

**Contract Bridge**

By Josephine Culbertson

**NO PROBLEM**

A player should consider himself lucky when he has as clear-cut an opening lead as West had in this hand.

South dealer.  
North-South vulnerable.

♠ 1073	♠ Q962
♠ KQJ9	♠ 5
♠ K7	♠ 10962
♠ J109	♠ 8542
	♠ AJ85
	♠ A1084
	♠ Q5
	♠ K73

**The bidding:**

South	West	North	East
1♠	Pass	2♠	Pass
2♠	Pass	4♠	Pass
Pass	Pass	Pass	Pass

North had a good hand, particularly in support of hearts, but he nevertheless should have exercised more restraint. The leap to four hearts was questionable because of the very low spot of North's hearts. If South had been a little stronger he might have contracted for a hopeless slam, depending on North's substantially better trump support.

West's feeling that a lead from his club would be absolutely safe, against the club Jack South won with the king and, knowing from West's double that there would be an unpleasant trump by-lead, let the trump suit alone for the moment in order to test the diamond situation. He led the five-spot to the jack, and when the fessie held, cashed the diamond ace and ruffed a diamond.

West overruled with the heart nine and returned the heart king. South won, led a club to the board and ruffed another diamond. Again West overruled, and then he cashed his high trump—but that was the end. East-West got nothing but the three trump tricks.

With a trump holding like West's the opening lead of the king was a must. Observe the effect: South would win with the trump ace and play three rounds of diamonds, as before, but West could over-ruff the third round and cash his remaining trumps. This series would exhaust South's trumps before the diamond suit could be set up, and South could not wangle the tenth trick.

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**BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES**



By Thornton W. Burgess

**TRADER'S STOREROOM**

Who stores up things for future use. For seeming trash finds some excuse.

—Buster Chuck

Trader the Wood Rat was a busy person. He was Buster Chuck's nearest neighbor, and it seemed as if he was constantly coming and going.

The young chuck wasn't afraid of work himself. When there was a hole to be dug for a home he could be as busy and keep as busy as anyone. He was a first class worker. But when there was nothing of this kind to be done he liked to take his ease. Eating, sleeping, and taking sun-baths while he watched what was going on around him filled most of his time. It wasn't so with his neighbor, Buster. Sometimes he wondered if Trader ever did sleep. Of course he did. Everybody sleeps. But some people sleep more than others.

Trader seemed to be always carrying something in his mouth. He was forever bringing things home, and taking things away. You see he was a collector. And he was forever trading things he had collected for things he wanted to add to his collection. The young chuck became very curious.

If Trader wasn't putting away things to eat as Happy Jack Squirrel did for winter, he was putting them away? It is doubtful if Trader could have told him. He simply had to collect things, all sorts of things. Collectors are likely to be that way. Whenever they see something that interests them they want it, and simply must have it. Often it doesn't matter how old it is. Sometimes the older and more useless it is, the more they want it.

Just where Trader put his things, stored them away, the young chuck didn't know for some time. Then one day when he was wandering about, he found quite by accident a storeroom full of all sorts of things. It was Trader's storeroom but the young chuck didn't know that. He poked over the things to see if there was anything good to eat. There wasn't. No sir, there wasn't one thing good to eat.

There were two or three queer shaped pebbles. There was the empty shell of a clam or mussel, from a brook. There were some rusty nails. There was a shiny

penny that had dropped from someone's pocket. There were other things for which Trader could have no possible use.

Trader surprised the young chuck while he was still looking at that collection. Trader dropped what he had in his mouth, because he couldn't talk with his mouth full.

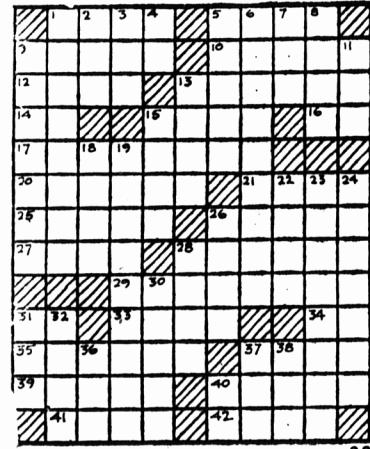
"What are you doing in my storeroom?" he demanded. The young chuck backed away hastily. "I was just looking said he. "I was wondering what all these things were for."

"They are for me to look at. I love to look at them. This is the best collection I've ever had. Don't you think it is wonderful?" said Trader.

"No," replied the young chuck. flatly. "No, I don't. What good does just looking at them do?"

"It gives me pleasure," replied Trader, as if that was important enough. Perhaps it was.

- DAILY CROSSWORD**
- ACROSS**
1. Jupiter
  2. Coin (Swed.)
  3. Force
  4. Type
  5. Unit of weight (gems)
  6. Pounding
  7. Tahitian god
  8. Game played (Ibib.)
  9. Siberian gulf
  10. Short, interesting narrative
  11. Gist (colloq. U. S.)
  12. Smell
  13. Biblical name (Swed.)
  14. Girl's name
  15. Jewish festival
  16. Unit of weight (gems)
  17. Always
  18. Removed, as gas
  19. Put off
  20. Bamboo like grass
  21. Let it stand (print.)
  22. Doctor's assistant
  23. Apple seed
  24. God of love
  25. Hawaiian food
  26. Cry, as a crow
  27. Affirmative vote
  28. Board of ordinance (abbr.)



**DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:**

AXYDLBAAXR  
is LONGFELLOW

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three Ls, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation  
/ OTWS ETMOZOH KF HSO KWOTF  
HKLLOR TDRL DF HSO OPP.HDRO  
KB HSO QZKEXTWNOU.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: FREE TRADE ... IS IN ALMOST EVERY COUNTRY UNPOPULAR—MACAULAY.



He simply had to collect things, all sorts of things.

What are you doing in my storeroom? he demanded.

The young chuck backed away hastily. I was just looking said he.

They are for me to look at. I love to look at them.

No, replied the young chuck. flatly. No, I don't.

It gives me pleasure, replied Trader, as if that was important enough.

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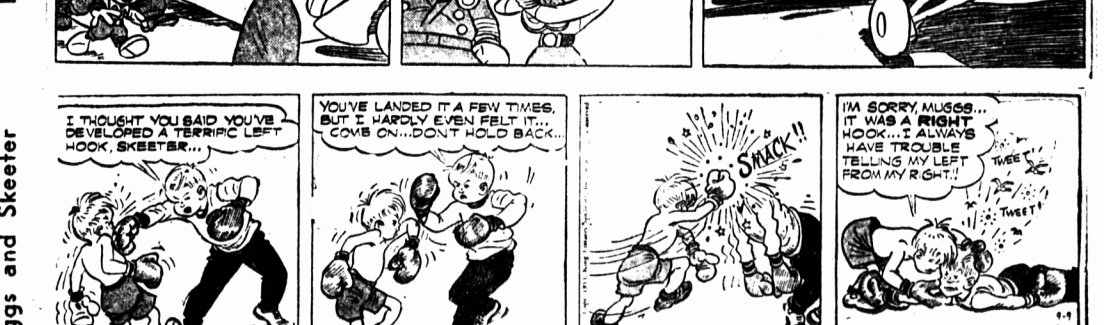
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FASTEN YOUR SEAT BELTS, PLEASE! WE'RE GOING TO MAKE AN EMERGENCY LANDING!

Both engines are now trailing smoke and flame... the craft rapidly loses altitude as the pilot searches for a 'soft' spot in the terrain below...

One of the wings shears the top of a pine—the airplane shudders and plummets out over a lonely pond—the pilot is still in control...

Joe Palooka

SURE HE WORKS IN YOUR CORNER... WHY, SURE... HE'S JUST CLIMBED UP WITH HUMPHREY!

HE'S ABSOLUTELY INSANE ABOUT GETTING A TRY-OUT WITH THE DOGGERS. I WOULDN'T EVEN MENTION IT...

BUT HE WON'T TAKE NO... HE ONCE SAVED MY LIFE. HE REWARDS ME... AS THO' I CAN FORGET...

The Lone Ranner

WHAT'D YOU SAY ABOUT A TIME BOMB?

YOU'RE CARRYING ONE DISGUISED AS FREIGHT!

IT'S SET TO EXPLODE AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK!

By Mel Graff

By Ham Fisher

By George McManus

By Al Capp

By Fran Striker

By George McManus

By George McManus

By George McManus

By Fran Striker

By George McManus

By George McManus

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