



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

LIGHTFOOT FEELS LOPSIDED

Some things are given you for use. But nothing ever for abuse. —Old Mother Nature.

Lightfoot the Deer was moving restlessly about in the yard trampled in the snow. He couldn't very well get outside of it. The snow was too deep for that. If he let that crown he would simply flounder about. The yard was simply a lot of paths, crossing and recrossing, which he and Mrs. Lightfoot and the twins had kept trodden down all winter in a part of the Green Forest where there was food enough to carry them through.

Lightfoot was unhappy. He wasn't feeling good at all. He had gone off by himself to another part of the yard. He was feeling out of sorts. He was feeling lightheaded. He was feeling lopsided. You see, a strange thing had happened. One of his antlers had dropped off. It lay there at his feet in the snow. The other antler was still on his head. That was why he felt lopsided. He also felt ashamed. There was

nothing to be ashamed of, but he felt that way just the same. He had been very proud of his good looks. Those antlers had been the finest he had ever had. With that crown he had been very handsome, and he knew it. But now he had only half a crown. He just didn't want to be seen by anybody.

When that antler had dropped off, Lightfoot had stared at it unbelievably. Although this thing had happened to him before, in fact had happened every year since he had grown his first spike horns, he never had got used to it. It always was an unpleasant surprise. Now he heard Mrs. Lightfoot coming along one of the paths. He hoped she would go past without noticing him, but she didn't.

He would have hidden if he could, but of course there was no place to hide right there. That antler had dropped at a place that was open, with no tree near enough for him to get out of sight behind. He turned that side of his head with the remaining antler was toward her. That was why he felt lopsided. However, it didn't fool her.



One of his antlers had dropped off and lay there at his feet in the snow.

"My dear!" exclaimed Mrs. Lightfoot, "what has happened?"

"The same old thing," grumbled Lightfoot. "I've lost one of my antlers, and I suppose I'll lose the other one pretty soon."

"The sooner the better," replied Mrs. Lightfoot. "You look lopsided now."

"I feel lopsided," replied Lightfoot. "I don't see why in the world this thing has to happen every year."

"It is a good thing for some of the rest of us that does happen," said Mrs. Lightfoot.

"What do you mean?" snorted Lightfoot angrily.

"You'll be easier to get along with," replied Mrs. Lightfoot. "You won't go around looking for trouble any more and making trouble for others. As long as you had those fighting things on your head, you went about looking for trouble, and making trouble for others. Now you won't be looking for a fight, because you have nothing but your hoofs to fight with. And the rest of us have hoofs, too."

"Pooh!" exclaimed Lightfoot, and tossed his head. He tossed it rather sharply. That one big antler began to sway. Mrs. Lightfoot stared at it.

"It's coming loose!" she gasped.

She was right. It still stayed in place, but it rocked back and forth. It was loose, just as a tooth becomes loose sometimes. Without thinking, Lightfoot swung his head to one side. Off came that antler, and fell at his feet. He stared at it stupidly. He felt more light-headed than ever, but he no longer felt lopsided.

Lightfoot turned his back on Mrs. Lightfoot and walked away. He didn't feel good at all; he wanted to get off by himself. He wanted to get off where he could lie down and be perfectly quiet. Perhaps Mrs. Lightfoot understood this, for she turned and went back to join the twins in another part of the yard.

"My dears," said she to the twins, "your father isn't feeling good. I advise you to keep away from him. He will want to be by himself for a while."

They didn't know it, but already Old Mother Nature was planning

Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluvertson

PREFERENCE BIDDING

Some of the most costly "swings" at the bridge table — that is, potential profits turned into losses, or small sacrifices turned into crushing defeats — are caused by ignorance in the field of preference bidding. Observe North's very bad performance in this deal:

East dealer. Neither side vulnerable.

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

Hand 1: ♠ N 10 8 7 6 5 3 2, ♥ W 10 8 7 6 5 3 2, ♦ E A K 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2, ♣ S A Q 4 3 2. Hand 2: ♠ N K Q 10 8 7 6 5 4 3 2, ♥ W J 8 6 4 3, ♦ E K 5, ♣ S.

The bidding:

East	South	West	North
1♠	1♥	2♣	Pass
3♣	3♥	4♣	Pass
5♣	5♥	Dble.	Pass
Pass	Pass		

West opened the club king and, before the play had progressed very far, declarer found that he was not only in high contract, but a contract that was virtually unmanageable. Ruffed down from the start by club leads, declarer never could cash in his spade tricks, and the result was a 900-point penalty — not a very good "sacrifice"!

It was South's fault, of course, that the bidding reached such a high level, but it was North's fault that the penalty was so big. South had not bid his two suits in such a way as to indicate equal lengths; he had rebid spades before mentioning hearts. Thus North should have been absolutely sure that South had greater length (and probably greater strength) in spades than in hearts, and moreover, North should have foreseen, because of his own four clubs, that South would immediately be shortened in trumps.

Superficially, the A-5-2 of hearts was better support than the J-9 of spades, but this was only an elementary analysis. Since South was marked with at least six spades, he would be better able to starve off the club attack with spades as trump than with his shorter heart suit. It is true that South would not have been notably successful at a five-spade contract, but he could have saved at least two tricks, and 400 points, if North had given the matter due consideration, he might have envisaged just that difference and taken the contract back to spades.

a new set of antlers for Lightfoot, and she would grow them right on his head.

King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



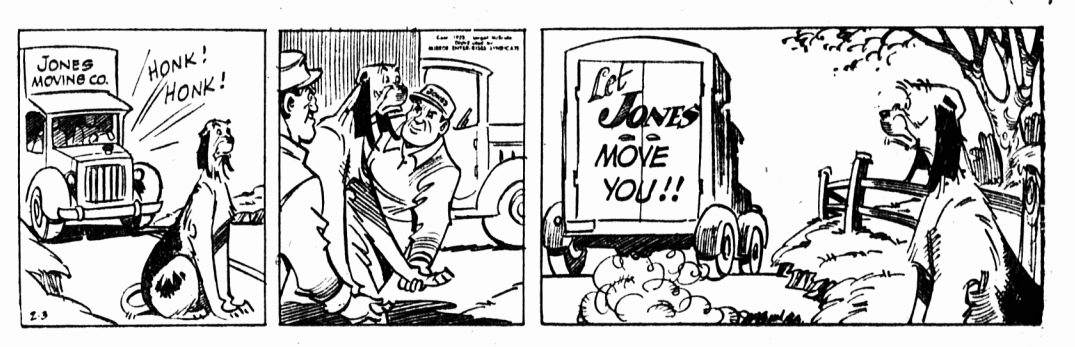
Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



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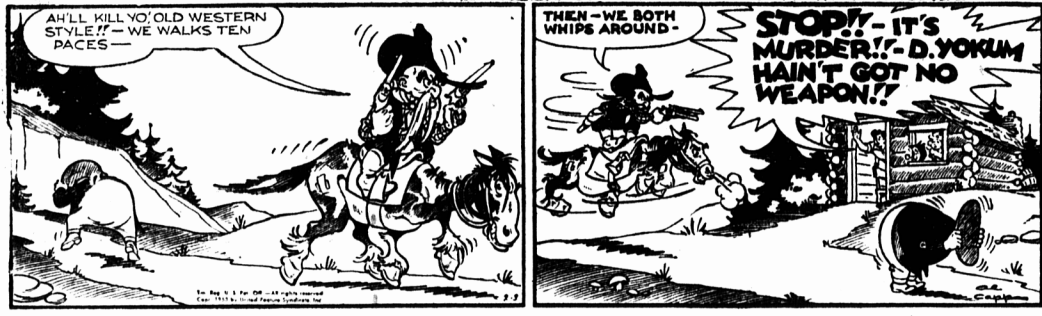
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Salesmanship	Tool Making	Electrical
Private Secretary	Business Management	Mechanical
Architecture		

NAME _____ AGE _____

ADDRESS _____

Li'l Abner

By Al Capp



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



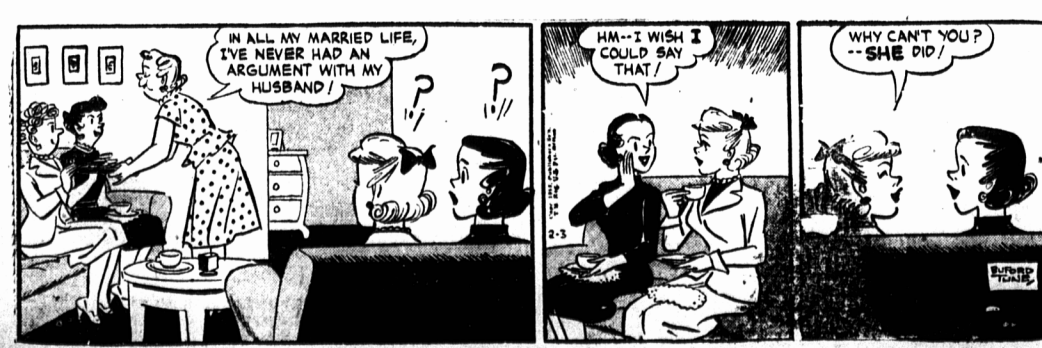
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



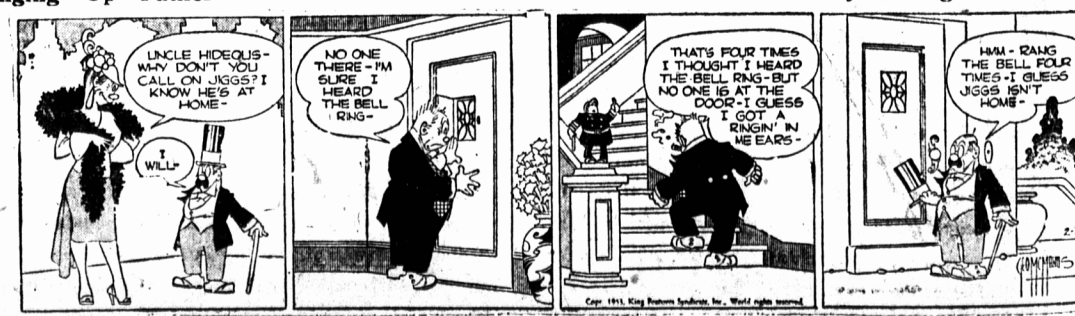
Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



Henry

By Carl Anderson



PENNY

By Harry Hoanigen

