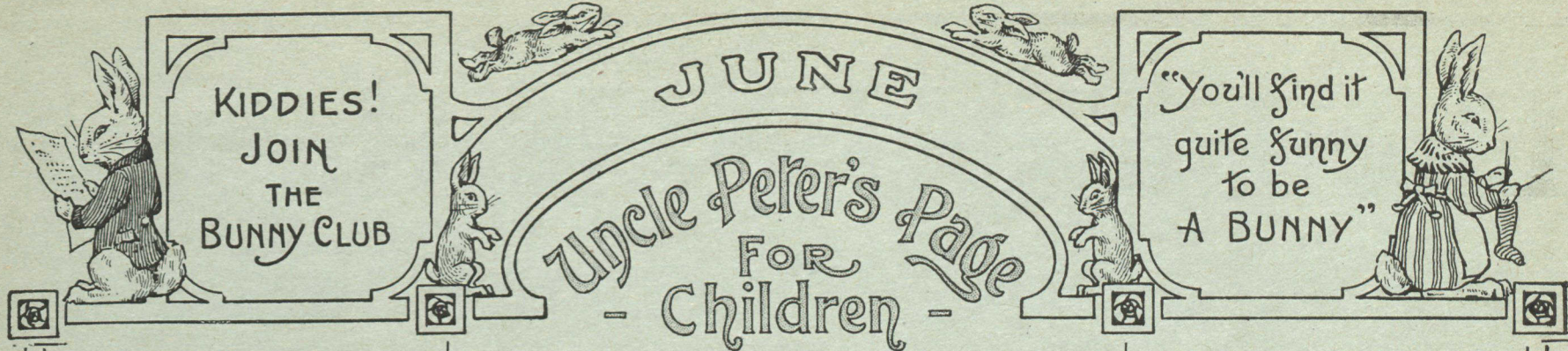




Uncle Peter's Monthly Letter

MY DEAR BUNNIES:

It's fine to see how many new Bunnies are joining the Bunny Club these days. Every mail brings Uncle Peter a new stack of letters. Of course, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD goes into more than 130,000 homes every month, and by the time that some of the Bunnies in all these homes have joined, we shall certainly have a really big club. If you, Bunny, have not yet joined, send in your application now. There's a hearty welcome from Uncle Peter waiting for you, and your Club Pin ready to be mailed to you.

On page 48 you will find the names of the winners in the March competition. Quite a lot of Bunnies went in for the first of the drawing prizes, and the drawings were most of them very good. The prizes were given according to age. I hope lots of Bunnies will go in for the other competitions as they come along.

Good-bye for this month.

Your affectionate Bunny Uncle,
Uncle Peter.

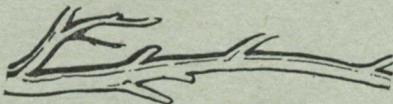
New Bunnies need only write their name, address, and age on a piece of paper, and send it, together with the application fee of 5c., to Uncle Peter, 62 Temperance Street, Toronto.

How is this, Bunny,
Though time is money,
You save your money and spend your time?
Now this I will tell,
Do both of them well,
And you'll find good fortune in this rhyme!

Competition

As you all like these drawing competitions so much, here is another one. Here is the branch of a tree; you can easily draw that.

I want you to draw three birds sitting on this branch as you have often seen birds sit on the trees. What kind of



birds? Any kind you like; but try to make them look like some real birds if you can. The best drawing, according to age, will win a prize of one dollar, and the next best three drawings will each have a prize awarded. This competition will close on July 20th. Write your name and address and age on the back of each drawing, and send them to Uncle Peter, EVERYWOMAN'S WORLD, 62 Temperance St., Toronto.

Golden Rhyme

I said to the Birdie on the tree:
"Why do you sing so merrily?"
And then the Birdie said to me:

"I sing from morning until night;
I sing because the skies are bright;
I sing because my heart is light."

Come, children, let us happy be,
Just like the Birdie in the tree!

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Mr Fox Climbs a Tree.

Bunnies, read this tale and see
How John Bunny climbed a tree;
And Mr. Fox—considered wise—
Got for once a big surprise.



MR. BROWN FOX did not seem well. All day he would walk about in a brown kind of a mood, thinking, and not by any means as bright as usual.

The fact of the matter was, he still felt very angry. All the Foxes had been laughing at him, for telling them he would be able to catch the Bunnies by proposing peace, and the Owls, whenever they saw him, would laugh and say things he did not like.

One day in the early summer there was a big storm; the lightning flashed and the thunder rolled, and all the animals made haste to get into their homes while it lasted. Trees in the woods were struck by the lightning, and some of the old rotten ones were blown down.

John Bunny and all the Bunnies stayed right at home that day. The next morning John started out to the woods to see what damage had been done. He had not been out very much lately; all the Foxes were looking out for him, and it had not been very safe.

So this time he hurried over to the big hollow tree where Peterkin had once been hidden. It was a beautiful morning after the storm; the sun was shining and all the little animals were out enjoying the change in the weather. When John reached the big tree, he found that it had been struck by the lightning and split almost in half. One half of it was standing up just the same as usual, and the other half had fallen over to the ground, just as you see it in the picture. Mr. and Mrs. Tim Squirrel were sitting up in the branches chattering to each other and to every one else who would listen to them.

John Bunny went through the hole into the tree. It was nicely lined with moss, quite a thick, soft carpet of it, and as he looked up, he could see the leaves above and the blue sky through the big opening at the place where the tree had broken in half. "I wish I could climb," said John Bunny. "If I could, I would soon be up above there talking to Mr. and Mrs. Tim Squirrel."



One thing leads to another, as we all know, and it wasn't long before John began to figure out how he would be able to get up into the tree. He came outside. It certainly did not seem to be very difficult.

"Come up and have a chat with us, Mr. Bunny," said Mrs. Tim Squirrel. So John started to climb the tree; and as the bark was rough, he got along pretty well. In a very short time he was perched up alongside the squirrels, and when Mr. Owl came along and joined the conversation, John found himself quite the centre of attraction.

Now just about this time, Mr. Brown Fox took a walk through the woods, and you may be sure he was surprised to see John Bunny sitting up in the tree. It was quite the first time that he had ever seen a rabbit up a tree. Mr. Fox came up close to the tree.

"Good-day, John!" said he. "How ever did you get up there?"

"Oh, I just walked up," said John.

"Then I think I shall wait here till you walk down again," said Mr. Fox.

Now John Bunny had no fancy for staying up in that tree all night, and he began to look about him to see if there were a way out of the difficulty, as there always had been before, on other occasions when he had met one of the Foxes. As he looked down by his feet, he could see the big hole which led down the hollow tree, and he could see how easy it would be to drop down through the hole into the soft bed of moss inside, so the next thing was to try to persuade Mr. Fox to climb up the tree, so that he could get away.

Mr. Fox had already begun to wonder whether he could get up that tree. He did not know anything about the hole at the top, and he thought it would be so easy to catch John if he could climb that short distance, that he was already half decided to try it.

"Do you think I could climb up there, John?" asked Mr. Fox.

"You might slip down and hurt yourself, Mr. Fox," said John, who did not want to seem too anxious.

"Well, I'm going to try, anyway," said Mr. Fox.

And he did. It wasn't very easy, not nearly so easy as it had been for the little Bunny, and Mr. Fox made several false starts before



he got past the danger point. Twice he fell down, but it wasn't a very big fall, so he didn't hurt himself a bit. At last he got more confident, and by the time he was half way up, Tim Squirrel and Mrs. Tim had scampered away to one of the other branches, where they would be safe; and even Mr. Owl got a little further off.

However, John didn't move until Mr. Fox was nearly all the way up, when suddenly, much to Mr. Fox's surprise, he disappeared altogether.

Mr. Fox couldn't make out where he'd gone. One second he had been there almost within reach, and the next second he had gone. However, when Mr. Fox actually reached the spot where John had been, he soon found out what had happened. He looked down through the hollow tree, and there was John down below looking up at him.

"Is it cold up there?" asked John. Mr. Fox did not reply. He was so mad he couldn't say a word, and it made it worse to hear Mr. and Mrs. Tim Squirrel laughing at him. In fact, they were not alone; quite a number of the other squirrels had come out to see the fun, and the tree was getting quite full of them.

Mr. Fox decided to come down again; but say, Bunnies, it was a very different matter to come down compared to what it had been to go up. Mr. Fox didn't like it a bit.

First he put one foot forward, and then the other foot, but he didn't seem a bit inclined to start.

"Hurry up, Mr. Fox, I can't wait for you much longer," called John. "I want to go home to tea, and Mrs. Bunny may be getting anxious about me if I am away much longer," said he.

Mr. Fox knew he could not afford to stay up that tree all night, and that he would have to get down sooner or later.

"Just wait till I do come down, John Bunny," said Mr. Fox, "and then we'll see who has the most right to laugh."

Down below John Bunny decided that he had better get out of the tree altogether, for he felt sure that Mr. Fox could come down a lot quicker than he went up. So off he went over to the thorn bush to see what happened. Sure enough, as soon as Mr. Fox started down, he missed his footing, and crack, he came down head over heels right on his head.

"Did you hurt yourself, Mr. Fox?" called John Bunny from the thorn bush. Mr. Fox did not reply. He picked himself up, and having satisfied himself that no bones were broken, started for home as quickly as he could go.

"Children," said John Bunny to his family that night, "when you see any of your friends higher up in the world than you are yourself, don't be in too much of a hurry to climb to where they are. It is sometimes quite dangerous, and you are likely to have a bad fall. At any rate, it pays you to make sure that you will have a nice soft place to fall into."

And all Uncle Peter can say is that, as usual John Bunny's advice is very good advice for all Bunnies to follow.

Uncle Peter.

