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Interested persons may receive further information from P. A. CREELMAN, M.D., C.M., Director, Division of Tuberculosis Control.

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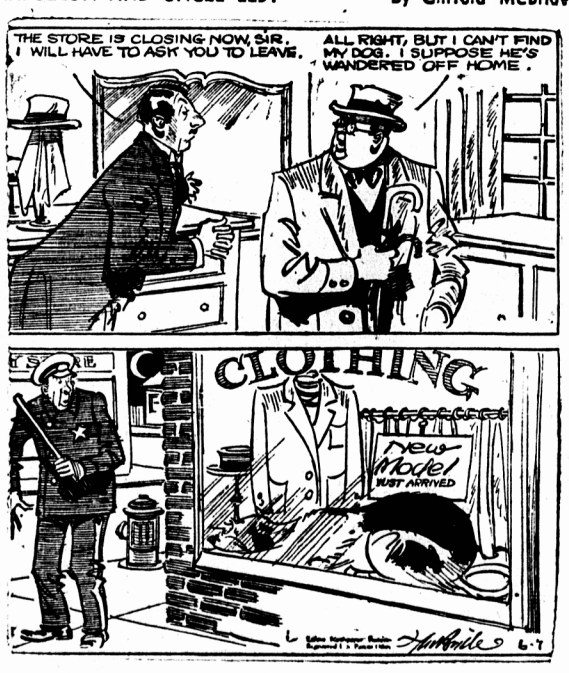
NAPOLEON AND UNCLE ELBY — By Clifford McBride



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

Nothing like things all your own;
Things you know are yours alone.
— Little Chipmunk.

On the Big Rock in the Smiling Pool sat Little Stripes the young Chipmunk who had started out to make a place for himself in the Great World. Probably he was as surprised at being there as you would have been had you happened to see him there. He had thought he couldn't swim until Bowser the Hound had come up behind him as he sat on the bank of the Smiling Pool. He was in the water and swimming before he had time to think what he was doing. Now he was resting before going on to the other shore. All the Smiling Pool was chuckling at the care he had taken not to get his tail wet. He held it straight up as he swam. It is the Chipmunk way, but this was the first time any of the Smiling Pool folk had seen a Chipmunk swim and it seemed funny to them.

When he was rested Little Stripes swam ashore. He wasn't afraid this time. He held his tail out of water as before and paddled fast. When he reached the other shore he decided he had had enough of the Smiling Pool. He didn't belong there. Other folks might like living there, but it didn't suit him at all. He didn't belong there and nobody had to tell him so. He wouldn't care if

Now he was resting before going on to the other shore

he never saw water again excepting to drink. Bowser the Hound was still on the other side, so Little Stripes scampered away as fast as his small legs could take him. He didn't know where he was going, but it would be some place where there were trees and bushes and dry ground and, of course, plenty of good things to eat. As he ran he kept under cover of grass and weeds as best he could. So at last he came to the edge of the Green Forest.

There were big trees and small trees and along the edge there were bushes. Scattered about were a few big rocks. There were hiding places under the rocks and holes under roots. They gave him a wonderful feeling of safety. And there was plenty to eat without having to go far for it. The little Chipmunk liked it there. He liked it more and more. Without planning to stay he did stay day after day. Although he didn't realize it at first, something had happened. Old Mother Nature had stopped tickling his feet with wanderlust, that queer itching that won't allow folks to stay long in one place.

One day he saw a Beetle go into a small hole in the ground. He dug after it and in a moment had it. It had been easy digging. That soil was sandy, not too loose yet loose enough to be dug out without too much work. Instead of work digging in it was fun. After eating the beetle he went back to digging. He dug with his hands and with his hind feet kicked the sand out behind him. This was just at first. He dug straight down for a little way, just a few inches. When he grew a bit tired and quit and climbed up on a big rock. He liked to sit up there and look about and listen to all the woodland sounds while he took a sun bath. There were many sounds. Some of them you and I couldn't have heard. They were too fine for our ears. But the little Chipmunk could hear them. He forgot the hole he had dug.

Presently he saw some one coming his way. He had seen this fellow over by the old stone wall where he had been born and where his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Striped Chipmunk, still lived. He was a friend of theirs, so he couldn't be anybody to be afraid of. Little Stripes continued to sit there on top of the big rock right in plain sight.

Peter Rabbit, for of course that is who it was, saw the little pile of earth from the hole Little Stripes had dug. He went over to look at that hole. Peter always looks into new holes he happens to find. There is no knowing what you may find in a hole.

He was disappointed in this one. He could see the bottom of it and there was nothing in it. He always wonders about holes. All sorts of things may be found in holes.

"I wonder who dug this and what for. It isn't much of a hole," said Peter.

"It isn't finished," spoke up the young Chipmunk.

Peter looked up. "Oh, so it is you! You must be one of Striped Chipmunk's children," he exclaimed.

"I am," replied Little Stripes. Then he added something that until that very minute he hadn't known himself. "I'm going to have a home of my own and that is the beginning of it."

"You don't say," said Peter.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A GOOD START

The North-South bidding in today's deal was excellent, and South started off well in playing his grand-slam contract. Unfortunately, however, he faltered in the "home stretch."

North dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

	♠ K Q 6 ♥ A Q 8 ♦ A J 9 ♣ Q 9 7 4	
♠ 9 4 ♥ J 7 5 3 2 ♦ 8 4 2 ♣ 10 5 3	N W E S	♠ 7 3 2 ♥ K 10 9 ♦ 5 ♣ A K J 8 6 2
	♠ A J 10 8 5 ♥ 6 4 ♦ K Q 10 7 6 3 ♣ —	

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1 N T	2 ♣	3 ♦	Pass
3 N T	Pass	4 ♠	Pass
5 ♦	Pass	6 ♣	Pass
7 ♦	Pass	Pass	Pass

West, convinced that South had been telling the truth when he cue-bid clubs, and equally convinced that the opponents were prepared for a lead in the unbid suit, hearts, tried the desperation opening of the spade nine, even though South had bid that suit. Dummy's queen won, and South immediately ruffed a club. He led a heart to the ace and ruffed the last club, but West hastily discarded his remaining spade, and South could not return to dummy to draw West's trump. Actually, when he tried to do so by leading a spade, West ruffed and returned a heart, and South was down two tricks!

South's general plan of play was perfect, but he overlooked the one vital point! East had overcalled the opening bid in clubs and certainly might hold a six-card suit. Thus, West might be able to get rid of a card on the fourth round of clubs — and that card might well be a spade! Before going over to dummy's heart ace, it was absolutely vital that South should first make use of dummy's second spade entry! Then, after ruffing away the last club, it would be safe to lead the heart ace, draw West's remaining trump (South discarding a heart), and claim the last tricks with spades.

By AL CAPP

LI'L ABNER

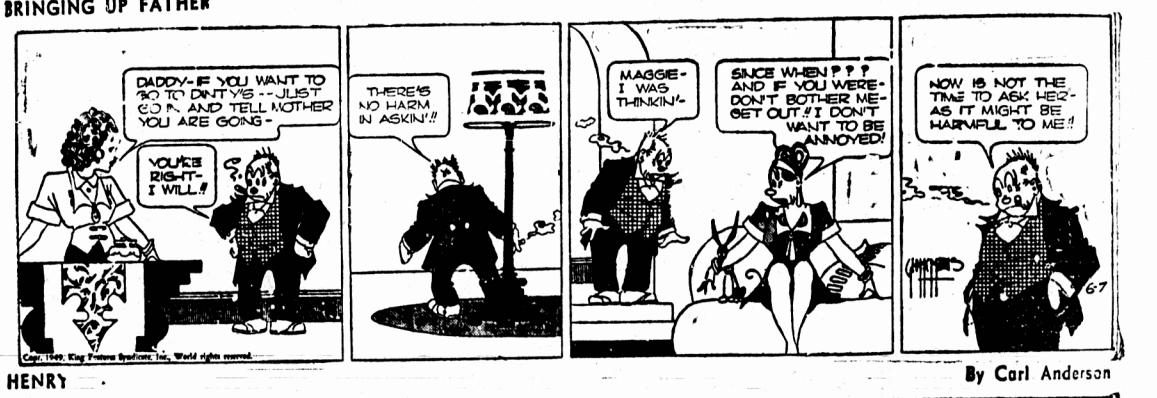
RIP KIRBY — By Alex Raymond

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED — By Zane Grey

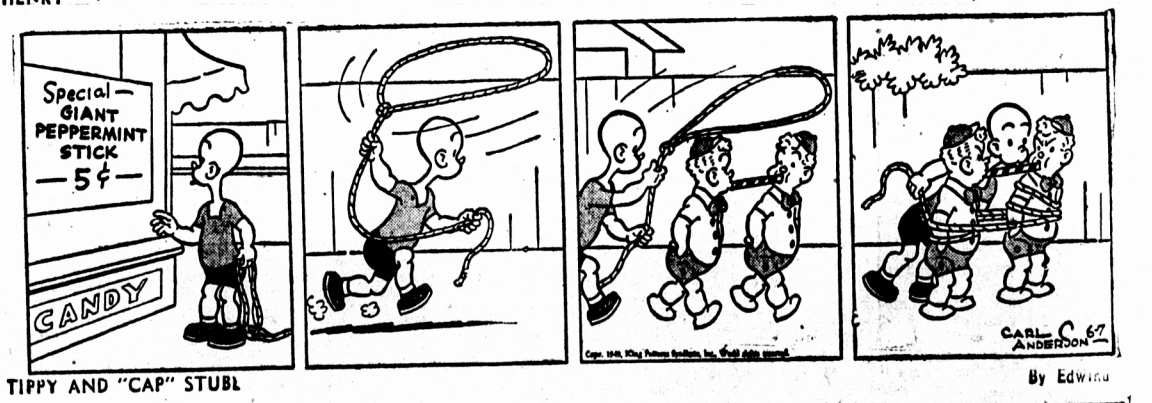
JOE PALOOKA — By Ham Fisher

DOTTY DRIPPLE — By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER — By Carl Anderson



HENRY — By Edwina



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBL — By Edwina

TILLIE THE TOILER — By Russ Westover