By Thornton W. Burgess

LITTLE BUT FEARLESS

If you judge alone by size,
You may get a great surprise.
—Old Mother Nature.

It is true that it is often a mistake to judge other people wholly by their size. Often it isn't the big but the small who are most to be feared. Just take the case of Shadow the Weasel. Shadow is a very small person. He is the smallest of his family. The biggest member of the family is Glutton the Wolverine. In between in size are Little Joe Otter, Pekan the Fisher, Sprite the Marten, Jimmy Skunk, and Billy Mink. Of all these none carries as much fear to others as does little Shadow the Weasel. It is all because of his fierce appetite, lack of fear, quickness and love of hunting.

Shadow is a meat eater. He lives on meat altogether. Of course, that means he must be a hunter; he must kill in order to get the meat he needs. And his need is very great. He eats as much as a third of his own weight every day, and sometimes as much as half of his weight.

Some folks think that Shadow is all bad. That is a mistake. Nobody is all bad. Shadow has made a bad name for himself, because at times he has made mistakes. He has managed to get into a henyard or henhouse, and kill a great many more chickens than he can possibly have use for at one time. Perhaps he was over-excited. Perhaps he was making the most of opportunity, or thought he was. He does store away some food when he has more than he can eat at one time. But one mistake like this will give anyone a bad name he never can get over. So Shadow the Weasel has a bad name.

Shadow had been hunting in the Green Forest. The word had been passed about some way or other, and there was a great stillness in his neighborhood. Four young Gray Squirrels had seen him for the first time. They had seen him go into the home of a mouse with whom they had become very well acquainted. When he came out again and went off about his business they watched for their little white-footed neighbor to come out. He didn't come out. They never saw him again. Shadow had disappeared in a hollow log. He had gone right through that hollow log, and out the other end without being seen. And because he wasn't seen, it was a long time before the smaller people in the neighborhood dared to move again.

As for Shadow, he went on his way still hunting. But all the time his bright eyes were watching for any enemy who might unexpectedly appear. So it was that he saw Reddy Fox before Reddy saw him. Compared in size with Shadow, Reddy was a giant. Do you think that Shadow was frightened? Not in the least. He knew that Reddy would gladly catch him if he could. Most folks in his place would have tried to steal away and hide. Shadow did nothing of the kind. He sat up Squirrel-fashion, and waited.

It was when he sat up that Reddy caught sight of him. Reddy stopped short. The two just stared at each other. There was a hungry look in Reddy's yellow eyes. There are other kinds of food that Reddy likes better than Weasel, but here was a Weasel within jumping distance. In Shadow's small sharp black eyes, there was no fear whatever. There was simply impudence.

"I've got you this time," snarled Reddy, as he prepared to spring.

"Who says so? Guess again," spat Shadow, almost in Reddy's face.

Reddy sprang. His black paws came down on the very spot where Shadow had been, but now wasn't.

"Have another guess," hissed Shadow. There he was sitting up again, hardly a jump away.

Reddy did try again. For a few minutes there was a lively time there in the Green Forest. There is nothing slow about Reddy Fox. But quick as he was, the small Weasel was quicker. Anyone else among the little forest people in Shadow's place would have been filled with fright. There wasn't so much as a flicker of fear in those beady black eyes watching Reddy so closely. Shadow could have darted into a safe hiding place at any time. The truth is, he enjoyed teasing Reddy Fox and making fun of him.

There was a hungry look in Reddy's yellow eyes.

JACKIE DOYLE

and

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Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

WHOSE SIDE ARE YOU ON?

A gallery of experts split into two camps in the matter of fixing the blame between East and West in this case.

East dealer.
East-West vulnerable.
Rubber bridge.

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

The bidding:

East	South	West	North
Pass	1 ♥	4 ♠	Pass
Pass	5 ♦	Dble.	5 ♥
Dble.	Pass	Pass	Pass

West laid down the ace of spades, then continued the suit. Declarer ruffed and led his club nine. West felt that South couldn't well have two singletons (which was a very questionable conclusion, considering the bidding!) and so West ducked. The club king was put up, and now South was in an excellent position. He led a heart jack from the board. East covered; South won and returned a diamond. West again ducking—not that it mattered—dummy's queen won, and South now finessed against the nine of hearts. A low diamond lead then drove out West's ace, and South was in full control of the situation.

Even if West had properly put up the club ace and beaten the contract one trick, he would have little cause for rejoicing, because he could easily have made five spades, and indeed could almost as easily have made a slam if North opened his partner's first-bid heart suit.

