



How the Witch Got Even

ONE day as the Wiry-Wriggler was crawling across Cuckoo Common, he noticed that the door of the Beggar-Boy's house lay open. So he wriggled close, and looked inside.

Then he saw that the door of the Beggar-Boy's cupboard was also open, and in it were six currant leaves all crisp and brown. When the Wiry-Wriggler had noticed the currant leaves he wriggled away.

But he did not pursue his way to the house of the Goose Wife. Instead, he hastened home to his hole. And he sat in his hole, quite still and quiet, listening, listening, with his hard, long tail hanging out, so that folks might know he was at home.

At last he heard footsteps, and they seemed to him to go thud-thud, thud-thud, thud-thud; and he knew that the Beggar-Boy was passing by on his way to the house of the Cinder-Witch and the box in which the Cuckoo lived.

The Beggar-Boy was quite the heaviest person of Cuckoo Common; so, of course, his steps were the heaviest steps.

The Wiry-Wriggler listened to the steps for a moment, then he poked out his head; and the Beggar-Boy was just passing his hole.

"Good day, Beggar-Boy," said the Wiry-Wriggler.

"Good day, neighbor," said the Beggar-Boy.

The Wiry-Wriggler considered. Then he said, "This afternoon I am giving a birthday party. Pray be one of the company, and have a draught of milk and some currant cake."

"Whose birthday is it?" asked the Beggar-Boy.

The Wiry-Wriggler considered again. Then he said, "I think it is the Cinder-Witch's birthday, but she is not one of the guests invited, for she did not invite me to her last party."

The Beggar-Boy said he would come to the party.

"That is a good thing," said the Wiry-Wriggler. "Now remember, Beggar-Boy, that the custom is for each guest to bring with him something nice to eat. And the more he brings the better, for it is pleasant to have plenty."

The Beggar-Boy considered, and after a moment he said, "Alas, I have nothing but currant leaves!"

"Six currant leaves will do very well," said the Wiry-Wriggler. "And be sure you come early, so that everyone may have some. And let me tell you, the party will not be held in my hole, which is rather small for a large company, but under the Here-and-There Tree, who has promised to send quite still between my hole and This-Tree, so that we may feast under his branches."

When he had heard this speech the Beggar-Boy went home to his house, and he was very thoughtful, for he remembered that he had exactly six currant leaves in his cupboard, and when he had taken them to the Wiry-Wriggler's party he would have nothing left.

Now there are three trees that grow on Cuckoo Common: This-Tree, and That-Tree, and the Other-Tree; and each of them has a little house under its branches. Under This-Tree lives So-So the gnome, who is the laziest

fellow on Cuckoo Common, and will not lace his shoes. Under That-Tree lives the Berry-Man, who hates to get wet; and under the Other-Tree lives the Cinder-Witch, whose chimney is nearly always smoking.

But the Here-and-There Tree is not the kind of tree that grows. He rushes about here and there, just where he pleases. No little house has been built under his branches, and that is just as well.

When the Beggar-Boy had packed his



"The Beggar-Boy pleaded and pleaded"

six currant leaves into a basket, he set out for the Wiry-Wriggler's party; and he found that he was by no means the first guest to arrive.

The Wiry-Wriggler sat close to the trunk of the Here-and-There Tree, with a tea-cloth spread before him, on which stood a large flagon of hot milk and some saucers; and all his guests sat in a half-circle round the cloth. Next to the Wiry-Wriggler on one side was the Winkle-Wee, who lived in a gentle in a distant corner of Cuckoo Common, and was covered over with spikes like a hedgehog. On the other side of the Wiry-Wriggler was the Berry-Man, in his splash-water-boots and his big brim hat, because he thought it was going to rain. There were many other guests:

So-So the gnome, with his shoe-laces hanging; and the Wonder-Whether, who had long, long ears; and three of the Otter-Rabbits; and the old Ewe; and the Be-Better Goblin, who was always meaning to be good; and the Too-Tippety, who ran on three legs and lived under a bush.

When the guests caught sight of the Beggar-Boy they all cried, "Hurrah, hurrah!" and the Beggar-Boy felt quite pleased to think he was to be in such polite company.

So he set down his basket with the six currant leaves in it; and the Wiry-Wriggler said, "I am so glad you have arrived, for we have decided to eat your delicious currant leaves first. Pray sit next to the Be-Better Goblin, who is

alike, he was so much afraid of hurting his neighbors when he moved; so he made that last as long as possible, and hoped that something nice would follow presently.

But the others munched and munched at their many slices; and not a word was said till all the currant leaves were eaten up.

Then all the company cried out, "Thank you, we don't want anything more to eat after these delicious leaves; but please may we have a saucerful of milk?"

Then the Beggar-Boy looked about, and he saw that there really was not anything more to eat on the tea-cloth, and that not one of the guests had a parcel, or bag, or basket. There was nothing to be seen but the flagon of milk and the crumbs from the currant leaves.

The Wiry-Wriggler seized the flagon, and peered into it; and he said, "There is rather a lot of hot water mixed with the milk, but that is so that there may be enough milk to go around."

"I must be served first!" cried the Too-Tippety; "for I am the thirstiest!"

"No, no; I am thirstier than you are!" cried the Berry-Man.

"I must be served first, for I live farthest away," cried the Winkle-Wee. "Quite soon I must be starting off home."

But all the others cried, "No, no, no! We have quite as far to go! We must be served first."

Then everybody made a dash for the flagon of milk—except the Beggar-Boy, who sat quite still—and over the flagon went, and all the hot milk poured over the Winkle-Wee, and immediately all his spikes melted and turned into glue!

"Oh, goodness me!" cried the Winkle-Wee, weeping. "Now I shall be glued fast to the ground, and I shan't be able to move, not if I try for weeks!"

"It serves you right!" said the Wiry-Wriggler. "You should not be so greedy."

Suddenly he stopped short, and became quite silent; and all the others were quite silent too; and their eyes became round as round with dismay, and their mouths all opened wide.

For the Winkle-Wee had glued everybody fast to the ground with the glue from his spikes. The Wiry-Wriggler was glued fast by his tail; the Berry-Man by his splash-water-boots (and the glue had splashed over the fastest); So-So the gnome by his shoe-laces; the Wonder-Whether by his long, long ears; the Be-Better Goblin by the tail of his best coat; and the Too-Tippety by one of his legs. As for the Otter-Rabbits and the Ewe, they were glued to the ground as they stood; and the Winkle-Wee was just a clumpy ball.

"Dear me, dear me! I think it is time I hurried away!" said the Here-and-There Tree in a state of great agitation; and away he went, hurrying like anything, and shaking his branches lest they should be sheltering a little bit of glue.

And there was the Wiry-Wriggler's Party glued fast to the ground, and the only person who was free was the Beggar-Boy, for he had not been near the flagon.

The Beggar-Boy scrambled to his feet, and brushed the crumbs from his clothes; but all the other guests and the Wiry-Wriggler sat or stood on the ground and wept, and wept, and wept; and the Winkle-Wee sobbed, "I shan't be able to get free, not if I try for weeks and weeks!"

"Dear me, this is dreadful! I must do something to help those poor creatures!" said the Beggar-Boy; and he thought and thought; but he could not

think of anything that would help them.

The Wiry-Wriggler wept harder than anybody. At last he stopped weeping, and said, "Suddenly I have remembered something that will loosen the glue of the Winkle-Wee. It is the water in which linseed and a pink pebble have

been boiled for three nights and three days."

"That is quite a simple affair," said the Beggar-Boy, "for I know where I can find a pink pebble and some linseed. But what will you do, my Wiry-Wriggler, while the water boils for three nights and three days?"

Then the Wiry-Wriggler wept again; and he said, "I darsay the Cinder-Witch has some pink-pebble-water in a jar in her cupboard; but no doubt she will not give us any."

"That remains to be seen," said the Beggar-Boy; and he set off at once for the Cinder-Witch's dwelling.

The Cinder-Witch lived under the Other-Tree, and three of her cupboard shelves were full of jars of water.

When she heard what the Beggar-Boy's errand was she laughed till she cried. Then she said, "It is quite true that I have a jarful of pink-pebble-water; but if you wish to have it, you must pay the price."

"What is the price?" asked the Beggar-Boy.

The Cinder-Witch was as angry as a bear because the Wiry-Wriggler had given a party on her birthday and had not invited her; and she replied: "The price is six currant leaves and one tall Eggon full of milk." And though the Beggar-Boy pleaded and pleaded, she would not say another word.

The Beggar-Boy went back to the Wiry-Wriggler, and told him what the Cinder-Witch's price was. And the Wiry-Wriggler wept and wept, and so did all the guests; and they cried everyone, "Oh, how very much we wish we had not eaten all the Beggar-Boy's currant leaves, and had not knocked over the flagon of milk!"

"Well, it is no use talking about that!" said the Beggar-Boy. "Think

of anything that would help them.

The Wiry-Wriggler wept harder than anybody. At last he stopped weeping, and said, "Suddenly I have remembered something that will loosen the glue of the Winkle-Wee. It is the water in which linseed and a pink pebble have

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"The Wiry Wriggle Considered"

The Jungleville A Tip



Have You Ever Thought

HAVE you ever stood on the top of a hill
And thought what fun it would be
If you woke one morning to look and find
The valleys were filled with sea?
Then the hills would all be islands,
And where would the houses be?
Why in their graves,
Deep under the waves,
If the valleys were filled with sea.

Have you ever thought how nice it would feel,
If, when looking up at the sky,
Whirlwind came and caught you up,
Then a cloud was sailing by?
You down on a bed of cotton-wool,
To look on the earth as you fly?
Oh, wouldn't you sing,
For the fun of the flying,
As you floated along in the sky?

Have you ever thought what games you could have
If the sea were to freeze over?
If each wave as it broke were turned into
And so, I with frozen spray?
Think how you could switchback from wave to wave,
Poles on the top—and away!
Oh, wouldn't you sing,
If the sea were laid?
What couldn't the children play?

A Wish

If I could be a Fairy Queen
I'd weave a thousand magic spells;
I'd learn the language of the birds,
The secrets of the heather bells,
That chime in silvery music sweet
Upon the sunlit purple fells.

I'd travel with the drowsy sun
Beneath the waves, as daylight dies,
And cross the rainbow-bridge that spans
The changing showery April skies;
I'd sleep in beds of scented thyme,
While brown bees hummed me lullabies.

I'd ride upon the rushing wind,
Or with the golden sunbeams stray,
O'er hill and dale, by marsh and glen,
Through all the long bright summer day,
Or travel in a pearly shell
Across the waves and far away!

I'd dance by moonlight on the green,
And make the grass a fresher hue,
I'd feast on stores of sweetest fruit,
And sup the rosy crystal dew;
Oh, how delightful it would be
If only fairy tales were true!

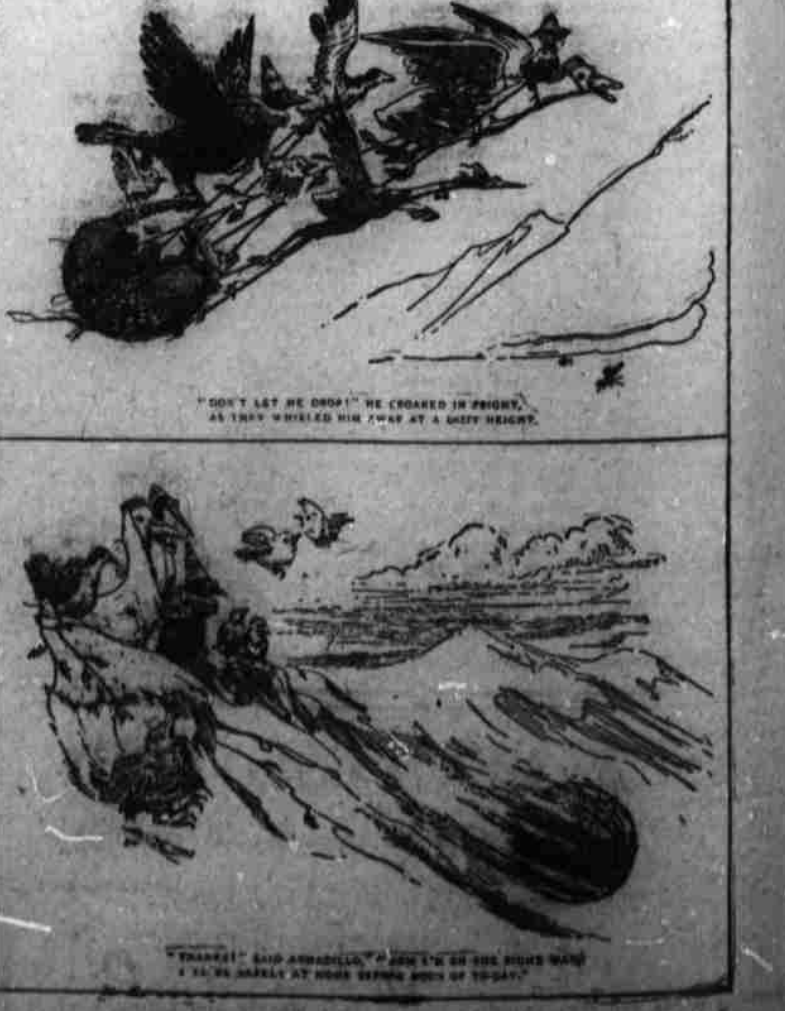
MAUD B. SARGENT.

The Drum Major

OF all the people on parade
There's none of them so grand
As the gallant tall Drum-Major
Who walks before the band.

He whistles his staff up in the air,
And doesn't seem to try,
He always leads the big parade
On the great fourth of July.

The officers must loudly shout,
Commands along the way,
He only lifts his stick to show
The band begin to play.



Feeding The Birds

THE birdies chirped, "We want our tea!"
"My dears," their mother said,
"I'm finding worms—just wait for me."
Hans thought, "I've got some bread—
I'll feed them!" so he climbed the tree
And scattered crumbs from there.
The birds all ate them eagerly,
He gave them each a share.

But suddenly he slipped and fell
As he was turning round;
He knocked against the nest as well,
And all came to the ground!

Hans scrambled up. "Oh, birds,"
He laughed, "I'll put you in the nest;
Your mother's brought some worms, I see,
She feeds you far the best!"

LESLIE MARY OYLER.

The Tables Turned

JOHN Augustus Angus Browning
Loved to fly his kite;
Not another toy or pastime
Gave him such delight.

John—to make his name much shorter—
Got one day a scare;
Up and up his kite went sailing—
Up into the air!

With a hoist, it lifted Johnny
Off his feet, alas!
And next moment it was trailing
Johnny o'er the grass!

Very much disgusted, Johnny
Cried, "Look here—how horrid!
When you fly a kite, it's horrid
If the kite flies you!"

FELIX LEIGH.