



By Thornton W. Burgess

WHOSE TAIL WAS FUNNY?

If folks seem odd to you it's clear, for you may seem just as queer.

Old Mother Nature. Mother Porky and Young Prickles, her white-coated son who was not old enough to follow her about, were spending some time near one of Paddy the Beaver's ponds. There Prickles had made the acquaintance of young Slaptail. The young beaver and the young porcupine were of about an age. At first both had been a little shy, but as they became better acquainted each respected the other with increasing regard. They discovered that both had one thing in common, and that was the bark of various kinds, especially aspen bark, was favorite food.

"What good is a tail like that?" Slaptail was a little indignant. "There's nothing funny about my tail," said he. "It is your tail that is funny. It is the funniest tail I ever have seen." It was the turn of the young porcupine to be a little indignant. "There's nothing queer about my tail," he insisted. "It is just like my mother's tail, and my father's tail. It is the most useful tail in all the Green Forest." Of course the young porcupine was boasting about something he knew nothing about. The young beaver looked at the tail of Prickles, and the longer he looked the queerer that tail seemed. He couldn't see of what possible use it could be. It was rather short, somewhat thick, and was covered with queer little sharp-pointed things that stuck out in all directions. Without knowing anything about these queer little things that looked like little whitish thorns, Slaptail had a feeling



"There's nothing queer about my tail," he insisted.

that he wouldn't want to touch that tail. He had seen a number of other folks with tails, but none of these was anything like this prickly-looking tail of his new acquaintance. On the other hand, the tail of young Slaptail looked just as queer to the young porcupine. That tail was thicker and broader than his own, and it had a queer look. That queer look was a rubbery look, but of course the little porcupine didn't know anything about rubber. All he knew was, that it looked queer. Young Slaptail had come ashore. He was sitting up at the foot of a young tree trying to make up his mind whether or not to cut that tree down for food. That thick broad tail was a brace.

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The Tiny Folk

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

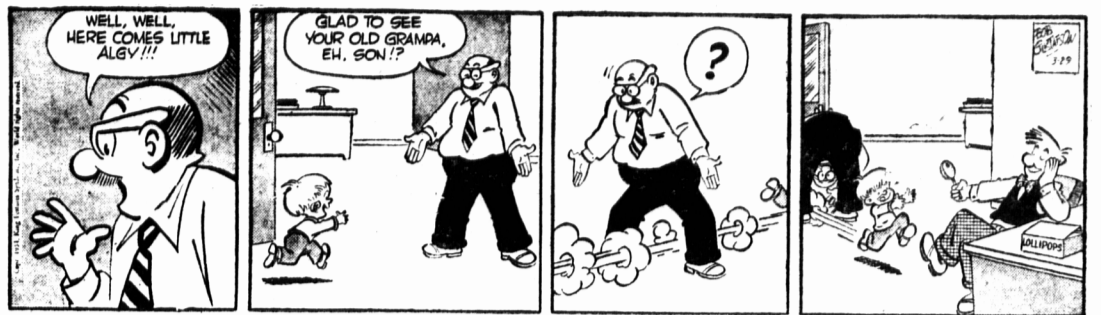
Playtime Lane was bare now, and, while the center was firm and dry, the sides were muddy. A few small snowbanks hid along the fences, as if they were too lazy to melt away. But there had been enough sunshine to melt some of them, and that had made a big puddle by Peter's gateway.

Peter, Helen, Susan, David and Laurie were standing beside the puddle, looking at the very muddy water. "Why is it grown-ups don't like puddles?" Peter wondered out loud.

"Especially mothers," added Susan. "I heard my mother telling Mrs. Page that she would be glad when this water and mud were over." "My mommy says I'll catch cold if I get my snowsuit wet," Laurie said, for he wanted to have a part in the conversation. "David splash in puddle. Won't get wet," laughed little David as he tramped his one foot down hard by the very edge. The water flew sideways, but, since there was only a little, it did not wet his snowsuit. "No, no, David," scolded Susan. "You must not do that again. Mommy told you not to get wet. Now come away."

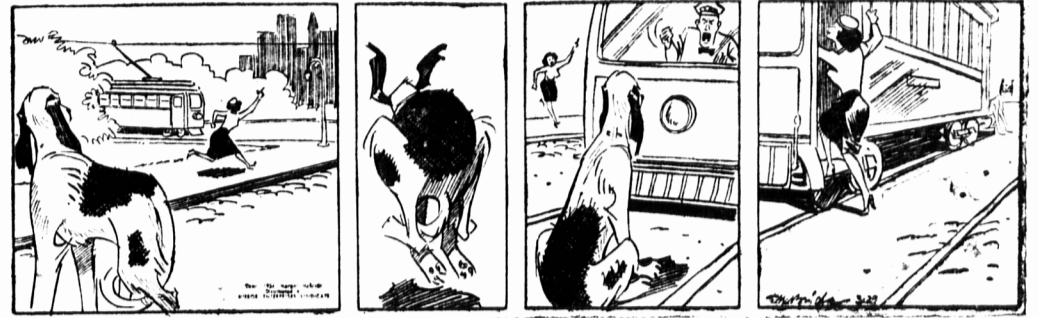
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Tilly The Toiler



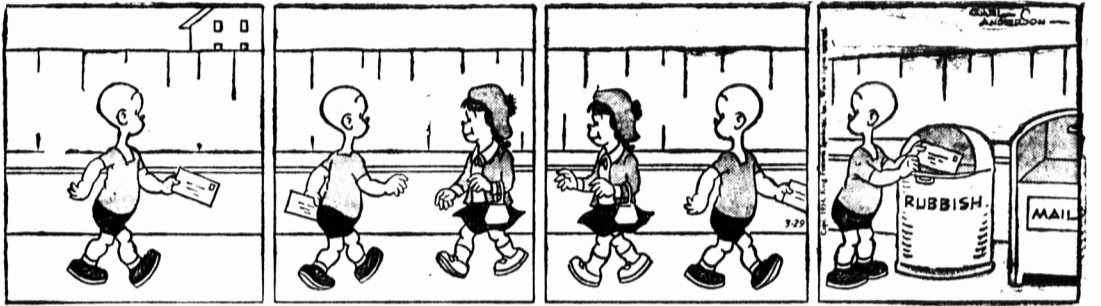
By Bob Gustafson

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Clifford McBride

Henry

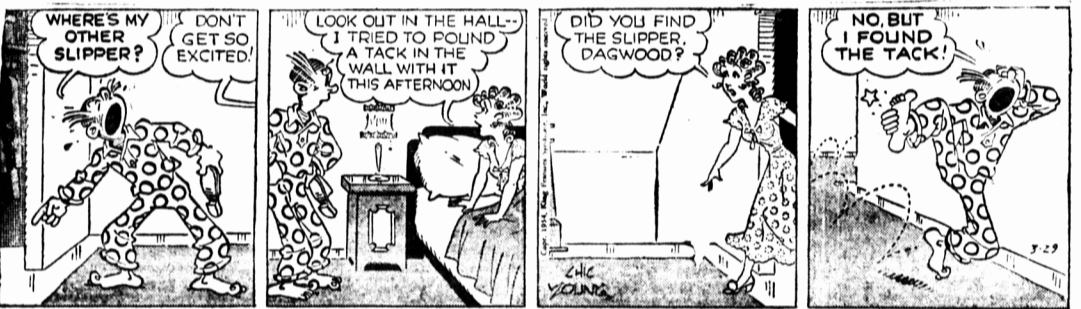


By Carl Anderson



EMBARRASSED BY LOOSE DANDRUFF? WILDROOT CREAM-OIL REMOVES IT. KEEPS HAIR NEAT ALL DAY.

Blondie



By Chic Young

Rip Kirby



By Alex Raymond

The Lone Ranger



By Fran Striker

Joe Palooka



By Ham Fisher

i! Abner



By Al Capp

Dotty Dripple



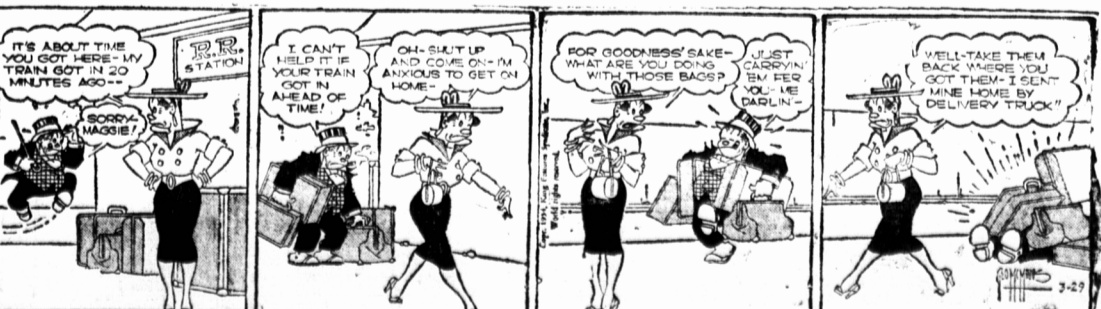
By Buford

Tippy and "Cap" Stubbs



By Edwin

Bringing Up Father



By George McManus

PENNY



By Harry Hoenigsen