

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

JERRY GETS A WARNING
For pity there is never need, For those who warnings fall to heed.
—Old Mother Nature.

Near the edge of Laughing Brook, half-way between the Smiling Pool and the Great River, on a mossy old stump, a small person in a rich brown coat was sitting beside it. It was Billy Mink. Jerry Muskrat hadn't seen Billy until Billy asked him what he was doing down there.

"Minding my own business," squeaked Jerry.
Now, of course that wasn't a polite reply. Billy Mink didn't like it. Billy is quick in everything, including his temper. "You have no business down here," he retorted. "Go back to the Smiling Pool where you belong."

"I do, too, have business down here," squeaked Jerry Muskrat. You know his voice is always squeaky. "What?" asked Billy Mink. "I have jumped up on the mossy stump and was looking down at Jerry Muskrat in the water." "Whatever it is, it is no business of yours," retorted Jerry. "Look out that you don't make it my business," snarled Billy Mink, who was beginning to lose his temper. "I'm just giving you a warning," he added.

"I don't need any warnings from you," replied Jerry. "You don't own the brook. I can do what I please and go where I please and you have nothing to say about it." "Is that so?" retorted Billy. "Well, I'm warning you again not to poke your nose into places where you are not welcome." Before Jerry Muskrat could find his tongue to reply to that, Billy Mink had disappeared. No one can disappear more unexpectedly, almost mysteriously, than Billy Mink. You see him, you blink, and he's gone. Jerry Muskrat swam about, and finally went ashore near that mossy old stump. He was curious. Where could Billy Mink have disappeared to?

"That fellow needn't think he can tell me what I may do or what I may not do," thought Jerry, as he walked over to the old stump and began to poke around it. On the back side he found a hole between two of the old roots. It went down under the old stump. Jerry poked his nose into it. It wasn't big enough for him to go into. Jerry sniffed, then he backed away a little. "So that is where he went," squeaked Jerry, talking to himself.

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STATE CHILD WELFARE DEPARTMENT
Dear Mr. ...
It has come to our attention that you are providing your child with a ...
This is not only against the ...
It is the duty of the ...
I am sure you will ...
I am sure you will ...
I am sure you will ...

Rip Kirby By Alex Raymond

HELLO, MISS DENTON. ISN'T THAT ANOTHER BIT OF SWAHESIA YOU HAVE THERE?
THE MONKEY? YES, RANGO WAS MY LATE BROTHER'S PET. WHAT CAN IT DO FOR YOU, GENTLEMAN?
MR. KIRBY WANTS TO SHOW ME SOMETHING IN THAT STUDY WHERE YOUR BROTHER WAS MURDERED BY, ER... WELL, IS IT ALL RIGHT?
PLEASE GO RIGHT UP, CAPTAIN CARMODY. I DON'T THINK AMOLA WOULD OBJECT...
MAY THE DARK ANGEL TAKE ROYCE HUNTER AS YOU WISHED, G-HERWOOD. MY BELOVED...

Of The Royal Mounted By Zane Grey

LAME MOOSE SAID HE PLANNED TO KILL THE MEN WHO FRAMED HIM...
HE ESCAPED FROM PRISON TO DO JUST THAT, BUT SOME-ONE DIDN'T WANT HIM TO DO IT!
IF YOU'RE GOING TO BLOW THIS CASE, YOU MUST BELIEVE THAT I DIDN'T COMMIT THE MURDER. MOOSE HAS JUST AS GOOD A MOTIVE...
OH! HE'S GONE!
GREAT BLAZES! THAT INDIAN SURE HAD A POOL! SPUR UP, CATY! WE GOT TO PREVENT THE NEXT MURDER—BROCKTON'S!
MR. BOWEN... MRS. C. V. WALLINGSBY ON THE PHONE...

Joe Palooka By Ham Fisher

IT WAS PRETTY SILLY HER MARRYING A GUY OF EIGHTY-FIVE... AND THEN HIS GETTING A HEART ATTACK JUMPING AROUND WITH THAT YO-YO...
BUT, YA KNOW, WE OUGHTA GO SEE THE MID-OUTA COMMON COURTESY...
MEBBE WE OUGHTA WAIT THO, TH' POOR KID PROBABLY WANTS T'BE ALONE FOR A FEW DAYS...
POOR, DID YOU SAY... AHHEM... YEAH, GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT...
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Penny By Harry Heaninger

I'VE MET HIM TWICE, AUNT ELLLEN. HE'S A DREAM.
THAT'S NICE, DEAR.
HOW DOES HE BEHAVE?
I DON'T REALLY ACTUALLY KNOW.
I'VE ONLY SEEN HIM WITH HIS FAMILY.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

"BOOTING" A GRAND SLAM

The grand-slam contract in the following deal was as sound as it could be without being absolutely foolproof — but the declarer defeated himself.

