



By Thornton W. Burgess

ON HIS OWN AGAIN
He who learns to stand alone
Will be thereafter on his own.
—Old Mother Nature.

Little Too-Smart, young son of Reddy Fox, had just had a lesson in politeness. He had learned how and when it pays to be polite. Also, he had learned that it can be a great mistake to judge others by their size. He had seen a Dog make that mistake, and he guessed that that Dog was now the sorriest Dog in all the Great World. He had

made the mistake of attacking Jimmy Skunk who was not more than half his size. Also, the little Fox had become filled with great respect for Jimmy Skunk and his family. For the rest of his life he would always be polite when he met one of them.

"I suppose," said Little Too-Smart to his father who was with him, "that Skunks are not afraid of anybody. I wouldn't be if I were a Skunk. It must be wonderful to be afraid of anybody."

Just then from over in a dark and gloomy part of the Green Forest where the sunbeams seldom got in, there came a sound that had frightened the little Fox in the night. It was the voice of Hooty the Owl. He is called the Great Horned Owl, although he has no horns at all. Reddy Fox pricked up his black ears. "Hooty must have had bad luck hunting last night or he wouldn't be awake now," said Reddy.

It had happened that Little Too-Smart was looking at Jimmy Skunk when that sudden hoot had sounded. Jimmy had suddenly straightened up, he stood as if listening and uncertain what to do. He looked this way and that way, then somewhat hurriedly he crept under a thick growth of ferns and in a moment was out of sight. The little Fox looked at his father. "What did he do that for?" he asked.

"He is afraid," replied Reddy, and grinned.

"The small Fox looked this way and that way, and there was wondering in his eyes. 'I don't see anything to be afraid of,' said he.

"Neither did Jimmy Skunk. It wasn't what he saw, but what he heard," explained Reddy.

Just then Hooty the Owl hooted again. There was something rather



Little Too-Smart was once more all alone.

startling, something that suggested hungry fierceness, in that hunting call of Hooty's. The little Fox felt it. It gave him a curious uneasy feeling inside. "Was that what scared Jimmy Skunk?" he asked.

Reddy nodded. "That was the voice of Hooty the Owl, and Hooty is just about the only person Jimmy Skunk fears," said Reddy.

"Can't Jimmy throw that scent at Hooty?" the little Fox wanted to know. "If he can't, why can't he?"

"He can, and he will if he is attacked, but it won't do him any good and he knows it. The big feathered robber doesn't seem to mind that scent at all. I don't know why. Perhaps he can't smell. Anyway, he likes a Skunk dinner whenever he can get one. I'm sure he'd welcome it," declared Reddy.

"Would that Hooty attack me?" asked the little Fox. "Should I be afraid of him?"

Reddy looked his small son over. "I think if I were in your place, I would keep out of sight until you are a little bigger," said he.

"Are you afraid of him?" asked his small son.

Reddy shook his head. "I'm too big for him to bother me," said he. Then he added, "I think I better go home now and tell your mother that you are all right."

"I want to go home too," said the little Fox.

Reddy shook his head and said: "You haven't any home to go to. You left home. Now you are out in the Great World on your own."

"But I don't want to be on my own," whimpered the little Fox.

There was no reply. Reddy Fox had slipped away. Little Too-Smart was once more alone. He was again on his own, as his father had said. It is this way with most of the little folk of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. Once they leave home they seldom return. They are on their own.

FLOATING STATION

VANCOUVER. (CP)—A floating station is being built in Vancouver Harbor on a wooden scow, 60 feet long and 24 feet wide. It will accommodate vessels that are too small to use the deepsea docks.

BIGGEST PENINSULA

Arabia, world's largest peninsula, has an area of 1,350,000 square miles.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

NO "PROBLEM"

One test of a player's defensive skill is to give him a hand requiring many discards. The average player, faced with this situation, indulges in what seems to be a guessing contest.

It is true that occasionally it is hard to figure out which is the vital suit to guard, but if every clue and consideration are weighed, the decision is almost always clear. Take the following typically easy case for example.

North dealer. Neither side vulnerable. Hand: AKQ765, QJ1062, 7, 5. Bidding table with North, East, South, West and Pass/Not Pass options.

It goes without saying that South rather let himself go in this auction, but when the hand was over, it wasn't South who had cause for regret.

West who could not reasonably be expected to ferret out the killing heart opening, led his top club. Declarer won, banged down his three diamond honors, and after smiling happily at his luck in dropping the adverse trumps, led a spade to dummy. The non break of spades, however, brought a mutter from South. After pitching a heart on the third spade, he ruffed the fourth round of spades and cashed his two remaining trumps. This, of course, left him with one heart and the K-7 of clubs.

Before discarding to the last trump, East held the A-K of hearts and the Q-10 of clubs. According to his own confession, East was completely in the dark whether declarer still had two hearts and one club, or one heart and two clubs. In the former case, East could not afford a heart discard, because South would lead a heart, win the club return and cash a heart. Well, East "guessed" wrong; he threw off a club! And South made the slam.

There was only one thing, East had to think about that West, if he had held four clubs, would have opened his fourth-highest, not the jack.

LONG TRIP

DAWSON CREEK, B.C. (CP)—This town of 4,000 residents, starting point for the Alaska Highway, has obtained a new fire truck driven from Eastern Canada by Fire Chief Floyd Wilson.

By Walt Kelly

NOTICE

Regular meeting Parkdale Men's Association in Parkdale Hall—

Wednesday, August 6th 8:30 P. M.

NOTICE

All school taxes due Stanhope District not paid by August 12th, will be handed in for collection by order of Trustees.

LLOYD SHAW, Secretary.

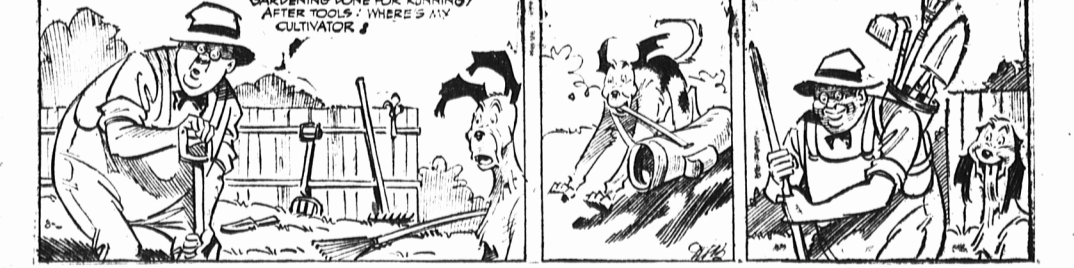
E.R. Brow & Son Fire, Auto, Life, Accident, Sickness And Plate Glass Insurance At Lowest Rates Agent at Summerside, D. O. Stewart 144 Richmond St. Charlottetown

POGO



By Cliff McBride

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Alex Raymond

RIP KIRBY



By Harry Hoegisen

PENNY



KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



L.L. ABNER

By Al Capp



DOTTY DRIPPLE

By Ruford



TILLY THE TOILER

By Bob Gustafson



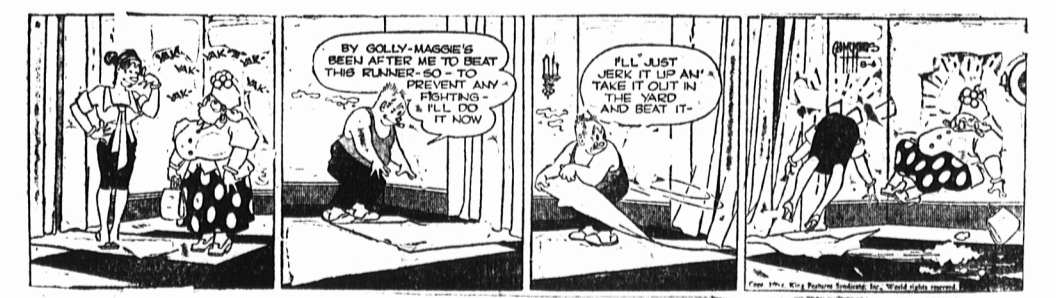
TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS

By Edwige



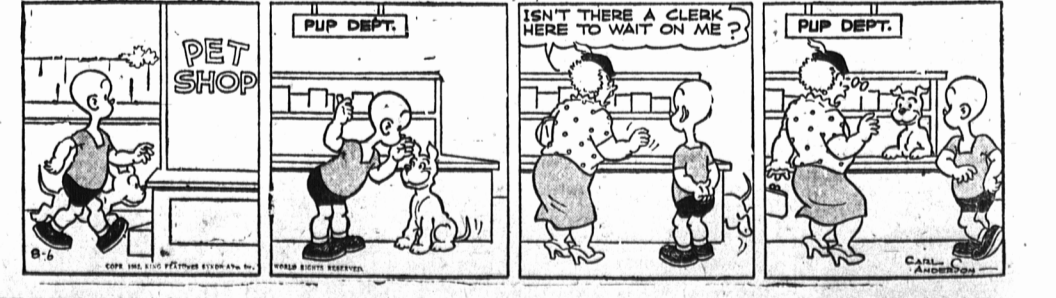
BRINGING UP FATHER

By George McManus



HENRY

By Carl Anderson



JOE PALOOKA

By Ham Fisher

