



By Thornton W. Burgess

WHAT NEXT?

What's next? Who is there who can say, There's little known beyond today.

Helpless, hopeless, suffering from pain and terrible fright that was worse than the pain, one of the

children of Hooty the Owl and Mrs. Hooty hung from the top of a telephone pole. She was called Sister Hooty. She hung head down, one leg held fast in the cruel jaws of a steel trap the chain of which was fastened at the top of the pole.

Her wings hung down over her head stretched nearly their full length because she was too tired to keep them folded. She had



Some sat in a row along the top of the fence all talking at once.

flapped them and flapped them, beating the air with them as she tried to fly up and couldn't, beating them against that pole because it was in the way and she couldn't keep clear of it. Two or three of the long stiff flight feathers were broken.

Now and then she aroused herself to struggle, but not for long. She no longer had the strength. A flock of Crows had tormented her until they grew tired of such sport. They hadn't quite dared to try to kill her. It wasn't that they were afraid of her. They were not. They knew she was harmless; that she couldn't fight. But Crows are suspicious folk. They didn't understand what had happened to Sister Hooty. She was helpless and in dreadful trouble, but how she got that way they didn't know and they didn't dare attack her lest they get into the same trouble themselves. So they were content to fly about her screaming threats of the dreadful things they would do to her, pretending they were going to attack. They kept it up until they grew tired of such sport and flew away talking it over among themselves as they flew. A good time had been had by all except poor Sister Hooty.

After these black rascals had gone, many of the smaller feathered folk gathered chirping, chattering, even screaming as they sometimes flew up almost in Sister Hooty's face. Such an excited lot as they were. Some sat in a row along the top of the fence all talking at once. Now and then one would fly up on the top of the telephone pole and, leaning over to look down on the big Owl hanging just below, scream all the dreadful things they would do to her, none of which they dared really do. Whenever she struggled and tried to beat her wings there was the wildest excitement. Here at their

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Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

MASTERFUL PLAY

It was not easy to fulfill the slam contract in the following hand, but the declarer was a master of the squeeze play.

East dealer. Neither side vulnerable

Bridge hand diagram showing cards in each hand: East (AKJ, QJ5, KJ8, 10872), North (AQ1096, 4, AK97, A62), South (885, 10843, 96543, 2), West (732, A62, AKQJ954)

Bidding table: East 1♠, South 1♠, West 5♣, North 3NT, Pass Pass Pass 6♣

West opened his top spade. Dummy's ace was played; then South took time out to study the situation. Eleven tricks were in sight, since East was marked with the heart king for his opening bid, but there was nevertheless the danger that South would have to lose a spade and a heart. Drawing the opposing trumps, then throwing East in with the third round of spades would not work — East would simply exit with a low heart. (East, an expert, would not lay down the diamond ace; he would realize that South, to justify his bidding, was void in diamonds.) One thing seemed evident to South: East's bid needed every missing ace, king and queen for justification. Banking on this, South went to work.

He cashed the trump ten, then led the diamond jack and, when East covered with the queen, gave him the trick, discarding a heart from the closed hand. East's only safe return was a low heart, which ran to dummy's jack. South then ran trumps, leaving this position:

Bridge hand diagram showing cards in each hand: East (AKJ, Q5, K), North (AK10, K9, A), South (73, A, 95), West (Im-mortal)

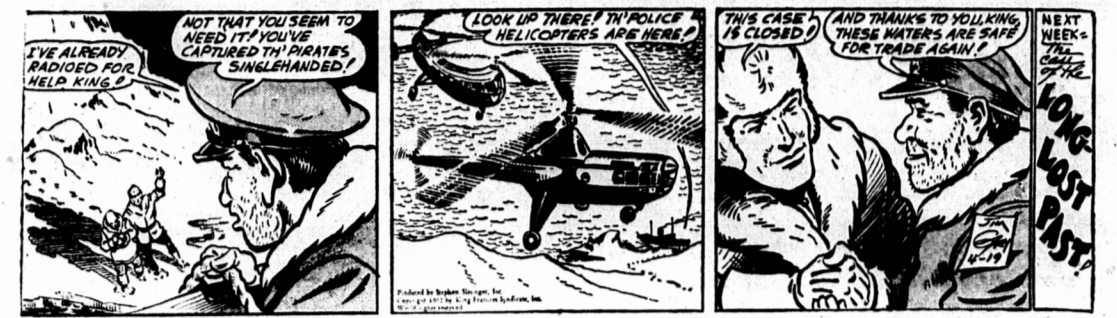
Now South led another club and discarded dummy's spade jack — and East was helpless. Readers will doubtless enjoy working out this end-position for themselves.

The great nickel-bearing ores around Sudbury, Ont., also contain large quantities of copper plus gold, silver and other metals.

By Walt Keny

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Z... Grey



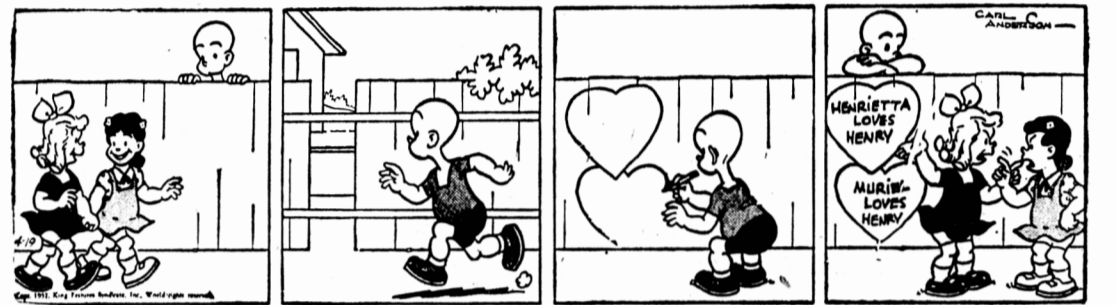
By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA



By Carl Anderson

HENRY



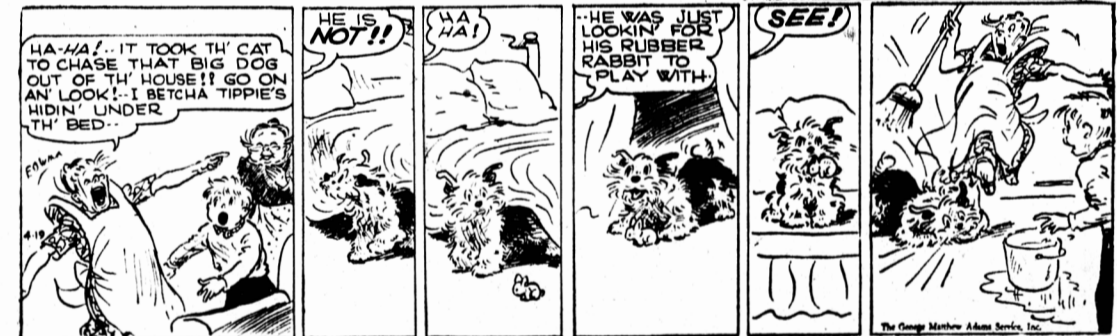
By Ruford

DOTTY DRIPPLE



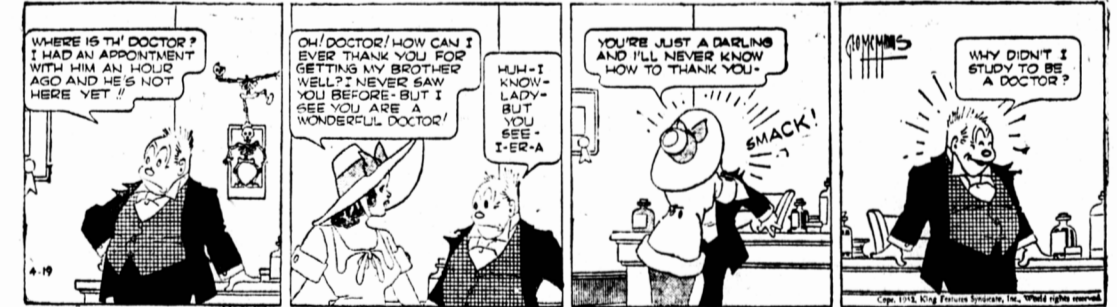
By Edwina

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



PENNY

By Harry Hoeninges



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Boy Bird Watchers, Beware! I have sandwiches packed by ponder trees. WE FOUND SUCH A BIRD ONE, DEAD THAT BY WATCHIN' IT WE CAN GET ALL OUR BIRD-WATCHIN' DONE TO OANCE. What? You'd watch this stork? That Champion of Tradition, Emblem of Motherhood, enjoying a dignified lunch? She needs no watching! TRUTHFULLY, WE'S JES' WATCHIN' THE LUNCH, SIR.

By Clifford McBride

Napoleon and Uncle Elby. Illustration of a man and a dog.

By Al Capp

LIL' ABNER. I WAS JUST WHAT I'D THINK... OKAY! OKAY! BUT—FOIST—HOW ABOUT A TIP? HE WANTS YOU TO GIVE HIM SOME MONEY, FO! RETURNIN' TH' HAM!

By Alex Raymond

RIP KIRBY. ...AND THAT'S ABOUT IT, MONEY... DUDE AND LIL' ARE GONE AND GO IS THE THOUSAND DOLLARS! MY POOR DARLING! I'LL GET SOME MORE... THERE GOES THE DOORBELL... PLEASE ANSWER IT, HONEY! AND NO MATTER WHO IT IS, I'M NOT AT HOME!

KING COLE COFFEE Always Fresh