

The Tiny Folk

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

Sunset glowed in the western sky. The last golden beams of the sun stretched long shadows across the lawns and fields as it said goodnight to this part of the world, and hurried on to waken the sleeping children of far away eastern lands.

"Come now, Laurie, the sun has disappeared, and it is time for you to do the same," called Mrs. Page as she paused on the back steps to enjoy the beauty of the sky.

Laurie came slowly toward her, looking back to see if Susan were going in too. He was tired, but he did not want to be going to bed if the other children were out playing. Susan ran in her own back door, so Laurie was satisfied.

After a lunch of bread and milk, he scrubbed his face and hands. "Oh, see, Mommy, the water is just as brown as can be. I did not realize my hands were that dirty," he giggled.

"Just think how that might mark up your clean sheets if you went to bed without washing. Now you see why I always tell you to wash before bed," said his mother.

Laurie brushed his teeth, then undressed. He walked over to stand at the open window and look out at the green fields now growing dusky. From the orchard he could hear Mr. Robin Red-breast singing happily. Then from the marsh across the field he heard a clear shrill song of spring. Peep, peep, peep.

"Mommy, come here and listen. What is it that's singing?" he asked.

"Those are the toads singing down by the marsh," explained his mother.

"Why are they down there?" Laurie wanted to know.

"They went there to lay their eggs in the water," answered his mother.

"Aren't they foolish?" laughed Laurie. "Whoever heard of laying eggs in the water? The hens at Uncle Art's have nests of straw for their eggs."

"That is quite right for hens," his mother replied. "But frogs and toads are different. Each spring they go to pools or streams to lay their eggs. These eggs look just like beads of jelly joined together in a wide string. When the sun warms the water, the tiny black spot in the centre of each bead gets bigger and bigger. Gradually it works its way out of the jelly, and looks exactly like a fat little black fish, but it has no fins, only a tail. It is very, very tiny but it grows fast. We call it a pollywog. It gets bigger and fatter until its head is quite round. Then two little front feet, just like those of a grown-up frog or toad, come. Then its back legs start to grow. From little knobs they grow longer and longer as the tail grows shorter and shorter. If you could watch, you would see the tail disappear altogether and there would be a little frog or toad that looks exactly like its mother."

"Could I go down to see them?" Laurie asked eagerly.

"I'll tell you what," said his

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE BEST DINNER

The things unaided you may do, Most satisfying are to you. —Old Mother Nature.

This is always true. The things that you do yourself, if well done, are always more satisfying than when done for you by somebody else. You see, they add to your feeling of independence, and true independence is one of the finest feelings that anyone can have.

Things often seem easily done when you watch others do them. When you try to do them yourself it is a very different matter. Tousehead, the young kingfisher, had watched his father catch a fish, and it had seemed the easiest thing in the world. Now Tousehead was finding out that he had much to learn before he would find successful fishing an easy matter.

He was beginning to be discouraged. Three times he had seen fish of just the right size which appeared to be right at the surface of the water where he could pick them up easily. Each time he had tried and had failed. Each time he had misjudged the distance of the fish below the surface of the water. They had been too deep.

Each time he had flown back to his perch on a stump, a most discouraged young kingfisher. But each time he had learned something without knowing it. Each time he had come a little closer to catching a fish. Also, each time he had become more familiar with the water. The first time he had splashed in his face he had been a bit frightened. Now he was less and less afraid of the water. In his attempt to catch a fish he had plunged wholly underwater and had discovered that he was none the worse for it.

He was getting hungry. He was getting very hungry. Father and mother were not bringing him fish anymore. If he was to have a dinner he would have to catch it. Until he could catch one, he would simply get hungrier and hungrier.

All the fish seemed to have disappeared. He had been sitting on that stump a long time without seeing a single little fish where he could try to catch it. He was thinking of flying to another fishing station. He didn't want to do this because he was sure he would find one of his brothers and sisters, or

mother. "We'll walk down to the marsh and try to find a few eggs or tiny pollywogs. Then we'll keep them in a glass jar so see if we can see them grow and change. Now, into bed with you, and good-night."

"Good night, Mommy," answered Laurie softly. In the silence of his room he listened again to that song from the marsh — peep, peep, peep, peep, peep, peep. It seemed to Laurie as if they were saying, "Sleep, sleep, sleep, deep, no peep, sleep, sleep," and that is just what he did.

perhaps two or three of them there. He now regarded this old stump as his own special fishing station. A brother had shared it with him for a short time, and then had gone on.

Tousehead had almost decided to go on too when he saw a fish out where the water was deep enough, but not too deep. He would try once more. He flew out, flying low. He hoped the fish wouldn't see him. The fish didn't see him. Tousehead was sure that this time

the fish was not down to deep. He closed his wings and plunged hard. He had that fish. Beating his wings he was up in the air again almost at once with that flapping fish held tightly in his bill. He flew back to the stump. He pounded the fish on the stump as he had seen his father pound a fish, then he turned it so as to swallow it head-first. Of all the breakfasts and lunches and dinners he had ever had, that dinner was the best. Never had he tasted such a fish. No, sir, never had he tasted such a fish. That was because he had caught it himself. How he did wish that father and mother and brothers and sisters had been there to see him do it!

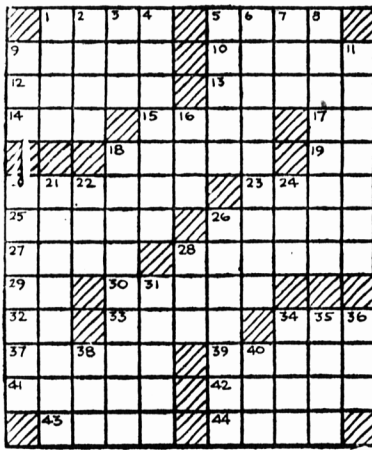
HUGE HALL

The circular Cloth Hall at Huddersfield, Yorkshire, built in 1765, is 880 yards in circumference.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS!**
- Nail
 - Dressed
 - Palm
 - Cockatoo (Australia)
 - Looked forward to with desire
 - Large black bird
 - Come in
 - Affirmative vote
 - Beast
 - Masurium (sym.)
 - A retinue
 - Spain (abbr.)
 - On board
 - Choose by ballot
 - Greivous
 - River in Italy
 - Having toes
 - Measures of length
 - Right side (abbr.)
 - Light sarcasm
 - Neuter pronoun
 - Seizes
 - Fuss
 - Female ditties (Hindu)
 - Type of architecture
 - Assam silkworms
 - Amusing
 - Rational

- DOWN**
- Cry, as of a donkey
 - Part of "to be"
 - City (Conn.)
 - Defraud
 - Length of life
 - Likely
 - A judge (Isle of Man)
 - Macaw (Brazil)
 - Dealers in dry goods (Eng.)
 - Free
 - Native of Sardinia
 - In
 - straddling posture
 - Supporters
 - Metalloid rock
 - Fetish (var.)
 - Tuber (So. Am.)
 - By way of
 - Literary collections
 - Take dinner
 - Tuber (So. Am.)
 - By way of
 - Lubricate



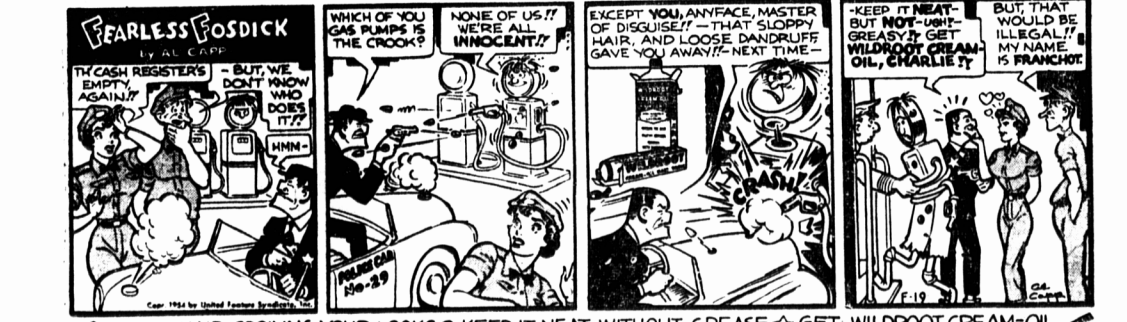
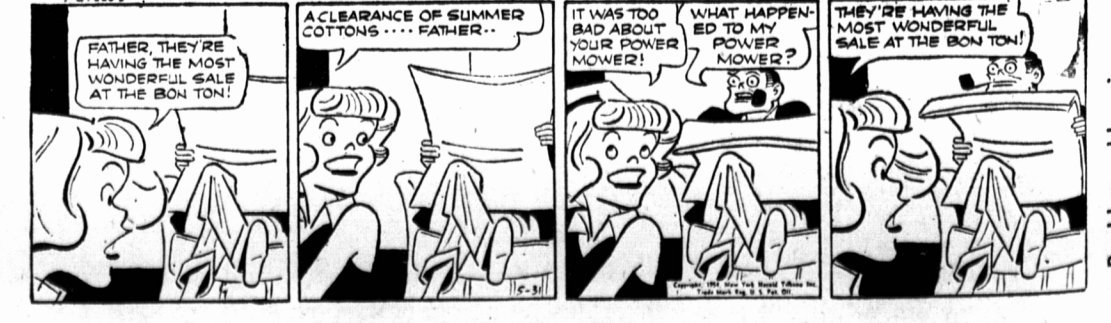
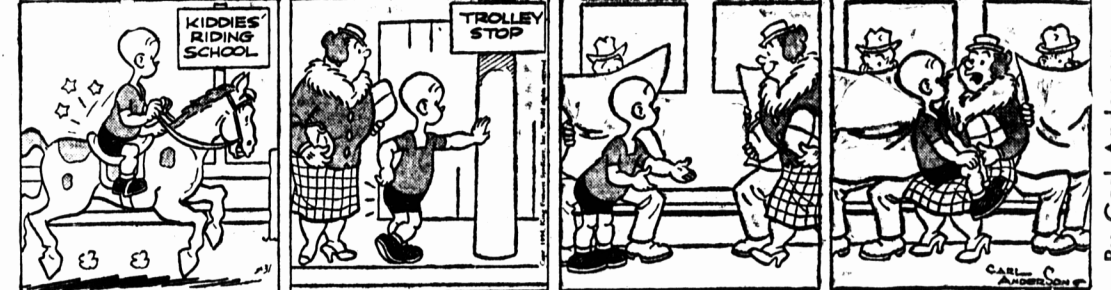
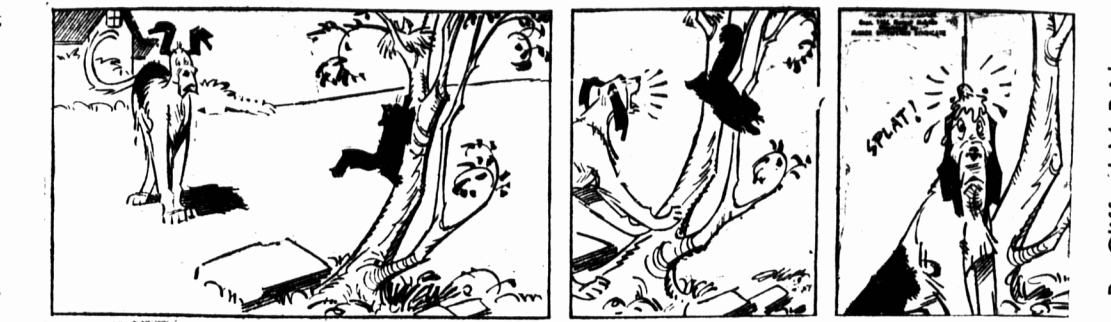
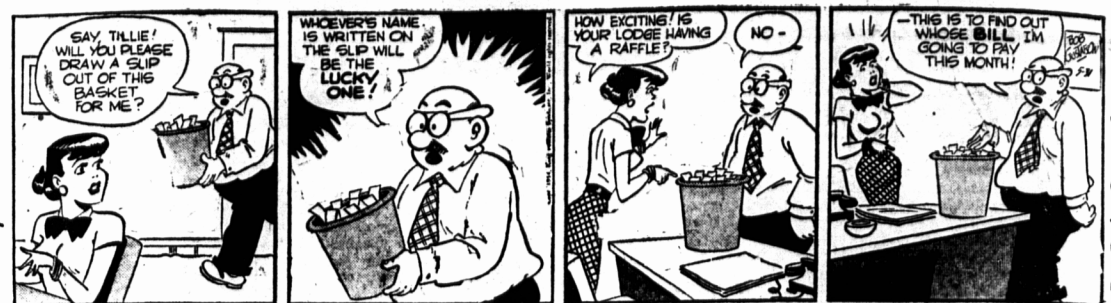
DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

AXYDLBAAXR is LONGFELLOW
 —One letter simply stands for another. In this example A stands 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

OBHROBSK YIMSMTMT NOHTVE
 MRMB OB KXM NOHMHK EMB—AOAAV

Saturday's Cryptoquote: HOPE, LIKE THE GLIMMERING TAPER'S LIGHT, ADORNS AND CHEERS THE WAY—GOLDSMITH.



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