

The Tiny Folk

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

"This is such a hot day, I wish we could go to the shore," sighed Susan.

"Well, dear, I have a surprise for you," smiled Mrs. Dale. "We are going to the shore this afternoon. You and David and I are going with the folks next door. Won't that be lovely?"

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Susan, her face glowing with pleasure. "We can go in the water and splash and have fun. I must take my sand pail and shovel. Can we eat a lunch at the shore? Will David be able to wear his bathing suit?"

"Hold on, Susan, not so fast! You're tongue is getting ahead of your thoughts. Yes to all your questions. Now clean yourself up and put on your sun suit while I get David washed and dressed. We'll be leaving quite soon, so hurry," warned her mother.

This was one time Susan did not have to be urged. She flew around getting ready. She took her pail and shovel, then remembered her big pink and white beach ball. She must take that too. "I'll take David's truck so he can play in the sand while I'm in swimming," she said. You see, he's just three, and he'll likely be afraid of the water. I'll be in it, so he can play in the sand by himself."

It seemed to the eager children that it was taking a very long time to get to the beach, but it really took only half an hour.

"I see the swings now! There's the water! See it, David. Look at all the cars! There are so many people too," cried Susan in great excitement.

"There'll be room for all of us," said Mrs. Dale. "Now out we go, and down to the shore." The children raced ahead, their feet sinking in the hot sand, while Mrs. Dale followed with her friends.

The wide blue waters stretched as far as one could see. Susan stood and looked. "If I could get in a boat and sail right out there, I could touch the sky, couldn't I mommy?" she asked, running back to her mother.

"No, it would still be as far away as ever," answered her mother. "It seems to touch the water, but it really doesn't. Now run down to the shore."

Along the white sandy beach people were gathered here and there. Some were swimming in the roped-off pool, children dug holes in the wet sand along the water's edge, grown-ups stretched out on the sand to get a tan, while some bigger boys climbed the very high banks of sand, then came sliding down. What fun they were having!

Susan walked toward the water,



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

RUNTY GETS AN IDEA

Johnny Chuck was father, and Polly Chuck was mother of eight children. You will agree that eight children, all of the same age, is a big family to watch over and care for and worry about. Anyway, Polly Chuck was finding it so. She did all the worrying. The only thing that worried Johnny Chuck was the care of the eight worries, as she called them. All he did was to whistle a signal whenever he saw danger near. That helped a little, but only a little.

than the others he was having a hard time to get enough to eat. The others simply crowded him away from the best food. What he got was mostly what was left after the greedy others had stuffed themselves. And they did stuff themselves. Most of the time when they were not sleeping, they were eating. It seemed as if the more they ate, the faster they grew. Poor little Runty didn't seem to grow at all. It was only when mother interfered that he ever really had a chance to stuff himself after the manner of his brothers and sisters.

Now though Runty was the smallest of that big family, he was real-



white snail shells that she forgot her fear. "Look, Mommy! the water is almost up to my knees. I forgot all about it. It feels soft and cool."

"Of course it does. Now weren't you foolish to be afraid? Look at all the fun you would have missed," said her mother.

"Yes," smiled Susan happily. "Now I've found out that the beach is a wonderful play place after all."

(To be continued)

ly the smartest. None of the others suspected this, but it was so. "If," said Runty to himself, "I can get more food and better food, I'll grow faster. There must be a difference in food. Some kinds of food must make one grow faster than other kinds of food. If I could only find something to eat that would make me grow faster than the others do, and would make me stronger than others are, I would soon be as big as any of the rest, and perhaps stronger."

The more Runty thought about this, the better the idea seemed. He watched his brothers and sisters, and he saw that they were not at all fussy. They ate whatever they found they liked. He guessed that some things were better for them than other things. He began to look around quietly to see if he could find some new food that might be better food than the things that he was now eating.

"I guess," said Runty to himself, "that most green things are good to eat. If they taste good, they must be good. But there must be other kinds of food that are just as good to eat, if only I can find them."

So Runty began sampling everything he found that looked as if it could be eaten. He soon found out that some things were not good at all. The best thing he found was sweet clover, and that was what his brothers and sisters were living on mostly. It grew in little patches, here and there. It was from these patches that he was crowded away because he was so much smaller. What if he could find some other food that would be better still, that would make him grow faster, and give him more strength.

"I'll just keep my eyes open, and try everything I find," thought Runty, and he did just that.

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Enemy spy
 - Garden amphibians
 - Of a large land mass
 - Cit's name
 - American Indian
 - Travel back and forth
 - Turf
 - Kettle
 - Tellurium (sym.)
 - Kind of rock
 - Digs for ore
 - Southeast (abbr.)
 - American moth
 - Male sheep
 - Peruse
 - Resting place of a wild animal
 - Chart
 - Wait on table
 - High school (abbr.)
 - Entices
 - Cry of pain
 - Exclamation
 - Roofed, open gallery
 - Exhibition
 - Conveyed
 - Walk pompously
 - Loamy deposit
- DOWN**
- An emblem of regal power
 - Institution of higher learning
 - Sole
 - The eye: in symbolism
 - Music note
 - Proffer
 - Single unit
 - A-tiptoe
 - Broad lower part of interior wall (poss.)
 - Kind of rock
 - Middy
 - Title of respect
 - Decorations for valor
 - Auctions
 - Herd of whales
 - Disfigure
 - Teeth (slang)
 - Repay
 - One who insists on purity of language
 - Place
 - Stops
 - Not tall
 - Harvest
 - Culture
 - Doom
 - Antelope (Afr.)
 - Back
 - Alcohol: suffix

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10

Yesterday's Answers

39. Culture
41. Doom
43. Antelope (Afr.)
44. Back
46. Alcohol: suffix

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

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

A Cryptogram Quotation
 MH SFDNMWR W HKNHKT H RW
 TDCW SFDNM R JFKH-TMDC TMBXX.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: TO THE VULGAR EYE, FEW THINGS ARE WONDERFUL THAT ARE NOT DISTANT—CARLYLE.

ENJOY A LITTLE LIFT!



Feel refreshed
 Chew Wrigley's Spearmint Gum.
 Lively flavor cools your mouth.
 Freshens taste - moistens throat.
 Satisfying, long-lasting.



Keep a package handy in purse or pocket
 Refreshing • Delicious



Rip Kirby

The Lone Ranger

Joe Palooka

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



Dolly Dipple



Henry



Pogo



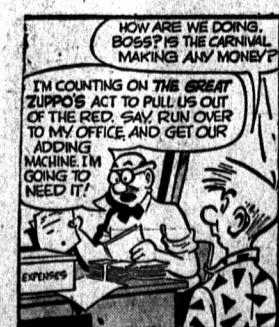
Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Penny



Tilly, The Toiler



Bringing Up Father



Lil Abner



Alex Raymond



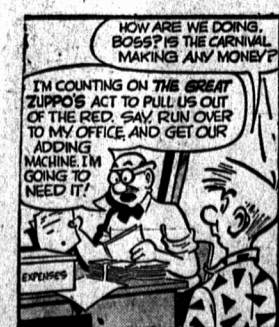
Ham Fisher



Harry Hoeningen



Bob Gustafson



George McManus



Al Capp



By Edwin
 By Buford
 By Carl Anderson
 By Kelly
 By Clifford McBride
 By Harry Hoeningen
 By Bob Gustafson
 By George McManus
 By Al Capp