

The Tiny Folk

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

Jingle, jingle, jingle! The bells on King, Mr. Bell's horse made music as the sleigh slid along the snow.

"Good morning, Laurie, how are you to-day?" asked Mr. Bell as he stopped his horse at the Page mail box. "Here is a big fat letter for you Laurie, and the morning paper for your Daddy."

"Thank you, Mr. Bell," said Laurie. "What is your horse's name?"

"That's King," said Mr. Bell. "See how smart he is to haul the sleigh and bring you your mail."

"He's pretty and shiny and big," said Laurie.

Just then King shook his head and rattled his bells.

Laurie turned and ran for the house like the wind.

"Mommy, mommy, let me in, quick," he called. "I'm scared of the horse."

"Well Laurie, I'm surprised at you," said Mrs. Page. "Come in for a minute and let's talk it over."

Laurie came into the big warm kitchen. "Why did the mailman's horse shake his head at me?" he asked.

His mother laughed. "He didn't shake his head at you dear, he was just telling Mr. Bell that they had better be going. You know they have a lot of work to do."

"What does King do?" Laurie wanted to know.

"Well he takes all the letters from the post office and all the

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

HOMER IS BOASTFUL

Never boast. It doesn't pay. Often friends are lost that way. —Old Mother Nature.

No one likes to listen to a boaster if you have done or can do something unusual, don't tell other folks about it. You may be sure that they know it without being told. Boastfulness is expression of pride, the wrong kind of pride. It is a wise tongue that knows when to keep still.

Homer was a pigeon. He was a homing pigeon, commonly called carrier pigeon, and he belonged to Farmer Brown's Boy. Homer was being trained but he didn't know it. He was being trained to find his way home from long distances. It had begun when Farmer Brown's Boy had taken him just a short distance from home, and there set him free. It had been no trick at all for him to find his way home. A few days later he had been taken for another ride. This had been a longer ride than the first one. Again Homer had found no trouble in heading straight for home. You see, in that small trim head of his was something called the homing instinct: a sort of compass or direction finder. He would fly high and circle around a few times, presently he would be sure in which direction home lay, and away he would go straight there.

So he was given longer and longer rides until he could no longer reach home in a few minutes when he was set free. He began to look forward to these training trips. He began to boast about how he could fly, both how long he could fly without coming down and how fast he could fly. He boasted, too, about how he never was lost, and always knew where home lay. Always when he was taken on these training trips Mrs. Brown was left at home. Always Homer was anxious to get back to her. That was one reason she was left at home.

There came a day when Homer had a lot of company on one of these trips; a dozen or more other pigeons were with him. They were all set free at the same time, and they flew together in a flock. Around and around in ever widening circles they flew. Then they began to separate. Some flew in one direction and some flew in another. You see, their homes lay in different directions. They were being flown in a race, but of course they didn't know that. Each wore a band on each leg. These were numbered. One band bore the owner's number. The other band was put on the leg just for that race. The time when the birds were set free and the time when each had reached its home were recorded. The exact distance each bird had flown was known. So it could be told which one flew the fastest.

Homer had company most of the way, but he was just a wee bit the strongest and a wee bit the fastest, and presently he found himself flying alone. He won that race, although he didn't know it, because of course he didn't know he was racing.

But he did know that he had flown a longer distance than ever before, and he had done so without once coming down for food or water. He knew he had made a splendid flight, and he boasted about it. He strutted and boasted and told every one who would listen to him how he had left all the other pigeons behind.

SPEEDY DUCKS

Recorded instances of waterfowl in flight show cavasback ducks can do 72 miles an hour.



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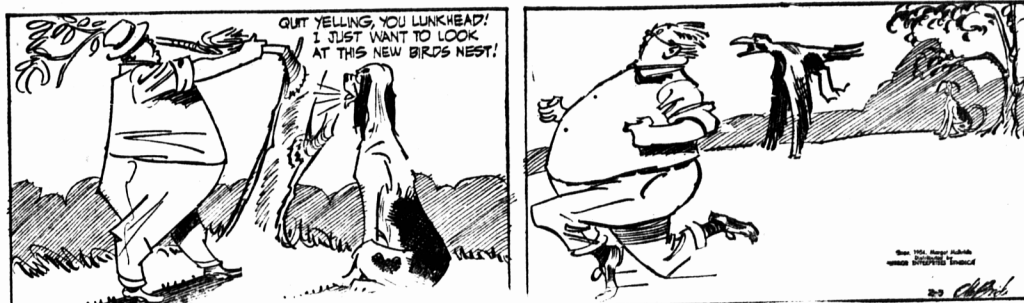
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



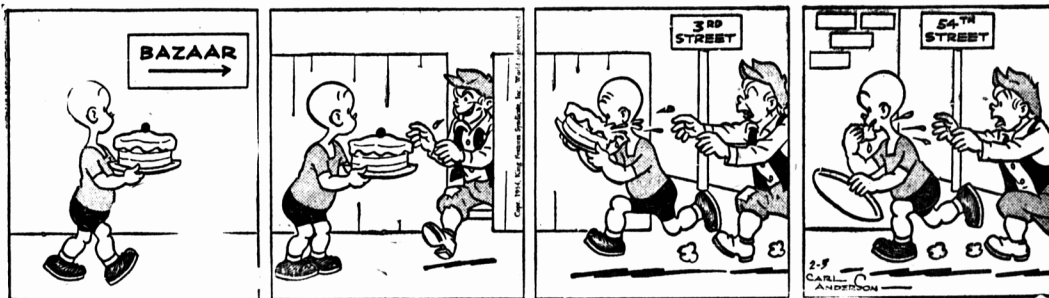
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Henry

By Carl Anderson



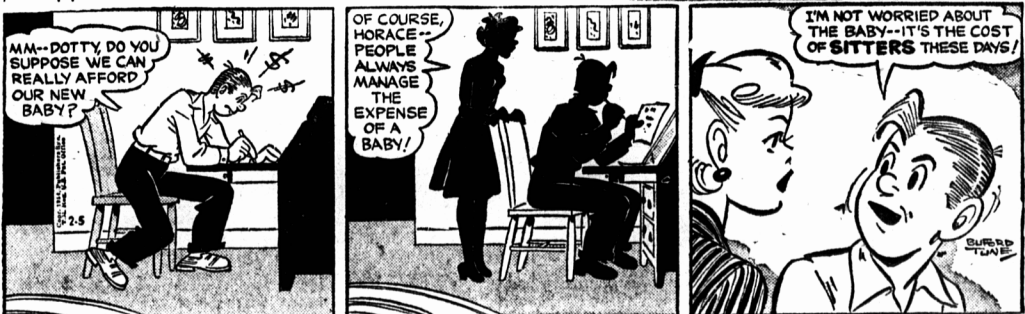
ogo

By Walt Kelly



Dotty Dripple

By Buford



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



PENNY

By Harry Hoening



There Ought To Be A Law

By Fagaly And Shorten



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



King of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Li'l Abner

By Al Capp

