

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

MRS. HUMMER IS BUSY AND FUSSY
 In work if fussiness attend
 It means perfection in the end
 —Old Mother Nature
 Some folks would call tiny Mrs. Hummer the Hummingbird fussy. Perhaps she is. But fussiness often

pays. Those who make beautiful things always are what other folks call fussy. They insist on having everything just right. They take pride in their work, and pride is always fussy. It cannot be satisfied with anything less than perfection. Alas, there is not enough of this fussiness these days.

Little Mrs. Hummer was fussy about where her nest should be built. She did a lot of looking around. Some folks are not fussy at all about where they live. Some folks are not fussy at all about how they live. But the ones who enjoy living most, are fussy.

Finally Mrs. Hummer found just the place that suited her. It was not too high above the ground, yet it was not too low. It was well shaded, yet it was fairly open around it. Just a little way from that tree was another on which there were small dead twigs. Hummingbirds dearly love to perch on dead twigs small enough to be clasped in their tiny feet. They like to have these in the open where they can perch and watch what is going on, and where they can dart about in the air as they dearly love to do.

Having decided just where her dainty little nest was to be, little Mrs. Hummer went looking for material out of which that nest should be made. Again she was fussy, very fussy. Some of the feathered folk just don't care what their nests are made of or how

they look. Mrs. Robin builds hers of mud which dries hard. This is covered with straw and dead grass. . . . It isn't a pretty nest, but usually it is a strong nest. Mrs. Catbird builds her nest of sticks. That isn't a pretty nest either. Mrs. Chipping Sparrow builds her nest of fine roots and grasses, and whenever possible line it with hair, horse hair, deer, or any other hair she can find. She likes best the hair from the tail or mane of a horse, but these days she has hard work to find it. None of these things would do for dainty little Mrs. Hummer. Being so very small and so very dainty, she must have a dainty nest, and she does. First she went looking for ferns. On ferns grows a soft, brown substance that looks like brown cotton wool and is even softer. Perhaps it is because her babies are tiny when they first come out of the eggs that Mrs. Hummer wants the softest possible bed for them.

She picked tiny bits of this soft fern cotton and carried them in her bill to the branch on which she had chosen a place for that nest. Each bit had to be bound to the branch to keep it from falling off. It had to be bound with something as fine and dainty as the cotton itself. She used silk. Yes, sir, she used silk. Some of it was Spider silk; some of it was Caterpillar silk. It took a lot of flying about and careful search to find that silk. Of course she knew just where to look. It took many trips on those small wings of hers to get the cotton and to get the silk. She was a very busy small person. And all the time she took care that no curious eyes should see what she was doing.

That first day she did little more than the foundation on that twig. But she was out bright and early the next morning. Little by little that nest grew. It was the daintiest, softest, smallest nest you can imagine. It began to take shape of a fairy cup without a handle. Mrs. Hummer was very fussy about it. Nothing but the best of the brown fern cotton, and the finest and strongest of the silken threads would do. She darted here and there looking for those silken threads and no one seeing her would have guessed what she was looking for. Certainly no one did.



Finally Mrs. Hummer found just the place that suited her.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

ESCAPE WAS EASY
 Usually, a defender has no recourse against a well executed throw-in-play. At times, however, it is his own fault if he is caught in the trap. Observe this case:

South dealer.
 Neither side vulnerable.

♠ 632	♠ 1074
♥ 84	♥ 1097
♦ KQ1075	♦ 86
♣ A93	♣ J743

The bidding:
 South West North East
 1♥ 1♠ 2♦ Pass
 2NT Pass 3NT Pass

South's two-notrump rebid was rather bold, since he had nothing in clubs, but it was distinctly better than a rebid of two hearts, and for that matter, was probably the least of evils. South might have bid three diamonds to show North solidification of his suit, but since South had the spade ace, there was reason to fear that North lacked the spade stopper for a three-trump call, and three notrump might well be the only makeable game contract.

West opened the spade king. East played the seven, and South held up the ace. The spade queen followed, and this time East followed suit with the four. South now cashed dummy's five diamonds, discarding the club seven, the heart three and then the heart seven. West led the ten of clubs and the five of spades.

South, feeling that the heart finesse was not a good investment, decided to try for a throw-in play. He cashed the club ace and led a second club. As he had hoped, this put West on lead, and now that defender erred badly. Ignoring the fact that two more spade tricks would not defeat contract, West laid down the jack and nine of spades, and then could only lead a heart up to South's tenace. Thus, the contract was fulfilled.

In view of East's discards, West should have realized that he could not afford to lead a heart. Moreover, from East's follow-suit plays in spades, West should have known that his partner had the spade ten. Thus, after being thrown in with the clubs, West should have laid back the nine of spades, not the jack! East, of course, would win, and he would not even have to cash his high club — he could simply return a heart through South's ace-queen.

