



By Thornton W. Burgess

Though it's methods be suspect, independence was respect.

On the moonlight on the Green Meadows stood a puzzled young fox. It was Young Reddy. He was watching a dog sneaking across the Green Meadows toward home, and acting in the strangest way. He was whimpering, and whimpering, and every few steps he stopped to rub his face in the grass. In that way he was most awful smell. Never had the young fox smelled anything like it before. But a smell doesn't hurt anyone, so it must be something else that was the matter with that dog.

Only a few minutes before Young Reddy had watched that same dog barking at, and threatening to kill, a small person whose acquaintance the young fox had made only a short time before. Then something he couldn't understand at all happened. That dog had yelped, thrown himself down on the grass, and rolled about as if hurt and there had been that dreadful smell. That new acquaintance was Young Jimmy Skunk. All the time he had faced that dog without showing fear. That puzzled the young fox. Why hadn't he been afraid? What had he done to make that dog act so? Now as the dog continued toward home Young Reddy turned to see what had become of the young Skunk. He was digging grubs from the grass roots just as if nothing had happened. Young Reddy took a last look at the young Skunk. He was just near enough to ask a few questions. He was very polite. Without knowing why he was filled with great respect for this small person in the black and white coat. "If you please," said he, in his most polite manner, "what happened to that dog?"



"If you please," said he in his most polite manner, "what happened to that dog?"

Young Jimmy said nothing until he had dug out a white grub from among the roots of the grass. He ate it, then turned to face Young Reddy. "I taught him a lesson," said he. "I don't think he'll bother me again very soon."

"But what did you do? I was watching, and you didn't bite him," said the young fox.

"No," replied Young Jimmy, "I didn't bite him. I didn't even touch him. If I had been near enough to bite him he would have bitten me, and probably have shaken me to death. I never let anyone get near enough to me to bite me."

Young Reddy blinked. This was something he didn't understand at all. "But you did something," he persisted.

"Of course I did something. I used my little scent gun. Don't you

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### Pioneer Days in P.E.I.

The game of "Jingle Bells" was played in the following manner: Each player had a tiny bell fastened around his or her neck to which was attached a small rope, to be used as a "tackle" — the children taking hold of it by pairs, except the last in line, who plays the part of a "driver". With an older child, or sometimes it was the mother seated at the organ, the tune of "Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle all the Way," filled the humble home and the youngsters trailed round the room at a lively pace, sometimes lifting their feet high and breathing hard as though they were travelling through deep snowdrifts. When the chorus was reached, all the players joined in lively song. Many long journeys of this kind took place right in the homes of pioneer families.

Whatever new games children may learn, they dearly love the old, old ones like—"Buffy and Puss" and the "Needle's Eye."

"Tag" and "Thimble" and "Halt! I spy." "Ring-around-rosy" and "Making Cheese." "Pea-porridge hot" and "Slave, on your knees!"

Non-hour games at their first Island schools. "The peanut hunt," used to afford lots of fun in the good old days. The nuts were hidden in all sorts of places about the house. Tiny chestnuts were given a ribbon each tied with a large ribbon. If there was a fiddle in the home, father got it down and played a march, which was the signal

### Our Boarding House Major Hoopole

YOU ALMOST MAKE ME INDIGNANT, AMOS! I'VE ALLUS BEEN AS HONIST AS ABLE LINCOLN, LEASTWISE WHEN I'M CONTESTIN' AGIN 'EM. BUT I INSIST THERE BE NO BLOT ON THE FAIR ESCUTCHEON OF THE HOOPLE FAMILY! ARE YOU SURE THAT DECK IN YOUR POCKET IS CLEAN?

JAKE LIKES HIS OWN THINGS. YOU TAKE! I DON'T MIND YOUR LOUSTING WITH THIS MORRISSEY CHAP OVER THE CARD TABLE. BUT I INSIST THERE BE NO BLOT ON THE FAIR ESCUTCHEON OF THE HOOPLE FAMILY!

THE SMALLEST VIOLIN IN THE WORLD. A VIOLIN PERFECT IN EVERY DETAIL—YET ONLY 1 1/2 INCH IN LENGTH. THE SOUNDS FROM ITS TINY STRINGS ARE TOO HIGH-PITCHED TO BE AUDIBLE TO THE HUMAN EAR.

PIERRE GOUDIELIN (1890-1949) POET laureate of Toulouse, France. BET MOULIERE \$100 THAT HE COULD WILL HIS PROPERTY TO HIS NEPHEW IN A DOCUMENT CONSISTING OF ONLY ONE WORD. THE DYING GOUDIELIN WRAPPED HIS POSSESSIONS IN A BUNDLE—WROTE ON IT A SINGLE WORD MEANING "THINE"—AND HIS HEIR COLLECTED BOTH THE BUNDLE AND THE BET.

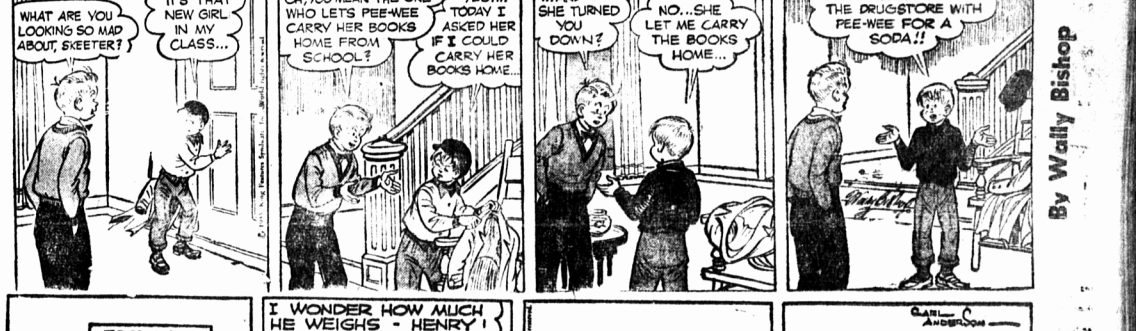
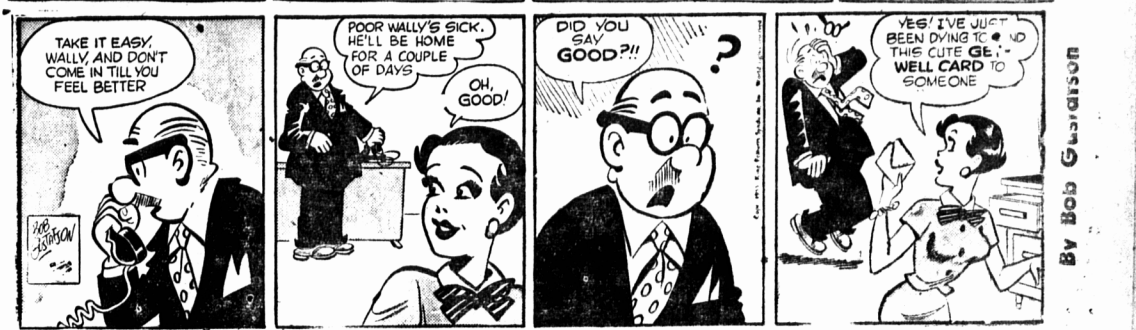
THESE GIANTIC ROCKS BURIED 6 LAUNDRESSES IN AN AVALANCHE IN 1910 AND HAVE SERVED AS THEIR TOMBSTONE EVER SINCE.

RELIEVES ANNOYING DRYNESS! REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF!—GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL. CHARLIE! BUT THAT'D BE ILLEGAL!—MY NAME IS JOAN.

THIS ISN'T ME!! I KEEP MY HAIR NEAT AND NATURAL WITH WILDROOT CREAM-OIL!—NON-ALCOHOLIC CONTAINS LANOLIN!

YOU NEED BATHS! YOW! BOILIN' WATER! NOW TAKE A NAP! SHOOT HIM, BUCK! LET HIM HAVE IT!

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L'il Abner

THE LONE RANGER

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