

By Al Capp



By Thornton W. Burgess

ONE MORE TO WATCH FOR

Be trustful, but not too really so. What seems to be is all you know. —Old Mother Nature.

Wee Mite, young son of Danny and Nanny Meadowmouse, was no longer wee. He had been out in the Great World only a short time, but he was almost as big as he ever would be. He had been lucky so far, but also, he had been smart enough to learn fast the things a Mouse should know. When he had

left home he was less than three weeks old. His four brothers and sisters, who were just the same age, had left home at the same time. Wee Mite didn't know it, but now he was the only one of the five still living. Black Pussy the Cat had caught one. Butcher the Shrike had caught one. Reddy Fox had caught one. Killy the Sparrow Hawk had caught one. Perhaps it was just as well that Wee Mite didn't know these things. Perhaps if he had known it wouldn't have made any difference to him, except that he would have learned more of the enemies he must watch out for than he now knew. For a whole day and a night Mite had not had a single scare. In the life of a Mouse a day and a night is a very long time. It had seemed to Mite too good to be true. Now as he was cutting some tender grass for his breakfast, he heard a queer rustling noise. Right away he was suspicious. He stopped eating, and listened. He had learned the wisdom of always being suspicious of a rustling sound. It might be made by some hungry hunter stealing through the grass search of a Mouse dinner. The rustling sound stopped. Then



"He doesn't look dangerous," thought Mite.

It began again. It seemed to come from a little path that branched off from the little path in which Mite was sitting. Very, very slowly and carefully he crept forward until he could look down that other little path. At first he saw what looked to him like a black stick lying in the path. Then that black stick moved. It came alive. It wasn't a stick at all! It was the strangest looking person he ever had seen. He had never seen any one at all like this person. He had no legs, he had no wings, and he didn't seem to need either. He moved along as easily as Mite himself could move.

The young Mouse stared, and stared, and stared, all the time keeping perfectly still. He saw the stranger lift his head quite high. His head was not big, but there was something about the unwinking eyes of the stranger that made the young Mouse feel most uncomfortable. Indeed, it gave him something of the feeling he had had when he saw Shadow the Weasel. "He doesn't look dangerous," thought Mite. "He hasn't a very big mouth, but somehow I don't like the looks of him. I wonder if I should or should not be afraid of him."

He didn't have to wonder long. No sir, he didn't have to wonder long. He found out in rather a dreadful way until he came to a short-branched path that led to a Meadowmouse home. Mite knew about that home. He had several times seen the old Mouse that lived there. He knew that in that home were several baby Mice. This

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Clubertson

HIGHWAY ROBBERY!

A psychic bid created quite a "situation" in the following hand.

North dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

Bridge hand diagram showing cards for North and South.

North opened the auction innocently enough with one diamond and South, not so innocently, decided to respond with one heart — he felt that his hand was a shade too good for one notrump and not good enough for a two-club response. The heart bid naturally persuaded West to lie back, and when the contract ended up at three notrump with South declarer, West made a somewhat resounding double.

As a matter of fact, West could not be sure that South's heart bid had been entirely psychic — South might have held a four-card or longer suit headed by the queen. And when West laid down the heart king on opening lead and his partner played the seven-spot, the picture was in no sense clarified. West had to choose the highest card. However, even on West's king lead, in view of the bidding and the revealed dummy East might well have helped West by playing the heart queen on the king. It was inconceivable that West had doubled on anything but a very fine heart suit.

By the same token, West should have realized that if South really did have the guarded queen of hearts, defense was virtually impossible. Surely, considering the cards in sight, South had to have the high clubs.

Continued on page 14

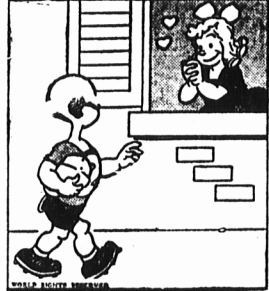
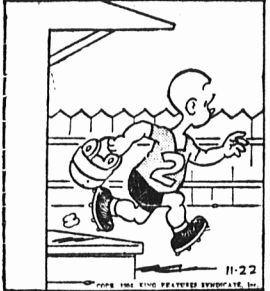
L'I'L ABNER



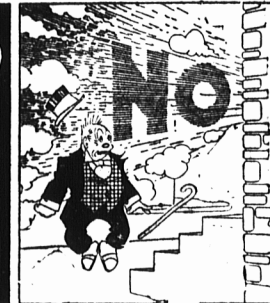
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



HENRY



BRINGING UP FATHER



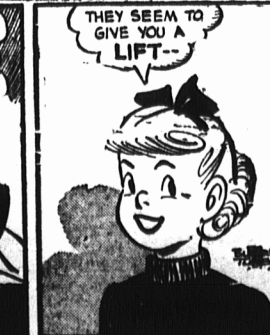
TILLY THE TOILER



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



DOTTY DRIPPLE



PENNY



BRONCO BUSTER

ALMOST 2 FEET TALL



ALMOST 1 FOOT WIDE

- PLAY INDOORS OR OUT
HASSOCK • T.V. CHAIR
BATH TOY

\$1.50 only POSTPAID

NOW - FOR THE FIRST TIME

Bronco Buster at the incredibly low price of only \$1.50! Yes, many folks have paid much more for toys like this—but now it's yours at this sensational bargain price. Made of tough, heavy gauge vinyl plastic—easily holds a 200-pound man. Pull reins, he neighs. Inflates in seconds, deflates flat to pocket size. Ideal Christmas gift for junior buckeroos! Satisfaction guaranteed. Send only \$1.50 to:

Form with fields for Name, Address, City, and Postal Code.

ASPIRIN RELIEVES COLDS advertisement with 'FEEL BETTER FAST!' slogan.

PAUSE... REFRESH DRINK Coca-Cola advertisement.

POGO

By Walt Kelly

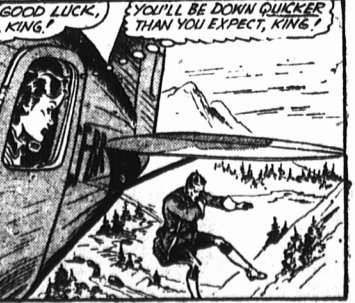


AIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond

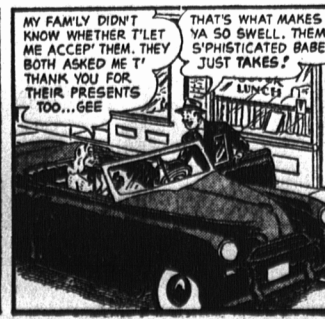


KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher



By Carl Anderson

By George McManus

By Bob Guzman

By Clifford McBride

By Ruford

By Harry Hoenigsen