

New Morgan Power



Henry Sturgis Morgan Wall Street is watching the career of 35-year-old Henry Sturgis Morgan, above, son of J. P. Morgan, who 12 years ago went to work at a mail desk in his father's office for \$15 a week. Announcement that young Morgan would be a partner in forming an investment banking firm with other junior members of J. P. Morgan & Company aroused comment that the Glass-Steagel law had failed evidently to stop banking groups from underwriting securities.

CONTRACT BRIDGE WRITTEN FOR CENTRAL PRESS By E. V. SHEPARD

SUBSTITUTING FOR DECLARER BEFORE GOING HOME to dinner many men drop into their clubs for a game of contract. In case they are commuters frequently a substitute is required to finish the rubber to enable a player to catch his regular train. I was asked to substitute for East in such a case, with dummy already spread and the 9 of spades the opening lead. I asked that bidding be repeated for my benefit.

Bidding had gone: West, 2-No Trumps; North, 3-Spades; East, 4-Diamonds; West, 4-No Trumps; East, 5-Hearts; West, 5-No Trumps; East, 6-Diamonds; West, 7-Diamonds, as being worth more than a small slam at no-trumps, with 150 points for Aces. It surely would be worth more, provided the contract could be fulfilled. How to make a grand slam was the burning question. If you have to glance twice at the holdings as a double-dummy proposition you will realize that I had to look many times at the visible 27 cards before I played dummy's Ace of spades and discarded my lowest club. North played his K of spades. All I knew was that North evidently held 5 or 6 more spades, while his partner as evidently did not hold 4 or more trumps, as he would have doubled had he held more than 3 including J-10-9-X or any similar combination. How hearts and clubs were split was only a guess. There seemed only one way to play the hand in any event.

Both opponents followed suit on leads of dummy's Ace and K of trumps. Both of them followed suit on leads of dummy's two winning clubs, leaving unplaced the Q-J of that suit.

Both defenders followed suit on leads of dummy's Ace and K of hearts. When North discarded his lowest spade on the third lead of hearts the missing J of diamonds was definitely located in South's hand, also that player held both missing hearts, fortunately for East and West.

Of course dummy's low club was discarded on my fourth heart. Then South followed suit on a lead of my last which dummy ruffed. North's last club also fell. The discard of my lowest club on dummy's Ace of spades had done me no good. I could have twice ruffed spades, still picked up South's third trump and led off my established baby club for the thirteenth trick, but such an attempt would have been foolhardy, like the 7-Diamonds contract.

After dummy's last trump had been used to ruff a club at the tenth trick I held for my last 3 cards only the Q-4 of trumps, while South had 2 Spades and the J of trumps. I ruffed a low spade. Picked up the only missing trump with my Q and showed my last trump for the thirteenth trick and grand slam.

FURNACE CLEANING BY vacuum. Call Tanner Roofing Co. 17

The Romance Racket MARIE BLIZARD

READ THIS FIRST:

On her twenty-fourth birthday Carol Kennedy, coming into a vast fortune, suddenly announces to her relatives that she is giving up her old home in Connecticut, where she has lived as an orphan, to move to New York to find happiness and freedom. Among those attending Carol's birthday party are her cousin, Kathy Prentice, and her fiance, Dr. Owen Craig, whom she is marrying for social prestige. Unattractive Carol, who knows nothing of parties, pretty clothes and beaux, secretly admires Owen. Carol astounds her old nurse when she tells her of her plan. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

CHAPTER 4

CAROL WAS awake when the dawn came. Awake and trembling with eagerness and excitement. Life was a glorious play yet to be written, cast and scenically set. And Carol Kennedy was going to play its star role.

Lying back in the great carved walnut bed in which she had been born, the girl, dreaming vague happy pictures of the mild excitement provided by her limited imagination, little realized the shadings of drama which were to color her life.

What should she do first? Should she buy clothes? Should she find an apartment? There were so many things to do, so many things to be done at once! The apartment, after all should be...

Carol's pleasant reverie came to an end with Nanny's entrance. If Nanny hoped that Carol's madness of the night before was ended, her hopes were dashed with Carol's greeting:

"Good morning, Nanny. If by any odd chance I have any frivolous clothes to wear to New York, will you find them, please, because I want to get going in an hour?"

The lumbering old-fashioned limousine was crossing the bridge over the Harlem river at 137th street when Robbings turned to Carol: "Where will you be going, Miss Carol?"

"I don't know exactly, Robbings. What would you do if you were looking for an apartment?"

Robbings made a gesture of thinking; he scratched his head. "Well, now, I think I'd go back to my own neighborhood and ask the neighbors where there might be some place."

"That won't work, Robbings, because you see I've never lived in New York."

Surprise almost choked Robbings. "Is it for you, Miss Carol?"

"It is," she said with a touch of asperity in her voice. "Let's go and look over the East Side in the Fifties."

But the East Fifties availed her nothing. Carol didn't want a big apartment because she didn't want servants. She didn't want a hole in the wall either. She thought she might find what she wanted in Greenwich Village but unfamiliar odors assailing her nose and darkness where light should have been soon depressed her in that neighborhood and she decided that her method of finding a home was all wrong. It was time to consult the newspapers.

Over her egg Benedicte at the Plaza, she studied the classified ads on apartments. Her questing eye fell with surprise and delight on a boxed ad at the head of a column.

Bronson and Goodhue, Real Estate. And discreetly in the corners: Isobel Bronson, Apartments (and in the other) Mary Goodhue, Country Homes.

Good old Mary and Isobel. Their last year at Vassar, with Carol, they'd planned to go into the real estate business. Of course, they'd have just the thing for her and it would be such fun seeing them after four years.

She called for her check and was folding the change neatly in her billfold when her Cousin Kathy, wrapped in smart caracul, the tiniest of hats hiding one eye, hailed her:

"Hi, Carol! What are you doing in town today, darling?" She dropped muff, gloves and bags on the table, and before giving Carol a chance to answer, continued:

"I had to walk out on your birthday party last night, Carol, but we had to go. Oh, it's all so tiresome. Carol, I wish I had a nice, regulated life like yours. Mine is an endless round of meetings, luncheons, stupid parties and hardly any time for myself."

Isobel surveyed her critically and felt proud of her work. "Here, a



Isobel Bronson descended on her.

shopping. I suppose that's what you're in town for?"

"No," said the new Carol. "I'm... as a matter of fact I'm in town for a cocktail party myself today."

Then hurriedly changing the subject, she said, "You looked lovely last night."

"Did you like that red rag?" Kathy asked. "I picked it up for a song at..."

Carol waited breathlessly for the name of the shop but Kathy glanced at her watch. "Heavens, my lamb, that Victory ball committee meeting started hours ago. See you soon..." her voice drifted off in a wisp of perfume.

Well! Carol had told her first lie and discovered it gave her an air of prepossession. I don't know when I've enjoyed anything so much as telling Kathy I was going to a party, she thought.

A few minutes later she stood in the outer office of Bronson and Goodhue. She was writing a note on one of her visiting cards when a door opened and with a whoop Isobel Bronson descended on her.

"Carol, darling! Where have you been for the last four years? Oh, M-a-r-y! Come see who's here. The gal who got us through college."

There were so many things for the three of them to say. Inquiries about each other's lives. Sympathy for Carol. Do you remember this and do you remember that?

Mary begged Carol to wait for her since she had to keep an appointment but Isobel had other plans:

"I'm going to take you to a party, Carol. Jean Stewart is having a mob in to celebrate the opening of her show and I want you to come along."

"I really came to talk business with you, Isobel."

"We can talk business later," Isobel was busy putting away filing cards.

"And besides," Carol offered in a small voice, "I'm not dressed for a party."

Isobel was well aware of the quality and cost of the tweed suit, the crepe de chine blouse and English shoes the other girl wore. She thought she had never seen anything more unattractive before in her life but aloud she said:

"You can wear anything to a cocktail party in New York but if you'd really like to get in on something I've just discovered, I'll take you around the corner to my pet shop where they do up sweaters and hats that'll knock your eye out. You'll love it."

And Carol did. She adored the soft yellow. She viewed herself in the dashing dark brown swaggar hat pulled low over one eye and found herself paying \$18 for a pair of brown suede gauntlet gloves with enormous cuffs.

Isobel surveyed her critically and felt proud of her work. "Here, a

dash of my lipstick... now look!"

Look? She wanted to stare at herself. But she picked up her new gloves and followed Isobel to the waiting taxi. Isobel chattered:

"Jeanie is a darling but, exceedingly dumb. You can be dumb if you're pretty enough. I always say..." She changed the subject quickly; Carol was brilliant and plain—"Tell me, darling what you've been doing."

Carol's impulse was to answer, "Nothing," but she remembered how well she'd gotten over with her white lie to Kathy so she smiled knowingly, shrugged her shoulders and said, "I'll tell you later, Isobel; tell me more about yourself."

"Poor Isobel! Her life's filled with nothing but work and quite a lot of falling in and out of love. My new one is just the sort you'd like, Carol. He's strong and silent and chemical. I mean he's a scientist. He'll be here but you leave him alone."

She meant that to flatter Carol. John Kirkland wouldn't look at another woman and poor old Carol had probably never been looked at unless she had changed since she was out of college and she didn't look as though she had. As for Carol, she was pleased at the implication that she might be a menace as far as another girl's beau was concerned.

"Gary Crandall will be there. Look out for him, Carol, he's dangerously attractive," Isobel rattled on.

"Oh, dear, you frighten me," Carol tried to say it gaily.

"Women of the world are his meat."

"I've seen a lot of the world since last I saw you, Isobel." There was something about the measured tones of Carol's voice which brought Isobel to attention. Perhaps she had!

Carol with a faraway look in her eyes peered out from under the low-pulled brim, crossed one knee over the other and dropped her smartly gloved hand listlessly. Conscious of the lipstick, she drew her mouth into a half-remissent smile and sighing—oh, such a little sigh!—she thought she felt (if she didn't look) like Greta Garbo.

There is something different about her, Isobel mused. Well, still waters often do run deep.

"What kind of mex do you like, Carol?" she asked.

"Mex?" Carol's voice was soft and low. She said it parrot-like with no thought in mind. She never had thought about them. It was only a trick of the voice but she sounded as though she were a woman who knew all about men, was tired of them all but tolerant still.

"You'll meet a lot of peculiar ones here and I'll be anxious to know what you think of them," Isobel meant what she said. "Well, here we are... no, darling, let me pay the driver."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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CHAPTER 5

IN THE ELEVATOR whirling them 20 stories above the street to Jean Stewart's cocktail party, Isobel Bronson powdered her velvety nose with a soft puff, touched her hair lightly and inspected herself carefully.

Carol Kennedy, thrilled with the adventure right down to the toes of her square-toed oxfords, pretended to follow suit. She dared not wet her lips for fear she would undo Isobel's work with the lipstick.

As the elevator rose, Carol's heart went down another bump. Why had she been such a little fool as to pretend she was a sophisticate? Isobel wouldn't care what she was and then she might have sat quietly in a corner.

Now she'd have to pretend she was someone she was not and she didn't know how to begin. She didn't know that all she had to do was to look, listen and say "yes" or "no" at the proper time.

What was a cocktail party like? Isobel had said she'd meet "New York's smart set"... witty, charming, beautifully dressed and speaking like characters in a Noel Coward play. Carol thought fearfully.

The elevator door glided back silently and a wave of laughter greeted the two girls as they stepped into the narrow foyer. Laughter, the tinkle of glasses, high voices and blue smoke.

A tiny blonde detached herself from a group and came to meet them. "So sweet... so very sweet of you, Isobel, to come." It was Jean in black velvet pajamas, with platinum curls clinging to an alabaster cheek and eyes big and blue.

"An old college chum of mine, Carol Kennedy. Carol, our hostess, Jeanie Stewart, star of what's called the wickedest drama in New York." Isobel introduced them.

"I'm lots more wicked than the drama, Carol. Come in and have a cocktail this very minute. I've had one with each new arrival and now I'm beginning to like them myself." She slipped an arm through Carol's and led them to a table where a Russian musician and a pale chorus boy were engaged in a violent argument about something.

"Neither of you know what you're talking about," Jeanie said to them. "Give Carol Kennedy a cocktail. This is Boris something (I can't pronounce his other name) and this gift to the theater answers to the name of Ogdan Pierson."

The three bowed to each other stily and Jeanie left them.

Boris gave Carol a cocktail. She slipped it with the air of a connoisseur and swallowing her dislike with her first sip of her first cocktail thought—how horrible! But aloud she said:

"Delicious, and the first I've had today." They felt she was accustomed to three before breakfast.