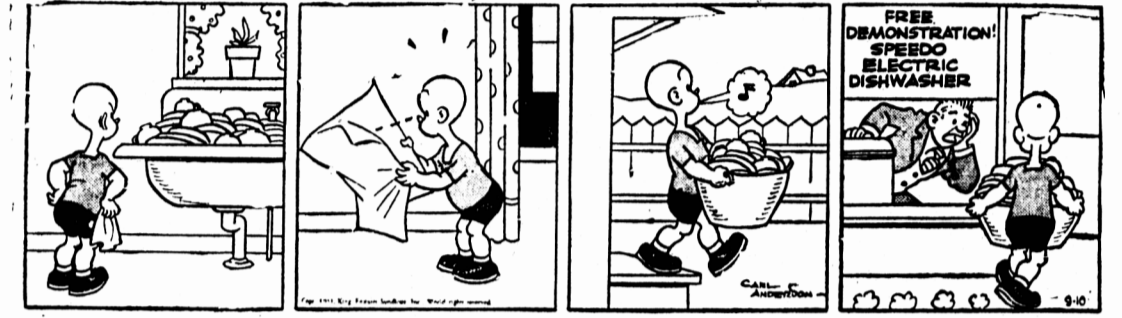
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



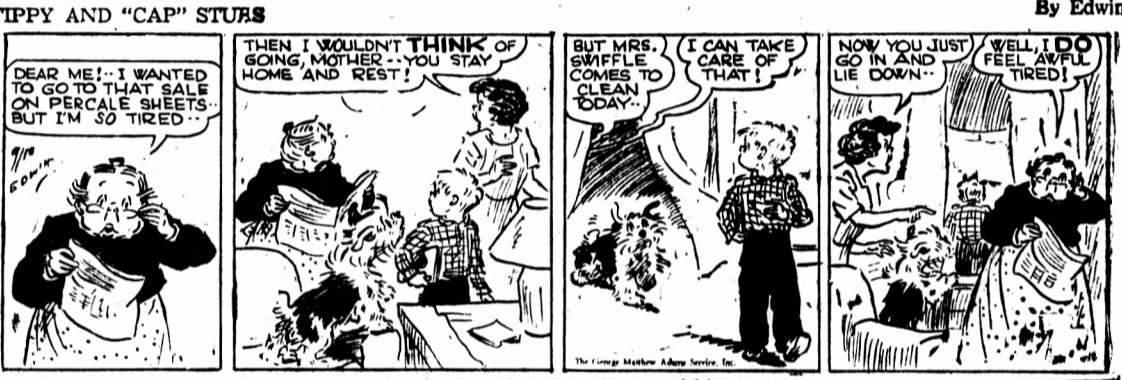
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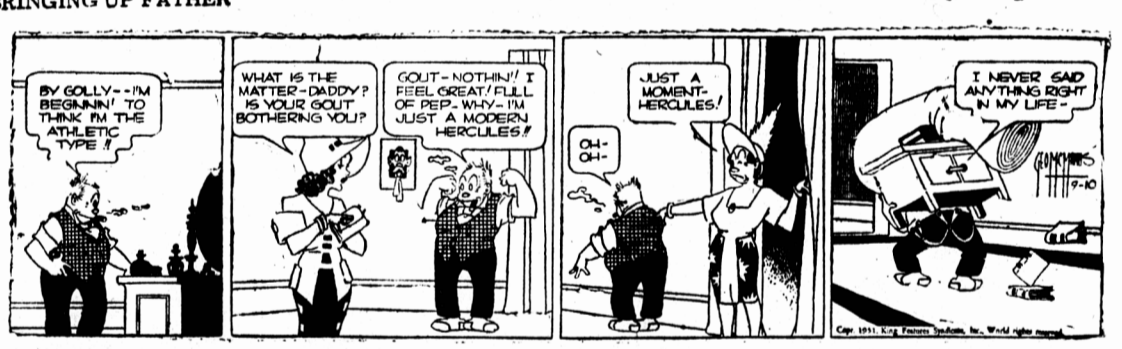
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TIPPY AND "CAP" STURS



