



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

JOHNNY CHUCK'S DAY

Whenever so called signs prevail, Remember that they often fall. —Old Mother Nature.

"Do you know what day this is?" said Peter Rabbit to Mrs. Peter. "Yes," replied Mrs. Peter. "It's today. It isn't yesterday or tomorrow; it's today."

"Quite right, my dear. It is today, but it is also a special day," replied Peter.

"I suppose every day is a special day for somebody. What special day is this?" asked Mrs. Peter.

"Guess, my dear," replied Peter. "Why should I guess?" retorted Mrs. Peter. "It isn't a special day to me, and I really don't care what special day it is."

"It's Johnny Chuck's day!" cried Peter, as if that really was great news.

"What do you mean by Johnny Chuck's day? What right has he to any special day?" retorted Mrs. Peter.

"It is the day he wakes up, and comes out to see what the weather is, and how long it will be before Mistress Spring gets here and he can come out to stay," explained Peter. "They say he does it every year, and folks can always tell whether or not the winter is going to last long."

"How can they tell? I don't believe a word of it," retorted Mrs. Peter.

"They say," replied Peter, "that if the sun is shining and Johnny comes out and sees his shadow he knows there's going to be at least six weeks more of winter. If he cannot see his shadow, Mistress Spring

will come early."

"Do you believe that?" Mrs. Peter wanted to know.

"I don't know," confessed Peter. "Sometimes I do, and sometimes I don't. I think I'll run over to Johnny Chuck's house and see if he is out today, and if he can tell me how much longer winter is going to last!"

"Peter Rabbit, you stay right here in the dear Old Briar-patch where you belong!" cried Mrs. Peter stamping her foot. "Are you crazy? Johnny Chuck's house is right out in the open, and you can be seen from a long distance."

"But I want to know if Johnny Chuck does know, and how he knows," replied Peter.

"What good will it do you?" demanded Mrs. Peter. "Even if Johnny Chuck does know, how will you know he knows and is not simply guessing?"

Peter had to confess that he wouldn't know, and he changed the subject. However, the first time he got a chance when Mrs. Peter's back was turned he slipped out of the dear Old Briar-patch, and away he went, lipperty, lipperty, lip, across the Green Meadows straight to Johnny Chuck's house. As he approached the doorway, he looked eagerly for some sign of Johnny Chuck, but saw none. On the doorstep there wasn't a single one of Johnny's footprints. The only footprints there were those of Reddy Fox, and those were not fresh.

Peter poked his head into the doorway and peered inside. It was dark down there, so of course he couldn't see for more than a little way. He was disappointed. He turned



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ed around and sat down on the doorstep with his back to the doorway. The sun was shining; he saw his own shadow. He sat up. So did the shadow.

"I can see my shadow, but it doesn't tell me anything. If Johnny Chuck's shadow can tell him what the rest of the winter is going to be like, why shouldn't my shadow tell me?" said he, talking aloud to himself.

"Who says my shadow tells me anything?" said a voice right behind his back. It startled him so that Peter jumped right off of Johnny Chuck's doorstep. Then he turned to see who had spoken. It was Johnny Chuck himself. He looked sleepy. He looked as if he could hardly keep his eyes open.

"Everybody says so," replied Peter. "They say if you come out on this particular day, you can tell what the rest of the winter is going to be like." Then he added, "Aren't you out to see your shadow?"

"No," replied Johnny Chuck, grumbling. "I don't care anything about my shadow. I just happened to wake up, and came up here for a breath of fresh air. Now I'm going back to sleep, and I don't know when I'll wake up again."

And that is all that Peter found out about Johnny Chuck's day, also called Groundhog's Day.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluvertson
A LUCKY SLAM BID

North "bid his head off" in the following hand, but a favorable opening lead and perfect timing on declarer's part brought home the contract.

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:
South West North East
1♥ Pass 2♣ Pass
3♥ Pass 4♣ Pass
4♥ Pass 6♥ (!) Dbl.
Redbl Pass Pass Pass

Unfortunately for his own side, West opened the three of spades. The nine was played from the board and East had to sacrifice his king. South won with the ace and then took stock.

With no diamond in his own hand, declarer found himself seriously handicapped for entries to dummy, assuming that the heart finesse was right. It still would be necessary to throw one club on the diamond ace, to establish a second diamond honor for another discard, and finally to reach that established diamond.

To do all this, the situation demanded that declarer risk leading a spade right back toward dummy's jack. West won with the queen and promptly shifted to a club. Dummy's ace won, and at this point care was required. Had declarer taken the heart finesse on the spot, East by covering the nine, could have defeated the contract. South was not careless, however. He cashed the diamond ace, discarding a club, then led the diamond queen through East. East covered (had he not done so, declarer would have discarded his remaining club), and declarer ruffed. A spade then was led to the jack and the diamond jack was cashed, declarer discarding his last club. Now the heart finesse was taken, and it did not matter whether or not East covered the nine. As it happened, he didn't, but the nine held, and a second finesse permitted declarer to pick up the outstanding trumps.

Bolton, England.—(CP)—Trooper Ernest Smith applied for a course in physiotherapy when he elected the course he was entitled to before discharge. Army authorities faced with the problem assigned him to the nearest thing, as attendant in a Turkish bath.

NATIVE MAJORITY
More than 50 per cent of the population of Guatemala in Central America is pure Indian.

BUSINESS BLOCK BURNS
COLLINGWOOD, Ont. (CP)—Fire of undetermined origin destroyed a business block on Collingwood's main street today and loss was estimated at \$500,000. No one was injured. Collingwood is about 70 miles north of Toronto.

MASON'S 49
for Coughs and Colds
45¢—75¢

King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



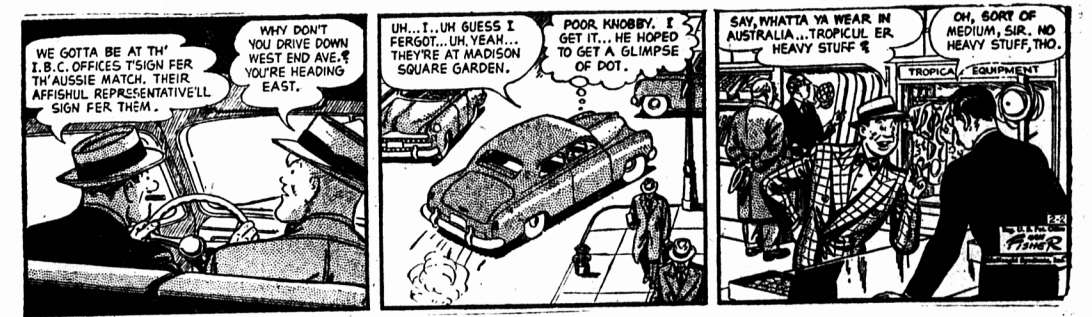
Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



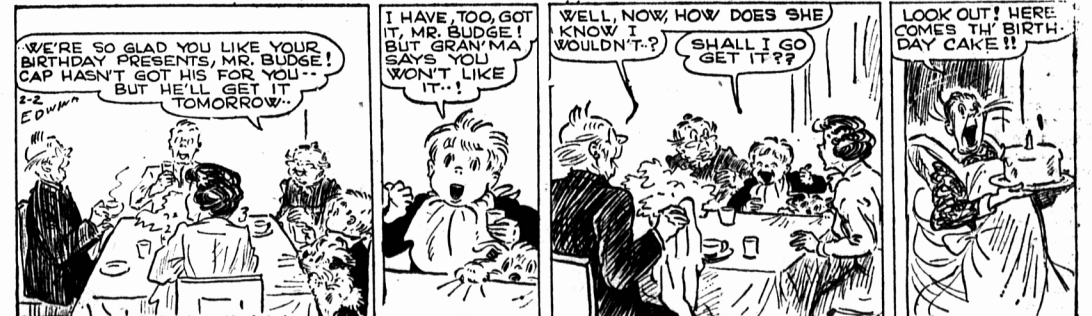
Pogo

By Walt Kelly



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



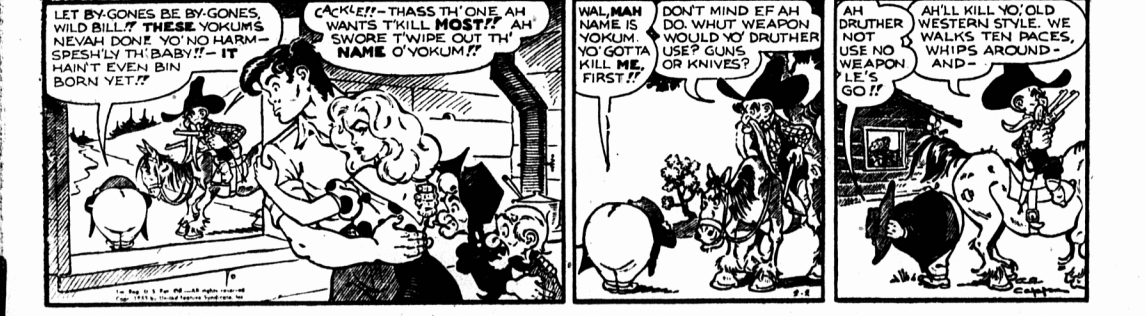
Penny

By Harry Haenigsen



Li'l Abner

By Al Capp



Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



Henry

By Carl Anderson

