



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE LITTLE SMART ONE Mrs. Grouse was a worried mother. Good mothers always worry, and Mrs. Grouse was a good mother. In all the Green Forest there was no better mother. For Luck never takes the place of wit. There is no substitute for it. —Old Mother Nature.



She darted into that hole.

nearly four long weeks she had covered and kept warm ten precious eggs in her nest at the foot of a tall pine tree. She had done very little worrying then, despite the fact that the nest of Redtail the Hawk was high above her in that very tree, and Redtail never refused a Grouse dinner when he can get it.

But when those ten precious eggs hatched ten separate little worries came out of those shells. They were ten lively, pretty little worries. They worried mother because she never knew from one minute to the other what one might do. They all left that nest for good shortly after the last lively little Chick hatched out. Mrs. Grouse had felt that that was a very safe place for the eggs, which of course never moved. But it wasn't at all a safe place for ten babies who seemed never to keep still.

"It is too big a family," grumbled Mr. Grouse, as he tried to help keep watch of those lively babies and keep them safe.

There had been ten to leave the nest. Now there were but eight. One had been forgetful, and he wasn't with them any more. One had been too curious. He also was missing.

Of course, Mother Grouse missed them, but she had very little time to think about them. There still were eight babies to watch over, and to find food, for, and to teach, and to love. And how those babies grew! She could almost see them grow. At first, they had worn little coats of down, the softest, prettiest, brown coats you can imagine. Now, lovely little brownish feathers, the daintiest of little feathers, were day by day taking the place of the lovely soft down. Wing feathers had begun to grow. They couldn't use their wings yet, but it wouldn't be long before they would be taking short flights.

Poor Mrs. Grouse. Her worries grew with the growth of the babies. In fact, they no longer could be called babies. From the very beginning they had poked up food. How glad she was that she didn't have to put their food in their mouths as many other birds' mothers have to do with their babies. But she did have to find

Contract Bridge By Josephine Cluvertson SLAM BIDDING Records of important team-of-four contests consistently reveal that the worst "department" of many experts is slam-bidding. Here is one more case at point:

South dealer. Neither side vulnerable.
A 8 5
K 6 4
A 10 6
10 7 6
K 9 3
Q 8 7 5
2 7
J 9 5
N
W
E
S
J 10 7
6 2
J 10 9
9 5
A 4 3
Q 4
3
K Q J 7 4 3
K Q 8 2

Neither North-South pair even investigated slam possibilities. This was the bidding at the first table:

South West North East
1 Pass 1 Pass
2 Pass 3 NT Pass
3 Pass Pass
Pass Pass

The bidding at the second table was no more enterprising:

South West North East
Pass Pass 1 Pass
2 Pass 2 NT Pass
3 Pass 3 NT Pass
Pass Pass

It is only fair to concede that a diamond slam was by no means a lay down — that contract might easily have gone down if the club ace had been held by West instead of East, and it also might have failed, even with the club ace right, if neither the club suit nor the diamond suit had broken.

The purpose of this article, however, is not to point out the excellence of a six-diamond contract. It is merely to observe that no serious thought was given by either pair to the possibility of there being a slam in the combined hands. South might well have had the jack of clubs along with the K-Q — his bidding could certainly not have been different; and North, instead of holding the precise hand he did hold, might have had exactly the same values, differently distributed, for example, spades A-8-5, hearts A-K-6-4, diamonds 10-6-2, clubs A-10-7. Everything considered, then, it does seem that the partnership should have made at least an effort toward a slam.

They did their best to help her find it, and that was another cause for worry. You see, they ran this way and that, and it was almost impossible to keep watch of all of them. Then, too, they were so different from each other. There was the food for them to pick up. They did their best to help her find it, and that was another cause for worry. You see, they ran this way and that, and it was almost impossible to keep watch of all of them. Then, too, they were so different from each other. There was the

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King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



ANNUAL MEETING

The Annual Meeting of the Patrons and Shareholders of New Glasgow Dairying Co. will be held in New Glasgow Hall on the afternoon of Wednesday, April 1st at 2 P. M.

Signed, VERNON HILL, Secretary, New Glasgow Dairying Co.

F. I. I. FEDERATION OF AGRICULTURE

NOTICE

OF SCHOOL DISTRICT MEETINGS MONDAY, APRIL 6th, 8 P.M. IN THE SCHOOL

This meeting is to give members the opportunity of taking advantage of the low cost accident insurance plan now being offered by the Federation.

Attend the meeting for more information. Can you afford to be without this Protection?

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By Al Capp



Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



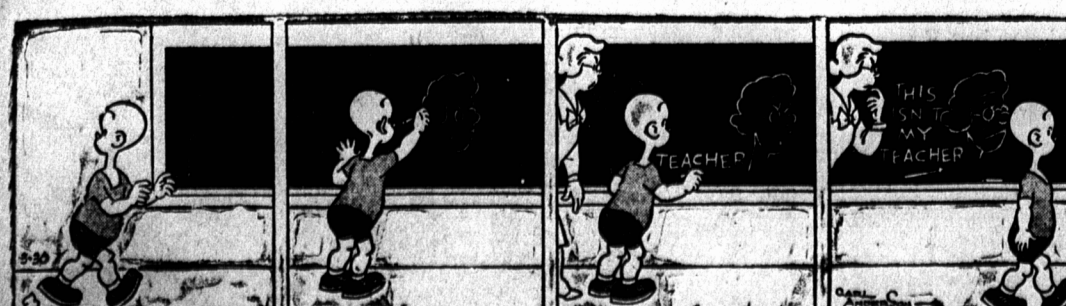
Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



Henry

By Carl Anderson



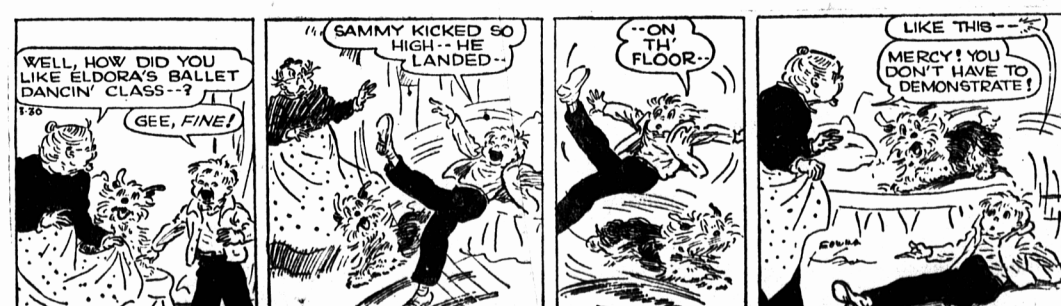
Pogo

By Walt Kelly



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwin



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



PENNY

By Harry Haengen

