



(By Thornton W. Burgess)

OUT IN THE GREAT WORLD

The Great World has a place for all. The strong, the weak, the great, the small.

—Old Mother Nature would never go back to it. When he left he didn't know this. He didn't know that he was really leaving home. He had discovered his mother by climbing out on the old stone wall after she had forbidden the children to do that. The desire to see more of the wonders of the Great World had led him to run along the old stone wall a little way. He meant to go only a little way. He would run back home if he should be frightened. He went a little farther. He went still farther. He forgot where he was. There was so much to see, so much that was wholly new and wonderful, that he thought of nothing else.

So at last Little Stripes reached the end of the old stone wall. It was the end nearest the Green Forest. For a few minutes he sat looking over into the Green



"What are you doing so far from home?"

Forest. The longer he sat there the more he wondered what it was like over among the great trees. They really were very ordinary trees, not great at all, but to the bright eyed little Chipmunk who was small for his age, they

were great. Indeed they were tremendous. He wanted to go over there among them and he saw no reason why he shouldn't. You see, as yet he had never met or even seen an enemy. He didn't even know there were folks to be afraid of. He didn't know the meaning of the word, danger. He had never been really frightened in all his life. It often is just this way with little folk just starting out alone in the Great World.

A sharp voice right behind him startled him. "Who are you?" demanded the sharp voice. It wasn't a pleasant voice. Hastily he turned to see who had spoken to him. It was a lively small person little bigger than his father, Striped Chipmunk. He wore a red coat and a white waistcoat. He jerked his tail when he spoke. It was Chatterer the Red Squirrel.

"If you please, I'm Little Stripes," said the small Chipmunk in a small voice. "You must be one of Cousin Striped Chipmunk's children," said Chatterer. "What are you doing over here? What are you doing so far from home?" His voice was not at all pleasant.

"Just looking around, that's all," replied Little Stripes. "I'm not doing any harm," he added. Just then there was a noise like distant thunder, a long rolling rumble. Somehow it was a frightening sort of noise to the young Chipmunk hearing it for the first time.

"What was that?" he cried, and for the first time in his short life there was fear in his voice. "Don't tell me you don't know the drumming of Thunderer the Grouse when you hear it!" cried Chatterer scornfully. "I thought everybody knew that."

"Is— is Thunderer someone to be afraid of?" asked Little Stripes hesitatingly. "Don't tell me that you don't know who Thunderer is!" cried Chatterer. He had forgotten that the small Chipmunk was just starting out in the Great World. "I've never seen him," said Little Stripes in a small voice.

"Well, he is just a bird and not one to be afraid of," replied Chatterer.

Just then Thunderer drummed again. "What's he making that

terrible noise for?" asked the small Chipmunk. "He doesn't think it is dreadful and he wouldn't thank you for calling it a noise. He is making it because he likes to hear it himself and he thinks Mrs. Grouse likes to hear it, too. You should hear him drum in the spring, then he really does drum," said Chatterer. "Do you suppose I could see him if I go over there?" asked Little Stripes, looking over into the Green Forest. But Chatterer didn't hear him. He wasn't there.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

REDOUBLES AT DUPLICATE BRIDGE

The redouble is almost exclusively a rubber-bridge weapon (and a powerful one!) — it is rarely used by good players at matchpoint duplicate. Still, even at that game it does come in handy occasionally, as a certain North-South pair discovered in the following deal:

North dealer: Neither side vulnerable. Match-point duplicate.

Hand diagram showing cards for North, East, South, and West. North: ♠ 10 6 4 3, ♥ K 8, ♦ 4, ♣ K 8 7 6 2. East: ♠ 5, ♥ A 9 7, ♦ A K 9 6, ♣ J 10 9 4 3. South: ♠ 8 5 4 3, ♥ 6 5 4 3, ♦ 10 7 5 2, ♣ 2. West: ♠ 7 6 5, ♥ 10 9 8, ♦ 9 8 7 6 5, ♣ 7 6 5 4 3 2.

This was the bidding at quite a few tables:

Bidding table: North Pass, East Pass, South Pass, West Pass. North 2♣, East Pass, South 3♣, West Pass. North 6♣, East Pass, South Pass, West Pass.

Every West must have suspected that the club king was going to turn up in dummy, because not one of these Wests doubled the slam! The various declarers had to maneuver carefully to win 12 tricks, but they did just that. At one table the North-South bidding wasn't so strong:

Bidding table: North Pass, East Pass, South Pass, West Pass. North 5♣, East Pass, South Pass, West Double Pass. North Redouble Pass, East Pass, South Pass, West Pass.

This South's diamond opening — the correct bid — kept North from jumping his response, and it resulted in trapping West, who had started out by trapping on his own account. When the enemy stopped at five clubs, West doubled out of sheer pique! This South played the hand just as well as the others did, and his score of 950 points was 30 point higher than the slambidders earned!

FLATHEADS The ancient Indian tribes of Peru flattened the skulls of children during infancy.

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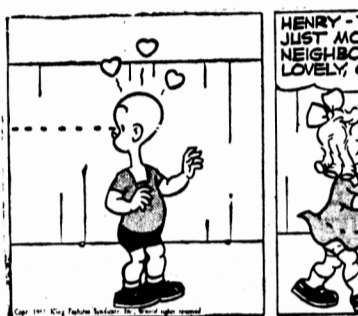
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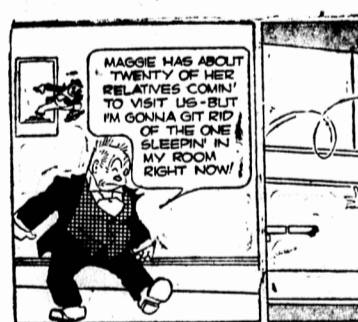
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