

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

PADDY THE BEAVER IS TROUBLED

More often than you think is true is danger very near to you. —Old Mother Nature.

It was shadow time. Jolly, round red Mr. Sun had just gone to bed behind the Purple Hills. It was the quiet time that all the Green Forest folk dearly love.

The pond of Paddy the Beaver was as smooth as if it were glass. Instead of water, the Black Shadows had stolen out from among the trees on one side, and that half of the little pond looked almost black. Floating in the water at the edge of that blackness was Paddy himself. He loves to float that way at this peaceful hour of the day. Mrs. Paddy was in the big house standing out in the water. Later she would join him, and together they would do a night's work cutting down a tree, and cutting it up into food sticks to furnish them with food in the winter.

It was very, very, still. It seemed as if everybody in the Green Forest must be resting. The spirit of peace lay on the little pond deep in the Green Forest. Paddy the Beaver felt it. For the time being he was at peace with all of the Great World.

The Black Shadows crept far-

ther and farther out across the little pond until they almost reached the farther shore. From over there came a tiny sound; it was made by the breaking of a very small stick. Paddy's good ears caught it. He watched in the direction from which that faint sound had come. Presently there stepped out from among the trees Lightfoot the Deer. For a few moments he stood at the edge of the water perfectly still. His head held high, and it was crowned with the finest set of antlers, which many folks call horns, that Lightfoot had even worn. You know he has a new crown every year, and this was the finest he ever had had. On each branch there was an extra point. His head was held high and proudly. He was handsome, and he knew it. In this respect he was like most handsome folks.

Paddy the Beaver sighed. It was a very small sigh. You see it really was a sigh of envy, and sighs of that sort always should be small. "I wonder," thought Paddy, "how it would seem to be as handsome as that." You know Paddy isn't handsome at all.

Lightfoot stood with his front feet in the water. He bent his handsome head down until his lips were in the water. Then he drank long and gratefully. How refreshing that water was! He lifted his head



Floating in the water at the edge of that blackness was Paddy himself.

and held it high as before. His slender nose was lifted. Slowly he turned his head from side to side. He was searching for a Merry Little Breeze that might bring him the scent of such others as might be in the neighborhood.

Paddy heard a very faint splash. He turned his head to see Mrs. Paddy coming to join him. She was swimming almost without sound. When Paddy turned back for another look at Lightfoot, the latter was not there. He had slipped away among the trees, and he had done it without making a sound. When you consider how big he is that it itself is rather wonderful. You or I would be sure to snap a dead twig. But when he wants to, Lightfoot can move almost soundlessly.

Paddy began to wonder. Usually when Lightfoot came for his evening drink, he stayed near the edge of the pond for a little while. Why had he gone away so quickly this time? Had he suspected danger there? Had those big soft eyes of his seen some shadowy form moving in the twilight? Had those big keen ears of his picked up some faint sound that he suspected might mean danger? Had that keen nose of his caught the scent of an enemy? There was no way of knowing.

For a long time, Paddy and Mrs. Paddy floated there side by side. A more peaceful evening they never had known, yet all the time Paddy was troubled by a feeling of uneasiness and he didn't know why. "What a perfectly beautiful and

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Culbertson

PUSHED INTO DEFEAT

The rather desperate "pushing" East-West did in the bidding of the following deal had a fine result when the declarer misplayed his contract.

East dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

♠ K Q 8 5
♥ A Q 2
♦ 6 4
♣ 8 7 3

The bidding:

East South West North
1♠ 1♥ 2♠ (1) 2♥
2♠ 4♥ Pass Pass
5♦ 5♥ (final bid)

West opened the diamond deuce. South won and led his singleton spade to dummy's queen. East took his ace, cashed a diamond trick, and then shifted to clubs. Declarer put up the ace, laid down the heart king, then led a heart to dummy and discarded a club on the spade king. This, however, did him relatively little good; he could not set up another spade trick and so had to concede a club, for down one.

South could see from the start that his only chance for the contract depended on what he could do in the spade suit. I. e., he would need two tricks in spades for club discards. When he put up the spade queen on his first lead of the suit, he virtually abandoned any opportunity that might be present. On the bidding, it was a foregone conclusion that East had four spades headed by the ace, and presuma-

ble, peaceful evening," said Mrs. Paddy. Paddy agreed, but he continued to be troubled by that feeling of uneasiness for which he could find no reason.

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HENRY



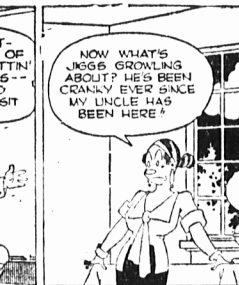
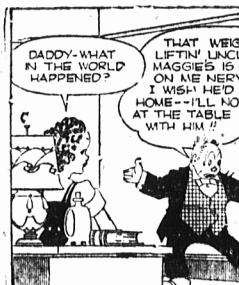
By Carl Anderson

TILLY THE TOILER



By Bob Garfield

BRINGING UP FATHER



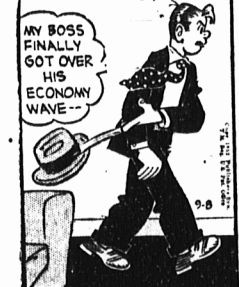
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TIPPY AND "CAP" STUBS



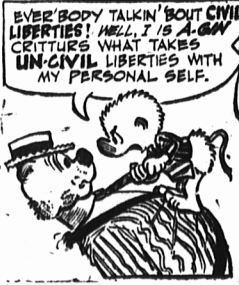
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DOTTY DRIPPLE



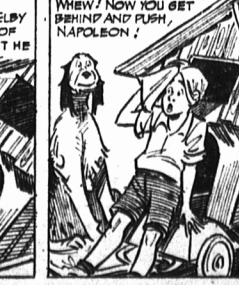
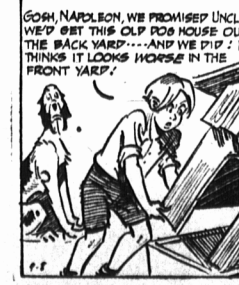
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POGO



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Napoleon and Uncle Elby



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PENNY



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THE ADVENTURES OF WILDROOT CREAM-OIL CHARLIE... CHARLIE PROMOTES A "LOVE" MATCH



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RIP KIRBY



By Alex Raymond

KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED



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