



By Thornton W. Burgess

A TOUGH OLD WORLD

Though the path be steep and the way be rough, He will win at last who persists enough.

The winter had been long and cold. There had been much snow in the Green Forest, and living had not been at all easy for most of the Green Forest folk. For those who, like the Squirrel folk, were thrifty and stored away food before the beginning of winter it had not been too bad. But for some of those who couldn't store food at all, the winter had been hard indeed, and there had been much suffering.

Happy Jack the Gray Squirrel, selfishly living alone, had really had nothing to complain about. It had not been so easy for Mrs. Happy Jack. She had her family of last spring living with her through the winter, three half-grown children. They had been crowded in their hollow tree home, but at least they had been warm. That was one advantage of so many sleeping together.

But winter wasn't really over when the three young Happy Jacks were turned out into the cold and snowy world to shift for themselves. They protested. They couldn't understand it. But mother wouldn't let them back

into that home. She told them frankly that they would have to find another home for themselves. She needed all the room there was in that house. But she didn't tell them why she needed it. For a day or two, they kept coming back, but Mrs. Happy Jack always met them in the doorway, and wouldn't let them in. Once, when she was out getting her breakfast, one of the children slipped back into that home and curled up in the comfortable nest of leaves at the bottom. Mother found him there when she returned and promptly made him get out. She not only made him get out, but she followed him a little and drove him away. He thought she was hard-hearted. In fact, all three thought she was hard-hearted. They were puzzled. They just couldn't understand mother at all.

That first night they had spent in the old summer home, a big nest of sticks and leaves up in a crotch of a tree. They had no trouble getting enough to eat for in the fall they had helped mother store away food, nuts, acorns and some seeds. Now they knew where to look for that food. Not for nothing had they been with mother all winter. Going out with her they had learned how to find the things that had been hidden away in the fall. They still remained together. Somehow the Great World was a tough place in which to be alone. They wanted the company of each other. They were never far apart during the day, but when the Black Shadows came creeping through the Green Forest none wanted to be alone. Not only did they want the company of each other, they were much warmer.

That nest had not been too warm that first night, so they spent most of the next day hunting for a hollow in a tree. They found several old homes of Drummer the Woodpecker, but none big enough for all three to be together. It wasn't until the



In the trunk, high up, he discovered a big hole.

third day that they found one big enough. One of them had wandered a little farther into the Green Forest than any of them had been before. On the ground at the foot of a tree were a lot of chips and splinters. They looked as if they had been freshly cut. The young Happy Jack climbed the tree. In the trunk, high up, he discovered a big hole. There was no nest in it. There was no sign that it was being used. He ran back to get the other two. Each in turn looked into that hole, and each in turn was sure that this was just the place they were looking for. But all were still a little afraid. Perhaps somebody lived there that wasn't at home. They hung around where they could keep watch of that hole. No one came to it. When the Black Shadows came creeping through the Green Forest that hole was still empty. Then they were sure that no one was using it.

One ventured to go in. After hesitating, another followed. Of course the third one wouldn't stay outside all alone. Clinging together they soon fell asleep. They slept right through the night. They were awakened early in the morning just after daylight by a terrible noise as if someone were trying to break into their home. They clung together more tightly than ever in a little gray ball. It was a tough old world with neither father nor mother to look after them.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson THE UNSPRUNG TRAP

A well-baited trap by East in the following deal was pushed aside by his own partner.

West dealer. Both sides vulnerable. East-West 60 on score. Hand: West 10 8 5, North 6 2, East K 10 9 8, South 10 9 5 4. Bidding: West 1, North Pass, East 1 NT, South 2 (1) Pass.

The sort of notrump response chosen by East is a standard trap bid, beloved of experts, at a particular level. Old and hokneyed as this trap is, however, it is one of the most effective that can be used, because the opposition cannot be sure that it is a trap—East may have an honest, extremely weakish one notrump that he was forced to bid at his 60 score.

Thus, as so often happens, South was put in a quandary: with some strength of his own, it was tempting to offer a little competition on the hope that North also had a few high cards. It is never palatable to let the enemy go game with a mere one-bid.

All this, however, is not a justification of South's double to the contrary, that double was much too reckless, and South would have met swift punishment if he had not had a kind friend at his left. West's rebid of spades was inexcusable. His hand was perfectly suited to the notrump contract, and he should have reasoned as follows: If East was weak, there would certainly be no assurance of making eight tricks at spades, and if East had a fair-to-good hand, he would be quite able to take appropriate action.

At the score, it was not improbable that East's one notrump had been a trap; consequently, there was only one right thing for West to do, and that was to pass. Obviously, East would have doubled any opposing contract, or rebid the one notrump in all likelihood, and the 1100 points East-West really could have collected would have been a high reward for postponing their chance for the rubber.

Just Like A Man "Harold is awfully obstinate." "In what way?" "It's the hardest thing in the world to make him admit I'm right when he knows I'm wrong."

NOTED SCIENTIST PRETORIA, South Africa (CP)—Dr. J. G. Faure, former professor of entomology at the University of Pretoria, has been elected an honorary fellow of the Royal Entomological Society of London. He is noted for research on the biology of migratory locusts.

NOTICE

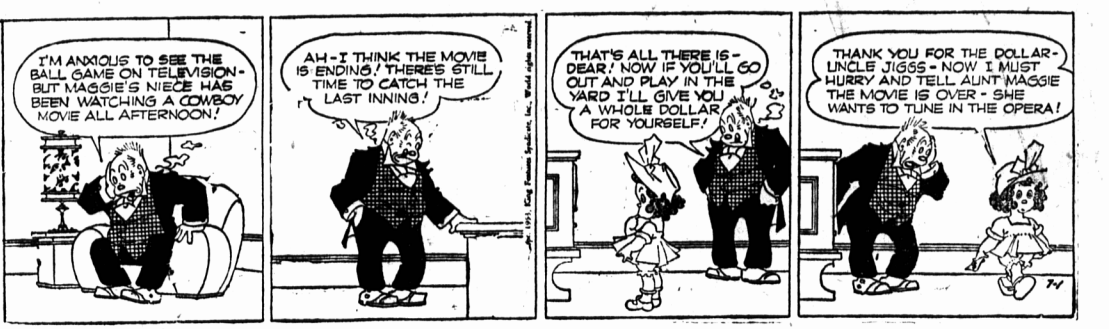
The annual meeting of The Masonic Temple Company will be held in the office of E. R. Blaw & Son, 144 Richmond Street, on Wednesday, the 8th day of July proximo, at 7 o'clock p.m.

Charlottetown Golf Club Dance TONIGHT AT CLUB HOUSE Dancing 9:30 P.M. to 1 A.M. Beautiful Surroundings — Good Music. Tickets—\$1.00 per person

PAINT A ROOM WITH KEM-TONE FOR THE PRICE OF TWO PAIRS OF NYLONS

Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



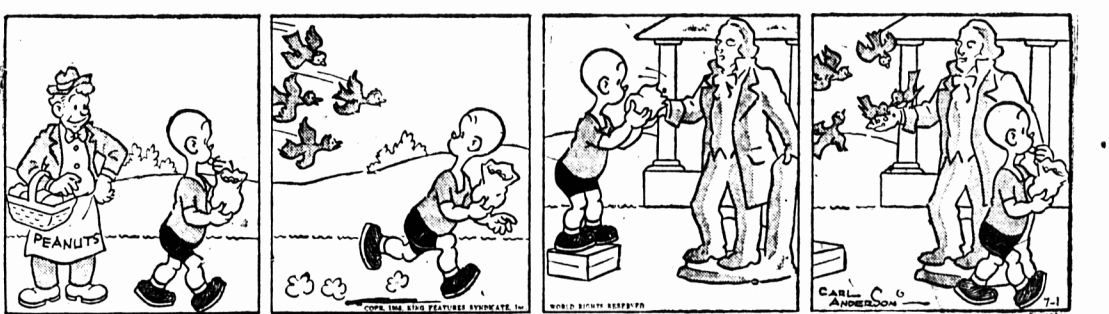
By Ruford

Dotty Dripple



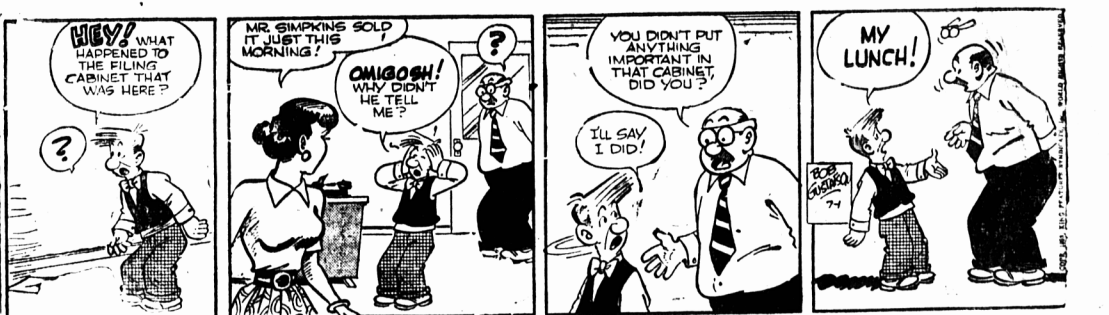
By Carl Anderson

Henry



By Bob Gustafson

Tilly The Toller



By Clifford McBride

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Walt Kelly

King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



By Ham Fisher



Lil Abner

By Al Capp



By Alex Raymond



Pogo



By Edwina

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



By Harry Hoehnigen

PENNY

