

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

TOO, TOO BAD

There's none so wise but that he makes From time to time some grave mistakes.

—Old Mother Nature.

Grandfather Mite was only five months old as you and I count time, but in Mouseville, out on the Green Meadows, he was old. That is, he was completely grown up and was looked up to by other Meadow Mice as one who had learned all the answers. Of course, he hadn't. No one ever learned all the answers, and that is a good thing.

But Grandfather Mite really was wise in the things that a Meadow Mouse should know. The very fact that he had lived to be a grandfather was proof of this. As a matter of fact, he was a great-grandfather at five months of age, and great-grandfathers are supposed to be very old and very wise. Even so, he still had much to learn, and he was smart enough to know this.

It was very seldom that he ventured up on the surface of the snow that covered the Green Meadows. The temptation to do so was hard to resist. When winter comes to the Green Meadows there are tall weeds that still hold their seeds in their tops. When the snow is deep, those tops of the weeds are just above the surface. Then it is easy for a Mouse to gather the seeds. He is so light that he doesn't sink into the snow, and he can run about on it with ease. So, he can run from the top of one weed to the top of another and help himself to these seeds.

But that is dangerous. Sharp eyes are always watching for foolish Mice. Against the white snow their little gray coats show up sharply and can be seen for a long distance. Thus it is a wise Mouse who resists temptation and stays down under the snow. But even a wise Mouse is sometimes tempted, and it was just so with Grandfather



Butcher the Shrike had caught him.

Mite. Only once or twice in his life had he climbed a weed stalk, and ventured out on the snow, and then he had never stayed long. He couldn't forget how many venturesome young Mice he had seen climb out on the snow, and then disappear. They simply never had come back.

THROAT SORE?

for common ordinary sore throat

JUST RUB ON

MINARD'S "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

Bird sitting there. He was near the size of Sammy Jay. He was dressed in gray, with black and white trimmings, very neat, and quite harmless looking, except for one thing; he wore a black mask, just as Bobby Coon does. One is always distrustful of folks wearing black masks.

Italians Confused Over Red Blast At "Beizbol"

ROME, Dec. 7 (AP)—A Russian trade agent "degraded" beizbol has Italian sports circles confused. "Can this be pallabase?" fans are asking.

Pallabase, pronounced pallabassch and known in some quarters as baseball, came to Italy with the United States soldier during the Second World War. It has steadily grown in spectator interest.

The newspaper Soviet Sport said Tuesday: "American imperialists are attempting to encourage the growth among Italian youth of rudeness, cruelty and hate for the enemy, striving for personal glory as an integral part of the arms race and for this reason forcing beizbol and American futbol on the Italians."

Although the newspaper's description of the game leaves much to the imagination, beizbol and pallabase appear to be one; the same game the Russians recently claimed they invented 300 years ago under the name of lapta.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

AN UNCOOPERATIVE OPPONENT

South had no conceivable right to bid a slam in the following hand, but it's safe to say that he would have profited by his rashness if an average player had been in the West position.

North dealer.

Both sides vulnerable.

♠ A Q 3
♥ A J 2
♦ K Q 8
♣ A K J 10

♠ 7 4 2
♥ Q 9 6 3
♦ J 10 7 2
♣ 8 5

North South West
3 NT Pass 4 ♠ Pass
5 ♠ Pass 6 ♠ Pass
Pass Pass

The bidding:

Since North's three-notrump opening was shaded by one point under the point-count method of evaluation, he shouldn't have raised to five spades, but South certainly shouldn't have accepted this slam invitation!

Observe, however, that 12 tricks would have become ironclad if West, following the practice of so many players, had opened, the diamond ace. It was to West's credit that he not only resisted this temptation, but also avoided another trap he was soon to encounter.

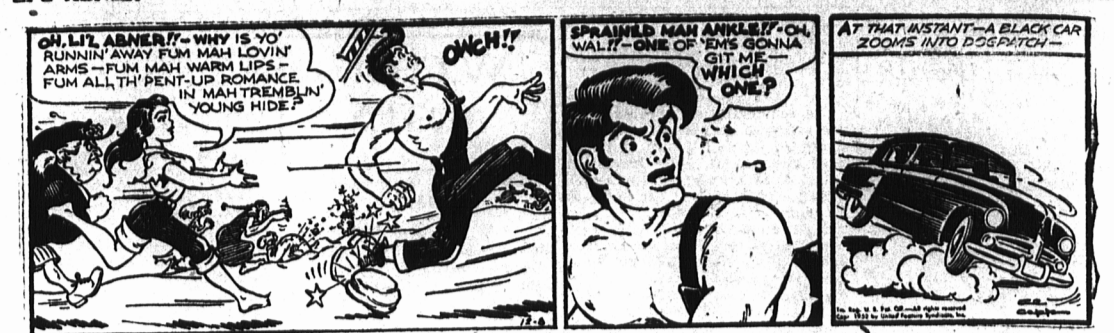
West's actual lead was the spade jack. Dummy's ace won and the spade queen was cashed, then a third round was led to South's king. Now the diamond was led toward dummy — and though West strongly suspected, from the nature of his own and dummy's holdings, that it was a singleton, he shrewdly refused to put up the ace! He proceeded on this sound reasoning: If he played low, there was a strong probability that he would lose his ace; but if he refused to lose that card, there was an even stronger probability that he would deliver all the rest of the tricks to the enemy.

When West ducked the diamond lead (and thereby "went to sleep with his ace") declarer was helpless. Even though the club finesse worked, there was no way to avoid the loss of two heart tricks.

BACKACHE

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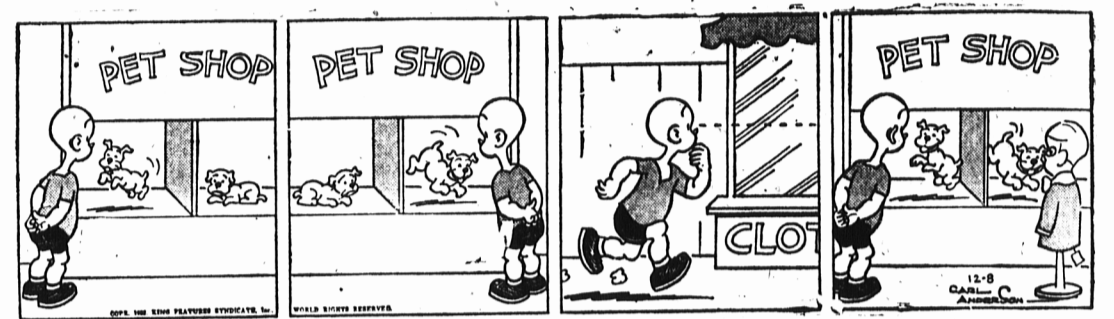
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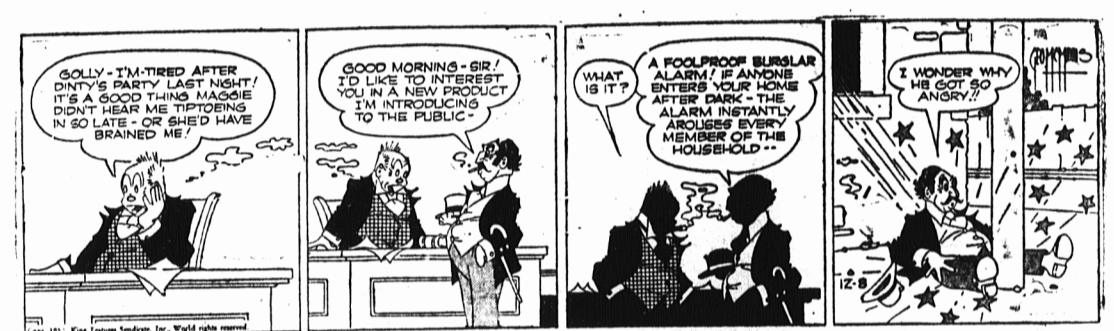
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



HENRY



BRINGING UP FATHER



TILLY THE TOILER



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



DOTTY DRIPPLE



PENNY



RUDOLPH THE RED NOSED REINDEER



POGO



KIP KIRBY



KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



By Robert L. May

By Walt Kelly

By Alex Raymond

By Al Capp

By Edwina

By Carl Anderson

By George McManus

By Bob Gas'ntson

By Cliff McBride

By Ruford

By Harry Haerigen