



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

TWO COUSINS MEET

A sorry sight it is to see, When cousins meet and disagree—
—Old Mother Nature.

Young Reddy Fox had seen something that he never would forget. He had seen a Dog start to try to kill Young Jimmy Skunk. Something happened that sent the Dog whimpering and whining home in great distress. Young Jimmy had explained that he had used his little scent gun on that Dog. The young Fox didn't know just what that was, but he did know that it was something that made that young Skunk unafraid and independent, and so to be respected.

A few nights later he headed over toward the Smiling Pool. As he drew near, he heard sounds of a quarrel. They seemed to come from the edge of the water just below the bank where it was the highest. He crept carefully until he could peep over the edge of the bank. There in the moonlight on the shore were two cousins. One was considerably bigger than the other. He wore a handsome rich brown coat. His tail was darker, smaller and wore a tan-colored coat. Both were very long, compared with other folks in fur whom the young Fox knew. They were long and very slim. Their legs were short. When they moved, they were so quick that it was difficult to see just what the movement was. One was Shadow the Weasel. He was the smaller one. The other was Billy Mink. There was enough of a family look, so that anyone seeing them for the first time, would know they were cousins. But there was nothing cousinly in their behavior to each other.

Shadow the Weasel was holding onto a small fish that Billy Mink was threatening to take away from him.

Fox never before had seen. Although he was so much smaller, Shadow showed no fear. He had no intention of dropping that fish. It is the law of the Green Meadows and the Green Forest, that what one finds, belongs to him as long as he can keep it. Possession makes right. It was true that Billy Mink had caught that fish, but he had left it at the edge of the water while he went to catch another one. It was while he was doing this, Shadow had happened along and had seen the fish.

Now Billy Mink is almost as quick in his movements as Shadow. So it was no easy task for his small cousin to keep out of his reach. Perhaps, it was because Billy had already eaten one fish that he was inclined to give up more easily than Shadow. Meanwhile, the young Fox, looking on, was wondering if he dared try to catch either one of those cousins. He was so very much bigger than either of them, that there seemed to be no reason to be afraid. But, they moved so fast, that there was no real chance, even though they were paying no attention to anything else. Finally, Shadow was forced to drop the fish. Billy Mink pounced on it.

"I guess," thought the young Fox, "this ends it."

GRATEFULLY ACCEPTED

PRINCETON, England (CP)—An ex-convict from nearby Dartmoor jail sent £5 towards repairs on the church in this Devonshire town.

SHELL OUT with **WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT!**

Youngsters love it—and it's so healthful, wholesome and inexpensive. Buy it by the box so you won't run short—There's 100 sticks in every box.

Shell out with Wrigley's Spearmint Gum!

CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Josephine Culbertson

AN IMPORTANT DIFFERENCE

Not all players realize that there is a vast difference between responding to partner's opening bid and responding to his mere overcall. Consider this far-fetched, uncommon case:

East dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

♠ A J 8
♥ Q 10 7
♦ A Q J 3 2
♣ J

♠ K 10 9
♥ J 2
♦ 8 6 5 4
♣ 9 7 6

♠ A K 9 5
♥ 4 3
♦ 10 7 4
♣ A 8 3 2

♠ Q 7 6 5 3 2
♥ 8
♦ K 9
♣ K Q 10 5

The bidding:
East South West North
1♥ Pass Pass 2♦
2♥ Pass Pass 3♦
3♥ Pass Pass 4♦
Pass Pass Dble. Pass
Pass Pass

As it happened, North-South reached the correct contract, but that was only because East rebid over two diamonds—if he had passed, South undoubtedly would have done likewise. Thus, North easily might have found himself in a two-diamond contract when there was such a good play for game at spades.

If South had opened with one spade, it would have been entirely proper for North to respond with two diamonds, but that same response to the one-spade overcall was very bad. North should have jumped to three spades—or, if he had insuperable qualms about jump-raising on less than four-card trump support, he could jump to three diamonds, at least showing his very substantial general strength. It must be remembered, however, that while a vulnerable opening bid can be and very often is made on a four-card major suit, it is only in the rarest instances that good players make overcalls in these short suits, and consequently the A-J-8 automatically becomes excellent support for an overcall, whereas it may not be good enough in support of a four-card suit.

Even though South found all four of the missing trumps concentrated in West's hand, he easily held his losses to three tricks—**one trump, one heart and one club.**

Pioneer Days In P. E. I.

By F. H. MacArthur

Sometimes it took the whole family an entire day to bring home the bacon. Sometimes animals got lost, or went completely wild in which case their owners let them be. Pigs were not worth getting excited about. The woods were full of them, and few settlers knew whether the new crop belonged to themselves or to a neighbor. So long as there was plenty of pork to supply the demand it mattered little who owned them.

Some years they had trouble with the bears stealing the smaller porkers. But in some years they were hungry and boldly walked into a settlement to help himself. Such incidents caused plenty of excitement and there would be a general rush for guns. Most settlers prided themselves on being good shots, but once in a while Mr. Bruin got away with his skin—and the pig too.

It was a sunny March morning at Berrigan's Camp on the Tryon River. Spring had unfolded her wings early so that the snow was fast disappearing.

Around the camp itself and across the small open space that separated the cookhouse from the forest, the ground was muddy from the tramp of marching feet.

Yes, spring was in the air, in the trees, in the song of the stream as it patiently turned the old water wheel while the men sawed the giants of the forest into boards.

A thin, lazy spiral of smoke ascended to mingle with a few fleecy clouds that scudded across the sky like great sailing ships—smoke from the chimney of the shack where the mill-hands ate, and where the head cook and his assistant worked and slept.

The table had been set—that is, it was ready for the hot dinner which simmered in iron pots on the stove. The cook had gone for a half-hour's fishing; his assistant, a chap named MacBeth, had climbed to the attic to catch a brief nap, as he did not care in the least about fishing.

The day being fine and warm, he left the door open and in no time MacBeth was fast asleep. While he slumbered, a bear, attracted by the smell that came from the woods towards the camp. Seeing the door open, Bruin stepped across its threshold to investigate.

The warm weather had awakened the animal from his hibernation, and now, he felt hungry enough after his long winter sleep to enjoy a good meal. The smell of the boiling pork was good to his nose.

Any kind of dinner would, of course, be welcome, but why roam the forests in search of food when here it was free for the taking? What more could a bear ask for? Advancing to the stove, he raked off the cover of the first pot and reaching inside, grabbed a mouthful of hot pork. Then he dropped it quickly with such a series of squeals and grunts as to waken MacBeth from his peaceful dreams.

BIG BIKE SHEDS

LONDON (CP)—Civic officials are considering plans to build bicycle sheds costing £10,000 for occupants of six municipally-owned apartment buildings in suburban Mitcham.

NOTICE

A meeting of Guernsey breeders will be held in the Department of Agriculture Building, Tuesday, October 25 at 8 P.M.

J. E. HURRY, Secretary

ST. DUNSTAN'S CREDIT UNION LTD.

ANNUAL MEETING

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25—8:00 P.M.

HOLY NAME HALL

Our Boarding House Major Hoople

EGAD, MR. MORRISSEY, MEET MY BROTHER JAKE!—THE WARNED HIM YOU'RE AN EXPERT AT CINCH, BUT HE THINKS HE'D ENJOY A BOUT WITH YOU—KAFF-KAFF!

I'M AN AMBITIOUS FELLA, MR. MORRISSEY! ALSO I'M ONLY A BEGINNER AT CARDS, BUT I ALLUS LIKE TO LEARN, AN' AMOS SAYS YOU'RE ONE OF THE OLD MASTERS—HAR-HAR!

GLAD TO MEET YOU, JAKE!

SO HE TALKS ME FOR A GOOSE, EH?

THIS GOOSE LOOKS LIKE PLUCKY 'UN!

YOU CALLED IT, MR. MORRISSEY!

Rimes—Believe It or Not!

SNOWFLAKES
4 INCHES
DIAMETER
FELL OVER
CHIEFTOWN,
ENGLAND ON MARCH 24, 1888

JOEL MACHLIS
OF FAR ROCKAWAY, N.Y.
GIVEN ANY PHRASE
CAN INSTANTLY
REDUCE IT TO
ITS COMPONENT
LETTERS
IN THEIR PROPER
ALPHABETICAL ORDER

EXAMPLE:
BASEBALL IS THE KING OF SPORTS
BECOMES ABEFGHKLNPQRST

THE FIRST ROMAN EMPEROR WHO WAS BORN TO THE PURPLE
COMMODUS
(161-192)
HE WAS THE FIRST MONARCH OF ROME WHO WAS BORN WHILE HIS FATHER OCCUPIED THE THRONE

A MINIATURE CASTLE near Barnsley, England
BUILT BY THE EARL OF STRAFFORD
WITH 4 TOWERS EACH INSCRIBED WITH THE NAME OF ONE OF HIS CHILDREN—TO ENABLE THE EARL TO REMEMBER THEIR NAMES

"That is my fish!" snarled Billy Mink. "I caught it."

"That is my fish!" snarled Billy Mink. "I caught it!"

"If you caught it, why didn't you keep it? I found it, and it's mine now!" retorted Shadow. And his voice was a snarl, too.

"Drop it!" snarled Billy Mink, and jumped at his cousin.

Quick as he was, Shadow was quicker. He dodged, taking the fish with him, for it was a very small minnow.

That was the beginning of a game of dodge such as the young

STOP THAT HEADACHE

When you suffer from pain of Headache, Neuralgia or Muscular aches you want to stop that pain fast... So take Aspirin! A tablet starts disintegrating almost the instant you take it—starts to relieve that pain almost instantly!

Always Ask For **ASPIRIN**

A PRODUCT OF BAYER

MORE HEAT PER GALLON

PREMIUM 'KLEEN-FLO' TREATED

OIL

For Furnaces—Stoves
Reduces Smoke and Soot
Cuts Heating Costs
Costs No More

ARNFAST LIMITED

BURMA PROPANE GAS COAL DIAL 8533 OIL

"We Sell Heat"

TIRE DIRT

Minard's Liniment

The Lone Ranger

LOOK OUT BUCK!

THAT SOLID LIKE GUN!

BANG

BANG

MEANWHILE

SHUCK, FELLAS! DON'T MAKE YOUR QUESTIONS SO EASY! POLONIUM WAS DISCOVERED BY MR. AND MRS. CURIE IN 1896, NATCH HERE!

THAT'S A AMOOZIN' STORY 'BOUT 'EM, WHICH HAPPENED AT TH' SCIENTIFIC CONVENTION IN OSLO, NORWAY ON SEPT. 24, 1908—AT 3:30—

N-NEVER M-MIND!

W-WE'LL GO ON TO THE THIRD QUESTION—NAME THE MOONS OF JURITER!

GLADLY!—THAT'S 4—LARGE ONES—AND 7—SMALL ONES—

—AN' BY TH' WAY—THAT'S A MIGHTY INTRUSTIN' ATMOSPHERIC PARADOX ON TH' THIRD LARGEST MOON, DUE TO TH' PRE-VALENCE OF LIGNUM VITAMINS—

By Fran Striker

Secret Agent X9

Phil continues his journey to the weather station to which he has been assigned...

HOW LONG HAVE YOU KNOWN SUB THE WAITRESS?

EVER SINCE I'VE BEEN BASED HERE! DON'T WORRY, SHE NEEDLES ALL OF THE SCIENTISTS!

NO DOUBT!

SHE'S A LIVIN' DOLL!

YEAH, I KNOW... SHE TOLD ME! LOOKS LIKE OUR TRIPS ABOUT OVER... TAKE ME TO THE COLONEL!

