

# The Tiny Folk

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

The supper dishes had been cleared away and washed, the floor swept, and the kitchen tidied. Now Mother could settle down for a little while to watch Laurie and Linda play before they went to bed. Mr. Page was busy doing up a few outdoor chores, and had not come in yet.

"Let's play with our blocks, Linda," Laurie suggested. He dumped the boxful out on the floor and right away Linda reached for them. She held two in her chubby fists, then banged them on the floor.

"She's driving nails, Mommy," Laurie laughed. "Now, sister, you are much too little to be a carpenter."

Laurie started to make a garage for his trucks. He placed the wooden box at the back, then formed a large square with the blocks. Then he started to place his trucks inside. Linda decided she needed some of his and reached over to help herself. She gurgled and lay flat on her back on the floor, crawling and laughing, her feet just flying as she knocked the blocks together. Laurie was annoyed when she took the blocks, but when he saw her kicking and having such fun, he laughed instead.

"Isn't she funny, Mommy?" he asked. "Look at her feet! They are certainly travelling. Where are you going, Linda? You must be going to California."

Linda looked at him a moment, said something in her baby talk, and started her feet flying again. Then she rolled over on her stomach and sat up to watch Laurie, who was now building a tower with his blocks.

"Now don't touch this, Linda," Laurie warned. "If you move one block, the whole thing will fall down."

The baby sat quietly watching for a while, then it got too much for her. She got down on her hands and knees to crawl over.

"No! No! Linda must not touch," Mother scolded gently.

"Look, Mommy, how high it is!" said Laurie very pleased with himself. "O-o-o-h," said Linda, very loudly.

Laurie and Mother laughed together and Linda wrinkled up her nose and joined in the fun. She clapped her hands together, and banged her heels on the floor.

That bang did it. Down tumbled the blocks! They flew all over the floor and under the couch. Linda's eyes opened wide in surprise.

"O-o-o-h," she said, looking very serious, and making her mouth as round as an O.

That was a great joke for Laurie. He laughed and laughed. Mother smiled too, at the funny face Linda was making as she said, "Oh!"

"I must tell Daddy that when he comes in," said Laurie.

Linda crawled over to the couch to pick up the blocks. She got one in her hand and then pulled herself up. She walked along the side of the couch, holding on with one hand, till she reached the cushions. There she poked the block in under the flowered cushion.

Laurie ran over and whispered

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

## HOW MUCH ARE EGGS WORTH

Consider well. At least think twice. Is what you seek well worth the price?

—Old Mother Nature.

Billy Mink licked his lips. He had just eaten three eggs. They were very small eggs. They were the eggs of a pair of young bank swallows, who nesting for the first time, had dug their nest in a bank where Billy Mink was able to dig it open.

"Those eggs are just a taste," said Billy, talking to himself. "That is all they are, just a taste. I want more. I'm tired of fish. I want a change. Eggs, or some young birds, are what I want now."

So Billy Mink sat on the bank of the Big River trying to decide where he would be most likely to get a dinner of eggs or young birds. He heard a sharp rattle in the distance. He picked up his ears. He heard it again. "That was Rattles the Kingfisher, or Mrs. Rattles. Why didn't I think of them before? Their eggs are big enough to be more than a taste, and usually Mrs. Rattles lays a lot of them. I wonder where they are nesting this year? I think I'll look around a bit."

Now Billy Mink knew that the kingfishers nest in the ground just as the bank swallows do, so he knew where to look for their nest. He knew it wasn't in the bank where the swallow were, because he had looked that all over. But there were other banks, and Billy knew all of them in the neighborhood. It didn't take him long to find out which bank the kingfishers were using. Rattles was using a dead tree for his perch, and that dead tree was very near a fairly steep bank. Billy guessed right away that the nest was in that bank. He hid where he could watch. He was patient. Billy is a good hunter, and like all good hunters, he knows the value of

in his mother's ear. "Isn't she funny, Mommy? She thinks she's hiding them on me. She saw me hide them there today when we were playing."

"That's quite right," Mother answered. "That is how she learns. She does just what she sees others doing. That is why I always tell you to be careful what you do when she is around. She will copy every thing you do, so be sure she does not learn to be naughty."

"I'll try to be careful, Mommy," Laurie promised. "Now read us our bedtime story, then we'll both be off to bed."

Then Mrs. Page settled down in the big chair with Laurie on one knee, and Linda cuddled in her arm, to read them nursery rhymes from Laurie's big book with the colored pictures. They were quiet now, for they had had a busy day and both were happy to be heading for bed and a good night's sleep.

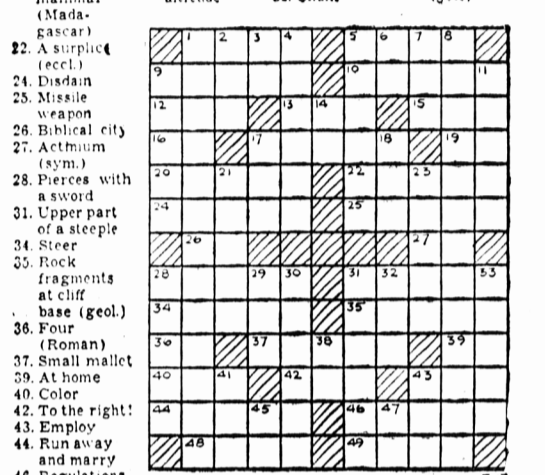
ties couldn't see him Billy ran swiftly to a hiding place near enough to that bank for him to watch the doorway without being likely to be seen. He was sure that he could climb to that doorway. He wished he knew how far to reach the nest. If that nest was only a little way in it would be easier to get those eggs, a lot easier. If he should be surprised in there by either of those kingfishers he could get out quickly. But if he had leading to that nest should be long, he might be trapped in there by the return of Rattles or Mrs. Rattles. And he didn't like to think of what might happen to him. You know the kingfisher folk have long, stout bills. Mrs. Rattles sounded her rattle. Continued on page 14

## DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Scorch
  - White linen
  - Drench
  - Underground
  - Single unit
  - Heavy weight
  - Skill
  - Personal pronoun
  - Steer's tool
  - Land-measure
  - Arboreal nocturnal mammal (Madagascar)
  - A suspect (teel)
  - Dread
  - Missile weapon
  - Biblical city
  - Actinium (sym.)
  - Pieces with a sword
  - Upper part of a scepter
  - Rock fragments at cliff base (geol.)
  - Four (Roman)
  - Small mallet
  - At home
  - Color
  - To the right!
  - Run away and marry
  - Regulations

- DOWN**
- Successively
  - A shade of a color
  - Like
  - Come back
  - A counter-irritant
  - Brandy's tool
  - Crushing snake
  - Transport airplane for high altitude
  - Spirits
  - Dried cereal stalks
  - Gold (Her.)
  - Prickly envelope of a fruit
  - Negative
  - Anglo-Saxon verb
  - Ethical
  - Track
  - Blade of grass
  - Marsh
  - Platforms
  - Guides
  - Chum

- Saturday's Answer**
33. Anglo-Saxon verb
  38. Norse god
  41. Female deer
  43. Eskimo knife
  45. Father
  47. On the green (golf)



## DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

**AXYDLBAAXR**  
**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**

F C P V R Q E W B H J W O R F E U P J G P F G  
H B V P C B W P E F S K F C J W C P Z J W M B  
B V F C Q W G - O J Z B W.

Saturday's Cryptogram: WITH THE PERSUASIVE LANGUAGE OF A TEAR—CHURCHILL.



**FEARLESS FODDICK** by AL CAPP

ALCOHOL DRIES YOUR HAIR AND SCALP. GET NON-ALCOHOLIC WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE CANADA'S FAVORITE.

ALCANTARA'S NEW... BUT DON'T WORRY... I SMELL SOMETHING BURNING... ABSURD! YOU BELOVED CHIEF WOULDNT TRICK YOU! NOT-BUT YOU WOULD ANYCASE, MASTER OF DISGUISE! A REAL CHIEF WOULDNT HAVE MESSY HAIR. HED USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL! —KEEPS HAIR NEAT BUT NOT OILY-GREASY—GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE! BUT THAT'D BE ILL! ALL MY NAME IS NATE!!

**The Lone Ranger**

YOU'D KNIFE ME, WOULD YOU? CHARLES FLANDERS

WHAT'RE YUH G-GON' TLUH DO WITH ME? THAT DEPENDS ON YOU!

**Rip Kirby**

PAGAN LEE, RIP'S LOVELY MOVIE STAR FRIEND, SEEMS INTERESTED IN THE PROPOSAL OF... BYRON DELIGHT, SLAVE BUT FADING LEADING MAN, WHO SEES COMEBACK HOPES IN A HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM TO THE DISMAY OF... NORREN STARK, AN EX-WIVES DELIGHT, WHO THINKS MONEY THAT SHE COULD USE IS BEING WASTED ON THE COURTSHIP.

FLORA HOLTON, HIS FAITHFUL SECRETARY, WHO CHEERISHED HARRY AGE DREAMS OF HER OWN, AND TO THE ANGER OF...

I CAN'T BELIEVE PAGAN IS SERIOUSLY CONSIDERING THIS MAN, DESMOND.

I NEVER HAZARD GUESSES ON THE WAYS OF WOMEN, SIR.

**Joe Palooka**

UMPHREY PASSED THRU THE TOWN OF GROBLONK WITHOUT INCIDENT. THIS SKIRTS LOOK IN ON RED. I.G. WE TRANSLATE.

HE SHOULD BE ABOUT TWENTY METRES OUT OF GROBLONK. HE MUST BE STOPPED! SNEAK OVER THE ZONE LINE!

WE SHALL NOT FAIL!

THIS TANK-BUSTER WILL BLOW HIM TO BITS!

READY FIRE!

MUST BE HUNTING SEASON. THEM FELLERS ARE SHORE CARELESS. ALMO'S GOT ME.

SCREEEE!

BOOM!

By Bob Gustafson  
By Clifford McBride  
By Walt Kelly  
By Carl Anderson  
By Edwina  
By Buford  
By George McManus  
By Harry Hoenigsen  
By Al Capp