

### The Tiny Folk

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

A few of the neighbors on Playtime Lane had chickens, but there were none very near to Laurie's home. Of course, he knew quite well what hens and chickens were, but he always felt happiest at a distance. To tell the truth, he was really scared of hens.

"I can't see why you are scared of hens," said his mother. "Let me tell you about the things I did when I was a little girl. We had no hens at my home, but my Grandmother lived right next door, and she had hens. I was only three, just about your age, when I was allowed to help her gather the eggs. She had one little white hen that was quite tame. When I got an egg, I would say, 'Thank you, little white birdy.' Lay me some more." Then my Grandmother would let me scatter some grain for the hens, and the white hen would be the first to start eating.

Laurie looked thoughtfully at his mother for a few minutes. Then he asked, "Did the hens peck at you?" "Of course not," laughed his mother. "Hens would not hurt you. They make a queer shrill squawk if they are frightened, but they could not hurt you."

"Then I won't be afraid any more," promised Laurie. "The next time we go to visit Uncle Art's, will you take me in to see the hens?" "Certainly I will," said his mother.

Sunday morning dawned clear and sunny, and excitement was in the air as Laurie and baby Linda got ready to go to visit Uncle Art. On the way there Laurie mentioned the hens, so his mother knew he was thinking about them.

Laurie had a fine time playing with the children until dinner time. When they had finished, Mrs. Page said, "Come now, Laurie, and we'll visit the hen house."

Laurie did not want to show his cousins that he was afraid, so he walked along with his mother but he held tightly to her hand.

"See that big brown hen," said Laurie's mother, pointing. "Hans't she got pretty feathers?" "She's fat, isn't she, Mommy?" Laurie asked. "Where is the white hen?"

"I don't know if there are white hens here, but—" "Cut a cut out, caw! Cut a cut out, caw!" interrupted a hen from inside. Laurie almost jumped out of his skin. He leaped into his mother's arms and held tightly to her neck.

"Let's go! Let's go, Mommy," he begged. His mother laughed. "Don't be silly. That hen just laid an egg, and she wants everyone to know about it. Here she comes now, strutting out the door, feeling very proud of herself."

Laurie watched the hen's every move, but, as she went about her business, he relaxed a bit. "Now we'll go inside," said his

## BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

**PROPERLY DRESSED**  
Be careful of appearance test. You be misjudged. So look your best.  
—Old Mother Nature.

Touslehead was the first of the eight children of Mr. and Mrs. Kingfisher to get out in the Great World. He was pushed out. Yes, he was pushed out. One of his brothers or sisters pushed him from behind when he was looking out the doorway of their home high in a bank along the Big River. There was nothing to hold onto, and he tumbled out. It was then that he found out what his wings were for. He never had used those wings, because in that home in the bank there had been no room for opening his wings. Now they just seemed to open of themselves. Without knowing what he was doing, or why he was doing it, he began to beat the air with them. To his own excited surprise he was no longer falling. He was going right ahead through the air.

A little way ahead of him a dead tree had been washed up on the shore. There were several limbs bare and gray, left on it. He was headed straight for one of those limbs. He was still a little frightened by the strangeness of flying, and he wanted to stop on one of

mother. "These are the nests over here. See the hen on that one. She must be going to lay an egg. Look in this nest."

"Oh! Laurie's eyes got very big. 'Two eggs! Two brown eggs. Did that big hen lay those?'" "No, each hen lays just one egg at a time, but they like to use the same nests, and take turns."

"See that hen behind the wire. What is she doing?" Laurie inquired. "There are two more over there."

"I guess Aunt Mary has those hens sitting on eggs. Soon perhaps there will be little yellow baby chickens for you to see."

"Is that their food?" said Laurie. "Yes, and here is their watering can," said Mrs. Page. "Try to watch some time to see how hens drink."

Just then the hen outside the door started to cackle again. "Cut a cut out, caw! Cut a cut out, caw!" she cackled.

"Come on, Mommy let's go out of here," said Laurie, so he and Laurie raced ahead to tell his Daddy what he had seen. He told him all about the hens and their nests, and the baby chickens that were coming.

"Now don't you like the hens after all?" his father teased. "Yes, yes," agreed Laurie slowly. "But, when they wouldn't talk so much about it, I don't like their talking."

those limbs. Somehow he managed to land a little bit hard on that limb, and almost toppled over on the other side. But his small claws held, and he got his balance.

"Hurrah!" cried Peter Rabbit, who had seen him tumble out of the doorway, and watched his first flight.

Peter hopped over a little nearer. He remembered the baby kingfisher with funny feathers he had once seen. He wanted to see if this young kingfisher was dressed the same way. He wasn't. He was what Peter called tully and properly dressed. All the feathers had come unrolled, and were in place as they should be.

"I'm glad to see you're properly dressed," said Peter.

"Of course I'm properly dressed. Why shouldn't I be?" replied the young kingfisher.

Before Peter could make a reply, another young kingfisher landed on the tree. Of course there was great excitement as the two young kingfishers talked over their great adventure. But it was nothing to the excitement that followed, as one after another the eight young kingfishers made their first flights on the shore just a little way from the base of the old tree lying partly in the water. Peter watched each new arrival eagerly. There were no funny feathers. All the young kingfishers were properly dressed.

All the time father and mother were almost excited as the youngsters. Starting out in the Great World is an exciting time for all children, but in a way it is a lot more exciting for feathered folks than for those in fur, especially for



"Hurrah!" cried Peter Rabbit.

those feathered folk who cannot run about on the ground. It means finding out what wings are for, and how to use them. Learning to use legs to walk and run about is a simple matter compared to learning to use wings.

Presently all eight little kingfishers were sitting side by side in a row on one of the gray limbs of the old dead tree that had been washed up in the spring flood.

### London-Chicago Air Service Begins

MONTREAL, (CP)—A plane inaugurating the first British transatlantic direct airline between London and Chicago made a brief stop here Wednesday.

The British Overseas Airways Corporation Stratocruiser left London Tuesday night and also made a brief stop at Gander, Nfld.

The new service makes the American mid-west industrial capital the 50th city connected by the globe-girdling routes of the British state airline. It brings the line's weekly North Atlantic crossings to 50 flights.

**SPECIAL DANCE**  
MONDAY, MAY 24  
ROLLAWAY CLUB  
Sponsored by B. Y. C.  
Dancing 9:30 to 1  
ADMISSION 60c

**BENEVOLENT IRISH SOCIETY**  
All members are invited to attend the reception for the Hon. Sean A. Murphy, Irish Ambassador to Canada, being held at the Whelan Building Monday evening at 8:15.

**Tilly The Toilet**  
"BAD NEWS BOSS?"  
"YES! ONE OF MY SALES REPRESENTATIVES HAS QUIT AND GONE NORTH!"  
"TO BETTER REMOVE HIS PIN FROM THE MAP."  
"GOOD HEAVENS! WHERE DID THE REST OF MY SALES REPRESENTATIVES GO?"  
"SOUTH!"  
"THEY'RE FOLLOWING UP TILLY'S HEIM!"

**Napoleon and Uncle Elby**  
"THAT WAS A LOT OF WORK, BUT I MUST SAY IT'S A PROFESSIONAL JOB!"  
"WE DROVE ACROSS THE CANAL, LOOKED THE REPUBLICAN RIVER OVER...NARY A DROP... CAME TO A BIG HILL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOPEKA... (PLACE CALLED WICHITA), SO OL' LYLE PUT THE CAR INTO LOW..."  
"WE CLIMB AND WE CLIMB FOR HALF A DAY, GOT TO THE TOP AN' LYLE SAYS: 'MAN, WE'RE OUT OF GAS!'... NO SOONER'S HE OUT OF SIGHT THAN THINGS START MOVIN'!"  
"THAT DARNED HILL WAS A DUST CLOUD FORTY MILE HIGH BEIN' BLOWN EAST ACROSS THE STATE LINE AN' THRU MISSOURI... AN' HE STUCK ON TOP WITH A HOT PATROL CAR AN' NO GAS!"  
"WHOOEE!"

**Pogo**  
"REASON I'M ASSE'S BEAD OF BACK HOME LIKE ALL OTHER JAYHAWKS DURIN' OUR CENTENNIAL IS ME AN' TROOPER HUITT GOT LOOKIN' FOR WATER TO WET DOWN A DUST STORM..."  
"WE DRUN ACROSS THE CANAL, LOOKED THE REPUBLICAN RIVER OVER...NARY A DROP... CAME TO A BIG HILL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TOPEKA... (PLACE CALLED WICHITA), SO OL' LYLE PUT THE CAR INTO LOW..."  
"WE CLIMB AND WE CLIMB FOR HALF A DAY, GOT TO THE TOP AN' LYLE SAYS: 'MAN, WE'RE OUT OF GAS!'... NO SOONER'S HE OUT OF SIGHT THAN THINGS START MOVIN'!"  
"THAT DARNED HILL WAS A DUST CLOUD FORTY MILE HIGH BEIN' BLOWN EAST ACROSS THE STATE LINE AN' THRU MISSOURI... AN' HE STUCK ON TOP WITH A HOT PATROL CAR AN' NO GAS!"  
"WHOOEE!"

**Henry**  
"DO YOU HAVE TO TAKE A CROWD WITH YOU EVERYWHERE?"  
"YOU VOLUNTEERED TO BRING US—WE DIDN'T ASK YOU!"  
"I HEAR RUELLA'S FATHER IS PUTTING UP ALL THE MONEY."  
"FOR CHIRLEBERRY TO BUY OUT DAVIE'S STORE..."  
"MY HUSBAND SAYS WE CAN'T LOSE EVERYTHING!"  
"FOR GOODNESS' SAKE! TRY TO BE PLEASANT WHILE WE'RE HERE, ANYWAY!"

**Tippy and "Cap" Stubs**  
"GOLLY! MOM AND THE BABY SURE GOT A LOT OF PRESENTS!"  
"BUT, POOR DADDY! NOBODY THOUGHT TO GIVE HIM A PRESENT!"  
"SOMEBODY PIP—LOOK—"  
"A BOTTLE OF 200 ASPIRINS!"

**Dolly Dipple**  
"OUR MISSION FAILED! THAT NESTER IS DETERMINED TO HANG ON TO HIS HOMESTEAD LAND."  
"HOW CAN HE LIVE THERE? WE BURNED DOWN HIS HOUSE!"  
"HE AND HIS WIFE ARE LIVING IN THE HOME OF HONEST JOAN. HE INTENDS TO FIGHT US— WITH THE HELP OF—"  
"THE LONE RANGER!"  
"THE TRAGEDY AT PASAN LEE'S COTTAGE HAS PAR-RACKING REPERCUSSIONS... WITH PASAN GONE, MY DREAMS ARE DUST, FLORA."  
"PLEASE, MR. DELIGHT, IT MAY BE ALL FOR THE BEST."  
"THE LEE PICTURE IS BEING SHELVED EVERYBODY, WE'LL CALL YOU IF WE NEED YOU."  
"A GRIM FUTURE SURVEYS THE SITE!"  
"POOR BEAUTIFUL THING... HAPPINESS ALWAYS ELUDED HER."  
"IN SPITE OF THEIR AGE, AUNT ELLEN, YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MUCH THEY CAN UNDERSTAND."  
"IF YOU DISCUSS THINGS WITH THEM, EXPLAIN WHY THINGS MUST BE DONE INSTEAD OF SORT OF DICTATING..."  
"AND LET THEM REASON IT OUT FOR THEMSELVES, THEY'LL NEARLY ALWAYS DO THE RIGHT THING."  
"I DEFINITELY FIND IT THE BEST WAY TO TRAIN PARENTS."  
"HEAVENS! IT SOUNDED LIKE AUTO TIRES!"  
"BANG-POW!"

**Bringing Up Father**  
"DID YOU RING—SIR?"  
"GHA-STLY—GIT HE THAT LITTLE RED BOX FROM TH' TOOL CHEST—"  
"WHAT'S NOISE?"  
"HEAVENS! IT SOUNDED LIKE AUTO TIRES!"  
"BANG-POW!"

**Penny**  
"PIN NAY VISION, SHE WAS D-DANCIN' ON DEAR DAVIS'S GRAVE!"  
"BUT, MEBBE THAT VISION WERE WRONG—BIN KNOWN 'EN UP ALL MAN LIFE—AN' THEY ALL CAME TRUE— B-BUT?"  
"ONCE IN A LIFETIME—ONE'S BOUND T'BE A FAILURE!—M-MEBBE THIS WERE IT?"  
"CRIM'NUL CRICK—ITS G-GONE—"  
"BUT, AH DONE FOUND A NEW HOME AH LIKES EVEN BETTER—IT'S A LI'L CROWDED, NOW—"

**Ham Fisher**  
"THE RED JET PILOT, TRYING SUICIDAL RAMMING OF BURNING CRASHES INTO THE ROCK."  
"PORE FELLER... I TRIED TO GIVE 'EM ROOM T'PASS ME... HOPE I KIN GIT 'EM OUT..."  
"SHORE'S HOT...THERE, I GOT 'CHA..."

**Fearless Fosdick**  
"THE LIGHT WENT OUT—MY HUSBAND'S MISSING!"  
"I ACCUSE YOU!"  
"FOSDICK—YOUR MIND HAS SHAPPED! HOW CAN A LAMP KIDNAP A HUSBAND?"  
"LAMP—SHMAMP—IT'S ANYTIME! MASTER OF 1000 DISGUISES!—BUT HE SHOULD'VE USED WILDROOT CREAM-OIL TO KEEP HIS HAIR NEAT BUT NOT (W!) GREASY!"  
"IF I PLEAD GUILTY, WILL I GET OFF LIGHT?"  
"LUCKILY, HE CONFESSED WHERE HE HID YOU! GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE!"  
"BUT THAT WOULD BE ILLEGAL—MY NAME IS ERROL!"

**The Lone Ranner**  
"OUR MISSION FAILED! THAT NESTER IS DETERMINED TO HANG ON TO HIS HOMESTEAD LAND."  
"HOW CAN HE LIVE THERE? WE BURNED DOWN HIS HOUSE!"  
"HE AND HIS WIFE ARE LIVING IN THE HOME OF HONEST JOAN. HE INTENDS TO FIGHT US— WITH THE HELP OF—"  
"THE LONE RANGER!"

**Rip Kirby**  
"THE TRAGEDY AT PASAN LEE'S COTTAGE HAS PAR-RACKING REPERCUSSIONS... WITH PASAN GONE, MY DREAMS ARE DUST, FLORA."  
"PLEASE, MR. DELIGHT, IT MAY BE ALL FOR THE BEST."  
"THE LEE PICTURE IS BEING SHELVED EVERYBODY, WE'LL CALL YOU IF WE NEED YOU."  
"A GRIM FUTURE SURVEYS THE SITE!"  
"POOR BEAUTIFUL THING... HAPPINESS ALWAYS ELUDED HER."  
"IN SPITE OF THEIR AGE, AUNT ELLEN, YOU'D BE SURPRISED HOW MUCH THEY CAN UNDERSTAND."  
"IF YOU DISCUSS THINGS WITH THEM, EXPLAIN WHY THINGS MUST BE DONE INSTEAD OF SORT OF DICTATING..."  
"AND LET THEM REASON IT OUT FOR THEMSELVES, THEY'LL NEARLY ALWAYS DO THE RIGHT THING."  
"I DEFINITELY FIND IT THE BEST WAY TO TRAIN PARENTS."  
"HEAVENS! IT SOUNDED LIKE AUTO TIRES!"  
"BANG-POW!"

**Joe Palooka**  
"THE RED JET PILOT, TRYING SUICIDAL RAMMING OF BURNING CRASHES INTO THE ROCK."  
"PORE FELLER... I TRIED TO GIVE 'EM ROOM T'PASS ME... HOPE I KIN GIT 'EM OUT..."  
"SHORE'S HOT...THERE, I GOT 'CHA..."

By Bob Gustafson  
By Clifford McBride  
By Walt Kelly  
By Carl Anderson  
By Edwina  
By Buford  
By George McManus  
By Harry Hoentzen  
By Al Case