# The Tiny Folk

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

Three year old Terry was busily helping his mother with the upstairs work. He tugged at the bedspread until he had all the wrinkles pulled out. He watched his mother plumping up a pillow, and did the same.

"Let me put this one down for Daddy, so he'll be quite comfortable," he said.

"All right. Then this one will be for me," his mother said as she placed hers.

"Mommy, why don't you wear your glasses all the time?" Terry asked.

"I need them mostly for reading and sewing," his mother explained, "but I can get along fine doing my housework without them."

"Would you need them to read a story to me?" Terry asked again.

"Oh yes, and for knitting at your new sweater with the train on it," smiled his mother. "Now what do you want to do?"

"Let me take a Kleenex and dust the table and chair," coaxed Terry.

"That would be a good help, dear," said his mother. "If we get all the work done early, I'll read you the story in the paper."

"Goody, goody," sang Terry happily, as he carefully dusted off the table. It was surprising to see the really good job he did. He liked to see the shining wood, so rubbed until he could see his own smiling face.

"R-r-ring," went the telephone downstairs.

"I've got to run down to answer the phone, Terry" called his mother. "We have finished up here now, so you come along too. There it rings again. I'll run down ahead."

Terry gave a last rub to the furniture. Then he walked over to look out the window. He could hear his mother talking on the phone, so he might as well look around.

"I wonder what is on the bureau," he thought to himself. "I'll just climb up on the chair and see."

He dragged a chair over, got up on it, and looked all over the bureau top. There were his mother's redbeads. He just loved them, and she used to let him try them on.

"I'll just slip them on now," he said. "My! they look pretty," as he admired himself in the mirror.

There was his mother's compact. She always kept that in her purse.

"She must have forgotten it," he ssaid to himself. "I'll get her purse and put it in." He pulled open the drawer, took out her brown handbag, opened it, and dropped in the compact. As he put it back in the drawer, he saw her glass case.

"There are Mommy's glasses. She said she needed them for reading. My! she forgot all about them. She needs glasses to read me my story. I must take them down to her."

He stood for a minute, for he knew he wasn't supposed to touch them. "I must not let them fall; what can I do?" After considering a moment, he put them on, and walked carefully down the stairs.

Just as his mother turned from the phone, he walked through the open doorway. She took one startled look, and gasped. "Terry, what on earth are you doing with my glasses? Give them to me this instant! Don't you know you aren't supposed to touch them?

The pleased smile faded from Terry's face, and his face looked sad. "I didn't mean to be bad, Mommy," he said. "You said you were going to read to me and I knew you needed your glasses. I brought them down so you wouldn't have to go back for them. I was very careful, Mommy. I wore them on so I wouldn't break them."

His mother looked at the sorrowful little face. The glasses, of course, were much too big for him and being away down on his nose She realized how funny he did look. How could she scold him when he was just trying to help?

"Thanks, darling," she said, gently loosening the glasses, and putting them on her own face. "You were a very kind little boy to try to save me some steps. But next time I'll get them for myself."

## By Thorton W. Burgess

### LEARNING BY SEEING

Eyes were given us to see;
Thus to keep from danger free.
—Johnny Chuck.

The greatest danger to anyone is the danger that is unseen. Who sees danger in time often can avoid it. That is one thing that eyes are for. The one who learns how to use his eyes to see all that is to be seen about him, soon learns what to look for, and to understand what he sees. In this way he adds to knowledge. And because of what he sees he becomes a little wiser each day.

Buster, he who had once been called Runty, young son of Johnny Chuck, was learning fast the things that a chuck who would live long must know. He was learning to use his eyes, and to remember the things he saw and what they meant. He had had one lucky escape from a hunter with a dreadful gun. It would be a smart hunter indeed who would ever get another shot at him. As long as he lived he would distrust the two-legged folk whom he might see off in the distance from time to time. But there were other dangers he had not as yet learned about. His mother, Polly Chuck, had warned him against Reddy Fox, but so far he had never seen Reddy Fox.

Then it happened that early one morning when he cam out on his doorstep and sat up to look this way and that way before starting to get a breakfast of sweet clover and tender grass, he saw a sharp face peering around a small bush not far away. It was a face he never had seen before. A moment later out from behind the bush came the handsomest person he had ever sen. He hadn't supposed that anybody would have such a lovely red coat. Of course it was Reddy Fox.

Reddy stood perfectly still. He was looking in another direction. Apparently he didn't know the young chuck was sitting on his doorstep. For a long time Reddy stood still. He seemed to be watching a certain spot over toward the edge of the Old Pasture. Buster knew that one of his sisters was living over there. He could see the yellow sand which was the doorstep of her home. Could it be that it was that doorstep Reddy Fox was watching? Suddenly Reddy flattened himself in the grass. Buster knew that it was his sister.

He looked again at Reddy Fox. Reddy's black ears were standing straight up. He was flattening himself in the grass so as not to be seen from that distant doorstep. For a few minutes the young chuck there sat looking this way and that way. Then she left the doorstep, and disappeared in the grass. Buster knew that she was on her way to get her breakfast of sweet clover. He looked back at Reddy Fox. Rather, he looked back at the place Reddy had been, for Reddy was no longer there. He must have disappeared among the bushes near-by.

"How in the world did that fellow disappear so quickly? I didn't suppose anyone could move as quickly as that," thought the young chuck. "I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it."

**It was a face he had never seen before.**

### BULGARIA FALLS IN LINE

BERN, Switzerland, (Reuters)—Bulgaria has ratified the four Geneva Red Cross conventions for the protection of war victims, bringing to 38 the total of countries bound by the convention, officials announced Friday.

## DAILY CROSSWORD

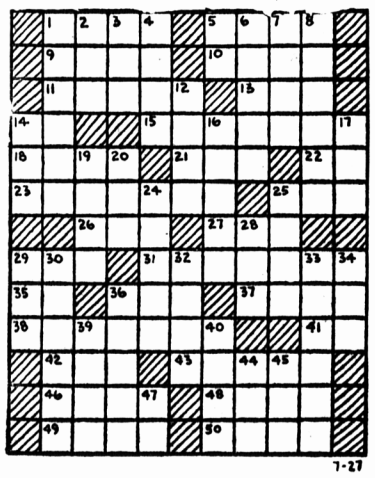
**ACROSS**

1. Wooden blocks
5. Malt beverages
9. The "—— Curtain"
10. Soil
11. Conspiracy
13. Contend
14. All correct (colloq.)
15. Parasitic plant
18. South American country
21. Wet earth
22. Belonging to me
23. Pronounced indistinctly
25. Cereal grain
26. Antelope (Afr.)
27. Exclamation
29. God of pleasure (Egypt.)
32. Bone connecting ribs
35. Conjuncti
36. Devoured
37. Frivolous or vain
38. Wound rope around a pin (naut.)
41. Street (abbr.)
42. Mongrel dc
43. Wooden shoe
46. City (E. New York)
48. Change one's abode
49. Dispatch
50. River (Fr.)

**DOWN**

1. A metal
2. Opening (anat.)
3. A mass (dial.)
4. Thin, brittle cookie
5. Public notice
6. Resided
7. Goddess of discord (Gr.)
8. Full of vapor
12. Citrus fruit
14. Goddess of harvests (It.)
16. Poke
17. Ecclesiastical table of offices (var.)
19. Floor coverings
20. Vase with a foot
24. Impaired by disuse
25. Split
28. Assam silk-worm
29. Cut hair
30. Builds
32. Golf mounds
33. Long, l overcoc
34. Encour, tered
36. Biblical name
39. Entice
40. Female parents
44. Crushing snake
45. Eggs
47. Yard (abbr.)

Yesterday's Answer



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

A X Y D L B A A X E
is L O N G F E L L O W

One letter simply stands for another. In this exam[illegible] used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single [illegible]ostrophies, the length and formation of the words [illegible]nts. Each [illegible] the code letters are different.

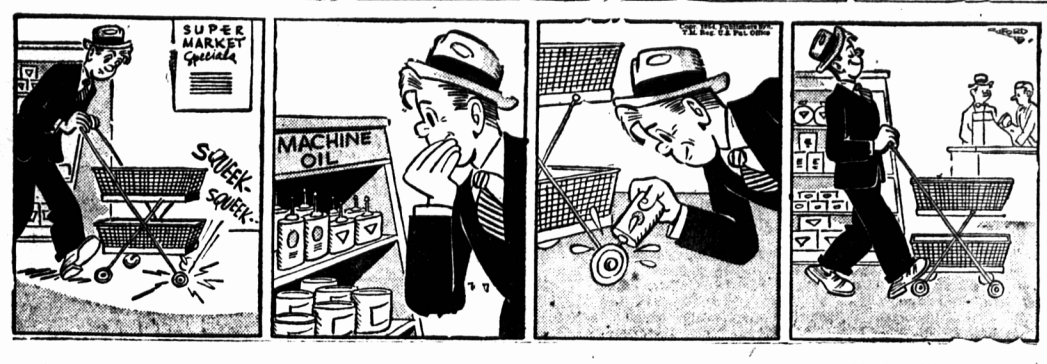
**A Cryptogram Quotation**

N A G O B  G E V I ,  I E N  I Y Y N ,  E M X
R V G T  B M Z Z ,  T Y J M N Z X  Y M  Q Y Y I
E M X  O A G T M Z K — R T G N A .

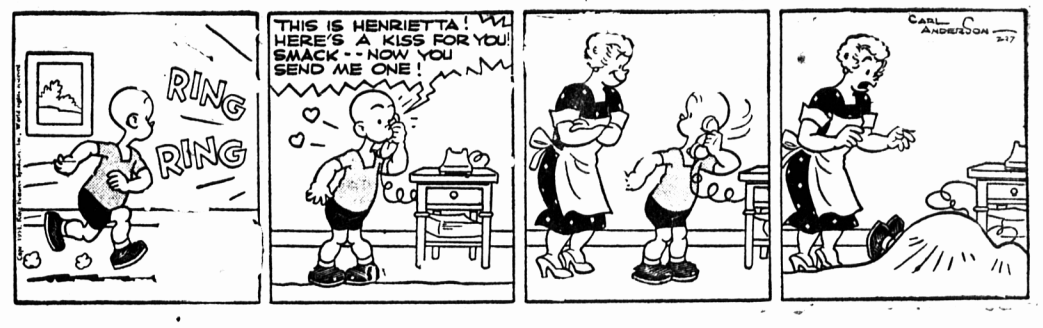
**Yesterday's Cryptoquote: HE WAS, FOR ALL [illegible] WORLD, LIKE A FORKED RADISH—SHAKESPEARE.**

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs — By Edwina

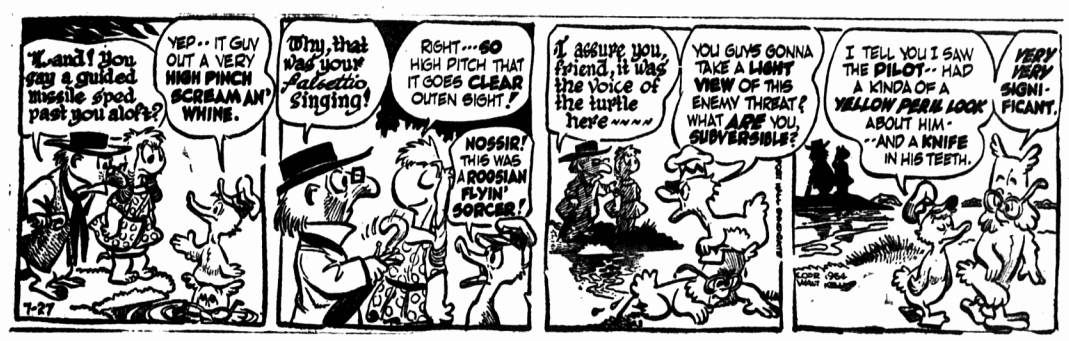
Dotty Dripple — By Buford Tune



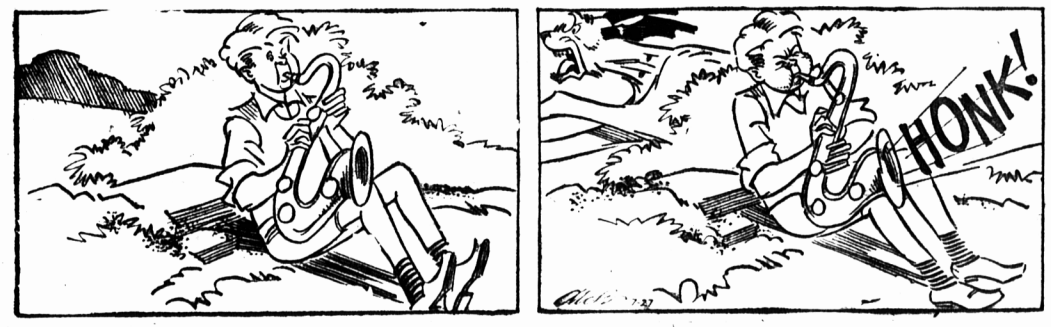

Henry — By Carl Anderson




Pogo — By Walt Kelly



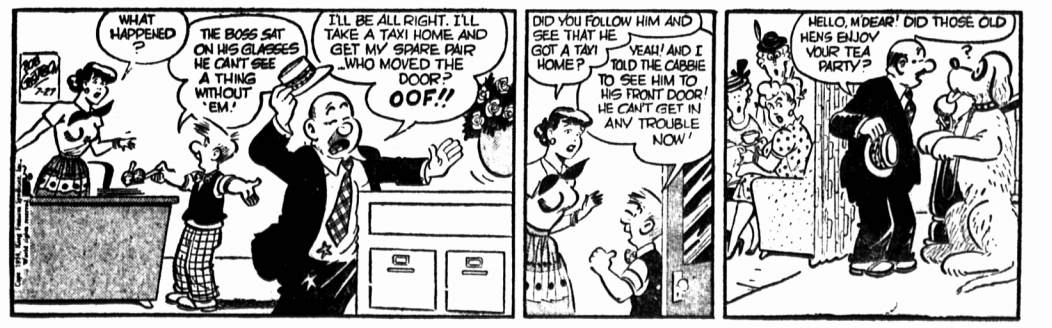

Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride




Penny — By Harry Hoenigsen

Rip Kirby — By Alex Raymond

Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson




The Lone Ranger — By Fran Striker

Bringing Up Father — By George McManus

Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher

Li'l Abner — By Al Capp