(By Thornton W. Burgess)

HOME AT LAST

Within no mighty learned tome
Is half the meaning found in "home"

—Old Mother Nature.

Little Mrs. Hummer, the Hummingbird, is so tiny that she could be held in the gentle hand of Farmer Brown's boy with the fingers closed over her and be completely hidden. Farmer Brown's boy was holding her now, but not quite in that way. He was holding her very gently and he was talking to her in a low and very gentle voice. Little Mrs. Hummer was in trouble, very great trouble. She had accidentally brushed against a plant called burdock, and the burrs, which really are the seed containers of the plant, had caught on her wings and clung there as only burrs can. They had clung to the tiny flight feathers in a way to make the wings useless and she had fallen to the ground there to flutter helplessly.

Peter Rabbit, (happening that way) had heard the rustling of dry leaves as she fluttered. Promptly Peter had gone to see what was rustling those leaves. You know he is always curious. A few minutes later Farmer Brown's boy had come that way and Peter had thumped as he often does. Farmer Brown's boy had gone to see if Peter was still there and had found little Mrs. Hummer. He had seen at a glance what the trouble was and very gently had picked her up. Poor, terribly frightened, tiny Mrs. Hummer! Actually, she was fortunately unfortunate. It might have been some one else who had found her, some one who would have killed her. She might not have been found at all but have fluttered and struggled helplessly until she died of starvation. It doesn't take long for a small bird to starve to death.

Little Mrs. Hummer was in despair. It wasn't wholly on account of herself. Of course, she was terribly frightened, but it wasn't just fear alone that worried her. In her dainty little nest, than which no daintier nest could be found anywhere in all The Great World, where two precious eggs almost ready to hatch. If they were left too long they would become chilled and never hatch. So little Mrs. Hummer worried for herself and at the same time worried about those precious eggs. She had felt terribly helpless fluttering on the ground, unable to use her wings. Now, held in the hand of this great giant, she felt even more helpless.

Gently, very, very gently, Farmer Brown's boy began to work those burrs loose. He guessed something of the fear that must be Mrs. Hummer's. To be held a prisoner by such a giant must be a frightful experience. She was no bigger than one of his fingers. Tenderly he worked and carefully, trying to get the burrs off without pulling a single little delicate feather loose. The loss of a few feathers from her coat might do no harm, but it would not do at all for her to lose any of those wing feathers. Gently, tenderly, carefully, he worked, careful not to squeeze little Mrs. Hummer. He had to hold her so she could not struggle, but he had to take great care not to hold her too tightly.

It seemed to Mrs. Hummer a long, long, long time, though it was really only a few minutes, until the last burr had been removed and the pesky thing thrown away. Very, very gently Farmer Brown's boy smoothed the tiny feathers back in place, then slowly opened his hand. For just a moment Mrs. Hummer lay there in the opened hand. Then like a little feathered bullet she shot away, those small wings moving so fast that they were two blurs. Straight home she flew, her tiny heart almost bursting with anxiety. As lightly as a bit of thistledown she came to rest on the edge of the nest. There lay the two tiny eggs unharmed. With the tiniest of tiny sighs she settled herself on them. She was home at last.

Then like a little feathered bullet she shot away.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

QUITE A "SWING"!

The opening lead in today's deal made the difference of a tidy 2620 points!

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

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

This was the very remarkable bidding in a high-take rubber game:

South	West	North	East
1 ♥	Pass	1 ♠ (!)	3 ♠
Pass	4 ♦ (!)	5 ♥	6 ♦
Double	Pass	6 ♥	Double
Redbl.	Pass	Pass	Pass

North's psychic spade response was made in the hope of keeping the opponents from using that suit as a non-vulnerable sacrifice against the six-heart contract which North had every intention of reaching. This hope could not be realized because East had such an excellent spade suit of his own, but North's effort nevertheless bore fruit — it seemingly led to West's complete confusion in the vital matter of the opening lead.

Even before that time came, however, it is obvious that West was utterly confused, since otherwise he scarcely would have made his fantastic bid of four diamonds over East's three spades. The only explanation is that West misread the three-spade bid as a cue bid demanding an answer — something it most certainly was not of course. The cue bid would be two spades.

In view of the development of the bidding, North might well have abandoned his slam aspirations to accept South's double of six diamonds, but North was stubborn.

It is very apparent that a spade lead by West would have defeated the contract, but West chose to open a diamond! Dummy ruffed and declarer led a heart to the ace. Seeing the trump break, South cashed the club ace, ruffed another diamond, discarded two spades on the K-Q of clubs, then ruffed a club. Now he reentered dummy by trumping a third diamond and threw off his last spade on a good club.

NOTICE

A Public Meeting of the ratepayers of Spring Park will be held in the Spring Park Hall on Wednesday evening, September 19, 1951, to discuss the question of incorporation, sanitation and the erection of a Community Hall.

Your attendance will be appreciated.

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Charles A. Dunning	9 a.m.	1 p.m.	5 p.m.
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Charles A. Dunning	7 a.m.	11 a.m.	3 p.m.
Prince Nova	9 a.m.	1 p.m.	5 p.m.

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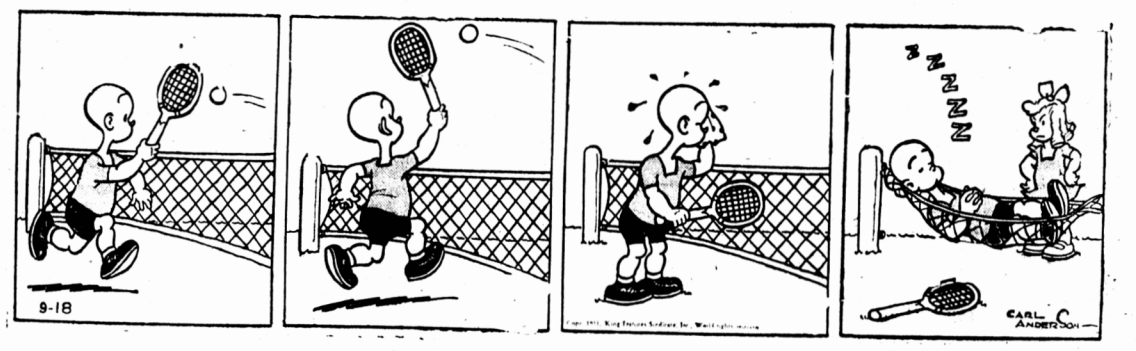
DUFFY DIPPLE by Carl Anderson

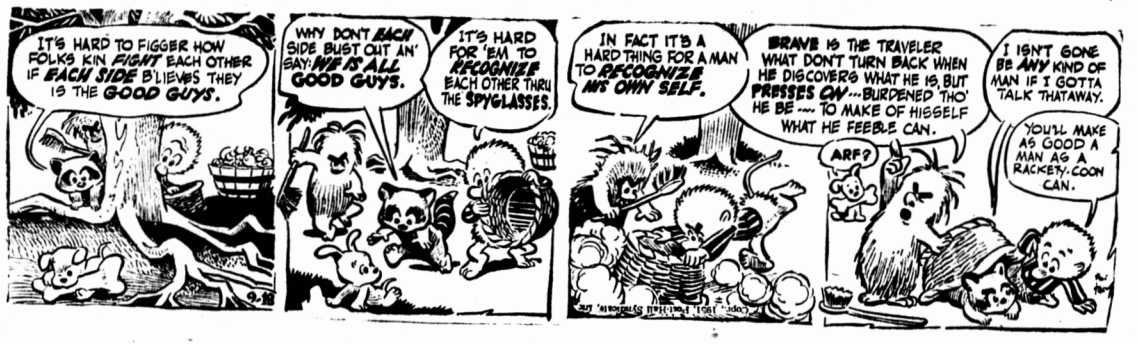
HENRY By Ruford



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS By Edwina

BRINGING UP FATHER By George McManus

POGO By WALT KELLY



LI'L ABNER By Al Capp

RIP KIRBY By Alex Raymond

TILLY THE TOILER by Westover

PENNY By Harry Haenigsen