

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluerton

A BRILLIANT LEAD

The opening lead selected by West in the following hand was nothing short of brilliant.

North dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

Bridge hand diagram showing cards in North and South hands.

Bridge bidding table showing North, East, South, and West bids.

South's holding was not good enough for a two-over-one takeout of his partner's spade opening, and apparently he felt that it was too good for a one-trump response, so he compromised by giving North a shaded raise.

When North bid two notrump on the second round and South then took the occasion to show his hearts, the picture of the South hand was completed — but, unfortunately, North was not the only one at the table who could see

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

MORE OF THE SAME

Never think that something bad is the worst that can be had. —Peter Rabbit.

It has taken Peter Rabbit a long time to find out that nothing is ever so bad that it couldn't be worse. Peter has had many troubles. Trouble of one sort or another is the every-day life of most of the Green Forest and Green Meadow folk, especially of the smaller ones. You see, most of them have one or

the full picture. West also did a keen interpretive job, and when North carried the bidding to four hearts, West selected a lead that was calculated to confuse and confound the enemy. He blantly opened the queen of spades!

It is quite true that South could have reached for dummy's spade king at the first trick and "laughed in West's face" but South was not a mind-reader. How could he tell what was going on? West might have started with Q-J-10 and East with the doubleton ace — if declarer covered West's queen with the king he would lose three spade tricks and at least one club. Certainly, it was unusual (to put it mildly) for a player to lead the queen from an A-Q combination and South scarcely considered the possibility in this case. He ducked the first trick in dummy with hardly a thought. That, of course, was all West needed. He laid down the spade ace and the club ace, then led the spade jack, and East's ruff was the setting trick.

more hungry enemies looking for them all the time, and if that isn't trouble, I don't know what is. Peter has had so many narrow escapes in his lifetime that he can't begin to remember all of them. He doesn't even try. In this he is wise. It is enough to watch for trouble ahead; trouble behind is past and gone.

Like most folks, Peter is inclined to think any trouble he may be in is the worst trouble possible. He was thinking just this now. Terror the Goshawk, one of the fiercest of all the feathered hunters had all but caught Peter. Peter had managed to get into a small bramble-tangle just in time, just in the very nick of time. The instant he was in under the tangled briars and brambles, he felt safe. He had been chased into such places many times by many different hungry hunters, and none had been able to follow him in. You see, he always could get in because he had cut little paths for himself. But these paths were not big enough for those who hunted him. If they tried to crawl in after him the brambles would tear their coats, and scratch their faces, and hold them back. Most of them never tried to get in after Peter.

So, when Peter dived headlong into this little bramble-tangle, he instantly felt safe. He felt that he could laugh at this big, fierce, terror fly away in disappointment, as he had seen so many other Hawks do when they had driven him into a bramble-tangle. But Terror did nothing of the kind. He lighted on the ground. He walked all around the bramble-tangle looking in. He wasn't just looking at Peter; he was looking to find a way to get in. He was big and strong, one of the biggest of the Hawk family. He had come down from the Far North, the land where only the fearless and strong among the hunters can live. Those briars and brambles might stop others of Peter's enemies but they were not going to stop Terror. He began to force his way in. Yes, sir, that is just what he did.

Peter really was frightened now. If Terror succeeded in getting way in under those briars and brambles, Peter would have to get out, and that would mean that he would have to reach another and safer place where this big, fierce Bird with the great claws and the hooked bill could not force his way in, as he was now doing. How Peter did wish he were back in the dear Old Briar-patch. There Terror could not possibly have followed him because there were so many



He walked all around the bramble tangle looking in.

and such thick briars and brambles with little paths cut all through them to dodge about in. Over here in the Green Forest, where he didn't belong, there were not many safe hiding places, places into which he could not be followed. Peter did his best to think of the nearest place where he could be safe, but somehow he was too frightened to think. He would simply have to run his fastest and dodge his best, and hope that he would find a place where he would be safe.

Peter was just about to dash out and thrust to luck and his own legs to take him out of his present trouble when he discovered more of the same. He had thought that he couldn't be possibly worse off than he was with that big Hawk actually forcing his way into that bramble-tangle, but now he found that he was worse off. Just as he had made ready to dash out another hunter had suddenly appeared without sound, and had lighted on the snow just outside that little bramble-tangle. It was Whitey the Snowy Owl, another hungry visitor from the Far North, from farther north than Terror the Goshawk had come. He was dressed in a white coat with little spots of dark brown or black. His legs were feathered way down to his toes. Way up where he had come from, he needed those feathers to keep his feet warm. Now he snapped his black bill most unpleasantly as he waited for Terror to drive Peter out. Poor Peter! What could he do?

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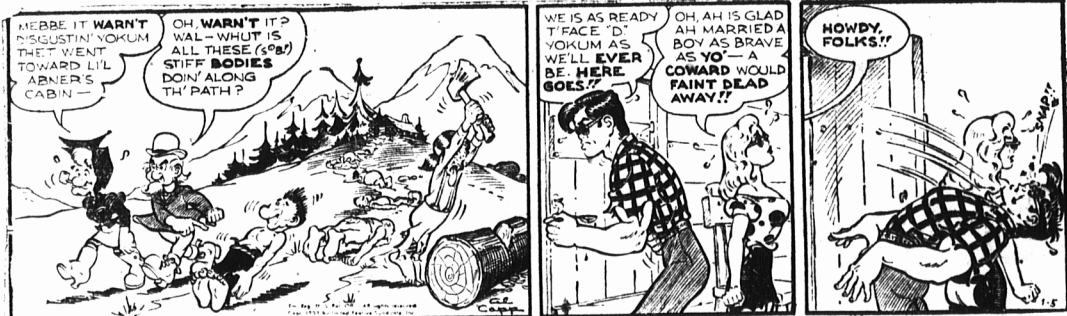
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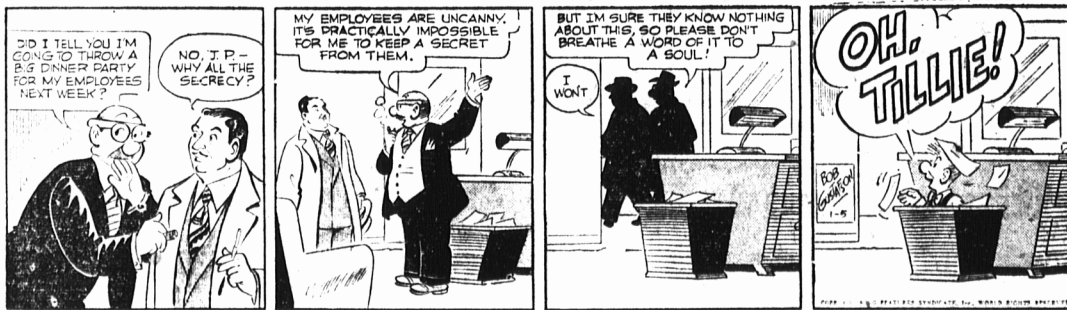
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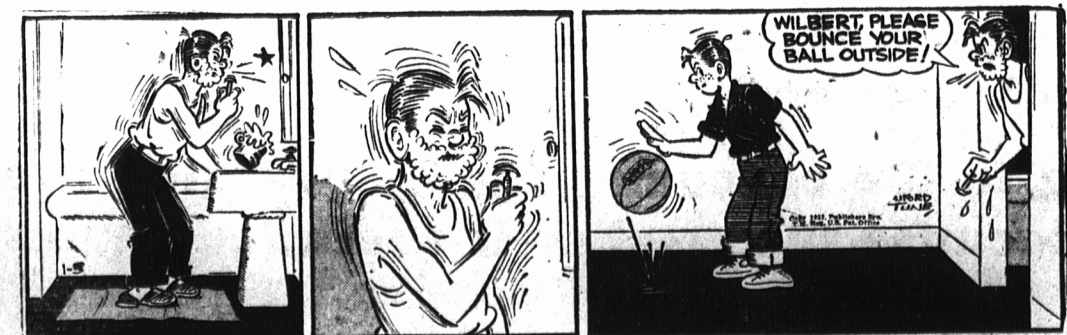
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