



By Thornton W. Burgess

LITTLE TOAD HAS A LESSON

Wisdom can be only earned. Through the daily lessons learned. —Old Mother Nature.

Little Toad had heard Blacky the Crow cawing. At the time Little Toad was hiding under a branch of grass on the Green Meadows. He was waiting there for jolly round, red Mr. Sun to go to bed behind the Purple Hills. The Black Shadows had not yet started out across the Green Meadows, but they would be coming soon. Blacky the Crow was on his way home to get there before the Black Shadows should catch up with him. Blacky does not like to be out after dark. He never has liked it. In fact, he is afraid of it. It isn't the dark he is afraid of, but he never can forget that that is the time when Hooty, the biggest of the Owls, starts out hunting, and would just as soon catch a Crow as any one else.

So, Blacky was on his way to his home in the Green Forest to go to sleep for the night, while Little Toad, his brothers and sisters, were making ready to spend the night hunting for it is at night that all toads like best to be abroad. Only the day before Little Toad had heard Blacky's harsh voice, and for no reason at all that he

knew of, it had given him an uneasy feeling. Now he heard that voice again, and again he had that uneasy feeling.

"Caw, caw, caw, caw!" called Blacky from up in the sky. He was answered by another Crow in the distance. Little Toad rolled his small eyes up toward the sky. Presently he saw Blacky. He kept on the way he was headed he would pass right over Little Toad. Little Toad, without knowing why he did it, squatted a little closer to the brown earth under the bunch of grass.

It was just then that one of Little Toad's brothers poked his head out from under another clump of grass. Then he hopped out. Little Toad, peering out through the overhanging grass saw his brother.

"Caw, caw, caw!" came Blacky's harsh voice once more. It sounded excited. Little Toad rolled his little eyes up at the black bird now nearly overhead. He suddenly seemed to stop in the air for just a second. Instead of flying on in a straight line he made a small circle. Little Toad caught his breath in very sudden and dreadful fright. That noisy, big, black, feathered person, was falling down out of the sky straight at him! Anyway, that is what Little Toad thought, and he was too frightened to move.

That was a good thing, but he didn't know it.

Of course Blacky the Crow was not falling down out of the sky; he was flying down, and he wasn't flying down at Little Toad at all. The truth is, he hadn't seen Little Toad at all.

A minute later a dreadful thing happened. Little Toad saw it happen. His bright little eyes seemed nearly to pop out of his head. There, big, black robber from the blue sky was on the ground. He was striking at something with his big yellow bill. There was a faint little cry. Then Blacky picked up something. Little Toad couldn't see what it was at first. Then as Blacky left the ground and began to flap his way up into the blue sky, Little Toad saw that something was being carried in Blacky's bill. Little Toad looked hard. Perhaps you can guess how he felt when he saw that it was his own little brother whom Blacky had caught and was carrying off.

Of course it was a dreadful thing, but Little Toad didn't think about it long. He had learned something most important, something he never would forget. He had learned that from now on he would always have to keep his eyes open for Crows. He had learned that Crows were enemies of little Toads and it was a lesson he would never forget.

Little Toad didn't start out hunting as early as he had planned to. He waited until the Black Shadows had arrived and drawn a thick curtain of dusk over the Green Meadows. Then he started out hunting. There was nothing to fear from Blacky the Crow or his flock then.

WILD COUNTRY

While the land area of that is about 475,000 square miles, vast districts have never been explored.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

"RULES" ARE MADE TO BE BROKEN

Generally speaking, it is proper to finesse for a king when declarer lacks three or more cards of the suit. This "rule," however, is by no means inviolate — in fact, it should be thrown overboard under such circumstances as the following:

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

AK42 Q652 J10843

QJ86 N 75 984 K107 W 6 8 AK5764 J109 S 109 A J 3 A Q 7 2 AK 5

The bidding: South West North East 1♠ 1♣ 2♠ Pass 3♣ Pass 3♦ Pass 3♥ Pass 4♠ Pass

On lead against the slam, West selected the club jack as a safer card than the spade queen. Declarer discarded a heart from the board and won with the ace; then he ruffed his low club and took a finesse in trumps. West won and returned the spade queen. Winning in dummy, declarer drew the still-outstanding trump and then tried the heart finesse. This also failed, and South was down one.

If declarer had given more consideration to West's vulnerable overall he might have realized that this was not a case for finessing. West's spade suit couldn't be very good, considering dummy's A-K and South's 10-9, so there was a strong probability that West had both of the missing kings. The sensible line of play, therefore, was to lay down the trump ace. If the King fell (as it easily might), well and good; if it didn't South would be in a perfect position if West now had the blank trump king. It would be easy and safe for South to cash his spade and club tricks, eliminating low spades and the low club by cross-ruffing, then to throw West in with the trump king. His return, whether a spade or a heart, would be bound to give South his contract. (Naturally, South would have discarded two hearts from dummy on his own A-K of clubs.)

LONDON, May 26 —(CP)—L. Dana Wilgrees, retiring Canadian high commissioner, paid a farewell call today on Prime Minister Churchill at 10 Downing Street. Wilgrees returns to Canada next week to become under-secretary of state for external affairs.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



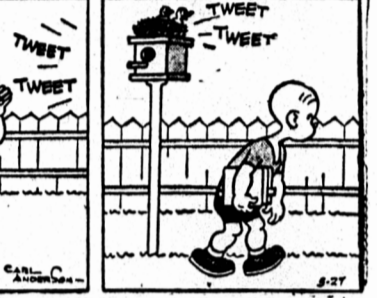
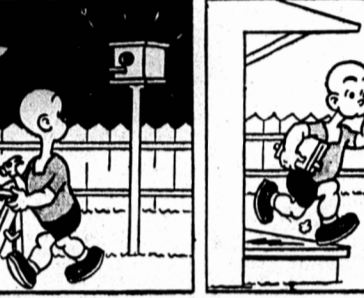
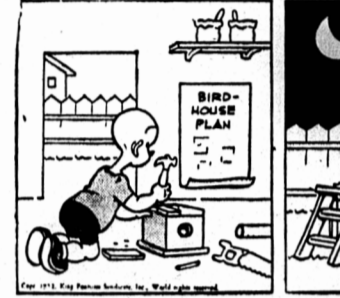
JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



HENRY

By Carl Anderson



DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Ruford



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwina



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



PENNY

By Harry Moonigan



There Ought To Be A Law

By Fagaly And Shorten



GO

By Walt Kelly



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



LI'L ABNER

By Al Capp



RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond

