

# The Tiny Folk

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

Perky, the new black pup that had been David's birthday present, was over two months old. He had grown quite a bit since he had come to live with the Dale's. His legs were longer now, and not so wobbly, so he could run fairly fast. He didn't run just the same way Frisky ran. Instead he sort of bounced along on stiff legs, his silky ears flapping up and down.

He was a very inquisitive pup, for he had to find out just what every thing was. He loved to haul out shoes, and was quite annoyed when Mrs. Dale would not let him chew on them. They felt so good on his little teeth. He had chewed and played with, ran and tugged at, lugged around the stuffed rag doll that Mrs. Dale had made especially for him, but, just like boys and girls, he liked a new toy to play with every now and then. That is why he was forever running off with Susan's teddy bear, or his mother's duster, or her father's slippers.

He was a well-loved puppy, for that. He did not wander too far from the door, but he liked to sleep on the doorstep in the sun with his nose on his paws. A man selling fish had come to the door a few days ago, and Perky had been very full of business. He had barked and barked from Mrs. Dale's screen door, just wanted to show Susan that he was standing guard. Mrs. Dale and Susan had laughed and laughed at the funny baby barks.

"Imagine the size of you barking to scare away strangers!" teased Mrs. Dale, scolding him.

"You're a smart puppy," praised Susan, stroking his shiny black head.

"My puppy is a good puppy. He likes me," added David, appearing around the corner to pick up the pup and carry him off to play.

It was a lovely day for playing, and Susan with David were already out enjoying themselves. Perky had had a little run and was now curled up on the back steps.

Suddenly Mrs. Dale heard him barking. "Arf, arf, bow, bow-wow," he yelled in shrill, short, sharp barks.

"He must be barking at someone again," she thought and hurried to the door.

She stepped inside the screen door and laughed to herself. About ten feet away a very worried Perky was barking at a very strange thing on the lawn. It was only an old brown paper bag, blown from somewhere, but the little breeze was moving it just a bit.

"Bow-wow wow," barked Perky, dashing up to within a foot or so, then stopping suddenly. "You had better get away from here. I'm a big dog and I can bite you. Bow-wow."

The paper rustled a bit, and Perky barked frantically, racing round and round, yet not getting too near for comfort. He growled little deep growls to show he meant business. He was getting very brave, and dared to go within twelve inches of the bag.

A wandering little gust of wind came just then, and puffed the paper bag, quite unexpectedly right into Perky's face. What a surprise the pup got! He was sure it was going to swallow him. With a frightened yelp, he leaped for the doorstep, dashed through the door Mrs. Dale held open for him, and flew to hide behind the door.

Mrs. Dale sat down and laughed till the tears came to her eyes. When she could get her breath, she said, "What a brave, big watch dog you are, Perky! You can bark and growl, but the minute something comes after you, you dash away to hide. Yes, you are a brave dog indeed!"

### SLEEP-RIDER

GUELPH, Ont. (CP)—A father telephoned police to report his 14-year-old son was out riding his bicycle in his sleep. The father himself located the pajama-clad rider and took him back to bed in the early hours of the morning.

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thorton W. Burgess

### UGLY IN LOOKS ONLY

Not for looks, but what you do. Judgment will be passed on you.—Old Mother Nature.

Bob White Junior, smart son of Bob White the Quail, was only about half grown, but already he had learned many things that must be learned young by a young bird that wants to grow up. Right now he was squatting on the ground at the foot of a fence-post on which his father was sitting. On the next post was Ol' Mr. Buzzard. The young quail was seeing him for the first time. He was staring most impolitely. It was still hard for him to believe that such a big feathered person, who when high in the air looked so much like a member of the hawk family, was not to be feared. But it was clear that his father and Ol' Mr. Buzzard were old friends, so of course there was nothing to be afraid of.

He had first seen Ol' Mr. Buzzard sailing high in the air. Now that he was down on that fence-post near enough to be seen clearly, young Bob thought Ol' Mr. Buzzard was the ugliest person he had ever seen. That in itself was enough to make any one afraid. Then, his head and neck were bare. There wasn't a feather on either his head or his neck, and both were red. Never had young Bob seen any one at all like him. There was no one

else in that neighborhood at all like this excepting over in Farmer Brown's barnyard. There, Strutting Tom the big gobbler, or Turkey, had just such a bare red head.

What looked like bristly hairs, just a few, were scattered over that bald red head. Down on each side of his head was a little opening, a hole. Those were the openings to Ol' Mr. Buzzard's ears. Other birds when they covered with feathers. The young quail didn't know just what to make of those ear openings. Ol' Mr. Buzzard's coat was black. His legs and feet were rather yellowish. His feet were big with spreading toes. Altogether, Ol' Mr. Buzzard was not only homely, but he was ugly looking.

"There's nothing pleasant about him. He isn't at all nice looking," thought young Bob White.

Presently Ol' Mr. Buzzard took off. He gave a sort of hop into the air and leisurely flapped his big wings a few times. Then he seemed to just sail up in the air. Bob White and Junior watched him.

"Well, what do you think of my old friend?" asked Bob White.

"I think he's the ugliest person I've ever seen, and I don't care to see him again," declared Junior.

His father chuckled. It was a throaty little chuckle. "I guess he is all of that, but then, you've seen very few people as yet," said he.

"The buzzard folk are not very nice folk to look at until they are up in the air. They may be homely, but they are not ugly. It is very seldom that any of them ever hurt anybody. Never judge anybody by their looks. The ugliest looking may have the sweetest disposition. Find out first what people can do, and do do, before you think ill of them. Otherwise, you may make bad mistakes."

"Well, anyway, I'm glad I don't look like that fellow," declared Bob Junior. "There isn't a thing about him that I envy."

Bob White chuckled his throaty little chuckle. "Wouldn't you like to sail in the air the way he can?" he asked.

### NOT TOO OLD

CALGARY, (CP)—Idle men are unhappy men, says William Mercer, Vancouver insurance executive. In a speech here he said "One of the cruelest things employers can do is to retire a man who is keen on his job, just because he is 65."

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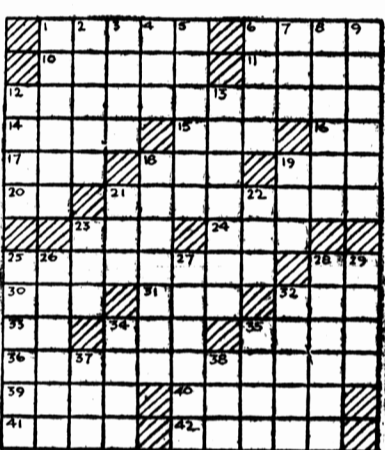
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### DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Cut, as wood
  6. Priest (Fr.)
  10. A chora
  11. Digits
  12. Joint
  14. Absent
  15. Isthmus (Asia)
  16. River
  17. Old times (archaic)
  18. Head
  19. Inflamed spot on eyelid
  20. Nova Scotia (abbr.)
  21. Grain beetles
  23. Vehicle
  24. Native vote
  25. Draw out
  28. Earth as a goddess
  30. Guided
  31. Frosty
  32. Fairy's title
  33. Actinium (sym.)
  34. Clique
  35. Crushing snakes
  36. Dispute
  38. Fencing sword
  40. Skins
  41. Suppose
  42. Saucy (colloq.)

- DOWN**
1. Looks angry
  2. In advance
  3. Covered with wax
  4. Before
  5. Arrayed
  6. Wheaten flour
  7. Exclamation used to frighten
  8. Scold
  9. Literary compositions
  12. French city
  13. Insistence
  16. Obstacle
  19. Cunning
  21. Feline
  22. Monetary unit (Lat.)
  23. Food fish
  25. Set
  26. To cope again
  27. Per-formers
  28. Covered with grass
  29. Not difficult
  32. Crosses by wading
  34. Branch with grass
  35. Man's nickname (poss.)
  37. Born
  38. By way of



### DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it!

AXYDLBAAXE IS 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

QWXYJ AWKK AWK XPCO-CKRKY.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: OUR FRIENDSHIP WAS SO ASSURED THAT WE COULD BE SILENT—HELPS.

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**Ham Fisher**

**Tilly the Toiler**

**Pogo**

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**By Bob Gustafson**

**By Wait Kelly**

**By Carl Anderson**

**By Edwina**

**By Buford**

**By George McManus**

**By Harry Hoenigsen**

**By Al Capp**