

By George McManus

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE KITS DARE THE CUBS

Of taunts from other folks beware. And never take a foolish dare.

It was several days since Mother Bear had led the cubs, Taddy Bear and Totty Bear, on a fishing trip to a big brook flowing through a lonesome part of the Green Forest.

"Where are we going today?" asked Taddy Bear. "Where would you like to go?" replied Mother Bear in her deep, rumble-creaky voice.

It was so unusual for Mother Bear to ask where they would like to go, or what they would like to do, that the two little cubs didn't know what to say. They were tongue-tied. Usually Mother Bear never thought of asking them where they wanted to go, she simply told them to follow her. Now there was a twinkle in Mother Bear's eyes as she said, "This ought to be a good morning to go fishing."

The cubs thought so too. They were started to run ahead of Mother Bear and she had to call them back. Their place was at her heels, not running out in front. She led the way straight to their favorite fishing place where the water was shallow enough for the cubs to catch a fish now and then.

They had good luck that morning. Mother Bear left them on the edge of the brook while she went to dig up some favorite roots. Tired of fishing, the cubs began to look for something else to do.

Their keen little ears caught a sound that seemed to come from around a bend in the brook. It was the sound of splashing, and it was

coming, or so it seemed, from the favorite deep pool of the Otter kits whose acquaintance the cubs had made.

"There's something doing up there," said Taddy Bear. "Let's go see what it is," replied Totty Bear.

Now growing on one bank of that pool there was a big tree, a favorite tree with the two little Bears. They headed straight for it. When they got their first glimpse of the big pool, no one was in sight. The cubs made for the big tree and climbed it. They looked down on the pool. Nobody was in sight.

Then Taddy Bear, looking down on the bank almost directly under the tree, discovered something that made him lean forward and look more closely. Right there the bank was very steep and at the very steepest part it seemed to be smoother and wetter than at any other place; it was even somewhat muddy. Nothing green was left growing there. That bank hadn't looked this way the last time he saw it. Taddy was sure of that.

"What do you suppose makes that bank look like that right there?" asked Taddy Bear.

Totty Bear leaned forward and looked, too. "It is different from the rest of the bank. I wonder why?" she replied.

Hardly was the question out of her small mouth when Little Joe Otter appeared. He came swimming down from the upper end of the pool. He swam down to a place where the bank was very low. In fact, there was almost no bank at all. He came out of the water there and ran up along the bank to the highest place.

For a moment or two he stood looking down into the water. Sud-



"Where would you like to go?" asked Mother Bear in her deep grumbly voice.

denly he threw himself right down flat on his stomach on the steep part of the bank. His arms were held close to his body. His hind legs were straight out behind him. Down he went, headfirst into the water. It closed over him. When his brown head popped out of the water again he was way over on the other side of the pool.

"What did he do that for?" asked Taddy Bear, in a wondering tone.

"He did it for fun," said a voice, and there was Mrs. Otter just passing under the tree, the two young Otters gambling at her heels.

All three stopped at the place where Little Joe had stopped. Then, one after another, they did just what he had done. Headfirst into the slippery slide went Mrs. Otter. She swished into the water with hardly a sound. The two young Otters, one after the other followed her, but when they hit the water they splashed. Almost at once their round brown heads bobbed up again. Then they raced to see which could get to the low place, and climb out first. The race continued to the top of the bank, then down the slippery slide. They were having fun. Yes, sir, they were having great fun. There was no doubt about that.

"Come on down and try the slippery slide. We dare you!" cried one of the kits, looking up at the two little cubs.

The former Italian colony of Eritrea stretches for 670 miles along the African coast of the Red Sea.

East was generally recognized as a strong player, while West made no pretensions to expertness. Moreover, West was a highly conservative bidder, which does something to explain East's very liberal raise to three hearts.

West, defending against the four-spade contract, opened the king of spades. East played the nine, and when West then led the heart ace, East followed suit with the deuce. That was all West needed—he led a third round of hearts. South ruffed and promptly led a club. The result was that dummy's clubs were established before declarer lost control of diamonds, and the contract became ironclad.

"Partner!" East groaned, "didn't you remember that I raised your hearts? I had to have at least three cards in the suit, so how could you lead that third round? You must have known that South would ruff and set up clubs immediately, with your own and dummy's club holdings what they were. The diamond shift was marked!"

In making this irrefutable statement, East proved that while he may have been an expert, he was certainly no psychologist! Playing with a non-expert partner, East should not have dreamed of asking for heart continuation! If West had been a good player, he would have realized that nothing could be gained by leading a third heart, but a weak player, partnered with an expert, rarely goes in for independent thinking—he (very unwisely) gives the expert almost slavish obedience. Thus, under the circumstances, East had only himself to blame for the fact that the enemy stole the rubber.

The Dominican Republic was formed in 1844 after the successive expulsion of the Spanish, French and Haitians.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

SIGNALLING

A defensive signal that would be entirely correct with one type of partner is anything but correct with a different type. Perhaps East learned that lesson in the following hand.

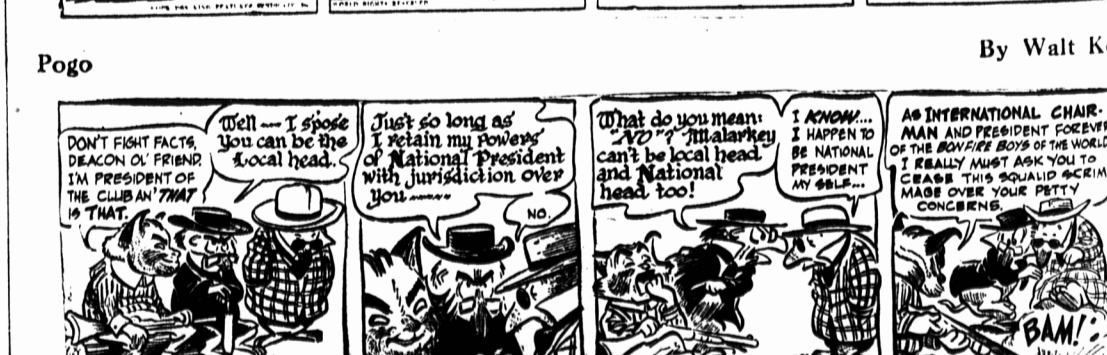
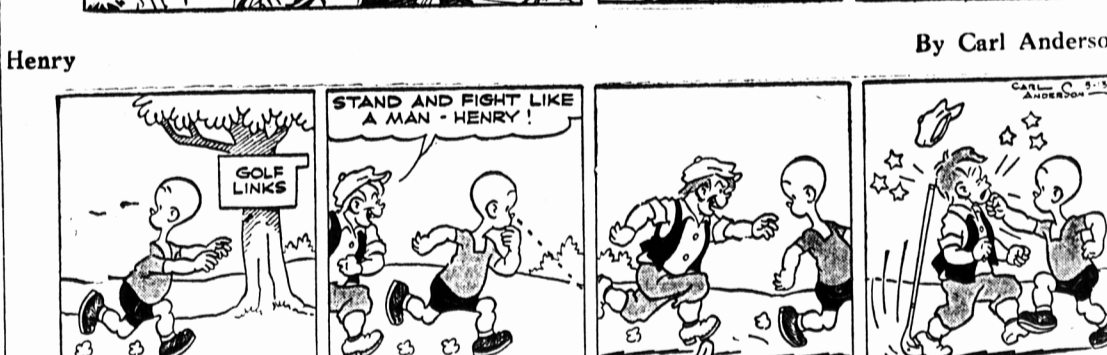
South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

♠ K J 7
♥ 7 6 4
♦ Q 3
♣ A J 10 9 8

♠ 6 3
♥ A K J
♦ 8 5
♣ J 7 4

♠ A Q 10 9 8 2
♥ 10 3
♦ A 8 2
♣ 6 4

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



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