



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

A ROBBER IS CAUGHT

Who on his neighbor seeks to prey. Sometimes too much may have to pay.

—Old Mother Nature.
High in the air above the Big River sailed Redtail the Hawk. He was so high that from the ground he looked like a small bird. Yes, sir, he looked like a small bird. But as you know, he is one of the biggest of the hawk family. Round and round in bigger and bigger circles sailed Redtail. He was riding the wind. Only now and then did he have to move a wing.



Redtail's great claws closed on him and he was lifted into the air.

Now he was over the Green Meadows on one side of the Big River, and now he was looking down on the other side of the Big River. Like all the members of his family Redtail has wonderful eyes. He can see small things at a long distance. Even when he is very high up in the air he can see a mouse down in the grass.

For some time Redtail had seen the bank swallows darting this way and that way. He knew all about their homes in a certain deep oak along the Big River. He had seen them digging those homes. He never bothered them at all. It would have been almost useless for him to try to catch one of those swallows if he had wanted to. But he hadn't wanted to. Now, as he looked down, he saw sudden excitement down there above that bank. The swallow folk came pouring out of their homes, and all began flying about in great excitement.

"Now, what is the matter with those swallows," thought Redtail. "What are they getting so excited over?" He sailed so that he

could look straight down on them. At once he knew what was wrong. Those wonderful eyes of his saw a blacksnake gliding away from the edge of the bank.

"Hah!" exclaimed Redtail. "That robber has been after eggs; but he has eaten his last egg, or my name isn't Redtail. He's had his breakfast. Now I'll have mine." Closing his big wings, Redtail shot down. There was a frantic scattering in all directions of the swallow folk. Too late the snake started to glide fast. Redtail's great claws closed on him and he was lifted into the air.

Up and up Redtail's big wings carried him. Redtail was not sailing now. He was beating the air with those big wings, and heading for a certain tree which was a favorite perch of his. That snake would rob no more nests. He had breakfasted on those eggs of the swallows; now he would furnish a breakfast for Redtail. Or perhaps Redtail would take him home to the hungry young Redtails in the big nest over in the Green Forest.

Joyously the swallow folk darted this way and that way as they watched Redtail flying away with the dreaded black robber. Only two were not joyous, the two who had been robbed of their eggs. Unhappily they flew about the doorway of their first home. It was a home no longer. How they wished now that they had heeded the advice of Banker in the beginning. What should they do now? They couldn't use that nest anymore; the same thing might happen over again. "What are we going to do now," whimpered one. "Make a new home in a safer place," advised Banker, who had overheard as he flew past.

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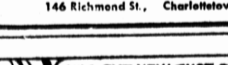
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The Tiny Folk

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

Laurie yawned as he left the breakfast table. "You should have slept later this morning, dear," said his mother. "You seem tired after your trip yesterday," said Laurie, as he walked slowly over to the window. He stood looking out for a few minutes then exclaimed, "Oh, Mommy, there's a robin on our lawn, just like the one in the song yesterday. There's another. Are those the ones that are building the nest at Mrs. Blair's?"

"They may be," agreed his mother as she came over to watch. The robins were busy hopping about, picking here and there. Laurie laughed suddenly as one robin started to pull a worm from the ground. He tugged and pulled until it came out then he gulped it down.

"What do they use for a nest, Mommy?" he asked. "They usually gather twigs and bits of twine," explained Mrs. Page. "When they think the walls of the nest are high enough and strong enough, they plaster it inside with mud. When I was a little girl, a robin built its nest under my bed room window. I watched them building the nest with bits of bark, twigs, dry grass and even a piece of red yarn. They carried mud in their beaks to line the nest. When it was ready it looked quite rough. Then the mother robin got into it while the mud was still soft. She turned herself round and round till she had that mud as smooth as the plaster on our own wall."

