Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

SMOTHER PLAY

In the following deal the declarer's line of play may seem to have been unnecessarily devious, but it was the safest course available.

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
Pass	Pass	1 N T	2 ♣
3 ♥	Pass	5 ♥	Pass
Pass	Pass		

North, in making his quite unjustified jump to five hearts, must have forgotten that South passed originally!

West opened the club nine. East captured dummy's jack, then made the correct shift to the diamond jack. Declarer won his own hand and, after some reflection, laid down the king of trumps.

(It can easily be seen that if South had led and finessed the trump jack through West, he could have picked up West's trumps without loss, but this first-round finesse would entail the risk of losing to the singleton queen in East. South felt that West probably had the greater heart length, but he could not well assume that West had all the missing trumps.)

With the trump situation revealed, it appeared all too likely that a trick would have to be lost to West's queen, and there was of course acute danger that South would have to lose a spade trick as well. He solved this matter admirably, however. He led the trump jack. West of course ducked and dummy played low. South now cashed his diamonds, ruffed a club went back to the spade king and ruffed dummy's last club, then cashed dummy's second spade trick and finally led a third round of spades. East thrown in with the spade queen had to return a diamond or a club and when South ruffed with the heart nine, West's queen was "smothered."

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

TINY TOAD DOESN'T FEEL GOOD

Only foolish folk 'tis clear
Are ever wholly lacking fear.
—Old Mother Nature.

Tiny Toad was indeed tiny. He was so small that beside him a Grasshopper was big. In fact a Grasshopper gave him a dreadful scare. There was nothing to be afraid of, because that Grasshopper couldn't and wouldn't hurt him, but of course he didn't know that. That Grasshopper had suddenly landed right close to a dead leaf in the grass beneath which Tiny Toad was hiding.

The big Grasshopper stayed only a moment. Tiny Toad was glad of that. The Grasshopper hadn't seen him, because he had kept perfectly still. When the Grasshopper had gone with a mighty hop, Tiny Toad drew a long breath. He crept out from under that leaf, for he felt rested now. All around him was short grass. It wasn't as easy to hop in that grass as it had been to hop when he was out on the sand. He didn't know just what to make of that grass. He didn't hop far in it before getting very tired. He stopped often. He rolled his small bright eyes up at the sky.

Jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun was creeping higher and higher. The jolly Little Sunbeams grew warmer and warmer. Tiny Toad didn't feel good. No, sir, Tiny Toad didn't feel good. He didn't like those jolly Little Sunbeams. He

He still didn't feel good.

was becoming drier and drier. The drier he became, the worse he felt. Never had he felt at all like this. A sudden great longing to be back in the water took possession of him. Yet, he didn't want to go back to the Smiling Pool. It was a dreadful mix-up feeling. He wanted to go back, and he didn't want to go back. And all the time Tiny Toad felt worse and worse.

He came to a small piece of bark lying in the grass. He crept under it to rest. There he no longer felt the warmth of the jolly Little Sunbeams. Somehow he felt a little better, but still very uncomfortable. He wanted to go on, yet he didn't feel like moving. So he tucked his legs under him and squatted down close to the earth. He closed his bright little eyes. He went to sleep. Now and then he awoke just enough to blink his eyes sleepily and doze off, again. He still didn't feel good. He didn't know why. He just didn't, that was all!

Now the reason that Tiny Toad didn't feel good was that his skin had become very dry. Had he stayed out in the sun much longer, it would have felt a great deal worse than it did now. If there is one thing that the Toad folk connot stand, it is dry skins. That is why you seldom see them out on a sunny day. They wait until night before coming out, unless the day happens to be cloudy and damp.

Several times Tiny Toad was awake long enough to wish that he was back in the Smiling Pool in the cool lovely water. He was awake long enough to think he would start back. Twice he poked his head out from beneath that piece of bark only to draw it back in a hurry. He didn't like the jolly Little Sunbeams. No, sir, he didn't like them one bit.

Jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun went to bed behind the Purple Hills. The Black Shadows came creeping across the Green Meadows. Tiny Toad poked his headt out and then crawled wholly out from under that piece of bark. Now there were no hot jolly Little Sunbeams around. There was coolness in the air and dampness. Tiny Toad began to feel better right away. His skin no longer felt hot and tight and and dry. There was dew on the grass. How good that felt when he hopped through the wet grass. He thought less about the Smiling Pool. He didn't know where it was now, and he didn't care. It was fun to go hopping through the damp grass. He didn't know where he was going, but he was on his way, hop, hop, hippity hop. Each hop was a very small one, for he was a very small Toad.

But each hop was taking him farther away from the Smiling Pool, farther from all his brothers and sister with whom he had spent his babyhood as a tadpole. Tiny Toad really was out in the Great World.

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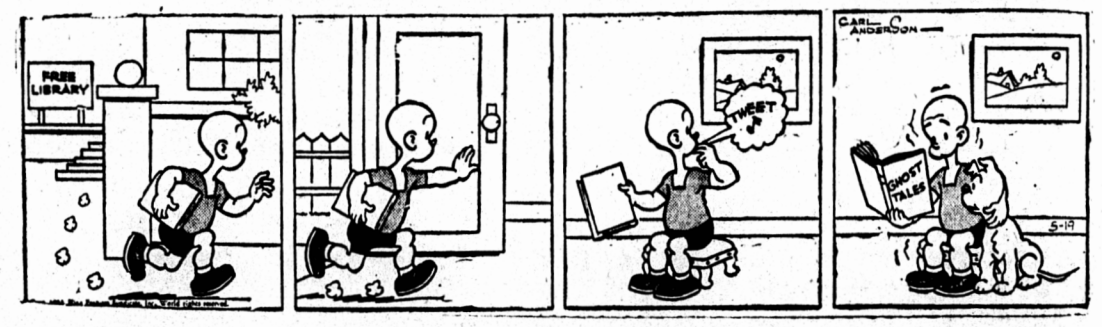

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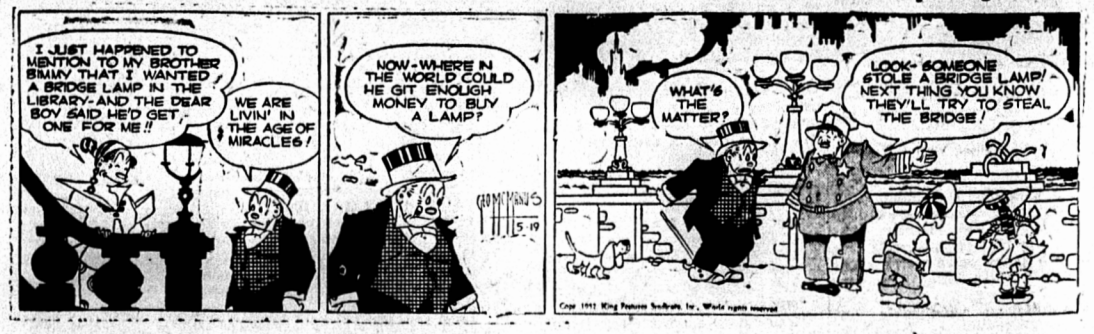

TILLY THE TOILER

PENNY By Harry Haenigsen