

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

THE BEST SHE KNEW HOW

Who will at all times do his best is meeting life's severest test.

—Old Mother Nature.

On the trunk of a fallen cocoon-nut palm in the land-of-always-summer lay Mother Manlooe, own cousin of Uncle Billy Possum of the Green Forest. She lay on one side just as she had been placed there by Farmer Brown's boy. She looked to be dead. Yes, sir, that is how she looked. However, she was dead in looks only for she was pretending. She hoped that she was fooling Tommy and his friend. She couldn't tell whether or not she was succeeding. She could only try her best and hope.

Had she been alone this uncertainty would have been much easier to bear. She would have had only herself to think of. Then she would have felt fairly sure that she was doing just the right thing, for it was a trick she had successfully played more than once before on enemies who had caught her, and from whom there had seemed to be no way of escape. But this time there was someone else to think of. There was a small son, a very small son, a baby little bigger than a mouse, and unable to look out for himself. Little Manny wasn't yet old enough to have learned to play dead. He wasn't old enough to have learned anything but to cry for his mother. This he was doing now in his small squeaky voice and wondering why his mother didn't come to him.

He had been carefully placed on that same tree a little way behind his mother where she couldn't see him without lifting her head and looking back over her shoulder. Now of course a dead Possum couldn't do a thing like that. It would give the trick away at once. So if her captors were to be fooled into thinking she was dead she couldn't move, not even an eyelid. She could use her ears, but not her eyes. She could hear that small squeaky voice calling, "Ma! Ma!" but she couldn't see where he was or what he was doing. Only a mother can even guess how Mrs. Manlooe felt as she listened to that small squeaky voice and tried to decide what to do, what was the wisest and best thing to do.

Should she jump to her feet, try



The baby Possum was crawling along the tree trunk

to get little Manny into her big pocket, and run away with him? Those dreadful two-legged giants might kill both of them before there was a chance to get away. They would know then that she was alive. They would know it the very instant she moved. Then in a moment she might be really dead, not playing dead. What would become of little Manny then?

If she continued to pretend to be dead they might go off and leave her just as she had known other enemies to do in the past, enemies who had lost all interest in her when they had thought she was dead. If she continued to play dead these two giants might do that very thing. Little Manny was so very small they might not pay any attention to him. What to do? Mother wasn't thinking wholly of herself when she continued to play dead. No indeed! She was thinking also of that helpless little son crying somewhere back of her where she couldn't see him. Should she try to run away with him? Or should she keep on playing dead and see what would happen?

Where were those dreadful giants who were the cause of her worry and trouble? She couldn't see them because she knew it wouldn't do to lift her head to look around. She listened and listened, but heard no sound but the small squeaky voice crying "Ma! Ma!" Had those giants gone? How

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

HOAX DELUXE

There is little to be said for psychic bidding in this enlightened bridge age—the time is past when many players could be hoodwinked with the greatest of ease by experts. However, it can't be denied that occasionally, when it is timed just right, a "fancy" bid may have amazing success. That was the case in the following deal, which occurred in a good rubber game.

North dealer. Neither side vulnerable.

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

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

It goes without say that South had nothing resembling a sound notrump opening, either in high card values or distributionally, but there was considerable method in South's madness! Naturally, he had no intention of staying at notrump if the opponents did any doubling, but, not vulnerable, South felt that he might be able to steal a game with his long club suit, whereas no sound game contract at a suit could conceivably be there after North had passed.

North, quite innocently, raised to two notrump on the strength of his aces, and South, more optimistic than ever, went on to game she wished she knew. Knowing that they were right there would have been easier to bear than this uncertainty. "Ma! Ma! Ma!" squeaked the small voice. It seemed to be drawing nearer. It was Baby Possum was crawling along the tree trunk toward his mother. How did he know where she was? Perhaps he didn't. Then again perhaps a good fairy called instinct told him which way to crawl. Mrs. Manlooe continued to play dead. Baby Manlooe continued to crawl toward his mother. The two boys continued to keep perfectly still.

DATE MEMO
Keep hair silken soft and glamorous
Lustre-Creme Shampoo
WITH LANOLIN
Leaves hair soft... perfect for home permanents.
Tubes 33¢ & 59¢
Jars 59¢ & \$1.00

without the slightest hesitation. It should be observed that while South's opening bid was rather on the fantastic side (though, we repeat, not without merit!) his decision to bid three notrump was logical. There was a good chance that the missing cards were well divided between East and West, and that neither could double. West opened the heart king, but when East played the deuce, West was afraid to continue the suit—A-J-8 (East, for his part, had been afraid to overtake the king with the ace because of dummy's holding. If South had jack-small, the overtake would establish the nine.) In any case, West shifted to the spade ten. The ace was put up and declarer tried the club finesse. West won and led another spade, and South then claimed his nine tricks!

KING COLE COFFEE
Your Favourite Blend

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Zane Grey

PLEASE, MR. MEAD... I WON'T TELL THAT YOU KILLED KING!
DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH, SISTER!
THEY? WHO? I HAD IT CAN'T BE KING! HE'S DEAD!
GO STRAIGHT BULLET!

JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher

I WANT TO SEE MIKE O'LEARY AN' LOOTENANT LEVIN. TELL 'EM KNOX WALSH WANTS T' SEE 'EM.
YOU'LL HAVE TO GO TO THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING.
MR. O'LEARY SAYS VERY EMPHATICALLY THAT HE WASN'T EXPECTING YOU AND YOU CAN'T SEE HIM...
WAIT... HOLD IT... LET ME TALK TO 'IM.
YEAN... ON TH' LEVEL, O'LEARY... JOE ASK ME T' SEE YA... YA KNOW ABOUT 'E EYE... YEAN, I KNOW... BUT YA CAN'T LET ME GO ALL TH' WAY BACK WITHOUT...
W-E-L-L... O.KAY, I'LL SEE YA... WAIT THERE.

