

The Tiny Folk

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

"Laurie had gone into the village with his father to get a few groceries. Just as they came out of the store Laurie cried, 'Look, Daddy, at the little dog with a plaid coat on! See him over there by the service station. Why has he got a coat? Why does that man have a strap fastened to the dog?'"

Mr. Page waved to the man with the little bulldog. "That's Mr. Gordon," he said. "He always takes his dog with him in the car. That strap is called a leash, and it is used so that the little dog won't run away, or get out on the street. Little Domino, for that is the dog's name, has very short hair, and finds it cold out in the wind. That is why Mr. Gordon wears that little coat on him."

Laurie didn't say anything more but his eyes watched every move of the little dog. He saw Mr. Gordon buy a chocolate dip, and give it to Domino to eat. How politely and gently the little dog nibbled off the ice cream. Then he licked the stick clean!

"Say 'Thank you,' Domino," said Mr. Gordon.

"Arf, Arf," barked Domino, and Laurie couldn't help but laugh. Then Mr. Gordon started out to his car, with Domino trotting along ahead. He opened the car door, and he jumped the dog and tuck as a wicker basket on the back window.

Laurie waved to them as they drove off.

That evening after supper Laurie was busy playing in the kitchen with Frisky his little dog. Mr. and Mrs. Page were in the living room and they could hear Laurie telling Frisky all about the little black and white bulldog he had seen that afternoon. Then there was quiet for a while.

Fifteen minutes later, Laurie and Frisky walked into the living room. But could it be Frisky? He was wearing Laurie's red sweater, with his front paws in the sleeves and the buttons fastened under his throat and down his chest. Laurie had taken his scarf and tied it over Frisky's ears. Mommy and Daddy took one look and started to laugh.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

GROWING AND LEARNING

The greatest boon that time can give.

Is knowledge of how best to live.

—Old Mother Nature.

Of course you know who Baby

Poor Frisky! He squatted on his haunches with his head half down and rolled his eyes sideways at Mr. and Mrs. Page. He loved Laurie, and did everything his little master told him to do, but his feelings were hurt when they laughed.

"Never mind, Frisky, you are a good dog," Mr. Page said when he could get his breath. "You are a smart dog too. You look real stylish."

Frisky didn't know just what "stylish" meant, but it sounded all right, so he pecked up and looked happier.

"But why did you put a sweater on Frisky dear?" Laurie's mother asked.

Then Laurie told her all about the little dog with the plaid jacket. Then he said, "I wanted Frisky to look pretty too. He'll feel bad if he doesn't have a coat like Domino. And I put on the scarf to keep the wind from blowing into his ears."

Mrs. Page's eyes twinkled, but she kept her face straight as she explained Frisky's fur keeps him warm. He is so used to playing outdoors with you that he doesn't need a coat. He feels so happy with his own brown fur coat, just bush him and keep his fur shiny and clean, and there's no plaid coat that would look half as pretty."

And Frisky thumped his tail as if to say, "You are very right. My own coat is the best coat after all."

Prickles was, but you might not have known him had you come upon him unexpectedly and no one had told you who he was. He was Prickly Porky's youngest son, but at first glance he didn't look it. You see, he wasn't dressed in the usual porcupine form of dress. His father and mother were dressed wholly in black. Baby Prickles was dressed wholly in white. Even his mother when she first saw him was almost in doubt that this was her own baby.

But in every other baby porcupine, he was the only child of his parents this year. Mrs. Porky has always insisted that bringing up one child at a time is all that should be asked of any mother. Prickly Porky has no opinion one way or the other, because he has nothing to do with the care and bringing up of his children.

Baby Prickles was a big baby when he was born. By the time he was three days old he was able to climb a little. At first he was a little unsteady on his feet, but he soon was over this, and was climbing about in the pile of loose rocks where he was born. By the time he was two weeks old, he was no longer dependent on mother for his food. She still furnished him some milk, but he had already begun to eat green food. There was nothing at all the matter with his appetite. He spent most of his time eating and sleeping, and all the time he was growing.

As it is with all babies he knew nothing at all of the Great World when he first peeked out at it. He had everything kept so high as he began learning right away. In his little coat of white hair a thousand little spears were hidden. They were just like the spears



She played with him a little.

Prickly Porky carries in his coat, only at first they were smoother than his you know latter have tiny barbs. That is what makes them so hard to pull out when anyone is so unlucky as to be pricked by any of them. But Baby Prickles' little spears were just as sharp, and almost from the day he was born, he knew how to make use of them. He wasn't the least bit afraid, but truth a prickly baby at such times. At other times you wouldn't have known he had a single spear hidden in his little white coat.

Mother Porky was a proud mother the first time Baby Prickles followed her to the foot of a tree and started to climb it after her. He wasn't the least bit afraid, but climbed only a little way that first time. After a little he backed down to the ground. He liked to poke around among the leaves. He even played a little all by himself. Mother came down to join him. They touched noses, which was mother's way of kissing him. She played with him a little. Had you been there to see them you might not have known that they were playing. They danced. It was a funny kind of a dance, but that is what it was. Every day Baby Prickles spent a good deal of time on the ground, but he also followed mother up in a tree. He never went so high as he did, but all the time he was learning to be quite as much at home in a tree as on the ground. And all the time he was growing as a healthy baby should grow.

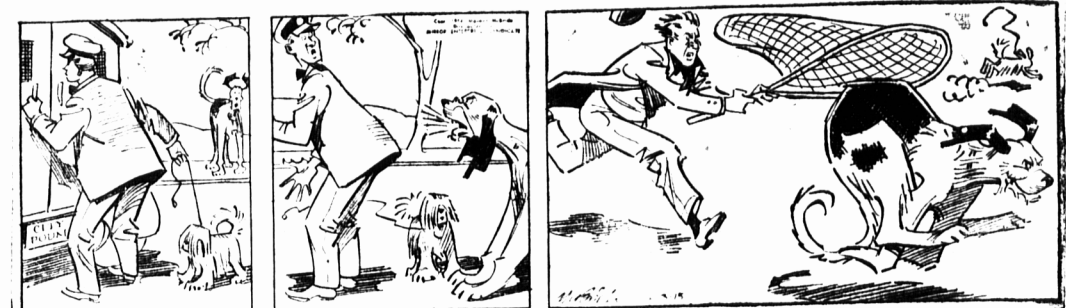
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



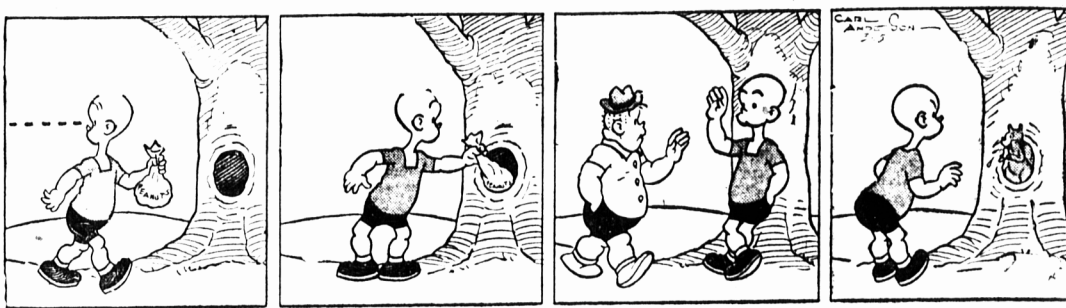
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Henry

By Carl Anderson



7000

By Walt Kelly



BEARLEST BOSDICK
INNOCENT CITIZENS' MASTERS OF THE MIDDLE WEST

STOP DEMOLISHING MY WOODEN INDIAN!
INDIAN-SHINDIAN! SHINDIAN!

NO 100% RED-BLOODED AMERICAN INDIAN WOULD HAVE SUCH MESSY HAIR!
ANYONE SAVAGE MASTER OF 1,000,000 DISGUISES!

UGH!—I SHOULD'VE USED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL TO DISGUISE MY HAIR!
KEEP HAIR NEAT BUT NOT-WAT-GREASY! LOW AS 43¢

NEXT TIME, GEE, WOULD YOU USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL TO DISGUISE MY HAIR, CHARLIE?
BUT, THAT WOULD BE ILLEGAL! OUR NAMES ARE MARION, JOSE, AND MARLENE!

I HURRIED OVER WITH MY INCOME TAX INFORMATION SOONS I GOT IT OUTTA MY FILES WHICH WAS FULL OF MICE AN' A PIGEON GO THE PAPERS MAY BE A MITE UNREFINED.

THIS ONE WITH JAM SPECKLES AN' TOOTH MARKS SHOWS...UH...WELL...AN' THIS ONE HALF BURNED SHOWS MM-UH...

NOW, WHEN I ESTIMATED LAS' YEAR WHAT I MIGHT MAKE I SAYS, 'OH, ABOUT \$49,500,000.' I AIN'T NO PIKER.

I WAS A LIL' OPTIMISTERY ON IT... EARNIN' WAS \$49,499,999.95 SHY...WELL...YOU FIGGER THEY BE MAD IF I SENDS IN A NICKEL AN' WE CALLS IT EVEN?

HOW KIN I FLY A HESS LIKE PIMP IN TO THE PRESIDENT?

BY NOW 'ES USED TO 'EM.

SMART GALS GO FOR WILDROOT CREAM-OIL TOO! MILLIONS USE IT TO MAKE THEIR HAIR LUSTROUS & SO EASY TO MANAGE

Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



The Lone Ranger

By Fran Striker



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



L'il Abner

By Al Capp



Dotty Dripple

By Buford



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



PENNY

By Harry Hoengsten

