



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE DREADFUL GUN

For those we love and deeply care, uncertainty is hard to bear.

—Reddy Fox.

This was a bad morning for Reddy Fox and Mrs. Reddy. They were in trouble. They were in great trouble. They had something they wouldn't have done had not hunger driven them to it. They had raided a flock of Hens in the doorway of a distant farm. It was a thing they had not wanted to do, and wouldn't have done, if they could have found anything else to eat. They had long known all about that farm, just as they knew about all the farms in some distance around. They had known that there never had been a Dog there. That was why they had chosen this farm. Perhaps you can guess how unpleasantly surprised they were to find that there now was a Dog there, the kind of Dog trained to hunt Foxes. Reddy had been forced to drop the Hen he had caught, and then run for his life.

Being rather weak from lack of food, Reddy soon tired. That Dog surely would have caught him had it not been for Mrs. Reddy. She had interfered by getting between

the Dog and Reddy. The Dog had seen her, and now he was following her trail while Reddy got his breath and rested.

All the time Reddy was listening, those black ears of his cocked to get every sound. He could tell just how the chase was going. He knew when Mrs. Reddy tried some clever trick to fool the Dog and try to break the trail. Then for a few minutes there would be silence, Reddy would listen hopefully. Perhaps this time Mrs. Reddy had succeeded. Then all too soon, he would hear the voice of that Dog again, and know that once more he was on the trail of Mrs. Reddy.

Mrs. Reddy led that Dog so far away that Reddy could hardly hear the barking of the Dog. Then it began to grow louder. This meant that Mrs. Reddy was circling back. "When Swiftly gets back here, I must relieve her," thought Reddy as he got to his feet. "She must be getting tired, and that Dog isn't getting tired at all. That's because he has plenty to eat. I wonder where that hunter with the dreadful gun is. I hope Swiftly is looking out for him." Swiftly was Mrs. Reddy. She was Miss Swiftfoot when first he met her.

Reddy's guess that Mrs. Reddy



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must be getting tired was a good guess. She was getting tired. Like Reddy, she had had little to eat for many days, and so she did not have the strength for a long run. Now she was beginning to pant a little, and her legs were very tired. Would Reddy be waiting to interfere, and get that Dog to chasing him? She was sure he would. Never had they failed each other in this game of cat and mouse. They had become very clever in doing it. Seldom had they failed to fool a Dog.

Mrs. Reddy knew just about where Reddy would be likely to be waiting. She headed for that place. Then, just in time, she saw the farmer with the dreadful gun. He knew a lot about Foxes and their ways. He had guessed that this Fox would circle back. Of course, he didn't know that there were two Foxes. He would tell by the sound of the Dog's voice that he was not very far behind the Fox. So he was watching sharply for a glimpse of a red coat, and presently he got it. Mrs. Reddy had come in sight, but not quite where she had been expected.

Bang! Bang! went the dreadful gun. Mrs. Reddy had seen the farmer just as he lifted his gun, and had dodged behind a tree just as he fired.

Of course, Reddy heard that dreadful gun. He knew just what it meant. He knew that it wouldn't have been fired at anyone but Mrs. Reddy. Reddy's heart seemed to jump right up in his throat. Had Mrs. Reddy been killed? Even if she hadn't been killed she might be dreadfully hurt. If that Dog stopped barking, it would mean that the work had happened. Reddy's black ears were cocked anxiously. The Dog did stop barking. Reddy held his breath as he waited and listened. He heard the farmer calling to his Dog. Did that mean that the hunt was over? Did that mean that he would never see Mrs. Reddy again? Reddy trembled all over as he stood without moving, holding his breath and listening.

Suddenly the stillness was broken by a yelp of eagerness, and then the roar of that Hound's big voice. Reddy bounded forward. Mrs. Reddy was still running, and

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluvertson

"FREE DOUBLES" CAN BE COSTLY

The term "free double" is very much of a misnomer, because there is nothing "free" about giving the opponents the chance to redouble! East may have learned this lesson in the following hand — at least he (and his innocent partner) had to play the lesson!

North dealer. Neither side vulnerable. K 8 5, A Q 7 2, 10 5 4 3 2, J 7 6 3 2, K, 10 8 5 3, Q J 8, A Q 10 4, 8 7 6 3 2, K J 6, 9, A Q J 10 9 3, 6 4, A K 9 7.

Bidding table with North, East, South, West, Pass, Dbl, Redbl, Pass.

