BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

HAPPY JACK'S MISTAKE

Mind not other folks affairs.
Leave to them that wholly theirs.
—Old Mother Nature.

Happy Jack Squirrel, he of the gray coat and the big bushy tail, thinks of no one but himself. He had the best Squirrel home in the Green Forest, and he wouldn't share it with anyone, not even Mrs. Happy Jack. He came and went and did as he pleased and didn't care what any of his neighbors said or thought.

He knew that Mrs. Happy Jack and their three children had been living together in a hollow tree not far from where he lived. It wasn't as good a house as he had, and he suspected that four of them together must be a little crowded in it. Of course he might have taken one or two of the children in with him, but no such thought even entered his head. Children were a nuisance, whether they were his or belonged to someone else. That is how he felt about it. Just selfish, you see.

It was practically the end of winter now. There still was an occasional cold storm, and the days were anything but warm. However, Mistress Spring was not far away. One day, Happy Jack happened over near the tree in which Mrs. Happy Jack and the children had spent the winter. It reminded him that he hadn't seen the young Squirrels lately. Neither had he seen their mother. Could it be that they had moved to another part of the Green Forest? Could it be

He sat where he could watch the doorway of their home.

that something had happened to all of them? The more he thought about it, the more he wanted to know. He sat where he could watch the doorway of their home. There was no sign of anybody. He jerked his big bushy tail impatiently. Why wasn't there anybody about? Finally, he could stand it no longer. He would go over and look in that house. If he did that he could soon tell if anybody was living there now.

Happy Jack first looked this way, then that way, and on all sides. He wanted to be sure that no one would see him visit the home of Mrs. Happy Jack's. People who do things they shouldn't do, always try not to be seen. Then he ran out on a branch and jumped across to a neighboring tree. There he stopped to look all around once more. He didn't see anybody. He ran down the tree to the ground and across to the foot of the tree in which Mrs. Happy Jack had her home. Once more he hastily looked all around. Then he climbed that tree, and he climbed fast. He climbed straight up to the doorway of that home. There he clung for a moment. He hesitated about poking his head in, but he was curious. He was very curious. He started to poke his head in and suddenly he realized he had made a mistake. He found it out in a very painful way. Sharp teeth nipped him from behind. They hurt; he squealed, and tried to pull away. The teeth let go, and he ran higher. There he turned and looked to see who had bitten him. It was Mrs. Happy Jack. Now she made a rush at him, and although he was bigger than she he turned and climbed higher. Mrs. Happy Jack came right on. She was fighting mad and Happy Jack didn't feel like fighting.

Continued on page 12

STAY AT THE

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Province of Prince Edward Island

NOTICE

Acting on the advice of Steamship Inspectors, the Department of Public Works and Highways announces that, effective immediately, no trucks will be carried on the M. V. FAIRVIEW excepting those whose capacity is one-half ton or less.

NOTICE

The annual meeting of The Masonic Temple Company will be held in the office of E. R. Brow & Son, 144 Richmond Street, on Wednesday, the 8th day of July proximo, at 7 o'clock p.m.

Charlottetown, P.E.I. J.B. Brow
June 25, 1953. Secretary.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

REMARKABLE DEFENSE

It is one thing to make brilliant plays at the bridge table, and quite a different thing to discover the same plays in double-dummy fashion, i.e., with the four hands exposed. Which brings up the matter of the hand below. This was sent to us with the assurance that the defense went exactly as described. We cannot testify to the truth of the statement, but we can say that if it is true. East was quite a defender!

South dealer.
East-West vulnerable

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

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 ♣	Pass	1 ♦	Pass
1 ♠	Pass	2 ♦	Pass
2 N T	Pass	3 ♦	Pass
3 N T	Pass	Pass	Pass

West opened the heart jack—and at this point it is worth observing that the three-notrump contract would be fulfilled against almost every East-West pair in the world, assuming only average bridge intelligence on South's part. The very natural play by East at Trick 1 is the heart ace, with a continuation of the heart queen. Declarer has only to duck the queen lead, and he is as good as home.

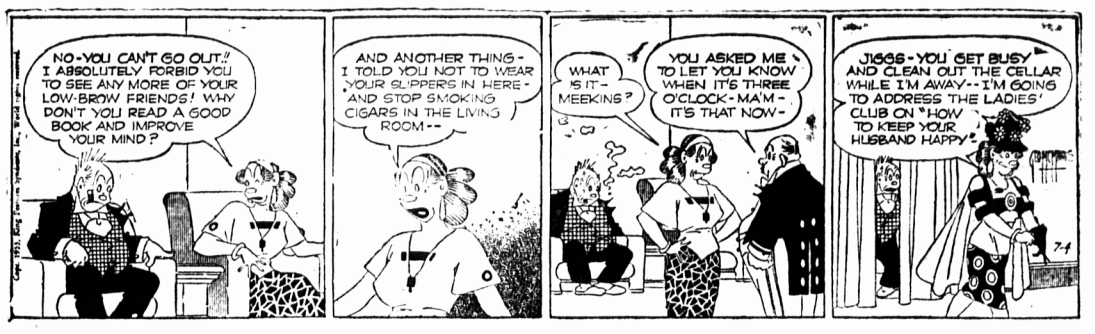
There are many players who, holding ace-queen-small in hearts, would put in the queen instead of the ace to make declarer take his king at once—a maneuver which would not be needed in this case since West has a diamond entry—but the actual East in this deal went a full step farther; he played the heart queen from A-Q blank! The result of this far-seeing coup was as follows:

Since East's play had been made without any revealing hesitation, South could not afford to duck; he took the trick with the king and led the diamond king. Just as East had hoped, West not only had a diamond stopper but he properly held it up—declarer's king might be singleton. When South produced the second diamond, however, West went in with his ace—and, as per plan, East discarded his heart ace! West could then run off five tricks.

Boss: "How come you're only carrying one sack, when the other men are carrying two?"

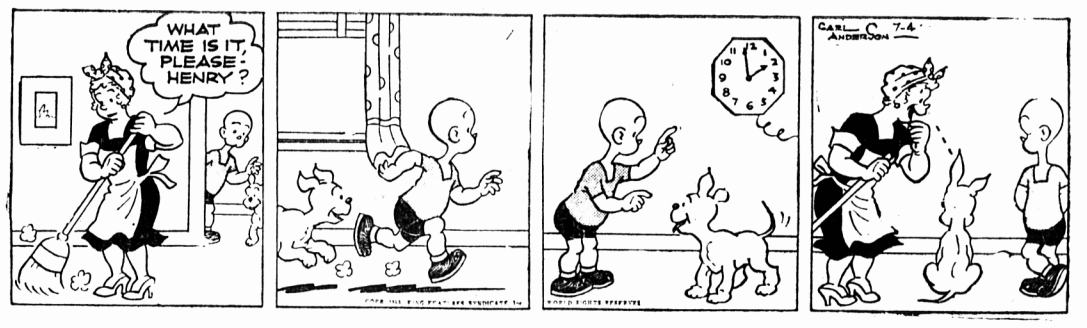
Workman: "Well, I suppose they're too lazy to make two trips, the way I do."

Bringing Up Father — By George McManus

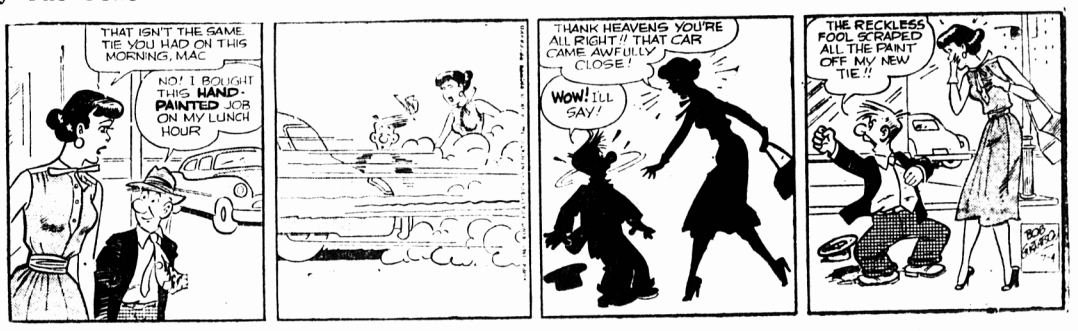


Dotty Dripple — By Ruford

Henry — By Carl Anderson



Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson



Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride

Pogo — By Walt Kelly

King Of The Royal Mounted — By Zane Grey

Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher

Li'l Abner — By Al Capp

Rip Kirby — By Alex Raymond

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs — By Edwina

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen