

# The Tiny Folk

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

"We're almost there! We're almost there!" sang Susan as she bounced up and down on the "ar seat." "Just two more houses and we are at Uncle Bob's."

"Uncle Bob! Aunt Irene!" sang David at the top of his voice, just as they turned into the driveway. Lad, the big farm collie, was first to meet them, closely followed by the two boys, Irene, and their parents.

What a lot of talking there was all at once! Lad had to be petted and talked to, and of course Susan wanted to see everything at once.

"How are the two kittens?" she asked Irene. "My Winkie is growing great, and he is as cute as can be. He sleeps in my doll carriage all the time. Yesterday I put my doll's bonnet on his head and he left it on."

"Come over to the barn, Susan, and I'll show you Muffins and Matilda. You come too, David, to see the kittens. They have grown a lot since you were here."

"Kitty, kitty, kitty," called Irene as she opened the barn door. At once the two little kittens came racing to meet her. Since the first time they had got out of their box, they had got used to being alone on the barn floor, and were not scared any more.

"Pretty Kitty, nice kitty," crooned David as he patted Matilda.

"Oh, Irene, guess where we were one night this week. Daddy took us to see Mr. Grey. His mother dog has five little puppies, and we're going to get one next week."

"My dog, little puppy for my birthday," piped up David, looking excited just thinking about it.

"What color will it be?" Irene wanted to know.

"Maybe black, or maybe white and brown," said Susan. "We didn't decide yet."

"No, my puppy's green," agreed David. Susan and Irene laughed and laughed at that, for whoever heard of a green dog?

"There are new puppies over at Donna's too," said Irene. "I went in there with her yesterday on my way home from school. Their mother dog is a Cocker Spaniel and all the little puppies look like her. I wish I could have one, for they look so cute and cuddly, but we have Lad and the cats, so Daddy says I can't have any more."

Just then Uncle Bob appeared in the doorway with Susan's Daddy. Come along, Susan and David, and I will show you something new on the farm. "The children followed eagerly as he led them over to a shed on the other side of the barn yard. Susan and Irene ran to look in through the gate across the doorway while Mr. Dale lifted David up so he could see.

"Wee lambs! Baby lambs!" shouted Susan. "Just look at them with their mother. How many are there?"

"We have eleven now," said Irene. "But Bert has one of his very own. See that little black one? His mother had two babies, but she did not like this little fellow because he was black. She butted him with her head and chased him away so that he could not get anything to eat."

"Bad Mommy sheep! You were!"

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thorton W. Burgess

## THE BUSY SCENE

Mischief shuns the ones who work; Gets in trouble those who shirk. —Old Mother Nature.

Banker and Mrs. Banker, smallest of the swallow folk, were working hard. They were digging a home for themselves in a steep bank along the Big River. They were digging a tunnel which was really a sort of a hall leading to the bedroom or nursery which they planned at the end of it. All the swallow folk have small feet, and very short legs. All of them have

mean to your baby," scolded Susan. They stood watching and listening to the shrill "Ma-a-a" of the baby lambs, and the deeper answering "Baa-a" of the mothers.

"Just watch this," said Uncle Bob as Bert came towards them. "Come, lambie, lambie," he called, and at the sound of his voice the little black lamb made a glad "ma-a-a" and ran over to the door. Bert walked inside and took a bottle out of his pocket. "Linda's bottle," exclaimed David. "A real baby's bottle," gasped Susan, her eyes very wide in surprise.

The children watched in great wonder as the little black lamb reached up his mouth to suck the warm milk from the bottle.

"Look at his tail wag so fast," laughed Susan.

"That shows he's pleased with his supper," said Bert. "Now that's all."

"Ma-a-a, ma-a-a," bleated the little lamb again.

"You greedy thing," laughed Bert. He rubbed its ears and head. "You can't have any more tonight. Now off to your bed of straw for the night." He closed the door, and back they all went to the house.

Susan didn't say very much, but her mind was very busy thinking over what she had seen. That lamb looked so cute drinking from a baby's bottle. "Perhaps I could teach Winkie that trick too," she thought. But that idea she kept to herself for her very own secret.

"Spring is a wonderful time, isn't it?" asked Irene. "There are baby animals of all kinds: new puppies and kittens, little calves and little lambs. No wonder we all feel so happy in the spring."

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Saturday, May 8, 1954

It would do and would satisfy some folks," said she. "But the deeper in our nest is, the safer I will feel."

So they kept on digging for a couple of feet more, then dug out a little room, not too big and not too small. They were ready now to look for straw and grass and feathers with which to make their nest. By this time that bank was much like a great apartment building in a city. There were old acquaintances of long standing, new ones, strangers, young, and old, all working busily making new homes in that bank.

"I am glad we are the first ones to finish digging," said Mrs. Banker. "With so many new homes it isn't going to be easy for some folks to find feathers for their nests. Of course they can get along without them, but everybody wants a few feathers for a really good bed for their babies."

OTTAWA, (CP)—Heads of opposition political groups in Parliament Thursday welcomed adoption of a bill in the United States House of Representatives for joint Canada - U.S. participation in the St. Lawrence seaway.

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The annual session of the L. O. B. A. will meet in St. Mary's Hall, Summer Street, Summerside, Wednesday, May 12th at 10 o'clock a.m.

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Tilly the Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



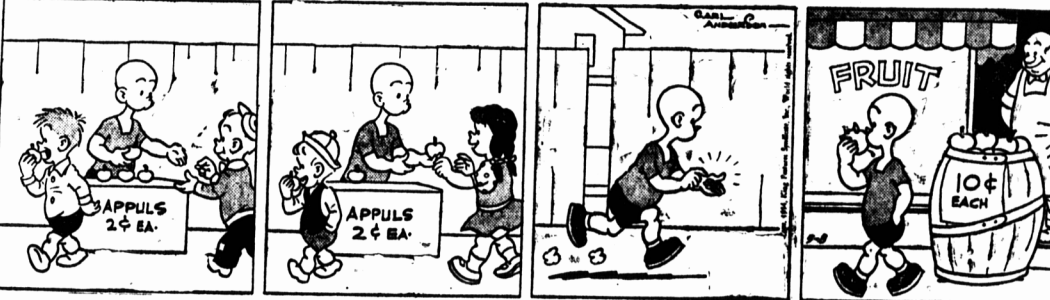
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



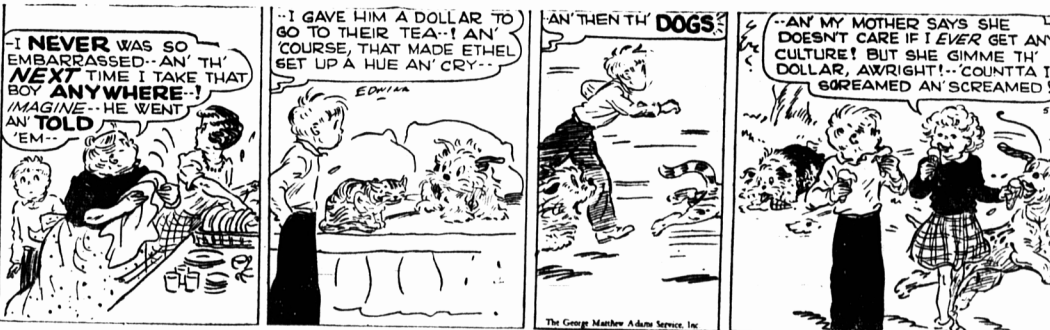
Pogo

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Henry

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Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

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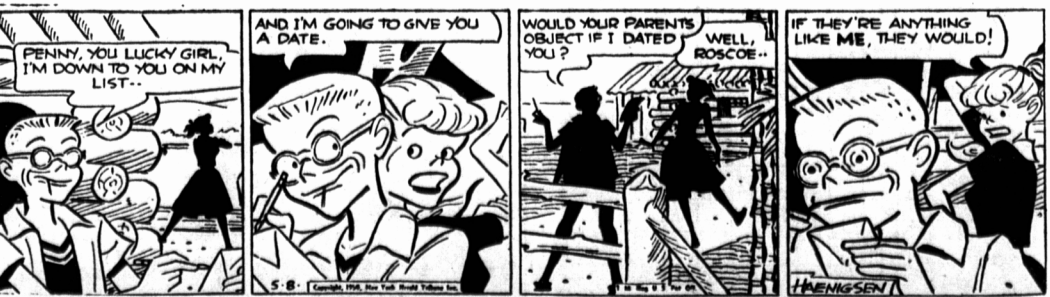
Bringing Up Father

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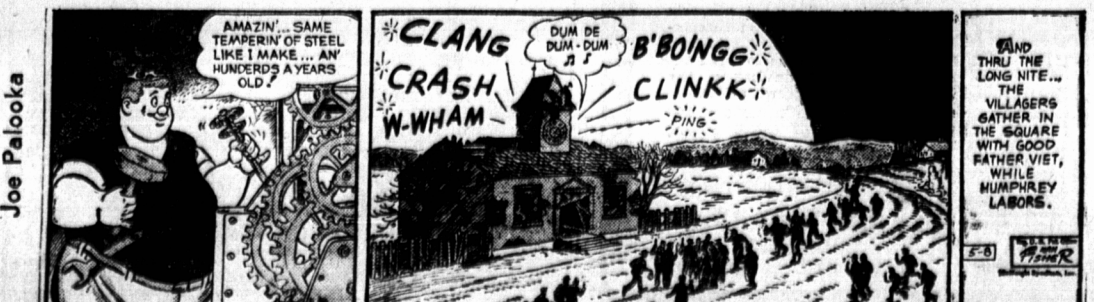


Rip Kirby

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Joe Palooka

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