

CLOVER CLUB Valentine Ball

FRIDAY, February 14th

CAFETERIA.

MAKE YOUR RESERVATIONS EARLY

PHONE 1222-478-L.

DRESS OPTIONAL.

\$2.00 per couple

Brereton Understands Women

By John Holloway Horn

"I'll confirm the arrangement after I've asked them. He watched her car until it turned into the main road. The doctor was in the nature of an experience. She was so sure of herself, so impersonal. Perhaps that was the effect of her highly specialized education. She probably knew all there was to know about the human body but Brereton was more interested in the human soul. A healthy, even a lovely body was obviously of the greatest importance, but many of the lower animals excelled in both qualities. Man—and woman—would be finally judged by other standards.

"It's More Than a Picture!" Jim Heriot and his wife were free on the Monday evening and in any case, as Jim said, it was a Command Performance.

Miss McKee had made a rapid recovery and the cook was on the top of her form. Brereton carefully chose the wines and the evening was a complete success.

Brereton was an admirable host, but after a couple of glasses of the suave Burgundy which he had tasted, Jim Heriot would have made any party go.

"And you're settling down here?" he asked when the women had left them.

"Up to a point," Brereton smiled. "Just a spot of brandy?"

"Thanks. You've had the life I've always wanted. But I could never live by my painting."

"Few men can. I doubt if I could, apart from the fact that I hate to sell anything I paint."

"By the way, I've never thanked you for buying that picture of mine."

"Apart from the money—which will be darned useful—I regard it as a great honour."

"Honour my aunt! I liked it or I shouldn't have bought it. A very great honour. I'm Heriot's assistant. The local paper got hold of the news and I've heard that it has been commented on in a London paper. The dealer who sometimes takes my pictures on sale or return—usually the latter—has written asking me to let him have some more. Such, my dear Brereton, is the effect of fame."

"Splendid!" "I should think it is! We have two small girls to educate—excepting, perhaps, myself."

"I do doubt if this brandy is exquisite," Jim Heriot said. "So is his colour. A deep gold."

"You have an air of a man in a room. Brereton said thoughtfully. "Mainly because of the picture of mine which hangs on the wall. For one thing it slips him drifting."

"Woman does it was. By the way, what are they up to, I wonder?"

"I hope they are looking at my pictures. In all probability they are chatting my the fire, though."

"The doctor's rather an interesting study. She is the most self-contained person I know."

It was not long before Brereton proposed that they should rejoin the women.

Mrs. Heriot and Dr. Mary were standing in front of the portrait of the woman with the brown eyes when the two men entered the room. Heriot strolled across to them. Their host remained in the middle of the room watching them.

"This is entitled 'A Portrait,'" said Mrs. Heriot. "It maddens me to have no clue to it. We've been talking about her."

"It's alive!" Heriot after a long scrutiny. "It's a masterpiece. 'Technically it's wonderful.' 'Wonderful!' echoed her husband. 'I know nothing about its technique,'" said Dr. Brereton. "But it's the one picture in the room I couldn't bear to have in my own room."

"Why not?" Brereton asked. "You referred during dinner to those maddening people who 'know what they like' and the doctor said 'I know what I dislike. And I dislike that woman.'"

"It isn't fair to expect me to criticize it, since it's the woman herself I dislike. She may be a friend of yours."

"I wasn't that," said Mrs. Heriot. "That woman was incapable of friendship."

"I'm sorry you don't like the portrait," the artist said. "Would you care to come into my workroom. There are one or two pictures there."

They turned to the door: "Isn't that the same woman?" the doctor said, pausing before another picture. "She's younger here."

"A month or so, that's all. That was just after I met her in Paris. A wonderful moment."

They went along a thickly-carpeted passage to his studio and Heriot at once crossed to the canvas on the easel.

"It's very disheartening," he said at length. "I shall never paint like this if I live to be a hundred."

"Look, Tim," his wife said dejectedly. "The mantelpiece was his own picture."



DANCE TONIGHT THE DANCE CLUB Make reservations early PHONE 1198 DANCING with ORCHESTRA Every WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY Admission 50 Cents

Contract Bridge

By JOSEPHINE CULBERTSON

A LUCRATIVE "SACRIFICE" North meant his six-bid in today's deal as a sacrifice, but thanks to an uninspired opening lead, the contract was actually fulfilled.

North dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

Hand diagram showing cards for North and South. North: 10 9 7 2, A 10 9 5 4, A 6 2, 5 10 7 6, A 4 3, 10 9 3. South: K Q J 9, 8 7, K Q J 8, 5.

The bidding: North 1♠, East 1♣, South 2♥, West 4♣. North 3♥, East Pass, South Pass, West Pass. North 4♥, East Pass, South Pass, West Pass.

North was right in his estimate that the five-spade contract could not have been defeated—North-South would have taken only the minor-suit aces. Yet, it required a certain amount of nerve for North to bid six hearts, especially since his opening bid in itself had been none too robust. His distribution, however, in the light of South's two-heart overcall, made the sacrifice a good investment.

No one can blame West for his double of six hearts, particularly since the opponents' bidding had clearly testified that they themselves did not expect to make six hearts. It is fair, however, to blame West for the opening lead he selected—namely the spade ace. The inordinate length in his partner's bid and rebid suit meant that there was a distinct possibility that one of the opponents was void; that he would be able to "control" the trick and in that way save a valuable time unit. That, of course, was what happened. Dummy ruffed the spade ace and declared promptly led a trump to the king. West won and shifted to clubs, but too late! The ace was put up; declarer drew trumps, ending in his own hand, and the lead of the diamond queen through West settled matters conclusively. The "sacrifice" slam was home!

It is of course, usually safe to lead partner's suit, but in this case West should have tried an attack in the unbid clubs. He could always lay down the spade ace, if that course became advisable.

STAY WORK IN JUST 2 SECONDS ASPIRIN RELIEVES NEURITIC-NEURALGIC PAIN GENUINE ASPIRIN IS MARKED THIS WAY

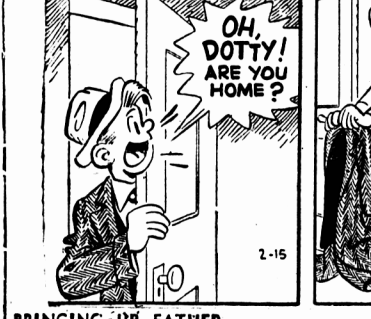
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



JOE PALOOKA



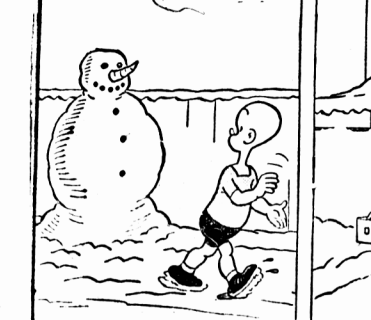
DOTTY DRIPPLE



BRINGING UP FATHER



HENRY



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS



NAPOLEON AND UNCLE ELBY



TILLIE THE TOILER



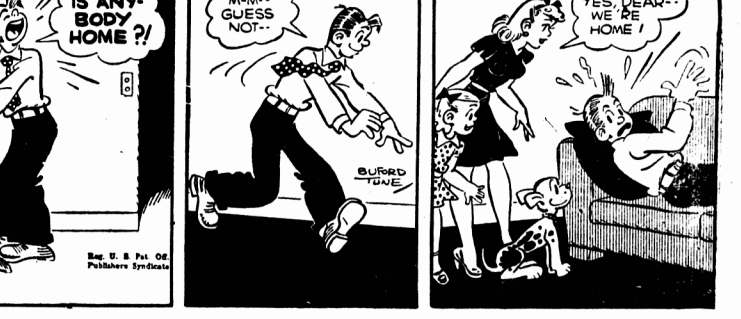
GREAT SCOTT. MADE WHAT'S GOING ON AT OUR PLANT?



By Zane Gray



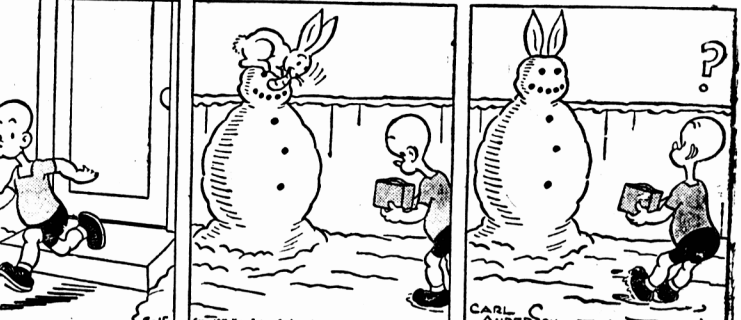
By HAM FISHER



By Buford Tunde



By George McManus



By Carl Anderson



By Edwin



By Clifford McBride



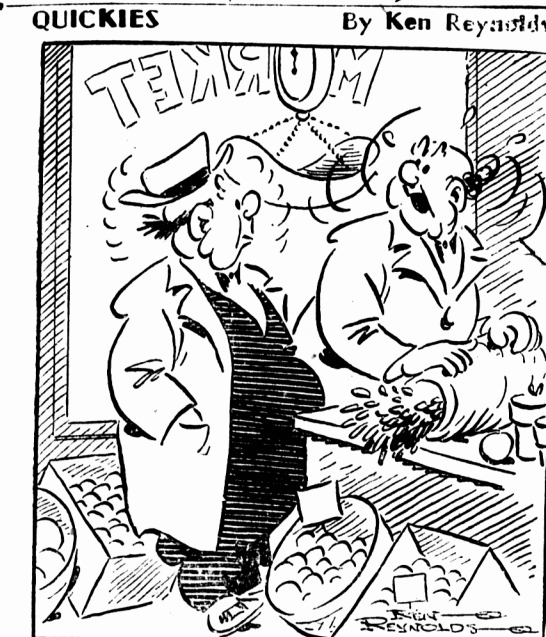
By Webster

SOUR MILK CHOCOLATE CAKE with sour milk. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into 2 greased 9 inch pans. Bake in 350 deg. F. oven 25 minutes. Very good.

WALK WITHOUT THOUGHT

Sleep-walking is one of the most common forms of automatic action, a non-reflex action which is not the result of conscious endeavour.

By Ken Reynolds



"Certainly, the vegetables are fresh—see, I'm wrapping them in today's Guardian Want Ad page!"

DAILY CROSSWORD

Crossword puzzle grid with clues for Across and Down. Includes 'Yesterday's Answer' and 'CRYPTOQUOTE'.

CRYPTOQUOTE: —A cryptogram quotation Z NTW FXFW IJ IPF MHZUS. TUB BFFI NTW Z IJ IPF HCF—MJJV SB RJM. Yesterday's Cryptoquote: CAN TWO WALK TOGETHER, EXCEPT THEY BE AGREED?—AMOS. Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

OUT OUR WAY

By J. R. WILLIAMS OUR BOARDING HOUSE With Major Hoopla



By J. R. Williams



By J. R. Williams