

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

When fright is added, it is plain. The victim suffers more than pain.

A dreadful thing had happened to Young Jerry Muskrat. Without any warning whatever a pair of dreadful jaws had leaped up and grabbed him by one front leg. It was a question whether it hurt

him most, or frightened him most. It did both, more than anything that had happened to him before. Never had he been hurt as he was hurt now. Never had he been frightened as he was frightened now. You see those dreadful jaws held him fast; he couldn't get away from them.

Poor Young Jerry. He struggled with all his might, but it was all in vain. Of course, those dreadful jaws were a steel trap and the trap had been fastened by a chain to an old log at the water's edge. The Young Muskrat knew nothing about traps. He had been warned by his father, Old Jerry; but Young Jerry had never seen a trap, and he hadn't half listened to the warning. One moment he had been reaching for the most tempting bit of food he had found in a long time. The next moment he was squeaking with pain and great fright. All in a moment the Great World had changed. It had been a wonderful place to be out in, to explore in, to visit new places in. Now it was a terrible, terrible place, and how Young Jerry did wish he had never left the Smiling Pool!

It seemed as if those steel jaws would crush right through the bone of his leg. Never before had he been hurt like this. But he felt that he could stand the pain if only he could get away. But he couldn't get away. Bad as was the pain the feeling of helplessness was worse. Added to this was the dreadful fear of the unknown, of what might happen next. He struggled with all his might, now in the water, now on shore. He just had to sit still. He looked up at the little stars twinkling far overhead. Always before when he had looked up at them, those twinkles had seemed to be friendly twinkles. Now those little stars were twinkling just the same, twinkling just the same as if there was no such thing as suffering, no such thing as dreadful fright, no such thing as helplessness. It was very still. It was so still

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COMPLETE VISUAL REFRACTION AND ANALYSIS

G. F. HUTCHESON & SON

Optometrists
53 Grafton Street

NOTICE

All past due accounts owing to me must be paid or a satisfactory arrangement made for payment of the same on or before November 16 next. Accounts not settled before the above date will be handed in for collection.

HAZEN HOWARD,
Cornwall.



He struggled with all his might, now in the water, now on shore.

Contract Bridge
By Josephine Culbertson

THE ELEMENTARY SQUEEZE PLAY

Many of the letters addressed to this column express interest in the squeeze play and request elementary instruction in this field. A typical remark is: "I would get such a thrill if I ever executed a squeeze in actual competition." Here is a hand that has been "manufactured" (obviously so) to illustrate the simplest type of squeeze opportunity.

♠ AKQ765
♥ 32
♦ 432
♣ J1088

♠ J54
♥ J109
♦ 87
♣ J109

W N E S

♠ 432
♥ AKQ6
♦ AKQ
♣ AKQ

The bidding is not important; simply assume that South becomes declarer at a grand slam in no-trump. There are, it will be noted, 12 sure tricks in the North-South hands, and if South does not have the great misfortune of running up against a 4-0 spade break, he has "tricks to burn."

The competent declarer does not, however, give up when the unexpected (and outrageously unlucky) break descends on him, as in this case. When West opens the jack of spades and East shows out, the truly competent declarer does not exorcise the goddess of luck and let it go at that—he tries to outwit the lady at her own game, and in this instance he easily succeeds. Here is the advanced player's reasoning: There is no earthly hope of taking more than three tricks in either minor suit, but there is a possibility of the crucial 13th trick in hearts or spades. Maybe West, who is known to have the only spade stopper for his side, also holds four or more hearts, which means that his partner cannot have a heart stopper. South simply cashes all of his minor-suit tricks—and hopes West is spueezed. He can only hope, in this case, because if East has the heart stopper, there is nothing that South can do about it. Actually, however, in this set-up, West must make a discard on the sixth minor-suit trick, and that discard is very obviously fatal to him, whether in hearts or spades.

HISTORIC CASTLE

Lincoln Castle in England was built by William the Conqueror in 1066 to bolster the defences of the city.

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs
By Edwina

DID YOU HEAR, MARY? HE SAID TO CHARGE GUESTS AT THE PARTY FOR—

—AN' DON'T SAY IT WAS ETHEL'S IDEA!! WAS IT??

WELL, SHE—

WHY, WHAT WILL PEOPLE THINK??? I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO HOLD MY HEAD UP IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD AGAIN!

WELL, YOU AND ETHEL CAN GIVE EVERY PENNY OF IT BACK!—CAP! MY LAND! WHERE'D HE GO??

Bringing Up Father
By George McManus

WHAT'S THAT NOISE IN THE BACK ROOM? SOUNDS LIKE SOMEONE SAW MY WOOD!

IT'S WEEZLY WALDO WEEZLY—HE'S BEEN CRYIN' LIKE THAT SINCE NOON—

SOUNDS SERIOUS— I'D BETTER SEE WHAT I CAN DO FOR HIM!

WHY ARE YOU CRYING? DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER GO HOME?

I'VE WANTED TO GO HOME ALL DAY— BUT NO ONE WILL THROW ME OUT!!

Dotty Dripple
By Buford

ANOTHER BABY? THANK YOU, MOTHER— WHEN CAN YOU COME OVER?

HOW DID HORACE TAKE THE NEWS? HE DIDN'T— I HAVEN'T HAD THE NERVE TO TELL HIM YET!

WELL, WHY DON'T YOU? HORACE LOVES CHILDREN— AND HE'LL MEET THE EXTRA EXPENSE ALL RIGHT—

IT'S NOT THE UPKEEP I'M WORRIED ABOUT— IT'S THE INITIAL SHOCK TO THE FATHER!

Tilly The Toiler
By Bob Gustafson

DON'T FORGET— YOUR WIFE WANTS YOU TO BRING HOME A LOAF OF WHITE BREAD

THANKS FOR REMINDING ME

I'LL SEND MAC TO THAT NEW FRENCH BAKERY ON THE CORNER SO I WON'T HAVE TO STOP IN CAR ON THE WAY HOME

I GOT YOU THE BREAD, BOSS— AND YOU'LL NEED THIS!

A RED CLOTH WASTE THAT FOR

LONGEST LOAF OF FRENCH BREAD I EVER SAW!

Joe Palooka
By Ham Fisher

BUT I HAVE MY WORK TO DO... YOU CAN'T LEAVE RIGHT NOW...

I'M SORRY, FIFI... THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT.

THAT BIG NAIVE FOOL... HE'S THE ONLY MAN WHO'S EVER... THE FOOL DOESN'T EVEN KNOW I'M HERE!

HE'LL KNOW! UNLESS HE'S UNCONSCIOUS OHHHH!

WHAT TH' HECK ARE YA DOIN' WHO WAS THAT DAMNED I TROT YER POSIN' FER A SCULPTER.

NOT A SCULPTOR... A SCULPTRESS... AND IT'S A PAIN IN THE NECK, NOW, WHAT YER POSIN' TO SEE ME ABOUT?

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

TREATMENT OF ALL KIDNEY AND URINARY DISORDERS

THE ONLY THE PROVEN

Henry
By Carl Anderson

ARTIFISIAL FLOWERS

ARTIFISIAL FLOWERS

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ARTIFISIAL FLOWERS

King of The Royal Mounted
By Zane Grey

STONY TOWER, FROM THE TAXI AND TAKEUP INSTRUCTIONS PLEASE!

I'M PROBABLY JUST A CLAY PIGEON FOR THE KILLER... BUT WHERE DOES THE KILLER GO?

THAT'S THE BULL'S-EYE!... OH-OH! THIS IS BAD! I CAN HEAR THE TOWER BACK AT STONY CREEK GIVING BURKE INSTRUCTIONS... THAT MEANS THE KILLER CAN HEAR IT TOO!

THE TOWER, BARONETTES... I'VE HAD MY HANDS ON MY GUN SINCE I WAS A BOY... I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU BURKE!

THAT THAT NICKEL I WON'T HAVE TO WASTE MY GAS CRUISING AROUND WAITING FOR YOU BURKE!

Henry
By Carl Anderson

ARTIFISIAL FLOWERS

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Napoleon and Uncle Elby
By Clifford McBride

YOUR STUDENT BODY IS FREE-PARD TO GIVE YOU TEMPORARY UNDERPINNING, PROF.

THEN YOU KIN GIT OVER TO YOUR AUNTIE'S... NIZ MYTLE IS BOUND TO REMEMBER HOW TO BIT YER LES BONES OUTEN YER SHELL... BABY NOW...

OKAY... NORTH BY NORTH EAST... EAST BY WEST... SOUTH-WEST MEN... BAYBY!

PHOO... MOST DANGEROUS THING I COULD GET WOULD BE MORE HELP LIKE THAT.

GOOD NEWS! OWL! GOOD NEWS! WE IS COMIN' OVER TO JOIN YOUR FACULTY!

WILCOOP! WILCOOP!

L'il Abner
By Al Capp

NO, OLE MAN MOSE!! THIS PRE-DICK-SHUN MUSTN'T COME TRUUNT!

AH JEST THIS PRE-DICK-SHUN AH DON'T CONTROL 'EM, AN' THEY ALLUS COMES TRUE!

S-SO... THE DOIT... OH, MAH PORE DAISY MAE, AH'LL MISS YER SOUV!

BUT AH IS RIGHT HERE, L'IL ABNER— HERE, AN' WAITIN' TO SEE TH' PRE-DICK-SHUN!

YO' MAINT' BONNA SEE THIS, AS LONG AS YO' LIVES!

THIS IS TH' FIRST SECRET KEPT FUM ME IN— IT'S OUR FIRST TRAGEDY!

MEANWHILE— ON VULTURE'S PEAK, IS THE GEMSTY LITL' COTTAGE OF NIGHTMARE ALLE!

?? SOMEONE LEFT ME MEANT TO ME— SOMETHIN' SQUIRMY!!

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Penny
By Harry Hoenigses

YES, PENNY, I'M GOING TO THE DANCE TONIGHT, ALTHOUGH IT IS A BORE.

THIS DANCE AND THE PEOPLE HERE ARE DEADLY, MY LIFE IN THE CITY IS ONE MAD, SOPHISTICATED WHIRL...

SUITORS BY THE SCORE FLEADING FOR DATES, AH, I WONDER HOW MANY MEN WILL BE MISERABLE BECAUSE OF ME TONIGHT!

I GUESS THAT DEFENDE OLGA.

ON HOW MANY YOU DANCE WITH.

Rip Kirby
By Alex Raymond

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, MISS DENTON. THIS GUN IS LOADED WITH BLANKS SO THAT I CAN REENACT MY THEORY OF YOUR BROTHER'S DEATH.

OH, PLEASE BE CAREFUL, MR. KIRBY!

WAIT DOWN THE HALL, OUT OF SIGHT, LEAVE THE STUDY DOOR OPEN, AND ABOVE ALL, DON'T INTERFERE WITH RANGO.

I DON'T REALLY UNDERSTAND, BUT I'LL DO IT.

WITH THE STAGE SET, RIP TAKES HIS PLACE IN THE CHAIR OF THE DEAD SHERWOOD DENTON. HE RAISES THE REVOLVER TOWARD HIS HEAD...

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