

LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND THE BIG BROWN BEAR

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# LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND THE BIG BROWN BEAR

## COSY CAVE

THERE was a new arrival in the Shady Forest. Mr. Bear had sent out cards on which was printed:

Mr. Big Brown Bear  
Honey Dealer  
Cosy cave, Shady Forest Path.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Little Jack Rabbit, "I've never seen a real bear, although I've often seen his picture in a story book."

Neither had Brother Bobby Tail nor Mrs. John Rabbit. Consequently there was a good deal of excitement in the Old Bramble Patch after the postman had left Mr. Big Brown Bear's business cards.

"Let's call on him to-day," said Little Jack Rabbit.

Pretty soon he and Brother Bobby Tail set out for the Shady Forest, where they were joined by Chippy Chipmunk, Squirrel Nutcracker, Busy Beaver and many little forest folk.

At the end of the Shady Forest Path they found Mr. Bear sitting outside his cave, over which was printed in red letters:

"Big Brown Bear-Honey Dealer."

Mr. Bear stood up on his hind legs and bowed. My goodness? though, what a great, big, tremendous thing he was! Little Jack Rabbit's pink nose twinkled and trembled maybe a million times, and Chippy Chipmunk thought, "If I ever do any business with this fellow I'll be so scared that he'll get the best of me the very first crack out of the box."

"Howdy, neighbors!" said Mr. Bear in a voice that sounded like thunder.

"I hope you'll like Shady Forest City, Mr. Bear," answered Squirrel Nutcracker, who had come along to make a speech. "We have a very fine city here in the woods. And we are careful who joins our business

circle. If you're as honest as you are large, you'll be a welcome member."

Mr. Bear answered with a growl that made the leaves tremble.

"I'm glad to know this is an honest place, although I've heard that a certain young squirrel once had dishonest dealings with the old sharper, Mr. Longtooth Rat."



Goodness me! As it was Squirrel Nutcracker's own son, Featherhead, who had done this, the old squirrel said nothing more. Everybody felt sorry, for Squirrel Nutcracker was much respected, and had brought up several families of fine young squirrels, Featherhead being the only one who had turned out badly.

Pretty soon all the Shady Forest Folk went home, leaving Mr. Bear, standing outside of Cosy Cave, quite pleased with himself, his front paws in his pockets and a big cigar in his mouth.

(Now I've gone and finished this story without telling you about Mr. Bear's two little sons, Bouncer and Bounder. But never, mind. Just read the next story.)

## FIVE CARROT CENTS

THE next morning Little Jack Rabbit hopped up the Shady Forest Path to see Mr. Bear. He felt just like eating something sweet, and, anyway, he was afraid if he waited too long Mr. Bear wouldn't have any honey left.

As he hopped along, lippity-lip, clippity-clip, he looked first to one side and then to the other. But not because he didn't remember the way. Oh, my no. He didn't need any map to guide him. His memory was better than map or compass, and once having been to Cosy Cave, he never could forget how to get there.

The reason he looked from side to side, and stopped every now and then to wiggle his little pink nose, was to find out if Danny Fox or Wicked Weasel was near. He knew that one of the best ways to keep out of trouble is to see it first, for trouble always seems to be looking for some people.

Just before the Shady Forest Path reached Mr. Bear's cave it crossed an open

space in the woods, and as there was no bush or rock behind which some one might hide, Little Jack Rabbit didn't stop to look about him. He was so eager to get a taste of honey that he hopped right across the wide open space.

If he had only looked up at the bright blue sky he would have seen Hungry Hawk. But he didn't. Hungry Hawk saw Little Jack Rabbit, though. Yes, sir, he surely did. And no sooner had Little Jack Rabbit hopped from under the trees into the open space than Hungry Hawk began to drop swiftly and silently from the sky.

Mr. Merry Sun saw what was going to happen to the little rabbit, but he couldn't do anything to help him.

Just then, Billy Breeze, who was singing a song in the treetops, happened to look up into the sky. And when he saw Hungry Hawk sailing down with outstretched wings, he knew he was after something.

So Billy Breeze puckered up his lips and whistled a sharp, shrill note of warning, which so startled the little rabbit that he gave a jump. Yes, sir! He gave a

frightened jump that landed him half across the open space, and when Hungry Hawk swooping down, reached the spot where the little rabbit was, why, the little rabbit wasn't there, but safe under the trees again.

"Whew!" he whistled, as he knocked on Mr. Bear's front door, "I've almost lost my appetite."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Bear, coming out from behind the counter. He had on a big white apron and looked very nice and clean this particular morning.

"I'll take five carrot cents' worth of honey," said Little Jack Rabbit.

## MR. BEAR'S STORY

MR. BEAR looked at the five little carrot cents and said:

"They are very nice and shiny, but you can't get much honey for five carrot cents. It's easier to get carrots than honey."

"How's that?" asked the little rabbit.

"Well, I'll tell you," answered Mr. Bear, sitting down on a big stool and drawing up a small one for Little Jack Rabbit. "First, you must find a hollow tree in which the bees have stored their honey. After that you've got to get the honey." Here Mr. Bear winked his left eye solemnly at the little bunny.

"And that's no easy job, for the bees are not very obliging. In fact," continued Mr. Bear, crossing one of his legs, "they make an awful fuss, and if they happen to find a place on your body where the hair is short, they make it most uncomfortable for you."

"What do they do?" asked Little Jack Rabbit curiously.

"What do they do?" repeated Mr. Bear with a grin, "why, they sting you worse than a million mosquitoes."

"Did you ever get stung?" asked the little bunny.

"Yes, and it was all Danny Fox's fault," answered Mr. Bear. "You, see, it was this way," and Mr. Bear leaned over and spoke in a low voice. Perhaps he thought Danny Fox might be in the neighborhood. At any rate, he almost whispered.

"I met Danny Fox one day and he said to me, 'I know where there's some honey.' So we went on a little way and pretty soon we came to a big hollow tree. There was a hole near the bottom and another near the top. When I climbed up and looked down the hole, I saw the honeycombs. But just as I reached in with my left paw, out flew the bees, and before I could slide down, they stung me on the nose and ears.

"Then I heard Danny Fox laugh. And what do you suppose he had done? While I had

been looking into the upper hole he had poked a long stick into the lower one, stirring up the bees until they flew out and stung me. Goodness me," and here Mr. Bear rubbed his nose, "it was a long time before I got over those dreadful stings."

"I think that was pretty mean in Danny Fox," said the little rabbit, hopping down from his stool. "Guess I'd better be going. It looks like a storm."

Mr. North Wind is whistling through the trees,  
Making Daddy Long Legs shiver at the knees.  
Down the smoking chimney he flings the loosened soot,  
And frightens little pussy asleep in Grandpa's boot.

## MOTHER PARTRIDGE

SURE enough, on the way home, it began to snow. Faster and faster fell the snowflakes until the Shady Forest Path was all covered over. At last Little Jack Rabbit couldn't see it at all. The ground was smooth and white like a big white sheet, and all the little bushes looked alike in their snowy covering.

Little Jack Rabbit sat up on his hind legs and peered about him. He wiggled his small pink nose; then he scratched his left ear, but that didn't do any good. It didn't help him find the Shady Forest Path one little bit.

"Let me see," he said to himself, "I must be pretty near the Shady Forest Pool," and he squinted through the snowy air. But, oh, dear me! Everything looked very strange.

"I guess I've gone and lost my way," he said at last. "Dear me, I hope Mother won't be worried!"

Tucking the package of honey under his arm, he started off again. The snow was growing deeper and deeper, and it was hard going. Still he hopped bravely along.

Billy Breeze was making a great racket through the leafless trees. He made the branches creak and groan, and worst of all, piled the snow into great drifts.

Little Jack Rabbit's fur overcoat was covered with snow and his eyes half blinded, with the whirling flakes. His poor little nose was red with the cold and his ears nearly frozen.

Just then along came Mother Partridge. She walked on the top of the snow without any trouble at all -- just as if she had on snowshoes, Little Jack Rabbit thought. He didn't know that at the beginning of every winter the skin grows out between her toes, making it easy for her to walk without sinking into the soft snow.

"Aren't you a long way from home?" asked Mother Partridge.

"Yes, ma'am," answered the little rabbit. "I expect I am. I guess I've lost my way."

"Gracious me! It's long past supper time," answered Mother Partridge. "Follow me and I'll lead you to the Bubbling Brook. You can follow it to the Sunny Meadow. From there on you'll be all right, I'm sure."

"Good-by," said Mother Partridge, when they reached the little stream, and pretty soon the little rabbit saw the dear Old Bramble Patch in the distance.

The tiny candle throws its light  
'Way out into the gloomy night,  
And shows the pathway from the gate  
To rabbits who come home quite late.

## MR. WICKED WOLF

IT was very late when Little Jack Rabbit reached the Old Bramble Patch. Mrs. Rabbit was on the front porch, peering anxiously into the darkness, paying no attention to the snowflakes which Billy Breeze blew through the half-open door. The worried lady rabbit held her shawl still closer and waited for her little bunny boy.

"Here I am, mother," he shouted, hopping along the Old Cow Path. He didn't see a long, black shadow creeping toward him. But Mrs. Rabbit did. Quicker than a wink she thumped on the wood floor with her strong hind legs. The little rabbit didn't stop to ask why she had given the danger signal. If he had he might never have asked another question. No, siree. He hopped so quickly into the Old Bramble Patch that Mr. Wicked Wolf missed him by a foot.

"Bah!" growled that cruel beast, stepping back with a disappointed air, "I thought I'd eat a nice tender rabbit."

"Oh, you did, did you?" laughed the little bunny through the keyhole.

"G-r-r-r!" growled Mr. Wicked Wolf.

"Mother says she's not at home," chuckled the little rabbit.

"G-r-r-r! g-r-r-r!" growled Mr. Wicked Wolf again.

"Pardon me for closing the door in your face, but it grew very chilly just about the time you jumped," explained the good lady rabbit. "I had been waiting some time for my bunny boy and he minded so nicely, it didn't seem necessary to keep our front door open any longer."

"Oh, not the slightest!" answered Mr. Wicked Wolf, "I only came to ask how you were, that's all. And as I see you are both very well, I'll say good night," and off he went to the Shady Forest.

"Goodness, mother! That was a narrow escape!" said the little rabbit as the old wolf disappeared in the darkness.

"If you hadn't jumped when I gave the danger call, he would have caught you as sure as you're a cottontail and I'm another," replied the good lady bunny, laying her paw on her bunny boy's head.

## PINE NEEDLE PINS

"SEE if you can find some pine needle pins for me," said. Mrs. Rabbit, looking out of the window of her little house in the Old Bramble Patch.

"Shall I get you a pincushion, too?" asked her little bunny boy.

"I don't think you'll find any," answered his mother. "I'm sure I gathered all the robin's pincushions from the Old Bramble Bushes last fall."

"I guess there's one left," replied Little Jack Rabbit. "I'm quite certain I saw one day before yesterday."

"Very well, then bring it in the house," she answered. "But don't forget the pine needle pins."

So away hopped the little rabbit, and pretty soon, not so far, he came to the Tall Pine Tree, where Jimmy Crow sat on a branch looking very unhappy indeed.

"What's the matter?" asked Little Jack Rabbit. But Jimmy Crow made no reply.

"What's the matter?" asked the little rabbit a second time, picking up the pine needle pins that strewed the ground.

But, goodness me! Even then Jimmy Crow didn't answer.

Little Jack Rabbit stuffed the pin needle pins into his pocket and looked up. He was dreadfully provoked. To ask a civil question twice and not be answered is enough to make any one mad. Picking up some snow that lay in a hollow shady spot, he rolled it into a snowball.

"I'll give him one more chance," he said to himself. "What's the matter?" But again the little crow gave no answer.

"Take that, then!"

Thump! The snowball struck Jimmy Crow's head. Down he came with a flutter to the ground. And now there were two very angry little people instead of one.

"Caw! caw! How dare you?" And he flew straight at the little rabbit, who would have lost his eyes if he hadn't turned and struck out with his hind legs.

Before Jimmy Crow could pick himself up away went Little Jack Rabbit.

"Next time answer a civil question," he called back as the little crow dusted off his ruffled feathers.

## POPCORN

AS soon as Little Jack Rabbit reached the Old Bramble Patch, he hunted about until he found a robin's pincushion.

"Here are the pine needle pins, mother," he cried, running into the house. "And here's the pincushion." Then he stopped and looked at his mother.

"What's the matter?" she asked, after a few minutes. "What makes you stand there without speaking?"

"That's what Jimmy Crow did," answered the little rabbit. And he told his mother all that had happened at the Tall Pine Tree. "And it made me so angry, mother," went on the little rabbit, "to get no answer, after asking him three times what was the matter, that I threw a snowball."

"Did it hit him?" she asked, looking up and nearly sticking a pine needle pin in her foot instead of in the pincushion.

"It knocked him off the tree," answered the little rabbit, half ashamed.

"Goodness gracious me!" exclaimed his mother. "That's dreadful. Just because a person is impolite, you shouldn't forget your manners. I'm ashamed of you."

"W-e-l-l," answered the little rabbit, as his mother stuck the last pine needle pin in the pincushion, "I'll make up with him. I'll take him some corn."

His mother smiled as he filled a small paper bag. She was so glad that her little bunny boy was sorry for what he had done. Then he put on his cap and hopped away for the Tall Pine Tree.

But, goodness gracious me! It seemed as if everybody he knew was out at the same time. And before the little rabbit was even in sight of the Tall Pine Tree the bag of popcorn was empty. You see, everybody was so curious, and asked: "What's in the bag, Little Jack Rabbit?"

And of course each time he opened the bag to show what was in it. And you know what always happens if you open a bag of popcorn.

But, after all, it didn't matter. Wasn't it lucky? For when he reached the Tall Pine Tree Jimmy Crow had flown away.

Now the reason Jimmy Crow hadn't answered Little Jack Rabbit's question was because he had been told by his father not to make a sound.

"You stay in the Tall Pine Tree and keep a sharp lookout for the Farmer's Boy. Don't make a sound or he may hear you," warned Professor Jim Crow as he flew away. So now you know why the little crow was so impolite.

You see, Professor Jim Crow hated the Farmer's Boy ever since he had burned up the Shady Forest Schoolhouse. He hated him, too, because he carried a gun and shot at everyone in the Shady Forest. Professor Jim Crow had lost a tail feather from a stray bullet, although, goodness knows, he was thankful he had fared no worse.

Parson Owl each Sunday warned the Shady Forest Folk to beware of their enemy, the Farmer's Boy. And everyone who either hadn't gone south or tucked himself snugly

away for the winter, followed his advice, hoping by the time Billy Breeze grew soft and gentle and Mr. Merry Sun more jolly, the mischievous Farmer's Boy would be working in the fields.

## COASTING

NEAR Mr. Big Brown Bear's Cosy Cave was a splendid hill for coasting. Mr. Bear's two little sons, Bouncer and Bounder, had two fast sleds made from long pieces of bark turned up at one end like the runners of a sleigh.

"Bouncer," said Little Jack Rabbit one winter morning, "I've got a new sled; bet it can beat yours!"

"Bet it can't," answered Bouncer.

"All right," replied Little Jack Rabbit, "after school I'll come up to the hill and race you." On his way home for lunch he told the squirrel brothers, Twinkle Tail and Featherhead to bring along their sleds.

So after school the three went up the Shady Forest Trail to the hill. Bouncer and Bounder were already there. They had been coasting and the track was well trodden down and smooth.

But, Oh dear me! Just as Little Jack Rabbit started off, Danny Fox sprang out from behind a tree.

"Look out! Look out! Danny Fox is after you!" shouted Featherhead, and he shouted so loud that Mr. Big Brown Bear heard him and came to the door of his cave.

Now Mr. Bear never had liked Danny Fox. Mr. Bear, you know, is an honest sort of a person -- not the least like Danny Fox, who is sly and underhand. So when he saw Danny Fox running swiftly down the hill after Little Jack Rabbit he made up his mind he wouldn't let that wicked old fox catch that nice little bunny.

Little Jack Rabbit had a good start and his sled was a fast one. But what was he to do when he reached the bottom of the hill? He must then depend on his legs. And if he didn't find a hiding place it was only a question of a short time when Danny Fox, with his long, swift legs, would catch him.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear !" cried Twinkle Tail, "do you think Little Jack Rabbit will get away?"

Featherhead didn't answer, for he was too busy watching the race. And so was Mr. Bear. You see, Mr. Bear's cave was about half down the hill. He had walked over to the beaten track just as the little rabbit whizzed by on his sled. After him, not far behind, came Danny Fox. Just as he was about to pass, Mr. Bear stepped right in front of him.

Whack! came Danny Fox against Mr. Bear's big shoulder, turning the most beautiful somersault you ever saw, and then landing in a snow bank. Mr. Bear rubbed his shoulder and gave an angry growl.

"What do you mean by bumping into honest folk?" he asked angrily. "Why don't you look out?"

Danny Fox crept slowly out of the snowdrift. His eyes and ears were full of



snow, and he felt mighty cross. Yes, sir. Danny Fox felt so cross that if he had been as big as Mr. Bear there would have been a dreadful fight right then and there.

"Why did you walk in front of me?" whined Danny Fox. "What right have you to get in my way?"

"What are you doing on my hill?" asked Mr. Bear with another growl. "You seemed to be in a great hurry."

Danny Fox made no answer. He was looking over Mr. Bear's shoulder at a little rabbit hopping away towards the Old Bramble Patch.

"Don't be in a hurry," said Mr. Bear, laying his great paw on Danny Fox, who was about to run off. "You haven't yet said you were sorry for bumping into me."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the squirrel brothers on the top of the hill, "Mr. Bear is teaching Danny Fox manners!"

## BOUNCER BEAR

THE next morning as Little Jack Rabbit sat at the edge of the Old Bramble Patch combing his hair with a little chip he saw Mr. Bear come walking down the Shady Forest Trail.

"I wonder what he's after?" said the little rabbit to himself. Before Mr. Bear squeezed through the Old Rail Fence, he looked about him, but he didn't see little Jack Rabbit. And the reason he didn't was because the little bunny had popped into his burrow to tell his mother the news.

"What do you suppose Mr. Bear wants?" she asked anxiously. You see, Mr. Bear was very large and Mrs. Rabbit very small, and little four footed people are apt to be afraid of big four footed people, especially when they know them only slightly.

"I'm sure I don't know," answered little Jack Rabbit. "But Mr. Bear and I are good friends."

"Well, be careful," she said, as the little rabbit opened the front door, "Mr. Bear has a dreadful big paw."

"Good morning," said Little Jack Rabbit politely to Mr. Bear, who was standing just outside the Old Bramble Patch. "What can I do for you?"

Mr. Bear wiped his eyes with the back of his great paw and replied in a low whine:

"Oh, Little Jack Rabbit, haven't you heard?"

"Heard what?" enquired the little rabbit anxiously.

"Why, the Farmer's Boy has caught one of my children," answered Mr. Bear with a catch in his voice. The fur on the back of his big paw was all wet with tears.

"I'm so sorry," said Little Jack Rabbit. "Where is he?"

"In a box in the Big Red Barn," replied Mr. Bear.

Little Jack Rabbit wiggled his pink nose and scratched his ear. "Is it Bouncer or Bounder?" he asked.

"Bouncer," answered Mr. Bear tearfully. Then the little rabbit scratched his other ear and wiggled his nose some more. At last he said: "I've thought of something. Can you meet me to-night at the end of the Old Rail Fence?"

"I certainly can," said Mr. Bear.

"Well, I'll be there right after supper,; and then we'll try to get Bouncer out of that prison box," said the little rabbit.

"You're very kind," said Mr. Bear. "I don't seem to care about anything since Bouncer's been caught. I'm afraid they'll put a ring through his nose and teach him to dance to music. I don't want my little Bouncer to be a trained bear with a cruel ring in his nose."

"Well, he shan't be," answered Little Jack Rabbit. "You leave it to me."

## THE RESCUE

IT was quite dark when Mr. Bear met Little Jack Rabbit at the end of the Old Rail Fence. Just the sort of a night to free Bouncer Bear. The moon was half hidden by dark clouds and Billy Breeze was making a dreadful racket in the treetops.

"Now, go softly," said little Jack Rabbit, hopping into the Farm Yard and around to the back of the barn, where he peeked through the knot hole which Mr. Longtooth Rat used for his front door.

"Mr. Longtooth! Mr. Longtooth!"

"Who's calling me" enquired the old rat.

"It's me -- Little Jack Rabbit."

"Who's your friend?" asked Mr. Longtooth, peeping out. "I didn't know you two were friends."

"This is Mr. Big Brown Bear from Cosy Cave Hollow," answered the little rabbit.

"We have a small bear in the barn now,"

laughed Mr. Longtooth Rat. "He's in a big box with a wooden latch on the door and a small window covered with netting."

"That's the reason we're here to-night," said Little Jack Rabbit. "The little bear is Bouncer, Mr. Bear's son."

"Well, I don't see how I can help you," said Mr. Longtooth.

"Gnaw off the wooden latch," said Little Jack Rabbit.

"Not me," replied Mr. Longtooth. "I'm not going to get myself into trouble. No, sir. I've had enough trouble."

Poor Mr. Bear looked disappointed. But Little Jack Rabbit was not discouraged. He knew Mr. Longtooth too well for that.

"Look here," he said, "suppose Mr. Bear lifts the latch on the Corn Crib and brings you a dozen ears of corn? Will you gnaw the latch on the box?"

"Well, that's different," said Mr. Longtooth with a smile that showed all his long white teeth.

Mr. Bear tiptoed over to the Corn Crib and carefully lifting the big wooden bar, opened the door and took out the ears of corn. Then tiptoed back to the knothole. In a few minutes Bouncer's little nose was pressed half through the opening.

"Get out of my way," said Mr. Longtooth. "Let your father hand me the corn."

"Bouncer," whispered Mr. Bear, "there's a little window just overhead. Do you think you can climb up and open it?"

Mr. Bear and Little Jack Rabbit anxiously waited until the window was slowly raised and the little bear had climbed out. With a jump he landed in Mr. Bear's outstretched paws, and then away they all went back to the Shady Forest without even saying good-night to Mr. Longtooth Rat.

## THE RACE

THERE was to be a great race in the Shady Forest. Everybody of course thought the Deer would win, for Soft Eyes and White Foot could run like the wind.

The Squirrel Brothers, Featherhead and Twinkle Tail were also going in the race, as well as Little Jack Rabbit.

Professor Jim Crow was heard to remark that while he would be tickled to death if one of his scholars won, he thought it was certain that either Soft Eyes or White Foot would be the first to race home.

"Deer are wonderful runners," he explained, "and those who go in the race against them will get nothing for their trouble but tired legs."

It took some time to decide who were to ride the racers. At last Professor Jim Crow kindly consented to ride Soft Eyes and Jimmy Crow insisted that he have White Foot.

"It looks to me," said Mrs. Rabbit, "that the Crow family are making pretty sure of being on the winners!"

"You wait and see, mother," laughed the little rabbit. "Twinkle Tail, is to ride on my back and keep a sharp lookout. I think I've a good chance to win, and if I don't, I shan't cry over it."

The Deer didn't say anything, but they held their heads high and looked proudly about them.

Bouncer and Bounder, Mr. Big Brown Bear's two small cubs, were sure Little Jack Rabbit would win; but that was really because they were so fond of him and didn't know anything about racing. They were too big and clumsy for that, you know.

Twinkle Tail's little wife, Bright Eyes, as he called her, clapped her paws as Little Jack Rabbit, with Twinkle Tail on his back, came up to the starting place. Featherhead was on Brother Bobby Tail, who, although he knew he couldn't hop as fast as Little Jack Rabbit, had entered just for the fun of it. Squirrel

Nutcracker was to give the word to go, and the race course was to the Shady Forest Pool and back.

"One, two, three -- go!" he shouted, and away they went. At first the Deer were far in the lead, but pretty soon the deep snow and the low, overhanging branches, which caught on their horns, slowed them up. Twinkle Tail on the little rabbit's back kept a sharp lookout for the snowdrifts, and Little Jack Rabbit hopped from bare spot to bare spot, or where the snow was light.

"We'll beat them yet," whispered the little squirrel.

All of a sudden White Foot slipped on the ice and Soft Eyes floundered in a snowbank, giving the little rabbit just enough time to make a tremendous jump and cross the winning line ahead of everybody.

## THE FIRE

Grown folks don't hunt for hens' eggs,  
Nor swing on the old barn gate,  
But they don't have to leave for school  
Each day at half past eight.

"I'M afraid you don't know your lessons very well," said Mrs. Rabbit as her little bunny boy started off for school with his books hastily strapped together, "you scarcely studied your geography."

But Little Jack Rabbit had no time to answer, for just then the bell commenced to ring, so his anxious mother turned back into the house. She had lots to do this particular morning, for Cousin Cottontail was coming to luncheon.

By and by the little rabbit came to the top of the hill. But, Oh dear me! just then something happened. A cloud of smoke arose from the school house, and out rushed Professor Jim Crow and his scholars. And, Oh dear me again. The next minute the little building was in flames.

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed poor Professor Jim Crow, "is there nobody

around to put out the fire?" Just then the Farmer's Boy stepped out from behind a tree.

"Don't want this fire to go too 'far," he said, kicking over the little school house. "But I'm glad this old pigeon coop's gone."

After that he walked away, leaving the Little Forest Folk to wonder what would happen next. Poor Professor Crow stood by himself, looking tearfully at the ruins.

"We are so sorry," cried Chippy Chipmunk. "What will we ever do without our little school house?"

Then would you believe it? the good professor smiled through his tears. "Are you really sorry it's gone?" he asked, with a catch in his voice. "I thought you hated study and were tired of your old teacher."

"No, indeed!" they shouted. "We like our teacher."

"Hurrah!" cried Professor Crow, throwing up his hat just like a boy. "I don't care if the school house is burned down -- we'll get another!"

## "DREADFUL TIMES"

IT was a long time before the Little Forest Folk found a new school house. Of course, they all agreed, they would never find such a nice building as the one which the Farmer's Boy had set on fire. Stray pigeon houses are not to be found every day in the week.

At last, however, Professor Crow came across a big hollow tree and they all set to work to fit it up. Before long everything was running smoothly in the Hollow Tree School, and the Little Forest Folk reciting their lessons just as well as they had in the Pigeon House Schoolroom.

But they never forgot that the Farmer's Boy had burned up their first school house. And more than ever they kept a sharp lookout for on Christmas he had received a gun. The Little People of the Forest wouldn't believe that Santa Claus had given it to him. No, indeed. The deer in the Shady Forest had told their cousins, the reindeer, all about it, and they felt sure that dear old Santa Claus had had nothing to do with it.

But, nevertheless, the Farmer's Boy had a gun, and so it was necessary for every one in the Shady Forest to be more careful than ever.

As soon as Danny Fox learned this, he ran home to tell his family.

"Now, Slyboots and Bushytail, you must be careful. Bullets travel faster than legs!"

"These are dreadful times," cried Mrs. Fox. "If boys are allowed guns, what is the world coming to?"

"It will be harder than ever for us to get things to eat," said Danny Fox. "But I heard something to-day which I must tell you. Turkey Tim is somewhere in the Shady Forest. I hear he has been there since before Thanksgiving. Let's look for him to-night. Maybe we can have a turkey dinner to-morrow."

Mrs. Fox at once set to work to wash the supper dishes, while the two little foxes sat on the doorstep making all sorts of plans. But Danny Fox quietly smoked his

pipe and said nothing.

By and by, when Mrs. Fox had finished, they all set out. The moon was up, but the Shady Forest was very dark. Billy Breeze seemed to be the only person awake. Danny Fox could hear him whispering through the leaves.

(Dear me! I hope that old robber fox won't hear him whisper to Turkey Tim to stay up in the tree!)

"Turkey Tim, Turkey Tim,  
Danny Fox is lean and slim.  
Stay up in the friendly tree  
Where from harm you will be free.

"It is dangerous down below  
Where the ground is deep with snow.  
Roost up safely on a branch,  
Danny Fox has left his ranch."

## TURKEY TIM

TURKEY TIM couldn't make up his mind to go back to the Old Farm, although he missed Ducky Waddles and Cocky Doodle dreadfully. He wondered if they missed him, but he knew in his own heart that he missed them much more. Yes, indeed. Turkey Tim was about the loneliest person in the Shady Forest.

Every night he flew up into a tree and sat there until morning. Sometimes it was very cold, and if the feathers on his breast hadn't covered up his feet when he squatted down low on the branch they would have been frost-bitten.

"Oh, dear!" he said to himself. "I wish I were back at the Old Farm. I wonder if it would be safe for me to go. Thanksgiving is over. Maybe I'll go tomorrow."

But, dearest me! No sooner had he finished speaking than there stood Danny Fox and Mrs. Fox at the foot of the tree. Pretty soon up came Slyboots and Bushytail, and then they all looked up at

him, shivering and shaking just over their heads.

"He looks nice and fat," said Danny Fox.

"Very nice and fat," answered Mrs. Fox.

"I want a drumstick," cried Slyboots.

"So do I," shouted Bushytail.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" shivered Turkey Tim, almost falling out of the tree.

"How shall we get him?" asked Mrs. Fox.

"I'll go home for the axe," answered Danny Fox. "Then we'll cut down the tree. You wait here and keep watch." Then off he went on a run.

Poor Turkey Tim looked this way and that way, but what was the use. Down below were six bright eyes watching every move he made. And twelve fast legs ready to dash after him if he tried to escape. So there was nothing to do but sit and wait.

Pretty soon Danny Fox returned with the axe. Taking off his coat, he set to work.

Whack! whack! My goodness! How the chips did fly! Every time the axe struck the tree it sent a dreadful shiver through poor Turkey Tim.

"Hurry up, Daddy!" cried Bushytail.

"If you're tired, let me take the axe," said Mrs. Fox.

Just as the tree was about to fall, who do you suppose came along? Why, the Farmer's Boy. Away went the four foxes, and Turkey Tim was so thankful that he never even fluttered when the Farmer's Boy lifted him out of the tree and carried him back to the Old Farm.

Back to the Farm! By Heck, it's good  
To once more chop the kindling wood;  
To dress when the rooster crows in the morn;  
To milk the cow with the crumpled horn,  
And do all the chores I hated to do  
When I was a boy in Bramberryview.  
But, bless your heart! that was long ago.  
I was only a kid, I'd have you know,  
Who thought the Homestead a lowly cot--  
But I've learned since then it's the only spot.

## BEAR TRACKS

ALL the Farmyard Folk were delighted to have Turkey Tim back again. Cocky Doodle sang his prettiest song and Henny Penny laid the biggest egg ever seen in her little nest of hay. As for Ducky Waddles and Goosey Lucy, they made such a noise that the farmer's wife had to close the kitchen door.

They all considered Turkey Tim quite a hero to have escaped from Danny Fox, and they forgot all about how frightened he had been just before Thanksgiving and that he had run away from the dear Old Barnyard.

He strutted about, his tail spread like a great Japanese fan, and gobbled loudly, just as if he had won a gold medal for bravery.

The Kind Farmer laughed and never said a word about roast turkey and cranberry sauce, and everybody thought he must have forgotten about Thanksgiving. But, goodness me. He didn't laugh when he went over to the Corn Crib for corn. As soon as

he saw that the latch was gone and big footprints in the snow, he shouted angrily:

"Jehoshaphat! There's been a bear around here!" Then he followed the footprints around to the back of the barn and shouted again: "There's been a rabbit here, too." But of course he didn't know that Mr. Big Brown Bear and Little Jack Rabbit had been there.

When Mr. Longtooth Rat heard him, he winked at Mrs. Rat, but he didn't say a word. He wasn't going to tell how Mr. Bear had given him the twelve ears of corn, nor that Little Jack Rabbit had persuaded him to gnaw the latch that held Bouncer Bear in his prison box. No, siree. Mr. Longtooth Rat would let the Kind Farmer find all this out for himself, if he could.

All of a sudden the Kind Farmer noticed that the barn window was open. "I'll bet that bear cub has got out," he said to himself, running around to the barn door. And when he found he was right, he shouted "Jehoshaphat!" louder than before, and called over to the Miller's Boy, who

happened to be standing in the doorway of the Old Mill:

"Your bear's gone!"

It didn't take the Miller's Boy boy to run over. He ran just as fast as he could. But that's all the good it did him.

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" he gasped. "I wouldn't have lost that cub for anything!"

Mr. Longtooth Rat was just going to say, "Well, it wouldn't have happened if I hadn't gnawed the latch," but he thought better of it.

(If he had, perhaps there'd be nothing about him in the next story.)

## MR. LONGTOOTH'S TAIL

LITTLE JACK RABBIT hopped out of bed and over to the window. But, goodness me. It was all covered with frosty laces. You see, it had snowed all night while the little rabbit had been dreaming about the Lollypop Tree.

All morning he had to stay inside the Old Bramble Patch, but towards noon, as he was looking out, whom should he see but Old Sic'em, the Farmer's Dog.

"What is he after?" thought the little rabbit. Just then the old dog trotted off for the Barnyard, so the little rabbit followed him. You see, he was a curious little bunny, always wondering what other people were about.

All of a sudden Old Sic'em discovered the footprints of Mr. Bear, so he followed them around to the back of the Big Red Barn. As soon as he came to the little knothole that Mr. Longtooth Rat used for a front door, he began to bark. He smelled bear everywhere, for you remember Mr. Bear had poked his nose into that very hole.

As soon as the Farmer's Boy heard all this noise, he, too, ran around to the back of the Big Red Barn, but when he only found Old Sic'em, for Little Jack Rabbit had hidden behind the Old Rail Fence, he went into the barn.

Just then Mr. Longtooth Rat ran across the floor. You see, he hadn't heard the Farmer's Boy because of the noise Old Sic'em was making. But, goodness me. Before he could dodge back into his hole, the Farmer's Boy aimed his gun and fired. Bang! the rafters in the Big Red Barn shook and an old lantern fell down and broke all to smithereens.

Henny Penny began to cackle and Ducky Waddles waddled around behind the High Haystack. Goosey Lucy hissed in terror and Black Cat scurried under the back porch. Cocky Doodle seemed to be the only one who wasn't frightened. He waited until the smoke cleared away and then began to crow.

The Farmer's Boy looked all around, but the only thing he could find was the end of Mr. Longtooth's tail.

## A FOOLISH LITTLE RABBIT

ONE day as Little Jack Rabbit was hopping along beside the Bubbling Brook, he came to a sand-cliff, above which, high in the air, he saw what seemed to him a swarm of white butterflies. So the little rabbit stopped to look, and pretty soon, not so very long, a little Swallow, or Sand Martin, as these little cave dwellers are called, flew down and said:

"I have a very nice home in the cliff. Would you like to make me a visit?"

"But how am I to get up there?" asked Billy Bunny. "I have no wings."

"I never thought of that," answered the little Sand Martin, and he flew away, up to his hole in the high sand-cliff. Just then old Professor Jim Crow came by, and when the little rabbit called to him, the wise old blackbird sat down on a fallen log beside the bunny boy and took out his little Black Book.

"Read me something about Sand Martins," asked Little Jack Rabbit. So the wise old

crow opened his book at page 49-1/2 and read:

"In the side of a high and sandy hill  
The little Sand Martin with his bill  
Digs a hole sometimes three feet long  
Where he makes his home and sings his song."

Then the old crow closed his book and the little rabbit hopped away and by and by he came to a box. The door was open and 'way back inside was a carrot stuck on the end of a stick. Just then, all of a sudden, Bobbie Redvest from a nearby tree began to sing:

"Don't go in that horrid box,  
It's really just a trap,  
And the carrot is there just to make you dare  
And the door will close with a snap."

"Nonsense!" laughed Little Jack Rabbit, and would you believe it, that foolish little bunny hopped inside and nibbled the carrot. And then, -- Oh dear me! I just hate to tell what happened, but I must, you know. The door snapped shut and he was caught just as sure as you're a foot high and the owner of a Liberty Bond.

"Didn't I tell you so! cried Bobbie Redvest, and he tried to peek in through a little crack, but it was so dark inside he couldn't even see the white tip of tide rabbit's tail.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" cried the little bunny, "I wish I had followed your advice, Bobbie Redvest."

Well, that dear little red breasted bird tugged at the door with his bill, and scratched away with his little feet, but, goodness me, he couldn't open it as much as a tiny crack. So after a while he said, "I'll fly away and get some one to help. You wait until I come back." But he needn't have said that, for what else could the poor little rabbit do, I should like to know, and so would you.

## "HURRY, BOBBIE REDVEST!"

Hurry, Bobbie Redvest,  
As fast as you can fly,  
The little rabbit in the trap  
May pine away and die  
Quick, bring a hammer and a saw  
And some one with a big strong paw!

AND now, of course, you remember what happened in the last story. But in case you don't, let me say Little Jack Rabbit was caught in a box trap. He had hopped inside to nibble a carrot. When, all of a sudden, quicker than a wink, the door had slammed to and -- there you are, and there was the little bunny, a prisoner! And if Bobbie Redvest hadn't been near just at that time, goodness knows what would have become of that poor little rabbit. Well, that kind little bird flew away as fast as he could and pretty soon he came to the cave of the Big Brown Bear, and, wasn't it lucky, he was at home. Yes, sir; he was sitting just outside his door on a bench smoking a corncob pipe. But when he heard what had happened, he knocked the ashes out of that pipe, click, click, just like that, and took down his big axe which was

hung on a peg behind the door and started right off for the Sunny Meadow. But he couldn't run quite as fast as the little robin could fly, but, anyway, it wasn't very long before he came up to the box in which the little rabbit was caught.

"Helloa!" said the kind old bear, bending down and placing his mouth close to the crack in the door. "Are you there?"

"I don't know whether I'm here or there," answered the poor little rabbit. "It's so dreadfully dark!"

"Well, never mind," said the kind old bear. "Put your paws over your ears and don't get frightened; I'm going to knock in the door!" And then he swung his axe and hit the door a dreadful hard whack. But it didn't break open.

"Oh, dear!" said Little Jack Rabbit. "You almost knocked me off my feet."

"Never mind," said the kind old bear, "keep your paws over your ears, and hold your breath, and don't be afraid." And then the Big Brown Bear swung his axe way up high in the air and brought it down

with such a tremendous blow that the door broke all to smithereens, and one of the splinters flew off and hit an old grasshopper on his left leg so hard that he limped for three days and two nights and had to pay his doctor's bill besides.

Well, it didn't take the little rabbit long to hop out, let me tell you, and he was so glad to be free again that he opened his knapsack and gave Bobbie Redvest and the Big Brown Bear a lollypop and a drink of lemon soda, and then they all sat down and sang:

"Oh, be careful where you go,  
Or perhaps you'll stub your toe.  
Always look before you hop,  
Maybe you will want to stop."



## THE PURRING PANTHER

ONE morning, bright and early, Little Jack Rabbit hopped out of the Old Bramble Patch over to the Shady Forest. Mr. Merry Sun had been up for only a short time and the shadows were still creeping under the trees. But the little bunny didn't mind them, but hopped along, clippity clip, lippity lip, when, all of a sudden, just like that, a big panther jumped out from behind a tree.

"Now I've got you," he growled, and was just about to pounce on the poor little rabbit, when a deep rumbling voice cried, "Don't you dare!" And then, of course, the panther waited and looked about him. And so did the little bunny, but they didn't see any one.

"Who are you?" mewed the panther, for he's a great big wildcat, you know. Then out from the bushes came the Big Brown Bear with a great club in his paw.

"Look here, Mr. Panther, this little rabbit is a friend of mine. You let him alone!"

"Well, if that's the case, I'll oblige you both," said the panther. And he purred and rubbed his nose against Little Jack Rabbit, which frightened him almost to death. Pretty soon he tip-toed away on his rubber heels to find somebody who didn't have a good, kind old bear to look after him.

"Come to my cave and have some honey," said the Big Brown Bear. Well, the little rabbit ate all he could, and maybe some more, for some of it stuck to his whiskers.

"You may take some home to your mother," said the kind old bear. So the little rabbit filled his knapsack and started out for the Old Bramble Patch, hippity hop, clippity clop, for he felt mighty happy, let me tell you, for by this time Mr. Merry Sun was smiling from the sky and Billy Breeze was singing a song about a wonderful country where

The Lollypops wink and the little sticks clink  
When they grow in a row all yellow and pink.

Pretty soon the little rabbit began to feel hungry, so he opened his knapsack and took out an apple pie. Then he sat down on the sand, for by this time he had reached the big blue sea.

Just then a big whale came up close to the shore and said:

"Put a piece on the end of my tail."

And then, would you believe it, he curled up his tail and slipped the piece of pie into his mouth as nicely as you please. After that he took the little rabbit for a sail.

Over the water as fast as you please  
Went the Whale, until he began to sneeze.  
When up went a stream of water so high  
It 'most drenched the sun alight in the sky.

But Little Jack Rabbit he wasn't afraid,  
He took off his cap to a pretty mermaid,  
And said, "I'm a bunny boy sailor I Am,  
And belong to the navy of good Uncle Sam!"

## WATERCRESS CREEK

WELL, here we are again. I was only waiting for the whale to finish the apple pie to tell you how it disagreed with him. Yes, sir, it's funny how a little piece of pie could make a great big whale sick. But it did, and he had to put Little Jack Rabbit ashore and go for the doctor.

Then the little bunny hopped away and pretty soon he came to Watercress Creek, where he found his friend, the little Freshwater Crab.

"What are you doing so far away from the Bubbling Brook?" Little Jack Rabbit inquired.

"Going to the Big Blue Sea," the little crab answered. "I want to travel."

"Although I'm but a tiny Crab  
In a little Bubbling Brook,  
I'm full of splendid big ideas  
To put inside a book.  
And so I'm leaving home to-day  
A journey for to take,  
And with the knowledge I shall gain  
A reputation make."

And with that he hurried down to the Big Blue Sea. Then Little Jack Rabbit whistled three times and up to the bank came a little boat in which sat a Frog dressed like a sailor.

"Do you want to go across?"

Of course the little bunny did, for why had he whistled three times, I should like to know, and so would you.

Well, just as he hopped into the boat, a great big Crane snapped at the Frog, who jumped into the water, leaving the little rabbit to take care of himself. Oh, dear, oh, dear! Little Jack Rabbit didn't know how to row and, as the water was running swiftly, away went the little boat down the stream. Overboard went the oars and the little rabbit fell on his back on the bottom of the boat. Wasn't that dreadful?

He scrambled to his feet and looked around. Faster and faster went the boat, past the trees and bushes that grew upon the bank, under a bridge and past a small island, until the Big Blue Sea came into view.

The roaring waves told the little bunny only too plainly that soon his tiny boat would be tossed about and maybe capsized. Oh dear and oh dear again! Isn't there anybody to help him? Just then, quicker than a lightning bug, up swam the little Crab and caught hold of the boat with his big claw and pushed it up on the shore. Wasn't that lucky?

"You've saved my life," the bunny cried  
"I could not row against the tide.  
Had you not come I now would be  
Adrift upon the Big Blue Sea."

## UP A TREE

"NOW don't let anything worse happen to you," advised the little Crab, as he pushed the boat safely up on the beach, "I'm off now for the Briny Ocean."

There was plenty of nice fresh watercress growing near, so the little rabbit filled his knapsack and started off for the Old Bramble Patch. But, oh dear me. He had gone but a little way when an angry Bull rushed at him, and before Little Jack Rabbit could hop out of the way, he was tossed up into a thick pine tree. But, oh my! there's always something to be thankful for, even in trouble. And so it was this time, for he landed without a scratch in a big empty crow's nest. That was something to be thankful for. But how was he to get down? Now, that wasn't so nice, for little bunnies can't climb nor fly, you know.

"Dear me! This is a nice kettle of fish!" cried Little Jack Rabbit. Just then a voice sang softly:

"A little white bunny  
In a black crow's nest.  
Maybe if he sings  
He'll grow a pair of wings.  
Then a little bunny bird he'll be."

The little rabbit looked up and down and all around, underneath and sideways, upside down and cross-eyed, but he couldn't see anybody. Just as he was about to give up trying, a little Tree Toad peeped out. He was just the color of the bark, which was the reason the little rabbit hadn't seen him at first.

"Were you singing just now?" asked Little Jack Rabbit.

"Yes," answered the Tree Toad. "Sing, and maybe you'll grow a pair of wings." So the little rabbit closed one eye and wiggled his left ear and began:

"I'm a bunny in a tree,  
But, oh dear! oh dear me!  
I wish to goodness I'd a pair  
Of wings to fly upon the air."

Well, well, well! I don't care whether you believe me or not, but just then the good kind Tailor Bird came by with a little winged coat and put it on the

anxious little bunny before he could say a word.

"Now fly away," he said. And with a flap of wonderful coat wings, the little rabbit jumped out of the nest.

Oh, Children, if you had been there  
You nothing could have done but stare,  
So swiftly went the Flying Jacket  
Without the slightest noise or racket

In Fairy Land you might suppose  
They had these wonder flying clothes.  
But who, I say, has ever heard  
Of a coat with wings from the Tailor Bird?

## THE FLYING JACKET

NOW the Tailor Bird must have been a very fine tailor, for the Flying Jacket fitted Little Jack Rabbit without a wrinkle. Why, you would have thought that he was a Bunny Bird, and instead of coming right down to the ground, he flew along just above the meadow grass like a swallow, or maybe a robin. Only, of course, he didn't look like a robin, because his jacket didn't have a red vest.

"Keep right on," said the Tailor Bird proudly, flying close to the little rabbit's side. "If you tear the jacket, never mind; I'll mend it."

Pretty soon Little Jack Rabbit grew tired, for he wasn't used to this sort of thing at all, you see. So he dropped down to the ground and fanned himself with a leaf.

"If you don't mind," he said, after a little while, "I'll take off your Flying Jacket and hop home the rest of the way."

"All right," said the good kind Tailor Bird, "just as you say," and he helped the little bunny undo the buttons. Then he flew away, but first he asked the little rabbit to tell his father that his suit of clothes would be finished by Saturday night.

Well, the little rabbit was glad to be on his own legs again, and pretty soon, as he hopped along, he came to the Cranberry Marsh. There sat Bobbie Redvest eating away, which made Little Jack Rabbit laugh, or all of a sudden he imagined he had found out why robins have red breasts.

You see, he thought they stained their breast feathers with the red cranberry juice. And maybe they did years and years ago when the world began and cranberries grew on trees, for all we know.

"Have a cranberry, ripe and red;  
Pick it from it's dewy bed,"

sang the little robin, with a wiggle of his tail.

Well, before long, the little rabbit had a crimson waistcoat, much redder than the little robin's.

"If I had only kept my brown flying jacket," laughed Little Jack Rabbit, "I'd be a Bunny Redbreast!"

## THE FRETFUL PORCUPINE

"CAN I have lost my way?" said Little Jack Rabbit as he swung his knapsack over his shoulder and started to hop away from the Cranberry Marsh. "Goodness me! This doesn't look at all like the old Cranberry Marsh by the Rail Fence."

Pretty soon he began to whistle. And this is the little song, for I can't write the tune, but I can give you the words:

"Carrot pie is very nice,  
So are lettuce leaves on ice;  
But a lemon lollypop  
Makes me want to hop, hop, hop."

Just then, all of a sudden, out walked a porcupine. Oh, what a dreadful looking thing she was!

"Please be careful," said the little rabbit. "I almost ran into you."

"Well, I thought I'd stop you," said the pin-headed ugly porcupine. "You woke me up with your silly song about 'carrot pie.' Now, you just give me a piece or I'll stick you full of pins and needles."

Little Jack Rabbit opened his knapsack and took out a carrot pie and handed it to the ugly porcupine.

"What else have you?" she asked in a cross voice.

"Watercress cake, cranberries, lollypops and a rubber boot. And one thing besides, a little pink parasol," said the little bunny, half frightened to death.

"Give me the parasol," said the cross porcupine. "I can use that. In fact, it's just what I want."

"And now you can hop along," she went on, opening it and holding it over her head. "But never wake me up again unless you have a blue parasol in your knapsack."

Now, wasn't that mean of that Porcupine? She ate all the carrot pie and then took the pink parasol. This made the little rabbit very sorrowful, and he hopped away, without a whistle, wishing he'd never met this disagreeable lady porcupine, but wishing doesn't make things any better. Pretty soon, just as he was getting more

mournful than ever, he heard a little bird  
sing:

"Life's too short to worry,  
Life's too short to cry;  
Sun is always shining  
Somewhere in the sky."

## THE FOREST FIRE

WELL, do you know, if it hadn't been for that little bird's cheerful song I told you in the last story, Little Jack Rabbit might have done something foolish. He might have crawled into a hollow stump and said, "What's the use of anything?" or something like that. But as soon as he heard the song he straightened up his back and buckled his knapsack on tighter and began to whistle. After that he felt ever so much better.

But, oh dear me. Just then a big cloud of smoke drifted toward him, and the air grew hot and stifling, and before he knew what was really the matter, a big forest fire was all about him. It made a dreadful crackling noise and the sparks flew here and there and everywhere, and now and then a big tree would fall with a crash.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" cried the poor little bunny, "I shall be burned to a cinder. What shall I do? What shall I do?"

But thank goodness, all of a sudden, the Big Brown Bear came tearing along with a wooden bucket in his paw.

"Help me put out the fire!" he shouted, running over to the Bubbling Brook. Quicker than a wink the little rabbit took the rubber boot from his knapsack and filled it with water and threw it on the fire. Not the rubber boot, you know, but the water. And the Big Brown Bear threw I don't know how many bucketsful and after a while the fire went out. Then he and the little rabbit sat down to rest. But, goodness me! They both were covered with soot.

"I guess your name is 'Little Black Rabbit,' laughed the Big Brown Bear, only, now of course, he wasn't brown, but black as coal.

"I don't care; it will wash off," said the little bunny, going down to the brook to wash himself. By and by he and the kind old bear were nice and clean, so they sat down once more and opened the knapsack and had their lunch. But, would you believe it, they had hardly finished, when they heard a bell ringing.

"What's that?"  
asked the Big Brown  
Bear, and he and the  
little rabbit ran  
over to the edge of  
the wood. Just then  
along came a trolley  
car. The motorman was  
a nice looking black  
poodle and the  
conductor a funny  
little monkey.



"It's a good thing  
your friend is a  
bear and not an  
elephant," said the  
conductor, giving two pulls to the bell  
rope. "We don't carry any baggage, so of  
course an elephant couldn't bring along  
his trunk!"

Hold tight! For the Bunnybridge Trolley Car,  
Takes the curves with a dizzy swing,  
While the Lady Hippopotamus  
Holds on to her diamond ring.

And the Old Maid Grasshopper grabs in vain  
For the strap just over her head,  
As she stands on the corn of the fat faced Pig,  
Till his nose grows crimson red.

## THE MOVIES

"DO you go anywhere near the Old Bramble Patch?" asked Little Jack Rabbit, as he and the Big Brown Bear jumped on the trolley.

"Don't know," answered the Monkey Conductor. "We pass lots of bramble patches." Then he gave the bell rope a pull and away went the trolley, till, by and by, after a while, it stopped in Lollypop Town, U. S. A.

No sooner had the little rabbit and the Big Brown Bear hopped out of the trolley, than they saw a big poster:

"Circus to-night when the moon is bright."

"Let's go," said Little Jack Rabbit. So after supper they went down the street to get the tickets. But, goodness me. The clown had the whooping-cough and there wasn't any performance. So they went over to the Opera House to the Movies.

But, goodness me again. They had a dreadful time getting in, for the ticket man at the gate said Mr. Big Brown Bear should buy two tickets, for he was too big for one seat.

Well, anyway, at last they were seated. But Mr. Big Brown Bear got so excited over the show that he pulled a rose off the bonnet of a lady who sat right in front of him.

After a little while there was a picture of the Old Bramble Patch with Mrs. Rabbit standing by the Old Rail Fence. Underneath were these words:

"Oh, where is my Bunny Boy to-night,  
My own little Jackie Hare;  
I hope he's not wandering all alone  
Away from his mother's care."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," cried the little rabbit. "Mother is worried. I must hurry home."

So he and the Big Brown Bear left their seats and went outside. Right there by the sidewalk stood a small jitney bus, on the side of which was painted in big white letters:

## LOLLYPOP TOWN AND BRAMBLE-BUSHVILLE

"I go by the Old Bramble Patch," said the driver, a little old yellow dog. "Jump in and you'll be there in no time."

And he was right, for in less than an hour the little rabbit was hugging his anxious mother at the edge of the Old Bramble Patch, where she had been waiting for him after clearing off the supper table.

Home, Sweet Home, I love that word.  
Sweet as the song of a nesting bird  
Sweet as the prayer at Mother's knee.  
Home, Sweet Home, is the place to be.

## SIX WHITE EGGS

"CHICKADEE, chickadee,  
I'm just as happy as can be,"

sang Charlie Chickadee as Little Jack Rabbit hopped out of doors after eating lollypop porridge for breakfast.

The snow lay on the ground like a white carpet, covering the Sunny Meadow to the tops of the withered grass.

"Have you polished the doorknob and fed the canary?" asked Mrs. Rabbit, standing in the doorway to watch her little bunny boy on his way to the farm.

"Oh, yes, mother. And I filled the woodbox, too."

Well, when the good lady rabbit heard that, she closed the door, and her little bunny boy hopped across the Sunny Meadow, leaving his footprints in the soft snow behind him. By and by, not so very long, he came to the farmyard where Cocky Doodle was singing:

"Cock-a-doodle-do, the world is snowy white,  
It must have snowed all through the night.  
Old Mr. North Wind brought the storm  
To cover all things nice and warm."

"Good morning," cried the little rabbit, wiggling his pink nose this way and that way, for he was smelling the wind, you see, to find out if danger were near.

"Don't be worried," shouted the weathercock from the top of the Big Red Barn. "I don't see anybody, only a little snowbird."

So the little rabbit hopped over to the henhouse to call on Henny Penny.

"Have you laid an egg this morning  
In your nest of nice clean hay?  
I would like a half a dozen,  
I have money 'nough to pay."

"Where's your basket?" asked Henny Penny, looking out of a little glass window.

"I have my knapsack," answered Little Jack Rabbit. "It will hold them, I guess; that is, if I take out the lollypops."

Henny Penny carefully picked out six white eggs and put them in the knapsack, while the Weathercock -- beg pardon, I mean Cocky Doodle, sang:

"She's a splendid little hen,  
She lays nice eggs for bunny men,  
And little rabbits come each day  
To get the eggs she loves to lay."

"Good-by," said the little rabbit, and he hopped back to the Old Bramble Patch.

"You're a good bunny boy to be home so soon," said his mother, who was in the kitchen waiting to put the eggs into the sponge cake for supper. "I'll have a little teeny cake baked for you when you come in from play."

## MR. NORTH WIND

The Big Brown Bear was fast asleep  
In his cave on the windy hill,  
When Mr. North Wind came riding by  
On his snow horse, Breezy Bill.

He stopped and whistled, "Helloa, Mr. Bear,  
How long are you going to sleep in there?"  
But the Big Brown Bear moved never a paw,  
So Mr. North Wind blew open the door.

"GRACIOUS!" yawned the Big Brown Bear,  
"who's breaking into my cave?" Then he  
gave a savage growl and closed the door,  
and pretty soon he fell asleep again, for  
it wasn't yet time for him to go out in  
the wood and look for honey and other  
food.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. North Wind, "let  
me see where I'll go next." Then off he  
went through the Shady Forest, whistling  
like a steam engine, but he never woke up  
Chippy Chipmunk who was fast asleep in his  
little house under the roots of the Big  
Chestnut Tree.

Neither did he wake up Granddaddy  
Bullfrog, who was sound asleep in the mud  
at the bottom of the Old Duck Pond. No

siree! It wouldn't be the loud voice of chilly Mr. North Wind that would call all the sleeping four-footed little people of the Shady Forest to come out of their snug places. It would be the gentle voice of Miss South Wind when Springtime came again with bud and blossom.

"Gracious me!" said Mr. North Wind, "guess I'll go over to the Old Bramble Patch to see Little Jack Rabbit."

So over the Sunny Meadow went chilly Mr. North Wind on his big snow horse, but Little Jack Rabbit heard him coming and locked the door. And after Mr. North Wind had howled through the brambles and piled the snow drifts high around the little rabbit's house, he turned about and hurried over to the farmyard.

"I guess I'll blow down the chimney of the old farmhouse," he said to himself. But the soot filled his eyes and soiled his white muffler, so he wheeled about and spun the Weathercock around on the Big Red Barn three times and a half.

"Dearie me!" sighed Mrs. Cow, as she chewed her cud in the shed, "I'll be glad

when summer comes and the Sunny Meadow is covered with grass. I'm chilled to the bone," and she whisked her tail, although there wasn't a fly around, let me tell you. No sireemam!

"Haven't you any person to talk to but yourself?" asked Mr. Longtooth Rat. "I'll call up Little Jack Rabbit on the phone and ask him to call."

"Don't make fun of me, you old robber!" answered Mrs. Cow with a toss of her head. "I'll tell the Kind Farmer some day how you eat up his corn. Maybe he'll set a trap for you!"

But this only made Mr. Longtooth Rat laugh. He knew too much to get caught in a trap, let me tell you.

## HOME SONGS

"YES, I'm the cuckoo that lives in this clock,  
To tell you the time of day.  
Instead of a ring I come out and sing  
When the hour glides away,"

sang the little bird as Little Jack Rabbit looked up at the pretty clock which Uncle John Hare had given Mrs. Rabbit for a Christmas present.

And when Mrs. Rabbit heard the song, she smiled as she put the lettuce flour cakes into the oven, and little Miss Cricket on the hearth, chirped three times and a half, for it was just half-past three.

All at once the Canary in her cage over the red geraniums in the south window began to sing:

"The cuckoo tells the time of day,  
Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo.  
But when the sunshine warms the pane  
I sing my happiest refrain.  
I try to do my little part  
And sing the gladness in my heart."

Pretty soon after that the little rabbit pulled on his mittens and went out for a hop over the Sunny Meadow. By and by, not

so very long, he saw Timmy Meadowmouse peek out of a hole in the snow, which he had made for an entrance to his subway. You see, he had little tunnels in the snow, but every once in a while he'd run up a grass stalk to peek out over the Sunny Meadow.

"Helloa!" he shouted to the little rabbit, "where are you going the last day of the year?"

"Not very far," answered Little Jack Rabbit. "Mother and I are going to sit up to-night to see the New Year in. I don't dare go away very far for fear I might not get home in time."

Just then, something happened. Oh, dear me! It surely did. A big snowball hit the tip of the little rabbit's left ear.

"Run, run!" shouted Timmy Meadowmouse, diving into his tunnel under the deep snow. Away hopped the little rabbit. But, oh dear me again! He had to hop away from the Old Bramble Patch, for over the meadow between him and home came the Farmer's Boy.

He had another snowball in his hand and a big red muffler around his neck. Well, sir, that little rabbit hopped away so fast that he was safe inside an old hollow stump before the Farmer's Boy could guess which way he was going.

But, oh dear me a third time! All of a sudden a deep growly voice said to the poor frightened little bunny:

"What are you doing inside of my stump?  
You've knocked all the snow off your feet with  
your jump.

Why didn't you wipe them outside of my door?  
I've a notion to cut off your head with a saw!"

## SMOKED OUT

LITTLE JACK RABBIT was dreadfully frightened on hearing the deep growly voice inside the stump.

"Who are you?" he asked. "I didn't mean to scatter snow over your floor -- I was only trying to get away from the Farmer's Boy. He was chasing me."

"Is that true?" asked the deep, growly voice, only this time it didn't sound quite so deep and growly. "Well, then, I won't hurt you. For I don't like the Farmer's Boy, not the least little bit."

And then who do you suppose came out of a door in the old hollow stump? You'd never guess, so I'll tell you right away. The Big Brown Bear. Yes, sir; that's just who it was. And the reason he had been so cross at first was because he had just rolled himself up for a long winter's nap.

"Why aren't you in your cozy cave?" inquired the little rabbit.

"Because the bad Farmer's Boy smoked me out," answered the Big Brown Bear. "He built a fire just inside my front door and by and by the smoke grew so thick that I had to come out. But he didn't catch me. No, siree.

"I knocked him down as I rushed through the door  
With a good hard swing of my right front paw,  
And while he lay kicking about in the snow,  
I scooted away on my left hind toe."

"Now's a good time to go back," suggested the little rabbit. "He won't bother you again."

"Guess you're right," answered the Big Brown Bear, helping Little Jack Rabbit over the top of the hollow stump. Then they both set off together and by and by they reached the cozy cave.

But, oh dear me! Would you believe it? Right in front of the door sat an old Tramp Bear. I guess he'd found it was more comfortable there than tramping through the wood.

"What are you doing on my front door step?" asked the Big Brown Bear.

"Hurry up!" shouted Little Jack Rabbit.

"What right have you here, I'd like to know.  
My friend owns this cave and a Liberty Bond.  
If you don't pack your trunk and start out to go,  
We'll give you a bath in the cold, icy pond."

"No, you won't," answered the Tramp Bear. "I'm as big as your friend, and I don't care that much about you!" and he snapped his fingers in the little rabbit's face. Wasn't that mean of him? Well, I should say it was.

"Do you intend to stay in my, cave?" asked the Big Brown Bear.

"I certainly do," answered the Tramp Bear. And then something happened, all of a sudden, just like that, quicker than lightning. But what it was you must turn over the page to find out.

## A CHILLY BATH

WELL, sir, quick as a wink the Big Brown Bear swung the Tramp Bear over his shoulder and started off for the Old Duck Pond. And, oh dear me! How that Tramp Bear tried to get away. But the Big Brown Bear held him so tight that by and by pretty soon the Tramp Bear gave up struggling and made believe he was taking a piggyback ride.

After a while when they reached the Old Duck Pond the Big Brown Bear said:

"You tried to take my cave from me  
Without even paying rent,  
And when I told you to get out  
You wouldn't give a cent.  
So now I'm going to throw you in  
The pond where the ice is very thin."

And the next minute that bad Tramp Bear was shivering in the icy water.

"Oh, please let me come out," he begged.  
"I'll promise not to bother you again."

"Do what you like," answered the Big Brown Bear, walking back with the little rabbit until they came to the cave, where he said:

"You wait here while I go in and sweep up the place. After I've made it nice and clean you can eat a honey lollypop -- that is, if that old tramp bear hasn't already eaten them."

Well, it wasn't long before the cave was fixed up, and as soon as the little rabbit had seated himself at the table, the Big Brown Bear opened the closet, and -- wasn't it nice? -- found two honey lollypops and a candied cherry.

After these were gone, the little rabbit said good-bye and hopped away, and after a while, not so very far, he met a reindeer.

"Helloa, Little Jack Rabbit! Do you know what happened to me?"

Of course the little bunny didn't know, so he didn't answer. But he twinkled his pink nose until the reindeer said:

"On Xmas Eve I hurt my hoof  
As I was prancing over the roof  
Of a little white house not far from here,  
So I had to leave the other reindeer."

"That's too bad," said the little rabbit. "Maybe I can heal it," and opening his knapsack, he took out lettuce cold cream and rubbed it over the reindeer's hoof. Pretty soon it felt so much better that the little reindeer started back to the North Pole. I guess he wanted to get there before Santa Claus got someone to take his place.

Now, when he reached the cold North Pole,  
'Round to the kitchen door he stole,  
And, tapping gently, waited there  
While Mrs. Santa combed her hair.

But when she heard the tapping sound,  
She left her mirror and turned around,  
And let the little reindeer in  
To melt the snow-ice on his chin.

# JACK FROST

Jack Frost stood at the window pane  
And said, "I guess I'll draw  
The picture of a big white bear,  
And maybe something more,

So when the little rabbit wakes  
He'll shout, 'For goodness gracious sakes!  
If that big bear should come inside  
Within the closet I must hide.'

WELL, sir! That's just what happened. And how do you suppose Jack Frost had ever learned to be such a good guesser? But he had, just the same, and when Little Jack Rabbit woke up in the morning and saw a big polar bear on the window pane he didn't stop to think it was only a picture, but hopped out of bed and into the closet.

Just then his mother came into the room, and when she saw the empty bed she was dreadfully worried. Of course she didn't know what you and I know, that Little Jack Rabbit was in the closet.

First she looked under the bed and behind the dresser; then under the rug and behind the pincushion, but of course the

little rabbit wasn't there. Maybe after that she would have looked in the closet, if, all of a sudden, the little rabbit hadn't seen his mother through the keyhole.

"What were you doing in the closet?" she asked, hugging her little rabbit boy, she was so glad to find him alive.

With a laugh he pointed to the window pane, and when she saw the picture of the polar bear, she began to sing:

"Oh, Mr. Merry Sun, shine down  
And melt the Polar Bear,  
For he might jump right off the pane  
And climb the attic stair.  
'Twould frighten little Mrs. Mouse  
To have a bear come in her house."

And would you believe it? Mr. Merry Sun shone down so bright and warm that pretty soon, not so very long, the Polar Bear ran away in little drops of water. Wasn't that wonderful? Well, I just guess it was.

Yes, sir. Mr. Merry Sun did just as well as the Magic Man who pulls little rabbits out of silk hats at birthday parties when the cake is full of lighted candles and

only one little gold ring.

"Now hurry up and get ready for breakfast," said the dear lady rabbit, hopping back to the kitchen.

As soon as Little Jack Rabbit had parted his hair down the middle of his back with a little chip and wound his gold watch and chain, he hopped downstairs to the dining room, where on the table was lollypop porridge and carrot cakes covered with honey syrup and, marmalade and -- goodness me! what else? I've forgotten, but never mind. Some day we'll go to the Old Bramble Patch for breakfast.

For there we'll find true love and home,  
From which no one cares long to roam.  
It holds us with such tender grace--  
The Old Homestead and Mother's face.

**THE END**