

The Tiny Folk

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

David and Susan had had a wonderful time playing with Irene all afternoon. She was their six year old cousin who had been visiting them with her mother, their Aunt Beth. But now the fun was over, for Uncle Bob had just arrived to take them home.

"I wish you could stay with us, Irene," said Susan. "We had so much fun playing house."

"Irene stay, Aunt Beth," coaxed David. "David wants to play some more."

"What would I do without my little girl?" asked Aunt Beth. "The boys would want their sister to come home. But Susan, why don't you come up with us till Tuesday evening? We'll bring you back then."

"Oh, yes, yes," added Irene, clapping her hands. "Susan and I would have so much fun together. I have no girls to play with at home. May she come?" she asked Mrs. Dale.

Mrs. Dale thought it over. "David will miss her a lot, and so will we all, but I suppose we can let her go since it will be only two days. Come here, Susan, and I'll get you ready to go."

Susan was just bubbling over with excitement. She was so pleased. She was going to visit all by herself. She felt so grown up! She ran to the closet for the big suitcase, and started piling in her clothes.

"Not so fast, Susan," laughed her mother. "Since you are staying only two days, you need only your pyjamas and toothbrush. You won't need to take a big suitcase. Take this little brown bag of mine with the zipper. It will hold all you need."

"I must take Margie Lou, too," said Susan, as she ran over to get her new doll from the bureau. "I'll wrap her up in her blanket, and keep her very clean."

Before too long all was ready. Susan hugged David and kissed her mother, then ran out to the car with Uncle Bob and Aunt Beth. The two little girls climbed in to the back seat, and they were off.

It took almost an hour to get

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

PRICKLES GETS A WETTING
Experience at all time teaches. And needed caution often preaches. —Old Mother Nature.

Mother Porky never could get thoroughly used to the white coat of Prickles, her young son. "He should have had a black coat," she would whine over and over again. "Of course there was no one to

home, but Irene and Susan were so busy talking, they did not find the time long. They planned what they would do the next day, and talked and laughed. Then they were at Irene's home, with her two brothers, Bert and Gordon, coming out to the car while their big yellow and white collie, Lad, wagged a joyful welcome.

Susan felt a little queer inside. She just didn't know what it was, but visiting wasn't quite the same without her mother and father and little David. She wished they were here. She hugged Margie Lou, and swallowed hard for there seemed to be a lump in her throat.

"Come along, dear," said Aunt Beth as she looked at Susan and took her by the hand. "You'll have so much to see when you get going. Irene has something very special to show you. Then there is a real big surprise for you tomorrow. So just have fun, and time will go by fast for you." She seemed to understand just how Susan felt.

When Susan heard about the surprise, she forgot about being lonesome. What could it be? She could hardly wait for tomorrow to come. Off she went into the house with Irene.

(To Be Continued)

tell her how Old Mother Nature sometimes forgets to put any coloring matter in the coats of her children. When this happens they are white and are called albinos. It had happened in the case of Baby Prickles. Everyone who heard of him had to go see him, and Mother Porky didn't like that attention. There was altogether too much of it. She tried leading Baby Prickles to another part of the Green Forest. He waddled after her. It was slow traveling. Mother Porky is a slow walker, and Baby Prickles was slower still because of his smaller size.

In time they came to Laughing Brook. It was the first time Prickles had seen so much water. In fact rain was the only water he had ever seen, and that fell from the clouds. There were no clouds now, yet there was more water than he had ever dreamed could be, and it was right on the ground. Mother went to the edge of Laughing Brook and got a drink. Baby Prickles did the same thing. He dabbed his little front feet in the water. He liked the feeling of it. It was fun.

Mother Porky found an aspen tree near the bank of Laughing Brook. She is fond of the inner bark of aspen trees. Here was a change from what she had been having. She left Prickles to play as he pleased at the edge of the water, stopping now and then to dabble his front feet in it. He came to a log that lay partly on shore, and partly in the water. The other end of it rested against a big rock. Prickles climbed up on the log and walked out. He walked way out to the big rock, and climbed out on that.

For a long time, Prickles sat on the big rock looking down at the brown water. He didn't know what to

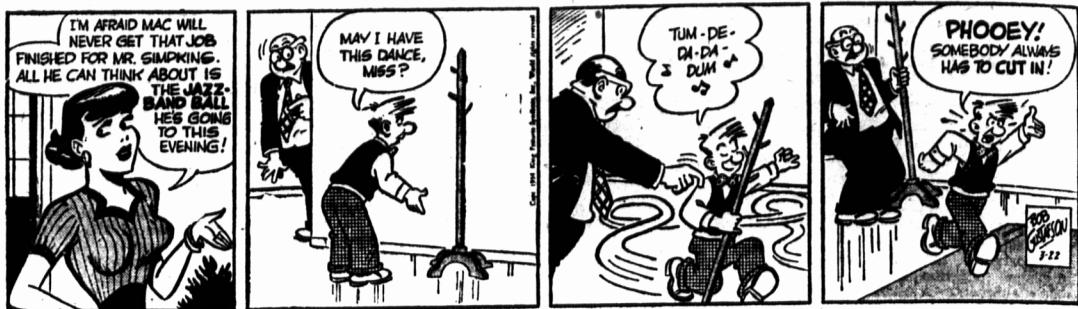
make of it. He liked the sound of the water. Never before had he heard the sound of running water. A small stranger in a rich brown coat came running out along the old log. He didn't creep out as Prickles had; he ran out. He was perfectly at home on that old log. He had seen from a distance something white on that big rock, and now he was out to find out what it was. Prickles had been sitting perfectly still as he watched the water. He didn't see Billy Mink running out on that log. It wasn't until Billy jumped off the log onto the big rock that Prickles knew that anyone was around. He was startled. And because he was startled he raised all his quills, and began to slap with his tail.

Billy Mink was just as startled, and perhaps more so. He dived right off that rock into the water. Prickles was so surprised that he forgot to be frightened. All the little spears dropped back out of sight. He stopped switching his tail. He moved nearer the edge of the big rock and leaned over to see what had become of Billy Mink. Just there the rock had been worn very smooth by the water. Without meaning to the little porcupine followed his brown-coated visitor splash, into the water. He had slipped on that smooth rock.

Newfoundland's first school was established in 1726 at Bonavista on the east coast.

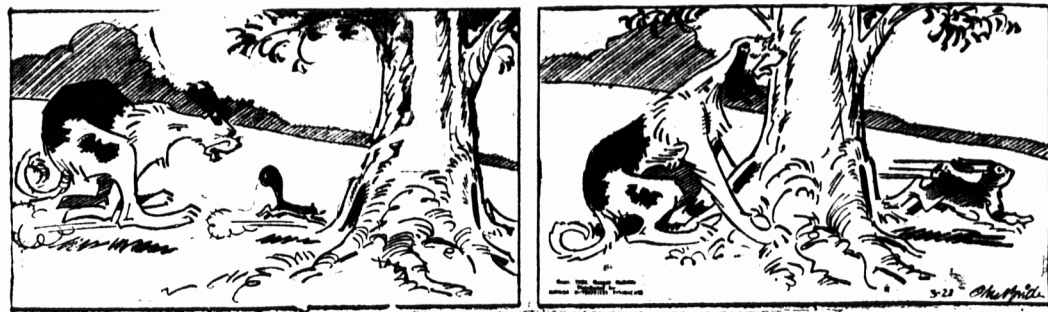
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



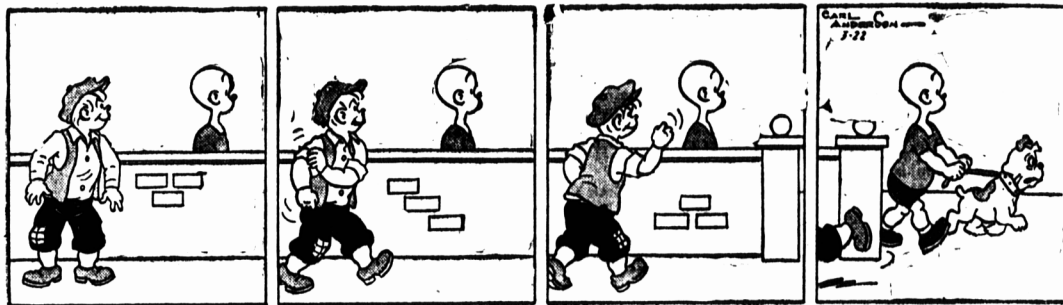
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Henry

By Carl Anderson



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



FEARLESS FOSDICK by AL CAPP

YOU MEAN BLOW UP THE BUILDING? IT'S AN EASY MASTER OF 1,000 DISGUISES!

THAT MESSY REAL HAIR UNDER YOUR WIG GAVE YOU AWAY! NO IDOL OF MILLIONS WOULD HAVE LOOSE DANDRUFF!

TAKE ME, FOR INSTANCE MY HAIR IS NEAT, BUT NOT GREASY!

I USE WILDROOT! I'M SUNK CANADIAN OIL, BUT YOU'RE STILL YOUNG KID! GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE!

BUT, THAT'S BEING ILLLEGAL MY NAME IS WILSON.

HEY ALBERT, I BRING OVER BRANDED TO HELP FIND THE LOST PUP DOG.

TOO LATE! THE CASE IS CLOSED!

YOU FIND HIM? (WHAT'S MORE LAMBEY) DID HE FIND YOU?

WHERE IS THE PUP?

IMAGINE A BUMP BRAIN LIKE YOU DOIN' POLICE WORK! MEXIC-AN!

METHODICAL LIKE I TEND TO BE, I WANT OVER MY ANSWERS...

WHAT YOU GOT SO FINE, SAID YOUR ANSWERS DON'T COME AN' ANOTHER?

SO FINE I KNOW THEM, TRY SOME OTHER THING, I'LL TAKE YOUR ANSWERS!

HAIR WON'T STAY COMBED? KEEP IT NEAT, REMOVE LOOSE DANDRUFF TOO, WITH WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE

Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



The Lone Ranger

By Fran Striker



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Al Abner

By Al Capp



Dotty Dripple

By Buford



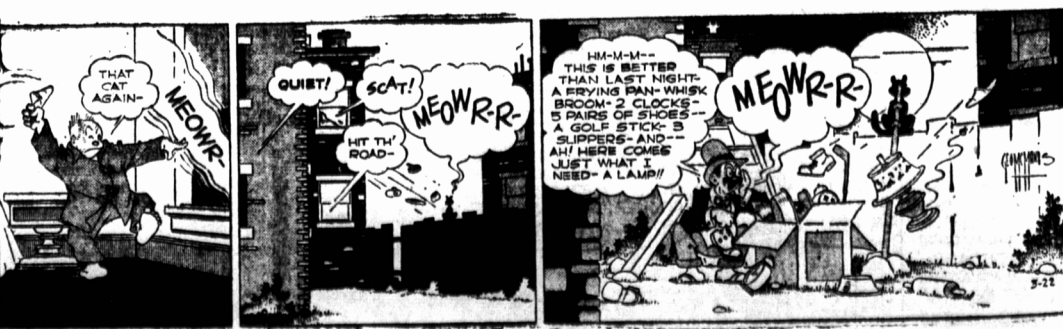
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



PENNY

By Harry Heenigen

