

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE PERFECT HOUSE

A house is just a house, no more. 'Til love throws open wide the door.

—Old Mother Nature.

Farmer Brown's Boy had just put up a new house. He had made it especially for Winsome Bluebird and Mrs. Winsome. He knew just what their needs were. He had made that house just deep enough, just wide enough, with a doorway just big enough to suit a bluebird perfectly. You see he was very fond of Winsome and Mrs. Winsome, and he knew just what their needs were.



"It's perfect," she twittered.

Using a step-ladder he had fastened that new house on a telephone pole in the dooryard. He had put it high enough, but not too high. He knew that bluebirds like a house out in the open. Perhaps this is because they feel safer. They can see in all directions, and so can not be taken by surprise by an enemy. Anyway, Winsome and Mrs. Winsome liked this location. While their house was out in the open it was not too far from the Old Orchard, and there were a couple of trees in the dooryard that were near enough, but not too near.

Farmer Brown's Boy's back was hardly turned before Mrs. Winsome was over at that house. She was excited. She went in. A moment later she thrust her head out. "It's perfect," she twittered.

She came out and Winsome went in. When he came out he flew straight up in the nearest tree and began to sing. You know his song is really a soft whistle. Mrs. Winsome could hardly wait to get back inside that house again. She went in and out of it over and over

again. Finally, she flew down in the dooryard and picked up a straw. With this in her bill she flew back and took it inside the new house. Winsome knew then that all was well. He went to look for a straw himself. When he took it up to the doorway Mrs. Winsome took it from him. A moment later she was out looking for another straw. The house was no longer just a house, it was a home. Those straws were the beginning of a nest.

Mrs. Winsome was a busy bird. That perfect house had to have a perfect nest in order to make a perfect home. Every straw in that nest had to be placed just so. She couldn't trust Winsome to do this. She had to do it herself, and so know what it was the way she wanted it. Winsome didn't mind. He wanted to do this part, but he was so full of love and happiness that he was quite satisfied to let Mrs. Winsome have her way. Indeed, he was so filled with happiness and love that he had to stop every few minutes to whistle a love song to Mrs. Winsome while she worked. He couldn't tell her how much he loved her, and at the same time he was hunting for and picking up straws. And he was so bursting with the joy of spring, and love, and home-making, that he just had to express it.

Mrs. Winsome was just as happy as Winsome, but she was too busy to tell the world about it as he did. While he whistled love-songs, she wove dreams into the nest down in that perfect new house. Both of them were sure that their troubles were now at an end. They didn't know that troubles very seldom are at an end for anyone.

FIRST STAMPS

The British penny and two-penny stamps of 1840 were the first postage stamps ever issued.

RAILWAY TIME TABLE CHANGES
Effective
SUNDAY
APRIL 25th, 1954

Full information from agents



CANADIAN NATIONAL

UNSURPASSED for flavour!
KING COLE TEA

BOYS and GIRLS
DON'T MISS
PETER PETER
PUMPKIN EATER

The Tiny Folk

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

Usually Susan and David went together to play outdoors with Laurie, but, if it were wet, Susan liked to go alone. She found it too hard to keep her brother out of mischief if she took him into the house.

But this morning David felt very big indeed. He was going to play with Laurie all by himself! Mrs. Dale was taking Susan to the dentist so David was being left with Mrs. Page.

"Laurie coming out?" asked David when Mrs. Page answered his knock. "He isn't quite ready yet," smiled Mrs. Page. "Won't you come in and wait? It is such a nice sunny day I know you boys want to play outdoors so I'll hurry him along."

Baby Linda was standing up in her play pen. When she saw David she began to dance up and down. "Hello," asked David, as he went over to her. "She's too little to talk yet," said Mrs. Page. "Her name is Linda. Can you say that?"

"Linda. Baby Linda," David said proudly. "That's a smart boy," smiled Mrs. Page. "You haven't seen so much of the baby because she didn't go out much last winter."

"Baby's play pen," said David, pointing to it. "Yes. She stays in there to keep out of trouble," said Mrs. Page. "Now come, Laurie, and let me fasten your snowsuit. You must not keep David in this hot kitchen when he's dressed for outdoors."

"Laurie's new trike. Pretty

Page 10 The Guardian

Friday, April 23, 1954

strike. David ride," said David as he patted Laurie's red tri-cycle. "Here, let me lift you up on it," said Mrs. Dale. "Can you drive it? I guess your legs are a bit too short. After all, you aren't three years old yet."

