

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluvertson

A BAD PARTNER

It cost West 600 points to ignore his partner's signal in the following hand.

West dealer.
North-South vulnerable and 60 on score.

74
KJ6
A1053
A1074

AKQ
83
982
QJ98
8

N
W
E
S

952
AQ107
64
9532

J108
543
K72
KQJ6

The bidding:
West North East South
1♣ Dbl. Pass 2♣ 2NT
2♣ Pass 2♣ 2NT
Pass Pass Dbl. Pass
Pass Pass

Needless to say, South was rather venturesome in bidding two no-trump without a spade stopper, but he felt that North might have a spade honor, or, failing that, that he opposing spades might be divided 4-4. South also felt that his hand was substantially better than North could expect, and that some forward action was in order over East's mere preference bid in spades.

When East doubled the two-no-trump bid — rightly concluding that his heart honors would be over, rather than under, opposing heart strength — South stood fast, feeling that if anyone should run, it was North. The latter, however, saw no reason to increase the contract, and it is interesting to observe that a runoff to three clubs would not have been an improvement on the actual outcome.

West opened the spade king, and though East played the deuce, asking for a shift, West went right

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

SOME ARTFUL DODGING

Who puts his talents to best use For failure seldom needs excuse. —Old Mother Nature.

Mrs. Grouse had just had a narrow escape. She had been taking a snow bath, quite sure that there was no danger here. She had carefully looked all about to make sure that no enemy was about. She hadn't been careless. No one knows better than does Mrs. Grouse the need of always being careful.

She saw no danger, no reason at all why she shouldn't take a snow bath. Yet all the time two hungry hunters whom she most fears were watching her, though neither knew the other was in the neighborhood. One was Tufty the Lynx. He was crouching as close to the snow-covered ground as he could get, and he didn't move a hair. Had he moved the least bit, Mrs. Grouse would have seen him for she looked straight at him. Because there was no movement whatever she saw what seemed to her to be an old gray log in the snow.

The other hungry hunter was Whitley the Snowy Owl. He was in a tree much farther away than Tufty. Because he was dressed all in white and didn't move, Mrs. Grouse didn't see him.

She squatted down in the light snow and began taking a snow bath in the same way she and a great many birds take dust baths in summer. Perhaps you have seen Hens take a dust bath. Of course, she couldn't be taking that bath, and watching at the same time. It was the chance Tufty and Whitley had been waiting for. Tufty made two quick leaps. At the same instant Whitley shot out of the treetop on surprisingly swift wings. Both arrived in the same instant at the spot where Mrs. Grouse was taking a snow bath. She wasn't taking a snow bath. She wasn't watching the treetops on her stout wings, leaving two disappointed hunters to blame each other for her escape.

All the time, Jumper the Hare was watching from beneath a hemlock bough where he looked like nothing more than a little mound of snow. That is because his coat in winter is snowy white. His cousin, Peter Rabbit, sometimes foolishly envies him that white coat. You know Peter's coat is brown; it is never white. Jumper and Mrs. Grouse are old friends, so he was delighted to see her go whirling off among the trees. He watched her admiringly as she dodged in and out among the branches without hitting one. She is wonderfully skillful in doing this. She is what might be called an artful dodger. She has made dodging an art. In doing this she has saved her life more times than can be remembered.

Her skill in dodging was something that Jumper especially appreciated. He, too, is an artful dodger. By dodging he has saved his life more times than he can



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remember. It was a little later that very same day that Jumper had an adventure of his own. He had left his hiding place under the big green bough of the hemlock tree, and had started out to look for something to eat. Now Jumper wasn't eyes in the back of his head, but it sometimes seems as if he has. Like those of his small cousin, Peter Rabbit, his eyes are so placed that he can look behind him without having to turn his head to do it. Jumper often has to run for his life, and if he had to turn his head to see where the one chasing him was, he would be almost sure to run headlong into something. So, while he is running, he can roll his eyes back enough to see behind him.

He looked back in this way just to be sure that all was well. It was lucky he did so. There, uncomfortably near, was Old Man Coyote. In fact, he was almost at Jumper's heels. You should have

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FOR
COUGHS COLDS-
YOU CAN'T BEAT
BUCKLEY'S MIXTURE

King Of The Royal Mounted



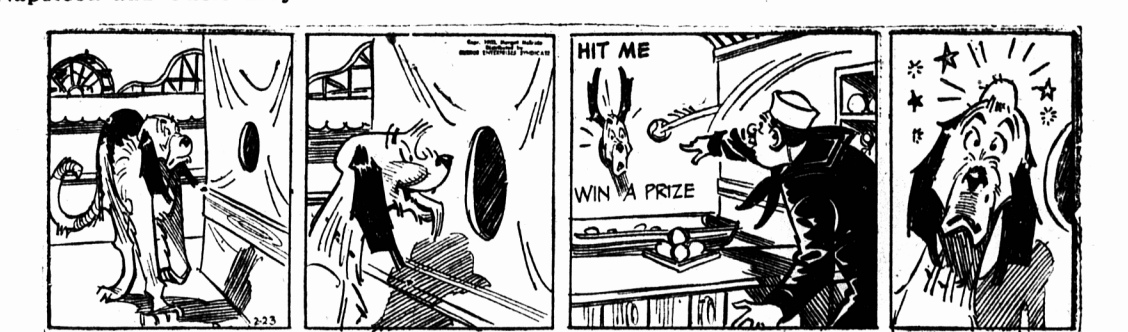
Rip Kirby



Joe Palooka



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



THE ADVENTURES OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE... HOW TO BE A SOCIAL SUCCESS

WHAT GIVES HERE, I'M SHAVED, WEARING A CLEAN SHIRT, SHIRT, PANTS AND JACKET YET NOBODY GIVES ME A TUMBLE!

LOOK BUD YOU LOOK LIKE A RUSSIAN WOLF HOUND AFTER A BAD NIGHT ON THE STEPPES... YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL!

YOU NEED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL TO LOOK SMART FROM MOUSTACHE TO MOCASINS

WILDROOT CREAM OIL HAIR TONIC

REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

NON-ALCOHOLIC contains LANOLIN

WHILE I'LL BET HE'S SOMEBODY SUPER... LET'S TRIP OVER HIS FOOT SO HE'LL NOTICE US, EH?

I'M HAVING A PARTY NEXT FRIDAY. WILL YOU COME?

SEE WHAT I MEAN? YOU'VE GOTTA LOOK NEAT TO BE NOTICED!

Li'l Abner



By Al Capp

Pogo



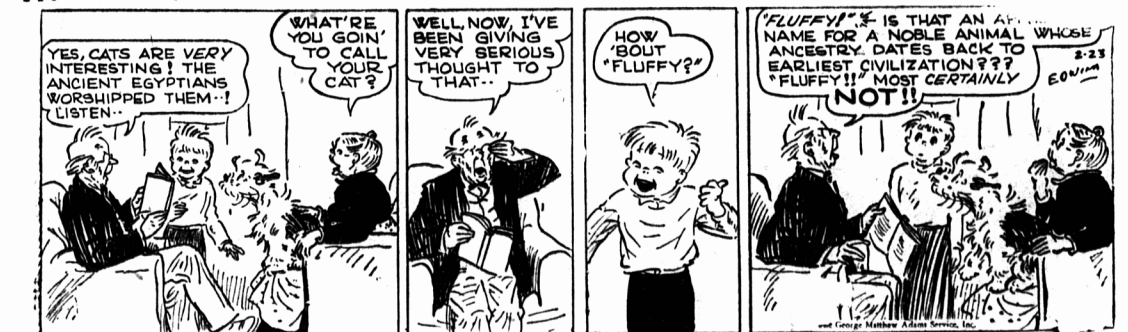
By Walt Kelly

Tilly The Toiler



By Bob Gustafson

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



By Edwina

Dotty Dripple



By Ruford

Bringing Up Father



By George McManus

Henry



By Carl Anderson

PENNY



By Harry Hoehnigen