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BRIDGE PLAYER GETS SLAM, BUT WAS HIS PLAY ETHICAL?

New York, Oct. 13—A story of a coup by one of the best known amateur auction bridge players in the East is going the rounds of the Brooklyn clubs. Whenever told it always provokes a controversy as to whether the conduct of the principal was in harmony with the best ethics, with opinions generally expressed on both sides.

This is what happened. It was at one of the fashionable Long Island watering places. The player who erected all the talk we will call Mr. Brown. He was playing with three men, all of whom are willing to play for a still stake.

The player at the left of Mr. Brown declared no trumps and, after the two had passed, our hero declared two diamonds. This was his hand: 10 clubs, headed by the ace, king and queen; ace of spades, two small hearts.

The original bidder went two no trumps and when it got around to Mr. Brown, his partner having passed, he said "Three diamonds." This time the no trumper passed but his partner doubled.

Mr. Brown thereupon declared three hearts, which the original bidder promptly doubled. With traces of distress Mr. Brown bid four diamonds and, of course, was doubled. He was now getting the situation just about as he wanted it—so he could "handle 'em."

After a long and apparently painful wait Mr. Brown announced five clubs.

THE PLAIN TRUTH.

To please Perilla, watch and see
Her eyes dance merrily with glee
I often change my point of view—
And other things; as you would, too
If it cost nothing to agree.

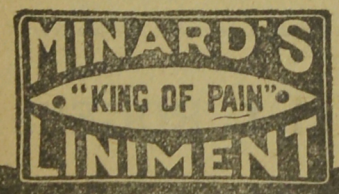
I eat her toast and drink her tea
(And, oh, what tea!) since verily
There's nothing that I wouldn't do
To please Perilla.

But don't conclude that I must be
A slave to this tyrannic she,
With mental muscles mean and few
That's very far from being true!
For, if you please, it pleases me
To please Perilla.

—EDWARD W. BARNARD in New York Sun.



Rub the scalp with Minard's four times a week. It removes Dandruff, stimulates the scalp and makes the hair soft and glossy.



This was eagerly doubled by the no-trumper with a handful of hearts and diamonds. Mr. Brown calmly but firmly redoubled and after the surprise of this action had subsided the play began.

The first lead was a spade, which Mr. Brown took with his ace. He then ran down nine clubs, his opponents in the meantime throwing away their hearts, save the ace, waiting for the expected lead of diamonds. They got their ace of hearts. Mr. Brown getting his second heart trick with his six spot after trumping the only diamond lead. A little slam.

"Mighty Clever."

"That was a mighty clever stunt and the man who thought it out certainly had brains," declared a well known Brooklyn clubman when the story had been told to a group. "Of course, I can see how some players would get sore if they had been stung by it, but I think my pique would have been over-balanced by my admiration for the nerve and cleverness shown in leading the victims along to the slaughter. I would not kick if it had been pulled on me."

"I would," replied another prominent player. "It was unethical, to put it mildly. Auction bridge is a game of bidding based on a generally accepted standard of values. It is not a game of poker, where each player is for himself. It involves co-operation, and bidding is for the purpose of giving information. As soon as phoney bids are indulged in confidence is gone and it is no longer bridge. Mr. Brown was guilty of sharp practice, or sharking. I would not want to play in a game where that kind of bidding was tolerated."

PIPE LINES.

I've busted bronks, and bulldogged steers;
I've taken bobcats by their ears;
And once, when feeling extra fizzy,
Swapped punches with a grouchy grizzly.

But say, I'm here to tell you folks,
These animals are merely jokes;
I'd sooner face the lot by cripe,
Than tackle just one length of pipe.

My wife said, "Fix the stovepipe, please."

"I will," I said, "with speed and ease" I clumb the steps; I hit it a crack;
Next thing I landed on my back I couldn't snort, or breathe, or hoot,
My ears and throat were full of soot;
I couldn't moan, or sob, or groan.
My wife just said, "I might have known!"

"Replace the length," she said, "my own;

I'll get a man by telephone."

I said, though soot still clogged my jaw,

"I'll finish what I started, Maw."

I bumped my head; I smashed my thumb;

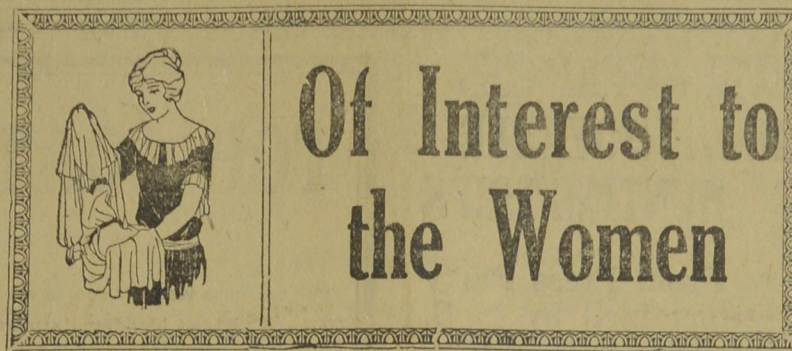
I banged that stovepipe like a drum While Maw—but there, you've doubtless known

A wife and stovepipe of your own.

—THOMAS PYE in Chicago News.

Mrs. Riley (talking to friend on the telephone)—Will yez listen to that turrible sizzlin' and cracklin' on the wire—I kin hardly hear ye.

Mrs. McCarty—That's that Mulligan woman again—she always listens in while she's fryin' tough steak.



Of Interest to the Women

FOR AFTERNOON TEA.

Little Sponges.

½ cup sugar
½ cup flour
3 eggs
1 teaspoon baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
Flavor with lemon or vanilla
2 teaspoons lemon juice
Beat egg yolks with the lemon juice until very light. Whip the whites stiff and whip the sugar into them. Add the yolks; then the flour sifted with salt and baking powder. Flavor and bake in patty pans in a slow oven.

Raisin and Spice Cakes.

2 eggs
1½ cups sugar
½ cup melted shortening
2 tablespoons sour milk
2 tablespoons hot water
3½ cups flour
1 teaspoon soda
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
½ teaspoon mace or nutmeg
1 cup chopped raisins
Beat the eggs, add the sugar and then the melted shortening and salt beating well after each addition. Stir in the sour milk and hot water. Next, beat in the dry ingredients which have been sifted together. And last, stir in the chopped raisins. The mixture will be quite stiff. Drop from a teaspoon onto greased tins, about two inches apart and bake until brown.

Made from Marmalade.

1 cup sugar
1-2 cup butter or other shortening
2 eggs
3 cups flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon soda
¾ cup orange marmalade.
Mix in the order given. Drop by teaspoon onto greased tins, about two inches apart and bake until brown. Remove from the pans as soon as taken from the oven.

A Plainer Sort.

1 cup sugar
2 tablespoons butter
2 egg yolks
2 cups flour
2 teaspoons baking powder
1 teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon cloves
1 cup milk
Flavor with vanilla.
Bake in patty pans. Use egg whites for icing and flavor with vanilla. Cover half the cakes with white icing. Then add cocoa to the icing and finish the rest of them.

Vanilla Drop Cookies.

One and one half large cups of sugar creamed with 1 cup of shortening, together with a teaspoonful of salt and nutmeg if liked to taste. If not, the vanilla is sufficient flavoring. When well creamed add an egg and mix well. Now alternately with 1 cup of milk, add enough flour, mixed with 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder to mix a soft batter, about the consistency of cake dough. And last 1 teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake a trial cookie they should rise into a little peak, and not spread and be of a fine, tender texture. After awhile you become adept. Sour milk or cream may be used, with ½ teaspoonful of soda using all other ingredients except the sweet milk, as above.

Peach Conserve.

Pare and cut into small pieces 4 pounds of peaches, 1 cup of sliced pineapple, medium sized, pare, core and remove eyes and slice; add to peaches and pineapples 1 orange and 1 lemon, both grated and free from seeds, ½ pound of blanched and chopped almonds, ½ pound seedless raisins. Cook until fruit is soft and pulpy then add 1 pound of sugar to each pint of fruit. Cook till rich and thick; stir often to prevent burning. Pour into sterilized glasses, cover with paraffin.



PRESCIENCE.

The winter came commendably on time,
Of men aloof and very chilly,
And through her rule of ruts and rime
We struggled willy-nilly.

The while unending weeks of wet and wind
Our patience most severely tested
Spring followed not so very far behind,
Just as the bard suggested.

Then summer reigned—rained is what I should write—
Contesting every claim to comfort hotly.

His power spent, the king prepares for flight
Clad in gorgeous motley.

And now as possibly you have surmised,
If autumn comes I shall not be surprised.

—EDWARD W. BARNARD in New York Sun.

SOMETHING NEW.

Washington, Oct. 12—Frying pans requiring no grease are the latest achievement of science, according to electro-chemical engineers in session here. They also promise "self-drying" silver.

Take Your Corns Off In Hot Foot Bath

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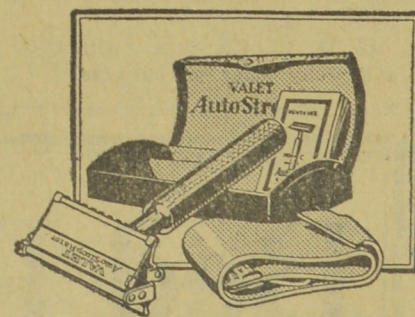
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