

LITTLE JACK RABBIT'S BIG BLUE BOOK



BY DAVID CORY

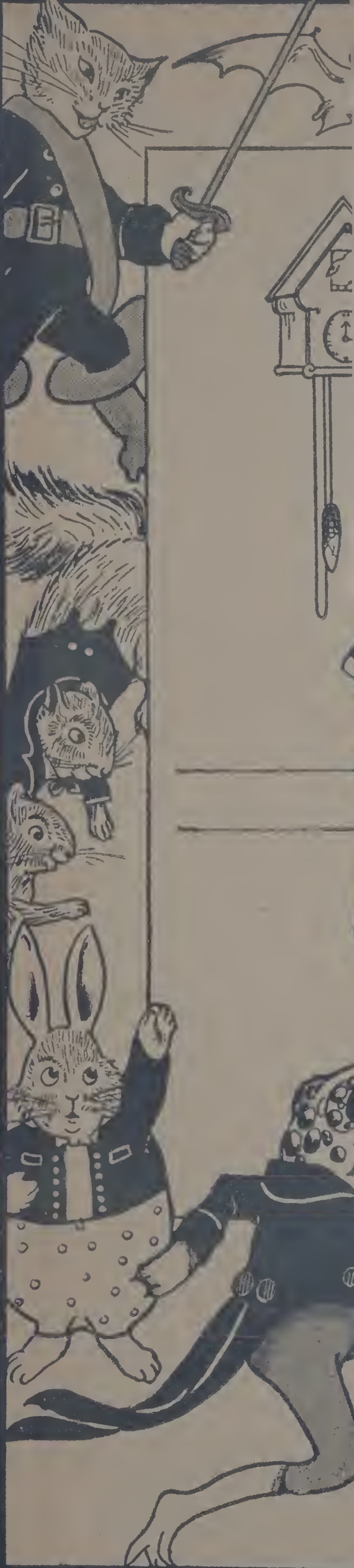


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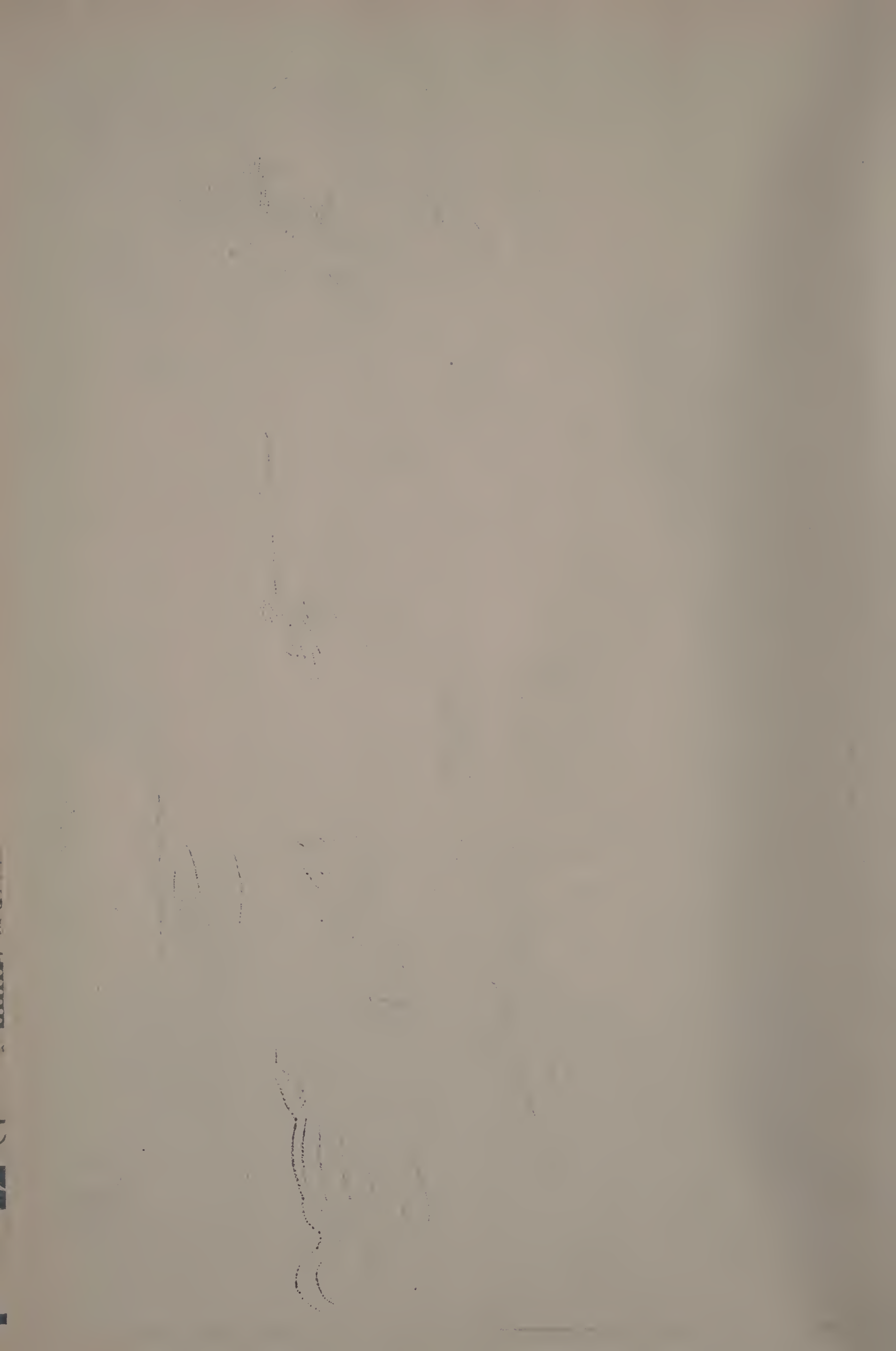
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*This is Lady Love dear
With a pretty pink ear
Yours for a story
David Cory*



Here's Little Jack Rabbit
With a lollypop habit
Yours for a story
David Cory



LITTLE JACK RABBIT'S
BIG BLUE BOOK



If thru the air on radio wing
I've made a little child's heart sing
I count it much as one who hears
The lovely music of the spheres.
Yours for a story
Dwight Cory
The Jack Rabbit Man

LITTLE JACK RABBIT'S
BIG BLUE BOOK
BY DAVID ^{Mable} CORY



*Home again, home again,
Thru the sunshine or the rain!
Tis the dearest place to stay
After you have played all day*

|| PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED WITH ||
FULL PAGE COLORED AND
BLACK & WHITE PICTURES ||

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no 1

TO THE GROWN-UPS

Come with me, the little latch
Hangs outside the Bramble Patch.
You will find within this book,
If you will but take a look,
All the happy, care-free ways
Of your golden childhood days.

In the Kingdom of Little Animals every child is at home. That a dog can talk to his friends, that a rabbit may wear knickers or a little bird climb up a tiny stair inside a hollow tree trunk seem quite natural.

Every child is willing to take my hand and step over the border into Rabbit Country.

Come, you older ones, turn back the clock. Don't you long for a moment to be once more in Make-Believe Land? Surely you will if you read the Little Jack Rabbit Books. You again will see yourself in the wistful eyes of the youngster at your knee as he listens to

Yours for a story,
DAVID CORY,
The Jack Rabbit Man.

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"In the Spring,
The blue birds sing
And skies of blue
Smile down on you"

Sings—
Little Jack
Rabbit to
himself in the
mirror.

IN THE BIG BLUE BOOK
LITTLE JACK RABBIT
WEARS A BLUE NECKTIE.



LITTLE JACK RABBIT'S BIG BLUE BOOK

BUNNY TALE 1

THE WEDDING

WAS some one knocking on the door of Uncle Lucky's little white house on the corner of Lettuce Avenue and Carrot St., Rabbitville, U. S. A.? Well, I guess yes, three times. Maybe somebody has been knocking ever since Bobbie Redvest told me that a bad attack of rheumatism prevents the dear old gentleman rabbit from hearing unpleasant news. Well, anyway, when Uncle Lucky opened the door who do you think was standing on the mat? You'd never guess, not even if I told you he wore rubber boots and held a green umbrella in his hand.

It was Daddy Longlegs—yes, sir, that's who it was.

“Goodness gracious meebus!” exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit, “are you wet?”

“Soaked to the skin,” replied the shivering, rubber-booted, long-legged insect. “Let me sit by the kitchen stove and warm myself. Maybe I'll get dry in an hour or so.”

“Come right in!” cried dear, kind Uncle Lucky, leading the way into the kitchen where little Miss Mousie, the dear old gentleman rabbit’s tiny housekeeper, was drying the breakfast dishes.

“O sunny days, so sweet and warm,
I miss you very much.
I only hope the rheumatiz
My little toe won’t touch!”

sang Uncle Lucky, helping Daddy Longlegs pull off his rubber boots.

“Ha, ha!” laughed the old gentleman insect, stretching out his cold, damp toes:

“I love the cheerful kitchen fire,
And though it is so kind
To warm my frozen tippy toes,
I’m always cold behind.”

“Turn around once in a while,” replied Uncle Lucky, “that’s what I do!”

“Don’t set your coat tails on fire,” advised Little Miss Mousie, as she nibbled a piece of angel cake.

Pretty soon, the Old Red Rooster came in with the *Bunnybridge Bugle*, the nice morning paper that dear Uncle Lucky loves to read when breakfast is over.

Taking out a cabbage leaf cigar, he slipped his feet into his comfortable woolen slippers and, placing his

gold-rimmed spectacles on his nose, sat down in his big arm chair.

Pitter, patter, went the rain
On the misty window pane;
While the fire's cheerful glow
Warmed his poor rheumatic toe.

By this time Daddy Longlegs was nice and dry, so he, too, sat down to read by the fire, and Little Miss Mousie, seeing that nobody wished to talk, scampered back to her little house in the corner of the sitting room. As for the Old Red Rooster, he hurried out to the barn to mend the old wheelbarrow.

Pitter, patter, sings the rain
In a drowsy, soft refrain.
Ticker, tacker, on the leaves,
Dripping, dripping, from the eaves.
Tinkle, tinkle, on the pane,
Rings the wind-blown summer rain.

Pretty soon, Uncle Lucky fell asleep and when he woke up, Mr. Merry Sun was shining and Daddy Longlegs had gone.

“Oh, dear and oh, dear!” sighed dear Uncle Lucky, taking out his gold watch and chain, “I wonder what time it is.”

Then he sighed again and looked out of the window.

But the postman wasn't in sight, only the Old Red Rooster raking up the leaves.

"Well, well, well!" sighed lonely Uncle Lucky, for the third time, "what shall I do?"

"Sing a song," suggested Little Miss Mousie, peeking out of her small front door in the far corner of the sitting room.

"Sing us two songs," shouted the Old Red Rooster through the open window.

So down at the piano sat kind Uncle Lucky, and, after running his paws over the keys, commenced:

"When I was young and twenty,
And my hair was curly brown,
I loved a lady bunny,
The sweetest in the town.

One day I bought a ringlet
At the Three-in-One Cent Store,
And then that eve I called on her
And placed it on her paw.

But oh, the years have flown since then,
Way back in '63,
And only my old wedding hat
Is left to lonely me."

Then up jumped dear, tender-hearted Uncle Lucky, and wiping the tears in his left eye, took down his old wed-

ding stovepipe hat and carefully dusted it off with his blue silk polkadot handkerchief.

All of a sudden the telephone bell began to ring.

“Who’s calling me?” inquired the old gentleman bunny, taking down the receiver and holding it up to his left ear.

“Oh, it’s you, is it?” he said the next moment. “Well, I don’t want to talk to you—no, I don’t. You make me cross,” and with that Uncle Lucky hung up the receiver and hopped back to his big comfortable armchair.

“Who was it?” asked Little Miss Mousie, running across the floor to the piano stool, up which she climbed. Then, smoothing her bobbed hair, she smiled sweetly at the old gentleman bunny.

“Chatterbox, the red squirrel,” answered Uncle Lucky. “He has a funny story to tell me, but my rheumatism won’t listen to anything, so I excused myself. Dear me, how my little left hind toe aches. I must be careful or I’ll be full of crossness.”

“You’ll never be full of anything but kindness,” replied Little Miss Mousie, arranging the cushions in the big armchair. And she spoke the truth, don’t you think so, dear little girls and boys?

But poor Uncle Lucky couldn’t fall asleep again, nor could he eat the nice luncheon which Little Miss Mousie brought in on a silver tray.

By and by, after smoking a cabbage-leaf cigar, he said with a sigh, “I guess I’ll play a tune; maybe I’ll sing an-

other song," and hopping over to the piano, he turned the little stool around three times and a half, and commenced to sing:

“When she was only sweet sixteen
I loved a little rabbit queen.
Her eyes were pink as any rose,
And even pinker was her nose.

And pinker far her ears inside,
And when she said she'd be my bride,
I bought a lovely wedding ring,
And we were married in the spring.”

“Heigh ho, how the years go!” sighed the old gentleman rabbit and, taking out his gold watch and chain, he suddenly exclaimed: “Goodness gracious meebus! *It's almost time for the wedding!*”

Quickly putting on his old wedding stovepipe hat, he hopped out of his little house.

You see, his dear bunny niece, pretty Lady Love, had decided to get married and settle down in the Old Bramble Patch. Perhaps that's why Uncle Lucky sang the song about the pretty rabbit queen.

And now I'll tell you about the wedding. All the Shady Forest folk were there, of course, and so were the Sunny Meadow people.

Old Mrs. Bunny had put her house in apple-pie order, and after the wedding in the Shady Forest, and Parson



"Its almost time for the wedding"

Owl had given Lady Love, the pretty little lady bunny, to Mr. Rabbit to care for all the rest of his life, everybody started back to the Old Bramble Patch. Goodness me, it was a long procession! Squirrel Nutcracker, the Big Brown Bear, Granddaddy Bullfrog, Grandmother Magpie, Busy Beaver, Sammy Skunk, the Old Brown Horse, Mrs. Grouse, Chippy Chipmunk, the Stage Coach Dog, the Old Red Rooster, the Yellow Dog Tramp, the Policeman Dog, Old Barney Owl, the Circus Elephant, the sure-footed little Mountain Goat, and all the Barnyard Folk. Everybody was anxious to see the little house that dear Uncle Lucky had built for Lady Love.

Well, when they all reached the Old Bramble Patch, there stood dear Uncle Lucky on the front porch, his old wedding stovepipe hat in his front paw and his big diamond horseshoe pin in his pink cravat. Yes, sir, there he stood, bowing and smiling just as if it were his own wedding day and not somebody else's, as Mr. Rabbit and Lady Love hopped up the path and into the house to stand under a big horseshoe wreath of clover and shake hands with all their friends.

Just as everybody had finished looking at the wedding presents, and dear Uncle Lucky was saying, "Bless you, my children!" Danny Fox peeped into the window and shouted: "Don't be frightened! Here's a diamond necklace for Lady Love." Then away he ran, knowing that nobody wanted him around; for he is a dreadful robber, you know, and robbers aren't invited to a wedding. They come later to

Your little Harlem Flat
To steal your high top hat.

At last, when the lollypop juice was all gone, and the grasshopper orchestra tired of playing, somebody called on Uncle Lucky for a song.

“My dear old wedding hat
I’ve worn for forty year.
I’ve smiled and laughed beneath its brim
And sometimes shed a tear.

But, oh, it hardly seems to me
It was way back in ’63
I wore it on my wedding day,
When I was frisky, young and gay,”

sang the old gentleman rabbit, wiping a tear from his left eye with his blue silk polkadot handkerchief. Then kissing the bride good-by, he stopped for a moment to hang up an old horseshoe on the front porch and then led the guests away, leaving pretty Lady Love and Mr. Rabbit to fill the little white bungalow with happiness in the years to come.

By and by a little rabbit boy came to make their dream come true. As soon as the glad news was telephoned to dear Uncle Lucky, that happy old gentleman rabbit hopped into his Luckymobile and started off as fast as a comet for the little white bungalow.

All the way over he honked the horn to bring out all the Shady Forest Folk from their tree houses and burrows.

“What’s the matter?” asked Squirrel Nutcracker from his Old Tree Lodge.

“Lady Love has a little boy rabbit!” answered Uncle Lucky.

“What’s all the noise about?” inquired Busy Beaver, swimming up to the bank of the Shady Forest Pool.

“Lady Love has a little rabbit boy!” answered Uncle Lucky.

“Stop blowing that horn!” snapped Grandmother Magpie from her perch in the tall pine tree.

“Not for a minute,” shouted back dear Uncle Lucky. “Lady Love has a little boy rabbit.”

“Are you going crazy?” asked the Big Brown Bear as the Luckymobile whizzed by the Cozy Cave.

“No, I’m going to see my little grandnephew,” answered Uncle Lucky. “Lady Love has a baby rabbit.”

“You’ll wake up my babies,” cried Mrs. Bobbie Redvest, as the Luckymobile rushed past the Apple Orchard.

“Never mind,” shouted back Uncle Lucky. “Tell ’em there’s a new baby at the Old Bramble Patch. Lady Love has a little boy rabbit.”

“Goodness me, what a noise!” croaked Granddaddy Bullfrog, as Uncle Lucky circled the Old Duck Pond. “Has the old gentleman rabbit lost his wits?”

“Not yet,” answered dear Uncle Lucky. “I’m off for

the Old Bramble Patch to see Lady Love's little boy rabbit. He just came to-day."

"Where are you going?" asked Chippy Chipmunk, as Uncle Lucky sped by the Old Chestnut Tree.

"To see Little Jack Rabbit, Lady Love's baby," answered the old gentleman rabbit.

And so it went. Everybody wanted to know what was the matter, and when Uncle Lucky finally reached the dear Old Bramble Patch he had told the glad news to every single solitary person in the Shady Forest and Sunny Meadow.

BUNNY TALE 2

HUNGRY HAWK

“HUSH, little rabbit, go to sleep.
Up in the sky the pretty stars peep;
Down in the meadows the clover tops
Are winking away at the lollypops,”

sang Lady Love, as she rocked the cradle in which lay Little Jack Rabbit.

Out in the kitchen Old Mrs. Bunny, who had come over for the day, was baking cabbage cake and Mr. Rabbit was reading in the *Bunnybridge Bugle* a story about the new baby rabbit in the Old Bramble Patch.

“Look, mother!” cried the proud rabbit father, turning the paper toward the good lady bunny.

“Well, I declare!” she exclaimed. “There’s his picture as sure as I’m a grandmother and you’re my son.”

Yes, sir! On the front page was a picture of Little Jack Rabbit, and underneath, in big purple letters:

“A new arrival at the Old Bramble Patch. Lady Love has a baby boy bunny. Carrot City, Bunnybridge, Lettucemere and Turnip City papers please copy.”

“It makes me as proud as a peacock to see it in the

paper," laughed Mr. Rabbit. "And to think that Little Jack Rabbit will soon be old enough to hop about the Sunny Meadow and through the Shady Forest."

Just then in came Timmie Meadowmouse to see the new little bunny boy.

"Little Jack Rabbit is asleep," explained his careful father. "Why didn't you come early this afternoon? You ought to know, Timmie Meadowmouse, that little bunny babies are asleep by this hour."

"What time is it?" asked the little Meadowmouse "I left my watch home."

"It's six o'clock and Merry Sun
Is hiding behind a tree;
It won't be long before he will glide
Into the western sea,"

answered the cuckoo from her little clock house.

"There! It's six o'clock. You'd better look out for Hungry Hawk. You should be home by this time," exclaimed Mr. Rabbit.

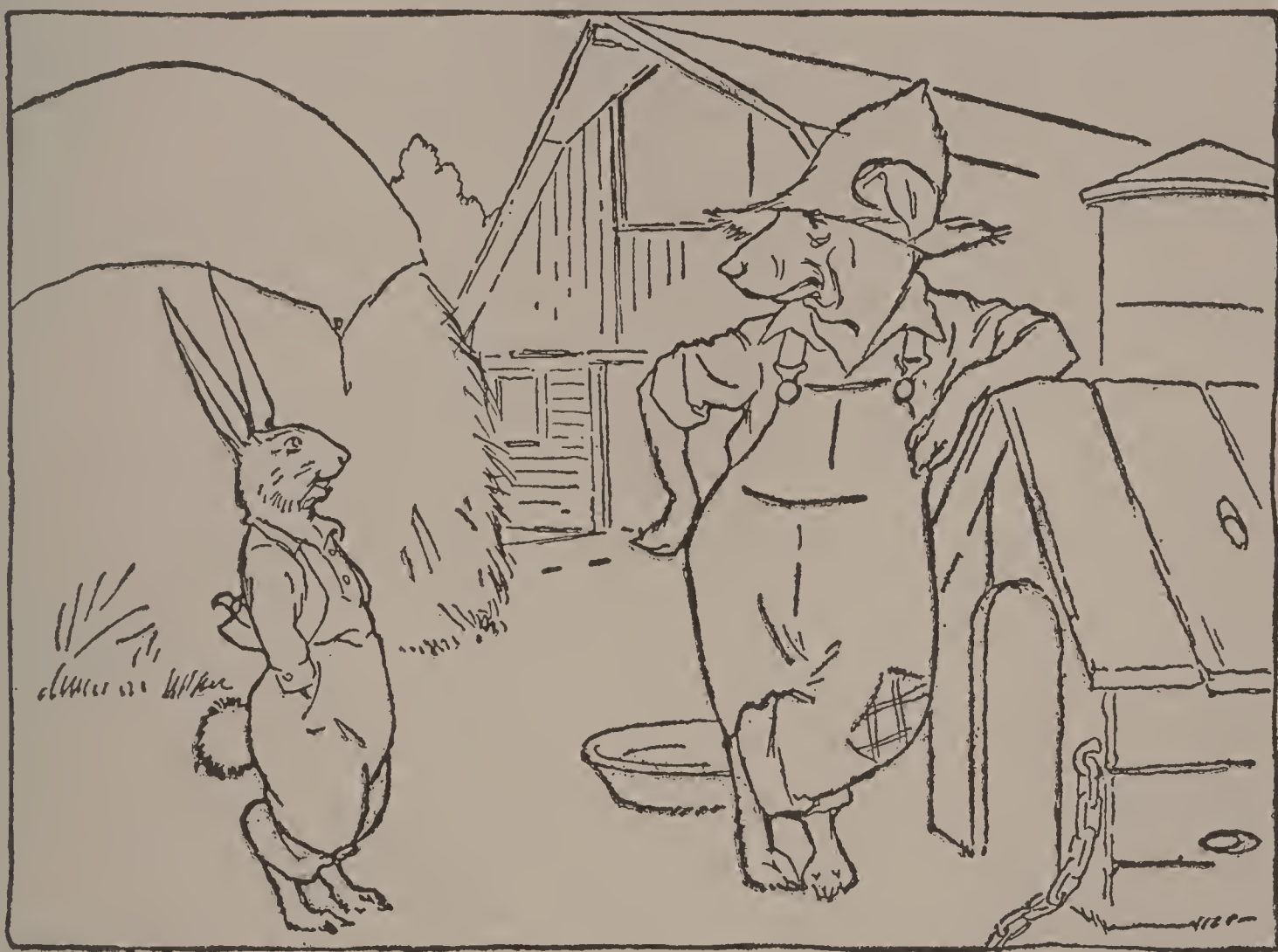
"Can't I have a peep at your little bunny?" asked the tiny meadowmouse, holding his cap in his left paw as he turned the brass doorknob. "I want to tell the Sunny Meadow People I've seen him."

"Come along, then, on your tiptoes," answered Mr. Rabbit, leading the little meadowmouse to the bedroom where the bunny baby lay sound asleep.

"S-s-s-s-h!" whispered Lady Love from the rocking

chair close by, as Timmie Meadowmouse stood on his hind legs to peep into the cradle.

“He’ll be running about in a day or two,” chuckled Mr. Rabbit, as he said good night to Timmie Meadowmouse. “He’ll be out with Uncle Lucky in no time.”



“He’s over at the barnyard, talking to Old Sic’em.”

And that’s just what happened a few weeks later when Uncle Lucky, hopping out of his Luckymobile and into the Old Bramble Patch, shouted:

“Where’s that grandson of mine?”

“He’s over at the Barnyard, talking to Old Sic’em,” answered Mr. Rabbit from the front porch.

“Please call him home,” begged anxious Lady Love.

“Have you polished the doorknob clean and bright,
And brought in the kindling wood?
I think I hear the canary bird
Crying for breakfast food,”

she said, as her bunny boy hopped up to the kitchen door.

“Dear, oh, dear!” answered the truthful little rabbit, “I forgot all about her. But I filled the woodbox and polished the doorknob, Mother dear.”

“Give me the watering can,” said the kind Old Red Rooster. “You attend to Little Miss Canary.

She's a pretty little fellow
In her feather dress of yellow,
And she sings so clear and sweet
From her tiny wooden seat!”

“My, where did you learn to talk in poetry?” asked the bunny boy, handing over the big green watering pot.

“I'll tell you some day when I have more time,” replied the Old Red Rooster. “Now, mind your mother. Hop along and feed the little birdie!”

Away went the bunny boy, clipperty clip, lipperty lip, to give the pretty canary her breakfast. After which she stood tiptoe on the edge of the porcelain drinking cup, tilting back her head to let the drops of water trickle down her feather-ruffled throat.

“Would you believe it, Little Jack Rabbit is growing so fast we have to call up the Three-in-One-Cent Store twice a week for a new suit of clothes? If he keeps on growing like this he’ll be in long pants before Easter,” explained sweet Lady Love to the old gentleman rabbit.

“Ha, ha!” laughed dear Uncle Lucky. “I remember you grew mighty fast. It seemed I had hardly given you a lollypop rattle when it came time to give you a cherry-stone necklace.”

Just then the Old Red Rooster began to crow:

“Oh, things have changed in the Bramble Patch,
I’ve scarcely a moment’s time to scratch;
With Little Jack Rabbit to teach and learn
I’ve hardly the time my wage to earn.”

“Did you ever!” laughed Old Mrs. Bunny from the kitchen door. “One would think the Old Red Rooster was a busy person! He’d rather rest on his hoe and talk to Little Jack Rabbit than weed the garden. My, but he’s a lazy fowl!”

“Never mind,” answered Uncle Lucky, hopping around the little white house. Not far away Little Jack Rabbit and the Old Red Rooster were feeding the pigeons, who had flown down from their pretty house on the top of a tall pole.

“Hey, there, young rabbit!” cried Uncle Lucky. “Don’t pull the tail feathers out of the Old Red Rooster’s swallow tail coat!” You see, Little Jack Rabbit was mak-

ing believe the good-natured rooster was a horse and he was driving him to the station at Bunnybridge.

“Where have you been?” asked the little bunny.

“Oh, I’ve just come in from a drive,” answered Uncle Lucky. “I had some business to attend to in Carrot City.”

“When are you going to take me for a ride?”

“Wait a little longer till you’re big enough to look out for yourself,” answered wise old Uncle Lucky. “There’s no telling when Danny Fox or Old Man Weasel may pop out from behind a tree. You’re safer here in the Old Bramble Patch for a while yet.”

All of a sudden the Old Red Rooster gave a warning. Quick as a wink into the Little Red Barn hopped the two bunnies, Uncle Lucky first, Little Jack Rabbit next and last, but just as fast, the Old Red Rooster.

Closing the door, they peeped out through a knothole. There in the back yard stood Hungry Hawk.

“Ha, ha! Ha, ha!” cried Hungry Hawk,

As he flew at the door with a dreadful squawk,

“This Little Red Barn’s a pretty good place

For rabbits to hide from my grinning face.”

And, hopping around the barn, that old robber bird peeked in through every crack. By and by he came to quite a large knothole. Oh, dear me, yes! It was big enough for his head, and then it seemed almost large enough for his body.

“Goodness gracious meebus!” exclaimed anxious Uncle Lucky, “I’m afraid that old bird will squeeze in.”

“Wait a minute, hold your breath,
Don’t you sneeze or titter,
I’ll show that dreadful robber bird
That I’m a home run hitter,”

whispered the Old Red Rooster, and the next minute he had crept over on his tiptoes to the tool closet for the big heavy wooden mallet.

Hungry Hawk didn’t notice the Old Red Rooster. No, siree, ma’am! He was too busy pushing and shoving, and shoving and pushing. He surely thought that pretty soon he’d be in the barn, feasting on two nice rabbits and maybe a fat rooster.

How he did squirm and twist and twist and squirm! Dear me! I hope he doesn’t get both his wings through the knothole before the Old Red Rooster can swing the big wooden mallet. Because, if once inside, Hungry Hawk will put up a dreadful fight and maybe get the best of the two little rabbits and the Old Red Rooster.

Dear me! again. I wish I could tell the Kind Policeman Dog over the wireless what is going on in the Little Red Barn. He wouldn’t wait a minute. No, sireemam! He’d come with his hickory stick and knock Hungry Hawk’s tail right off before the Old Red Rooster had time to swing the big wooden mallet.

But there’s no use wishing for things. Just get out

and get them! That's the way. So, here we go! Old Red Rooster, hurry up! And that's just what he did.

WHACK! Down came the wooden mallet on Hungry Hawk's head. Whew! How mad he was!

WHACK! Again the Old Red Rooster tickled the wicked hawk's head.

"Give him another!" shouted Uncle Lucky, hiding Little Jack Rabbit behind his coat tails. "Hit him again, and three times more!"

Now, let me see. What did Hungry Hawk do after Uncle Lucky shouted to the Old Red Rooster; "Hit him again!" Well, what would you think he'd do? First, he hid his head under his wing; then he tried to squeeze back through the knothole. But he couldn't, for his feathers turned up at the end and made him bigger than ever.

"I don't want to break your head," said the Old Red Rooster. "This wooden mallet is pretty hard. But if you think you're going to eat Uncle Lucky or Little Jack Rabbit or yours truly, you've made a mistake."

"You bet you have!" exclaimed Uncle Lucky. "You better go home to Mrs. Hawk and lead a better life hereafter."

"Dear me! I wish I could," answered Hungry Hawk, "I've got an awful headache. The Old Red Rooster hit me three times with the wooden mallet."

Just then who should hop into the barn but the Policeman Dog. I wonder how he found out what was going on?

“You wicked bird! I’ve a good notion to shoot you,” he shouted, pulling his gun from his hip pocket.

“Don’t shoot!” begged Hungry Hawk, his tail feathers twitching and his eyes blinking with fright. My, but he was scared. For that Policeman Dog’s gun was a warlike looking weapon, let me tell you. The handle was red and the barrel black and the bullet as yellow as a dandelion.

“I’ll take three minutes to think about it,” answered the Policeman Dog. “But what are you going to do? You can’t get out and you can’t get in, I guess you wish you were thin as a pin.”

Just think of a Policeman Dog making up poetry at a dangerous time like this. Well, I never.

“I’m worried enough to grow thin,” answered Hungry Hawk. “Besides, I’m dreadfully uncomfortable.”

“I’ve got an idea,” suddenly exclaimed wise Uncle Lucky, “I’ll knock out the board. Maybe it will split in two and free the old bird.”

“Please be careful,” begged Hungry Hawk, as the old gentleman rabbit lifted the heavy wooden mallet, “please don’t make a mistake and hit me.”

“One, two, three!” sang out Uncle Lucky, and down came the mallet, whack! against the board. The next minute Hungry Hawk found himself by the woodpile. But, dear me! The board hadn’t cracked open. No, the nails had just pulled out of the Big Red Barn.

All of a sudden the old hawk gave a tre-men-dous

squirm and away he flew, with a whirr of wings, above the Sunny Meadow.

“I guess he won't bother little rabbits for some time,” cried Uncle Lucky. But, children dear, I'm sorry to say, a little further on in the book he does something dreadful.

Oh, hawks are very crafty things,
They fly about on silent wings,
And if, perchance, a little rabbit
Is heedless of a watchful habit,
He'll find too late some sunny morning
He should have followed mother's warning.

BUNNY TALE 3

THE LOLLYPOP TREE

“I MUST run up to see the Big Brown Bear,” thought Little Jack Rabbit, looking up at Mr. Merry Sun shining in the Blue Sky Country.

“I want you to hop down to the Three-in-One-Cent Store for a clothes-pin,” said Lady Love, his pretty bunny mother.

“All right, mother dear,” answered the little rabbit, tucking the napkin under his chin and helping himself to a big slice of carrot cake.

My, what a nice breakfast his bunny mother had made for him—carrot cakes with lollypop syrup, turnip tea and lettuce marmalade.

As soon as the little rabbit had brought in the kindling wood, fed the canary and polished the front door knob, he kissed his pretty bunny mother good-by and hopped down the winding path through the brambles to the Sunny Meadow.

Peeking out of his little front door stood Timmie Meadowmouse.

“Hello!” said Little Jack Rabbit, stopping before the tiny, round grass-ball house, hung on three stiff stalks

of grass about six inches above the ground, "Where do you think I'm going?"

"Well, wherever you're going," answered the timid meadowmouse, peering anxiously out of the small round hole that serves for his front door, "you'd better look out for Danny Fox."

"Oh, I will," replied Little Jack Rabbit. "And I'll bring you a lollypop, 'cause I'm going up to see the Big Brown Bear and the Lollypop Tree. Good-by," and away hopped the little bunny, clipperty clip, lipperty lip, up the Old Cow Path in the Sunny Meadow and over the hill top until, by and by, not so very long, he came to the Shady Forest, where he paused for a moment to inquire how Mrs. Nutcracker was getting along.

"Very nicely, thank you," replied old Squirrel Nutcracker, dropping a handful of nuts in the little rabbit's pocket. "She'll soon be around again."

"I'm glad of that," answered the kind-hearted little bunny boy, "mother sends her love," and off he hopped up the Shady Forest Trail.

As he passed the pool in which Busy Beaver has his home, he stopped to say "Hello."

"Hello, yourself!" shouted back the little beaver. "How are all the folks?"

"Pretty well, except dear Uncle Lucky Lefthind-foot," answered the little bunny rabbit boy. "He has the rheumatism in his left hind toe and Dr. Quack says it will be some time before he can do a toe dance."

"Shouldn't wonder," laughed the happy little beaver,



"That's a good lad" laughed Big Brown Bear.

giving his big broad tail a sudden flap, sending the spray all over the little rabbit boy bunny's fur coat, "but why should Uncle Lucky want to do a toe dance, anyway?"

"I don't know," replied the little rabbit, wiping the water drops off his coat sleeve. "You've splashed me all over, Busy Beaver, yes, you have," and away went the little rabbit, for it was nearly a mile and a whistle and a smile to Cozy Cave where the Big Brown Bear sold

Ice cream cones and lollypops,
Licorice sticks and Sweet Corn Pops,
Peppermints and 'Lasses Drops.

Dear me! Doesn't that sound delicious? If only I had the time I'd leave my typewriter to run over to the Big Brown Bear. Would you come with me, little reader? I guess you would, and so would your little brother Jimmy.

Well, now where was I before I began to dream? I was on my way to Cozy Cave for a gum drop? Oh, yes, Little Jack Rabbit had stopped before I had even started, so I'll tell you without digressing further, which means to go off sideways—what the little bunny did.

"Where you going?" asked Chippy Chipmunk, running along the top of the Old Rail Fence, his red striped jacket shining in the morning sun and his eyes twinkling with curiosity.

"To the cozy cave of the Big Brown Bear,
And the Lollypop Tree just over there."

"Bring me a lollypop," shouted Chippy Chipmunk as the little rabbit boy hopped up the Shady Forest Trail, in and out among the trees, where Billy Breeze whistled amid the leaves.

By and by, way, way yonder, he could just make out the comfortable figure of the Big Brown Bear sitting in front of his cozy cave, smoking a corn-cob pipe.

"Hello! hello!" shouted the little rabbit, waving his red-striped candy cane. "Are you there, Mr. Bear?"

"No, I'm here," chuckled the big good-natured, furry-coated animal, "but just keep on, you'll find me all right."

"How's mother?" he asked, taking the old corn-cob pipe from between his beautiful white pearly teeth, as the breathless little rabbit stood before him.

"She's well, thank you," panted the little bunny boy, looking up at the lollypops as they winked their purple-pinky eyes from the branches of the Lollypop Tree.

"Did you do your three chores for mother this morning?" enquired the Big Brown Bear, although the little bunny boy wished to goodness gracious he would stop asking questions and give him a lollypop.

"Oh, yes, oh, yes!" answered the wistful-eyed little rabbit.

"You polished the front door knob, fed the canary and brought in the kindling wood?" continued the questioning old bear.

"Oh, yes, oh, yes," repeated the little bunny boy rabbit, only this time he shouted it.

"That's a good lad," laughed the Big Brown Bear,

handing a pink lollypop to his little long-eared caller. "Have a lollypop!"

And then, would you believe it, that big bear put away his pipe and began to suck a green lollypop. Just fancy that if you can! Pretty soon he said with a smile, "Want another?"

"Have you any left?" asked the bunny boy, oh, so wist-ful-ly.

"Well, I'll see," answered the Big Brown Bear, rising to his feet and ambling into the cozy cave. But, oh, dear me! the only things he found were a popcorn ball and an empty ice cream cone.

"Goodness gracious!" he exclaimed, coming out again into the sunlight, "I guess I'll have to climb the Lollypop Tree."

It didn't take him long to swing himself up, and as he climbed higher and higher, the little rabbit watched him anxiously. Pretty soon the Big Brown Bear reached the branches where the lollypops grow in a rainbow row.

"Do you want that nice pink one?" he asked, looking down into the little rabbit's upturned face.

"Oh, yes!" shouted the bunny boy. "And that green one, too, and that one all blue, and maybe a purple one for you."

Carefully picking off the lollypops, the big kind animal shoved them into his coat pocket. Then sliding down the tree, he walked over and sat down on the big wooden bench.

"Come, hop up beside me. We'll sing the lollypop

song!" and moving over to one side to make room for the little rabbit he held up the purple lollypop. Then the little bunny held up the pink lollypop, and, both together, all at once, just at the same time, they shouted:

"Hip, Hip, Hurray,
I lick a lollypop every day."

Pretty soon the lollypops were licked all to pieces—nothing was left but the two little sticks.

"Well, well," chuckled the Big Brown Bear, taking out of his pocket the green and blue lollypops. Then he and his little bunny friend held them up in the same way, singing all over again the lovely lollypop song, and when only the little sticks remained, the Big Brown Bear asked with a smile:

"What shall we do now?"

"Let's have one more lollypop and one more song," answered the little rabbit.

"Dear, dear, dearest me! I must climb up the Lollypop Tree!" sighed the Big Brown Bear. But he was so kind and he was so good that up he went, until at last he came to the row where the beautiful, luscious lollypops grow.

"Do you want that yellow one?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I do, and that red one, too," shouted the little rabbit, "and that orange one will be good for you."

Picking them off the branches with his furry paw, the Big Brown Bear slipped them in his pocket and, scram-

bling down to the ground, walked over to the big wooden bench. The little rabbit followed close at his heels and, jumping up beside him, peeked into the good-natured animal's pocket.

"My, what a hungry little bunny," laughed the Big Brown Bear, pulling out the lollypops. Then, holding up the orange colored one in his right paw, he waited for the little bunny boy.

"Hip, Hip, Hurray,
I lick a lollypop every day,"

they shouted all over again; and not until the lollypops were all gone did the little rabbit suddenly remember the errand for his mother.

"Dear, oh, dear! I almost forgot that mother wants a clothes-pin from the Three-in-One Cent Store. Good-bye, Mr. Big Brown Bear," and away hopped the little rabbit down the winding trail, in and out among the trees, until at last he hopped across Busy Beaver's dam that held back the water in the Bubbling Brook.

"What's your hurry?" asked the beaver.

"Don't stop me!" replied the little bunny boy. "Mother asked me to get a clothes-pin," and, hitching up his little knapsack, he swung his little striped candy cane around three times and a half and hopped merrily up the Old Cow Path toward the farmyard.

"Hello!" cackled Henny Jenny, as he peeked in through the fence.

“Cock-a-doodle-doo!” crowed Cocky Doodle.

“I’m pretty well,” answered the bunny boy rabbit, “but don’t stop me! I must get a clothes-pin for mother at the Three-in-One Cent Store.”

But, dear me! Just then Ducky Waddles shuffled around the big haystack and Turkey Tim strutted across the yard. Of course they, too, shouted “Hello!” and the next minute the Weathercock on the big Red Barn spun around on his gilded toe and asked the little rabbit the time.

“Dear me!” thought the little bunny, taking out the big gold watch which Uncle Lucky had given him for a birthday present, “I’m afraid to look—I’ve wasted so much time this morning.” And then, oh, how I hate to tell it, something dreadful happened.

All of a sudden,
Just like that,
Out of the house
Came the farmer’s cat.

“Oh, dear me!” thought the little rabbit, backing away toward the old apple tree, “Black Cat will surely scratch all the little buttons off my fur overcoat.”

“Meow! Meow!” cried Black Cat, creeping forward, his wicked green eyes blazing like balls of fire and his sharp claws sticking out of his fur-mittens.

And the poor little rabbit, his back against the old apple tree, stood all a-tremble, not knowing what to do.

“Go way, go way!” he cried. But closer and closer crept the wicked cat in his long black coat.

All of a sudden a little voice from a treetop whispered: “Don’t you remember how your mother taught you to defend yourself?”

Then, of course, the little rabbit boy remembered the only way a bunny can protect himself. Turning around as quick as a flash, he struck out with his two strong hind legs, hitting Black Cat such a welt in the belt that all the breath was knocked out of him. It took the old cat five minutes to find it. And while he hunted here and there, under a stone and behind a bush, away hopped the little rabbit, clipperty clip, lipperty lip, down the road to Rabbitville.

“Don’t forget next time to remember what mother tells you,” called little Bobbie Redvest from the apple tree.

“Oh, I won’t, I won’t!” shouted the little bunny boy over his shoulder, “I’m trying now to remember the clothes-pin!” and away he hopped faster than ever to the Three-in-One Cent Store.

BUNNY TALE 4

UNCLE LUCKY

GOODNESS me! boys and girls, I think I forgot to mention that just back of Uncle Lucky's little white house stood a tiny garage in which he kept his Luckymobile, the fastest car in all Rabbitville. Sometimes it went so fast that the hind wheels couldn't keep up with the front wheels. Then, of course, the old gentleman rabbit had to honk the horn and put on the brakes to avoid a dreadful accident.

One morning dear Uncle Lucky hopped into the kitchen where Little Miss Mousie was setting the breakfast table while the turnip tea was singing on the stove.

As soon as the meal was over the old gentleman rabbit slipped his big diamond horseshoe pin into his purple cravat and buttoned up his pink waistcoat. Then tying his blue silk polkadot handkerchief over the top of his old wedding stovepipe hat and under his chin to keep Billy Breeze from blowing it off, he shouted, "Good-by, Little Miss Mousie!" and hopped out to the garage, where the old Red Rooster was cleaning the Luckymobile cushions with his feather duster tail.

"Ha, ha!" laughed dear Uncle Lucky, hopping into

the Luckymobile, "I'm going to take Little Jack Rabbit out for a ride." And, giving the horn a honk or two, he whizzed through the little gate in the white picket fence. At Cabbage Street he turned off Lettuce Avenue and into the Shady Forest. By and by, after a while, he reached the dear Old Bramble Patch.

"I'll be out in just a minute!" shouted Little Jack Rabbit in answer to the three honks of the Luckymobile horn. "I've almost finished polishing the front door knob."

"Don't hurry!" replied the old gentleman rabbit, hopping around to the kitchen where Lady Love, the little rabbit's mother, was wiping the dishes.

"Here comes Uncle Lucky!" chirped the little Black Cricket from the woodbox by the kitchen stove.

"Here comes Uncle Lucky!" sang the Three Little Grasshoppers, while the pretty Canary from her gold cage twittered a song of welcome and the Hollyhocks nodded their heads as the old gentleman rabbit hopped up on the little back porch.

Lady Love pushed forward the big rocking chair and when the old gentleman bunny was comfortably seated, handed him a cup of turnip tea.

"Ah, me!" he sighed, though smiling at Lady Love:

"When I was young and frisky
Way back in '63,
A pretty little bunny girl
Gave me a cup of tea,"

and taking a blue silk polkadot handkerchief out of his coat-tail pocket, dear kind Uncle Lucky wiped a tear from his left eye.

Pretty soon when Little Jack Rabbit had finished polishing the front door knob, he and Uncle Lucky hopped out to the Luckymobile and drove away across the Sunny Meadow, up the Old Cow Path and over the hill-top, to the Shady Forest.

Everything was going along so nicely and Billy Breeze was whistling such a merry tune in the treetops when, all of a sudden, just like that, quick as the bills on the first of the month, something happened. Isn't it too bad that unpleasant things always happen when these two dear little rabbits are enjoying themselves?

Before Uncle Lucky could stop the Luckymobile it ran straight into a big log that lay across the Shady Forest Path, and out went the two little bunnies. No sooner had they picked themselves up than whom should they see peeping around a tree, but Mr. Wicked Wolf.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" whispered Little Jack Rabbit, "let's turn back."

But, goodness gracious me! who was standing not far behind them, but Danny Fox!

"Worse and worse," sighed poor dear Uncle Lucky, hopping off sideways when, all of a sudden, Old Man Weasel crept from behind a stone.

"What shall we do?" cried the poor little rabbit, all a-tremble with fright. "Won't somebody come to help us?"

“Hurry up, little rabbit,
Quickly jump
Into that friendly old
Hollow Stump,”



“S.O.S. Please come quick!”

whispered a little voice from the treetop. And, wasn't it lucky? it was the Old Hollow Stump Telephone Booth.

“S.O.S. Please come quick,
Policeman Dog, with your hickory stick!”

shouted the bunny boy.

Then brave Uncle Lucky held the door tight shut with his strong hind legs while the little rabbit peeped out through a knothole.

"Is he coming? Is he coming?" asked the anxious old gentleman rabbit, still holding the door tightly closed with his strong hind legs.

"Maybe I can see him with my left eye," answered the little rabbit, again squinting through the knothole. "Here he comes! Here he comes!"

Sure enough, the big kind Policeman Dog in his long blue coat with its big silver star was running swiftly across the Sunny Meadow.

"Here, I am!" he shouted, waving his hickory stick and blowing his big shrill whistle.

No sooner did Danny Fox hear that whistle than he ran through the Shady Forest.

No sooner did Mr. Wicked Wolf see the big kind Policeman Dog than he, too, turned and fled.

As for Old Man Weasel, he crawled under the bed on reaching home and never dared to come out for a week and a day.

"Everything is safe now!" shouted the big kind Policeman Dog, tapping the little door of the old Hollow Stump Telephone Booth with his big hickory stick. . So out hopped the two little rabbits.

"Here, take this!" cried dear generous Uncle Lucky, pulling out of his wallet a ten dollar lettuce leaf bill for the brave Policeman Dog. "Buy the Missus a new calico apron and the little bowwow some candy."

“Thank you,” said the good Policeman Dog, saluting the old gentleman rabbit with his right paw, and away he ran to the Police Station in Rabbitville.

“I guess we’d better go home,” said the old gentleman rabbit. “We’ve had enough trouble for to-day,” and before long he drove through the gate in the white picket fence and around to the garage in the rear of his little white house on the corner of Lettuce Avenue and Carrot Street, Rabbitville.

There stood the Old Red Rooster, polishing his spurs with Uncle Lucky’s shoe brush.

“Are you going to a wedding?” asked the old gentleman rabbit, winking at Mrs. Swallow, who was peeping out of her mud house under the eaves.

“No, to a fight!” answered the Old Red Rooster.

“Maybe I’d better bring in some cabbage leaves,” said the old gentleman rabbit, hopping down the little path under the grape arbor and around the Old Well to the garden. “Miss Mousie can make us a nice salad for lunch.” And while his little mouse housekeeper was setting the table, he and Little Jack Rabbit hopped out on the front porch where, just under the roof, pretty Mrs. Sparrow had a nest crowded with little birdies.

Sitting down in the hammock, the old gentleman rabbit swung back and forth, while his little bunny nephew looked in the croquet box to see if Hungry Hawk had stolen one of the nice wooden balls.

Pretty soon, when the old gentleman rabbit had fallen asleep, Mrs. Sparrow whispered in the little bunny’s ear,

“I never, never pay a cent,
My little house is free of rent,”

and she went on to explain how dear generous Uncle Lucky allowed her to use his front porch free of charge all through the year.

By and by Little Miss Mousie came to the front door to say that luncheon was ready.

“Dearest me!” exclaimed Uncle Lucky, “did I fall asleep?” and jumping out of the hammock, he winked at little Mrs. Sparrow. Then calling to Little Jack Rabbit, he hopped through the front hall, where the Old Grandfather Clock went tick, tickie, tock all the day long.

“Oh, all the day long
Old Grandfather Clock
Went tickie, tick, tickie,
Tick, tickie, tock.

But Little Miss Mousie,
She wasn't afraid,
As she polished the window
And pulled down the shade.

She loved the Old Grandfather
Tick, tockey Clock,
Why, she sang to herself
As it went tickie, tock!

“Goodness gracious meebus!” exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit, hanging his old wedding stovepipe hat on the hat-stand, “I’m as hungry as three bears!”

“So am I,” laughed the little rabbit, “I could eat a bag of animal crackers!”

“Dearest me! Somebody’s knocking,” exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit, as Little Miss Mousie brought in the lollypop stew. “I wonder if it’s Old Man Trouble?”

“No, it isn’t,” answered Little Miss Mousie, peeking through the keyhole. “It’s Granddaddy Bullfrog.”

“Ask him in! Don’t keep him waiting!” shouted dear hospitable Uncle Lucky.

“You’re just in time for lunch,” he added, as the old gentleman frog hopped into the kitchen.

Pushing up a chair, Little Miss Mousie made an extra place for him at the neat little table. But, oh, dear me! she forgot to give him a napkin, and because the old gentleman frog was too polite to ask for one while eating a raspberry tart, one of the raspberries rolled down his white waistcoat!

“Goodness gracious meebus!” exclaimed dear Uncle Lucky, suddenly seeing the big red stain, “were you signing checks with red ink this morning?”

But before the embarrassed old frog could answer kind Little Miss Mousie washed off the spot with a gasoline cloth.

After the meal was over Uncle Lucky and Granddaddy Bullfrog hopped out on the front porch to play

pinochle and the little rabbit went out to talk to the Old Red Rooster, who was still polishing his spurs in the Old Red Barn.

By and by the little bunny grew restless and, thinking he had better be going, he hopped around to the kitchen to say good-by to Little Miss Mousie. After she had filled his pockets with sweet cookies, he stopped a moment at the front porch, but Uncle Lucky and Granddaddy Bullfrog were so busy with their game that they never noticed him.

"I'll say good-by for you," twittered little Mrs. Sparrow, knowing that the little bunny didn't want dear Uncle Lucky to wonder what had become of him.

"Here comes a little rabbit bunny,
His knapsack full of ready money
Lettuce bills and carrot cents,
And maybe a million turnip pence,"

sang Bobbie Redvest from the Old Rail Fence.

"Not quite so many," answered the little rabbit, "but maybe some day I'll have enough to buy mother a jade necklace."

"Look out! Look out for Danny Fox!
He's sneaking round in his tiptoe socks!
If he should see you first, look out!
You won't have time to even shout!"

whispered Billy Breeze to all the little people of the Shady Forest and the Sunny Meadow. He didn't exactly whisper it, you know. He did it in a better way, a way by which no one heard a word. He carried the smell of the wicked old fox to the nose of every little animal. Yes, sir, that's how Billy Breeze whispers bad news!

"I'm glad I'm safe at home," thought the little bunny, as he opened the little gate in the white picket fence around the dear Old Bramble Patch.

"Dear, oh, dear!" sighed Mrs. Grouse, hiding her brood under her wings amid the brown underbrush.

"Goodness gracious!" cackled little Henny Jenny, "I'm glad Old Sic'em, the farmer's dog, is around. I hope the Farmer's Boy won't whistle to him."

"Heigh, ho!" yawned Mrs. Cow, with a shake of her head, making the little bell on her collar ting-a-ling. "So old Danny Fox is out hunting!"

Then the motherly lady cow walked over to rub her nose against the silky ear of her long-legged little calf. "But you needn't be afraid of that old robber. He eats only little defenseless bunnies and chickens. He's no real hunter. Oh, my, no! He's only a sneak thief."

"What's that you're saying about me?" asked a voice, all of a sudden, quick as a lightning bug or a tornado.

There stood Danny Fox himself, close by the Old Rail Fence.

"Moo-oo! Moo-oo!" answered Mrs. Cow, lowering her head till her horns pointed right at his head.

"S-s-s-h!" whispered the sly old robber, "maybe the farmer will think you're calling him!"

"I don't care if he does," answered Mrs. Cow, giving her head a toss, but quickly lowering it to bring the tips



"Don't you bother me, you old rascal."

of her horns on a level with Danny Fox's eyes. "Don't you bother me, you old rascal."

"Ha, ha!" laughed Danny Fox, carefully peering here and there, however, for fear some one might be coming by, "I'm not afraid of you. Besides, you have a thimble on each of your horns."

They weren't real thimbles, you know, but the little

brass caps which the Farmer had fastened on. Danny Fox thought they were thimbles because Mrs. Fox used a thimble when she mended Bushytail's coat or Slyboot's trousers.

"I don't care what you say, you old robber," answered Mrs. Cow with a loud moo-oo! walking up to the fence as brave as a fireman or a policeman. "Get out, or I'll toss you over the Bubbling Brook, or maybe farther!"

"Now, don't get disagreeable," whined the old fox, "I'm going along. Maybe I'll find a nice little rabbit for supper."

But he won't catch Little Jack Rabbit. No, indeed! That dear little bunny boy is safe in the Old Bramble Patch.

BUNNY TALE 5

THE RADIO ALARM

“DEAR me!” exclaimed Lady Love, the little rabbit’s pretty mother, “where is my bunny boy?” and the worried lady rabbit hopped out of the kitchen of the tiny white bungalow down to the edge of the Sunny Meadow. Shading her eyes with her paw, she looked up the old Cow Path to the Big Red Barn, but no little bunny boy could she see there or anywhere.

“Dear me!” she sighed again, “what has become of him. I hope Danny Fox isn’t chasing him in the Shady Forest.”

For some time she stood at the edge of the Old Bramble Patch, looking across the meadow, but at last she turned and hopped up the little path through the brambles to the tiny garden in the rear of her pretty white bungalow.

“I’ll pick some carrots and lettuce,” she said to herself. Filling her apron, she had hardly turned to hop into her neat little kitchen when, all of a sudden, just like that, quick as the wind that blows off your hat, over the Old Rail Fence jumped Danny Fox.

“Oh, dear, oh, dear!” she cried.

“My dear, my dear!” laughed Danny Fox, creeping toward her, “how sweet and tender you look!”

Poor little Lady Love dropped the carrots and lettuce and hopped toward the barn, but Wicked Danny Fox was too quick for her. Then she tried to hop over to the woodpile, but the nimble old beast again jumped in front of her.

"You'd better let me put you in my bag," snarled the cruel beast. "If you don't, I'll bite off your left ear."

"Please, oh, please, don't touch me," cried the frightened little bunny lady. "Oh, oh, oh."

Just then a friendly bark sounded near, and the next minute over the fence came the Yellow Dog Tramp.

"Get out!" he shouted, and, picking up a stick of wood, he hit the old fox over the head.

"Ouch! ouch!" yelled that old robber, and away he sneaked, leaving Lady Love and the kind dog to pick up the carrots and lettuce leaves.

"Dear me," thought the old fox, as he ran into the Shady Forest, "it grows worse every day. Some one always comes at the wrong time."

Yes, indeed, this old robber hardly knew what to do. Every time he started out from his den in the rocky hillside, somebody would call over the wireless:

"Danny Fox is going hunting!"

After that warning, of course, everybody locked his front door and bolted his back door and pulled down the window shades.

"My dear," he said, one dark gloomy night to Mrs. Fox, "maybe I can bring home a chicken—it's dark enough to hide me."

So off he started with a big empty bag over his shoulder. As he softly crept through the Shady Forest he saw a little twinkling star.

"Now, who's that, I wonder?" he asked himself in a whisper. But, of course, as he didn't know, he got no answer.

"I must be careful," he thought, "it might be the Policeman Dog's lantern."

So the old robber fox hid behind a tree and waited. By and by, after a while, who should come along but a firefly. My, how her little lantern flickered and flared in the wind.

"Oh, ho!" said Danny Fox, "who's afraid? I'm glad it's not the Policeman Dog!"

The little firefly kept on her way, for, of course, she hadn't heard Danny Fox thinking. As her little light had disappeared in the darkness the old robber came out of his hiding place.

Then off he started again for the henhouse.

By and by he reached the Old Barnyard. But just as he crept around the Big Red Barn, Old Sic'em, the farmer's dog, looked out of his wooden house.

"Bow, wow!" he went, tugging at the chain which kept him home nights in his little bungalow, "wow."

"Keep quiet, can't you," whined Danny Fox.

"Get out!" snarled Old Sic'em. "I'll call the farmer."

Just then who should hop by in the moonlight but Little Jack Rabbit on his way home.

“I guess I’ll catch that little bunny,” thought the old fox, sneaking around to the Big Red Barn.

“Now where is the old robber going?” the Weathercock asked himself, as he swung to and fro on his gilded toe.

He needn’t have asked that question, though, for just then he spied Little Jack Rabbit and a second later, Danny Fox.

“Dear, dear me!” thought the kind Weathercock, “I don’t want that wicked fox to catch that nice little bunny. What shall I do?”

All of a sudden he remembered the radio. On top of the Big Red Barn the Farmer’s Boy had fastened a set of wires which led down to his little room in the loft.

“Hello! hello!” shouted the Weathercock. “Danny Fox is after Little Jack Rabbit!”

The Farmer’s Boy must have heard him, for out of bed he jumped to call through the transmitter:

“Danny Fox is after Little Jack Rabbit! Danny Fox is out hunting!”

“Ha, ha!” exclaimed the Policeman Dog, as the message rang out in the Station House and, picking up his club, off he started for the Shady Forest.

Just then a soft voice whispered from the treetop:

“Danny Fox is close to the heels of Little Jack Rabbit.”

The dear little bunny was hopping down the forest trail happy as could be. He didn’t know that close be-

hind was crafty Danny Fox. No, siree! He thought he was safe enough. Why, he never had a thought of danger.

"I'll soon be home with Mother," he said to himself when, all of a sudden—dear, dear! Will something dreadful happen?

"Now I'll get you!" snarled Danny Fox.

"No, not yet!" barked the Policeman Dog, swinging his club. Whack! Down it came on the old fox's head.

"Now, run!" shouted the Policeman Dog. And maybe Little Jack Rabbit didn't go! Why, he went so fast that he left his shadow a mile behind him!

Then back to the Station House trotted the Policeman Dog, leaving the sly fox to get home as best he could.

In a few minutes the little bunny was safe in the dear Old Bramble Patch.

"Mother dear," he said the next morning, "can't I have a radio outfit for my very own?"

"Call up the Three-in-One-Cent Store and find out what it will cost," she answered.

It took the little rabbit bunny boy just a minute or three to call up

"Rabbitville, 1, 2, 3.

Hurry up! It's little me."

"Who's Little Me?" asked a voice. Then, of course the little rabbit had to explain who he was, whether it looked like rain, and why the clover tops were not so red



"Now I'll get you" snarled Danny Fox.

as last year. You see, the person in the Three-in-One-Cent Store was a very curious person, always trying to find out what was going on in the Shady Forest and the Sunny Meadow. Maybe he had once been a country boy rabbit before going into business at Rabbitville, U. S. A.

By and by he figured out what the cost of a radio outfit would be.

“When do you want it installed?” he asked, which means, set up.

“Wait till I ask mother,” answered the little bunny, hopping into the kitchen where the pretty lady bunny was making carrot cake and lollypop stew for supper.

“Dear, dear me!” she exclaimed, on learning that it would cost 230 carrot cents. “You’d better call up your Uncle Lucky. He’s rich enough to put in a dozen. Maybe he’ll order one for you. I wish I had the money,” and sweet Lady Love picked up her little boy rabbit and kissed him three times, once on the left cheek, twice on the right cheek and, last and best, on the mouth. “There now, run along.”

So away he hopped back to the receiver to tell the rabbit clerk at the Three-in-One-Cent Store that unless Uncle Lucky supplied the money there’d be no radio at the little white bungalow in the Old Bramble Patch.

“Too bad, and yet not so worse. Your Uncle Lucky is so fond of you that he might buy you a little Luckymobile some day, pretty soon,” answered the clerk.

After saying good-by, Little Jack Rabbit asked Central to give him:

“One, Two, Three,
Ring Happy Bell,
Uncle Lucky in Clover Dell.”

In a moment Uncle Lucky shouted: “Hello, hello! Who’s calling me?”

“Little Jack Rabbit,” answered the bunny boy, quick as a wink. “I want a radio set, but I haven’t enough money. All the other little boys are going to get one.”

“I don’t care if the radio set costs a million carrot cents,” shouted dear Uncle Lucky over the telephone when the bunny salesman at the Three-in-One-Cent Store suggested that a radio outfit was rather expensive. “Nothing is too good for my little nephew. Put it in right away so that he can listen to David Cory’s stories.”

“All right, Mr. Lucky Lefthindfoot,” respectfully answered the Three-in-One-Cent Store salesman, hanging up the receiver.

“This afternoon I’ll motor over to the Old Bramble Patch,” said the old gentleman rabbit to himself, sitting down in his comfortable armchair to read the *Bunny-bridge Bugle*. After luncheon he hopped out to the garage and, telling the Old Red Rooster to weed the lettuce patch, set out for Little Jack Rabbit’s bungalow.

“Dear me! He had gone only a little way, not so very far, when something went wrong with the Luckymobile. Dear me! again. By the time it was mended, Mr. Happy Sun was nearly ready for bed. At last, however, dear Uncle Lucky arrived at the Old Bramble Patch, with his

old wedding stovepipe hat and blue silk polkadot handkerchief. Honking the horn maybe a million times, less or more, he hopped out and into the little kitchen where Lady Love and her bunny boy were eating supper.

“Have you got any clover top pie?” asked the old gentleman rabbit, hanging up his old wedding stovepipe hat.

Of course Lady Love had. She had everything that was good to eat, you may be sure.

As soon as the supper dishes were cleared away, the three little rabbits hopped into the sitting room to hear the victrola sing:

“Oh, early in the morning
Before the sun is high,
I love to hunt for cherries
In mother’s apple pie.

And if Old Mother Hubbard
Can’t find her dog a bone,
I’ll take him to the candy store
To get an ice cream cone.”

“Ha, ha!” laughed Uncle Lucky, and he told a funny story of a crab who, by walking backwards into an orchard, made all the trees bear crab apples, which so provoked the farmer that he boiled the crab and ate him for supper.

By and by the little cuckoo began to sing from her

little clock house: "Time for bed, time for bed!" At once the three little rabbits hopped upstairs, first blowing out all the electric lights so that Hungry Hawk, who is always looking for little mice and rabbits, wouldn't be able to see the little white bungalow.

And when everything was quiet a tiny fly asked Little Miss Cricket:

"Is there any cheese in Lady Love's cupboard?"

But the little cricket wouldn't tell where Lady Love kept all her good things and neither would I and neither would the canary bird who was sound asleep with her head under her wing.

The next morning, bright and early, Uncle Lucky shouted over the 'phone: "Is this the Three-in-One Cent Store? Don't forget to put in Little Jack Rabbit's radio apparatus?"

"We'll have it installed to-day—don't worry."

"Let's invite all our friends over to-night," said Uncle Lucky, turning to Little Jack Rabbit.

In less than five hundred short seconds the two little bunnies were speeding away. Pretty soon they saw Squirrel Nutcracker on the doorstep of his Chestnut Tree House.

"Come over to-night and listen in over our new radio," shouted the bunny boy.

"I'll be there, thank you!" replied the old squirrel.

Next, Busy Beaver said he'd come; also Sammy Skunk and the Big Brown Bear. Then Uncle Lucky stopped

at the Old Duck Pond to invite Granddaddy Bullfrog and Taddy Tadpole.

“What’s all the noise about?” asked pretty Mrs. Oriole from her stocking-like nest on the Old Willow Tree.

“Come over to my radio party to-night,” answered Little Jack Rabbit, as he drove over to the Barnyard.

“I’ll come,” crowed Cocky Doodle.

“I’ll be there,” said Goosey Lucy.

“I won’t be a second late,” promised Turkey Tim.

“Yes, we’ll come,
Make no mistake,
And don’t forget
The Angel Cake!”

shouted all the Barnyard Folk.

“Ha! ha!” laughed Little Jack Rabbit, “won’t we have a dandy radio party?”

BUNNY TALE 6

MR. WICKED WOLF

“HOP out of bed and wash your face
And neatly part your hair
Right down the middle of your back,
Then hurry down the stair,”

sounded the wake-up song of the musical alarm clock.

Out of bed hopped Little Jack Rabbit and in a few minutes he was ready for breakfast—nice carrot porridge with lettuce cream, turnip toast and a stewed lollypop. After he had polished the front door knob, fed the canary and filled with kindling the woodbox behind the kitchen stove, he kissed Lady Love good-by.

“Do be careful!” cautioned his pretty bunny mother, smoothing the blue bow at his little white throat. “Do be careful. Danny Fox is everywhere.”

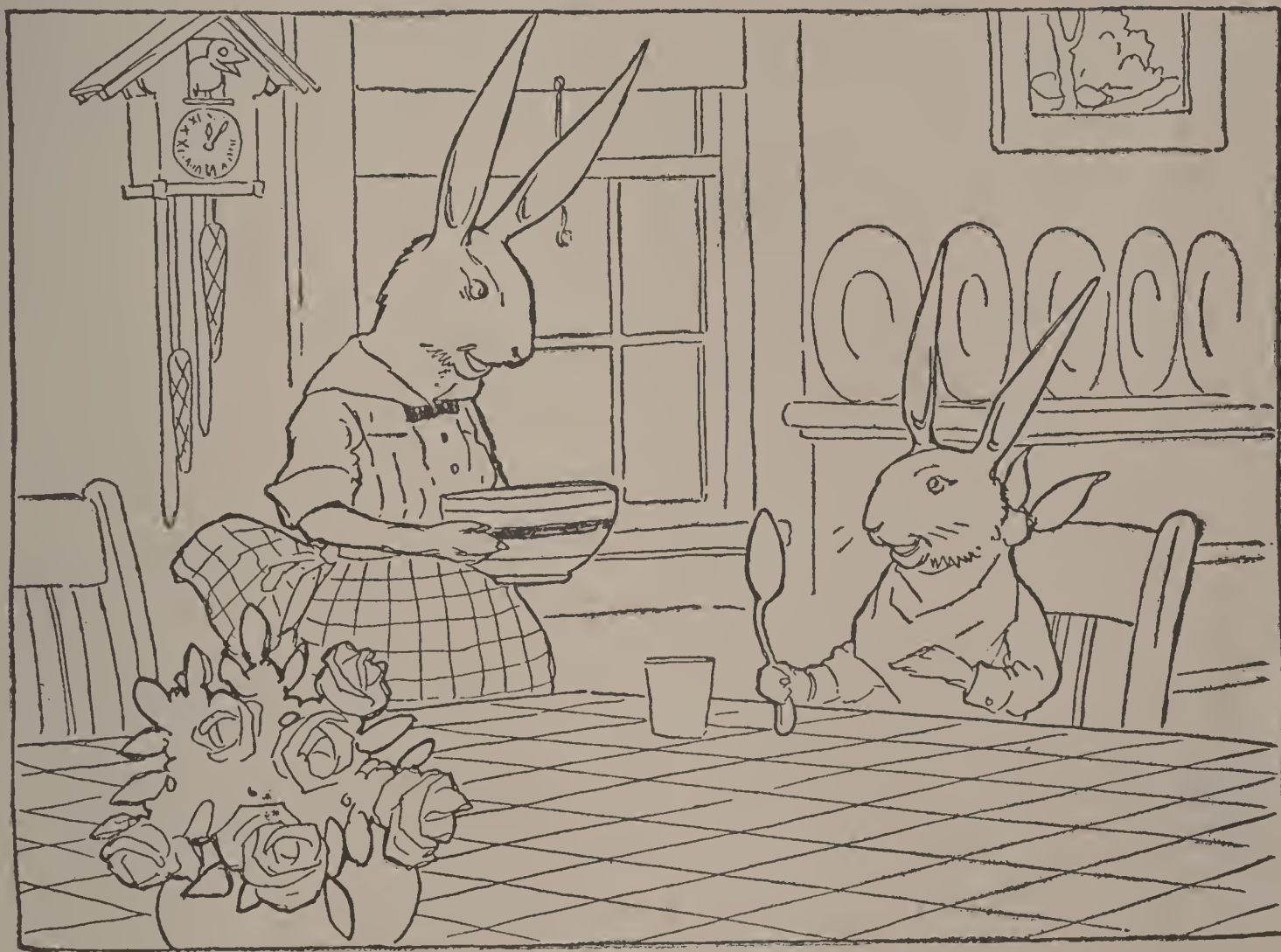
“Don’t worry,” answered the little rabbit bunny boy, and away he hopped down the winding path through the brambles. Pretty soon he came to the Sunny Meadow, through which the Bubbling Brook gurgled and laughed until it splashed into the Old Duck Pond.

The Sunny Meadow was brown and barren. No lovely flowers smiled at the little rabbit as he hopped along. A

few dry leaves scurried by as Billy Breeze whistled merrily.

“Where are you going, bunny boy?
Here is a penny to buy a toy,”

all of a sudden shouted Professor Crow from a treetop.



Nice carrot porridge.

“Oh, thank you!” answered the happy little rabbit, politely. “I’ll go right down to the Three-in-One Cent Store for a lollypop ice-cream cone.”

On the way he heard Squirrel Nutcracker scolding Chatterbox, his red squirrel cousin.

“What’s the matter?” inquired the little rabbit.

“Nothing but trouble,” replied the old gray squirrel. “Chatterbox tried to steal into my store house.”

“I did not!” answered the little Red Squirrel. “I only peeked in through a knot hole.”

“Let’s play a game of tag! You’re it!” shouted the bunny boy, clapping his paw on Chatterbox’s shoulder.

My, what a scamper after that! Over the fallen logs, across the Bubbling Brook and under the Old Rail Fence raced these three little people until, all of a sudden, they almost bumped into the Billy Goat Stage Coach.

“Stop! stop! I want to take a ride,
Pull in your Billy Goat Team,
I’m on my way to Turnip Town
For a lollypop ice cream,”

shouted Little Jack Rabbit.

“Whoa!” cried the Old Dog Driver, pulling in the billy goats right in front of the little bunny. “Stand still, Butter! Quiet now, Bouncer!”

“All right, I’m in,” called out the little rabbit, looking up through the open window at the good bow-wow driver.

“Gid-ap!” shouted the Old Dog, clicking his tongue on his long white teeth, and cracking his whip over the heads of his prancing billy goats.

Away went the Billy Goat Stage Coach, rattlety bang,

over the bumps and over the stones till it almost crackled the bunny boy's bones.

Pretty soon the Old Dog Driver shouted:

"Carrot City—Next stop, Turnip Town!"

"Wait, wait!" squeaked an old lady Pig, waving a green umbrella.

"Hurry up!" growled the Old Dog, "I'm five minutes behind time."

"Where are you going?" asked the breathless lady Pig, as the polite little rabbit latched the coach door.

"Turnip Town, m'am," he answered, opening his knapsack to slip in his little red-striped candy cane.

"Going for a visit?" enquired the inquisitive lady Pig.

"No, m'am," replied the little rabbit. "Just going for a candy chocolate mouse."

"Be careful, the peppermint cat might catch it," said the lady Pig with a squeaky chuckle.

"Dear me!" sighed the little bunny, "is she as fierce as the farmer's black cat?"

"Not quite," answered the talkative lady Pig.

Just then the coach stopped and in hopped Daddy Longlegs. He wore a long linen duster and carried a cotton umbrella on his arm.

"Well, I declare!" he exclaimed, "if my dear little friend isn't on board." And, sitting down by the little bunny, he enquired all about the folks at home.

"Mother's well," answered the little rabbit. "She always wears two pink roses, one on each cheek."

"How's Uncle Lucky?"

"Oh, he's all right," laughed the bunny boy.

"He's always well
And hops up with
The rising bell."

"Turnip Town!" all of a sudden shouted the Old Dog Driver, and out jumped the little rabbit boy to buy his chocolate mouse.

"Dear me!" he sighed, as he hopped out of the candy shop, "I must hurry home," and away he went, clipperty clip, lipperty lip to the Shady Forest.

By and by, not so very far, a dreadful howl sounded close at hand. Dear me! before poor little Jack Rabbit could hop away somebody grabbed him by the throat.

"Ha, ha, ha! Now I've got you!" chuckled a deep, growly voice, and Mr. Wicked Wolf dropped the little frightened bunny boy into a big empty gunny sack. Then, throwing it over his shoulder, he started off for his den in the Shady Forest.

"Ha, ha, ha!" again chuckled Mr. Wicked Wolf, "what a nice dinner Mrs. Wolf and I will have to-night!"

"Oh, dear me!" thought the little rabbit, "mother will never again see her little bunny boy come hopping up the path in the Old Bramble Patch."

"Ha, ha!" chuckled Mr. Wolf, as he hurried along with the poor little rabbit.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried the poor little bunny boy, all alone

in the sack on the back of the big wicked wolf, “what shall I do, what shall I do? I’m a goner. Yes, I’m a goner, just as sure as

Monday follows Sunday
And sunshine follows rain,
And the little brook flows to the ocean,
And green apples give you a pain!”

Poor Little Jack Rabbit! all alone—in the sack—on the back—of Mr. Wicked Wolf.

Just then a little voice from the treetop whispered: “Haven’t you a knife in your pocket, little rabbit?”

It was Bobbie Redvest’s voice, so low and sweet that Mr. Wicked Wolf, who was old and deaf, never heard a word.

“Oh, oh, oh!” thought the little rabbit, all a-tremble, his little knees going clitter, clatter and his little heart pitter, patter, “I wonder if I have?” And he looked through his pockets one by one, his little pink nose trembling with fright just like a star on a frosty night. At last, oh joy! and a catch of his breath; he found his knife in the little handkerchief pocket of his coat.

Then he waited all alone—in the sack—on the back—of Mr. Wicked Wolf.

There! It came again, the little voice from the treetop:

“Cut a hole—in the sack—
Oh, so care-ful-ly!”

All a-tremble, the little rabbit opened his knife and made a slit in the bag, oh, so qui-et-ly.

Then, thrusting out his head, he was just going to hop away, when the little voice from the treetop whispered:

“Wait—a—minute.”

“Oh, dear me!” thought the little rabbit, “I don’t want to wait. I want to get away.” But he minded the little voice, and it was mighty well he did, for just then Mr. Wicked Wolf stopped short and said, “Gee whiskers, I’m getting tired. I guess I’ll sit down on this old log.” And down he sat, letting the sack slip to the ground. Taking out his old corncob, he filled it with tobacco and, scratching a match on his furry trouser leg, commenced to smoke.

“Now’s your chance!” whispered the little voice from the treetop.

Out jumped the little rabbit, but as he was about to hop away, oh, dear me! again the little voice from the treetop whispered:

“Wait—a—minute.”

“Oh, oh, oh!” sighed the little bunny, “I don’t want to wait. I want to get away!” But he minded the little voice from the treetop.

“Pick up—that stone—and slip—it in—the sack—oh, —so—care-ful-ly.”

And the little rabbit, all a-tremble, his little heart a-pitter-patter and his little knees a-clitter-clatter, picked up the stone and slipped it in the sack, oh, so care-ful-ly.

“Wait—a—minute!” whispered the little voice for the third time, as he was about to hop away.

“Oh, oh, oh, oh!” sighed the little bunny, looking over his shoulder at Mr. Wicked Wolf’s hairy back, “if I wait another minute I’ll never get away.” But he minded the little voice from the treetop.

“Pin up the slit—in the sack—with three—pine needle—pins,” whispered the little voice. All a-tremble, the poor, distracted little rabbit hunted on the ground under the big pine tree until he found the three little pins. Then, oh, so, care-ful-ly, he pinned up the slit in the sack.

“Now’s your chance!” whispered the little voice. “Hide!”

The next minute the little rabbit had hopped behind a tree. Buttoning up his pretty white fur overcoat so that it wouldn’t show around the trunk and drawing together the tips of his little ears, he waited, oh, so anxiously, for maybe just a minute or three.

“Guess I’m rested now!” said Mr. Wicked Wolf, knocking the ashes from his pipe and slipping it in his pocket. Then, drawing the sack up on his shoulder, he started off for home.

“My, what a heavy little bunny you are!” he growled, as he trotted through the woods.

Pretty soon he jumped over the Bubbling Brook. But when he landed on the other side,

The great big stone
In the sack
Hit him a dreadful
Whack on the back.

“Oh, my! What a tough little rabbit you are! But wait till I get you home! Mrs. Wolf will stew you until you’re nice and soft and tender! Ha, ha!”

“Hey, mother,” he shouted, on reaching his little stone house on the wooded hillside, “I have a nice little rabbit for supper.”

Letting the sack slip to the ground, Mr. Wicked Wolf untied it, oh, so care-ful-ly! But, goodness gracious me! When he peeked in and saw a big stone instead of a tender little rabbit, wasn’t he angry?

Shoving in his paw, he pulled out the stone and hurled it across the Sunny Meadow. Whack! it came up against the old apple tree, knocking off twenty big red apples, which almost hit Little Jack Rabbit as he hopped safely back to the dear Old Bramble Patch, where Lady Love, his pretty bunny mother, stood waiting for her little boy at the gate in the old picket fence.

“Cousin Cottontail has invited us over this evening to hear the Jack Rabbit Man tell stories,” she said, kissing her little bunny boy.

“Ha, ha! That will be fine!” cried the little bunny, forgetting all about Mr. Wicked Wolf. Dear me, I wish that wicked wolf had forgotten all about the little rabbit. Then, with a skip and jump, he hopped on the porch.

“Hello, little rabbit boy,” twittered the canary from her gold cage. “What makes you so happy?”

“Didn’t you hear what mother just said?” he asked, with a twinkle of his pretty pink nose.

“No,” answered the pretty yellow bird. “What did she say?”

“That we are invited over to Cousin Cottontail’s to listen on the radio.”

Just then something happened. Isn’t it a shame that unpleasant things so often happen?

“No, you’re not going to hear bunny stories to-night,” growled a deep ugly voice, and there, just outside the Old Bramble Patch, stood Mr. Wicked Wolf. Dear me! How cruel he looked, his big red tongue hanging out of his mouth and his long sharp teeth gleaming like bowie knives in the sunlight.

“What—what are you here for?” asked the little rabbit, all a-tremble.

“Never you mind!” snarled the ugly beast. “I’ll wait here for you.”

“No, no, please don’t wait!” cried the frightened little rabbit.

“Gr-r-r!” growled the big ferocious animal; “I’d like to eat you. I would, if I could only break through into the Old Bramble Patch.”

Little Jack Rabbit didn’t wait to hear more. Quickly taking down the canary cage, he hopped one, two, three, go! into his little bungalow.

“Mother! Mother!” he shouted, skip-toeing into the kitchen, “something dreadful is going to happen to-night. Mr. Wicked Wolf is waiting outside.”

“You don’t say so!” cried the anxious lady bunny.

“Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall we do? I declare, I wish your father wouldn't go away on business so often.”

“How will we hear the bunny stories to-night?” asked the little rabbit.



“I gave him a shock of electricity.”

“Goodness knows!” replied his mother. “Maybe I'd better telephone.” But, dear, dear me! the wire was out of order and all you could hear was a dreadful buzzing like a million bees.

“Well, if I’m not mad clear through and through,” said Lady Love. “The idea of Mr. Wicked Wolf spoiling our evening. I believe he’s done something to the telephone wire,” and the ex-as-per-ated lady bunny again took down the receiver. Then, all of a sudden, she hopped over to the electric drop-light and, unscrewing the silk cord connection, placed it against the telephone.

Goodness me! What a howl of pain came from the outskirts of the Old Bramble Patch. With a laugh, Lady Love hopped over to the back porch and pointed to Mr. Wicked Wolf limping across the Sunny Meadow.

“He had pulled down my telephone wire,” cried the lady bunny, “but he let go when I gave him a shock of electricity. Ha, ha! I guess he won’t trouble us any more this evening.” Then putting on her little sunny bonnet with the pinky roses on it, she and Little Jack Rabbit hopped over to Cousin Cottontail’s house.

BUNNY TALE 7

TIMMIE MEADOWMOUSE

LITTLE JACK RABBIT looked out of the tiny white bungalow in the Old Bramble Patch. The rain was falling and the Sunny Meadow wasn't the least bit sunny. No, indeed. The Bubbling Brook was making a great fuss as it rushed along, sometimes overflowing its banks and making little lakes in the hollow spaces.

"Ker dunk! ker dunk!" croaked Granddaddy Bullfrog from his log in the Old Duck Pond. He didn't mind the rain. His rubber coat kept him nice and dry. As for his shoes, I guess he'd never outgrown his boyhood's delight in bare legs.

Down from the Farmyard waddled Duckey Waddles on his big wide wabbly yellow feet. He loved the wet weather, oh, my yes. Pretty soon he went in for a swim, now and then, and sometimes oftener, standing on his head in the water to catch a little minnow.

"Quack, quack!" he shouted in answer to Granddaddy Bullfrog's solemn "Ker dunk, ker dunk!"

Up at the Farmyard Cockey Doodle, Henny Jenny, Goosey Lucy and Turkey Tim stood out of the wet under the old cowshed, wondering how long Mr. Merry Sun would hide behind the gray rain clouds.

On the top of the Big Red Barn the weathercock turned to and fro on his gilded toe, for Billy Breeze was blowing across the open spaces, now sending the clouds helter-skelter over the sky, now bending the dripping bushes or shaking the raindrops from the apple trees.

“I wish you’d let me point to the West,” sighed the Weathercock. “Then it would soon clear up.”

“Maybe I will,” answered Billy Breeze, and all of a sudden he blew away a dark cloud and out came Mr. Merry Sun with a smile.

“Hurray!” shouted the Weathercock, swinging about on his toe to point to the West. “Now we’ll have a beautiful day.”

“I think so,” laughed Little Jack Rabbit, hopping out of his pretty white bungalow and down the narrow path through the rough brambles to the Sunny Meadow.

Just then who should come along but Timmie Meadowmouse. My, but he was glad to see the lovely sunshine.

“Howdy! Have you heard the news?” he asked.

“What news?” asked the little rabbit, curiously, thinking, “Goodness me! Something dreadful has happened,” as he twinkled his little pink nose and winked his two big pink eyes.

“Stop!” cried the tiny meadowmouse, “you make me so dizzy, I can’t think.”

“All right,” replied the little rabbit, “but hurry. I’m afraid something has happened to Chippy Chipmunk or the Big Brown Bear.”

“Not a bit of it,” answered Timmie Meadowmouse,

taking off his little fur cap. All of a sudden, quick as a flash, or a smash or a dash, down from the sky swooped Hungry Hawk.

“Look out!” shouted the little rabbit, hopping under a bush. But, dear me! The tiny meadowmouse was just a second too late. The next minute up in the air he went, held tightly in the cruel claws of the old hawk.

“Help! help!” shouted poor frightened Timmie Meadowmouse, as higher and higher flew the big feathered robber until pretty soon he looked like a tiny speck in the sky.

“How can I save my little friend?” cried the unhappy bunny boy. But nobody answered him, not even Billy Breeze, who is such a good friend to all the little people of the Shady Forest and the Sunny Meadow.

The anxious little rabbit looked this way and that way, but all he could see was a tiny speck in the blue sky as the old robber bird flew swiftly away.

