

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

PETER DROPS A HINT

It was followed up and heeded. Sometimes a hint is all that's needed. —Old Mother Nature.

Queen Bumble Bee was looking for a place to make a home. She wasn't too fussy, but just any old place wouldn't do. She wanted to make her home underground. She was too small a person to dig a hole big enough for that purpose. She must find a hole that some one had dug and was not now using. So, she was hunting about this way and that over the Green Meadows. So far she had no success. It was all new to her, for this was her first spring. She had slept alone all winter, and now she was starting out alone to find a home.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

PREFERENCE BIDDING

"Preference bidding" has always been the source of costly misunderstandings between partners and, consequently, of bitter arguments. North and South in the following deal had a set-to-over precisely this matter.

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1♦	2♣	Pass	Pass
2♥	Pass	3♦	Pass
3NT	Pass	Pass	Pass

West made the correct opening lead, the king of clubs, from his incomplete tenace, and the outcome was a five-trick defeat of the game contract. Obviously, the defenders would not have gained as much (500 points) if they had doubled three notrump—it must be presumed that either North or South would have run out to four diamonds.

South, after recovering his breath, asked North why he had taken the two-heart bid to three diamonds, and North, just as belatedly, replied that he had been forced to under the mere rule about giving a preference—that he could scarcely accept a two-heart contract on his holding, with only three-card support for what was marked as a four-card heart suit, when he had four diamonds to support South's longer suit.

The expressed points of view sum up the divergent opinions of experts in this field, and there is something to be said on both sides. However, it has always seemed to this observer that the view held by North—that a preference bid entails no responsibility—is not practicable. What is South to do with as big a hand as his? Must he accept a three-diamond contract, when partner needs nothing but the diamond queen to afford a play for game? It would seem, rather, that with such a frightful hand North might well pass to two hearts and accept a perhaps inferior contract, rather than take any action which would give South the chance to hang himself.

It is true that North did not give real encouragement by his bid, but South was only human, and it is not human to visualize a dummy as bad as the one that went down on the table.

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TIRED FEET

MINARD'S LINIMENT

Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

The tsetse fly has a needle sharp drill fastened in its head. When the fly lights on a beast or man, this drill is shot through the outer and inner layer of skin, injecting a non-blood clotting substance, and then draws its fill of blood. At the same time it often deposits the dreaded parasite in the bloodstream.

A must with the tsetse fly is plenty of shade; scientists have learned this after many years work in trying to keep the pest under control. By clearing underbrush and felling the best shade trees along streams, much can be done to eliminate the fly that causes sleeping sickness.

So abundant and beautiful are the wild flowers of Cape Province, Africa, that the area has been given the name "Floral Province." Flowers from this famous place are now cultivated in every part of the world.

Ever hear of stinkwood? No? Well, stinkwood gets its name honestly because it stinks to heaven when its first cut. Properly seasoned, though, it makes furniture par excellence.

Tickbirds light on the backs of cattle and search for vermin as the animals graze. Native of Africa, they have found their way to Florida, New Jersey, New England and Prince Edward Island.

This is not so remarkable when we read that the Arctic tern flies from Africa every spring to greet us here at our island homes. It's route, about 11,000 miles, is the longest of any migratory bird.

but it won't cost anything to look at it.

"B-z-z-z-z," buzzed Queen Bumble, and flew right straight over to the clump of grass. She went down in the grass and disappeared. Peter watched. It was a long time before he saw her again. When she finally came out she was humming. Peter remembered she had told him that she hummed when she was happy, and she was happy when she worked. She came buzzing past him. "Will it do?" he asked.

Queen Bumble simply hummed. It was none of Peter's business whether or not she was suited.

At first Queen Bumble acted as if she wasn't interested. Then, rolling his eyes back to look behind him, Peter caught a glimpse of Queen Bumble's black and yellow coat and guessed that she was following.

Peter reached the dear Old Briar-patch. He sat down at the edge of it very near the old home of Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse. Queen Bumble didn't come directly over there. She went buzzing about, sometimes almost disappearing. Finally, she came buzzing along to where Peter sat. She acted as if it was all quite by accident. "Have you found a place for a home yet?" asked Peter, just as if he knew she hadn't.

"No," hummed Queen Bumble. "Now that I'm over this way, I thought I might have a look at that old Mouse home you mentioned. Does it happen to be right near here?"

Peter grinned without letting Queen Bumble know he did it. "Yes," said he. "It is right over under that clump of grass. It may not be anything you want,

but it won't cost anything to look at it.

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MORELL C. W. L.

"The March meeting of the St. Lawrence sub-division of the C. W. L., was held at the home of Mr. John O'Neill, with nine members and two visitors present.

Meeting opened with prayer. Minutes of previous meeting were approved and signed by the president, Mrs. Joseph Walsh.

Correspondence received from conveners was read. It was moved and seconded that \$25.00 be paid to Scholarship fund.

Plans were made to sweep the church. It was decided to hold the annual meeting as soon as roads would permit.

The meeting adjourned with prayer. A game of cards was enjoyed. Lunch was served by the hostess, assisted by Mrs. B. Connolly.

DONCASTER, Eng., (Reuters)—Leftwinger rebel Aneurin Bevan—in his first public appearance since the parliamentary Labor party expelled him two weeks ago—Sunday urged his supporters not to quit the party in protest.

handed in and more work given out. Lunch committee for next meeting is: Mrs. Keith Lord, Mrs. John Myers and Mrs. Ralph McCaul; roll call to be answered with a house cleaning hint. Mrs. Anahat MacCallum kindly invited the members to her home for the next meeting.

Collection and cake fund amounted to \$1.05. Meeting closed with the National Anthem. Lunch was served by the hostess and committee in charge.

Mrs. James Paynter having received the button is to make the cake for the next meeting.

Members are to meet at the school on Tuesday, March 22nd to clean auditorium. It was decided to have a Red Cross quilting on Wednesday, March 23rd in the school auditorium. Nine members paid the subscriptions to the Institute News. One member paid her fee to the Institute dishes. Two members, Mrs. Boyd Lowther and Mrs. James Paynter, had March birthdays, and Happy Birthday was sung.

Some Red Cross work was

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Henry

CARROTS GIVE YOU ROSY CHEEKS, HENRY!

Grandma

GEE, WHAT'S GRANDMA SO GLUM ABOUT?

OH, SHE TOOK CARE OF THE NEWBORN TWINS LAST NIGHT AND WAS PAID QUITE A FEE FOR IT!

GOLLY, AFTER SHE HAS GIVEN AWAY A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH O' BABY-SITTIN' SERVICE FREE...

...SHE'S JUST NOW FOUND OUT SHE CAN SELL IT!!

Mickey Mouse

WELL... IF YOU'RE NOT FOREIGN AGENTS...

PROBABLY GANGSTERS... WHO ARE GOING TO HOLD BERNICE AND ME FOR RANSOM...

NO... WE AIN'T FOREIGN AGENTS... AND WE AIN'T GANGSTERS...

MUCH WORSE 'N THAT!

WELL... HERE WE ARE!

Bringing Up Father

JIGGS, I'M WORRIED ABOUT BIMMY—THE DOCTOR SAYS HE SHOULD GET MORE FRESH AIR.

WE CERTAINLY GET ENOUGH SLEEP!

JIGGS, IF MAGGIE IS LOOKIN' FOR ME, I'LL BE UP ON THE ROOF GETTIN' SOME AIR!

BIMMY HINT SAFE ON THAT SLEEPING ROOF? HE'S LIABLE TO FALL ASLEEP AN' ROLL OFF!

GOLLY, HE'S FIGURED OUT A WAY TO GET FRESH AIR WITHOUT INTERRUPTIN' HIS SLEEP!

Muggs and Skeeter

MY GOODNESS! WE'LL HAVE TO HURRY!

WE'RE LUCKY! WE GOT IN JUST IN TIME!

DON'T GO AWAY BOYS! I NEED YOU AGAIN!

HOW ABOUT ASKING GRANDPA TO HELP YOU HANG IT UP THIS TIME, GRANDMA?

Etta Kent

HI, MOM, ANY PHONE CALLS FOR ME? FROM WALLY, I MEAN?

NO, DEAR!

SEE? I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM BARLOW, EITHER! THEY'RE STEAMING MAD!

BOYS SURE ARE TOUGH!

IT'S GETTIN' SO OPEN HER MOUTH ANY MORE, OR THEY WALK OUT IN A HUFF!

ALL I SAID WAS WE NEVER WANTED TO SEE THEM AGAIN!

Tilly The Toiler

THANKS, MAC—HOW ABOUT YOU, GLENNY?

HERE, TILLY!

I DISTINCTLY TOLD TILLY NO MORE OFFICE COLLECTIONS!

NOW GEE HEHE, TILLY YOU ONE GLENNY AND MAC BACK EXACTLY WHAT YOU FROM THEM!

WHAT? MY BROKEN BEADS?

Joe Palooka

I DIDN'T THINK ANYBODY COULD BE SO LOW... I... OUGHTA SOCK YA...

SHHH... DONNIE'S SLEEPIN'... SHHH... C'MON IN.

I AIN'T TWO-TIMIN' YA, PALLY... HELEN HAD T'WORK LATE AN' AS T' BABY-SIT...

MUM?

WORD OF HONOR... LISSSEN, PALLY... I'VE ONLY BEEN TRYIN' T'HELP...

WE'LL SEE... WHEN HELEN GETS HOME.

The Lone Ranger

IF YOU POSE AS SNEAD'S GROOMING CAPTURE...

I'M COUNTIN' ON THAT!

WHAT? YOU'RE ASKIN' ME TO SNEAD'S ABOUT?

THEY'RE COMIN'! I'M NEARLY READY!

By Fran Striker

SECRET AGENT X9

Herrnades Maho, one-time patriot but currently a traitor, slaves through a porthole above his bunk—

SOMEONE IS FLASHING ABOVE CODE SIGNALS! TIME TO GO—

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SECRET AGENT X9

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Henry

Grandma

Mickey Mouse

Bringing Up Father

Muggs and Skeeter

Etta Kent

Tilly The Toiler

Joe Palooka

The Lone Ranger

By Al Capp

By Mel Graff

By Carl Anderson

By Charles Kuba

By Walt Disney

By George McManis

By Wally Bishop

By Paul Robinson

By Bob Gustafson

By Ham Fisher

By Fran Striker