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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

(By Thornton W. Burgess)

THE HUMBLE ONE

Pride is like a tire that, punctured, soon becomes a flat. —Old Mother Nature.

It was just so with Lightfoot the Deer. His pride was like a flat tire. All through the fall he had strutted through the Green Forest, showing off whenever there was any one to see him. He was handsome and he knew it. He was proud of his fine appearance. He was proud of the wonderful set of antlers that crowned his head. He was proud of his size and proud of his strength. He visited the pond of Paddy the Beaver just to admire his reflection in the quiet water, sure that a handsome Deer had never lived. He admired himself and wanted everybody else to admire him. Most folks who saw him did.



No longer did he present a fine appearance. Quite otherwise.

Jumper the Hare had seen him often then, carrying himself so proudly, afraid of no one. Then Jumper had admired him and perhaps envied him a little. The look usually are envied by others, than which nothing could be more foolish. It is what one is and what

what one does, not how one looks, that really matter. Now it seemed to Jumper that it must be another person altogether who was trying to get out of sight behind some young trees and couldn't because they were too small.

But it was Lightfoot and a sorry sight he was. No longer did he present a fine appearance. Quite otherwise. He had lost one antler. Two matched antlers, each with the same number of points, carried proudly had been something to see and admire. Now with only one antler Lightfoot looked foolish, ridiculous, and Jumper guessed that he felt as he looked.

Now, as if having only one wasn't bad enough, that one looked to Jumper as if it wasn't on Lightfoot's head as it should be. It seemed to be leaning a little to one side. Lightfoot turned his head quickly and Jumper's eyes almost popped out of his head. Yes, sir, they did so. That antler had moved! It was leaning a little to the other side. That antler was loose!

It couldn't be, but it was! It wobbled! Yes, sir, it wobbled! Jumper was sure his eyes were not fooling him. They were not. That antler was like a loose tooth. It doesn't seem as if teeth could ever become loose, but every boy and girl knows that their first teeth become loose. It was the same way with Lightfoot's one antler.

It bothered him. To begin with having an antler on one side of his head and none on the other made his head feel lopsided. Now that that one antler was loose his head felt worse than ever. He shook it impatiently. The antler swayed back and forth! Lightfoot tossed his head and swung it from side to side. Perhaps that antler hit a small branch, or perhaps it was just loose enough to be ready to fall off. Anyway that is what happened. That antler fell off Lightfoot's head and dropped in the snow at his feet.

For a moment he stared at it. Then he shook his head again and this time it seemed to be in relief. On his head were two round spots that looked as if they might be sore. Perhaps they were at first, just as one's gum is sore for a short time after a loose tooth has been pulled out.

Just then Mrs. Lightfoot and the twins appeared. The latter stared at Lightfoot as if they never had seen him before, as if he were a complete stranger.

"You are rid of those things at last," said Mrs. Lightfoot. "Yes, my dear," replied Lightfoot humbly.

"You are better off without them now, and so are we," declared Mrs. Lightfoot.

"Yes, my dear," replied Lightfoot as humbly as before.

"What has happened to him?" asked one of the twins, staring at his father and then at the antler in the snow.

"He has found out that he is no more important than the rest of us," said Mrs. Lightfoot. "How right you are, my dear," said Lightfoot.

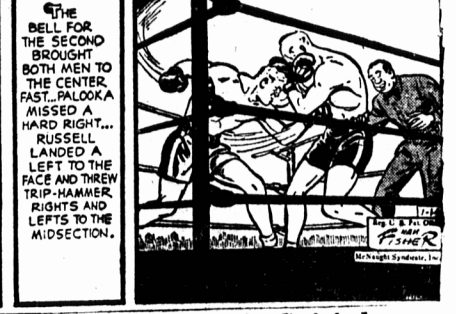
Then the four moved away and it was Mrs. Lightfoot who led the way.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



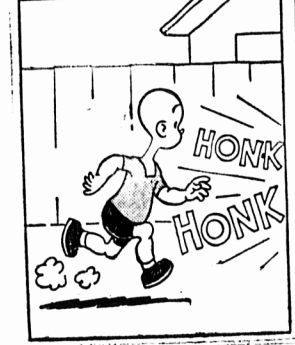
by Ham Fisher

JOE PALOOKA



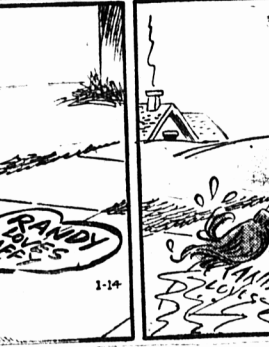
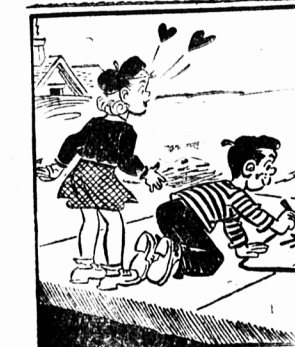
by Carl Anderson

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SATURDAY NIGHT IS YOUR DANCE NIGHT AT THE CLOVER CLUB

To the ELECTORS of Ward 3

It has been my privilege to serve at the Council Board as your representative. Although for a comparatively short time, the experience thus acquired was of great value.

Should you favor me by again electing me as your representative, I will do all in my power to serve the citizens of Charlottetown in general, and the Ratepayers of Ward 3 in particular.

WENDELL H. BEATON.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

GOOD ANALYSIS REQUIRED

On the surface, it does not appear that any line of defense could be successful in the following deal. Surprising facts however, often come to light under close analysis.

South dealer.

Both sides vulnerable

♠ A 8 4 3	♥ K 10 6 5
♦ Q 6 2	♣ A 8
♣ Q 7 5	♦ J 10 8
♠ Q 3 2	♣ K 10 6 4
♠ K 9 7 5	♥ N
♦ 4 3	♥ W
♠ 9 4 3 2	♥ E
♣ J 7 5	♥ S
	♠ Q J 10 7
	♠ J 10
	♠ A K 6
	♠ A K 9 8

The bidding:
South West North East
1♠ Pass 1NT Pass
2♠ Pass 3♠ Pass
4♠ Pass Pass Dble.
Redbl Pass Pass Pass

Both East and South were over-aggressive—East, for doubling four spades, and South, for redoubling, even though he had a great many honors.

West felt that he might as well lead a suit in which he had a high card and so selected the heart five. The deuce was played from the board; East won 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 had the same idea that West had, and automatically, ruffed the heart queen with a low trump. South over-ruffed, then led and passed the spade queen, even though West showed out. East accepted the trick—it would have done no good to hold up—and declarer then had comparatively easy sailing. He won East's diamond ten, turned in dummy and led a trump toward his own 3-9, 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.

It is interesting to observe that if East had conceded the heart trick to the declarer, discarding a club on the heart queen, it would have been impossible for South to fulfill the contract!

by Al Capp

In The Interest Of The General Public

The Electric Inspection Department for the Province of Prince Edward Island operates for the purpose of preventing fire hazards and injury to persons and property, and also to oversee electrical installations so as to ensure proper maintenance and operation, in short to protect the public from inferior equipment and workmanship.

Henceforth, electric signs not approved by the Department will not be permitted to be installed.

Electrical apparatus and particularly electric oil burners must be Canadian Standards Association approved. It is unlawful to buy and install any equipment not bearing C. S. A. label.

Your insistence on seeing the Journeyman's License will ensure a better standard of installation.

EUGENE P. CULLEN,
Minister of Industry and Natural Resources.

LIL ABNER



RIP KIRBY



by Alex Raymond

PENNY



by Harry Hoening