BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

A TINY BIRD DREAMS

Dreams may not come true but they.
Somehow help to smooth the way.
—Mrs. Hummer.

Of all the feathered folk, Mr. and Mrs. Hummer are the smallest. They are so small that they may well be called tiny. They are only a little over three inches long and their wings from tip to tip when fully spread are but four inches or just a wee bit more. Little as they are, they are independent. None of the folk who fly are more independent than Hummer the Humming Bird. He is wholly fearless. This is quite as true of Mrs. Hummer.

She was setting on her dainty, tiny nest no bigger around than a half dollar. If she and Hummer are living jewels, and they are, her nest is a gem among homes. No babies have a softer bed than do the tiny Humming Bird babies. It is both soft and warm. When Mrs. Hummer leaves them to look for food, as of course she has to do often, she doesn't worry about their not being warm enough. Only in cold wet weather does she feel that she must cover them all the time so that they may not be chilled.

Mrs. Hummer was nesting late this year. Perhaps she had been a little late in coming up from The-Land-Of-Always-Summer. Anyway, here it was midsummer and she was still sitting on two little white eggs the size of small beans. Every now and then she sat on the edge of the nest and with her long bill turned those precious eggs. Most of the bird folk learned long, long ago that eggs in the nest should be turned often so that all parts may be equally warmed. Tiny Mrs. Hummer was very particular about this. But then she is particular about everything she does. Dainty folk always are particular and there is no daintier person than Mrs. Hummer.

As she sat on those precious eggs, little Mrs. Hummer was dreaming.

She had spent almost a week in making that gem of a home. A week in a little bird's life is a long time. Now she was sitting day and night on the two precious eggs, leaving them only to get the food which she had to have. She never left them for long at a time. Of course, Mr. Hummer should have been there to take her place when she left the nest. Anyway, that is what Welcome Robin thought. He does that for Mrs. Robin. But Hummer isn't that kind. He was too busy having a good time to bother about what Mrs. Hummer might or might not need.

As she sat on those precious eggs, little Mrs. Hummer was dreaming. All mothers and some fathers dream about the babies-to-be and what they will do out in the great world when they grow up. Sometimes those dreams come true, but not very often. However, dreaming such dreams makes life happier. Pleasant dreams are really hopes in a form that for the time being makes them real.

Perhaps Mrs. Hummer was dreaming of the long flight to the Land-of-Always-Summer, the land that is always warm, and how she would show her darlings the way there and all the wonderful things to be seen there.

Perhaps she was dreaming of how handsome those precious ones would grow up to be, and how proud she would be of them. Perhaps she was dreaming of the things she would have to teach them before they were ready to take their places out in the Great World. Mothers have much to dream about.

Now and then she had a glimpse of Hummer in the neighborhood. Once she had spent much time just watching and admiring his lovely green coat and his wonderful ruby throat so like a living jewel. Now she paid little attention to him. She hardly noticed him at all. She was dreaming, and they were pleasant dreams. Mothers always dream. It is a part of the loveliness of motherhood. The Great World is always better for this mother dreaming. Fathers dream, too, but not so so often.

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Prince Nova	7 a.m.	11 a.m.	3 p.m.
Charles A. Dunning	9 a.m.	1 p.m.	5 p.m.
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Charles A. Dunning	7 a.m.	11 a.m.	3 p.m.
Prince Nova	9 a.m.	1 p.m.	5 p.m.

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Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A COMPETENT PERFORMANCE

The three-notrump contract in the following deal was by no means a laydown, but declarer did an excellent piece of work.

North dealer
Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1 ♠	Pass	1 N T	Pass
2 ♠	Pass	2 N T	Pass
3 N T	Pass	Pass	Pass

North was out of line in starting with one diamond and then "reversing" in spades. His right approach, obivously, was to start with the spade bid.

West opened the diamond queen. This was ducked in dummy; East put up the king and returned the diamond seven. Dummy ducked again. West led a third round of the suit, and this time the ace was played, while East discarded a low spade. Declarer now cashed two top spades; but when the break was revealed, he saw that he would need a great deal of luck to win nine tricks. Even with the heart king lying right, he could depend on only three spade tricks, two hearts, two clubs and one diamond.

Since any hope depended on a favourable position of the heart king, South tried to set the stage so that he could capitalize on that position if it existed. As a preliminary, he led dummy's last diamond, making West a present of the trick.

East could not afford another spade discard, and also could not afford to give up a low heart, so he discarded a club. South followed his example, and West then shifted to clubs. The ace was put up, and South led to his own club king, thus eliminating East's cards in the club suit.

Now declarer led a spade to dummy's queen and threw East in with the remaining spade. On East's forced heart return, dummy won with the queen and South then had a simple finesse to his own A-J of hearts.

CARD EXPERT

Henry Jones, English physician who died in 1899, wrote the standard authority on the game of whist under the name "Cavendish."

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

JOE PALOOKA — By Ham Fisher

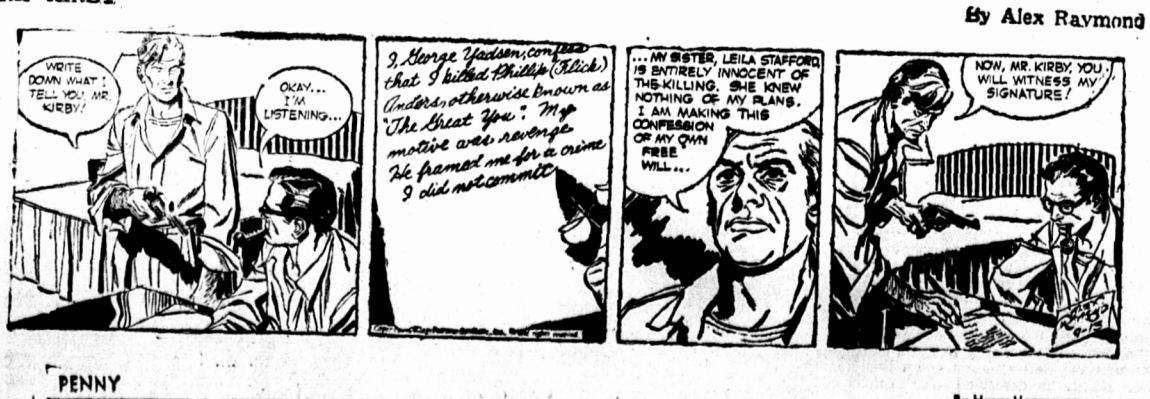
DOTTY DIPPLE — By Carl Anderson

HENRY — By Ruford

POGO — By WALT KELLY

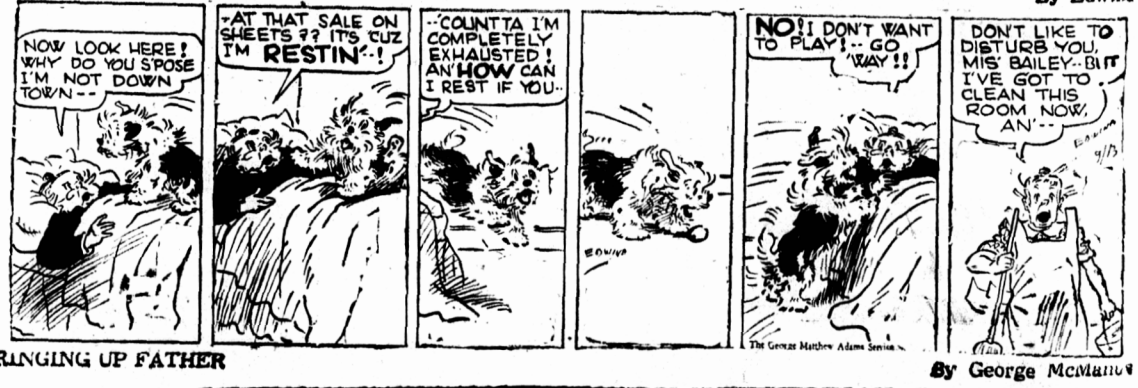
LI'L ABNER — By Al Capp

RIP KIRBY — By Alex Raymond



PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen

TIPPY AND "CAP" STARS — By Edwina



BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

TILLY THE TOILER — By Westover