

Torrance Toggery



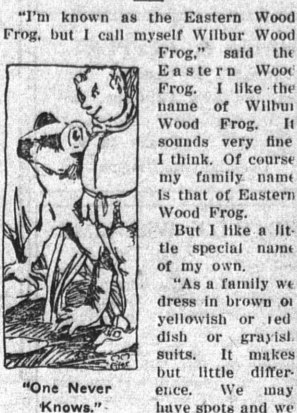
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Daddy's Evening Fairy Tale

by MARY GRAHAM BONNER
WILBUR WOOD FROG.



"I'm known as the Eastern Wood Frog, but I call myself Wilbur Wood Frog," said the Eastern Wood Frog. I like the name of Wilbur Wood Frog. It sounds very fine I think. Of course my family name is that of Eastern Wood Frog.

"But I like a little special name of my own."

"As a family we dress in brown or yellowish or red dish or grayish suits. It makes but little difference. We may have spots and we may not. We're not very fussy about the way we look."

"We, Mr. Wood Frogs, are smaller than the Mrs. Wood Frogs, and that is the way it is apt to be in the Frog World. My ears are smaller than my eyes, and I believe people have bigger ears than eyes. That is one of the many differences between my look and the looks of a person in case you wanted to be able to tell us apart. I'm glad to give all information asked for."

"Well," said Peter Gnome, who was calling on the Eastern Wood Frog. "I don't believe any one would ever mistake you for a person or a person for you."

"I don't believe so," said Wilbur Wood Frog. "Still one never knows and it is well to be prepared. That is why I give forth the information. You can never tell when you may need it. We're very small creatures. We love the woods. We grow, of course, larger as we get older. I'm not very old now. I can swim well, but I don't like anything as well as I do the woods."

"I'm fond of the woods, too," said Peter Gnome.

"Sometimes I jump out when people are picking flowers," said Wilbur. "for they may also have been picking me by mistake. I am a fine creature but I am not a flower."

"I don't suppose they would have wanted you as a flower," laughed Peter Gnome, "but you must admit that when you get in with the moss and the leaves you don't look unlike the wooded ground itself."

"A good protection for me, too," said Wilbur. "I believe in being protected."

"Sometimes in the spring we talk hoarsely to each other, but we're not great on making a noise. We're like toads in that way."

"Frogs are great creatures for making a lot of noise. They love to chatter and croak and goog-a-room all the time. We love the woods so much that we sleep under the leaves all winter and under the logs, too. And when spring appears we get."

"Even the eggs are laid in little wooden places where there are tiny puddles and pools. Thousands of eggs are laid, too. And they all become woodfrogs later on, but they must be tadpoles first, of course."

"I'm supposed to be a nice looking little creature, quiet in appearance and modest at all times."

"I think you are one of the nicest little fellows I've ever met," said Peter Gnome. "I can't begin to tell you how I admire you."

"I love to see you hopping about in the woods. I think it is so nice that you love the woods, for to my mind there is nothing much nicer than woods of trees and moss and shadows, and with the sunlight peeping through here and there."

"Ah," said Wilbur, "I love to hear you talk like that, for it is the way I feel."

"My little heart sings with joy over and over again, for I am so happy to have been allowed to be a little wood frog, and to spend my life in the woods."

"Dear, dear woods, how I love you," And the little wood frog whispered these words very softly.

"I don't wonder, I don't wonder," said Peter Gnome. "I think you show good taste, Wilbur Frog, or Eastern Wood Frog, as your family name is."

"So Thoughtful of Him. 'Oh, ma!' ventured Hercules, the youngster. 'Don't you want the back yard swept out?'"

"No, that can wait until this evening."

"Haden't I better stay at home and do some work in the garden?"

"No, it looks like rain today."

"Don't you want me to clean out the paper cupboard?"

"No, you can do that on Saturday."

"But, mother, isn't there anything that I can do today?"

"Yes, you can go to school, and be quick about it, too."

Uncle Val's Story

WILBUR WOOD FROG.



"You have the general appearance of a man who is having trouble," volunteered the low brow man.

"I am greatly annoyed," replied the professor. "I bought a second-hand typewriter, thinking I was getting a bargain, and is a constant a gravitation."

"I am always thinking he's getting a bargain when he blows himself for second-hand good Old Doolittle thought he was getting rich quite when he bought a surrey for \$1."

The man who sold it said it was as good as new and it broke his heart to part with it, but he had to go to Florida for his health and needed the money. Most of the great bargains are offered by people who have to go somewhere for their health, and they're wise in doing that, for if they stayed around the neighborhood where they sold the junk, they'd have their heads punched."

"Doolittle was so proud and happy over his bargain that it would have made you feel ten years younger just to look at him. He hitched up his family steed, which is named January, and then invited Aunt Julia and Mrs. Spry to take a buggy ride. He and his wife sat in the front seat, and the invited guests took the rear one and all went as merry as a divorce bell for about a block."

"Then one of the hind wheels came off, and the surrey keeled over and dumped my aunt and Mrs. Spry out a pile of gravel that had been left of the street by a cement contractor. He had put a red lantern on top of the pile as a danger signal to motorists. I think the fall must have upset Aunt Julia's faculties for the time being, for she grabbed up the lantern and broke it over Mrs. Spry's head. Mrs. Spry has her faults and failings like other people, but she is devoted game, and the way she went for Aunt Julia was the prettiest thing I ever saw. I was sitting on our front porch where I could see the doings, and don't know when I ever enjoyed myself so much."

"Unless you have seen a couple of refined and cultured ladies clawing each other around on a pile of gravel you don't know what true sport is. Mrs. Spry showed some fine ring generalship, but my aunt had the best of her and she finally won out and came home victorious. And thus through camp and court she bore the trophy of a conqueror, as the poet says, but there was no pleasure in living in the same house with her for a week or two. As soon as she cooled down she was sorry and ashamed, and would have given a million dollars if the row had never started."

"Women are so blamed queer I've given up trying to understand them. When I get the best of a shindy I feel all swelled up for quite a while. I don't have any remorse unless I get the worst of it, and that doesn't often happen, for I am a pretty handy man. When I put a cupola on Teasdale's head last February I was so chesty for a month that everybody noticed it and thought I must have been appointed postmaster."

"Well, after the women fell out of the rear seat of the surrey, old January ran away, and it was amusing to see that rig go bumping along the street on three wheels, with Doolittle hanging onto the dashboard and his wife waving her umbrella and yelling 'Fire!' January couldn't go very fast being covered with ringbones and spavins and other blemishes, but he managed to knock several people down and do a lot of damage to property, and the old man had to pay out nearly \$200 to avoid some damage suits."

"The one thing that keeps him from despair is a rumor that the man who sold him the surrey is coming back here to live. Doolittle will be at the depot to meet him, and it will be worth \$5 to have a ringside seat when the meeting occurs."

Opinions.

"What is your opinion of the tariff?"

"It's a great question," replied Senator Sorghum, "on which I do not permit myself personal views. My public opinions are regulated largely by the lines of business in which my most influential constituents happen to be engaged."

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Slow.

"He seems a little slow."

"Who?"

"The fellow who will be claiming to have gone to school with Harlan. So far he hasn't announced."

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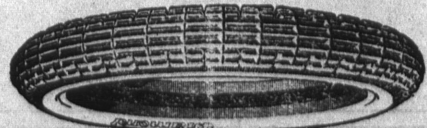
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