

EASY LESSONS IN AUCTION BRIDGE

By PAUL H. SEYMOUR Author of "Highlights on Auction Bridge" (Copyright, by Hoyle, Jr.)

Introductory

ALTHOUGH the game of Auction Bridge and its predecessors, Bridge and Whist, have been played for many years, a wonderful increase in its popularity is just at the present time sweeping over the country.

Its devotees are fascinated by it principally because there is something solid and substantial about it and because it does require sound and careful thought.

Even those whose daily work is largely mental find that they gain rest and refreshment in a totally different kind of mental exercise such as they find in Auction.

There is also a steadily increasing demand among the players for a better understanding of the game.

No matter how well a person plays, there always is room for improvement because the possibilities of the game are such that they can never be fully mastered.

Their value will depend not upon how many rules are given or how many isolated cases are explained, but upon the clearness and simplicity of the statements and the comprehensiveness with which the system will cover the countless possibilities arising in the bidding and playing of the game.

In order to become proficient in any game, two things are needed—learning the rules so thoroughly that they may be instantly put into practice, and then learning when to break these rules.

To break rules wisely, however, one must know them thoroughly, and to do this will require study and real work upon the part of the student.

After studying each article it would be well to play a regular game and discuss the points which come up to illustrate the teaching.

As the series progresses, more and more points will be covered, and the only way to master such teaching is to review the previous articles frequently.

Therefore, those who wish to get the most out of these articles would do well to save them and reread frequently from the beginning.

Precautionary

Herself—John, I really think you ought to go see the doctor. Herself—All right; dig out one of my old suits.

Herself—But you don't want to present a shabby appearance at the doctor's office. Herself—I do unless you expect me to go broke paying him.

The Sandman Story by Martha Martin

LIFE OF HERRING GULLS

"FIRST," said Harry Herring Gull to Billie Brownie, who had come to call on him and who was sitting by the edge of a great river.

"I mean, of course, as doubtless you understand, that the egg which later became me, was spotted with black. That is not the way, perhaps, I should talk, but it's Harry Herring Gull's way.

"And if I'm not smart in book knowledge and in schooling and in talking and in all such ways, I'm smart as a gull, and gulls are smart.

"Oh, yes," Harry Herring Gull continued, "for years and years there have been gulls.

"Some of my ancestors were here when the Indians owned the country.

"Oh, yes, we have always been about, making our ways fit in with the ways of others, which is always wise.

"I am here now for the winter. I was born in an ugly little home.

"But that didn't make any difference. We fly about rather than stay much in our homes.

"For those who care for their homes it is well to make the homes beautiful, but not for us.

"We are quite satisfied with a shabby nest of weeds and any kind of nest-building trash.

"Our homes are in hollows in the ground. I had one sister and one brother who came out of their eggs at the same time I did.

"We were covered with down and we could swim and run and were considered pretty smart little herring gulls.

"Of course all herring gulls in that way are alike. They're all smart, but the mothers say the same thing over and over as each new group of downy gulls begins to swim and run.

"Argn't they smart little gulls? I am here for the winter, as I said. You will notice that my head and neck are grayish brown in color.

"In the summer I wear a white suit with a gray cloak and I have touches of black and white for style.

"My summer costume is gayer and brighter than my winter costume, which I think is right.

"It is nice to see creatures put on their light clothes in the summer. Don't you think so, Billie Brownie?"

"Indeed I do," Billie Brownie answered. "But do tell me more about yourself."

"As you can see, I have a yellow beak with a red spot for a beauty mark.

"And my eyes are yellow. My feet are a pretty pink color.

"When I was a little fellow I had a pink beak, too, with a black spot.

"But of course the colors I now have show that I am a grown-up herring gull.

"For we do not get these colors at first. The older ones dress differently from the younger ones.

"When summer comes I go further north. Of course a few members of my family stay around here—but they are the ones who do not care about summer homes or little homes of any sort.

"They're not the home lovers among the herring gulls. For we love to build our nests and have our homes even though we don't care to make them beautiful. We don't care to make them beautiful because we like to fly away from them a great deal and have adventures.

"But we like to have them just the same. Yes, we like to build our nests and have summer homes.

"Cack, cack, cack, that is the truth."

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