

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

LITTLE TOO-SMART FEELS TRAPPED

Knowledge gained the hardest way. You will find will with your wits. —Reddy Fox.

Mother Fox had come along just in time. She had knocked Little Too-Smart, her small son, sprawling. She had knocked him off to one side, then had leaped away herself. You see, Little Too-Smart had been just about to spring on Buzztail the Rattlesnake. Buzztail was shaking his rattle angrily. You know he carries his rattle on the end of his tail and when he shakes his tail, of course, he shakes the rattle. That rattle is a warning. It's Buzztail's way of saying, "Touch me if you dare!" No one with any sense at all dares, with possibly one or two exceptions. Lightfoot the Deer has such small, sharp-edged hooves, and is so quick in his movements, that he is not afraid of Buzztail.

Little Too-Smart scrambled to his feet whimpering. He didn't understand at all why Mother had treated him so. "That fellow couldn't hurt me," he whimpered.

"That fellow could have killed you and would have, if I hadn't happened along," replied his mother. "He belongs to the poison people, and the poison people are always to be treated with respect. Whenever you meet Buzztail, or one of his family, keep away from them. Never try to even jump over him. Go around him at a safe distance. And whenever you hear that buzzing sound, make sure of just where it is coming from, then keep away. Buzztail tries always to give warning of his presence. He doesn't want trouble, but he doesn't run away from it."

Little Too-Smart stared long and hard at Buzztail, but he did it from a safe distance. He didn't like the looks of Buzztail. No, sir, he didn't like his looks at all. He didn't like the way Buzztail stared without winking. It gave him a most unpleasant feeling to be stared at that way. Of course, he didn't know that Buzztail couldn't look without staring. He has no eyelids. None of the Snake folk has eyelids, and without eyelids with which to blink, they cannot help but stare.

Buzztail glided away and disappeared among some rocks beside the path.



Buzztail glided away and disappeared among some rocks beside the path.

the path. Little Too-Smart watched him. He watched until the very tip of Buzztail's rattle had disappeared, then he turned to speak to his mother. She wasn't there. He looked about hastily in all directions, but she wasn't in sight. While he had been watching Buzztail, she had slipped away. You see, she knew that the little fox would want to go home with her, and that would not do at all. He was out in the Great World to make a place for himself, and he would have to stay out in the Great World.

Whimpering, Little Too-Smart ran about rather aimlessly looking for his mother. Of course, he didn't find her. He would have been known that all the time she had been watching Buzztail, she had watched him. Finally he started on his way again. What was he going? Nowhere in particular. Knowing nothing of the Great World, of course he couldn't have any place in particular to go. He was just wandering, most of the time looking for something to eat. Like most young folk, he was growing fast and needed plenty to eat, and he had to find whatever he ate. Much of it he had to catch. Already he had found out that those he tried to catch often were as smart as he, and sometimes smarter.

He had not gone very far before he came to a turn in the little path. It turned around a big rock. Of course, he should have stopped and carefully peeked around that big rock to make sure the way was clear. He didn't. He was thinking of other things, he was still wondering what there was about the poison people that made everybody afraid of them.

He trotted around that big rock, and was greeted with a hiss, an ugly threatening hiss that gave him a most uncomfortable feeling. There, right in front of him, was another of the Snake folk, and he was uglier looking than Buzztail. He stared just as Buzztail had stared. He was shaking his tail just as Buzztail had shaken his tail. It made a queer sound among the dry leaves.

The small fox didn't stop to notice that that buzzing sound was moving back into the secretarial field largely occupied by women in recent years. William Emerson, Vocational Training School Executive, said "male secretaries are gaining ever-increasing popularity. Qualified men make better secretaries."

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

THE LESSER RISK

In such a hand as the following, success goes to the declarer who can select the lesser risk.

South dealer North-South vulnerable.

♠	A 4 3 2	♣	Q 10 9 8
♥	K 9 8 5	♦	7 2
♠	K 7 3	♦	A Q 2
♣	7	♠	9 8 5
♠	J	♥	5
♥	6	♦	5
♦	J 9 8 4	♣	7 2
♣	K Q J	♠	A Q 2
♠	10 6 4 3	♥	5
♥	A K 7	♦	A Q 2
♦	A Q J 10 4 7	♣	9 8 5
♣	10 6 5	♠	A 2

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

In view of his own length in clubs and East's club raise, West preferred to try out his singleton spade. South won the king and drew two rounds of trumps, then tried to establish the spade suit. This, however, was impossible, and South finally had to depend on a favorable position of the diamond ace. He was unfortunate in that respect also, however, and so went down one.

The East-West bidding was highly significant, and when, on top of this, West opened the jack of spades, declarer might well have visualized the precise lie of cards. Obviously West had a very long and presumably good club suit, but this very probably made it odds-on that East had the diamond ace. (Without that card, how could he find even a defensive raise of clubs?) There was a chance, of course, that spades would break no worse than 4-2, but there was far more reason to fear that West had opened a singleton. Thus, South should have realized that the immediate cashing of the second round of trumps might be ruinous.

The lesser risk was to cash only one trump and then lead South's remaining spade. By conserving dummy's trumps in this way, South could ruff two of dummy's spades and his own low club in dummy, then lead the last spade and make East a present of the trick, discarding a diamond from the closed hand. This would put East in the position of having to return a club, giving South a ruff and discard, or by leading diamonds, setting up dummy's king.

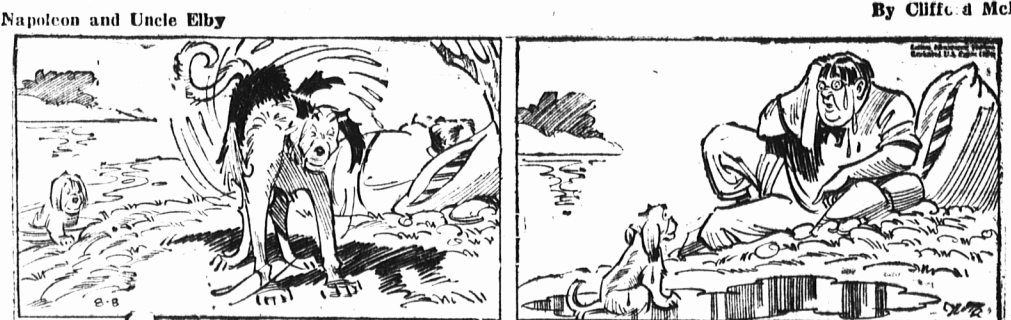
MALE SECRETARIES

VANCOUVER—(CP)—Men are moving back into the secretarial field largely occupied by women in recent years. William Emerson, Vocational Training School Executive, said "male secretaries are gaining ever-increasing popularity. Qualified men make better secretaries."

By Walt Kelly



By Cliff McBride



By Alex Raymond



By Harry Haenigsen



KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



By A. Capp



By Ruford



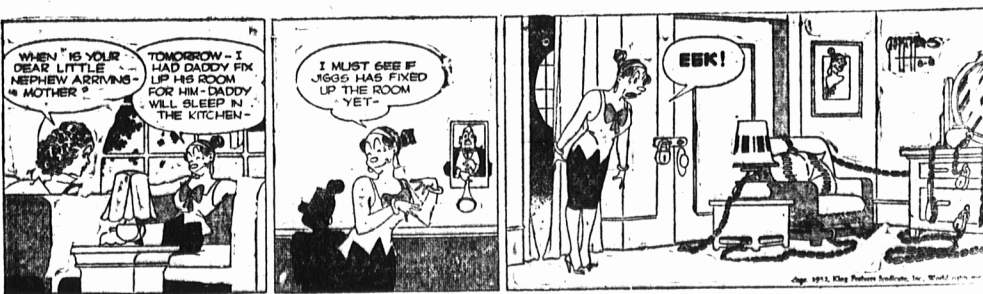
By Bob Gustafson



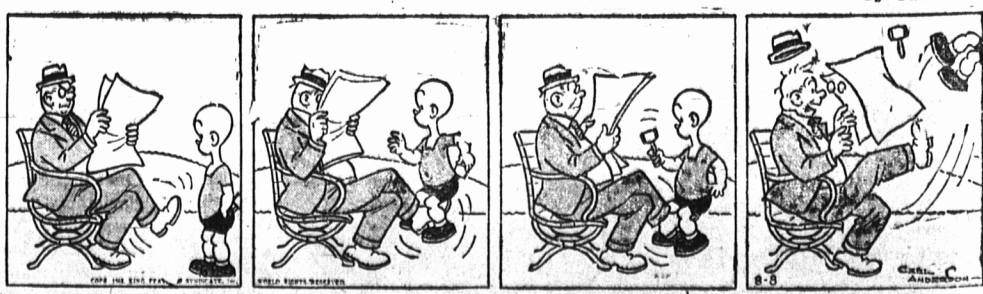
By Edwin



By Carl Anderson



By Carl Anderson



By Ham Fisher

