(By Thornton W. Burgess)

NO WAY FOR A FATHER TO BEHAVE

Diplomacy and ruthless might
In turn are ruled by appetite.
—Old Mother Nature.

* * *

There was truly something dreadful going on in the Green Forest. Yes, sir, there was truly something dreadful going on. Somehow word of it had gotten around. Of all strange things nothing is stranger than the quickness with which bad news, or news of dreadful things, gets around. Perhaps it was the Merry Little Breezes who saw Buster Bear making ready to climb a big pine tree high up in which two little cubs were clinging together and looking down at him with their small eyes wide with fright. They shouldn't have been wide with fright. No babies should be afraid of their own father. Alas, all too many babies are afraid of their own fathers, and with reason. It was so now. Buster was their own father, but he didn't know it and they didn't know it. The dreadful thing about it is that it wouldn't have made any difference if they had known it.

When Buster first started toward that tree there was no one to look on. He hadn't climbed half way up to where the imps were clinging together before several of the neighbors were watching from safe places, and more were hurrying up. Probably the Merry Little Breezes were still spreading the news.

The cubs began to bawl. Their small voices went ringing off through the trees. They bawled as loud as they could. I don't wonder, do you? Their bawling made Buster nervous. He growled. They were not pleasant growls. They were deep, angry, rumbly, grumbly growls. He was trying to frighten those helpless imps into keeping still. It did just the other thing. They bawled harder and louder than ever. Buster Bear growled more than ever. That was no way for a father to behave, was it? Of course not. But just remember that he didn't know that he was a father. Anyway he didn't know he was the father of those two cubs.

At first the climbing had been easy for Buster Bear. The trunk of the tree was big. The branches were big. They did not bend or threaten to break. He could get his great arms around the trunk of the tree and dig his claws into the bark. But the higher he got the smaller became the trunk of the tree, and the smaller the branches. He couldn't climb as easily or as safely as at first. Now and then a branch cracked and threatened to break. This didn't make him feel any more comfortable. The truth is it made him feel uglier. And his growling became uglier. Once or twice he even snarled. It wasn't a pretty sound. It was no way for a father to behave, now was it?

The cubs began climbing higher. They were so small there was no danger of even the small branches breaking. Their little claws were sharp. They dug into the bark and held. Finally they were way up where they could climb no higher. There they clung, one just below the other, and now both were bawling louder than ever.

Soon Buster Bear was as high as he dared go. It wasn't because he was so high above the ground that he feared to go higher. That didn't bother him a bit. No, sir, that didn't bother him a bit. What made him afraid was that the tree had become too small for him to cling to the trunk or feel safe on the branches

He looked up at his two cubs. They were out of reach, but only a little out of reach. Sometimes a little is as good as a great deal. It was this time. He couldn't reach them, and he knew it. He really did snarl now. He looked up at them and snarled his very ugliest. Then with his great arms around the slender trunk, and his big claws dug into it so that they could not slip, he began to shake the slender top of that tree. He was trying to shake those helpless little cubs off so they would fall to the ground.

He looked up at his two cubs.

They stopped bawling. They actually were too frightened to cry. Folks can be as frightened as that, you know. All they could do was just hang on with all their might.

In surrounding trees feathered folk held their breath as they looked on. The same thing was happening with neighbors on the ground. Would those helpless little black imps be shaken off? Back and forth, back and forth, swayed the treetop. Buster Bear growled, snarled and shook harder. Now I ask you, was that any way for a father to behave? Poor little imps in the treetop.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

WHAT PRICE, "RULES"?

The great trouble with so-called rules of play is that there are overlapping "rules" for the same situation!

Take the one about "covering honors with honors." That's no good, because there is also the one: "don't cover the first honor led, when two are showing; wait and cover the second."

And, to confuse the situation thoroughly, there are also exceptions to this latter "rule"—as, for example, in the following case:

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

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

West led the six of spades, and South held up his ace until it was driven out. He then led the heart four to dummy's queen; East took his ace and correctly returned the heart eight—this, at least, could do no harm. South won the trick with the king and tried for a 3-3 heart break, cashing the jack, but when East failed, South saw that he would need some luck in other directions.

Declarer cashed his top diamonds, then, hoping for a 3-3 diamond break, led the eight to the ace. West's discard of a spade dashed this hope, and South then shifted to the club suit, leading the queen through East. (Even if the club king was on side, South realized that he would still be short one trick, but certainly, without negotiating the club finesse, he could not even come close.)

