



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE FRIGHTENED LITTLE PADDLER

For sudden fright there's oft excuse. It sometimes proves of vital use. —Old Mother Nature.

Heels over head, rolling down a steep bank, splash into a pool of water at the foot, went a young fox. It was Little Too-Smart, son of Reddy Fox, and now out in the Great World trying to find a place for himself. A more frightened little fox never rolled down a bank. Little Joe Otter, watching from the top of the bank, grinned. "He should learn to slide properly, and not roll down that way," thought Little Joe, and grinned more broadly than before. It was Little Joe who was the cause of it all. Unheard, he had come up behind the

little fox, who was looking over the edge of the bank down into the water, and startled him so that he lost his balance.

Little Joe Otter is so much at home in the water that at first he thought nothing of Little Too-Smart's mishap. It was something to chuckle over, not to worry about. You see, Little Joe spends as much time in the water as he does on land.

But the little fox wasn't at home at all. Never before had he been in the water. It was in his ears and up his nose, and he swallowed a lot more of it than he liked. In fact, he choked and spluttered, and he was so frightened that he couldn't think. All he could do was to keep all four legs going. He really was trying to walk or run, which of course he couldn't do at all. He worked his legs just as fast as he was able to, and without knowing what he was doing, he was paddling himself along. Those moving feet really were four little paddles.

"Go it!" cried Little Joe Otter from the top of the bank. "You're doing fine!"

Little Too-Smart didn't hear him. He wasn't listening. He was struggling to keep his little black nose above water. Would he ever get on land again? He couldn't climb that bank down which he had rolled. It was too steep. Without thinking what he was doing, he peddled downstream. That was the right thing to do, but of course he didn't know it. How he did paddle. Those little black paws of his were going faster than they had ever gone before. In almost no time at all, he was beyond that steep bank. He bumped against a big rock in the middle of the brook; it was flat on top. He managed to climb up on it. How good it seemed to be out of that awful water! For a couple of moments he stood there, the most forlorn little fox you can imagine. His tail hung down, and water dripped from it. It dripped from his coat. It dripped from all over. Then he shook himself. Little drops flew in all directions. He



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shook himself again. He shook hard. He no longer dripped. He had shaken most of the water from his coat. He was wet, but not dripping wet. He was not so wet but jolly, round, bright Mr. Sun would quickly dry him off.

Little Too-Smart was not a happy little fox. No, sir, he was not a happy little fox. He was far from it. That flat rock was out in the middle of the brook. There was water to the shore on each side. It was not more than two good jumps away, but he couldn't reach either shore without once more going into the water, and he was still afraid of it. Although he had been swimming, he didn't realize this. He didn't yet understand that keeping his legs moving was what had brought him down from the place where he fell in and was what had kept his head above water. He began to whimper. He was afraid to trust himself in that water again.

Now, the truth is, the water was very shallow there. On one side, but he was too frightened to look down into the water and see how shallow it was. He simply stood there forlornly and whimpered and snivelled. What was going to be come of him? He didn't know. He almost didn't care, he felt more miserable than he had ever felt in all his short life.

A small brown head suddenly appeared in the water near by, and a pair of beady eyes looked up at him. "Come on in! The waters fine!" cried Billy Mink. Then he dived, and Little Too-Smart was alone once more.

LOWER STANDARDS?

EDINBURGH, Scotland — (CP) — J. Steel Maitland of Paisley told the Royal Institute of British Architects that architectural standards in Scotland have deteriorated. He said that pre-fabricated houses are taking the place of permanent, traditional homes.

ART IN JAIL

LONDON — (CP) — The first art exhibition by prisoners in British jails proved a success here. A painting of the crucifixion attracted much comment and exhibits also included a 300-pound rug depicting the coat-of-arms of Queen Mother Elizabeth.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

VERY, VERY BAD!

South's bidding in the deal below was almost incredibly bad.

North dealer. Both sides vulnerable. Both sides 40 on score.

