

The Tiny Folk

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

It had been an exciting day for Laurie, yet he had got very tired too. He and his mother had been in to the Music Festival to hear the children sing. At first Laurie had enjoyed it for the singing, but he wished they would sing something different. They all seemed to be singing the same thing. Mr. and Mrs. Blair had taken them in, and sat beside them. At last Laurie saw Mr. Blair pick up his coat.

"Come on, Mommy," he said, tugging at her hand. "Mr. Blair is getting ready to go."

"No, I'm not going home," Mr. Blair replied. "But I have to go out to a hardware store for a little while. I'll be right back, and wonder if Laurie would like to come with me?"

"Please, Mommy, I want to go to the store," coaxed Laurie.

"All right, then," his mother said. "But do exactly what Mr. Blair tells you. Here is some money to buy something for yourself."

Laurie walked off, smiling broadly, yet holding tightly to Mr. Blair's hand. He did not want to get lost in the crowd. Mrs. Page and Mrs. Blair settled back to chores.

In the hardware store Laurie's eyes were very busy. He saw hammers that he should like to have here. There were bright handles for cupboard doors, big locks and little locks, paint brushes and cans of paint. Yet there wasn't anything for little boys. He walked along the counter, and there at the end he saw garden rakes and spades, just what his Mommy needed for her garden. Mr. Blair was buying one for himself.

But what were these? Here were little garden tools, a little red rake, a small shovel with a blue handle, and a bright little hoe with a gay yellow handle. Now that was just what he wanted for his garden!

He went shyly over to Mr. Blair and pulled at his sleeve. "I'd like those little garden tools," he said in a low voice. "Would I have enough money to buy them?"

"How much money have you?" Mr. Blair asked with a wide grin.

"My Mommy gave me two quarters. Is that much money?" Will it be enough for that little hoe?" he asked with a worried look on his face.

"The three pieces go together as a set," said the man behind the counter. "They cost 39c, so I know you have enough money and a little left over."

A happy smile spread over Laurie's face as he opened his hot little hand to drop his precious money into the clerk's hand. He watched eagerly as the man tied up his parcel. Then the clerk gave him back his change. "Here, let me put it deep into your coat pocket," he said. "You may lose it if you hold it in your hand with your parcel."

"Now we had better go back to the car, for your mother might be waiting for us," said Mr. Blair. Down the street they went, Laurie trotting proudly beside Mr. Blair, whose long legs took fast steps so that Laurie had to run every now and then to catch up.

"Mommy, look! look!" he called as he raced to his mother standing beside the car. "See what I've bought. I'll be able to do my little garden all by myself. You won't need to do anything this spring. I'll be able to rake all your garden for you."

"Isn't that wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. Page. "I just know those new tools will make the best job in the world. Now get in the car, and we'll go home."

Laurie got in, still holding tightly to his parcel. These were going to be the most wonderful garden tools in the world, so of course, he'd have the most wonderful garden in the world too.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

THE SECOND MISTAKE

Though one mistake be pardoned you, There's no excuse for making two.

—Old Mother Nature. In a certain steep sand-bank on one shore of the Big River a colony of swallows were living. They had dug their homes in the face of the bank so that it was much like a great apartment building in the city. Because of their love for homes of this kind these swallows are called bank swallows.

Among them was a pair who were making their first home. Like all the other folks starting their first homes they were bound to make mistakes. They had made one bad mistake in starting the home too near the top of the bank.

Banker, one of the older members of the colony, had advised them not to dig their home there, but to dig it lower down. They hadn't heeded his advice, and now they were mournfully wishing they had. A blacksnake had slipped over the edge of the bank and into their home and had taken their eggs. Of course if they remained there the same thing might happen all over again.

"What are we to do?" whimpered one.

"Dig a new home. We've got time enough for that, and this time we'll dig it where nobody can get into it from up above," declared the other.

So, once more they chose a place a little apart from the other homes, and went to work.

Banker, who had advised them not to dig that first nest so near the top, saw them starting to dig again and flew down with some advice. "My dears," said he, "I would build a little higher up if I were you."

"We don't want our nest higher up," replied one of the young swallows. "We want to be sure that no enemy can crawl over the edge of the bank and get into our home again."

"Of course," replied Banker. "I told you that you were too near the top of the bank. What happened to you is likely to happen anytime when the entrance to a home is within reach from the top of the bank. The same thing can happen when a home is too near the foot of the bank. If you will take the advice of one who has learned from experience, you will make your second home a little higher up than you are starting now."

With this Banker flew back to

join Mrs. Banker in their own home. "I've given those youngsters some good advice, but I doubt if they'll heed it," said Banker to Mrs. Banker. "Why is it that young folks so often think that they know best?"

"We were young ourselves once," said Mrs. Banker slyly.

Meanwhile the two young swallows were talking things over. The new home was already started. True, they had not dug in very far, but they were in a hurry to get a new nest. Otherwise they would be late in raising a family. So they finally decided to keep right on. They liked to think that Banker was a meddler. You know folks who offer advice are quite likely to be thought meddlers. So once more the two young swallows made a mistake, as they were shortly to find out.

Extension For Nfld. Airport This Year

ST. JOHN'S Nfld. (CP) — An 1,800-foot extension will be built on the military runway at nearby Torbay airport this year.

Wing Cmdr. W. P. Pleasance, commanding officer, said today that in addition to the extension on the 5,172-foot runway, a new lighting system will be installed, giving more fog penetration.



EXPORT
CANADA'S FINEST CIGARETTE

DAILY CROSSWORD

- ACROSS**
1. Esker
 5. Europe
 9. Serious
 10. Occurrence
 12. Coin
 13. A black eye (slang)
 14. Sacred
 17. Sloth
 18. Ahead
 19. Spoken
 20. Piece out
 21. Defamed
 23. Chum
 24. Youth
 25. Aware
 29. Regret
 30. City in Romania
 31. Therefore
 33. At home
 34. Remonstrates
 36. Film
 38. Dancer's
 39. Ends of hammer heads
 40. Military cap
 42. Perches
 43. Ireland
- DOWN**
1. Mohammedan bible
 2. Son of Adam
 3. Person's pronoun
 4. Eshman (sym.)
 5. Saw
 6. Greedy
 7. Longing
 8. Slunk
 9. In London
 11. Attempted
 13. Web-footed bird
 15. Lounges
 16. Openings
 20. Epochs
 21. Rational
 22. Avoid
 23. Swoops down and seizes
 25. Brittle
 26. Pet
 27. Metal
 28. A cereal grass (usually pl.)
 31. Boundary marker
 32. Capital
 34. Shut in
 35. Asterisk
 37. Biblical name
 40. Southeast (abbr.)
 41. Exclamation (slang)

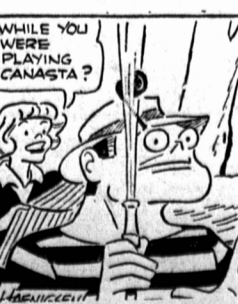
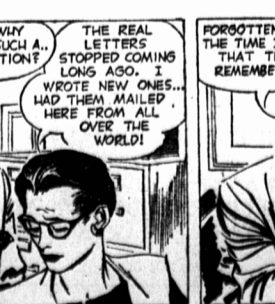
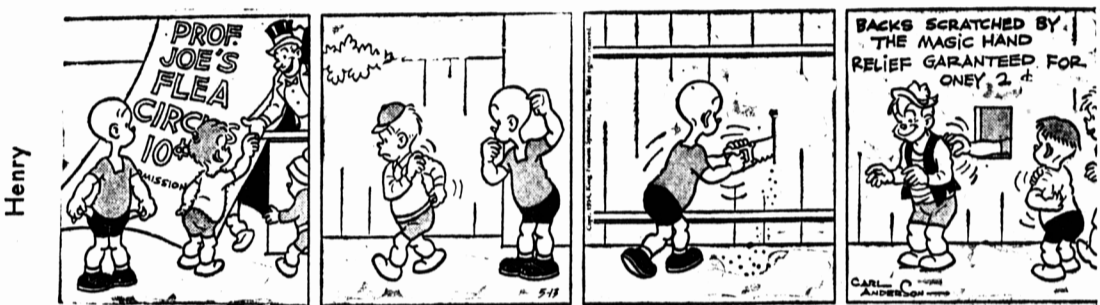
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DAILY CRYPTOQUOTE—Here's how to work it:
A X Y D L B A A X R
= L O N G F E L L O W

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, apostrophes, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation
P G L L C G W T L V H S D C W E G V S K V.
Z R L: V C V H W S L I Z L T V L S C T V H G W L R V.

Yesterday's Cryptoquote: FAR FROM GAY CITIES, AND THE WAYS OF MEN—POPE.



Tilly The Toiler

Napoleon and Uncle Elby

Pogo

Henry

Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

Dolly Dipple

Bringing Up Father

Penny

Li'l Abner

The Lone Ranger

Rip Kirby

Joe Palooka

By Bob Gustafson

By Clifford McBride

By Walt Kelly

By Carl Anderson

By Edwina

By Buford

By George McManus

By Harry Hoening

By Al Capp