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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Uncle Wiggily And The Candy

Uncle Wiggily, the nice old gentleman rabbit, was riding along in his automobile, with the turnip for a steering wheel and big, fat German bologna sausages on for tires. On the seat beside Uncle Wiggily was the crow gentleman, named Mr. Caw-caw.

"Well, where do you think you will go to-day?" asked the crow gentleman, as he straightened out some of his black feathers with his black bill, for the wind had ruffled them all up.

"Where will I go?" repeated Uncle Wiggily, as he steered to one side so he would not run over a stone and hurt it, "well, to tell you the truth—I hardly know. Dr. Possum, when he told me to ride around for my health, because I was getting too fat, did not say where I was to go, in particular."

"Then let's go straight ahead," said the crow. "I don't like going around in a circle; it makes me dizzy."

"And it does me, also," spoke the rabbit gentleman.

"That is why I never can ride much on a merry-go-'round, though I often take Johnnie or Billie Bushytail, my squirrel nephews, or Buddy and Brighteyes, the guinea pig children, on one for a little while. But, Mr. Crow, we will go straight ahead in my auto, and we will see what adventure happens to us next."

For you know something was always happening to Uncle Wiggily as he traveled around. Sometimes it was one thing, and sometimes another. You remember, I dare say, how, the day before, he had nearly helped to keep the nice lady mouse school teacher from being late.

Well, pretty soon, as Uncle Wiggily and the crow gentleman were riding in the auto, all at once they looked down the road and saw a little girl sitting on a stone. She had a box in her hands and she was trying to open it. But she was crying so hard that she could not see out of her eyes, because of her tears, and so she could not open the box.

"My goodness me sakes alive, and some roast beef gravy!" cried Uncle Wiggily, as he stopped the auto.

"What can be the matter with that child?" For you know Uncle Wiggily loved children.

Then the old gentleman rabbit blew on the cow's horn, that was on his auto to warn people kindly to get out of danger, and the cow's horn went "Moo! Moo! Moo!" very softly, three times just like that.

The little girl looked up through her tears, and when she saw Uncle Wiggily and the crow gentleman in the auto, she smiled and asked:

"Where is the mooley cow?"

"Only her horn is here," said Uncle Wiggily, as he made it go "Moo!" again.

"Oh, dear," said the little girl. "I just love a mooley cow," and she was going to cry some more, because there was no cow to be seen, when Uncle Wiggily asked:

"What is the matter? Why are you crying?"

"Because I can't get this box open," said the little girl, whose name was Cora.



"What is in the box?" asked the rabbit gentleman.

"Candy," said little Cora. "I just love candy, and I haven't had any in ever so long. Now my papa gave me a box, but the string is tied on it so tightly that I can't get the box open, and my

papa went away and forgot about it. Oh, dear. Boo! hoo! Can you open it for me, Uncle Wiggily?"

The rabbit gentleman thought for a moment. Then he said, with a twinkle in his eyes that matched the twinkle in his nose:

"Well, possibly I might untie the string, but you see my teeth are so big and sharp, and are so used to gnawing wood, and bark and carrots, and I can't see very well, even with my glasses, so I might accidentally, when I bite through the string I might, by mistake, also bite through the box, and eat the candy myself."

"Oh, dear!" cried the little girl. Then she added quickly, as she thought of her polite manners: "I wouldn't mind, Uncle Wiggily, if you did eat some of the candy. Only open the box for me so I can get part of it," she said.

"I think I have a better plan than that," said the old gentleman rabbit. "I will ask Mr. Caw-caw, our crow

friend here, to untie the string for you. With his sharp bill this crow gentleman can easily loosen the knot, and that, too, without danger of breaking the box and taking any candy."

"Will he do it?" asked the little girl eagerly.

"To be sure, I will," said the crow gentleman, and he loosened that knot then and there with his sharp bill, which seemed just made for such things.

"Oh, what lovely candy!" cried the little girl, as she took the cover off the box. "I am going to give you each some!" she added. And she gave Mr. Caw-caw some candy flavored with green corn, for he liked that best of all, and to Uncle Wiggily she gave some nice, soft, squishie-squashie candy, with a carrot inside. And the little girl ate some chocolate candy for herself, and did not cry any more.

"Get in my auto," said Uncle Wiggily, "and I will give you a ride. Perhaps we may have an adventure."

"Oh, I just love adventures!" said little Cora. "I love them even better than candy. But we can eat candy in the auto anyhow," she went on, with a laugh, as she climbed up in the seat.

Then Uncle Wiggily turned the tinkerum-tankerum, and with a feather tickled the whizzicum-whazzicum to make the auto go, and it went. The old rabbit gentleman made the cow's horn blow "Moo! Moo!" and away they started off through the woods.

They had not gone very far, and Cora had eaten only about six pieces of candy, when they heard a voice behind them shouting:

"Wait for me! Wait for me! I want a ride!"

"Ha!" cawed the crow, "who can that be?"

"I'll look," said Uncle Wiggily, and he did. Then he exclaimed: "Oh, dear! It's the circus elephant. And he's grown so big lately, that if he gets in with us he will break my auto."

"Don't let him do it then," said Mr. Caw-caw.

"I don't believe I will," said Uncle Wiggily.

"But would it be polite not to give him a ride?" asked the little girl, as she ate another piece of candy.

"No, you are right, it would not," said Uncle Wiggily, decidedly. "I must give him a ride, but he's sure to break my auto, and then I can't ride around for my health any more, and stop getting fat. Oh, dear, what a predicament!" A predicament means trouble, you know. Then the elephant called again:

"I say, hold on there! I want a ride!" and he came on as fast as anything. Uncle Wiggily was going to stop, and let the big creature get in, when the crow gentleman said:

"I have it! We'll pretend we don't hear him. We'll keep right on, and not stop, and then it won't be impolite, for he will think we didn't listen to what he said."

"That's it," said Uncle Wiggily. "We'll do that. Pachy is the dearest old chap in the world, you know, but he really is too big for this auto." Pachy was the elephant's name, you see.

So Uncle Wiggily made the auto go faster, and still the elephant ran after it, calling:

"Stop! Stop! I want a ride!"

"He's catching up to us," said the crow, looking back.

"Oh, dear!" cried Uncle Wiggily, "what's to be done?"

"I know what to do," spoke Cora. "I'll drop some pieces of candy in the road for him, and when he stops to eat them we can get so far away he can't catch up to us."

"Please do," begged Uncle Wiggily, and the little girl did. And when the elephant saw the pieces of candy, being very fond of sweet things, he stopped to pick them up in his trunk and eat them.

And it took him quite a while, for the candy was well scattered about. And when the elephant had eaten the last piece Uncle Wiggily and the crow, and little girl, were far off in the auto and the elephant could not catch them to break the machine; though even if he had smashed it he would not have meant to do so.

So Uncle Wiggily rode on, looking for more adventures, and he soon found one.