

The Tiny Folk

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

"Mommy, we were digging for worms and we're going fishing," cried Laurie, bursting into the kitchen.

"I dug some up too," exclaimed Susan, following close on his heels. She carried Winkie, her new yellow kitten, in her arms.

"Going fishing. See, worms in can," added little David, as he appeared in the doorway.

"Well, well, the fish would need to be scared of three such able fishermen as you," laughed Mrs. Page. "Where are you going to do your fishing? Perhaps you'll be like Simple Simon and go fishing in one of my pails."

The children giggled at her joke, looking at her and then at the cans.

"Perhaps you had better put the worms back in the garden for now," Mrs. Page suggested. "They do not feel very happy when they are out of the clay, and my garden needs lots of worms to help my flowers and vegetables grow."

"We're going to keep them for going fishing," protested Susan.

"You won't be leaving today, dear," said Mrs. Page, "so the three of you ran along with the worms and put them in the garden."

"I know what to do," Laurie broke in. "Let's feed them to my goldfish. I'm sure Splasher and One Spot would love to have a nice fat worm."

"Indeed they would not," said Mrs. Page quickly. "Goldfish do not eat worms."

"You feed them, Mommy, and let us watch them for a few minutes," Laurie coaxed.

"All right then," agreed Mrs. Page. She changed the water in the bowl while the three children watched eagerly. Then she sprinkled a tiny bit of food on top of the water.

"Look at One Spot," laughed Laurie. "He's just greedy. He's trying to get all the food from Susan Splasher. See how fast he's grabbing at it!"

"That isn't very good manners, is it?" Susan asked.

Mrs. Page smiled. "I'm afraid fish know very little about manners. But One Spot always tries to get more than his share."

"Oh, Mommy, come quickly," said Laurie excitedly. "Just listen to them. They are smacking. Listen!"

The three children and Mrs. Page gathered around. They could hear little popping sounds, just like smacking as the fish snapped the

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE FEATHERED MASONS

Be critical if so you must. But being so, be sure you're just.

Old Mother Nature. Folks who are critical are too often unjust. Sometimes they judge without knowing all the facts. So when they criticize their neighbors, they too often are unjust.

Mr. and Mrs. Muddy the Cliff Swallows, and Mr. and Mrs. Forktail the Barn Swallows, are masons. Many other feathered folk are weavers. Some of them are very expert weavers, and they do with their bills and looms what human beings cannot duplicate with their hands.

But Barn Swallows and Cliff Swallows build their homes of mud, just as masons build houses of cement and brick.

Forktail and Mrs. Forktail thought their cousins were altogether too fussy because they didn't like the mud in the barnyard at Farmer Brown's. It was the first mud there had been for some time.

The first rain for a long time had fallen the night before. Now, Forktail and Mrs. Forktail were making the most of this opportunity. The mud suited them, and they were starting their nest on one of the rafters high in the

roof from the top of the water. "They aren't really smacking," said Mrs. Page, "but it sounds a lot like it. They are really enjoying the food."

Winkie's big eyes had been following every move of the fish. As they flashed about the bowl, he grew more interested and then more excited. His little tail switched from side to side.

Suddenly he sprang from Susan's arms right on to the table, Susan squealed, Laurie yelled, David laughed and Mrs. Page gasped. She made a quick grab for the kitten.

"Here, Winkie, you must not do that," she said. "Those little goldfish are not for you!"

Laurie and Susan laughed. "Winkie was naughty, but he really didn't know any better. I think we had better all go back out to the play. We were the three fisherman who dug the bait, but Winkie was the only one who really tried to go fishing!"

loft of the big barn.

But Mr. and Mrs. Muddy were not satisfied with that mud. They had already chosen where their nest should be. They had picked out a spot under the eaves of the big barn. They wanted their home outside, not inside. Of course outside there were no big timbers on which to build. There was only a very narrow strip of wood that Farmer Brown's Boy had nailed under the eaves especially for them. A nest couldn't be built on it, but it could be used to hold their mud. That is why it was so necessary to have the right kind of building materials. A good house can never be built with poor material. A good builder is always fussy about his materials. So it was that Muddy and Mrs. Muddy were not satisfied with this mud.

