

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

RAGGED-EAR FINDS A HOME

Tomorrow never will exist because today will still persist. —Old Mother Nature.

Wee Bunny was Wee Bunny no longer. That was a baby name and he was no longer a baby. He had outgrown babyhood. No Rabbit as big as he now was, or at least felt himself to be, should be called by such a name. He no longer was Wee, which means very small. He was big. That is how he felt, anyway. Wasn't he out in the Great World all by himself. Anyway he had another name now: he was called Ragged-Ear, and he liked the name. It sounded grown-up.

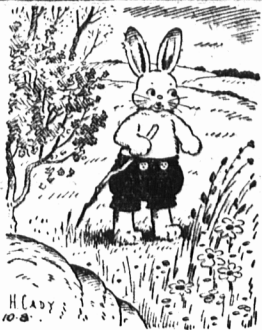
Sammy Jay had given him that name the first time he saw the young Rabbit, and it had stuck. This was because it fitted. One ear had been torn by the sharp teeth of Chatterer the Red Squirrel and really was ragged. It always would be. Now he was Ragged-Ear to everyone and would be as long as he lived.

Actually Ragged-Ear was about half-grown. He didn't feel that way. Goodness, no! He felt grown-up, and he tried to appear so when others were around to see him. In this respect he was very like some boys and girls.

Ragged-Ear had learned a very great deal in a very short time. He had had to or else become just a dinner for someone hungry and smarter than he. His teacher had been and still was the greatest of all teachers and was named Experience. He had started out knowing nothing. Now he was quite sure he knew just about all there was to know. Of course he didn't. No one does, a young Rabbit least of all. But he was learning every day and in time might know as much as his father, which Peter would tell you is very little, but enough to keep him alive and happy. "What more can anyone want?" asks Peter.

As yet Ragged-Ear had no home. He was a wanderer, looking for a home but not knowing that he was doing so. It is this way with all the folk in feathers and fur when they first leave the homes in which they were born and start out in the Great World. He had first to find out what kind of place he wanted for a home and then to look for such a place not already taken by someone else.

He had been born in a snug nest-bed out in the tall grass on the Green Meadows. It was a splendid place to be born in because



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It was the safest place his mother could have chosen. No one would think of looking there for a Rabbit's nest, so it was the safest place for baby Rabbits as long as they couldn't run about. So that was Ragged-Ear's first home. But when he and his brothers and sister began moving about, trying out their small legs to find out what they were for, the open Green Meadows were no longer safe for them. They could too easily be seen by watchful eyes of hungry enemies.

So mother had led them over to the dear Old Briar-patch where bushes and briars and brambles and tangled vines made all sorts of hiding places. This was home for Peter Rabbit and Mrs. Peter. It was home for the baby Bunnies for a short while. But it was a very short while. It is one of Mother Nature's laws, and a wise one, that children of the furred and feathered folk, and of even lesser folk, cannot stay in the home of their parents, because while there may be food enough, plenty for two may be less than enough for more than two. Because the home belongs to father and mother the children must go out into the Great World and seek homes of their own which they in turn will not share with others.

Thus Wee Bunny, as he was then called, left this, his second home, when he was very small and even since had been wandering about, having adventures of many kinds and never staying long any one place. He had been attacked by Chatterer the Red Squirrel and so had come by his present name of Ragged-Ear. He had been chased by a dog, been almost caught by Black Pussy the Cat, been swooped

at in daytime by a Hawk and at night by an Owl, reached a hole in the old stone wall just one jump ahead of Reddy Fox, seen Bobby Coon barely in time to keep out of sight, had the shivers and shakes as he saw Shadow the Weasel and what he did to a family of Mice. But now up in the Old Pasture he had found a place he somehow didn't want to leave.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

TOO MUCH KNOWLEDGE

It is one of the little ironies of bridge that on some hands an expert declarer will lose a contract which a far less competent player would make. The following case illustrates this paradox:

East dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

1075
Q63
10542
AK6

784
32
Q764
8542

AK852
AKJ9
Q109
7

AK06
KJ10974
8
J3

The bidding:
East South West North
1♠ 2♥ Pass 1NT
2♣ 2♥ Pass 3♥
Pass 4♥ Pass Pass

It does seem that West might have shown support for his partner at some stage of the bidding, but our present concern is with what developed in the play of the hand.

West, for an unknown reason, elected to open his partner's second bid, diamonds. Dummy took the trick, and declarer then deferred trump-drawing to test the spade suit. He led the five to his own ace. When the queen was played by East, South could afford to draw trumps, and he laid down the neat jack. West's showing-out was an unexpected blow, however, and now South was in trouble. He continued with the heart ten, but East again held up the ace. On the third trump lead, East won and had the imagination and nerve to return a low diamond. West thereupon won the lead and returned a spade which East ruffed. South at last had to concede a spade trick to West's jack, and thus the sound contract was down one.

It goes without saying that South could have made the hand by drawing trumps immediately, before touching spades, but from his point of view this was a dangerous procedure. West might well have had Q-J-x-x in spades, and if South drew trumps he would end up by losing two spades, a trump and a diamond. South's actual plan was safe against everything except the "unfigurable" 4-0 break of trumps.

By Harri Fisher

HENRY

By Carl Anderson



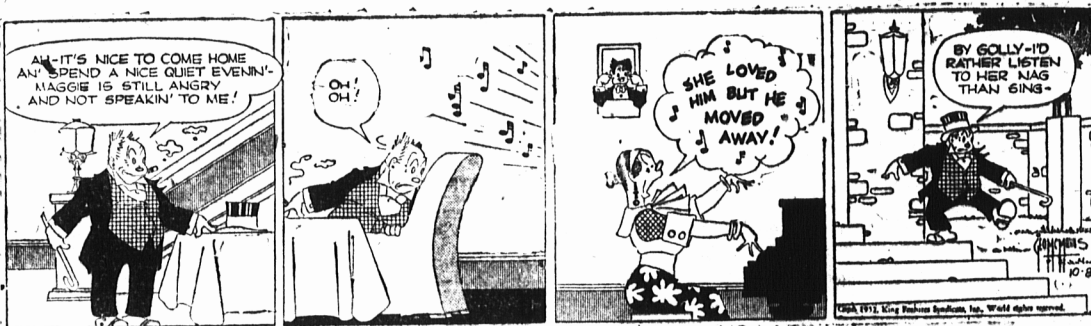
TILLY THE TOILER

By Boh Gupton



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



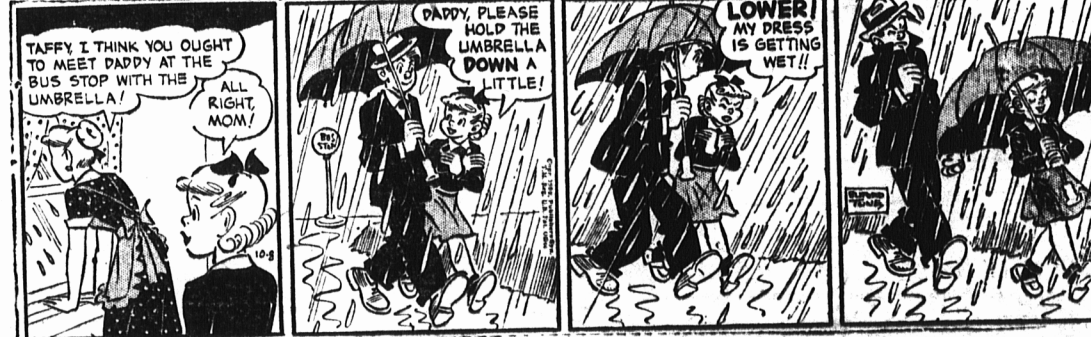
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwin



DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Ruford



POGO

By Walt Kelly



Napoleon and Uncle Easy

By Cecil McBrat



PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen



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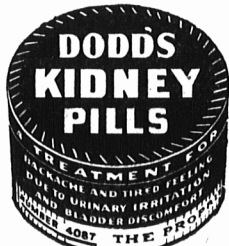
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