



By Thornton W. Burgess

MORE TROUBLE
When trouble enters, close the door. To leave it open, invites more.
—Old Mother Nature.

It is true that trouble seldom comes singly. Paddy the Beaver and Mrs. Paddy had lost their houses they had worked so hard to build. Glutton the Wolverine, he of the ugly temper and great strength, had torn that house all apart and scattered it about on the ice at their little pond. It seemed to them that nothing worse could have happened. Of course, they were wrong about that. Nothing ever happens but that

something worse could happen. It would have been much worse for them had they not had another place in which to live. It was a den in a bank of the brook flowing into their pond. They could make it do for the rest of the winter. They still had their pile of food sticks under the ice, and that was something to be thankful for. If that pile had been above the ice, Glutton would have pulled that apart and scattered the sticks far and wide just out of pure meanness. But that food pile was under the ice and Glutton couldn't get at it. So really Paddy and Mrs. Paddy had something to be thankful for. They were sure of enough to eat with no danger in getting it.

At first they had worked hard to get a stick from which to gnaw the bark when hungry. This was because they took their food sticks to their den in the brook! The water in the brook was swift. It was hard work towing those sticks against the swift water. They couldn't eat the bark under water, because they couldn't stay under water long enough for that. You know, they breathe the air just like the rest of us.

Then Paddy thought of taking their food stick down to the ruins of their old house, and climbing out on the ice to gnaw off the bark. There was no swift water to tow the sticks against. So they formed the habit of using the ruins of their old house as a sort of dining place.

"You see, my dear," said Paddy.



Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluvertson

A HAND FROM JAPAN

All the way from Japan comes this interesting hand, as reported by Lt. Col. J. T. Willis, U.S. Army, in The Bridge World magazine

South dealer.
North-South vulnerable.

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

"There was a visitor here while we were gone," replied Mrs. Paddy.

"Things could be a lot worse than they are."

"And they probably will be," grumbled Mrs. Paddy.

"I guess not," said Paddy cheerfully. "I don't know what more trouble we could have."

He found out a little later when they returned home. Mrs. Paddy entered first. You know the entrance was under water on a level with the bottom of the brook. Paddy had not started for home as soon as she had. When he did get there, he found her quite upset.

"My dear, whatever is the matter?" asked Paddy.

"There was a visitor here while we were gone," replied Mrs. Paddy.

"How do you know there was?" Paddy wanted to know.

"Of course I know. It was Little Joe Otter. No one else leaves a scent like that. I hope he isn't living around here," said Mrs. Paddy.

"Probably he's just passing through," said Paddy cheerfully. "You know what a traveler Little Joe is. He's here today and gone tomorrow. Probably he was coming down the brook and saw the entrance and came in to see if anybody was living here. Maybe he was looking for a place to spend a day or two. We can be thankful that he didn't stay."

"Mrs. Paddy smiled. "You can always find something to be thankful for," said she. "Being thankful he isn't here won't keep him from coming back. I would feel better if I knew he had gone on. Losing our nice house was trouble enough, and now we have this to worry about."

"Let's just be glad he didn't stay, and not worry about his coming back. When he does, it will be time enough to worry," said Paddy. Somehow it didn't comfort Mrs. Paddy one bit. Paddy is what is called an optimist. That is a person who never lets the dark side cover the bright side.

