

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

Susan, David, and Peter were all gathered at Laurie's house for a game of ball. Since Susan, the oldest, was barely six, they did not play real softball, using a bat, and running around bases. Instead, they had fun and frolic just throwing the ball and frolic just throwing the ball and frolic just throwing the ball...

moment the ball left her hands. "Let's just throw it for him to catch," suggested Laurie. "Then we all can have fun catching him, and he can play too." The others agreed, and the fun was on. There were shouting and laughter, tumblings and trippings, wild scrambles and quick grabs as Frisky joined in their game. But not even the pup could stand that long and at last he dropped exhausted. Four very hot and rather tired children flopped on the grass beside him.

Frisky's tongue hung out, long and wet, as he panted and panted. The children puffed and puffed, getting their breath back. "Phew! I'm really sweating," gasped Peter. "That was a funny game of ball," giggled Laurie.

"That's a queer way to throw a ball," teased Susan. "It is supposed to go ahead of you, not behind you. Here, David, you throw it to me." David swung his arm about, just to show that a smart three year old he was. Whiz went the ball, sideways from where he stood. With shrieks and laughing all four children raced after it, trying to see who could get it first. This was more fun than playing catch so they did it again and again. Whoever got the ball first threw it across the yard, then they all raced after it. There was such a noise that Mrs. Puff looked out to see if there could really be only four children out there.

BEAUTIFUL BIRDS

Sweet little songsters of every wing Harbingers ye of the coming Spring. As you take your flight from the southern baysers To this beautiful Island home of our, Gladly we greet you sweet feathered guests. Our choicest spots for you downy nests. Singing your lays to the blossoming June Oh in my heart there are words for the tune.

Words of praise for the Father's name: For methinks no need have you of prayer. In the joyous song you raise to heaven For you have no sins to be forgiven. Praise for the love that doth guard your way Keeping you safely by night by day, True have a share in the promise God of the sparrow, He cares for you.

I list to your blissful triumphant glees Morning and eve in my dooryard trees. And note with what patient and skillful rest You frame and fashion each cosy nest. With minute exactness each tiny thread In your wondrous structure is neatly laid. And curved and bent with such grace — so well No artist hand could your work excell.

Beautiful birds you must leave me soon Little nests empty and little songs done. But I'll wait the first sound of your twitters and trills When the blistering March wind blows over the hills Sing your sweet carols for sing you must You teach me a language of hope and trust A language more eloquent far than words: Your own sweet language, my beautiful birds. Samuel Hill. Covehead, P. E. I.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

IT WASN'T MR. BUZZARD Even those in observation schooled. At times are very badly fooled. —Bob White.

Peter Rabbit had left the dear Old Brier-patch to pass the time of day with Bob White. Bob was sitting on a fence-post not too far from the dear Old Brier-patch. "I thought I saw Ol' Mr. Buzzard over here a day or two ago," said Peter.

Bob White nodded his pretty head. "You did," said he. "We had quite a visit together." "I had missed him this year," said Peter. "Why hasn't he been around before. Has he just come up from the Sunny South?" "He says not," replied Bob White. "He just isn't living in this part of the Green Forest. He says he is living quite a long distance from here, and just happened over this way the other day. You know, distance doesn't mean much to Ol' Mr. Buzzard."

"I don't suppose it does. It must be wonderful to be able to fly as he can without getting tired, and to look down on so much of the Great World," said Peter. "I think so too," Peter, replied Bob White. "I really envy him his big wings, and the way he knows how to use them. I love to watch him in the sky. Some of the hawk folk are pretty good at sailing, and so is King Eagle. But Ol' Mr. Buzzard is best of all. Look, isn't that him now way up against that white cloud?"

Peter tipped his head way back and looked up. At first he didn't see anything but a white cloud in the blue, blue sky. However, in a moment he saw what looked like a black speck on the white cloud. He watched it for a minute, and knew by the way it sailed around and around in a circle, that speck was a bird. Any bird as high up as that must be one of the Buzzard family. "He's coming down," said Peter, after a moment. Sure enough, Peter was right. The speck grew. It became a real bird. It became a bigger and bigger bird. "It's Ol' Mr. Buzzard alright," said Bob White. "I guess he's coming down to make me another visit."

Just a couple of minutes later the big black bird with the red bald head perched on the next fence-post. "Welcome back again!" said Bob White. "I'm glad to see you again, Ol' Mr. Buzzard. It's a long time since we've met. I haven't seen you around this summer. Where have you been keeping yourself?" said Peter. "That's mah business," was the impolite and ungracious reply. "I didn't mean anything personal," said Peter hurriedly. "I just meant that I wondered if something had kept you in the Sunny South, so that you didn't get back here until now."

"How is Mrs. Buzzard? I hope she is feeling well. You told me the other day you had two eggs. Have they hatched yet?" asked Bob White. "Once more, that's mah business and not yours," was the ungracious reply. "What is more, I wish you would stop calling me Ol' Mr. Buzzard." "Wh-wh-wh-wh-a-t should we call you?" stammered Peter. "Call me Mrs. Buzzard, for that is who I am," was the hissing reply. And so it was for Mr. and Mrs. Buzzard dress just alike.

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 "KING OF PAIN" LINIMENT

IMMUNIZATION CLINICS IN RURAL SCHOOLS ARE ON STANDARD TIME

The 3rd and last clinic of the series of clinics to be held this spring in the rural schools for INOCULATIONS against diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus and VACCINATION against smallpox are now under way. These are for children who are to have their third inoculation and for those requiring a re-inforcing dose, also for children who have not been successfully vaccinated. All clinics will be held on STANDARD TIME. The teacher in each district will know the date and time of the clinic. REGIONAL CLINICS will be held in the FALL for the required 4th inoculation, re-inforcing doses and vaccination against Smallpox. DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH AND WELFARE

Tilly The Toilet. HERE'S THE SWISS-ON-RYE YOU ORDERED BOSS! HOW MUCH WAS IT? ONLY TEN CENTS, BOSS! TO 4 FOR A SWISS CHEESE SANDWICH!! HOW CAN THEY MAKE ANY MONEY CHARGING THOSE PRICES? WAIT TILL YOU SEE THE CHEESE!

Pogo. WHAT'S WRONG, POGO? WOOD WBT? YUR CHURCH-GOT A FISH WHAT JUS' ACHIN' TO BE COOKED AN' OL' WOOD DON'T FEEL LIKE BURNIN' WHT I HAD A LIL' PAPER. MY WORD! IT 'PEAR LIKE I GOT A LIL' PAPER. GOOD BOY, CHURCHY! GOOD BOY! HAND IT OVER, SON. CHURCHY? MY SAKES, MAMA---YOU GOT A BARRITONE ON YOU LIKE A B' FRIEND OF MINE--- I BEGS YO' PARDON. AT'S OKAY--IF I WOULDNT ME I WOULDN'T OF KNBW WHO I IS EITHER.

Napoleon and Uncle Elby. YOU'RE A SMART DOG--WHY CAN'T YOU LEARN THAT TRICK OF WALKING ON YOUR HIND LEGS? GAD! IT DOES LOOK RIDICULOUS! I SEE YOUR POINT! GET BACK ON ALL FOURS, NAPOLEON!

Henry. AN' TIPPY WAS TO SHOW WHAT TH' WELL DRESSED DOG WOULD WEAR--I MY LAND! ETHEL HAD TO PUSH HIM IN ON TH' FLOOR. HE WOULDN'T BUDGE! THEN SUDDENLY, HE JUST TOOK ACROSS TH' FLOOR. "SCATTERIN' TH PEOPLE LIKE NINE-PINS--!" "WELL, NOBODY WAS HARDLY SPEAKIN' BY TH' TIME TH' STYLE SHOW WAS OVER--AN' MR. CHUCKLE-BERRY SAID--

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs. NOW THAT SCHOOL'S OUT I WON'T NEED TO MARK THE DATE OFF THE CALENDAR ANYMORE! WILBERT, PADDY AND I THINK YOU SHOULD GET A SUMMER JOB THIS YEAR! GOLLY--EVEN MORE WEEKS TILL SCHOOL STARTS AGAIN!

Dolly Dimple. MEY'S BRAMY--WHERE DO YOU GET A-T-T MONEY FOR THOSE NEW DUDS? I WON A LOTTERY. HOW DID YOU DO THAT? WELL--I DREAMED OF "SEVEN" THREE NIGHTS IN A ROW. SO I PUT THEM TOGETHER AND PICKED NUMBER AN-- YOU DOPE?--THAT'S SEVEN IS 21. WELL--ANYWAY--THAT WAS!

Bringing Up Father. HEY'S BRAMY--WHERE DO YOU GET A-T-T MONEY FOR THOSE NEW DUDS? I WON A LOTTERY. HOW DID YOU DO THAT? WELL--I DREAMED OF "SEVEN" THREE NIGHTS IN A ROW. SO I PUT THEM TOGETHER AND PICKED NUMBER AN-- YOU DOPE?--THAT'S SEVEN IS 21. WELL--ANYWAY--THAT WAS!

Penny. HE'S TWENTY-NINE AND STILL SINGLE, FATHER. THE GIRLS SAY HE'S NOT MARRIED BECAUSE HE HAS SUCH AN INDEPENDENT SPIRIT. MAYBE HE HAS SUCH AN INDEPENDENT SPIRIT BECAUSE HE'S NOT MARRIED! THAT'S THE STUFF THAT KILLED VAUDEVILLE, BE CAREFUL, DEAR.

L'il Abner. AH IS OAPP-HAPPY I'ANNUCE THIS CRITTER IS AGONNA BE MAH WIFE-- MAINLY BECUZ AH CAN'T GIT OUTA TH' DEAL. SO, PLEASE, MAMMY--TRY TO LOVE HER! SHO'NUFF! LET'S LET BY-GONES BE BY-GONES, CRITTER. AN' GIVE ME A GREAT BIG HUG! LET GO! AH KNOWS HER SECRET NOW! SHE HAIN'T GOT NO HEART-BEAT! ("A INKHOOMIN CRITTER GOT MAH SON?")



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BEARLESS FOSDICK BY AL GAPP. DON'T DUNK ME IN THE CACKLE!! (KAR)-BOILING ALCOHOL, WHY NOT ANYFACE? FOSDICK?

BECAUSE--URGLE!! GURGLE!! HOW'S THAT, AGAIN? -BECAUSE ALCOHOL DRIES MY HAIR--MAKES IT HARD TO COMB!! SO I USE WILDROOT CREAM-OIL!! IT'S NON-ALCOHOLIC!! KEEPS HAIR NEAT-- BUT NOT-GH GREASY!! GET WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE!! THAT WOULD BE ILLEGAL MY NAME IS--URGLE!! BURP!! GURGLE!!

THE LONE RANGER. WHY DID THE ESCAPED CONNECTS BIND AND GAG YOU, MIKE? I TOLD YUH! THEY AIM TUN STEAL A LOCOMOTIVE! YES, BUT WHY DID THEY FIRST STEAL YOUR SWITCH KEY? THEY'RE GOIN' TO SWITCH THE LOCOMOTIVE OFF THE MAIN LINE ONTO A SPUR TRACK!

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JOE PALOOKA. SHORE NIGHT W' GOLD UNDERNEATH ME...TW L'LOVIN' MOUNTAIN CLIMBER. SHUCKS-- MISTLE MORNELL THINK I LET HIM DOWN... THO-RN... THO-RN... AYE... K-TOO... THAN KYA... S'MUCH.

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By Bob Gustafson, By Walt Kelly, By Clifford McBride, By Carl Anderson, By Edwina, By Buford, By George McManus, By Harry Hoeningen, By Al Gapp