

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE BLACK MOBSTERS

In numbers are the timid brave, Alone, like cowards they behave, —Farmer Brown's Boy.

Peter Rabbit had been getting a mischief. He had been visiting Farmer Brown's garden all too often. You see, he had discovered something over there especially to his liking. To Peter there was no reason why he shouldn't help himself to anything in that garden. To him those plants were no different from the sweet clover and other things that he was free to eat whenever he wanted to. They just didn't belong to anybody. Of course, Farmer Brown didn't feel that way at all. The things in that garden were his, and Peter had no right to be there. He was chased out several times. The problem was to keep him out. Farmer Brown's Boy had tried to catch Peter with a box-trap. Peter knew all about box-traps. Once he had been caught in one, and he had never forgotten it. Then Farmer Brown's Boy had what he considered a happy thought. He had a young Horned Owl that had fallen from the nest before it could fly. He had found it and brought it home to care for. It was now almost full grown, and

he had planned to let it go soon. Now there is no one among the enemies of the smaller folk of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows whom they fear more than they do members of the Owl family.

"I'll just make young Hooty my garden watchman," chuckled Farmer Brown's Boy. "I guess Peter will stay away then." So he carefully made a comfortable perch on a fairly high post he had set in the garden where Peter had been eating. On this perch he placed young Hooty. Around one leg was a leather strap attached to a cord, and this cord was tied to the perch. This was to keep young Hooty from flying away. It was late afternoon when he was put out there, and he was to be left all night. You know, the Owl folk are night folk. They do most of their sleeping during the daytime.

It was just after jolly round, red Mr. Sun had gone to bed behind the Purple Hills, and the Black Shadows had crept across the Green Meadows into Farmer Brown's garden that Peter Rabbit started for that garden. He had kept away from there for a day or two and now he felt that he just had to have a dinner of the young peas he knew were growing there. Young pea vines are among the things that Peter delights in. It wasn't often he could get them at this time of year.

At the edge of the garden he made sure that neither Flin the Terrier nor Bowser the Hound was anywhere about. He looked this way, he looked that way, and he listened for any telltale sounds. Sure that the way was clear, he made straight for where those peas were growing. Just ahead of him he saw something that hadn't been there before. He stopped. He looked at it long and hard. "It is nothing but a post" thought he. "I don't know how it happens to be there, but a post is nothing to

"It's nothing but a post," thought he.

be afraid of." He took a hop or two toward it.

Just then Hooty the Great Horned Owl, far away in the Green Forest, sounded his hunting call. It was so far away that it was very, very faint. However, young Hooty, sitting straight up on the perch so that he looked like a part of the post, heard it. At once, he hooted a reply. It was a startling sound. Poor Peter! He was so frightened he couldn't move. That terrible sound, for to Peter and all other of the smaller folk, the hooting of an Owl closed at hand is always a terrible sound, came right from the top of that post so near at hand.

Then all was still. Little by little, Peter crept away until at last he dared run. And how he did run straight back to the dear Old Briar-patch!

It was just after daybreak that Farmer Brown's Boy was awakened by a great noise. It was the excited cawing of a lot of Crows. For a couple of minutes he lay there listening. Then he sprang out of bed and dressed hurriedly. "Those black mobsters have discovered young Hooty out on that perch, and they probably are making life miserable for him!" he exclaimed.

TREES FROM SKY

NEW DELHI, (CP)—The Indian Air Force is planting trees from the air over a long stretch of the Rajputana desert. Aircraft are dropping about 12,000 pounds of a type of seed which can defy drought and sandy soil and thrive under abnormal conditions.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

MALADROIT

North's bidding in the following hand was almost unbelievably clumsy.

North dealer. North-South vulnerable.

♠ A J 6 4
♥ K Q J 10 7 3
♦ Q 5
♣ A

♠ 10 8 3 2
♥ A 5
♦ J 9 7 2
♣ K 6 2

♠ Q 7 5
♥ 8 6 4 2
♦ 10 8
♣ 10 9 4 3

The bidding:
North East South West
1♥ Pass 2♣ Pass
3♥ Pass 4♣ Pass
4♠ Pass 5♣ Pass
5♠ Pass Pass

North's opening bid and rebid were of course correct, but when South showed his second suit, it was absurd for North to "branch out" into his four-card spade suit, and almost equally absurd to give South the diamond preference over five clubs. North should have realized that his jump heart rebid might not have reassured South completely concerning the (probable) solidity of North's heart suit.

(North could have made that jump rebid with A-K-x-x-x and a strong outside holding.) But in any case, North could not afford to bid the higher-ranking spade suit at the four-level. When he did make that bid he inevitably created the impression that South's club bid had "found him," and it was not until South had bid five clubs over the four spades and North had, astonishingly to South, gone back to five diamonds, that South formed a different impression. By this time, however, South recognized the inconsistency of his partner's bidding, and, not knowing what to do, he passed.

North could have made six hearts with comparative ease, whereas South went down one at the five-diamond contract. West opened a low spade, and South picked up East's queen without sacrificing dummy's jack, but even this break was not enough. On South's heart lead, West put up the ace and shifted to clubs. South then drew three rounds of trumps, and tried to discard his clubs on the spade jack and good hearts, but West ruffed in too quickly and cashed the club king. Returning to the bidding, North should have persisted in hearts, bidding four hearts over four clubs and South then might have been sufficiently reassured to bid five or six hearts, even on his singleton.

Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



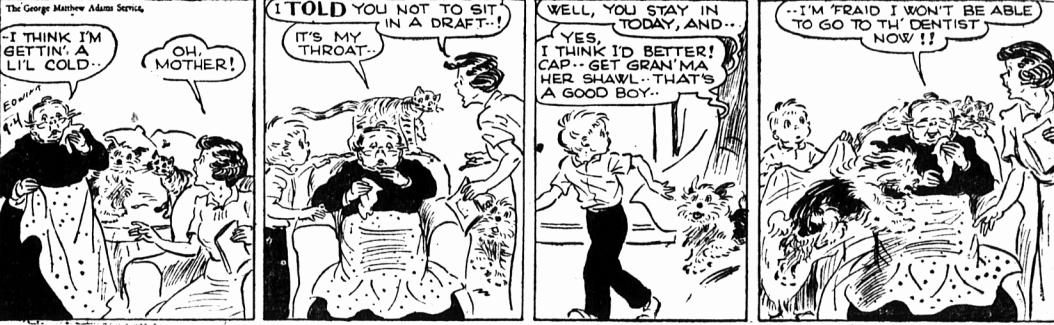
Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



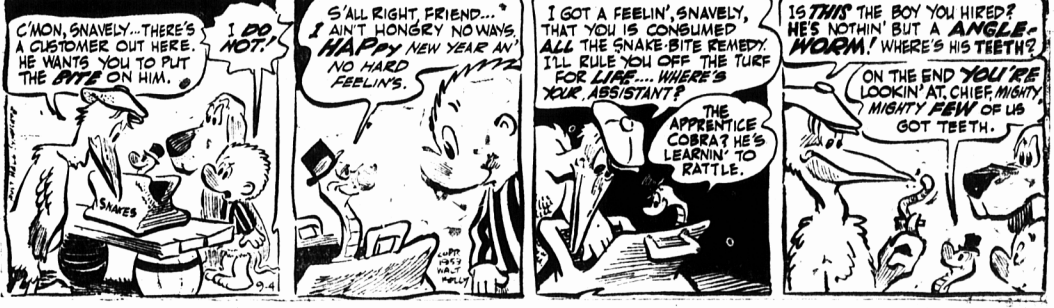
Tippy and 'Cap' Stubs

By Edwina



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



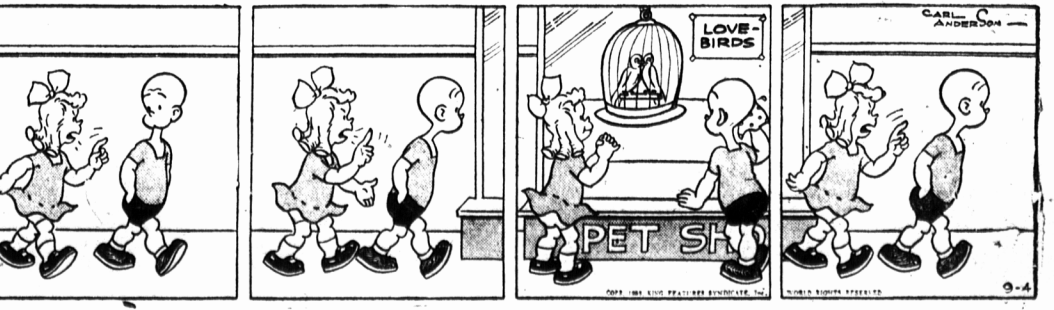
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Henry

By Carl Anderson



PENNY

By Harry Hoehnigen



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