

### The Tiny Folk

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

"Mommy, are we going to Uncle Art's today?" Laurie called out as he opened his eyes to the early morning sunlight.

"La-e" sang out Linda from her crib, as she pulled herself to her feet and started to jump up and down.

"Mommy, are we going? Are we?" Laurie called again.

Mrs. Page stirred sleepily then came fully awake. "Yes, I think we are and now that we are all awake, we may as well get ready so we can get away early."

Laurie needed no coaxing. He was out of bed in a jiffy. His mother heard him cleaning his teeth and washing himself, so she went in to see if he was clean all over and not just in spots.

"Your clothes are ready on your chair," she said as she parted his hair.

"That's why I like summer. My clothes are easy to get into," added Laurie as he darted off.

"I'm hurrying for I want to see if Aunt Mary's chickens have grown. It's a long time since I saw them," he said.

"It's only three weeks," his mother broke in. "With everyone working so well, it won't be so long until we are on our way."

After a lovely drive along the winding country road with its bright green grass, meadows sparkling with daisies and buttercups, trees still fresh with clean leaves and pastures dotted with feeding cattle, they were at Uncle Art's.

Shouts from the children there greeted them, and Laurie ran off with Alan while Ellen took over baby Linda.

"Where are the chickens?" was Laurie's first question.

"We made a little house just for them over here," explained Alan leading the way to a little wire pen with a small house in one corner.

"Oh, I see them!" shouted Laurie. "They are all running around. My! they have grown!"

Just then two little fellows stepped apart and stood glaring at each other. Then they ran at each other, springing up in the air as they still fresh with clean teeth and pastures dotted with feeding cattle, they were at Uncle Art's.

"They are pretending to fight, or maybe they are really quarrelling," Alan replied.

"They are just like us sometimes," giggled Laurie. "I see they can eat by themselves now. See that little yellow one scratching and pecking. Oh! there's one getting a drink. Why does he tip back his head like that?"

"They can't swallow water the way we do," Alan explained, "so they tip back their heads and let it run down their throats."

"That was something new for Laurie, so he stood there just watching to see how it was done.

### BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thorton W. Burgess

#### MRS. BUZZARD'S CHANGE OF MIND

The one who lacks an open mind, To opportunities is blind. —Old Mother Nature

Mrs. Buzzard had been looking around for a place to lay her eggs, but not a place to build a nest. She didn't want a nest. Nest building was too much work. She hadn't believed in nests. She hadn't been born in a nest herself, and she saw no reason why her children should be born in a nest. There were good places to lay eggs without going to the trouble of building a nest for them.

The first place Mrs. Buzzard looked at was the hollow stump of a big tree. It was a very good place. She tried sitting in it, and found it very comfortable. However, it was a little deep, and not too easy to get out of. She looked at a hollow log lying on the ground. She could walk in and out of it comfortably. She had almost made up her mind that this was the place, when Reddy Fox visited it. Reddy didn't know she was thinking of using that hollow log, but he always pokes his head into any hollows he comes to. He has found many mouse dinners in hollow logs.

Last of all, Mrs. Buzzard found



She tried sitting in it and found it very comfortable.

Then he noticed the hens over behind their high wire fence. "I want to look at them," he said.

Over the boys went. This time Laurie wasn't a bit afraid, but went right into the hen house and looked in the nest. "Come here, Alan," he called, jumping up and down. "See in that nest — real eggs! One, two, three, four, five brown ones."

Alan laughed. "That's the kind the hens lay. You didn't expect chocolate eggs with flowers on them, did you?"

Laurie didn't say anything for he had an idea Alan was making fun of him. Instead, he walked out the door.

"What are those hens doing in that sand?" he wanted to know. "They are taking a bath," replied Alan.

Laurie's eyes watched every move as the hen fluffed out her feathers and burrowed down into the puffy, dusty sand. She shook herself, and squirmed around until the sand seemed to be all over her. Then she stood up, shook off a shower of dust, smoothed down her feathers, and walked away.

"Hm-m-m," said Laurie thoughtfully. "She doesn't use any water or soap at all, and she looks pretty clean to me. Then she didn't need a towel either. I must tell Mommy that the hen uses sand for her bath, and that she has a real bathtub in a hole in the ground. Maybe Mommy will let me take my bath in my sand box," he added with a mischievous grin.

Then he raced to the house, just bursting to tell his mother about his new idea. But somehow I think she'll have something to say about boys taking sand baths, don't you?

### Convinced Iodine Polio Preventive

WINNIPEG (CP) — A Winnipeg doctor says he is convinced that iodine constitutes a preventive means against polio and if Manitoba has an epidemic this year he proposes to treat 10,000 persons experimentally to test the theory.

Writing in the current issue of the Manitoba Medical Review, Dr. J. F. Edward reviews tests he conducted last year and says he believes the use of iodine in treatment of polio tends to restore muscle tone early and reduces convalescence to a minimum.

Dr. Edward says that during the last year's Manitoba epidemic in which 2,338 were stricken and 86 died, patients clamored for protection. He formed an experimental group and gave them an iodine treatment in milk daily for 10 days.

Of 60 cases, two were sent to Winnipeg's isolation hospital because of possible respiratory difficulty and lack of nursing care. The remainder were treated at home. Only one of these developed paralysis and that did not advance after the iodine treatment. None of 200 contacts on the preventive treatment developed polio. There were no deaths.

Grant, Anne Murnaghan, Janet Dowling, Kathleen McTague, Anne Affleck.

Prize for Effort in Music, donated by Reverend L. A. Herrell, awarded to Eileen McMillan.

Of the seven pupils who tried the examinations of the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto, three received First Class Honors; the others, Honors.

#### Prize List

Continued from page 9

They'll leave it soon enough anyway," replied Mrs. Buzzard.

With this she flew away. She flew straight over to that ledge of rocks where she had found that small cave.

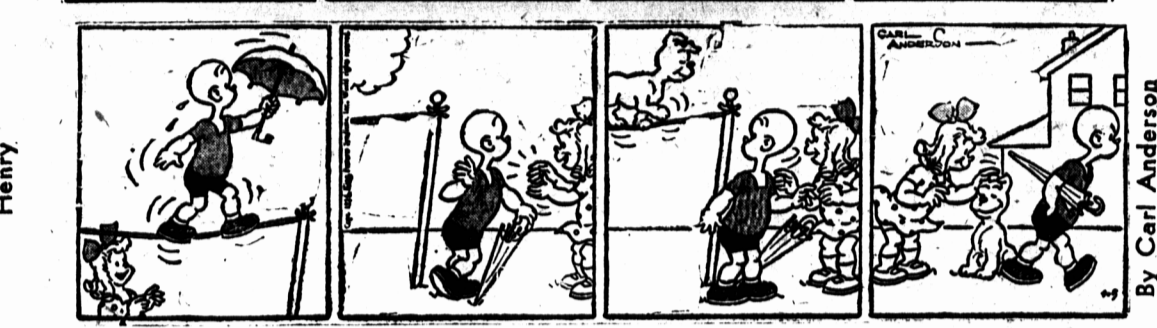
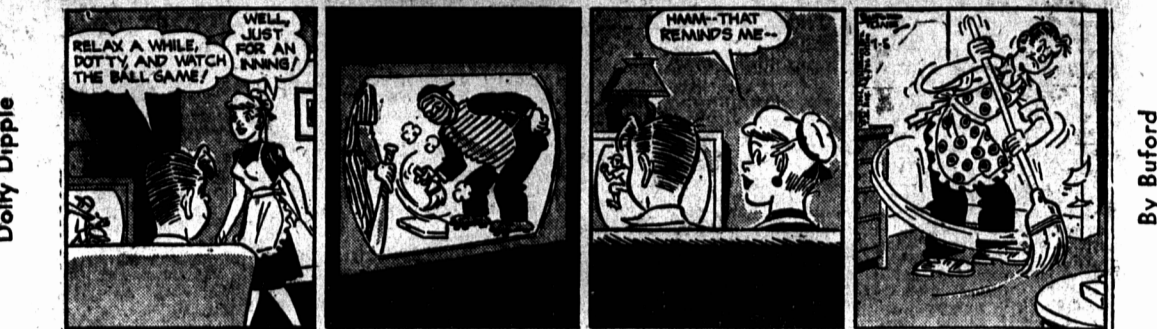
#### FLY TO MEXICO

MEXICO CITY, (AP)—A Guatemalan anti-Communist labor leader said Friday two high police officials in the deposed Red-tinged Arbenz government of Guatemala have fled to Mexico.

Rogelio Cruz War, former chief of the Guatemalan national police, and Jaime Rosenberg, former chief of secret police, escaped from Guatemala City in a private plane, Ruben Villatoro, former president of the Guatemalan Union of Workers, told a reporter.

#### OCEAN OUTPOST

Ascension island in the south Atlantic is recorded as being discovered by Jose de Nova on Ascension Day, 1501.



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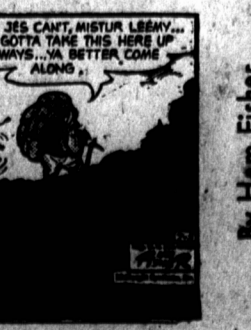
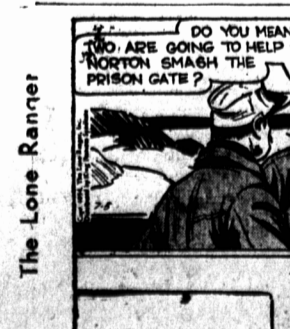
a sparkling smile is mighty important

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

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"I wish the Troop leader had told us what to do when we ran out of Shirriff's Marmalade."



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Tilly The Toiler

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By Clifford McBride

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