

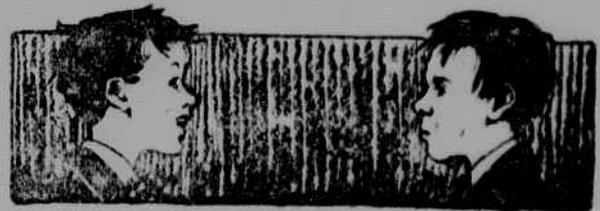
Winnie's Rabbit Goes Hunting

By L. S. HASBROUCK

THE Rabbit residing in Win's rabbit hutch was given to boasting a trifle too much. And Win overheard him, one cold, frosty morn, remark to his children, in accents of scorn, "A hunter, my dears, is a pestilent beast. He ought to be killed, or suppressed at the least. Why, youngsters, in times when your father was free, he bagged two a day, or possibly three. Roast hunter for breakfast, cold hunter next day, made meat bills quite low for your daddy to pay. So don't talk to me of hunters and such. I'll show them their place if they come near this hutch!" He put on his coat, as the morning was fair, and nipped out to draw in a breath of fresh air. He had taken only a bit of a run, when what should he see but a man with a gun. He cried, "Gracius me!" and quickly



mad. His children were saying, "Why, where is our Dad? And what was that noise, like soda corks popping, that made us feel trembly and set us all hopping?" Said poor Mrs. Rabbit, "Come in, children dear. With father at hand there is nothing to fear. He'll kill all the hunters, we're certain of that." But her heart it beat loudly a rat-a-tat-tat. She kept them all quiet and said not to worry, and just then there happened a terrible flurry. In dashed Mr. Rabbit and shut the door tight, and bolted it also. He was such a sight! His feet were all burrs and his coat was all torn. His ears madly twitched and his temper was worn, as his children found out, when one of them cried, "Oh, father, that must be a hunter we spied. We thought that we'd have him for luncheon, with rice. To leave him behind was not very nice." But their mother said, "Hush! or I'll put you to bed. We'll have for our luncheon some carrots instead. That hunter, I'm sure, is skinny and tough, and his dog was most certainly horridly rough. Your father's example I hope you'll all follow. When a hunter appears, just make for your hollow. The rabbit who sees one and then runs away, can fight all he likes on the following day."



Two Boys

There was a boy named Elims,
(A funny name, I know),
And everybody liked that chap
Wherever he might go.

There was another boy named Nworl,
(Yes, that name's funny, too),
And nobody could hear that chap,
Whatever he might do.

You see, the fact is each boy's name
Describes his face quite well,
And if you read them backward,
I'll have no more to tell.

—Carolya Wells

turned tail, when a floppy-eared dog got onto his trail. Away went our Rabbit. The hunter raised gun, was going to shoot, when Winnie cried, "Hun! That rabbit is mine! I won't have him shot!" The hunter begged pardon and said he would not. But old Mr. Rabbit kept loping like