

The Tiny Folk

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

Baby Linda, Laurie's eight month old sister, laughed and crowded in her crib. She had just wakened from her nap, and was as happy as could be. Laurie heard her, so at once he coaxed his mother to go and bring her down.

"Oh, Mommy," Laurie cried as he reached her, "she's Deedle, Deedle Dumpling. See, she has one shoe off and one shoe on."

"Yes, and the other bootie is about off too," laughed his mother, as she picked up the baby.

"Who would she be if she kicked them both off?" Laurie wanted to know.

"I guess she would just be herself," laughed Mrs. Page. Down the stairs they went, with Linda kicking her feet and laughing at Laurie as he sang:

"Deedle, deedle, dumpling, my son John
Went to bed with his stockings on.
One shoe off, and one shoe on,
Deedle, deedle, dumpling my son John."

In a few minutes Linda was ready to play in her play pen. Laurie ran to get her yellow plastic duck, her rattle, and her Squeaky Squirrel.

"I'll play here beside you," said Laurie. "I have Brown Bear, Bugs Bunny and Ginger. They can be

my helpers while I build a big big garage with my blocks."

The two children played happily for some time. Linda laughed and crowded as she shook her rattle, or crawled around the play pen after it. She took off her bootie again, and scrubbed her doll's face with it. She talked to Laurie in her own baby way, and he talked back to her.

All at once Laurie started to cry. "Oh, Mommy," he sobbed, running over to his mother. "Linda has been a bad, bad girl. Look what she did to poor Brown Bear. She pulled out his tongue." And the tears ran down his cheeks.

Mother took the Brown Bear and looked at it. Yes, the little red tongue was missing. Quickly she jumped up and crossed over to the play pen. She looked inside Linda's mouth, but it wasn't there. She opened the baby's tiny fists, but no red tongue was to be seen.

"How did she get Brown Bear?" she asked Laurie.

"I just put him down beside me, and she reached out and took him," answered Laurie and he started to cry again.

"Don't cry," said his mother. "I can easily sew another tongue into Brown Bear's mouth. I do wish I could find it."

"I'll get a bit of pink t'rial from your sewing box," said Laurie, as he started off. He couldn't say "material" very well, but he knew what it meant.

Just as he came back with a tiny piece of pink, Mrs. Page said, "oh! there it is. I found the missing tongue. Now Brown Bear will be as good as new in a few minutes." She got the needle, thread and thimble and sewed the red felt tongue firmly in place.

"Thank you, Mommy," Laurie said as he hugged Brown Bear. "I'm happy now. But I'll be careful not to let sister reach him again. It might hurt her, and I certainly did hurt Brown Bear." And he was all smiles again.

The eight-oared shells used in the historic boat race between Oxford and Cambridge are 60 feet long.

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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

CHATTERER IS SHOWN

Some folks you always have to show
Before they'll believe a fact is so.
—Old Mother Nature.

Chatterer the Red Squirrel is one of those folks who wants to see for himself. Because of this, Chatterer is not too well liked by the other Green Forest folk. He has a way of too often being where he isn't wanted. It was Sammy Jay who told Chatterer about Baby Prickles.

"You should see Prickly Porky's latest baby," said Sammy.

"Why should I see a baby porcupine? I've seen baby porcupines before," replied Chatterer.

"You've never seen one like this one!" said Sammy Jay, and there was something about the way he said it that made Chatterer wonder.

"All baby porcupines look alike," declared Chatterer.

"No they don't," retorted Sammy Jay. "You never would repeat that statement if you should see this baby."

"What is there about it so different?" demanded Chatterer.

"He is white instead of black," declared Sammy Jay, and chuckled at the expression on Chatterer's face.

"I don't believe it. No, sir, I don't believe it," said Chatterer. "Who ever heard of such a thing as a white porcupine?"

"What about a white Red Squirrel?" asked Sammy Jay slyly.

For once Chatterer seemed to have lost his tongue. You see, a long time before one of Chatterer's own children had had a white coat instead of a red one. "That's different," said he at length.

Chuckling, Sammy Jay flew away. "I don't believe it," Chatterer kept saying over and over to himself.



"You should see Prickly Porky's latest baby," said Sammy.

hemlock tree. At first Chatterer kept his tongue still. He didn't want Mrs. Porky to know that he was around. He first made sure that there was no baby in that tree with her. Then he began looking over other trees, but found no baby.

Finally, he happened to look down into a hollow stump. It was a low stump hollowed out in the top. There was what looked like a snowball. Chatterer looked and looked. There was no snow anywhere else, yet this looked like a ball of snow in that hollow stump. Finally he ran down to the ground, and over to the stump. He climbed up to the top and looked down into the hollow. That wasn't snow down in there. It was white hair. Still he couldn't believe that it was a baby porcupine. Without meaning to, he made a little noise. Instantly that ball of white hair became alive. A small person scrambled to his feet. A thousand little spears popped out of the hair. A small prickly tail began to slap from side to side. Chatterer jumped off that stump rather hastily. He climbed a tree, and began to scold.

PROPER DISTANCE

Experts say television screens are best watched from a distance equal to 10 times the screen's diameter.

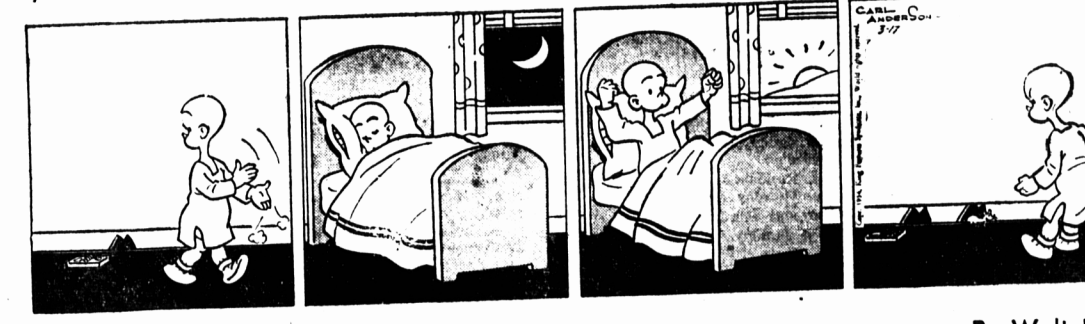
Tilly The Toiler



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Henry



Pogo



Dotty Dripple



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



Bringing Up Father



PENNY



Rip Kirby



The Lone Ranger



Joe Palooka



L'il Abner



By Buford

By Edwin

By George McManus

By Harry Hoegner

By Alex Raymond

By Fran Striker

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By Clifford McBride

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By Walt Kelly

By Buford

By Edwin

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