

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE PRICE OF KNOWLEDGE
Useful knowledge you may gain is often worth a little pain.

Old Mother Nature. For most things that we get for ourselves we usually have to pay a price. It is so the world over. Most things without price are worth little. Most knowledge has to be paid for in one way or another. Sometimes the price is small. Sometimes the price is high, much too high. But always there is a price to pay for some sort. It may be just hard work. It may be running a risk of some sort, facing danger. It may be a sudden fright; it may be a bitter fight.

Mother Bear's two small cubs, Taddy Bear and Totty Bear, had been sent up in a tree over in the Green Forest, and told to stay there until she returned. Now Mother Bear is a very good mother. She believes that children should be taught to obey, and when they disobey, they should be punished. You know punishment is a wonderful aid to memory.

Now those two little black impudently intended to obey mother. For a long time they played about in that tree, not once thinking of leaving it. Then Taddy Bear's

bright eyes discovered something queer in a neighboring tree. It looked like a big gray ball hanging from a limb about halfway up that tree.

The cubs never had seen anything like it before; it made them curious. Nothing grows faster than does curiosity. It seems to feed on itself, so to speak. It was just so now. Those little cubs felt that they just had to find out what that queer gray thing was. Finally they climbed down from that tree, and up in the other tree. They climbed up to the branch from the tip of which that queer gray ball hung. It was almost as big as a football. Taddy Bear crawled out along that branch. His weight made it bend. He clung on with all four feet. The nearer he got to that thing the more curious he became. Totty Bear was climbing to the trunk of the tree, and watching. She didn't dare go out on that branch because it wasn't quite big enough for two little Bears.

Suddenly Taddy Bear squealed. He squealed just as Totty Bear had heard him squeal when he stepped on a thorn and was his

the more curious he became. The nearer he got to that thing. "What's the matter?" she called. Right then, before Taddy Bear could reply if he had wanted to, she felt a sharp pain in her nose, and she sneezed. She let go with one paw and rubbed her nose with it; then there was another sharp pain in one ear, and she slapped at that. It seemed that suddenly the air was filled with flying insects. They were all about her, and the same thing was happening to Taddy Bear.

Of course you have guessed what they were. They were Wasps, or Hornets, as some people call them. That queer gray thing was their home. It was made of a kind of paper. They had made that paper themselves, and of it had made that big nest, as their paper house usually is called. They were hot-tempered and they were making it very very hot for those two small Bears. Yes, sir, those little cubs were having a hot time up there in that tree. They were being stung on their noses, on their faces, everywhere that those angry Wasps could get through the fur, or find a bare spot. Those two small Bears were doing more than squealing now; they were howling. Totty Bear was slapping, first with one paw then the other. Taddy Bear wanted to do the same thing, but he couldn't because he needed both paws to hang onto that limb.

Totty Bear began to scramble down the tree. Taddy Bear was trying to back along that limb. A Wasp stung him on the end of the nose. "Ow! how it hurt!" he struck at that Wasp with one little paw to do this he had to let those in his hold on that branch. Another stung him on the other ear, and he let go with the other paw. Can you guess what happened? Taddy Bear got to the ground before his small sister did; he fell. The branches broke his fall. He seemed to drop the diamond king and all the time those pesky little Wasps were following him down. He landed with a thud! But he wasn't hurt, except for those stings.

Totty Bear didn't climb all the way down. She was in too much of a hurry. When she was a little more than halfway down she let go and dropped the rest of the way. Then, squealing and whimpering, the two little cubs took to their heels without looking to see where they were going. They didn't care as long as they got away from those dreadful Wasps. They had found out about Wasps, and they were paying a painful price for the knowledge.



By Ruford

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A LUCKY PSYCHIC
A fancy bid by South in the following hand had a remarkably lucky outcome.

5-21 A

North-Dealer
North-South vulnerable

♠ K103	♠ A654
♥ AK64	♥ K
♦ AQ952	♦ 9832
♣ 5	♣

♠ QJ97
♥ J2
♦ J1086
♣ AK7

North started the proceedings innocently enough with a bid of one diamond, but South felt that the best final contract might turn out to be notrump, so to discourage an opening heart lead, he responded with a psychic one heart. This, then, was the auction:

5-21 B

North	East	South	West
1♦	Pass	1♥(1)	Pass
4♥	Pass	4NT	Pass
5♥	Pass	5♠	Pass
6♥	Pass	6NT	Pass
Pass	Pass		

Obviously, South devoted his subsequent bidding merely to "getting off the hook," but the strange and extremely fortunate thing (for him) was that he landed on his feet at six notrump!

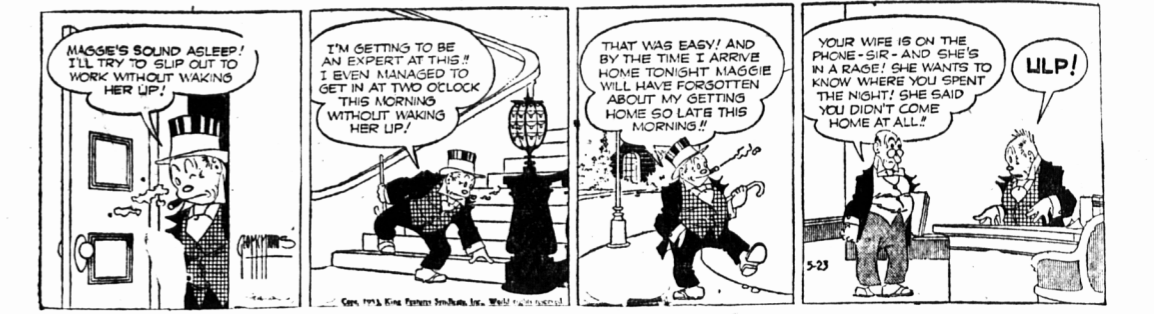
Before considering the actual contract, let's take notice of the fact that North would have gone down at the far more natural contract of six diamonds! He would have to lose a spade trick, and in normal course he would also take and lose the diamond finesse.

At six notrump, however, South had an entirely different problem little paw to drop the diamond king singleton will be the natural question. Of course, he was! But nevertheless, his play of the diamond ace was excellent. This was his reasoning: At no time had he shown his substantial diamond support. Thus, South could not know the diamond situation, and so could not have refused to cover the jack if he had the king. From West's point of view, failure to cover would seem suicidal; he would have to protect his partner's possible guarded ten. So, when West played low, declarer decided that he didn't have the king, and it might drop.

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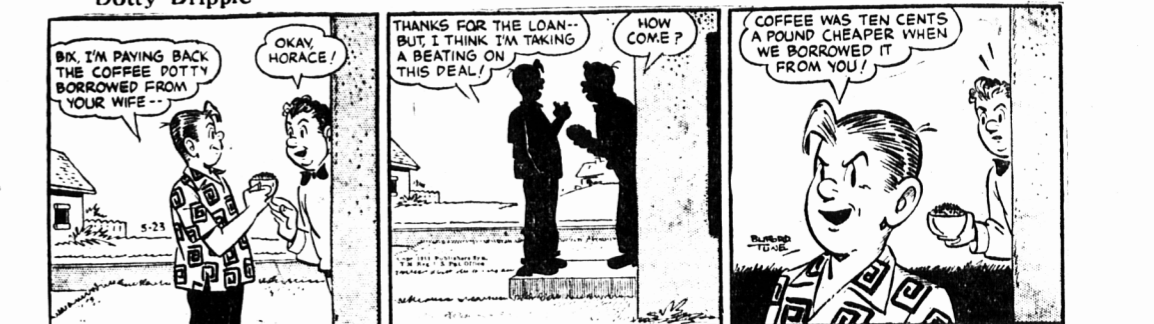
Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



Doty Dripple

By Ruford



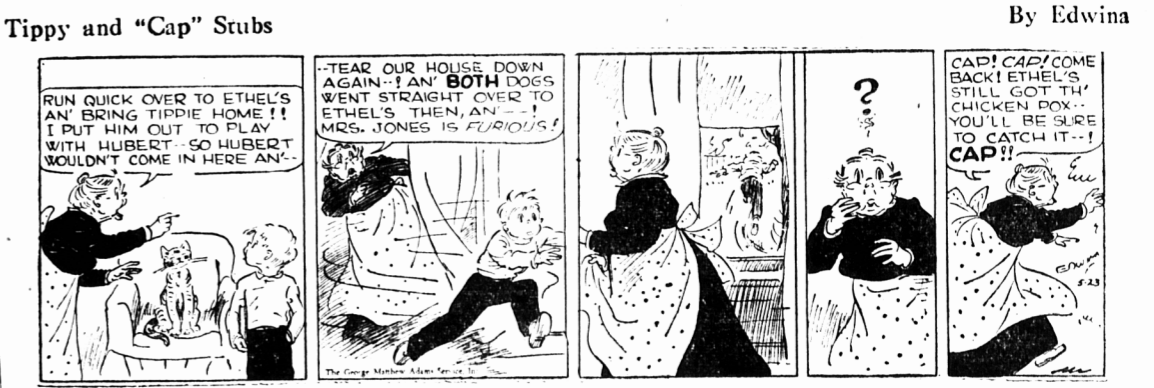
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



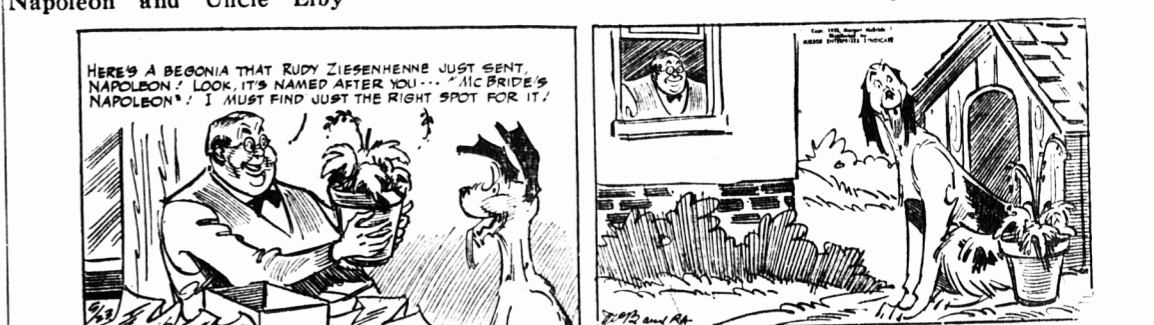
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



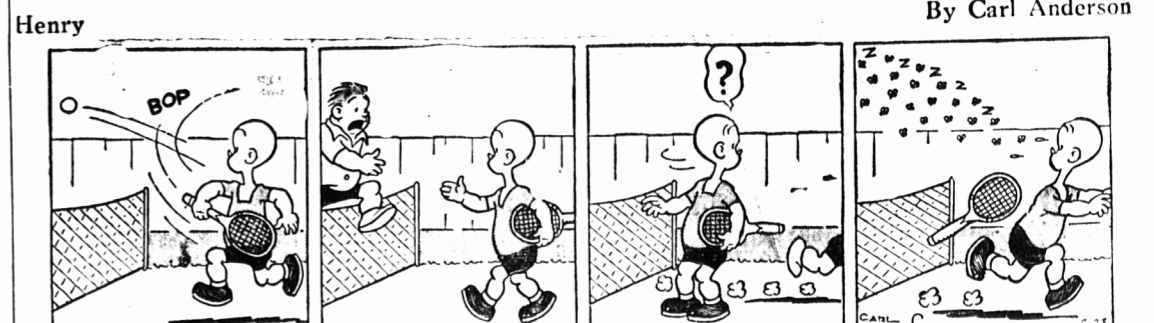
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Henry

By Carl Anderson



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



PENNY

By Harry Moenigsen



Old Time Fiddling

OLD TIME FIDDLING, STEP-DANCING AND SINGING CONTEST

In
MT. STEWART LEGION HALL
WEDNESDAY, MAY 27th
Starting At 8:30 P.M.

Cash Prizes. Contestants will be Classified
Send entries to C. Allen McDonald, Mt. Stewart.

CLOVER CLUB DANCE

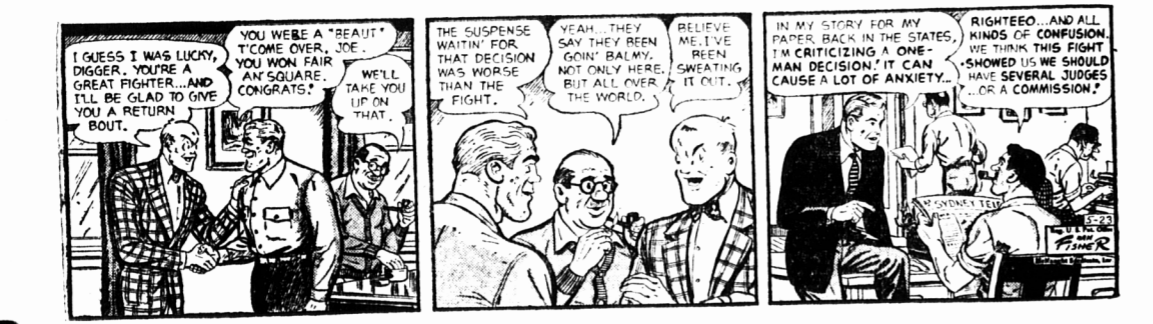
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Joe Palooka



By Ham Fisher

Lil Abner

By Al Capp



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey

