

The Tiny Folk

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

The play house at Laurie's was a fascinating place to his playmates, especially Susan. Being a girl, she dearly loved to play at being mother. Anna and Lynne liked to play in there too, and if Linda was allowed out it made it that much better.

This sunny morning was a bit cool after the thunderstorm of the evening before, so the children were quite content to play inside. With the three girls, Laurie, David and Frisky all inside, the playhouse was really over-crowded, but they did not seem to mind.

Anna had made a stove out of some bricks, much like an outdoor stove she had seen in a story book. With her frying pan on it she was quite busy frying steak for dinner. The steak was really large pieces of bark gathered from the wood pile, but you could pretend it was real, couldn't you? Lynne and Susan were quite taken up making little cup cakes. They pressed the wet sand into a little cup, then carefully turned it out again on a piece of shingle. What pretty cakes it formed. With a tiny white pebble stuck in the centre of each, they look quite like the fancy cakes you see in the magazines.

What were the boys doing? Laurie had taken out Ginger, and all his time was occupied in trying to pull long stockings up over the teddy's chubby legs. David, being barely three, was content to just sit and watch it all.

"Isn't this a cosy house?" I'd like to live here all the time," said Anna.

"We couldn't sleep in here, for there aren't any beds," protested Lynne.

"But we have a table. We could eat on here," Laurie put in.

"We make believe we eat these cakes and this steak," said Anna.

"But I mean really eat our dinner in here. I wonder if Mommy would let us. I'm going to ask her right now," and Laurie raced excitedly to the house to tell his mother about his bright idea.

His mother looked at his eager face, and smiled. "Yes, you may eat in your playhouse tonight. It is just as hour until supper time, so you run out to play. I'll fix your supper, then you can all help to take it out. Susan can all help to ask her mother if she and David may stay too."

"We're going to eat out here! We're going to eat out here!" called Laurie as he raced back to the playhouse, skipping high and waving his arms in wide circles.

In the house Mrs. Page got busy making up plates of sandwiches. She hulled and washed strawberries and covered them with sugar and cream. From the cupboard she took pretty chocolate cup cakes with colored icing, and sugar cookies full of fat raisins. She filled a pitcher of cold milk, then called the children. That was once

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

A WORRIED MOTHER

The most important thing to know, is food that's best to make one grow.

—Polly Chuck.

Polly Chuck was worried. Yes, sir Polly Chuck was worried. Any mother with eight children is bound to be worried. There were eight little chucks playing around the doorway of the underground home under the old apple tree on the edge of the Old Pasture. When Peter Rabbit saw that big family for the first time he went back home to the dear Old Briar-patch and told little Mrs. Peter about it.



Each one of them was a separate worry.

"Polly Chuck has seven and a half children," said Peter.

Mrs. Peter didn't see the twinkle in his eyes when he said that. "What under the sun do you mean?" demanded Mrs. Peter. "Either she has seven children or she has eight. Who ever heard of anyone having half a child?"

That only one call was needed. They came racing over to carry out their "picnic" as they called it.

Anna carried one plate of sandwiches, Lynne another. Susan had dishes of berries and the spoons on a tray. Laurie carried the glasses while David came behind with a little basket with cookies and the cup cakes in it. Mrs. Page brought a table cloth and stayed to see that they had everything they needed.

Baby Linda stood at the back door of the house and called out to them. She wanted to go out too, but her mother decided she had better eat with her Daddy in the house. She cried a bit, but stopped when her own supper was placed before her. Every now and then shouts of laughter from the play house drifted in through the open window. Mr. Page looked across the table and smiled as he said: "The children seem to be having lots of fun. They must be enjoying themselves, if noise and laughter is any sign of a good time."

Half an hour later in they all came carrying their dishes. Not a crumb was left on the plates.

"We cleaned them all off," laughed Anna.

"We were really hungry," spoke up Laurie.

"It was fun to eat out there," said Lynne. "We always had mud pies before, and once Baby Linda tried to eat one, but this time

Peter chuckled. He was chuckling over his own joke. "My dear, if you'll go with me to see Polly Chuck's big family, you will know what I mean. One of those little Chucks is only half as big as his brothers and sisters. He's a runt. So I tell you that Polly Chuck has only seven and a half children."

Mrs. Peter sniffed and turned her back on Peter. "Silly," said she, and went out to get a mouthful of sweet clover.

It was true that Polly Chuck had one baby only half as big as any of the others, a runt as one not so big as he should be called. Because of his small size he was

we had a real supper."

"And Frisky had a bite too," Susan added her little bit. "We saved a sandwich for him."

"And a few of our crusts too," giggled Laurie mischievously. "We thought they'd be good for his teeth."

"Run along then," said Mrs. Page, trying to look displeased because they hadn't eaten all their crusts. But she had a twinkle in her eye as she looked at their merry faces. "Out you go and play till bedtime."

"Thank you for the picnic. We'll have one another day," they called back as they ran out the door.

called runt. Polly Chuck worried every minute she was awake. How could she ever manage to keep all of them out of mischief, and especially keep them safe? Each one of them was a separate worry. But strange to say, the smallest one was the biggest worry. You see he was pushed around by his brothers and sisters. They crowded him away from the food that mother led them to. They knocked him out. All the others were growing, because all of them were getting plenty to eat. But Runty wasn't getting plenty to eat, so he wasn't growing as fast as the others. When mother saw this she was more worried than ever. She did her best to keep the others away from him, but she couldn't be on hand all the time to do this. The minute her back was turned, poor little Runty was picked on by his brothers and sisters who were so much bigger. They were not mean to him purposely. They were just thoughtless. But Runty was so small he couldn't fight back. Never was there a more unhappy little chuck. And in so far as he could see things were not likely to grow any better. In fact, they were likely to grow worse.

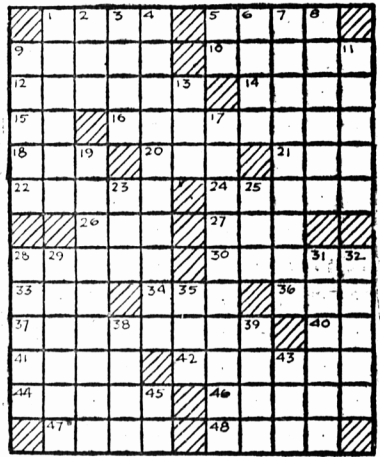
Polly Chuck saw this, and worried. She was sure that something would happen to Runty, something dreadful, simply because he wasn't big enough to look out for himself. Whenever she went away to look for a new clover patch she worried for fear that on her return she would find something had happened to Runty.

"I wish," said Polly Chuck to Johnny Chuck, "that I knew of some way of making that little fellow grow. Then I wouldn't worry so much."

"It's all a matter of food; that's all," said Johnny Chuck.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- | | | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------|---|
| ACROSS | DOWN | 17. Splashing |
| 1. Front sight of a gun | 1. Act of burying | 19. Pods of peas |
| 5. Native (Arabia) | 2. French coin | 23. Before |
| 9. Monetary unit (Ecuador) | 3. Weapons | 25. Sorrow |
| 10. Measures of distance | 4. Certificate of indebtedness | 28. Capital (Egypt) |
| 12. Small particles of bread | 5. Part of "to be" | 29. Double point belonging to a curve (Math.) |
| 14. Applaud | 6. Wealthy | 31. Most crippled worm larva |
| 15. Sloth | 7. Permissible | 32. Condition |
| 16. Land along the sea | 8. Tree that yields fruit | |
| 18. Knock | 9. Cicatrices | |
| 20. Pinch | 11. Celerity | |
| 21. Tiny | 13. Cabine monkey | |
| 22. Driving ice and rain | | |
| 24. Bestow a prize | | |
| 26. Indeed (Anglo-Tr.) | | |
| 27. Biblical name | | |
| 28. One who makes cases | | |
| 30. Narrates | | |
| 33. Highest card | | |
| 34. East-north-east (abbr.) | | |
| 36. Consume | | |
| 37. Cutting teeth | | |
| 40. Mother | | |
| 41. Source | | |
| 42. A wood flower | | |
| 44. Stranger | | |
| 46. Rope with running knot | | |
| 47. Anglo-Saxon serf | | |
| 48. Stinging insect | | |



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

IS XYDLBAAXR
IS LONG FELLOW.

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

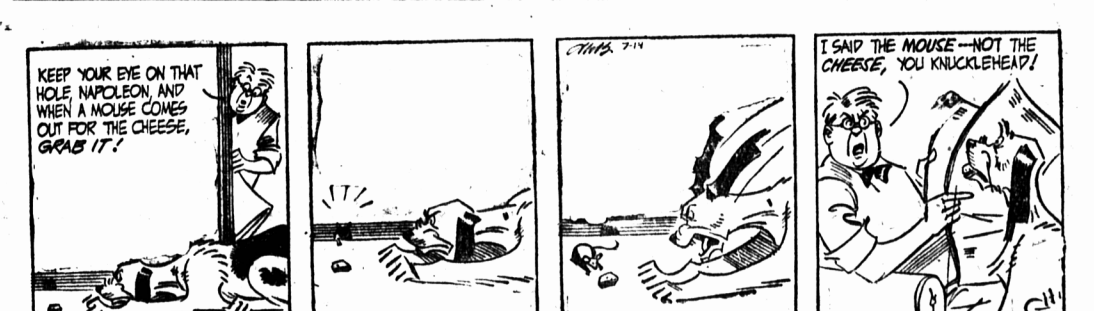
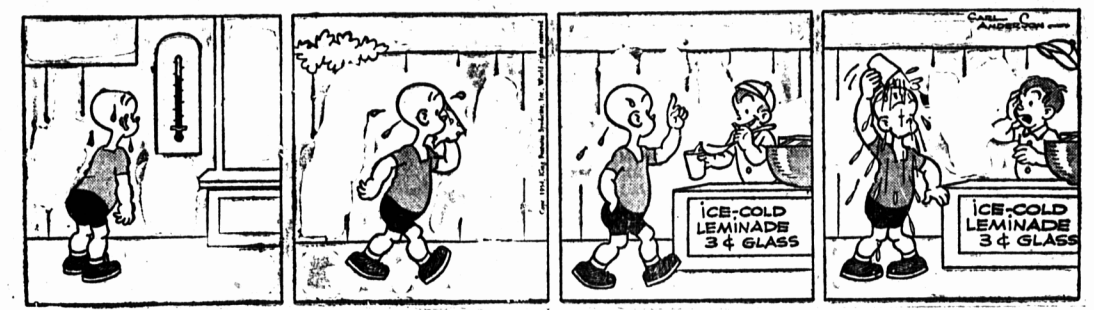
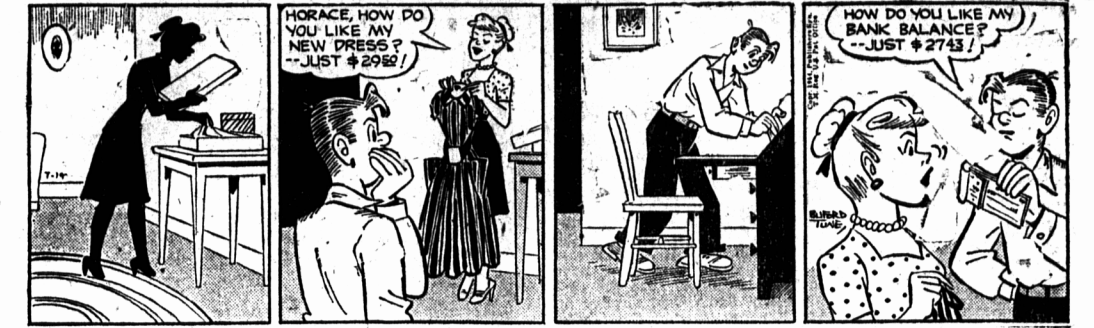
DC DTM YVGWVE MOM, KMA DTPJWB
HEM ACJNMEKVG DTHD HEM JGD
N PBDHJD-LHEGOGM.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: NOR BE, WHAT MAN SHOULD EVER BE, THE FRIEND OF BEAUTY IN DISTRESS?—BYRON.

BRIGHTEN THE HOURS!



freshens taste—gives a nice little lift
Chew for enjoyment
Want to beat boredom?
Chew Wrigley's Spearmint Gum!
Helps time pass more pleasantly.
Enjoy it anytime, anywhere.



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

Dolly Dipple

Henry

Pogo

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

Penny

Tilly The Toiler

Bringing Up Father

Ham Fisher

By Edwina

By Buford

By Carl Anderson

By Walt Kelly

By Clifford McBride

By Harry Hoengisen

By Bob Gustafson

By George McManus

By Al Capp