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WEATHER DELAYS ICEBREAKERS

MONTREAL, March 18 — (CP)— Continued cold weather has hampered icebreakers in the St. Lawrence River near Montreal. Blocks of ice moving down the narrow channel opened behind the ships has plugged up and the Lady Grey has been kept busy on Lake St. Peter keeping it moving.

STRANGE TIMEPIECES

The dials of Chinese clocks go around and the hands stand still.

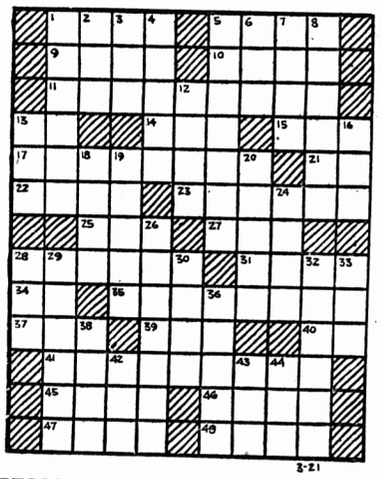
DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Detest
5. Fish
9. Top
10. City (Peru)
11. A rare-earth metallic element
12. Man's nickname
14. Flowed
15. Keg
17. Warlike people of S. Russia
21. Electrical Engineer (abbr.)
22. Twofold
23. Pot
25. Humble
27. Also
28. Put away for safe keeping
31. Pilaster
34. Exclamation
35. People who jeer
37. Ancient wine cup
39. Body of water
40. Pronoun
41. Gazelles
45. Sesame (var.)
46. Market place
47. Is in debt
48. March date

DOWN

1. Consecrate
2. American Philological Association (abbr.)
3. Denary
4. Additional
5. Coverlet
6. Hebrew letter
7. Soot
8. Famous Hebrew prophet (Bib.)
12. Cut irregularly
13. Division of a play
16. Winged insect
18. A vat for fodder
19. Laugh loudly
20. European ermine
24. Resiliency
26. Carnivorous mammals
28. Chinese silk
29. A red, fleshy berry
30. Combat between two people
32. Relies on
33. Beast of burden
36. Mother-in-law of Ruth (Bib.)
38. Afresh
42. Golf term
43. Cushion
44. Before



3-21

MARSH CROSS
AGATE RURAL
PRIAM IMAGE
SALT BE COD
SEVERAL
AS IT LENA
CHARM BASIN
TALE OO PI
RIBBONS
SEE LI OWES
ERASE CRISP
ENDUE AISNE
KEYED BASED

3-21

Saturday's Answer

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it

AXYDLBAAXR
is LONGFELLOW

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

HCGWSML! CNWC W NWGZ DP CNDB-HWST HCGVSMH HNDBRT ELLZ VS CBSL HD RDSM—JWCCH.

Saturday's Cryptoquote: FORTUNE IN ORDER TO OVERWHELM ME WITH WOES HAS TAKEN HIM AWAY—FENELON.

Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

There's nothing much beneath the sun
Some folks do not collect for fun.
—Peter Rabbit.

Trader the Wood Rat had picked up and carried away a hemlock twig on which were two little brown cones. Now he was back. He told Peter Rabbit that he had taken those cones home just to look at. That sounded very, very foolish to Peter. Several more of the little cones were scattered about. Prickly Porky, up in a hemlock tree, had cut them off while topping off a dinner of bark with the little green leaves called needles.

"If you like so well to look at them, why don't you take home some of those lying around on the ground?" asked Peter.

"I've looked them all over and there is none with more than one cone on a twig. There were two on that twig that I took home. Now if I could find"— Trader didn't finish. Prickly Porky had cut off a spray on which were three of the little brown cones. It fell just a little way from Trader. He raced over to it and pounced on it as if he were fearful that it would come to life and run away. His beady eyes sparkled as he looked at the little brown cones. "Three!" he exclaimed as he gloated over them. Then he picked up the spray and started off with them.

Then he picked up the spray and started off with them

Now Peter Rabbit did something that he shouldn't have done — he followed Trader. He was curious. He wanted to find out where Trader's home was, and what he would do with that spray with the three little cones. It was none of his business. He knew it. So Peter tried to keep Trader in sight without being seen himself. It wasn't hard to do. That spray was an awkward thing to carry. Trader gave all his attention to carrying it. He didn't look back.

He went straight to where there were several very big rocks with trees growing around them and between some of them. Two of these big rocks were quite near together and between them was a pile of sticks and leaves and pieces of bark. It was what you and I would have called a pile of trash. Trader climbed up on the pile and carefully placed the hemlock spray with the three cones on the very top. Then he backed off and looked at it. It didn't suit him, so he moved it. This didn't please him either, so he changed it again.

He went to another place and began tugging at something. In a moment he pulled out the twig with two cones on it. In its place he put the spray with three cones. The twig with two cones he tossed aside. After a few minutes of admiring the three cones he disappeared. Peter was sure he had gone down inside that pile of sticks and trash. Could this be Trader's house where he lived? Peter hopped close to it, quite forgetting that he was where he really had no business to be. Curiosity often is forgetful that way. Suddenly Trader appeared right in front of him. Where he had come from Peter didn't see.

"Well, what do you think of it?" asked Trader. He didn't seem at all provoked because Peter had found his home. Probably he knew it was no secret. It was too big to be a secret.

"It is a nice home," said Peter cautiously.

"Oh, that! I don't mean that. You don't see it anyway. It is down underneath. I mean my collection. Isn't that something?" replied Trader.

"What," asked Peter. "If you mean those cones you just brought here they are very pretty, but I don't see what you want them for."

"I don't mean just those. They are just something more. I mean my whole collection, all the things in this pile. You won't find another collection like it," declared Trader, his beady eyes sparkling as he moved about on the big pile. Peter was sure he wouldn't and said so.

