BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thorton W. Burgess

PRICKLY PORKY MAKES GOOD

Never say what you will do
If there's doubt that it is true.
—Old Mother Nature.

Buster Chuck was getting more and more uneasy. He had wandered into the Green Forest, and couldn't find his way out. Buster Bear had come along and the young chuck had promptly climbed a tree. He had done it without thinking what he was doing. He didn't know that Buster Bear could climb. He had gone only high enough to get out of Buster's reach from the ground. It happened that Prickly Porky the Porcupine was out on a fairly low branch of that very tree. Buster Bear made ready to climb after the young chuck. Prickly Porky stopped him. He did it by simply moving in close to the trunk of the tree, between Buster Bear and the young chuck.

Buster didn't climb. He knew he couldn't get past Prickly Porky without brushing against him, and that would mean a lot of the little spears, called quills, which Prickly Porky always has ready, would be sure to be left sticking in him. Finally he gave up and went away.

Prickly Porky had saved young Buster Chuck. But now, he was keeping the young chuck a prisoner up in the tree. He wasn't doing it purposely. He just didn't think anything about it. He had a comfortable seat, and saw no reason for moving. Meanwhile, he and the young chuck became acquainted.

Now of course the young chuck was not used to sitting in a tree and he grew more and more uncomfortable. He wanted to get down on the ground. The Black Shadows were stealing through the Green Forest, and he wanted to find a place to spend the night. Prickly Porky had said that he could show the young chuck a place where he could live, but he made no move to do it. He had said that he could, but not that he would. Only two letters in those two words are different, but the difference in meaning can be very, very great indeed. It was now.

"If you please," began the young chuck, and stopped.

"If I please what?" asked Prickly Porky in a whine of a voice.

"If you please, I would like to get down on the ground," replied the young chuck.

"Oh," grunted Prickly Porky, "so that's it." Slowly he got to his feet and began to back down the tree.

The young chuck followed him down. He looked at Prickly Porky a bit timidly. "Did I understand you to say that you would show me a place where I can live?" he asked.

"No" grunted Prickly Porky. "I said I could show you a place where you could live."

"Oh," said the young chuck. He looked disappointed. He looked anxious. He was anxious. He did not know which way to turn. The truth is, there in the Green Forest he was completely lost.

He knew he couldn't get past Prickly Porky without brushing him.

Prickly Porky began to shuffle away. "Come on," he grunted over his shoulder.

"Where are we going?" asked the young chuck.

"To a place where you can live," grunted Prickly Porky.

Duchess And Daughter Visit Niagara Falls

NIAGARA FALLS, Ont., (CP)—The Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra arrived here Sunday to open a hydro generating station after a hectic three-day visit to Toronto and the Canadian National Exhibition.

A small crowd was at the station when the royal party arrived and several hundred others lined the streets as they drove past on their way to the hotel.

A quiet evening was scheduled for them before they go out today to officially open the Sir Adam Beck hydro generating station No. 2.

The royal visitors arrived here after spending a restful day, attending church and then eating a quiet luncheon.

In Toronto Saturday, things started informally as the duchess visited a cousin, 72-year-old grandduchess Olga at nearby Streetsville, while her princess daughter attended a Junior Red Cross luncheon.

Afterwards they paid their second visit to the Canadian National Exhibition before attending a private dinner with Ontario's Lieutenant Governor Louis Breithaupt.

Irishmen Given Close Scrutiny In New Book

DUBLIN, (Reuters)—The Irishman may have a golden tongue and dreams in his eyes, but he is just about the world's worst bet as a husband, a group of Irish writers have decided.

In fact, he much prefers to remain a bachelor, which is why so many colleens have to leave their native shores in search of a man.

The criticisms are made in a book, "The Vanishing Irish," published Friday. Fifteen Irish writers contributed, each puting his fellow-countrymen under the microscope, with unanimously harsh results.

The book sets out reasons for Ireland's dwindling population which in the last 100 years has decreased by almost half. Ireland now has a population of 4,300,000.

Its marriage rate is the lowest in the world and the average age of marriage is the highest: 35 for men and 29 for women. Sixty-four per cent of the population is single.

MARRIAGE FOR MORONS

Frances Mary Keating writes that Irishmen prefer bachelorhood and comments: "Eighty per cent of them seem to believe that marriage is for morons. As a lover the Irishman is famous—gay, light-hearted, tender and generous, he can make the girl in whom he is interested feel like a queen.

"But let the girl get serious, and he will do a disappearing act as neat as anything on the stage.... He is not a good father or husband. He loathes responsibility, and lives for drinking, gambling, politics and sport."

John A. O'Brien, who edited the book, comments that "the strangest species of male on the face of the earth today is the Irish bachelor."

And playwright Paul Vincent Carroll writes: "If he can possibly avoid it, he will not marry, or if he will do so only at an age when the blood runs cooler and he requires the comfort of a nurse and housekeeper."

SOFT CLIMATE

Author Shane Leslie blames "the soft, relaxing climate" for Ireland's predominant bachelorhood.

He adds: "The attitude of the clergy is not encouraging to marriage. Any love affairs or romances are frowned upon... priests have told me with pride that when married couples have come to them after a year to ask why God has sent them no children, inquiry disclosed that they were ignorant of the facts of like."

Report Drug Companies In Race

MONTREAL, (CP)—Drug manufacturers are in a race to see who will be the first to produce a synthetic form of aldosterone, "the world's most expensive hormone," Dr. Hans Selye, director of the Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery, said Friday.

Dr. Selye said it takes about 1,600 pounds of beef for the adrenal glands to build up a speck of aldosterone the size of a pinhead.

He said the hormone would have to be reduced synthetically before it would be possible to determine what diseasese the drug will cure. However, it was expected to be valuable in the treatment of Addiston's disease, a rare condition which causes severe muscle weakness and turns the skin brown.

Dr. Selye commented on the drug in introducing Mrs. Sylvia Simpson and Dr. James F. Tait, two British scientists who first proved Aldosterone is produced in man. Mrs. Simpson is in charge of biological research at the Courtauld Institute of Biochemistry and Dr. Tait is lecturer in medical physics at Middlesex hospital, both in London. They are here to lecture at the University of Montreal.

IT MAY BE YOUR LIVER

If life's not worth living it may be your liver!

It's a fact! It takes up to two pints of liver bile a day to keep your digestive tract in top shape! If your liver bile is not flowing freely your food may not digest . . . gas bloats up your stomach . . . you feel constipated and all the fun and sparkle go out of life. That's when you need mild gentle Carter's Little Liver Pills. These famous vegetable pills help stimulate the flow of liver bile. Soon your digestion starts functioning properly and you feel that happy days are here again! Don't ever stay sunk. Always keep Carter's Little Liver Pills on hand. 37¢ at your druggist.

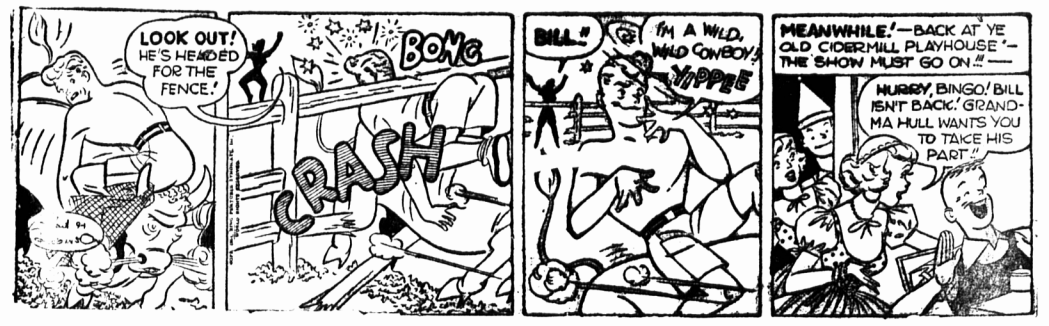
The Neighbors — By George Clark

"But I don't want a vine-covered cottage. I want a ranch house with a floor I can wash with a hose."

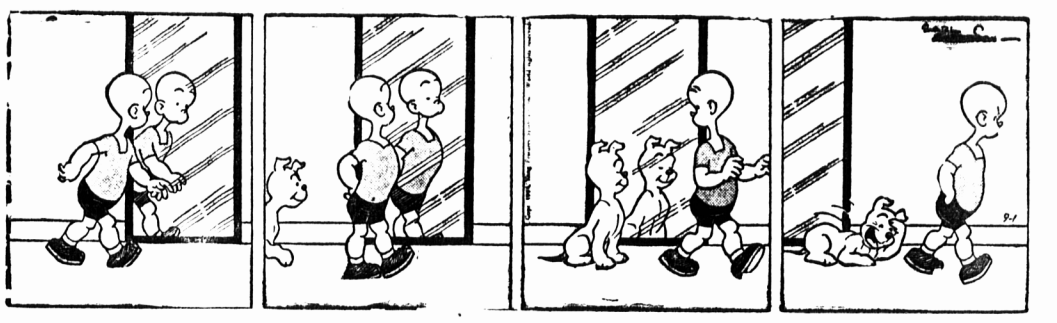
Be popular—the delicious flavour of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum sweetens your breath . . . and the pleasant chewing helps to keep your teeth bright—your smile attractive. Enjoy chewing Wrigley's Spearmint Gum every day.

Buz Sawyer — By Roy Crane

Etta Kett — By Paul Robinson

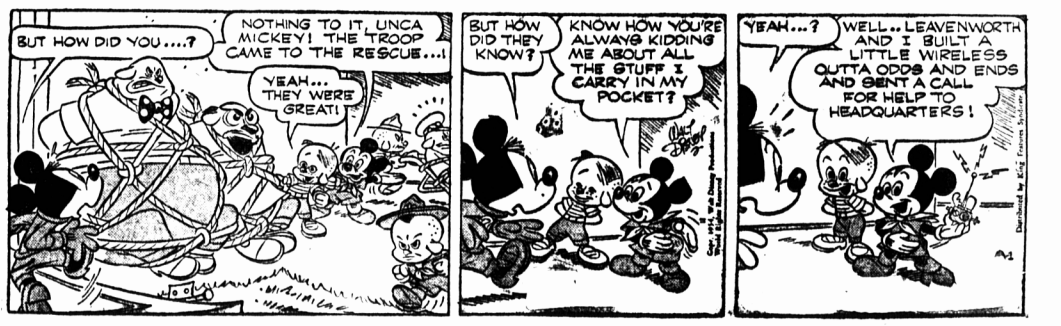


Henry — By Carl Anderson



Pogo — By Walt Kelly

Mickey Mouse — By Walt Disney



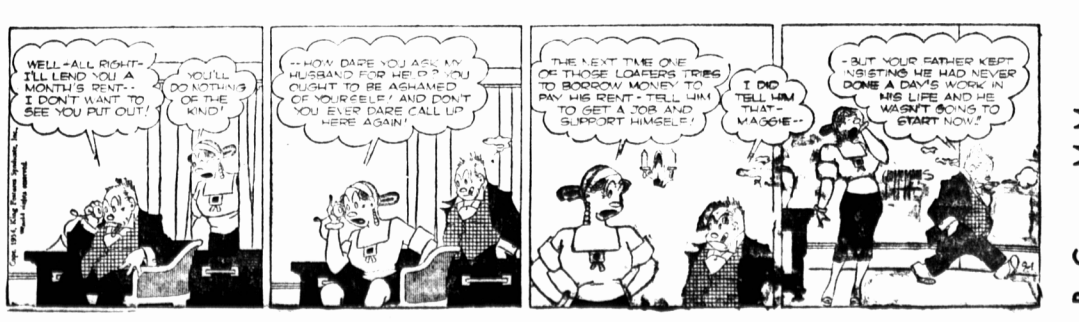
Muggs and Skeeter — By Wally Bishop

Secret Agent X9 — By Mel Graff

Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson

Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher

Bringing Up Father — By George McManus



The Lone Ranger — By Fran Striker

Li'l Abner — By Al Capp