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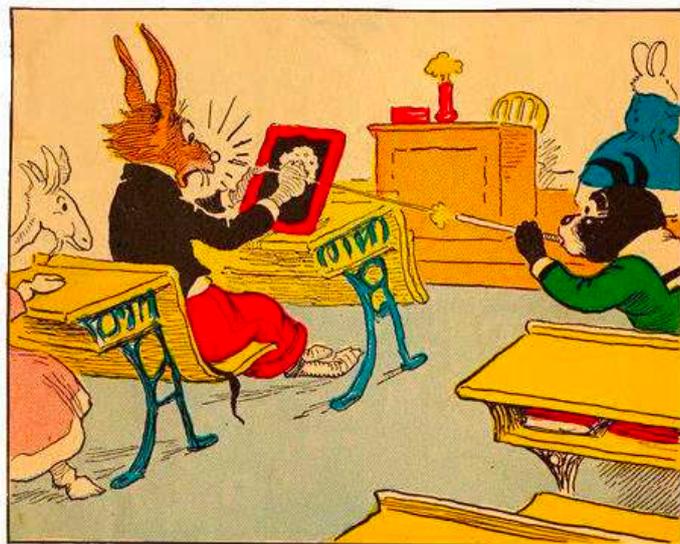
IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Uncle Wiggily Breaks The Rules

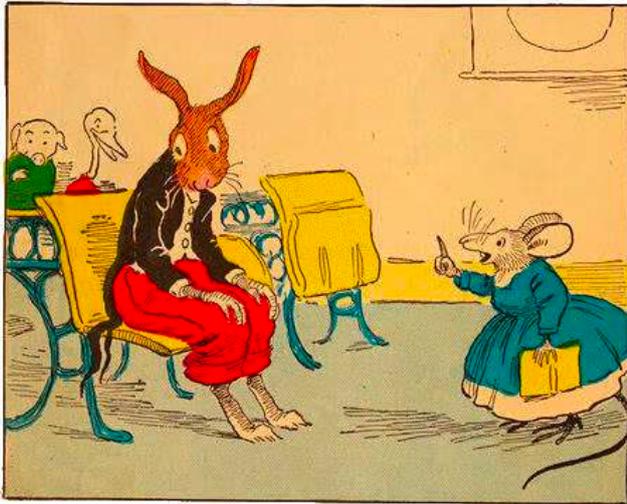
One day, as he was hopping through the woods, Uncle Wiggily met Curly and Floppy Twistytail coming from school with their books. "Why are you so late coming from school?" asked the bunny. "We were kept in," grunted Floppy. "For being bad and having fun," squealed Curly. "Tut! Tut!" scolded Uncle Wiggily. "You should be good in school. Tomorrow I'll go to school and show you how."

The Lady Mouse Teacher said she would be very glad to have Uncle Wiggily come to the Hollow Stump School and show the animal boys and girls



how to be good. So the bunny gentleman, next day, took his place at one of the desks. But you know how it is—Jackie Bow Wow couldn't help trying his new bean-blower. "Zip!" went a bean on Uncle Wiggily's nose. Right away Uncle Wiggily felt like a boy again.

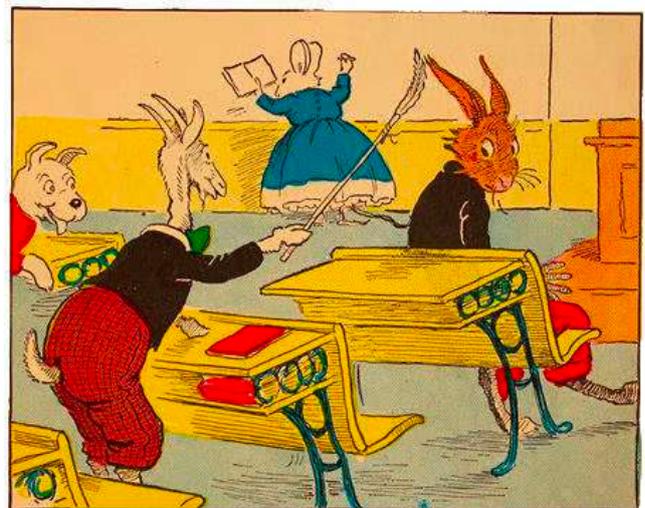
"Oh, zippie!" whispered Uncle Wiggily out loud when he felt the bean sting him on the nose. "I'll fix you for that, Jackie!" Then, forgetting he was there to show the



pupils how to be good, Uncle Wiggily threw his wet sponge straight at the doggie boy. "Uncle Wiggily, I am surprised at you!" squeaked the Lady Mouse Teacher. "Why did you do that?" But Uncle Wiggily wouldn't tell why he did it.

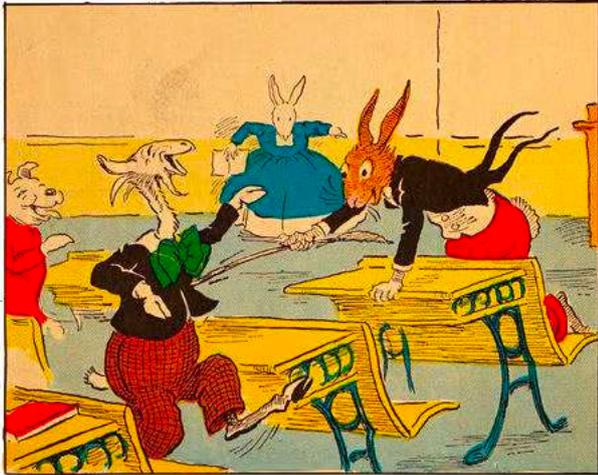
"I'll ask you to come up and sit in the front seat, Uncle Wiggily," squeaked the Lady Mouse Teacher sadly. "You said you wanted to come here to show my pupils how to be good in school, but you are cutting up worse than any of them ever did." So the bunny gentleman took his place in the punish seat. But still he wouldn't tell that Jackie had first hit him with a bean. Uncle Wiggily was a "SPORT," I think.

"Now that Uncle Wiggily sits where he can't play any more of his tricks," squeaked the Lady Mouse, "we



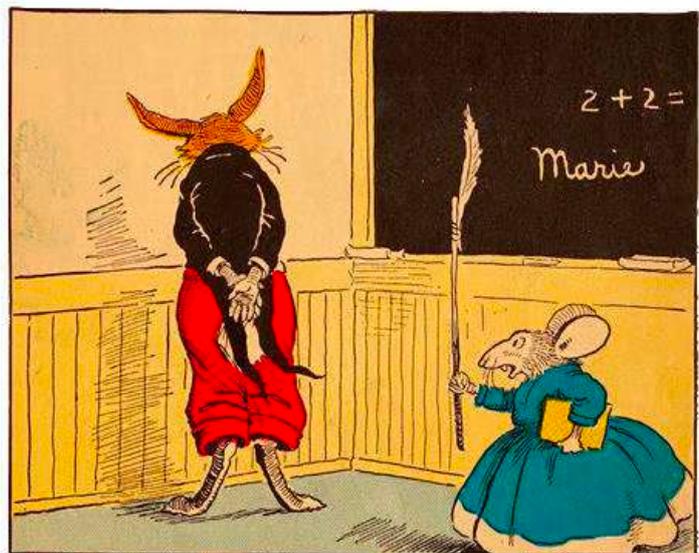
shall go on with our lessons." But while she was at the blackboard, Billie Wagtail, the goat, fastened a feather on a long stick, and, reaching over, tickled Mr. Longears. This was more than the bunny could stand. He turned

around and Oh! he gave Billie such a look! And then something else happened.



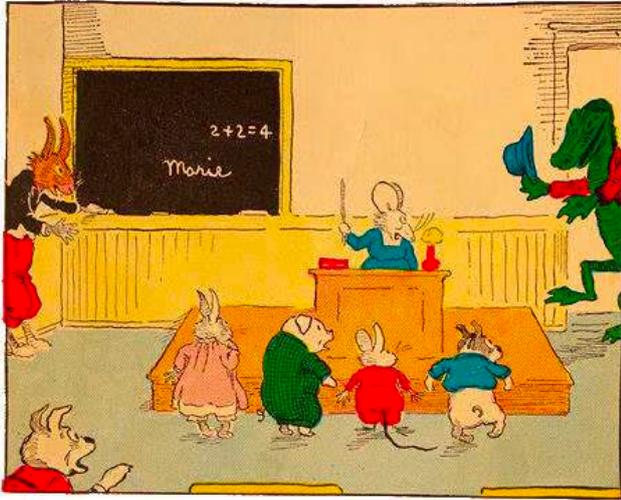
Being tickled by a goat's feather—I mean by a feather the goat boy had—was too much for Uncle Wiggily. "Billie, I'm going to tickle you!" laughed Uncle

Wiggily in his jolly voice. Then, forgetting all about being in school, the bunny snatched the stick away from Billie Wagtail and poked him in the ribs. "Oh, Ho! Ho! Ha! Ha!" laughed the goat. "Uncle Wiggily, I'm surprised at you!" squeaked the Mouse.



"Why did you tickle Billie with that stick, Uncle Wiggily?" asked the Lady Mouse Teacher. "Oh, because," answered the bunny. And that was all he would say. He wouldn't be a tattle-tale and tell on Billie. No, indeed! "I'm sorry, but I

shall have to ask you to stand in the corner," said the Lady Mouse. "I am afraid you aren't doing my children much good." So Uncle Wiggily stood in the corner.



All of a sudden, just as the Lady Mouse was going to ask the Kindergarten Class to sing, there was a noise at the door and in burst the bad old Skillery

Scallery Alligator with the double-jointed tail. "Oh, my goodness!" squeaked Miss Mouse "Don't be afraid," bellowed the Alligator. "All I want are some nibbles from Uncle Wiggily's ears!" And the Skillery Scallery creature made a jump for the bunny. All of a sudden, just as the Alligator was going to grab him, Uncle Wiggily blew chalk dust from the blackboard eraser into the eyes, nose and mouth of the bad chap. "A-ker-choo! Ker-zoo! Ker-snitzium!" sneezed the 'Gator, and he flopped a somersault and jumped out of the window, not nibbling any ears at all. "Uncle Wiggily, I shall forgive you because you saved us from the bad Alligator," said Miss Mouse.

