

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE BUSY ONES

Fifty those with naught to do... Pray it may not happen to you... Old Mother Nature

Peter Rabbit didn't know what to do with himself. He didn't have anything he must do. That is always

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bad business for any one. Almost always it leads to trouble. Trouble is always looking for folks with nothing to do, and usually finds them.

Summer was over. It had been over for some little time. Most of the red leaves and yellow leaves and brown leaves of the Green Forest had fallen, leaving the trees bare. It was autumn, and late autumn at that. Most of the feathered folk had left for the winter. Some of them were already way down in the Land-Of-Always-Summer. Peter wouldn't see them again for weeks and weeks and weeks, not until spring or perhaps even early summer. Some he might never see again. It gave him a sort of sad feeling although he didn't himself know the cause of it.

He just couldn't stay in the dear Old Briar-patch. He wanted somebody beside Mrs. Peter to talk to. Perhaps he just wanted to gossip a lot of folks do, you know. It is one way of learning things, usually things of no importance, or about neighbors whose affairs should be wholly their own. Peter headed for the Smiling Pool. He would have a chat with Jerry Muskrat. When he got there Jerry wasn't in sight. Peter sat around doing nothing for a while. He had just made up his mind to go over to the Green Forest and look for Happy Jack Squirrel when he saw Jerry Muskrat swimming out from where Laughing Brook enters the Smiling Pool. Jerry had a mouthful of something; Peter couldn't see just what.

Jerry made no reply. His tall and hind feet were going back and forth, back and forth in the water very fast. They were driving him through the water the way a propeller drives a boat. His funny flat-sided tail was a sort of rudder that helped to keep him straight in the direction he wanted to go. Those hind feet of his were webbed like the feet of a duck. This is why Jerry is such a good swimmer.

"Hi, Jerry!" called Peter again, and stamped on the bank with his hind feet.

Jerry didn't even look over at him. He kept on swimming until



"Hi, Jerry!" cried Peter.

he reached his house out in the water on the other side of the Smiling Pool. He climbed out on the roof. Peter saw then that he had been carrying a mouthful of rushes. These he promptly began working into the roof of his house. When he had finished, he sat up for a moment and looked over toward Peter.

"Come on over!" cried Peter. "Too busy," squeaked Jerry, and dove into the water. That was the last Peter saw of him.

After a while Peter ran over to the Green Forest. Almost at once saw Happy Jack, the Gray Squirrel. "Hi, Happy Jack!" called Peter. Happy Jack said nothing. He couldn't say anything; he had a big nut in his mouth. He raced him as fast as his legs could take him to a certain place he had in mind where the earth was soft. He dug a little hole and buried that nut. He even pulled a few leaves over the place. Then off he ran to look for another nut. He didn't even say "Hello" to Peter; he was too busy.

Peter went to look for Chatterer the Red Squirrel. Chatterer was up in a pine tree cutting off pine cones so they dropped to the ground. The seeds in these would be part of his food. His usually noisy tongue was still. He was too busy to gossip, or even to scold.

It was the same way with Striped Chipmunk. He had both cheeks stuffed with small nuts and a big nut in his teeth. He couldn't say a word.

"I'm glad I don't have to work to live like that," said Peter to himself. You know Peter doesn't even know the meaning of the word "thrift." He is too happy-go-lucky.

CAREFUL APPROACH

CHESTERFIELD, England — (CP) — To boost recruiting for civil defence, 48 canvassers headed by the mayor and town clerk have completed a course in psychology, with special reference to the technique of doorstep interviews.

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Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluiperton

A VITAL FACTOR

There is one thing a declarer cannot afford to forget: that an opponent passed originally. Observe how this factor led South to the correct line of play in the following hand:

West dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

♠ A 7 5 3
♥ 10 7 2
♦ A K Q 3
♣ A K Q 3

♠ K 4
♥ K 8 5 3
♦ J 9 6
♣ 9 7 6 5

♠ N
♥ W
♦ E
♣ S

♠ Q J 10 9 8 2
♥ Q 9
♦ A K Q
♣ 8 4

The bidding:
West Pass North Pass East 1 ♠ South Pass
West Pass North Pass East 1 ♠ South Pass
West Pass North Pass East 1 ♠ South Pass

South's opening bid, fourth-hand, was not very strong in respect to high cards, but it was certainly better than a pass, and moreover, when North raised to three spades, South was well advised in going on to game. In a case of this sort, at rubber bridge, there must be a very good reason, not for rebidding the game, but for "changing" the trick count.

West opened the club king and continued with his other club honors. (A heart shift would have made quite a difference.) Declarer ruffed, and at this point most players in his position would stake their chances on finding either the spade king or the heart king right. This expert South, however, had a different and better idea. West had passed originally, and had turned up with the three top honors in clubs. Wouldn't he have opened the bidding with an outside king, or, at any rate, wouldn't he have made a secondary double of one spade with such a holding?

South decided that the probability (not mathematical but personal) strongly favored East's having the missing kings, and so he decided to avoid both finesse.

Having ruffed the third club, South led the spade queen but, when West played low, went right up with dummy's ace. He then cashed his three diamond tricks and led another trump. East, thrown in with the trump king, had to return a heart, giving South a free finesse, or a club which would permit South to discard a heart while ruffing the trick in dummy.

LONDON — (CP) — Bosun Bryant, who joined the Thames Ferry Service nearly 30 years ago as a deckhand, has retired as bosun of the Woolwich Ferry. He estimates he travelled more than 125,000 miles on the water without ever being more than 400 yards from land.

RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifton McBride



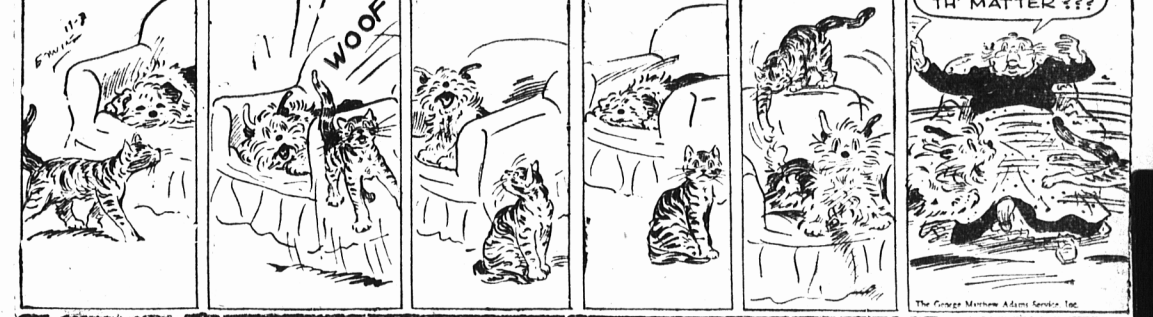
JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



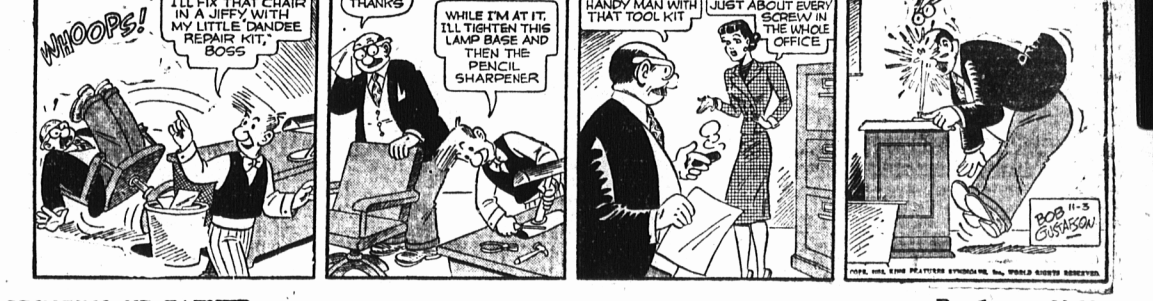
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwin



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



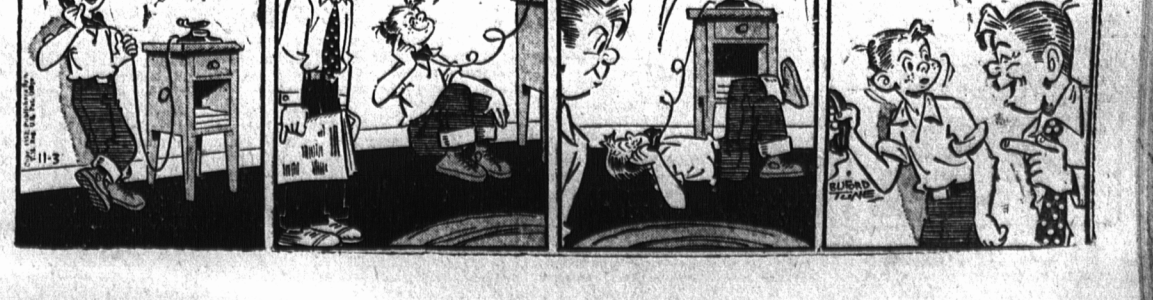
POGO

By Walt Kelly



DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Ruford



HENRY

By Carl Anderson



KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Al Capp



L'L ABNER

By Al Capp



PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen

