

The Tiny Folk

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

It seemed to Susan and David that it was always storming. Here was another day of rain so they would have to play in the house. "Mommy, could we go over to play at Laurie's?" Susan asked. "He'll be lonesome because he has only the baby to play with in the house."

Mrs. Dale phoned Mrs. Page and talked a while. When she came away from the phone, she said, "Mrs. Page would like to have you to go over to play at her house. Dress yourself, Susan, while I get David ready."

Half an hour later Susan and David were with Laurie in the big Page kitchen. Mrs. Page was busy doing some mending so she said the children could play in the kitchen. Baby Linda sat in her high chair, playing with a spoon and her rattle.

"Let's play train," Laurie said. "It would be lots of fun. May we use the chairs, Mommy?"

"Yes," his mother answered. "Just go ahead and play. You may use the chairs, just put them back when you are done."

Susan went quickly to get the kitchen chairs and place them one behind the other. Laurie took two big brown ones from the next room and put them behind the green kitchen chairs. David pulled out the little rocking horse and put it in line too.

"Mommy, look at Linda. She's laughing at us. Can't she play with us too? We'll put her in her high chair in our train. Please, Mommy."

"Will you be careful not to tip her?" Mother asked. "Remember, she is only eight months old."

"Oh, we will be very careful," promised Susan and David together, so Mrs. Page carried the high chair over to put it at the

end of the train. What a train that was! The three kitchen chairs were placed one behind the other at the front. Then there was Baby Linda in her high chair. Behind her were the two brown chairs that were the dining room with the little rocking horse at the end. Laurie put a big cardboard box on the seat of the front chair. "That's the engine," he said. "Let's all get on our train now."

You should have seen the passengers Laurie, Susan, David and Baby Linda all had chairs of their own. Beside them sat Big Brown Bear, Ginger, the teddy, Bugs Bunny, and Susan's doll, Margie Lou.

"Boo-o-o, boo, boo-o-o," whistled Laurie. "Here goes our train a-way from the station. 'Chug-a-chug, chug, chug-a-chug, chug."

"See, Margie Lou, there is Halifax out that window," said Susan, holding up her doll so she could see.

"David doesn't see anything," complained the two year old brother of Susan.

Susan laughed. "We are just pretending. We are playing now. You see what you can see."

"David see cow," laughed David in great glee. "Look, Bugs Bunny sees cow too."

Laurie thought this was great fun. Baby Linda banged her spoon on the tray of her high chair and laughed and squealed. "Ah-h-h, da, a-a-ah, bu, bu, bu," she said as she clapped her tiny chubby hands.

The others thought that was a great joke. "She's telling us she's going to Halifax too on this train," Susan said.

"Ooops! I must put on the brakes," said Laurie for he was being the driver of the train. "I have to get out to fix a tire."

Susan squealed with fun. "Oh, Mrs. Page, Laurie thinks that trains have tires. Isn't he funny? Who ever heard of a train with a flat tire?"

Laurie looked up under the peak of his Daddy's cap that he was wearing. He just didn't know what to say. "No, dear, trains don't have tires," explained his mother. "Their big wheels are made of iron. But all trains stop at the different stations to take on mail or passengers or freight."

"We'll put the paper into this plastic bag and it can be our mail," said Susan.

David ran over and got a box of soap flakes. "David's mail. Big parcel for Mommy," he said, placing it on the train.

Laurie was all smiles now too. He gathered up three pieces of wood and put it in the last car of that funny train. "That is my lumber I'm taking to Borden," he said. "Isn't it too bad we haven't another passenger? Mommy, you come and get on our train."

His mother laughed. "I'm too busy now, mending these holes in your snow suit."

Just then Laurie's little dog, Frisky, crawled out from behind the stove. He walked over to the train, looked at it, then jumped up. He landed right on Susan's knee! There he sat, looking so pleased with himself, and just as

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

AN ONLY CHILD

You'll likely find the going rough until you learn enough's enough. —Old Mother Nature.

Baby Prickles was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Pricky Porky. This is the rule in the porcine family. In this, they are very different from their neighbors. Lightfoot the Deer, and Mrs. Lightfoot, have two at a time, and sometimes three. It is the same way with Buster and Mrs. Bear. Usually, the Fox family is large. Most of the feathered folk have two or more babies at a time.

Of course mother knew there was no danger of his running away, and so of getting lost. That is a worry that some other mothers have with them all the time the children are growing up. Take Mrs. Grouse, for instance. She



Now and then she touched noses with him.

"That youngster is likely to be spoiled, being the only child," said Hooty the Owl to Mrs. Hooty.

Mrs. Hooty agreed that this was so. "Where there is only one child in the family, it gets too much attention. There is nothing like too much attention to spoil a growing child."

Now as a matter of fact, there was no danger at all that Baby Prickles would be spoiled. In the first place, his father had nothing to do with him. Pricky Porky is that kind of a father, so there was a chance in the world that he would spoil his small son.

Mrs. Porky was a good mother, but not a motherly one. She nursed the baby as long as he needed nursing, which was for only a short time, but gave him very little attention otherwise. All mother porcupines are like that. It is partly because of their independence. They themselves have never had to worry much about danger. This is because they are so fully armed with the little spears called quills, which all porcupines carry hidden in their coats and on their tails. Baby Prickles had his share of these little spears. He was born with them. Of course they were small, but they were sharp. And he had plenty of them. So Mother Porky didn't worry much about danger for her lone baby. She knew that folks were going to leave him alone, or be sorry if they didn't. So she paid very little attention to him. Now and then she touched noses with him, which presumably was her way of giving him a kiss. When he was big enough to climb a tree, and that was when

supper, James taking note of our effort.

I guess more than one farmer on the Island will be eating 'out of a tin' this evening," he remarked in a thin, spent tone.

And we laughed, and were glad that happiness in a fair measure was here; grateful too for the food presently set before us, for hours of work, and for the privilege of being a link in that lengthy chain of women which world-over met today in annual observance of a World Day of Prayer.

Until tomorrow — Diary — Good-night....

ELLEN'S DIARY

Continued from page 2

comfortable as could be. Susan put her arms around him, and he settled down with a satisfied sigh.

"Well, well," exclaimed Laurie. "Now we have a new passenger too. My! this train is certainly full. Away we go to Borden, then Halifax. Boo-o-o-boo-o-o."

And away chugged that Play-time train on its busy way.

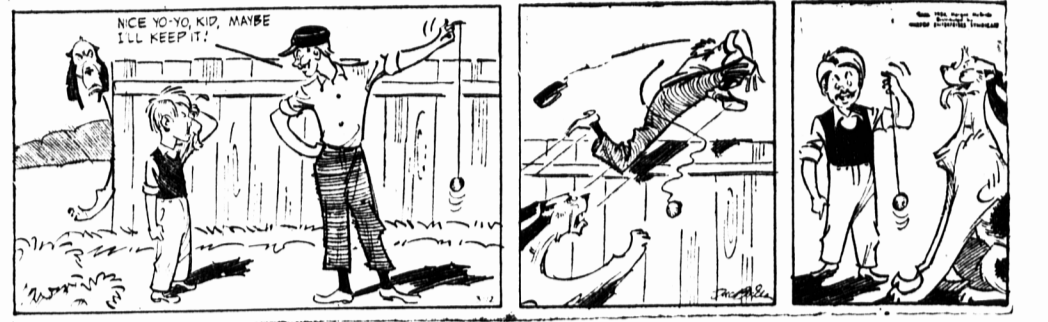
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



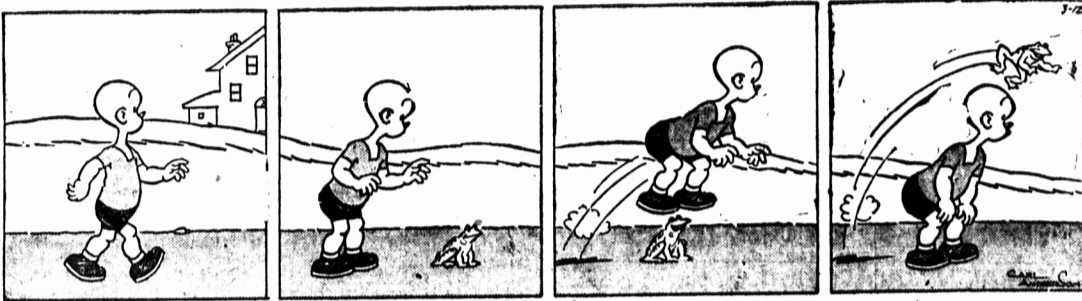
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Henry

By Carl Anderson



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



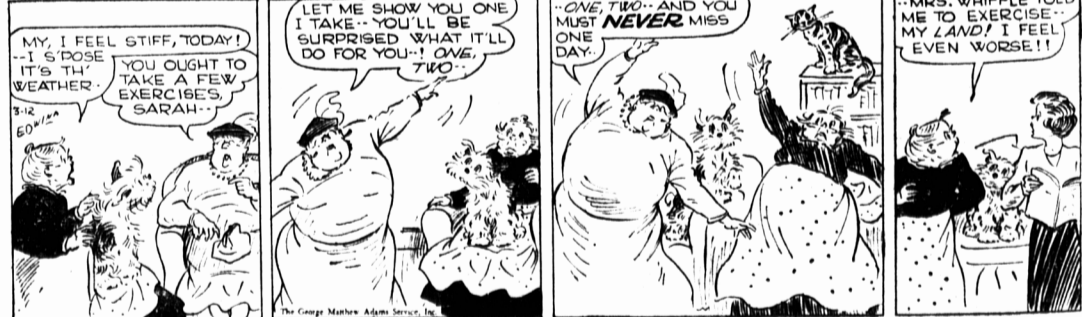
Dotty Dripple

By Buford



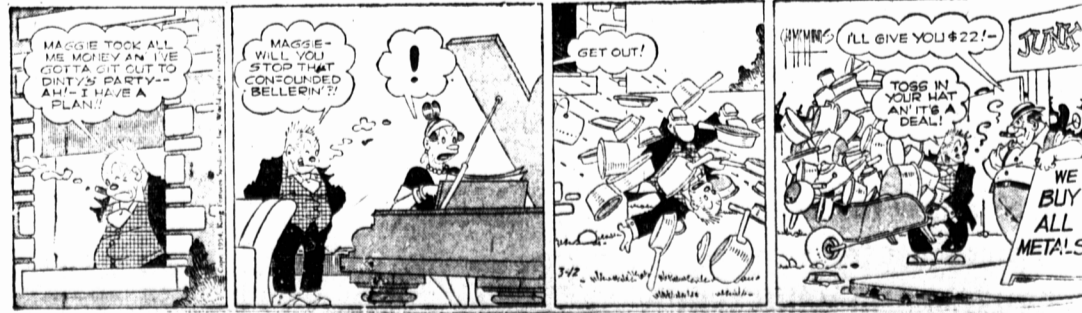
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



PENNY

By Harry Froehner



NEW HAVEN JAMBOREE

In

PARKDALE HALL TONIGHT 8:30

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Sale of Candy. — Adm. 50c



Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



The Lone Ranger

By Fran Striker



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Li'l Abner

By Al Capp

