



### BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

#### APRIL FOOL

A joke is only such when done. With sole intent of pleasant fun. —Old Mother Nature.

Prickles, the young porcupine who had started to swim after his mother across one of the ponds of Paddy the Beaver, was now on the roof of the beaver house in the water. He had been slow in starting after his mother. In fact, he hadn't wanted to follow her and the reached the other shore before he started. The house in the water was only a little way from the other shore, but Prickles was glad to climb out on the roof to rest. You see, this was his first real swim.

He climbed up to the very top. From there he could look over to the shore just a little way off. He could see nothing of her. Even had she been in plain sight, it is doubtful if he would have seen her for porcupine eyes are rather dull. They seldom have occasion to look off at a distance, so Mother Nature has given them eyes for seeing things near at hand, but not for seeing at a distance.

Half way across that pond Prickles had been joined by Slaptail, a young beaver near his own age. Of course the young beaver was a good swimmer. He had offered

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"I like it alright, but where are you?" grunted Prickles.

head out of water and spoken, and then ducked under again? That couldn't be because now there wasn't even a ripple on the surface of the water. Prickles suddenly decided that he didn't want to stay there any longer. He slid into the water, and started swimming for the shore. Inside the house Slaptail heard Prickles leaving and chuckled. His voice had gone up through little air-holes in the roof. He had played a little joke. The funny part of it was, this was April Fool's Day, but of course Green Forest folk know nothing about April Fool's Day.

### The Tiny Folk

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

When Susan had visited Uncle Bob's last week, her little cousin, Irene had shown her the new kittens in the barn. Susan had been overjoyed with them, and had spent an hour playing with the smoky kitten, the little black and white one just like its mother, and a tiny yellow one. It was the yellow kitten that was Susan's favorite. Irene surprised her by saying that Susan could have the kitten for her very own. Of course, it was too little then to take away from its mother, but Uncle Bob was going to bring it down to her.

"Do you think Uncle Bob will be here today?" Susan asked her mother. She was sitting at the window looking out at the sleet and rain. She was feeling disappointed because she could not go out. David was having his afternoon nap so she had no one to play with.

"The roads will be rather icy, I'm afraid," said Mrs. Dale. "I

ANY TIME — it's time for

## KING COLE TEA

HISTORIC CHART  
REGINA, (CP) — Printed in 1777, a "new and correct map of North America" is on display in the legislature library here. It is in the custody of the library's archives division.

really don't expect him in today. Susan got her coloring book and crayons. She settled down at the table, and looked through the book until she found the pictures of the kittens. She colored them exactly like those out at Uncle Bob's, being careful to stay within the lines. While she was busy, time did not seem so long.

Suddenly she jumped up and ran to the window. "I hear a car coming in our lane," she cried. "Oh, goody, goody. It is Uncle Bob and Aunt Beth. Irene is with them." She rushed out to open the door as the visitors got out of the car.

Uncle Bob reached in to the back seat and picked up a small box. He passed it to Susan, and, at that instant, she heard a mewling and a scratching inside. With her eyes big with excitement, she ran into the kitchen, calling, "See, Mommy, see! Uncle Bob brought me a kitten. Look at his little paw reaching out of the box. Help me untie this string."

The minute the box was open, Susan reached in for the kitten. How soft and warm and little it was! She cuddled it in her arms, and put her face down against it. It was trembling because it had been afraid in that strange box without its mother, but now it felt safe. It lost its fright, and as Susan kept on patting it, a baby purr rumbled in its throat.

"Listen! oh listen. It's purring," squealed Susan in great delight. "Come and hear it, Irene." Irene listened too, and laughed at the funny little noise coming from the kitten's throat.

"The baby cat is happy with you, dear," said Susan's mother. "I'm happy with it," said Susan. "Isn't it wonderful to have a kitten of my really, really own? I'll look after it and feed it and play with it." The kitten just then reached up at Susan's hair with its little soft paw. "She, she's trying to play already," laughed Susan.

"Now you'll have to find a box for it, and an old piece of blanket to make its bed," said Mrs. Page.

"We must find a name for it, too," said Susan thoughtfully. "I want the very best name I can think of for my kitten. I want it to be different from the others."

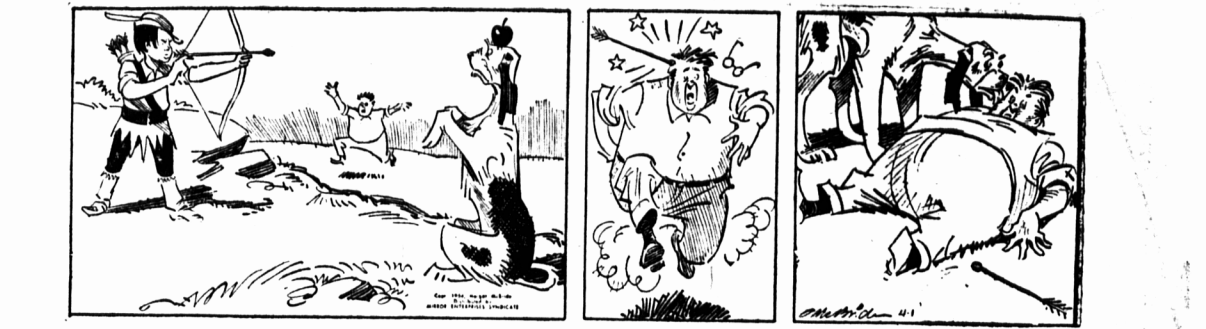
"You'll need to think about it a long time then," teased Uncle Bob. "Naming a kitten is a very important matter indeed."

Susan didn't mind being teased. She just tossed her head and laughed as she started out to the back porch. "Come, Irene," she called. "Let's go out to find a box to make my kitten a house of its own." Still holding the kitten so gently, she took Irene with her to find a box for the new, very special member of the Dale household.

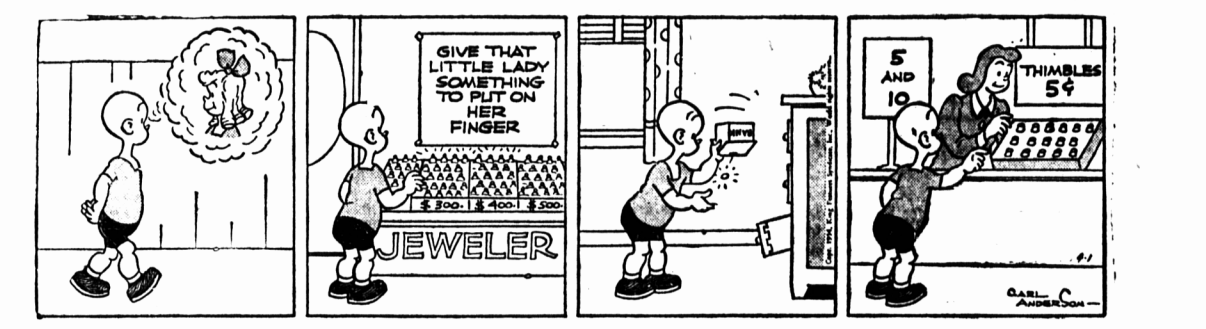
### Tilly The Toiler



### Napoleon and Uncle Elby



### Henry



### 950



### The Lone Ranger



### Lil' Abner

