

**DANCE**  
Sunnyside Ballroom  
Every Monday, Wednesday,  
Friday and Saturday  
Eastern Rhythm Boys  
ADMISSION—35c  
Meet your friends there  
tonight

**STOPS HEADACHE FAST**  
**ASPIRIN**  
12 tablets . . . 50c  
24 tablets . . . 90c  
100 tablets . . . 70c

**BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES**

(By Thornton W. Burgess)  
At least he knows his footing's sound, who keeps his feet upon the ground.  
—Buster Bear.



Buster Bear was up in a tree. He didn't want to be up in a tree, but he was glad he was. Each time he looked down on Flatthorns the Moose at the foot of that tree he was a little more glad. He had thought himself big. He was big. But Flatthorns was bigger, oh, very much bigger. And he stood on such long legs that he looked to be bigger than he really was. Buster was glad he could climb a tree and Flatthorns couldn't. Yes sir, he was very glad. He was a scared Bear when he had climbed that tree just in time. He wasn't afraid of there in the tree, but he was afraid to go down on the ground as long as Flatthorns was in the neighborhood, and Flatthorns showed no sign of leaving. He had Buster treed and it looked very much as if he intended to keep him treed, for some time anyway. Buster remembered how he had done that once before, a long time ago. "Come down and fight!" grunted Flatthorns. "I don't want to fight," whined

With the good earth once more under his feet, he left in a hurry

Buster Bear. "You boasted that everybody in the Green Forest is afraid of you and that you are not afraid of anyone. Now come down and prove it," snorted Flatthorns. "I didn't mean you. Of course I didn't. You know I didn't. You know I wouldn't be so foolish as to say you are afraid of me. I meant everybody but you," whined Buster.

"Then why didn't you say so! And even that wasn't true. You've got big paws and big claws, not to mention big teeth, and you know how to use them. All I've got are hoofs and antlers. Come down here and let's see if your paws and claws and teeth are as good as my hoofs and antlers." Flatthorns grunted. He scraped some bark from the trunk of the tree with those antlers; horns most folk call them, although they are not true horns. The sound of them against the tree was most unpleasant. It gave Buster a most uncomfortable, shivery sort of feeling.

**Contract Bridge**

By Josephine Culbertson

**FAVOR FOR FAVOR**

The fate of the game contract in today's deal hung on the first trick. Declarer could have protected himself, but didn't, then East could have taken advantage of the situation—but didn't!

South dealer.  
Both sides vulnerable.

A 5	7 8 9 8 7 4	Q 9 8 3 2
K J 8 5 4	10 9 7 3	A 10 4
Q 9 7 3	2	A 3 2
5	W E	10 5 2
K J 6	S	K 10 7
		K 8 5
		K Q 6
		A Q 8 4

The bidding:  
South West North East  
1 NT Pass 2 Pass  
3 NT Pass Pass

South's three-trump bid was extremely optimistic, especially since North's takeout to two diamonds had been a weak response. West opened the heart three. Dummy played low. East put up the ace and returned the heart ten. Declarer correctly held up the king. West won with the queen, and hoping to regain the lead in clubs, led a third round of hearts to remove South's stopper. Now, since there was obviously no chance for nine tricks except by establishing diamonds, declarer laid down the king. East held up the ace, but it was soon driven out by South's continued diamond leads. When East returned a club, declarer naturally declined the finesse, he won with two spade tricks for his contract. There were two errors in this deal. East should have realized that South probably had the heart king and would hold it up; therefore East should have made that hold-up appear very dangerous by putting in the heart ten instead of the ace! This would have virtually forced South to his king on the first round—or run the great risk of taking no trick in the suit. Remarkably enough, however, South could have countered this defense on East's part, even before it happened, by putting dummy's heart jack on the first trick! Then East could not profitably refuse to play his ace.

"We haven't any quarrel, anything to fight over," Buster whined. "Then we'll fight just to see who is the best fighter, which one in all the Green Forest can go and come as he pleases, afraid of no one," snorted Flatthorns. "You are the best," cried Buster hastily. "Everybody knows that. Aren't you called the Mighty One? That is nothing to fight over." "But I want to fight!" snorted Flatthorns. He straddled a young tree, bent it over with his great weight and beat it to pieces with his antlers, swinging them from side to side as easily as if they were feathers, although they really were so heavy that you or I would have found them heavy to lift easily, to say nothing of swinging them.

Buster looked at them and at the long-pointed hoofs of Flatthorns with which he could strike a terrible cutting blow. He hitched a bit higher in the tree. He would stay right up in that tree until he was sure that the Mighty One was no longer about. At long last Flatthorns disappeared. Big as he was he moved through the woods without making a sound. Buster waited until he was sure Flatthorns really had gone away. Buster has good ears and he knows how to use them. He heard nothing. It was very still. Blowsy the Crow and Sammy Jay and others who had seen him driven up that tree had grown tired of waiting to see what would happen when he came down and had left. Buster inched down slowly and carefully. He had just reached the ground when Flatthorns dashed out of a thicket and sent him scrambling back up that tree. Three times this happened. Buster wasn't comfortable up there for so long. He grew more and more uncomfortable. He wondered if Flatthorns ever would let him down. From far away on the side of the Great Mountain another Moose grunted. The instant Flatthorns heard it he went crashing away in that direction. Buster hastily backed down part way, then dropped to the ground. How good it felt! With the good earth once more under his feet he left in a hurry.

**King of The Royal Mounted**

AS KING SLEEPS, TIRIED OUT FROM HIS LONG DAYS RIDE, HIS HOOD STEPS QUIETLY FROM THE HOUSE AND INTO THE NEIGHBOR'S GOOD SHED?

KING KNOWS THE TRAMP WHO OLD FLINTY FEEL THOUGHT USED THIS AX.

IT WOULD BE A LOGICAL WEAPON FOR HIM—NO ONE KNOWS THAT I HAVE SEEN FLINTY HIDE HIS GOLD IN THE HEARTH.

OH! OH! IT'S YOU, DOC WHITE—WHAT-ER-DO YOU WANT HERE?

SHUT UP YOU OLD COOT!

**JOE PALOOKA**

GOT NEWS-YER? WE'RE SIGNED TO MATCH WITH FREDDIE RUSSELL, I JUST MADE 'EM DEAL.

SUITS ME FINE, KNOBBY. HE RATES A SHOT AT THE TITLE. I CAN'T THINK OF ANYBODY IN THE HEAVY-WEIGHT RANKS HE HAVN'T BEATEN.

HEY, KNOBBY, WHAT HAPPENED? DID YOU MAKE A DEAL?

SHOULD BE FREDDIE RUSSELL. HE DESERVES THE TITLE SHOT.

HELLO, FELLAS.

MAKE THE LEAD—FREDDIE RUSSELL TO FIGHT CRAMP FOR TITLE.

YEAH... IT'LL BE A GREAT SHOW. RUSSELL IS RUGGED AND SMART. FL UP JOE'S MARRIAGE... HIS LONG ABSENCE FROM THE RING, ETC., ETC...

**HENRY**

OH, WILLBERT—WILL YOU RUN DOWN TO THE STORE AND GET SOMETHING FOR YOUR UNCLE HOOPER'S BREAKFAST?

GET A NUT ROLL!

YES, SIR!

THEY DIDN'T HAVE ANY NUT ROLLS, SO I GOT A BAG OF PEANUTS!

**DOTTY DRIPPLE**

IS TIPPIE HERE?? OF COURSE TIPPIE'S HERE! WHERE ELSE WOULD HE BE?? NOW YOU TAKE HIM AWAY!!

CAP STUBBS!

MILT—GO GET THOSE CHILDREN! IT'S A SHAME—POOR MILLIE—TRYIN' TO ENTERTAIN MR. SPIKE.

NICE TO SEE YOU, SPIKE! COME ON, CAP—UH—I WANT YOU TO HELP ME—CHECK ON TH' FURNACE.

FURNACE? WHAT KIND DO YOU HAVE? 'BUMBLE BURNER!

**FIPPY AND "CAP" STUBBI**

I DON'T KNOW WHO'D COME OVER JIGGS, BUT HE ACTS LIKE A MAD LION—HE ACTUALLY AROUSE HIM!!

OH—JIGGS!!

I MUST TAKE A SWIG OF MY UPPEN-ATOMY MIRACLE MEDICINE!

WELL—WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SPEAK UP? I HAVEN'T ALL DAY TO LISTEN TO YOU!!

**BRINGING UP FATHER**

OH—YES—MAGGIE—JUST A MINUTE?

I MUST TAKE A SWIG OF MY UPPEN-ATOMY MIRACLE MEDICINE!

WELL—WHAT DO YOU WANT TO SPEAK UP? I HAVEN'T ALL DAY TO LISTEN TO YOU!!

**TILLIE THE TOILET**

GOODNESS, TILLIE, THE SPIRIT OF NOISONNE THE GREAT DESIGNER IS DRAWING A DRESS DESIGN FOR ME.

I HOPE IT WILL PLEASE YOU, MRS. BLOMP.

I'M PLEASED WITH THE DESIGN SO FAR.

BUT I'M CERTAINLY NOT PLEASED WITH NOISONNE FOR TAKING SO LONG TO DRAW IT.

**PENNY**

THIS IS MY DAUGHTER, PENNY, CAPTAIN ROAMER.

HELLO.

HOW DO YOU DO?

MOTHER SAYS YOU'RE AN EXPLORER.

YES, I AM.

IN FACT, I JUST GOT BACK FROM THE ARCTIC CIRCLE.

THE ARCTIC CIRCLE! HEAVENS, I'LL GET YOU A HOT DRINK!

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**QUICKIES BY KEN REYNOLDS**

"Hm-m-m-m! A Harp — I didn't think this gun I got with a Guardian Want Ad would shoot that far!"

**L'L ABNER**

A FOUR-STATE ALARM IS OUT FOR THE MISSING VALERIE STONE...

ON THE ROAD FROM THE BURN RIP KIRBY HUNTS...

ON THE ROAD FROM THE NORTH, JOE SOWDY AND MISS FITZGELL HUNT...

FOR A BIG RED TRUCK.

HERE'S WHERE WE GET OUR GIRL! HAMBURGERS AN' COFFEE!

**RIP KIRBY**

SINGLES—I KNOW WHAT THE OLD DOLL REALLY MEANT, ABOUT GIVING EM ANY FREE—WHEN THE PUBLIC DOES GRABBY OVER 'EM, WE'LL SOAK 'EM!—OH, BABY—SHE'S BRILLIANT!

DON'T FIGHT WITH YOUR NEIGHBOR REACH FOR A KICKY BEER OF A

start the day right... Kick a Kigmy... Kick a Kigmy... avoid a fight

Kick a Kigmy... the KICK THAT REFRESHES!

**BY Alex Kayman**

**BY AL CAPP**

**by Zane Grey**

**By Hem Fish**

**By Carl Anderson**

**By Buford**

**By Edw. n.**

**By George McManus**

**By West**

**By Harry Hoenigsen**