



By Thornton W. Burgess

OLD MAN COYOTE FINDS OUT HIS MISTAKE

There's none so smart but soon or late, He'll make a serious mistake.

Old Man Coyote is smart. All his neighbors know that. He is one of the smartest of all the folks in the Reddy Fox is one of the smartest, but Old Man Coyote is equally smart.

He had discovered Lightfoot the Deer alone in a corner of his yard in the Green Forest, lightfoot looked as if he felt sick. He did. Any way, he didn't feel at all himself. For one thing, he had lost his wonderful great antlers, the crown he wears so proudly in the fall. They had dropped off, one at a time, that very day. This made him feel light-headed. He was lying down now. Mrs. Lightfoot and the two young ones were on the other side of the yard getting a dinner of browse. He was glad they had left him alone. He wanted to be alone. Folks not

feeling good often want to be alone. Old Man Coyote crept nearer and nearer. A Mouse was all he had had to eat for two days. Now his mouth watered as he looked at not one dinner, but several dinners, all he could eat. That is the way he looked at Lightfoot, as so many dinners, not as a person at all. Creater and nearer and nearer he crept. He would spring on Lightfoot and get him by the throat. He could see now where those antlers had been; there were two places on Lightfoot's head that looked very sore.

"Now that those horns are gone, that fellow won't be able to fight much," thought Old Man Coyote. "Finding him without those horns, and not feeling good, gives me the chance of a lifetime." He was almost at the edge of the yard now. Lightfoot was lying down just below him. He was feeling so badly. Old Man Coyote was at the very edge of the yard now. He set his feet for a quick leap into the yard, and another at the throat of Lightfoot. Lightfoot suddenly lifted his head. Had something warned him? Was he suddenly suspicious? Old Man Coyote made his first leap into the yard. Even as he did so, Lightfoot scrambled to his feet. Old Man Coyote leaped for his throat. He wasn't quick enough. Lightfoot had lowered his head just as he would have done had he had those wonderful antlers. He didn't hurt Old Man Coyote, but he did prevent him from reaching his throat. Lightfoot snorted, he backed away. He suddenly reared, and struck down with his sharp hoofs. Old Man Coyote dodged. He dodged just in time. Lightfoot lunged again, and again Old Man Coyote dodged. He was beginning to understand the mistake he had made. Lightfoot the Deer might not be feeling well, but he could still fight, and it would never, never do to be struck by those sharp hoofs.



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Contract Bridge

By Josephine Cluvertson

A SHORTSIGHTED PLAY

The contract could have been a shade sounder in the following hand, but that didn't excuse the declarer for his shortsighted play.

North dealer. Both sides vulnerable.

Bridge hand table showing cards for North and South.

The bidding: North 1♣ Pass, South 1♥ Pass, North 2♣ Pass, South 3NT Pass, North 4♣ Pass, South 4NT Pass.

Even though North could have made five clubs with the greatest ease, he might well have desisted when South bid three notrump—he had already bid his club suit three times.

Declaring against the actual four-notrump contract, West decided to lead the heart queen despite South's original heart response. Dummy's blank ace won, and a low club was led toward the jack.

West had taken his ace, South would have had easy sailing, but West ducked even though he realized that he might be costing his side a trick. (If declarer had another club, the ace and king would fall together.)

Now South was in a most embarrassing position. He needed two entries to dummy for the mere clearing of the club suit, and a third entry to cash the established clubs. Obviously, however, dummy was reduced to two entries, so the long suit never could be brought in. Declarer finally had to be satisfied with nine tricks.

"Gosh!" South said. "Why didn't you go on with your clubs? Five clubs would have been a cinch." This was North's retort.

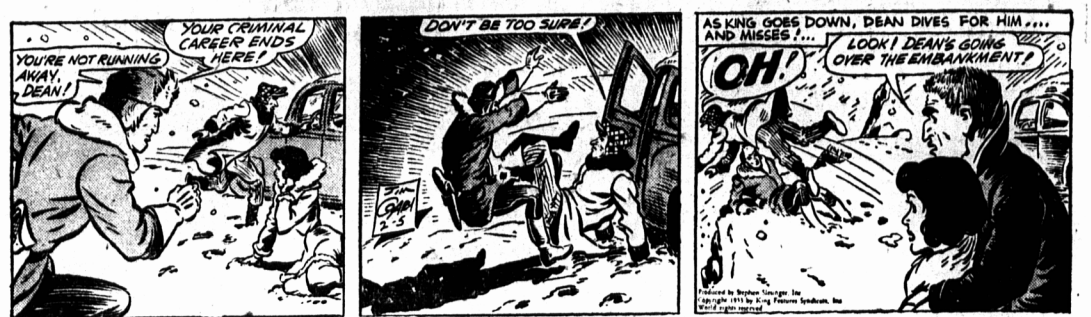
North was right, of course. South had made a fatal error in the play. Instead of wasting one of dummy's entries, South should have led the club queen from the board, thus making sure that he could continue the suit if the defense used a hold-up play.

The chance that South would run up against a singleton club honor in one defender's hand and four clubs to the A-8 in the other hand, was a slight risk that had to be taken.

Again Old Man Coyote was struck a glancing blow. He was lucky, but he didn't feel lucky. He felt unlucky. He was lucky that that was not a full blow. He had had enough now. He realized fully the mistake he had made. All he wanted now was to get away, and now Lightfoot was trying to keep him from getting away. What a mistake Old Man Coyote had made! He realized it fully.

King Of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



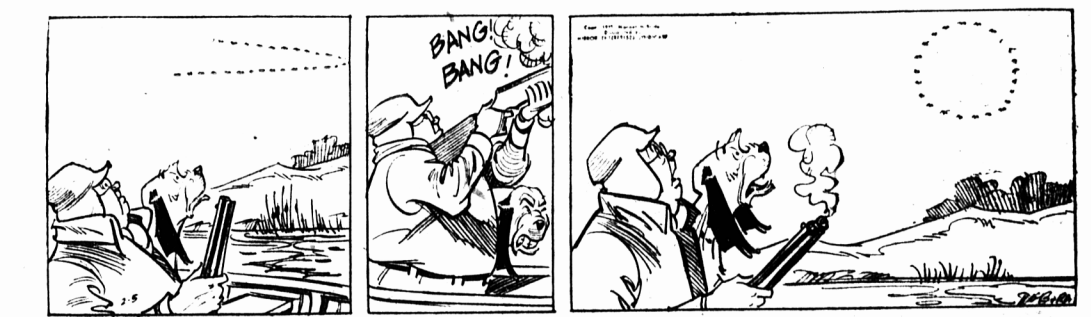
Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



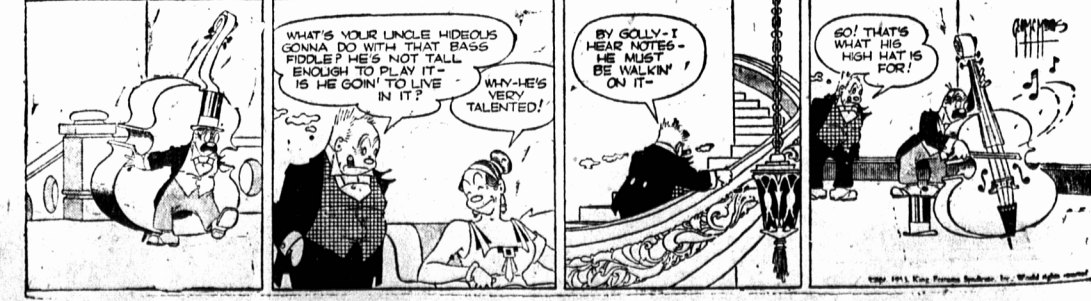
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwin



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



PENNY

By Harry Hoegen

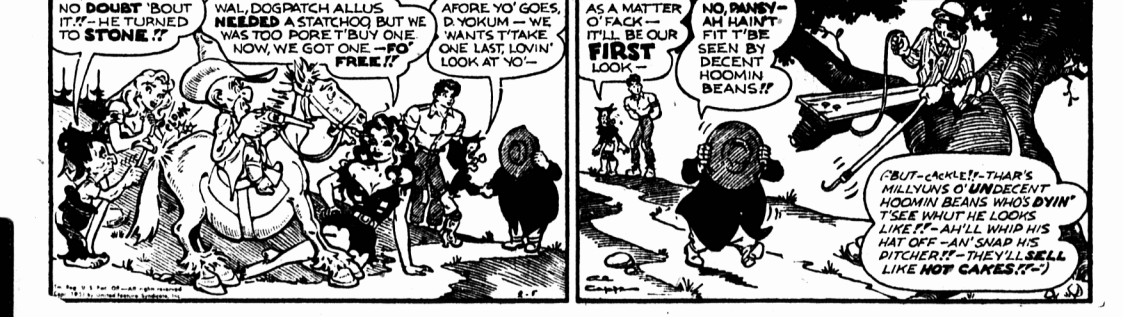


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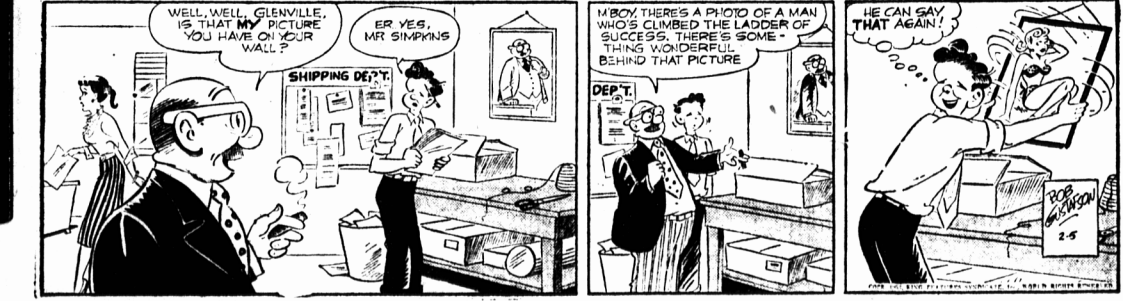
Li'l Abner

By Al Capp



Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



Dotty Dripple

By Ruford



Henry

By Carl Anderson

