The Tiny Folk

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

By Thorton W. Burgess

Buffles was Brenda's pet hen and, more than that, she was the only hen on the place. The only others to live in the big barn were Whitesocks, the black and white mother cat, and Tiger, a half grown cat. When Buffles first arrived, Whitesocks was very displeased and chased the poor hen all over the place. But one day Buffles decided to chase Whitesocks and from then on she had peace.

Now that Buffles felt quite at ease in her new home, she was very happy. She roamed around the place, always waiting for the children to come out to play.

When they did, she followed behind them at every step, whether they were playing under the trees or in a blanket tent or just sitting around.

This morning Brenda had come out carrying the car rug over one arm and a story book under the other. She had gone straight to the rowan tree with its bright orange berries hanging in big clusters and in its shade had spread out the rug. Buffles met her at the bottom of the steps and walked behind her, "Aw-aw-aw, cut a out, awk," she greeted Brenda.

Brenda grinned down at the big red hen and said, "Well, Buffles, do I need to read a story to you today? I suppose you expect some pay for the egg you lay each day, but I don't believe you would like this story. But I have a book all about a smart little red hen and some day I'll read it to you. Here, pick at a few of these rowan berries for a while."

"Ah-a-a-a" sang Buffles, her voice going up and down like some one singing. She was quite happy as long as she had company. She picked away at the berries, but they were mostly all seeds so she scratched a soft place in the sand of the driveway and dozed a bit. The warm sun and the warm sand made her sleepy.

Bye and bye she woke with a start. Where was Brenda? Her book was there, but she was nowhere to be seen? Where were Anna and Lynne? Perhaps they were playing over behind the house Off she went to look. No one was there except Whitesocks curled up in the sun, so Buffles stepped away again.

What was that? She listened. Yes, she heard it again, the scratch sca-r-itch, scr-r-ratch of a hoe. Brenda's mother must be in the garden down in the field. Buffles hurried down there, taking a short cut through the long grass. When her feet got tangled up in the long hay, she made little springs up in the air to free herself. Finally she landed at the garden where Brenda's mother was busy weeding the carrots. The hen stepped briskly down the row toward her. "Aw-w-ah-ah, awk," she cackled.

"Why hello Buffles, are you looking for the children." They went down to pick some blueberries for supper, you just walk along behind me and you'll likely find some fat worms and a few grasshoppers to eat."

"Awk, ah-a-ah," sang Buffles, as she spied a worm and made short work of him. A daring young grasshopper hopped gaily among the beans, but he wasn't quick enough for Buffles, so she had grasshopper sandwich.

"That's a smart hen, Buffles," praised Brenda's mother. "You just eat all the bugs and grubs that you can find."

Buffles liked to be talked to, and stood there, her head held a bit to one side as she looked up with her sharp, beady, black eyes. Then she found another worm and so the time passed. She would eat a bit, walk a little, and talk a little while Brenda's mother talked to her. It was all very pleasant.

Some time later, Brenda's mother missed Buffles. "Now where did that hen get to?" she wondered. "Do you suppose she has wandered out in the hay field to lay her egg today? We would never find it if she did." She walked up toward the end of the garden in search of Buffles.

As she reached the lettuce bed, she saw something that wasn't quite the color of the red clay. When she got up to it, she saw that it was Buffles. The hen had scratched a soft, dusty nest for herself right in the middle of the lettuce bed. She had scratched out a few plants while she was doing it too, but she didn't know that was wrong. There she was having a fine rest until the children came back from berry picking.

"Well, I never," exclaimed Brenda's mother. "You certainly made yourself comfortable in my bed of lettuce. But you are such a smart hen that I suppose I'll forgive you. Come along up to the house now, for the children are coming."

And that's one time Buffles was naughty, and didn't even get a scolding.

THE BOASTER

Never boast what you can do;
Simply do it if it's true.
—Old Mother Nature.

An excited and surprised small dog was barking at the foot of an old apple tree in a pasture near the edge of the Green Forest. Just out of his reach in the crotch made by a low limb sat a young woodchuck. He had climbed to that limb just in the nick of time. That dog had been surprised. He had chased woodchucks before, but never had he seen one climb a tree. The funny thing is, that young chuck was just as surprised as the dog. He had never climbed a tree before. He never had even thought of climbing a tree. He hadn't known that he could climb a tree. Now here he was, sitting safe and fairly comfortable up in a tree.

The dog finally grew tired of barking. For a long time he just sat at the foot of the tree. Then he grew tired of doing this, and wandered away. As soon as it was safe to do so, the young chuck jumped down to the ground and hurried on his way. Where was he going? He didn't know. All he knew was that he must find a new home somewhere.

Late that afternoon he met a cousin of Happy Jack Squirrel. Never before had he seen a squirrel. He stared at this one most impolitely. The stranger in the grey coat stared back at him just as impolitely.

"Who are you?" asked the stranger. "I've never seen you before."

"I've never seen you before either," retorted the young chuck. Somehow he did not feel afraid. He was bigger than the stranger As a matter of fact, the squirrel was young too.

"I can do something you can't do," boasted the young squirrel, after they had become fairly well acquainted.

"What can you do that I can't do?" demanded Buster Chuck.

"I can climb trees. All my family are good climbers. We are the best climbers in all the Green Forest. Watch me," said the boaster.

He ran up the nearest tree as only a squirrel can. He jumped from one limb to another. Finally, he ran down the trunk of the tree head first, as squirrels do. "Don't you wish you could climb like that?" he asked.

"No," replied the young chuck. "I don't wish I could climb like that. Why should I? The ground is good enough for me."

"Pooh!" retorted the squirrel. "Who wants to stay on the ground?"

"I do," retorted the young chuck. "Give me the ground every time. But you needn't think I can't climb, because I can. I climbed a tree this morning to get away from a dog."

The young squirrel looked as if he didn't believe him. "I don't believe you can climb," said he.

"I don't care whether you believe it or not; I can," retorted the young chuck.

"You'll have to show me,' said the squirrel.

Right near was a tree with limbs growing very near to the ground. The young chuck could reach the lowest one by standing up. He climbed a few feet above the ground.

"Do you call that climbing?" jeered the squirrel.

FAST RESULTS

HOT SPRINGS, Ark. (AP)—Rev. John L. Dodge, pastor of the First Baptist church, gave the invocation at a chamber of commerce lunch Friday and in closing offered a prayer "for rain to end the drought and cool the parched earth." Moments after he spoke, a thunderstorm broke over this resort city and drenched the area with its first rain since July 18.

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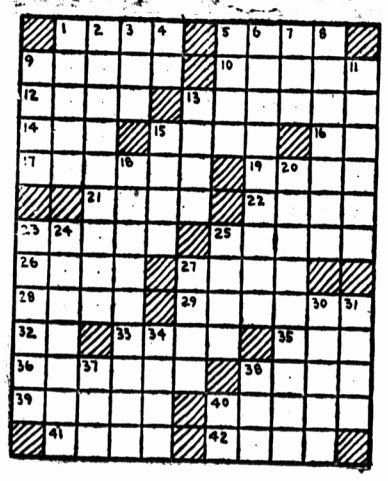
DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. Incite
5. Tart
9. Famous mission (Tex.)
10. Removed, as the center
12. Chums
13. Girl's name
14. Luzon native
15. Organ of smell
16. Tank destroyer (abbr.)
17. Trusted
19. The Buckeye state
21. Large reading desk
22. A cornmeal bread
23. Fragments
25. Biblical beasts of burden
26. Long walk
27. Slide
28. Sandarac tree
29. Help
32. Right side (abbr.)
33. Shakespearian character
35. One and or
36. Private teachers
38. Den
39. Plump
40. City famous for its pottery
41. Not difficult
42. Malt kiln

DOWN
1. Winged
2. A musical instrument
3. City (Pruss.)
4. Toward
5. One-spot cards
6. Garden flower
7. Anger
8. Predetermine
9. Armadillo
11. Lower parts of interior walls
13. Fuss
15. Bird's beaks
18. Domineering
20. Institutions for the care of the sick
23. Maps
24. Hairy
25. Too
27. Droops in the middle
30. British satirist
31. Civil wrong
34. Imitative of art
37. A valiant warrior (Samoa)
38. Marshy meadow
40. Note of the scale

CAMFO PRASE
AMASS LABOR
SIRS DAHLIA
ADA POT ELS
TRUMAN
COHERE ISIS
AROSE EXUDE
WONT FLORET
SPRINT
ALE AIS ADS
DIVEST EXIT
AMENT ARENA
MANSE WESER

Saturday's Answer



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

A X Y D L B A A X R
is L O N G F E L L O W

One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophies, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

M V A C W J C S J A S G V H T I A M V,
O F A W J F T I Q V H G A M C T A Z—M A T T O-
B C T.

