



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

TINY STRIPES

Judge not other folks by size; The smallest often take the prize.

—Old Mother Nature, Shadow the Weasel had left the old stone wall and hadn't come back. Of course Striped Chipmunk down in his home deep in the ground couldn't know this. All he could do was to be patient and wait until he could feel quite sure that Shadow had moved on. He knew enough about Shadow to know that the latter is an uneasy person, one of those folks who believe in going after things rather than in waiting for things to come to them.

So Striped Chipmunk waited and waited and waited. When at last he did make up his mind that it would be safe to open the door, he had closed to shut Shadow out.

Mrs. Chipmunk begged him to wait a little longer. "You don't have to go out now," said she. "I'm hungry," grumbled Striped Chipmunk.

"That doesn't mean that you have to go out. There is plenty of food in our storerooms. You know that as well as I do," declared Mrs. Chipmunk.

It was true. There was plenty of food in storerooms of that underground house. There was no real need for going out. They could remain down in that house for a long time if necessary. For a while Striped Chipmunk tried to be patient. But he wanted to be outside in the sunshine. So at last he could wait no longer. He opened the door he had closed almost in the face of Shadow the Weasel. He didn't rush out. He was very, very careful to steal out. He would move a little way, then stop to



"Look behind you," said he, look and listen. Then he would go this over again. So at long last he was out on the old stonewall and he knew by the sounds, the happy songs and twitterings of his feathered friends, that for the present there was nothing to be afraid of. He ran back down in the house to tell Mrs. Chipmunk. She followed him back outside just to make sure.

"Don't you think it is most time for our children to come out and see what the Great World is like?" asked Striped Chipmunk. "Perhaps," replied Mrs. Chipmunk, "but I dread the time when they will do it. They are care enough when they are inside and know where they are, but when they are outside I never am sure where they are."

"I was no older than they are when I first came out into the Great World," replied Striped Chipmunk. "Just the same I think they are better off down inside where they are," replied Mrs. Chipmunk.

Striped Chipmunk began to chuckle. He chuckled and chuckled. Mrs. Chipmunk looked at him suspiciously. What was he chuckling for? She didn't see anything to chuckle about. She said so. She said so rather sharply. Perhaps you have noticed how a person who doesn't know what someone else is laughing for at once suspects that it is himself who is being laughed at.

Striped Chipmunk chuckled more than ever. "Look behind you," said he. Mrs. Chipmunk turned quickly peeping out from an opening between the stones of the stone wall was a small face with the brightest of bright eyes now big with wonder. Even as Mrs. Chipmunk looked another small head appeared beside the first one. In another opening a third appeared. Before she had a chance to say a word, out from between the big stones of the old stone wall popped another small head and it was followed at once by a small body wearing a pretty little striped coat. It was Little Stripes, so called because he was the smallest of four children. Not only was he the smallest, but he was the liveliest. He was full of pep, as they say of folks who always want to be doing things.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A STEREOTYPED ERROR

Today's declarer was a player of long experience and some skill, but he made the same error that so many other declarers make day in and day out.

North dealer. Both sides vulnerable. North-South 40 on score.

73 A52 AK1063 872 Q1062 J97 KQ10 5 N W E S Q10 A Q97 A964 3 AKJ85 K643 852 J

The bidding: North East South West 1 Pass 1 Pass 2 Pass 2 Pass

On the score, South's rebid of spades was the markedly proper action, and it didn't seem that he would have much trouble in winning eight tricks—his partner having opened the bidding, and South himself having a very "respectable" hand. Well, South shouldn't have had much trouble, but some of the safest contracts require handling-with-care.

West laid down the club king and continued with the queen. Declarer ruffed, and seeing the he led and ducked a round of the suit. East returned another club, and South discarded a heart, to preserve his trumps. West shifted to hearts, and South won the trick in dummy.

Now declarer led a trump and took the finesse, putting in the jack. West won and led another heart, driving out South's king. When declarer led the two spades, the suit did not break and before he could discard on dummy's diamonds, West ruffed in and cashed a heart to defeat the contract.

South's preliminary plays were good, but after West shifted to hearts, South should not have risked the trump finesse! He could afford to lose two spade tricks, but he could not afford to lose the timing of the hand. Hence, he should have won the first heart lead with the king and laid down the ace and king of spades, then led diamonds. Nothing could now prevent him from discarding a heart while West was using up his high trumps.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



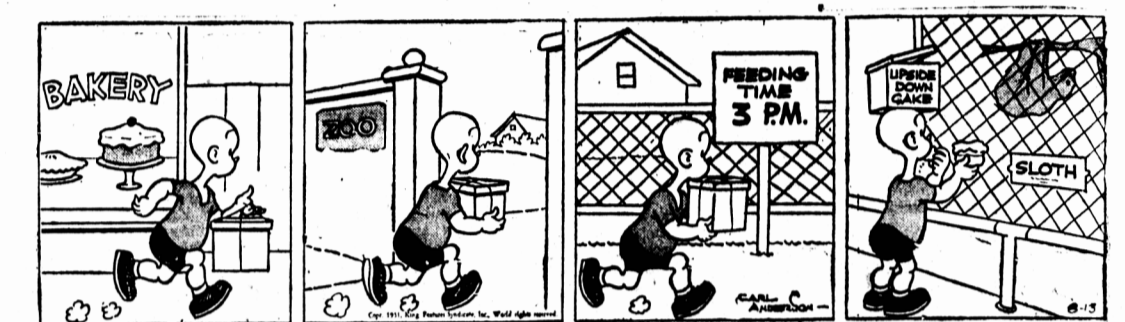
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JOE PALOOKA



By Carl Anderson

HENRY



By Ruford

DOTTY DIPPLE



By Edwin

TIPPY AND "CAP" STURS



By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



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