

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

MOTHER IS JUST IN TIME

Though at times the way be rough, Just in time is time enough. — Old Mother Nature.

Old Man Coyote is smart. He is one of the smartest of all the Green Forest folk. He has to be smart in order to live. No one chases Mother than does he the ways of his neighbors. Of course, he is one of the hunters of smaller folk and some of those smaller folk are very smart indeed. To catch them, he must outsmart them. So he has to know their ways.

In a certain thicket were two pretty helpless babies. They were only three days old when Old Man Coyote visited that part of the Green Forest. They were Mrs. Lightfoot's precious twins and she was as proud, and at the same time as anxious, as a mother could be.

She didn't stay with those pretty little fawns, as the babies of Deer are called. While they were so small and helpless they were a fear of his kept away from them except at feeding time. But she would slip away; she was another thicket from which she could keep watch over them. Then,

If any enemy came that way, she could at least try to lead it away. She tried this with Old Man Coyote and she succeeded in leading him a short distance. Then he guessed what she was doing. You see, he knew the ways of the Deer folk. He guessed that she was deliberately trying to lead him away and he guessed the rest.

"She has babies hidden somewhere around here," he thought, "and she is trying to lead me away." He didn't follow her anymore; he turned back and went straight to the thicket where he had first seen Mrs. Lightfoot. He didn't expect to find the babies there, but he felt sure that they were not very far away. However, he first searched all through that thicket. He believes in being thorough.

A dinner of tender young fawns would be worth all the trouble it might cost to find them. He moved over to an adjoining thicket. He went all through this but though he now and then got a whiff of Deer scent and knew by it that Mrs. Lightfoot had been in that thicket, he found no trace of the babies.

What do you think Old Man Coyote did then? He found a place where he could lie down and



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be quite hidden from any one outside yet could watch and see any one approaching. He didn't have long to wait before he saw Mrs. Lightfoot.

She was returning. She was skulking. That is, she was trying to keep under cover so as not to be seen. She was anxious. Yes, sir, she was anxious. It showed in her actions; in the way in which she stole from cover to cover. When she was near enough for him to see her face, he could see the worried look in her big soft eyes.

Old Man Coyote grinned. It was a sly sort of grin. "She has babies around here somewhere. There is no doubt about that. All I have to do is be patient and keep out of her sight. If she thinks I've left, she will be sure to look to see if those babies are safe. Then I'll know where to look."

So Old Man Coyote remained right where he was. Mrs. Lightfoot stood for a long time in a neighboring thicket. She didn't move. Each was trying to be more patient than the other. Old Man Coyote had the patience of hunger. Mrs.

Lightfoot the Deer had the patience of love. She didn't know whether Old Man Coyote had gone on his way before she got back. She did know that he was smart and she guessed that he might possibly be lying in wait. So, though she fairly ached to visit those precious babies to see if they were safe, she kept still right where she was. She even laid down.

When Old Man Coyote saw this, he thought he might be mistaken about those babies. He waited a while longer, then decided to look through a couple of other thickets. So it was at last he came to the thicket in which the babies were hidden. He entered it, and began to hunt all through it. In the very middle of it, the small fawns were lying stretched out on the ground, perfectly still.

Just as Old Man Coyote reached them, there was a crash in the brush and Mrs. Lightfoot bounded into that thicket so unexpectedly that her small but sharp-edged hoofs struck Old Man Coyote before he could dodge. Mother had arrived just in time and she was a fighting fury. Old Man Coyote was glad to jump away. He knew he was no match for that fighting mother love.

NORTH BEDEQUE W. M. S.

—Mrs. Erle MacMurdo entertained the Women's Missionary Society at her home Thursday evening, May 14th.

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A paper on Angola was read by Mrs. Wilbur Staver, revealing some very interesting facts, and Mrs. Reginald Dingwell read an article entitled "Why I Came To Angola".

The president, Mrs. Erle MacMurdo, occupied the chair for the business period. The minutes of the last meeting were read and adopted, and the roll call was answered by 12 members.

The correspondence was read and discussed, including a letter from Dr. Florence Murray thanking the society for a food parcel. It was decided to send a box of used clothing to Korea in the near future, and Christmas cards are to be passed in at the next meeting.

A quilt that was made by some of the members last month was on display, and plans were made to complete another one the following month. Mrs. Ralph Hogg will be the devotional leader at the next meeting, and Miss Myrtle Staver will be a reader.

Mrs. James Clark offered prayer for the society's missionary, followed by the Lord's Prayer in unison.

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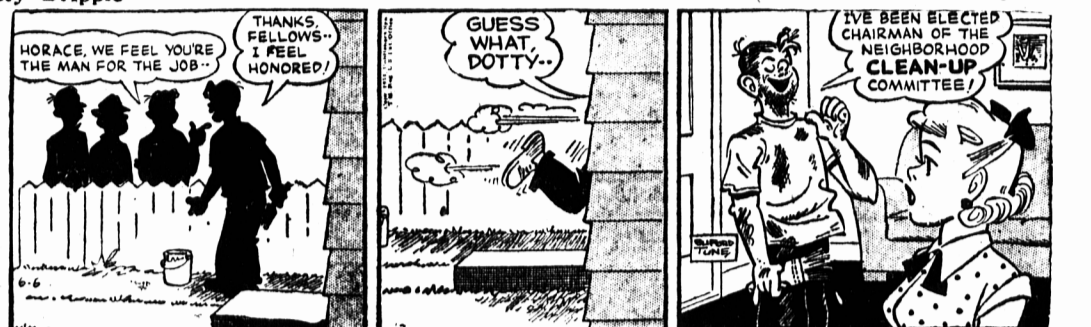
Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



Dotty Dripple

By Rufon



Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



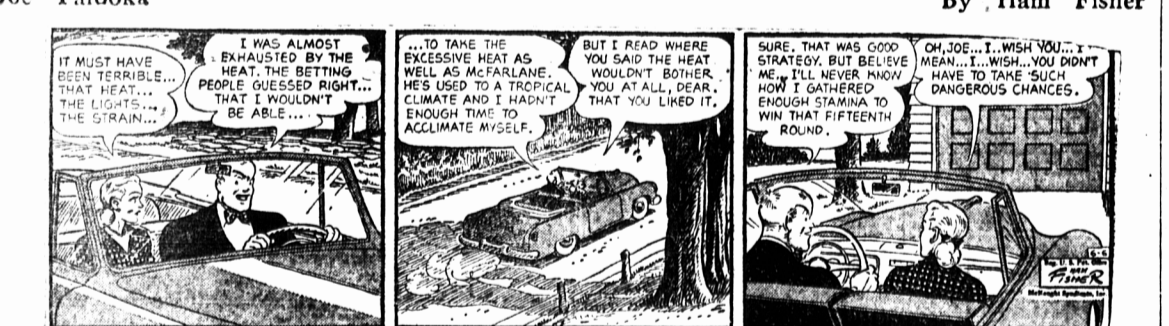
King-Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Lil Abner

By Al Capp



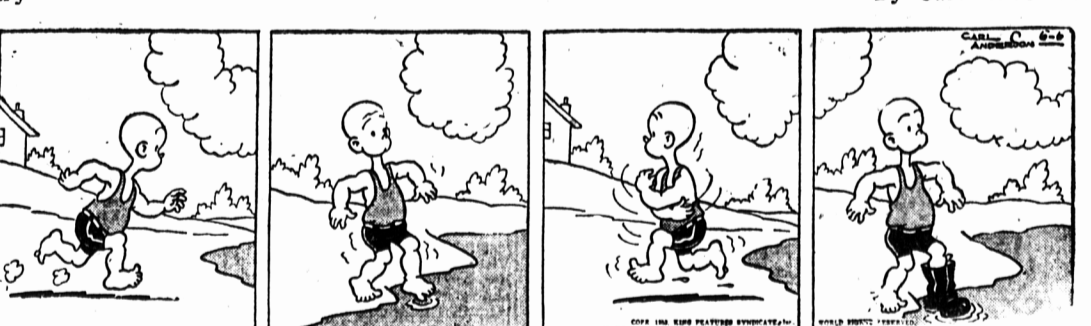
Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



Henry

By Carl Anderson



Pogo

By Wallace Kelly



Penny

By Harry Hoenigsen

