

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

**PETER SHOWS A LITTLE SENSE** in life's hard uncertain school, safety first must be the rule.

—Old Mother Nature.  
Peter Rabbit has the wandering foot. He dearly loves to get about. He likes to poke his wobbly little nose in all sorts of places, some places where that little nose has no business to be. It has gotten him into all sorts of scrapes.

Of course it is curiosity that is the cause of Peter's wandering. He is curious about everything. Curiosity is a good thing, a very good thing, when it leads to trying to find out things for better living. On the other hand, it is a very bad thing when it leads to needless danger or interference with other people's affairs. Peter's curiosity is seldom of the good kind. So it really was a wonder that he was still alive.

Little Mrs. Peter was forever trying to keep Peter in the dear Old Briar patch, and Peter was forever trying to slip out of it while her back was turned. You see, the dear Old Briar-patch was the safest possible place for a Rabbit. It was a mass of brambles and briars all tangled together. Peter and Mrs. Peter had cut little paths, which were really little tunnels, all through the Briar-patch. They were



"Just what do you mean, my dear?" asked Peter.

Just big enough for them to move about in easily, but not big enough for any of their enemies, excepting Shadow the Weasel or Billy Mink, and neither of these had ever visited the Old Briar-patch. More than once Reddy Fox had tried to go in after Peter, but always had been glad to back out before getting very far in.

When they heard the first bang of the first gun opening the hunting season, Mrs. Peter said to Peter, "I hope now you'll show a little sense."

"Just what do you mean, my dear?" asked Peter, just as if he didn't know.

"You know perfectly well what I mean. Here in the dear Old Briar-patch you are safe. No two-legged hunter can get in here. And no Dog can get in. Or, if he does, he can't move about quick enough to be dangerous," said Mrs. Peter.

"True, my dear. Quite true," replied Peter. "But, I don't think there's any danger in going out a little way to get a good dinner of sweet clover. You know, it won't be long before we can't get any."

"That may be so, but if you have any sense, and I sometimes doubt it, you will be thinking more of your life than of a dinner," declared Mrs. Peter.

Peter said nothing but hopped over to the edge of the dear Old Briar-patch where he could look out. When Mrs. Peter's back was turned, he slipped out. There was a place not far away where the clover was still green. He slipped over to it. He had just begun to eat when there was a loud bang on the other side of the dear Old Briar-patch. The dear Peter ran back really was something to see. Little Mrs. Peter was waiting for him. "My dear," said Peter, "are right. I'm going to stay right here until this dreadful season is over."

"I'll believe it when you prove it," said Mrs. Peter rather testily. "Don't worry, my dear, I will."

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**PREMIUM "KLEEN-FLO" TREATED OIL**  
For Furnaces—Stoves  
Reduces Smoke and Soot  
Cuts Heating Costs  
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**ARNFAST LIMITED**  
BURMA PROPANE GAS  
COAL DIAL 6553 OIL  
"We Sell Heat"

**THROAT SORE?**  
For common ordinary sore throat  
JUST RUB ON  
**MINARD'S LINIMENT**

**LONDON (AP)**—The court of appeals ruled Wednesday that Prince Ernest Augustus, grandson of ex-Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, is a British subject by virtue of a 250-year-old law. Sir Raymond Everard, master of the rolls and chief appeal judge, said 491 members of European royalty scattered over the world also will be entitled to British citizenship. Under the ruling, the old kaiser would have been British.

**HISTORIC TOWER**  
The White tower of the Tower of London, with its four turrets, was built nearly 900 years ago.

**STRANGE BUT TRUE**  
**Pioneer Days In P. E. I.**  
By F. H. MacArthur

When they ate what remained of the food and sent one of their number, Peter Black, to fetch water from a nearby spring. Black no sooner had gone than he was back in camp, greatly excited and yowling he had heard the cry of a baby somewhere near the spring. Quickly the others followed Black on the run.

Overhead the storm still raged, occasionally snapping a tall timber with a crash that could be heard for miles.

Soon the cries of a child reached their ears; and, noting the direction from which the sound came, the men plunged forward in the ever deepening snow till at last they were led to a great hollowed-out pine-tree, where they found not on child but a couple of babies which they judged to be about one year old.

Inside the hollowed rampike had been placed a couple of sheepskins, while part of the opening had been boarded up to keep the children from falling out. As the infants were being carried back to the

diplomatic corps. Thousands of Parisians massed outside in silent homage to the wife of the president, who died of a heart attack last Saturday at the age of 69. Flags throughout the city flew at half-staff.

