

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

A DREADFUL THING HAPPENS
The thing that dreadful does to you
May mostly be your point of view.

—Old Mother Nature.
Mistress Moon was making the snow-covered Green Forest almost as light as it would have been had jolly round bright Mr. Sun been in her place. Playing on the snow just outside the yard of Lightfoot the Deer were two young Mice. They were having a wonderful time. Watching them were two young Deer, Lightfoot's twins. This was their first winter and because of the deep snow they were prisoners in their own yard. That yard had been made by trampling down the snow. Outside of it the snow was too deep for even folks with such long legs as the Deer folk have to get about.

The twins didn't like it. Being young, they wanted to be roaming about visiting new places, seeing new things, having new adventures. Young folks are like that. They actually pitied themselves because they had to stay there day after day in that yard trampled in the snow. They didn't realize how fortunate they were to have that yard to move about in, and in which there was food enough within reach.

This night as they watched the



Suddenly the three darted in three directions.

two young Mice playing in the moonlight they really envied them. You see the snow was lightly crusted and those Mice could run about on it as they pleased. Of course anyone as big as the young Deer would have broken through it. Once the voice of Hooley the Owl, biggest of all the Owl family, had sounded from far away. Instantly those pretty little Mice had disappeared. But Hooley didn't hoot again, and presently the two were playing tag and chasing each other just as if nothing had happened, and there was no such thing as danger in all the Great World.

"Just look at them," said one of the young Deer. "They can run about as they please, they are not prisoners as we are. It isn't fair. Why should they be free to go where they want to go, and we have to stay here all the time?" "Don't ask me," said the other. "Just see what a good time they are having. I guess they like the moonlight."

Presently a third Mouse joined the others. This one also had dainty white feet and a white waistcoat. You see, they were

SMOKERS

be FREE of that WAKE-UP SIP

BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE AT BEDTIME

AVOID THE MORNING BARK!

Wood Mice, and all Wood Mice have white feet. Sometimes they are called Deer Mice, because their little fur coats remind folks of the coats of the Deer folk.

"Those little fellows are so small they can hide under next to nothing," said one of the young Deer as he watched the three Mice playing hide-and-seek. "I guess they don't have to worry much. They always have a place handy to hide in if there is danger."

The three Mice continued to play about and have a good time. Two or three times they even squeaked aloud from sheer joy in living and playing. The two young Deer continued to watch them and envy them.

Then without warning, a small moving shadow drifted through the moonlight, making no sound whatever, seemed to drift above the playing Mice. Suddenly the three darted in three directions. They had seen that moving shadow, and had known what it was. Two of them reached places of safety. The other was caught in sharp claws, for that seeming shadow was Spooky the Screech Owl. He flew up in a tree, and there he swallowed the Mouse he had caught.

To the two young Deer looking on, it was a dreadful thing. Of course it was a dreadful thing for the Mouse, but to Spooky it would have been a dreadful thing not to have caught that Mouse. The little Owl was very, very hungry. For two nights he had had poor hunting, and he was almost starving. Catching that little Mouse had saved his life. Yes, sir, that little Mouse had saved Spooky's life. It was just so all over the Great World the point of view is what makes a thing dreadful or not.

Spooky had done nothing dreadful in his own eyes, or in the eyes of Old Mother Nature. It was intended that he should catch Mice for food, just as it is intended that Welcome Robin shall kill and eat worms.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

NO CAUSE FOR ARGUMENT

An unsuccessful grand-slam contract led to a bitter dispute between the North and South players in the following deal, whereas shrewd play on declarer's part undoubtedly would have made their relations very cordial!

North dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

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

The bidding:
North East South West
1 ♠ 3 ♠ 4 NT Pass
2 ♠ Pass 7 ♠ Pass
Pass Pass Pass

West opened the club jack, and after drawing trumps, South could see no hope except in the spade finesse. (He must have forgotten East's three-spade bid!) When the finesse lost—rather naturally—the argument started. South said that with North showing one ace in two of them reached places of safety. The other was caught in sharp claws, for that seeming shadow was Spooky the Screech Owl. He flew up in a tree, and there he swallowed the Mouse he had caught.

Or (South insisted), if North had only a four-card diamond suit, then it figured to be headed by the K-Q-J.

North retorted that his hand had been a perfectly sound opening bid and that South should have been satisfied to win the rubber with a small slam.

Academically speaking, North was right—it would have been more discreet and practical for South to lower his sights—but the real crux of the matter was that South's optimism should have paid off! The grand-slam contract should have been fulfilled. After drawing trumps and discarding three spades from dummy, South should cash his second club trick. Next, he should cash the spade ace, lead a low diamond to his own ace, and lay down the last trump, discarding the club from dummy. This last trump lead would make East very unhappy. He would either have to relinquish his very last spade, allowing South to cash in the spade tray, or would have to give up his diamond stopper, letting declarer run the rest of dummy's suit.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



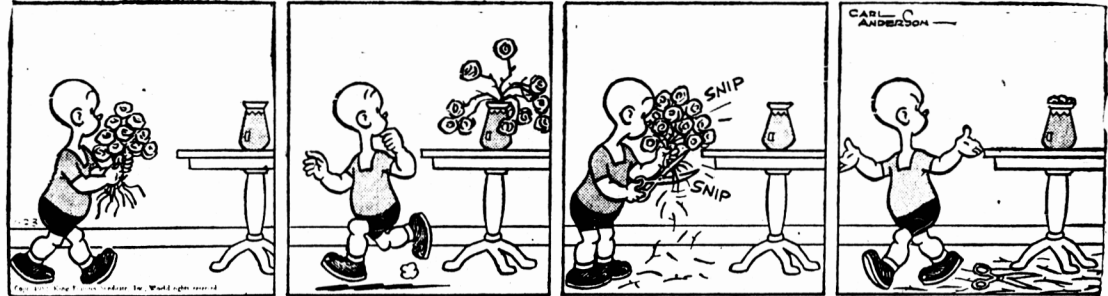
JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



HENRY

By Carl Anderson



DOTTY DIPPLE

By Ruford



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwin



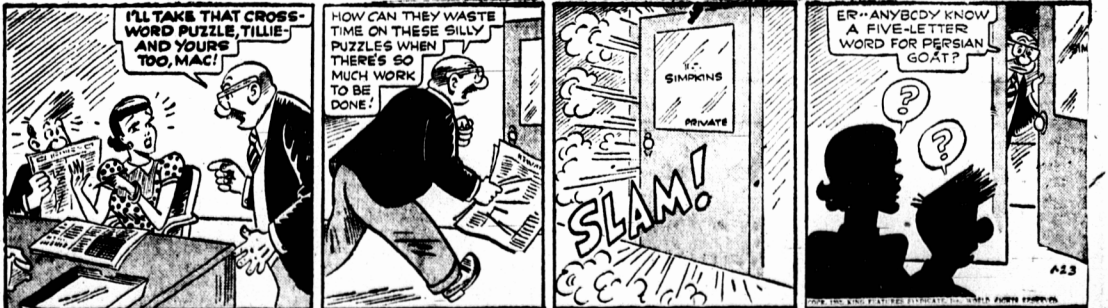
BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



PENNY

By Harry Menninger



BURN'S ANNIVERSARY CONCERT

JANUARY 25th—P. W. C. AUDITORIUM
Under direction of
BARBARA M. ROPER, C.D.A.
original sketch by
FLORA S. ROGERS
Get tickets for Burns' Concert from Harry A. MacDougall, Wendall Phillips, J. P. MacPherson & Son, Toombs Music Store, Rendezvous and P. J.'s.

KING COLE TEA

Fragrant and Delicious

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



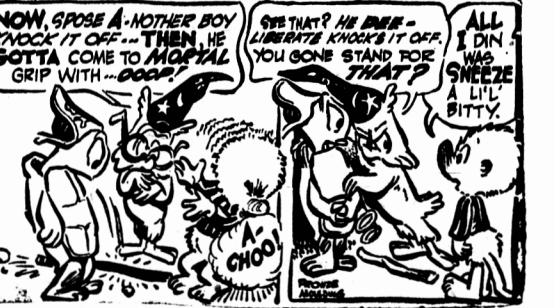
SMOKERS



POGO



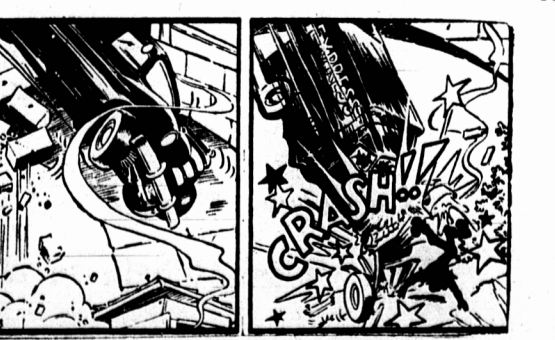
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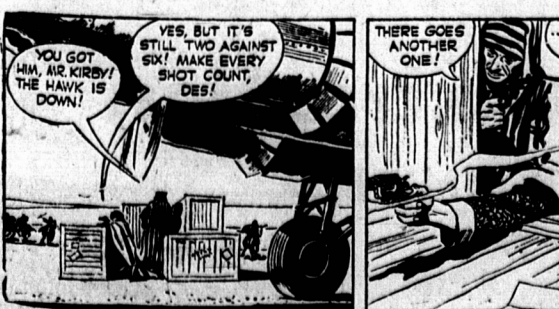
L'L ABNER



SMOKERS



RIP KIRBY



SMOKERS

