



### BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

**MUTUAL RESPECT**  
If you would win respect then you in turn must be respectful too. —Old Mother Nature.

Respect costs nothing, and often gains much. Two very young people of the Green Forest had met for the first time. One was a son of Paddy the Beaver. The other was a son of Prickly Porky the Porcupine. His name was Prickles. They had met at the edge of one of Paddy the Beaver's ponds deep in the Green Forest. Prickles was making a journey with his mother, Mrs. Porky. It wasn't a long journey as journeys go, but it was long to such slow travellers as porcupines. They had come to this little pond, and there Mother Porky decided they would stay for a while. Prickles had gone out on a stout old log that lay partly in the water. This was a new world for him. Never had he seen so much water before, and it was all very strange to him. He had been out there only a few minutes when along came a young beaver. He came swimming across from the other side of the little pond. He stared rather impolitely at Prickles and Prick-



"Do you mean you live in the water?" he exclaimed.

storm and feel safe, I use one of those places, which ever happens to be nearest. Where do you sleep?" "Do you see that pile of sticks and mud way over there in the water?" asked the young beaver. Prickles saw something over there. He didn't see it very clearly, for he hasn't the right kind of eyes for seeing far. He is what is called near-sighted. That is, he sees clearly only those things that are fairly near. "Do you mean you live in the water?" he exclaimed. "Yes, and no," replied the young beaver. "We beavers don't sleep in the water. We spend a lot of time in the water, but we don't sleep there. We live in that house out there, and we have to go down in the water to get into it. But when we get in there we have a nice warm bedroom that is above the water."

### The Tiny Folk

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

Baby Linda was sitting up in her high chair chewing on a crust of bread. Laurie came into the kitchen to get an apple and noticed her with the crust.

"Oh, Mommy, that will never do," he said. "Take that crust from Linda, for she's too little to eat bread." "How many teeth has she?" Laurie's mother asked. "She has six now, and you said there were two more coming through," Laurie replied. "That is why I gave her the crust. She needs something hard to chew on to make her gums firm. It makes her teeth stronger too. You want her to have pretty teeth, don't you?" With that explanation Laurie was satisfied. He got his apple and went back out to play with Susan, David and Peter. At noon Laurie was really hungry for his dinner. The potatoes, carrots, meat, and peas disappeared in a twinkling. Then he ate his custard and asked for more milk and brown bread. Just as he asked to be excused, his mother pointed to the crusts, and said, "What happened to those?" Laurie looked at them, then at her. "don't want to eat my crusts for they are hard." "Why does Linda eat hard crusts?" his mother asked. "She eats hard things to make her teeth come through." "Has Frisky got pretty teeth?" his mother asked again. "Oh, yes!" Laurie exclaimed, his eyes shining. "Frisky's teeth are just as white and pretty as can be."

"Now you see what I mean," explained Mrs. Page. "Your baby sister eats her crusts to make her teeth good. Frisky chews hard bones to clean his teeth and to make them strong. They are always white and shiny, and he never has to go to the dentist." Laurie laughed at the idea of Frisky going to the dentist, but he was thinking over what his mother had said. He looked back at the crusts on his plate. Over he went and started to eat. He chewed and chewed away, until every last crumb was gone. "Look, Mommy," he said, "my crusts are all gone. My teeth will be good now. Just look at them to see how they are com-

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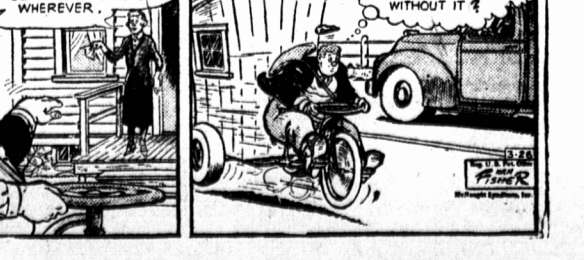
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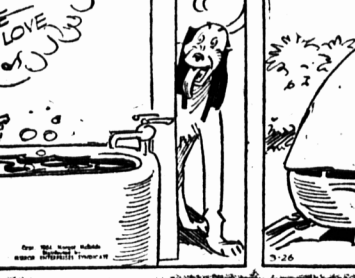
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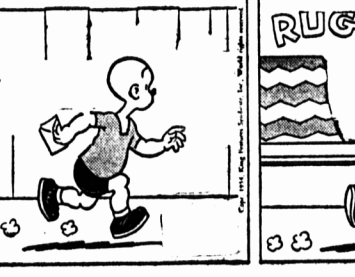
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