By Thornton W. Burgess

SAFE YET NOT SAFE

Out of danger into more,
All too often is the score.
—Old Mother Nature.

Mrs. Happy Jack Squirrel had just had the narrowest of narrow escapes. Flip the Terrier had so nearly caught her that he had actually pulled a few hairs from her tail. He had surprised her on the ground at a time when she couldn't run her fastest. This was because she was carrying one of her babies. She was moving her family, one at a time, from one home to another. This was because the first home was no longer safe.

As soon as she had seen Flip she had raced for the nearest tree. It wasn't a tree she wanted to climb, but it was the nearest tree, and she had no choice. As she jumped from the ground to the trunk of the tree, Flip had jumped for her. It was fortunate for her and her precious baby that she had been able to jump when she did. At once she dodged around the trunk of the tree and then climbed so high that though Flip jumped with all his might he couldn't jump high enough to even worry her. She and her baby were safe. That is, they were safe from that excited little black and white Dog at the foot of the tree. They were safe for the minute, but this didn't mean that they would be safe for the next minute, or the minute after. All it meant was that Mrs. Happy Jack no longer worried about that Dog down below. She had other worries now.

The tree she was in was not near enough to any other tree for her to get out of it without going down to the ground. There was no other tree to which she could jump, not with that precious baby clinging around her neck. So as long as that Dog stayed around she was a prisoner in that tree. This meant that one baby whom she had carried to the new home was alone there. Back in the old home were two babies with no one to look after them. They were the ones she worried about most. Prowler the Blacksnake, whom she had driven away from that home, and who was the real cause of her deciding to move, might return. It was a dreadful thought. Yes indeed, it was a dreadful thought. Those babies won't be perfectly helpless.

Redtail perched high in a neighboring tree.

As if those three babies with no one to watch over them were not enough to worry about, she herself, and the baby clinging to her, while not in danger at the moment, might be at any time. There was no hollow in the trunk of that tree. It wasn't a very big tree. There was no place in which to hide, so it wasn't a safe tree in which to be with a baby to take care of and protect. Supposing Redtail the Hawk or his smaller, fierce cousin Sharpshin, should discover them there. The very thought made her shiver.

Flip was not barking so much now. He was still looking up in the tree and barking occasionally. He wasn't so excited now. How she did hope he would go away soon. Until he did go, there was nothing she could do but stay right in the tree. And as long as she stayed in that tree she wouldn't and couldn't feel safe. Once she thought she heard Redtail scream a short distance away. She flattened herself as close to the trunk of the tree as she could. But it wasn't Redtail that had screamed. It was Sammy Jay. Sammy can scream just like Redtail, and delights in scaring some of his smaller neighbors by doing this. It is his idea of a joke. Jokes that scare people never are nice jokes.

Mrs. Happy Jack was still clinging so close to the trunk of the tree that she almost looked to be a part of it. Sammy Jay had stopped screaming. He had stopped abruptly. He had stopped right in the middle of a scream. Mrs. Happy Jack wondered why. She didn't have to wait too long to find out. From the direction from which Sammy's voice had come there now appeared a big, broad-winged bird. Mrs. Happy Jack's heart almost stood still. Anyway it seemed so to her. This big, broad-winged bird was Redtail the Hawk. He hadn't caught Sammy Jay. Mrs. Happy Jack now was sure that it was Redtail she had heard screaming.

Redtail perched high in a neighboring tree. He is one of the big members of the Hawk family. Sometimes he is called Chicken Hawk. He shouldn't be, for he rarely takes a chicken. He would much rather have a rat. Mrs. Happy Jack, peeping around the trunk of the tree so as to keep watch of him, made a discovery. It set her mind a little bit at rest. Redtail wasn't looking for a dinner just then. He had brought it with him. It was a small member of the snake family. Mrs. Happy Jack kept perfectly still right where she was.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER MEANINGS

Many players do not realize that a bid made over one sort of opposing call means one thing, and the same bid over an opposing double means something quite different. Observe North's behavior in this case:

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

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

South was an expert, but North was decidedly not—a fact which this auction will certify:

South	West	North	East
1 ♥	Dble.	1 ♠ (!)	Pass
Pass	Pass		

North went down two tricks at his remarkable spade contract, whereas four hearts would have been a laydown for South. The latter, of course, had little choice but to pass one spade. The normal, conventional (and logical) meaning of North's bid, directly over the takeout double, was that he could not stand one heart, and so South could not be blamed for fearing a **higher** heart contract! Obviously, North did not mean his bid that way, but South was not a mind reader.

It is also obvious that North **thought** he was making a one-over-one forcing takeout when he bid the spade, just as he would have been doing if West had passed, but this conception was 100% wrong. The intervening takeout double changed North's spade bid from its usual function to a weak bid that warned South specifically against the heart suit. This is a logical and vital differentiation, and whereas the spade call would have been a quite acceptable first response in the absence of action by West, it was a dangerously misleading bid under the circumstances that prevailed.

North had two logical courses available: to raise the hearts directly to three or four; or to pass, reserving his raise for a later round.

DUBLIN (CP)—The fourth International Congress of Art Critics is being held here in July. Among the topics for discussion are theme and subject in modern plastic arts, relations between science and art, and art criticism through the film medium.

