

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

A FIND THAT WAS A LOSS

When opportunity won't wait, the opportunist masters fate. —Striped Chipmunk.

This is Striped Chipmunk's way of saying that the time to do a thing is when it can be done. It is when there is opportunity. He who puts off doing a thing when he sees the opportunity often never gets it done, and is a loser.

Striped Chipmunk was out gathering dry leaves to take down into his house under the old stone wall along one side of the Old Orchard near Farmer Brown's dooryard. It is only a little way from the old stone wall over to Farmer Brown's back door. Striped Chipmunk had carried mouthful after mouthful of dry leaves down into his snug bedroom. Sometimes he had stuffed both cheek pockets full, and the leaves had stuck out from both sides of his mouth so that he looked as if he had a big, fierce moustache.

He sat up on the wall to rest a few minutes before taking more leaves down. He looked over toward Farmer Brown's house. He saw Mother Brown come out of the back door and lay something on



Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

GAMBLER DEFENSE

It almost seemed that East and West vied with each other in the following hand to see which could produce the worse defense — and East won!

West dealer. Both sides vulnerable. North-South 60 on score.

♠ Q J 3
♥ A Q 9 8
♦ A Q 10 9
♣ 8 4

♠ A K 10
♥ 9 4
♦ K 7
♣ J 6 5

N E S W
N J 8 5 4
E 3 2
S K 3 2
W A 9 7

♠ 8 6 5
♥ 10
♦ 8 7 4
♣ K J 6 5 3 2

One bidding:
West North East South
1 ♠ Dble. 2 ♥ Pass
2 ♠ Pass Pass Dble. Pass
Pass Pass

South said later that he had been tempted to get into the auction over East's two hearts, but he felt that it would be better to wait and see what developed. When West simply rebid spades, and East subsided, South decided to take a chance on the three-club call. If he could make the contract he would go game by virtue of his partscore, and if the opponents competed further, North might be able to take good care of them.

West laid down the spade king, followed up with the spade ace, and then carefully continued with the ten of spades. East, after ruffing, naturally assumed that the ten was a suit-preference signal asking for the return of the higher-side suit, and so he led back a heart. (Perhaps West had a singleton heart, East reasoned, or perhaps he was even void in the suit.)

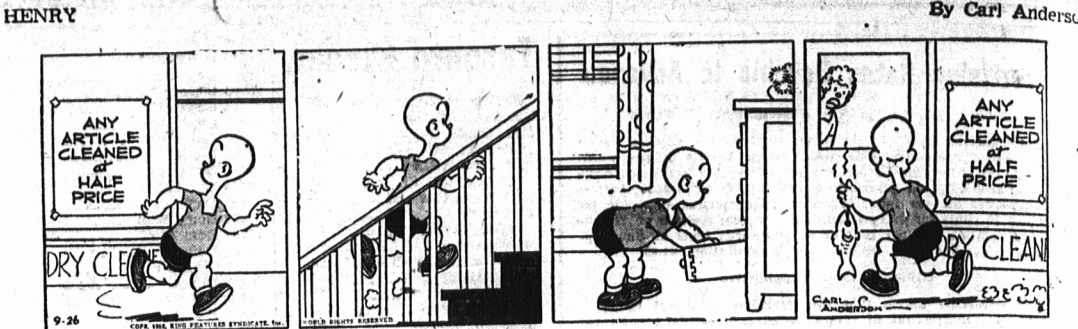
West covered declarer's heart ten with the king and dummy won. Now South led a trump from the board — and East made a frightful mistake — he ducked! South went right up with the king and returned a trump — and East was end-played.

Conceding that West should not have selected the ten-spot for his third spade lead, it is nevertheless inexcusable for East to trap himself by ducking the first trump lead from dummy. If he had properly put up the ace and "got out" with a trump, South might well have gone down two tricks by putting in the club jack. As it was, of course, he made it.

Strings were out here on the grass," he called to Mother Brown. She came to the door and put her head out.

"So they were," said she. "Well, they are not here now."

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ATTENTION

MISS SYBIL BENNETT, Q.C.

President of Women's Conservative Association of Canada

Will Speak at the
CANADIAN LEGION HALL
SUMMERSIDE

—on—
Wednesday, October 8th
At 8.00 O'clock

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He jumped up on the wall, pulling the shoestring after him.

the grass. When she had gone back in the house he saw that she had left something white on the green grass. He wondered what it could be.

Now Striped Chipmunk long ago learned not to be careless. He looked this way. He looked that way. He made sure that neither Black Pussy the Cat, Flip the Terrier, nor Bowser the Hound, was anywhere in that dooryard. He made sure that the way was clear. He jumped down from the wall and scampered across the grass to see what it was Mother Brown had put out there. It was a pair of white shoestrings that she had washed and put out in the sun to dry. Just as Striped Chipmunk got to them Mother Brown came to the door, and he turned and scampered back to the old wall. After all he didn't have use for shoestrings; at least that is what he thought at the moment. He went back to his job of carrying dry leaves down to make a big soft comfortable bed.

It was some time later that a thought popped into Striped Chipmunk's small head.

"I wonder if I could use one of those things," thought he, and when the opportunity came, he scampered over to those shoestrings lying on the grass. They were dry now, and very white. They belonged to Farmer Brown's boy who had a pair of white tennis shoes. Striped Chipmunk picked one up. He liked the feel of it in his mouth; he was sure he could use it in his bed. It would be something new, something different. He started back, dragging the shoestring with him. Once he got tangled up in it. He took it down between the stones of the old wall, through the long tunnel, and finally into his bedroom. There he spent some time arranging it to suit him.

He liked it. He would go back and get the other one, he decided. He did. As before he made sure that Black Pussy was not in sight, and that Flip the Terrier and Bowser the Hound were not around. Then he scampered across the dooryard, and picked up one end of the other shoestring. He started back with it toward the old wall. He was not quite there when Farmer Brown's Boy came out of the house to get his shoestrings.

"I thought you said those shoe-

Jersey Breeders Association

Jersey Breeders Association will hold an important meeting Saturday, Sept. 27th 8 p.m. at Exhibition Office, Great George Street.

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