



Fearing Russian blitzkrieg, the Swedish general staff has asked for large military appropriations. It was announced Tuesday. This headgear is worn by peace-loving Swedes.

ALBANY VILLAGE W. L.

The regular meeting of Jubilee Women's Institute was held at the home of Mrs. Sterling McKay on March 2nd. Eleven members and three visitors answered the roll call, with an Irish joke. The meeting opened with the collect for Club Women. It was decided to send five dollars to the Matthews Fund in Alberton, and ten dollars to the Appeal for Children Fund. Two sympathy cards were sent by each member raising funds for the Institute in March, minimum \$1.00. One new member was welcomed at this meeting.

In U.S.A. a paper was read by Mrs. Niles pertaining to the farm home competition. A committee was appointed to study same. Mrs. McCormac and Mrs. Green reported making several calls and treats were taken to two shut-ins. A contest put on by Mrs. Niles was won by Mrs. W. P. Cameron. A dainty lunch was served by the hostess. Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Wilfred McCormac. Roll call to be answered by each member raising funds for the Institute in March, minimum \$1.00. One new member was welcomed at this meeting.

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford MacBride



WHY CERTAINLY NAPOLEON AND I WOULD LIKE TO SPEND A WEEK ON YOUR FARM.



THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!

By Fagaly and Shorten



THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST THOSE CIGARETTE GRUBBERS - BUT THERE OUGHTA BE!

RIP KIRBY



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

A SURPRISE MEETING

Who is there who will dare to say There are no miracles today? - Old Mother Nature.

In one part of the Green Forest Thunder the Ruffed Grouse was thunder-drumming with his stout wings. In another part of the Green Forest sounded the sharp rala-tat-tat of another drummer's tribute to the coming of spring. It was Drummer the Woodpecker drumming with his stout bill on a dead limb. Peter Rabbit listened to both and wished that he also could drum just to let others know how glad he was that Mistress Spring had once more returned. But of course he couldn't. It was a puzzle to him how those others, one with only wings, and the other with only a bill, could make such far-reaching sounds.

"I wish I could make a loud noise like that," said he a bit wistfully talking to himself. Then as a thought popped into his head he chuckled. "If everybody could drum like that and did, what a noise there would be! May be it is just as well most folks can't drum."

One of the nicest things about spring is the return of many old friends from the sunny South where they have spent the winter in warmth and comfort, and the awakening of others who have slept through the cold weather and known nothing about it. Peter never has been quite sure which he would rather do if he had his choice, fly away from the cold or sleep through it. Such long journeys as so many of his feathered friends make must be tiresome and with very many dangers. Those of his acquaintances who sleep through the winter are never tired and never frightened. So Peter never has decided which he would choose, but is inclined to think he prefers his own way of living to either of the others. As Peter sees it, those who make long journeys run too many risks, and those who sleep all winter miss too much.

Something moved on the edge of a big stump. Anyway he thought he saw something move. Perhaps a bit of leaf had caught there and had fluttered in the wind. He stopped to look more closely. There is, was again, Peter made three hops nearer.

Now Peter could see what moved. It was a pair of small wings. They had been lifted a little and dropped back in place. Peter saw their owner clearly now. It was one of the Wasp cousins. "You are the last person in the world I expected to see so soon. When did you get back?"

"When did I get back from where?" asked Cousin Pittwing. She asked it a bit testily and she kept flitting her wings. It is a habit of hers. It is why she is called Pittwing. "Why from wherever you spent the winter. I hope it was a pleasant one," replied Peter. "I haven't been away. I don't know what kind of a winter it was. What is more, I don't care. It was nothing to me one way or the other," said Cousin Pittwing. She stalked a few steps on the old stump, partly opening and closing her wings with a quick flitting sort of movement.

"If you haven't been away where have you been?" I haven't seen you anywhere around and I'm sure I would have if you had been



"Do you mean you slept all winter?" he asked.

"I've been right here all the time. I haven't been away from this old stump since I found it and decided it was what I wanted for a cold-weather home. And so it was. I couldn't ask a cozier, better place to sleep," replied Cousin Pittwing.

Peter's eyes were open their very widest as he stared at the Wasp with the flitting wings. "Do you mean you slept all winter?" he asked.

"I don't know how long all wintered was. I went to sleep before the weather got uncomfortably cold. I was careful to do that. Now I am awake, but I am afraid I may have wakened a little too soon. Whether I was asleep a short time or a long time I don't know. What is more I don't care," declared the Wasp a bit impatiently.

"But-but" began Peter, then paused and looked very hard at Cousin Pittwing. "Do you expect me to believe that you spent the winter up on that old stump without freezing to death?" he demanded severely.

"It doesn't matter to me what you believe or don't believe. I went to sleep on this old stump and I woke up on it," said Cousin Pittwing testily.

"Better not say you don't believe it, for she did so," squeaked another voice.

The next story: "The Old Stump Bedroom."

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

NEVER SAY DIE! The grand-slam contract in today's deal was hopeless on the face of things, but it would have repaid the declarer munificently to "keep on plugging!"

North dealer. Both sides vulnerable: AK94, 32, AK93, J98, 106, 1076, 54, QJ10, 83, N, W, E, S, 53, KQJ, AKQ107642

The bidding: North East South West 1 4 Pass Pass Pass Pass

Needless to say North-South were guilty of the supreme bridge crime in bidding a grand slam, missing a vital ace. This was no doubt due to their agreement to dispense with ace-showing conventions. South jumped from one spade to six clubs because he was sure he would have an excellent play for that contract; and North carried on to the grand slam because he had so much better than a minimum opening bid, and a good fit for clubs in view of South's terrific leap. Everything considered, it was really North who was responsible for the bad contract because he should have allowed for "duplication of values."

However, North-South would have come out with a huge profit for their error if South, the declarer had exhibited more nerve and ingenuity. West, unluckily for himself guessed to open a diamond rather than a heart. (Who can blame him?) Declarer put up the ace from dummy, observed mournfully that he could not discard three hearts on two diamonds, and conceded that he was down one.

It is true that three hearts could not have been legally discarded on dummy's ace king of diamonds, but it is also true that if declarer had discarded two hearts and then run every one of his eight clubs, East would have been squeezed, and would have had to let go either the heart ace, establishing the king, or his side's only spade stopper!

By Alex Raymond

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTFID



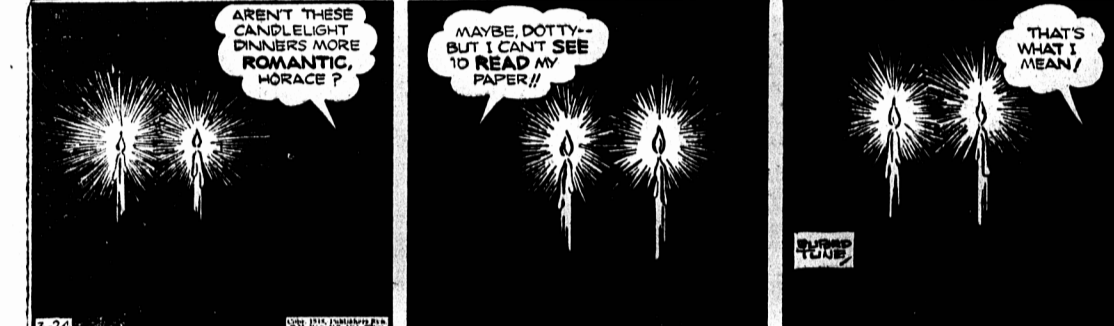
By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA



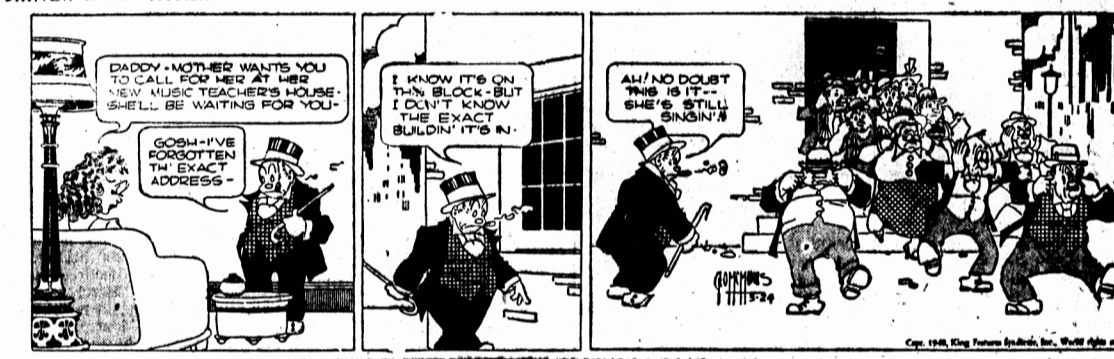
By Buford

DUTY DRIPPLE



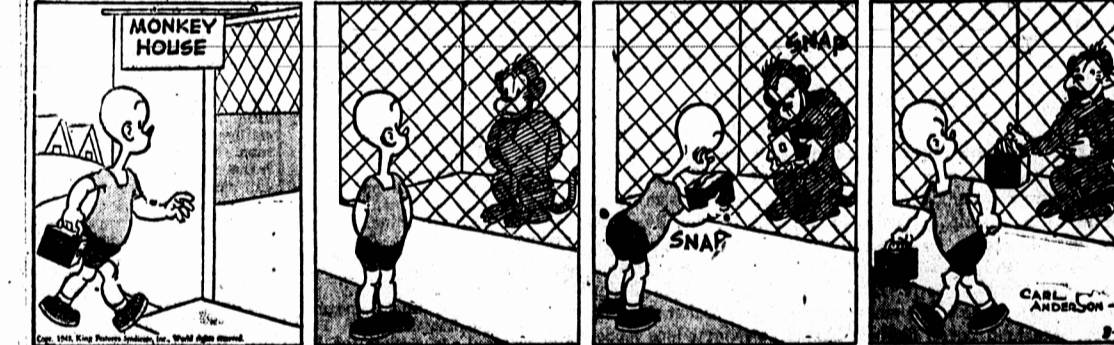
By George McManis

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Carl Anderson

HENRY



By Edwin

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBS



By Webster

TILLIE THE TOILER



By Harry Hoeningman

PENNY

