



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

MOTHER PORKY STARTS A JOURNEY

Discontent will often lead, To better things for those who heed.

—Old Mother Nature.

Mrs. Porky was discontented. This was somewhat unusual for her. As a rule, she is satisfied to stay in one place as long as there is plenty to eat. Often she stays in one tree for a long time, perhaps for several days. She isn't given to traveling as so many of the Green Forest folks are.

But Mrs. Porky had become much discontented, and her small son Prickles was the cause. Prickles is what is called an albino. He had a white coat and pink eyes, when he should have had a black coat and black eyes. He was the first white porcupine ever seen in that neighborhood. Of course everybody in the neighborhood came to see him. Some folks from quite a distance away came to see him. It was just curiosity that brought them.

Mother Porky didn't like it at all. She is of a retiring disposition. She doesn't want a lot of

neighbors. She likes to be alone with nobody around, unless it is some member of her own family. It seemed now as if she and Prickles never could be by themselves. Little by little, she made up her mind. She is slow in everything she does, even in making up her mind. Some folks are like that. The mistakes they make are never from too much haste. At last, her mind was made up. She would leave that neighborhood.

So it was that Prickles started on what to him was a great adventure, for of course, where mother went, he went. They didn't hurry, Mother did a little grunting and fretting as they slowly moved along, but grunting and fretting if part of daily life with the porcupine folk. It doesn't mean anything.



They didn't hurry.

"Where are we going?" asked young Prickles when they stopped to lunch on some willow catkins, the little fur-coated buds that folks call pussy-willows.

"We're going where we can be by ourselves," grunted Mother Porky.

"Why?" asked Prickles. "Because we don't want folks around," grunted Mother Porky. "Why?" repeated the little porcupine.

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The Tiny Folk

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

Laurie did not know what to do with himself. Susan, his playmate, had gone away yesterday to stay with her Uncle Bob, Aunt Beth, and cousin Irene, and she would not be back until tonight. He could not play with David, for Mrs. Dale had gone visiting and taken David with her. Peter and Helen were being kept in because they had colds, so there was no one left to play with.

He wandered around from one room to the other. He sat on the couch by the kitchen window, resting his chin on his hands as he watched the birds eating their crumbs. He watched a few cars go by, but that wasn't much fun.

Then he had an idea. "Mommy may I have some of my old clothes that are too small?" he asked.

"I guess so," his mother replied. "Run up to your room and find them for yourself."

Up he went. He pulled open the bottom drawer, and starting looking through it. There was his last year's coat. Underneath was a pair of white boots he had when he was little. Here was a little red cotton sweater. That should fit.

He looked out the white shoes and red sweater. He looked again for overalls, and found a little pair of plaid ones.

He got up on his bed with the clothes and his teddy. It took quite a bit of tugging to get the sweater over Ginger's head and then get his arms into place. The bells in his ears jingled and jingled as if they did not like being bounced around so much. The overalls weren't so hard, because all Laurie had to do was put the teddy's feet into the legs and pull on the braces. He tied a knot in the braces, and they fitted fairly well.

"What are you doing, Laurie?" called his mother.

"I'm just dressing up Ginger."

"Because we want to be by ourselves," mother grunted.

"Do we? Why?" Prickles persisted.

"Stop asking silly questions," replied mother fretfully.

When they grew tired they found a place to rest and take a nap. Such places were not difficult to find because porcupines are not fussy folks. They are satisfied with simple things. When they were hungry they stopped to eat. Being in the Green Forest among the trees there was always food right at hand. All they did to get a good meal was to climb a little way up in a tree, with their big front teeth pull off the rough outer bark, then gnaw the soft juicy inner bark which they dearly love. It being spring, that bark was very good indeed because the sap goes up from the roots where it had been stored all winter.

So, at long last, they came to a small pond. "We'll stay here for a while," said Mother Porky.

he called back. "I'll soon be down."

He put the white shoes on Ginger and managed to get them to stay on though the laces did not seem to be just right. His daddy had shown him how to lace his shoes, but those old laces would never work right for him. Anyway, the shoes stayed on and that was all that mattered.

"Ginger, you look cute," he said to his teddy. "I think I should get dressed up too. Then we can give Mommy two surprises."

He went in to his daddy's room and saw his shoes under the bed. He put his feet into them. How big they were. They made a very loud clump, clump as he tried to walk. He got his Daddy's old suit coat and put it on. He held up his arms and waved them around until his hands came out the end of the sleeves. He wrapped a red tie around his neck and put on his Daddy's grey hat.

Step! step! step! That was his mother coming to see if he were into mischief. He picked up Ginger and went clumping out to the hall to wait for her.

"My goodness!" exclaimed his mother. "Who on earth can this be? This must be a strange man with his little boy. How do you do, Mr. Man. Where did you come from?"

Laurie laughed and shouted. "Oh, Mommy, I'm being Daddy, and Ginger is Laurie. Don't we look funny? We wanted to surprise you."

"You certainly did surprise me," said his mother. "I could not imagine who these strangers were. You look very grown up indeed. Come along downstairs now, for it is about time for Daddy to come home to supper. You can surprise him too."

"Let's, let's," Laurie said, clapping his hands. "I'm full of surprises today. That will be a lot of surprises; one for Ginger, one for you and one for Daddy. That will be one, two, three surprises."

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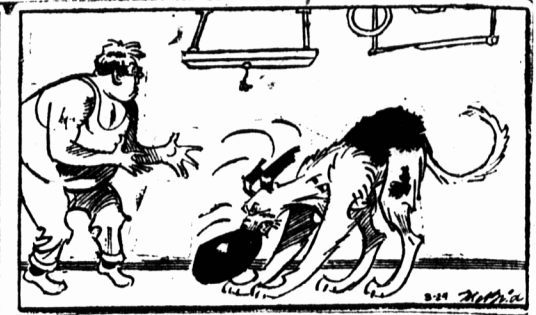
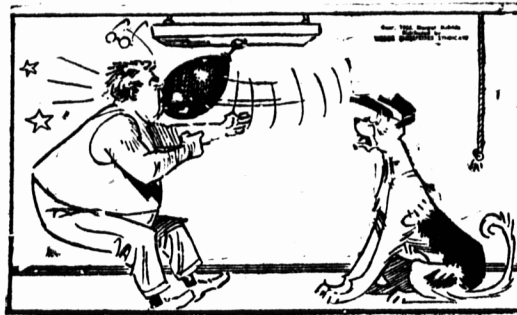
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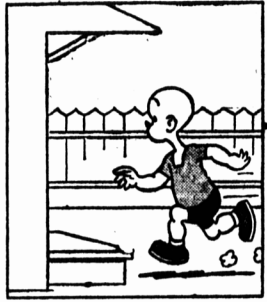
Tilly The Toiler



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Henry



Page



Dotty Dripple



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



Bringing Up Father



PENNY



Kid Kirby



By Alex Raymond

The Lone Ranger



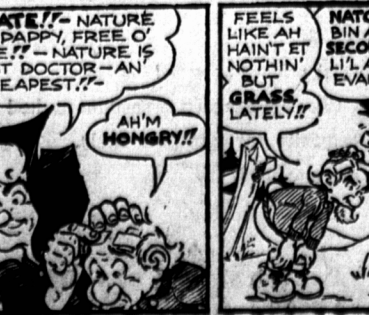
By Fran Striker

Joe Palooka



By Ham Fisher

Eli Abner



By Al Capp

By Buford

By Edwin

By George McManus

By Harry Hoesinger