

The Tiny Folk

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

Janie jumped from her bed. Here she was at her Grandmother's for a visit, and still sleeping when the sun was high in the sky. That was no way to spend a vacation, asleep in bed! She hurried into her clothes.

After breakfast was over, she was off outdoors. She wanted to spend every minute playing, for it would not be very long until school started again. When she came yesterday, she had found a playmate in Alan, who lived next door. She wanted to play with him again today.

"Come, Mu-mu," she called to her black spaniel puppy who was on holidays with her. Of course, she could not go anywhere and leave Mu-mu behind. He went wherever she did. He trotted off at her heels as she went out the door.

"Hi, sleepyhead," smiled Alan as he got up from the step where he had been sitting waiting for her. "What shall we play today?"

"That was one thing Janie liked about Alan. They were both six, and both had been in school a year. He did not always want to be boss, and neither did she, so they got along fine together.

"Let's take Mu-mu and go for a walk," suggested Janie.

"That would be a good idea," agreed Alan. "I'll take you down Playtime Lane and show you where the other children live."

The two started off, but they found it harder to get Mu-mu to walk than they had expected. He was on his holidays and in a strange place, so he wanted to find out about everything. He thought there might be a dog friend for him somewhere, so he poked an inquisitive nose into every gateway.

"This won't do," scolded Janie. "Come here, Mu-mu! I know what we'll do. We'll go back and get a leash for him, then he can't get away."

Alan and Janie hurried back to ask Grandfather for a piece of string. All he could find was a length of ordinary cotton string that came around a parcel from the grocery store.

"That will be fine, thank you," smiled Janie. "Come here, Mu-mu, until I tie this to your collar."

Mu-mu was quite satisfied to let them tie the string to his new shiny collar with its brass studs. Then off the three went. Mu-mu ahead, with Janie following behind holding on to the string.

"This is just the way I've seen the women in Fredericton walking with their dogs," said Janie. "Let's pretend this is a sidewalk and that we're taking our dog for a walk in the park."

As they strolled along, Alan pointed. "There's where Peter lives. He and his sister Helen often play with us. He has a new wagon and a fluffy white kitten called Popcorn."

Just then Mu-mu pricked up his

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE WANDERER

Just curb your tongue, but listen well, Hear all you can, but little tell. —Old Mother Nature.

Buster Chuck, son of Johnny Chuck, was really out in the Great World now. For his age Buster was extra big. He was much bigger than any of his brothers and sisters. Because he was bigger, he was stronger, better able to take care of himself. He was the first of the eight children of Johnny and Polly Chuck to really go house-hunting at a distance from where he had been born.

Now of course the young chuck knew nothing whatever of the Great World beyond the Old Pasture in which he had been born. Indeed, he knew very little of the Old Pasture. Now as he wandered this way and that way everything was strange. At first it seemed to him as if his heart was constantly jumping up in his throat. Every strange sound made it seem to do that. It was late afternoon when he started on his wandering. When the Black Shadows came creeping out from the Purple Hills he had a very, very lonesome feeling. Where should he spend the night? He couldn't spend it out under the stars. He must find a place of some sort into which he could crawl

ears and made a little dash toward Peter's gateway. Here lay Popcorn, dozing in the sun.

"Stop! stop, Bad Mu-mu," scolded Janie, pulling on the leash. Mu-mu had time for only two sharp barks before Popcorn was gone around the corner in a flash of white. Janie grabbed her dog by his collar and gave him a little shake. He started on ahead again.

"This is where Laurie lives. He has a playhouse in the orchard. We must go in to play with him. His baby sister Linda comes out to play too. You should see his little dog, Frisky. We have great fun playing with him, especially last winter in the snow."

Just as they turned in the gateway there was a streak of brown hurled itself around the corner barking and barking. It was Frisky putting the run to the strange dog that had dared to come into his yard. "Bow-wow, bow-wow!" barked Frisky. "Get out of here." Mu-mu turned with a yelp. The startled children were so surprised they jumped back too. Mu-mu dashed for his house, snapping the string with his sudden spring.

"You are bad, little brown dog," scolded Janie. "You chased my dog home. I don't like you at all."

As Alan and Janie ran back after the little black spaniel, Janie said, "We thought it was a great idea to take our dog for a walk, but it turned into a run for all of us. I think we had better do our visiting by ourselves. The children like to see us come, but the neighbors' dogs think other dogs should spend their vacation in their own back yards."

and feel that he was out of sight of anyone who might be prowling around in the night.

Presently he came to an old stone wall. It was the first time he had ever seen an old stone wall. He didn't know just what to make of it. He climbed up on it. He crept along on it. There were many openings between the stones. He poked his nose into this one and that one. Most of them were too small for him to get more than his head in.

