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THE PIRATES



BY
FLO LANCESTER
ILLUSTRATIONS BY
THOMAS MAYBANK





“Hullabaloo and his son were indeed in a pretty plight now”

THE PICMY PIRATES

BY
FLO LANC ESTER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
THOMAS MAYBANK

THE TWILIGHT
SERIES FOR
LITTLE FOLK

NEW YORK
THE JAMES A. McCANN COMPANY
1920

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1920

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THE UNIVERSITY OF
CONGRESS
SERIAL RECORD

JAN 24 1955

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PRINTED IN THE U. S. A.

511
OCT - 8 1920
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84-215353

18/5/101
1015/84

THE FEAST OF THE PIGMIES

You will all love this story of the Pigmy Pirates, in which Don and Flip-Flap have strange and exciting adventures.

THE Pigmy Pirates were holding their great Spring Feast to welcome back the flowers, and the birds, who wandered in wonderful, far-away countries, until the Sun brought them back to Pigmie when winter was ended. They were troubled, for the Humming-birds had not arrived.

“We must delay the feast,” said the Pirate Chief. But just then, with a rushing of wings, the Humming-birds came flying in, making a rainbow of beautiful colors.

“Ho, Birds of Beauty, you are full late for the feast,” cried the Chief.

“We could scarcely tear ourselves away,” they answered. “We have been to the land of the Oojahs, where wonder things happen every day—the land of Flip-Flap, the magic elephant, and Hum-Jum-

Jarum, his Little Oojah. You think Hullabaloo, your king, is a marvel, yet what is he, after all? You only chose him for his mighty voice. Flip-Flap has a voice thirty times as big. Hullabaloo can do nothing but give orders, and take all the good things you give him."

"That's so," agreed the Chief.

"Flip-Flap and Hum-Jum-Jarum are always doing things for other people," the birds continued. "We had nothing but excitements all the time in Oojah Land. We wept feathers all the way home to think we had to leave. But Sunface bade us return to Pigmie, so here we are."

"Taste our good Dandelion Dumplings, our Primrose Pancakes and Curried Crocuses," begged the Pigmies.

The Humming-birds turned up their noses at them.

"We tasted the Great Oojah's chocolate cigarettes at his feast," they said, "and your Primrose Pancakes and Buttercup Buns are common after that."

Then the Pigmies left their plantain-leaf plates and sat around the great bowl of cowslip wine and held a solemn pow-wow.

"The Humming-birds speak truly," the Chief said. "Hullabaloo grows more stupid and selfish

every day. Only yesterday he demanded a Snow-drop Pudding, and the last snowdrops of Spring went to his cook."

"Let's go on strike!" shouted all the Pigmies. "We won't have Hullabaloo for our king any more."

"But we must have some sort of king," the Chief declared.

"Fetch the Great Oojah, then," suggested the Humming-birds.

The Pigmies jumped up so quickly that half of them tumbled into the bowl of cowslip-wine.

"We will!" the Pigmies cried. "We'll have the Great Oojahs here to rule over us, as surely as daisies and buttercups grow. We'll sail right away on our pirate ship and we'll kidnap them both!"

DON MEETS A PIGMY PIRATE

The Humming-birds who have been visiting Oojah Land return to Pigmie with wonderful tales of the Great Oojah and Hum-Jum-Jarum. The Pigmies decide to kidnap Don and Flip-Flap, and bring them to Pigmie, to rule over them in place of their own King Hulla-balloo, of whom they are tired. Now read on.

“**H**ULLO!” said Don. “Whatever is this?”

Strolling out of the wood came a tiny figure clad in curious garments. He doffed his hat, with its long sweeping feather, and came to meet the Little Oojah.

“Hum-Jum-Jarum,” he said, “did you know there was a treasure cave in Oojah Land that none has ever seen?”

“No,” answered Don. “Do show it me, please.”

“I will,” the Pigmy promised. “But what about the Great Oojah?”

Don hurried home to the Palace.

“Here’s adventures, Flip-Flap,” he cried. “I’ve



He led them to a big brown rock down by the sea.

met a teeny weeny man who is waiting to show us a Treasure Cave this very minute.”

Flip-Flap sat up in bed, for it was his after-dinner nap time.

“I’ll come as I am, then,” he said. “These pajamas are much more comfortable than my crown and overcoat. I’ll keep them on—but where’s my top-hat?”

Hurrying off, they soon reached the wood where the Pigmy awaited them. He led them to a big brown rock down by the sea. At one end was an opening which led into the cave. Don could have got in quite easily, but when Flip-Flap put in his head it stuck fast.

“Jimininy-jumpkins,” he groaned. “Trouble again! Do say, Hum-Jum-Jarum. What can I do?”

“Pull hard,” said Don, taking hold of Flip-Flap’s tail.

“But I’m afraid,” said Flip-Flap. “S’pose my head comes off like my trunk did?”

“Surely the Great Oojah has not forgotten he is a magic elephant,” chirped the Sparrow Imp.

“Oh, yes,” said Flip-Flap, pulling out his head. “The fact is, I put my memory away in my best hat-box, to keep it clean and tidy. Of course, I’m magic as magic can be. I’ll stand on my head and spin

around three times and repeat the magic word. Let go my tail, Hum-Jum, or you will get thrown overboard.”

And in about three times three seconds Don, watching with wide-open eyes, saw Flip-Flap begin to grow smaller and smaller, until he was just the right size to go comfortably into the cave.

It was very dim inside, in fact so dark they couldn't see where they were going. And then they heard the lap-lap of the waves against the walls, and the doorway closed with a snap. They were prisoners!

And then the cave began to move!

THE SUN-FISH

Don and Flip-Flap are invited by a tiny little man to come and see a wonderful cave; but when they get inside the cave begins to move. Now read on.

DON wondered what was happening when the cave began to move. Suddenly colored fairy lights shone out all round them. Flip-Flap sat down on an immense cushion of rose-colored silk, and Don sat on another cushion.

Then out from the corners of the cavern appeared the Pigmy Pirates, with swords and pistols stuck in their belts. They bowed low, first to Flip-Flap, and then to Don.

“Oh, Great Grandees,” they said. “We are the Pirates of Pigmie, and we want to carry you away to our Kingdom, where you shall be the greatest of the great, and rule over the Pigmy people for two times ever.”

“This cave is ours,” the Pigmy Chief explained. “It brought us all the way from Pigmie, and waited while we kidnapped you both. It is a giant Sun-

Fish, the largest of the Pigmy Dark Ships. Do be our king. You'll be greater than ever you were before. Come with us—but promise to stay. If you won't, you must be prisoners until you are willing to rule us, for we are tired of noisy, old Hullaballoo, and we shall keep you till you are willing. Do come—we'll make you so happy you won't want to leave us!"

But Flip-Flap wept big tears that rolled down the sides of his face like young rivers.

"Don't cry, Great Oojah," said Don. "It will be great fun. We shall see a new land, and these funny little people look very kind."

Flip-Flap only cried harder.

"What shall I do without my chocolate cigarettes?" he sobbed. "I can't live without them. It's cruel to take me away from them."

The Pigmies wiped his tears away with the corners of the crimson carpet.

"Cry no more, O Great Grandee," they said. "As soon as we land a thousand Sun-Fish shall set out for Oojah Land, and bring all your cigarettes for you."

"Hurrah!" shouted Flip-Flap. "I'll come along quietly now. I shall make a good king, I know, for I have a uniform, a walking-stick, and a new top-hat. What more can I want?"

