

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

A TRULY DREADFUL THING
There's nothing in the world more sad than thinking mischief always bad.

—Old Mother Nature.
Old Mother Nature is right about that. Yes, sir, Old Mother Nature is very right about that. There are many kinds of mischief, and not all of them are bad by any means. Some small folks are born mischievous. It isn't really their fault at all that they get in mischief. They do not do it knowingly. They do it thoughtlessly because they are not old enough really to think and to know wrong from right. They are not responsible for the way they are born.



Over in the Green Forest lived the Imps. They were black and some of the neighbors said that they were black inside as they were outside. Of course this wasn't so at all. They were just born that way, full of mischief, and they couldn't help it. They just HAD to do things. You know who the black Imps were, and you know more than Buster Bear did. Those two little cubs were Buster's own children, and he didn't know it. Wasn't that a dreadful state of affairs?
Right now Buster stood looking up in a big pine tree in which those little Imps were having a high time. Mother Bear had sent them up in that tree before she went off to hunt for breakfast. She had sent them up there and told them to stay there until her return. Now small bears are just like small boys: they can keep still so long and so long. The Imps had kept still just as long as they could. Now they were chasing each other about up in that tree, climbing from branch to branch, daring each other to see who would go out farthest on a branch. Great big Buster Bear stood up on his hind legs. From a little distance he looked like a big black stump that a fire had burned over. He stood up in that tree. He might see better up in that tree. The cubs did not yet see him. They were too busy playing to use their eyes for anything but what they were doing.

For his size Buster Bear has small eyes. Now as he looked up in that tree those small eyes gleamed hungrily. Yes, sir, that is what they did. He didn't know those Imps were his own children. To him they were not only Imps, but a possible dinner. Does that sound dreadful? Of course it does. It was terrible. There he stood looking up at his own children hungrily, but not with love hunger; as most fathers look at their children. No, sir, it was not love hunger; it was wondering if he could catch one of those lively Imps. You know Buster is a very good climber. Perhaps he couldn't catch both of them, but one of them would make a very good meal. He licked his lips.
Then Buster turned his head this way and turned it that way, looking among the trees on all sides. There was just a bit of an anxious look in those small piggy eyes of his. Big as he is there was then just the same anxious look as a small boy planning mischief, and fearful that he may be caught at it. Buster didn't want to be caught up in that tree by Mother Bear should she return. No, sir, he didn't want to be caught up in that tree. So he looked carefully all about. He sniffed the Merry Little Breezes that were dancing all around, and might bring him scent of Mother Bear if she were near. He has good ears, has Buster. They were not big ears, but they are good ears. He used them now as good ears are supposed to be used. He heard nothing to lead him to suspect Mother Bear was near.
All this time he had been standing like a big tall black stump on all fours. He didn't look like a stump now. He looked like just what he was, a big, dangerous Bear; not a father at all. He

started straight for that big tree. Now Buster Bear wasn't altogether to be blamed. There was a very good reason why he didn't know his own children. This was the first time he had ever seen them, and there was no one around to tell him they were his. So perhaps it wasn't so dreadful as it seemed that he should be looking at them hungrily and licking his lips. But so it was. Those Imps up in that tree had discovered him and now they were very still. They were two frightened little cubs. They didn't know why they were so frightened, but somehow they seemed to know that now they were in more danger than they had ever been before in their short lives. Buster didn't know they were his own children, and they didn't know he was their father. But they did know that they were in very great danger. It was a truly dreadful thing that those two lively little black Imps were to their own father simply an extra good dinner. But so it was.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

END-PLAY DRILL

There was nothing remarkable in the declarer's play of the following deal, but non-experts might use the case as a "drill" in end-plays.

East-Dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

♠ Q 10 6 3
♥ Q 8 8 4
♦ Q 5 2
♣ A 8

♠ 8 5 2
♥ 6
♦ 10 8 7 3
♣ J 6 5

♠ A K J 7
♥ 7 4
♦ K J 6
♣ Q 10 7

The bidding:
East South West North
1 ♠ Double Pass 1 N T
2 ♠ 4 ♥ Pass 5 ♥
Pass 6 ♥ Pass Pass
Pass

North's one-notrump response to South's takeout double showed a fair hand—which North of course had—and South tried to indicate slam possibilities by making a jump bid at his next turn. North co-operated, and the slam at hearts was duly reached.

As it happened, West could have delivered a crushing blow by opening a diamond, but he could not be blamed for opening his partner's rebid suit.

South ruffed the first trick, and it did not take him long to plan the play. The adverse bidding had virtually located the key diamond king in East's hand, and that one fact, coupled with the known position of the spade honors, was all the expert declarer needed to know.

South led a trump to dummy's eight and ruffed another spade, then cashed the top clubs and

CLOSED all day WEDNESDAY

The following Charlottetown Optometrists will be closed all day Wednesday during the months of June, July, August and September:—

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B. J. GRANT
J. S. TAYLOR
G. F. HUTCHESON & SON

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning! **Carter's Little Liver Pills** to get those 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills, 35¢ at any drugstore.

APPRECIATION

The Kinsmen Club of Charlottetown wish to sincerely thank all those who in any way contributed to the success of their Annual Spring Carnival held at the Forum May 31, June 1 and 2.

IVAN SINCLAIR, President,
Charlottetown Kinsmen Club.

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. House (Sp.)
5. Hebrew month
9. Of the poles
10. More infrequent
12. Single
13. Coating on copper
14. Whether
15. Inhabitant of the bush (Austr.)
16. Empire
19. A reddish-brown
20. Sounded, as a bell
24. Beginning
25. A genus of moths
26. Let it stand (print.)
27. Suggested
28. Edged
30. Put into motion
33. Behold!
35. Sheds, as feathers (var.)
36. Moved rapidly
38. Meander
39. Appearing, as if eaten
40. Arms of the sea
41. Smears, as paint

DOWN
1. Face
2. Entire amount
3. Spear

DEFOY HUMAN
ORBIT ALMOA
OISE OF DAY
MEASURED
SILENTLY
AUG AS DOPE
DOLL ABER
AGLA AL GEE
GENTLY
PAID BY DEBY
ABUSE GREEN
TADOR MARKS

Yesterday's Answer:
34. To be in debt
36. Friar's title
37. A tennis stroke
39. Man's nickname

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

A X Y D L B A A X E
is L O N G F E L L O W

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation
V S Y D G L R L S M C N L S L T S D C L H W S T
H R D J , C N L T L L Z , Y W O L H C V K , H D R L Y S
D G M W S H X R D J — Z D Z I ,

Yesterday's Cryptogram: HERE WILL BE AN OLD ABUSING OF GOD'S PATIENCE, AND THE KING'S ENGLISH—SHAKE-SPEARE

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

THE MURDERER SEEMS TO HAVE VANISHED!
HMM! I ALMOST FORGOT ABOUT THE OLD DEAN.
WHAT BECAME OF HIM? IS HE THE KILLER, OR HAVE JET LAB THEIVES SILENCED HIM TOO?
WELL—WELL, WHAT'S THIS? THE OLD DEAN, WHO IS BEYOND SUSPICION, IS DECODING THE LATEST MYSTERIOUS WINE BOTTLE?

By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA

I SAID CAN YA SUGGEST SOME LAUNDRY SOAP. UH, I THINK MY MAID NEEDS SOME...
WHY OF COURSE... I'D REALLY RECOMMEND 'URGENT' BUT OF COURSE FARRELL'S BEST'S VERY GOOD TOO. CLEANS BEAUTIFULLY AND IS GOOD FOR SCRUBBING FLOORS...
THEN THERE'S WARONEYS... UH, HOW'S THAT? SCRUBBER'S SCRUB SOAP... YA GOT IT ADVERTISED ALL OVER TH' JOINT...
CONFIDENTIALLY, WE WERE TOLD TO GET RID OF IT'S AWFUL... WE HAVEN'T SOLD A BAR OF IT IN MONTHS...
UH... GIMME A DOZEN... UH... I'M SURE THAT'S TH' ONE YA MAID SAID SHE WANTS... SEEMS UH FUNNY DON'T IT... UH...

