

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE APARTMENT TREE

Most fortunate and blessed is he
Who with all neighbors can agree.
—Old Mother Nature.

Over in the Green Forest was a tall dead tree. It had been dead a long time, so long that most of the limbs had been broken off and most of the bark had fallen from the trunk. There were many holes in that tree. Some had been there so long that no one could remember when they were made. Of course they were the work of the Woodpecker folk. One of them and perhaps more had been made by Downy Woodpecker. His cousin Hairy had made others. These were a little bigger, but not much. You know Hairy is a little bigger than his cousin.

That tree had been used year after year by the Woodpecker folk. It was the kind of a tree they loved to cut holes in. The wood wasn't too hard, nor yet too soft; the tree was dead but not decayed. So year after year new homes had been cut in it, for the Woodpeckers prefer an old home to a new one. Thus that tree had become what we might call an apartment tree.

These apartments had been used by other folk from time to time. Skimmer the Tree Swallow and his pretty mate had lived there. You know they have very small bills, and cannot cut out holes in a tree for themselves. Tommy Tit the Chickadee and Mrs. Tommy had lived there. They liked best the houses that Downy had made, because these had the smallest doorways. Halfway up the tree was a big hole. Mrs. Yellowwing the Flicker, with the help of Yellowwing, had cut that



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one, and in it had raised a big family. The next year Spooky the Screech Owl had taken possession of it. One year some apartments had been empty of feathered tenants. That year Chatterer the Red Squirrel had used two apartments as storerooms for his winter supply of acorns and nuts.

Peter Rabbit knew all about that apartment tree, or thought he did. He often passed it when he was visiting in the Green Forest.

He almost always looked up at it to see if any one was looking out. This winter he had seen no one looking out of any of those doorways. One morning when he had overstayed in the Green Forest and didn't dare go home across the Green Meadows to the dear Old Bear-jatch in broad daylight, he had seen Killy the Sparrow Hawk sitting on the very top of that apartment tree. It hadn't occurred to him that Killy might be living there. He had decided that the old tree was no longer used by anybody except to perch on occasionally.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluvertson

A MATTER OF CARD-PLACING

The shutout bid made by West in the following deal would have been all an expert declarer needed for correct card-placing.

West dealer.
Neither side vulnerable.

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

♠ 7 4 3
 ♥ K 8
 ♦ 6
 ♣ A Q J 10 7 6 4

The bidding:
 West North East South
 4 Pass 7 Pass 6 Pass
 Pass Pass Pass Pass

West said later that he had almost sacrificed with a bid of seven diamonds, but he had felt there might be a chance to beat the seven-club contract, and so he was not resigned to taking a huge set.

When it came to choosing the opening lead, West decided that a club lead was hopeless and so (not too wisely) elected to open his singleton spade. South had a pretty good idea that it was a singleton, but he didn't know.

One moonlight night Peter had watched Timmy the Flying Squirrel and a lot of his relatives and neighbors having a wonderful time, gliding this way and that way from the top of the tallest trees on one side of a big opening among them to tree on the other side. They were frolicking and having a wonderful time and it was fun to watch them. Once Hooley the Owl came that way, and all the merry little folk disappeared. When he was out of sight all were back again. But

what to do about it. He has off six of his seven trumps, discarding two diamonds and a heart from dummy, but then he could see no hope other than the heart finesse. East joyfully smothered the heart jack with the queen, and that was that.

It is only fair to admit that South did not have an easy problem, but in the knowledge that West had a great many diamonds along with the two clubs he had shown, South should have figured that the major suits were divided just about as they were. That being so, success could be gained as follows:

South draws trumps, cashes the diamond ace, and then runs the rest of his trumps, keeping the blank spade king and the A-J-8 of hearts in dummy. East is squeezed. If he blanks his spade queen, South leads to the king, returns to the heart king and cashes the spade seven; if East keeps less than three hearts, South runs the heart suit.

All good things must come to an end just as must all bad things. Enough is enough. So that playtime ended as unexpectedly as it had begun. One moment the air was full of merry little Squirrels gliding in all directions; the next moment not a Squirrel was to be seen anywhere.

Peter waited and waited, but his waiting was in vain. You see, for the time being, Timmy and his friends had had enough of playing. Finally Peter gave up, deciding that those Squirrels were not coming back. He went on his way in the moonlight to look for his cousin, Jumper the Hare. He wondered where all those Squirrels lived and if they had all gone home, but he hadn't the least idea where to look for them.

By and by he came to the apartment tree. It stood out by itself in the moonlight. Peter paused at the foot of it undecided which way to go. "Perhaps cousin Jumper will hear me if I thud," thought Peter, and did that. Almost at once a little gray face appeared in almost every one of the doorways in the old apartment tree. Peter didn't see them. Presently he went on his way, still wondering where Timmy and his friends lived.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

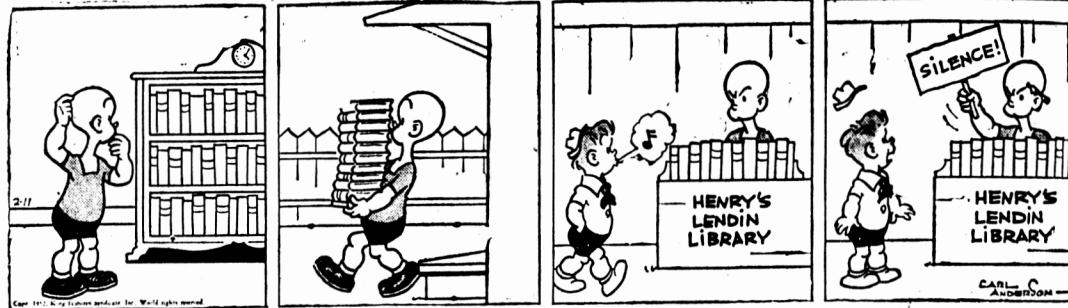


JOE PALOOKA



By Ham Fisher

HENRY



By Carl Anderson

DOTTY DIPPLE



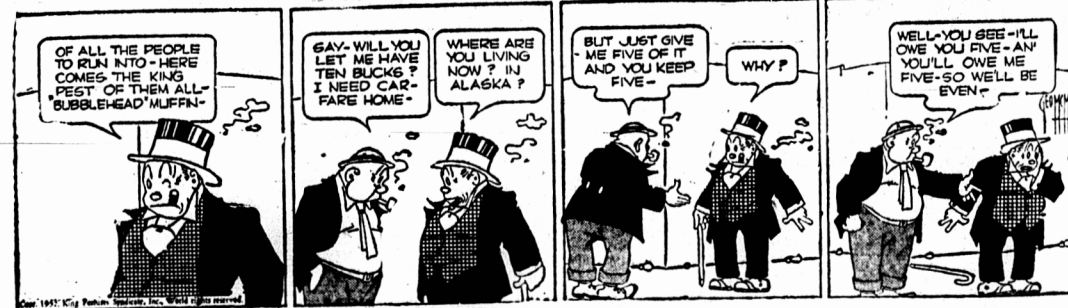
By Ruford

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



By Edwin

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

TILLY THE TOILER



By Bob Gustafson

PENNY



By Harry Heenigen

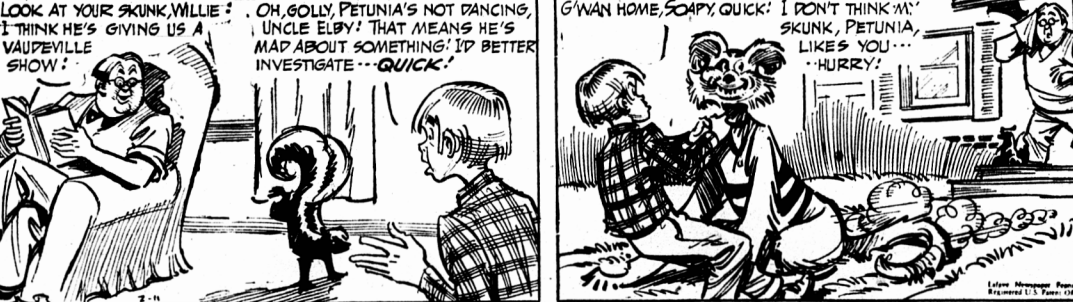
THE ADVENTURES OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE

HOW TO BE A SOCIAL SUCCESS



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



POGO



By Walt Kelly

LIL ABNER

By Al Capp



RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond

