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# CARTOONAGRAMS

By CHARLES A. OGDEN

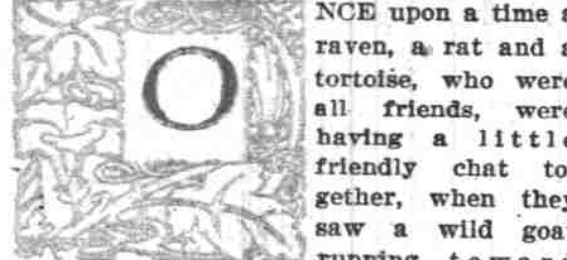
## Bill Plays Hookey, but He Can't Escape His Thoughts

<p>① Bill Squigg's of Squash Center is ten years old and no one could accuse him of being the teacher's pet — no sirree, not Bill.</p>		<p>② Bill never gets to school on time and a few days ago the teacher scolded him for being late. Then she told him to go home.</p>		<p>③ Bill knew that if he went home, his mother, too, would scold him and put him to work feeding the chickens.</p>	
<p>④ And maybe his mother would also make him milk the old cow.</p>		<p>⑤ Now there are a lot of things Bill likes better than work so let's add a few lines to the pictures and see what Bill did.</p>		<p>⑥ Just as we expected. Bill went down to the old 'crick' not far from the school-house but far enough so the teacher couldn't see him. Then he threw in a line and waited for something to turn up.</p>	

# The Story of Lady

DEAR MISS FAULKNER:  
Will you please tell the story of Zirac and his friends? I like your stories very much.  
Your friend,  
CAROLINE M. KNEUZ.

By GEORGENE FAULKNER.



ONCE upon a time a raven, a rat and a tortoise, who were all friends, were having a little friendly chat together, when they saw a wild goat running toward them with great speed. They took it for granted that the goat was pursued by a hunter and so they all hid themselves. The tortoise slipped into the water, the rat crept into a hole in the ground and the raven flew up into a tree and hid in the thick branches. The goat came rushing along and suddenly she stopped to rest by a fountain, when the raven, who had looked all around and could see no one, called out to the tortoise, "The goat is afraid to take a drink of water!" The tortoise then peeped out from his shell and, seeing the frightened goat, he said, "Drink boldly, my friend, for the water is very clear!"

After the goat took a drink he looked about and trembled so that the tortoise said, "Pray tell me the reason that you seem to be in such distress." "Reason enough," said the goat, "for I have just escaped from a hunter and even now he may be upon me."  
"I am glad you are safe," said the tortoise, "but do not be so frightened; you are among friends now and if you care for our friendship stay here with us and we will try to help you. The wise men say that a number of friends will lessen trouble."  
Then the raven flew down from the tree and the rat crawled out from his hole, and they both told the goat that they would like to have him for a friend. The goat

then promised to become one of them and each promised the other to prove himself a true friend whatever might happen to them in the future. After this agreement the friends lived in peace and harmony for a long time and they spent many happy days together.

One day the tortoise, the raven and the rat met together by the side of the fountain, but the goat was missing and they were greatly troubled about him. "Maybe the hunter has caught our friend!" said the tortoise. "Let us go out and seek for him," said the raven, and he flew through the air looking for the goat. At length, to his great sorrow, he saw down beneath him the poor goat, entangled in a hunter's net. The raven then flew back to the fountain and flew down and told the tortoise and the rat what he had seen. "What shall we do to help him?" they cried in great grief.

"We have promised our friendship, and that we would try to protect one another in time of trouble; it would be shameful to break our bond and not live up to all we said," said the tortoise. "Yes," said the raven, "we must find some way to deliver our poor friend goat out of his captivity," and this is for you to do, Zirac." Now, the rat was nicknamed Zirac, and he said, "I will be glad to do all in my power to help our poor friend, but how shall it be done?" Let us go at once," said the raven. I will carry you in my bill and take you to the place where our poor friend, the goat, is a prisoner, and then you must set him free."

So the raven took the rat in his bill and carried him to the place where the goat was entangled in the net. When Zirac came down to the ground he said, "Have patience, my friend, and I will soon set you free," and then the rat began to gnaw and gnaw at the rope until at last he cut the rope that held the foot of the goat and the goat was free.

"Thank you, my small friend, I shall always be grateful to you," said the goat. Just then they looked up and saw their friend the tortoise creeping slowly toward them, and the goat cried out, "Oh, why have you come hither, friend tortoise?" "Because I could no longer endure



The Raven Took Zirac to Rescue the Goat.

your absence," replied the tortoise. "Dear, faithful friend," said the goat, "your coming here troubles me as much as the loss of my own liberty, for if the hunter should come, how could you make your escape? I can run very fast and escape from him,"

# The Story of Zirac is told today

the raven can find safety in flight and Zirac, the rat, can creep into some hole, but you who are so slow of foot, how can you be safe? I am very much afraid that you will become his prey."

No sooner had the goat spoken these words than the hunter suddenly appeared. The goat, being free, ran away as fast as he could run, the raven flew into the air and Zirac slipped into a hole and hid, and just as the goat had said, the slow-paced old tortoise remained without any help.

When the hunter saw that his net was broken and that the goat was missing he was very angry. He began to look about on the ground to see who had done this mischief, and unfortunately, in this searching he discovered the poor, slow tortoise. "Oh, oh!" exclaimed the hunter, "this is very good; here is a plump tortoise, and that is worth something. I shall not have to go home empty-handed after all." The poor tortoise tried to hide in his shell, but the man picked him up, put him in a sack, threw the sack over his shoulder and started for home.

After he had gone the three friends came out from their hiding places and met together, and the raven said: "While I was flying overhead I saw the hunter pick up the tortoise and carry him away in a sack. The friends all began to cry at this sad news, but the raven said: "Dear friends, our tears and moans cannot help the tortoise; we must find out some way to save his life. We can only prove that we are true friends by our actions. Our dear companion, the tortoise, is a prisoner; now we must find some way of setting him free, if that is possible." "This is good advice," replied Zirac, "and I think I know how it can be done. Let our friend, the goat, show herself to the hunter and he will then put down his sack and run after her." "All right," agreed the goat, "that is a good plan. I will pretend to be very lame and go limping before the hunter and then he will think that he can overtake me, and thus I can draw him far away

from the sack, while the rat will have time to know a hole in the sack, so the our friend, the tortoise, may escape."

This plan was such a good one that the three friends immediately put it into practice. The goat ran in front of the hunter and began to limp as though he were badly wounded; he appeared at every step to be so feeble and faint that the hunter thought that he could catch him easily. So, laughing down the sack, he ran after the goat with all his might.

That cunning creature led him on an on, and just as the hunter would come near him he would spring away. He led the hunter a wild goose chase, until at last he had lured him out of sight. Now, at this time Zirac, the rat, was gnawing the string that tied the mouth of the sack, and by and by he set free the poor tortoise, who went at once and hid himself in a bush.

At length the hunter became tired of running after the goat and gave up his chase and returned to pick up his sack. "Well," he said, "at least I have something here, even if it is not a goat, and I am so weary from running after that goat, I know a tortoise cannot make use of his little legs and run away." But when he came to the bag he was amazed to find that the rope had been gnawed and the tortoise had escaped.

"There must be hobgoblins and spirits in this forest," gasped the hunter, "or how could I have lost the goat, and then the tortoise in this mysterious manner?" To see, the hunter did not know what wonder true friendship can work, when all are pledged to help one another.

When the four friends met again they thanked each other for help given when it was needed and they congratulated one another upon their escapes; then the made fresh vows of friendship and declared that they would never separate until death parted them. So if we could go to that forest we might find those four friends still living in peace and harmony together.

(This is an old oriental tale retold from "Tales of Laughter" by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Laura Archibald Smith.)