The Pirates were so delighted they flung down their weapons and clustered about the Great Oojah. Climbing up, they sat astride his ears, and on his knee, and came sliding down his trunk like joyous schoolboys.

“O Great Grandee, how big you are!” they exclaimed. “We will love you for ever!”

“What adventures we will have!” said the Pirate Chief. “But what will old Hullabaloo do now?”

SNOOKER, THE KITTEN-CAT

Don and Flip-Flap are enticed into a cave which is really a giant Sun-Fish, which takes them away to Pigmie. The Pigmies intend to make the two Oojahs their rulers instead of King Hullabaloo. Now read on.

THE King of the Pigmy Pirates sat over his breakfast, grumbling. He peeped in the porridge pot, then flung the cream jug at the cook.

“Who’s stolen my cream?” he shouted loudly, thumping the table so hard he smashed his best coffee-pot.

“I should say it was Snooker, the cat,” said the cook, bowing low. “He’s very fond of cream, always.”

“So am I!” shouted Hullabaloo. “Snooker, Snooker! Come out here and be punished. You’ve been snooking again!”

“Only a pot of cream, High Shoutiness,” said Snooker. “Just a tiny pot of cream for the little Kitten-Cat.”

Hullabaloo flung his crown at the kitten, who fled into a corner.

“Little king with the big voice—and nothing else,” he taunted. “The Pigmies have a secret!”

“Tell me,” roared the king.

“Secrets are to be whispered, and you can only shout,” smiled Snooker. “But I’ll tell if you’ll promise not to punish me for drinking your cream.”

“Tell me first, and perhaps I will,” the king answered.

Then the Kitten-Cat came and sat on the table, and whispered in his ear.

“The Pigmies are tired of your noisy voice,” he began. “And the Pirates have gone in one of the Sun-Fish Ships to bring two wonderful Oojahs home to live in this Palace instead of you.”

“And what should I be doing?” roared Hullabaloo.

“Maybe you’ll carry cream and shaving-water for the Great Oojah,” laughed Snooker, teasingly.

Hullabaloo became so enraged he chased Snooker wildly around the room, until at last the cat fled up the chimney, and scrambled right to the top.

And there poor Snooker sat for hours.

“A nice fix I’m in now,” he said. “I’ll never get

down from here. It's ninety-nine miles high, at least, and I've only got nine lives. I might die nineteen times falling down!"

At last he was spied by a Pigmy Pirate.

"Help, help!" he cried. "Snooker the Kitten-Cat is in danger!"

The Pigmies came running up. When they saw Snooker perched on the chimney ninety-nine miles high they hurried away to find the biggest brown butterfly in Pigmie.

The butterfly flew up to the top of the tall chimney, and Snooker jumped on his back. Away they went, diving swiftly down.

"Why, there's the Sun-Fish," cried Snooker, "back from Oojah Land. Perhaps I'll see the Oojahs!"

He leaned forward eagerly, but lost his balance. Giving a frightened cry, he tumbled off the butterfly's back, and down he fell.

FLIP-FLAP RESCUES SNOOKER

Flip-Flap and Don are kidnapped by the Pigmies, who want them to rule over them in place of King Hullabaloo, of whom they are tired. The two Oojahs arrive in a Sun-Fish Ship. Now read on.

WHEN the Sun-Fish Ship reached Pigmie, the door swung open, and Don and Flip-Flap walked out high and dry on the coral shore. They arrived just in time to see Snooker, the Kitten-Cat, fall splash into the sea, after his fall off the butterfly's back.

"Stand aside!" shouted Flip-Flap. "Just hold my hat, and I'll soon have him out."

Dipping his trunk deep into the sea where Snooker had disappeared, he soon lifted him out, wet and shivering, but safe. A cheer brought all the Pigmies rushing to the shore.

"The Great Oojahs have arrived," they were told. "And the first thing the Big Oojah did was to put his nose in the water and save Snooker's life. We



“Do you know what it feels like to be tickled by hundreds of ants?”

will take them in state to the Palace, and throw old Hullabaloo into the dustbin."

They brought the State Coach out, but the Pigmies stood in dismay, for it was so small Flip-Flap could only get one foot inside.

"Never mind, I'll walk," said Flip-Flap. "I've got my top-hat and my walking-stick. Any king can have a coach. How do you like my pajamas?"

"But I must have a bath after such a long voyage," he continued. "Bring me the bath and the towels, and my scented soap and my tooth-powder, and my looking-glass."

The Pigmies ran to obey. But they would not let him wash himself.

"Never will we let you work like that, O Great Grandee," they said.

"You have saved Snooker's life already, and done more than Hullabaloo ever did in all his life."

They fetched their biggest bath, but it was ten times ten too small, so they brought out all the washing-tubs in Pigmie.

Flip-Flap stood in four of them, while the Pigmies, climbing up his legs, sat on his back and rubbed him, and scrubbed him, and cleaned his teeth, and patted his ears.

Flip-Flap turned to Don with a twinkle in his eye.

“These people are too kind,” he said. “Do you know what it feels like to be tickled by hundreds of ants?”

“I sat on an ant-hill once,” laughed Don.

“That’s it,” smiled the Oojah. And quietly filling up his trunk with water, he raised it up, and sent the water squirting out, washing the Pigmies off, and rolling them topsy-turvy on to the ground.

HULLABALLOO GETS THE WORST OF IT

Don and Flip-Flap are taken to Pigmie, where the Pigmies turn out their old king, Hullabaloo, and make the two Oojahs their rulers. Now read on.

WHEN Hullabaloo found himself turned out of the Palace and Flip-Flap made king he was in a fix. But no one took any notice of him. He sat on the dust-heap, twirling his thumbs and wondering what he could do to the Oojahs, when the Raven Bogie appeared.

“Hullo! How do you like dust-heaps after Palaces?” asked the Raven Bogie.

“I’ll make them sorry they brought their magic elephants here,” shouted Hullabaloo.

The Raven Bogie laughed.

“You were always good at boasting,” he said. “How will you do it?”

The old king twirled his thumbs faster than ever, but said nothing.

“I knew you couldn’t do anything!” the Raven Bogie said, and laughed. “But listen to me. I have

my eye on these two Oojahs. Flip-Flap is nothing but a silly old elephant, and Hum-Jum-Jarum is but a little boy, after all. Listen—the Great Oojah has a mended trunk. It's only stuck together with glue. Steal that away from him and he will be like a great baby. The Pigmies will soon cry out for their old king then.”

So the Raven Bogie and Hullabaloo plotted and planned against Flip-Flap, little knowing Snooker was round the corner listening with all his might. Then off he scampered to find Flip-Flap to warn him, for he worshipped the Great Oojah, who had saved him from the sea.

“After my dear trunk, are they?” exclaimed Flip-Flap. “What shall I do, darling Hum-Jum-Jarum? Tell me, quick!”

So Don and Snooker and the Sparrow Imp put their heads together, while Flip-Flap sighed and nursed his trunk. At last they laid him down in his striped pajamas, and poured thick glue over his trunk, and he pretended to sleep. Soon Hullabaloo and his son came stealing up with a long two-handed saw. Directly they laid it across Flip-Flap's trunk the saw stuck fast, and Flip-Flap jumped up.

Hullabaloo and his son were indeed in a pretty plight now. All the Pigmies were beside them-

selves with mirth when they saw Flip-Flap marching about, his trunk hoisted high in the air, and the two Hullaballoos hanging on to the saw for dear life, too frightened even to shout.

