



By Thornton W. Burgess

A LOST TASTE

An appetite if often lost By one who fully counts the cost. —Hooty the Owl.

Sister Hooty, the young Owl who had been caught in a steel trap set on top of a telephone pole on Neighbor Snow's Chicken farm was lucky without knowing it. People often are lucky that way. Perhaps it is just as well they don't know. Knowing how often they truly are lucky might lead them to depend on luck. Nothing can be more foolish than this.

Sister Hooty was lucky in that Farmer Brown's Boy came to that farm that very day to buy some Chickens, and got there just as she was about to be killed. Had he not come, or had he been a few minutes later, she would have been killed for what the owner called

stealing his Chickens. Farmer Brown's Boy begged that she be given to him, promising that if he should ever let her go it would be where she would not get in any similar trouble.

When he got her home he put her in the cage on the bruised leg where the jaws of that dreadful trap had bitten into it. Then he put her in a big cage of wire netting, a cage big enough to contain part of a big limb from a tree and a box open on one side in which she could sit out of the sun during the day and in stormy weather. He had had Owls before and knew their needs. Over the top of the cage were spread small branches to give shade.

At first Sister Hooty moped and refused to eat. She had no appetite and of course she was a prisoner still. She found this out almost at once trying to fly where there

was no room to fly. That leg that had been held in the wicker trap was not only bruised but was strained for she had hung by it for a long time. So for a few days she was content to remain quiet. But all the time she was longing to be free. Farmer Brown's Boy knew this for he has a tender and understanding heart. He saw that she had plenty of food and fresh water, and that she was not bothered by unwanted visitors. He himself stopped by the cage several times a day, never approaching suddenly to startle her, and talking to her soothingly in a low voice. "You don't know what a lucky Owl you are," he would say. "You don't think you are lucky. If you think at all, which I doubt, you think you are unlucky. But if I hadn't come along just when I did you would be a dead Owl right now. And if I had let you go at once instead of putting you in this big cage you would be having a hard time catching food enough because of that strained leg. When you are all right you will be given your liberty, but, of course, you don't know that. Yes, sir, you are a lucky Owl."

Sister Hooty didn't understand a word of this. Of course not. She hissed and she snapped her bill and she glared at Farmer Brown's Boy so fiercely that he chuckled. She was bluffing.

Through the long days she dozed most of the time, but at night she was very wide awake. One night, far in the distance, she heard a familiar voice. "Who, who, who, hoo, hoo!" came the voice faint but clear.

"Who, who, hoo, hoo, hoo!" replied Sister Hooty so loudly that all the Hens and Chickens in the henhouse awoke and stirred uneasily and shivered a bit with fright before tucking their heads under their wings again. The very next day Farmer Brown's Boy took Sister Hooty a long long way into the Green Forest to one of the darkest, loneliest places he knew of. There he set her free. She didn't even stop to say good-by.

That night she went hungry. Having to hunt for her food was a very different matter from having all she could eat and more brought to her. Three days later she was on the edge of a lone farm at daylight. In a tall fir tree she spent the brightest part of the day well hidden among the spreading branches. She could see without being seen. She dozed most of the time, but when she did open her eyes she looked down on Hens and Chickens running about only a little way out in the open. Catching one would be easy. Nothing could be easier. And she was hungry. She just shut her eyes again. She had lost her taste for Chickens. I wonder why. Was she remembering that terrible trap that had caught her the last time she had tried to catch a Chicken?

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

PERFECT YOUR DEFENSE

One of the best cures for over-bidding and taking disastrous penalties is for the player to perfect his defensive play, so that many opposing contracts can be beaten instead of outbid. The average player might be astonished at the tens of thousands of points he could save in this way.

Even when a contract is apparently unbeatable, things may not be precisely as they seem. Consider the following hand for example. South's contract was only two spades, and a count seems to reveal eight sure tricks. Yet, the defenders could have made one of these "cold" tricks vanish into thin air.

East dealer. North-South vulnerable. Deal 40 on score.

Hand diagram showing cards for East, South, West, and North. East: J8, 1054, QJ10, J10875. South: A653, A102, AK7. West: K873, 96532, 932. North: KQ1097, QJ6, 84, AK4.

The bidding: East 1♠, South 1♠, West 2♠, North 2♠.

West decided that his honor strength and his length in South's suit could be put to the best account by making a trap pass over South's one spade, and when the bidding developed as he had hoped it would seem that a penalty would be profitable. Actually, this was a questionable procedure on West's part but, as it happened, he was correct in the diagnosis that two spades could be defeated.

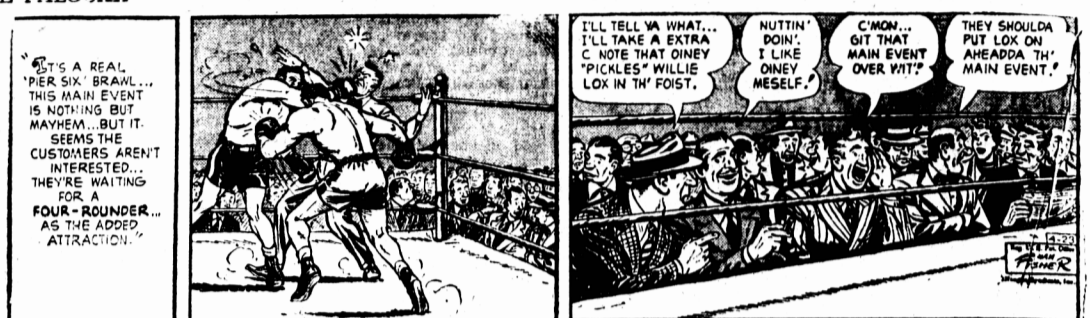
West opened the diamond king but on sight of dummy shifted to the club queen, with the probable hope of finding his partner with the king. After that, of course, South was in complete control. Now observe the remarkable effect of diamond continuations by West! Dummy plays the third trick of course, but South cannot fulfill the contract! When South attacks trumps West holds up the ace for one round, then leads ace and another heart. Now a diamond return by East is the "killer."

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

By Z... Croy



JOE PALCOKA



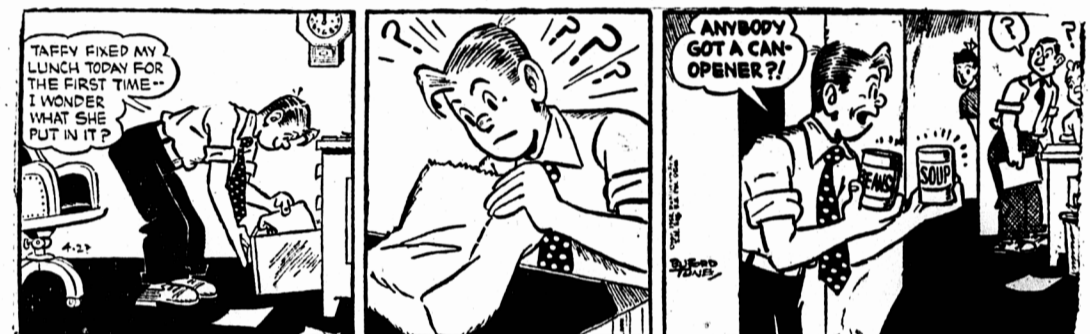
By Ham Fishes

HENRY



By Carl Anderson

DOTTY DRIPPLE



By Rufors

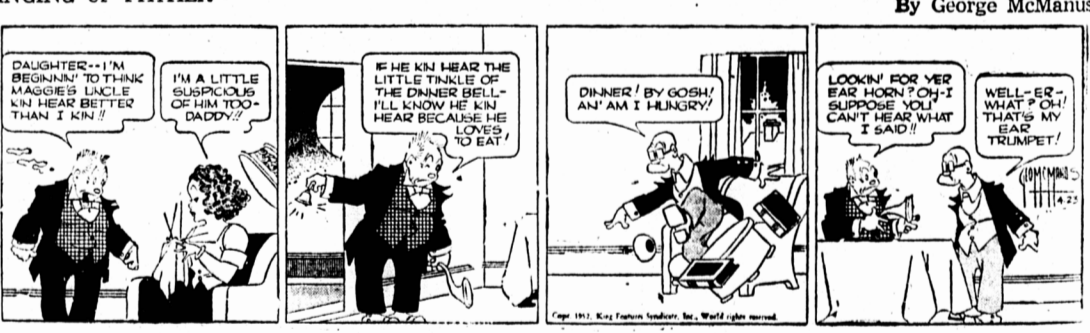
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwin



BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



PENNY

By Harry Hoelgen



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GOVERNMENT OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

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- (A) Night Supervisor, Female. (B) Instructress of attendants. Registered Nurses preferred.

Applications should be addressed to the undersigned.

L. O. KITCHEN, R.N., Superintendent of Nurses, Falconwood Hospital, BOX 90, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

KING COLE TEA advertisement with logo and text 'Flavour and Bouquet'.

PROUD CANINE

LONDON.—(CP)—When magistrates were told that a police dog named Shaun had helped catch a man charged with breaking and entering, they asked that the Al-Ten they left the bench to admire and pet the dog.

POGO



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



L'L ABNER



RIP KIRBY



By Walt Kelly

By Clifford McBride

By Al Capp

By Alex Raymond