

# The Tiny Folk

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

It had been a very wet cold day so Laurie had had to spend the day in the house. He would much rather have been outdoors, out, since he couldn't go out, he found games to play by himself. Susan and David could not come over, for the rain was coming down so hard they would have been soaked by the time they got across the field.

Laurie picked up Ginger, his big teddy, and climbed up into the big easy chair to cuddle him for a while. Linda was busy playing on the floor with her doll and her plastic teddy that rattled. She saw Laurie in the chair and crawled over. Standing up by his knee, she looked up at him with a sad look on her face.

"Wh-h-h," she said. "What do you want, dear?" Laurie asked. "Ah-h-n-n," she said, still looking at him without a smile. Mrs. Page happened to look at them just then, and said, "Laurie, I think Linda is asking you to take her up there too."

"Come on up, sister," Laurie said, very pleased at the idea of having her all to himself. Mrs. Page lifted the baby up on the seat beside Laurie. He put his arms around her, and she snuggled her head against his shoulder. She stayed there quietly, contentedly chewing on the ear of her plastic teddy.

"By the looks of both of you, I think the sandman is not for a way," laughed mother. When you two sit as still as that for ten minutes, you must be sleepy." Laurie spoke up quickly. "oh, no, we aren't a bit tired. We are just resting. This old rain is so tiresome. Baby Linda loves to have me hold her and cuddle her. Isn't she cute, Mommy?" Then he yawned.

"Of course she loves you, dear, for you are a good brother to her," smiled Mrs. Page. "But as soon as I finish ironing this shirt, you both must go to bed." Soon she was done. She folded up the shirt, put away the iron, and said, "All right, Linda, you get down on the floor now while I run upstairs to get your night clothes."

"She's all right with me, Mommy," Laurie protested. "I'll keep good care of her." "No she might just fall," said Mrs. Page. "I'll put her down on the floor. I'll run up for her nightie and come right back."

But before Mrs. Page could get back down again, she heard shrill cries from Linda and screams from Laurie. With her heart in her mouth, she raced down the stairs. Following the sound, she ran into the dining room. Laurie was standing by the buffet screaming while Linda's shrill cries came from under it. Looking under, Mrs. Page saw Linda jammed away in under the buffet.

"Quick, Laurie, you pull her out carefully when I lift up on this end of the buffet," Mother said breathlessly. In a moment Linda was freed and cradled in her mother's arms. She cried and heaved, her face very red and big tears washing down her cheeks, but in her hand she still grasped the red plastic car she had gone in after. Laurie

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

## THE POOR FISH

Could I be anything I wish, I'd never want to be a fish. —Peter Rabbit.

Peter Rabbit was over at the Smiling Pool. He just has to visit the Smiling Pool every now and then. He was sitting on the bank where he could look down in the water. The water was clear. He could see a fish just a little below the surface. The fish was not moving. It wasn't a big fish. It seemed to be just resting.

"It must be nice," thought Peter.

was sobbing and sobbing, kissing his little head at the same time. "There, there, both of you," soothed Mother. "The baby isn't hurt, Laurie, but she got a bad fright. You stop crying and she'll stop too. Sush-sush, Linda, you're all right." She kissed the little wet face, and gradually Linda's sobs ceased. When Laurie saw she wasn't hurt, he stopped crying too, though he still held his arm around her.

"Would she smother, Mommy?" he asked fearfully. "Will she be all right now?"

"Sure she will, dear. Now don't cry any more. Her face is all streaked with tears, but she couldn't hurt herself very much. I didn't do it, Mommy. It wasn't my fault." Laurie started to sob again.

His mother patted his shoulders. "I know that. You wouldn't want to hurt sister for the world. It was her own fault for she shouldn't have crawled in under there. But she's fine now. Look, she's smiling at you."

"Bru-ba, ah-n, oo-oh!" said Linda reaching up to pat Laurie's face, then making her mouth right round again. At that Laurie laughed and rubbed away his tears.

"Now we'll wash up, and put you both to bed," said Mrs. Page. "After this adventure, Linda should learn to be more careful when she goes exploring."

When they were ready for bed, Linda waved her little hand to Laurie, then curled over on her pillow and was soon fast asleep. It wasn't too long before the sandman visited Laurie, and so ended another day for two tired children.



the right size for Longlegs. He couldn't reach it where it was, but it might swim closer. He could wait a long time for a fish. Most good fishermen can.

For a long time nothing happened. Peter kept quiet where he was, just watching. Rattles sat in the big hickory tree without moving. Longlegs stood with his feet in the water without moving. A shadow passed over Peter. He rolled his eyes up. A big bird was circling over head. It was Plunger the Osprey. Many folks call him Fish Hawk. He was high up, very high. But high as he was he was watching fish down in the water. Peter

watched him circle all the time growing bigger as he circled. He was coming down in a spiral. "I wonder," thought Peter, "if when he gets a little lower he will close his wings and plunge down for that fish."

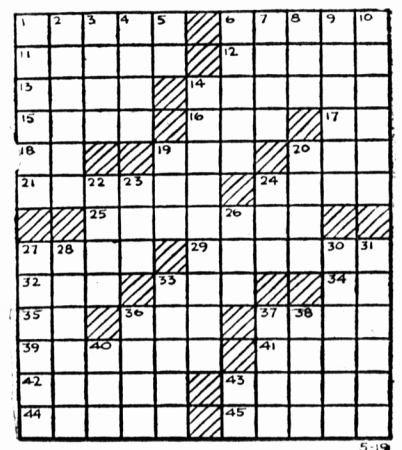
Just then Peter glanced over at the big rock in the Smiling Pool. An old acquaintance was just climbing out on the big rock. It was Little Joe Otter. Little Joe looked over at Peter, then he saw Longlegs the Heron and he knew at once that Longlegs was watching a fish. Glancing up, he saw Plunger the Osprey, and he knew that Plunger was looking down on a fish.

Now Little Joe is another famous fisherman. Instantly, he looked for the fish the others were watching. "That fish is mine," decided Little Joe, and slid into the water without making a ripple. "The poor fish," thought Peter.

**FINE CATTLE**  
Shorthorn cattle were first brought to Canada from the eastern counties of England about 1830.

## DAILY CROSSWORD

- |                  |               |                 |
|------------------|---------------|-----------------|
| <b>ACROSS</b>    | 4. Throw      | 26. Play-thing  |
| 1. Packing box   | 5. Half an em | 27. A genre.    |
| 6. Luster        | 6. Uva        | (gram.)         |
| 11. Wading bird  | 7. Learning   | 28. Sover-      |
| 12. Way          | 8. Belonging  | eighty          |
| 13. Performs     | 9. Not easily | 30. Ropes       |
| 14. Vegetable    | 10. Moved     | with            |
| 15. Betsy        | 11. Bristly   | running         |
| 16. Open (poet.) | 12. At peace  | knave           |
| 17. Require      | 13. Lubricate | 31. Baffle      |
| 18. Greek letter | 14. Assistant | 32. Confection  |
| 19. Single unit  | 22. March     | 36. River (Fr.) |
| 20. Sloths       | 23. date      | 37. An inland   |
| 21. Soul         | 24. Color     | sea             |
| 24. Lateral      | 25. Dry,      | 43. South       |
| as wine          |               | America         |
|                  |               | 44. Timber      |
|                  |               | wolf (abbr.)    |



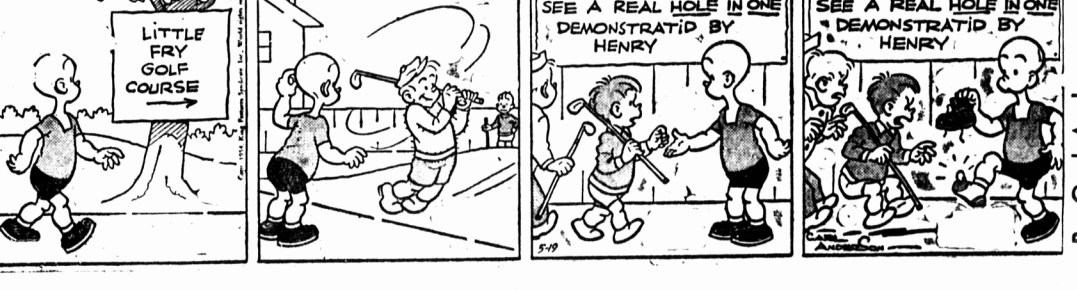
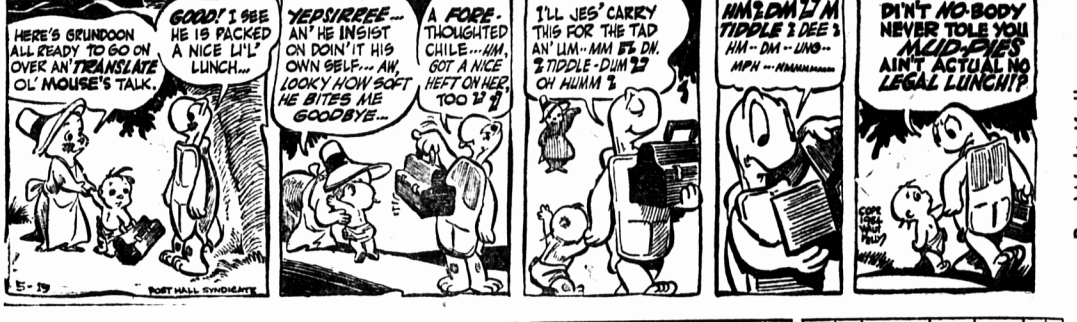
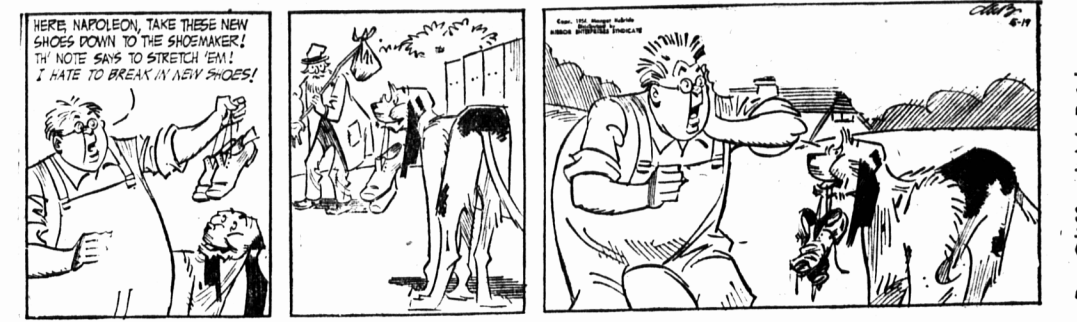
**Yesterday's Answer**  
33. Confection  
36. River (Fr.)  
37. An inland sea  
43. South America  
44. Timber wolf (abbr.)

## DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

**AXYDLBAAXR IS LONGFELLOW**  
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, apostrophies, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

**A Cryptogram Quotation**  
RNRWG TJUHR SWJBT MF. PTK JT  
RPWLO BMHH YJWRNRW UR. P SWJBT  
JY LOJWTF—SPWGHHR.

**Yesterday's Cryptogram:** NOR BRIGHTER WAS HIS EYE, NOR MOISTER THAN A TOO-LONG OPENED OYSTER—BROWNING.



## TAXES—SCHOOL UNIT No. 1

All unpaid taxes in School Unit No. 1 are now due and payable. Settlement should be made before June 9, 1954. The trustees have decided to enforce the recent legislation re school taxes. Lists of delinquent tax payers may be published in the local papers and interest on unpaid accounts will be charged at the rate of 6% per annum. By Order of the Trustees. Office—Parkdale School. Phone: 4208.



By Bob Gustafson  
By Clifford McBride  
By Walt Kelly  
By Carl Anderson  
By Edwina  
By Buford  
By George McManus  
By Harry Hoanisen  
By Al Capp