(By Thornton W. Burgess)

TRAPPED

Trapped! Alone and none to care;
Helpless, hopeless, in despair.
—The Fur Bearer.

Great big Mother Bear was on the roof of the sugar house among the maple trees over in the Green Forest. There was a hole in that roof just big enough for her to put her head through. She knew that down inside were her two little imps of mischief whom she had left up in a tall tree when she went to look for her breakfast. The inside of that sugar house was a sight. It looked as if there might have been a terrible fight in there which had upset everything that could be upset, and knocked down everything that could be knocked down. Did that mean that an enemy had been in there after her precious babies?

Just then there was a cry down inside. It was a cry of pain. Then another small voice began to whimper. Was someone hurting her precious ones? The hair along her shoulders and back of her neck stood on end. She growled. An uglier sounding growl never was heard. Then she began to tear frantically at the edge of that hole trying to make it larger. She hooked her great claws into the edge and began to pull with all her might. She is big and she is very strong. The boards in that roof were old and weak. She ripped a couple up. That hole was big enough for her to get through by squeezing a little. She squeezed. She didn't wait to tear that hole any larger. She squeezed through and dropped down inside. She was ready to tear to pieces whoever was making her darlings cry out with pain. Yes, sir, she was ready to tear to pieces whoever she might find causing those cubs to whimper and cry.

She didn't find anyone doing anything of the kind. Hugging each other, the cubs were curled up on the bunk. Of course they were awake now. They had heard mother tearing that roof open, but they had not known who it was. This had frightened them even more. They were whimpering and crying, partly from fright and partly from pains in their little round tummies which were swelled up like two little balloons. That was because they had eaten too much maple syrup and too much maple sugar.

Mother rushed over to them. She smelled them all over, which is a Mother Bear's way of finding out if anything is wrong with her babies. The two little imps were glad to see their mother and at the same time they were not glad. They had disobeyed her and they knew that they were likely to be punished. Mother Bear is one who believes in punishment when she has been disobeyed. So the two little Bears expected to be spanked and of course that didn't make them feel happy. But they were not happy anyway. Their little tummies were too full of syrup and sugar. Each had a stomach-ache. So they continued to whimper and cry.

Sure that nothing really serious was the matter with them, Mother Bear gave her attention to trying to get them out of there. She prowled all around inside that little house looking for a way out, and not finding one. She couldn't get out through the hole in the roof by which she had entered, because she could not climb up to it. It always is easier, very much easier to get into trouble than to get out of it. They were trapped.

Of all bad feelings the worst bad feeling is that of being trapped. Mother Bear lost her head, as the saying is. People who are trapped often do. She began rushing around inside that house. She slapped a sap pail with one of her big paws and sent it flying across the room. Mother Bear's paws are big and strong and she can hit hard. That pail crashed against the wall and fell back with a great dent in it. She was snarling and growling. Never had the cubs seen mother in such a state before and they whimpered and cried more than ever. Mother knocked the stovepipe down. It came down with a frightful clatter. Soot flew all over the room. It got up the noses of all of them. Mother bumped into the evaporator, which is a sort of a great pan in which the syrup is boiled. Her short temper became shorter still. She blamed the evaporator for the bump. She hit it with her stout paw. It hurt the paw. That made her madder than ever. She shoved and she pulled until the iron evaporator went clattering to the floor.

How were they going to get out of there? That was the question. Tearing around and smashing things as Mother Bear was doing wasn't going to help them any. She had lost her head, which means that she didn't know what she was doing. She was trapped.

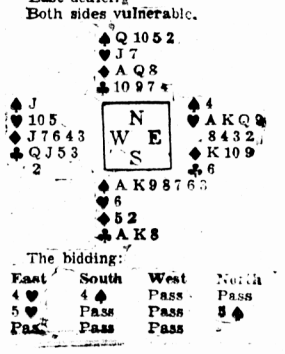
Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

WHAT WOULD YOU DO?

It is to be doubted that more than one player in 500, seated in West's position in the following deal, would be imaginative and alert enough to defeat the opposing contract.

East dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.



The bidding:

East	South	West	North
4 ♥	4 ♠	Pass	Pass
5 ♥	Pass	Pass	5 ♠
Pass	Pass	Pass	

If he had been looking at all the hands, West could have opened with a diamond and in that way assured his side of three tricks — a diamond, a club and a heart, or the equivalent — but West was not that clairvoyant; he made the far safer lead of his heart ten. East won with the queen and continued the suit. Declarer ruffed with the ace of trumps, to provide against any contingency; then he laid down the king of trumps.

Now, hoping to get a drop of a club honor, South cashed the ace-king of that suit, but when East showed out, South had to look in other directions for sustenance. The diamond king might, of course, be on side, but, with East doing all the bidding for his side, that was unlikely, and in any event a far better play was available to South. He led a low diamond toward dummy, hoping to be able to put in the eight and force East into the lead; then any return by East would give South the rest of the tricks. A diamond return to dummy's tenace would let South discard his club; and a heart return by East would also permit the club discard, with dummy ruffing.

All this, however, was dependent on West's cooperation, and West was not a "kind" player! When South led the diamond toward the board, West did not automatically toss on a low card—he gave due thought to the situation and then very deliberately put up the diamond jack. He realized exactly what would ensue if he played low, ie., he knew that declarer was a very good player and that he would put in dummy's eight if allowed to do so.

Obviously, the play of the diamond jack by West threw the proverbial monkey wrench into South's plan.

CAN'T SLEEP FOR COUGHING?

If you can't sleep because of gasping, and coughing—fight for breath night after night, get Templeton's RAZ-MAH today. It will loosen the strangling phlegm, give you comforting relief. A 65c box will convince you.

STOPS NEURITIC-NEURALGIC PAIN! ASPIRIN

DAILY CROSSWORD

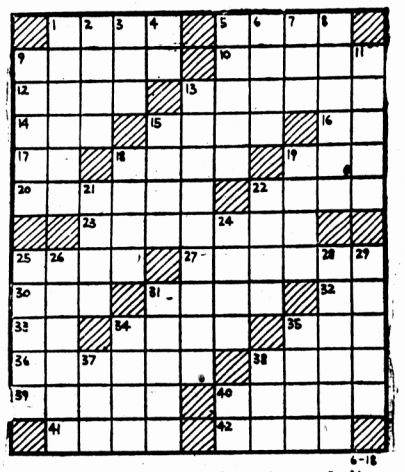
ACROSS

1. Wan
5. Manufacture
9. Counter irritant
10. Levels
12. Harvest
13. Mark of disgrace
14. Alcoholic liquor
15. Fish
16. Whether
17. Pronoun
18. Make dirty
19. Devoured
20. A signal of warning
22. Purchaser
23. Botcher
25. Expression of hesitation
27. An ambassador
30. Encountered
31. Gains
32. Expression of surprise
33. Army Corps (abbr.)
34. Tie
35. Distress signal
36. A style of skirt (Malay)
38. Title of respect
39. Booth
40. Small parts
41. Female sheep
42. Bend

DOWN

1. Read with care
2. Kind of bomb
3. Cut off, as the top
4. Half an em
5. Conductor of electricity
6. Greedy
7. Cask
8. Hatred
9. Rub hard in washing
11. Burglar-proof chests
13. Covering, as with a roof
15. Shortly
18. Froth
19. Subtle emanation
21. Incite
22. Pleads
24. Furnish
25. Accumulate
26. Goddess of witchcraft (Gr. myth.)
28. Part of body
29. Relieves
31. Twines
34. Piece of skeleton
35. Location
37. Uncooked
38. The sun
40. Whether

Saturday's Answer



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

A X Y D L B A A X R
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. Every code letter is different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

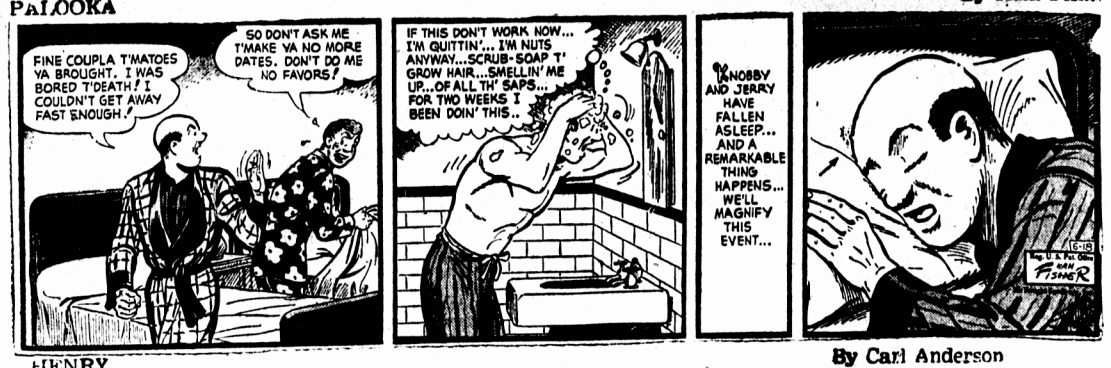
IJK HASF XAHMI JHM REIGSF GH LZHLHZGNHA GH GJK CDESG GJK LEANIJUKAG NG UKZNGI—IJKSSKF.

Saturday's Cryptoquote: THE PYRAMIDS THEMSELVES, DOTING WITH AGE, HAVE FORGOTTEN THE NAMES OF THEIR FOUNDERS—FULLER.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA

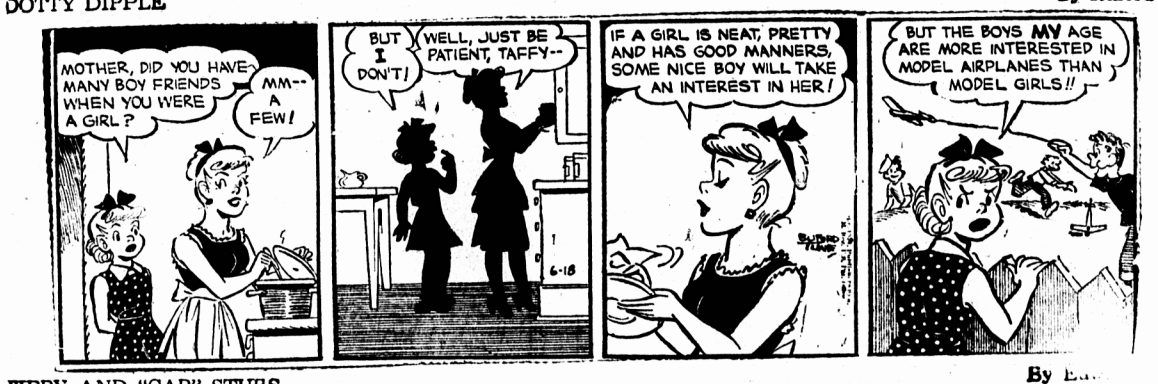


By Carl Anderson

HENRY

By Ruford

DOTTY DIPPLE

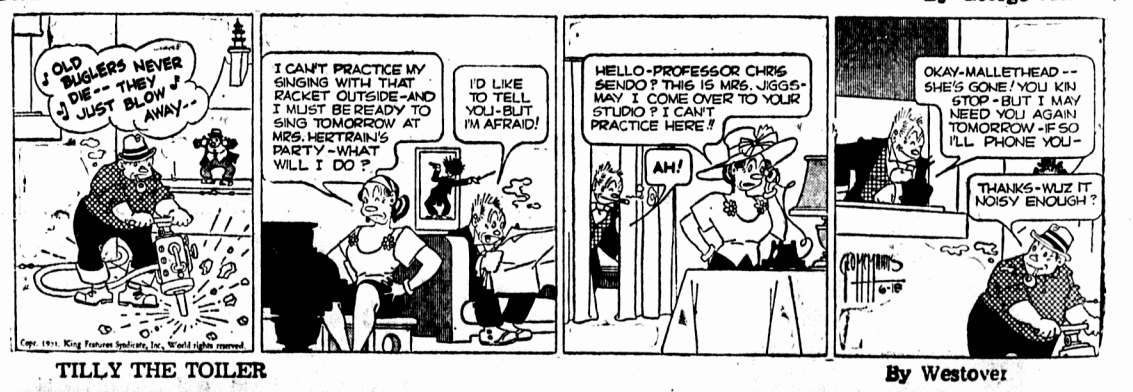


By Ba...

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



TILLY THE TOILER

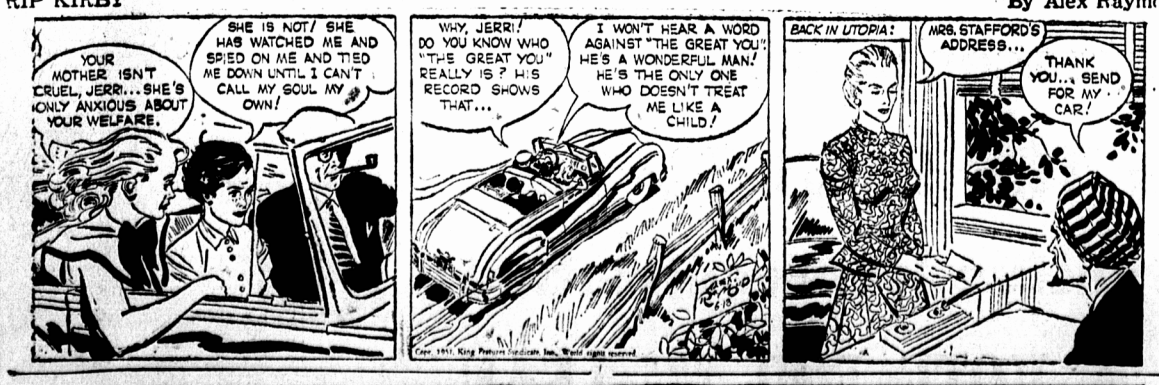
By Westover

PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen

LI'L ABNER

By Al Capp

RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond