# The Tiny Folk

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

Brenda had a most unusual pet. She had Buffles, a big red hen, all for her very own. There were no other hens in the empty barn, so Buffles was quite by herself. When she had been given to Brenda by her aunt, she had been intended for a nice dinner, but Brenda would not hear to it. She was going to keep Buffles and let her sleep in the barn.

Now Whitesocks, the black mother cat with the four white legs, and Tiger, a half-grown striped grey cat, had always had the barn to themselves. They certainly did not want any tourists staying in their barn. No siree! no hen was going to live with them. Whitesocks made life quite unhappy for the hen, for she hid behind the bushes and jumped out to chase Buffles every time the hen came within her reach.

Poor Buffles! She was terrified of that black cat. She never knew just when to expect trouble.

She would be quite busy scratching around in the long grass by the edge of the barn when this black thing would pounce on her. With loud squawks she would half-run and half-fly down through the field. When she finally got her courage up to come back to the yard to get her dinner, Whitesocks was hiding under the back steps and sprang out at her.

"Squawk! Awh-h!" cried Buffles, tearing away under the trees in the corner for safety.

As she crouched down in the shade, her heart was pounding with fright. But then she began to think it over. Why should a cat keep her away from her dinner? When she lived on the farm with all her sisters, the cats had not bothered them. Why should she be scared of one now? The more she thought about it, the crosser she got. "I'm just going right out there," she decided, "and if that cat so much as comes near me, I'm going to chase her!"

Buffles put on a brave look, and started over to the house again. She was still shivering inside, and did not feel nearly as brave as she looked, but many people in this world are like that too. Then she looked again. There were Whitesocks and Tiger, helping themselves to her dinner!

That really made Buffles cross. The very idea of those two cats eating her dinner when they always had such a good one for themselves right inside the back porch! She stepped across to them, getting crosser with every step. When she got up close, she was so angry that she forgot to be afraid. She spread her wings and ran toward the cats.

Tiger heard her and sprang out of reach and away. Whitesocks stood her ground, put up her back, and hissed, but Buffles kept right on coming. She pecked Whitesocks sharply on the head, and the black cat suddenly decided she wasn't hungry after all. She raced for the barn and left Buffles to enjoy her dinner in peace.

"This is wonderful!" thought Buffles as she ate up the potatoes, bits of lettuce, few pieces of carrot and the little milk that was in her plate. "I have never been very happy when those cats were around, for I was always afraid of them. Now I find they are afraid of me! I know I'll be happy here, for they will leave me alone after this. Brenda has always been good to me, and she loves me."

Just to show how happy she was, Buffles walked over to her nest in the hay on the barn floor and there she laid a big, brown egg.

"Cut a cut awk! cut a cut—awk! cut a cut awk!" she cackled proudly for it was her very first.

Buffles couldn't think as well as boys and girls do, but that day she had learned a lesson that all children have to learn. And that is that you must learn to take your own part in this world, and not run away from trouble.

## By Thorton W. Burgess

### BUSTER CHUCK SURPRISES HIMSELF

Can't is a word to never say
Even though you feel that way.
—Old Mother Westwind.

Things learned the hard way usually are the things longest remembered. Buster Chuck, young son of Johnny and Polly Chuck, out in the Great World for himself, was learning things the hard way. Wandering about looking for a new home, he had found a garden, and in that garden the very best things to eat he ever had tasted. He did not see any reason why he shouldn't eat all he wanted of them. So he had dug a nice underground home near by. Now he was learning that something was wrong. The owner of that garden and his boy had discovered that new home, and they were trying to catch the young chuck. They had set a cage trap at his front doorway, and with stones they had blocked his two back doors. They didn't mean to harm him, but of course he didn't know that. They wanted to catch him, then take him where he could have his freedom and not get into mischief. They wanted to save that garden.

When the young chuck found both back doors closed with big stones he was a frightened chuck. Once more he had that feeling that it wouldn't be safe to try to go out that way. It looked to be safe enough, but he couldn't get over that feeling that something was wrong there, and that he better not try to go out that way.

He went to one of his back doors, and there he began to dig. He was trying to dig out around a big stone that blocked it. He dug, and dug, and dug, until his forefeet and legs ached, and ached, and ached. At long last he was outside. Right then and there he decided that this was no place for him to stay. He didn't stop even long enough to get a few last bites of good things in that garden. He just took to his legs and ran, and ran, and ran, not knowing where he was going, and not caring so long as he found a place of safety.

Now the young chuck had lived all his short life where there were no trees close about him. He had lived among bushes, but not among trees. It was so with his father and his mother, and his brothers and sisters. They were Green Meadow folk, not Green Forest folk. So presently when the young chuck came to the edge of the Green Forest, it was all very strange. He kept outside of it. At last he came to a pasture in which was growing an old apple tree. He wandered over near it, and there he was surprised by a small dog. With a yelp the dog rushed at him. The young chuck had no place to go; that is, no place where he would be safe. At least that is what he

(Continued on page 14)



**Solution To Last Saturday's Crossword**

## DAILY CROSSWORD

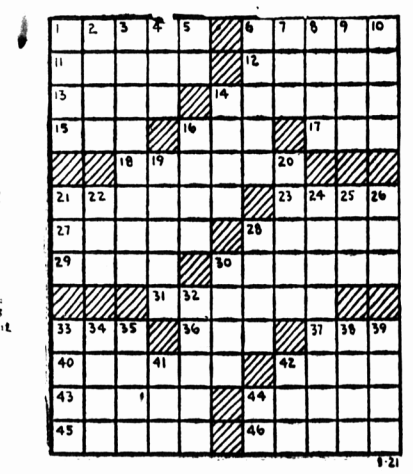
**ACROSS**

1. A gem carved in relief
6. Variety of green quartz
11. Accumulate
12. Work
13. Titles of knights
14. A showy flower
15. Girl's name
16. Kitchen utensil
17. Elevated trains
18. Former U. S. president
21. Stick together
23. Egyptian goddess
27. Ascended
28. Ooze out
29. Accustomed
30. Little flower
31. A race at full speed
33. Malt beverage
36. Sloths
37. Public notices
40. Dispossess
42. A way out
43. A catkin
44. Sphere of action
45. Minister's house (Scot.)
46. German river

**DOWN**

1. House (Sp.)
2. Among
3. Endurance contest
4. Large worm
5. Bone (anat.)
6. River (S. Am.)
7. College cheer
8. Dexterous
9. Earth
10. Epochs
14. Vaulted roof
16. Unadulterated
19. Pauses
20. U. S. vice-president
21. Cry, as a crow
22. National god (Tahiti)
24. Extra taxes
25. European fish
26. Place
28. Site of ancient Olympic games
30. Partly fused material (Ceramics)
32. Adhesive mixture
33. The first man (Bib.)
34. City (Peru)
35. Level
38. Take dinner
39. Chief
41. Half em.
42. Before
44. Exclamation (slang)

**Yesterday's Answer**



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

A X Y D L B A A X R
is L O N G F E L L O W

Each 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**

I N X F S F Z P Q X F W G Z F J O Q X V J
C N W Q P B J R C X F U P Z G Z — B Z W J B U.

**Yesterday's Cryptoquote:** SO I HAVE HEARD . . . A HUNGRY LION GIVES A GRIEVOUS ROAR—RHODES.

## WOOD ISLANDS-CARIBOU FERRY SERVICE

**JUNE 12th to SEPT. 26th**

**Leave Wood Islands:**
Prince Nova— 7 a.m. 11 a.m. 3 p.m.
Charles A. Dunning— 9 a.m. 1 p.m. 5 p.m.

**Leave Caribou:**
Charles A. Dunning— 7 a.m. 11 a.m. 3 p.m.
Prince Nova— 9 a.m. 1 p.m. 5 p.m.

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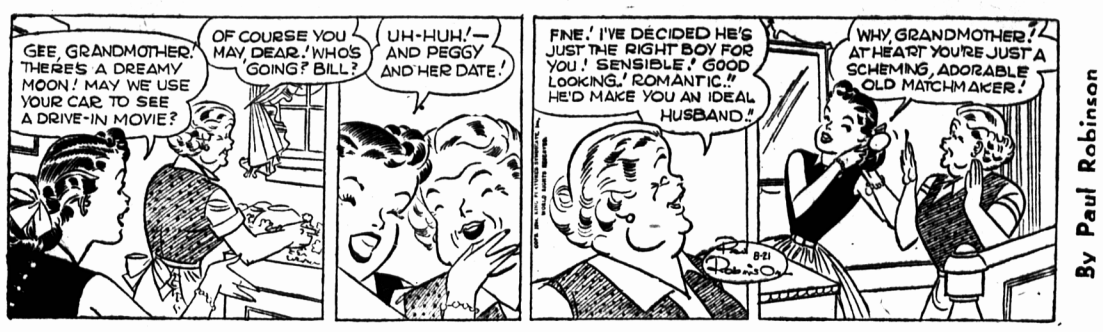
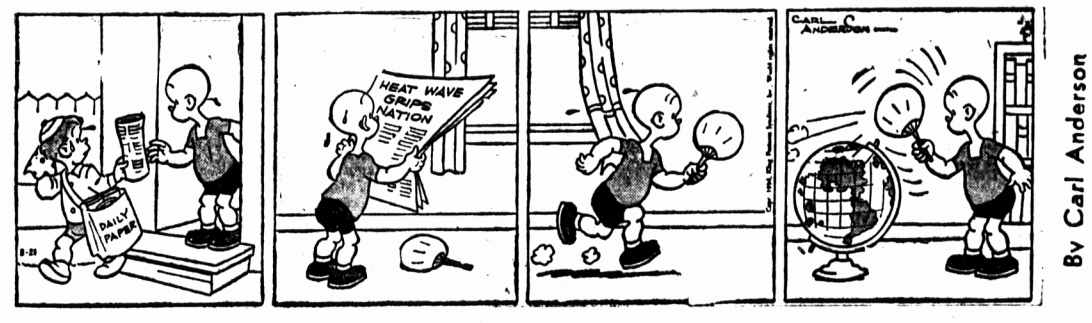
Henry — Etta Kett — By Buz Sawyer

By Roy Crane




By Paul Robinson




By Carl Anderson

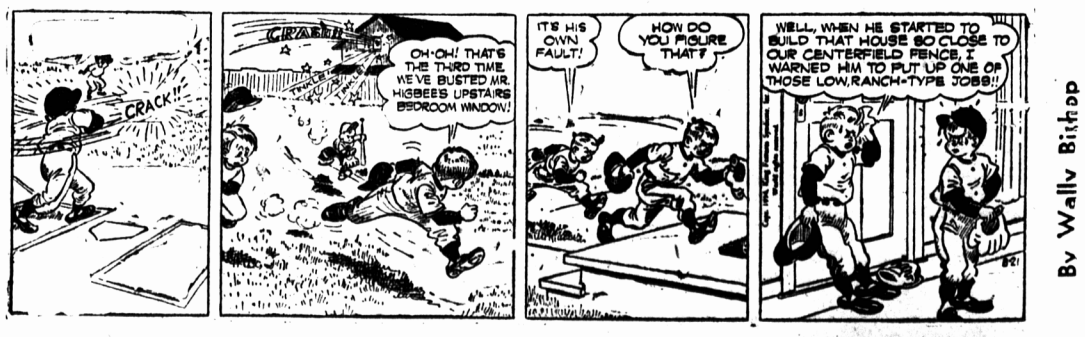
Pogo — By Walt Kelly

By Walt Kelly

Mickey Mouse — By Walt Disney

By Walt Disney

Muggs and Skeeter — By Wally Bishop




By Wally Bishop

Secret Agent X9 — By Mel Graff

Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson

The Lone Ranger — By Fran Striker

Bringing Up Father — By George McManus

Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher

Li'l Abner — By Al Capp