

G. F. Hutcherson & Son

OPTOMETRISTS
Specialists in the fitting of glasses for the correction of ocular defects.

DANCE

Sunnyside Ballroom
TONIGHT
Eastern Rhythm Boys
ADMISSION 35c

Sees Boston Red Sox As Team To Beat

NEW YORK, Feb. 6.—(AP)—Casey Stengel, new manager of New York Yankees, today said Boston Red Sox, and not the defending champion Cleveland Indians, are the team to beat for the 1949 American League pennant.

Furthermore, the outspoken Stengel said his own Yankees are potentially as good, if not better than the Tribe.

Stengel, who arrived in New York today "happy to escape that cold California weather," told a press gathering: "I don't see how anybody can overlook the Red Sox. Oh, I know all about the Indians. They won the thing last year, and they must be given recognition."

"But if Joe McCarthy can improve his pitching just a little, Boston would be much tougher than the Indians. The Red Sox came within an inch of beating Cleveland last year with what little pitching they had."

Stengel said he could not talk too much about his own club, since he didn't know many of the players. However, he said "the pitching staff is much stronger than last year."

"Smell," said the young Coon. His nose was twitching.

Three-legs had already smelled. His nose was twitching, too. It was a fishy smell, a very fishy smell. There was no mistaking it.

"It is fish. It is in there," said the Young Coon. His nose twitched more than ever.

Three-legs grinned. "Why don't you go in and get it," he asked.

"I'm afraid to," admitted the young Coon. He grinned somewhat sheepishly.

"Why?" asked Three-legs.

"I'm afraid because that thing never was here before and I don't know why it is here now, or what it is for," said the young Coon. He meant the pen of sticks. All the time his nose twitched hungrily.

"You are learning," approved Three-legs. "Never be ashamed of being afraid of things you do not understand. It is better to be afraid than to be sorry. You lose nothing and—"

"I do too," interrupted the young Coon. "I lose that fish."

BRITAIN'S TOURIST PLANS

SOUTHAMPTON, Feb. 2.—(Reuters)—Britain expects 500,000 tourists this year, L. F. Morrissey, chairman of the government working party on facilities for tourists said today. "Given reasonable con-

Milk Producers, Vendors Meeting

A meeting of the Milk Producers and Vendors' Association to study the Milk Act and other important questions to come up at meeting, to be held at Birch Court, Experimental Farm Tuesday evening, Feb. 8, at 8 o'clock.

Signed, PERCY GAY
Sec'y. for Milk Producers and Vendors Ass'n.

FEDERATION OF AGRICULTURE
INCOME TAX MEETING
AT LEGION HALL, CHARLOTTETOWN
WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 9th
AT 8 P.M.

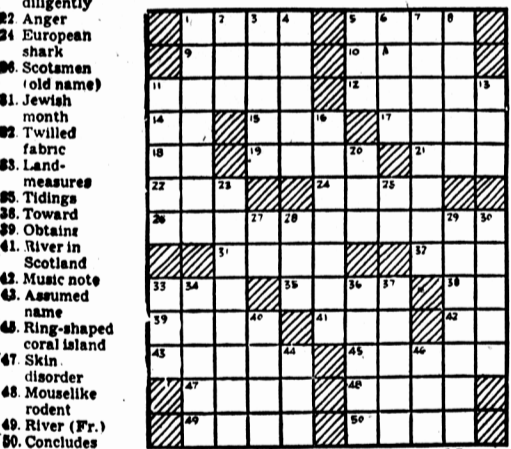
This is your opportunity to express your views on Income Tax Administration.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
1. River famous for its waterfall
2. Viper
3. Consecrate
4. A finch
5. Kind of sea gull
6. Matures again
7. To appear
8. A foot treadle
9. Small matter
10. Pig pen
11. Taught privately
12. Japanese festival
13. Rubber bands
14. Jumbled type
15. Man's nickname
16. A son of Jacob (Bib.)
17. Prickly plants
18. Over-indulge
19. Turkish title
20. Kind of race
21. Make, as cloth
22. Surgical thread
23. Rational
24. Varying weight (India)
25. Ancient



Saturday's Answer



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

AXYDLBAAXR
LONGFELLOW
One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation
ESOF KFO RKA PTBNL TFKHSOB
RKA POADFL HK PTBN QKBHSEDHS
—IBKMOBF.

Saturday's Cryptogram: THE FACULTY OF DEGRADING GOD'S WORKS WHICH MAN CALLS HIS "IMAGINATION."—RUSKIN.

RIP KIRBY



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

Whatever he may be about Who waits long finds time runs out. —Old Mother Nature.

Three-legs the Coon, who long ago had left one leg in the cruel jaws of a steel trap, was taking his time as he made his way along the shore of a small stream. Sharp-eyed wits had in a way made up for the loss of that leg. There was no smarter Coon in all the Green Forest. He was smart with the wisdom of sad experience.

His son, young but well grown, had gone on ahead. Presently Three-legs came up with him. He was easily walking back and forth a little way from a small pen of sticks at the edge of the water. There was an entrance to that pen, one just big enough for a Coon to enter.

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He led the way to the ledges and down to a snug little cave

"And save a leg. Which would you rather do?" said the three-legged one.

There could be but one answer to that, so the young Coon said nothing. He moved to where he could no longer get that fish smell and his nose stopped twitching.

They continued on along the brook. They left it to visit an old cabin back in the woods and caught two mice there. They visited other favorite places. At daylight they were back at the brook and just about ready to seek a place in which to curl up for the day, for they were beginning to feel sleepy.

There came the sharp sound of a broken stick farther down the brook. They stood still among the big stones around which they had been poking about. They stood as still as the stones themselves. Their sharp ears were set forward to catch every sound. Their eyes glowed in the black masks across their faces and they stared down the little stream. Some one was coming toward them! In a moment they saw him, one of those two-legged folks called Man. He stopped and knelt. For a few minutes he was busy about something, just what they could not see. He was too far away and bushes interfered.

He got to his feet, picked something up and stepped out from behind the bushes. He was carrying some one with a ringed tail and a black mask, some one who hung head down, stiffly. It was a Raccoon, one who would never run another step, climb another tree, feel in the mud for another frog or eat another grape or ear of milky sweet corn. It was one who had been unable, or hadn't had the courage, to twist a leg off in the cruel jaws of a steel trap.

Three-legs dodged behind a rock and led the way among the trees. At his heels ran the other and had all he could do to keep up.

"Where are we going?" he panted when at last they paused to get breath and rest a minute.

"Where we won't have to watch out for anything or anybody. It is time, high time we were asleep. It isn't safe to be out any longer," replied Three-legs.

He led the way to the ledges and down to a snug little cave, not to come out again save perhaps once or twice for a brief look at the weather, until the return of Mistress Spring.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

TOO SUBTLE

An absurdly "subtle" signal was the undoing of the defense in today's deal.

South dealer. North-South vulnerable.

Bridge hand table with cards and scores.

The bidding: South West North East

1 Pass 2 Pass

4NT Pass 5 Pass

6NT Pass Pass

Obviously, there was no point in South's asking for kings since he himself had all four of these, and the leap to six notrump was probably as sound an action as South could take.

West, feeling that whatever the opponents had in diamonds would be theirs in any event, and not wishing to "break" any other suit, opened his singleton diamond.

(Generally speaking, such a choice is to be condemned, but in this case it did no harm, since East's diamond holding was impregnable.)

The diamond nine was played from dummy, East covered with the ten, and South won. Now, once it was patently impossible to win twelve tricks without running the diamond suit, declarer led a diamond right back toward dummy.

West discarded the six of clubs. South, seeing that he would have to concede one trick in the diamond suit, played the jack from dummy, and East of course won with the queen.

Now, consider East's dilemma! The deuce, four and five of clubs were in plain sight in his own hand and dummy—only the three-spot was unaccounted for. Thus, West's discard of the club six was extremely ambiguous! It might well be West's lowest club; certainly it didn't look like a "come-on." So, mentally tossing a coin, East returned a heart—and that was the last time his side got on lead!

West was entirely too delicate in his signaling! It was perfectly obvious from the play of the diamond suit that East had it stopped, and therefore West should have signalled most emphatically with the club jack, or, using the just-as-good negative signal, he should have discarded his lowest heart.

