

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

SOFT-EYES APPROVES

There is a form of silent speech. That love alone knows how to teach.

—Old Mother Nature.

Soft-Eyes, as Too-Smart called his pretty mate, was as pretty a young fox as ever hunted on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest. She was not quite as big as Too-Smart, but she had an even finer coat than his and in

some ways she was even smarter than he, and he was one of the smartest of the children of Reddy Fox. As they trotted along side by side they were a truly handsome pair.

"I hope you will like my home," said Too-Smart. "Of course if you don't, we'll find some other place to live." When they reached the old wood-chuck home that Too-Smart had dug a little larger for his own use, his pretty mate at once started to look it over while he sat back and watched. First she looked all around outside. The entrance was in an old pasture, but at the edge of the woods. One of Johnny Chuck's family had dug it long ago. There was a back door in among the trees. It was too small for a fox to use. Too-Smart had never bothered to dig it larger. Soft-Eyes poked her nose inside. With her black paws, she scratched away the leaves that had partly closed it. Then she went



First she looked all around outside.

around to the front door and went inside. She was in there for some time. Outside, Too-Smart waited patiently, and hopefully. He didn't like the thought of having to dig a new home. They could do it if they had to, but it would be much easier if they could use this old home.

When finally Soft-Eyes put her head outside, he looked at her eagerly. For a couple of minutes she sat in the doorway with just her head outside saying nothing. Then she came out, and shook herself. There was sand in her coat, and she wanted to get rid of it. Too-Smart knew by this that she had been doing a little digging down in there.

"Well, my dear, what do you think of it?" asked Too-Smart. Soft-Eyes shook herself once more, then she looked at him with a sly grin. "What if I don't like it?" she asked.

"We'll look around until we find a place that you do like, my dear," said Too-Smart.

"Do you know of any other old house in the ground as good as this one?" asked Soft-Eyes.

Too-Smart shook his head. "No," said he. "I know of a couple of old woodchuck homes out in the pasture, but they are too much in the open. Anyway they are not as good as this one."

"I know the ones you mean," said Soft-Eyes. "They really won't do at all. This old house really is very good. We'll get busy and make some changes in it. To begin with, it isn't big enough inside. There must be a bigger bedroom. The hall to the back door should

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Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

TESTS OF SKILL

A declarer does not have to be in a slam (or even a game) contract to show his skill; in fact, some of the most bitter duels between offense and defense are carried on at part-score levels. Consider, for example, this hand from a team-of-four contest.

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

10864
KQ1032
J5
73

AKQ95
AJ94
87
AK6

N
W
S
E

AK73
AKQ962
K84

No great "swing" could occur on this deal because at both tables South ended up at a mere three-diamond contract. However, the play of one declarer was well worth reporting. This was the auction at both tables:

South West North East
1♦ Dble. Pass 2♣
2♦ 3♣ Pass Pass
3♦ Pass Pass Pass

At one table, on a diamond lead the declarer made only six diamond tricks and one heart, and thus paid a 200-point penalty.

The other declarer was more resourceful. Winning the opening diamond lead with the queen, he led his singleton heart, and when West ducked (to keep South from making two heart tricks) this South had the vision and nerve to put in dummy's ten. This card holding, he led the heart king and passed it, discarding a spade from the closed hand.

West took the heart ace and made the best return, another trump. Dummy's jack won, and declarer discarded a club on the heart queen. He then ruffed a heart and ran every trump, finally coming down to the K-7 of spades and the K-5 of clubs. West could do no better than keep the A-Q of both black suits; he was then thrown in with spades and had to return a club from his tenace, thus promoting South's club king.

On the surface, South's finesse of the heart ten appears rash, but the simple fact was that this offered the only substantial chance of making the contract.

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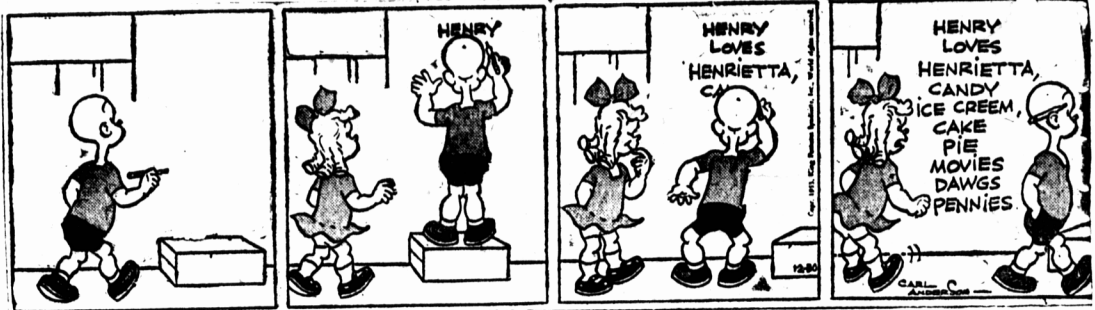
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



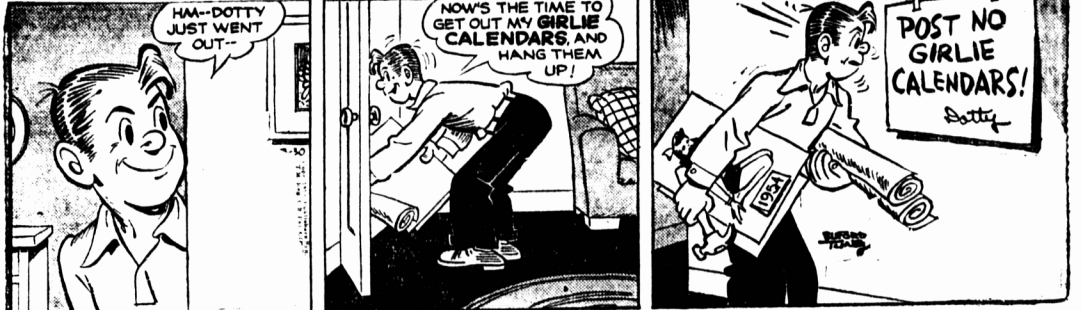
Henry

By Carl Anderson



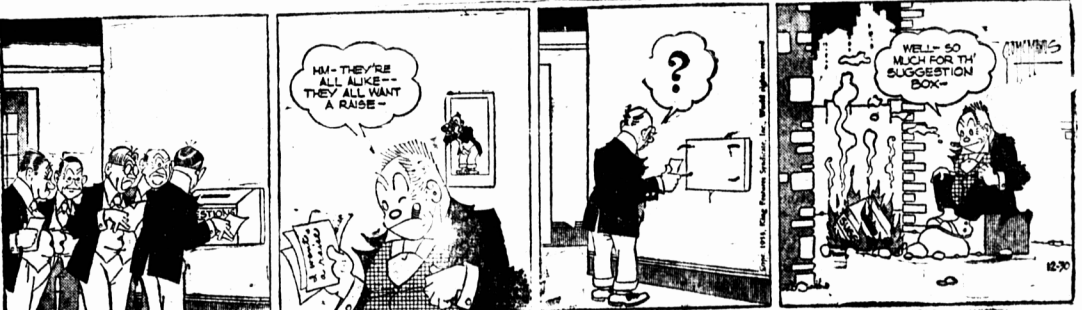
Dotty Dripple

By Buford



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



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