The Tiny Folk

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

Laurie and Linda were playing happily about the living room after supper. Their mother was busy doing the dishes, after Laurie had helped to clear the table. Linda had wanted to help too, but the thing she insisted on carrying was the tea pot, and that would never do.

"Oh no, Linda; you must not take that. It's hot," warned her mother.

"Hot?" asked Linda, drawing back her little hand.

"That's not for babies," Laurie had said importantly. "But I'm big enough to help, aren't I, Mommy? I'm a big boy now."

"Oh yes, for sure," smiled his mother. "You will soon be four years old so you are almost a man. Never mind, you are a good little worker and save me many steps. "Then she turned and bent down to hug Linda, who was standing, looking rather sorrowful at being left out. And Linda is a good girl too, for all she's only fifteen months old. You'll be able to help too when you get older."

Linda smiled and trotted off happily, just waiting for Laurie to finish so that he could play with her.

Her father came in just then. "Da-dee, daddy," she called, a pleased smile dimpling her face as she ran to meet him. He picked her up so she could give him a big hug.

"What's all the loving for?" he teased. "You must be wanting a rock."

"Hi-dee, bye, bye," sang Linda as she looked toward the rocking chair.

"All right," grinned her daddy. "Come on in and we'll have a big rock."

But he had only got comfortably settled when she started to squirm around, wanting to get down. "You are a queer one," teased her daddy. "First you want a rock, then you won't stay on my knee."

Linda smiled, then turned to run out to the kitchen, her little feet pat-patting on the linoleum floor. She reached up to the cupboard for the morning paper and carried it off toward the living room where her father sat.

"Look Mommy, Linda has the paper. She might tear it," scolded Laurie.

"No, let her go and we'll see what she's planning to do with it first," whispered his mother. She and Laurie followed the baby into the next room.

Linda went straight to her father and placed the paper on his knee. "Da-dee, da-dee," she called

"Did you bring me the paper?" asked her father, a pleased smile lighting his face. "You are a smart, smart girl."

Linda stood waiting. When he kept on smoking and did not pick up the paper, she went back to him. She lifted up the paper, opened it out, and put it into his hand. He looked at her, then at her mother. Linda bent forward to look at the back page. "A ga dee ga ga hi de da," she pretended to read.

Laurie laughed aloud as he ran over to hug her and kiss her. "Smart girl! smart girl!" he praised. "You brought Daddy the paper so he could read. Then you read some of it aloud to me. Were you reading me the story? Isn't she cute, Mommy?"

Mrs. Page smiled happily down at the two, Laurie still standing with his arms around his baby sister. "Yes, she is, dear. She was just a little bit jealous because you helped me with the dishes and she couldn't help. She wanted to be big too. Then she thought of something she could do. She took Daddy the paper to read. You're a good girl to help Daddy, dear."

Linda's face was beaming. She was so pleased and felt so proud. "Da-dee, da dee, a ga di!" she exclaimed. Now what do you think she said?

By Thorton W. Burgess

LIKE HIS FATHER

Who has the know-how, what is best,
Is fortunate and richly blest.
—Johnny Chuck.

Buster Chuck was his father's own son, which is a way of saying that he was very like his father in the things he did. He was digging a new home. He had never dug a home before. He had never done any real digging. You see, he was just starting out in the Great World for himself. Not only had he never dug a house before, but he had never seen anyone dig a house. Yet he went at it just as if he knew all about what to do and how to do it, and he certainly did make the sand fly.

Some folks have to learn to do things, and some folks know without learning. It was so with the young chuck. He dug that new house just as his father, Johnny Chuck, or his mother, Polly Chuck, would have dug it. He didn't hesitate at all. First he decided just where he would have his doorway. It wouldn't do to have it just anywhere. There was an old stone wall between a field and a garden. Woodchucks love old stone walls of that kind. The young chuck decided that the place for his doorway was to be on the side away from the garden. He couldn't dig a house without getting rid of the sand somewhere, and the sand would show. Without knowing how he knew, he did know that he might have a secret back door, but he couldn't have a secret fnont door because he would have to push all the sand he was digging out on the doorstep where it would show.

He would have liked it better had there been some bushes growing along that old wall, but there were no bushes. So he selected a place close to the wall where two big stones had fallen. Between these he began to dig, and he dug as if he had been digging all his life. He didn't dig straight down. He dug at a slant, going down and at the same time toward the old wall. He planned to dig under that wall. He dug with his hand, or forefeet, and kicked the sand out behind him as he went farther and farther in. Finally, he had to push that sand back and out. He was too far in the ground to kick it out. Gradually the sand piled up at the entrance. This made a doorstep. When he became tired he came out and sat on his doorstep. When he did this he could sit up and look all around. No enemy could come near without being seen.

He dug down beneath the lowest stones of the wall, and then kept on digging down. You might have thought he would have been satisfied with a short hall, or tunnel. He wasn't. In this respect he was like his father. Johnny Chuck is a famous digger, and he sometimes digs a very long hall down to his snug bedroom. That is so that if a fox should try to dig him out, or a dog try to do that, they would be discouraged before ever they reached that snug bedroom. Somehow the young chuck knew without being told that this was the thing to do. When he finally decided he was far enough away from his doorway to make a snug bedroom in which he could curl up, he had a tunnel, or hall, so long, that there wasn't a chance that anyone would have the patience to dig him out. No one bigger than himself could enter. He really felt quite safe there.

"Now," thought the young chuck, "I will rest awhile."

First he decided just where he would have his doorway.

ARSON TRY FAILED

LONDON, Ont. (CP)—An agent of the Ontario fire marshall's office arrived here Monday to head an investigation into Saturday's "clear-out arson attempt" to destroy the Royal Alex hotel, deputy fire chief Thomas B. Hepburn said. Firemen extinguished five separate blazes that broke out in the hotel late Saturday. One hotel guest collapsed on the floor and was treated for shock.

WINNIPEG INCORPORATED

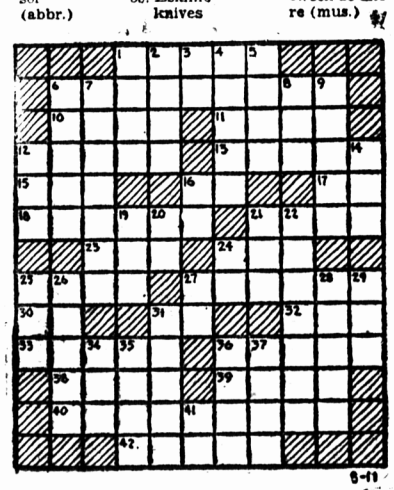
The city of Winnipeg was incorporated in 1873.

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. Slack
6. Emblem of Ireland (pl.)
10. One's dwelling place
11. External seed coating
12. Thin metal disk
13. Teutonic characters
15. Sphere
16. Exists
17. What? (colloq.)
18. Skinned
21. Duplicate
23. Clamor
24. Fabulous bird
25. Form
27. Speckled
30. Near
31. Company (abbr.)
32. Swedish coin
33. Autocrat
36. Rabbit fur
38. Girl's name
39. Genus of cuckoopint
40. Washerwoman
42. Slides

DOWN
1. Cripple
2. Foreboding
3. Conjunction
4. Flies aloft
5. Beige
6. Take part in
7. Glass enclosed flower frames
8. Relatives
9. Slumber
12. Affectionate term for "father"
14. Timid
16. European fish (var.)
19. Ignited
20. Half an em
21. Something a baby does
22. 8-armed cephalopod
24. Regius Professor (abbr.)
25. Sliding piece (mach.)
26. Coral island
27. Thus
28. Defeats, as in a game
29. Longing
31. Sound, as a chain
34. Tibetan gazelle
35. Eskimo knives
36. Rendered fat of swine
37. God of war
41. Tone in scale between do and re (mus.)

Yesterday's Answer



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

E Y T R Y, I J I I Q K T D U A Y J H M! K P V C E A Y J C Y T E Y A Y K T G J K T. B P T-M R K Y T R Y J G J V T C! — R K I I Y A.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: GREATLY HIS FOES HE DREADS, BUT MORE HIS FRIENDS—CHURCHILL.

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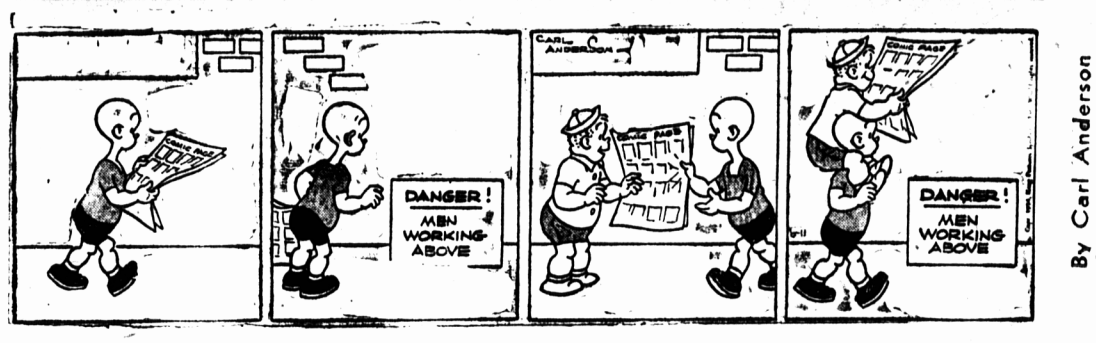
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina

Dotty Dripple

By Buford Tune

Henry

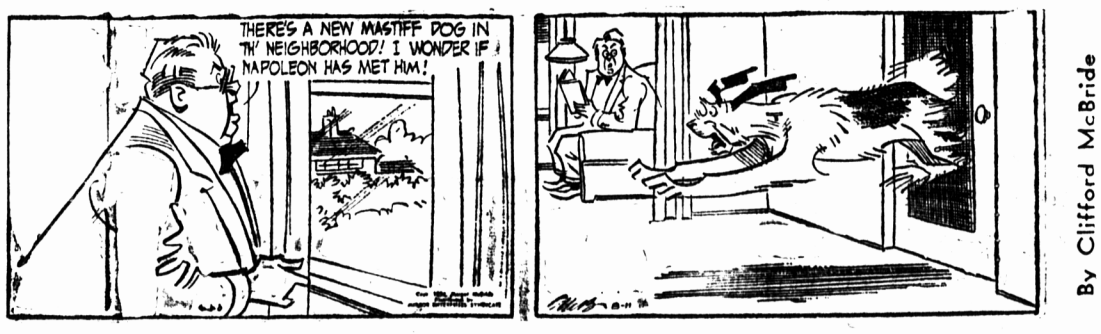


By Carl Anderson

Pogo

By Walt Kelly

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



By Clifford McBride

Penny

By Harry Hoenigsen

Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson

Bringing Up Father

By George McManus

Li'l Abner

By Al Capp

Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond

The Lone Ranger

By Fran Striker

Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher