By Thornton W. Burgess

STRIPED CHIPMUNK AND THE TEST

You never know another's wit
Until you've tried and tested it.
—Farmer Brown's Boy

There is a difference in people. Some are quick of wit; some more slow. It is equally true among all the people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. Some are called stupid. Usually they are not really stupid. They are simply slow of wit. They cannot think things out quickly. They are not what is called "smart."

Bright-eyed Little Striped Chipmunk, the member of the Squirrel family that wears the pretty coat, is smart. For that matter all the Squirrel cousins are smart. Anyone who has learned as they have the importance of thrift, is smart. Striped Chipmunk had just had a new treat. On his favorite big flat stone on the top of the old wall, between The Old Orchard and Farmer Brown's dooryard, he had found two peanuts. They had been put there especially for him by Farmer Brown's Boy. It just happened they were the first peanuts Striped Chipmunk had ever tasted.

He ate one right there on the big flat stone. He wouldn't put anything away in his storehouse until he had tasted it and made sure that he wanted it.

"Um-um," said Striped Chipmunk as he swallowed the last bit of that peanut and licked his lips. "Um-um! I wish I had a lot of those. I wonder where they came from."

First he carried the other peanut down to his new storeroom in his under ground home, then hurried back and started to look for more peanuts. There were no more anywhere along the old stonewall. He ran back and forth excitedly; then he remembered something. Yes, sir, he remembered something. He remembered that every once in a while Farmer Brown's Boy brought something good to eat and left it on that flat stone for him. He scampered across the dooryard, his bright eyes searching the ground as he ran. Suddenly they almost popped right out of his head. There

He reached up for it.

on the ground were several peanuts. They were in the shell. He fairly pounced on the nearest one. He stuffed it into one of the pockets of his cheeks. He stuffed another into the other pocket. He scampered back home with these as fast as he could. You see he was afraid that someone else might find those delicious nuts. He just hated to leave them.

When he got back the peanuts were still there. He had a bright idea. This time he shelled the peanuts, because in that way he could carry more in his pockets. When he had taken home all the peanuts he found on the ground he began to look around. What was that swinging in the wind just above his head? It was one of these delicious nuts. His eyes sparkled. He reached for it. Stretching his highest, he could just reach it with one paw. That made it swing back and forth. You see, it was tied to a string, and the other end of the string was tied to another string stretched tight between two poles. He tried again. The best he could do was to just touch that nut. He tried a third time with the same result. It was exasperating. It was tantalizing. He sat down and studied that nut. All the time his wits were working. There must be some way of getting that peanut.

Perhaps he could get that nut by jumping. He tried that. He caught the peanut in his two paws, and hung there for a moment or two. Then it slipped out of his paws, and he dropped back to the ground. Right away, he jumped again. This time he hung on, twisting around so that he got hold of it with all four feet. He cut the string with his sharp teeth and, with the peanut, dropped to the ground. Then he raced home with the nut. When he came back another peanut was hanging there. Right away he jumped for it. He didn't get it. He jumped and jumped, but he could not reach that peanut; it was too high. Did he give up? He did not. He isn't the giving-up kind.

"I'll get it," said Striped Chipmunk." I'll get it. I don't know how, but I'll get it." He sat down and studied the peanut and the way it was hung. There must be a way of getting it, and if there were a way he was going to find it. He was being tested by Farmer Brown's Boy, but he didn't know it.

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Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

DO YOU LEAD ACES?

Perhaps the most baffling of all bridge problems is this: whether or not to lay down an ace (assuming that the opening leader has one) against a small-slam contract.

There can be no categorical answer to this question, because a great many subtle factors are involved, including of course the precise degree of skill (in bidding and play) of one's opponents. However, this fact is worth mentioning — the average player is too concerned with the immediate trick, and too little concerned with future developments. The lead of an ace against a slam which was bid by intelligent opponents, often makes declarer's problem far easier than it would have been on a neutral lead. Let's look at a case.

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

	♠ 8 ♥ J 9 6 5 ♦ K Q 10 9 2 ♣ J 6 3	
♠ K 5 2 ♥ 3 ♦ A 7 4 3 ♣ Q 10 8 .5 2	N W E S	♠ Q 9 7 6 ♥ 4 3 ♦ 10 8 7 ♣ J 8 5 4
	♠ A J 10 ♥ A K Q 4 2 ♦ 6 ♣ A K 9 7	

The bidding:

