

The Tiny Folk

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

The Robin family had lived quite happily in their snug nest high up in the electric light pole near Laurie's house. The four youngsters had grown so big and so fast on all the worms and bugs their parents had fed them, that they had crowded one another out of the nest. Then Mrs. Robin had coaxed them into the big maple tree for their summer cottage. You see how wise she was.

And another reason she had built near the Brent house was that they had cherry trees in their back yard. Robins love cherries just as much as little boys do, and this morning Mr. and Mrs. Robin had taken their family over for a cherry picnic. They were enjoying themselves and having a fine time until Janice came out to chase them. In the fright and sudden excitement, Robbie had fallen from the tree down to the ground. He could not get his wings to work right, and there he sat and called for help.

Mrs. Robin had landed the others safely back in the maple tree when she heard Robbie call for help. Back she darted, but she kept out of his sight. She wanted to see if he could learn to get himself out of trouble.

"Chirp, chirp, help, Mommy help," he called again. "Fly up, use your wings to push yourself up in the air," scolded his mother from a branch above his head.

"I can't, I'm afraid I'll fall again," Robbie protested. "Come on, try," urged Mr. Robin as he hopped down lower to him. The robins were making quite a fuss with their chirping and scolding, so it's no wonder that someone else heard them too.

Velvet, Janice's black kitten, had been curled up asleep on the back steps. But when Robbie's chirps had curled up so shrilly, the cat had got up very quickly and quietly. "That's a young robin," he purred to himself. "Perhaps I'll have robin pie for dinner."

He crept down off the steps and round the corner. The grass was not quite short, but Velvet crouched low as he sneaked along. "Kree-ee, kree-ee, chirp, chirp," Mrs. Robin sounded her warning. Then she flashed from her perch right down to the black cat. She beat his head with her wings as the swooped low. Father Robin was right behind her and he did the same.

Velvet had never met anything like that before. After all, this was his first summer, and he had never chased a bird before. But no birds had ever chased him either. The whirr of their wings made a roaring in his ears, and their sharp raps on his head really hurt. He forgot all about robin pie.

He turned and ran. Father Robin chased him, swooping low as he flew back and forth above the cat, until Velvet crawled in under the back steps. Mother Robin went back to poor Robbie, shivering in the grass. "That cat almost got you. Now come on. Push yourself with your feet, and try. Your wings will lift you the same way as they carry you when you go from branch to branch."

Robbie tried. He gave a little jump and flapped hard. He lifted himself up, but fluttered back down again. "That's better. Try again," encouraged his mother. Robbie drew in his breath. He bent his feet low, then pushed hard as he made a quick spring. His wings spread out, and wonder of wonders they lifted him into the air. He kept them going until he was safe on the limb beside his mother.

"There! you did it," his mother praised him. "I know you could if you really tried. And now you'll always know how to fly. Let's go back to the maple tree." Robbie did not stop now. He knew just what to do. He flew straight to the branch where the rest of the family were gathered in the cool shade of the big green leaves.

"I can fly! I can start and stop!" he chirped happily. "It took a bad scare to make me do it, but I can fly now." "Yes," replied his mother. "Velvet almost had you for dinner, but you escaped. All's well that ends well. And we'll go back again soon to make our own cherry pie."

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

BUSTER HAS THE KNOW HOW

You can or can't. You never know until you try which one is so.

Old Mother Nature. No one really can afford to make mistakes, but with some folks mistakes matter less than with others. Least of all can the smaller people of the Green Forest and the Green Meadows afford to make mistakes. With them what seems like a very small mistake may cost a life.

Buster Chuck, out in the Great World to make a home for himself, had found a neighborhood that he was sure was the very place he had been looking for. There was a garden, a big garden, with the most delicious things to eat he ever had tasted. Of course he had no business in that garden, but he didn't know that. He knew of no reason why he shouldn't eat those plants. To him they were just food, in this respect not different from the tender grasses and the sweet clover of the Green Meadows. To him there was nothing wrong in eating all he wanted of them.

So he decided he would make his home right near that garden. Not finding an empty underground house anywhere he decided to dig a new one. No, the young chick never had seen a new house dug. In fact the only digging he ever had done in his short life was when he cleaned out the filled-in back hall of an old house in which he had lived for a short time.

First he must choose the place to dig that new house. It wouldn't do to dig it just anywhere. Such a home might not be safe at all, and safety was his first and greatest need. It is so with all the furred and feathered folk. He spent some time looking for just the right place. How did he know what kind of a place would be right? The knowledge was born in him. It was something he didn't have to learn. It was a kind of special knowledge which has a special name. It is called instinct.

"I mustn't dig right out in the open where anyone happening along this way can see me or my hole after it is finished," thought the young chick. That was good common sense. Don't you think so? There were no bushes near to hide his doorstep and doorway. There was only an old stonewall a little distance away. It was an old wall and some of the big stones between them here and there, and the young chick explored all of them until he found one that led right down to the ground. He spent some time down there. He went outside and looked things over on both sides of the old wall.

"This is the place," he decided.

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Robbie drew in his breath. He bent his feet low, then pushed hard as he made a quick spring. His wings spread out, and wonder of wonders they lifted him into the air. He kept them going until he was safe on the limb beside his mother.

"There! you did it," his mother praised him. "I know you could if you really tried. And now you'll always know how to fly. Let's go back to the maple tree."

Robbie did not stop now. He knew just what to do. He flew straight to the branch where the rest of the family were gathered in the cool shade of the big green leaves.

"I can fly! I can start and stop!" he chirped happily. "It took a bad scare to make me do it, but I can fly now."

"Yes," replied his mother. "Velvet almost had you for dinner, but you escaped. All's well that ends well. And we'll go back again soon to make our own cherry pie."

"I'll start digging in here and I'll dig down and out under these stones. I'll have two doorways, one opening on each side. Out of one



Then he started digging and how he made the sand fly.

I'll push all the sand. The other I will have hidden in the longest grass. No one will see that one. That is what I will do. Maybe I will have even another doorway. But that can come later. There is no hurry about that."

Then he started digging and how he made the sand fly! He had the know-how. He certainly had the know-how. He was born with it.

NEW HAVEN W. I.

The August meeting of the New Haven Women's Institute met at the home of Mrs. Roland Buchanan Jr., with an attendance of 11 members.

The president occupied the chair. Roll call was answered with a dime realizing the sum of \$1.10. New committees were appointed as follows: school, Mrs. Louis Darrach and Mrs. Foster MacKinnon; program, Mrs. Thomas Devereaux and Mrs. Stanley Newman.

Correspondence was read and discussed including a receipt from the "Red Shield Appeal," one from Kathleen Henderson regarding the orphanage appeal.

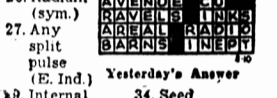
It was decided to make a quilt for a family stricken by fire; also to send a treat to the teacher who underwent an operation. It was also decided to invite a neighbor institute to the September meeting.

An interesting account of the annual convention was given by the president.

The next meeting is to be held at the home of Mrs. Louis Darrach. Lunch committee: Mrs. Hugh Macdonald and Mrs. Alton Newman. Roll call is to be answered with a "roll pond."

ORNAMENTAL KEYS

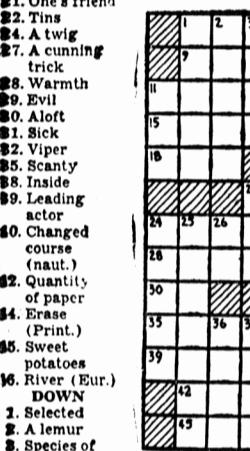
Roman locksmiths designed padlock keys to be worn as fancy bronze finger ring ornaments.



SPECIAL Perfection ICE CREAM ORANGE PINEAPPLE

DAILY CROSSWORD

- | | | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| ACROSS | 4. River (Eng.) | 23. Public notice |
| 1. Dressed | 5. One of Israel's greatest kings | 24. Be still |
| 2. One of the greatest kings | 6. Long-eared rodent | 25. Choleric |
| 3. Sharpen, as a razor | 7. At a distance | 26. Radium (sym.) |
| 8. Secure | 8. Pleading | 27. Any split pulse (E. Ind.) |
| 9. Conqueror of Mexico | 11. Short for "taxicab" | 28. Internal decay |
| 10. Tatters | 12. Fervor | 29. Internal vessel |
| 13. Largest continent | 13. Meaning to mangle | 30. Region |
| 14. Come into view | 14. A joker | 31. Frosted |
| 15. God of pleasure | 15. "The — and the Pendulum" | 32. Leg joint |
| 16. Method | 16. Fish | 33. Guide |
| 17. At home | | |
| 18. One's friend | | |
| 19. Tins | | |
| 20. A cunning trick | | |
| 21. Warmth | | |
| 22. Evil | | |
| 23. Aloft | | |
| 24. Sick | | |
| 25. Viper | | |
| 26. Scanty | | |
| 27. Inside | | |
| 28. Leading actor | | |
| 29. Changed course (naut.) | | |
| 30. Quantity of paper | | |
| 31. Erase (Print.) | | |
| 32. Sweet potatoes | | |
| 33. Downy | | |



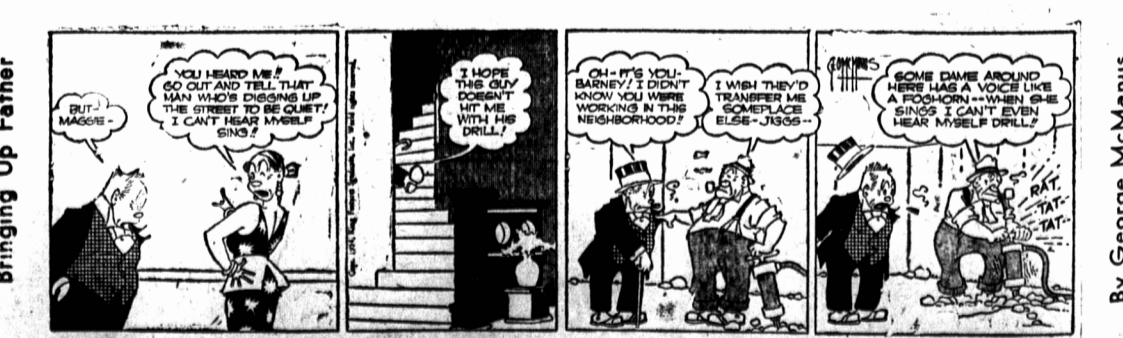
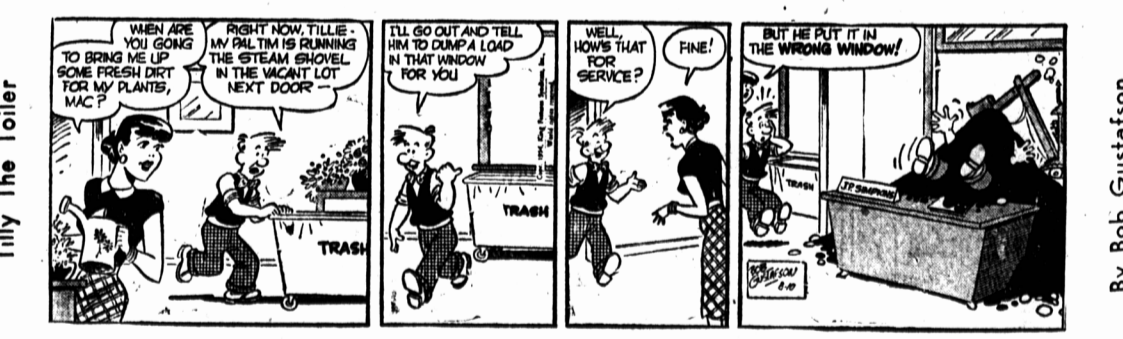
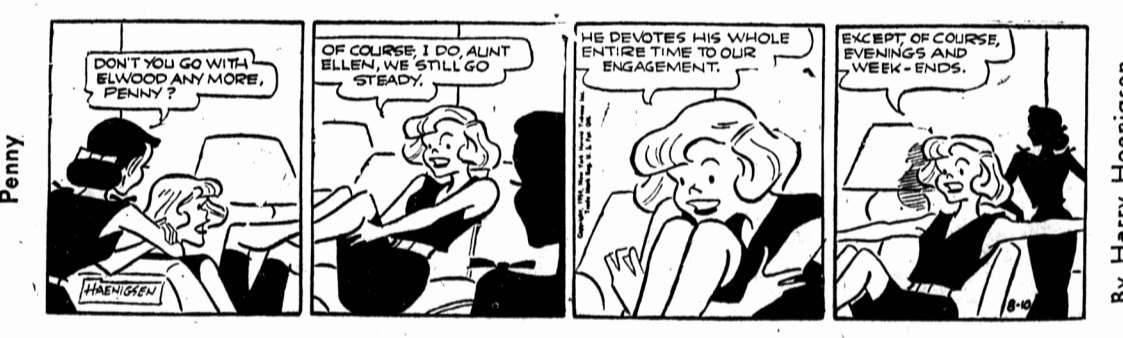
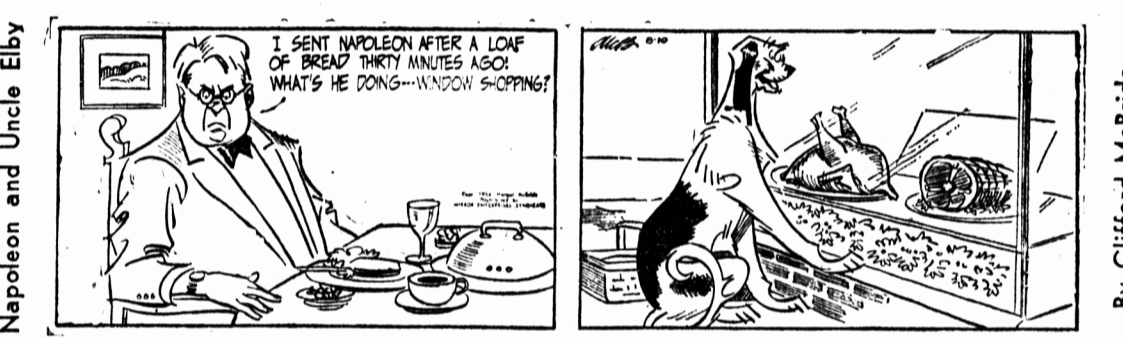
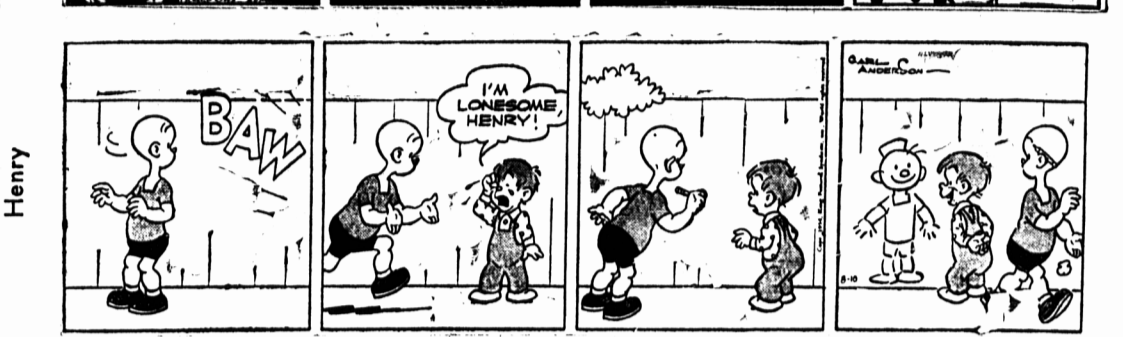
- YESTERDAY'S ANSWERS
- | | |
|-----------------------|-------------|
| 1. Seed | 10. Vessel |
| 2. Region | 11. Frosted |
| 3. Wander | 12. Fuss |
| 4. Manuscript (abbr.) | 13. Guide |

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

AXYDLBAXR 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
 LQRWHVCV AJB PYR AR TQRWTE,
 BXH EYQR AJB PQJRDTE—OAXQOAJCC.

Yesterday's Cryptogram: BUT WHAT A THOUGHTLESS ANIMAL IS MAN!—DILLON.



for BITES
 Insect, snake, or animal...
 The best treatment is plenty of MINARD'S...
 Draws out the poison!

MINARD'S
 "KING OF PAIN"
LINIMENT

RIGHT, DESMOND, WELL, OUR LITTLE GUEST IS HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS MICHAEL THOMAS ZACHARIAH OBADIAH GREGORY...

...HE IS PRINCE OF ANYTHIA, DUKE OF SYLVANIA, GUARDIAN OF THE GOLDEN CROSSBOW AND WARDEN OF THE ETERNAL FOUNTAIN!

ETERNAL GREAT DAY!

BUT WHY WOULD THE LADY HAND TO ME ONE OF SUCH EMINENCE?

I THINK I HAVE SOME CLIPPINGS IN MY NEWS FILE THAT WILL GIVE YOU THE BACKGROUND.

YOU STAY AND GUARD OUR GEAR UNTIL I RETURN FROM THE CLOCK-MAKER'S SHOP.

ME DO!

COME ON, SILVER!

WAIT HERE, SILVER.

LOOK OUT!

OH, DEAR... WE RUN OUTA SNOW, BETTER PUT TH' BRAKES ON.

BETTER GIT ME A BLANKET... WORE M' SEAT OUT.

By Edwina
 By Buford Tume
 By Carl Anderson
 By Walt Kelly
 By Clifford McBride
 By Harry Hoeningson
 By Bob Gustafson
 By George McManus
 By Al Capf