

"Little Stories for Bedtime"

by Thornton W. Burgess

VOICE FROM THE SKY

Hark to the voice from the depths of the sky! There is a message to heed in that clarion cry.

THE Red Terror which had swept over the Old Pasture had become a thing of the past. The people of the Old Meadow and the Green Forest had gone back to their usual life. That is, most of them had. Old Jed Thumper, the gray old rabbit who had always lived in the Old Pasture, had decided to make his home in a bramble-tangle on the edge of the Green Forest. You see, he couldn't go back to his old home because his bramble castle in the Old Pasture had been burned by the fire. Worse still, there

were scurrying about as if they would eat their legs off. They were storing away fat acorns and plump hickory nuts and brown chestnuts and corn. Danny and Nanny Meadow Mouse were hiding away stores of seed in secret-places in the Green Meadow, and their pretty cousin, Wallabout the Wood Mouse, was doing the same thing in the Green Forest. You see, they all knew that almost any day now Jack Frost and Rough Brother North Wind were likely to come to stay, and that was not a ready.

It seemed to Peter Rabbit that his neighbors, some of them anyway, made a terrible fuss about the coming of winter. Peter didn't worry about cold weather. Nor he. So long as he had a new warm coat he cared not how soon Jack Frost arrived. As for the coat, he had it already. Old Mother Nature always looks out for us in the matter of new coats. So Peter watched his work, and in his heart he was glad that he didn't have to. You see, Peter never has learned how blessed it is to work. He is happy-go-lucky and lazy. When he was not watching the others work, Peter was busy listening. It is surprising how busy some people can keep just listening. It is that way with Peter. That is one reason he has such long ears.

But this time Peter wasn't listening to things that were none of his business. He was listening for voice of the messenger whom Jack Frost and Rough Brother North Wind always send ahead of them when they are coming down from the frozen North-land to stay for the winter. Peter never really believed that they had started until he heard the roll of that messenger. It was sometime late that year. He had almost begun to think that Jack Frost and Rough Brother North Wind were not coming at all. Then late one afternoon down from the very depths of the sky, there floated the sound Peter had listened for so long.

"Honk, honk, honk, honk, honk!" Peter looked up in the blue sky, and there he saw Honker the Goose at the head of his flock. So high they were that they seemed mere specks, but clear, and carrying with it a strange shrill, came Honker's voice out of the sky. He was the messenger whom Peter had been watching, and Peter knew then that Jack Frost and Rough Brother North Wind were not far behind.

(By W. G. Ward.)—WNU Service.

53 White Autos For State Legion Heads

Detroit—Fifty three ivory-white automobiles, all trimmed in red, blue and gold and manned by an army of drivers dressed in uniforms identically alike, will be placed at the disposal of state commanders here attending the national convention of the American Legion.

The cars represent part of many extraordinary provisions made for the comfort and convenience of Legionnaires during their annual conclave, and are one of several contributions of the Chevrolet Motor Company to further the success of the convention.

The cars—special sedans—carry the Legion seal in gold on the driver's door, and lettering designating the state or territory of the commander to which each car is assigned. Cars will serve the commanders from early morning until midnight every day of the convention, and are available constantly for use anywhere in the county in which Detroit is located. Covers for spare tires, carried in forward fender wells, reveal a motif worked out in red, white and blue, and the drivers, in naval uniforms, also carry the national colors in their dress.

In addition to supplying cars for State commanders, the Chevrolet company in loaning its trail-blazing automobile, which two years ago completed the first land trip ever made from Buenos Aires to the United States, to the "40 & 8" parade, and is supplying every Legionnaire who registers for the convention with a bronze medal commemorative of his visit to the city.

But this time Peter wasn't listening to things that were none of his business. He was listening for a certain sound. He was listening for voice of the messenger whom Jack Frost and Rough Brother North Wind were not coming at all. Then late one afternoon down from the very depths of the sky, there floated the sound Peter had listened for so long.

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The Smiths Are Ahead

The Smiths now lead the Cohens in New York City's latest telephone directory by a score of 1,916 to 1,655. But, if all the Cohens were added to the Cohens, and all the Smyths and Smythes were added to the Smiths, the Cohens would then take first place as New York's leading family.

The popular song of the day which ought to be adopted as the theme song in the European mess just now is "Come On Let's Get Friendly."



Peter Saw Henker the Goose, at the Head of His Flock.

was nothing to eat there now. In fact, the Old Pasture was just a black and dreary waste.

Only Old Man Coyote had gone back there to live. He had a den hidden among the rocks there, and, of course, the fire couldn't burn the rocks. So Old Man Coyote still lived in his den in the Old Pasture. Old Peter Saw Henker couldn't hunt there because there was no one to hunt, but then he did most of his hunting on the Green Meadow and in the Green Forest anyway, so he didn't mind that.

By this time most of the feathered folks who spend the winter in the sunny southland had left on their long journey. Johnny Chuck had grown almost too fat to waddle, and his neighbors expected him to be the last to go. But he had just to sleep for the winter. Peter the Beaver and Jerry Muskrat were very busy putting the finishing touches on their houses and laying up supplies. Happy Jack Squirrel, Chatterer the Red Squirrel, and Striped Chipmunk

THE WHY of SUPERSTITIONS

By H. IRVING KING

THE GIVING OF KNIVES

THE popular superstition that it "breaks friendship" to give or accept a knife without something of value—preferably money—passing in return is a survival from the primitive man.

The savage having progressed from a club and spear as a weapon soon learned the danger of relinquishing it merely for friendship's sake. His friend, having disarmed him, was apt to be his friend no longer. So, for giving up his knife, even to his friend, he demanded a quid pro quo. And he saw that when his friend presented him with a weapon, that friend presently came to regard him—because of regret for the act—because of envy at the added strength the other had, as a dangerous neighbor, the savage becoming a suspicion growing into animosity. Whereas if he gave a compensation for the knife, it was a matter of this trade and friendship was likely to endure.

All this became so deeply ingrained in the mind of the primitive man that the idea survives today as a popular superstition. Popular superstitions belong to folk lore, and where they have not a religious or divine origin, they survive from ancient difficulties we are inheritors from our savage ancestors.

(By McGraw Newspaper Syndicate.)

(By W. G. Ward.)—WNU Service.



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Swallows can fly at a speed of better than two miles a minute.

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