

The Tiny Folk

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

Can you remember away back in the winter when you read the story of Peter's fluffy white kitten called Popcorn? That white kitten is now quite a grown up cat. Two days ago she had a big surprise for Peter. When he called her for breakfast, she did not lead her for breakfast, she did not come. He knew why. Can you guess? Yes, that's right. She had a family with her!

Snuggled close against her warm fluffy fur were her kittens, just two. They were as shiny black as two spots to be seen on them. Peter picked one up, and it started mewling and fussing. Popcorn stood up anxiously and meowed. "Put the kitten back, Peter," she please. "I want my baby," she said in her own cat language. Peter looked a few minutes longer, then placed it in the box. Popcorn started to lick and lick at it, as if she thought Peter might have hurt it by handling it.

There was so much excitement and talking about the new family at breakfast that Peter hardly ate a thing, and Helen took so long that she was almost late for school. But the meal finally ended, and Peter raced out to find the other children and tell them all about it.

Laurie and Frisky happened to be the only ones out just then, so Peter raced over to them with his big news. "Come on over to see the kittens," he coaxed. "I'll have to go Mommy first," Laurie said. "You come along too."

The two boys walked in the door as Laurie asked, his eyes dark with excitement. "Oh, Mommy, could I go to see the new kittens at Peter's house?"

"Good morning, Peter," smiled Mrs. Page. "Have you really got new kittens over there? What do they look like? How many are there?"

Peter's eyes twinkled up at her below his tousled yellow curls. "We have two. They are just tiny. They are just as black as can be. I lifted one up but it has no eyes to see with." He stopped for breath.

Laurie looked surprised. "What happened to its eyes? Did something hurt it?" he asked worriedly.

"Oh, no," explained his mother. "Baby kittens have their eyes shut for a little over a week. Don't worry, they'll be all right, and will soon be able to see. They really don't need eyes to see for they stay close to their mother."

"Mommy, is it all right for me to go with Peter?" Laurie asked again.

"All right, dear, but do not handle the kittens just yet. The mother cat would not like that," she said and off the boys raced with Frisky tearing ahead.

"They are in here, in the back porch," said Peter as he ran up the steps. Laurie and Frisky followed.

Just as Peter opened the door, a streak of white hurried itself out the doorway. There was a howl of pain from Frisky as Popcorn tumbled down the steps and ran ki-yipping for home with Popcorn flying after him as far as the gate. The two boys got quite a fright and for a few minutes forgot about the kittens and stared after the cat and dog. Back Popcorn came her fur still standing

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess
A CHANGE OF FARE

He'll better live who will arrange Each day to have a little change. —Old Mother Nature.

There can always be too much of a good thing, however good it may be. A change now and then is the spice of life. Tousehead, the young kingfisher was just finding this out.



It was good eating.

All his short life Tousehead had lived on fish. He had been fed on fish when he was a baby in the nest. The first thing he had learned when first out in the Great World, was where to look for fish and how to catch them. He liked fish. He had never thought of trying anything else until a young muskrat had been watched opening and eating clams. He had left one open, but unopened, and Tousehead had tasted it. It was good. It was something like fish, but it wasn't fish.

Tousehead began to wonder if there were other good things to eat. He saw that same young muskrat catch and eat crawfish. The first chance he had Tousehead tried a crawfish, and that was good.

on end, and jumped into her box. "I don't think I'll wait to see the kittens today," said Laurie nervously. "The mother cat seems to be cross. I'll be like Frisky. I'll wait until another time to see them." And off he went, covering ground almost as fast as Frisky had, leaving Popcorn and her two kittens to themselves.

DANCING

All roads lead to the dance in West Royalty Hall, Wednesday, June 9. Modern and old time dancing.

Good music. Come and meet your friends there.

Door Prizes and Canteen Service.

TAXES - SCHOOL UNIT No. 1

All unpaid taxes in School Unit No. 1 are now due and payable. Settlement should be made before June 9, 1954.

The trustees have decided to enforce the recent legislation re school taxes. Lists of delinquent tax payers may be published in the local papers and interest on unpaid accounts will be charged at the rate of 6% per annum.

By Order of the Trustees.

Office—Parkdale School.
Phone: 4208.

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Tuesday, June 8, 1954

what they were eating. Of course, it didn't take him long to find out that most of them didn't eat fish at all. Most of them did eat insects and worms, and a lot of them ate seeds and fruits. To him these things looked like funny food. Near where Tousehead was living, were two or three small trees that early in the spring had been covered with white blossoms, now in place of those blossoms were little red berries. He probably wouldn't have noticed those red berries had it not been for other feathered folk. It seemed as if those little trees were filled with feathered folk all day long. He watched to see what they were doing. They were picking and eating those berries. It made him curious. He tasted one. He liked it. He tried another, and another after that he came back every day as long as those berries lasted.

One day Farmer Brown's boy saw him. "It never knew before a kingfisher was eating berries," said Farmer Brown's boy. After that, he watched and found that kingfishers do eat berries, and some other small fruits. They believe in a change of fare now and then.

SACRED PEAK

Mount Kailas in the Himalayas of western Tibet, sacred by Hindu tradition, rises 22,000 feet.

Helps You Overcome FALSE TEETH Looseness and Worry

No longer be annoyed or feel ill-at-ease because of loose, wobbly false teeth. **PASTETH**, an improved alkaline (non-acid) powder, sprinkled on your plates makes them firm so they feel more comfortable. Avoid embarrassment caused by loose plates. Get **PASTETH** today at any drug counter.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| ACROSS | DOWN |
| 1. Excitation | 15. A shade of red |
| 4. Peruses | 16. Wealthy |
| 9. Whip handle | 21. Submerge |
| 10. Shake-speare's sprite | 22. Greek island (poss.) |
| 12. Part of the verb "have" | 23. City in Wyoming |
| 13. Burrow | 24. Assaults |
| 14. Frozen water margin (Bot.) | 25. Gopher's cry |
| 15. Apple seed | 26. Lullaby |
| 16. Wooden pin (golf) | 27. Gulf |
| 17. A stately carriage | 28. Cleanse around a house |
| 18. Mimic | 29. Water-course channels (Arab.) |
| 20. Tavern | 30. Arabian garment |
| 21. Let it stand (print.) | |
| 22. Cackle | |
| 25. Glowing | |
| 26. Reckless | |
| 27. Study | |
| 28. Bitter vetch | |
| 29. Broad thoroughfare | |
| 33. Pagoda | |
| 34. Constituted body; suffix | |
| 35. Wine receptacle | |
| 36. One who flees France in 1789 | |
| 38. Jewish month | |
| 39. Fodder preserved in a silo | |
| 40. Feathered creature | |
| 41. City (Ger.) | |
| 42. Man's name | |

YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS

31. Beetle
32. Area
37. Fuel
38. Arabian garment

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:
A X Y D L B A A X R
I S 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, length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

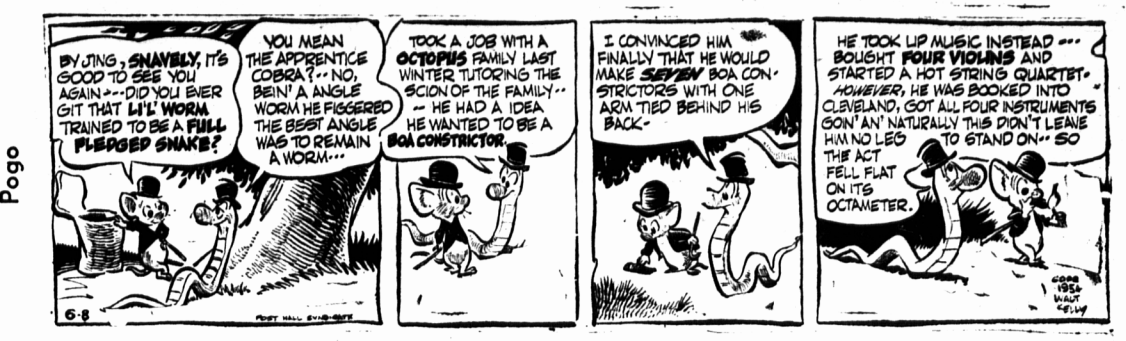
A Cryptogram Quotation

W KEZETU H FAZSNALHZ SKHS
WM ME WZOOAO-XUELVANN.

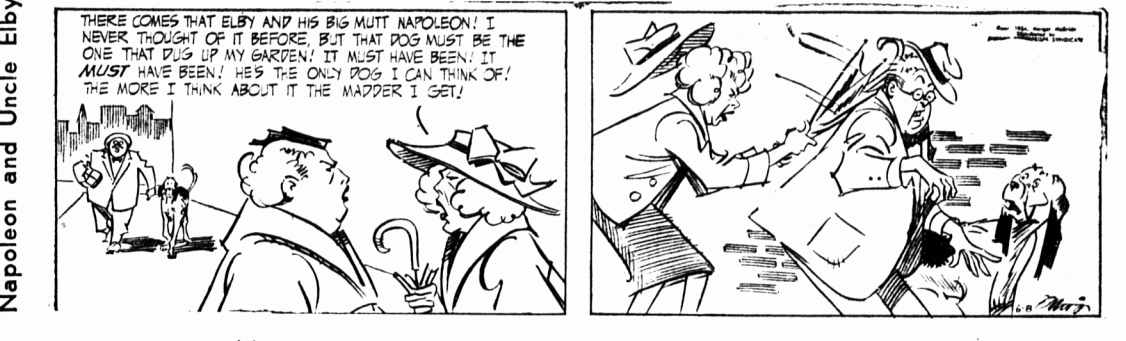
Yesterday's Cryptoquote: MIGHT, THAT MAKES A TITLE WHERE THERE IS NO RIGHT—DANIEL.



By Bob Gustafson



By Walt Kelly



By Clifford McBride



By Carl Anderson



By Edwina



By Buford



By George McManus



By Harry Hoenigsen



By Al Capp



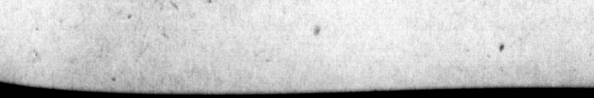
By Fran Striker



By Rip Kirby



By Ham Fisher



By Lil Abner