

The Tiny Folk

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

"No, no, Frisky, you can't come into the kitchen with your wet feet," Mother scolded, as Laurie and his little dog, Frisky, came in from play.

Frisky sat on the mat in the back porch and watched Laurie take off his overshoes before he walked into the warm kitchen. His bright eyes watched every move, but he was a good little dog, and did as he was told. He curled up on the mat, put his nose on his paws, and went to sleep.

He could hear Laurie talking to his mother in the kitchen. Laurie was laughing at the fun they had outdoors. He heard Laurie say "And Mommy, Susan and I tried to make a big snow man, but the snow just wasn't sticky enough. The white snow isn't pretty at all today. What makes it look so grey and dirty?"

"All the smoke and soot and dirt seems to fall on the snow on a day like this," answered his mother. "I see Frisky is all dirty and grey looking too. He'll just have to have a bath too, for he can't come to the house like that. The baby always wants to pat him, so he must be clean."

Frisky pricked up his ears. He knew just what Mrs. Page said. "Bath indeed!" he thought. "I'll hide down behind these bags of potatoes. Then they won't find me."

It wasn't too long before he heard Mrs. Page take down the tub, and pour water into it. "Frisky, here Frisky," she called. "Where are you? Come for your bath."

Laurie ran out, and began hunting. Under the chair, behind the big wood box, he looked. Then Frisky heard him stepping near to the potatoes. "Here he is!" Laurie shrieked with laughter. "he's hiding so he won't get a bath."

Frisky knew it was no use waiting so he crawled out, and walked slowly over to the tub. Mrs. Page lifted him in and Laurie started to rub him all over with soap. Scrub, rub, rub. The suds were thick on his fur. Mrs. Page scrubbed with the little brush. Frisky really felt good when he was clean, but he just hated get-

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

THE ARTFUL DODGER

He longest lives and best who will
Make fullest use of given skill.
—Blacky the Crow.

Blacky the Crow was an unwilling prisoner in his own bedroom. Of course, that bedroom wasn't a real room. It didn't have walls like a room. But in it he was almost as safely hidden as if he had real walls all around him. That bedroom was his favorite perch beneath overhanging snow-covered boughs of a big hemlock tree. Even in daytime it was quite dark in there.

Blacky was being kept a prisoner by Hooty the Great Horned Owl, biggest member of the Owl family, and Hooty didn't even know it. It had just happened that after a night of hunting Hooty had perched on the top of a tall dead stub just a little way from the big hemlock tree.

Blacky, preparing to go out to look for a breakfast, had seen Hooty. He had turned his head around as is his way of keeping watch all about him. Had he not done this Blacky wouldn't have seen him and might have started out for that breakfast. Had he done so Hooty was the one who would have had a breakfast. There is no one in all the Green Forest whom Blacky fears more than he does Hooty the Owl.

For a long time Blacky didn't move. Then he ventured to peep out without putting his head out. He could see only what was right in front of him, but he didn't dare poke his head outside to look all around. It was just as Blacky peeped out that Hooty suddenly spread his great wings as he left the top of that tall stub. At the same instant there was a familiar sound. It was the road of stout wings. They were not Hooty's, for his were silent.

Blacky caught a glimpse of a swiftly moving brown bird. It was Mrs. Grouse. It was her wings that made that roar. After her slow Hooty, and it was surprising how fast those big wings of his carried him. The wings of Mrs. Grouse moved so fast that they were a blur. Hooty's big wings didn't seem to move especially fast, yet they were taking him after Mrs. Grouse as fast as she was flying.

Blacky wanted to scream; "Fly, Mrs. Grouse, fly!" but wisely he held his tongue.

Mrs. Grouse was heading straight for a clump of trees that were growing very close together. It didn't look as if it would be possible for anyone bigger than a sparrow to fly through that little group of trees without striking some of the branches.

"She'll never be able to get through there and Hooty will surely catch her," thought Blacky. Then he remembered other times when he had seen Mrs. Grouse where it didn't seem possible she could avoid smashing into a tree, but she never had.

