

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE VERY WORST HAPPENS
Error sometimes has its place
may perpetuate a race.
—Old Mother Nature.

That saying of old Mother Nature's sounds strange, but it is true. Fear, great fear, amounting even to terror, can be, and probably often has been, the salvation of certain forms of life. It has caused some of the smaller folk of the Green Forest, the Green Meadows, and all the other places in the Great World, to be many times more watchful and careful than they would have been otherwise. Because of terrible fright when very young, many of the little folk in fur and feathers have lived to good old age. Constant fear has kept them constantly watchful. They never have forgotten for one wee minute

that danger is always greater when it is least expected.

Mite, the very young and very small son of Danny and Nanny Meadowmouse, was out in the Great World all by himself. He knew nothing about the Great World. Until now, and this was his first day away from home, he never had known fear. There had been nothing in his short life to make him afraid. All he had known was the fun of running about and finding good things to eat. Now he was in a deserted old home at the end of a short, little used Mouse path. He had found that path by chance. Being sleepy he had curled up for a nap in the deserted old Meadowmouse home at the end of it. It had once been a globe-shaped nest woven of grass. Now, because it had been so long deserted, it was a more or less shapeless mass of matted grass. Mite had found the entrance and had crept in. Somehow, he felt very safe there. Now Mite was awake, and had a dreadful feeling. No, he wasn't feeling sick. In some ways it was worse than feeling sick would have been. For the first time in his very short life, for he was only three weeks old, he was afraid. He had seen nothing or heard nothing to make him afraid. Nothing had scared him. It was just a feeling that something dreadful was going to happen. What it could possibly be he hadn't the slightest idea. Perhaps you have had that uncomfortable feeling that something is about to happen. Some folks have it before a thunderstorm.

For some time the wee Mouse stayed in the old tumbled-down house wondering and wondering why he felt as he did, and what he should do. How he did wish Nanny Meadowmouse was there with him. Nanny was his mother, you know. But he wasn't there. No one was there. Finally he could keep still no longer, and crept out into the little path that had been so long unused. Already grass had begun to grow in it. Tall grass



It was Shadow the Weasel, the one whom Mice fear most.

hung over it, so that it was a sort of grassy tunnel. He moved forward a little and stopped to look and listen. He saw nothing, but he heard something, and what he heard made him more frightened than ever. Squeaky voices were calling from here and there. You or I wouldn't have heard them, but he heard them. They were Mouse voices, and every squeak was a squeak of fright. Now he knew that something dreadful was about to happen. Should he go back to the old tumbled-down house, or should he go on and try to find his mother, or brother, or sister, someone to be with and share his fright? He moved forward again just a little. He could see the entrance to another path. A Mouse raced past the entrance. That Mouse was running as fast as he could, and he was squeaking with fright. A moment later, another Mouse did the same thing. Those Mice were running away from something. But what? He was just about to turn and run back to hide in the tumbled-down old nest, when he had just a glimpse of someone else running past the entrance to the little path. It wasn't a Mouse. The stranger was long and slender, and not in the least bit like a Mouse. Somehow, without knowing how, the small Mouse knew there was the cause of all this terrible feeling. He held his breath. He felt cold all over. He shivered. That was fright. He knew that he had seen someone whom he must never allow to see him. It was Shadow the Weasel, the one enemy whom Mice fear most. To them, a visit from Shadow the Weasel, is the very worst thing that can happen.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluerton
SPECIAL-PURPOSE CONVENTIONS
Even though the general caliber of bridge skill has risen enormously in the last decade, there are still quite a few players who are ignorant of special-purpose conventions. The following hand points up one of these conventions

North dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

♠	K52	♣	QJ97
♥	764	♦	43
♠	AKQ6	♣	108
♥	J74	♦	A963

The bidding:
North East South West
1 ♠ 1 ♠ 2 ♠ Pass
2 NT Pass 3 NT Pass
3 NT Pass 4 NT Pass
5 ♠ Pass 5 ♠ Pass
Pass Dbl. (final bid)

Incidentally — this is not the main point to which reference was made above — North was on doubtful ground when he interpreted South's four-notrump call as a Blackwood bid demanding a response. As employed by the vast majority of experts, this particular four notrump (in the sequence recorded) would be merely a no-trump raise, suggesting a slam but in no sense forcing another bid from partner. Since North's opening bid had been "just about as light as the law allows," North should have given very serious consideration to playing the hand at four notrump.

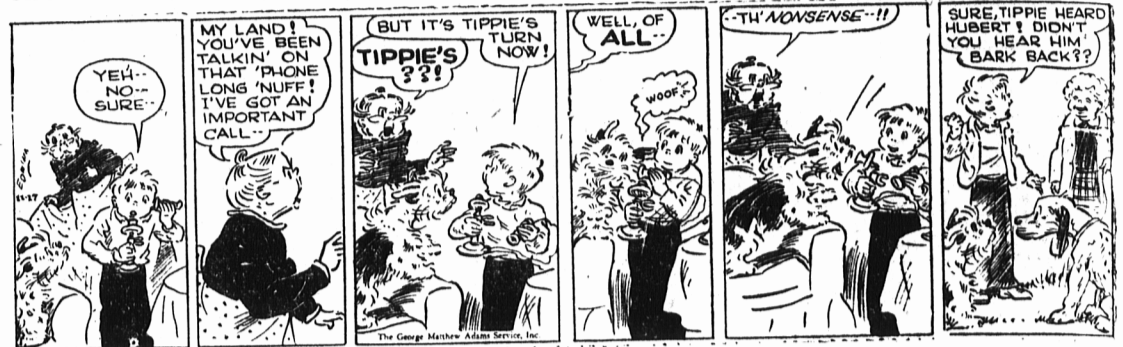
Everything turned out all right for North-South, however, because West woodenly led a spade against the six-club contract. South won with the ace and knocked out the trump ace, winning East's spade return in dummy. When South West cashed four more trumps, West was squeezed — he had to relinquish either his heart or his diamond stopper.

Now let's take up the main point: When a good bridge player — which East was — doubles a slam he does not expect or want his partner to lead the suit he normally would have led in the absence of the double. In short, the double of a slam is not like other doubles; it conveys a special message, namely, that the opener should make an unusual or unnatural lead. Such lead-directing doubles are almost always based on a void in a suit previously bid by an opponent — and West's great length in hearts was certainly significant!

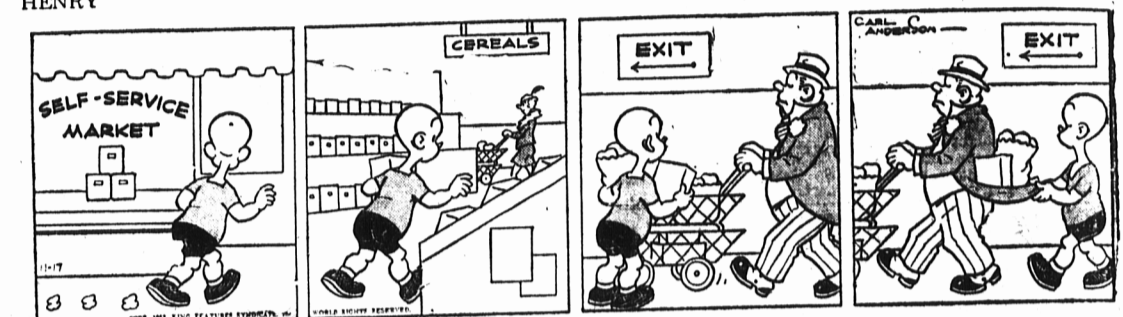
L'L ABNER



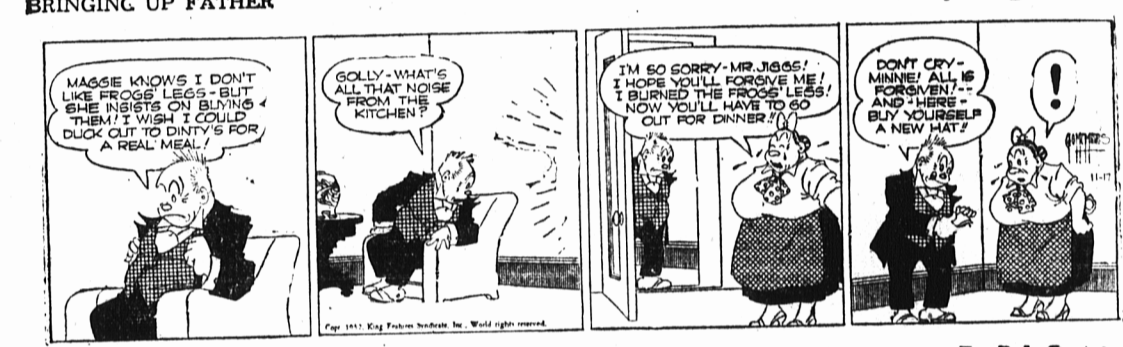
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



HENRY



BRINGING UP FATHER



TILLY THE TOILER



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NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Milk Vendors Association, will be held upstairs, in the Main Office at The Experimental Farm, on Tuesday, November 18th at 8:30. Members please be on time. A full attendance is requested.

PERCY G. GAY,
Secretary.

KING COLE TEA

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