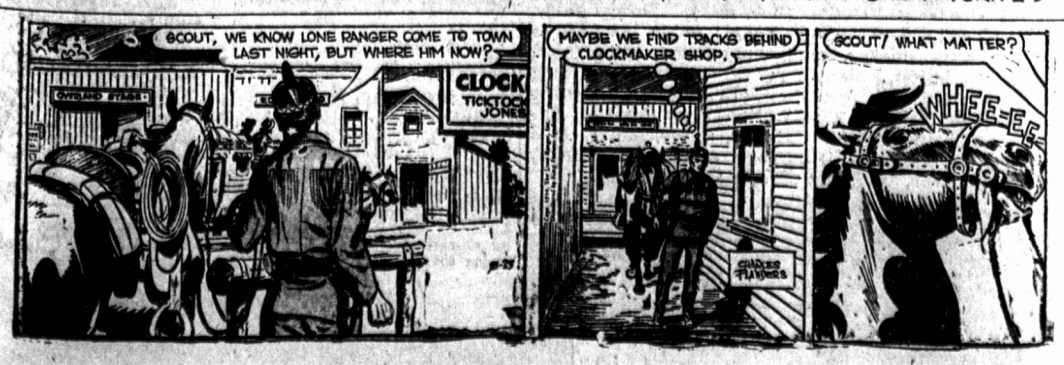
Saturday's Cryptoquote: THINK NOTHING DONE WHILE AUGHT REMAINS TO DO—ROGERS.

The Neighbors

By George Clark

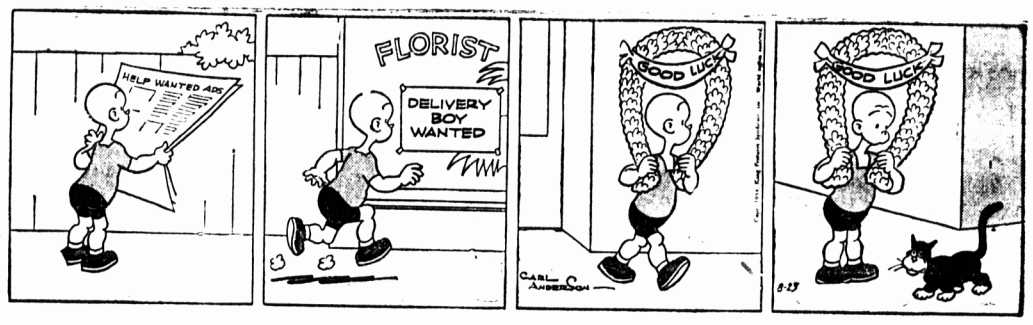
"Hmm, we didn't have fried chicken at our picnic. Sure looks good."

The Lone Ranger — By Fran Striker

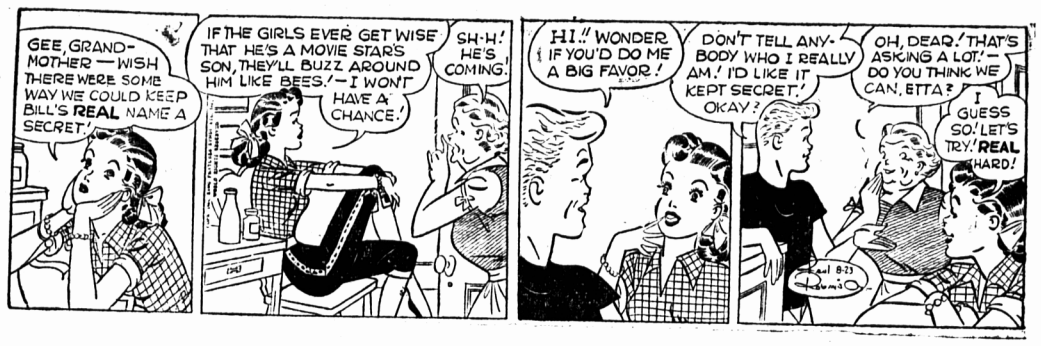


Buz Sawyer — By Roy Crane

Henry — By Carl Anderson



Etta Kett — By Paul Robinson



Pogo — By Walt Kelly

Mickey Mouse — By Walt Disney

Muggs and Skeeter — By Wally Bishop

Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson

Bringing Up Father — By George McManus

Li'l Abner — By Al Capp