

LITTLE
JACK RABBIT
AND
DANNY FOX
DAVID CORY



LITTLE JACK RABBIT BOOKS

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Wetmore

LITTLE JACK RABBIT
AND DANNY FOX

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04730

**LITTLE JACK RABBIT
BOOKS**

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BY
DAVID CORY

LITTLE JACK RABBIT'S ADVENTURES

LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND DANNY FOX

LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND THE SQUIRREL BROTHERS

LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND CHIPPY CHIPMUNK

LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND THE BIG BROWN BEAR



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ILLUSTRATED BY
H. S. BARBOUR

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"Now Be Friendly," Coaxed Danny Fox.

Little Jack Rabbit and Danny Fox. Frontispiece—(Page 10)

CONTENTS

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| | PAGE |
|-----------------------------------|------|
| THE INVITATION | 9 |
| THE FARMER'S BOY | 13 |
| THE ESCAPE | 17 |
| DANNY FOX IS DISCOVERED | 20 |
| THE ALARM | 24 |
| THE KIND WILLOW TREE | 28 |
| TWO OLD RASCALS | 32 |
| FOOTPRINTS | 36 |
| THE TRAP | 40 |
| HOME AGAIN | 44 |
| TEDDY TURTLE | 48 |
| HUNGRY HAWK | 52 |
| THE ESCAPE | 56 |
| THE POPCORN PARTY | 59 |
| A TIGHT PLACE | 63 |

| | PAGE |
|--|------|
| "NOW I'VE GÖT YOU!" | 67 |
| A LUCKY WIGGLE | 71 |
| TIMMY MEADOWMOUSE | 75 |
| SAFE! | 79 |
| TIMMY MEADOWMOUSE HAS A DREAM | 82 |
| THE TUNNEL | 86 |
| MORE TROUBLE | 90 |
| BANG, BANG, BANG! | 93 |
| THE SNOW FLAKE BROTHERS | 97 |
| THE STORM | 101 |
| MRS. COW | 104 |
| THE STRAW PILE | 107 |
| SQUIRREL NUTCRACKER | 111 |
| WINTER TIME | 114 |
| THE SNOWMAN | 118 |
| FOX HUNTING | 122 |

LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND DANNY FOX

THE INVITATION

ONE morning as Little Jack Rabbit looked out of his house in the Old Bramble Patch, whom should he see but Danny Fox peeking out from behind the Big Chestnut Tree.

Now Little Jack Rabbit knew that Danny Fox was not there for any good purpose. No, sir. Whenever Danny Fox was around there was sure to be trouble. So Little Jack Rabbit hopped back into his burrow to tell Mrs. Rabbit.

"Well, you keep a lookout from the front door," she said, "and I'll stand watch at the

kitchen door. If Danny Fox thinks he's going to get the better of the rabbit family he's very much mistaken," and Mrs. John Rabbit gave her head a jerk and her pink nose a million twinkles.

"Oh, how I hate that dreadful Danny Fox! I wish your father hadn't gone out so early this morning."

Little Jack Rabbit hopped back to the front door and looked over to the Shady Forest. But, oh, dear me! Just then up jumped Danny Fox right in front of him.

"Good morning," he said, licking his lips with his great red tongue. "How is my little fat bunny this morning?"

"I haven't got any time to talk," answered Little Jack Rabbit, backing into the house.

"Now be friendly," coaxed Danny Fox, coming closer. "I've come all the way

from my den on the hillside to talk to you this beautiful morning."

"All right," answered the little rabbit; "but stay where you are or I'll go inside and close the door."

"That's not a nice way to speak when I've come to ask you to take dinner with us," replied Danny Fox. "My little boys, Slyboots and Bushytail, want you to come, and Mrs. Fox has made a lovely carrot stew."

Then Danny Fox sat down and, folding his front paws across his fur waistcoat, looked so kindly at the little bunny that I'm sorry to say he answered, "I'll come!" before he really thought it over. If he had only gone inside the house to ask his mother. But he didn't. He never even thought of it, but put on his cap and followed that

wicked old robber into the Shady Forest
just as though he was his best friend

Now everybody don't get scared
'Cause little Jackie Rabbit dared
Go out to dine with Danny Fox
Inside his den amid the rocks.

Just wait to see what happens when
They get outside the Shady Glen.
Perhaps a kind and loving friend
Some needed help will quickly send.

THE FARMER'S BOY

AS Little Jack Rabbit and Danny Fox came to the Duck Pond, whom should they see but the Farmer's Boy sitting by the Old Mill polishing his gun.

Danny Fox stopped short. He had meant to slip around by the bushes and across the Sunny Meadow to his den on the woody hillside. But the sight of that gun made him change his mind.

Now Mr. Merry Sun knew something was wrong as soon as he saw Little Jack Rabbit with Danny Fox. He knew if anybody went with that old robber something mighty unpleasant would surely happen.

So kind Mr. Merry Sun sent one of his bright beams dancing along the shiny gun barrel to dazzle the Farmer Boy's eyes, who turned his head toward the Shady Forest.

Goodness me! When he saw Danny Fox he swung the gun to his shoulder and pulled the trigger. Bang! it went, almost kicking him over.

Ping! and the bullet struck the tree close to Little Jack Rabbit. Away went Danny Fox in one direction, and away hopped the little rabbit in the other.

"Come, Sic'em!" cried the Farmer's Boy, running after Danny Fox.

The old dog, with his nose close to the ground, ran swiftly across the Sunny Meadow and up the hillside. When he came to the pile of rocks he stopped short and began to bark.

"Is he there, old scout?" asked the Farmer's Boy.

"Wow, wow, wow!" answered Old Sic'em.

"Oh dear, oh dear!" whispered Mrs. Fox, "do you think they'll get us?"

Danny Fox laughed, but not very loud. He didn't want the Farmer's Boy to hear him. "Never fear, my dear. I've rolled a great big stone against the front door. Old Sic'em is all bark. At the same time, it's not very pleasant to have enemies so close to the house. Where are Slyboots and Bushytail?"

"They are out playing. Do you think anything can happen to them?" answered Mrs. Fox anxiously.

"Not while the Farmer's Boy is pounding on the front door," replied Danny Fox.

"They won't come home while he's around."

"I'm going back for a shovel," said the Farmer's Boy to himself, and he ran over to the Old Mill, leaving Sic'em still digging away. He knew Sic'em would keep Danny Fox in his den until he got back. Old Sic'em was a good hunter and wouldn't leave. That's what the Farmer's Boy thought as he hurriedly picked up the shovel and started back for the hillside.

THE ESCAPE

BUT something had happened while he had been gone. Little Jack Rabbit had hopped along the edge of the Shady Forest almost up to where Old Sic'em was digging out Danny Fox's front door.

Just then the old dog had stopped to rest and, looking around, saw the little rabbit. In a second he forgot all about Danny Fox. Down the Sunny Meadow, across the Bubbling Brook, around in a great circle, he chased the little bunny until he finally popped into his burrow in the Old Bramble Patch.

Of course, when the Farmer's Boy re-

turned to Danny Fox's house, there was no Sic'em to be seen anywhere. And there wasn't any Danny Fox, nor Mrs. Fox, either, in the den.

But the Farmer's Boy didn't know that. Oh, my no! He hadn't seen them creep out when Old Sic'em ran after the little rabbit. He just set to work with his shovel and dug away until he reached Danny Fox's house. But there was nobody home. No, indeed. The Fox House was empty.

The Farmer's Boy was mad. Of course he was. He had dug and dug and dug until his arms ached, and when he had finally reached the place where he hoped to find Danny Fox, there wasn't any Danny Fox. It was enough to make any boy mad.

And where do you suppose Danny Fox and Mrs. Fox were all this time? Why,

they were in the Shady Forest with Bushy-tail and Slyboots.

"We must find another home," said Danny Fox. "It won't do to go back to the old one."

"No, indeed," sighed Mrs. Fox; "there's nothing left but a pile of sand and stones."

"I know of a nice place," cried Slyboots. "Shall I show it to you?"

"Yes," answered Danny Fox. Then Slyboots led them to a cave in the Shady Forest. It was under a ledge of rocks on a little rise of ground. Big trees and thick bushes grew all around it. It was so hidden from sight that Danny Fox was almost glad they had lost their old home.

"This is very fine, my son," he said, turning to Slyboots. "It'll be a long time before anyone finds out where we live."

DANNY FOX IS DISCOVERED

OLD SIC'EM, the Kind Farmer's dog, was sound asleep, his head half through the round front door of his little house in the old farm yard.

But as soon as he heard the thumpty-thump of Little Jack Rabbit's feet, he woke up mighty quick. Maybe he thought a tramp was coming down the road, and maybe he didn't.

"Hello, Sic'em!" said the little rabbit. He wasn't afraid, you know, for the old dog was fastened with a chain, one end to his collar and the other to the little dog-house.

"Good morning," answered Old Sic'em,

opening his mouth to yawn, for it was lazy work lying there all day, except when the Kind Farmer took him to the village.

Just then whom should the little rabbit see but Danny Fox sneaking behind the trees. Now it had been a long time since that old robber had been around, for something dreadful had happened to him. Yes, sir! Old Danny Fox had lost a bit of his long bushy tail.

You see, it had happened on the night he had tiptoed softly through the Shady Forest, along the Old Rail Fence, over the Sunny Meadow, to the farmyard.

Mrs. Moon shone bright and clear and Billy Breeze whistled a gentle tune as Mr. Longtooth Rat looked around the corner of the barn and saw Danny Fox creeping up to the chicken house.

"He, he!" laughed the old robber rat to himself, "Cocky Doodle and Henny Penny had better look out." And then he began to laugh some more. I guess he didn't care what happened to the Kind Farmer's chickens.

Well, closer and closer crept the old robber fox, searching with his quick eyes here and there and everywhere for an opening. But he couldn't find any, for the Kind Farmer had locked the door and nailed little pieces of tin over the big cracks and holes in the boards.

"I'll have to dig a tunnel under the door," said the old fox to himself, and he started in to dig away, and pretty soon he was half-way in.

All this time Mr. Longtooth Rat had been squinting through a crack in the barn,

but when finally he could see only the tip of Danny Fox's bushy tail, he called to his wife:

"Look, look! my dear! Danny Fox is almost inside the Henhouse!"

'You don't mean to say you've been standing here all this time without giving warning?' exclaimed Mrs. Longtooth Rat sharply. "Gracious me, I'm surprised you're such a coward."

THE ALARM

"YOU don't mean to stand here and let Danny Fox steal Henny Penny and Cocky Doodle and maybe Ducky Waddles?" almost shouted Mrs. Longtooth Rat, as Danny Fox's hind feet threw back the dirt from the tunnel he was digging under the Henhouse.

"Well, what can I do about it?" asked Mr. Longtooth Rat.

"What can you do?" answered his wife angrily. "You can run into the farmhouse and tell Old Sic'em."

You see, the Kind Farmer was away, and his wife was all alone, so she kept Old Sic'em in the house at night.

"All right," answered the old rat, and he ran softly across the barnyard, under the back porch, and through a hole into the kitchen. As soon as Old Sic'em learned what was the matter, he ran upstairs and woke up the farmer's wife.

The very first thing she did was to look out of the window. Of course, you know what she saw. But if you don't, I'll tell you. It was Danny Fox's tail sticking out of the hole under the door of the Henhouse.

It didn't take her a minute to softly open the kitchen door and let out Old Sic'em, and before Danny Fox could back out from under the Henhouse, the old watchdog had him by his long bushy tail.

My goodness! What a jump Danny Fox gave. But Old Sic'em held on. Then Danny Fox gave another jump, and this

time he got away, for Old Sic'em had only a few teeth. But just the same, Danny Fox left the tip of his beautiful bushy tail behind him.

"You're a good dog," said the farmer's wife, patting Old Sic'em. "If you had all your teeth that old fox never would have pulled away."

Then she went into the house, but not back to bed, for Mr. Merry Sun was just getting up and it was early morning.

"Cock-a-doodle-do,
The grass is wet with dew.
Come, give the Henhouse key a turn
And we will catch the early worm,"

sang Cocky Doodle.

I guess the Kind Farmer's wife understood him, for she came back and unlocked

the door. Then she sprinkled corn on the ground for the chickens' breakfast, and after that she milked Mrs. Cow, who was waiting at the pasture fence.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Henny Penny, almost falling into the hole which Danny Fox had made. And she began to cackle so loudly that Cocky Doodle forgot all about his breakfast.

"You can thank me that Danny Fox didn't get in your house," said Mrs. Longtooth Rat. "I made Mr. Longtooth tell Old Sic'em just in time. If I had waited another minute, it would have been too late."

THE KIND WILLOW TREE

WELL, to go back to Little Jack Rabbit and Old Sic'em, who were watching Danny Fox sneak through the trees, as I mentioned two stories ago.

"Oh dear me! There is that dreadful fox again," sighed the little bunny boy.

"You don't mean it!" exclaimed the old watchdog, and he told the little rabbit all that I've just told you. And when he had finished, he went inside his little doghouse and brought out the tip of Danny Fox's beautiful bushy tail.

Just then the Kind Farmer whistled from the woodpile, and away hopped the little rabbit to hide in the long meadow grass.

All of a sudden he met Timmy Meadowmouse near his little round house of woven grass, fastened on three stiff stalks.

"Helloa, Little Jack Rabbit. Are you hiding from somebody?" Just then, oh dear me! a big snake crawled out of the ground and away went the little meadowmouse, and away hopped the little bunny, and if Bobbie Redvest hadn't told me, I don't believe I ever would have found out where they did go.

Well, by and by, after a while, Little Jack Rabbit came to the Old Duck Pond where Granddaddy Bullfrog sat on his log all day fishing for flies and tiny fishes. Just overhead hung the old willow tree in which little Mrs. Oriole had her nest, fastened like an old stocking to one of the drooping branches.

And if I stop a minute to think, I guess I'll remember some more friends of the little rabbit. Why, of course. There was Teddy Turtle, who carried his little shell house around with him all the time, and the little Freshwater Crab, and Mrs. Darning Needle, skimming over the water like an airship.

The little rabbit stopped under the shady willow tree and looked about him. It was a warm day and very still, for Billy Breeze had fallen asleep somewhere in the Shady Forest.

Pretty soon Granddaddy Bullfrog dozed off and Mrs. Oriole sang softly to her little ones:

"Little birds within the nest
Some day you will fly away.

Then the weeping willow tree
To the meadow grass will say;

"Oh, I feel so lonely now,
An empty nest hangs from my bough.
Must I wait until the Spring
To hear the little birdies sing?"

And wasn't Little Jack Rabbit surprised to hear the Willow Tree finish the song.

"Do you remember how you once hid me with your drooping branches from Danny Fox?" he asked.

And the kind willow tree answered softly: "Yes, Little Jack Rabbit."

TWO OLD RASCALS

DANNY FOX was having a very hard time of it. You see, the ground was all covered with snow and wherever he went he left his footprints. And these telltale footprints showed just where he had been. And this was just what he didn't want people to know.

No, siree, he didn't want the Kind Farmer to find his footprints in the Old Barn Yard. That would be a dreadful giveaway. It would certainly show that Danny Fox had been after a nice fat hen, and Danny Fox didn't want anybody, least of all the Kind Farmer, to know that.

Yes, sir, Danny Fox was having a hard time. The door of the Henhouse was so tightly closed at night that he couldn't push it open, and the ground frozen so hard that he couldn't dig underneath it. Now what was Danny Fox to do?

Every night when he came home Slyboots and Bushytail would say, "What have you brought to eat, daddy dear?"

And Mrs. Fox would say: "There is nothing in the cupboard; nothing at all!"

All this would make Danny Fox feel very badly. But feeling sorry doesn't keep one from feeling hungry. So he would answer, "I thought perhaps you might have had better luck, but as the cupboard is empty, I'll go out and try again."

One night as he was prowling around the Big Red Barn he came to a hole. It wasn't

a very big hole. It was just large enough for him to push in his long thin nose and see what was going on.

There sat Mr. Longtooth Rat eating his supper of corn.

"Good evening," said Danny Fox.

"Won't you come in?" said Mr. Longtooth Rat with a grin.

"Bah!" retorted Danny Fox with a snarl, "don't talk nonsense." He knew Mr. Longtooth Rat was making fun of him, for how could he squeeze through a hole that was only just large enough for his head?

"Don't lose your temper," said Mr. Longtooth Rat. "I might do you a favor."

"What kind of a favor?" asked Danny Fox suspiciously.

"Come around tomorrow night," answered the old rat. "By that time I'll be

able to gnaw off the wooden latch on the Henhouse door."

