

The Tiny Folk

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

Mrs. Lane had stacked the breakfast dishes by the sink, and was now busy gathering the soiled clothes together, for she was going to wash. Susan and David were busy playing on the couch with their picture books.

"You are very busy this morning aren't you, Mommy?" Susan asked.

"Yes," answered her mother. "I have quite a few things to do, so I must hurry along. You and David just be good children and play there quietly."

"David good boy. David play blocks," smiled two year old David, as he looked up at her.

"Mommy, why can't I help you?" Susan asked. "I'm a big girl now. Next year I'll be going to school. I know I can wash the dishes. Please, Mommy, let me do the dishes."

Mrs. Lane paused for a moment. "All right, then, you may," she decided. "I'll get the water ready, and you may wash the knives, forks and spoons."

In a very few minutes Susan was busy at the sink. She had her mother's red checked apron tied under her arms, and she stood on a kitchen chair. First, she washed the spoons; the big ones that her mother and father used, the small one that was her very own, and the little silver spoon with the bent handle that had David's name on it. Next were the two forks, then the two knives.

"Mommy, may I wash the cups and saucers, please? I'll be very, very careful," Susan said.

"Be very careful then, dear, and be sure to dry them well," Mrs. Lane replied.

Susan was delighted. She loved the breakfast dishes with their bright yellow poppies along the edge. She was very careful to wash off every little crumb.

Then she put them on the drain pan. She reached for the yellow porridge bowls, and washed them too. Then she did the four plates. It took quite a while, for she was being very sure that they were clean, then dried them until they were shining and sparkling.

"Oh, Mommy, come and see what I have done," she called out to her mother.

Mrs. Lane came over. Her eyes got big with surprise. "Why Susan!" she exclaimed. "You did all the dishes for me. What a pleasant surprise! Just see how clean and shining they are. You are a very smart little girl to be such a big help to your mother."

That day, when Mr. Lane came home to dinner, Susan's mother told him what Susan had done. Mr. Lane picked Susan up on his knee and said, "Susan, Daddy is so pleased that you are such a big help to your Mommy. Now any day that you want to earn some money, you can go out and wash dishes for the neighbors."

Susan giggled. "Stop teasing me, Daddy. You come along and eat your dinner off my shiny plates. It tastes twice as good today."

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

HOMER FEELS FOOLISH

Boast not at all of what you do. For others may do more than you. —Old Mother Nature.

Homer, the Roamer, as Farmer Brown's Boy called the pigeon he had entered in several races, was strutting about in the dooryard. He had had a great adventure. In a long-distance race he had been blown far out to sea by a wind he was unable to fly against. Just at the point where he felt so tired that he must drop into the sea a great ship came along and Homer found safety on it. By the time the great ship was near its port Homer was rested, and once more took to his wings. So at last he reached home. Now as he strutted about he told of his adventures.

He boasted of how much of the Great World he had seen.

"I can always find my way home however far away I may be taken," boasted Homer.

Tommy Tit the Chickadee overheard what I have done," she called out to her mother.

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heard him. Tommy's little black eyes twinkled. "Dee, dee, dee, dee! That's nothing," cried Tommy Tit.

"I guess you would think it was something if you had made such long flights as I have," retorted Homer. "You folks that stay at home all the time don't know what it is like out in the Great World. You probably would be lost in no time at all. There are not many folks who can be carried as far and fly straight back there."

Tommy Tit chuckled. "I didn't mean to give you the idea he is here now," explained Tommy Tit. "He will be here when spring comes. I wouldn't wonder if he has already started. I just mentioned him, because he flies the farthest of any one I know. Yet he always comes straight back, and never gets lost. So, don't boast, Homer, about what you can do."

Boomer the Nighthawk was at that very time in southern South America, for he spends his winters in Southern Argentina. Homer had reason to feel a little foolish.

Homer puffed out his feathers and strutted more than ever. "Do you know of any one who has flown home from so far away that it has taken two days of flying to get home?" he demanded.

"That's nothing. Dee, dee, dee, dee! That's nothing at all," retorted Tommy Tit. "I know a lot of birds that would think nothing at all of a little flight like that."

"Just name one!" cried Homer. "I could name dozens and dozens," replied Tommy Tit. "Every fall they go so far down in the Sunny South that it is summer all the time. They go so far that it takes days and days to fly there. Then in the spring they come back here and they never miss their way. Even little Hummer the Hummingbird does that. If long-distance flying and finding the way home are things to boast about, then Hummer has a right to boast. But he doesn't. I myself wonder how those tiny wings of his can take him such great distances, but he seems to



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think it is nothing at all. And there's Boomer the Nighthawk. "Where is Boomer the Nighthawk?" demanded Homer, looking all about.

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Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



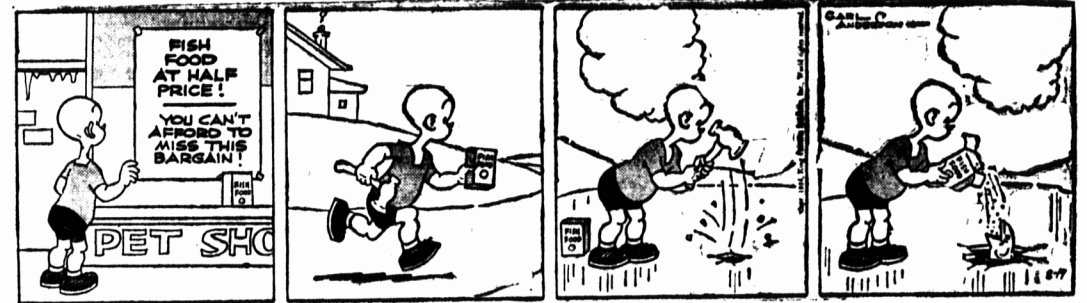
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Henry

By Carl Anderson



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



Dotty Dripple

By Buford



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



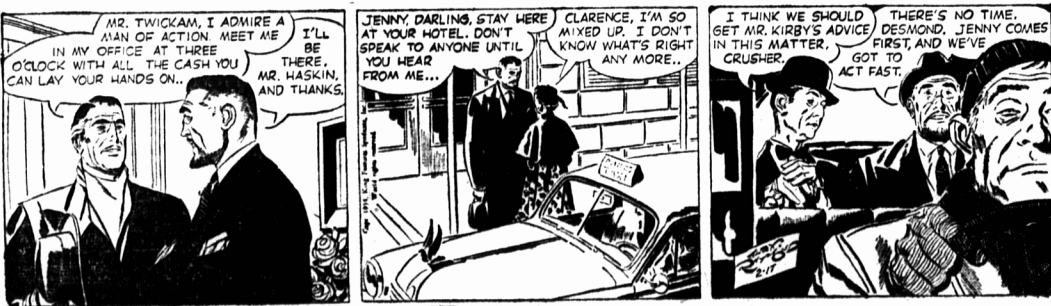
PENNY

By Harry Haeggen



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



The Lone Ranger

By Fran Striker



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



L'il Abner

By Al Capp

