By Thornton W. Burgess

THEY JUST KNOW.

Who really knows is ne'er in doubt,
But sure of what he is about.
—Skimmer the Swallow.

It was not quite the end of summer. It was still warm, and on some days hot. The nesting season was over for the feathered folk. Somehow or other they seemed to be keeping out of sight more or less. The fact is, they were changing their clothes. Most people keep out of sight when they are changing their clothes. The birds were getting rid of their old feathers, and these were being replaced with new ones. That is the way they change their clothes. It is called moulting. Most of them like to keep as quiet as possible when they are moulting. This was the reason that Peter Rabbit had seen comparatively few of his neighbors lately.

But this morning all over the Green Meadows the air was full of feathered folk. When Peter peeped out of the dear Old Briar patch he saw them skimming just above the grass, darting this way and that, wheeling and turning, darting up into the sky, then down again. It was the Swallow folk. Peter had seen few of them for some time, but now it seemed as if all the Swallows from far and near had gathered over the Green Meadows. There was a lot of joyous twittering. Without knowing it as such Peter was watching the art of flying at its best.

One by one, or by twos and threes, the flyers perched on the telephone wires along the roadside. They sat side by side so close that they were almost touching. Now and then one would fly out, circle, and fly back again. Many sat for a long time, fairly crowding each other on those wires. Then they left just as they had arrived, one by one, and by twos and threes, until once more they were circling and darting above the grass of the Green Meadows. They were a lovely sight. But somehow watching them gave Peter Rabbit a feeling of sadness.

"What are you sighing for?" asked Mrs. Peter Rabbit.

"Don't you see Skimmer the Swallow and his friends?" Peter asked in his turn.

"Certainly I see them. What of it?" retorted Mrs. Peter.

"It makes me feel sad," said Peter.

"I don't see why," said Mrs. Peter. "They seem to be having a wonderful time, and you should be glad to see them, instead of sad."

"It isn't watching them that makes me sad. It is knowing that they are getting ready to leave us, and soon we won't see any of them. That is what makes me sad," said Peter.

"How do you know they are getting ready to leave us?" demanded Mrs. Peter.

"Because you never see them in crowds, a lot together as they are now, excepting when they are getting ready to leave for the Sunny South," replied Peter.

"But winter is a long way off," cried Mrs. Peter.

"Just the same," said Peter, "it is nearly time for them to start for the Sunny South. They are among the first of the feathered folk to go."

"How do they know it is nearly time to start?" Mrs. Peter wanted to know.

Just then, Skimmer the Swallow who had been circling over the dear Old Briar patch lighted on a twig just above Peter. "I suppose," said Peter, "you Swallows are getting ready to leave."

"Right, Peter, quite right," twittered Skimmer. "It is almost time for us to leave."

"How do you know it is?" asked Peter.

"Don't ask me," replied Skimmer. "We just know. That's all. How we know, I don't know, but we do know."

"Don't you ever make a mistake and go too soon, or not soon enough?" asked Mrs. Peter.

"We never have that I know of," replied Skimmer in his twittery way. "As I said before, we just know."

Peter opened his mouth for another question, but before he could ask it Skimmer was away, darting in and out among the other Swallows. It was a glad sight, yet a sad sight. That is the way Peter thought of it.

St. Bernard de Clairvaux, French monk of the 12th century, was noted as a conciliator of international disputes.

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Contract Bridge
By Josephine Culbertson

FAR-SEEING DEFENSE

East's defense in the folowing hand was highly imaginative and successful.

North dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

North: ♠ A J 6 ♥ A Q 5 4 ♦ J 6 5 ♣ A 7 3
West: ♠ K 7 5 ♥ J 9 8 3 ♦ 4 ♣ J 10 9 6 2
East: ♠ 10 9 3 2 ♥ 10 6 ♦ Q 10 9 ♣ K Q 5 4
South: ♠ Q 8 4 ♥ K 7 2 ♦ A K 8 7 3 2 ♣ 8

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1 N T	Pass	3 ♦	Pass
3 ♥	Pass	4 ♦	Pass
6 ♦	Pass	Pass	Pass

When South, having made a jump takeout of the notrump, later by-passed the three-notrump level, North felt that his hand, despite its minimum point-count, should offer a good play for a slam because of its three aces.

West opened the club jack. The ace was put up and two rounds of trumps were cashed, South registering disgust when the queen failed to fall. A low spade was now led to the jack, which of course, held, and declarer then played three rounds of hearts, his obvious hope being to get a 3-3 break that would permit a discard.

East saw no great reason to let the third round of hearts go through; he ruffed with his high trump. At this point (it is to be feared) most players in East's position would promptly lay down the club king in the hope of defeating the contract then and there. This particular East, however, took a properly dim view of his ability to cash a club trick. It was obvious that South did not have the spade king — he had been openly apprehensive when he led to dummy's jack — and therefore it seemed sure that South would not have bid so aggressively with two losing clubs. Everything pointed to the fact that he had started with a singleton, and if East now returned that suit, forcing South to ruff, South would have a cold squeeze on West, who would have to hold a high heart and would therefore be forced to blank his marked spade king.

It will be seen that if East had returned a club, the squeeze would have operated against West with ease. Actually, however, East led back the spade ten — and South's squeeze vanished into thin air.

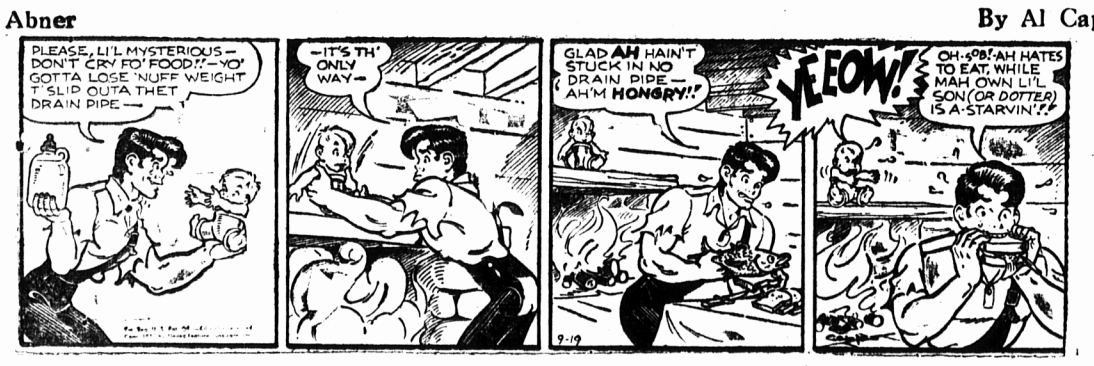
Dotty Dripple — By Ruford

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs — By Edwins

Bringing Up Father — By George McManus

Pogo — By Walt Kelly

Li'l Abner — By Al Capp



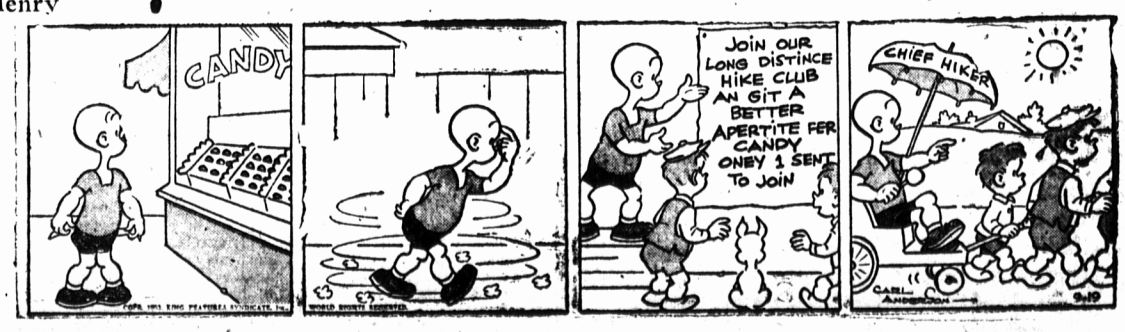
Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride

Rip Kirby — By Alex Raymond

Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson

King Of The Royal Mounted — By Zane Grey

Henry — By Carl Anderson



Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher

PENNY — By Harry Hoenigsen