

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

WHERE DID THAT DINNER GO?
No dinner's yours until 'tis eaten; You've lost no race until you're beaten.

—Old Mother Nature.

Johnny Chuck had gone farther from home this morning than ever before since making his new home over on the edge of the Old Pasture. He had gone farther than he really had intended to. Sitting up for a look around, he had discovered a patch of sweet clover that he was sure must be sweeter than any he had yet found. He simply had to taste it even if it was farther from home than he intended to go.

Up in the Old Pasture Reddy Fox looked at Mrs. Reddy and grinned. Mrs. Reddy grinned back



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had to do was wait until Johnny should come back home, and both are good waiters. Both learned, long, long ago, that one of the keys to success is patience. They really didn't mind waiting at all, because they were so sure that it would be rewarded by a good Chuck dinner.

So they kept their heads down, and waited and waited and waited. Then who should come along but Sammy Jay. Sammy's bright eyes saw their red coats. Sammy stopped in the nearest tree. He knew right away that Reddy and Mrs. Reddy were waiting for someone to come along. Who could it be? Then he looked out on the Green Meadows and saw Johnny Chuck stuffing himself with sweet clover.

He looked at Johnny and he looked back at Reddy and Mrs. Reddy. He saw right away why Reddy and Mrs. Reddy were hiding there. "They are waiting for Johnny Chuck to come home," thought Sammy. "It looks as if they will get him this time. Johnny was crazy to go so far from his own doorstep. I don't see what he can do. I really don't. If they wait long enough, he is bound to come home, and he is bound to be caught. Of course Reddy and Mrs. Reddy have a perfect right to catch him if they can, just as the Hawk folk have a perfect right to catch me if they can. But I hate to think of anything happening to Johnny Chuck. Without Johnny around, things wouldn't look right. No, sir, they wouldn't. I wonder what he would do if I should give him warning."

But Sammy didn't give warning then. He sat right where he was and watched and waited. Perhaps Reddy and Mrs. Reddy would become tired and go away. They did not. And then presently Johnny Chuck, having eaten all he possibly could hold at one time, started back home. He didn't hurry. He had eaten too much to hurry. Besides, he didn't see any need of hurrying. Sammy watched him and became more and more anxious. Finally, he could keep his tongue still no longer. He left the tree, and flew over above Reddy Fox. "Thief, thief, thief!" he screamed. "Thief, thief, thief!"

Neither Reddy nor Mrs. Reddy moved so much as a hair. In fact, they were rather glad that Sammy was giving this warning. Johnny

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

SNAP JUDGEMENT

South made only a superficial analysis of his problem in the following deal, and so met defeat.

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

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

West decided to open a trump, and South apparently jumped to the conclusion that this lead would be followed up by further trump plays on the defenders' parts, thus preventing him from ruffing a heart in dummy if hearts didn't break 3-3. So, on his own initiative, South drew the outstanding trump, cashed the club ace, went to dummy with a heart, and discarded a diamond on the club king. Next, he led a heart, hoping for the 3-3 break of the suit, but this bit of luck was denied him, and down he went.

South was right in feeling that, having opened trumps, the enemy would continue that defense in an effort to prevent ruffing in dummy. He was wrong, however, in concluding that a heart ruff would be impossible. Observe the correct line of play:

South wins the first spade trick, cashes the club ace, goes to dummy with a heart, discards a diamond on the club king, and then leads another heart. East wins this trick and properly returns a spade, reducing dummy to one trump. But when another heart is led by declarer, the defenders are helpless. East cannot win this trick unless he uses his last trump to do so; and when West wins, he has no trump to return. Thus, declarer is able to ruff his fourth heart in dummy despite the best effort of the opponents, and in this way collect his tenth trick.

It is a peculiar fact that such simple hands as this give more trouble to fairly good players than do far more difficult hands.

Chuck would hear that, and would surely start for home. Reddy hugged the ground and kept his eyes fixed on the little path through the bushes that Johnny had made going to and from his home to his feeding place. Johnny didn't appear. At long last, Reddy lifted his head enough to look down on the Green Meadows. That dinner he had been so sure of was nowhere in sight. Where had it gone? Where could it have gone?

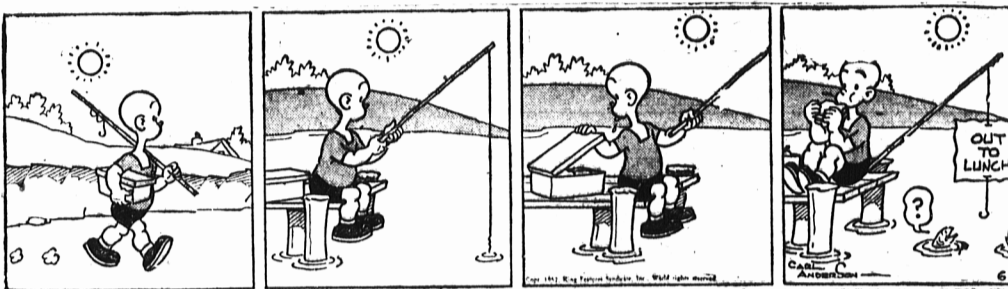
KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



DOTTY DRIPPLE



HENRY



TILLY THE TOILER



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



BRINGING UP FATHER



JOE PALOOKA



PENNY



ANNUAL MEETING
PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE ASSOCIATION
Third District of Queen's
Will be held in Winsloe Station Hall
Wednesday, June 25th at 8:30 P. M.
Mr. R. R. Bell, Q.C., and other speakers
will be in attendance
Louis McDonald, President.

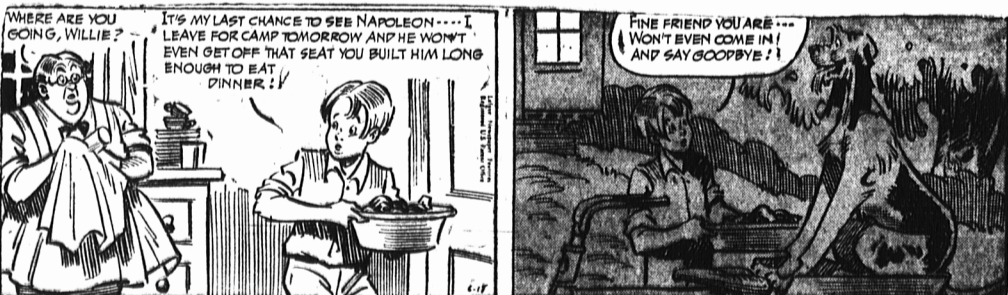
DANCE
EAST ROYALTY RINK HALL
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18th
Rollie MacKenzie's Orchestra
Dancing 9:30 to 12:30
Adm. 50c canteen Service

LePage Shoe Co. Ltd.
To give our staff a well deserved mid-week rest our stores will be closed all day Wednesday starting Wednesday, June 18 and continuing until the end of the summer.
GRAFTON AND KENT ST.

POGO



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



L'L ABNER



RIP KIRBY



By Walt Kelly

By Clifford McBride

By Al Capp

By Alex Raymond

By Ruford

By Carl Anderson

By Bob Gustafson

By Edwina

By George McManus

By Ham Fisher

By Harry Hoenington