

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

Mrs. Culbertson continues the presentation of the new Culbertson point-count method.

A PROFITABLE "SACRIFICE"

It is never pleasant to sacrifice a sure trump trick, but under varying circumstances it may be an excellent idea to do just that. Observe this case:

West dealer. Both sides vulnerable. ♠ K 6 4 3 ♣ Q 8 6 ♢ 7 5 3 2 ♠ Q J 10 1 ♣ A 10 8 ♢ 7 6 5 3 ♠ A 8 ♣ A 10 7 5 3 ♢ 6 ♠ Q J 4 2 ♠ A 8 ♣ A 10 7 5 3 ♢ 6 ♠ Q J 4 2

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

North's raise to three hearts was decidedly skimpily, particularly under the spade bid had been made at his left, and also since his singleton club did not have enough trumps to back it up. However, this time North had reason to be proud of his own aggressiveness.

West opened the diamond king and continued the suit. South

DANCE

BELEVIERE

GOLF CLUB

TONIGHT

Dancing 9:30 - 1 A.M.

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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

LITTLE TOO-SMART GETS A BREAKFAST

Alas that it has come to be so very few are wholly free. Old Mother Nature.

No one dependent on others can be wholly free. The truly free must be self-sufficient, and those who are fully self-sufficient are few. Whether we are aware of it or not, most of us depend on others to a great extent. Little Too-Smart, young son of Reddy Fox and Mrs. Reddy, had wandered away from home and was lost. He had wandered off ruffing the second round. It is quite evident to South that whatever chance he had depended on a cross-ruff, so he led the club jack as preparation West pounced on the trick and persisted with his diamonds, to force declarer. The latter was very happy to be shortened in trumps! He ruffed again, trumped a club in dummy, trumped another diamond and another club, then used his spade ace as entry for the lead and ruff of his own last club with dummy's heart queen. West, of course, won either at the second trick or at the point where West got in again with the high club, he should have shifted to trumps. Note, however, that the mere feat of shifting to trumps would not be enough—West should lay down the trump king! By means of his master play West would gain this effect: he would hold South to one club ruff if South then picked up the trump jack with the queen, or he would let South ruff two clubs but would himself finally win the jack of trumps, since the queen would be used as a ruff. As for the ineffectiveness of the lead of the trump jack, perhaps readers will be pleased to establish this point for themselves.

through the Old Pasture, now along one little path, now along another, until he had no idea at all where home was. The more he hurried trying to get back home, the more confused and the farther from home he got. Completely tired out, he had curled up under a bush and fallen asleep. He had slept long, and it was night when he awoke. He whimpered a little as he trotted along, first one path, then another, paths that seemed to lead him nowhere. Suddenly he realized he was very, very hungry. He had had no supper the night before. Now it was time for breakfast, and there was no breakfast ready for him. The more he thought about it, the hungrier he became. That little stomach of his was very, very empty. It was so empty that pretty soon he was thinking more about his stomach than he was his lost home. He just must get something to eat, but what?

A black Cricket came out from behind a stone and began to fiddle. The little Fox pounced! A Cricket wasn't much, but it was something. A few minutes later his sharp little black ears caught a faint squeak. Little Too-Smart pounced! He stood perfectly still. He even held his breath for a minute, and you may be sure those sharp little ears of his were cocked and wide open. There it was again, that same faint squeak. Little Too-Smart moved toward it, and he took each step as carefully as if he were walking on egg shells. All the time he was looking and looking, and his small black nose was busy sniffing and sniffing, but doing it without making a sound. Presently he was tickled by a faint smell that made the little Fox wiggle all over. He knew that smell. Father and mother had brought him home many a breakfast with just that very smell. There was a faint rustle in some dry leaves, not half a jump at Little Too-Smart pounced! He had his breakfast. It was a half grown Mouse. The little Fox had a sudden and strange feeling, it was a wonderful feeling. It was a feeling of independence. He had caught his own breakfast.

When at long last the little stars above began to wink out, one by one, and the Black Shadows began to leave, Little Too-Smart crept out from under that bush, and once more started to look for home. He started in the wrong



Little Too-Smart pounced.

direction. Most lost people do that very thing. With every step he took he was getting farther from home. He whimpered a little as he trotted along, first one path, then another, paths that seemed to lead him nowhere. Suddenly he realized he was very, very hungry. He had had no supper the night before. Now it was time for breakfast, and there was no breakfast ready for him. The more he thought about it, the hungrier he became. That little stomach of his was very, very empty. It was so empty that pretty soon he was thinking more about his stomach than he was his lost home. He just must get something to eat, but what? A black Cricket came out from behind a stone and began to fiddle. The little Fox pounced! A Cricket wasn't much, but it was something. A few minutes later his sharp little black ears caught a faint squeak. Little Too-Smart pounced! He stood perfectly still. He even held his breath for a minute, and you may be sure those sharp little ears of his were cocked and wide open. There it was again, that same faint squeak. Little Too-Smart moved toward it, and he took each step as carefully as if he were walking on egg shells. All the time he was looking and looking, and his small black nose was busy sniffing and sniffing, but doing it without making a sound. Presently he was tickled by a faint smell that made the little Fox wiggle all over. He knew that smell. Father and mother had brought him home many a breakfast with just that very smell. There was a faint rustle in some dry leaves, not half a jump at Little Too-Smart pounced! He had his breakfast. It was a half grown Mouse. The little Fox had a sudden and strange feeling, it was a wonderful feeling. It was a feeling of independence. He had caught his own breakfast.

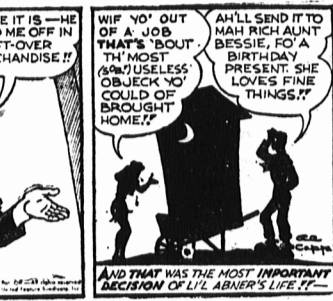
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



LIL' ABNER



By Al Capp



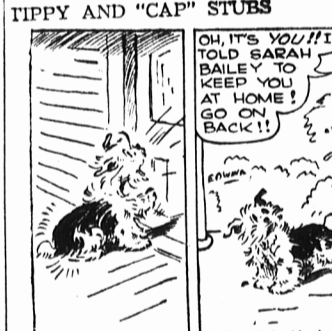
By Rufon



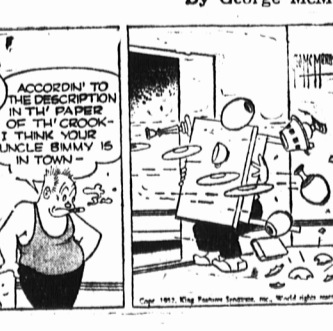
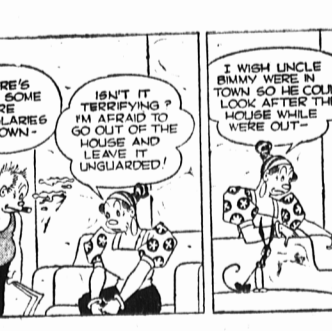
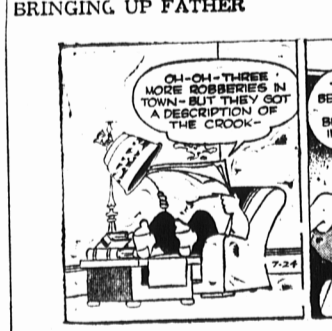
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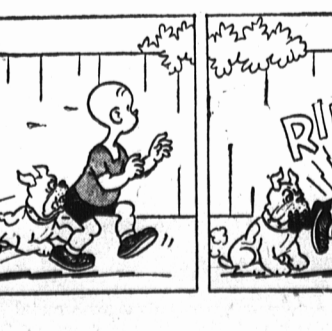
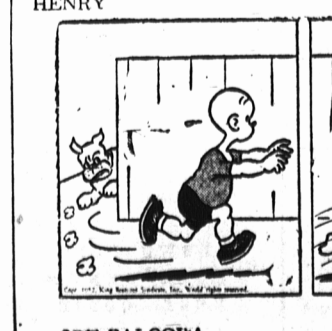
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By George McManus



By Carl Anderson



By Ham Fisher



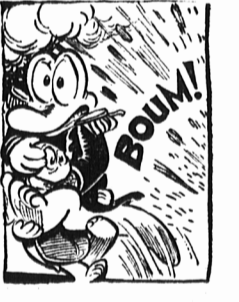
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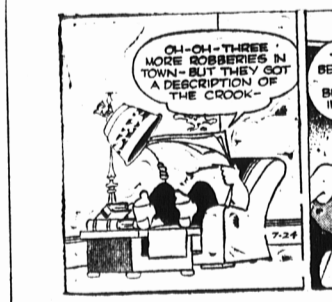
PENNY



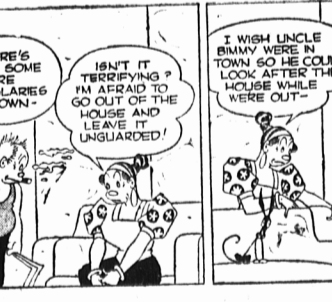
By Harry Hoening



BRINGING UP FATHER



HENRY



JOE PALOOKA

