The Tiny Folk

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

"Why don't I hear Mr. Robin Redbreast singing these days?" Laurie asked as he stood at the window gazing out at the cherry trees in the orchard.

"I'm not sure, but I believe the baby robins have hatched from the eggs," answered Mrs. Page. "If they have, then he'll be kept busy getting food for them. He won't have as much time for singing as he had."

"Will Mrs. Robin help too?" Laurie wanted to know.

"Of course she will, it will take the two of them going steady to feed those hungry youngsters of theirs. If you could see into the nest, you would notice that they all open their mouths very wide when they hear a sound near their nest. They are sure it is their mother or father with food."

"Here is a robin now," cried Laurie excitedly. "Look, he's getting a worm for his own breakfast."

"Just wait and see if he eats it," suggested Mrs. Page.

"No-o, he's holding it in his beak," said Laurie slowly. "Why is he doing that?"

"He's gathering food for his family now. He won't eat any, but will carry it back to the nest. See how he's holding his head to one side. He's listening for worms. He can hear the slighest movement in the ground. Look! he grabbed one right there!" she exclaimed.

Laurie was becoming quite interested. "Just see how he hops along and listens, Mommy. There! he's got another. Watch him pull! He put them all down and now he's gathering them up again. What did he do that for?"

"He's packing them better, I suppose, so he won't drop any," replied his mother.

"He should have pockets," said Laurie seriously. "Then he could carry the worms in them."

Mrs. Page laughed heartily at the idea of a robin with pockets. Every now and then she smiled to herself at the thought as she kneaded the bread.

"Oh, Mommy, come!" cried Laurie in alarm. "I see Velvet sneaking up behind the lilac bush. What is he after?"

Mrs. Page looked out to see Janice's black kitten creeping slyly along in the deep grass of the drain and behind the lilac. Mr. Robin Redbreast was hopping nearer and nearer, too busy looking for food to notice the black kitten flattened close to the ground.

"You bad cat!" scolded Laurie as he rapped crossly on the windowpane. The noise frightened the robin who started up just as Velvet sprang. Frisky tore around the corner, barking and spied the cat. There was a flash of black as Velvet streaked for home and safety across Playtime Lane.

"The robin got away, Bad Velvet," said Laurie, quite annoyed. "That bad cat has no business chasing the birds. That robin is good, isn't he, Mommy?"

"Sure he is," agreed his mother. "The birds eat all the bad worms and insects that like to eat our gardens. But Velvet doesn't know that it is wrong to chase birds so don't be too cross at him."

"I'm glad I scared the robin away," said Laurie. "I meant to frighten Velvet, but the robin flew, then Frisky ran and the cat flew for home."

"I'm glad too," added Mrs. Page. "That was just another adventure in the life of Mr. Robin Redbreast, but this one had a happy ending too, so he'll be left to feed his family, and make us joyful with his songs again. All's well that ends well."

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By Thorton W. Burgess

TOUSLEHEAD ISN'T BLUFFED

The bully acting rough and tough
Is likely putting up a bluff.
—Rattles the Kingfisher.

Touslehead, the young kingfisher, had at last found a place to suit him. The fishing was good. There was a dead tree on the bank, one branch of which was out over the water. It was a perfect place from which to watch for fish.

"What are you doing on my fishing stand?" demanded the stranger.

Unlike many fishermen Touslehead didn't want big fish. He wanted little fish, fish he could swallow whole. He didn't mind too much if one now and then couldn't be swallowed all at once. A fish of this sort he would swallow by degrees. The place he had chosen was one often visited by schools of minnows. You know a number of fish together are called a school.

Touslehead was lucky in finding this place. Another kingfisher had been just ahead of him the day he found it. It happened that there were no minnows there when the other kingfisher stopped on that very same tree. There was a big fish. It was this fish that had frightened away all the minnows. Of course the kingfisher saw the big fish. He watched for a long time, but the fish didn't leave, and of course those minnows didn't come back. So the feathered fisherman moved on to look for another place. By the time Touslehead came along, the big fish had left and the minnows had returned. The big fish never came back, and Touslehead had good fishing every day.

It happened that one morning he was half dozing, for he had just eaten a good breakfast. Suddenly there was a sharp rattle. It was repeated. Another kingfisher was coming. Touslehead was very wide awake now. He saw the stranger flying low over the water. He was heading straight for where Touslehead was sitting. He saw that the stranger was an older bird. He lighted on the same limb that Touslehead was sitting on.

"What are you doing on my fishing stand?" demanded the stranger.

"It isn't your fishing stand; it is mine!" retorted Touslehead.

"Nothing of the kind," declared the other. "This is my tree, and the sooner you go on your way the better." The stranger ruffled up his feathers and looked very fierce. Touslehead held his own. The stranger moved along and struck at Touslehead with his big bill. Touslehead struck right back. A second later both birds were in the air fighting. It was Touslehead's first fight, but he was holding his own. Once as they battled up and down in the air they almost fell into the water. They separated just in time. Touslehead flew back up to his favorite perch. He was angry as he had never been before. That was his tree, and he meant to keep it. No one was going to drive him away. The other made a half-hearted dash at him. Touslehead didn't move, and the stranger turned aside just in time. He once more lighted on the tree, but at a safe distance from the angry young kingfisher. He made a lot of threats of what he would do to Touslehead, but he didn't do any of them. He was bluffing, and Touslehead knew he was bluffing.

"You're nothing but a big bully!" declared Touslehead. And that is just what the other one was. Presently he went on down the Big River, and that was the last that Touslehead saw of him. A bully usually is like that.

TOPS in tangy taste!
Barbour's
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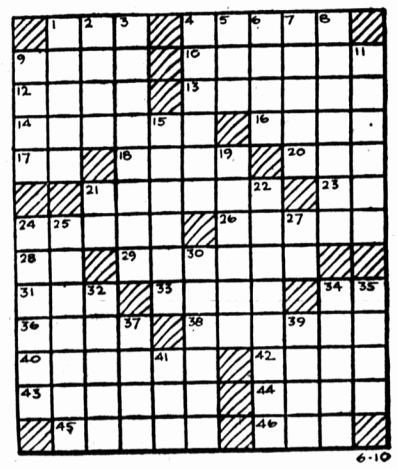
DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. Small explosion
4. Custom
9. Circle of light
10. Original name of Nova Scotia
12. Persia
13. Most recent
14. Raised
16. Beat
17. Bone (anat.)
18. Farm animals
20. Girl's nickname
21. Sheer linens
23. Half an em
24. Diving birds
26. Forests
28. From
29. Cord
31. Often (poet.)
33. Tolerable
34. Neuter pronoun
36. Kind of fuel
38. Chair of a sovereign
40. Errors (print.)
42. Spoken
43. Absolute ruler
44. Forearm bone
45. Girl's name
46. Look

DOWN
1. Capital (Fr.)
2. Patron saint of sailors
3. Seaplane floats
4. German composer
5. One-spot card
6. Cry
7. Notions
8. Covered with tissue
9. Hawaiian city
11. Capital (Gr.)
15. Lives
19. Somewhat new
21. Toward
22. Resonant
24. Completed a circuit (elec.)
25. Bid
27. King of Bashan
30. Revolve
32. Foot bones (anat.)
34. Silly
35. A tissue (anat.)
37. Bark cloth
39. Voided escutcheon
41. Heavy weight

Yesterday's Answer



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

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

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, apostrophies, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

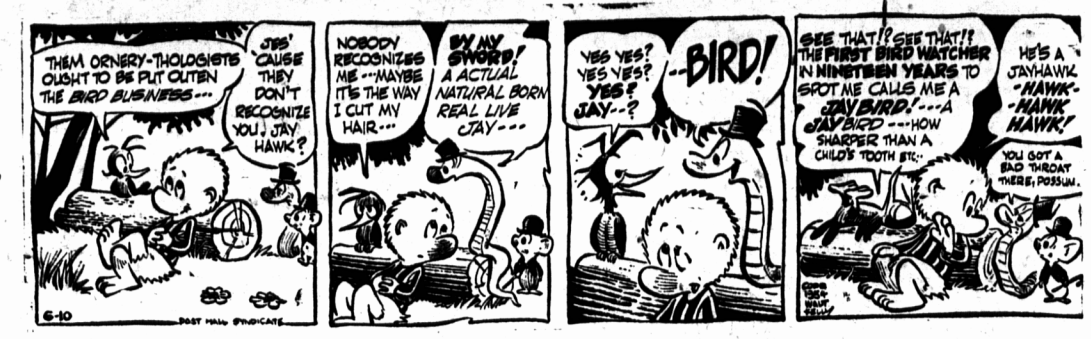
A Cryptogram Quotation

E N A T A F V K J A X A T M W A E F N W N V L J W E E N A N A V T E H J E N A T H C N E M D V S A — A U A T K W J.

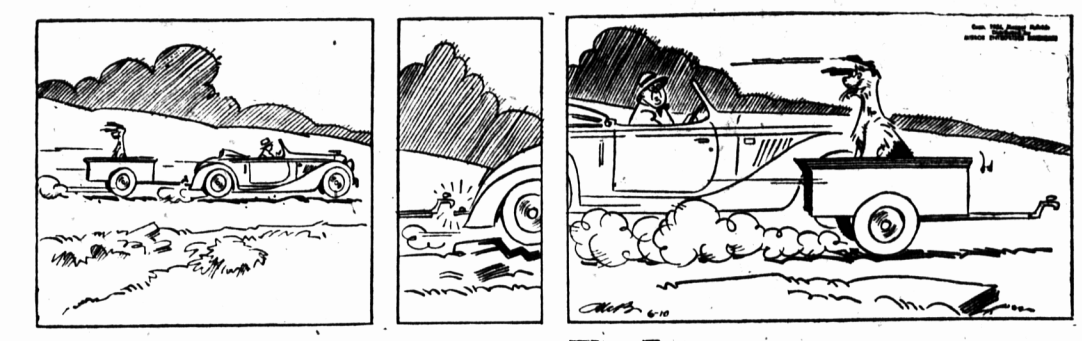
Yesterday's Cryptoquote: A SMATTERING OF EVERY THING, AND A KNOWLEDGE OF NOTHING—DICKENS.

Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson

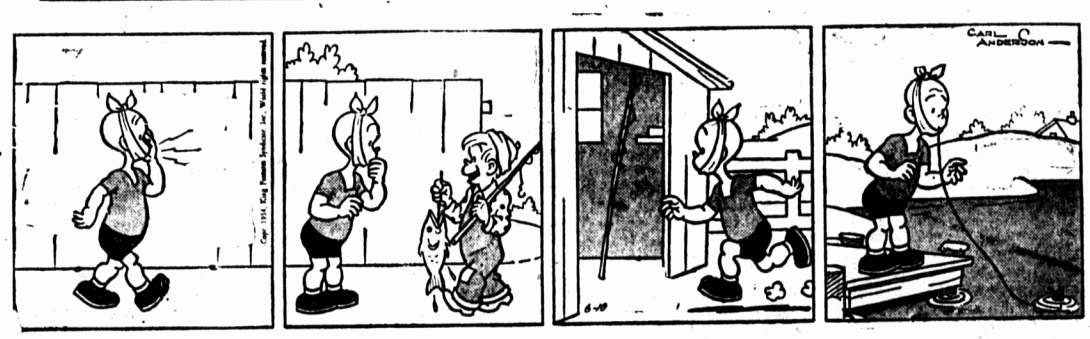
Pogo — By Walt Kelly



Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride



O. Henry — By Carl Anderson

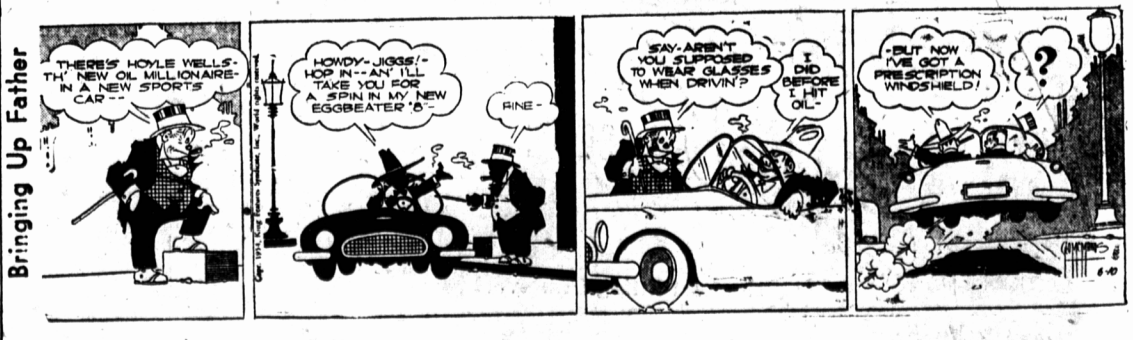


Tippy and "Cap" Stubs — By Edwina

Dolly Dipple — By Buford

The Lone Ranger — By Fran Striker

Bringing Up Father — By George McManus



Rip Kirby — By Alex Raymond

Penny — By Harry Hoenigsen

Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher

Li'l Abner — By Al Capp