By Thornton W. Burgess

WEE MITE LEARNED

All the knowledge you have gained
Useless is unless retained.
—Old Mother Nature.

Learning things, then forgetting what you have learned, is a great waste of time. It does no one any good. Wisdom is the key to long life and happiness. So only knowledge that leads to wisdom is worth while. Mother Nature's children of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, and all the other places where they may be found, waste very little time learning things they will forget. They have time only for gaining knowledge which they can and will use. You see, all the time their very lives depend on this kind of knowledge. A single moment of forgetfulness may cost a life.

Wee Mite, three-weeks old son of Danny and Nanny Meadowmouse, was out in the Great World trying to find a place for himself. Do you think that is rather young to be starting out in the Great World? Most Meadowmouse babies have to leave home as early as this. It means that they must learn fast, very fast indeed, in order to live. And they must learn only those things which they can make use of. Wee Mite had just learned what fear is. He had just had his first fright. In fact, he wasn't over it yet. He had heard squeaks of fright on all sides, and he had had just a glimpse of Shadow the Weasel, of whom all Mice, big and little, are in terror.

Wee Mite was lucky without knowing it. He was in a short unused little path, cut long ago by some other Meadowmouse. Shadow the Weasel had run past it without even noticing him. He was hunting Mice along the paths that were in daily use. Wee Mite had run back and crawled into an old deserted Mouse home at the end of that short little path. He had been there only a few minutes when he heard someone running along that short path toward his tumbled-down shelter. He held his breath. He was still holding it when someone crawled in beside him. It was another Meadowmouse, a full grown Mouse, but as frightened a Mouse as Wee Mite himself.

Wee Mite's visitor was out of breath from running. His heart was going pitter-pat, pitter-pat. Gradually he breathed easier. At long last, Wee Mite ventured a question.

"Who was it?" he ventured in a very small voice.

The big Mouse turned and looked at Wee Mite. "Did you see him?" he asked.

The small Mouse nodded. "Yes," said he, "I saw him."

"Then hope that you may never see him again," said his visitor.

"Why?" asked Wee Mite.

"Because that was Shadow the Weasel, and few Mice who see that fellow live to tell it. We Mice have many enemies; Shadow the Weasel is the worst of them all," explained his visitor.

"Where do you suppose he is now?" asked Wee Mite.

The big Mouse shivered. "I wish I knew," said he. "He may have gone off, and be a long way from here now, but I doubt it. He seldom leaves a Mouse neighborhood until he has killed all he can find. The trouble is that there is nowhere we can go that he cannot follow. Most of our enemies hunt us just for food; that isn't so bad. This fellow hunts and kills just for fun. After he has killed a lot of us, and has eaten his fill, as likely as not he will curl up in one of our nests and take a nap. When he wakes up, he'll start in hunting and killing again. I wish I knew where he is right now. If I did, I would know what to do."

"What would you do," asked Wee Mite.

"I would get as far away from this neighborhood as my legs could take me," replied the visitor.

"As we don't know where he is, I guess the best thing we can do is to stay right where we are," ventured the small Mouse in his small squeaky voice.

"Sh-h-h, not so loud," whispered the other Mouse. He shivered.

Wee Mite shivered too.

NOTICE

The Annual Meeting of the Milk Vendors Association, will be held upstairs, in the Main Office at The Experimental Farm, on Tuesday, November 18th at 8:30. Members please be on time. A full attendance is requested.

PERCY G. GAY,
Secretary.

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PHONE KENSINGTON 59 — Days

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

NOT FOR EXPERTS

Experts will not be interested in the following deal, but it points up an all-too-common mistake of casual bridge players.

South dealer.
Neither side vulnerable.

North: ♠ Q 10 6 ♥ 4 2 ♦ 7 5 3 2 ♣ Q J 5 4
West: ♠ 9 8 5 4 ♥ A J 9 8 ♦ 10 6 ♣ 10 7 6
East: ♠ 7 3 2 ♥ K 10 6 ♦ J 9 8 4 ♣ K 3 2
South: ♠ A K J ♥ Q 7 5 3 ♦ A K Q ♣ A 9 8

The bidding:

South	West	North	East
2 N T	Pass	3 N T	Pass
Pass	Pass		

It was South's misfortune that his heart holding contained no stopper and that, on a (questionable) heart lead by West, the defenders ran off the first four tricks.

Declarer discarded a spade and a club from the board, and East discarded a spade. West then exited safely in spades. Declarer won with the ace and tested the diamond break by cashing the A-K-Q, but nothing good happened there, so he led his spade jack to dummy's queen and played the club queen through East

East was an obliging defender. Mumbling the Old Wives' Tale: "Cover an honor with an honor," he covered the queen with the king. South won and now finessed the club nine through West — and the battle was over. Three notrump bid and made.

East's cover of the club queen was very bad bridge — he should have waited to cover the second honor. From the point of view of the inexperienced player there does not seem to be much difference, whether the king is played on the first or on the second honor led — but there is an enormous difference! Observe that when East covers the first honor, South can win and now has West's ten-spot in direct jeopardy of the finesse, but if the queen is not covered, South cannot then avoid the loss of a club trick by any method of play. If he next plays low from dummy, East of course also plays low, and South must put up the ace or lose to the ten; if the second honor is led from dummy, East covers and establishes his partner's ten.

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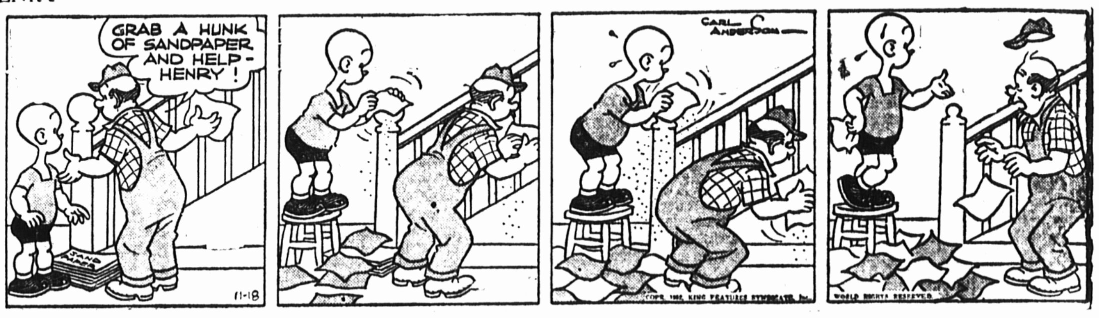
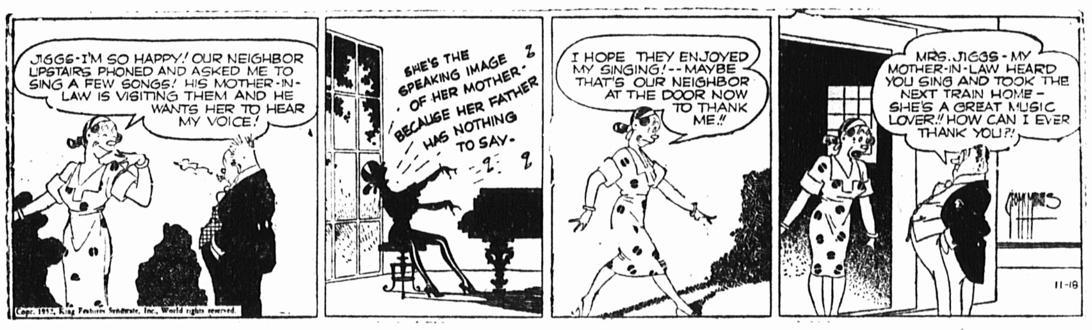
LI'L ABNER — By Al Capp

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS — By Edwina

HENRY — By Carl Anderson

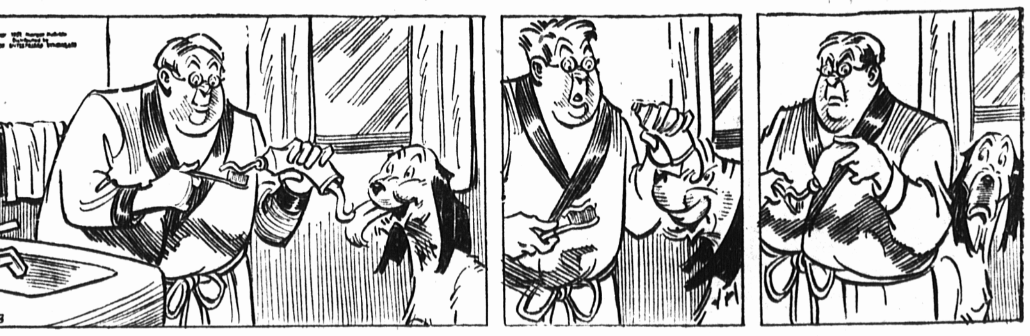


BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus

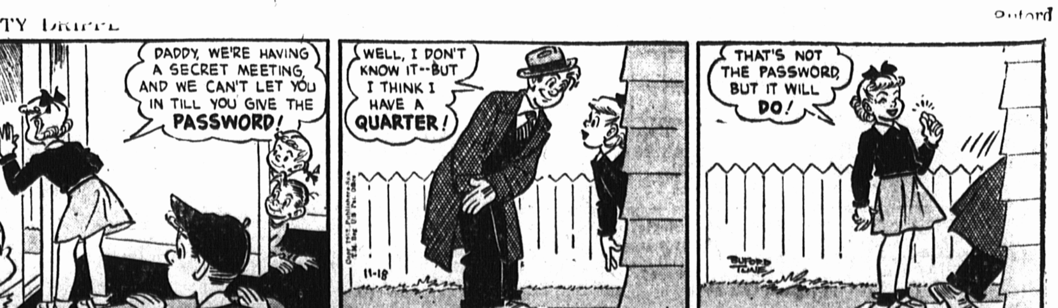


TILLY THE TOILER — By Bob Gustafson

Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride



DOTTY DRIPPLE — Buford



PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen

POGO — By Walt Kelly

RIP KIRBY — By Alex Raymond

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

JOE PALOOKA — By Ham Fisher