



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

TOO BUSY TO TALK

Keeping busy is the way to quickest pass the dull day. —Striped Chipmunk

Striped Chipmunk hasn't a lazy bone in his small body. There isn't a lazy hair in his pretty striped coat. When there is work to be done he does it. Long, long ago he learned that keeping busy is the best way of getting things done and being happy all day long. This doesn't mean that he works all the time. No one should work all the

time. There is a time to work and a time to play, and a time to rest in every day.

Striped Chipmunk had lived well and had taken it very easy all through the summer. Now, summer was over, or almost over. It was time to look ahead to the coming of winter, and Stripes Chipmunk was doing just this. Peter Rabbit met him at the end of the Old Stone Wall beside the Old Orchard. "Hi!" cried Peter.

"Hi!" cried Striped Chipmunk, jumping from one stone to another on the top of the Old Wall, but not stooping.

"Wait a minute!" cried Peter. Striped Chipmunk did stop for a moment. "What for?" he asked.

"Why, just to talk a little," said Peter lamely. "Too busy," reported Striped Chipmunk. "Too busy to waste time talking."

"Pooh!" said Peter. "Talking a little isn't wasting time." "Perhaps it isn't for you, but it is for me," replied Striped Chipmunk. And away he raced as if he were in a great hurry.

Peter watched him until he disappeared. "I never have seen such a fellow," said he, talking to himself. "What in the world is there to

keep him so busy now? By and by, when the nuts begin to fall from the trees, he naturally will be busy. All the Squirrel folk will be busy. Just waiting them then sometimes makes me feel fed all over. But there are no nuts yet, so what can he be so busy about?"

If Peter had followed Striped Chipmunk he probably would have been even more puzzled. He would have thought that Striped Chipmunk didn't know his own mind, but was just running about aimlessly. He wouldn't have noticed that those bright little eyes were looking on all sides, this way and that, looking to see how nearly ready the seeds were on certain plants. He probably wouldn't have noticed that Striped Chipmunk was visiting all the hazelnut bushes and all the nearby nut trees. Striped Chipmunk was finding out for himself just what plants had the most of his favorite seeds, what trees and hazelnut bushes would have the most nuts on them.

Striped Chipmunk was looking ahead and making plans. He was finding out for himself where the most food would easiest be gathered when the time came. He knew that Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel, Chatterer the Red Squirrel and Rusty the Fox Squirrel would all be looking for those same nuts when the time came. Because they were so much bigger than himself, they would be able to cheat him of his share of nuts unless he was there first, and knew just which tree or bush had the most and easiest to gather. So now he was a very busy small person, running here and running there, and tucking away in his memory the places he would visit first when the time came. While he was doing this he was also tucking away in the pockets in his cheeks such seeds as he found. Some of these he would take home to eat, others he would take home to store away for days to come when no more seeds were to be found.

Whenever he saw Peter Rabbit he tried to avoid him, tried to keep out of Peter's sight. "Peter is lazy. I like Peter, but he is lazy, and I just can't afford to be lazy. No, sir, I can't afford it. It may be nice to be lazy and do nothing, but I'm sure I wouldn't enjoy it. There is nothing like keeping busy to make time fly," said Striped Chipmunk to himself. Happily Mrs. Striped Chipmunk agreed with him.

As for Peter, he just couldn't see why anyone should do any more than he just had to. There is no thrift in Peter Rabbit. Work and thrift are two things Peter knows very little about.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

BETTER THAN HE HOPED

A well-calculated sacrifice bid by South in the following deal had an unexpected reward.

East dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

♠ Q 10 7	♠ A K 6 5
♥ A J 4 2	♥ 8 5
♦ 9 5	♦ 7
♣ 10 7 2	♣ A K J 9
♠ J 9 8 5	♠ A K 6 5
♥ 4 2	♥ 8 5
♦ K 10 9 7	♦ 7
♣ 4	♣ A K J 9
♠ Q 6	♠ A K 6 5
♥ 4 2	♥ 8 5
♦ K Q J 10 6 5 3 2	♦ 7
♣ 8 5	♣ A K J 9

The bidding:
East South West North
1 ♠ 1 ♠ 1 ♠ 1 NT
3 ♠ 4 ♠ 4 ♠ Dble.
Pass 5 ♠ Pass Pass
Dble. Pass Pass Pass

The only thing that could have defeated an East-West contract of even five spades was the double-dummy opening of a low diamond by North; hence, South's five-diamond takeout of North's double would have been sound even if he had gone down a trick. Actually however, he fulfilled his own doubled contract.

West opened the club queen; East overtook and cashed the club ace, then laid down the spade king. South ruffed and ran off six more trump tricks, reaching this position:

♠ Q 10	♠ A 6
♥ A J	♥ 8 5
♦ —	♦ —
♣ —	♣ —
♠ J	♠ A 6
♥ K 10 9	♥ 8 5
♦ —	♦ —
♣ —	♣ —
♠ Q 6 3	♠ A 6
♥ 10	♥ 8 5
♦ —	♦ —
♣ —	♣ —

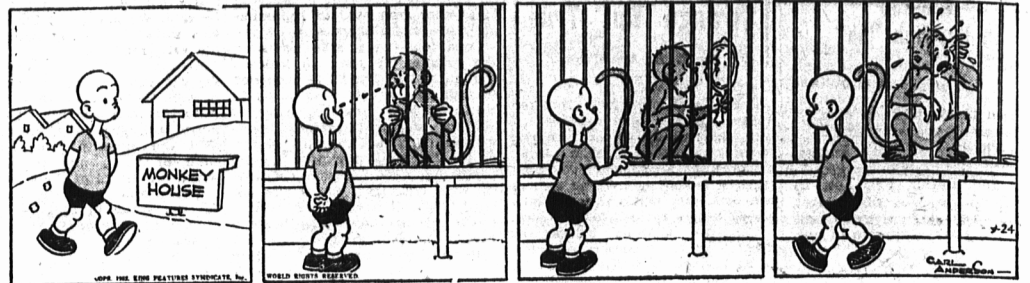
West had to blank his spade jack in order to keep adequate heart protection, and South read the situation perfectly. He led a low heart to the jack and played the spade queen through East, with the intention of discarding a heart if East did not cover. Actually, East chose to cover, and South, after ruffing, had the promoted spade ten in dummy for the vital trick.

