

ATTENTION

Fashion Show Ticket Holders, please be seated 10 minutes in advance of show.

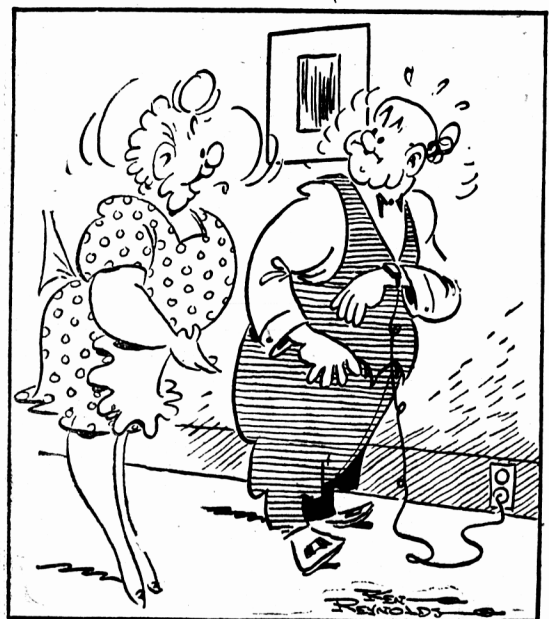


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 You Will Need Fuel to Keep the House Warm For Sometime
 We are prepared to supply the best

HARD COAL
SOFT COAL
DOMINION COKE
KINDLING WOOD

In any quantity
A. PICKARD and Co.
 PHONE 240

Quickies By Ken Reynolds



—and the Guardian Want Ad said it was a wristwatch you'd never have to wind!

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!



RIP KIRBY



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

THE UNWELCOME ONE

The mischief wrought without intent is no less bad than if 'twere meant. —Old Mother Nature.

Mother Nature speaks truly. "Didn't mean to" is offered as an excuse more often than all other excuses together, yet it isn't a real excuse at all. The harm done by the careless, the unthinking, those who know no better, is just as real as if planned beforehand and done purposely. So "didn't mean to" as an excuse doesn't mean a thing.

Over among the great maple trees in the Green Forest, these were what are known as sugaring-off days for Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's boy. From early morning until late at night they were busy making maple syrup and maple sugar from the sweet sap of those maple trees. In a rough little house called the sugar house was the sugaring-off. In the sap was boiled until it became syrup. Some nights Farmer Brown's boy slept there.

There were many visitors both by day and night. Some came openly and were not at all bashful. Others came secretly and tried their best not to be seen. Curiosity alone brought some. Others were hopeful as well as curious, hopeful that they might find something to eat. These visitors were the furred and feathered folk of the Green Forest, and most of them were welcome. To Farmer Brown's boy in having glimpses of woodland friends and adding to his knowledge of them and their ways.

Of the many seen and unseen visitors there was only one who was not welcome. Indeed, he was unwelcome. He came in the night one of the nights when Farmer Brown's boy went home instead of sleeping in the sugar house. Long after he had left and all was still in and around the sugar house, this visitor came shuffling out of the woods. It wasn't that he needed food and couldn't get it. He had plenty to eat and no real trouble in getting it. Unlike some of his neighbors he never had known what starving is like. He never has had to hunt for his food. There hasn't been a day since he was born that he couldn't climb a tree and get all the food he needed. Sometimes after an ice storm it wasn't easy to get, but he could get it if he was hungry enough. You see in winter he lives on bark and twigs on trees, especially the evergreen twigs of the hemlock trees. Now you know who that visitor to the sugar house was. Of course you do. It was Prickly Porky the Porcupine. Some folks call him Hedgehog. He is no more a Hedgehog than you or I.

Two things had brought Prickly Porky over to the sugar house. Curiosity was one. He is slow because he seldom has need to hurry. He is dull and seems more stupid than he really is. But he has his share of curiosity. For two or three days he has heard strange sounds in and around that little house. It must be looked into. Those sounds had aroused something besides curiosity, a dim memory of having found there on previous visits something pleasing to his taste; something that he had liked very much. He couldn't remember why it was only that it had something to do with that little house.

