

THE TEENIE WEEENIES.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A BLUE JAY PLAYS A JOKE ON THE INDIAN.

BY WM. DONAHEY.



The two Teenie Weenie Boy Scouts, the Lover Twins, had learned a great deal about woodcraft during their two weeks in the woods with the Indian. They learned how to make a bark canoe, how to make drinking cups out of seeds, and they learned that acorns make handy buckets. The Indian taught them where to look for the many berries that grow in the woods and where to find the crawfish and turtle eggs.

"You fellows learn much fast about woods. You pretty smart maybe, so we will start home at sunup in morning," announced the Indian while the three little people sat about their tiny campfire.

"O, we don't want to go home!" wailed the twins. "We are having such a nice time. Please, can't we stay a few days more?"

"No, can't do," answered the Indian. "Your ma, she say two weeks, no more, so we go home in morning."

Before sunup the next morning the Indian routed out the sleepy twins, and when they had eaten their breakfast each Teenie Weenie gathered up his belongings and did them up into a neat pack. The Indian had carried the canoe down to the creek, and when the campfire had been put out they were all ready for the trip.

"Where my gun?" asked the Indian, looking around the little clearing where they had camped.

"I saw it leaning against that acorn over there," answered Jerry, one of the twins. "It was there when we went out to get wood for the fire a little while ago."

The Indian and the twins hunted for almost an hour for the lost gun. They looked under every leaf all around

the camp, but they could not find it. They asked their friends, the ground robin and a chipmunk, to help hunt for the gun, and even these bright-eyed creatures of the woods could not find it.

"Well," said the Indian, addressing the bird and the squirrel, "we must go, and if you find the gun just hang it up on a branch of that bush over there, and I will come out maybe next week and look again."

The bird and the squirrel promised, and the Teenie Weenies pushed off in their tiny canoe up the creek towards home.

It was a beautiful morning, and the little fellows enjoyed the trip, as the tiny canoe slipped quietly along, gliding beneath the big ferns which overhung the water. The water was quite swift at times, and at several places the Indian was forced to lift the canoe over sticks and dead leaves. Presently the Teenie Weenies came to a place where the water ran too swiftly among the pebbles and sticks for the tiny boat to get through.

"We'll have to portage here," said the Indian, as he ran the nose of the canoe into the shore.

"What's portage mean?" asked one of the twins.

"It means can't get canoe through, so have to walk and carry everything," answered the Indian.

The Indian lifted the canoe out of the water, and, tossing it over his head, he let it rest on his shoulders.

"Now one of you kids go in front and the other in behind, and watch that canoe, him don't get caught by trees as we go through woods," said the Indian.

The three little chaps set off through the deep woods beside the rushing water, stopping now and then while

twigs and leaves were cut away in order to let the canoe through.

"Hey, there!" cried a voice as the little fellows tramped along, and, looking up, they saw their friend, the ground robin, standing on a stick of wood which lay over the water. In his beak was the Indian's gun.

"I found it," said the bird, as he caught the gun in his foot, in order to talk plainer. "That fool Blue Jay that lives over near where you fellows were camping stole your gun, and a short time before you left he told me about it. He seemed to think it was a great joke. I gave him a piece of my mind, that's what I did, and I got the gun from him and flew after you."

The Indian was happy to get his gun, and he thanked the bird many times for his kindness. All day long the little men paddled up the creek, stopping occasionally to make a portage, and at night they stopped beside the stream where they cooked their supper and made camp for the night. The howling of the crickets and mosquitoes made a terrible noise, but the three Teenie Weenies were so tired it never bothered them a bit and they slept straight through the night.

The little fellows arrived at the shoe house during the afternoon, and they were given a hearty welcome by the Teenie Weenies. Mrs. Lover hugged and kissed her boys, and laughed and cried and did so many strange things in her joy at having her children home again that the twins thought she had lost her mind, but that's a strange way mothers have. Whether they are big mothers or just Teenie Weenie mothers, they are pretty much alike.

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How the Crickets Brought Good Fortune.

My friend, Jacques, went into a baker's shop one day to buy a little cake. He intended it for a child whose appetite was gone. He thought that such a pretty thing might tempt even the sick.

While he waited for his change a little boy entered the baker's shop. "Ma'am," said he to the baker's wife, "mother sent me for a loaf of bread."

Jacques observed the thin and thoughtful face of the little fellow. "Have you any money?" said the baker's wife.

The little boy's eyes grew sad. "No, ma'am," said he, hugging the loaf closer to his thin blouse. "but mother told me to say that she would come and speak to you about it tomorrow."

"Run along," said the good woman, "carry your bread home, child."

Jacques was about to go when he found the child, whom he had supposed to be half way home, standing behind him.

"What are you doing there?"

said the baker's wife to the child. "Ma'am," said the little boy, "what is it that sings?"

"There is no singing," said she.

"Yes!" cried the little fellow.

"Hear it! Queek, queek, queek, queek!"

"It is a little bird," said the dear little fellow, "or perhaps the bread sings when it bakes, as apples do."

"No," said the baker's wife, "those are crickets. They sing in the bakehouse."

"Crickets!" said the child. "Are they really crickets?"

"Yes, to be sure," said the good woman.

The child's face lighted up.

"Ma'am," said he, blushing at the boldness of his request, "I would like it very much if you would give me a cricket."

"What in the world would you do with a cricket, my little friend?"

"O, ma'am, give me one, if you please. They say that crickets bring good luck into houses. Perhaps if we had one at home mother wouldn't cry anymore."

"Why does your poor mamma cry?" asked Jacques.

"On account of her bills, sir. Father is dead and mother works very hard, but she cannot pay them all."

Jacques took the child, and with him the great loaf, into his arms. The baker's wife made her husband catch four crickets and put them into a box with holes in the cover so that they might breathe. Then she took down her account book, and, finding the page where the mother's charges were written, made a great dash down the page and wrote at the bottom "Paid."

Jacques put up in paper all the money in his pockets and begged the good wife to send it at once to the mother of the little cricket boy, with her bill receipted, and a note in which he told her she had a son who would one day be her joy and pride.

The child, with his big loaf, his four crickets and his little short legs could not run very fast, so when he reached home he found his mother with her eyes raised from her work and happiness upon her lips. The boy believed it was the arrival of his four little black

crickets, which had worked the miracle, and I do not think he was mistaken.

—Margaret Nelson, Aged 11, Albion, Neb., Box 465.

Faithful Fido.

Helen Brown was 18 years old and some very important papers were given to her to deliver in Washington. Helen had worked for the government a little over a week and was happy such important papers were trusted in her hands.

Next morning she started on horseback. Her dog, Fido, went along. She had until 12 and decided to eat her lunch.

She took the papers from under the saddle on the horse. Then she slipped the papers under a rock and commanded Fido to keep care of them.

About 3 she awoke and finding it so late quickly slipped the saddle on the horse and rode off. Fido would not follow her, but not thinking she went on. Fido ran after the horse and bit it on the leg.

Helen, thinking the dog was

mad, took out her gun and shot at Fido, then quickly rode off so she would not see him die.

As she came within 10 miles of the town she felt under the saddle. The papers were gone!

She could not remember putting them back so turned around and started for the place she had first stopped. Then she thought of the reason Fido would not follow.

She came to the place where she had shot Fido, but he was not there. Along the road were drops of blood. She came to the place where she had rested and there on the stone the papers were; under lay faithful Fido, dead.—Inez Hardy, Columbus, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy; I am enclosing the 2-cent stamp, coupon and letter and wish to have my official but soon. I am 11 years old and in the seventh grade. This is my first letter to you. I wish some of the Happy Tribe would write to me. I would gladly answer. I must close. Yours truly, Lyle Allen, Box 236, David City, Neb.