By Al Capp

Joe Palooka

JOE, THIS IS MR. McCLEOD. HE'S DOING A STORY ON STEVE.

IS CHAMP? I WONDERED I HAD TO GET OVER TO THE CITY...

HAVE TO GO BACK THERE TOO. I COULD GET THE STORY ON THE WAY.

FINE. I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME.

... STEVE'S BEEN DOING VERY WELL AS A BROADWAY BOXER... WON EVERY BODY GO FOR...

WHY LATE ONE, THE SEMI-FINAL IN SEATTLE WAS A SENSATIONAL WIN.

Bringing Up Father

YES, WE'D LOVE TO HAVE IT, DEAR! IT WILL BE VERY APPROPRIATE FOR JESSIE'S DEN!

IT WAS SWEET OF MRS. DE TARGET TO SEND US THIS MOOSE HEAD! JESSIE WILL BE SO SURPRISED!

GOLLY, I'M GITTIN' AWFUL NEAR-SIGHTED! I KIN HARDLY FIND THE KEYHOLE!

HELLO, DARLIN'! I SEE YOU'VE CHANGED YOUR HAIR-DO!

AND HERE'S YOURS, MISS!

KEEP THE CHANGE

SINCE WHEN DID YOU START TIPPING HIM, TILLIE?

SINCE I FOUND OUT HE MAKES THE HAMBURGERS

WELL, OFF LIGHT HEARTED! WE GOES!

RIGHT! OH, THIS COULD BE VERY SCARY WHEN WE'RE GONE.

THEY WILL NOT SOON FORGET THE HAPPY, SUNNY DAYS WE SPENT TOGETHER... ALL THE TREASURES OF OUR OLD AGE ARE THE GOLDEN HOURS OF OUR YOUTH—THESE WILL BE WHAT A TRIP-STAINED PILLOW WHEN THEY REALIZE THAT WE...

I'M GON' BACK! I CAN'T GO ON!

WHAT IN THE BLUE-HEAVEN WORLD FOR?

MY TEDDY BEAR MISSES ME.

CUT IT OUT, JUNIOR! YOU KNOW YOU'RE NO MATCH FOR THAT DOG!

OH, STOP PUTTING ON AN ACT. IF YOU KEEP THAT UP SOME DAY YOU'LL LEARN A LESSON!

YOU MEAN HE'LL EVENTUALLY PICK ON THE WRONG DOG, SKIBETTER?

NO, I MEAN THAT ONE DAY I'LL LET GO OF HIS LEASH!

HERE'S TO JACKIE, OUR NEW COACH!

FILL THEM UP AGAIN? I'M TREATING!

NO!

SURE JACKIE!

NO MORE FUDGEY PUGGIES! THEY'RE AGAINST YOUR DAD'S TRAINING RULES! GO EASY!

FATHER'S OLD-FASHIONED! BESIDES, I'M COACH NOW! REMEMBER?

WHAT DOES SHE WANT TO BE COACH FOR ANYWAY?

I THINK I KNOW, AND I DON'T TAKE IT!

THANK YOU, GRANDMA FOR TH' BASKET O' PARTISIPES YOU SENT 'T MY HOUSE!

IF YOU DON'T EAT 'EM, WHY DO YOU GROW A BIG GARDEN-FUL EACH YEAR?

OH, THEY ARE MY FAVORITE VEGETABLE 'T RAISE...

ALL YA DO IS SOW YOUR SEED AN' FORGET 'EM TILL HARVEST TIME!

WHY CAN'T YOU BE SMART LIKE THAT, PLUTO?

PLUTO! WHY ARE YOU SO DUMB?

WATER.

MAYBE YOU'RE NOT SO DUMB—YOU DON'T DO ANYTHING... AND YOU STILL GET FED!

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By George McManis
By Bob Gustafson
By Walt Kelly
By Wally Bishop
By Carl Anderson
By Paul Robinson
By Charles Kuhn
By Walt Disney
By Fran Striker
By Al Capp