

### The Tiny Folk

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

Peter swung on the gate, looking eagerly down Playtime Lane for his father. It was noon, for Helen had come from school, so he should be home any minute. Peter found it very, very hard to wait, but he knew what must be keeping his daddy. There would be a very exciting present for him when his daddy did come. He was getting a new wagon. He jumped up and down impatiently. There was a green car. Yes, it was his daddy's.

"Did you bring it, Daddy? Did you get it?" he shouted running beside the car as his father slowed to a stop.

His father grinned. "There is something in the back seat, but perhaps that is not what you are looking for."

Peter opened the back car door and tugged at the handle of the new wagon. How his eyes sparkled! It was a brandy, woodie, he said. "Just see how shiny it is. What does it say on the side?"

"Those letters spell 'Flyer,'" his father replied. "I suppose you'll be making it fly this afternoon."

Just then Helen and her mother came out to admire the new wagon. Peter proudly pointed out its bright red disc wheels with the shiny hub caps. Helen remarked on the real rubber tires while mother ran her hand over the smooth polysar woodie.

"Come on in for dinner, family," she said at last. "Daddy has to get back to work on time, so you'll have to look at the wagon later."

It was hard for Peter to settle down in that his dinner, but he cleaned off his plate in a hurry, ate his bread and drank his milk. After excusing himself, he wiped his face on the towel, and was off out doors.

He pulled the wagon along the driveway. It made little noise, but the gravel there wasn't a squeak or a rattle anywhere. Peter thought, "Just wait until I show this to Susan and David and Laurie. I can have more fun with a wagon than they can with their dogs."

Helen came out just then. "Let me haul you," she suggested, "then you will know how smooth it is to ride in. David climbed in and Helen hauled him all around the house twice."

"Now I must run along back to school for it is almost one o'clock," she said.

Peter walked with her to the gate. He looked around for something to haul in his wagon. There were some stones his mother wanted taken away, but he couldn't put those in his wagon. They would scratch the shiny varnish. There was the pile of weeds his mother had raked out of the flower border that morning, but he couldn't put those in. Oh my no! they would make it dirty with the clay from their roots.

As he walked by the back door

### BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

#### GROWING FAST

You'll find the faster children grow. The more there is that they must know.

—Old Mother Nature

Bob White's fourteen children were growing fast. They always do grow fast. They have to. You see, unlike many other feathered babies, Baby Bob Whites are really birds of the ground. Most other bird babies can fly up in trees as soon as they are hatched, but they cannot fly. All they can do is run about. That means that they have more dangers to watch out for than young birds that can fly as soon as they leave the nest.

"This is a good thing that the baby Bob Whites grow fast. They were still very small when their little wings had grown enough to lift them off the ground on very short flights. They couldn't fly far, but they could raise above the grass and fly a little distance and drop down in the grass again. When they did this they scattered, each flying in a slightly different direction. That meant that if an enemy followed one and caught it, he wouldn't know where the others were."

Bob and Mrs. Bob were bringing up their big family to be in a way all for one, and one for all. This is the spirit which should rule in all families. They shared the good things of life, and they shared the bad things. They grew to be independent, yet in a way they were at the same time dependent on their brothers and sisters and of course on mother and father.

At first when the babies left the shells, mother could cover them

all under her breast and wings. And she did at night and in wet weather. But this wasn't for long. They grew so fast that they were soon too big to all get under her at one time. That was an anxious time. Mother couldn't allow one of those babies to be chilled. A chill was more to be dreaded for the babies than danger from any enemy. They must be kept warm.

"They can't be covered much longer," worried Mrs. Bob. "Then teach them to keep each other warm," said Bob. "I suppose you mean the warm circle," said Mrs. Bob. "Of course," replied Bob White. "They are big enough to learn that now, and it is something that every quail should know. It is time that they should learn to sleep with tails in and bills out. That way they not only keep each other warm, but they are safer than when sleeping in any other way. If danger does come they can take to their wings with no chance whatever that one will get in the way of another."

