

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

BUSY AS A BEE

Just keeping busy is the key to happiness for you and me. —Busy Bee.



Busy Bee was well named. She was busy. She had been busy all her life. It was late fall now, and any night Jack Frost might pinch and kill the very last of the flowers. There were still a few scattered here and there in sheltered places. Busy Bee and her sister Bees searched for these every day, to get from them a little more sweetness to add to the supply of honey which must last all winter.

In summer, when there were flowers everywhere, it was not necessary to make long flights. But now the busy workers had to do a lot of extra flying. They were working a little extra hard because, as Busy Bee explained to Peter Rabbit, they had started a new home in a hollow tree over in the Green Forest, and it had been a little late in the summer when they had started it.

"Why didn't you move earlier?" Peter wanted to know. "Because we didn't think we were going to be overcrowded in the old home," replied Busy Bee. "Just as soon as we were sure we were going to be too crowded, our queen and enough of us to start a new home left the old home. We swarmed."

"Peter didn't know what that meant, but he didn't say so. He is like many folks, who do not like to admit that they do not know or do not understand things. Of course what it did mean was that all the Bees that were leaving the old home clung together in a great living mass on a tree, or post, or fence-rail, to wait while a new home was being searched for.

"If he doesn't eat I don't see how he lives," said Busy Bee.

"Don't you ever rest?" asked Peter.

"Not while there is work to do, and that is most of the time while there is daylight," buzzed Busy Bee. She flew off with her load of sweetness that would be made into honey in the cells of wax that other Bees were making in the new home at the hollow tree.

"Those cells of wax are called honeycomb, as probably you know," Peter waited around until he caught sight of her at some flowers a little way off. He hurried over there with another question hanging on the tip of his tongue. He is very apt to have a question hanging on the tip of his tongue. "Do you Bees sleep all winter like Johnny Chuck?" he asked.

"I don't know how Johnny Chuck sleeps. I've never seen him asleep in winter," replied Busy Bee. "Why he just sleeps," replied Peter lamely. "He doesn't wake up at all. He doesn't move. He doesn't eat. He doesn't do a thing."

"If he doesn't eat, I don't see how he lives," said Busy Bee. "He gets terribly fat. You must have seen him just before he went to bed for the winter. Getting fat that way he doesn't have to eat," explained Peter as if he knew all

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

NO CAUSE FOR GRIEF

If the result had been what it figured to be, North-South might have deserved a little sympathy in today's deal, because they reached a slam contract which, though unsound, was very persuasive on their holding. However, no sympathy had to be extended — an opponent saw to that!

Looking at the North-South hands together, it is easy to conclude that too much bidding was done by the players involved, since the final contract was very definitely too high. However, on the much fairer individual basis, it is hard to criticize any call. North certainly had to take action over West's

about it. Then he added, "Do you Bees eat?"

"What do you think we Bees are working so hard for now trying to get a little more honey before it is too cold?" retorted Busy Bee.

"How do you keep warm?" asked Peter.

"We keep each other warm," replied Busy Bee.

"How?" asked Peter.

"By crowding close together," replied Busy Bee. Before Peter could ask another question, she was off on her way home with more of the sweetness of the late flowers.

"I'm glad I'm not a Bee," muttered Peter. "Just watching Busy Bee makes me tired."

You see, Peter has never yet discovered the happiness in keeping busy, even in being tired.

spade preempt, and his penalty double was the soundest choice. By the same token, South, with a seven-card suit and good outside material, could not be blamed for going out for a vulnerable game; and when he bid four hearts on his own, North could not be blamed, either, for making a slam suggestion, even with a singleton heart. He felt that his double had been an implied warning against

South dealer.

North-South vulnerable

♠ K Q 4
♥ 7
♦ A 6 5 4 2
♣ K Q 7 3

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

♠ 5
♥ A K 9 8 6 3 2
♦ K J
♣ A 8 4

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1♥	3♠	Dble.	Pass
4♥	Pass	5♥	Pass
6♥	Pass	Pass	Pass

hearts and that South's overruling of the double might easily mean a solid heart suit. Finally, with North making the slam try, South needed abnormal self-restraint to decline the invitation. West decided to open the spade ace, and when he saw the dummy he continued the suit on what looked like the only hope — that East was the one with the singleton and could ruff. Actually, however, East had to follow suit, and when declarer slyly continued with dummy's last spade, East fell squarely into the trap — to his eternal discredit, he ruffed with a low trump! South over-ruffed, drew the outstanding trumps in two leads and claimed the contract.

A smoother, richer spread!
Barbour's
STABILIZED
PEANUT BUTTER

DRINK
Coca-Cola
IT'S BETTER BUSINESS TO WORK REFRESHED

The Neighbors

By George Clark



"Judy's going to have to pay dues to her music club. Where's that extra dime each week coming from?"

VETERANS

REMEMBRANCE DAY DANCE
AT THE CLOVER CLUB
TUESDAY, NOV. 11th.
9:30—1:00 Entertainment, Canteen
Veterans and their friends and out of town visitors cordially invited to attend.

Corran Ban Community Centre

HOT CHICKEN SUPPER AND DANCE
TUESDAY, NOV. 11
Don Messer's Orchestra

HENRY

By Carl Anderson

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Harry Haenigsen

PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen

RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Cliff McElride

JOE PALOOKA

By Hair Fisher

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwin

TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

POGO

By Walt Kelly

DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Rutord