

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

HOW OLD MR. TOAD KNEW

Who truly tries to use his eyes will meet with many a surprise—Old Mother Nature

Old Mr. Toad sat under a favorite plant in a corner of Farmer Brown's flower garden. That corner was always cool for it was shady. Also it was damp even when the rest of the garden was dry. Old Mr. Toad never complains of dampness; he loves it. Yes, sir, he loves dampness. He loves it so much that when on a hot day there comes an unexpected shower it makes him so happy that often he tries to sing. He doesn't like dry weather. He doesn't like to be hot. This is why he keeps quiet through the day in the coolest and dampest place he can find. Often he digs himself down in the ground, buries himself as it were. When jolly round Mr. Sun goes to bed behind the Purple Hills, Old Mr. Toad wakes up.

This morning Old Mr. Toad had not yet gone to sleep for the day. It was a cool morning. He had had good hunting all through the night and like most folks who have had plenty to eat, but not too much, he was feeling very comfortable. There was a satisfied look in his beautiful golden eyes. He may be homey in many ways, but few have such lovely eyes as Old Mr. Toad.

Besides him sat a young Toad. He had come up from the mud-hole to the garden for the first time the year before and had returned again this year. He liked to be near Old Mr. Toad because from him he learned much. Just now they were peeping out watching Hummer the Hummingbird and Mrs. Hummer darting from flower to flower. Both had their backs toward them. In the early morning sun the hummingbird's green back made them look very much alike. One of them darted to another part of the garden out of sight.

"I wonder if that was Hummer or Mrs. Hummer," said the young Toad.



He liked to be near Old Mr. Toad because from him he learned much.

Old Mr. Toad rolled his golden eyes around to look at the young Toad. "Don't you know?" he asked.

"If I knew I wouldn't wonder," replied the other somewhat peevishly. Then he added, "If they had not been back to us I would have known I would have known by the color of the throats. You know Mr. Hummer has a beautiful red throat like a glowing ruby. It is just as easy to tell which is which when they are back to us when you can see their throats. Learn to use your eyes, young fellow. Learn to use your eyes. That is what they are for," said Old Mr. Toad a little gruffly.

"I do use my eyes," retorted the young Toad somewhat crossly. "Back to those birds are just alike."

"You don't say," said Old Mr. Toad, mildly. "I wonder how you missed their tails?"

The young Toad's eyes were golden too. He blinked them now. "Tails?" said he. "What about their tails?"

"Nothing much, only Mr. Hummer's tail is forked and Mrs. Hummer's isn't. It is rounded," replied Old Mr. Toad.

"Oh!" said the other. He sounded as if he felt a little bit foolish.

I suspect he did. "What is more, some of the ends of Mrs. Hummer's tail feathers are white, three on each side, while those of Mr. Hummer are not," continued Old Mr. Toad. "Oh," replied the other. He looked a little more closely at the small feathered neighbor who was still visiting the flowers. If Old Mr. Toad was right, and of course he was, this must be Mrs. Hummer. Several of those tail feathers were broadly white. The young Toad sounded very humble when he spoke. "I guess you are right, Old Mr. Toad," said he. "I guess I haven't yet really learned to use my eyes."

"It takes time, but you'll learn," replied Old Mr. Toad, and his golden eyes twinkled.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

PLACING THE BLAME

When a pair fails to reach a laydown grand slam, the chances are that both partners are at fault, assuming of course that the high cards are well divided between them. It is always difficult to put one's finger on the precise bid which did the damage, but in such a case as the following it can logically be concluded that the greater fault lies with the player who accepts, by passing, the mere small-slam contract.

South dealer. Both sides vulnerable. North-South 60 on score.

| | |
|----------|---------|
| Q 10 7 3 | J 8 6 4 |
| A K Q 9 | 6 5 2 |
| 6 3 | K J 5 |
| 5 2 | J 7 4 |
| 10 8 3 | A K |
| J 10 8 7 | A Q 8 3 |
| 10 6 4 2 | 7 |

This was the bidding in an expert rubber game:

| South | West | North | East |
|-------|------|-------|------|
| 1♠ | Pass | 1♥ | Pass |
| 1♠ | Pass | 3♥ | Pass |
| 4NT | Pass | 5♠ | Pass |
| 6♠ | Pass | Pass | Pass |

There was nothing to the play, of course—South could spread the hand after any opening lead and claim all the tricks (except again the remote contingency that West had all five missing trumps). Offhand, it might appear that South was responsible for missing the grand slam because on his gingerly approach—viz. his mere one-spade rebid over North's one heart. Actually, however, in view of the 60 score this one-spade rebid was probably the best action South could take. He was in the "touchy" position of wanting to investigate slam possibilities while simultaneously staying at a safe level in case it turned out that North was very weak, and this meant that South could not afford any jump rebid. The spade bid was calculated to draw a voluntary response from North, and then South could set his sights accordingly.

Even after North jumped to three spades, South could not safely envisage a grand slam because, for one thing, he could not be sure of where the hand should be played, but when the bidding developed as it did and South finally made his six-club call, North should have attributed far greater meaning and value to his unannounced club honors and carried on to the grand slam.

Chiang's Refugee Capital In Dither Over Mow Affair

By Fred Hampson (For J. M. Roberts, Jr.) Associated Press News Analyst

SINGAPORE, Sept. 22—(AP)—It is easy to see why Chiang Kai-Shek's refugee capital on Formosa is in a dither over the affair of Lt. Gen. P. T. Mow.

Mow is—or was—procurement officer in Washington for Chiang's air force. Mow, charged with failing to account for almost \$20,000,000 in air force funds, was fired. Now he is accusing many high-ranking men of Chiang's regime with corruption.

This is an unwelcome development for non-communist Asia, especially just now. Chiang has been trying to convince the world he has cleaned up his government since he went to Formosa.

The Mow affair raises the old charge of official corruption that plagued Chiang throughout his years of power and now threatens him in his comeback effort. It is bound to increase his enemies and it won't improve his claim to being Asia's chief enemy of Communism.

Is this just a bad break, or does it mean Chiang's housecleaning was far from thorough?

It is difficult to tell. Obviously the shortages in air force funds are not recent. The air force has not had \$20,000,000 recently. Since they date back a long time, they are not wholly indicative of the present regime.

The Mow affair leads on to a bigger question: Is there any backing Chiang Kai-Shek's regime against the Communists, or will its own past failures doom it to failure as the liberator of Red China?

A good way to answer that question is to cross your fingers clear up to your elbows and whisper:

"Yes, there is use, there are strong and honest and wise people on Formosa who are still in authority. As long as they are in authority there is hope in Formosa and any hope against the vast and bloody evil of Peiping is worth nurturing."

During the dark days of 1949-50 when the Reds threatened to leap the Formosa Strait, the good men in the Kuomintang seemed at least to be rising to the top.

Belts were tightened and the work was piled on as the faithful realized they were on their own in a fight that would be death or loe.

When the Korean war made Formosa important, the United States dispatched a fleet to protect it and the U. S. slipped back into the old habit of sending military aid to Chiang. The job of strengthening this substantial non-communist force is stirring hopes and influencing Chinese in all parts of Asia.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



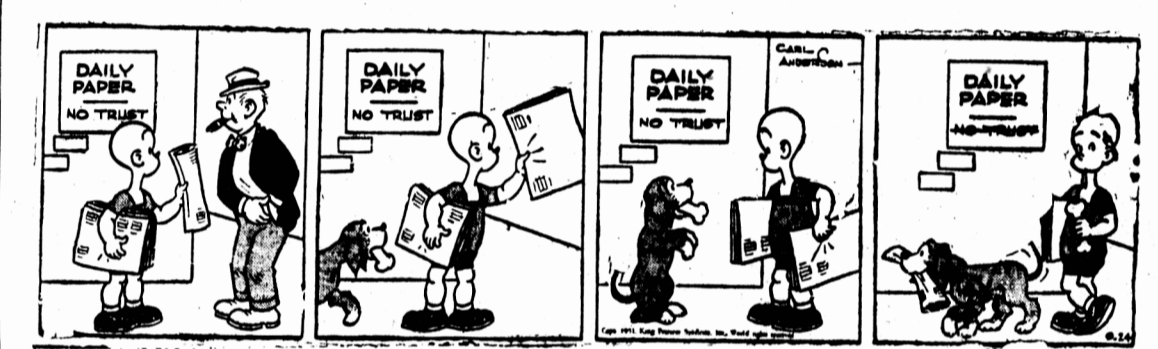
JOE PALOOKA



DOTTY DIPPLE



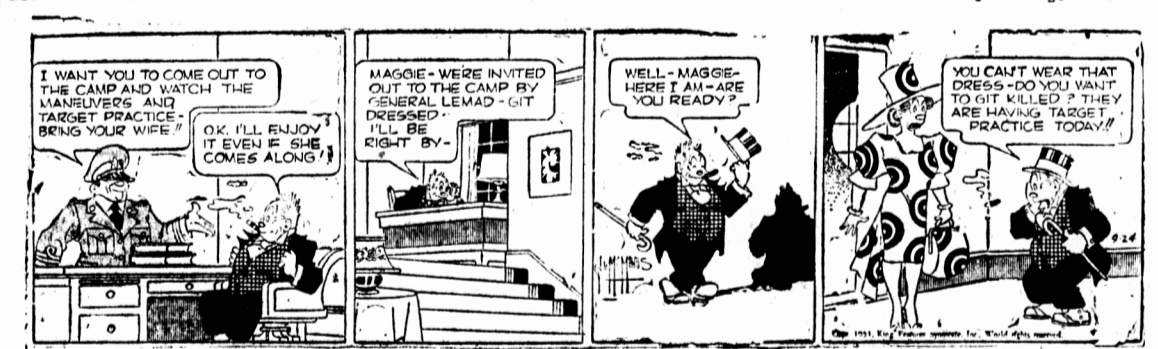
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TILLY THE TOLIER



PENNY



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POULTRY MEN PLEASE NOTE
Our chicken killing plant at Longworth Avenue will be closed for one week starting the 24th September. Killing operations will resume on the 1st of October, when fattened chickens and capons will be required in large quantities.
Prices and quality may improve in the next two weeks on live poultry. In the meantime we will be operating our canning plant on Grafton Street where arrangements may be made for future shipments.
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WHERE DID YOU GET THE SLICK HAIR-DO HONEY—IT'S A KNOCKOUT!
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L.L. ABNER
By Al Capp
AM—THERE YOU ARE, YOU'RE A FINE MURK OF BEEF!
I CAN WISH HE WOULD SAY BEEF—IT BRINGS BACK—SMACK!—SAD MEMORIES!—AM HAVIN' HAD NOTHING TO EAT FOR 2 DAYS—BUT AH IS TOO PROUD TO ADMIT IT!
WE'VE GOT A TOUGH SCHEDULE AHEAD. YOU'VE GOT TO STAY IN SHAPE, SO KEEP AWAY FROM THEM CHICKENS ON THE CAMPUS!
HOW ABOUT THAT CHICKEN—SOUTHERN FRIELITE!
YOU'VE GOT TO WORK LIKE A HORSE!
A HOSE?—SOB—IT—(I CAN EAT ONE—RIGHT NOW.)
HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I'M A HARD-BOILED EGG.
BROO—L—HE WAS IT!

RIP KIRBY
By Alex Raymond
PLEASE, MONEY! YOU KNOW I'M A SKEPTIC!
AH, BUT WAIT, GENTLEMAN—I SEE IN THE CUP...
THAT WAS A WONDERFUL FORTUNE, NOW READ MR. KIRBY'S TEA LEAVES!
...A FOREIGN COUNTRY... DANGER IN THE DESERT...
...AND TWO BEAUTIFUL WOMEN...