The Tiny Folk

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

"Oh, Daddy, what are those wooden boxes for?" called out Laurie as he raced out to meet his father returning from work.

"They are just two empty ones from the cold storage. They weren't of any further use, so I brought them home. I thought you and Susan and David might play with them," he answered.

"Goody, goody, that's just great!" Laurie exclaimed, clapping his hands.

The next morning was clear and warm, so very early Laurie was busy in the back yard. He had taken out his own hammer, and a pocketful of nails.

"What do you intend to do with those?" inquired his mother.

"That's a secret," Laurie smiled. "You'll just have to wait and see."

Bang, bang, bang, went the hammer. Laurie was so busy pounding the bright little nails in just so. He had placed the two boxes side by side and was fastening them together by nailing the boards from the covers across the ends. Sometimes a nail would go crooked. Then he'd tap it on the side until he had it straightened. Once he used the claws of his hammer to pull out a nail that wasn't in the right place. For two hours he was so occupied that he hadn't time to complain that he had no one to play with.

At dinner Mrs. Page was asking all about his work. "And just what is it to be when it is finished?" she asked.

"It's a house for Linda. You see, I nailed the two boxes together. I hammered the nails in thoroughly so they wouldn't scratch her. I thought it would be a good place for her to play. She can sit there and watch us when we are outdoors."

"You are a very thoughtful brother," replied his mother. "You are good to your little sister. But remember she is only a year old, since her birthday last week, so don't expect too much of her."

"I'm sure she'll like it," said Laurie, spooning up the last of his dessert. "Now I must rush. I expect Susan over this afternoon, and we are going to paint the house. Can I use some of Daddy's paint?"

"No-o, I'm afraid not," his mother shook her head. "You would get more paint on yourselves than on the house. I tell you what, I have some yellow muresco that you can use. I'll mix it with water and you may have these two old paint brushes."

Susan and Laurie were delighted with the paint when they started work after dinner. Mrs. Page smiled to herself as she watched them from the window. They were painting carefully, inside and out, and every so often they stopped to look over what they had done. This was going to be a very wonderful house.

Suddenly she noticed the sun was no longer shining. Big black rain clouds were piling up fast. Fifteen minutes later the first big drops pelted against the pane. These brought the children racing for the shelter of the house. They were full of excited chatter as they both talked at once, trying to tell about their lovely house.

"But Linda won't be able to try it out today," Laurie said sorrowfully. "I'll bet that rain will spoil all our painting too." He ran over to the window to look out.

"Oh, Susan and Mommy, just come and see this," he called amid peals of laughter. They both came and looked. There was Laurie's little dog, Frisky in the new house out of the rain!

That tickled Laurie. "Isn't he smart!" he exclaimed. "We build the house for Linda, but Frisky was the very first one in it. It can be of some use after all."

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By Thorton W. Burgess

BOB WHITE DOES HIS PART

Who always does what he should do,
Will very little have to rue.
—Old Mother Nature.

Bob White is a good father. To begin with, he is proud of his family. He never thinks that his family is too big. Once the babies are out of the shells and mother has led them from the nest out into the Great World, Bob is a true helpmate. He keeps guard and watches for danger. He even goes to meet danger half-way and lead it in another direction if possible. He helps find food for the babies. He does his part in keeping them from going astray. He and Mrs. Bob work together perfectly. They are fine parents.

One morning while the fourteen little Bobs were busily picking up food and their mother was keeping watch over them and at the same time scratching about to uncover more things that the babies could eat, Bob White was sitting on a fence-post keeping watch. He wasn't whistling as he so often whistles when he is sitting on a fence-post. He didn't want to draw the attention of any hungry folk who might be in the neighborhood. All the time his sharp eyes were busy watching, both in the air and on the ground, for possible danger. He long ago learned that only the foolish fail to keep watch even when they feel sure that no danger is near.

So it was that those sharp eyes of his caught a slight movement of the grass. Not a single merry little breeze was anywhere around. He began to wonder if he just imagined that that grass moved. No, he hadn't. It was moving again. Bob left the post and flew right over that moving grass. As he did so he looked down. There was someone down in that grass.

Someone was slowly moving through it and that made the grass wave. Now he could see who it was. It was Mr. Blacksnake. He was slowly gliding through the grass toward where Mrs. Bob and the babies were. It wouldn't do for him to find them. What to do? He could attack Mr. Blacksnake, for Bob White is no coward. But that wouldn't do. Mr. Blacksnake was too big for him.

Bob gave a certain low-whistled call. It meant danger. He knew that Mrs. Bob would at once give the children the danger signal. She did just this, but she remained with them. She didn't yet know what the danger was. Bob flew across in front of Mr. Blacksnake, and dropped down in the grass only a little way from him. Mr. Blacksnake saw him. He raised his head high so as to look over the grass. He could see Bob White moving about in the grass. Then Bob squatted down so that the grass hid him.

Mr. Blacksnake continued to watch. Bob White didn't move. He wanted Mr. Blacksnake to think that it might be he was sitting on a nest. Mr. Blacksnake did think just this. He began to glide cautiously through the grass toward where he had seen Bob White settle down. Suddenly Bob took to his wings as if frightened. He flew just as he would have flown had he been sitting on eggs in a nest.

Mr. Blacksnake glided forward now. He dearly loved eggs. He likes eggs almost as much as he likes young birds. Of course there were no eggs. There was no nest. Mr. Blacksnake hunted all about in the grass. Where could that nest be? He was sure from Bob White's actions that there was a nest. He kept getting farther and farther away from where Mrs. Bob and those babies were. Finally, he gave up and glided off toward the Old Pasture. Bob joined Mrs. Bob and the babies.

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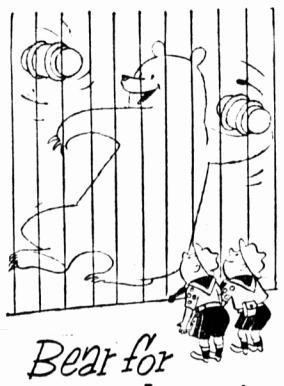


Bear for Punishment

ALASKA'S GIANT Kodiac bear plays rough. But the people who run the Bronx Zoo have found the perfect toy for him. It's an aluminum beer barrel, which in his playful moments he can bang, bounce and generally maltreat without serious damage. Having seen barrels (filled) being tossed around trucks, we can understand why breweries have turned to these rugged, attractive containers. Another reason, of course, is that aluminum is an excellent protector for food and drink, preserving their purity and flavour indefinitely. Aluminum Company of Canada, Ltd. (Alcan).

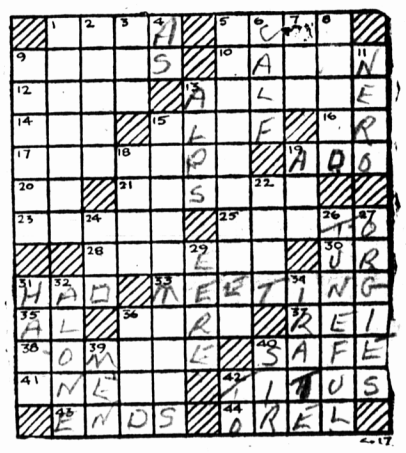
DAILY CROSSWORD

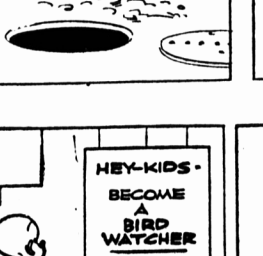
ACROSS

1. River in Turkey
5. French coins
9. Entitles
10. A morning song (poetic)
12. Royalty (Hawaii)
13. On fire
14. Beverage
15. Arabic letter
16. Erbium (sym.)
17. Not combed, as hair
19. Fuss
20. Road (abbr.)
21. Waistcoat
23. City (Ger.)
25. Muse of lyric poetry
28. Commands
30. Biblical city
31. Owned
33. Encountering
35. Man's nickname
36. Flock
37. Biblical name
38. Coarsely ground maize
40. Secure
41. Concerning
42. Companion of apostle Paul
43. Concludes
44. Soviet city

DOWN

1. Calendr (var.)
2. Eskimo boat
3. Biblical name
4. Like
5. Exacerbated
6. Young cow
7. New Mexican lizard (genus)
8. Prepared wood for painting
9. Essential character
11. Roman emperor
13. Mountains (Switz.)
15. Corrections
18. Always
19. Cord (fiber of candlenut tree)
22. Formerly (archaic)
24. Turf
26. Melodious
27. Wild revelries
29. Weird (var.)
31. A sunk fence (Eng.)
32. Unaccompanied
34. Angry
36. Female red deer
39. Male adults
40. Title of respect
42. Toward





Yesterday's Answer

DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:

A X Y D L B A A X R
is L O N G F E L L O W

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

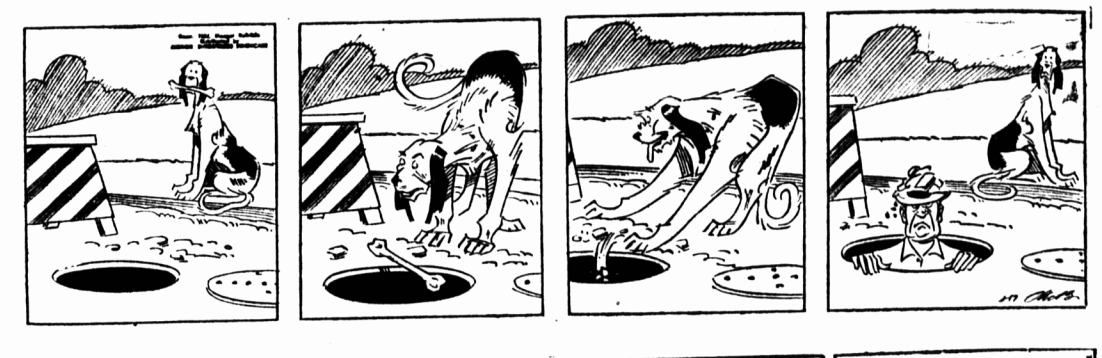
C Y GAWH W OQYOYTJCJWD GYQCT, JB HAJB! — Z X W Q C R B.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: TO WRONG THE WRONGER TILL HE RENDER RIGHT—SHAKESPEARE.

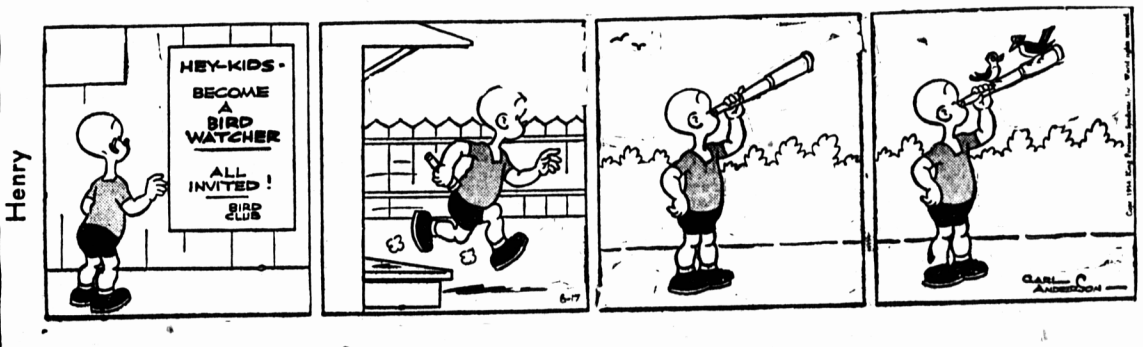
Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson

Pogo — By Walt Kelly

Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride



Henry — By Carl Anderson

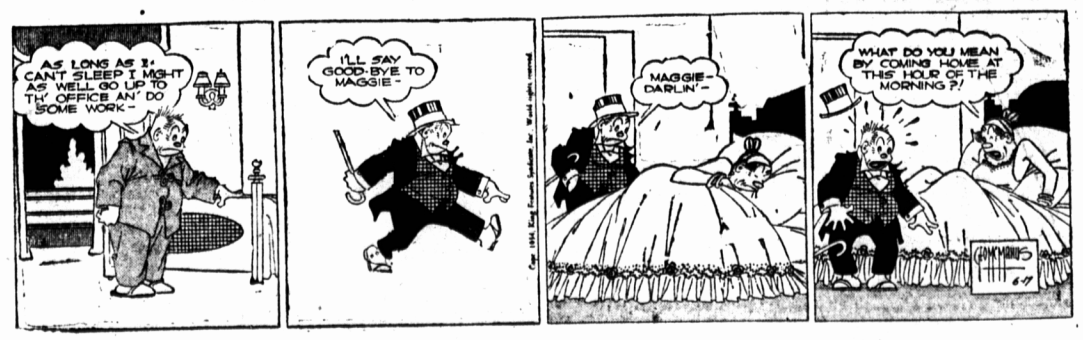


Tippy and "Cap" Stubs — By Edwina

Dolly Dipple — By Buford

The Lone Ranger — By Fran Striker

Bringing Up Father — By George McManus



Kip Kirby — By Alex Raymond

Penny — By Harry Hoenigsen

Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher

Li'l Abner — By Al Capp