

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

MRS. HAPPY JACK'S SECRET

Some things too precious are to share. But secrets to be kept with care. —Mrs. Happy Jack.

Three half-grown young Squirrels clung together in a hollow in a tree in the Green Forest. They were Bushtail, Broadtail and Ragtail. They had spent the night in that hollow. Now someone was pounding on that tree outside and they were three frightened young Squirrels. Who could it be? Thump! Thump! Thump! With each thump the three Squirrels clung together closer. Then the doorway just above them was darkened. Someone was looking in.

"What are you doing in my house?" demanded a strange voice. "We didn't know it was your house. We didn't know it was anybody's house," said Ragtail. He was speaking for all three. "We had to find a place to sleep. This was the only place we could find, and there was nobody at home," explained Broadtail. "We'll get out right away," said Bushtail. His voice was squeaky. He was a scared young Squirrel. You see they felt trapped. They were afraid to try, but they were more afraid to stay than they were more afraid to go out because this stranger was blocking the doorway. "Never mind. Never mind. This is my house. I made it, but I'm not using it. I've got another one, a better one," said the stranger, and suddenly moved aside. A moment later they heard him tapping the tree, and by the sound they knew he was up higher.

Hurriedly they left the hollow. They ran out on the nearest limb and jumped over to another tree. Then they looked to see who their visitor was. It was someone they never had seen before, and they stared most impotently. It was a bird very near the size of Blacky the Crow. His coat was black, and on his wings were patches of white. The sides of his neck were white. But it was the cap that the tree Squirrels stared at most. It was pointed and so very red, the bright red called scarlet. And what a bill he had! It was long and pointed. Just the thought of being struck with that bill made the three Squirrels shiver and shake. Who could he be? It was Ragtail who finally ventured to ask him.

"I'm Logcock, the Pileated Woodpecker, largest of the Woodpecker family up here in the Green Forest," replied the stranger. Then he threw back his head and struck the tree with his bill. A good sized chip dropped down to the ground. "Is that the way you made the house we slept in?" asked Bushtail timidly.

Logcock nodded. His scarlet-capped head flew back and forth several times, and two or three more chips dropped to the ground. "This is the way I do it," said he. "What are you three doing all alone over here?"

"When why aren't you at home with her?" Logcock wanted to know. "She drove us out. She won't let us stay with her any longer," explained Ragtail in a small voice. "What did she drive you out for?" asked Logcock.

The three young Squirrels shook their heads. "If you please, we don't know why she drove us out. She didn't tell us," said one of them. "She said it was time for us to get out for ourselves in the Great World," said another.

"It's pretty cold weather to be starting out in the Great World," said Logcock. "Your mother must have a reason for doing it."

"If she has, she has kept it a secret," said Bushtail. "We don't know of any reason why we should be driven out. Did you say that you are not using that house we slept in?"

"No, I'm not using it," replied the big Woodpecker. "I made it to sleep in during the cold nights, but I found a tree I liked better and so made another home. If you want to use that house over there you are welcome to. Nobody else is using it. I think I can guess what your mother's secret is." The big Woodpecker suddenly spread his wings and flew away.

"I wonder what mother's secret is," said Broadtail, as they watched Logcock out of sight.



Then he threw back his head and struck the tree with his bill.

"Where is your mother?" "She's at home," replied Broadtail.

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Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

"PRECISION" NOT ALWAYS POSSIBLE

Millions of bridge players have bewailed the fact that they are not allowed to bid, say, two-and-a-half spades or make some other fractional bid which would show their values precisely. As long as the Laws forbid the fractional bidding idea, however, it behooves players to use judicious underbidding or overbidding in many situations. Let's look at a case:

