

# UNCLE WIGGILY

BY HOWARD R. GARS

## UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE DRUM STICKS

It was a rainy day, and when Uncle Wiggily began putting on his coat, made from the leaves of the rubber plant, Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the poukreat lady, exclaimed: "You aren't going out in all the wet, are you, Wiggily?"

"Why of course I am!" laughed the bunnny gentleman. "My rubber plant coat will keep me dry, and I really can't stay in the bungalow all day. I must have an adventure."

He twinkled his pink nose in right jolly fashion, buttoned his coat, and ran into the storm he sought. Though it was raining hard, it was not cold, and even if it had been Uncle Wiggily would have been quite warm, for he wore his summer coat of fur. The fur was not as thick as it would be in the winter, but it was plenty warm enough.

"Now I wonder what sort of adventure I shall have?" thought Uncle Wiggily to himself, as he hopped along, his feet going splash splash in puddles of water. "For some sort of adventure I must have," he chuckled, for Nurse Jane will laugh at me, going out in the rain and coming back without having had an adventure will seem very funny to Nurse Jane."

"Yes, I really must have an adventure," went on the bunnny gentleman, as he looked over the field across which he was then hopping. He hoped he might see an adventure that he could take part in, but there was no such thing in sight. However, Uncle Wiggily saw a cute little house up in a tree, and he knew who lived there.

"Johnny and Billie Hushytail, the squirrels," said Uncle Wiggily to himself. "I'll stop and see the squirrel boys. It isn't yet time for them to go off in the woods nutting. They'll surely be at home."

And Johnnie and Billie were. Uncle Wiggily could tell that by hearing the squirrel boys' voices as he drew near their tree house. But the voices did not seem to be very jolly. "Oh dear!" is what Uncle Wiggily heard Billie saying. "I think this rain is terrible! We can't go out and we can't have any fun!"

"That's what I say!" chattered Johnnie. "Nothing is any good." "Why don't you take your drum and play soldier?" asked Mrs. Hushytail, the mother squirrel. "You always liked that game!"

"Now I wonder what they'll say to that?" thought Uncle Wiggily, pausing beneath the open window of the squirrel house to listen to what Billie and Johnnie might say. "We can't play soldier with our drum, mother," answered Billie. "Cause we haven't any drum sticks," added Johnnie.

"Use clothes pins," advised the squirrel lady, who was doing her best to keep the boys good natured when they must stay in because of rain. "Clothes pins aren't any good!" declared Billie.

"We want regular drum sticks, long and thin with a little round knob on the end!" insisted Johnnie. "They're the only kind that will go 'rub-a-dub-dub!' We want regular drum sticks!"

"My! You squirrel boys are hard to please today!" laughed Mother Hushytail. "I wish it would stop raining so you could go out!"

"So do we!" chattered Billie and Johnnie, and then they whined and were so cross and fretful that Uncle Wiggily said to himself:

"I'll hop around in the fields and woods and perhaps I can find some regular drum sticks for those chaps. If they have a good game of playing soldiers they'll forget about the rain."

Over the fields and through the woods hopped the bunnny gentleman, and soon he met a colony of ants who were marching along in rows, almost like real soldiers.

"They ought to know about drum sticks," said Uncle Wiggily. "I'll ask them." And when he had spoken to the head ant that little creature answered and said:

"Look behind you, Uncle Wiggily. There you will see the long, thin stems of the golden-rod flowers, and those will be just right for drum sticks."

"They may be long and thin," spoke the bunnny, "but what about the round rub-a-dub-dub knob on the end?"

"If you will look closely," said the ant, "you will see that some of the golden-rod stems have this round knob on."

"Oh, so they have!" cried Uncle Wiggily, as he saw the golden-rod drum sticks, just as you have often seen them. I have no doubt. "What made them this way?" asked the bunnny.

"Well," answered the ant, "some insect bored a hole in the stem of the golden-rod in which to lay her eggs. The golden rod, not liking this, began to build a little round ball of pitch around the eggs, to keep them away

### For Rainy Day



Say, you guys with straw lids, pipe this outfit. A ten-cent rubber bathing cap, carried in the vest pocket, can be slipped over the old sailor when the skiss begin to weep.

from the rest of the plant. I suppose. At any rate the sting of an insect made the round knobs on the stem of the golden-rod plant, just as the sting of another insect makes the round oak apples, or oak galls."

"Well, they certainly make fine drum sticks," said Uncle Wiggily, as he picked four golden-rod stems. He was hurrying to the squirrel house with them, after having thanked the ants, when the Fuzzy Fox sprang out and tried to bite the bunnny's ears.

"Oh ho! No you don't!" cried the rabbit, and he beat such a lively rub-a-dub-dub with the golden-rod drum sticks on the nose of the Fox that

the bad chap cried: "Wow! Wow! Wow!" and away he ran.

Then Uncle Wiggily took the golden-rod drum sticks to the squirrel boys, who played soldiers and didn't mind the rain. And so they were happy. And if the elephant doesn't pack all the rag doll's clothes in his trunk so she has nothing pretty to wear to the moving picture, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the tinkle weed.

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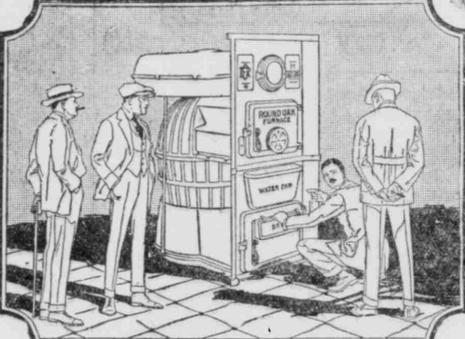
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