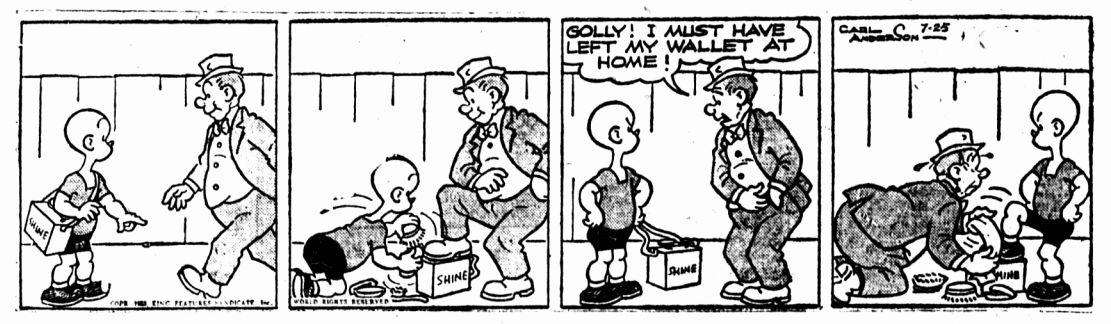
It is hard to put one's finger on this or that bid made by West or East and say that that was responsible for the outcome, but this writer is inclined to blame East because of his double of five hearts. West had felt obliged to double five diamonds because his own four-spade call had been ambiguous—East could not possibly know that West had so much defensive strength—but the Q-9-6-2 of hearts under South, were not nearly as valuable as East apparently thought them to be. If he had passed, West undoubtedly would have ventured alone to five spades; and really it did not require too much imagination or optimism on East's part to make that bid, himself.

Caryatides are the draped female figures which took the place of pillars in architecture.

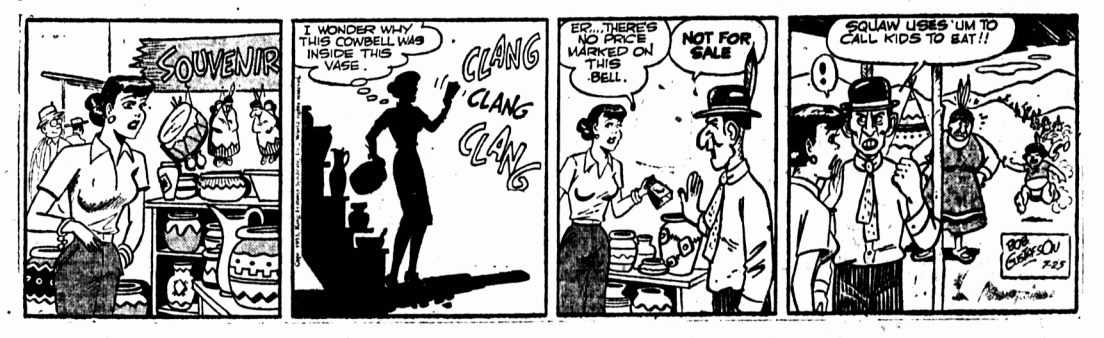
Bringing Up Father — By George McManus

Dotty Dripple — By Ruford

Henry — By Carl Anderson



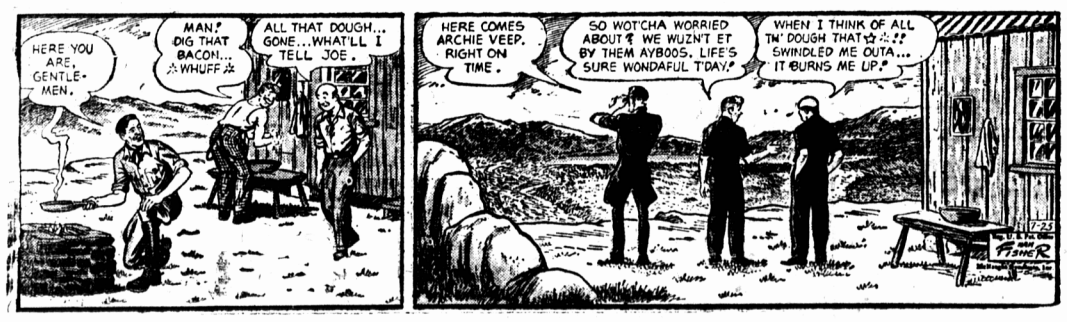
Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson



King Of The Royal Mounted — By Zane Grey

Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride

Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher



Pogo — By Walt Kelly

Li'l Abner — By Al Capp

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs — By Edwina

Rip Kirby — By Alex Raymond

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen