

The Tiny Folk

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

Popcorn, David's kitten, was curled up, sound asleep, in Mrs. Dale's knitting basket. Do you think that is a queer name for a kitten? Just wait till I tell you, then you will see why David gave that name to the new baby kitten.

Popcorn's fur is as white as the snow that sparkles outside the window. It is long, soft, and as fluffy as the angel hair used on Christmas trees, for Popcorn is an Angora kitten. Popcorn is really a cuddly little bundle that purrs happily when David takes it in his arms. He just loves to play with a ball, or to chase a piece of paper tied on a string. Every evening after supper, David and Popcorn have a game of hide and seek. Popcorn hides behind a big chair, peering out with his bright eyes. Then he jumps out at David. What fun there is! And what noise too!

One stormy morning David was playing on the floor with his blocks. The night before he and his Daddy had made a high, high tower of blocks. It had come up higher and higher till the last block was used, and it had not fallen. Now David was trying to make one by himself.

Carefully he placed each block just so, for his Daddy had said each had to be perfectly straight and level, or it would tumble. This was the third time he had tried, and the blocks were standing up well. He placed another block. The

tower moved a wee, wee bit, but did not fall. Another block! Careful now! Another block! Just one more left. David held his breath as he carefully, oh so carefully, put the last block in place. There stood the tower, straight and tall.

"Come, Mommy," he called proudly. "See the high tower I made, all by myself."

Just at that moment Popcorn came flying in from the next room, chasing David's tiny red ball. The ball rolled straight for the blocks. There was an awful crash, and the blocks flew in every direction.

Poor Popcorn! He was sure some strange, terrible animal must be after him. He streaked through the door, and flew up the stairs. His eyes were as big as saucers, and his tail was fluffed out as big as his round chubby self.

David got as big a surprise as his kitten. He was ready to cry when his tower fell, but Popcorn looked so funny, that he laughed instead. Up the stairs he went.

"Here, Popcorn," he called. "Where are you? It's all right to come out. Come, kitty, kitty, kitty."

Still no sign of Popcorn! David lifted the spread and looked under his bed. Away back in the farthest corner crouched poor Popcorn. His eyes were still black and big with fright.

David crawled in and picked up the little furry, fluffy ball, and gently patted him till he stopped shivering. Then David laughed and laughed.

"Fenny Popcorn," he said. "Did you think some terrible animal was after you? Come on down stairs again. Poor Popcorn, I know that popcorn flies far when it is blown out of the hot pan, but you flew further and faster than any I ever saw." And, still giggling, he went back down the stairs.

Now as Blacky stole silently about through the Green Forest of course he was all the time looking up in the trees for that was where those owls would be. But at the same time Blacky's sharp eyes were not missing anything on the ground. So it was that he spied some odd looking little brown objects at the foot of a tall, dead tree.

Blacky flew down to see what they were. Quite a lot of them were lying about. They seemed to be small packages of fur or feathers, sometimes both, matted together. They were about the size of walnuts.

In sudden alarm Blacky looked up to the top of that tree. To his



By Thornton W. Burgess

BLACKY MAKES A FIND

Seeming trifles sometimes lead to the knowledge you most need. —Blacky the Crow.

Of all the feathered and furred folk in the Green Forest, Blacky the Crow is one of the smartest. There are no sharper eyes than, and few as sharp as, those of Blacky the Crow. He long ago learned how important little things, sometimes very little things, can be. So Blacky is always watching for little things that may lead to big things, to important things. These days, at the end of winter, Blacky was doing some spying.

He was trying to find just where in the Green Forest Hooty the Owl and Mrs. Hooty, biggest members of their family, were living. Every night Blacky heard the hunting calls of the two big feathered hunters and he always shivered when he heard them. But in the day time he never heard those hunting calls, and so far he had not once seen either of the two big owls. He suspected that they were sleeping or at least resting in some secret place where they were not likely to be disturbed.



Blacky Flew down to see what they were.

Isn't here just now," thought Blacky. "I wonder where he is and I wonder where Mrs. Hooty is. I'll stick around a little while."

So Blacky hid high up in a fir tree from which he could watch. Hooty the Owl appeared so suddenly that it made Blacky blink. He hadn't heard a sound. Even

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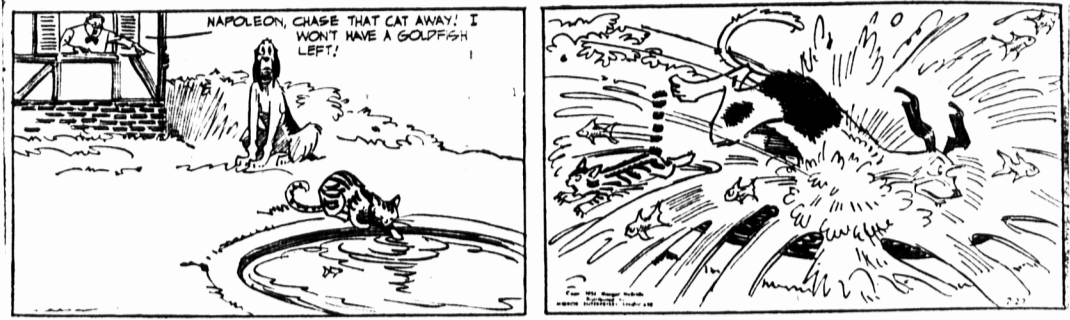
Tilly The Toiler

By Bob Gustafson



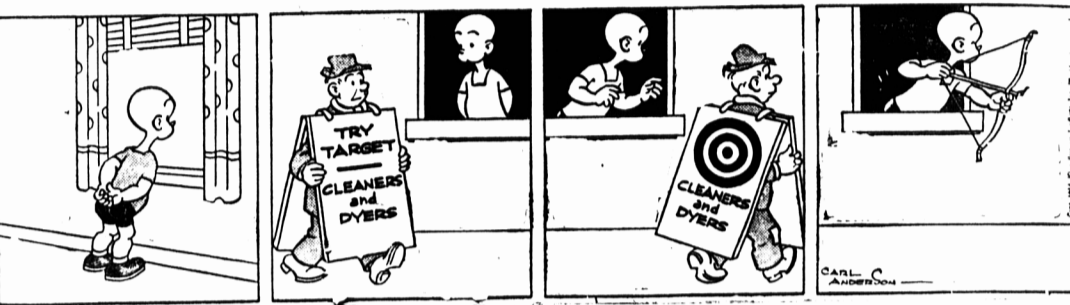
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