

The Tiny Folk

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

There was one new thing that Laurie owned that was very proud of, and that was his new hammer. It wasn't just a little tack hammer like Mommy used for hammering in loose nails in the curtain rods. Neither was it a toy hammer that came in those carpenter sets for little boys. No sir! It was real honest-to-goodness hammer.

One evening Laurie had gone with his Daddy to the store, and he had spied these hammers. They were exactly like Daddy's, only a bit smaller. Laurie had stood staring at them for a long time, then went and tugged at his father's coat sleeve.

"Daddy," he whispered, "I would like to have a hammer all of my very own."

His father looked thoughtfully at him for a moment, then agreed to get one. Mr. Page tried one after another until he found one that exactly suited him. The clerk wrapped it up, and Laurie joyfully started off for home with his new hammer.

"Look, Mommy! Look, Linda!" he exclaimed. "I have a brand new hammer of my very own. Daddy bought it for me."

"My land! Isn't that wonderful, but what will you do with a hammer?" asked his mother.

"Oh, I'll make all sorts of things," Laurie answered proudly. "Let me show you how to hold it properly," said his father.

"Then you aren't so likely to hit the wrong nail."

Laurie ran to bring a piece of board from the wood box and his father took two nails from his pocket. "Hold the nail and give it one or two taps to set it in the wood, then take your hand away. Hold your hammer by the end of the handle, not close up to the head," explained Mr. Page as he showed Laurie exactly how it was done.

Laurie tried two or three nails,

then he had to go to bed, but the shiny new hammer spent the night on the mat right beside his bed.

As soon as breakfast was over next morning, Laurie got out two more ends of boards, the nails his father had given him in an empty baking powder tin, and of course the shiny new hammer.

Bang, bang, bang he went, and one nail was standing up firm and strong. "Try to drive it right into the board until just its head shows," suggested his mother.

"Bang, bang, bang, Bang!" went the bright hammer, and all that was left was the round silver head of the nail showing above the board.

"Well done!" praised his mother who had been watching. "You made a good job of that one."

"Just watch me bang this one," Laurie said happily, as he placed another nail. Bang, bang, bang, bang! Laurie dropped the hammer and held on to the first finger of his left hand. His mother said nothing, and a minute later Laurie said with a half grin on his face.

"My Daddy told me that's what would happen, for he hammered his fingers too when he was little. But I must learn."

"You're doing fine for a boy not yet four," smiled his mother. "Just keep on trying. Hammer nails into these two pieces so that you can nail them together. Just use the short nails, for those long ones will go right through."

Bang, bang, bang! Hammer, hammer, hammer, went the busy little boy with the busy little hammer and the bright little nails. One after another was pounded into the boards until Mrs. Page smilingly remarked, "I don't see where you can put another nail. What is it going to be?"

"Oh, this is a meter for sister I made one just like those I saw the day we went to town," replied Laurie, reaching for another nail. "Oh my! I'm afraid I made a mistake!" he exclaimed. "I drove the long nail, and it went right through the board. Will it do any damage?"

"Let me see, of course it will if it's stuck. Pull it up. Yes, there is a tiny hole in the linoleum where the point of the nail started to go into it, but it won't show when the wax is over it. But no more hammering in the house."

"I'm sorry, Mommy. I didn't mean to do it," answered Laurie. "I'll take my nails and hammer out to the playhouse and then I can hammer all I like."

"That's a good idea," said his mother. "Run along, but don't nail yourself fast to something with that smart new hammer."

So Laurie went off out, and if you hear any loud banging noises

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

A GROUCHY FRIEND

Grouchiness may prove a bluff; Mere pretense at being tough. —Old Mother Nature.

Prickly Porky the Porcupine had proved himself a friend indeed. Yes, sir, he had. He had prevented Buster Bear from catching Buster Chuck, young son of Johnny Chuck. The young chuck had wandered into the Green Forest, and had become lost. He had climbed a tree when Buster Bear had suddenly appeared. Buster had made ready to climb that tree after him. Prickly Porky, who was up in that tree already, had interfered. He had moved in between the two Busters, and Buster Bear had not climbed after the young chuck. He hadn't dared try to get past Prickly Porky, whose thousand little spears, called quills, were sticking out from his black coat in all directions. Buster had done a lot of growling, snarling, and threatening, but finally had gone off in a huff.

Buster Chuck looked down at Prickly Porky on the second branch below him. "Thank you," said Buster.

"For what?" grumbled Prickly Porky.

"For saving me from that dreadful fellow who was coming after me," said the young chuck. "I guess he would have caught me if you had not interfered to save me."

"I didn't interfere to save you," said his prickly neighbor in a rather unpleasant voice. "Yes, you did," protested the young chuck. "If you hadn't, I wouldn't be here now."

"It wasn't to save you," grumbled Prickly Porky. "Then, what was it for?" the young chuck wanted to know. "It was to keep that fellow out of this tree. I didn't want him up here. I wasn't thinking of you at all," said Prickly Porky. He sounded grouchily. Most folks think he is grouch. The young chuck would have thought so had he not been so grateful for the interference which had saved him from

down your way, you'll know he's still busy hammering nails. Won't you write me and tell me if you liked The Tiny Folk or not, and what kind of stories you liked best, whether about Laurie, or Linda, or their playmates or their pets. Just write care of The Guardian, addressed to The Tiny Folk.

CANADIAN BAND TOURS

OTTAWA (CP) — Canadian airmen in Europe have been hearing music fresh from home, played by a 52-member band from Kamloops, B. C., high school. The air force said Friday that the band, which went to Europe to compete at the World Music Festival in The Netherlands, has visited the three RCAF bases in Germany and France and the air division headquarters at Metz, France.

WOODSMEN GATHER

TORONTO (CP) — More than 60 foresters from New Brunswick, Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba are attending a forestry field meeting here of the woodlands section, Canadian Pulp and Paper Association. The delegates inspected a department of lands and forests nursery Tuesday and later joined in presentation of a Tree Farm certificate to Dr. W. P. Hogarth of Fort William.



By Fran Striker



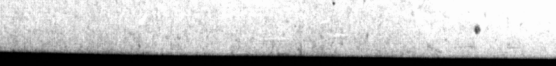
By Ham Fisher



By Mel Graff



By Tilly The Toiler



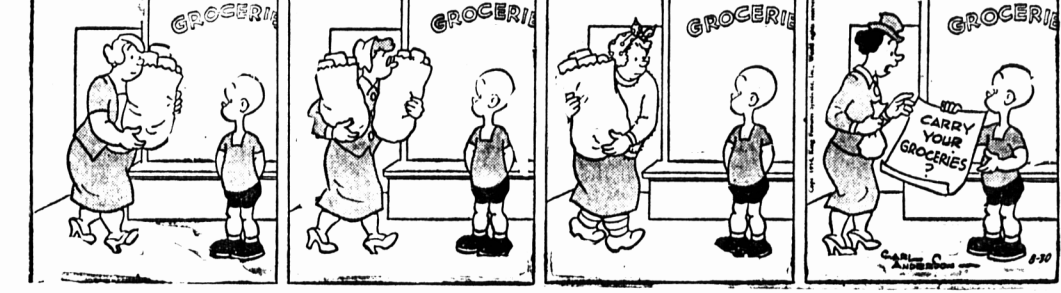
By Mugs and Skooter



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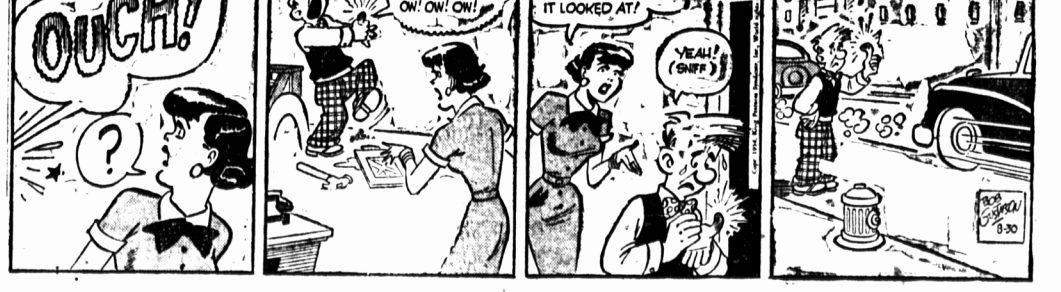
By Walt Kelly



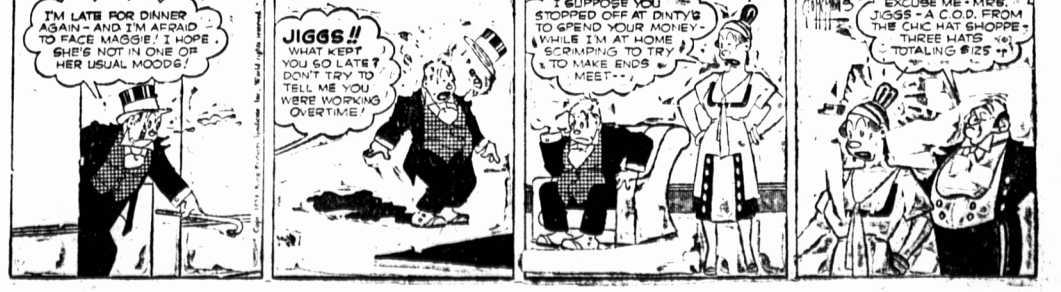
By Walt Disney



By Wally Bishop



By Bob Gustafson



By George McManus



By Al Capp



Gives you a fresh start - while it gives you a fresh taste.

The lively flavour freshens your taste—cools your throat... and the pleasant chewing gives you a happy little lift. Get some refreshing delicious Wrigley's Spearmint Gum today.

★ WHAT'S THE SECRET OF NEAT, SUCCESSFUL MEN? ★ NON-ALCOHOLIC WILDROOT CREAM-OIL ★

PHIL, MAN AND BOY, I NEVER SAW A FISH LIKE THIS ONE! LOOKS LIKE A NORTHERN PIKE, AND YET...

A NORTHERN HAS ONE DORSAL FIN... YOUR FISH HAS TWO! NOTICE THE DIFFERENCE IN THE SPOTTING TOO!

RIGHT! AND THE MYSTERY FISH HAS BIGGER TEETH AND A DIFFERENT HEAD!

ALL INCRIMINATING RECORDS HAVE BEEN DESTROYED! ARE YOU READY TO TAKE OVER, MR. IOUANA?

I AM WEDDY! WHAT IS DE RUST IMPARTANT JOB DAT I MUST SUPERVISE?

TH' GOVERNMENT OF PAKISTAN IS ARRANGIN' A SENSASH'NUL CELEBRASHUN FER US IN KARACHI!

THINK A TH' DOUGH WELL CLEAN UP ON OUR RASLIN' TOUR... WHY RIGHT IN KARACHI WE'LL MAKE...

I'M IN A HURRY TIGHT BACK T'WEST WOKKINGTON FALLS...

I GOT A LOTTA WORK T' CLEAN UP... THERE'S MIS' HARDIE'S BICYCLE AN'...

HOKY SMOKES... YER CA-RAZY FF YER TROWIN' AWAY A FORKIN... T'L RAISE YER PERCENTAGE T' THOTY PER CENT.

HERE'S DEPUTY HAWKS

WHAT'S GOIN ON HERE?

AN INJUN BUSTED THE PRISONER OUT OF JAIL!

KEEP GOIN TONT!

GET HORSES! WE'LL GO AFTER 'EM!

THE BULLET HITS LIL ABNER'S HEART - HE DROPS - DAISY FAINTS

NEXT - TH BRAT GETS HIS AN THEN I BOWS OUT LEAVIN' YOU ALONE CRAGNOSE

- AN, ALL YOUR LIFE, YOU'LL REMEMBER THIS WAS BECAUSE OF YOU, THAT I DID THIS TO YOUR KID!!

WHOO! WELL... ANYWAY... THAT'S THE LAST OF THE TOYS! NOW TO GET OUT OF...

MY MISTAKE!

AFTER ALL... IF I CAN'T SIDE-STEP A FEW MECHANICAL DOLLS...

GRAMPS TURNED DOWN MY BID FOR AN INCREASE IN MY ALLOWANCE. HE SAID I WAS SPENDING TOO MUCH MONEY ON SODAS!

SAME WITH ME!

WAR! I HATE MY THUMB!

OR WILL YOU SETTLE FOR SODAS FOR SOME MORE ABOUT INCREASING OUR ALLOWANCE...

OUCH!

OOOOH!!! I HIT MY THUMB! ON! ON! ON!

YOU'D BETTER GO TO THE HOSPITAL AND HAVE IT LOOKED AT!

VEAU! (GRR)

I'M LATE FOR DINNER AGAIN - AND I'M AROUND TO FACE MARGIE. I HOPE SHE'S NOT IN ONE OF HER USUAL MOODS!

JIGGS!! WHAT KEEP YOU SO LATE? DON'T TRY TO TELL ME YOU WERE WORKING OVERTIME!

I SUPPOSE YOU STOPPED OFF AT DINTY'S TO SPEND YOUR MONEY WHILE I'M AT HOME SCRAMBLING TO TRY TO MAKE ENDS MEET...

EXCUSE ME - MRS. JIGGS - A C.O.D. FROM THE CHIC HAT SHOP - THREE HATS - TOTALING \$25 -

SECRET AGENT X9

JOE PAIOKA

THE LONE KANNER