The Black Shadows were gathering. They were wrapping the old stone wall and all its surroundings in darkness. Somewhere in the distance he heard Hooty the Owl. He never before had heard that hooting call. He didn't know about Hooty, but those fierce sounding hoots scared him. He began to whimper softly. What should he do?

Just then he came to a bigger opening between the stones. It was big enough for him to enter. Somehow, the minute he was inside he felt better. He worked his way down between the stones until he came to ground. There was a sort of little room there. It was big enough for him to curl up in. All around him and over him were the

stones of the old wall. Now he could barely hear the hunting call of Hooty the Owl. He was tired; he was sleepy. In spite of the strangeness of his surroundings he fell asleep almost at once; and he didn't wake up until morning. When he did wake up he couldn't think where he was. He crawled back up the way he had entered. He sat on top of the old wall trying to decide what he should do next. Should he try to go back home? Or should he go on? He decided that he would go back home. Then he discovered something that for the moment was most unpleasant. He didn't know where home was. He had wandered this way and that the afternoon before, and now he hadn't the least idea how to get back where he had come from. He was hungry. First he would get some breakfast if he could find it. Then he would decide what to do next.

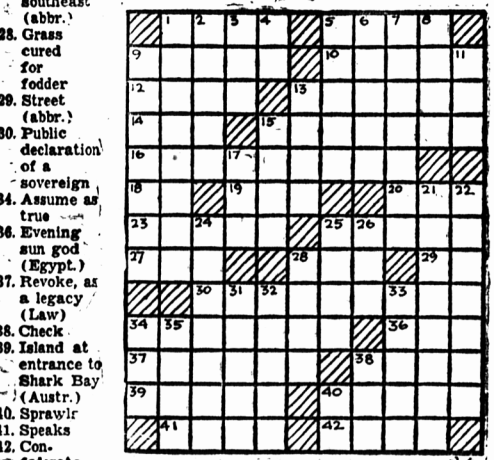
FIND OLD THEATRE

LONDON (Reuters) — Soviet archaeologists have discovered an ancient Greek theatre—the first to be found in the Crimea—on the site of the fifth century B. C. settlement of Kheroson, near Sebastopol. Radio Moscow reported Monday.



DAILY CROSSWORD

- | | |
|--|--|
| ACROSS | DOWN |
| 1. Manufactured | 1. Periodic winds in Indo-China (pl.) |
| 5. Wheat flour (Ind.) | 2. Leader of "Green Mountain Boys" |
| 9. Fer. to clay | 3. 24 hours |
| 10. A crinkled fabric | 4. Erbium (sym.) |
| 12. Sole | 5. Bitter |
| 13. Sailors | 6. Track |
| 14. Custom | 7. Violent storm |
| 15. Play manuscripts | 8. Egyptian goddess covering |
| 16. Policeman | 9. Yarn with loops (pl.) |
| 18. Behold | 11. Half ems (abbr.) |
| 19. Head covering | 28. Grass cured for fodder |
| 20. Observe | 29. Street (abbr.) |
| 23. Come in | 30. Public declaration of a sovereign |
| 25. The devil | 34. Assume as true |
| 27. South by southeast (abbr.) | 36. Evening sun god (Egypt) |
| 28. Grass cured for fodder | 37. Revoke, as a legacy (Law) |
| 29. Street (abbr.) | 38. Check |
| 30. Public declaration of a sovereign | 39. Island at entrance to Shark Bay (Austr.) |
| 34. Assume as true | 40. Sprawl |
| 36. Evening sun god (Egypt) | 41. Speaks federate |
| 37. Revoke, as a legacy (Law) | |
| 38. Check | |
| 39. Island at entrance to Shark Bay (Austr.) | |
| 40. Sprawl | |
| 41. Speaks federate | |



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it: **AXYDLBAAXE** is **LONGFELLOW**. One letter simply stands for another. In this example, A stands 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
K T HVBTR M W V F A Y K L F P L F A V G F Y K L F A M Y M W W - R L D R L F
 Yesterday's Cryptoquote: **THE CITY IS RECRUITED FROM THE COUNTRY—EMERSON.**

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



Doty Dripple



Henry



Pogo



Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Penny



Tilly The Toiler



Bringing Up Father



Lil Abner



Gives you a fresh start

while it gives you a fresh taste

The lively flavour freshens your taste—cools your throat... and the pleasant chewing gives you a happy little lift. Get some refreshing delicious Wrigley's Spearmint Gum today.

Rip Kirby

The Lone Ranger

Joe Palooka

Alex Raymond

Fran Striker

Ham Fisher

Bob Gustafson

George Mr-Manus

Al Capp

Harry Hoeningen

Clifford McBride

Walt Kelly

By Buford Tuna

By George

By George

By George

By George

By George