

The Tiny Folk

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

"Now where are those special garden tools of yours, Laurie?" his mother teased. "It is time you put them to use again. I see there are weeds growing up in your garden as well as mine."

"Are you going out now?" asked Laurie, all eagerness to get going. "I'll get your tools when I get mine. What ones do you want?"

"Just my hoe and rake, please," his mother answered. Laurie ran out to the shed to get them and off they went to the garden.

"I see my beans are growing," said Laurie, pointing to the row. "Yes, they are coming great. Take your hoe and cut all the weeds away. Rake them up, then pull the soil in around the roots to make a little hill, like this," said his mother, showing him how.

Laurie nodded to show he understood. Mrs. Page walked on to her vegetables, and for a while there was silence except for the click, click, click of two busy hoes.

"Come see how much I have done," Laurie called over. "My! you did an excellent job. There isn't a weed to be seen. You have 'hilled them up well too.'"

"Why do we have to take out the weeds?" asked Laurie. "So that your plants can grow," was her answer.

"But the weeds will give the plants exercise," protested Laurie. His mother laughed. "The beans get exercise enough pushing their way up through the ground, getting food for themselves, and growing. If the weeds were to use up the food and water that the plant should have..."

Laurie thought that over, then added, "I guess I'd better take the rest of them out then."

"That would be a good idea for both of us," said his mother as she started back to her work. "Look at this big fat weed I found," called Laurie. "Hasn't it got big leaves?"

"Let me see that," said his mother, coming closer. "That isn't a weed, dear. That is one of your pumpkin plants."

Laurie looked worried. "I thought it was a weed. Can I put it back? Will it die?" Oh, Mommy, I don't want it to die. I want lots of pumpkins next fall.

"We'll put it back and water it well. Perhaps it will live," replied his mother. "Don't feel too bad, for you have lots of plants left without it. There, I think it will be all right now. You didn't break the roots."

He watched anxiously as she packed the soil around then watered the plant. "I'll watch out after this," he said.

"It is just as well to ask if you aren't sure," his mother told him as she went back to her weeding.

About fifteen minutes later she decided to have a look to see what he was doing. She walked over to where he was bent over the bean plants.

"Whatever are you doing?" she asked.

"I'm picking beans for dinner," he answered.

"There aren't any beans yet, dear, the plants are too small," she protested.

"No, they aren't. See, here are two beans," and he held out his hand.

"My goodness, don't pick those off. Those are the little seed leaves of the plant. The beans that come will be long yellow pods, not beans like those you

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

A NATURAL MISTAKE

Be suspicious 'till you know, Who is who, and what is so.

—Bob White.

The Bob Whites were getting an early breakfast. Bob White himself was sitting on a fence post where he could see far in all directions. His big family of fourteen and Mrs. Bob were catching insects and picking up seeds down in the grass. One of those busy hunters for a breakfast was Bob White Junior, so-called because he was so like his father in many ways. None of his brothers and sisters learned quite as fast as he did. Only the day before, he had seen Redtail the Hawk sailing high overhead. He had learned from his father that various members of the hawk family were enemies to be watched out for, and that when he saw a big bird sailing in the air with little or no motion of his wings it was likely to be a hawk; and the thing to do was to keep out of sight.

So it was that after the young Bob White kept watch of the sky. No enemy was going to come from up above and catch him. Now as he hunted for his breakfast he looked up at and all around in the sky every two or three minutes. So it was that he saw very high up a black spot that kept going round and round in a circle. After a long time the black spot began to grow bigger and bigger. That was because it was coming nearer and nearer. It was coming down. The young quail forgot to hunt for his breakfast. He just watched that black spot come down and down until he saw that it was not only a bird, but a big bird.

"It's one of the hawk folk," thought Junior, and looked over at his father on the fence post to see if he was watching too. He

planted," she explained. "O-oh!" Laurie said slowly. "I thought those were the beans."

"No," answered his mother. "Those are like little store houses for food for the plant until it is big enough to get its own. Just leave them there. Your garden looks lovely and clean now. You'll have to show Daddy."

"Yes, I will," laughed Laurie, his eyes sparkling. "I must tell him well soon have beans for dinner. But next time I'll pick the right ones."

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wasn't. Could it be that he hadn't seen the hawk?

The young Bob White looked up again. "That hawk is as big as Redtail," thought he. "Probably it is Redtail. Nobody seems to see him but me, and he's coming down all the time. What shall I do?"

He flew over and dropped down in the grass at the foot of the post on which Bob White was sitting. His father looked down and saw him. Perhaps he looked worried, for Bob White flew down beside him.

"Do you see that big hawk overhead?" asked Junior.

"There isn't any hawk overhead," replied Bob White.

"But there is!" cried the young Bob. "Don't you see him sailing round up there? He's as big as the one you told me was Redtail. If hawks are so dangerous, shouldn't the others be watched?"

Bob White shook his pretty head. "No," said he, "there is nothing to warn them about. That isn't an enemy up there in the air. That is an old friend. He won't hurt any of us. He isn't a hawk at all. He is Ol' Mistah

Redtail. He is Ol' Mistah Buzzard. He is up here from the Sunny South. Most of his family stay down there."

"But you said whenever I saw a big bird sailing around without flapping his wings I would know it was a hawk," said Junior.

"My mistake," replied Bob White. "I forgot about Ol' Mistah Buzzard. He is the greatest of all air sailors over land. You made a natural mistake in thinking him to be a hawk."

FIND RARE REMAINS
LONDON, (AP)—Remains of prehistoric indricotheriums, pristinootheriums and eocene titanotheriums have been found in the Soviet republic of Kazakhstan where scientific excavations are in progress.

Radio Moscow reported Monday night. They were rhinoceros in a m m a l s outwardly resembling the modern rhinoceros, but bigger, attaining a height of 15 feet.

Page 10 - The Guardian Wednesday, June 23, 1954

It's a fact! It takes up to two pints of liver bile to keep your digestive tract in top shape! If your liver bile is not flowing freely your food may not digest... gas bloats up your stomach... you feel constipated and all the fun and sparkle go out of life. That's when you need mild gentle Carter's Little Liver Pills. These famous vegetable pills help stimulate the flow of liver bile. Soon your digestion starts functioning properly and you feel that happy days are here again! Don't ever start sick. Always keep Carter's Little Liver Pills on hand. 37¢ at your drugist.

IT MAY BE YOUR LIVER
If life's not worth living it may be your liver!

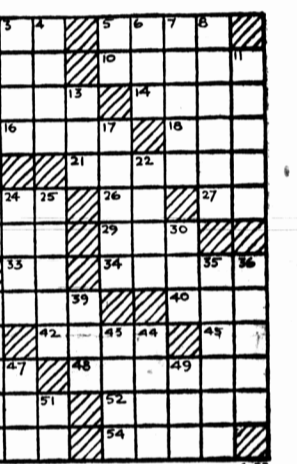
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DAILY CROSSWORD

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
| ACROSS | 53. Stair | 9. Become |
| 1. Transport, as goods | 54. Leaps on one foot | 11. Horse |
| 5. Chief | | 13. Little girl |
| 9. Famous American actor | DOWN | 17. Soothes |
| 10. Large pill for a horse | Mark of disgrace | 20. Kind of dog |
| 12. Fragments | 2. Garden tool | 22. Midday |
| 14. Price | 3. Indian (Peru) | 24. Valley (poet.) |
| 15. King of Bashan | 4. External coating of a seed | 25. Post |
| 16. External coating of a seed | 5. Jewish month | 30. Roll of bills (slang) |
| 18. Employ | 6. Mythical bird | 31. Behind (Nor.) |
| 19. Mischievous child | 7. Mist | 32. Bondsman |
| 21. Ice cream with nuts, etc. | 8. Croatian cavalryman | 35. Tooth cavities |
| | | 36. Leg joints |
| | | 38. Upright |
| | | 39. Epoch |

Yesterday's Answer

43. Effusive display of sentiment
4. Capital (Nor.)
47. Regret
49. Dine lightly
51. Regius Professor (abbr.)

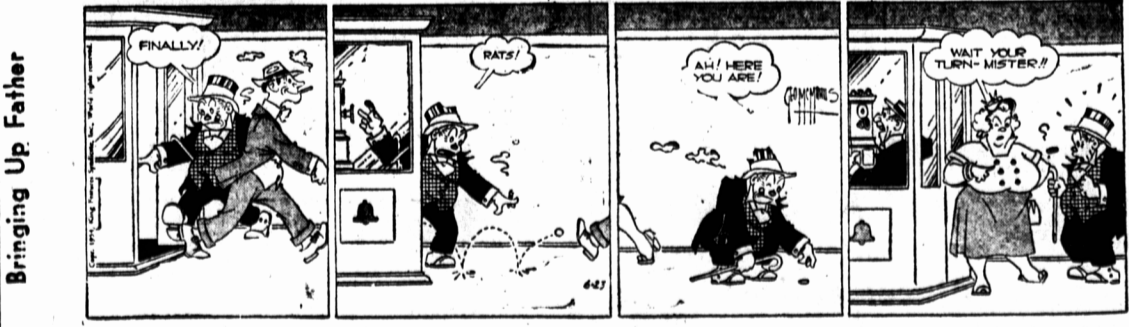
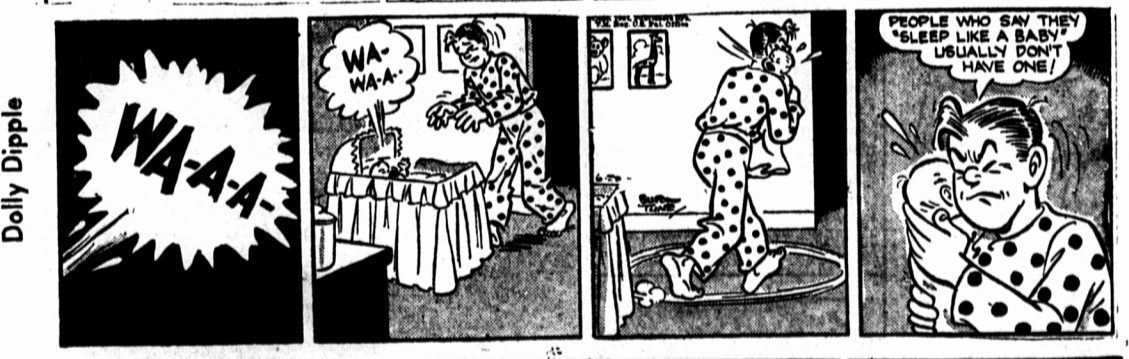
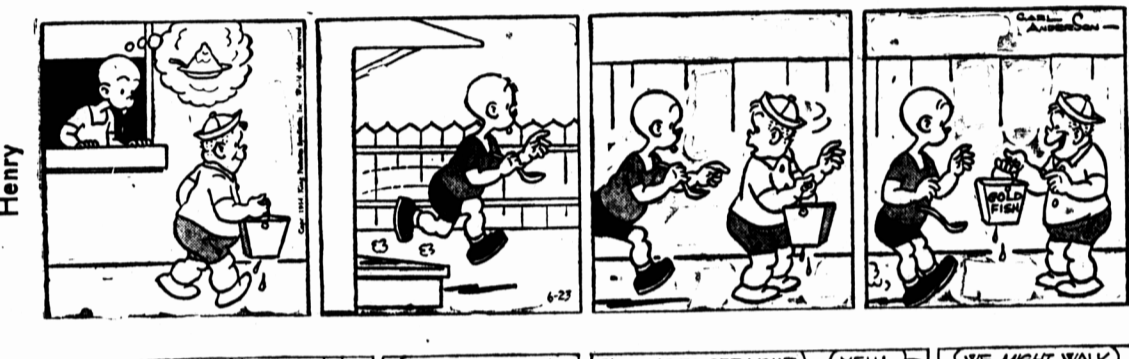
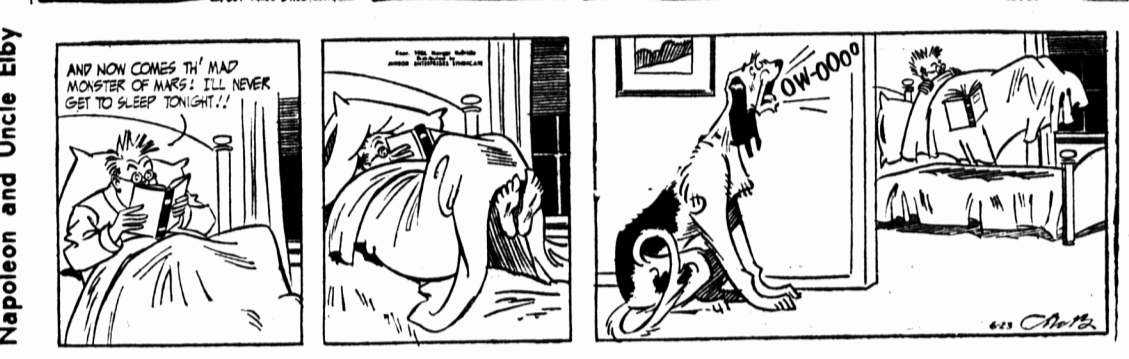


DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:
A X Y D L B A A X R
is LONG FELLOW

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
J F I P K A P Z H S J B C T U X O L T X F L W!
H Z B F P T I P G K Z A V W T U S W. — H Z B F!
P T I P W U T L F W! — H J U Q B F H H J N.

Yesterday's Cryptogram: THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING DIES, THE CAPTAINS AND THE KINGS DEPART—KIPLING.



The Lone Renner

Rip Kirby

Joe Palooka



Tilly the Toiler

Pogo

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

Henry

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

Dolly Dipple

Bringing Up Father

Penny

L'il Abner

By Bob Gustafson

By Walt Kelly

By Clifford McBride

By Carl Anderson

By Edwina

By Buford

By George McManus

By Harry Hoehnsen

By Al Capp