

### The Tiny Folk

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

One day in February Laurie had gone to town with his mother and father. There he had seen goldfish, and persuaded his mother to buy two for him. He was pleased with them, and named them. One Spot, because the little silvery fish had a black spot on his back, and Splasher, because that big golden fish used to flip out drops of water with his long filmy tail.

Laurie was not allowed to wash the fish bowl, but his mother gave him the little china house to put back into the clear shining bowl and let him pour cool, fresh water into it. Then she would carefully lift the two fish and put them in the water. Laurie gently shook the box of fish food, and sprinkled some on the water. After he'd carry the bowl carefully over to the table, and watch the two fish nibbling up the food. There he would watch and watch as they darted about the bowl, in, out, and around the china house, in a gay game of tag.

This morning they were washing out the bowl as usual when Mrs. Page said, "Here, Laurie, are some big colored glass marbles. They would look pretty in the fish bowl. Do you want to put them in?"

"Sure I do!" exclaimed Laurie. He dropped them carefully, watching as each sank to the

bottom. There were red and green, deep blue and bright yellow, white and rose marbles. What a pattern they made! His mother let the fish slip into the bowl. They flashed around, their golden scales gleaming in the light.

"Oh, Mommy, may I put the bowl on the table?" asked Laurie. "I'd like to watch them for a while."

When his mother agreed, he placed the bowl on the table. The sunlight streaming through the window shone in on the glass marbles.

"Just see the beautiful colors the marbles make on the white cloth!" Laurie said in a pleased voice. "The colors move and flicker like dancing soap bubbles. They are just like fairy lights. He and his mother stood and watched for a while, then Mrs. Page went about her work. Laurie still stayed there enjoying the sight of the fish flipping about the bowl. Then Susan and David arrived over to play and off he went with them. For half an hour or so Splasher and One Spot had a wonderful time. The marbles felt so cool and smooth as they darted in and out among them. The sunlight glancing through the bowl made light streams in the water, and it was fun to dart back and forth through them. But soon One Spot began to feel tired. His head seemed to be aching. Splasher, too, was slowing up. They did not feel a bit like playing now. They opened their mouths wider and wider, gulping in the water and trying to breathe. Yet that did not seem to help. Poor Splasher and One Spot! What could be seriously wrong, yet no one was noticing them and they could not help themselves.

Would no one come? "Help, help!" they were saying, but of course no one could hear them. One Spot and Splasher began to move slowly and more slowly.

(To Be Continued)



By Thornton W. Burgess

#### A TALE OF TWO TAILS

For nothing is there real excuse, unless it somehow is of use. —Old Mother Nature

Young Slaptail, one of Paddy the Beaver's children, and young Prickles whose mother was Mrs. Prickly Porky the Porcupine, had been comparing tails. Each thought the other's tail funny. Each could see nothing funny about his own tail. Each wondered of what possible use the other's tail could be. Each insisted without really quarreling that his own tail not only was not funny, but was so useful that he wouldn't know how to get along without it.

Slaptail had been sitting up at the foot of a tree he was starting to cut down with his great gnawing teeth. When he sat up close to the shore, Mother Porky was high up in a tree. She was not paying any attention to Prickles. She felt that he was big enough now to look out for himself.

with his tail. It was all very startling. Tufty the Lynx snarled. He had had his eyes on that young beaver, and it was to try to catch him that he was sneaking along in the black shadows. Mrs. Paddy, watching from out in the water, had seen him. She had used her big flat tail to give the alarm. It was a warning to everyone



The young porcupine was on a mossy old log close to the shore.

within hearing that there was danger in the neighborhood. It had startled the young porcupine, but vaguely he understood what it meant. He dropped off the mossy old log, poked his head under the edge of it, and began to slap his tail back and forth. Tufty came over to him and snarled an uglier snarl than before, but he was very careful to keep away from that tail. He knew all about those pointed, painful little spears called quills with which that tail was covered. The young beaver put his head out of water, and looked over to see what had happened to Prickles. He saw what he was doing with that tail, and it no longer seemed funny. And that is the tale of two tails.

The two couldn't agree on tails. They still continued to think each other's tail funny, and of no real use. Then on the very same day, each learned the most important use of the other's tail, and to respect it. The two tails were no longer funny.

It happened this way: The young beaver was floating on the water close to shore. His mother, Mrs. Paddy, was out near the middle of the pond. The young porcupine was on a mossy old log close to the shore. Mother Porky was high up in a tree. She was not paying any attention to Prickles. She felt that he was big enough now to look out for himself.

