

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

TOO MANY SPEARS

Wise is he who counts the cost, Finding gain in what is lost. —Old Mother Nature.

"It was my tree," whined Prickly Porky the Porcupine. "It was our tree," cried Paddy the Beaver and Mrs. Paddy together.

"No such thing! I had it first," said Prickly Porky. This time he growled. It was a most unpleasant sound. But then there is little about Prickly Porky that is pleasant. He isn't pleasant to look at. He isn't pleasant to touch. He isn't pleasant to listen to, and he hasn't a pleasant disposition. The trouble is he just doesn't care what other people think about him. People who do not care what other people think about them are seldom pleasant to have around.

They were quarreling over a big aspen tree Paddy and Mrs. Paddy had cut down while Prickly Porky was in the top of it. They hadn't known he was in the top of it, but had they known it probably would have made no difference. They wanted the bark of that tree for food and they regarded that tree as their very own if for no other reason than the fact that they had allowed it to stand for so long when they might have cut it. They always had looked on it as their very own. They still did.



Never had he been more sure of a dinner than he now was.

So the three quarreled and quarreled and forgot everything except the fun of quarreling. Quarrelling can be sort of fun, you know. At least some folks seem to think so. These three completely forgot there might be listening ears in the dark around them. It was a bad thing to forget. It always is a bad thing to forget that there may be listening ears. It isn't always what is said that makes trouble, but what is overheard.

In the darkness around them Buster Bear was listening. He was cringing as he listened. Slowly, carefully, he was drawing nearer. How anyone as big as Buster Bear can move about in the woods so silently is difficult to understand. He would put a big foot down as lightly as if it were a feather, stop to listen a moment, then take another step. All the time he was drawing nearer and nearer to those Beavers. It wasn't what is called pitch dark. No one can see at all in complete darkness. Overhead the stars had begun to twinkle. There was light enough for night-seeing eyes such as the Green Forest Folk have.

Presently Buster could see Paddy and Mrs. Paddy. Now he was more cautious than ever. He moved more and more slowly. Never had he been more sure of a dinner than he now was. A few more steps and Buster would be near enough for a sudden rush that would be sure to catch Mrs. Paddy before she could reach the water. He took one step. He took another step. He took a third step. He set himself to rush. It was just then that Prickly Porky took it into his head to try to threaten those beavers and drive them away. You see he had been growing angrier all the time. He made a sudden short rush at Mrs. Paddy, not forward, but backwards, swinging his tail from side to side. You see Prickly Porky has a fighting tail. It is covered with little spears. Perhaps you call them quills. But folks who have been pricked with them call them spears. Anyone hit by that swinging tail would be sorry for themselves. Yes, sir, they would be sorry for themselves. They would find a number of those little spears sticking in them, driven there by that swinging tail. So Prickly took that when it is better to have an enemy behind him than in front of him. In this he differs from other folk. Most folk want their enemies in front of them.

Now when he backed up so suddenly to try to drive Mrs. Paddy back Prickly Porky didn't know that Buster Bear was anywhere near. With that prickly tail of his swinging from side to side he

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

TOO MUCH COOPERATION

North was far too "cooperative" in the bidding of the following deal.

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

♠ A 5 6
♥ Q J 5
♦ Q J 9 7
♣ 7 3

♠ 4 3 2
♥ 8 6 5 4
♦ A J 9 2
♣ 4

W N E S
K J 10 8 7
A K 10 6
Q 5
A K

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1♠	Pass	2♣	Pass
2♥	Pass	3♥	Pass
4♥	Pass	4♠ (1)	Pass
5♥	Pass	Pass	Pass

Although North finally exercised discretion and passed short of a slam, the damage had been done. South was in a five-contraction which required a successful guess for the spade queen, after the enemy took two club tricks off the reel. Unfortunately, South guessed wrong and went down one.

This outcome was attributable to North's quite unjustified decision to "show South the spade ace". Some readers will feel that North's first response, two diamonds, was a fault—that he should have bid one notrump or given a single raise in spades—but this was unimportant. The vital point was that after bidding two diamonds and then raising South's heart rebid, North had absolutely "nothing left". The spade ace was the largest part of his previous bids, and so it was like exaggerating a story to make separate announcement of that spade ace over South's four-diamond bid. North should have been quite satisfied merely to "correct the contract" to four hearts.

Actually, South would have been justified, or very nearly so, in jumping straight to a slam after North bid diamonds, raised hearts, and then supported spades. This line of bidding could scarcely be justified unless North had the ace-queen of spades without a high club honor in the North hand.

NEW HAVEN SCHOOL

The following pupils have successfully completed the year's work:

- Grade VIII—Eileen Boyle, Wilma Willis, Robert Ferguson, Venita Austin, Joseph Kichham, Drucilla MacPhee.
- Grade VII—Phyllis Ross, Garth Willis, Melbourne Gass.
- Grade IV—Ernie Moore, Gloria Darrach, Beryl Pollard and Angus MacPhee (equal), Ronald MacIsaac, Edna Kichham.
- Grade III—Wilfred Newman, James Austin, Lewis Newman.
- Grade II—Roderick MacKinnon, Lona Willis.
- Grade I—Andrew Gass, Wayne MacPhee, Charlotte MacDougal.

Prize for Attendance—Edna Kichham. The school closed with a picnic, provided by the Women's Institute, which was held at Stanhope.

To Canada

O Canada we pledge anew Our loyalty to thee, And proudly honor thee today, Wherever we may be.

Upon the strong and loving heart We lay our load of care, Thy dauntless spirit fearlessly, Will all our troubles bear.

In thee we place our confidence O country great and free; May Peace be ruler in thy land From sea to shining sea.

And may we be steadfast and true As are the stars above, To carry on the glory, of The Canada we love.

—Constance I. Heckbert.

HAY FEVER SUFFERERS Quick relief

acts instantly

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ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT

Mayfield Bus Service

SCHEDULE FOR FESTIVE WEEK (SPECIAL)

Leaving Mayfield	Leaving Ch'town
Tuesday 9:00 A.M.	4:00 P.M.
Wednesday 7:00 P.M.	12:00 P.M.
Friday 12:30 A.M.	12:00 P.M.
Saturday 9:00 A.M.	3:00 P.M.
..... 7:00 P.M.	12:00 P.M.

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Children's game
- Tree
- Turn to the right
- Prickly envelope
- Sphere of a fruit
- River (Russ.)
- Covering (Russ.)
- Hot and dry
- Shaping tool
- Crippled
- Mature
- Entire amount
- Cobalt (chem.)
- Likely
- Injure
- Noah's boat
- Maybe
- Gun (slang)
- Skill
- Arrived
- Unadorned
- Slippers
- Formally precise
- Dishware
- Liberty
- A kind of duck
- Aloft
- Slack
- Game of chance
- Bracing
- Droplike ornament (Arch.)
- Plunge into water
- Region
- Football part
- Kind of fish

DOWN

- Potato (dial.)
- Utter pompously (colloq.)
- Three-legged stand
- Trouble
- Enclosure
- Break camp
- Mingle
- Fold over
- Loves to excess
- Injure
- Particulate
- Larva of eye
- Threadworm
- Reside
- Pinch
- Choking
- Tailed; plural comb. form

Yesterday's Answer

34. Reside
37. Pinch
38. Choking
39. Tailed; plural comb. form

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

AXYDLBAAXR
IS LONG FELLOW

Simply stands for another. In this example, X is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, capital letters, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

H E H K R H E E H J C E N V E V D H V T
K N W G D L P A V U V J W R C W L U A U W T O
—Y G H E J H D V J.

Yesterday's Cryptquote: I WOULD RATHER THAT MY ENEMIES ENVY ME THAN THAT I SHOULD ENVY MY ENEMIES—PLAUTUS.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

CAM HALEY, THE BEAUTIFUL GIRL MECHANIC, FINALLY HUMPHING INTO YOU... OR DID YOU HAVE YOUR HEAD DOWN LOOKING FOR A WRENCH?

DON'T MAKE FUN OF ME KING!

WE'RE IN TERRIBLE TROUBLE AGAIN. IN FACT I WAS ON MY WAY TO YOUR HOUSE...

DON'T TELL ME SOMEONE THEY HAVE... AND YOU'RE HAS THREATENED TO KILL JUST AS BAD AS BILL... "CYCLONE" BILL AGAIN... HE SHOULD BE HUNG BY NOW!

JUST AS BAD AS BILL... HE JUST LAUGHED ABOUT IT, TOO!

JOE PALOOKA

I WANT TO SEE THE HEAD OF A COMPANY. THE KNIGHT MALDEN MANAGER OF THE PALOOKA WE WANT TALK IMPORTANT BUSINESS.

I'LL SEE IF MR. ANDS WILL SEE YOU... AND BE GOOD ENOUGH TO GET RID OF YOUR CIGAR... WE DON'T ALLOW SMOKING!

HE LOOKS VERY SHifty... BUT HE HAD AN INTRODUCTION FROM MR. JOHNSON OF THE AMERICAN GUARANTEE BANK.

HMM, DON'T SHOUT PLEASE, MISS BETTY... NOW REPEAT IT AGAIN!

MISTER AMOS BILGEWATER, WILL SEE YOU...

OKAY, SISTER.

DON'T ACT ANKIOUS, BERRY, I'LL DO THE TALKING... OKAY.

By Carl Anderson

FLY-PAPER

Henry

By Ruford

THIRD FLOOR... BARGAIN HATS!

FOURTH FLOOR... BETTER HATS! OUT, PLEASE!

BUT DOTTY YOU PROMISED ME YOU WOULDN'T SPEND A LOT OF DOUGH ON A HAT!

YES, BUT I COULDN'T BE SEEN GETTING OFF ON THE FLOOR OF CHEAP HATS...

WELL, WALK DOWN ONE FLOOR!

By Edw...

NO, MRS. LONG DIDN'T COME HERE TO SEE YOU, TIPPY...

OH, MUST YOU BE GOIN' SO SOON??

MERCY! CAN'T YOU EVEN HAVE MY FRIENDS HERE?

GRAN-MA—IS TIPPY SICK? HE WON'T EVEN LOOK UP...

NO! HE'S TIRED FROM WORKIN' SO HARD TRYIN' TO BE THE LIFE OF THE PARTY! HUMPH!!

By George McManu...

MOTHER—IS IT TRUE YOUR UNCLE IS GOING INTO THE MOVIES?

INDEED IT IS! TALENT JUST RUNS IN MY FAMILY—I'M ANXIOUS TO KNOW WHAT PART THE STUDIO HAS FOR HIM—PROBABLY A DASHING GENTLEMAN IN HIGH SOCIETY!

JIGGS WAS AT THE STUDIO—HERE HE COMES—NOW I'LL FIND OUT!

YES—THE STUDIO HAD HIM CAST RIGHT! THEY WANTED HIM TO BE A SAFE-BLOWER—AN HE DIDN'T NEED ANY REHEARSALS—THE ONLY TROUBLE WAS—

HE GOT TO THE STUDIO EARLIER THAN ANYONE AN' BLEW OPEN TH' SAFE AN' HAVEN'T SEEN HIM SINCE!

By Westover

IT DOESN'T SEEM FAIR! I WIN THE MODEL-OF-THE-YEAR CONTEST, BUT LOOK WHO GETS ALL THE PUBLICITY!

OF COURSE I AM!

DO YOU MEAN YOU'D LIKE TO CHANGE PLACES WITH HER?

I THINK YOU'RE JEALOUS OF HER, TILLIE

ER... WELL... NOT EXACTLY!

By Penny

LO, PENNY

HI, AGNES, STILL WORKING AT HOGAN'S SODA FOUNTAIN?

NO, I WAS FIRED, BUT IT WASN'T MY FAULT.

HOW COME?

WELL, MR. HOGAN CONFUSED ME—HE KEPT TELLING ME NOT TO BE A CLOCK WATCHER—

...AND THEN HE FIRED ME FOR COMING LATE TO WORK!

IT'S CHOKIN' HAIN'T DONT HANG UP? YOU THOUGHT THE GREAT PRESBY-DUNT O' TH' SEVENTEENTH STATES WHICH IS CALLIN' ME, COLLECT—IT'S MERELY DAISY MAE!

WAL, DAISY MAE! NEWS IS WORTH \$4.00!

YORE HAIN'T DEAD!

HOT ZIGGETY! THASS WORTH A QUO ANY DAY!

BUT SHE GOT A BIG BUMP ON HER HAIR! SHE MUSTA HIT A ROCK WHEN SHE FELL OVER SUICIDE FALLS!

SHE DONE LOST HER MEMORY! SHE'S FORGOT THET SHE'S A SWEET OLE MAMMY! SHE (GOD) THINKS SHE'S A BACHELOR GALT!

RIP KIRBY

MR. KING, I THOUGHT THE GREAT YOU'VE RICH ENOUGH NOT TO PLAY RISK GAMES... DON'T OLD MRS. CARSTAIRS LEAVE HER A FORTUNE?

SHE SURE DID, AND SHE DIED AWFUL SUDDEN AFTER CHANGING HER WILL!

MR. KING, YOU'RE IMPLYING FOUL PLAY! SURELY THE POLICE...

AW, THE COPS! THEY DIDN'T HOLD AN AUTOPSY! THEY DIDN'T EVEN FIND OUT WHERE SHE HAD DINNER THAT NIGHT!

By Alex Raymond