

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fish



DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Buford



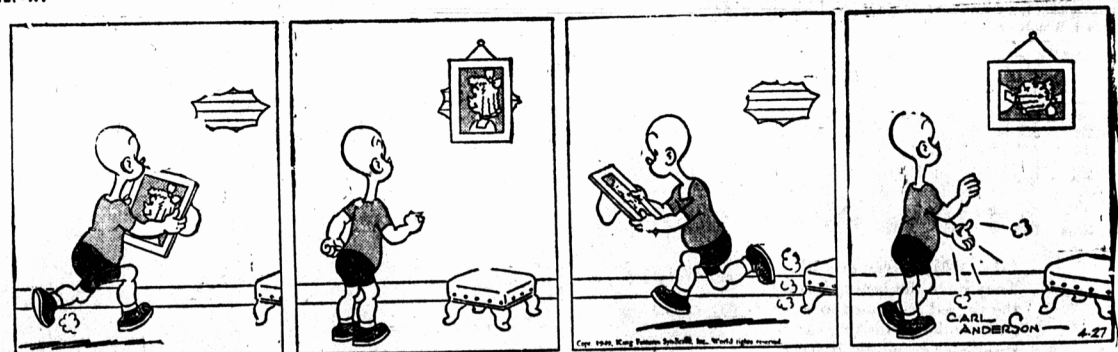
BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



HENRY

By Carl Anderson



TIPPY AND 'CAP' STUBBS

By Edwin



TILLIE THE TOILER

By Westo



PENNY

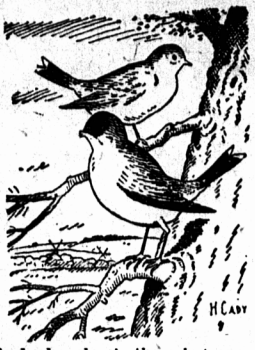
By Harry Hoeliger



# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(by Thornton W. Burgess)

**UNDER A CLOUD**  
Suspicion smears an honest name  
And seeks to hold it up to shame.  
—Jenny Wren.



"And who else is there but one of those Wrens who has ever done such a thing before?" asked Mrs. Robin.

Among their neighbors in the Old Orchard Johnny and Jenny Wren were under a cloud and the name of that cloud was suspicion. Just as a small cloud in the sky may grow and grow until the brightest day is darkened so suspicion all too often grows and grows until a good name has become blackened and sometimes destroyed.

One of Mrs. Robin's blue eggs had been found on the ground under her nest. It was broken. How did it come to be there? Welcome Robin and Mrs. Robin had no doubt at all about that. Neither had most of their neighbors. Some one had visited that nest while Mrs. Robin was away and thrown that egg out on the ground. Of course. How else could it have happened? In their minds the question was not how it had happened, but who had done it. Suspicion had fallen on Johnny and Jenny Wren. You see it was known that one of them had done such a thing in the past. Nothing in the world is harder to do than to live down mistakes of about. In that nest she laid ten eggs. She believes in large families.

the past. The wise keep in mind that the present will soon be the past.

"That egg wasn't eaten, so it wasn't Chatterer the Red Squirrel, or Sammy Jay, or any other of those with a liking for eggs," declared Welcome Robin.

"And who else is there but one of those Wrens who has ever done such a thing before?" asked Mrs. Robin.

"Everybody knows that they are forever poking their bills in where they don't belong," declared Winsome Bluebird.

"They are so small and they move so quickly that they get around without being seen," said Kitty the Catbird.

So the neighbors gossiped and suspicion grew as it always does when many tongues wag. At first it was said that it might have been one of them. Before long folks were saying that it was one of them. Yet no one knew any more about it than when the egg was found.

All the time Johnny and Jenny Wren went about their own affairs just as if they didn't know they were under a cloud. It didn't seem to bother them at all. From dawn to dusk Johnny divided his time between singing so hard that he shook all over, filling empty houses with sticks and hunting for spiders, bugs and insects.

Jenny was just as busy. When she had fully made up her mind to make their nest in the house Farmer Brown's Boy had made and put up specially for them she went to work undoing what Johnny had already done. He had nearly filled that house with small sticks for a foundation for the real nest.

"Tut, tut, tut, tut," scolded Jenny as she threw out all the sticks that Johnny had worked hard to find and carry in there. "Tut, tut, tut, tut! I don't like the way these sticks were put in. When you do things why don't you do them right? These sticks were put in too loosely. Tut, tut, tut, tut!"

Johnny paid no attention to the scolding. The more Jenny scolded the more he sang. You see he knew that that scolding didn't mean at all what it sounded as if it meant. All it really meant was that Jenny couldn't keep her tongue still any more than he could his. The only difference was that she scolded just to hear the sound of her own voice. Some folks are like that. The harder they work the more they scold. Other folks talk to themselves while they work. Singing, scolding or just talking, it somehow helps.

Those two busy little brown birds seemed not to care the least bit what their neighbors said or what they thought. They were too busy to care. Being under a cloud didn't bother them a bit. Jenny lined her nest with hair and small feathers that her sharp little eyes had found when she was doing what her neighbors called poking lies. After that she stopped scolding save now and then when out hunting for food. But it seemed as if Johnny sang more than ever. He was perfectly happy.

The next story: "The Cloud Is Lifted."

## Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

**BARRED FROM SAFETY**  
A simple safety play would have ensured the contract in today's deal—but South couldn't employ the play because of his first-trick carelessness!

South dealer.  
North-South vulnerable.

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

♠ J 9 8 6 2  
♥ K J  
♦ 7 4  
♣ J 9 8 5

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

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

The bidding:  
South West North East  
1♥ Pass 2♦ Pass  
3NT Pass Pass Pass

West opened his fourth-highest spade. Declarer reached for dummy's queen, and he did not seem to care very much when East covered with the queen. However, after South had taken the trick, the spade suit was "wide open," and therefore there was nothing to do but try to run solid tricks. First the diamonds refused to break, then the clubs, and the result was that South won precisely eight tricks, not the nine he needed.

It is quite true that South might have had better luck in the break of suits, to say nothing of the position of the spade king, but nevertheless the responsibility was his for losing this sound game contract. Why depend on the unlikely 3-3 break of either diamonds or clubs (unlikely, speaking of each suit individually) when a simple safety play would increase South's chances enormously?

The safety play was to pass the first diamond lead into East's hand, to ensure running the rest of the suit. But this safety play could not be executed unless South was protected in spades! South did not need two spade tricks, nor all five diamonds. Hence, he should have played a low spade from dummy at the first trick and won with the ace. Now he could well afford to pass a diamond into the East hand, by leading to dummy's nine. East could not attack the spade queen, and South would have full control.

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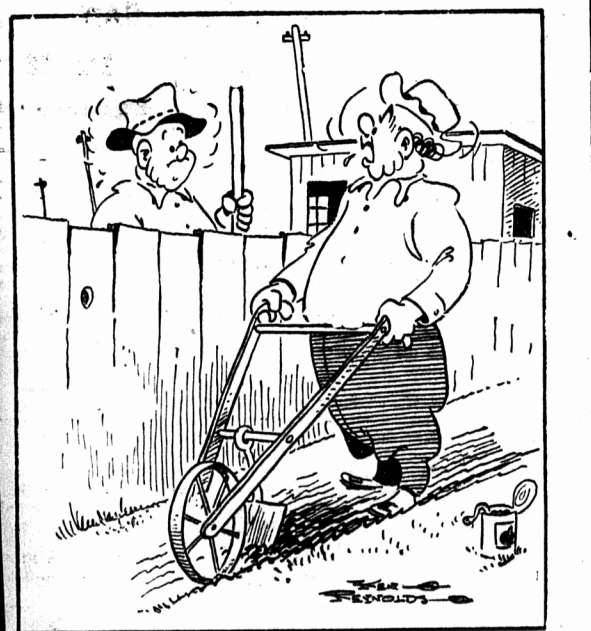
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NAPOLEON AND UNCLE ELBY By Clifford McBride



QUICKIES BY KEN REYNOLDS



"My wife is sick again today — I guess I'll have to look in the Guardian Want Ads for a horse!"

L'I' ABNER



By AL CAPP

RIP KIRBY



By Alex Raymond