

# The Tiny Folk

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

The easterly wind blew chills into the grown-ups, and many children too, but down behind the barn at Alan's the warm May sun had its own way. Here the spicy smelling dark green spruce trees gave shelter from the cold wind, and let the bright sun beam down there all day long. No wonder it was the best place on the whole farm for a playhouse. Peggy, Ellen and Alan had been very busy housecleaning. Their play house under the trees, had been alone all winter with no one to play there but little hurrying winds and dancing snowflakes and no visitors but the saucy squirrel that lived in the tool shed. No wonder it looked untidy now with all the dust, twigs and dry leaves scattered around. Peggy got very busy with the broom. Ellen used the rake, while Alan hauled the dirt away in his red wagon.

Soon it looked clean and neat, and the three children started to unpack their play dishes from the big grey wooden box.

"Here is the brown teapot. You put it up on the shelf," Ellen said. Peggy saw she passed it over the table.

"I found the big plate with the dark blue border on it," piped Alan.

"Go easy there," warned Peggy. "The plates are all piled in on top of one another. We don't want any of them broken."

I found the glass pitcher and the pretty blue and yellow sugar bowl that Laurie brought over to us last summer."

"I wonder if Laurie has a play house in his orchard," said Ellen as she carefully wiped the dirt off the sugar bowl.

"I don't think so," answered Peggy. "He is a boy and anyway he isn't nearly four years old yet, so he wouldn't know much about play houses."

"Listen!" exclaimed Alan, as he came back with his empty wagon. "I heard a car. Let's run around the barn to see who it is." In an instant he had dashed away.

"It's Laurie! and Linda!" Ellen and Peggy could hear him shouting. They too raced off to meet the visitors.

"Come see our play house," Laurie coaxed Peggy. He hung back, for he was a bit shy of his oldest cousin, but when Alan coaxed too, Laurie ran off with them.

Such a chatter as there was! The blackbirds busy making their nest in the spruce tree stopped long enough to see what all the excitement was about. Mrs. Squirrel scolded from another spruce nearby but the children didn't even hear her. They were all trying to show Laurie their treasures at once. His head was kept turning from side to side to see their plates and cups, pots and pans, kettles and broom.

"Where did you get the stove?" asked Laurie.

"It's part of an old stove top we found behind the shed, and we put it on this box," explained Alan.

"Daddy helped us with the shelves," Ellen added.

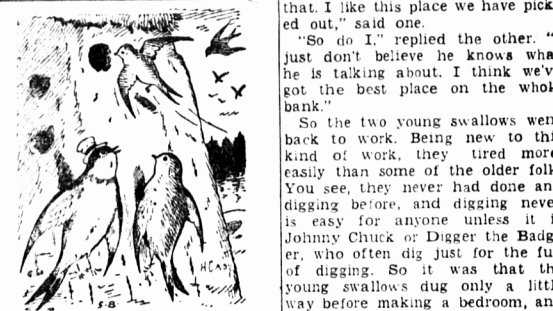
"And I found this box for our table, and these smooth blocks from the wood pile make good

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE FIRST HOME  
Inexperience will make. Now and then a grave mistake. —Old Mother Nature.

The busiest scene along the Big River was at a certain steep bank where many swallows were digging new homes. These are the swallows called bank swallows because they are the only members of the swallow family who make their homes in the ground. Some feathered folk don't want neighbors near them, but the Bank Swallows like to live in colonies with their homes close together.



"It isn't safe," replied Banker.

In that colony of busy diggers were several young couples who were making their first homes. One of these couples had chosen a spot a little apart from the others. They wanted to be by themselves. They had begun digging almost up to the top of the bank. Their home would be just beneath the roots of the grass. Banker and Mrs. Banker, who had been the first to find that bank and who had finished digging, noticed what the young couple were doing. Banker flew over to where they were at work.

"If I were in your place," said he, "I wouldn't make my home quite so high up."

"Why not? What's wrong with it?" asked one of the young couple.

"It isn't safe," replied Banker.

chairs," said Peggy. "Do you have a play house at home? Alan asked.

Laurie shook his head. "Not like this," he said. "Susan and David and I make pies and cakes from sand, but we have no real play house."

"We must be getting supper ready for our company," said Ellen as she started up briskly to set the table.

"I didn't get my baking done yet," Peggy grinned, "for we just moved out today, but it will be better next time you come."

For the rest of the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Blackbird could hear the gay happy laughter and chatter as the Spruce Tree play house got a real spring cleaning.

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## MARIE SCHOOL

Month of April  
Grade VIII — 1. June Dingwell; 2. Cyril Webster; 3. Ray Webster; Grade VII — 1. Helene Dingwell; 2. Mary Johnson.

Grade V — 1. Patsy Peters; 2. Blair Webster.

Grade III (a) — 1. John Webber; 2. Eldon Dingwell.

Grade III (b) — 1. Preston Bowley; 2. Lawrence Peters.

Grade II (c) — 1. Dorothy Peters.

Highest average in Senior grades, June Dingwell, 95 per cent. Highest average in Junior grades, John Webster, 98 per cent; Eldon Dingwell, 98 per cent. Allison MacLean, Teacher.

## DEATH STAND REMEMBERED

VATICAN CITY (AP) — With sack to work. Being new to this kind of work, they tired more easily than some of the older folk. You see, they never had done any digging before, and digging never is easy for anyone unless it is for money. Banker of Dager the Badger, who often dig just for the fun of digging. So it was that the young swallows dug only a little way before making a bedroom, and beginning a nest. They did a lot of love-making, cooing and billing, and twittering happily. It was their first home, and they loved it. In time there were four little white eggs in that nest, and their happiness was complete.

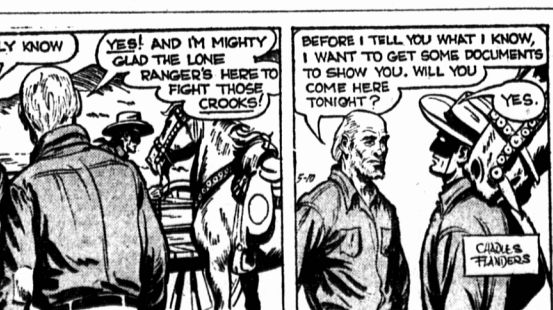
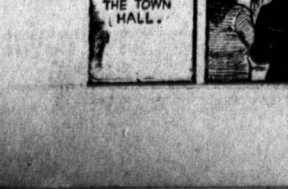
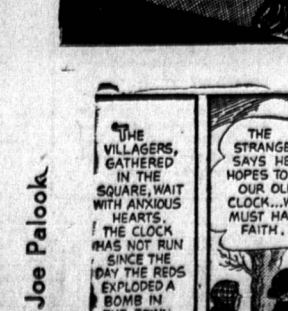
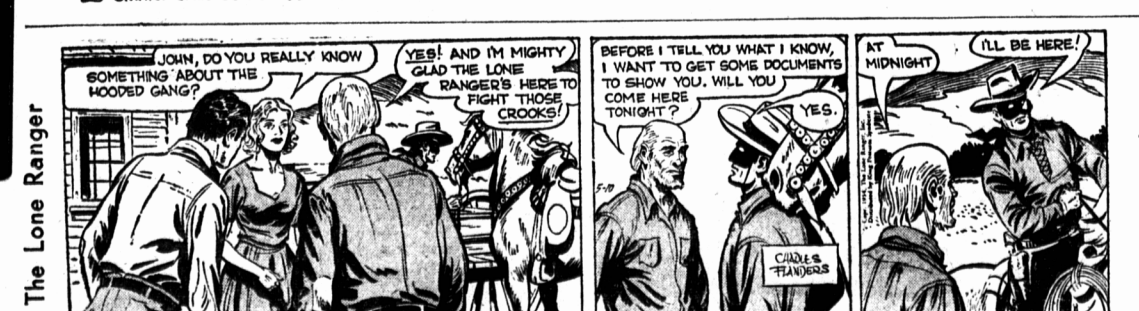
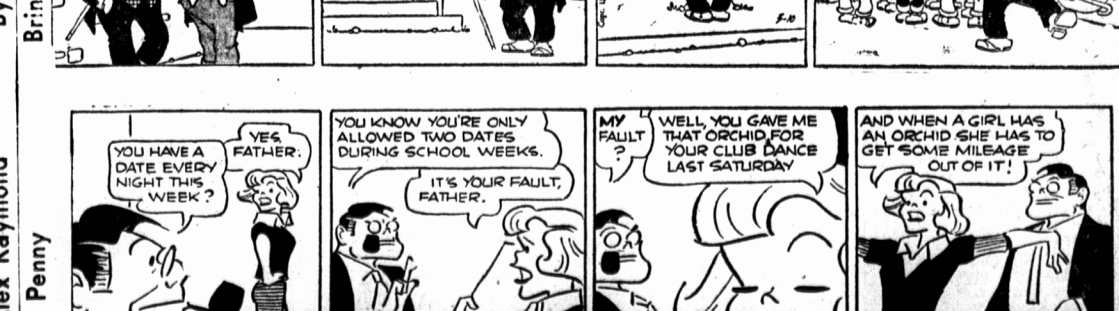
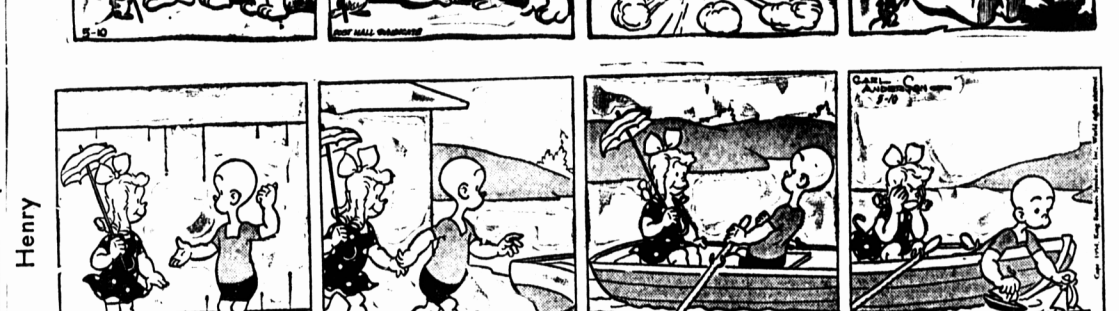
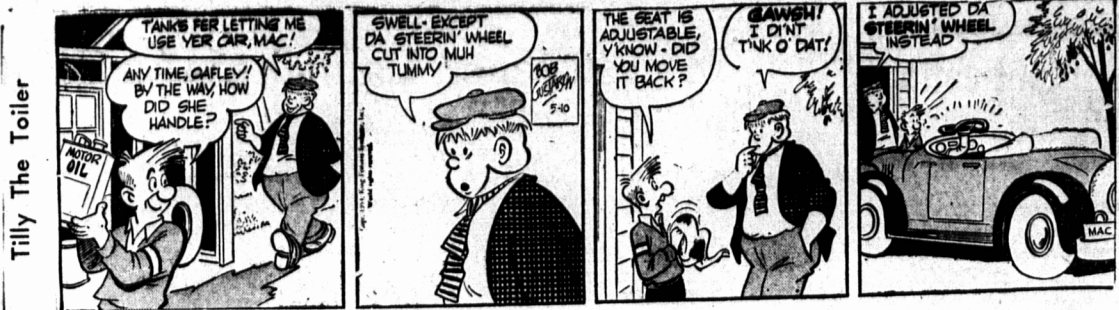
By this time there were eggs in most of the nests, and there was no happier scene anywhere along the Big River. That happiness was expressed in much twittering, but even more in flying. Some folks express happiness in singing, and some in dancing. The swallow

## AEROWAX SAVES RE-WAXING!

The SHINE COMES BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN WITH EASY BUFFING! Saves 22¢ a Pint! FLOOR WAX 43¢ a Pint!

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"I always come down for breakfast. They have no Shirriff's Marmalade!"



Tilly The Toiler

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

Pogo

Henry

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

Dolly Dipple

Bringing Up Father

By Alex Raymond Penny

By Ham Fisher Li'l Abner

By Bob Gustafson

By Clifford McBride

By Walt Kelly

By Carl Anderson

By Edwina

By Burford

By George McManus

By Harry Hoenigsen

By Al Capp