

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

MRS. HOOTY HAS A HARD TIME

True mother love ne'er tries to shirk the daily tasks, the endless work.—Old Mother Nature.

Mrs. Hooty the Great Horned Owl was having a hard time. She always does have a hard time during the nesting season, but this time it was harder than ever. Other years she had had Hooty's help. This year he not only was of no help whatever, but actually had to be helped himself. He had a very, very sore foot that made it almost impossible for him to get food for himself, to say nothing of helping her.

It was the tail end of winter; there was still snow in the woods, and on many nights Jack Frost covered little pools with ice. Mrs. Hooty was sitting on eggs in an old nest that once belonged to Redtail and Mrs. Redtail, the two big Hawks that many folks who should know better often call Chicken Hawks. Hooty and Mrs. Hooty had taken possession of that nest while the real owners were

away for the winter. The big Owls are not really lazy, but they do not believe in doing work they do not have to do. They are not fussy. They long ago found out that an old nest that is big enough can be fixed up much easier than a new nest can be built.

Usually Mrs. Hooty lays two eggs. She always has declared that two babies are all that any sensible Owl-parents should try to bring up. It takes a lot of hard work hunting to find food enough for just two youngsters that grow as fast as hers do. Then, too, having them as early as she does, when rough Brother North Wind and Jack Frost are still about, keeping them is no small task. It means less time for hunting. But this year Mrs. Hooty had laid three eggs, and they soon would hatch. Without Hooty's help how was she going to feed that extra mouth?

The three eggs did not hatch all at the same time. That made it bad. It would have been easier if the three babies had been exactly the same age. As it was, they hatched two or three days apart. It often is that way in the Owl family. It meant trying to keep the unhatched eggs warm, and at the same time hunting for food for the baby or babies already hatched. It would have been a lot easier could Hooty have helped her. She could have stayed on the nest while Hooty did the hunting. As it was she had to do all the hunting and all the time she was worrying. Good mothers are like that. Worrying seems to be a part of motherhood.

Like most other members of the Owl family, Hooty and Mrs. Hooty



Mrs. Hooty was growing thinner day by day.

preferred to hunt at night, and rest and doze by day. But if they have to they hunt in the daytime. This is a mistake. They can see very well indeed in the daytime. But they do not like the sunlight. Perhaps it hurts their big eyes, but this doesn't prevent them from seeing.

Mrs. Hooty was hunting by day as well as by night; she had to. You see, she didn't dare make long flights to distant places where the hunting might be better. She did not dare leave her babies for the length of time that would require. She felt obliged to make her hunting trips short so that she could get back frequently. This meant that it was harder and harder to find enough food.

Hooty was doing the best he could, but that sore foot made it very difficult for him to catch anyone bigger than a Mouse, and Mice were growing more and more scarce. Hooty spent much time just sitting around on one foot, holding the sore foot up. It was one of the little sneers of Prickly Porky the Porcupine that made that foot so sore. How Hooty did wish he had been more careful. Never again would he be in such a hurry to catch someone that he didn't first make sure who it was. When he had swooped at Prickly Porky by mistake, he had thought it was Peter Rabbit. Only a short time before Peter had gone into the hole that Prickly Porky had come out of.

Mrs. Hooty was growing thinner day by day. You see, by the time she had fed those three precious babies, and had shared what was left with Hooty, she was setting very little to eat herself. She was having a hard time, a very hard time but being a good mother, she didn't complain.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Contract bridge can be a very humiliating game! This, however, is probably a good thing where many experts are concerned because when they get feeling too superior, they can be brought back to earth with such a simple, innocent question as "How do you reach the only makeable slam contract in the following deal?" It would be a very remarkable expert, indeed, who could produce a satisfactory answer!

3-12 A

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

♠ K Q ♣ J 7 6 3

♠ J 6 5 4 2

♠ 9 7 6 4

♠ 10 8 5 2

♠ A K J 5

♠ A J 10 9 7

♠ 8 6 3

♠ A 9 8 3

♠ N ♠ E ♠ S ♠

This deal occurred in a rubber game, and the bidding proceeded according to the best current practice:

South	West	North	East
1♠	Pass	1♥	Pass
1♠	Pass	3♥	Pass
4♥	Pass	5♣	Pass
6♥	Pass	Pass	Pass

Perhaps the writer erred in judging this the "best current practice," because it might well be argued that there should be some variation in the above sequence, by North or South, or both. This, however, is not at all pertinent. It is the writer's sole object to point out that many North-South pairs would reach six hearts on the hand, that others would reach six clubs, and that no expert pair would conceivably reach the only slam that can be made — namely, six spades!

At a heart contract, North can win only eleven tricks — six hearts, four spades and one club. At a club contract, South must lose two trump tricks. But at a spade contract no matter what West opens, South can ruff a diamond in dummy, cash dummy's second trump honor, draw trumps, and discard quite satisfactorily on dummy's heart suit. In short, at a six-spade contract, South makes four natural trump tricks, a diamond ruff, the club ace, and six hearts, all of which add up to twelve tricks!

It is a sobering thought that none of us are equipped under our bidding systems, to reach the only makeable contract in such a case as this!

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey



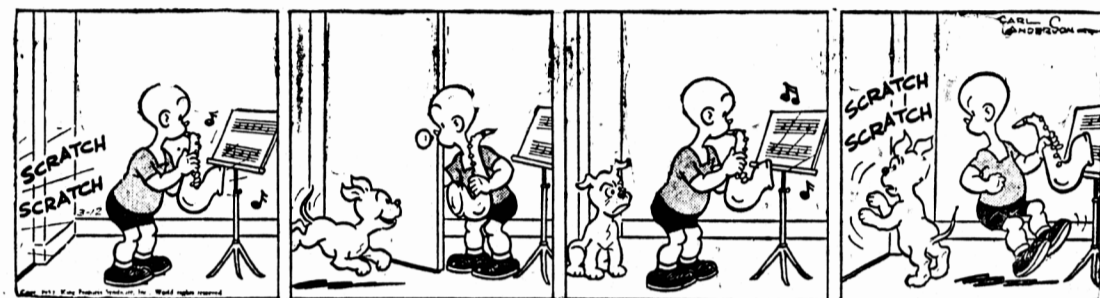
JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



HENRY

By Carl Anderson



DOTTY DIPPLE

By Ruford



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edvina



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



VENNY

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