

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

When you find the going rough
Almost is never quite enough.
—Paddy the Beaver.

Paddy the Beaver, working hard to cut down a tree, had been surprised and caught by Glutton the Wolverine. Now of all the people who live in the Green Forest, none is more to be feared than Glutton. It isn't because he is so big. Compared with some of the other folks he isn't big at all. He was very little more than half as big as Paddy the Beaver. But Glutton is utterly fearless. It sometimes seems as if he isn't afraid of anyone or anything. Although Paddy was twice as heavy Glutton had not hesitated



to spring on him when he got the chance. Paddy is no coward. He knew that he had to fight for his life, and he did fight. He fought the very best he knew how. All the time he was trying to get to the water. He knew it was his only chance.

At long last, when Paddy was almost in despair, they rolled over the edge of the bank, splash, into a deep pool. They were locked together. Things were very different now. Paddy was perfectly at home in the water. There is no one among the furry folk of the Green Forest more at home in water than Paddy the beaver. Glutton isn't at home in the water. He has two cousins who are. They are Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter. Both are almost as much at home in the water as is Paddy the Beaver. Both of them, like Paddy, can stay down under water a surprisingly long time. Glutton cannot. He cannot

hold his breath as the others can. Perhaps Paddy knew this, and so tried to keep Glutton under water. Anyway he knew by the desperate way in which his enemy was trying to get away from him; to get back up to the surface where he could get air.

All the time Mrs. Paddy was looking on, wishing she could help Paddy but not daring to. The water boiled up from the bottom of the deep pool, and became so muddy that nothing could be seen in it. Of course that meant that the two fighters were down on the bottom. Would that dreadful Glutton kill Paddy down there on the muddy bottom? Would Paddy be able to hold the big member of the Weasel family down there until he would lose his breath and drown? Perhaps neither would let go of the other, and both would drown.

The water boiled harder than ever. A brown head appeared above the surface. It was Paddy's. Then, a few feet away, another head appeared. There was no mistaking it. It was the head of Glutton the wolverine. He was choking and coughing and gasping. He splashed toward the shore, and coughing and gasping. He splashed toward the shore, and crawled out. Stout and strong as he was naturally, just now he looked to be almost helpless. For a few moments he lay there continuing to cough and gasp, and try to get his breath. Presently he got to his feet, shook himself hard, and slunk away in the midst of the Black Shadows. He paid no attention whatever to the two Beavers. Enough is always enough, and Glutton had had enough for the time being of fighting with Paddy the Beaver. He had lost his appetite.

Mrs. Paddy joined Paddy, and the two started for home, the big house out in the pond into which the brook was flowing. They kept in the brook all the way, swimming side by side where the water was deep enough, and hurrying over the shallow places, constantly turning their heads to watch behind. They would not feel safe until they were in the pond. They swam straight to their big house out in the water. There, on their comfortable bed, in the soft darkness of the thick-walled room, Paddy licked his wounds, and Mrs. Paddy licked theirs. They know there is nothing like a good licking to cleanse them, and help them to heal.

As for Glutton, he was in a bad temper. He had almost been drowned by one for whom he had hitherto had no respect. Some day, he would get even. Anyway, that is what he told himself as he went looking for a dinner elsewhere.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

OPTIMISM vs. PESSIMISM

There are hands that should be played in the most optimistic way, as though the missing honors were bound to lie right, because without this luck there can be no chance of success. But there are other hands that call for pessimistic treatment — because the cards can all be wrong and yet the contract can be made on careful play.

The following was one of these "pessimistic-treatment" hands:

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

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

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

The bidding:
 South West North East
 1♣ Pass 1♠ Pass
 2♣ Pass 5♣ Pass
 2♣ Pass

West made his natural lead, the diamond king. South was quite pleased with the contract, since success was assured if either the spade king or the heart ace lay right. He was in for a disappointment, however. After taking the first trick and drawing trumps, he tried the spade finesse. East won and returned a spade; and when South subsequently led hearts, East smothered the king.

South was right, of course, in feeling that the heart ace or the spade king should be on-side, but he could have ensured success by playing as follows:
At the second trick, before touching trumps, South should ruff a diamond with a high trump in dummy. He should then lead the club four to his own hand and ruff his last diamond high, then lead the club six to the closed hand and return a heart toward dummy. With West playing a low heart, declarer should put in dummy's ten — and no matter how the cards lie, East is fixed. A heart return by East must establish the king; a spade return goes up to dummy's tenace; and a diamond return gives declarer a ruff and discard.

It will be found that regardless of how the missing heart honors are placed, this line of play is ironclad. Even if West has the Q-J of hearts and puts in the jack, forcing dummy's king, after East takes his ace he must either establish the heart ten or lead a spade up to dummy.

RUSTY RELIC

PRINCE ALBERT, Sask. — (CP) — A length of rusty iron pipe lying behind the Prince Albert Historical Museum has long intrigued visitors. Curator Alex Simpson says it's the drive-shaft of the old Marquis, a riverboat that sailed the Saskatchewan river 70 years ago.

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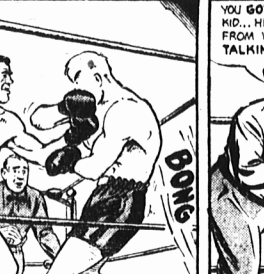
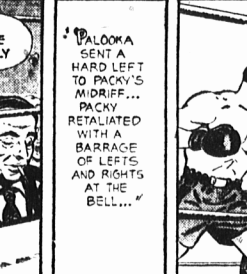
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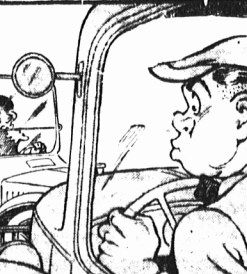
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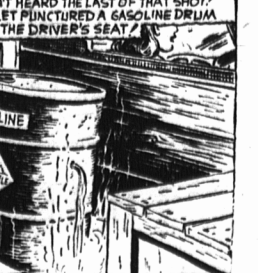
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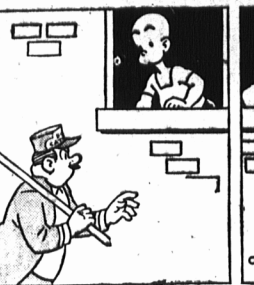
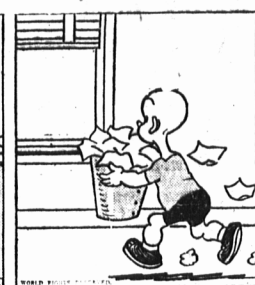
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



By Harry Hoehnigan



HENRY



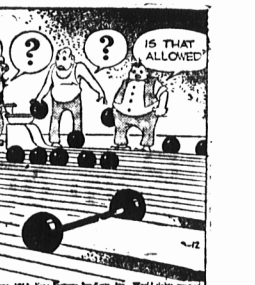
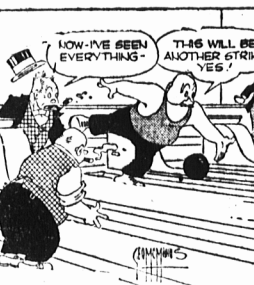
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TILLY THE TOILER



By Bob Guzon

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



By Edwin

DOTTY DRIPPLE



By Ruotid

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Napoleon and Uncle Elby



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