



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE RESCUERS

Courage is a gift to prize
It has naught to do with size
—Old Mother Nature.

This is true. Size has nothing to do with courage. We think of the big and strong as being brave, but often the small and weak are many times as brave. There is no way of measuring courage.

Chatterer the Red Squirrel dearly loves to quarrel. He is a born fighter; he loves to fight. He often goes about looking for trouble. He does not hesitate to pick a fight with his big cousin Happy Jack, the Gray Squirrel. Although he is much smaller than Happy Jack, Chatterer usually wins the fight.

All this morning he had been going about looking for trouble. He had fed out of sorts when he awoke. He had been feeling out of sorts ever since. Now he was taking out his bad temper on an innocent small Rabbit who had strayed over to the edge of the Green Forest. It was Wee Bunny, one of Peter Rabbit's children, who was starting out in the Great World for himself. He was a little bigger than

Chatterer, but he was hardly more than a baby. He knew nothing about fighting. He couldn't have put up much of a fight anyway, for his teeth were not yet big enough, or sharp enough, for him to do much harm with them. Nor could he kick much of a blow with his little hind feet as can his father with those long hind legs of his. He really was quite helpless, and Chatterer knew it.

Wee Bunny screamed as he felt Chatterer's sharp teeth tearing at him. They hurt. They hurt dreadfully, and the little Rabbit's fright was as great as the pain. He screamed each time that Chatterer bit. Chatterer didn't stop. I suspect he meant to kill Wee Bunny, and he could do it. He could do it easily, and he knew it.

Now not far away Kitty the Catbird and Mrs. Kitty were busily hunting for worms and bugs. They heard Wee Bunny's first scream. They stopped what they were doing, and listened. They looked at each other as they heard the second scream. Then, without a word, they lighted in a bush near by. "It's Chatterer hurting some one," cried Kitty. "Who is he fighting with



For the moment he left go of Wee Bunny

now?"

"He isn't fighting with anybody!" cried Mrs. Kitty. "He's trying to kill a poor little Rabbit. He's a coward. That little Rabbit can't fight back, and he knows it. The poor little thing! I wonder if it is one of Peter Rabbit's babies."

Kitty made no reply. He suddenly took to his wings and darted straight at Chatterer. Chatterer didn't see him coming. He didn't know that he had dug up any sort of call, but at the same time I couldn't figure out just how high I could afford to go. It seemed to me that North must have an eight or nine-card suit for his opening, and he might have an outside king, so I jumped all the way to seven notrump. West doubled and I in turn redoubled, but I went down a trick. (West opened his singleton club.) Was my bid wrong? After all, every finesse was wrong."

The two Catbirds were too quick for Chatterer to get hold of. He did manage to get a few feathers, but that is all. They didn't once really feel his teeth or his claws. On the other hand, their sharp bills hit him blow after blow. They made him ache all over. Meanwhile Wee Bunny was dragging himself back to that hollow log. His coat was badly torn. So was one ear. He limped. He felt very, very badly indeed. All he could think of was getting to that hollow log and crawling into it.

Chatterer's tongue was still now. All he thought of now was dodging those sharp bills and getting away. Kitty and Mrs. Kitty were making all the noise now, screaming at the tops of their voices as they told Chatterer what they thought of him. Other birds began to hurry to see what was going on, and some of them joined Kitty and Mrs. Kitty in darting at Chatterer. They kept him dodging this way and that around the trunk of a tree, and when at last he got a chance to race off through the treetops, they chased him almost all the way home.

The Great World is a dreadful place," whimpered Wee Bunny as he tried to lick his wounds.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

NO CAUSE FOR ARGUMENT

"Dear Mrs. Clubertson: The hand below caused a tremendous ruckus in a game of rubber bridge, and the various participants are still arguing over the proper bidding.

North dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

4	976
J6	52
Q5	854
AQJ98753	43
KJ83	N
K1073	W
K1095	E
6	S
AQ10	4
AQ92	3
AJ62	2
K10	1

"I was South, and my partner opened the festivities by bidding four clubs! Needless to say, when I took a second look at my power-up any sort of call, but at the same time I couldn't figure out just how high I could afford to go. It seemed to me that North must have an eight or nine-card suit for his opening, and he might have an outside king, so I jumped all the way to seven notrump. West doubled and I in turn redoubled, but I went down a trick. (West opened his singleton club.) Was my bid wrong? After all, every finesse was wrong."

Six notrump would have been a sounder venture but South will be shocked and chagrined to learn that he could have made the grand slam and scored 3130 points instead of paying out 400.

With West doubling, the presumption was that finesses would fall, and so South should have laid down the heart and diamond aces immediately after winning the first club trick. He should then run the clubs, until, with one club left in dummy, the situation would be: Dummy holds the spade four, the heart jack, the diamond queen, and one club. East might as well leave the table. South keeps his original three spades and a red card. West will be down to the spade king-jack, the heart king and the diamond king.

Now dummy cashes the last club and South discards his red card — but what can West discard? Nothing! If he gives up either red king, dummy can cash the corresponding card, and West is then squeezed again; whereas if West chooses to blank his king of spades, South leads directly to the ace and takes the last two tricks with the queen and ten.

KATMANDU, Nepal, Oct. 3 — (AP)—Members of a Swiss mountain-climbing team said recently they will begin their second assault on Mt. Everest on Oct. 6th. They reached within 800 yards of the world's tallest peak on their first attempt last spring.



CHARLOTTETOWN SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Raymond Player, M.A. Mus. Bac., Director announces the appointment of **ROBERT A. CROOKS** A. Mus., (McGill), R.M.T. As an associate teacher of piano The school is now equipped to handle students of all grades in **Piano — Voice — Organ — Theory** Classes for adult beginners in oil painting will also be opened under the direction of **MRS. RAYMOND PLAYER** Telephones:—Studio 3173; Residence: Mr. Crooks 435; Mr. Player 3158.

BLUE PETER STEAMSHIPS LTD. M. V. BLUE PRINCE

Next sailing of M.V. BLUE PRINCE from Charlottetown will be on Monday, October 6th, direct to St. John's, Newfoundland. For space reservations and rates, apply **NEWFOUNDLAND SHIPPING SERVICE P.O. BOX 65, PHONE 1605**

JOE PALCOKA



LIL' ABNER



RIP KIRBY



KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



By Ham Fisher



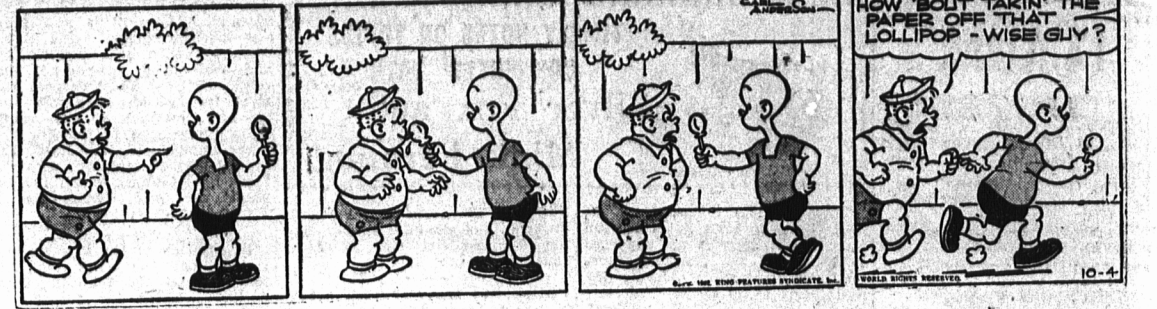
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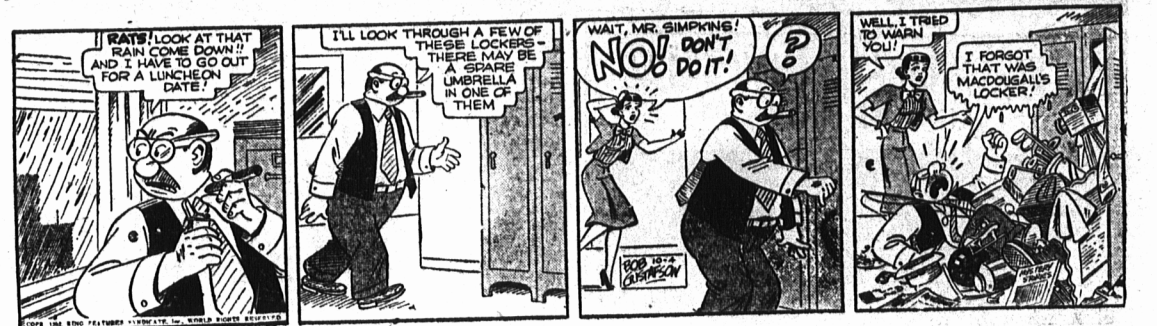
By Alex Raymond



HENRY



TILLY THE TOILER



BRINGING UP FATHER



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



DOTTY DRIPPLE



POGO



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



PENNY



By Carl Anderson

By Bob Gustafson

By George McManus

By Edwin

By Rutherford

By Walt Kelly

By Clifford McBride

By Harry Hoanigsen