

The Tiny Folk

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

"Hurry up, Susan and David," Laurie shouted out to them as they came running across the field. "Hurray! We have new playmates today. Anna and Lynn are spending their holidays with me. Come and play with them."

Susan smiled in delight. She had played with Anna and Lynn last year and remembered all the fun they had had together. There would be more jolly times this summer!

"Hello, Susan. How are you? My! hasn't David grown!" exclaimed Anna as she came toward them. David grinned his widest and said "Hello."

"Come on to the play house," coaxed Laurie. "We can all play together. David and I are the men. We'll take our tricycles and go to work. Ur-r-r-Goody-ye."

"I'll be the mother," said Anna. "No! I want to be the mother," you be the grandmother," suggested Susan.

"I'll be your little girl and play with my dolly," suggested Lynne. "If I'm the grandmother, I'll need a house of my own," Anna said.

"I know," Susan broke in. "Laurie and I sometimes play house under the lilac in the corner. You could live there."

At last everything was settled to their satisfaction. Anna took over a box for a table, a few cans for dishes, and a chair for herself. Susan busily straightened out the play house, putting her dishes on the cupboard, her frying pan on her make believe stove, and her cake on the table.

Lynne sat on the floor, combing and brushing the long yellow hair of her doll.

"Ur-r-r, beep-beep," sounded outside as the two boys came driving back. "We're home from work. Where's Anna?"

"She's being Grandmother, and she lives in a house on Lilac Street," explained Susan.

"Let's go to see her," said Laurie. "Wait for me. Take me too," the little girl called Lynne as she ran out. She jumped on the back of the trike, and away they went.

They drove over to Grandmother's house and knocked at the door by pulling on the branch of the lilac bush.

"Hello Laurie and David. And here is Lynne. Come in all you and have a visit with me." The three, with wide smiles, came in and sat down on the grass.

"Oh, Grandmother, what lovely teddies you have. Could I play with one?" asked Lynne.

"They are for you, dear," said Anna being very grown up. "You may have them all."

"Goody, goody! I'll take them home now. May I take your car, Laurie?"

"Yes," agreed Laurie. Lynne gathering the four teddies in her arms and climbed on the

trike. It took some time to get them all tucked in so they wouldn't fall. She could barely see over the tops of them as she started off. All went well until she got to the door where Susan was waiting. Her load was too hard to handle, and over the trike went, the teddies flew in four directions. Lynne did not know whether to cry or not as she slowly got to her feet. Anna saw her, and ran over, as well as Laurie and David.

"That's a queer way to ride," teased Anna, when she saw Lynne wasn't hurt.

"She spilled all the teddies out," laughed Laurie.

"I think we had all better live together in one house, then there won't be any more accidents," suggested Anna.

"Isn't it great fun to have Anna and Lynne to play with?" asked Susan. "I'm glad they are here on their holidays."

And the others all agreed. It looked as if there would be fine times on Playtime Lane for the next week.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

OL' MISTAH BUZZARD SHOWS HOW

You cannot know until you try, if you can fly or just how high. —Ol' Mistah Buzzard.

The buzzard twins had just found out what their wings were really for. For days they had flapped them, beating them up and down, without making any use of them at all. Then one had fallen off the rocky ledge in front of the little cave in which they had been hatched, and had made the wonderful discovery that as long as he flapped his wings hard enough he didn't fall. He was flying for the first time. Later that day his twin sister learned this same thing in much the same way. Now that they knew what their wings really were for they spent much time in flapping from one tree to another, or sailing down to the ground and flapping their way up into a tree again. Often they watched father and mother sailing up in the blue, blue sky way overhead, and wondered what it would be like to be way up there.

"I don't see how they do it," said one. "They don't flap their wings much. They just keep them spread out and go round and round, and up and up. They just don't seem to do anything at all."

"I don't see how they do it either," said his twin sister. "When I hold my wings out the way they do I just go down instead of up."

Mrs Buzzard had gone off looking for something to eat. Ol' Mistah Buzzard came sailing down out of the blue, blue sky. He perched in the same tree with the twins. "It is time you youngsters learned to fly," said he.

"We can fly. We fly every day," protested one.

"Just watch me! cried the other, and flapped across to another tree. If Ol' Mistah Buzzard could have grinned he would have grinned then. "I don't call that flying," said he. "That's just flapping. Anyone with wings can flap them. Just watch me now. I'll show you what real flying is."

Ol' Mistah Buzzard left his perch. He spread his great wings. He didn't flap them as the young buzzards flapped theirs. He moved them up and down with slow sure strokes that lifted him up and up. He circled around as he flew up. Presently he stopped those slow, sure, strong strokes. All he did was to tilt a little in the air with those great wings spread their full width. He began to rise. Up,

up, up he went as if he were being pulled up, not as if he were doing anything himself. Up, up, up rose Ol' Mistah Buzzard, and he grew smaller and smaller as he rose higher and higher. All the time he was sailing in a circle, or seemed to be. At last he was so high that he was only a speck way up in the sky. Then he began to grow bigger and bigger. He was coming down. In a few moments he was once more perched in the tree with the young buzzards. "That is the way to fly," said he. "It's the easiest thing in the world."

"But how do you do it?" cried one of the young.

"You just ride the air," replied Ol' Mistah Buzzard, as if that explained everything.

"Augustine Cove W. I. —The July meeting of Augustine Cove W. I. was held at the home of Mrs. Harry MacFarlane. Meeting opened by singing the "Ode" followed by "Creed" in unison. Eighteen members answered roll call by passing in a knitted square. Plans were made concerning the pantry sale. It was decided to have an ice cream social at the school on July 13.

The following committees were appointed: Sick and Program: Mrs. Eric Robinson, Mrs. Fred Leard, Lunch: Mrs. Kenneth Dawson, Mrs. Austin Cameron, Mrs. Alban Gaudet and Mrs. Eldon Dawson.

Next meeting to be held at the home of Mrs. Kenneth Cameron, when roll call will be answered with a pot holder for Orphanage.

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ENJOY WHAT YOU'RE DOING!



pleasant chewing helps you keep happy

Wrigley's Spearmint Gum

Chew Wrigley's Spearmint Gum. Helps relieve monotony, boredom. Makes time pass pleasantly. You feel better - do better.

Delicious! Refreshing!

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
- Moccasin-like shoe
 - Coniferous tree
 - Corridor
 - Winged
 - Region
 - Bombardment of this fort opened Civil War
 - Paid before shipping
 - Like ale
 - Twining plant
 - Agins stems (So. Am.)
 - Malayan garment
 - Send forth as rays
 - Assumed name
 - Trap
 - Impair by friction
 - Boiled slowly
 - Fruits of palms
 - Grown old
 - Small cake
 - A peninsula (S. Eur.)
 - Ireland
 - Classify
 - River (Afr.)
 - Fathers
 - Dancer's cymbals (Ind.)
- DOWN
- Two-year salmon
 - Toward the lee
 - Long, outer wall board
 - Covering
 - Shun
 - Millpond
 - Wheaten flour (Ind.)
 - Stagger
 - One's luck
 - Arid
 - French river (poss.)
 - Observed
 - Malt beverage
 - Narrow inlet (geol.)
 - Crop of a fowl
 - Anger
 - Spread grass to dry
 - Stair
 - Checks, as growth
 - Fish that builds nests (So. Am.)
 - Arabian garment
 - Pant
 - Girl's name
 - Melody
 - Slay
 - East-northeast (abbr.)
 - A hill (So. Afr.)

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	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:

AKYDLBAAXR 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, consonographs, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation
WQICF JWM MJKI WQICF JWM
MJKI EBRWM FCP EBWI FCP CBRVE
VPCPJVEP—MJLQMEBW.

Yesterday's Cryptogram: NOR WANTED SWEET DIS-COURSE, THE BANQUET OF THE MIND—DRYDEN.

Rip Kirby

YOU'RE A LUCKY GIRL! PAUL, RICH ADMITS SHE BROKE INTO YOUR COTTAGE TO WAIT FOR YOU!

AND NOREEN STARK, FOUR THINGS I'VE ALREADY FIRST TO TELL ME "OFF"...

ALL OVER BYRON DELIGHT WHOM I WASN'T GOING TO MARRY ANYWAY!

YES A TRAGEDY OF ERRORS, FLORA WILL DRAW A LONG SENTENCE.

AND THAT NIGHT! SORRY I HAVE TO WHAT A MAN LURRY BACK EAST. FLIES OUT TAKE CARE NOW. WHEN HE THINKS I'M DEAD AND RINGS AWAY WHEN HE FINDS I'M ALIVE!

I SEE THE PRISON GUARD AND BLIM'S WAITIN' THERE WITH RED AN' MIKE!

HERE SHE COMES. SLIM!

IT'S ABOUT TIME. Y'RE LATE. WHAT DELAYED YUH?

STEP ABOARD, SLIM, AND YOU'LL SEE WHAT DELAYED US!

WE GOT A PRISONER!

I-TLL HAVE A NOVELS BREAK DOWN WITH THIS CRAZY BOOP...

THAT MISTUR THORNE SHORE TRAVELS FAST.

HEY... THERE YA ARE MISTUR LEECH, TOLLY YA... THERE'S CAMP NO. 2.

TANK HEVIN'... I'M 'FRU!

Y-VORE BABY WONT EAT THAT COOKIE—SO KIN AH HAVE IT, FO' MINE? IT'S 'CHOP-STARVIN'!

IF IT'S STARVIN, WHY DONT YOU FEED IT OUT OF YOUR BASKET OF FOOD, YOU FAT SELFISH THING!

BUT—THIS FOOD HAIN'T GOOD—FO' CHILLUN—HAIN'T GOOD FO' ME—ONLY AM CAINT STOP!

FOH, MAN MORE HONGRY CHILLUN—HAY HAY! IS B-BREAKIN'!

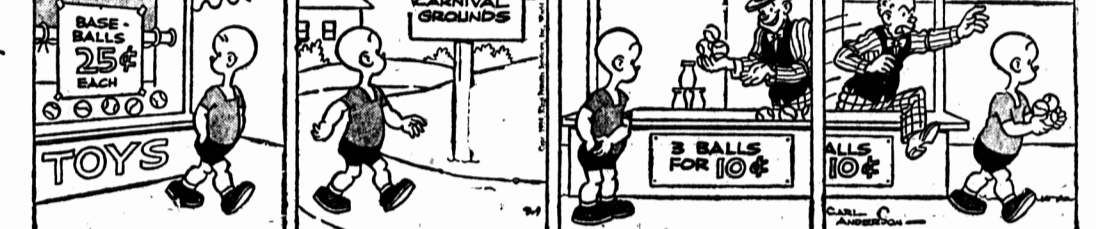
THAT'S THE TYPE OF GIRL I LIKE!—FAT AND JOLLY!



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



Dolly Dipple



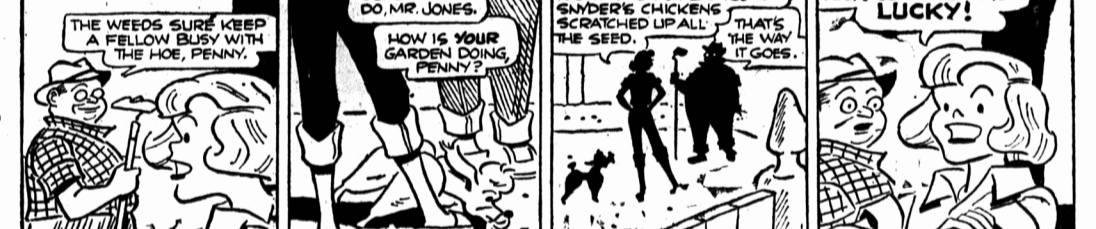
Henry



Pogo



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Penny



Tilly The Toiler



By Fran Striker



By Ham Fisher



By Edwina
By Buford
By Carl Anderson
By Walt Kelly
By Clifford McBride
By Harry Hoensgen
By Bob Gustafson
By George McManus
By Al Capp