

**The Tiny Folk**

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

Now children, we are going on a very important visit this morning and I want you to be sure to do exactly what you are told." Chirruped Mrs. Robin Redbreast to her four youngsters.

"Oh, we will, we will," they chorused together. "But where are we going?"

"Just wait and you'll find out," was all their mother would say. This was the robin family who had lived in the snug nest high on the electric light pole near Laurie's house. There the baby robins had hatched from the pale blue eggs, and there the busy father and mother had carried hundreds of worms and bugs to feed them. How fast they had grown! They were only three months old, yet their bodies were almost as big as those of their parents. They did not look exactly like the mother and father yet. Their tails were still short, and their breasts were a very light reddish brown, all freckled with dark spots.

"Now we're off. Be careful how you fly, and remember that dogs, cats and people are your enemies," warned Mrs. Robin as she led the way. She flew from their perch on the branch of the big maple tree right under the old nest in the light post. From there she fitted across to the lilac tree, then hiddenly close behind her. Ahead, hidden in the dark green leaves of a nearby tree, Father Robin chirruped to them. "Come along, come along."

With happy chirps and twitters the family made its way to the tree where Mrs. Robin sat. "Just see what we have here," he sang to them. "Look, children; red, juicy cherries. They are so very good. Just try one and find out for yourself."

Mrs. Robin reached up to pick off a very ripe cherry. She held the stem in her mouth, then placed the cherry at her feet. With one claw she held it while she picked off the red fleshy part and left the stone that is in the center of each cherry. Even robins know that the stone is the bitter part.

Robbie, the sauciest of the robin family, was eager for a task. He hopped up to a higher limb and helped himself. Ruby, Rusty, and Reddie, the other three robin youngsters, got busy too. For the next few moments they were all too busy eating to talk or even squabble among themselves.

"My goodness, Janice, look at those robins out there in the cherry tree!" exclaimed Mrs. Brent. "Run out and chase them away, or there won't be any cherries left for pies!"

Janice flew out to the top of the tree. "Shoo, shoo!" she shouted, waving her arms in the air. Father Robin merely hopped higher in the tree. He had eaten cherries from this very tree for the last four years now, and he had learned that the most the people would do would be to shout at him and wave their arms. He hid among a thick bunch of leaves and kept perfectly still.

When Mrs. Robin heard the shouting she chirped. "Fly away children! Fly away!" for it was all her job to teach them how to escape danger. They obeyed at once but Robbie waited to snatch one last cherry. It was a bit out of his reach and he lost his balance. Down he fluttered through the limbs, trying to catch himself, but he could not stop. You see, he had just been learning to fly, and when he got excited, he could not make his

**BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES**



By Thornton W. Burgess

**BUSTER CHUCK DIGS IN**

The wise will always be discreet—Provide a place for safe retreat.—Old Mother Nature.

That is one of the first and most important lessons the Green Forest and Green Meadows folk must learn when they are starting out for themselves in the Great World. There is none so strong, none so brave, none so small, none so big, that he does not need a safe retreat, a place wherein he feels sure no harm can come to him. At times even great big Buster has need of such a place.

Young Buster Chuck, son of Johnny and Polly Chuck, had need of such a place now. He was out in the Great World all alone and in a strange place. The only place in which he could feel reasonably safe was in among the stones of an old wall not far from a garden, and he didn't feel too safe there. There was only one way of getting in and out. Supposing he should be chased in there by an enemy? Then he would have no way of getting out if that enemy should wait outside for him or, worse still, follow him in. It had done all right for one night, and that was all that he had expected to stay in the neighborhood. You see he was traveling, hunting for a new home where there was plenty of good food and no other chucks to fight with over it.

He had slept well and at daylight had started out to look for breakfast. When he had had that he would go on his way. There was plenty of good grass at hand, but he wanted sweet clover and wandered this way and that way looking for it. So at last he came to a garden.

He didn't know it was a garden. He knew nothing about gardens. He never had seen a garden before. To him it was just a place where many and strange plants were growing. He wandered in among these and began tasting, a bite here, a nip there. Some of these green things he didn't much care for. Then he came to a long row of tender young plants the leaves of which were even better than sweet clover. They were just about the best green things he ever had tasted. He ate and ate right along that row, eating those plants off right down to the ground. Mmmm, how good they were! They were bean plants.

When he could eat no more he went back to the wall near the wings go right for him. Poor Robbie! There he was crouched down in the long grass beneath the tree, with the cherry still in his beak. His brothers and sisters had reached safety high in the lilac tree, but what would happen to him? He chirped for help, but no one came. Where were his father and mother? "Chirp, chirp, stop. You see, he just been learning to fly, and when he got excited, he could not make his

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**DAILY CROSSWORD**

- ACROSS
- 1. Ignominy
- 6. Timber tree (C. Am.)
- 11. Seraglio
- 12. Craze
- 13. Voted affirmatively
- 14. Beat persistently
- 15. Large three-toothed cloth
- 16. Theater attendants
- 17. Chinese river
- 19. Brief and pithy
- 21. Emphasize
- 23. A Mohammedan Malayan (S. Phil. Is.)
- 27. A dried shell-bottle
- 28. Mendicant monk (Hindu)
- 29. Unique person (slang)
- 30. A painter or sculpture
- 31. First name of 1852 Democratic presidential candidate
- 33. East by south (abbr.)
- 34. Broad thorofare
- 37. Cubic (abbr.)
- 39. Freys
- 40. Covers as with ink
- 43. Per. to area
- 44. Means of communication

- DOWN
- 1. Shinto temple
- 2. Grass cured for fodder
- 3. Region
- 4. Sea between Africa and Europe
- 5. Type of measure (quois)
- 6. Accumulate
- 7. Expert in mathematics
- 8. Poker stake
- 9. One of several layers
- 10. Fruiting spikes of grain
- 14. Man's nickname
- 17. Starchy food-stuff (Malay)
- 18. Sacred picture (Russ. Ch.)
- 20. Conclude
- 22. Hint
- 24. Evil spirit (Leg.)
- 25. Stand up
- 26. Food leavings
- 28. Friar's title
- 30. Malt beverage
- 32. Becomes blunt

**Saturday's Answer**

34	Native (Arabic)
35	Unit of length (Sp.)
36	Always
38	Wavy (Her.)
41	Untanned calfskin
42	Habitual drunkard
44	Smallest U.S. state (abbr.)

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

AXYDLBAAXE  
to  
LONGFELLOW

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

**A Cryptogram Quotation**  
TEG LURG R GUQMUGOWFF RYD.  
ARO DF ARY!—JDOOQY.

Saturday's Cryptogram: HE PRAYETH WELL WHO LOVETH WELL BOTH MAN AND BIRD AND BEAST—COLERIDGE.

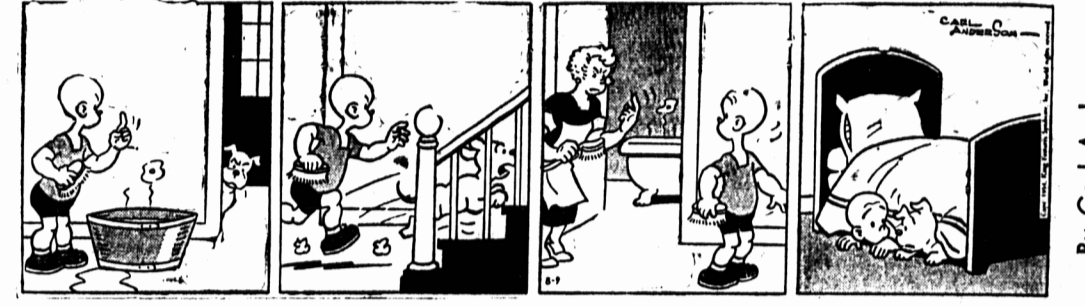
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



Dotty Dripple



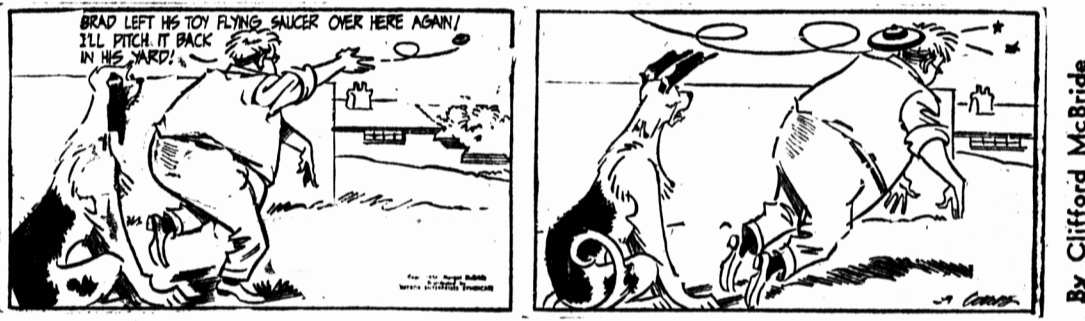
Henry



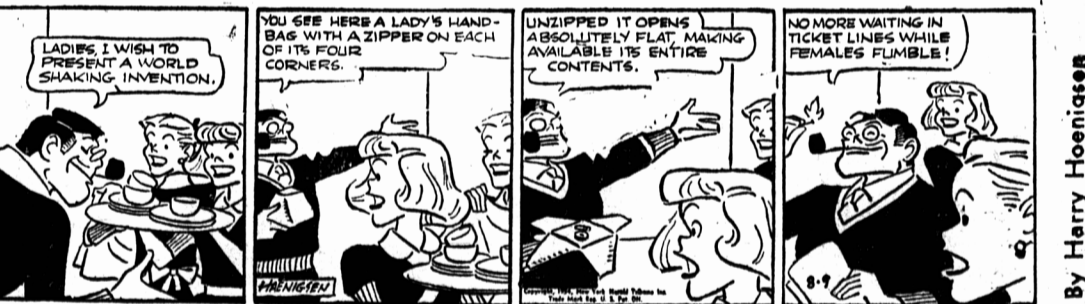
Pogo



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Penny



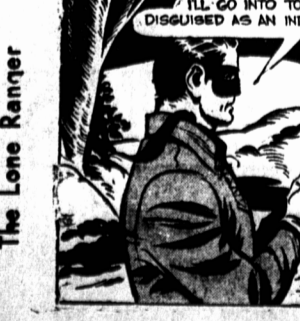
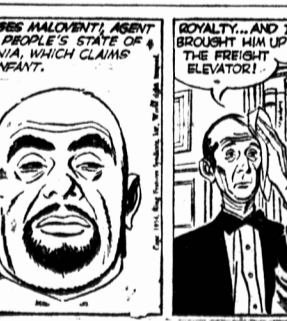
Tilly The Toilet



Bringing Up Father



L'il Abner



By Edwina  
By Buford Tunn  
By Carl Anderson  
By Walt Kelly  
By Clifford McBride  
By Harry Hoeninggen  
By Bob Gustafson  
By George McManus  
By Al Capp