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IMAGINATION OVER KNOWLEDGE

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Uncle Wiggily And The Monkey

Uncle Wiggily, with Peetie and Jackie Bow-Wow, was walking along the road toward the puppy dogs' grandpa's house, and they were talking how Jackie had made the black bear run away by pointing a make-believe wooden gun at the savage creature. All at once the old gentleman rabbit exclaimed:

"That grasshopper!"

"What about the grasshopper?" asked Jackie. "Did one bite you, Uncle Wiggily?"

"No, but my friend, the green grasshopper, jumped into a Jack-in-the-Pulpit when the bear came, and here we have come away and forgotten all about him. We must go right back."

So back they started, and on the way the rabbit told what a kind friend the grasshopper had been to him on his travels. Well, they got to the place where the bear had scared them, but when they looked up on the rock no Jack-in-the-Pulpit was to be seen, and there was no sign of the grasshopper.

"I'm sure it was here that the grasshopper made his jump," said Uncle Wiggily, looking carefully about.

"Yes," said Jackie, "but there is no Jack-in-the-Pulpit on this rock at all."

"Here is a pile of dirt, though," spoke Peetie. "Perhaps there is a bone under it. Let's dig, Jackie."

So those two puppy dogs dug in the earth while Uncle Wiggily looked all around for the grasshopper. Then, all of a sudden, Peetie cried out:

"Oh! Look here! The Jack-in-the-Pulpit is under this pile of earth! The top is just sticking out. Now, we'll find the hoppergrass."

"I see how it is," said the rabbit. "When the bear ran away so fast from Jackie's wooden gun the toenails of the savage creature scattered up the earth, and it went in a shower all over the Jack where the grasshopper was hidden. No wonder we couldn't find him, for he was buried. But please dig very carefully, Peetie and Jackie, or you might scratch him with your paws."

"We will be careful," said Jackie. So he and his brother dug and dug, until the Jack-in-the-Pulpit was almost uncovered. Then they didn't dig any more, but, with their tails, which were like dusting brushes, they dashed off the earth very gently, until the plant was all clear, and out popped the grasshopper, not a bit harmed, though he was somewhat frightened.

"My! I thought I'd never get out!" exclaimed the jumping chap, taking a long breath, and blowing the dust off his legs.

Then he was introduced to Jackie Bow-Wow, whom he had not met before, and the four friends trudged along the road together. Pretty soon they came to the house of Grandpa Bark, and the old gentleman dog was very glad to see Peetie, who had been lost, and had stayed away all night.

"And I am very glad to see you also, Uncle Wiggily," said Grandpa Bark, "and likewise the grasshopper. Come in and have something to eat, and stay awhile to rest yourself."

So Uncle Wiggily did this, and after a bit he said:

"Well, now, I must be off once more to seek my fortune. When I find it I am going back home, and I hope that soon comes to pass, for I am tired of traveling about."

So he said good-bye to Peetie and Jackie Bow-Wow, and he and the grasshopper hopped off together. On and on they went, over the hills and dales, through the woods and fields, and pretty soon they came to a place in the woods where there was a big box. It was almost as large as a small house, and it had a front door to it, but no windows. The front door was open and over it was a card reading:

"COME IN, IF YOU WANT TO."

"Ha, hum! I wonder if that means me?" said Uncle Wiggily. "Perhaps I may find my fortune in there. I'm going inside."

"I wouldn't if I were you," spoke the grasshopper. "It may be a trap."

"Nonsensicalness!" exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit, quick-like. "Come along. We'll go in."

So he and the grasshopper went inside, but no sooner had they entered, than slam-bang! down came the sliding door with a crash, catching them fast there just like mice in a trap.

"Oh, what did I tell you!" cried the grasshopper, sadly.
"This is a trap! We're in it."

"Yes, I see we are," spoke Uncle Wiggily, much puzzled.

"It was all my fault. I should have been more careful."

"Never mind," said the grasshopper, kindly, as he wiped away his tears on a piece of green leaf. "I see a crack between the boards that I can crawl through. It is too small for you, but I can get out, and I'll go for help."

So out he crawled, leaving Uncle Wiggily there. The old gentleman rabbit was thinking of the dreadful things that might happen to him, when, all of a sudden, he heard some one unlocking the front door that had fallen shut.

"I must see who that is!" whispered the rabbit to himself. So he peered out of a crack, and he saw something red and fuzzy-like at the door. "Oh, it's a red bear!" thought the rabbit, and he was looking for a place to hide, when all at once the door opened and there stood a nice, kind red monkey, with a red cap on. "Oh, I've got company, I see!" cried the red monkey in delight. "I'm glad of that, Uncle Wiggily. I've been waiting some time to see you. How did you get here?"

"Isn't--isn't this a trap?" asked the rabbit.

"Not a bit of it!" cried the red monkey with a jolly laugh. "This is my house. I went out this morning and left the door open. It must have blown shut by mistake. I'm sorry you were frightened. Wait, I'll do some tricks to make you laugh."

So the red monkey stood on his nose, and then on one ear, and then he made all the letters of the alphabet

on his tail, all except the letter "X," which is very hard for a monkey to make. Then the monkey took two apple pies and made them into one, and he and Uncle Wiggily ate it, and my! how good it was. By this time the rabbit wasn't frightened any more, and he told the red monkey all about his travels to find a fortune. And then the grasshopper came hopping back with Old Dog Percival to help Uncle Wiggily get out of the trap, but there wasn't any need, for it was no trap at all, you see.

So the red monkey and the dog and the grasshopper and the old gentleman rabbit had a nice time at the house of the red monkey, who told them many stories, and one was how he came to be colored red.

