

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

## THE BELATED ONE

Who will persist in being late  
Unknowingly is tempting fate.  
—Old Mother Nature

Lovely Lady Autumn had already arrived in the Green Forest, in the Green Meadows, along the Big River, around the Smiling Pool, up Laughing Brook, and over in the dear Old Briar Patch. She had come quietly, unobtrusively, so quietly in fact that no one could say just when she did come. There had been signs that she was on her way and that she would soon arrive, but Peter Rabbit had given them no thought. One of those signs was the gathering of the Swallow folk. Day after day, more and more of the Swallow folk had been skimming over the Green Meadows, darting low over the trees, and sitting in a long row on the telephone wires to rest.

Then one day Peter missed the Swallows. At first he hadn't known just what it was that he missed. It was just a feeling that something was missing, but what it was he couldn't think. Then a lone Swallow came flying low over the Green Meadows, and Peter suddenly knew what it was he was missing. There was a strange emptiness in the air in the Green Meadows. The Swallows had gone, all but this lone one.

The lone Swallow perched on a dead limb just above Peter's head. Somehow, this tiny little bird with the dark blue coat and the white waistcoat seemed to Peter to have a worried look.



"Where," asked Peter, "are all your friends?"

"I wish I knew," twittered the lone Swallow anxiously. "They've gone on. They have started for the Land-of-always-summer, way way down in the Sunny South where we always spend our winters. Where they are now, I don't know, and I wish I did. I may be able to catch up with them but I may not. It all depends on how much time they spend at different places on the way."

"Why aren't you with them?" Peter wanted to know right away.

"I hurt a wing a short time ago, and haven't been able to fly as well as I should. So I didn't dare start when the others did, and they wouldn't wait for me," said the young Swallow dolefully.

"Did you start earlier than usual?" asked Peter.

"No," replied the lone Swallow.

## Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

### 30 THE LIMIT

When shutout tactics are obviously called for, "go the whole hog"—don't depend on half-measures. Observe this case:

West dealer.  
Both sides vulnerable

♠ 7 6 4 2  
♥ 8 5 3  
♦ 4 3  
♣ 8 7 5 2

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

The bidding:  
West North East South  
Pass Pass 1 ♠ 2 ♠  
3 ♠ Pass Pass 4 ♠  
4 ♠ Pass Pass 5 ♠  
Pass Pass Pass

South could control the hand against two forces in spades, playing in the club contract, whereas he could not have maintained that control with hearts as trump. Thus, South made the game and won the rubber.

Greater forcefulness on West's part probably would have reversed the result. The three-spade "We Swallows seldom are late or early starting on our long journey, I have been told."

"How do you know when it is time to start?" persisted Peter.

"I don't know how. We just do know," twittered the lone Swallow.

"I don't see what you Swallows go so early for anyhow," declared Peter.

"You go long before Jack Frost gets here. Why do you do it? A lot of other Birds wait until he gets here or is almost here."

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raise permitted South to mention both his suits, whereas a jump to four spades would have severely reduced South's freedom of imagination on West's part to foresee that he would have to go to four spades, anyway, as a defense against the game contract which South's cue bid of spades had directed—so why not make that four-spade bid immediately?

Exactly how South would have reacted against the suggested four-spade call is difficult to say, but one thing is sure: he would have to be quite a guesser to bid five clubs! Obviously, he could not afford to make another cue bid—five spades—and thus would either double, as the safest course, or, if he elected to "fake the plunge," he would probably choose to bid five hearts, if only because of his honors in that suit. A third course, a bid of four notrump over four spades, would demand a response and thus drag a five-club from North, but who can say that South would have bid that four notrump?

## KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



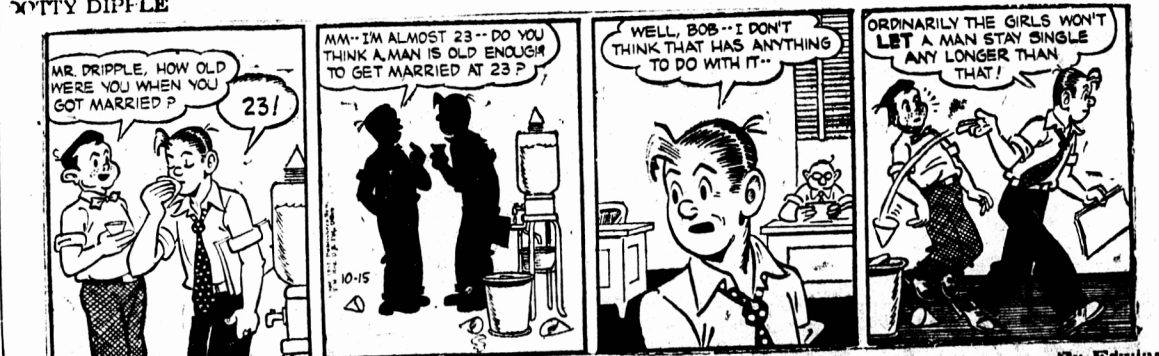
## JOE PALOOKA



## HENRY



## TIPPY DIFFLE



## TIPPY AND "CAP" STUHS



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## PENNY



# Hi Gang! Hopalong Cassidy

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## POGO

MEY, CHURCHY, HOW 'BOUT COMIN' TO THE HOUSE FOR SUPPER?

DOANNE FRIED DOG, WILEY CAT.

I GOT A OL' COUSIN GITTIN' A VISITIN' FROM UP IN KENTUCKY!

CAT COUSIN, WILEY?

NOPE, A BIRD! HEY, THERE! I BRUNG HOME A TURTLE FOR SUPPER!

GOOD! I WAS WONDERIN' WHAT WE'D HAVE.

## L'L ABNER

WHAT YOU MEAN, I NO CAN PAY FOR MEAL? I RICHEST INDIAN IN WORLD... I GO MORE WAMPUM THAN ANYBODY SEE?

THAT STUFF'S ONLY GOOD FOR MAKING SOUVENIR DOLLIES FOR TOURISTS!

US RESPECTABLE SCALP U. CHAPS ARE WITH YOU SIR, TEACH 'EM A LESSON, MAKE 'EM WASH DISHES!

INTO THE KITCHEN!! YOU! YOU! YOU! DEAD BEATS!!

I GUESS I BETTER GIVE TH' LAW T'KILL SOMEONE YO OWES MONEY TO! LE'S WASH TH' DISHES.

BETTER NOT! IT MIGHT GIVE TH' LAW T'KILL ME!

WE'LL ESCORT YOU HOME, IN OUR THE OLD OX ROAD'S WAGON!

OH! I'LL TAKE 'EM OVER THE OLD OX ROAD'S WAGON!

## RIP KIRBY

NOW THAT THE FILM IN BUJO BENSON'S CAMERA HAS TOLD US SHE CRASHED LADY NORLEY'S BUT NATURALY 'RIP, WE SHALL CALL ON HER LADYSHIP!

ABOARD LADY NORLEY'S YACHT!

A POLICE LAUNCH IS ALONGSIDE, WELDY... THIS GENTLEMAN WOULD TO SEE YOU...

POLICE? WHAT DO THOSE SWELLERS WANT? ON WELLY, I'LL SEE THEM!

HADN'T THIS ISN SEV'RY AN AMERICAN DETECTIVE! HOW MANY YACHTS HAVE YOU RUBBED OUT? BT DOWN, SHANKS AND SING!

AN AMERICAN DETECTIVE! HOW GOT THE FINGER ON YOU? HOW MANY YACHTS HAVE YOU RUBBED OUT? BT DOWN, SHANKS AND SING!

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