♠ K 6 5 3 2
♥ A K J 4
♦ K 7 6 3

♠ 10 7 6
♥ 3 2
♦ A J 1
♣ K 5 4

♠ 10 8 8 5 4 2
♥ Q J 9 7 6 3

The bidding:
North East South West
1 ♠ Double 2 ♣ (1) 2 ♥
Double Pass 3 ♣ (1) Pass
Pass Double Pass (1) Pass
Pass

When North doubled two hearts, his voice and expression were so confident that West abandoned all thought of leading that suit against the club contract—he led the spade queen, right into North's bid suit. This opening forced declarer from the very start, and with his trump suit further shortened by subsequent spade leads on West's part, South could not win a single trick in his six-card diamond suit. He was lucky to win four clubs and two hearts, and to go down only 800 points!

Exactly why South should have thought so much of his clubs and so little of his equally long diamonds is impossible to understand, let alone to explain. Obviously, there was not such great discrepancy between the suits that South should have bid and rebid one suit while completely "suppressing" the other! For all practical purposes, the suits were equal, and so South should have planned to bid them in normal order and thus give North a clear and easy choice. As it was, after opening the bidding and correctly doubling hearts, North could be nothing but a suffering bystander. He could scarcely assume that South was bidding his hand absurdly—for all North could tell, South had a seven or eight-card club suit, and nothing of consequence in diamonds. Players must learn that it simply does not pay to give all "respect" to the slightly better of two suits. Ordinary partnership tactics demand the bid of the higher-ranking suit first, then the other suit.

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



L'L' ABNEP



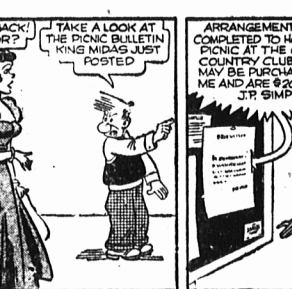
By Al Capp

DOTTY DRIPPLE



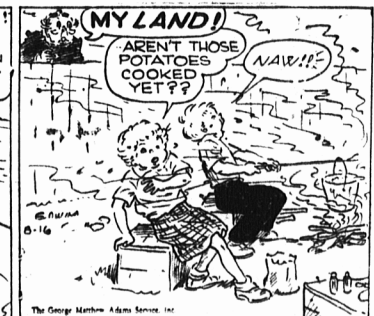
By Ruford

TILLY THE TOILER



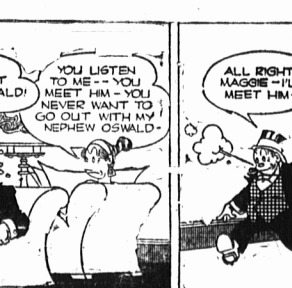
By Bob Gustafson

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



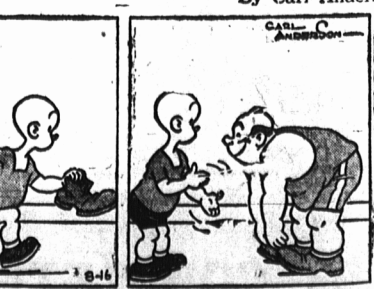
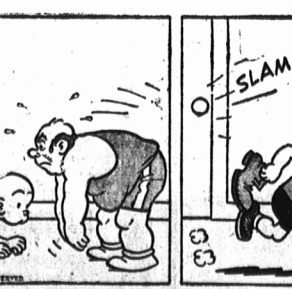
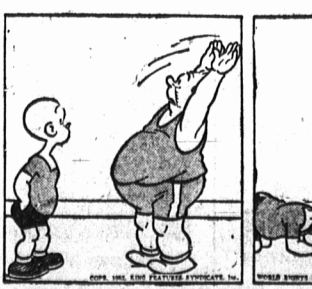
By Edwin

BRINGING UP FATHER



By George McManus

HENRY



By Carl Anderson

JOE PALOOKA



By Ham Fisher

NOTICE

WARREN C. MacDONALD'S STORE at Long Creek will be open for business SATURDAY, AUGUST 16th.

NOTICE

All school taxes due Cornwall District not paid by September 15th, will be handed in for collection.

By Order of Trustees.

BLUE PETER STEAM SHIPS LTD.

M/V BLUE PRINCE

Freight will be accepted up to noon Monday, Aug. 18 for next sailing of M/V Blue Prince; direct to St. John's, Nfld. For space reservations and rates apply:

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POGO

By Walt Kelly



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Cliff McBride



RIP, KIRBY

By Alex Raymond



PENNY

By Harry Haengen

