



**BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES**

**By Thornton W. Burgess**

**THE FAMILY UP ABOVE**

To criticize your neighbors you will find an easy thing to do. —Old Mother Nature.

Everybody does. It is the most natural thing in the world. No two folks do everything exactly alike, and each thinks his or her own way best. Mothers have ideas all their own in the matter of bringing up children. Also, mothers have peculiar eyesight. They never see the children of others just as they see their own children. Perhaps it is just as well that this is so. It would be a dull world, indeed, if everybody saw alike.

Mrs. Grouse was sitting on ten eggs in a nest at the foot of a tree in a lonesome part of the Green Forest. It was a pine tree, and its spreading branches hid her from any who might chance to pass that way. High up in that same tree was another nest. Mrs. Grouse knew it was there, but the family that lived there did not know that Mrs. Grouse was down below. That nest belonged to Mrs. and Mr. Redtail, who are among

the biggest of the Hawk family. They had begun nesting first. In fact, Mrs. Redtail was sitting on three eggs when Mrs. Grouse had chosen that place for her nest. So of course the three eggs of Mr. and Mrs. Redtail hatched first. Mrs. Grouse, keeping ten eggs warm down below, knew all about what was going on up above. She couldn't help knowing. All she had to do was to listen.

The family up above was more or less of a noisy family. Babies cried when they were hungry and they were hungry most of the time. Anyway, it seemed so to Mrs. Grouse. There was a great deal of coming and going from the time Mr. Sun began his daily climb up in the blue, blue sky, until he went to bed behind the Purple Hills. When father wasn't off hunting, mother was. Some of the time both were gone at the same time. The babies were quiet then. But the moment father or mother returned, the three babies would begin to cry and beg to be fed.

"That's no way to bring up children," Mrs. Grouse would say to herself. "I would be ashamed to have my children make such a fuss. I don't see what in the world those folks up above are thinking of, to let those children stay in the nest day after day. They should be out learning to get their own food. Instead of that father and mother are having to spend all their time hunting for food for those youngsters, and bringing it to them. That is no way to bring up children. They should be taught to do for themselves from the time they are out of the shell. My children are out of the nest and looking for food the very day they are born. Of course, I have to find the food for them, but they pick it up for themselves. You never hear my children crying for food, or to be waited on. I don't know how many children there are up above, but I haven't heard more than three voices. With only three to feed, father and mother, both working to feed and take care of them, those babies are just being spoiled. I wonder what the Redtails would do if they had a big family such as I will have."

That Mrs. Grouse would have a big family there was no doubt providing nothing happened to those precious eggs. There were ten of them and ten babies all at once would be a lot of babies to take care of. But she wasn't worrying about it. She doesn't make half as much fuss over a big family as some mothers do over a family of two or three.

So the days slipped away, and Mrs. Grouse became more and more critical of the family up above. She thought it was nothing short of a scandal that those babies should stay in the nest until they were nearly as big as their parents. Of course, the latter had to feed them and wait on them. What Mrs. Grouse didn't understand was the difference between the Hawk babies, and her own. Baby Grouse come out of the egg wearing little downy coats, and prepared to run about at once. Baby Hawks come out of the egg with no little coats at all, and perfectly helpless. They have to do a lot of growing before they can leave the nest, and it takes Grouse find their food on the ground waiting for them. Baby Hawks must have food that has to be caught. It has to be hunted for, and caught. So there is no



HEADLINE BY CARL ANDERSON

**Contract Bridge**

By Josephine Cluerton

**PERFECT DEFENSE REQUIRED**

Tighter defense would have served East-West well in the following deal.

West dealer. Both sides vulnerable. North-South 60 on score.

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

♠ Q 8 8  
♥ K 9 8 7  
♦ 5  
♣ 10 8 5

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

10 7 6 4 2  
6 3  
K 7 3  
A K 7

The bidding:  
West North East South  
Pass Pass 1 1  
Pass 2 (final bid) 1 1

In view of the score East-West might have pushed the enemy a little higher, but it is only fair to concede that on an individual basis such pushing seemed extremely dangerous.

Defending against two spades, West opened the nine of clubs. East overtook with the ten, and South won.

Declarer now took stock, and he was not pleased with the situation. Very probably, he would have to lose two trump tricks, and surely he would lose two hearts and one club. So the fate of the contract would probably depend on the diamond position. With East making the only bid for his side, South was not hopeful about finessing successfully for the diamond queen, and so he aimed his play in another direction.

At the second trick South took the risk of laying down his other club honor — if West had a singleton, South could probably not protect himself against a ruff in any case. When no ruff ensued, South exited with his low club.

