



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess
TOO-SMART'S QUEER FEELING
Sometimes just feelings govern you in what you think and what you do.

There had been a bad winter storm. For three days Too-Smart had been more or less of a prisoner in his underground home. It was no weather to be out in, and the young fox had felt himself fortunate in having such a snug comfortable home.

But three days without eating is a long time for anybody. Just as soon as the storm ended Too-Smart was out looking for a dinner. In many places the snow had drifted deep. Many of these drifts were too soft for him to try to

cross. He had to go around them. There were certain places where he had almost never failed to catch a mouse. Most of these were buried deep in snow now. He was finding out what all foxes who live where there is snow in winter, sooner or later find out. It was that snow is one of the best friends of the mouse folk, especially those mice that live on the ground. Their little paths through the grass, become little tunnels through the snow, or under it. They can go and come along these little tunnels as they please, and no one will ever see them.

Too-Smart first went straight to a place where never before had he failed to catch a mouse. He failed this time. There was no sign of a mouse, yet he had a feeling that the mice were there. They were. They were running



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back and forth along their private little tunnels and not having to give so much as a thought to danger. Too-Smart had no better luck at other places he visited. Getting a dinner was going to be anything but easy. It was going to be the hardest kind of work.

By this time, the young fox was thinking of nothing but getting something to eat. He had no thought at all for the stranger he had tried in vain to catch up with. Then as he approached one of his favorite hunting places he had a queer feeling. Yes, sir, he had a queer feeling. He stopped short; the feeling was stronger than ever. Somebody was watching him. He could just feel a pair of eyes boring into him.

He pretended to go on with his hunting just as he had been doing, but all the time he was looking for the one whom he felt sure was watching him. He tried to look without seeming to be looking. No-where did he see anyone. In fact, there in the woods it was as still as if there were no living thing. There wasn't a sound of any kind. Not a single Merry Little Breeze was around.

"I must have imagined it," said the young fox to himself. "I'm the only one around here." Presently hunger put everything else out of his mind, and he started hunting again. He just had to have a dinner, however small it might be. But a few moments later he had that same strange feeling of being watched. What did it mean? Was it a hungry enemy who was watching him from some hiding place? He had a feeling that it wasn't an enemy. He still looked in vain everywhere, doing his best not to appear to be looking. The feeling that he was being watched grew stronger. He couldn't rid himself of it. Then, quite by accident, he saw a pair of soft eyes watching him.

ALSO NEEDS EARMUFFS

LONDON (CP)—A London department store's list of Christmas suggestions includes a small clip-on lamp, to be attached to a chair so bookworms can read while the rest of the family is watching television.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

ILLUSION

West's penalty double in the following hand seemed ironclad, but the expert declarer proved that things are not always what they seem.

Bridge hand diagram showing cards and bidding: North dealer, North-South vulnerable, J1073, 632, Q54, K106, etc.

South's redouble was rather "sporting," since North had shown no real values, but the outcome justified South's confidence. West opened the diamond nine, and the moment dummy appeared South was sure that West's double had been based on the A-Q-10-x of trumps. Winning with the diamond ace, declarer laid down the heart king, and when the four-spot came from East-West having taken the trick—South was more sure that his diagnosis had been correct.

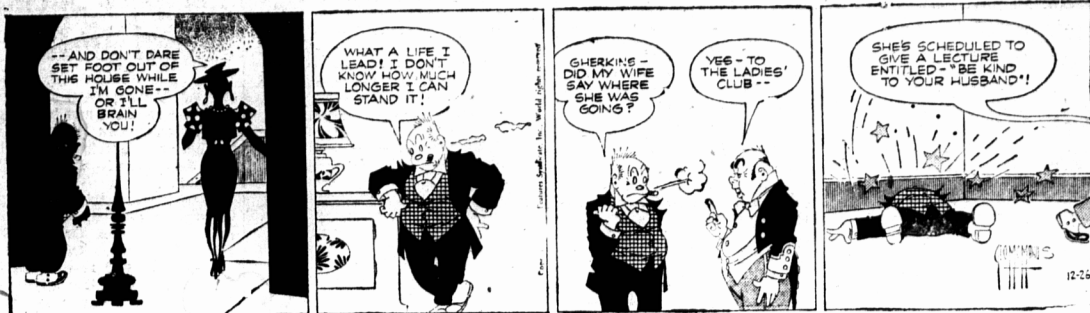
West continued with diamonds. Declarer won, cashed the spade ace, then deliberately risked a finesse against the club jack, putting in dummy's ten-spot. Naturally, this added nothing to his club tricks, but it did add an entry, and this (as will be seen) was vital. South now ruffed a spade, then went back to the king of clubs, discarded a club on the diamond queen, and finally ruffed a second spade. Now, with fewer trumps left in his own hand than in West's, South led a good club. West had no choice but to ruff with the eight of trumps, and then he could not avoid giving South a trump trick by leading away from the queen-ten.

