

# The Tiny Folk

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

"Well, I guess I'd better be getting back home now," said Brenda setting up from her chair. She had been visiting at her uncle's for the afternoon, but now it was time to go.

"Just a minute before you leave," said her aunt. "I have something for you. It can be your very own."

"What is it? A plant? A book? A new game?" questioned Brenda. "No, nothing like that. This is alive. Come out this way."

Brenda followed her in great wonderment as she led the way over to the pump house. There she picked up an empty cardboard carton and walked towards the hen house. She reached down and picked up a big brownish red hen and put it in the box. Brenda's face was a puzzle. She did not know what to make of it.

"Here, take it, the hen is yours if you want it," said her Aunt. "It is really mine? May I keep it for always?" Brenda asked eagerly.

"Of course. Now be off with you, and mind it doesn't fly out of the box on your way up the road," said her aunt briskly.

There was no holding Brenda now. "Thank you, thank you," she said. "Just wait until Anna and Lynne get back from their holidays and see my new pet. I'll bet they'll be surprised."

Brenda walked proudly off up the road, carrying the box carefully, though the cover was tied shut.

Inside the hen settled down except when Brenda tipped the box every now and then, as she shifted it about to keep her arms comfortable. Then the hen would complain. "Kut a kut, kut" in a scolding voice, for she really thought she'd be much better off walking on her own two feet than being carried!

"Mommy, I have a surprise. Auntie gave me something for my very own. Just guess what's in this box!" she broke off for want of breath.

"Is it something to wear?" asked her mother.

"No, it's alive. It's a hen! A real live one! I can keep it for always. Maybe she'll lay eggs for me," replied Brenda getting more excited by the minute.

"My sakes! A live hen. What ever will you do with it?" gasped her mother.

"I'll keep it out in the barn with Whitesocks and Tiger," Brenda answered.

"Look, Daddy, at the hen Auntie gave me," called Brenda as she carried the box into the next room.

When she opened the cover a bit so her father could see it, the hen poked her head out so Brenda hastily closed it shut again.

"Well, isn't that nice!" replied her father with a twinkle in his eye. "That hen looks nice and fat. I'm sure it will make a great dinner. Will you cook it tomorrow, Mother?"

Brenda looked up in dismay. "You can't eat my hen. It's mine, she said tearfully then she looked at her daddy again. "You're only joking. For a minute I thought you really meant it."

"Better take it out to the barn now," warned her mother. "The hen doesn't like being shut up. Let her go out in the back and she'll be all right."

Brenda carried the box out again. When she opened it, the hen hopped out, scolding. "Kut a kut kut, kut, kut, kut, kut! Such a way to treat a person. My feathers are all matted up!" She walked away, stepping very angrily around as she fluffed up her feathers to smooth them out.

Brenda laughed and laughed. "You'll need a name too, but we'll have to think about that for a while. You can sleep in the barn with Whitesocks. I'm sure she'll be glad of your company."

As the hen stepped away very busy exploring her new home. Whitesocks came out of the barn. The cat stopped stock still and stared. She did not seem one bit pleased with the newcomer, and I wonder how they'll get along together!

PHONE 7666

**FEELING WEARY?**

**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!

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thorton W. Burgess

Unintended Mischief

Who stirs with care what he may hear. In time will find the facts are clear.

—Old Mother Nature.

Buster, the wandering young chuk who was out in the Great World looking for a new home, had spent the night in an old stone wall. He had found a very comfortable place down among the stones. He had felt quite safe there. Now it was broad daylight, and he was hungry. He wanted his breakfast, and he certainly wouldn't find any breakfast on that old wall.

He climbed down in the grass. He could eat grass if he couldn't find anything better, but he wanted some sweet clover. He ate a little of the most tender grass, then he began running about this way and that way looking for sweet clover. He had wandered quite a distance from the safe old stone wall when he came to a garden. He didn't know it was a garden. It was just a place full of growing plants such as he had never seen before. Some of them were very small; some of

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# Page 10 The Guardian Saturday, August 7, 1954

He took a sun-bath. He even took a nap. He was awakened by voices. They were angry voices. They were the voices of a farmer and his son who owned the garden. They had just discovered what had happened to that row of beans. The boy was looking at the ground. "It was a woodchuck," said he. "Here are his footprints. I'll look around and see if I can find his hole."

The young chuk didn't like the sound of those voices. He slid off the big flat stone down in the hole between the stones to the snug little room in which he had slept the night before. Somehow, he felt very safe there.

The boy looked carefully all around the garden and for some distance outside it. Nowhere did he find a woodchuck hole. He looked over at the old stone wall. That chuk could be in that old wall, but there was no way of finding him there. Perhaps he had gone away. He hoped so.

Melbourne, the capital of Victoria, state in Australia, was founded in 1835.

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Solution to Last Saturday's Crossword

1. Wandering workman  
2. Unit of weight  
3. Goddess of love  
4. Put, as the rice  
5. Metallic rocks  
6. Music note  
7. Lean-to  
8. Radium (sym.)  
9. Shine  
10. Flightless bird (extinct)  
11. Beautiful young man  
12. Foker stake  
13. Scottish plaids  
14. Dross of metal  
15. Drooping (Bot.)  
16. Boths  
17. Caution  
18. French protector ate (N. Africa)  
19. Tantalum (sym.)  
20. Speck  
21. Greek letter  
22. Plagues  
23. Caution  
24. Artless  
25. French landscape painter  
26. Hastened  
27. Was obligated  
28. A harbin  
29. Single  
30. Loop-like structure (anat. pos.)  
31. Who is opposed  
32. Old French measure  
33. The devil  
34. Climbing plants  
35. Mighty hunter  
36. Twit  
37. Played with idly  
38. Change position  
39. Pinch  
40. Striking success (slang)  
41. Part of "to be"  
42. Cobalt (sym.)

Yesterday's Answer:  
33. Change  
36. Pinch  
37. Striking success (slang)  
38. Part of "to be"  
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# Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

WELL, YOUR AUNT LIBBY DIDN'T THINK SO--NO HOT RUNNING WATER TO WASH DISHES--NO CUPBOARDS TO PUT 'EM IN--

THAT MUST HAVE BEEN FUN--BITTIN' BY THE OLE CAMP FIRE ON THE JUNGLE ISLAND--

NOPE--SHE WAS DOWNRIGHT--MIS' RALES--

I WON'T SLEEP A WINK TONIGHT!! I FEEL WEIRD SURROUNDED BY THOUSANDS OF ENEMIES-- ALL GLARIN' AT US-- JUST IMAGINATION!!

HORACE, YOUR HAIR IS A SIGHT-- WHY DON'T YOU GET IT CUT?

OKAY-- PICK ME UP AT THE BARBERSHOP WHEN YOU'VE FINISHED SHOPPING--

WAIT--LET ME SEE WHICH NECKTIE YOU HAVE ON--

WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH ME PICKING ME UP?

WITH A HAIRCUT I FEEL I CAN RECOGNIZE YOU!

Henry

Henry

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# Dotty Dripple

Horace, your hair is a sight-- why don't you get it cut?

OKay-- pick me up at the barbershop when you've finished shopping--

Wait--let me see which necktie you have on--

What's that got to do with me picking me up?

With a haircut I feel I can recognize you!

Dotty Dripple

Dotty Dripple

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