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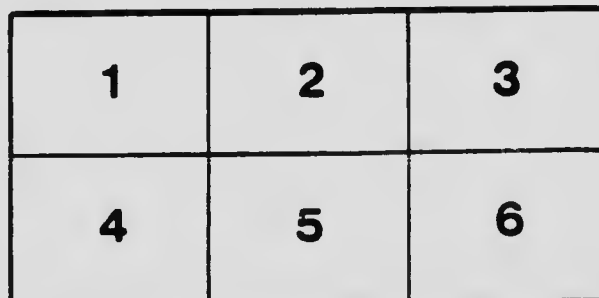
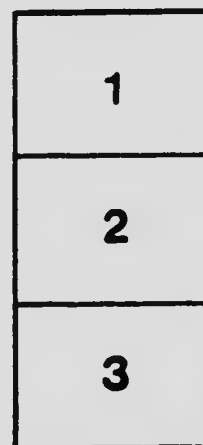
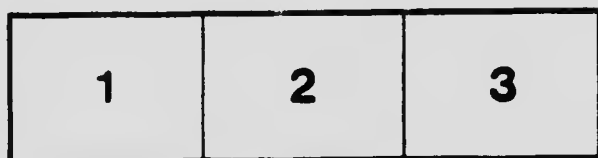
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FLIP-FLAP

The Great Oojah



BY
FLO LANCESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
THOMAS MAYBANK



"He smiled so widely his trunk was in danger
of coming off again!"

Frontis. Vol. I

FLIP-FLAP

The Great Oojah

BY

FLO LANCASTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

THOMAS MAYBANK

**THE TWILIGHT
SERIES FOR
LITTLE FOLK**

MCCLELLAND & STEWART, LTD., TORONTO

1920

Printed in U. S. A.

DON'S FIRST ADVENTURE

DON strolled through the garden sucking a chocolate cigarette, and the Sparrow Imp hopped by his side. The wind whirled by and whisked his middy cap away.

"Hullo," said a deep voice.

Don sat plump down on a cabbage in his surprise, for looking over the hedge was a huge Elephant, the middy cap perched on one side of his head, and a cigarette stuck behind his ear.

"Who are you?" inquired the Elephant.

"I'm Don. What's your name?"

"Ah! there you are, if you are clever enough to find out—things will happen. I'm looking for a little boy."

"Whom?" asked Don.

"I don't know. But when I find him and take him away to Never-Mind-Where he'll have more fun than you ever saw in all your life."

"I wish it was me," said Don. "Why, you've got a cigarette, too! But it looks so small behind your great ear. Why don't you have a bigger one?"

The Elephant tore off a rhubarb leaf, and, rolling it into a cigarette, put it in his mouth.

"I don't think much of this," he said. "I'll try yours. Yummy! Yummy! No wonder you like cigarettes. Got any more?"

"Only one, and it's my birthday," said Don.

"I'd do anything for another like that. Give it to me, and I'll carry you over to the Land of Wonders," said the Elephant.

So Don handed over his last cigarette.

"Jump on my back and we'll get off," said the Elephant. "But catch hold of my ears or the wind may blow you overboard."

"Here's adventures!" chuckled Don, "but I wish he would go faster—he's as slow as a snail. Why, here's the Impl!" he cried.

The Sparrow smiled.

"Don't be afraid, I'm coming with you; it's great good luck to be an elephant's boy."

"Wish I was him," sighed Don.

"Well, call him 'Flip-Flap,' and see what happens," whispered the Sparrow. "But hold on for your life."

"Faster, Flip-Flap, faster," shouted Don, nearly tumbling off. For as soon as the Elephant heard that name he sprang forward, galloping away at 500



Don sat plump down on a cabbage in his surprise.

miles an hour, and in three minutes they were in a New World.

"I knew you were the boy I was looking for directly I tasted your cigarettes. Got none left, I suppose?" said the Elephant.

"No," said Don. "But I know the shop—"

"Never mind, you can show my cook how to make them," said Flip-Flap. "I am the Great Oojah. Will you live with me and be Hum-Jum-Jarum, the Little Oojah?"

"Rather!" Don answered.

"Then to-morrow I will show you the wonders of my land," the Elephant promised.

MOTHER KANGAROO

IT was bedtime when Flip-Flap, the grey Elephant, brought Don to the World of Wonders. When he awoke next morning Flip-Flap was sitting under a tree holding his head in his hand.

"I'm very sorry, Hum-Jum-Jarum," he groaned, "but I must go to a dentist and get this tooth out. Do whatever you like; but don't go to sleep, for I have not yet introduced you to my relations, and they are sometimes nasty to strangers. Lord Lion might fancy you for his dinner, or Grandpa Gorilla might want to hug you, and he is rather rough. If they call, tell them you are Hum-Jum-Jarum, the Little Oojah, and all will be well."

But Don ate so many chocolate caramels for dinner he was fast asleep when Mother Kangaroo walked in.

Putting him in her pocket, she carried him home to her children. "Look! I have brought you a new toy," she cried, and the Kangaroo kiddies pinched

him, and pulled him and dragged him about, yet nothing woke him until Tommy hit him on the head with a coconut.

They were seeing who could make him cry the loudest, when along came the Sparrow Imp.

"Do you know you have stolen the Great Oojah's Hum-Jum-Jarum, Mrs. Kangaroo?" he cried. "A nice plight you will be in—you know his little way when he is displeased."

Then Mrs. Kangaroo and the twenty-four little Kangaroos began to weep, and soon they had cried such a pool of water around him that Don was nearly drowned.

"Worse and worse," scolded the Sparrow. "First you steal the Little Oojah, then you try to drown him. I'll report you unless you carry him home at once."

So, sniffing and sobbing, Mrs. Kangaroo put him in her pocket again. But he was so stiff and sore that her long hop-jumps hurt him dreadfully.

"Can't I get home any other way?" he asked.

"You can change here for the Slow-and-Sure Railway," she said; "or you can catch the High-Fly Express from the next palm tree."

"That's better," replied Don.

"And I want to hurry back to wash the children

and hang them out to dry before sun-down, too," she answered.

"Jumbo Junction," she called to an Eagle flying over their heads.

He swooped down, and Don climbed on his back.

They flew so high Don gasped for breath, and when they came down he was in such a hurry to get off he pitched head over heels into a bed of thistles.

He picked himself up and counted his arms and legs to make sure they were all there, then he ran across to the grey Elephant standing under the trees.

But he gave a loud cry, for this was not Flip-Flap at all; it was an ugly old Elephant with only one eye and a patch tied round his ear!

The High-Fly Express had landed him at the wrong place.

THE RAVEN BOGIE TRICKS THE LITTLE OOJAH

Don is taken by the elephant Flip-Flap to a New World. He is stolen by Mrs. Kangaroo, and sent back in mistake to One-Eye, a wicked elephant. Now read on.

WHEN Don found himself with the one-eyed elephant he was very frightened.

“And who are you, Master Whipper-snapper?” roared One-Eye, and Don, forgetting he was Hum-Jum-Jarum, jumped clean out of his shoes with fright.

“Who are you?” roared the Elephant again.

“If you please, I am Hum-Jum-Jarum, and I belong to the Great Oojah,” said Don.

One-Eye stood upright and saluted.

“I didn’t know that, Lord Two-legs,” he said. “The Great Oojah is very powerful, and, though you might never believe it, I am his grandfather.”

“Rubbish!” whispered the Sparrow. “The Great Oojah wouldn’t touch him with a crowbar.”

"I have not seen him for years," said One-Eye. "So after I have had my afternoon nap I will carry you back to his palace, and we can all live together happy ever after."

"Wait and see!" chuckled the Sparrow. "If the Great Oojah finds him around he'll make him into porridge. While he's napping I'll go and call on my cousins, the Parrots and the Penguins."

He had scarcely gone when Don noticed the Raven Bogie by his side.

"You seem great friends with the Sparrow Imp," he said.

"He's my best chum," replied Don. "He knows lots of things I never heard of."

"Pooh!" the Raven sneered. "I know umpteen times as much as he does. You can see by the twist of my tail how clever I am. I've taken a fancy to you, and I will tell you something. One-Eye is really a magic elephant, and if you want to see something of the world, creep behind him when he is asleep and climb on his back. Stick a pin into him as hard as you can, and you will find yourself a lovely balloon, which will carry you wherever you want to go."

"What fun!" said Don. "I should like that."

"Well, just try it," said the Bogie.

So directly One-Eye was asleep Don climbed on his back and stuck a pin into him hard, and next second, with an angry cry, the Elephant seized Don with his trunk and swung him backwards and forwards until he was sick and dizzy.

"What a goose you are!" chuckled the Raven Bogie. "You know elephants can't ever go up like balloons, yet you believed my tale. Ho, ho, ho! So much for the Little Oojah!"

Then One-Eye with a snarl flung Don high into a palm tree, where he hung on a branch too frightened to move an inch.

THE SNAIL HOUSE

Don is taken by the elephant Flip-Flap to a New World. He is sent back in mistake to One-Eye, a wicked elephant, who flings him up into a palm tree. Now read on.

THE elephant One-Eye went off and left Don hanging on the palm tree. It seemed hours before the Sparrow Imp returned.

"A nice pickle you're in now, Master Hum-Jum-Jarum," said the Imp. "What were you thinking of to be so silly?"

"It was the Raven's fault," moaned Don.

"What nonsense! To think that the Little Oojah would let that rascally Raven deceive him like that! Well, you can't stay there where you are. It's a pity you haven't wings like me. Much more sensible than silly clothes."

"Anyway, I've got pockets and you haven't," retorted Don.

"That's true," said the Sparrow. "You're not as stupid as I was afraid you were."

The Imp flew away; but was soon back again with ruffled feathers.

"There's trouble brewing," he said. "You must get away and hide. One-Eye is going to have you knocked down with coconuts."

"Coconuts again!" moaned Don. "I'm sore all over with them now."

"I've got a friendly Camel coming along," said the Sparrow. "He'll push against the tree until you fall off. You'll drop into the pool below, and can wade across to the other side. You'll find me waiting there."

"I can't! Oh! I can't!" cried Don.

"Now, Hum-Jum-Jarum, be a coward if you dare!" said the Sparrow. "You shall see the Great Oojah to-morrow if only you'll behave as a prince really should."

Then the palm tree wobbled and shook, and looking down Don saw the Camel shoving with all his might. Soon Don was shaken into the pool.

"Quick!" the Sparrow Imp called, as he struggled through the water. "Old One-Eye is coming! You must hide! Come this way," and as Don came out of the water he led him up to a big snail shell.

"In you go!" said the Sparrow Imp.

"But won't Sir Snail come back and turn me out?"



Soon Don was shaken into the pool.

Don asked, as he crept in, thankful for any hiding place.

"No," said the Sparrow. "For he's not coming back. You see he had a slight accident this morning."

Then Don knew how he got his house of refuge.

"You've eaten him," said Don sharply.

"I'll not deny it, Hum-Jum," said the Sparrow Imp. "You see, you wanted a house, and I wanted a dinner, and Sir Snail happened to come out just at the right time. Hush—keep quiet. Here comes the Raven Bogie."

THE GOOSEBERRY BUSH

Don is taken to a New World by the elephant Flip-Flap. He is stolen, and sent back in mistake to One-Eye, a wicked elephant, from whom he hides. Now read on.

PEEPING from the Snail House, where he had hidden from the one-eyed elephant, Don saw the Raven Bogie pass.

"He didn't see me," he whispered, with a sigh of relief.

"Don't make too sure," said the Sparrow Imp, who had hopped out from behind the shell. "There, I thought so! The Raven Bogie is passing again! He saw you peeping out. Why will you wear such bright blue eyes?"

"I haven't any other eyes to wear," said Don. "Whatever shall we do now, Sparrow, dear?" and he drew back into his little house.

There was no answer, and when he peeped out again the Sparrow Imp had gone.

Suddenly, with a jerk, his house began to move.

Don looked out, and then he knew what Sparrow Imp had been doing, for around the Snail House was a strong rope with three long ends. Sparrow Imp held one in his beak, a jackdaw pulled the second, and a magpie carried the third.

"Take care, we're moving house!" said the Imp. "And it's hard work, too! I can't think what makes you so heavy."

"Perhaps it's because I'm so stupid," said Don humbly.

"Boys are always stupid," said the old jackdaw.

"Don't talk rubbish, but keep your breath for pulling," said the Sparrow. "Keep inside, Hum-Jum; it's going to be draughty." And away they flew with the house.

It was such easy riding Don nearly fell asleep, when his house turned upside down and he found himself tossed into a gooseberry bush. The empty house fell into the road.

Presently a thrush perched on a twig overhead.

"The Great Oojah is sad," he sang, "because the Hum-Jum-Jarum is lost. And the Raven Bogie has promised One-Eye that swallowing a real Hum-Jum-Jarum would make him grow bigger than the Great Oojah himself. And so old One-Eye has made up his mind to find the Little Oojah before supper-time."



"Now you've done it, One-Eye!" said the Raven Bogie.

Friend Sparrow Imp sent me here to sing this song, and to tell the Hum-Jum-Jarum to lie dark and keep quiet and not to be afraid."

Don crept further under the bush. It was a good job he did, for presently, with a stamping of feet, One-Eye marched past, treading on the Snail House and squashing it.

"Now you've done it, One-Eye!" said the Raven Bogie. "What a loss! That Snail House was the hiding-place of the Hum-Jum-Jarum, and you have trodden him into the earth!"

Don held his breath. Suppose they discovered him?

BACK IN OOJAH LAND

Don is taken to a New World by the elephant Flip-Flap. He is stolen and returned in mistake to One-Eye, a wicked elephant; but the Sparrow Imp helps him to escape. Now read on.

DON kept hidden under the gooseberry bush until the one-eyed elephant had disappeared. Then the Sparrow Imp came and led him straight back to Oojah Land.

It was dark when they arrived; but they found every path lit up with tiny, shining lamps.

"How pretty!" exclaimed Don.

"Pretty, indeed!" said the Sparrow Imp, tossing his head. "Those are the Great Oojah's Night Lights, and no one else dare use them. Yes, the Oojah has put every one of his thirty million Royal-Glow-worms out to light our way home."

"I can hear an owl," said Don. "And there's another. The dear things!"

"Owls, indeed!" said the Sparrow Imp. "If you

were a bird I'd peck you, I declare! Don't you know they are the Town Criers of the Great Oojah?"

"Have you seen the Little Oojah—Oojah—Oojah," they cried. "Have you seen the Oojah, who is lost, lost, lost?"

"Well, I never!" Don exclaimed. "It really means something to belong to an elephant, then, doesn't it?"

Then the Sparrow Imp pecked at Don's nose in anger.

"Say that once more," he cried, "and I'll leave you and never come back any more!"

"Why, what have I done now?" asked poor Don in distress.

"Well, you are only a boy, and not much of a one at that, and if you hadn't given the Great Oojah that chocolate cigarette you would still be learning twice two are four. Let me tell you, once for all, that Flip-Flap is the Great Oojah, and the Emperor of Oojah Land. Never dare to speak of him again so disrespectfully. Elephant, indeed! Learn to speak properly of the Oojah and his relations."

"Has he many?" asked Don.

"Tons of them," said the Sparrow Imp. "Ah! here is the Great Oojah himself. Deary, deary me!"
And well he might exclaim. For, crazy with grief



"The Great Oojah was happy once more. Our troubles
are ended now"

Chap. VI. Vol I



at the loss of the Little Oojah, Flip-Flap sat dismal and speechless, smoking a long walking-stick, thinking it was his cigarette. His face was covered with soapy lather, for he had forgotten to finish shaving.

When he saw Don coming he sprang up with a shout, and came to meet him. Don's face was covered with lather after Flip-Flap kissed him, and his hair stood on end with the breeze the Oojah made when he smiled his welcome—he opened his mouth so wide.

“And now you are safely home again, Little Oojah, we will have a Joy Fair in honor of your return,” said Flip-Flap. “I never thought to see you again. To-morrow shall be a Fun Day for Everybody, because the Great Oojah is happy once more. Our troubles are ended now.”

“And other people's will begin,” said the Sparrow Imp. “We shall see some fun presently.”

“To-morrow, you mean,” said Don.

“Yes, and when Flip-Flap gets busy hunting down the Raven Bogie and his master.”

THE JOY FAIR

Don is taken to a New World by the elephant Flip-Flap, who loses him for a while and is so overjoyed at his return that he decides to celebrate the occasion by a Joy Fair. Now read on.

THE Joy Fair was going merrily long before Don rose the morning after his return to Flip-Flap, and the funniest things were happening.

There was the swing, tied to the necks of two tall giraffes, and the animals were crowding round. The Big Hippo was taking his turn when Don appeared.

"Come and push!" the Hippo cried.

Don was stepping forward when the Sparrow Imp stopped him.

"Don't you know whom you are talking to?" asked the Imp. "This is the Hum-Jum-Jarum of the Great Oojah!"

In his astonishment the Big Hippo fell out of the swing and tumbled on his head.

Then there was the Moving Stairs, which ended at the top of a palm tree, with a steep slide down on the other side. Don ran on, but once was enough for him, for the animals clambered on in dozens, and Mrs. Monkey, who sat beside him going down the slide, clung to his hair for dear life, and they all tumbled in a heap at the bottom.

When the Hum-Jum-Jarum picked himself up and rubbed off his bruises, he saw a Mournful Mouse standing near.

"What's the matter?" asked Don. "Got the toothache?"

"No," said the Mouse.

"Lost sixpence?" Don asked. "You don't look much like a Joy Fair. What's the matter?"

"There's no fun here for us, Little Oojah," complained the Mouse. "If we get on the stairs we get crushed by the crowds. And the swings are too big—we fell out and bumped our heads. The Great Oojah forgets his little relations."

"Oh, no, he doesn't," spoke up Flip-Flap, who had just come along. "But what can I do?"

"Wish I had my scooter here," said Don.

"Just the very thing!" exclaimed the Great Oojah. And soon hundreds of scooters were whizzing about.

The foot-boards were Flat-Fish, and the wheels were Oysters, while the handles were long Eels.

"We shall never forget this treat," said the Mouse. "And if ever the little people can do anything for you, sir, they will."

"Yes, that we will," chanted the Rabbits and Rats, the Weasels and Moles.

"We never had such a Joy Fair as this," said Flip-Flap, when the animals had started off home. "But I must remember to get to bed early to-night, for to-morrow is the most important day of my life."

"I do wonder what's going to happen to-morrow," Don thought.

FLIP-FLAP'S BIRTHDAY

The elephant Flip-Flap takes Don to a New World. A Joy Fair is held in his honor, and he is promised a still more exciting day to-morrow. Now read on.

DON lay awake after the Joy Fair wondering what important thing was to happen to the Great Oojah to-morrow. The Sparrow Imp came in.

"I really ought to tell you," he said. "It's the Great Oojah's birthday to-morrow. You might like to give him a present."

"I should," said Don. "But what can I do?"

"Say what you want. I'll see to that," promised the Imp.

"I guess he'd like chocolate cigarettes best," said the Hum-Jum-Jarum. "Piles and piles of them."

"Rubbishy things!" said the Sparrow Imp. "Give me a juicy snail or a wriggly worm! Well, I'll attend to that present for you."

After breakfast next morning Don made his way to the Great Oojah's room.

"A Merry Birthday—I mean, Many Happy Re-

turns of the Day," said Don. "My birthday present is under the palm tree. Look!"

Flip-Flap jumped out of bed in his pajamas, and ran to the door to look out.

"Who in the world built that fence?" he cried. "I shall have to climb over, or knock it down each time I go out! I won't have fences in Oojah Land!"

"Gently, Great Oojah," laughed Hum-Jum-Jarum. "It was I who had that tall, spiked fence made. Can't you see what lies under the palm tree?"

"I must be getting short-sighted," said Flip-Flap.

He ran back and put on his nineteen pairs of spectacles. Then he looked and looked.

"Hoorah!" he shouted, and jumped so high and far that his pajamas caught on a top spike in the fence. If they had not torn he would certainly have been hung, and on his birthday, too!

And there, thanks to the Sparrow Imp, all round the tree was a huge stack of chocolate cigarettes, piled so high that the palm tree was only just above it—so big it took an hour to walk all round it. It had a spiked fence to keep thieves away.

"If any one dares take one of these I'll sneeze his head off!" said Flip-Flap playfully. "I'll have a birthday every day. And you shall give me chocolate cigarettes every time, Hum-Jum-Jarum."



"Flip-Flap jumped out of bed in his pajamas
and ran to look out"



Don began to feel quaky, for the Oojah was a terrible person when displeased. And he could get no more chocolate cigarettes, for the Sparrow Imp had stolen every cigarette in the world. So he felt very blue.

"I'll have a birthday every day," continued Flip-Flap. "Won't it be lovely?"

"I think it would be awful," said Don.

"And why?" asked the Oojah. "I should like to know."

"Every time you have a birthday you are a year older. So if you have a birthday every day you'll soon be old, and blind, and toothless. You won't care about cigarettes or anything."

"Mercy me! I did not think of that," said Flip-Flap. "No more birthdays for me! Never as long as I live!"

FLIP-FLAP LOSES HIS TRUNK

The elephant Flip-Flap takes Don to a New World. Don gives Flip-Flap a great mound of chocolate cigarettes for his birthday present. Now read on.

THE Great Oojah was so delighted with the chocolate cigarettes Don had given him for his birthday that he got up at five o'clock next morning to go and get some.

But when he reached the palm tree not a single cigarette was left!

He hurried back and pulled Hum-Jum-Jarum out of bed. Don followed him, half asleep.

"Why, they are all gone!" he cried. "Oh, Great Oojah, who has done this? Where are they?"

"Use your eyes!" said the Sparrow Imp, flying towards the pool, and then they saw that some one had tipped the whole pile of cigarettes over into the water.

"One-Eye and his gang have done this!" cried Flip-Flap wrathfully. "Oh, my lovely cigarettes!"

"Never mind," said Don. "It's very bad; but it might be worse. You will have to drink them instead of eating them." And he stooped down and took up a mouthful with his hand. "Try it, Flip-Flap, it's scrummikins!"

The Great Oojah dipped in his trunk and drank long and greedily.

"Stop, stop! You'll be ill!" cried Don.

The Great Oojah turned round for a moment and smiled.

"One-Eye will not get over Flip-Flap a second time," he said. "I shall stay here and drink up every drop. It's too good to lose."

"You will surely be ill," said Don, shaking his head. "And the doctor will give you dreadful medicine."

"I said I would drink this pool dry, and I will," the Great Oojah said.

Hour after hour he stood there, drinking it in.

"He will kill himself, I know he will," said Don. "We must stop him somehow. If he won't come away we must get him away by force."

So they hunted up the Great Oojah's relations and soon they were all on the spot. Creeping up behind Flip-Flap the gorilla twined his arms about him. Lord Lion in his turn put his arms around the go-

30 FLIP-FLAP, THE GREAT OOJAH

rilla, and the brown bear followed the lion. Behind them came hippos, buffaloes, cows, crocodiles, wolves, sheep, and last of all came the mouse with all the other little people.

"One to be ready," shouted Hum-Jum-Jarum; "two to be steady, and three to be off!" And with one mighty pull they dragged Flip-Flap away from the pool.

Don clapped his hands, then gave a loud cry of dismay. They had rescued the Great Oojah, it is true, but in the struggle he had left his trunk behind in the pool!

MENDING THE GREAT OOJAH

The elephant Flip-Flap takes Don to a New World. Don gives him chocolate cigarettes for his birthday present, which get tipped into a pool. Flip-Flap won't stop drinking the sweet water. His friends pull him away, but his trunk is left behind. Now read on.

FLIP-FLAP had lost his trunk, and when he looked at himself in his looking-glass he was in despair.

"It's awful!" he groaned to Don. "However is an elephant to get about the world without his trunk? I wonder where I left it?"

"In the pool," answered Don. "We must get it out and stick it on again, somehow."

"If you only could! I'd never forget it, darling Hum-Jum-Jarum," promised Flip-Flap.

So Don and the Sparrow Imp put their heads together.

"The Kingfisher! That's who we want!" exclaimed the Sparrow Imp.

So the Kingfishers worked hard all day, and by

evening the Oojah's trunk was hauled safely out of the pool. They sent it away to be cleaned up, and it came home looking quite new. In fact, it looked so nice they had to persuade Flip-Flap to be scraped and cleaned up to match his trunk.

Then Don brought the biggest safety-pins he could find, and pinned the trunk in its right place, and away went the Oojah as happy as a sand-boy.

But when he returned he was very sad.

"It's no good, Hum-Jum-Jarum," he sobbed. "It didn't work! I've lost my trunk again! What shall I do without it?"

"We will go and look for it," said Don, with a sinking heart.

The Glow-Worms glowed their hardest, and the owls and bats searched far and near, and at last they found it dropped in the hedge.

"Safety-pins are no good!" declared Don. "Let's try a hair-ribbon. That's sure to be safe." And they tied the trunk on with a scarlet ribbon.

"You do look fine!" said Don. "It suits you to perfection, Flip-Flap."

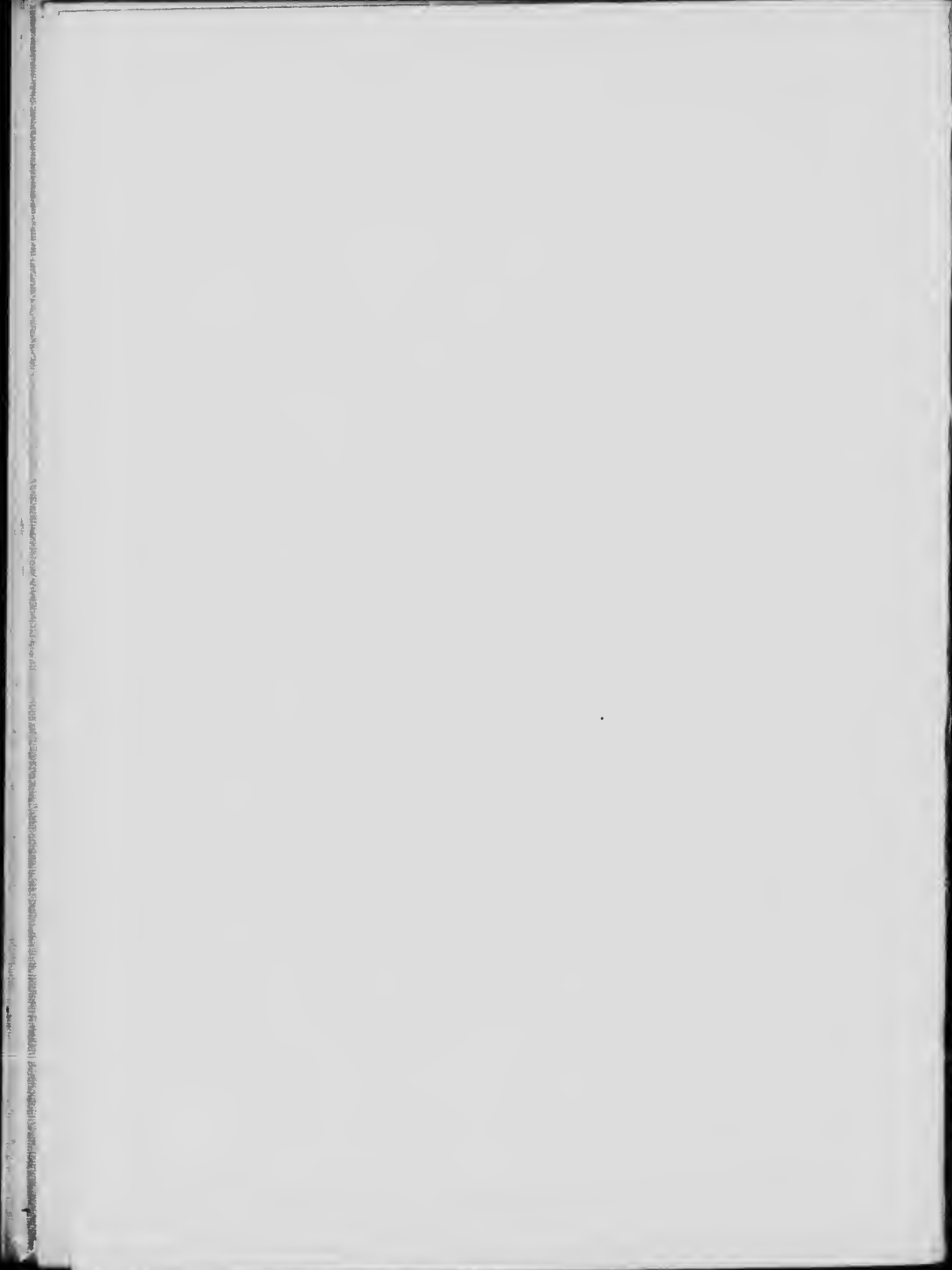
"Yes, but the bows tickle my ears!" complained the Oojah.

"Put a stick inside to make them stand upright," said the Sparrow Imp.



"They tied the trunk on with a scarlet ribbon"

Chap. X, Vol. I



The Great Oojah was delighted.

"Do you know," he said, "I always wanted ears that stood up like a mule's!"

But, alas—when he came home at dinner-time his trunk had gone again.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Don. "What have you done with your trunk?"

"What! Is it gone?" cried the Great Oojah. "I've been thinking so much about my beautiful new ears I forgot my trunk."

But Lord Lion came in with four hippos bearing the missing trunk.

"This time we'll have to make sure of it," said Don. "But I don't know what else we can do."

"Don't look so worried," said the Sparrow Imp. "I'll soon help you to mend the Oojah."

A TALE OF WOE

Flip-Flap, who takes Don to a New World, breaks his trunk. Don tries several means of mending it, but it keeps coming off again. He is in despair, when the Sparrow Imp comes along and tells him not to worry. Now read on.

WHEN Don found the Sparrow Imp ready to help him mend Flip-Flap's trunk, he was very relieved.

"But how?" he asked.

"Easy as pie!" said the Sparrow Imp. "Glue! That will do the trick."

"Why, of course!" said Don. "Why in the world didn't I think of it before? It's all right, Flip-Flap, darling," he shouted. "We'll soon mend you, and you'll never come undone any more," and he told him the Sparrow Imp's advice.

The Great Oojah picked up his broken trunk, and wiped away his tears with it, then laid it down again carefully.

"Call up the Monkey Mechanics!" he ordered.

"Buy up all the glue in the country. Bid them to hurry as they have never hurried before."

The messengers flew everywhere, and in less than an hour Flip-Flap stood in his courtyard surrounded by busy monkeys provided with brushes and pails of glue.

Everything went well, and the trunk was safely fixed, when one of the monkeys dropped his bucket with such a clatter it startled the other mechanics, and they all dropped their brushes and pails too.

There was glue everywhere! The Great Oojah dripped glue from every inch of him! And when the monkeys saw what they had done they fled in alarm.

Poor Flip-Flap! His feet were stuck to the ground. His trunk was glued to his legs. He could not even cry out, for a bucketful of glue landed right into his mouth!

"What's to be done now?" said Hum-Jum-Jarum. "This is worse than everything else put together. Oh, I know! We must have hot water!"

So they lit a chain of fires round the pool until the water was steaming hot, then called the monkeys back. Hum-Jum made them fill the pails and throw the water over the Great Oojah. His skin was so thick it didn't hurt him.

Flip-Flap was soon steaming away like a Christmas pudding boiling in its pot.

"Pull!" cried Don. "Pull hard, dear Oojah!"

So at last, with many pulls and groans—for now his mouth was free from glue he did as much groaning as ever he could—they got the Great Oojah unstuck.

Then they rubbed him down with sand to dry him well, and wrapped him in blankets, and the Big Hippo and the Rhino carried him off to bed.

"Tuck me in well," said Flip-Flap. "But I feel too weak and tired to go to sleep."

"Let me come and sing to you," said a voice by his side.

Don turned, with a start, for there stood the Raven Rogie.

THE RAVEN BOGIE AGAIN

Flip-Flap takes Don to a New World. The elephant One-Eye and the Raven Bogie plan mischief against Flip-Flap, and the Raven appears one night by the Great Oojah's bedside. Now read on.

HUM-JUM-JARUM was very angry when he saw the Raven Bogie standing by the Oojah's bedside. But the Sparrow Imp was still more so.

"He never goes anywhere without bringing trouble," he said. "And you may depend old One-Eye is not far away. But he's made a mistake this time. We'll have him in two twinks of a lamb's tail!"

In a moment telephone bells were ringing all over the Oojah's Palace, and every animal in the place came scurrying into the courtyard.

When the Raven Bogie saw them coming he fled screaming through the window. Flip-Flap jumped out of bed, and ran after him. Frightened and confused, the Raven flew round and round the yard,

while Hum-Jum and the animals made wild attempts to capture him.

The Giraffe, armed with his butterfly-net, made a rush across the yard, but instead of catching him he caught the head of the Lady Ostrich, who had all her best feathers on.

Bunny Rabbit worked hard with his pop-gun, trying with all his might. But his first shot hit Lord Lion full in the eye. Just at the same moment Flip-Flap slipped on a bit of orange peel, and sat right down on the Lion's tail, so the poor thing was getting a very bad time.

Peter Pussy, with his strongest catapult, slung stones in every direction but the right one, and never noticed the trouble he was causing, for first Jimmy Jackass went down, then the big Brown Bear tumbled head over heels. Mister Pig was grunting away over a broken leg, and Mother Kangaroo and Mrs. Monkey were bemoaning bruised heads.

With bow and arrows the Giddy Goat sat on the wall, firing away as fast as he could. But not a single arrow went anywhere near the mark. The Polar Bear, who had climbed to the top of the flagstaff to try to catch the Raven Bogie, got all the trouble instead, for he was stuck all over with arrows like a pincushion.

But in spite of all their efforts the Raven Bogie at last made his escape.

"We shall never get any peace till we catch him," said the Hum-Jum-Jarum. "And we want old One-Eye, too!"

"If ever we take them prisoners," said the Sparrow Imp, "we'll need a whole army of soldiers to keep them!"

"I should make a splendid General with my nice new trunk," said the Great Oojah. "An army we will have!"

THE OOJAH'S ARMY

Don's friend Flip-Flap decides to raise an army to catch wicked One-Eye and the Raven Bogie, who are planning mischief. Now read on.

WHEN Flip-Flap declared he would have an army there was a great hubbub in Oojah Land. The animals came flocking up in crowds, eager to enlist.

"I tell you what!" said the Great Oojah, "I'll have my army different from any other in the world. It shall be no common army. I'll promote every one before they enlist. There will be no privates! All shall be Majors, Captains, or Colonels!"

"But they must all have uniforms," said Don. "How will you manage that?"

"Send for the Tailor birds, of course!" said the Sparrow Imp.

"We must make a camp, too," Don said. "Everybody will have to get busy, now."

And they did. Too busy, in fact, for they tumbled over one another in their haste. The Buffalo caught

the Hippo with his hammer, and everybody was getting in every one else's way.

The minute they were ready General Flip-Flap blew his trumpet and called them together.

"Attention! Oh, noble army of Oojah Land," he shouted. "We must fight first and parade afterwards! The first thing to do is to take One-Eye and Raven Bogie prisoners. Then we'll come home in triumph and the army shall have a holiday. Hum-Jum and I will go first."

"But that's not right," interrupted Don. "The Scouts should go first to spy out the land."

The Great Oojah pushed back his helmet and rubbed his head in perplexity.

"I can't make out how it is you know so much, Hum-Jum-Jarum," he said. "It puzzles me! To be sure, I never was such a Great Oojah in my life as I have been since you came to live with me. Scouts, stand out!" he ordered.

The Starling Scouts stepped forward, smart and trim in their gold uniforms decorated with crimson buttons.

"Off you go!" said Flip-Flap. "Find One-Eye and Raven Bogie. Hurry up, or we shall be late over this job."

Don began to laugh.

"Am I doing things wrong?" the Oojah asked, looking worried.

"It's not a bit like Daddy orders his men about," replied Don, with a chuckle.

"Oh, I see," said Flip-Flap. "But we'll soon put that right. Line up!" he shouted. "March past me one by one!"

Then as they passed he kissed each soldier an affectionate good-bye.

"In case you never return," he said; "now, be good children, and behave yourselves."

"Hurry up!" cried the Sparrow Imp. "We shall miss One-Eye while this fancy work is going on."

"Righto!" said Flip-Flap. "Turn backwards. Right about face. One, two, three—Go!"

And away they marched to hunt down One-Eye and the Raven Bogie.

THE ANIMAL ARMY CROSSES THE RIVER

Flip-Flap, who takes Don to a New World, raises a great army to catch wicked One-Eye and the Raven Bogie. They set out, the scouts going ahead. Now read on.

STILL hunting for One-Eye, the Great Oojah's army marched on until the Scouts flew back to meet them.

"He's camping in the Blue Forest, beyond the Wetwater River," they shouted. "If you hurry you may catch him while he's having his afternoon nap."

So they hurried on as quickly as their feet would carry them; but when they reached the wide Wetwater River a cry of dismay arose. It was too deep to wade, and too wide to jump across.

The Great Oojah, always absent-minded when he was in any difficulty, threw down his helmet and sat upon it. Putting his hands in his pockets, he sighed until the army shivered with the draught.

Don whispered to the Sparrow Imp, who at once

flew off, while he trotted around cheering up the troops.

"I can't think why you are so merry," complained Flip-Flap.

"It's all right. We shall get across in a minute or two," said Don. "Here we are!"

Two monkeys came up carrying a big clothes-basket, with a long rope coiled up inside. Don pulled that out, and a monkey, climbing a tree near the river, tied the rope to it. Hum-Jum slipped the rope through the handles of the basket. Then Billy Beaver stepped into the water, and a monkey got on board him, pickaback, carrying the loose end.

When they landed on the opposite side, the monkey again hopped up a tree, and fastened the rope there. Don looped another rope around the basket, and threw one end across to Billy Beaver. Then he climbed inside.

"Look! This is how we'll get the army across," he cried, waving his hand as Billy Beaver and the monkey pulled him safely over the river.

And so, one by one, the Great Oojah's army crossed the wide Wetwater River.

True, many of the soldiers over-balanced themselves in their eagerness to get across, and tipped the basket over, but they clung to it with all their might,



And so, one by one, the Great Oojah's army crossed the wide
Wetwater River.

though their legs dangled in the water. And if they got wet and uncomfortable, nobody minded that.

Flip-Flap lined up his army once more on the other side, and on they marched to the tune of "Hi-diddle-diddle, the cat ate the fiddle—"

"Hello!" shouted the Sparrow Imp suddenly. "There he is! I see the patch on his ear!"

And then, with a mighty rush, they eagerly scrambled forward into the forest.

THE SKY-ROCKETS

Flip-Flap, who takes Don to a New World, raises an army to catch wicked One-Eye and the Raven Bogie. They come upon One-Eye fast asleep. Now read on.

BY great good luck the Oojah's army caught One-Eye napping after a heavy dinner. He was snoring so loudly he did not hear the tramp, tramp, tramp of the army, nor the band, who still played their loudest, in spite of Hum-Jum-Jarum's warning to be silent.

He was soon surrounded, and led away still fast asleep, for it always took him a long time to get his one eye open. They towed him back over the wide Wetwater River, and reached the courtyard before he awoke, as angry as an elephant could possibly be.

He refused to even enter the yard, and they pulled and pushed, and dragged and hauled in vain.

"It's not much use catching him if we can't make him a prisoner!" grumbled some of the officers.

"Can you think of nothing, Hum-Jum-Jarum?" asked Flip-Flap.

The Little Oojah shook his head.

"I am trying as hard as I know how," he said.

"Pity we haven't any sky-rockets," said Sammy Starling, Chief of the Scouts.

"We know where there are a lot hidden," said the Squirrels, leading the way.

They brought back wheelbarrows piled up with fireworks, and tied them securely to the end of One-Eye's tail.

Don struck a match, then—bang, bang, bang! Off went the nine hundred and ninety-nine sky-rockets, and up flew One-Eye high into the air.

When the smoke cleared away he was nowhere to be seen. But Don ran and peeped over the wall of the court-yard.

"He's landed right inside, as safely as can be!" he shouted.

The Great Oojah was beside himself with pride and delight.

"Put a sentry box each side the gate!" he ordered. "You shall all have an early-closing night now, and every one can go home—except two to guard old One-Eye. Who will volunteer?"

Major Monkey and Captain Cat stepped forward. Flip-Flap handed them each a chocolate cigarette from his new stock.

"Here is your reward for working late," he said.

The world went to sleep, and Major Monkey and Captain Cat kept guard in the little sentry boxes by the gate. And then they fell to wrangling, and soon the squabble came to a fight.

One-Eye, peering anxiously through a hole in the wall, at last saw his chance.

With one mighty push he sent the gate crashing down on top of the two sentries, and away he hurried, free once more.

THE SNOW CAMP

Flip-Flap, who takes Don to a New World, forms an army to catch wicked One-Eye and the Raven Bogie. They catch One-Eye, but he escapes. Now read on.

AS soon as Don and the Great Oojah found One-Eye gone, Flip-Flap blew his trumpet to call up his army. And soon they were marching off at a dashing speed.

They stopped neither for dinner nor tea, but hurried on, and still no sign of One-Eye could they see.

"Why, it's snowing!" cried Captain Cat, pulling his fur collar up around his neck. "We must get on quickly, General Oojah. Perhaps if we march faster we can get away from it."

"Quickest march!" ordered Flip-Flap.

But the faster they went, the faster the snow followed them. And then they lost their way. It was very dark, for the moon was too lazy to get up that night.

"We can't camp here. It's all trees!" said Flip-Flap. "There's no room to lie down. I don't know what in the world we are to do!"

"I can help you, Great Oojah!" called a friendly voice out of the darkness, "though I am only a poor blind Bat. March on for fifty long steps and a hundred short ones, and you will come to a field. There is plenty of room for you there."

"A thousand thanks, good, kind, blind Bat," said Flip-Flap gratefully. But little they knew it was only that rascally Raven Bogie imitating the Bat and deceiving them.

So they pushed ahead, and soon reached the open field.

"Cut down the trees and build some good fires!" the Oojah ordered.

Don was sitting beside a blazing fire cooking his supper of oysters' eggs, when there came a crash and a cry. Their camp was on a frozen lake, so covered with snow that no one could see what it was, and the camp fires had melted the ice away. The Raven Bogie had tricked them again!

More than half the army fell into the water. Flip-Flap was clinging to the broken ice, and Major Monkey and Drummer Donkey were pulling at his trunk with all their might, trying to get him out.

"Do be careful!" implored the Great Oojah. "Mind my nice new trunk! It's only glued on!"

At the back the Camel and the Rhino were doing their best to hook him out with a pole, while Flip-Flap gasped and spluttered and struggled in the water.

Don jumped up and ran to his assistance, when he, too, fell into the lake.

DOCTOR DPOMEDARY

Flip-Flap, who takes Don to a New World, raises an army and goes in search of wicked One-eye and the Raven Bogie. They capture Don, but he escapes, and in going after them all fall through the ice into the water. Now read on.

DON thought he was going to be drowned when he fell into the lake, for he could not swim. But Will-Walrus came quickly to his rescue, and in a few moments he was landed safely on shore again.

Somehow they all managed to scramble out of the water, and no one was any the worse for his wetting except poor Hum-Jum-Jarum, who was much too ill to get up next morning.

"We must stay here until the Little Oojah is better," said Flip-Flap.

And he himself fried a plate of his nicest chocolate cigarettes, and took them in for Don's breakfast. But Don refused to touch them, and the Oojah was greatly troubled.

"He must be dreadfully ill," he said, shaking his head. "We'll have a couple of nurses at once!" So they fetched Mother Kangaroo and Mrs. Monkey.

Mother Kangaroo fished out curious medicines from her deep pocket, and Mrs. Monkey tried to rock him to sleep.

Every few minutes a head peeped round the tent, for every one was anxious to know how the Hum-Jum-Jarum was.

"Supposing he never gets well!" sobbed the Bunny Rabbit.

"He was so kind to us, always," wailed the Mouse. "See what he did for us on Joy Fair Day."

"Yes," said the Great Oojah, who had heard the last remark. "We must get him well at all costs! I will nurse him myself! I'll cure you, my Little Oojah," he said to Don soothingly.

He covered Don's chest with snow plasters, then, sitting by his bed, carefully gave him an ice pill every five seconds.

The Sparrow Imp came in, and looked at Flip-Flap with disgust.

"What's all this nonsense?" he asked. "We'll have no more of it!" And, hurrying away, he came back with the Doctor.

Doctor Dromedary gave one glance around, then



—And Mrs. Monkey tried to rock him to sleep.

pitched Flip-Flap's snow plasters and ice pills away. Then he took down the big medicine chest he always carried on his back.

Don watched with wide-open eyes.

"I never knew before what you carried in your hump, Doctor," he said, and the Doctor smiled gravely.

"We'll soon have you well," he promised.

And he was as good as his word, for Don was sitting up soon afterwards eating a smoking plateful of hot chocolate cigarettes.

Suddenly there was a big commotion outside.

"Now for some news," said the Sparrow Imp.
"Here comes the Chief Scout!"

THE SNOWBALL SKIRMISH

Flip-Flap, who takes Don to a New World, raises an army to catch wicked One-Eye and the Raven Bogie. The Scouts, who have been sent ahead, come hurrying back. Now read on.

THE Oojah's army crowded all round the Chief Scout to hear his news.

"Old One-Eye has scraped an army together," he reported. "They are camped the other side of this high wall, and are going to attack us in the morning. They have thousands of snowballs ready."

"What do you think of that?" asked Flip-Flap.

"Great sport!" laughed the Hum-Jum-Jarum. "Snowballing is a fine game. We shall see some fun soon."

The Great Oojah groaned.

"I don't like it," he complained. "They'll blind us with their wretched snowballs, and then take us prisoners."

"You don't understand the game," Don cried, smiling. "If we set to work at once we can make twice as many snowballs as they have, and soon send them back squealing."

All through the long night they worked in the moonlight. And, indeed, it was a good job they did. For directly it was daylight old One-Eye and his army began firing over the wall.

Flip-Flap's army had plenty of snowballs to fire back, but they were weary with working all night, and hungry, too, for they had no time for supper or breakfast. And very soon they were getting the worst of it.

The Great Oojah was very worried. He sat down on the cook's stove, but jumped up quickly with a howl.

"If we don't do something quickly we are going to be beaten!" cried the Scouts. "They have piles and piles of snowballs we did not see hidden away."

"Jimmy-ninnykins!" exclaimed Flip-Flap. "And there's no time to make more snowballs now!"

"No," said Don. "But if we can spoil old One-Eye's stores we'll win the day yet."

So the Buffalo Brigade made their famous charge at the enemy to break through to his stores, only to be driven back smothered with snow. The Big

Brown Bear Battalion tried as well, and they failed, too.

Then, as a last great effort, they brought the Oojah's Fire Engine up, and lighting a huge fire underneath, made the water boiling hot. Then they drew it close to the high wall, and climbing up to the top on long ladders, they poured gallons of steaming hot water down on the pile of snowballs—all over One-Eye's army and all.

"Faster!" cried Don.

And they did not stop until One-Eye and his soldiers were plunging about up to their necks in melted snow and water. One-Eye had got the worst of it again!

THE BIG BOX TRICK

Don and his friend Flip-Flap overwhelm the army of their enemies One-Eye and the Raven Bogie. Now read on.

AFTER Flip-Flap's Army had completely swamped One-Eye and his camp, One-Eye grew dreadfully afraid.

"They will get the better of me yet," he said, "and I shall be taken prisoner and be blown up sky-high, as I was last time."

So, sending for his carpenter, he had a big square box made, strong and stout, with brass hinges and iron bands. Then he crept cautiously inside. The Raven Bogie labeled it "Rabbits. With care," and left it until the Camel Carriers called for it.

Now the Oojah's Starling Scouts came flying overhead, and spied out this box. They hurried home to the Hum-Jum-Jarum.

"Oh, Little Oojah," they cried. "We know your kindheartedness to all the little people, and we want to tell you. One-Eye has caught thousands of our little people, and put them in a big dark box. We



When the lid was lifted up they had a terrific surprise.

could see the label, 'Rabbits. With care,' three miles up. Little Oojah, you will not let them go to make rabbit stew for One-Eye, will you?"

Don sprang to his feet quickly.

"Leave them to be prisoners to old One-Eye?" he cried. "Never! Come with me." And he took them to the Great Oojah, and told what they had seen about the box.

Flip-Flap started wagging his head, and swinging his trunk, and threshing his tail in great anger.

"We must rescue them at once," he cried. "There is no time to waste, or we may reach his camp only in time to find them turned into rabbit pie and winter waistcoats!"

"One-Eye is not in camp," said Sammy Starling. "We watched for hours. And we bribed his cook, who told us he had gone away for the day."

"Splendid! The very thing!" Flip-Flap exclaimed. "We will send and bring them home." And he called out his strongest soldiers.

Then off went the Rhinos, the Hippos, the Buffaloes, the Tigers, and the Bears. All carried long, stout ropes.

They reached the camp when every one was at dinner, and stole away the box, dragging it after them all the way back to the Oojah's courtyard.

Then came the tremendous task of unfastening the strong box. It took the Big Hippo hours and hours of hammering, but at last he forced it open.

When the lid was lifted up they had a terrific surprise. Instead of poor little Rabbit prisoners they expected to find, out jumped old One-Eye!

THE SNOWBALL DODGE

Flip-Flap's army brings a big box, which they think is full of rabbits; but when it is opened out jumps wicked One-Eye, who had escaped from them. Now read on.

GREAT was the surprise of Flip-Flap and his army when One-Eye sprang out of the strong box among them. He had no time to escape, for the Gorilla Guards seized and bound him, and set soldiers with cannons on either side of him.

That night the whole army had a hot supper of roasted chestnuts in honor of their great capture. Old One-Eye stood apart, glum and gloomy.

"I'm in for it now," he said. "And a nice time I'm going to have."

"In a fix, aren't you?" asked the Raven Bogie, with a croak. "Serves you right! You should have started the snowball fight earlier, as I advised. But we are planning to rescue you, so don't look so miserable—it only makes you look uglier than ever."

"Anybody can make remarks," said One-Eye, mis-

crably. "How would you like to be in this plight?"

"To-night, when the guards are sleeping," said the Raven Bogie, "I'll come and release you. But you must hide in the wood till our army comes in the morning to take you home."

The Raven was as good as his word. One-Eye got free, and he crouched all night under the thick brambles, shivering with cold and fear, till his knees were stiff.

Never before had he been so glad to see his army.

"We can never get him home across the snow without the Starling Scouts finding out," said the Raven Bogie. "We'll have to make him into a snowball and roll him home."

"Nasty cold stuff!" snorted the old elephant. "I don't want to be made into a snowball!"

The soldiers took no notice, but spreading out a large white sheet on the ground they rolled him into it, and taking hold of the four corners tied him up securely, then rolled him homewards down the hill.

And who should come around the corner but Don with the Oojah's army, returning from their search for the one-eyed elephant!

When they saw their enemies coming, One-Eye's soldiers fled away.

"I say," cried Don. "What a monster snowball!"

Let's have a closer look at it." And they went up to the big white ball.

"It took some time to make that, I know," Don said, giving it a careless kick.

The snowball groaned.

"Hello! What's this?" asked the Hum-Jum-Jarum. "Why, it's no snowball, but something tied up in a sheet!"

Tearing open one corner he peeped in.

"Hurrah!" shouted Don, joyfully. "We've captured One-Eye again!"

THE CANNON

After losing wicked One-Eye several times, Flip-Flap's army find him again, hidden in a big snowball. Now read on.

THERE was much joy when Don and the Oojah's army found One-Eye hidden in the snowball. They rolled him over the snow, back to the Palace.

Now One-Eye was as artful as he was ugly, and he thought if he could only make them believe he was dead, they would trouble no more about him. So he kept perfectly quiet, though he ground his teeth at the bruises he got as they bumped him along.

The Great Oojah came out of the Palace to see the prisoner unpacked. They untied the sheet, and rolled him out on the ground, where he lay limp and silent, not making any attempt to move.

"We shall never get him in our prison now," said Flip-Flap. "The old villain is dead. He won't trouble us any more."

"Don't be too sure!" laughed the Sparrow Imp.

"Dead elephants wag no tails!" said the Oojah.

"Leave him there. To-morrow we can make him into jam tarts and pork pies for the troops!"

One-Eye waited till the Oojah and his army went away. Then he looked cautiously round. No one was in sight, so he got up and wambled off home, talking as he went.

"I'll do you yet!" he threatened.

"You old Oojah with the gluesey trunk! And you young Oojah with only two legs! I'll be doing you a bad turn for this bumpity-bumpityness, indeed I will!"

So he got out his biggest cannon, and placed it in a line with the Oojah's Palace.

"I'll fill it up with squibs and crackers," he said. "And I'll blow them and their Palace and their half-dollar army all to cents!"

But, in his anger, One-Eye somehow made a most terrible blunder, for when he fired the cannon it whizzed round and round on one wheel, spitting out squibs and crackers everywhere. One-Eye had his best leg blown off, and instead of destroying the Oojah's Palace, the cannon set One-Eye's own camp on fire.

"Troubles are doubled to-day!" he complained. "Troubles double-doubled! After this I shall never be able to face my army any more."

His leg hurt him terribly as he hobbled off the best way he could, his one anxiety now being to get away from his own army.

“And it’s all through that tin-pot Oojah, he snarled, “with his two-legged Hum-Jum-Jarum. I wonder what I can do to them next?”

THE GREEN FROGS

One-Eye, the wicked elephant, with the help of the Raven Bogie, escapes from Flip-Flap's army for the third time. Now read on.

FLIP-FLAP was dreadfully puzzled when he could find no trace of One-Eye left.

"Who can have taken him away?" he cried.

The Sparrow Imp laughed at his perplexity.

"Why, he must have been shamming, of course," he said. "Deep as the sea is old One-Eye."

"Juggled again!" exclaimed the Oojah. "Shall I ever get the better of this rascalion rogue?"

And, flinging away the chocolate cigarette he was sucking, he threw himself down to think. But he was up again in a trice. For, absent-minded as usual, he had laid his head down on a hedgehog who was sleeping in the sun.

"Needles and pins!" he cried, dancing about excitedly. "What's this sticking to my poor head?"

Don flew to the rescue and removed the hedgehog.

And then the Great Oojah picked up an eel, thinking it was his cigarette, and putting it in his mouth lay down once more, lost in thought.

Leaving him, Don went across to some of the little people who were standing in a crowd whispering.

"What's the fun?" he asked. "Do tell me."

"Come closer, Little Oojah," they said, "and we will tell you a great secret the Gossip bird told us. We promised never to tell bird or beast; but we didn't promise we would not tell the wonderful Hum-Jum-Jarum, who is wiser than either. There is one thing only that One-Eye is afraid of. He will run umpteen miles a minute at the mere sight of a green frog!"

Don clapped his hands gleefully.

"Then Green Frogs he shall have!" he cried, and ran to tell Flip-Flap.

"We'll get old One-Eye after all!" Don shouted, brimming over with excitement. "Call every Green Frog in the land up to the Court at once!"

"Green Frogs!" exclaimed the Great Oojah. "Aren't they too small to be any use?"

But when Hum-Jum had explained he smiled so widely his trunk was in danger of coming off again.

And so the Green Frogs found themselves suddenly the most important people in Oojah Land.

They came pouring in from every corner of the country.

They arrived in ones and twos, riding astride the Turtle and the Tortoise. The High Fly Express brought them from afar, and camels, crocodiles, and alligators, packed with passengers, poured through the gates all day.

By night the Palace was crowded, and the Great Oojah and Hum-Jum-Jarum slept under the tables, so that the frogs might all have a good night's rest before they started out on their hunt.

They rose at daybreak, and, with steaming cups of hot coffee to keep them awake, they marched away on the great green frog hunt.

THE LAST OF ONE-EYE

After escaping from Flip-Flap's army for the third time, wicked One-Eye accidentally shoots off one of his legs and has to hop away on three. Now read on.

ONE-EYE found running away on three legs was no easy matter, but he was so afraid of being caught he traveled on and on all night, and all the next morning. Stopping to drink at a little stream he spied the green frogs. With a howl he hobbled on again, followed as he went by thousands of hopping green frogs.

"I'd sooner meet that awful old Oojah himself than these dreadful froggeries!" he groaned.

Then from every corner, bush and rock the green frogs came pouring forth as he passed by.

"Oh, dear!" he panted. "It's a green frog hunt. And they are after me, too! Wherever can I hide?"

He ran to a tree, and climbed painfully up to the top.

"You'll never be able to reach me here!" he boasted, wagging his patched ear.

The green frogs chattered and chuckled to each other, and by-and-by away went their messengers in a great hurry. First they found the monkeys, who came and pelted One-Eye with coconuts until the twenty frog-messengers returned, bringing along two camels.

"Shake him down," they shouted, "like you did the Hum-Jum-Jarum after this wicked old One-Eye tossed him into the palm-tree. Bring him right down with a bumpity-bump, and see how he will like it!"

The camels marched up to the tree, and One-Eye shivered so much he nearly fell. The camels pushed with all their might, and the tree began to bend. One-Eye made a huge leap, and landed right across Mother Kangaroo's clothes-line. But on he ran, as fast as ever he could, the wet clothes flapping all about him, until at last he found a quiet cave, where he sat down to rest his three tired legs. He had nearly fallen asleep when a "Croak, croak, croak!" startled him.

"They are after me again!" he cried, looking out. And then he saw a sight that drove him almost frantic, for round about the cave sat millions of green frogs, patiently waiting. There was only one way of escape left him. Leaping high over their heads,



One-Eye went sliding away—down, down, down!

he reached the big rocks behind them. Clambering upwards, he jumped on to a long, steep, slanting rock, which the cunning frogs had soaped and polished until it was as slippery as glass. The moment One-Eye landed on this he slipped, and went sliding away—down, down, down—until with a mighty splash he fell headlong into the sea.

THE OOJAH'S THINK-BOX

A New Serial Story, "The Pigmy Pirates," begins to-morrow, in which Don and Flip-Flap are kidnapped, and have startling and amusing adventures in Pigmy Land.

WHEN Flip-Flap heard how One-Eye had been hunted into the sea, he first stood on his head, then turned somersaults of joy, while the animals cartwheeled around the Palace yard, and Don stood shaking with laughter.

"Do be careful, Oojah dear!" he warned. "Your trunk will be coming off again."

The Oojah came to a standstill suddenly.

"Bless my best buttons!" he panted. "I had forgotten my dear trunk. What in the world would I be without my Little Oojah? I have it!" he shouted.

"Whatever is the matter?" asked Don.

Flip-Flap laughed until the tears ran down his cheeks.

"I've just been doing a big think," he explained.

"Just have a look at my head. I am afraid thinking such big thoughts is bulging it out!"

"Don't worry," Don replied. "It seems all right."

"Anyway, I'll get rid of this think before it grows dangerous," the Oojah declared. "Bring out the great guns!" he ordered. "Call up everybody in Oojah Land! Something very big is going to happen now!"

The animals came trooping up, and Flip-Flap had his throne brought outside.

"Three cheers for Hum-Jum-Jarum," he began. "He has more sense than all of us put together. Don can do things for us we never dreamt of doing for ourselves. We might have been plagued with One-Eye for ever if the Little Oojah hadn't found out the secret of the Green Frogs. And here am I with a beautiful Brass-button Army, too! We will make Don the Everlasting Little Oojah! We'll make him Hum-Jum-Jarum for ever!"

"And he deserves it, too!" shouted the little people.

"He shall be my think-box," Flip-Flap added. "I have a new stock of chocolate cigarettes coming, and I can't be bothered to think."

And so, with a great shout, they hoisted Don on the tallest camel they could find, and the Great Oojah walked by his side as they paraded in state around

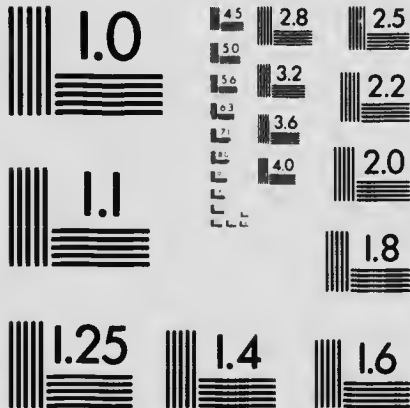


They hoisted Don on the tallest camel they could find.



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the courtyard, while guns boomed, trumpets called, and drums beat.

"I'm the Everlasting Little Oojah, now," said Don, happily. "But what about you, dear Sparrow Imp? This is all your doing."

"That's all right," smiled the Sparrow. "I am your own Sparrow Imp—the only one in all the world. And all this good luck really comes through your giving Flip-Flap the only chocolate cigarette you had."

"It made him bring us to Oojah Land," Don agreed.

"And now we have you for our Everlasting Oojah," the Sparrow Imp said, "every one in Oojah Land will be happy ever after."

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