By Thornton W. Burgess

TOO-SMART IS TEASED

Sometimes being teased is pleasing,
It depends on who is teasing.
—Old Mother Nature.

Too-Smart, the young fox who had wanted to live by himself, had had a change of heart. The truth is, he had fallen in love. He had fallen in love at first sight of Miss Soft-Eyes, as pretty a young fox as ever wore a red coat. Where she had come from he didn't know, nor did he care. He had known for days that there was another fox in his neighborhood, and he had tried his best to catch up with that fox. He intended to drive the stranger from the neighborhood; he wanted that neighborhood for himself alone.

Pretty Miss Soft-Eyes had led him a merry chase. Somehow she had managed to keep out of sight. She had proved to be quite as smart as he even a little smarter. Now at long last he was face to face with her, and instead of wanting to drive her away he was filled with a great fear that she would go away. Love is like that.

For a few minutes they stood just looking at each other. Too-Smart was sure that those eyes he was looking into were the softest eyes he had ever seen. Of course he hadn't seen many. Probably he had never looked into a pair of eyes as he was looking into these. He took a step toward her. She stepped back. He tried it again, with the same result. She dodged behind a pile of brush. He ran after her. Then began a game of hide and seek. Just when he would be sure he was about to catch up with her she would take to those swift black feet of hers. If he didn't run right after her at once she would sit down and wait for him.

In vain he barked softly, telling her that he would not hurt her. He even became sulky, and pretended that he was giving up the chase and was going off by himself. She followed him at a little distance. Never before had the young fox known what it was to be teased as pretty Miss Soft-Eyes was teasing him now. He didn't like it, yet he did like it. Twice she waited for him until he was almost near enough to touch noses with her, then darted away.

But at long last, when he was so discouraged he was almost ready to give up, she did let him touch noses with her. That touch of the two black noses ended the long pursuit. Too-Smart began to prance around her. Perhaps he was showing off. Presently, they were chasing each other in a merry sort of game. Too-Smart caught up a little stick in his mouth. She tried to take it away from him. It was a sort of game of tug-of-war. They raced this way and that, side by

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That touch of the two black noses ended the long pursuit.

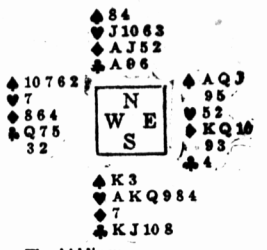
Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

AVOID THAT GUESS!

There are innumerable cases in which the declarer can definitely locate a missing queen instead of having to guess where it lies. The following deal is a run-of-the-mill illustration.

East dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.



The bidding:

East	South	West	North
1 ♠	3 ♥	Pass	5 ♥
Pass	6 ♥	Pass	Pass
Pass			

Irrespective of the result, the slam contract itself was well within reason, and North-South deserved credit for reaching it against an opposing opening bid. As so often happens, however, less skillful bidding would have returned a profit instead of a loss!

West opened the spade deuce; East put up the ace and returned the spade queen. Declarer won and promptly drew trumps, then, obviously feeling that his only chance for the contract was to guess the location of the club queen, led the the club jack through West, to coax a cover if West had the queen. West, however, was not gullible; he played low without any revealing hesitation, and declarer thereupon put up the club ace from dummy in a belated decision to finesse the other way. When East showed out, it was all over—down one.

South should have taken the pains to find out something about how the cards were distributed.

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New Year's Party

At
CHARLOTTETOWN Y. M. C. A.
THURSDAY, DEC. 31
Dancing 10.00 p.m.—1.00 a.m.
Dress Optional — $2.00 per couple
Novelties — Refreshments
A limited number of invitations available at Y. M. C. A. Office.

CHARLOTTETOWN HOTEL
New Year's Eve Celebration

Supper Dance
9:30 p.m. to 2 a.m.
Buffet Supper Served at 11 p.m.
Jack Doyle & His Orchestra
$7.00 per couple.

