

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

WHERE WAS HOME?

Sometimes knowledge has a price. Paying which is far from nice. —Old Mother Nature.

Little Mr. Too-Smart was one of the five children of Reddy Fox and Mrs. Reddy. He was just a little bit too smart, yet in a way he wasn't smart enough. You see, he wasn't smart enough to know that he didn't know as much as father and mother. He wasn't smart enough to know that he couldn't possibly know as much as he thought he did.

He and his brothers and sisters had been told not to go away



from home while father and mother were off hunting. If they were at home, they would be safe, because they could run from danger into their safe underground home. Little Mr. Too-Smart had disobeyed. He had been sure that there was no real danger, and that mother and father were just trying to scare him.

So, to show how smart he was, he had disobeyed and had gone hunting by himself. Often the young foxes had been taken down on the Green Meadows for their first lessons in hunting. There they could see far in all directions. This time Little Too-Smart had turned in the other direction. He had followed some of the old cow-paths up in the Old Pasture. It

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

Mrs. Culbertson continues the presentation of the new Culbertson point-count method.

SENDING AN HONOR TO SLAUGHTER

It is extremely unfortunate that a great part of the average player's defense is based on so-called rules such as "third-hand-high" or "lead through strength and up to weakness," or others of equally doubtful validity. It cannot be said too often that such "rules" should be ignored almost as frequently as observed. For example, a today's deal East's first play seemed to honor three separate "rules," and yet it had no justification in logic.

South dealer
Neither side vulnerable

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

the bidding:

South	West	North	East
1 N T	Pass	2 N T	Pass
3 N T	Pass	Pass	Pass

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had been fun. It had been exciting. He had felt very bold and very brave and very smart. He had wandered much farther from home than he had any idea of.

Once more he started off running along an old cow path.

Now he was tired. He began to think about going back home. Presently, he had started to do so. At least he thought he was starting to do so. It was then that he made a discovery—a dreadful frightening discovery—he didn't know where home was. He was lost. He thought he had the right path back home, but had hardly started along it, when it branched. Which branch should he follow? He didn't know. He went along one branch a little way, decided it was the wrong one, ran back and tried the other branch path. In no time at all it became as strange to him as the first one.

Little Too-Smart stopped. He stood perfectly still. What should he do now? He didn't know. He no longer felt very bold, very brave, and very smart. In fact, he didn't feel bold and brave and smart at all. He was a scared little fox. He looked anxiously this way, and that way, all ways. His heart was thumping as he never had had it thump before. He wished with all his might the wish that all little folks that disobey, wish—that he had minded.

Where was home? He started off along an old path in one direction, only to turn off in another direction, because he was sure the first one was wrong. He did the same thing over and over again. By and by he was right back where he had first started to try to go home. He had gone around in a big circle. Folks who are lost almost always do that very thing. Now he really was scared. If he couldn't find his way home what was going to happen to him. All he had had to eat since he left home was a small Grasshopper. That was hardly a taste. He was hungry. He was very hungry. How was he going to get enough to eat? Where could he sleep? Would father and mother look for him? Could they find him if they did? Oh, how he wished he was back with his brothers and sisters, playing around the doorstep of that safe home.

Once more he started off running along an old cowpath. He wished those paths didn't cross and re-cross so. Once he thought he heard a far away bark. He stopped and listened. He heard it again, faint in the distance. It

POGO

By Walt Kelly

Panel 1: "PIT... IS YOU WRITE ANY KEYNOTE SPEECH?"

Panel 2: "YEP... IT'S PRO. TEST AGIN EVERYTHING."

Panel 3: "ALL THE UNMITIGATED GALL IS SPILT INTO THREE PARTS: GREED, CRUELTY AND STEW-PIDDITY! A POK ON THE USURY OF ANY PARTY WHO ASKS THE POUND OF FLESH."

Panel 4: "TIME WILL TELL WHO ARE THE REAL PEOPLE... THE MISERABLE SUM OF TWO WILL NOT BREAK ME... BUT THE PLUNTY HEART WILL QUAIL... AND THE ETERNAL COLLECTION OF..."

Panel 5: "GIMME! YOU IS READIN' A LETTER I WAS WRITIN' TO A 1930 CREDITOR IN KEOKUK."

Panel 6: "WELL, GOL-DEEN, IT SEEMED LIKE A EXCELLENT SUMMARY OF PARTY SENTIMENTS."

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride

Panel 1: "WHERE'S THAT BLOOMIN' STUPID DOG? DOESN'T HE KNOW ENOUGH TO COME IN OUT OF THIS HEAT?"

Panel 2: "AUTO LAUNDRY"

RIP KIRBY

By Alex Raymond

Panel 1: "IT'S A SERIOUS WOUND, MISS. WE MUST GET THIS YOUNG MAN TO THE HOSPITAL AT ONCE!"

Panel 2: "OH, YES, DOCTOR! PLEASE HURRY!"

Panel 3: "OPERATOR, GET ME THE BLACKROO HOSPITAL!"

Panel 4: "JUST A MINUTE, DOC! PUT DOWN THAT PHONE!"

PENNY

By Harry Hoehnig

Panel 1: "HOW ABOUT A MOVIE DATE SATURDAY NIGHT, PENNY?"

Panel 2: "I'LL SEE, EVERETT."

Panel 3: "WHY MUST YOU PIGEONS BE SO VAGUE AND PONEY ALWAYS PLAYING HARD TO GET...?"

Panel 4: "HUH?"

Panel 5: "...WHY, I'LL BET RIGHT NOW YOU KNOW WHAT YOUR ANSWER WILL BE!"

Panel 6: "NATURALLY, EVERETT..."

Panel 7: "...BUT IF DOODIE DOESN'T ASK ME, MAYBE I'LL CHANGE IT TO 'YES'."

CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Josephine Culbertson

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KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Al Capp

Panel 1: "INSPECTOR! WE'VE JUST PICKED UP A WEAK SIGNAL FROM KING'S RADIO!"

Panel 2: "MY PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED!"

Panel 3: "GET A BEARING ON HIM, DON'T!"

Panel 4: "WE HAVE HIS TRANS-MITTER IS STILL ON! WE CAN HEAR AN OCCASIONAL GURGLING!"

Panel 5: "HE'S ALIVE! I'M GOING IN THE HELICOPTER!"

L'L ABNER

By Al Capp

Panel 1: "D-DON'T WORRY 'BOUT OUR DEBT, DEAR—AN' ALL US HAS A JOB. NORTIN' KIN EVER REPLACE A HAND CRESCENT-CUTTER!"

Panel 2: "MEANWHILE, IRVIN S. CORNCOB SUBMITS HIS IDEA TO A BANKER."

Panel 3: "A MACHINE THAT CUTS CRESCENTS, CHEAPER AND FASTER THAN THE OLD HAND METHOD!"

Panel 4: "I'LL FINANCE YOU, CORNCOB, BUT MY HEART ISN'T IN IT. I LOVED THOSE OLD-FASHIONED HAND-CARVED CRESCENTS—THOSE GRAND OLD CUSTOM-BUILT DOORS—"

Panel 5: "THEY WERE A THING OF BEAUTY AND A JOY FOREVER—YOUR MACHINE WILL DESTROY ALL THAT!"

Panel 6: "SO WHAT IF THIS DOES DOOM A FEW HAND CRESCENT-CUTTERS TO STARVATION? IT'S PROGRESS!"

DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Ruford

Panel 1: "BUT I'M TIRED, UNCLE HORACE!"

Panel 2: "LET'S JUST FINISH THIS GAME, WILBERT—YOU'RE IMPROVING!"

Panel 3: "HORACE, WHY DO YOU MAKE HIM PITCH HORSE SHOES, WHEN HE DOESN'T WANT TO?"

Panel 4: "HE NEEDS THE PRACTICE, DOTTY—"

Panel 5: "IF HE'S GOING TO TAKE A PAPER ROUTE, I WANT HIM TO BE ABLE TO PORCH THE PAPERS!"

TILLY THE TOILER

By Boh Gustafson

Panel 1: "WHAT A SWELL PAL OUR BOSS IS, WHILE WE SWELTER OUT HERE IN THIS AIR-CONDITIONED OFFICE!"

Panel 2: "I'D SURELY LOVE TO GO OUT THERE AND WORK!"

Panel 3: "YEAH AND WHEN WE ASKED FOR RELIEF, WHAT DID OUR BOSS DO?"

Panel 4: "FOOY!"

Panel 5: "HE GAVE US EACH AN IMPORTED MONO-GRAMMED FAN!"

Panel 6: "WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING—THIS HUMIDITY IS UNBEARABLE!"

Panel 7: "WELL, I'M A GREAT FAN OF THE POWER OF SUGGESTION!"

Panel 8: "DO YOU MIND IF I KEEP MY LUNCH IN YOUR OFFICE? I'M AFRAID IT WILL SPOIL OUTSIDE."

TIPPY AND 'CAP' STUBS

By Edwin

Panel 1: "NO! NOT ONE MORE COOKIE! I WANT A FEW LEFT!"

Panel 2: "AW, PLEE-EEZE..."

Panel 3: "GO ON!!"

Panel 4: "AW, GEE..."

Panel 5: "I WOULDN'T BE SO STINGY..."

Panel 6: "MY LAND! YOU HAVEN'T EVEN AS MUCH SENSE AS CAP! I SAID NO MORE COOKIES—NO!"

BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus

Panel 1: "I UNDERSTAND YOU'VE BEEN OVER IN AFRICA, HUNTER?"

Panel 2: "NAW—I'M NOT EVEN AFRAID OF HER—DIDN'T YOU KNOW I'M A GREAT GAME HUNTER?"

Panel 3: "WELL—I REMEMBER YOU WUZ ALWAYS LOOKIN' FER A GREAT GAME AT DINTY'S!"

Panel 4: "AH—NAW—I MEAN ELEPHANTS, LIONS AN' TIGERS—GIVE ME THE WILD COUNTRY—I LOVE THE DANGER!"

Panel 5: "I GUESS I'VE BAGGED A HUNDRED TIGERS—TEN GOILLAS—I DON'T KNOW HOW MANY ELEPHANTS AND RHINOS—I WISH I WUZ BACK THERE NOW—DANGER IS SPORT TO ME!"

Panel 6: "LOOK OUT—THERE'S A FEROCIOUS DOG!"

Panel 7: "WOOF—WOOF—"

HENRY

By Carl Anderson

Panel 1: "Henry: Clean up the yard today, Mom."

Panel 2: "ENROLL HERE FOR BIG KULTURE AN GIT BIG MUSSELS BY OUR SYSTEM OF EXERCISE."

Panel 3: "NOT THE SAME LIKE WORK."

JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher

Panel 1: "WHERE'S LEENY? HE AIN'T BEEN AROUND FOR A COUPLA DAYS, I WANTA RAISE MY BET."

Panel 2: "HE'S OVER WOIKIN' OUT WIT' PALOOKA AT TRAININ' CAMP."

Panel 3: "WHO SENT FER YA? THERE AIN'T NO ROOM FER HANGERS-ON! SCRAM!"

Panel 4: "JOE AST ME T'COME OVER, HE SET HE NEEDS ME AROUND FER M'ALL POIPOSES."

Panel 5: "LISSEN, PALLY... BACK ME UP, WILL YA? I TOLE KNOBBY YA SENT FER ME."

Panel 6: "OKAY, BUT DON'T GET IN ANY TROUBLE, THIS BOUT MEANS EVERYTHING."