

The Tiny Folk

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

Lynne's mother cat, Whitesocks, had her three baby kittens out in the hay made a soft bed, and the bales of hay around protected the kittens from any stray dog, or from crawling away themselves. But Whitesocks wasn't happy there. It was a rather dark corner, and being down behind the bales made it very dark indeed. Then she was always used to getting a lot of attention and she missed the children making a fuss over her. She had decided to move her family to the house, and had taken one kitten in that morning. But the mistress of the house had put her out. She had tried again in the afternoon, but the children had found her when they came from school, had scolded her, and put her and the kitten back out again.

The next days being Saturday and Sunday the children had played around the barn most of the time. She had company so she was not lonely. Then they came to sit on the hay and look down at her, talking about the kittens, so she felt very proud. Monday morning was a different story. The rain pattered down and the cold wind blew in the open door. She wanted a nice warm stove to sleep under! The more she thought about it, the colder she felt. With a determined look on her face, she again picked up the spotted kitten which was her favorite, and started off for the house.

The back door was closed tight against the rain. She meowed but no one heard her. The little kitten, getting very wet and cold, meowed sadly. She picked it up and went around to the front veranda. No luck there! She nudged the poor kitten around to the back door again in the rain. Just then Lynne's mother came in the driveway. She saw Whitesocks and the poor, wet, cold kitten. "You are a very naughty cat," she scolded. "Come along back to the barn." She picked up the kitten, and cat too. When she reached the others she put the kitten between them, after rubbing it dry. Then she took Whitesocks and gave her a spanking. "Now stay there this time, and don't take those kittens out again."

The mother cat knew she was being punished, for the same thing had happened twice before when she had been disobedient. She talked to herself for the next few hours. She'd get in that house yet! A car door slammed and children's voices sounded. Out she jumped, and ran out to meet them. It was the family from down the road that visited there often. The little girl picked her up, and carried her back to the car. There she petted her and talked to her while Whitesocks purred with pleasure. The little boy played, too. The woman came out, got in the car, and drove off.

Just as she got out of the car at her home, a mile down the road she spied the cat. "Whatever is that cat doing in the car?" she exclaimed. "Isn't that Lynne's cat?" "Yes, it is," replied the little girl. "We were just playing with it." At that instant Whitesocks leaped from the back seat and out through the open car door. She streaked out the driveway and up the ditch of the road towards home. Cars whizzed by but she said no attention. All she could

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

BOB WHITE JUNIOR
Better be too soon than late. Otherwise you're tempting fate. —Old Mother Nature

Parents should have no favorites among their children. However, it would seem that sometimes parents do. They may not mean to show it, but everybody knows it. Bob White had a big family. He had fourteen children. One of these looked a wee bit more like his father than did any of the others. He was more like him in other ways also. He was called Bob White Junior.

While it seemed that day after day the young Bob Whites did nothing but run about looking for food and having a good time generally, they really were learning the important things that little folks of their kind must learn if they would grow up. Bob White Junior was a little bit quicker in learning than the others. And he remembered better. He was the first to hide when father and mother gave the danger signal. He never waited to find out what the danger was, as some of the others did. He remembered at all times what he had been taught, that the thing to do was to hide first and find out later what the danger had been.

He was the first to understand how to hide in plain sight, which is what a smart Bob White often seems to do. He learned by watching his father. Whatever Bob White did, Junior tried to do. He soon became a leader among his brothers and sisters. He really was a help to father and mother instead of the care and worry that some of the others were. He was always wanting to find out things, so he always was full of questions. He

think of was getting back to her family. She even forgot to worry about the big dog that usually chased her if she left her own lane, but this time he didn't see her. Safe at last! Home at last! She sank down, tired out, and gave each kitten a loving lick. She was quite satisfied now to sing where she belonged. She had learned her lesson. The best place of all was her safe nest in the hay, and here she would stay from now on. She curled around her kittens and slept.

A.F. & A.M.

Time of Meeting of Grand Lodge, Wednesday, June 23:
11 A.M. Daylight Time
and
10 A.M. Standard Time

THE ANNUAL MEETING

—of—
P. E. I. DRAMA FESTIVAL ASSOCIATION
Will be held on
Tuesday, June 22nd at eight o'clock
In the Meeting Room, City Hall
Charlottetown
All are invited to attend



"That is Blacky the Crow and he isn't to be trusted."

"That is Black the Crow, and he isn't to be trusted. He isn't a hunter like the members of the hawk family, but he isn't to be trusted too near. Don't forget that," said Bob.
"I won't," replied Junior. "I won't forget. I want to learn of every single enemy I must watch out for, and I want to know just what to do when I do see one."
"One thing more," said Bob White. "Be suspicious of every one you see who is big enough to hurt you."

FAMED AUTHOR
Ben Jonson, the English poet and dramatist who died in 1637, was the posthumous son of a clergyman's way home in the Green Forest man.

DAILY CROSSWORD

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|---------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------|
| ACROSS | 1. Verbal | 4. Guided | 23. God of pleasure |
| 2. Cessation (colloq.) | 5. Lights | 24. French coin | 25. Sorrow |
| 3. Kind of dog | 6. Allowance for weight | 7. Russian river | 26. Do wrong |
| 10. River (So. Am.) | 8. Sankir | 9. Sankir | 27. River (Eng.) |
| 12. Ignore | 10. Wall painting | 11. Opposite of "No" | 28. Music disk |
| 13. Opposite of "No" | 12. Drinking vessel | 14. Vase | 29. Searches for |
| 14. Vase | 15. Biblical name | 16. Pleasure boat | 30. Pleasure |
| 15. Opposite of "No" | 17. Suggestive of a horse | 21. Warp-years | 31. Eskers |
| 16. Drinking vessel | 18. City (New York) | 22. Eskimo knife | 32. Gaming cubes |
| 17. Suggestive of a horse | 19. Filled with wonder | 23. God of pleasure | 33. Greedy |
| 18. City (New York) | 20. Mix | 34. Crown tax | 40. Capital (Nor.) |
| 19. Filled with wonder | 21. Tally | 35. Eskers | 42. Epoch |
| 20. Mix | 22. A piece of sculpture | 36. Gaming cubes | 44. Part of "to be" |
| 21. Tally | 23. Stuck together | 37. Turf | |
| 22. A piece of sculpture | 24. Meager | 38. Beard of yore | |
| 23. Stuck together | 25. Turf | 39. Past | |
| 24. Meager | 26. Variety of willow | 40. Projecting roof edge | |
| 25. Turf | 27. Mother of pearl | 41. Quaver | |
| 26. Variety of willow | 28. Quaver | 42. Large | |
| 27. Mother of pearl | 29. Large | 43. Root of the taro | |
| 28. Quaver | 30. Root of the taro | | |
| 29. Large | | | |
| 30. Root of the taro | | | |

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
Q O U Q M W P Q N I A Q O U L O B M Q S I T
A S U L Q O U F N D Q N S I L N I A Q O U
E S I T L A U D N J Q — E S D P S I T.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: HEAR YE NOT THE NUM OF MIGHTY WORKINGS?—KEATS.

The Lone Ranger

BLIM NORTON AND HIS GANG!
YOU HELP PUT THOSE CROOKS IN PRISON.
BOYS, NOW THAT WE'RE OUT OF THE PEN, WE GOTTA DO TWO THINGS. FIRST WE GOTTA BREAK OUT THE REST OF THE GANG.
THEN WHAT, BLIM?
THEN WE GOTTA KILL THE MAN WHO SMASHED THE GANG—I MEAN THE LONE RANGER!

MEANWHILE, IN A CAVE NOT FAR FROM THE PRISON...

Rip Kirby

THAT TAXI STAND SERVES THIS AREA TO YOUR MIND, MR. KIRBY.
FAIR ENOUGH, CAPTAIN.
WE'D LIKE TO TALK TO ANY DRIVERS ON DUTY THE NIGHT THE LEE COTTAGE BURNED.
WELL, JOE OVER THERE WAS JACKING THAT NIGHT...
HEY, JOE, THE LAW WANTS TO TALK TO YOU!
I WAS FRAMED! I WAS PARKED WHEN THAT SIGNAL POST HIT ME!

Joe Palooka

MY GOODNESS! GRAB HIS HORN, NEED THIS HERE AXE?
THAT THERE MR. HARRANI HAS CERTAINLY NICE. HE'S HELPED ME.
DUMPREY'S GOING ALONG THE DANGEROUS ROAD TO SAR-DI, WHERE THORNE'S PARTY WILL START ITS ATTACK ON THE WORLD'S HIGHEST (?) MOUNTAIN!
HE SEZ THIS HERE RIVERS VURRY TRICKY... BUT THAT I KIN HIRE A NATIVE BOAT!
NO SAIRE... NO CAN... TOO ENY... VERRY SORRY... REPER, SAI... YOU TOO DEE... BOAT NO CARREE!

Tilly the Toiler

A LOVELY LADY IN BLACK IS LOOKING FOR YOU!
BAH! I WONDER WHO THINKS UP THAT CORNY STUFF!
I'M SO GLAD YOU CAME, MAC! I NEED ANOTHER JAR OF MUD PACK!!

Pogo

NOW IF YOU WRITE A LOVE BALLAD OR A SONNET FOR OL' DEACON...
I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE HE CARES 'BOUT ME.
HE DON'T! HIM AN' HIS BOONAHAN IS IN LOVE! ALL I IS ASKIN' YOU TO DO IS RHYME UP A LIT' SOMETHIN' FOR HIM FOR HER.
HERE, I'LL GIVE YOU A SAMPLE... HOW'S YOU BELL 'KISSES? WITH A "X" WINNER WAY DEACON COOLED OFF ON ME ALL OVER SUDDEN?
Dear X: XXXXXX XXXXXX XXXXXX Very truly X
LAND! SHE'LL NEVER KNOW WHO'S IT TO NOR WHO'S IT FROM.
YEAH—WELL, FOR THAT PART UP, MAKE IT RHYME, AN' LET'S SEND IT!

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

OKAY, UNCLE ELBY, I'LL WALK NAPOLEON DOWN AROUND THE BALL PARK AND BACK BY THE CLEANERS AND—
TH' MEAT MARKET!

Henry

—AND NOW WE PRESENT— AH, AH—UH—
I WONDER WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED?
THERE WILL BE A SLIGHT DELAY...
OH, I HOPE NOBODY'S SICK! MOTHER HAD SUCH A HEADACHE THIS MORNING...
WHAT'S WRONG? AREN'T THEY READY?!
—TAKE THIS DRESS OFF OF ME!! I WILL NOT WEAR IT!! IT MAKES ME LOOK ABSOLUTELY ENORMOUS!!

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

NOW I'M BEGINNING TO GET SOME ATTENTION— SHE'S BRINGING ME MY PIPE AND SLIPPERS!
HORACE, WILL YOU PLEASE PUT THESE WHERE THEY BELONG?

Dolly Dipple

I HAVE TWO SINGLES!
I JUST LIED A CHEF WHO HAS WORKED YEARS FOR THE SOCIAL LEADERS—
HORRORS—WHAT AN ODD—HE IS COOKING CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE!
I ASKED YOU TO PREPARE THE SAME FOOD AS YOU COOKED FOR THE SOCIETY PEOPLE WHO WORKED FOR—
MADAME—ZAT EEEZ WAIT—I'M DONS' ZEV HAD ZEE CORNED BEEF AND CABBAGE EVERY DAY!

Bringing Up Fath

I TOLD HIM ABOUT HOW TWO SODA FOUNTAIN OWNERS HAD SQUABBLED OVER MY SERVICES.
WHEN I ASKED FOR THE JOB I KNOW I IMPRESSED HIM.
MR. SIDON AND MR. ABBOTT ACTUALLY DID THE TIME YOU ASKED THEM TO GIVE ME A JOB, REMEMBER, FATHER? I SURE DO.
SIDON INSISTED THAT YOU WORK FOR ABBOTT AND ABBOTT INSISTED YOU WORK FOR SIDON.

Penny

GET UP, DAISY MAE!!— HONEST ABE'S CRV'N'??— DAISY MAE??— WHAT IS NO?—CAIN'T FIND NO WIF MAH FOOT—
GUS!—AH REMEMBERS NOW—DAISY'S PROBABLY BURIED IN DAISY'S CAVERN!
NO! NO!—AH MUST BE DREAMIN'— AN' GUS—AH WANTS T' WAKE UP!!—AH WANTS HER T' COME BACK!!
SHE'S BACK!!—OH—GUS!! NOW, AFTER 2 OR 3 YEARS O' MARRIAGE—AH FOGITS WHICH—AH IS GONNA TELL HER—AH LOVES HER!!

Li'l Abner

—KNOCK! KNOCK!
—KNOCK! KNOCK!

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