"All right," replied Danny Fox, "I'll be back tomorrow night," and he trotted off to his den among the rocks.

Sometimes the very best of plans
Go wrong, and we get cross
To find that we must start anew,
And often at a loss.

FOOTPRINTS

AS soon as Mr. Longtooth Rat had finished his supper he went over to the Henhouse. You see, he was going to keep his promise to Danny Fox to gnaw off the wooden latch.

Mr. Longtooth Rat was not a very nice sort of a person, although he was going to do a favor for Danny Fox. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Longtooth Rat was very willing to have Danny Fox steal the chickens, for then more corn would be left for Mrs. Rat and himself. So you see he wasn't really doing Danny Fox a favor at all.

But when Mr. Longtooth Rat reached

the Henhouse, to his surprise he found that instead of the old wooden latch there was a bright new iron one on the door.

"Who could have put it there?" he asked himself. "I don't understand it at all. It wasn't on yesterday."

There was nothing to do about it, so Mr. Longtooth Rat went back to the barn. Perhaps he might think of a way to get into the Henhouse before Danny Fox came the next evening.

Of course, Henny Penny and Cocky Doodle knew nothing of all this. Oh, my, no! If they had they would have been dreadfully worried. But the next morning while standing in the sun close to the High Haystack the Kind Farmer gave a loud whistle.

"Whew! There's been a fox around here. Look at his footprints!"

"Dear me," clucked little Henny Penny.

"We must all be careful," crowed Cocky Doodle.

Just then the Farmer's Wife came out of the kitchen door.

"Sure enough," she said, walking around to the rear of the Big Red Barn where Danny Fox had been the night before.

"He tried to get in there," said the Farmer, pointing to the hole in the boards which led to Mr. Longtooth's house. "I guess I'll nail a board over it," and he went over to the Toolhouse for a hammer and nails.

"I wish Danny Fox had stayed away," said Mr. Longtooth Rat when he heard what the Farmer meant to do. "I won't have any front door in a few minutes just on account of that thieving old fox."

Then Mr. Longtooth Rat scowled and grumbled some more, forgetting what a thief he was and how willing he had been to open the Henhouse door for Danny Fox.

Yes, sir! When people are willing to help others steal it is because they are stealing things for themselves.

It is a sin to steal a pin,
A chicken or a goose.
So keep that fox home in his box.
Oh, pray, don't let him loose.

THE TRAP

THAT evening Mrs. Fox said to Danny Fox as he started off for the Old Farm Yard:

"Be sure, my dear, to bring home a chicken."

"Bring back two," cried Bushytail and Slyboots, as their father trotted away in the bright moonlight.

It was very still and quiet; only the rustle of the dry leaves on the trees broke the stillness as the old fox ran swiftly down the hillside over to the Shady Forest. At last he came to the Old Farm Yard. Stealing around to the rear of the Big Red Barn, he looked up and down, from one side to

the other, but where was Mr. Longtooth Rat's front door?

"Can I have made a mistake?" said Danny Fox, creeping around the corner. But there was no hole there, either. Danny Fox was puzzled. Yes, indeed, he certainly was puzzled. It was only last night that he had been here, and now, where was the entrance to Mr. Rat's house?

He was just about to leave when he heard Mr. Longtooth Rat's voice. It came from the other side of the wall.

"Yes, my dear," Mr. Longtooth Rat was saying to his wife, "we have lost our front door, and all on account of that old thieving Danny Fox."

"Be careful what you say about me," snarled Danny Fox, pressing his nose close to the boards.

"Be careful of what, you old red robber?" squeaked Mr. Longtooth Rat. "You'd better be careful!"

Goodness me! No sooner had he spoken than something snapped under Danny Fox's foot. Danny Fox was caught. Yes, sir, his foot was caught in a trap. Pull as hard as he could, he couldn't get it out.

What would Mrs. Fox think when he didn't come home? What would Bushy-tail and Slyboots say when there was no Daddy Fox at breakfast?

He pulled and tugged. But, oh dear me. He couldn't get his foot out. Slowly the night passed, and Cocky Doodle sang his early morning "Cock-a-doodle-do."

Betsy the Old Gray Mare whinnied in her stall and Cocky Doodle sang over again his "cock-a-doodle-do." Mr. Merry Sun

got out of bed and began to climb up the sky. It grew lighter and pretty soon Henny Penny cackled over her new-laid egg.

Danny Fox gave another tug. Then he looked carefully at the trap. In the dim light he made out a rope fastened to the barn. The next moment Danny Fox was gnawing that rope as fast as he could. At last it broke and he hobbled away, holding up his right forepaw, which was still fast in the iron jaws of the trap.

HOME AGAIN

IT took him a long time to reach home. You see, he had only three legs to walk on. His foot hurt him dreadfully, and his leg grew tired holding up the heavy trap. At last, when he came to his den, he was ready to drop.

Now, as soon as Mrs. Fox had looked the trap over carefully, she knew she never could force apart the strong iron jaws that held Danny Fox's poor foot, but she did think there might be some other way.

The trap was very old and the spring rusty, and the more Mrs. Fox looked at it the more hopeful she became.

"Bring me a stone, Slyboots," she cried. Carefully placing part of the trap on the front doorstep, she hit the old spring several hard blows. Crack! it went, and the trap fell apart. Danny Fox pulled out his foot without any trouble at all.

"There, you're free," said Mrs. Fox, laying down the stone. "I hope next time you'll be more careful where you put your feet."

Danny Fox didn't reply. He was too busy rubbing his sore ankle, while the two little foxes hugged him, delighted at seeing him out of danger.

Presently Mrs. Fox found some salve to rub on his foot. She felt sorry for Daddy, you may be sure. It was only in kindness she had said she hoped he would be more careful next time where he put his feet.

"But what have we got to eat?" sighed poor tired Danny Fox.

"You were gone so long, Daddy," answered Mrs. Fox, with a laugh, "that I went out on a little hunt all by myself. Wait, and I'll show you what I brought home."

In a minute she came back from the kitchen with a plump young chicken. "This is what I found," she said. "It was a naughty chicken to roost in a tree instead of going to bed in the Henhouse. But it's lucky for us."

"Where did you go?" asked Danny Fox, curiously.

"Back of the Old Mill," answered Mrs. Fox. "I think it's one of the chickens belonging to the Miller's Boy. He takes very

poor care of them. Perhaps we may be able to get another."

In a little while supper was ready and the Fox family sat down to the table, happy and contented now that Daddy Fox was home safe and sound.

TEDDY TURTLE

A TURTLE goes much slower
Than an old sea-going hack.
He never has to hurry home
For his house is on his back,

sang Bobbie Redvest as Little Jack Rabbit hopped down the Old Cow Path in the Sunny Meadow.

"I wonder what I'll do to-day?" the little bunny asked himself, when all of a sudden, along came Teddy Turtle with his little shell bungalow on his back, for Teddy Turtle always carries it with him, rain or shine, anywhere and everywhere. Yes, sir, that little turtle is very lucky; he never is



Little Jack Rabbit Meets Teddie Turtle.

forced to move out on the first of May, nor is there any unkind landlord to bother him.

"Where are you going?" asked the little rabbit.

"Down to the Old Duck Pond. Come along. We'll make a call on Granddaddy Bullfrog."

"Very well," answered the little rabbit, "I've nothing to do this morning. I'll come along."

Then off they started, Teddy Turtle crawling slowly down the path, and Little Jack Rabbit hopping along, now and then sitting down to wait for the little turtle to catch up to him. By and by, Little Jack Rabbit said:

"Don't you ever get tired carrying your house about with you? You're just like a moving van."

"Oh, I'm used to it," answered Teddy Turtle. "When I go out in the morning I don't have to worry about getting back to the house by supper time."

"Ha, ha!" laughed the little rabbit. "Your head sticks out of the front door and your tail through the kitchen door!"

But, Oh dear me. He was so taken up with the little turtle that he didn't notice a big, black shadow on the path. But Teddy Turtle did. Oh, my yes!

"Look out!" he shouted, "here comes Hungry Hawk!" And he pulled his head in through the front door and his tail in through the back door, and all you could see was a little shell house on the meadow grass.

And the little rabbit? He hopped into a hollow stump so quickly that Hungry Hawk

had to knock three times before Teddy Turtle dared to squint out of his little shell house.

Pretty soon Hungry Hawk rapped again on the old hollow stump.

Rat-a-tat-tat! went Hungry Hawk
On the door of the Hollow Stump.
The Bunny Boy's heart beat pitter pat,
And his knees went bumpity, bump!

HUNGRY HAWK

"I DIDN'T mean any harm. I just flew down from the blue sky to say 'Howdy!'" said Hungry Hawk in a low voice.

Little Jack Rabbit was too out of breath to speak. And, anyway, he was too busy thinking how he was ever to get out, for there stood that old robber bird close by, ready to pounce on him at any moment.

"I don't believe you," at last answered the little rabbit. "And I'm not coming out while you're around."

Hungry Hawk made no reply, but sat down and preened his feathers. By and by who should come along but Danny Fox.

"Hello, Hungry Hawk, what are you doing?"

"Howdy, Danny Fox, what are you doing?" replied the old bird.

"Oh, just 'taking a walk," answered Danny Fox, squinting into the opening in the old hollow tree. "I don't see anything, but I smell rabbit."

"Well, that's as far as you'll get," answered Hungry Hawk. "I'm going to pull that little rabbit out of that tree and eat him, and I'm not inviting anybody to dine with me, either."

Now this made Danny Fox very angry, but he only grinned and said: "You'll never get him out unless I help you."

"How's that?" inquired Hungry Hawk.

"Because," answered Danny Fox, with a bigger grin than ever, "I'll eat Hawk first

and Rabbit after," and he made a jump for the old bird, catching him by the tail.

My goodness, how the fur and feathers flew! Yes, siree! It certainly was some fight.

At first Danny Fox was on top. Pretty soon Hungry Hawk squirmed away and dug his sharp claws into Danny Fox's fur overcoat. But Danny Fox never let go of the old hawk's tail.

After a while Hungry Hawk said: "Suppose we stop and talk it over." So they let go of each other and sat down. Hungry Hawk was pretty well mussed up and Danny Fox's hair looked as if it had been combed the wrong way.

"I'll help you get the little rabbit if you'll let me help you eat him," said Danny Fox.

"All right," agreed the old hawk, "but how shall we get him out of the tree?"

"I'm going to smoke him out," answered Danny Fox. "You wait here while I run home and get my pipe. I'll puff tobacco smoke into that hollow tree until that little rabbit either hops out or chokes to death."

THE ESCAPE

"HURRY up," said Hungry Hawk. "I'll keep watch while you're gone."

"Well, there goes one old robber," thought the little rabbit. "Now, if I could only get rid of the other," and he wiggled his pink nose and scratched his ear; pretty soon he thought of a way.

"Mr. Hawk, if you and Danny Fox will let me go, I'll tell you something." (You see, the little rabbit was pretending he didn't know that the old fox had gone after the pipe.)

"What is it?" asked Hungry Hawk.

"There's a nice fat squirrel in this tree," answered the little rabbit. "I'll drive him

out of the back door if you'll promise to let me go."

"All right," replied Hungry Hawk; "but wait a minute till I talk it over with Danny Fox," and he made believe he was whispering to that old robber.

"Drive out the squirrel; we'll let you go," said Hungry Hawk.

Then Little Jack Rabbit made enough racket to drive out an elephant. "I've pushed him half through the back door," he shouted, "but I can't shove him any farther. Come around and pull him out."

Hungry Hawk ran around to the back of the tree. Quicker than a wink Little Jack Rabbit hopped through the front door, over the Sunny Meadow, lipperty-clip, clipperty-lip, straight for the Old Bramble Patch.

And maybe Danny Fox wasn't angry when he got back to the hollow tree with his big corncob pipe and tobacco pouch!

"You silly old bird, to let a little rabbit fool you," he cried when Hungry Hawk told him what had happened.

Then he lighted his pipe and sat down to have a smoke.

"Next time I'll do my rabbit hunting alone," he growled.

"And so will I," said Hungry Hawk, spreading his wings and flying away.

THE POPCORN PARTY

DANNY FOX couldn't forget how he and Hungry Hawk had been fooled by Little Jack Rabbit. The more he thought about it, the angrier he grew. To think that a little bunny had got the better of them! Well, well, well! It certainly was enough to make any fox mad.

"I'll get him yet," said Danny Fox. "I'll catch him if it takes a year and a day!"

And the old fox meant what he said, for he was having a hard time of it nowadays. The Big Farmer kept close watch and locked his chickens in the Henhouse every night. Besides, Danny Fox hadn't forgot-

ten about the steel trap. He was afraid to venture again in the Farm Yard—there might be another trap hidden somewhere.

One day he had a bright idea. There was a little log cabin in the Shady Forest. It had a nice door and three windows, a chimney of red brick, and a big fireplace. It was empty—nobody had lived in it for some time. He would give a popcorn party, and invite Little Jack Rabbit.

That very evening he sent out invitations to Chippy Chipmunk, Squirrel Nutcracker, Busy Beaver and Peter Possum. Everybody was asked to come to the Popcorn Party.

At first Little Jack Rabbit was afraid to accept, but when he found that everyone was invited, he persuaded himself that

Danny Fox was just trying to be friendly. At the same time he made up his mind to keep both eyes wide open, for after all there was no telling what that old fox might do. No indeed!

At last the day for the party arrived, and the little Log Cabin was filled to overflowing. After the corn was popped the fire was allowed to die down, and everybody sat around and had a feast.

But, oh dear me! All of a sudden, without any warning, Danny Fox made a jump for the little rabbit. And, oh dear me again! What a commotion there was. Out of the windows and through the door went the Shady Forest Folk—all but Little Jack Rabbit. He jumped up the chimney, and not a wink too soon, either, for Danny Fox

landed right on the spot where he had been sitting.

"Now I've got you," cried that wicked old robber, sitting down on the hearth.

He didn't care if the ashes got all over his beautiful long bushy tail. No indeed. He didn't care about that. All he thought of was how to catch poor Little Jack Rabbit.

A TIGHT PLACE

LITTLE JACK RABBIT certainly was in a fix. Here he was up in the chimney with Danny Fox waiting for him down below. If there had only been a ladder inside that chimney he could have climbed up to the top. But there wasn't, so all he could do was to sit on the little ledge of bricks that extended around the inside a few feet above the hearth.

At last Danny Fox said, "You might just as well come down. If you don't, I'll build a fire and smoke you out."

"Where will you get the wood?" asked the little rabbit.

"I don't need any. I'll burn up the popcorn box."

This made the little rabbit dreadfully nervous. Yes, indeed.

"Are you coming down?" asked Danny Fox, with a growl.

"I don't know," answered the poor, anxious little rabbit. "Give me time to think it over, won't you?"

"If you take much longer," answered Danny Fox with a cruel laugh, "I'll light a fire. That'll make you think mighty quick, my pretty one."

"I'm afraid I'll slip," said the little rabbit, trying to gain time.

"I'll help you down," answered Danny Fox, politely.

"You'll burn your feet in the hot ashes," said Little Jack Rabbit.

"I'll sweep 'em out," answered Danny Fox, picking up the hearth shovel and broom.

"The bricks are still hot," went on the little rabbit.

"No, they aren't," answered the old fox, stepping inside the fireplace, "they're only warm; they don't burn my toes a bit."

"Well, then," sighed poor Little Jack Rabbit, "I may as well come down."

"Come on," said Danny Fox with a wicked grin.

"It's pretty high up. Come and help me," said the little rabbit.

Danny Fox walked into the fireplace and stood up on his hind legs. His head came 'way up into the chimney and the soot blinded his eyes. Before he knew what was going to happen, the little rabbit picked

up a loose brick and hit him a dreadful hard blow on the head. Down tumbled the wicked old fox and down jumped the little rabbit and out of the Log Cabin, straight away for the dear Old Bramble Patch.

It took Mrs. Rabbit nearly an hour to clean the soot from his little fur jacket. But she didn't grumble. No indeed! She was only too glad to have her precious bunny boy safe home again.

"NOW I'VE GOT YOU!"

ONE day Teddy Turtle had a narrow escape from Danny Fox. He was slowly crawling down the Cow Path in the Sunny Meadow when whom should he meet but that old robber. Danny Fox seemed much surprised, but that was only because he was trying to fool the little turtle. You see, Danny Fox had been hiding all the time behind a bush and only came out just when Teddy Turtle crawled by.

"Good morning," said Danny Fox, with a grin.

