



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THREE MADE GLAD
Each time we serve another's need,
The world is better for the deed.

Sometimes that which is done with the best of intentions is really the greatest of mistakes. This very thing had happened over in the Green Forest. A boy had found Wee Spotty, one of the precious twins of Mother Lightfoot the Deer. Wee Spotty had been doing the only thing she knew to do, lying on the ground perfectly still in the hope that she would not be seen. But she was seen, and an excited boy stood looking down at her, trying to make up his mind what to do. He looked everywhere for some sign of Mother Lightfoot, but saw none. Did this mean that somehow or other this baby had become lost? If so, the baby might starve to death, or something even more dreadful happen to it. Or should he leave it where it was? Or should he take it home and care for it? He decided to take it home. He felt sure that something must have happened to Mother Deer, and that if Wee Spotty were left there she would starve to death in a very short time. So it was that with the best intentions in the world he carried the little fawn home. What a wonderful pet she would make. What a dainty little thing she was. He was sure his father and mother would love the small Deer just as he already did.



Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

CLOSE DECISIONS
Some defenses are so clearly marked that failure to defeat the contract is evidence of an inexcusable error. In other cases, however, only a thin line divides alternate lines of defense, and then the player (or the partnership) needs almost a sixth sense to make the winning selection. Consider the actual and the alternative defense in the following hand.

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.
North-South 60 on score.

♠ 93	♥ 854	♦ J72	♣ AK532
♠ QJ87	♥ J72	♦ A6	♣ QJ84
♠ AK6542	♥ 10	♦ KQ43	♣ 96

The bidding:
South West North East
1♠ Pass 2♣ 2♥
2♣ 3♦ Pass Pass
3♦ Dbl. (final bid)

Particularly at the 30 score, North's two-over-one club response was of dubious merit—no trump was better from the point of view of hand-evaluation. However, with South's holding what was, the same three-spade contract undoubtedly would have resulted.

West opened a low heart; East won and continued the suit. South ruffed, laid down one high trump, then wisely knocked out the diamond ace by playing the king. West decided against further heart leading—he didn't want South to make all his low trumps by ruffing—but the decision came too late.

South won West's shift to the trump queen, led a club to dummy and ruffed a heart on his own, then went back with a club and ruffed a club. Now, with the club

care for them. But this sort of thing happens so seldom that the wise thing to do, the kind thing to do, is not to touch the babies at all. They should be left alone long enough for you to be sure mother is not going to return.

The boy's face had grown longer and longer. "Do you mean that I shouldn't keep this little fawn? He asked.

"What do you think?" replied his father. "I don't know," confessed the boy. "I'd like to keep it. I'd like to have it for a pet. I'm sure I could raise it and make it happy. And if it was a pet it would never get shot, as it might if it grew up in the woods. Don't you think I could keep it for a pet?"

"I'm going to leave that for you to decide for yourself," replied his father. "Just remember Mother Deer over there in the Green Forest anxiously looking for her lost baby. And just think how this little fawn must feel without a mother to care for it. Think these things over, then, if you decide to keep this little wild thing for a pet, I'll help you to make a place for it. If you should decide to take it back where you found it the sooner that is done, the better. Mother may still be in the neighborhood looking for her lost darling."

There was a far-away look in the eyes of the boy as he gazed over toward the Green Forest. For a few minutes he said nothing. Then he turned and picked up Wee Spotty in his arms. He did it very gently. "I'm going to take her back," said he in a low voice. His father smiled.

So it was that later that day there was a happy reunion over in the Green Forest, and gladness filled the hearts of three Green Forest folk: Mother Lightfoot, Wee Spotty and her twin brother.

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SEE THE NEWLY ENLARGED
BONSHAW INN
Re-Opening Dance
TUESDAY, JUNE 16th
SPECIAL DOOR PRIZE
Bus leaves Charlottetown Bus Terminal at 9:30 p.m.
Return Fare 65c

THE ADVENTURES OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE... HOW TO BE A SUMMERTIME SUCCESS

WILDROOT CREAM OIL HAIR TONIC
GROOMS HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

