

The Tiny Folk

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

"Alan," called Mr. Clark as he came into the house. "Where are you? Here is a surprise for you!" Alan came running from the living room where he had been listening to a cowboy story. "What is it, Daddy?" he asked. "Is it that big parcel? Is it for me? May I open it? What is it?"

"Whoa," laughed Mr. Clark. "One question at a time. Why don't you just open it and find out?"

Quickly Alan tore off the brown paper. Inside was a large grey cardboard box. He lifted the cover. "Oh-o-o-h!" he said. There were the new rubber boots he wanted. How black and shiny they were! Eagerly he kicked off his slippers and put on the boots.

He grinned up at his father. "They are just great, Daddy. Now I won't get mud on my pants when I'm going to school. Listen to me walk. Hear how they squeak on the floor. Thank you, Daddy, thank you!"

"We don't want you to miss any days your first year in school," said Mr. Clark. "Your new boots will be able to go every day even though the roads are bad since the thaw."

"Here, let me mark them so you don't get them mixed at school," said Mrs. Clark. She took red nail polish and printed a C at the back of each boot near the top.

The next day it was raining. How very wet and muddy the road looked. The ditches were full of water. Down in the hole, the water ran across the road and made a pond in the field. The grown ups complained about

the day, but Alan was so pleased. Now he could wear his new boots this very day.

He was ready for school much earlier than usual, but he was so eager to start that at last his mother said he might go.

Proudly he started out. Squish! that was a queer sound his boots made in the mud. He looked back at his tracks. There were the little diamond prints of the soles in the mud. Then he walked into a small puddle. The water gurgled around his feet, but they just felt cool, not damp or wet. This was fun.

Down the road he went, taking his time. He listened to the squeak, squeak of his new boots. He noticed how shiny they were. They looked so pretty. But that mud splashed up on the side did not look pretty. It spoiled his new boots. He wanted them clean to show his teacher.

"I'll wash them off in this pool," he thought. "I'll just walk where the water is running, and it will take the mud away." He walked into the little brook of water that hurried across the road and bubbled along the ditch.

The clear water seemed to go so fast. Bits of sticks, straw and chips were in it. What a happy sound it made. He put his foot across the little drain it had made for itself. The water stopped, backed up, then ran over the top of his foot, making little bubbles of foam as it rushed on its way. Alan laughed. This was such fun. This was the best surprise Daddy had ever brought him. There boots were just wonderful.

Then he slipped! splash! The water rushed and gurgled, but Alan didn't like its sound now. It was gurgling into his boot. It was full to the top! He was soaked. What would Daddy say?

Slowly he turned and walked home. He knew he would be scolded, for he had not been careful. What could he say?

He opened the kitchen door. "Daddy," he called. "Come here. I have a surprise for you. I guess my new boots aren't so wonderful after all. They leak at the top."

Now what do you think about that?

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES



By Thornton W. Burgess

WHAT A BABY!

When meeting someone quite unknown, Pray never judge by age alone. —Prickly Porky.

In a very small cave in a jumble of rocks in the Green Forest, Prickly Porky had a newly born son. Prickly Porky knew nothing about it at the time. When Mother Porky looked him up and told him about it, he wasn't interested. You see, Prickly Porky is not a fatherly father.

For the size of his mother Baby Prickles was a big baby. He was actually bigger than either of Mother Bear's twins at birth. And what a baby! To begin with he had a white coat instead of a black one. His eyes were pink instead of black, as all porcupine eyes are supposed to be. Buster Bear's babies do not get their eyes open for many days after they are born, but Baby Prickles' eyes were open at birth. Baby Bears are helpless like most other babies when they are born. By the time he was two days old this baby porcupine could begin to climb around.

Now as all the world knows, all porcupines carry in their coat sharp-pointed little spears, called quills. It is because of this that they are let severely alone by all their neighbors. Prickly Porky and all his kind are unapproachable. This is why they are so independent.

Baby Prickles was born with a full supply of those little spears, called quills, hidden in the long white hair of his coat. Furred and feathered folk who have white coats when they should have coats of other colors, are called albinos. That simply means that they are no different from others of their own kind excepting that Mother Nature seems to have forgotten to put any coloring matter in their coats. Perhaps she has been absentminded. Sometimes their coats are only partly white, and sometime their eyes are not pink. These



Baby Prickly was a full albino.

mothers do not spoil their children as so many other mothers spoil theirs. He already had teeth when he was born.

When he was three days old Prickly Porky came waddling over to the home in the rocks. Mrs. Porky stopped him at the entrance. Prickly Porky was only mildly interested now. "How many?" he asked.

"That's a silly question," grunted Mother Porky. "Did you have a brother or sister when you were born?"

"Not that I know of," replied Prickly Porky.

"Of course you didn't. One baby at a time is enough. How these folks with big families get along, I don't know. Even only two is one too many. On my part, I'm a porcupine mother can bring up properly," said Mother Porky.

"And one can be a nuisance," grunted Prickly Porky, which wasn't a nice thing at all for a father to say.

WIDE VARIETY

KENTVILLE, N.S. (CP)—The famed Annapolis valley had a wide variety of weather in February. The Dominion experimental station records here showed temperatures ranged from 13 below zero to 53 above, with total snowfall of 32 inches.

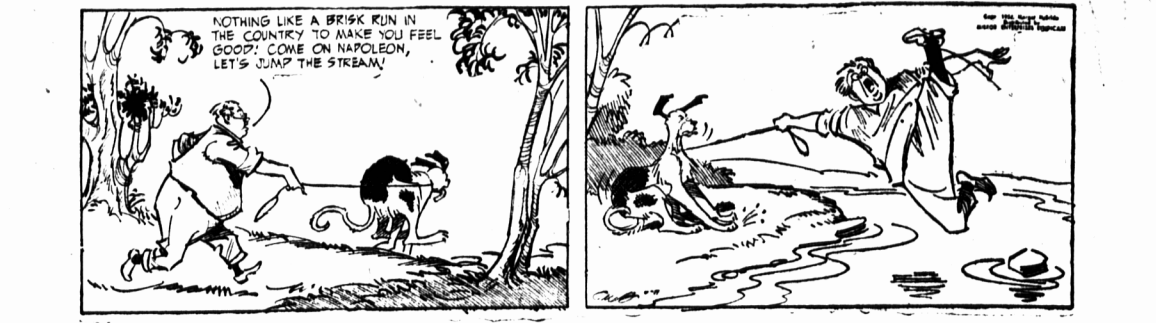
Jilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



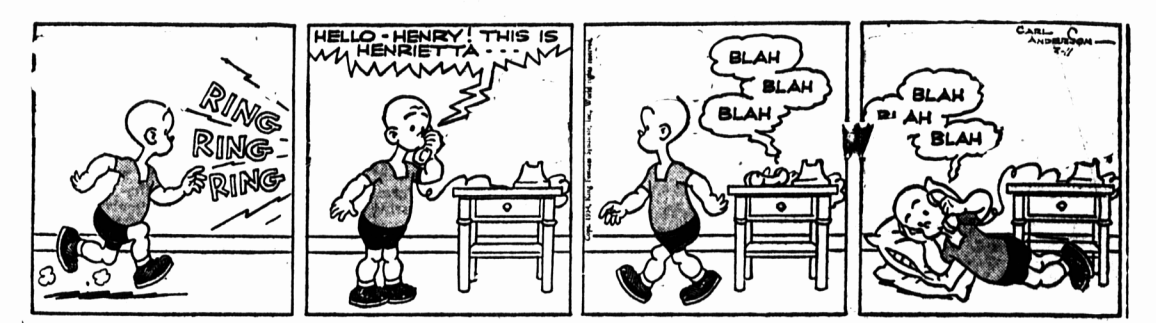
Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Henry

By Carl Anderson



Pogo

By Walt Kelly



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Dotty Dripple

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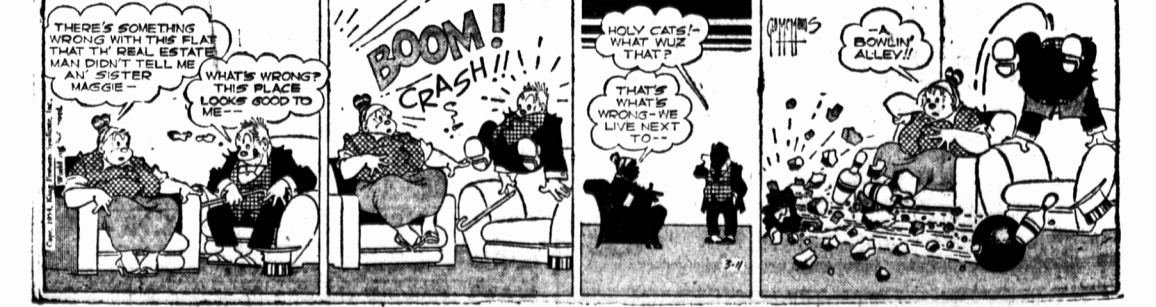
Tippy and "Cap" Stubbs

By Edwin



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



PENNY

By Harry Hoegen

