

**The Tiny Folk**  
(A real story of real children for very young children)

Dusky, the black and white mother cat that lived at Susan's Uncle Bob's had left her two kittens alone in the barn while she had gone out to enjoy the warm April sun.

Muffins and Matilda the two kittens were asleep when she left, or so she thought. The minute she was gone, however, Muffins had crawled to the top of the barn and tumbled to the barn floor. After much coaxing, he had got Matilda to come out too. What fun they had chasing bits of hay and clover blossoms around the barn floor.

But all at once they heard a noise. What could it be? What was coming? They could hear a step, step, step. It was not the soft, velvety sound their mother made. It must mean danger. Like two streaks, the kittens ran for hiding places. One went behind a bag of crushed oats. The other hid under some loose hay piled on the barn floor.

Step! step! step! The noise was coming nearer and nearer. It could stop, and then there would be a tapping sound. Whatever it was must have long claws, for they could hear them clicking on the floor. Scratch! scratch! scratch! Muffins heart came up in his throat. That dreadful thing must be trying to find them. It was scratching down through the floor. He crouched down lower, making his little grey self as flat as could be.

Poor Matilda was just as frightened. She wasn't nearly as brave as Muffins at any time, and always hung back when he wanted to start a frolic or some mischief. The dust of the hay was choking her, but she would not stir. That awful thing might grab her. How she wished she had stayed in her box! How she wished her mother or Grandma Puss were there with her! But she could not meow to call them, so she just kept quiet and trembled in fear.

Now the kittens need not have been afraid, for it was only Mrs. Biddy, a big red hen that was in the barn. She was looking for a safe, secret place to hide away her eggs, and had squeezed in through the little doorway that Dusky and Grandma Puss used. There were some grains of oats scattered about, so she picked busily at them. She scratched the dust and chaff away looking for more. It was a pleasant, busy sound to her, but it did sound frightening to two tiny kittens who had never heard it before.

But she must be about her business. That pile of hay would make a good soft nest. "I'll just settle down here at the back in the dark close against this wall," she clucked to herself. "It will be a fine quiet spot for me." She walked into the hay and started to move some of it around with the sharp claws on her feet.

How was she to know Matilda was hiding under that hay? With a terrified "Me-ow" Matilda flashed from under the hay and across the barn floor to her box. "Squawk! squawk! A-a-aw!" went Mrs. Biddy as she leaped into the air, and with her wings spread wide and flapping she ran.

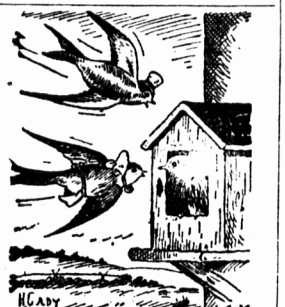
**BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES**

By Thornton W. Burgess

**TROUBLE GOES AND TROUBLE COMES**

Speed the day when quarrels cease. And the whole world is at peace. —Old Mother Nature.

There was an unpleasant scene in Farmer Brown's dooryard. On a telephone pole was a new house put there by Farmer Brown's Boy especially for Winsome Bluebird and Mrs. Winsome. They had already taken possession and had begun building a nest in it. Now there was exactly the kind of a house that Skimmer the Tree Swallow and Mrs. Skimmer wanted. They were trying their best to drive the bluebirds out. Mrs. Winsome sat in her doorway. She filled it. Do what they would, the Skimmers could not get her out of it. She was smart enough to know that should she leave it for no more than a moment, one of those swallows probably would be quick enough to get in there, and then there would be no getting that house back.



Do what they would the Skimmers could not get her out of it.

Winsome Bluebird was doing his best to fight those Skimmers away. It wasn't a fair fight. It was two against one, and the two were much quicker on the wing. Mrs. Winsome could help only with her voice, because she didn't dare leave that door open. The three fighters were too busy to think of anything else. They were all mixed up in the air. Sometimes they were almost down to the ground. They didn't see Black Pussy creeping toward them. But Mrs. Winsome saw him. Instantly, she screamed a warning. She screamed and screamed, and finally those fighters heard her. "Cat! Cat! Cat! Cat!" screamed Mrs. Winsome.

The three fighters separated. Winsome Bluebird flew over to the nearest tree, and the two swallows began flying as only swallows can. They darted down at Black Pussy. While one would swoop past close in front of him, the other would come in from behind and pick him on the head. It didn't hurt because swallows have very small bills, but it was most annoying. Finally, Black Pussy went back to the barn. Skimmer and Mrs.

Monday, April 26, 1954

but that did no good. Meanwhile Winsome and Mrs. Winsome were flying about, screaming as loudly as their soft voices could. Farmer Brown's Boy heard them. He came over and drove Black Pussy away, scolding him meanwhile.

Presently Farmer Brown's Boy returned. He had something shiny in his hand. It was a piece of tin. He nailed this around the telephone pole below the bluebird house. He looked up at Winsome Bluebird, who was watching anxiously. "You won't have to worry about that cat anymore said he. "He can't climb across that piece of tin." Hardly was he out of sight in the house when Black Pussy came sneaking out again. Once more he started to climb to the bluebird house. He couldn't get across that piece of tin. In vain he tried to dig his claws into it. That house was safe from Black Pussy.

**DAILY CROSSWORD**

- ACROSS**
- Musical instrument
  - Metal
  3. Because
  4. Uplift
  5. Baby's carriage
  6. Border
  7. Vipers
  8. Humble
  9. Not good
  10. Comes up
  11. Cunning
  12. Fruit of the oak
  13. Urge forward
  14. Lion's cave
  15. Possess
  16. Firmament
  17. Subside
  18. Actuality
  19. Witty saying
  20. 21. Ostentatious
  22. Swiss river
  23. 24. Biblical city (poss.)
  25. Vex
  26. Blue
  27. Grass
  28. Fly
  29. Boy's nickname
  30. Eskimo house
  31. Gun (slang)
  32. Macaws (Braz.)
  33. Belonging to me
  34. Hillside dugout
  35. Back of the foot
  36. Public notices
  37. Ovum
  38. Extinct bird (N. Z.)

**Saturday's Answer**

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48

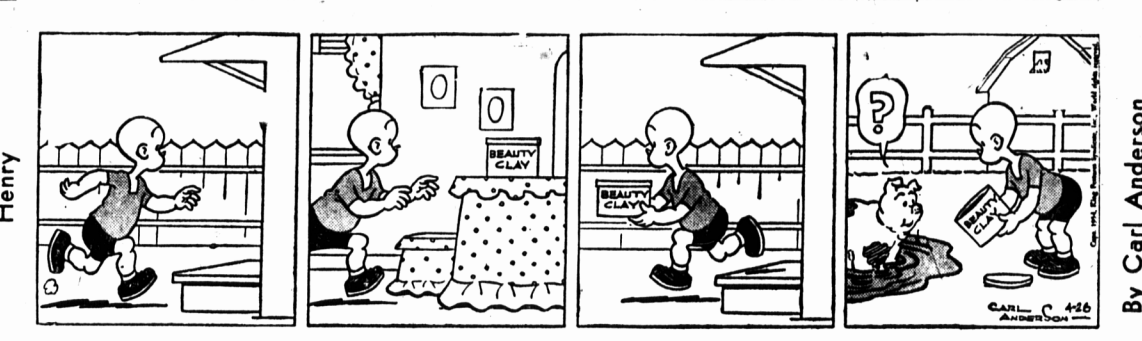
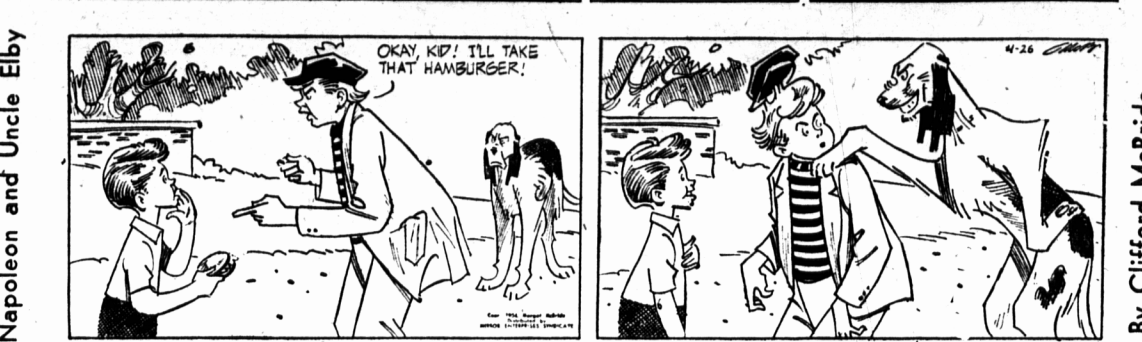
**DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:**

