BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE FALLING OUT

No sadder sight is there to see
Than relatives who won't agree.
—Old Mother Nature.

At the foot of a big tree deep in the Green Forest sat Gray Fox. Half way up the tree, sitting in a crotch, his back against the trunk, was Prickly Porky the Porcupine, whom some folk call the Untouchable One. Above him high in the tree was a big nest. Perched on the edge of it or flying back and forth over it, snapping their bills and hissing angrily, were Hooty the Owl and Mrs. Hooty, biggest of all the Owl family. They knew just what Gray Fox was thinking about as he sat there looking up but making no attempt to climb the tree.

"He is trying to think of some way to get past Prickly Porky without getting some of those little spears stuck in him," said Hooty to Mrs. Hooty. He meant the sharp quills that Prickly Porky carries hidden in the hair of his coat.

Mrs. Hooty was paying no attention to what Hooty was saying. She was staring down at a little opening among the trees. "See who is coming now! As if we haven't troubles enough as it is!" she exclaimed in a low tone.

Hooty looked. There in the middle of that opening stood Reddy Fox. There was a half grin on his sharp face as he listened to the big Owls hissing and snapping their bills and to the complaining voice of Prickly Porky who didn't like the fuss those Owls had been making ever since Gray Fox appeared.

At first Reddy didn't see his cousin, nor did the latter see him. Reddy trotted forward, saw Gray Fox and stopped abruptly. For a long momont he watched his cousin. Then he barked sharply.

Gray Fox whirled about like a flash, his lips drawn back to show all his teeth. "What are you doing here?" he snarled.

"The same thing you are," retorted Reddy, and his half grin became a full grin. It wasn't a pleasant grin. It wasn't meant to be. It showed all his long teeth.

"I was here first," snarled Gray Fox.

"All the more reason for you to go away first," retorted Reddy.

The hair on the shoulders of Gray Fox and along the back of his neck was beginning to rise as you may have seen hair rise on the shoulders and neck of an angry Dog. "Those baby Owls are mine," he snarled.

"How nice. When will you eat them? Won't you invite me to dinner?" said Reddy. He had seen

They are not friends, these Fox cousins.

at once that his gray cousin was afraid to climb that tree with Prickly Porky in the way.

"I'll get them when I get ready, and when that will be is no business of yours," growled Gray Fox.

Meanwhile the two cousins, one in gray and one in red, were slowly circling around each other as dogs often do when making ready to dash in and catch the other by surprise. They are not friends, these Fox cousins. They don't like each other at all.

"I wonder if they will fight," Hooty whispered to Mrs. Hooty.

"I wonder," replied Mrs. Hooty. "Gray Fox is bigger."

"A little," agreed Hooty, "but Reddy is quicker. I think Gray Fox is afraid of him. Anyway, if they fight, I hope Reddy will win and drive him away."

"What difference does it make which wins?" retorted Mrs. Hooty.

"Haven't you forgotten something?" asked Hooty.

"What?" replied Mrs. Hooty promptly.

"That Gray Fox is a good climber and Reddy isn't," replied Hooty.

The two cousins were walking around stiff-legged, growling and snarling. It wasn't a pretty sight. It never is a pretty sight when relatives fall out. But sometimes it is exciting. It was now.

STOPS HEADACHE FAST ASPIRIN

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

NO PROBLEM

Experts will smile indulgently upon reading that South lost his grand-slam contract in the following deal, but the fact is that even worse plays are made in many bridge circles.

South's last bid was not completely sound, but neither can it be severely criticized. South had located an ace and a king in partner's hand, by means of the Blackwood Convention, and North's immediate spade rise had solidified that suit. Thus, at the very worst, South would only have to dispose of his diamond jack, and North might easily turn up with the diamond queen or with a doubleton in the suit.

In any case, it was not South's grand-slam bid for which he had to be sorry — it was his play of the hand.

West opened his singleton trump. South won, and, according to his own subsequent statement, could not decide whether he ought to take the diamond finesse or the heart finesse — he could discard either a heart or a diamond on dummy's club king. After much agonizing, he decided in favor of the heart finesse, and met instant defeat.

South should not have taken either finesse. It was elementary to cash the club ace at the second trick, then to cash the top diamonds, then to enter dummy with a trump and discard the diamond jack on the club king. Now it could cost nothing to lead and ruff a diamond — if the suit broke 3-3 (as it did) South could discard a heart on the long diamond; if diamonds did not break, he could fall back on the heart finesse.

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable

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

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
2 ♠	Pass	3 ♠	Pass
4 N T	Pass	5 ♦	Pass
5 N T	Pass	6 ♦	Pass
7 ♠	Pass	Pass	Pass

The Neighbors

By George Clark

"I keep wondering if our baby sitter has her friends in while we're gone."

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. Copyright, 1932, by News Syndicate Co. Inc.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

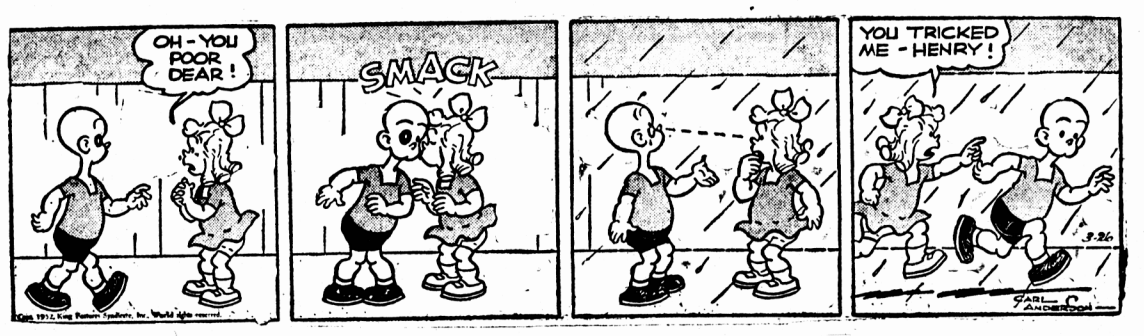
By Zane Grey

JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher

HENRY

By Carl Anderson



DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Ruford

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwina

POGO

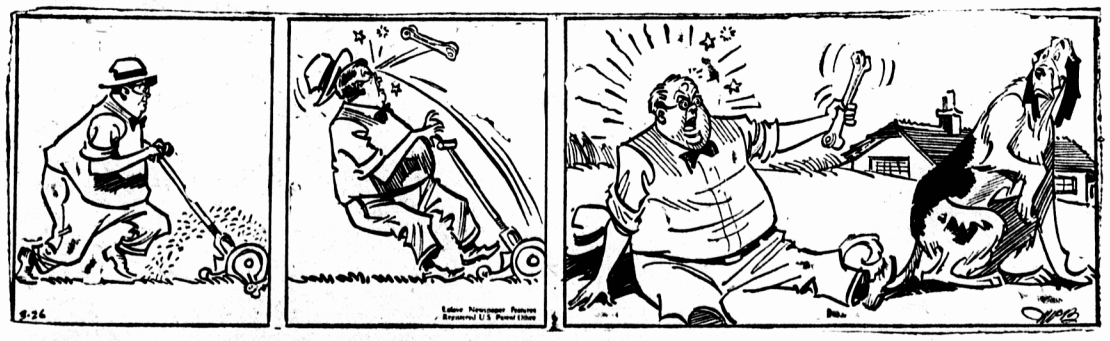
By Walt Kelly

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



LI'L ABNER

By Al Capp

RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond

TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson

PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen