

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

MRS. SKIMMER INSISTS

Know what you want, and then insist. On it, and compromise resist.

—Mrs. Skimmer.

There was peace between the swallows and the bluebirds in Farmer Brown's dooryard. Farmer Brown's boy had put up another house especially for Skimmer. He had placed it on a pole far enough away from the bluebird home to make sure that there would be peace.



"A feather's a feather," said she. "What Mrs. Skimmer is so fussy about, I don't understand."

The house was exactly like the one Winsome and Mrs. Winsome Bluebird were occupying. The Skimmers were as pleased with it as were the Winsomes with theirs. They immediately began making a nest. Mrs. Skimmer took charge of the work, just as Mrs. Winsome had done with her nest. Straws and soft grasses were used. Because that nest was inside a house there was no need for a lot of material. But there was one thing that when the time came Mrs. Skimmer insisted on. That nest must be lined with feathers.

her eggs on anything but a feather bed. What is more, those feathers must be white. Of course a feather is a feather whatever the color. But Mrs. Skimmer wanted white feathers, and no other color would do.

Now white feathers were hard to find. There were no white hens in the neighborhood, nor were there any white ducks or turkeys. The swallow folk are wonderful flyers. You know they spend much of their time in the air. So they didn't mind flying long distances as some other birds would have minded. They searched Farmer Brown's henyard without finding a white feather. Then they flew to the nearest neighbor and had no better luck there. Skimmer brought home a dark-colored feather. It was such a nice feather he thought it would do. Mrs. Skimmer was off looking for a white feather. Skimmer put that dark feather in the nest. When Mrs. Skimmer returned she threw that dark feather out.

"I want white feathers, or none at all," she twittered sharply. "You needn't bring home any more dark feathers."

"But, my dear, there aren't any white feathers. I've looked all around," said Skimmer.

"Well, you can just go look some more," retorted Mrs. Skimmer. "These must be some white feathers somewhere. We may have to fly a little farther to find them, but what is a little extra flying?"

Skimmer brought home a feather partly white. Mrs. Skimmer tossed that away. She wanted wholly white feathers and she wasn't going to be satisfied with anything else. Meanwhile, Mrs. Winsome Bluebird had an idea. She was using some colored feathers in her nest. She wasn't fussy. "A feather's a feather," said she. "What Mrs. Skimmer is so fussy about I don't understand. A white feather won't make any better bed than a dark feather."

Still Mrs. Skimmer persisted. That nest was completed all but the feather bed. So far she had

The Tiny Folk

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

Mrs. Page was hurrying about the kitchen, getting things together for baby Linda's bath. Laurie was playing with Ginger and Panda on the couch, and talking to Linda in her high chair at the same time.

He watched his mother fill the little blue bath tub that used to be his. He ran to bring her the baby's towel and face cloth from the towel rack. Then he watched and dried. Then she sat in the tub, gurgling, cooing, and laughing as she tried to wash her yellow duck with the cake of soap. Soon she was all bathed, and dressed. Laurie loved to see her in her little white dress with its tiny pink rosebuds, and her little pink sweater. She always smelled so sweet and clean, that he just wanted to hug her.

"Brubba, ba, dee," she gurgled, her little dimples flashing in her pink cheeks as she reached out one chubby hand to Laurie's head. "Sit still, here," laughed her mother. "I want to brush your curls. You jump around as much as Susan's kitten. There now, into your play pen you go while I go up to make the beds."

Mrs. Page gathered up the soiled clothes, put away the bath tub, and

found only two white feathers, and it was beginning to look as if this was all she would get. But she still insisted on having white ones and Skimmer was doing his best to find them.

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tub, and went to do her upstairs work. She was so busy for a while that she did not notice how quiet everything was down in the kitchen. "I'd better see what Laurie is into," she thought. "He's too quiet to be good."

She tiptoed down the stairs and peeked into the kitchen. There, in the middle of the floor, sat Laurie with the baby's bath tub in front of him. But oh my! what was he doing? He had put clean water into the tub, and now he had Ginger in it, busily scrubbing him with a face cloth well filled with soap!

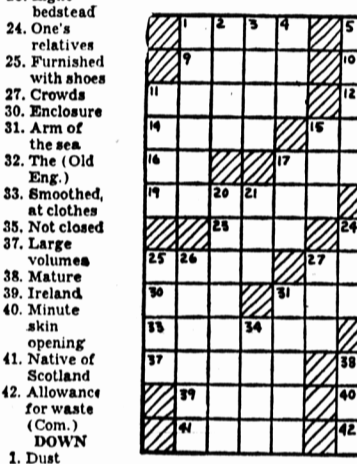
"Laurie," exclaimed his mother. Laurie looked up. He knew by the tone of her voice that his mother wasn't pleased, but he did not know why.

"What do you think you are doing?" she asked crossly. "I'm just giving Ginger a bath. Isn't that all right? He was getting dirty and I wanted to make him clean. Baby Linda looked so cute after her bath, I just wanted Ginger to look as if he might cry. All right, dear. But you should have asked me first," said Mrs. Page. "Now let me finish it properly, and I'll hang him up to dry."

If you had looked in fifteen minutes later you would have seen a very clean but a very wet Ginger hanging on the little line above the stove. It was pinned by his jingling ears, so he could not make a sound. Later, when he was dry Laurie hugged him, and said, "Now there, Ginger, you look just as sweet and clean and cute as baby Linda does after her bath."

DAILY CROSSWORD

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|---------------|-----------|----------------|------------------|----------------|---------------------|-----------|---------------------|------------------------------|--------------------------|-----------------|---------------------|-----------------|--------------------|---------------------|--------------------------|------------|---------------|--------------------|--------------------|--------------------------|----------------|------------------|------------|-------------|-------------------------|------------------------|--------------------------------|
| ACROSS | 1. Bucket | 2. Hot and dry | 3. Hostels | 4. Confederate | 5. Moved stealthily | 6. Job | 7. Natives of Italy | 8. One of a governing board | 9. Classify | 10. Spirit lamp | 11. Ditch | 12. Facts | 13. Light bedstead | 14. One's relatives | 15. Furnished with shoes | 16. Crowds | 17. Enclosure | 18. Arm of the sea | 19. The (Old Eng.) | 20. Smoothed, at clothes | 21. Not closed | 22. Large volume | 23. Mature | 24. Ireland | 25. Minute skin opening | 26. Native of Scotland | 27. Allowance for waste (Com.) |
| DOWN | 1. Dust | 2. Harass | 3. Roman emperor | 4. Smell | 5. Unadulterated | 6. Likely | 7. Utalterian | 8. Bend the head in greeting | 9. God of the underworld | 10. Nick-name | 11. A point of land | 12. Men of val. | 13. Insane | 14. Ocellus | 15. Dispatched | | | | | | | | | | | | |

