

The Tiny Folk

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

Mrs. Page had taken Linda and Laurie to visit Aunt Belle and her three cousins, Anna, Brenda and Lynne. That always meant lots of excitement, noise, and fun, for no five children can play without making a noise, and it seemed that Laurie and Lynn could make more than their share.

"Here, Laurie, you go out and do your chasing and playing out doors," ordered his mother. "We don't all want headaches by supper time, so off you go."

With shrieks of laughter Lynne followed Laurie out doors, calling back, "We'll play hide and seek. Brenda can come and find us."

As soon as Brenda and Anna had finished the dishes, they were free to play too. Brenda went out with the two little ones, but Anna came over to Linda and said, "Will you come with me, dear?"

"There, Linda, you go with Anna," urged Mrs. Page. Fifteen minutes later Linda hesitated a minute or two, but at last put out her arms to Anna, who proudly carried her off to play with her.

She took her outdoors to watch the game of Hide and Seek, but Linda wasn't too happy that far from her mother so they came back in. Brenda came too, for she wanted to play with the baby as well as Anna.

"Let's play in our bedroom," suggested Anna. "You bring in Lynne's high chair, Brenda, and we'll put Linda in it."

The baby was quite contented in it, so the two girls decided to play Beauty Parlor. Anna took her little brush and brushed Linda's golden hair until it glistened.

"Why don't we put our barrettes in her hair?" spoke up Brenda. "Here are two pretty pink ones made like little teddy bears. Fasten one on each side."

Linda held her head perfectly still while Anna fastened the barrettes. "They look just sweet!" exclaimed Anna, and Linda's dimples flashed in a brief smile.

"I found two yellow ducks. Put them in too," said Brenda passing them over. "There's no room in the front," objected Anna.

"Then I'll put them here in the back," and Brenda did just that. "Oh, the blue basket clip with the pretty flowers would look cute," said Anna. "I'm going to put those in beside the pink teddy bears."

"Well, if you are, I may as well put these red ones made like scissors in the back of her hair," laughed Brenda. "It's just as well she has so much hair."

"Isn't it too bad there's only one of these sparkly ones with the silver and blue stones," sighed Anna. "Use it anyway. Put it right in the middle of her bangs," said Brenda. Anna fastened it, and the two stood back looking at the baby.

"Let's put Mommy's necklaces and bracelets on her," suggested Anna, darting over to the dresser to take out the box where her mother kept her jewellery.

Linda's smile deepened when she saw the box. She reached for the box and lifted out a strand of red beads and put it around her neck. She had always loved to put on necklaces. The two older girls chattered and giggled as they fastened strand after strand of beads around the baby's neck, and put two bracelets on her arms.

Just then her mother came in to see what was going on. How she laughed when she saw all the barrettes in the baby's hair. "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine," she counted. "I'm sure there never were so many clips on one head before. She has almost a barrette for every hair. And look at all the jewellery! You may as well put a sign on her saying, 'Linda's Jewellery Store.' But it is supper time so come along as soon as you get them taken off."

That evening, when the Page family were leaving for home, Linda darted back to the bedroom and came out carrying two necklaces and a bracelet.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

BUSTER CHUCK DECIDES TO STAY

A mind made-up is a mind at rest. Alas, how few are the ones so blest.

Old Mother Nature.

A little way up in a tree in the Green Forest sat Buster Chuck. He climbed up there to get away from Prickly Porky. In a crotch a little below him sat Prickly Porky the Porcupine. It was Prickly Porky who had prevented Buster Bear from climbing after the young chuck. Now the two were becoming acquainted.

"Would you like to stay in the Green Forest?" asked Prickly Porky. "I don't know. I might if I could find a safe place in which to live in a part of the Green Forest where I could find enough to eat," said the young chuck.

"I can show you a place where you can live," said Prickly Porky. "Would I be safe from Buster Bear?" asked the young chuck. Prickly Porky slowly nodded his head. "Yes," said he, "you would be safe from that fellow. About the food, I don't know because I don't know what chucks eat. If you learn to eat the same food that I eat, there is plenty. I never went hungry in my life. Whenever there is a tree I can get plenty

of food. You see, I live on bark, tender twigs and leaves." "Oh," said the young chuck. "I don't think they would do for me. I have to have tender green food. Where did you say that place where I can live is?" "I didn't say," grumbled Prickly Porky.

"I can show you a place where you can live," said Prickly Porky. "I said, I could show you one. But I don't think I'll bother you. Why not?" asked the young chuck a bit wistfully. "Because you haven't made up your mind whether you want to live here or not," said Prickly Porky.

"Yes, I have," replied the young chuck. "I am going to stay. I must stay." "Why must you stay? Nobody will make you," replied his prickly neighbor. The young chuck grinned. It was a sickly sort of grin. "I've got to stay because I don't know how not to. I can't go back if I want to. There are too many trees."

"Your mistake," grumbled Prickly Porky. "What is my mistake?" the young chuck wanted to know. "You said there are too many trees. There are not too many trees. There couldn't be too many trees," declared Prickly Porky. The young chuck said nothing. He was beginning to wish his prickly neighbor would move on.

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"Oh no, pet. You can't take them home," laughed her mother. "There now, Anna, since you dressed her up this afternoon she thinks she should wear them all the time. Come along, Linda, you can play next time you visit Aunt Belle. Good-bye."

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He wanted to get down out of that tree. He was no longer comfortable up there. Besides, it was getting late and he wanted if it was possible to spend the night in safety.

Prickly Porky was quite satisfied to stay where he was. He wasn't uncomfortable. You see he spends most of his time in trees. He knows just how to make himself comfortable up in a tree. He sometimes stays in a single tree for two or three days and nights without once leaving it. He eats and sleeps there, and never falls. He forgot that the young chuck up above him didn't live in trees, and might not be comfortable.

Turkeys Likely More Plentiful

OTTAWA. (CP)—Turkeys likely will be more plentiful on Canadian dinner tables on Thanksgiving and Christmas this year.

The bureau of statistics reported Friday an estimated 3,500,000 turkeys were on Canadian farms on Aug. 1, an increase of 270,000 from June 1, and 650,000 more than on Aug. 1, 1953.

All provinces reported increases in turkey production during June and July, ranging from two per cent in Saskatchewan to 21 per cent in Quebec.

Ontario had the largest number 750,000 birds. Quebec farms had 550,000.

Meanwhile, the bureau reported, Canadian hens laid 26,500,000 dozen eggs last month, an increase of 2,550,000 dozen over July, 1953. This brought production in the first seven months of the year to 230,398,000 dozen, 19,632,000 dozen more than in the corresponding period last year.

More eggs were laid last July in all provinces except Manitoba and Saskatchewan, while the seven-month total was up in all provinces but Saskatchewan.

In the first seven months of the year, producers marketed 183,115,000 dozen eggs, compared with 169,136,000 dozen last year.

PASS SPY MEASURE WASHINGTON. (AP)—The Senate Monday night passed an omnibus anti-subversive measure tightening up the present United States sabotage laws, providing possible death for peacetime spying and requiring registration of all persons trained in espionage or sabotage by a foreign government or foreign political party.

The Neighbors

By George Clark



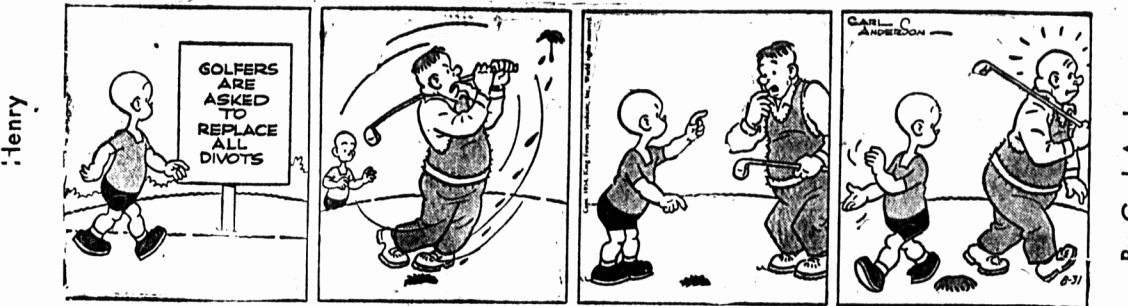
"Don't worry, Mrs. Bixby, we'll soon have you well enough to go back to cooking, cleaning and washing."



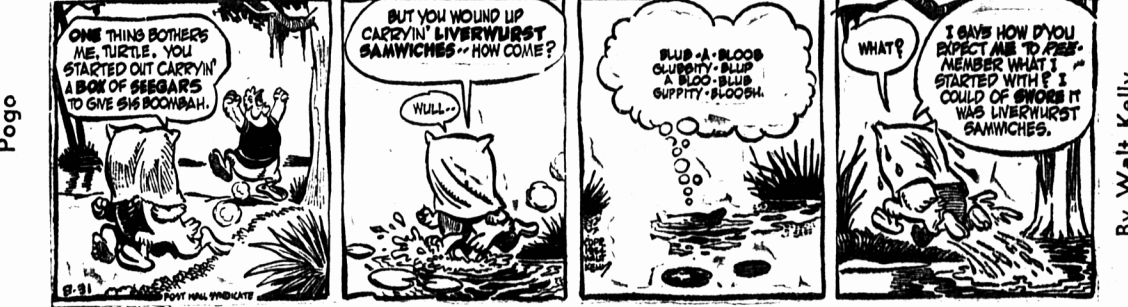
Buz Sawyer



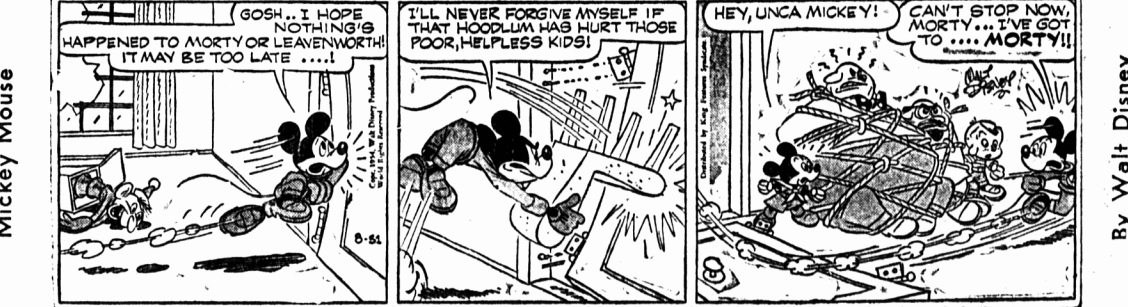
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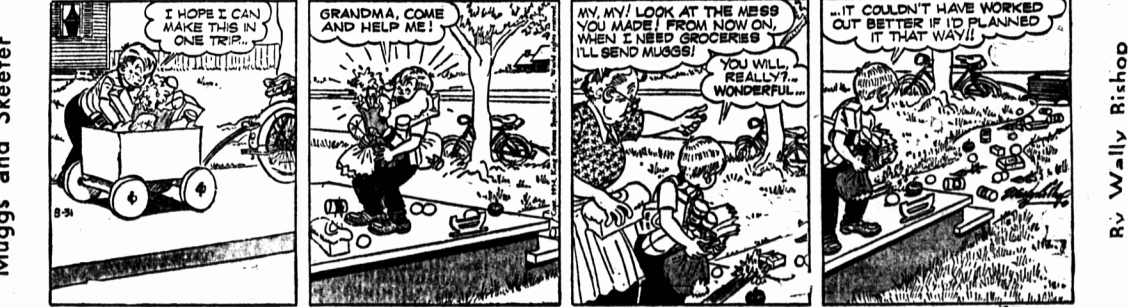
Henry



Pogo



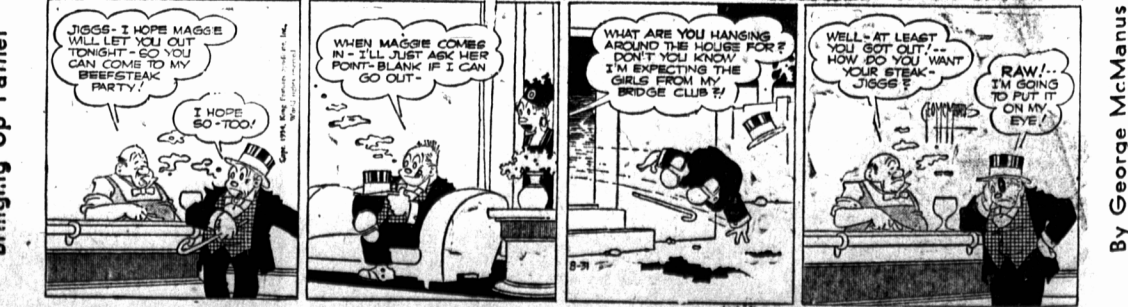
Mickey Mouse



Muggs and Skeeter



Tilly The Toiler



Mel Graff



Ham Fisher



Bringing Up Father

Feeling weary?

Wrigley's SPEARMINT CHEWING GUM

Chewing's cheery

The lively flavour refreshes you and the pleasant chewing gives you a happy little lift. Refreshing delicious Wrigley's Spearmint Gum is good to chew—and good for you. Enjoy it every day!

Secret Agent XY

JUMPY, A DISTURBING THOUGHT JUST HIT ME! COULD THIS FISH BE A CROSS BETWEEN A PIKE AND A BARRACUDA?

MR. ISUANA, I HOPE THAT YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN OVER ANY SERVICE JUST AS A LARK! MOODY JUDY SPENT THREE YEARS BUILDING ITS PERSONNEL!

HAVE NO FEAR! I WILL GIVE MY UNDIVIDED ATTENTION!

YOU HAVE HAD SCRAPS WITH THE LAW? YOU SHOULD MAKE AN IDEAL EXECUTIVE FOR US!

IN ABBASSTAN I WILL SEE YOU IN DE CITY IN A FEW DAYS!

Joe Palooka

GOTTA HATCH UP ON M'WORK.

OWCH... W-WE COULD C-CLEAN UP A F-FORCHUN?

I'M MORE INTERESTED IN DOIN' M'REAL JOB THAN MAKIN' A FORCHUN.

P-PURLEEZE L-LISTEN T'REASON!

AT KARACHI, HUMPHREY POLITELY ASKS TO BE EXCUSED FROM ATTENDING A CELEBRATION IN HIS HONOR... AND THE PAKISTANI PROVIDE A SPECIAL PLANE FOR HIS RETURN TO THE U.S.A.

G'BYE... THANK'YA M'YURY MUCH.

YA JOIK?

The Lone Renner

MEN FROM TOWN NOT IN SIGHT.

NO, BUT YOU MAY BE SURE THEY'LL COME AFTER US.

WHY LAWYERS NEAR A WINDOW OF THE CLOCK-MAKERS SHOP AND THOUGHT I LOOKED SUSPICIOUS.

THEY SAW ME NEAR A WINDOW OF THE CLOCK-MAKERS SHOP AND THOUGHT I LOOKED SUSPICIOUS.

I WANTED TO TELL THEM THERE WAS AN INFERNAL MACHINE IN THE SHOP— BUT THEY WOULDN'T LISTEN!

THEN TICKET-JONES MAKES TIME BOMBS?

YES!

L'il Abner

HE SWANG THE BRAT AROUND— AN T-TOOK TH BULLETS HIS-SELF!

—NAH LUCKY HOSS— SHOE, TIED ROUND NAH NECK— STOPPED NAH BULLETT?!

By Roy Crane

By Paul Robinson

By Carl Anderson

By Walt Kelly

By Walt Disney

By Wally Rishoop

By Bob Gustafson

By George McManus

By Al Capp