It was early evening. The black shadows were creeping out from among the trees across the little pond. Someone else was creeping out from among the trees, and keeping in the midst of the black shadows. It was Tufty the Lynx. The young beaver was slowly drifting closer in the shore. In fact, he was making ready to come ashore to get some bark for supper. It was very still there around the pond. Suddenly that stillness was broken by a loud noise. It was sudden and sharp, like the noise of a gun. And out in the pond, where Mrs. Paddy was, there was the added sound of a sudden plunge, and a lot of water shot high in the air. The instant he heard it, Slaptail turned, plunged, and slapped the water

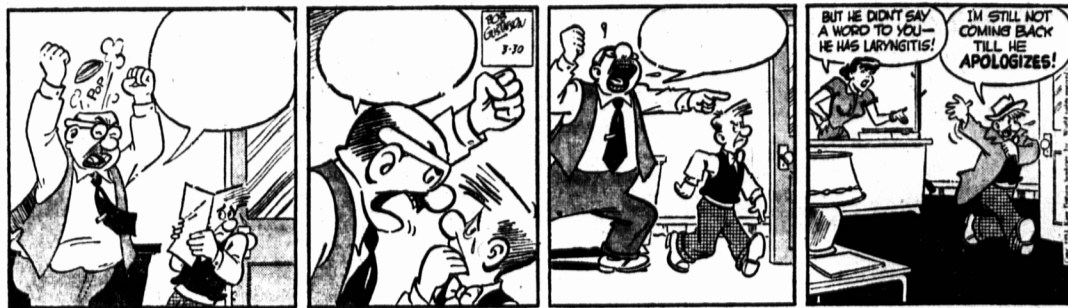
#### Find Owner Of Tie Pin In Murder Case

HAMILTON, (CP) — A tie pin which was found clutched in the hand of 21-year-old Fern Henkell whose bludgeoned body was found in a water-filled ditch near Windsor, Ont., last week-end, has been traced to a Hamilton transport driver. The man, whose name police would not disclose, was questioned but later released.

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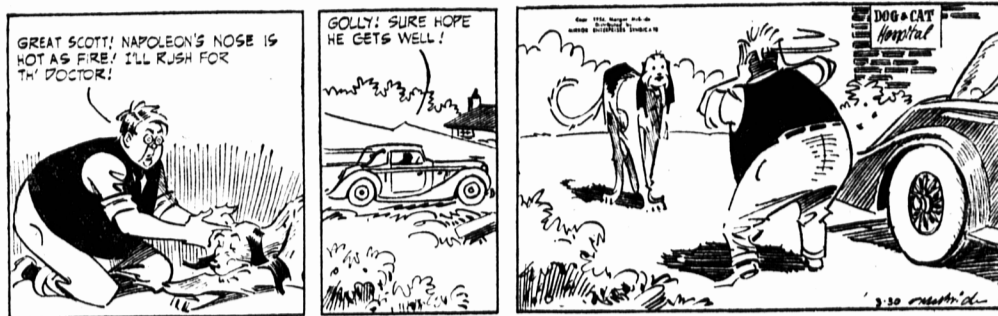
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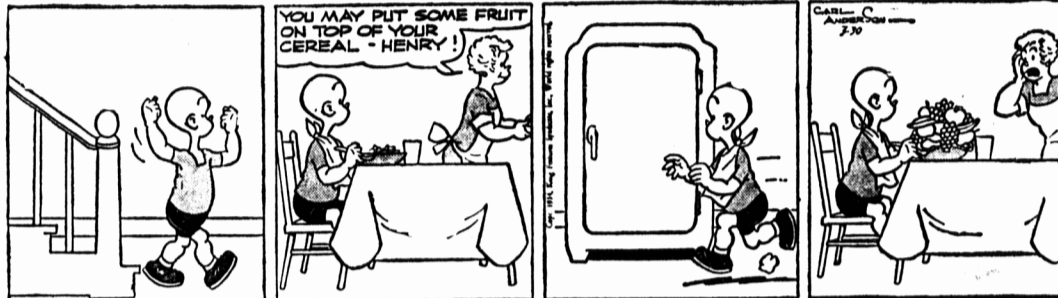
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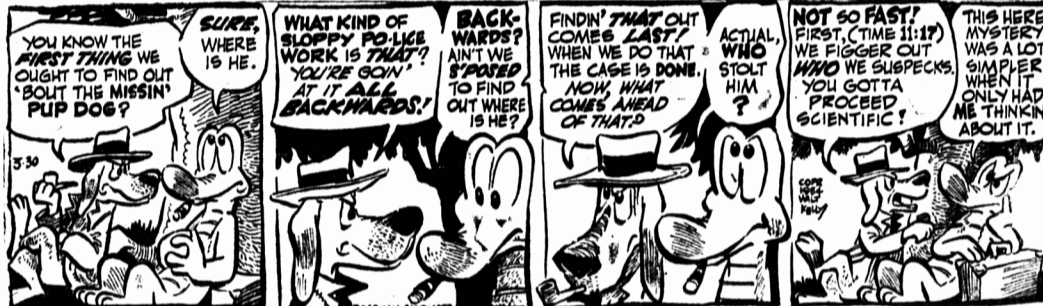
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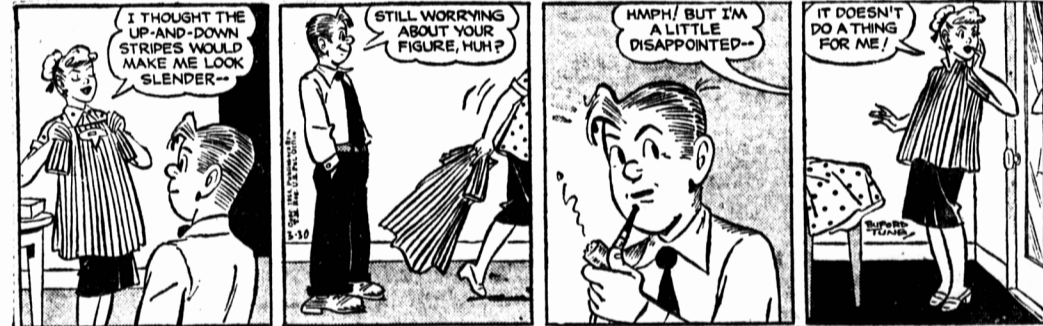
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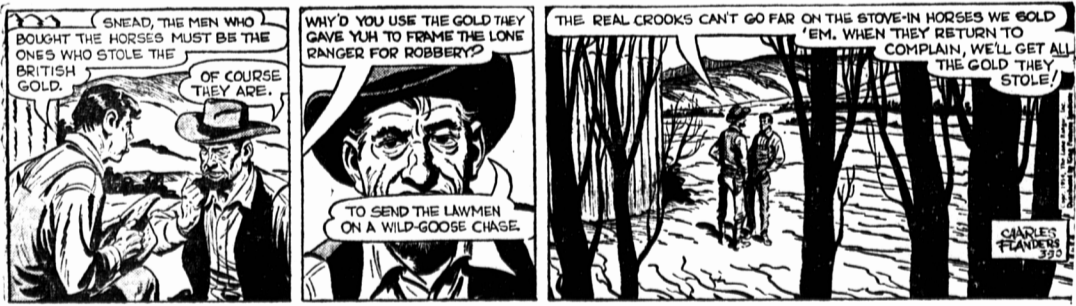
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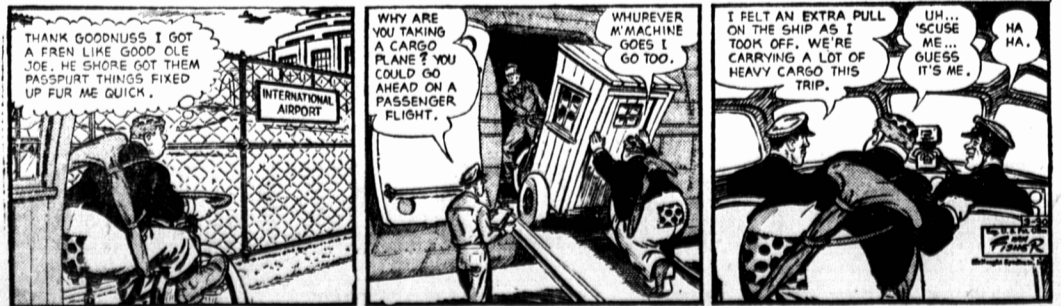
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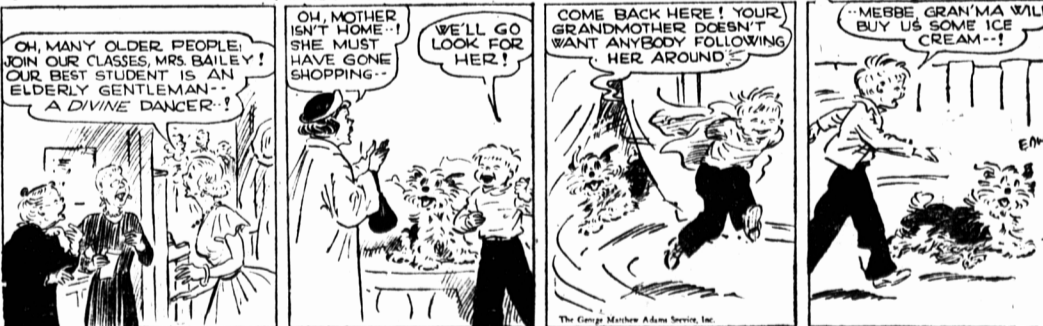
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