



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE ARTFUL DODGER

Ere your temper you have lost
Look ahead and count the cost.
—Old Mother Nature

Little Too-Smart, the young Fox who was trying to find a place for himself in the Great World, had just made the acquaintance of two cousins. One was big and good-natured, the other was small and quick tempered. Both were dressed in brown. Both were very much at home in the water. Of course, the little Fox was not at home in the water. In fact, until this day he had never seen water except as it fell from the sky as rain and made little puddles. Now, he was on the edge of a big brook, and he really didn't know what to make of it.

On the bank, not far from him sat the biggest of the two cousins. It was Little Joe Otter who wasn't little at all. In the water, just his head above the surface, was the other cousin, Billy Mink. Both are famous fishermen. Both are fast enough swimmers to catch fish in a chase under water. Little Joe had caught three fish before his small cousin arrived. One of these he had given to Little Too-Smart, the first fish the small Fox ever had tasted.

When Billy Mink arrived, Little Joe had tried to drive him away. He hadn't succeeded.
"You're a big bully, and you can't catch me if you try!" taunted Billy Mink as he floated in the water looking up at his big cousin on the bank.
Little Joe pretended not to hear him. He paid no attention to Billy Mink. Billy Mink climbed out on the bank a little way off, his small beady eyes red with anger, for he is quick of temper and he resented Little Joe's effort to drive him out of that pool.
"Catch me if you can, you big bully! Catch me if you can!" cried Billy Mink, and then he hissed. Like others of the Weasel family, he hisses when he is angry.
For a while Little Joe Otter paid no attention to Billy Mink, but at last even his patience gave way, and he made a sudden dash at Billy Mink. His small cousin simply was not there. Little Joe is quick, but Billy Mink is quicker, especially on land.
"You didn't do it, you big bully and you can't do it!" hissed Billy Mink, and there he was poking his head around a stone off to one side.
Little Joe sprang after him again. It was a quick spring. It was so



By Harry Hoehnigen

"You're a big bully, and you can't catch me if you try," taunted Billy Mink.
Quick that it would have caught almost anyone else, but it didn't catch Billy Mink. He dodged so quickly that the little Fox, looking on, wasn't sure which way Billy went. You see, Billy Mink is one of the most artful dodgers of all the little people who wear fur. In this respect he is like his smaller cousin, Shadow the Weasel. If you are trying to catch either of them, it is a case of now you see them and now you don't.
Little Joe Otter soon gave up. He grinned at the little Fox, for little Joe really is good-natured. "I should have known better than to try to catch that nuisance," said Little Joe. "He is too quick for me. I suppose now that he has come, I may as well move on. There are not enough fish in this pool for both of us."
Just then, there was a sharp whistling sound. It was made by big wings. One of the Hawk folk had shot down from high in the air. His great curved claws were set to clutch Billy Mink. They didn't clutch him. Billy simply was no longer there. With a scream of disappointment and rage, the big Hawk checked himself and began to climb up in the blue, blue sky again. The artful dodger poked his head up from between two stones. He hissed angrily as he watched his would-be captor fly away. His beady eyes were redder than ever, he was in a bad temper. He sat up. Little Too-Smart could see the white spot on Billy's chest. Otherwise, he was all in brown. He looked this way and that way, then all in a flash, he was no longer there. Which way had he gone? The little Fox couldn't tell. He had vanished as if by magic.
"You see," said Little Joe Otter trying to catch that fellow is a waste of time. What do you say if we do a little sliding?" There was a twinkle in his eyes as he looked at the little Fox.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

A POINT TO CONSIDER

It is rare indeed when a good player makes an original shutout bid with a solid major suit and an outside ace. Today's declarer should have considered that fact.

West dealer.
Neither side vulnerable.

♠ 7 6 3 2
♥ 9 8 4
♦ Q 10 6
♣ K 7 4

♠ A K Q
♥ J 8 5
♦ 5 4
♣ 9 3 2

N
W
E
S

♠ 10 4
♥ Q J 10
♦ A J 9
♣ 8 3

♠ 9
♥ A K 6 5 3
♦ K 7 2
♣ A Q J 10

The bidding:
West North East South
3 ♠ Pass Pass 4 ♣
Pass Pass Pass

South's four-heart bid was extremely dangerous — his strong hand called for a double of three spades, which North could leave in or take out as his holding dictated. In the postmortem, East said that he had been tempted to double four hearts, but his self-restrained was in order. His holding warranted only limited optimism — enough for a pass, but not enough for a double.
West laid down the king and ace of spades. South ruffed, cashed his two high trumps, then ran off his solid clubs, discarding a diamond from dummy. East did not fall into the error of ruffing the fourth club with his high trump; he discarded the three of diamonds.
Apparently, this discard lured declarer to his own destruction. He led a low diamond to dummy's queen, doubtless hoping that West had the ace, in which case South could ruff his own third diamond but things did not work out that way. East took the diamond queen with the ace, cashed the high trump, and then returned the diamond jack. Down one.
It was inconceivable that West would have opened with three spades, holding a solid six-card suit and an outside ace. Thus, the diamond ace was marked with East. Instead of leading the diamond, after cashing the club tricks, South should have thrown East in with the trump, and East would have had to start the diamond suit.
he called in his colleagues, including a veterinary surgeon, an orthopaedic surgeon, a radiologist and radiographer. Now the animal's leg is in a plaster cast.

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LINCOLN, England — (CP) — When a kangaroo owned by surgeon Geoffrey Orey injured a leg,

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE
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KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



By Al Capp



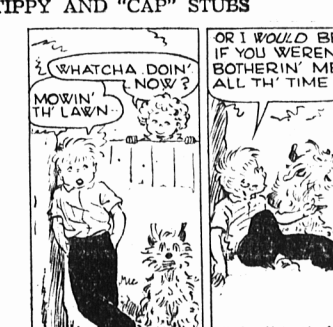
By Ruford



By Bob Gustafson



By Edwina



By George McManus



By Carl Anderson



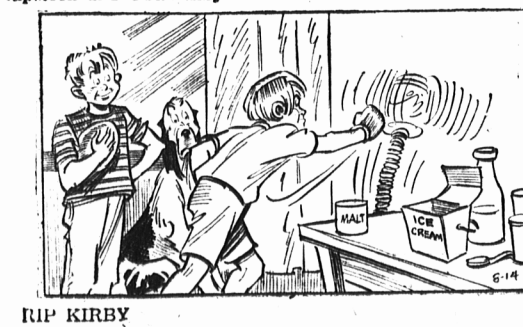
By Ham Fisher

CLASSES RESUME AT
Union Commercial College
on
SEPTEMBER THIRD
Stenographic, Commercial, and Secretarial Courses
Royal Bank Building, Charlottetown.

ANNUAL MEETING
The annual meeting of the Prince Edward Island Potato Growers' Association will be held in the Clover Club, Grafton Street, on Tuesday, August 19, 1952 at 2 p.m. Patrons of the Association must secure their membership cards to be eligible to vote at this meeting. These cards are issued from this office. All members are urged to attend as many matters of importance are to be taken up along with the drawing up of a new set of by-laws for the Association.
FRED BELL,
Manager.



By Walt Kelly



By Cliff McBride



By Alex Raymond

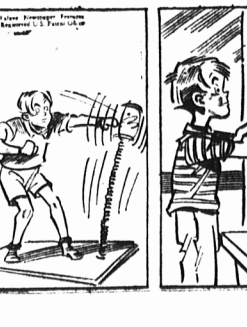


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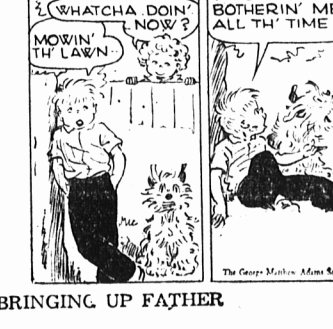


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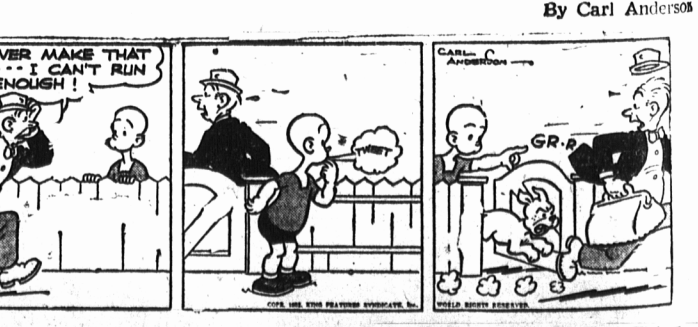
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