That very night mother rounded up the fourteen children in a sheltered place and made them squat down in a circle with their tails all to the center. In that way, each little quail faced out. She had them nestled close together. That kept them warm. She herself had a place in the circle.

"This is important, my darlings," said she. "When you are as big as your father and myself you will use the circle with other Bob Whites in order to keep warm and safe."

### DAILY CROSSWORD

- |                        |                          |                           |
|------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| <b>ACROSS</b>          | 46. Mountains (Eur.)     | 16. Over (poet.)          |
| 1. Fishhook            | 5. Grating               | 9. Whole amount           |
| 10. Narrow roadways    | 12. Fragrance            | 13. Silly                 |
| 14. Vitality           | 15. Distress signal      | 17. Citizen (abbr.)       |
| 18. Public notice      | 19. Encounter            | 20. Make lace edging      |
| 21. Depart             | 22. Fill again           | 24. Rob                   |
| 27. Rope with knot     | 28. Old women            | 30. At home               |
| 31. Ever (poet.)       | 32. Spirit               | 34. Low frequency (abbr.) |
| 36. Scold persistently | 37. Arithmetical problem | 38. Cry of a dove         |
| 39. Roman magistrate   | 41. Clayey               | 43. Killed                |
| 44. Laughing           | 45. Finishes             |                           |



- |                   |                        |                           |
|-------------------|------------------------|---------------------------|
| <b>DOWN</b>       | 1. Wreathed by Georgia | 23. Fencing sword         |
| 2. On top         | 3. Male sheep          | 4. Indifferent to life    |
| 5. Shine          | 6. Flowed              | 7. Idleness               |
| 8. Contradictions | 9. Bark cloth          | 11. Colonize              |
| 16. A place       | 26. Diminishes         | 29. French coin           |
| 30. Cover         | 33. Shade              | 34. Furnishes temporarily |
| 35. Fortified     | 38. Applaud            | 40. Cover                 |
| 42. Lubricate     |                        |                           |

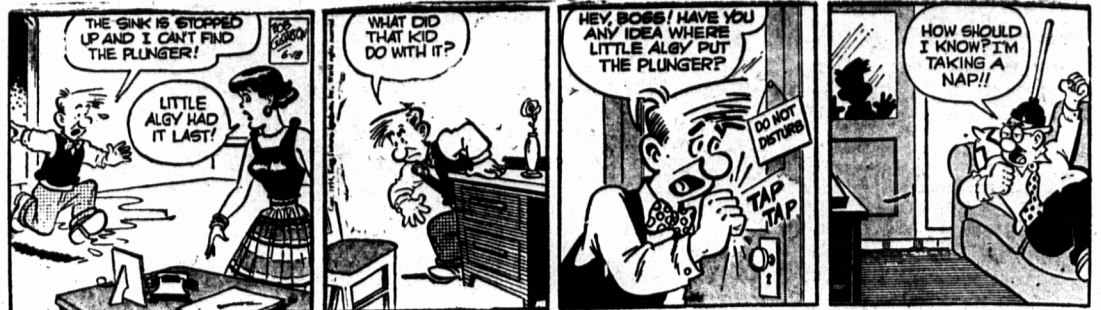
**DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:**  
A X Y D L B A A X R  
is L O N G F E L L O W

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**  
/ SEP MYM SKCE YVJVJ YXY, JM  
DPU PO JQQ, J EYAP ZYAKME, PA  
J MZJAAPS OJQQ—ZPZY.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: O WHAT A CROCODILLIAN WORLD IS THIS!—QUARLES.

Tilly The Toiler



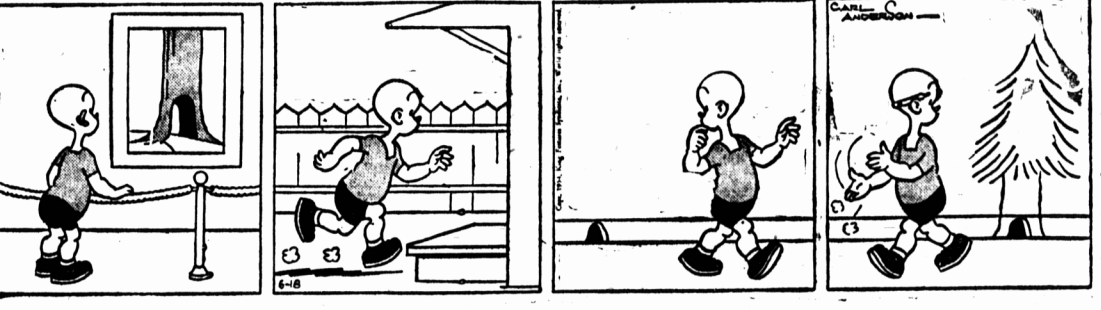
Pogo



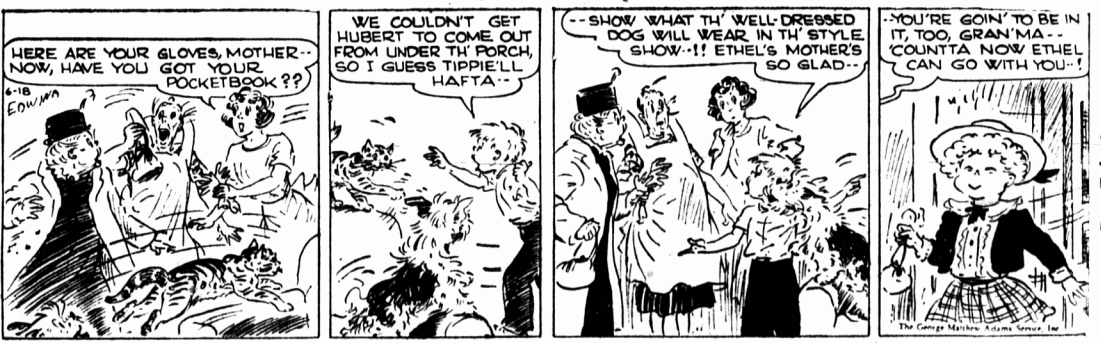
Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Henry



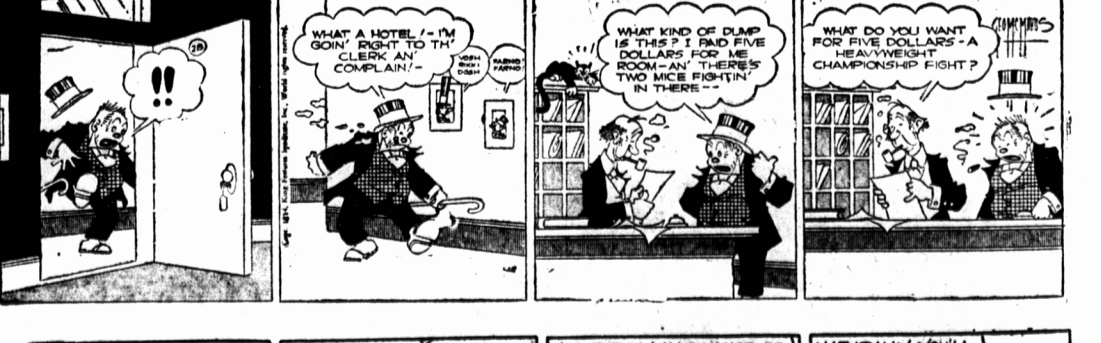
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



Dolly Dimple



Bringing Up Father



Penny



L'il Abner



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### MILTON'S OLD SPAIN

151 Kent Street Charlottetown



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By Clifford McBride

By Carl Anderson

By Edwina

By Buford

By George McManus

By Harry Hoegen

By Al Capp