

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thorton W. Burgess

MRS. WINSOME IS DISCOURAGED

Mrs. Winsome, and love for gentle Mistress Spring. He couldn't be too unhappy even if they hadn't a house to move into. Together they went house hunting all through the Old Orchard, among the trees in Farmer Brown's dooryard, and even a little way into the Green Forest. It was over on the edge of the Green Forest that Mrs. Winsome made a happy find. She had stopped to rest in a tree on the edge of the Green Forest just across the road from the Old Orchard. She was a little tired, but more discouraged than tired. As she sat there listening to Winsome's soft love notes, she noticed some tiny yellow chips at the foot of a neighboring tree. She knew at once what that meant. It meant that Drummer the Woodpecker had been at work up in that tree. Only a woodpecker could make tiny little chips like those.

She flew over to the tree and began looking it over. It didn't take her long to find out where those chips had come from. Half way up the tree was a large dead branch, or rather a big stub of a branch. On the under side of this was a round opening. It had been made by cutting out those little chips. You know a woodpecker's bill is a sort of chisel. Drummer knows how to use that chisel. The round doorway was big enough for her to enter. She first made sure that no one was in there. Then she put her head in. After this she went in wholly.

Drummer, or Mrs. Drummer, or both working together, had cut out a fine little room in that hollow branch. It was big enough and deep enough, and there was no nest in it. Mrs. Winsome settled down in it as if she had a nest under her. It was perfect. In some ways she liked it even better than the houses that Farmer Brown's Boy made. She sat in the doorway and called softly to Winsome. He didn't come, so she went to look for him.

"I've found the perfect house. Come and look at it!" she cried happily when she found Winsome.

But there is a rule among the furred and feathered folk. It is that nothing belongs to any one unless it is in their possession. As long as Winsome and Mrs. Winsome were using that house it was theirs. As soon as they stopped using it, it was free to any one who wanted it. Almost as soon as they had found the house, they intended to keep it. Winsome was less disturbed than Mrs. Winsome. The joy of spring kept him whistling softly his plaintive little love song. It was love for

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REVERSE PROCEDURE

Eels are the only North American freshwater fish which go to the sea to spawn.

The Tiny Folk

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

Susan was so happy with the beautiful yellow kitten her Uncle Bob had given her. She had had it for two weeks now, and already it had learned many things.

One of the first things it had had to learn was how to drink. That had taken four or five days. Dale had said, "Susan, your kitten is just like another baby. It needs a little more than milk now. Here is part of a box of baby cereal that I had for David. You can mix a little of it in the milk for the kitten." So each morning the kitten had cleaned up its saucer of milk and cereal and was getting as fat as a little roly poly.

It liked to be cuddled, so each day Susan wrapped it up in her rocking chair, sat on her little rocking chair, and sang songs to the kitten. David had tried to carry it by squeezing his hands around its neck, but now he had learned to be gentle, and to carry it properly. He wanted a kitten too, but each time his mother had said, "No, David, you may not have a kitten, for one is enough in the house. But, if you are a good boy, you may get a puppy for your birthday in June." With that, David always went off happily, and left the kitten with Susan.

"What are you going to call your kitten?" Susan's Daddy asked one evening. "I haven't decided yet," said Susan. "Janice wants me to call it Fluffy, and Helen said Buttercup." "Buttercup would be a good name for a calf," said mother. "but I don't think I'd like it for a kitten." "Why don't you call it Topsy?" asked Mr. Dale. "That's the name of my old black doll," Susan said. "I couldn't call my kitten that." "Howdy doody," giggled David. "Call kitty Howdy Doody."

"Now, David, don't be so silly," scolded Susan. "I think you'd better call him Sleepyhead. Laughed Susan's mother. That little kitten is always wanting to sleep. It is just like Wynken, Blynken, and Nod." "That's an idea, Mommy, I know what to call it. Let's call him Winkie. He's always winking and blinking at me. How would you like that, little kitten? Would you like Winkie for a name?" The kitten uncurled itself from her lap, yawned, stood up and stretched itself. Then it looked right up at Susan and winked! Susan laughed and laughed. "He's pleased with his name, Mommy! See, he's smiling about it. Hello, Winkie." And Winkie gave a big wink and a big purr. "Yes—s—s, I'm Winkie," he purred again and again.

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DUTCH GATHERING

All people of Dutch nationality are invited to a meeting in the Legion Hall, at 7:30 p.m. April 23, 1954. The meeting will be addressed by M. V. J. Grevenstein, Director of Netherlands, Emigration Services, Dr. A. S. Tuinman, Agricultural Attaché, Netherlands Embassy, Ottawa. Kiddies will be welcome. Refreshments will be served.

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