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314 HIGHFIELD STREET, MONCTON, N.B.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

HOW IT WAS DONE

Who listens not will hear no ill  
Of self or others' gossip spill.  
—Old Mother Nature.

Peter Rabbit sat at the edge of the marsh staring down at a mass of dead, broken down rushes. Some lay partly in the water and partly out. Some were on the mud a few inches below the surface. "I'm right here," repeated the small Rall whose first name is Sora. "For goodness sake Peter Rabbit, don't be stupid. You are looking right at me. Don't tell me you don't see me!" The voice seemed to be coming out of those rushes right at his feet.

Peter looked and looked and looked, but he saw nothing but the brown old rushes, with the green new plants standing straight above them, and the water, looking almost black because of the muddy bottom.

"You haven't answered my question about that pesky hawk: has he gone, or is he still hanging around? I can't see around from here," continued that provoking voice at Peter's feet. It was the coming of Harrier the Marsh Hawk that had sent Sora into hiding. "He's gone. He's way off over the Green Meadows hunting for Mice," said Peter.

Then it is safe for me to come out," said Sora.

Peter saw a small movement in the midst of the fallen rushes in the water. A small head with a pair of bright eyes that appeared to twinkle appeared. Out of the water onto the floating old rushes climbed Sora. Peter's eyes looked as if there might be danger that they would pop right out of his head.

"You were under water all the time!" cried Peter accusingly. Then he remembered that birds breathe air. "But you couldn't have been," he added.

"Why not?" asked Sora. "You know why not?" retorted Peter. "You couldn't have stayed under water so long holding your breath, and you couldn't breathe under water. So don't tell me you were under water all that time. 'I was too—mostly'—retorted the little Rall.

"What do you mean—mostly?" demanded Peter. "I was all under but my bill I had that poked out of water under some of this stuff I am standing on now. My bill is yellow and it isn't long, so no one is likely to notice it as long as I keep it still. It was easy. There was nothing to it," explained Sora. "What good did having your bill out of water do?" Peter promptly asked.

"I could breathe just as easily as I breathe now," explained Sora. "Through your bill?" asked Peter. "Through two little holes in it up close to my face just as you breathe through those two little holes in your nose," Sora explained. Of course he meant nostrils.

Peter thought this over. He was beginning to understand. Of course with nostrils above water there would be no trouble in breathing. Peter had done some swimming, a very, very little, for he doesn't like the water. He remembered that as long as he kept his nose above water he had no trouble in breathing. But one other thing



"You were under water all the time!" cried Peter accusingly

bothered Peter.

"Look!" said he. "How do you do it? How do you manage to stay all under but just your bill? How can you keep still right in one place, deep enough but not too deep? What keeps you from sinking or bobbing up on the water?"

"Cuck, cuck, cuck! What a lot of questions! I use these of course. That is where these long toes and claws come in handy," replied Sora, holding up a foot. Peter shook his head. What had Sora's feet to do with it? It didn't make sense to Peter and he said so. "I hold on to stuff in the water with them," explained Sora. "Here I'll show you." He came over to where Peter sat. He walked into the water. It was up to his body. It was over his back. It was over his head. With his long toes he got hold of a dead plant under water and held tight. Then he tipped his head back and pushed his bill out of water close to a reed growing there.

The next story: "Making Sure."

Contract Bridge  
By Josephine Oulbertson

The Perfect Defense

An unusual application of the "suit-preference signal" brought East-West the ultimate number of points against the slam contract in today's deal.

South dealer. North-South vulnerable.

♠ K 8 6 4 3	♥ A 8 7 5
♦ Q 6 2	♣ A 7

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1♠	1♥	2♠	2♥
3♠	Pass	4♠	Pass

Although South paid a high price for his aggressiveness in jumping directly to the little slam, his bid was really, not that bad. Discussing it later, he said that he had considered bidding three hearts, a cue bid of the opponents' suit, to discover whether North had "duplication" of South's void, but he went on to say that he had rejected the idea because he was sure the non-vulnerable opponents would then sacrifice against the six-club contract that would probably be reached in any case. By leaping, South said, he hoped that he would buy the contract, for which, in view of North's free spade bid, there figured to be a good play.

Whatever one thinks of this reasoning, it is only fair to concede that South's punishment was out of proportion to his crime. West opened his singleton spade. East won and carefully selected the spade deuce for his return. West ruffed, and he then almost had a diamond out of his hand for the next lead when he stopped to consider.

Why had East returned the spade deuce? Normally, this lead of the lowest card would ask West to return the lower outside suit, which, between hearts and diamonds, would clearly ask for a diamond. But in this case East knew that West would not return a heart, in the face of dummy's ace, so perhaps his lead of the spade deuce had a more subtle meaning. West decided that it did have and he led a trump! East won, and the spade return gave West another ruff.

Observe that a diamond or a heart led by West would have let South discard his last spade on the heart ace.

By Alex Raymond

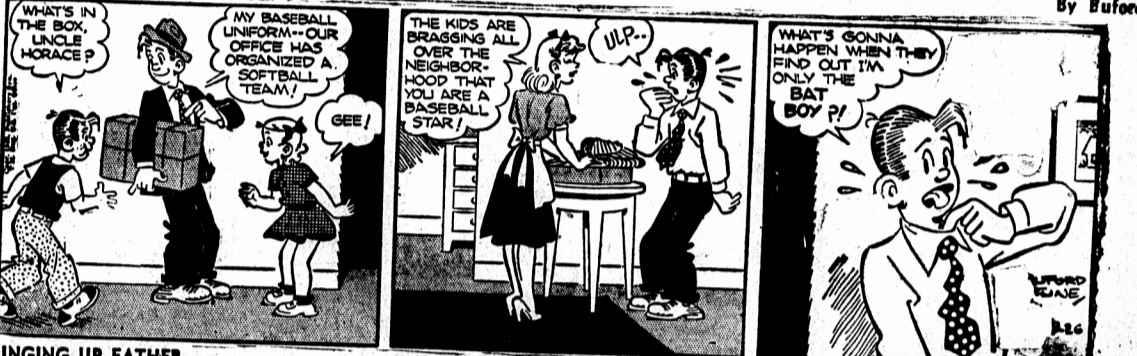
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTPD



By Zane Grey



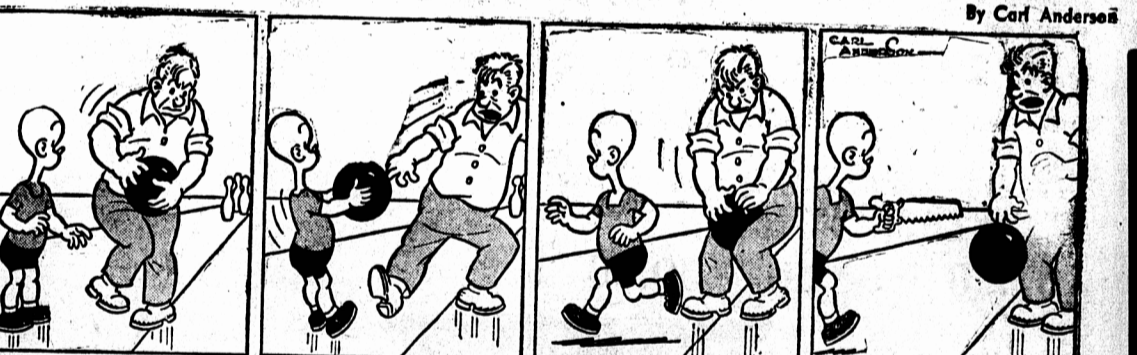
By Ham Fish



By Buford



By George McManus



By Carl Anderson



By Loewin

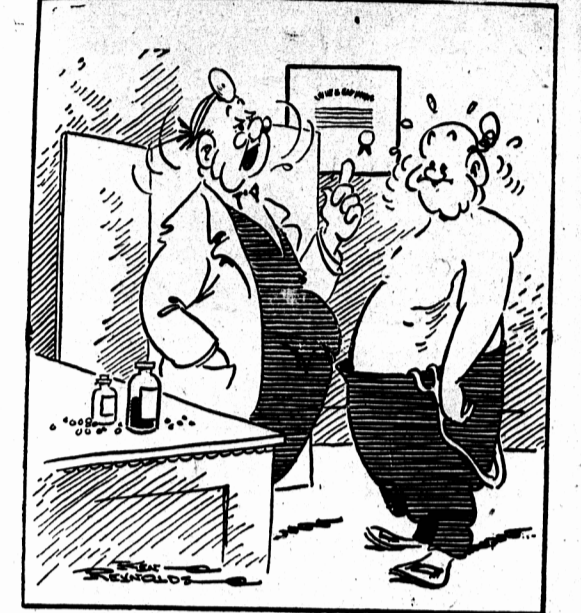


By Webster



By Harry Hoeningen

By Ken Reynolds



"—in the language of the layman, you're dead. I only hope you have bought life insurance from one of those agencies that uses the Guardian Want Ads!"

LONDON—(OP)—In an effort to improve output of Britain's hens, which are laying 20 eggs less yearly than in 1937, the Agriculture Ministry has proposed a classification system to guide poultry buyers.

TREHAFOD, South Wales—(OP)—Mining history was made when the manager down to the newest pitboy at the Lewis Marthy colliery took the place of pre-nationalization shareholders and discussed output and conditions.

Napoleon and Uncle Elby  
By Clifford MacBride



THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW!

By Fagaly and Shorten



RIP KIRBY



By Alex Raymond