

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

A PRISONER
A prisoner one still may be
Yet from all bonds be wholly free.
—Old Mother Nature.

That doesn't sound as if Old Mother Nature was talking sense. How can one be a prisoner, and still be free? One of the children of Gray Fox was finding out. Yes, he was finding out that it really could be.

The half-grown young Fox, the most venturesome of the three children of Gray Fox and Mrs. Gray, had learned to climb. He had often climbed a little way up in trees that had branches near the ground. Each time he climbed a little higher. This time he had climbed very high. Curiosity had led him to do it. He had seen a big nest very high in that tree, but hadn't known what it was. From the ground it had looked like a platform of sticks. He just had to find out about it.

Now that tree was quite easy to climb. The many branches were so near together that climbing was almost like going up a ladder. He didn't realize how high he was getting. When he reached the nest he climbed over the edge into it. It was a big nest, big enough for him to curl up in it and be comfortable. That is what he did at first, for the climb had made him tired. It was a wonderful place to rest and take a sunbath.

After awhile he put his head over the edge and looked down. What a long, long way off the ground was! How would he ever get back down there. He was a bold little Fox, but right now he became a frightened little Fox. Yes, sir, he did so. It was a kind of fear he had never felt before. He turned around and looked over the opposite edge. The ground was just as far away from that side. In fact, wherever he looked over the edge the ground was just as far away. The more he looked the farther away it seemed. However, he was going to get out of that nest and down to the ground again.

Never before had the young Fox been a prisoner, but he was now. He was just as much a prisoner as if he had been locked up somewhere, or had been tied up. He was a prisoner of fear. He didn't dare try to climb over the edge of that nest and down that tree. No, sir, he didn't dare climb down. He was afraid he would fall.

The young Fox began to whimper. He became more and more uneasy. He would lie down for a moment or two, then get up and look over the edge again. He no longer enjoyed the warm sunshine. He no longer enjoyed looking off in the distance as he had when he had climbed into the nest. He no longer wondered how that nest happened to be up there in that tree. He could think of but one thing, and that one thing was how far away the ground was.

Now that Mother Fox came to help him. But he knew that Mother Fox didn't know where he was. You see he had been off

by himself when he had discovered that nest, and had climbed to it. Mother didn't know where he was, nor did his brother and sister. He who had felt so big when he was climbing up to that nest now felt very small indeed, and very helpless.

"I wish I never had learned to climb," he whimpered. Of course that was a very foolish wish. He looked up in the sky. High up was what looked like a brown speck, and he was finding out that it really could be.

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Strange But True

By F. E. MacArthur

Why does a blister raise on one's finger after a burn? Well, to protect the delicate tissue under the skin while a new outer skin is being made. The water that forms inside the blister is serum from the blood. It lifts the burned skin away from the new skin that is forming below it.

The coolest part of our bodies is around the knees. At the kneecaps we are generally six degrees cooler than anywhere else on the body. Strange as it may seem, coyotes frequently let other animals hunt for them. A coyote will take up position near a badger that is digging a hole to enlarge the entrance to a wood rat's burrow. These cunning animals seem to know that rats seldom come out of the same hole they go in, to wait near the wood rat's back door while Mr. Badger digs under the front door. Then, when the rat, frightened by the badger's digging, runs out the back door, he lands in the jaws of the coyote.

The badger having done all the digging goes without his supper. In older days only on rare occasions were knives supplied to guests. Each visitor brought along his own knife stuck in the top of his boot. Whenever large portions of food were offered to him he had to pull out his knife and cut up the meat.

CLASSIC TRANSLATOR

The first English metrical translator of the works of Horace was an English clergyman, Thomas Drant, who died in 1578.

CONTRACT BRIDGE

By Josephine Culbertson

TOO INDIFFERENT

ANYONE who watches the average declarer must get the impression that when the first trick has to be lost, said declarer doesn't much care how it is lost. He is apt to play from dummy and his own hand without thinking. This can be a fatal error—as it was in the following simple hand:

East dealer
Both sides vulnerable.

♠ 753
♥ 784
♦ A Q 3
♣ 7872

♠ 10864
♥ 983
♦ 10875
♣ 43

♠ 986
♥ 7
♦ A K Q 10 6 5 4
♣ 4 9

The bidding:
East South West North
1♥ 1♠ 1♣ 1NT
2♥ 2♠ 2♣ 2♦
Pass Pass Pass Pass

West opened the heart nine, and declarer, without a thought about that trick, played the four-spot from dummy. East did think, however, and then he played the deuce. That was all West needed. He knew just East must have some reason for playing so low.

and it was patently absurd to shift to spades or clubs. (If East wanted a spade shift, it was certainly easy for him to take the first trick and return a spade!)

When the diamond shift came from West it was all over for declarer. He tried the queen finesse, but East won and returned a heart, and South finally had to give up another diamond trick—and his contract.

In view of the bidding, West's lead of the heart nine was significant, and it should have been turned to excellent account by the declarer. Very obviously, he should have covered with the jack for the express purpose of preventing a shift to diamonds. After that cover, East would win and undoubtedly lead another high heart. Declarer ruffs with an honor, cashes one high trump and his spade tricks. He enters dummy with a club, strips the heart eight. East is marked with all the high hearts; when he covers the eight he is given the trick, declarer discarding a diamond. Now East has the choice of returning a diamond up to dummy's major tenace, or a card from another suit which will let South discard his remaining diamond loser while ruffing in dummy.

Ground In River

QUEBEC (CP)—Two ocean-going freighters ran aground in the St. Lawrence river Saturday during a heavy fog but no one was reported injured.

The Middlesex Trader, bound from Trois-Rivieres, Que., to Liverpool, became stuck in shallow water on the south shore of the river at Cap Brule, 29 miles east of Quebec City. The tug Charles S. from the Davis Shipbuilding Company at nearby Lauxon, was standing by the 8,000-ton British vessel.

County ran aground near Batiscan on the north shore of the river, 80 miles upstream. She was en route from Montreal when she beached. The tug Foundation Josephine went to its aid.

Both tugs will try to refloat the vessels at 6 a.m. today during high tide.

WINE SALES UP

LONDON (CP)—More wine was drunk in Britain during 1954 than any other year since the Second World War. During 1953 and 1954 there was an increase in consumption of 17½ per cent.

The pleasant chewing satisfies that "little hungry feeling" and helps keep your figure neat and trim!

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

Enjoy chewing Wrigley's Spearmint every day!

Out Our Way By J. R. Williams

NOBODY'S SOCIAL STANDING IS SAVER IN THIS TOWN WITH THE LIKES OF YOU TINKLING OUT OF ALLIES WITH A LANS OF BEERY WAYS CAN'T YOU USE LOS?

BORN THIRTY YEARS TOO SOON

Our Boarding House Major Hoople

UM-KAFF! CERTAINLY I'LL FLOAT, SIR! I'M AN OLD MARATHON SWIMMER—IN FACT, THE FIRST MAN TO LOWER CAPTAIN MATT WEBB'S RECORD ACROSS THE ENGLISH CHANNEL—HOWEVER, I DID PERFORM THE FEAT QUIETLY AND WITHOUT FANFARE—HARR-UMPH!

MY FRIEND AND I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU TO CALL ASKED AND I'VE BEEN BETTING HIM EVEN YOU'D FLOAT AS GOOD AS THE QUEEN MARY!

HE'S BEEN UNKNOWNABLE SO FAR—7-11

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Woody perennial
 - Oriental nurse
 - Unctuous
 - Character in "Othello"
 - Aroused
 - Uprising from sleep
 - Monetary unit (Lat.)
 - Variant of "ob" before "p"
 - Gold (Her.)
 - Aids for the hostess
 - One of the kings of England
 - Toward the lee
 - Portion on a curved line
 - A white lit
 - Mix
 - Foolish blunders (colloq.)
 - Contracts of insurance
 - Overhead
 - Part of "to be"
 - Skill
 - West Indian sorcery (var.)
 - Platform
 - Removed the center
 - S-shaped molding
- DOWN**
- In the direction of
 - Wheeled vehicles
 - Gram-pus (Ger.)
 - Lament
 - Enemy
 - Resorts
 - A native drum
 - Morsel
 - Flemish painter
 - Hastened
 - Projecting end of a church
 - Craze
 - Wheeled vehicles
 - Gram-pus (Ger.)
 - Lament
 - Enemy
 - Resorts
 - A native drum
 - Morsel
 - Flemish painter
 - Hastened

Yesterday's Answer

32. Small stream
36. Spoken
38. Khan
39. Conical mass of bread
40. Openings (anat.)

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

AXYDLBAAXR
LONGFELLOW

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

ENA NAVXHCJ WR UG DGJCK MTW.
XWBAK UA EW THLHSGDWGK KUHD.
NJC—KNVBAKMAVTA.

Yesterday's Cryptogram: THOU CANST HURT NO MAN'S FAME WITH THY ILL WORD—SCROPE.

I'LL GEE IF TILLY HAS TYPED THAT LETTER FOR ME

SHE WENT TO BUY A NEW TYPEWRITER RIBBON

I BOUGHT A FEW THINGS FOR MYSELF WHILE I WAS OUT

WHERE'S THE RIBBON FOR THE TYPEWRITER?

THEY'RE GOING TO DELIVER IT AFTER ALL. I CAN ONLY CARRY SO MUCH!

HMM, PHONE'S NOT BUSY? GUESS I'D BETTER USE IT BEFORE ETTA GETS THE SAME IDEA!

REMEMBER THAT 'DO NOT DISTURB' SIGN WE GOT AT THE HOTEL ON OUR TRIP? WHAT'S IT HANGING ON THE PHONE FOR?

ETTA MUST BE TALKING ON THE LATEST 'EXTENSION'

COME ON IN. I'LL SHOW YOU OUR PARROT!

...THAT'S THE PARROT ON THE RIGHT!

WHAT'S THIS THING?

WHOOOOW! YOU STUPID! THAT'S A WHOT!

CONFIDENTIALLY IT'S THE WHISPERER FOR THE PARROT TO SAY IT!

SEE, HENRY—ALL MOTHERS TAKE CARE OF THEIR HUNGRY LITTLE ONES!

JIGGS, I'M STAYING AT MY SISTER'S FOR DINNER, AND DON'T DARE LEAVE THE HOUSE—I'LL CALL YOU LATER TO CHECK UP!

I THINK IT OUGHT TO BE SAFE TO GO TO DINTY'S FOR AN HOUR OR SO.

GOLLY! I WONDER IF THAT'S MAGGIE GALLYN ALREADY!

JIGGS, ON SECOND—I THOUGHT YOU CAN'T GO TO BED—I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD!

I'M GETTIN' MIGHTY BLAMED TIED...

...O' GETTIN' 'EM JUST ABOUT LUGGED HOME...

...AN' HAVIN' 'EM SLIP OUT O' MY HANDS AN' FALL...

UGI AN' HOW!

MORTY!

WAIT! I WAS JUST KIDDING!

SO AM I ...

IF I WASN'T I'D GETTYN' WHO'S THIS HERE MO'VE CLIPPED MORE FEATHER!

SAY! WHO'S THIS RACCOON-HEAD?

THAT PSYCHOLOGY O' YOURN, J. LIONPAW MOUTH—WASH—HOW DO IT TO WORK?

FIRST, YOU STUDY YOUR PROSPECTIVE VIC—ER—CLIENT—

HELLO TINY!

GULP! GASP! CHOKER!

WANNNA GET WIF ME A SPELL?

DRUTHER DIE!

4TH GRADE DARNYAK!

TYPICAL REACTION OF THE 15½-YEAR-OLD?—CHUCKER! WE'LL HAVE HIM MARRIED IN A WEEK!

PSY-CHOLOGY KIN DO THET?

Professor Kringle's pet monkey pops back through the cottage window.

OKAY, I'VE MADE A MENTAL BARMARK OF THE TREE! I'LL SHINNY UP FOR A LOOK-SEE WHILE KRINGLE'S OUT FOR HIS MORNIN' WALK!

At this moment, in the village...

KRINGLE WAS IN A STATE OF GREAT EXCITEMENT WHEN I LEFT! I THINK HE IS ON THE VERGE OF A SOLUTION!

GOOD! WE WILL MOVE IN AND TAKE OVER IN ONCE!

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JUST RUB ON

MINARD'S LINIMENT

KING OF PAIN

I REMEMBER THAT... THAT'S THE EVERPOOL TOWN. JES LINE IN PITCHER POST CARDS.

VOILA! BON-JOUR, M'PARRTY.

DRANDY!

YOU VESEET US...

LOOKS LIKE I'M IN THEIR. JES DOES WOT WER AN' I CAN'T GIT 'ER OUTA TH' WAY... UP, DOWN, RIGHT ER LEFT.

JES WANTS... SHE WANTS... GOES FORWARD.

GOT YOU!

WHOOA, SILVER!

LOOK AT THAT WAGON!

By Bob Gustafson
By Paul Robinson
By Wally Bishop
By Carl Anderson
By George McManus
By Charles Kuba
By Walt Disney
By Ham Fisher
By Al Capp
By Mel Graff