## By Thornton W. Burgess

### A QUEER SORT OF HAPPINESS

Who will happiness define?
Your ideas may not be mine.
—Peter Rabbit.

Glutton the Wolverine was happy. He was thoroughly happy. Folks doing things they like to do usually are happy. Glutton was doing something he dearly loves to do. He was tearing things to pieces, destroying things. Queer how some folks can find happiness in making other folk unhappy.

Glutton was inside a trapper's cabin, deep in the Green Forest. He had come on that cabin by chance as he wandered about. He had climbed to the roof and had torn this open. Now he was inside tearing to pieces and destroying everything he could.

He isn't very big, but he is wonderfully strong. For his size, he is perhaps the strongest of all the Green Forest folk. It is because of his great strength that everyone is afraid of him, even those several times as big as he. It is this that has made him unafraid, and because of being unafraid has made him very, very selfish. He feels that he can do anything he wants to do, any nobody can stop him. That is a very bad feeling for anyone to have. It has caused, and is causing much trouble in the Great World.

Glutton tore the trapper's bedding to tatters. He even tore apart the bunk on which he trapper slept. He broke to pieces the only chair in the place. He knocked over the stove, and tore down the stovepipe. He ripped open the cupboards and pulled out everything that was in there. Everything that could be smashed he smashed.

It being the wrong time of year for trapping, there was very little

He ripped open the cupboards and pulled out everything that was in there.

in the way of food in the cupboards. There were some canned things. These he couldn't break open. He knocked them about all over the room. Perhaps he lost his temper. Anyway, that is how he acted. Even so, he was happy. The more he smashed things, and the more he knocked them about, the happier he felt. Some folks have queen ideas about happiness.

Finally, he managed to break open the door. Then what do you think he did? He took a lot of those cans of food outside, carried them some distance away, and hid them. Yes, sir, that's what he did. He worked hard doing it. He wasn't hiding them for his own use later because he couldn't open those cans and he knew he couldn't. He was hiding them just to be mean. He was hiding them to make trouble for the trapper whom he had never seen, and who never had made any trouble for him. However, perhaps he had seen that trapper at work in winter and knew what dreadful things happened in the traps set for the furry folk of the Green Forest. Perhaps he was trying to get even for the trouble that trapper had made for others. Of course it is not likely that he thought these things, but he acted as if he did.

When he left that cabin it was a mess. Yes, sir, it was a mess, and he knew it was a mess. He meant it to be a mess, and he was happy because it was a mess. But that trapper wasn't when he finally visited the cabin. He knew exactly what had happened, and who had done it.

"A Wolverine," grumbled the trapper. "I hope he moves on, and does it soon. If he doesn't, I might as well give up my traps altogether. There isn't much use in trapping with one of those fellows in the neighborhood. He would watch me, and steal the bait from every trap, and he would do it without getting so much as a single toe pinched in a trap."

Glutton didn't stay in the neighborhood. He turned back toward the Great Mountain. He didn't like this part of the Green Forest. He wasn't really at home there. He belonged in the deep woods of the Great Mountain, and now he headed back that way. No one was sorry to see him go. No one asked him to stay. Behind him he left not so much as a single friend, and when he reached home he would find no friends there. Glutton the Wolverine has no friends anywhere. Supremely selfish people seldom do have friends. Yet, Glutton didn't care so much as a twitch of his whiskers.

KING COLE COFFEE
For forty years the favourite!
40-52


## Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

### "CONSOLIDATING" TWO LOSERS

Nothing can be more fluid than the terms "winners" and "losers." An ace may be ruffed away by the enemy, and a "sure loser" can often be salvaged. As proof of the latter, consider this deal:

South dealer.
Both sides vulnerable.

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

The bidding:

| South | West | North | East |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1 ♥ | 1 ♠ | 2 ♦ | 2 ♠ |
| 3 ♥ | Pass | 4 ♥ | Pass |
| Pass | Dbl. (final bid) | | |

West, with four trumps, felt that his best plan was to force declarer, so he opened the spade suit rather than his singleton diamond. South duly ruffed the third round of spades, then laid down the ace and king of trumps. In view of West's double it was no surprise to find a 4-1 trump break, and since South had already lost two spade tricks and would certainly have to lose a diamond and a trump in the normal way of reckoning, his prospects did not look good.

There is, however, such a thing as "consolidating" two losers, turning them into only one loser, and South knew all the tricks of the trade. He cashed the queen of trumps, then, leaving West with the high trump, he led a diamond to the ace and ruffed the board's last spade. Now he led another diamond toward dummy, and West was helpless. Ruffing would simply use up West's high trump while declarer threw off a low diamond from dummy, so West elected to discard a club. That, however, was equally futile, because South went up with dummy's diamond king, then cashed the king and ace of clubs and ruffed dummy's last club with his own last trump — a loser. Now, when South led the last card in his hand, the diamond nine, West's high trump and East's high diamond were wasted on the same trick.

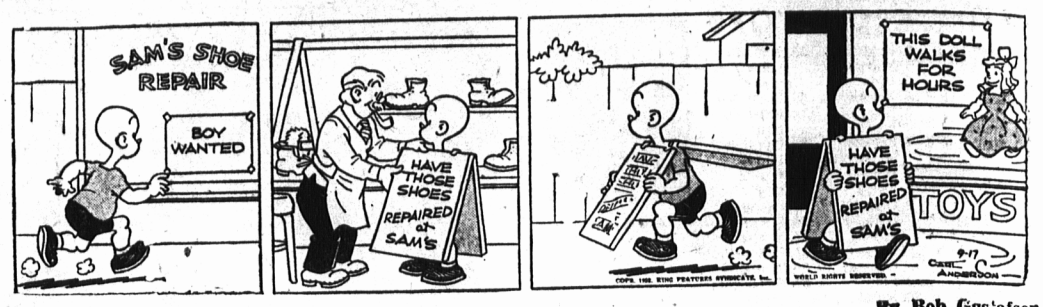
A hand of this type is not difficult to play; it is simply a question of using the right timing. The pitfalls are: South must lead toward the diamond honors, not allowing West to kill an honor by ruffing; and South must not carelessly discard dummy's third club while drawing trumps — he needs that club for a ruff in his own hand.

### STILL OPERATING

The first all-professional baseball team, organized in 1869, was the Cincinnati Red Stockings.

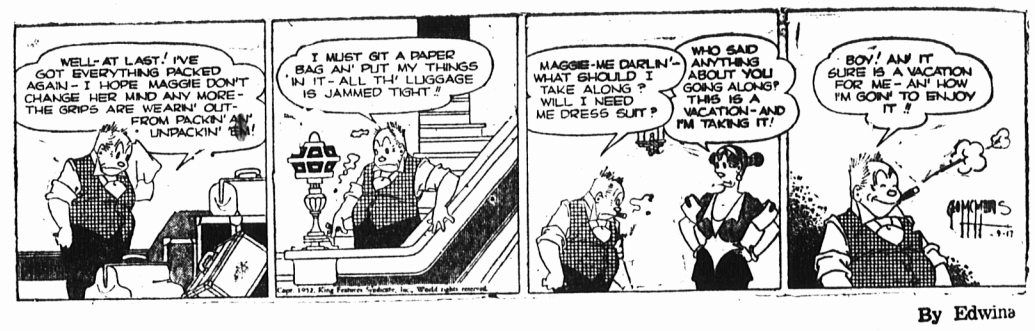

Card Game
SPRING PARK
Every
WEDNESDAY NIGHT


HENRY — By Carl Anderson



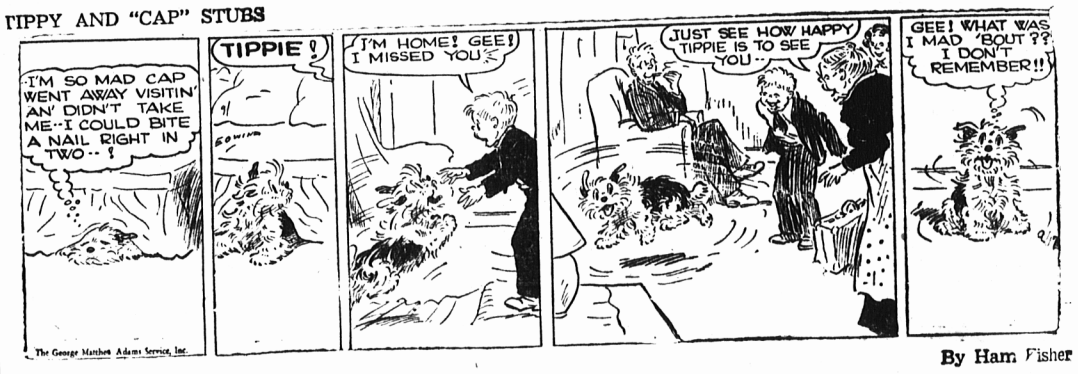

TILLY THE TOILER — By Bob Gustafson

BRINGING UP FATHER — By George McManus




By Edwina

TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS — By Ham Fisher




JOE PALOOKA — By Walt Kelly

LI'L ABNER

By Alex Raymond

RIP KIRBY

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED

POGO

Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen