

DREAMLAND ADVENTURES

Desert Folks

By DADDY

CHAPTER V

"The Flying Coconuts"

PEGGY, Billy and Folly Wisher sat safely in the palm trees watching the lions waiting below.

Mr. Lion walked back and forth, lashing his tail.

"You will have to wait a long, long time before we eat you up," shouted Billy at them. Mr. Lion only lashed his tail more, while Mrs. Lion and Cub Lion lay down, blinched their eyes and went fast asleep.

It made Peggy drowsy to see Mrs. Lion and Cub Lion snoozing so much below.

"I wish I could lie down, too," she said to Billy.

"You can't be having a boy Scout fashion," she said. "We can make nests of these big leaves and then we will be as comfortable as birds."

Then Peggy, Billy and Folly Wisher turned to see who had come to their rescue. And who do you think it was? A whole troop of grinning monkeys. More about the monkeys will be told tomorrow.

Blew off a big leaf from his tree and wove it among the stems of the other leaves until he had a door for his nest. He added several more big leaves, thus furnishing a regular nest. Peggy did the same, so did Folly Wisher. Soon all three were cozy and secure in nests that held them more like hammocks would.

"I think a bunch would taste good," cried Billy, and he broke off two ripe coconuts from his tree.

"How are you going to open them?" asked Peggy.

That was a puzzle for Billy. He had never opened a coconut without a saw or a hammer. But Billy used his Boy Scout wits and soon he had his coconuts cracked. How did he crack them?

Why, just by banging them together! He had to bang hard and he did bang a little. The coconut split wide when the seeds broke, but still he saved most of the food and drink. Never had milk tasted so delicious to him, never had food been sweater than the meat of the coconut.

Peggy followed Billy's example, and so did Folly Wisher.

All the while the three had been so busy escaping from the lions that they hadn't time to notice how hot it was in the desert. Now, however, the warmth began to make them feel muggy. They were still wearing the Polar Bear coats and hats and heavy robes of the North Pole, and these coats were altogether too hot to be comfortable in the sweltering desert. To make matters worse the sun was shining directly down upon them while the lions were in the shade below.

They grew so hot that Peggy could not sleep nor even keep still.

"I am tired of waiting for those

foolish lions to go away. I wish some one would come to drive them far, far off."

No sooner were the words out of Peggy's mouth than a coconut came flying from a tree nearby. The coconut flew straight at Mr. Lion, who was on the move, and the third plunked down in Cub Lion's fat stomach.

"Oo-oor-oor-oor!" Mrs. Lion and Cub Lion added their roars to those of Mr. Lion, and they made an awful racket.

More coconuts came flying from the trees and a third coconut from a third tree. The second coconut hit Mr. Lion on the nose, while the third plunked down in Cub Lion's fat stomach.

"Oo-oor-oor-oor!" Mrs. Lion and Cub Lion added their roars to those of Mr. Lion, and they made an awful racket.

The lions roared and raged. They tried to stand up again the flying coconuts. But they couldn't do it. The courage was quickly battered out of them. They turned and fled across the wide, wide desert—fled until they were lost to sight.

Then Peggy, Billy and Folly Wisher turned to see who had come to their rescue. And who do you think it was? A whole troop of grinning monkeys. More about the monkeys will be told tomorrow.

Blew off a big leaf from his tree and wove it among the stems of the other leaves until he had a door for his nest. He added several more big leaves, thus furnishing a regular nest. Peggy did the same, so did Folly Wisher. Soon all three were cozy and secure in nests that held them more like hammocks would.

"I think a bunch would taste good," cried Billy, and he broke off two ripe coconuts from his tree.

"How are you going to open them?" asked Peggy.

That was a puzzle for Billy. He had never opened a coconut without a saw or a hammer. But Billy used his Boy Scout wits and soon he had his coconuts cracked. How did he crack them?

Why, just by banging them together!

He had to bang hard and he did bang a little. The coconut split wide when the seeds broke, but still he saved most of the food and drink. Never had milk tasted so delicious to him, never had food been sweater than the meat of the coconut.

Peggy followed Billy's example, and so did Folly Wisher.

All the while the three had been so busy escaping from the lions that they hadn't time to notice how hot it was in the desert. Now, however, the warmth began to make them feel muggy. They were still wearing the Polar Bear coats and hats and heavy robes of the North Pole, and these coats were altogether too hot to be comfortable in the sweltering desert. To make matters worse the sun was shining directly down upon them while the lions were in the shade below.

They grew so hot that Peggy could not sleep nor even keep still.

"I am tired of waiting for those

foolish lions to go away. I wish some one would come to drive them far, far off."

No sooner were the words out of Peggy's mouth than a coconut came flying from a tree nearby. The coconut flew straight at Mr. Lion, who was on the move, and the third plunked down in Cub Lion's fat stomach.

"Oo-oor-oor-oor!" Mrs. Lion and Cub Lion added their roars to those of Mr. Lion, and they made an awful racket.

More coconuts came flying from the trees and a third coconut from a third tree. The second coconut hit Mr. Lion on the nose, while the third plunked down in Cub Lion's fat stomach.

"Oo-oor-oor-oor!" Mrs. Lion and Cub Lion added their roars to those of Mr. Lion, and they made an awful racket.

The lions roared and raged. They tried to stand up again the flying coconuts. But they couldn't do it. The courage was quickly battered out of them. They turned and fled across the wide, wide desert—fled until they were lost to sight.

Then Peggy, Billy and Folly Wisher turned to see who had come to their rescue. And who do you think it was? A whole troop of grinning monkeys. More about the monkeys will be told tomorrow.

Blew off a big leaf from his tree and wove it among the stems of the other leaves until he had a door for his nest. He added several more big leaves, thus furnishing a regular nest. Peggy did the same, so did Folly Wisher. Soon all three were cozy and secure in nests that held them more like hammocks would.

"I think a bunch would taste good," cried Billy, and he broke off two ripe coconuts from his tree.

"How are you going to open them?" asked Peggy.

That was a puzzle for Billy. He had never opened a coconut without a saw or a hammer. But Billy used his Boy Scout wits and soon he had his coconuts cracked. How did he crack them?

Why, just by banging them together!

He had to bang hard and he did bang a little. The coconut split wide when the seeds broke, but still he saved most of the food and drink. Never had milk tasted so delicious to him, never had food been sweater than the meat of the coconut.

Peggy followed Billy's example, and so did Folly Wisher.

All the while the three had been so busy escaping from the lions that they hadn't time to notice how hot it was in the desert. Now, however, the warmth began to make them feel muggy. They were still wearing the Polar Bear coats and hats and heavy robes of the North Pole, and these coats were altogether too hot to be comfortable in the sweltering desert. To make matters worse the sun was shining directly down upon them while the lions were in the shade below.

They grew so hot that Peggy could not sleep nor even keep still.

"I am tired of waiting for those

foolish lions to go away. I wish some one would come to drive them far, far off."

No sooner were the words out of Peggy's mouth than a coconut came flying from a tree nearby. The coconut flew straight at Mr. Lion, who was on the move, and the third plunked down in Cub Lion's fat stomach.

"Oo-oor-oor-oor!" Mrs. Lion and Cub Lion added their roars to those of Mr. Lion, and they made an awful racket.

More coconuts came flying from the trees and a third coconut from a third tree. The second coconut hit Mr. Lion on the nose, while the third plunked down in Cub Lion's fat stomach.

"Oo-oor-oor-oor!" Mrs. Lion and Cub Lion added their roars to those of Mr. Lion, and they made an awful racket.

The lions roared and raged. They tried to stand up again the flying coconuts. But they couldn't do it. The courage was quickly battered out of them. They turned and fled across the wide, wide desert—fled until they were lost to sight.

Then Peggy, Billy and Folly Wisher turned to see who had come to their rescue. And who do you think it was? A whole troop of grinning monkeys. More about the monkeys will be told tomorrow.

Blew off a big leaf from his tree and wove it among the stems of the other leaves until he had a door for his nest. He added several more big leaves, thus furnishing a regular nest. Peggy did the same, so did Folly Wisher. Soon all three were cozy and secure in nests that held them more like hammocks would.

"I think a bunch would taste good," cried Billy, and he broke off two ripe coconuts from his tree.

"How are you going to open them?" asked Peggy.

That was a puzzle for Billy. He had never opened a coconut without a saw or a hammer. But Billy used his Boy Scout wits and soon he had his coconuts cracked. How did he crack them?

Why, just by banging them together!

He had to bang hard and he did bang a little. The coconut split wide when the seeds broke, but still he saved most of the food and drink. Never had milk tasted so delicious to him, never had food been sweater than the meat of the coconut.

Peggy followed Billy's example, and so did Folly Wisher.

All the while the three had been so busy escaping from the lions that they hadn't time to notice how hot it was in the desert. Now, however, the warmth began to make them feel muggy. They were still wearing the Polar Bear coats and hats and heavy robes of the North Pole, and these coats were altogether too hot to be comfortable in the sweltering desert. To make matters worse the sun was shining directly down upon them while the lions were in the shade below.

They grew so hot that Peggy could not sleep nor even keep still.

"I am tired of waiting for those

foolish lions to go away. I wish some one would come to drive them far, far off."

No sooner were the words out of Peggy's mouth than a coconut came flying from a tree nearby. The coconut flew straight at Mr. Lion, who was on the move, and the third plunked down in Cub Lion's fat stomach.

"Oo-oor-oor-oor!" Mrs. Lion and Cub Lion added their roars to those of Mr. Lion, and they made an awful racket.

More coconuts came flying from the trees and a third coconut from a third tree. The second coconut hit Mr. Lion on the nose, while the third plunked down in Cub Lion's fat stomach.

"Oo-oor-oor-oor!" Mrs. Lion and Cub Lion added their roars to those of Mr. Lion, and they made an awful racket.

The lions roared and raged. They tried to stand up again the flying coconuts. But they couldn't do it. The courage was quickly battered out of them. They turned and fled across the wide, wide desert—fled until they were lost to sight.

Then Peggy, Billy and Folly Wisher turned to see who had come to their rescue. And who do you think it was? A whole troop of grinning monkeys. More about the monkeys will be told tomorrow.

Blew off a big leaf from his tree and wove it among the stems of the other leaves until he had a door for his nest. He added several more big leaves, thus furnishing a regular nest. Peggy did the same, so did Folly Wisher. Soon all three were cozy and secure in nests that held them more like hammocks would.

"I think a bunch would taste good," cried Billy, and he broke off two ripe coconuts from his tree.

"How are you going to open them?" asked Peggy.

That was a puzzle for Billy. He had never opened a coconut without a saw or a hammer. But Billy used his Boy Scout wits and soon he had his coconuts cracked. How did he crack them?

Why, just by banging them together!

He had to bang hard and he did bang a little. The coconut split wide when the seeds broke, but still he saved most of the food and drink. Never had milk tasted so delicious to him, never had food been sweater than the meat of the coconut.

Peggy followed Billy's example, and so did Folly Wisher.

All the while the three had been so busy escaping from the lions that they hadn't time to notice how hot it was in the desert. Now, however, the warmth began to make them feel muggy. They were still wearing the Polar Bear coats and hats and heavy robes of the North Pole, and these coats were altogether too hot to be comfortable in the sweltering desert. To make matters worse the sun was shining directly down upon them while the lions were in the shade below.

They grew so hot that Peggy could not sleep nor even keep still.

"I am tired of waiting for those

foolish lions to go away. I wish some one would come to drive them far, far off."

No sooner were the words out of Peggy's mouth than a coconut came flying from a tree nearby. The coconut flew straight at Mr. Lion, who was on the move, and the third plunked down in Cub Lion's fat stomach.

"Oo-oor-oor-oor!" Mrs. Lion and Cub Lion added their roars to those of Mr. Lion, and they made an awful racket.

More coconuts came flying from the trees and a third coconut from a third tree. The second coconut hit Mr. Lion on the nose, while the third plunked down in Cub Lion's fat stomach.

"Oo-oor-oor-oor!" Mrs. Lion and Cub Lion added their roars to those of Mr. Lion, and they made an awful racket.

The lions roared and raged. They tried to stand up again the flying coconuts. But they couldn't do it. The courage was quickly battered out of them. They turned and fled across the wide, wide desert—fled until they were lost to sight.

Then Peggy, Billy and Folly Wisher turned to see who had come to their rescue. And who do you think it was? A whole troop of grinning monkeys. More about the monkeys will be told tomorrow.

Blew off a big leaf from his tree and wove it among the stems of the other leaves until he had a door for his nest. He added several more big leaves, thus furnishing a regular nest. Peggy did the same, so did Folly Wisher. Soon all three were cozy and secure in nests that held them more like hammocks would.

"I think a bunch would taste good," cried Billy, and he broke off two ripe coconuts from his tree.

"How are you going to open them?" asked Peggy.

That was a puzzle for Billy. He had never opened a coconut without a saw or a hammer. But Billy used his Boy Scout wits and soon he had his coconuts cracked. How did he crack them?

Why, just by banging them together!

He had to bang hard and he did bang a little. The coconut split wide when the seeds broke, but still he saved most of the food and drink. Never had milk tasted so delicious to him, never had food been sweater than the meat of the coconut.

Peggy followed Billy's example, and so did Folly Wisher.

All the while the three had been so busy escaping from the lions that they hadn't time to notice how hot it was in the desert. Now, however, the warmth began to make them feel muggy. They were still wearing the Polar Bear coats and hats and heavy robes of the North Pole, and these coats were altogether too hot to be comfortable in the sweltering desert. To make matters worse the sun was shining directly down upon them while the lions were in the shade below.

They grew so hot that Peggy could not sleep nor even keep still.

"I am tired of waiting for those

foolish lions to go away. I wish some one would come to drive them far, far off."

No sooner were the words out of Peggy's mouth than a coconut came flying from a tree nearby. The coconut flew straight at Mr. Lion, who was on the move, and the third plunked down in Cub Lion's fat stomach.

"Oo-oor-oor-oor!" Mrs. Lion and Cub Lion added their roars to those of Mr. Lion, and they made an awful racket.

More coconuts came flying from the trees and a third coconut from a third tree. The second coconut hit Mr. Lion on the nose, while the third plunked down in Cub Lion's fat stomach.

"Oo-oor-oor-oor!" Mrs. Lion and Cub Lion added their roars to those of Mr. Lion, and they made an awful racket.

The lions roared and raged. They tried to stand up again the flying coconuts. But they couldn't do it. The courage was quickly battered out of them. They turned and fled across the wide, wide desert—fled until they were lost to sight.

Then Peggy, Billy and Folly Wisher turned to see who had come to their rescue. And who do you think it was? A whole troop of grinning monkeys. More about the monkeys will be told tomorrow.

Blew off a big leaf from his tree and wove it among the stems of the other leaves until he had a door for his nest. He added several more big leaves, thus furnishing a regular nest. Peggy did the same, so did Folly Wisher