

### The Tiny Folk

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

"Daddy, this is a fine day. It didn't snow any more since the snow plow went by. Are we going to town today, Daddy? Are we? Are we?" Laurie asked as he tugged at his father's arm. "You said we'd go if the roads were good."

"Just hold on a minute, Laurie," laughed his father. "You are in a big rush this morning. Yes, I think we'll go to town, but we'll leave early so we can get home long before dark."

What a hustle and bustle there was at the Page home for the next half hour! Laurie's face was scrubbed till it was shining, then his hair was combed. Laurie reached for his little toothbrush with its bright blue handle. He brushed his teeth till they were shiny too. Even though he was in a hurry, he did not want to give those old germs a chance to make holes in his teeth. Brush! brush! brush! Mommy and Daddy were hurrying about too, so Laurie got his own overshoes, and put them on. Then he took his new snow suit off its hanger and tried to put it on. Just then his mother came downstairs.

"Why, Laurie, you are a smart boy. You are almost ready. Here I'll help you with that snow suit," she said. Then she looked. "Goodness, Laurie you put your overshoes on the wrong feet. That would never, never do. Off they come. There, that's right now. I'm all ready," Laurie sang out to his Daddy. "You bring baby Linda, Mommy, and let's go out to the car."

"Linda is too little to go to town today," Mrs. Page answered. "Grandma is going to keep her till we get back."

Laurie looked so disappointed. "I thought she was coming 'oo she'll be lonesome without me, Mommy. Please take her too."

Mrs. Page explained again why baby Linda had to stay home, and at last Laurie was satisfied. He kissed his little sister, waved goodbye, and called, "We're going to town, to town, to town."

### BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

#### BLACKY HAS A BAD NIGHT

In the blackness of the night, Anything may cause a fright. —Blacky the Crow.

Blacky the Crow does not like night. He is a lover of daytime. He goes to bed early, but that isn't because he wants to. It is

you something from town." Soon they were on their way. Mr. Page drove carefully for there were bits of ice here and there. Laurie's head kept turning from side to side. His tongue was going just as fast.

"Look, Daddy, at the big tunnel the snow plow made. It is higher than the car. I'd like to climb away up there," he said. "Oh, see that big, big long hill. I wish I could go coasting there. See the little trees. Are those the Christmas trees left over from Christmas? There's a little boy shoveling in that barn yard. Look Mommy, look! This is a big hill for a car to go up. I see a red sandbox there."

His mother laughed. "Goodness, Laurie you talk so much you make my ears tired. Try keeping quiet for a little while. You don't want to be tired when you get to town."

A few minutes later, Mrs. Page looked down. Laurie was sound asleep! His mother smiled as she rested his head on her shoulder. He'll be ready for a big time when we get there. He's still holding tightly to the money Grandma gave him. I'll bet right now he's dreaming how to spend it. Then they were all quiet as the car wheels hummed a little song as if they too said, "We're going to town, to town, to town."

because he is afraid to be out after dark. He has enemies to watch out for by day, but then he can see. And even when he knows enemies are about, he is not afraid. This is because he has full faith in his own smartness.

As usual Blacky had retired for the night when the Black Shadows first began to creep through the Green Forest. He had gone to rest perched high in a big hemlock tree over in the Green Forest. It was his favorite sleeping tree. He felt safe there. Anyway, he felt as safe as he ever felt at night.

The boughs of that tree were bent with the weight of snow. Once in under one of those boughs Blacky wasn't likely to be seen from outside. Blacky was hungry when he went to bed. He had found a few scraps of food, but only a few. Perhaps it was because he was so hungry that he was a long time in getting to sleep. He was on his favorite bough and as close to the trunk of the tree as he could get.

The Black Shadows came crowding in through the Green Forest and drew the black curtain of darkness over all. Had Blacky tried to poke his head outside, he couldn't have seen anything. He hadn't night-seeing eyes. But he didn't try anything of the kind.

He awoke in the middle of the night. He awoke in sudden fright. What had wakened him he didn't know. What was afraid of, he didn't know. He shivered. It was a cold night, but it wasn't the cold that made him shiver; it wasn't that kind of a shiver. Blacky the Crow, who in daylight can be,



"I don't know what I am afraid of. There's nothing to be afraid of now if I am careful."

and often is, as bold as the boldest, was scared. Yes, sir, he was a scared bird. It was fright that made him shiver.

For the rest of that night Blacky did little more than doze. He kept waking up with sudden starts. Once he heard Hooty the Owl! It was Hooty's hunting call, and it sounded as if Hooty might be very near. Hooty is the one whom Blacky fears most at night. Blacky was so scared that he held his breath as long as he could. When he heard Hooty again, Hooty was at a distance. He didn't hear Hooty again that night, but even so, he couldn't sleep much. It was a long, long night. Of course it was no longer than other nights, but it seemed so to Blacky.

It seemed to him that those Black Shadows never would move out and go back out of the Green Forest. Blacky was still having a bad time. He was still afraid, and he didn't know what he was afraid of. It was time for him to start out to look for a breakfast, but he didn't start. Two or three times he got ready to, then settled back.

"I don't know what I am afraid of. There's nothing to be afraid of now if I am careful. I don't know what I was afraid of in the night. I had no need to be afraid. Even had Hooty the Owl been in the very next tree he couldn't have seen me in here. I suppose I am silly. I suppose I am silly now." So said Blacky, talking to himself. Once more he prepared to go look for that needed breakfast. Once more he was afraid to move.

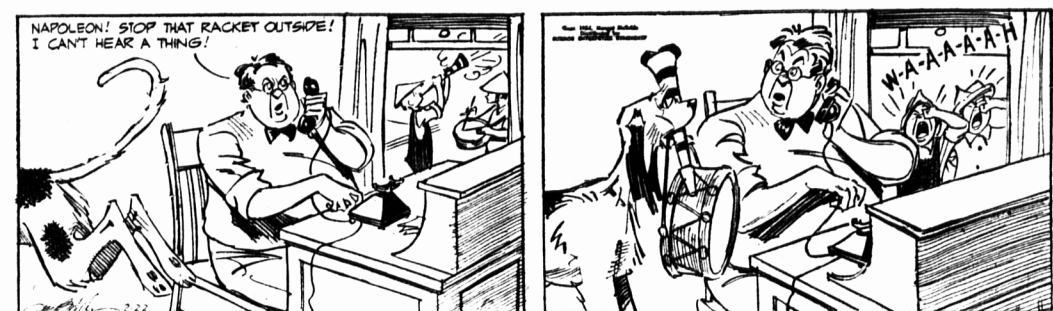
### Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



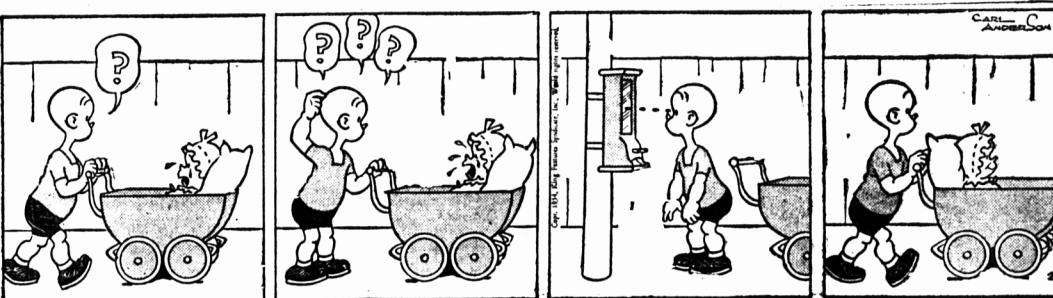
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By Clifford McBride



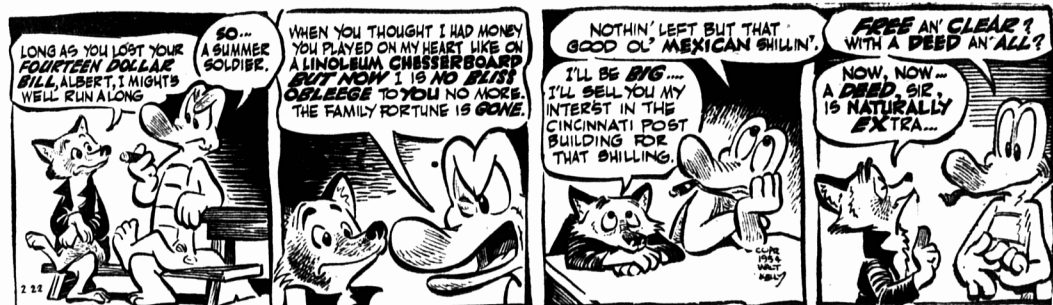
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### Pogo

By Walt Kelly



### Rip Kirby

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### The Lone Ranger

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### Joe Palooka

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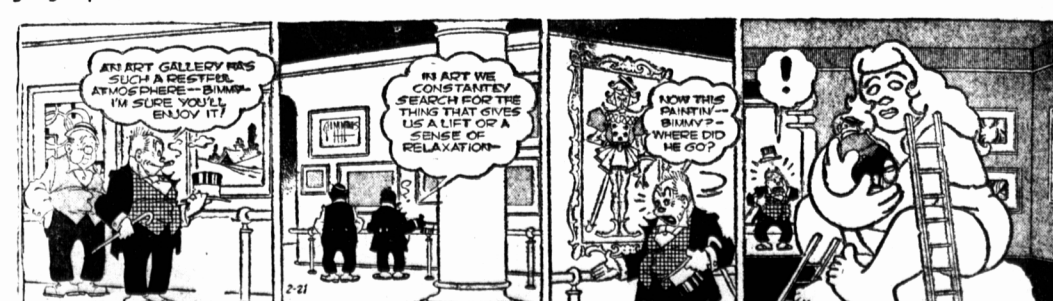
### Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwin



### Bringing Up Father

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### PENNY

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