

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE FOOLISH WISH

A foolish wish is wasted thought, And oft with discontent is fraught. —Old Mother Nature.

Lightfoot the Deer, Mrs. Lightfoot and the twins, now well grown, were in their winter yard in the Green Forest. Had you seen it, and never before seen a Deer yard, you probably wouldn't have called it a yard at all. It was simply a big place trampled out in the deep snow that made it possible for the Deer to move about, and get the food they must have. Outside that yard the snow was too deep for even big Lightfoot to get about much. There the only way of getting around

winter is hard and the snow piles deeper and deeper so that the Deer folk can no longer wade through it. They would starve to death if they had no yard of their own making. If the yard is too small to supply enough food to last until the Deer can once more move freely, some of them are likely to starve to death, or to become so weak that they cannot escape from hungry enemies. So it is very, very necessary that the yard shall be big enough.

No one knew this better than did Mrs. Lightfoot. She had once wintered in a yard that was not big enough, and the lesson she had learned she would never forget. So Mrs. Lightfoot had this year looked far and wide to find a place where the browse was good and where there was sure to be enough of it. Then when the snow came and they started to trample paths this way and that way to make the yard, she made sure that that yard should be big enough for the browse to last however long the winter might be and the deep snow last.

At first the young Deer had not minded staying in that yard. But as the days went by, they grew tired of moving about in the same old paths. At first they didn't have to even reach to get the browse they needed; there was plenty of it low enough for them to get easily without reaching. But after a while all this was eaten. They had to reach higher and higher. It wasn't as easy to get enough to eat as it had been.

One morning Blacky the Crow flew over. He was on his way to look for his breakfast. The two Deer watched him out of sight. One of the young Deer sighed heavily.

"It must be wonderful to fly," said he. "I wish I had wings. Yes, sir, I wish I had wings. That fellow doesn't have to worry about deep snow. He can go where he wants to when he wants to. The snow doesn't bother him. Yes, sir, I wish I had wings. I wouldn't stay here a minute. That Blacky has it pretty easy these days. I wish he had it as easy."

Mother happened to be standing very near, but hidden from the two young Deer by a low-growing hemlock tree. Now she suddenly appeared. "So you wish you had wings and had it as easy as Blacky the Crow? That is a foolish wish. I cannot think of a more foolish wish. What would you say if I should tell you that probably

Blacky often wishes he could get a meal as easily as you do. It is Continued on page 12

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A CLOSE DECISION

A close question of probability was involved in the play of the following hand.

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.



The bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 ♠	2 ♣	2 ♠	Pass
4 ♣	Pass	Pass	Pass

West opened the club king, and East started an echo with the eight. West then cashed the club ace and continued with a third round to let East kill dummy's queen by ruffing. East duly ruffed, and South over-ruffed.

Now, before drawing trumps, South laid down the ace of hearts, simply on the chance that he would later be able to trap West. The latter, however, being an expert, looked at this unusual play with dark suspicion! Why should South be cashing side aces before touching trumps? West saw the danger of keeping the heart king blank and inviting a throw-in play, so he boldly unblocked the king on the ace.

South was a little disappointed at this turn of events, but he drew trumps in two leads and then excited with his last heart. East took the trick and led another round of hearts, which South ruffed.

Since West had escaped the throw-in play, South now had to solve the diamond situation for himself. Presumably, West had one of the missing honors, if not both—but who had the nine-spot? If West, then South could lead toward dummy and put in the eight; but if East had the diamond nine, the play of the eight would be fatal.

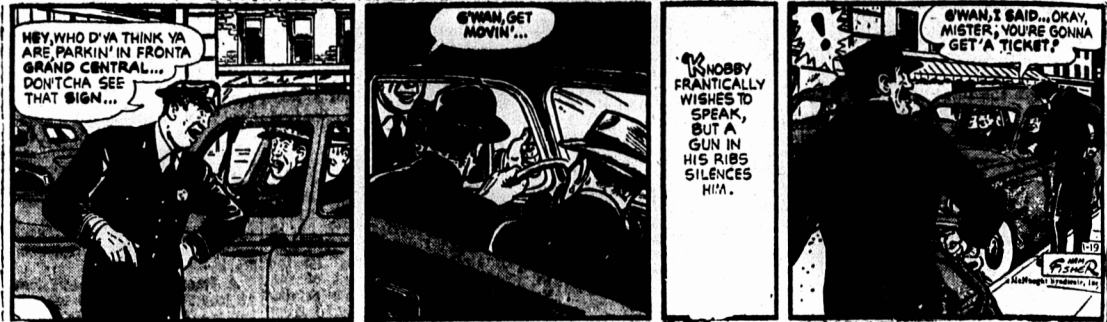
It was a difficult guess, but South decided that since East was marked with four diamonds against West's three, there was greater chance that East had the diamond nine. On that analysis, South led to dummy's diamond ten, and after East had taken the trick with the queen, he was helpless. A heart return permitting a ruff-and-discard was patently hopeless, so East led back a low diamond. South ducked, and West had to play the king to force dummy's ace.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zeno Grey

