

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

**AN UNEXPECTED BATH**  
There's no use in fuss and fretting, just because you get a wetting. —Mother Bear.

Two little black cubs were having a most exciting day and the most fun they had had in all their short lives. Mother Bear had taken them to a big brook, which was wide and shallow in some places, deeper and narrower and running faster in other places, and in still other places deeper still in quiet pools. Never before had they seen so much water and, of course, never before had they been fishing.

It happened to be a good day for fishing. It happened that many fish of a certain kind were running up the brook, going up to spawn. The eggs are laid on the bottoms of brooks and ponds. This is called spawning. And those special spawning places are visited by the fish at certain times of the year. Some spawn in the spring, some in summer, and others in the fall. Because they must find just the right places to spawn, the fish often come long distances up rivers and brooks, sometimes in great numbers.

This day there were many fish swimming upstream and Mother Bear knew just the places where it was easiest to catch them. She chose shallow places, and there she

would stand at the edge of the water, sometimes with her front paws in the water, until a fish, not seeing her, would start to swim past. With a lightning-like sweep of a big paw, she would toss the fish up on the shore. One of the cubs would pounce on it as it flopped about.

Taddy Bear had tried to pounce on a fish in the water, but all he got was a good wetting. After that he watched to see just how mother did it. Finally, Mother Bear tossed a fish in the water right in front of Taddy Bear and close to shore. Like a flash one of his little paws shot out, and knocked that fish right out of the water. Then he jumped on it in triumph. A prouder little bear never lived in the Green Forest. He had caught his first fish. Anyway, he thought he had caught it. After that he was eager to catch another. He was eager to show what a good fisherman he was. Taddy Bear was content to let mother catch the fish for her, but Taddy Bear wanted to catch his own fish.

So they made their way along the shore of the brook. Presently they came to a quiet pool. It wasn't very deep, but it was too deep for mother's kind of fishing. She didn't right past that pool. Taddy Bear was some distance behind her. When he reached that pool he stopped to look into it. At the head of the pool was a big flat rock.



He splashed about helplessly.

From the rock to the shore the water was shallow. Taddy Bear waded out to that rock. Standing in it he could look right down in that pool. And it seemed to him as if all the fish in the brook must be in that pool. They were down on the bottom quite beyond his reach, but he didn't know that.

The water was so clear that it didn't look deep at all. Those fish seemed to be right in easy reach. He leaned over the edge of the rock. He leaned out as far as he could. He was sure he couldn't miss getting one of those fish. He made a quick sweep with a little paw. Just as his balance and tumbled headstuck into that pool scattering the fish in all directions. He swallowed more water than he had ever taken before in all his life. He choked and gasped. And how he did kick with his little hind legs, and thrash about with his little arms! There was nothing to get hold of. There was nothing to walk on. He was a scared little bear. He splashed about helplessly. He didn't know it, of course, but that kicking and thrashing was keeping him afloat. He was really swimming without knowing it.

Mother Bear heard him, and came back to see what the trouble was. Without a word she scooped him up, much as she would have scooped a fish out. For a couple of minutes he lay there on the bank still trying to get his breath, and wetter than he had ever been even in the hardest shower. He really didn't know what had happened. All Mother Bear said was, "Never try to catch fish in deep water." Then she left him and resumed her fishing. Taddy Bear shook himself, and shook himself, and shook himself. Somehow, he felt better for the bath he had had. And somehow, he had lost all fear of the water. Five minutes later he was fishing again just as if nothing had happened.

## Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

### BAD BREAKS NOT ALWAYS FATAL

Bad breaks, like everything else in bridge are relative. When they can't be overcome by proper play, then they are really unfortunate, but in a great many instances the declarer can find an easy and effective remedy. For example:

South dealer.

Both sides vulnerable.

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

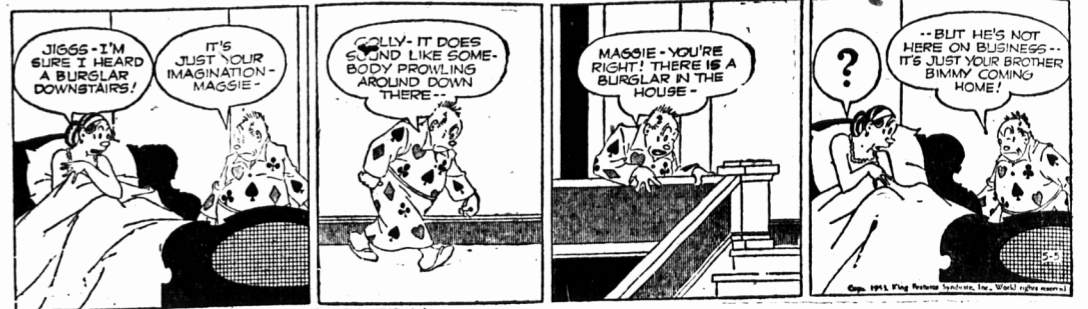
West opened the diamond jack. East put up the ace and shifted to the queen of clubs. South won, cashed the spade ace, and mumbled under his breath when West discarded a diamond. South was not really unhappy (yet), however, since he could well afford to lose a spade, a diamond and a club. He went ahead and drew another round of hearts, then led the ace and king of hearts. At this point he had something to mumble about, because East ruffed the heart king with his high trump and returned another club. West won, and on his heart-jack exit, South was faced with the sure loss of a heart trick.

Down one. South obviously felt that he had had very bad luck in getting a 3-0 break of trumps and a 4-1 break of hearts, and it's true that these breaks would have been most unfortunate under other circumstances. But in this case the breaks should not have given South any trouble. Once he saw that East was sure to win a trump trick, all South had to do was to exercise a little care in his play of the heart suit.

Certainly, with West void of trumps, there was danger that he had long hearts, so declarer should not have risked leading the honors from dummy. The safe line of play was to lead a low heart from dummy; if East followed suit, the queen should be played, of course, then South should cash his diamond trick and simply exit with his club nine.

Now, the worst that could happen was that West would win the club and return the heart jack — but this could not possibly hurt declarer. If East followed to the second heart, well and good, and if he ruffed the heart king, he would be locked on lead, forced to yield a ruff-and-discard by his return.

## Bringing Up Father



By George McManus

## Dotty Dripple



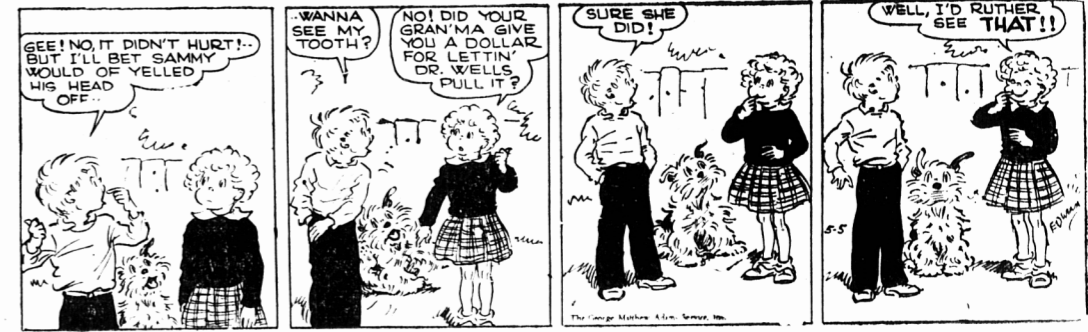
By Ruford

## Tilly The Toiler



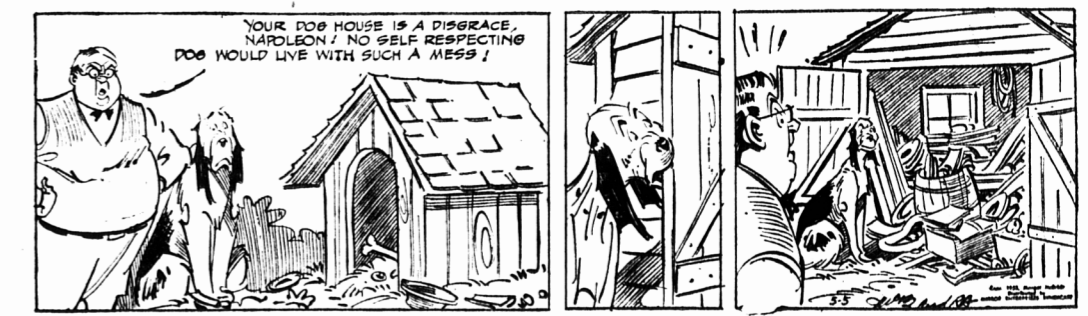
By Bob Gustafson

## Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



By Edwina

## Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Clifford McBride

**L. O. A. L. O. B. A.**

Grand Orange Lodge will meet in Boyne Lodge-room, Wednesday, May 13th, at 10 A.M.

Grand Lodge of the L. O. B. A. will meet in the Knights of Pythias Hall, Charlottetown, Wednesday, May 13th at 10 a.m.

MRS. GRACE FRANCIS  
Grand Sec'y. L.O.B.A.

J. A. MURRAY,  
Grand Sec'y. L.O.A.

**RE - OPENING**

**The BARN DRIVE INN**

TUESDAY, MAY 5th 4:30 p.m.

ANY TIME — it's time for

**KING COLE TEA**

## Joe Palooka



By Ham Fisher

## Al Abner



By Al Capp

## Rip Kirby



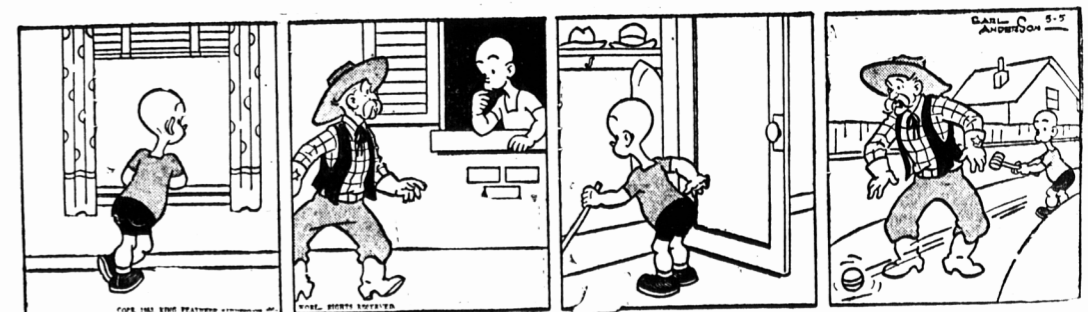
By Alex Raymond

## King Of The Royal Mounted



By Zane Grey

## Henry



By Carl Anderson

## Pogo



By Walt Kelly

## PENNY



By Harry Hoegen