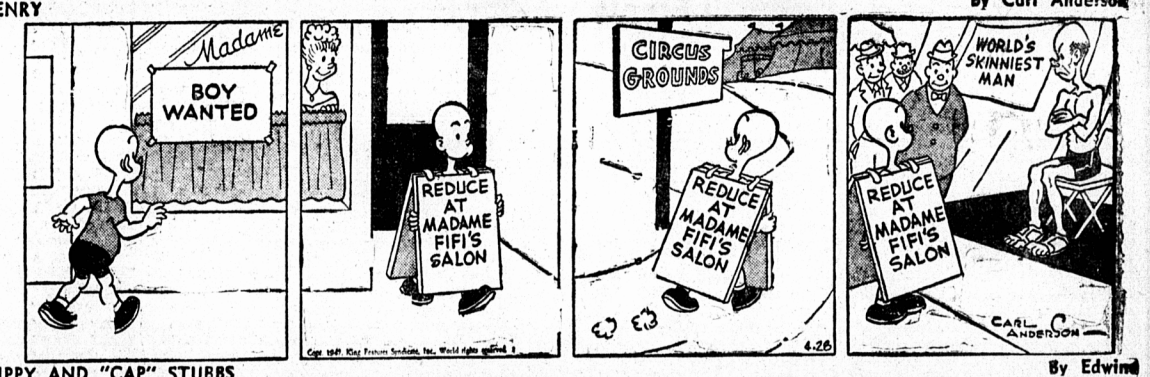
BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



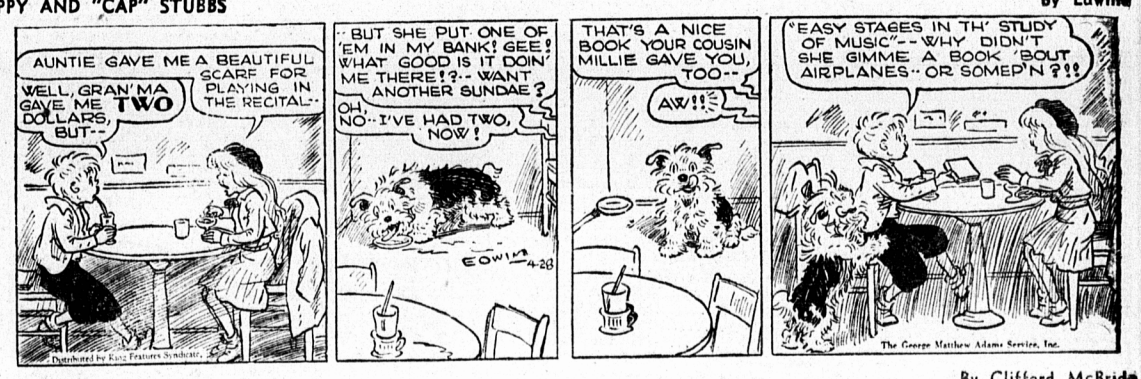
HENRY

By Carl Anderson



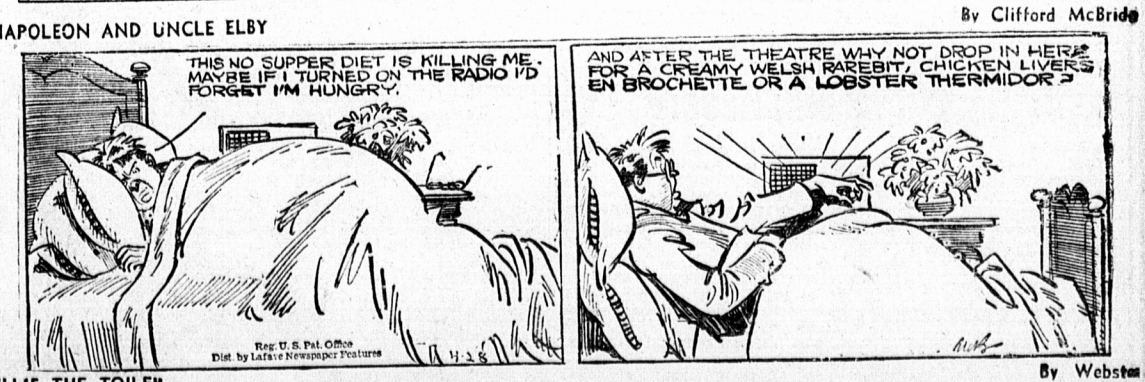
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS

By Edwina



NAPOLEON AND UNCLE ELBY

By Clifford McBride



TILLIE THE TOILER

By Webster

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS

OUR BOARDING HOUSE

With Major Hoople