

# The Tiny Folk

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

David liked to feel big and to go playing alone without Susan tagging along. This warm sunny morning he was ready for play, but Susan wanted to get her doll family ready to go out in her carriage.

"Come, Susan, come to play," David coaxed.

"No, I want to get Margie Lou dressed up in her sweater and bonnet before I go out. I'm not ready yet."

"O. K. I go alone. Mommy David's going out. Take Perky!" he asked anxiously.

Mrs. Dale looked at him for a minute then said, "I suppose you may. Perky is your puppy, so he may as well get used to being with you. Don't go out on Playtime Lane."

"No, David won't. I'll be good boy," called back David, already half way through the door. Little black Perky frisked along beside him. His legs were so short and his feet seemed so big for the rest of him, but he managed very well.

David trotted across the field along the path that led to Laurie's. Perky followed after, sometimes stumbling, sometimes nipping at David's ankles, but always keeping up.

"See my puppy. See Perky," said David as Mrs. Page answered his knock.

"Hello, David. How are you this morning? Isn't that a cute puppy? Won't you come in for a few minutes?" Mrs. Page bent to pick up Perky who wiggled and squirmed in eagerness.

"Stop, Perky, stop," laughed Mrs. Page as Perky's wet long tongue slurped across her face as she tried to hold him down and turn her face away at the same time.

"Here you go easy on my ear. That's not for puppies. I washed my face this morning so there is no need of you doing it over again."

Laurie and David ran ahead of her into the kitchen. She carried the pup in her arms and took it over to Linda's play pen.

"O-o-h, o-o-h!" said Linda dancing up and down. She stretched out one little pink hand towards the pup. Now, off with you!"

The two boys raced out, their squirmed loose from Mrs. Page's arms, and tried to squeeze into the play pen. Linda squealed and laughed in great glee.

"Art, art, bow-wow." Perky barked excitedly and the others laughed at the funny shrill baby bark.

At that Frisky tore in the back door. He had been outdoors playing with his little dog friend, Tammie, and had not seen David coming across with Perky. He heard the noise in the house and decided to find out what all the fuss was. When he saw Perky so close to the baby, he growled deep in his throat and rushed over to grab the pup by the back of the neck.

"No, no," Mrs. Page said sharply. "No, Frisky you leave Perky alone." She picked up the pup and

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

**THIS WAS EASY**  
In meeting an important test, The hardest way may prove the best.

—Old Mother Nature.  
Perhaps that seems a little odd. However, it is true. The easy way of doing a thing isn't always the best way. It may be better done if done the hard way.

Rattles the Kingfisher had just given his young son, Tousehead his first lesson in catching fish. It had looked easy. Rattles had flown out till he was right above the fish in the water, then had closed his wings and had shot down in the water so suddenly that the fish didn't have time to move. Almost at once Rattles was in the air again. He had the fish in his bill. He brought it back to the top of the stump on the bank where Tousehead was sitting. That minnow was still flapping his tail trying to get out of the big bill that was holding him.

Tousehead opened his own big bill wide, expecting Rattles to give him that little fish. Rattles did nothing of the kind. Somehow or other he seemed to be unable to hold it. It dropped. Yes, sir, that took him into the back porch and closed the door between it and the kitchen.

"Frisky bad dog, David beat," said David as he stepped toward Laurie's dog.

"No, no, he's not bad. You're bad," scolded Laurie. "Frisky is a good dog, aren't you, Frisky?" He put his arms around his dog's neck. "Frisky was just looking after the baby. He thought Perky was going to hurt him. You take your pup home, David."

"There now, that's enough," interrupted his mother. "It is not nice for dogs or children to quarrel."

Out you boys go to play and take your dogs with you. Baby Linda is going up for her morning sleep. Now, off with you!"

The two boys raced out, their disagreement forgotten. Even the two dogs got along fine together when they were outdoors, so there was peace again on Playtime Lane.

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little fish dropped right back down in the water.

"Oh!" cried the disappointed young kingfisher leaning over the edge of the stump as he watched that little fish splash into the water.

He expected the little fish would dart away, but it didn't. You see, it had been pinched rather tightly in that big bill. It was wiggling in the water, but it wasn't getting away.

"Why don't you go down and get it?" asked Rattles.

"I don't know how," replied Tousehead.

Rattles left his perch. "Watch me," said he as he did so.

He showed just how to use his wings as he fluttered for an instant just over the little fish which was floating right on the surface. He didn't pick it up, but flew back up on the stump. "Now, you try it," said he.

Tousehead left his perch and tried to use his wings as he had seen Rattles use his. He was a little clumsy about it, but in a moment or two he was able to hold himself in one place in the air for just a moment. He flew back to the stump. Rattles said

nothing, but a moment later he took off and flew out of sight down the Big River.

Tousehead didn't know just what to make of it. He looked down at the little fish. It was still right there, floating. It was floating on its back. It wasn't moving. Tousehead made another attempt. He flew down and fluttered above the minnow just for a moment, but didn't have courage enough to reach down and pick up the minnow. He flew back up on the old stump and wished his father would come back and get that minnow for him.

Then one of his brothers joined him on the stump. He looked down and saw the little fish floating there. Right away he got very much excited. Tousehead waited no longer. He made his third try. This time he picked up the little minnow, and flew back up on the stump. He swallowed that minnow head-first before his brother could try to take it away from him.

"I can catch fish for myself," boasted Tousehead when the tail of the minnow had disappeared down his throat.

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For the sake of GOOD TASTE!  
**Barbour's VANILLA EXTRACT**

## DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
- Army life
  - Genuine
  - Group of Pacific islands
  - Make void
  - One of the sides of a match
  - Cite
  - Like
  - Man's name
  - Electrical Engineer (abbr.)
  - Italian inventor
  - Emmet
  - Clergyman
  - Conforms
  - Skill
  - Prickly envelope of a fruit
  - Little island
  - Most rational
  - Mass: comb. form
  - Swathe
  - Greek letter
  - Marine animal
  - Indefinite article
  - Part of the foot
  - Own
  - Endured
  - Kind of cap
  - Resorts
  - Is obligated
- DOWN**
- Famous Roman emperor
  - Wine receptacle
  - Mother
  - Pennsylvania (abbr.)
  - Half
  - Vent-dilated islands
  - God of the sky (Baby)
  - Bright
  - Mark
  - British manorial courts (archaic)
  - One's father's sister
  - No longer retained
  - Coins (Pers.)
  - Cover with
  - Kafir warriors
  - Sanctified people
  - Exchange
  - Drudges
  - Doctrine
  - Plant organs (abbr.)
  - Portico
  - Soak
  - Cut, as wood
  - Part of "to be"
  - Board of Ordnance (abbr.)

Yesterday's Answer

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32
33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40
41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48

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

**AXYDLBAAXR 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**

VB UGMHI NUMEE WG IUG LMAIU.  
LOE YTVJMNN IUMI NIAEE JTACIN.)  
IT IUGG—PMB.

Yesterday's Cryptogram: PRIDE IS THE LIFE OF A WOMAN, AND FLATTERY IS OUR DAILY BREAD—FARQUHAR.

**Tilly The Töiler**

GOING UP!  
HOLD IT!  
UP!  
64TH FLOOR!  
WHOO! THAT WAS A QUICK TRIP!  
YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN!

**Napoleon and Uncle Elby**

CONFOUND YOU NAPOLEON! GET OFF THE PORCH! HERE COMES OLD MR. SWELZ! THE OLD BOY CAN'T SEE AND HELL TRY OVER YOU!

WAW! WAW! HE THOUGHT YOU WERE THE POOR MAN!

**Pogo**

JUST THINK, EVERYBODY WENT AN' LEFT YOU WITH YO' MOUTH STUCK SHUT... EVERYBODY... BUT NOT ME... I'LL STAY BEHIND AN' CHEER YOU WITH SONG AN' LIGHT-HEARTERY... BULLY FOR ME, EN?

OH, THE SOLDIERLY STEADY! THEY MARCHED A LONG THEIR LUSTY VOICES RAISED IN SONG SING-ING: AHO-HO-HO! A HO-HUM!

IF YOU SAID, LIKE I THINK YOU SAID, WHAT I THOUGHT YOU SAID, THEN WHAT YOU SAID SHOW YOU KIN SAY MORE... KIN YOU OPEN YO' MOUTH AN' TALK NOW?

COURSE NOT...

I GONNA KEEP A EYE ON YOU ANYWAY... MM ES MM LOH THE SONG SO TRUE! OF THE RED WHITE AN' PAGNALS, ALBERT, YOU IS SLEEPIN' WITH A YO' MOUTH OPEN.

YES SLEEPIN' NOT TALKIN'...

**Henry**

SHOE SHINE PARLOR

**Tippy and "Cap" Stubs**

HEY! YOU LET MY DOGS ALONE!

GERALD! GERALDINE!

THEY TWINS WERE PULLIN' TIPPY'S TAIL!

I THINK WE HAD BETTER BE GOING!

TIPPY DOESN'T LIKE HIS TAIL PULLED!

WANNA PLAY WITH DOGS!

**Dolly Dipple**

I'M ALL SET WITH THE CIGARS TO PASS OUT WHEN THE BABY ARRIVES.

BOSS WANTS TO SEE YOU DRIPPLE!

SEE HERE, DRIPPLE! WE HAVE TO CUT DOWN ON OFFICE SUPPLY EXPENSE THIS YEAR--

BUT, I DIDN'T REQUEST ANYTHING, SIR!

YOU'RE THE ONE WHO IS BECOMING A FATHER--

--AND SOMEBODY ORDERED TWO DOZEN ASH TRAYS!

**Bringing Up Father**

I WANT YOU TO TAKE FIFI FOR AN AIRING-- AND NO BACK TALK!

I MUSTA WALKED SO FAR ALREADY WITH THAT MUTT--

**DANNY'S HOBBY SHOP**

SALE MODEL AIRPLANES

THAT SHOULD GIVE HIM ALL THE AIR HE NEEDS WITHOUT ME WALKIN' HIM!

**Penny**

WILL YOU DROP ME AT THE GAS STATION, MOTHER?

REALLY PENNY, DO YOU THINK A GAS STATION IS A PROPER PLACE TO SPEND SO MUCH TIME?

OF COURSE, MOTHER.

DON'T YOU KNOW THAT LAUREN LAMOUR WAS DISCOVERED BY A MOVIE SCOUT AT A GAS STATION?

SHIFT THE CARCASS, MONROE, WE'RE A LITTLE RUSHED TODAY!

**L'il Abner**

WHUT'S WRONG, JULIUS LA NOSA? DID SHE REFOZE 'T KISS YO' IT?

NO! SHE DID KISS ME-- AN' THAT'S STRIPPERS-- WHUT'S WRONG?

HER LIPS IS COLD!-- COLD AS A CATFISH!-- A DAID ONE!-- ACHOO!-- AH IS GONNA WARN 'TOTHER BACHELORS!

BUT THEY'LL ROON HER CHANCES O' TRAPPIN' A HUSBIN!

YO' GOTTA GUARANTEE HER LIPS HAIN'T COLD, TO ALL DOGPATCH BACHELORHOOD L'IL ABNER!

BUT AH CAN'T-- ONLESS AH BUSHY-KISSES HER, MAHSELF AN' THASS DISLEGAL!

**PUREBRED AYRSHIRE SALE**

sponsored by  
**THE P. E. I. AYRSHIRE BREEDERS' CLUB**

27 head of SELECTED Island Bred Ayrshires, 10 heifers up to breeding age, 7 bred heifers, 6 fresh cows and heifers, 4 choicely bred young bulls, breeding age.

Sale to be held May 28th, 1954, 1:30 p.m., at the Provincial Exhibition Grounds, Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

For catalogues contact—  
**JIM NICHOLSON, P. O. Box 369, Charlottetown, P.E.I. Phone 4425**

**The Lone Ranner**

YOU OUGHT TUN KNOW THE RULES. NO ONE LEAVES A MEETIN' UNTIL A HALF HOUR AFTER NUMBER ONE'S GONE!

THAT WASTES TIME - BUT I'LL WAIT.

CHARLES FRANDERS

THIRTY MINUTES LATER

**Rip Kirby**

I SUPPOSE THE LICE HAVE GONE THROUGH MISS LEE'S PAPERS FOR A CLUE TO THE KILLER?

YES, THEY DIDN'T SEEM TO FIND ANYTHING...

THEN, PERHAPS, A PERSONAL CALL ON BYRON DELIGHT IS INDICATED.

THAT MAN IS BEHIND THIS TERRIBLE THING... I FEEL IT...

HERE IS MY CARD, I'D LIKE TO SEE MR. DELIGHT.

YOU CAN'T SEE HIM! HE'S WORN AWAY! GO AWAY!

**Joe Palooka**

THIS AMERIKANSKY SEEMS UNKILLABLE... BUT I WILL PULL HIM IT IS VITAL THAT I DO... OR...

...MY OWN RED SUPERIORS WILL LIQUIDATE ME...

I AM NOT SUPPOSED TO THINK... IF I DID I WOULD HATE MY GOVERNMENT...

AHA... THIS WILL DO IT!

By Bob Gustafson

By Clifford McBride

By Walt Kelly

By Carl Anderson

By Edwina

By Buford

By George McManus

By Harry Hoentgen

By Al Capp