

The Tiny Folk

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

When Laurie had been to town on Monday, his Mother had bought him two goldfish. He had been very pleased about it, and now he liked to sit and watch them.

"What shall we call them, Mommy?" he asked.

"What do you think we should name them?" his Mother asked, smiling.

Laurie sat still and watched the little goldfish as they swam about the bowl. One was quite little, and had a silvery body, with one tiny black spot on his back. The other one was much bigger, with shining scales just the color of the golden morning sun. Its tail was very long and filmy. Mother had put a little china house in the bottom of the big bowl, and the two fish swam round and round it.

"Oh, look, Mommy, quick!" Laurie shouted in glee. "Just watch the fish playing tag. See how the little one darts through the door of the house, and the big one goes after him. Look at them come up to the top! There goes the little fellow after the big one. Oh! see the drops of water that splashed out of the bowl. That he fellow splashed it with his tail. I know! I have an idea. Let's call them 'Splasher.' Could we, Mommy?"

Mrs. Page laughed. "That would be a good name for him, I think it would be easy to remember. Now try to think of one for the other fish."

The two goldfish spun around and around the bowl. Laurie watched as they opened and closed their mouths. When they came to the side of the bowl, they were looking very big, but when he looked down from the top, Laurie could see that the little silver fish was still tiny. Laurie could not understand why he looked so big sometimes and yet still stayed small.

Then Laurie laughed out loud. "Now I know what to name the little silvery one, Mommy. I'm going to name him 'One Spot.'" Mrs. Page laughed at the name. "That certainly is a different name, and I think it will be just the thing for that little fish. Now come here, Splasher and One Spot, till I change the water in your bowl."

Laurie watched as mother carefully poured out the dirty water, and filled the bowl with fresh water.

"May I feed them?" Laurie asked eagerly. "You show me what to do."

"Here, then, is the package of fish food. Shake the box just once, gently, and put only a little food on the water." Mother said as she passed him the box.

Laurie did exactly what he was told. Then he watched again as the fish came up to take the bits that were on the water, or slowly sink-

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

BLACKY DOES A LITTLE SPYING

To spy may not or may be nice, Depending on who pays the price.

Blacky the Crow was spying. It isn't considered nice to spy on others, but sometimes it is very necessary to do this. Blacky the Crow felt it was necessary now. There were things he needed to know, and the only way he could make sure of finding these things out was by spying.

"Winter will soon be over and we will begin to think of nesting," said Blacky to Mrs. Blacky. Mrs. Blacky agreed. "I have been thinking about that," said she. "I've even looked over our old nest to see if we can fix it up and make it do for this year. I don't think we can. Anyway, I don't think we want to. We should have a new nest this year."

Blacky nodded in agreement. "Right you are, my dear," said he. "The question is, where should we build that new nest?"

"I've been thinking about that, too," declared Mrs. Blacky. "Wherever we build that nest, we first want to make sure whom we will most likely have for neighbors. I would prefer no neighbors at all. Do you happen to know where Hooty the Owl and Mrs. Hooty are living now? I mean, do you know what part of the Green Forest they're living in?"

"No," replied Blacky, "but I'll find out. Wherever they may be, we should be as far from them as possible. So Blacky, in such spare time as he had, began spying. He began looking for Hooty and Mrs. Hooty, but he did it slyly. He didn't want them to know that he was anywhere about. He moved about silently, his harsh voice of his which he is so fond of using was still. Somehow or other, those big owls managed to keep out of Blacky's sight. He couldn't find where they were roosting during the day.

All his hunting was done during the brightest part of the day, for he knew when the sun was shining bright Hooty and Mrs. Hooty were pretty sure to be roosting. They might even be asleep. Anyway, they would be roosting in the bottom.

"Now Laurie had something else to look after, and each day he learned something new. That all meant he was growing up.

in some of his habits is very much like Blacky, discovered his big cousin acting a bit odd. Anyway, it seemed so to Sammy.

"I wonder what Cousin Blacky is looking for?" said Sammy to himself. "He certainly is looking for something or somebody and he doesn't want to be seen. He's sneaking around. That is what he is doing, sneaking."

The first chance he got, he asked Blacky if he was looking for somebody. Blacky confessed that he was, and told Sammy that he was trying to find out in what part of the Green Forest Hooty and Mrs. Hooty were living. Sammy was interested. "I would like to know myself said he. 'If I find out anything, I'll let you know.'"

The Red Book of Hergest is a manuscript of Welsh literature, written in the 14th century.

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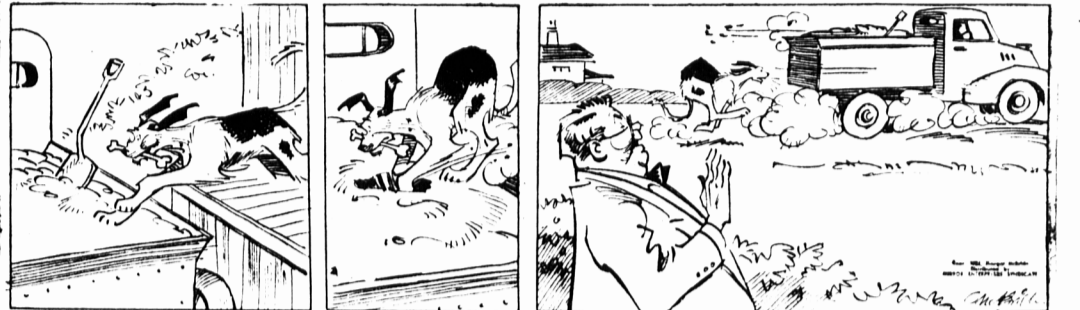
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Tilly The Toiler



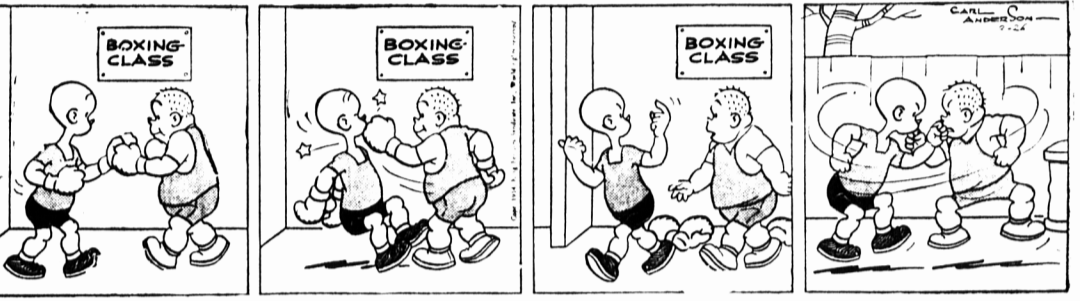
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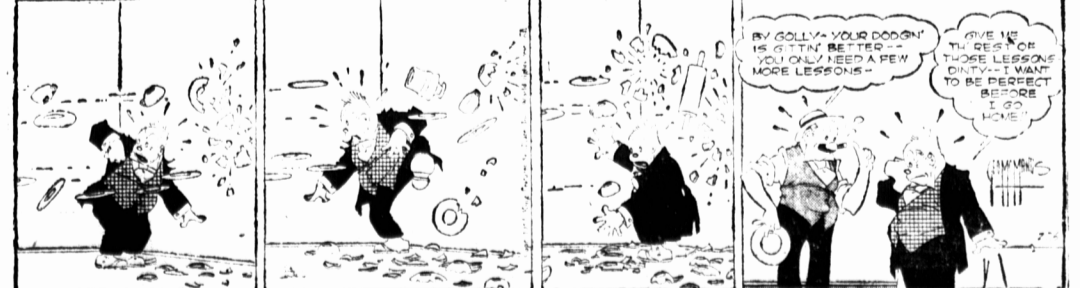
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