

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

### WEE BUNNY NEEDS HELP

The Great World is a cruel place for those who cannot hold the pace. —Old Mother Nature

What Old Mother Nature means is that each must be able to take care of himself, and meet successfully the dangers that are everywhere throughout the Great World. Of course, this means that everyone must at all times be prepared for whatever may happen. Dreadful things do happen, and often when they are least expected.

Those who are prepared for what may or can happen always fare the best. Even the smallest folks of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest who are prepared, and always watching for danger, fare better than some of the bigger folk who are not prepared.

Wee Bunny was the very small son of Peter Rabbit. He was out in the Great World all by himself. Peter didn't know where he was. Mrs. Peter didn't know where he was. He didn't know where they were. He had no one to tell him anything; he had to find out everything for himself. He was in the kindergarten of the School of Life, of which the teacher's name is Experience.

Wee Bunny was sitting just inside the open end of a hollow log at the edge of the Green Forest. He was watching another small person in a red coat clinging to the trunk of a tree, and scolding so hard that it was a wonder his tongue wasn't too tired to move.

It was Chatterer the Red Squirrel, and he was in a bad temper. He was scolding no one in particular, but the Great World in general. Something had upset him.

Wee Bunny never had seen Chatterer before, and knew nothing about him. He didn't seem to be big enough to be harmful. Indeed, he actually was smaller than the little Rabbit. Wee Bunny saw this, and wasn't afraid. He hopped out of the hollow log for a better look at this noisy neighbour. It was then that Chatterer saw him for the first time.

Chatterer stopped scolding. He stared long and hard at Wee Bunny. "Who are you?" he asked in a sharp voice.

"I'm Wee Bunny," said the little Rabbit.

"I suppose that means you are one of Peter Rabbit's babies. Why aren't you at home where you belong?" said Chatterer in a most unpleasant way.

"I haven't any home," said Wee Bunny. His voice was very small. "Then you better go back where you came from and find a home."



Wee Bunny was sitting just inside the open end of a hollow log at the edge of the Green Forest.

"We don't want you over here," declared Chatterer in a most unpleasant manner.

"If you please, I'm not doing any harm," said Wee Bunny. "All I want is something to eat, and a place to sleep."

"Just the same you don't belong here and we don't want you. The sooner you go back where you came from, the better. If you don't go of your own accord I'll make you go!" scolded Chatterer.

Wee Bunny didn't know what to make of this unpleasant neighbour. He still wasn't afraid. He still thought Chatterer not big enough to be dangerous. He saw no reason why he should go just because this unpleasant fellow in the red coat told him to. So he simply sat still right where he was.

Chatterer came down the tree a little farther. "Are you going?" he demanded.

"No," said Wee Bunny. "I don't want to go!"

Chatterer jerked his tail angrily. He scolded as only he can scold. He was working himself into a rage. It is a way some folks have of doing. Suddenly he jumped to the ground, and ran straight at Wee Bunny. The little Rabbit wasn't prepared for this. He had never been in a fight in his short life. He really was quite helpless. Chatterer leaped on him, and bit. He bit hard. It hurt dreadfully. Wee Bunny screamed. He couldn't help it. He struggled and tried to get away, and couldn't. Chatterer's teeth were sharp. They tore his coat. They tore one of his ears. He screamed again. He struggled in vain. He could neither fight, nor could he get away. All at once the Great World had become a terrible place. And Chatterer the Red Squirrel had become a monster.

# Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluvertson

### THE RIGHT RE-BID

An oft-recurring bidding problem turned up in the following deal

South dealer.  
Neither side vulnerable.

♠ K 10 5 3  
♥ 9 8  
♦ J 7 4  
♣ J 8 6

♠ A 9 7  
♥ Q 8 6 3  
♦ K 9 4  
♣ 3 2

♠ Q 8 4  
♥ J 7 3  
♦ Q 10 5  
♣ 2

♠ 6 2  
♥ A K 10 6 5 4 7  
♦ A 9  
♣ 10 5

The bidding:  
South West North East  
1 ♠ Pass 1 ♠ Pass  
3 ♠ Pass 4 ♠ Pass  
Pass Pass

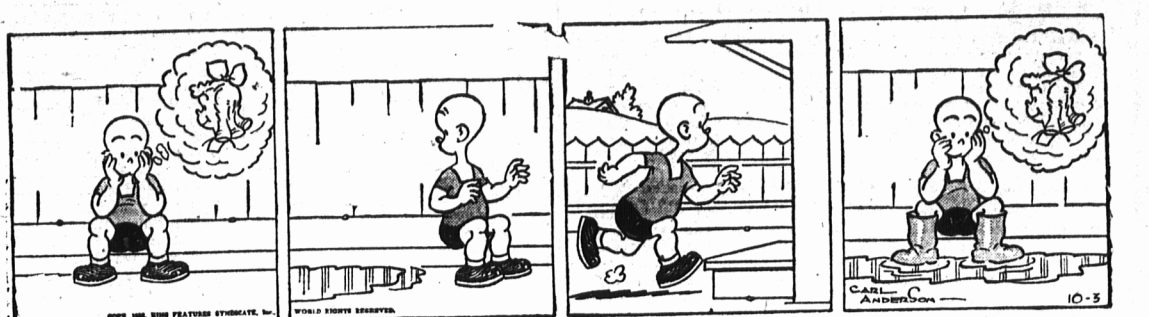
Inspired guessing by South would have brought home the contract, but it was asking too much that he should guess both the spade and the trump situations, and he went down a trick. West opened a low diamond. South won with the ace, laid down the ace of hearts, and then had to decide whether West was false-carding with the queen, or whether that card had been honest. In the latter case, of course, South could finesse successfully for the jack. South solved this problem successfully; he went to dummy's diamond king and took the trump finesse, but later he guessed wrong about the spade honors and so suffered a one-trick defeat.

