

TOMORROW FAIR

By Winifred Halsted

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"THEY don't know we saw 'em," said Ben comfortingly, as though he thought that made things much better.

"I could murder Collins Bishop—"

"I thought you were mad at him because he didn't show up? Well, here he is."

"I could murder him," muttered Peg with fierce inclusiveness, "for everything. Why didn't he telephone? What'd he have to turn up like this for and startle me to death?"

"He's impulsive," said Ben. "Thought of it too late. I only met him on the train."

"Collins impulsive?" Peg's scorn whistled through the air like a Bowie knife.

"Sure. These rational natures always are, off and on. Once or twice a year, with explosive results. I've often noticed it. Now on the other hand, take a nice, easy, spontaneous type like me and you don't—"

"Oh, Ben," interrupted his wife, in no mood for animadversions on human nature, "will you go in and get out of the way!"

Ben cradled the cocktail shaker, examined her charitably, and shook his head.

"I had to say something, didn't I?" asked Peg piteously.

"Famous last words," said Ben to that. "My treasure, the answer is 'no.'"

COMPARED to the high voltage atmosphere of the kitchen the living room was a featherbed of peace. Still, Ben noticed that his sister Kitty snatched a cocktail from him with a gesture like a drowning man's clutch at his rescuer's hair. Collins and Mac were discussing the prospects of a Nazi offensive in Russia and submarines on the Atlantic Coast like

suburban intrigues—bothered him particularly.

FROM a culinary point of view dinner, when it finally materialized, was not one of Peg's successes. The roast was overdone and tough, the salad tired, and the soufflé fell. As a result Peg included herself in the roster of those she was annoyed at.

The children were unnaturally silent and looked misused. Kitty ate with unaccustomed heartiness, as though eating seemed the safest thing to do. Collins kept the almost exclusively masculine conversation going, interjecting all the more lurid, hot from the horse's mouth gossip he'd picked up in Washington. Peg finally stopped listening to them. In her opinion they were fiddling with total war while their personal relationships burned and she was disgusted with them for their distorted sense of proportion. At length, after dinner, she made an opportunity to talk to Kitty privately.

"What was the matter with Jane and Bunny at dinner?" asked Kitty, and confided inconsequently, "I ate too much. I can't think why."

Peg said the children had kept their little traps shut because she wasn't going to have them saying anything awkward. Kitty looked surprised at the idea of anything being able to add to the dinner's awkwardness.

"Kitty," said Peg, "Kitty, how was I to know where you were all afternoon? I can't do everything, and when I do it's wrong. When Collins came in, I told him you were doing Red Cross sewing—"

McKENNEY ON BRIDGE

By WM. E. McKENNEY America's Card Authority

Peter Leventritt of New York, the newest of the Life Masters, brought out an interesting point in a hand he played recently. Leventritt admitted that four spades was a pretty high contract, in view of all the cards South held, and he further admitted that his contract should have been defeated.

♠ 983	♠ AQ6
♥ 843	♥ Q1052
♦ 64	♦ Q82
♣ 10643	♣ 952
Leventritt	Dealer
♠ J10542	♠ K7
♥ A9	♥ KJ76
♦ A10753	♦ K9
♣ 7	♣ AKQJ8
Duplicate—None vul.	
South West	North East
1♠	1♥
2♣	2♦
3♣	3♦
Opening—♣ 10.	29

North opened the ten of clubs. When it held, he continued with a club. Leventritt (West) ruffed, led a small spade, went right up with dummy's ace and ruffed another club in his own hand. Now he led the ten of spades and South won. South was end-played. If he led a heart or a diamond, Leventritt would let it ride around to dummy's queen. He played back a high club, Leventritt discarded his nine of hearts and ruffed in dummy with the spade queen. He returned the queen of diamonds. South covered with the king and Leventritt won with the ace. The last trump was wicked up and the ten of diamonds played. When North played the jack, Leventritt was careful to throw dummy's eight-spot to avoid blocking the diamond suit.

At the very beginning, when North's ten of clubs held the first trick, he should have realized that if his partner, with the ace-king-queen-jack of clubs, wanted clubs continued, he would have overtaken. Instead of playing another club, North should have shifted to a heart, which would have automatically defeated the contract.

Thimbles were first used in Egypt.

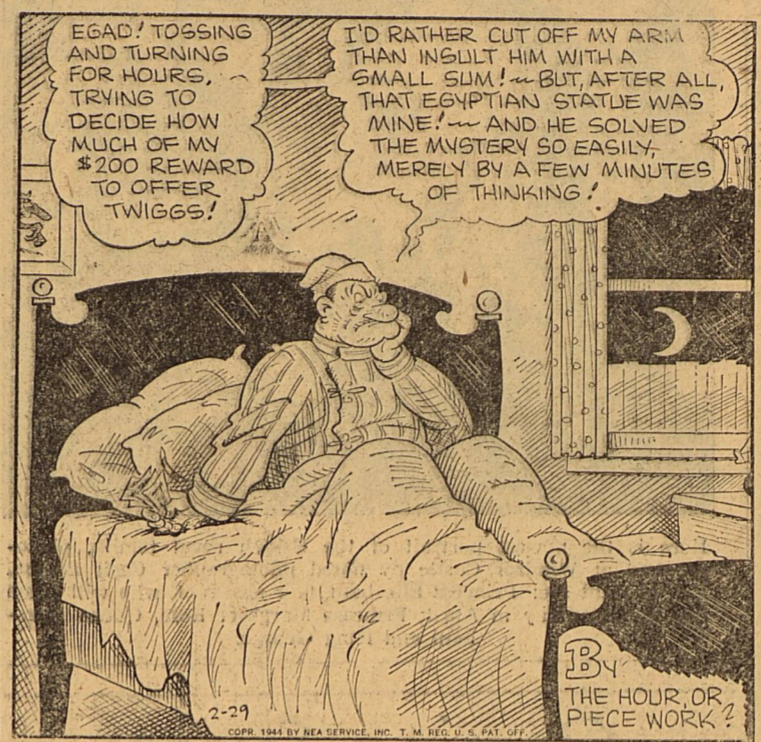
Rail Board Experts To Meet In Dallas

AUSTIN—(P)—C. F. Boulden, a civil engineer, and C. F. Petot, inspector and operating service expert of the State Railroad Commission, will go to Dallas March 1 for conferences with the Dallas Planning Commission regarding the proposed relocation of railroad tracks in accordance with the Dallas master plan.

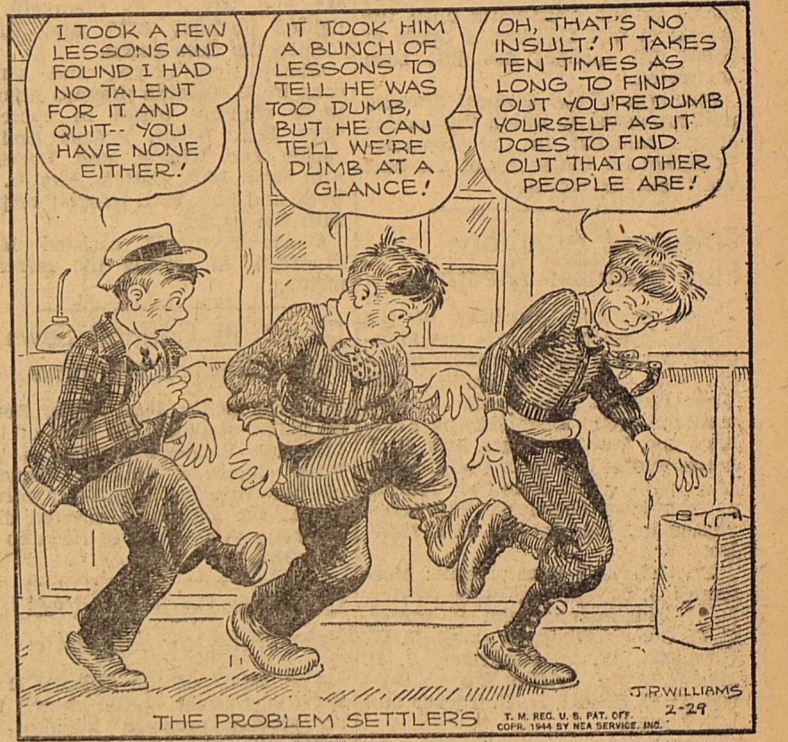
STORE SALES SLUMP

AUSTIN—(P)—Independent retail store sales in Texas, suffering a post-Christmas slump, dropped 28 per cent in January below those of last December but were eight per cent higher than January, 1943.

OUR BOARDING HOUSE —with MAJOR HOOPLE OUT OUR WAY



OUT OUR WAY —By J. R. WILLIAMS

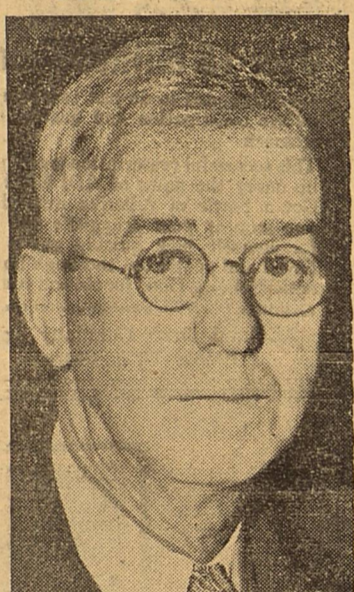


The Big Twist



Yank Ranger in Italy, Capt. Fred Saam of Calumet, Mich., claims that the graceful sweep of his unique waxed mustachios has no equal—and we're inclined to agree he wins by a hair.

FDR's New Aide



William D. Hassett, above, was sworn in as full secretary to the President, succeeding the late Marvin McIntyre. He had long been an assistant to White House secretary Stephen T. Early.

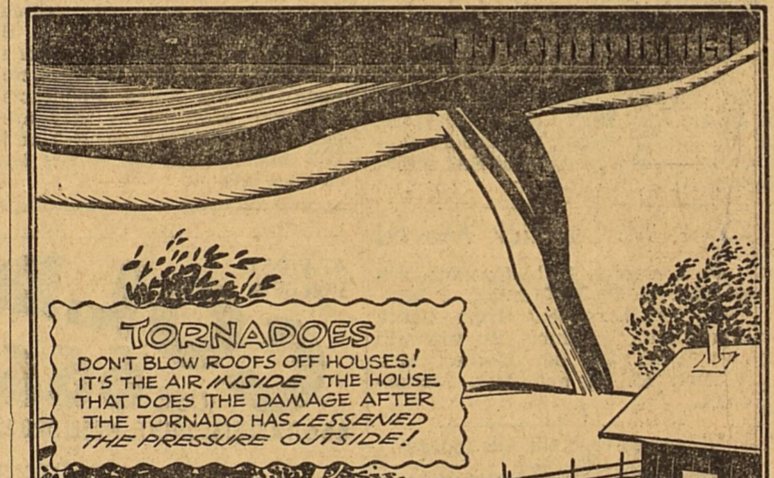
KILLED IN CRASH

HOUSTON—(P)—An 18-year-old merchant seaman was killed and six other persons were injured Sunday night when their car crashed into a parked trailer truck on the Hempstead highway.

Scales of sea herring are used in the manufacture of fire-extinguishing preparations.

Thimbles were first used in Egypt.

THIS CURIOUS WORLD —By William Ferguson



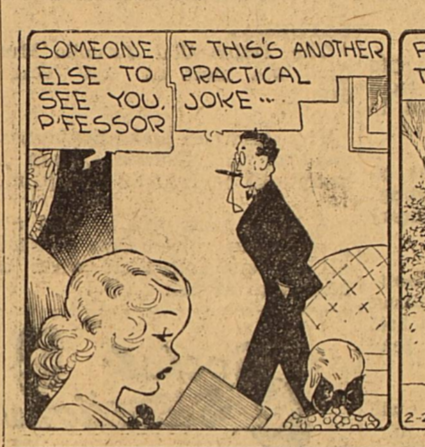
ANSWER: Randolph Field, Tex.

SIDE GLANCES



"Here is the finest real estate opportunity on the list, folks—we call it our post-war rehabilitation special!"

BOOTS AND HER BUDDIES



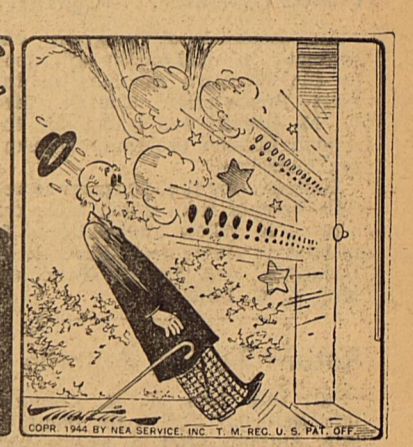
IF THIS'S ANOTHER PRACTICAL JOKE



IT'S ABOUT YOUR CAR



—By EDGAR MARTIN

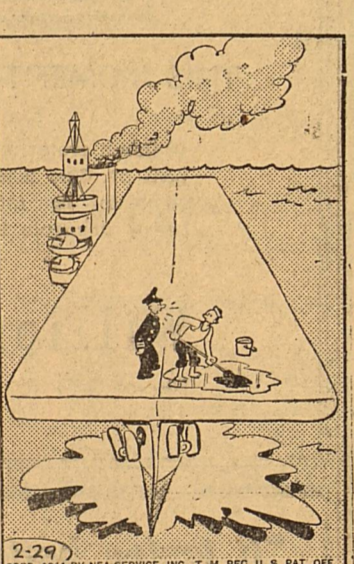


Honorary G. I.



One of several Chinese youths who attached themselves to an American Army unit after being freed from Japs, Lee Chow, 15, cleans his new G. I. shoes in a South Pacific stream.

HOLD EVERYTHING



"Do a good job in the corners!"

DETAIL FOR TODAY



BUNK FATIGUE is a favorite detail, rarely officially sanctioned. If a soldier can escape the eye of his Charge of Quarters or his first sergeant and catch 40 winks in the barracks, he is on BUNK FATIGUE. Some soldiers have devised a method of doing BUNK FATIGUE whereby they can escape notice by an itinerant non-com. They simply assume a prone position under the bunk, which, though uncomfortable, serves the purpose admirably. A good soldier can sleep anywhere, anytime.

Willkie Manager



Mrs. Frank Reynolds, above, of Cambridge City, Ind., will head the women's division of the Willkie-for-President campaign. Mrs. Reynolds, former Indiana state treasurer, is a Republican national committeewoman.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

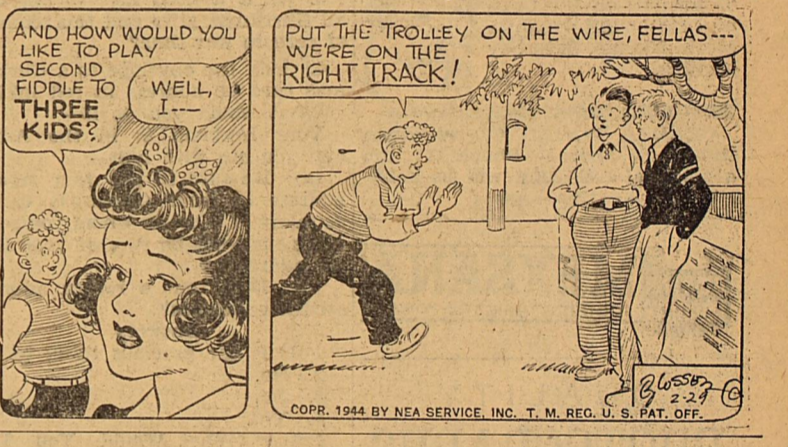


WASH TUBS



—By MERRILL BLOSSER

—By LESLIE TURNER



RED RYDER



ALLEY OOP



—By FRED HARMAN

—By V. T. HAMLIN

