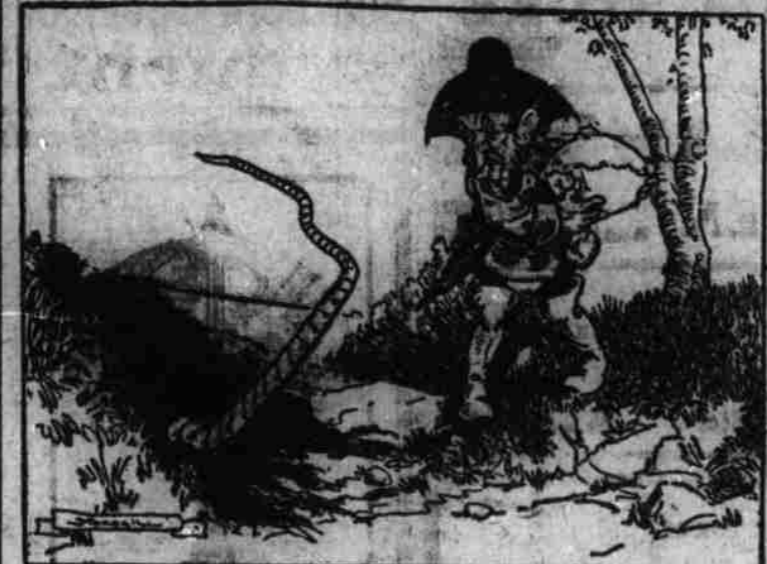




How the Here-and-There Tree Helped

ONE day, as the Be-Better Gobbler was hurrying across Cuckoo Common with an empty pail in his hand, he looked over the wall into the Beggar-Boy's garden, and he saw there a mound with periwinkles all round it. Then the Be-Better Gobbler thought how much he would like a mound in his garden with periwinkles growing all round it, and he remembered how the soil by the Wiry-Wriggler's hole was quite the best soil on Cuckoo Common, and would make a very nice mound indeed. So he rushed along till he nearly reached the Wiry-Wriggler's hole. Then he dug, and dug, and filled his pail; and when the pail was quite full there came a most dreadful noise, and that was the roof of the Wiry-Wriggler's hole falling in because of the digging, and it cut off the mouth of his hole quite up, so that he could not get out.

peered, and peered. Then he saw the Wiry-Wriggler's tail sticking out, and the Wiry-Wriggler yelled again; and the Berry-Man saw that he was buried



"Just as he was about to move off the Wiry-Wriggler called out."

"Goodness gracious me! Who would have expected this to happen!" thought the Be-Better Gobbler in a great way. He wished, and wished, and wished that he had not dug so near the hole of the Wiry-Wriggler. Then he wished, and wished, and wished that the Wiry-Wriggler were not at home; but he knew that he was, for he could see a bit of his hard tail sticking out—and then he seized his pail and flew away as fast as he could fly.

The Wiry-Wriggler had been lying half asleep, with one eye open and one eye shut, and his long hard tail sticking out that folks might know that he was at home. When he heard the Be-Better Gobbler dig-dig-digging, he thought nothing of that, he was so sleepy. But when the roof of his hole fell in, he was wide awake at once. Then he tried to get out, but he could not. Then he tried to turn round, and he could not. Then he tried to wiggle his tail, and, my word, how it pinched him! Then he began to yell, and yell, and yell.

under the roof of his hole, all his head, and his body, and almost all his tail. Then the Berry-Man was as frightened as anything, and he wanted to seize his pail at once, and hurry home to his little house under That-Tree; but just as he was about to move off the Wiry-Wriggler called out, "Hi, hi, hi! Wait a minute! You'd better not suppose that I did not see you digging at my roof till it fell down! Just you wait till I get out, and you'll see how I will treat you!"

"Well, I do declare!" cried the Berry-Man in a great rage, "as if I had touched the roof of your hole! Wiry, I was just getting off home—"

Wiry-Wriggler, I don't know how to get you out—I don't, indeed!"

"Now I know," said the Wiry-Wriggler, "that it was you who made the roof of my hole fall down; for otherwise you would not be so much afraid of letting me out again!" Then he wriggled with rage, and his tail pinched him again, and he began to yell, and yell.

And at that moment there came along So-So the gnome, who was the untidiest gnome in the whole of Cuckoo Common and would not trouble to lace his shoes. So-So was carrying

in your hole just because I am trying to help you! Now I will not help you any more, not if you beg me to!"

"Ah, just you wait till I get out!" cried the Wiry-Wriggler; but at that moment his tail pinched him with a worse pinch than ever, and he began to yell, and yell, and yell.

"Well, well, it is a sad story!" said the Cinder-Witch. But at that moment the Wiry-Wriggler heard her voice and cried out—and he was as angry as could be—"Ah, Cinder-Witch, it is a good thing that you have come by! For, let me tell you, I heard you digging beside my hole so that the roof fell in; and when I get out again you will see how I will treat you!"

Then the Cinder-Witch was in a great way, for she saw that if she helped the Wiry-Wriggler to get out he would think she had made his hole fall in; and if she did not help him to get out he would still think that she had made his hole fall in; so she did not know what to do.

thing, and nobody heard him—nobody. At last there came along the Here-and-There Tree which does not grow on Cuckoo Common, as other trees do, but rushes about on wheels, going wheresoever it pleases.

The Wiry-Wriggler heard him, and stopped weeping. Then he cried out, "Hi, neighbor, stop a minute! I have a most sorrowful tale to tell!"

"Goodness gracious me!" cried the Here-and-There Tree, "that sounds like a voice of the Wiry-Wriggler!" and he stopped and looked about; but he could not see anybody.

"Of course you cannot see me," said the Wiry-Wriggler in a tone of great grief; "but that is because the roof of my hole has fallen in and has buried me. And here I must remain till somebody gets me out!"

"That is indeed a sorrowful tale," said the Here-and-There Tree; and he considered, and considered, and considered, wondering what he could do. At last he said, "Alas, Wiry-Wriggler, I cannot think of any way of helping you out of your hole."

Then the Wiry-Wriggler wept again. "Oh, dear Here-and-There Tree," he cried, "do try and think of some way of getting me out; for you cannot think how unpleasant it is to lie here all covered up and with one's tail pinching, and pinching, and pinching!"

Then the Here-and-There Tree considered and considered again, for he was sorry for the Wiry-Wriggler's plight.

At last he said, "There is just one way in which I can help you, and it is this—I can stand just above your hole, with my wheels resting on the earth on either side, and send a few roots into the earth above where you are. Then I will rush away, bearing my roots with me, and when I tear them out of the earth you will be able to get out of your hole quite easily."

Now the Wiry-Wriggler thought for a long time, and he did not like the Here-and-There Tree's plan; but he could not think of a better way of getting out of his hole. So at last he said, "Very well, neighbor, let us try your plan. But pray do not allow your wheels to rest on me, for if you do I shall certainly be crushed as flat as a leaf."

"Pray, have no fears about that," said the Here-and-There Tree. "I shall be most careful."

Then the Here-and-There Tree stood above the spot where the Wiry-Wriggler lay buried, resting his wheels most carefully on the earth on either side, so that the Wiry-Wriggler should not feel his weight. Then he sent roots into the earth above the Wiry-Wriggler's head, and the Wiry-Wriggler could hear them running about,

Here-and-There Tree. "Here am I, fastened to the ground tight as a tight, just like any other tree! You cannot imagine the pain that ran through me when I tried to run away."

Then the Wiry-Wriggler was in a dreadful state. If you remain here, like any other tree, I shall get fastened among your roots, and shall never, never, get out again!" cried he. "Oh, dear Here-and-There Tree, do

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in and out, here and there, as fast as fast.

"Heigh-ho! Now I am going to rush away!" cried the Here-and-There Tree and he gave a great tug so that the earth trembled above the Wiry-Wriggler's head; but nothing else happened, and the Here-and-There Tree did not move an inch.

"This is terrible, terrible!" cried the

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THE TALE OF THE TWO CURIOUS GOLLIES AND HOW THEY PAID FOR THEIR CURIOSITY

AFTER all the little gollies had eaten as much as ever they could, and filled their pockets with what was left, Mrs. Linda Chroms, the lady gollie, said, "Now, children, you may start your jolly romps, and Wibbly-wobble, Muddley-muddie, and Tip-up-top all over the house, but you must not go down the long, dark passage with the bright red cupboard at the end."

Of course, all the wee gollies wondered why, ever so hard; in fact, they couldn't think of anything else. So they stood round Mrs. Linda Chroms, looking at her with big, round eyes, longing and longing to know.

Seeing how curious they were, she thought it would be better to tell them. "Well, darlings," she said, "I'll just tell you the secret. In that bright red cupboard there's a Noah's Ark, and as all the animals are having a sleep they mustn't be disturbed. If anyone wakes them they'll be very angry, so, dear little darlings, you will keep away from that long, lonesome passage—now, won't you?"

All the little gollies promised they would, and then they scampered off to play Soney-woney, Dp-dp-dab, and whole heaps of other jolly games. But Jonty Blue and his chum Frinny Cuckoo didn't believe a bit about the Noah's Ark being inside the bright red cupboard, so they hid away in a corner, and whispered and whispered together about it.

"All right," whispered Frinny, and they both jumped up and went very quietly along, till they reached the long, dark passage.

Then they came to a standstill, for it did look dark, and so long, and they didn't feel quite comfortable, for they had promised not to go.

They held each other's hands tightly, and peered down. But all was still. Frinny wanted to go back, but Jonty pulled her along. So they slipped down the long, dark passage on tiptoes.

When they reached the bright red cupboard, they looked and looked at it, and tried to find a little hole where they could see inside, but there wasn't one.

Suddenly, a fierce tiger sprang towards them. At this Jonty and Frinny flung themselves on the floor at the elephant's feet and begged him to save them.

Being very kindhearted, he took pity on them, and quickly picked them up with his trunk and swung them across his back.

Here they were safe for a time, but it was hard work holding on, especially as there was nothing to hold on to and the elephant was dashing about, biting the animals right and left with his trunk.

Then he gave a sudden lurch, trying to reach a fat pigling who was making rude faces at him, and on rolled Frinny into the midst of the wild, raging animals!



THE TWO LITTLE GOLLIES CLUNG TO EACH OTHER AND SCREAMED.

The Lion Tamer's Little Boy

By R. F. BUNNER

THE Lion Tamer's Little Boy He knows no fear at all, Chasing the King of Beasts with joy. As kittens chase a ball.

He knows the tricks of Daddy's trade He scares the tiger lean, Or makes the elephant afraid— (And that is rather mean)

And often when the show is done, When animals should rest, The Lion Tamer's Little Son Will act as if possessed.

He tries them out with silly stunts Until it seems a sin, But while the timid beasts he tames His Daddy happens in—

And says: "Now I'll give you a chance To do the self-same thing That you have asked of them. Now dance And leap and twist and swing!"

"Five minutes, now, I'll cage you—"

And when he's locked in by the cage, The animals grow awry, And could they speak would say, "I'll be a lion like you to-day!"