

**Contract Bridge**  
By Josephine Culbertson

SQUEEZING OUT THE VITAL TRICK.

Good play brought home a doubtful game contract in the following deal.

**B-H PAINTS**

cover more area!

West dealer.  
Neither side vulnerable.

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

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

♠ Q 7 5 4 2  
♥ Q 6 2  
♦ A K Q 10 9

The bidding:  
West North East South  
1♥ Pass 1♠ 2♣  
2♣ 3♦ 3♣ 3♦  
Pass 3NT Pass 4♣  
Pass 5♣ Pass Pass

In the postmortem, South explained that he had bid three hearts largely as a defensive measure, because it had seemed that the enemy might bid up high in diamonds and South wanted a heart lead against that contract (South could hardly know that the opponents had already bid quite enough on their holdings). The practical effect of South's cue bid, however, was to put him in a somewhat better position than North-South

what higher contract than his side's cards warranted. South won with the eight and returned a low spade. West's ten took this trick, and another club was led. South winning with the ten. On another low spade lead by South, West's blank ace was knocked out, and West now laid down the heart king. Dummy's ace won, South discarding a diamond, and a heart was ruffed in the closed hand. A spade ruff, another heart ruff, and a second spade ruff followed, and when South ruffed a heart with his own last trump, he was left with the good spade queen and the Q-8 of diamonds and one high heart. Now when South cashed the spade queen, West could not afford to give up the high heart while dummy retained the heart ten, and so he had to unguard the diamond king. Naturally, declarer kept the A-10 of diamonds in dummy, giving up the heart, and then he could lead his diamond six, capture West's blank king with the ace, and produce the diamond queen for the fulfilling trick.

**BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES**



By Thornton W. Burgess

**TINY TOAD GROWS FAST**

If only people always knew The good that other people do! —Old Mother Nature.

Tiny Toad had been some weeks out of the Smiling Pool where he was born. First, he had been a tadpole; little black tadpole with a long tail, breathing in the water as fish does. He had had no little legs then, but by and by one of the most wonderful of all changes had taken place. He had changed all over. He had grown four legs. At the same time his tail had become shorter and shorter until it had disappeared altogether. He had learned to breathe air. He had learned to live on the land instead of in the water.



"I guess I'll just watch out for that fellow," said Little Toad to himself.

When he was a tadpole, he hadn't had to catch his food. He had lived on vegetable matter. Now that he was on land he had become a hunter. No longer found his food ready for him to help himself; he had to hunt it and catch it. But that was fun. Yes, sir, that was fun. It is a curious thing, but hunting others seems to be fun for a great many folks right up to Man.

While he was around the Smiling Pool, and when he was in low wet places, Tiny Toad hunted mosquitoes. He hunted other very small insects. Tiny flies who came his way were always welcome. He had the best of appetites and wasn't fussy about his food. Any insect or little worm that he could swallow was good. He swallowed a lot of them. My goodness, what a lot he did swallow! In doing this, he was doing a great deal of good, but he didn't know that. He wasn't trying to do good. He was trying to do was keep his stomach filled. But many of those insects were doing a great deal of harm to growing things, so without knowing it he was doing a great deal of good.

He was growing fast. He was growing so fast that his plump little body was almost round. And he was getting a deal of fun out of living. Every one should get fun out of living. If they do not, it very often is their own fault. Life can be lived even dangerously and still be fun.

Tiny Toad was having fun. He really was no longer tiny. He still was a little Toad, but not small enough to be called tiny. Anyway, that is how he felt about it. The truth is he was beginning to feel what is called self-important. So far he had made his way in the Great World with no help from any one. So perhaps he had a right to feel self-important. Young folks are very apt to feel that way.

The truth is, this little Toad had been very very lucky. Excepting when Peter Rabbit had accidentally stepped on him, nothing serious had happened to him. Perhaps it was not wholly luck. Perhaps it was partly because he had been very watchful and careful. Perhaps it was because he was so very, very small that it had been easy for him to keep hidden from hungry eyes that would have been only too glad to discover him.

But now that he was getting fat and bigger he had to spend more time hunting, because he needed more food. Of course the more he hunted, the more he had to move and the more he moved about, the more likely he was to be seen by those he didn't want to be seen by.

While he had been the first of the young Toads to leave the water this spring, some of his brothers and sisters had caught up with him. They didn't stay together, but he saw one or more of them almost every day. There were so many of those young Toads that he was almost sure to meet one, or perhaps two, or three, every time he started out hunting.

Some of these had had real adventures. Some had seen dreadful things happen to others and these were much more timid than was he. They were always looking for trouble, where as he sometimes forgot that there could be anything dreadful happen.

"Caw, caw, caw!" That was Blacky the Crow. Tiny Toad stopped and listened. "Caw, caw, caw, caw!" Little Toad rolled his small golden eyes up. What was that noisy fellow up in the sky making such an unpleasant sound for? Without his knowing just why, it gave him an uneasy feeling. There was something unpleasant about that harsh voice.

"I guess I'll just watch out for that fellow," said Little Toad to himself. Two minutes later he had forgotten all about it.

**KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED**



By Ham Fisher

**JOE PALOOKA**



By Alex Raymond

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