King Of The Royal Mounted



Contract Bridge



Joe Palooka



Contract Bridge



Li'l Abner



Contract Bridge



Rip Kirby



Contract Bridge



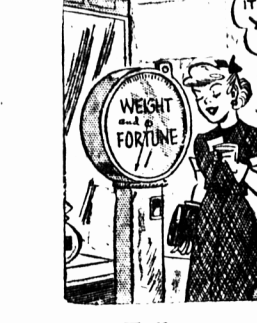
Bringing Up Father



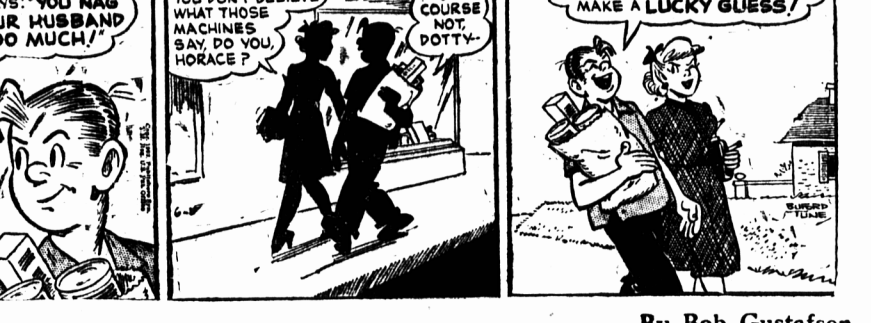
By George McManus



Dotty Dripple



By Ruford



Tilly The Toiler



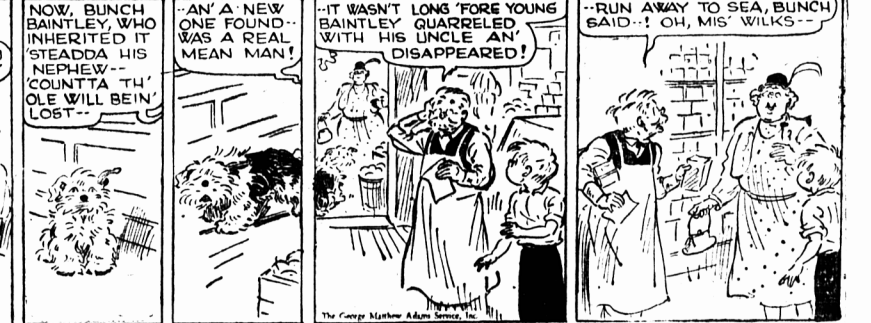
By Bob Gustafson



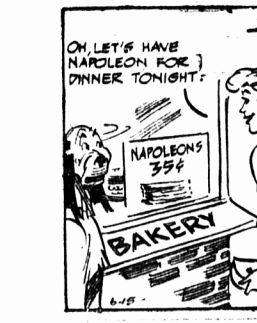
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



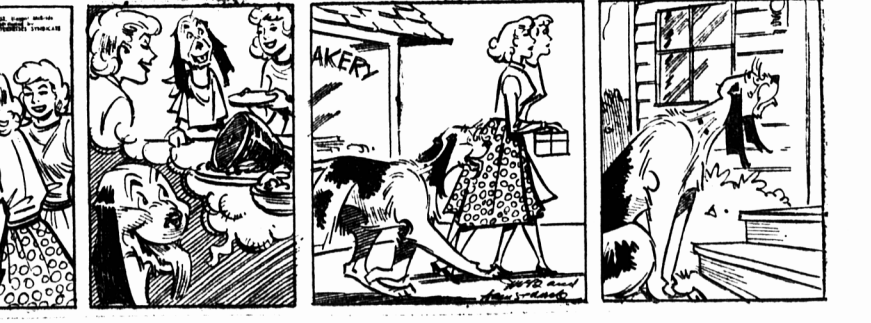
By Edwina



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



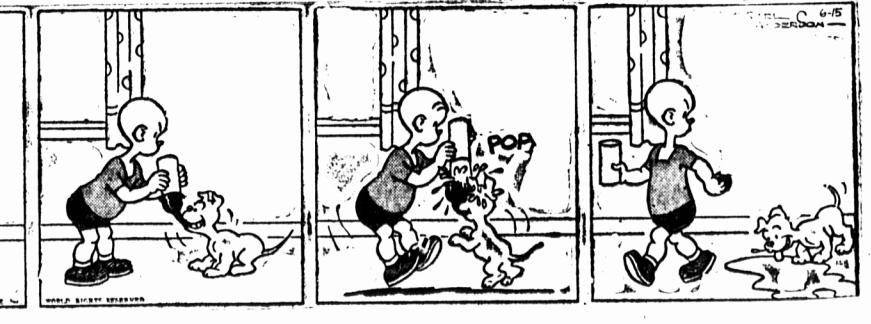
By Clifford McBride



Henry



By Carl Anderson



Pogo



By Walt Kelly



Penny



By Harry Rosenberg