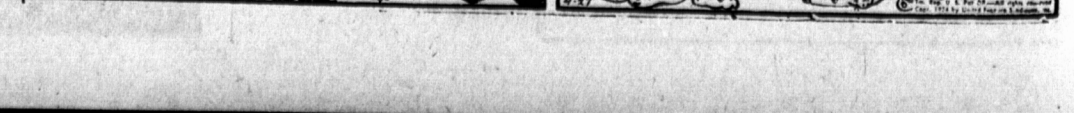
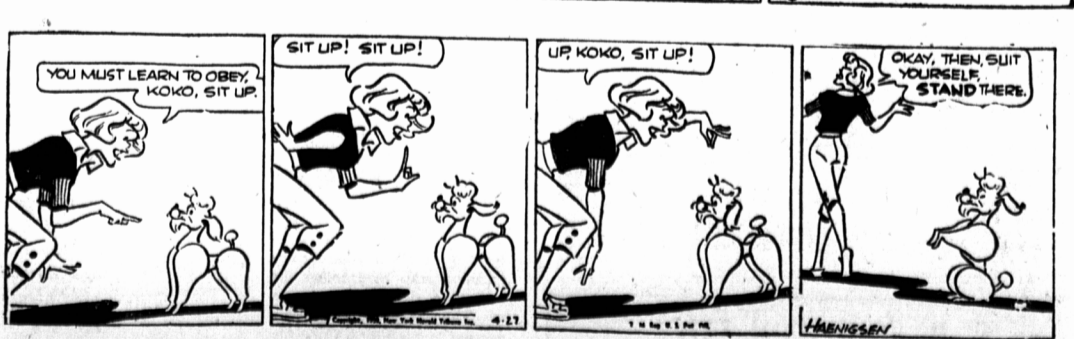
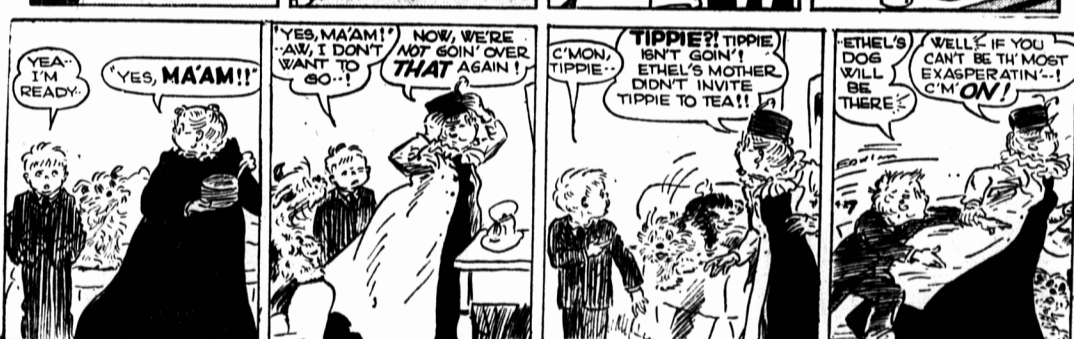
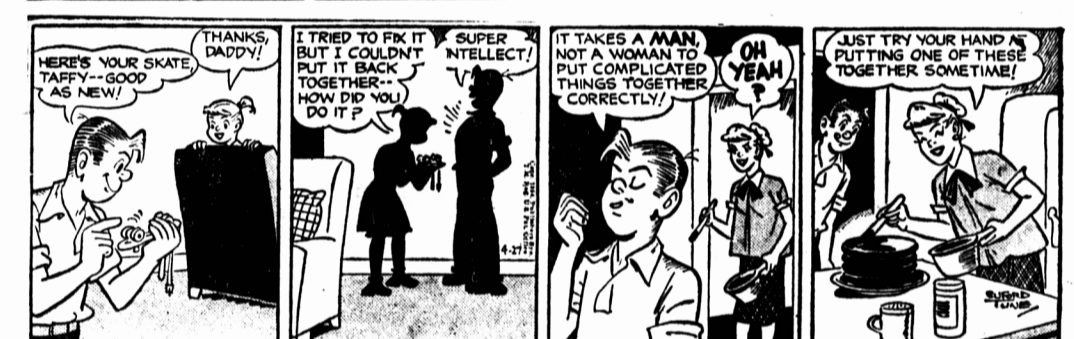
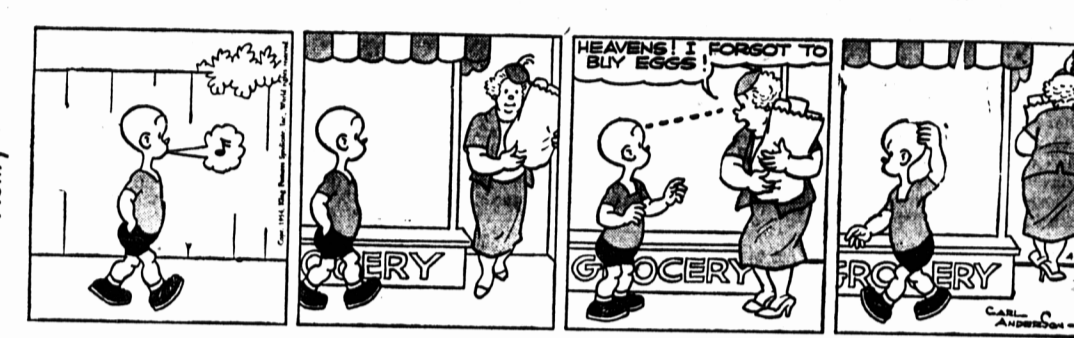
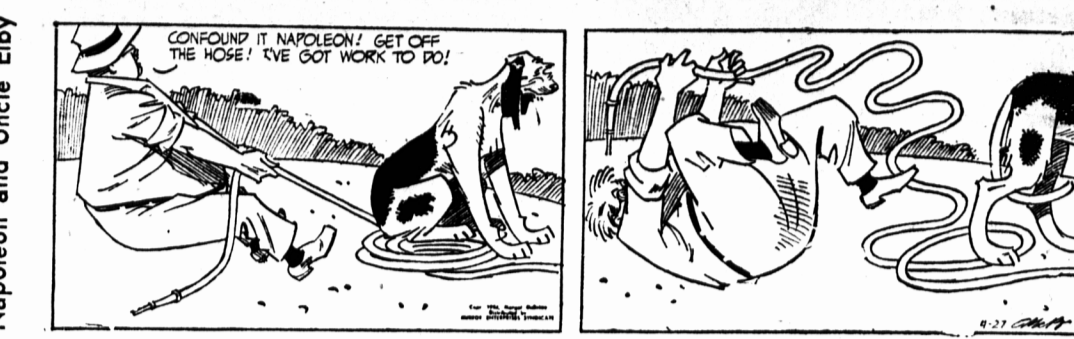


DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:
AXYDLBAXR
is LONGFELLOW

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation
XMQ XOTB N HBABITB. NEXDYOE
YONH. VM XOTB YZ UONVXUDR
ABITNWB VYDA IBLONH?—RZVVR-
VME.

Yesterday's Cryptogram: YET STILL HE FILLS AFFECTION'S EYE, OBSCURELY WISE, AND COARSELY KIND—JOHNSON.



IMMUNIZATION CLINICS

FOR INOCULATIONS and SMALLPOX VACCINATION

WILL BE HELD IN ALL RURAL SCHOOLS THIS SPRING

Keep in touch with the teacher or Secretary of Trustees for the date of the first clinic.

Protect young children against diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus. Start the inoculations at 3 months of age.

Four inoculations are necessary the first year—three in the Spring and one in the Fall—then a reinforcing dose at regular intervals.

Vaccination against smallpox is required for attendance at school. Have the children vaccinated before one year of age.

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH & WELFARE

SPECIAL DANCE

ROLLAWAY CLUB

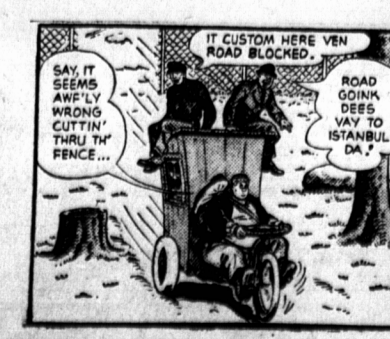
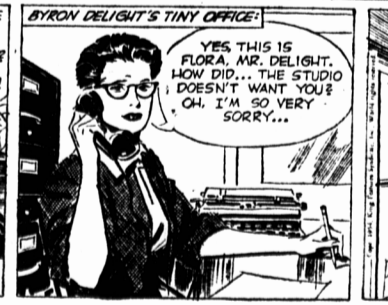
TUESDAY, APRIL 27th, 1954

9:30 till 12:30

Downtowners Band

In aid of All Stars Bowling Team

ADMISSION 50 CENTS



Tilly The Toiler
 Napoleon and Uncle Elby
 Henry
 Pogo
 Dolly Dipple
 Tippy and "Cap" Stubs
 Bringing Up Father
 Penny
 Ham Fisher
 Li'l Abner

By Carl Anderson
 By Carl Anderson
 By Carl Anderson
 By Walt Kelly
 By Buford
 By Edwina
 By George McManus
 By Harry Hoenigsen
 By Al Capp