

# Bedtime Tale for the Little Folks

By Howard Garis

## UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE PANCAKES.

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BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

"I have a treat for you tomorrow morning, Uncle Wiggily," said Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady housekeeper to the rabbit gentleman, one evening as they sat in the sitting room. Uncle Wiggily was reading the evening paper about how Jollie and Jilly Longtail, the mouse children, went to the store for a cheese lollypop and were lost. But their papa found them. "What surprise is it, Janie?" asked Mr. Longears.

"You are going to have pancakes for breakfast," said Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy.

"Good!" cried Uncle Wiggily as jolly as never was. "That is a surprise! If there is one thing I like it is pancakes!" And then he felt so fine he sang this little song:

Who loves pancakes crisp and hot?  
Sweetness from the honey pot  
Sprinkled o'er them, while the blaze  
Up the chimney roars—and haze  
From the burning hickory swirls  
Out the kitchen, then it curls  
Een into the parlor where  
You may eat those pancakes rare."

"Oh, you get out!" laughed Nurse Jane, as she wound the clock. "You can't eat pancakes in my parlor."

"I know I can't and I don't want to," spoke the bunny uncle. "I just put that in for fun. I can hardly wait for morning!" he said as he went to bed to dream about the pancakes.

But alas! The next morning, when Uncle Wiggily hopped out of bed, and started down stairs to eat his breakfast there was no nice smell of burning honey, either.

"I wonder what can have happened?" thought Mr. Longears. "Nurse Jane must be ill, or she would have been down long ago to get breakfast. Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy! Oh, Janie!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, everything," sadly answered the muskrat lady up in her room. "I have such a dreadful headache, that I can't see, and I'm afraid I can't bake your pancakes. It is too bad!"

"Never mind," said Uncle Wiggily, kindly. "I can bake my own cakes, I think. But first I will bring up a cup of tea for you. It may make your head better."

Uncle Wiggily made the tea and Nurse Jane thanked him for bringing it up.

"I don't believe you know how to make the cakes," she said. "If you wait until tomorrow morning, I'll be able to get around and—"

"Say no more!" laughed Uncle Wiggily. "Just you go to sleep and forget your headache. I'm sure I can bake the pancakes. You have the flour and water batter all mixed, you know, and all I'll have to do will be to pour some of it out in a little round spot like a big silver dollar on the hot griddle and—there you are!"

"Well, maybe you can do it," said Nurse Jane, as she turned over and closed her eyes, for her head hurt.

Down in the kitchen of the hollow stump bungalow went the bunny. He stirred up the pancake dough, or batter, that Nurse Jane had mixed the night before, and then, putting a little dab of the batter on the hot griddle that was on the stove, the rabbit gentleman watched the pancake beginning to bake.

Little holes came in the top and then the cake turned brown and began to smoke. It smoked more and more and then it began to burn.

"Ha! Something is wrong here," said Uncle Wiggily. "That cake is spoiled. I'll throw it away and make another." He did, but the second one burned, and, just as the third one was also burning, who should come along but Dr. Possum, who got up early to pay a visit to Mr. Whitewash, the polar bear, who had a cold in his fur.

"What's the trouble, Uncle Wiggily?" asked the doctor animal, coming around to the kitchen door.

"I seem to be burning all my pancakes," explained the rabbit gentleman, as he told how Nurse Jane was ill, and how he was getting his own breakfast. "But something is wrong, though I don't know what it is," said the bunny.

"Let me see how you do it," spoke Dr. Possum.

Uncle Wiggily poured some more batter on the hot griddle. That cake smoked and burned, too.

"No wonder!" cried Dr. Possum. "You must turn the cakes over, just as you turn eggs. When they are brown on one side, flop them over on the other, so they can cook. That's why they burn—because you don't turn them."

"No wonder!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "How silly of me! Where is the pancake turner?"

They looked all over the kitchen for it, but it was not to be found. Mrs. Wibblewobble, the duck lady, had borrowed it and forgot to bring it back, and Nurse Jane forgot to tell Uncle Wiggily about it.

"Well, without a turner you can't bake cakes," said Dr. Possum, and it began to look as though Uncle Wiggily would have none for his breakfast.

But, all of a sudden, along came Toodle Flat-tail, the little beaver animal boy. Toodle's tail was flat just like a pancake turner, and when he had dipped it in cold snow, so he would not be burned, he turned over the hot pancakes for Uncle Wiggily and they were nicely baked and browned on both sides. Then the bunny made enough for himself and Dr. Possum, and of course, for Toodle, the beaver boy.

So they had a nice breakfast after all, you see, and Nurse Jane's head was all better by dinner time. And if the grapevine on our fence doesn't climb up in my window and take my hair brush to polish the cat's back, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the lost squirrel.