Special Bilgewater's Scrub Soap 2 for 19¢

HENRY

SEE
SEE HOW YOU WOULD LOOK ON TELEVISION! ONEY 1 SENT
SEE HOW YOU WOULD LOOK ON TELEVISION! ONEY 1 SENT

By Carl Anderson

DOTTY DIPPLE

!?!—IS HE GOING TO KEEP THE BATHROOM ALL DAY?
MM—THESE OLD NEWSPAPERS OUGHT TO DO IT—
HORACE, WOULD YOU LIKE TO READ UP ON THINGS THAT HAPPENED IN THE WORLD SINCE YOU TOOK OVER THE BATHROOM?
HM—I CAN TAKE A HINT!!

By Ruford

TIPPY AND "CAP" STURS

WELL HURRY THEN, AN' FIND IT! I DON'T WANT TO BE ROUND WHEN THOSE CROOKS GET BACK! I'LL BET THEY CAME TO ROB OLE BLIMPLE OF THAT GOLD HE'S GOT HID!
AN' IF THEY FOUND US—
I THOUGHT I LEFT IT HERE—
GEE! THEY'RE COMIN'—I AN' US BACK—LOOKIN' FOR THAT OLE GEOGRAPHY OF YOURS—! QUICK!!
I HAVE NEW ORDERS FOR YOU, BLIMPLE!

By Edwin

BRINGING UP FATHER

LISTEN—JIGGS—YOU JUST HATE TO COME TO MAHAMA'S SHIN-DIG TOMORROW NIGHT. HE ONLY BROKE OUT—HE JAIL JUST TO SEE YOU!
TELL HIM CASSY MAY PAY HIM TH' MONEY HE OWES HIM—THAT'LL BRING HIM!
THERE'S NO USE OF ASKIN' MAGGIE—I'VE GOT TO FIGURE A WAY TO SNEAK OUT—AN' I THINK I'VE GOT A WAY—
I'M NOT AS STEADY AS I USED TO BE WHEN I CARRIED A HOD OF BRICKS UP A SIX-STORY LADDER IN TH' OLD DAYS!
JUST PRACTICE! HOW TO GET OUT TOMORROW NIGHT!
WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE YOU TRYIN' TO DO—JIGGS?

By George McManus

TILLY THE TOILER

IT WAS STUPID OF WHIRLWIND AND MAC TO LET THAT CROOK GET AWAY
I'M SURE HE'S THE ONE WHO STARTED THAT TALK ABOUT OUR STUFFING THE BALLOT BOXES TO WIN THE MODEL CONTEST!
GEEK! NOW HE'S WRITING RUMORS!
LULU HIRES BALLOT-BOX STUFFERS
TILLIE HIRES BALLOT-BOX STUFFERS

By Westover

LIL ABNER

I AM KNOWN AS ABUL, THE UNAPPETIZING IF LONG HAIR AS YOU—AND NOW I'VE DRUEE, I HAVE SAVED! I CAN MAKE A FAST DEAL WITH SAHARA SAM, WOULD YOU—
AH! I'M SORRY LIL ABUL, BUT—
WHO ASKED YOU?
'TIS YOU—OH, VISION OF GRIMY DELIGHT, DESIRE? DO YOU DIZZE ME?
NOT MUCH.
BUT, AH! HARRY MARRY ANYTHING TIGHT OUTA THIS MESS—MAH FEET HURT?
YOU DO LOVE ME? WITH A SONG IN MY HEART? I GO FORTH TO HAGGLE WITH SAHARA SAM?
D-DON'T LEAVE ME, MOONBEAM!

By Al Capp

RIP KIRBY

AREN'T YOU TIRED OF THE STUFF I WANT TO SHOW YOU AROUND.
KNOW WHAT THEY CALL IT? THE KISSING GROTTTO!
NO, NO, JEFF! PLEASE DON'T!
WHAT A ROMANTIC SPOT!
BLISS, JEFF.

By Alex Raymond

PENNY

FATHER, MAY I HAVE A SMALL ADVANCE ON MY ALLOWANCE?
NO, PRINCESS.
YOU ARE SPENDING ENTIRELY TOO MUCH MONEY!
YOU MUST LEARN TO PRACTICE ECONOMY
BUT HOW CAN I LEARN TO PRACTICE ECONOMY—
IF I DON'T HAVE MONEY TO PRACTICE IT WITH?

By Henry Herzog