

Bridge

By HENRY PHILIP BROAD

Margaret White, rolling out to the Country Club in her car, fervently hoped that her hostess would place her with the better bridge players. One always learned something from them; and Margaret well knew that her game was not above need of improvement.

She was, as a look at her watch informed her, a little late. When the car came to a stop in front of the low, whitewashed club-house, she realized the woeful inappropriateness of the word *little*. Already eight tables on the cool, rambling verandah had become green-topped foci of interest from which radiated well-dressed women in various stages of silent engrossment. From one of them Mrs. Stanley, the hostess, rose and with a frigidly polite smile on her carmined lips, met the late arrival.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Stanley, I..."
 "It's all right, Mrs. White. I took your hand... You play here."

Margaret, a little nervous, observed that she was to play with some of the town's sharks. They greeted her with a subdued eagerness from which blame and curiosity were not altogether absent. They are nice about my being so late, Margaret thought, but she had not the courage to explain the reason for her tardiness. They seemed not in the least interested in it. With well-concealed trepidation Margaret faced her partner, Miss Martin, whose reputation at bridge was unsurpassed. They were to play against Mrs. Seeley, an army officer's wife, who had but recently arrived from the States, and Mrs. Blake, reputed to be the wealthiest woman south of Manila.

It was Mrs. Seeley's brittle voice which called out a disdainful *I pass* in sharp staccato. Again Margaret felt the distinct shock once before experienced on a similar occasion: Could this decidedly unfriendly tone come from the charming woman that she knew Mrs. Seeley to be? Why, bridge changed her. That rapped-out *I pass* so reflected itself in her pale face that she suddenly looked a wizened sprite instead of a

handsome woman with a parted, blue-black bob. Strange!

Three hearts, sang out Miss Martin, Margaret's partner. Her faded, but cleverly done-up face glowed with a sudden rich warmth; she must have a peach of a hand, Margaret thought, and how delighted she was on account of it! Funny, how Miss Martin was lucky at cards! Uncanny almost, the way she held the tops! Fate's own way, no doubt, of doling out the poor thing some compensations... From the standpoint of a happily married woman she found Miss Martin's lot a particularly hard one...

Now it was Mrs. Blake's turn to speak. The grey-haired woman, said to be the wealthiest south of Manila, and who always gave exactly the opposite impression, bent her head. All knew that the cogitation would not be a short one; perhaps Mrs. Seeley, a new comer did not know that Mrs. Blake would calculate all her chances, evaluating to the minutest possibilities the strength of her hand. A mathematician, bent upon the solution of an abstruse problem, would take the same posture and probably the same attitude as Mary Blake. Poor Mary Blake, Margaret thought. Poor, yes, in spite of her unquestioned wealth. Who would not be wealthy if she consented to live the way Mary Blake had done all these years? Who would live in so small a house, with such restricted comforts? And who, oh Lord, who would wear such clothes? Glancing at the wind-blown hat, the crumpled dress, Margaret White, smart in a beige sport suit, felt all other emotions swamped by an all-pervading pity. How dearly Mary Blake had paid for her wealth! With her youth and the precious glamor of her femininity she had paid!

Mrs. Blake raised her angular face from the cards, and slowly took in the countenances of the other women. Miss Martin still smiled. Mrs. Seeley nervously fidgeted on her chair. Margaret White sat tensely silent. "Nice little woman, this army girl," mused Mrs. Blake,

"but irritating at times with her crisp, curt way." What was that? A clearly provocative little cough from her partner? Did the snip mean to hurry her on? Did she want her to ruin her chances by a hasty bid? Well, she'd show her... and she delayed the drawn-out conclusion a bit longer. Her eye fell on the still beaming Miss Martin, elegant in pale pink chiffon. Again a new dress and hat to match! Surely from that exorbitant Yvonne store in Manila! Where in all the world did the woman get the money to doll up like that? She must be making a lot as a bookkeeper at the export firm... Mary Blake shook her head in disapproval. She had the deepest contempt for a person who spent a great part of her earnings on clothes. And contempt, too, though tempered by memories of the happy associations of earlier years, she had for Margaret White. Silly old Margaret! Always sporting the latest styles. Had she not yet come to see that money alone counted, and not pretty clothes?

Another cough from Mrs. Seeley, slightly less discreet; and Mary Blake, after another glance at her cards, came to a conclusion at last. With a quick motion of her wrist, she shoved the cards together: *I double three hearts*. She sat up straight in her chair and immediately forgot all about the game. Her eyes roamed over the beautiful bamboo-crested hills. How lovely they looked under the slowly gathering rain-clouds! Those hills, seeming so near and that were so far, far away! For years she had longed to go into the hills, but had never found time. But she would go some day and invite her soul to its festival, some day when Ralph was less busy with the new sawmill or when he could find a good man to take care of the Lamitan plantation that was coming into wonderful bearing, or when they had disposed of the new hemp land out San Ramon way... Some day, yes! Then she would go into the hills, Keats in one hand and the other in Ralph's...

It was Margaret's turn to speak. Always less captivated by the game than by the emotions it bared, she had watched Mary Blake until Mrs. Seeley, a suspicion of anger in her pale

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cheeks, reminded her that they were waiting for her. Margaret at once felt uncommonly nervous. Her partner had bid three hearts and the opponents had doubled. What did it all mean? Did she . . . was she expected to take out her partner? Or not? She had played bridge for more years than she was ready to admit, and now she did not know what to do. Tingling with indecision she looked at her hand. A trick or two, no more. She would never play bridge well. . . She always forgot what this and that signal stood for. . . Hopeless case. . . How seriously the others took bridge! She raised her cards to her face, flushed crimson with embarrassment. At her side sat Mrs. Seeley, tensely mute. Margaret's anxiety increased threefold. But she could not make up her mind.

"My partner doubles the three-heart bid." Mrs. Seeley suddenly lashed the brooding silence with the whip of her sharp voice. "What do you say?" And Margaret, flustered and utterly unable to think, stammered out *I pass*, breathed a sigh of relief and recovered her peace of mind.

That she had not thought of it before! *I pass* commits you to nothing, takes all responsibility from you. Safety first! She breathed another sigh.

Helen Seeley knew, with one glance of her black eyes, what her cards promised. Not for her the nerve-racking hesitation. She did not hold much of value, but her partner had doubled and the fussy White woman had passed. That Mrs. White! How could anyone come too late to a bridge-party? To her bridge was a serious and most exacting affair and she threw herself into with all the fervor of her vibrant nature. With an astounding fidelity of memory she could recall interesting hands held long ago, could dissect in detail card contests that all other participants had long since forgotten. Fresh from the States, and absolutely sure of her impeccability she could not but harbor toward the other three women a feeling of aggressive toleration which at times verged on unmistakable impatience. She rapped out: *Three spades*, and turned to Miss Martin. "It's your turn."

Miss Martin still smiled, but it was no longer a delighted smile; it had taken a grim quality not often seen in her once fine features. These married women, she thought! Always treating her with that barely concealed patronizing air that got on her nerves! That partner of hers who was ever so strangely kind to her. . . That Army woman, too! The way she crackled out that *Three spades*. . . *It's your turn!* The way she looked at you, fiercely, searingly. . . Mrs. Blake, after all, pleased her most. Always enough absorbed by her own devices to leave others to theirs. . . Those others considered her a misfit from the point of vantage of their own well-regulated worlds! A smile of contempt curled her lips. Would they confine their sympathies to their wonderful selves! What a sweetly encouraging look from that pudgy White woman! Did she think, prototype of the happy-thought-married woman that she was, that the world held no other felicity? Miss Martin snorted, but not audibly; Mrs. Seeley coughed, but very audibly indeed; and Miss Martin said: *Four hearts*.

The wealthiest woman again took her own time for reflection; finally she doubled the four-heart bid. And Margaret, weak with excitement, her freshly regained assurance ebbing away under the falcon eyes of the army woman, passed as did her opponent. Miss Martin murmured a subdued *Content* and the game began.

Margaret's partner played with deliberate hesitation. Let them take the lead from her! Let them wait her own good time! Mrs. Blake with evident regret had to part with the two top-cards of her hand. Across the table her partner shot daggers at her. What was the matter with the woman? She had nothing and yet she had doubled the initial bid. What was the great idea? She'd ask her after the game. When it came to bridge Helen Seeley stood on no ceremony.

The game ended with a smashing victory for Miss Martin and Margaret. No one spoke; an angry flush settled on Mrs. Seeley's pale face as she wrote down the score with rapid strokes of her small hand. *Fifty for contract* threw in Miss Martin, timidly yet exultingly. Without a word Mrs. Seeley pointed to a neat 50 above the line; a smile of infinite depreciation stood on her lips. That she should have been beaten by such rotten players! No use reproving her partner for her foolish doubling; she would not grasp it anyway. Her hands picked up newly dealt cards. It hurt her pride to be beaten by inferiors. Well, this was not yet the end. Win she would, if she put her mind to it. . . She did put her mind to it and won. It was to her that the hostess handed the tissue-wrapped prize.

At the conclusion of the game, tea was served. It tasted extraordinarily good to the relaxed participants. Outside dusk had fallen, enveloping the lacy bamboo, swaying coconut trees, and shivering oleanders with a sheet of consuming darkness. Increasing coolness heralded the advent of the night.

"Wasn't it a nice game?" Helen Seeley asked, tea-cup in hand. The cards lay stacked in their green-and-gilt cases. They all enthusiastically agreed. The excitement of the struggle had given place to the contented sensation of an afternoon well-spent. Conventional smiles again masked their faces. Miss Martin spoke to Margaret: "What a perfectly lovely dress, Mrs. White! You did not get it here?"

"Mother sent it to me from Los Angeles," she answered, flattered. Miss Martin's taste was not be disregarded.

"Clothes are a problem in this small Philippine town," said Helen Seeley, leaning forward. Margaret, to her bewildered satisfaction, beheld again the charming, handsome woman where shortly before she had detected the sprite. The sharp staccato manner that had so changed her had completely vanished.

"I'm afraid I'll turn into a frump some day," she added, in a voice singularly warm and appealing.

"You could not if you tried, Mrs. Seeley," Miss Martin's tone was frankly admiring. Those eyes and that creamy skin could never change much. Margaret said nothing. For the first time during the afternoon she felt really at ease. Her gaze wandered about the three women, so

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Governor Davis's Sugar-Meeting Talk

The sugar industry is one of the most important in the Islands. Thirty per cent of our exports consist of sugar. The total value of sugar exported in the year ending June 30, 1929, was ₱100,428,198, of which ₱98,430,210 went to the United States. The prosperity of approximately a million people in the Islands is directly dependent on the conditions of the sugar trade, while indirectly everyone is effected by it. If the industry is prosperous, that prosperity is shared by every other business here. Any act which crippled the sugar industry would seriously injure every man, woman and child in the Islands. The destruction of the industry would ruin thousands of our people and would set back the prosperity, progress and development of the Islands for many long years of hardship and suffering.

If then we consider the importance of the sugar industry to these Islands and if we realize that over 98 per cent of our sugar exports go to the United States due to the favorable tariff situation, we begin to get a slight conception of the vital necessity to the Philippine Islands of maintaining friendly trade relations with the United States.

Recently it was proposed in Congress to limit the free entry of Philippine sugar into the United States. The able Philippine commission worked hard and faithfully to defeat the proposal. Influential friends of the Philippine Islands, both in and out of Congress, effectively fought against it. The press of the United States supported the fight by strong editorials. Finally the first battle was won; the tariff bill was re-

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different in appearance, and outlooks on life, and she marveled at the undeniable affinities which she saw shape themselves into being. They chatted animatedly between sips of tea. Miss Martin was telling an amusing story, her tapable hands planted on the hand-embroidered tea-cloth. "This friend of mine . . . she went home via Suez, it's just two years ago . . . and she fell in love with a man . . . They parted in Boston . . . and she came back to the Islands. And who do you think stood at the pier in Manila? The very same man! He had come to meet his wife . . . Here she had been traveling with her all these four weeks . . . I . . . She, my friend I mean, she laughed . . ."

All were very still now. All three of them sensed here a tragedy that in their married security they had lost the fear of. Miss Martin laughed, a deliberately provoking laugh that spontaneously forbade compassion. Then Mrs. Blake spoke. She had sat still most of the time, taking no part in the conversation. But she had not lost the significance of that laugh.

"There are all kinds of cads in this world," she said and became aware of the apparent irrelevance of the remark. Pointing into the void of invading night, she added: "Look! Isn't it lovely?" One could distinguish the hazy outlines of the hills by the fires of the hill-dwellers.

Helen Seeley gazed into the inky blackness splashed with spots of flame. It was lovely . . . as lovely as that feeling of security in a place one loved, that attachment . . . But with her there never was time to become attached . . . one never stayed anywhere long enough to become attached . . . One feared it because it hurt so to part . . . She sat still and very quiet. Her life had been spent roving from one military reservation to another . . .

Margaret White, stroking the silken pleatedness of her lap, pondered. How charming, how humanly warm were these women! How much kindness, how much friendship and understanding there was between them! With a sudden shock it came to her, as Mary Blake rose and put her arm around her, that always women were kind to one another, always . . . except at bridge.

Roll Call On Independence

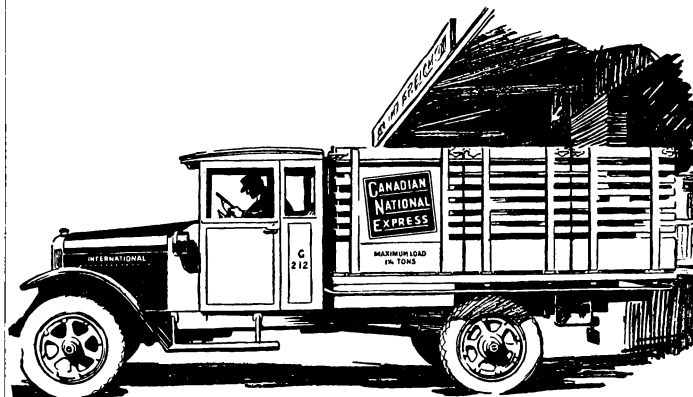
(By UNITED PRESS)

Washington, D. C., Oct. 9.—The following senators voted in favor of the King measure for Philippine independence:

Senator King, Henry F. Ashurst, Democrat of Arizona; Alben W. Barkley, Democrat of Kentucky; Hugo L. Black, Democrat of Alabama; John J. Blaine, Republican of Wisconsin; Coleman L. Blease, Democrat of North Carolina; Sam G. Bratton, Democrat of New Mexico; Senator Brock, Democrat of Tennessee; Smith W. Brookhart, Republican of Iowa; Tom Connally, Democrat of Texas; Clarence C. Dill, Democrat of Washington; Duncan U. Fletcher, Democrat of Florida; Walter F. George, Democrat of Georgia; Harry B. Hawes, Democrat of Missouri; Carl Hayden, Democrat of Arizona; J. Thomas Hefflin, Democrat of Alabama; Robert M. LaFollette, Jr., Republican of Wisconsin; Kenneth McKellar, Democrat of Tennessee; William H. McMaster, Republican of South Dakota; George W. Norris, Republican of Nebraska; Gerald P. Nye, Republican of North Dakota; Lee S. Overman, Democrat of North Carolina; W. B. Pine, Republican of Oklahoma; Joseph T. Robinson, Democrat of Arkansas; Morris Sheppard, Democrat of Texas; Ellison D. Smith, Democrat of South Carolina; Daniel F. Steck, Democrat of Iowa; Hubert D. Stephens, Democrat of Mississippi; Thomas of Oklahoma; Park Trammell, Democrat of Florida; Robert F. Wagner, Democrat of New York; Thomas J. Walsh, Democrat of Montana; David I. Walsh, Democrat of Massachusetts and Burton K. Wheeler, Democrat of Montana.

The tabloids over here (in San Francisco) have described the typhoon over in Manila as being about the worst catastrophe that was ever visited upon that fair city. Hundreds killed and still more dying, twisted and mangled beyond recognition. Families torn apart, and little babies left without their mothers, to slowly die, their feeble little cries unheeded by the terror-stricken populace rushing wildly hither and yon, seeking shelter from the infuriated elements.

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