MANY ATHLETES

STOCKHOLM, (CP)—The National Sports Federation of Sweden celebrated its 50th anniversary with a banquet addressed by King Gustaf Adolf, the federation's chairman for its first 29 years. The organization has 800,000 members in affiliated organizations.

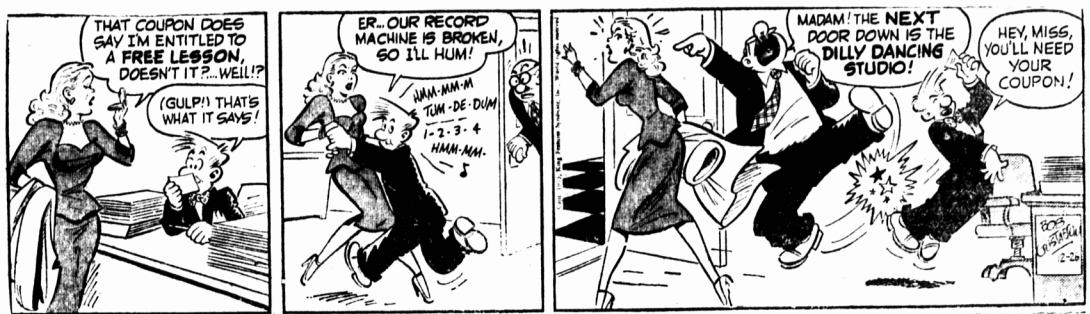
Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



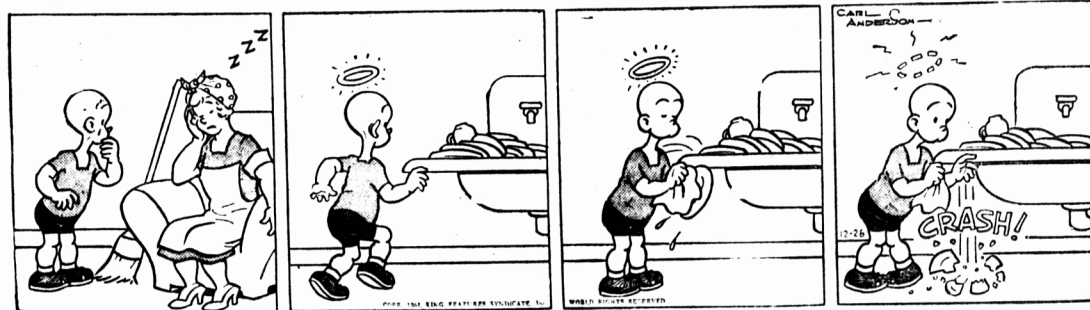
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



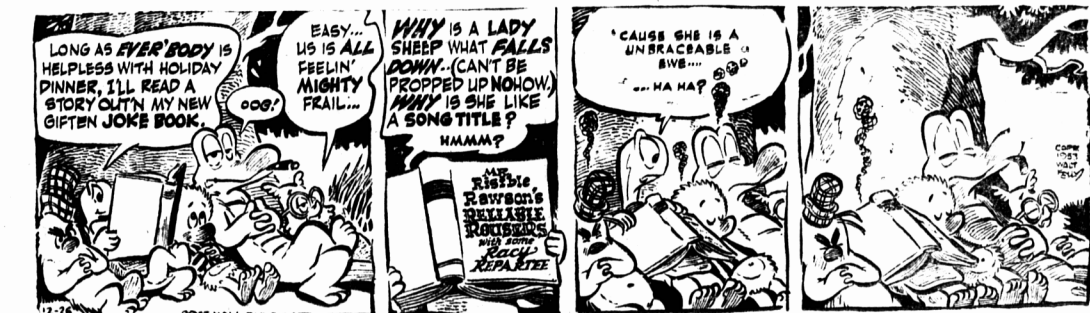
Henry

By Carl Anderson



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



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King of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



L'il Abner

By Al Capp



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Dotty Dripple

By Buford



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen

