

The Tiny Folk

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

It seemed as if all the children on Playtime Lane had gathered in the Page orchard. Peter had come over to play when he saw Susan and David out there with Laurie. Glenda, Heather, Donnie and Billy had come along, and they too stopped. There was great fun and running for a while, but before long the little girls decided they would much rather make mud pies than play so off they went by themselves.

"Let's play horse," said Peter. "I have this heavy twine for reins. David, you can be my horse."

"I want to play horse too," spoke up Billy. "I'll tell you what," Donnie suggested. "If Laurie will get something for reins, I'll let you and him be my team of horses."

Laurie ran off to the house to get some twine from his mother, and came back carrying a long piece that had come around mail order parcel. Donnie fastened it across the backs of Billy and Laurie and in front of their arms "Gid-dap," he shouted, slapping the reins, and away the horses trotted. What fun it was to pretend they were pulling heavy loads, galloping, or just jiggling along! They got down and pretended to eat grass, then Donnie took them over to a big pail for a drink of water. Peter was having trouble with David for this was David's first time at playing horse, and he thought he should really drink the water.

After a while David grew tired playing horse and wandered off to find Susan, while Donnie and Billy went on up the road.

"What can we play by ourselves," Laurie asked. "I know," said Peter. "Let's climb this apple tree. Its branches are low, so we can get up quite easily."

He reached up to catch the lowest branch, and by pushing against the trunk with his feet, got up into the tree. From there it was easy enough to climb to the next branch and the next. There he stopped for that seemed high in the air for a boy barely five.

Laurie watched with great interest. He held back until he saw Peter safely seated, then he decided to try the same stunt. His arms and legs were shorter than Peter's, but he managed to get up.

"What would Mommy say if she saw us up here?" Laurie wondered out loud. "She won't say anything. My mommy lets me climb trees," laughed Peter.

"Perhaps she'll be cross if we break the tree. Then we won't

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE HOMELY TOUSLE-HEADS

None looking at an egg can tell Success or failure in the shell. —Old Mother Nature.

All babies are pretty to their mothers. Most babies are homely to other folks. It is just that way among mothers in feathers and furs. Most little babies in fur are far prettier than most little babies in feathers. The babies of Mrs. Grouse are pretty when they are just out of the shell. You see they have little downy coats. It is so with a few other bird babies. But most of them come out of the

have any apples," said Laurie thoughtfully. "Just then they heard the back door slam. 'Here she's coming,' giggled Laurie. 'Let's get down quickly.'"

Peter scrambled down and made a jump to the ground, but Laurie was a bit scared to go too fast.

"I'm stuck!" he called. "Peter, I can't get down. My foot is caught in the branches." He did not look so happy now.

Mrs. Page came around the corner and saw them. "What are you doing there?" she scolded. "You know better than that."

"I can't get down," said Laurie in a low voice full of tears. "I'm stuck."

"Look at your overall," she said. "See the big tear you have made in that leg. I don't like that one little bit. You'll have to come in now and stay for the rest of the morning."

Peter ran off home while Laurie walked slowly and sadly into the house. He was learning that mothers know more than little boys after all, and that children are supposed to obey their parents.

shell with no little coats at all, and there is nothing pretty about them excepting to their mothers.

Of all the homely babies those of Rattles the Kingfisher are among the homeliest. And even when they are big enough to come out of their underground home they are still homely. This year there were eight of these homely babies in the nest deep in a bank of the Big River. Their bed wasn't made of feathers. No, sir, there wasn't a feather in their bed. Those eight little babies had a poor sort of bed mostly of fish bones. Never had Laurie had a feather bed they knew no difference. The eight eggs all hatched at about the same time. Then father and mother were busy. They spent almost every waking moment fishing, and flying back and forth between the fishing waters and the nest.

The Kingfisher folk have very small feet, very weak feet. The only use that they have for feet is for perching, and for kicking and out when they are digging their homes. They dig with their great stout bills, and with their small feet they kick the sand out. You don't see Kingfisher folk walking about.

Now some babies such as those of Mrs. Grouse and Mrs. Pheasant and Mrs. Quack, can run about and leave the nest almost as soon as they are out of their shells. They do not have to wait to grow as so many other bird babies have to. Some babies have to learn to fly. They learn to fly just as baby boys and girls learn to walk. But some feathered babies have to remain in the nest until they are big enough and strong enough to fly as soon as they leave the nest. It is so with the Hummingbird babies, and the Swallow babies, and the Kingfisher babies. You see, not being able to walk, they just have to fly or they would always be prisoners in their homes. Those babies in the home deep in the bank grew fast. It happened that Peter Rabbit was over by the Big River the morning that the first of the Kingfisher babies put his head outside the door. Peter happened to be sitting where he could see the doorway. He had seen Mrs. Rattles take a small fish in there. That is how he had found the hole in the bank. He saw her come out again, and go for another fish. He was surprised to find the doorway blocked by the young tousle-head. He didn't give him that small fish at first but flew to a small dead tree poking out of the bank a short distance away. The young tousle-head seemed to tumble out. The truth is, a brother behind him had pushed him out. Without ever having had a lesson in flying, he flew right over to where Rattles had perched. Of course he got that little fish.

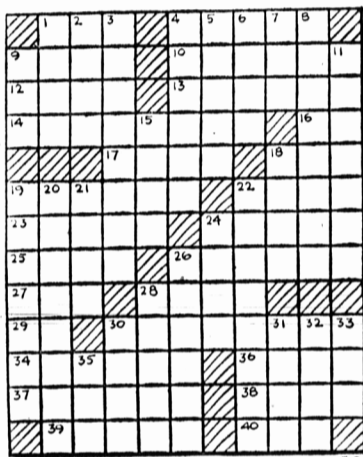
DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
1. Simpleton
 4. Tails
 9. Set of boxes (Orient)
 10. Disease of animals and man
 12. River in France
 13. Take money belonging to others
 16. Masurium (sym.)
 17. Perform
 18. Seagull
 19. People of Rome
 22. Variety of prickly pear
 23. Subside
 24. Hurried
 25. Little island
 26. Short period of rest
 27. Speck
 28. A kind of garment (India)
 29. Elevated train (shortened)
 30. Sociology (broad sense)
 34. Correct
 36. A large cavalla
 37. Made an effort
 38. Grate
 39. Having ears
- DOWN**
1. Biblical name
 2. Street urchin
 3. Antedial
 4. Short-lived fashions
 5. Corridor
 6. Deteriorating
 7. Bird
 8. Portions
 9. Suffix equivalent toize
 11. Ways over the sea
 15. To encircle
 18. Ponder
 19. Plunderers
 20. No longer in use
 21. Substance used in brewing
 22. Inclined to silence
 24. Leading male part
 26. Dashed violently against
 28. Wait upon
 30. Movable barrier
 31. Biblical name
 32. Pointed end
 33. Juice of a plant
 35. Friar's title



Yesterday's Answer

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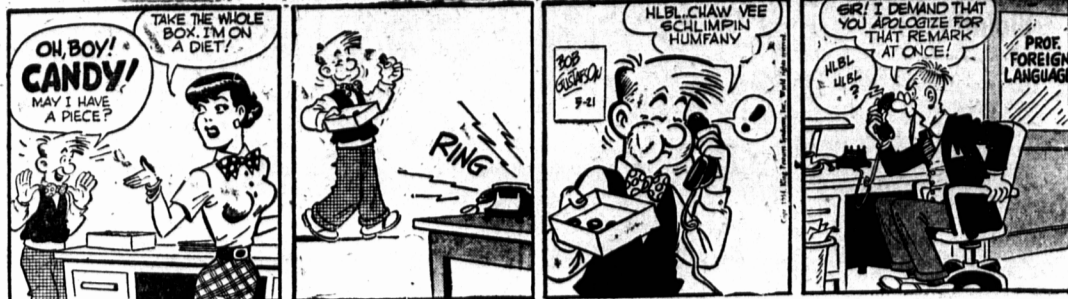
DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

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, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

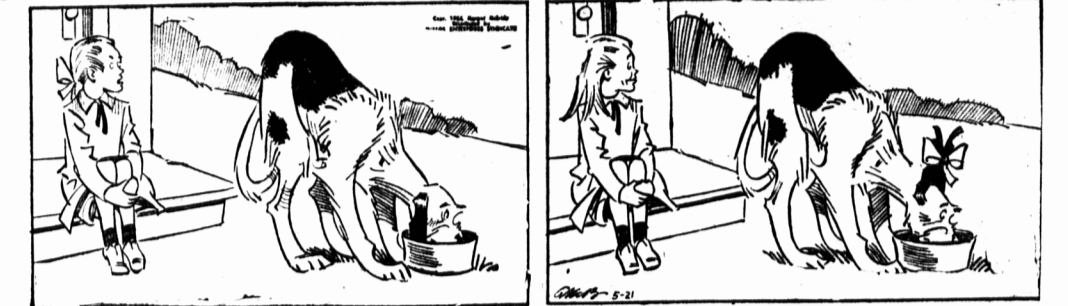
A Cryptogram Quotation.

DTM FCBE, PJVMEN DC, NEVNWMEO HJN NPBDEMBB, HLD APDTCVD HPZ —LCAFME.

Yesterday's Cryptquote: "A MAN OF FASHION NEVER HAS RECURSE TO PROVERBS AND VULGAR APHORISMS—CHESTERFIELD."



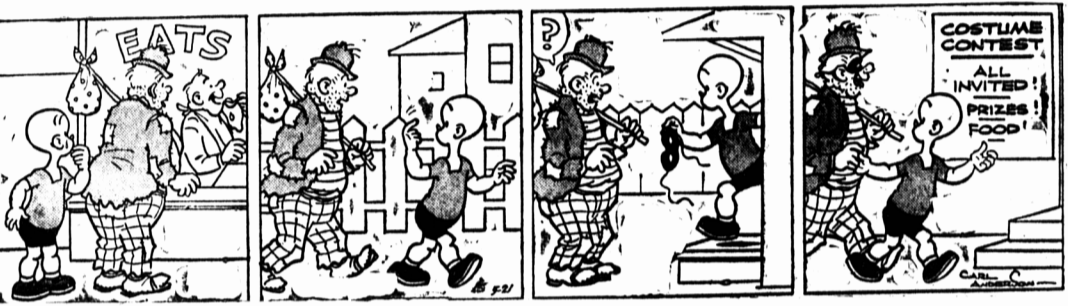
By Bob Gustafson



By Clifford McBride



By Walt Kelly



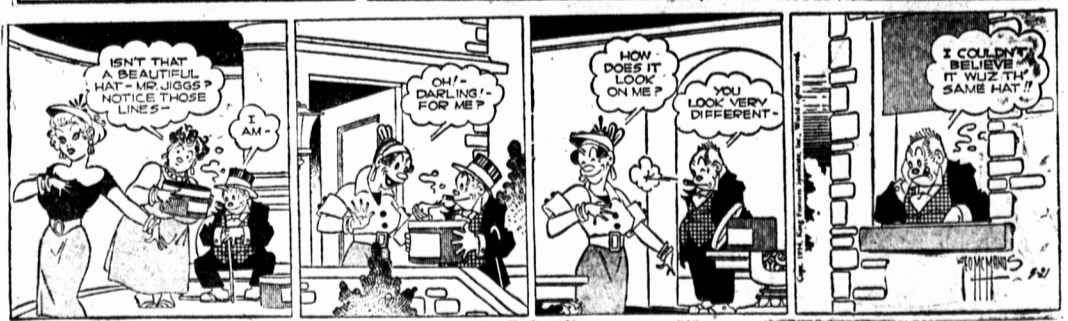
By Carl Anderson



By Edwina



By Buford



By George McManus



By Harry Hoening



By Al Capp



The Lone Ranner



By Fran Striker



Rip Kirby



By Alex Raymond



Joe Palooka



By Ham Fisher

Tilly The Toilet

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

Pogo

Henry

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

Dolly Dipple

Bringing Up Father

Penny

Li'l Abner