

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

## FUN IN THE MOONLIGHT

A time for work and some for play together make the perfect day. —Whitefoot the Wood Mouse. Over in the Green Forest Lightfoot the Deer, Mrs. Lightfoot, and the twins were prisoners in the place they had trodden out in deep snow. Outside those trodden paths the snow was so deep that the Deer folk were almost helpless in it. The young Deer were not happy. They didn't like being prisoners even though the yard, as the trodden-out place was called, was big enough for them to get plenty of exercise. There wasn't much to do except to water about, browsing when they were hungry and lying down when they were tired. These things they did when they felt like doing them, no matter whether it were day or night. Sometimes they had visitors. Jumper the Hare came around quite often. Now and then Croaker the Raven or his smaller cousin, Blacky the Crow, paid them a visit. Hooty the Owl came around almost every night. Once Whiskey the Snowy Owl, down from way up in the Far North, paid them a call. Almost every day they saw Chatterer the Red Squirrel. Sometimes Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel would appear. Almost always there would be a quarrel. Those cousins simply cannot seem to get along together. At times when there was an icy crust on the snow, Reddy Fox would pay them a visit. The young Deer didn't like him; he had a hungry look that made them uncomfortable. They really had noth-



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ing to fear from him because he was not big enough to be dangerous. Perhaps they were remembering that when they were very small he had been big enough, and Mother Lightfoot had twice rescued them from him. It was at night when Mistress Moon was shining or the million little stars were twinkling, that they felt most lonesome when they happened to be awake.

Then one night when lovely Mistress Moon was looking down from straight overhead, and the Green Forest was almost as light as by day, they saw something that made them wonder and wonder. Two very small folk suddenly appeared in the moonlight. They seemed to pop out from nowhere. They were so very small that they could have run about on the snow even when it was its softest. Now there was a crust and of course that made it all the easier to run about. They were two young Mice in fawn-colored coats and white waistcoats. Their little feet were also white, and they had quite long slender tails. The two young Deer had never seen them before and wondered who they were. Mrs. Lightfoot knew. "Those are the children of

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Whitefoot the Wood Mouse," said she. "They love to play as their father and mother do. It they were wise they would stay out of sight, but the moonlight seems to fill them full of play."

The two little Mice were hunting about this way and that way. They seemed to be playing a game, chasing each other round and round over the snow. One climbed up on the top of a little stump that showed just above the then? He drummed on that stump. Yes, sir, with one of his little white paws, he drummed on that stump. That brought the other one. He climbed up and chased his brother off. Then he drummed.

"They were having a wonderful time playing there in the moonlight. They seemed to have forgotten everything but having fun. They seemed to have forgotten that out in the bright moonlight they could easily be seen by any hungry enemies that might happen that way. It was this that made the two young Deer wonder."

"If I were as small as one of those Mice I'm sure I would be scared half to death most of the time," said one of the twins. "I'm sure I would know better than to come out in the moonlight to play," said the other.

Just then they heard the hunting call of Hooty the Great Horned Owl. In a jiffy those two young Mice had disappeared. They had vanished as if by magic. One instant they were chasing each other round and round in a game of tag; the next instant there was no sign of a Mouse. Five minutes later they were playing in the moonlight again just as if there was no such person as Hooty the Owl.

## Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

### CREATING A PROBLEM FOR THE ENEMY

In today's deal, if East had not been in such a hurry to take a trick, he would have given the declarer a very difficult guess for his slam contract.

North dealer.  
East-West vulnerable.

♠ A J 9 7 4  
♥ K Q 8 3  
♦ 3 2  
♣ Q J

♠ Q 10 6 3  
♥ J 9 4  
♦ 10 9  
♣ 9 7 5 2

♠ K 8 5 2  
♥ A 10 7  
♦ 6  
♣ K 8 6 4 3

The bidding  
North East South West  
1 ♠ Pass 3 ♣ Pass  
2 ♠ Pass 4 NT Pass  
3 ♠ Pass 6 ♣ (final bid)

South, holding an independently solid suit, acted correctly in making a jump takeout of the opening spade bid, even though he was void in that suit. Most players overwork the generally good principle of having a fit with partner as the basis of a jump response.

West, feeling that there was nothing particularly attractive about the lead of a spade, a heart or a club, decided to open his top trump. As it happened, this gave the declarer the opportunity to make a natural mistake, but unfortunately for the defense, East soon put his adversary on the right track! After drawing trumps South led a heart to the queen, and East pounced on the trick with his ace. When East returned a club, South had no choice but to take the finesse — he would have to use dummy's spade ace to take care of his second heart loser.

Observe the problem that would have been created for South if East had held up the heart ace, without any revealing hesitation. For all South could tell, the heart ace was right, and so he might well decide to discard his low club on the ace of spades. In short, East knew that the club finesse would work for declarer — the latter was marked with the club ace — but he should have realized that South himself could have no such knowledge about the position of the key cards he lacked.

## KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



HENRY

By Carl Anderson



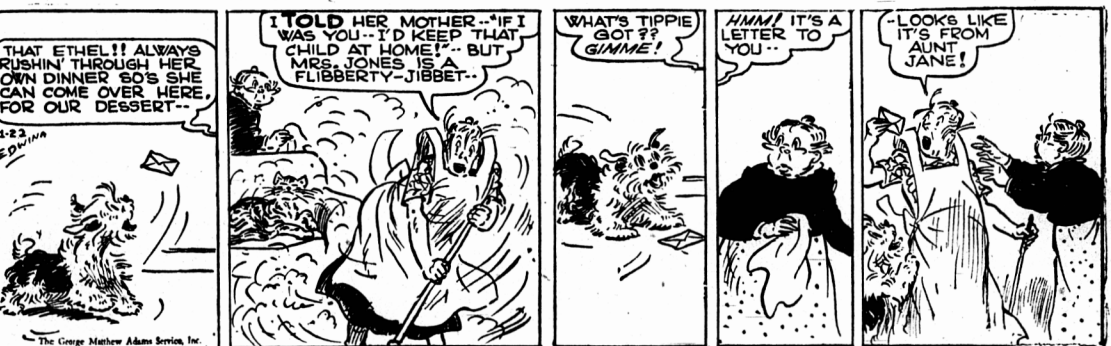
DOTTY DIPPLE

By Ruford



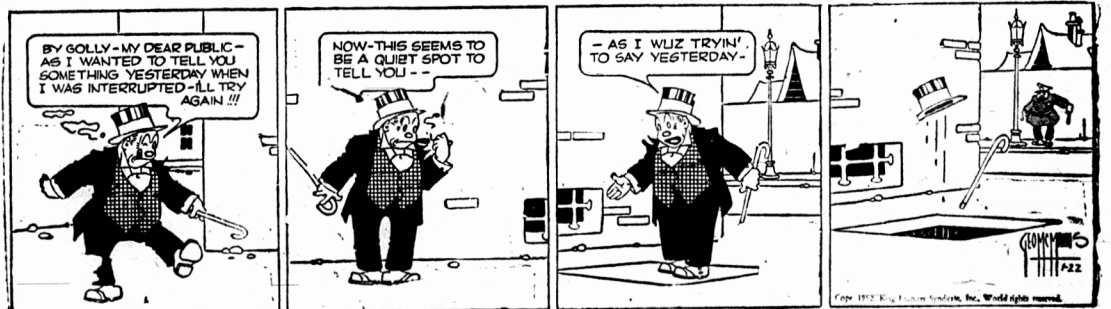
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwina



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen



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