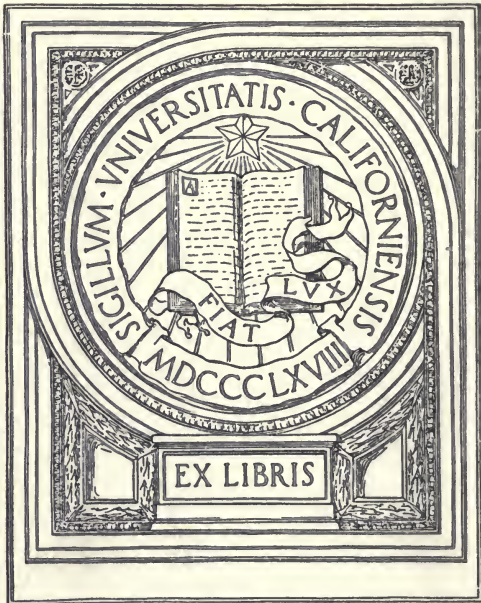




TIDDLEWINK TALES.



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TIDDLEDYWINK TALES



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"JIMMIEBOY."

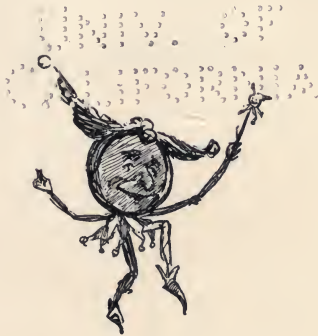
TIDDLEDYWINK TALES

BY

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

ILLUSTRATED BY

CHARLES HOWARD JOHNSON



NEW-YORK

R. H. RUSSELL & SON

MDCCCXCI

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BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

TO
KENNIBOY

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I.

JIMMIEBOY.

JIMMIEBOY was feeling rather tired. He was four years old, and had been playing ever since he had reached the happy age of six months. Before that time Jimmieboy had been content to sit on his nurse's or his mamma's lap, and wonder why people did such queer things; but when he realized that he had really reached the advanced age of six months, he thought it was high time he should stop being a lap baby, and assume the dignity of a seat on the floor. So he informed his parents by means of certain signs and struggles, which they at once understood, that he had made up his mind to get down on the carpet, and

seek his fortunes in the nursery without the assistance of anyone.

And Jimmieboy succeeded very well after this declaration of infantile independence. It was not long before he could push himself swiftly around the nursery with his left leg, his chubby little right leg doubled up under him, and his pudgy hands flat on the floor. Once in a while, to be sure, he would move so fast, that his hands could not keep up with the rest of him, and then he would fall over on his little nose, but this did not hurt Jimmieboy. The little nose was entirely too little to be hurt very much, and so he got on famously.

Before he was a year old, Jimmieboy had succeeded so well in making his fortune that he owned five full railroad trains. One of the trains was almost as heavy as Jimmieboy himself, and the little engineer could not make it go without taking it apart, and pushing each car separately before him, which suited Jimmieboy quite as well, particularly when it came to pushing the engine which had a beautiful cowcatcher and six lovely red wheels.

In addition to his railroad trains Jimmie-boy became possessed of about fifty splendid horses—real wool horses, solid lead horses with white saddles painted on them, and little holes in their backs to hold the soldiers on; for tin soldiers on horseback have a very hard time of it, not so much because the horses are skittish, but because tin soldiers are very stiff and cannot ride easily. Then Jimmie-boy had a big hobby horse that sometimes made him quite seasick when he tried to ride him; to say nothing of wooden horses with red legs, and the handsome white and black iron steeds that pulled Jimmieboy's fire-engine over the nursery floor. Then he had books—linen books that he couldn't tear no matter how much he wanted to; a funny old copy of Mother Goose with bright colored pictures all through it, that Jimmieboy's grandma had given to Jimmieboy's papa when he was no larger than Jimmieboy; books about Santa Claus, and one that told all about a wonderful fellow named Jack, who built a house that had malt in it for rats to eat; and going on to tell how these rats were killed by cats, that Jimmieboy knew were bothered by

dogs, that funny cows with crumpled horns tossed in the air, just before the maiden all forlorn who was married by the priest all shaven and shorn to the man in the tattered and torn clothes, came to milk them, to the disgust of the cock that crowed in the morn to wake the farmer and the priest all shaven and shorn. Jimmieboy liked this book very much because his papa couldn't read it to him once without telling him the same story over half-a-dozen times, which was just his idea of what a story ought to be. Then he had besides all these books, no end of dollies, and lambs, and doggies, and Noah's Arks, with four Noahs to each Ark—with all of which beautiful things he had been playing for three years and six months—so no wonder he was tired on this particular evening, and ready to put his little curly head on his papa's shoulder and be rocked. Besides this, the Tiddledywinks had been put to bed and Jimmieboy had no further use for that day after the Tiddledywinks had—as he thought—gone to sleep.

The reason why Jimmieboy was so willing to stop playing when the Tiddledywinks had

snuggled down in their basket, and were quietly resting after their day's work, was that Jimmieboy had not had them very long—not long enough, in fact, to have lost his interest in them. He had only received them that morning from an aunt of his who lived ever so far away from Jimmieboy, way down in the South where oranges grow on trees instead of on fruit stands as they do where Jimmieboy lives, and where most of the little boys of Jimmieboy's age are brown, like chocolate cakes, and whose hair curls tightly on top of their little round heads, instead of falling in ringlets for other boys to pull and for nurses to brush around their thumbs early in the morning and late in the afternoon. The box containing the Tiddlywinks, had been left at the door by a great friend of Jimmieboy's—the expressman—who had a fine name, and who lived up to it, Johnny Larkin. It had been left, as I say, by Johnny Larkin that morning with his auntie's love, just as some weeks before several packages that were too heavy for Santa Claus to carry, and too large to be got down through the chimney, had been brought by

this same lovely Johnny with Santa Claus' love.

So Jimmieboy thought a great deal of his Tiddledywinks and had been playing with them nearly all that day. He had given them rides in his choo-choo cars, which they had accepted with stolid indifference; he had dropped them into his little savings bank and then got his mother to open the bank to get them out again: several of the green Tiddledywinks had wandered off and got lost under the bureau and one poor little blue one had been nearly drowned in Jimmieboy's bowl of milk where the little fellow had accidentally dropped it at supper-time—for they all sat down to supper with Jimmieboy and watched him eat.

They had all been rescued however by Jimmieboy's nurse and as the latter and Jimmieboy's mamma were agreed that the Tiddledywinks must by this time—half past six o'clock in the evening—be very tired, what with their journey from the South and their hard day's work playing with him, Jimmieboy, who is a kindly little fellow, was quite willing that they should be put to rest for the night

and when a few minutes later Jimmieboy's papa came home he was himself not at all opposed, as I have said, to climbing up on his lap and snuggling his curly head down on his shoulder. Then his papa rocked Jimmieboy and started to sing him a little song that he had written himself and which ran very much this way—

The greatest man in all the land
Is Jimmie, Jimmie, Jimmieboy.
He makes more noise than any band
Does Jimmie, Jimmie, Jimmieboy.
He loves to lie upon the floor
And like the lions loudly roar.
He runs a pocket grocery-store,
Does Jimmie, Jimmie, Jimmieboy.

Within the great menagerie
Of Jimmie, Jimmie, Jimmieboy,
The queerest animals you'll see—
Oh Jimmie, Jimmie, Jimmieboy—
A great big purple el-i-phant,
A panther and a shrimp-pink ant,
And kangaroos that songs do chant
For Jimmie, Jimmie, Jimmieboy.

Jimmieboy liked this song very much because the refrain, "Jimmie, Jimmie, Jimmieboy," as his papa sang it, sounded exactly like a railroad train going by with full steam on,

which under ordinary circumstances was Jimmieboy's favorite noise. But this evening, the song was not so entirely interesting because Jimmieboy heard, or thought he heard, voices over in the direction of the Tiddledywinks' basket. His papa evidently did not hear the voices for he kept on singing and rocking to and fro, and for a minute or two Jimmieboy thought his ears must have deceived him or that the voices came from the next room—or perhaps, he thought, it was the big cat that lived next door purring out in the hall—for the next-door cat was very fond of Jimmieboy and used to come in ten or a dozen times a day to see how he was getting along, and to offer to kill all the rats Jimmieboy wanted him to, and not charge him a penny for it. And of course every night when Jimmieboy's papa got home, Tom would have to walk off, because Jimmieboy liked his papa much better than he did Tom, although the fur on Tom's face never scratched his cheek, and sometimes when his papa's razor was not quite sharp enough, the fur on *his* chin was rough, and left Jimmieboy with cheeks as red as apples. Then Tom would

go out in the hall and purr softly and sweetly just to show Jimmieboy that he was not jealous and did not blame him for being fond of his papa.

But after Jimmieboy had listened a minute he knew it couldn't be a voice from the other room or the purring of old Tom out in the hall. He became certain that the voices came from the Tiddledywinks on the table, and in a minute his papa stopped singing and he could hear what was said in the basket.





II.

THE BLUE AND RED TIDDLEDYWINKS.

IT was one of the little Blue Tiddledywinks that was speaking. Jimmieboy could hardly see him because the Tiddledywink was sitting over by the inkstand behind the paper-weight, but he could understand what he said perfectly.

“I am glad,” Jimmieboy heard him say, “I am glad I am a Tiddledywink and not a doll-baby.”

“I don’t see why,” said the Green Tiddledywink, who was rolling up and down the paper cutter much to the anxiety of the big Green Snapper, who was afraid he would fall off and nick himself. “I don’t see why. I

should think it would be very nice to be a doll-baby. One like that doll-baby of Jimmie-boy's, for instance. She's a beauty. She wears shoes with real buttons on 'em. She has one of the finest red silk dresses with blue fringe I ever saw and *such* a head of hair! I don't believe there are less than five hundred strands of real old gold yellow hair on that doll-baby's head, and what is more, when she lies down, she can shut her eyes."

"That's all very well," said the Blue Tiddledywink who had first spoken. "It's a very nice thing to be able to shut your eyes when you lie down, and in that respect the doll-baby is better off than we are. It is also a fine thing to wear a red dress with blue fringe, and as for having five hundred strands of real hair, as a Tiddledywink who always has been and always will be bald, I have no criticism to make of the doll-baby on that account. Some people might say I was jealous, which I am not. But I am glad I am a Tiddledywink just the same and not a doll-baby, because I am a Tiddledywink all the way through, while the doll-baby is a little of several things, and a good deal of nothing.

We Tiddledywinks are what we appear to be, and the doll-baby is not."

"How do you know that?" asked the Green Tiddledywink, hopping from Jimmieboy's papa's ash-receiver into the basket. "Who told you?"

"I met a knife-handle in the toy-closet and he told me," returned the Blue Tiddledywink. "He said that some time ago, before he got broken and lost all his blades, Jimmieboy climbed up on a chair one day and took him off the table and cut the doll-baby nearly in two with him, and he says there wasn't a drop of blood in her veins. She was stuffed with saw-dust!"

"I don't believe it's a true story," said the Red Tiddledywink, scornfully. "I wouldn't believe an old knife-handle. What good is a knife-handle without any blades anyhow?"

Here Jimmieboy interrupted to tell the Red Tiddledywink that an old knife-handle without any blades was lots of good to play with, but the Red Tiddledywink didn't seem to hear him for he went right on.

"The doll-baby's too pretty to be stuffed

with saw-dust," he said. "Anybody looking at her cheeks would know she wasn't stuffed with saw-dust. You can't get red cheeks like that on saw-dust."

"Where did you get your color?" sniffed the Blue Tiddledywink. He was a little put out at having his statement about the doll-baby contradicted.

"At the same shop where you got yours," retorted the Red Tiddledywink. "And it's a better color any day than blue—but as for the doll-baby, she's just as sweet as she can be and I won't hear her abused. I talked to her for an hour to-day, and she's got lots of sense. If she were stuffed with saw-dust, she'd be wooden headed and she isn't that, I know—she was bright enough to see my jokes. She laughed at 'em. I believe she is stuffed with sugar."

"You'd believe in anybody who'd laugh at your jokes," retorted the Blue Tiddledywink. "She must have good eyesight to see 'em too, but by laughing at 'em she shows that she is just what I said she was—a very much made up person."

"They're better jokes than you could

make," said the Red Tiddledywinks wrathfully.

"Come, come, Tiddledys," said the big Yellow Snapper who was in charge of the little ones for the day—for the Snappers all take turns in playing nurse for the Tiddledywinks, each for a day except Sundays, when they all keep quiet in their box and do not need to be looked after. "Come, come," said she. "You'll have to stop this quarreling or into the basket you go and there you stay until Jimmieboy calls for you in the morning."

"I wasn't quarreling, ma'am," said the Blue Tiddledywink, airily. "I never quarrel, because I can't, you know. It takes two to make a quarrel and I am only one. I was simply talking about that green-eyed doll-baby with the—"

"Blue-eyed doll-baby," put in the Red Tiddledywink, with a scowl.

"That green-eyed doll-baby with the red dress and apple-colored hair," continued the Blue Tiddledywink, ignoring the red one.

"Her hair is yellow," said the Red Tiddledywink, getting redder than ever—because as

Jimmieboy could easily see he was very, very angry.

“So 're apples,” returned the Blue Tiddledywink. And then he added, “and I said the doll-baby was stuffed with saw-dust—as she is—and Reddy here said she wasn't—as she isn't. No quarrel about that, ma'am.”

“Bluey said my jokes were bad,” sobbed Reddy.

“No, I didn't,” contradicted Bluey.

“You did,” asserted Reddy.

“Well, it doesn't make any difference anyhow what who said or what which didn't say. If you Tiddledywinks can't stop fighting,” the Yellow Snapper said firmly, “into bed you go.”

“Oh, all right,” said the Blue Tiddledywink. “Anything for peace and an extra hour out of bed. This business of lying down and losing my senses and doing nothing for eight long hours is very trying to me and seems like such a waste of time—and really you know sleep isn't half so necessary for a Tiddledywink as it is for a little boy—a little boy like that Jimmieboy we've been playing with to-day, for instance. Why, he's just got to

have all the sleep he can get, you know. That's because he takes after his papa and mamma. But we Tiddledywinks are stronger than little boys and men and women. I stayed awake a week once and felt just as chipper afterward as I would if I'd slept sound every night. No little boy could do that, nor his papa and mamma either. So I'm willing to compromise with Reddy. I didn't say his jokes were bad, but I did kind of let him believe I thought that everybody couldn't laugh at 'em, and I suppose it hurt his feelings, and, as I'm not quite ready to go to bed, I'll laugh at his jokes if he will admit that the doll-baby with the grass-colored eyes and dandelion hair is stuffed with saw-dust. It's easy enough to laugh at a joke that isn't funny, you know. Even the doll-baby could do that. That suit you, Reddy?"

"That will do," returned Reddy. "It suits me very well—I don't want to go to bed any more than you do, so I will admit that the *blue-eyed* doll-baby with *golden* hair, that is sweeter than all the maple sugar in the world, is stuffed with saw-dust. My admitting it doesn't make it so. I might admit that you

are a pink-eyed shrimp but that wouldn't make you any the less of a sky-blue piece of celluloid. I'll compromise—but you've got to laugh at my joke."

"All right," said Bluey, "get it off."

"When is a Tiddledywink not a Tiddledywink?" asked Reddy.

"Give it up," said Bluey.

"When he isn't, of course," roared Reddy.

And then they all laughed, and so it was decided that Reddy's jokes were funny, as they frequently were, and that the doll-baby was stuffed with sawdust—which she really was.

From this Jimmieboy was able to see that when the Tiddledywinks made up their minds that so was so, so was very apt to be so.





III.

THE BLACK TIDDLEDYWINK WRITES A POEM.

AT this point Jimmieboy's papa whispered softly across the room to his mamma that he thought—he wasn't quite sure—but he thought Jimmieboy must be asleep, he had been so very still, and once, he said, he was certain he heard him snore. But Jimmieboy heard the whisper and stopped listening to the Tiddledywinks long enough to tell his papa that he wasn't asleep at all and hadn't been.

“I was on'y finkin,” he said, by which he meant that he was only thinking. It was a funny way to say it but then Jimmieboy always said everything in a funny way. He

seemed to think that every word—or almost every word—there was except Papa and Mamma and Nana began with an “F” or a “W.” It was very curious, too, how he came to talk that way, because no one else that he or his papa ever heard talk, used so many effs and double-yews, and his mamma said that *she* had never heard of anyone who had even heard of anyone who called a railroad track a “wailwood wack” before, and Jimmieboy’s Nana made lots of fun of him because he called the Tiddledywinks “Widdledywinks.” So it happened that when Jimmieboy said he was “on’y finkin” his papa knew what he meant and said: “Oh, all right, fink away—it’ll do you good.” And then he started rocking again and began another song he’d scratched off on one of Jimmieboy’s “witing wadds,” as Jimmieboy called his scribbling pads. This song went somewhat this way:

O scoot away Skeeter, O scoot sky high,
Don’t you bite Jimmieboy, don’t even try,
For Jimmieboy’s papa takes care o’ him—
He squashes the Skeeters that bite little Jim.

This song used to make Jimmieboy laugh, but he didn’t listen all the way through this

time, because before his papa had half finished he looked over at the table again, and saw the little Black Tiddledywink struggling with his mamma's lead pencil that lay there, evidently trying to write something on a piece of note paper that he had found close at hand. The Tiddledywink seemed to be very much interested in what he was doing and Jimmieboy was curious to know what it was he was writing, and he didn't have to wait very long to have his curiosity gratified either, for the Yellow Snapper, who, as I have already said, was in charge, cried out :

“Hi there, Blackey, what are you doing with that pencil? A man might as well try to write with a telegraph pole as you with that pencil.”

“But I am writing, ma'am,” returned the Black Tiddledywink, laboriously pushing the pencil up and down until he had made a very fair W. “I am writing a poem.”

“A what?” laughed the Lamp-Chimney, as if he didn't believe Blackey could write a poem—and, strangely enough, it didn't seem a bit queer to Jimmieboy to hear the Lamp Chimney speak.

“A poem—or rather a song,” returned the Black Tiddledywink, pleasantly. “I’ve written lots and lots of poetry in my day. I wrote a very pretty little song once to a lovely pink donkey I saw some years ago in a Noah’s Ark, and really I’ve got no end of nursery rhymes stored away. I wrote that verse about the Duck in the *Tiddledywink Weekly*. Perhaps you saw it in the last number?”

“No. I don’t take that paper,” replied the Lamp-Chimney. “I’m a constant reader of the *Kerosene Monthly*.”

“Well, it went this way,” said Blackey—

“There was a small Duck of White Plains
Who said : “O my Duckship it pains
To hear people say
That the only wise way
Is to go in the house when it rains.”

“Isn’t that elegant !” cried the Green Tiddledywink proudly, addressing the Lamp-Chimney.

“Did you really write that out of your own head, and alone?” asked the Chimney, amazed at Blackey’s cleverness, as also was Jimmieboy.

“ I got every bit of it out of my own head,” said Blackey, proudly, “ and I wrote it—how do you suppose ? ”

“ I give it up—with a pen ? ” said the Blue Tiddledywink.

“ No, sir. I wrote it on a piece of blotting paper with the end of a burnt match,” returned the Black Tiddledywink, “ and at the same time I wrote a poem called ‘ My Favorite Fruit. ’ ”

“ It goes this way—

“ Some people like the oyster best,
And some the polar bear :
With some the peanut’s in request
But I prefer fresh air.”

“ That’s lovely,” cried the Yellow Tiddledywink, “ but I think I like pine-cones better than fresh air. They have more taste to them.”

“ Pine-cones *are* good,” said the Blue Tiddledywink, “ but they can’t hold a lighted match to goldfish tails with mucilage on ’em. They’re simply great. I haven’t had any lately, either. They aren’t in season ever until the fortieth of January, and since they

cut January down to thirty-one days they've never come into season again."

"How do you think of these poems, any way?" asked the Lamp-Chimney.

"Oh, I take in what people say," said Blackey, "and sometimes something somebody says will give me an idea for a poem. For instance I overheard an omnibus horse once telling a hay wagon that he thought it was going to rain, and I sat right down on the curb-stone and wrote these lines in my note book :

"It doesn't seem to matter much
Howe'er a cook may try,
There isn't anything can touch
A handsome pumpkin pie—
Unless it be a pickled fly,
And I don't care for them,
Because they always make me cry,
And 'jaculate Ahem!"

"But I don't see" said the Lamp Chimney, "how the remark of the omnibus-horse suggested that."

"No, you wouldn't," returned the Black Tiddledywink, "and for a very good reason. *You* are not a poet."

“It’s the same way with my jokes,” put in the Red Tiddledywink. “They are always suggested by something that they’re not at all like. For instance, my joke about a cat wearing her furs all through the summer so as to keep the moths out of them, was suggested by seeing a dog chasing his tail around a flower pot.”

“But are all your poems suggested that way?” asked the White Tiddledywink.

“Oh, no,” replied Blackey. “Sometimes they come naturally and are just what you’d expect; this one I’ve just written was inspired by what Bluey said about being glad he was a Tiddledywink and simply expresses his feeling in verse. It’s a good thing to be satisfied and glad you are what you are, you know. It is really awful if you are not so, as a story I could tell you about a stuffed alligator I once knew down south, would prove.”

“What was the story of the stuffed alligator?” asked the Green Tiddledywink, wheeling himself about the edge of the basket.

“Oh, he was only a plain stuffed alligator,” returned Blackey, “and he was always unhappy

because he wasn't something else—he never knew what. When I first knew him he was wishing he was a drum, so that he could make a noise in the world. I told him how foolish he was, how the drum was always getting beaten—not because he was noisy but to make him more so. And then I told him how drums were not favorites with people; how some papas that I knew of had declined to let their little boys play with 'em, and after a while I got him quite out of the notion. But it wasn't long before he began to be envious of a toy balloon he had met; said the balloon was bound to rise in the world while all he could do was to sit on the floor and stay stuffed. It didn't take me a minute to show him how foolish that was. I told him he ought to be very well satisfied that he wasn't a toy balloon because the balloon was always empty and was sure to burst sooner or later. He hadn't thought of that and said he guessed that after all there were some good things about being a stuffed alligator and for two weeks he was contented."

"And did he get discontented again?" asked the Yellow Snapper, who was quite

interested in what Black Tiddledywink was saying.

“Yes,” returned the Story-Teller, “the man who owned us took him one day and put him alongside of the fire-place. He thought he would show up better there, I suppose, and then the alligator got in with some sticks of wood that told him all about the trees out in the forest and how lovely everything out there was with the birds singing and the leaves rustling. He got very envious of the sticks of wood, and wished he was one of them. Poor fellow! He had his wish too quickly granted.”

“He didn’t turn into a stick of wood, did he?” asked the Blue Snapper.

“Oh no,” returned the Black Tiddledywink, “but one cold night the maid came in to build a fire, and in the dark she mistook the stuffed alligator for a stick and put him on the andirons with the pieces of wood, and before anyone knew it he was burned up. I guess he’d have been glad to be a plain, stuffed alligator again as soon as he found out what it was to be a stick—but it was too late. So I say I’m glad Bluey is glad to be what he is.

We all ought to be glad we are ourselves. It'll make us more contented, and that's what I based my poem on."

"Let's hear it," put in Reddy, "I'm very fond of poetry—especially yours."

"Thank you," said the Black Tiddledywink, blushing deeply, probably in honor of Reddy's color, and then he sang his song as follows:

"Oh, I am a Tiddledywink!
I am a Tiddledywink—
It is a glorious thing, I think,
To be a Tiddledywink.

I'm glad I am just what I be—
I'm glad to be just what I am.
It always makes me sad to see
An Elephant who'd be a clam;

A Kangaroo who thinks that he
Would have been happier as a dog;
A Hippopotamus who'd be,
If he'd his way, a jumping frog.

And Oh, I dee—
M it perfect rot
To wish to be
What one is not:

And so I say, I'm glad that I
Am what I am, and never sigh
Because I'm not a skating rink,
But just a plain old Tiddledywink."

This song was received with delight by the Tiddledywinks, but it made Jimmieboy do a little hard "finking," and when he had thought it all over he was rather sorry to remember that only the day before he had wished he was a cornucopia, so that he could be filled up with candy, and he was glad after all that he was his papa's and mamma's own Jimmieboy.





IV.

THE WHITE TIDDLEDYWINK.

SO deeply did Jimmieboy "fink" over the Black Tiddledywink's song, and so soothing did it sound as sung by the Yellow Snapper and his little friends, that Jimmieboy really fell asleep long enough to have his papa make up his mind that he ought to be in bed. That is how it happened that when Jimmieboy opened his eyes again he and the Tiddledywinks were alone in the room and nearer together than when he sat on his papa's lap, for now Jimmieboy found himself clad in his little night-dress and lying flat on his back in his crib, which stood right beside the table on which the Tiddledywinks were talking.

Generally when Jimmieboy waked up and found himself alone in the room he would cry just a little, so that his Nana would come in and hold his hand until he should fall asleep again, but he did not feel at all lonesome this time. Were not the Tiddledywinks still there having a high old time almost at the edge of his pillow? And, what was even more strange, couldn't he, Jimmieboy, see them just as plainly as could be, although the only light in the room came from a few dim rays straggling in through the portiere from the gas fixture in the next room where Nana sat knitting a pair of mittens for somebody with hands about the size of Jimmieboy's? No wonder he wasn't lonesome. Who could be with thirty-six lively little Tiddledywinks and six beautiful Snappers all of different colors enjoying themselves right alongside of him? So he didn't cry for Nana to come and hold his hand this time. He just stood up at the side of his crib and said:

“Hullo!”

This seemed to startle the Tiddledywinks very much, for they all jumped in a nervous sort of way and scampered back into their

basket as fast as they could, where they hid, trembling like leaves on the trees—that is, all except one poor little White Tiddledywink who in his fright rolled off in the wrong direction and got so close that Jimmieboy could take him in his hand, which the little fellow proceeded to do at once.

“Oh please, sir,” cried the White Tiddledywink, getting whiter than ever—“please don’t hurt me, sir, I wasn’t doing anything sir—only running around the table, sir. I didn’t know there was any harm in it, sir, and I’ll never, never do it again if you will only let me go back. My dear old Snapper and my brothers and sisters and cousins will be so worried.”

“I’m not going to hurt you,” said Jimmieboy, kindly. “There wasn’t any harm in your wunning awound the table as long as you didn’t touch nuffin. Did you touch anyfing?”

“No, sir—that is I didn’t move anything, sir,” gasped the little prisoner. “I did play see-saw with one of my brothers on the paper cutter but we left it just where we found it, sir—none the worse for wear—indeed, sir, it

was a little better because we shook some of the dust off."

"Oh, that's all wight," said Jimmieboy. "You needn't be afwaid of me. I'm Wimmieboy."

"Why, so you are," returned the White Tiddledywink joyfully, after gazing intently at Jimmieboy for a moment. "Do you know I didn't reckernize you in those clothes."

Jimmieboy was very glad to hear the Tiddledywink say, "reckernize" because that was the way he said it himself. His Uncle Periwinkle—Periwinkle was not his uncle's real name, but it was the name by which he was best known to Jimmieboy, and a real lovely uncle he was, too—Uncle Periwinkle, I say, had laughed at him a few days before for saying it that way and had told him that there was a "G" in it—and whatever that was Jimmieboy didn't know. He hadn't studied geology and of course couldn't be expected to know what his Uncle Periwinkle was trying to say, but at any rate whatever a "G" was and however it might affect the pronunciation of reckernize, Jimmieboy was satisfied that reckernize was right and to have the Tiddledywink

back him up in this opinion was very pleasing to him and so Jimmieboy kissed the Tiddledywink and asked :

“Do I look so diff'ent in my bed clothes?”

“I wouldn't know you for the same boy,” said the White Tiddledywink. “But then we haven't known each other long enough to be very well acquainted. You know when we were playing to-day your hair was fixed kind of different, wasn't it? You didn't have pieces of paper on your back hair then, did you?”

“No,” said Jimmieboy, running his hand over his curl papers. “No. I didn't, and I wish I didn't have 'em on now. They ain't very cumferble.”

“Very what?” asked the White Tiddledywink.

“Very cumferble,” said Jimmieboy. “Don't you know what cumferble means?”

“Oh, yes, I know!” cried the White Tiddledywink. “You mean they aren't very pretty to look at.”

“No, I don't,” said Jimmieboy. “I couldn't mean that, you know, because they are on the back of my yead, and of course I can't see

'em, and so I don't know wevver they's pyitty or not. Cumferble means—means—why, it means cumferble."

"Oh, now I understand!" said the White Tiddledywink, knowingly. "It means that they don't cost much. I might have thought of that if I'd only thought of it."

"That's twue," returned Jimmieboy, with a laugh. "If you had fought of it, you pwoberly would have fought of it,—but that ain't what I mean, neither."

"You don't mean that the curl-papers are very papery, do you? Curl-papers are that way very often," suggested the Tiddledywink.

"No, I mean that they ain't cumferble, that's all. You'll have to ask your Snapper what it means," said Jimmieboy. "It's very hard for a little boy like me to explain fings to people what doesn't unnerstand 'em. I don't mind tellin' people fings they know, but fings they don't know is too much bovver."

"Too much what?" asked the White Tiddledywink, anxiously. He was discovering lots of new words he'd never known before.

"Never mind," said Jimmieboy. "If you don't know what bovver is, you are a very

lucky Widdledywink. There ain't many fings in this world what hasn't had twouble of some kind or ovver."

"Oh, now I know. You mean bother, of course. But you never have any troubles, do you?" asked the Tiddledywink—Jimmieboy seemed so young to have troubles.

"Lots of 'em," said Jimmieboy, shaking his head so that the curl-papers rattled. "I dropped my bestest agate down fwoo the wegister into the furnace; I tooked my wubber dolly out widin' and she got losted; my papa gave me a piece of candy big enough to last five minutes, and I swallowed it all at once and on'y had one little taste of it—and, oh, lots and lots of fings happen to me,—my wailwood wain wan over my finger one day, and it hurted awful."

"What did you do?" asked the Tiddledywink, kissing Jimmieboy's finger, because it made him sorry to think it had ever been hurt, it was so very tender and little and pretty.

"I cwied for a little while, and then I kept it out of the wain's way after that."

"I guess that was the best thing to do,"

said the Tiddledywink, approvingly. "Just a little cry and common sense mixed up is a very good thing. I never cry because I can't. I haven't anything to cry with."

"Well," said Jimmieboy, "that's all wight. I wouldn't cwy if I could help it. It makes me feel very uncomferble—"

"Very what?" asked the Tiddledywink.

"Oh, dear!" returned Jimmieboy. "There we are again back at cumferble; perhaps we'd better talk about somefing else."

"I think so too," replied the Tiddledywink, nodding his head. "There's too much 'bover' about cumferble for us to get along well together if we keep on talking about it. You were speaking about your troubles a while ago. Did you ever notice that every time you had a trouble you followed it up with half a dozen untroubles?"

"I don't know what an untwouble is," said Jimmieboy, somewhat puzzled.

"Why, something that isn't a trouble, of course—something pleasant," returned the White Tiddledywink.

"Oh, yes. I've notiriced that," said Jimmieboy. "Why, when my agate went down into

the furnace, my papa bought me six more. I never yiked any one of 'em quite as much as I did the one I lost, but then you know there were six of the new ones, and I guess I loved all six fwee times as much as the ovver. Then I've notiriced too, that while it's howwid havin' my face washed, it's weal nice to have a clean face;—and mamma never spanked me yet without lovin' me fwee times as hard afterward."

"It's been the same way with me," said the Tiddledywink. "I got lost once and had an awful time before I was found, but after my Snapper had found me, I had ten times as much fun as I used to have. I don't believe I've cried one ninety-tooth part as much as I've laughed, and I've had eight glads to one sorry all through my life. Blackey—you ought to talk with Blackey—he's my cousin and writes poetry—"

"Yes, I heard some of it," said Jimmieboy. "And I fink it's very nice."

"Well," resumed the Tiddledywink, "he wrote a verse on glads and sorrys. I don't remember the exact words, but it goes very much like this:

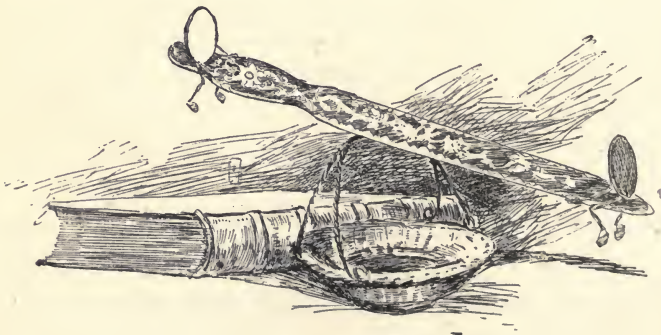
“ I never cry when I am sorry,
I never weep when I am sad,—
Because I know that by to-morrow
There'll be ten things to make me glad ! ”

“ Blackey must be a very smart Widdledywink,” said Jimmieboy.

“ Yes,” replied the White Tiddledywink proudly, “ he is awfully smart. I heard a gentleman say once that no one but Blackey could make ‘ sorry ’ rhyme with ‘ to-morrow. ’ ”

“ I fink I'd yike to meet Blackey,” said Jimmieboy. “ Let's go over and join the over Widdledywinks.”

“ All right,” returned the White Tiddledywink. They'll all be glad to see you, because they think you are a dear little boy.





V.

IN THE TIDDLEDYWINKS' BASKET.

HOW he ever managed to do it Jimmieboy didn't know, but he did get over the side of the crib, and into the Tiddledywinks' basket, without any trouble, nor did the White Tiddledywink help him a bit. It was stranger still, because Jimmieboy had often tried to climb over that little brass side-piece that kept him from falling out of bed, and never before had he been able to do it.

He was surprised, too, as he entered the Tiddledywinks' basket, to find how airy and roomy it was. It had—although Jimmieboy had not noticed it during the day-time while

he was playing with it—tiny little windows and halls, and stairs up and down, and pretty little bedrooms, and, best of all, a playroom in which Jimmieboy could see the most wonderful toys he ever saw—all entirely different from those with which he was used to playing. And through a little door that led out from the hall, Jimmieboy could see a beautiful park, with lovely paths running every which way, skirting six little round gardens in which grew flowers of every hue, and especially pink, which was Jimmieboy's favorite color; and, funniest of all, out in this park Jimmieboy could see Tiddledywink doggies and chickens, which were not at all like the chickens and doggies that he had—they were more like Tiddledywinks with feathers, the chickens were, and the doggies looked like Tiddledywinks with four legs and a tail. Jimmieboy wouldn't have known they were doggies if they hadn't wagged their tails, but he knew the chickens were chickens right away, because they strutted about so proudly and cackled so much.

“I don't see why you Widdledywinks wanted to play on my nurserwy table,” said

Jimmieboy. "Not when you have all this beautiful place to play in."

"Oh, that's only natural," said the White Tiddledywink. "It's just for the sake of variety."

"I don't know variety," said Jimmieboy. "Is he a Widdledywink?"

"No," returned Whitey. "He's a word, and he means something different from everything else."

"No wonder I didn't know him," laughed Jimmieboy. "I wouldn't know what a fink was that was different from everything I knew about. I didn't fink you had so much room in your basket," he added.

"Oh, we have lots of room. We have a dining-room—"

"Do you eat?" asked Jimmieboy, very much surprised.

"Oh my, yes," returned Whitey. "We eat tooth-picks—we have 'em fried every Friday and stewed every Stewsdays. And besides that we're very fond of apple cores—"

"I waver yike apple cores myself," said Jimmieboy. "I've on'y had one and something happened to me afterwards. I had a

awful hurt down where I bweave and mamma made me take somefing that I didn't yike to make me well. I fink I'd wavver have the apple core and the hurt than take the overfing, but mamma wanted me to take it and I didn't care 'cause the taste didn't last long."

"They never hurt us, apple cores don't," said the White Tiddledywink, "but that's because we don't eat the way you do. You swallow everything. We never do. We haven't anything to swallow 'em into. We just look at 'em you know and *think* how nice they are. When you get used to it that's the nicest and healthiest way to eat."

"I don't much fink I'd yike that," said Jimmieboy. "Seems to me I'd wavver taste what I eat. What good is molasses and bwead when you on'y look at it?"

"That's just it," said the White Tiddledywink, "it's just as sweet whether you take it in your mouth or not. Taking it in your mouth doesn't make it sweet. It's just as sweet when you look at it—don't you see? And then think of all the bad things you have to take sometimes! How nice it would be if you only had to look at medicines!"

“But they're just as bad,” said Jimmieboy, triumphantly.

“Of course they are,” said the Tiddledywink. “But that doesn't make any difference. You don't taste 'em just looking at 'em.”

“I fink I'd wavver eat dinner my way and take mediker—” Jimmieboy always called medicine ‘mediker’—“and take mediker your way. I'll have to tell my mamma about your way and may be she'll let me. You seem pyitty stwong.”

“I don't much believe she will let you,” said the White Tiddledywink, shaking his head. “You see it's the dinner you eat that upsets you, and to make everything right you'd have to take your medicine the way you eat your dinner. That's the only way we can do. When we think a dinner we have taken doesn't agree with us we look at the medicine right afterwards—sometimes we pour the medicine right on the dinner and it makes us feel better right away. You've got to stick to one plan or another.”

“I won't,” said Jimmieboy. “I'll do bofe. I'll look at what I eat and then I'll eat it, so

that I'll get twice as much good out of it as you do."

"That's greedy," said the White Tiddledywink, "and as Blackey said in his verse, 'I am not fond of greedy boys.' You know the rest of it I suppose?"

"No," replied Jimmieboy, "I don't fink I ever heard that poem. How does it go?"

"This way," said the Tiddledywink, and he recited as follows :—

"I am not fond of greedy boys
Who're eating all the time.
I'd never give them any toys
Or put them in my rhyme,

"Except to say that years ago
I knew a boy named Si
Who ate so very much, you know,
He turned into a pie."

"Is that a twue sto'y?" asked Jimmieboy, when the White Tiddledywink had finished.

"So Blackey said—only the boy's name wasn't really Si. He had to make his name Si so that it would rhyme with pie."

"I s'pose if he had turned into a cake, the boy would have been named Jake," said Jimmieboy.

"I suppose so," returned the Tiddledywink. "Blackey never told us what his real name was, only that he turned into a pie and was eaten up at lunch time by the coachman."

"That was awful," said Jimmieboy, turning pale. "I must be careful not to eat too much."

"Yes—or when you do, eat too much of something the coachman doesn't like," suggested the Tiddledywink.

"That's a good idea," said Jimmieboy, delighted. "And I know what it is—it's marsh-mallows. But what ovver wooms have you here?"

"There's our parlor over there," said the Tiddledywink, pointing down the hall.

"Whereabouts," asked Jimmieboy. "I don't see any parlor, there's on'y a little cwack in the wall like the one in the top of my penny bank."

"That's the door. It's all we need," said the Tiddledywink. "You see we can roll ourselves in there without any trouble. See?" and the Tiddledywink rolled through the crack as he spoke and disappeared in the

wall. In a moment he was back again. "Nice, eh?" he said.

"Yes—pyitty nice," said Jimmieboy. "But how do you ever get company in there?"

"Company? In a parlor?" said the Tiddledywink with a scornful laugh. "I never heard of having company in a parlor. That's where we sleep—sometimes. We just roll in there and lie down and go to sleep. Nothing but a Tiddledywink can get in there, you know—so we're never disturbed."

Jimmieboy couldn't help laughing at the idea of sleeping in the parlor. His papa and mamma never had let him do it, and he thought the way the Tiddledywinks did things was very queer, but he was too polite to say much more about it, so he turned and walked into the playroom.

"This is nice," said he, looking about him, "I yike this very much. What's that funny fing over there?" he asked, pointing to a curious toy on the floor.

"That's a rail-boat," said the Tiddledywink. "Didn't you ever see a rail-boat before?"

"Never heard of such a fmg," said Jimmieboy. "What good is it?"

"What good? Why it's one of the finest things to play with you ever saw," returned the Tiddledywink.

"But what does it do?" asked the little visitor.

"Why, it's a boat that sails up and down the track," explained the Tiddledywink.

"But it's cars that wun on wacks," said Jimmieboy.

"Not in Tiddledywink-land," said Whitey. "No, sir. We have lots of cars, but we have to push them up and down in a tub full of water, and the Snappers don't like to have us do that for fear we'll get all wet, and I don't care much for it either because it's horrid to get wet. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know," said Jimmieboy. "My Nana never lets me get wet. I kind of fink I'd like to twy."

"Oh, you'll try some day. Just wait until you are caught out in a heavy storm without your cane. You'll get wet enough," laughed the Tiddledywink, "and you won't like it either, I can tell you. I got wet once when I

wasn't more 'n a day old. That's why I am a White Tiddledywink. I was to have been a Pink Tiddledywink, but I was rained on before my color set and that's how it was."

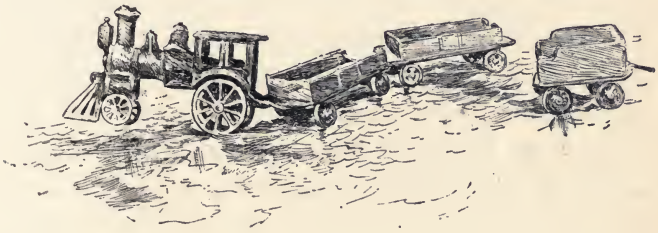
"You don't feel very badly about it, do you?" said Jimmieboy, with a sympathetic glance at his little friend.

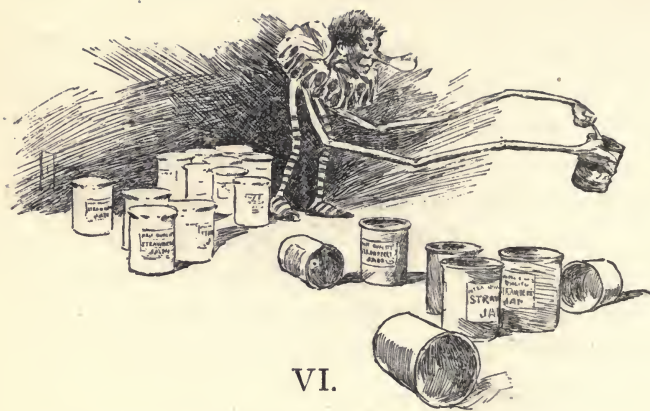
"Oh no. Not so very," said the Tiddledywink. "People all like white, you know, and may be if I'd been red, or black, or green, or pink somebody would have disliked me."

"I wouldn't," said Jimmieboy, giving the White Tiddledywink a little squeeze. "I'd have yiked you anyhow. You're so good to me, telling me all these fings and showing me about. And then you know," he added, "white is such a clean color. I heard my papa say so, and he knows pyitty much everyfing—he said so himself."

"I'd like to meet your papa some day," said the White Tiddledywink. "He must be a fine fellow. But now I guess we'd better join the Snappers, and my brothers and cousins out in the park—I see they're not in here. We can come back and see the toys afterwards."

And so Jimmieboy and the White Tiddledywick passed out into the park, and the latter giving a funny little cry that Jimmieboy thought would have been very much like a canary bird's whistle if it hadn't reminded him of the purr of a kitten, they soon found themselves surrounded by the Tiddledywinks and the Snappers who came running in from the woods that stood on all sides of this beautiful spot.





VI.

THE WHIMPERJAM AND THE WOBBLDYPIE.

AT first the Tiddledywinks paid no attention to Jimmieboy, they were so glad to see Whitey back again. When Jimmieboy had said "Hullo" to them, just before he caught the White Tiddledywink, they were so frightened that they didn't stop to see who it was that said, "Hullo." If they had they would not have been afraid, because, although Jimmieboy was a great deal bigger than they were, they knew what kind of a boy he was and they were certain he wouldn't intentionally hurt any one. Indeed they had heard one of the little tin soldiers say that Jimmieboy was the tenderest hearted boy he ever knew, and

he had added that while it hurt him very much to have his head twisted around so that the back of his neck came just over his scarf-pin, and although it was extremely painful to have his leg bent backwards until it snapped off, Jimmieboy was so awfully sweet about it afterwards, and seemed so very, very sorry for what he had done, that he would have been willing to go through the same trial ten times a day every day in the week for the rest of his life, just for the pleasure of being petted and sympathized with afterwards.

But they all thought it was some horrible animal that had caught Whitey and yelled "Hullo" and so they ran as fast as their legs could carry them. It was dark in the room at the time and they didn't know but that the Wobbledypie had come after them, and Reddy said he was sure it was the Whimperjam, because he had heard him whimper.

Now the Wobbledypie was an animal that Jimmieboy had never heard of before, although if he had read Blackey's poem about that terrible creature he would have known well enough what it was—as you will know

when you read the poem which I will print right here.

“O the Wobbledypie is a horrible bird,
With a sewing machine for a mouth—
And he comes, or at least it is so I have heard,
From the regions that lie in the south.

He's a nose that's a hundred and ten inches long,
And his eyes are big windows of glass—
And on each of his fingers he carries a prong,
Which he uses for lighting the gas.

And a very queer thing 'bout the Wobbledypie
When he's moving he rolls like a ball—
But the funniest yet to the Tiddledy eye
He has really no body at all.”

That is about as fine a description of the Wobbledypie as I ever heard, although it fails to mention the fact that you can always tell the Wobbledypie, even when he is far away, by his hat, which is a tall beaver hat like the one Jimmieboy's papa wears to church on Sundays, only the silk on it is brushed the wrong way so as to give it a fuzzy look. If you see a Wobbledypie without his hat, you will know at once that he isn't a real Wobbledypie but a Tartlejig—which isn't half so useful as the Wobbledypie, has a nose only nine-

ty-two inches long, and the window glass in his eyes is dull and cracked. Besides nobody is ever afraid of a Tartlejig, and the Tiddledywinks even go so far as to pull his whiskers and call him by his first name, which to a Tartlejig is the most awful thing that can happen.

The Whimperjam is another kind of creature altogether, but quite as terrible. He is eating all the time and nothing satisfies him quite so well as strawberry jam—from which he gets part of his name. The other part he gets from his habit of whimpering when he hasn't any jam. He is a great tease, is the Whimperjam, and for that reason the Tiddledywinks fear him. It makes him very happy indeed to catch a Tiddledywink and compel his captive to roll about him, and he never stops until the Tiddledywink has rolled five miles, which makes the Tiddledywink very dizzy, as you would be if you turned round and round three hundred thousand times in a single afternoon—and that is about what the Tiddledywink would have to do to go five miles. But the Whimperjam is a much better looking creature than the Wob-

bledypie or the Tartlejig. He has bright red hair, blue eyes and a nose that looks like a shoe horn. His mouth is very small—only large enough to get strawberry jam and whimpers through. Like the Wobbledypie he has no body, but his legs, which grow out of his neck just below his chin, are very pretty indeed, looking like candlesticks, and he always has them covered with pretty striped stockings. His arms, too, are peculiar, being four times as long as his legs and having four joints in each, so that he can fold them up out of his way when he is walking.

The Tiddledywinks have to be very careful about the Whimperjam because he can reach so far. Indeed Blackey has a verse about this fearful animal in which he says :

A great, big, horrid Whimperjam
Got hold of me one day
When I was standing where I am
And he a mile away.

So, as I say, it was a very glad time for the Tiddledywinks when they saw Whitey back again safe and sound.

“Was it the Whimperjam got you?” asked

Reddy, putting his arm around him. "If it was you must be tired."

"No, it wasn't the Whimperjam," returned Whitey with a smile and a glance at Jimmie-boy—the idea of anybody's taking him for a Whimperjam was so absurd.

"Then it must have been the Wobbledypie," said Bluey. "I said so too. You can't fool me even in the dark. I can tell a Wobbledypie anywhere, even if I don't see him. I can tell by the sound of his mind working when he thinks, and when his eyes wink it sounds like torpedoes. Didn't you hear him winking, Greeney?" he asked, turning to the Green Tiddledywink, who was picking a bouquet of dandebears for Whitey—they don't have dandelions in Tiddledywink-land, but the dandebears are quite as pretty.

"Cert'nly," said Greeney. "I heard him wink and what's more when I was climbing up the side of the basket to get away I looked back and I saw him reach out his hand and catch Whitey. He had a boxing glove on it, but I knew it was a Wobbledypie's hand just the same—I could hear his knuckles crack."

"Did he dip you in the mucilage pot,

Whitey?" asked Bluey—for this was the favorite method of the Wobbledypie for making the Tiddledywinks unhappy.

Whitey laughed aloud.

"You Tiddledys must have been dreaming," he said, "or else you have wonderful eyesight and ear-hearing to be able to see things that aren't and hear things that ain't. It wasn't the Wobbledypie that said 'Hullo' and grabbed me—nor the Tartlejig, nor the Pinjoodle, but dear little Jimmieboy."

"Not the pretty little fellow who's been playing with us all day and who gave me three rides around the nursery in his choo-choo cars for nothing?" said Blackey.

"The very same," said Whitey.

"Well, this is very curious,
It's like I never see,
It may not be too much for us
But 'tis too much for me."

said Blackey. And then he added, "I don't see how Bluey could ever have taken Jimmieboy for the Wobbledypie."

"Perhaps," said Jimmieboy, thinking it was about time somebody paid some attention to

him, "perhaps it was my curl papers. Does the Wobbledypie ever wear curl papers?"

"Oh, often," said the Green Tiddledywink. "He wears them on his upper lip because part of his business is to sneer at things and his lip is naturally straight, so he has to curl it."

"That accounts for it," said Bluey, rather glad to get out of the position he was in so easily. He was afraid Jimmieboy might be angry at being taken for the Wobbledypie and this made everything all right. "I saw the curl papers and didn't wait for the rest. I'm not very brave when the Wobbledypie comes around you know," he said, addressing Jimmieboy in a whisper. "It isn't pleasant to be dipped in the mucilage. It makes you feel so sticky, you know, so I always run. Ever been dipped in mucilage, sir?"

"No, I've never been dipped in mucilage—that is on'y my fumb," answered Jimmieboy.

"Your what?" asked Bluey.

"My fumb—my big little finger that sits all alone down in the corner of my hand," replied Jimmieboy, illustrating his statement by holding his thumb up and wiggling it.

“Oh yes. Your thumb,” returned Bluey.
“And didn’t it stick?”

“Yes—it felt just like molasses—but it tasted diff’ent,” said Jimmieboy, making a wry face at the remembrance of the mucilage’s taste.

“Jimmieboy has come over to stay a little while with us,” said Whitey at this point, “and I want you Tiddledys to show him around. There are lots of things here that he’s never seen.”

“Very well,” said the Yellow Tiddledywink. “I’ll show him the Moon-flowers and my hoe with teeth.”

“I’ll read him some things from my poems,” said Blackey.

“He may not think they have much sense,
But that is only fair
Because although they are immense,
There isn’t any there.”

“And I,” said the Red Tiddledywink, “will take him up to my room and ask him riddles and tell him lots and lots of jokes.”

“I’ll take him rowing,” said the Green Tiddledywink.

“Papa don’t let me go wowing,” replied Jimmieboy.

“Why not?” queried Greeney.

“Because he’s afraid I’ll fall in the water,” said Jimmieboy.

“Oh, pshaw!” returned the Green Tiddledywink. “We don’t row anywhere near the water. How could you row a bicycle on water? It wouldn’t float. Come along.”

And before Jimmieboy knew how he got there, he and the Green Tiddledywink were seated on a beautiful nickel bicycle, rowing down the garden path as fast as their oars could take them.





VII.

JIMMIEBOY AND GREENEY GO ROWING.

FOR a few minutes Jimmieboy was uneasy. It isn't the certainest thing in the world rowing a bicycle. It is even harder, some people think, than riding one in the regular way because the oars sometimes do not weigh the same and make the bicycle tip to one side, but after he'd rowed a mile or two Jimmieboy began to like it very much and got so that he wasn't at all afraid.

"Do you wow much?" he said, turning to the Green Tiddledywink who sat behind him.

"Oh, yes indeed. "I'm out rowing nearly all the time—but the others don't care so very much for it. They like sailing better

than they do rowing. They think it is easier, and perhaps it is, but I believe in taking all the exercise I can get. Exercise makes you good and strong, and I'm the strongest Tiddledywink in the basket."

"I shouldn't fink sailing on a bicycle would be very safe," said Jimmieboy. He had seen boats sailing on a lake his papa and mamma had taken him to, way up in the mountains, the summer before, and he knew well enough that sometimes when the wind blew pretty hard the boats used to go over on one side and he couldn't see very well how a bicycle could be made to stand up at all if that should happen to it.

"Well, you are right there," said the Tiddledywink, "it isn't safe unless you have your roads padded with mattresses and that costs a great many flowers."

"Gweat many fwowers?" asked Jimmieboy, opening his eyes as wide as he could, for he was just as surprised as he could be. "What do you mean by that?"

"We pay all our bills with flowers in Tiddledywink-land. Didn't you know that?" asked the Tiddledywink, surprised in his turn.

“Never heard of such a funny fink,” said Jimmieboy. “S’pose all your fwowers fade—what becomes of your money?”

“Flowers don’t fade here. They’re all made of wax. Don’t you know about the bees?” said Greeney.

“Of course I know about the bees,” said Jimmieboy. “Know lots about ’em. They bite with their tails—and they wun aound the gardens and get honey out of the fwowers.”

“Yes,” said the Green Tiddledywink. “That’s all true—but didn’t you ever hear of beeswax?”

“Guess I did,” laughed Jimmieboy. “My mamma’s got some down in the ironing room to wub on the irons. I know all about it too because I tried to chew some of it up one day and couldn’t. It was pyitty good though.”

“Well, where do you suppose the bees got that?”

“I never fought to fink,” said Jimmieboy.

“Well, I’ll tell you,” said Greeney. “They get it out of the wax flowers that grow here in Tiddledywink-land. That’s where; and when its fried in pancakes with nutmeg dust

on 'em it's the finest dish you ever looked at."

"But if your fwowers are made of wax they don't have any smell," said Jimmieboy.

"Oh, yes, they do," retorted the Tiddledywink, "and what's more we can make 'em smell just as we want 'em to because we water 'em with cologne. If we think a daisolet would be nicer if it smelled like a heliorose or a verbenatrobe we water it with cologne that will make it smell that way, so everybody's satisfied with flowers he has."

"Isn't it wavver 'spensive waterin' fwowers with cologne?" asked Jimmieboy. "I bwoke a bottle of cologne once and my Nana said anovver one just like it would cost, oh, ever so much money—over fifty cents, she said. That's more'n you cost."

"'Tisn't more'n we cost," said the Tiddledywink warmly. "We cost a dollar. We aren't any fifty cent Tiddledywinks and you mustn't think we are. We are all in fast colors and we haven't any nicks in us either, and besides our basket's worth more'n forty cents. But never mind about that. Cologne would be expensive if we didn't have it in

fountains. Comes down from the Tiddledywink mountains and spouts right up in our gardens. That's the best kind of cologne there is, you know. Comes right straight out of the ground and doesn't have to be mixed or bottled or anything—only just smelled."

For a minute or two Jimmieboy said nothing. He thought it must be perfectly lovely to live in the country where they had fountains of cologne and where flowers always smelled just as you wanted them to, and he had an idea that he'd like to stay with the Tiddledywinks all the time; but then, when he thought of his papa and mamma and his books and cars and dollies and all the other nice things he had in the nursery, he made up his mind that after all he would like Tiddledywinkland better as a place to visit, and he resolved that when he went back home again he would tell his papa all about the lovely country he was now in, and try to get him to visit it too, and maybe bring mamma if she'd come—which he doubted because his mamma was too fond of home to take pleasure in travelling anywhere.

"What kind of fmg do they go sailing in

then, if they can't sail bicycles?" he asked, at last breaking the silence.

"Sometimes they go in boats built like your express wagon. Sometimes they go out in baby carriages, but most of the time they have a little sled on wheels with a big pole for the sail in the middle of it," returned the Tiddledywink. "When they go chickening they use a great big donkey cart because it stands way up high and doesn't frighten the chickens."

"I don't know what you mean by wickening," said Jimmieboy, who was very much puzzled by what the Tiddledywink said. "What is wickening?"

"I didn't say wickening," retorted the Tiddledywink. "I said chickening. I thought everybody knew what chickening was. It's like fishing, only instead of catching fish you catch chickens. Get a boat and sail out to where the chickens are thickest; tie up to a hitching post, and then bait your line with a piece of corn or a cold cake of some kind and haul in chickens by the dozen. It's great sport chickening. Blackey's very fond of it. In his little book called 'Poems of an Aged

Snapper,' he wrote a mighty pretty verse on it. This is the way it goes :

“‘Ah me, I sigh for those old days—
The days when papa use’ter
Take me chickening through the maize.
My baited line I’d cast and raise
A fat, fourteen pound rooster.’”

“I don’t beyieve it’s a twue sto’y at all,” said Jimmieboy. “No Snapper could ever haul in a fourteen pound wooster. He wouldn’t be heavy enough.”

“Well, I don’t know about that,” said the Green Tiddledywink with a shake of his head. “Those Snappers are pretty smart fellows and may be the Poppergee helped him.”

“What’s a Poppergee?” asked Jimmieboy.

“He’s the good fairy of the Tiddledywinks,” answered Greeney. “He comes to us when we are in a fix and puts cold cream on our troubles. He’s awful nice. He’s a big tall creature with blue trousers on, and he always has a bunch of keys in his pocket and a bottle of vaseline in his bag. I’ll never forget the first time I tried to go sailing on a bicycle and got upset. It was over my head—”

“Over your head on the path? I don’t see how that could be,” said Jimmieboy.

“You didn’t wait for me to finish,” returned the Tiddledywink, “and you ought always to wait until people are through talking before you begin. As Blackey puts it :

‘When other people have the floor,
I’ll tell you what to do :
Refrain from putting in your oar
Till t’other ones are through.’”

“Scuse me,” said Jimmieboy. “Papa told me about that too and I forgot.”

“Well, as I was saying,” said Greeney. “It was over my head when I fell out—because I fell into the bushes. It was horrid, too. I couldn’t see, and the ladder we carry with us when we sail, so’s to climb up and call for help in case of accident, wasn’t where I could reach it at all and I was in an awful position. I cried that time I can tell you—cried so hard my tears wet my feet and gave me a fearful cold. That’s the worst part of this land sailing. If you get wrecked and cry, you get so awfully wet, while at sea

your tears just drop in the water and don't do any harm. But, just as I was giving myself up for lost, the Poppergee came along, and I tell you I was glad. I knew he was coming by the rattle of his keys in his pocket as he walked. I called to him and he pulled me out, gave me a nice big spoonful of vaseline and a little bit of cold cream and I was all right again. So you see I am very fond of the Poppergee."

"I should fink you would be very fond of him," said Jimmieboy. "It's a very fine fing' to have a good fairwy yike that. I've got one, and I fink he must be somefing yike your Poppergee. He has a bunch of keys in his pocket and he wears blue twousers too, sometimes, but he never carwies cold cweam and vaseline in his bag. He's 'bout six feet tall."

"So's our Poppergee," put in Greeney. "And he never wears a hat in the house."

"Neiver does my fairwy," said Jimmieboy. "Does your Poppergee have a watch that says 'tick' all the time?"

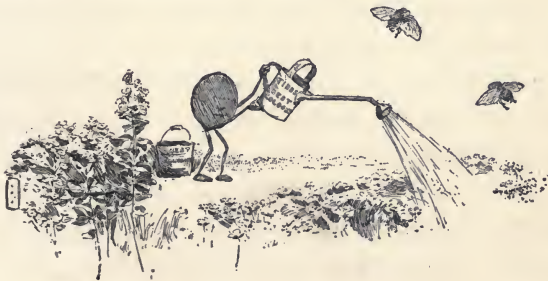
"Yes, he has," replied the Tiddledywink. "And it is always eight minutes behind time

and the Poppergee never can remember whether it's too slow or too fast, so he always gets where he wants to be long before he wants to be there, and so he never gets left."

"Then I know who the Poppergee is," said Jimmieboy with a chuckle."

"Who?" asked Greeney.

"Never you mind," said Jimmieboy, "but when I go home I'm going to tease my papa about somefing, 'cause he's got a watch that's eight minutes wrong too, and he wears blue—but never mind. I'll have lots of fun with him. Hullo! What's this?" he added suddenly, for the bicycle had stopped before a little green summer-house and Greeney had hopped to the ground and offered his hand to Jimmieboy to help him down.





VIII.

MISS GREEN TIDDLEDYWINK.

“DEAR me!” cried Jimmieboy in surprise, as he gazed at the pretty little cottage before which he and the Green Tiddledywink were standing. “What is this?”

“This is my home,” replied the Tiddledywink with a proud smile. “This is where my brothers and sisters and I live, together with our Snapper. Isn’t it nice?”

“Perfectly lubly,” said Jimmieboy, clapping his hands with delight, “but I fought you all lived down there in the basket!”

“You mustn’t think when you are in Tiddledywink-land,” said the Green Tiddledywink gravely. He grew very solemn, because he

didn't want to have to tell Jimmieboy what he had hidden from him in the beginning—that the Tiddledywinks only slept in the parlor in the basket when they were naughty. He didn't want Jimmieboy to know that the Tiddledywinks ever were naughty, and so he tried to keep him from saying anything more on that subject. "You mustn't think here," he added, "because it's against our laws, except at dinner time, when you have to think whether you like your dinner or not. Didn't you know that if people didn't know what it was to think, it would never occur to them to be thoughtless?"

"I never fought of that," said Jimmieboy.

"Which shows how much good it does to think," cried the Tiddledywink. "With all your thinking you haven't been able to think of things that we think of without thinking."

"I wish you'd say that again," said Jimmieboy, puzzled a little bit by the Tiddledywink's words. "I couldn't exyactly follow you."

"No, I couldn't say it again because I've got so many other things to say," returned the Tiddledywink, "and as for following me, you won't find that hard if you will keep your eye

on me and go wherever I go. Won't you come in and see my brothers and sisters and the Snapper?" he added.

Jimmieboy never remembered whether he said he would go in or not. All he ever knew about it was that he soon found himself standing in the prettiest little parlor imaginable, where, playing on a piano about as tall as a darning needle, he saw a lovely Tiddledywink with what looked like a satin dress on. It was the Green Tiddledywink's sister practising her music lesson, and as Jimmieboy listened to the tune she was playing he thought he "reckernized" it, but whether it was "Yankee Doodle" or "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," he couldn't quite make out. At any rate he thought it was an awfully pretty tune and he said so.

"Oh dear," cried little Miss Green Tiddledywink, jumping up hurriedly from the piano. "Excuse me, I didn't know anyone had come in."

"It's only Jimmieboy and me," said her brother.

"And I enjoyed the moobic so much," said Jimmieboy—he always called music 'moobic.'

However Miss Green Tiddledywink seemed to understand.

“What was it you were playing?” he added. “‘Yankee Doodle’ or ‘Way Down Upon the Suwanee River’?”

“I don’t know either of those songs,” replied Miss Green Tiddledywink. “The air I was playing is called ‘Suwanee Doodle.’ There is a tune called ‘Way Down Upon the Yankee River,’ but I only know it upon the finger-bowls—I’ve never played it on the piano.”

“I don’t fink I quite unnerstand you,” said Jimmieboy. “What do you mean when you say you know it on the finger-bowls?”

“Didn’t you ever play on the finger-bowls?” asked the Green Tiddledywink.

“Nope,” said Jimmieboy. “Not as I can recommember.”

“Then I’ll play them for you,” said Miss Green Tiddledywink, rising and walking to the table where there stood all in a row a dozen pretty glass finger-bowls, which, when she tapped them with a little gold hammer she had, tinkled forth the most beautiful ‘moobic’ Jimmieboy had ever heard. When

she had finished playing she turned to Jimmieboy and said :

“That’s ‘Way Down Upon the Yankee River’.”

“Yes—I know now,” said Jimmieboy. “Your tune ‘Suwanee Doodle,’ is ‘Yankee Doodle’ mixed with ‘Suwanee River,’ while your ‘Yankee River’ is ‘Suwanee River’ mixed with ‘Yankee Doodle.’”

“Yes, I guess that’s it,” said Miss Green Tiddledywink. “I never could tell the difference between them myself, except that I could play one on the piano and the other on the finger-bowls.”

“Don’t you fink that’s a funny fink to use finger bowls for—to play tunes on?” asked Jimmieboy of Miss Green Tiddledywink.

“Funny!” she answered, “whatever else could they be used for? How do you use finger bowls up where you live? As hats?”

Here the little young woman laughed merrily, and Jimmieboy could not help doing the same, because it did seem very absurd, this idea of hers, that he and his papa and mamma wore finger-bowls for hats.

“Why, no. We have 'em for dinner,” said he.

“You don't eat 'em?” cried Miss Green Tiddledywink.

“No, no, no, no!” laughed Jimmieboy. “We couldn't eat glass. Of course not—but we use them to wash our hands in.”

“I should think,” said the young woman, her lip curving into a becoming bit of a sneer, “I should think you would wash your hands before going to dinner. I don't understand you people anyhow,” she added. “I think you are exceedingly queer. You think it is so awfully fine to have hair on your heads and yet it is a fearful bother for you to keep it curled. I think Blackey hit it off just about right in his rhyme on unnecessary things. He wrote :

‘Oh how I hate unnecessary things,
Including beggars, measles, mumps and kings.
Oh how I hate the things that no one needs,
Including whooping-cough, snow-balls and weeds.
How glad am I that I don't have to wear
Eye-glasses, rubber-boots or curly-hair—
And how my heart doth gladly beat and sing
That I'm not an unnecessary thing.’”

Here Jimmieboy noticed for the first time that little Miss Green Tiddledywink was bald

and he was surprised to see that she was just as pretty as could be in spite of it.

“But our heads would look very funny if we didn’t have hair,” said Jimmieboy.

“Oh, that’s all a notion,” returned Miss Green Tiddledywink, “and besides even if you did look funny you could cover it up with a hat.”

“That’s so,” said Jimmieboy, “but they don’t let little boys keep their hats on in the house where I live.”

“I know that,” returned the Tiddledywink, “but that’s only because they don’t want you to cover up your hair,” and then, seeing that Jimmieboy was looking rather bored at getting into an argument about his people’s customs, the young woman asked him if he wouldn’t like to have her sing him a song, and he said he would, whereupon she sang what she called a few lines from Father Gander’s Melodies.

They ran something like this :

“I had a little husband once,
No bigger than my thumb ;
I took him round to Taffy’s house
And there I bade him drum.

When Taffy heard him drumming there,
Dressed in his cloak of red,
He got his little musket down
And shot him in the head."

"My Mother Goose has got some po'twy in it somefing yike that," said Jimmieboy, "on'y Taffy doesn't shoot the little husband. He steals a marrow bone."

"That's a queer thing to do," returned little Miss Green Tiddledywink. "Whatever could he do with a marrow bone? That doesn't seem a likely thing to do. I believe Father Gander's story is the true one,—though it was rather hard on the little husband. Did you ever hear this one?"

'I love little Piggy, her grunt is so sweet,
And if I don't hurt her she'll slowly repeat
The names of her uncles, the price of her hat,
And tell funny stories about Pussy Cat.'

Jimmieboy laughed at this until his sides ached.

"That's very funny," he said, "but it ain't a bit yike Mother Goose's story about loving little Pussy whose coat is so warm."

"Coat?" cried the little Green Tiddledywink girl. "I don't see why she speaks of

the Pussy cat's coat—as if the Pussy cat could slip it on and off whenever she wanted to! Why, it's 'diculous."

"It's what?" asked Jimmieboy. 'Diculous' was a new word for him.

"Oh, you'd say wee-diculous, I suppose," returned Miss Tiddledywink, "but I haven't time to put wees on all my words the way you do."

"Tell me some more of Father Gander's po'twy," said Jimmieboy, wishing to change the subject.

"Certainly," replied Miss Greeney, rising from her chair and getting a book from which she read:

"Jack Fat could eat no sprats,
His wife would not eat shrimps,
And while Jack hunted dogs and cats
His wife would curl her crimps."

"That's pyitty good," said Jimmieboy. "Is there anyfing there about 'Wain, Wain, go away?'"

"No, but there's this one:

Rain, Rain, do not shirk,—
My umbrella wants to work!"

said Miss Greeney. "Is that anything like yours?"

"Exyactly the same," said Jimmieboy, "on'y it's just the ropposite to the way mine goes. How about 'Hey Diddle Diddle'—is that there?"

"Yes," returned Miss Green Tiddledywink, turning over the pages. "Here it is :

'Hey, Diddle, Diddle,
The Pig and the Griddle!
The cat sat down on the range;
And the little mouse grinned
When the taters were skinned,
And the butcher ran off with the change.'

"But," said Jimmieboy, in a surprised tone, "doesn't Father Gander tell you how the cow jumped over the moon, and how the dish wan away with the spoon?"

"Of course not," replied Miss Greeney. "And how could he? It never happened. A pony like the Red Tiddledywink's might be able to jump over the moon because he's got spring heels, but no plain cow could ever jump that high, and all that Father Gander says in his book is really and truly true.

Like Jack and Jill. Jack never fell down at all as it really happened.

‘ Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of water.
Jill came near to falling down,
But Jacky deftly caught her.’

That’s the way that affair happened.”

“I s’pose that’s so,” said Jimmieboy, after a minute of thought; then he added, “didn’t you say the Wed Widdledywink had a pony?”

“Yes,” replied Miss Greeney. “A lovely little—why,” she said, interrupting herself, “there he is with it now at the door.”

And then Jimmieboy heard the Red Tiddledywink’s voice out in front of the green cottage calling: “*Jimmieboy—oh—Jimmieboy!*”





IX.

JIMMIEBOY AND REDDY DRIVE TO THE ZOO.

AS was usually the case with Jimmieboy when there was something new and wonderful to be seen, it did not take him long to present himself to the Red Tiddledywink, who sure enough, as Miss Green Tiddledywink had said, had arrived with his pony and barrow to take Jimmieboy driving.

Jimmieboy had fully intended to say "Howdy-do" to the Red Tiddledywink as soon as he saw him, but when the pony met his gaze he was so pleased that he forgot to do it—and it was no wonder that he was pleased, for the Red Tiddledywink's pony was a beauty—although a funny looking

beauty, it seemed to Jimmieboy at first. He had on two pairs of very handsome patent leather shoes and blue eye-glasses, the pony had, which seemed very strange until Jimmieboy got used to it. Then around his neck was a stiff white linen sailor collar, with a red silk necktie, and a great big diamond pin in it, such as Jimmieboy remembered seeing the fireman, who was his mamma's cook's cousin, wear once when he called on the cook. Jimmieboy remembered it because he happened to be in the kitchen when the cook's cousin called, eating the cake batter from the sides of a big earthenware dish, which was a pleasure he could never forget. The diamond was very dazzling, and that was why the pony had to wear the blue eye-glasses. But the queerest thing about the pony was his tail, growing on the end of which Jimmieboy noticed a great big fly net.

"That's a great scheme," the Red Tiddlewink said afterwards. "You see it isn't enough to scare a fly away, because he gets over his fright in a very few minutes and comes right back again. The way our ponies' tails are made enables them to catch

the fly and hold on to him, so that when he is got rid of once he is got rid of for all the time."

"That's a good fing," said Jimmieboy. "I'll have to tell papa about that when I get back home."

"Oh, that wouldn't do any good," put in the Red Tiddledywink, "because they have got to grow on the horses. You couldn't buy a net for your horses to catch flies with. Your papa knows that as well as anybody, and as for growing 'em it's only on Tiddledy-wink horses that these nets are found."

"Then I'll tell papa to buy a team of Widdledywink horses," said Jimmieboy.

"Humph! Your papa must be rich," returned Reddy. "Do you know how much a team of Tiddledywink horses would cost?"

"No," said Jimmieboy.

"Well, eight dollars wouldn't more'n begin to buy 'em," said the Red Tiddledywink, "and it would take four more to finish the bargain."

When Jimmieboy counted up and realized that it would take twelve full dollars for his papa to buy a team of Tiddledywink

horses, he sighed ;—twelve dollars was *so* much money—and he had only managed to save nine cents since his last birthday, nearly a year ago. But to return. There stood this wonderful pony with the patent leather shoes, harnessed to a wheel-barrow, which he pushed before him, the Red Tiddledywink sitting in front, near the wheel, and pointing out to the pony where he wished to go.

“Ready?” asked the Tiddledywink.

“Yes—always,” said Jimmieboy.

“Then you must be like me,” said the Tiddledywink, with a grin. “I’m always Reddy too.”

And then Jimmieboy remembered that the Red Tiddledywink was the one that was always joking, and he said he was glad to meet him again, as he climbed into the wheel-barrow.

“Where shall we drive to?” asked the Red Tiddledywink as Jimmieboy took a seat beside him. “Would you rather go to the Zoo or to see the Water-Wheel?”

“I don’t know,” said Jimmieboy, after thinking a minute. “Which is the bestest?”

“Well, I think the Water-Wheel is the

most likely to please everybody because there's always enough of it to go round," returned the Red Tiddledywink, "but some people claim to have had a roaring good time at the Zoo, looking at the Mangatoo and the other animals there."

"Let's go to see bofe of 'em," said Jimmieboy. "We have time, haven't we?"

"I guess so," said the Red Tiddledywink, with a sly wink at the pony. "If we haven't we can stop at the clockmaker's and buy some; and perhaps if he hasn't any we'll meet somebody else with some to spare."

This made Jimmieboy laugh. He thought Reddy was a very bright Tiddledywink and he said so.

"Well, that's very true," said the Red Tiddledywink, "but you know red is a bright color and I guess that's where I get it. Turn to the left, Mumbledypeg."

The pony turned to the right.

"Who is Wumbledypeg?" asked Jimmieboy.

"The pony, of course," answered Reddy.—
"Who did you suppose it was—that poll-parrot that's just lighted on his mane?"

“That’s not a poll-parwot,” said Jimmieboy, “it’s a horse-fly. My papa’s horse always has a lot of ’em following him.”

“I know that’s what you call them up your way, but we call them poll-parrots down here because they’re a nuisance,” returned Reddy. “Don’t you think Mumbledypeg is a good name for my pony?”

“I s’pose it is,” said Jimmieboy, “but it seems a pyitty big name for such a little horse.”

“That’s just why I named him Mumbledypeg,” returned the Red Tiddledywink. “It’ll make him think he’s a big horse, and he goes just twice as fast as he would if I called him Tiny. He thinks I think he’s fourteen knuckles high instead of two and a half, and he doesn’t want me to think anything else, because, you know, he’s a proud little animal. That is why he wears patent leather shoes—because he’s so full of pride.”

“He may be pwoud,” said Jimmieboy, “but I don’t fink he knows much.”

“Don’t think he knows much? Why, he’s the smartest little horse you ever saw,” retorted Reddy, indignantly.

“But you told him to turn to the left and he turned to the wight.”

“That proves just what I said,” cried the Red Tiddledywink triumphantly. “He knew more than I did. He didn’t make any mistake. He knows the right is always right.”

“I hadn’t fought of it that way,” said Jimmieboy, “but now you say it, I see. It’s funny though, isn’t it?”

“I’ve known funnier things,” returned Reddy. “For instance, my joke about the Turtle and the Locomotive was a great deal funnier.”

“I don’t fink I know that one,” said Jimmieboy.

“It’s a riddle,” said the Tiddledywink. “The riddle is ‘What’s the difference between a turtle and a locomotive?’”

“Well,” said Jimmieboy meekly, “What is it?”

“Don’t you really know?” asked the Tiddledywink.

“No,” said Jimmieboy, innocently.

“Then you’d better not walk on the railroad track,” roared Reddy.

Jimmieboy heard a funny short laugh

behind him and when he turned he noticed that the pony's eye-glasses had slipped—the little animal had been laughing. He laughed too, Jimmieboy did, the Tiddledywink had caught him so neatly, but he didn't like it very much after all.

Just then Reddy bowed very sweetly to somebody on the walk beside the road.

“Who was that?” asked Jimmieboy.

“Why don't you know her?” said Reddy. “That's the doll-baby Bluey said was stuffed with saw-dust. She's a great friend of mine and my sister has invited her down here to spend a week. Blackey wrote the invitation in rhyme for us. It was quite pretty too. He wrote

‘Dear Dolly: Come
Where wax-bees hum,
And hare bells softly clink-
And spend some time
With, yours for rhyme,
The Ruby Tiddledywink.’”

“That was very nice,” said Jimmieboy. “And what did the doll-baby answer?”

“She wrote some poetry too when she answered. She said:

'Look out for me,
O waxen bee,
For one full week—two may be.
Excuse my pen
(Where *has* it been !)
Yours always, Dolly Baby.'

"Did she send the letter by post," asked Jimmieboy.

"Oh, no indeed," said the Red Tiddledy-wink. "That's a silly way to do. Down here in Tiddledy-wink-land we never think of using the post. When we have letters to write, we write 'em and then take 'em and deliver 'em ourselves. That saves time and the money for stamps stays in our own pockets. The doll-baby brought her letter with her."

"But what's the use of witing if you are fixed so that you can take the letters yourself? There isn't any use of witing fings that you can say," protested Jimmieboy.

"I don't know about that," said Reddy. "We can all say Blackey's poetry but there was lots of use writing it, and besides that our plan gives you plenty of practice in writing and that's a good thing to have. And then you know if people always wrote things and

said nothing there'd never be any fighting afterwards about what they said. I think after all it would be better to write everything and not say a word—like a dumb-waiter."

This was only half clear to Jimmieboy. He knew a dumb-waiter couldn't say anything, but he never had heard before that it wrote, but he was afraid that Reddy was trying to get up some big joke at his expense, so he kept very still.

"You don't seem to have much to say," said Reddy after a while, noticing Jimmieboy's silence.

"No," returned Jimmieboy. "I haven't any pen and ink to say it with," and then seeing that Reddy felt a little hurt he added:—"did you ever wite a book of jokes?"

"Yes—once," said the Red Tiddledywink sadly, "and I nearly got arrested for it, and the Snappers all said if I ever wrote another they wouldn't let me stay a Tiddledywink any more—so I never did it again."

"Why were they so queer about it?" asked Jimmieboy. "I should fink they'd yike to have you wite jokes."

"Oh, they do—but they get too much of 'em

when they come by the bookful. The way I nearly got arrested, you know, was through an old Blue Snapper from another basket getting hold of the book and laughing himself to death. They said I was responsible, I but got off by saying the Snapper killed himself. I didn't give him the book—he took it himself.”

“Of course it was his own fault,” said Jimmieboy.

“Of course,” said Reddy, “but the Snappers in our basket said I'd better not do any more anyhow, because it kept them too busy sewing buttons on the other Tiddledywinks' vests—they all laughed till their buttons came off; and Greeney, he nearly broke his arm over my joke about the poorest way to get rid of the measles being to give 'em to somebody else. He thought of that one day while he was out rowing on his bicycle and he laughed so he fell off and hurt his arm awfully.”

“That was too bad,” said Jimmieboy. “I guess it's just as well that you've stopped witing books of jokes. It's wavver ser'us business the way it happened.”

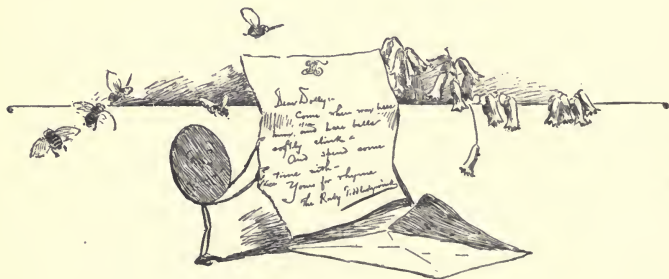
“Very ser’us,” assented the Red Tiddledywink. “But here we are at the Zoo. Will you get out and see it or shall we have the animals out to see you?”

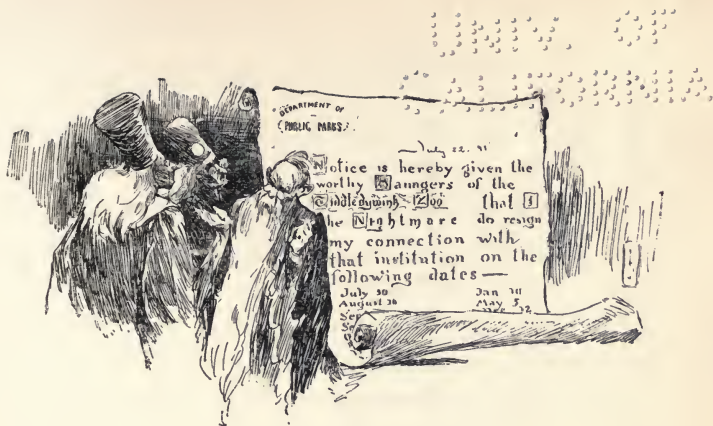
“I guess I’ll have ’em come out here,” said Jimmieboy, pleased with the novelty of having the Zoo come to see him.

“I’m afraid,” said the Red Tiddledywink with a smile, “that you’ll have to guess again—because that isn’t the right answer.”

And so Jimmieboy got out of the barrow and he and the Red Tiddledywink started to enter the Zoo.

“You may run away now,” said Reddy to the pony, as the door opened—which to Jimmieboy seemed a very strange thing to say to a pony.





X.

THE NIGHTMARE.

AND such animals as that Zoo contained ! There for instance was the Nightmare. Jimmieboy had frequently heard his papa speak of the Nightmare, but until he entered the Tiddledywink-land Zoo he had never seen one. Now it stood before him in a great big box-stall, large enough, it seemed to Jimmieboy, to hold all the horses in his nursery, with room to spare. It wasn't a bad looking animal, either, Jimmieboy thought—not half so bad as he had supposed it would be after hearing his papa describe it—indeed as Jimmieboy's papa told about it the Nightmare was an animal to be feared, while here in the Zoo he seemed

as gentle as a lamb and as playful as a kitten.

“That’s a fine specimen of a Nightmare,” said the Red Tiddledywink, proudly. “In fact I heard his keeper say he was the finest he ever saw. The only trouble with him is that he eats so much and he’ll never eat anything a second time, not even strawberry short-cake. They gave him some of that one day and he ate up forty-seven pieces of it and wanted more. He seemed to like it so much that they made a hundred and seventeen rousing big ones for him the next day, but he wouldn’t touch ’em. Simply turned his head away and cried.”

“What did they do then?” asked Jimmie-boy; it seemed so strange that anything could ever refuse strawberry short-cake.

“They brought him ten barrels of whipped cream and he smiled like you do on Christmas morning,” returned Reddy, “and in five minutes there wasn’t a spoonful left, but ever since then he has refused to touch it. He is hungry for new things all the time. He’ll eat anything, it doesn’t matter what, once, and all there is of it, too, and then

he's had enough. Never wants to see it again."

"He doesn't seem to have any shoes on," said Jimmieboy, taking a closer look at the animal.

"Oh, no. A Nightmare only wears slippers when he wears anything. That's so he can move about without waking people," explained the Red Tiddledywink. "If he waked people, you know, he couldn't work, because the minute a man or a Tiddledywink wakes up, for some reason or other, he doesn't like the Nightmare, and won't have anything more to do with him. So he usually goes about on tip-toes."

Here the Nightmare gave an exhibition of how he went about on tip-toes, which must have pleased Jimmieboy very much, for he fairly roared with laughter.

"Dear me," cried the Red Tiddledywink. "You must be more careful. Don't laugh at the Nightmare. That makes him shy."

"Well, what of it?" said Jimmieboy, recklessly. "What happens when he's shy?"

"He always calls for soda-water then, and we can't get it here," replied the Red Tiddle-

dywink, with an anxious glance at the Nightmare.

“And if he doesn’t get it, what then?” asked Jimmieboy.

“He usually sends in his resignation from the Zoo,” returned the Red Tiddledywink. “And when that happens the managers are put to enormous expense getting him to change his mind and stay a little while longer. And then sometimes if he’s feeling cross anyhow, and sees people laughing at him, he’ll refuse to eat anything for a week.”

“I should fink that would make it cheaper to keep him,” said Jimmieboy.

“Not at all,” replied Reddy. “You see when he goes without anything to eat for a week, he is always extra hungry for the next six months.”

“Well,” put in Jimmieboy, “he looks so funny walking on tipsy-toes, I can’t help laughing, and if my doing it is going to bwing about all those dweadful fings, perhaps we’d better look at somefing else that don’t mind being laughed at.”

“That’s a good idea,” said Reddy. “Suppose we go and see the Welsh Rabbits?”

Generally people see the Welsh Rabbits before they see the Nightmare, but we'll do it differently. Did you ever see a Welsh Rabbit?"

"No, I don't fink I ever did," said Jimmie-boy. "What do they look yike?"

"They're very pretty," returned Reddy, "and I heard a man say once they were good to eat—but we never kill 'em. They're just as good to look at I think—all nice and yellow, and soft as a pussy cat. There are two of 'em now over in that cage."

"What funny looking animals! What are they doing now?" asked Jimmie-boy, inspecting the Welsh Rabbits.

"They're asleep," Reddy answered. "They sleep all the time. We've had those rabbits four years now and they've never waked up. They go to sleep on those pieces of toast you see there and seem perfectly happy."

"Do they ever fight?" asked Jimmie-boy.

"Not with each other," said Reddy. "I heard of their killing a man once but I never could see how they did it. They're the best behaved animals in the Zoo. They're very good unless they get cold, and then they are fearful."

“I s’pose it’s to keep warm that they yike to go to sleep on the toast,” suggested Jimmieboy.

“Yes—that’s it,” replied Reddy. “But sometimes you know even toast is cold and that makes the Rabbits suffer and get disagreeable.”

“I don’t s’pose,” said Jimmieboy, gazing intently at the Rabbits, “that they’re good for much except for looking at and eating.”

“No,” returned Reddy. “I don’t suppose they are—though I did hear of a man who said they’d make good boots. They might, too, but I don’t think the boots would last very long.”

“No, I don’t fink so either,” said Jimmieboy. “And besides people don’t care to wear boots of that color. Do they eat anyfing?”

“Very little—we don’t ever give ’em anything but poached eggs and they are always left untouched. The chief trouble we have with the Rabbits is keeping ’em warm. We give ’em an overcoat of mustard in winter and generally that does very well.”

“I’d yike my papa to see one of ’em,” said Jimmieboy. “I fink he’d yike ’em.”

"I know he would," returned Reddy. "That's a way papas have—why I knew a little boy whose papa would rather have a Welsh Rabbit than a stuffed owl or a team of saw-horses."

"What's the use of a stuffed owl and a team of saw-horses anyhow?" asked Jimmie-boy.

"Lots of use," answered Reddy, "the stuffed owl won't sing, and the saw-horses never run away, and you never have to feed 'em. I know plenty of people who are always poor because their horses eat so much, and if they had saw-horses they wouldn't have to pay a cent for their food."

"Yes,—but how could they wide down town and go shopping?" asked Jimmieboy.

"They could take a horse-car of course," returned Reddy. "I'm surprised you didn't think of that."

"Well, I'm not s'prised," said Jimmieboy. "I'm not s'prised at anyfing I hear or see here and I ain't going to be either—on'y I don't see why you yike a bird not to sing. That's one of the fings I yike about a bird—his singing."

“Oh, pshaw!” retorted Reddy. “You’re a very queer little boy—or else you never heard the Anirooney bird.”

“The what?” asked Jimmieboy.

“The Anirooney bird,” replied Reddy. “He’s the queerest looking bird you ever saw in your life. He has a Japanese fan for a tail. He curls his feathers every morning over a pipe stem and parts his hair in the middle. He has four legs and two wings like other birds, but he’s too dignified to fly.”

“What does he do when he wants to go up a twee—climb?” asked Jimmieboy.

“Oh, no indeed,” ejaculated Reddy. “That would be more undignified than flying. He changes his mind and stays below. He won’t live in a cage unless it has mirrors on all sides of it. His vanity is really something fearful and when we get to him you mustn’t let on but what you think he is the loveliest bird you ever saw, because if you don’t he’ll beat a tattoo on the side of his cage with all four of his drum-sticks, and it always makes people deaf when he does that.”

“But I can’t tell a sto’y,” said Jimmieboy. “I can’t say I fink he’s pyitty if I don’t.”

“Then there’s only two things left for us to do,” said the Red Tiddledywink. “Either you can’t see him at all or you mustn’t say anything while you’re looking at him.”

“I won’t say a word,” said Jimmieboy in a whisper. “But why do you call him the Aniwooney bird?” he said.

“Because Annie Rooney is the only song he can sing,” returned the Red Tiddledywink, “and it’s dreadful. He has a notion, you know, that his voice, which sounds like a fog-horn on a dark night, accompanied by two penny whistles and a banjo with only one string, is the most beautiful thing in the world, and he sings Annie Rooney with it all day long and once every hour during the night. Some people call him the Hullabaloo bird—but that was the name he had before they discovered that his one tune was really Annie Rooney. Blackey heard him sing it once and a few days later at a party over at Miss Green Tiddledywink’s he got up and read this poem on the bird.

“I’ve heard the pretty Puttypiper’s pipe;

I’ve also heard the jolly Jamble’s jamb.

I’ve heard the Chippercholly’s cheerful chipe,

The gay hued Yambermumpkin’s yearning yamb.

I've heard the Dindin birdy's deafening din ;
I've listened to the hooting Hootentot—
I've heard the melancholy Boojoo in
The dead of night when sailing in my yacht.

But never have I heard such fearful noise,
As when the Anirooney bird begins
To sing the song that only he enjoys,
At which he only of his hearers grins.

And 'tis my fondest hope if ever he
Haply upon my path in life appears
There may be time before we meet for me
To stuff two bales of cotton in my ears."

"My!" ejaculated Jimmieboy. "He must be a terwor."

"He is," returned the Tiddledywink, "so be careful—for his is the next cage."





XI.

IN THE ZOO.

“DEAR, dear me!” cried the Red Tiddledywink in a tone of alarm, as he and Jimmieboy stopped before the cage of the Anirooney bird and saw that it was empty. “He must have escaped. I wonder if the keeper knows this!”

“He—he isn’t dangewous, is he?” asked Jimmieboy, frightened just a little bit. “He doesn’t bite?”

“Oh yes, he bites,” returned the Red Tiddledywink, “but he wouldn’t bite you. He prefers furniture. He bites the legs of tables and chairs and if it’s a particularly light and pretty chair he’ll eat it all up.”

“I am very glad then,” said Jimmieboy, “that they don’t have Aniwooney birds anywhere but in Widdledywink-land, ’cause if we had ’em up where we live my mamma wouldn’t yike it. She yikes pyitty chairs, and in her parlor where nobody ever sits any more, she has fifteen or firty white ones with gold on ’em.”

“Thirty’s twice as many as fifteen,” said Reddy. “Can’t you come nearer than that?”

“No,” replied Jimmieboy. “I on’y know how to count by fifteens. Fifteen, firty, forty-two—”

“Forty-two!” cried the Red Tiddledywink, with a roar of laughter. “Forty-five is next to thirty.”

“No,” said Jimmieboy firmly. “It ain’t—leastways it ain’t the way I say it—but what are you going to do about the Aniwooney bird?”

“Do? Why, what we always do when an animal escapes from the Zoo. Wait until he comes back again to claim the reward,” returned Reddy. “You see that’s the only way the animals and birds here can make any money. They never pay the animals in a

Zoo, you know—not even up where you live. The managers think if they give them plenty to eat and a cage to live in they ought to be satisfied—as they really ought, because it costs a great deal to keep a Zoo like this running. But some of the animals have expenses the Zoo people don't care to pay. Take the Anirooney bird for instance. It costs him seven or eight bunches of flowers a year to keep his voice in tune. Then the comic Mangatoo has to buy all the comic papers so as to keep up being comic. The trick Hankipank has to buy new tricks and then the Cockadoodledon't—"

"The which?" interrupted Jimmieboy somewhat puzzled.

"The Cockadoodledon't," returned the Tiddledywink. "He's a rooster that doesn't crow—he has to have money too, you know, to pay a rooster that does crow to call the keeper when he wants him. He's an awfully good bird, the Cockadoodledon't is," added Reddy. "He's generous and self-sacrificing. He'll give you all the feathers he can spare whenever you want 'em, and all our Tiddledywink girls are very fond of him. They sent him a

Valentine last Valentine's day that pleased him very much. I have a copy of it. Shall I read it?"

"I'd yike to hear it very much," returned Jimmieboy, impressed by what he had just heard. So Reddy read the following lines :

"The generousest bird alive, in cages, moors, or heathers,
Is sweet old Cockadoodledon't, who gives away his feathers—
Who, if it happens that he has no feathers to dispose,
Will promise you that you can have the very first that grows :
Which, should it turn out to be red and not a navy blue one,
As you had wished, he'll throw away and sprout at once a new
one.

To him we send upon this day this short and loving line
To ask him if he'll not consent to be our Valentine."

"That was very nice," said Jimmieboy. "Did they have it pwinted?"

"Oh, no, indeed. They had it embroidered on an afghan and sent it to him with a bunch of bananas, of which he is very fond," said Reddy.

"He consented to be their Valentine, I s'pose?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Well, no," replied Reddy. "He didn't. It wasn't because he was ill-natured, though. He said he didn't want to be anybody's Valentine. Sent a rhymed answer—like this

'I've just received your handsome Valentine,
Note your request, but really must decline,
Because I fear if I were what you wish
Some one would put a stamp on me and—swish!
Down would I go, dropped in the morning mail
And off to some strange person straightway sail.
Such is the fate of all good Valentines,
And hence it is yours truly now declines.
In short, dear ladies, I most plainly wont:
I'd rather stay your Cockadoodledon't.'

"He must be a smart Cockadoodledon't to w'ite poetwy," said Jimmieboy, when Reddy had finished.

"Oh, he didn't write that—he got Blackey to do it for him," said Reddy.

"It was quite as good as the Valentine," added Jimmieboy.

"Yes—it had a right to be," said the Red Tiddledywink. "Blackey wrote that too."

"I don't fink I quite unnerstand," said Jimmieboy, "about the animals making money the way you say they do. Frinstance"—Jimmieboy always said frinstance when he meant "for instance."—"Frinstance, up where we live, when we lost our little dog, my papa offered a reward for him, but the dog didn't get it. The man who found him and bwrought him back got it."

“ Ah, but don't you see that was because the little dog didn't find and bring himself back,” returned Reddy. “ If he had your papa would probably have given him the reward just as we do here. You see the way of it is this. The Anirooney bird needs money to have his voice tuned and the Music-Doctors charge very high for tuning up voices like the Anirooney bird's. The bird can't earn the money because there isn't anybody that will pay him for anything he can do. He wouldn't take it when he hadn't any right to it, because that wouldn't be right, and except in the matter of eating up table legs that don't belong to him and fancy chairs that other people own, he's very honest. So there's nothing for him to do but get lost and wait until they advertise a reward for him. This the keepers will do probably to-morrow, and if they offer enough money the Anirooney bird will find himself at once, and return himself, and claim the reward. If it isn't enough, he will stay lost until the keepers offer as much as he needs. That's another nice thing about him too,” Reddy added. “ He never holds out for more than he needs.”

“But s’pose somebody else finds him?” asked Jimmieboy, very much interested by this novel means of making money.

“Nobody ever does,” returned Reddy. “It’s against the laws of the Zoo. If other people could find him, you know, and get the reward, the keepers would have to pay for tuning his voice, because it has to be kept in tune. If it isn’t, the bird ceases to be an Anirooney bird.”

“And what does he become?” asked Jimmieboy.

“A Dumb-Crambo,” returned Reddy, “and a Dumb-Crambo is a disgrace to a respectable Zoo because he never curls his feathers, whistles Annie Rooney out of tune—he can’t help it you know—and won’t eat anything but the holes in jumbles, so that he starves to death.”

“I know all about that,” said Jimmieboy, gleefully. “My papa bwrought a lot of jumbles home one night for me, and mamma said she didn’t fink they were good for me, so papa said he’d fix it so it would be all wight, and he divided ’em up. He gave me all the holes and ate all the cakes himself, and then when I

said I didn't fink that was fair, he sang this little song to me:

'There's plenty of food in a jumble,—
The bigger the jumble the more,
Nobody can wightfully gwumble
And over such eating feel sore.

And so a division we'll make, sir,
Ere taking our usual stwoll.
I'll take all the edge of the cake, sir,
While you can have all of the hole.'

"I guess you'd rather have had half instead of the hole," chuckled the Red Tiddledywink.

"Why, that's the first joke you've said in a long time," said Jimmieboy with a laugh. "You must have forgotten yourself."

"I do that sometimes," said Reddy. "But I never forget myself on a railroad train and leave myself behind."

"You might get up a widdle on that," suggested Jimmieboy. 'What's the diff'ence between me and an umbwella?' 'I never leave myself on a wailwood wain.'

"That's only half good," said Reddy, "because there are so many answers it might have besides the real one, and that wouldn't be a good thing. I might say that I wasn't like an

umbrella because I haven't any ribs; or I might not be like an umbrella because I haven't any handle; or because I can't keep off rain—so you see it wouldn't do for a riddle at all, because everybody could give an answer without thinking. In a book I have at home on 'How To Be Funny,' there is some very good advice about riddles. One thing it says is:

'A riddle's never any good—
You might as well confess it—
If of a great big multitude
Most anyone can guess it.

And then you must remember, too,
Beware of such undoers;
Their answers may be quite as true
And funnier than yours.'

"Don't you see?" continued Reddy, "If your riddle has more than one answer somebody else may have a better answer than you have, and then where are you? People will laugh at him and won't pay any attention to you. That happened to me at a party once, and I felt awful about it. Everybody laughed at the jokes of a tin soldier that was visiting Bluey and wouldn't listen to me. He wasn't

so very funny either but he made 'em grin. I asked a riddle 'When is a Scotch Terrier not a Scotch Terrier,' the answer being 'When he is a Lap-Dog,' but the tin soldier, he got in ahead of me and said that was too easy."

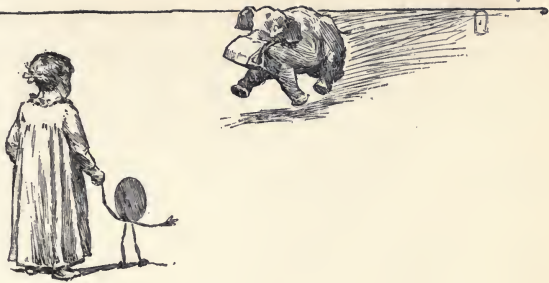
"What was his answer?" asked Jimmieboy.

"'Never,'" said Reddy ruefully. "But I got even with him afterwards," he added, bursting out laughing. "I got off a joke that same night about pillows being cheap because feathers are always down—and my, how he laughed."

Here Reddy looked a little sad and then added:

"He laughed so that he doubled right up and couldn't bend back again without help, and when we helped him—he-snapped-right-off-in—the middle!"





XII.

THE TEEHEELEPHANT BOTHERS REDDY.

JUST then there came to Jimmieboy's ears the greatest din he had ever heard, and he noticed that the Red Tiddledywink looked very much frightened—in fact, he had turned pink with fear.

“What is the matter?” asked Jimmieboy.
“Nuffin's wong I hope.”

“No,” returned the Red Tiddledywink, “but we want to get out of this as quickly as we can, because the Teeheelephant is coming and if he sees me we won't get away for two hours, and then we shall be late for the Athletic Sports and the Blue Tiddledywink's Ball.”

“I don't fink I've ever seen a Teeheele-

phant," said Jimmieboy, relieved to know that nothing worse than delay could come from their being caught. "What is he yike?"

"He is the worst animal alive," cried Reddy, tugging at Jimmieboy's sleeve to get him to move along more quickly. "He was invented, I believe, just to make my life miserable. All he can do is to laugh. Indeed, he lives on laughter and the only things he will laugh at are my jokes, so whenever he sees me he rushes out of his stall and grabs me by the hand and keeps me cracking jokes by the hour, and the worst of it is he won't listen to any old ones or jokes I've heard from others. They've got to be original and new."

"I fink I'd yike to see him," said Jimmieboy.

"Very likely," said Reddy, "but think of me. I forgot to bring a basket of jokes with me."

"You give the Teeheelephant a joke, I s'pose, just as we give the Elephant in our Zoo a peanut?" queried Jimmieboy.

"Quite the same way," returned Reddy. "Only we don't have to pack it away in his trunk for him—we would have to though if he had a trunk."

“How big is the Teeheelephant?” asked Jimmieboy. “Big as me?”

“O my,” laughed Reddy. “You? You’re only a little mite alongside of the Teeheelephant. Why the Teeheelephant doesn’t look—but, oh dear! Here he is!”

As Reddy spoke Jimmieboy heard the din repeated, and what should he see running down the room toward himself and his companion but a creature that looked for all the world like a baby elephant, only it had soft white fur on its back, and instead of the elephant’s trunk it carried a little handbag on the end of its nose, below which was a smile over fifteen inches wide.

And, oh, how it laughed when it saw Reddy, and how miserable Reddy looked as it grabbed him by the hand and tried to romp with him!

“You see now why we call him the Teeheelephant,” said the Tiddledywink, “because he is always tee-heeing and looks like an elephant. But he has a horse laugh—eh Teehee?”

At this the Teeheelephant looked cross and a tear came into his eye. It was evident that he thought Reddy’s joke old—as it was, and Jimmieboy and the Teeheelephant knew it.

This tear was followed by another and another and then a dozen more, and they were all so large that before Reddy and Jimmieboy knew it their feet were soaking wet. This Jimmieboy remembered was a bad thing, and he nudged Reddy and told him to hurry up and get off a new joke, and make the Teeheelephant laugh or they'd all be drowned. Then, hoping to comfort the poor animal until Reddy should begin, Jimmieboy reached out his hand and patted him on his head—and it was a lovely soft head Jimmieboy thought; just like a kitten's, and he was glad, in spite of all, that he had seen the Teeheelephant, which he thought about the nicest animal in all the Zoo.

“What is it a man can stand on and yet not be any taller?” Reddy ventured at last.

The Teeheelephant dried his tears with a small sponge that he carried in his hand-bag and looked as if he'd like to know.

“I don't know—what?” asked Jimmieboy.

“His head, of course,” replied Reddy.

This seemed very pleasing to the Teeheelephant who made the building echo with his shouts of laughter, and then, when he had

finished, he looked mournfully at Reddy, as much as to say, "I want another"—just as the elephant does when he has eaten a whole peanut and thinks he'd like a million or two more.

As for Jimmieboy, he was just a little frightened by the antics of the Teeheelephant, because, while that wonderful creature was undoubtedly a good natured animal, and as soft as a kitten, he was five or six times as big as either Jimmieboy or the Tiddledy-wink, and Jimmieboy was a little afraid he might step on him. So he climbed upon a platform at one side of the room, on which was sitting a solemn looking bird which he afterwards learned was the comic Mangatoo—the one that had to have the comic papers every day to keep him from starving.

"What are you doing here?" the Mangatoo asked with a frown.

"I came up here to get out of the Teeheelephant's way. I'm a little bit afraid of him," said Jimmieboy. "I hope I'm not in your way."

"You are," returned the Mangatoo, with a voice way down in his boots. "And if you

don't get out of my way right off, I'll make you stay where you are until you are ready to leave."

"That's what I want to do," said Jimmieboy, rather amused at this melancholy and gruff old bird.

"Well mind, I warned you, and later, when I say I told you so, don't deny it. Do you know who I am?"

"You are the comic Mangatoo."

"True," said the Mangatoo wearily. "And do you know what a Mangatoo is?"

"No," returned Jimmieboy. "What?"

"He is a Mangatoo, of course. Are all little boys as dull as you are?" he added.

"I am not dull," replied Jimmieboy, indignantly.

"I never said I was," said the Mangatoo, turning sadly to his papers. After he had read these for a few moments, during which time Reddy was telling jokes to the roaring Teeheelephant, he turned once more to Jimmieboy and said "Aren't you afraid of me?"

"No," returned Jimmieboy. "Not a bit."

"Well, don't you tell anybody," returned

the Mangatoo in a whisper. "It's a secret, but—neither—am—I."

Then he winked his eyes knowingly at Jimmieboy as much as to say, "I like you pretty well after all."

"Are any of the other animals and birds here afraid of themselves?" asked Jimmieboy. It had never occurred to him up in his own country that a lion, for instance, could be afraid of himself.

"All of 'em," said the Mangatoo. "They are all afraid to be left alone with themselves—all but me, and I am too."

"That's queer. I don't see how you can say 'all but me' and then say 'me too.'"

"I mean," said the Mangatoo, "that I am and I ain't. Ever been that way? Sort of can't-make-up-your-mind-whether-you-are-or-not? That's my case. I don't mind being left alone with myself, but when somebody else is left alone by myself it makes me nervous."

"What do you do then?" queried Jimmieboy. He thought the Mangatoo a very comical bird.

"Oh, I've a great scheme, then," said the Mangatoo, "I stay just as I am until I

change, and then I'm all right. Reddy is making signs to you," he added.

Jimmieboy ran down from the platform to see what Reddy wanted.

"You run along," said the Tiddledywink. "I'm in for two hours of this. The Teeheeephant won't let me off, and if you don't go now you'll miss the Athletic Sports."

"I say," said Jimmieboy to the Teeheeephant. "Let him off, won't you?"

"Couldn't possibly do it," said the Teeheeephant, beginning to grow tearful again. "I haven't seen him now for four weeks, and I intend to keep him the regular time, which is two hours."

"But I want him to take me to the Athletic Sports," said Jimmieboy.

"Yes, Teehee," put in Reddy. "Let up on a fellow—won't you? Jimmieboy has never been here before and maybe he won't come again; and we got up these sports especially for his benefit."

"I'm not keeping him," returned the Teeheeephant—a little indignantly. "He can go just as soon as he pleases. He doesn't help me a bit—in fact I'd rather he did go,

because he laughed at one of your jokes a minute ago and I am too hungry to divide any more of 'em with him."

"But he can't go without me—and you see," said Reddy, "if he stays he'll get his share of the fun."

"That's all right," said the Teeheelephant, stamping his foot. "I know how to fix that. If he gets half the fun then we've got to have just twice as much fun, which will detain you here four hours instead of two."

Reddy was in despair, but Jimmieboy had a scheme.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said. "If you'll let Weddy off I'll get my papa to send you every joke book and paper he can—and every week."

Here if Jimmieboy had been looking he would have seen the Mangatoo cock his head to one side and seem interested.

"No, no, no, no!" cried the Teeheelephant. "He can't go. He can't go. He can't go."

"Say it again," cried the Mangatoo with a shrill laugh.

The Teeheelephant paid no attention to

this sally, and Reddy, with a sad hopeless look on his face, began a string of equally sad, hopeless jokes—but they pleased the Teeheelephant.

“I’ll wait for you, Weddy,” said Jimmieboy, climbing back to the Mangatoo’s side. “I don’t care much for the sports anyhow.”

This wasn’t exactly true, but Jimmieboy wanted to make Reddy feel easier, for he was very, very sorry for him.

“Ahem!” said the Mangatoo, coming close to Jimmieboy and tickling his nose with one of his feathers. “Did I hear you say something about your papa sending joke books and comic papers and such like down here?”

“Yes,” said Jimmieboy. “I offered that to the Teeheelephant if he’d let Weddy go—but he wouldn’t.”

“Would you let strawberry short-cake go if you had it?” asked the Mangatoo.

“No, I wouldn’t,” said Jimmieboy.

“Well, jokes are the Teeheelephant’s strawberry short-cake just as comic papers are mine. You couldn’t send some of those papers to me if I—if—er—ah—if I—”

“If you what?” asked Jimmieboy.

“If I helped Reddy out of his scrape?” said the Mangatoo.

“Well, wouldn’t I just?” cried Jimmieboy. “I’ll send heaps of ’em.”

“Very well then. I’ll do it,” said the Mangatoo. “I believe in you because I think you tell the truth. When I asked you if you knew what I was you didn’t tell stories and say you didn’t; and then you weren’t afraid of me, and altogether I like you and I believe you will do what you say. Now you go down to Reddy and tell him to tell the Teeheelephant the rhyme Blackey wrote about the Hoodoo down by the sea. That always makes the Teeheelephant fall over on his back with laughter, although it isn’t particularly funny, and when he falls on his back he can’t get up without assistance. Then you and Reddy can run.”

“Oh, fank you,” cried Jimmieboy, jumping down and running to the Tiddledywink’s side. “Tell him Blackey’s Hoodoo verse,” he whispered.

“What’s the good!” said Reddy. “He’s heard it once and won’t care for it, and then he’ll cry and we’ll get soaked again.”

“Do as I tell you,” said Jimmieboy earnestly and so Reddy began—

“The Hoodoo sat down by the sea,”

“Ha, ha, ha, ha!” laughed the Teeheelephant.

“And my how he did grin,” continued Reddy.

“Ho, ho, ho, ho!” roared the Teeheelephant, waving his hand-bag with glee.

“To see the scrumptious blue Squeegee,” resumed Reddy.

“Oh my! Oh dear. Oho!” laughed the unsuspecting Teeheelephant, lying down on his side in sheer weariness of mirth, but not noticing that the Mangatoo also was nearly exploding with laughter.

“Trip up and tumble in,” finished Reddy surprised at the effect of the verse.

“Oho, ho, ho, ha, ha, ha!” shrieked the Teeheelephant, rolling over on his back and kicking his legs in the air just as the Mangatoo said he would. “That’s too good, too good.”

“Now wun for your life,” cried Jimmieboy. “He can’t get up wivout help and we shall see the Affletic Sports after all.”

Reddy needed no second bidding and in

less time than it takes to tell it he and Jimmieboy had reached the door and were out in the open air.

And as the door closed behind them Jimmieboy heard the Mangatop's voice crying, "Don't forget the pa-a-a-per-rs," and then there was a splash of water against the sill.

The Teeheelephant had stopped laughing, and realizing the trick that had been played upon him had begun to cry.

"I fink," said Jimmieboy to one of the keepers who came up at that moment, "I fink you would better look out for the Teeheelephant inside there. He is cwying very hard and the west of the animals may get ddownded."





XIII.

IN THE ROASTED PEANUT TREE.

“W H O—told—you—how—to—do—it?” panted the Red Tiddledywink, after he and Jimmieboy had run about a mile—it was a Tiddledywink mile though, and not nearly as long as the one from Jimmieboy’s house to the railway station that his papa had to run after breakfast, every morning, in order to catch the train that took him down to town to earn gumdrops for Jimmieboy.

“W-w-wait till I c-c-can c-c-catch my bweaf,” said Jimmieboy as well as he could, considering that he was all out of breath and still running.

“Catch your breath?” returned the Red

Tiddledywink, with a twinkle in his eye—"I guess you mean until your breath catches you, don't you? It seems to me you've run away from it."

"Shouldn't be s'prised if I did," smiled Jimmieboy, still panting. "Perhaps I left it back there in the Zoo where the Teeheelephant was. You don't want to go back there and get it for me, do you?"

The Tiddledywink shuddered at the bare idea.

"No indeed," he gasped. "I don't ever want to go back to the Zoo again, because if I did, and the Teeheelephant got hold of me, I don't think he'd ever let me go because of the trick we played on him."

"No," Jimmieboy said, sitting down on a stump at the side of the road. "No, I don't beyeve he ever would, and I s'pose he is pyitty mad at you by this time, eh?"

"I don't know—we can always tell when the Teeheelephant is mad by the falling of the chimneys in the Zoo building. They never seem able to stand up when Teehee loses his temper," said Reddy with an anxious glance back at the Teeheelephant's home in

the distance. "I haven't heard 'em fall yet, have you?"

Just then there was a terrible crash and Jimmieboy looked back just in time to see the chimneys go down as Reddy had said.

"How *does* he do that?" Jimmieboy ejaculated in terror.

"He jumps up and down on the floor until he shakes 'em down," answered the Tiddledywink. "It's an awful bad trick, too—isn't it?"

"I should say so," returned Jimmieboy. "But why don't they stop him?"

"They can't do it. He's awful strong, and then besides the law can't prevent an animal from getting mad, you know," said Reddy.

"Who has to pay for putting the chimneys up again?" asked Jimmieboy. "The Tee-heelephant or the Zoo people?"

"Neither," returned the Tiddledywink. "It's paid for by the man who puts 'em up."

"I shouldn't fink he'd yike that," said Jimmieboy, after a moment's reflection.

"He doesn't," said Reddy, "but he has to do it because when he was building them the first time he said they would stand forever,

and of course when they fall down he has to pay because they don't stand forever."

"Seems to me," said Jimmieboy, "that the man who doesn't say anyfing now days is a pyitty smart man."

"He is if he isn't a stupid one," returned Reddy wisely, "but who told you how to get around the Teeheelephant?"

"The Mangatoo—the comic paper bird," said Jimmieboy.

"I don't believe it," retorted Reddy. "The Mangatoo never did a useful thing in his life. You never can get him to work at anything unless it's all done before he begins."

"But he did—he told me just how we could get away, and I told you, and we got away," returned Jimmieboy a little indignantly, because the Mangatoo had done him and Reddy—and particularly Reddy—a good turn and he thought it very ungrateful of Reddy to speak as he did.

"Well, we'll have to see Blackey then, and get him to change his poem about the Mangatoo," said Reddy. "Because it isn't a bit complimentary. It says the Mangatoo is a

very useless sort of bird—which isn't so if he helped us out of our fix."

"What did Blackey say in his poem?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Oh it's a very long one," returned Reddy, "but if you'd like to hear it we can sit down here and I'll recite it to you."

"Lets," was all Jimmieboy could find breath to say, for they had been running again, although Jimmieboy did not know exactly when they had left the stump; and then they both threw themselves down on a bank of lilac colored moss near a clump of trees and Reddy began.

THE USELESS MANGATOO.

One day I had some chores to do,
The work was rather hard :
To pull the weeds that rankly grew
Out in our small backyard—
The weeds were pink and green and blue
The lawn was sadly marred ;

The parlor floor I wished to clean,
The bric-a-brac to dust,
The chairs were not fit to be seen,
The fenders thick with rust—
It really made me feel too mean
To hear their state discussed.

The beds upstairs had not been made,
The cows had not been fed—
The sheep had from their pasture strayed,
The rain leaked in the shed,
And for a time I was afraid
I'd have to bake some bread.

“How shall I get this work all done?”
I asked a cherished friend—
He was the very wisest one
To whom I then could send.
“I see no method 'neath the sun
All of these things to mend.”

Said he, “Go seek the Mangatoo,
That agéd comic bird.
He's always seeking work to do,
And then I've often heard
It really is delightful to
List to his talk absurd.”

And so I sought this feathered thing
And asked him if he would
Come help me in the straightening
Of household and of good.
He answered, as he flapped his wing,
He'd come down if he could.

Said I, “I want my backyard clear
Of mullen stalks and docks,”
Said he, “I'm rather clever, dear,
At winding eight day clocks,
Or if you haven't any here
At painting signs on rocks.”

Said I, "I want my parlor swept
 My fenders polished bright ;
 The sheep within their pasture kept,
 The cows all milked at night.
 Would you these duties all accept ?"
 Said he, "Perhaps I might."

"Well, can't you say with certainty ?"
 I cried—he'd made me mad
 By calmly blinking there at me—
 His eyes both big and sad.
 "You'd better do so instantly !"
 Said he, "Perhaps I had."

He seemed to think a moment then,
 And shortly thus did speak :
 "You want to have me come just when ?"
 "At once," said I in Greek.
 "All right," said he and blinked again
 "I'll be around next week."

From which I gather that this bird
 Of which I've sung to you,
 Is useless as he is absurd
 When there is work to do—
 And when there isn't, mark my word,
 He's just as bad then too.

"So you see," said Reddy, "the general idea of the Mangatoo is that he couldn't earn his salt in a salt mine. But this makes things look different. You have got him to do

something for somebody and I think Blackey ought to write—”

Reddy never finished this sentence, for just then Jimmieboy jumped up with a hurrah, for he had heard strains of the most beautiful “moobic” in the distance—and there was nothing in the world Jimmieboy liked much better than “moobic,” good or bad.

“What’s that?” he cried excitedly, grabbing Reddy by the hand and peering off in the direction from which the sounds came, seeing nothing however but a great cloud of dust.

“I don’t know what it is,” said Reddy nervously. “I don’t know whether it’s a procession of the Torchlighters or the invited guests for the Athletic Sports. If it’s the Torchlighters, we don’t want to be caught here I can tell you.”

“Why not?” asked Jimmieboy. “They don’t hurt you, do they?”

“Oh, don’t they! Well I guess they do.”

“How?” asked Jimmieboy, catching some of Reddy’s fear. “They don’t hit you with sticks and—and tickle you—and—and put pins in you, do they?”

“No. It’s worse’n that,” replied Reddy,

climbing a roasted peanut tree that shaded the spot on which they stood, to see if he could get a better view of the approaching crowd, and so make out who they were. "It's a great deal worse than that. They call you names and ask you questions and make fun of your answers. *They hurt your feelings!* They called me a little Tuppenny-Tiddledywink once, right before some people I wanted to have like me, and I don't believe those people ever forgot it, and I am to them a Tuppenny Tiddledywink to this day."

"That's very mean of them," said Jimmieboy. "Do you fink they'd call me any names?" he added anxiously.

"Would they? Well, rather," returned Reddy. "They'd call you a—they'd call you a—well I think very likely they'd call you a nice, dear, sweet little girl."

"*I'm not no such fink,*" cried Jimmieboy very angrily. "I'm a nice, dear, sweet little boy—my papa says so."

"That wouldn't make a bit of difference with the Torchlighters," said Reddy with a laugh. He had discovered Jimmieboy's sore point—and he might have guessed it before

because no little boy cares to be called a little girl. "They'd call you a nice, dear, sweet little girl all the same and they'd bring you a lot of paper dolls to play with, and ask you if you had any little brothers, and if you weren't sorry you weren't a boy yourself, and oh, lots and lots of mean questions that—"

"Let's wun then," said Jimmieboy. "I don't want to fall in with people who are going to take me for a little girl."

"I can't run another step," said Reddy wearily, "because I'm all worn out as it is getting away from the Teeheelephant."

"But what are you going to do?" cried Jimmieboy. "We can't stay here and be caught; and those moobic people are getting nearer to us every minute. I'm going to wun."

"Don't do it," said Reddy, "but hurry up and climb up here in this roasted peanut tree with me. If it's the Torchlighters, they won't see us, and if it's the Athletic Sport guests, we can climb down and join 'em. Roasted peanuts are poisonous to Torchlighters and even if they did see us up here, they wouldn't dare stop."

“All wight,” said Jimmieboy, rushing to the foot of the tree. “Here I come.”

And putting his arms about the tree Jimmieboy began to climb. It was wonderful too how easily and how well he climbed. He was half way up before Reddy knew he had started—but then he stopped suddenly and cried “owch !”

“What’s the matter?” called Reddy.

“Somefing stinged me,” sobbed Jimmieboy, ruefully rubbing his chin over his right hand—he couldn’t rub his hand over his chin because he did not dare let go of the limb for fear of falling back to the ground.

“It wasn’t a sting,” explained Reddy, reaching down to help him up. “I forgot to tell you not to touch any of the peanuts. The peanuts on a roasted peanut tree are always very hot when they are just ripe, and the nuts on this tree haven’t been ripe much longer than four minutes. So be very careful.”

And Jimmieboy was very careful, and before long he was seated on a high part of the roasted peanut tree, peering through the leaves and down the road at the cloud of dust, behind which could be heard the “moo-

bic," the tramp of feet, the rolling of wheels and the roar of laughing, shouting, singing, beings of some kind or another, the two little creatures in the tree did not know what.

It was a very exciting moment for Jimmie-boy, but he had Reddy with him, and this, taken together with the fact that the roasted peanuts were unusually delicious when plucked fresh from the tree, and after they had cooled down a little, made him feel not altogether uncomfortable and not at all afraid.





XIV.

THE PROCESSION.

“I WISH that cloud would break,” said Reddy, leaning far out and trying once more to satisfy himself as to what it was that lay concealed behind the dust cloud. “Maybe if it doesn’t break they’ll get by without our seeing ’em at all.”

“That wouldn’t be any harm, would it?” asked Jimmieboy.

“No—it wouldn’t be any harm if it were the Torchlighters, but if it should happen to be the Athletic Sport people and we should miss ’em we couldn’t see the sports,” said Reddy, with a worried look on his face.

“Why not?” asked Jimmieboy. “Would

they go off and have 'em some place where we couldn't find 'em?"

"Oh, no—but they wouldn't let us in. We don't have tickets for anything here, you know," explained the Tiddledywink, tossing a hot peanut into the air to cool it. "Everybody goes at once, and they let 'em all in and then lock the doors and won't let anybody in after that, so that those who come late always have to stay outside."

"How do they get their money, with all these people going in at once?" asked Jimmieboy. "I should fink lots of people would get in fwee."

"They all do," returned Reddy. "But they have to pay to get out."

"S'pose they don't have any money, what happens then?" queried Jimmieboy. He was a little anxious on this point because when he came to look in his button-holes he found he hadn't a single flower, and flowers he remembered were the things with which Tiddledywink people paid their bills. He wished, too, that he had known all this before he came down to Tiddledywink-land, because he knew of a place where there were bags

and bags and bags full of solid gold dandelions growing wild—a fortune beyond the wildest dreams of the most hopeful Tiddledywink.

“Then they keep ’em there until they do pay,” said Reddy.

“But isn’t that very ’sensive?” asked Jimmieboy. “They’d have to feed ’em and keep ’em alive, I should fink.”

“Oh, of course,” said Reddy. “But they make lots and lots of money that way. They charge everybody they keep their board and lodging.”

“But if a Widdledywink hasn’t any fowers to pay to-day how is he ever going to get ’em if he is locked up?” queried Jimmieboy.

“They give ’em all little gardens and make ’em raise enough flowers to pay for everything,” said Reddy, and then he cried “Hoorah! It’s raining, it’s raining.”

And sure enough it was raining.

“I don’t see why you are so glad it’s waining,” said Jimmieboy. “We’ll get soaked all fwoo.”

“No, we won’t,” cried Reddy, gleefully. “The roasted peanut tree will keep us dry

and now I know it's the Athletic Sport parade because it always rains when we have one."

The rain began to come down in torrents all about the peanut tree but never touching it or the two little fellows sitting high in its branches, because, as Reddy explained, the heat of the tree dried up all the rain before it got near enough to wet anything—although it was not uncomfortably warm for Jimmie-boy, probably because he was still dressed in his little night clothes, which were rather light for a boy of his size to be off travelling in, even in so soft and balmy a country as Tiddle-dywink-land was.

"Then I'm glad too because the rain will lay the dust," said Reddy. "By the way," he added, "what can a hen do that the rain can't?"

"What?" asked Jimmieboy heedlessly.

"Lay an egg," roared Reddy, laughing so hard that the tree shook and loosened the hot peanuts which fell upon them and made Jimmieboy so uncomfortable that he started to climb down. It was a queer downcoming too. Jimmieboy felt as if he were floating through the air—dropping slowly and gently

down to the ground, landing in a moment upon a soft bank of ferns, standing on which he could see almost as far down the road as when he was high up in the tree. Barely had his feet touched the ground when the music and noise, which had ceased when the rain began, started up again and the rain as quickly stopped.

“Glory! glory!” sang Reddy, dancing up and down until the ferns were almost entirely spoiled. “It’s the procession of the toys they talked of getting up in your honor, and they’ve got all the best Tiddledywink bands for the music and in the middle of all is the State carriage for you—Hooray!”

Jimmieboy was quite carried away by Reddy’s delight, and began dancing with equal vigor himself. “Hooray!” he cried, quite as loudly as Reddy had done. “Who are these first ones?” he added quickly, for at that moment the first band of music appeared at the turn of the road, which was as far as they could see.

“It’s the—the Grass Band,” yelled Reddy with delight, turning a half a dozen back-somersaults to get rid of some of his surplus energy,

else he must have flown away. "It's the Grass Band, led by old Drum Major Grass Hopper."

"I've heard of *bwass* bands," Jimmieboy began, but Reddy interrupted:

"And they're playing their best, too."

Which indeed was true, for the music seemed to grow better and sweeter every minute. Somehow or other it reminded Jimmieboy of a delicious drink of milk—it was so very good and soft; and then, as the band drew nearer, he could see that it was made up entirely of grass hoppers, blowing on tiny blades of grass held between their thumbs—Jimmieboy had never seen a grass hopper's thumb before and he thought it an altogether queer thing. They played just as Jimmieboy's papa had often done out on the lawn at home, only the music the grass hoppers got out of the soft green spears was much less squeaky than that his papa used to get. As they drew closer to Jimmieboy the grass hoppers redoubled their efforts, and as they passed him the Drum Major, who held a big piece of clover in his hand, saluted him with a wink and an extra high hop.

Behind the Grass Band came a battalion of Green Tiddledywinks, at the head of whom Jimmieboy noticed his little friend who had taken him off bicycling a few hours before, and then in a beautiful carriage pulled by Tiddledywink ponies wearing the same style of shoes and clothes that Reddy's pony had, only with emeralds in their shirts instead of the diamond the other pony had on, rode little Miss Green Tiddledywink, the Green Snapper, and much to Jimmieboy's surprise the old calico Santa Claus he had had so many happy days with up in the nursery.

"How did he get here?" Jimmieboy asked of Reddy—but Reddy had in some manner disappeared, and Jimmieboy, looking around him to see, if possible, where he had gone, discovered that he was flanked on three sides by a strong guard of tin soldiers.

"Dear me," he said, frightened just the least bit, for the soldiers looked very fierce. "What is the meaning of this? Where is Weddy?"

"Please, sir," said the Commander of the tin soldiers, advancing to his side, "the Red Tiddledywink was summoned to the

command of his company, sir. We were called down from the nursery barracks to act as guard of honor to you until the Tiddledy-wink carriage arrives to take you to the Athletic Grounds."

"Oh," said Jimmieboy. "That's it, is it? I couldn't quite see what you were doing here. You may weturn to your men."

Then he turned to watch the procession again. It was well he did, or he would have missed the Yellow Tiddledywinks who were just coming around the turn, a fine band of canary birds before them furnishing the music. Jimmieboy said afterwards that he had never heard canaries sing so well, and he thought he remembered the tune, but when he tried it he found he only knew the first note, and his papa said he had heard that before.

The Yellow Tiddledywinks all carried long sprays of golden-rod over their shoulders, and looked very gay and glittering in their yellow clothes. Behind them came their invited guests, and with these Jimmieboy saw his dear little friend the Plush Dog-on-Wheels, barking at nearly everything he saw.

“He ought to have a soft pedal on his mouth,” said a gruff voice at Jimmieboy’s side, which made him start a little, although he knew that the tin soldiers would take care that he wasn’t hurt.

“Hullo, you here?” smiled Jimmieboy, as soon as he saw who it was.

“No. I’m elsewhere,” returned the Mangatoo—for it was he that spoke. “That’s the queer thing about me. I’m never where I am. When I’m there I’m here, and when I’m here I’m not.”

“How did you get away from the Zoo?” asked Jimmieboy, returning the bow of a huge Agate that stalked by in the procession with a beaver hat on, looking for all the world like a big glass eye with legs.

“Can’t a bird save himself from drowning?” asked the Mangatoo, indignantly. “Did you suppose I was going to stay in that place after the Teeheelephant had cried five minutes? I guess not. You’d have got your feet wet if you’d stood on your head, the place filled up so, and if there is anything I don’t like it’s salt water bathing.”

“Are the Teeheelephant’s tears salt?” asked Jimmieboy.

“*Are* they?” sneered the Mangatoo. “Did you ever taste sea water?”

“Yes,” said Jimmieboy. “Once.”

“Well, the Teeheelephant’s tears aren’t a bit like it,” said the Mangatoo. “It’s awful, and I got my throat wet and won’t be able to sing this evening.”

“I didn’t know you ever sang,” said Jimmieboy.

“I never do,” returned the Mangatoo. “But I don’t see what that’s got to do with the salt water spoiling my voice.”

“Do you ever see anyfing?” Jimmieboy asked. It was a little cross of him perhaps, but the Mangatoo was behaving in a very disagreeable manner, throwing stones as he talked at the Red Monkey-on-a-Stick that was going by at the moment with Reddy’s company.

“Not with my eyes shut,” said the Mangatoo. “And I don’t believe you can either. Good-bye.”

“Are you going?” asked Jimmieboy, holding out his hand.

“Oh, no,” said the Mangatoo. “Not at all.”

“Then why did you say good-bye?”

“Because it’s a harmless remark to make and fills up the time. Saying good-bye doesn’t mean I’m going, anyhow. Clocks go without saying it. So do railway trains and music boxes—you don’t seem to know very much, considering how young you are,” said the Mangatoo scornfully, shying a stick into the middle of a carriage in which sat four chocolate colored doll babies, whereat the babies began to cry and the plaster lion who was in charge roared up to the Mangatoo that if he had time he’d come up and bite his drumstick off.

“All right,” retorted the Mangatoo. “I prefer the second joint myself,” which made Jimmieboy laugh, although he did consider the Mangatoo’s behavior disgraceful.

“I’m rather fond of the drumstick bone,” said Jimmieboy in a minute, with a sly look at the Mangatoo.

“All right,” returned the bird solemnly, drawing one leg up under his wing as if to protect it. “When I get through with mine

you can have it. Here come the Blue Tid-dledywinks. Hear the bells?"

"What are the bells?" asked Jimmieboy.

"That's their band—made up of Blue-bells. Pretty idea, eh?" said the Mangatoo.

"Yes," said Jimmieboy. "Very."

"Well, I don't agree with you," said the Mangatoo.

"You don't agwee with anybody, do you?" asked Jimmieboy.

"No. If I did they'd eat me," retorted the bird, and then he laughed—and such a laugh as it was. It fairly shook the road.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Jimmieboy. "I don't see anyfing funny."

"I was only thinking—teehee—" laughed the Mangatoo, "of how funny—hee-hee-hee—this procession would be if it wasn't—ha-ha-ha—so awfully stupid."

"The carriage is ready for you now, sir," cried the Captain of the tin soldiers, coming up at this moment.

"Very well," said Jimmieboy. "I am weady."

"I guess I'll go along with you," said the Mangatoo, rising and walking to the carriage.

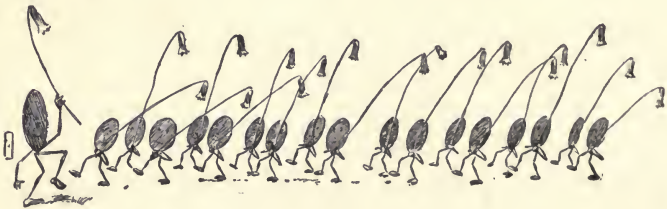
“ I guess you won't,” retorted the Captain.

“ Very well !” said the Mangatoo, making a face at the Captain, “ but I warn you if I do *not* go I shall stay. Remember that. Good-bye, Jimmieboy,” he added, turning to his little acquaintance. “ You are the first of the little boy kind of animals I've ever had anything to do with, and I think you are the best of the kind that I know of. Next time you come to see me bring your eyes along with you, for, as the poet says,

‘ You cannot see the Mangatoo,
No matter how you try,
Unless you bring along with you
A fine transparent eye.’

And mind, don't forget the comic papers.”

And so Jimmieboy bade farewell to the Mangatoo, and entered the carriage.





XV.

THE RAG-BABY CREATES A DISTURBANCE.

IT was the first time Jimmieboy had ever taken part in a procession. He had often watched them go by the window his papa always got when there were sights of that kind to be seen, and it had seemed to him that it must indeed be blissful to be one of those "pyitty" soldiers and carry a sword or a gun, and wear a big feather in his hat. But to ride in a beautiful carriage like this with six handsome Tiddledywink ponies to pull it, each pony managed by a magnificently dressed Tiddledywink sitting astride of it, with bands of music on all sides, and all playing different tunes and every tune a combination

of favorites—this was grander than anything he had ever dreamed of, although it reminded him of a story his papa told him once, about a lovely Queen who had reigned over a small island near Europe for fifty years and who had had a jubilee on account of it, which his papa had sailed over the water in a big boat to see and had enjoyed very much. Jimmie-boy didn't really believe that this Queen in all her glory and power could have felt any prouder than he did at that moment—in fact, he was sure she couldn't have felt quite as proud, because she was only one of dozens of Kings and Queens and Princesses in her procession, while he was the only little boy in all Tiddledywink-land. And how lustily the Tiddledywinks and invited Toys, who were not in the procession, but who lined both sides of the road, cheered as Jimmieboy passed by, bowing and bowing until his neck fairly ached; and how he wished he had thought to bring his hat along with him so that he could take it off to all these people and wave it at them and—O how lovely it *all* was—and what would his papa say if he could see him now!

But it could not last forever, as Jimmieboy almost wished it might. In fact it lasted for a very much less space of time than always, for in five Tiddledywink minutes, which are about a fifty-seventh part as long as a tenth of one of our seconds, the music stopped and a loud voice that sounded something like that of the brakeman who owned a train Jimmieboy had travelled on once, called out, "*Last station. All out for the Athletic Sports;*" and immediately Jimmieboy found himself in the middle of a great, pushing, hauling crowd who were trying to get through the gates to the seats within.

"Little boys in night clothes ought not to be allowed at Athletic Sports without a nurse," said a strange voice almost at Jimmieboy's side, and on looking around Jimmieboy saw the Rag-baby he had punished the day before, by placing him in the waste basket for two hours, standing back of him. This was the Rag-baby's revenge. Jimmieboy wanted to answer back but somehow or other he was afraid to, because the Rag-baby was a much bigger person here in Tiddledywink-land than he was up home in the nursery.

“Move on,” said the Tin Soldier, who was at Jimmieboy’s side to protect him from the rudeness of the unruly guests.

“I’ll bend your bayonet into a button hook if you say another word to me,” retorted the Rag-baby, turning his attention to Jimmieboy’s protector and shaking his fist in his face. This roused Jimmieboy’s anger a little, because he never liked that particular Rag-baby very much anyhow, and he didn’t care to have his little friend the Tin Soldier, who was a great favorite of his, bullied. So he summoned up all the courage he had and said :

“If you do I’ll take you when we get back home and lock you up in a buveau dwawer for four weeks.”

“That’s right, Jimmieboy,” cried the Monkey-on-a-Stick from the rear edge of the crowd. “Don’t let that quarrelsome Rag-baby frighten you. We’re all friends here except him and if he doesn’t behave we’ll—”

“Tickets!” shouted the voice that sounded like the brakeman’s.

“Dear me,” said Jimmieboy in alarm. “I fought we didn’t have to have tickets.”

“You were right,” whispered the voice.

“But they all know that except the Rag-baby and we don't want to let him in—so we're going to demand his ticket.”

Then the whisper stopped and the loud voice came again :

“T-I-C-K-E-T-S.”

“I haven't one,” said the Rag-baby, for it was to him that the voice spoke this time.

“Then you can't come in,” returned the voice. “Step out of the way, please—don't block up the passage.”

“But the rest of these people haven't any tickets, either,” returned the Rag-baby indignantly.

“Never said they had,” retorted the voice. “But what's that got to do with the size of the room?”

“You are letting them in,” insisted the Rag-baby. “And you are keeping me out.”

“That's very true,” returned the voice, “but of course you know why?”

“Can't say I do,” said the Rag-baby. “I'm as good as these others—and a good deal better.”

“That's just the reason,” said the voice with a chuckle. “You're so much better than any-

one else here we think you ought not to be asked to come in except on a printed ticket, made specially for you. Unfortunately the printer has disappointed us and the ticket won't be ready for six weeks. You might come then."

"But there won't be any sports, then," shouted the Rag-baby, for he was getting madder every minute.

"No—but the trains will run just the same and you can come and have some races with yourself. Good-bye," and with this the voice died away, the gate slammed and everybody was inside except the Rag-baby, and in a few minutes the Teeheelephant who had escaped from the Zoo, and was now searching for Reddy, came along and catching up the quarrelsome outcast put him away in his hand bag and galloped back to the Zoo to inspect his captive.

"That's what happens to quarrelsome people," said the Tin Soldier. "They always get into trouble sooner or later."

"I'm glad he's not going to be here," said Jimmieboy, "because he is the most twouble-some doll I have. But where are we to sit?" he added, looking about him.

What he saw when he looked about him was a hall about forty feet square all covered with chairs, excepting down at one end, where Jimmieboy could see a platform upon which were a few more chairs and tables and tall poles—but he didn't see any place for running and jumping as he had expected.

"Funny kind of Athletic Sports," he thought to himself.

"Yes," said the Tin Soldier, "they are."

"They are what?" asked Jimmieboy. He had not *said* anything was anything so far.

"Funny kind of Athletic Sports. I saw you think it," returned the Tin Soldier. "You know I can see what's going on in your head through those big brown eyes of yours—they are so clear."

"Well," laughed Jimmieboy a little nervously, "if that's the case I'll have to fink with my eyes tight shut after this—because it isn't always pleasant to have people know what you are finking about."

"It is if you think nice things about people," said the Soldier, "and that's all the kind of way a little boy like you ought to think."

"Little boys don't always do as they ought

to," said Jimmieboy sagely. To this the Tin Soldier replied that he didn't know about that—that Jimmieboy was the only little boy he had ever had anything to do with and he had supposed he never was naughty.

"Why, I've been naughty lots of times," said Jimmieboy. "Don't you wecommember once my papa took you away from me because I did somefing he didn't want me to?"

"I remember my being taken away from you but I didn't know what it was for."

"I guess," said Jimmieboy, "it was for the sake of example. He didn't want you to learn naughty twicks from me."

"I guess that must have been it," said the Tin Soldier. "But I never should have guessed it if you hadn't helped."

At this moment Reddy came up with the Black Tiddledywink and told Jimmieboy that the sports were about to begin, and that if he would go with Blackey, Blackey would see that he got a good seat.

"When the sports are over," Reddy said after Jimmieboy and Blackey were made acquainted, "we are all going to a ball at the Blue Tiddledywink's. It isn't a rubber ball

either," he added just for the sake of his joke.

"I suppose we'll have the regular supper afterwards?" suggested Blackey—"huckle-berry longcake and thaw-cream?"

"What's thaw-cream?" said Jimmieboy.

"Boiled ice-cream," explained Blackey and then he added the little rhyme,

"I do not mean to give offense
But I assert that its immense
Especially when cold's intense."

"What's the matter with you?" said Reddy to the Black Tiddledywink. "We never have thaw-cream at balls. They never have anything but rolls at balls."

"So they don't," returned Blackey. "I'd forgotten that.

"Tis strange how I forget some things—
Like postage stamps and finger rings,
And always, when it comes December,
The other things I can't remember."

"They're very good rolls though," Reddy said with a nod at Jimmieboy. "Nice and light you know—we have to keep strings

tied to 'em to hold 'em down, they're so light and hot! My, how fine and hot they are. The butter you put on 'em melts as soon as it touches 'em and you'd never know it was there. But there goes the bell and I must be off."

As Reddy spoke the bell had been rung for the contestants in the first event and as Reddy was Master of Ceremonies, Jimmieboy was willing to excuse him, particularly as he had left Blackey behind to entertain the little visitor.

"He's a nice Widdledywink," said Jimmieboy with an affectionate glance in the direction of the retreating Reddy.

"Yes," returned Blackey, "very nice indeed. In fact,

With all that you have just now said
I perfectly agree.
I really think that little Red
'S almost as nice as me."

"You should say 'nice as I,'" said Jimmieboy. He didn't know why 'nice as I' was better than 'nice as me' for of course he had never studied grammar, but he did know that

his papa had corrected him several times when he had himself said "nice as me."

"But I don't think he's as nice as you," said Blackey, "so I won't say it."

This was confusing to Jimmieboy, so he thought he wouldn't pursue the question any further and changed the subject by saying:

"But I don't see any wunning wack."

"What for.?" queried Blackey.

"For your sports of course," said Jimmieboy. "You must have a wunning wack if you have wunning waces."

"But we don't have running races—such things aren't permitted down here," returned Blackey. "They tire you out so and get you all out of breath. We never run unless the Whimperjam or the Wobbledypie wants us, and so running is very useless at most times and not sport at others, and as my poem says,

Oh, what's the use of useless things,
If you've no fingers, why have rings?
Without a head why buy a hat—
Pray tell me that."

"Yes—but Affletic Sports up in my countwy are all made up of wunning waces

and jumping waces, or wowing waces," explained Jimmieboy.

"Well, I don't see the good of 'em," said Blackey. "And they must be very tiresome. When we have races they are either thinking races—to see who can think the fastest—or talking races, to see who can talk the longest, or sitting races to see who can sit the stillest; and so on. There's lots of good in that style of sport because it rests the racers and they don't get overheated and out of breath. As the heroine in my poem says to her cousin, who is about to leave her, and seek his fortune :

I do not pine for them that ride and hunt,
For them that run and row I have no care—
Give me that noble being none can stunt
At sitting motionless upon a chair.

I deem them sorry wights who're strong to thump
Each other 'til the one or t'other shrinks—
I have no love for him who lives to jump—
But let me have that one who fastest thinks.

The noblest sport is that which contributes
Most to the good and glory of our kind.
I love him best who never substitutes
Mere leggy sports for those that tax the mind.

“Perhaps that’s a little too deep for you Jimmieboy,” Blackey added, “but you see we Tiddledywinks have to jump as a matter of business. We jump for a living, so when we come to our sports we try to do something different. Now as for you, I should advise you to get all the ‘leggy sports’ you can and let thinking and sitting still alone for some years to come. You are not a Tiddledywink but a little boy, and it isn’t likely you ever will be a Tiddledywink—though if you ever are I hope you’ll come and join our set—and little boys need all the exercise they can get; and they’re rather like flowers, too—they need sunshine and a good watering every day, and if they get that they’re apt to be happy anywhere. Exercise is health for you, but business for us—see?”

From which Jimmieboy would have known if he had been old enough, that Blackey was something of a philosopher as well as a poet.

“You and I,” said Blackey after a moment’s pause, “would better run a little bit though and get into our seats—for I see the band is preparing to play the lullaby.”

“What’s the lullaby for?” Jimmieboy asked.

“For the Sleeping Match. The Tiddledywinks are going to see which can go to sleep the quickest.”





XVI.

THE ATHLETIC SPORTS BEGIN.

“WHAT are those books on the table for?” asked Jimmieboy, as the six Tiddledywinks who were to take part in the Sleeping Match came out upon the platform and bowed to the audience.

“Those are arithmetics,” said Blackey. “They make the race faster, you know, and of course the faster the race the more exciting it is.”

“I’ve heard of ‘wiffmetic,’” said Jimmieboy, “from a big cousin of mine who knows all about it, but he said it was very slow.”

“Of course it is,” returned Blackey. “As I said once in my poem on slowness :

The Snail is very, very slow,
For one so light and small;
You hardly see the tortoise go,
You hardly see the grasses grow,
But this Arithmetic, you know,
Is slower than them all."

"Then I don't see how it makes a wace faster," said Jimmieboy.

"You forget," returned Blackey, "that this is a Sleeping Match. Don't you see the Tiddledywinks are all lying down?"

"Why yes—and studying the wiffmetics—oh, I see," said Jimmieboy, with a loud laugh. "They are studying themselves to sleep."

"*Hooray! Tiger!!*" shouted the Calico Santa Claus over on the other side of the hall, and the Red Tiddledywinks all applauded.

"What's the cheering for?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Why, didn't you see Reddy nod?" returned Blackey. "He's the champion so far. He's sleepier than—hullo what's the matter now?" Blackey added, rising from his seat and walking over to the stage, for there

seemed to be a quarrel of some kind going on there, and all the contesting Tiddledywinks had sprung to their feet and were talking vigorously to the stuffed Owl, who, inasmuch as he lived in Jimmieboy's papa's library over a lot of books, which Jimmieboy called the Bicyclopædia, was supposed to know enough to be referee and had been asked to act as such.

"I hope there is not going to be a fight," said Jimmieboy, when Blackey returned.

"Fight?" said Blackey, "Oh no. There's just a little misunderstanding, that's all. They've got to start over again. Reddy didn't understand the rules and began studying fractions and of course he'd have been asleep first because the others were beginning with addition, which isn't half so stupid. It's one of the rules that the contestants have got to begin at the beginning of the arithmetic because some parts of it are sleepier than others, and of course it wouldn't be fair if they didn't all have the same advantage."

"The Owl does very well for a judge, doesn't he?" said Jimmieboy, when all had quieted

down and the Tiddledywink athletes had started off on their race again.

“Yes. And it’s a good thing for the Tiddledywninks that he isn’t in this match, too,” said Blackey, “because he’d win it if he was. Why that Owl can get to sleep nine times quicker than you could an hour after bed-time, and that’s a good deal to be able to do, considering the size of his eyes and all the things he knows and has to forget.”

“How do you mean ‘forget’?” queried Jimmieboy. He had never thought much on the subject of sleep and Blackey’s remarks were rather hard for him to understand.

“Why, that’s all sleep is,” returned Blackey wisely. “It’s nothing but shutting your eyes and forgetting everything. Didn’t you know that?”

“No, I didn’t,” said Jimmieboy. “When I go to sleep I don’t forget everyfing. I dweam about mamma and papa and all my toys and—”

“Yes, but that isn’t real remembering,” said Blackey. “That’s only dream remembering.”

"I don't see what diff'ence there is," retorted Jimmieboy, a bit puzzled.

"There's a good deal," Blackey answered. "Did you ever dream you had a stick of candy in your hand?"

"Lots o' times," said Jimmieboy, smacking his lips at the remembrance.

"And did you ever wake up before you'd eaten that dream candy?" asked Blackey.

"Yes," assented Jimmieboy.

"Then what did you do with it?" asked Blackey.

"Nuffin'," said Jimmieboy. "There wasn't anyfing to do anyfing with."

"Well, the difference between that dream candy and real candy is just the same as the difference between real remembering and dream remembering—so you see sleep is nothing after all but forgetting. Perhaps you have read my poem about the Bumble-Bee and the Fish?"

"No. I can't wead," returned Jimmieboy, "but I've learned how to listen."

"That's a great thing, too," put in Blackey. "Most little boys don't know how to listen even in words of no syllables. But the poem

of the Bumble-Bee shows how sleep makes you forget very important things sometimes. The Bumble-Bee is supposed to tell the story and it goes this way :

THE BUMBLE-BEE AND THE FISH.

“ One night when I lay fast asleep—

I am a Bumble-Bee—

The notion in my head did creep,

That I lived in the briny deep,

The restless, sounding sea—

Strange place that was for me !

“ And all the fishes gathered there,

The Cod, Sardine and Whale,

Came swimming up from everywhere—

Except the Shark who took a scare,

And turned a ghastly pale

In every single scale.

“ The Minnow then in solemn tone

Asked, ‘ Pray sir, tell us what

You chance to be—art flesh and bone ?

Art fish or fowl ? Wood or stone ? ’

And I—I answered not—

I’d really clean forgot.

“ I thought and thought and thought and thought

I thought for hours three—

Nor found the answer that I sought,

Until a sudden change was wrought,

And I of sleep was free—

And then I cried ‘ A Bee.’

“But 'twas too late. The fish were gone—
Their thirst by no means slaked—
The Halibut and Pinky Prawn,
The Whale, the Cod had all withdrawn
The moment that I waked—
And how my poor head ached.

“And hence it is that since that night
The monsters of the seas—
The Mackerel and Bait of white
The Shrimp and other fishes bright
Have looked on Bumble-Bees
As crazy mysteries.”

“*Hi, HI, HI, Hi, HI!*” cried the Monkey-on-a-Stick, who was sitting with the Green Tiddledywinks. “Greeney’s ahead—Greeney’s ahead.”

“How does he know?” asked Jimmieboy, for as far as he could see the Sleeping Match contestants were as wide-awake as ever.

“He can tell by his breathing,” said Blackey. “He’s nearer than we are, you know, and maybe Greeney is giving one of those half-asleep snores—don’t you know the kind when you give a little snort and then straighten up suddenly as much as to say, ‘I’m not asleep’?”

“Whitey seems to be very wide-awake,”

said Jimmieboy, after a minute spent in watching the athletes. "He doesn't look a bit sleepy—I don't beyeve he'll win."

"No," returned Blackey. "He won't. He didn't train properly. He slept ten hours last night and had coffee for breakfast. The other's haven't been asleep for four days and have drank nothing but bromide."

"What's bwomide—anyfing like soda-water?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Yes," said Blackey. "Very—only it's lazier. It makes you tired and want to go to sleep—so you see Whitey really hasn't any show at all—that is, not unless he reads his Arithmetic faster than the others and gets over into Mental Long Division before they do. If he can do that he has a chance."

"Do you fink he will do it?" asked Jimmieboy—he was rather fond of Whitey and thought he'd like to see him win at something.

"Well, no, I don't," returned Blackey. "I think Whitey is saving himself up for the Thinking Match—that comes right after the exhibition jump by the Monkey-on-a-Stick, which is next to the Sleeping Match. Whitey is the

quickest thinker we have, though lately the Yellow Tiddledywink has rushed him pretty close—in fact, he beat him thinking out an answer to one of Reddy's riddles one day last week, but that was only in practice, and the Green Snapper says that Whitey let him beat on purpose just to encourage him."

Just then the Green Tiddledywink in the Sleeping Match gave a snore that could be heard all over the hall and the audience began to applaud, supposing he had won, but the Owl never said a word because he too had fallen asleep, and before the applause had waked him up Reddy had fallen into a deep slumber.

"Judgment! Judgment!!" cried the Tiddledywinks in the audience so loudly at last that the Owl waked up and asked:

"What's the matter?"

"We want your decision!" cried the Tiddledywinks. "The race is over."

"Which won?" asked the Owl, his big eyes blinking as though he would like to fall off to sleep once more.

"That's for you to decide," said the Tiddledywinks, impatiently.

“Oh, very well, the prize will go to—er—by the way, what is the prize?” he said, turning wearily to the Red Tiddledywink.

“A piece of blue ribbon,” was the answer.

“Very well,” said the Owl. “All right. Give it to the Blue Tiddledywink.”

“He didn’t win the match,” cried Reddy, indignantly. “He wasn’t half asleep.”

“That’s all right,” said the Owl, opening his eyes wide and glaring at Reddy. “He may not have won the match but he did far better. He’s won the prize.”

“But why?” cried Greeney in despair. “It isn’t fair—it isn’t fair. I was asleep the first.”

“That may be too,” said the Owl, gravely—“indeed, I do not doubt for one moment that it is so—but the Blue Tiddledywink gets the blue ribbon because—it matches him and I’m here to award prizes according to the match.”

The Blue Tiddledywink laughed, but he was too honest to keep the prize he hadn’t won, so when the Owl handed him the ribbon he turned to Greeney and Reddy and, after a moment’s whispering with them, clam-

bered over the edge of the platform and, making his way across the hall to where Jimmieboy sat, pinned the ribbon on the little fellow's dress right over his heart.

Then all the audience stood up and cheered and called upon Jimmieboy for a speech, but he was too much overcome to do anything more than rise up in his chair and kiss his hand to the audience and bow half a dozen times, and then sit down again. When he had done this the Canary Band played some music, at the conclusion of which the Owl fell off to sleep again and the Monkey-on-a-Stick leaped up on the platform to give his Exhibition Jump.

It was very strange about this.

Jimmieboy had seen the Monkey-on-a-Stick jump nearly every day since the last Christmas, when he had found him along with several pieces of candy and some other things in the stocking which Santa Claus had left him, but never had he seen him jump so high or so well as he did on this occasion. The Monkey started from the bottom of the stick and shot off into the air until he touched the ceiling with his hands, and then he drew his legs

up and tapped the ceiling with his feet before he came down. Then he slid to the ground and with a single spring went way over to the back of the hall, where he landed on his head, springing immediately back again to the platform and spinning round and round upon his outstretched tail until Jimmieboy and the other guests had to tell him to stop, it made them so dizzy. Then the Monkey gave one more leap—his broad leap, he called it—springing from his place on the platform and never touching ground again until he had circled the hall eight and a half times, which brought him directly over his seat, into which he dropped.

It was marvellous, the skill with which the Monkey jumped, and the hall fairly echoed with cheers at the conclusion of his performance. The cheers, as was natural, once more awakened the Owl, who strutted proudly over to the table upon which the prizes lay, and selected the medal which had been made for the Monkey as a testimonial of regard and a tribute to his greatness. Having done this, the Owl held up his claw to enjoin silence and then he said ;

“This time I shall make no mistake. The tremendous satisfaction which attended the presentation of the Blue Ribbon to our friend Jimmieboy convinces me that it is to him the prizes should go, and as a token of our admiration of the Monkey-on-a-Stick’s marvellous jumping powers and with our thanks to him for his delightful exhibition, I now present this medal to Jimmieboy.”

“No—no,” cried the Tiddledywinks to the Owl in an excited whisper. “Give it to the Monkey.”

“There is no pleasing you people,” said the Owl gruffly, glaring at everybody, which with his big eyes was quite the easiest thing he could do.

“Let Jimmieboy have it,” called the Monkey. “I don’t care.”

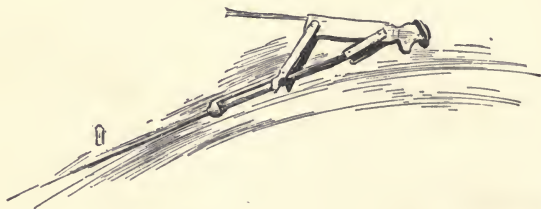
But he did care, for, as Jimmieboy could very well see, a great big tear came out of his eye and trickled down his nose—for the medal was a very pretty one. The Owl would have said it was only perspiration, probably, but Jimmieboy knew tears when he saw them. He had seen so many.

“Yes,” said Jimmieboy, rising and taking

the medal from the Owl, "let me have it. Then I," he added, suiting the action to the word, "then I can give it to the Monkey myself, for he deserves it and I mean that he shall have it."

This was quite as pleasing to the audience as anything that had happened, and the cheering and hand clapping that followed was so deafening that no one heard the Owl, who was snoring away once more as if his life depended on it.

"Now for the Thinking Match," said Blackey as the Tiddledywink Thinkers came out on the platform. "Keep your eye on Whitey, because he is the greatest Thinker going. You can hardly tell his thoughts from real ones."





XVII.

JIMMIEBOY ACTS AS JUDGE.

THE Thinking Match didn't seem to Jimmieboy to be very interesting at first. He couldn't tell which was ahead, or what any of them were thinking about, and altogether the contest struck him as being unusually stupid, and he almost wished the Owl would wake up and be outrageous for a few minutes, or that the Mangatoo might come along and be disagreeable. Blackey, as a poet, was of course very much absorbed in what was going on on the platform, and had ceased his rhyming prattle for the moment, and for the first time since he had come to

Tiddledywink-land Jimmieboy was beginning to wish he was somewhere else.

“I say, Blackey,” he said, after waiting for something to happen as long as he was able to stand the quiet, “don’t these finkers have anyfing like wiffmetic to make the wace exciting?”

“No indeed,” returned Blackey. “They don’t need it—it’s exciting enough as it is, for you know thinking is against the law, and if the police were to hear of it—phe-e-eee-ew!”—this last was a long, low whistle which made Jimmieboy shudder to think of what might take place if the police should happen in at that moment and catch the Tiddledywinks deep in thought.

“What would they do?” he whispered. “What would the police do if they should catch them finking?”

“They’d take ’em by their legs,” said Blackey, “and turn ’em heel side up and shake all the thoughts right out of ’em, and then when they’d seen what kind of thoughts they were, they’d have ’em punished accordingly. If they were ill-natured thoughts they’d fine ’em twenty-five verbenas apiece. If they

were funny thoughts, and could make the judge laugh they'd get off with a good scolding."

"But why did you people ever make such a funny law as that—to keep people from finking?" asked Jimmieboy. "I don't see any weason for a law yike that."

"Oh, we had to have it," returned Blackey. "It was the only way we could make thinking exciting and we've found that lots of people who never thought of thinking before there was a law against it, don't do anything else now."

"Are many people arwested for it here?" asked Jimmieboy.

"No; it's pretty hard to find out whether one is guilty, you know," said Blackey, calmly. "It's very hard to get witnesses who can be at all sure that he has seen a Tiddledy-wink thinking. You might look very thoughtful, you know, and yet not have an idea in your head, in fact," Blackey added, "that's the way with most people. You never can judge by appearances—I never do. I make it a rule to judge by disappearances. For instance, a man may look as if he'd take

a piece of cake that wasn't his, but it would be very wrong to make up your mind that he'd do it just because he looked that way ; but if the cake and the man disappear—all at the same time, you know—”

“ I see,” said Jimmieby. “ I'll have to wecommember that. And do you know I am so glad you told me about the law—I wecommember now, Gweeney told about it before, but I had forgotten—it makes the wace ever so much more exciting. It's a sort of wace between the Widdledywinks and the police—I wish the police would—no, I don't either,” he added, hastily. He was going to say he hoped the police would come just for the excitement of it, but when he thought of what might happen if they did, he changed his mind.

“ Why of course they'll come,” laughed Blackey. “ How else are we to decide who's champion? You don't suppose we'd leave it to that sleepy old Owl to decide, do you?”

“ I didn't know,” said Jimmieboy, meekly. “ I s'posed he was judge of everyfing.”

“ Ho !” jeered Blackey. “ Just the opposite. He isn't judge of anything. Why, he couldn't tell you whether it was raining or

not if he was out in a thunder-storm without a water-proof on."

"He is s'posed to be a very wise Owl," said Jimmieboy. "My papa finks he's just stuffed with wisdom."

"Well, he isn't," said Blackey, confidently. "It's cotton he is stuffed with and not a cent's worth of wisdom in the whole bird."

'He's a wise looking bird—that is so,
And yet I'm quite certain, my dear,
That the creature enough doesn't know
To stay out of doors when it's clear.'

"There they are now," Blackey added, jumping up and down, nervously.

"Who!" asked Jimmieboy.

"The police—don't you hear them knocking?"

And Jimmieboy listened, and sure enough there was a loud knocking going on at the door, which was immediately opened, and through it came a long line of policemen. They looked to Jimmieboy very much like the small worsted nine-pins his papa had brought him a few days before, dressed up in police uniforms, but he wasn't quite certain enough

on this point to warrant him in going over to intercede for the Tiddledywinks, who were apparently very nervous now that the police had arrived.

“What’s going on here?” asked the Captain of the Police, eyeing Jimmieboy sternly.

“It’s a Fink—” began Jimmieboy.

“Hush,” whispered Blackey, “don’t give it away. Tell him the Monkey has just been giving an Exhibition Jump.”

“The Monkey-on-a-Stick has been jumping,” stammered Jimmieboy. “And we’ve had a Sleeping Match, too.”

“It looks to me as if somebody had been thinking around here,” said the Captain, suspiciously, walking over to the platform where the contestants stood cowering before him—all except the Yellow and Green Tiddledywinks who had climbed out of the window.

“’Twasn’t me,” said the Blue Tiddledywink.

“Very well,” said the Owl, waking up at this moment. “If it wasn’t you, you aren’t in the race at all.”

“Nobody’d ever arrest you for thinking,” sneered the Captain, giving the Owl a poke

with his club. "I'm sure now that one of you fellows has been violating the law. What the Owl says convinces me that you have been having a Thinking Match. Now which one of you is guilty? What do you think, Reddy?"

"I don't think," returned Reddy.

"That leaves the race between my brother and Whitey," whispered the Black Tiddledy-wink. "The Yellow and Green Tiddledy-winks have run away and Bluey and Reddy have denied that they think. Now, let's see who'll win."

"Then it's one of you two," continued the policeman, grabbing Blackey's brother and Whitey by their arms. "Which is it? Quick! Tell me."

"I think you ought to decide that for yourself," said Blackey's brother. "That's what you are paid for."

"Oh indeed," retorted the Policeman. "You think that, do you? Well, just let me tell you that's no kind of a thought, so it's very evident you haven't been thinking. That only leaves you, Whitey. How is it, eh? I fancy you're guilty, eh?"

“I think perhaps you’re right,” returned Whitey.

At this the audience cheered and it was plain that the Policeman considered the expression as evidence of a thought of the most thoughtful kind, for the next minute Whitey was placed under arrest. Then the cheering became uproarious for this settled the point. Whitey had won the contest.

“Now do you understand Thinking Matches?” asked Blackey, when the cheering had quieted down.

“Oh yes—who ever gets arwested wins,” said Jimmieboy.

“Exactly,” said Blackey.

“S’pose two get arwested?”

“Then it’s a tie,” explained Blackey. “But hi there,” he cried, springing to his feet and shouting to the Owl. “What are you doing with that medal? That’s Whitey’s.”

“Silence!” said the Owl gravely. “I am here to award the medals to the proper people. Now I’m going to give this medal for the Thinking Match to the Policeman.”

“But he is not the proper one,” cried Blackey.

“That poet over there says you are not a proper person, Mr. Policeman,” said the Owl. “I wouldn’t stand that if I were you.”

The Policeman, paying no attention to this remark, the Owl continued, addressing his audience:

“But Dolls, Tiddledywinks and Jimmieboy, I must explain to you why I award the prize to the Policeman. It belongs to Whitey, of course, but you know what Policemen are. If I give this prize to Whitey, the Policeman will take it away from him. If I keep it myself, he’ll take it away from me. Now the only way to keep the Policeman from doing a wrong thing is to give him this medal, which I now do with the thanks and cordial appreciation of this gathering for his assistance and in the hope that he will speedily depart and not return until he is sent for—which in my opinion will be forty-six weeks after never.”

“That settles you,” said the Policeman. “I’ll swap my prisoner for you and give Whitey the medal besides. Come along,” he added, releasing Whitey and seizing the Owl by the wing.

“Too-whoo- too-whoo- too-whoom are you

speaking?" screeched the Owl, as Jimmie-boy and the audience howled with laughter and delight at the turn affairs had taken; and Blackey—so excited that he dropped into rhyme—cried out:

“O really this is lovely quite,
It makes me shriek with glee—
To note the Owl in this plight
Is pleasing unto me.

“He’s such a wild outrageous way,
We have small use for him—
And hence it is he finds to-day
Our sympathy is slim.

“And with one voice we all do cry—
And spice it with a grin—
Oh Copper grab this fowl sly,
And then O run him in.”

“Run him in?” echoed the Policeman.
“Well, I guess I will run him in. Move along here.”

“But I haven’t done anything,” said the Owl.

“I know you haven’t,” retorted the Policeman. “But laziness is more of a crime than thinking, and you seem to be the more import-

ant prisoner of the two. I'll let Whitey off this time but you must go with me."

And so the Policeman walked off with the Owl, and the Tiddledywinks and their guests with a sigh of relief settled back in their chairs to listen to the Joke Match, in which Reddy was to compete against Blackey—Reddy having to make a joke twice as often as Blackey made a funny verse.

Much to his embarrassment Jimmieboy was made judge of this event. He didn't want to take the Owl's place because he could see it was a very thankless position, and that even the Owl, wise as he had supposed him to be, was unable to award the prizes to the satisfaction of the Tiddledywinks. But Blackey and Reddy insisted that he should serve, because, as Reddy said, there were very few people who could like poetry and understand jokes all at once; and, he said, he thought Jimmieboy was just the kind of person to have the fine quality which would make of him a good judge in a contest of that sort, and he was willing to submit to Jimmieboy's decision in the matter. Blackey said practically the same thing, although he

put it differently—intimating that because one could understand a joke was no reason for supposing he could not appreciate a good poem and so forth. So Jimmieboy consented, the bell rang, and the contest began.

Blackey opened with this rhyme :

“O let me have a chicken bone
Out on our old front stoop,
A razor and a six inch hone
And I will make some soup.”

“If a small chestnut cheers 'til his voice is husky, is he a hoarse-chestnut? If I should bury my watch in the ocean, would it be a Waterbury watch?” responded Reddy without hesitation.

Jimmieboy laughed and looked toward Blackey, to see what he would do, and Blackey was ready.

“Here's a verse on Unselfishness,” Blackey said.

“I clambered up the mountain side,
And sat high in a tree—
The view was fine and very wide,
But suddenly I sorely cried
To think, no matter how it tried,
The view could not see me.”

The audience applauded very heartily as Blackey sat down after this, and perhaps it was just as well it did for Reddy's sake, for he too was so full of admiration for Blackey's sentiment that he wasn't quite ready with his two jokes. But the applause gave him the time he needed and the moment it stopped he blurted out :

“ ‘I'm not fond of currents', as the crab said when the undertow caught him and swept him out to sea. ‘Where's the cat,' asked Willie. ‘With his paws,' returned smart little Jennie, aged two years and seven months.”

Jimmieboy joined in the general laugh that followed these jokes and then Blackey stepped forward and recited these lines :

“ If all the land were apple pie,
The sea all custard cup,
I rather think, my friends, that I
Would eat the Twirler up.”

“Who wouldn't?” cried Jimmieboy enthusiastically, for he did like apple pie and custard cup.

“I wouldn't,” said Reddy, coming forward.

"That's one joke," he added, "because I would, you know."

"That's good," said Blackey smiling. "Count it in Jimmieboy, and let's have the other, Reddy."

"'Oh dear!'" Reddy began, "'Oh dear,' said the man who fell out of the balloon. 'What shall I do?' 'Keep on tumbling 'til you stop,' said the eagle. 'It's all you can do.'"

"That's the best yet," said the Monkey-on-a-Stick, pounding with his stick on the floor. "There's not only humor but pathos and philosophy in that joke."

"Here's a small boy poem," said Blackey, when quiet had been restored,

"I'm sorry for the birdies in the tree!"

To me one day from upstairs Tommy cried down.

'Pray tell me why?' I asked of him and he

Replied, 'they have no bannisters to slide down!'"

"Why is a cent like a snake?" asked Reddy, rising immediately.

"Give it up," said Jimmieboy.

"Because it's all head and tail," returned Reddy. Then he added: "Why was that old Owl we had here a little while ago like a donkey?"

“Don’t know,” said Jimmieboy. “I’m not good on widdles, you know.”

“Because he couldn’t help himsel—” Reddy began and then he was interrupted.

“ALL ABOARD FOR THE BALL,” cried the voice Jimmieboy had heard at the gate of the building, when he had entered. “STEP LIVELY. ALL ABOARD.”

“Come along quick or we’ll be left,” called Greeney, grasping Jimmieboy by the hand and pulling him along, for every one else in the room had started.

“But the match—” Jimmieboy cried.

“Oh, we never wait for the end of matches between Blackey and Reddy,” said Greeney. “We couldn’t, you know, for they’d never finish.”

“But who gets the pwize?”

“You keep that yourself,” said the Tiddledywink, boosting Jimmieboy on board of a train that stood at the door, on every car of which was painted, in large red letters :

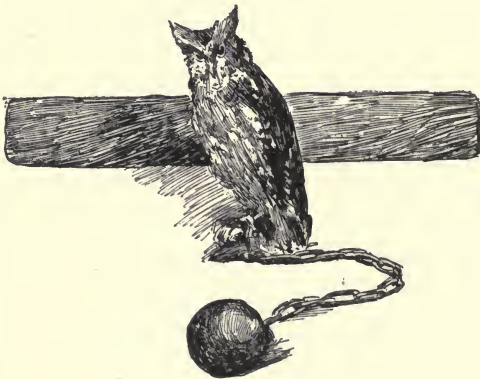
THE JIMMIEBOY AND TIDDLEDYWINK CENTRAL
RAILWAY COMPANY.

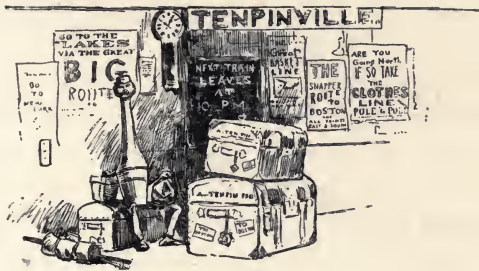
“It seems to me nobody who wins a pwize

in your sports ever gets one," said Jimmie-boy.

"That's true," returned the Tiddledywink, "But they get the glory, and the prizes don't amount to much. Look at 'em to-morrow," he added, significantly, "and you'll see."

And then the train drew out of the station with a tremendous puffing of smoke, and they were all on their way to the Ball to be given in Jimmieboy's honor at the Blue Tiddledywink's house.





XVIII.

A TRIP ON THE J. & T. C. RAILWAY.

“WE don’t seem to be going very fast,” said Jimmieboy after a few minutes.

“No, this isn’t one of our fast trains, it’s one of our accommodation trains,” said Greeney. “You see,” he added, “we don’t any of us ever use the fast trains because they never stop anywhere. It costs less to keep a fast train running than it does to have it stop at places and then start up again.”

“But I don’t see exyactly,” Jimmieboy replied. “I don’t see how you can keep a fast twain going all the time. It must get to the end of the woad sometime.”

“Not at all,” said Greeney with a smile,

which probably meant that he considered Jimmieboy even greener than himself. "The railroad on which we run our fast trains is built in the form of a circle, and the express trains just go round and round and round, never stopping anywhere. You don't seem to think, too, that if a fast train stopped at places it wouldn't be fast all the time. It would have to slow up to stop, and if you have ever travelled any you probably know how passengers grumble when a fast train turns into a slow one. This was what gave the railroad people the idea of not stopping anywhere—passengers used to grumble so much, and now they have nothing whatever to say."

"But why have it at all!" asked Jimmieboy, "that's what I can't unnerstand."

"Did you ever hear of a successful railroad being conducted without fast trains?" asked Greeney surprised at Jimmieboy's remark.

"Can't say that I ever did," Jimmieboy returned. "But—"

"MUMPTYREETLEDOO," cried the Brakeman, pushing the door wide open and sticking his head into the car.

"What did he say?" asked Jimmieboy.

“He said, ‘All out for Tenpinville.’ This is where the tenpins come from,” returned Greeney.

“I didn’t fink that was what he said,” returned Jimmieboy. “It sounded more yike Wumptyteedletoo.”

“It does sound that way when the Brake-man says it but that’s the way Brakemen talk, you know, and if we know what they mean what difference does it make?” replied Greeney.

“Well, s’pose you don’t know what they mean?” Jimmieboy asked.

“Then you ought not to travel, because something would be sure to happen to you,” answered Greeney. “I think people travel too young nowadays anyhow. This is a pretty place isn’t it?”

“Yes,” said Jimmieboy, looking out of the window at the broad and beautiful fields dotted all over with daisies and poppies. “But why don’t we go on to the station instead of stopping wight in the middle of this field?”

“What queer questions you ask,” said Greeney, eying Jimmieboy narrowly as

though wondering whether or not his little guest was in his right mind. "What is the use of stopping at stations when nine tenths of the people on the trains want to be let out in the fields? The only way to get along with the travelling public is to let 'em have their own way if you can find out what that is."

"That is all wight," said Jimmieboy. He could see plenty of reason in that. "But why do the people want to get out in the field?"

"For a very simple reason," returned Greeney. "Because it's nearer home. I guess you've been a home boy rather than a traveller. If you hadn't you would know that railway stations are always put as far away from people's homes as possible because they are noisy places as a rule and often not pleasant to look at. In nearly every case there is a vacant lot or a field somewhere which is nearer the homes of the greatest number of passengers than the station is, so here when the conductor goes through the car and takes up the tickets he gets the address of every passenger and stops as near the homes of all

at once as he can get. Now, to-night most of the people live near this field. To-morrow night most of the people may live near that cornfield you see a mile up the track, and then the train will stop there. See?"

"I fink I do," said Jimmieboy. "The wailwood just yikes to be obliging."

"That's the very point," returned Greeney. "You can see some things after all."

"It's a very funny fink for a wailwood to do that though," said Jimmieboy.

Greeney did not quite know whether it was the system of stoppages or the railroad's desire to be obliging that Jimmieboy considered queer, but it was a habit of his to appear at least to understand everything, and he accordingly asked no questions but simply observed that that was so.

"What do they do with the stations?" asked Jimmieboy. "There's no use having 'em if they don't use 'em, is there?"

"Oh, yes indeed," said Greeney. They rent 'em out to people, make hotels of 'em, use 'em for stores, hospitals or anything else a house could be used for. If every railroad did that they'd make more money."

“I don’t notice anybody getting out here,” Jimmieboy said in a little while, after he had thought very deeply on the queer way trains in Tiddledywink-land were run.

“No. That’s a strange thing about Tenpinville,” explained Greeney. “Nobody ever comes here. It’s only a place to come from, not to go to. That’s why the Tenpins came from it.”

“Don’t the place ever get emptied out?” asked Jimmieboy.

“Nope,” returned Greeney. “Never. There’s no end to the Tenpins, and I don’t believe there ever will be.”

“It seems to me,” Jimmieboy put in, “it seems to me that if I lived in as pyitty a place as this I’d want to come back again.”

“So would I,” replied Greeney. “But you know the Tenpins all have solid wooden heads—block-heads some people call ’em—and whenever you find anything or anybody with a solid wooden head you find they lack good sense. You can’t get sense into a Tenpin. If you could they wouldn’t stand up before a big heavy ball just to be knocked down again.”

"There's a good deal in that," said Jimmie-boy. "I suppose they'd yike to have sense, too, if they could find woom for it. Why don't they have hollow heads so that they could get sense into them?"

"Why don't cows have wings?" Greeney asked suggestively.

"Because they can't—if they had wings they wouldn't be cows," replied Jimmie-boy. "But what has that got to do with it?" he added.

"Tenpins don't have hollow heads with room in 'em for sense because they can't, and if they could they wouldn't be Tenpins," returned Greeney.

"*Who'll have a box of cough-drops; fresh from the tree!*" cried a trainboy, entering the car and passing down the aisle. "*Nice fresh cough-drops.*"

"How much are they a box?" asked the Calico Santa Claus, whom Jimmie-boy had noticed a few minutes before seated ahead of him.

"We give 'em away, sir," returned the boy. "Nobody would ever buy them so we decided the only way to do was to give 'em away."

"I don't want 'em, then," said Santa Claus,

as I told you before every time he calls that out the travellers know just where they are."

"Well, I don't see the sense of calling out anything," said Jimmieboy.

"I am afraid we shall have to get spectacles for you," said the Green Tiddledywink sadly. "There is so much that you don't see. If the Brakeman didn't cry out Mumptyreetle-doo, how would we ever know he was on the train or if he was on the train that he wasn't asleep?"

"Ah! That's it, is it?" said Jimmieboy. "And I s'pose we stopped in the back yard of that Doll's House because the Doll who lives in it was the only person who wanted to get off?"

"Not a bit of it. That house wasn't occupied. Nobody lives there," returned Greeney.

"Then why did we stop there," Jimmieboy insisted.

"Because nobody wanted to get off," returned Greeney. "That's simple enough, isn't it?"

To this Jimmieboy made no answer. He really couldn't think of anything to say, so he just leaned back in his seat as the train started

up again and looked out of the window. And so they travelled on in silence to Marbleburg, where there was a band of Agates at the station to serenade Jimmieboy as he passed through, at the head of which he thought he saw his favorite white alley. He really wasn't quite sure it was the alley, because evening was coming on and it was getting quite dark, but he waved his handkerchief just the same in the hope that if it was the alley he would see it and would be glad of the attention—which shows how much the little fellow loved his toys.

“L U G G A G E, *please*,” called a voice at Jimmieboy's side as the train moved on.

“Give him your luggage—quick,” said Greeney. “He earns forty dollars a day and his time is valuable. So don't keep him waiting.”

“I haven't got any luggage—what's luggage, anyhow?” asked Jimmieboy.

“Bags and trunks,” said Greeney, “and straps and hat boxes of course. Hurry up and give them to him.”

“But I haven't got any,” said Jimmieboy again. “I came off wivout any.”

“The idea of travelling without luggage!” said the Rag-Baby scornfully. He had escaped from the Teeheelephant and boarded the train as it was leaving the Athletic grounds. “Very childish performance that.”

“It’s against the rules of the Company to travel without luggage,” said the man who earned forty dollars a day. “Never happened on this road before,” he added. “I don’t know what to do about it. Perhaps I ought to put him off.”

“Yes, you ought,” called a voice from the rear which Jimmieboy immediately recognized as that of the Mangatoo. “And that’s just why you won’t.”

“Never mind him,” said the Conductor to the Luggageman. “He’s all right, Jimmieboy is. Come back into the next car with me and help me put one of the passengers off.”

“I can’t do it,” said the Luggageman. “I’ve got to put this child off if he can’t show his luggage.”

“Put somebody else off,” yelled the Mangatoo. “Won’t that do?”

“Yes, it will,” returned the Luggageman.

"I don't care who is put off, you know, but it's got to be somebody."

"Well, I'll tell you what you can do," said the Tin Soldier coming up. "My father lives about a hundred yards from here. Suppose you put me off? This is as far as I want to go anyhow."

"That suits me," said the Luggageman, "but maybe Jimmieboy would rather be put off himself. How is that? I can't deprive him of the privilege if he wants to go himself."

"I'm not at all anxious," returned Jimmieboy. "I want to go on to the next Wumptyteedletoo."

"Very well," said the Conductor, pulling the cord and stopping the train. "We'll put the Tin Soldier off and then we'll go back into the next car and get rid of that other passenger too."

"What's he done?" asked Greeney.

"Got a cinder in his eye," returned the Conductor, indignantly, "and worse yet refuses to give it up."

"How dishonest," said Santa Claus, holding up his hands in horror. "The idea of anybody's being so stubborn, to say nothing

of the wrong of stealing one of the Company's cinders in the first place. He ought to be put off."

So the Tin Soldier and the dishonest passenger were put off and the train started up again.

"You had a narrow escape," said Greeney. "If you had been put off there it would have been awful, because it is considered a terrible disgrace, and it's really never done unless you violate the luggage rules or try to steal the Company's property as the man with the—"

"MUMPTYREETLEDOO," called the Brakeman. "All out."

"Hurry up now," said Greeney, catching Jimmieboy by the hand, "or the train will start back again and take you with it. This is Snappertown and there is Bluey's house up on the hill."

And then the Green Tiddledywink and Jimmieboy descended from the train followed by the Mangatoo, the Rag-baby, the Calico Santa Claus and all the other passengers, bound for the Tiddledywink ball.

"I didn't hear the Brakeman call Wump-

tyteedletoo at Marbleburg," said Jimmie-boy.

"No, he had his mouth full of oyster soup at the time. He ought to be reprimanded too," returned Greeney as they started up the hill. "If he isn't, there'll be an accident some day and somebody will be carried by his station."





XIX.

THE TIDDLEDYWINK BALL.

AS they drew near to the top of the hill Jimmieboy heard the buzz of hundreds of voices and above it all the strains of the Grass Band, playing a grand military march.

It had now grown quite dark and the only way they could see at all was by the light of the Chinese lanterns that were hung in festoons in every direction, and Jimmieboy wondered for a minute if he were not in Fairyland; it all looked so beautiful.

Bluey's house was the largest and finest in all Tiddledywink-land—or at least it so appeared to Jimmieboy.

“It's puffictly bee-utiful,” he exclaimed, as

he stood on the outside and caught its outline in vari-colored lights against the sky. "And dear, dear, dear, what a view he must have here."

"Oh, yes," said Greeney. "There is a fearful view. Why from Bluey's back piazza you can see a hundred miles."

"A hundwed miles?" echoed Jimmieboy. "Why, that is wonderful."

"That's what everybody says," returned Greeney. "But it's true just the same. He can see way down to Tenpinville, and that's fifty miles."

"But you said a hundwed miles a minute ago," replied Jimmieboy.

"Well—that's a hundred miles. Fifty there and fifty back. A view isn't a bit worth having if you can't see your way back," vouchsafed Greeney.

"Has Bluey a name for this lubly home?" Jimmieboy asked, gazing about him and in through the windows, where everything seemed even more beautiful than it did outside—which was quite beautiful enough, Jimmieboy thought.

"Yes. He calls it Butterfly Lodge," re-

turned Greeney. "Rather pretty name, we think. He named it that because it has two wings. Reddy is the only person who criticises the name and I guess he only does it for the joke."

"What does he want it called?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Centipede Castle," Greeney answered, his eyes twinkling.

"What for?" queried Jimmieboy.

"Because it has a hundred feet front," said Greeney with a laugh in which Jimmieboy joined.

"Weddy never forgets his joke, does he," he said.

"Sometimes," replied Greeney. "He has to, you know. You couldn't expect anything as small as Reddy to remember all his jokes; why he's cracked millions of 'em. Sometimes he forgets and says 'em a second time and then we all call out 'good as ever,' and he knows."

"What does he say when you catch him up on an old joke?" asked Jimmieboy.

"Oh, he just laughs and says that he knew he'd said it before all along but he didn't

know whether we'd heard it with both ears," returned Greeney, with a grin the ends of which nearly met on the back of his neck, which so startled Jimmieboy that he did not show any signs of mirth himself.

"He's here, he's here," somebody cried at this moment and the front door of Butterfly Lodge was thrown open and a vast flood of light came forth from within, illuminating the whole surrounding country as brilliantly as though it were mid-day.

And through this open door Jimmieboy entered to find a broad hall-way decorated with every variety of sweet smelling flowers, and lined from end to end with Tiddledywinks in gorgeous costumes, who bowed most profoundly as he passed on to the reception room at the rear. So gorgeously were the Tiddledywinks dressed that Jimmieboy felt somewhat anxious about his own clothes, and glancing nervously down at his costume he was surprised to note that, unknown to himself, he was apparelled even more magnificently than the others.

"Where did these clothes come from," he asked of Greeney who was still at his side.

"Never mind that," returned Greeney with a wink. "That's another great thing about this house of Bluey's. If you came in here with a linen duster on you'd think you were wearing a velvet robe studded with diamonds."

"I wish I hadn't my curl papers on," said Jimmieboy. "Curl papers and velvet wibes don't go well together."

"Why, you haven't had those on since the Luggage-man went through the train. He took 'em while you weren't looking. You look fine," returned Greeney and as he spoke they reached the door of the Reception room where Jimmieboy found the Blue Tiddledy-wink standing to receive him.

"Welcome to Butterfly Lodge," said Bluey with a gracious smile, extending his hand which Jimmieboy grasped and squeezed. "I hope you were not tired by the railway journey?"

"Tut," cried the Mangatoo, who had followed Greeney and Jimmieboy in. "Tired? By that journey?"

"It's a pretty long journey," said Bluey. "Two hundred and thirty miles."

"Well, what of it?" said the Mangatoo

scornfully. "There were two hundred and thirty of us on the train. That's a mile apiece. A mile wouldn't tire a wagon wheel, much less a big fellow like Jimmieboy."

"Where's your invitation to this ball?" asked one of the Tenpin policeman coming up and tapping the Mangatoo on the back.

"In my other clothes, of course," said the Mangatoo, coolly eying the policeman from head to foot. "That's where I always carry papers I may happen to want."

"You can't stay here if you haven't one, you know," returned the policeman.

"Where's yours?" queried the Mangatoo.

"That's neither here nor there," began the policeman.

"Then it isn't anywhere," retorted the Mangatoo. "So you'd better do your duty and put yourself out. I only came here to get a check for my hat anyhow."

"What do you do that for?" asked Jimmieboy.

"The hat's no good—I can't sell it but I might be able to cash the check," the Mangatoo answered. "I've known that to happen, you know."

"It's very evident," said Reddy, with a sad smile, "that you've been brought up on comic papers."

"That's so," put in Jimmieboy, "but I rather yike the Mangatoo. I wish we had birds yike him up our way."

"My grandfather came from your country," said the Mangatoo gratefully. "They call him a Loon up there—and he is a Loon too. If he wasn't he'd pay his bill and get rid of it."

"You have many of his qualities," said Bluey, dryly, and then turning to Jimmieboy he added, "Come along and I'll introduce you to your partner for the opening Quadrille."

"I'm very sorwy," Jimmieboy began, "but weally Bluey, I don't dance at all."

"Oh, that's all right," returned Bluey. "None of the guests dance, it's too much exertion for them. The way we have a ball we sit quietly in big comfortable arm-chairs on a raised step running all about the ball room, and watch our hired dancers going through the Quadrilles and other dances. You'll find it is by far the pleasantest way of dancing there is—so restful, you know. Your partner

for the Quadrille is the Doll-Baby, the one that's stuffed with sawdust. You remember her, I think?"

"Oh my, yes. I wecommember her very well," said Jimmieboy, with a pleased smile, for the Doll-Baby and he had been famous friends for a long time. "There she is now—am I to sit next to her?"

"Yes, until the Quadrille is over, and then you are to have Cinderella for the waltz," returned Bluey, as they reached the seat set apart for Jimmieboy.

"How do you do," said the Doll-Baby as she recognized Jimmieboy. "Glad you've come."

"So am I," said Jimmieboy, sinking down into the deliciously soft cushions of the arm-chair and giving a tired little sigh—for he had had so many experiences since he arrived in Tiddledywink-land that he was beginning to feel very weary. "And I'm glad to see you here. Do you come to Widdledywink-land often?"

"No, I do not," replied the Doll-Baby. "I don't have much chance to, really. Having so much to do at home, looking after all

my little brothers and sisters, keeps me from visiting here as much as I should like."

"Do you have much twouble keeping your bwovvers and sisters in order?" Jimmieboy asked.

"Oh dear, yes," answered the Doll-Baby, "particularly those Paper Dolls. They are so delicate, you know, and then they are all the time tearing their clothes or going too near the fire or doing something rash."

"I guess the wubber dolls are the easiest to take care of, are they not?" queried Jimmie.

"You'd think so. They are so strong," replied the Doll-Baby, "but really they are not. One of them fell into the bath-tub, for instance, the other day, and lost all his beautiful pink cheeks; and a pretty blue coat I had had painted on him was simply washed out of existence. Then you remember what a terrible time we had with the Rubber Soldier who went to sleep on the register last winter, and had his uniform and left leg melted right off! It's really awfully trying, keeping small dolls out of mischief—by the way, won't you fix these pillows on my chair a little better? As they are now I have to lean way back,

and you know I can't keep my eyes open when I do that."

Jimmieboy did as he was requested and assisted the Doll-Baby in maintaining that upright position which was absolutely necessary when she desired to keep awake, and then, as the Grass Band started up playing the Quadrille, his interest turned to what was going on on the floor.

And it was most interesting to watch a dozen Turtles dancing a Quadrille—so much so, in fact, that Jimmieboy was intensely sorry when the dance came to an end, although the excitement of it was prolonged by the mishap to a young middle-aged Turtle, who slipped on the glassy floor and fell over on his back, so that he could not rise without the assistance of eight of the Tenpin police.

When this was over Jimmieboy said good evening to the Doll-Baby and arm in arm with Blackey, who came after him, marched across the room to where sat little Cinderella, with whom he was to enjoy the waltz.

"I've never met Cinderwella before," said Jimmieboy to Blackey. "How is she, pleasant?"

“Quite,” returned Blackey, “if she likes you. If she doesn’t she’ll sneer at your clothes. She’s a queer girl. I wrote a few lines about her last winter. They go like this :

CINDERELLA.

“She isn’t a particle proud,
Though dressed in rich satins and chintz.
She mingles right in with the crowd
Although she *has* married the Prince.

“She’s pretty as ever likewise,
And hasn’t forgot that the book
Which brought her before public eyes
Asserts that she knows how to cook.

“Should she take a fancy to you
You’ll note a soft light in her eye—
She’ll offer when dancing is through
To bake you a fine pigeon pie.

“But should you by ill-luck displease,
She’ll give you the chilliest frown—
A glance that your marrow will freeze—
And ask if you made your own gown.”

“I hope she yikes me,” said Jimmieboy, a little nervously. “I don’t have a good time as a usual thing when I’m with people who don’t yike me.”

“As I’ve said in my new book of poems,” said Blackey, putting his arm about Jimmieboy’s waist, “in a little verse called ‘To Jimmieboy,’

“Should you say aught about me,
To make me wish to strike you,
Just knowing you would flout me
And really make me like you.

“And should you end by liking me,
By all the stars above you,
You could not e’en by striking me
Make me do aught but love you.

In other words, my dear Jimmieboy,” continued Blackey affectionately, “nobody can help liking you whatever you may do or say.”

“You dear old fmg,” murmured Jimmieboy, patting Blackey gently on the head; and then he was introduced to Cinderella just as the Grass Hopper Band began playing the waltz, in response to which five lobsters and five crabs danced in through the door and over the floor together.

“Isn’t it comical,” said Cinderella, with a merry burst of laughter.

“Funniest thing I ever saw,” returned Jimmieboy.

“Yes,” returned Blackey. “As my book says

A funnier thing than a waltzing crab,
Or a lobster in twirling feather,
Is seen when the crab and the lobster grab
Each other's hands with their nabbiest nab
And glide over the floor together.”

“You don't dance, yourself, do you, Miss Cinderwella?” asked Jimmieboy after Cinderella had smiled duly at Blackey's rhyme.

“Not unless I have a soft wood floor,” returned Cinderella. “These hard wood floors shiver my glass slippers all to pieces.”

“I should fink they might,” returned Jimmieboy. “I s'pose you must bweak a gweat many pairs.”

“Oh no. They're not so easy to break as some leather ones and then they never wear out. The only real trouble with them is,” said the little Princess, “that sometimes I go out without any on at all—they are so clear, that I cannot always tell whether I have any on or not until I have put my foot into water somewhere, and then I can tell. If I have them on,

my feet keep dry but otherwise—oh dear, here is that odious Mangatoo coming up.”

“Good evening,” said the Mangatoo. “Good evening, Cinderella. I’ve found out what you wanted to know.”

“Indeed?” was the chilling response. “I was not aware that I had ever asked you for any information.”

“Well, you did—last time I saw you. You asked me where I got my clothes,” persisted the Mangatoo. “You asked me if I made ’em myself, and I couldn’t quite decide whether I did or not, and I’ve been thinking it over.”

It was evident then to Jimmieboy that Cinderella had disliked the Mangatoo from the start, because he remembered Blackey’s poem about her sneering at the clothes of those for whom she did not care.

“Well, what conclusion have you reached?” returned Cinderella coldly.

“None,” answered the Mangatoo. “But I’ve got a question to ask. Who made your hair?”

“Come, come,” said Jimmieboy, tapping the Mangatoo with Cinderella’s fan

which he held in his hand. "That's not polite."

"It's meant to be polite," said the Mangatoo. "Therefore it isn't impolite. Did she make her hair?"

"No—of course she didn't. It grew on her head," said Blackey.

"Then I didn't make my clothes, that's all," said the Mangatoo, turning away. "I grew every feather of 'em," and then they lost sight of the strange bird in the crowd that was passing to and fro.

"Supper's ready," cried Bluey, from the other side of the room. "Come along, Jimmieboy. You and Miss Green Tiddledywink are to go in together."

"All wight," replied Jimmieboy, gleefully, for he was rather hungry. "I'm coming," and then he said to Cinderella, "Good-by, Pwincess. I hope we shall meet again."

"So do I," answered Cinderella. "And when you do come to the Palace I'll introduce you to the Prince and *make you a pigeon pie.*"

Then Jimmieboy knew that Cinderella liked him, and with a light happy heart he ran across to where Miss Green Tiddledywink

awaited him and with her he passed into the supper room.

"We have a special treat for you," said Bluey, after Jimmieboy was seated in the supper room. "Something you love better than anything else in the world."

"What is it?" said Jimmieboy.

"It is behind that curtain over there," Bluey answered with a broad smile—and the Mangatoo whispered,

"Don't forget the Comic Papers."

"It is behind the curtain," repeated Bluey, "and you must guess what it is."

"Custard?" queried Jimmieboy.

"No," cried Reddy.

"Jelly!" said Jimmieboy.

"Nope!" laughed Blackey.

"Don't forget the Comic Papers!" came from the Mangatoo.

"Ice Cweam!" said Jimmieboy.

"No-no-no!" returned Greeney. "Close your eyes and try to guess before I count three. What is it that you love more than all the rest of the world put together.

"One!"

*

*

*

*

“Two!”

* * * * *

“Three!” cried Greeney.

“Papa and Mamma,” murmured Jimmieboy, opening his eyes just as Greeney drew the curtain aside.





XX.

BACK AT HOME AGAIN.

AND so it was. Jimmieboy had guessed rightly. There behind the drawn curtain stood his papa and his mamma, but when he looked for Greeney and Bluey and Cinderella and the Mangatoo and the supper room he could not see them anywhere.

Somehow or other he had got back into his nursery and was lying flat on his back in his crib, while the warm rays of the morning sun streamed in through the window.

“Where have the Widdledywinks gone?” he asked, rubbing his eyes and looking about him.

“Oh, they’re all right in their basket,” said

papa, catching him up and giving him a resounding kiss. "Aren't you tired of the Tiddledywinks yet?" he added, tossing the basket full of them on Jimmieboy's lap.

"No," said Jimmieboy. "I love them more than ever," and then taking Blackey in his hand he kissed him and whispered, "Don't I, Blackey."

But Blackey said never a word in rhyme or otherwise. He had evidently gone to sleep, as had also the Snappers and all the others, Blue, Green, Yellow, Red and White.

As for the Mangatoo, Jimmieboy has saved the Comic Papers for him, but not knowing his address cannot send them, and, strange to say, the Tiddledywinks have always kept silent when Jimmieboy has requested information as to his whereabouts.





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