



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

TO GO OR NOT TO GO

You always find those leaders best Who boldly meet the sudden test. —Old Mother Nature.

Farmer Brown's Boy's racing pigeon, Homer the Roamer, had been one of quite a large number of homing pigeons entered in a long-distance race. It had been a poor day to start the race, for the birds had to fly in the face of a storm. It wasn't a bad storm at first. In fact, when the race started, the storm was only a threat. But as the birds flew on, it became worse and worse. One by one they dropped out to seek shelter until Homer, stronger of wing and stouter of heart, was flying alone. But even he had to come down at last, and he was fortunate in that he had found a farm where pigeons were kept in the loft of the barn. There, if

not welcome, he was not made to feel unwelcome. All that night and until noon the next day, that storm lasted. Then the sun came out. All the pigeons went out. Homer went with them. There a boy who owned the other pigeons saw him as he was greedily picking up food, and saw that he wore bands on his legs. None of the other birds was banded. The boy knew at once that this was a homing or carrier pigeon, and that it probably had been flying in a race when the storm drove it to shelter. Homer had sorely needed food and water. He ate greedily. When his crop was full, he flew back up to the loft for he was still tired from his long struggle against the wind and storm the day before. There in the loft the boy caught him and examined the bands. He copied the numbers in a note-book.



The Tiny Folk

(A real story of real children for very young children)

"R-r-ring!" went the telephone. Susan listened. One big long ring, two little short ones! Yes, that was the ring that meant it was for someone at the Dale house. "Hello," answered Mrs. Dale. Susan stood very still, and listened closely. "Yes, Yes. That would be lovely. Susan would be so pleased. Yes, I shall. Fine. Good-bye."

Mrs. Dale hung up the receiver, and turned from the phone. "Susan is coming over to play for a while. Susan. Hurry here till I comb your hair!"

Susan danced up and down. She was so glad Sandra was coming over. Sandra lived quite some distance away, well into the middle of the village, so she couldn't come over very often. Susan ran to the window to watch. Soon she saw Sandra trudging up the lane, and ran to the door to meet her. It wasn't long before the two little girls were busy talking and playing.

"Let's play with my paper dolls," suggested Susan. "That will be fun," Sandra agreed. "I like dressing them up in all the different clothes."

"Which one do you want?" Susan asked. "I'll take Betty. Are these her dresses?"

"Let's pretend our paper dolls are getting ready for school," Susan said. "Next year you and I shall be going to school too. I'll put this pretty gingham dress on my doll, for it is like my own."

"Yes," answered Sandra. "My Betty just loves pretty blouses and full skirts that swing out. I must find one like that for her. Here is a pretty blue skirt. I think this pink blouse would look nice with it. There! how does my paper doll look?"

"Just fine!" Susan exclaimed. "Wouldn't it be wonderful if we had as many dresses as these dolls have?"

"Yes," Sandra agreed slowly, thinking it over for a minute. "But then it would take me too long to get dressed each morning. I just wouldn't be able to make up my mind which one I wanted to wear."

Just then Mrs. Dale joined in. "I think you are both happy little girls, just as you are. If you can leave your dolls long enough, come over and have some sandwiches and cocoa at the table."

And you couldn't count ten before two little girls were enjoying their lunch, while the paper dolls, all dressed up in their fine clothes, lay forgotten on the couch.

Tilly The Toiler

—BUT YOU PROMISED ME YESTERDAY I COULD HAVE THIS AFTER-NOON OFF!

I SAID THAT? HMM—I DON'T REMEMBER...

LISTEN, BOSS—A PROMISE IS A PROMISE—YOU'D BETTER KEEP IT, OR ELSE!

OR ELSE WHAT? YOU GOING TO SUE ME?

NO! BUT I JUST MIGHT TELL LITTLE ALGY WHERE YOU HID HIS TOY DRUM!

MUH??

NEVER LET IT BE SAID THAT J.P. GIMKINS FORGETS A PROMISE!

I KNEW YOU'D REMEMBER!



By Bob Gustafson

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Clifford McBride

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HIGH ENERGY TONIC

ANNUAL MEETING

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND DIVISION
CANADIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 12th

AFTERNOON SESSION—3:30 p.m.
at Red Cross Headquarters, Charlottetown.
Speaker—Mr. S. A. Bjarnason, Toronto,
Asst. National Commissioner.

DINNER MEETING AT 6:15 P.M.
at "The Clover Club", Charlottetown.
Speaker—Mr. H. H. Leather, Hamilton, Chairman,
Central Council Canadian Red Cross Society.

Dinner Tickets — \$1.00

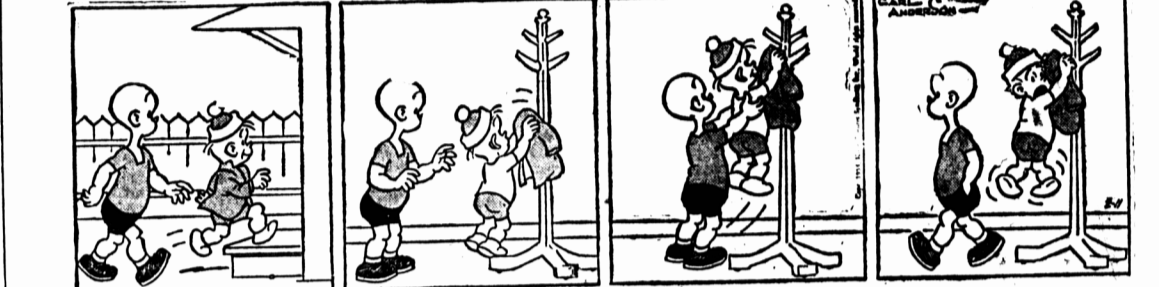
Please phone 8551 for reservations by Feb. 11th.

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The 105-foot Colossus of Rhodes, one of the original seven wonders of the world, was toppled by an earthquake in 222 B.C.

Henry



By Carl Anderson

Pogo



By Walt Kelly

Rip Kirby



By Alex Raymond



Dotty Dripple



By Buford

King of The Royal Mounted



By Zane Grey

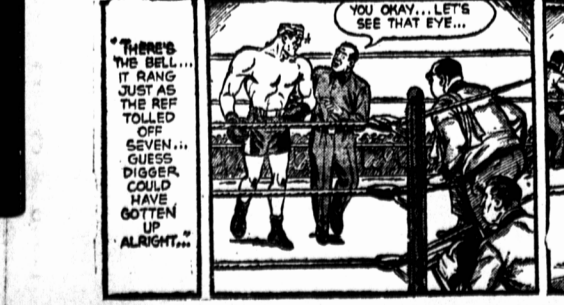


Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



By Edwin

Joe Palooka



By Ham Fisher



Bringing Up Father



By George McManus

Li'l Abner



By Al Capp



Penny



By Harry Haengen