

East to West OGDEN'S Rolls Best

OGDEN'S IS THE FINEST "MAKINGS" EVEN WHEN YOU'RE DOWN TO SHAKINGS

OGDEN'S
VIRGINIA
FINE CUT
LIVERPOOL

Easy to roll — delightful to smoke

"PIPE SMOKERS" ASK FOR OGDEN'S CUT PLUG

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

"COME AND GET IT"

However meager be the fare, Love always finds enough to share. —Old Mother Nature.

Harrier the Marsh Hawk was hunting. He was flying low over the Green Meadows, turning this way, turning that way, sailing straight ahead for a little way on long outstretched wings, then flapping them easily to keep from dropping down in the grass and to get going fast enough to sail along again, just as a skater takes a few quick strokes and then glides.

Peter Rabbit watched him admiringly from the dear Old Briar-patch. That's the way to fly," said Peter.

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Peter, who was also watching. There was no admiration in her eyes, but a worried, anxious look.

"He flies as if it is no work at all, as if he could fly forever and not be tired. Look at Blacky the Crow flying over there near the Green Forest; he flaps his wings all the time and it looks like work. Flying the way he does doesn't look like fun, but Harrier's flying makes me wish I had wings," replied Peter.

Little Mrs. Peter forgot to be anxious. She chuckled. "You with wings! said she. 'What would you do with those long hindlegs?' "Stretch them out behind the way Longlegs the Heron does his when he flies," replied Peter promptly.

"What about a tail? That bunch of white hair you call a tail may be good to sit on but I don't believe it would be much help in flying," said a squeaky voice. Danny Meadow Mouse had joined Peter and Mrs. Peter. He and Nanny Meadow Mouse were living in the dear Old Briar-patch because there were so many hungry Mouse hunters on the Green Meadows they didn't dare stay out in the grass as they would have loved to do.

Peter grinned good-naturedly. "You haven't a tail to brag about yourself," said he. It was so. Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse belong to the short-tailed branch of the big Mouse family.

"Where is he?" asked another squeaky voice. Nanny had crept up beside Peter and Mrs. Peter. Of course she meant Harrier.

"He is way over by the Smiling Pool," said Peter. He was sitting up that he might see better. Danny and Nanny are so small that when the grass is just a few inches high they can see little but the sky above them. Going along one of their little paths through the grass is to them very much what walking along the Crooked Little Path through the Green Forest would be to you or me.

"I hope he stays over there," declared Mrs. Peter.

"So do we!" squeaked Danny and Nanny together.

"He won't. In fact he is coming back this way now. He must have caught a Frog or something," said Peter.

"Why do you think he has caught anything?" asked Mrs. Peter. The worried look was back in her eyes. When she was sure no one was watching her she would give a hasty look toward a certain place out in the grass not far from the dear Old Briar-patch as if she had a secret there. She had. Not

even Peter knew it. It was covered with a little blanket of dry grass and fur. It was a very precious secret. Every time that big, low-flying Hawk passed near it her heart seemed to jump right up in her throat.

"I know he got something. I can tell by the way he flies. He isn't flying low, hunting, now. He is climbing high and is flying toward his home! Hear that? What did I tell you?" cried Peter.

Harrier was high now, well over toward the place where in their nest on the ground Mrs. Harrier was sitting on four eggs.

"Come and get it! Come and get it!" screamed Harrier.

Mrs. Harrier left the nest and flew up as if to meet him. When she was well up in the air Harrier flew over her and dropped something he was carrying. Mrs. Harrier turned almost upside down and caught it in her claws. Then she flew back home while Harrier went back to the Smiling Pool to see if he could catch a Frog for himself.

"You never bring me anything to eat," said Mrs. Peter. Peter said nothing.

The next story: "Turn and Turn About."

Contract Bridge
By Josephine Culbertson

GRAND LARCENY

South perpetrated quite a "steal" on his opponents in today's deal:

North, dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

♠ 64
 ♥ A J 8 5 2
 ♦ J 3
 ♣ 10 7 6 3

♠ K Q J 8
 ♥ 7 3 2
 ♦ A 10 7
 ♣ 6 4

♠ 10 5
 ♥ 9 8 6 4
 ♦ K 9 8 2
 ♣ 9 8 4

♠ A 9
 ♥ K 10 7
 ♦ Q 5
 ♣ A K Q J 8 5

The bidding:
 North East South West
 Pass Pass 2NT 4♣
 Dbl Pass 4NT Pass
 Pass Pass

As may be seen at a glance, a diamond opening by West would have brought him five tricks immediately but taking no warning from the bidding he had heard, West preferred to lay down the spade king. South won and ran off six club tricks, discarding a spade and a diamond from the dummy, then cashed the heart king. The fall of West's singleton queen made dummy's entire suit good, and South ended up with twelve tricks. It is quite true that North South could have made five clubs—or even six clubs, without a diamond opening—but it is equally true that East-West could have done even better than this, having a laydown for either five spades or five diamonds. Hence, it was not merely West's opening lead against the four-notrump contract that deserved criticism. West should have had little trouble in sensing that South's bidding was based on a long, solid club suit, and despite North's double of four spades, West should have risked a five-diamond overall. The fact that South had refused to accept his partner's double of four spades—which had been made because North didn't know what other action to take—proved that South's defensive potentialities did not appeal to him, and this point further confirmed the probability that South had made an unorthodox two-notrump bid, counting on a long club suit to see him through.

Beauty Parlor Offers Butter As Premium

MONTREAL, April 2 — (AP) — Butter, offered as a premium for purchases, reared its head in the beauty parlor trade today and the Joint Committee for Lady Hair-dressers promptly announced it would take action against the beauty parlor offering a pound of the scarce commodity to each customer.

The committee, without naming the beauty parlor or stating what

action would be taken, said the offering of premiums to entice trade was a violation of the organization's rules.

Previously butter had been offered here as a premium by a drug store and a jewelry firm.

WHY NOT TYPE IT?

SYDNEY, Australia — (CP) — There's a limit to what even a university professor can bear. A third-year law student here received this letter: Dear Sir: I have to inform you that Professor Stone cannot read your handwriting and it will be necessary for you to dictate your paper to a member of the staff.

YOU CAN DEPEND ON CHRYCO POWER-LINE BATTERIES

CHRYCO

Give your car instant, constant power... even under the toughest conditions with Chryco Power-Line Batteries. They're full of pep when you get them... sturdy and long-lasting.

GUARANTEED DEPENDABLE BY CHRYSLER ENGINEERS

ENGINEERED AND MANUFACTURED BY CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA LIMITED PARTS DIVISION WINDSOR, ONTARIO

THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!

A MR. WHETLIP CALLED MR. WORMWOOD! SAID TO TELL YOU HE WOULDN'T BE ABLE TO KEEP THAT LUNCH APPOINTMENT TOMORROW!

WHY THAT GAWD! INCONSIDERATE! LOUSE! WHY COULDN'T HE LET ME KNOW SOONER? WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS, STANDING ME UP THE LAST MINUTE?

GIVE WORMWOOD ANYTHING LESS THAN TWO WEEKS NOTICE AND BOY! DOES HE BURN!

BUT SPRINGING THOSE PLEASANT LITTLE LAST-MINUTE SURPRISES ON WIFEY—WELL, THAT'S DIFFERENT!

THANKS TO MRS. GRACE MATRINS, DETROIT 19, MICH.

RIP KIRBY

ON THE "YACHT" LOBBED IN TUNIS HARBOR!

SHAWN IS SO DEVOTED TO MR. MOORE, DEREK...

IT'S A SHAME THEY MUST SEPARATE!

MUST THEY, DEREK? EVER SINCE SHAWN'S BEEN OBSERVED BY ME, I'VE SUCH A FEELING OF ORSAD!

WHY CAN'T WE TAKE MR. MOORE TO PARIS WITH US? HIS LOVE FOR SHAWN... HIS GREAT PHYSICAL STRENGTH...

NONSENSE, MY DEAR! THE CHILD NEEDS A NURSE... NOT A BODYGUARD!

YOUR FEARS ARE UNFOUNDED, ELLEN! WE'RE PERFECTLY SAFE! NO ONE IS GOING TO TAKE THE BOY FROM US! COME, MY SWEET... SMILE FOR ME! I'M HAPPY!

I... I'LL TRY, DEREK...

JOE PALOOKA

MISS FOWLER, COME RIGHT IN...

HULLO, JUDY HONEY... HOW YA BEEN?

YOU OUGHT TO KNOW! I WAS BADLY HURT BY YOUR BEATINGS!

WHY, JUDY... YOU KNOW THAT AN' TRUE, LITTLE FRAGS GET REALS AN' MAKE CRACKS WHICH THEY'RE SORRY FER... YA KNOW I STILL LOVE YA...

YOU KILLED LUNGY!!

YA RAT...

DOTTY DRIPPLE

WE HAVE TO DO THE DISHES NOW, HORACE—DO YOU WANT TO WASH OR DRY?

I'LL DRY!

BRINGING UP FATHER

FOR GODNESS' SAKE—MOTHER! STOP WORRYING ABOUT "TIP" BECAUSE THE "SKYWRITER" HE'S BEEN PAID FOR IT!

YEH! FOR ONCE HE'S GONNA BRING HOME THE BACON!!

MAGG... COME OUT HERE HERE COMES YOUR BROTHER!!

WHAT IN THE WORLD HAS HE THERE? IT LOOKS AS IF HE'S NO LONGER A SKYWRITER!!

HE'S NOT ONLY BRINGING HOME BACON—HE'S GOT GOODEN—BEEF—CANNED GOODEN—HOT DOGS—AND HEAVEN ONLY KNOWS WHAT ELSE!!

HENRY

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS

HOW MANY LOAVES DID YOU GET???

EIGHT! CUZ YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

AN' I ORDERED MORE ICE CREAM, TOO!

WHAT!!

HOW MANY PEOPLE ARE COMIN' ANYHOW? WE CAN TAKE BACK WHAT WE DON'T USE, I HOPE! ANYWAY, IT'S YOUR FOLKS' PARTY!

NOW BOTH OF YOU CLEAR OUT AN' DON'T DARE COME BACK TILL TH' PARTY'S OVER!!! THAT'S ORDERS!!!

FILLIE THE TOILER

MR. WOLVERSTON, I'LL NEVER MARRY A PLAY-BOY!

OKAY

SHUCKS AND COMPANY? THIS IS WILLIE WOLVERSTON. I WANT A JOB. I'LL WORK FOR NOTHING.

MISS JONES, IT ISN'T FAIR TO EXPECT THE IMPOSSIBLE OF ME!

PENNY

WAIT, PENNY, DON'T WALK UNDER THE LADDER. WHY NOT, MYRTLE?

OH, FIF!

I'M NOT AFRAID OF THAT SILLY OLD SUPERSTITION.

YOU'RE NOT?

BUT OF COURSE NOT. I JUST KEEP MY FINGERS CROSSED!

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTFD

LET'S TAKE THE SIDE TRAIL TO JACKKNIFE CABIN, ROSIE.

WE'RE IN FOR A TORRENTIAL SPRING RAIN!

BESIDES KEEPING DRY IT'LL BE GOOD TO HEAR THE OLD FELLOW TELL ABOUT HIS KNIFE THROWING DAYS WITH THE CIRCUS.

BUT DADDY, JACKKNIFE CABIN'S ALL THE LAND AROUND US—

HOPPE I WON'T GELLY IF THAT OLD GOAT THINKS HE KIN FORCE JACKKNIFE T'SELL HE'S SO CRAZY... I LIKE THIS PLACE!

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