Laurie's eyes had been fixed on the robins as his mother talked, but when she finished, he turned to her and said, "Wasn't she a smart robin to do that? I wish I could watch them building a nest. Why don't they make a nest in our rose bush?" "That would be down too low for them," said Mrs. Page. "Some birds build their nests in low bushes or even on the ground, but robins like to be a bit higher than that. I suppose they aren't trusting Frisky."

"Look, Oh look!" he whispered. "That robin has a straw in his mouth now. Let's watch where he's going."

They watched eagerly as the robin flew across the fence to the biggest cherry tree. "That must be where the nest will be," said Mrs. Page. "Soon the leaves will be out and hide the birds and their nests. Why?" asked Laurie, as he reached out for them. "Will he put string in his nest?" asked Laurie.

"I tell you what," said Mrs. Page. "Here are some ends of bright yarn in my mending basket. Take them out and put them over on that big shrub by the garden gate. Don't tie them fast. Just wrap them once around a twig."

"Why?" asked Laurie, as he reached out for them. "We'll help those robins a bit. We'll give them yarn to make their house the fanciest bird nest on Playtime Lane. Then we'll watch to see if they take the colored strings."

Laurie did as his mother said, then he and she planned together how they would watch to see if the robins were taken and if they had helped the robins to find material for their nest. And perhaps next week you'll hear how they got along.

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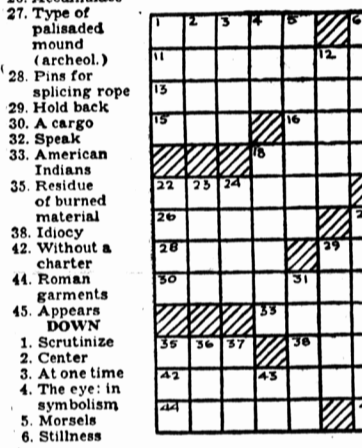
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DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
- 1. Enemy spy
- 6. Former honorary title (Turk.)
- 11. Of a large land mass
- 13. Region of simple pleasure, and quiet
- 14. Bark
- 15. Born
- 16. Brightly colored fish (Eur.)
- 18. Native of Liberia
- 22. Tell
- 25. Departed
- 28. Accumulate
- 27. Type of palisaded mound (archeol.)
- 28. Pins for splicing rope
- 29. Hold back
- 30. A cargo
- 32. Speak
- 33. American Indians
- 35. Residue of burned material
- 38. Idiocy
- 42. With that a charter
- 44. Roman garments
- 45. Appears DOWN
- 1. Scrutinize
- 2. Center
- 3. At one time
- 4. The eye: in symbolism
- 5. Morsels
- 6. Stillness
- 7. Indefinite article
- 8. Pig pen
- 9. Arabian interjection (var.)
- 10. Lefty mountain
- 12. Daughter of Tantalus
- 17. A disease of rye
- 18. Name of a famous river (fictional)
- 19. Particles of Liberia
- 20. Cavities (anat.)
- 21. In want
- 22. Dregs of society
- 23. Arabian chief-tain
- 24. Dipy out liquid
- 27. Shooting stars
- 29. German river
- 31. Raap woman
- 34. Happiness (dial. Eng.)
- 35. Perform (dial.)
- 36. Pshaw (dial.)
- 37. Ugly
- 39. Observe
- 40. Doctrine
- 41. Biblical animal
- 43. Sun god



Yesterday's Answer: \$7. Ugly



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it: AXYDLBAAXE 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

GEY GYDS XEF VPUPOT, ELZ UAO LEFT DG SOL-BDBO.

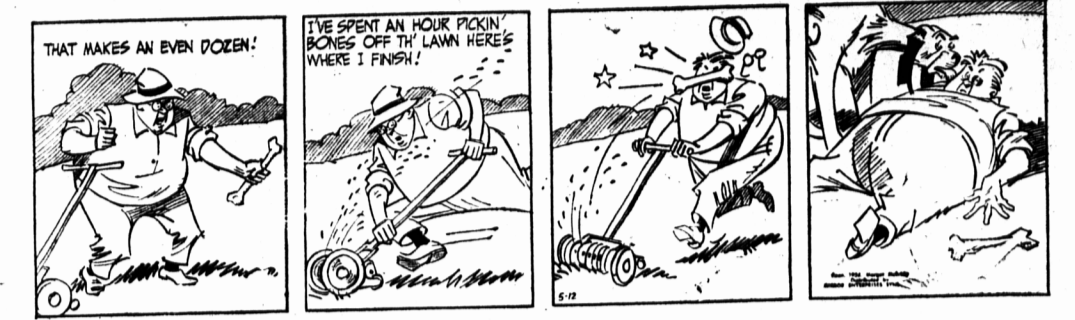
Yesterday's Cryptogram: THE TARTNESS OF HIS FACE SOURS RIPE GRAPES—SHAKESPEARE.

Tilly The Toiler



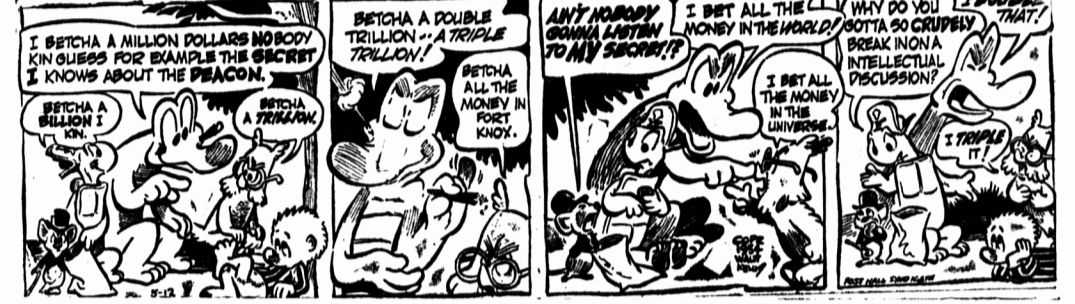
By Bob Gustafson

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



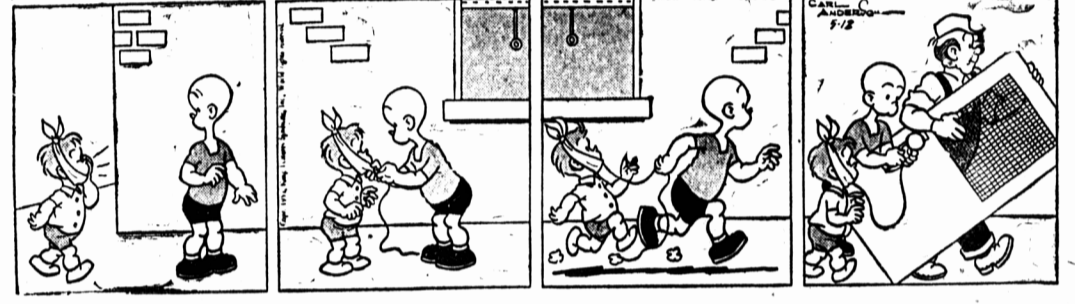
By Clifford McBride

Pogo



By Walt Kelly

Henry



By Carl Anderson

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



By Edwine

Dolly Dipple



By Buford

Bringing Up Father



By George McManis

Penny



By Harry Hoenigsen

L'il Abner



By Al Capp

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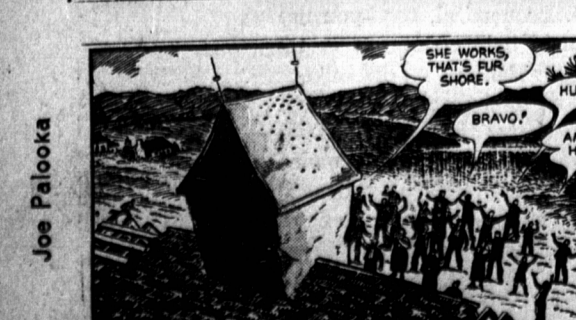
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The Lone Ranger



Rip Kirby



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