

TOONERVILLE FOLKS

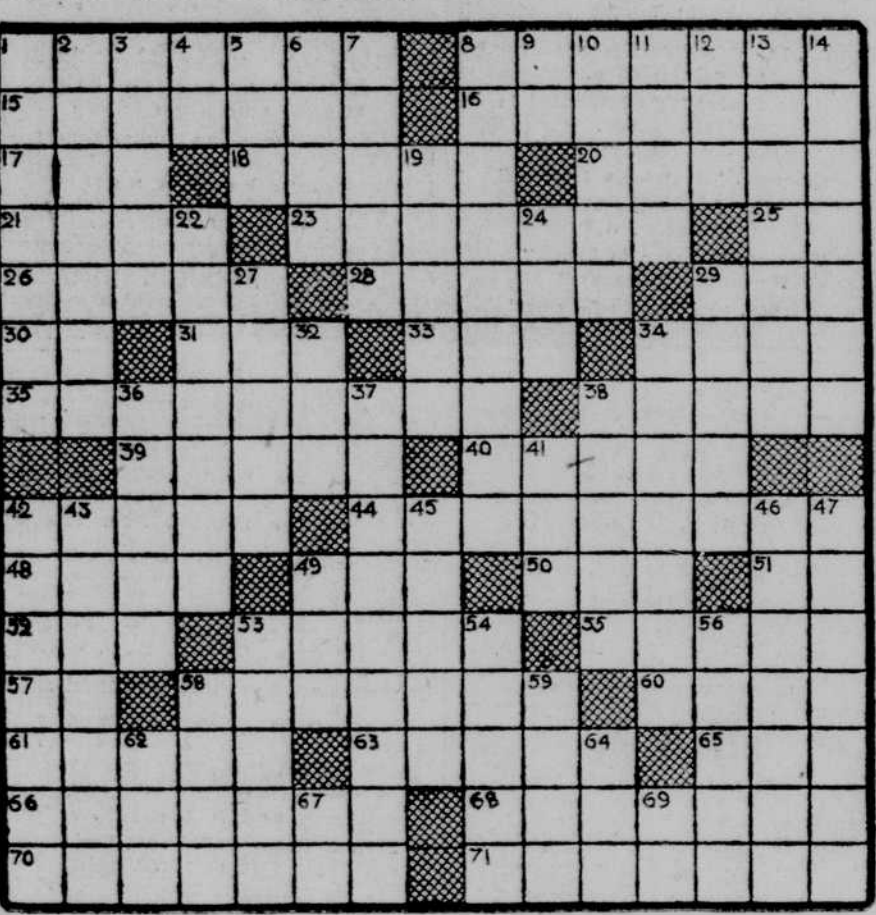


GROWING PAINS



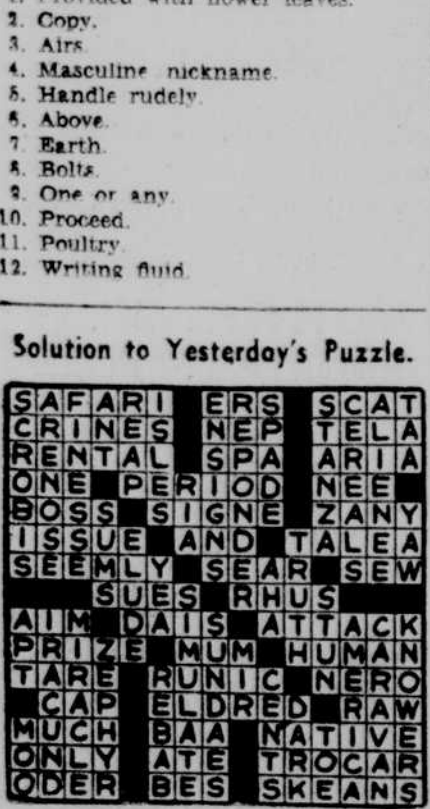
"HMMPH! THIS OPERATOR DOESN'T SEEM TO BE VERY SOCIABLE."

CROSS-WORD PUZZLE



- Across.
- 1. In a flutter.
 - 4. Mold.
 - 15. Vile with.
 - 16. Feeler.
 - 17. White metal.
 - 18. Terms.
 - 20. Old Dutch liquid measure.
 - 21. The sweetest.
 - 23. Idle talkers.
 - 25. Son of Miled.
 - 26. Holds out.
 - 28. Prevent.
 - 29. Feminine name.
 - 30. And Latin.
 - 31. A sink fence.
 - 33. Tavern.
 - 34. Braid.
 - 35. Prantie.
 - 38. Sprung forth.
 - 39. Tree of the oak-family.
 - 40. Corvine bird.
 - 42. Leads up to.
 - 44. Filmy substances.
 - 45. Mimics.
 - 49. To take in successive mouthfuls.
 - 50. Edible mollusk.
 - 51. There.
 - 52. Seed vessel.
 - 53. Apples or pears.
 - 55. Impure zinc oxid.
 - 57. Out of: prefix.
 - 58. Came gradually to a point.
 - 60. Level, shaded walk.
 - 61. Revolving part.
 - 63. Nautical.
 - 65. Have a location.
 - 66. Shoulder ornament.
 - 68. Marked.
 - 70. Lower.
 - 71. Confides.
- Down.
- 1. Provided with flower leaves.
 - 2. Copy.
 - 3. Airy.
 - 4. Masculine nickname.
 - 5. Handle rudely.
 - 6. Above.
 - 7. Earth.
 - 8. Bolts.
 - 9. One or any.
 - 10. Proceed.
 - 11. Poultry.
 - 12. Writing fluid.

Solution to Yesterday's Puzzle.



Bedtime Stories



MOON MULLINS—Gone and Not Forgotten.



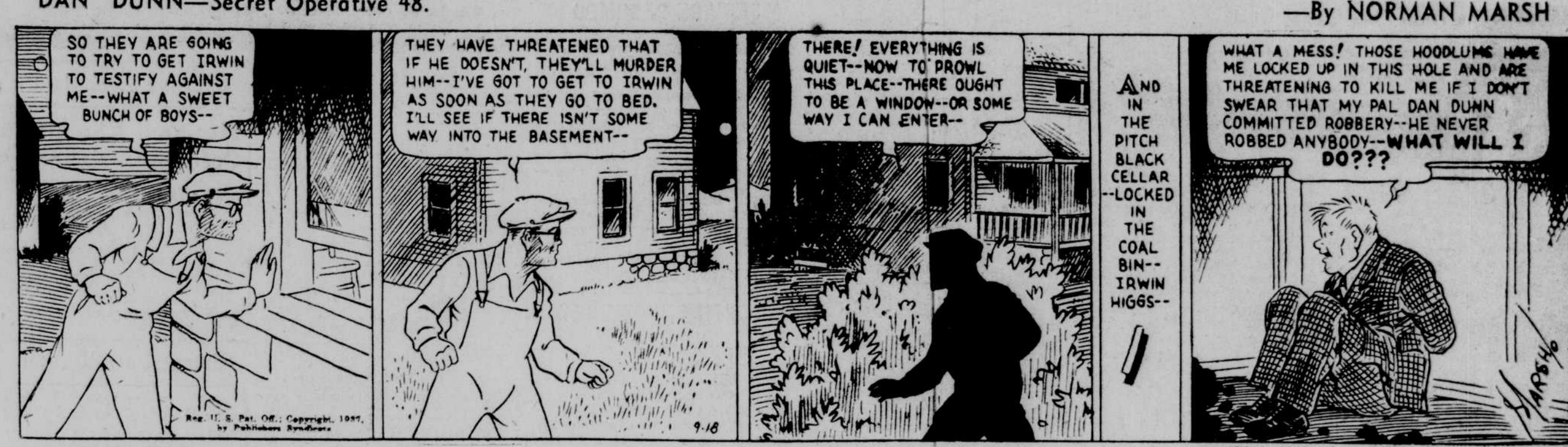
MR. AND MRS.—Husbands Are So Unfeeling.



TARZAN THE MAGNIFICENT—



DAN DUNN—Secret Operative 48.



MESCAL IKE—And So Home to Bed.



WAR ON CRIME—Off to Katonah.



there is such a thing as too much independence. There really is. This is the case when the rights of others are disregarded. It is the case when independence is likely to lead to trouble of one kind or another. In fact, it is almost certain to.

Jimmy Skunk had been wandering around Farmer Brown's dooryard, poking his nose into this and that, just out of idle curiosity. It was very quiet, for it was after the midnight hour and no one was astir, not even Flip the Terrier or Black Pussy the Cat. Jimmy was traveling alone close to the under-

pinning of the house. At each cellar window he stopped to see if by chance one might be ajar and so give him a chance at least to poke his head into strange places.

But the windows were closed and Jimmy continued to amble along. There was nothing in particular on his mind. Peter Rabbit, in his place, would have been continually stopping to look and listen. He would have been thinking of danger at all the time. Jimmy didn't think of danger at all. It didn't enter his head. It seldom does. So he ambled along until he came to a corner of the house.

Now Peter Rabbit would have stopped at that corner. He would have stopped and with the utmost caution would have peeped around that corner to see if the way was clear. He would have looked all around to make sure that there was no danger of any kind. Jimmy Skunk did nothing of the kind. He was so independent that he just didn't care who or what might be around the corner.

Now, right at the corner of the house a big tile pipe had been set into the ground, so that the top of it was only a couple of inches above the ground. In rainy weather the water from the eaves trough was led into this, and sank away through the gravel with which the lower part of the big pipe was filled. At all other times it was dry.

Jimmy knew about that pipe, but tonight he forgot about it. Because of his fearlessness and his independence he wasn't looking out. For no really good reason he was in a hurry to get around that corner. That is, he was in a hurry for him. Jimmy doesn't know what it is to hurry as most other people do. Anyway, he wasn't watching his steps and the first thing he knew he was—where do you think? Why, at the bottom of that big tile pipe. He had tumbled in head first.

Was he hurt? Not a bit. Not a teeny-weeny bit. You see, it wasn't much of a fall. It didn't bother him at all, until he undertook to get out. Then he was disturbed. He couldn't do it. He couldn't get out. Jimmy is no jumper, so he couldn't possibly jump out. When he stood up on his hind feet there was nothing for him to get hold of with his hands. The smooth surface of the inside of that tile afforded nothing whatever for him to dig his claws into. Jimmy tried it all the way around. It was just the same everywhere.

He was trapped. Yes, sir, that is what had happened to him—he was trapped. And it was all because he had been too independent to be careful.

"Well," thought Jimmy, "there is nothing I can do about it, so I may as well take a nap." He curled up comfortably and soon was asleep.

That was quite like Jimmy Skunk. Yes, sir, that was quite like Jimmy. He is so independent that even when he does get into trouble he doesn't worry about it.

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