



51-70M

THE TEENIE WEEENIES.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE DUNCE ALMOST HAD A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Wm. DONAHEY.



"What sort of a coat are you going to make, my dear?" asked Mrs. Lover, as she picked up a stitch she had dropped in the pair of tiny stockings she was knitting.

"Well, I thought I'd make one of those wonderful slim coat dresses," answered the Lady of Fashion, squinting adorably at the needle she was trying to thread. "I thought I'd put a collar of caterpillar fur on it and also put a band of fur at the bottom. That piece of blue cloth the Turk brought in yesterday will make fine material for a coat, and with some chain lightning embroidery I think I can make a stunning coat."

"Too fussy!" exploded Tess, who hated sewing. "Believe me, I wouldn't spend my time puttin' fussy doodadles on coats. What's the difference how they look? All you want is comfort."

"Pretty and tasteful clothes mean comfort for me," answered the Lady of Fashion quietly.

Nothing more was said for some time, and the little ladies worked hard at their various tasks. Some were knitting tiny socks and sweaters, and others were sewing on trousers, coats, and shirts.

"Say!" cried Tess Bone Guff, throwing aside her sewing with a toss of her bobbed hair. "I'm dead sick and tired of sewing. We have been sewing, and sewing, and sewing, and sewing for the last month. I think it's time we had some fun for a change."

"I know, Tess, it's hard doing the same thing all the time, but you must remember we hadn't a stitch of clothing left after the fire, and we must get some warm clothes ready for the winter," said the Lady of Fashion.

"I know all that," answered Tess. "I'm willing to do my share, but can't we have a little rest—some fun or something?"

"Let's have a little party," suggested Mrs. Lover.

"I'll tell you what!" cried the Lady of Fashion. "We can give the Dunce a little surprise party—his birthday comes day after tomorrow."

"What! Give that lazy, indolent rascal a party?" gasped Tess.

"Why, Tess!" cried the Lady of Fashion reproachfully. "That's no way to talk about the poor Dunce. He's not as bad as all that. He's just thoughtless and really the best-hearted little fellow in the world."

"Yes, he's good-hearted with other people's property," cried Tess. "Do you know what he did to me last week? He took a piece of cheese I was saving for Buddy and carried it over to that good for nothing mouse that lost part of his tail in a trap. That's what he did, the rascal!"

It took a great deal of argument to win Tess over, but finally she promised to help, and the next day the little women went quietly about getting ready for the party. It was to be a surprise, and on the morning of the party, Mrs. Lover and the Lady of Fashion

made a big cake while the rest of the women made sandwiches and other goodies.

The cake was a thing of beauty. It was taken out of the tin in which it was baked, put on a piece of cardboard, and hidden away. Several hours afterward it was discovered the cake was gone, and the little women hunted everywhere, thinking some of the Teenie Weenies had taken it for a joke. It could not be found and the poor Lady of Fashion was on the verge of tears when Tilly Titter, the English sparrow, flew down in front of one of the houses with alarming news.

"I say!" she chirped. "The Dunce is in a bit of a bad way. 'E's 'aving a bloom'n' fit or something. I was 'oppin' about lookin' for a bite to eat when I 'ears a moanin', and, 'oppin' on a brick, I sees the bloom'n' Dunce a-moanin' and a-roll'n' on the ground. What's the matter? I asks, but 'e makes no answer, and I flies over to break the news."

"Where is he?" asked the General anxiously.

"I'll show you," answered the bird; and she hopped off toward the big road near the Teenie Weenie village, followed closely by the excited Teenie Weenies.

The little folks hurried across the road and down into a ditch, where they found the Dunce rolling in pain under a big brick.

"What's the matter?" cried the General.

"OOO! Wow! Wow! Wow!" bellowed the Dunce, holding his stomach with both hands and rolling his eyes around in a most peculiar way.

"What in the name of goodness is the matter with you?" asked the General.

"Wow, wow, wow!" groaned the Dunce. "I'm—I'm—I'm sick, I'm poisoned. I'm poisoned! I ate a cake, and I'm poisoned. Took it out of the women's house. Ate it all."

"He's eaten the cake we made for his surprise party?" cried Tess.

