The Tiny Folk

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

Whitesocks, Lynne's grey mother cat with the four white "socks," rose carefully so as not to disturb her sleeping babies. She leaped lightly to the nearest bundle of pressed hay and looked lovingly down at them. The three wee kittens, just a day old, lay curled up on the soft hay in a warm nook in the barn. The black and white one lay by himself, while the two yellow, grey and white ones were cuddled close together with the head of one resting on the back of the other. Whitesocks looked at those two. They were exactly alike. She wondered how she would ever learn which was which.

Feeling that all was well with her children, the cat walked out of the barn and across to the house. Lynne was there, and ran to pick her up. How Whitesocks loved to be cuddled! The three girls had always made such a fuss over her. She rubbed her head against Lynne's cheek and purred.

"Come in for some nice warm milk," said Lynne, going in the back door. "You must be hungry after being out all night."

Whitesocks hungrily licked her dish clean, then sat near the stove to wash her face. She jumped up on the couch by the window, and felt the warm sun on her back. Here was her usual sleeping place. Just then Lynne's mother went to the door to go to the garden, and Whitesocks slipped out too.

She knew just what she would do. The barn was no place to bring up a family. No sirree! She belonged in the house where she could get lots of loving and petting. Why should she stay in the dusty hay when the soft comfortable couch was there waiting for her?

Over she went to the barn, and listened to hear if her kittens were sleeping. Yes, they were very quiet. She walked lightly over and picked up one of the yellow, grey and white kittens. Carrying it carefully by the loose skin at the back of its neck, she made her way out of the barn and over to the house. The door stood ajar, so she pushed her way inside, and went happily to her old spot in the sun on the couch. She curled up, purring contentedly, while the kittens snuggled beside her.

Half an hour later, Lynne and her mother came in.

"Oh, Mommy look!" exclaimed Lynn. "Whitesocks has a baby kitten here on the couch!"

"What?" demanded her mother. "Whitesocks! What are you doing with that kitten in here? She has two more kittens in the barn. Lynne. You take this one out and put it with the others."

Lynne picked up the kitten. At once Whitesocks jumped up, meowing anxiously, and following close on her heels to see what she was going to do with the kitten.

"There you are, little pet," said Lynne, bending down to place it with the other two. "What pretty, dear little kittens! Whitesocks, you come here and keep them warm." The mother cat curled around them, and Lynne left.

Whitesocks had no intention of staying there. She waited until the afternoon. When she heard no sounds from the house, she picked up the same kitten and started off again. This time the back door was closed, but the front one stood ajar. In she went and looked around. In the box by the sewing machine would be a good home. She settled down, purring happily. The kitten meowed for a bit, because it did not like being dragged around but it quieted at last.

Late in the afternoon, when Brenda, Anne, and Lynne returned from school, they went at once to see the kittens.

"Mine is missing," wailed Lynne. Where did it go? What took it away?"

They raced to the house to ask their mother, but she wasn't in the kitchen. Instead, they caught sight of Whitesocks in the box.

"Naughty Whitesocks! You must not drag your baby around. You will hurt it," scolded Anna.

"Bad, bad cat!" added Brenda. "You come right out with your babies," and she picked her up.

"Poor baby," soothed Lynne cradling the kitten in her arms Out they went, and once more the cat family were all together.

"Now stay there this time, ordered Anna.

Whitesocks sat, looking silently up at them. She knew what they said, all right, but to herself she thought. "You just wait and see if I will."

By Thorton W. Burgess

SUCH A LOT TO LEARN

When learning only to forget,
You're wasting time you will regret.

—Bob White.

Peter Rabbit had given the Bob Whites a great fright. It was the first real fright the little Bob Whites had ever had. To Bob White and Mrs. Bob that kind of fright was an old story. The family had been sleeping on the ground as is the Bob White way. You know, the common name for Bob White is quail. They had been sleeping in a closely packed circle. Happy go lucky Peter Rabbit just happened along where they were sleeping. He didn't see them. He all but hopped right into the middle of that family circle. They all awakened just in time and all took to their wings. They didn't know it was Peter. They just knew that somebody had wakened them. Because they were all facing out, each flew in a different direction. The noise they made with their stout wings frightened Peter as much as they were frightened, and he took to his long heels.

It was when the family was gathered together again that Bob and Mrs. Bob explained what had happened.

"Now you see," said Bob White, "why we have taught you to sleep at night in a circle with everybody facing out. When you took to your wings there was nothing in the way of any of you. You didn't bump into each other. Right from the very start each of you had all the room needed. The farther you flew, the farther apart you were and the less danger there was of an enemy catching you. Sleeping or resting in a circle is an old Bob White trick, and a good one. It is something to remember always. Now that you have learned how it works never forget it."

"There is so much to learn," complained one small Bob White.

"The more you learn and the faster you learn it, the longer you are likely to live and the happier you will be," explained Bob White.

"I don't see how being afraid can make anyone happy," said another young Bob.

'Being afraid makes one eager to learn what to do in times of danger, and how to meet danger. Knowing what to do you are still afraid, but not unhappy. It is when you don't know whot to do that makes for unhappiness," explained Mrs. Bob. ,

"Are there many things to be afraid of?" another young Bob wanted to know.

"If there are any folks with more danger to learn about and watch out for than we Bob Whites have, I don't know who they are. The sooner you learn what these dangers are, and whom to watch out for, the better chance you will have of growing up. We Bob Whites spend most of our time on the ground. It is there that we have the greatest number of enemies. Sometimes it seems to me as if everybody is always looking for a Bob White dinner. But you must learn also to watch in the air. There are three kinds of folks you must never let get too near; and when you see them in the air overhead the best thing you can do is to keep out of sight. They are members of the Hawk family, and the Crow family by day, and the Owl family by night," explained mother.

"I don't see why we have to learn so much," complained the young Bob who had complained before.

"Just to stay alive," replied Bob White drily.

"I don't see how being afraid can make anyone happy," said another young Bob.

PEARLY JACKPOT

VICTORIA, (CP) —Bill Rogers didn't find a giant pearl when he got an oyster at a downtown cafe. He got a mouthful of 37 tiny pearls.

RHEUMATIC PAIN
GET RELIEF WITH
ASPIRIN
TRADE MARK REG. IN CANADA

NO MORE FILMS TO BUY
WHEN YOU SEND YOUR FILMS TO
MAIL FILM SERVICE
P. O. BOX 11
CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I.
A NEW ROLL OF FILM FREE
WITH EVERY FILM SENT TO US TO BE DEVELOPED and PRINTED (Any Size) ALL PRINTS MADE
SUPER SIZE
(Double The Size)
IN SMART POCKET ALBUM

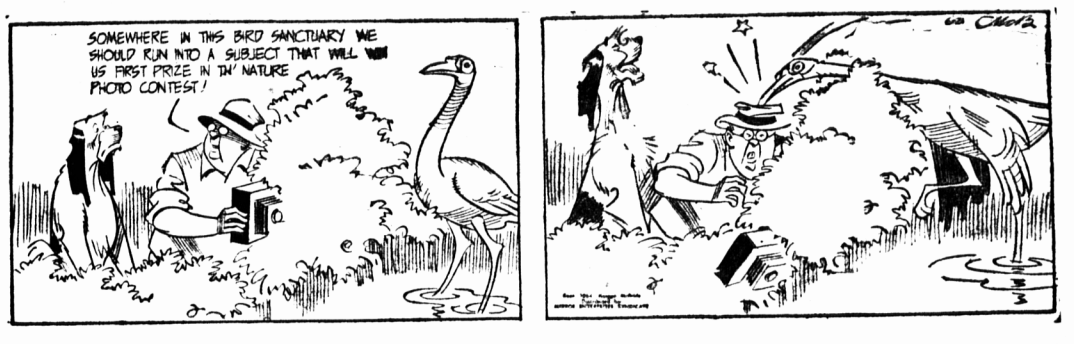
Films Developed—8 Prints	.60
12 Exposure Roll—12 Prints	.80
16 Exposure Roll—16 Prints	$1.00
Extra Prints—(Super Size)—each	.05

SEND MONEY WITH ORDER
NO FREE FILM WITH C.O.D. ORDERS
Responsibility Not Accepted Over Original Cost of Film

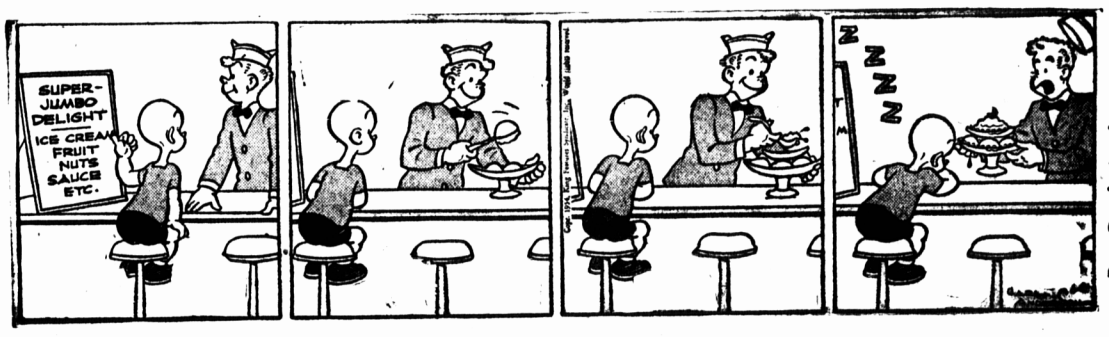
Tilly The Toiler — By Bob Gustafson

Pogo — By Walt Kelly

Napoleon and Uncle Elby — By Clifford McBride

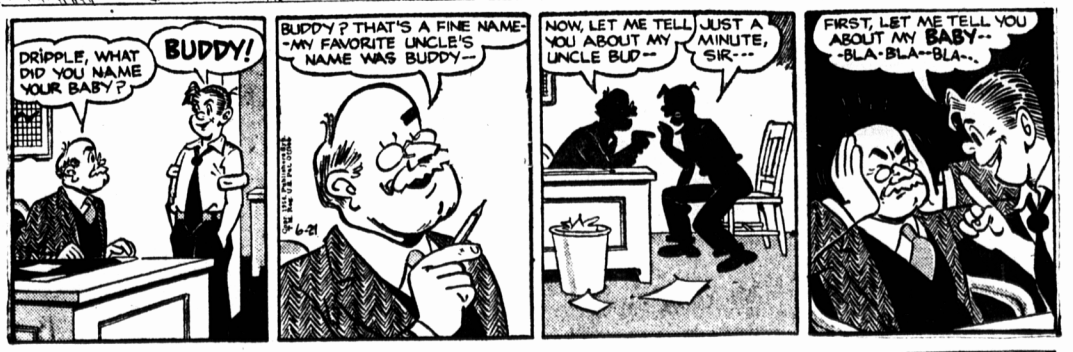


Henry — By Carl Anderson



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs — By Edwina

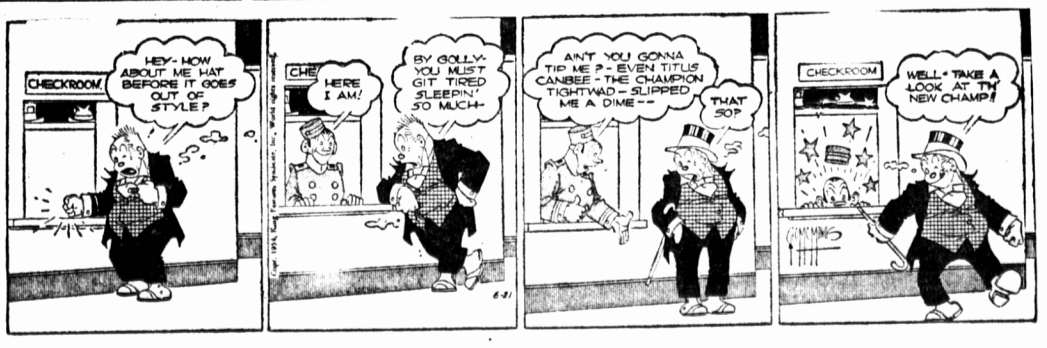
Dolly Dipple — By Buford



EMBARRASSED BY LOOSE DANDRUFF? WILDROOT CREAM-OIL REMOVES IT ☆ KEEPS HAIR NEAT ALL DAY.

The Lone Ranger — By Fran Striker

Bringing Up Father — By George McManus



Rip Kirby — By Alex Raymond

Penny — By Harry Haenigsen

Joe Palooka — By Ham Fisher

Li'l Abner — By Al Capp