HENRY

By Carl Anderson

BOY WANTED
JOE LUN
EAT AT JOE'S
EAT AT TOM'S
EAT AT JOE'S
EAT AT TOM'S

DOTTY DIPPLE

By Rufus

HOW'S MY SWEET-HEART TODAY?
SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!
HEAVENS! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO HIM?! "I WONPER"??
YES--IT'S THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING!

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwina

MY LAND! NOW I'LL HAF TA WASH THAT TUB OUT AGAIN...
I THOUGHT I'D SHUT TH' BATH-ROOM DOOR WHEN I WENT FOR SOAP...
AN' THAT CAT LEAPED IN TH' TUB!...
HUMPH!... UH!... TR-A-L-A-LA! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NICE, HOT...
NOT A DROP OF HOT WATER LEFT...
NO! I'M NOT GOIN' TO TAKE A BATH! HOW CAN I... BUT YOU MADE ME TAKE ONE!!

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

BY GOLLY, THAT LOOKS LIKE BILLY DOUX... I'LL BET HE WANTS TO BORROW MONEY...
TELL HIM I'VE GONE FOR THE DAY...
MR. JIGSES JUST LEFT... AND I'M SONG TOO... IT'S ALMOST FIVE O'CLOCK...
I'M GORRY I MISSED HIM... I'LL RIDE DOWN ON THE ELEVATOR WITH YOU...
BUT FIRST I'LL LOCK THIS WINDOW... YOU NEVER KNOW WHEN A PROVLER MAY BE LURKING AROUND...?

TILLY THE TOILER

By Westover

YOU'RE RIGHT, WALLY... A SMART BUSINESSMAN LIKE ME SHOULD BE ABLE TO PUT W587 TO GOOD USE!
NOW, LET'S SEE--A FORMULA THAT MAKES A PERSON UNABLE TO TELL A SECRET OUGHT TO HAVE SOME USE IN BUSINESS...
I GIVE UP. CAN ANY OF YOU SUGGEST SOMETHING?
THAT'S YOUR JOB, MAC!-- YOU'RE THE SMART BUSINESSMAN

RIP KIRBY

By Harry Hoegen

THE WIDOW GOT CURTAINS! HE WAS MY PAL!
WE GOT NO TIME TO WASTE ON DEAD MEN! LET'S GET HER!
THIS BLASTED MOTHER IS COLD!
AND HERE COME WHITEY AND JOE SEVEN!
STAND IN FRONT OF ME, CUTTLE!
I'LL BE DOWN IN A JIFFY, NORMAN.
GEE PIGEON, YOU LOOK KINDA GORGEOUS...
I FEEL SUPER WONDERFUL... LET'S REALLY DO THE TOWN TONITE.
FIRST A MOVIE... THEN, ON TO ALL THE BETTER MILK BARS INCLUDING THE CASBAH...
OH, SURE... ER... UH... EXCUSE ME A SECOND, PIGEON...
MR. PRINGLE, WOULD YOU CONSIDER INVESTING ABOUT FIVE DOLLARS TO ASSURE YOUR DAUGHTER'S HAVING A GALA EVENING?

Boys! Girls! Get ALL THREE! NEW "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" Hand Puppets!

EACH ONLY ONE BOX TOP FROM Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES and 30¢

"We wiggle and dance, and make funny faces! Your hand inside makes us go through our paces!"
"TASTES LIKE A MILLION! THIRTY TOO! SPEAKS FOR ITSELF 'CAUSE IT'S CRISP CLEAR THROUGH! SNAP! CRACKLE! POP! CEREAL IS OUR FAMILY FAVORITE!"
"LOOK! THEY'RE JUST LIKE REAL LITTLE PEOPLE!"
"OH, BOY! LET'S PUT ON A SHOW!"

LOTS OF LAUGHS! FUN GALORE!
Snap, Crackle and Pop have soft, pliable faces you can twist into the funniest expressions! They look like real little people when you make them wave their arms, turn their heads, and they're all dressed up in gaily colored, washable clothes!

BE THE FIRST IN YOUR CROWD TO GET 'EM!
Act fast! For each little puppet send 30¢ in coin plus the end marked top from any package of Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES.

SEND FOR YOUR PUPPET!
USE THIS COUPON RIGHT AWAY!
Kellogg's, Box Number 797, Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

PLEASE SEND (number) HAND PUPPETS, I want Snap! (), Crackle! (), Pop! ().
For each puppet ordered, I enclose one box top (marked TOP) from any package of Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES, plus 30¢ in coin.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
TOWN and PROVINCE _____

L'L ABNER

By Al Capp

... BUT THIS FACE HAS ALWAYS BEEN MY TRAGEDY!! I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY YOU LIKE IT!!
YOU SEE, BEFORE I WAS BORN, MY MOTHER WAS FRIGHTENED BY A TIME, NAUJYO, HIDEOUS CHARACTER IN A COMIC STRIP... TELL ME 'BOUT 'MORE FOLKS SOME OTHER FRIGHTENED BY A TIME, NAUJYO, BUT, NOW, TELL ME-- WILL YOU MARRY UP WIF ME?
HE SAW YOUR 'GHT-FACE-- AND YET HE ASKED YOU TO MARRY HIM?
AND I SAID YES!! BUT, I WANT HIM TO BE PROUD OF ME, AND SO I'M GOING TO HAVE THIS FACE CHANGED INTO SOMETHING WE'LL REALLY LOVE-- BY PLASTIC SURGERY!!

RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond

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