

The Tiny Folk

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

All last week the children on Playtime Lane had talked of nothing but Old Home Week. Every day there was someone going in, many with exhibits, others just to see the sights, Laurie had been here, and so had David and Susan, Peter and Helen, Janice Gloria, Phil and his other playmates.

Now it was all over, but the children had seen so many new and interesting things that they wanted to play make believe of all they had seen. This was a fine sunny morning and the children had been out bright and early.

"Let's play side show," suggested Helen who was older than the others.

"What will be in it?" asked Peter, her brother, who always wanted to know all about it before he played.

"I'll tell your fortunes like that," said Helen, "I'll tell you what you'll do."

"What shall we use for a tent?" Peter wanted to know.

"I'll tell you. We'll get some blankets from Mother and use two chairs and some rope tied to this tree. You help me, Janice, and we'll get it fixed right away."

It took some time to get the ropes tied just right, but at last they had three going out in different directions. To these they fastened blankets using clothes pins, and at last the tent was finished.

Helen ran into the house. After ten minutes she came out, all dressed up in a long red skirt of her mother's, with an old lace curtain draped over her head, and shouldered her basket along a high kitchen stool and Janice helped her place it in the doorway.

"Let's call Susan and David and Laurie over to play too," said Helen. "We need a crowd around." While Janice went for the others, Helen took crayon to make a sign which said, "Have Your Fortune Told. What Is Your Future? Only 50 cents."

If you had happened along just then, you would have thought Helen was a real fortune teller, for she looked like one when she was all dressed up.

"Tell my fortune first," coaxed Peter, holding up his hand.

"Where is your money?" demanded Helen.

Peter fished a round grey stone out of his pocket and placed it on the table. "Here it is, now read," Helen took Peter's very dirty little hand and turned it up. "I see that you are going to be a big man some day." She said, "You'll drive a telephone truck."

"No, I won't, I'm going to be a cowboy," said Peter, crossing pulling his hand away.

"Tell my fortune," said Janice quite seriously, as she stepped up to the front. Helen took her hand and pretended to study it very closely.

"I see you are going to be a nurse. You will live on a farm and have seventeen children."

Janice laughed and laughed. "That's a funny fortune, if it comes true, you'll have to come to do the washing for me. Let me tell yours."

"Here," said Helen, sticking out her hand.

"I see a busy life for you," Janice started off. "You are going to be a teacher. You will have a big black cat for a pet, and you are going to get a big surprise."

Just at that moment one string holding the tent broke. The blankets sagged down, tipping the stool, and breaking the other string. Down came the whole thing on Helen's head. What a scramble there was to get out! As she crawled from underneath, Janice laughed down at her.

"Who says I can't tell fortunes? Part of yours is coming true already!"

"Yes, that was a big surprise for sure," Helen agreed. "That will be the last of the fortunes for today."

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BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thorton W. Burgess

BUSTER CHUCK STILL LIVES HIGH

Who has the will can find a way To meet each problem day by day. —Old Mother Nature.

For a young chuck just starting out in the Great World, Buster Chuck was living high. He had made a home just a little way from a garden he had chanced to find.

In that garden were the best things to eat he had ever found. He liked young bean plants. It seemed he could never get enough. There were other plants that were almost as good. All he had to do was help himself, and eat, and eat, and eat.

Now lack of appetite is something no chuck knows anything about. Chucks eat to live, but sometimes seem as if they live to eat. They can do a lot of damage in a short time in a garden.

The young chuck had already done a lot of damage, and the owner of the garden knew that something had to be done if he was to have any food from that garden himself. He and his boy had found where Buster Chuck was living, and on his doorstep they would set a trap. They had set it with care so that that chuck could not come out of his hole without getting caught. Anyway, so they thought.

You see, they were sure he was down inside when the trap was set. They hardly knew just what to make of it when two days had passed, and that chuck had not been caught.

Meanwhile Buster Chuck was coming and going as he pleased. You see, he had two back doors, and he was using one of these. They were not on the same side of the old stone wall with the front door.

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door to that snug underground home. They were hidden in the grass on the other side of the stone wall, and some distance from it. The owner of the garden and his boy had looked all about for another hole, but they had looked on the wrong side of the old wall. So, Buster Chuck continued to live high.

"I guess," said the owner, "we'll have to shoot that chuck after all. I don't like to do it, but he seems too smart for us to catch."

Couldn't we flood him out? It seems to me I have heard of doing that to chucks. It is only a little way to the brook, and it wouldn't be too much work to bring up enough water to make him come out," said the boy.

His father looked thoughtful. We might try it," said he. "If we can pour enough water down fast enough, he'll have to come out or drown. I don't think I'd want that. He won't stay down there long enough for that. If we don't catch him by tomorrow morning we'll try giving him the water treatment."

Meanwhile, Buster Chuck was using one of his back doors and living as he had never lived before. The back door he was using was out in the grass, but it was not as well hidden as another back door he had provided. Perhaps you can

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BANDIT ELECTROCUTED

OSSINING, N. Y. (AP) — Bank robber Gerhard A. Puff—once one of the FBI's "10 most wanted" criminals — died in the electric chair at Sing Sing prison Thursday night for the murder of an FBI agent. Puff, 40, was executed for the shooting of FBI agent Joseph J. Brock, 42, in a gun battle as FBI men closed in on him and several companions in a hotel in New York city July 26, 1952. The agents wanted Puff for the robbery of a Prairie Village, Kan., bank.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- | | |
|---|--|
| ACROSS | DOWN |
| 1. Coated with icing | 7. One-spot card |
| 6. Hiding place | 8. Ecclesiastic attached to the military |
| 11. Wading bird | 9. Mister (Ger.) |
| 12. Suffered dull pain | 10. Whipcord |
| 13. Concerning | 16. Salt (chem.) |
| 14. Whiskers | 19. Letter of the alphabet |
| 15. Throws | 20. A going out |
| 17. Lever | 21. Son (prefix in Scotch names) |
| 18. Journey | 22. Constellation |
| 21. Mother | 23. Art of staining in imitation |
| 24. Ecclesiastic representative of the Pope | 25. Little child |
| 27. Street urchins | 26. Large worm |
| 29. Assam silkworm (pl.) | 28. Turf |
| 30. Man's name | 29. Antlered animal |
| 32. Finishes | 31. Title of respect |
| 33. Makes dim | 34. Dissolves |
| 35. Chum | 35. Crown of the head |
| 37. Dwell | 36. Greedy |
| 41. Dispatch boat | 38. Inside |
| 44. A steamship | 39. Antlered animal |
| 45. Having prongs | 40. Scottish Gaelic |
| 46. Carries | 42. Diocese |
| 47. Bordered | 43. Strange |
| 48. Beat the noisily in sleep | |

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11									
13									
15									
21	22	23			24		25	26	
27			28		29				
30					31		32		
33					34				
35	36				37		38	39	40
41			42	43		44			
45						46			
47						48			

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:
AXYDLBAAXK
is 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, apostrophies, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

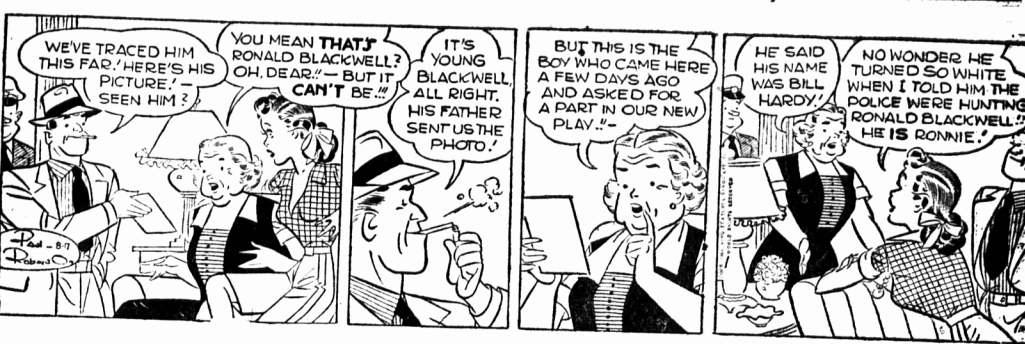
A Cryptogram Quotation
I IA VLIK BTOR GZITDLD. ISV
IFF VIXLV BTOR KPUELDL—GRFFFTGD

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: **IT WAS A FRIAR OF ORDERS GREY WALKED FORTH TO TELL HIS BEADS—PERCY.**

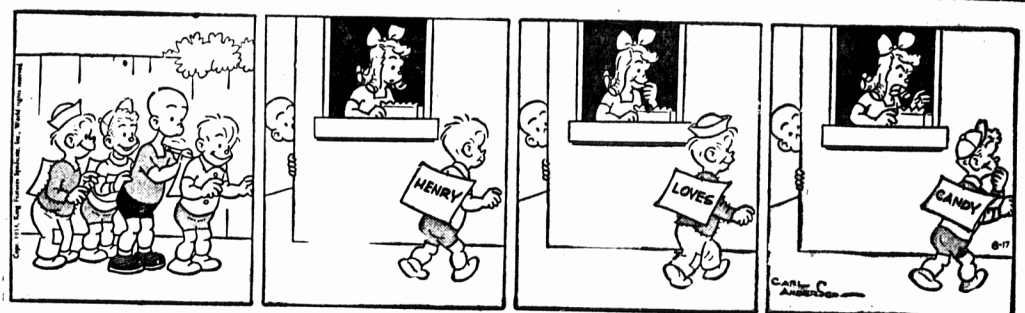
Buz Sawyer



Etta Kett



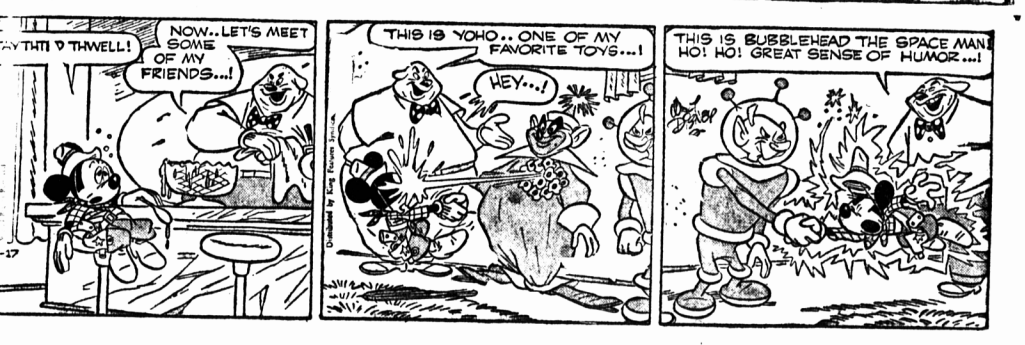
Henry



Pogo



Mickey Mouse



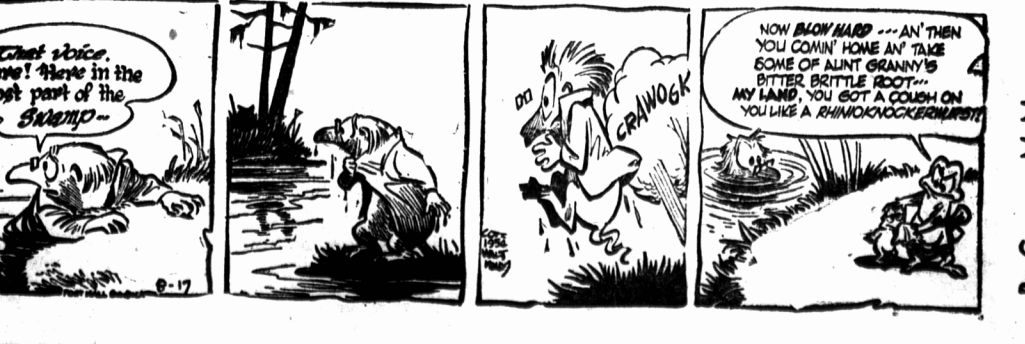
Muggs and Skeeter



Tilly The Toiler



Bringing Up Father



By Ham Fisher Li'l Abner



By Ray Crene

By Paul Robinson

By Carl Anderson

By Walt Kelly

By Walt Disney

By Wally Bishop

By Bob Gustafson

By George McManus

By Al Capp

Secret Agent X9



The Lone Ranger



Joe Patetta

