

# The Tiny Folk

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

Now that Perky seemed to be staying on Playtime Lane for good, Frisky decided he might as well play with him and be friends. The little black pup was a bit of a nuisance at times, for it did not know how to play dog games like Frisky's friend, Tammie, but it was always with the children so Frisky had to make the best of it. It's true, he was a teeny bit jealous of the pup, for he was used to getting all the attention and all the petting from the children, but he would get over that after a while.

Susan, David and Laurie were very busy in the orchard. They were making a play house out of some wooden boxes. The place was crowded enough with three busy children, but when you add two inquisitive pups, trouble is bound to come, and it did. Frisky had been in under one box to catch forty winks when plump David dropped a stone down on top of him. The stone was fairly big, so of course it hurt. Perky yelped with pain and ran out, holding up his little front paw. David and Susan started to cry. "His leg is broken. His leg is broken," Laurie raced to the house for his mother.

Mrs. Page hurried out to pick up the pup. With the three children and Frisky at her heels, she went back into the kitchen to sit in the rocker. The children gathered close as she patted the pup and comforted him. Then she gently examined the little black furry leg and paw. "No, I can't find that it's broken, but I know it is badly bruised," she said in answer to their anxious eyes. "It hurts just the way your own would hurt if you had dropped that stone on your own toes. Perky is still only a baby, so you must expect him and then, he'd glance sideways as if to say, 'You fellows are making too much fuss over that baby pup. I've got something better. I've got a baby lamb to look after. See! I lick it and care for it.'"

"Why is Frisky doing that?" Susan asked in surprise. "I think he's jealous because you aren't making a fuss over him. You go over and pat him, Laurie, and see what he does." Laurie walked over and put his arms around Frisky's neck. He hugged him tight, and said, "You're my dog, I like you. Don't feel so unhappy."

Frisky thumped his tail, gave Laurie's face a very wet kiss, then walked over to place his head on Mrs. Page's knee. She smiled as she bent to stroke it, and rub his ears. "That's all right, Frisky. We love you just the same. You're still the best dog in the world."

# BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

## FALCO MISSES

The loss of one, another's gain; The gain of one, another's pain. —Old Mother Nature.

Tousehead, the young kingfisher, had been out in the Great World long enough now to be quite independent. At the time he had started out in the Great World leaving the snug home in a high bank of the Big River, he had had seven brothers and sisters. One of these he had seen caught by Falco the Duck Hawk. The others had scattered up and down the Big River. Now he was alone most of the time. His father and mother no longer brought him fish. What he ate he had to catch for himself, and he had already become a very good fisherman.

He didn't mind being alone. In fact, he liked it. Most fishermen like being alone. When they are alone they usually have better luck fishing.

Every day Tousehead constantly watched for the one enemy he had learned to fear most. This was Falco the Duck Hawk. The latter was not around often. Once or twice Tousehead had seen Falco in the distance, and had wisely hidden, keeping out of sight until he was the way was clear.

Now Falco knew all about Tousehead and his brothers and sisters. He has the wonderful far-seeing eyes of the hawk family. He could see Tousehead at a greater distance than Tousehead could see him. But he wasn't much interested in trying to catch the young kingfisher. There were other feathered folk he would much rather catch. A pigeon made a much better dinner than a kingfisher. Falco was very fond of pigeons. So he seldom tried to catch a kingfisher unless by chance one gave him an extra easy opportunity.

One day Tousehead started to fly across the Big River. First he looked carefully in all directions. The way seemed to be clear. He didn't see anything of Falco, and started out, flying low over the water. Falco had been sitting in a tree so far away that Tousehead's eyes had not discovered him. On the other hand, Falco had seen Tousehead even before he had started to fly across the river. The first thing Tousehead knew that fierce hunter of the air was almost on him. Tousehead did the only thing there was for him to do. He remembered the trick he had seen Falco play. Without an instant of hesitation, he plunged into the water. Falco was so close that his reaching feet with their dreadful claws actually touched the water as Tousehead went under. It was a close miss. But a miss is a miss, however close. And Falco was mov-

ing at such speed that he had broke out of water again, and swept far past when Tousehead started back for the shore he had left a few minutes before. He flew as he never had flown before. He flew straight for the hole in the bank, which was the entrance to his old home in which he had been born.

It was a long time before Tousehead dared to so much as put his head outside for a look around. He had been terribly frightened, but he knew he had done the right thing, the one and only thing that he could do to escape. And now he was filled with pride. He was proud of the way in which he had saved his own life. Also, he now had more self-confidence than ever before.

"I guess I can take care of myself," said Tousehead, talking to himself.

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## ANNUAL MEETING

P. E. I. MUSIC FESTIVAL ASSOCIATION  
PRINCE OF WALES COLLEGE  
JUNE 10 — 8 P.M.  
All Members Urged To Attend.

## ANNUAL MEETING

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
City Council Chambers  
City Hall, Charlottetown  
MONDAY, JUNE 7th, 1954  
at 8 P.M.  
(Results of Legends & Folklore Contest will be announced).  
All interested citizens cordially invited to attend.

## DANCING CLOVER CLUB

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**Tilly T's Toiler** By Bob Gustafson

FOR YOUR FIRST TENNIS LESSON I'LL LOB THE BALL OVER THE NET TO YOU— THEN YOU HIT IT BACK TO ME— GOT THAT? YUP!

EASY— OAFLEY!! HALP!!

NOW LOOK WHAT YOU DID! GAWSH! WE'D BETTER MEND IT QUICK BEFORE ALL THE FLEES COME IN!

**Pogo** By Walt Kelly

SO OLD MOOSE GOT HIS VOICE BACK AN' STILL CAN'T RECALL HIS SECRET? IT'S ALL DUE TO GORR NOKK...

IT STARTED WHEN THEM THREE BRUNETT' NUBBL' ANTIQUITIES CALLED ME IN— NICE STAFF— WHERE WAS BEN? CONSULTED— "DOES SNAKIN' SQUACH CAUSE RUTTY STYMACH?" WE WAS ASKED—

FOLKS WITH RUTTY SQUACH WAS EXAMINED AN' HIS INCHES TOLD YOU'D AN' REC'D THAT IN ANNE OUT OF EVERY 200 CASES, THIRTEEN PEOPLE HAD BEEN SNAKIN' SPINACH IN—

—THE CONGRESS OF THEM VECY CHIN CALLS— MEELE, SEE, — "HEY?" WHO THENED OUT THE LIGHTS? AND WHO ARE THESE PEOPLE? GET YOUR HAND OUT OF MY POCKET, GEE, BEFORE I—

**Napoleon and Uncle Elby** By Clifford McBride

MR. TH' SOUND OF CHILDREN PLAYING SOFTBALL IN A VACANT LOT! HOW THAT TAKES ME BACK TO TH' DAYS OF MY CHILDHOOD!

BONK!

**Henry** By Carl Anderson

BOP!

CLEARANCE 4 INCHES

**Tippy and "Cap" Stubs** By Edwina

SEE! WHO'D WANNA BE IN A GILLY OLE FASHION SHOW?!

I'M GOIN' TO BE IN TH' STYLE SHOW!! I HOLLERED TILL MY MOTHER SAID I COULD! SHE TOLD MR. CHIRPLEBERRY IF I COULDN'T BE— SHE WOULD CANCEL ACCOUNT—

—AN' ALL HER INFLU-EN-SHULL FRIENDS WOULD CANCEL THEIRS, TOO!

HUBERT'S GOIN' TO BE IN IT, TOO— TO SHOW WHAT TH' WELL-DRESSED DOG WILL WEAR!

**Dolly Dipple** By Buford

I HEAR FOOTSTEPS! I WONDER—

IT'S A BOY, MR. DRIPPLE!

YEAH? GOLLY—

A BOY, HUH? JUST WHAT I WANTED!

IT HAD BETTER BE— WE CAN'T EXCHANGE IT FOR YOU!

**Bringing Up Father** By George McManus

WITHOUT LOOKIN' AROUND I KIN TELL ONE OF THEM GUY'S WHO PLAYS A PIANO AT HIS OWN REQUEST IS DYIN' TO GIV' THIS SEAT—

ANY THAT DAME WOULD SING IF SHE GOT SOMEONE TO PLAY FOR HER?

NO JOSE— THERE ARE LOTS OF OTHER SEATS HERE— EVERBODY KNOWS YOU CAN'T PLAY A NOTE ON THE PIANO!

RIGHT— AN' NOBODY ELSE KIN PLAY A NOTE ON IT WHILE I'M SITTIN' HERE?

**Penny** By Harry Hoeningen

YOU WERE WONDERFUL AT THE CANTEN, DEAR.

THANK YOU, MOTHER.

YOU SEEMED TO BRING THE YOUNG DRAFTIES OUT OF THEMSELVES.

NO, MOTHER—

YOU SEEMED TO HAVE NO TROUBLE DRAWING THEM INTO CONVERSATION.

I JUST ASKED EACH OF THEM WHAT HE THOUGHT OF HIS SERGEANT.

**L'il Abner** By Ham Fisher

AH DON'T CARE WHO THINKS AH IS A NOSY OLE COOT!— DAISY MAE'S IN DANGER!— AH GOTTA SAVE HER!—

DAISY MAE?— TH' CRITTER TOOK HER T' GATHER-FARMIN'— FOLK— MUD MUSHROOMS IN DUFFY'S CAVERN—

ONLY DOGSFEWER WHO EVER WENT— SHARPER— THAN WAS BUFFY— AN' HE'S STILL THAR, BLESS HIS— GAWD— DUSTY OLE BONES—

JUST A MINUTE, YOUNG LADY!

WHO— ME?

**The Lone Ranner**

TOM! THAT MAN'S ATTACKING HONEST JOHN!

I'LL HELP JOHN!

I'LL FIX HIM!

**Rip Kirby**

WHAT MAKES YOU THINK YOU'RE DREAMING, RIP?

PAGANI! IT'S SO UNREAL... YOU... YOU WERE DEAD!

WHAT DO YOU THINK NOW?

IF YOU'RE A GHOST, MY DEAR, THIS PROVES YOU CAN TAKE YOUR CHARM WITH YOU!

**Joe Palooka**

STANBUL, FABULOUS CITY OF ANTIQUITY COMBINED WITH THE WONDERS OF THE 20TH CENTURY.

I GET SO BARRN HARR! THESE MEN WERE SUPPOSED TO BE ON HAND WITH A CRANE TO UNLOAD THE PLANE.

SORRE SAIRE... THEY SAY CANNOT DO TEL TOMORROW.

I'LL SEE YOU LATER, HUMPHREY, DANG IT... I'VE GOT TO GET THIS HEAVY STUFF UNLOADED...

JEST A MINUTE, MR. PARSINS..

WULL... I SHORE OWE IM A FAVUR.