At last the Oojah grew weary of his sport, and with a contemptuous toss he threw them over the heads of the Pigmies, landing them ever so far into Tumble-down Land.

THE STATE UMBRELLA

When Flip-Flap and Don become the rulers of the Pigmies, old King Hullabaloo—who had been turned out—and his son try to cut off the Great Oojah's trunk; but Flip-Flap tosses them into Tumble-down Land. Now read on.

AFTER Flip-Flap tossed the two Hullabalooos into Tumble-down Land the Pigmies led him in triumph to the palace.

“This is even better than Oojah Land,” chuckled Flip-Flap. “I’m growing a bigger Oojah every day.”

But next morning he arrived down to breakfast with a dreary face.

“I wish we had stayed at home, Hum-Jum-Jarum,” he moaned.

“Whatever for?” Don asked.

The elephant shook his head dismally.

“I don’t feel well,” he complained. “My head aches dreadfully. I am afraid my brain is melting in this hot sunshine. I shan’t go out to-day. I’m the only Great Oojah there is, and I must take care of myself.”

Snooker jumped from the table, where he had been helping himself to cream, and crept softly away.

"I want another cup of coffee, extra hot and strong, for my poor head," sighed the Great Oojah.

Don looked around, but there wasn't a Pigmy servant to be seen.

"They've all gone away," he said. "I do hope we haven't offended them, Oojah dear."

"I can't help it," Flip-Flap moaned. "This dreadful sun of theirs is scorching me up."

He laid his head down on the table and closed his eyes.

"Bathe my forehead with hot coffee," he went on. "Perhaps it might make me better. And maybe a bite or two from a lump of sugar might refresh me."

Don gave him a shake.

"Oojah, darling," he whispered. "Don't go to sleep. Wake up and look!"

Flip-Flap opened his eyes drowsily.

"Well-I-never, did-you-ever!" he exclaimed, sitting bolt upright.

Into the palace the Pigmies came crowding, carrying carefully something wrapped in silver paper. They laid this down and the Pigmy Chief commenced to speak in a hushed voice.

"O Great Grandee, who is now our King," he be-



“Use it and save your lovely fat head from a sunstroke”

gan. "Snooker brought word our sun has made you sick. So we bring you our State Umbrella. Use it, and save your lovely fat head from a sunstroke."

Gathering around the Oojah they unfurled a big striped umbrella with a golden handle.

"The very thing!" cried Flip-Flap. "It will just go with my pajamas. The mere sight of it has sent my headache clean away."

"Then we may shout 'Hurrah?'" asked the Pigmies, anxiously.

"Shout as loud as you like," said Don. "I can see his headache has gone by the curl of his trunk."

"Yes," agreed Flip-Flap, flourishing the umbrella. "And it's time now we had our State Procession."

FLIP-FLAP GOES FISHING

Flip-Flap and Don are taken to Pigmie to rule over the Pigmies. After tossing wicked old King Hullabaloo and his son to Tumble-down Land, Flip-Flap decides to have a State Procession. Now read on.

THE Grand State Procession was ready to start, when Flip-Flap stopped suddenly.

"Where's my top-hat?" he asked. "No king can do without that, can he, Little Oojah? And I must have some chocolate cigarettes, too."

They paraded in state under the striped umbrella, and Snooker, with brushed-out tail and curled whiskers, walked proudly between the two Oojahs. And so they went round and round their kingdom.

"Now, we'll take a half-holiday," Flip-Flap said, when the tour ended. "What will we do, Hum-Jum-Jarum?"

"Anything you like," Don answered. "Is your headache quite gone, Great Oojah?"

Flip-Flap put up his hand and felt his head.

"I can't feel it anywhere," he said. "It seems to have dropped off somewhere. But I'd better not start thinking—it might bring it back again. What shall we do, Snooker, little Kitten-Cat?"

"Come fishing," suggested Snooker. "You've had a glorious time, Great Oojah. See the pails of lovely ice cream the Pigmies gave you to keep your brain cool. A quiet afternoon's fishing will do you good—the sea breezes will blow your bad head away."

"Snooker's pining for fish," laughed Don. "I can see his little game. But what about a fishing-rod?"

"The State Umbrella, of course!" said Snooker.

They trotted off to the shore, but half-way down the winding path Flip-Flap came to a standstill.

"If I fish with this umbrella," he said, "what shall I keep the sunny sun off with?"

"You've got your top-hat," Don reminded him.

"Not nearly brimmy enough for this weather," said the elephant, solemnly shaking his head.

"I'll soon make you comfortable," said Don.

So he arranged Flip-Flap's handkerchief around his head, with the hat on top to keep it in place, leaving the corners to hang like a fringe.

"Just the thing!" Flip-Flap exclaimed. "And now for some fishing!"

So again and again he leaned over, and, dipping

the umbrella into the sea, scooped it up full of fish.

“I think it is time that you stopped,” said Don at last. “Do look at Snooker. He’s never had so many fish in his life before. He’s eaten a fishmonger’s shopful already!”

“Fresh fish is such a treat,” purred Snooker. “And I’ve never had a Great Grandee to fish for me with a State Umbrella.”

“Why, there’s a ship!” cried Don. “And the Pigmies are running in hundreds! Whatever is the matter?”

JOANNA THE DUCK

Don and Flip-Flap become the rulers of the Pigmies. They are sitting by the sea fishing one day with Snooker, the Kitten-Cat, when they see a ship in full sail approaching the land. Now read on.

“**T**HE Pirates are coming home,” explained Snooker, the Kitten-Cat, pointing to a curly ship in full sail coming over the waves. “Let’s go down and meet them.”

The Great Oojah jumped up in such a hurry his hat fell off and went rolling into the water.

“Now you must fish for your hat,” laughed Snooker.

“Never mind,” said the elephant, hooking it out with the handle of his umbrella. “It’s nice and cool now.”

Snooker snatched up a flat-fish to eat on the way, and hopped to his favorite seat on Flip-Flap’s head. But in his haste he dropped the flabby fish, and it slipped down inside the collar of Flip-Flap’s pajamas.

"Oh, dear!" cried the Oojah. "I've been and caught a dreadful cold. I can feel it running all down my back! It's gone right down to my knee!"

He tore the leg of his pajamas open, and pulled out the flat-fish.

"Why, it wasn't a cold; it's a fish!" cried Don, flinging it back into the water.

"There goes my supper!" said Snooker, regretfully.

Then up came the Pigmy Chief.

"Oh, Great Oojah, this is a grand day," he said. "Our brave pirates are returning from a far land. They would be honored indeed if you would meet them coming ashore. Hullabaloo was always too lazy to do this, no matter where they went for him."

"Send to the Palace for my big brown box," ordered Flip-Flap. "I will sit under my royal umbrella, and to each pirate I will give a kiss, a pat on the head, and a real chocolate cigarette."

The Pigmies raised a shout of joy.

"Something like a king, this is," said one.

"There's only one Great Oojah," exclaimed Snooker, bristling, "and that's Flip-Flap. There's only one Little Oojah—that's Hum-Jum-Jarum. And there's only one saucy Snooker—that's me."

They waited eagerly for the pirates to land.



"Here comes Joanna," said the Kitten-Cat.

"Here comes Joanna," said the Kitten-Cat, as a fat, white duck stepped ashore.

"Is that Joanna the Duck?" Don asked. "Whatever do the pirates carry a fat old waddler like that for?"

"That's Joanna, the Pirates' Pet," Snooker explained. "She's the only duck in Pigmie."

"There's the Red Lantern!" cried a Pigmy. "And the Red Lantern is never lighted unless something great is to happen. Listen!"

Don heard the murmur of voices rolling like waves along the shore.

"Strange," said the Pigmy Chief. "What news have the Pirates brought?"

THE PIRATES' NEWS

Don and Flip-Flap become rulers of Pigmie. They are fishing one day when the Pigmie Pirates return. The Great Oojah receives them in state, and the first to land is Joanna, the mascot duck. Now read on.

JOANNA, the Duck, waddled past the two Oojahs, followed by the Pirates, and munching her chocolate cigarette like the rest.

“What news, good Pirates?” called the Chief.

“News of a strange island—a place where animals sing, and birds and butterflies do all the work: where people grow in gardens like Hollyhocks and Roses, and wear nothing but Cabbage-leaf Coats and Parsley Pinafores: where Gold and Silver and Rubies and Emeralds grow inside the turnips and potatoes. The sights we saw sent us home at once.”

“Are the Pigmy Pirates cowards?” inquired the Chief, sternly.

The Pirates sprang to their feet, Joanna quacking angrily.

“We came home because we had found such a land to pirate,” the Captain explained. “And now we have a Great Oojah and a Little Oojah, as well as Joanna and Snooker, we mean to do great and greater and greatest things. We’ll pirate this island and bring our ship home full of treasures.”

“And I’m coming with you next time,” announced Flip-Flap.

The Pigmies stared in astonishment.

“Such an Oojah he is!” they cried. “Hullabaloo wouldn’t go pirating. He was so afraid of water he wouldn’t even wash!”

“I know lots of boys like that,” smiled Don.

All that night the Pirates worked hard, paving the deck of the Curly Caravel Ship with brightly colored Tile-Fish in honor of their guests. The deck looked gay in the morning sunshine, but directly the sailors came on board there was confusion. When they stepped on deck, the Tile-Fish awoke and flapped about everywhere. The Captain lost his footing and tumbled headlong. So did the sailors, falling over one another as they tried to walk across the slippery Tile-Fish.

“Pitch them all overboard!” shouted the Captain.

Flip-Flap and Don hunted the palace for their best handkerchiefs and toothbrushes, and patched

the knee of the torn pajamas. At sunrise they were ready. Snooker climbed up on Flip-Flap's head, and the Pigmies gathered to escort them to the shore. But when they saw the Curly Caravel they were dismayed.

"I'll never get on board that bit of a ship," exclaimed Flip-Flap.

They had quite forgotten the Great Oojah was ever so much bigger than the ship, and he could not possibly go on board.

"I won't be left behind!" Flip-Flap declared. "Whatever shall we do?"

BUILDING THE RAFT

After Flip-Flap and Don have been rulers of Pigmie for a little while, the Pirates return with a tale of a wonderful Treasure Island. Flip-Flap decides to go there with them, but is too big to get on the boat. Now read on.

WHEN the Pirates found the Curly Ship was too small to carry the Great Oojah they were in despair. Joanna the Duck waddled about quacking dismally.

“Dear, dear! What shall we do?” Flip-Flap kept asking.

“Such a fuss about nothing!” exclaimed Snooker. “What’s the matter with a nice raft?”

“Hurrah!” the Pigmies shouted, and ran to and fro collecting planks and boards.

“How can we fasten them?” asked the Chief. “We can’t use nails. They might hurt the Great Oojah’s feet. And nails are only for common purposes, too.”

“Pin them together with Hullabaloo’s gold tie-pins,” suggested Snooker.



"For a long, long time Curley Caraval sped gaily on"

They tried this, but found the pins broke as fast as they drove them in.

"Tie them up with ribbon," quacked Joanna.

"And let it be striped to match my pajamas," Flip-Flap added.

"Why not red ribbon to match the Red Lantern?" Don asked.

"Of course!" said the elephant. "And I can have a red ribbon bow under my chin. That would look very nice, don't you think?"

So they tied the planks together with wide red ribbon.

"You'll finish it off with a nice bow and ends, and secure it quite safely with sealing-wax, won't you?" asked Flip-Flap anxiously.

"We'll do anything for such a Great Oojah," the Pirates declared.

"I should like to sail on the Curly Ship," said Don. "I do love it so."

"Yes, yes, Don. Go on the Curly Caravel, of course," Flip-Flap agreed.

"And I shall go with the Great Oojah on the raft," said Snooker, rubbing up against his friend. "And you'll not forget to put plenty of cream on board for his Oojah's Highness, will you?"

The Pirates laughed at the Kitten-Cat.

"We know you, Master Snooker," they cried. "You'd drink all the cream in Cowland, if you had the chance. No wonder you are so fat!"

"It's good for my complexion," Snooker answered, well pleased.

Then the Captain of the ship and the Pirates waited on the deck till Don came on board and Flip-Flap got settled on his raft.

"Unfurl the sails!" the Captain ordered.

And so, with a long, loud cheer from every one, the Caravel put out to sea.

For a long, long time the Curly Caravel sped gaily on. Then little by little the ship slowed down, till she came to a stand-still.

"It's no use!" cried the Captain, the worry wrinkles crinkling up his forehead. "This ship won't sail without a breeze, and the winds have gone on strike! We may not get another breeze on this sea for three years!"

FLIP-FLAP GOES TO SEA

Don and Flip-Flap go with the Pigmy Pirates in search of a Treasure Island; but the wind gradually drops until the Curly Caravel comes to a standstill. Now read on.

WHEN they heard the Curly Caravel might have to wait three years for a breeze there was great distress.

"I've only chocolate cigarettes enough for six weeks!" wailed Flip-Flap.

"And only fourteen pots of cream on board," sighed Snooker.

"Don't you really think we'll get a breeze?" Don asked.

"It looks as if we mightn't," the Captain answered. "We've never been caught in a calm before. We must wait and see."

"Wait and starve, you mean!" exclaimed Snooker. "Never mind, the Great Oojah can fish, so we shan't hurt much."

Day after day the Curly Caravel ship sat in the

middle of the sea, waiting for the breeze, which never came. And then one morning the Sparrow Imp came flying over the water.

"The sea-gulls brought me news," he said to Don. "You always manage to get into trouble if I take a little holiday. How silly to sit still like this and do nothing! Just ask that many-buttoned Captain what's the matter with the bellows."

"What do you mean?" Don asked.

"Never mind. Ask him, that's all," the Sparrow Imp repeated.

Don hurried to the Captain.

"What's the matter with the bellows?" he asked.

The Captain threw back his cloak, and tossing his hat in the air caught it again on his thumb.

"What geese we are!" he cried. "Joanna, you should have known better than this!"

"'Tisn't my fault," Joanna the Duck replied.

"Well, anyway, somebody's got to be blamed for this!" said the Captain. "Ahoy there! Fetch along the bellows—all of you!" he roared.

So the sailors brought out many pairs of bellows, and sitting in the stern of the ship they puffed as hard as they could to blow the ship along. She began to move very slowly, but the Captain still looked worried.

“The bellows should do the trick,” he said. “What can be the matter?”

“You’ve no bellows on the raft,” said the Sparrow Imp.

Then forty hardy sailors climbed on to the raft and worked the bellows with all their might into Flip-Flap’s umbrella, and in five minutes they were sailing gaily onwards. Don ran to the bulwarks to speak to Flip-Flap.

“Isn’t this lovely?” he cried.

The Great Oojah forgot where he was. Standing up on his raft he planted his front feet on the deck of the ship.

“Sit down!” shouted the Captain.

But the warning was too late, for with a great splash the Curly Caravel turned right over, throwing them all into the sea.

SAVED BY JOANNA

Flip-Flap and Don sail away with the Pigmy Pirates in search of a Treasure Island. Their ship is wrecked, and they are all thrown into the sea. Now read on.

WHEN the Curly Caravel turned over into the sea, the raft came all to pieces, and Flip-Flap disappeared. The Pirates and Hum-Jum-Jarum were all plunging about in the water, and the Caravel Ship, now turned quite upside-down, drifted away out of sight.

"A nice fix we're in now!" exclaimed the Captain, who was clinging to a plank. "There's nothing can save us. I can spy an Island, but it's too far for us to swim there."

"There's always me handy," said Joanna, with a cheerful quack. "You brought me along to help, didn't you?"

"You don't call this helping, I hope," said the Captain.

"A live duck is better than a lost ship," quacked Joanna.



Joanna started the long journey.

“Do talk sense!” grumbled the Pirate Chief. “What’s the good of a duck in mid-seas?”

“One duck and a little patience, and you will all be saved,” answered Joanna. “Hum-Jum-Jarum shall come first. Climb on my back, and stick tight—but don’t go choking me—and I will carry you one by one to safety.”

Don did as she told him, and Joanna started the long journey, landing him high and dry at last on the island they had seen. Time after time she journeyed out, bringing the Pigmies ashore on her back.

But Flip-Flap was nowhere to be seen.

“The Great Oojah must be drowned,” sobbed Snooker, who had come in last. “We shall never, never, never see him again!”

“What’s that floating out there?” asked Don.

“It’s Flip-Flap’s striped pajamas, I declare!” said the Look-out, who could see fifteen times farther than any of the other Pigmies.

“Jump on my back, somebody, quick!” cried Joanna. “We’ll go out and rescue him.”

The Captain jumped on, and away they went. But, though they scoured the seas, no trace of the Great Oojah could they find. They returned, bringing the striped pajamas with them.

“If only we had a telescope I’d sail off on Joanna’s

back and look down to the bottom of the sea," said the Look-out. "Perhaps he's fallen down, and is waiting to be picked up."

"These pajamas would make a beautiful telescope," said Snooker. "Try them."

So the Look-out sailed away with Joanna, and, standing on her back, he peered through the legs of Flip-Flap's pajamas down into the deep sea.

"There's his top-hat, right enough," he announced. "But nothing else! I'm afraid the Great Oojah is gone for ever!"

THE HARD-WORKING DUCK

Don and Flip-Flap sail away with the Pigmy Pirates in search of Treasure Island. The ship is wrecked; but Joanna, the Pet Duck, carried them one by one to a deserted coast. Flip-Flap disappears in the sea, and cannot be found. Now read on.

THE Pigmy Pirates on the island wept aloud when the Look-out brought back word that Flip-Flap could not be found, and for two whole days they sat bemoaning the fate of their magic elephant. Then Snooker sat up and stretched himself.

“We shall all starve together soon,” he said. “We’d better go fishing.”

“There’s nothing here but sharks and whales,” explained the Captain. “And we’ve no fish-hooks big enough.”

“Then we must starve,” sighed the Kitten-Cat. “There’s nothing here—no birds, no fish, no food, no anything.”



"I've finished work for to-day," she murmured.

"You've forgotten Joanna," said the Sparrow Imp.

"What's the good of Joanna?" asked Snooker.

"Roast duck is fine, but we've no fire."

"Joanna isn't ever going to be roasted," said the Captain, severely. "When she's too old to help us, we shall keep her under a glass case."

"Can't Joanna lay eggs for you all, stupid ones?" asked the Sparrow Imp.

"That's it!" shouted the Captain. "Joanna, you're the best bird we ever had. Now's your chance to save our lives again."

"How?" inquired the Pet Duck, waddling about in perplexity.

"Lay eggs for us," said the Captain. "And work overtime. Instead of laying one egg a day, work harder and lay one for each of us. You'd better start right away, for we are all hungry."

"What—lay 79 eggs a day!" gasped Joanna. "I little thought being the Pirates' Pet Duck would mean such slavery as this! Don't let anybody come anywhere near me now, for if I have to turn out 79 eggs a day, I shall have no time for talking." And away she waddled to her task.

Now and again they went to see how she was getting on, but she quacked them all away.

"No admittance during business hours!" she said,

sharply. "If any one disturbs me, he'll get no supper!"

But at sunset she summoned them with a cheerful quack.

"I've finished work for to-day," she announced. And there, laid out in long, neat rows, were the 79 eggs.

Then there was a gay old scramble.

"Let's cook them in the boiling spring," said Don.

"I hope this won't last long," complained Joanna. "I shall soon need a rest-cure if I have to keep you boys going like this every day."

"Hallo!" shouted Snooker, standing up on his two back legs. "Hallo, I can see something floating in. I wonder if it's Flip-Flap?"

JOANNA'S MEDAL

Don and Flip-Flap sail away with the Pigmy Pirates in search of a Treasure Island. The ship is wrecked; but they all get to a deserted shore except Flip-Flap, who cannot be found. One day they see something floating towards land and think it is the Great Oojah. Now read on.

“**I**T must be Flip-Flap!” shouted Snooker, the Kitten-Cat. “He’s wading after us, and he’s got his umbrella up to keep the sun off.”

They clambered over the rocks and ran down to the shore, only to find the state umbrella washed up by the waves. There was no sign of the Great Oojah anywhere.

“It’s Flip-Flap’s umbrella, right enough,” cried Don. “If only it had been Flip-Flap himself!”

“I wish it was something to eat,” grumbled Joanna. “I get very weary, laying 79 eggs a day. I think I’ll go to bed. But be sure you call me early if I have to go on working again to-morrow.”

"You're a hero, Joanna," said the Captain. "And you shall have a medal. I'll see to that."

"I can't eat medals," objected Joanna. "And I'd sooner have a good dinner than all your silly medals."

"But they only give medals to heroes," said Don. "My daddy has one at home, and he wouldn't lose it for worlds."

"It's meals I want, not medals," said Joanna, wearily.

Then the Captain unfastened his own medal, and hung it around the neck of the pet duck.

"Just to cheer her up," he explained.

But when she had gone he called the Pirates together.

"We can't live always on Joanna," he said. "We shall have to get away, somehow."

"Somehow is anyhow," retorted Snooker. "I'll tell you. Yesterday, when I was prowling around after mice, I saw an enormous bird sitting in a corner behind the high cliff. I wonder if we could catch it and fly home?"

"Let's try," said Don.

They stole out very quietly, Snooker leading the way on velvet feet. When they reached the spot they found to their disappointment that the bird had

gone. But it had left behind a tremendously big egg.

“What an egg!” exclaimed Snooker. “It would take me ever so long to eat that!”

“It’s almost as big as the Caravel!” exclaimed the Pirate Chief. “I never saw anything like it!”

“Nor I,” said Don. “Whatever can it be?”

“I know,” said the ship’s Captain, “for I’ve sailed around the world 25 times and a half. It’s an *Æpyornis* egg, the biggest any bird ever laid.”

“Perhaps we could live on it,” suggested Snooker. “That would give Joanna a rest.”

Don threw back his curls and clapped his hands.

“Why, it’s just what we’re wanting,” he cried. “We can cut the shell in two and sail home in it. Wouldn’t it make two lovely canoes?”

THE UMBRELLA SHIP

Flip-Flap and Don get wrecked with the Pigmy Pirates on their way to a Treasure Island. They all reach a deserted shore except Flip-Flap, who disappears. They find a big egg, which they intend to cut in half and sail away in. Now read on.

THE Pigmies were so anxious to sail at sunrise they worked on by moonlight rolling the Æpyornis egg down to the beach. Then, gathering around, they hacked at it gingerly with their jack-knives.

“We shall never make the canoes by the time the tide rises,” said Don.

“We’ll blow it in two with our pistols, then,” said the Captain.

So they picked out thirty-three of their very best shots, and with pistols in each hand, and, drawing a line right along the shell with the blue pencil he always carried behind his ear for an ornament, the Captain commanded them to aim at the blue line.

“Now fire with all your might!” he shouted.

But as the Pirates fired the pistols turned into peppermint-sticks, and fired off bulls'-eyes and butter-scotch drops.

"Real bulls'-eyes!" Don exclaimed, as the Pigmies sprang back in alarm. "How lovely! I'll fill all my pockets while I have the chance. Wouldn't Flip-Flap like these! I guess he's never tasted peppermints. And such big butter-scotches, too!"

"Things have gone crazy!" cried the Captain. "Our pistols and bullets are mesmerized into stones, and the Little Oojah is eating them. He will kill himself, and we shall have no Oojah left at all."

"Try them," said Don. "They're scrumptious!"

Each of the Pigmies picked up a sweet and cautiously tasted it. The next minute there was such a mad scramble for the butter-scotch and bulls'-eyes the egg got smashed to pieces.

"There goes our egg-shell canoes!" grumbled Snooker.

"Never mind, we'll try the Great Oojah's umbrella," said Don.

"It won't hold us all," objected the Chief. "And suppose we get wrecked again? It's unhealthy to get your feet wet twice in the same week." But everybody only laughed at him.

At sunrise Don stepped into the big striped um-

brella. Jumping in, Snooker perched on top of the crooked handle. Next came the Captain and three Pigmies.

"We'll send a ship the moment we land," they promised the Pigmies left behind.

"I thought some one said there wouldn't be a breeze for three years," remarked Snooker. "Here's a lovely wind coming to blow us straight home."

So they sailed away through the sunshine home to Pigmie, and the first thing they saw on the shore gave them such a surprise Don nearly fell overboard. For there, surrounded by Pigmies, wiping his tears away with bath towels, sat Flip-Flap, the Great Oojah, weeping over his lost Hum-Jum-Jarum.

FLIP-FLAP AND SNOOKER CHANGE SIZES

Flip-Flap, Don, and the Pigmy Pirates are wrecked at sea. Don and the Pirates are taken to a deserted coast by Joanna, the duck, but Flip-Flap disappears. However, when Don and some of the Pirates return to Pigmie the Great Oojah greets them. Now read on.

WHEN the Great Oojah saw Don and Snooker sailing in on his umbrella he was at first too amazed to speak. Jumping up, he overturned all the Pigmies in his clumsy haste.

“Here you are, then, Little Oojah,” he said at last. “Safe once more!”

“Yes, Joanna saved us,” Don explained.

“But how did you get back, my darling Great Oojah?” purred Snooker, rubbing against his friend. Flip-Flap laughed gaily.

“When the raft went to pieces,” he explained, “I began falling down through the sea. Every time I shouted for help I was nearly choked with bucketfuls of salt water. There was nobody to help me,



Jumping up, he overturned all the Pigmies in his clumsy haste.

and I was afraid the water would wash my dear trunk away. I was nearly down to the bottom of the sea when I heard a rude porpoise say, 'What a foolish old thing to go on drowning when he's a magic elephant!' You see I'd clean forgotten I was magic. So then I just did a magic and got home, that's all."

"Oh, wonderful Oojah!" exclaimed the Pigmies. "How three times glad we are to have you back. But oh! to think we have lost our beautiful ship!" And sitting in a row they dropped silent tears of grief for their pretty sailing ship, the only Curly Caravel they had.

"It's silly to cry—just over a ship!" said Snooker. "The Great Oojah might magic it back if you treat him particularly well. Don't you think it's time he had some cream?"

"Cheer up, poor little dears," consoled Flip-Flap. "Some day, if I don't forget, maybe I'll magic your Caravel home again. Won't some one keep reminding me I'm magic?" he pleaded. "I've such a terrible forgettery, you know."

"I'll remind you, Oojah, dear," said Snooker. "Couldn't you magic some cream for me right now? If I was a big elephant I'd put my trunk through the dairy windows and help myself from the cream pans."

"I'd sooner be small like you," sighed Flip-Flap. "Nobody ever nurses me. I often wish Hum-Jum-Jarum could carry me about as he does you."

"Change places, then," suggested Snooker. "You are magic. Why don't you?"

"So I will!" cried Flip-Flap. "Shut your eyes, everybody. I am the Great Oojah, and when I speak everybody must obey. You mustn't even breathe if I say not. Shut your eyes!"

Don shut his eyes tightly, and held his breathe. What was happening? Was Snooker growing big? Was Flip-Flap growing small?

FLIP-FLAP'S SECRET

Flip-Flap decides to work a magic and change places with Snooker, so he tells Don and the Pirates to shut their eyes. They do so, and wonder what is happening. Now read on.

DON and the Pigmies kept their eyes shut as tight as they possibly could. Standing on tip-toe with excitement, it seemed hours before a little voice they hardly knew for Flip-Flap's called out:

"You can open your eyes, now. It's finished."

And there stood a huge cat, smiling down at a tiny elephant.

"Oh, my dear Oojah!" Don exclaimed. "Whatever's happened?"

"It's all right, Don," said the little elephant. "Snooker and I have exchanged sizes!"

And so they had. Still Snooker was not satisfied.

"But I wanted your trunk," he complained.

"And I wanted your lovely fur coat for next winter," retorted Flip-Flap. And indeed no one was pleased at the change.



“Flip-Flap was shocked at the picture he saw”

By dinner-time the Pigmies began to look blue, for Snooker had smashed every dairy window in Pigmie, and stolen all their cream. By tea-time they looked very, very blue, for Flip-Flap was not used to getting out of people's way, and had got his feet and tail and trunk so trodden on that Don had to bandage him up and wheel him around in a doll's perambulator.

"I do wish you'd change into your proper size again," Don said. "Here's Snooker frightening everybody, and I've got to turn nurse-maid for you. It takes all my time to keep you tucked in."

"Yes, do change back into the Oojah we know," echoed the Pigmies.

Don gave him a mirror.

"Look at yourself, Flip-Flap," he said. "You're not the Great Oojah any longer. You're only a Pigmy elephant now."

Flip-Flap was shocked at the picture he saw.

"Why, I've done a worse blunder than ever!" he cried, wriggling out of the perambulator.

"Shut all your eyes this minute," he ordered, and in one twink he worked another magic, and Snooker and he were back to their right sizes. The Pigmies breathed such a sigh of content it blew showers of pink blossoms down from the almond trees.

That night when Pigmy bed-time had sent everybody to sleep Flip-Flap opened his door and peered cautiously out.

"I've a secret to tell you, Hum-Jum-Jarum," he whispered. "Get in this dark cubby cupboard, and I'll tell you."

Don grew excited.

"Are you going to tell how you magic?" he asked, eagerly.

"If you tell magic you lose it," answered Flip-Flap, shaking his head. "No, it's this. Let's give the Pigmies a bumping surprise. What about you and I and Snooker going pirating all by ourselves?"

THE FIVE CANOES

When Flip-Flap, Don, Snooker, and some of his Pigmy Pirates get back to Pigmie, Flip-Flap calls Don and tells him of an idea he has that they should go "pirating" on their own. Now read on.

WHILE Flip-Flap was whispering the door was pushed open gently, and in walked Snooker.

"If I have to go and take care of you on this pirating journey you'll have to tell me all about it," he said.

"You've been listening, Kitten-Cat," accused Don.

"Of course I have. When people get into dark cupboards I smell mischief. I've a sharp nose for secrets, I can tell you. When do we start?"

"To-night," answered Flip-Flap.

"How do we go, then?" asked Snooker.

"I hadn't thought of that," said Flip-Flap, looking foolish. "I'm afraid I only did a half-think, after all."

“Never mind about thinks, let’s start,” said Don. “We’ll be sure to get there some time.”

Drawn up on the beach were five small canoes.

“Here we are!” said the Kitten-Cat.

“I can’t get in one of these,” the Oojah complained.

“You can get into four of them, though,” chuckled Snooker. “A canoe for each foot, and one over for us, don’t you see?”

It took more than an hour to launch Flip-Flap safely, but at last they got him afloat, one big foot planted in the middle of each of his four canoes. Then tying the fifth to his tail, they sailed out. But every time the Great Oojah turned his head to speak he almost upset his canoes.

“This won’t do!” he declared. “I shall soon be wearing a twisted neck. Come in front, where I can talk to you.”

So they paddled around and tied their canoe to his trunk.

“I think I’ve got a cough,” said Flip-Flap, presently. “Wait a minute while I see.”

He sneezed and coughed so violently that their little canoe was upset, pitching Don and Snooker right out. The elephant fished them out with his trunk, and hung them across his back to dry.



"This won't do," he declared. "Come in front, where I can talk to you."

“I shall be glad when we get there,” he said. “You two dear things are so wet you’re giving me shivers and shakes. I do wish I had my pajamas. There are millions of colds, or measles, or something, running all down my poor legs!”

“It’s nothing but the drippings from our wet clothes,” said Snooker.

“Well, I hope it’s nothing worse,” said the Oojah.

Then they grew hungry and hungrier, for they had forgotten to bring any food. A single bulls’-eye Don found in his pocket was all they had to share.

“My knees are growing wobblesome,” said Flip-Flap. “I can’t hold out much longer!”

LEARNING HOW TO PIRATE

Flip-Flap, Don and Snooker decide to go on a pirating expedition by themselves without telling the Pigmies. They set out in five little canoes, four for Flip-Flap's feet and one for Don and Snooker. Now read on.

“**W**E'LL be right as rain, now,” said Don.
“Here's the island.”

They were nearing the sandy shore, and Flip-Flap jumped clean out of his four canoes right up on to the dry land.

“Now we're ready to go pirating,” he said.

“How do you begin?” Don asked. “I never learnt pirating at school.”

“I'm not sure,” said the Oojah, shaking his head. “But I know they have a good time and get tons and tons of treasure.”

“I know,” said Snooker. “You go up to people, and you just say: ‘Hush! I'm a Pirate.’ Then they give you everything you want. Sometimes they don't but those times don't count, of course.”

"What's this high wall?" asked Don, coming to a full stop.

"It will be a Giant's Castle, for sure," said Flip-Flap. "We'll climb to the top, and I'll sit on his chimney and smoke him out. Then, when he opens the door, you and Snooker can rush in and bring out all his bags of gold."

"It must be awfully high," sighed Don.

"It's not half as high as the tall chimney ninety-nine miles high that I climbed up," said Snooker, the Kitten-Cat. "Come along!" and he darted off.

Don tried to climb after him, but fell over, bumping his head dreadfully. Then Flip-Flap tried.

"You come along with Don on your back, and let me pull you up by your trunk," said Snooker.

"I daren't," said the elephant. "My dear trunk won't stand pulling!"

"Turn around, then, and come up backwards. I'll pull you up by your tail."

Flip-Flap tried, but before he got half-way up he slipped and rolled down, as Don had done.

"We'd better give it up, and wait until daylight," said Don. "I'm too hungry to go pirating."

"And I'm too thirsty," said the Great Oojah.

"And I'm too sleepy," sighed Snooker.

So they all three curled up under the high wall,

Flip-Flap cuddling Don with his trunk to keep him warm. Snooker got inside one of his big ears, away from the draught.

When the sun awoke them next morning, Don jumped up in astonishment.

“Why, it’s not a wall!” he exclaimed. “Nor a Giant’s Castle, either. Great Oojah, we’ve gone all wrong! This is the rocky island where we left the Pigmies. And there’s Joanna!”

THE MISSING TOP-HAT

Flip-Flap, Don and Snooker go pirating on their own. After wandering about for some time, and becoming very hungry, they suddenly come to the island where Joanna and the rest of the Pigmy Pirates are stranded after the wreck of their ship. Now read on.

JOANNA welcomed them back to Rocky Island with a cheerful quack. But Flip-Flap lay down and groaned.

"I thought I was taking you to the Wonder Island," he said.

"There goes all our beautiful plans," said the Kitten-Cat. "There's nothing worth Snookering here."

"I can see my lovely striped pajamas. They're using them for tents!" cried Flip-Flap, starting up and hurrying away.

Against the high rock the pajamas provided shelter for the Pigmies, who peeped out from the arms and legs, and hopped out of the pockets. They hailed the Great Oojah with delight.

"What about my pajamas?" asked Flip-Flap. "And is there any breakfast about?"

"Lay two more eggs, Joanna—quick!" commanded the Chief.

"Two!" exclaimed Flip-Flap. "I could eat fifty!"

"More eggs!" grumbled Joanna. "Take this medal, somebody. I'm tired of being a hero!"

"It's good to get my pajamas again," said Flip-Flap. "If only I had my top-hat, too!"

"It's downstairs in the sea. We'll find it for you," volunteered Don.

So he and Joanna volunteered to fish it up. They swam around for hours, but there was no hat to be seen.

"It's gone," Joanna said at last. "Let's go home." Suddenly she stopped.

"Look, there it is!" she cried, as a fat porpoise passed them, proudly sporting the missing top-hat.

"We've called for the Great Oojah's hat," shouted Don. "Hand it over, please."

"Not likely!" said the porpoise. "I'm the biggest swell in the ocean now. Findings are keepings, don't you know." And off he gambolled with a self-satisfied smile.

"You'll have to magic it, that's all," said Snooker when they told Flip-Flap.

“Oh, yes, I remember,” said the elephant. “I’ll soon fix him, right enough.”

And next morning the fat porpoise was stuck fast in the sand with the top-hat on his head.

“Thank you,” said Flip-Flap, at once claiming his treasured hat. “Now you’re here we’ll find you some work. We want a housemaid badly.” So they set the porpoise sweeping up the beach.

They carried the Great Oojah off to show him Joanna’s nest. He put on his spectacles to read the big letters chalked on the cliff:

“JOANNA’S EGG FACTORY.”

“Ha, this is the place for me,” he laughed. “May we come in, my good Joanna?”

There was no answer. They peeped in, but Joanna was gone. On the ground lay a single egg with three words scratched upon it: “Good-by, I’m off!”

THE GINGERBREAD PORPOISE

Flip-Flap, Don, Snooker, and the Pigmy Pirates are stranded on Rocky Island. Joanna feeds them for a time by laying quantities of eggs; but suddenly she gets tired of such hard work, and goes away, leaving only one egg behind her. Now read on.

WHEN the Pigmies found Joanna had deserted them their spirits sank so low they could hardly pick them up.

“Things get worse and worse!” said the Chief. “There’s nothing left now but Joanna’s last egg.”

“I’ll Snooker that,” said the Kitten-Cat.

“No, no,” said Flip-Flap, putting it in his pocket. “We’ll save it, and see how things go.”

“Cheerio, we’ve one egg, anyway!” cried Snooker. “We’ll take turns to look at that. Imagination goes a long way.”

“I’ll have my look now, then,” said the Chief.

Flip-Flap clapped his hand on his pocket and smash went the egg!

"My forgettery again!" groaned Flip-Flap. "I put it there for safest safety. Was there ever such a misfortunate old Oojah!"

"It's never so bad but it may grow worse," smiled Snooker. "I wonder what next you'll do!"

Flip-Flap had to go off to bed while the porpoise washed his pajamas. Presently the Pigmies came running up, their hair standing on end.

"Great Oojah, the porpoise has stolen your pajamas!" they cried. "He's running away like lightning!"

"Whatever shall I do?" asked Flip-Flap.

"Out with every pistol we have!" shouted the Chief.

The Pirates rushed down over the rocks, and "Shoot-bang-fire!" went the guns. The porpoise was shot all over, but instead of falling he stood like a stone.

"That's odd," said the Chief. Then he raised a cry: "Hooray, our guns have cooked the porpoise! It's a feast fit even for the Oojahs themselves."

"Why, he's changed into gingerbread!" Don exclaimed, and, gathering around, they had a glorious feast of crisp, new gingerbread.

"There's something queer about our pistols late-

ly," said the Chief. "They never did these funny things before."

Flip-Flap rubbed his head in puzzlement.

"I did a magic on something when you were going on board the Caravel," he said. "I know I did. But I can't remember what."

"It must have been the pistols, you may depend upon that," said Snoker.

For three days they feasted on the gingerbread porpoise, then there was nothing left but crumbs.

"Wasn't it mean of Joanna to go off like that?" said a Pirate. "I wonder where she went."

Don stood up on a rock, looking out to sea.

"What's that sailing through the sunset?" he asked.

"Lend me a leg of your honorable pajamas, Great Oojah," said the Look-out. He peered through intently.

"Hurrah!" he cried. "It's Joanna—our own Joanna!"

THE TREASURE SHIP

When Flip-Flap, Don, Snooker, and the Pigmy Pirates get stranded on Rocky Island after they lose their ship, the Curly Caravel, Joanna, the Duck, keeps them alive by laying quantities of eggs. But she gets tired, and swims away. After a few days the Look-out spies her coming back. Now read on.

WHEN the Look-out spied Joanna they all crowded around.

"I should see best," said Flip-Flap, "seeing they're my pajamas," and he stepped to the edge of the rock.

"Do be careful, Oojah, dear," called Don.

But he was too late, for Flip-Flap had fallen over. They ran to help him up.

"Oh, Hum-Jum-Jarum," he groaned. "I'm all bumps and bruises. Where are my legs? Snooker wondered what I'd do worse—I've done it, now!"

"It would have been much worse if you'd lost your trunk again," said Don.

"It's worse enough now," moaned Flip-Flap. "Feel how much I'm broken, will you?"



“Snooker wondered what I’d do worse—I’ve done it now!”

They were all so busy counting his aches and pains they forgot about the duck.

“Lookey, lookey!” cried Snooker. “Lookey at Joanna!”

Swimming towards them through the sunset glow came the white duck, trailing behind her ropes of glittering pearls and diamonds.

“Such news I’ve got!” shouted Joanna.

“Fie upon you, Joanna!” exclaimed Snooker. “Leaving us to starve while you go pirating. No respectable duck would do such a thing.”

“Who did all the laziness, while I did all the work?” the duck enquired, smartly.

“Why, you’ve lost your tail!” cried Don.

“My poor Joanna, where have you left your tail?” asked Flip-Flap, anxiously.

“And where did you get your pearls and diamonds?” asked the Pirates.

“I paid my tail for a shipload of treasure,” replied Joanna. “When the Great Oojah arrived, I made up my mind to take a holiday. I knew he could magic food for you.”

“Well, I declare! I forgot that!” interrupted Flip-Flap.

“I was so weary I sailed away fast asleep,” Joanna went on. “A singing shrimp woke me up, and told

me all the seavening news. Old Lady Lobster couldn't get a feather for her new spring bonnet, and she vowed she'd sell the secret of the seas to any one who would tell her where to get some. So off I went to Lobster House, and I paid Her Ladyship every feather in my tail to get the secret. They'd have all dropped out next week, when I start moulting, anyway.

"And she told me how the Sea Imps had robbed the oysters of their pearls, and were loading a ship with treasure in the middle seas. I hurried away, and at last found our own Curly Caravel Ship, the sails pearled all over, and the decks covered with diamonds spread out to dry."

"Three cheers for Joanna, the Pirates' Duck!" shouted the Pigmies. "But how shall we get our Curly Caravel back?"

HOME TO PIGMIE

Joanna the Duck returns to Rocky Island, where Don, Flip-Flap, and the Pigmy Pirates are stranded, with the news that their ship is safe, and laden with treasure. Now read on.

LEAVING Rocky Island that night in the four little canoes, Flip-Flap worked a magic and they all reached the Curly Caravel by sunrise, Joanna leading the way.

“Why, the ship is on fire!” cried Don.

“It’s only the sun smiling at the pearls and diamonds,” Joanna chuckled. “Have you never seen the sun laugh before?”

“Ah, here’s something indeed worth a magic,” said Flip-Flap. “Shut your eyes and hold tight!”

So the Great Oojah worked his magic once more, and the voyage home to Pigmie was made in quick safety.

When the Pigmies saw the Curly Caravel riding over the waves they went wild with joy, and General Rejoicings hurried from his Gilt-edged Palace.

“Get out all the best kettles, the saucepans and frying-pans,” he commanded. “We’ll welcome them with the finest Tin Band they ever heard!”

They danced down to the shore playing the loveliest music any Tin Kettle Band ever played in its life.

Flip-Flap did a big think.

“Everybody likes surprises,” he said. “I’ll make the Pigmies a present of the biggest surprise they ever had. I’ll make the diamonds and pearls so big they’ll sparkle like fireworks.”

But instead of growing bigger and bigger, they turned into bursting crackers, and the Pigmies saw the ship suddenly spurting out thousands of fizzling little fires. Quickly they jumped into their tin kettles and saucepans for protection.

“Oh, lovey-lovekins! What have I done now?” Flip-Flap exclaimed.

“You’ve done the magic inside-out, I should think,” said Snooker.

“We’ll be crackered to bits!” said the Oojah. “I’ll turn the magic outside-in again. Wait while I hold my breath.” And in a moment the mischief was undone.

The Pigmies came out of their saucepans, and climbed aboard the wonderful ship.

"No more work for me!" cried Joanna. "I'll live like a lady for the rest of my life."

"And no more accidents for me," sighed Flip-Flap. "I've had enough lately to stock an infirmary."

"Fortunate us, to have such great Oojahs," said the General. "They've brought enough wealth to last us for ever and ever. As for Joanna, she shall have a medal from every one of us."

"And serve her right!" chuckled Snooker.

"Our little Kitten-Cat shall have plenty of cream," said Don, "for we've everything we want. Now we'll begin to enjoy ourselves and everybody else, and we'll none of us ever go pirating any more."

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Published by

THE JAMES A. McCANN COMPANY

188-192 West 4th Street

New York

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