WOMAN'S PAGE

WOMAN'S NEWS — WOMAN'S VIEWS

Sound Auction Bridge

By WILBER C. WHITEHEAD
The World's Greatest Authority

THE CRUCIAL TRICK THAT NECESSITATES A SHIFT FROM DECLARER'S ORIGINAL PLAN OF PLAY

Auction Bidding

	1st Rd.	2nd Rd.
South	1 ♣	1 N T
West	Pass	Pass
North	1 ♥	Pass
East	Pass	Pass

Contract Bidding

South	2 ♣	3 N T
West	Pass	Pass
North	2 ♥	Pass
East	Pass	Pass

It is said of Napoleon that he never hesitated to revise or reverse his original plan of battle. Similarly the good Bridge strategist, while he should always formulate a definite plan of play at the outset, should never hesitate to shift from this plan rather than permit himself to be bound by any preconceived notion of the position of the adverse high cards.

This deal exemplifies such an "about face" and the taking, by Declarer, of the one possible chance for victory as evidenced by the initial skirmishes.

Salient Points of Bidding

Auction: South bids one Club While he holds exceptional high card strength in three suits, his unprotected suit is of but two cards and as quite properly refuses to bid No Trumps without first having some assurance from partner of protection in his weak suit.

West passing, North takes out with one Heart, not necessarily in fear of Clubs, but certainly as a betterment bid, should South's original Club have been introductory either to a No Trump or to a Major. Following the naming by partner of his one unprotected suit, South bids the No Trump and all pass.

Contract: With 8¼ Quick Tricks distributed in three suits, South has little to spare for an original two bid, again in Clubs as an Auction North takes out with two Hearts and South carries the bid to a game contract at No Trumps.

Had North held the values for a three Heart bid following South's two Clubs, South could well have invited a Slam, but with North's take-out of but two Hearts, the game bid at No Trumps is as far as he can safely go.

The Play

West leads initially the Jack of Diamonds, which South wins with the Ace. South now stops to count the hand and sees that he has eight tricks laid down and needs, therefore, to set a long card somewhere in order to game. As he holds eight cards or the Club suit in the two hands, this seems to offer the best possibility. Accordingly, South leads the Club 2, and West plays the Jack, which holds.

West now continues with Diamonds, leading the 10. South wins with the King, East showing out. South now returns the 4 of Clubs, West's Queen winning and East showing out of this suit also. Again a Diamond lead, the 9 from West, driving South's remaining high Diamond, the Queen.

It is at this point that the Declarer must shift his plan of play. To lead another Club would not only give West a third Club trick, in addition to the two already won, but would also nable West to "cash" his two long Diamonds.

Consequently Declarer sees that he cannot go game unless he finds West's four cards outside of Clubs and Diamonds split 2-2 between the Heart and Spade suits. In other words, West is marked as still holding two Clubs and two Diamonds. Should he also hold two Spades and two Hearts, Declarer can lay down his Ace and King of Spades and next the Ace and King of Hearts, then throw West in the lead with a small Diamond and force him to lead from his King-7 of Clubs up to South's Ace-10 of Clubs. South determines upon this procedure as in no other way can he go game. It is a plan of play which can lose nothing as South is sure of eight tricks in any event), and which may give him the needed ninth trick.

The shift so planned. South plays the Ace and King of Spades, followed by the Ace and King of Hearts in Dummy and a small Diamond, which accomplishes the desired result. Thus East-West make but two Club tricks and two Diamond tricks, Declarer going game.

Mr. Whitehead will answer one question at a time concerning your bridge problems. Write to him, care of this paper, enclosing self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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DAILY FASHION

By MADAME VALLET

SMART STREET FROCK IN TWO TONES OF BEIGE

Beige is one of the smart colors in Paris this season, and this two-toned frock from Martial and Armand is extremely chic.

Two tones of beige has been used for this smart frock in a light weight wool, the darkog tone as incrustations on the bwlouse, and for the skirt. I would call your attention to the scarf which is fastened by two buttons under a sli in the blouse, to the belt which passes under the incrustation of the deeper tone of beige, and to the row of buttons down one side of the frock.

Why Do We Say "Mirror?"

Any globe-trotter can tell you exactly how many miles it is from Rome to London. He will also tell you that in between is Paris, and if he knows his fashions, he will inform you that it was in Paris that the first "miroir"—forerunner of today's mirror—was used.

But, you may ask, what has Rome and what has London to do with it? This is what it has to do with it.

Ou word "mirror" is rooted in the Latin "mirer" meaning "to look with wonderment." The first mirror undoubtedly was a limpid pool, and sometimes the reflection there was indeed something to look upon with wonderment.

Of course, it would be Paris that would find the first ready need for the "miroir"—and in all manner of ornate designs. And it was the influence of Paris that finally brought the use of this indispensable article of the toilet to London and from there to America.

THE FIRST GREAT advertisement was the rainbow—advertising no more floods. THE DAILY PRESS is the colorful medium by which the merchants of White Plains may give out their message at the lowest possible cost.

That Body of Yours

by

CHARLES W. BARTON M.D.

Fruit Sometimes Causes Pain

When we were youngsters it was not unusual for us to have attacks of colic from eating fruit that was not ripe or perhaps overripe. It was thought that as long as the fruit was just ripe that no trouble could arise even if large quantities were eaten.

This is a mistaken idea because even good fruit, eaten in large quantities especially if followed by the drinking of much water, can create great distension in the intestines, causing almost paralysis.

And so when the fruit season comes along it is not unusual for you to read in the daily papers of cases where severe illness and even death has followed the overindulgence in raw fruits.

Experiments have shown that cherries and gooseberries, which swell most in water, are the most dangerous.

There is first an irritation of the lining of the stomach and small intestine, then fermentation, the stomach and also portions of the small intestine becoming distended.

Sometimes paralysis occurs and it is necessary to open the abdomen. In such cases the intestines often resembles the inner tube of a motor tire with weak spots in the rubber; that is some portions of the intestine wil be distended to a tremendous size and the other parts are nearly flat.

Now the above are extreme cases and often call for surgical interference.

However, with most of us who have indulged ourselves in raw fruits, emptying the stomach and intestine and thus getting rid of the gas distension is the first thought.

Putting the finger down the throat or taking a little mustard in water to induce vomiting should relieve the stomach.

The gas distension in the intestine can usually be relieved by an enema or injection.

Remember fruit is good food but often causes distress.

WITTY KITTY

The girl-friend says that when the cook unpacks her trunk it's no sign she's going to stay; she may be merely making room for some of your things. By Nina Wilcox Putnam.

GIRLIGAGS

"When the doctor tells you kissing spreads disease," says romantic Romeo, "it's just another way of saying you get it in the neck."—By Gettler.

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As a Woman Thinks

By ELIZABETH CUSHMAN

Did you ever see one of your friends dissolve before your eyes into a pale luminous blur of light?

Did you ever lift a dripping hand and have it glow before your eyes with a strange white fire, have it drip with sparkling gems of silver radiance? Did you ever blow your breath into liquid blackness and be rewarded with the sudden glittering of a hundred brilliant bubbles that dance off into darkness and vanish as mysteriously as they came?

Those of you who are always safe and sleepy in your beds at midnight will think this sounds a bit odd, perhaps—yet those of you who have swam at midnight in salt water will know what I mean.

You'll know what it's like to have someone dive from the rock beside you, vanish in the blackness that closes over his head—and appear again, a second or two later, transformed, liquified, luminous, a moving spot of clear white fire floating across the darkness. He becomes a little silver island drifting through a sable world. You've lost him so thoroughly, in his familiar form, that you call out, with an odd throb of mingled fear and delight, Where are you?" And from the midst of that refulgent floating glow, comes back the everyday voice that speaks on telephones, gives instructions across a desk, discusses normal prosaic topics. It says, with almost laughable wholesomeness, out of the faintly eerie mystery of the silver blur that drifts through twelve o'clock in the Sound, "Here I am . . ." and adds, inevitably, "Come on the water's fine!"

* * *

There's nothing so stimulating, so soothing as swimming at night.

The Lower Harbor, over which I grieved so thoroughly the other day that my geography became vague from the tears and every time I meant Davenport's Neck I said Premium Point, is a place deep silence made up of endless small sounds; a place of almost unbroken blackness in which things are curiously visible. The wind blows with audible silence in from the open Sound; the little waves break against the boats that ride at anchor and hurl into the air the quick impacts of endless little water kisses, and the boats glow white and wraith-like against the dullness of water and sky.

The night covers with its veil of stillness and darkness the scars on Glen Island. Its long groves of dark trees are etched against the lighter sky so familiarly that one cannot but say, from the prow of the boat, the voice, drifting with almost translucent visibility, down the wind, "Oh, isn't it just like a picture by Art Young?" The draw-bridge is up, lifted and caught high in the air, a single scarlet light glowing like a dragon's eye in its angular black frame. It is a dragon, of course, waiting to pounce again on the vanishing beauties of long-ago Glen Island, to sink its iron teeth in the gentle green shore, to pour a thousand feet across from the mainland—each footstep a drop of dragon's blood warranted to destroy still more thoroughly the stinging memories of the distant days that used to be.

Out beyond, Fort Slocum sets a topaz cluster of lights against the impenerable mistiness of the black night wind; far above, stars quiver and pierce the sky, like tiny sharp drops of phosphorus tossed too high from the prow of a quick-riding canoe. And out on the black rocks that tower so far above the low water line, a cruel sail of barnacles awaits feet strangely while in the darkness, to catch them in a mesh of unyielding sharpness and draw black lines of blood that turn into stinging reproaches when they touch the cool water.

* * *

But the draw-bridge dragon, the flickering topaz jewels on the island, the wind and the barnacles, the stars and the darkness, alike are nothing before the luminous mystery of the phosphorus. To think that one can, with one's own commonplace hands, servants to a typewriter, a telephone, the wheel of a motor car, create this glittering mistness and call into life these scintillating sea-jewels, is in itself a delight. Who could tire of sitting there—(and this is discretion, indeed, for it's hard to get used to sitting on barnacles!)—and making new mysteries with every turn of the wrist, every touch of a finger?

The fingers trailed through the water draw after them white lines of inarticulate emotion, as though one wrote messages to a mermaid; the hand, dropped suddenly down, sends flashing into the air a sparkling whirl of radiant water; and the arm raised up, glitters and glows with ropes of refulgent gems that might be moonstones before they lost their lustre through the touch of common earth.

Have you ever, I wonder, swam out through the blackness that turns dazzling at your touch? You move through a silver maze that moves with you, that clings close to your irradiant body, that vanishes as you vanish from the unmarked black pathways behind. You can throw the white fire beyond you with a single splash, you can gather an armful of it to you—catching it out of no-where and having it disappear to return the instant you will. It is something peculiarly, magically your own—not made by the wind or the rocks or the stars; yet something you lose before you gain, something that has awaited your own peculiar awakening and that mocks you by its elusive secrecy and its quick-vanishing beauty.

* * *

If you never swam at midnight, over on the Davenport Rocks, never heard the notes of a chime sing faintly and distantly through the quiet air, as though it tolled somewhere in the depths of the sea, never made your own magic by the turn of your hand in the cool water, you've missed half the joy there is in the Lower Harbor. You've missed half the joy there is in the summer—and all of the mystery hidden for some inscrutable purpose under the waves of the sound—the mystery that turns black to white, sable to silver and a swimmer at midnight into a pale luminous blur that drifts and vanishes and glows again under the stillness of the midnight sky.

College Humor

TWO NEWSPAPER HEAD WRITERS MEET

"Hello, Harry, how are home and helpmate?"

"Superior shape, Sam, so 'is self."

"Any outing outlined for Friday?"

"Positively. Poker party. Participate perhaps?"

"Wife warlike if wild time wazes."

"Deceive darling. Depart domicile undetected?"

"Great. Get gang. Let's go."
—*Ohio State Sun Dial.*

The trouble with some students is that they write things down in their minds and then lose their heads.
—*Green Goat.*

And now we hear of the chap who finally gave in and bought a radio because it was too cold to stand outside the radio shops and listen.
—*State Lion.*

She: Is this really my engagement ring?

He: Yes, I'm playing glasses for keeps now.
—*Orange Peel.*

"I'm a lady killer."
"Well, plead insanity."
—*C. C. N. Y. Mercury.*

THE HOUSEHOLD

By Lydia Leberon Walker

How a Little Time and a Few Beads Enhance Light Dresses

The woman who, through business or other duties, is unable to give special attention to the making of her own clothes, often has enough time to add to the ready-made garment of moderate cost, some touch which will distinguish it from others of its kind.

To any person of taste it is something of a shock to behold the exact counterpart of her own costume making its way down the street. The beauty of the dress even if it has been a costly one, seems to have been lost.

Different From the Others

The vogue for figured georgette's this year has been pronounced, and such is the similarity between many of them that the discriminating woman seeks for something to set her costume apart from the rest.

For Charm and Service

A beautiful touch, as well as practical one, is given to a figured chiffin or georgette by the introduction of some very simple beadwork outlining portions of the pattern. The places where such embroidery is of most value are those where it will not only show to advantage but serve to weight down a fabric, inclined to be too easily windblown.

Excellent for such bead embroidery are the edges of motifs which occur near the lower hem of the skirt. A few on the sleeve, perhaps not more than one or two on each should also be used to adorn.

If there is a scarf or collar with ends that are free and inclined to fly, their beauty as well as the "set" of them will be improved by the addition of a bead embroidery in outline.

BELIEVES CHILD LOST; WORRIED MOTHER FAINTS

A story of true mother-love and of the worries and heartbreak that a child may cause by thoughtless actions was written into the archives of the Greenburgh police department yesterday afternoon.

While Office Joseph McGuinness stationed at the Hartsdale police booth at Central avenue and Hartsdale road, Mrs. Walter Joyce of that village rushed up to the booth and in excited tones told him that her little boy was lost.

Having given the officer the information, Mrs. Joyce, overcome with worry, fainted. After the first aid had been administered, Officer McGuinness took Mrs. Joyce to her home and then commenced the systematic search of the neighborhood.

Peering here and there, behind bushes, fences and other obstructions which provide the hiding places dear to the hearts of all children ,McGuinness finally decided to search the garage.

Softly he tiptoed into the garage, which was rather dark compared with the bright sunlight outside. Suddenly he paused—started again —and then paused. He listened. A sound of another person breathing, slow and regular, came to his ears. Peering about through the semi-gloom of the interior he made out the family roadster with the rumble seat open.

Again he tip-toed forward and there, sound asleep in the seat, was little Walter, one arm curled under his head for a pillow.

Picking the little fellow up McGuinness walked slowly toward the house and delivered the lost child to its mother, who smothered the youngster with kisses. Walter will probably not get "lost" again.

Our Children

By Angelo Patri

The Crying Baby

What makes the baby cry? About the same things that make you scold and weep and fuss. Just about the same things, only not so many of them.

The baby cries when he is hungry. Stick to his feeding schedule and that cry will not trouble you much.

He cries when he is thirsty. Remember a baby needs some clear cool water and see that he gets it.

Anger will make a baby howl. He will get angry if you hold his hands, or his feet, in such a fashion as to make him feel helpless. Long dresses, blankets and the like twisted about his body will bring on a tempest of anger. If the baby gets red in the face and clenches his fists and howls and struggles loosen his clothing and make sure he is not carrying too heavy a burden of blankets.

Thwarting a baby will bring on the anger cry. There are a few misguided folk who think that teasing a baby is funny. They dangle something bright or tinkling or attractively colored before the baby and as he reaches for it, to pull it away. Remove the misguided one from the room—or remove the baby if that is easier.

If the baby has no exercise he will cry. He needs something to handle, something to push against. He needs to kick and to wave his arms about. A rattle, a ball tied to his crob, something stout fastened inside his crob toward the feet so he can push against it, kick it, tug at it, is fine. A football well inflated and tightly fixed will help.

A lonely baby will lery. All babies need human association. Some people fearing over stimulation of the baby place him in a room by himself and treat him like a hospital patient recovering from a major operation. There is a happy medium between man-handling a baby and isolating him. Talk to him now and then; play with him a few minutes; provide him with amusing occupation. He is a human being and needs association with others of his kind. And he needs something to occupy his mind. His mind develops through experience and he is to gather a rich fund of them during the first two or three years.

Sick babies cry. There is no mistaking that cry and when it comes the best thing to do is to send for the doctor.

If the baby is wet, if he is uncomfortable in any way, he will cry. All cries are to be attended to at once. Examine the child and determine what he needs. Then see that he gets that promptly. If he needs lettin galone, if he needs rest, that is easy. If he needs attention try to see that his need is met.

Healthy babies, babies that are sensibly cared for, do not trouble the household with their crying. Study the cry and do what you can to help without instilling helplessness. Bear in mind that if the child could talk he would not cry so much. He is talking to you and you are to answer with assistance as you would if he spoke for it. If you look at his crying that way you won't get over-emotionalized about it and things will be better all around.

BREAD AN' JAM

By WYMOND GARTHWAITE

WOOLLY LAMB

The little woolly lamb
Has fleecy, fluffy curls
As white as snow—or whiter.
He's sweet and dainty and
Polite as little girls—
And sometimes—much politer!

ON GAMPA'S FARM

A little white kitten am I
(I really am white, after all)
I'm only a few inches high—
But think how I'd look—VeVry tall!

A fisher-bird we saw
Flew by us with a "WHISH!"
I think that he was in
A hurry for a fish.

My Daddy fixed a hook
And baited it with bread,
No fisher came, and so
I ate it up instead.

The sun was shining so
I took off all my clothes
So all of me could tan
And redden like my nose.

WHEN I GROW UP

When I grow up, I'm going to be a nurse
And take care of a baby,
It's lots of fun, I'd love it very much—
At least I think so—maybe.

I'd wear a cap and apron white as white
And then I'd dress in blue,
I really think that blue and white are best—

They look so nice. Don't you?

I wouldn't give the baby medicine—
It's horrid stuff to take,
Instead, I'd keep some candy in my pocket
To help his tummyache.

I'd never try to give him castor
Or rub things on his chest,
I don't believe that grown-ups understand
The way that's really best.

TIGHT-ROPE WALKER

When we go into town and back
We always take the trail
That leads us down the railroad track
So I can walk the rail.

Shoppers Guide

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The Household

The beadwork outlines floral or other motifs where the extra weight CUT LINES—