As a rule it is not wise to open preemptively with as strong a hand as South's, but, in view of North's pass, it was unlikely that a slam could be made, so South's choice was not open to criticism as a matter of fact it turned out very well! When East doubled, South took the position that a player who could not open the bidding could scarcely produce four tricks against a heart contract. So South redoubled. There was certainly no reason why West, rather than North, should turn up with whatever "balance of strength" there might be.

Once he had made the double, there was nothing East could do but stand fast and play against the redouble.

West opened the club queen. South won and promptly laid down the ace of hearts! Naturally, he did not expect to drop the blank king, but that was a by-product of his correct play. He realized that it would be absurd to use up dummy's only entry, the diamond ace, for the dubious advantage of a heart finesse, and he was quite prepared to give East the heart king. When this necessity did not arise, South drew all of East's trumps, discarding three diamonds and a spade from dummy, then cashed the club king and gave West his club jack. West shifted to spades, but that gave the defenders only their second trick, and they were through.

he must take his turn in the change of! She was still running, but she might be hurt. Reddy forgot his own tiredness.

King Of The Royal Mounted



Rip Kirby



Joe Palooka



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Pogo



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



Bringing Up Father



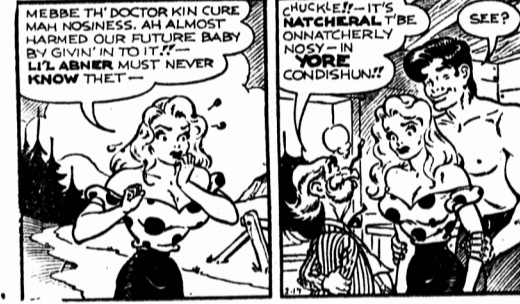
PENNY



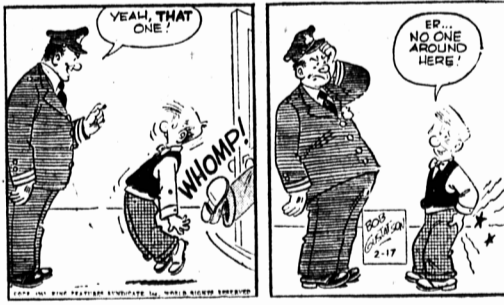
SO-ED OPENS AT THE Y. M. C. A. TUESDAYS, FEBRUARY 17th to APRIL 7th. Discussion Groups, Interest Groups, Lunch and Dancing.

VOCATIONAL SCHOOL EGG GRADING SHORT COURSE. Applications will be received at the Vocational School, for the above course, which will be held at Birch Court, at the Dominion Experimental Station, from March 2 to March 21 inclusive.

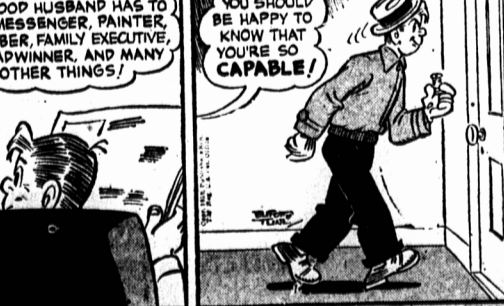
Lil' Abner



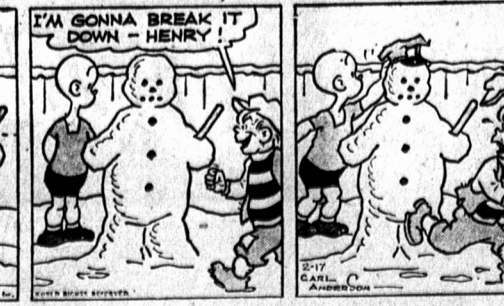
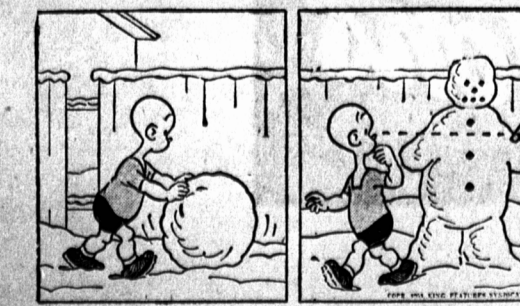
Tilly The Toiler



Dotty Dripple



Henry



By Al Capp

By Bob Gustafson

By Ruford

By Carl Anderson

By Alex Raymond

By Ham Fisher

By Clifford McBride

By Walt Kelly

By Edwina

By George McMan

By Harry Hoenigsen