

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

## THE HAPPY FAMILY

Happiness you often find  
Is in truth a state of mind.  
—Old Mother Nature.

The fourth and last baby had been carried by Mrs. Happy Jack Squirrel from their old home to the new one. She was a tired Squirrel. She was all worn out. Those babies were not big enough to do anything for themselves except to cling around her neck when being carried; but they were too big to be carried easily. That alone was enough to make her very, very tired. But on a couple of those trips she had to run, dodge, and climb to save her own life and the lives of the babies. It had really been a very terrible experience. At the very last she had reached the old home just in time to save the last baby from Prowler the Blacksnake. It was a wonder she had any nerves left.

Mrs. Happy Jack felt as if she never wanted to see that old home again. But she did see it. In fact, he made several trips back to it. You see this new home had no bedding in it, and of course she wanted a good bed for those babies. So as soon as she was thoroughly rested she went back to the old home to get some of the bedding. She made several trips. She didn't mind these too much, because you see she had nothing to worry about in so far as the bedding she was carrying was concerned. If anything happened to put her in danger she could drop that bedding and forget it. That was something she couldn't do when she was carrying one of the babies.

Those babies grew fast. A few

days after reaching their new home they got their eyes open. You know they were born with their eyes closed. And they were still closed when they were brought to this new home. Now that their eyes were open they were becoming more and more lively every day. It wasn't long before they were taking turns at peeping out the door-side. Sometimes they didn't like taking turns. You see, the one who was looking out would be selfish, and would have to be pushed away so that another might peep out. Then one day while mother was away, one of the little Squirrels became very bold. He crept outside for a long time. He dug his claws into the bark of the tree and just held on. At first he even held his breath lest he fall. But little by little he felt more and more sure of himself. And when mother returned, he was sitting in a crotch of that tree feeling very proud and bold.

But when mother told him to go back into the house and do it right away, he didn't feel so bold. He actually had to climb a little, and he held his breath while he was doing it. When he got back inside he was once more bold. He boasted of his daring. He made fun of the others because they did not dare to do the thing he had done.

However it wasn't long before all four of the little Squirrels were climbing about in that tree. Such pretty little folk as they were! There were no prettier children in all the Green Forest. Mother was very, very proud of them. Of course, she wouldn't have been a real mother if she hadn't been proud of them.



Day after day the four-gray-coated little Squirrels played about near the doorway.

That tree over there in the Green Forest, which just then was to those young Squirrels all of the Great World, was a happy place. Day after day the four-gray-coated little Squirrels played about near the doorway. Over and over mother warned them not to go far from the doorway, and to always run into the house if anybody they did not know appeared. Never having known danger, they didn't know the meaning of fear. They were not afraid, and they couldn't understand why mother worried over them. And mother did worry. Every minute they were outside the hole in the tree which was their home, she worried for fear something would happen to them. But that didn't spoil her happiness. There wasn't any happier family in all the Green Forest.

Now and then Happy Jack paid them a visit. They admired him, they didn't know he was their father, but they admired him because he was so big, and because he kept his coat looking so nice, also his big bushy tail. You see, mother didn't have time to pay much attention to her coat, and she looked rather bedraggled. But altogether there was a lot of happiness in that tree.

## Shamrock Notes

Mr. Stanley Mayo has nearly completed a new house.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. MacDonald and family of five sons, Mr. Don Gillis and his sister Mrs. R. Nicholson spent Sunday at Village Green, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Horton.

Mr. Earl Garnett of Rose Valley has bought another farm and a new tractor. Mr. Garnett came to Rose Valley from Mt. Stewart five years ago and has since built a new house and barn. The community wishes him the best of luck.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus M. MacDonald, Mr. Hazendouhart of Shamrock visited Village Green at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Claude Horton.

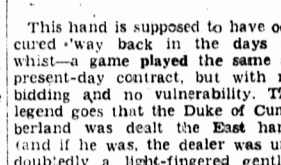
## Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

AN OLD FAVORITE

Tens of thousands of new bridge players join the ranks each year—a gratifying fact—and there are always a great many players who want to know about the most famous hands of all time.

Usually, the request is for the Duke of Cumberland hand, and, in keeping up with my yearly custom, here it is again:



This hand is supposed to have occurred way back in the days of whist—a game played the same as present-day contract, but with no bidding and no vulnerability. The legend goes that the Duke of Cumberland was dealt the East hand (and if he was, the dealer was undoubtedly a light-fingered gentleman). The last card, turned up to determine the trump, "happened to" club—and thereupon South addressed his Grace with the proposition that he, South, would win 13 tricks! The Duke, holding what we would now count 32 points in high cards, 7½ honor tricks, was understandably outraged at the suggestion that he couldn't take a trick—and a very substantial wager was the outcome.

Well, his Grace was seen a wiser but poorer man! He didn't and couldn't take a trick. South simply ruffed three diamonds in the North hand and finessed trumps (clubs) twice through his Grace, then picked up the Duke's last trump and claimed the rest of the eight-card diamond suit, winning 13 tricks.

For would-be pranksters at contract bridge, the most fun to be had comes from letting East and West monopolize the bidding for three or four rounds (depending on their own enthusiasm and bidding proclivities), and then, when the flabbergasted East has obviously settled upon a contract, to make the bland bid of seven clubs on the South hand. East's violent reaction to this call can be imagined!

However, in the interests of good, clean sport, it is to be hoped, of course, that no one will offer poor East a wager!

Since the dawn of man, hell has taken a yearly toll despite efforts to combat it. Annual hail loss of the world is about \$200,000,000.

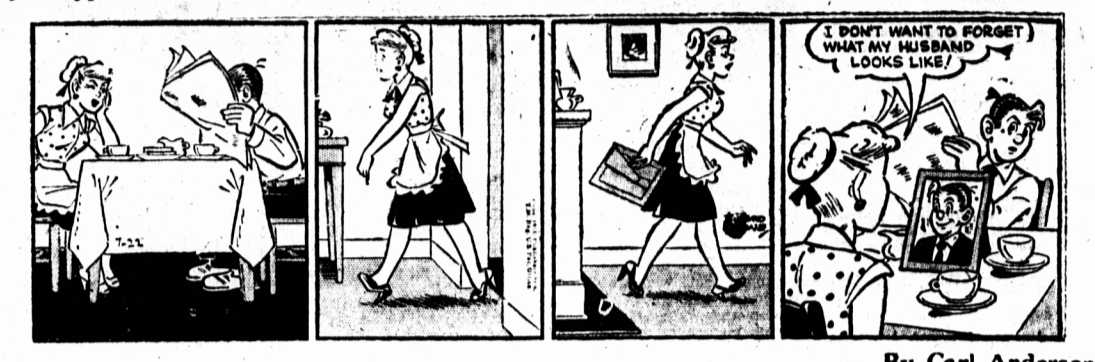
## Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



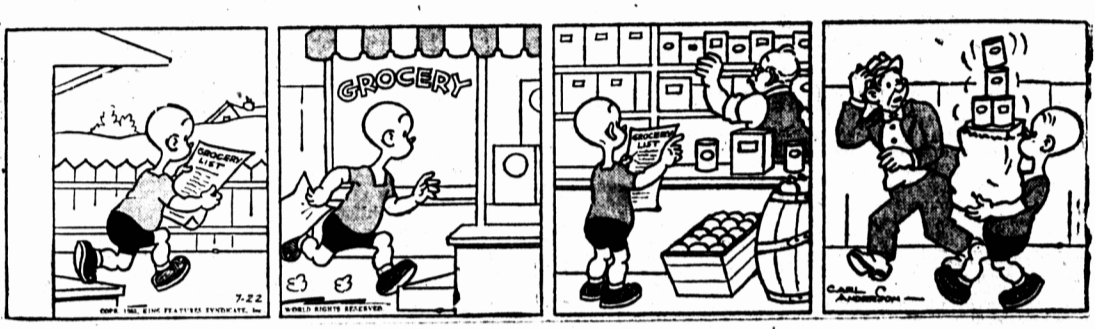
## Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



## Henry

By Carl Anderson



## Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



## Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



## Logo

By Walt Kelly



## Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



## PENNY

By Harry Meenigen



# DANCE

K. of C. BOYS CAMP  
NORTH RUSTICO  
THURSDAY, JULY 23rd  
MUSIC BY ALF McKEAF & WY  
ADMISSION 50c

## King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



## Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



## L'il Abner

By Al Capp



## Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond

