

The Tiny Folk

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

The big clock in the Page living room chimed, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven.

"That means bedtime, Laurie," said his mother.

Laurie knew that bedtime was near, for his mother had warned him shortly before, "Just ten minutes more, Laurie, till the big hand gets to the top. Then it's bedtime. You had better start gathering up your barn and farm animals now."

Now all his toys were put away for another day. He kissed his Daddy good night and went off up the stairs.

"Oh, Mommy, just see how bright my room is! Don't turn on the light. Let's just undress by the moonlight!" Laurie exclaimed.

Soon Laurie was tucked into bed. "Let's talk, Mommy," he coaxed. "Don't go down stairs yet. Stay with me for a little while."

His mother, smiling, then lay down beside him. Together they looked out the window at the big round moon. It was so very, very big and white and its light streamed in through the window and across the bed.

"Mommy, can the moon see me?" Laurie wanted to know.

"If it had eyes, I suppose it could," answered his mother. "They always say that those shadows in the moon make the Man in the Moon."

"Why doesn't the moon stay right there all the time?" was Laurie's next question.

"Well, you see, it has to go a-

round to the other side of the world to see the other boys and girls," his mother answered.

"Do those little children watch the moon from their beds?" Laurie asked.

"I suppose most of them do," said his mother. "For the moon shines only at night when most children are in bed. But of course, not all the boys and girls have beds like yours."

"No, they don't," Laurie paused to think. "There are black children and other kinds of children like that story I read the other day. How does the moon get over there? It hasn't any feet?"

His mother laughed. "No, for sure it hasn't. But your ball has no feet, yet it goes far when you throw it in the air. The moon goes along much the same way. Of course, no one throws it, unless it is the Man in the Moon."

Laurie gazed at that. "Now you are teasing me, Mommy. No one could reach the moon to throw it. I wish my Daddy would build a big, big long stairs right up to the moon. Then I could go up and up and up. I could see all those boys and girls that the moon sees."

"That's impossible, dear," said his mother. "You could not reach the moon with a stairs or a ladder. When you get older, we can talk some more, then you'll understand better. Now cuddle down on your pillow. The moon is looking in to see if you are sleeping. Good night."

A few minutes later that big white moon smiled to himself as he peered in the window and saw Laurie sound asleep with his big teddy in his arms.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

GETTING EVEN

Getting even may not pay, All to often brings dismay. —Old Mother Nature.

Blacky the Crow wanted to get even. Anyway, that is the way he put it. He had spent many uncomfortable nights shivering with fright as he heard the hunting call of Hooty the Owl. Blacky cannot see at night and Hooty can. So all Blacky could do was to hope that he was so well hidden that Hooty wouldn't see him.

Because he has night-seeing eyes, Hooty does most of his hunting at night and rest and sleeps in daytime. He always has a favorite roost. Blacky had found that roost. Now he was hurrying to tell Mrs. Blacky.

"I've found where Hooty spends the day!" he cried as soon as he saw Mrs. Blacky. Of course, she wanted to know right away where it was.

in driving him away from the Green Forest."

"I hope," said Mrs. Blacky, "you are not one of those folks who think owls cannot see in the daytime. We may not be able to see in the night while owls can, but they can also see in the daytime."

Blacky began to caw at the top of his lungs. It was a special caw. Every crow within hearing dis-



"I am going to get even with him," continued Blacky.

"You know for what as well as I do," said Blacky. "I'm going to get even with him for all the frights he has given us. Yes, sir, I'm going to get even for all the nights we have shivered with fear lest Hooty or Mrs. Hooty find us."

"How are you going to get even?" asked Mrs. Blacky.

"By getting the gang together and making life miserable for him," said Blacky. "There isn't much to fear from him in daytime, especially if we have the whole gang with us. It is going to be fun. We might even succeed

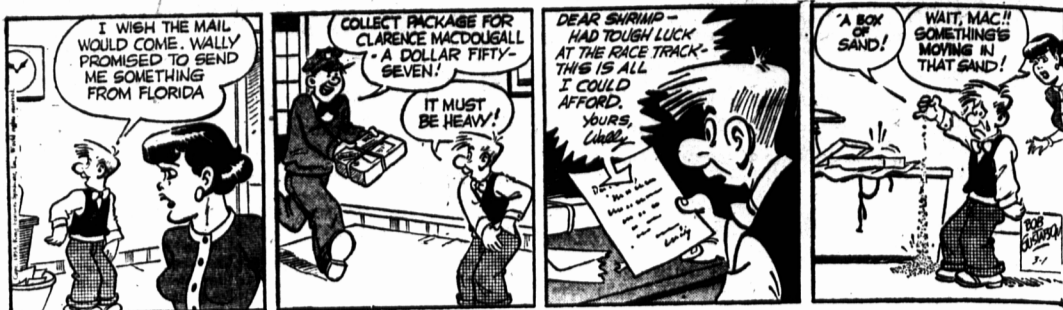
at what it meant. What would have sounded to you or to me simply as "Caw, caw, caw, caw," was to those other crows, "Owl, owl, owl."

From all directions the members of the Black Gang came hurrying as fast as wings could bring them. They were old crows, wise in the ways of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows. There were young crows who still had much to learn. Some of these lat-

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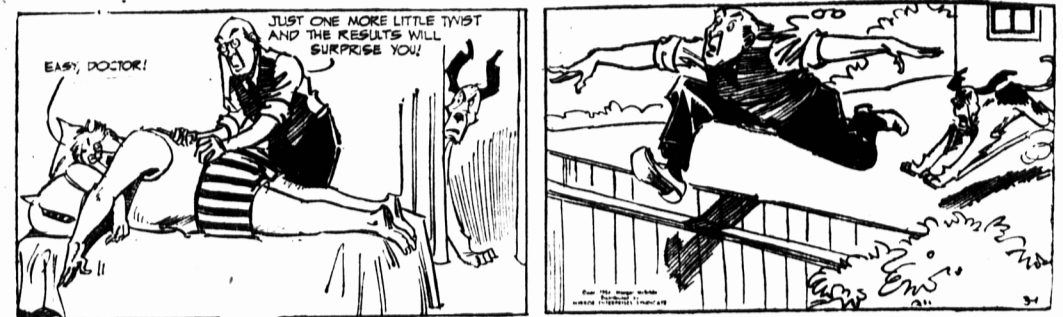
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



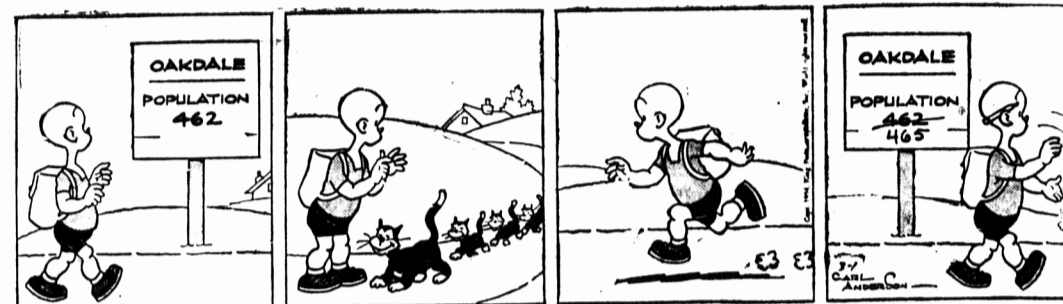
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



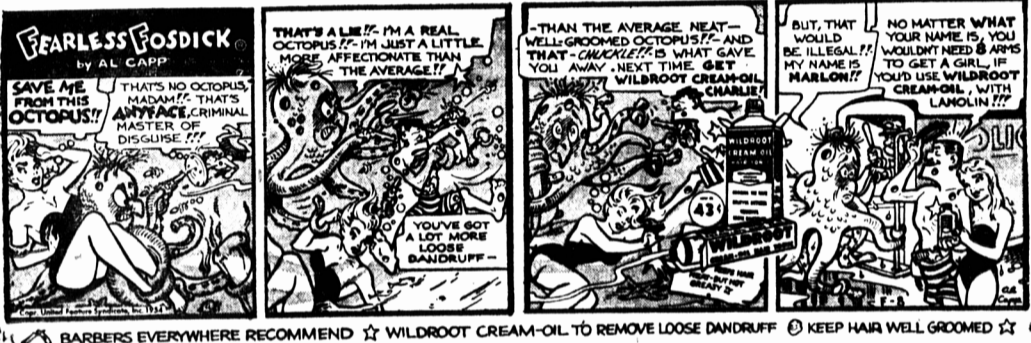
Henry

By Carl Anderson



70go

By Walt Kelly

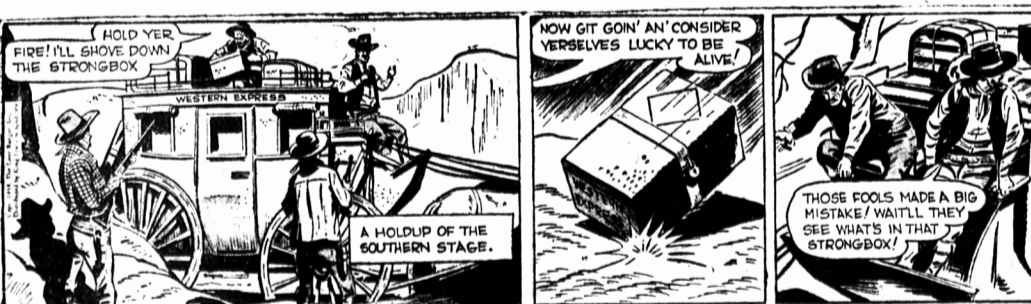


Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond

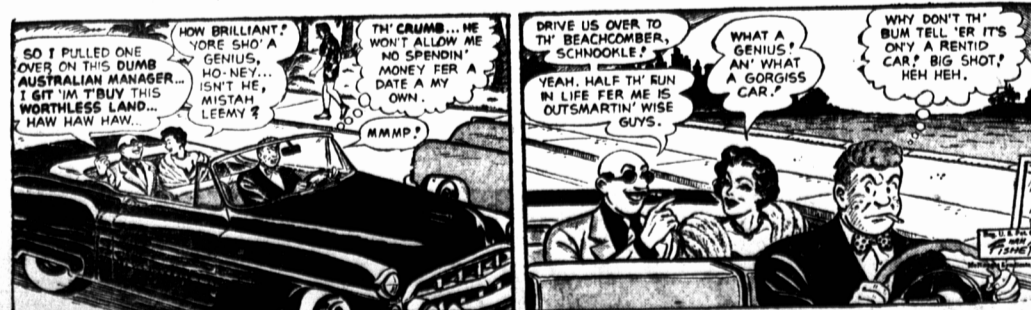


By Fran Striker



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Li'l Abner

By Al Capp



Dotty Dripple

By Buford



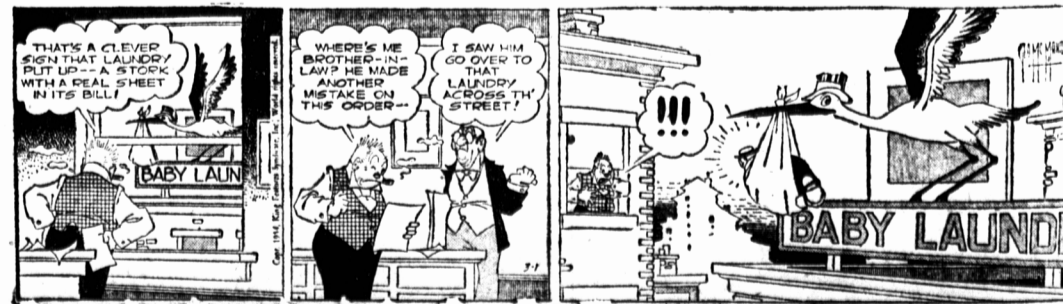
Tippy and "Cap" Stubbs

By Edwina



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



PENNY

By Harry Moonigan