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**

XYC MCKQQ EY OKQQM JOOYR-  
CKPTM YXY, PIMRVYXQ SKMY, JTU  
RPJAMYQX NKTU—BPETMPT.

Saturday's Cryptoquote: NOW WHAT I WANT IS, FACTS. FACTS ALONE ARE WANTED IN LIFE—DICKENS.



**FEARLESS FOSDICK**  
By Al Capp

A ROBBERY!—THIS IS YOUR MOST REPULSIVE DISGUISE, ANYFACE?

—IF YOU PULL ME I'LL THINK YOU'RE CRAZY! I WON'T TALK—SO YOU CAN'T PROVE I'M NOT A NECKTIE!

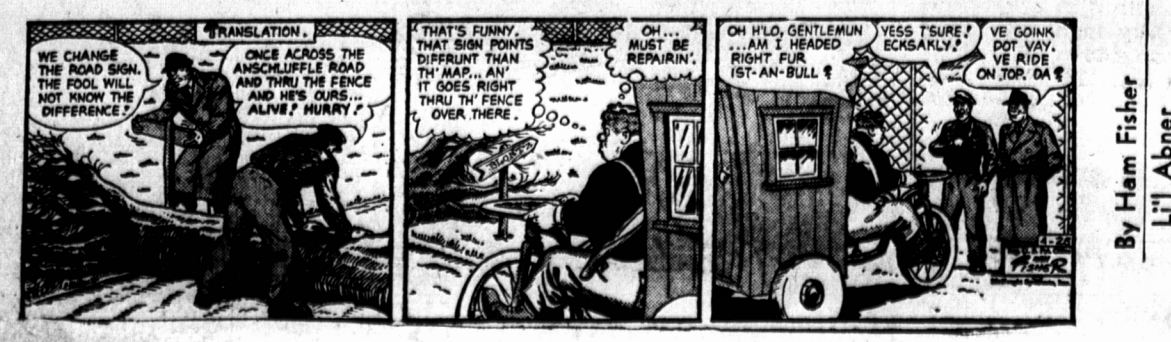
SURE I CAN!—A REAL NECKTIE WOULD HAVE LOOSE DANDRUFF! GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL—CHARLIE!

CURSES! I FORGOT! IT DOES REMOVE LOOSE DANDRUFF!

RIGHT?—KEEPS HAIR NEAT, BUT NOT-NEAR-GREASY!—GET THIS FREE PLASTIC DISPENSER (WORTH 50¢) WITH 98¢ WILDROOT CREAM-OIL. A \$1.48 VALUE. ONLY 98¢!

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL HAIR TONIC

BARBERS EVERYWHERE RECOMMEND ☆ WILDROOT CREAM-OIL TO REMOVE LOOSE DANDRUFF ☆ KEEP HAIR WELL GROOMED ☆



Tilly The Toiler

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

Henry

Pogo

Dolly Dippl

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

Bringing Up Father

By Fran Striker Penny

Rip Kirby

The Lone Ranger

Joe Palooka

By Bob Gustafson

By Clifford McBride

By Carl Anderson

By Walt Kelly

By Buford

By Edwina

By George McManus

By Harry Hoenigsen

By Al Capp