Uncle Wiggily's Adventures

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MAKING MAPLE SUGAR IS SUCH JOLLY FUN, ONCE YOU HAVE BEGUN IT, YOU'RE SORRY WHEN IT'S DONE. SEE THE BAD OLD BOB CAT—HE'S THE SILLY ONE!

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Pictured by LANG CAMPBELL

1. One day Uncle Wiggily said to Nurse Jane: "How would you like to help me make maple sugar?" The muskrat lady wanted to know how it was done. "We'll go to the woods," explained the rabbit. "We'll make holes in the maple trees. The sap will run out and we can boil it down into sugar and syrup." Nurse Jane thought it would be jolly fun, so off they went to the sugar-bush with the boiling kettle.

2. At the place where the sweet maple trees grew was a log cabin. 'We shall need to stay here two or three nights," explained Uncle Wiggily, "as it takes a long while to boil enough sap to make much maple sugar." Nurse Jane watched the boiling syrup, while Uncle Wiggily emptied the pails of sap that ran from the trees. "I hope nothing happens while we're here," said the muskrat lady housekeeper

3. All of a sudden, while Uncle Wiggily was putting more wood on the fire to boil the sap, a noise sounded at the edge of the forest. "Oh, it's the Bushy Bear!" cried the muskrat lady. The Bear had smelled the sweet sap boiling, and, being very fond of such things, he had come to get some. "I want maple sugar!" growled the Bear. "And after that I want some nibbles from your ears!" Nurse Jane was frightened.

4. The rabbit raised his stick of wood to throw at the bad Bear. "You'd better go away from here!" warned Uncle Wiggily. "If you don't I will call the Police Dog!" The Bear laughed. "Pooh! I'm not afraid of a Police Dog!" he growled. "I want some maple syrup, and I'm going to get it!" Nurse Jane dipped up a ladle full of the hot, boiling syrup. "You're right!" she cried. "You're going to get it!"

5. And the Bear got it—right in the face. "Oh, wow!" he howled as the hot maple syrup burned his nose. Then the Bear ran away. "I guess he won't bother us any more," said Nurse Jane as she stirred the kettle. But just as Uncle Wiggily was putting more wood on the fire, along came the Woozie Wolf. "I want ears!" he howled. "First warm yourself!" invited the bunny, thrusting a firebrand at the bad chap.

The Wolf was so frightened at the fire, that, after he had felt his whiskers being singed, he howled: "Oh, let me get away from here! Maple sugar isn't as easy to take as I thought!" So away ran the Wolf after the Bear. But the Fox thought he could nibble Uncle Wiggily's ears, so he slipped up and cried: "Here I am!" It was just as the bunny had taken a pail of sap from a tree. "Whish!" cried the rabbit.

7. Uncle Wiggily threw a pail of cold maple sap over the Fox. "Oh, my goodness! I didn't want to go in swimming!" howled the Fox, and away he ran. "Now I think we can make some maple wax," said Uncle Wiggily. "What is maple wax?" asked Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy. "I'll pour some of the boiled syrup on the snow to cool it, and that's maple wax But be careful—it is very sticky," said the rabbit.

8. No sooner had Uncle Wiggily finished pouring out the pancakes of maple syrup, to cool on the snow, than out popped the Bob Cat. Ah, ha! There is something good to eat before I nibble Uncle Wiggily's ears!" howled the Bob Cat. He chewed hard on one of the warm pancakes of maple wax. "Oh, let me get at him!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "Wait—just a minute!" begged Nurse Jane, holding the bunny back.

9. "Why should I wait?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "Because," answered his muskrat lady housekeeper, "if that maple wax is as sticky as you say it is, the Bob Cat's jaws will be held together and he can't open them to bite us. Then we can whang him!" Surely enough, the Bob Cat chewed on the sticky wax and couldn't pull his jaws apart. "Now is my chance!" cried the bunny. But it served the Bob Cat right.

And if the Christmas horn doesn't blow talcum powder in the face of the clock when it wants to shake hands with the egg beater, the next pictures and story will be about

UNCLE WIGGILY'S SUGAR COOKIES.

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