

The Tiny Folk

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

Hot sunlight poured down on the dry pasture field beside the road. No cows were in it today, for they had been moved to where the grass was greener and fresher beside the merry brook that sparkled along its way. A frisky wind tossed the dusty birch leaves and puffed at the twittering brown sparrows perched on the telephone wires. You would expect the field to be very quiet but it wasn't. Two boys, in short pants and cotton T-shirts were running back and forth in the empty pasture. What could they be doing?

Bobby held a strange looking brown paper object under his arm. If you looked closely, you could see it had a long tail of twine with pieces of paper fastened all along it. Have you guessed? Yes, it was a kite. Blair was there too, with his kite and this is the story of two kites.

Brownie was Bobby's kite. It was quite large, made like a long diamond, with two crossed sticks, inside, like bones, to hold it together. On both sides was pasted strong brown paper and from the end hung a long tail of tied, twisted paper. From the front end was a very, very, strong long cord rolled up on a stick. Bobby had made two very fierce looking black and orange eyes on his kite. "So it could see where it was going."

Greenfly was Blair's kite. It had been made of strong dark green paper, in the same way as Brownie, but it had silver eyes and its braided tail had gay red, silver, and green banners. It felt very proud of itself.

The wind blew stronger and the two kites began to tug at their strings. The swallows were swooping about, and the kites felt like oining them.

"Away you go, Brownie," sang out Bobby as he started to untangle the cord and run against the wind. Brownie struggled clear and with many swoops and dives, first on the ground, then in the air, he finally managed to get up higher than Bobby's head.

Greenfly shook himself out, and at the instant a strong wind puff ed him high in the air almost as high as the telephone posts.

"Ha, ha, slowpoke. Why don't you climb as fast as I do?" he sang out to poor Brownie down below.

"My kite is much prettier than yours," Blair said to Bobby. "See how it glitters in the sun. It flies higher too."

Bobby said nothing, for he was too busy untangling his cord. But Greenfly heard and called, "Hey Brownie, did you hear that? I'm prettier than you, far prettier. See how high I can fly. I can dip and dive and twist and turn. Brownie is a slow poke, slow poke, slow poke."

Brownie was no slowpoke. Soon his cord was untangled and he started to climb. Slowly he inched his way up, little by little, as Bobby unwound the string so he could go higher. He did no stunts and put on no airs, but paid attention to his own business as he climbed higher and higher. Now the telephone posts were away below him. Now he had passed Greenfly. Now the two boys below looked about as big as kittens. Still he climbed.

Greenfly saw him passing and tried to catch up. He had twisted and turned and had done so many fancy tricks that he was quite

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thorton W. Burgess

A FRIEND INDEED

Friends who help in time of need. Prove that they are friends indeed. —Old Mother Nature.

"Woof! Woof!" said Buster Bear in his deepest, most rumbling, grumbly voice. He was at the foot of a big tree, looking up. Above him, just a little out of reach, a young chick was clinging to a big limb. Farther out on that same limb was Prickly Porky the Porcupine. It was a question which was the most surprised, Buster Bear, the young chick or Prickly Porky.

The young chick was Buster Chuck, son of Johnny Chuck. He had climbed that tree without thinking what he was doing. Buster Bear had appeared unexpectedly. Sammy Jay, who was near by, had seen him first and had seen the danger the young chick was in. He had shrieked at the top of his voice telling the young chick to run. The young chick had looked up, seen Buster, and, instead of running, had scrambled up in that tree. Woodchuck are not sup-

dizzy. He looped around again and straightened out to climb, but something was wrong. He pulled and tugged. Still he was stuck. What could be the matter? Then he looked at his beautiful tail and saw that it was tangled round and round the telephone wires. Blair could not pull him clear from the ground. Greenfly knew then he was lost for good, and tears gathered in his beautiful silver eyes. Down on the ground Blair felt sad too at the thought of losing his lovely kite.

Just then who should come along but Peter's father in the telephone truck. He saw the boys and the kites. He stopped and called, "Are you in trouble, Blair? Perhaps I can help." He took the ladder off the truck, and in a few minutes had reached the kite. He tried to free the tail, but it was so tangled that he couldn't. Out came his shiny pocket knife and slice! off came the kite. He carried it down to Blair whose shining eyes lighted with happiness. "Oh, thank you, thank you for saving my kite."

Greenfly felt sad and a little ashamed of himself too. As the two boys started home, Greenfly whispered to Brownie, "I'm sorry I called you a slow poke. I got into trouble because I thought I was so smart and so pretty and tried to show-off. When I'm fixed up again for flying, we'll go climbing together, but no more showing off for me." And that's how Greenfly learned his lesson.

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he was young he used to climb a great deal. Now that he was older, and had grown so big, he did little climbing. It was too much work to pull himself up in a tree unless there was something up there that he wanted very much. He was trying to make up his mind if he wanted that chick enough to climb up after him. He decided he did. He stood up on his hind feet, and made ready to climb. The young chick gave a little gasp of fright. He climbed a little higher. He went up two branches. There he clung in a crotch of the tree, and shivered and shook with fright.

"Woof! Woof!" said Buster Bear, and at the sound of that deep, rumbling voice the young chick was so frightened that he almost let go his hold on that tree. Then there was another sound, a queer sound. It was a sort of rustling sound. The young chick looked over at Prickly Porky. He had begun to walk along that branch on which he had been sitting, and the thousand little spears, called quills which he carries, were sticking out of his black coat in

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DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Bristle-like part
2. Social group
3. Flexible tubes for liquids
4. Layers
5. Artist's stand
6. Small hotel
7. Neighbor of the U.S.
8. Go back
9. Family
10. Scorch
11. Merriment
12. From
13. Declared
14. Steamship (abbr.)
15. Simplification
16. Military
17. Epoch
18. Official report of British Parliament proceedings
19. Hot packs
20. Born
21. More certain
22. Bored by pleasures of life
23. Near (poet.)
24. Pointed
25. Additions to buildings
26. Food

DOWN

1. Net
2. Occurrences
3. Thrice (mus.)
4. Land-measures
5. Defraud
6. Lend
7. Assault
8. Sewing implements
9. Commotion
10. Allays, as thirst
11. Capital of the U.S.
12. Consumes
13. Precious stones
14. City on the Black Sea
15. Great wealth
16. Convert into leather
17. City (Miss.)
18. Canal in Western Hemisphere
19. Master as a bill
20. Trick
21. Falsehood
22. Set again
23. Feet
24. Sound
25. Master as a bill
26. Trick
27. Falsehood

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:
 A X Y Z L B A A X R
 is LONG FELLOW

One 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

H E K N ' J U L L C K D Y Z B R H V D S T D C N
 V S Y B M V K R V L - Y V R C D S

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: "TAKE THY BEAK FROM OUT MY HEART, VAND, TAKE THY FORM FROM OFF MY DOOR." — POE.

Buz Sawyer

WHY ONE TRIPLE ZERO FROM JIM TOWER, ROGER, YOU ARE CLEARED TO LAND SEA LANE THREE SIX, CRASH BOAT STANDING BY.

BOY, OBOY! COMING TO JIM IN THREE HOURS AND EIGHTEEN MINUTES.

A TRANSCONTINENTAL RECORD?

YOU CAN FORGET THAT RECORD BUSINESS, SINCE OFFICIALLY, YOU MISSED IT. BESIDES, WE DON'T WANT ANY SECRET PLANES BREAKING ANY RECORDS.

Etta Kett

THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM! NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS GO GET DRESSED AND TAKE HIS PART IN THE PLAY!

YOU'RE A GENIUS!

WELL, IF YOU DON'T COME UP WITH A BRIGHT IDEA, WE'LL BE HERE ALL NIGHT.

Henry

KIDDIE POOL

Pogo

WHEN CHURCH RECOVERS FROM HIS HICCUPS HE'LL GIVE YOU HIS MESSAGE. MEANWHILE, HE BRINGS YOU A GIFT.

HOW SWEET!

SOMETHIN' UNUSUAL... LIVERWURST SANDWICHES!

LIVERWURST SANDWICHES!

YEH... UNUSUAL, HUH?

UNUSUAL, IMPROVED GONE SANDWICH!

HE MUST OF SWUNG IN ANYWHERE THUR AN'T NO LIVERWURST LEFT!

HE LOOKS WORSE AS HIS HEART IS HEAVY.

OOO... TRAIT MY HEART!

Mickey Mouse

GOSH... THEY'VE ALL GONE, DIPPY!

I HOPE NOTHING HAPPENS TO ANY OF MY LOVELY TOYS...

IF ONLY MORTY WERE HERE I'D THERE'S A YEAH... HOW TO BREAK TOYS...

DIABOLICAL TOYS, YOU MEAN!

Joe Palooka

I ASK 'EM 'T QUIT KIDDIN'... I TOLE 'EM I CLEANED UP A SENSATION, PALLY.

TRANSLATION THE TRADITION SAYS YOU LOST IN COMBAT... THEN YOU ARE A LIAR... YOU NEVER CLIMBED K2 AS YOU CLAIMED!

OH... MY ACHING BACK... AL... IT IS TRUE... I AM THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIAR...

OF COURSE YOU KNOW THE CODES... YOU MUST PLY THE PENALTY.

AL, AI VI...

Muggs and Skeeter

HOW WAS THE FISHIN' TRIP?

SEE, GRAMPA, I HOOKED THE BIGGEST TARPON I EVER SAW TODAY.

YEAH? THOSE BIG ONES ARE THE KIND THAT USUALLY GET AWAY... DID YOU LAND YOURS?

WELL, NO, GRAMPA, BUT I HAD HIM ON FOR HALF AN HOUR BEFORE HE THREW THE HOOK!

YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIM JUMP... WHY, I HAD HIM IN THE AIR SO OFTEN HE'S MORE SUBMERGED THAN I AM.

...HE GOT AWAY... BUT BELIEVE ME THAT FISH WILL REALLY SLEEP WELL TONIGHT!

Tilly The Toiler

THE CHIEF HAS SENTENCED YOU TO THE MOST DEGRADING PENALTY... HE MUST DO WOMEN'S CHORES... THE REST OF HIS LIFE.

HE DIDN'T DO NUTTIN' WRONG, JEST WANT'D 'T RASSLE.

UH... SCUSE ME, YORE HONOR... TO SHORE LINE TAST A FAVUR.

YOU ASK ANYTHING... WE GEE... YOU ARE GREAT MAN.

WULL... WOULD JA PERVEGE ABUUL... HE AINT A BAD FELLA... JEST A BIT ROUGH.

THIS HUM-FRI IS GENEROUS BEYOND MAN'S BELIEF?

Tilly The Toiler

BONK

PLEASE, MRS. MAY I HAVE THE BALL?

YES! BUT TELL ME YOURS!

WHY DO THEY CALL IT A SOFT BALL?

Bringing Up Father

THE CHIEF SAYS THEY HAVE GRANTED YOUR REQUEST TO PARDON ABUUL... AND THEY HAVE A SURPRISE IN STORE FOR YOUR HONOR.

COME.

A WALK OF TEN MILES TO THE WEST OF THE SAGE CAMP.

WE AWFERS FOR ALL THE CALL THEES MOUNT HUMPHREY PENNYWORTH.

WAL... I'LL BE BURNED!

Bringing Up Father

DADDY, PLEASE HURRY! YOUR BREAKFAST IS ON THE TABLE!

BAH! THE EGGS ARE HALF COOKED - THE TOAST IS BURNED - AND THE COFFEE TASTES LIKE DISHWATER.

HOW COULD YOU HATE YOUR BREAKFAST, DEAR?

TERRIBLE! I'VE FIRED THE COOK - SHE'S THE WORST EVER!

HOW COULD I KNOW IT'S THE COOK? MAMIE GOT THE BREAKFAST?

The Lone Ranger

WHEN HEAR SHOT, COME THIS WAY!

I'LL TAKE MY GUNS BACK, HURRY, TONTO! WE MUST GET AWAY!

STOP THOSE MEN!

WALT, OR HELL FIRE!

THAT HILIN HELPED THE PRISONER ESCAPE!

GUN BOTH OF THEM!

GIT UP, SCOUT!

L'il Abner

SO VA LOVE THAT KID, CRAGNOSE? YOU - WHAT NEVER LOVED NOBODY NOR NUTTIN'!

-IT'S T-TRUE, 6-FINGER STEVE. MY LIFE WAS EMPTY-UNTIL HE CAME INTO IT?

WELL-HE'S GOIN' OUTA IT? -I'M GONNA RIDDLE THAT BRAT - NOT BECAUSE I HATE HIM?!

-BUT BECAUSE I HATES YOU, CRAGNOSE!!

-AN' AM LOVES YO, HONEST ABEL!

HE PROTECTED HONEST ABEL - WIF HIS OWN HEART?