



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE LOST IMPS

It's wrong, of course, to disobey. Also, you'll find it doesn't pay. Mother Bear. Totty and Taddy were Mother Bear's latest twins. They were two

thing all the time they were awake, and it was this that so often got them into mischief. Of course getting into mischief meant getting into trouble. It usually does. While they were babies and had to stay in the den, there was little mischief they could get into. But now they were big enough to play outside and to follow mother on short trips. Everything around them was wonderful. Everything they had never seen before they wanted to examine. Their two little noses were just as inquisitive, just as full of curiosity, as the nose of Peter Rabbit, and they wanted to poke them into everything they saw.

Mother Bear had her paws full. Yes, sir she had her paws full. She couldn't turn her back without the feeling that those imps would promptly get into mischief. All too often she was right. They didn't mean to be naughty. No indeed! But somehow they always wanted to do the things they shouldn't do. Little boys and girls know how that is. Little Bear cubs are like little boys and girls in many ways.

Mother Bear had taken the imps with her for a short trip in search of something to eat. Of course she had led the way. She had charged them to keep right at her heels, and for a time they had. They really meant to all the way. At first Mother Bear had turned her head every few steps to make sure they were right behind her. Always finding them there, she looked less and less often. There came a time when she looked and they were not there. The fact is they hadn't been there for some time. They had turned aside to look at something that had aroused their curiosity. They had seen Jumper the Hare, and they had chased him. That was fun! While the chase lasted, and they forgot all about Mother Bear.

When at last Jumper became tired of being chased by the two small Bears he showed them what real running was like, and soon was out of sight. After looking for him in vain they remembered to catch up. It was then that they discovered something. It was something unpleasant. It was something they had never experienced before. They were lost. They didn't know which way to go to find Mother. They didn't know which way to go to get home. It was rather frightening. Taddy was sure he knew the way, but soon found he didn't. Then Totty was sure she

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had found the way back, and in two minutes she knew she hadn't. They began just to wander about in circles. Lost folks almost always walk in circles. One of the most difficult things to do in the woods is to walk in a straight line.

At first they began to whimper when they found that they didn't know which way to go, or where Mother was. It was a frightening sort of feeling. But they got over it very soon.

"Mother will find us," declared Taddy. "Of course, she will," agreed Totty. "We'll just play around until she comes."

So they just played around, and in so doing wandered farther and farther away from home. When they got tired they found a lovely sheltered place and laid down curled up together with their arms around each other. They had a nice long sleep. When they awoke they had the funniest feeling. They couldn't think where they were. There was nothing around them that they had ever seen before.

Where was Mother? Why didn't she come? They were hungry. They wanted something to eat. Mother had never let them go hungry for very long. They crept out from their hiding place and looked this way and that. They saw nothing but trees and trees. They began to whimper; they were scared. There was nothing to be really afraid of, but they were just as scared as if there had been. It almost always is that way with folks who are lost. They started off to look for mother, and of course they started in the wrong direction. That is one of the queer things about being lost. The lost one almost always chooses the wrong direction. What were those little black imps to do?

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluberton

"SOFT" vs. "TOUGH" DEFENSE

Even the most expert defenders cannot always find a sure means of defeating the contract; there may not be any. They can, however, make things as unpleasant as possible for the declarer -- as West should have done in this case.

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable. 109763 A J 9 7 4 A Q 8 Q 10 7 A J 6 5 3 9 6 5 2 N W E S A K Q 8 2 6 5 2 K Q J 10 3 K 8 4 3 10 9 8 2 K 7 4

The bidding: South West North East 1 ♠ Pass 3 ♠ Pass 4 ♠ Pass Pass Pass

West, feeling that he ought to preserve his heart and diamond honors, and correctly rejecting the lead of a singleton trump, opened the deuce of clubs. The eight was



King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



played from the table, and East won with the king. East made the natural return of his diamond ten, and West took the trick and led another diamond. At this point declarer could see, of course, that he would have to win two heart tricks to make the contract. He drew the outstanding trumps, cashed the A-Q of clubs, re-entered his hand with a trump, and led a heart toward the board. West did what 98 out of every 100 players would do in his position: he played the seven of hearts. Declarer put in dummy's nine, and after East took the trick, it was all over -- there could be no further defense. It goes without saying that South could have made the same ten tricks against any defense, but the point is that West could have been a lot "tougher" than he was. On the heart lead toward dummy, West should have played his queen. Defense was obviously impossible unless East had the heart king, and even then, the one key to successful defense was to coax declarer into a losing heart guess. Only the queen play could do that. South would of course win with dummy's ace, but when he again went to his hand in trumps and led another heart, West's play of the seven

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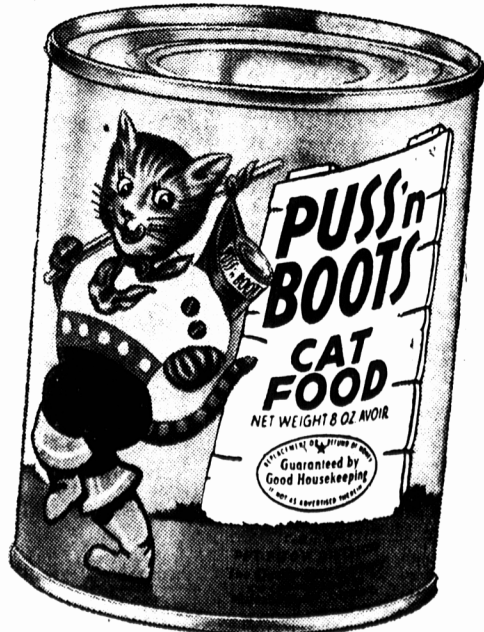
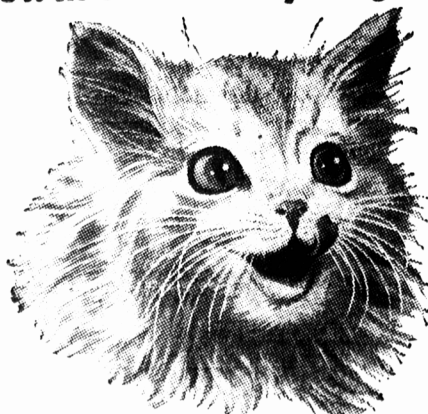


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