By Thornton W. Burgess

SALLY SLY GOSSIPS

Gossip's conversation's spice,
Much is bad; a little nice.
—Sally Sly.

Sally Sly the Cowbird was in the Old Pasture with several others of her own kind. They were walking about among the Cows. It is because they are so fond of Cows and other cattle that they are called Cowbirds. Long, long ago, way back in the days when the world was young, the first of the Cowbird family made an important discovery. It was that cattle could be the best friend of bird folk. Big feet moving along the ground disturb a lot of insects hiding in the grass. So by just keeping close to those big moving feet of the cattle, it is an easy matter to catch a good dinner without the trouble of having to look for it.

So it was that Sally Sly and her friends were getting a good breakfast as they walked about among the grazing Cows in the Old Pasture. Some of those insects disturbed by the hoofs of the Cows, almost jumped right into the bills of some of those birds. It was great fun catching a breakfast so easily, and gossiping while they breakfasted.

"Have you had a good season?" asked a neighbor of Sally Sly.

"A very good season," replied Sally.

"How many eggs did you lay?" asked the other.

"I don't remember exactly," replied Sally Sly. "I sort of lost count."

"Of course you didn't build a nest," said the other.

"Of course not. No self-respecting Cowbird ever builds a nest, and I hope I'm self-respecting," declared Sally Sly.

"Sometimes," said the other, "I think that we Cowbirds are the only truly smart birds in the neighborhood. We are the only ones I know of smart enough to get others to do their work," said the other. "I laid four eggs, and I laid them in four different nests," she added.

"It is a mistake for one of us to lay more than one egg in a nest," said Sally Sly. "Anyway, it is a mistake if the other eggs in the nest are smaller. One bigger egg may not be noticed, but two are almost sure to be, and that isn't so good."

"If you pick the right kind of nest I don't see that that makes any difference," said the other Cowbird.

"It may," retorted Sally Sly. "I wasted two eggs that way once."

"Just what do you mean by that?" demanded the other.

"I laid an egg in the nest of Sunshine the Yellow Warbler. There was only one of Mrs. Sunshine's eggs in the nest at the time. I passed that way a few days later, and there were three of her eggs beside mine. There was no one around to see me, so I slipped into that nest and laid another egg. That was my mistake," said Sally Sly.

"In what way was it a mistake?" the other wanted to know.

"Those Warblers didn't appear to have taken any notice of my single egg, but two of my eggs took up so much room that those birds were quite upset about it," explained Sally Sly.

"Well, what of it? What could they do about it?" asked the other.

"Plenty," replied Sally Sly. "They could do, and did do, plenty."

"What did they do?" asked her neighbor.

Sally Sly ran right between the hind feet of a Cow and snapped up a cricket that had jumped to avoid being stepped on. In the enjoyment of that cricket she seemed to forget that question. Her neighbor waited a moment, then repeated the question.

"Oh," replied Sally Sly. "Mrs. Sunshine just buried my eggs. So there wasn't a chance for either one of them to hatch out. She just built another nest right on top of that one."

"But what did she do with her own eggs?" cried the other.

"Left them right there. Buried them, too, and didn't seem to mind as long as she prevented my eggs from hatching," replied Sally Sly, and flew up on the back of the nearest Cow.

"Have you had a good season?" asked a neighbor of Sally Sly.

NORTH WINSLOE W. I.

The Winsloe North Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs Preston Cudmore on August 4. The president being absent, Mrs. Arnett Shaw conducted the meeting

Roll call was answered by eight members. Mrs. Heath Craswell thanked the members for fruit and gift received.

New committees appointed were sick, Mrs. P. Cudmore and Mrs. N Stevenson. School, Mrs. S. Younker and Miss Reta MacNeil.

A contest supplied by Mrs. Grant Laird was won by Mrs. Leonard Cudmore.

The September meeting was invited to the home of Mrs. James Cudmore. The lunch committee will be Mrs. Percy Arbing and Mrs Stanley Younker and program committee is Mrs. Walter Roberts

TOO CIVILIZED

BANFF, Alta., (CP)—Banff district Indians who took part in a Hollywood movie being made here were surprised when they were asked to don loin cloths. One said he had known his people for 70 years and "never knew one as savage as all this."

Denmark has about 20,000 fishermen, of whom 15,000 work full-time at their occupation.

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

AN OUTSTANDING OPPORTUNITY

Experts, pitted against lesser players, have a horror of running into the succession of "flat" hands. When the distribution all around the table is 4-3-3-3-, 4-4-3-2, or anything on this order, there is far less chance to exploit bidding and playing skill than when the hands are freakish, with long suits, singletons and voids much in evidence.

Take a case like the following for example. The declarer was a run-of-the-mill player—so he missed the opportunity that would give pleasure (and profit) to any true expert.

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

	♠ 8 ♥ A J 10 8 7 5 4 ♦ A 6 4 ♣ 10 8	
♠ K 9 6 4 ♥ 3 2 ♦ 9 2 ♣ Q 10 7 ♣ J 5	N W E S	♠ A Q J ♥ 10 7 5 ♦ K Q 6 ♣ K J 9 ♣ 3
	♠ — ♥ 3 ♦ 8 5 3 2 ♣ A K Q 9 7 6 4	

As is usually the case with "freaks" this deal occasioned some rather sensational bidding—namely:

South	West	North	East
5 ♣	Pass	Pass	5 ♠
Pass	Pass	6 ♣	Dble.
Pass	Pass	Pass	

West was in an uncomfortable position when his partner doubled six clubs. The possession of six cards in East's spade bid was an extremely discouraging factor defensively, and so West was tempted to "bail out" to six spades, but for all he could tell, East might have the six-club contract beaten outside of the spade suit. So West passed.

On opening lead, West gave long thought to selecting something other than a spade, but rather than "stab", he led his partner's suit.

Declarer ruffed the opening lead and promptly laid down the trump ace, hoping, of course, that the jack would fall. It did not, however, and the result was a two-trick defeat.

It cost South precisely 1740 points to try to drop the club jack singleton in this deal. He didn't need that bit of luck. The winning plan was to lead to the heart ace at the second trick and ruff a heart, then to lead a low trump to dummy. Observe the effect. West could not do better than put up the trump jack and shift to diamonds. The ace would win and declarer would ruff another heart, establishing the rest of the suit and getting back to dummy with a trump.

Charlottetown Golf Club Dance

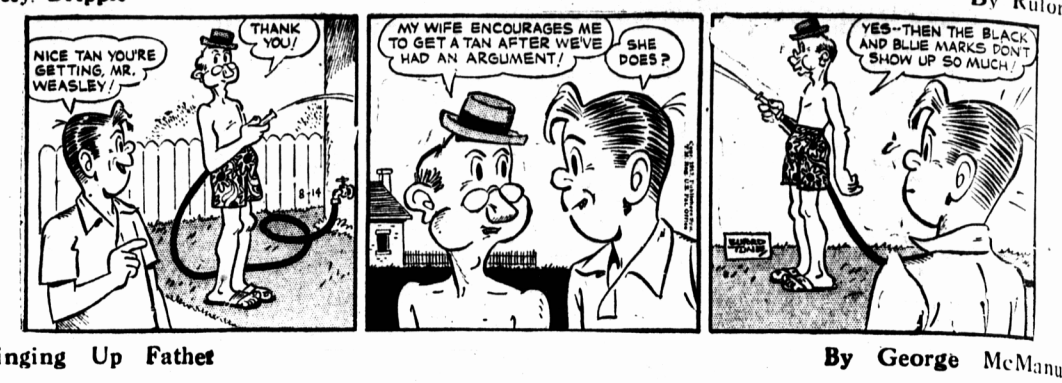
TONIGHT AT CLUB HOUSE

Dancing 9:30 P.M. to 1 A.M.

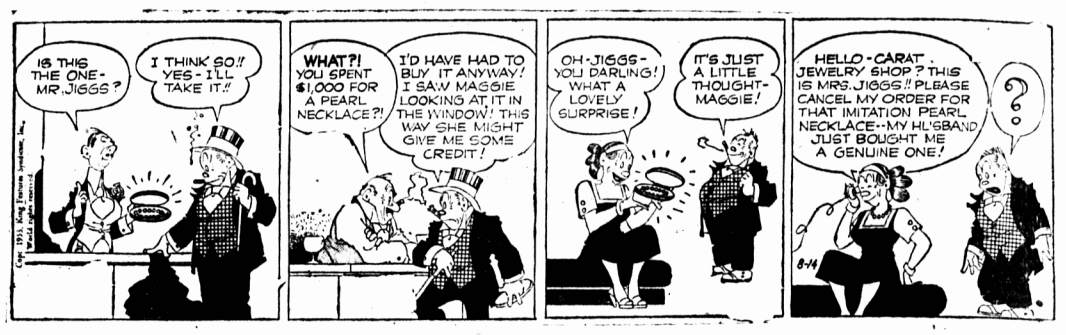
Beautiful Surroundings -- Good Music.

Tickets -- $1.00 per person

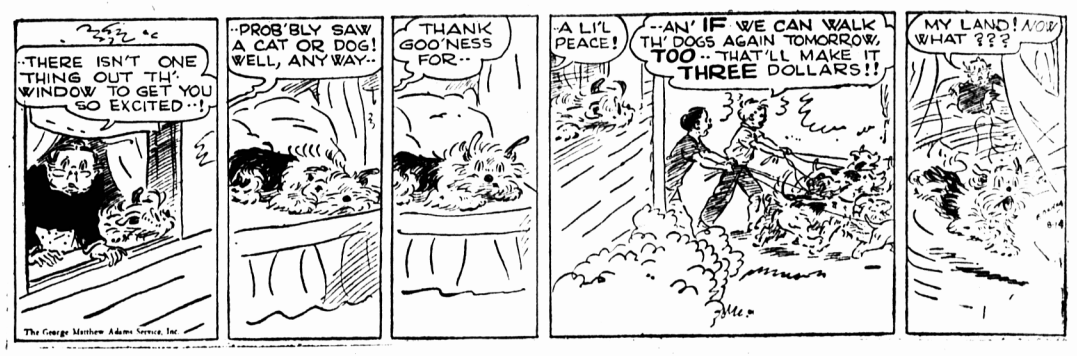
Dotty Dripple — By Rufor



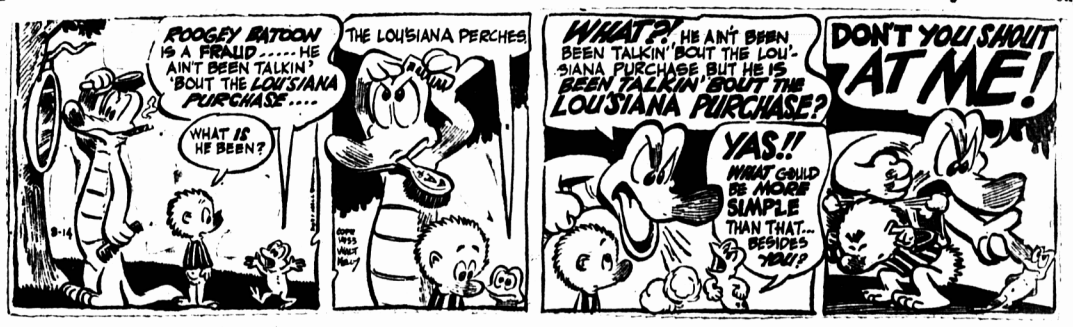
Bringing Up Father — By George McManus



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs — By Edwin



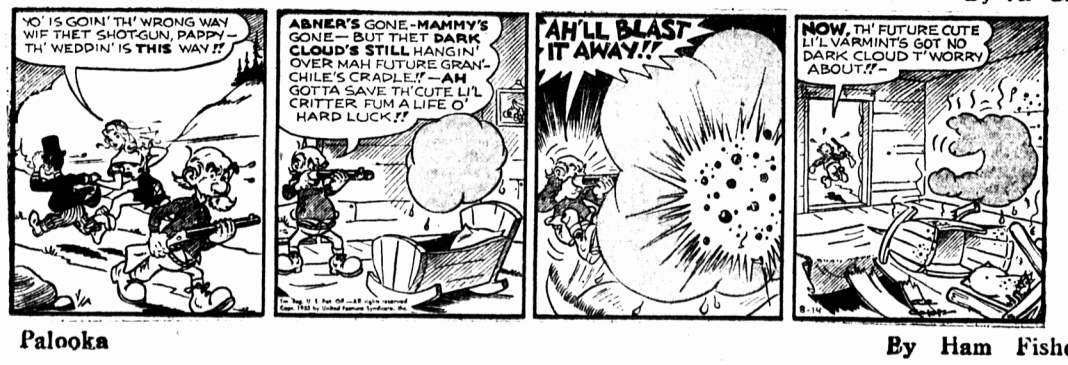
Pogo — By Walt Kelly



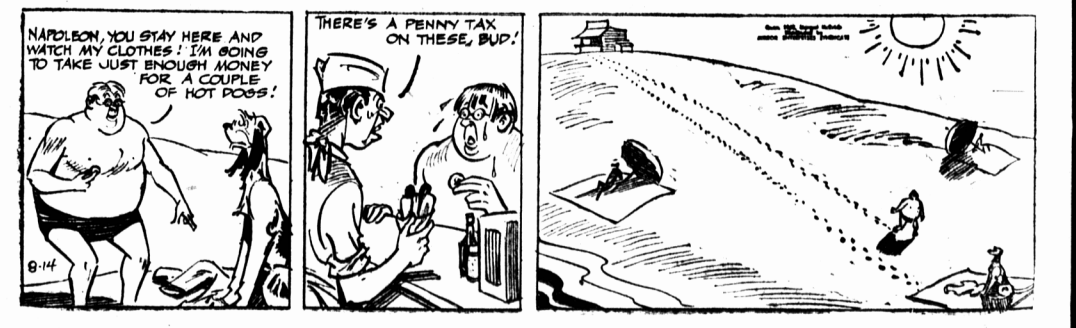
King Of The Royal Mounted — By Zane Grey

Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson

Li'l Abner — By Al Capp

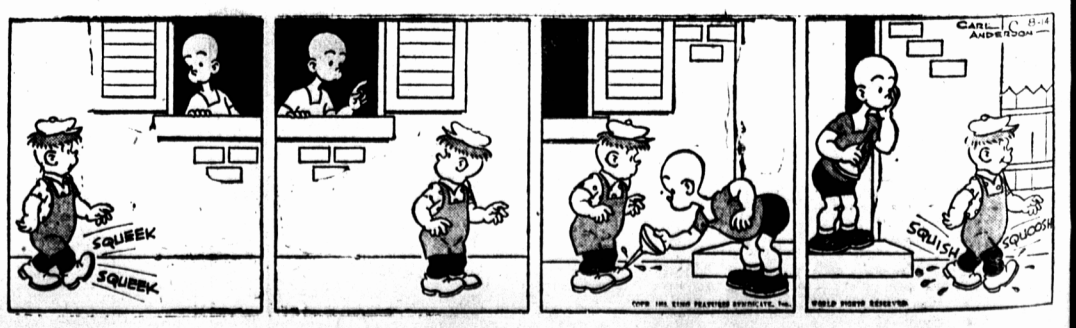


Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride



Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher

Henry — By Carl Anderson



Rip Kirby — By Alex Raymond

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen