

The Tiny Folk

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

The cold north wind whistled around the corner of Susan Dale's house. It heaped the snow in great banks along the fence, and tried its best to cover the shed right over. No one was moving on Playtime Lane, not even grown-ups. Susan tried looking out the window, but the snow flakes were so thick and whirled by so fast that she could not see very far.

"I don't like this old storm," said Susan crossly. "I like the snow to play in, but I can't go out to play in this. It is storming too hard for me to go over to Laurie's. I have no one to play with. What can I do, Mommy?"

"What is the matter with your little brother?" Mrs. Dale asked. "Now that he is two years old, he is not a baby any more. You can have fun with him."

"No, I can't," said Susan. "He doesn't know how to play my games."

"Now Susan," said her mother firmly, "you just aren't pleased with yourself today. You stayed up too late last night. Of course, you love David. Just try playing with him, and you'll see that you will have lots of fun."

Susan sighed. "I suppose there is nothing else I can do. I'll be glad when I can go to school next year. Then I'll have lots of children to play with. Come along David, let's play house."

She took out her little red table and David ran over and picked up one little red chair. The top of the chair came up as high as his yellow curls, but he kept lifting and walking until he reached the table.

"You're a good little boy to help me," said Susan, and David's blue eyes twinkled with a pleased look. "Let's set the table for supper. You can be Daddy and I'll be Mommy. Margaret Lou can be our baby," said Susan as she placed her new Christmas doll in the chair.

Away David ran. Back he came lugging his big black and white Panda Bear with him. "Panda

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

HOMER THE ROAMER IS LUCKY

Luck and chance go hand in hand; Neither is at your command. —Old Mother Nature.

Homer the Roamer was Farmer Brown's pet homing pigeon. He was being trained to fly in pigeon races. He was an exceptionally handsome and fine young pigeon. You know, homing pigeons, perhaps more often called carrier pigeons, are the kind that are used in war time to carry messages. They are carefully trained to do this. In peace time they are trained to fly long distances in races. Homer the Roamer was being so trained by Farmer Brown's Boy.

Every so often he would take Homer off some distance from home, and there set him free. Homer would circle until he was sure of the direction in which home lay, then would fly straight there. Each time he was carried



As it was, he reached home just in time to dart in through the doorway to safety.

Bear wants supper too," he said, sitting Panda up in the other little chair.

Susan looked for a minute. Then she started to laugh. "You and I are funny, David. We put our family on the chairs. Now where shall we sit? We'll have to stand up to eat our supper." Then both she and David started to laugh at the joke on themselves.

"Come see how funny we are Mommy," Susan called. "David and I are having a great time together. You know, it is nice to have a little brother to play with after all."

to a greater distance. Each time that wonderful instinct for home took him straight there, just as if he had a compass in his head. Tommy Tit and Homer had become very well acquainted, Homer did considerable strutting about the barnyard, especially when Mrs. Homer was looking on. He was proud of his strength and the way he could use his wings. So far he had had no adventures whatever. On each flight he had nothing to think about except getting home as quickly as possible.

Tommy Tit, afterward others, warned the young pigeon that there were dangers to be looked out for. He was warned to watch out for Falco the Duck Hawk, who has a liking for pigeon dinners. Homer let the warning go in one ear and out the other. He didn't believe there was any hawk who could fly fast enough to catch him. Because he never had been worried by anything on any of his flights he forgot to watch out. He became careless. So it was that he failed to see Falco the Duck Hawk until it was almost too late.

Homer was lucky. He was almost home at the time. Had he been even a little farther from home, he couldn't have escaped. As it was he reached home just in time to dart in through the doorway to safety. So close was that fast-flying hawk, who really is a falcon, that when he turned to avoid dashing headlong against the barn one of his swift wings actually touched the tip of Homer's tail.

With a scream of disappointment the fast-flying robber of the air flew away. It was some time before Homer even ventured to

DUKE SURPRISE VISITOR

SYDNEY, Australia —(AP)—Joe Fallon, 41-year-old Sydney business man, was reclining at home Thursday in swimming trunks when the Duke of Edinburgh walked in unannounced. They were wartime buddies. They chatted for 2½ hours — until the duke had to dash away to a formal state banquet for him and the Queen on their royal tour.

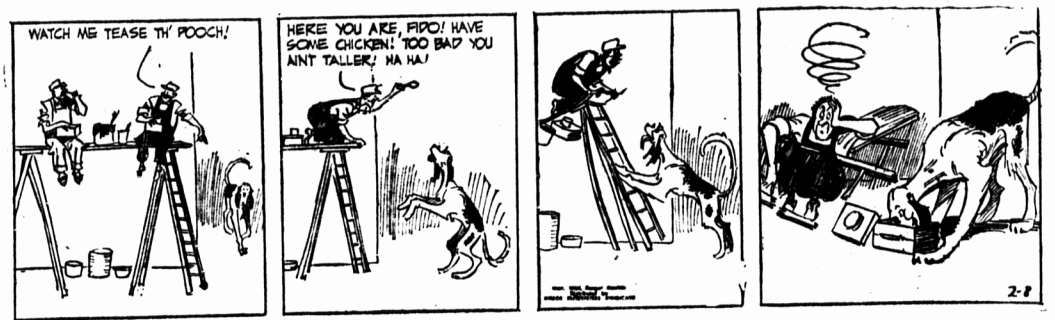
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



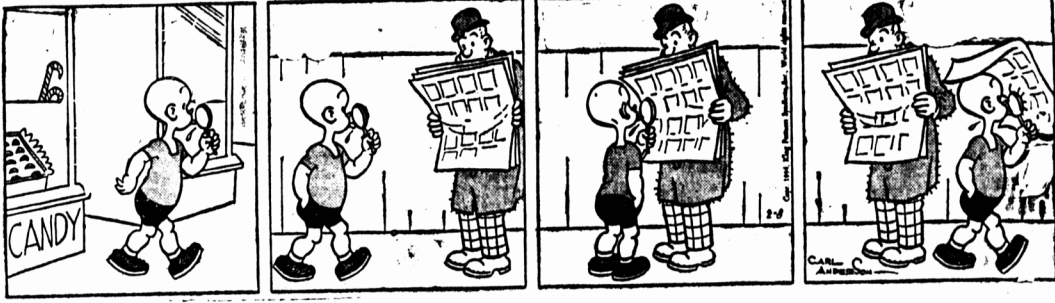
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Henry

By Carl Anderson



2080

By Walt Kelly



Dotty Dripple

By Buford



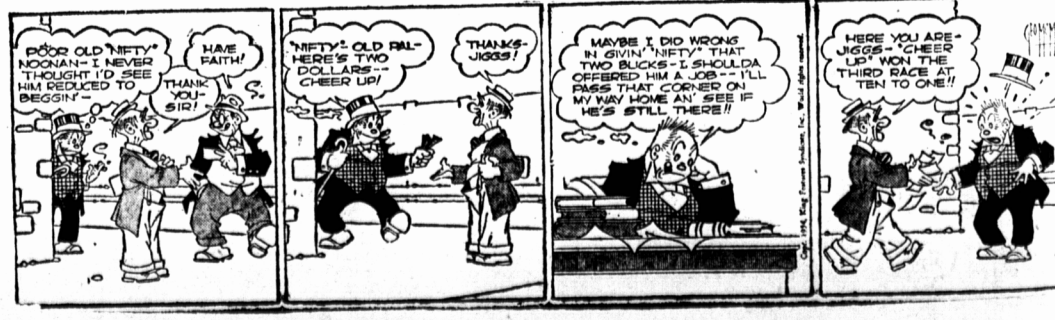
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



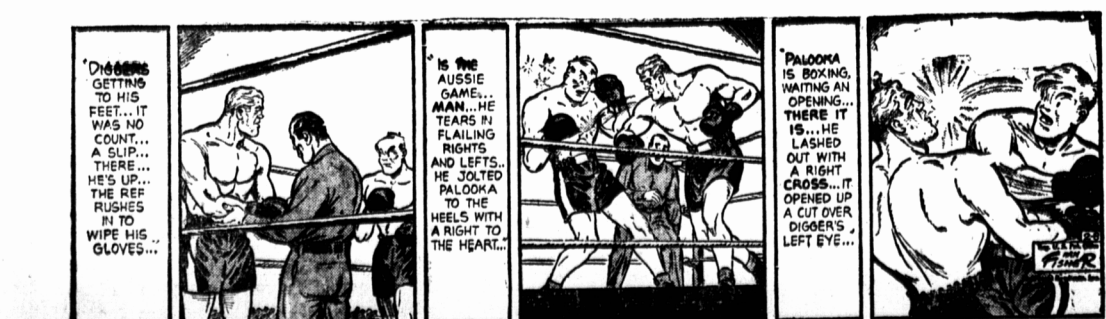
King of The Royal Mounted

By Zane Grey



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



G'l Abner

By Al Capp

