



By Thornton W. Burgess

PETER IS QUEERLY STARTLED

Sometimes it truly seems to be that everyone is queer but me. —Peter Rabbit.

The Black Shadows were just beginning to creep out from the Purple Hills across the Old Pasture. Soon they would reach the dear Old Briar-patch, then draw a curtain of soft dusk over the Green Meadows and Green Forest. Peter Rabbit was at the edge of the dear Old Briar-patch. In fact he was just outside. He was fifteen. He would hop to one side, snatch a leaf of sweet clover, sit up while he chewed it, all the time looking this way and that way. Then he would hop to the other side and do the same thing over. Sometimes he would stop chewing for a moment and with a clover leaf hanging from a corner of his mouth would

stare over at the Old Pasture, or the Green Forest, or Farmer Brown's garden, or the Old Orchard.

Little Mrs. Peter poked her head out of the dear Old Briar-patch. She looked at Peter. She knew the signs. She stamped a foot.

"Peter Rabbit, you come right back here in the Old Briar-patch where you belong and stop your fidgeting," said she sharply. She really is a very gentle little person, but sometimes when happy-go-lucky Peter tries her patience too much she can and does speak sharply.

"Yes, my dear," replied Peter meekly. He crept back just inside the entrance to one of his private little paths cut through the brambles of the Old Briar-patch.

The moment Mrs. Peter's back was turned he was outside again, fidgeting as before. This time when she saw him Mrs. Peter held her tongue. She sighed as she watched him. "What's the use? He'll go anyway, and one of these days something will happen to him and he won't come back," thought she sadly. She shut her eyes.

The next time she looked she saw a spot of white bobbing up and down and growing smaller and smaller in the deepening dusk out in the Green Meadows. It was Peter's white tail. Once more little Mrs. Peter sighed. Then she turned back into the heart of the dear Old Briar-patch.

Lipperty, lipperty, lip ran Peter



through the dusk across the Green Meadows, his white funny little tail so like a lady's power puff, bobbing up and down with every jump. As he ran Peter was trying to make up his mind where he would go. He decided it would be the Green Forest and he headed straight for it, lipperty, lipperty, lip. Then he heard the joyous spring chorus of Peepers the Hyla and his friends over in the Smiling Pool and changed his mind. He would go there first.

Two minutes later he changed his mind again. He had not been over to the Old Orchard lately. He would go over there. Perhaps he would find Jimmy Skunk over there. He had an idea that Jimmy was staying in a hole under the Old Stone Wall along one side of the Old Orchard. Jimmy would be likely to know all the news which of the Old Orchard folk were back from spending the winter in the Sunny South, which ones were planning to stay and which ones would go on farther north, or already had done so.

To get to the Old Orchard, Peter must cross Farmer Brown's garden. There was little there now to tempt Peter's appetite. It was too early in the spring for that. Only the rhubarb pushing its sturdy leaves through the brown soil in a corner of the garden, and the parsnips which had been left in the ground all winter to be sweetened by Jack Frost, and now were pushing up new leaves, and across the other end several rows of early peas breaking through the dry earth gave green promise of things to be.

In the corner near the rhubarb he stopped to sit up and look about this way and that way. From over in the Old Orchard came a familiar voice, a sort of tremulous whistle. "Spooky the Screech Owl," said Peter to himself. "He isn't big enough to bother me."

It was just then that he was startled by a queer feeling, as if

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Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

NOT THE TIME FOR A HOLD UP PLAY

East's defensive hold-up play was illogical, hence ineffectual, in the deal below.

South dealer. East-West vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

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

Theoretically, a player who jumps to two no trump over his partner's non-committal suit response, should have unbid suits securely stopped, and South's heart holding can scarcely be termed a stopper. Yet, South's rebid was the best available, and quite logical. His mere four-card length suggested that the enemy couldn't run off many hearts, and there was a fair chance that North could stop the suit.

West made his natural opening lead, the club jack. South won with the ace and promptly put down the king of spades. The fate of the contract rested on East's play to this trick, and, as it happened, East went wrong — he held up the ace. That was all South needed. He led the spade jack, and was now assured of two spade tricks, one heart, three diamonds and three clubs.

More careful analysis by East would have revealed that holding up the spade ace was a bad idea. If South had three spades, the hold-up would be futile, since the ace would be driven out on the next round and South would have his third spade for communication to dummy. On the bidding, however, it was far more probable that South had started with only two spades. If these were the K-J, it was vital for East to win the first lead of the suit and knock out the heart ace, because now South would be unable to make two tricks in the suit — he could not afford to overtake the jack with the queen. By the same token, if South had K-x or even K-10 in spades, East's taking of the first spade trick and knocking out the heart ace would be effective. In short, nothing was to be gained by holding up the ace.

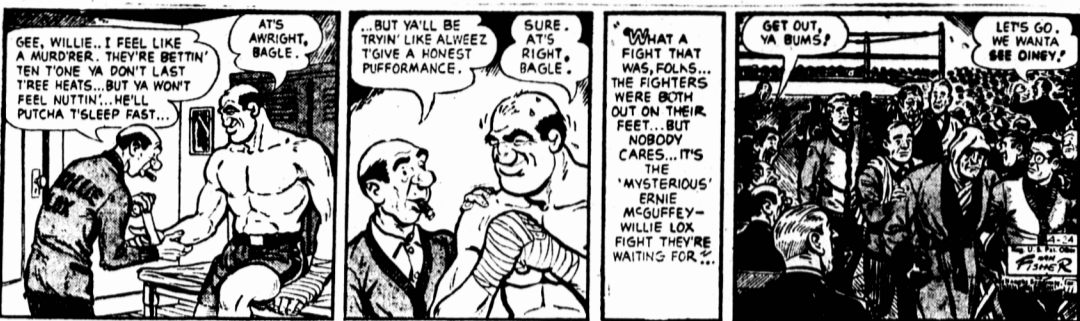
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



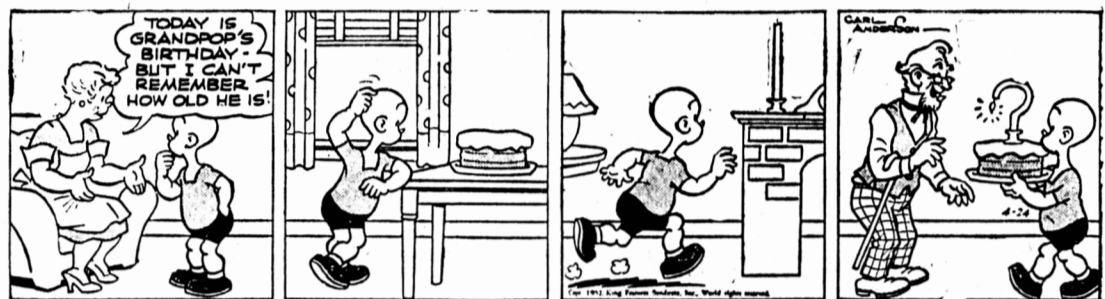
By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA



By Carl Anderson

HENRY



By Rufort

DOTTY DRIPPLE



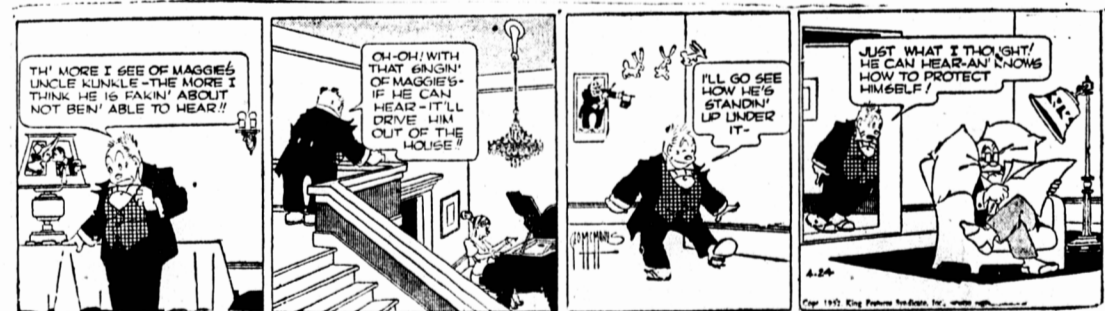
By Edwin

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



By George McManus

BRINGING UP FATHER



By Bob Gustafson

TILLY THE TOILER



By Harry Hoerigson

PENNY



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