



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

MORE ALONE THAN EVER

The loneliest place you will ever see. Sometimes in the midst of a crowd can be. —Old Mother Nature.

The Black Shadows had crept out to the middle of the Big River.

One by one the stars began to twinkle forth. By and by Mistress Moon would drive the Black Shadows back to the shore. Floating down the middle of the Big River was an old box. Since it first started many miles above where it now was, it had been a sort of raft and had carried several passengers. It had one now. It was



"What are you doing here?" he squeaked.

Hooty the Great Horned Owl, largest of the Owl family. He was sitting very straight, his great, fierce, yellow eyes fixed on the water as he turned his head from side to side. Now and then he turned his head so quickly, that he could look right behind over his back. Hooty was beginning to be puzzled. What had become of that Muskrat who had dived of that box just in time to cheat him of a good dinner?

Hooty knew that a Muskrat could not stay under water for long. He would have to come up for air. He knew, too, that the shore was too far away for that Muskrat to swim to it under water. The current in which that box was floating began slowly to swing toward shore. Of course it carried the box with it. It had almost reached the shore, when Hooty gave up his watch, spread his big wings and silently flew away, still puzzling over what had become of that Muskrat. He felt cheated. Yes, sir, he felt cheated out of a good dinner. All the time Jerry Muskrat had been only a few inches from those great, cruel claws of Hooty's. He had been swimming under that box. He had been smart enough when he dived to escape Hooty and to realize that under that box he would be safe. You see, it was floating enough out of water for it to have an air space under it.

Somehow Jerry knew that he was near the bank. He swam under water until he came to where some bulrushes were growing out in the water. Then he knew he was safe from Hooty. He was at the mouth of a small brook, and around it grew cattails. Jerry was hungry. In fact he was so hungry that he could think of nothing else but filling his stomach. Now, there is nothing he likes better than cattails. He cut one down, and carried it to the shore. There he ate it. With every mouthful he felt better. He cut another and ate it. While he was eating this one, another Muskrat came along. He was big, strong, and cross.

"What are you doing here?" he squeaked, and made a sudden rush at Jerry. He showed all his long yellow teeth. Now, Jerry didn't feel like fight-

Contract Bridge
By Josephine Culbertson

A BAD HABIT

It was nothing but the deeply ingrained habit which affects most players that caused South to lose his vulnerable slam contract in the following hand.

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

♠ 64
♥ AK95
♦ KJ107
♣ 532

♠ 952
♥ J106
♦ 843
♣ 986

♠ KQJ10
♥ 873
♦ 652
♣ QJ10

♠ A
♥ Q8743
♦ AQ9
♣ AK74

The bidding:
South West North East
1♥ Pass 2♥ 4♠
5♥ Pass 5♥ Pass
6♥ Pass Pass Pass

West opened his partner's suit, spades, and after winning with the blank ace declarer automatically led a low trump. West, no altruist, smoothly followed suit with the deuce, and since declarer was not looking into the opponents' hand, and since he did not expect a 4-0 break, he naturally put up dummy's king. That ended the slam hopes. South could discard one club on dummy's fourth diamond, but he had a sure club loser along with the equally sure trump loser. If there had been no opposing bidding, South might have been forgiven for his first lead of trumps (though it would still be wrong), but under the actual circumstances, South was warned to beware. The preemptive four-spade bid certainly marked East with a great length in one suit, so if either defender had the four missing trumps — the only threat South faced — it obviously figured to be West. Naturally, South could not safely assume a 4-0 trump break, but it was easy for him to find out.

The right first lead of trumps was the queen. If both adversaries followed, the suit was breaking. If only West followed, a second lead would make him split his honors, and after returning to his own hand it would be easy for South to lead a third trump, for a proved finesse against West's remaining 10-x or J-x.

OFF TO KOREA

OSLO — (CP) — Dr. Erik Thoresen, chief surgeon at the Strinda Hospital, has been appointed new head of the Norwegian Hospital in Korea. The hospital has treated about 50,000 cases in the last two years.

Dotty Dripple By Ruford

I WANT FOUR STEAKS THAT THICK—HOW MUCH DO YOU THINK THEY'LL BE?

FRESH MEATS

THAT'S PRETTY THICK, MR. DRIPPLE—TO SAY ABOUT TWELVE DOLLARS—

TWELVE DOLLARS??

WELL, NEVER MIND—BETTER MAKE 'EM ABOUT AS THICK AS MY WALLET!

Tippy and "Cap" Stubbs By Edwin

I'VE BEEN THINKING—WE MIGHT FIND A SECOND-HAND SAXOPHONE.

I'LL BET MR. BUDGE WANTS TO GIVE UNCLE BEN A SAXOPHONE WHEN HE RETIRES. SO'S WE CAN BORROW IT.

NAW—GRAN'MA SAYS IT'S 'CUZ HE DOESN'T LIVE NEAR 'NUFF TO UNCLE BEN TO HEAR HIM PRACTISIN'.

I'M GIVIN' A DOLLAR TOWARD IT—BUT YOU CAN COME TO MY PARTY IF YOU.

—GIVE A QUARTER!—HOW MUCH ARE YOU GIVIN'? (A QUARTER!)

Bringing Up Father By George McManus

SIR—I'VE LOOKED ALL OVER THE HOUSE FOR SOME ROSE—YOU DO GET YOUR SUITCASE CLOSED—YOU'LL MISS YOUR TRAIN.

JUST A MINUTE—GOT AN IDEA!

IT'S ABOUT THE NE PT THAT PLANO TO SOME DECENT PURPOSE AROUND HERE!

Pogo By Walt Kelly

NOW THIS NEXT MAN LIKES 'EM SHOULDER HIGH—SO GIVE IT TO HIM NEAR THE KNEES.

MY COCKSCREW DOUBLE DOWN SHOOT.

YOU'RE CRAZY. HE'LL HIT IT OUT TO FOOT MURDER! CURVE HIM IN ON THE WRISTS.

NO! NO! PITCH HIM OUTSIDE—FAST BALL!

SUNGIDE! PUT IT ACROSS THE STOMACH—AND SLOW.

YOU AIN'T EVEN ON THE TEAM—WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

EVERYTHIN'! I'M THE BATTER!

HEAR ALL SIDES, FELLOW YOU GOTTA BE FAIR.

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Your initial in 10K gold!

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Street.....
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This offer limited to residents of Canada only.

Li'l Abner By Al Capp

HURRY EDUCATED JERES!—YOU GOTTA FIGGER OUT WHETHER YOU'VE GOT TO GET OUR BABY OUTTA THE BRAIN PIPE BEFORE THE WELFARE PEOPLE COME!

TOO LATE!!

OH OBEYS TH' LAW! AH RESPECTS TH' LAW! AH LOVES TH' LAW—NO MATTER HOW MUCH AH HATES IT!!

THIS POOR CHILD!!—IT WILL BE DECENTLY RAISED IN AN ORPHANAGE WITHOUT ANY KNOWLEDGE OF ITS INHUMAN PARENTS!!

Contract Bridge (Continued)

Napoleon and Uncle Elby By Clifford McBride

Rip Kirby By Alex Raymond

BUT CARANDY DIDN'T HUNTER SAY HE CAME HERE AND WASN'T ADMITTED? HE WENT AWAY...

THIS NOTE PROVES HUNTER ASKED TO SEE DENTON AND DENTON USED IT TO TRAP HIS OWN KILLER.

WHO BELIEVES HIM, RIPP? WE'VE SEARCHED EVERY INCH OF THE HOUSE AND THESE SCOUNDRELS FOR THE GUN, IT'S GONE!

IF JURY AGREED THAT HUNTER WENT AWAY WITH THE GUN AND DISPOSED OF IT, SORRY, RIP, YOU'RE OFF THE TRACK, TAKE ME BACK TO TOWN.

ALL RIGHT, I GUESS YOU WIN.

Contract Bridge (Continued)

Tilly The Toiler By Bob Gustafson

IF YOU'RE WAITING FOR MRS. SHIMPINS, BOSS, SHE JUST DROVE UP.

IMPOSSIBLE! I JUST CALLED HER SHE COULDN'T GET HERE THAT FAST!

THAT'S HER, ALL RIGHT, NOW GIBS BACKING INTO A PARKING SPACE.

NO, NO, YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN.

SCRAPE CRUNCH TWINKLE

TELL HER I'LL BE RIGHT DOWN.

King Of The Royal Mounted By Zane Grey

YOU SEE, KING!

BROWN, THESE RECORDS SHOW THAT YOU WERE A CLERK AT A POST SIX HUNDRED MILES EAST OF HERE...

...BUT WE'VE LEARNED THAT YOU HAD A TWO-MONTH LEAVE OF ABSENCE AT THE TIME OF THE DEER MURDERS!

THAT DOESN'T PROVE THAT I WAS HERE!

IT DOES TO ME, I'M SURE I PASSED YOUR 'CORNER' ON THE LITTLE DAVID PORTAGE JUST BEFORE BITTER SPRINGS THE DAY BEFORE THE DEER DIED!

Contract Bridge (Continued)

Henry By Carl Anderson

GENERAL STORE

BOP

Joe Palooka By Ham Fisher

JA SEE KNOBS? HE AIN'T BEEN AT THE HOTEL FOR A COUPLA DAYS.

HE WAS HERE A WHILE AGO. HE'S BEEN DOWN TO ATLANTIC CITY WITH JIM BOWEN.

HE'S IN A VERY DEPRESSED MOOD. HE SAYS HIS DEALS ARE COMPLETELY SHATTERED. HE CAN'T GET OVER DODD NOT SHOWING A LITTLE GRIEF...

I HOP ABOUT 'N PARTIES SHE'S BEEN GIVIN' ME THIS DEPRESSED. I'VE GOT A IDEA... SEE YA LATER.

HEY... WE GOTTA GET 'IM OUTTA THIS DEPRESSED. I GOT A IDEA... SEE YA LATER.

IF I KNOW YOU, THIS CURE OF YOURS WILL BE WORSE FOR HIS HOBBY THAN HIS ILLNESS. TAKE IT EASY, CHUM.

Contract Bridge (Continued)

Penny By Harry Moonigan

DID YOU SHOW YOUR ENGLISH TEACHER THE SPEECH I WROTE, PRINCESS?

OH, YES!

OH, I'M SURE HE LIKED IT VERY MUCH. AHEM—AH—HOW COULD YOU TELL?

HE DIDN'T BELIEVE YOU WROTE IT.