East dealer. — East-West vulnerable.
♠ A 6
♥ A K 10 9 4
♦ K Q 9 8
♣ K 7
♠ K J 7
♥ Q 7 6 5
♦ 6 4 3
♣ 10
♠ Q 10 8
♥ 4 3 2
♦ 5
♣ J 9 8 6 4
♠ 8 5
♥ A J 10 7 2
♦ A Q 5 3 2

The bidding:
South West North East
1 ♠ Pass 2 ♥ Pass
2 ♠ Pass 4 N T Pass
3 ♠ Pass 7 ♦ Pass
Pass Pass

Presumably, East would have doubled the seven-diamond bid if he had been void of hearts, to call for that lead, but even in view of East's silence West could find nothing better than a low heart lead.
Dummy's heart king took the first trick and declarer drew trumps in three rounds. Then he cashed the king and ace of clubs — and was in for a shock when West showed out. True, the situation could have been rectified by a double squeeze, but South was not quite up to such plays, so the actual result was down one.

South did not need the skill for a double squeeze play in this case — all he needed was the ability to count to 13 tricks. In top cards, he held count one spade, two hearts and three clubs; therefore if he could make seven trump tricks his total would indubitably be thirteen.

A moment's glance at both hands reveals how these trump tricks can be collected quite safely. After winning the heart trick, South ruffs a low heart; then goes back with a spade to ruff dummy's last low heart. Now South runs all four of dummy's diamonds, and at the end cashes dummy's heart ace and his own two club tricks.

STEADY DONOR
SYDNEY, N. S. CP. — Duncan Hines is one of the best donors on records of Red Cross blood donor clinics. Hines has donated 73 pints of blood and contributed 58 blood transfusions.

Li'l Abner By Al Capp

OH WHERE, OH WHERE HAS MY LITTLE DOG GONE!
OH WHERE, OH WHERE CAN HE BE—E—E—E!
WITH HIS EARS CUT SHORT, AND HIS TAIL CUT LONG!
WAIT, NAPOLEON, I WON'T PLAY! ANYMORE!

Tilly The Toiler By Bob Gustafson

I MUST HAVE CALLED YOU A HALF-DOZEN TIMES LAST NIGHT TO COME OVER AND BUY CAVATTA. WHERE WERE YOU?
MR. CUTTING, THE DIAMOND DEALER, HIRED ME TO STAY AT HIS HOUSE AND LOOK AFTER HIS PRECIOUS JEWELS.
YOU MEAN YOU WERE A NIGHT WATCHMAN?
I SUPPOSE YOU COULD CALL IT THAT!
MR. CUTTING'S ON THE PHONE. HE WANTS YOU TO COME OVER AND BABY-SIT AGAIN TONIGHT!

Henry By Carl Anderson

1000 WORDS ONLY!
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Contract Bridge By Josephine Culbertson

GRAN'MA, CAN YOU SPELL "CONCILIATORY"?
WHY, CERTAINLY! C-O-N-C-I-L-I-A-T-O-R-Y!
CAN YOU SPELL "METONYMICAL"?
MY LAMP! I'VE NO TIME FOR SUCH THINGS NOW!
WELL, I GUESS NOBODY CAN BLAME ME, THEN...
I COULDN'T SPELL 'EM EITHER... THAT'S WHY I ONLY GOT TWENTY-NINE IN SPELLIN'!
MY GOONNESS! HE'S FIXED IT SO WE CAN'T SAY ONE WORD!

Bringing Up Father By George McManus

THE DOCTOR WILL BE HERE SOON—BE SURE TO TELL HIM YOU SUFFERED LAST NIGHT!
DON'T WORRY—I WON'T KEEP IT A SECRET!
WELL—HOW'S THE COLD THIS MORNING?
THE COLD IS ALL RIGHT—IT'S ME THAT'S FEELIN' ROCKY!
DID YOU FOLLOW THE PRESCRIPTION I LEFT FOR YOU YESTERDAY?
I SHOULD SAY NOT—I'M DEAD IF I HAD!
IT BLEW OUT MY WINDOW!

Dotty Dripple

By Ruford

HORACE, DO YOU REMEMBER THE FIRST TIME YOU KISSED ME?
IT WAS YOUR GLEE CLUB OUTING DOWN AT THE BEACH...
THE GIRLS ALL BROUGHT COFFEE AND SANDWICHES—REMEMBER?
YEAH—THOSE WERE SOME SANDWICHES!

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwin

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Li'l Abner

By Walt Kelly

WELL, COMBATS! IS YOU GONE TO THE SWARRY?
WHAT? YOU'D GO FEETTER ANYWAY YOUR TIME WHILST THE WORLD TOTTERS ON THE BRINK OF PURE FEIVOLISM!
THE WORLD SERIES (FOR THE DOMINANCE OF THE EARTH) LOOMST AND WHO PLAYS AT THIS SO-CALLED "GAME" THESE DAYS? (ACTUALLY A POWER HAD PREPARATION FOR DISASTERS)
IN ONE CELL IS A GROUP WHO LEFT THE REDS—NA! CHANGED FROM THE REDS—AN' WHO IS IN BOSTON?—THE RED SOX... I WHICH ONCE WAS THE HOME OF THE BRAVES!
WHO STANDS BEHIND THE FULL DINNER PATE CALLING BERRING ONE AFTER THE OTHER? THE EMPIRE! SO!
YEAH! WHAT DID I DO?
YOU AND A BUNCH OF OTHERS GOT A BUNCH OF ANSWERS.

Li'l Abner

By Clifford McBride

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