

# The Tiny Folk

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

A real story of real children for very young children. Laurie and Linda were busy playing house in the sunroom while their mother sat near turning up a hem on Linda's new pink sundress. She had pulled her rocker to the far corner so that the children might have the rest of the room to themselves. Frisky, the pup, was right there too, for of course he never went far from the two idols of his life.

"Here, Linda, put your baby to sleep in this box," coaxed Laurie. "Ba-bee, ba-ba, ba-bee," chanted Linda, rocking back and forth as she sat on the floor, holding her birthday doll tight in her arms. Then she patted its head to make it cry. At last she decided to do as Laurie asked, and dropped her doll into the carton. Quick as a flash, she turned and walked over to the couch. She pulled off the folded blanket that was there and dragged it to the box. Then she proceeded to stuff it in on top of her doll.

"Oh, look, Mommy," Laurie laughed. "She tried to cover up her baby, Linda, you put the blanket right over your baby's head. She'll smother for sure."

But that didn't seem to bother Linda a bit. She just reached over to pick up Laurie's panda and put him in the box too.

Laurie was busy putting on his teddy bear light and could not let Linda help. She decided that there was no fun in that, so off she went to sit in Laurie's little rocker. With a happy smile on her face, she rocked herself back and forth crooning a little lullaby.

"Listen to the pet, Mommy, she's singing 'Rock a bye, Baby,'" Laurie whispered.

"It think it is 'rock a bye time for her by the look of her eyes. She needs her afternoon nap. Come, Linda, off you go to bed."

Laurie took over the rocking chair as Mrs. Page went upstairs with the baby.

When she came back down she stopped in the doorway. Laurie was leaning back against the chair, his teddy bear light in his arms, his eyes half closed as he dozed in the very warm sun. Up on the couch lay Frisky stretched out full length, his head on the pillow, and his eyes shut.

"Well, I must say this is a sleepy family," laughed Mother. "Linda has gone to sleep, and I think you need a little nap too, Laurie. You can sleep here on the couch."

"Frisky is sleeping there," objected Laurie.

"He's not allowed up there, and he knows it," scolded Mrs. Page. "But he looks so cute, I hate to move him. If he's sound asleep, I think we won't disturb him for a while. Are you asleep, Frisky?"

Frisky made no move.

"Are you asleep, Frisky?" Mrs. Page asked again.

Still no move from the little dog. "He's sound asleep," giggled Laurie.

"I wonder if he is, or is he fooling?" questioned his mother.

Frisky cautiously opened one eye, and then started to snore. Big, long, deep snores rolled up from the pillow. Laurie and his mother broke into peals of laughter.

"Well, since he's so sound asleep, we'll have to leave him. I decided Mrs. Page with a grin. "You come up to your room, Laurie."

As they went up the stairs, Laurie smiled up at his mother.

"First, Linda rocked her dolly, and rocked herself to sleep. I got up in the big rocker and almost fell asleep. Frisky didn't have any rock, but he went to sleep just the same. It's like my nursery rhyme.

"Sleepytime, sleepytime All over town, Lullaby, rocka bye Up and down."

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# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thorton W. Burgess

## OL' MISTAH BUZZARD DOESN'T CARE

Although at times things seem unfair, the easy way is not to care.

That is just the way it is with Ol' Mistah Buzzard. When things go wrong he doesn't worry. He accepts things as they are. He is lazy. To see him, sailing round and round, covering great distances when looking for something to eat, you wouldn't call him lazy. For him flying is the easiest thing he can do. It isn't work at all. If it was work he probably wouldn't do it any more than he absolutely had to.

So it was that while Mrs. Buzzard was looking around for a place to make a home, Ol' Mistah Buzzard was either sailing the sky, or dozing as he took a sunbath on a branch of a dead tree, which was his favorite perch.

"Don't yo' care where those eggs are laid?" asked Mrs. Buzzard.

Ol' Mistah Buzzard shook his bald red head. "No," said he, "Ah don' care where those eggs are laid. If yo' are satisfied, Ah'll leave 'em to yo'."

"You might help me look round," protested Mrs. Buzzard.

"What good would it do, mah dear? Those eggs will be laid where yo' want to lay them. So what's the good of mah lookin' around? As long as yo' find a place where it is," said Ol' Mistah Buzzard.

"Yo' are not much help. In fact, yo' 'ars no help at all," retorted Mrs. Buzzard.

"What help can Ah be when Ah don' care?" retorted Ol' Mistah Buzzard.

So Mrs. Buzzard left him to doze in the sun and continued to look around. After all, looking around wasn't work. In a way, it was fun. You found things that way; things you would not have found otherwise. Anyway, there was no special hurry. She had found a big hollow stump of a tree that would do if she could find nothing better. She found a little cave opening on a shelf of rock. That might do.

Laurie.

"I wonder if he is, or is he fooling?" questioned his mother.

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# German Exams For Housemaids

BONN (Reuters) — German love of order and legal tabulation has reached new heights with government recognition of examinations for housemaids.

Those who have scrubbed and darned for two years in a household may take an examination for a certificate as "qualified domestic assistant."

If she passes, she may describe herself as such on her identity card or passport. But the real prize is a finely engraved certificate with stamps, seal-wax and red ribbon which she can display to any future employer.

The conditions for the examination have been carefully set out in two pages of official language which the federal labor minister, Anton Storch, has sent to local authorities.

The ministry recommends that housemaids should conform to the following ideal physical type: "medium to strong build, with properly formed, conscientious joints and sinews." It lays special emphasis on a "straight, well-articulated load — carrying spinal column, good sense of smell and taste, normal hearing."

Maids should have "adaptability, resourcefulness, frank, companionable nature, conscientiousness and a sense of responsibility."

MARSEILLES, France (Reuters) — A gang of armed bandits staged a split-second hold-up in a Marseilles street Monday and escaped with the 31,000,000-franc (\$88,570) payroll for a local hospital.

The bandit car swung across the road to block the car carrying the money. Three masked men jumped out and help up the guards with revolvers and a machine-gun.

New Waterford was "greatly improved." Murphy was not expected to recover after he suffered severe head injuries in an automobile accident that killed his wife, four-year-old daughter and the domestic employed at his home.

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"Have you found a place to suit you yet?" he asked.

Meanwhile she would look around some more, and perhaps find something better.

When Mrs. Buzzard joined Ol' Mistah Buzzard dozing while he took a sunbath on his favorite perch on a dead tree, he only half-opened his eyes. "Have you found a place to suit you yet?" he asked.

"No," replied Mrs. Buzzard. "That is, Ah haven't decided."

"That's alright. Ah don' care," said Ol' Mistah Buzzard sleepily.

"Yo' ought to care. Do yo' mean to tell me that yo' don' care where your own children will be?" demanded Mrs. Buzzard.

Ol' Mistah Buzzard opened his eyes sleepily. "Mah dear," said he, "if yo' are satisfied with a place for 'em, Ah'll be satisfied. Ah just don' care where it is so long as it is a place yo' want."

What could Mrs. Buzzard do? This important matter she would have to decide for herself. Yes, sir, she would have to decide it for herself. But she knew that he knew that she would decide it whether he cared or didn't care.

## CONDITION IMPROVED

SYDNEY (CP) — Hospital authorities here said Tuesday the condition of Michael Murphy, 31, of

## for BITES

Insect, snake, or animal... the best treatment is plenty of Minard's at once. It soothes, heals and cleanses. Draws out the poison!

## MINARD'S LINIMENT

"KING OF PAIN"

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## Tilly The Toilet

OF COURSE IM GOING TO PLAY GOLF WITH YOU BOYS... NOTHING SHORT OF A DISASTER COULD KEEP ME AWAY... SEE YOU ON THE TEE IN TWENTY MINUTES!!

WOW, BOSS! NIFTY SUITS, INC. DOWN THE HALL HAVE FIFTY BEAUTIFUL GALS MODELING THEIR NEW LINE OF BATHING SUITS!

HEY! WAIT FOR ME!!

SOMETHING TERRIBLE MUST HAVE HAPPENED TO POOR SIMPKINS!

IT PEARNS AS IF OL' PT. BRIDGEPORT'S CIRCUS IS LET LOOSE ONE OF ITS SASSY SHOW ODDITIES.

ONLY THING ABOUT BEN MADE UP LIKE A BEAUTIFUL GAL, POGO, IT'S KNIA RISKY.

WHO CAN TELL WHEN SOME GAY LOCHINWAR MIGHT SWEEP ME OFF MY FEET?... AN AGE SO YOUNG.

PEEP, POGO! IF THAT OL' LADY IS BOTHERIN' YOU, ULL GIT A STICK AN HELP YOU CHASE HER.

HUSH-SOME FOLKS GOT ALL THE TASTE AN FRISK SEMBLIN' OF A CAN OF WARM PAINT.

IT'S SHALLOW ENOUGH FOR NAPOLEON TO WADE HERE, SO...

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## Rip Kirby

MR. KIRBY... I DON'T UNDERSTAND... YOU SAY NOW THAT PAGAN LEE IS NOT DEAD BUT MAY BE IF WE DON'T ACT QUICKLY? AND WHAT'S THE SECRETARY GOT TO DO WITH THIS?

I THINK FLORA HOLTEN MAY TRY AGAIN! SHE'LL LISTEN TO YOU, GET OVER TO PAGAN'S AND STOP HER... WE'LL TURN IN AN ADM. AND COME AS FAST AS WE CAN...