

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluerton

PUSHING THE ENEMY

Experts do not take kindly to the idea of letting the opponents get on score, and so, even at rubber bridge, they do considerable "pushing" at low levels. Observe the East-West tactics in this hand:

West dealer.
Neither side vulnerable.

♠ 643	♥ 52	♦ QJ2
♣ 1087	♠ 732	♥ KJ64
♠ A 1084	♥ A 9	♦ KQ8
♣ A Q	♠ W E	♥ S
♣ 10763	♠ 5	♥ 52
♠ AK5	♥ J9763	♦ 4
♣ 965	♠ 4	♥ 4

The bidding:
West North East South
Pass Pass 1 Pass
Pass Pass 2 Pass
Dble. 2♥ 3♣ 3♥
Pass Pass Dble. Pass
Pass Pass

West's hand was too thin for an opening bid, so he not only passed originally, but also wisely passed again over South's heart opening. However, when North could merely give a single raise, and when South himself did not rebid, West decided that the situation justified a "competition." From a strictly academic point of view, his double might be considered of the penalty variety, but the fact that West had passed originally negated this interpretation — a passed hand could scarcely guarantee to take six club tricks defensively!

South, of course, was a little rash when he bid again, over three clubs, but it is East's double of three hearts which requires the most explanation. It is not usually wise for a player to double on a singleton in the opponents' suit, but East sized up the situation pretty early. He knew that if he passed, West could not possibly read him for many honors; moreover, West would scarcely stand the double unless he himself had excellent defense. In short, the double would "smoke West out," and he would be practically forced to a good decision.

The doubled three-heart contract was defeated 500 points and though South might have saved one of these tricks, it still would have been a victory for the bold East-West bidding.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

FARMER BROWN'S BOY FINDS WE BUNNY

The tender heart and thoughtful deed. Are quick to serve another's need. —Old Mother Nature.

In a hollow log lying on the ground at the edge of the Green Forest a small Rabbit lay whimpering from pain and fright. It was Wee Bunny, one of Peter Rabbit's babies. He really was a baby even though he was out in the Great World trying to find a place for himself. Just now the Great World was a terrible place. Yes, sir, it was a terrible place. For, at the moment he was safe he was still pretty frightened. He had been through a terrible experience. His coat was torn, and the tearing of it had been done by sharp teeth. One ear was torn, and this had been done by those same sharp teeth. He smarted and ached all over.

He had attacked Wee Bunny for no reason at all except that he was in a bad temper. He knew Wee Bunny couldn't fight back; he had never been in a fight in his life. Had it not been for Kitty the Catbird and Mrs. Kitty, the small Rabbit wouldn't have had a chance to live to grow up. They had put Chatterer to flight, pecking him with their sharp bills and giving him no chance to use his sharp teeth on them.

"I'll never dare go out of here again," whimpered the small Rabbit. "I don't know where that dreadful fellow lives, and so I don't know how to keep away from him. Whatever shall I do? Oh, dear, oh, dear!"

Now it just happened that Farmer Brown's Boy came along that way. Like Peter Rabbit, Farmer Brown's Boy is full of curiosity. But it is the curiosity that leads to knowledge. He had heard the excited shrieks of Kitty and Mrs. Kitty. Right away he wondered what was exciting them so, and went to find out. They saw him coming. They flew to meet him, then turned and flew back toward the place they had come from. They flew only a little way, and waited. When he drew near they flew a little farther.

When they reached the neighborhood of the old hollow log, they just flew about twittering and calling back and forth.

"They are trying to tell me something. What it is I don't know," said Farmer Brown's Boy as he began looking this way and that. He walked all around. When he went away from that old log Kitty and Mrs. Kitty scolded. When he was close to it they kept their tongues still. They just hopped and flew around anxiously and excitedly. Once, Kitty flew down on the old log.

He was doing his best to get Farmer Brown's Boy to look into



They just flew about twittering and calling back and forth.

That old log. For the space of a minute or two there was complete stillness. It was then that Farmer Brown's Boy heard the faintest of sounds breaking the stillness. At first he couldn't tell where that sound came from. It was a sort of pitiful whimpering cry. Farmer Brown's Boy listened intently trying to decide just where it came from. When he moved away from the old log he lost the sound. When he heard it again, he knelt down and put his ear near the open end. Light away he knew that there was some one in trouble in side that old log.

Cautiously, he put a hand in. His fingers touched a quivering furry body. Gently he drew out Wee Bunny.

"You poor little thing," said he, as he saw how torn and hurt the small Rabbit was.

GIANT BLOOM

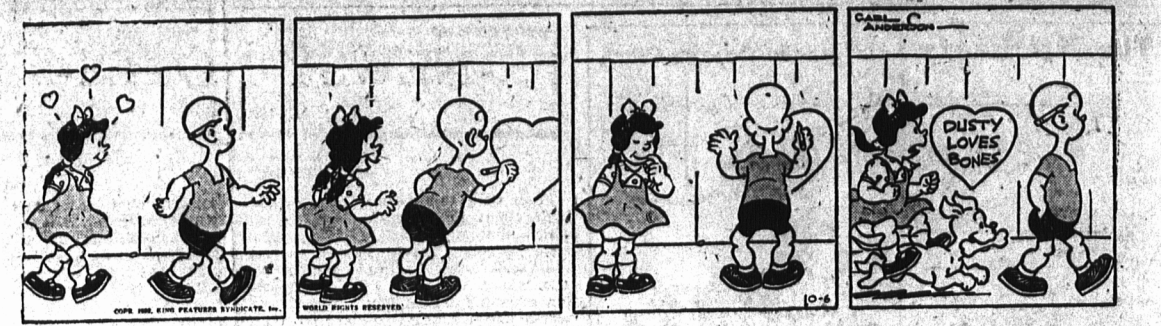
PETERBOROUGH, Ont. (CP)—Flower garden enthusiast R. W. Lloyd has a chrysanthemum in his garden with a bloom four inches in diameter, grown from seed sent from England. The average Canadian chrysanthemum is said to be about two inches across.

ANY TIME — it's time for

KING COLE TEA

HENRY

By Carl Anderson



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Guzman



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwina



DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Ruford



POGO

By Walt Kelly



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Cliff McBride



PENNY

By Harry Hoehnigen



THE ADVENTURES OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE

A GOOD START IN A NEW JOB

SO YOU'RE THE NEW BOY IN MR. MASON'S DEPARTMENT

YOUR NEW BOY SEEMS BRIGHT, MASON, BUT KEEP HIM OUT OF SIGHT UNTIL HE COMBS HIS HAIR.

I'M WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE... A LITTLE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE AND YOU'LL LOOK SMARTER FOR YOUR NEW JOB.

SEE THAT I MEAN, PAL?

WILDROOT CREAM OIL HAIR TONIC

GROOMS HAIR BELIEVES DRYNESS REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

LOW AS 43¢

NON-ALCOHOLIC Contains LANOLIN

YES HE IS SMART AND NOW HE LOOKS SMART

HE'S DUE FOR A RAISE

MR. BUDGE SAID HE'D BE DELIGHTED

"TO GIVE A LITTLE TALK ON POETRY."

"TO OUR LIT'RARY SOCIETY!... HE USED TO WRITE POETRY..."

"A LONG TIME AGO! IF HE CAN FIND ANY OF HIS POEMS, HE'LL RECITE 'EM HERE HE COMES NOW..."

"OH, I KNEW YOU WOULD!!"

"I JUST HAPPENED TO FIND A FEW, SALLY..."

JOE PALOOKA



LIL' ABNER



RIP KIRBY



KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

