

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

AFTER THE VISIT

On every side, where'er you turn, There's always something you can learn.

—Old Mother Nature.

In an old deserted fallen-in nest that long before had been the home of other mice, Wee Mite, the very young son of Danny and Nanny Meadowmouse, had found shelter. There he had been joined by an older mouse. Together, they were prisoners of fear; of dreadful fear. Shadow the Weasel was in the neighborhood, and so great was their fear of Shadow that they hardly dared to breathe. It is at

ways that way with all mice when they know that Shadow the Weasel is in their neighborhood. It had been a long, long time since Shadow had visited that part of the Green Meadows. And during that time the Meadows mice had increased until their little paths through the grass were too many to count. They had been cut in all directions, and night and day gray-coated little mouse folk were constantly running back and forth along them. Then suddenly, unexpectedly, Shadow the Weasel had appeared. It was through pure chance and good luck that Wee Mite had found the deserted old mouse home, and had crept into it for a nap. That was where he was when Shadow the Weasel appeared in the neighborhood. On all sides, hidden in the grass, were many homes in use. Shadow wasted no time following unobscured old paths or looking into tumbledown old homes. He had raced along the little paths this way and that, sometimes catching a mouse on one of the paths, but more often finding a nest with a frightened family hiding there. It had been a time of terror for the whole mouse neighborhood. It had been the most frightful time most of them had ever known. It was almost impossible to hide from the dreadful little killer, for he was

so small and slender that he could go wherever a mouse could go. And he didn't have to see where a mouse went seeking a hiding place. He has a very good nose, has Shadow, and that nose could follow the scent left by fleeing little feet, no matter where they went. For a long time the big mouse and Wee Mite shivered and shook in their hiding place, and didn't so much as dare poke their small noses outside. When at last they did venture out there was still that dreadful feeling of fear. It was a little different from the feeling that Wee Mite had had in the first place. That had been a feeling that something dreadful was about to happen; now he had the feeling that something dreadful had happened. There was a strange silence. There was no sound of scurrying little feet along the many little paths. There were no squeaky voices. There was only silence, and somehow it was a sort of dreadful kind of silence. Wee Mite kept very close to his new-found friend. Little by little, looking, listening, stopping often, they better to see and hear, they crept out from their shelter along the deserted little path that Shadow the Weasel hadn't even looked at. Now, all the paths were deserted. It was so wherever they went. They found home after home that Shadow the Weasel had visited. No one was in those homes now. No one would come back to those homes. Shadow had killed whole families. They saw dreadful sights, did those two mice, sights they would never forget. As long as he lived Wee Mite would constantly be watching for Shadow the Weasel. As long as he lived he would be filled with dread at the thought of Shadow. Because of this he would be likely to live longer than other young mice of his own age who had never felt the terror of a visit to their neighborhood of the dreadful little hunter, who hunts and kills for fun. "I guess there isn't anybody left," said the big mouse. His squeaky voice shook as he said it. Yes, sir, it was a shaky little squeak. Happily it wasn't quite true. A few had successfully hidden out in the grass, and Shadow had not found them. Perhaps he had not found so many in their homes he

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RHEUMATIC PAIN

GET RELIEF WITH **ASPIRIN**



PRE-CHRISTMAS SPECIAL

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PHONE KENSINGTON — 59

ELLIOTT and WEBSTER

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluvertson

ONE AS BAD AS THE OTHER

It is very difficult to say whether overbidding or underbidding is the more costly habit. In the following case, however, the evidence was all on one side.

West Dealer. North-South vulnerable.

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

The bidding:
West Pass North Pass East Pass South Pass
Dble. 1 ♠ 2 ♠ 1 ♠
Pass 3 ♠ Pass Pass

It didn't matter what lead West selected — South could easily make 12 tricks.

This is not to say that a slam should have been reached by North-South, since any bad luck in trump, or a possible singleton club opening by the enemy, would have beaten the slam, but certainly the partnership should have bid at least game at diamonds!

It was North's fault, exclusively, that the bidding stopped so far short of par. Apparently, North did not think much of his own hand, but if so he should revise his method of evaluation. Particularly considering his original pass, he had a very good hand when his partner opened the bidding with one diamond, and the fact that West doubled that call (more optimistically than soundly) did not in any way reduce North's values.

North's one-heart bid, directly over the takeout double, was wrong to begin with, signifying fear of diamonds. And since North failed to redouble or jump, the heart bid didn't show any great enthusiasm for a high heart contract, either! Surely, having passed, North could afford to redouble.

North's next error was in his method of taking out South's double of two spades. Now, as long as, North certainly might have given jump support for diamonds!

ANY TIME — it's time for **KING COLE TEA**

L'L ABNER

SON! WHAT WERE THEY SCREAMING?

MAH-BOOR-LIL WIFE DONE DROWNED!

SHE W-HERE MAH FAVORITE, AN' ONLY DOTTER-IN-LAW IT!

THAT WHINNIK OLD HAS BORES ME—AH GOTTA GIT AWAY FUM IT ALL, MAMMY DEAR—GOO'BYE.

YO' CAIN'T GO, SON?—YO' IS A BACHELOR AGIN'—AN' SABIE HAWKINS BAY IS COMIN'!

??-L'L ABNER'S A BACHELOR AGIN'!—OH, WHUT A GLORIOUS TRAGEDY THIS HAS BIN!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

WELL, THAT SY-KI-A-TRUST DOCTOR, I'M WORKIN' FOR NOW IS A REAL NICE MAN! AN' SMART—!!

LAND! KES! HE KNOWS ALL 'BOUT WHAT'S WRONG WITH PEOPLE—AN' IT'S A PLENTY—!!

GET OUT OF HERE! CAN'T YOU SEE I'M SCRUBBIN' THIS FLOOR??!

MY!—I SHOULDN'T OF YELLED!—MIGHT GIVE CAP A FRUS-TRAY-SHUN—THAT'S WHAT TH' SY-KI-A-TRUST SAYS! I WHY, EVEN DOGS GET IT—YES, MAAM!!

HENRY

BRINGING UP FATHER

MAGGIE'S BROTHER

MAGGIE'S BROTHER WAS ARRESTED FOR STEALING A HAM FROM MAHOOLEY'S MEAT MARKET! I HOPE THE JUDGE WILL LET ME TALK TO HIM!

YOUR HONOR—I HAD A LONG TALK WITH BIMMY AND I'M CONVINCED IT WAS A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY! HE ASSURES ME HE'S NOT GUILTY!

I HAVE GOOD NEWS, BIMMY! I CONVINCED THE JUDGE YOU'RE INNOCENT—AND HE'S GOING TO LET YOU GO!

THAT'S SWELL—JIGGS!—WILL HE LET ME KEEP THE HAM—TOO?

TILLY THE TOILER

HAS MR. SIMPKINS RE-GAINED CONSCIOUSNESS YET, MAC?

NO! AND WHAT'S WORSE EVERYONE'S TALK TO HIM!

CALLING DOCTOR! MADDUGALL!

I'D BETTER GET OUT OF HERE, FAST!

MISS CARTER WHEN WE FIND THAT BUD, DR. MACDOUGALL, I WANT YOU TO STAY WITH HIM AND GIVE HIM YOUR UNDIVIDED ATTENTION!

YES, DOCTOR!

WHAT! GUESS I'LL STAY AROUND!

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

... AND THIS ONE WILL BE \$25. FOR RE-SHIFTING ABBERT, AND I'LL SEND YOU A BILL FOR THE TROUSERS!

DOTTY DRIPPLE

MY HUSBAND INSISTS A MAN AND WIFE ARE JUST LIKE BUSINESS PARTNERS—

EVERYTHING PERTAINING TO MONEY SHOULD BE IN WRITING, HE SAYS!

SOUNDS FINE—WHO HANDLES THE MONEY FOR MRS. WAGLEY?

OH, I DO! HE TURNS HIS FULL PAY OVER TO ME EVERY WEEK.

BUT HE MAKES ME SIGN A RECEIPT FOR IT!

PENNY

FOR PETE'S SAKE, TURN THAT GOSHAWFUL MUSIC OFF, IT'S BEBOP, FATHER.

DON'T IT MAKE ME RESTLESS, GIVES ME THE JITTERS, IT WORRIES ME.

A LITTLE TUNE WHAT SHOULDN'T WORRY YOU.

I'M BEGINNING TO LIKE THE MATERIAL STUFF!

POGO

I'VE BEEN GOIN' OVER MY PAST, POGO, AN' UP TO NOW I'VE NEVER DOUBTED I WAS MA.

THERE'S THE FELLER WHAT LOOKS LIKE YOU, SEEMS IF HE'S A PULLIN' OUT.

WELL, THIS IS A MIGHTY DECENT GESTURE.

RIGHT! HERE'S A BAG PACKED FOR YOU—MY ADVICE IS FOR YOU TO HEAD OUT FRESH COUNTRY MA—OFF TO DODD COUNTY OR SOME PLACE.

COME ON OVER WHEN YOU WANT, POGO—I'VE BAKED A CAKE.

RIP KIRBY

I WILL, UNCLE HARRY, WHEN YOU DROP YOUR CANE!

JESSICA, YOU LITTLE FOOL, PUT DOWN THAT GUN!

THERE...NOW COME, MY DEAR, IT'S RIDICULOUS FOR US TO QUARREL OVER YOUNG MAN EDGIE...LET'S TALK THIS OVER LIKE ADULTS...

NO...I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY, NOTHING!

YOU'RE GOING OUT AGAIN? WHERE TO THIS TIME?

WHERE I PLEASE...AND I'LL BE BACK WHEN I PLEASE!

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

IT IS SPEEDY'S PLANE!

WE'VE GOT TO UNLOAD YOUR PLANE AND FOLLOW THEM, TAIL WIND!

I HAVE A HUNCH THEY PLAN TO WRECK THE FREIGHT TRUCKS IN LONE BUTZARD PASS...WE MUST STOP THEM!

GOODNESS! ISN'T THAT SPEEDY'S PLANE? HOW DID HE GET OUT OF JAIL?

SOMEONE PICKED MY ROCKET AND GAVE HIM THE KEYS AS EASY AS THAT MISS WINTERS!

JOE PALOOKA

HER OLE MAN'S YOUNGER THAN I'M, GOOD THING THEY DIDN'T REALIZE IT.

THEY MUSTA GOT MARRIED REAL YOUNG.

I NEVER MET NO ONE WITH SUCH MANNERS, HE'S REAL CLASSY.

HE MUST BE A PRETTY RICH FELLA...MY LUMBAGO HURTS AGAIN.

HE'S KINDA OLD, HE'S OLDER THAN PAPPA.

GEE...WHAT A THRILL...I NEVER THOT TO MEET A CELEBRITY...LET ALONE GO OUT WITH ONE...GEE.

By Ham Fisher

By Al Capp

By Edwina

By Carl Anderson

By George McManus

By Bob Gustafson

By Cliff McBride

By Ruford

By Harry Hoehnson