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COW BRAND BAKING SODA

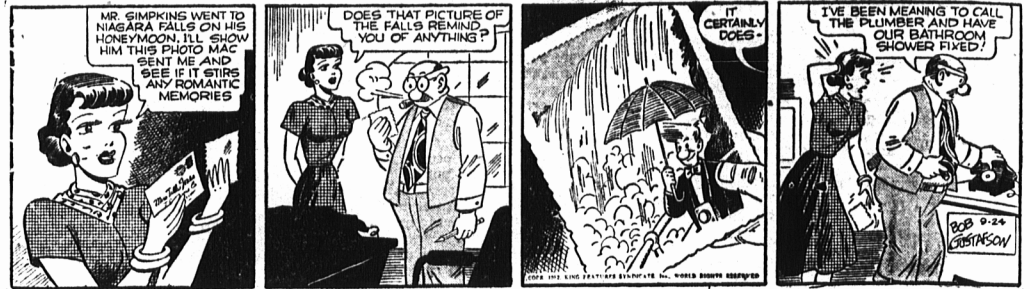
HENRY

By Carl Anderson



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Anderson



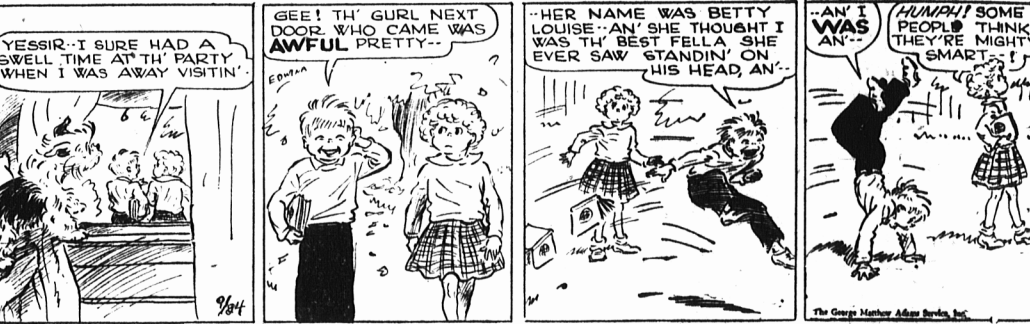
BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



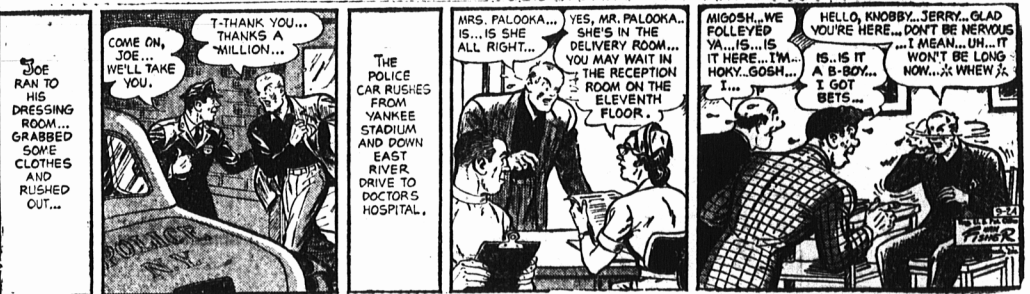
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwin



JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



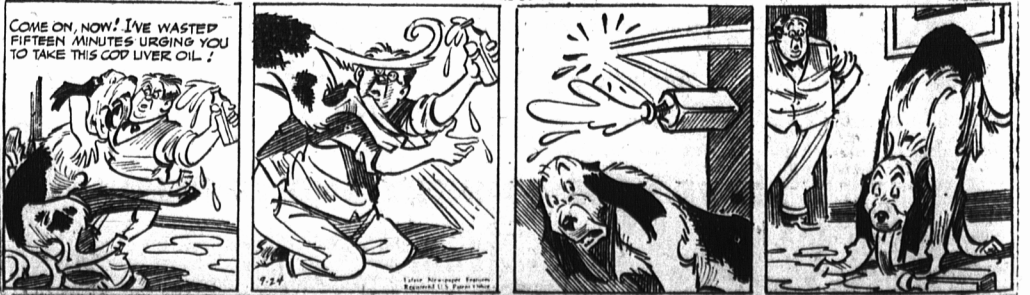
POGO

By Walt Kelly



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Cliff McBrien



PENNY

By Harry Hoanigan



ANNUAL MEETING

QUEEN'S COUNTY PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION

Canadian Legion Hall, Grafton Street, Charlottetown

Thursday, October 2nd, 8:00 P. M.

Reagh Bagnall, President.

SPECIAL DANCE

EAST ROYALTY HALL

Wednesday, September 24th

Music by Rollie McKenzie's Orchestra

In aid of the Parkdale Arrows Baseball Club

Bus leaving terminal at 9:30

DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Kuroto



LIL' ABNER

By Al Capp



RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond



KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