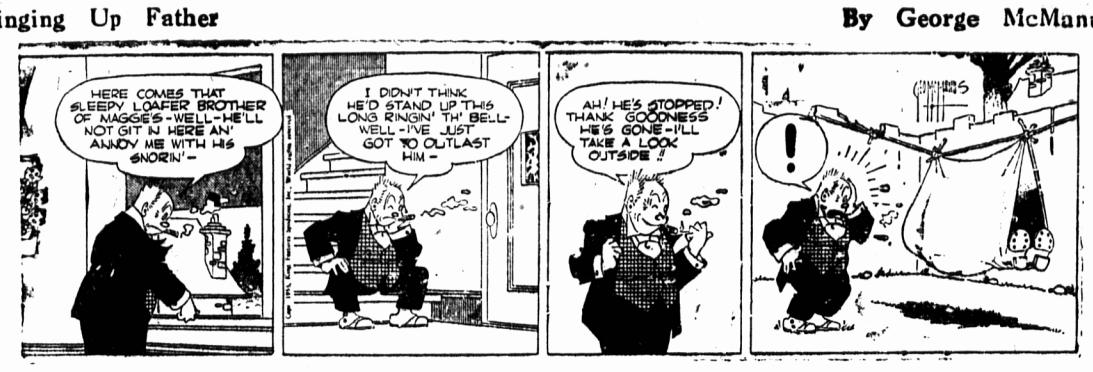
Quickies

By Ken Reynolds

"... I use to work in a Mint—but using Guardian Want Ads is lots easier."

Bringing Up Father

By George McManus

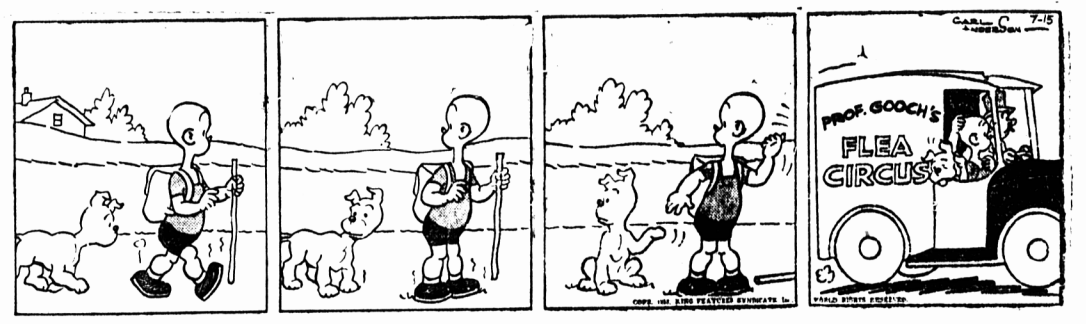


Dotty Dripple

By Ruford

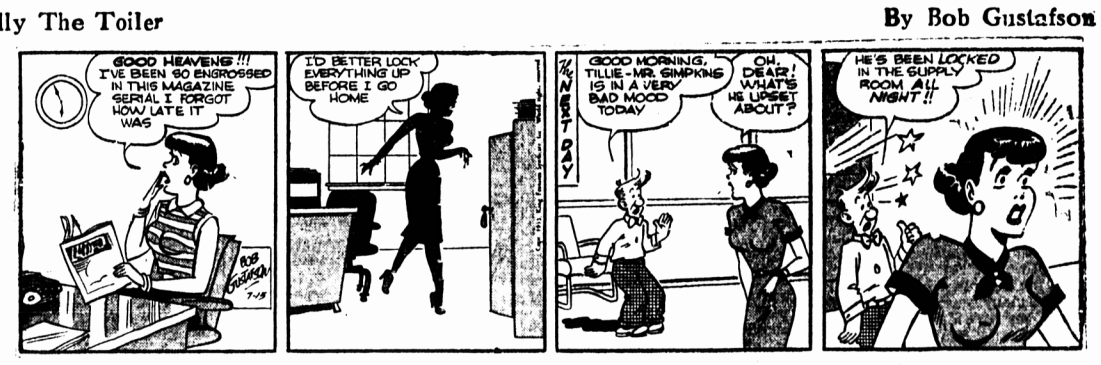
Henry

By Carl Anderson



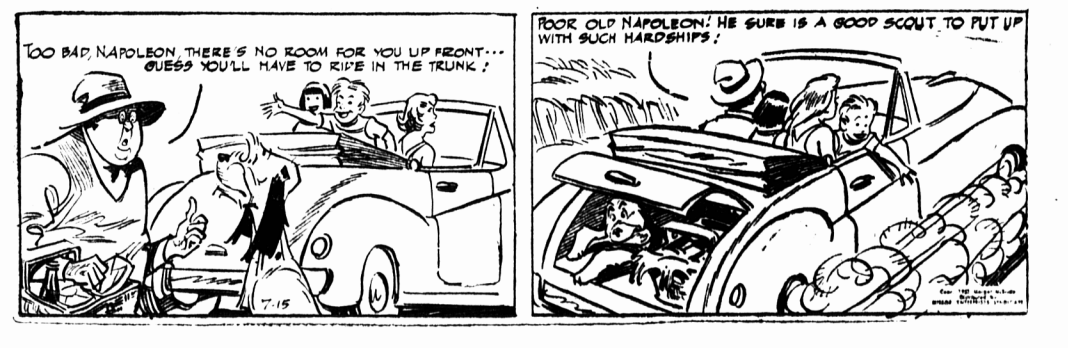
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey

Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher

Li'l Abner

By Al Capp

Tippy and "Gee" S...

Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond

PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen

Pogo

By Walt Kelly