

The Tiny Folk

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

Up in the deep blue summer sky a big cloud sailed slowly. It was not one of those fluffy white ones that look like soap suds piled high. This one was grey, with darker blue in the center. Another cloud, much like it, sailed close by. Larry and Susan, looking up, said, "I believe it will rain, for those clouds look dark."

The little cloud was not very anxious to get pushed out of its corner of the sky. It did not want to wander off across the blue, for it seemed so far and so empty. But a hurrying little breeze whispered in its ear. "You just start off slowly, and by and by some other little clouds will join you."

"But I do not want to leave here. I'll be lonesome out in that empty space," protested the cloud.

"Never you mind," said the gentle breeze. "You are fleecy and white now, but I'm going to give you a job to do. Here you are sailing away, away, up, ever so high. I'm going to fill you full of rain and then I'll carry you over to Prince Edward Island and scatter them over the farmers' fields. I have heard them say that the ground is hard and dry, and that they need rain for their crops. Be off, now!"

Slowly and very unwillingly, the cloud started out. Now it held thousands and thousands of raindrops. Of course they were heavy. You know water is heavy when you carry it in a pail. The little cloud floated down in the sky now, for it found its load heavy too. The children could see it quite plainly from down below, and guessed that there was rain in it.

Gray cloud looked about it. Yes, there were some smaller clouds up and down. And here came another on its right. "Have a race," whispered the cloud. "See who will be the first to hide the sun."

The clouds hustled along faster, but, though they tried their best, the sunbeams sneaked through between them.

"Let's all join hands and pull close together," the clouds called to one another. "Then the sun won't be able to shine down on the earth."

Gray Cloud joined his neighbors and did just that. Soon a soft grey cloud blanket covered the bright sky.

"Ho, ho, ho," laughed Gray Cloud. "We fooled you, Mr. Sun. You can shine on our backs all you like, but you can't shine through us."

Susan and Laurie looked up just then. They ran to the play house, calling "Come, Brenda. I think it is going to rain. We had better take our tricycles away from the house, and put them in the garage."

Gray Cloud watched the children hurrying in from play. He saw some of the mothers gathering in the clothes from the lines. He could see the cattle standing quietly in the pasture, as if they were waiting. He had to laugh to himself as he watched some farmers rushing to finish their loads of hay and get them safely to the barn.

In the cloud's arms the thousands of little raindrops giggled and talked among themselves.

"I'm going to make a big splash right by those white geese," said one.

"I want to wash those pretty pink roses. They look so dusty and so tired," said another.

"You know where I'm going," asked a third. "I'm going to run right down Linda's window so I can peep in at her."

"I think I'd better water Laurie's garden," said a fourth. "He has worked hard at it, but now he needs my help. I'll need a lot more too. Who wants to come with me?"

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thorton W. Burgess

THE CRAFTY PAIR

The crafty folk you chance to meet. Are often very hard to beat. —Johnny Chuck.

Of all the folk on the Green Meadows and in the Green Forest, none is more crafty than Reddy Fox. Reddy and Mrs. Reddy are a crafty pair. Long ago they learned that what they cannot get through speed or strength they very often may obtain through craft.

Now Reddy and Mrs. Reddy may live by hunting others. They hunt mice. Peter Rabbit has to be watching for them all the time. They are especially fond of young woodchucks. So it was that Johnny Chuck and Polly Chuck early warned their children never to allow a fox to get near enough to jump on one of them. Buster, the biggest of the eight children, had had a lesson in craft. He had seen Reddy Fox catch one of his sisters, and carry her off. He had done it by circling around and creeping up behind her. Now Buster was to have another lesson.

It happened that as young chuck was sitting on his doorstep, he saw Reddy Fox and Mrs. Reddy trotting along together out on the Green Meadows. There was an old woodchuck hole out there. One of young chuck's brothers was living there. Long before they reached that hole, Reddy and Mrs. Reddy separated. Reddy circled widely around in another direction from the way Mrs. Reddy was moving.

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"I do, I do, I do," sang out many voices together.

"Now off you go, my children," said Gray Cloud. "Down to earth with you, and try to make happiness. He gave himself a little shake. Before they knew it, the little raindrops were tumbling down. Down, down, down, down they went, to land with merry patter on the roof tops and window panes, and to spring up again in little splashes on the hard roads and pavement. And on the earth below the thirsty plants drank their fill, and all the world seemed happy in the rain.



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Friday, July 30, 1954

Mrs. Reddy sat down on the doorstep for a few minutes. Reddy Fox moved forward quickly and stealthily. He lay down again in the grass back of that doorway, and close to it. Then Mrs. Reddy moved away. She pretended as before to be hunting for meadow mice. She went farther and farther away. Presently young chuck poked his nose out of the doorway. Mrs. Reddy took no notice of him, but kept on moving away slowly. The young chuck poked his whole head out. His eyes were fixed on Mrs. Reddy. He didn't look anywhere else. In a moment, he came wholly out on his doorstep.

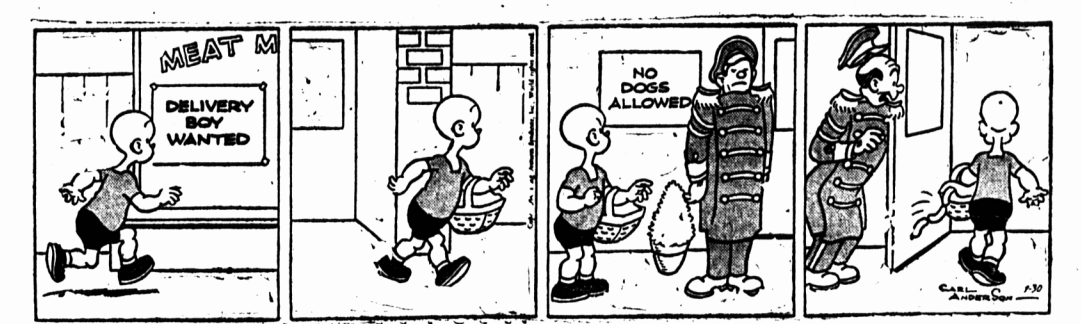
Before Buster Chuck, who was watching, could whistle a warning, Reddy Fox leaped. The young chuck was caught. At once, Mrs. Reddy turned and trotted back to join Reddy, and together they went back to the Old Pasture. It was Continued on page 14



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



Dotty Dripple



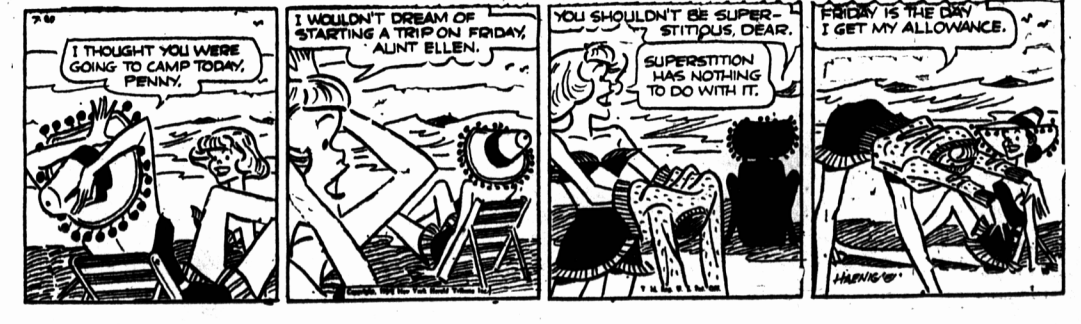
Henry



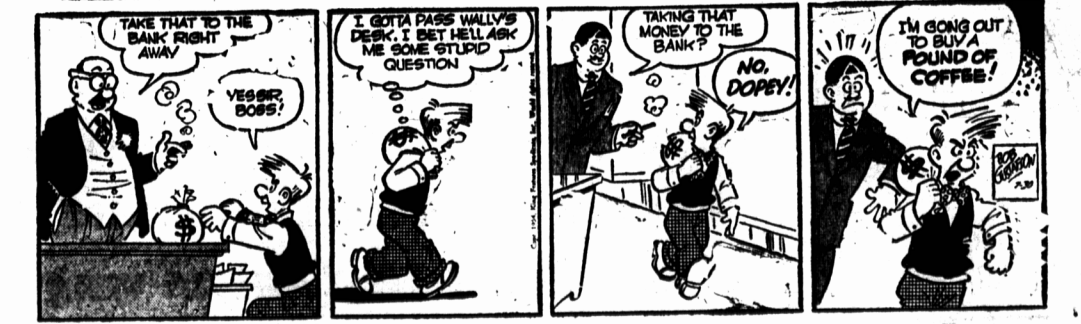
Pogo



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Penny



Tilly The Toilet



Bringing Up Father



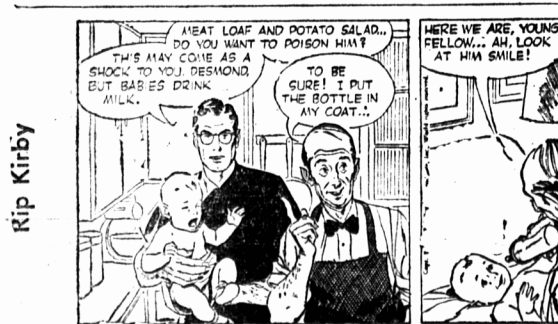
L'I Abner

brightens your day

while it brightens your teeth

WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

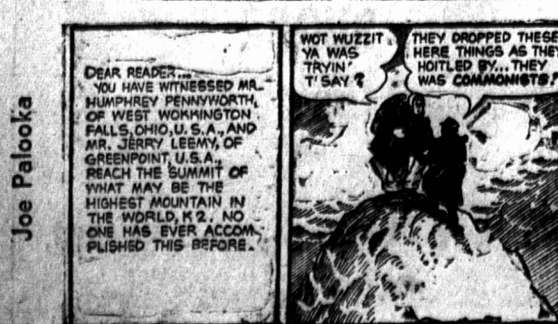
The delicious flavour of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum brightens your day—gives you a little lift... while the pleasant chewing brightens your teeth. Keep a package handy in your purse or pocket.



Rip Kirby



The Lone Ranger



Joe Palooka



By Alex Raymond



By Fran Striker



By Ham Fisher

By Edwina
By Buford Tune
By Carl Anderson
By Walt Kelly
By Clifford McBride
By Harry Hoenigsen
By Bob Gustafson
By George McManis
By Al Capp