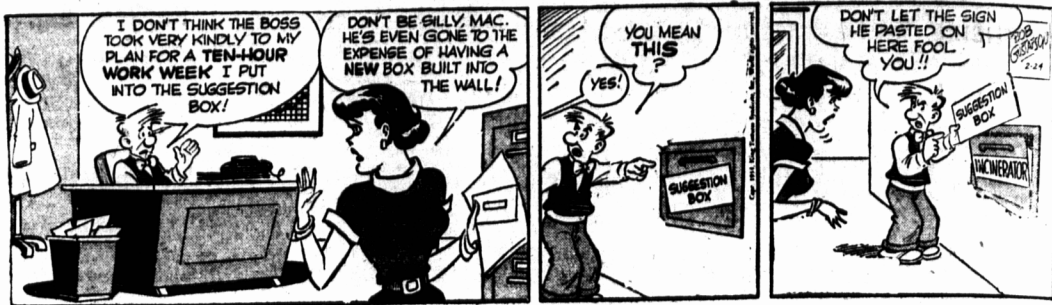
Peter Rabbit and his big cousin Juniper the Hare are famous dodgers on the ground. Thunderer the Ruffed Grouse and Mrs. Grouse are famous dodgers in the air. Mrs. Grouse didn't hesitate now. She flew at full speed straight into that little grove, and the way she dodged tree after tree, was something to see. Hooty, with his big broad wings, couldn't do it. He didn't even try. Instead, he wheeled and flew off out of sight. Blacky waited to make sure that Hooty wasn't returning, then started out to look for that belated breakfast.



She flew at full speed straight into that little grove.

Tilly The Toiler

By Bob C. St. Clair



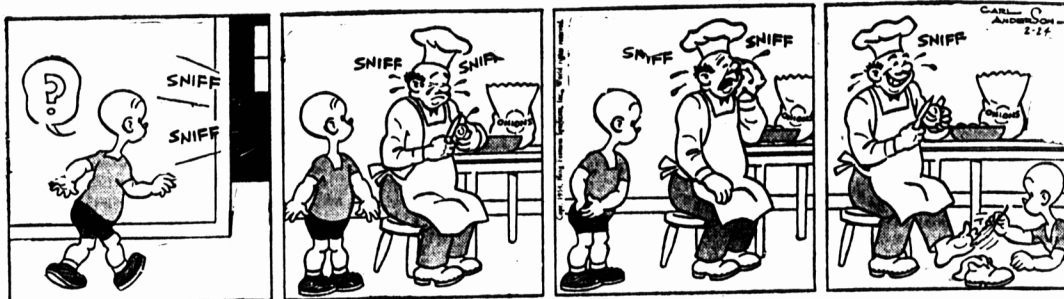
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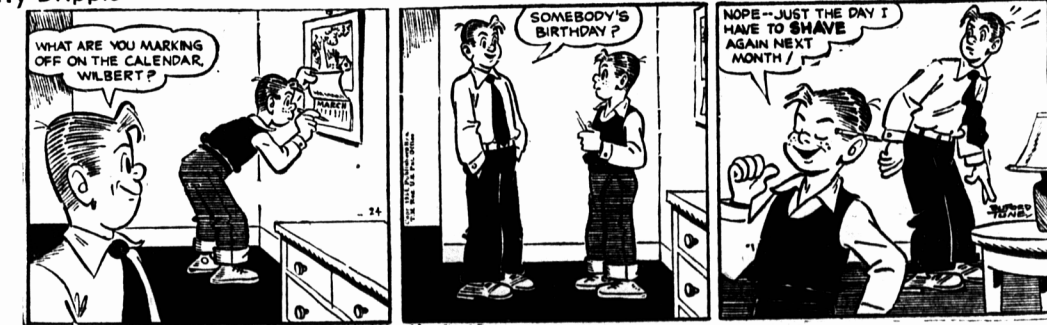
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