

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

## A MISCHIEF PARTY

Mischief may or not be meant, Much is done without intent. —Old Mother Nature.

Deep in the Green Forest was a cabin near a big brook. It had been built for men who came in for the fishing in spring and summer, and sometimes for trapping in winter. Wandering about in this part of the Green Forest was Prickles, a young porcupine. He had found this cabin. Around the door he had found a salty taste, and had gnawed out two or three splinters to chew. Many of the Green Forest folk have a great fondness for salt. Probably they need salt. The deer folk are among these, and so are the porcupine folk.



The old porcupine disappeared inside that cabin.

Prickles had climbed up on the roof of the cabin, but had found nothing of interest there. He had poked all around the cabin, but that first day had found no way in. He knew by certain signs that other porcupines had been around that cabin, but he saw none until his second visit there. Then he met an old porcupine. Now young Prickles were a white coat. He was what is called an albino. His coat should have been black. The old porcupine stared at him with curiosity. He never had seen a white coat on a porcupine before. He was a little suspicious of Prickles.

But after staring for a few minutes he turned his back on Prickles and started to climb up to a little window behind the cabin. Prickles had climbed up on the roof of the cabin, but had found nothing of interest there. He had poked all around the cabin, but that first day had found no way in. He knew by certain signs that other porcupines had been around that cabin, but he saw none until his second visit there. Then he met an old porcupine. Now young Prickles were a white coat. He was what is called an albino. His coat should have been black. The old porcupine stared at him with curiosity. He never had seen a white coat on a porcupine before. He was a little suspicious of Prickles.

A little window Prickles hadn't discovered on his previous visit. The old porcupine disappeared inside that cabin. Prickles waited a few minutes, then climbed up to that little window and down inside. The old porcupine was busy gnawing at the edge of a small table. Prickles soon found that that delicious salty taste was all about inside that cabin. He soon was busy gnawing at the side of a bunk. Soon, another porcupine came in, and a fourth a little later. All of them were soon gnawing wherever they found that salty taste left by human hands.

It was a mischief party. Those four porcupines were doing no end of mischief in that little cabin. They didn't know they were in mischief. They hadn't come in there meaning to get in mischief. But the lack of intent didn't make that mischief any less. Whenever human hands had touched wood those four prickly wood folk gnawed happily. They were wrecking that cabin from one end to the other, and they didn't know it. It was all because of that delectable salty flavor that they found by chewing splinters of wood that had been handled by the folks who had occupied that cabin.

They were getting no food from that dry wood they were chewing. They were getting nothing but the pleasure that salty taste gave them. When they became really hungry they left the cabin by the little window through which they had entered. Prickles was the last one to leave. He was both hungry and thirsty. He went to the brook for a drink, then climbed a tree to get his breakfast, for by this time it was early morning. After breakfast he took a nap up in that tree. He sprawled full length on a big limb, his arms and legs hanging down over the sides. The other members of that mischief party were doing the same thing in other trees, and none of them knew that they had been in mischief.

## Eczema Itch

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## The-Tiny Folk

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

"Hurry, Laurie, and finish up your breakfast," said Mrs. Page as she finished feeding baby Linda. "I want to go over to Grandpa's this morning to do some sewing on her machine, so I must get my work done early."

"Are we going to stay all day?" Laurie asked. "Well, most of it anyway," answered his mother. "Daddy will call for us in time to come home to supper, but we shall be having dinner there."

"Hurray!" shouted Laurie, his eyes dancing with delight. He just loved going to visit Grandpa. There were so many things to see, and, of course, her cookies were always full. That helped a lot, for of course a man got hungry working so hard helping Granddaddy with the chores. "I'll take Ginger along for the trip," Laurie decided. "Grandma will be wanting to see him too."

About half past ten they were ready to go. Mother, Laurie, Ginger and Baby Linda. Daddy took them, dropped them off, and said he'd call back about four. Grandpa and Granddaddy were so pleased to see them. Baby Linda cooed and gurgled in Grandpa's arms, as Granddaddy helped Laurie to take off his snowsuit. Then the grown ups chatted away for a while. Granddaddy left to go down to the store, so Mrs. Page gathered her sewing and went into the little back room where Grandma kept the sewing machine. "Laurie, you stay with me to keep me company," suggested Grandpa. "Your mommy will get along ever so much better if she is left alone to sew. Bring Ginger over here until I see him. My! he's a lovely teddy. I like the sound of his tinkling ears."

Laurie got up on Grandpa's knee as she sat in the big rocker by the sunny kitchen window. He told her about all the fun he had with Susan, David and Peter and of the road in the snow. He told her about the little birds that he fed in the orchard, and about the fun he had with baby Linda. "Grandma," he said shyly, "Ginger doesn't have any clothes. Do you suppose you would have any old clothes to fit him?" Grandpa laughed and laughed. "I don't think my clothes would be a very good fit for your teddy, and I think Granddaddy's overalls

would be a bit too large for him too. But let me think. There is a piece of plaid material in my quilt box. It should be big enough for overalls for Ginger. Let's go and look."

Laurie needed no coaxing. Walking Grandpa's hand, he walked beside her up the back stair. She took out a big cardboard box and opened it. Inside were rolls and little bundles of cloth in all kinds and colors. "There's a piece of red corduroy that looks like the overalls you made me," said Laurie. "Just what it is," smiled Grandpa. "And this white with the tiny blue flowers was part of what I made Linda's new dress. This blue broadcloth is a bit from my last apron. Oh, here is what I was looking for. She held up a piece of red and white plaid gingham. "That's just lovely, Grandma," said Laurie. "That will make beautiful overalls for my teddy. Would this piece of white be big enough for a shirt for him too?"

Grandma's eyes twinkled behind her glasses. "Now you're fooling me," she said. "You asked for overalls, and now you want a shirt too. But we'll see. Come now and help me get the vegetables for dinner." Granddaddy came back from the store in time for dinner, and they all sat down Laurie ate and ate and ate. It seemed as if the vegetables always tasted twice as good at Grandpa's. He didn't want any dessert, but he ate three big fluffy biscuits instead. "Come along now for a little rest," said Granddaddy to Laurie. "If you are a good boy, Grandpa will have a surprise when you wake up."

Laurie climbed up on Granddaddy's big soft bed. He stretched and yawned. That big dinner had made him feel sleepy. His eyes closed, and he drifted off to dream about the surprise Grandpa might have for him. (To Be Continued)

