

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

PETER RABBIT IS WARNED

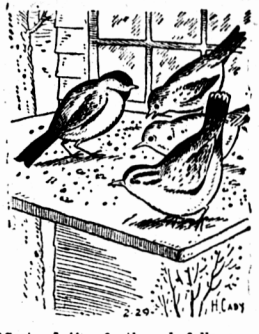
The warning that is sadly needed is useless unless it is heeded.
—Old Mother Nature.

A useless warning is wasted breath, and all warnings are useless when those to whom they are given do not heed them. It takes two to make a warning of use, one to give it, and one to heed it.

The news had spread all through the Green Forest that Hooty the Great Horned Owl, one of the fiercest hunters in all the Green Forest, and Mrs. Hooty had already begun housekeeping, although Jack Frost was around every night, and rough Brother Northwind's breath was as icy as ever. You see, it was still winter.

No birds with any sense would begin nesting as early as this," declared Yank Yank the Nuthatch to Tommy Tit the Chickadee, as they ate their breakfast at the feeding shelf at one of Farmer Brown's kitchen windows. Most of the other feathered folk agreed with Yank Yank. They couldn't see how it was possible to bring up babies as early in the year as Hooty and Mrs. Hooty would be bringing theirs up. They would be the first bird babies of the year, but they wouldn't be the first babies. Already Mother Bear had babies a month old, born in the very middle of the winter. But few knew of this, for those small cubs had not as yet so much as poked their little noses outside the den. In fact, they had had their eyes open for only a few days.

Of course Peter Rabbit over in the dear Old Brier-patch heard the news. Those long ears of his pick up most of the news sooner or later. Of course right away Peter was curious. He began to wonder if it really was true, or just a rumor. You know, a rumor is a statement which is passed from one to another, round and round so



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that it grows, yet nobody knows whether or not it is so, and nobody knows how it started.

Now no one knows better than Peter Rabbit that Hooty the Owl and Mrs. Hooty are among the most dangerous of all his enemies. Many a night when Peter has been over in the Green Forest, he has shivered at the sound of Hooty's hunting call. He knows that there is no one among all the smaller folk of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows whom Hooty and Mrs. Hooty would rather catch than a Rabbit. No one has ever given him worse scares, not even Reddy Fox, and Reddy has given him many. So the Green Forest, especially that part of it where Hooty makes their home, is no place for Peter to be roaming around.

"Of course it may not be true that Hooty and Mrs. Hooty have begun housekeeping," said Peter to Mrs. Peter. "I just can't believe that anyone would be so foolish as to lay eggs at this time of year." Mrs. Peter looked at him sharply. "You stay at home," said she. "Of course, my dear. I didn't say

HEADACHE? FEEL BETTER FAST! ASPIRIN

I was going anywhere." But as soon as the Black Shadows from the Purple Hills had crept over the Green Meadows that night Peter slipped out of the dear Old Brier-patch when Mrs. Peter wasn't near and away he went, lipperty, lipperty lip, across the Green Meadows, his white tail bobbing up and down in the dusk, straight to the Green Forest. Curiosity was greater than Peter's common sense. It is that way with a lot of people. And it is this which makes much of the trouble in the Great World.

Peter hunted up big cousin, Jumper the Hare, who lives in the Green Forest. "Is it true that Hooty and Mrs. Hooty are already nesting?" asked Peter.

"I don't know, and I'm not going over there to find out," said Jumper. "What is more, Cousin Peter, I advise you not to go over there either. If you know when you are well off, you will go back to the Old Brier-patch and stay there. If those Owls have eggs now they will soon have babies, and I don't know of any worse news for some of us folks than that will be. If there is any one place I am going to keep away from, it is that part of the Green Forest where those Owls are living. If you've got any sense at all you'll do the same thing." Peter said nothing.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

MISDIRECTED OPTIMISM

It was understandable that North should have become very optimistic in the bidding of the following hand, but the least he could do was to temper his optimism with a small part of caution.

North dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
2♠	Pass	2♥	Pass
3♠	Pass	3♥	Pass
4NT	Pass	5♠	Pass
5NT	Pass	6♠	Pass
7NT (!)	Pass	Pass	Pass

If East had been accommodating enough to open a heart, North could have picked up West's king and run the entire heart suit, but actually, East selected a diamond, and North was helpless. There was no entry in the South hand, and so North could not take advantage of the fact that the heart king lay right.

North could not be blamed for getting very optimistic when South made a positive response to the two-diamond opening and later re-bid hearts, then showed a king in response to the Blackwood Convention. But surely North should not have incurred a double risk on the hand, by going to the grand slam at notrump! Once North decided to play for the limit number of tricks, the least he could do was to select the contract which might be brought home even if South's announced king happened to be in spades rather than in hearts! Obviously, that safer contract would be seven hearts. With South playing the hand at his long suit, he would have the tremendous advantage of being able to ruff a diamond for entry to his own hand, and then being able to take the heart finesse.

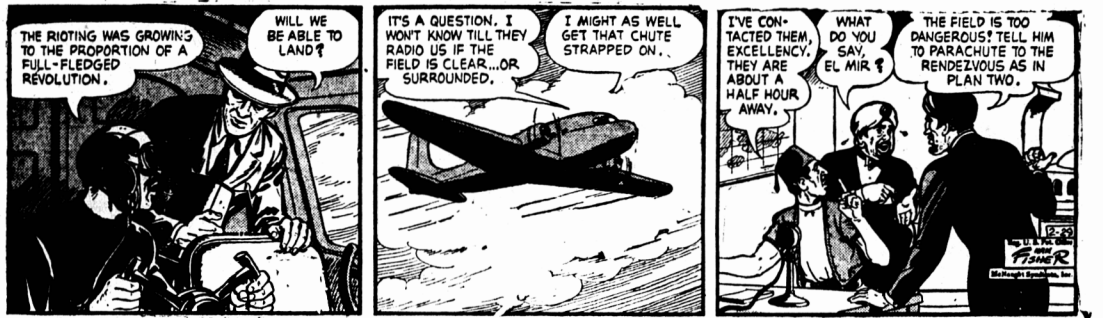
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



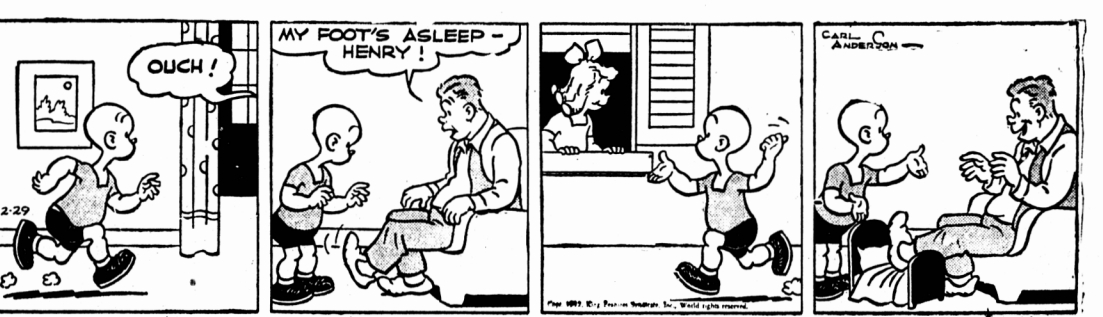
JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



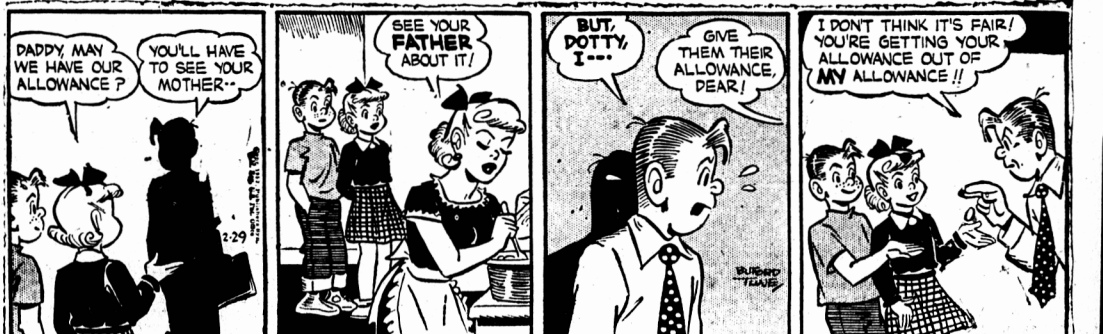
HENRY

By Carl Anderson



DOTTY DIPPLE

By Ruford



The "HOUND OF HEAVEN"
St. Dunstan's College Dramatic Society
HOLY REDEEMER COMMUNITY CENTRE
MONDAY and WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3rd & 5th
Curtain 8:15 Admission 50c
Notice Change In Date

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Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



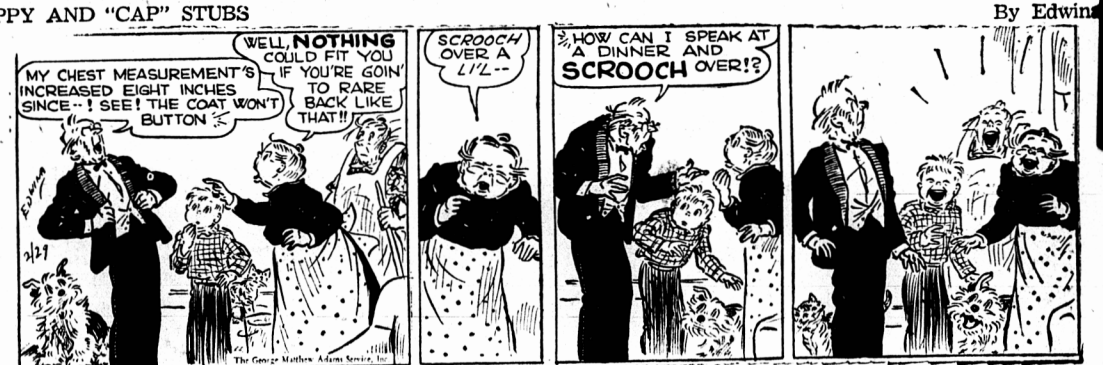
L'L ABNER

By Al Capp



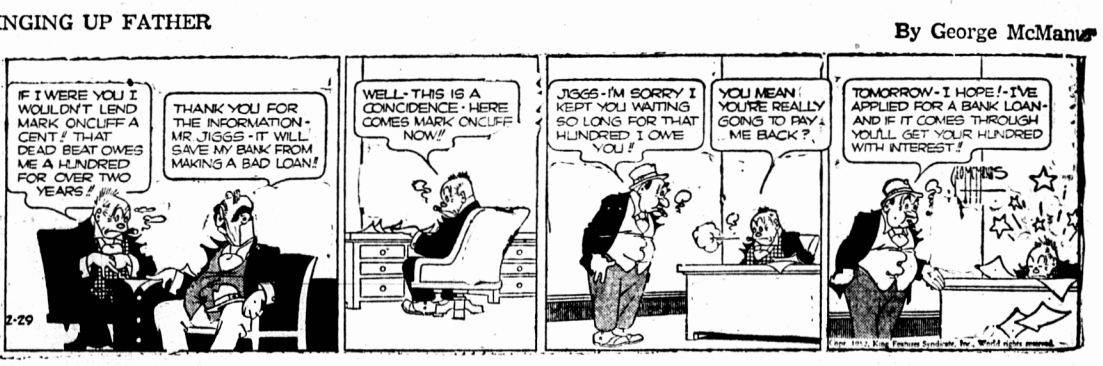
RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwin



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



PENNY

By Harry Haenigen