Meanwhile their pretty cousins were looking elsewhere. They were looking for a different kind of mud. The mud in the barnyard was a sandy mud. If it got too dry it might fall apart. If it got too wet it might do the same thing. What the cliff swallows wanted was mud with clay in it, for clay doesn't melt away when it is wet; and when it becomes dry it becomes hard. The nearest clay that Muddy could find was so far away that getting it to that barn would be more work than he and Mrs. Muddy wanted to undertake. So, finally they decided to make the best of a bad matter, and started using the barnyard mud.

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And so it was that Forktail and Mrs. Forktail were critical of them. The mud is all right. The trouble is they don't know how to use it," said Forktail. "They just don't know enough to work a little straw and grass in with it the way we do. I wouldn't ask for any better mud than this is!"

Now Forktail didn't stop to think that they were building their nest inside, where neither sun nor rain could touch it. Perhaps if their nest had been outside, it wouldn't have stood up so well, even though they had mixed straws and grasses in with it.

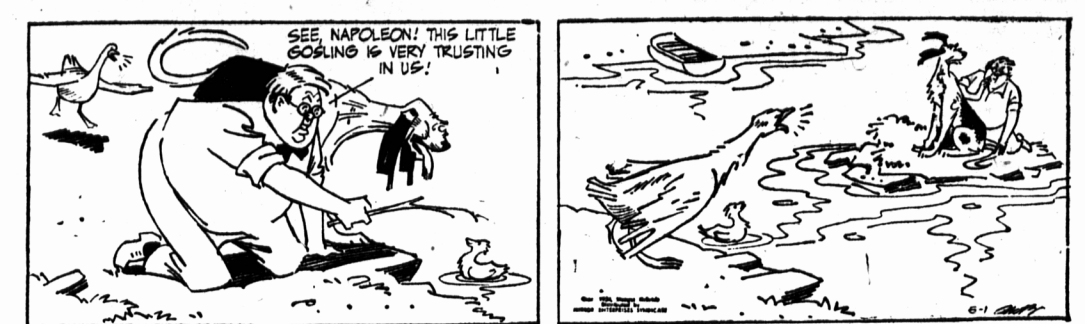
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Tilly The Toiler



By Bob Gustafson

Napoleon and Uncle Elby



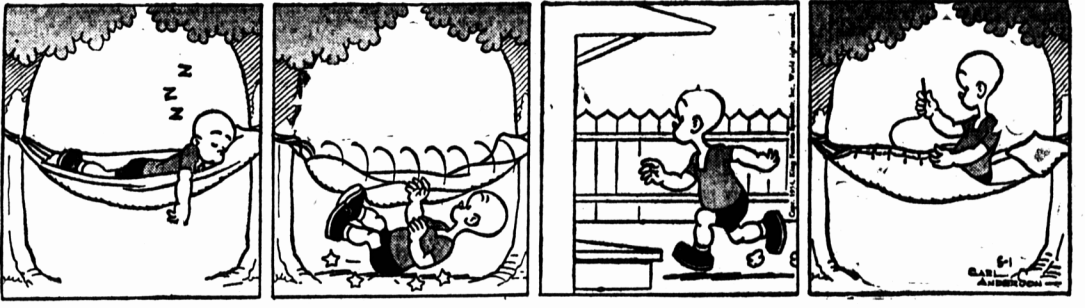
By Clifford McBride

Pogo



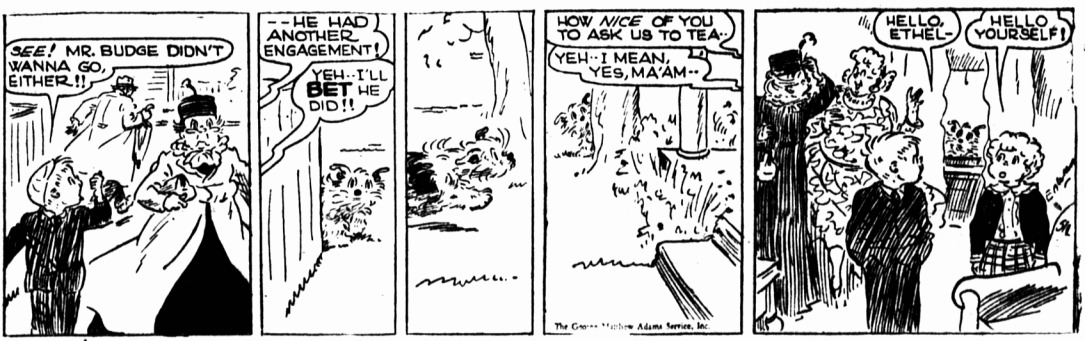
By Walt Kelly

Henry



By Carl Anderson

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



By Edwina

Dolly Dipple



By Buford

Bringing Up Father



By George McManus

Penny



By Harry Hoening

L'il Abner



By Al Capp

May 2 - Mental Health Week - May 8 TAKE PART IN THIS WEEK'S PROGRAM

Read: Local papers for Mental Health Series—Local and National.

Listen: National To CFCY for spot announcements, and broadcasts.

Local Standard Time Monday—May 3rd, 7:30 P.M. Hon. B. Earle MacDonald, Minister of Health & Welfare.

Tuesday—May 6th, 7:30 P.M. Dr. W. J. P. MacMillan, O.B.E., Member of the Legislature.

Saturday—May 8th, 6:00 P.M. Dr. A. J. Murchison, Director, Division of Mental Health.

Visit: Mental Health Clinic, Palmer Building, 100 Fitzroy Street, opening Monday afternoon, May 3, 3:30.

Tuesday and Wednesday 2:00 - 4:00 Mornings - 10:00 - 12:00 Occupational Therapy Building, Falconwood

Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, 2-4, light refreshments. Bus service from Bus terminal leaving at 1:15, 2:15, 3:30, returning at 1:30, 2:30, 4:30.

See: Display at Mental Health Clinic, City Occupational Therapy Centre and Auditorium, Falconwood.

Display of patients work—Recreational activities. Posters and display showing the various activities of the Division of Mental Health—Films relating to Mental Hygiene in Hospital Auditorium.

IMMUNIZATION CLINICS FOR INOCULATIONS and SMALLPOX VACCINATION

WILL BE HELD IN ALL RURAL SCHOOLS THIS SPRING

Keep in touch with the teacher or Secretary of Trustees for the date of the first clinic.

Protect young children against diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus. Start the inoculations at 3 months of age.

Four inoculations are necessary the first year—three in the Spring and one in the Fall—then a reinforcing dose at regular intervals.

Vaccination against smallpox is required for attendance at school. Have the children vaccinated before one year of age.

DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH & WELFARE

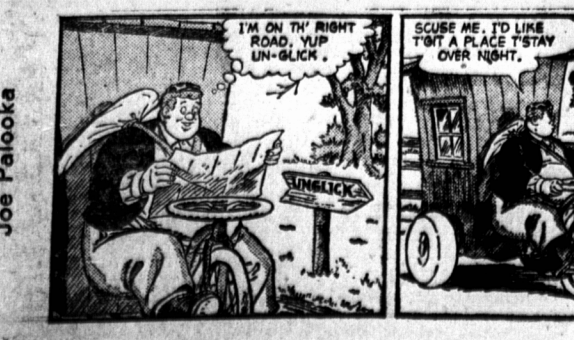
GRADE XI EXAMINATIONS

Students who desire to write supplementary papers in any of the examinations of the Atlantic Provinces Examining Board based on the Nova Scotia course for Grade XI should apply to the Department of Education not later than May 15. Applications should state the subject or subjects of examination desired and the centre at which the candidate wishes to write.

DEPARTMENT OF EDUCATION, Charlottetown, P. E. I. April 24, 1954.

DANCING CLOVER CLUB

Charlottetown's Finest Dance Hall EVERY SATURDAY NIGHT All new Legnaires Orchestra Reservations accepted by phone only between four and eight each Saturday evening—Dial 6022. "Reservations for couples accepted only" Meet your friends at the Clover Club \$2.00 per couple



The Lone Ranger

Rip Kirby

Joe Palooka

By Fran Striker

By Alex Raymond

By Ham Fisher