

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

## MRS. GROUSE KEEPS A SECRET

A secret I would never dare. With anyone at all to share.

Thunderer the Grouse was peevish. To be peevish is to be upset, to be provoked, Thunderer was very much upset, very much provoked. It was all on account of Mrs. Grouse. She had secret. It was a secret that he felt she had no right to keep from him.

He knew she had a secret because she was no longer paying any of the attention she had been giving him. Sometimes, when he was strutting his very best, he would look over at her and find she wasn't watching him at all. Several times lately, when he had turned to look at her, expecting her to admire him, he had discovered that she wasn't there at all. She had quietly slipped away. When he went to look for her he couldn't find her. Then she would come back as unexpectedly as she had left. He didn't understand it at all. That is why he was so peevish. He began to be jealous. Someone, or something, was taking Mrs.



Thunderer the Grouse was peevish.

Grouse away from him. That is what he thought anyway. So he was jealous, but he didn't know who or what he was jealous of.

As the days went by, Mrs. Grouse slipped away oftener. Sometimes she was gone for so long that Thunderer became worried. He would go looking for her, but with all his looking he never found her. That was provoking, too. It made him feel as if she were smarter than he, and he liked to feel that he was the smartest. Perhaps this wasn't strange. The so-called head of a family is very apt to feel that way. More often than not he isn't the head of the family at all, but he doesn't know it. That usually is just as well.

"Where have you been?" Thunderer would demand.

"Just busy," Mrs. Grouse would reply mildly.

"Busy about what?" Thunderer would demand.

"Oh, nothing much; just busy," Mrs. Grouse would reply.

So it was that Thunderer became more and more peevish. He grew more and more suspicious. Could it be that Mrs. Grouse was no longer caring for him? No longer admiring him? Something was very, very wrong, but he didn't know what it was. She was acting queer. She was secretive. Each day she stayed away longer.

"My dear," said Mr. Grouse, "what is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," replied Mrs. Grouse sweetly. "Nothing at all. Why do you ask?"

"You don't seem yourself," said Mr. Grouse lamely.

"I never was more myself than I am right now," declared Mrs. Grouse.

"Then why do you go off and hide?" demanded Thunderer.

"Who says I hide?" demanded Mrs. Grouse.

"If you don't hide, why is it I can't find you when I go looking for you?" demanded Thunderer.

"Because you don't look in the right places," said Mrs. Grouse. She said it so sweetly, that Thunderer wasn't sure whether she was teasing him, or whether she really meant just that. He looked at her sharply, but she looked so innocent that he said nothing. Instead, he began to strut.

"You're wonderful," said Mrs. Grouse softly.

Thunderer strutted more than ever. He threw his head so far back he couldn't see over his own breast. Back and forth, back and forth, he strutted. When at last he stopped and turned to look at Mrs. Grouse for her admiration, she wasn't there. No, sir, she wasn't there. Nor was she anywhere in the neighborhood. Thunderer made sure of that. To judge by the way he ran about this way and that, he had quite lost his temper. A foolish thing to do. It is always foolish to lose one's temper.

Thunderer flew off to another part of the Green Forest to sulk by himself. "I'll just stay away myself, and see how she likes it," said he, talking to himself. He really meant to stay away. But he didn't stay away but a very little while. Then he was back in the familiar surroundings where he and Mrs. Grouse had been living ever since the coming of Mistress Spring. Mrs. Grouse was scratching in the leaves when he came back. She didn't even ask him where he had been.

### Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluvertson

LESS SPEED, GREATER SUCCESS

Players do themselves a great disservice by playing quickly to the first few tricks. The fact is — as experts fully realize — that those few tricks are the usually-essential base on which rests the outcome of the hand, and it's a little silly to barge ahead at the start and then settle down to think. Here is what often happens:

North dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

A 7 6 2  
K 4 3  
K J 5 2  
7

3 3 0 7 5  
6 4  
A K Q  
J 6 2

N  
W  
E  
S

K 8 4  
Q 10  
A 10 9  
8 3  
10 8 5

Q J 10 9 5  
8 6 2  
Q 7  
9 4 3

The bidding:

North	East	South	West
1♥	Pass	1♠	2♣
3♠	Pass	4♠	Pass
Pass	Dbl.	Pass	Pass
Pass			

East's double was, to say the least, rather optimistic.

West opened his natural opening lead, the club king, and when the dummy was spread with its singleton club, he shifted to the three of trumps.

Declarer scarcely considered the situation. He put up the trump ace and led a low diamond from the board. East played low, and of course the queen held. South then ruffed a club in dummy, after which he had little choice but to knock out the diamond ace by leading the king or jack. East was glad to take this trick and equally glad to remove dummy's trumps by leading the king and eight. Now South was helpless — he could discard either a heart or a club on dummy's good diamond, but he could not salvage both losers.

Presumably, South thought that he was preserving dummy's trumps by putting up the spade ace immediately, but he was actually doing quite the opposite. The right play was to duck West's trump lead and let East win the trick. East's best return would be another trump. Winning in the closed hand, declarer could now ruff a club, then lead a low diamond from the board. East could not go up with the ace except at the cost of giving South three diamond tricks, and if he ducked, South could promptly ruff his last club, then knock out the diamond ace. Now South would be in control.

The wood of the ash tree is noted for its toughness and elasticity.

## King Of The Royal Mounted



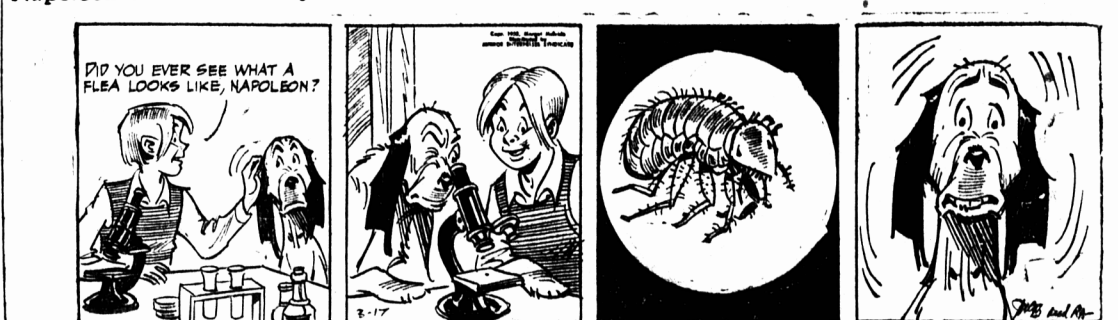
## Rip Kirby



## Joe Palooka



## Napoleon and Uncle Elby



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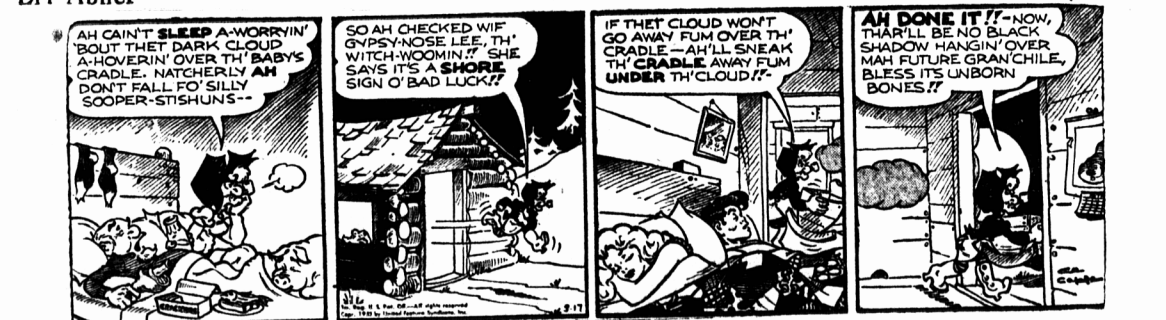
Effective this date, March 17, 1953, all roads in the Prince Edward Island National Park are closed to all traffic until further notice.

SUPERINTENDENT,  
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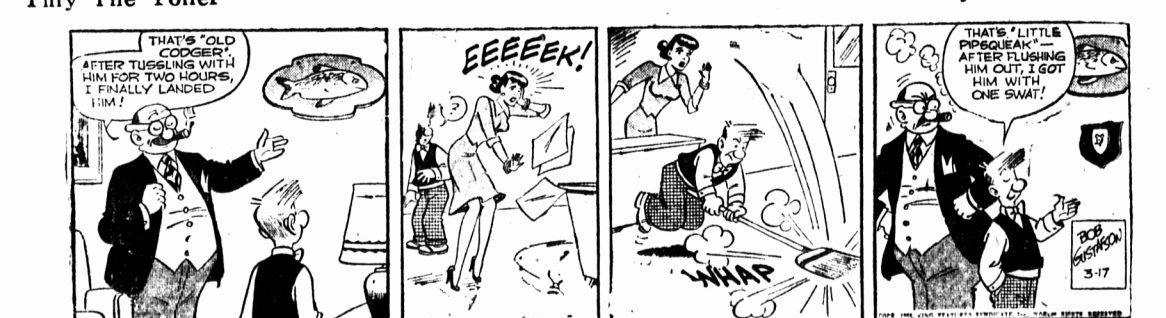
## KING COLE COFFEE

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## Li'l Abner



## Tilly The Toiler



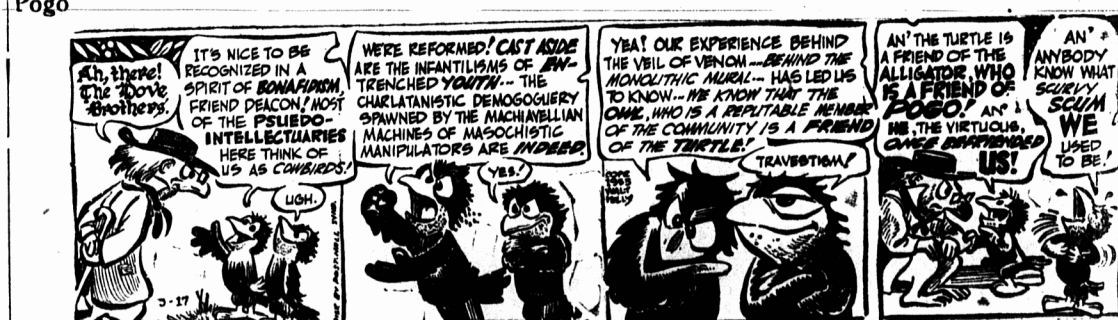
## Dotty Dripple



## Henry



## Pogo



## Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



## Bringing Up Father



## PENNY