"See that!" cried Trader. It was a smooth white stone. "And that!" It was the shell of a Snail. "And look at this" It was another shell or half shell, that of a Mussel from Laughing Brook placed so as to show the pearly inner surface. There was a big pine cone, a strip of white birch bark, two empty shotgun shells, a couple of bleached bones and a lot of other worthless things.

"What good is all that stuff?" asked Peter.

"It is the finest collection in all the Green Forest," declared Trader proudly.

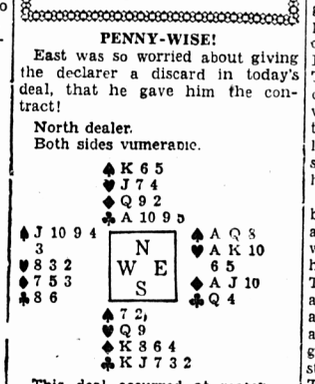
Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

PENNY-WISE!

East was so worried about giving the declarer a discard in today's deal, that he gave him the contract!

North dealer.
Both sides vumerable.



This deal occurred at match-point duplicate. The bidding at one table was:

North	East	South	West
Pass	1 ♥	Pass	Pass
Dble.	Redbl.	2 ♣	Pass
Pass	Dble.	Pass	Pass
Pass			

West's pass to the two-club doubles was remarkable, but he partially redeemed himself by making a good opening lead, the spade jack. Dummy ducked, and West continued the suit, East winning with the queen. East now laid down the heart king, but when West played the deuce, he shifted back to the spade ace. Declarer ruffed, then laid down the king and ace of clubs, dropping the queen—a fortunate guess. He then led the heart seven toward his own queen.

East put up the heart ace, but when he saw the queen fall, he became panicky at the thought that declarer would be able to discard on the established jack of hearts, and, hoping against hope that West had the diamond king, East led the jack. This was won in dummy with the queen, and now declarer could make another diamond trick by leading toward his own king. The doubled contract was fulfilled.

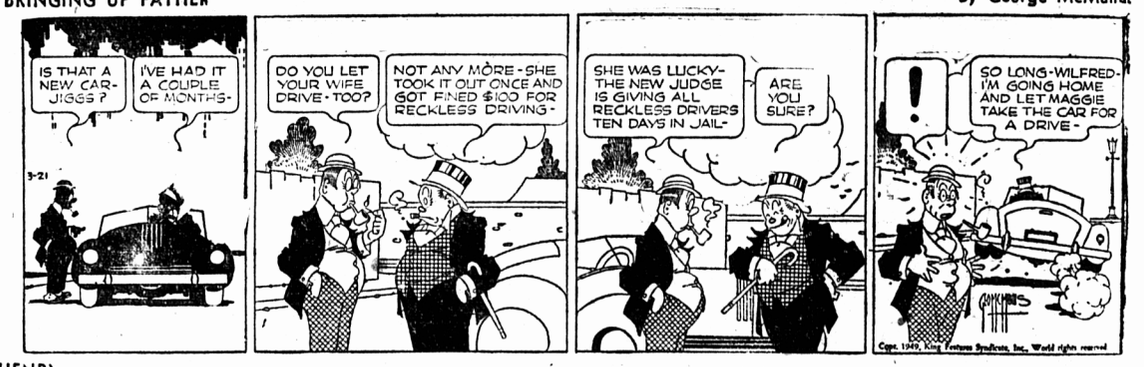
If East had taken the pains to count, he would have known that South had started with exactly two spades and five clubs. Assuming that South's play of the heart queen under the ace was honest, what good would it do him to get rid of one of his marked four diamonds on the jack of hearts? Obviously, no good at all! Thus, East had only to exit with a heart, giving dummy the trick, and maintain his diamond position to assure himself of two tricks in that suit.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED — By Ham Fisher

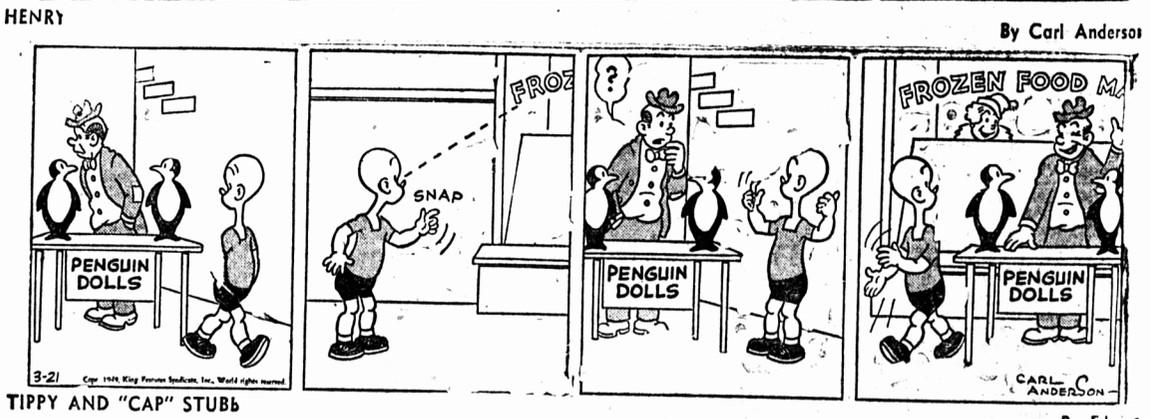
JOE PALOOKA — By Zane Grey

DOTTY DRIPPLE — By Burore

BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus



HENRY — By Carl Anderson



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBB — By Edwin

TILLIE THE TOILER — By W...

LI'L ABNER — By AL CAPP

RIP KIRBY — By Alex Raymond

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen