



### BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

#### THE INTERRUPTION

A little fun, a little play. Should have a place in every day. —Old Mother Nature.

Many of Old Mother Nature's children know this and of these none knows it better than does Timmy the Flying Squirrel. Timmy and his friends of his own kind are playful folk. They long ago learned how important play is in living. In this respect they are very like the Otter folk. You know Little Joe Otter dearly loves to play, and manages to get in a little play every day.



It really was something to see that frolic in the moonlight. But, air, both deadly love to slide. Yet, their way of life are very different. Timmy gliding in the top of a tall tree, jumps off and glides a long way to near the foot of another tree. What he is really doing is sliding on the air. Little Joe Otter finds a steep bank beside deep water and makes himself a slippery slide. He climbs to the top of the bank, and throwing himself flat, slides down head-first into the water. In winter, his slippery slide is usually of snow and ice. In summer, it is of slippery mud. Of course Timmy doesn't have to

make his slide, and it is the same all year round.

Above and around an opening among the trees in the Green Forest, a lot of happy little folk were having a merry frolic in the moonlight. Peter Rabbit, looking on, wished for a time that he could change into a Flying Squirrel. It really was something to see that frolic in the moonlight. Sometimes the air seemed to be filled with these dainty little folk, gliding this way and that way, back and forth, as they played tag, or tried to outjump each other. Peter wondered why they never bumped into each other. Sometimes he was sure that two were going to do this, and then at the very last instant would pass without touching. But for one thing, it would have been hard indeed to have believe that they were not flying. They looked as if they had wings, but those wings never moved. They never flapped, so of course they could not be real wings.

That merry group was having such a grand time, such a wonderful frolic there in the moonlight, that Peter, watching them, completely forgot that there was such a thing as danger to watch out

for, and it certainly seemed as if those merry gliders in the moonlight must have completely forgotten that there could be such a thing as danger. But they hadn't forgotten. It doesn't do for little people of the Green Forest ever to forget this important matter. One moment the air was filled with little Squirrels gliding this way and that, every way. The next moment not a squirrel was to be seen anywhere. Peter waited and waited, but not a single one of his merry little neighbors snowed himself.

"Now what is the matter?" thought Peter. "Where have they gone, and why? I don't see anything to have frightened them, but something must have. If not, they wouldn't all have stopped jumping at the same time."

It was very still there in and around the little opening among the trees in the Green Forest. Peter couldn't hear a sound. The moonlight was very bright with that soft brightness that doesn't hurt the eyes. Peter couldn't see any one anywhere. It was as if he were the only living person anywhere around, though only a moment before the air and the trees had been full of a merry band of lively little folk.

Then without warning of any kind, a big dark form appeared above the treetops, and seemed to across that open space. It didn't glide. Two great wings were moving, but they were moving slowly and without a sound. Peter crouched a little closer to the trunk of the tree, and wished he could crawl under something. He saw two great yellow eyes looking this way and that way, and was sure they must see him. It was Hooty the Great Horned Owl. He was hunting. With empty claws he disappeared among the trees as silently as he had drifted across the opening. Hardy was he out of sight when again the air was full of merry little folk gliding this way and that way, just as if there had been no interruption. Someone had been watching for danger, and given the alarm.

**MARK ANNIVERSARY**  
SASKATOON—(CP)—Plans are being completed for a week-long celebration in September, to commemorate the 70th anniversary of the founding of Saskatoon in 1882.

### If BACKACHE is Holding You Back

**It's Dodd's You May Need!**  
When backache results from urinary irritation or bladder discomfort—get and use Dodd's Kidney Pills, the 60-year-old Canadian remedy. Dodd's Kidney Pills quickly and safely help your kidneys to normal action—help relieve backache and that "tired-all-the-time" feeling by stimulating the kidneys. Ask any druggist for Dodd's Kidney Pills, look for the blue box with the red band. You can depend on Dodd's. 162

### Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

#### HELP FROM THE ENEMY

South played the following hand well, but he couldn't have brought home the contract without the help from the enemy.

West dealer.  
North-South vulnerable.

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

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

The bidding:  
West Pass    North Pass    East Pass    South Pass  
Pass        Pass        1 ♣        1 ♥  
Pass        Pass        2 ♣        3 ♣  
Pass        Pass        Pass        Pass

The opening lead was the ten of clubs. East won and led another high club, and South ruffed. Then, before "going after the trumps," South cashed his spades and ruffed away dummy's last club.

Only after this stripping process did South lead the trump queen. West ducked, and East won with the singleton king.

East saw that if he returned any black card, declarer would get a ruff-and-discard, so a diamond return was clearly indicated. Apparently he felt that it made no difference whether he led away from the king or laid down that card—whatever his thought, he led the honor, and South of course won with the ace. When he then led another trump, West was end-played: Forced to return a diamond (or give South the fatal ruff-and-discard), West led the diamond seven. South ducked in dummy, and when he could win with his own ten, the contract was safe.

It would have made quite a difference if East had exited with a low diamond instead of the king! Then it would be South who was helpless. If he played the ten, West would of course force dummy's queen, and South would be left with a sure loser in the suit. Conversely, if South played the diamond five on the low lead from East, dummy's queen would be forced out and the defenders would still have the king and jack to insure a defensive trick.

#### COMBINED OPERATION

TABER, Alta.—(CP)—Eleven grocery stores here have discounted private deliveries and combined their efforts. From now on the new consolidated service will make two deliveries each day, covering customers of all the stores.

### KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Z... Grey



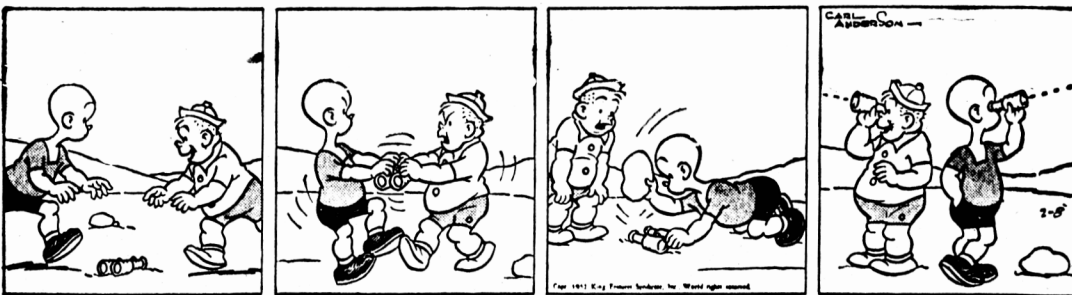
JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



HENRY

By Carl Anderson



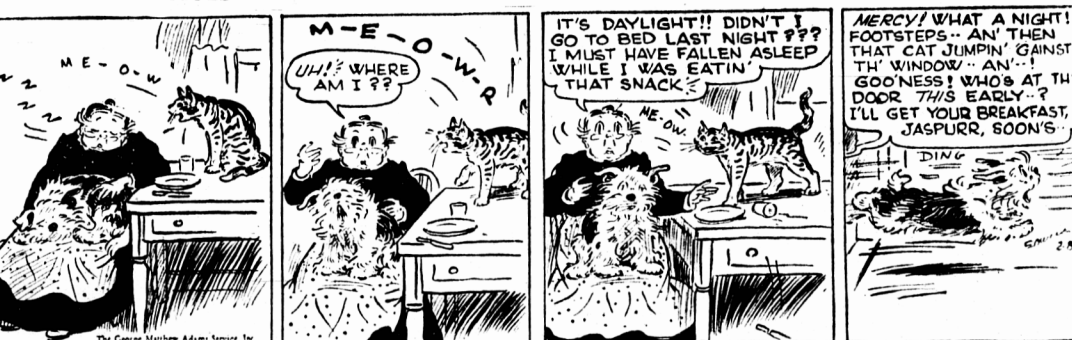
DOTTY DIPPLE

By Ruford



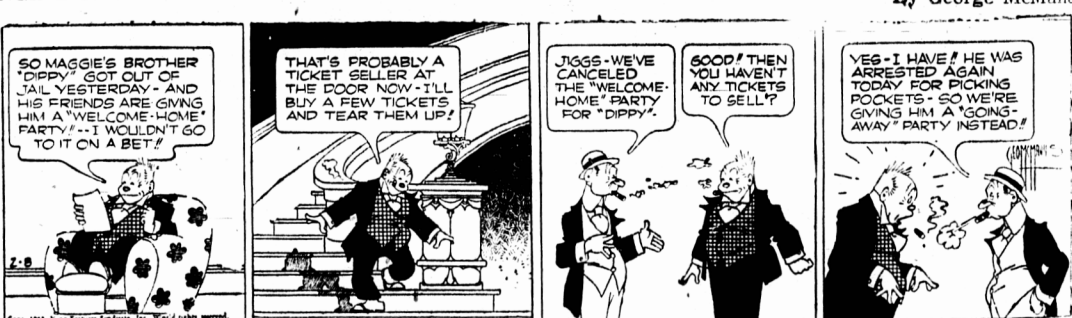
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwin



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson

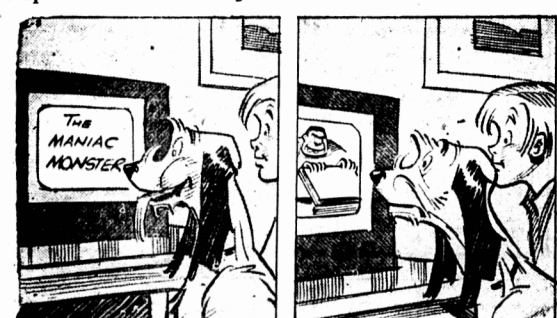


PENNY

By Harry Hoelgen



### Napoleon and Uncle Elby



POGO



LIL ABNER



RIP KIRBY



### By Clifford McBride



By Walt Kelly



By Al Capp



By Alex Raymond

