



By Thornton W. Burgess

REDDY GETS HIS FACE SLAPPED

Surprise has often caused retreat. That ended in complete defeat. —Farmer Brown's Boy.

Reddy Fox and Mrs. Grouse were matching wits. They were in an old road through the Green Forest. Mrs. Grouse had a big family, ten or more babies, and they were not many days old. So, although they could run about and peck up food, they knew nothing of the dangers of the great world. For safety they were wholly dependent on mother. There was just one thing, and one only, that they could do to help mother protect them. That one thing was to obey. Obedience is the most important thing any little folks can learn.

Mrs. Grouse knew that Reddy knew that she had told those babies to hide. This was a mistake. Instantly they had scattered out of the road, over the edge, into the brush, and had hidden there. Reddy had watched them disappear. He knew exactly where to look for them. Anyway, he thought he did. Mother Grouse knew this. She tried an old trick. She pretended to be hurt. To be almost helpless. She flopped about in the middle of the road. She left the road, dragging one wing as if badly hurt. She pretended she couldn't lift it. She left the

road on the opposite side where the babies were. Behind some bushes she began to flop about again among the dead dry leaves. She hoped this would bring Reddy in there to try to catch her.

Reddy merely grinned as he listened. In fact Reddy really chuckled. "She ought to know by this time she can't fool me with an old trick like that," thought he, as he headed straight for the place where the chicks had scrambled out of the road.

He paid no attention whatever to Mrs. Grouse. That was a mistake. Reddy is smart, but the smartest folks do make mistakes. Reddy's mistake was not keeping an eye on Mrs. Grouse. The result was he got an unpleasant surprise. He got his face slapped, and it was slapped hard by Mrs. Grouse.

Now though Reddy is smart, Mrs. Grouse was proving herself to be as smart, and perhaps a little smarter. She had tried the old trick of pretending to be hurt. She had tried it because that was the trick that was supposed to be tried at a time like that. She hadn't really expected it to succeed. It had been tried too many times on Reddy. The instant she saw that Reddy was going to be almost helpless, she did something that caught Reddy completely by surprise. It not only surprised him, but it confused him. She flew right in his face, and be-



Reddy merely grinned as he listened.

gan slapping him with her stout wings. She slapped him first on one side of the face, then on the other. And she slapped hard. It really hurt. Reddy tried his best to grab her in his teeth, but he was so confused and half-blinded that he couldn't see what to do. He did get a mouthful of feathers, but that was all. Then, Mrs. Grouse was back in the brush on the side of the road.

Reddy tried to get rid of the feathers in his mouth. Then he looked over at Mrs. Grouse, and he wasn't grinning any more. He didn't feel like grinning. He snarled. Yes, sir, he snarled. Then he turned to go look for those chicks. The instant he turned, Mrs. Grouse was on him again. She is a swift flyer, and she hit him so hard that she almost knocked him off his feet. Before he could snap at her, she was away.

Reddy was having a most unpleasant time. He had never had an experience quite like this. He had never even suspected that Mrs. Grouse would dare attack him, and he didn't know just how to meet that attack.

Meanwhile there wasn't a sign of the ten babies. They were obeying mother as a mother always should be obeyed. She had warned them to hide, and keep hidden until she gave them the signal to come out of hiding. They couldn't see what was going on, but they could hear, and they wondered what mother was doing. They were just as full of curiosity as any other children would have been in their place.

But mother had said not to move, and not a single one did. They were scattered. Each was hidden under a brown leaf, and lying flat on the ground. Their coats were just enough brownish to blend with the brown of the leaves on the ground. I suspect that had you been their looking for them, you might have stepped on one without seeing it. Would Reddy Fox do any better?

VALUABLE ANTIQUE

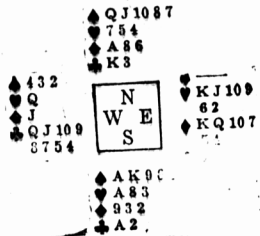
AUCKLAND, N. Z. (CP)—An old-fashioned oak chest was sold at auction for \$7 but the purchaser found it had termites and refused to take it. A week later the owner rushed in, tore open the bottom drawer, and sighed with relief. It contained \$300 and all her jewelry.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A FANTASTIC HAND

It is not the usual practice of this writer to publish double-dummy problems—hands to be played as though the declarer could actually see all 52 cards—but the hand below is so remarkable that it deserves repeated publication.



Quite frankly, this is a trick hand. Of course, it could have been dealt, but the "trick" part is to present the final contract to South, at four spades, when in any real game it would be inconceivable for the opponents to retire from the auction that early.

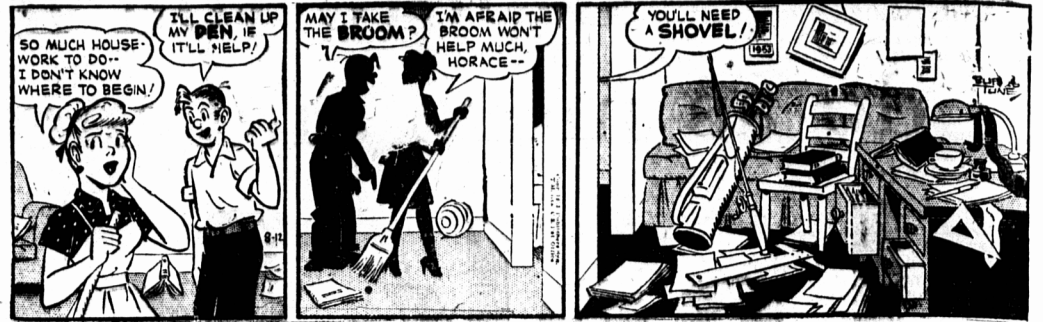
However, at least 99.9% of the world's declarers would find the four-spade contract quite high enough on this hand, without being pushed to a higher level. West opens the club queen—not that the opening lead matters—and when South sees the dummy, he learns that there are two losing hearts and two losing diamonds in each hand. How can he possibly salvage one of those losers?

Can you, dear reader, see any way to make 10 tricks at spades against perfect defense? Don't read further unless you are ready to give up.

In case you need it, here's the solution: To make four spades, you must first increase your original four losers to five losers. Then you must salvage two of these five losers, as follows: Play the club king on West's queen, and win the trick with your own ace. Draw three rounds of trumps. Cash both red aces, then lead a club, throwing West in. He can only return a club. Discard a heart from dummy and a diamond from the South hand. West must lead another club. Again, discard a heart from dummy and a diamond from your own hand. Now West has three tricks, but he's through. On his next lead, dummy discards a diamond while South ruffs, and a straight cross-ruff of hearts and diamonds by declarer produces the rest of the tricks.

A word of warning: If you "spring" this hand on a bridge acquaintance, don't put the wrong spot-cards in the North-South club suit! The low cards must be the ace and the deuce, otherwise West could decline to win the club trick, and there would go South's chance.

Dotty Dripple



By Ruford

Bringing Up Father



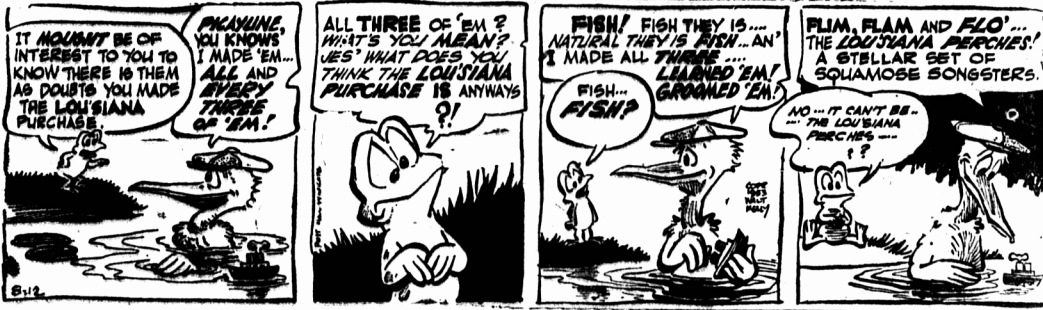
By George McManus

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



By Edwina

Pogo



By Walt Kelly

M-V SAVOY. The above vessel will leave Montreal on August 13th, arriving Charlottetown Monday 17th. Loading for Cornerbrook, Nfld., will commence same day. For space reservations and rates, apply:— NEWFOUNDLAND SHIPPING SERVICE P. O. Box 65 Phone 8737

BLUE PETER STEAMSHIPS LIMITED. M-V BLUE PRINCE. Freight will be accepted up to noon Thursday, August 13th for next sailing of M/V Blue Prince to St. John's, Newfoundland. For space reservation and rates apply:— NEWFOUNDLAND SHIPPING SERVICE P. O. Box 65 Phone 8737

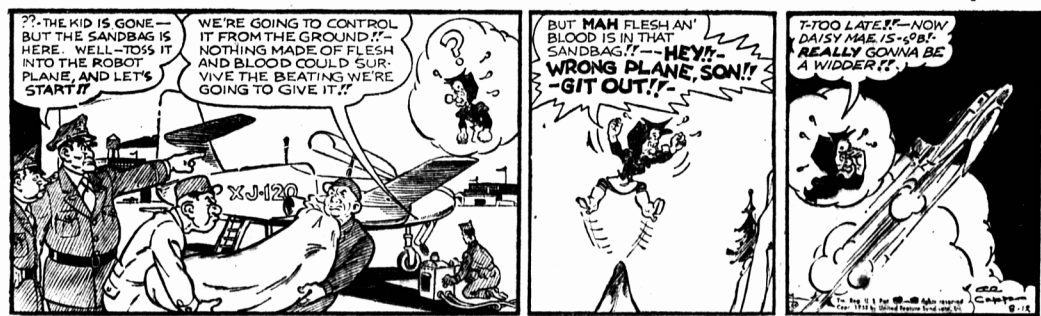
King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Li'l Abner

By Al Capp



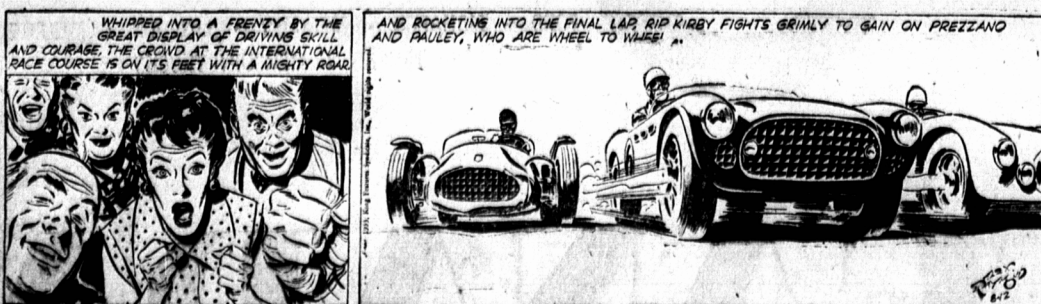
Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



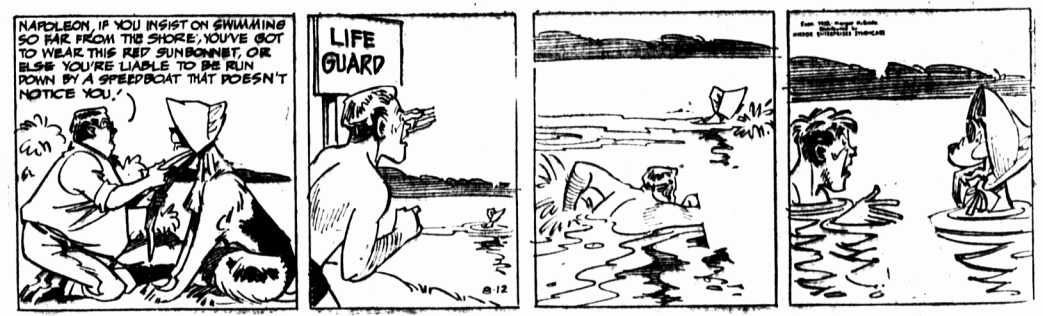
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Henry

By Carl Anderson



PENNY

By Harry Hoeningset