West gave a high heart signal on the third club, and East, after taking the trick, cashed the ace and queen of hearts before leading his last club. South ruffed with the spade six and West over-ruffed with the eight. West then laid down the heart king. South ruffed low, led a spade to the ace and returned the spade five — and East was in! He was also hooked, having to return a diamond to dummy's tenace.

East should have seen clearly that the spade king was no asset at the eighth trick, and so he should have sacrificed that card on dummy's ace. If West did not have the spade queen, the defenders' case was hopeless.

chance for the young Hawks to get any food for themselves. They must depend for a long time wholly on father and mother.

So it wasn't fair of Mrs. Grouse to criticize her neighbors. Criticism is too often based on ignorance.

**King Of The Royal Mounted**



By Zane Gray

**Rip, Kirby**



By Alex Raymond

**By Ham Fisher**



By Ham Fisher

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**"ATTENTION-YES-ATTENTION"**

All districts interested in a Community Indoor Skating Rink please attend a meeting at Winsloe Station Hall on Friday evening, March 20th at 8:30. "The more districts represented the better."

Li'l Abner

Since we gotta live wif this strange, dark thing hangin' over th' baby's cradle — ah'll pretty it up wif a ribbon!

—SPEAKIN' O' STRANGE, DARK THINGS WHAT LOOKS PRETTY IN RIBBONS — THAR SHE GO AGIN'!

COME TO THINK OF IT—SHE APPEARED SAME TIME THAT DARK CLOUD WOPKIN' DID'D!

DON'T WORRY, DEAR. YO' KEEP A-WORKIN' ON TH' BABY, AN' AH'LL KEEP 'EM TO SUPPORT IT!

IT'S MIGHTY LITTLE WOPKIN'—BUT TH' HARD-HEARTED, SOFT-HEARTED JOHN—BUT IT'S TH' ONLY DOGGY-TOOTH!

THIS'LL BE HORRIBLE SHOCK FO' YOUNG YOKUM!!

Li'l Abner

HOW CAN I ENJOY YOU STANDING OVER ME LOOKING SO HUNGRY?—HERE TILLIE TAKE AN' OTHER SANDWICH

THANKS, MAC—I WAS HOPING YOU'D SAY THAT

PEANUT BUTTER ON EYE CERTAINLY IS FILLING

HI, TILLIE—JUST DROPPED BY TO SEE IF YOU'D JOIN ME FOR A STEAK AT THE CLUB

OH, DICK—I'VE LUNCH

AFTER THIS MAC PLEASE EAT YOUR OWN SANDWICHES!

Li'l Abner

HM—MY FOOD BUDGET IS GETTING HARD TO MEET—I'LL HAVE TO GIVE HORACE A BUILD-UP FOR MORE MONEY!

HORACE, HOW DOES THIS SOUND FOR DINNER?—

SOUP 40 CENTS, ROAST 94 CENTS, VEGETABLES 42 CENTS, DESSERTS 55 CENTS, MILK AND COFFEE 33 CENTS?

**Joe Palooka**



By Al Capp

**Napoleon and Uncle Elby**



By Al Capp

**Pogo**



By Walt Kelly

**Tilly The Toiler**



By Bob Gustafson

**Tippy and "Cap" Stubs**



By Edwina

**Dotty Dripple**



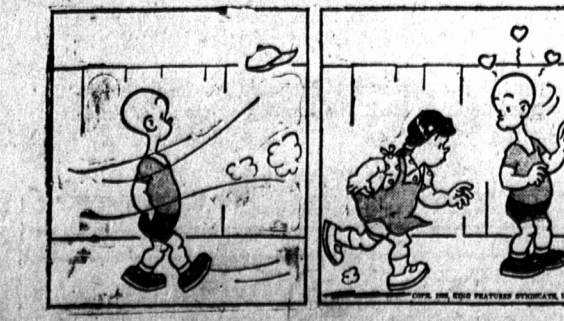
By Ruford

**Bringing Up Father**



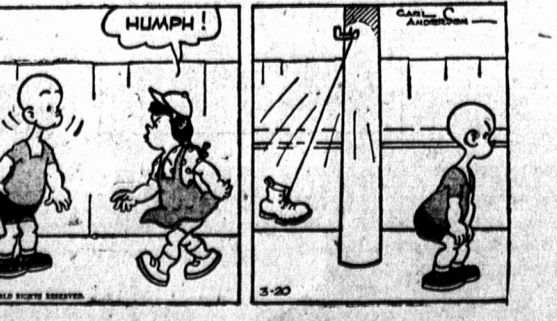
By George McManus

**Henry**



By Carl Anderson

**Penny**



By Henry Meadigan