By Thornton W. Burgess

HOMER TAKES OFF

The will to win will take you through,
Most things you undertake to do.
—Old Mother Nature.

A great ship was ploughing through the sea on its way to port. On the rail, stood a pigeon who had come aboard far out at sea where he had blown from shore. It was Homer, the racing pigeon that belonged to Farmer Brown's Boy. Homer had been very, very lucky. That ship had come along just when Homer was so tired that he was about to drop into the water. Now, rested and fed, he was ready to take to his wings again.

Presently he saw an old acquaintance coming out to meet the ship. It was Graywing the Gull. Soon he and a lot of other gulls were flying about the great ship, screaming for the passengers to throw them bits of food. The feeling that land was near grew stronger and stronger. At long last it was in sight. Homer waited no longer. He took off from the great ship. He didn't even circle once. He didn't know where home was, but he knew where land was. What he wanted more than anything in the Great World just then was to have land beneath him; to know that if he had to stop flying he would come down on land, not on water. It would be time enough when he reached land to think about finding his way home.

Presently he was flying over some small islands. Below him he

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It was Barker the Seal.

The Tiny Folk

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

Laurie was visiting at his Uncle Bert's and with his cousins, Peggy, Ellen, and Alan, was making the rounds of the farm to see what was new since his last visit.

First they went out to see the big cows that gave them their milk and cream. Laurie liked Alan's little calf best of all, but now the little calf was getting so big it would soon be as big as its mother. Then of course they had to peek in through the shutter to see Freckles, the big dappled horse that helped with the farm work.

The next visit was to the hen house to watch the hens as they scratched about in the straw.

"Listen to them talk" said Laurie. "Why do they talk like that?"

"They are talking about the oats Daddy put here for them to eat," said Alan.

"They are telling us they don't like to go out in the snow," added Ellen, "The snow make their feet cold."

Laurie didn't like being so close to the hens, so he pulled at Peggy's hand and said, "Let's go looking for kittens in the barn."

"There aren't any kittens in there now," Peggy said.

"Why aren't they in there? Laurie wanted to know.

"The kittens are bigger now, and run about the farm." Peggy answered. "Come into the house, and we'll find Midnight."

"Oh, there he is," Allan called, "Come here, Laurie, and see how big Midnight has grown."

Curled up on a cushion behind the kitchen stove was Midnight, Peggy's kitten. He got up and stretched himself as the children gathered around. His fur was as black as coal, and so smooth and shiny that it glistened when he moved. A big white patch of fur on his chest made him look as if he was wearing his very best Sunday shirt, His big green eyes looked at each of the children, and a big purr rumbled in his throat as Laurie gently stroked his head.

"A-a-choo! a-a-choo!" sneezed Midnight.

"My goodness," exclaimed Ellen, "Midnight has caught a cold. That is why he is staying in the house instead of looking for mice in the barn. Poor Midnight. Don't you feel well?"

Laurie didn't say anything, but looked for a few minutes. Then he ran to his mother, "Oh, Mommy," he said, "May I have some of my cough medicine? Poor Midnight has a cold and I want to make him better. You come and rub some ointment on his chest."

Mrs. Page laughed, "Laurie, you funny boy, Midnight can't have cough syrup. He can't have his chest rubbed either. Here, take a bit of this cream over to Midnight That will make him better

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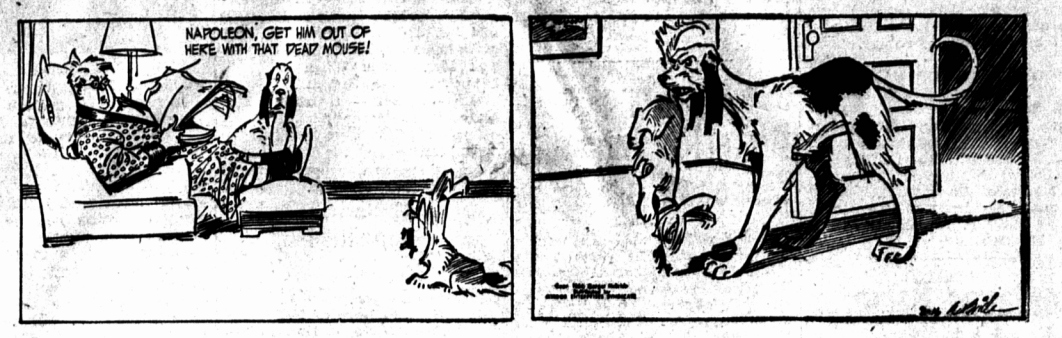
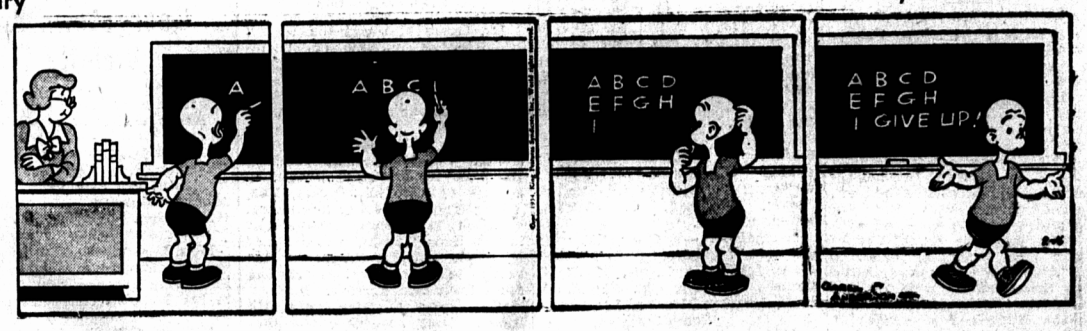
Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson

Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride



Henry — By Carl Anderson



Pogo — By Walt Kelly

Dotty Dripple — By Buford

Rip Kirby — By Alex Raymond

The Lone Ranger — By Fran Striker

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs — By Edwina

Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher

Bringing Up Father — By George McManus

Li'l Abner — By Al Capp

PENNY — By Harry Haenigsen