

The Tiny Folk

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

"Oh, Mommy, look at Linda!" exclaimed Laurie one morning. Mrs. Page turned quickly, and grabbed Linda. Here she was standing up in the seat of her rocking horse. Naughy, naughty, scolded Mrs. Page. "You must not stand up on things like that. You might fall right out and hurt yourself. You might cut your mouth, bump your head, or even break an arm. Now, down you go and don't get up on that seat again." Linda grinned, sat down, and really made the little rocking horse travel as she rocked back and forth. Mrs. Page turned to the sink again.

"There she goes again!" cried Laurie. Mrs. Page rushed over, but Linda saw her coming and sat down on the side of the rocker, right on the back of one horse. She looked up with a very pleased and proud smile on her face, for she felt she was doing something smart.

"Linda, you are a little tease this morning," said her mother. "You can not sit there either. Out you go on the floor to crawl." "Come catch me," coaxed Laurie as he ran ahead of the baby into the dining room. She squealed with delight and crawled after him as fast as she could go. Laurie laughed aloud, thinking it great fun that Linda was able to chase him now. "Isn't she smart, Mommy?" he said. "She can play with me now, can't she? She's getting a big girl now; there will soon be one candle on the cake."

"Yes, isn't it nice that you play so gently with her?" said his mother. "Always remember that you are her big brother, and look out for her." "St. Sati," lisped Linda, crawling over to Laurie's little Frisky where he lay warming himself in a sunny spot on the floor. Her little chubby hands reached up to pull Frisky's silky ears.

"Don't hurt Frisky, dear," explained Laurie as he gently loosened her fingers with his hand. She just made another grab for the fur around the dog's neck and patted him with her right hand.

"Make her stop, Mommy," said Laurie. "She's hurting Frisky."

"I don't think she is," said Mrs. Page. And she couldn't have been either, for just then Frisky put out his long wet tongue and gave her a very wet kiss on the cheek.

"Here, Linda, come out of that," said their mother. "See if you can't find something else to play with instead of Frisky." Linda hurried off into the living room, but in a few moments her mother heard a scrapping sound. She went in to see Linda pulling herself up at a little end table where the African violet was.

"No, no," protested Mrs. Page. "You must not pull on the table or touch my plant. You certainly are a little busy body this morning. I'll have to put a stop to your exploring or I'll never get any work done this morning. Come along to your play pen."

Laurie gathered up her tops and put them in the pen with her where she settled down, quite contentedly, to play.

"Phew! I'm just 'hausted," sighed Laurie as he came over to his mother. "Looking after sister has me right tired out. I think I need an apple to make me feel better."

Mrs. Page laughed at him, but gave him an apple just the same. "Now I'll just go out to play to give myself an airing," said Laurie, and off he went for his morning's fun.

EXTRA PLAYER

GLYNDEBOURNE, Eng. (CP)—First-nighters at the new play "Like Stars Appearing" were startled by a brown bat fluttering around the foyer. Officials said the bat first turned up during the witches' scene in a production of "Macbeth" last year and now is considered "a regular."

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

DIGGING FOR HAPPINESS

Happiness is his who works, Never happy he who shirks. —Old Mother Nature.

"How about this place right here?" asked Banker, the little brown member of the swallow family.

"I like this place better," said Mrs. Banker, who was hovering a little way off close to a steep bank of the Big River.

"I think the place I've chosen is best," said Banker.



She didn't say a word but kept right on working.

"That's too bad," because we're going to start work right here," declared little Mrs. Banker.

Banker flew over and hovered beside her. "This is all right, but just you come over and look at the place I've chosen," he twittered.

For answer, Mrs. Banker clung with her small claws to the face of the bank and picked away a little sand with small bill. She didn't say a word, but kept right on working.

"Aren't you coming to see the place I've found?" asked Banker a little plaintively.

Mrs. Banker merely shook her head and went right on working. Banker flew back and forth, uncertain as to just what to do. He knew by experience that when Mrs. Banker made up her mind to do or not to do a thing, there was little he could do about it but agree with her. He flew off to get a few insects, a sort of second breakfast. When he returned, Mrs. Banker had a small hole in the bank started and was clinging to the edge of it to rest. Banker pushed her aside. "It is my turn now," said he, and started in, peck, peck, peck. With each peck a few grains of sand rolled down the bank. Now that he had really begun work, he forgot all about the place he had wanted for their new home.

Mrs. Banker had chosen well. The place she had picked was very near the top of the bank, but not so near that in wet weather the home to be would be damp. At first, all they could do was to cling and peck. They had to do their digging with their bills. It wasn't until they had a tunnel really started enough for them to get into it, that they could really use their feet for digging. Then they used both feet and bills, taking turns. One would dig until tired, then the other would take a turn. They used their feet to push the loose sand out behind them.

"Are we going to have a long hall to the bedroom, or a short one?" asked Banker.

"That depends," replied Mrs. Banker.

"Depends on what?" asked Banker.

"Depends on how hard the work will be," replied Mrs. Banker. "I would like a long hall."

By hall, of course, they meant the tunnel they were digging. The bedroom or nursery would be at

the end of it. "I always feel safer with a long hall. I hope there are not going to be any stones in the way. The longer the hall, the more the work. I hope you don't mind," said Mrs. Banker.

"I love it, my dear. I love it," twittered Banker, and he really meant this.

So the new home in the steep bank of the Big River was well begun.

PROVINCES HELP DISABLED

OTTAWA (CP)—Ian Campbell, national co-ordinator of rehabilitation of the civilian disabled, said Wednesday some emphasis on rehabilitation now will swing from the federal to the provincial governments. Mr. Campbell was addressing a meeting of the national advisory committee on the rehabilitation of disabled persons. He noted that most provincial government have signed federal-provincial agreements leading to the appointment of provincial co-ordinators of rehabilitation.

Never Connected With CBC, Claim

OTTAWA (CP)—Raymond Arthur Davies, Montreal writer sentenced recently to two years in prison for passport fraud, made several broadcasts for the CBC in 1944-45.

Revenue Minister McCann informed the Commons Wednesday, however, that Davies never was connected in any way with the CBC.

Dr. McCann, who reports to Parliament for the CBC, replied to several questions about Davies by William Hamilton (PC—Montreal Notre-Dame-de-Grace).

Dr. McCann said the CBC used several short items submitted by Davies on a free-lance basis in the spring of 1944 while a correspondent in Moscow. In December, 1944, and January, 1945, he made five 15-minute CBC broadcasts dealing with conditions in eastern Europe.

EARTH SLIDE BURIES FIVE

BOGOTA, Colombia (AP)—Five persons were buried alive, three were reported missing and six others were injured, several seriously, Wednesday night when an earth slide crushed four houses. The tragedy occurred in the town of Marulanda, 100 miles northwest of Bogota.

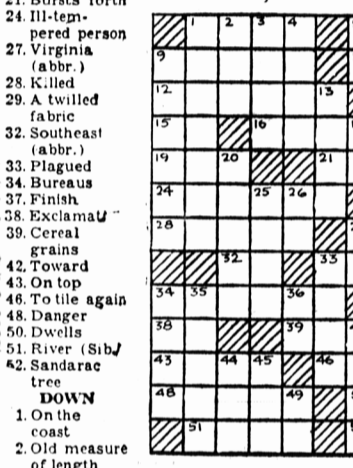
DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS
- Cover with ceiling
 - Moslem
 - Obtain a solution
 - British island (Mediter. ranean)
 - Roof of the mouth
 - Remain (anat.)
 - Bone (anat.)
 - Make her stop, Mommy
 - I don't think she is
 - Here, Linda, come out of that
 - Linda hurried off into the living room
 - No, no
 - You must not pull on the table
 - Laurie gathered up her tops
 - Phew! I'm just 'hausted
 - sighed Laurie as he came over to his mother
 - Mrs. Page laughed at him
- DOWN
- On the coast
 - Old measure of length
 - Man's name
 - Mother of Apollo
 - Part of "to be"
 - Fuel
 - High (casus)
 - Begin
 - Pours forth
 - Affirmative votes
 - Always Russian ruler
 - Land-measure (anat.)
 - A layer of the iris
 - Music note
 - Shoshonean Indian
 - Bursts forth
 - Ill-tempered person
 - Virginia (abbr.)
 - Killed
 - A twilled fabric
 - Southeast (abbr.)
 - Bureaus
 - Finish
 - Exclamation
 - Cereal grains
 - Toward
 - On top
 - To lie again
 - Danger
 - Dwells
 - River (Subj.)
 - Sandarac tree



Yesterday's Answer

- A tissue (anat.)
- Mix
- Coin
- Swed.
- The yellow bugle
- Music note



DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it: AXYLDBAAXR 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

MVA MVCST FT MVA GPBVFCT CX MVA AJFMC SFHW GVHFS—MVHGYSHO.

Yesterday's Cryptogram: HE WAS WITHIN A FEW HOURS OF GIVING HIS ENEMIES THE SLIP FOR EVER—STERNE.



Tilly the Toiler

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

Pogo

Henry

Henry

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

Dolly Dipple

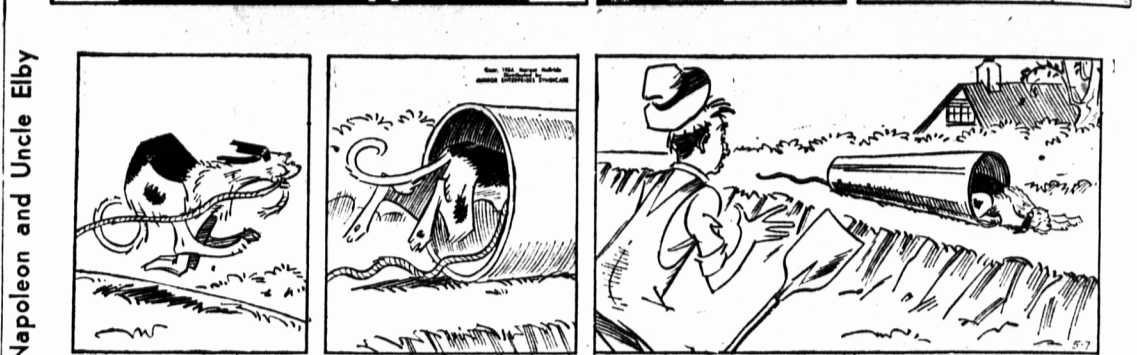
Bringing Up Father

Penny

Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher

L'il Abner



By Bob Gustafson

By Clifford McBride

By Walt Kelly

By Carl Anderson

By Carl Anderson

By Edwina

By Buford

By George McManus

By Harry Hoeningen

By Al Capp

By Al Capp