



THE TEENIE WEENIES.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
MR. HOPPER SAVES THE TEENIE WEENIE GARDEN.

BY WM. DONAHEY.

"CALL out the army! Call out the army!" shouted the Dunce one morning as he burst into the Teenie Weenie library where the General sat working over his accounts.

"What's the trouble, Dunce?" asked the General calmly, for the head of the Teenie Weenies knew how excited the Dunce could become over the most simplest thing.

"W-w-why, t-t-t-there's a t-t-toad out near t-t-the g-g-garden!" exploded the Dunce, dancing up and down in his excitement, his eyes as big as pinheads and as bright as tiny diamonds. "He's a-a-awful big t-t-toad, too. He's almost as big as a-a—I don't know what; but he's t-t-terrible b-b-big."

"He must be big if he is as big as all that," smiled the General.

"He's awful ugly, t-t-too."

"Well, just keep away from him and he won't hurt you," said the General. "Toads are harmless. Just keep away from him."

"B-b-but, General!" shouted the Dunce. "W-w-we're all liable to get w-w-w-warts or s-s-s-sometin'."

"Ah, that's all foolishness," cried the Doctor, who had been listening to the talk. "The toad is a good friend to have around."

"A f-f-friend?" gasped the Dunce, staring at the Doctor.

"Why, certainly," cried the Doctor. "He is just as harmless as a butterfly. And if you let him alone he will catch most of the bugs and worms that are destroying our garden."

"But, Doctor," said the Lady of Fashion, who had been dusting the furniture in the sitting room and had heard the conversation, "they are so terribly ugly—I'm dealy afraid of them," and the little lady shuddered so violently she almost shook off her tiny dusting cap.

"I'll admit they wouldn't take a beauty prize," answered the Doctor, "but in spite of their looks they are almost gentle and harmless. I'll tell you what we can do. We will go over to the garden and watch the big fellow catch some bugs. It will be most interesting and you can see what a useful fellow that toad will be in our garden."

"Come on, let's go," cried the Dunce.

"We had better wait until evening," said the Doctor. "That is the time they catch most of the bugs."

"Don't they catch bugs during the day?" asked the curious Dunce.

"Well, occasionally," answered the Doctor. "But usually they hunt bugs in the evening and at night, for that is the time most bugs are out."

That evening the Teenie Weenies made their way to the garden back of the little village, where they soon discovered the big toad sitting near a stone. From a safe distance the Teenie Weenies watched the toad with round eyes. Presently a black beetle made its appearance, and the toad waited patiently until it crawled quite near, then, leaping forward on his mighty hind legs, he snapped up the bug with his long tongue so quickly the Teenie Weenies could hardly follow the movement.

The toad pushed the bug into his big mouth with his front feet and blinked his round eyes hard as he swallowed the beetle.

"The toad's tongue is sticky and anything it touches sticks to it," the Doctor told the Lady of Fashion, who leaned on the top of the stone and watched the performance with wide open mouth.

Every evening the little folks gathered near the garden and watched the toad destroy the bugs. They grew quite fond of him and named him Mr. Hopper. Even the Lady of Fashion learned not to be afraid of him, and she even patted him a couple of times.

Mr. Hopper spent many happy hours in the Teenie Weenie garden, and he kept the place quite free of bugs, which saved the little men a lot of work, for the worms and bugs were doing much damage to their vegetables.

The Teenie Weenie Poet asked to have this poem, which Mr. Hopper inspired, printed, and here it is just as he set it down:

Listen! Listen! Hear that sound?
A sort of flop upon the ground,
Ker flop, ker flop,
It's old man toad who's hoppin' out
For bugs that chance to be about,
Ker flop, ker flop,
And any bug that comes his way
Will never see another day.

RHUFUS RHYME, Teenie Weenie Poet.
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Letters From Happyland Readers

The Easter Bunny.

"There ain't no Easter Bunny!" scoffed Ned. "Its just mamma colors the eggs and hides 'em!"

"Why, Ned Gray!" exclaimed his small sister, Rose, drapping her precious doll in astonishment. "I'll just bet something awful happens to you, for talking like that! Of course, there's an Easter Bunny!"

Ned only laughed and taking his can of fishworms, went towards the creek, where he intended to spend the afternoon fishing. It was very warm; the fish would not bite and Ned lay back against a tree drowsily.

As he lay there, a large rabbit hopped from beneath a bush near him. It was there, staring at him with large unblinking eyes, until he could stand it no longer.

"What do you want?" he asked. "I am the Easter Bunny!" was the reply, "come with me!"

He hopped away and Ned, as though drawn by some magnetic force, followed. Down into the basement they went. Rabbits of every description were scurrying

about. The rabbit led the way to a large round tub in the center of the room. Several rabbits were taking eggs from baskets and putting them in boiling water, after which they were put upon a chute. Then another chute led to a large vat, filled with hot dye, where the eggs were colored.

"Here is an egg," said the Easter Bunny. "Look at it the next time you doubt my existence!"

Next Ned was in the creek very wet and cold.

"Why!" he spluttered. "I must have fallen in while I was asleep. That evening as he told his parents the story, he said: "And I'm always going to believe in an Easter Bunny, until some one proves there isn't!"—Helen Parker, Age 14, Brownville, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for the button. I wish to join the Happy Tribe. I am a young lad of 11. I am in the Seventh grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Lorenz. I

like her very much. There are 11 pupils going to our school. Five boys and six girls. I have four sisters, Marie, Anna, Agnes and Molly. Two brothers, James and Joseph. I have two nephews and two nieces, Rudy, Rose and Raymond Buzek, and Mildred Steizskal.—Louis James Nadherny, age 11, Milligan, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I want to join the Happy Tribe. You will find enclosed a two-cent stamp for my badge. I would like my pin as soon as possible. I am in the sixth grade at school and I am 12 years old. I will close for this time. Sincerely yours, Helene Smith, aged 12, Ogallala, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I read The Sunday Bee and I thought I would like to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending you a two-cent stamp and coupon and please send me a badge. My birthday is the third of October. I will be kind and

will protect all birds and animals that I can.—Elizabeth Sheehan, Weeping Water, Neb.

Dicky Canary.

My name is Dicky. I used to live with a lady who had lots of birds like myself. One day a lady, a man and a little girl came to see us. The little girl said: "I would like to have him," she said, pointing to me. They took me home, or what was going to be my home. They call me "Dicky." I must tell you how I look. My body is light yellow, my tail and wings are streaked with white. I love to eat plants and pick at a large blue vase. Well, my story is ended for this time, so I will close. Bertha Marguerite Weeth, 2716 Meredith Ave., Omaha, Neb.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I read about the Go-Hawk's Tribe and I would like to join. I am sending a two-cent stamp for the button. I am 12 years old and I am in the eighth grade. My teacher's name is Miss Rierland. I like school very much.

Well, my letter is getting long so I will close., Yours truly, Verle Dority, aged 12, Shelton, Neb.

A Kind Boy.

Dear Happy: This is the first time I ever wrote to you. I promise to do something for someone every day, and I know I will be kind and will protect all birds and animals from all harm. I am sending you a two-cent stamp, by which I wish to join.—Evert Magnuson, Pender, Neb.

March Wind.

March wind howls around our house
He howls all night and day,
And when I go to bed at night
He makes me shiver with all my might.

And when I wake at morning light,
And mother calls to me,
It makes me wish 'twas summer time,
For then 'tis very pleasant, you see.
—Virginia Hunt, age 10, 2595 Kansas Ave., Omaha, Neb.