

The Tiny Folk

(A real story of real children for very young children.)
 Last week there was a story about Brenda's new pet. Just in case you missed it, or have forgotten it, it was alive, and it was to be her very own. It was a real, live hen!

When she had taken it home, the hen had walked out of the box, quite annoyed at being carried and having her feathers all ruffled. Brenda had left her at the barn, for that is where she was to stay. You see, this hen was the only one at Brenda's home. The big barn was empty except for Lynne's mother cat. Whitesocks and another striped gray cat, about half grown, called Tiger. Brenda decided that the hen could share the barn floor with the cats.

Brenda was all excited over her new pet. "What shall we call it? She needs a name. What do you think, Mommy?"

"Oh, I guess Red Hen will do," answered her mother. "I can't see that a hen needs a name."
 "Yes she does. I'll ask Anna and Lynne what they think for a name," said Brenda. "Perhaps they'll have an idea when they get home."
 When Anna and Lynne got back from their holidays, they were so surprised to see Brenda's new pet. "Imagine having a live hen! You can't take it up on your lap," teased little Lynne.
 "You know, I think Buffles would be a good name for her," said Anna thoughtfully. "She is a reddish buff color." So Buffles was the hen's name from then on.

In the meantime Buffles was stepping around the yard, talking away to herself as hens — and sometimes people — often do. "There doesn't seem to be another hen on this place," she cackled. "Just what will I do for company? I wonder where I am to sleep? Let's see, there's that barn over there likely has lots of hay in it, and that makes a soft, sweet-smelling bed. I'll stroll over and take a look. That big door has been left wide open just for me, and the sun shines right in. I think I'm going to take this place. A-a-ah, cut a cut, ah ah ah — kut." The big red hen stepped briskly off toward the open door. Farther back in the shadows sat Whitesocks, who had been there all the time, watching every move.

"Just what is that hen doing around here?" she thought to herself. "There aren't any hens allowed on this farm, for the henhouse is quite empty. Just look at her strut around! Doesn't she think she is important! Now what does she mean by coming in this place? Do you suppose she intends living right here in the barn with me? Well I'll settle that. No hen sleeps on my hay!" and with that Whitesocks got up and walked to the door, her legs stiff, and the fur standing up all over her tail.

"Good afternoon, cut a cut," said Buffles politely. "I'm just look-

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE TRACE IN THE GRASS
 Alas, that it should often be. That best of eyes will fail to see. —Old Mother Nature.

There was a certain garden in which young Buster Chuck had been in mischief. The owner of the garden and his boy had found the entrance to the young chuck's home, and had decided it was an easy matter to carry pails of water to the place over. Do you live here, too?

Whitesocks did not answer. Instead, she sprang straight at the hen, and landed on her back. "Awh! Awh! Cut a cut cut!" squawhed Buffles, racing madly away from the barn, flapping her wings to help her along, for her feet could not carry her fast enough. Behind her ran Whitesocks, her black and white fur all bristled up.

Brenda came tearing out when she heard the noise. She stopped stock still as she stared at Whitesocks putting the run to Buffles. Then she called the cat, and gave her a little slap.

"Listen here, Whitesocks, you must not chase Buffles. She is going to live here too, and she is going to sleep in the barn with me. Now you behave yourself or there'll be no more cream in your milk in its blue saucer."

Whitesocks listened, and settled down on the back step. "There that's a good cat," said Brenda as she patted her and went into the barn over there likely has lots of hay in it, and that makes a soft, sweet-smelling bed. I'll stroll over and take a look. That big door has been left wide open just for me, and the sun shines right in. I think I'm going to take this place. A-a-ah, cut a cut, ah ah ah — kut." The big red hen stepped briskly off toward the open door. Farther back in the shadows sat Whitesocks, who had been there all the time, watching every move.

The next morning it was the boy who got to the garden first. Right away he saw that more plants had been eaten. "There must be another chuck," thought he, and began looking around. Between the garden and an old stone wall grass was quite tall. Presently he noticed a place where some one had been through the grass, bending it down as they passed. It wasn't exactly a path, but it was a trace as easy to follow as a path. The boy followed it. Can you guess what it led him to? It led him straight to one of the young chuck's back doors.

There was no doorstep. There was just a hole in the ground, and that was partly hidden by the grass hanging over it. "This must be the hole of another chuck," thought the boy, and said so when a few minutes later his father joined them.

The latter grinned a bit ruefully. "No, son," said he. "This is the back door to the same underground home into which we poured the water through the front entrance on the other side of the old wall. We didn't drown that chuck after all. Probably he was sitting here grinning at us as he watched us work so hard trying to drown him out. He's been a bit too smart for us. We'll block this hole with a big stone, and perhaps that will force him to come out into the trap at the other entrance. Anyway, I'm glad the scamp is alive. I hated to feel that we had drowned him. Now we'll have to just outsmart him." "I wonder if we can," said the boy.

Buz Sawyer

WELL... AT LAST! HERE'S THE INTELLIGENCE REPORT ON MRS. DUCK, BUZ. REAL NAME: TROUBLE JANE... EXPERT LOCKPICKER... NUMEROUS ARRESTS... SUSPECTED COMMUNIST... SPY...

LOCKPICKER! THEN SHE WAS THE ONE WHO OPENED THE SAFE.

AND YOU HAD THE BRAINS TO SUSPECT HER FROM THE START.

NOT BRAINS, JUST LUCK, SANDY... AND ALL BECAUSE I GOOFED OFF AND LOST THE KEY TO A LOCKER IN THE WASHINGTON AIRPORT.

DON'T YOU TOUCH THAT THING! IT MAY BE A BOMB!

IT'S UNLICKABLE! A STORM WASHES UP ON A CARIBBEAN ISLAND AND SOME STRANGER METAL WRECKAGE THAT WILL AFFECT BUZ SAWYER'S LIFE.

Etta Kett

WHEN YOU CAME UP MISSING, YOUR FATHER HAD AN ALARM SENT OUT—WE TRACED YOU HERE.

SORRY!—I DIDN'T MEAN TO CAUSE TROUBLE.

OKAY—ARREST ME.—LET'S GO.

OUR JOB WAS TO FIND YOU!—MAKE SURE YOU WERE ALIVE AND HEALTHY!

AS FOR CHANGING YOUR NAME, THAT'S NO CRIME, EITHER! BUT YOU DO OWE MRS. HALL AND THIS YOUNG LADY AN EXPLANATION!

Henry

Henry is shown in a series of panels, appearing to be in a state of distress or confusion, possibly related to the crossword puzzle.

Pogo

WHAT'RE YOU SHAKIN' FER, DEAC?

I didn't know you were alive, sis!

WOULD YA STOP SHAKIN' DEAC, IF I TOLD YOU!

S'ANY? MAR MAR MAR!

Mickey Mouse

NEVER... AND YOU KNOW WHY?

BECAUSE I TREATS ALL THE GANG THAT'S WHY...

LOVE AND KINDNESS... UNDERSTAND?

Y-YETH, THIS... I UNDERSTAND PERFECTLY!

Muggs and Skooter

Rings a bell!

THAT'S FUNNY! I WAS SURE I HEARD THE DOORBELL RING.

SKOOTER, IF YOU'LL LOOK JUNIOR INSIDE, I'LL DELIVER THE HAMBURGER YOU GRANDPAPA ORDERED FROM THE BUTCHER'S!

Tilly The Toiler

(GUFF, SNIFF, SNIFF...)

PERFUME!

HEY, TILLY! THAT'S A MEAN TRICK, SQUIRTING PERFUME ON LITTLE ALGY!

YOU MADE THE FOUR KID GUESS LIKE A SISSY!

THAT'S THE IDEA!

NOW HE WON'T DARE TO GO NEAR THE FOUR KIDS WHO PLAY IN THE STREET!

Bringing Up Father

I'M SO WORRIED ABOUT BROTHER BRYAN, NOTHER HE DIDN'T COME HOME AT ALL LAST NIGHT! DO YOU THINK I OUGHT TO ASK THE POLICE TO LOOK FOR HIM?

THE POLICE HAVEN'T BEEN LOOKING FOR BRYAN FOR A LONG TIME?

MY GUESS IS THAT THE POLICE FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH HIM.

I'LL BET HE'S IN SOME JAIL CELL—SOUND A BELL!—I'LL EVEN SLEEP ON A BOARD!

Li'l Abner

THAT'S A QUINCIDENCE! SO IS ANNY!

MY BABY LOVES POYK CHOPS!

THAT'S ANOTHER QUINCIDENCE!—SAY! THIS TIME WOULD OF SOBE-LOVED POYK CHOPS, TOO?

ALL MY LIFE—I AVOIDED GIRLS!

QUINCIDENCE AFTER QUINCIDENCE!—SO DID ANNY!

BUT, FINALLY I'VE MET THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN LOOK AFTER MY BABY!

GULP!—AN ONCE MET ONE LIKE THEE, TOO!

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
 1. The Three Wise Men
 5. Sediment
 9. Punished monetarily
 10. Periods of time
 12. Otherwise
 13. Gifted with prophetic powers
 14. A wing
 15. A color
 16. Greek letter
 17. River (Chin.)
 18. Dollar (Mex.)
 19. Half an ep
 20. Axis (Am. Int.)
 24. Small, double-headed drum
 25. A red-flowered tree (Fae. Is.)
 28. Necessant
 30. Like
 32. Grate
 33. Pronoun
 34. Larva of eyethread-worm
 36. Little sister
 37. Cebine monkey
 38. Unwholesome, gloomy
 40. Mountain passes
 41. Mug
 42. Shed, as feathers
 43. Warbled

DOWN
 1. One thousand thousands
 2. Handle (Rom. antiq.)
 3. To the right
 4. European fish (var.)
 5. Without shadow
 6. Electrified particle
 7. Musical instrument
 8. Common place
 9. Banquets
 11. Scrutinize
 13. Flat-topped hill
 15. Practicing
 18. Peel
 21. Son
 22. Right (to Scotch name)
 23. A seaweed
 24. Feminine pronoun
 26. Habitually
 27. Help
 29. Spike
 30. Gifts to the poor

Yesterday's Answer
 31. Chimney dirt (pl.)
 35. Region
 37. Not sweet
 39. Storage crib
 40. Cry, as a dove
 42. Mountain (abbr.)

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:
 AXYDLBAAXE
 is LONG FELLOW

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
 DMGG CUSIIGC DSMP ZLWD KVI.
 AIJWFWMCC. LWF CDLW. DII EJUS.
 IW CMMERWB—VLGMBS.

Yesterday's Cryptogram: BE WISELY WORLDLY, BE NOT! WORLDLY WISE—QUARLES.

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

gives you a fresh start while it gives you a fresh taste

The lively flavour freshens your taste—cools your throat... and the pleasant chewing gives you a happy little lift. Get some refreshing delicious Wrigley's Spearmint Gum today.

Secret Agent XY

I THINK MOODY JURY WAS IN TROUBLE WITH DE POLICE! SHE WAS PRESIDENT OF 'ANY SERVICE, INC.' INCAW/P/RATED!

ANY SERVICE, INC.!

IT WINGS A BELL, CANNWIGAN?

YES! SHE NEARLY SUCCEEDED IN STEALING A REVOLUTIONARY MOTIVE ENGINE AND PEDDLING IT TO FOREIGN AGENTS!

WE'VE BEEN ON HER TRAIL FOR MONTHS—NOW SHE TURNS UP UNDER MY NOSE—DEAD! LIFE IS FUNNY!

DO NOT FORGET DAT SHE SAVED YOUR WIFE AND CHILD ENAM A WOODDILE!

The Lone Ranner

WHILE THE DISGUISED LONE RANGER LIES UNCONSCIOUS IN JAIL—

TONTO, IN CAMP, IS INCREASINGLY WORRIED...

LONE RANGER GONE LONG TIME!

WHA—WHAT HIT ME?

I REMEMBER! I MUST GET OUT OF THIS CELL!

Joe Palooka

WAIT A MINUTE... HOW MUCH YA WANNA BET? I'LL GIVE ME ROSSANAL 100...

1000 RUPEE!

5000 RUPEE!

GUL! THRU THESE REGIONS, WRESTLING IS AN ANCIENT SPORT... AND HUMPHREY'S OPPONENT, ANBU, IS THE GREATEST CHAMP OF ALL TIME.

GENTLEMEN... THE MATCH WILL BE HELD UNDER THE REGULATION AALL OLYMPIC RULES... NOW, WHEN I SAY GO...

HEE THYSTOCHA

By Mel Graff

Secret Agent XY

By Fran Striker

Bringing Up Father

By Ham Fisher

Li'l Abner

By Rob Gustafson

Tilly The Toiler

By George McManus

Bringing Up Father

By Al Capp

Li'l Abner

By Roy Crane
 By Paul Robinson
 By Carl Anderson
 By Walt Kelly
 By Walt Disney
 By Wally Bishop
 By Rob Gustafson
 By George McManus
 By Al Capp