

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

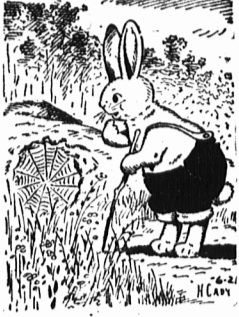
## PETER RABBIT IS DISAPPOINTED

Even those in trickier well schooled May be at times completely fooled. —Old Mother Nature.

It was some time since Peter Rabbit had paid Johnny Chuck a call. Peter had been too busy elsewhere. In the spring and summer there are so many things to see, and so many places to go, that Peter sometimes wishes he could be in half a dozen places at the same time.

Peter suddenly took it into his head to run over to Johnny Chuck's new house on the edge of the Old Pasture, the one he had watched Johnny dig. Before leaving the dear Old Briar-patch, he made sure there was no immediate danger. Then away he went, uperty, uperty, up, over to the edge of the Old Pasture. He could see Johnny Chuck's doorstep. His doorstep is something Johnny never can hide, it is made of the sand that Johnny digs and pushes out from below. Johnny wasn't sitting on his doorstep as Peter has so often seen him in the past. No one was anywhere about.

Peter hopped right up on that doorstep. He meant to peep inside. He didn't. No, sir, he didn't. That doorway was closed, there was a net stretched across it. It was the lovely silvery net that Madam Orb



Peter stared at Madam Orb's web. The spider knows so well how to weave.

"What do you know about that!" exclaimed Peter, under his breath. "Johnny Chuck must have given up his house. There wouldn't be a web over the entrance if Johnny was using it. I thought Johnny would stay here all summer. I wonder where in the world he has gone. I hadn't heard that he had moved. That is odd, because I usually know of things like that as soon as they happen."

Peter stared at Madam Orb's web. In it a small Grasshopper was struggling, and Madam Orb was skillfully tying it up for a dinner later on. Peter looked this way and

looked that way and looked the other way and could see no trace of Johnny Chuck Peter even hopped about among the bushes there. Then he went back home, uperty, uperty, lip.

"My dear," said he, "something has happened to Johnny Chuck." Mrs. Peter said nothing. She didn't look much interested. She wasn't. "What do you suppose it could be?" asked Peter.

Mrs. Peter shook her head. "Don't ask me," said she. "How do you know that something has happened to him?"

"There is a spider-web across the doorway of his home," said Peter. "What of it?" asked Mrs. Peter.

"Why," said Peter, "he can't be living there if there is a web right across his doorway. And there it has been over and seen it for myself. Of course, that web would not be there if Johnny was living there and going in and out. I wonder if he has been caught, or if he has moved off somewhere else. A Spider web over a doorway is a sure sign a house is not being used. I hope nothing dreadful has happened to Johnny."

"You better be careful that nothing dreadful happens to you. Something will, if you keep running about," declared Mrs. Peter.

Meanwhile, Johnny Chuck was living more safely than he had lived in a long time. He was using a hidden back door. Now and then there were visitors to his front door, and all turned away as soon as they saw that web across the doorway. Even Reddy Fox, full of tricks as he is, and smart, was fooled. "Somehow, we must have frightened him when we tried to catch him the other day, and he was moved away," said he to Mrs. Reddy.

"It looks that way," she agreed. "I wonder where he has gone. He certainly fooled us the other day. I don't know yet how he managed to disappear right under our very noses."

"He must have had another door we didn't find," replied Reddy. "Probably he was so scared that he left the neighborhood."

After that Reddy and Mrs. Reddy paid no more attention to Johnny Chuck's home. But all the time Johnny was living there in peace and comfort, slipping in and out through one of his back doors that no one else knew about.

# Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

## TRUMP SUPPORT

There is reason to suspect that thousands of bridge players have been "oversold" by quasi-authorities on the subject of adequate trump support. They have had, it drummed into them that they need four supporting trumps for an immediate raise, and the consequence is that even when partner rebids his suit the responder feels that he still requires at least three trumps for support. The fact of the matter is, however, that two-card support such as A-x, K-x or even Q-x is often quite adequate for a rebid suit.

Observe the too typical attitude of the North player in this deal:

6-21

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1♥	Pass	1♠	Pass
2♥	Pass	2♠	Pass

The fact that North made his two-spade contract was no reason for self-congratulation, because South could just as easily have made four hearts.

Many readers will be shocked at being told that North should have raised South's hearts in this deal, but that, nevertheless, was the case. North's rebid of his own spade suit was not nearly as constructive or imaginative as this heart raise would have been, after South confirmed heart length by his own rebid. It can be seen at a glance that South had nothing approaching a jump rebid, yet, because of the solidifying effect of North's king-jack of hearts, the combined hands had an excellent chance for game.

If North chose to take an ultra-conservative view of the situation, he could pass to two hearts; but since he actually (and correctly) decided to keep going, the heart raise certainly had more to recommend it than the spade rebid.

The first printing press in British Columbia was established at Victoria in 1856 by the French-Canadian Bishop Demers.

GUESTS WELCOME

TRADE MARK REG.

CECIL J. STEWART, Secretary.

# HOLSTEIN MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the P. E. I. Superior Holstein Bull Club will be held in the Fox Building at the Exhibition Grounds on Tuesday morning, June 24 at 10 o'clock. Also on the same day at 11 o'clock the Annual Meeting of the P. E. I. Branch of the Holstein Friesian Association will be held in the same place. Holstein breeders try and attend those meetings.

# SCHOOL MEETINGS

Annual School Meetings will be held as required by Law on Tuesday, the 24th day of June, 1952, at 7 o'clock P.M.

Be sure to attend the meeting in your district and lend your support to improved school service.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION.

# 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 . . .

The TOWERS RESTAURANT

POGO

IF YOU HAD A WOODEN LEG YOU COULD STUMP ALL THE WAY TO CHICAGO WHICH IS HOW I UNDERSTAND A LOT OF CANDIDATES DOES ONLY SOME THINGS IT'S EASY AN' STUMPS ON THEIR HEADS

I'LL BRUSH YOU UP ON FEDERAL LORE . . . FIRST OFF, THEY HAS BEEN 48 PRESIDENTS AN' THAT'S HOW COME THEY'S 48 STRIPES IN THE UNION JACK.

MY NAME AIN'T JACK

THE 13 STARS IS A SYMBOL OF LUCK AN' COMES FROM SHAKESPEARE'S "LUCIUS A NON LUCENDO," IN WHICH I SANG THE PART OF OL' NON LUCENDO (HISSELF) AN' GAVE OUT THE ARIA "THANK YOUR LUCKY STARS." KEEP THIS ALL IN MIND . . .

IT MAY COME TO THE AID OF YOUR REPARTEE . . . NOW AN IDEA ON HOW TO WIN HANDS DOWN . . . CAPTURE BOTH NOMINATIONS! WHIG AND TORY . . . ISN'T THAT STUNNING?

WELL, SOME THIN' SEEMS TO OF STUNNED ME.

By Walt Kelly

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

CONFOUND YOU, S'POT THAT SCRATCHING YOU'LL UPSET THE BICYCLE!

CONFOUND YOU, S'POT THAT SCRATCHING YOU'LL UPSET THE BICYCLE!

CONFOUND YOU, S'POT THAT SCRATCHING YOU'LL UPSET THE BICYCLE!

CONFOUND YOU, S'POT THAT SCRATCHING YOU'LL UPSET THE BICYCLE!

By Clifford McBride

LIL ABNER

WAN'T OUR NEW NEIGHBORS SARY AN' CARY GRUNT, NICE T' INVITE US T' THAR HAM PARTY?

HMPH! IT'S OUR HAM!

IT HAIN'T WHOSE HAM IT IS—IT'S TH' SPIRIT O' TH' THING THEY COUNTS!

AH IS WASTIN' AWAY TO A SPIRIT, WAITIN' FO' TH' PARTY. IT'S BIN FOUR DAYS, NOW! AH'M HONGRY!

METOO? MEBBE WE BETTER GO HINT THEY WE IS READY!

RIGHT AN' AFTER IT'S OVER-LE'S POLITELY YANK TH' HAM HOME. IT'S TH' ONLY THING WE GOT T' LIVE ON!

HOWDY, FOLKS—?? THAR'S BIN A MURDER!?

By Al Capp

KIRBY

I'M DELIVERIN' A GOWN FOR MISS LEE.

WOULDA KNOW BETTER THAN TO BRING IT ON THE SET! TAKE IT TO HER DRESSIN' ROOM!

MISS LEE

OH... FROM ANNETTES? COME IN...

WHY... WHY, THE BOX IS EMPTY!

BUT THIS GUN AIN'T, SISTER! NOT A SQUEAK OUTTA YOU—T'AM WAITIN' HERE TILL PAGAN COMES OFF THE SET!

By Alex Raymond

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

WHAT'S THIS? HORSES COMING THIS WAY!

IT'S CONSTABLE CORK! HE'S TAKING SIDES WITH KING! SHOOT HIM DOWN!

GOOD GRIEF, THE PERFECT CAUGHT SIGHT OF YOUR DADDY TOO SOON! WERE ALL IN A BAD SPOT, CATNY!

FASTER, HORSES! WE'VE GOT TO REACH THE CHURCH! IT'S TOO LATE—TH' ROOFS FALLING IN!

NOW, MEN! SHOOT HIM DOWN!

By Ruford

DOTTY DRIPPLE

THERE YOU ARE, MRS. DRIPPLE—\$22.81!

HORACE, I'M AFRAID I WON'T HAVE ENOUGH MONEY TO RUN THE HOUSE THIS COMING WEEK!

WHY?

LOOK—I HAD TO BUY FIVE INCHES MORE OF GROCERIES THIS TIME!

By Carl Anderson

HENRY

SALE PRICE \$1.99

SALE PRICE \$1.99

SALE PRICE \$1.99

SALE PRICE \$1.99

By Bob Gustafson

TILLY THE TOILER

COME, COME, TILLIE—HURRY! IT'S A HOT BATH I WANT TO GET INTO FOR ME AS SOON AS I GET HOME.

YES, SIR.

TILLIE, LOOK WHO'S IN THE TOWN!

WELL, HELLO, JACK!

HAVE A HEART, TILLIE! LET ME HOME! IT'S AFTER 11!

BUT JACK, THE ORCHESTRA IS STILL PLAYING!

THAT NIGHT

By Edwin

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

YES, SO PLEASE BRING THE BOOK OVER TO ME—

I WON'T HAVE CAP BLAMED FOR EVERYTHING!

THAT MUST BE ETHEL NOW—

DING

HERE'S YOUR OLE BOOK, CAP STUBBS!—OH, I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOU, MRS. BAILEY—EXCUSE!

DID ETHEL BRING THE BOOK BACK?

SHE DID!

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

ISN'T IT WONDERFUL? MY AUNT GUSIE IS GOING TO GET MARRIED IN THREE WEEKS—HEE! FIANCE IS DOWN IN THE PARLOR AND WANTS TO MEET US—GO DOWN AND INTRODUCE YOURSELF—I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN!

THAT OLD HEN GETTIN' MARRIED! WHO WOULD MARRY HER? LOVE MUST BE BLIND!

SO! YOU ARE THE BRIDEGROOM?

UH—HUH!

MAGGIE—YOU'D BETTER HAVE TH' WEDDING RIGHT AWAY—I DON'T THINK HE'LL LAST!

JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher

HOKY SMOKE... WHAT HAPPENED?

MIGOSH... GIT THAT PITCHER BACK?

I THINK SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH THE MAIN TUBE.

NUTTIN' WRONG INSIDE... MEBBE TH' CONDENSER.

HURRY UP... HURRY UP.

TH' CROWD'S YELLING... WONDER WHAT HAPPENED.

I'LL GO UP AN' SEE WOT'S WIT' TH' AIRBEVULL.

G'WAN... WELL, G'WAN, HURRY...

PENNY

By Harry Hoehnigen

WHIPS, THE I WAS GOING BRAKES!

YEPES, FATHER FISHING TOMORROW.

YOUR FATHER IS IN CONFERENCE, PENNY. IS THERE ANY MESSAGE?

TELL HIM DOODIE RAN INTO BETTY AND BROKE THREE OF HER RIBS.

BUT DOODIE SAYS HE CAN FIX HER UP OKAY IF FATHER WILL BRING HOME A POT OF GLUE AND SOME WIRE.

LOOK AT ME, MR. PRINGLE! DO I LOOK AS IF I'M GOING MAD?