**BURY MME. COTY**  
The funeral of Mrs. Rene Coty was held Wednesday in the black-draped Church of La Madeleine in the presence of France's military and civilian authorities and the whole of the

**Out Our Way**  
By J. R. Williams



"You see this little hole in this shaft? Well, that's a center hole—I'll explain it."

"TH' BULL SHOWS ONE GUY OILED EIGHTEEN HOLES ON HIS MACHINE EVERY MORNIN'—TO EVERY FOUR WERE O HOLES!"

"FOR FOUR YEARS ONE GUY OILED EIGHTEEN HOLES ON HIS MACHINE EVERY MORNIN'—TO EVERY FOUR WERE O HOLES!"

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# CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Josephine Culbertson

**THE EXPERTS DISAGREED**  
Two experts engaged in quite an argument over the hand below—Expert A maintaining that the contract could not have been defeated, and Expert B upholding the opposite view.  
Readers can test their own analytical ability by deciding (before reading the last paragraph of this account) whether they are with Expert A or B.

South dealer.  
Both sides vulnerable.  
A 8 4 3  
K 6 2  
Q 7 5  
J 10  
K 10 8 5  
A 8  
J 10 8  
10 6 4  
Q J 9 7  
J 10  
A K 6  
A K 9 8

The bidding:  
South West North East  
1 Pass 1 NT Pass  
2 Pass 3 Pass  
4 Pass Pass Dble.  
Reble. Pass Pass Pass  
East's double was indiscreet, but so was South's redouble.

West felt that he might as well lead a suit in which he had a high card, hence opened the heart five. Dummy played low; East won with the ace and returned the heart eight, hoping for a ruff. When West took his heart king he could count, of course, that declarer as well as East was now out of the suit, but it seemed logical to kill dummy's heart queen, so West led a third heart.

East, automatically ruffed the heart queen with a low trump. South overruffed, then led and passed the spade queen, even though West showed out. East accepted the trick—it would have done him no good to hold up—and South then had comparatively easy sailing. He took East's diamond return in dummy and led a trump toward his own J-9, cashing both of those cards, then went to dummy with a club and cashed the spade ace to draw East's last trump, the ten spot.

Well, the verdict? Expert B WAS RIGHT. The contract would have been beaten by East's conceding the heart trick to declarer, discarding a club on the trick instead of ruffing the heart queen Try this.

**DAILY CROSSWORD**  
ACROSS  
1. Pal  
5. To distribute  
9. Piece of work  
10. Ocean-going vessel  
12. Merit  
13. A ruler  
14. Blunder  
15. Contemplation  
16. Not good  
17. Turn inside out  
20. Resisted openly  
22. Network  
26. Roman poet  
27. Flutter  
28. Contest of speed  
29. City (Wis.)  
30. Long-handled implement  
32. Palm leaf  
35. Like ale  
36. Confer knighthood upon  
39. Purity  
41. The arch of the sky  
42. Chin whiskers  
43. In advance  
44. Three, in cards  
45. Affected manners  
DOWN  
1. Scorch  
2. Frightful  
3. Vase with a foot

**A Cryptogram Quotation**  
XUE WAECINFWONLUC FWTC'H  
KWODF-DNAE TNA. FDC HCN-DCA-UCZ.  
Yesterday's Cryptoquote: FOR MY VOICE, I HAVE LOST IT WITH HOLLAND, AND SINGING OF ANTHEMS—SHAKESPEARE.

**Our Boarding House Major Hoople**  
THAT MORRISSEY CHARACTER GUIDED IN AND OUT OF HERE AS FAST AS A METER READER. I SUPPOSE HE CAUGHT ONE OF OUR ACTIVE MINDS COMING TO A BOIL TO BORROW TWO BUCKS?

COULD HE OR HE MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT HE SAW ONE OF THE RAISINS CLING OUT OF THE BREAD PUDDING!

I MISS THE MAN—HE USED TO ADVISE ME ABOUT MY WORRIES BEFORE I COULD OPEN MY MOUTH TO START BEGGING!

GO BACK TO TOWN AN' WAIT FOR THE NOISE OF THE ROBBERS TO DIE DOWN.

HOW 'LL SHOW YOU A SLICK WAY TO HIDE THIS HAP!

BEASTLY RASCAL! YOU'VE PASSED THIS WAY!

YOU SAY YOU WISH TO MARRY MY LOVELY DAUGHTER?? I REALLY DON'T WANT TO MARRY THAT WHORE, BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET AT YOUR MONEY!

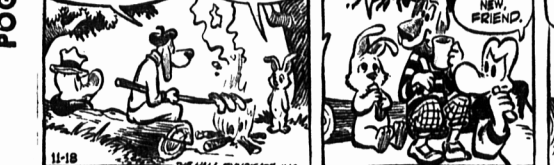
SOMETHING STRANGE IS GOING TO HAPPEN—I'M GOING TO TELL THE TRUTH!—WHY SACRIFICE YOURSELF FOR A YOUNG IDIOT? I HAVEN'T GOT A DIME!



IT WAS SUPPOSED TO BRING THE CHILDREN WHEN SHE COMES TO VISIT US!



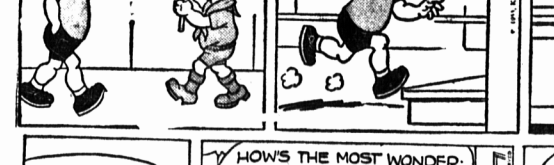
WHAT'S UNCLE DUDLEY DOING UP IN HIS ROOM, MOTHER?



HMPH! HE'S PUTTING A PICTURE OF SOME CHORUS GIRL ON HIS WALL. THAT'S WHAT HE'S DOING!



WELL, YOU TOLD US WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS HERE GRANPA'S GRAN CHILIN IN HIS GRAN BOUT GRANMAP?



SHE EVIDENTLY RUN OFF WITH A SALESMAN NAME OF LOCHINVAR.



ALL WE HEARD AS THEY ROPE OFF IN A TANDEM ROCKIN' CHAIR WAS THE PIERCING SCORPION OF GRANMA SINGIN' 'TIL LOCHINVAR GOT ME.



LOVE IS A OLD STORY! ANYWAYS THE GRANPA LIVED OUT IN THE CLOCK—IT WOULD GET MIGHTY COLD—SO THE CHILIN WOULD INVITE HIM IN FOR MEAL—ONE EVENIN' ONE BAW, LETS HAVE COLD GRANDFATHER FOR DINNER.



AMT YOU EVEN GONNA HARB AM OVER? I ASKED SO THATS HOW I WON FAVORAN HE SOLD ME THE CLOCK WITH A NINETEEN YEAR GUARANTEE.



OH YOU OF YOU OF YOU!



BUT MOTHER, WILL THERE BE ROOM HERE FOR SEVEN EXTRA PEOPLE?



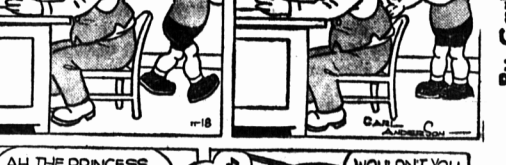
WENT UNCLE DUDLEY A LITTLE OLD TO BE GOING IN FOR PIN-UPS?



OH YOU OF YOU OF YOU!



SEE, I SURE LIKE OUR NEW OUTFITS!



YEAH, THESE UNIFORMS MAKE YOU FEEL LIKE GETTING OUT THERE AND CHEERING!



OH-OH! IT'S STARTING TO RAIN!



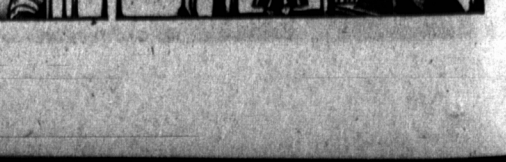
DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT, SKEETER!



LET'S GET GOING!



SISS-BOOM-BAH! NOW COME, EVERYBODY—TEAM! TEAM! TEAM!



Bringing Up Further

Tilly The Toilet

POGO

Muggs and Skeeter

Henry

Erta Kent

Grandma

Mickey Mouse

Secret Agent X9

By Fran Striker

By Al Capp

By Joe Palooka

By Mel Graff

By Walt Disney

By Charles Kuhn

By Paul Robinson

By Carl Anderson

By Wally Bishop

By George McMane

By Bob Gustafson

By Wait Kelly

By Wally Bishop

By Carl Anderson

By Paul Robinson

By Charles Kuhn

By Mel Graff

By Walt Disney

By Charles Kuhn

By Paul Robinson

By Carl Anderson

By Wally Bishop

By George McMane

By Bob Gustafson

By Wait Kelly

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