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

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

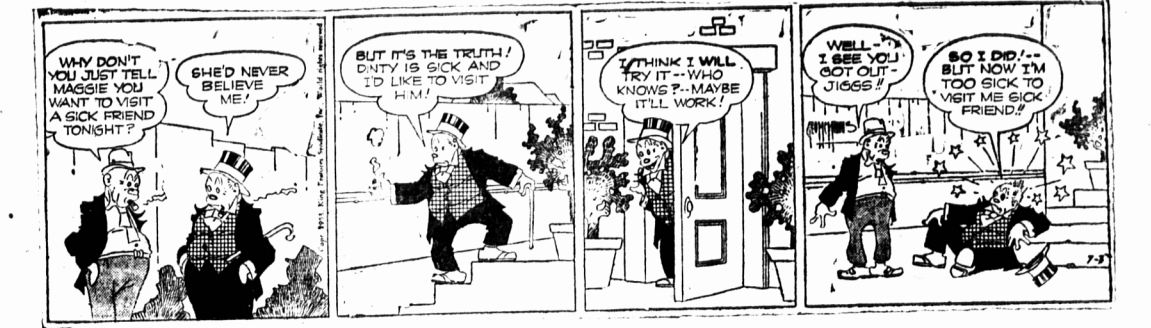
The bidding:
South West North East
1♣ Pass 1♠ Pass
3♣ Pass

The three-club contract did not do North-South much credit—or give them much profit. West opened the deuce of diamonds, and South took all the tricks.

Obviously, we are not suggesting that North-South should have bid a slam, since they would have lost two tricks. Immediately to heart leads, and since, moreover, they had to get good breaks in spades and clubs to be safe at a club game. However, it does seem that they should have reached the excellent contract of four spades! It also seems rather evident that when North responded once in his hand, he did his full duty, and that he could not well afford to accept South's mere "urge." As he observed later, North might have taken a "wild shot" at three no-trump, simply on his solidifying club king, with something resembling a stopper in one of the red suits, but he couldn't bring himself to take that plunge with three worthless cards in hearts and diamonds.

Thus, it is clear that we must look to South, if anyone, as the player responsible for missing such an easy game. The plain fact is that his urging but not forcing jump-lead in clubs, fabled by a wide margin to exploit the prospects created by North's snide response. This was a case which called for drastic, not conventional, action. South should have chosen between two bids, both involving justifiable risk: he either should have jumped to four spades or he should have made a true force with the artificial rebid of three diamonds.

Bringing Up Father



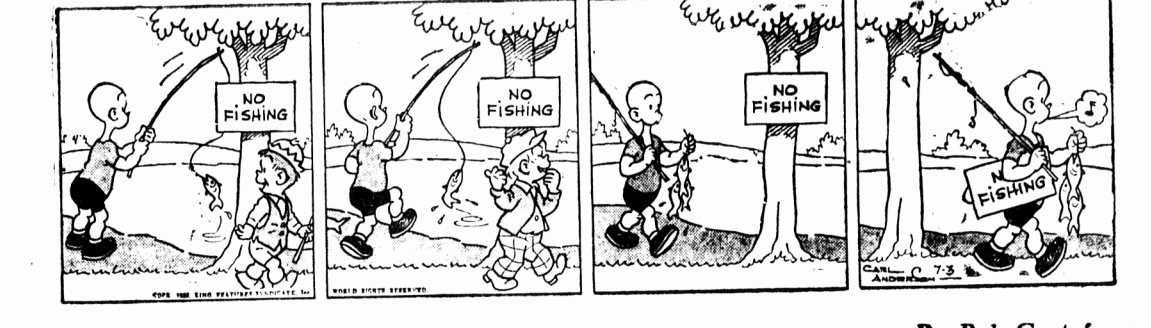
By George McManus

Dotty Dripple



By Ruford

Henry



By Carl Anderson

Tilly The Toiler



By Bob Gustafson

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Clifford McBride

Pogo



By Walt Kelly

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



By Edwina

PENNY



By Harry Hoegen

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS & HIGHWAYS
Province of Prince Edward Island

NOTICE

Acting on the advice of Steamship Inspectors, the Department of Public Works and Highways announces that, effective immediately, no trucks will be carried on the M. V. FAIRVIEW excepting those whose capacity is one-half ton or less.

Refrigeration

SALES and SERVICE
Repairs To All Makes

MOTORS

Rewinding and Repairs

ELECTRICAL APPLIANCE Repairs

Palmer Electric
PHONE 1444

King Of The Royal Mounted



By Zane Grey

Noe Palooka



By Ham Fisher

Li' Abner



By Al Capp

Rip Kirby



By Alex Raymond