"Good morning," replied Teddy Turtle from inside his little shell house, for as soon

as he had seen Danny Fox he had pulled in his head and tail for safe keeping.

"Where are you?" asked Danny Fox. "I don't see you; I only see your shell house."

"Well, I'm looking out of the window," answered Teddy Turtle. But he didn't put his head out very far, let me tell you.

Danny Fox stood very close, but he didn't touch Mr. Teddy Turtle. Oh, my, no! There wasn't any use, for Teddy was safe inside his hard shell house and Danny Fox knew he couldn't pull him out.

Pretty soon the old robber fox said, "Let's go down to the Old Duck Pond."

Now that was just where Teddy Turtle wanted to go, but he didn't want to go with Danny Fox. So he said instead, "I'll stay here a while and rest. I'm all tired out."

Now this was just what Danny Fox

didn't want to do, for as long as Teddy Turtle stood still he could keep his head and tail inside his shell, but as soon as he began to walk he had to poke out his head to see where he was going, and stick his tail out behind to steer himself.

"Oh, come along," said Danny Fox, "you don't want to stay here in the path. Mrs. Cow may come along and step on you," and the sly old fox took a little bell out of his pocket and gave it a ting-a-ling. It sounded just like the bell on Mrs. Cow's collar.

Teddy Turtle poked out his head and tail and started to crawl away, but, quick as a wink, Danny Fox grabbed him by the tail.

"Now I've got you! Now I've got you!" shouted that wicked old robber.

"Let me go! Let me go!" cried Teddy

Turtle. But Danny Fox wouldn't. He held on as tight as he could. He wouldn't have let go for anything, for that was the only way he could pull Teddy Turtle along, and he wanted to take him home for supper.

Turtle soup is very fine,
But, when you sit down to dine,
Don't forget, dear girls and boys,
With your spoon to make no noise.

A LUCKY WIGGLE

IT isn't very pleasant to be dragged by your tail over bumps and stones, especially by such a person as Danny Fox. Teddy Turtle didn't know what Danny Fox meant to do with him. If he had he would have been frightened to death.

You see, Danny Fox was hungry. Yes, siree, he was as hungry as three bears. He couldn't get a chicken because the Hen-house door was locked and bolted. He couldn't catch Little Jack Rabbit, for the little bunny was too bright for him. So there was nothing for him to do but take Teddy Turtle home with him. Mrs. Fox knew

how to make Mock Turtle Soup, and that was better than nothing!

Now all this time Teddy Turtle was thinking mighty hard how to get away. Yes, sir, he was scheming how to get his tail inside his shell house once more.

As they came to the Old Duck Pond he said, "Dip me in the water, or I shall die of thirst!"

Of course Danny Fox didn't want him to die right away, so he leaned over the bank and lowered Teddy Turtle into the water. But he put him in only a little bit of a way.

"Put me in deeper," said Teddy Turtle, as Danny Fox was about to pull him out, "I only got a little swallow."

So the old fox leaned 'way over the bank and dipped the little turtle 'way in till you couldn't see him at all.

Then, of course, his tail got wet, and pretty soon it got so slippery that Danny Fox had to use both paws. And then the first thing Danny Fox knew the little turtle gave a wiggle and a jiggle and pulled his tail away, and with a splash that wet the old fox all over, he dived down to the bottom of the pond, where he was safe at home in the soft mud.

Danny Fox gave a snarl of disappointment, but the little turtle didn't hear him; but he blew up a few bubbles to tease the hungry old robber.

"I don't believe he'd have made good soup, anyway," growled Danny Fox, wiping his feet on the grass, for they were covered with mud. Then, after wiping his eyes and face, he trotted off to the Shady Forest.

Now as soon as Teddy Turtle reached the bottom of the Old Duck Pond, he crawled along on the soft mud until he came to a little island, up which he crawled till he was once more out of the water.

"Ha, ha," he said to himself as he saw Danny Fox far away on the mainland, "I fooled you this time, you old robber!"

TIMMY MEADOWMOUSE

NOW that the Sunny Meadow was covered with snow little Timmy Meadowmouse had a hard time of it. If he wanted to go anywhere he had to dig tunnels from his little house under the snow. Yes, sir. The Sunny Meadow was full of little subways that Timmy Meadowmouse had made.

It was pretty lonely 'way out on the meadow, so one day he started to tunnel over to the Old Bramble Patch to see Little Jack Rabbit. Besides, he wanted to eat the seeds in the little red balls that hang from the wild rose bushes in the winter time. So he set to work on his tunnel. By and by he

climbed up a stiff stalk of meadowgrass and pushed his head out of the snow.

Goodness me! How Billy Breeze was blowing! As soon as Timmy Meadowmouse had wiped the snow from his eyes, he saw the Old Bramble Patch not very far away.

"It wouldn't take a minute to run over," he said to himself. "It's such hard work digging through the snow."

Now, deep down in his heart, the little meadowmouse knew it was dangerous to run out over the snow. As long as he stayed down in his tunnels he was pretty safe. But to show himself when the only way he could possibly get back to his little house was through some of the small openings in the snow was very dangerous.

Suppose Danny Fox, or Mr. Wicked Weasel, or Hungry Hawk, who are fond

of fat little meadowmice, should chase him over the snow. And suppose he couldn't get back to one of his subway entrances in time.

Timmy Meadowmouse turned all these things over in his mind, and then—yes, sir, he did—he pushed out through the snow and scampered over to the Old Bramble Patch.

But, oh dear me. He had gone only half way when up jumped Danny Fox, who had been hiding by the Old Rail Fence. He had been lying there so long that the snow had drifted over him, making him look just like a snowpile.

If Timmy Meadowmouse had only seen the old fox's eyes through the snow. But he hadn't. But when the old robber jumped up, the poor little mouse saw him all right.

It was too late to turn back, so with a

frightened squeak, he made for the Old Bramble Patch. And just in time he ran in between the prickly stems and stalks and tumbled headlong into Little Jack Rabbit's front door.

"Oof! oof!" growled Danny Fox, who didn't care to push through the prickly briars, "I've lost a nice dinner."

SAFE!

"GOODNESS me!" cried Little Jack Rabbit, as a cold blast of air and a whirl of snowflakes came through the doorway, "What can be the matter?"

"Oh, Little Jack Rabbit," cried Timmy Meadowmouse, "I didn't have time to knock. I hardly had time to get in, for Danny Fox chased me right up to the Old Bramble Patch."

"Is that dreadful fox around?" asked the little bunny. "We'll be cooped up here now for maybe a week, for I guess he's pretty hungry if he hunts for meadowmice."

"Oh, dear," sighed the little meadow-

mouse, "I wish I'd stayed home," and he told the little rabbit how he had tunneled through the snow until he was so tired that he had climbed up a stalk to look about him, and, seeing the Old Bramble Patch so near, had foolishly run over the snow instead of finishing his subway.

"I never saw Danny Fox by the Old Rail Fence—not until he jumped out when I was half way over. My! I thought I'd never reach the dear Old Bramble Patch!" And Timmy Meadowmouse gave a sigh of relief. "Whew! I'm all out of breath!"

"Well, you stay here and make yourself at home," said Little Jack Rabbit. You see, he and Timmy Meadowmouse had always been good friends.

"I suppose I can dig a tunnel back to where I left off," said Timmy Meadow-

mouse. "I might strike it and then again I mightn't. It's all right when you start out from your own house. You can always get back by just turning around. But now, goodness me! I might keep on for ever and never get home."

"That's right," said Little Jack Rabbit. "You must have help. Wait until tomorrow and I'll find a way."

Pretty soon he went to the door and looked out. Danny Fox was nowhere to be seen. So Timmy Meadowmouse went out in the Old Bramble Patch and picked a red berry from a wild rose bush. Then he hurried back, for it was very cold and Billy Breeze was whirling a cloud of snow over the Sunny Meadow.

TIMMY MEADOWMOUSE HAS A DREAM

AFTER bolting the front door, Little Jack Rabbit took Timmy Meadowmouse into the kitchen where Mrs. John Rabbit was paring carrots for supper. It was nice and warm, and Mrs. Rabbit looked so motherly in her big pink gingham apron that the little meadowmouse couldn't help saying to the little rabbit, "I think your mother's too sweet for anything."

Although he said it in a whisper, Mrs. Rabbit heard him just the same. She must have, for she leaned right down and gave him a little piece of carrot.

82



Timmy Meadowmouse Tumbled Headlong Into
Little Jack Rabbit's Front Door.

By and by the kitchen door flew open and in hopped Mr. John Rabbit and Brother Bobby Tail. They couldn't speak for a few minutes they were so out of breath. At last Mr. Rabbit said, "Danny Fox chased us all the way home!"

Mrs. Rabbit nearly dropped the dish of carrots on the nice clean floor.

"Mercy me! It was only about two hours ago he chased Timmy Meadowmouse into the Old Bramble Patch. My! but that old fox must be hungry!"

"I guess he is," replied Mr. Rabbit, hanging his fur cap on a peg behind the door. Then he began to sing:

"The chickens they stay
In the Henhouse all day;
And the bunnies don't go
Very far in the snow.

"Mr. Fox, you can't snatch
From the Old Bramble Patch
A bunny or mouse.
We're safe in the house;

"We've fastened the latch
On our Old Bramble Patch!"

That night Timmy Meadowmouse had a dreadful dream about Danny Fox. You see, he couldn't forget how that old robber had nearly caught him. As long as he was awake, he knew he was perfectly safe in Little Jack Rabbit's house. But when he dropped off to sleep he didn't dream about being safe in the Old Bramble Patch. Oh, my, no! He dreamed that Danny Fox was still chasing him, which, of course, was simply dreadful.

All of a sudden, he rolled out of bed with a scream, which woke up the whole Rabbit

Family. Yes, it even gave Mr. John Rabbit a shiver, and poor Mrs. Rabbit nearly fainted.

By and by, however, they all went to sleep again, and everything was quiet until morning, when Cocky Doodle over at the Big Farmyard woke them up with his early Cock-a-doodle-do.

After breakfast Little Jack Rabbit and Timmy Meadowmouse hopped over to the edge of the Old Bramble Patch, where they cautiously peeped through the tangled stalks to see if Danny Fox were around. But he was nowhere in sight.

THE TUNNEL

"I DON'T see him anywhere," whispered Timmy Meadowmouse.

"That doesn't prove anything," replied Little Jack Rabbit. "He may be hiding some place where we can't see him."

"Don't you think I might run over the Sunny Meadow and look for the entrance to my tunnel?"

"No sir-e-e!" answered the little rabbit. "Suppose Danny Fox waited until you had gone quite a way and then ran in between you and the Old Bramble Patch. What would you do then?"

"Oh, don't talk about it," replied the lit-

tle meadowmouse with a shiver. "But how am I to get back to my little house?"

"Begin a tunnel from here," answered Little Jack Rabbit. "I'll keep a bright lookout. If I see Danny Fox, you turn around and come back here."

"All right," said Timmy Meadowmouse, and in a few minutes he had burrowed down into the snow.

"Don't go too far at first," advised Little Jack Rabbit. "You might not be able to get back in time."

Timmy Meadowmouse didn't answer, for his mouth was full of snow.

"Be careful," said Little Jack Rabbit, bending over the hole in the snow down which the little meadowmouse had disappeared.

Pretty soon, the little rabbit hopped out

just beyond the Old Bramble Patch and looked about him. Everything seemed all right. Mr. Merry Sun was shining down from the cold blue sky and Billy Breeze was behaving himself very well. Once in a while he blew snow in the little rabbit's eyes, but that was the way Billy Breeze played snowball, I guess.

All of a sudden Timmy Meadowmouse's head appeared above the snow. He had climbed up a stalk of tough meadowgrass to see where he was going.

"My! how you startled me!" cried Little Jack Rabbit, for Timmy Meadowmouse's head had almost bumped into him.

"Would you dare hop over to that big tuft of grass sticking out of the snow and tell me if you find a little hole in the snow close by?"

"Is that where you left off tunneling and jumped out to run over to the Old Bramble Patch?" asked the little rabbit.

"I think so," replied Timmy Meadowmouse, "but I was so frightened when Danny Fox chased me that I can't be sure."

"I don't dare hop out much farther," whispered Little Jack Rabbit. "Billy Breeze may stir up a snow cloud and hide Danny Fox. I'm afraid something dreadful may happen."

MORE TROUBLE

GOODNESS me! No sooner were the words out of his mouth than Danny Fox himself sprang out from behind a snowdrift. Down into his tunnel went Timmy Meadowmouse and back into the Old Bramble Patch hopped the little rabbit.

But Danny Fox was no fool. No, sir-e-e! Instead of running after Little Jack Rabbit, he commenced to dig for the little meadowmouse. My, how the snow flew!

Up and down rushed the old fox, digging here and digging there, and if Timmy Meadowmouse hadn't been pretty quick to run back through his tunnel to the Old Bramble Patch the Danny Fox might have caught him.

Of course, Timmy Meadowmouse couldn't run any other way, for that was the only place the tunnel led to. But he knew when he crawled out he would be safe in the Old Bramble Patch. And that's where Little Jack Rabbit found him.

"Another narrow escape," he panted. "I declare, there's no fun to be had anywhere now that Danny Fox is hunting."

"I wish he'd hunt some other place," said the little rabbit.

Just then they heard the report of a gun. "What's that?" asked Timmy Meadowmouse.

"It's the Farmer's Boy," answered the little rabbit, peeking out through the brambles. "I guess he hit Danny Fox, for there he goes limping towards the Shady Forest.

"We'd better look out," said Timmy Mea-

downmouse with a shiver. "Maybe the Farmer's Boy will come after us."

"You're too small," said Little Jack Rabbit, "but I'll take good care he doesn't see me, on the Sunny Meadow."

Just then another shot was heard. "Goodness me!" said the little rabbit, "maybe this time he's killed Danny Fox!"

"No, but he almost hit me!" cried Mr. Rabbit, popping into the Old Bramble Patch.

"You and the boys had better come inside," said Mrs. Rabbit nervously from the front door. "Brother Bobby Tail has just hopped into the kitchen in a great hurry. He says the Farmer's Boy is shooting at everything he sees."

BANG, BANG, BANG!

"I DECLARE, I think it's going to snow again," said Mr. Rabbit, looking out of the back door.

Mr. Rabbit was right. Father Storm's two small sons, Snow Flake and Snow Drop, were flying here and there. Soon their little comrades by the million were hurrying down from the gray sky, from which, only a few hours before, Mr. Merry Sun was smiling. Over the Sunny Meadow they came, along the Bubbling Brook, where Miss Pussy Willow stood looking very cold and uncomfortable.

"Let's give her a warm muff!" shouted

the Snow Flake Brothers, and in a few minutes her little hands were warm again.

They sprinkled the catkins of the alders with whiteness until they looked like woolly lambs' tails, and wrapped the birches and hazels in long white dresses.

"Let's skate on the Old Duck Pond," cried Snow Flake. Over the ice he slid till his comrades were piled up against the Old Mill in long white drifts. They hid in the water wheel and clung to the bending branches of the willow trees until they looked like loosened skeins of yarn.

"Come on!" cried Little Jack Rabbit, "I've got to have some fun, too!" And he and Brother Bobby Tail hopped out of the Old Bramble Patch to the Corn Field.

Bang! Bang! Bang! The Farmer's Boy

certainly was shooting away at a great rate, just as Bobby Tail had said.

All the winter birds hid themselves in the Shady Forest. Little Sam Kinglet, in his olive-gray suit, stopped picking for insect eggs in the bark of the Old Chestnut Tree. Harry Nuthatch also stopped circling like an acrobat around a limb.

"I don't feel hungry just now," he said, "I'm tired of grubs," and he flew deep into the forest. And all the cheery little Chick-a-dees flew out of the low bushes and winged their way into the quiet places of the wood.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed Mrs. Rabbit, "how that dreadful gun shakes the house. I'm afraid the candlesticks will fall off the mantel," and she lifted them down and put them in a safe place.

"Well, there's one good thing about it all," said Little Jack Rabbit to Bobby Tail as they hopped through the snow-covered corn field, "Old Danny Fox won't be around again for some time."

"It's safer at home when the bad farmer's boy
Is tramping around with his gun.
No telling, I say, while he's shooting away
His bullets of lead by the ton."

"What might happen to us if we went for a stroll
Away from our warm kitchen stove.
We'll stay in the house with the little gray mouse;
Just now it is no time to rove,"

sang the old robber fox as he bolted his front door.

THE SNOW FLAKE BROTHERS

"HURRAH!" cried the little Snow Flakes as they hurried along on Billy Breeze after the two little rabbits, "Let's cover Mother Nature with a big white comforter!"

Down from the gray skies they came on their white wings, covering up the shivering grasses in the Sunny Meadow and the trembling bushes by the wayside.

Bobbie Redvest as he hopped about picking up crumbs from the Kind Farmer's doorstep, thought they looked like the white petals that blossomed in the orchard in the sweet springtime.

Professor Jim Crow looked out from his

LITTLE JACK RABBIT AND
DANNY FOX

safe retreat in the Shady Forest to tell the little bunny brothers that the Old Clothes Man in the cornfield would soon be a snowman!

"Haw, haw!
Snowman or Scarecrow,
I don't care;
I'd know a Scarecrow
Anywhere,
Caw, caw!"

And he flapped his wings, shaking off the snowflakes that had sifted through the branches, and laughed again, "Caw, caw, haw, haw, caw, caw!"

Mr. Blue Jay stopped pecking at an acorn to listen. Then he gave a laugh that sounded very much like Professor Jim Crow's "Caw!"

"Let's make the Old Clothes Man into a



They Stuffed the Scarecrow With Snow.

regular Snowman," said Little Jack Rabbit. So they set to work, he and Brother Bobby Tail, and pretty soon they had stuffed out the empty pantaloons with snow. Then they filled the sleeves of the old coat and rounded out the vest. After that they made a nice snowball head on which they placed the old silk hat.

The Scarecrow now stood straight and cheerful. His arms and legs no longer dangled in the wind.

"Perhaps we can fool Professor Jim Crow," said Brother Bobby Tail, and off they both hopped to find the old professor bird.

Billy Breeze tried his best to blow off the old silk hat, but the Scarecrow Snowman wouldn't let him. I guess he was afraid he'd catch a cold in the head, although he

didn't seem to mind the snowflakes dancing on the top until they slipped off, filling the brim with a white drift that almost hid the old frayed ribbon.

Oh, Billy Breeze, Billy Breeze,
You will make the Snowman sneeze.
If you blow his stovepipe off
He might get a dreadful cough.

See how hard the poor man tries
With his hand to shield his eyes.
Billy Breeze, you're not polite—
Leave the hat on him to-night.

THE STORM

"GOODBY," cried Billy Breeze, seeing that he couldn't blow off the old silk hat, and he drove the Snow Flakes out of the Corn Field and down the hillside.

They filled up the bushes and thickets, the blackberry brambles along the road, hid the roots of the wild grapevine and danced along the Old Rail Fence, playing hide-and-seek in the knotholes.

At last they came to the orchard. For a moment they stopped at the gate. Then, in a whirling cloud they rushed through, covering the twigs and branches with their frosty laces.

"Let's fill Bobbie Redvest's nest," they

cried. Next, they swung back and forth in little Mrs. Oriole's nest that hung like an empty stocking from the Old Elm Tree.

"If it keeps on snowing like this, maybe we'd better start for home," said Little Jack Rabbit.

"But we haven't shown our Snowman to Professor Jim Crow," said Brother Bobby Tail. "Besides, we don't care how hard it snows."

It wouldn't have mattered so much if Billy Breeze had only been quiet. But, you see, he wasn't. He liked to play in the snow as much as any little boy does. So he whistled and blew, making great drifts that hid the Old Rail Fence and the bushes.

Pretty soon the rabbit brothers couldn't hop over them, but had to go where the snow wasn't so deep, and by and by they

found themselves a long way from the Tall Pine Tree where Professor Jim Crow lived.

Billy Breeze was now blowing harder than ever, whirling the snow about in every direction. All of a sudden Jack Frost nipped the little bunny boys' noses.

"Let's go home," said Brother Bobby Tail.

"You had better hurry," said Bob White, who with his large family was sitting in a tree, "it's going to be a bad night," and the next minute he and Mrs. Bob and all the little Bobs dived headfirst into a snowbank where they would be safe and warm from the icy breath of Billy Breeze.

Hurry, hurry, Jackie Rabbit!
Bobby Tail, please hurry, too!
Or you'll find that Billy Breeze
Will freeze you black and blue!

MRS. COW.

It was lucky that before long the Bunny Brothers came to the Old Farm. Goodness knows what might have happened if they hadn't. Before they knew where they were Billy Breeze blew them head over heels amid a cloud of snow right into the Old Cow Shed. You see, it didn't have any door—it just leaned against the Big Red Barn, with the Hay Stack on one side and the Corn Crib on the other.

There stood Mrs. Cow chewing her cud. But she didn't have to whisk her tail. No, sir! There wasn't a fly anywhere!

"Helloa! What brings you two bunnies

out such a day as this?" And Mrs. Cow shook her head, making the little bell on her collar go ting-a-ling!

"It was snowing only a little when we first started out," answered Little Jack Rabbit, trying to keep his teeth from chattering.

"We turned the Scarecrow into a Snowman," said Brother Bobby Tail, stamping on his toes to make them warm. "We heard Professor Jim Crow say he'd know a Scarecrow anywhere, so we thought we'd fool him this time."

"But we couldn't find him anywhere. Billy Breeze was kicking up such a rumpus that we lost our way," said Little Jack Rabbit. "It was too bad, for I'm sure Professor Jim Crow never would have known the Old Clothes Man of the Corn Field!"

"Why don't you hop into the straw over

there," said Mrs. Cow. "You can keep nice and warm till morning. By that time maybe the storm will be over."

"You're very kind," said Little Jack Rabbit. "I hope mother won't worry tonight."

"You'll find corn in the box in the corner," said Mrs. Cow. "That will do for supper."

"Oh, dear," said Little Jack Rabbit, "my toes are so cold."

"Come over here," said Mrs. Cow kindly, lying down on her straw bed. "Now cuddle up to my warm body."

THE STRAW PILE

"OH, I hope mother won't be worried," said Little Jack Rabbit again, after he and Brother Bobby Tail had cuddled up to kind Mrs. Cow.

"She'd be more worried if you didn't get home tomorrow," answered Mrs. Cow. "If you try to go home tonight you'll be lost—or maybe something worse."

"What?" asked Brother Bobby Tail, sleepily.

"Why, Danny Fox," answered Mrs. Cow.

"Oh, oh!" shivered the two little bunnies—not with the cold, you know, but with

fright, for they were nice and warm beside Mrs. Cow.

"Now, pretty soon," she said, "the Kind Farmer will come to milk me. He'll bring his milk pail and a nice hot corn and bran mash for my supper. So, don't you wait when I tell you to run and hide. For he won't stop to knock on the door—there's no door to knock on." And Mrs. Cow nodded her head till the little bell at her neck tinkled three times.

"Where shall we hide?" asked Little Jack Rabbit.

"Over there in the straw pile," answered Mrs. Cow. "You'd better go over and make a nest for yourselves now. Be sure you can hide so that not even the tip of your tail will show, for the Kind Farmer has very bright eyes."

It didn't take the Bunny Brothers long to make a nice hiding place in the big straw pile, and after eating a supper of corn, they hopped about the shed, hoping to find a stray carrot or turnip. But they didn't find any, and as Billy Breeze was sifting the snow through the cracks and knotholes, they hopped back to cuddle up again to kind Mrs. Cow.

By and by they fell asleep and dreamed they were eating carrot ice cream and clover cake. It was too bad that by and by the Kind Farmer came out to milk, although very likely Mrs. Cow would have been disappointed if he hadn't. At any rate, all of a sudden, the two little rabbits woke up with a start.

"Run, run!" cried Mrs. Cow. "Hide, hide! He's coming!"

Little Jack Rabbit didn't wait to rub his eyes, neither did Brother Bobby Tail, but away they hopped. And just in time, too; for no sooner had they hidden in the straw than in walked the Kind Farmer with a nice hot supper for Mrs. Cow. But you can well believe that these two little rabbits were up and on their way home the next morning long before the Kind Farmer had even opened his eyes.

SQUIRREL NUTCRACKER

Heigh ho, how the winds blow!
Billy Breeze plays baseball in the snow.
Over the fences and over the wall
He makes a home run with a little snowball.

THE Sunny Meadow was white with snow, and the Shady Forest dressed in snowy laces. All the little Fourfooted Folk were either sound asleep in their winter homes or tucked away safely from the storm.

Little Jack Rabbit hopped over to the window of his little house in the Old Bramble Patch and drew a picture of Danny Fox on the frosty pane. Just then, all of a sudden, who should come sneaking along the Old Rail Fence but that old robber himself.

"What is he after?" thought the little bunny, running to the kitchen door to peek through the keyhole. But he didn't open the door, let me tell you. It was but a few feet over to the Old Rail Fence, and he wasn't going to give Danny Fox a chance to jump right into the kitchen without first knocking on the door.

But Danny Fox was too busy with something else. Yes, sir, that's what he was. He didn't take his eyes off the ground, but crept along, oh so carefully, until he came to the Big Chestnut Tree. Then he stopped and looked up.

Old Squirrel Nutcracker sat in his tree,
While down in the bushes sat Chick-a-dee-dee;
But when Danny Fox came creeping along
Chick-a-dee-dee stopped singing his song,
As Squirrel Nutcracker ran out on a limb
And hit Danny Fox on his old hat brim.

"Stop throwing nuts at me!" shouted Danny Fox, opening wide his mouth to show all his long, white teeth.

But that didn't frighten Squirrel Nutcracker. Oh, my no! He just curled his long, bushy tail over his back and began to chatter. But Chick-a-dee-dee flew away. He didn't wish to be there if there was to be a fight. Of course that could never happen, for Danny Fox didn't know how to climb a tree and Squirrel Nutcracker knew too much to come down to the ground.

"If you don't go away from here,
And do it pretty soon,
Maybe I'll reach up to the sky
And hit you with the moon,"

shouted the old squirrel, which so frightened Danny Fox that he ran home to his den.

WINTER TIME

All the creatures, fur and feather,
Cuddle close this snowy weather;
Chippy Chipmunk 'neath a tree
In his home as safe can be.

Squirrel Nutkin when it snows
Hides his head beneath the clothes
Of his little wooden bed
In the oak tree overhead.

And within the Bramble Patch
Little Rabbit's drawn the latch.
Everyone's almost asleep
Waiting for the Spring's first peep.

CHILLY Mr. North Wind blows from his home at the North Pole, making his snow horses whirl over the Sunny Meadow and along the Old Rail Fence.

The Bubbling Brook is covered with a coat of ice, and the Farmer's Boy skates across the Old Duck Pond. But Granddaddy Bullfrog doesn't hear him, for he is sound asleep in the mud 'way down deep where the ice never forms.

Timmy Meadowmouse makes little tunnels through the snow, for he is too small to walk over the drifts. But Danny Fox, that sly old robber, sneaks along the bare places so as to leave no footprints to show where he has been.

Sometimes he turns to the Shady Forest, and sometimes to the farm, where Cocky Doodle and Henny Penny prune their feathers on the sunny side of the High Haystack.

The Weathercock swings to and fro on the Big Red Barn and wishes it were Spring.

Busy Beaver swims about under the ice in the Forest Pond, coming back to his little house, whose front door is deep down where the water never freezes. In the upper room he has stored away twigs and things to eat till Mr. Merry Sun melts the ice and tells the flowers to bloom again.

All the birds have gone south except a few. Charlie Chickadee and Jimmy Junko, though, don't mind the chilly weather. They flutter here and there, eating the dry seeds that still cling to the tall meadow grass, or the dry berries in the Old Bramble Patch.

Peter Possum and his family are curled up in a warm hollow stump, and the Big Brown Bear is snoring in his cave.

The earth is clad in snow white,
But all the trees are bare.

The farmer reads the almanac
Within his old arm chair.

Good Mrs. Cow safe in the shed
Upon the manger rubs her head,
And if you listen you can tell
How many times she rings her bell.

She never takes her collar off
For fear she'll catch the whooping cough.
Imagine how that little bell
Would tinkle in a coughing spell.

THE SNOWMAN

Old Danny Fox, with his two small sons,
Stood just outside his den;
The snow was nearly two feet deep
In the Shady Forest Glen.

But they didn't care, they had such fun
Making a snowman with a gun,—
A great big stick they had found close by,—
That pointed right up to the cold blue sky.

YES, sir! Danny Fox was very kind to Bushytail and Slyboots, and although the Little People of the Sunny Meadow and the Shady Forest didn't like him, Mrs. Fox and her two little cubs did. Oh my, yes!

Almost every day he brought home something nice to eat; sometimes a nice fat pullet

from the farmyard; sometimes a tender rabbit.

"I saw Little Jack Rabbit last night, my dear," said the crafty old fox to his wife as he pushed a piece of coal in the snowman's round face for an eye. "But I couldn't get near enough to catch him. My, but he's a wise little bunny," and Danny Fox began to whistle:

"If you want to catch a rabbit
You must have a crafty habit,
For he's timid, very timid,
And keeps a bright lookout;
So if you want to catch him
You must never, never shout."

Pretty soon he remarked that he must make a call over at the farm, and winking at Mrs. Fox, he ran off. After a while he reached the Big Red Barn where the

Weathercock turned around every time Mr. North Wind whistled.

"Now, let me think," said Danny Fox to himself. "All the chickens are safe in the Henhouse; how am I to get in?"

Just then Mr. Longtooth Rat looked out of the barn. Maybe he had heard Danny Fox whispering to himself.

"There's a loose board on the back of the Henhouse. Why don't you pull it off?" And then that bad old rat grinned, for he didn't care whether the poor chickens were eaten by that old fox. In fact, if they were, there'd be more corn for him. Wasn't that selfish? Well, I just guess it was, but there are lots of selfish people in this old world, and that's the reason every little boy and girl should learn to always save a piece of candy

for mother. Then they'll grow up to be good men and women.

Well, anyway, in a minute or two crafty Danny Fox sneaked around to the rear of the Henhouse, for he didn't want Old Sic'em, the farmer's dog, to see him. No sooner had he pulled on the loose board than he began to smile.

"I hope Old Sic'em won't hear me," he said, as he pushed his nose in the crack and gave a great shove. Then, Oh, dear me! I mean, Oh, how glad I am! The rusty nails made a dreadful noise—such a dreadful noise that you could hear them in the next story.

FOX HUNTING

'CREAK, creak, creak!
I'm old and very rusty,
Why don't you wait till summertime
When it is hot and dusty.
This is no time to pull a nail
When Mr. North Wind blows a gale,"

shouted a rusty nail as Danny Fox tugged away at the loose board of the Henhouse.

"S-s-s-sh!" whispered Danny Fox, "you'll wake up Sic'em."

But he need not have worried, for old Sic'em was dreadfully deaf. Besides, he was asleep on the mat in front of the kitchen stove, and how could he hear a rusty nail talk out in the farmyard, I should like to know.

All the same, Danny Fox stopped tugging at the board and looked around just as Mrs. Cow came to the door of the shed. No sooner did she see the old fox than she gave a loud "MOO!"

"Keep quiet, can't you?" whined Danny Fox, showing his long white teeth. But they didn't frighten her. Oh, my, no! She just lowered her head and moored again.

"I'll run my horn right through your tail
If you don't listen to that nail.
That board was fastened there to keep
Out folks like you who try to creep
In through a hole to steal a hen,
And maybe come around again."

"Goodness me!" answered Danny Fox, "won't you be quiet and let an honest man get his supper?"

This made Mrs. Cow laugh so hard that

the little bell on her leather collar woke up the Kind Farmer, who had fallen asleep reading the Almanac. When he opened the door and looked out, the Weathercock pointed at Danny Fox hiding behind the Henhouse. But that wise old fox didn't wait another minute but turned and fled to his den on the wooded hillside.

"Gee whiskers!" cried the Kind Farmer, "there goes old Danny Fox," and he ran to get his gun.

"Come on, Sic'em! Let's go fox hunting!" And he and the old dog followed Danny Fox's footprints over the snow.

"He lives under that pile of rocks, sure enough," said the Kind Farmer, following Danny Fox's trail right up to his front door. "But how shall I get him out?"

And that's just what old Sic'em thought,

only he didn't say so. He barked instead, and the hair on his back stood out straight like bristles on my tooth brush. Then he wagged his tail and barked harder than ever.

"I guess I've come on a wild goose chase," said the Kind Farmer. "That old fox won't come out, and I can't wait here all day for we're going to have hot muffins for supper."

Then, with a whistle to Sic'em, he turned back to the farm.

Home again! The kitchen fire
Warms the kettle to a song.
Home again! And now forgotten
Everything that has gone wrong.

Comfort and a place for dreaming
In the big armchair to find—
Where the wistful hearthstone fairies
Fill with dreams your tired mind.

The End.

