

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

JUMPER IS GLAD HE STAYED

He little learns who runs away; But knowledge is for those who stay.

—Old Mother Nature.

Jumper the Hare was peeping out from under some little hemlocks at the edge of a small opening among the trees deep in the Green Forest. He was no longer dressed wholly in white as he had been all winter, nor was he yet dressed all in brown as he would be later in the summer. He was wearing a sort of patchwork coat, part white and part brown. You see it wasn't quite late enough in the season for him to be wholly rid of his white coat.



It was the head of Flathorns the Moose.

Jumper's heart was thumping. Did his heart ever thump? Hearts do that, you know, when folks are startled and afraid. Jumper was startled and afraid. Also, he was curious. He wanted to run, and he wanted to stay. Curiosity kept him there. Always afterward he was glad he had stayed. By staying he added to his knowledge. He learned something he might never have known otherwise.

Out in the open was the strangest person he ever had seen, giant, but one unlike anyone he had ever seen or dreamed of. The only things that looked at all familiar about this giant stranger were two very long, very big legs. He knew of no other legs that looked at all like these excepting those of Flat-horn the Moose, biggest of all the Green Forest folk. But as with frightened eyes he peeped out from beneath the green branches he was

hiding under, he could see nothing else that looked at all like Flathorns, or anyone else of his acquaintance.

The stranger was eating the green plants just coming up through the brown earth. He was pushing himself along on the ground as he ate, and he was eating rather noisily. He didn't see Jumper. He wasn't paying attention to anything but what he was doing, eating. Never was there a more puzzled person in all the Great World than was Jumper the Hare.

"He ought to have more legs than just two," thought Jumper. "Yes, sir, he ought to have more than just two legs. But he hasn't. I don't see how he can get around. He's just pushing himself along the ground now."

Just then Croaker the Raven appeared. He started to fly over that open place, looked down, then began to circle. All the time he was croaking. He circled around and around, above that strange-looking giant. Finally, he perched in a tall tree.

"I've always thought you were the homeliest person I know, but I never supposed anyone could look so queer and homely as you have managed to make yourself look now," croaked Croaker. Then something happened that made Jumper's heart thump more than ever. The giant stopped pushing himself along the ground. He lifted his head. It was a big and homely head, but it was a familiar head. Jumper let out a little sigh. It was a little sigh of relief. His heart stopped thumping. There was only one head like that in all the Green Forest. It was the head of Flathorns the Moose. But what was the matter with him?

The Tiny Folk

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

"Laurie, come over to my house," said Susan as she ran breathlessly up to him early that morning. "Come quickly, for I have something to show you."

"What is it?" inquired Laurie, as he came out the door, pulling on his mittens as he walked. Frisky dashed out ahead in a wild race, trying to see everything at once. "Just come along and you will

see. "I'm going to tell you now. It is something new I got for a present."

"Is it something new to wear for Easter?" asked Laurie.

"No, it isn't anything to wear, and it is not something for Easter either," was all Susan would tell him.

The two hurried across the field along the well worn path to Susan's house.

"Wait here for a minute," Susan ordered as she and Laurie went into the back porch. She ran into the kitchen, and came back carrying her kitten.

Whose is that? asked Laurie, opening his eyes wide in surprise. "It is my very own kitten," answered Susan. "Uncle Bob brought him in to me yesterday. When I was out at their farm, the mother cat had three baby kittens. I liked this one best, so Uncle Bob gave him to me."

"Look at his whiskers," laughed Laurie. "Isn't he a nice kitten? Let me pat him."

"Don't hurt him, then," said Susan, as Laurie reached out his hand to stroke the kitten's head. A little rough purr rumbled up, and both children laughed with pleasure.

"See. He's singing because he is happy," said Laurie. "The cat over at Granddaddy's always purrs when it is pleased."

"Look at his little white toes," said Susan. "He looks as if he has touched one," smiled Laurie, as he touched one little furry white paw. They

both looked at the kitten as it played around at their feet. Its glossy fur was a deep yellow, with at chest a sparkling white. The end of its tiny nose was pink, above a little pink mouth that showed such tiny sharp teeth when he meowed.

"What are you going to call it?" Laurie wanted to know. "I just can't decide," said Susan, puckering up her mouth as she had so often seen her mother do. "I want a cute name. What would you call it?"

"I don't know," answered Laurie. "I guess you could call it Bunnifur."

"Now that's no name for a kitten," argued Susan. "I have to get a name to suit him. I'll think of one after a while."

Just then Mrs. Dale came out. "What do you think of the kitten, Laurie?" she asked.

"He's a cute little darling," said Laurie, his eyes shining. "See how he tries to play. We'll have lots of fun with him."

"I suppose you want a kitten now too," teased Mrs. Dale. Laurie looked thoughtful for a minute or so, then he shook his head. "No, I don't," he said. "You see, I have Frisky. Kittens do not like to be near dogs. The cats at Granddaddy's always run to hide when I take Frisky over there. But I'd rather have a dog anyway. You see, cats do not like to walk in the snow, and my Frisky likes outdoors. So you know, I always have someone to play with. No, I'd rather have a dog any time."

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Rip Kirby
"DESMOND! YOU DIDN'T DO IT! IT'S SO GOOD TO SEE YOU!"
"WHY... ER... AN... YOU MISS DORIAN, THANK YOU!"
"AND YOU'RE JENNY... YOU MUST STAY WITH ME UNTIL THE BOYS GET BACK... THEN WE'LL PLAN THE WEDDING."
"YOU'RE VERY KIND."
"THERE'S NEW YORK, MR. KIRBY... WE'RE COMING IN FOR A LANDING!"
"WELL, FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELT, CRUISER. I DON'T WANT YOU TRYING TO BEAT THE PLANE TO THE GROUND!"

The Lone Ranger
"WE PASSED A MASKED MAN AND A REDSKIN GOIN' THAT WAY. WHY'D YOU WANT 'EM?"
"THEY STOLE BRITISH GOLD!"
"WE GOT ORDERS TO SHOOT 'EM ON SIGHT!"
"NOW WE'RE IN THE CLEAR, GIMP!"

Joe Palooka
"OH YES... YOU'LL HAVE A LOT OF TIME... YOU CAN'T GET YOUR PLANE UNTIL SEVEN O'CLOCK."
"SHORE WOULD LIKE 'T SEE LONDON, I MISSED 'ER LAST TIME I WAS OVER."
"MUMPHREY REUSES THE OFFER OF A PRIVATE LIMOUSINE TO SEE LONDON 'CUZ I DON'T WANTTA PUT NOBODY IN NO TROUBLE! BIG BEN STRIKES FOUR."
"HMM... THAT THERE CLOCK'S OFF A WHOLE HALF SECOND. SURE LOVE T'FIX A JOB LIKE THAT THERE."
"MANY MANY THANKS TO GOV. BURTON M. CROSS AND THE STATE OF MAINE, AND THE AUSTRALIAN-AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF SYDNEY."

Bringing Up Father
"BY GOLLY... I AM OVERWEIGHT!"
"I HAD BETTER START ON A DIET RIGHT AWAY!"
"RUGS Reduce! WITH SHRINK-O"
"HMM... THESE OUGHT TO DO THE TRICK. I'LL ASK TH' CLECK IF THEY'RE ANY GOOD."
"OH YESSIR—THESE ARE THE BEST I DO RECOMMEND 'EM HIGHLY!"

Penny
"HE BROUGHT IT RIGHT BACK! HOW ABOUT THAT?"
"JUMP, KOKO!"
"LOOK AT THAT FOR SPUNK! I SEE WHAT MY DOG CAN DO!"
"ALL OF A SUDDEN IT'S HIS DOG. HOW DOES HE GET THAT WAY?"
"HE CAN'T HELP IT, HE'S A MAN!"

L'il Abner
"WHAT A NIGHT IT IS! HOME-MADE PLANES, FULL OF LOWEST SLOBBOVIANS, TRYING TO SNEAK OUT OF THE ICY CURTAIN?"
"NOBODY EVER TRIES TO SNEAK IN!"
"LOOK!—HE MUST'VE LOST HIS WAY!"
"HEY!—YOU'RE HEADED FOR LOWEST SLOBBOVIA!"
"THANKS, BOYS—AH WAS AFERD AH'D LOST MAH WAY!"
"ICY CURTAIN"

Tilly The Toiler
"HOW CAN YOU HELP ME, MAC? I'VE GOT TO MAKE AN AFTER-DINNER SPEECH IN FRONT OF 1,000 PEOPLE... AND WHAT'S WORSE, ALL THE OTHER SPEAKERS ARE BIG-GUOT POLITICIANS!"
"DON'T LET THOSE WINDBAGS WORRY YOU, BOSS"
"I'VE GOT THE SOLUTION TO YOUR PROBLEM RIGHT HERE!"
"A SET OF EAR-PLUGS AND AN EGG-TIMER!"
"YEP, TIME YOUR SPEECH WITH THE EGG-TIMER TO LAST ONLY 3 MINUTES!"
"WHAT ARE THE EAR-PLUGS FOR?"
"SO YOU WON'T BE DEAFENED BY THE APPLAUSE!"

Napoleon and Uncle Elby
"GET OUT OF THE STREET, NAPOLEON! DO YOU WANT TO BE HIT BY A CART!"
"I WON'T BE LONG, HENRY!"
"HAT SALE!"
"BIG 3-HOUR SHOW! FEATURE! WESTERN! CARTOON!"
"EXIT"
"HOW DO YOU LIKE IT?"
"HAT SALE!"

Henry
"EVER THIN' ALL RIGHT?"
"UH—OH, HULLO UNCLE BALDWIN! I GOT OL' MOLE HERE—CAUGHT HIM RED HANDED—WHERE'S HE RUNNIN'?"
"NO MATTER! WE'LL FORCE A CONFESSION OUTEN MOLE."
"GRAB THAT STICK! EVERYBODY TAKE TURNS WHACKIN' 'TIL MOLE TELLS US WHERE PUP DOG IS!"
"BUT, ALBERT, YOU DON'T KNOW IF MOLE TOOK PUP DOG."
"DON'T GIMME THAT! MOLE LOOKS GUILTY—SHOOTS TO HAND—GO AHEAD!"
"GUILTY OF WHAT, PRAY TELL?"

Pogo
"WHAT'S NEW, DEAR?"
"A LETTER CAME TO YOU TODAY MARKED PERSONAL!"
"THANKS, DOTTY—WHAT DID IT SAY?"

Dolly Dipple
"I FEEL KINDA TIRED TODAY..."
"GRAN'MA—WE'VE GOT AN IDEA HOW TO MAKE MONEY..."
"IT WAS MY IDEA!"
"THAT'S NICE..."
"YOU DON'T MIND IF WE MAKE OUR MONEY HERE?"
"UH... NO!"
"--I TOLD YOU IT'D BE BETTER TO HAVE OUR BUSINESS AT YOUR HOUSE!—SEE, YOUR GRAN'MA DIDN'T MIND A BIT!"

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs
"BY GOLLY... I AM OVERWEIGHT!"
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By Ham Fisher
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By Bob Gustafson
By Clifford McBride
By Carl Anderson
By Walt Kelly
By Buford
By Edwina
By George McManus
By Harry Hoeningen
By Al Capp