He came to the chopping block just out in front. On it Farmer Brown's boy chopped wood for the fire to boil the sap. The axe was leaning against the chopping block. Farmer Brown's boy had forgotten to take it into the house before leaving for home that evening. Whining and grunting, talking to himself as he often does, perhaps because he lives alone most of the time and has no one else to talk to, Prickly Porky smelled of the handle to the axe. There was the Man smell, but he didn't mind that. He touched the handle with his tongue just to get the taste. If it were possible for him to smile I am sure he would have smiled then. That dim memory was no longer dim. There was a taste to that stick of wood, for to him that handle was merely that, that made it to him what a stick of candy would be to a boy or girl who hadn't had one for a long time. It wasn't a sweet taste, but a salty one, and salt is to Prickly Porky what candy is to boys and girls. That salty taste had come from the hands that had handled that axe. At once Prickly Porky was in mischief without knowing it was mischief. He was making himself most unwelcome.

The next story: Prickly Porky Has a Treat.



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KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



JOE PALOOKA



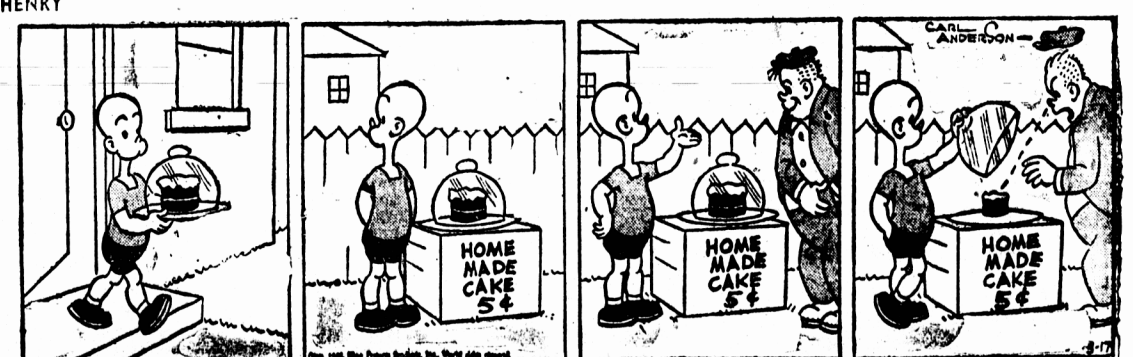
DOTT



BRINGING UP FATHER



HENRY



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS



TILLIE THE TOILER



PENNY



Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

The Place For A Safety-Play
The contract in today's deal was highly conservative—South might well have reached a grand slam instead of the six clubs he actually bid. When, however, he failed to apply the proper safety measures, even the small slam faded away!

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

♠	A 10 7 6 5 3	♠	K Q J 9
♥	10 8 4	♥	K Q 7 6
♦	6 4	♦	10
♣	J 3	♣	8 5 4
♠	A 10 7 6 5 3	♠	K Q J 9
♥	J 9 8 2	♥	K Q 7 6
♦	J 9 8 5 2	♦	10
♣	7 2	♣	8 5 4

The bidding:
South West North East
2♣ Pass 2♣ Pass
3♦ Pass 3♦ Pass
4NT Pass 4NT Pass
6♣ Pass 6♣ Pass

After discovering, via Blackwood, that North had the spade ace, South was naturally tempted to go all out for seven clubs, and, as he explained later, restrained himself only because he feared that he would get a very bad break in either clubs or diamonds.

Unfortunately, when it came to the play, South forgot about this fear! West, observing his partner's double of spades (which had been a bit premature), opened the spade eight. The ace won and a diamond was led to the ace. South carefully observed that East played the diamond ten on this trick, but apparently he either felt that East was false-carding, or that the diamond jack was soon to follow. At any rate, South now laid down the diamond king—and catastrophe struck! East ruffed, and now, declarer, had two losing diamonds in his hand, with only one trump in dummy that was worth anything. The contract was hopeless.

Regardless of the diamond played by East on the first lead of that suit, South, playing for only six clubs, should not have risked laying down a second high diamond from his own hand—he should have led a low diamond, cheerfully conceding the trick to the enemy. Now he would obviously be able to control any return, and would still have the club jack in dummy for an ace and sure ruff of the one losing diamond in the South hand.

By Alex Raymond