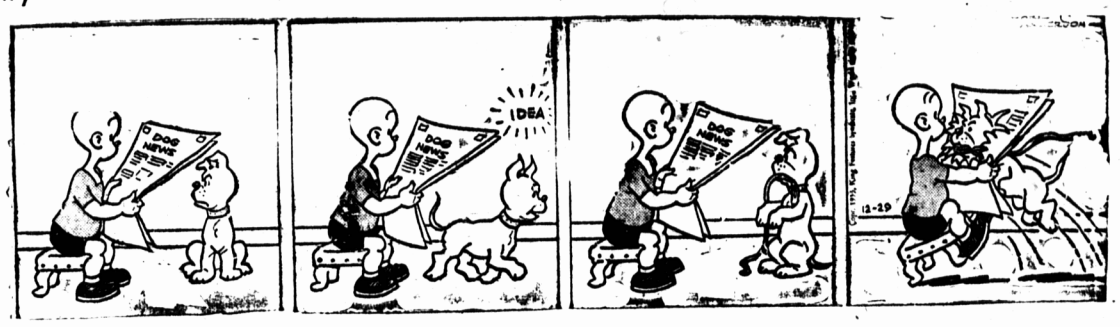
To Avoid Disappointment Please Make Reservations early. **Phone 7371**

Tickets should be picked up by December 29th, 1953.

START
TRAINING FOR BUSINESS
at
UNION COMMERCIAL COLLEGE
Classes begin
JANUARY 4, 1954
Stenographic — Commercial — Secretarial

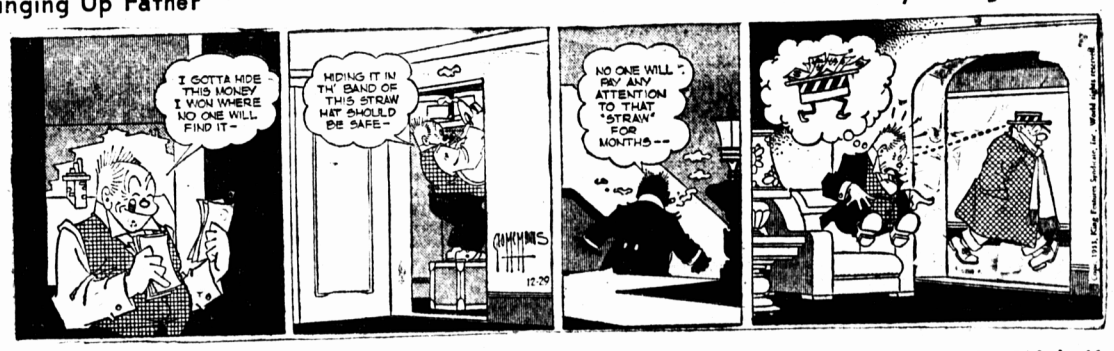
Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson

Henry — By Carl Anderson



Dotty Dripple — By Buford

Bringing Up Father — By George McManus



Pogo — By Walt Kelly

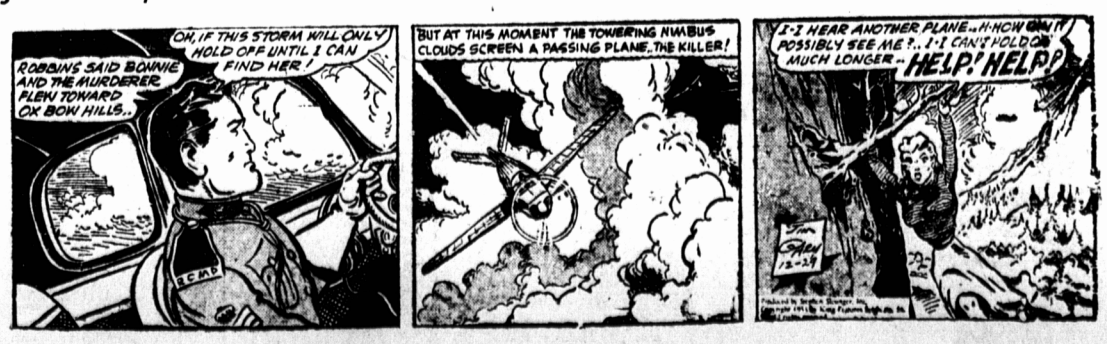
Rip Kirby — By Alex Raymond

Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher

Li'l Abner — By Al Capp

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs — By Edwina

King of The Royal Mounted — By Zane Grey



PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen