

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

**SOME ADVICE FOR PETER**  
Advice, though it be sadly needed, is useless unless it is heeded.

Old Mother Nature. "I still don't believe it," declared Peter Rabbit. "I don't believe Hooty the Owl and Mrs. Hooty are really thinking of nesting yet. If they have any sense at all, they must know that winter won't be over for some time yet, and there will be plenty more snow before it is over."



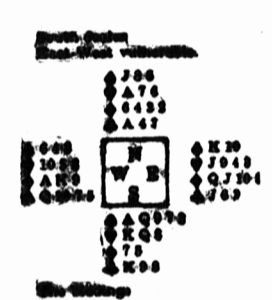
"Who told you that?" Sammy Jay wanted to know.

Peter was over in the Green Forest where really he had no business to be. He was talking to Sammy Jay. Peter had just seen and heard a strange performance. He had seen Hooty the

## Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson  
A DEFENSIVE COUP

East's key defensive play in the following hand was shrewd, timely and very effective.



There are grounds for considerable doubt that North-South should have reached game. North's one-trump response was correct—his two aces and one jack had to be weighed against his bad 4-3-3 distribution—and South would have had to lose two diamonds, a club and a spade.

West led the diamond king and continued with the ace and nine. South ruffed the third round, led a heart to the ace and then, after long thought, led the five of trumps.

While South was pondering—obviously over which trump, jack or low, to lead from dummy—East did some thinking on his own account. So, when the spade five was led, East tossed on the king, exactly as though he could not help himself.

South couldn't be blamed for taking East's bait. It seemed certain that West had started with 10-6-4-3 of trumps, so, after taking East's king, South confidently finessed to dummy's spade eight. Needless to say, he was not amused when East gravely took in the trick with the spade ten.

It is quite obvious that if East had played that spade ten on the first trump lead, he would have made matters very easy for the declarer.

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"Let me give you a little advice," said Sammy. "What kind of advice?" asked Peter. He doesn't like advice. He is just like a lot of folks we all know.

"Some advice for your own good," replied Sammy Jay. "Stay at home in the dear Old Briar-patch where you'll be safe, but if you insist on coming over to the Green Forest, keep away from this part of it."

"Why?" demanded Peter. "Because Hooty and Mrs. Hooty are nesting near here and I hear they are very fond of Rabbit dinners," said Sammy.

Peter twitched his wobbly little nose. "They won't catch me," said he. "They haven't caught me yet, and they never will."

Sammy chuckled. "You would not be here if they had," said he. "The trouble with those two is that you'll never know when they'll be around."

"Who told you that?" Sammy Jay wanted to know. Peter shook his head. "I don't know," said he. "I've known that ever since I was a small Rabbit. Everybody knows that. Owls do their hunting at night. You know that as well as I do. Or, perhaps you sleep at night, and don't know it."

"Peter," said Sammy. "What I don't know about those Owls is worth knowing. And I'm telling you again, that if you have any sense at all, you'll keep away from this part of the Green Forest."

"You'll have to show me why," said Peter.

## Strange But True

By F. H. MacArthur

In today's column I am going to tell my readers of the caravan of the last one of the most authenticated of American mysteries.

On the morning of April 3, 1851, a train made up of 60 covered wagons moved forward out of Fort Leavenworth along the Oregon Trail headed for the gold fields of California. Sixteen days later it arrived at Fort Bridger, where a halt was called so that the party could overhaul and repair their equipment and take on provisions for the trek through the wilderness that lay ahead.

On the 17th of June the party once more took to the trail, but vanished like a fog before the sun!

Reports issued by govern-

ment officials at Leavenworth, lists the dates the caravan passed the above mentioned places, covering a period of seventy-six days. No additional information has ever come to light. So we can only assume that the party together with all their livestock, etc., completely vanished. No greater mystery is to be met with in the history of the West.

Thirteen years later, Andy MacDonald, a trapper, reported seeing a large caravan in a wild stretch of country in Utah. Then in 1867 the lost caravan was in the Painted Desert of Arizona. Later it was observed several times by unimpeachable witnesses in the Grand Canyon of Nevada. Finally, the ghostly caravan became a legend.

In the spring of 1922, Dr. McNurlen, prospecting west of the Funeral Mountains, saw a man with a huge rifle standing a short distance from his camp.

"I'll bet the doctor told you in his own mind of what he saw and heard: 'Soon the silence was broken by a clanking of chains, squeaking wood and harness, snapping of whips and the lowing of cattle—not fifty yards away, and quite visible in the starlight—moved a procession that fairly took my breath away. Huge covered wagons, drawn by cattle with casks swinging from their sides, trundled into view. And as I watched I saw the vehicles crawl into a circular formation. Then the men unyoked their beasts, and banked the wagons, end on end.

"Gradually the campers settled down for the night. A sentinel took up his position not a hundred yards from my own campsite. I felt somehow, we were worlds apart, separated by a vast unfathomable gulf." Hours passed.

## Out Our Way

By J. R. Williams

## OUR BOARDING HOUSE

MAJOR HOOPLE

and then the lamp of heaven came into view behind the towering hills. Suddenly the silence was broken as a feathered arrow entered the chest of the sentinel. With a scream of pain he sank to the ground. Instantly the camp sprang to life and the doctor heard the hissing of water poured on hot embers. The men of the party dropped behind the wagons and began firing. An unexpected ghostly battle was under way. From a ravine behind his own

camp came showers of arrows. The minutes winged by. Silence then the doctor saw men crawling from beneath the wagons and disappearing into the night.

Attack and counter attack followed on each other all through the long night, while the doctor sat on the edge of his camp and watched the gruesome slaughter. Dr. McNurlen continues: "With the first peep of dawn, the oxen were beneath the yokes, the whips curled above their heads, and the strange phantom cavalcade moved ahead. They had gone—vanished into the nothingness from which they came!"

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MAJOR HOOPLE

Henry

Grandma

Mickey Mouse

Ringing Up Father

Muggs and Skeeter

Etta Kett

Tilly the Toiler

Fran Striker

Joe Patcocks

Henry

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By Carl Anderson

By Charles Kuhn

By Walt Disney

By George McManus

By Wally Bishop

By Paul Robinson

By Bob Gustafson

By Al Capp

By Ham Fisher