

The Tiny Folk

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

Supper was over, dishes were cleared away, and the family were settled down for the evening. Since the rain was pelting down from a dark cloudy sky, there would be no outdoor work tonight. Even Frisky, Laurie's little dog, was curled up behind the stove.

"It is all right if we play games," Laurie asked his mother. "As long as you don't get too excited, or play too noisily," agreed Mrs. Page.

"Come on, Linda, we'll play hide and seek. You stay here with Mommy while I go to hide," Laurie said as he ran into the kitchen. He squeezed himself in at the end of the stove, for now there was no heat in it, and called "Linda, come find me."

"A-ga-dee-dee," caroled Linda as she started off with little quick steps. She was half way across the kitchen, when Laurie snickered in the room door, when Laurie snickered. She turned and saw him. With gleeful shrieks she ran to him and squeezed him in her arms.

Back she came to her mother who patted her, hugged her and said, "Smart girl! Did you find Laurie? Now he's hiding in again. See if you can find him this time."

"Linda!" sang out Laurie. The baby's face lit up in a smile. This time she went straight to the dining room table. Lifting up the table cloth that hung down its sides, she lifted her head and looked into Laurie's sparkling eyes. "Peek," she laughed and turned to run to her parents again.

"She'll not find me this time," Laurie declared. "I'll hide in a hard place." He ran out and got in behind the dining room door that was always opened back against the wall.

"Ready!" he called. "Go find Laurie," Mother urged, and Linda toddled off. She looked in the kitchen, but no Laurie. With a wide grin on her face, she went directly to the dining room table to peek in under it. She seemed puzzled when she didn't find her brother there.

She made the rounds of the kitchen and living room, and, as she was at the far end, she heard Laurie call again, "Linda."

"Go find Laurie," her Daddy said. "He's hiding on you. Look out in the dining room again. Call her, Laurie."

"Linda, Linda, I'm in here. Come find brother," he called again. Out the baby went, laughing as she walked with her little quick steps. She looked under the table, for she was sure he must be there. Then she went out to the kitchen. Frisky rose from his corner, stretched himself, and came out to meet her. She patted his head, bent to love him, and said, "Hi, Frisky." Laurie giggled when he heard that.

Frisky made a scramble for the dining room. He went straight to the door behind which Laurie was

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

BUSTER CHUCK GOES HOUSE-HUNTING

Always keep a listening ear, But with care judge what you hear.

—Johnny Chuck

Buster Chuck was the son of Johnny Chuck and Polly Chuck. Once he had been the smallest of eight children. He had been so small they had called him Runty. Now he was the biggest of the eight children, and they called him Buster. Not only was he the biggest, he was the strongest; and in some ways he was the smartest. For a little while he had been living by himself in an old house in the ground dug long ago, and empty when he found it. It wasn't very far from where he was born.

He had been quite satisfied with that old house in the ground until now. Flip the terrier had caused him to change his mind. Flip had

hiding. His puppy eyes got black with excitement as he yapped in short, sharp barks. "Here he is! I found him. Yip, yip!"

Frisky's barks sounded so loud in the house that Linda turned and raced for the safety of her mother's arms. She clung to her and could not be persuaded to move, until her mother said, "Come, Linda, I'll go with you to find Laurie. Frisky has found him, so you just look where he's pointing."

With her mother holding her hand, Linda felt quite brave. She trotted right over and pulled the door out to look behind it. How she shrieked and laughed! Laurie laughed and ran too, while Frisky joined in with a few barks.

"Frisky is a tattletale," Laurie grinned. "He told Linda where I was hiding. He could play hide and seek but he'd need to always be the seeker for he won't ever hide himself!"

"Well, you had fun and Linda did too, didn't you dear? She'll learn to play all your games little by little. Now she'll have to go to bed."

"Good-night, Linda. You go to bed and play hide and seek with the sandman," waved Laurie. "Good night, pet."

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replied the young chuck. "Just so. And every day you would have to go a little bit farther. There isn't enough food for so many chucks to live so near together. It is the law of Old Mother Nature that the young shall go out and find new places for themselves. The homes they make in such places are then their's, and others have no right to try to live too near. It isn't that you are not wanted here. No, indeed, it isn't that. It is that there just isn't room enough. So, the thing for you to do is to go find a place where there is room enough, and food enough, and make a home for yourself there."

With this Johnny Chuck left to visit another of the children, and give the same advice. Buster watched him go. He looked at the big hole Flip the terrier had dug. He guessed that probably Flip would come back. He suddenly realized he was hungry, and started for a distant patch of sweet clover. When he had eaten enough he didn't go back home. He started off in another direction. He did it almost without thinking. He really didn't know that he had started house-hunting, but that is what he was doing.

"Didn't you go a little farther to get your breakfast this morning than you did yesterday morning?" asked Johnny Chuck.

The young chuck admitted that he had gone a little farther. "Why?" asked Johnny Chuck. "Because all the good clover that had been nearer had been eaten,"

DAILY CROSSWORD

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|--|------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| ACROSS | DOWN | 18. Assam silk worm |
| 1. Teeth on wheels | 1. Close-fitting knitted jacket | 21. Exceptional |
| 5. Highest cards | 2. Sash (Jap.) | 23. Doubtful |
| 9. Forbidden | 3. Detties | 24. Covered with |
| 10. Fray | 4. Therefore | |
| 12. Dry | 5. Oval space (Roman amphitheater) | |
| 13. Cancel (Print) | 6. A disaste | |
| 14. Fish (Eur.) | 7. Always | |
| 15. Outline of a play | 8. Bristle (comb form) | |
| 17. He was secretary general of UN in 1947 (Phil. Is.) | 9. Garment makers | |
| 19. Tree of sumac family | 11. 5th sign of zodiac | |
| 20. Female ogre | 13. Lairs | |
| 22. Mischievous persons | 16. Packing box | |
| 26. Lift | | |
| 27. Shop | | |
| 28. Brittle cookie | | |
| 29. Arms of lakes (South U.S.) | | |
| 30. Send for | | |
| 32. It is (contr.) | | |
| 33. Counting device | | |
| 37. Nickel (sym.) | | |
| 38. Enjoy | | |
| 39. A warm fabric | | |
| 41. Book of maps | | |
| 42. Describe, a word, grammatically | | |
| 43. Like an eel | | |
| 44. S-shaped molding | | |

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

AKYDLBAAXE
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, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation

WMS HGWJ GL USHUPGWSQ TUBD
WMS HBPZWUJ SDSULBZ

Yesterday's Cryptogram: **CHILL** | **PENURY** | **REPRESSED**
THEIR NOBLE RAGE AND FROZE THE GENIAL CURRENT OF THE SOUL—GRAY.

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

WELL, AFTER WE LANDED ON THE ISLAND, WE MADE A LITTLE LIBBY.

COOKED SUPPER.

A SANDWICH WOULD TASTE GOOD RIGHT NOW, WOULDNT IT??

YESSIR—IF WE HAD SOMETHING TO EAT, WE COULD STAY AN' FISH TONIGHT!

Dotty Dripple

HORACE, DO YOU REALIZE I DIDNT GET A CIGAR WHEN YOUR BABY WAS BORN?

I'M SORRY, CHUCK—HERE, I HAVE ONE LEFT!

HM—UGH! THIS CIGAR MUST BE TWO MONTHS OLD!

YEAH—SO IS THE BABY!

Henry

Pogo

YES! TO MAKE IT PLAIN YOU IS AGAINST TELLIN' MIZ BOOMBAH 'BOUT DEACON RINNIN' OFF, KUDONT GOTTA GO SWIMMIN'!

I NEVER DID.

I JES' FEEL YOU IS POKIN' AN' PRYIN' INTO SOMEBODY ELSE'S BUSINESS—

IT'S OUR PUNY.

POGO GOT A PO-GOODER COMPLEX. HE ALLUS TELLIN' SOMEBODY HOW TO ACT— HE OUGHT TO BE THANK FUL US IS AROUND, ELSE WHO'D HE HAVE TO TELL OFF NOW AN' THEN?

IF YOU'LL BE-SURE AS OH, I GONNA EAT OUTSIDE—

BEEN LIKE I AM? WEL COME INSIDE HERE— A LIT' THANKS ONCE AN' A WHILE WOULDNT HURT NONE—

WHAT YOU NEED SUGAR?

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

I HAVE NO PATIENCE WITH ANYONE WHO CAN'T START A FIRE WITH TWO STICKS!

Penny

HOW WERE YOU SURE YOU WERE REALLY AND TRULY IN LOVE WITH MOTHER FATHER?

I MEAN, NOT JUST INFATUATED?

WELL, I TOOK YOUR MOTHER FISHING—

AND I TRIED TO TEACH HER GOLF. WELL, I FOUND I STILL WANTED TO MARRY HER—

SO I KNEW IT MUST BE REAL TRUE LOVE.

Rip Kirby

QUICKLY, THEN, MADAME CHARIAM, WHERE IS THE CHILD? THESE PAPERS PROVE I'M A LEGAL CITIZEN OF THE PEOPLE'S STATE OF MYTHANIA!

IT'S NO USE, MR. MALOVENTI.

NO REILING OF YOUR FALSE COURTS WILL MAKE ME GIVE UP MY SON. LET YOU PRETEND TO CARE FOR HIS BODY WHILE YOU DARKEN HIS MIND—

HE WAS BORN FREE, MR. MALOVENTI... AND HE IS WITH FRIENDS! GOODBYE!

The Lone Ranger

TRACKS SHOW BOMB MAKERS GO TO TOWN.

YES, THEIR TRACKS WILL PROBABLY BE LOST THERE.

BUT THE SHERIFF MAY KNOW OF SOMEONE WITH THE SKILL TO MAKE A BOMB.

WE GO TALK TO SHERIFF.

ILL CAMP HERE AND WAIT FOR YOU.

GITTM UP, SCOUT!

Joe Palooka

I GOTCHA?

DOWN THE TERRIFYING SLOPE OF K2 COME HUMPHREY AND JERRY. THEIR SPEED EVER INCREASING, CAN THEY SURVIVE FANTASTIC SLIDE?

OH-HH—T-THERE'S A 9-99 R-ROCK.

WE MISSED IT... I USED A HELL FUR A RUDDER— HOLD ON, OLE-FELLER...

A-ARE W-WE S-STILL ALIVE?

L'il Abner

FINISHED!

THEN—KIN AH GO NOW—AN SEARCH FO' MAH BABY?

YOU'RE ALWAYS THINKING OF YOUR OWN PLEASURE!

YASSUH!— IT IS MORE OF A PLEASURE FO' A MAMMY TO HAVE HER BABY, THAN—PAP— NOT TO—

THE CRITICS ARE COMING TO LOOK AT THIS PAINTING TOMORROW. I WANT THEM TO SEE MY MODEL, TOO. AFTER THAT—YOU CAN GO—AND GOOD RIDDANCE!

YO IS SO NICE TO ME, SUH?

By Alex Raymond

By Fran Striker

By Ham Fisher

By Al Capp

By Harry Hoengsen

By Clifford McBride

By Walt Kelly

By George McManus

By Rob Gustafson