The Tiny Folk

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

"Rain rain, go away,
Come again some other day,
Little Johnny wants to play
In the meadow on the hay."

Mrs. Page repeated the old rhyme as Laurie stood gloomily watching the raindrops splash against the window pane and run down over the sill.

"I want somebody to play with," complained Laurie. "Why can't I go out?"

"Now you know better than that," replied his mother. "You are not a duck, you know, to be splashing in the puddles in the rain. Go and play with your train."

"I don't like playing alone. Look, Peter is out. Why can't I go out?"

"No, and don't ask again," said Mrs. Page. "But I'll call Peter and invite him in." She went to the door and called, "Peter, would you like to come in to play with Laurie? Ask your mother if you may."

Laurie waited anxiously, then his face broke into smiles as he saw Peter come running out and across to his gate. He met him at the door. Rain was forgotten as the two boys talked eagerly over what they would play.

Mrs. Page settled herself comfortably with her knitting in the living room and left the kitchen to the boys. Time passed as they laughed and talked, pushed trucks and built towers. Then there was much scraping and pushing of chairs so she went to investigate.

"Well, my stars!" she exclaimed. Here were Laurie and Peter jammed in Linda's play pen. "What ever are you playing now?" she asked.

"This is our train, and we are delivering papers," explained Laurie. "Here, Peter, you give these magazines to Mrs. Page."

"Here are your magazines," said Peter seriously as he passed Mrs. Page a bundle.

"I suppose these are to sell in my store," twinkled Laurie's mother. "Just wait till I pay you." She made believe she had money and placed it in her hand. Peter put it in his pocket and climbed back aboard his train.

"Here's another stop," shouted Laurie. "I'll deliver these papers." He stepped out and over to Mrs. Page.

"These are your morning papers from Charlottetown. That will be forty dollars," he said, grinning up at her.

"I think you are charging me too much," complained Mrs. Page, pretending to be very annoyed.

"All right then, six cents," Laurie decided.

Mrs. Page laughed. "That is a big difference. Here's your money. And I think I'll give you each two cookies for a tip. There you are. How did I get into this anyway? Here I am playing with you two in the middle of my afternoon's work when I have a sock to finish.

Be off with you, and no more papers for me, or you'll have to go with cold feet next fall."

Peter and Laurie giggled at each other as they sat munching their cookies.

"This was good pay, anyway," Peter whispered to Laurie. "I'm glad we played train and selling papers."

"And look!" shouted Laurie. "Here the sun has come out so we can go out too." They scrambled into sweaters and rubbers and rushed out singing.

"Rain rain, go away,
Peter and Laurie went to play
Picking dandelions all the day."

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thorton W. Burgess

BOB WHITE WON'T TELL

Each one his own affairs should find
Enough to occupy his mind.
—Bob White

Peter Rabbit was curious. Peter is always curious. But just now he was a little more curious than usual. Of late he had been seeing a lot of an old friend. It was Bob White who is called Quail. It suddenly struck Peter that Bob White had been spending a lot of time in the neighborhood of the dear Old Brier-patch. Peter began to wonder why. He mentioned it to Mrs. Peter.

"I know why you are around here so much!" cried Peter.

"Have you seen Mrs. Bob White?" asked Mrs. Peter.

"Now you mention it, I don't remember seeing her of late," replied Peter.

"Probably she isn't far away," said Mrs. Peter.

Peter's long ears flew straight up. "You mean she probably is nesting somewhere in the neighborhood, and that is why Bob is around so much!" he cried.

"It could be," said Mrs. Peter. "This is the time of year for it."

That very afternoon Bob White sat on a fence-post not far from the dear Old Brier-patch. He was whistling as only Bob White can. Peter promptly hopped over there.

"I know why you are around here so much!" cried Peter.

"You don't say," replied Bob White.

"Mrs. Bob has a nest somewhere near here", said Peter.

"Did she tell you that?" asked Bob White.

"No", replied Peter. "I haven't seen her, but I know she's around somewhere, and she's got a nest. Won't you tell me where it is? I won't tell anyone."

Bob White shook his pretty head. "Peter", said he, "you know better than to ask such a question. You don't even really know that we have a nest. That is something that is no one's business but our own."

"You haven't said that you haven't a nest somewhere near, so I know you have. And I'm sure to find it. So you might just as well tell me now where it is," said Peter.

Bob White made no reply. He flew over and dropped out of sight in the grass of the Green Meadows. There he began hunting insects. He is a great hunter of insects, and that is one reason why Farmer Brown and Farmer Brown's Boy are very fond of him. They know that they have a better farm because Bob White and his family live on it. So, on Farmer Brown's farm, all Bob Whites are protected during the season when the law allows the shooting of Quail.

Peter began doing a lot of looking around. He looked every place he could think of, but he didn't get so much as a glimpse of Mrs. Bob to say nothing of the nest he was sure she had. The more he hunted the more his curiosity grew. He was bound he would find that nest. He watched Bob White to see just where he went. It was all in vain. If the Bob Whites had a nest, and Bob didn't admit that they had, it was so well hidden that Peter couldn't find it. Of course he had no business to be looking for it. It was just curiosity, and nothing else that made him want to find it. Mrs. Peter told him so. As for Bob White, he continuer to whistle from fence-posts, and Peter suspected he was whistling to Mrs. Bob.

FIERY NAME

The name volcano is derived from the Latin Vulcan, meaning "god of fire."

ANY TIME—it's time for
KING COLE TEA

DAILY CROSSWORD

ACROSS
1. Concern
5. Book clasp
9. Engraver's tool
10. Like a weal old woman
12. God of love (Gr.)
13. Delicate, twining plant
14. Concurs
16. Hide of a young beast
17. River (Eng.)
18. Consumes
20. Negative reply
21. Builds up an aggradition
23. In collision
26. Harden
27. Aid
29. Bromine (sym.)
30. Eager
31. Cord from candlenut bark
34. Openings (anat.)
36. Flags
38. Projections on edges of wood pieces
40. Ceremony
41. One indifferent to pain or pleasure
42. Helmet-shaped part (Bot.)
43. Auction
44. River (Ger.)

DOWN
1. A profane oath
2. Ascended
3. Stand up
4. Half an em
5. Cripples
6. Keel-billed cuckoo
7. Lustrous fabric
8. Blunter
9. Small, perforated ball
11. Exhibit
13. Male deer
15. Neglect
19. French novelist
21. Subtle emanation
22. Dutch (abbr.)
23. Heads of monasteries
24. Searches out
25. From
28. Ages
31. Nimble
32. Come in
33. On the ocean
35. Wild ox (Celebes)
37. Biblical name
39. Lubricate
42. Depart

■	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				

POP HABIT
HALO ACADIA
TRAN NEWEST
LIFTED LASH
OS OXEN SUE
TOILES EN
LOONS WOODS
OF STRING
OFT SOSO IT
PEAT THRONE
ERGATA ORAL
DESPOT ULNA
DIANE SEE

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

XA FDC PDXUC PC NKC AXF WA-FCUUWOCAF—OWULCKF.

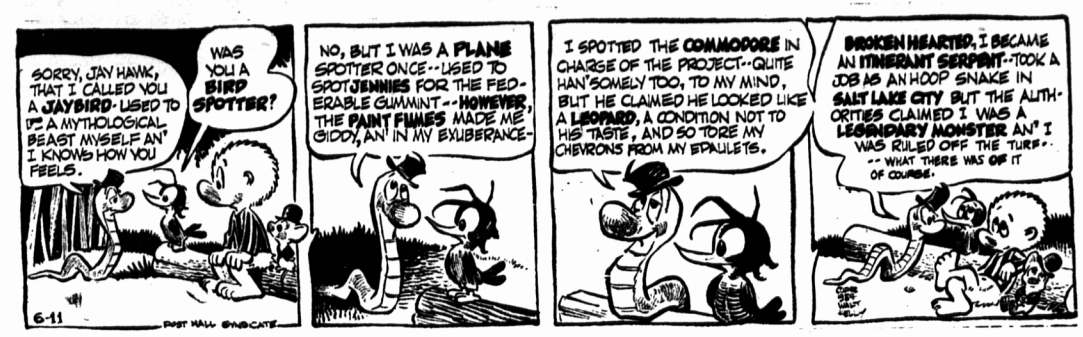
Yesterday's Cryptoquote: THERE WAS NEVER POET WHO HAD NOT THE HEART IN THE RIGHT PLACE—EMERSON.

YOUR SATURDAY NIGHT JAMBOREE
Opening Saturday, June 12—FORUM
—Featuring—
Local and Outside Talent
One Hour Broadcast over CFCY
New Dance Floor
Two hours—Oldtime and Modern Dancing
Tables and Canteen Service
Remember it's the FORUM this Saturday Night

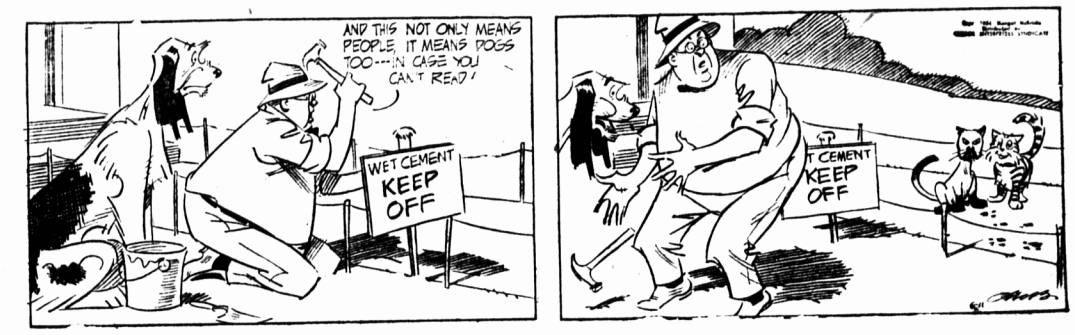
BENEVOLENT IRISH SOCIETY
MONTHLY MEETING
JUNE 11, 1954
8 P. M.

Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson

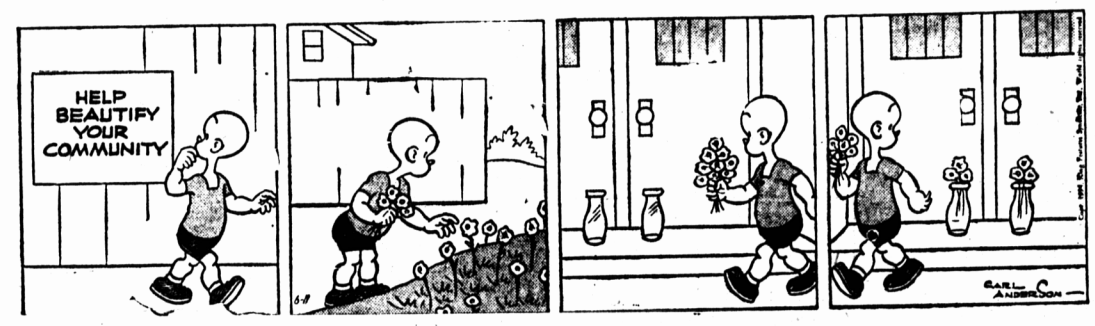
Pogo — By Walt Kelly



Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride



Henry — By Carl Anderson

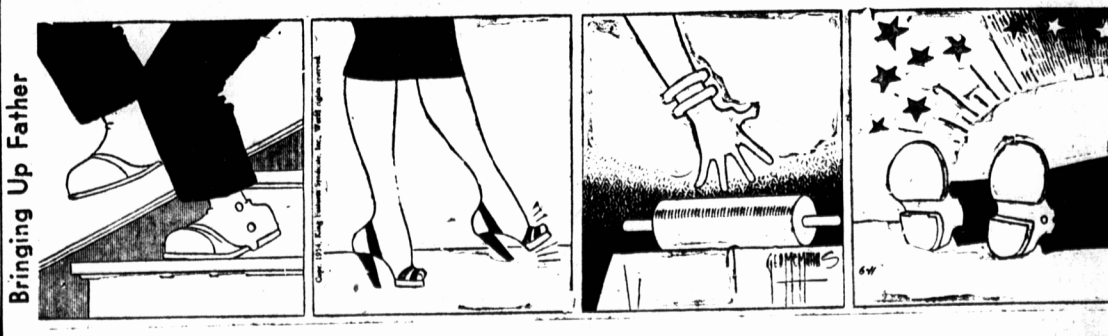


Tippy and "Cap" Stubs — By Edwina

Dolly Dipple — By Buford

The Lone Ranger — By Fran Striker

Bringing Up Father — By George McManus



Rip Kirby — By Alex Raymond

Penny — By Harry Hoenigsen

Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher

Li'l Abner — By Al Capp