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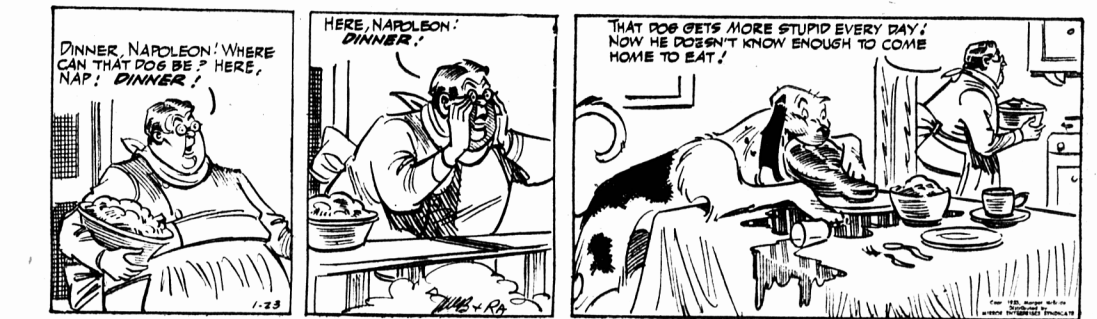
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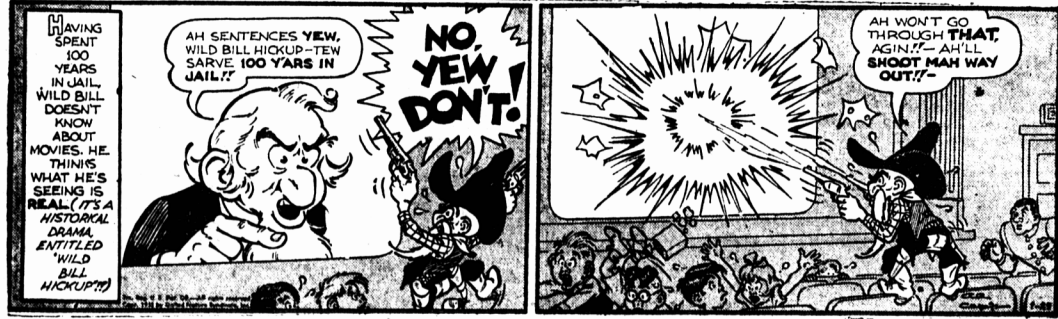
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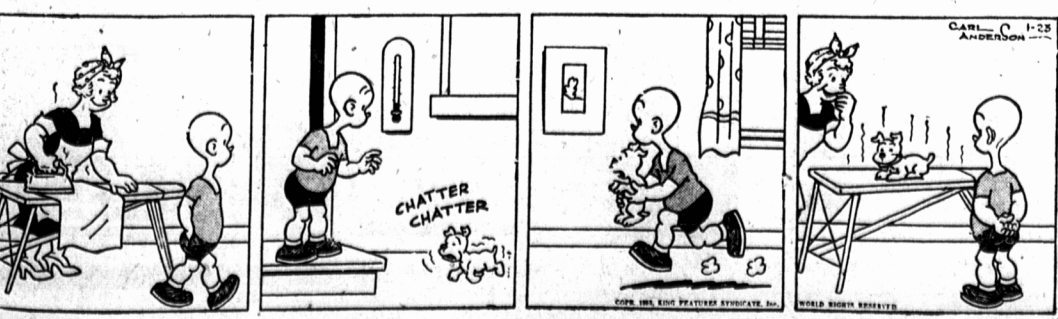
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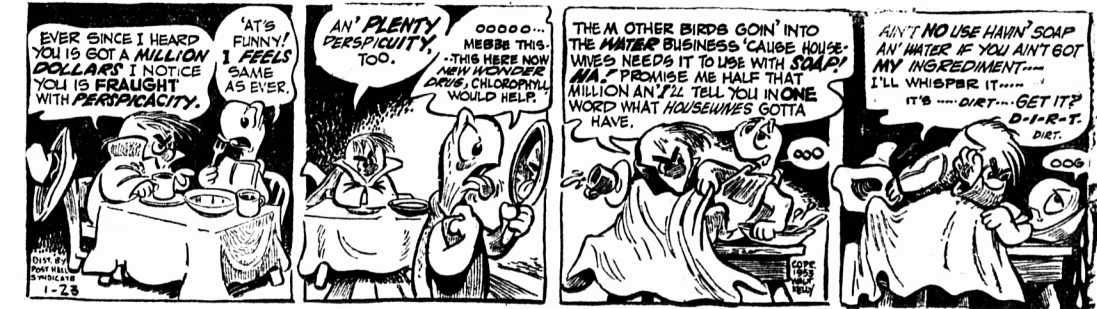
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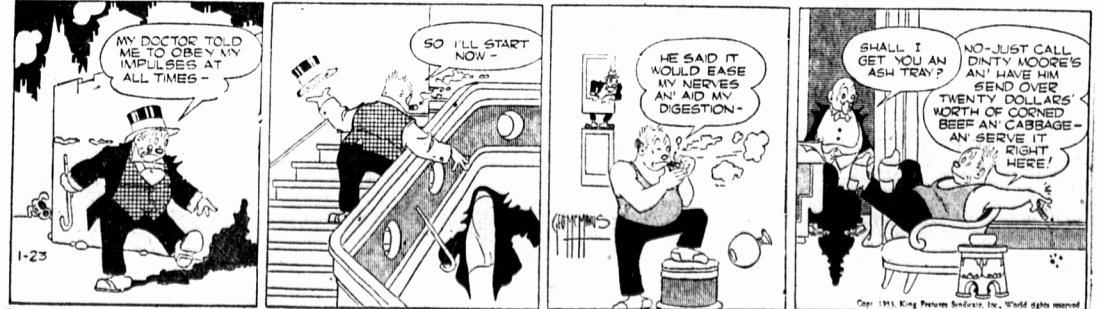
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By Edwina



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By George McManus



PENNY

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