BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

GRANDPA MITE EXPLORES

All through life he best will fare
Who does not fear to do and dare.
—Old Mother Nature.

Mouseville was a little town under the snow, a town where the Meadow Mouse folk lived. In summer, the streets of Mouseville were very small paths cut through the grass in all directions. After the snow fell those little paths became tunnels. Of course all the Meadow Mice who lived there were used to tunnels. Even in Summer many of them had short tunnels leading to snug underground homes.

Down in one corner of the little Mouse town under the snow was the opening to a tunnel that wasn't dug by any of the folk who lived in Mouseville. Grandpa Mite had been past it many times and had paid no attention to it. He knew who had dug that tunnel. He knew that it had been dug by Miner the Mole. It just happened that he had been close at hand when Miner had opened that entrance.

Miner had come out for a few minutes, then gone back in again, and hadn't been out since. Sometimes Mite had peeked into that tunnel and wondered what it was like. He wondered where it led to and what he would find in there.

This day, having nothing else to do, he took it into his head to explore that tunnel a little way. "I won't go far," thought he. "No, sir, I won't go far. Miner hadn't been around for some time so there's not much chance that I'll meet him. If I should, I can run faster than he can."

So Mite went into the tunnel and crept along it slowly. Every few steps he stopped to listen. Of course, he couldn't see anything in there because it was dark. It was of just good size for a Meadow Mouse. He could turn around in it in a hurry. He went a little way and stopped. He listened. There wasn't a sound. "I'll go a little farther," thought he, and did. He stopped; he listened. It was very, very still. "I may just as well go a little farther," thought he again. So he kept going farther and farther.

At first the little tunnel was just barely under the ground. In fact,

"I may just as well go a little farther," thought he again.

for a long way it really wasn't under ground. It was more on the ground than in it. When it had been dug, Miner had been so close to the surface that he had pushed the earth and roots of grass up so that they made ridges along the ground. Miner sometimes spoils the looks of lawns and golf greens by pushing the earth and grass up into little ridges as he forces his way along. Because it was such easy going Mite went farther than he thought. That tunnel led away from Mouseville. Finally it led deeper and deeper into the ground. Still there were no signs of Miner the Mole. Perhaps he wasn't awake. Perhaps he was asleep like Johnny Chuck, and like one of the Mouse cousins, Nimbleheels the Jumping Mouse, the only Mouse who sleeps all winter.

At first some roots had been just overhead in the roof of the tunnel. Now, as he got deeper and deeper in the ground, there were no roots. That tunnel was below all roots. It was warm down there. Up near the top of the ground the earth had been frozen hard; the walls of the tunnel were too hard to be dug into. That was because Jack Frost had been at work down there. But down deep where the tunnel now led the earth was hard-packed, but it wasn't solid as up above. You see he was deeper than Jack Frost could reach.

A faint sound came up to the listening ears of the venturesome Mouse. He stopped. That sound must have been made by the owner of that tunnel. Mite felt very bold and daring, but he had no intention of being foolishly so. He had passed many branch tunnels. He would go back and explore some of these. He did just this.

He explored them very thoroughly, but he found nothing to eat. Had it been summer it might have been different. Had it been summer, and had he been in Farmer Brown's garden, he might have found bulbs and roots that were very good eating. If he had, and had eaten them, Miner the Mole would have been blamed for eating the plants. And Miner would have had nothing to do with it, for he lives mostly on worms, insects and grubs.

And all the time Mite was exploring, Miner the Mole was busily at work, still digging new tunnels in search of earthworms that had gone down deep when Jack Frost came. These are Miner's favorite food.

ANY TIME—it's time for
KING COLE TEA

New England In October

Blessed month of my nativity,
Lured onward by the woodland call,
Once more 'tis mine to roam the wild
And watch the leaves of Summer fall,-

Or lean my back against a tree
Beside a bright lake's leafy edge
And glimpse the placid waters
Their brightly burnished camouflage;-

Through which the feathered songsters flit
As joyously they now prepare,
Without a chart or compass, soon
To southward plough the seas of air;-

And thus retired I always love
To hear the north wind's stirring song
As thro the waiting wilderness
It sweeps so swelling along—

Or listen to the infant breeze
Along the rustling tree-tops go,
Seered by autumnal tints, as these
In the glad sunlight stand aglow.-

But O what pen could e'er portray
The sun-lit sylvan scenery
Where myriad hues of branch and vine
Are blended so exquisitely?—

Let others throng the shrines of art,
But somewhere just let me survey
The witching beauty of the wild
Upon a bright October day
—James Macduff

Providence R.I.

(The author of the above poem visited Prince Edward Island last Summer.)

NORTH BAY, Dec. 5 —(CP)— Thieves broke into the City Laundry Company Wednesday night and stole a safe containing $700 in cash, employees' unemployment insurance books and other records. Police said the thieves pushed the safe out of the building after trundling it down a flight of stairs.

MAKE A FRESH START
HAVE A
Coke
COCA COLA AND COKE ARE REGD TRADE MARKS

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

DON'T DOUBLE TOO SOON

It is usually a sound idea at any form fo bridge to bid one's own limit before doubling the enemy, but this becomes even more advisable in a duplicate match.

A certain East-West pair learned the truth of this principle in the following deal:

South dealer.
East-West vulnerable.
Match-point duplicate.

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

Almost every East-West pair in the large field bid up to five hearts or five diamonds, logically trying for a vulnerable game, and in these cases the non-vulnerable South players invariably sacrificed at five spades.

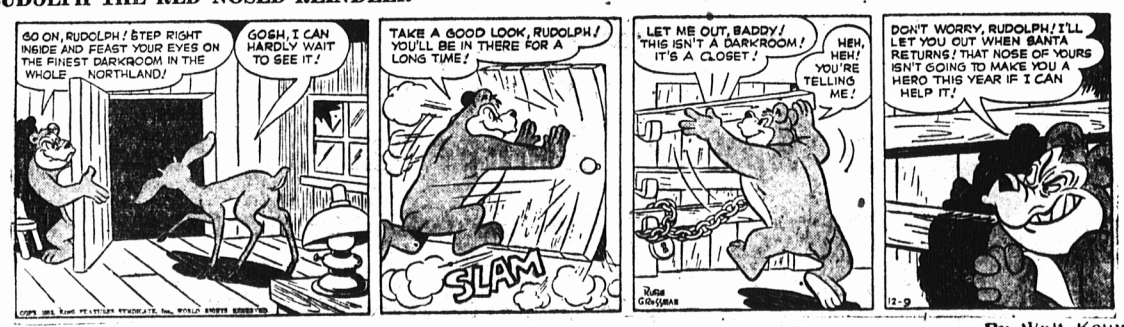
One East-West, however, thought that they had better accept a sure profit, even though a small one, and so they let the enemy buy the hand at four spades doubled. This was the auction:

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Dble.	Pass	2 ♥
2 ♠	3 ♣	Pass	3 ♦
Pass	4 ♥	Pass	Pass
4 ♠	Pass	Pass	Dble.
Pass	Pass	Pass	

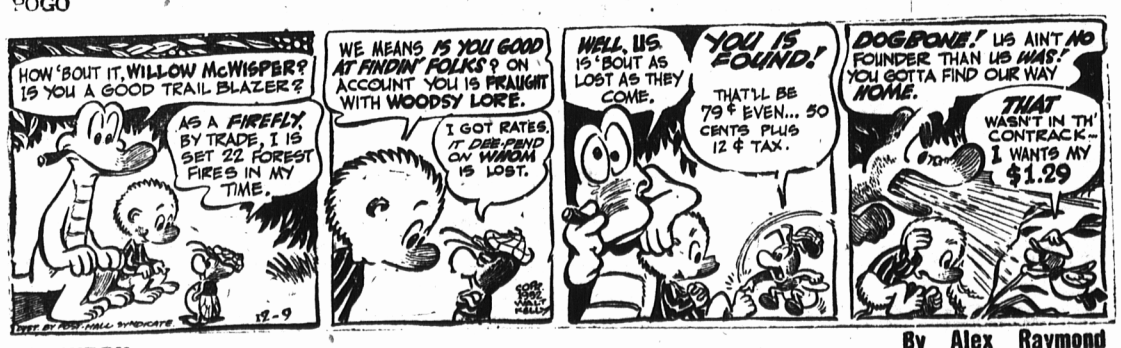
West made an unfortunate guess in the opening lead, laying down the heart ace, and after that, his side could defeat thec contract only one trick. Even if East-West had collected 300 points, however, they would not have fared well in the match-point column.

The East-West chances were hurt badly on the very first round, when East answered West's takeout double with a minimum two-heart response. He should have given a little more thought to that bid. West, vulnerable, had doubled a non-vulnerable spade bid, and therefore could be presumed to have, not only support for the "other major" — the almost invariable implication of a takeout double — but a generally strong hand. Surely, East himself had a great deal more than he might have held under the circumstances, and so he could afford a stronger bid than two hearts. (The latter might even be passed all around.) East should have bid three hearts, and later, with West's help, pushed the enemy to five spades. True, East-West could not surely make five hearts or five clubs, but how could South risk letting them try for either contract?