"Give him a dose of castor oil!" shouted one of the excited Teenie Weenies.

"Give him a tannin!" cried Grandpa, who came hobbling up. "A lickin' will do him more good than castor oil."

"Yes, I think a whipping will help here!" cried the General. "Somebody just get a match and whittle me a paddle, and I'll 'tend to this ungrateful fellow."

"Don't whip him, General!" cried the Lady of Fashion. "It's his birthday, and he ate the cake we intended for his party, so it's all right—he has suffered enough."

"All right," said the General. "Come on, some of you fellows, and carry this miserable fellow home."

The poor Dunce was carried home and put to bed. He was given a big dose of castor oil, and the Lady of Fashion heated a flat pebble, which she put on his aching stomach.

"I'm scrry I took the cake," said the Dunce feebly.

"Of course you are, dear," smiled the Lady of Fashion. "Was it a good cake?"

"Yes'm," moaned the poor Dunce. "T—T—That is, it was while I was eatin' it."

(Copyright 1922.)

In Field and Forest

Were you to go for a walk with me in my beautiful woods today we would find very few birds. Only those are left who are able to live on seeds and winter berries. Most of our bird friends have two homes, one for the summer and the other for the winter, just as many people like to do. Some few birds come to us who have spent their summers further north.

In the middle states of the east there are about 20 or perhaps even a few more birds who stay all the year round. Many of our southern birds stay in the southern states all winter. Robins, bluebirds, catbirds, sparrows, who eat seeds and berries, do not have to journey very far to find winter homes. Those of our birds who must have insects go to Florida, West India, Central America, and some even journey to South America.

The summer birds who live near our western Go-Hawks like to

spend their winters in Mexico, where the troubles of that country never seem to bother them. Even in winter the birds who stay with us do much good, for they eat the insects and eggs of insects found in the crevices or the bark of the trees. One chickadee will eat almost 100 insects a day.

Next Sunday I want to tell you what I am planning to do this winter to show my little bird friends who are brave enough to stay near the north what I think of them.

With love, your
UNCLE JOHN.

Dorothy L. Weber of Olney, Ill., is one of the 14 children in their family and has three pieces, of whom she is very proud.

There are 49 different types of buoys at sea, each of which has a meaning of its own. A green buoy marks a wreck, while others similarly distinctive show where rocks, shoals, sandbanks and deep water channels occur.

Letters From Happyland Readers

A New Go-Hawk.

Hello Happy: This is Lazar Kaplan speaking. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. My ambition is to live out in the open. I would like to be one of your tribe. To do this I am sending you a 2-cent stamp which is required for the return postage. I am now a Wolf cub, which has boys from 9 to 12 years of age. You will hear more of me when I get my badge. Yours truly, Lazar Kaplan, age 11, 3411 Bari St., Omaha, Neb.

A Fifth Grader.

Dear Happy: I am 9 years old and in the fifth grade. I wish to become a member of the Go-Hawk's Happy Tribe and so I have enclosed a 2-cent stamp for my pin. Very truly yours, Louis Sexton, Balston, Ia.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawk club so I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for my button. I am 11 years old and in the fifth grade. I have no pets but will be kind to animals. Jack O'Sullivan, 595 East Military St., Fremont, Neb.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Happyland band. I shall try with all my strength to keep the pledge. Enclosed you will find a 2-cent stamp. I am in the seventh grade at school. I am 12 years old. I have a great many pets. I treat them as kindly as I can. I like them, too. I will write about them soon. I like to read the stories in *The Bee*. Write soon.—Edith Harn, Route B, Haxtue, Colo.

Mabel's Birthday.

Mabel had a birthday on New Year day. She was to be 23 years of age. Her parents had promised her a dress or a suit. Mabel wanted a suit for she had plenty of dresses. New Year's eve came and Mabel did not get the suit until bedtime. Finally it came. She was so happy she could not sleep. Soon after she was married and lived happily ever after.—Dorothy Rose Ann Kirk, age 19, Carroll, Ia.

A New Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade. I wish to become a member of the Go-Hawk's Happy Tribe and so I have enclosed a 2-cent stamp for my pin. Very truly yours, Gilbert Toyne, 2114 Den, Ia.

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