

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

### HOMER IS IN DESPAIR

When life seems more than you can bear, hold fast to faith; do not despair. —Old Mother Nature.

Out over the ocean a lone pigeon was flying. It was Homer the Roamer, as Farmer Brown's boy called him. He had been started in a long-distance race. Shortly after the start, a light wind became a heavy wind. It grew strong-

er and stronger. It blew and blew without letting up at all. Strong flyer that he was, Homer was blown off his course. That race had been started near the sea-coast. Now he was far out to sea, that he could see only water, water everywhere.

There was no land in sight, and Homer was becoming very, very tired. He was not wholly alone. Graywing the Gull and a lot of his friends were flying out there, and seemingly they were enjoying the wind. They would swoop



"What are you doing way out here?" he screamed.

down close to the water and then shoot up into the air without a motion of their long narrow wings. They simply tilted them, and glided. The truth is, instead of fighting against that wind, they were using the wind to keep them up in the air. They were doing things in the air that Homer couldn't do. He didn't have the right kind of wings for such flying. Those gulls were not tired at all. In a way they were resting while they glided this way and that, because it required no special effort to hold their wings out; Homer could keep up only by beating the air with his wings, and that was becoming more and more tiresome.

Graywing swept past close to him. "What are you doing way out here?" he screamed. "Don't you know this is no place for land birds?"

Homer made no reply. He saved his breath. Anyway, there was no reply he could make.

Graywing glided down beneath Homer and settled on the water. Even though the wind was making the water rough, Graywing didn't mind the waves at all. Indeed, he seemed to enjoy riding them. "Come on down and rest," he taunted.

Poor Homer! He was in despair. It seemed to him that he couldn't possibly keep his wings moving much longer. Graywing took to his wings again, and he and the other gulls flew away. Homer watched them despairingly. It was bad enough when they were flying around him, and he could see how easily they did it while he was having such hard, tiresome work in just keeping up in the air. But it was worse being all alone. He wouldn't give up. He had that kind of courage that never gives up until actually forced to.

Presently he was no longer alone. Below him, close to the water, so close that they seemed to be walking on it although they were not really doing this, were some much smaller birds. He had never before seen any like them. They seemed to be skipping from wave to wave, and certainly they were enjoying it. He wondered

Continued on page 16

# The Tiny Folk

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

"Mommy, what is Valentine day?" Laurie asked. "Susan said yesterday that tomorrow would be Valentine day. Is it like Christmas? Is it a birthday?"

Mother was busy with her Saturday baking, but she talked as she peeled apples for pies. "Well, Laurie, I'll tell you a bit about Valentine day. You are only a little boy yet, and may not understand it all, but this is why we have a Valentine day. It is a tiny bit like Christmas, for we send Valentines to those we like. It is like a birthday too, for we are remembering someone's birthday.

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But the priest, who had grown old to go on long walks to see the sick children. Then he wrote little letters and some boy or girl would carry these to the sick child.

Father Valentine has been gone a long, long time, but we still remember his birthday by sending Valentines to those we like. Laurie thought for a little while. "Could I send a Valentine to Susan? I like her. And to my Daddy? I love him. Baby Linda must have one too. May I send one to Grammie. But what shall I do? I have no Valentines."

His mother smiled at his eager little face, with its shining eyes that now sparkled with the new idea. "I have some Valentines for you to send. When I finish my baking, we'll put them into envelopes, and you can be your own mailman and deliver them. Would you like to help me make a surprise for Daddy?"

"Oh yes, yes!" Laurie clapped his hands, and danced up and down. "What is it? Is it a Valentine?"

"Here it is," said his mother, as she took a big cake out of the cupboard. It had such lovely pink swirls frosting all over it. Laurie's eyes got bigger and bigger. "Oh — h — h" he sighed. "May we really and truly eat that cake?"

"Certainly," laughed his mother. "Here you put these red candies around on that line. It will make a red heart on the cake. I'll put some silver candies to make an arrow."

When they were done, Laurie looked at the cake. "We made a good job of it, Mommy," he said. "Won't Daddy be surprised. That will be a Valentine for the whole family."

# Tilly The Toiler



# Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Clifford McBride

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P. W. C. HALL  
FEBRUARY 17th — 8:00 P.M.

Auspices 7th Troop Scout Committee  
Jack Haystead, Wallie Scantlebury and other local artists.

Adults 50c

Children 25c

OTTAWA JAMBOREE SCOUT FILM AND SCOUT CAMP FIRE

# RESERVE

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 18th

for  
T. S. Elliot's Tragedy

"MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL"

Presented by S. D. U. Dramatic Society in

P. W. C. AUDITORIUM—8:15 P.M.

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