



THE TEENIE WEENIES.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

A DAY OF MISFORTUNE.

BY WM. DONAHEY.



GENERAL, I was out lookin' at the cherry tree over in that vacant yard on the next street, and if we don't get busy and get some pretty quick there will be none to pick," announced the Cook one evening, as the little people were about to leave the tiny dinner table.

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

"Ah, j-j-jimminie f-f-fishhooks! Ah, say, aren't we gonna have any jam or nothing?" shouted the Dunce.

"Well, if the boys don't get them all and the robins happen to leave a few, we might get one or two," answered the Cook.

"If we expect to have cherry jam we'd better get busy, that's all I've got to say."

"Let's pick 'em tonight!" shouted the Dunce.

"They will keep until morning," said the General. "But we must get out early tomorrow and get a truck load, and all those who like to eat cherry jam want to be up early in the morning."

"You can just bet your last apple seed I'll be on the job!" cried the Dunce, who was fond of jam and jelly.

"I should think you would," laughed the Cook. "For you'll eat more than half of the jam I put up."

The Teenie Weenies had eaten their breakfast and were well on their way to the cherry tree next morning before the sun was fairly up. The Dunce and Gogo had brought axes along, and these two little fellows were to climb the tree and chop the cherries off. Gogo solemnly walked around the tree three times before he started to climb up.

"What did you do that for?" asked the Dunce.

"It's powerful bad luck to climb a tree without fust walkin' 'round de tree three times," answered the little colored fellow.

"Ah, shucks!" exclaimed the Dunce. "I don't believe in any of those fool charms," and he started up the tree.

"You-all will see if we don't have some bad luck befo' the day is ovah," said Gogo as he climbed up the tree trunk.

The Dunce had just reached one of the limbs, on which hung several big cherries, when his ax slipped out of his hand and dropped to the ground.

"There!" exclaimed Gogo. "You see, de bad luck done started."

The poor Dunce had to climb down for his ax, and it was a long trip down to the ground.

When he had got his ax and climbed again to the branch where the cherries hung the little fellows began cutting them off with a will. All the Teenie Weenies on the ground were careful to keep from under the tree while the cherries were being cut, for if one had fallen squarely on one of the little people, it's hard to tell what might have happened.

When a great number of the cherries had been cut off the Dunce and Gogo came down out of the tree, and the Teenie Weenies all began loading the fruit into one of the trucks, which had been driven up for the purpose. While the little folks were picking up the cherries a big fat one fell from the tree, and striking Paddy Pin a glancing blow, it sent him sprawling on the ground. Fortunately it did not hurt the little fellow, other than to daze him for a few minutes.

"Dat powerful unlucky, climbin' a tree without fust walkin' round de tree three times," muttered Gogo, staring at the blinking Paddy. "We'll just keep on havin' bad luck all de day." And, sure enough, the bad luck kept up.

The next bad luck came when the truck, which had been loaded heavily with 83 cherries, ran over a hickory nut shell and broke one of the springs.

The cherries all had to be carried the rest of the way to the shoe house on Teenie Weenie backs, and the Dunce began to believe bad luck had struck them, for her had to carry 12 of the heavy cherries himself.

The next bad luck came when Grandpa, who was strolling around, happened to step into a Teenie Weenie stew pan and almost fell into the fire where the cherries were cooking. The old gentleman was not hurt, although he badly scorched his whiskers.

Several other incidents happened before the day was over, and most of the Teenie Weenies were quite ready to believe that misfortune had visited them all day.

"Well, you were quite right about that bad luck, Gogo," said the Dunce when the day's work was done. "And you can just bet your last grape seed I'm going to take your advice before I climb another tree. I'm going to run around every tree before I climb it until I'm dizzy."

"Don't do dat! Don't do dat!" cried the little colored fellow. "Dat worsen dan not walkin' a tall. Don't do dat. Jus' walk 'round slow and easy like. Jus' three times, no mo'e, no less, dat's all."

"Ah, that's all foolishness!" exploded Grandpa, glaring over the top of his tiny glasses. "I have lived to a wrinkled old age, and I never had to gallop around trees to keep off bad luck, and, what's more, I never had any bad luck."

"Wasn't that bad luck, steppin' in de stew pan?" asked Gogo.

"No. That was a pleasure!" bellowed the old gentleman, his face growing so purple with wrath that the Teenie Weenies thought it best to drop the subject.

(Copyright, 1922.)

Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

Why Rabbits' Coats Are White. (Prize.)

It was Saturday and of course it was baking day for Mrs. Rabbit. Floppy and Peter slept late because they did not have to go to



school. Mrs. Rabbit went to the children's room and called, "Floppy, you children will have to get up."

As soon as the children had

their breakfast Floppy ran to the parlour to dust. Peter ran to get some wood and Mrs. Rabbit got out the rolling pin and was ready to make a cabbage pie, when in ran Cottontail, Peter's and Floppy's cousin, and said:

"Aunt Moppsy, won't you please come over? Grandma is very sick."

Mrs. Rabbit slipped on her shawl and went away with Cottontail.

Floppy finished her dusting and went into the kitchen and there in the middle of the floor sat Peter all white with flour.

"Oh, Peter, what will mamma say?" cried Floppy.

"You see," began Peter. "I thought I would surprise you and mamma and finish the pie and—and—I pulled the chest"—Peter could not say anymore for the tears were flowing freely from his eyes.

"Don't cry anymore," comforted Floppy, as she threw her arms around Peter. "We will ask Mother Nature to always keep your coat white because it is so pretty." That is why some rabbit's coats are al-

ways white.—Thelma Carlson, aged 12, Woodbine, Ia.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Happy Tribe. I read the paper every Sunday. I am in the Fifth grade at school. My teacher's name is Miss Bauman. Please send me my button and I will try to be a good Go-Hawk. I would like to have some of the children write to me.—Edith Magnuson, Route No. 2, Box 65, Pender, Neb.

Will Help Always.

Dear Happy: I want to join the Go-Hawks and I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for my button, and also the coupon. I promise to help someone every day and be good to birds and dumb animals. I am 13 years of age and my name is Thelma Ruby, Weeping Water, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Happy Tribe. I will send

a 2-cent stamp for a button. I am very fond of the letters in The Omaha Bee. I am 12 years old and in the Fifth grade. I was out of school seven weeks this year on account of the scarlet fever and an abscess in my ear. My birthday is November 4—Illa Dasher, Aged 12, Stanton, Neb.

Dickey.

Dear Happy: I am sending a coupon and a 2-cent stamp and I want to join the Go-Hawk club. Please send me a button. I am 9 years old, and I am in the Third grade. I have one pet dog. His name is Dickey. He is white and has two black ears. Well I must close. Yours truly, Izola Johnson, Aged 9, Bruning, Neb.

Builds Bird House.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Happy club. I am sending a 2-cent stamp, and I wish to receive my button. I promise to protect the birds, and be kind to all dumb animals. I am very fond of birds and I am going to make bird

houses this summer and put them in the tree.—Mildred Cooper, Aged 11, Washington, Neb.

A Fifth Grader.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy Tribe. I am 11 years old and in the Fifth grade. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a button. I promise to be kind to birds and dumb animals. I read the stories all the time and enjoy them.—Your friend, Lawrence Fletcher, Schuyler, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I enjoy your page very much and would like to be a member of your Happyland. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp. Will you please send me a button?—George Brasch, Aged 9, 3527 Madison Street, Omaha, Neb.

Watch.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy Tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my pin. I have a dog, his name is Watch.

(Continued on Page Eight.)