

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson
NO CAUSE FOR DEFEAT

The bad trump break in the following hand should have been nothing but a minor annoyance to the declarer.

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

♠ 8763	♠ 10954	
♥ A8	♥ KQ6	
♦ K9	♦ A97	
♣ KJ873	♣ 62	
♠ J043	♠ N	♠ J052
♠ QJ10	♠ W	♠ Q6
♠ 54	♠ S	♠ A97
♠ 10954	♠ E	♠ 32
♠ AKQ104	♠ 6	♠ 62
♠ K10752	♠ A9	
♠ 6		
♠ A9		

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1♠	Pass	2♣	Pass
2♥	Pass	4♠	Pass
3♥	Pass	6♠	Pass

Obviously, the six-spade contract was correct, although few if any experts would make the jump heart rebid that South made on the second round. The suit itself was not strong enough for this bid. A simple two hearts would have been more in line with expert style, and could not have jeopardized the future bidding.

West opened the queen of diamonds, dummy covered and East won. Declarer ruffed the diamond continuation and laid down the ace of trumps. When West showed out, South led a heart to the ace and finessed against East's jack of trumps.

At this point South suddenly realized he could not have enough tricks unless the clubs broke 3-3. Since this division was against probability, South decided to set up his heart suit. He cashed the king and ruffed the next round, but East overruffed dummy, and that was that.

There was no need for South to

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

BUSTER BEAR AGAIN

This wit, not merely might or size you find most often wins the prize.

—Old Mother Nature.

Buster Chuck, young son of Johnny Chuck, had wandered into the Green Forest and couldn't find the way out again. Now he had made his home there, and liked it. He had become in truth, a wood chuck. He liked it. He liked it very much. You see, he had been smart enough to make the best of things, and he had found out that he could live there very comfortably and safely.

He had made his home in a rocky ledge where big and little rocks were all jumbled together, and there were passages down in between them. He felt very safe there. No one any bigger than himself could follow him down there. No one could dig him out because of course there was nothing there to dig, everything there was rocks.

Only once had he had a bad fright since he arrived. That was when he first entered the Green Forest, and before he found that rocky ledge. He had met Buster Bear, and had quite forgotten all about him.

Then one morning as he sat on the big flat rock which was his favorite place for taking a sunbath, he was startled by a deep rumbling, grumbly voice. "Woo-woof!"

He was afraid, and he wasn't afraid. You know, it is possible to be afraid of something, or someone, very much afraid. At the same time you can feel quite safe. It was that way with the young chuck now.

He was afraid of Buster Bear. The very sight of anyone so big filled him with fright. He shook all over when he looked at Buster Bear's great claws. He knew that if ever Buster got hold of him he wouldn't have a chance in the world. It would be the end of him. At the same time he knew that he could dive down into his home among the rocks if Buster should make the least move toward him. And he was sure that down there he would be perfectly safe. So it was that he was afraid and not afraid. What he didn't know was the great strength of Buster Bear.

"Woo! Woo!" said Buster Bear. "Woo! Woo!" This time I'll catch you, Prickly Porky isn't around to save you as he did before."

"I don't need Prickly Porky's help," retorted the young chuck. "Catch me if you can." With that he disappeared down among the rocks. He hadn't the least idea that Buster Bear would try to get him. That was his mistake. It was the mistake of ignorance. He just didn't know Buster Bear. Mistakes of that kind get folks in all sorts of trouble.



"So this is where you are living," said Buster.

"Woo!" said the voice. The young chuck turned quickly. There at the edge of the pile of rocks stood Buster Bear.

"So this is where you are living," said Buster, and his voice sounded more rumbling, more grumbly than ever.

The young chuck said nothing. He was afraid, and he wasn't afraid. You know, it is possible to be afraid of something, or someone, very much afraid. At the same time you can feel quite safe. It was that way with the young chuck now.

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Bristol

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Johnstone, have arrived from Hamilton, Ontario, to spend a vacation around these parts with Mrs. Johnstone's brothers and sisters. She was Georgie Drake in single life and many old friends are happy to see her around again after some years of absence.

Rev. Phalen McKenna, left on Sunday by air for Saint John, N. B. on his annual vacation that will take him to parts of the U. S. before returning late in the month.

The second large muskrat killed here away from his watery home was killed on Sunday night when he came to grips with the dog belonging to Mr. P. R. Sinnott. This is the second large water rat this dog has killed this summer and what is attracting the rats away from their home in the brook and swamp is still a mystery, unless it is an attempt to battle with the dog to the death.

Thrashing is the order of the day here right now with the bulk of harvest gathered or ready for thrashing in the fields.

Mr. and Mrs. Leon Shelly, who were here for 10 days, left late last week for their home in Boston after a pleasant trip.

Mr. John R. O'Brien left last week on return to his duties in Halifax, after a ten-day vacation with his wife and family here.

Friends of Mr. Will Tobin will be sorry to learn he has entered the Charlottetown Hospital for treatment.

Mrs. Charlie MacDonald was in the City on Thursday on business.

Mr. Joseph Francis, City, was here on business in his line of work on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred L. O'Brien, Somerville, Mass., will celebrate their golden wedding on September 25, Former Islanders of this vicinity, they were married here Sept. 25, 1904, and have resided in Boston ever since. Mrs. O'Brien was Mary Ellen Dunphy in single life and her old home was at Peakes Station, while Mr. O'Brien's old home still stands in Bristol.

Mrs. John O'Neill and son were visitors to the City on Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. William MacDonald returned to the city on Friday morning, after spending a few days with their son, Joe around the farm.

U. S. Visitors to the Parochial House last week were high in their praise of the well-kept lawns around the house, church and graveyard. The credit goes to the pastor and handy man, Mr. John Keefe, for the work.

A reminder of winter was seen here Thursday morning by early risers when a white frost covered the ground and roofs of the buildings.

SPECIAL
Perfection
ICE CREAM
ORANGE ICE PINEAPPLE

Buz Sawyer



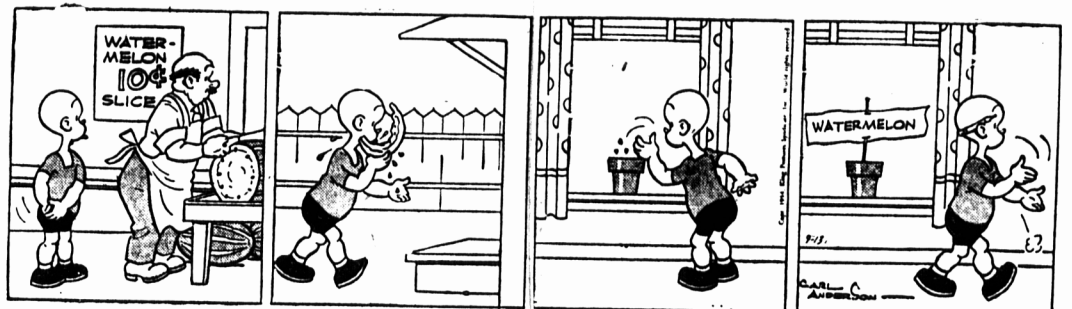
By Roy Crane

Etta Keft



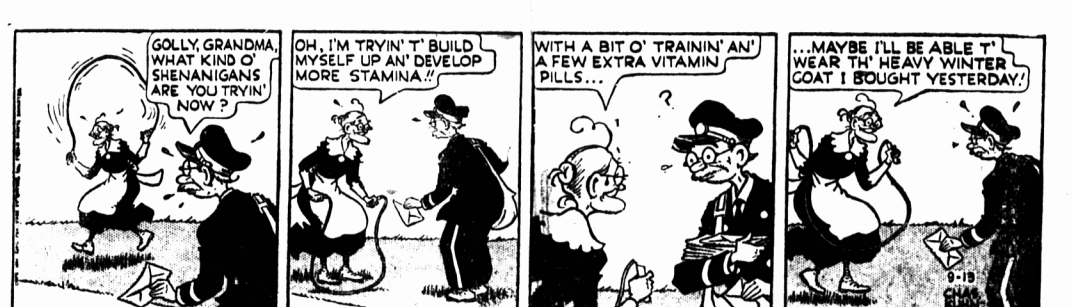
By Paul Robinson

Henry



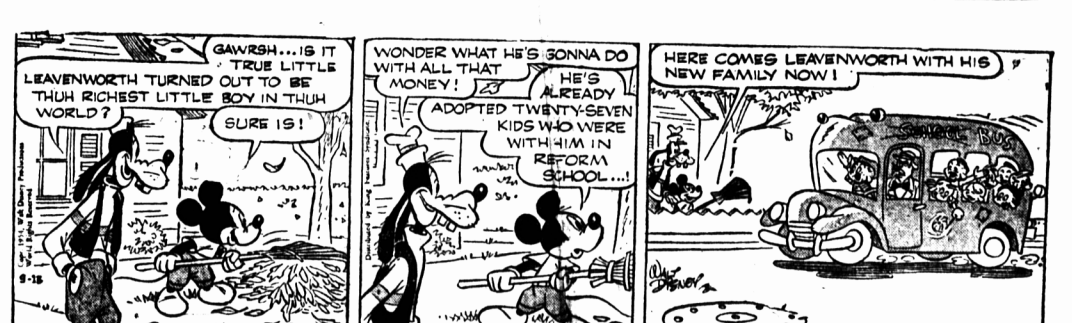
By Carl Anderson

Grandma



By Charles Kuhn

Mickey Mouse



By Walt Disney

Muggs and Skeeter



By Wally Bishop

Tilly The Toiler



By Bob Gustafson

Bringing Up Father



By George McManus

Lil' Abner



By Al Capp

Gives you a fresh start-while it gives you a fresh taste.

The lively flavour freshens your taste—cools your throat... and the pleasant chewing gives you a happy little lift. Get some refreshing delicious Wrigley's Spearmint Gum today.

BEARLESS POSIDICK
SAVE ME FROM THIS OCTOPUS!
THAT'S NO OCTOPUS, MADAM! THAT'S AMYFACE, CRIMINAL MASTER OF DISGUISE!

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL KEEPS HAIR COMBED FROM MORNING TILL NIGHT WITHOUT GREASINESS

The aviator on which Wilda has been riding is forced down on a pond in hilly terrain. The plane plows across the water and roses into the dry brush.

No one has been injured, but flames from the engines have ignited the near-by pines.

EVERYBODY OUT! WOMEN FIRST—THE WATER IS SHALLOW HERE!

I'VE GOT A GUN, BABY! DO JUST AS I SAY!

WALTER ALSTON, MANAGER OF THE DODGERS, BRIEFS THE TEAM BEFORE MORNING PRACTICE.

...AND BEING AS FAMOUS AS HE IS... HE'LL BE A GREAT DRAWING CARD. HUMOR HIM ALONG.

MR. O'MALLEY SAYS LET HIM SAN YOU... MAKE HIM LOOK GOOD. KETCH ON!

HA HA... I KNOW LEENEY. HE'S SCREWY. MET 'IM AT JOE'S CAMP.

IT'S A GREAT PUBLICITY GAG FOR THE PAPERS. TIDY, DUKE.

HEY, BOY... YOU'LL HAVE A TOUGH TIME STRIKING OUT.

DID IT MANY A TIME... AN' NOT ON PURPOSE.

THERE GOES YOUR INFERNAL MACHINE, TICKTOCK!

WHAM!

RIGHT ON TIME!

THAT'S WHAT I COUNTED ON, CLIP!

HOW CAN WE TAKE OUR TIME ABOUT CRACKIN' OPEN THE STRONGBOX!

THE DISABLED PLANE IS RAPIDLY EMPTIED... THE PASSENGERS WERE UPHELD AWAY FROM THE SPREADING FIRE... NOW WILDA HEARS—

WALTER ALSTON, MANAGER OF THE DODGERS, BRIEFS THE TEAM BEFORE MORNING PRACTICE.

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Secret Agent X9

Joe Palooka

The Lone Ranger