Shooting Rats Finances Hobby

VANCOUVER, Feb. 6.—(CP)—Carl Dittman, 69, in the course of his duties as night watchman in a huge factory building, has killed hundreds of rats.

A former hunter of martin, mink, bobcat and lynx, he was forced by an arthritis attack to become a night watchman.

The factory pays him 15 cents a pelt as bounty, and money thus earned has enabled him to equip his cellar with the most modern woodworking equipment.

"That lathe cost me 400 rats," he remarks. "Got this band saw for 250 rats."

With his .22-calibre trapgun he is a deadshot and often kills as many as 12 rats nightly. Some weigh 1-2 pounds and measure 1-2 feet from nose tip to tail tip.

Only once has he been attacked by a cornered rat. He beat it off with a broom. His shoes have been bitten often, but that is all part of the chase.

"The brown ones are the toughest," he said. "The black rats are the climbers and spend most of their time avoiding being purged by their brown brothers."

"In order to live, rats have to chew and chew and chew. They have to wear down their teeth; otherwise they can't open their mouths, and die of starvation."

By Alex Raymond

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



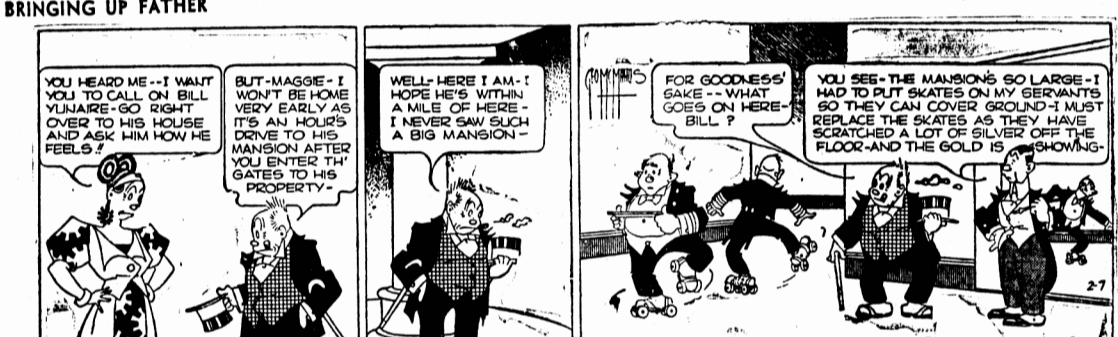
JOE PALOOKA



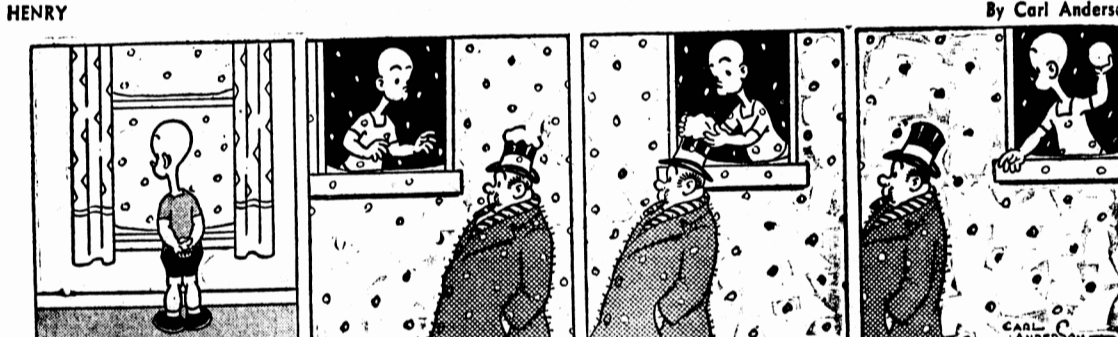
DOTY DRIPPLE



BRINGING UP FATHER



HENRY



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBB



TILLIE THE TOILER



PENNY



By Ham Fisher

By Zane Grey

By Buford

By George McManus

By Carl Anderson

By Edwin

By Westover

By Harry Moonigan