Now there were more about the table. They talked to each other. They included Carol in their smiles but not in their conversation. Bite drifted to her... "Connie was ad



"The first I've had today."

libbing when Bert comes along with the business..." "I said to him reading a part is not playing a part..." "Their collaboration was beautifully synchronized but it didn't produce very much." Why did they all laugh at that?

There was talk of someone flying from Hollywood. Carol wondered if it meant escaping from another scandal. Somebody's "piece" in the Mercury was torn to bits with criticism. She didn't understand it at all. It was a world she didn't know. No ready words of light conversation came to her. Her little smile grew wooden and she felt the lipstick clog on her lips. Taking her almost untouched glass with her, she slipped away and found herself a seat on a leather cushion in a corner.

"Lonesome, sister?" a tall young man, weaving ever so slightly and looking very much like Robert Montgomery, gave her a gentle shove and sat down beside her.

"Don't look so bored," he implored her earnestly.

Her wooden smile came back: "I'm not bored really. I'm having a grand time."

"Honest?" He gave her his full attention. "How?"

Carol didn't know how to answer that so she said, "Tell me about yourself."

She didn't know that was the first line any woman should learn in The Art of Conversation With a Man.

"Nice long fingers," he murmured. "What's your name?"

"Carol Kennedy. What's yours?" "Reggie. Married, Carol?"

"No." She gulped the rest of the cocktail.

"Too bad... too bad." He shook his head dolefully. Conversation seemed to come to an end.

Carol made another try. "Tell me more about yourself."

"I am a failure," he said dramatically and drained his glass. "Gimme your glass and I'll be back in a jiffy. Don't go away."

"You really want to hear about me?" he asked when he came back. She nodded.

"I don't work. I hate work. Don't you?" He looked at her hopefully.

"I... I don't know. I never have worked."

"Don't," he advised her. "It interferes with pleasure except there isn't pleasure any more." He was very sad.

"Work should be pleasure. It should be something to lose yourself in," she answered.

He caught the serious note in her

voice, looked hard at her and sighed. "Scuse me a moment." He rose. Carol was alone again. She didn't fit somehow and her mood of bright expectancy began to fade. Isobel was threading her way through the groups with a man in tow.

"Carol Kennedy, this is John Kirkland," she introduced them. "Carol was a wov in 'chem' at college, John. You two should have a lot in common." And with that she left them.

Carol said, "I wish Isobel would light somewhere. I have something important to talk over with her."

He laughed at that. "You'll have to catch her in her office, I fear." "I want her to help me find an apartment," Carol said.

"Are you a stranger in New York, Miss Kennedy?"

"Not so much in New York as I am to all this. This is my first cocktail."

She expected him to be surprised, possibly shocked. He reached over and took it from her hand.

"Don't drink it and don't mind being stranger to this sort of thing. It has no meaning."

"Hasn't it?" She turned to him with quiet intensity. "They all seem happy. They're having fun. That's important."

"If they were, it might be but I don't think you'd have fun their way."

"Well, I mean to find out," she said with determination. "And I'm going to start by finding that apartment."

"Hello, John." It was a dapper young man who interrupted. "How are all the little test tubes today?" And after a pause—"Hope I didn't interrupt a twosome."

"To introduce them when Isobel caught his eye and beckoned for him to join her. Excusing himself, he left Carol alone with the stranger."

"Did I hear you say something about wanting to rent an apartment?" he asked Carol who nodded.

"Then, look, let's get out of here and I'll tell you about a bargain. This place is giving me a headache. Get your gloves and we'll run around the corner for a real cocktail."

Her first invitation from a man she said, "But I don't know who you are."

"Never let a little thing like that stop you. I'm Garry Crandall."

"The most fascinating man in New York, Isobel had said!"

"Do we go?" he waited.

"We do," she answered.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Glimpse Of Assassinated Senator's Early Life



The tall, gangling youth, carrying an umbrella and briefcase, is struck Senator Huey P. Long at 17, probably as book agent, his first job. The Senator and his wife are shown, right, at time of their marriage in 1919. (Central Press)

SENATOR LONG, HIS WIFE, TWO SONS AND DAUGHTER



Recent photographs show Senator Huey Long of Louisiana, who was shot down by a political avenger, and his wife, two sons and daughter. In the group at left at the piano are Mrs. Rose Long, daughter Lolita and son Palmer Long. Senator Long and his son Russell are shown at right in a picture taken a few months ago in the national capital.