By Thornton W. Burgess

PADDY GROWS MORE UNEASY

Who is content to simply guess,
His ignorance will thus confess.
—Paddy the Beaver

Long, long ago, Paddy the Beaver learned how foolish it is to be content with simply guessing about important matters. He learned that guessing seldom pays, and may sometimes be very costly. He learned that more often than not a guess proves to be wrong. So, Paddy wisely tries to make sure of things instead of guessing.

Paddy was feeling uneasy. He knew of no reason for feeling uneasy, but that uneasy feeling persisted. He told Mrs. Paddy that he was uneasy. "I don't know why," he confessed.

"Forget it," said Mrs. Paddy. "Nothing is wrong. There isn't a thing in the world to be uneasy about. Don't be foolish. See how beautiful and peaceful it is this evening. I've never known a lovelier evening."

It was a lovely evening. Their little pond, made by their own hard work in building a dam across a brook, was like a polished sheet of glass in a setting of trees. Not a ripple marred its surface. The Black Shadows covered a large part of it. It was at the edge of this darkened surface that Paddy and Mrs. Paddy floated side by side. They had slept most of the day in their big house out in the water. Soon they would be going to work, for it is at night they like best to work, and they had much to do.

He sat up and tested every little breeze that came along.

They would spend most of the night lumbering, for the Beaver folk are woodcutters. They are loggers. They cut down trees, then cut them into logs and float the logs to the place where they want them, just as human lumbermen do.

"It is time we went to work," said Mrs. Paddy.

"I know, but somehow I don't like to leave the water," replied Paddy.

"Do you mean that you are afraid?" asked Mrs. Paddy.

"Not exactly afraid, but I have a feeling," replied Paddy.

"What kind of a feeling?" asked Mrs. Paddy.

"Oh, just a feeling," replied Paddy.

"That doesn't mean a thing," declared Mrs. Paddy impatiently. "Are you afraid or what? Who is there to be afraid of to-night more than on any other night? Buster Bear hasn't been around for a long long time. Neither has Tufty the Lynx or Puma the Panther. Howler the Wolf left this neighborhood long ago. I haven't seen a sign of Old Man Coyote for a long time. So there you are. Who else is there to be afraid of?"

Paddy admitted that he couldn't think of any one else, and that all Mrs. Paddy had said was true. Still he continued to feel uneasy. The truth is, he was feeling more and more uneasy, and he couldn't give one single good reason for such a feeling.

"Come on," said Mrs. Paddy. "It's time we went to work." She started swimming toward where the brook entered the pond. It was up the brook a little way that they were doing their logging. They were cutting aspen trees. Aspen bark is their favorite food in winter. Poplar bark does very well, but they think aspen bark is better. They had discovered a little clump of aspen trees back from the water a short distance. They were growing not very far from the water. Even so, it was farther than Paddy liked. Tonight he liked it less than ever. That uneasy feeling persisted. For no reason that he could think of he hated to leave the water. He stopped at the edge of it. He sat up and tested every Little Night Breeze that came along. They told him nothing to make him at all anxious. He listened, turning his head this way

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Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

REMEMBER ALL OF THE BIDDING!

Almost all declarers bear in mind the bids which were made by the enemy, but when it comes to the equally vital matter of remembering an original pass, the record is not so good. Consider this case:

East dealer.
Neither side vulnerable.
North-South 60 on score.

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

The bidding:

East	South	West	North
Pass	1 ♦	Pass	2 ♦
2 ♠	3 ♦	Pass	Pass
3 ♠	4 ♦ (final bid)		

West opened the spade queen; East overtook and continued the suit. South ruffed the third round high, cashed the king and jack of diamonds, and then "huddled." As he explained later, he found it hard to decide whether to play for a favorite break (and guess) in the heart suit, or to finesse to his own jack of clubs. If the club queen was right, he would then be sure of a discard on dummy's club ace.

South's decision was to go out for the hearts, so he led the four to his ace and returned a low heart toward dummy. West, who was not inclined to make his enemy's problem easier, played low on the second heart without hesitation, and South went wrong — he put in dummy's ten, hoping it would force the king. Obviously, however, the defenders could now take two heart tricks and defeat the contract.

At the third trick, when South saw that East had a six-card spade suit headed by A-K-J-10, he should have realized that there was a very slim possibility of East's also holding the king of hearts. Few players are so conservative (or, more accurately, so shortsighted) as to pass with such a spade suit and an outside king. Thus, unless South knew East to be an extremely timid bidder, he should have assumed that the heart king was held by West, and all he had to do was follow through with this assumption when it came to the play in the heart suit itself.

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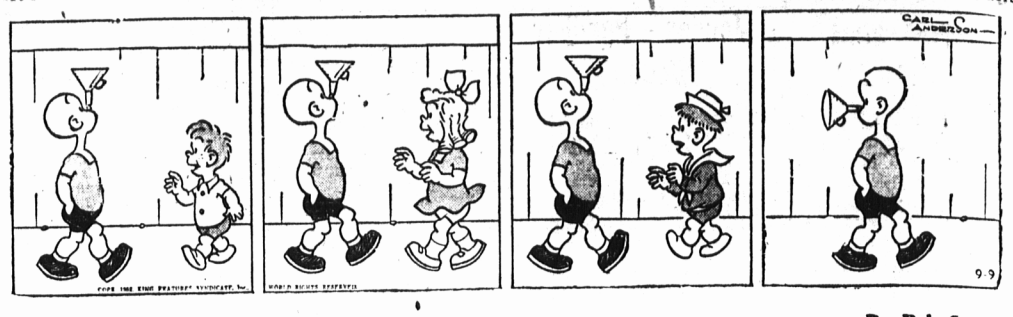
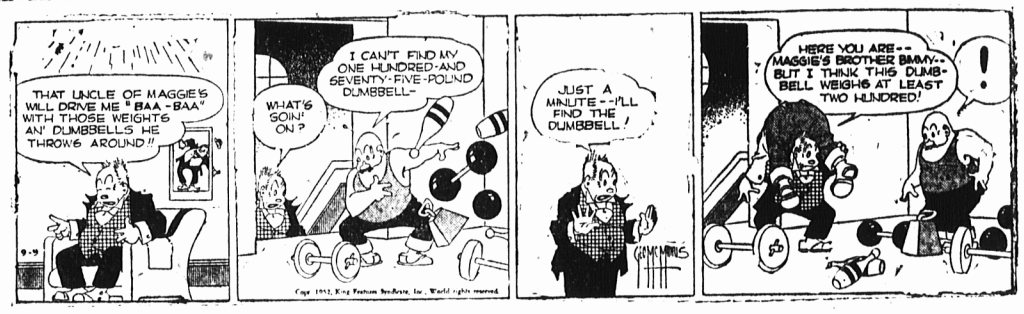


TILLY THE TOILER — By Bob Gustafson

BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus



TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS — By Edwina

DOTTY DRIPPLE — By Ruford

JOE PALOOKA — By Ham Fisher

POGO — By Walt Kelly

LI'L ABNER — By Al Capp

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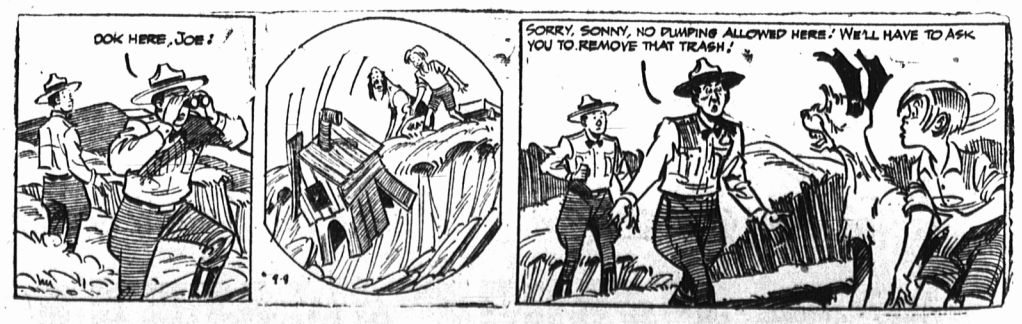
Napoleon and Uncle Elby



KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen