

The Tiny Folk

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

Susan and Laurie were busy helping Mrs. Page pick peas for dinner.

"See, Susan," said Laurie. "You hold the vine in one hand and pull off the peas v th the other. hat way you won't pull out the plants."

"I know," Susan said rather crossly. "I'm older than you are, so I know more than you do."

"You pick them all. Just pick the fat ones. Those pods are the ones that will have big peas; the others are too small to use."

"By the look of the basket I think we have enough for dinner anyway," said Mrs. Page.

The three walked carefully down the row and over to the back steps. "We'll shell them out here in the sun," she said. "Laurie, you run in and bring out a saucupan to put the shelled peas in."

Laurie ran in then out again, bringing with him a small saucupan. "Thank you," smiled his mother. "You are a good boy to save steps for Mommy."

The children helped to shell the peas, looking carefully at each one to see if there were any worms in them. "What makes worms in the peas?" asked Susan. "A little moth lays eggs in the blossoms, and then the egg hatch out into tiny white worms. Since they are hungry, and need to eat and grow too. They eat what they can find, and that is the green peas in the pod," explained Mrs. Page.

"I wish they would stay out of our garden," said Laurie with dearly loved green peas and always at two big helpings of them at dinner.

"Oh look," laughed Susan. "See the big big peas here. One two, three, four, five, six."

Laurie looked sorrowfully down at a pod he held in his hand. The peas were all very tiny in it. "Oh, Mommy," said Susan. "We should have left these. They are just learning to get big."

His mother laughed. "Never mind, you can't help them now, so don't feel so sad over it. Try this fat pod, I'm sure the peas in it are big."

"See!" exclaimed Susan, holding out a pod. "I got the peas out of this one without breaking it all apart. I'm going to have it for a boat."

Laurie looked. "I want one too. Let's try to save as many as we can. Then we'll sail them."

The children tried hard to get the pods open just at the one side so that they would float in the water. It wasn't so easy for many of them broke no matter how careful they were. When they finished they just had five good ones.

"Five for you and two for me," counted Laurie. "What shall we do with the other ones?"

"We can pretend that one is

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thorton W. Burgess

THE TWO BUSTERS

What's in a name? It will depend What reputation may attend.

—Old Mother Nature.

Buster Bear came shuffling along through the Green Forest. He had nothing special on his mind. That is, he had nothing unusual. He seldom does have anything special on his mind. There are many folks just like him. Usually they are happy-go-lucky. Buster Bear is happy-go-lucky.

Buster was grumbling to himself as he shuffled along. He likes to grumble to himself. At his grumbling means is that he likes to hear the sound of his own voice.

Buster was looking for something to eat. He usually is looking for something to eat. He has an excellent appetite. Being such a big person, Buster needs to find a great deal of food. That is one reason why he wanders about. He isn't fussy about his food. He likes meat. He likes fish. He likes berries, and other fruit. He likes roots of some plants, and digs them up. He likes insects, and digs as they are. He will even take the trouble to open an ant hill, and lick up the ants. He dearly loves honey. He even eats grass sometimes.

Buster was following a small path through the woods. He came to a little opening where the trees did not grow so close together. In that little opening was a young chick staring at him with eyes wide in fright. Buster stopped. His small eyes gleamed. That young chick would be very good eating if only he could catch him.

Now, of course, the young chick was Buster Chuck, who had wandered into the Green Forest and got lost there. Now as he stared at Buster Bear he was too surprised that there was anybody in all the Great World so big as Buster

Linda's suggested Susan. Mrs. Page filled the baby's bath tub with water for them. Then Laurie and Susan floated their green boats on the water. With straws they pushed the boats gently along so that they would move yet not upset. They moved their hands in the water to make little waves that rocked their boats up and down.

"This is great fun for us," they laughed together. "We'll eat the peas for fun. Both will be good for us."

"We can pretend that one is

Bear. He wanted to run, but just couldn't move. That is how frightened he was.

There stood the two Busters, neither daring to move. Buster Bear did not dare move for fear he would frighten Buster Chuck before getting near enough to catch him. Buster Chuck was afraid to move because he didn't know which way to run. He didn't know of anyplace he could hide. So for a moment neither moved. For once Sammy Jay, who was looking on, held his tongue. He was too excited to scream as he usual-

ly does. Would Buster Bear catch that young chick? He hoped not.

Buster Bear took a slow step forward. Buster Chuck didn't move. Buster Bear took another step. He lifted his big feet very slowly. Still Buster didn't move.

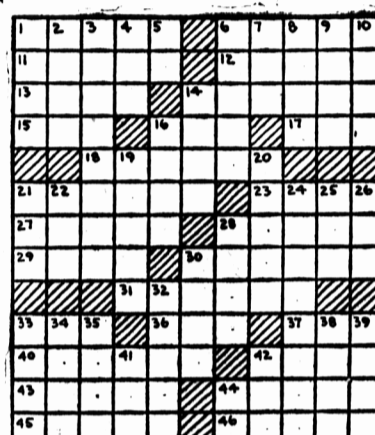
"One more step," thought Buster Bear. "And I'll be able to jump that fellow even if he is quick." Slowly, slowly and very, very carefully, he lifted a foot.

Right then, Sammy Jay found his voice. "Run!" he shrieked. A surprising thing happened. It surprised Sammy Jay. It surprised Buster. It surprised Prickly Porky the Porcupine who was up in a tree at the foot of which was Buster Chuck. I suspect the most of all it surprised Buster Chuck.

Instead of running, he scrambled up in that tree. Yes, sir, that's just what the young chick did. And it was the last thing that Buster Bear could have thought of his doing.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Cut, as a roast
 - Rugged mountain crest
 - Once more
 - Measuring device
 - Identical
 - Creek
 - Assam silkworm
 - Boy's nickname (poss.)
 - Part of "to be"
 - Short moral tales
 - Props
 - Firm
 - Danger
 - Light boat
 - Gifts for the poor
 - Make less hard
 - Property of a deceased person
 - Cry of a sheep
 - Tree the "Charter"
 - Slice
 - Capital (N. Y.)
 - Gourd-like fruit
 - Earthenware mug
 - Region in Africa
 - Torridly
 - Pronounce holy
 - Instance
- DOWN**
24. Precede in time
 25. Spaws of fish
 26. Cozy retreat
 27. Dowel of hard wood (Carp.)
 30. Remain
 32. Pet name for a son
 33. A heavy (slang) (slang)
 34. A singing voice
 35. Incite
 38. Java tree
 39. Weights
 41. Trouble
 42. Russian copper coin (obs.)
 44. Antimony (sym.)



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

AXYDLBAAXR
= LONGFELLOW

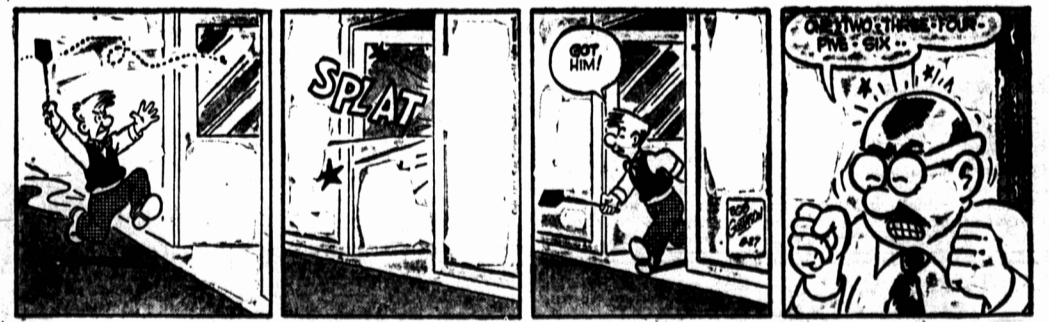
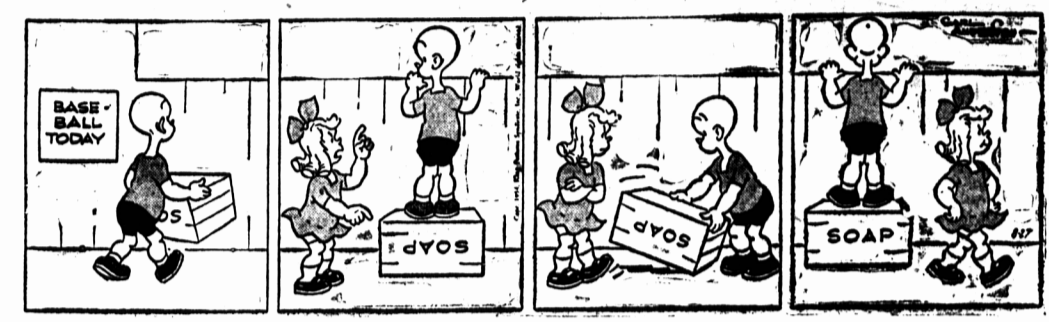
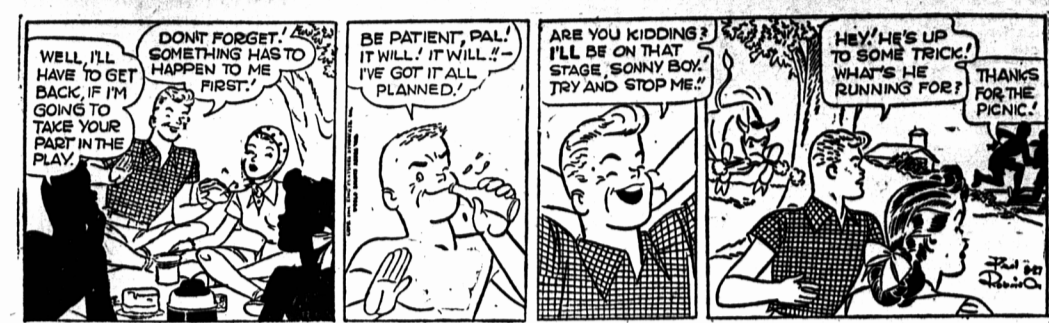
One letter simply stands for another. In this example A is used for the three L's, X for the two O's, etc. Single letters, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quote

W E H O U A F J O E H G Y D S D R U S F
A O E Y U E L Z U E H O U A F G D Y S A G Y D S
D G G S F E D D Y "—B D O I."

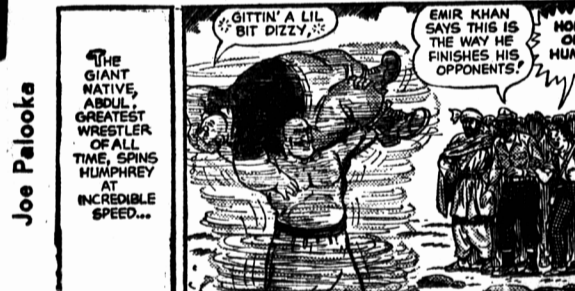
Yesterday's Cryptogram: MARRY TOO SOON, AND YOU'LL REPENT TOO LATE—RANDOLPH.

Page 10 The Guardian Friday, August 27, 1954



DANCE

CHARLOTTETOWN GOLF CLUB
FRIDAY, AUGUST 27
Dancing from 10 to 1 (Daylight Time)
Music by the Downtowners
75c per person



The Lone Renner

By Fran Striker

Buz Sawyer

Etta Kett

Henry

Pogo

Mickey Mouse

Mugs and Skeeter

Tilly The Toiler

Bringing Up Father

By Al Capp

By Roy Crane

By Paul Robinson

By Carl Anderson

By Walt Kelly

By Walt Disney

By Wally Bishop

By Bob Gustafson

By George McManus

By Al Capp