

# THE STORY OF BUNNY CORTEX





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# THE STORY OF BUNNY CORTEX

BEING AN ACCOUNT  
OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE  
OF BUNNY RABBIT WITH THE RED FOXES  
AND HIS BLANKET DISCOVERY



PUBLISHED BY  
THE ESMOND MILLS  
ESMOND, RHODE ISLAND

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## FOREWORD.

The Esmond Mills take pleasure in presenting to you this interesting little fairy story and hope you will read it to your children. It may interest you as well as your children. It will also give you an idea of the merit of the Esmond Mills Cortex blankets and other fabrics.

If you will send us the names and addresses of mothers whose children would enjoy this story, we shall be very glad to send them a copy free of charge. Kindly send us with your letter the name of your dealer.

Address

THE ESMOND MILLS  
ESMOND, RHODE ISLAND



"Don't you want to come over  
and see the fine snow house we have built?"  
said the Fox.

## THE STORY OF BUNNY CORTEX.

One cold winter morning as Bunny Rabbit was taking a scamper through the woods he met young Red Fox.

“Good morning,” said Red Fox; “don’t you want to come over and see the fine snow house we have built?”

Now Bunny knew that Red Fox was always looking for a chance to play some trick upon him, so he answered,—

“I’m sorry, Red, but I’m very busy this morning and can’t stop.”

“It won’t take a minute. It’s just off the path. You never saw such a fine snow house, with windows and doors”—urged Red.

Bunny wanted to see that snow house very much, so he thought to himself, “I’ll just take a look at it, and if Red Fox or any of his brothers try to touch me I’ll just run away. Not one of them can catch me.”

“All right, Red,” he answered; “I’ll take just a look at it, but I can’t stay a minute.”

It certainly was a beautiful snow house, large enough for Bunny and all four of the foxes to go into at once. It sparkled in the sun, and soft white smoke curled





They caught Bunny's hind legs.



from the chimney. Bunny looked through one of the windows and saw a prettily furnished dining-room with a fireplace at the end. The table was set with five plates, and on one of the plates was a fine head of lettuce.

Now Bunny was very fond of lettuce, and he had not had any since last summer, so when the foxes invited him to dinner he forgot all about Red Fox's sly tricks and thought only of the lettuce.

"Thank you, Red Fox, I believe I will stay to dinner," he said politely and began to crawl through the low doorway.

This was just the chance Red Fox had been planning. Bunny's head had no sooner disappeared than he and one of his brothers caught Bunny's hind legs and tied them securely together with a strand of woodbine, torn from a stone wall near by.

Poor Bunny struggled and struggled, but could not get away, as the two foxes inside the house fastened his front paws together in the same way. Then they dragged him out into the snow.

"We have caught you at last, Bunny Rabbit," cried Red Fox. "Now we will see whether your fur is so much prettier than ours. Pass me the scissors, Brother," and he began snipping away at Bunny's fur in a very business-like way.



In a few minutes  
Bunny was closely clipped all over.

"I was only joking the other day when I said my fur was prettier than yours. Please let me go," begged Bunny.

"Well, it will not be very pretty when we get through with you," answered Red, snipping away so fast that the air was full of flying white fur.

In a few minutes poor Bunny was closely clipped all over, right down to his pink skin. Then they let him go.

"Run home and see if your mother knows you, Bunny Rabbit; perhaps it will cure your vanity," laughed Red Fox, greatly amused at Bunny's ridiculous appearance.

Poor Bunny, very badly frightened, was off in one bound. How bitterly cold it was without any fur! Though he ran as fast as he could his teeth chattered—the tears came to his eyes.

"Oh, I hope mother is at home," he said to himself. "I'll freeze if she doesn't find some way to keep me warm."

At the door stood Mrs. Rabbit.

"Where do you live, you poor little creature?" she asked, as the wretched Bunny came running toward her.

"Don't you know your own Bunny, Mother?" cried Bunny, in despair. "The red foxes have cut off my coat."

Mrs. Rabbit caught Bunny up in her paws and carried him into the house, doing





At the door stood Mrs. Rabbit.



her best to warm him up, but he shivered and shivered.

"Children," she called, "you must all come in and make a warm bed for your unfortunate brother. Cover him all up and keep him warm, while I go to see what the neighbors can do for him. I hope I can arouse Dr. Wise Owl. I don't suppose I can keep you all lying still here until his fur grows out again," she added doubtfully.

Mrs. Rabbit hurried off, and in a few minutes Frisky Squirrel put his head in the door.

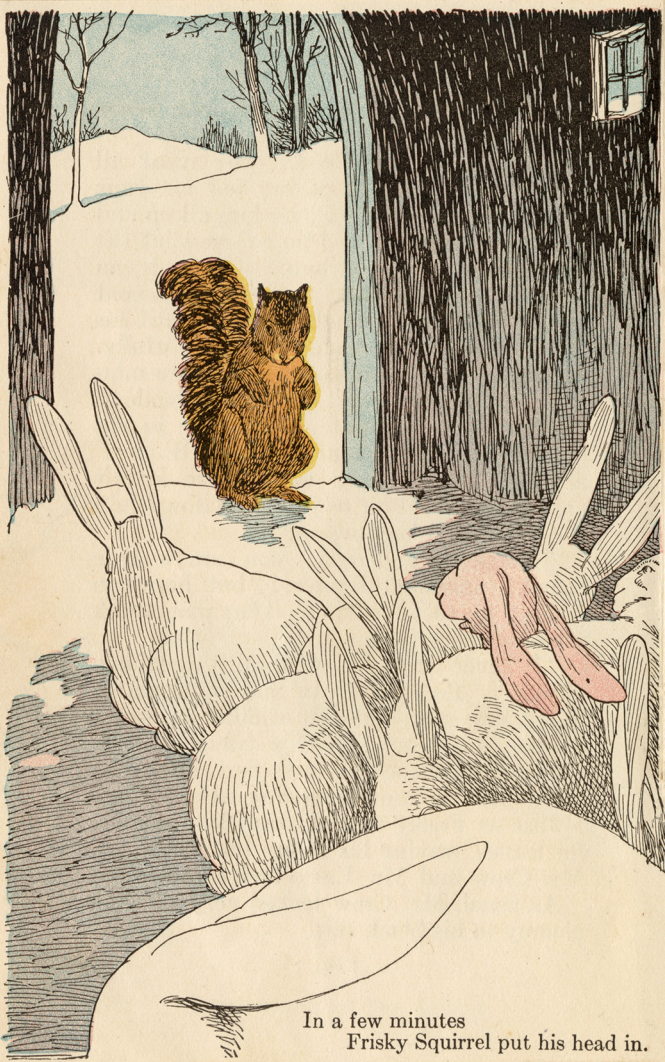
"I've come to invite you to live in my warm hole until your fur grows out, Bunny," he said. "It is lined with leaves and is nice and dry. You can burrow down into the leaves and keep warm."

"Thank you, Frisky, you are a true friend," answered Bunny; "but how can I climb up to your hole? That pine trunk is too slippery for me."

"I never thought of that," exclaimed Frisky. "Perhaps I can find some leaves under the snow, but I'm afraid they won't do you much good in this draughty hole. I hope your mother will find Dr. Wise Owl. He will know some way to help you."

Just as Frisky was starting out to hunt for leaves, waving his bushy tail in the air, Mr. Crow and Mr. Eagle arrived together.

As usual, Mr. Crow looked very sad and gloomy in his black suit.



In a few minutes  
Frisky Squirrel put his head in.

"Well, Bunny," he croaked, in a hoarse voice, "I've warned you many a time that you'd get into trouble if you played with those mischievous foxes, but just the same I am sorry for you. I don't mean to have you freeze to death if I can help it. Mr. Eagle and I have agreed to supply you with plenty of feathers to make you a coat. We have both brought all the extra ones we happen to have on hand, and we can spare a few of those we are wearing."

In a minute there was quite a pile of feathers in the corner.

"You're very kind, I'm sure," said Bunny, "and nothing could be more beautiful than a coat of your feathers, but I am afraid feathers won't stay on me as easily as they do on you."

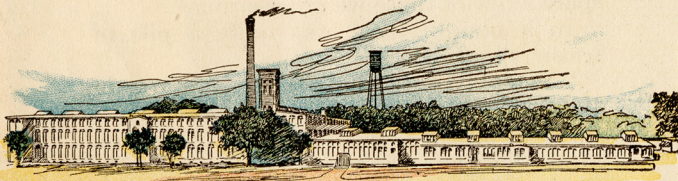
"That's all right," replied Mr. Eagle. "I spoke to Mrs. Porcupine as I came along, and she said she would take one of her needles and make you a coat just as soon as she found her thread. Here she comes now. Have you found your thread, Mrs. Porcupine?"

"Yes, plenty of it," she answered; "all my friends know how much sewing I do, so they save all the horsehairs they find on pasture fences, and you see I have quite a spool of it. If your brothers can keep you warm a little while longer, Bunny, I think I can make you a comfortable coat," she



said kindly as she put on her spectacles, took out a needle, threaded it and set to work.

By this time Bunny's brothers were getting very restless and uneasy. They fidgeted about so much that some part of Bunny was uncovered most of the time. His pink skin turned purple, and he was too cold to speak. Sewing feathers together was slow work,



but at last the coat was done. But, oh, dear, it wasn't warm at all! There were tiny holes wherever the feathers came together.

"This will never do," said Mr. Crow, gloomily; "it needs a warm lining. I wish Dr. Wise Owl would come. He would know how to manage."

Bunny was trying on the feather coat when in came Mother Hen.

"You poor Bunny!" she exclaimed. "I came just as soon as I heard of your misfortune. Get right under my wing, and I'll





In a few minutes Dr. Wise Owl  
and Mrs. Rabbit were approaching  
The Esmond Mills.

keep you as warm as though you were one of my own chicks."

It was as warm as toast under good Mother Hen's wing, but very crowded and there wasn't enough air. Poor Bunny was getting more worried and more unhappy.

At last Mrs. Rabbit came bustling in, followed by old Dr. Wise Owl, who carried a large package and looked very important. He had heard of Bunny's trouble and, after scolding severely the red foxes, had hurried home to get the bundle which he carried in his arms.

"Where is our poor child?" asked Mrs. Rabbit, anxiously. "Dr. Wise Owl has brought something which he says will keep him just as warm as his own coat would."

"What can it be?" asked Mr. Crow, Mr. Eagle, Mrs. Porcupine, and Mrs. Hen all together, as Dr. Wise Owl unfastened his package, and Bunny put his head out from under Mrs. Hen's wing.

"Why, a Cortex blanket, of course," answered Dr. Wise Owl, and he shook out a beautiful soft blanket. "That is what men and women use to wrap their babies in. With no furs and no feathers, they would have a hard time to keep warm without Cortex blankets. Come, Bunny," he continued, "put on this Cortex blanket wrap. It will take the place of your own coat until

the fur grows out. Then we will wrap you up in this blanket."

First they wrapped Bunny up in a warm blanket wrap as soft as his own fur. Then they folded him up in a fluffy white blanket with blue borders. It seemed to Bunny that he had never been so warm, so comfortable, and so happy in his life. In a moment he was fast asleep.

"There," said Dr. Wise Owl, "that was all little Bunny needed. There is nothing to worry about. He will be all right when he wakes up."

"How grateful I am to you, good Dr. Wise Owl!" exclaimed Mrs. Rabbit. "Don't go until you have told me something about these wonderful blankets you have brought us. I have so many children that I find it hard to keep them all warm. Do you know where I can get some more of them?"

"To-morrow, Mrs. Rabbit, I'll be glad to show you where you can get some," replied Dr. Wise Owl, politely; "but just now I have some other patients to see and must say 'good-by.'"

The next morning Dr. Owl called to inquire for his patient, and, just as he expected, he found him quite well, dressed in his snug-fitting blanket wrap, and playing outside the door with Frisky Squirrel.

"You must not forget your promise, Dr. Owl, to take me to see the Cortex blankets,"





Bunny tried  
on the feather coat.



said Mrs. Rabbit, coming out with her hat and shawl on. "Just see how comfortable Bunny is to-day, thanks to that wonderful blanket wrap."

"Very well," answered Dr. Owl; "it is not far to the factory where they are made."

In a few minutes Dr. Wise Owl and Mrs. Rabbit were approaching The Esmond Mills. The large brick building stood by the side of a small river that came running down between the hills. Many large windows placed close together made it look as though made half of glass. Mrs. Rabbit and Dr. Wise Owl entered the office.

"I want you to show some of your blankets to my friend Mrs. Peter Rabbit," said Dr. Wise Owl to the young man in charge.

"Certainly, Dr. Wise Owl," answered the young man, respectfully. "Perhaps Mrs. Rabbit would like to see these crib blankets that men and women use for their babies. They would be just the thing for her family." And he unfolded some fluffy light blue blankets with white Teddy bears playing over them. Some were scalloped, some were bound with durable ribbon. "Here are other patterns," he added as he showed her a pink one decorated with white ducks and another with bunnies. "Feel of them," he urged.

"They are wonderfully soft and light as down. How warm they feel to the paw!" said Mrs. Rabbit, admiringly.

"Hold a corner of it up to the light and see how closely woven it is," suggested Dr. Wise Owl. "That keeps the cold from getting through and makes them so strong that they last for years."

"But how is it possible to keep such delicately colored blankets from becoming soiled? I suppose washing destroys their fluffy finish and fades their delicate colors," Mrs. Rabbit continued.

"Not at all, Mrs. Rabbit," interrupted the young man. "Washing does not injure Cortex blankets in the least. The fibre of which they are made is thoroughly dyed with fast colors before it is spun into yarn. That makes the colors permanent. You can have them washed whenever they are the least bit soiled. Use Castile or some similar soap and lukewarm water; never use a caustic soap. Rinse them in clear warm water and then hang them carefully in a clean place to dry. You can see how sanitary that makes them."

"I suppose they are very expensive?" asked Mrs. Rabbit, thoughtfully.

Then the young man explained that they cost only a fraction of the price of the ordinary wool or half-wool blankets.

"But how can that be," asked Mrs. Rabbit, "when they are so pretty and have exactly the soft warm feel of finest wool?"

"They are made of a less expensive

material, which washes without turning yellow or losing color, and is ever so durable and costs not half so much."

"In that case," said Mrs. Rabbit, "they are a great economy," and she picked out six different patterns, one for each of her children.

"And I want you to notice these robe blankets that come all ready to cut up into blanket wraps, like the one I brought your son yesterday," said Dr. Owl. "They are packed in boxes, each with a cord and tassel."

"How luxuriously warm!" exclaimed Mrs. Rabbit. "That would be the most comfortable thing in the world for me to slip on when I take my afternoon nap. I must certainly have one. But what are those pretty flowered things?" she inquired. "Are those bed coverings, too?"

"These are Cortex comfortables," was the reply. "They are rapidly taking the place of the old-fashioned stuffed comfortable, as they wear much better and can be cleaned easily just by washing."

"And keep their color and soft woolly finish? It seems impossible!"

"It's true, though, and now I'll show you our regular line of blankets," and he spread out a pair of fluffy white blankets bound with durable ribbon. "We make these in white, gray, and tan with pink, blue, or white borders in many sizes.





"It's a Cortex blanket,"  
said Dr. Wise Owl.

"We also make these blankets in warp stripes," he added, holding up a pair with pretty colored stripes crossing each other, giving a plaid effect. "Then we make camp blankets of a specially heavy weight for out-door sleeping, and special blankets for the Boy Scouts and for the Y. M. C. A. marked with the initials."

"Nothing could be warmer than these thick soft blankets," commented Mrs. Rabbit. "But didn't you promise to show us how they are made?"

Then Mrs. Rabbit and Dr. Wise Owl were taken into a large airy room. Wire netting divided it into compartments; each one was as large as a small room and filled right up to the ceiling with a soft fluffy material. In one room it was white and looked like gleaming snow; in the next it was pink; in the next light blue; then lavender, brown, and all the colors.

"This is the Cortex fibre of which the blankets are made," explained the young man. "You can see how perfectly clean it is. Every particle of dust and dirt has been removed by machinery. The colored fibre has been carefully dyed in the adjoining building. Now it is ready to be made into yarn."

In the next room Mrs. Rabbit and Dr. Wise Owl watched the fibre pass through many intricate machines until at last it was

in proper condition for spinning. Then it entered a machine that twisted it into a strong yarn and wound it upon innumerable bobbins like spools.

"What an interesting sight this is!" exclaimed Mrs. Rabbit, pointing to the busy machines spinning and winding up the many colored yarn, "and how pretty the yarn looks in this sun-flooded room."

"After the yarn is spun we are ready to weave the blankets," said their guide, leading them to another room full of looms, where the yarn was carried back and forth, in and out, across a frame strung with yarns running lengthwise.

"And this cloth is what those fluffy soft white blankets are made of?" inquired Mrs. Rabbit. "It does not look much like them."

"You haven't seen the napping process yet," replied their guide, and he led the way to a large machine fitted with rapidly revolving wire brushes.

"After the blankets are woven," he explained, "they are run through this machine, and the wire brushes catch up the surface of the fabric and make that thick, soft, fluffy nap that you see in the Cortex blankets. The fuzzy nap fills up the space between the threads, and each fibre of it is tucked into another, forming a layer of little enclosed air spaces that keep out the cold



just as the air space in a Thermos bottle does."

"Well, it seems a pity that any one should be without soft, warm blankets when you go to so much trouble to make them just right," remarked Dr. Owl. "But you haven't shown Mrs. Rabbit those attractive afghans. They are so convenient to throw over any one who wishes to lie down."

"How remarkably light and what a pretty weave! They look hand made. Do they wash also?" Mrs. Rabbit asked with interest.

"Perfectly, and you have no idea how warm they are."

After Mrs. Rabbit had admired the afghans, she returned to the office and picked out a heavy comfortable for her own bed, and a warm woolly blanket wrap for herself, and ordered them sent home with the crib blankets.

"I won't have any more to-day," she said with a smile; "but the minute Peter Rabbit comes in to dinner I shall show him all this, and I know he will tell me to get a complete outfit of these wonderfully comfortable Cortex things."

"Just think," she continued, as she and Dr. Owl were walking home, "if that Bunny of mine hadn't lost his coat, I might never have heard of Cortex blankets or known the comfort of them. I have been



The young man showed  
Mrs. Bunny some blankets.

wondering what to name that child. I believe I'll call him Bunny Cortex."

"A good idea," agreed Dr. Owl. "That will serve to remind us all of his adventure and, perhaps, remind other people of the comfort and usefulness of Cortex blankets."

And that is how Bunny Cortex came by his name.

[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



**W**E introduce to you at the conclusion of this little fairy story the trade-mark of quality, by which the warm, durable, sanitary, practical, and attractive fabrics of The Esmond Mills may be recognized by you at the store. On every label is the trade-mark "Cortex Finish." Be sure your blankets and indoor wraps will be warm, durable, and attractive looking by buying "Cortex Finish" products.

The various articles we make are as follows:—

**Cortex Bed Comfortables.**—Made in four different weights. Woven in many pretty colors and patterns for the bedroom, and also in bright Indian colors for the lounge.

**Afghans.**—The new weave blanket. Light and warm. Made in large sizes, and also in small sizes for children.

**Cortex Crib Blankets.**—For children. In two sizes. Woven in many quaint designs in pink and white, and blue and white.

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