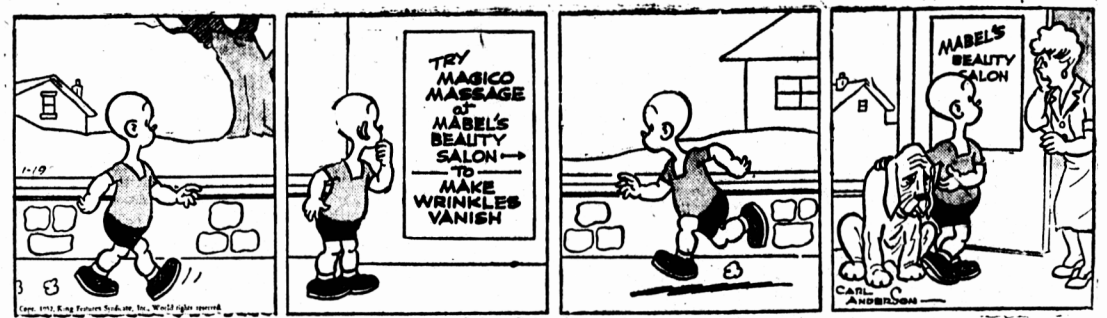


JOE PALOOKA



By Ham Fisher

HENRY



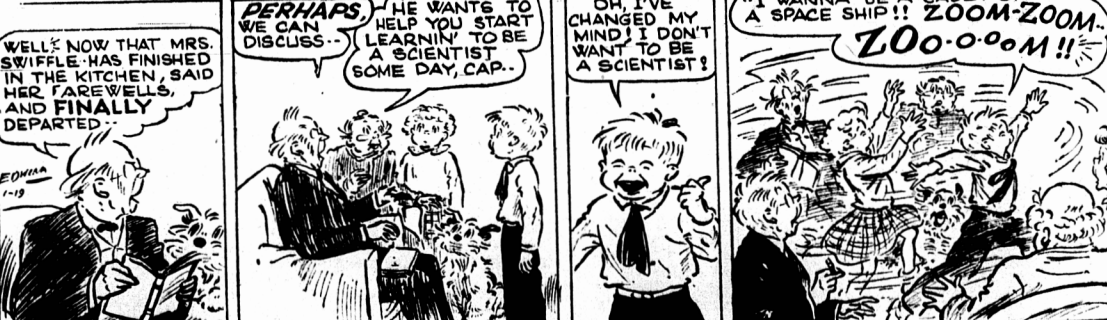
By Carl Anderson

DOTTY DIPPLE



By Ruford

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



By Edwina

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManu

TILLY THE TOILER



By Bob Gustafson

PENNY



By Harry McEnigen

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HEADACHE?

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ASPIRIN

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

CHAPTER TEN IN MY PHOTOGRAPHY MANUAL TELLS ABOUT TAKING APPETIZING PICTURES OF FOOD... WONDER WHERE I LEFT THAT BOOK?

POGO

L'L ABNER

OWL IS MAD CAUSE HE IS THINK THIS WAS SEPT BASSER SO HE IS GOING IN TO BIRD

I'LL GIVE HIM A SERENADE TO GENTLE HIM.

WITH HIS FILIBES FAIR FILLIGRONS WITH FINEST FILIFORM HE FLEETLY FOOTED FROM AN FRO THE FINEST IN THE STORE. A FLAUNT OF FINES AND A FIKIN FINE OF FAT WAS FIMBERGATED ON THE PRINCE OF FRELINGHUYSEN'S HAT.

By Al Capp

IF YOU SINGIN' IN MONTAGNAN OR MONOGNOLIANT?

IN ENGLISH? I NOW RUNNER IN CENT AMERICAN... WHEN YOU GO TO SLEEP AN' WAKES UP, DOES YOU WANT EVER THING?

HOORAY! TH' ATOM BOMB IS OVER!

YOU GOTTA PROMISE NOT TO CAUSE TROUBLE, WHILE YO STAYS WIF YOUR AUNTIE, SCARY LOU.

AH PROMISES AUNTIE NIGHTMARE.

RIP KIRBY

I OUGHT TO SHOOT YOU-- BUT I CAN'T-- UNTIL YOU BREAK A LAW?

I WON'T GIVE YOU DE SATISFACTION OF BREAKIN' NO LAW!

HAY! HAY! HAY! HAW!!

AH-HA!!

WHY DID YOU GASP, PATRICK? KILL ME, FOSDICK?

YOU WALKED ON THE GRASS? JUSTICE TRIUMPHS!

THE KEY FITS; WE'LL ROLL THE PLANE OUT, BUDDO... LET'S PRAY YOU CAN WARM HER UP IN TIME!

GOODBYE... DARLING...

By Alex Raymond

A CLOUD OF DUST? IT MUST BE THE HAWK AND HIS MEN!

QUICK-- GET THE DEAD PILOT'S GUN AND AMMUNITION... HE WON'T NEED IT... BUT WE WILL!

By Harry McEnigen

YOU USED TO STUDY A LOT TOGETHER-- WHAT'S WRONG?

HE'S JUST BECOME UTTERLY TOO DOMINEERING!

LAST MONTH HE CAME RIGHT OUT AND TOLD ME THAT IF I DIDN'T BUCKLE DOWN AND STUDY HARDER...

...HE'D BE INELIGIBLE FOR THE TEAM THIS YEAR.