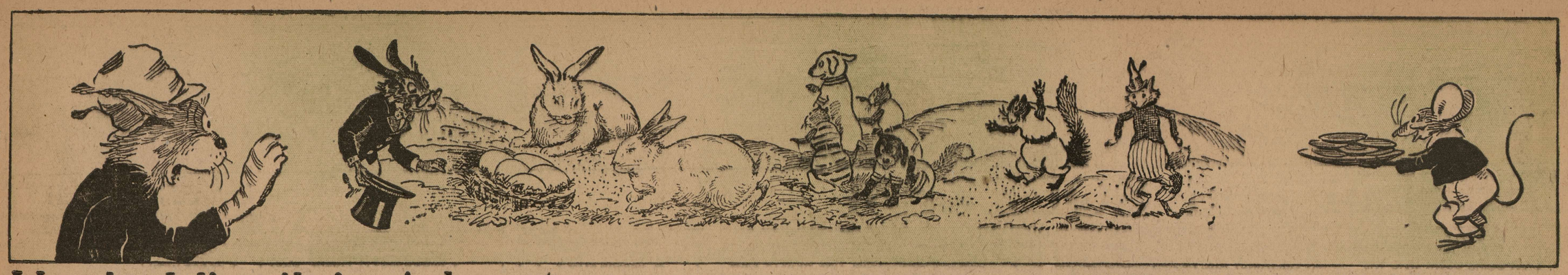

Uncle Wiggily's Adventures

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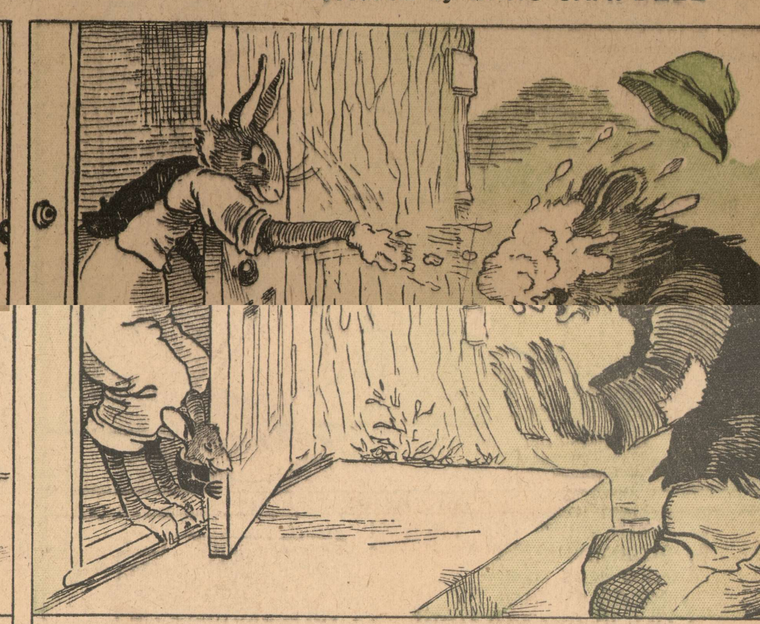
SING A SONG OF COOKIES, BAKED AS HARD AS STONES, WHEN THE BAD CHAPS BIT THEM—LOUD THEIR CRIES AND GROANS. THEN UNCLE WIGGILY LAUGHED!

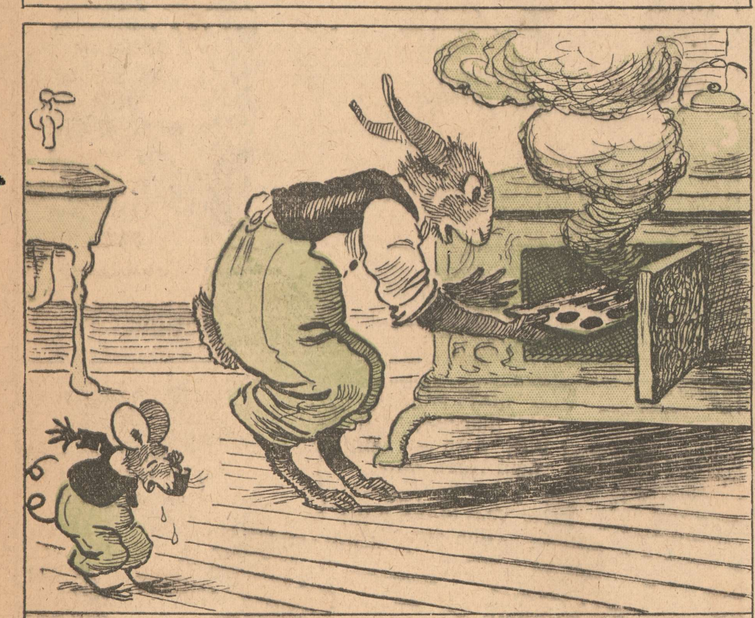
Text by HOWARD R. GARIS
Author of the Famous UNCLE WIGGILY BEDTIME STORIES
Pictured by LANG CAMPBELL

1. One day Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy was making some sugar cookies. But just as she had the dough mixed the telephone bell rang. "Please see who it is, Uncle Wiggily?" asked Nurse Jane. "Mrs. Twistytail, the lady pig, wants you to come over," said the bunny. "She is ill." Nurse Jane said she didn't see how she could leave the cookies, but Uncle Wiggily said he would finish making them for her.

2. Nurse Jane hurried over to the lady pig's house, and the bunny began making the sugar cookies. He put his paws in the sticky dough, as he had seen Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy do, and when he was all stuck up, all of a sudden, in crept Jollie Longtail, the mouse boy. "What is it, Jollie?" asked Uncle Wiggily, as the mouse pulled his leg; "I wish you wouldn't bother me." Jollie squeaked: "Oh, it's terrible!"



3. "What is terrible, Jollie?" asked Uncle Wiggily, still mixing the dough. "Oh, there's a terrible big Bear outside on your steps!" squeaked the mousie boy. "I guess he's coming in here to bite you." Uncle Wiggily took a big lump of the soft dough in one paw. "I'll teach that Bear a new trick!" he cried. "He shouldn't bother me when I'm making cookies!" The rabbit opened the door and—"Zoopie!"



4. "Wuff Wuff!" howled the Bear as he felt the wad of dough hit him in the face. The bunny ran away as fast as he could go. "I guess he won't bother me any more!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. The bunny had put the pan of cut-out cookies into the oven. All of a sudden Jollie cried: "They're burning!" And, surely enough, the cookies had been left in too long, and were baked as hard as stones! Too bad!

5. "I guess the cookies will be all right," said Uncle Wiggily as he looked at them. "They're a little too brown, that's all. And they may be a bit hard." Jollie took one of the cookies. "I'll say they're hard!" he squeaked. Then along came Floppy and Curly, the piggie boys. "We smelled something good!" they grunted. "Oh, it's the cookies I baked," answered the bunny. "I'll give you some of them!"

6. Curly and Floppy, not knowing the cookies were baked so hard, were very thankful to get some. "Thank you, Uncle Wiggily!" they grunted, as they ran off to play. Curly took one bite out of his cookie, and almost broke his teeth. "Oh, they're as hard as bricks!" he squealed. "Then I'm not going to eat mine!" grunted Floppy. He threw a cookie at one of the trees, and it almost cut the tree in two!

7. A little while after this the Bob Cat said to the Wolf: "Let's dress ourselves up like tramps and go to Uncle Wiggily's bungalow. We'll pretend that we are hungry. He will get us something to eat, and while he is doing that we can jump in and catch him." The Wolf thought this was a good plan, so the bad chaps put on their ragged clothes and started for the hollow stump bungalow. I wonder what will happen?

8. 'Rat-a-tat-tat!" knocked the tramp Bob Cat on the door of the rabbit's bungalow. "Hello, what do you want, my poor fellow?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "Please give us something to eat!" mumbled the Bob Cat. "I shall be glad to do that," chuckled the bunny. "I have just baked some sugar cookies—the first I ever made! Here is a plate full for each of you," and he handed out the hard-as-rocks cookies.

9. "We'll eat some of his cookies," whispered the Wolf to the Bob Cat. "We must pretend to be very hungry. Then we'll easily catch him." Not knowing how hard the cookies were baked, the Bob Cat and Wolf stuffed their mouths full and bit down hard. And then—Oh, such pains as they got in their teeth! It made them faint and they flopped down on the snow. "This is very queer!" said Uncle Wiggily.

But the rabbit was very glad the bad chaps didn't bite him. And if the door mat doesn't try to crawl in through the key hole to sit on the piano, the next pictures and story will be about

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE BARRELS.

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