East, who knew all about the "rule" of not covering the first honor led, played a low club on the queen—but he soon found that he had misapplied his knowledge! For, after the club queen held, declarer promptly threw East in by leading dummy's last diamond, and East then had to lead away from his king of clubs to the combined tenace of jack-small in dummy and ace-eight in the closed hand! By thus making three club tricks, South fulfilled the contract.

This was one case, obviously, where East should have covered the first club honor since the diamond throw-in was staring him right in the face.

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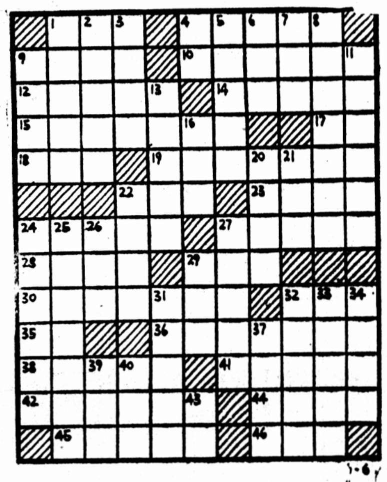
DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. Haze
4. Rascal
9. A starchy foodstuff
10. Loiters about
12. Drupelets of multiple fruits
14. Stairway post
15. Opposite
17. The note E
18. Fish
19. An Olympian game
22. Some
23. River (Fr.)
24. Glossy
27. Crowns of heads
28. Maize
30. Excessive
29. River (Pol.)
30. Excessive fatness
32. Mournful
35. Siberian gulf
36. Repossessor (law)
38. Dish
41. Drench
42. Calm
44. Without feet (Zool.)
45. Ventured
46. Female fowl

DOWN
1. Confronted
2. A pointed arch
3. Departed
4. Shilling (abbr.)
5. European rabbit (var.)
6. Hail!
7. European gull
8. To postulate
9. Hindu garment
11. Cuts
13. Covert sarcasm
16. Cunning
20. A long, low wail
21. Abyss
22. Girl's name (poss.)
24. Large ladles
25. Walked lamely
26. Anger
27. Covered with pitch
29. Sainte (abbr.)
31. Goddess of peace
32. A wet dressing
33. Incendiarism
34. Colored, as cloth
37. Builder of the ark
39. Constellation
40. Thrice (mus.)
43. Editor (abbr.)



Yesterday's Answer

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

A X Y D L B A A X R
is L O N G F E L L O W

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophies, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

PQ TEF ZC BEZHTL, PQ CYMD ZC CZGS OZRI TATFQ LEQ'C FTBYFR YW OFYHU—GYOBTF.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: IN MORE LENGTHENED NOTES AND SLOW, THE DEEP, MAJESTIC, SOLEMN ORGANS BLOW —POPE.

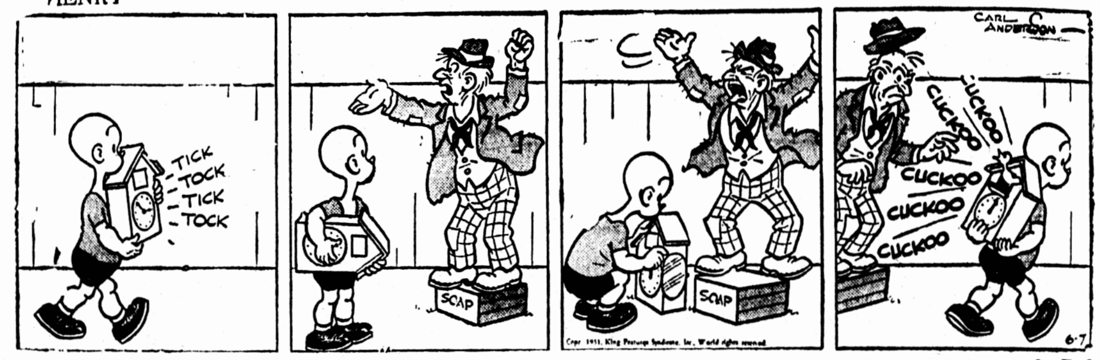
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA

By Carl Anderson

HENRY



By Ruford

DOTTY DIPPLE

By Edwina

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

BRINGING UP FATHER By George McManus

TILLY THE TOILER By Westover

PENNY By Harry Haenigsen

LI'L ABNER By Al Capp

RIP KIRBY By Alex Raymond