It was not the play, however, which was particularly significant — with two club tricks and at least one spade "off the hand," a game contract which depended on running trumps without loss was a highly questionable venture. The pertinent issue is: was South justified in making a jump rebid, thus urging his partner to bid game?

South felt, as so many other players feel, that possession of a seven-card suit (against the mere five-card suit he might have held) justified the jump rebid; that, after all, he had two winners over a minimum. This, however, is not a thoroughly valid yardstick. For a jump rebid, the player should be able to count eight sure winners, and since South's heart suit could not be considered solid, his hand was worth only seven winners. Thus, it was better to rebid only two hearts and have something to spare.

FOLKESTONE, England — (CP) — Tenants on a local housing estate returned home to find one of the rooms filled with soot. Perched on the hearth was the cause, an owl which had fallen down the chimney.

# HENRY



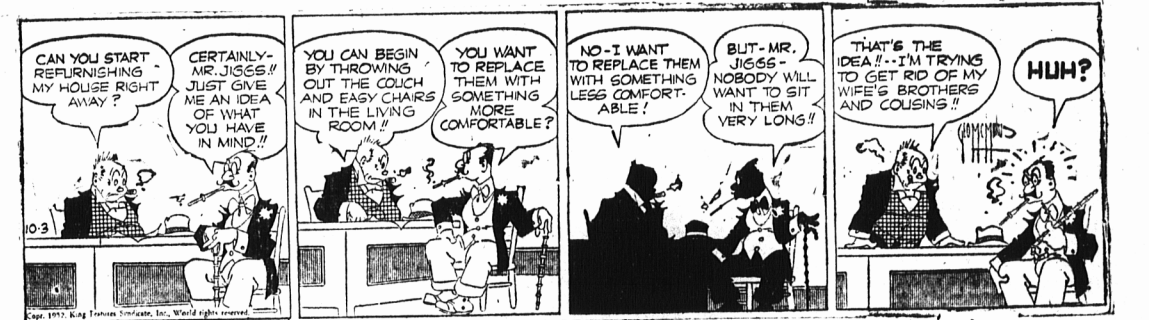
By Carl Anderson

# TILLY THE TOILER



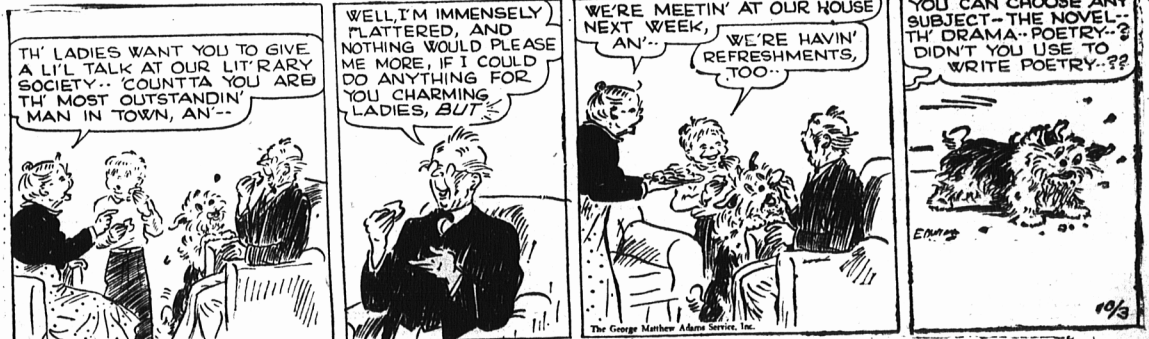
By Bob Gustafson

# BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

# PIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



By Edwina

# DOTTY DRIPPLE



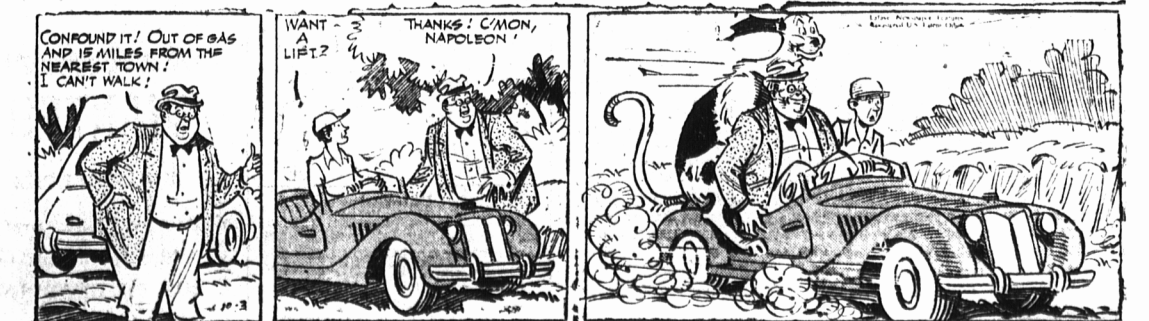
By Ruford

# POGO



By Walt Kelly

# Napoleon and Uncle Elby



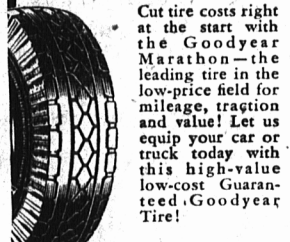
By Cliff McBride

# PENNY



By Harry Haenigsen

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By Ham Fisher

# LIL' ABNER



By Al Capp

# KIP KIRBY



By Alex Raymond

# KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



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