

The Tiny Folk

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

"Look at those children on the shore, Mommy. They are having a good time. Can I get out and play in the water too?" Coaxed Laurie as the Page family drove along the curving red road that sparkled in the hot afternoon sun, and it did look cool and inviting. But Mrs. Page shook her head. "It would be fun to stop now, but we can't, dear. We are going to visit Grandma and Granddaddy, you know, so we must keep going. We are almost there now. Perhaps tomorrow we'll come back here and let you play in the water." Laurie sighed, but did not complain. He was anxious to get to Granddaddy's to see all the animals, but he would like to play too.

Five minutes later they had arrived. Grandmother and Grandfather came out of the house to meet them. She took baby Linda and hugged her, while Laurie grinned, a little shyly, and asked, "Are there any kittens?" Grandfather laughed. "You are in a big hurry to see things, aren't you, Laurie? There are three half-grown cats but no little kittens." "Come along in everybody, and we'll get a bite to eat," said Grandmother, leading the way.

As usual there was much talk among the grown ups as questions and answers flew back and forth. After supper was over, Laurie noticed Grandmother warming some milk in a small dipper. "What is that for?" asked Laurie. "That is for my baby piggy," replied Grandmother. "Do you want to come with me?" "Oh yes, yes," answered Laurie, his eyes lighting up. He ran ahead of her to the door, then took her hand as they walked down to the barn where the pigs were kept.

"Grandma, is she shut up in a pen?" Laurie asked nervously. "Yes, he's in this back one," she said as she walked along the ce-

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

RUNTY'S GREAT DISCOVERY

There's poor, and better, good and best. May with the latter each be blessed.

—Old Mother Nature.
That is the way that Old Mother

ment floor Laurie followed close behind her.

When she stopped at the door, Laurie climbed on a box to look over the board partition. Eagerly he looked all over the little clean room, with its floor covered with straw, and warm sunlight coming in at the open window.

"There isn't any pig in here, Grandma," he said disappointedly.

"Just watch," laughed Grandmother. "Come piggy, piggy, piggy." The straw in the far corner heaved, and out poked a little wrinkled nose. Laurie stared as he saw a head, then the little fat body as the whole pig came in sight. As Grandmother went in to pour the warm milk and mashed potatoes into his trough, he ran over and stuck his nose into the milk. What a noise he made when he was drinking! He smacked and gurgled!

"I know now what Mommy means when she says 'Only little pigs smack. Doesn't he make a noise!'" laughed Laurie. "But why doesn't he have a mouth?"

"He has a mouth there," answered Grandmother. "That's how he eats."

"No, he's eating with his nose," argued Laurie, "and I can't see his mouth."

"His mouth is right under it," explained Grandmother. Laurie watched closely then saw the pig open his mouth wide to bite at the potato.

"Has he little tiny teeth all squeezed in like this?" asked Laurie, putting his hands together in a V shape.

"Yes, about like that," smiled Grandma.

"How did he get his nose pushed up like that?" Laurie wanted to know. Did he fall on it?"

Grandmother tried hard not to laugh. "No, that is the way he was born. A pig has a nose to suit his needs. He can use it to push clay or sods away when we let him out to play in his play pen."

Laurie stared. A play pen for a pig? "Where is it?" he demanded.

"Right out there. Look through that open door. Can you see it?"

Nature would have it. Yes sir, she would have everybody have the best. All too often it is their own fault if they do not have the best.



In two minutes he was fast asleep.

Runtly Chuck, the very small son of Johnny and Polly Chuck had been having a hard time trying to get enough food. That was because he had so many brothers and sisters much bigger than himself that he couldn't get his share of food.

Half way up he stopped to rest. Presently he heard someone coming down that little path, and he crawled under the grass at one side. Mother Chuck came down the little path on her way for another meal. Runtly didn't want to be seen. He crawled off a little farther to one side, and there he dug a hole in the ground. It had been dug a long time ago. It was partly filled with dead leaves. Runtly pulled some of these out. He was sleepy, because he had a full stomach. That makes a soft cosy bed," explained Grandmother.

"He is so pink and clean. Does he take a bath?" asked Laurie.

"Getting more interested every minute."

"Oh no. We keep him clean by giving him a clean pen and lots of fresh straw. Granddaddy does that, you see," replied Grandma.

"That's a queer plate he has. It shaped like the ditch of the road. Why hasn't he got a flat plate like Frisky?"

"That is a trough," Grandma said. "When it is shaped like that, he can drink up every bit of the milk. He wouldn't be able to eat so easily off a flat dish. Now we must go."

"Good bye, little piggy," called Laurie as she started out. "I'll be back again to see you. I thought I was scared of you, but I'm not a bit. I'll bring you your breakfast. Good bye." Then turning to Grandmother, he added, "I like that little pig. He is a cute little fellow. There's nothing to be afraid of after all."

They were selfish. They crowded him away from the sweet clover and the tender grasses. They took the best for themselves. So, Runtly had to go looking for food where the others wouldn't crowd him away, and it happened that he discovered a new food. He had followed Mother Chuck down a grass-covered little path that led to the back door of a house where a dear old lady lived. From a hiding place he had watched Mother Chuck eating a strange new food. It was bread. He knew by the way Mother Chuck licked her lips that it tasted good. The first chance he got when the way was clear, he got a piece of that bread, and then he knew why mother had licked her lips.

"It is good. It is the best food I've ever tasted," said Runtly to himself, and licked his own lips.

"My, my, my, how good it is! It wasn't a very big piece of bread, and it didn't take him long to eat it! Should he go back home or should he go get another piece of bread? He decided to go get another piece. This time he ate that piece right where he found it. This was a big piece, and he couldn't eat another mouthful after he had finished it. He turned to go back up the bank to the home at the top of it. It had been easy to come down that steep bank, but it wasn't so easy going up.

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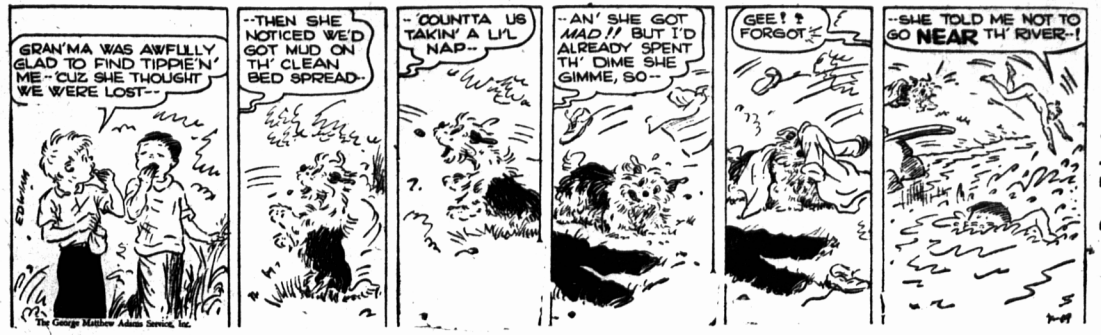
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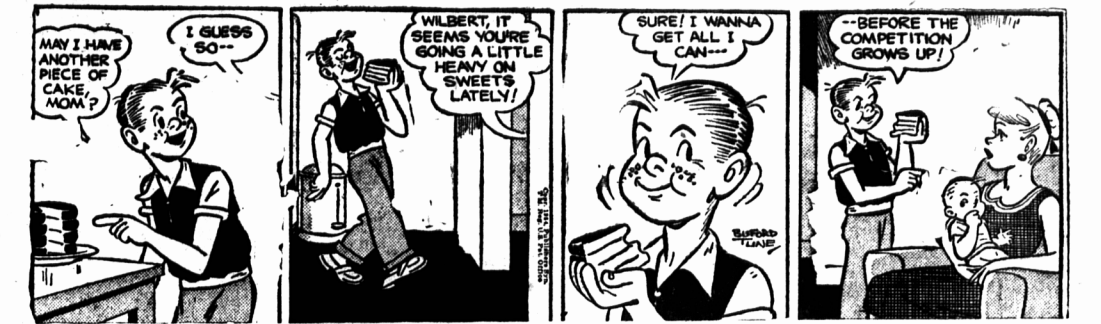
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Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



