



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE ONE WHO WAS CURIOUS the one who forgot. But with nine others to watch over and teach and to find food for, she didn't have time to think too much of the missing one. It was two days later that again she gave the signal.

Curiosity is good when through to hide. As they had been taught to you gain useful information. It to do, the babies obeyed promptly, as bad when through it you get into and hid under the dry leaves. As trouble or danger. It is good when they heard mother fly away, it helps you to find out things. Then all was still, very, very still. That it is well to know. It is bad had you happened along there you when it leads you to do things you wouldn't have guessed that there shouldn't do.

There had been ten baby Grouse. Yet there were nine baby Grouse, of which mother had been very, very nine obedient little Grouse, so near proud. Now, there were nine. One that you would have been likely had forgot that when he was hid-to step on one without suspecting ing he shouldn't move. What had it.

become of him? You will have to longer than usual. Perhaps she was ask Reddy Fox.

When Reddy had finally gone. Any way, there was one of those we away and mother had returned and chicks who thought so. Why was given the signal to come out of she gone so long? What could be the hiding, she had at once missed the reason? What had been the

danger in the first place? How was one to learn what enemies looked like if one never saw them? What harm could there be in just peeping out? The more he thought about it, the more curious he became.

"I'm careful no one will see me even if I do peek out," said he to himself. "If I don't know what dangers to watch out for as I grow up how am I going to avoid them? There can't be any harm in just peeping out. If nobody knows I'm here, and nobody does or they would have gotten me by this time, nobody will be looking for me right here."

He kept still a little longer, but the longer he kept still the more curious he became. It seemed to him that he just had to know why mother Grouse had sent him into hiding. "I don't know what a single enemy looks like," thought he. "No, sir, I don't know what a single one looks like, and I ought to know. If there is an enemy, someone I must watch out for, still around here. I want to see what he looks like. I want to and I ought to. Probably by now there isn't anybody. I'm going to just peep out. That's all I'll do, just peep out from under this big leaf."

He still hesitated, but after a while he moved just a wee bit. He did it so carefully that he didn't move the big leaf that covered him. He waited a bit, then moved again just as carefully as before. He repeated this two or three times until at last his head was so close to that covering leaf that he could peep out. For a long time he lay there just peeping out. But all he could see was straight ahead, and there was no enemy, nobody at all, there was nothing to be seen there. He had felt excited when he first peeped out, but with no one in sight he soon got over his excitement. He pushed his head out a little way. He could see around farther now. Still, there was no one in sight. Everything looked just the same as it had when mother had given the danger call and he had crept under that leaf. For a while, it seemed to him a long while although really it wasn't, he kept still. But the longer he kept still the more curious he became.

"I don't believe there was any danger," thought he. "I guess mother was scared of nothing. Any way, if I see any danger, I can hide again just as I did before." So the small Grouse, full of curiosity, crept out from under the big brown leaf and stood up for a look around. He didn't see danger anywhere. He didn't see anybody, friend or enemy. He never did see anybody. Sharpshin the Hawk shot down from behind him, and the little chick who was too curious never even heard Sharpshin coming. There had been ten baby chicks. One forgot, and then there were nine. One had been too curious, and now there were eight. The baby Grouse were growing bigger, but the family was growing smaller.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluvertson

HE TRIED FOR TOO MUCH LUCK

The declarer needed some luck in the following hand, but not as much as he seemed to believe.

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

Hand diagram showing cards for South and North. South: ♠KQ, ♥8754, ♦106, ♣AQ32. North: ♠854, ♥KQ, ♦J97, ♣32.

The bidding: South West North East. 1♥ 1♠ 3♥ Pass. 4♥ Pass Pass Pass.

With the cards distributed as they were, East-West could have done very well at a spade contract, but they were glad they had not gone in for any sacrificing when the results were in.

West laid down the two top diamonds, then shifted to the jack of spades. Declarer won with the queen and cashed the ace of trumps. He was unhappy when the suit failed to break 1-1, and, apparently concluding that he would have to coax East into some error, he cashed the spade ace and then threw East in with another trump lead.

East, it is true, had something of a problem, but he solved it — he returned the jack of clubs, this maneuver proved to be South's undoing. He had already lost three tricks, and although he was presented with the club finesse, he could not avoid the loss of a club trick.

