

The Tiny Folk

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

Tammie, the little chubby white and tan dog, who was Frisky's friend had been over to play in the Page orchard. He and Frisky had raced and chased, played tag and hide and seek, until they were both tired out.

Frisky had dug up two of his best bones and shared one with Tammie. The two dogs had gnawed and chewed to their hearts' content while they rested their tired feet.

They finished their bones and got up? What would they do next? There were no children out playing, so they could not have fun with them. They stood and looked at each other.

At that moment a big striped cat came around the house. His grey and black fur was smooth and shiny, but his ears were short and ragged looking. That showed that he must have been fighting. He walked around the house and sat on the front steps, paying no attention to the dogs.

Tammie's ears came up. Frisky stood up and looked. Then he looked out of the corner of his eye at the kitchen window. Was anyone watching him? Only last week he and Tammie had chased Velvet, the little black kitten that lived next door. They had had such fun, but Laurie hadn't been a bit pleased. Neither had Mrs. Page. Frisky still remembered the spanking she had given him with the newspaper.

But, as I said before, dogs are like children. They can be very

very good, and they can be very naughty. Frisky and Tammie could not let such a good chance go by. They would have fun. Just watch them make that cat run. Off the two dashed around the corner. Tiger Cat saw them coming and ran across the lawn. Frisky ran after him, with little fat Tammie close at his heels.

"Bow-wow-wow-wow!" barked Frisky.

"Yep! yep! wow! bow wow!" barked Tammie with his little shill bark.

In the garden gate! Out the lower end! Around the lilac tree! Back of the currant bushes! Such a flurry there was, with Tiger Cat running and the dogs yipping at his heels.

"We're getting closer!" barked Frisky. "He's slowing down."

And so he was. Suddenly Tiger Cat stopped, turned like a shot, humped up his back, and spit at the dogs.

"Mew-meow-s-s-s-t," he hissed. "You had better leave me alone. You've had enough fun. Now get!"

"Bow-wow-wow!" barked Tammie, quite saucily. Both he and Frisky felt so bold. You see, they were young puppies and still had a lot to learn. They jumped back and forth in front of Tiger Cat.

Then—swish! "Ye-ow—Ye-ow—ye-ow," sounded two very surprised dogs together. They couldn't be sure just what had hit them, but it felt like a hundred hot needles. With their tails between their legs they streaked back to the house, howling as they ran. They were sure that awful Tiger Cat must be right at their heels. This wasn't fun now. No sir-reel! They ran in under the back steps and peered out. My! their noses were hurting. Tammie felt as if he had a hole in the very top of his head. And poor Frisky's left ear hurt where Tiger Cat's sharp teeth had made three little holes. Now they knew that it wasn't so much fun to be chased after all. They would know better the next time.

Just then Tiger Cat walked quite proudly down the lane. And those two pups did not move a bit. They did not even bark.



BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

AN UPSET MOTHER

The thing you think can never be, in time 'tis likely you may see. —Old Mother Nature.

Mrs. Hooty the Owl had followed Mrs. Pricky Porky the Porcupine to see where she was going. She was quite sure that she wouldn't go very far. Mr. and Mrs. Pricky Porky are not what you would call travelers. In the first place they are slow. They waddle. Yes, sir, that's just what they do. When they try to run they gallop, but it isn't a fast gallop and they do not run far. Usually it is to the nearest tree of reasonable size. They seem to feel safer off the ground than on it.

Mrs. Porky waddled straight home. It was in a jumble of rocks. It wasn't much of a home. It was just a little cavity in that pile of rocks, just big enough to give Mrs. Porky such shelter as she might need. Rolled up in a little hairy ball was a baby. That was one reason why Mrs. Porky had not stayed away from that rock pile longer. You see, that was her baby, and he was only one day old. It was dark in that small nursery among the rocks.

Mother Porky had never really seen her lone baby. It was too dark in there for even good eyes to see, and Mother Porky's eyes are weak and dull. Porcupines do not have need of strong, sharp eyes. They do not need to see at a distance. They are what is called near-sighted. So it was, that until that baby was two days old did she really see it. She had been out to get something to eat. When she returned it was to find a stranger in the doorway. It wasn't really a stranger, but she thought it was at first. It was her own two-day-old baby who was sitting in the doorway and she was seeing him for the first time.

If ever there was an upset mother, it was Mother Porky. She



It was just a little cavity in that pile of rocks.

had had a white coat. She had never heard of such a thing. But this one had a white coat. Not even the snow was whiter. It shouldn't have been white; it should have been black. Do you wonder that she was upset? And there was something wrong with this baby's eyes. They should have been black also. They were not. They were not even dark. They were pink. That precious baby of hers had a white coat and pink eyes.

Mother was shocked. Yes, sir, she really was shocked. She couldn't believe that that was her own precious baby. It wasn't until after he disappeared back in the darkness that she went any nearer. Even then she hesitated about going in. But mother love finally recognized him as her own and mother love cared not whether his coat was black or white, or what the color of his eyes might be.

That little porcupine is what is called an albino, a pure albino.

CATLIKE SOUND

The catbird of eastern Canada, a type of mocking-bird, is so named because of its harsh, mewling cry.

Tilly The Toiler

By Bob C.



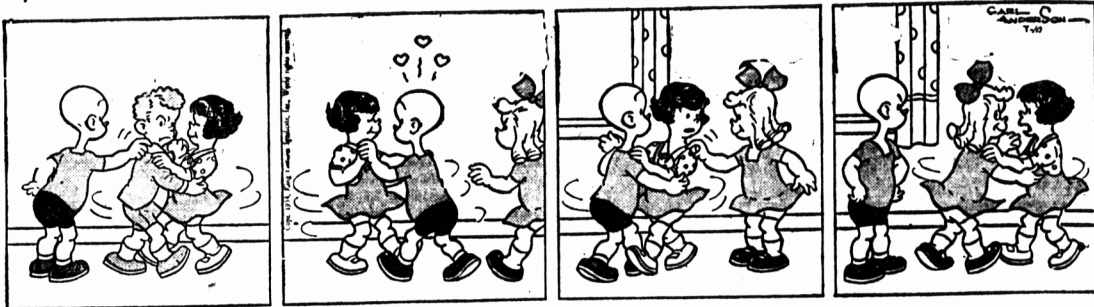
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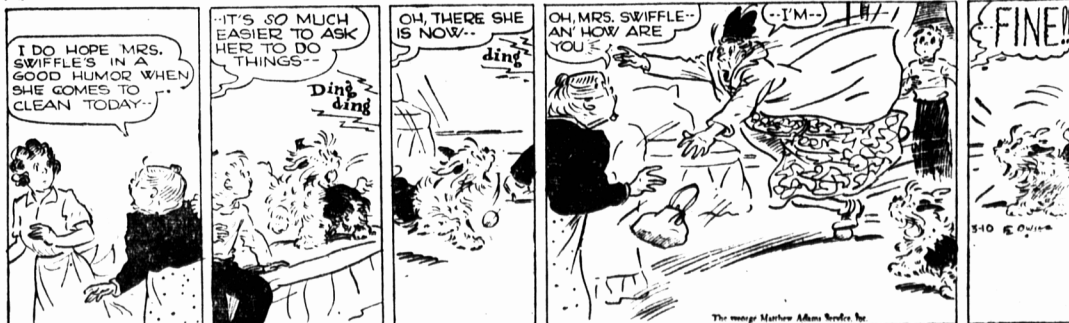
Dotty Dripple

By Buford



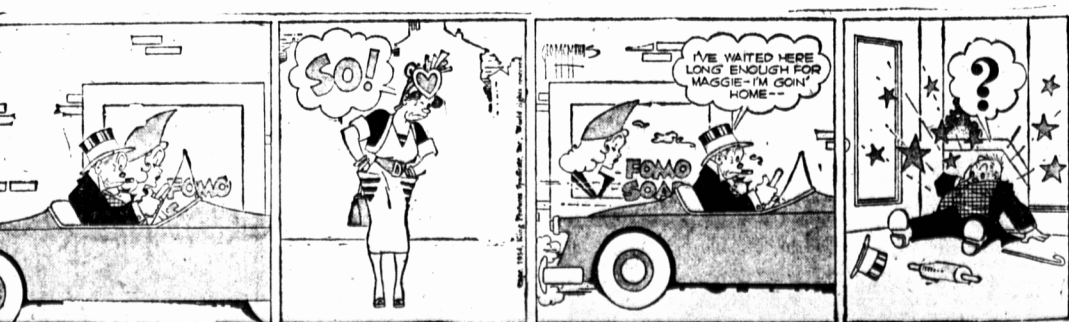
Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwina



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



PENNY

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