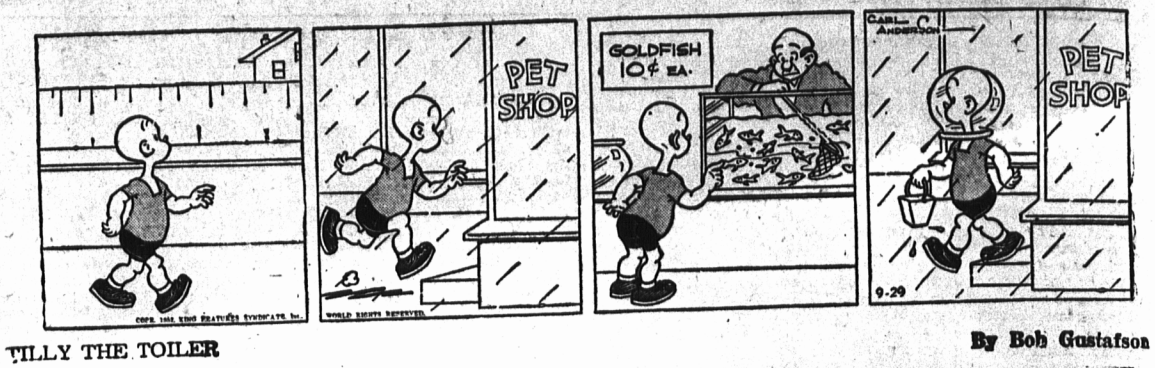
South	West	North	East
2 ♠	Pass	2 N T	Pass
3 ♣	Pass	5 ♥	Pass
6 ♥	Pass	Pass	Pass

West laid down the diamond ace, and it was all over — from that point on declarer was in control, and with the diamond jack falling, his play was routine.

Now let's see what would have happened if West had not been in such a hurry to get a trick; if, on the sound analysis that the opponents' trumps were solid, he had opened his singleton trump. The writer has no wish to imply that South could not have made the hand, anyway, but the point is that he would have had a much more difficult assignment! His best play at the second trick would be his singleton diamond — and West should duck! This would let South "steal" the diamond trick, but it might also easily result in South's going down. To repeat, he could then fulfill the contract in more than one way), but one thing is sure: he would not find the hand a lay-down, as he did find it after the lead of the diamond ace!

SOUTHWARK, England—(CP)—Boiler valves and surgical instruments will be placed alongside fruit and flowers at this year's harvest festival at St. Stephen's Church. Rev. H. G. Kirkham said "we shall call it a harvest festival of field and industry."

HENRY — By Carl Anderson

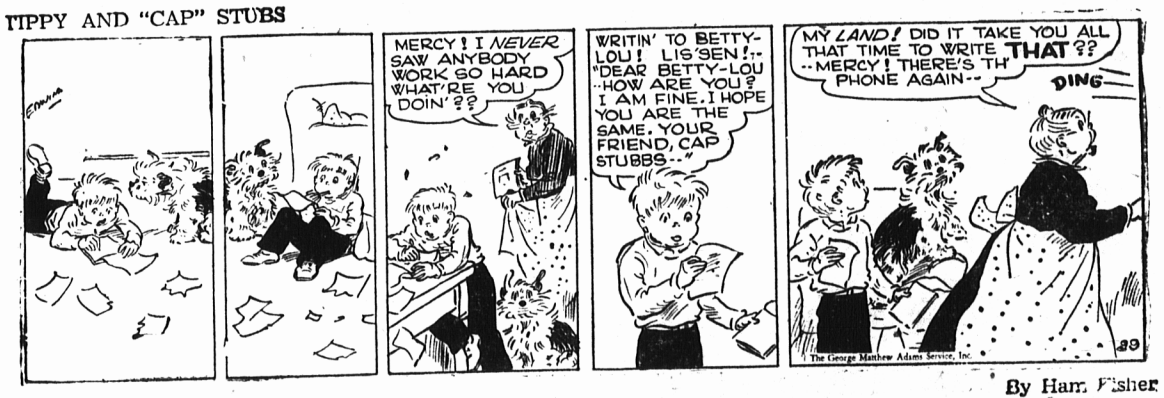


TILLY THE TOILER — By Bob Gustafson

BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

By Edwin.

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

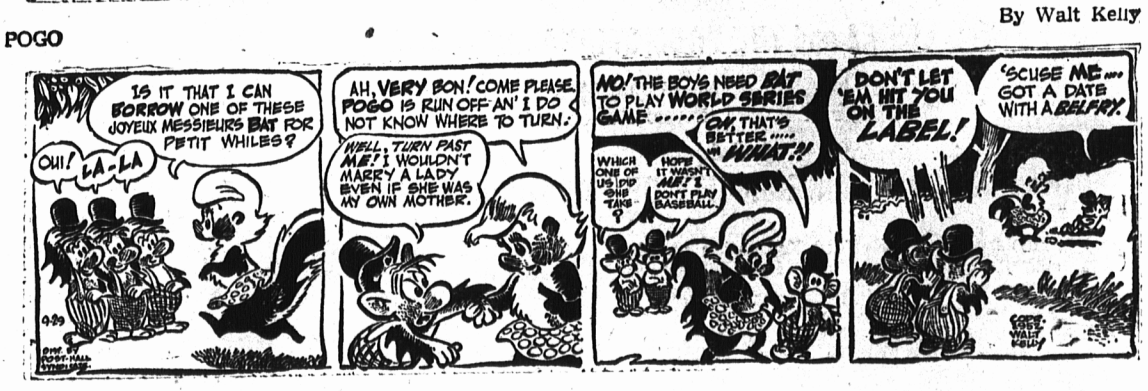


By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA

By Walt Kelly

POGO



By Cliffo d McBride

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Al Capp

LI'L ABNER

By Alex Raymond

RIP KIRBY

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen