

The Tiny Folk

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

Bright morning sunshine sparkled on the snowy hill. The ice in the swamp was smooth and clear, for only a few tops of rushes showed through here and there. A hard crust of frosty snow and a few ice patches on the big hill made just a perfect place for coasting.

Laurie was visiting at his uncle's and he and his three cousins, Peggy, Ellen and Alan were already off for a morning's fun coasting on that hill by the swamp.

Peggy was the oldest, so she led the way. "We had better try the ice before we cross," she said. "The water is not deep, but we would get wet, feet if we broke through the ice," she stamped hard, and tried hitting the ice with a heavy stone, but not even a tiny crack appeared. "It's safe," she called to the others. "Come along to the hill."

With much laughter and noise Ellen, Alan, and Laurie ran across the ice, sliding on the smooth spots, crushing down a few reeds with their rubbers, and sometimes sitting down quite unexpectedly. Then they started to climb the hill. It was a rather long hill, and three year old Laurie found it hard to keep up with his older cousins.

At last they were at the top. Laurie sat on the sleigh, and Alan sat on behind. Peggy gave them a little running push, and they

were off. Swish — whee — down the hill they went! Paster the sleigh went! Swish — they were cutting across the ice. This was Laurie's first coast on a hill that high, and he was just a wee bit frightened. His eyes were wide and big and black, and he held tightly to the sleigh. But Alan was there with him, and he was laughing and shouting, so it must be all right.

The sleigh began to move more slowly now. Little by little it lost its speed, and at last it stopped.

Alan jumped off. "Come on Laurie," he said. "Get off now, and we'll go back up again. See! The girls have had their coast and are starting up." Laurie jumped up, and started off too.

This time Laurie wasn't the least bit afraid. "Go fast, little sleigh, go fast," he yelled as they started down. "Whee — watch us go. This is fun. Go! go! go!" and down they went, swishing along the crusted snow, and sliding over the smooth ice.

Laurie's eyes sparkled with the fun. This time he was off as soon as the sleigh slowed down. "Come, Peggy and Ellen," he called. "Come, Alan. Let's go coasting some more. I am not a bit afraid now. This is great fun. We all like to coast. We all like to go fast. Our little red sleigh and your big brown one like to go fast too. Let's all go fast together."

So all morning four happy children had a merry time on that coasting hill.

The German dirigible Graf Zeppelin took 20 days, four hours for its round-the-world flight in 1929.

BURGESS BEDTIME STORIES

By Thornton W. Burgess

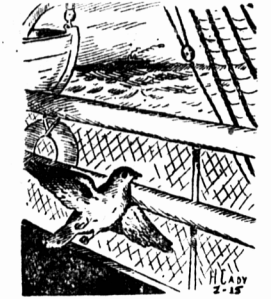
A LUCKY BIRD

He's wise indeed when things are tough,
Who knows when he has had enough.

—Old Mother Nature.

Probably in all the Great World there was no more tired pigeon than Homer. He was far, far from home where Farmer Brown's boy was watching for him. You see, he was a homing pigeon whom Farmer Brown's boy had entered in a long-distance race. The starting point had been near the sea-coast. A light wind had grown stronger and stronger until the pigeons could no longer fly against it. Homer had not been willing to give up. He had been blown out to sea, blown so far out that he couldn't even see land. All he could see was water below, and sky above. He was in despair. He was so tired he felt as if he couldn't lift his wings again; as if should he try they would drop right off.

ing or carrier pigeon and guessed that he had blown out to sea. A sailor with a love for furred and feathered folk took charge of him. Down on the forward deck in a sheltered place a box was provided for him; a box in which he could rest undisturbed. That sailor knew that what Homer



He flew up on the rail of the great ship.

It was then that off at one side, rising and falling on the waves, he saw what seemed to him to be a strange sort of house. Anyway, he could see that on it were the same kind of two-legged folks who live in houses on the land. He turned and headed for it. A great hope kept those wings, those very tired wings, going just long enough for him to reach that strange house. Of course it wasn't a house. It was a great ship that had come across the great ocean.

The instant Homer dropped on the deck he was surrounded by passengers and sailors. Gentle hands picked him up. At once the folks knew that he was a hom-

Continued on page 12

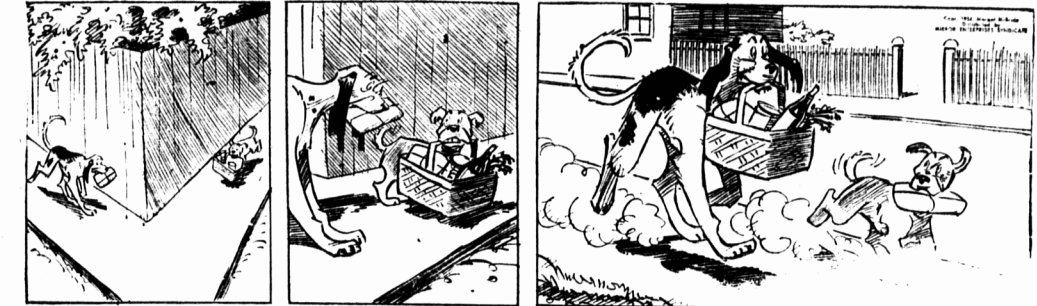
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson

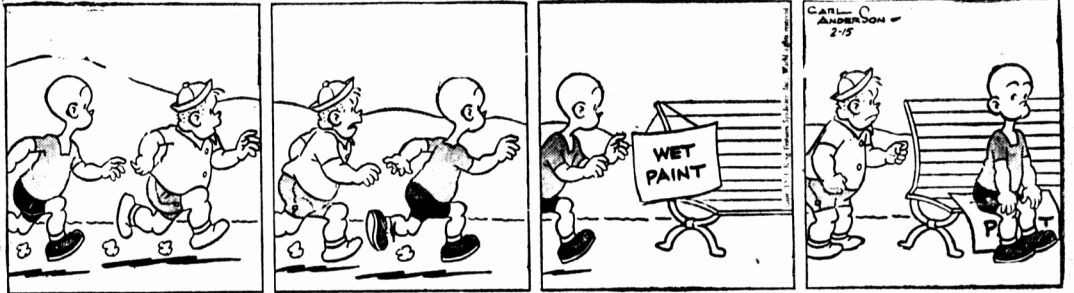


Napoleon and Uncle Elby

By Clifford McBride



Henry



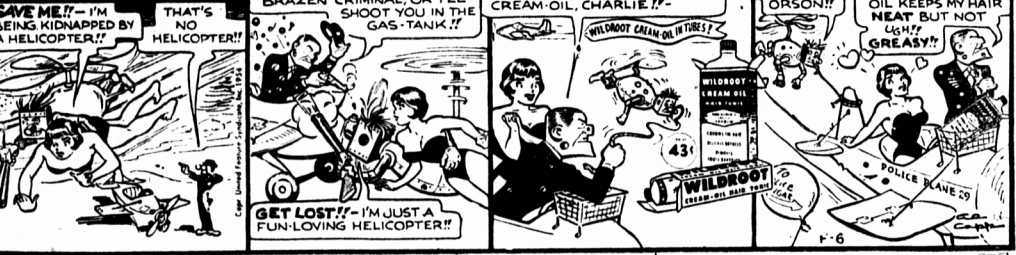
REMEMBER TO ATTEND VARIETY CONCERT

P. W. C. HALL
WEDNESDAY, FEB. 17 — 8:00 P.M.
Auspices 7th Troop Scout Committee

This adv. courtesy DeBlois Bros.

FEARLESS FOSDICK

By AL CAPP



ALCOHOLIC TONICS DRYING OUT YOUR SCALP? GET NON-ALCOHOLIC WILDROOT CREAM-OIL, CHARLIE

Yogo

By Walt Kelly



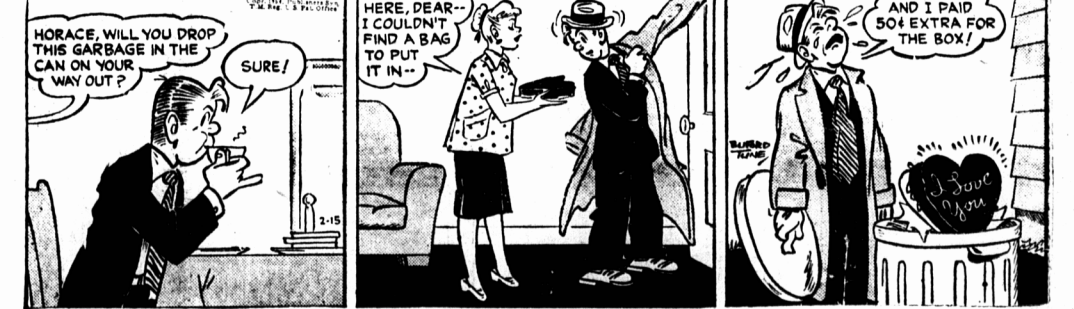
Rip Kirby

By Alex Raymond



Dotty Dripple

By Buford



The Lone Ranger

By Fran Striker



Tippy and "Cap" Stubs

By Edwin



Joe Palooka

By Ham Fisher



Bringing Up Father

By George McManus



L'il Abner

By Al Capp



PENNY

By Harry Haenigsen

