

By Ham Fisher



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

MRS. GROUSE FINDS OUT

A premonition that is needed. May prove a warning that is needed. —Mrs. Grouse.

Mrs. Grouse was troubled. She was comfortably settled for the night buried in the deep snow that covered the ground. But she couldn't go to sleep. She had a premonition, which is nothing but a feeling that something is going to happen. She had had that feeling before she had plunged down into the snow with Thunderer, her handsome mate. It was Thunderer who had finally gotten her to come down in the snow, instead of spending the night in a tree.

For the life of her, she couldn't think of any real reason why they shouldn't spend the night there. In fact, there seemed to be every reason why they should. But all the time she was troubled with that feeling that they shouldn't. Now that she was snuggled down warm and comfortable, covered with the soft dry snow, she couldn't find her, she was still troubled. She just couldn't go to sleep. She still had a premonition that she and Thunderer would have been better off had they remained up in the tree. As they plunged into the snow more snow was beginning to sit down through the trees. This was good rather than bad. Of course when they plunged into the snow each left a hole where he had entered. Then the snow fell back and partly filled this. Now the fall-snow sitting down through the trees would completely fill the places where they had entered, and there would be no sign whatever that anyone had been there. "I'm foolish to worry," thought



She was safe now, but what about Thunderer.

Mrs. Grouse, as she tried to go to sleep, "but somehow, I just can't help it. That feeling that something is wrong is just a feeling. There is no reason for it, but I can't help it." Thunderer, her handsome mate wasn't worrying. He wasn't the least bit troubled. He was satisfied. He had had his way. It was he who had wanted to go to bed in the snow and he had been a little impatient with Mrs. Grouse because she hadn't been as eager to go as he. Now he was a foot or two away from her with snow in between, and they couldn't talk. So he didn't know that she was still troubled. Had he known he would have said it was all nonsense. A few moments after he had settled down there in the snow he was asleep.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluvertson

LAPSE OF MEMORY PAYS DIVIDEND

Forgetting the score is usually costly and often calamitous, but in the following hand that forgetfulness had a very lucky outcome.

Bridge hand analysis including South dealer, both sides vulnerable, and a bidding table with North and South hands.

Joe Palooka



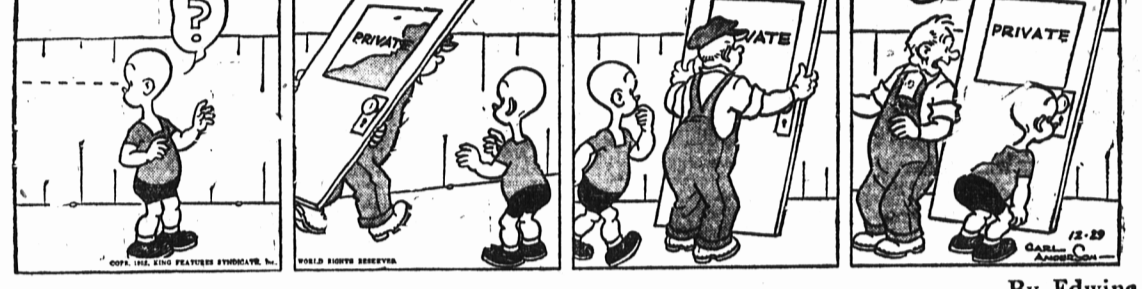
By Bob Gustafson

Tilly The Toiler



By Carl Anderson

Henry



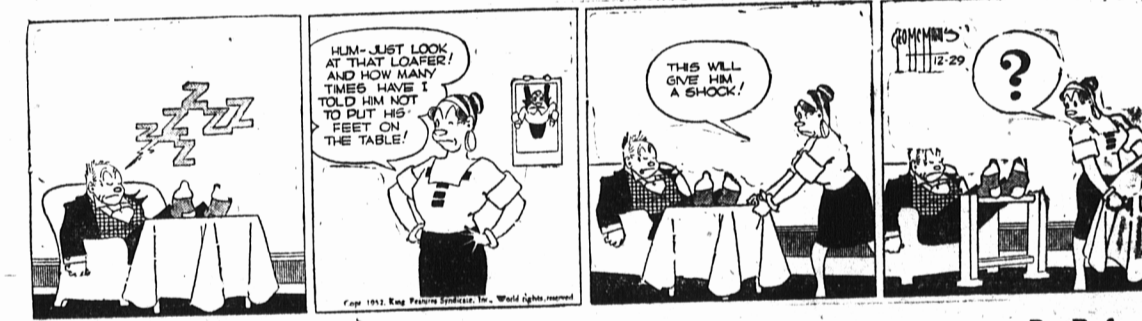
By Edwina

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



By George McManus

Bringing Up Father



By Ruford

Dotty Dripple



By Clifford McBride

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Harry Hoehnigen

PENNY



The Neighbors

By George Clark



"My husband always gives me evening dresses. I used to keep them, hoping he'd take me out sometime."

EARLY PRINTERS

Printing in Quebec apparently began with the first number of the famous Quebec Gazette, in 1764.

Coca-Cola logo and text: SERVE Coca-Cola AT YOUR PARTY

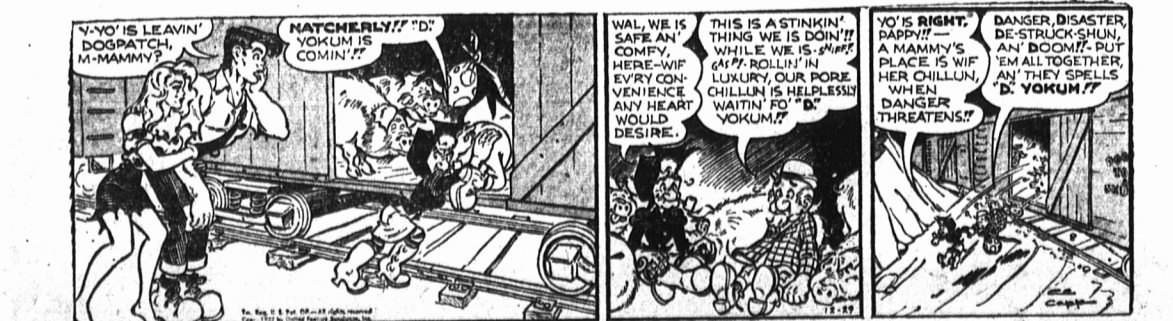
Pogo



King Of The Royal Mounted



Li'l Abner



Rip Kirby



By Alex Raymond