It was foolish for South to count on East's making the error of leading a spade diamond after being put in with the trump. The far better idea was for South to insure the contract, which he could do only if the conditions were right. (If they weren't he was helpless against good defense.) South simply had to find the club king on-side — as he could expect to do from West's vulnerable bid — and he had to find East with a maximum of two clubs — by no means a remote chance. Acting on this analysis, after learning about the trump break, South should have taken the club finesse and cashed the club ace and spade ace. Then he could have used the trump throw-in play to very excellent advantage.

King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



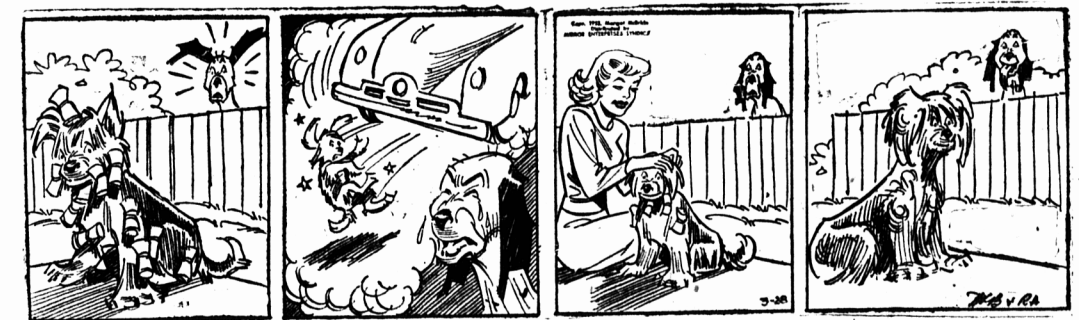
Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



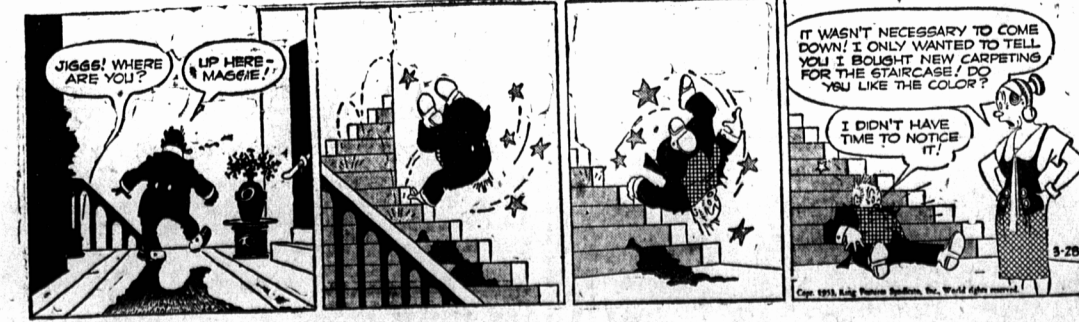
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



Penny

By Harry Hoehnigen



KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS

Charlottetown Council No. 824. COMMUNION BREAKFAST Sunday, March 29th, 1953. QUEEN HOTEL, CHARLOTTETOWN. Guest Speaker: Rev. William E. Daly, S.J. Mass at St. Dunstan's Basilica at 8:00 a.m. Breakfast 9:30 a.m. PRICE \$1.50

CLOVER CLUB DANCE

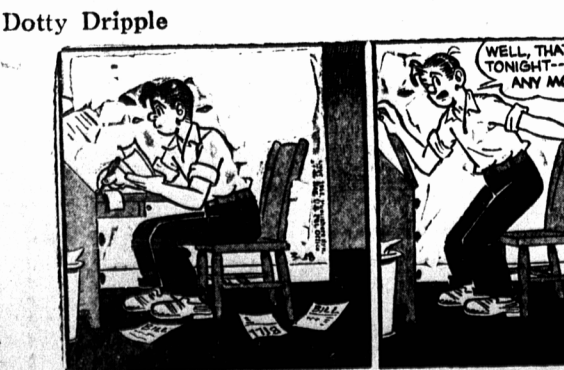
Charlottetown's Finest Dance Hall. EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT. Dancing 9 - 12. Jackie Doyle and his Clover Club Band Soloist. Tables for 100 couples. For Reservations Phone 1222 Saturday between 4-8 p.m. To avoid disappointment phone your Reservations early. No Reservations held after 10:30 p.m. Please phone in cancellations early.



By Al Capp



By Bob Gustafson



By Ruford



By Carl Anderson