Just then the bunny boy noticed another speck in the sky, only larger and of a different shape.

“What is that?” he asked himself, hoping it might be the kind American Eagle who had once befriended him.

But no, it was not. No, indeed, it was something very, very different. Oh, my, yes, I should say so.

As there was nothing to be gained by standing still on the Sunny Meadow, the dis-con-so-late (which means hopelessly unhappy, little readers) bunny boy rabbit hopped away until, all of a sudden, just like that, he almost bumped into the Farmer's Boy, who was holding a

long string that rose up and up and up into the air until it ended in a queer shaped something with a long tail that swung to and fro as Billy Breeze laughed and whistled across the white cloud meadows of the sky.

Yes, sir, Little Jack Rabbit almost bumped into the Farmer's Boy. You see, the little bunny, looking up into the sky as he hopped along, had paid little attention to his feet.

"Hello!" exclaimed the Farmer's Boy. "Your eyes are filled with tears. What's the matter, little rabbit?"

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" cried the little bunny. "Hungry Hawk has carried off little Timmie Meadowmouse."

"Where to?" asked the Farmer's Boy, curiously.

"Do you see that little speck?" asked the sorrowful little rabbit, pointing upward.

"Yes," answered the Farmer's Boy. "Just to the right of my kite. Yes, I see it."

"That's Hungry Hawk," sobbed the little bunny boy. "He has Timmie Meadowmouse in his claws."

"I'm sorry," answered the Farmer's Boy, and then, all of a sudden, he started to run across the Sunny Meadow, pulling in the kite string at the same time. For a moment Little Jack Rabbit was too surprised to move. Then away he hopped after the Farmer's Boy. You see, the little bunny was so sorry for the poor little mouse that he forgot all about his fear of the Farmer's Boy. Yes, indeed, that's what sorrow does sometimes, and maybe oftener. When we are sorry for some one else we often forget our own troubles.

By the time the little rabbit had caught up to the Farmer's Boy there was a great commotion going on 'way up in the big blue sky. Oh, my, yes. I tell you what, that Farmer's Boy was a clever fellow. He hadn't lived on a farm all his life for nothing. No, indeed. He had taught himself things which the old schoolmaster never dreamed of as he sat at his desk in the little red school house on the hill, where the children's feet were never still. My, how strangely that boy behaved! Suddenly he would dash off to the right, then away to the left; then backward, next forward, sometimes letting out the string, or winding it up again.

"What is he doing?" thought the little bunny boy, gazing up into the sky at the big kite, which seemed only a trifle larger than Hungry Hawk. Oh, dear, I'm so worried for fear that poor little mouse will be eaten by that dreadful old robber bird.

All of a sudden the Farmer's Boy, with a yell of delight, started to run backward as fast as he could go. "I've got you! I've got you!" he kept shouting, as he pulled in the kite, hand over hand.

"What do you mean?" asked Little Jack Rabbit, all a-tremble, hopping about on one leg.

"I've caught the old hawk in my kite! I'm pulling him down, you betcher!" answered the Farmer's Boy, as he carefully pulled in the string hand over hand, taking care to keep the string taut lest by a sudden slip backward the kite might untangle itself from the struggling bird.

As the good home-made, brown paper kite slowly descended the little rabbit boy could make out the figure of Hungry Hawk pressed tight against the frame, his wings entangled in the face-strings.

“Ha, ha!” laughed the Farmer’s Boy. “If I only had four hands and my gun along, I’d shoot the old bird from here.”

“No, you wouldn’t,” cried the little bunny boy rabbit. “You might hit Timmie Meadowmouse.”

“Like enough. Never thought about it,” answered the Farmer’s Boy. “Mebbe it’s just as well the old gun is home.”

By this time the kite was just overhead. Billy Breeze was helping all he could. He blew hard and strong, with a steady pressure, keeping the big brown paper kite from dipping. Maybe he was laughing at the old robber bird! Just then a little black figure dropped on a pile of hay on the Sunny Meadow.

“It’s Timmie Meadowmouse!” shouted the little bunny boy, but the Farmer’s Boy was so intent on his job he never turned his head. No, siree. He had all he could do to manage the kite. Frantically beating his wings, the old hawk wiggled and jiggled, this way and that, vainly trying to free himself from the clinging tied-together pieces of rags that formed the rudder to the big brown kite.

But, dear me! Just as the Farmer’s Boy reached up to grasp the fierce bird, either Billy Breeze forgot him-

self, or the good old kite could stand the strain no longer, or something gave way, a string or two, maybe a knot. All of a sudden, with a wiggle and jiggle, Hungry Hawk slipped out and sailed away, up and up, across the Big Red Barn to the freedom of the open sky.

Yes, away he went. And, oh, dear me!
I'm sorry that crafty old bird is free,
Much like a trouble that's over to-day
With another one waiting us over the way.
But mother will teach you what to do,
So don't be afraid of a trouble or two.



"Hello" exclaimed the Farmers Boy

BUNNY TALE 8

INVITATIONS

“HAVE you heard the news?” asked the Old Brown Horse.

“What news?” enquired Little Jack Rabbit, hopping along with the friendly steed under the warm rays of Mr. Merry Sun in the Big Blue Sky.

“Why, the circus is at Turnip City,” answered the Old Brown Horse. “The Circus Elephant, the funny clowns, and the roller skating bears.”

“Oh, oh, oh!” exclaimed the little rabbit. “I want to see them.”

“You don’t mean to say you’ve never been to the circus!” whinnied the good Old Horse. “Well, you’ve got a treat.”

“Oh, take me to the Circus
To see the elephants dance!
Oh, take me to the Circus
Where the horses neigh and prance;
Where all the clowns make funny jokes
And try to tease the Circus Folks,”

begged the little bunny, hopping back into the Old Bramble Patch.

“So you’d like to go to the circus, eh?” asked Mr. Rabbit, winking at Lady Love, who was making Turnip Tea for Old Mrs. Bunny.



“Heard the news?” asked the Old Brown Horse.

“Please take me,” begged the little rabbit.

“All right, I’ll hire the Billy Goat Stage Coach to take us, and maybe a few friends,” answered Mr. Rabbit, and up he hopped to call dear Uncle Lucky on the telephone:

“Central, give me Clover Dell,
One, two, three, ring Happy Bell.”

“Hello, hello, who’s calling me?
The wire’s buzzing like a bee,”

answered the old gentleman rabbit.

“Listen, Uncle Lucky! I’m hiring the Billy Goat Stage Coach to take us all to your circus at Turnip City,” explained Mr. Rabbit.

“Well, I’ll come over with a bushel of passes,” answered the dear generous old gentleman bunny. “What time do you go?”

“At seven o’clock to-morrow morning. We must get an early start,” answered Mr. Rabbit.

“Now, whom shall we invite?” he enquired, turning to his small bunny son, who was hopping about, so happy to know he was going to the circus to see the animals and the clowns, and maybe a monkey and a bear and a Mexican dog without any hair.

“Whom shall we invite?” repeated Mr. Rabbit.

“All your friends and all my friends, and maybe some more,” answered the bunny boy with a hop, skip and jump out on the porch of the little white house in the Old Bramble Patch.

Just then the little canary bird in her gold cage began to twitter:

“The birds within the Shady Wood
And on the Meadow Green,

Are building nests of twigs and strings
And moss pressed in between.

But I'm content within my cage
To sing my sweetest song.
For discontent, my little boy,
Will often set you wrong."

"I'm not discontented," replied the little bunny boy, "I'm happy. Father is going to take me to the circus," and he hopped down the path through the bramble bushes.

"Timmie Meadowmouse, Timmie Meadowmouse!"

"What do you want?" asked the tiny mouse, peeking out of his little round house of woven grass.

"Want to go to the circus? Father is going to hire the Billy Goat Stage. We start at 7 to-morrow morning."

"I'll be up bright and early," answered Timmie Meadowmouse, darting back into his little house to get out his best Sunday-go-to-meeting suit.

"Timmie Meadowmouse will go," cried Little Jack Rabbit, hopping back into the house.

"Nobody will refuse, I imagine," laughed Lady Love. "Whom else have you invited?"

"I'm going over to the Barnyard," answered Little Jack Rabbit. "I'll invite everybody I meet," and off he hopped. By and by, after a while, but not nearly a mile, he spied Granddaddy Bullfrog on his big log near the bank of the Old Duck Pond.

"Oh, Granddaddy Bullfrog! Father is going to hire

the Billy Goat Stage Coach to take us all to the circus to-morrow morning. We start at 7, right after breakfast. Will you come along?"

"To be sure I will," answered the old frog. "I haven't been to the circus for a long time. Hurrah! I'll be a kid again and eat a ton of peanuts—maybe!"

"Be at the Old Bramble Patch on time," shouted the little rabbit, who by this time was half across the Sunny Meadow on his merry way.

"Hello, hello! What brings you here?"
Asked the Weathercock from on high.
Always first to spy anything
With his wonderful look-out eye.

"I'm inviting all my friends to the circus," replied the little bunny, with a happy laugh. "We all leave to-morrow morning at 7, right after breakfast. Where's Cocky Doodle?"

"Here I am," crowed the little rooster. "I heard you. I'll go to the circus. Many thanks."

"Cackle, cackle, what do you think,
This morning the sky was yellow and pink.
Mr. Merry Sun was just out of bed—
His nightcap crinkled all over his head,"

cackled Henny Jenny, who had just laid a pretty white egg in her little round nest.

“Will you come to my circus party?” asked Little Jack Rabbit. “We start to-morrow morning at seven from the Old Bramble Patch. Father has hired the Billy Goat Stage Coach to take us all to Uncle Lucky’s Circus at Turnip City.”

“Oh, yes, I’ll wear my nicest dress
And my pinky coral comb.
You’ll surely bring me back again,
For it’s very far from home.”

“Of course we will,” answered Little Jack Rabbit.

“Don’t forget me,” cried Goosey Lucy.

“Will you come?” asked the little bunny.

“To be sure,” answered the nice lady goose. “Don’t forget Ducky Waddles.”

“Where is he?” asked the bunny boy, looking here and there and everywhere.

“He went for a swim in the Old Duck Pond,” answered Henny Jenny.

“Why, I just came from there,” replied the little bunny. “I didn’t see him. I saw only Granddaddy Bullfrog.”

“Well, you see him now,” quacked a familiar voice, and there stood Ducky Waddles himself. He had just waddled around from behind the Big Red Barn.

“Will you come to my circus party?” asked Little Jack Rabbit.

“I couldn’t refuse,” laughed the nice little duck.

Now, I wonder next who will be invited to the Circus.

Listen, and you shall hear, for the little bunny has just hopped around the Big Haystack.

“Mrs. Cow, won’t you come to the circus?”

“Where is it?” enquired that nice lady cow, whipping her tail to and fro to scare away the flies. “I can’t go far for my little baby calf needs me ’most all the time.”

“At Turnip City,” answered Little Jack Rabbit.

“Oh, dear! You must excuse me,” replied Mrs. Cow. “That’s too far away. I’ll wait for Uncle Lucky’s Circus to come to Rabbitville. But thank you, just the same.”

“Now, who else?” thought the little bunny, when, all of a sudden, he spied Turkey Tim.

“Won’t you come to my circus party?”

“Yes, indeed,” answered the big turkey gobbler. “What time, and where, and how?”

“To-morrow morning at seven o’clock we all go in the Billy Goat Stage Coach. Be on time at the Old Bramble Patch,” and away hopped Little Jack Rabbit, his long ears catching the turkey gobbler’s poetry answer:

“I’ll be there before it’s seven,
I’ll be first of the umpty-’leven.”

Pretty soon the little bunny spied Squirrel Nutcracker in his gray fur suit, sitting on a tree stump in the Shady Forest.

“Oh, won’t you be glad when you hear what I’m going to say,” laughed the rabbit boy.

“Hurry up and tell me,” cried the curious squirrel.

“I’m giving a circus party,” answered Little Jack Rabbit. “And we’ve hired the Billy Goat Stage Coach to take us all down to the circus at Turnip City. Want to come along?”



“Well, I guess yes three times!”

“Well, I guess yes three times!” answered Squirrel Nutcracker, springing up from the log to dance about on his hind legs. “It’s a whole year since I’ve been to the circus.”

“Well then, be at the Old Bramble Patch to-morrow morning at seven,” replied the little bunny, and away he went, clipperty clip, lipperty lip, up the winding trail to the cave of the Big Brown Bear.

“Hello, hello!” shouted the little rabbit.

“What’s the matter?” enquired a deep, growly voice, and Mr. Bear came to the door, over which hung a big sign;

LOLLYPOPS AND HONEY.

“What can I do for you, bunny boy?
Do you wish a lollypop for a toy?”

he asked, his growly voice changing into a nice friendly voice on seeing the little bunny.

“I’d like a lollypop,” answered the little rabbit, “but I don’t want to play with it—I’ll eat it.”

“All right,” laughed the Big Brown Bear, shuffling into his cave for a yellow lollypop with little raisins on the top.

“I’m giving a circus party,” explained the bunny boy, sitting down beside the Big Brown Bear. “Want to come?”

“Well, I should say so,” answered the big kind animal. “I have a cousin who skates on wheels in Uncle Lucky’s circus. I’d like to see him.”

“Well then, be at the Old Bramble Patch to-morrow at seven in the early morning. We’re all going in the Billy Goat Stage Coach. Won’t we have fun?”

“More fun than a bagful of monkeys,” answered the Big Brown Bear, filling his pipe with dry corncob silk and puffing away for maybe a minute and maybe more, while the smoke curled up to the top of the door.

“Who else is going?”

“Oh, everybody,” answered Little Jack Rabbit. “Granddaddy Bullfrog, Henny Jenny, Cocky Doodle, Turkey Tim, Goosey Lucy, Ducky Waddles, Timmie Meadowmouse, Chippy Chipmunk, and lots more whom I haven’t yet invited.”

“Will the Billy Goat Stage Coach hold them all?” asked the Big Brown Bear re-flec-tive-ly, which means “thinking it over,” dear little boys and girls.

“I guess so,” answered Little Jack Rabbit. “Some can sit on top and some under the seats and some on the seats, and—oh, yes, I’m sure it will hold us all.”

“All right, I’ll be on time, for

I love the clowns and the sawdust ring,
In fact, I love ’most everything
That’s in the circus and round about;
The lion’s roar and the elephant’s shout,
The pistol shot and the cracking whip,
And the chariot driver’s furious clip,”

sang the Big Brown Bear.

“I’ll be looking for you,” said the little rabbit, as he hopped away to invite more of his Shady Forest friends. In a little while he came to the Forest Pool. There sat Busy Beaver on the mud roof of his little house, happy and contented, for the day was warm and bright and he had slumbered well all night.

On seeing the little rabbit, he dived into the water and swam over to the bank.

“Hello, what brings you here?” he asked, for something in the little rabbit’s manner told him there was a surprise in store.

“Give you three guesses,” laughed the little bunny. “Three guesses and then two more.”

“Danny Fox been caught?”

“No,” answered Little Jack Rabbit.

“Mr. Wicked Weasel in jail?”

“No,” answered Little Jack Rabbit.

“Chippy Chipmunk has the measles?”

“No,” replied Little Jack Rabbit, with a shake of his head.

“Well, what is it, then?” asked Busy Beaver.

“Circus Party!” shouted the little bunny. “I’m giving a circus party at Turnip City. Have you been to Uncle Lucky’s Circus?”

“Not yet,” replied the little beaver.

“Be sure to come to the Old Bramble Patch at seven to-morrow morning. We’re all going down in the Billy Goat Stage Coach. So be on time and don’t forget, for we’ll have a jolly time, you bet,” and away hopped the little rabbit to invite other friends in the Shady Forest.

In a little while, not so very far, he met Peter Possum and his family.

“Won’t you all come to my circus party?” asked the bunny boy.

“What time?” enquired the old Possum.

“To-morrow morning at seven the Billy Goat Stage Coach will be at the Old Bramble Patch. So be on time

and don't be late, for we'll not have a minute to wait," shouted the little rabbit, hopping swiftly away to find another friend, and maybe two, for his circus party.

"I wonder whether Professor Crow would like to come," thought the little bunny. "Maybe he'll be pleased to be invited. Anyway, there's no harm in asking him."

"What's the matter? Any one ill?

Doctor Quack has a wonderful pill,"

shouted the old Professor Bird looking out of his window as the bunny boy knocked on the tiny door in the Tall Pine Tree.

"I don't need Dr. Quack, the famous duck doctor," he answered. "I'm giving a circus party. Won't you and Mrs. Crow and Blackie Crow come? We start to-morrow morning at seven right after breakfast from the Old Bramble Patch. The Billy Goat Stage Coach will take us all to Turnip City where the circus people are giving a show. I'm sure little Blackie will love to go."

"We all will," answered Professor Crow. "It makes me feel young again just to think of it. Thank you. We'll be on time."

BUNNY TALE 9

THE CIRCUS

GOODNESS gracious me! That Billy Goat Stage Coach will be dreadfully crowded if Little Jack Rabbit invites many more friends to his circus party. Of course, when you come to think it over, the birds can perch on the roof and the little animals crawl under the seats; maybe one or two might sit with the stage coach driver, the nice Old Dog who smokes a big pipe while holding the reins in his left paw and the whip in his right. Oh, he's a good driver, so kind and gentle that the billy goat team will do anything for him.

"Dear me, I mustn't forget a single friend," thought the little rabbit, as he hopped over the Bubbling Brook and across the Sunny Meadow to the Old Brush Heap.

Up the well-worn little path he hurried, clipperty clip, lipperty lip, to Cousin Cottontail's little bungalow under the trailing green vines.

"Cousin Cottontail," he shouted, "where are you?"

"We're here," came the answer, and out popped all the little cottontails, one after another—five in all, their pink noses twinkling like so many little stars.

"I'm giving a circus party to-morrow," said Little Jack Rabbit. "Want to come?"

Gracious me! I don't see why he thought it necessary to ask five little bunnies if they wanted to go to the circus!

"Of course we do," they all shouted at once, which brought Mrs. Cottontail to the door to find out what all the noise was about.

"What time do you start?" she asked.

"At seven to-morrow morning. We all go in the Billy Goat Stage Coach," explained Little Jack Rabbit. "Please be on time, for if we don't get an early start we may not reach Turnip City in time to see the Grand Parade of all the Queer People."

"We'll be over bright and early," promised Mrs. Cottontail. "Don't you worry about us. Maybe some of your other friends will keep you waiting, but not your old auntie."

Pretty soon she brought out an apronful of nice cookies, just hot out of the oven.

Oh, what a nice feast all the little rabbits had! Nor did they forget to save the crumbs for Bobbie Redvest, who happened to pass by later on.

"Well, I guess I must be going," sighed Little Jack Rabbit, when the last cookie was gone. "Mother will worry if I'm late for supper." And away he hopped, clip-perty clip, lipperty lip, down the little path under the Big Brush Heap and across the Pleasant Meadow to the Bubbling Brook, over which he hopped to the Sunny Meadow. At last he was safe home in the dear Old Bramble Patch, eating a nice supper of stewed lollypops.

It seemed to him that he had hardly jumped into bed and fallen asleep when :

“Wake up, wake up! It’s almost time
For the Billy Goat Stage to be here.
Will I have to climb to your little bedroom
And shout it out loud in your ear?”

sang the cuckoo bird from her pretty clock house.

Out of bed hopped Lady Love and Mr. Rabbit; off came Grandma Bunny’s night cap, and in less time than I can take to tell it they were all dressed and in the kitchen, eating a breakfast of lollypop porridge, turnip tea and carrot cakes with maple syrup.

“All aboard for Turnip Town
To see the elephant and the clown;
It’s miles and miles to Turnip Square,
We must start now if we want to get there,”

all of a sudden barked the Old Dog Driver atop the Billy Goat Stage Coach.

“Wait a minute,” begged Grandmother Magpie.

“I’m coming,” panted the Big Brown Bear.

“Here I am,” called out Granddaddy Bullfrog.

“I’m on time,” laughed Cousin Cottontail, with her five little bunnies hopping after her.

“Who said I was late?” cackled Henny Jenny.

“Good morning, I’m here,” said Turkey Tim.

"Is there room enough for me?" asked Timmie Meadowmouse.

"I'll sit on top," sang Bobbie Redvest.

"So will I," said Squirrel Nutcracker.

"And that's where I'll sit," said pretty Mrs. Oriole.

"I'm with you," cawed Professor Jim Crow, seating himself with his family.

"Room for one more?" asked Ducky Waddles.

"I was nearly late," cried Cocky Doodle.

"Let me squeeze in," crowed the Old Red Rooster.

"Don't step on us," chirped the Three Little Grasshoppers.

"Nor on me," squeaked little Miss Cricket.

"Hold on, I'm getting in," barked the Yellow Dog Tramp.

"I ran all the way," panted Busy Beaver.

"So did I," said Chippy Chipmunk.

"Any more?" asked the Old Dog Driver.

"Yes, yes!" shouted dear Uncle Lucky. "I'm going," and the dear old gentleman rabbit hopped out of his Luckymobile and into the Stage Coach.

"I guess everybody's here," said Mr. Rabbit.

"Who's that coming across the meadows?" asked the lady bunny, looking out of the stage coach window.

"Why, bless my pink tie and horseshoe pin," exclaimed Uncle Lucky, "it's Goosey Lucy."

As soon as she was aboard, the Old Dog Driver cracked his whip and away they went to Turnip City to see Uncle Lucky's wonderful circus.

Over the bumps and over the stones,
While the lollypops rattled the ice-cream cones,
Went the Billy Goat Stage Coach with a quiver
Till at last it reached the Sippi River.

“Whoa!” shouted the Old Dog Driver, pulling in his team of billy goats. “Whoa!” and this time he said it so loud that an old duck waddled out of a little house close to the bridge gate.

“My gracious!” she quacked, “you have a load, all right. I never saw so many animals and birds in a stage coach before, and I’m an old duck. Oh, yes, I’m as old as a good many great-great-grandmothers.”

“What is the toll?” asked the Old Dog Driver, lighting his pipe and puffing out a cloud of smoke.

“Five carrot cents for the stage coach, ten carrot cents for the Billy Goat Team, two carrot cents for yourself, and three carrot cents for each passenger,” answered the old lady duck.

“Dear me,” whined the Old Dog Driver, “it will take some time to count it all up. How will a lettuce leaf dollar bill suit you?”

“Won’t do,” answered the old lady duck. My, wasn’t she particular, though?

“Well then, let’s start counting,” sighed the Old Dog Driver. “You count those on top and I’ll count those inside, and who gets done first, wins.”

“Wins what?” asked the old Lady Duck.

“A Little Jack Rabbit Book,” laughed the Old Dog

Driver. "I have one in my pocket for your little grand duckling. Hurry up and win."

Then, goodness me! How that lady duck did count! In less than five hundred short seconds she had finished and the Old Dog Driver had only just begun.

Well, sir, when it came to pay, the toll was more than a lettuce leaf dollar bill. Dear me, yes. But what it was I won't bother to tell you, for I haven't had time to count the passengers. Have you?

As soon as the toll gate swung open, over the bridge, pranced the billy goats, rapperty rap, rapperty rap, and before very long they were galloping up a steep hill, for those billy goats didn't mind that. No, siree! They were used to climbing mountains and, besides, everybody was singing:

"I want to go to the Circus,
To see the elephants dance.
I want to run round the sawdust ring
In my very best Sunday pants.

I'm crazy to sip the pink lemonade,
Oh, get me in time for the Big Parade!
Oh, hurry up faster, for I am afraid
I'll surely go crazy if we are delayed!"

My goodness! how that Billy Goat Coach rolled over the pebbles and over the stones. And how those billy goats pranced and threw out their heels, shook their heads and their long horns.

“Gid-ap!” barked the Old Dog Driver.

“Let ’er go!” shouted dear Uncle Lucky.

Away, faster than ever, and faster still, went the billy goats up the big steep hill, and down the other side to Rabbitville.

Along Lettuce Avenue they clattered, past the Three-in-One Cent Store, past the Welsh Rarebit Club and the Post Office, from the doorway of which the Old Maid Grasshopper waved a white pocket handkerchief; past the Old Mill where the Dusty Moth Miller ground the corn for the farmer bunnies; past the house of Dr. Quack, the famous duck doctor, and the little green house in which Mrs. Mouse lived.

Dear me! I could go on and on just like the old coach, and say so much that I’d have no room to put in what happened when it finally drew up in Turnip City.

“Whoa there, my good little billy goats!” shouted the Old Dog Driver, as the big Policeman Dog held up his paw to stop the taxis and wagons until everybody was safe on the sidewalk. Then the Old Dog Driver gave the billy goats a nice drink of water at the fountain and drove around to the wagon entrance on Cabbage Street.

Well, it didn’t take the Shady Forest and Sunny Meadow people long to walk into the tent. Uncle Lucky headed the procession, Little Jack Rabbit next, then Grandma Bunny and Lady Love, Mr. Rabbit and the Big Brown Bear, until, way down at the end, waddled Ducky Waddles.

“Quack, quack! Please hurry!” he begged, begin-

ning to fear the circus would be over by the time he entered the tent.

But he needn't have worried, for the Old Dog Driver had arrived early.

"Come on, Timmie Meadowmouse," cried the little bunny, "I must see the animals."

Pretty soon they came to a little tent. They didn't know it belonged to the Circus Queen, the lovely lady dressed in gauze and gold spangles, who rode on the big white horse.

There she sat on a circus trunk, holding in her arms a little baby.

"Hush-a-by, hush-a-by,
Little Boy Blue,
Mother is singing
A dream song to you.

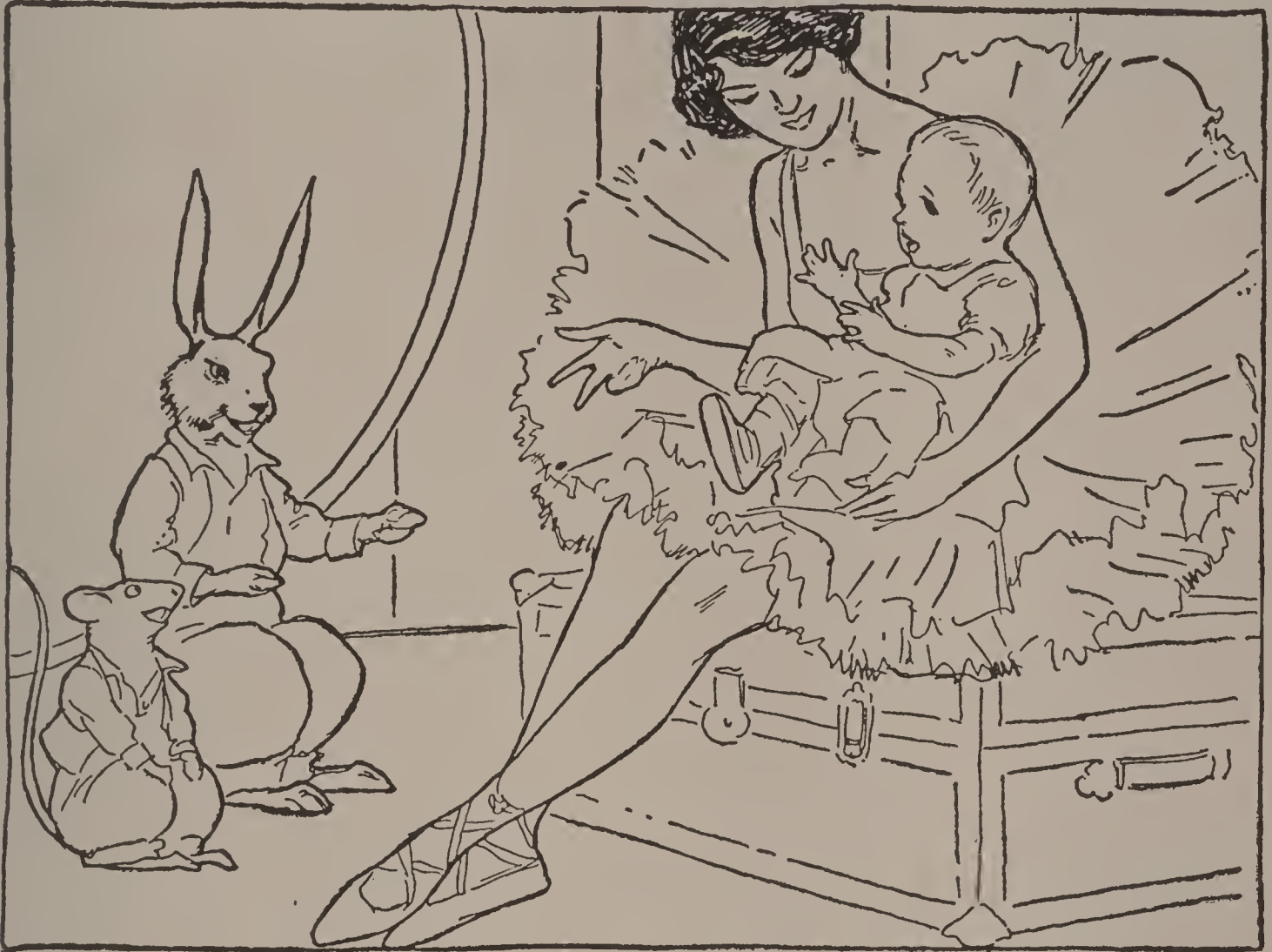
Some day you'll grow
To be a big Clown,
And you'll make 'em laugh
In city and town.

But I'll love you best,
If you'll whisper 'Goo, goo.'
To help me remember
How little were you."

"Gracious me!" she exclaimed in a whisper on seeing

Little Jack Rabbit and Timmie Meadowmouse, "am I dreaming? Maybe I'm in By-low Land!"

"No, m'am," answered the little bunny, taking off his khaki cap, "I hear them calling you!"



"Some day you'll grow to be a big clown."

Sure enough, a man's voice was shouting, "Liz, oh, Liz! Liz, Liz!"

"I'm coming," answered the Circus Queen, tenderly placing the sleeping baby in its cradle.

Just outside stood a big white horse, and before the little bunny could say "Oh! Ah!" she was riding into the big tent. "Hurrah! Hurray! Here's Lizzie Gray, she's

riding better every day!" clapped and shouted all the people.

But nobody knew she was a loving mother nor that just outside in the little tent slept Boy Blue.

All of a sudden the band struck up and a funny clown began to sing:

"Uncle Lucky's Big Star Show,
That's our circus name,
From Lettuce Square to Everywhere
We play the circus game.

Over the tanbark in the ring
I turn a somersault or a spring,
And then I give a merry laugh
That tickles to death the big giraffe."

After that the big parade went around the ring, pretty girls dressed up as butterflies, elephants gayly decorated with diamond chains, camels carrying gorgeously gowned ladies, big floats with funny little dwarfs. Everything you can think of, and lots of things you'd never dream of.

My, wasn't it fun. Well, I guess yes three times, and maybe four. I'm sure I can't count, I'm so excited just writing about the circus.

For I'm still a boy I'll let you know,
And I'm never too tired or fagged to go
To see the circus. Not me, you bet!
If it hadn't closed down I'd be there yet.

“Hurrah!” shouted Little Jack Rabbit. “There’s the circus Queen!”

“Hurray!” shouted the Big Brown Bear, and the next minute he shouted it three times for the trained bear had begun to roller skate.



“The trained bear had begun to roller skate.”

Goodness me! How the Shady Forest Folk and the Sunny Meadow People enjoyed it all. Even Grandmother Magpie smiled and clapped her wings. As for Granddaddy Bullfrog, he hip-hurrayed until he grew so husky that he didn’t make a sound when he opened his mouth.

By and by, after a while, the show ended and Little Jack Rabbit's Circus Party marched out and into the Billy Goat Stage Coach.

"Good-by, come again next year!" cried the big Policeman Dog on the street corner.

"Much obliged," answered Uncle Lucky, waving his old wedding stovepipe hat. "We'll be back inside a year, see you keep the crossing clear; let no taxi run us down when we come to Turnip Town."

Then away rattled the stage coach, the two little billy goats prancing up Lettuce Avenue as gayly as you please.

"Toot, toot!" went the ferryboat whistle, as it neared the river. "Hurry up!" it seemed to say. So the Old Dog Driver cracked his whip over the heads of the billy goats and in a few minutes all were on board.

"Tinkle, tinkle!" sounded the bell, the big paddle wheels commenced to turn, and in less time than I can take to tell it the ferryboat was half across the River Sippi, and almost before dear Uncle Lucky could get his shoes shined it bumped into the ferry slip.

"Well, well, well! Here we are!" exclaimed the dear old gentleman rabbit, when the Billy Goat Stage Coach at last drew up before the Old Bramble Patch;

"There's no place like home,
Be it ever so humble,"
Said the little gold bee
With a buzz and a bumble.

In a few minutes the coach was empty and as soon as the little people of the forest and meadow had thanked Little Jack Rabbit for a good time, they either hopped or ran or flew to their homes. Pretty soon there was nobody left, so the happy rabbit family hopped into the little white house in the Old Bramble Patch. In a few minutes the nice old lady bunny and Lady Love had prepared a nice hot supper.

“I declare,” exclaimed Uncle Lucky, setting down his cup of hot turnip tea, “that certainly was the best circus I’ve been to in many a year.”

“I’ll tell the world,” agreed Little Jack Rabbit.

“What do you know about circuses, you little bunny?” laughed the funny old gentleman rabbit. “This is the first time you’ve ever been to one.”

“That doesn’t matter,” answered the little bunny. “I’ve dreamed about them many a time, and some dreams are very real.”

“Make your dreams come true—
Dreams are part of you,”

softly twittered the little canary.

“That reminds me of a story,” mused dear Uncle Lucky, pushing up his spectacles and settling himself comfortably in the old arm chair:

“Once upon a time a little bird in a blue coat sat on an Old Snake Fence. All around him the earth was dingy,

the trees bare and leafless. The chilly wind kept little patches of snow still lingering in the shady hollow places. But all this didn't keep the brave little bird from whistling merrily, for in his heart he held a dream of summer, red roses and green woods, grassy meadows and little hills covered with wild strawberries.

“So he sang his song of promise to his mate while she made a comfortable nest in a dry hole in a fence post. By and by, when it was finished, she filled it with pretty eggs, on which she sat to warm them with her feathers. And while she sat there she, too, dreamed—dreamed of four little bluebirds.

“As the sun grew warmer and the meadow greener and the forest more leafy, one by one the little bluebirds broke open the shells.

“ ‘Tirel loo, tirel loo,
 Make your happy dreams come true.
 See, the spring has come again
 With the sunshine after rain,
 And beneath the mother's breast
 Four blue birdies in the nest,’

sang the Bluebird from the top rail of the Old Snake Fence. There,” said dear Uncle Lucky, “that's all!”

BUNNY TALE 10

THE CIRCUS ELEPHANT

FOR days nobody talked of anything but the Circus party. From bush and tree in the Shady Forest, from hollow and hill in the Sunny Meadow, the Little Feathered and Fourfooted Folk were telling over and over again the wonderful things they had seen at the circus.

“Gracious me,” chuckled the Big Brown Bear, “that cousin of mine certainly can roller skate.”

“Well, he was no better than my relative who flew through the ring of flames,” cried Professor Jim Crow.

“Nor any braver than my nephew who fired the pistol. That pup was some dog!” barked the Yellow Dog Tramp, wagging his tail.

“Well, just the same, I’m glad to be back on my old log,” said Granddaddy Bullfrog. “There’s always something going on in the Old Duck Pond. If it isn’t a perch chasing a minnow, it’s Ducky Waddles. Mrs. Darning Needle is never idle and the little tadpoles make me laugh.”

After a week, however, every one settled down again. Little Jack Rabbit had almost forgotten that he’d ever been to a circus when one day just about noontime, who should come along but the Big Circus Elephant. Dear me, how tired he looked! His coat was covered with dust and there was a dent in the little hat on the top of his

head. I suppose in coming through the Shady Forest the big animal had brushed against a branch.

“Whew, I’m tired!” he cried, sitting down under the Big Chestnut Tree near which Chippy Chipmunk had his home. “It’s a long way from Turnip City.”



The little bunny handing a rose to Lady Love.

“Yes, indeed,” agreed Little Jack Rabbit, hopping up beside him. “How long did it take you?”

“Two days and forty-four miles,” answered the tired Elephant. “But I’m here at last. So let’s forget troubles and look ahead, as my good mother used to say when I was a kid in Jungle Land.”

“Are you hungry?” asked Little Jack Rabbit. “I have two lollypops and a custard pie in my knapsack.”

“Let’s look at ’em,” answered the Elephant, taking off his hat to wipe his forehead with a pocket handkerchief as large as a table cloth.

“Here they are,” said the little bunny.

“Look pretty nice,” grunted the Circus Elephant, carefully holding the pie with the little finger on the end of his trunk. “Tastes just as good. Got any more?”

“No, but Mother bakes to-day,” answered the bunny boy, “perhaps she’ll bake a big one for you.”

When the Elephant had finished the lollypops he felt better, so he said, and, taking off his hat, he leaned against the Big Chestnut Tree and fell asleep.

“My goodness! It takes an elephant a long time to wake up,” thought the little rabbit, when at last his big circus friend opened his eyes.

“Nothing like a little nap,” yawned the great big animal, rubbing his ear and stretching his hind legs. After that he yawned again, turning up his trunk to get a good long breath of fresh air.

“I dreamed you were handing me a peanut.”

“My, but you snored,” sighed Little Jack Rabbit. “I couldn’t go to sleep until I pretended you were a big engine in a lollypop factory.”

“Ha, ha!” laughed the Circus Elephant. “That reminds me. Didn’t you say it was baking day at the Old Bramble Patch?”

“I did,” replied the bunny boy.

“All right, we’ll make a call on your mother,” said the Circus Elephant, scrambling to his feet. “How do I look?” he asked, straightening his bow tie.

“Very nice,” answered Little Jack Rabbit, “except your trousers. They’re all covered with bits of dry leaves.”

“So they are,” said the Circus Elephant, looking down. “Have you a whisk broom?”

The little bunny opened his knapsack and, taking out a small broom, carefully brushed off the big Elephant.

“I can’t reach your hip-pocket,” he said, standing on tiptoe.

“Here, give me the broom,” said the Circus Elephant, and, grasping the handle in his trunk, he dusted himself off as well as Mister Rastus Coon, the kind porter on the “Cabbage” Pullman Car, brushes a sleepy passenger.

“Now I’ll lift you up on my back,” and the next minute Little Jack Rabbit found himself riding off on the big animal.

By and by, after a while, and maybe a mile and a bump and a smile, they met Old Man Weasel. But Little Jack Rabbit wasn’t afraid. Oh, dear, no! Why should he be? He was way up high on the Circus Elephant’s broad back. Old Man Weasel couldn’t reach up that far, not even if he stood on tiptoe.

“Get out of my way,” roared the big Elephant.

“You’re blocking up the path.”

“Where are you going?” snarled Old Man Weasel, stepping aside. My, didn’t he look ugly! Well, I just guess he did. But that didn’t do him any good.

“Never you mind,” replied the Circus Elephant.
“You’re no friend of ours.”

“If you meet a wicked weasel
And you are all alone,
You get a creepy feeling
Along your spinal bone.

But if you have an elephant
To guard you with his trunk,
You laugh at Mr. Weasel,”
Sang naughty Sammy Skunk

from his Shady Forest house.

“Oh, keep quiet, will you?” snapped the Old Weasel.

“Why should he?” asked the big Circus Elephant.
“He speaks the truth. Can’t say that about you!”

“Ha, ha!” laughed Little Jack Rabbit. “Won’t Uncle Lucky smile when I tell him what has happened?”

“I’ve a good mind to bite you,” cried Old Man Weasel, glaring at Sammy Skunk.

“You’d better not,” replied Sammy Skunk. “You know what I’ll do to you.”

Of course Old Man Weasel did, and so did all the Shady Forest Folk. But if they don’t meddle with Sammy Skunk he treats them very politely. Yes, indeed.

“Well, so long,” sang out the big Circus Elephant.
“We’ve no more time to talk,” and off he went at a rapid pace, and by and by, after a while, not nearly a mile, with

a bump and a smile, he stopped at the gate in the old Rail Fence.

"I'll take down the bars," he said. "I guess Mrs. Cow won't try to get out while we're walking in."

"Oh, no," answered Little Jack Rabbit. "She likes the Sunny Meadow. Besides, she is way over there," pointing toward the Old Duck Pond. "She won't bother us."

After the big Circus Elephant had put back the bars he followed the Old Cow Path through the Sunny Meadow to the Old Bramble Patch in the far corner of the Old Rail Fence. Setting the little rabbit down, he wiped his forehead with a big blue silk handkerchief nearly as large as a sheet.

"When does your mother take the cake from the oven?" he asked, with a funny wink, looking at his watch.

"When it's done," replied the little rabbit.

"I'll sit here and wait," said the big Circus Elephant. So the little bunny hopped into the Old Bramble Patch and around to the back door of the little white bungalow.

Dear me, I almost forgot to say that Lady Love, the little bunny's pretty mother, was baking angel cake that particular day.

Pretty soon the little rabbit hopped back to his big kind friend with a piece of cake almost as big as a soda cracker.

"Dear, dear," cried the disappointed circus animal, "this may be enough for a rabbit but, goodness me! and dearest you! it isn't a swallow for me!"

"I'll go back for another piece," said the little bunny,



Just then down swooped Hungry Hawk.

and away he hopped up the little path and around to the kitchen door. But, oh, dear me! If only he had not stopped to speak to Timmie Meadowmouse. Just then down swooped Hungry Hawk. Into an old hollow log slipped the little mouse, but before the poor little rabbit could hide this cruel bird robber picked him up in his claws and flew away toward the Shady Forest.

“Help, help!” shouted Little Jack Rabbit.

Hopping out on the kitchen porch, poor Lady Love looked up to the sky. But that’s all she could do. She had no wings to fly after her little son. And, anyway, how could she, a gentle lady bunny, fight a big cruel hawk!

But the Circus Elephant on hearing the little bunny’s cries, answered with a loud trumpet and set off at a run for the Shady Forest. My, you’d be surprised how fast an elephant can run when he wants to!

Wrinkling his forehead, he pondered what to do. All of a sudden he remembered the big long lasso in his pocket. Quickly coiling it cow-boy fashion, he let it go, Zip! And would you believe it if I didn’t tell you? The noose fell right over the old hawk’s head and around his neck just like the muffler my Uncle John used to wear when I was a boy down on the farm.

“Now I’ll bring you down!” cried the Circus Elephant. But, oh, dearest me! Quicker than the bills on the first of the month that crafty old robber hawk gave his head a wiggle-jiggle and off came the noose.

“Ha, ha!” shouted Hungry Hawk, and away he flew with poor little Jack Rabbit.

BUNNY TALE 11

THE LITTLE MOUNTAIN GOAT

“OH, dear, oh, dear, what shall I do?
I’ll never get him with my old lasso!”
Cried the Circus Elephant with a sigh,
As he looked at Hungry Hawk on high.

Now I hope you haven’t forgotten what just took place. How Hungry Hawk had picked up poor Little Jack Rabbit. Of course you haven’t! Nor how the big kind Circus Elephant had almost caught this bad robber bird with a long lasso.

But, dear me! I wonder what is happening to Little Jack Rabbit all this time. Maybe the cruel hawk has eaten him for dinner or supper or maybe breakfast.

“Well, I’m not going to give up hope,” said the big Elephant to himself, again setting off after Hungry Hawk, who now could hardly be made out up in the sky so far away.

By and by the Elephant came to a mountain. My, but it was a steep old mountain. Right up and down—almost straight, you know. “Dear me!” almost sobbed the anxious circus animal, sitting down to consider the best thing to do—climb up the mountain or walk around it.

“Right on the top of this mountain’s crest
Hungry Hawk has his castle nest,”

all of a sudden, just like that, shouted a voice.

“Who spoke?” asked the Elephant, mighty anxious to find out quickly if there were a road up this steep, high mountain.

“Look!” answered the same kind voice, and the next minute a little white mountain goat stood before him.

“Oh, I’m so glad you’re a mountain goat,” laughed the big animal. “I’m so glad I could cry. Maybe you can climb up and rescue my Little Jack Rabbit.”

“I can’t fight old Hungry Hawk,” answered the little Mountain Goat. “He’s too strong for me.”

“Dear, dear, dearest me!” cried the poor distracted Elephant, “then how can we save my little bunny friend?”

“I can help you climb the mountain,” answered the little Mountain Goat.

“Me?” enquired the big animal. “How could you help a great big elephant up this steep, right-up-and-down, mountain, I should like to know.”

“That won’t be so hard,” answered the little Mountain Goat. “Give me your lasso.”

Throwing the loop over his horns, the little Mountain Goat started to climb up the mountain side. First he jumped to a ledge of rock, then scrambled up sideways, then sideways the other way, then another jump, and perhaps two, and then a scramble.

After working his way up almost as far as the length

of the long rope, he braced his forefeet against a rock and called down: "Pull yourself up with your trunk!"

Well, sir, that's just what that big kind anxious Circus Elephant did. He took hold of that rope with his trunk and up he went, hand over hand—I mean trunk over trunk—just like a fireman, and by and by, pretty soon, not so very quick, he stood beside the little Mountain Goat.

"Good for you," exclaimed that plucky little animal, as the Elephant took out his big pocket handkerchief to wipe his forehead. "You came up all right. Now wait here while I climb up higher." Up and up went the little Mountain Goat, now sideways, now straight; now the other way sideways, then a jump and a scramble, or a scramble and a jump, or two jumps, or two scrambles till, by and by, not so pretty soon, but after a while, he called down; "Come on, pull yourself up!"

Then up went the big Circus Elephant trunk over trunk—now slipping and sprawling, or sprawling and slipping till, by and by, after a while, out of breath, with a dusty smile, he stood by the side of the little Mountain Goat.

"Good for you! Now wait here till I go up. Don't slip, but stand still." And away went this nimble little goat up, up, up; now sideways, this way and that; now up straight; then slanting, right and left, criss-cross, with a jump and a leap, or a scramble and a scumble, making the pebbles fly downward, and sometimes a big rock, till,

by and by, after a while, up nearly a mile, he called down:

“Come on, pull yourself up!”

Again bracing his front feet, the little mountain goat held on to the long rope, the loop of which was over his strong little horns, you know, until the Elephant had drawn himself up.

“Whew!” exclaimed the big animal. “Aren’t we ’most there?”

“Almost,” answered the little Mountain Goat, and up he went again. When at last he reached the top the big Elephant could hardly touch the end of the lasso, and then only by standing up on his hind legs and stretching ’way up with his trunk. But he just could, all right. So up he went, trunk over trunk, scrambling and tugging and panting and puffing, till by and by, after a while, and it seemed like a mile, he stood by the side of the little goat on the tip-top of the mountain.

Dearest me, I thought the little Mountain Goat and the big kind Circus Elephant would never reach the mountain top, didn’t you? I’m mighty glad, for now I’ll have more room to tell you what happened as soon as they saw the nest to which old Hungry Hawk had carried Little Jack Rabbit.

“There he is,” whispered the Elephant, who had wonderful far-sighted eyes.

“Where?” asked the little goat in another whisper, only of course it was much softer than the Elephant’s.

“Don’t you see?” replied the big animal.

“Oh, yes, now I do,” answered the little Mountain Goat. “That is, I can just see the tips of his ears.”

“Dear me, how can I get over to him without Hungry Hawk seeing me?” asked the big anxious Elephant.

“Hide behind this rock,” advised the little goat. “I’ll skip about and maybe Hungry Hawk will go for me. If he does, I’ll jump behind the rock and you can grab him with your long trunk.”

“Good idea,” laughed the Elephant softly. “You’ve got quite a head under your horns. Yes, sireebus!”

Then with a gentle shuffle he tip-toed behind the rock and the little Mountain Goat went skip-toeing, hipperty-hop, over toward the big nest.

All of a sudden there was a great whirring of wings and up flew Hungry Hawk, circling just above the little goat, stretching down his long sharp claws, opening his great bill and clapping it together with a snap.

“Bleat, bleat!” went the little Mountain Goat, pretending he was frightened. Then back he turned and skip-toed over to the big rock.

“Ha, ha!” thought Hungry Hawk to himself. “I’ll have a nice tender little goat for dinner. Little Jack Rabbit is only big enough for supper.”

Perhaps the little goat heard old Hungry Hawk, for he gave two more little bleats and hid behind the great big stone.

“Ha, ha!” again laughed Hungry Hawk. “I’ll dash down behind that rock and grab that little goat before he can wink his left eye three times!”

Whish, whish! went the big robber bird's wings, and swish! swish! went his long tail as he swung around the corner of the big rock.

Then something happened. Oh, my, what a scuffle there was for the next few minutes! Goodness me! The air was full of funny squawky noises and feathers were flying here and there and everywhere! For no sooner had Hungry Hawk flown around the big rock to catch the little Mountain Goat than the Circus Elephant reached out his long trunk, catching by the neck that wicked bird before he could turn away.

Goodness me! again. How Hungry Hawk flapped his wings and wiggled his tail and clawed with his long hooked toes! But that didn't do a bit of good. Dear me, no! It only made matters worse, for the harder he struggled the more the Elephant swung him around until, goodness knows, he would have lost every feather if he hadn't begged in a squeaky, stifled voice to be allowed to sit down and talk matters over.

"Talk matters over?" grunted the Elephant, holding on to the tip of the old hawk's tail, "what's the use? I'm going to take Little Jack Rabbit home with me. As for you, I've a good notion to whack your head against the rock till you see stars and comets."

"Oh, please don't," begged Hungry Hawk, "I've had enough banging for a year. I'll give you Little Jack Rabbit and a cigar coupon if you'll let me go."

"Come along with me till I see if the little bunny is safe and well," answered the big circus animal, and he

and the little Mountain Goat walked over to the old hawk's nest. There stood poor little Jack Rabbit tied fast to a ring in the big rock. He was so glad to see his dear friend the Elephant that he almost cried—maybe he did shed a tear or three and perhaps four.

Well, sir. Troubles weren't over, just the same. For now they all had to climb down the high, steep and straight mountain side.

“Get on my back, little bunny,” said the kind Circus Elephant. I'll go down backwards the same as I came up frontwards, only different.”

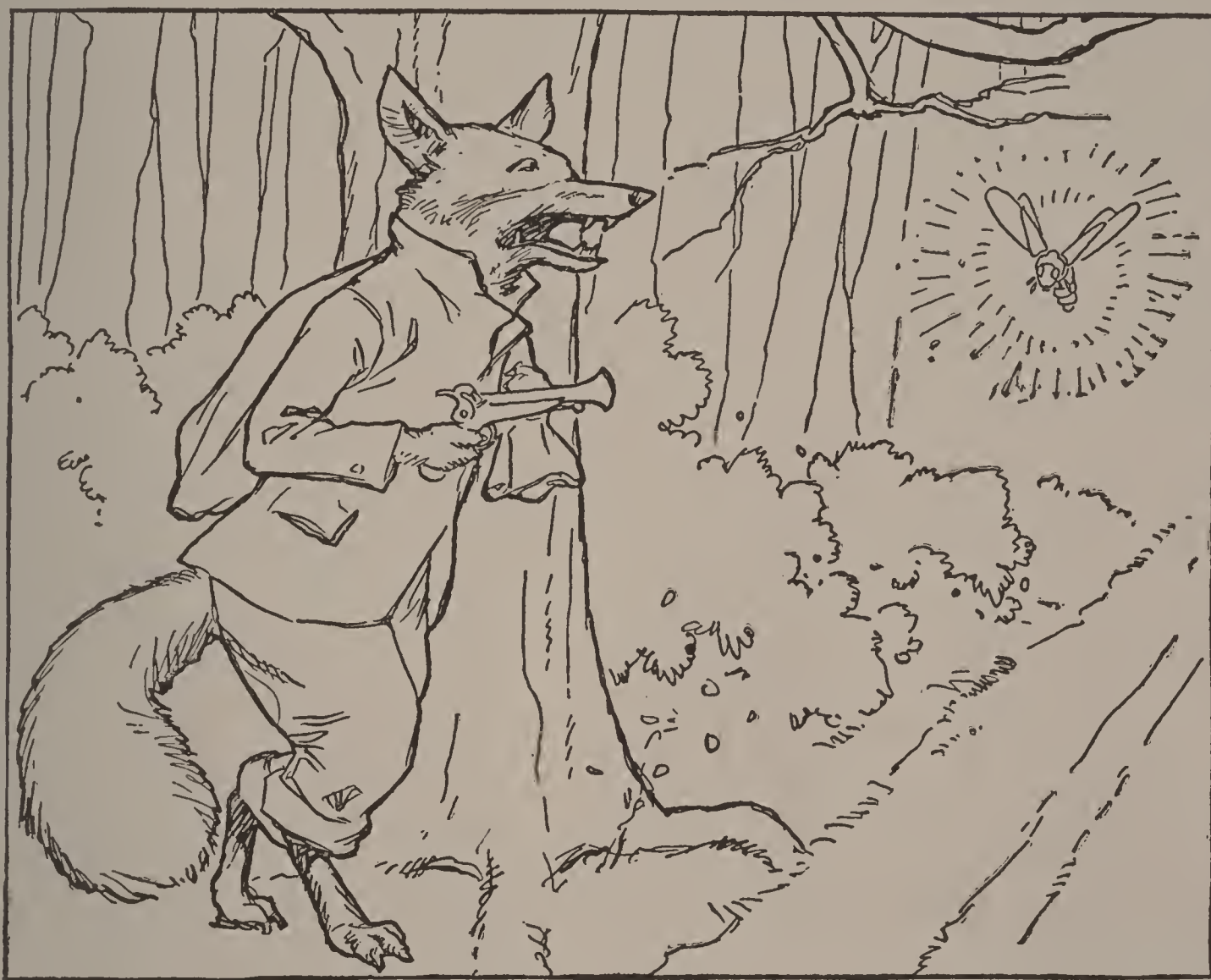
Then the little Mountain Goat braced his forefeet against the rock and the big elephant took hold of the lasso, the loop end of which was over the little goat's horns, you know, and down the side of the steep mountain slid the big animal, first one foot, then two, then three and finally four, and when he reached the end of the rope he waited for the little Mountain Goat to come down, and then they started all over again. The little Mountain Goat braced his feet against the rock and the big elephant took hold of the rope and slid and slid and scrambled and scrambled, or jiggled and rumbled, down and down, until he came to the end of the long lasso.

“My goodness meebus, that was a high mountain,” gasped the Circus Elephant, when at last his hind feet touched the level meadow. “Really, I thought I'd never get down.”

“Oh, that's nothing,” laughed the little Mountain Goat,

shaking his head till the lasso fell off his horns. "I run up and down sometimes three times a day."

"All right, but don't ask me to," replied the Elephant. "Although I'd do it all over again for Little Jack Rabbit's sake."



A tiny light appeared in the distance.

"Oh, won't I be glad to get home to mother," sighed the little bunny. "I was so frightened up there on the mountain top with Hungry Hawk. Dear, dear me! Have I been dreaming?"

"No, not this time," answered the big circus animal.

“But, cheer up! I’ll take you home in a jiffy,” and saying good-by to the little Mountain Goat he trotted off at a rapid rate.

By and by it grew dark. Oh, yes, very dark. You couldn’t see your hand behind your face. So the Circus Elephant stopped to think what was best to do. He was afraid, you see, that he might bump into something or other or be arrested by the Policeman Dog. One can never tell on a dark night what may happen.

Pretty soon a tiny light appeared in the distance. Then it came nearer and nearer, but never growing much larger. Wasn’t that strange and queer?

“My tiny lantern in the dark
 Throws just a little twinkle spark.
 But maybe it will help you see
 Danny Fox behind a tree,”

cried a little voice.

And that’s just what it did, for the little firefly swung her tiny lantern to and fro until the big elephant said all of a sudden:

“I see him!” Which so frightened the old robber that he turned and fled.

“Go ahead, little firefly. I’ll follow if you don’t go out,” went on the big brave circus animal.

“Never fear,” answered the little firefly. “I have a tiny electric bulb in my lantern. You don’t think I use a flickery candle, do you?”

“Bend your head or maybe you’ll be brushed off my back,” warned the Circus Elephant, following the tiny light. So Little Jack Rabbit lay flat down on the big animal’s back and away they went through the darkness, in and out among the forest trees, while Billy Breeze sang a sleepy song about rocking chairs and tick-tocky clocks and tired feet and little pink socks.

BUNNY TALE 12

THE RESCUE

THE Firefly with her little light
Went twinkling through the quiet night.
In and out among the trees
She fluttered 'neath the whispering leaves,
Until at last with wondrous sense
She lighted on the Old Rail Fence.

“Here we are,” exclaimed the Circus Elephant, taking down the bars and stepping into the Sunny Meadow, “here we are, safe home at last.”

But Little Jack Rabbit never answered a word.

“He must be asleep,” thought the kind Circus Elephant. “I won’t wake him up,” and off he trotted to the Old Bramble Patch. There stood Lady Love and Mr. Rabbit at the gate, anxiously waiting for the return of their little bunny son.

“Here he is,” laughed the big animal.

“Where?” asked Lady Love.

“Why, on my back, of course,” answered the Circus Elephant.

“I don’t see him,” said Mr. Rabbit.

“Nor I,” cried Lady Love, tearfully.

“Not on my back?” shouted the big kind circus beast,

stretching around his big trunk to feel behind his great ears. But the little rabbit wasn't there.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" cried Lady Love, "he's lost."

"Don't cry," begged Mr. Rabbit. "We'll find him, never fear," and hopping back into the little bungalow, he came out in a minute or two with a lantern. At once they all set out for the Shady Forest. All of a sudden Old Barney Owl tooted his horn.

"I don't like that," cried Mr. Rabbit; "owls are fond of little rabbits."

"Come on, let's run," whispered the big Elephant. "Maybe we can scare the old bird," and off he trotted at a rapid rate, the little bunnies hopping along, clipperty clip, lipperty lip, and the big circus animal bumperty bump, bumperty bump on his four large feet.

Pretty soon again from a big tall tree sounded the old owl's toot! toot! toot! Quick as a wink the Circus Elephant pushed his trunk up into the branches and the next minute down came Old Barney Owl. The Elephant, you see, had grabbed him before he could fly away.

"What have you done with Little Jack Rabbit?" he asked, shaking the old bird until his teeth—I beg pardon, I mean his feathers—almost fell out.

"Oh, please don't shake me till I'm blue
And lose my feather whiskers, too,"
Cried Barney Owl, all out of breath,
And frightened nearly half to death.

"I haven't done anything with him."

"Yes, you have," shouted the two little rabbits.

"Of course you have," said the elephant, "now confess."

But Old Barney Owl answered: "No, no, no! I haven't even seen Little Jack Rabbit!"

"Well, you come along and help us find him," said the Circus Elephant, and off they started again, the two little bunnies ahead, then the big Elephant and Old Barney Owl.

By and by whom should they meet but Old Man Weasel. He tried not to show himself, but before the old four-footed, tip-toey thief could hide he was made to answer a lot of questions.

"What have you done with Little Jack Rabbit?" asked the big Circus Elephant.

"What have you done with our little son?" demanded Mr. Rabbit and Lady Love.

"I haven't seen him," answered Old Man Weasel.

"Are you telling the truth?" asked the Elephant.

"I certainly am," answered the old weasel. "I wouldn't be hanging around here if I had caught a nice fat little bunny."

"Well, you come along with us. That will keep you out of mischief. When we've found Little Jack Rabbit you can go home to your wife," answered the big Elephant.

So off again started the party, Old Barney Owl ahead, next the two little rabbits, then the big Elephant and Old Man Weasel.

All of a sudden, just like that, there sounded a mourn-

ful howl Oh, dear me! but it was a hair-raising, teeth-chattering, goosey-flesh kind of a cry.

“What’s that?” asked Lady Love, with a shiver.

“Mr. Wicked Wolf,” replied the big Elephant, with a loud trumpet. At once Mr. Wicked Wolf answered with a dismal howl. Then the Elephant trumpeted again.

“Mr. Wicked Wolf has a dismal howl
And a big red mouth and an angry scowl,
His teeth are long and sharp and thin,
Oh, your knees knock together when you see him grin,”

whispered Old Barney Owl, as a dark shadow crept in and out among the trees.

“What have you done with Little Jack Rabbit?” demanded the big Circus Elephant.

“I haven’t seen him,” answered Mr. Wicked Wolf.

“Yes, you have,” cried Lady Love.

“What do you know about it?” snarled the old wolf. “If the big Elephant weren’t around I’d make you keep quiet.”

“That’s enough,” said the Elephant, reaching out his trunk to tweak Mr. Wicked Wolf’s ear. “Don’t get gay around here. You come along and help find the little rabbit. You’ll be out of mischief while with us and if we don’t find him pretty soon, I’ll put you and Old Man Weasel and Old Barney Owl in a big bag and shake you up and down and all around till your bones rattle!”

Then off again started the party, Old Barney Owl in the lead, Mr. Wicked Wolf and Old Man Weasel next, then Mr. Rabbit and Lady Love, and last of all, the big Circus Elephant. Every once in a while he'd swing his long lasso, cow-boy fashion, around Mr. Wicked Wolf, or pull up Old Man Weasel with a sharp jerk. And now and then, so's not to let Old Barney Owl feel lonesome, he'd drop the noose around that old night bird's head and yank him over backwards. This kept these three bad people mighty well behaved, let me tell you, while looking for Little Jack Rabbit—or pretending to look for him.

All of a sudden Danny Fox was seen sneaking behind a pile of brush.

"Come here, you old chicken thief," shouted the Elephant, and without waiting for the old fox to decide whether he would or not, the big Elephant threw the lasso over his head, pulling him in as nicely as you please.

"Tell me what you've done with Little Jack Rabbit?" demanded the big circus animal, giving the rope a jerk to make the old fox answer quickly.

"I haven't seen him," replied Danny Fox, with a whine. "I haven't seen him for a long time."

"Yes, you have," shouted the two little rabbits.

"What have you done with Little Jack Rabbit?" once more demanded the Elephant, although he'd already twice asked Danny Fox that very same question.

"I haven't seen the little bunny," again whined the old fox, "indeed, I am telling the truth."



"What's that?" asked Lady Love.

“You never told the truth in your life,” cried the big Elephant. “You’re an old chicken thief!”

“Please, please, don’t jerk that rope,” begged Danny Fox. “It hurts my neck.”

“Well, come along with us,” said the big circus animal, “you may help us find Little Jack Rabbit. At any rate, we’ll know where you are,” and he made the old fox join the party.

By and by, after a while, as they marched through the Shady Forest, looking here and peeking there, up and down and all around, they heard a little voice say;

“I know where Little Jack Rabbit is.”

“Where?” cried Lady Love.

“Where?” shouted Mr. Rabbit.

“Tell us quick,” cried the big Circus Elephant, holding up his ears to catch the faint whisper.

Then the little voice came again, only a little louder than before.

“Over there by the Bubbling Brook,
Where it turns and twists in the shady nook,
Caught in between two little trees,
Little Jack Rabbit is held by the knees.”

“Thank you, little voice,” cried Lady Love, and away she hopped to the shady nook, followed by Mr. Rabbit and the rest—only the rest didn’t hop, they all ran, except Old Barney Owl, who flew.

Pretty soon, not so very far, they reached the Bubbling Brook and, following it along, they hurried on until, all of a sudden, they heard Little Jack Rabbit calling for help.

“Cheer up, my baby rabbit,” shouted Lady Love.

Goodness me! how fast Lady Love hopped along until, quicker than a wink, she came to the two little trees.

“Oh, my little bunny,” she sobbed. “Are you hurt?”

“Maybe,” answered Little Jack Rabbit. “I’m not quite sure.”

Just then up came the big Circus Elephant. Bending apart the two trees with his great strong trunk, he shouted:

“Pull him out! pull him out!”

But Little Jack Rabbit didn’t need any help. No, siree-mam. No sooner were the trees pushed apart than out he hopped all by himself right into Lady Love’s arms. And I guess that’s the nicest place to be when you’re hurt—right in mother’s arms.

“Now all you old robbers can go home,” said the big circus animal.

“Good-by,” said Old Man Weasel.

“Good-by,” cried Mr. Wicked Wolf.

“So long,” whined Danny Fox.

“Tooty fruiti!” cried Old Barney Owl, and the next minute there was no one left but the three little rabbits and the big Circus Elephant.

“Come here,” said the big kind animal and carefully picking up Little Jack Rabbit with his strong trunk, lifted him up on his back.

“Now we’ll go home to the Old Bramble Patch,” and off he trotted, followed by Mr. Rabbit and Lady Love.

By and by, after a while, and many a mile, they came to the Rail Fence. Crossing the Sunny Meadow, although of course it wasn’t sunny at this hour—night time, you know,—they soon reached the Old Bramble Patch.

“Oh, I’m so happy,” laughed Lady Love, as the big elephant placed her little rabbit on the ground, “I’m so happy I don’t know how to thank you.”

“Don’t,” replied the big kind animal. “Just let me know the next time you bake an Angel Cake—that’s all,” and off he trotted to the Shady Forest.

“Good-by, old friend,” called Mr. Rabbit.

“I’ll see you all again,” replied the Elephant. “But I must hurry, for to-morrow the circus closes in Turnip City, and I must be there to help take down the big tent.”

It wasn’t long before all three little bunnies were sound asleep. Mr. Rabbit and Lady Love were tired out from their long search and Little Jack Rabbit,—well, he was tired and sleepy, anyway, as all small bunnies should be.

BUNNY TALE 13

DANNY FOX

“WAKE up, wake up, it’s breakfast time!
The Old Red Rooster is crowing a rime,
The doves on the roof are cooing away
And Bobbie Redvest is singing his lay,”

sang the musical alarm clock.

Out of bed hopped Little Jack Rabbit and parting his hair down the middle of his back with a little chip, picked up his knapsack and hurried down to the breakfast table.

Lady Love’s carrot coffee and lollypop porridge soon made the little bunny lose his appetite. Wasn’t that too bad? Well, I don’t know. I’d gladly lose my appetite for lollypop stew.

“Where’s father?” he asked, wiping his lips on a nice clean lettuce leaf napkin.

“Down at the Post Office,” answered his pretty mother. “He said for you to stay near the Old Bramble Patch until he got back.

“All right,” answered the good little bunny. “May I go now, mother dear?”

“Have you polished the front doorknob and fed the

canary and filled the woodbox?" she asked, with a smile. I guess she knew the little rabbit had forgotten all about his daily morning duties.

"Dear, dear, I forgot," cried the little bunny and, picking up the box of brass polish and a rag, he set to work on the doorknob. Pretty soon it looked like a golden ball under the bright beams of Mr. Merry Sun. Perhaps he thought he'd help the little rabbit. Who knows!

Next the bunny boy fed the pretty canary in her little gold cage, which hung in the kitchen during the winter, but when the days grew warm and bright, on the front porch. After her tiny cup was filled with birdseed the little bunny hopped out to the woodpile.

"Hello, there," said the Old Red Rooster, whom Uncle Lucky had sent over to spade the kitchen garden and plant the vegetables, "how's Little Jack Rabbit this morning?"

"Oh, I'm all right," answered the little bunny, picking up the hoe which the old fowl had left by the flower-bed. "I'm all right and I'm all glad and I'm fond of my mother and my dad."

"Whoa, there, Mr. Rabbit Poet!" cried the Old Red Rooster. "How do you get that way?"

"I've been reading a poetry book," answered the little bunny, handing a rose to Lady Love, who at that moment hopped out to the garden. Pretty soon she went back in the kitchen. It's mighty lucky that she did, for just then, all of a sudden, something happened. And it would have been quite dreadful if the Old Red Rooster hadn't given a timely warning. Yes, sir, if, right then he hadn't hollered

“Look out!” there would be little use in my putting it in now.

The moment the little bunny heard the warning he hopped through the window, quick as a wink. And it was mighty lucky that he did, for right there under the trees stood Danny Fox.

“Good morning,” he said, with a smile. But it didn’t look like a smile to Little Jack Rabbit. Oh, dear, no! It looked like a great big white-toothed grin. That’s what it did, and I guess the little bunny was right.

“I think it’s a bad morning,” replied Little Jack Rabbit. “You’ve changed everything.”

“Don’t say that,” whined Danny Fox. “What makes you so unfriendly?”

“Never you mind, you old robber,” shouted the Old Red Rooster from the top of the woodshed, on which he had taken refuge.

“Oh, you’re around,” snarled Danny Fox. “I thought you were working for Uncle Lucky Lefthindfoot, the old gentleman rabbit.”

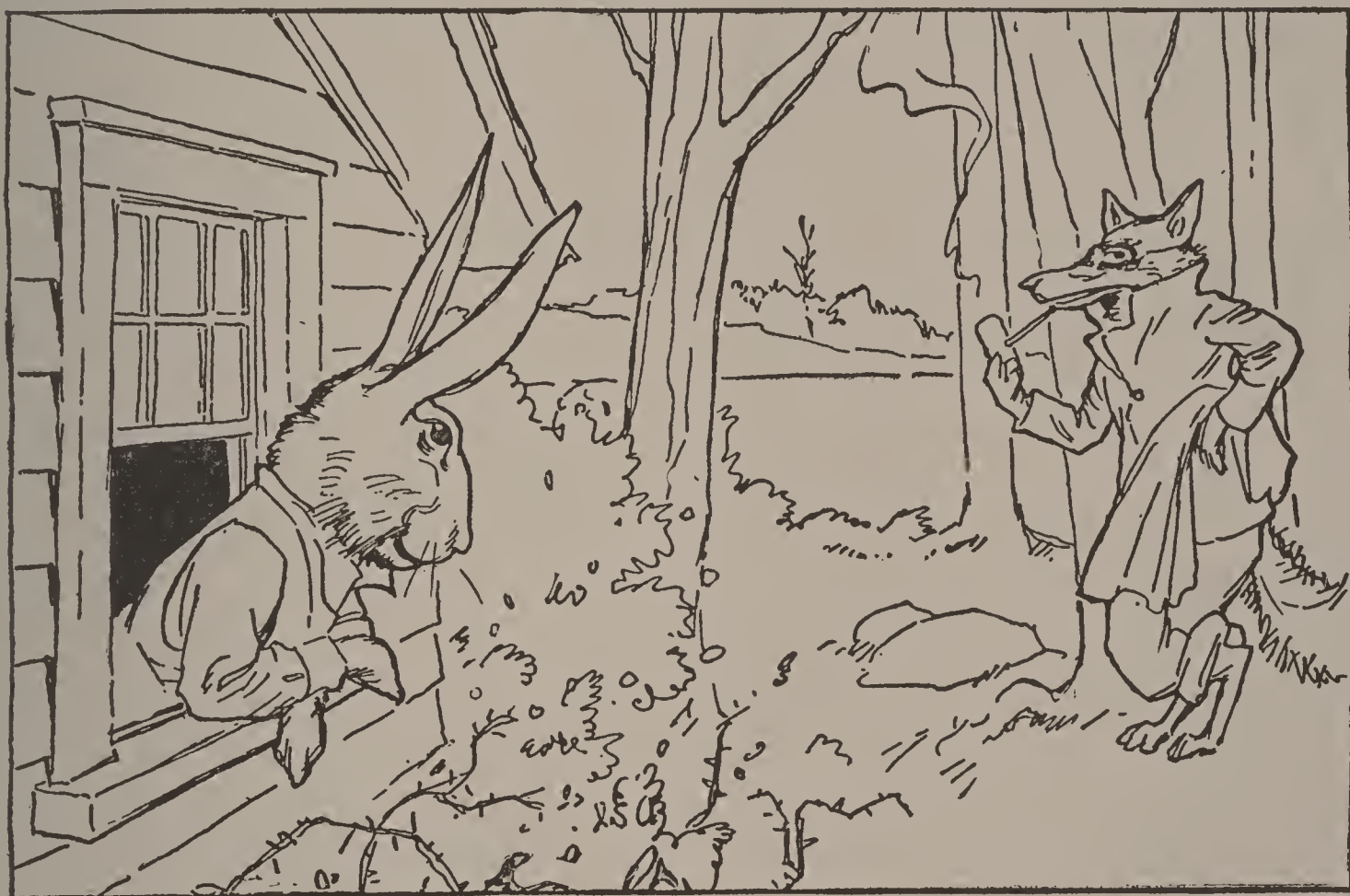
“Well, you’ve got another think,” replied the Old Red Rooster, “and if you don’t get out of here I’ll send a wireless message to the Policeman Dog to put you in jail.”

“Yes, you will,” sneered the old fox. “How are you going to send a message, I’d like to know.”

“Ha, ha!” laughed the Old Red Rooster, with a jump and a big flap of his wings. And, would you believe it! he flew from the woodshed right over to the roof of the cowshed next the Little Red Barn! Then up he jumped to

the little window overhead. That's what he did, the wise old fowl.

"I wonder what he's going to do?" thought Danny Fox, beginning to grow uneasy. "I wonder what he's up to?" and again the old fox looked here and there, fearing some trick was to be sprung upon him.



"I won't hop out till Danny Fox goes home."

"Cock-a-doodle do!" all of a sudden shouted the Old Red Rooster.

"What do you want?" asked Lady Love, looking out of the attic window. But on seeing Danny Fox she almost fainted.

"Don't worry, mother," cried Little Jack Rabbit. "I'm

safe in the kitchen. I won't hop out till Danny Fox goes home."

"Ha, ha!" laughed that old robber, "maybe I'll wait here till the 4th of July."

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" cried the little rabbit's mother, anxiously, "please go away, Danny Fox."

"No, siree!" answered that wicked animal. "I shall stay right here for a year and a day, and maybe I'll never go away."

Now wasn't that a dreadful thing to hear? Well, I guess it was. But just you wait a minute. I think the Old Red Rooster up in the loft of the Little Red Barn will do something, and do it mighty quick, let me tell you.

"Hello, hello!" he shouted, all of a sudden, just like that, from the tiny window of the Little Red Barn.

"I'm listening," answered Lady Love from the attic.

"I hear you," called out Little Jack Rabbit from the kitchen. But Danny Fox didn't say a word.

"Something's going to happen in a minute," shouted the Old Red Rooster. "Yes, sireebus, something's going to happen!"

"I wonder what?" thought Danny Fox, looking this way and that way and every other way. But he saw nothing, except the grass waving in the Sunny Meadow and the treetops bending in the Shady Forest.

Pretty soon he looked up at Lady Love, then at the Old Red Rooster. What were they doing? And why was the Old Red Rooster waving his pocket handkerchief? And why was Lady Love nodding her head?

“Dear, dear!” thought the old fox, “are they crazy?”

Just then, all of a sudden, just like that, quicker than bills on the first of the month, over the Old Rail Fence jumped the Policeman Dog, the Yellow Dog Tramp, the Stagecoach Dog Driver, the Billy Goat Ferryman, the Big Brown Bear and dear Uncle Lucky, the old gentleman rabbit.

“O-o-o-o!” whined Danny Fox, looking for a way to escape. By the woodpile stood the Policeman Dog, a few feet away the Yellow Dog Tramp, over by the Little Red Barn the Stagecoach Dog; by the kitchen door the Billy Goat Ferryman, at the Old Rail Fence the Big Brown Bear and a few hops away, dear Uncle Lucky.

“O-o-o-o,” again whined Danny Fox. He felt something was going to happen to him. He knew the Policeman Dog, the Yellow Dog Tramp, the Stagecoach Dog Driver, the Billy Goat Ferryman, the Big Brown Bear and dear Uncle Lucky, the old gentleman bunny, hadn’t jumped over the Old Rail Fence for fun, but he didn’t know that the Old Red Rooster had sent for them on the radio.

Yes, siree, something was, and is, going to happen to that dreadful fox, for, quick as a wink, they all closed in on him and before he could say a word or two or three, but no more, the Policeman Dog snapped a pair of handcuffs over his front paws.

“Now, old Danny Fox, you’ll go
To jail in just a minute,

And there you'll stay for many a day
Securely locked up in it,"

sang the Policeman Dog, swinging his club up and down just like the leader of the orchestra in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"I hope you'll keep him there for even longer," said the old gentleman bunny. "He's always after Little Jack Rabbit and me. Just the other day he nearly caught up to the Luckymobile. If he had, he would have bitten the tires.

"He's forever hanging around the ferryslip, waiting for a chance to grab Grandmother Goose on her way home," said the Billy Goat Ferryman. "I never cross the river in my ferryboat but what I see him sneaking along the shore."

"He's always trying to hold-up my stagecoach and rob the passengers," cried the Old Dog Driver, taking his pipe out of his mouth. "Only last week a little pig passenger nearly died of fright when he pointed his pistol at her."

"He's a bad lot," said the Yellow Dog Tramp. "I often see him stealing chickens from the farmyards."

"He'd better keep away from my Cozy Cave," growled the Big Brown Bear. "If I ever catch him stealing lollypops I'll break every bone in his body."

"Do you hear what they say about you?" asked the Policeman Dog, giving Danny Fox a good shake.

"Please let me go," begged the old fox, "I've two lit-

tle boys at home who will miss Daddy Fox if he isn't home for supper."

"Let him go," begged the tender-hearted little bunny, "Bushytail and Slyboots will miss him so. They think he's a lovely father."

"Well, what do you say?" asked the Policeman Dog, turning to Uncle Lucky.

"Oh, let me go home to my den in the rocks,
Bushytail will be watching for me,
And Slyboots will stand at the old kitchen door
While Mrs. Fox puts on the tea.

The red table cloth will be spread nice and smooth,
The platters, all shiny and white.
Oh, what will they do with the nice oyster stew
If Daddy Fox comes not to-night?"

cried Danny Fox, tears falling from his eyes, as the Policeman Dog waited for Uncle Lucky's answer.

"Oh, pshaw," cried dear kind Uncle Lucky, "let him go."

"I say so, too," said the Yellow Dog Tramp. "That song reminds me of one my dear old mother used to sing before I left the farm to become a hobo doggie."

"Maybe from now on he'll behave," cried the Billy Goat Ferryman. "I have two little kids. I know how they'd feel if their daddy didn't come home."

"Give the old fox another chance," said the Old Dog

Stagecoach Driver. "I remember my two little bow-wows. We had a nice home in the country."

"I feel the same as you fellows," cried the Big Brown Bear. "My two little cubs waited every night for me to tell them a bedtime story. They're now in the circus, but I always think of them as little fellows. Let the old fox go for the sake of his two little boys."

"Do you hear what they all say?" asked the Policeman Dog.

"Yes," whined Danny Fox, and away he ran as soon as the Policeman Dog took off the handcuffs.

"Perhaps he'll behave for a while," said the Old Red Rooster, flying down from the hayloft. "But it's lucky for Little Jack Rabbit that I could call you all on the wireless. Maybe that isn't a wonderful invention."

"Come in and have some carrot cake and turnip tea," begged Lady Love, hopping out on the kitchen porch.

Pretty soon as they all sat around the table having a fine feast, the Yellow Tramp Dog stood up on his hind legs and barked, oh, so softly:

"I'd go back to my boyhood day
 If I only knew the by-gone way.
 But I have changed since the Long Ago,
 With the summer wind and the winter snow,
 And my feet just miss the dear old lane
 Where the robin sings his sweet refrain,
 And the apple blossoms, white and pink,
 Fall in the nest of Bob-o-Link."

Some day, dear boys and girls, I shall write a story about the Yellow Dog Tramp. He just sort of rubs his nose against my knee as I write these stories. Yes, he looks up at me with big brown eyes that seem to say:

“Tell the children to be kind to yellow dogs.”

Dear children, never, never sling
A stone at any living thing.
The little bird that swiftly flies
Up in the country of the skies,
The friendly tabby cat that purrs
And humps that glossy back of hers,
The patient horse that draws the plough,
The ever-generous mooley cow,
Are all kind friends to you and me,
Created by God's charity.

BUNNY TALE 14

UNCLE LUCKY'S DREAM

OH, what shall I sing this lovely spring
When all the sky's aglow
With the sun's gold tint and the pure white glint
Of clouds like drifts of snow.

"Well, well, well," exclaimed dear Uncle Lucky with a sigh, laying down his book, "that is a beautiful poem." Pushing his spectacles back on his forehead, he was just about to sigh again when the telephone rang, One, two, three! Jingle, jingle, jingle!

"Who's that, I wonder?" he asked himself, taking up the receiver.

"Hello, hello! Who's calling me?"

"This is Rabbitville, one, two, three."

"Mr. Grizzly Bear is talking," answered a deep, growly voice.

"Well, I don't care if he stops," replied brave Uncle Lucky, "I don't want to speak to him."

"But he wants to talk to you!" answered the deep, growly voice.

"Dear Little Miss Mousie," sighed Uncle Lucky, "why do disagreeable people call me on the 'phone? Why don't they call up the Policeman Dog? Please lock the kitchen

door." And the poor old gentleman rabbit gave a great big sigh and, hanging up the receiver, hopped quickly around the house to lock every window, pulling down the



"I don't want to speak to him."

shades and then stuffing up the fireplace with sofa cushions.

"Now I guess nobody'll get in," he said, seating himself by the pianola. All of a sudden it began to play;

"Oh, the Grizzly Bear is a dreadful beast,
His claws are sharp and long,

And he gives a tug and then a hug
While he sings a grizzly song;

“ ‘Oh, I’m the beast with the terrible hug,
G-r-r-r, g-r-r-r-r, G-R-R-R-R!
I can break a stone and crack a bone
And crumple a cracker jar!’ ”

“Goodness me!” shouted Uncle Lucky, hopping up. “It’s bad enough to have a Grizzly Bear call you on the ’phone, but to listen to a Grizzly Bear song on the pianola is too, too much,” and the dis-tract-ed old gentleman rabbit hopped upstairs to his bed-room and looked out of the window.

“Tooty fruiti!” shouted Old Barney Owl, just like that, so frightening poor Uncle Lucky that he closed the window with a bang and hopped into bed. But, dear me! again. No sooner had he pulled the coverlet up to his chin and tucked his long gray whiskers in, than a dreadful knocking shook the door and rattled the carpet tacks in the floor!

“Goodness gracious meebus!” whispered the old gentleman rabbit under his breath and under the crazyquilt over his head as he cuddled down tight in his old wooden bed.

Again some one knocked on the door so hard that the doorknob came off and fell in the yard.

“Who can that be? What shall I do? I’m afraid to open the door and I’m afraid not to. Which is the worst

to do, for whatever I do, it will be that, all right, and all wrong!"

"Make believe there's no one home,
Stay in bed and do not roam
On your tiptoe 'round the house;
Keep as quiet as a mouse,"

whispered a little voice.

"Who gives me such good advice?" asked the old gentleman rabbit in a trembly whisper.

"Little Miss Mousie," replied the tiny voice. "I crept out of my house and up the stairs to tell you to make believe you're not at home."

"You're a good little friend," answered Uncle Lucky.

"You're a good big friend," laughed Little Miss Mousie, only very low, of course. "You let me stay all winter in the woodbox by the warm stove. You never charge me any rent and never let me spend a cent, you give me lollypops to eat and satin slippers for my feet."

"Do I really? I forgot all about the slippers, I declare," cried the old gentleman rabbit, scratching his left hind ear with his right hind foot. "Maybe I'm growing old and full of forgetfulness," and he sighed twice, and maybe three times more.

Just then the knocking came again, and this time louder than the last time, and twice as loud as the first.

"Keep your temper," whispered the little mouse.

"I guess that's the only thing I've got left," cried poor

Uncle Lucky. "I've lost my wits—I declare, I don't know what to do."

"Don't do anything," advised the little mouse, "that's what you agreed to do just a minute ago."

But goodness me! as she finished speaking there arose a dreadful commotion in the backyard of Uncle Lucky's little white house. Dear me, it was tornadeous and hurricaneous.

Please excuse me a moment. There's so much noise I can't even think what might happen if the Policeman Dog doesn't arrive pretty soon and swing his club three or four times.

There it goes! Yes, sir, I thought I'd hear it soon, if not before. Yes, it's the Policeman Dog's whistle.

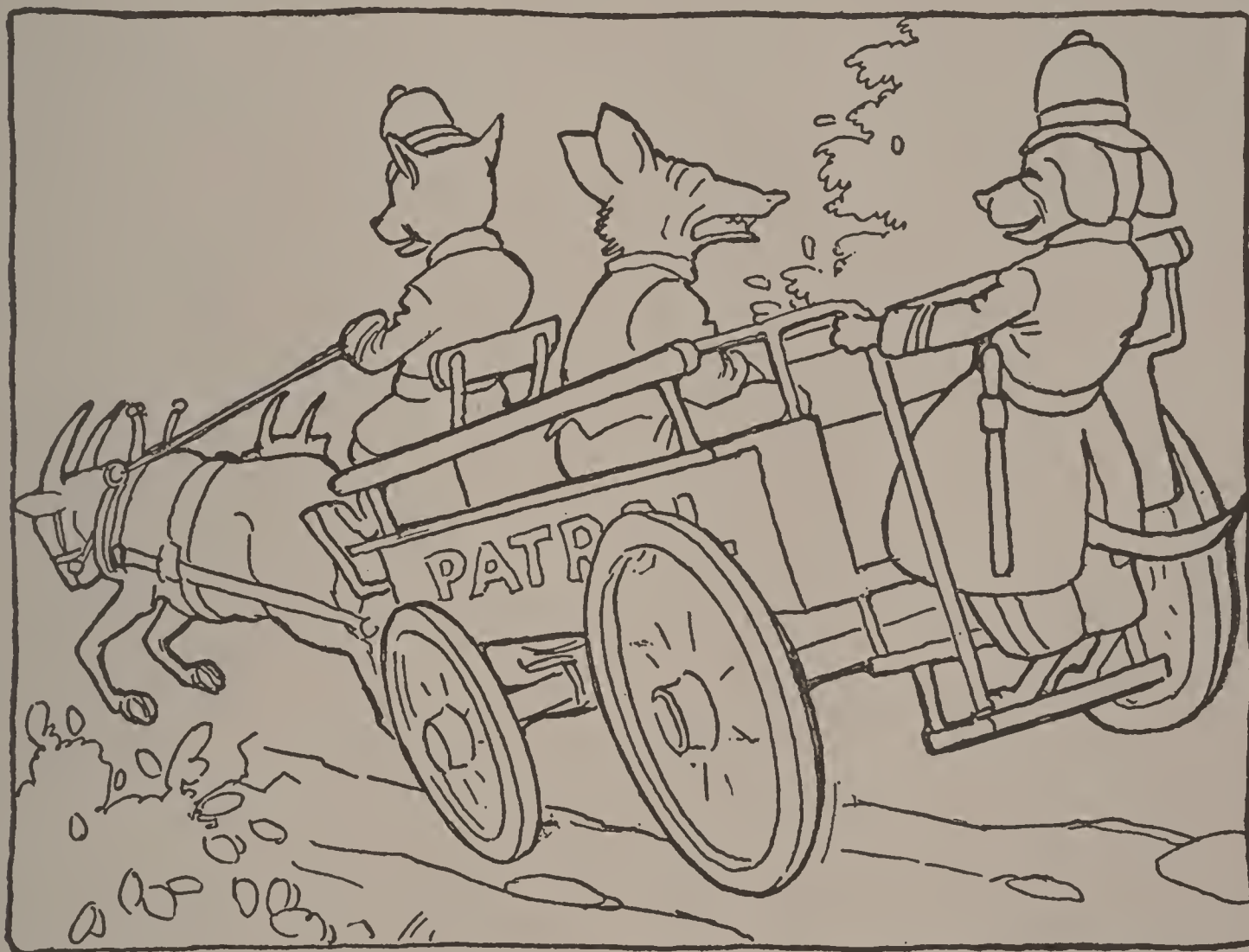
Out of his nice warm bed jumped Uncle Lucky and over to the window. The moonlight shone in like an automobile lamp, almost blinding Little Miss Mousie by the door. For a moment it made the dear old gentleman rabbit wink his eyes and blink his nose.

"Goodness gracious meebus! What is that big black shadow under the trees?" he whispered.

Then all of a sudden, the whistle sounded again, only this time way off down the road.

"What is the matter?" asked the old gentleman rabbit, his legs trembling so that his pajamas wrinkled at the knees. "What is the matter, and what is that dark shadow under the trees, and why is the Policeman Dog whistling down the road? Why doesn't he whistle under my window and make me feel comfortable?"

But no one answered him. Not even Little Miss Mousie, for she had hopped down to the kitchen to peek out under the door. Pretty soon the sound of the whistle came again, this time a little bit louder. After another minute or two, it sounded again, only fainter.



Danny Fox in the patrol wagon.

“Dear, dear me, I’m so sorry for myself,” cried the poor old gentleman rabbit. “All this mystery is turning my hair white. What shall I do?”

“I’ve caught him! I’ve caught him!” all of a sudden a voice shouted, and the next minute into the yard ran the Policeman Dog with Danny Fox by the collar.

"Here's the robber who knocked on your front door," cried the noble police dog.

"Put him in jail for a century!" shouted Uncle Lucky from his bedroom window. "I want my great, great, great, great grandchildren never to be annoyed by this old robber!"

"I'll speak to the Judge about it," answered the faithful Policeman Dog, as he drove away with Danny Fox in the patrol wagon.

"Oh, I'm so relieved," sighed the old gentleman rabbit, "I'll now go back to bed and sleep till the little green rooster toots his horn at half past three to-morrow morn," and, hopping into his pink pajamas, he pulled the crazy quilt up to his chin and tucked his whiskers snugly in.

Well, sir, and well, m'am. No sooner was the old gentleman rabbit sound asleep than the Dream Fairy looked in at the window.

"I must give Uncle Lucky a pretty dream," and softly flying in, she lighted on the foot of the bed. Taking from her little Vanity Bag a blue rose she waved it to and fro, back and forth and up and down, till Uncle Lucky began to dream.

And what a lovely dream! Just wait till I tell it to you, dear boys and girls, for maybe when he wakes up he'll forget all about it, as some people do, even as you and I.

The dear old gentleman rabbit dreamed that he was a boy again, playing marbles with Uncle John Hare when, dearest me and dearest you! along came Mrs. Wild Cat.

“Meow, meow, meow!” she said. “Let me play with you.”

Uncle John Hare looked at Uncle Lucky, and then they both looked at the Wild Cat. But what was the use of looking at her, or at each other, or at anything, for that matter. Goodness me! they were so frightened that their knees played tick tock, tick tock, and their hair stood up straight, and if ever there were two scared little rabbits, it was Uncle John and Uncle Lucky.

“What’s the matter with you two bunnies?” asked Mrs. Wild Cat. “Come, give me a shooter.”

“Here, here’s—one!” gasped Uncle John.

“You—can—have—mine,” faltered Uncle Lucky, “I’m tired. My thumb’s sore.”

“Stuff and nonsense,” meowed Mrs. Wild Cat. “Come on and play!”

But, oh, dear me! The two poor little bunnies missed every time and as Mrs. Wild Cat won every time, pretty soon she had all the marbles, as well as Uncle Lucky’s little bag and Uncle John’s little box.

“What else have you?” asked the purring Wild Cat.

“Nothing,” answered the bunny boy rabbits, “nothing, only a piece of chocolate cake and a lollypop.”

“Give them to me,” said the purring Wild Cat!

So what could each little bunny boy do but put his hand in his pocket and slowly draw out, Uncle John, the cake, and Uncle Lucky, the lollypop.

“Ha, ha, meow!” cried Mrs. Wild Cat, “don’t they

look good. I love chocolate cake and lollypops, ice cream cones and pink gumdrops."

"Please don't take everything we have," cried Uncle Lucky, tearfully.

"Give us back our marbles," begged Uncle John Hare, with a sob.

"No, I want to take them home to my little kittens," answered Mrs. Wild Cat, reaching out her paw for the lollypop.

"Wait just a minute, the stick has come out," begged Uncle Lucky, leaning over to pick up the candy part. All of a sudden, just like that, he struck out with his strong hind feet, throwing the loose dirt into Mrs. Wild Cat's eyes, and before she could open them the little rabbits had hopped into a hollow stump.

"Meow, meow! Just wait till I wipe my eyes. I'll show you what I'll do," Mrs. Wild Cat screamed.

But, wasn't it lucky? by that time the two little bunnies had found a tunnel leading away from the hollow stump. On and on they hopped until by and by, after a while, they found themselves out on the Sunny Meadow.

"Whew, I'm glad to be rid of that dreadful cat," exclaimed Uncle Lucky.

"So am I," said Uncle John Hare. "But, dear me! we've lost our marbles!"

Just then who should come along but Sic'em, the farmer's dog. Of course in those days, when Uncle Lucky was a little boy and Uncle John Hare only a week older,

Sic'em was a young dog. Oh, my, yes! And could run so fast that often his shadow was left a mile behind him!

“Bow, wow, now I'll catch you two little rabbits,” he barked, when—wasn't it a relief? the old gentleman rabbit woke up with a start to find that he had been dreaming. But he didn't see the Dream Fairy as she flew out of the window. No, siree! Dear Uncle Lucky was hardly wide awake enough for that!

BUNNY TALE 15

THE RADIO STORY

“WELL, well, well!” said Uncle Lucky, rubbing his eyes, “that was a queer dream. The idea of my dreaming I was a boy again, playing marbles with Uncle John Hare,” and, with a laugh, the old gentleman bunny jumped out of bed to look out of the window. It was early morning and the sky was pink and purple, yellow and red. The dew was sparkling on the grass and the trees were whispering to one another.

All of a sudden “Cock-a-doodle-do!” went the Old Red Rooster over by the barn. And then a robin began to sing and a little squirrel to scamper over the grass.

“Heigh ho!” exclaimed dear Uncle Lucky, “what a beautiful world. I must hurry down to my breakfast and then go for Little Jack Rabbit. He should be vaccinated. Maybe I’d better call up Dr. Quack, the famous duck doctor, to find out when he can see us.”

“Hello, Central, hurry, please,
Something’s going to make me sneeze.
Who has filled with pepper up
The little rubber talking cup?”

Ker-choo! ker-choo! went the dear old gentleman rabbit, and before he could get out his lovely blue silk polka-



"This is Station ABC"

dot handkerchief somebody laughed outside the window.

“Who’s laughing at me?” asked the ex-as-per-a-ted—which means, dear littlest reader, teased nearly to death—old gentleman bunny, “and who put pepper in my telephone, I want to know?”

“Ha, ha! ha! ha!” laughed the voice again, just outside the sitting room window.

With a hop, skip and a jump across the nice rag carpet hopped the dear old bunny to peek through the curtain. There on the porch rail sat Jimmy Jay, the mischievous bird boy.

“Ha, ha! ha, ha!” he went again, throwing his head first to one side and then to the other, “Ha, ha! ha, ha!”

“Get off my porch,” shouted dear Uncle Lucky, “you bad, mischievous, sneak of a bird boy. Why don’t you play nice games instead of mean jokes? Get off my porch or I’ll do something to you,” and Uncle Lucky hopped back across the hall and opened the front door with a swing.

Away flew naughty Jimmy Jay like a flash of blue through the leaves.

“Ha, ha! ha, ha!” he laughed, “how peppery we are!”

“Good gracious meebus!” exclaimed the old gentleman bunny, “that bird boy is a bad one. If he doesn’t mend his ways I shall report him to the Policeman Dog. What right has he to come into my house and play such a trick on me?”

Dear Uncle Lucky was so provoked with Jimmy Jay that he almost forgot to call up Dr. Quack. But as soon

as the mischievous bluebird was out of sight the kind old gentleman suddenly remembered and, hopping over to the telephone, shouted:

“One, two, three, S. O. S.
Who is calling? Can't you guess?”

“No, who is it?” answered a voice.

“Mr. Lucky Lefthindfoot. My nephew, Little Jack Rabbit, should be vaccinated. Can you come over to the Old Bramble Patch at once?”

“In about fifteen minutes,” replied the famous duck doctor.

Hanging up the receiver, Uncle Lucky hopped out to the garage and, cranking the Luckymobile, started off for the Sunny Meadow.

By and by, after a while, but not quite a mile, he came to the dear Old Bramble Patch, in the center of which safe and secure stood the little bungalow in which Little Jack Rabbit lived with Lady Love, his bunny mother.

“Honk, honk!” went the Luckymobile horn, and the next minute out hopped Little Jack Rabbit.

“Has Dr. Quack been here?” asked the old gentleman bunny, taking out his gold watch and chain.

“He just left,” answered his bunny nephew. “He vaccinated me. Mother gave me a carrot cent afterwards to buy a lollypop with 'cause I didn't make a fuss.”

“You're a good bunny boy,” said Uncle Lucky, patting the little rabbit's ears. “Let's hop in to see mother.”

Side by side the little rabbit boy and the dear old gentleman bunny hopped along the path through the thick brambles until they reached the little bungalow. On the back porch sat Lady Love, the little rabbit's mother, shelling peas.

"Well, well, well!" exclaimed Uncle Lucky, "how busy we are! And how pretty we look in the blue apron and string of red beads!" Sitting down on the step, the old gentleman bunny filled his old corncob pipe with cabbage leaf tobacco and smoked away to his heart's content.

By and by the little rabbit grew restless. "Let's listen in on the radio," he suggested, tickling dear Uncle Lucky's ear.

"Come along," answered the obliging old gentleman rabbit, hopping into the sitting room.

Professor Crow was just announcing to his radio audience that "This is Station ABC, Old Crow County, Tall Pine Tree. The first number on our program is David Cory, the Jack Rabbit Man, who will tell his famous Little Jack Rabbit stories to the furry and feather-coated people of the Shady Forest and Sunny Meadow. Tune in and let us know how the story is going over. Step into the Hollow Stump Telephone Booth and call us up: 'One, three, five, Sakes Alive; Pine Tree Top, Lollypop! Here is Uncle Dave.'"

"Hello! boys and girls. Guess where I am. Maybe I'd better tell you before you grow tired thinking of a million different places. I'm up in Professor Crow's tall Pine

Tree House. He has asked me to broadcast a Little Jack Rabbit story. Isn't that a compliment? Well, I just guess yes three times and a half. But, dear me! It's some job to climb a tall pine house. I'm not as young as I used to be, but now that I'm up at the top and have brushed off my trousers and straightened my tie I'll tell you something nice and true, for it's pretty up here under the blue and sunny sky with Merry Sun winking his big gold eye.

"Goodness me! dear boys and girls, there goes the telephone bell and Squirrel Nutcracker's voice is shouting over the wire: 'Ask Mr. Cory to put me in the story.'

"'All right,' promised Professor Crow, but before I could broadcast a word the bell rang again.

"'Busy Beaver talking,' came over the wire. 'Ask David Cory to say something about me.'

"'All righto,' answered the old crow, hanging up. But jingle, jingle, tinkle, tink went the bell before I could wink.

"'This is the Big Brown Bear talking. Ask David Cory to put me in the story,' I heard him say, and then Professor Crow answered, 'I'll see what I can do.'

"'Hurry up and commence,' said the worried old black bird, turning to me. Again tinkerly tink, jingerly jell went that dreadful telephone bell, and Granddaddy Bullfrog begged to have me mention him over the wire.

"'All righto, Mr. Bullfrog,' answered Professor Crow, but even before he had hung up the receiver, Chippy Chipmunk was requesting that I say 'Hello' to him.

“‘Goodness me!’ said Professor Crow, ‘if they keep this up there’ll be no story at all.’

“‘Never mind,’ I answered, ‘I’ll just say hello to everybody. Next Thursday will be time enough for a story.’”

All of a sudden the little rabbit shouted, “He just said hello to me!” and the next minute, “He just said hello to you!”

“Did he?” asked dear Uncle Lucky. “Well, that is kind of him,” and as the radio talk was now over the two bunnies hopped into the kitchen.

“What have you for supper?” asked dear Uncle Lucky.

“Stewed lollypops!” answered busy Lady Love, placing a steaming dish upon the table. “Nice fresh lollypops. The Big Brown Bear was here yesterday.”

“Did he ask for me?” asked Little Jack Rabbit.

“To be sure,” replied Lady Love, “I told him that Uncle Lucky was coming to-day.”

“Yes, I’ll stay here for a while,” laughed the old gentleman bunny, picking up a big juicy yellow lollypop by the stick, just the way people eat asparagus. But, oh, dear me! down ran the juice all over his nice clean napkin. Wasn’t that a shame?

“Goodness gracious meebus!” exclaimed Uncle Lucky, “that was a very ripe lollypop!”

Just then his small rabbit nephew brought his spoon down on the table with a whack.

“What’s that?” shouted the old gentleman bunny,

dropping the lollypop stick on his little left hind toe, the one with the rheumatiz, you know.

“A mosquito tried to sting my ear!” cried the little bunny boy, carefully lifting the spoon to peep underneath, “Where did he go?”

“If you would catch a skeeter
You must be lightning quick.
My name is Skeeter Peter
And I'm on to every trick,”

sang a squeaky, buzzy voice.

“Did you hear that?” asked Lady Love.

“No, but maybe I'm getting a little deaf,” sighed dear Uncle Lucky, tucking a clean napkin under his chin and picking out a fresh lollypop.

“There goes Skeeter Peter out of the window,” shouted his small nephew bunny.

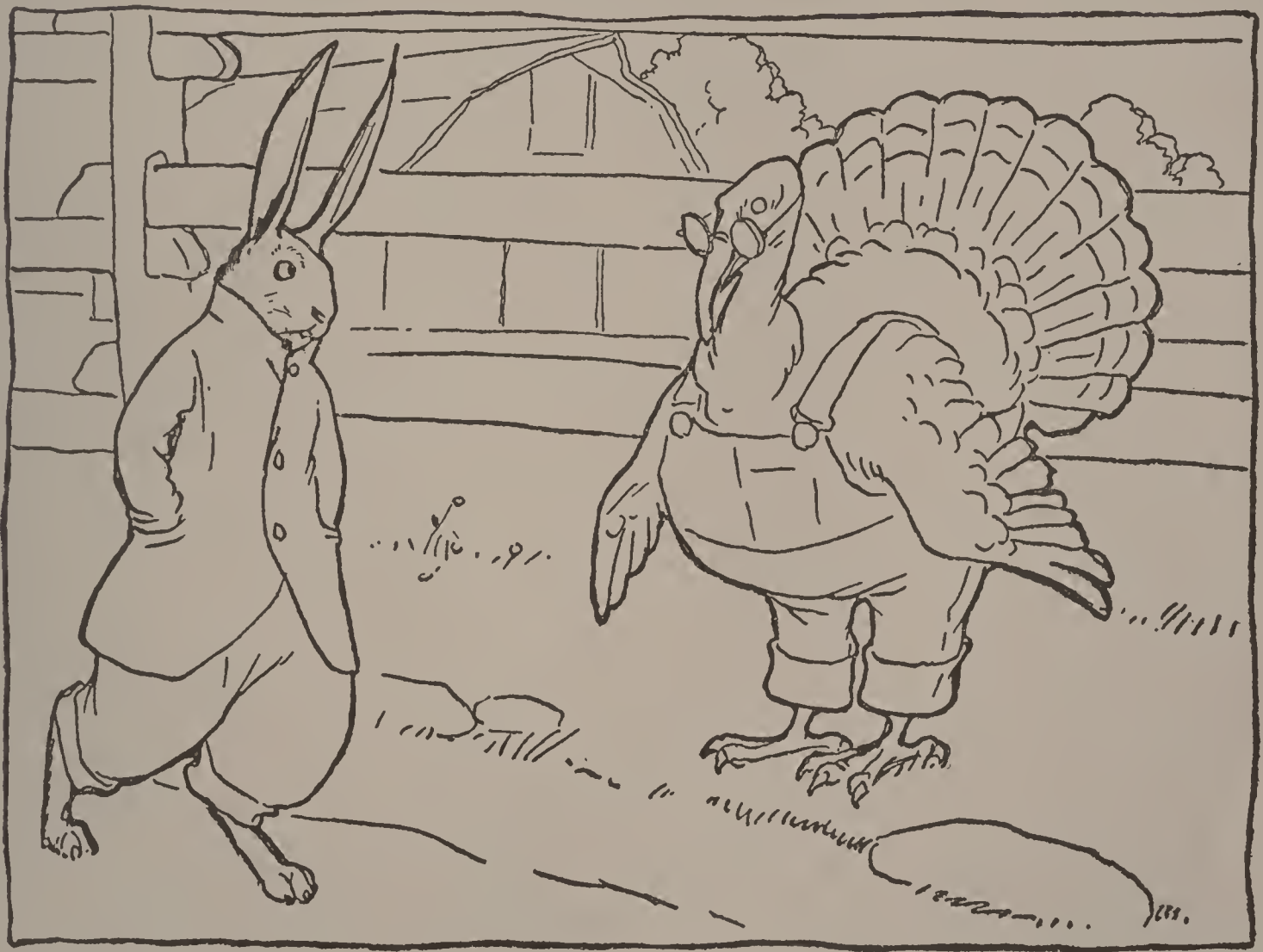
“Catch him!” cried the old gentleman rabbit, hopping over to the open window. But, oh, dear me! The Old Red Rooster, who was raking up the leaves on the lawn wasn't quick enough, and away flew Skeeter Peter to the Old Duck Pond where Mrs. Skeeter Peter was waiting at the door of their tiny house in the long grass.

“Dear me! I'm all out of breath,” sighed dear Uncle Lucky, sitting down in the rocking chair by the open window to read the *Bunnybridge Bugle*. After a while he fell asleep and dreamed he was a boy again and had sent a pretty valentine to a lovely bunny girl.

BUNNY TALE 16

DANGER

“It’s growing cold! I must turn up my coat collar,”
said Little Jack Rabbit, hopping out on the Sunny



“My, but it’s growing cold!”

Meadow. He had just finished polishing the front door-knob and maybe his little pink nose was pinker than usual.

Maybe Jack Frost had pinched it when the little bunny boy wasn't looking.

It certainly was cold out on the Sunny Meadow! Billy Breeze was romping over the frosty grass, bending the leafless bushes and trees.

Turkey Tim strutted about the Old Barnyard, spreading his big tail like a Japanese fan.

“Although the sky is clear and blue,
Oh, dear me and oh, dear you!
How cold and chilly Billy Breeze.
He makes me shiver at the knees!”

sang Cocky Doodle trying to pull down his feather knickerbockers. But he couldn't. Neither could he pull up his feather stockings. Dear me! again. Wasn't that too bad? Well, I should say so, although I've seen lots of little boys and girls with bare legs in the winter time.

“Bow wow!” went Old Sic'em, the farmer's dog, tugging at his chain, as Little Jack Rabbit hopped around the Big Red Barn.

“Bow, wow, wow!
It makes me laugh
To see Mrs. Cow
Spank her calf.”

“Now, that will do,” said Mrs. Cow, quite provoked, “it's so long since you were spanked you've forgotten you were once a puppy boy dog.”

“Ha! ha!” laughed Little Jack Rabbit, “now will you be good, Old Sic’em?” But the old dog crept into his little wooden house with never an answer.

Just then Little Jack Rabbit spied Old Man Weasel under the woodpile.

“Oh, dear me!” said the little bunny to himself, “what shall I do?”

“Don’t be frightened,” chirped little Bobbie Redvest from the Old Rail Fence. “Old Man Weasel won’t dare show himself for here comes the Big Kind Farmer.”

Sure enough, there he stood with a milk pail on his arm. So away hopped Little Jack Rabbit to the Old Duck Pond to see Granddaddy Bullfrog, the nice old gentleman frog in his white waistcoat and gold rimmed spectacles.

“I’ll soon be going down to the warm mud at the bottom of the pond,” said the old fellow, with a shiver. “I can’t stand this snappy weather. Guess I’ll start now,” and with a dive off his log, he disappeared beneath the water.

“Good-by!” called out the little bunny boy, hopping home to the warm little bungalow in the Old Bramble Patch.

The next morning the Sunny Meadow was as white as Lady Love’s best tablecloth and just as smooth, for it had snowed all night, the snowflakes falling so softly that no one had even dreamed of what was happening.

After breakfast Little Jack Rabbit pulled on his nice warm mittens.

“Don’t forget your muffler,” warned his careful mother. Then filling his knapsack with little lettuce flour cakes, she kissed him good-by.

As he hopped along he began to sing:

“Three little bunnies a-sliding went
All on a winter’s day.
The ice was thin and two fell in,
And the third one ran away.”

“That’s a fine song,” cawed Professor Crow from his Tall Pine Tree house.

“Drop me an ice cream pine cone,” laughed the little bunny. But the selfish old bird instead threw a snowball, hitting the little rabbit on the tip of his tail.

Off he hopped, for he wasn’t going to have snowballs thrown at him. No, sireeman. And pretty soon, not so very far, he met Brownie Mink creeping along by the Old Duck Pond.

“I must be very careful these days,” he whispered. “People wear fur in the winter time and that dreadful Miller’s boy may set a trap. If it catches me I’ll be a muff instead of a little mink.”

“They set traps for me, too!” answered the little bunny. “Besides, I must look out for Danny Fox and Old Man Weasel. And sometimes, and maybe oftener, for Robber Hawk. You’re not the only one who has to look out for himself.”

All of a sudden the little rabbit felt hungry and, open-

ing his knapsack, handed a lollypop to Brownie Mink. But what the bunny boy ate will take too long to tell.

“The next time you pass the Old Bramble Patch I’ll ask Uncle Lucky to take us sledmobiling,” he said, buckling on his knapsack.

“Hurray!” shouted the little mink, tickled almost to pieces. He’d never ridden in a sledmobile and neither have I, and neither have you, but we may some day if we happen to be around when Uncle Lucky passes by.

“The snow is nearly three feet deep
Upon the forest trail,
And windy rifts and hilly drifts
Blot out the lonely vale.

“Oh, little bunny, have a care
For Danny Fox is everywhere!
Be very careful where you go
And leave no footprints in the snow,”

sang Sammy Snowbird from a little bush in the Sunny Meadow, knowing how hungry Danny Fox was now that the ground was covered with a white carpet. Up at the Old Barn Yard the chickens huddled inside the warm hen house and old Danny Fox couldn’t find even a feather near the Big Red Barn.

“I’ll keep a bright lookout, never fear,” laughed the bunny boy, and he hopped away into the Shady Forest. By and by he met a big Snow Man. Wasn’t it strange to find a Snow Man in the Shady Forest? Well, I guess it

was, and the little rabbit thought so, too. All of a sudden two little bears ran out of a cave and shouted: "We did it."

"It's a fine Snow Man," answered the little bunny and, taking a lemon lollypop out of his knapsack, he pushed the stick into the Snow Man's mouth. It seemed as if he were smoking a lollypop pipe. But not for long, let me tell you. No, sireeman and no, siree, Mister! For in a jiffy those two little bears took it away from the poor Snow Man, and ate it up, stick and all.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the little rabbit, and, being a generous little bunny, he took another out of his knapsack. "Take it home to your little sister." But the two bears didn't have any sister, only an old aunt who didn't like candy.

After that the little bunny hopped away. By and by he saw a great icicle hanging from a rock in the Bubbling Brook. Now Mr. Merry Sun was doing his best to melt it, but Mr. North Wind blew so cold that all Mr. Merry Sun could do was to paint it all sorts of colors, green and red, yellow and purple. "It looks like a stick of candy," thought the little rabbit, breaking it off.

"I'll fool somebody with it," and away he hopped, singing:

"Over the snow, over the snow,
Hippity, hippity, hop I go.
I don't care if the woods are bare,
For I love the snow, the beautiful snow,
Hiding the flowers until they can grow."

By and by he came to the Shady Forest Pond. Of course it was all frozen over with a thick coating of ice. Only the top of Mister Muskrat's house could be seen, in the upper bedroom of which, high and dry, Mister Muskrat himself lay sound asleep.

Sliding out on the ice, the little rabbit knocked on the roof. But he never saw the frightened Muskrat swim out in the water. Oh, dear, no. The ice was too thick for that, although Mister Muskrat could hear the little rabbit sliding about overhead.

"I must wait until Springtime to find out who called," thought Mister Muskrat, swimming over to his other hiding place among the roots of the Old Chestnut Tree in which Old Barney Owl had built his little wooden house in a big hollow limb.

And wasn't it strange? Mister Muskrat never got the least bit wet as he swam through the water. You see his thick fur overcoat is waterproof.

"I have few friends in the wintertime," sighed Little Jack Rabbit. "Timmie Chipmunk is fast asleep in his little warm house. So is Woody Chuck. And Granddaddy Bullfrog and Teddy Turtle are dreaming away in the soft warm mud at the bottom of the Old Duck Pond. I'll be glad when warm weather comes."

Just then who should pop out of his little snow tunnel, for by this time the little rabbit was on the Sunny Meadow, but Timmie Meadowmouse. He wasn't afraid of little bunnies, you know, nor squirrels, nor chipmunks, but always kept his eyes open for Danny Fox, and Old Man

Weasel, who are always skulking around, or for Hungry Hawk, who is often flying up in the sky.

"I've been playing hide and seek all day," laughed Timmie Meadowmouse.

"Who with?" inquired Little Jack Rabbit anxiously, wiggling his little pink nose to catch the first scent of danger.

"Oh, with Danny Fox," replied the little meadowmouse. "But, you see, he didn't catch me."

"Don't be too sure all the time.
Some day you'll regret it;
Danger comes so suddenly,
Watch and don't forget it,"

sang Charlie Chickadee.

Dear me! That little bird must have known that danger was lurking near.

"Run, run, run!
Skate, skate, skate!
You'd better start this minute
Or else you'll be too late.
Old Danny Fox will catch you
If you don't watch out,
Hurry, hurry, hurry!
Old Danny Fox's about!"

shouted Squirrel Nutcracker from his Tree Top House.

Away went Little Jack Rabbit, clipperty clip, lipperty lip! No, he didn't, either. He went slipperty slip! Slipperty slip! Just like that, only faster.

"I'll catch you yet," growled Danny Fox.

"Not yet," gasped the little bunny boy.

"Pretty soon," whined the old fox.

"Never and never," replied the bunny boy bravely. "Mother shan't lose her little rabbit, not if I can help it!" and away he went, faster than before, and lots faster than behind. And in less time than I can take to tell it he was safely over the little picket fence around the dear Old Bramble Patch. You see, he couldn't wait to unlatch the gate, but gave a hop-tee-idy right over it. The next minute Lady Love had pulled him in and slammed the kitchen door.

"Safe at home in mother's arms!

That's the place to be.

Warm and cuddley, mother's breast,

Like a pretty downy nest,"

sang the Canary Bird. Then Little Miss Cricket chirped and the Three Grasshoppers fiddled pretty music.

BUNNY TALE 17

TROUBLE

I WISH that only lovely things,
Like roses red and diamond rings
And lollypops and ice cream cones
And pretty little colored stones

Would fall down at the rabbits' feet
And make them smile with laughter sweet,
And not a hungry long-clawed hawk,
With swishing wings and cruel squawk.

And now I've explained in this little poem what happened while the little rabbit family were sitting peacefully on the back porch of their little bungalow in the Old Bramble Patch.

"Goodness gracious meebus!" exclaimed Uncle Lucky, as he tried to close the kitchen door. "Hungry Hawk, will you kindly pull your bill away?"

"You can't hurt my bill," answered the old hawk, scratching and pushing the door.

"All right, then," answered Uncle Lucky. "Let's see you get away, you old robber."

But, dear me! That old bird was very persistent!

"Get the poker!" panted Uncle Lucky, "I can't hold out much longer."

“Here it is,” cried the little bunny, handing the poker to the old gentleman rabbit. Then, in some way or another, I can’t explain just how, brave Uncle Lucky pressed it against the door and pulling up the kitchen table, made it fast to one of the legs.

“Ha, ha!” he laughed, “now, old robber hawk, get away if you can! Maybe you’ll wish you’d never made us a call,” and with a hop, skip and a toe-slide over the floor, the old gentleman bunny peeked out of the kitchen window.

Goodness gracious, how ruffled and bedraggled was the old hawk! He could use his legs and his wings all right, but his beak was caught fast in the door. No matter how he braced his feet and beat his wings, or flapped his tail this way and that, he couldn’t get free. No, siree! He was as fast as a clam at low tide.

“But how are we to get out unless we use the parlor?” said Lady Love. “Besides, the front door has no spring on it. It will be mighty inconvenient on wash day with my hands full of clothes-pins.”

“Shall we let the old bird go?” asked Little Jack Rabbit, hopping up on the window seat to peep over the red geranium flowers in the nice green box on the window sill.

“No, no!” answered Uncle Lucky. “Wait until I call up the Policeman Dog and ask him what’s best to do.”

“One, two, three, Rabbitville,
Hurry up, I can’t keep still.

What's the matter, Central? Please
Hold the wire while I sneeze,"

cried poor excited Uncle Lucky.

Pretty soon the voice of the Policeman Dog came over the wire, deep and low, kind and soothing:

"What can I do for you, Mr. Lucky Lefthindfoot?"

"Oh, oh, but I'm glad to hear you say that," answered the dear old gentleman rabbit. "Dear me, but it's nice and comforting to hear your voice. Please come up here at once."

"What for?" asked the Policeman Dog.

"Didn't I tell you?" shouted the old gentleman bunny. "I declare, I'm so worried and out of breath, so excited and scared to death, I forgot to say that Hungry Hawk tried to catch us all while shelling peas on our little back porch. I've pinched his big long crooked bill between the kitchen door and the sill, but I don't know what to do with him."

"I'll come right up," answered the kind police dog and, hanging up the receiver, he put on his cap, picked up his big stick and trotted off for the Old Bramble Patch.

"You're a good friend of Uncle Lucky's," he said, on meeting the Yellow Dog Tramp. "Come along with me while I tell you what has happened to the nice old gentleman bunny." While explaining matters, whom should they meet but the Big Brown Bear, that friendly old dealer in lollypops and honey balls, the friend of all the forest folk.

"Come along with us," said the Policeman Dog. "I'll

explain on the way what has happened at the little rabbit's bungalow."

"Nothing serious, I hope," enquired the Big Brown Bear, anxiously. "I'm very fond of Little Jack Rabbit. It was only this morning he bought a lollypop with a carrot cent."

"Well, it might have been serious if brave Uncle Lucky hadn't slammed the kitchen door tight shut on Hungry Hawk's bill."

"Ha, ha," laughed the Yellow Dog Tramp, "won't Hungry Hawk be pleased to see us?"

"Ha, ha, he, he!" laughed the Big Brown Bear, "I'll tickle him under the chin."

"Let's hurry faster," said the kind Policeman Dog, and climbing over and under the Old Rail Fence they ran up the little path to the tiny white bungalow.

How the Police Dog and the Big Brown Bear
And the Yellow Dog Tramp with his curly hair
Laughed when they heard old Hungry Hawk
Greet them all with an angry squawk.

"What are you trying to do, old bird? Break into the little bungalow?" asked the Policeman Dog.

"You'd better get a jimmy next time," cried the Yellow Dog Tramp.

"Or an ax," laughed the Big Brown Bear.

"He isn't trying to get in," shouted Uncle Lucky from the kitchen window. "He's caught fast." You see, the

dear old gentleman rabbit didn't know that the old robber hawk was being teased by the Policeman Dog and his two friends.

"What shall I do with him?" asked the Policeman Dog.

"Whatever you think best," answered Uncle Lucky.

"Please take him away," sighed Lady Love. "I can't go out on the back porch and I don't want to wear out the parlor rug."

"Put him in jail," shouted Little Jack Rabbit.

"I'll please you all," cried the Policeman Dog, and taking a pair of handcuffs from his pocket, he snapped them around Hungry Hawk's legs. Then padlocking a chain around the old bird's neck, he told Uncle Lucky to open the kitchen door.

It took the old gentleman rabbit two or three and maybe four minutes to untie the rope around the leg of the kitchen stove and unfasten the other end which was twisted around the doorknob. When all this was done, he pushed open the door.

"Whew! I'm glad to get my bill out!" gasped Hungry Hawk, shaking himself till three feathers fell on the little back porch.

"I'll make a quill pen,—maybe three quill pens," said Uncle Lucky, picking up the feathers. "Ha, ha, something good in everything. I had intended to buy a pen at the Three-in-One Cent Store. Now I can save a carrot cent."

"Come along with us," said the Policeman Dog, pull-

ing the old Hawk through the fence. "You'll go to jail for a month of Sundays."

The Big Brown Bear and the Yellow Dog Tramp fol-



"Throw up your paws!" shouted Danny Fox.

lowed the Policeman Dog to see that Hungry Hawk didn't play any tricks on his way to his jail hotel.

"Thank you all for coming up here," shouted dear Uncle Lucky. "You're good friends in time of need."

By and by the old gentleman bunny invited the little rabbit to go for a ride.

Everything was going along nicely when, all of a sudden, just like that, something happened to the Luckymobile and before the old gentleman bunny could tighten a loose screw with the monkey wrench a voice shouted:

“What are you doing, you old rabbit man?
Now throw up your paws as quick as you can.
If you don't you will learn what a robber can do,
I'm sure you don't want to be bitten in two.”

“No, no, no!” cried poor Uncle Lucky. “But who are you?”

“I'll show you,” answered the voice, and out jumped Danny Fox. Dear me, but he looked dreadfully sly in his brown unionalls!

“Please, please don't bite,” begged poor Uncle Lucky.

“Throw up your paws!” shouted Danny Fox.

Of course there was nothing for the old gentleman rabbit to do but obey, so up went his paws, almost knocking off his old wedding stovepipe hat.

“How much money have you in your pockets?” asked the old robber fox, hardly noticing Little Jack Rabbit.

“Ten lettuce leaf dollar bills and 23 carrot cents,” answered Uncle Lucky, in a trembly voice.

“That's not much for a rich old rabbit gentleman like you,” growled Danny Fox. “Haven't you forgotten your old leather wallet?”

“No, sireebus!” replied Uncle Lucky, “but I wish you had!”

“Ha, ha!” laughed the cruel fox, “I think I’ll put you both in this old sack and carry you home.”

“Come, come, Danny Fox,” cried Uncle Lucky. “If you do that you’ll get only ten lettuce leaf dollar bills and 23 carrot cents. I don’t want to be bumped about in an old flour sack.”

“What will you give me if I don’t put you in my old flour sack?” asked that wicked robber.

“20 lettuce leaf dollar bills and 46 carrot cents,” replied poor Uncle Lucky. “You’ll have to trust me till I go home. I’m a little short of change to-day.”

“All right, but let me go through your pockets,” growled the old fox, pushing his paw inside the old rabbit’s coat. Pretty soon he took out a leather wallet.

“Ha, ha!” laughed that wicked beast, “maybe I’ll find a Liberty Bond.” But he didn’t. No, siree! He found only a cigar coupon, two transfers and a picture of Little Jack Rabbit in pretty colors.

“Fudge and oh, dear!” growled Danny Fox. “Take back your wallet. Where are the lettuce leaf dollar bills?”

“In my inside vest pocket,” answered the old gentleman rabbit. But in taking them out Danny Fox tickled dear Uncle Lucky almost to pieces!

“Ha, ha!” went the old fox. “You’re a ticklish bunny rabbit. Goodness me, but you’re tickle-ish!”

“Tee hee! tee hee!” giggled poor Uncle Lucky, squirming this way and that way, until all of a sudden off went his old wedding stovepipe hat!

By this time, however, Danny Fox had the 10 lettuce

leaf dollar bills in his paw, and was just going to take the 23 carrot cents when just like that, quick as a wink, and maybe quicker, a rope fell over his head, yanking him backwards.

“Wow, wow, g-r-r-r-r!” coughed and choked the old robber, as the rope grew tighter and tighter. Pretty soon his eyes almost popped out of his head.

“You wicked old beast!” shouted a friendly voice, and the next minute the Cowboy in Uncle Lucky’s Circus ran out from behind the trees.

“What shall I do with this old fox?” he asked, picking up the old stovepipe hat.

“Anything you wish,” replied Uncle Lucky. “Why not take him to the circus and lock him up in a cage? He can be one of the wild animals the children like to look at.”

“To be sure,” said the Cowboy. “Come along,” and he gave a tug to the rope.

“Drop my money before you say good-by, Mr. Danny Fox!” cried anxious Uncle Lucky.

“Oh, let me go, I beg of you,
I’ll die in a circus tent.
Oh, leave me here in the forest dear
Where I never pay any rent,”

begged Danny Fox, as the Cowboy dragged him off to the Circus in Turnip City.

“Don’t listen to him,” cautioned Uncle Lucky, who

couldn't forget how he would have been robbed had the Cowboy not come along just in the nick of time.

"I'll pay no attention to the old robber," answered the Cowboy, and in a few minutes he was out of sight.

"Well, that's a relief," sighed dear Uncle Lucky, picking up the 10 lettuce leaf dollar bills. "I'm glad to get back my money. But, goodness me! I'll be late for supper," and hopping into the Luckymobile, he hurried home to Little Miss Mousie.

BUNNY TALE 18

OLD HOOTY TOOTY OWL

“WHEN everything is going wrong
Just hum a merry little song.
Yes, hum it over twice again,
You’ll find a rainbow through the rain.

And soon the sky will turn a blue,
The rooster sing a cockle-doo,
And Bobbie Redvest from his tree
A song of joy that is to be,”

sang Lady Love, the little rabbit’s pretty mother, as her bunny boy hopped into the kitchen.

“How do you remember all your songs?” he asked.

“I just make them up,” replied Lady Love, with a smile:

“Happiness is in the heart,
Singing all the day.
Nothing’s dull when one is glad—
Work seems just like play.”

“Ha, ha!” laughed the little bunny boy, “I think you could write wonderful fairy stories.”

“Maybe!” answered Lady Love, with a wistful smile, as she ironed her little son’s blouse, “but I’ve only time to dream them. Perhaps some day we’ll find time, you and I, to fill a book with songs of our little white bungalow.”

Just then a knock came at the kitchen door. There stood the Yellow Dog Tramp, his old straw hat over one ear and a little tin can in his hand—I beg your pardon, I mean paw.

“Won’t you fill my old tin cup with coffee till it’s brimming up?” asked the good old Bow-Wow in poetry. You see, he had lived in the woods where the birds sing and the leaves rustle and had turned into a dog poet without knowing it.

“Come right in and you shall see
 A lady bunny make turnip tea.
 We have no coffee, but you won’t care
 If I give you tea and a chocolate éclair,”

answered Lady Love.

“No, indeed!” answered the Yellow Dog Tramp. “I’m not particular,” and carefully wiping his feet on the door-mat, he trotted into the spotless little kitchen.

“My, but you look pretty in your blue apron,” he remarked, as the lady bunny put on the kettle.

“Mother always looks pretty,” agreed Little Jack Rabbit. “She just can’t help it.”

“That’s because she’s always doing something for somebody,” replied the Yellow Dog Tramp. “I remem-

ber my mother was just like her, but that was long ago before I left the farm to become a hobo dog." I guess the Yellow Dog Tramp was right. All mothers are pretty to boys and girls who love them.

"Well, I must be going back to the woods. It's growing late," said the old dog, after finishing three *éclairs* and emptying five tea-cups. "Thank you," and away he ran.

"Cousin Cottontail has invited us over this evening," said Lady Love, as she put away the dishes. "She has a new radio set. We'll go over in time to hear the Jack Rabbit Man tell his stories."

"Ha, ha!" cried the little bunny, "that will be fine!" and with a skip and a jump he hopped out on the porch where the little canary lived in her gold cage.

"Hello! Little Rabbit," she twittered. "What makes you so happy?"

"Didn't you hear what mother just said?" he asked, twinkling his pretty pink nose.

"No, what did she say?" answered the pretty yellow bird.

"That we are invited over to Cousin Cottontail's to listen to David Cory's bunny stories."

Just then out hopped Lady Love and without waiting to tie her bonnet string, hurried after her bunny boy who was already half way to the little gate in the brambles.

But, oh, dear me, and oh, dear all of you little boys and girls! no sooner had these two dear bunnies reached the Old Rail Fence, about fifteen hops and maybe two

skips from the Old Bramble Patch, than they heard somebody or something go “Toot, toot, toot!”

“Look out, mother!” cried the little bunny, and with a skiptoe sideways they both hopped into a hollow stump.



Old Hooty Tooty Owl grabbed up the little rabbit.

Wasn't it lucky that there was a hollow stump close by? Well, I just guess yes three times.

“Who was it?” asked Lady Love, in a whisper.

“Old Hooty Tooty Owl, maybe,” answered the little bunny.

Then they both listened to hear again that disagreeable

noise, but all was still in the Shady Forest, so still that one could hardly hear Billy Breeze among the treetops.

"Dear me, I'm afraid to hop out," whispered the little lady bunny rabbit mother.

"I'm not," answered the brave little bunny, and out he hopped. But, oh, dear me! I wish he had been more cautious and not so foolishly brave, although I like brave little rabbit boys just the same, but bravery and foolhardiness are two very different things, oh, my yes, indeed.

All of a sudden, just like that, quick as the wind that blows off your hat, Old Hooty Tooty Owl grabbed up the little rabbit and pushed him through the window of his big Tree House.

"I'll eat you when you've grown nice and fat," tooted that wicked night bird.

"Oh, please let me go home to mother! It will take me a long time to grow big and fat. Maybe I'll grow thin, instead. Yes, I'll grow thinner and thinner until by and by I'll be as thin as a pin," sobbed the frightened bunny boy.

"Stuff and nonsense!" answered the old owl, "I'll feed you on lollypops and ice cream cones."

Just then a great pounding and hammering shook the big tree.

"I wonder who that can be?" thought the bad owl, peeping out of the window.

"Oh, I hope it's mother with the brave Policeman Dog," cried the poor frightened little bunny boy.

"Keep quiet," whispered Hooty Tooty Owl, with a

scowl. "If you make any noise I'll twist off your head."

Dear, oh, dear! that is a dreadful thing to hear from a big owl when you're only a little bunny boy rabbit.

All of a sudden the pounding sounded again, only louder than before.

"Oh, I hope it's mother," thought the little rabbit, as he cowered and shivered in the corner of the wicked old owl's sitting room. "Oh, I hope mother knows where I am."

The next minute there came a tremendous crash—the Old Tree House shook from top to bottom.

"Rats and mice!" exclaimed the wicked owl. "Somebody means business. I guess I'll look out of the attic window," and the old feathered robber climbed up to the garret of his tree house, 'way up near the top-most branches, and peeped down.

At the foot of the tree stood poor Little Lady Love, the bunny boy's mother, and the brave Policeman Dog.

Once again and then five times more this kind Protector of the Law knocked on the door with his great big club. Oh, my! how he did knock! What a thundering hub-a-dub-dub! Crash! smash! went the oak panel, and in fell the door with a bang!!!

"Where are you, my little bunny boy?" cried Lady Love.

"Where are you, Little Jack Rabbit?" shouted the Policeman Dog.

"I'll be down in a minute," answered the brave little bunny boy, "just as soon as I untie the rope."

“Oh, hurry please,” cried Lady Love to the Policeman Dog, “my little boy is tied fast upstairs.”

Up the rickety stairway three steps at a jump went the brave dog and the little bunny's mother. Pretty soon they came to a dark room, in the farthest corner of which cowered the poor little rabbit boy bunny prisoner.

“You untie the rope!” shouted the Policeman Dog, “I want to catch Old Hooty Tooty,” and up the attic stairs he leaped, only this time he made four steps at a jump.

“My poor little bunny,” cried Lady Love, as she loosened the last knot and clasped him in her arms.

All of a sudden there sounded a dreadful squawk and away flew old Hooty Tooty, tipsy topsy, this way and that way.

“I tickled him with my club,” laughed the Policeman Dog. “Now I'll see you safe home, although I guess he won't bother little rabbits for a long time.”



The old feathered robber peeped down.

BUNNY TALE 19

LITTLE DEEDS OF KINDNESS

Now let's see what Uncle Lucky is doing this lovely October weather, when the leaves are red and the pumpkins yellow as sunflowers. My goodness! what a dreadful time the old gentleman bunny had to keep on his old stovepipe hat these windy autumn days. No matter how tight he tied his blue silk polkadot handkerchief over the top and under his chin every once in a while Billy Breeze knocked it off and rolled it along the roadside.

"Well, it's Autumn again and the leaves are all over the front lawn. I must telephone the old Red Rooster to come over and rake them up," sighed dear Uncle Lucky, hopping up to the telephone to call up

"Chickentown, oh, yes, oh, yes,
Ring Happy Bells, Sue and Bess!"

"Who is it?" asked a cock-a-doodley voice.

"Mr. Red Rooster, I want you to rake
The leaves from off my front lawn.
I'll give you some money and plenty of honey.
Did you say that your watch was in pawn?"

Well, never mind that, for I have a watch
 Which will tell you when five o'clock's here.
 So come up to-morrow and don't stop to borrow,
 I'll pay you two dollars a year,"

answered funny Uncle Lucky, winking at Little Miss Mousie.

"All right," agreed the Old Red Rooster. "I'll be there to-morrow at six." But whether he or Uncle Lucky hung up the receiver first I don't know, for I never thought to ask the telephone girl.

"I just hate to have my place look disorderly," sighed the dear old gentleman rabbit. "I'm glad that old rooster will be here to-morrow, although it makes me angry when he leans on his rake for hours at a time to watch the automobiles go by."

"Let's go out to the barn to see the pigeons," suggested his tiny mouse housekeeper, curious to peep into the little house which Uncle Lucky had built on the roof of his old barn.

"I'll take some corn along," he said, filling his old wedding stovepipe hat up to the brim;

"Come, little pigeons, eat up the corn,
 I haven't had time to buy rye,
 And you mustn't care that the store on the square
 Has only a fresh apple pie,"

sang dear Uncle Lucky. By and by he hopped back into the house for his afternoon nap.

Bright and early the next morning, before Mr. Merry Sun had taken off his cloudy nightcap, the Old Red Rooster knocked on the kitchen door.

“Rat-a-tat-tat! Rat-a-tat-tat!

Please open the door when I take off my hat!”

he sang, after rapping for the umpty 'leventh time. Dear me! Uncle Lucky was a sound sleeper. I guess he only woke up when his alarm clock tickled him.

“Wait a minute,” exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit, poking his head out of the window. “Oh, it’s you, is it?” he exclaimed, spying the old red rooster. “You’ll find the rake in the barn. Start right in to clean up the lawn. I’ll be out in a minute or three as soon as Miss Mousie has made the cof-fee.”

By and by when the Old Red Rooster had raked up a pile of leaves almost as high as the spur on his right leg, he sat down to rest. All of a sudden who should come limping along on three legs but Danny Fox.

“Oh, ho!” laughed the Old Red Rooster, although he never would have so much as smiled had Danny Fox been walking on four legs, let me tell you. Oh, my no!

“What’s that?” asked Danny Fox, angrily.

“Oh, ho!” repeated the Old Red Rooster, with a loud crow;

“Oh, Danny Fox has but three legs,
He he, ha ha, ho ho!

He walks as fast as a Messenger Boy
 And maybe twice as slow.
 He'd not catch me if I were tied
 To an old green apple tree.
 He he, ha ha, ho ho, ho ho,
 Ha ha, ha ha, he he!"

Dear me! Wasn't that old fox angry.

"Nobody likes you, Danny Fox,
 You're wicked and cruel and sly.
 You rob the henhouse every time
 When there is nobody nigh.
 You chase the little rabbits and hares,
 And fill them full of terrible scares.
 Oh, nobody loves you, Danny Fox,
 As you sneak around in your woolen socks."

"What's all this noise about?" asked Uncle Lucky, looking out of the window. But when he saw Danny Fox he closed it mighty quick, let me tell you.

Dear me, I was dreadfully afraid as Uncle Lucky closed the window that Danny Fox would catch the Old Red Rooster. But he didn't. No, siree and a no, siree-man! His foot was too sore, so he limped away, saying with an angry snarl, "You just wait. Some day you'll pay for the fun you've had with me," which made the Old Red Rooster grow so pale with fear that when Uncle Lucky peeked out for the third time he thought a strange

white rooster in his front yard was raking up the fallen leaves.

No sooner was Danny Fox out of sight than Uncle Lucky hopped down to breakfast.

“Maybe you’d better tell the Old Red Rooster to saw



“Goodness me, this is a dull saw!”

the wood. We’ll soon need an open fire in the sitting room,” said dear Uncle Lucky to Little Miss Mousie.

“Goodness me, this is a dull saw!” sighed the lazy old fowl, looking up at the old gentleman bunny’s pretty mouse housekeeper.

All of a sudden there came a loud knocking. Laying aside the morning paper and carefully placing his spec-

tacles on the table, the old gentleman bunny slipped his feet into a pair of old carpet slippers and opened the door. Who do you suppose was standing on the little porch? Why, Little Jack Rabbit, of course. He had come all the way from the Old Bramble Patch to see his dear kind Uncle Lucky, who had given him a gold watch and chain you remember some three hundred and umpty-'leven stories ago in one of the Little Jack Rabbit Books.

“Glad to see you,” cried the old gentleman bunny and leading his little nephew into the parlor, he invited him to sit down in front of the fire which was blazing merrily on the hearth this cold October day.

“Oh, the wind will soon be whistling
 Around the kitchen door,
 And little drafts of chilliness
 Across the wooden floor
 Will almost take my slippers off
 And maybe bring the hopping cough,”

said the old gentleman rabbit. But he didn't realize he was talking in poetry. Oh, my no. If he had I guess my typewriter would have pinned a red rose on the old gentleman's coat.

“Well, what shall we do?” asked Little Jack Rabbit, being a restless little bunny who could never sit still in the same place at the same time for even a little while.

“We can take a ride in the Luckymobile,” answered Uncle Lucky.

“All right, let’s go,” laughed the little bunny, hopping out to the garage, while the old gentleman rabbit pulled on his boots and tied his blue silk polkadot handkerchief under his chin and over the top of his old wedding stove-pipe hat so that it wouldn’t blow off when Billy Breeze blew.

Well, pretty soon, as they rolled along in the Lucky-mobile as fast as a comet, or maybe faster, for that Lucky-mobile could go when Uncle Lucky was in it. Oh, yes, ah, yes; they saw Danny Fox creeping along the Old Rail Fence.

“Oh, dear!” cried the little rabbit, “that old robber fox has stolen a chicken from the good kind farmer.”

“Well, we can’t help that,” answered Uncle Lucky. “Foxes must live as well as other people, only it’s too bad they can’t eat nuts like squirrels, or cabbages like rabbits.”

Then all of a sudden the little rabbit had a bright idea. Taking out his Policeman’s whistle, he blew on it with all his might. And, would you believe it! that crafty old fox thought the Policeman Dog was coming and dropped the chicken.

“My, you’re a clever little chap,” laughed Uncle Lucky, when all of a sudden, three little grasshoppers in a field close by began to sing:

“Oh, dear, oh, dear, what shall we do
Now that sweet summer time is through.
We chirped and hopped all through the day
And spent our time in happy play.

But now the autumn winds are cold,
The little lambs are in the fold,
With woolen overcoats so warm
To keep them safe from chill and storm."

"Hop into my Luckymobile," invited Uncle Lucky. "We'll take you home to Lady Love. You can live in the kitchen woodbox all winter and when Spring comes you may hop out and dance on the grass."

Well, it didn't take those three shivering grasshoppers long to jump into the Luckymobile, nor to reach the dear Old Bramble Patch.

"Lady Love! Lady Love!" shouted Uncle Lucky, hopping up the winding path through the bushes.

"What is it?" asked the pretty lady bunny, opening the kitchen door. How she laughed when she saw them all, Uncle Lucky, Little Jack Rabbit and the three Little Grasshoppers. But when the old gentleman rabbit had explained how shivery cold the grasshoppers were, and how he had brought them for a visit, the dear little bunny lady invited them into the kitchen to warm themselves by the stove. After poking the fire, she put on the kettle and set the table with apple pie and lollypops.

"Three grasshoppers sat down to eat,
Heigh-ho and two pink gumdrops!
They had apple pie and grains of wheat,
Heigh-ho and three lollypops.

And what did they have to drink,

Well, let me stop to think.

Ice cream soda and turnip tea

And then they were as happy as happy could be,"

sang the pretty Canary Bird.

And that's how the Three Little Grasshoppers first came to spend the winter in Lady Love's bungalow.

BUNNY TALE 20

VALENTINES

“THE rose is red, the violet blue.
Oh, how I love a rabbit stew,
I love it most as well as you,”

wrote sly Old Danny Fox on the Valentine he sent to the big fat hen at the Farmyard. She was so pleased the next morning, thinking that Cocky Doodle had sent it, that she called him over to her nest to show him the nice white egg she had laid on St. Valentine's Day. Of course he didn't know she thought he had sent the valentine, so off he went to the Three-in-One Cent Store to buy her one, all covered with lace and gold hearts.

As he passed Uncle Lucky's white house on the corner of Lettuce Avenue and Carrot Street he heard the old gentleman rabbit calling from the window to the Yellow Dog Tramp, who took care of the Luckymobile in the winter time:

“Come here, you good old yellow dog,
And see my valentine.
It makes me feel quite young again
Although I'm fifty-nine.”

“Who sent it?” asked the Yellow Dog Tramp.

“Goodness gracious meebus! How do I know?” answered excited Uncle Lucky. “You never know who sends a valentine.”

All of a sudden the telephone bell rang.

“Hello, who’s this?” asked the old gentleman rabbit.

“It’s me, Little Jack Rabbit. Did you get your valentine?”

“Ha, ha!” laughed the old gentleman rabbit, and the next minute he shouted through the window: “Little Jack Rabbit sent it.”

“I wish I were back in old Vermont,
Safe from worry and harm,
But it’s many a day since I went away
From my home on the dear old farm,”

answered the Yellow Dog Tramp sadly, wiping his eyes as he trotted into the garage to polish the Luckymobile.

Pretty soon dear Uncle Lucky hopped out of the front door and down the road to Rabbitville, where he bought a valentine at the Three-in-One Cent Store for his little rabbit nephew. Then quickly hopping over to the Old Bramble Patch, for it was getting late and Mr. Merry Sun would soon be in bed in the purple west, the dear old gentleman rabbit tip-toed up to the front door of the little bunny’s house and dropped the valentine on the mat. Then, ringing the bell three times and a half, he quickly hid behind the rain barrel.

“Hurrah! Somebody’s sent me a valentine,” shouted

Little Jack Rabbit, looking all around to see who had left it. But no one was in sight, except Charlie Chickadee picking dried berries off a bush.

“Did you leave this valentine?” asked the little bunny.

“No,” chuckled Charlie Chickadee, “but I know who did,” cocking his head on one side and winking his eye nearest the rain barrel.

“Who did it, then?” asked Little Jack Rabbit.

“If I should tell you I much fear
That Mr. Lefthindfoot would hear
And hop around the big rain barrel
To end my pretty little carol,”

answered Charlie Chickadee. And away flew that naughty little bird, and none too soon, to dodge a snow ball that Uncle Lucky threw at him from behind the rain barrel. But it didn't hit him, oh, my no! But it hit Old Danny Fox who was peeping through the brambles. Yes, siree, that's what it did!

“Ha, ha! I'm glad Charlie Chickadee made me angry,” chuckled dear Uncle Lucky, and the next moment he laughed so hard that one of the pearl buttons on his pink waistcoat flew off and hit the end of the old fox's tail as he hurried away. Wasn't that wonderful? Well, I just guess it was. But perhaps you don't know that Uncle Lucky was a good shot and had once pitched on the Rabbitville baseball team.

“I'm glad to be home in time for lunch,” said the old

gentleman rabbit, as he opened his kitchen door. "I'm as hungry as two bears and three wildcats."

"Home again, home again,
Where it's nice and warm.
Home's the nicest place to be
When it's going to storm.
Let the lightning flash and dart,
Let the thunder roar;
What care we when safe at home
And bolted is the door?"

sang his tiny mouse housekeeper.

"You are right, Little Miss Mousie," answered dear Uncle Lucky, "but how do you know it's going to rain?"

"Because," answered the little mouse, "I heard Willie Wind say just now to the Weathercock: 'I'm going to bring up a big black rain cloud, so put on your mackintosh and rubbers.'"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the old gentleman rabbit. "If the Weathercock puts on a mackintosh I'll put on my bathing suit," and funny old Uncle Lucky hopped into the sitting room to read the *Bunnyville Bugle* while Little Miss Mousie set the table.

"Let me in," all of a sudden cried a little voice at the window pane.

When the old gentleman rabbit opened the window who do you suppose was outside? Why, a little white pigeon—one of Uncle Lucky's pigeons, you know.

"I've got something to tell you," she whispered, perching herself on the window sill.

"What is it?" asked the old gentleman rabbit, cocking up both his long ears and wiggling his nose sideways.



"I must get back before supper."

"I have five little pigeons in the barn," she answered, and with a flutter of wings she flew back to her little birds.

No sooner had Uncle Lucky closed the window than some one knocked on the front door.

"Be careful," whispered Mrs. Swallow from her tiny nest as Uncle Lucky hopped out on the front porch.

The tiny sparrow's bright eyes had spied Old Man

Weasel under the woodpile, but I guess the dear old gentleman rabbit didn't hear her for, without looking about, he shook hands with the Old Brown Horse.

"How are all the folks?" asked Uncle Lucky kindly. "Anybody got the measles?"

"Nope, but the automobile has a flat tire," answered the friendly old horse.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the old gentleman rabbit. "You should worry!"

"I must get back before supper," answered the Old Brown Horse. "Maybe I'll be hitched up to the buggy. I come in very handy when something breaks down.

"I used to pull the children
In the buggy to the town,
And over hill and thru the dale
My feet went up and down.

As o'er the road I trotted off
The children sang with joy,
But that was in the Long Ago
When I was but a boy.

It's seldom now I take them out
Or hear their merry, happy shout!"

"Don't feel sad," begged dear Uncle Lucky, "your master is kind and let's you feed on the meadow grass. You don't have to pull a heavy cart like many an old horse."

"That's true," replied the Old Brown Horse, a smile spreading over his face. "Maybe I'm a little lonely for the children. They were so bright and happy."

But, oh, dear me! and oh, dear you! just then Old Man Weasel ran out from under the woodpile.

"Help, help!" shouted the old gentleman bunny, "help, help, give me a club!"

"I'll look out for you," answered the Old Brown Horse. Kicking out his left hind leg, he hit Old Man Weasel such a whack that the old sneak flew over the white picket fence like a baseball from the bat of Babe Ruth.

"That's a home run for him," laughed the Old Brown Horse, watching Old Man Weasel spinning over the treetop; "when he comes down he'll land in the kitchen and surprise his wife."

"Dearest me!" sighed poor frightened Uncle Lucky. "You did me a good turn."

"Don't mention it," answered the Old Brown Horse. "Glad to get a whack at that old thief. Maybe now he'll stay home for a while."



"I'll soon be out at the old Bramble Patch"

BUNNY TALE 21

PHOTOGRAPHER CRANE

“ONE, two, three, Turkey Lane,
Is this Mr. Photographer Crane?
Please come up the Forest Path
And take my picture with a laugh,”

telephoned Little Jack Rabbit one morning, oh, so early, as Mr. Merry Sun was climbing the blue sky in his golden chariot.

“All right, I’ll be there in a minute or three,” replied the kind photographer bird and, picking up his camera, he started off through the Shady Forest. It was quite a long walk, for his picture parlor was in Bunnybridge, you know, just over the River Sippi, but by and by, not so very far, for his long legs traveled pretty fast over the ground, he reached the Tall Pine Tree in which Professor Jim Crow had his home.

“Hello, Photographer Crane,” cawed the black bird professor, “where are you going?”

“To take Little Jack Rabbit’s picture,” answered Photographer Crane, setting down his camera and wiping his beak with a red silk pocket handkerchief.

“Wait a minute, my little crow boy wants his taken.”

“Have no time,” answered the picture bird man.

“Oh, please take a photograph of my little crow boy,” begged Professor Jim Crow. “It won’t take you a minute—here he is now.”

“Oh, all right,” answered Photographer Crane, setting up his camera.

“Now be quiet, don’t you sneeze,
Smile a little if you please!
Smooth your feathers nice and trim,
You’ll look like your father Jim,”

sang Photographer Crane in a sing-song voice from under the big black cloth, which he had pulled over his head as Blackie Crow stood very stiff and very still on a big limb of the Tall Pine Tree. Then with a squeeze of the little rubber bulb the picture was taken. “How many do you want?” he asked, folding up the camera.

“Maybe a dozen,” replied Professor Crow. “Send your bill with them.”

“I won’t forget that,” chuckled the Picture Bird as he hurried along. Pretty soon he came to the Big Brown Bear’s Cozy Cave.

“Stop! Wait! Hey there!” shouted the Big Brown Bear, “I want my picture taken.”

“Can’t wait,” answered the nervous crane, “I’m on my way to the Old Bramble Patch.”

“It won’t take you a minute,” answered the Big Brown Bear. “Open up your picture box and take my photo.”

“Oh, botheration!” exclaimed Photographer Crane,

again setting up his camera as the Big Brown Bear brushed his hair and combed his trousers. I beg your pardon, I mean combed his hair and brushed his trousers. Then, sitting down on a wooden bench and lighting his pipe, he waited to be photographed. But, dear me! Photographer Crane was so dreadfully nervous and his legs so trembly that the camera wiggled and jiggled and I fear the picture will look like seven or eight bears dancing in front of the Cozy Cave.

“Dear me!” sighed the poor nervous photographer bird as he hurried away, “I’ll never reach the Old Bramble Patch, and I must not disappoint Little Jack Rabbit.” But no sooner had he finished speaking than out jumped Old Man Weasel. I wonder if he wants his photo taken. Maybe he just feels hungry and will eat poor Photographer Crane.

“S O S. Oh, please come quick
And bring your big old hickory stick;
There’s danger in the forest lane,
Oh, come and help poor Mr. Crane,”

shouted Professor Jim Crow over his radio as that mean Weasel crept out from behind a tree.

Of course he did it so softly that Photographer Crane never heard him. He had been hopping along on his long thin legs, his camera over his back, feeling quite contented at having taken two pictures.

A good day’s work, and the day only half over. Pretty

soon he would be at the Old Bramble Patch to make a beautiful photograph of Little Jack Rabbit.

“Maybe I’ll take it in colors,” he was thinking. “This little bunny boy rabbit is such a nice youngster.”

Poor Photographer Crane! He didn’t see Old Man Weasel only a few feet behind. No, indeed. If he had he might have dropped his big camera and maybe hurt the little bird which all good photographers ask us to watch until he squeezes the little rubber bulb.

But, no, sir! the good-hearted Photographer Crane never suspected for a moment that he was in danger. My, but it was mighty lucky that just then Professor Crow chanced to look down from his Tall Pine Tree House. Dear me! I can’t bear to think what would have happened pretty soon, and maybe mighty quick, to Photographer Crane if the good professor bird had looked the other way!

“Bless my gold stripes and twenty-five silver buttons!” exclaimed the brave Policeman Dog on hearing the radio call. Jumping up from his mahogany desk, in less time than I can take to tell it, he picked up his big hickory club and hurried to the Tall Pine Tree.

“Ha, ha!” chuckled the wicked Weasel to himself as he crept after poor Photographer Crane, “in just two minutes or three I’ll bite in two his long skinny left leg, ha, ha!”

“I’ll soon be at the Old Bramble Patch,” thought the kind camera picture bird, strutting along, first on one leg and then on the other. “I’ll make a beautiful picture of

the pretty yellow canary swinging in her gold cage on the front porch, the shiny brass knob on the front door, Lady Love standing on the kitchen porch and Little Jack Rabbit feeding the pigeons.”

“Gracious me! I wish the Policeman Dog would hurry,” sighed the anxious but learned old crow bird, peering down from his Tall Pine Tree House. He could just see Old Man Weasel’s tail as he crept, oh, so softly after Mr. Crane.

“I won’t do a thing to that old Weasel,” laughed the Policeman Dog, as he ran swiftly through the forest.

“My, this camera is heavy,” sighed Photographer Crane, slipping it off his back. “I guess I’ll rest a minute or three,” and down he sat on an old log. He didn’t see Old Man Weasel lean around a tree. Oh, my, no!

But don’t worry, little reader, when “Pop goes the weasel!” as they used to sing in the country when I was a boy.

Yes, “Pop” went Old Man Weasel, and the next minute poor Photographer Crane found himself underneath that wicked furry animal.

“Help! Help!” shouted the long-legged camera man bird, giving a kick-out with his long left leg.

“Keep quiet,” snarled Old Man Weasel, trying his best to bite the poor struggling Crane’s bobbing-about head.

“Help! help!” shouted more loudly Photographer Crane. “Help! Help! Please help me, somebody!”

“I will,” replied the Policeman Dog, swinging his

big hickory stick in the air. Down it came, whacko! on the wicked Weasel's little red cap.

"Ouch! Ouch!" he whined, letting Photographer Crane go in a hurry.

The next minute the Policeman Dog slipped a pair of handcuffs over that old Weasel's front paws.

"Dear, dear me!" sighed poor Photographer Crane, struggling to his feet, no easy matter, let me tell you. Like walking up to the top of the Woolworth Building when the elevators are on strike! At last, when he had straightened out his long, thin knobby legs, he turned to the kind Policeman Dog.

"Whenever you want your picture taken, come to me. I'll take you in fourteen different poses for less than nothing. Why, I'll tint them in pretty colors and maybe win a Little Jack Rabbit book for a prize."

Then off he went to the Old Bramble Patch as the Policeman Dog trotted away with Old Man Weasel to the Jail House in Carrot City.

At last Photographer Crane reached the Old Bramble Patch. There stood Lady Love and Little Jack Rabbit at the front gate, dressed in their Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes, ready and smiling for a picture.

"Now look pleasant," said Photographer Crane, setting up his big camera on its three long slender yellow legs, though why he said it when both little bunnies were all smiles puzzles me, but I guess it must have been from force of habit.

“Now look as happy as you can,
Don't you move, my bunny man.
Lady Love, smile 'neath your bonnet,
A butterfly is sitting on it.” 6

“All over!” he said in a minute. That is, after he had squeezed a little rubber ball on the end of a rubber tube. “All over,” and he smiled at the two little bunnies.

“I hope my hair wasn't all mussed,” sighed the little rabbit's pretty mother.

“You're the prettiest bunny I ever photographed,” said the picture-taker bird. “Your blue apron will look just lovely in the photo.”

“Ha, ha!” laughed Lady Love, hopping into the kitchen to look at the lollypop stew.

Then, folding up his camera, Photographer Crane went home to his picture parlor, to which some day you boys and girls may go to have your photos taken.

BUNNY TALE 22

“EVERYBODY INN”

DOWN the Shady Forest Trail
Twinkles here and there a tail,
Tails of squirrels, gray and red,
Tails of feathered folk o'erhead.
If you're patient I'll not fail
To tell another rabbit tale.

Listen now to my story, dear little boys and girls. Here we go, my typewriter and I, both of us together, to spin a tale of a dear little rabbit. By the way, I've forgotten where we left off a while ago. Was it about the Circus Elephant? Oh, dear, no! This is not the time for the circus. Was it about Little Jack Rabbit and Chippy Chipmunk? No? Well, it might have been about the old gentleman rabbit, for I hear a horn and here comes Uncle Lucky in his Luckymobile.

In hopped the little rabbit and away they went, honk! honk! honk!

For the Luckymobile could go like the wind
And it always left everything far behind.
Not even a deer on his swift flying feet
With the Luckymobile had a chance to compete.

All of a sudden, just like that, or the crack of a pistol, a voice shouted:

“Stop! stop!”

“Now, who do you suppose that is?” asked the old gentleman rabbit, returning the salute by honking the horn two times and a half, Honk! Honk! Buzz!

“I’m sorry it’s you, Mr. Lucky Lefthindfoot,” said the Policeman Dog, with a nice kind of a growl, jumping up from behind a tree. “I’d much rather arrest Danny Fox. Yes, indeed.”

“Then why don’t you?” asked the old gentleman rabbit, with a laugh, handing the policeman dog a ten dollar lettuce leaf bill. Goodness me! you should have seen that Policeman Dog smile. He showed all his teeth and his spiked collar!

“All right, Mr. Lucky Lefthindfoot. I’ll go down to the Three-in-One Cent Store to buy my wife a new washing board,” and off he ran to get this lovely present.

“Let’s be a little more careful,” advised Uncle Lucky, when once more on their way. “I have with me only three hundred ten dollar lettuce leaf bills and I don’t want to spend them all before reaching home.

“When I was young, oh, me, or you!
 Tra la loo, tra la loo!
 I used to dance ’most every night
 Until the sun was shining bright.
 But now I ride in my little Tin Liz
 Because of my bothery rheumatiz!”

Now while the two little bunnies were speeding home to Uncle Lucky's little white house a great com-mo-tion was going on in the Shady Forest.

For almost two hours Grandmother Magpie had watched the big stranger tear up the trees. But as soon as he began to build a house, away she flew to spread the news.

"I have something to tell you!" cried the old lady Magpie, as pretty Lady Love opened the kitchen door in the Old Bramble Patch to see who was knocking.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" she sighed, and maybe her voice sounded a little bit disappointed for she didn't like Old Mother Mischief, not the least little bit.

"Oh, yes, I've some wonderful news," answered the old lady Magpie, fluttering up on the window-sill. "What do you think? There's a big elephant in the Shady Forest."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Lady Love. "Maybe it's Little Jack Rabbit's friend, the Circus Elephant."

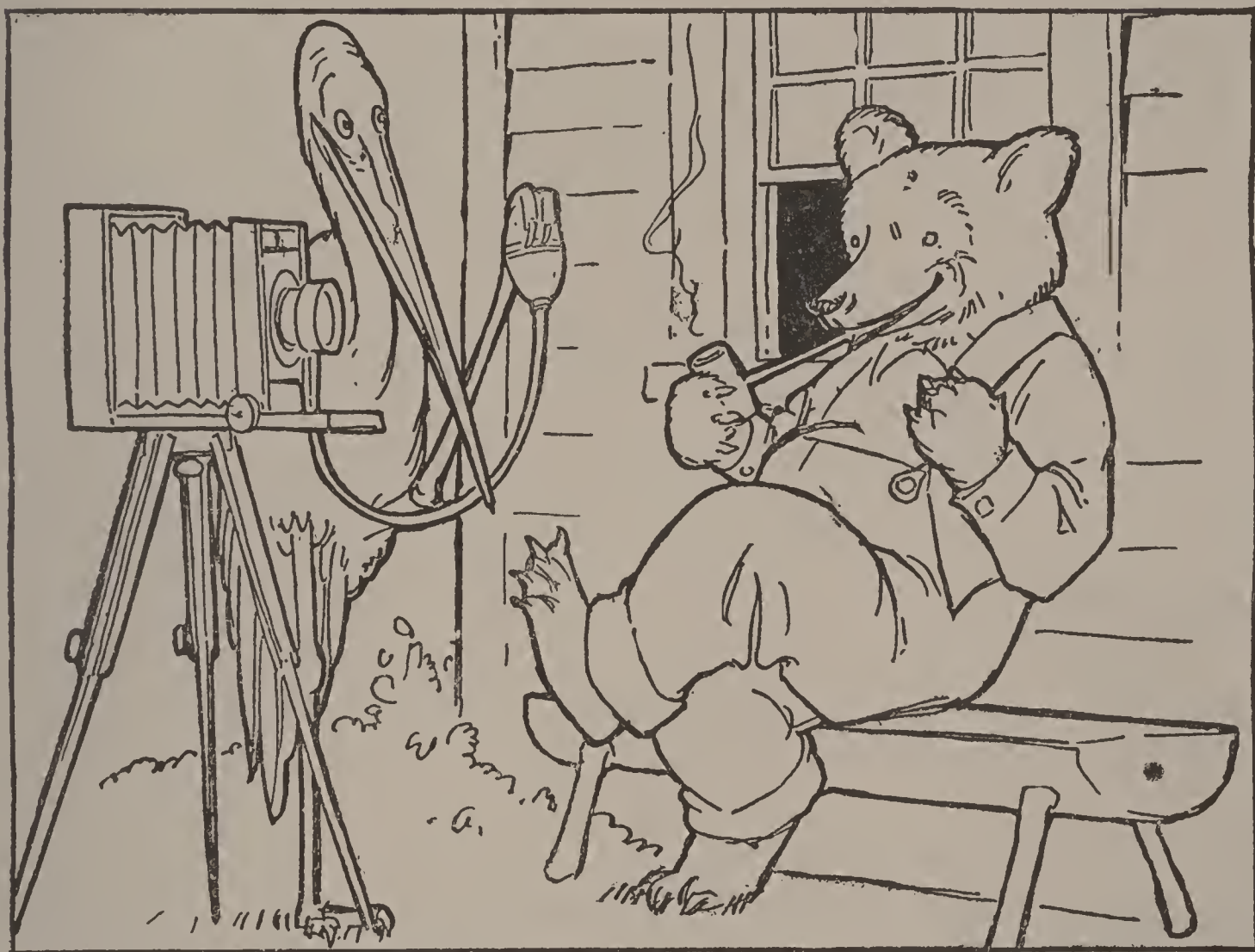
"That's just who it is," agreed Grandmother Magpie, "for I saw him practicing all kinds of funny tricks. Why, he stood on his head and waved a little American flag with his tail. Then he sat on a big blue barrel and blew a bugle."

"Gracious me!" laughed Lady Love, "I wish Little Jack Rabbit were home."

"Where is he?" asked Grandmother Magpie, for she was a very curious person, let me tell you.

"Over at his Uncle Lucky's," answered Lady Love. "I'm going to call him up on the telephone," and at once

the dear little lady rabbit hopped into the hall and rang up, “One, two, three, Rabbitville, U. S. A.” In a few minutes Mr. Lucky Lefthindfoot’s voice answered. “Helloa, who is it?” No sooner had Lady Love told him the news than he shut off the telephone and called to Little



“Please don’t wiggle!”

Jack Rabbit, who was out in the garden eating lettuce sandwiches.

“Little Jack Rabbit! Your Elephant circus friend is in the Shady Forest.” Then you should have seen that little rabbit hop into the house.

“Let’s ride over in the Luckymobile. I haven’t seen my elephant friend since the circus.”

Pretty soon as they passed the Big Brown Bear’s Cozy Cave they were surprised to see that big brown furry animal sitting outside in the sunshine having his picture taken.

“Please don’t wiggle,
Please don’t sneeze
If I tickle both your knees,”

they heard Photographer Crane say as he squeezed the little rubber ball.

“Goodness gracious meebus!” exclaimed Uncle Lucky. “How often does the Big Brown Bear have his photograph taken?”

“Oh, I know why,” cried the little rabbit. “I guess the one he took the other day didn’t turn out well.”

“Heigh diddle diddle,
And heigh diddle di,
The cat has been eating
A little mouse pie,”

sang dear Uncle Lucky.

“Who’s singing?” all of a sudden, just like that, enquired a voice through the trees. But the two little rabbits made no answer, thinking it might be Old Man Weasel.

“Hush!” whispered Uncle Lucky. “Who do you suppose it is?”

“I don’t know,” answered the little rabbit, taking his pop-gun from his knapsack.

Again the same voice began to sing:

“I was always content when on pleasure bent,
 Heigh hoo and a bottle of pop.
 But no longer I’ll roam for I’ve built me a home,
 And here in the forest I’ll stop.”

“It’s my elephant friend,” laughed the little rabbit. “I know his voice.” Just then they came in sight of a big log house. At the front door on a three-legged stool sat the kind Elephant, smoking a big cigar.

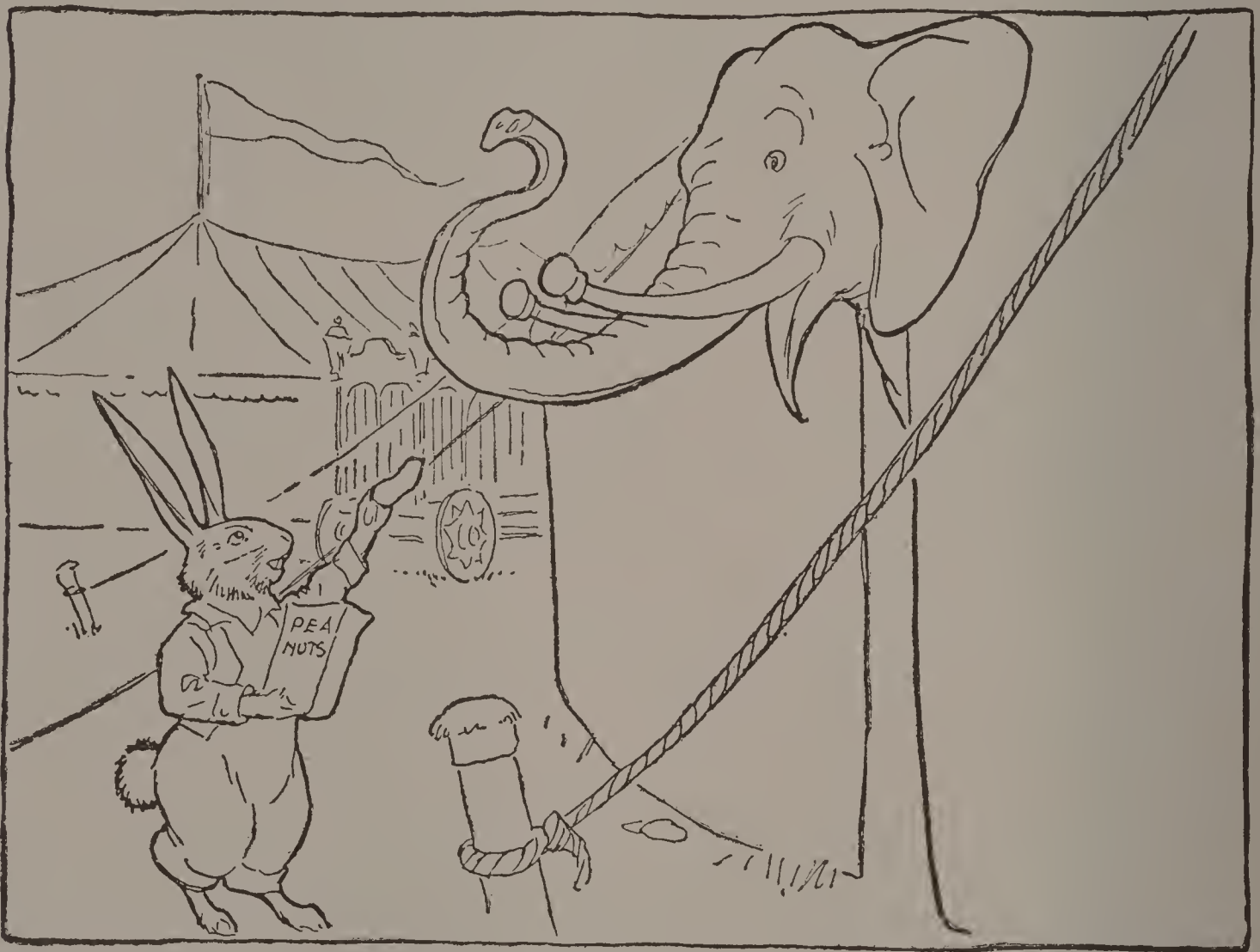
Well, sir! You should have seen those two dear little rabbits hop out of the Luckymobile! Why, Uncle Lucky hopped out so quickly that his old wedding stovepipe hat fell off his head and rolled on top of a little ant hill. It took the poor little ant and her four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine uncles and cousins and sisters almost an hour to push it off, but Uncle Lucky was too busy talking to the Elephant to notice what was going on.

Well, by and by, when there was nothing more to talk over, except the folks at home and the new baby across the way, Little Jack Rabbit said;

“Come out for a ride in the Luckymobile,
 It’s such a long time since you went.

We'll sure bring you back to your little log shack.
Do you like it as well as a tent?"

"I like it better in the winter," answered the Elephant.
"But I've had lots of fun at the circus! Do you remember
one day last summer I shouted, 'Give me a peanut!'"



"Give me a peanut!"

"Of course I do," answered the bunny boy.

"Well, don't let's talk of that now. We'll go Lucky-mobiling."

Locking the door of his log hut, he put the key in an empty bird's nest and climbed into the Luckymobile.

And as soon as Uncle Lucky had picked up his old wedding stovepipe hat and put on his goggles, away they went.

“Oh, isn’t it fine to be skimming along
 In the Luckymobile with a laugh and a song
 And maybe a whistle, and maybe a toot,
 As over the roadway we rapidly scoot,”

merrily sang the dear old gentleman rabbit.

“Gee Willie Kins!” exclaimed the Elephant. “Aren’t we going fast?”

“Not a bit!” answered Uncle Lucky, smiling as the Elephant held on to his big ears for fear they’d blow off of his head.

“Dear, dear!” he cried, “I can’t get my breath!” After which, of course, the old gentleman rabbit slowed down, not wishing to make his elephant friend too cross.

Well, by and by, after a while, they came to a little hotel. On the big sign-board that creaked above the front door when the wind blew, was written:

“Everybody Inn.”

“Good gracious meebus!” giggled the old gentleman rabbit, “if everybody’s in will there be room for us?” And he laughed so hard at his own joke that his old wedding stovepipe hat fell over one ear and he couldn’t hear what the Elephant said.

“Let’s get out and have an ice cream cone,” suggested

Little Jack Rabbit. Just like every little boy and girl I know—crazy over ice cream cones.

“All right,” agreed dear Uncle Lucky, hopping out to tie the Luckymobile to the old hitching post in front of the inn. Then hopping up on the piazza, they all sat down at a little round green table and waited for some one to take their order.

Well, after a minute or maybe three a little white duck in a pink apron waddled out and asked:

“What can I do for you, gentlemen?”

“Ice cream cones for three,” answered Uncle Lucky, just like that. So back into the hotel waddled the little white duck, returning presently with a silver tray on which were three ice cream cones, three lady fingers and three little paper napkins with roses in the corner. But, oh, dear me! the Elephant ate so fast that he got a dreadful headache and had to lie down in the hammock. And, oh, dear me! again. The next minute the hammock broke down with a terrible bump and out ran the little white duck to see what all the noise was about.

“Mercy me!” she said. “Did you hurt yourself?”

“I’d feel a lot worse had I hurt any one as badly,” answered the Elephant, rubbing his left hind leg with his trunk and wiping his eyes with Uncle Lucky’s blue silk polkadot handkerchief, which the old gentleman rabbit had politely handed to him.

“Perhaps you’d better take me back to my little house in the Shady Forest,” sighed the Circus Elephant. So away they went to his little log hut.

But when he went to look for the front door key in the empty bird's nest, it wasn't there.

“What shall I do?” he asked, sitting down and resting his trunk on the front door-step. “How am I to get in?”

Just then who should come by but Grandmother Magpie. Now you know that magpies are very mischievous, picking up and carrying away all sorts of things. So as soon as Little Jack Rabbit saw Grandmother Mischief, he shouted:

“If you have taken the elephant's key
 You'll soon be sorry as sorry can be.
 For I'll go tell Professor Crow,
 And then you'll be more sorry, I know.
 For he'll tell Mr. Owl and Mr. Mouse
 You've stolen the key to the elephant's house.”

Well, sir! As soon as that mischievous old magpie heard that she looked in her little black vanity bag.

“Is this it?” she asked, holding up a big brass key.

“Let me try it,” answered the elephant, taking the key in the little finger on the end of his trunk and fitting it to the lock. But when he looked around Old Grandmother Magpie had flown away. Yes, sir, she hadn't waited a minute. I guess she didn't want him to point his little finger at her and say:

“You're a thief, you're a thief!
 Better hide behind a leaf

Or take wing and fly away,
So you won't hear people say;
'You will have to go to jail
And wear a handcuff on your tail!'" "

Well, after that, the two little rabbits said good-by to the Elephant and turned off for home.

As the Luckymobile spun along Uncle Lucky began to sing, for he was a very musical old rabbit and had a lovely tenor voice.

"If you're not old enough to go
To see a lovely movie show,
You're old enough I know to play
That you're a hero every day."

By and by, after a while, the Luckymobile stopped at his little white house.

Oh, the little shady front porch
Is quite the coolest spot,
And in the hammock one may swing
When it is piping hot.

The little sparrow in her nest
Upon the topmost beam
Is telling to her little ones
A pretty fairy dream.

And while she sings so soft and low
 Dear Uncle Lucky down below
 Goes sound to sleep, and on the floor
 His book falls from his tired paw.

“Goodness gracious meebus!” exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit. “Did I go to sleep?”

“Cock-a-doodle-do!” laughed the Old Red Rooster, who was cutting the grass.

Rubbing his eyes, dear Uncle Lucky looked around for Little Jack Rabbit, but he couldn’t see him anywhere although he peeped in the croquet box and behind the big horse-chestnut tree.

You see, if his little rabbit nephew wasn’t near him all the time the old gentleman bunny felt mighty lonely.

Just then Little Jack Rabbit with two ice cream cones in his right front paw, hopped up the front walk. You should have seen Uncle Lucky smile. He smiled so hard that his old wedding stovepipe hat dropped off his head and his blue silk polkadot handkerchief bow twisted up under his left ear.

“Oh, that’s the nicest thing you could bring this hot day,” he exclaimed, after which he didn’t say a word until the ice cream cone was safely tucked under his pink waistcoat.

Pretty soon all the little Cousin Cottontails happened in. At once dear generous Uncle Lucky opened a big box of lollypops and they all had a lovely feast.

By and by when the lollypops were all gone where good lollypops go, and the little Cottontails had hopped home to the Old Brush Heap, all of a sudden there sounded a loud chirping from the pasture just back of the house. Off the porch hopped the two bunnies, lipperty lip, clip-perty clip, to see what was the matter. Oh, dear me, it was a sad sight that met their eyes on reaching the old apple tree in the green pasture. A young cowbird, hatched from an egg which her lazy mother had laid in a Yellow Throat's nest, was pushing out the little Yellow Throats. One by one with her beak she lifted them over the edge of the nest, and as the poor little things were too young to fly, they fell to the ground.

"Isn't that a shame?" cried kind Uncle Lucky, hopping back to the tool house for a ladder. Placing it against the old apple tree, he carried the little Yellow Throats up to their nest.

"What are you going to do with the Cowbird?" asked Little Jack Rabbit. The old gentleman rabbit scratched his head, not knowing just what to do. You see, he had such a kind heart that he didn't want to hurt it, although it had been so cruel to the little Yellow Throats. I wish every one had as kind a heart.

"I've got an idea!" all of a sudden, just like that, answered Uncle Lucky. "I'll put her in the little empty bird house," and away he hopped with the Cowbird under his right front paw.

"Get the ladder," he shouted. As soon as Little Jack Rabbit had placed it against the tall white pole that stood

in the middle of the lawn the old gentleman rabbit climbed up and placed the Cowbird in the birdhouse.

“Goodness me!” he said, scrambling down to the ground, “it will be some job to feed that hungry bird,” and he took off his wedding stovepipe hat to scratch his left ear.

“Who will feed this little bird
 Until his wings grow strong?
 ’Twill be an awful job, I think,
 And keep me all day long.”

“We’ll help,” answered Mr. and Mrs. Yellow Throat. Wasn’t that kind of them? Next, little Mrs. Sparrow fluttered over from the front porch and said she’d do her best to keep little Cowbird from starving.

“Well, that’s very kind of you all,” said the old gentleman rabbit. “I’ll dig some worms right away,” and over to the tool-house he hopped for his spade.

“Oh, never harm a bird that flies
 Up in the country of the skies,
 Or twitters in the Shady tree,
 For God has made them to be free.

Oh, never harm four-footed folk;
 Nor play on them an unkind joke
 For God has made them, one and all,
 From tiny ant to giraffe tall.”

Now who do you suppose sang this song? Even dear Uncle Lucky didn't know. As the voice seemed to come through the open window of the old gentleman rabbit's little white house, in he hopped to find out. And what do you suppose he discovered? Why, the graphophone playing away all by itself. Wasn't that wonderful? Well, I just guess it was. But then there are lots of wonderful things now-a-days. Ships that fly through the air and under the water and little boys and girls who are growing up to be kind-hearted men and women.

BUNNY TALE 23

THE RAGGED RABBIT GIANT

OH, lovely roses come in June,
The Bubbling Brook has learned a tune,
And all the birds on bush and tree
Are singing songs for you and me.

“Ha, ha,” laughed Little Jack Rabbit, as he hopped over the Sunny Meadow, “I wonder if Timmie Meadowmouse is home.”

Pretty soon the little bunny stopped before a round grass ball that hung between three strong stalks.

“Timmie Meadowmouse!” he shouted, “come out and play!” Pretty soon a tiny head peeked out of the grass house and a little voice answered:

“Oh, it’s you, is it?”

“Yes, it’s me,” replied Little Jack Rabbit, although he should have said, “It’s I.” But what do we care? Teacher isn’t around and school will soon be over and we will be in clover.

“What do you want?” asked the little meadowmouse, jumping down to the ground. “How is Uncle Lucky?”

“He’s all right,” answered the little bunny. “Have you heard what a dreadful time we had with Hungry Hawk?”

"No, tell me about it," replied Timmie Meadowmouse. "Dear me, how I do hate that wicked bird. He's always flying over the Sunny Meadow, looking here and looking there. But I always try to be here when he's looking there," and Timmie Meadowmouse winked his eye like a wise little mouse boy.

"Oh, we had a dreadful time the other day," went on Little Jack Rabbit. "Hungry Hawk almost pushed in through the kitchen door. If Uncle Lucky hadn't slammed it on his hooked beak, making him fast, I don't believe the Policeman Dog could have caught him."

"You don't say so," exclaimed Timmie Meadowmouse.

"Yes, I do," answered the little bunny boy. "And pretty soon after we had tied the door tight so that the old hawk couldn't pull away his beak, the Policeman Dog arrived and arrested him. Now he's in the jail house in Rabbitville."

"Then I shall have some peace for a while," laughed the timid little meadowmouse. "Oh, I'm so glad!" and he skipped over the meadow and after him hopped the little bunny boy. By and by, after a while, but not nearly a mile, they came to the Old Rail Fence, on the top of which sat Chippy Chipmunk in his striped fur jacket.

"What makes you two fellows so frisky?" he asked.

"Oh, just because we're happy," answered the little meadowmouse.

"That's it," laughed Little Jack Rabbit. "When you're happy your feet just skiptoe over the ground. You almost think you're flying."

“Stuff and nonsense,” said a voice, all of a sudden, just like that.

Dear me, I suppose I should have kept you from worrying by telling you right off whose voice it was that shouted “Stuff and nonsense!”

It was Grandmother Magpie’s. That’s whose voice it was. And the old lady blackbird looked most forbidding, let me tell you. Oh, yes, she did, and no mistake about it.

“Good morning,” said the little bunny boy.

“I hope you’re well,” cried Timmie Meadowmouse.

“It’s a lovely day,” chimed in Chippy Chipmunk.

“What were you saying about flying?” asked Grandmother Magpie, with a toss of her head.

“Dear me, I’ve forgotten,” sighed Little Jack Rabbit. “I was so happy a minute ago and now I’ve forgotten what made me so.”

“You haven’t answered my question,” went on Grandmother Magpie, sometimes called Old Mother Mischief because she is always interfering in other people’s business.

“Mother told me not to answer your questions,” replied Little Jack Rabbit.

“What?” almost screamed Grandmother Magpie.

“Yes, she did,” went on the little bunny boy rabbit, brave as a lion,—a little lion, of course,—not a great big one. “She said you meddled too much with every one’s affairs.”

“Oh, she did, did she?” snapped old lady blackbird, and without another word she flew away.

“Oh, isn't she mad,” laughed Chippy Chipmunk.

“Serves her right,” cried Timmie Meadowmouse.
 “She's the most disagreeable thing in the whole Shady Forest.”



“Oh, she did, did she?”

“Don't forget Old Man Weasel,” said Little Jack Rabbit.

“Nor Danny Fox,” chirped Bobbie Redvest. “Guess I'll go with you.”

“Come along,” answered the little bunny boy. “I'm on my way to Cozy Cave to see the Big Brown Bear,” and away he hopped, lipperty lip, clipperty clip, up the Shady

Forest Trail, in and out among the trees, through the glen and up the wooded hillside till he reached Mr. Bear's dwelling place.

"My, but I'm tired," sighed the little bunny boy rabbit, seating himself on the big wooden bench just outside the Cozy Cave. "I wonder where the Big Brown Bear has gone," and he looked this way and that way, up and down, back and forth, but no big brown fur overcoat came into view.

By and by, not so very long, the little rabbit boy bunny fell asleep. At first he closed only one eye, his left eye. Then he opened it and shut his right eye. After a little he closed them both for a minute, but the next time he forgot to open them.

Dear, dear me! I hope nothing dreadful happens to Little Jack Rabbit before he wakes up.

Pretty soon as the little rabbit slept on who should come tiptoeing by but Old Man Weasel. Dear, dear me! No sooner did he see Little Jack Rabbit than he tiptoed even more softly around the big tree. Then he peeked out, first on one side and then on the other. I suppose he thought the Big Brown Bear might be in his cave wrapping up Lollypops and Ice Cream Cones.

By and by the old weasel grew bolder. Nobody came around and the little bunny boy rabbit kept on sleeping, oh, so peacefully, dreaming about red clover tops and carrot candies and 'licious lollypops and marshmallow drops.

"Ha, ha!" cried the old weasel, softly, just to himself,

you know, as he sneaked on his tippy toes toward the Cozy Cave. "Ha, ha! Won't I have a nice dinner," he whispered, smacking his lips,—yes, he smacked them again!

"Wake up!" shouted Bobbie Redvest so loudly that Little Jack Rabbit woke up with a start. And then right over the wicked Weasel he hopped just like a frog and away through the Shady Forest until he bumped right into the Big Brown Bear.

"Oh, dear, and oh, dear!" he cried. "I'm glad it's you, but why didn't you come sooner?"

"Why?" asked the nice kind old bear with a good-natured grin. "Better late than never."

"Oh, yes, oh, yes," answered the frightened little bunny boy rabbit. "But if you'd only come two minutes ago I'd still be dreaming I was eating lemon drops and lollypops, clover tops and marshmallow drops."

"Well, I'm glad I waited," replied the Big Brown Bear. "If you had eaten much more you'd have been, and maybe you will be, twisted into a double bowknot by a tummy ache."

"What?" cried the little rabbit.

"Well, perhaps not," laughed the big bear. "Come, turn around and go home with me. I'll give you a drink of Cranberry Tea."

Then arm in arm, although of course the Big Brown Bear had to lean way over and way down, they both went up the Shady Forest Trail till they came to the Cozy Cave. Of course Old Man Weasel was nowhere to be seen,

although they both looked for him here and there and everywhere. At last the Big Brown Bear said:

“Maybe you dreamed about him.”

“No, no, no! I can remember all my dreams,” cried the little bunny boy rabbit. “And sometimes I feel I’m dreaming all day, I’ve formed such a strange dreamy habit.”

“Gracious me!” exclaimed the Big Brown Bear. “You’re a queer little bunny boy. You’re a Peter Pan Bunny, so you are.”

“Tell me a story, won’t you?” asked Little Jack Rabbit, hopping up on the bench beside the Big Brown Bear. “Tell me a story. I love to hear about rabbit giants and bunny dwarfs.”

“Ho, hum,” sighed the Big Brown Bear, “I’m not much of a story teller. Let me see. Maybe I can remember one that my old grandmother told me when I was a cub. My, but that’s a long time ago. I hope my memory is as good as my appetite.”

“Please hurry,” begged the little rabbit boy bunny.

“Well, here we go,” laughed the good-natured bear. “Once upon a time there lived a rabbit giant who had only one tooth. But it was an immense big tooth. Oh, my, yes. It was so long that it came down beyond his lip about two inches. This made him look very fierce, oh, very fierce indeed, and all the rabbits and bunnies and hares for miles and miles around were afraid of him. They hardly dared to pass his big dark bungalow, half

hidden in a scraggly bramble patch in a stony, barren field.

“One day as the Ragged Rabbit Giant (for he lived all by himself without wife or children and so had nobody to mend his clothes and teach him to be polite) hopped out of his broken-down, disorderly bungalow, whom should he meet but a fairy bunny. Such a pretty fairy lady bunny rabbit.

“‘Oh, my, oh, dear, oh, me, oh, my!’ she exclaimed, ‘why don’t you get a hair cut and a new suit of clothes? And why don’t you mend your bramble patch bungalow house?’

“‘What’s the use?’ replied the big rabbit man. ‘I’m so big and homely and one-toothed that nobody cares about me. All the bunny boys and rabbit girls are afraid of me, and I’ve grown so lonesome. No one comes to see me, only a friendly fly and a little black cricket.’

“‘You seem to have a kind heart,’ said the lady bunny fairy queen, although I didn’t mention before that she was a queen. But she is, just the same.

“‘Are you very lonely and unhappy?’ she asked, as the big bunny giant gave a tre-men-dous sigh.

“‘Oh, yes,’ he answered, ‘I’m so lonely that it hurts.’

“‘Now you just wait a minute,’ said the bunny fairy queen. ‘Sit down and fold your paws over your ragged waistcoat and say after me:

“‘Winky pinky lollypops,
Ice cream cones and chocolate drops.’

“So the big sorrowful Ragged Rabbit Giant sat down and repeated after her:

“ ‘Winky pinky lollypops,
Ice cream cones and chocolate drops.’

“Well, no sooner had the bunny giant said these marvelous words than he changed into a very nice-looking rabbit man, with a new coat and hat, well fitting trousers and tan shoes, and where his ugly long tooth had once been, now appeared a good cabbage leaf cigar.

“ ‘Now see what I’ve done for you,’ cried the fairy bunny queen.

“ ‘I can’t,’ answered the rabbit giant. ‘My little cracked looking-glass is home in the bungalow.’

“ ‘Well, never mind,’ replied the fairy queen bunny lady rabbit, ‘you may wait till you go home. But before you leave I must tell you why I’ve made you into such a nice-looking gentleman rabbit bunny.’

“ ‘Do tell me,’ said the rabbit giant, although now, of course, he was a giant no more,—just a nice large-sized bunny rabbit man.

“ ‘I want you to surprise the friendly fly and the little black cricket. You’ve been so very kind to them that they probably think you’re very nice-looking. But just wait till they see you now.’

“ ‘Oh, I’m so glad,’ said the rabbitman, ‘I’ll hop right home, but on my way I’ll pick some flowers and a lollypop off the lollypop tree. My little friends will like them,’

and away went the rabbitman, happy to think that he could please a fly and a cricket."

"That's a very nice story," said Little Jack Rabbit. "But please keep on till the rabbitman gets home to his bungalow. I want to hear what the fly and the cricket say when they see him. They will be so surprised that he isn't a ragged giant rabbitman any more."

"To be sure," said the Big Brown Bear. "Now, let me see. I hope my memory doesn't fail me right here. It's behaved very well so far. Oh, yes, now I know what happened as soon as the rabbitman walked into his big dark bungalow.

" 'Who's that?' cried the little cricket.

" 'What do you want?' asked the fly.

" 'Don't you know me?' asked the rabbitman, 'I'm the Ragged Rabbit Giant.'

" 'No, you're not,' answered the fly.

" 'Of course you're not,' shouted the little cricket.

" 'But I am,' retorted the rabbitman. 'See, I know where my looking-glass is. I must find it for I've not seen myself since the fairy rabbit queen changed me into a nice-looking rabbit.'

" 'I don't believe you,' shouted the little cricket, who couldn't understand how the fairy queen rabbit lady could make him into such a nice-looking bunnyman.

" 'You get out of here! No one shall touch our master's things,' commanded the little fly, stinging the rabbitman on his long left ear.

" 'Dear, dear me,' he said, 'how am I to convince these

two that I am really the Ragged Rabbit Giant, only changed into some one nicer looking.'

" 'We always liked our Ragged Rabbit Giant,' said the little cricket. 'He was good to us. He fed and sheltered and never drove us away. Oh, yes, he was kind and good, and we expect him back any minute, so you'd better get out. He can pick you up with one hand and throw you a mile.'

" 'Dear, dear me!' sighed the rabbitman. 'I'm worse off than I was before. I've lost two dear kind friends. The only friends I ever had.'

"Just then who should come in but the fairy lady bunny.

" 'What's the matter?' she asked. 'Why, Mr. Rabbitman, you seem more lonely than when a Ragged Rabbit Giant.'

" 'I am,' he answered sadly. 'My two little friends, the only two friends I've ever known, don't rec-og-nize me. Please turn me back into a ragged rabbit. I'd rather be ragged and homely than lose these two little friends.'

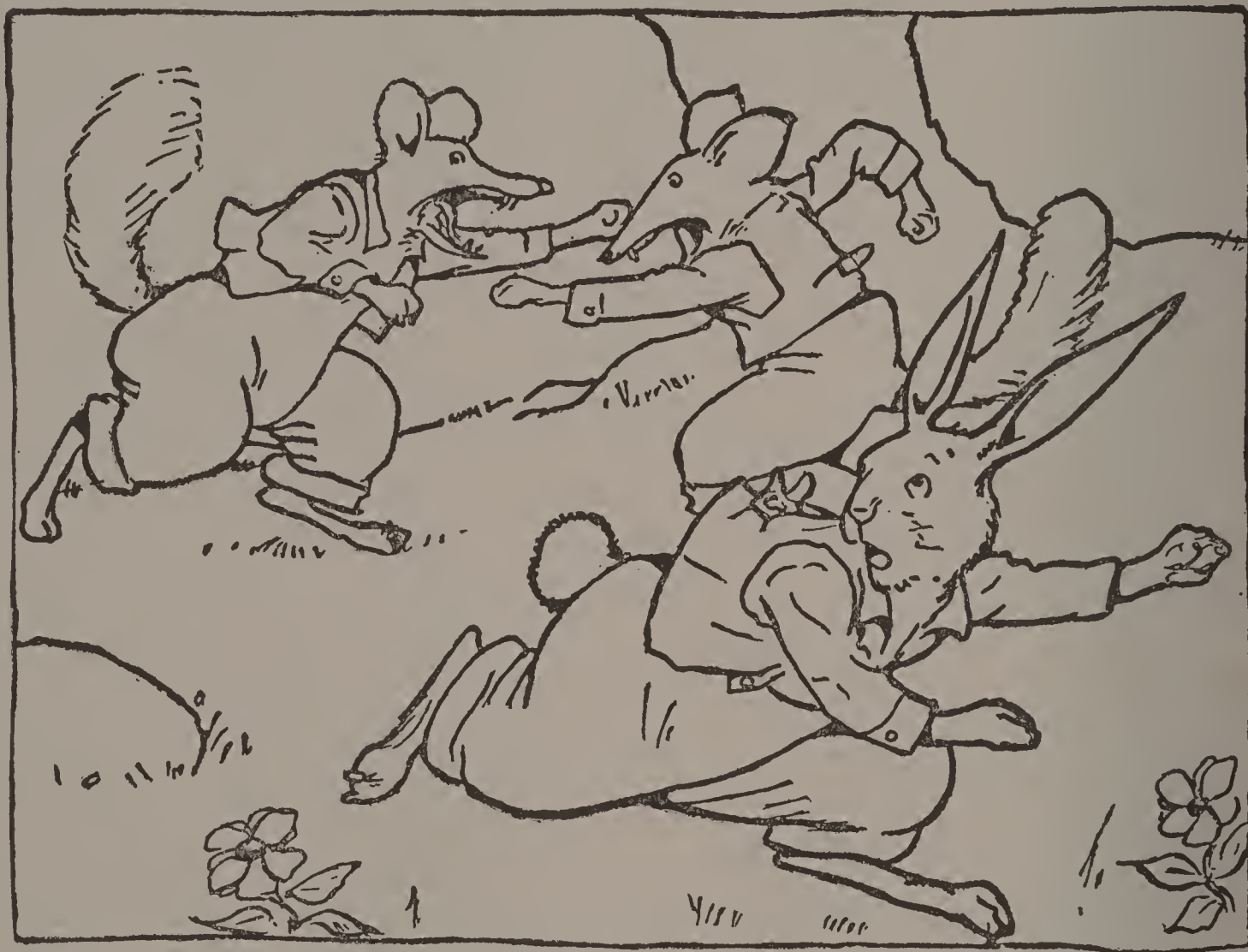
" 'You shan't lose them,' she laughed. 'Let me explain,' and turning to the wondering little fly and cricket, in a few minutes they couldn't help but believe the lovely fairy rabbit bunny queen, and they saw again their Ragged Rabbit Giant master, clean-shaven, well clothed and handsome. Yes, he was the same, only different.

"In a short time he repaired his big bungalow, weeded the garden and cut the grass. Soon all the bunny boys and rabbit girls stopped to see him on their way home from school. They called him 'Uncle Raggedy,' al-

though he wasn't ragged any more. But he didn't mind, for his big heart was full of love for all little people.

"Now, that's all," said the Big Brown Bear, with a yawn.

"Thank you very much," cried the little bunny, "I



"Fighting it out between them."

must be going." On the way Danny Fox and Mr. Wicked Wolf spied him. But while they were fighting it out between them away he hopped back to the dear Old Bramble Patch.

BUNNY TALE 24

GRANDDADDY BULLFROG

GRANDDADDY BULLFROG was a wise sort of a person. He rarely spoke, but when he did he always said something worth while.

“Good morning,” shouted Little Jack Rabbit one sunny forenoon, stopping at the Old Duck Pond where the Old Gentleman Frog was sitting on a log.

“It’s a good morning if you have helped your mother with her work,” answered Granddaddy Bullfrog.

“I have,” replied the little bunny boy. “I’ve polished the front doorknob, fed the canary and filled the woodbox with kindling.”

“You’re a good little bunny boy,” answered the wise old frog. “When I was a tadpole I worked hard for my mother, but it never hurt me. No, siree!” and Granddaddy Bullfrog smoothed down the wrinkle in his white waistcoat and wiped his spectacles on a clean piece of meadow grass.

“You said, ‘When you were a tadpole.’ Does that mean when you were a boy?” asked Little Jack Rabbit.

“Yes, sir, that’s what it means,” replied the old gentleman frog, snapping up a fly that ventured too near the big log.

Just then Mrs. Oriole from her nest in the Weeping Willow Tree began to sing:

“Up here in my stocking-like nest we swing,
My little birdies and I.
We are content 'neath our willow tent
To sing as the day goes by.”

“When will your little birds learn to fly?” asked the curious bunny boy rabbit.

“As soon as their wings are strong and well feathered,” answered the pretty lady bird mother. “It won't be long.”

“Ker dunk, ker dunk!” croaked Granddaddy Bullfrog.

“Don't you like cabbage leaf cigars?” asked the little bunny boy, as the old gentleman frog wiped a tear from his left eye.

“Not so bad,” he answered. “But I can't catch flies and smoke at the same time!”

Just then along came a buzzy bluebottle fly. Out dropped the cabbage leaf cigar as Granddaddy Bullfrog opened his mouth. Sputter, sputter! and the big cigar floated away, frightening Taddy Tadpole almost to death.

“Don't you ever start smoking,” advised the old gentleman frog. “Cabbage is good to eat, but it makes poor cigars.”

“I never will,” answered the little bunny boy. “Mother doesn't like it.”

Pretty soon Granddaddy Bullfrog closed his eyes. Thinking he was asleep, the bunny boy hopped away up the Old Cow Path, over the hill, till by and by, after a while, and a song and a smile, he came to the Big Red Barn, on the top of which stood the Weathercock on his gilded toe.

“It’s going to rain,
It’s going to rain.
Billy Breeze is
Singing a low refrain.
The swallows are flying
Swift and low.
I must point to the East
With my weather toe!”

sang the Weathercock, whirling about to point at the big black clouds creeping over the bright blue sky.

“Dear me!” thought the bunny boy, “I must borrow an umbrella. However, just then he spied a large toadstool.

“That will do!” he laughed, and holding it over his head, he quickly hopped away.

“Cock-a-doodle do,
The grass is wet with dew.
But soon it will be dry again
Unless the sunshine turns to rain,”

sang Cocky Doodle, the happy little rooster.

"I'm going for a swim," quacked Ducky Waddles, and off he went through the gate and across the Sunny Meadow to the Old Duck Pond, where all day long the blue Darning Needles skimmed over the water.

"Good morning," quacked the wobbly little duck.

"The same to you," answered the old gentleman frog, "fine day if it doesn't rain."

"I don't care if it does," answered Ducky Waddles, paddling off from the shore like a green-feathered ferry-boat.

"I don't mind the gentle rain,
It helps the flowers and the grain,
It makes the Bubbling Brook run free
Across the meadow to the sea."

"Well, well, well," cried Granddaddy Bullfrog. "What have we here? A duck poet?"

But Ducky Waddles was out of hearing by this time. Well, I should say yes, twice over. He was standing on his head, trying to catch a little fish that shimmered in the water.

"What did you say?" asked Mrs. Oriole from her stocking-like nest in the Weeping Willow Tree.

"I just remarked that we had a poet in Ducky Waddles," answered Granddaddy Bullfrog. "Did you hear him answer me in rime?"

"No, I didn't," replied Mrs. Oriole. "I was busy with the children. But I heard you say something about a

duck poet. I should say he was an acrobat. Look at him now," and Mrs. Oriole pointed to Ducky Waddles still standing on his head in the water.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Granddaddy Bullfrog. "He's fishing, that's what he's doing."

Pretty soon along came Teddy Turtle with his strong shell house on his back. He didn't have to worry about hotels in the summer. No, indeed! He carried his little bungalow on his back and stopped wherever he wanted to. Yes, sir. He could go to Newport or Narragansett Pier for the summer if he wished, I dare say. But I'm not quite sure.

"Is that Ducky Waddles out there in the pond?" asked the little turtle.

"Yes, that's who it is," replied Granddaddy Bullfrog, "he's catching fish and I'm catching flies and the sun is shining up in the skies."

"Dear me," thought Teddy Turtle. "Granddaddy Bullfrog is talking poetry. I'd better be going," and off he went.

But, oh, dear me! Just as the little turtle crawled away from the Old Duck Pond all of a sudden, just like that, a shadow came across the sun. Into the pond went Granddaddy Bullfrog and into his shell house went Teddy Turtle's head and tail.

"Oh, pshaw!" cried Hungry Hawk, for it was his shadow that had fallen on the meadow as he passed between the sun and the slow crawling turtle. "I thought I had you this time."

“Did you?” asked Teddy Turtle from the inside of his shell. “Maybe you would if I hadn’t pulled in my head and tail.”

“Now what am I going to do for dinner?” asked the old robber bird.

“I don’t know and I don’t care,” replied Teddy Turtle. “Just fly away, will you?”

“Maybe,” answered Hungry Hawk.

“Where are you?” asked Teddy Turtle after a few moments, carefully pushing out his head, but only a little way, you know. But no one answered. So the little turtle pushed out his head a little more, trying his best to look three or four ways all at once.

“Look out! Look out!” whispered Billy Breeze.

“That’s what I’m doing,” answered the little turtle. “Only I’m afraid to look out too far.”

“Be careful, be careful,” whispered Billy Breeze.

“What did you say?” asked Teddy Turtle. “I can’t hear very well inside my shell house.”

“Be careful, be careful!” whispered Billy Breeze.

But, dear me! Teddy Turtle was getting curious. Yes, sir, he was getting so curious that he just couldn’t keep his head indoors any longer.

“Look out!” shouted Billy Breeze. But, oh, dear me! It was too late. Robber Hawk had already grabbed the little turtle’s head.

“Let me go! Let me go!” begged the frightened little turtle.

“No, sir!” answered the cruel hawk. “I’m going to



"To be sure I will" answered the old frog.

take you home to my wife," and up he flew in the air. But, goodness me! He soon found out what a heavy thing a turtle is. Pretty soon the old hawk's wings grew tired. Oh, very weary, indeed.

"I must rest," he said to himself, turning toward an old dead tree near the edge of the Shady Forest.

"Let me go! Let me go!" again and again begged Teddy Turtle.

"Be still, will you?" answered the old robber bird, doing his best to keep his balance on the limb of the dead tree and at the same time hold on to the wiggly jiggly little turtle.

"No, I won't," answered Teddy Turtle, with another wiggle and a jiggle, and maybe a wiggle-jiggle-jiggle after that.

But, try as he might, he couldn't wiggle loose from the bad hawk's claws. Pretty soon the old bird flew off again with the little turtle.

"Wiggle, jiggle all you can.
Wiggle like a wrestling man.
Keep on wiggling till you're free,
Wiggle like a jumping flea,"

shouted Billy Breeze.

"Stop talking to Teddy Turtle," screamed Hungry Hawk, by this time out of breath and nearly ready to drop.

"Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle!" again shouted Billy Breeze.

Then Teddy Turtle wiggled and jiggled and jiggled and wiggled until all of a sudden, just like that, Hungry Hawk couldn't hold him a minute longer. Down dropped the little turtle right into the Bubbling Brook and off went Hungry Hawk to rest his weary wings in a near-by tree.

"Look out for him when he's rested," whispered Billy Breeze.

"I'll swim away," answered Teddy Turtle, and down the stream he went as fast as he could go. Pretty soon he came to a nice deep place under a shelving bank. Here he hid for a long time. And maybe he would be hiding there yet if Billy Breeze hadn't been on the lookout.

"The old hawk has flown away," he whispered, dancing over the tall water grass that stood barefoot in the cool water.

"Are you sure?" asked the little turtle, anxiously. "I don't want to be caught again. Dear me, but my neck is scratched. Hungry Hawk has sharp claws."

"Oh, yes, he's gone. He's flown away. Maybe he's home by this time," answered Billy Breeze.

Teddy Turtle waited a few minutes longer, then swam boldly down the Bubbling Brook towards the Shady Forest. "Dear me, it's a long way to Busy Beaver's home, but I'll be safe there, I know."

BUNNY TALE 25

LUCKYMOBILING

HEIGH ho, how the winds blow
This cool November day.
The leaves are turning yellow and red
And the clouds are scurrying overhead
Like little ships out on the bay.

“That’s a beautiful poem,” thought Uncle Lucky, looking up from his morning paper as Reddy Comb, the rooster newsboy, strutted away.

Just then Little Jack Rabbit came hopping up the path.

“Let’s make a call on somebody,” suddenly suggested the old gentleman bunny.

“All right, but not on Grandmother Magpie,” answered the bunny boy, climbing into the Luckymobile.

“No, indeed,” replied kind Uncle Lucky. “She’s too meddlesome.”

Quickly turning down a road leading away from the Shady Forest, in which the old lady magpie had her home, they soon came to a little log hut in a cornfield.

“I wonder who lives there,” exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit. “I never saw that little house before,” and stopping the Luckymobile, he hopped over to the little

log hut to knock on the door. The next moment it was opened by their friend, the Scarecrow.

“Well, well, well,” he cried. “I’m glad to see you. Come in and sit down.”



Reddy Comb, the rooster newsboy.

“I’ll be back in a minute,” shouted Uncle Lucky to his bunny nephew.

But imagine the old gentleman rabbit’s surprise to find Turkey Tim in the little log hut.

“What, you here!” exclaimed Uncle Lucky. All of a sudden poor Turkey Tim began to cry.

“He’s afraid of Thanksgiving,” explained the Scarecrow. “But I’ll hide him here till Spring.”

“Dear, oh, dear!” gasped astonished Uncle Lucky. “I’m glad you’re so kind. Dearest me, I’m flustered! I didn’t know you lived here.”

“To be sure I do now that summer time is over,” answered the Scarecrow. “You don’t think I’d stay out in the cornfield all winter?”

“Yes, what would be the use?” agreed Uncle Lucky. “Besides, you might catch your death of cold.”

“That’s just it,” answered the Scarecrow.

“My clothes are very old and worn
And one of the pockets badly torn.
The wind would blow through a hole in my coat
And give me a terrible frog in my throat.”

“Come with us,” invited Uncle Lucky. “It’s a beautiful day for a ride. Don’t you think so?”

With a happy smile, the Scarecrow took down his old hat from the wooden peg behind the door and, pinning his coat around him, for the buttons were all gone, you know, told Turkey Tim he’d be back shortly.

As soon as dear Uncle Lucky had honked the horn three times and a half, away they went down to the Three-in-One Cent Store to buy a toothbrush. You see, the Scarecrow had forgotten all about it when moving into the little log hut in the middle of the cornfield.

“And now where shall we go?” asked Uncle Lucky,

as the Scarecrow once more seated himself in the Luckymobile, for it hadn't taken him nearly as long to buy the toothbrush as it had his last Liberty Bond!

"Let's call on the Tailor Bird. We ought to get measured for our winter overcoats." So they turned down a road leading to Birdville, a pretty little town not far away. Well, by and by, after a mile and a laugh and a smile, they came to the Tailor Bird's Shop on the corner of Twitter Avenue and Chirp Street. There on a little bench in front of the store, sat the Tailor Bird himself, although it was the first of November.

No sooner did this in-dus-tri-ous bird see the two little rabbits in the Luckymobile than he began to sing:

"Stitch, stitch, stitch away,
I'm busy sewing all the day
I hardly have a chance to sing.
My needle uses up the string
So fast I haven't time to play.
Why, I can't even stop to say,
'Good Morning, it's a pleasant day!'"

And the Tailor Bird made his needle go so fast that Uncle Lucky couldn't tell on whose overcoat the old bird was sewing buttons.

"I guess I'll get along with my old one," said the old gentleman rabbit, and, waving good-by to the Tailor Bird, he soon reached Cottontail Square, where they found a big crowd gathered around the statues of Uncle Sam and Aunt Columbia.

“What’s all this about?” asked the old gentleman, curiously.

“I’ll enquire,” answered the Scarecrow, standing up on the rear seat. Just then a bunny man, carrying in his arms a little boy rabbit, pushed his way out.

“Dear, dear! is he hurt?” anxiously asked dear, kind Uncle Lucky.

“No, no!” shouted back the bunny man. “It’s Tinkle Timmy, the fairy bunny child. He’s only frightened. I’m taking him back to the Fairy Glen.”

“You have a kind heart,” said Uncle Lucky. “Come around to the bank to-morrow. Maybe we need a porter.”

Then away drove the old gentleman bunny. Pretty soon they came to the Farmyard.

“Bow, wow!” barked Old Sic’em, the farmer’s dog.

“Come here, I want to whisper in your ear,” said the old gentleman rabbit, leaning out of the Luckymobile.

“Look out for Danny Fox to-night,
He’s coming here when the moon is bright
To steal a chicken for a stew,
So catch him by his curlicue,”

he whispered to the old watch-dog as he stood on his tip toes.

“Where is his curlicue?” asked Old Sic’em.

“Oh, I mean his bushy tail,” laughed Uncle Lucky, “but as tail doesn’t always rime in poetry I said “cue” instead.

"All right," answered Old Sic'em. "I'll be on the lookout," and with a wag of his curlicue,—beg pardon, I mean his long thin tail, he said good-by. Then away went the Luckymobile so fast that it nearly ran over a man who mended old tin pails, wash boilers and maybe other things.

"Helloa, there!" shouted Uncle Lucky, "can you mend a hole in my woolen sock?"

"Don't you poke fun at me," answered the tin man with a dreadful angry look, "rabbits don't wear stockings!" But when Uncle Lucky handed him a ten carrot gold piece the tin man began to smile.

Pretty soon the old gentleman bunny spied a great tremendous pumpkin in a corn field.

"Whoa!" exclaimed Uncle Lucky to the Luckymobile, which stopped just like that, only maybe a little quicker. "Let's take the pumpkin home with us." But, dear me! how disappointed he was after hopping over the fence. The pumpkin was so heavy that dear Uncle Lucky couldn't lift it to save his whiskers. Neither could Little Jack Rabbit.

"What shall we do?" asked the little bunny.

All of a sudden the Old Scarecrow, who had been sound asleep all this time, woke up.

"Let me help you," he said and, jumping out, lifted the pumpkin up in his arms into the Luckymobile without even scratching the shell.

As soon as the Scarecrow was seated, away they went and pretty soon, not so very far, nor so very long, they

came to a cross road. Right there stood a big sign post on which was written:

“To Rabbitville, 1 mile
To Lettuce Hills, 2 miles
To Turnip City, 3 miles.”

“Gracious me!” cried Little Jack Rabbit. “I don’t know where I’d rather go.”

“I’ll tell you,” said Professor Crow, just then flying by with his little Wisdom Book in his left claw.

“Now listen to me
For a minute or three,”

and turning to page one, oh, oh! he read aloud:

“Never hurry, never worry,
Never rush and never scurry.
Start in time and you’ll get there;
So the tortoise beat the hare.”

“Where did you get your wonderful little Wisdom Book?” asked Uncle Lucky, taking off his goggles and scratching his left ear with his right hind foot.

“That’s my secret,” answered the old black bird, with a smile, winking his little black eyes and curling his feathers with his beak.

“I wish I had a Wisdom Book,” went on the old gentleman rabbit. “It’s full of good things.”

“I’ll tell you something since you’re so fond of my little book. I’ve written in it all the good things I’ve heard. You see, when I first bought it at the Three-in-One Cent Store, it was only full of white pages, but now



“I’ll tell you,” said Professor Crow.

it’s full of wise things,” answered the old crow, glancing up over his spectacles. All of a sudden he took out his fountain pen and shouted: “Listen! I’ve just thought of something:

“Frogs from little Tadpoles grow!”

Then with a bang he closed his book and, snapping his bill, flapped his wings and flew away, but where he went I cannot say.

“Why didn’t we ask him which road to take?” sighed the Scarecrow, looking up at the sign-post. “I don’t know anybody in Lettuce Hill and what’s the use of going to Rabbitville when you two little rabbits are here and not there. I’m sure I don’t want to go to Turnip City. My wife’s mother now lives there and for me she doesn’t care.”

“All right,” laughed kind Uncle Lucky, “let’s go home—the best place of all,” and turning the Luckymobile to the right, after a while, and more than a mile, and maybe a smile, they met a funny Little Donkey with two baskets over his back, one on each side.

“The Rooster sings his cock-ado,
The Old Cow sometimes gives a moo,
The Big Brown Horse will answer neigh,
But what does the Little Donkey say
When he puts back his ears and gives a bray?”

“What does he say?” asked Uncle Lucky, making the Luckymobile trot by the side of the Little Donkey as nicely as you please.

“He says: ‘Look out for my heels!’” laughed the little long-eared animal, throwing out his hind legs to show how high he could kick. But, oh, dear me! He should have known better, for out rolled the carrots all over the road.

Out hopped dear Uncle Lucky, kind Little Jack Rabbit and the nice old Scarecrow to help him pick them up. As soon as the baskets were filled and fastened on straight, for they were all wiggly waggly, you know, the Little Donkey said:

“Next time I’ll think before I kick
And look before I leap,
And lock the stable door before
I lay me down to sleep.”

“Come in with us,” said kind Uncle Lucky. “We’re going your way.”

Carefully climbing in, the Little Donkey set down the baskets of carrots. Pretty soon on reaching a little green barn he shouted:

“I live right here. Come, stay awhile. Although I live in a barn I have nice things. Besides, I own three Liberty Bonds and a cigar coupon. Oh, yes, I’m a patriotic donkey. My two brothers went to France with the U. S. Army,” and, pointing to a small iron safe in one corner, he added in a whisper, “That’s where I keep my money.”

“You can’t beat me,” said the Scarecrow. And would you believe it? He put his hand in his inside coat pocket and drew out three Liberty Bonds! Yes, sir, he did! “And I’m not going to sell them, either,” he added, pinning his overcoat carefully over his waistcoat.

“If you’ll wait a minute while I put the carrots in the

pantry," said the Little Donkey, "I'll come back and make you some nice candy."

At once the little rabbits and the Scarecrow sat down and waited until the Little Donkey returned with some maple sugar, a lemon lollypop and a chocolate caramel. Filling a saucepan with water, he soon had a wonderful candy boiling on the stove. After it was all done he put it down the well to cool, and when it was hard and nice he gave a piece to the little rabbits and another piece to the Scarecrow, who said it was much finer than any he had ever tasted from the Three-in-One Cent Store.

By and by Uncle Lucky, looking at his watch, said it was time to leave and, thanking the Little Donkey for a pleasant time, the old gentleman rabbit hopped into the Luckymobile.

"You can drop me off at the cornfield," said the Scarecrow. "Turkey Tim must be lonesome by this time."

And shortly after the two little rabbits were safe at home for the night.

BUNNY TALE 26

THE RACE

THE Big Brown Bear, the Yellow Dog Tramp, and Sammy Skunk, Esq., of Sleepy Hollow, were playing pinochle in a little log cabin.

Just then who should come along in the Luckymobile but Mr. Lucky Lefthindfoot, the dear old gentleman bunny rabbit.

“Honk, honk!” went his horn and “Hello, hello!” he shouted, stopping all of a sudden, just like that, quick as a wink, right in front of the little log hut. “Who’ll be the next President?” and in he hopped to shake hands with his Shady Forest friends.

“Hope you’ll be,” answered all three with a smile, for everybody likes Uncle Lucky. Oh, my, yes!

“My, but you fellows look all mussed up,” exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit.

“We couldn’t look spick and span after the fight we’ve just had with Mr. Wicked Wolf and Danny Fox,” replied the Yellow Dog Tramp. “Of course my clothes are not of the latest style nor just pressed. But to wrestle with Danny Fox would make a dress suit look like a pair of overalls,—and maybe worse.”

“Come, jump into the Luckymobile,” said the old

gentleman bunny, with a kind smile. "I'll take you all for a ride."

In climbed the Big Brown Bear and the Yellow Dog Tramp, but Sammy Skunk suddenly remembered he had an errand to do.

"I can't go," he apologized. "I must get a spool of cotton for Mrs. Skunk at the Three-in-One Cent Store."

"Maybe I can drop you there," suggested kind Uncle Lucky. But Sammy Skunk wouldn't hear of it.

"No, no! Some other time," he shouted, as he hurried off in the opposite direction.

"Well, where shall we go?" asked considerate Uncle Lucky, honking the horn before he put on his goggles. Then fastening his blue silk polkadot handkerchief over his old wedding stovepipe hat and under his chin and winding his gold watch and chain, he started up the Luckymobile, his two friends on the back seat smiling away as if they were going to the circus or a baseball game at Carrot City.

After a while and a bump and a smile and maybe a laugh or three, there came into view a big kangaroo and a fat old bumblebee.

Dear, dear! Why didn't my typewriter put this pretty rhyme into verse. I guess it forgot I'm a poet!

"Stop, stop!" shouted the Kangaroo. "If you don't I'll give a hop and a jump and perhaps a skip or two and land myself right in the Luckymobile. I can jump much farther than you."

"Yes, you have long hind legs," smiled Uncle Lucky,

re-flec-tive-ly, which means thinking hard while you speak. "You're the largest hopper I've ever seen."

"You're a pretty good jumper yourself," answered the Kangaroo, grinning at nice Uncle Lucky. "Let's have a race. I'll give you a handicap."

"I don't need one—I've my dear old wedding stovepipe hat," answered the old gentleman rabbit, hopping out of the Luckymobile.

"Who'll be the judge?" asked the Big Brown Bear.

"Not me," said the Yellow Dog Tramp, although he should have said, "Not I." But school is over and the teacher is away, so we'll let it go this once.

"I'll be the judge," said the Old Fat Bumble Bee. "I'll be Timekeeper, too, for I have a little gold watch."

By this time the Kangaroo and dear Uncle Lucky were all ready for the race. The old gentleman bunny was twenty-two hops in front of the Kangaroo and the course was over to a big rock and back to the Luckymobile.

"You start them off," said the Old Fat Bumble Bee, to the Yellow Dog Tramp.

"All right," answered the obliging dog, commencing to count.

"One, two, three,—go!"

Away went dear Uncle Lucky across the meadow and after him the great long-legged Kangaroo. Just one of his jumps was equal to three and a half of the rabbit bunny man.

"Hurry up! Uncle Lucky!" shouted the Big Brown Bear.



"you're a pretty good jumper yourself"

“Catch him!” cried the Old Bumble Bee, who was the Kangaroo’s friend, although I forgot to mention it sooner.

“Go it!” shouted the Yellow Dog Tramp. “Go it, Uncle Lucky!”

And then the old gentleman bunny went faster than ever. I guess it was all the blue silk polkadot handkerchief could do to keep his old wedding stovepipe hat from falling off!

“Goodness me!” gasped Uncle Lucky, as he turned back from the big rock on his way home to the winning place, “that Kangaroo is gaining on me. I must hop a little faster and then some more.”

“My, but that old gentleman rabbit is pretty good yet,” thought the Kangaroo, touching the big rock and starting back after the old gentleman bunny sprinter.

“Come on! Come on! Uncle Lucky!” shouted the Big Brown Bear, jumping up and down on the front seat of the Luckymobile.

“Hurry up, hurry up!” barked the Yellow Dog Tramp. “Hurry up, Uncle Lucky!”

“Catch him!” cried the Old Bumble Bee to the long legged Kangaroo.

“Dearest me!” gasped poor Uncle Lucky, “I’m most in!”

Just then, and it was mighty lucky, too, as you’ll soon see, the blue silk polkadot handkerchief slipped off his old wedding stovepipe, and before the old gentleman bunny could save it that precious hat had fallen to the ground.

“Don’t stop!” shouted the Big Brown Bear. And

Uncle Lucky didn't. Neither did the long legged Kangaroo. He tried hard not to step into the stovepipe hat, but in slipped his right foot and over he went, tripperty trip, flat on the meadow grass, and the next minute the old gentleman bunny had touched the Luckymobile and won the race.

"Hip, hurrah!" barked the Yellow Dog Tramp.

"Three cheers!" shouted the Big Brown Bear, but Uncle Lucky didn't say anything. He didn't care nearly so much about winning as he did to find out whether his dear old wedding stovepipe hat were injured. Hopping quickly back to the Kangaroo, who was just struggling to his feet, the old gentleman rabbit exclaimed:

"Oh, please be careful of my hat
And gently pull it off.
Just hold your breath and close your eyes
And don't you dare to cough."

"Don't worry," answered the Kangaroo, hopping about on one foot while he tugged at the old stovepipe hat. "I'll not cough, but I may do something else," and he began to look dreadfully cross. "This hat is so tight it makes my pinky ache."

"Sit down, sit down!" advised Uncle Lucky. "The first thing you know you'll lose your balance and that will be the end of my dear old wedding stovepipe hat. Oh, please sit down."

But, oh, dear me! The Kangaroo suddenly stubbed

his toe on a buttercup, and down he went, head over heels, on the meadow.

“Oh, dear, oh, dear, what shall I do
If my dear old hat is broken!
Since '63 it's been to me
A loving memory token,”

cried the old gentleman rabbit, hopping over to the sprawling Kangaroo.

“There, take your old hat,” he grumbled, pulling out his foot with a desperate tug, “I lost the race on account of it and my temper, too. Take it away before I lose my money.”

The old gentleman bunny lost no time in placing it on his head and with a thank you and hope I meet you soon again, he hopped into his Luckymobile and drove away with his two good friends, the Big Brown Bear and the Yellow Dog Tramp.

BUNNY TALE 27

THE OLD BROWN HORSE

ONE morning, oh, so early,
When the dew shone on the grass
And the Mill Pond lay so quiet
It seemed a looking glass,

Little Jack Rabbit hopped up the Winding Trail in the Shady Forest to the Forest Pool, in which Busy Beaver had a nice bungalow.

Of course this little hairy swimmer was at home. Yes, indeed. There he sat on the bank, looking here and looking there, just as if he hadn't a single care.

"Hello!" shouted the little bunny boy rabbit.

"Well, I'm glad to see you," answered Busy Beaver. "It's a long time since you've made a call."

"So it is," replied the little rabbit, "but you're not the only busy person in the world."

"I'm not busy just now. You see, I work on my new building at night," and Busy Beaver flapped the water with his long flat tail.

"Where are the other members of the family?" asked the polite little rabbit. You see, not having made a call for so long a time he had forgotten all their names.

"Oh, they're cutting down some small trees," replied

Busy Beaver. "As we live on land and in the water, we must have two houses. Then, too, as the children grow up we need more, which keeps us busy all the time."

"Well, remember me to everybody," said the little bunny boy rabbit, and away he hopped, lipperty lip, clip-perty clip until all of a sudden, just like that, whom should he see but the Farmer's Boy with a gun over his shoulder.

"Dear, dear!" thought the little rabbit. "Is he going to shoot Busy Beaver, I wonder. His nice fur coat would make a warm pair of gloves for the cold weather. I guess I'll warn Busy Beaver."

So back hopped this kind-hearted little bunny, clip-perty clip, lipperty lip, looking over his shoulder now and then and sometimes oftener to see if the Farmer's Boy was following him.

"What are you back for?" asked Busy Beaver, as all out of breath Little Jack Rabbit stopped again at the Shady Forest Pool.

"S-s-sh!" whispered the little bunny. "The Farmer's Boy is out with his gun. I just saw him up the Shady Forest Trail. That's why I hopped back."

"Very kind of you," answered the little beaver. "Guess I'll take to the water. I've got a nice hiding place not far from here. Good-by," and away he swam in his nice chestnut brown fur coat, leaving the boy bunny rabbit all alone. Dear me! I hope the Farmer's Boy doesn't shoot him before I get him safely away, too.

"What was that?" thought the Farmer's Boy as Little Jack Rabbit hopped into a hollow stump near by. "What

was that?" repeated the curious boy, tiptoeing over to the Shady Forest Pool. I guess he had heard the slap of the little beaver's long flat tail as he dived down under the water to reach his front door.

Pretty soon the Farmer's Boy turned away and walked up to the hollow stump. He was just going to thrust in his arm when he heard a great splashing in the Shady Forest Pool. My goodness, how Busy Beaver was flapping the water with his big flat tail, sending the spray flying in all directions.

At once the Farmer's Boy forgot all about the hollow stump. Lifting his gun to his shoulder, he took careful aim, but before he could pull the trigger a big drop of water spattered in his eye and he dropped the gun to take out his pocket handkerchief. Wait a minute, please, I've made a mistake. I meant to say he dropped his gun to brush the water from his eye with his coat sleeve.

"Now's your chance!" shouted Busy Beaver.

Of course the Farmer's Boy didn't understand this warning, but the little rabbit did. Peeking out of the hollow stump for just a minute, he went hipperty hop, clipperty clip, lipperty lip down the Shady Forest Trail, past the wooded hillside where beneath a pile of rocks Danny Fox had his den.

"Now's my chance," thought Danny Fox, and out he jumped from his rocky bungalow.

"Dear, oh, dear me! Now what shall I do? I'm a goner, I know it!" cried the poor little bunny boy rabbit. "Yes, I'm a goner as sure as sunshine follows rain."

“Stop whispering to yourself!” snarled the wicked fox. “I’ve a good mind to eat you right now before the Policeman Dog happens by with his big hickory stick.”



“Now’s my chance,” thought Danny Fox.

“Please do—I mean, please don’t! Oh, dear, oh, dear, I don’t know what I mean!” cried the poor frightened little bunny, his pink nose twinkling like a star on a frosty night.

“Gr-r-r!” snarled the old fox, creeping closer and closer till his hot breath burned the shivering little rabbit’s whiskers. “I’m going to eat you now. Make no mistake about it. You have given me the slip once too often.”

“No, you’re not!” shouted a friendly voice and from behind a clump of trees out ran the Old Brown Horse. Turning quickly around, he let fly with his two hind feet, sending Danny Fox through the air like a hairy four-footed two-eared football.

“Never come back!” cried the Old Brown Horse, leaning over to see if the little rabbit was all right. Of course he was, but all a-tremble.

“Thank you,” he cried. “Won’t you come home with me? You can sleep in our Little Red Barn.”

“All right,” answered the Big Brown Horse, trotting after the little bunny rabbit boy.

“Perhaps if you hop on my back you’ll be home in the Old Bramble Patch in two shakes of a lamb’s tail,” said the Old Brown Horse, noticing how trembly the little rabbit was.

So up hopped the little bunny boy and away they went, trottery trot, bumperty, bump! By and by, after a while, and a laugh and a smile, they came to a big wide river.

“I’m not a very good swimmer,” apologized the kind four-footed animal, “but maybe I can manage to get across.”

“Don’t take too many chances,” advised the little bunny boy rabbit.

But the Old Brown Horse kept right on wading into the water and pretty soon it was up to his shoulder. All of a sudden his feet couldn't touch bottom. Only a little bit of the top of his back was above water and Little Jack Rabbit had to pull up his feet and hug tight to the Old Brown Horse—hold tight to his mane, you know, so he wouldn't slip off.

They were now out in the middle of the river where the water ran fast and furious. Dear me! It was now hard work to swim and the Old Brown Horse began to puff and pant as down the river they drifted with the fast flowing current.

"I guess I'm all in," panted the poor tired steed. "I never was a fine swimmer. The race track was the place where I could show my heels to the best of them!"

"What are we going to do?" asked the anxious little bunny boy, as they drifted farther and farther away. The trees on the shore nodded and seemed to beckon them to swim to land. The white fleecy clouds up in the sky took the shape of fingers pointing to the shore. The poor Old Brown Horse was all tired out and his long thin legs made poor paddle wheels. If only his feet had been flat like Ducky Waddles it would have been an easy matter to have made the shore and landed his little bunny rider safely on the grass.

By and by Mr. Merry Sun drew close to the tip of the Western Hills. The sky became all pinky-purple and golden-blue. Billy Breeze began to whisper sleepy music in the tree-tops and the birds to fly home to their leafy

nests. I guess Mrs. Cow was ringing the little bell on her leather collar to call her long-legged calf. It was past supper time and the Twinkle Twinkle Star would be shining from the sky.

“What shall we do?” asked the little anxious bunny.

“I don’t know,” sadly replied the poor steed. “My feet are dreadfully stiff and cold. I can hardly swish my tail it’s so wet and heavy.”

Just then a voice came across the darkening waters: “I’ll help you!”

“Do it quick!” gasped the Old Brown Horse, still bravely struggling in the swift current. “I’m all in!”

“Oh, please come at once with a boat or a life preserver!” shouted Little Jack Rabbit. “My dear Old Brown Horse is nearly drowned.”

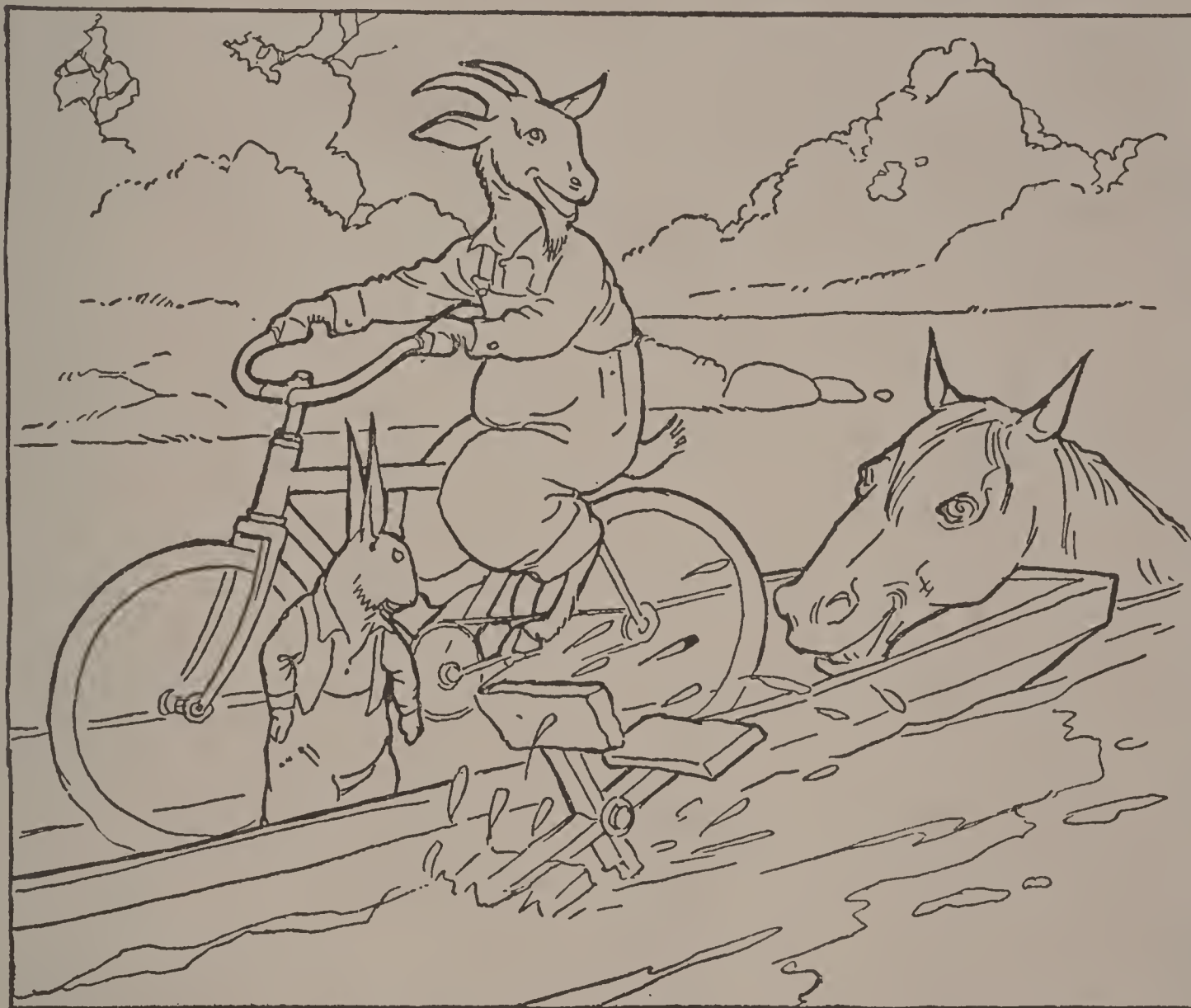
The next moment around a bend in the river came the Billy Goat with his Ferryboat. You remember the Ferryboat, don’t you? The old rowboat with a bicycle in the middle and paddle wheels on the side to push it ahead or backward or any way which Captain Billygoat wished to go.

“Oh, hurry, hurry!” shouted the poor frightened little bunny boy, as the Old Brown Horse floundered about in the angry waters, his head at times almost disappearing and his poor hind legs refusing to make another stroke.

“I’m coming. Keep up!” shouted back the kind Billy Goat, making his hind legs go so fast that the spray from the paddle wheels almost hid him from view. At last,

however, and none too soon, he came alongside the poor tired horse.

“Quick! Jump in!” shouted the Billy Goat, and in hopped the bunny rabbit boy.



“Lay your head in the boat,” cried the Billy Goat.

“Lay your head in the boat,” cried the Billy Goat to the Old Brown Horse.

Dear me! The poor old fellow had scarcely enough strength to do even that. At length, however, he began

to breathe easier, for all he had to do was just be towed along.

"You saved me from a watery grave, kind Billy Goat Ferry Man. Some day I'll do you a friendly deed," said the grateful horse when the Ferryboat reached the shore.

"Oh, don't mention it," replied the Billy Goat. "I'd do anything for you and Little Jack Rabbit. Give my regards to the folks at home!" and away paddled the good lifesaver in his paddle-wheel rowboat to the wharf where the little rabbit boys and girls waited for him to take them to ice cream picnics or lollypop clambakes.

"I'll take you home now that I'm nicely rested," said the Old Brown Horse. "I declare, I never thought this river had so swift a current."

"Oh, I was so frightened," answered the little rabbit, climbing on his back. "I thought I'd never see the dear Old Bramble Patch again. I want to get home to mother."

"You'll be there pretty soon," replied the old horse, setting off at a brisk trot.

As they neared the Old Bramble Patch they saw Lady Love standing at the gate, shading her eyes with her front paw.

"Home again, my little bunny.

Come and eat your bread and honey.

You have been away all day,

Now with mother you may stay,"

sang the pretty canary.

BUNNY TALE 28

THE VISIT

OH, when you don't know what to do
Just take a book and read it through.
Most often something there you'll find
To give you a contented mind.

You see, we often grow tired of the same old thing. Our roller skates are put aside, our bat and ball don't interest us; we don't wish to even run about and look for a good time. And that's just the way Little Jack Rabbit felt. So, what did he do? Well, he didn't do anything till Lady Love, his patient bunny rabbit mother, suggested that he read a book.

"What shall I read?" he asked, wiggling his little pink nose as much as to say, "I'd rather eat a lollypop." But his mother didn't notice his twinkling nose,—or, if she did, she merely overlooked it.

"Yes, why don't you read a book," she repeated. "Books are like friends, sometimes they teach us things, sometimes they amuse us, and sometimes——"

She had no need to finish her sentence, for the little rabbit boy had hopped over to the bookshelf.

After looking over the row of pretty books he picked out one that was called:

“BUNNY BOY'S CRACKER ANIMALS.”

“That sounds interesting,” said the little rabbit boy to himself, and, hopping into a chair, he began to read:

“Once upon a time there lived a Bunny Boy Rabbit who had a little knapsack in which he kept animal crackers. Now this little bunny boy was so fond of his cracker animals that he never could bear to bite off a head or an ear, or a trunk or a tail. By and by his knapsack became so full that it could hold no more. And then something happened. As he hopped along one day he thought to himself, ‘What a racket those Animal Crackers are making in my knapsack. Maybe they are trying to get out.’

“Well, that’s just what they were doing. And all of a sudden, quicker than a wink, the knapsack burst open and

“Away went the Elephant and the Gnu,
The tall Giraffe and the Kangaroo,
The tawny Tiger and Polar Bear,
And the Buffalo Bull with his shaggy hair.

“ ‘Come back, come back!’ shouted the bunny boy rabbit.

“ ‘No, siree!’ answered the Animal Crackers, ‘we’re going back to our little Cracker Boxes!’ and away they went, leaving the Bunny Boy Rabbit to fill his knapsack with clover tops or lettuce leaves.”

“Now what shall I do?” cried Little Jack Rabbit.

“Why not visit Uncle John Hare? I’ll pack your clothes in a jiffy,” suggested the little bunny’s mother, looking up from her ironing.

Pretty soon along came the Old Dog Driver with his billy goat team.

“I shall miss you,” said Lady Love, kissing her bunny boy, as he hopped into the carriage.

“Goodness gracious meebus, if that isn’t my little bunny nephew!” shouted dear Uncle Lucky, as the carriage stopped by Lily Pond Lake.

“What are you doing here?”

“I’m on my way to Uncle John Hare,” answered Little Jack Rabbit. “I’ve a package for him and my knapsack is packed full of clothes. Mother bought me a new tie.”

“What, are you going to make a visit?” asked dear Uncle Lucky, anxiously. He never could keep away very long from his little rabbit nephew. Dear me, no! Uncle Lucky was so fond of Little Jack Rabbit that he wanted to be with him all the time, and even oftener.

“Dear me,” went on poor Uncle Lucky, a lonely feeling spreading all over him from his toes to his head, “I’ll miss you dreadfully.”

“That’s what mother said this morning when she kissed me good-by,” answered Little Jack Rabbit.

“Don’t blame her,” said the old gentleman bunny.

“She said something else, too,” added his little rabbit nephew.

“What was it?” asked dear Uncle Lucky.

“She told me to say every morning when I hopped out

of bed, 'Every day and in every way, I grow better and better.' ”

“Don't forget to do what mother says,” advised Uncle Lucky. “Do what mother says and you'll never be sorry.”

“Can't wait much longer,” shouted the Old Dog



“Once upon a time,” she began.

Driver, knocking the ashes from his pipe. Then, picking up the lines, he clicked git-ap to his billy goats and away rattled the carriage.

“I wish Uncle Lucky were coming, too,” sighed Little Jack Rabbit, as they bumped along over the rough road.

“What did you say, little bunny?” asked a motherly



The knapsack burst open

looking lady goose, one of the passengers on her way to Goose Creek, Meadowland.

“Oh, I was just thinking aloud,” answered the little bunny boy rabbit. “But what’s the use of wishing? Wishes don’t come true.”

“Sometimes they do,” laughed the nice, kind lady goose, placing her soft feathered wing around him. “I once had an old grandmother goose who told me stories. I haven’t forgotten them. Oh, my, no! I told them to a man and he put them all in a book called “Grandmother Goosey’s Bedtime Rimes”!

“Tell me one,” said Little Jack Rabbit, sleepily.

“Once upon a time,” began the kind lady goose, but before she could say another word the bunny boy was sound asleep.

By and by the Old Dog Driver shouted, “Turnip City! All out!”

Sure enough, it was Turnip City! Just across Lettuce Square on the front porch of his pretty white house stood Uncle John Hare and behind him in the doorway, Mrs. Daisy Duck, his nice old housekeeper.

“Good-by,” cried Little Jack Rabbit, taking off his cap to the Old Lady Goose. Then away he hopped across the square and up the walk that led from the little white gate to the front piazza of Uncle John’s neat little bungalow.

“Well, I’m glad to see you,” cried the nice old gentleman bunny, patting his small nephew on the head.

“And so am I,” quacked Mrs. Daisy Duck. “Now

there'll be somebody young and frisky in the house."

"What, am I growing so old?" asked Uncle John Hare, hopping about on the piazza with Little Jack Rabbit.



"I feel only twenty-one."

"I feel only twenty one
Or maybe twenty two.
I'm only just a kid at heart,
The same as little you,"

he sang, smiling at his small bunny nephew.

“Quack, quack, quack!
I’ve a little country shack,
With cheese and crackers on the shelf
To which I take my tired self,”

sang Mrs. Daisy Duck.

“It’s down by the Old Duck Pond,” whispered Uncle John Hare. “Mrs. Daisy Duck thinks I don’t know, but one day I hop-tiptoed after her. Don’t tell her, I think she has a nest in her little shack. Maybe someday there’ll be a brood of ducklings.”

“What are you whispering about?” asked the old lady duck, with a quack and a flap of her wings. “Secrets?”

“Maybe,” answered the old gentleman bunny. “Or, perhaps, advice. Give you three guesses.”

“Haven’t time,” answered Mrs. Daisy Duck, bustling out to the kitchen to look at the lollypop stew and carrot cake. “I must think about supper.”

“Come to your own little room,” said Uncle John Hare, leading the way up the winding stair. His little rabbit nephew followed, his knapsack swinging over his shoulder and his striped candy cane dangling from his elbow.

“There,” exclaimed the dear old gentleman hare, throwing open the door, “nothing has been changed except the calendar. Every day I tore off the date, saying to myself, ‘Perhaps to-morrow he’ll come again to visit his old uncle.’ It came true this morning, so it did,” and with a happy sigh the loving old bunny hare sat down in the rocking chair.

"Yes, your little room has been kept just the same for you," he went on, "and you must make a long, long visit this time."

"Oh, I will," answered Little Jack Rabbit, with a laugh. "Mother said I might stay as long as you wanted me."

"Well, that won't be long enough," answered Uncle John Hare. "Come, part your hair down the middle of your back and wash your paws for supper. I smell the lollypop stew."

It took little Jack Rabbit less than two and a half minutes to make himself spick and span. Then with a hop, skip and a jump he followed his nice old Uncle to the dining room where Mrs. Daisy Duck had a lovely supper waiting for them.

Perhaps you'd like to hear what was on the table. Lots of little boys and girls don't know what rabbits eat, I imagine. Well, there was carrot cake and lettuce marmalade, carrot jelly and turnip tea, lollypop stew and cabbage custard. A mighty nice sort of a supper for anybody, seems to me.

Just as they were finishing the cabbage custard there came a loud knocking at the front door.

"Who can it be?" asked Uncle John Hare.

"I'll soon find out," answered Mrs. Daisy Duck, waddling out of the room with her napkin under her left wing.

"Is Mr. John Hare at home?" inquired a loud voice.

"Yes, I'm here," answered the old gentleman bunny, hopping out into the hall. But when he saw who was call-

ing he wished he had hidden in the cellar. There stood the Ragged Rabbit Giant. You could see only the tops of his boots, for they were as high as the front door. Why, his waistcoat was even with the roof of the little white house and his gold chain tinkled against the red brick chimney every time he leaned down to speak to Mrs. Daisy Duck.

“What can I do for you?” asked Uncle John Hare, as soon as he had caught his breath. “I’d invite you into supper, only you couldn’t accept. Maybe you’d like me to hand you out a cabbage cup custard. Mrs. Daisy Duck is quite famous for her cabbage cup custards.”

“No, I don’t want any custard,” answered the Ragged Rabbit Giant. “I don’t like sweet things. Have you a cabbage leaf cigar?”

“Wait a minute. I think I have,” answered the old gentleman here in a trembly voice, hopping back into the sitting room.

Pretty soon the giant grew restless. He shuffled his big feet, looked at his watch and then all of a sudden shouted, “Hurry up with that cabbage leaf cigar. I could have walked to Cuba in my seven league boots by this time for a good Smokerino.”

Dear, dear me! I’ve been dreadfully worried while dear Uncle John Hare has been hunting for a cabbage leaf cigar for fear he wouldn’t be able to find it. I don’t know what I’d do if a Ragged Rabbit Giant was waiting outside my little white house on the corner of Lettuce Square and Turnip Street, Turnip City.

"I've found it," answered poor Uncle John Hare, hopping out with Little Jack Rabbit to the front porch.

"Bless my stars!" exclaimed the giant, looking at the little bunny boy as he lighted the cigar, "if this isn't Lady Love's little rabbit. Howdy, young bunny. I must be going home. Good-by. Come to see me soon," and away stalked the big rabbitman in his seven league boots to his castle on Tip Top, Sky-high Mountain, under the stars, for it would be night-time when he arrived home, although he could cover almost a mile every time he took a stride, and when he jumped,—dear me, I can't figure how much space he covered,—maybe three times a mile.

"Well, I'm glad he's gone," said Mrs. Daisy Duck from her hiding place. "I declare, my heart beat so loudly I mistook it for the Old Grandfather Clock. Dear, dearie me! I don't like such great big bunny men. Little ones are nicer," and hugging Little Jack Rabbit, she gave him a cough drop from a little box she carried in her calico apron pocket.

By and by, after Uncle John Hare had finished smoking his cabbage leaf cigar, he said to his small nephew:

"Let's have a game of pinochle."

But, goodness me! The little rabbit was so drowsy that he could hardly keep his eyes open and pretty soon he let all the cards drop to the floor.

"Hoity toity!" exclaimed Uncle John Hare, looking up. But when he saw that the Sand Man had filled his nephew's eyes with Dream Dust he covered up the little bunny boy and let him sleep where he was until morning.

BUNNY TALE 29

THE MESSENGER

WAKE up, wake up! It's morning now,
The Farmer is milking the little black cow,
The Rooster is blowing his shiny tin horn
And Billy Breeze's whistling a tune in the corn.

Goodness me! Up jumped Little Jack Rabbit. You remember that the tired little bunny boy had been too sleepy to hop upstairs after playing a game of pinochle with Uncle John Hare, and had fallen asleep in a big arm chair for the night. That's where we left him, and now we find him wide awake.

“Hurry up, the buckwheat cake
Is sizzling hot upon your plate.
If you don't hurry Mrs. Mouse
May take it to her tiny house,”

quacked Mrs. Daisy Duck, the old gentleman hare's housekeeper.

“I'll hurry,” answered the little rabbit boy, and in less than a jiffy he had combed his hair down the middle of his back, washed his paws and repeated the little verse that Lady Love, his pretty bunny mother, had taught him:

“Every day in every way, I grow better and better.”

After that he and his big appetite hopped into the dining room. There stood dear Uncle John Hare, looking over the *Turnip City News*.

"Well, how did you sleep?" he asked, gazing up over his spectacles.

"Tip top," replied his small bunny nephew. "I never heard a thing until the Big Red Rooster went 'cock-a-doodle-do' on his little tin horn. I guess he woke me up."

"I imagine so," replied the old gentleman bunny, with a twinkle in his eye. "My, but you were tired last night after your long ride. Let's see what Mrs. Daisy Duck has for us."

Then down sat the two little rabbits as the nice old lady duck waddled in with carrot coffee, clover cereal and buckwheat cakes covered with pink lollypop syrup. Oh, me, oh, my! wasn't the breakfast good! Well I guess yes three times and maybe four.

Just then somebody knocked on the door, one, two, three, bingo!

"Who's that, I wonder?" exclaimed Uncle John Hare.

"I'll see," answered Mrs. Daisy Duck. "You go on with your breakfast. Most likely it's the gas man with a bill."

But it wasn't. No, it was somebody else, only worse. I guess sometimes we ought to be thankful it's only the gas man!

"Who is it?" asked the old gentleman bunny, as Mrs. Daisy Duck returned with a worried expression on her face and a piece of paper in her bill.

“Oh, dear, oh, dear! It seems to me
That Mr. Trouble Man
Is always knocking on the door
As loudly as he can,”

answered Mrs. Daisy Duck.

“Who is it and what does he want and what’s his name?” asked the old gentleman hare, pulling the napkin from under his chin to wipe his gold-rimmed spectacles instead of his whiskers. Wasn’t that careless of him? Well I should say so, especially as there wasn’t a drop of syrup on them,—I mean his spectacles of course, not his whiskers.

“Read this note,” whispered Mrs. Daisy Duck, looking anxiously over her shoulder as if fearing somebody or something might suddenly come in through the half open door.

Uncle John Hare quickly opened the envelope and read:

“I want a million carrot cents
And I want them mighty quick,
Just hand them to my messenger
Or he’ll hit you with my stick!”

“Dear, oh, dear!” exclaimed the poor old gentleman bunny, dropping this dreadful note on the carpet, “what shall I do?”

“Do something quick,” answered Mrs. Daisy Duck,

glancing timidly over her shoulder. Indeed she had already almost twisted her long neck into a bowknot.

“All right,” answered the old gentleman hare with a sigh, hopping over to a big iron safe in the corner and



“Twice to the left, three to the right!”

squatting down to turn back and forth the little silver knob. Over the door was printed in big gold letters:

“John Hare.
Turnip City.”

But, dear me! He was so nervous that the door wouldn't obey his trembling paw. Over and over, around

and around, he turned the little knob, repeating the combination half aloud:

“Twice to the left, three to the right!

Then stop at the spot where it says ‘Good night!’ ”

Just then a loud knocking came at the kitchen door.

“Please hurry,” cried the frightened lady duck housekeeper, looking anxiously into the kitchen. “The messenger is at the back door.”

“Dear, dear! I’m all muddled up!” cried the old gentleman here.

“Bing, bang, bung!

Your doorbell I have rung,

Now if my knocking you don’t hear

I’ll rattle every chandelier!”

shouted a voice.

“Wait, wait a minute,” answered Mrs. Daisy Duck through the keyhole. “Mr. John Hare is trying to open his safe. You make so much noise he can’t find the combination.”

For a little while the knocking ceased. But, dear me! Uncle John Hare couldn’t remember the combination. Scratching his long left ear with his right hind foot, he turned to Little Jack Rabbit with a sigh.

“Maybe you can unlock it.”

But the little rabbit boy was no more successful. No

indeed, although he turned the knob around and started all over again. I guess he never would have found the combination if Bobbie Redvest, the dear little friendly robin, hadn't hopped to the open window.

“Pull the little knob out just one inch,
Then say to yourself, ‘Why, it’s a cinch!’
Next, turn the knob to figure four
And you’ll have no trouble with the iron door,”

he whispered.

At once the little rabbit followed the pretty robin's directions and in less time than I can take to tell it, the safe door flew open and out rolled a million carrot cents, each one counting out loud as it touched the floor! “One, Two, Three,” and so on, right up to a million! Wasn't that wonderful? Well, I just guess it was. I never had a Flying Eagle Cent that could count more than one!

“Get a bag,” whispered Uncle John Hare, and filling it with carrot cents that good lady duck housekeeper opened the kitchen door, and handed it to an ugly little dwarf.

“Thank you, ma'am,” he said, touching his red peaked hat with a crooked forefinger. Then slinging the bag over his shoulder, he trudged around the house and through the little gateway in the white picket fence to the Fairy Forest that lay some two thousand hops to the North of Turnip City.

“Has he gone?” asked Uncle John Hare, dusting off

his knees and pulling down his pink waistcoat. "Are you sure he's gone?"

"Yes, yes," answered Mrs. Daisy Duck, with a happy quack. "He's gone, thank goodness! I hope he'll not come back for many a year."



"Thank you, ma'am," he said.

"Never can tell," mused the old gentleman rabbit. "The Ragged Rabbit Giant will return more than a million carrot cents in less time than that."

"Trust the fairies," cautioned Bobbie Redvest. "They

have asked the giant to lend them money," and away fluttered the little bird to the old apple tree.

But even after Bobbie Redvest had cautioned Little Jack Rabbit that curious little bunny boy wanted to hop over to the Fairy Forest.

"No, sireebus!" cried Uncle John Hare. "You do what that little robin says and you'll not go far wrong."

"All right, Uncle John," answered the little bunny boy cheerfully, for he was a good little rabbit and had learned to obey his elders without sulking, which is the better way, after all. For when we do a thing with a smile it's so much easier. I wonder why, but maybe you know, little reader. If not, Mother will tell you, as sure as lollypops come on sticks and ice cream in cones.

Well, the little bunny boy rabbit had a lovely visit and when it came time for him to take the Stagecoach home he kissed Uncle John Hare good-by, nor did he forget Mrs. Daisy Duck. "Good-by, good-by!" he shouted from his seat beside the Old Dog Driver.

"Come again soon," cried the old gentleman hare, waving his stovepipe hat. "Give my love to Mother."

Away rattled the Billy Goat Stage Coach across Lettuce Square, down Potato Street and out on Radish Road that led to Rabbitville, fifteen thousand five hundred hops to the south.

By and by the Old Dog Driver took his pipe out of his mouth and shouted, "Carrot City!" Then pulling in his team of billy goats, waited for an old gander to alight. It took the old feathered gentleman quite a while to flop

down the two little steps at the back of the stage, but at last he was safely on the ground. Then as soon as a fat lady pig, wearing a purple sunbonnet and black mitts, had seated herself, the Old Dog Driver clicked his teeth with his tongue and said "Gid-ap!"

Away bounded the billy goat team, shaking their horns, which were tipped with little gold thimbles, and throwing out their hoofs, shod with bright steel shoes. By and by they came to Lettucemere, a pretty village by the Bubbling Brook. Here the Lady Pig got out and in jumped a big mooly cow. Mrs. O'Mooly was her name. She wore a big yellow hat and a pink shirt waist and on her two hind feet a pair of white kid boots. My, but she was a stylish looking lady cow.

"Gid-ap!" clicked the Old Dog Driver, and away went the nimble little billy goats until by and by, after a while, and a bump and a smile, they came to the Old Bramble Patch. There at the gate stood Lady Love, the little rabbit's pretty mother. Her simple gingham dress with white lace collar seemed a beautiful gown to the little rabbit, and her eyes two stars as she folded him to her breast and whispered, "Home again to Mother."

Dear Little Boys and Girls:

Are you lonely because you and I have reached the end of the story? Come closer. I've a secret to whisper. Already I have begun to write "Little Jack Rabbit's Big Red Book." When it is finished won't we have a happy time reading it?

Your loving

Uncle Dave.

*Old Bramble Patch, Rabbitville,
Happy Days, 1924.*



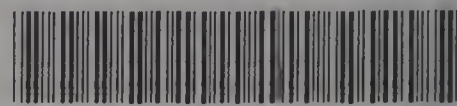
Meet Uncle Lucky,
Kind and plucky...
yours for a story
David Couz.





And here Danny Fox
From his den in the rocks
yours for a story
David C. C.

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