



Ririro

READ ANYWHERE, ANYTIME

Uncle Wiggily At The Squirrel House

Howard R. Garis

Uncle Wiggily, the nice old gentleman rabbit, was standing one day in front of his new automobile which had run away with him upsetting, and breaking one of the wheels. But it had been fixed all right again.

"I think this automobile will go fine now," said Uncle Wiggily to himself, as he got up on the front seat. "Now, I am ready to start off on some more travels, and in search of more adventures, and this time I won't have to walk. Now let me see, do I turn on the fizzle-fazzle first or the twinkum-twankum? I forget."

So he looked carefully all over the automobile to see if he could remember what first to turn to make it go, but he couldn't think what it was. Because, you see, he was all excited over his accident. I didn't tell you that story because I thought it might make you cry. It was very sad. The crow gentleman flew away after it.

"I guess I'll have to look in the cookbook," said Uncle Wiggily. "Perhaps that will tell me what to do."

So he took out a cookbook from under the seat and leafed it over until he came to the page where it tells how to cook automobiles, and there he found what he wanted to know.

"Ha! I see!" cried Uncle Wiggily; "first I must twist the dinkum-dankum, and then I must tickle the tittlecum-tattlecum, and then I'll go."

Well, he did this, and just as he was about to start off on his journey out came running Sammie and Susie Littletail, the two rabbit children, with whom Uncle Wiggily sometimes lived.

"Oh, Uncle Wiggily!" cried Susie, "where are you going?"

"And may we come along?" asked Sammie, making his nose twinkle like two stars on a night in June.

"I am going off on a long journey, for my health, and to look for more adventures," said the old gentleman rabbit. "I am tired of staying around the house taking medicine for my rheumatism. So Dr. Possum told me to travel around. I don't just know where I am going, but I am going somewhere, and if you like you may come part of the way. Hop in."

Sammie and Susie hopped in the back part of the auto, where there were two

little seats for them, and then Uncle Wiggily turned the whizzicum-whazzicum around backward and away they went as nicely as the baby creeps over the floor to catch the kittie by the tail; only you mustn't do that, you know; indeed not!

"Oh, isn't this great?" cried Susie, in delight.

"It certainly is," agreed Sammie, blinking his pink eyes because the wind blew in them. "I hope Uncle Wiggily has an adventure while we're with him."

And then, all of a sudden, a doggie ran across the road in front of the auto, and the doggie's tail was hanging down behind him and sticking out quite a bit, and, as it was quite a long tail, Uncle Wiggily nearly ran over it, but, of course, he didn't mean to, even if he had done it.

"Look out of the way, little doggie!" cried the old gentleman rabbit, kindly.

"I am looking as fast as I can!" cried the doggie, and he ran to the sidewalk as quickly as he could, and then he turned around to see if his tail was still fastened to him.

"That came near being an adventure," said Susie, waving her pocket handkerchief.

"Yes, almost too near," said Uncle Wiggily. "I think I will go through the woods instead of along the streets, and then I won't be in any danger of running over any one."

So he steered the auto toward the woodland road, and Sammie cried:

"Oh, I know what let's do! Let's go call on Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrel boys. Then we'll have some fun."

"All right, we'll do it," agreed Uncle Wiggily, for he liked fun as much as the children did, if not more.

Well, as they were going along the road, all of a sudden they heard a little voice calling to them.

"Oh, please don't run over me!" the voice cried. "Please be careful!" And, looking down, Sammie saw a little black cricket on the path just ahead of the auto, which Uncle Wiggily was now making go very slowly.

"Why don't you get out of the way if you don't want to be run over?" asked Susie, politely, for the cricket just stood still there, looking at them, and not making a move.

"Oh, I'm so stiff from the cold that I can't hop about any more," said the cricket, "or else I would hop out of the way. You know I can't stand cold weather."

"That's too bad," said Uncle Wiggily as he stopped the auto. "I'll give you a ride,

and perhaps I can find some warm place for you to spend the winter."

So the old gentleman rabbit kindly picked up the cold and stiff cricket and gave it to Susie, and Susie gently put it in the warm pocket of her jacket, and there it was so nice and cozy-ozy that the cricket went fast to sleep.

And then, in about forty-'leven squeak-squawk toots of the big mooley-cow automobile horn, there they were at the home of Johnnie and Billy Bushytail, the squirrel brothers.

"Toot! Toot!" tooted Uncle Wiggily on his tooter-tooter mooley-cow horn.

"There! I guess that will bring out the boys if they are in the house," said the old gentleman rabbit.



And then, all of a sudden, something happened. Susie and Sammie were looking at the front door, expecting Johnnie and Billie to come out, when Susie saw a great big bear's face up at one window of the squirrel house.

"Oh! Look! Look!" she cried. "The bear has gotten in and maybe he has bitten Johnnie."

And just then Sammie looked at the other window and he saw a wolf's face peering out.

"Oh, dear!" cried Sammie, "the wolf has gotten Billie."

"My gracious!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "I'm going for the police right away. Hold on tightly, children, for I am going to twist the tinkerum-tankerum and make this automobile go very fast. Oh! how sorry I am for poor Johnnie and Billie."

But just before Uncle Wiggily could start the auto, there was a shout of laughter. The front door of the Bushytail home swung open, and out rushed Billie and Johnnie, jumping and skipping. And Johnnie had a wolf's false face in his paws and Billie had a bear's false face in his paws.

"Ho! Ho!" they shouted together. "Did we scare you, Uncle Wiggily? We didn't mean to, but we were just practising."

"Was that you boys looking out of the windows with your false faces on?" asked Uncle Wiggily very much surprised-like.

"That was us," said Johnnie.

"And wasn't there a real bear?" asked Susie, flapping her ears.

"And wasn't it a real wolf?" asked Sammie, wiggling his paws.

"Not a bit," said Billie. "We're just getting ready for Hallowe'en to-morrow night, and those were our false faces, you know, and I wish you'd all stay with us and have some fun."

"We will," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'll put my auto in the barn, and we'll stay."

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