

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

## SAMMY JAY'S ADVICE

Advice that leads to no mistake is easier to give than take.  
—Old Mother Nature.

"Why, that fellow wasn't awful at all," thought Little Lone Chick, the lost little daughter of Thunder and Mrs. Grouse. "He looks awful, but he isn't. Anyway, he wasn't awful to me. I wonder if that is really all he eats."

She was looking up at Prickly Porky in a tree where he was eating the bark from one of the limbs, leaving it bare and white. For a few moments she watched him. Just watching him made her hungry again, and she began to look for something to eat herself. She was busy picking up things from the ground when she was startled by a voice from almost overhead. It was a harsh voice. She had once heard the scream of a Hawk, and mother had warned all the children to hide when they heard that voice. It was that same scream that she heard now, and she ran into a little pile of leaves and hid under them.

"Poolee you, didn't I?" cried a voice from overhead.

The small Grouse said nothing. It couldn't be her to whom that fellow up in the tree was calling. Once more there was that scream of a Hawk, and it was followed at once by a voice she did know, the voice of Sammy Jay. "Wasn't that pretty good?" called Sammy.

The frightened small Grouse ventured to poke her head out and



"Come on out, you needn't be afraid of me."

look up. In a tree and only a little above her sat Sammy Jay. Sammy's black eyes snapped in fun.

"There isn't any Hawk," said he. "I like to fool folks once in a while by making them think I'm a Hawk. Come on out. You needn't be afraid of me."

Little Lone Chick crept out from under the leaves. She had seen Sammy Jay several times, and she wasn't afraid of him. "Have you seen my mother," she asked.

Sammy Jay chuckled. "I've seen her a great many times. I see her nearly every day," said he.

"Have you seen her today?" asked Little Chick anxiously.

"No," replied Sammy. "But, why aren't you with her? Are you lost?"

"No," said the Little Grouse, "I'm not lost. It's my mother who is lost. Wont you help me find her?" Now Sammy Jay understood perfectly what had happened. He had seen a similar thing happen over and over again each spring among the feathered neighbors. He knew that it was in this way that many of the young feathered folk learned to be independent, and to do for themselves.

"Listen," said he, "I don't know where your mother is, and I am not going to look for her. Sooner or later you would have to leave her, and do for yourself. Now is the time to begin. You have already found out how to find food and feed yourself. A lot of young birds, no younger than yourself, can't do that. They will have to be taught how to find their food, and many of them will have to be fed by father and mother until they are quite a bit older than you. You are going to be out for yourself in the Great World, but you are out, and you will have to look out for yourself. I'm going to give you some advice."

"If you please," peeped the small Grouse meekly.

"Find out all you can about a stranger before you trust him, and then don't trust him any farther than you feel you must," said Sammy.

"Yes, sir," peeped Little Lone Chick.

"Never forget that danger may be greatest when there seems to be no danger at all," continued Sammy.

"Mother told me that," replied the Little Grouse.

"Never be too bold, but never be too easily frightened. Just be sure of what you are doing," said Sammy Jay.

"I'll try," replied the small bird on the ground below him.

Sammy Jay's eyes twinkled. "And now, for one of the most important things of all," said he. "Never forget for one instant to remember, and always remember not to forget," chuckled Sammy.

He chuckled again as he looked down at Little Lone Chick, and the somewhat puzzled look on the latter's face.

## Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluvertson

### THE CRUCIAL HAND

The following hand created the "swing" which represented victory and defeat in an important team-of-four match.

South dealer. North-South vulnerable.

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

Both North-South pairs were somewhat too optimistic in the bidding. When the board was played for the first time, North-South ventured to three notrump and West down two tricks. Since they were not doubled, however, the loss was relatively small, because this is how the hand was bid at the other table.

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	Pass	1 ♥	Pass
1 ♠	Pass	2 ♠ (!)	Pass
3 ♠	Pass	3 NT	Dble.
4 ♠	Dble.	Pass	Pass
Pass			

Apparently, this East had a keen "ear" and was able to detect the opposing pushing, because, on his actual values, East had nothing resembling a sound double of three notrump. It was his partner's extraneous club holding, back of South, which made the hand so unwise for the declarer. By the same token, West could not have doubted, either, since he didn't know about East's diamonds. It often happens that with strength so divided between the defenders, a double can be made only by ear, so to speak.

In this case, however, East's ear was a strong ally; it told him, accurately, that either North or South or both were floundering in the search for a playable contract, and under that circumstance there is usually ground for thinking that some neckstretching is going on. That very neckstretching had taken place notably in North's second-round raise of spades. North would have been far wiser to bid merely one notrump at this point, on the sound thought that game anywhere would be a remote chance if South chose to pass out one notrump.

Average value of occupied Canadian farm land in 1952 was \$48 per acre, double the 1935-39 average.

WINCHESTER, England (CP) — W. Lloyd Woodland, who has written a book on his 50 years as official shorthand writer at Hampshire assizes, says most murders in Britain in the last 50 years were committed by persons under 30 years of age.

## KING COLE TEA

A blend of the CHOICES!

## King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



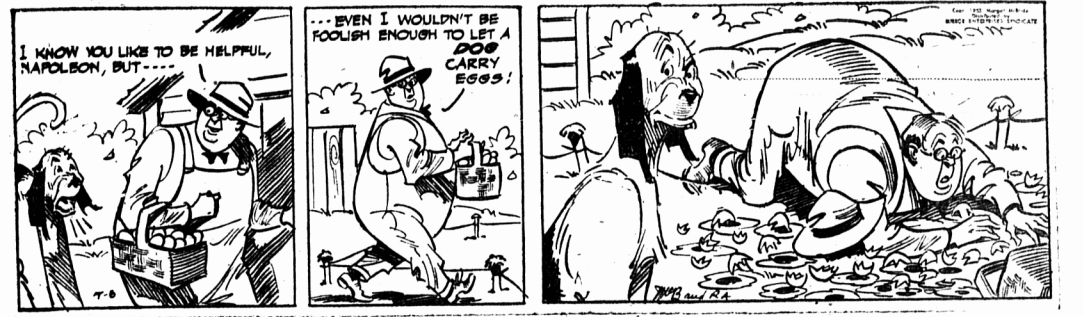
Joe Palooka



By Ham Fisher

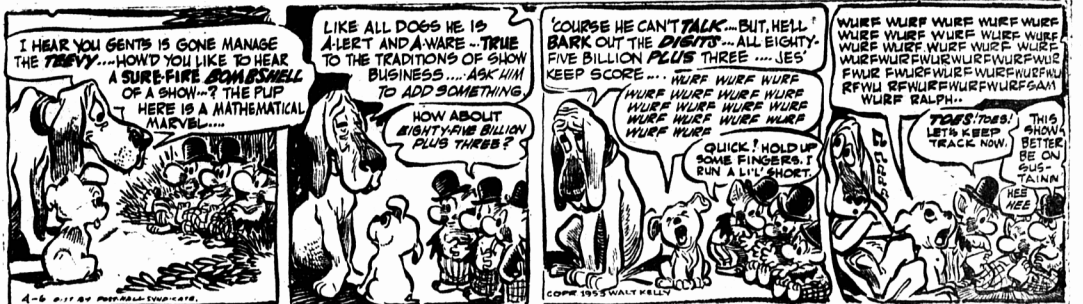
## Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



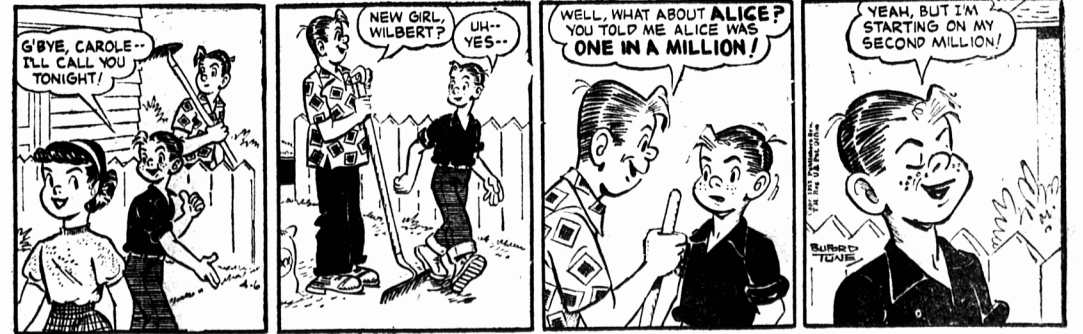
## Tippy and "Cap" Scrubs

By Edwin



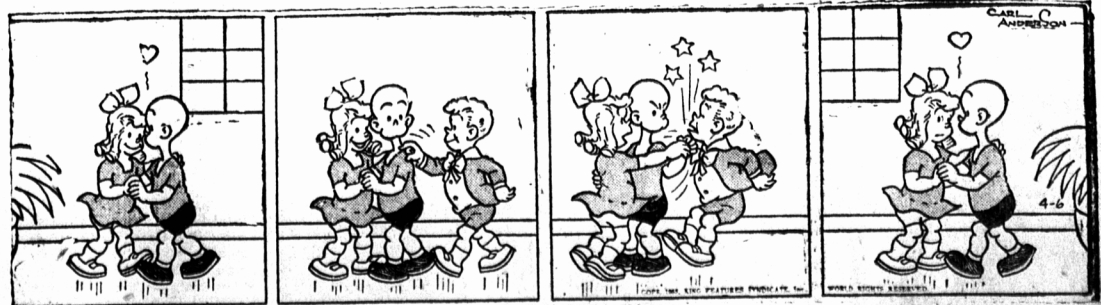
## Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



By Carl Anderson

## Henry

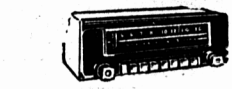


## PENNY

By Harry Hoeningen



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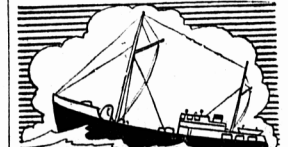


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