



By Thornton W. Burgess

IT COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE. It could be worse. Keep this in mind. 'Twill be no end of help, you'll find. —Paddy the Beaver.

"I feel better," said Paddy the Beaver, as he pulled the last bit of bark from an aspen stick and dropped the bare stick in the water. He was sitting on the ice at the edge of a small pool of open water near one end of his pond in the Green Forest.

Mrs. Paddy said nothing. She was still eating bark. Paddy watched her for a moment. "Don't you?" said he at last. "Don't I what?" grumbled Mrs. Paddy with her mouth full. "Don't you feel better?" asked Paddy. Mrs. Paddy just mumbled. Perhaps it was because she still had a mouthful. Perhaps it was because she didn't want to admit that she really did feel better. She finished the bark on her stick, and dropped it in the water.

A Country Garden

Continued from page 2

seeds like dust in the pod of an orchid?

These several thousand years of recorded history of man is but a single instantaneous frame in the reel of time. Therefore, we cannot say, but can only question whether these aggressors will someday supplant the trees and their associates. If so, the weeds will inherit the earth's crust after the downfall of the forests—and geologic history will be repeated.

In the past, nature produced flora along a scale of immense time. Today, the weeds of the world have spread in a twinkling on the split-second scale of man's time, stimulated by running across man's ploughed fields and along his disturbed roadsides. Instead of building a great organism like a tree, they form small, fast plants whose energies are concentrated not on creating wood and size but on packing myriads of dynamic seeds. Because they are of the open spaces, their dispersal mechanisms are mostly wind-borne. Their embryos sweep across land like a blizzard of snowflakes. They are tough and long-lived, and they ride the seas in

longer have a house to shelter us?" "You did pretty well with that stick," chuckled Paddy. "Better have another. Then you really will feel better."

Mrs. Paddy shook her head. She didn't want to be comforted. She looked mournfully over to the scattered ruins of their house which Glutton the Wolverine had torn to pieces. "It was such a nice house," she whimpered.

"We'll have another just as good," said Paddy cheerfully. "Next year we'll build an even better one."

"What good is a new house next year going to do us now?" asked Mrs. Paddy. She spoke dolefully.

"No good, my dear, but it is something to look forward to," replied Paddy. "I don't want to look forward to anything; I want to know what we're going to do now," declared Mrs. Paddy. She simply refused to be cheerful.

"I think you've forgotten something," said Paddy. "I don't doubt I have forgotten something, but there is one thing I haven't forgotten," retorted Mrs. Paddy.

"What is that?" asked Paddy. "I haven't forgotten that this is the middle of winter, and we no

our ships and fill the churned up acres where men go. More than a thousand species have come from Europe over the white man's boat bridge. Many were lovely and respectable in their native land but lost their restraint in our clearings. Such are the daisies and black-eyed Susans, the mullein, sunflowers Queen Anne's lace, ragwort, fleabane, chickory, thistle, mustard.

The established forest can resist the weeds with cool, dark places protected from the wind. Brambles and briar, burdock and pigweed do not grow in the shade of oak and maple. They flourish among their stumps. Without man's aid, the weeds cannot prevail over the forest. The old corporation still holds the title to the land.

Through the pages of this wonderful book we have been exploring among the rocks, woods, and fields in quest of adventure and discovery. We have found ourselves standing at a unique vantage point of time, looking back at the massive sweep of life on this planet, powered by the living cell. Perhaps for some of us the impact of this perspective has been a spiritual experience. The grandeur of life in our flowering world lies in its infinite possibilities.



He entered a hole in the bank, well under water.

longer have a house to live in," retorted Mrs. Paddy.

"It could be worse," said Paddy. "I don't know how it could," returned Mrs. Paddy.

"It could be that we had no place whatever to go," replied Paddy.

"Well, have we?" asked Mrs. Paddy. It was plain that she didn't think they had.

Paddy nodded. He nodded several times. "That's what you've forgotten," said he. "Of course we have a place to go to. It isn't as good as our house was, but it will do. We can keep dry and warm, and you know as well as I do that with plenty to eat, this is all we need. If that fellow had gotten at our food pile and scattered that, we would be a lot worse off than we are now. He wouldn't have been satisfied just to tear our house to pieces. I'm glad we keep our food under water; nothing can happen to it there."

"It could be washed away in a flood," said Mrs. Paddy.

"But there isn't any flood, my dear," said Paddy. "So why think of things that might be, but are not likely to be? You can always find trouble if you look for it, but why look for it?" Paddy looked a little disheartened with Mrs. Paddy.

He slipped into the water and disappeared under the ice. Mrs. Paddy hesitated a moment, then followed. Paddy swam under the ice up Laughing Brook a short distance to where there was a fairly steep bank. He entered a hole in the bank well under water. It was the entrance to a tunnel that gradually slanted up until it was above the water. It was an old bank den they had used before their dam was built to make the pond in which they had then built their house. Mrs. Paddy had forgotten it.

West dealer. North-South vulnerable. Match-point duplicate.

Contract Bridge By Josephine Clubertson NEAR-TOP Top score on the board was well within the grasp of a certain pair in a duplicate game, but something slipped.

Hand diagram showing cards: West dealer, North-South vulnerable, Match-point duplicate. Cards: ♠ AK75, ♥ A1096, ♦ 43, ♣ A Q. South: ♠ J, ♥ 85, ♦ KJ984, ♣ 32.

At almost all of the tables the bidding started off the same, with West bidding a heart, East responding two diamonds, South overcalling with two spades, and West doubling. Only one East, however, accepted the double — the others bid three clubs. In these latter cases, the best scores were earned by those East-West pairs who managed to bid and make four hearts, for scores of 420 points.

The one East who stood for the double of two spades should have been rewarded with 500 points, and a "top," but his partner's defense was not what it should have been.

West opened the diamond queen. South laid down the heart king; West won and properly returned a heart. It would have been a good idea for South to win this with dummy's queen, then finesse for the trump jack, but he could not foresee the advantage of this play (which was due to the exact break of spades and clubs), so he won with his own heart jack and exited with a club.

West cashed the queen and ace of clubs, then led another heart. East ruffed dummy's queen with the spade jack, and declarer discarded his last club. Now the crucial point of the play arrived. East laid down the club king; declarer ruffed with the eight — and West over-ruffed instead of logically discarding. After that, South could easily take all the tricks except West's second high trump, and the contract was down only 200 points.

This very point — over-ruffing declarer when one might easily build an extra trump trick by merely discarding — arises time and again, and it will repay players to stop and think before giving themselves the pleasure which seems to be inherent in the over-ruff situation.

FAMOUS ROUTE The pony express between California and Missouri, 1,980 miles, operated in 1860 and 1861.

KING COLE COFFEE So delicious — so refreshing!

King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



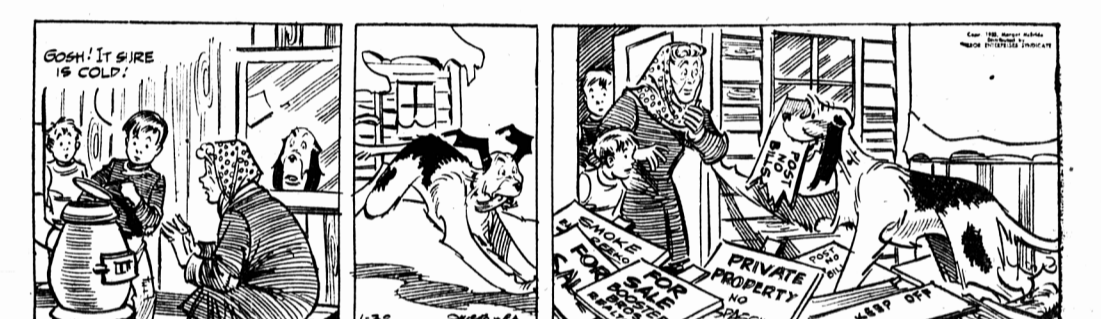
Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



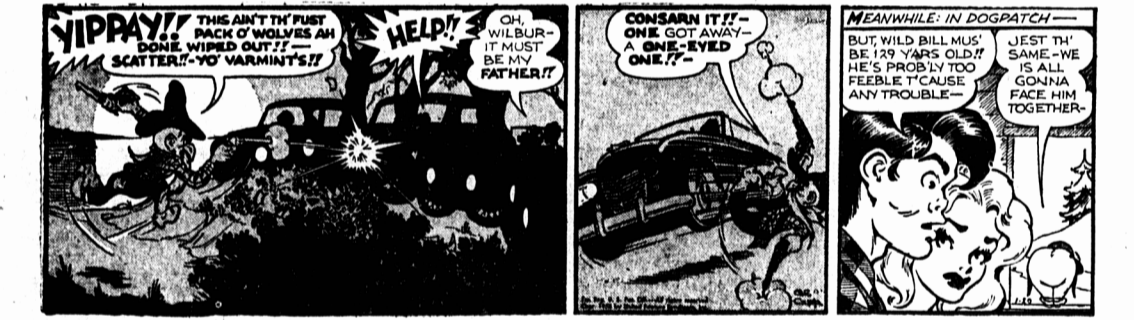
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Li'l Abner

By Al Capp



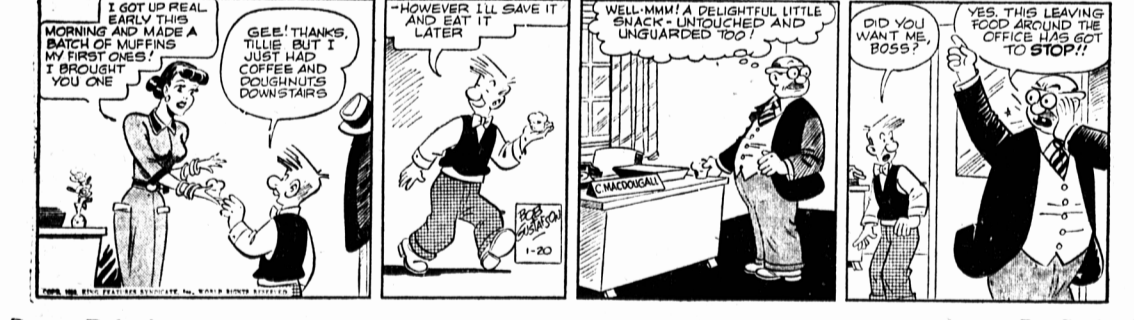
Pogo

By Walt Kelly



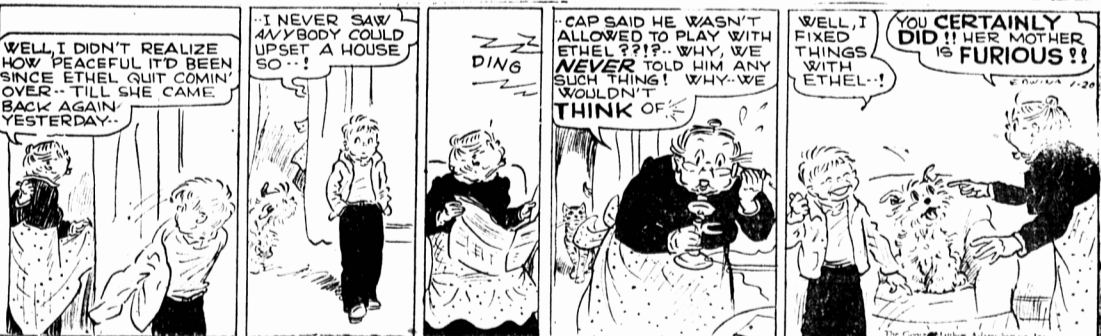
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



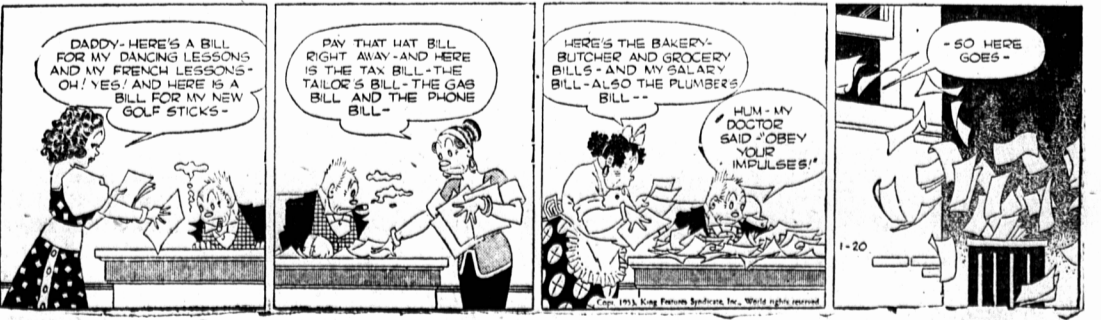
Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



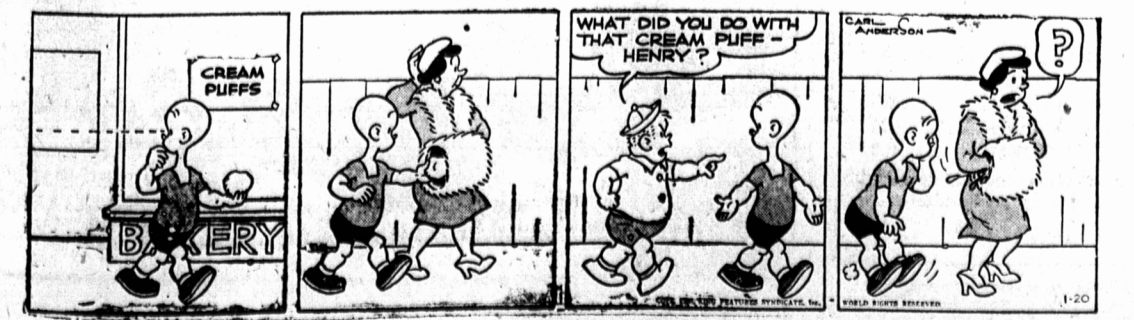
Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



Henry

By Carl Anderson



PENNY

By Harry Hoening

