



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

MADAM ORB'S GOOD TURN

Some things we do we never know. Perhaps 'tis well that this is so. —Johnny Chuck.

What a pity it is that we seldom know all the results of the things we do. We think we are doing things for ourselves, and many times we are doing something for others, yet do not know it. Some times it is something good, and some times it is something bad.

Madam Orb is a Spider. She is a spinner of nets, and they are very lovely nets. That is, they are lovely to see. But they are not at all lovely to be caught in as flies and other insects, who are careless and do not always see where they are going, find out to their sorrow.

Madam Orb was looking for a place to spin a net, one of her lovely wheel-shaped nets. She was a little hard to suit. She couldn't seem to find a place that was just what she wanted. She was over among the bushes at the edge of the Old Pasture. How she got there, I don't know. Probably she didn't

know either. Presently, she came to Johnny Chuck's doorstep. There was a big mound of shining yellow sand right in front of his doorway. It was the sand that he had dug and pushed out by digging his house.

Johnny had a fairly large doorway. When Madam Orb came to this, she paused and looked it all over. What a place that would be to spread a silken net right across that doorway. She climbed all around the edge of the doorway, and then she set to work. Who taught Madam Orb to spin those wonderful nets of hers? No one. She was born knowing how. Once she starts work, she keeps right at it until the job is done. The Great World would be a much better place if every one followed her example and completed without stopping the work they undertake.

When she had finished, there spread right across Johnny's Chuck's doorway was a shining silken net. Strong silken threads that glistened in the sunlight as if they were spun from silver held the net stretched in place. Then Madam Orb carried a silk line to a snug retreated and there she set-



He came around to his doorstep and looked at that web.

He tied himself completely keeping one of her feet on that line. She didn't have to watch to see if anything was being caught in that net. She would know the very instant the net was touched. Even the smallest insect caught in it would shake the net at least a tiny bit, and that shaking would travel right along that line she was holding, and she would know that some one was caught. So she didn't have to watch; she could even have dozed had she wanted to.

Now, to Madam Orb that doorway had been merely a hole in the ground. She hadn't known that it was a doorway. Not that it would have made any difference had she known. To her it was simply just the best kind of a place to spread a net.

Of course, that net wasn't strong enough to stop Johnny Chuck. He could have walked right through it without knowing it was there, except that it probably would have tickled his face and he would have wanted to have gotten rid of it. Johnny was down inside his house when Madam Orb spun that net there. Later he started to go up, and there, shining in the sun, was the silken web of that net.

Johnny saw it. He "topped" he didn't try to break through. He chuckled softly. Then he turned and went back down below and finally went out of one of his back doors. He came around to his doorway and looked at that web. He chuckled.

"Madam Orb has done me a good turn, but I guess she doesn't know it," thought he. "Any one coming along here and seeing that net across my doorway will think no one is living here. Of course if I want to use that doorway in a hurry, I can, but I have always got back doors that I can use. So, I'm glad Madam Orb put that net there. I certainly am."

While Johnny sat there on his doorstep admiring that lovely silken net, a small Bee got caught in the net. Instantly, Madam Orb came out from her hiding place and bound that little Bee with silken threads. She carried it up to her hiding place. Johnny Chuck shook his head. "She did me a good turn, but it was a bad one for that little Bee," thought Johnny. Then he went to get some sweet clover for his dinner.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

SUCCESS WAS EASY

Today's declarer seemed to think that his only chance for the slam contract was to induce an opposing error — but he was wrong!

West dealer. North-South vulnerable.

| | | | |
|---|---------|---|----------|
| ♠ | K J 10 | ♣ | 9 8 6 |
| ♥ | A Q 5 | ♦ | A 8 7 5 |
| ♦ | J 9 4 3 | ♠ | Q J 10 9 |
| ♣ | 7 3 2 | ♥ | 8 6 |

| | | | |
|---|--------|---|---------|
| ♠ | 7 6 3 | ♣ | 4 |
| ♥ | 2 | ♦ | 9 8 7 4 |
| ♦ | K Q 10 | ♠ | W E |
| ♣ | 6 2 | ♥ | S |

The bidding: East 3♣, South 4♣, West 5♣, North 5♣. Pass.

North-South did well to reach the six-spade contract against East's preemptive opening — but, on second thought, perhaps, it wasn't such a good idea to reach the slam, considering South's play!

West, void of his partner's suit, opened the diamond king. South ruffed and studied the dummy for some time, but, unfortunately, to no avail. Realizing that West would ruff the first club lead, South decided to draw trumps and run off his heart winners, then lead some more trumps for good measure — all in the hope that East would relinquish enough clubs to let South set up a long card in the suit. East, however, was not so obliging; the situation was quite clear to him, and he held on to four clubs for grim death. The consequence was that South lost two club tricks.

Now observe how very simple it should have been for declarer to collect twelve tricks. After ruffing the diamond king, he should lead a trump to the board and ruff a second diamond, then lead another trump and ruff a third diamond. Now he could return to dummy in hearts, ruff the last diamond, return again in hearts and cash dummy's last spade, thereby drawing West's last trump. South himself would, of course, discard a low club on this trick, and he could then claim the contract with his own remaining heart honor and his ace-king of clubs.

Of course, if West had happened to lead a trump or a heart well, that would have been a different matter.

GLASGOW, Scotland — (CP) — When the former Canadian Pacific liner Empress of Australia, now retired from service, is broken up for scrap the ship's bell will be presented to captain Sam Robinson of Vancouver, master of the vessel when it did great rescue work during the Yokohama earthquake of 1923.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



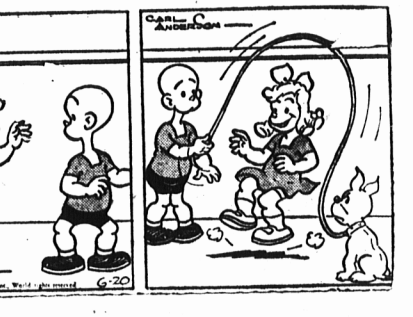
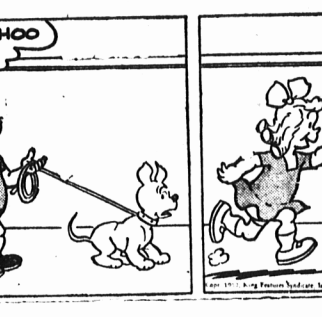
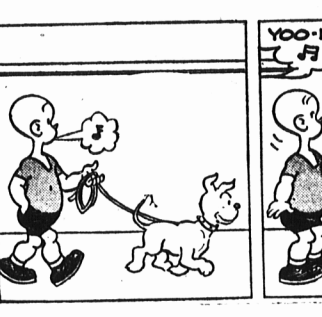
By Ruford

DOTTY DRIPPLE



By Carl Anderson

HENRY



By Bob Gustafson

TILLY THE TOILER



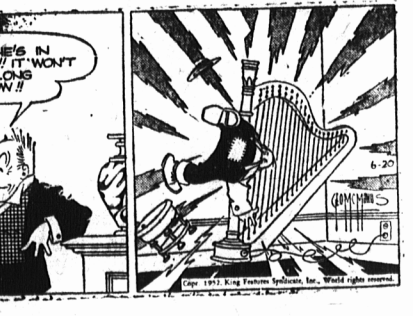
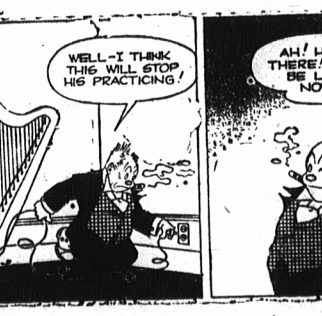
By Edwin

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA



By Harry Hoeningen

PENNY



ANNUAL MEETING

Progressive Conservative Association
Fifth District of Queen's
Will be held in the Clover Club Hall
Tuesday, June 24th, at 8:00 P. M.
Mr. R. R. Bell, Q.C., and other speakers
will be in attendance.
A. J. HASLAM,
President.

OPENING SATURDAY

THE TOWERS RESTAURANT, with Curb Service for your convenience, will be open for the summer months commencing SATURDAY EVENING AT 8 P.M.
Enjoy eating well prepared meals in this pleasant atmosphere.
You are always welcome at . . .
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POGO

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

LIL ABNER

RIP KIRBY

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