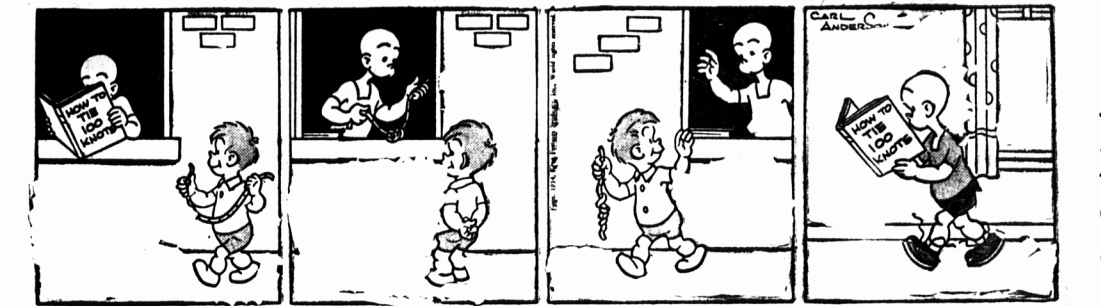
By Edwine

Dolly Dipple



By Buford

Henry



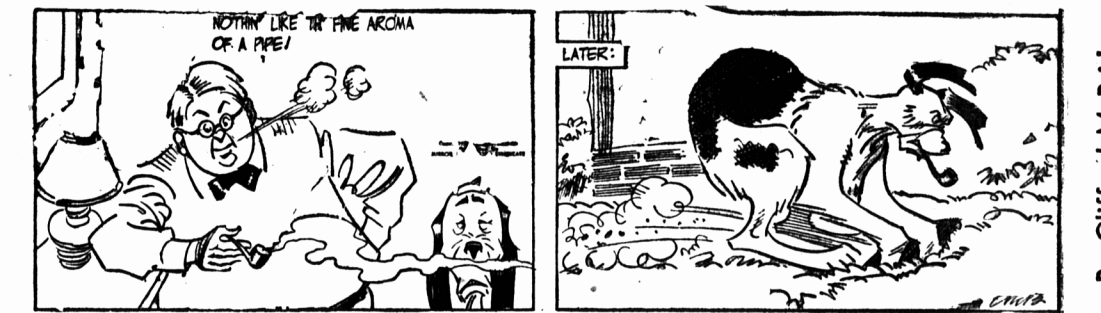
By Carl Anderson

Pogo



By Walt Kelly

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



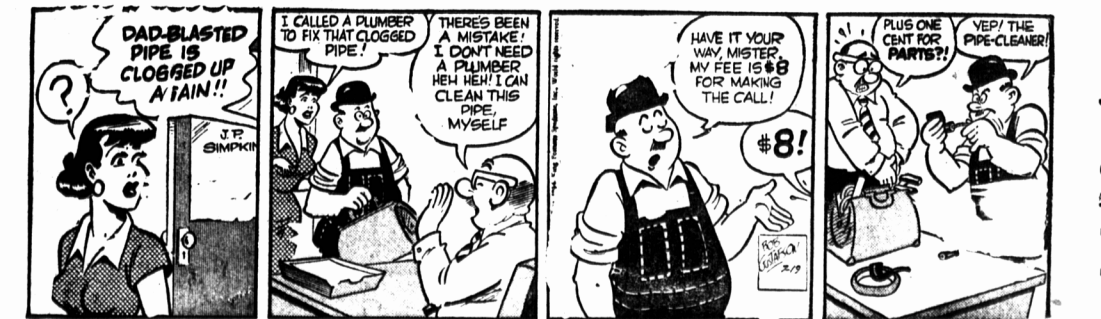
By Clifford McBride

Penny



By Harry Hoenington

Tilly The Toiler



By Bob Gustafson

Bringing Up Father



By George McManus

Li'l Abner



By Al Capp



Feeling weary?

Chewing's Cherry!



The lively flavour refreshes you and the pleasant chewing gives you a happy little lift. Refreshing delicious Wrigley's Spearmint Gum is good to chew—and good for you. Enjoy it every day!

HANDS TIED?

Because you lack a HIGH SCHOOL DIPLOMA

You can get one at HOME in your spare time. If you are 17 or over and have left school, write for interesting free booklet—tells you how!

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1610 Sherbrooke St. W., Montreal, Que.
Send me your free 44 page High School Book.

Name _____
Address _____

FEARLESS FOSDICK

by AL CAPP

THIS IS A STICKUP!

CHUCKLEZ—IT'S ONLY A CUTE LIL KID!

WRONG!—THIS IS SERIOUS BUSINESS! THAT CUTE LIL KID IS "ANYFACE"—CRIMINAL MASTER OF DISGUISE!

CUTE KIDS DON'T HAVE DRY, MESSY HAIR! THEY USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL!

WITH SOOTHING LANOLIN!

THE SAME!—KEEPS HAIR NEAT, BUT NOT—UGH!—GREASY! GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE!

BUT THAT'D BE ILLEGAL! MY NAME IS SIDNEY!

EMBARRASSED BY LOOSE DANDRUFF? WILDROOT CREAM-OIL REMOVES IT! KEEPS HAIR NEAT ALL DAY.

SURELY THAT LADY MADE A MISTAKE! ONE DOESN'T GO ABOUT HANDING OUT BABIES! PERHAPS I CAN OVERTAKE HER!

MADAME CHARMAN, YOU WILL FIND YOUR LITTLE TRICK AS ENJOYABLE AS THIS CHARIAGE... WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH THE LAWFUL CITIZEN OF THE PEOPLE'S STATE OF MONTANA?

SAVE YOUR BREATH, MR. MALOVENTI... I SHALL NEVER TELL YOU!

A LITTLE TALK MAY PERSUADE YOU TO CHANGE YOUR MIND!

I ADVISE YOU TO COME QUIETLY, MADAME...

THAT ENGINE'S GON' TO CRASH THROUGH THE PRISON GATE!

AN' THERE'S A MAN TIED TO THE FRONT OF IT!

THAT LONE RINGER!

BRACE YOURSELVES! WE'RE DUB TUN HIT THE GATE!

SO MANY PEOPLE HAVE BEEN LOST TRYING TO CLIMB K27-THE'VE EVEN LOST CONTACT WITH THORNE...

NOW I KNOW HUMPHREY'S SECRET! I UNDERSTAND... GOSH... I WISH I HAD STOPPED HIM...

BUT SOMEHOW, DEAR... FEEL HE'LL SURVIVE... THE MOST FASCINATING PERSON ON EARTH...

I... HOPE AND PRAY YOU'RE RIGHT.

LET ME SAVE THE GREAT MASS OF SHOW AND BOLDERS UNDER WHICH HUMPHREY AND JERRY... TO GET TO THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN...

WE'VE REMOVED THE WALLS SO YOU CAN SEE DUSTY MOUNTAIN!

GOOD!—WELL LOCK UP!

A W-WEEK, WIFOUT FOOD—WIFOUT MAH B-BAD!?