

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

### OLD MAN COYOTE TURNS TAIL

When one meets more than he can face, to run away is no disgrace.

Old Man Coyote had made a mistake. He had made a grave mistake. As so often happens when mistakes are made, he was in trouble. Trouble is part of the price for making mistakes. Old Man Coyote was in trouble now, and it was real trouble; it was painful trouble.

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## DOMINION SEED HOUSE

GEORGETOWN, ONTARIO



Old Man Coyote was knocked sprawling.

Man Coyote to get behind him. He was surprisingly quick on his feet. Old Man Coyote was quick, but Lightfoot was just as quick, and managed to face him at all times. It was after the second blow from one of those sharp-edged hoofs, that Old Man Coyote decided that he had had enough. In fact, he decided that he had had too much. He smarted where he had been cut, and he ached. In fact, one leg felt quite useless. Somehow he had lost his appetite.

In the beginning he was the one who did the attacking. Lightfoot was on the defense. Now it was the other way around. Lightfoot was doing the attacking. He was angry clear through. The hair along his neck was standing on end. That is always a sign of anger on the part of Lightfoot, as it is on the part of some other folk. He was constantly plunging at Old Man Coyote, trying to trample him under those pointed hoofs. He kept Old Man Coyote dodging from side to side. He didn't even dare turn to run lest Lightfoot strike him from behind. Also, he was getting out of breath. He was getting tired. He had had so little to eat of late that he had lost much strength.

"I've got to get away!" he said over and over to himself, as he dodged those hoofs. He had reason to be thankful that Lightfoot no longer had those antlers, but he wasn't thankful. He wasn't thankful for anything just then.

Croaker the Raven was watching the fight. He was in the top of a tree just outside the Deer yard. His sympathy was really with Old Man Coyote. He actually hoped that Old Man Coyote would kill Lightfoot. If this happened, he, Croaker, would have a chance to pick some bones. Indeed, he would have a chance to get more than one good dinner, for he knew that Old Man Coyote couldn't possibly eat a whole Deer for one dinner.

"Kill him! Kill him!" croaked the big black cousin of Blacky the Crow. Lightfoot heard it and looked up. That was Old Man Coyote's chance, and he took it. He turned and ran as best he could to the edge of the yard and leaped out. Then he floundered away through the snow. Lightfoot plunged after him, but only for a couple of plunges. He turned back into his yard.

## Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluvertson

IT COULD HAVE BEEN DIFFERENT

South deserved credit for visualizing the position of cards that would let him make his contract in the following hand and for executing the right play, but a shade more imagination on West's part would have been very helpful to the defense.

South dealer. Neither side vulnerable.

♠ 87	♥ 10 6 5 4 3	♦ K Q 10 2	♣ 10 6
♠ A Q J	♥ 9 3	♦ W N E S	♣ K 10 8 5
♠ J 7 6 3	♥ J 7	♦ 5 3	♣ K 9 8
♠ J 7	♥ 7 4	♦ K 5 4 2	♣ 5 3
♠ A Q 2	♥ A J 9 8 6		

The bidding:  
South West North East  
1♣ 1♠ 2♣ 2♥  
3♣ 3♥ 4♣ Pass  
5♣ Pass Pass Pass

West opened his fourth-highest heart. Dummy's ace was played, and declarer immediately took the precaution of ruffing the heart queen, thereby eliminating that suit as a possible means of exit for the opponents when they won the lead. Now a low club was led to the ten-spot and a diamond was returned for the finesse. The queen holding, declarer returned to dummy with a club, thereby drawing the outstanding trumps, led a low diamond, and when East played the nine, put in the deuce from his own hand. South had not overlooked the fact that West had played the diamond seven on the first round, and since the eight and nine had appeared from East, what was more likely than that West would have to win this present trick with the jack?

That, at any rate, was the only chance — as declarer so truly analyzed. And, of course, South's hopes worked out to perfection. West, on lead with the diamond jack, was forced to make a return that was fatal to his own cause. He had either to lay down the spade ace and thereby concede declarer's king, or to return a heart which would permit the discard of a spade from dummy while South ruffed.

Observe that any other method of playing the diamond suit would have ended in disaster. And observe also that it would have been a very good idea for West to unblock his diamond jack under declarer's queen!

"I guess that fellow will stay away from here now," said Lightfoot to Mrs. Lightfoot and the twins, who had come up and had been looking on.

## King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



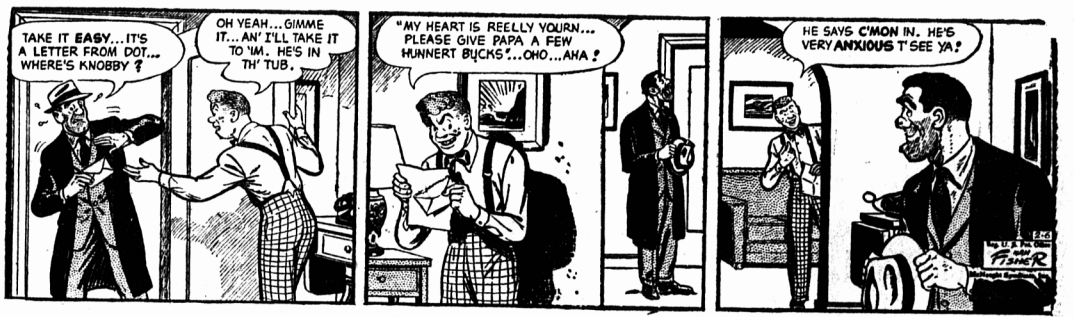
## Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



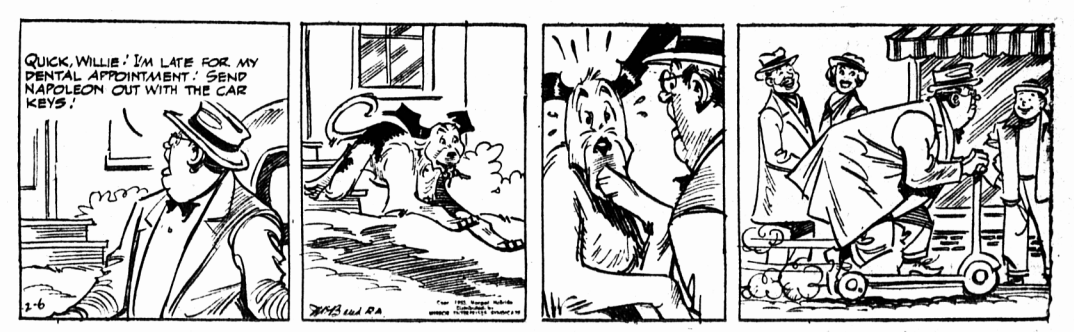
## Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



## Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



## Pogo

By Walt Kelly



## Lil Abner

By Al Capp



## Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



## Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



## Henry

By Carl Anderson



## Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



## Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



## Penny

By Harry Moonigan

