



CHILDREN'S CORNER

UNCLE WIGGLY AND HIS CRUTCH

By HOWARD R. GARIS

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"Nurse Jane! Nurse Jane! Nurse Jane!" called Uncle Wiggly Longears, the nice old gentleman rabbit, one morning as he sat on the porch of his seashore cottage reading a book.

"Nurse Jane, something is the matter!"

"Gracious goodness me makes alive and some marshmallow lollypops!" cried the muskrat lady. "Is the bad sea lion after you again?"

"No, it isn't that," Uncle Wiggly said, "but the paws of this book I am reading are all stuck together. I can't turn them. What is the matter?"

Nurse Jane came out on the porch where Mr. Longears was sitting in an easy chair. The muskrat lady looked at the book. She tried to turn the pages over, but found them stuck together.

"Oh, I know what has happened," she said, "Sammy Little, the rabbit boy, was here yesterday eating some bread and jelly. He was looking at the pictures in your book, and he must have put his sticky jelly-covered paws on the leaves. That's what makes them stick together."

"Well, I'll forgive him this time," said Uncle Wiggly, "but where did he get the bread and jelly?"

"Oh, some of the kind jellyfish in the ocean sent his mother a jar. There is some for you, too, if you want it. But it is very sticky indeed, almost as sticky as glue, so don't eat any and read your book."

"I won't," Uncle Wiggly said. "Here Nurse Jane, you take my book and wash the jelly off the leaves. I'll go for a walk down on the ocean sands, and when I come back I'll have some of the bread and jelly fishes' jelly."

"All right," answered Nurse Jane, and while she took the book to the bath room to give it a wash, Uncle Wiggly picked up his red, white and blue striped rheumatism crutch that the muskrat lady had gnawed for him out of a cornstalk and started down to the seashore ocean beach.

It was early in the morning, and none of the animal boys and girls were yet down on the sands, so the old gentleman rabbit sat down on a bunch of seaweed to watch the waves wash the seashore shells nice and clean.

And all at once, as Mr. Longears sat there he heard a sad little voice say:

"Oh, dear, Oh, dear! I don't believe I'll ever be able to do it. I'll never get back in the ocean again! Oh, dear!"

"Ha! Some one in trouble!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggly. "I must see if I can help them. But I hope it isn't the bad sea lion."

The rabbit gentleman looked on the sand, and there he saw a poor little jellyfish so tiny it could hardly walk. "What is the matter?" asked Uncle Wiggly, kindly.

"Oh, dear!" said the baby jellyfish. "I swam too far up on the sand when the tide was high. Now the water has gone down so low and left me so far from it that I can't get back where I belong."

"I'll help you," said Uncle Wiggly. "You jellyfishes were so kind as to send me some jelly, so I'll be good to you."

Then on a piece of wood the rabbit gentleman carefully lifted the jellyfish back into the ocean, taking care not to squeeze it, for a jellyfish is as soft as a lump of melting ice cream, you know.

"Oh thank you!" cried the little jellyfish, as it swam away. "Some day perhaps I may do you a favor!"

Uncle Wiggly made a polite bow and waved his paw, but all the same, he did not see how the jellyfish could do any favors, except, perhaps, give more jelly, and Uncle Wiggly had enough of that.

But this only goes to show that you never can tell what will happen. Uncle Wiggly sat on the warm sands and almost before he knew it, he had fallen asleep. And no sooner was he asleep, than up out of the ocean bobbed the bad, old sea lion.

"Now, here's where I catch that rabbit," said the sea lion. "But he has played so many tricks on me that I shall have to play a trick on him before I can catch him. I know what I'll do. I'll fix his crutch so that when he starts to walk off, leaning on it, his crutch will break. Then he will tumble down in the sand, and before he can get up, I'll jump on him and carry him away with me. That's what I'll do. I'll play a trick on his crutch."

Then the bad old sea lion called a bad sawfish up from the bottom of the ocean, and said to him:

"Mr. Sawfish, with your sharp nose, please saw for me Uncle Wiggly's crutch half-way through so that when he starts to lean on it the crutch will break and let him fall in the sand. Then I can catch him."

"I'll do it," said the mean sawfish. With a saw, which stuck out from the end of his nose, the sawfish saved the gentleman rabbit's crutch half way through, so that the least little push on it would make it break.

And, all this while, Uncle Wiggly slept. He never heard the sawfish sawing. And then the bad sea lion and the sawfish waited for Mr. Longears to awaken. Soon Uncle Wiggly did.

"Ha! Ho! Hum!" the rabbit said, stretching his ears and his whiskers. "I guess none of the animal children are coming bathing today, pieces right in the middle, where the sawfish had partly sawed it."

Off he started, limping on his crutch, for his rheumatism hurt him, when, all of a sudden, "crack!" went the cornstalk crutch, and it broke in two pieces right in the middle, where the sawfish had partly sawed it.

Down Uncle Wiggly fell in the sand. "Ha! Now we have him! Now I have him!" howled the bad sea lion. "He can't walk with a broken crutch, and I'll get him!"

"Oh, dear!" cried Uncle Wiggly. "What can I do? I can't go without my crutch, and that is broken. Oh, I guess the sea lion will get me." And really it did seem so, for the bad animal was flopping over the sand to ward the rabbit gentleman.

"No, he shan't get me," cried a brave voice. "Just run away from him!"

"But how can I, when my crutch is broken?" asked Uncle Wiggly. "And who are you, pray tell?"

"I am the jellyfish you helped," was the answer. "Look, I have with me a whole lot of sticky jelly, as sticky as glue, just like the kind Sammy stuck your book pages together with. And I'll mend your crutch with the jelly, so it will stick together long enough for you to get away. I can make it almost as good as ever!"

"Please do!" cried Uncle Wiggly, and the jellyfish did. Quickly, with some jelly he was carrying to Mrs. Wastail, the goat lady, the jellyfish stuck the broken crutch together, tying it with strings of seaweed. Then Uncle Wiggly put the mended crutch under his paw, and he hopped away just as the sea lion was going to grab him, and so the rabbit gentleman wasn't caught after all.

"Foolish again!" barked the sea lion as he flopped back into the ocean, "and by a jellyfish! Oh, wow!"

So Uncle Wiggly was all right and from this we may learn that a postage stamp is sometimes as good as a lot of cornstalks. And I hope it isn't the bad sea lion."

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Gardie Boone—You have made a very good sketch of the rabbit, and I shall be very glad to have the doll you speak of to have had previous to the place given in the prize winner's list. Did you do the drawing entirely without assistance?

Jean Browne—I was pleased to have your interesting and kind letter, and shall be very glad to have the doll you speak of to have had previous to the place given in the prize winner's list. Did you do the drawing entirely without assistance?

Leslie A. Taylor—I am pleased to see your entry in the names contest, as I do not appear to have been missing your letters and thought perhaps you had forgotten about the Corner, but was glad to have your attempt in this week's Contest, together with the letter.

Myrtle Cox—I am glad you received the book at last, after so much delay in transit. Thanks for the good wishes, and also your attempt in the drawing contest. I hope you read my letter to the kiddies last week, as I gave some advice as to sketching which you would perhaps find helpful.

Alice McGee—I have been missing your letters and thought perhaps you had forgotten about the Corner, but was glad to have your attempt in this week's Contest, together with the letter.

Marian Phillips—I must welcome you to our large Corner, Marian, and trust that whilst your papa is away serving so faithfully, you will find a great deal to interest you in the Corner. In case you may not otherwise receive your book, don't forget to thank me specially in writing, and the entertainment which will be given to soldiers' children on December 21st. Write me nearer the time and I shall give you more particulars then.

Belle Orser—I was pleased to have your attempt in the Drawing contest, and hope you will continue to enter more often in the different competitions.

James Boyles—I trust you have now received the certificate and like same. Walter Boyles—I sent the book together with the money for your brother, and I am sure you will be very happy to receive same ere this.

Mamie Pitre—I am glad you received the book alright. I sent you the Standard as requested, and trust you received same. Yes, be sure and write soon again. Would you like to have a collecting card Mamie?

Irene Grimmer—You should have only drawn in the little girl's face Irene, that was all I asked, and then perhaps you would have got a prize. Always follow out the conditions closely.

Priscille Doucet—I was pleased to receive your attempt in the drawing contest, and think it is quite good. I should like very much to see more of your sketches.

White Book—You have made a very good attempt in the drawing contest, and although you have not managed to get the first prize, well, do serve the certificate of merit.

Edward Ritchie—Your filling in of the face in the drawing contest is very well done, and shows what a clever little artist you are. I am sure you deserve the place given you in the prize list.

Mabel Gertrude McMuray—I am pleased to have your attempt in the contest, and trust you will continue to find great interest in same. Of course if at first you don't manage to get the prize you must not give up, but go on trying.

Maude McKnight—Welcome to the large Corner, Maude, I trust you will continue to enjoy the contests, and soon be successful in same.

Agnes Short—I received the money order alright, and must thank you sincerely for the way in which you have worked on behalf of the Fund. I am sure the time comes for buying the toys, etc., we will have a large amount and be able to crowd the large Christmas tree with all kinds of splendid things for the poor kiddies.

Georgina LaPointe—I am very pleased to welcome you to our large Corner, and trust you will continue to enjoy same. You have made a very good start in the first contest, and I shall have pleasure in watching for more of your entries.

Beryl Goddard—I have just received your letter giving your age, which I have made a note of so as to have same for future reference.

Hilda Chownen—I was pleased to receive your interesting letter, and to note that you have been studying so hard. I hope you will be very successful with exam. I am pleased you have had the certificate framed, as I am sure you will be proud of same. Thanks for the good wishes.

Louise Cumming—I am glad you received the watch alright, and like same, but I am afraid you will have to try harder in the next word contest, Louise, as you will no doubt see from the results which will be published next week. I shall be pleased to send you a collecting card, if you wish to have one.

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UNCLE DICK'S TOY FUND FOR SOLDIERS' CHILDREN

This week I am pleased to be able to acknowledge further receipts towards the above fund. This of course does not by any means represent the full amount collected, but shows the amount actually received. I trust you will all do your very best to make this amount increase each week, but naturally you must have the collecting cards to enable you to gather the money for the fund, so, will those who have not as yet written, send at once. I have much pleasure in acknowledging the following:

Previously acknowledged	\$25.30
Geraldine Corry	\$4.05
Only	0.30
L. Moore	0.25
F. Caswell	0.65
E. Palmer	0.15
J. Matthews	0.25
L. Peters	0.30
G. Gilbert	0.30
M. Marshall	0.40
A. McKeague	0.10
Result of Contest (Part)	1.00
Agnes Short	3.00
Total	\$39.55

Will those of my kiddies who wish to have a collecting card please send me their names and addresses.

If you are not able to help in this way, perhaps you will dress dolls, make little toys, knit children's warm stockings, and in other ways assist. All toys etc., when completed, cards when filled in collecting, and other communications, must be addressed to:

UNCLE DICK,
The Standard,
St. John, N. B.

and be marked in the top left hand corner "Children's Fund." All articles and subscriptions received will be acknowledged through this Corner. No prizes are of course offered in this work, as the object, that of helping to make other poor kiddies happier this coming Xmas, ought to be the reason for working very hard. Now my kiddies let me see how well you can all work to make this fund and heap of toys a very large one.

This is open to Boy Scouts also, in fact I shall look for their special assistance.

Myrtle Cox—I am glad you received the book at last, after so much delay in transit. Thanks for the good wishes, and also your attempt in the drawing contest. I hope you read my letter to the kiddies last week, as I gave some advice as to sketching which you would perhaps find helpful.

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To the Boy Scouts

AN OLD BOY'S MESSAGE TO SCOUTS

Squadron Commander A. W. Giesworth, D.S.O. (who single handedly destroyed a German submarine by dropping bombs on it from an aeroplane.)

"The Boy Scout movement has always interested me very much, and its rapid growth convinces me that there is a big future ahead of it."

"Please tell the boys from me that I am sure the present war will have shown them the vital importance of instant and unquestioning obedience to orders."

"I believe that the essential mark of the good sailor is nowhere taught so thoroughly and satisfactorily as it is by the Boy Scout system. They must be proud to belong to such a splendid and useful organization, and I heartily wish it continued success."

I have been very pleased to notice recently that the behavior of the scouts in the district has caused members of the public to express their appreciation of the movement. Not only have they been most interested in finding out how much the Boy Scouts seem to know, but the discipline maintained was the cause of many comments in praise of the greatest movement among boys, that the world has ever known.

Unfortunately however, this is not always the case, as only a few days ago I heard many reports of the reverse character, about a troop which is one of the largest in the district. It is not necessary to state the nature of the complaints, or the name of the troop to which they referred, but I would say to all you scouts, don't forget the teaching which is embodied in the scout law. Be boys of purpose and character whether you are at play or work, don't act in an unruly manner, such as other boys do who have had no training, or are devoid of that manly spirit, which is or ought to be, characteristics of the true boy scout.

From all parts of the war zone, come reports of the responsible duties being carried on by the boy scouts, coast guarding, munition making, dispatch carrying, Red Cross orderlies, and signallers being only a few of them. Now boys I ask you, are you prepared to do this sort of work, do you feel that you could be trusted with such responsible posts? or are you, instead, forgetful of the instructions which you have received, and only too pleased to become rowdy, and to play the "street corner" boys when released from Scout classes, etc.

Remember, boys, the public are always watching you, and base their opinion of the movement, upon what they see in the individual scout. You are members not only of the greatest boys' movement, but also of the British Empire, therefore act as such, having a courteous manner, a character to be trusted, and a clean wholesome mind, free from the filth and dirt, which is so often noticed among boys who, by their actions, would almost make one believe that their home was in Germany.

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