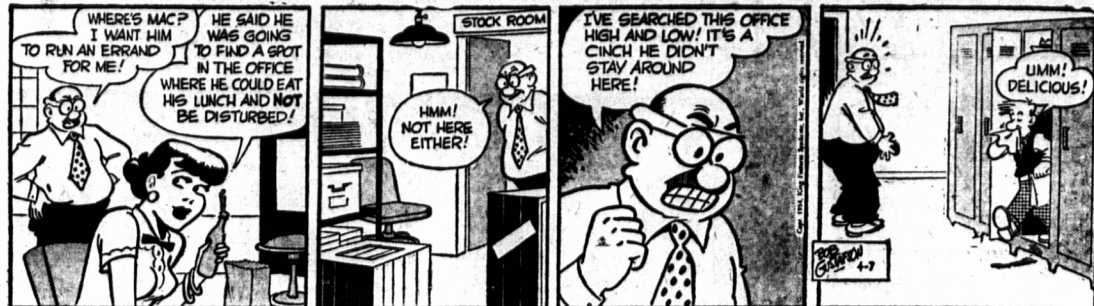


## The Neighbors

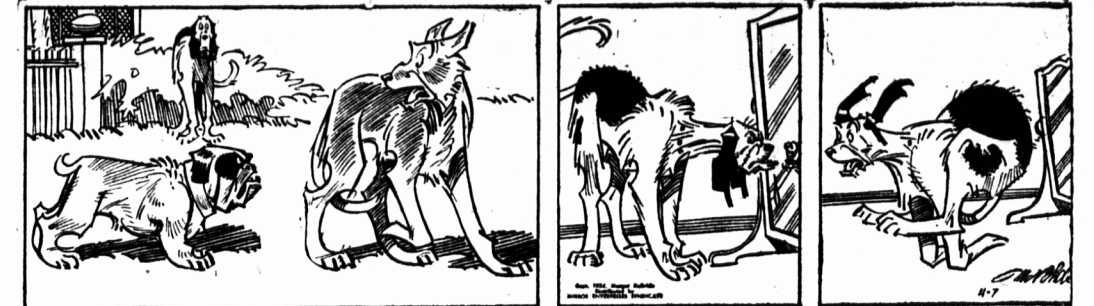
By George Clark



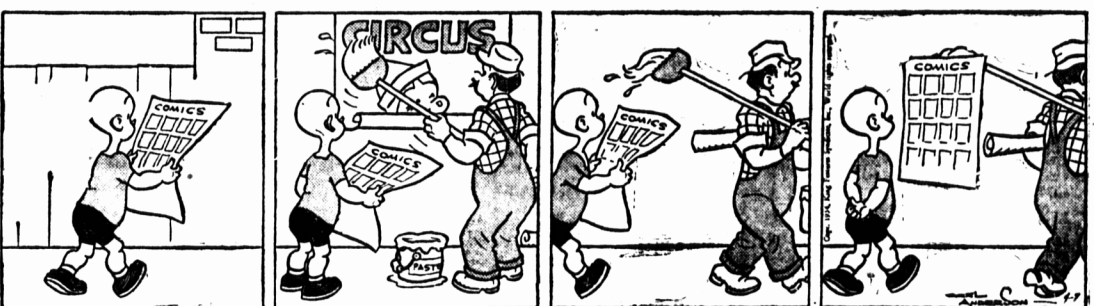
"Are babies that hard to feed? Mr. Boggs comes to work covered with oatmeal!"



Tilly the Toiler



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Henry



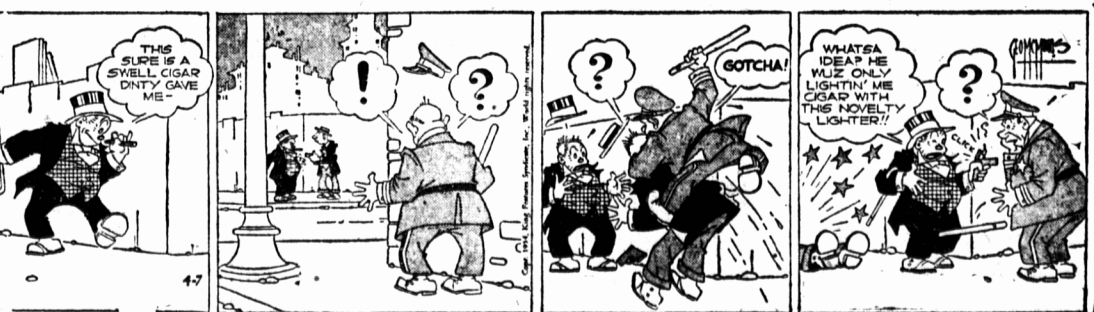
Pogo



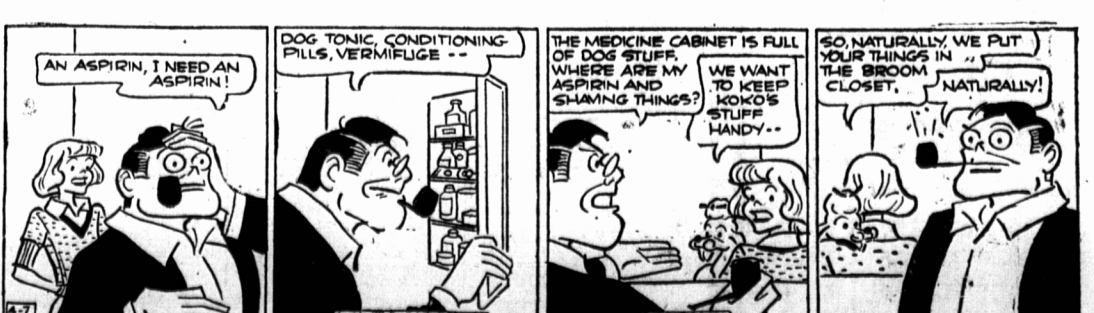
Dolly Dipple



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



By Alex Raymond Bringing Up Father



By Fran Striker Penny



By Ham Fisher L'il Abner



## School Administration Short Course

HUNTER RIVER

The postponed short course at Hunter River will be held in the hall on Thursday, April 8th, beginning at 2:30 in the afternoon and 7:30 in the evening.

School trustees, school secretaries and parents interested in education are cordially invited.



Rip Kirby



By George McManus



The Lone Ranger



By Harry Hoenigsen



Joe Palooka



By Al Capp

By Bob Gustafson

By Clifford McBride

By Carl Anderson

By Walt Kelly

By Buford

By Edwina

By George McManus

By Harry Hoenigsen

By Al Capp