David put his feet on the pedals. He could barely reach, but he could make it go for a little distance. He tried driving it while Mrs. Page fastened Laurie's snow suit and helped him with his over-shoes.

"Come, David, I'm ready," called Laurie as he pulled on his mittens. Frisky was standing, waiting for him as usual.

David jumped off the trike and went over to the play pen. "Baby come too?" he asked. "David want baby to play."

Linda gurgled and cooed as if she wanted to go along too, but Mrs. Page said, "She's too little to go out, dear. She is not quite 18 months old yet, and can't walk. You wait until she can walk this summer. Then she'll go out to play too."

"Sweet baby," said David, bending down to smile at Linda and pat her head. "Nice baby. Bye, bye."

Then he and Laurie ran out with Frisky as Linda stood in her play pen waving bye bye to them.

REHABILITATION IDEA HIS

NORTH BAY, Ont. (CP) — The man who launched the idea of rehabilitation centres for injured men and saw his scheme adopted across the country, announced his retirement Wednesday. He is Dr. W. S. Barnhart, secretary-manager of the Ontario Lumbermen's Safety Association. He started Ontario's first rehabilitation centre in 1937.

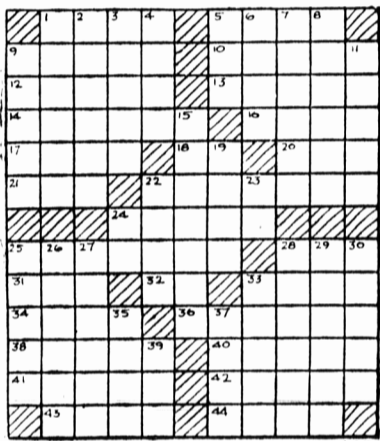
DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Lean-to
 - Short lance
 - Cooking range
 - Notions
 - Student
 - Kind of sugar
 - Fruits
 - Measure of distance
 - Performs
 - Exclamation (var.)
 - Happens (to)
 - Cozy room
 - Coin (Swed.)
 - Toward
 - Game played on horseback
 - Oriental nurse
 - Kind of wood
 - Weary
 - Author of "The Cloister and the Hearth"
 - Scott
 - Movable barriers
- DOWN**
- Whirlpool
 - Poems
 - Stop
 - Lethargy
 - Carva of cheese fly
 - Misfortunes
 - Erase (print)
 - Indistinct
 - Biblical name
 - Complain
 - Higher
 - Garden tool
 - Plant ovules
 - Boy's nickname
 - Blunder
 - Ropes
 - Exclamation used in meeting (var.)
 - Happens (to)
 - Cozy room
 - Coin (Swed.)
 - Toward
 - Game played on horseback
 - Oriental nurse
 - Kind of wood
 - Weary
 - Author of "The Cloister and the Hearth"
 - Scott
 - Movable barriers

T	O	R	C	H	S	I	G	N	S
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S	H	R	I	N	K	L	A	D	E
S	H	E	L	L	A	S	I	A	L
C	H	I	L	D	O	M	I	N	E
A	L	O	N	G	E	S	T	E	T
D	O	U	K	I	E	S	T	E	T

Yesterday's Answer

- Beeseech
- Give ear to
- Constellation
- Not wet



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

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 apostrophies, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

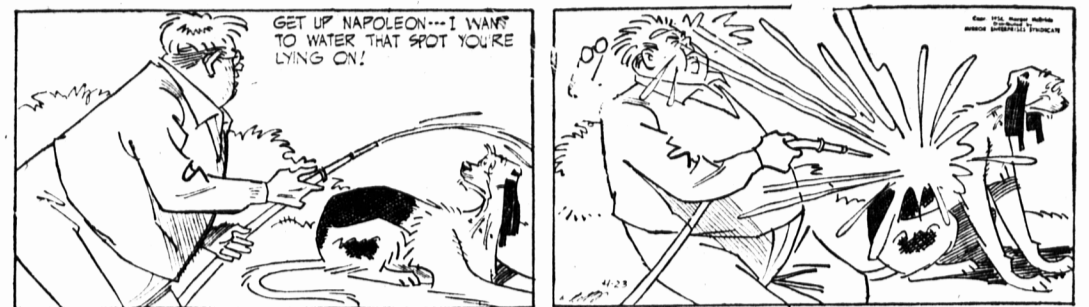
A Cryptogram Quotation

EYPWNGRDY LRZF EYFRCWFG RNW,
RYJ JQETG R MNWRGWN ADFPUDWC
GURY JWFHRDN—JWYURA

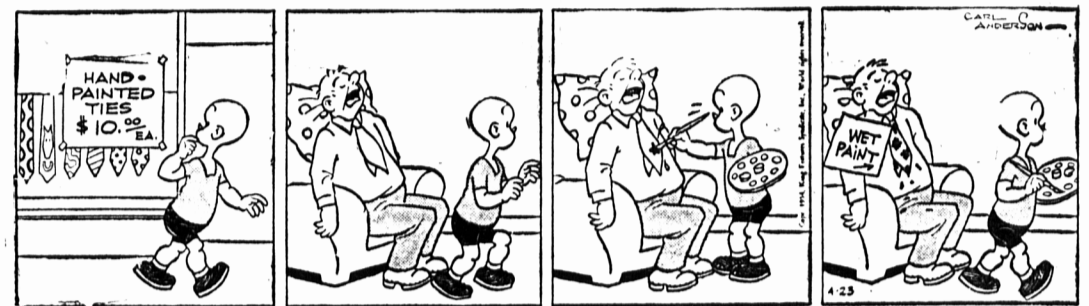
Yesterday's Cryptogram: CAVED WITH FLURES STRANGE AND SWEET, ALL MADE OUT OF THE CARVER'S BRAIN—COLERIDGE.



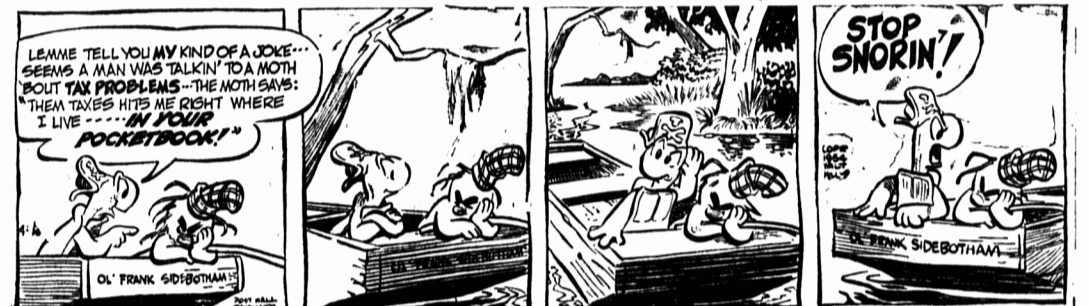
Tilly The Toilet



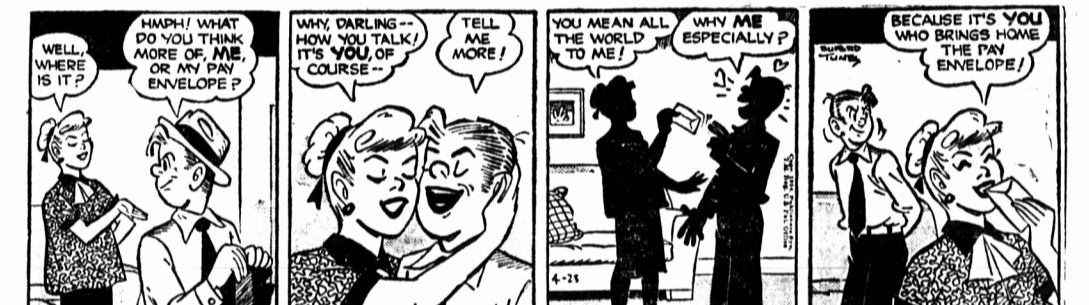
Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Henry



Pogo



Dolly Dipple



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



Bringing Up Father



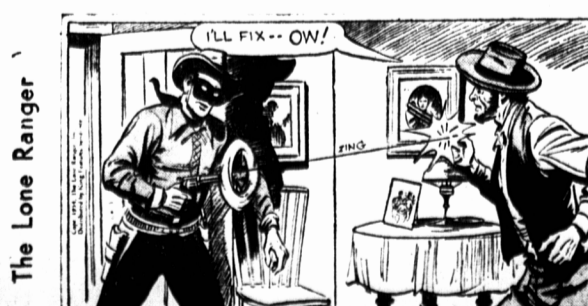
Penny



By Ham Fisher Lt'l Abner



Rio Kirby



The Lone Ranger



Joe Palooka



By Alex Raymond



By Fran Striker



By Ham Fisher

By Harry Hoentgen

By Bob Gustafson

By Clifford McBride

By Carl Anderson

By Walt Kelly

By Buford

By Edwina

By George McManus

By Harry Hoentgen

By Al Capp