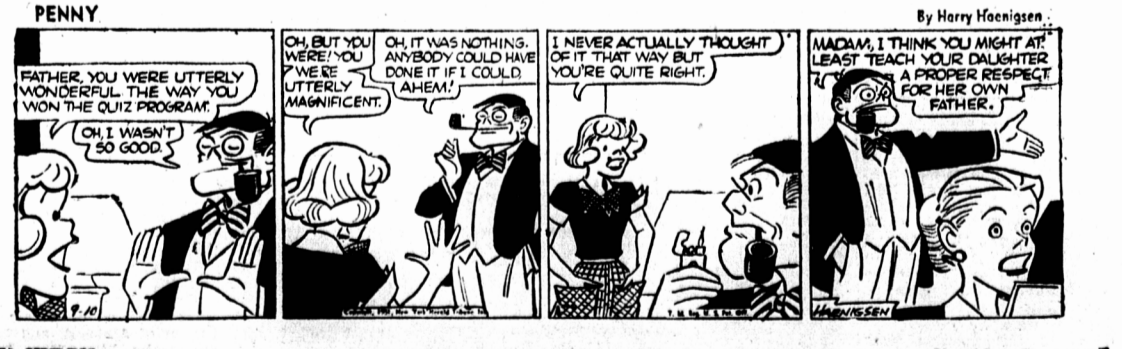
BRINGING UP FATHER



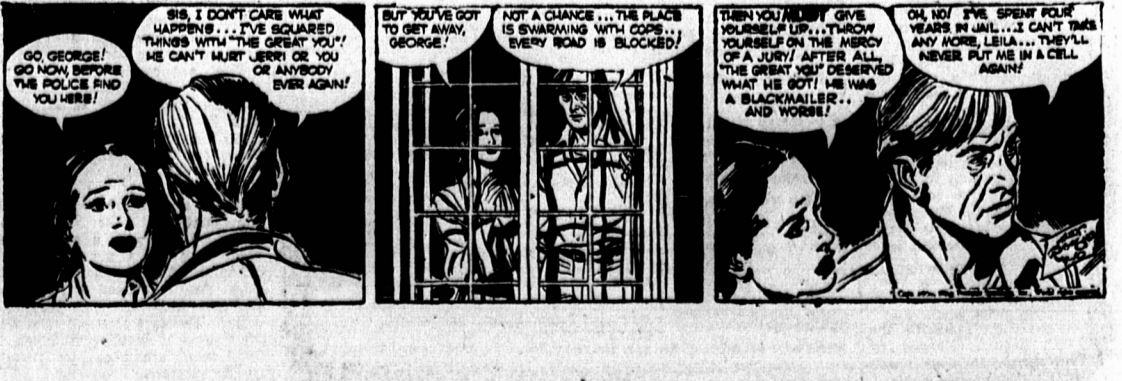
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NOW WATCH HOW QUICK YOUR HAIR SETS!

HOW ABOUT FRIDAY?

PLEASE, FELLAS, SLEEP SOMETIME.

EVERY GIRL SHOULD KNOW ABOUT WILDRIFT LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO, IT'S DATE BAIT

NOTHING THAT WILDRIFT LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO CANT HELP! I BETCHA!

WILDRIFT LIQUID CREAM SHAMPOO SOAKS YOUR HAIR SQUEAKY CLEAN! IT'S SOAPLESS, SUDSY AND HAS LANOLIN IN IT TO MAKE YOUR HAIR SOFT AND MANAGEABLE

NOW I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN

POGO

By WALT KELLY

LOOKY AT 'EM SLEEPIN'. AT LEAST WE FOUND THE LIL' TABS ALL SAFED AND SOUND

AN UN-EATEN.

HOW CAN YOU TELL 'EM WENT AHEAD WHILE IT WAS STILL LIGHT.

OL' MOUSE WENT AHEAD WHILE IT WAS STILL LIGHT.

AN' HE TOLE MIZ RACKETY COON WE WAS COMIN' SO I JES FOLLY BELLY MY NOSE.

UT-TUT-TUT-TUT! DON'T MOUTHLE 'EM.

WHAAAAAHHH! AN' HE TOLE MIZ RACKETY COON WE WAS COMIN' SO I JES FOLLY BELLY MY NOSE.

HOORAY WE'RE COMIN'!

WE'RE WAITIN'!

LIL' ABNER

By Al Capp

AN BIN OFFERED A SCHOLARSHIP AT SCALD U. THEYLL LARN ME HOW T'BE A BARBER, THAR.

WAL, BARBERS IS ALL RIGHT, BUT WHEN AN WAS A BOY, AN DREAMED O' BEIN' PRESY-DUNNY!

YO' WAS IN A LIL' AMBUSH, WAREN'T YO, PAPPY?

RIGHT?—AN DIDN'T BOTHER LEARNIN' NO SCHOLARSHIP TRADE, AN JEST COULD BEIN' TRATED ON TH' PRESY-DUNNY?!

BUT—DIDN'T DREAMIN' O' SECH A TOUGH JOB, BARBER YO, PAPPY?

NO JOB IS TOO TOUGH FO' YO'RE PAPPY ABOUT, SON?!

—AN' ILL BET TH' AMBUSHUS LIL' WARMINT IS DREAMIN' O' BEIN' PRESY-DUNNY, RIGHT NOW?!

—BLESS HIS PATRIOTIC HEART—AN SALUTES HIMSELF.