

### The Tiny Folk

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

Shining little raindrops pattered down on the thirsty grass and flowers. Dusty brown sparrows hopped about, eager to feel the soft drops on their backs, for there had been no puddles lately for them to bathe in. The flowers lifted their faces to be washed. It seemed as if everything was happy about the rain.

"Oh dear, this old rain spoiled our plans," sighed Brenda. "We can't play in the house."  
"We could play with my train and my trucks," suggested Laurie. He was doing his best to entertain Brenda, who was spending a few days with him. Since she was quite a bit older than he, and a girl, they did not like playing at the same things.

"I don't like playing with old trucks. You take them, and I'll read a book," Brenda replied.  
"No, I want to play with you," Laurie insisted. "I know. I got a game that we can play. I have two sticks for playing golf. Just wait until I get them."

Laurie raced up to his room to get his set of small croquet sticks. He brought down a blue one and a yellow one. "I'll take the green one, too, in case the head comes off one of the others," he decided. As he came through the kitchen he saw Linda's red, white, and blue rubber ball on the floor. "We can use this instead of the little wooden ones, can't we, Mommy?" he asked.

"Very well," replied his mother, "but be very sure that you hit the ball easy enough so that it rolls along the floor. Indoors is no place for a ball game, but since it is raining, you may play if you are careful."  
"This is my golf ball, Brenda. Come and play golf with me, I often watched Uncle Bill play out at Green Gables. I know what to do. I'll hit this ball and roll it to you. Then you send it back to me," said Laurie.

Mrs. Page stood watching as Laurie and Brenda began to play. They rolled the ball gently and had lots of fun.  
Laurie didn't manage to stop it every time, and neither did Brenda, but that only added more fun to the game.

Baby Linda had been toddling happily about the dining room, chasing Frisky banging a spoon, or wrapping herself up in an old scarf of mother's. But when she heard the other two laughing, she decided she was missing something and went to find out.  
She stood in the doorway, watching closely for a few minutes. She joined in their shouts of laughter. She clapped her hands when Laurie hit the ball. "I'll have fun too," she thought. She went over and picked up the extra stick that Laurie had brought down. These little sticks, called mallets, are about as big around as a pencil, as

### BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

#### THE LOST APPETITE

Who sees, and seeks to understand. Will useful knowledge soon command.  
—Old Mother Nature.  
Buster, one of Johnny Chuck's children, the one once called Runty because he was so small, was now the biggest of the family. He was so big that his brother and sisters no longer picked on him as they used to do when he was smallest. None of the others had grown as fast as he had, and that was because he had found the very kind of food to make one grow. It was food that most woodchucks never taste. It was bread. Yes, sir, it was bread. Aunty Sally had put out bread every morning at her back door, and Buster had discovered it.

Being so big he was feeling very independent. He had a home of his own. Not far from where one of his sisters was living. He could see her doorstep from his own. It was early morning now. He liked to get up early in the morning. He was sitting on his doorstep when the young chick came. "You're just in time to see me eat my breakfast," he said. "I'm just in time to see you eat yours," said the chick. "I'm just in time to see you eat yours," said the chick. "I'm just in time to see you eat yours," said the chick.

long as a step that you take, and have a little wooden hammer on one end. So you see they weren't a bit heavy, and Linda could easily handle one.  
She took her mallet and sat down on the floor half way between the other two children. "Ball, ball," she laughed, banging her stick on the floor.  
"Mommy, make Linda go away. She's spoiling our game," Laurie complained.  
"Just let her play a minute, dear," coaxed his mother. "She has nobody to play with, and after all, she's using her ball. Roll the ball slowly past her and see what she'll do."  
Brenda tapped the ball and it rolled slowly toward Linda. She hit it with her mallet, and, strangely enough, struck it so that it spun over under the table. She shrieked with laughter and crawled after it, saying, "Ball, ball." She threw it towards Laurie. He was enjoying the fun too, so rolled it back to her. He and Brenda did this three or four times, and Linda cried and chattered. "There's the sun, I see the sun! The shower is over, I see the sun! Can we go out now?"  
"Yes, I suppose so," agreed Mrs. Page. "You can continue your ball game out on the lawn."  
As they hurried out, Brenda turned to Mrs. Page. "It was fun to play with Linda. We enjoyed it because she was happy too."  
"That is usually the way," smiled Laurie's mother. "When you give some one else pleasure, you make yourself happy too."

It was the first time the young chick had ever seen Reddy Fox. It seemed to him that he never had seen such a fine coat. Reddy stood looking over at the home of the young chick's sister. She was sitting on her doorstep, just as Buster was sitting up on his. Suddenly Reddy Fox disappeared. It was just as if the earth had opened up and swallowed him. Buster blinked. How in the world could that fellow have disappeared so suddenly? Buster felt disappointed. He wanted to get acquainted with this handsome fellow with the red coat.  
He had half a mind to go call on his sister and find out if she had seen this handsome stranger with the lovely red coat. He looked over at her doorstep. She wasn't on it. Then he saw her moving along a private little path toward a certain clover patch. She was on her way to get her breakfast. That reminded him of his own hunger. Should he go over and join her? They could breakfast together, and he could find out if she knew anything about this handsome stranger.  
He was just about to start when Reddy Fox appeared again. He was creeping very slowly and carefully down that private little path behind Buster's sister. Buster suddenly was suspicious. Should he whistle a warning? Before he could make up his mind, there was a sudden rush, and Reddy Fox had caught the unsuspecting young chick. It was then that Buster

lost his appetite. His sister was being carried away by the handsome stranger. Buster knew that he would never see her again. He didn't want any breakfast. He had a dreadful all-gone feeling.  
He still didn't know who this stranger was, but he did know, and would never forget, that the owner of that lovely red coat was an enemy to watch for. From now on, he would always be watching for a glimpse of that red coat.

#### PLANE EXPLODES, 5 DIE

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PORT ALBERT, B. C. (CP)—Fire destroyed a \$500,000 cannery at Opecepes on the west coast of Vancouver Island Thursday. Word of the blaze was not received here from the remote village until late Friday.

### DAILY CROSSWORD

- |        |                         |          |         |             |                      |                   |                  |                      |                  |                          |                    |             |                      |                  |                 |                            |                      |                       |                           |                              |                        |                       |                |                     |               |            |                     |
|--------|-------------------------|----------|---------|-------------|----------------------|-------------------|------------------|----------------------|------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|-------------|----------------------|------------------|-----------------|----------------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|---------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------|-----------------------|----------------|---------------------|---------------|------------|---------------------|
| ACROSS | 1. Coarsely matted wool | 5. Fuel  | 9. High | 10. Breezy  | 11. A ragout of game | 12. Cubic meter   | 14. Escort       | 16. "Tiny" bird      | 17. Greek letter | 18. Vivid representation | 19. Boys' nickname | 21. Spheres | 24. Sate             | 25. Eagle's nest | 27. Domineering | 30. Poker stars            | 32. Gourd-like fruit | 33. A system of links | 36. All correct (colloq.) | 37. Portion of a curved line | 38. Abundant (colloq.) | 41. Mohammedan leader | 44. Classifies | 45. A spree (slang) | 46. Sea eagle | 47. Border | 48. Plant with DOWN |
|        | 2. Cease                | 6. River | 7. Sham | 8. Damascus | 13. Ostrich-like     | 15. Female parent | 19. Ostrich-like | 20. Fold in a thread | 22. Diverged     | 23. Submerge             | 26. Greek letter   | 28. Trifled | 29. Frames for bells | 31. Ovum (slang) | 34. Angry       | 35. Relieves hanging point | 39. Learner          | 40. River             | 42. Loose                 | 43. Anger                    |                        |                       |                |                     |               |            |                     |

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41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48

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

AXYDLBAAXR  
LONGFELLOW

One letter simply stands for another. In this example, X stands for the three L's, A for the two O's, etc. Single letters, acronyms, the length and formation of the words are all hints. Each day the code letters are different.

A Cryptogram Quotation  
P M C K G Z H V P D H Y Q G V M N  
G Z H V P Y X G G F H F H G L X - P D M J E G M Y.

Yesterday's Cryptogram: THICK CALE, FAT FOOT, AND SLIM KNEE, MOUNTED ON ROOF AND CHIMNEY—SMITH.

Brightens your day while it brightens your teeth.

The delicious flavour of Wrigley's Spearmint Gum brightens your day—gives you a little lift... while the pleasant chewing brightens your teeth. Keep a package handy in your purse or pocket.



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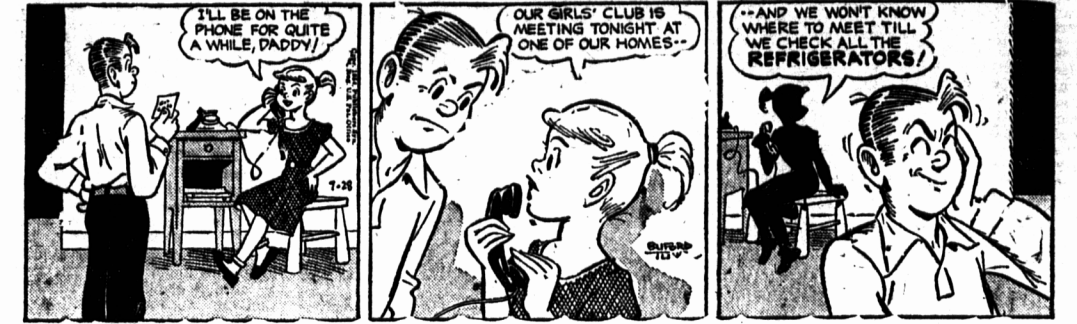
WORLD'S LARGEST  
DAILY CROSSWORD  
ANSWERS

ACROSS  
1. Coarsely matted wool  
5. Fuel  
9. High  
10. Breezy  
11. A ragout of game  
12. Cubic meter  
14. Escort  
16. "Tiny" bird  
17. Greek letter  
18. Vivid representation  
19. Boys' nickname  
21. Spheres  
24. Sate  
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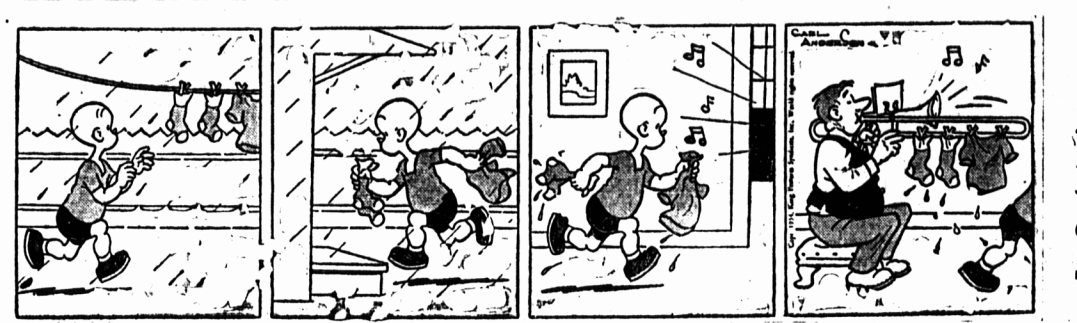
DOWN  
1. Elevation attained  
2. Cease  
3. Dancing girl (Egypt)  
4. Giltter



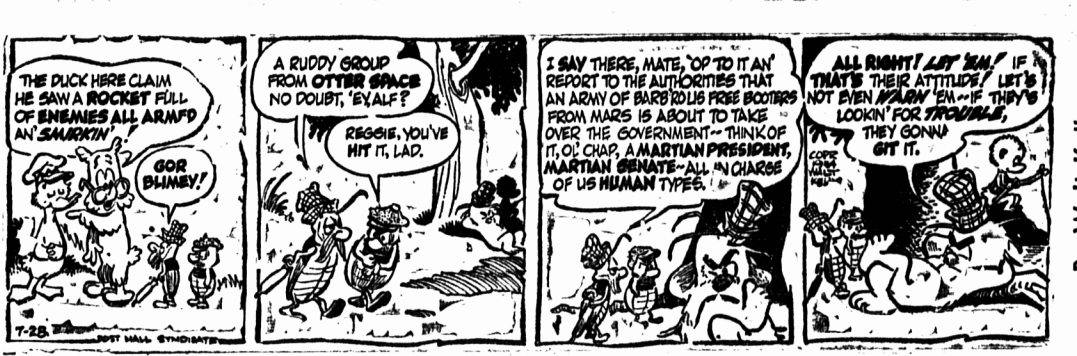
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs



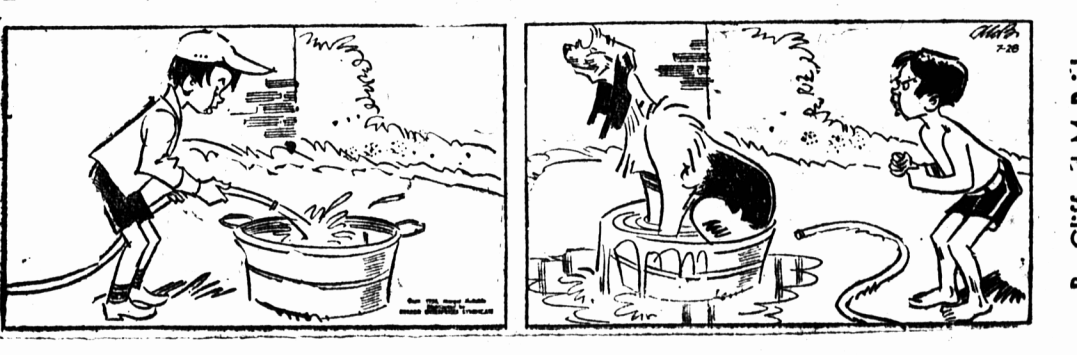
Dotty Dripple



Henry



Pogo



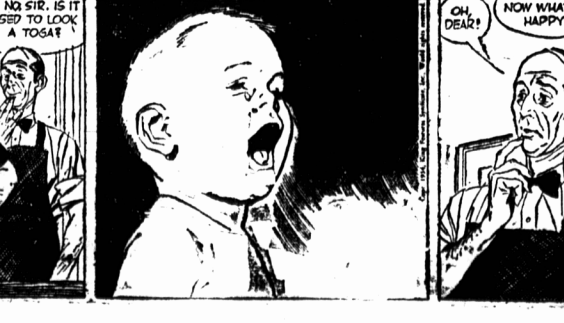
Napoleon and Uncle Elby



Penny



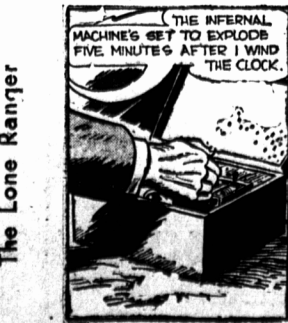
Rip Kirby



By Alex Raymond Tilly The Toiler



By Fran Striker Bringing Up Father



The Lone Ranger



By George McManus



By Bob Gustafson



Joe Palooka



By Al Capp



By Ham Fisher Lil Abner



By Harry Hoeningson



By Clifford McBride



By Edwina

By Edwina  
By Buford Tunc  
By Carl Andersen  
By Walt Kelly  
By Clifford McBride  
By Harry Hoeningson  
By Bob Gustafson  
By George McManus  
By Al Capp