RUDOLPH THE RED NOSED REINDEER — By Robert L. May



POGO — By Walt Kelly



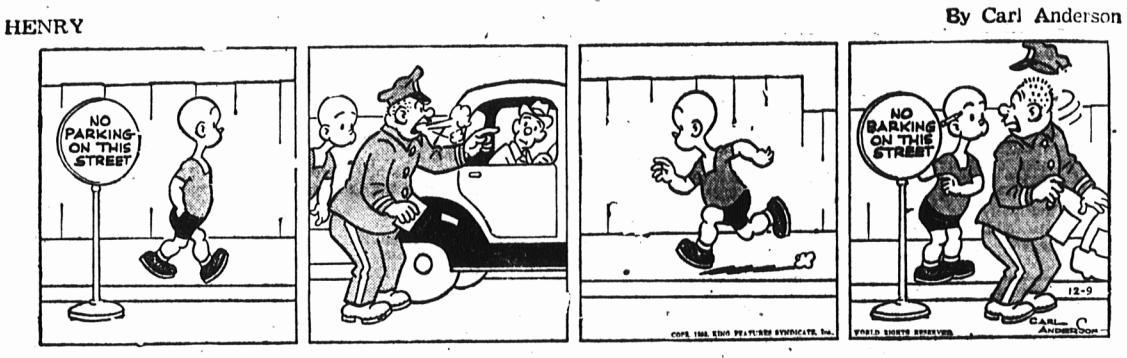
ALLEY OOP — By Alex Raymond

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

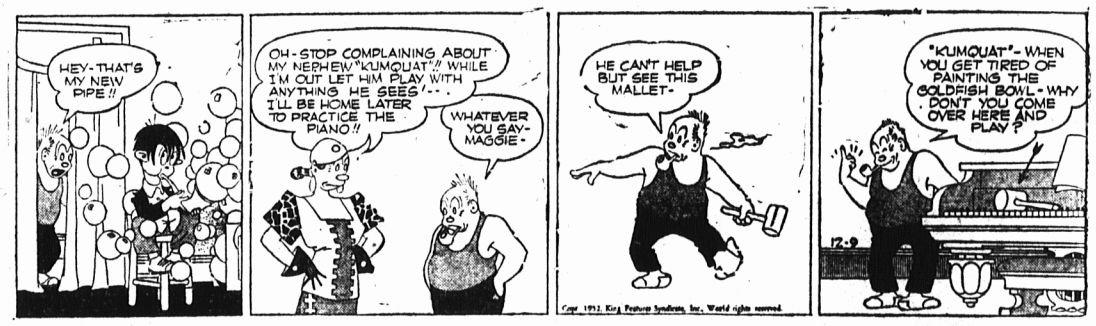
LI'L ABNER — By Al Capp

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS — By Edwina

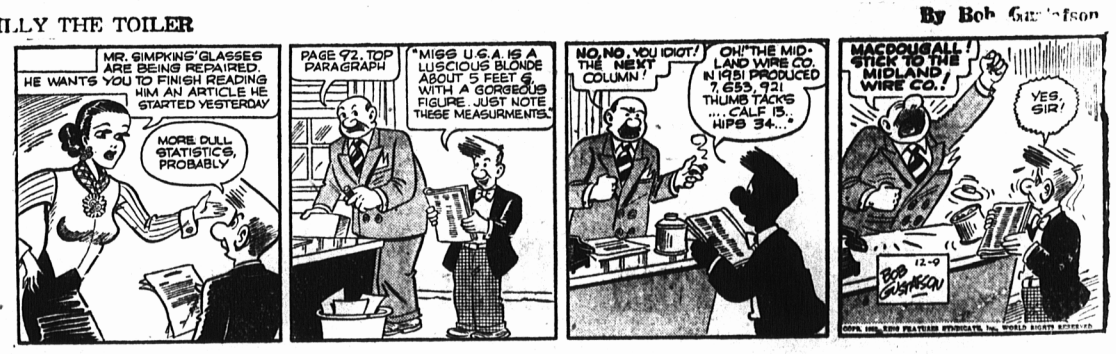
HENRY — By Carl Anderson



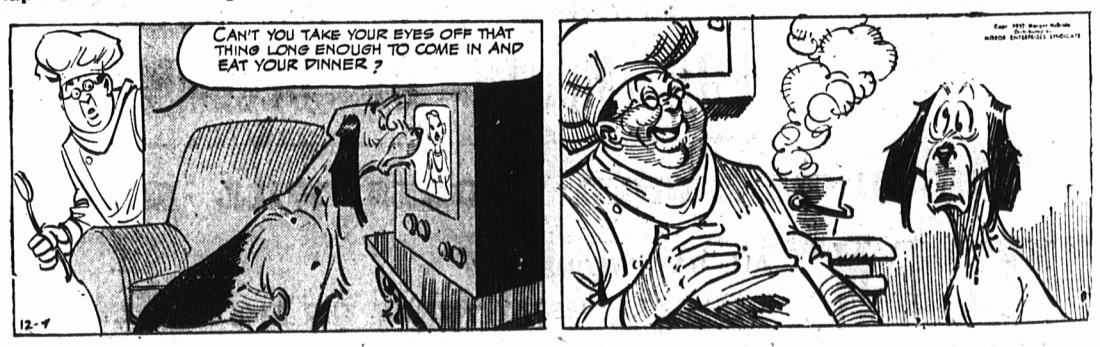
BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus



TILLY THE TOILER — By Bob Gustafson



Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Cliff McBride



DOTTY DRIPPLE — By Ruford

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen