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DANCE TONIGHT
Sunnyside Ballroom
Eastern Rhythm Boys
ADMISSION 35c

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

Of what you state be sure you know
Lest others prove it isn't so.
—Old Mother Nature.



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

There is one thing everybody finds out sooner or later and this is how easily one may be mistaken. So, wisdom is slow in making positive statements. Too often things are not what they seem to be and the false is easier to believe than the truth.

"When I was over in the Green Forest last night I heard some one singing in the dark," announced Peter Rabbit to Mrs. Peter as they sat together in the dear Old Briar-patch.

"Pooh!" said Mrs. Peter. "I did so," retorted Peter sharply. "Pooh!" repeated Mrs. Peter. "You've been dreaming."

"I was not dreaming. I tell you some one was singing over there. I heard them as plainly as I can hear you. There is nothing that was singing over there last night," declared Peter crossly. No one does. "What was it?" asked Mrs. Peter. Peter hesitated, then confessed that he didn't know. "I didn't see them; just heard them," said he. "Didn't you try to find the singer?" asked Mrs. Peter. "Of course I did," replied Peter indignantly. "I looked and looked, but it was dark and no one can

see far in the dark. Besides" — He stopped.

"Besides what?" Mrs. Peter wanted to know.

"I couldn't tell just where that song was coming from. It wasn't loud and it was hard to place. Sometimes it seemed to come from one place and then from some other place. I couldn't be sure just where it did come from," explained Peter.

"Did it come from up in a tree? Perhaps that is why you couldn't see the singer," suggested Mrs. Peter.

Peter shook his head. "Whoever was singing was on the ground, or near it," said he.

"I still think you were dreaming," Mrs. Peter declared.

"I was not, so don't say that again," snapped Peter. He was getting really cross. "I guess I know when I am awake and when I've been dreaming. I tell you I heard someone singing, so don't try to make out I didn't."

"Listen, Peter Rabbit," Mrs. Peter was losing patience and she spoke sharply, too. "You know very well that none of our friends are back from the Sunny South yet. The only ones who come early who might sing in the dark would be Longbill the Woodcock, and I'm sure he isn't back. Any way, you would know his song according to what you have told me in the past."

"I would," declared Peter. "It wasn't Longbill. The song wasn't anything like his. Besides, he sings up in the sky, not on the ground. As you said, none of our feathered friends are back from the Sunny South yet."

"So," said Mrs. Peter, just as if Peter hadn't interrupted, "with nobody to sing you couldn't have heard any singing. And that's that!"

"I tell you I did, so stop saying I didn't," cried Peter angrily. He doesn't often lose his temper, but he was losing it now.

"Did anybody else hear it?" asked Mrs. Peter.

"I don't know. Nobody else was around there while I was there but Whitefoot, the Wood Mouse," replied Peter.

"Did Whitefoot hear it?" asked Mrs. Peter.

"How should I know? I didn't ask him," replied Peter shortly. "It is too bad you didn't. He probably would have told you you were dreaming," said Mrs. Peter sweetly.

Peter made no reply. He was beginning to wonder if Mrs. Peter was right, that he had been dreaming. Yet he was positive he hadn't. It was perplexing, very perplexing. Peter doesn't like being perplexed. Do you?

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

- Dull
- Braid ornament on dress
- Ferocious stone
- River (Fr.)
- Young sheep
- Impede
- Hail!
- A fortified place
- Storm-god (Babyl.)
- Fireplace shelves
- Foot-like part
- Owned
- A cry used in golf
- Kind of evergreen material
- Below (naut.)
- River in Chile
- Soak flax
- Forest warden
- King of Bashan (Bib.)
- Cover with cement
- A wire measure
- Age
- Capably
- Town (Alaska)
- S-shaped molding
- Rip
- Foot

DOWN

- River (Eur.)
- First stomach of ruminants
- Warp-yarn
- At hand
- Exhibitions
- A dwarf plant or person
- Strange
- Queer
- Old fellows (slang)
- Escape (slang)

12. Place where cargo is stored

13. Tricks (naut.)

15. Terror

18. Melt

19. Blue grass

21. Billiard stroke

23. Richly ornamental

24. Speck

25. Departed

27. Digit

28. Turkish title

30. Live coal

31. Vexed

32. Cunning

34. Cougar

37. Digit

38. Turkish title

40. Gulf (Sib.)

Saturday's Answer

2-28

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it!
AXYDLBAAX
is LONGFELLOW

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation
NLG RUVM NLKN RKMVGC, NLG RGGMC RUVM-CLKDGV, NLGG EG-
IKUV—CRUVWBEVG.

Saturday's Cryptogram: BRAVE HEARTS AND CLEAN AND YET—GOD GUIDE THEM—YOUNG!—TENNYSON,
Distributed by King Features Syndicate, Inc.

South dealer
Neither side vulnerable.

8 8643
KJ54
AJ76

10 952
A 872
K 1054

AKQ6
QJ1092
Q93

The bidding:
South West North East
1 Pass 1NT Pass
2 Pass 4♥ Pass
Pass Pass

ASPIRIN RELIEVES ACES & PAINS OF COLDS SORE THROAT

LOWEST PRICES
12 tablets 10c
24 tablets 20c
100 tablets 75c

GENUINE ASPIRIN IS MARKED THIS WAY

By AL CAPP

CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Josephine Culbertson

SELF-PROTECTION NEEDED

Today's declarer neglected to take steps against impending doom

THE FAIR PRISONER OF 199 CENTRAL AVENUE, N.Y. CITY—

By Alex Raymond

MR. VAN LUMP—WE'VE LOCATED THE YOUNG LADY SHE'S AT 199 CENTRAL AVENUE!

MY CAR!! EVERY MINUTE COUNTS!! URR!!

EVERY MINUTE COUNTS!! HUH MAN?

EVERY MINUTE COUNTS!! HUH MAN?

THE FAIR PRISONER OF 199 CENTRAL AVENUE, N.Y. CITY—

By Alex Raymond

OH, NO! SANCHEZ IS A FRIEND OF MINE... HE SEEMS UPSET... BUT LET HIM STAY...

YOU, BEAUMONT! I HAVE SOMETHING TO SAY TO YOU! COME OUTSIDE!

NOBODY INVITED YOU HERE, SANCHO. THIS IS A PRIVATE PARTY! IF YOU HAVE ANYTHING TO SAY TO ME, SAY IT NOW AND GET OUT!

VERY WELL, AND SNEAKING LITTLE COXCOMBS! THIS IS WHAT I HAVE TO SAY... KEEP AWAY FROM NANETTE!

CONTRACT BRIDGE

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KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Ham Fisher

LEAVING IN THE WRECKAGE OF HIS SLED, KING AND TEDDY DASH TOWARD THE COUCHLIGHTS OF THE VIGIL-LANTIES WHO ARE ABOUT TO FORCE THEIR BRAND OF JUSTICE ON AN INNOCENT MAN!

WE'LL BE RIGHT BACK FOR YOU!

IF KING CATCHES SQUINT EYE'S, THOSE HUNTERS WILL LEARN THAT I'M BEHIND THIS!

I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN!

BANG!

JOE PALOOKA

By Zane Grey

GRIMES CHARGED PALOOKA AS THE CHAMP REELED BACKWARDS TO THE ROPES...

THE ENGLISHMAN KEEPS BATTERING WITH RIGHTS AND LEFTS AND JOE TRIES TO WARD OFF THE SAVAGE ATTACK...

GRIMES MISSED A LEFT HOOK AND PALOOKA SLID OUT OF THE TIGHT CORNER... JOE'S EYE LOOKS VERY BAD... THE REFEREE HOLDS GRIMES BACK AS HE EXAMINES JOE'S EYE...

LET 'EM FIGHT!

BEAT IT!

DUTTY DRIPPLE

By Buford

MM—HORACE WOULD BE ON THAT COUCH 24 HOURS A DAY IF I'D LET HIM!

THIS SHOULD AROUSE HIM!

CLANG! CLANG! CLANG!

GOLLY! SOUNDS LIKE A 3-ALARM FIRE!!

Z-Z-Z

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

AREN'T YOU GOING OVER TO SEE MRS. MARIAM ANSWER?

YES—I'LL CALL HER UP NOW—HELLO—MY DEAR—I'M COMING OVER— I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING—YES—IT'S IN REGARD TO MRS. RAY ZORBLADE.

UH—HUH—WELL—I TOLD HER IF SHE INVITED MISS TRAINS I WOULDN'T GO—YES—SHE'S A FRIEND OF THAT ANGRILLY CONCERNED MRS. PHYLLIS WIDALE—OF COURSE—YOU UNDERSTAND?

AND FAR BE IT FOR ME TO SAY ANYTHING—BUT AS I WAS SAYING—SHE LEFT HER HUSBAND—WHAT HE EVER SAW IN HER—SHE'S VERY CATTY— DON'T YOU THINK?

I'M GOING OVER TO MARIAM ANSWER'S HOUSE—I WANT TO TELL HER A FEW THINGS—

THREE HOURS LATER

HENRY

By Carl Anderson

MY HAT!

CARL ANDERSON

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBB

By Edwin

I'VE GOT TO HURRY AN' HELP UNCLE BUSBY MOVE INTO TH' ROOMS OVER TH' STORE—

MERCY! CAN'T SAMMY HELP HIM?

HE'S SAMMY'S UNCLE—NOT YOURS!

AW, SAMMY'S TOO DELICATE.

YOU'LL FIND MR. BUSBY IN THE GUEST ROOM UPSTAIRS—

MY MOTHER'S AWFUL GLAD HE'S GOING!! SHE SAYS HE'S VISITED US LONG 'NUFF!

TILLIE THE TOILER

By Westover

YOU'LL STAY AND SHOW YOU CAN RUN THIS FIRM IN SPITE OF ME, EH? WELL, THAT'S MY EXIT CUE!

SIMPKINS AND CO? WE SAID WE'D RECOVERED YOUR \$15000 WELL, WE HAVE

ALL BUT \$74,968!

PENNY

By Harry Hoelgen

WOMEN ARE FOOLS TO THINK THAT IT'S ROMANTIC TO HAVE MEN FIGHT OVER THEM, AUNT ELLEN— (IT ISN'T?)

IT'S GHASTLY! SINCE ELWOOD AND DODIE QUARRELED OVER ME, THEY'RE NOT SPEAKING TO EACH OTHER—

SO EACH ONE THINKS THE OTHER IS DATING ME....

AND I HAVEN'T BEEN OUT FOR A WEEK.