BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE WILL TO LIVE

To life he'll have the most to give,
Who has the will to fight to live.
—Old Mother Nature.

Croaker the Raven was having a hard time. To have heard him croaking in that harsh voice of his, you might have thought he was complaining. He wasn't. Croaker isn't the complaining kind. He found out long ago that little is to be gained by complaining. It is the one who works, not the one who complains, who gets the things needed or desired.

Croaker was working hard these days, but he didn't know it. He probably would have told you he had nothing to do but find enough to eat. It wouldn't have occurred to him that trying to find enough to eat was really work. But that is just what it was. He had to do a great deal of flying, and while he was flying he had constantly to use those keen eyes of his as he searched for something to eat. He couldn't afford to miss even the smallest scrap of anything that could be eaten. By the time night came those big wings of his were tired. Sometimes it seemed to him that he couldn't flap them once more, but always he could and did because he had the will and courage to live.

There are times when it takes the finest kind of courage just to live. There are times when it would be much easier to quit trying. This is true with very many of the furred and feathered folk, especially those who spend winter in the land of snow and ice, and bitter north wind, and howling storms. Croaker the Raven was only one. His smaller cousin, Blacky the Crow, was another. But Blacky had an easier time than his big cousin. You see, Blacky long ago learned that much food is to be found around the homes of wasteful man. Also, he long ago learned the ways of man and how to get what he wants without running too much risk of being shot. So, Blacky manages to live fairly well through even the severest winter, while his big cousin, living far from the homes of man, has to fight to live.

There are others who have to do the same thing. Buster Bear can sleep through the worst part of the the winter. But Puma the Panther, the Moutain Lion, cannot do this, nor can his cousin, Tufty the Lynx. Yowler the Bobcat cannot do this. Neither can Howler the Wolf, and his cousin, Old Man Coyote. Being awake they must have food, and to get their food they must hunt, and hunt, and hunt. For at this season of the year, this season of snow and ice, the ones whom they hunt are harder to find, harder to catch, than at any other time. You see, many of them live under the snow, and it is only the careless ones who venture out who are caught.

So it is that these hunters in fur coats seldom know what it is not to be hungry. Sometimes there will be two or three days in which they do not have a bite to eat. All of them must have the will to live, the very finest kind of courage, or they would soon starve to death. It is the same way with certain feathered folk, Hooty the Great Horned Owl, Whitey the Snowy Owl, who comes down from the far north, Terror the Goshawk, and a number of the smaller birds. Some of these smaller ones must have food in order to give them the energy to fly about, and in order to make heat to keep their small bodies from freezing. Without food they may starve or freeze to death in a few hours, and many of them do. Given enough food they have the courage to live through the very worst weather.

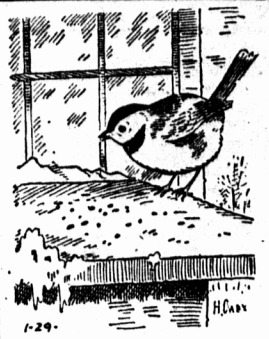
Farmer Brown's Boy knows this. It is one reason he takes care always to have plenty of food where his feathered friends can get it easily. He has a feeding shelf at the kitchen window. He has suet fastened to the trees in the Old Orchard. He long ago made a shelter of brush, and cleared away the snow under it. Here he scatters seeds and grain for the feathered folk who get most of their food on the ground. The first thing every morning he makes a round of his feeding places to see that there is plenty of food put out. He never forgets.

"Don't you think, Tommy, that you are making you feathered friends lazy?" asked Mother Brown one morning, as Tommy was putting out some seeds.

Farmer Brown's Boy shook his head. "No," said he. "They pay for every scrap of food they get. They never pick up a seed that they do not pay for."

Mother Brown looked puzzled. She was puzzled. She said as much. "I don't see how they pay," said she.

"Listen," said Farmer Brown's Boy. "Dee! Dee! Dee! Dee!" called Tommy Tit from just outside the window. "Isn't that worth a few seeds?" asked Tommy.



"Dee! Dee! Dee! Dee!" called Tommy Tit from just outside the window.

SPECIAL DANCE

At The

ROLLAWAY
THURSDAY, JAN. 29

Sponsored by
The Student Nurses
Charlottetown Hospital
Admission 50c
Music by the Downtowners

FRUIT AND VEGETABLE INSPECTION

Any person offering the following named fruits and vegetables for sale must comply fully with the provisions as outlined in the Federal Fruit, Vegetable, and Honey Act. On and after February 1st, 1953, official inspection of the fruits and vegetables indicated will be conducted under the provisions of this Act as authorized under Provincial legislation, and infractions of the regulations will be dealt with according to the penalties provided. All packages and containers must be clearly and accurately marked with the grade of the fruit and vegetable contained therein and offered for sale.

SCHEDULE OF FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Apples, Peaches, Cherries, Strawberries, Blueberries, Pears, Plums and Fresh Prunes, Cranberries, Potatoes, Turnips, Carrots, Field Tomatoes, Onions, Beets, Parsnips.

PROVINCIAL DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

MAINTAINING THE STATUS QUO

An "exchange of courtesies" between South and East in the following hand put the result just where it should have been from the start.

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 N T	Pass	2 ♦	Pass
3 N T	Pass	Pass	Pass

South rather extended himself in leaping to three notrump over North's unencouraging two-diamond takeout, but, as it happened, his optimism was rewarded.

West opened the heart three. Dummy played low; East put up the ace and returned the heart ten. Declarer correctly held up the king. West won with the queen and, hoping to regain the lead in clubs, led a third round of hearts to remove South's stopper.

Now, since there was obviously no chance for nine tricks except by establishing diamonds, declarer laid down the king. East held up the ace, but it was soon driven out by South's continued diamond leads. When East returned a club, declarer naturally declined the finesse; he won with the club ace and then could cash the rest of the diamonds and two spade tricks for his contract.

Now for the forementioned exchange of courtesies.

East should have played the heart ten on the first trick — without hesitation. South was marked with the king, but even if he had Q-x-x the ten-play could do no harm. Then it would have required considerable nerve on South's part to hold up the king — for all he could tell, the hold-up would let West run the entire suit on a heart return.

Against this, however, is the fact that South could have protected himself from the ten-play by puting up dummy's jack. Then East would have been really helpless.

FINE CATTLE

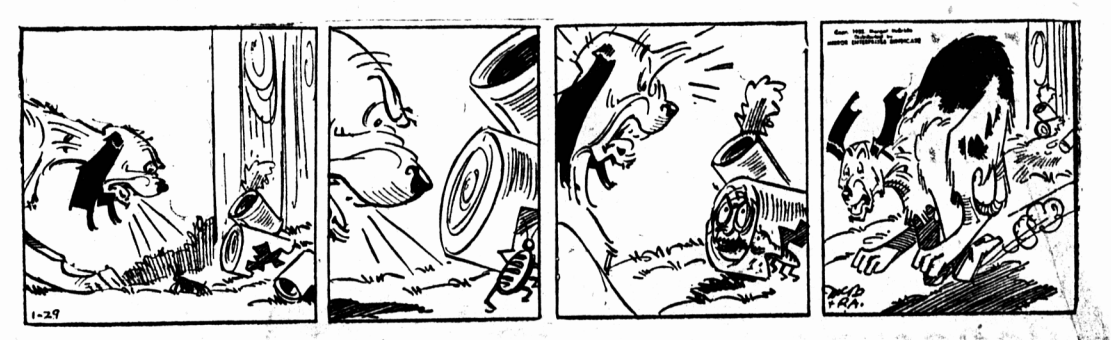
Shorthorn bulls were the first beef cattle imported by Japan to improve native herds after the Second World War.

King Of The Royal Mounted — By Zane Grey

Rip Kirby — By Alex Raymond

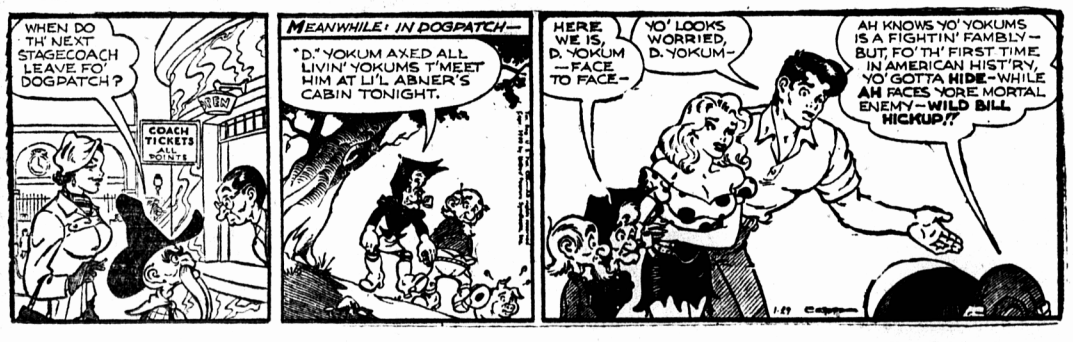
Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher

Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride



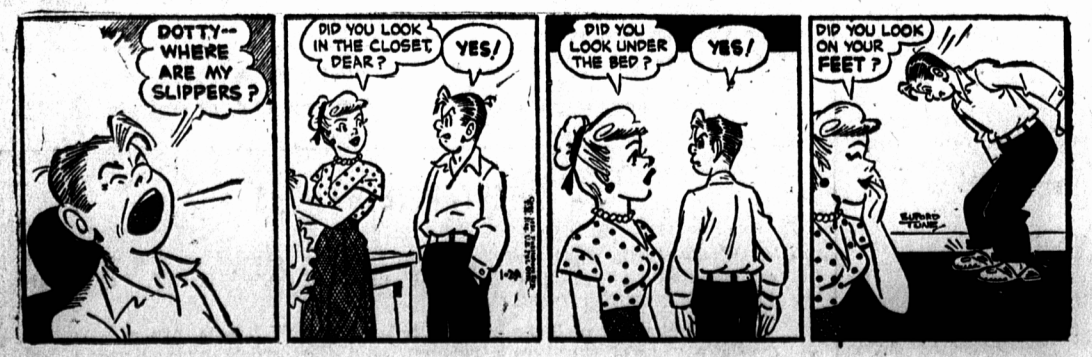
Pogo — By Walt Kelly

Li'l Abner — By Al Capp



Tillie The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson

Dotty Dripple — By Ruford



Henry — By Carl Anderson

Bringing Up Father — By George McManus

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen