



THE TEENIE WEEENIES.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

GOGO AND THE SAILOR WIN A CHAMPIONSHIP.

BY WM. DONAHEY.

IT was a warm day. The older Teenie Weenies sat about the lawn under the rose-bush, napping and reading, while the children played hide and seek.

"It is entirely too hot for the boys to run so hard," said Mrs. Lover. "I'm afraid they'll both have sunstroke. But how can I stop them?"

"I tell you," said the General, jumping up. "Let me take your whole family for a ride."

"O, how lovely," said Mrs. Lover. "That will be just the thing. And you've learned to drive so well now, I don't feel at all afraid."

"Thank you," said the General, stiffly. He still did not like to hear any one refer to the accident when he began to drive.

After the little car had rolled away, the other Teenie Weenies began to wish that they, too, had something special to do, and at last the Duncce jumped up and exclaimed: "Let's go swimmin'!"

"O, do let's," cried the Lady of Fashion, and she and the Guff girls rushed into the house to put on their tiny bathing suits.

Quite soon all the little ladies were on their way to a swimming hole nearby, where the Teenie Weenie men and boys were already enjoying the cool water.

"Say," said the Turk, as he came up after a dive. "I've been reading somewhere about tournaments. Let's have a water tournament. We'll get out the pea pod canoes and have straws for lances, and instead of trying to throw each other off horses, like the knights of old, we'll try to upset each other's canoes."

"Humph—heap fun," said the Indian, with a broader spile than he usually wore, while the Sailor danced a hornpipe for glee, and the Duncce and the Cook, and Paddy Pin gave three cheers for the great idea.

In a little while the canoes were ready and the men had padded long straws with milkweed thistle down, so that no one should get hurt, even if hit by one of the lances.

It was decided that the Indian, the Sailor, Paddy Pin, and Zip should do the

paddling, while the Turk, Gogo, the Duncce, and the Cook handled the lances, and soon the four little canoes put out upon the water, and the fun began.

Luckily, a long, low limb from a bush grew out over the pond, and a good grandstand it made for the other Teenie Weenies and for Tillie Titter, the English sparrow, who flew down for a bath and a drink, and stayed to see the fun.

The Duncce, with Paddy Pin paddling, fought with Gogo, rowed by the Sailor, and Zip managed the canoe for the Cook, who was to conquer the Turk and the Indian.

They all went at it as skillfully as they could, but Zip got so excited watching the Cook he forgot his part, and splash! the two went into the water. Then the Duncce tried to be funny as well as skillful, and during one of his pranks Gogo gave a clever shove with his straw that sent the Duncce heels over head. All the Teenie Weenies applauded and Tillie Titter shrieked herself hoarse.

"Ere, 'ere," she cried as the Turk and Gogo, the two victors, faced each other for the deciding battle, "Hi'm for the gentleman of color, Hi am."

"Three yells of the Turkie," shrieked the Chinaman.

Carefully the two canoes came up and faced each other. Skillfully Gogo and the Turk fenced with their long straws. The audience sat, now in breathless interest, now yelling with excitement. At one minute they were sure the Turk would win. But suddenly the colored boy gave a clever flip to his straw, caught the Turk under his arm, and tipped him and his boat over as neatly as you please.

The Chinaman was so excited he fell over backward and made a third splash. Tillie Titter laughed and cheered till she nearly fell off herself, and all the others cheered loudly for Gogo, who bowed modestly and would have blushed if he had been able, at the praises which were shouted by his friends.

"Best fun Hi've 'ad since my pin feathers sprouted," cackled Tillie, as she flew away. And the Teenie Weenies agreed that they had had a wonderful afternoon.

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The \$10,000 Beauty

(Continued From Page Two.)

By Henry Kitchell Webster

his look but principally because she was not perfectly sure what he meant. She took it, though, that she was being invited to share the drawing room with him and the friend he expected to meet at Louisville, and she said she thought it would be nice. He seemed immensely pleased at this, but he left her almost at once to go back to his own seat. He told her to go straight to the waiting room when the train got to Louisville. He'd follow right along. She wasn't to try to lose him, because she couldn't. She was looking forward to that drawing room.

"I got it into my head at last," Zachary remarked, "what she thought a drawing room was, and I confirmed my guess with a question or two. She'd formed her idea on a picture she'd seen of the interior of an observation car, with people lounging around in easy chairs or smoking on a veranda while they looked at scenery."

"He didn't join her on the platform when they left the train, but hurried off by himself and came into the waiting room by another door. He came up to her almost immediately, however, and led her to a seat. The Chicago train was already in the station, he said, so they wouldn't have to wait longer than it would take him to fix up

the tickets. Then he asked for her ticket—the one he had given her on the train. She must have hesitated palpably about giving it up, because he went on to explain that he would have to show it at the Pullman window in order to secure the drawing room.

"The first point in the whole story where Rosemary admitted herself puzzled was when it came to explaining her reluctance to let that ticket go out of her hands. She reckoned, after reflection, that it must have been because the bare ticket was all she needed to get her to Chicago. It would serve her right if in venturing it, even momentarily, for the superfluous luxury of the drawing room, she were to lose everything.

"She hadn't the slightest suspicion of the man, she thought that what he asked was entirely reasonable. She hated to act ornery when he had been so kind to her. But she just couldn't take that ticket out of her ribbon bag.

"She stood clutching it, ready to weep with embarrassment, while he waited—a terribly long time it seemed to her. Finally she realized that, besides the ticket, she was gripping the half dollar and the quarter she had brought with her from Bowling Green. This reminded her of the wire she must send

to the paper and it struck her as affording a sort of compromise. She started to tell him that if he would come with her while she sent the telegram, she would then go with him and exhibit the ticket at the other window.

"But she got not further than the word telegram, because he jumped at that as if something had stung him and scowled at her in a way that frightened her half out of her wits.

"He asked her finally whom she wanted to telegraph to, and she told him the editor of the Chicago paper! Well, you can see how it must have paralyzed him.

"But Rosemary, when she told me the story, hadn't the slightest idea what he was so upset about. For all I know she hasn't to this day. He glared at her for about a minute and then asked a question, using a phrase which she remembered because it sounded so grotesque. He asked her if she was trying to frame him. She saw, though, that an explanation was being demanded of her and she told him about the beauty contest and the appalling summons she had received that morning from Chicago.

"I don't know how much into detail she went, but obviously it

can't have been far. Suddenly, and again to her astonishment, he laughed, not ill-humoredly either, for it struck Rosemary that he had turned pleasant. He used a phrase this time that she understood, but didn't see the application of. He said he acknowledged the corn.

"And then—everything he did was unaccountable to Rosemary—he pointed out the telegraph window, shook hands with her, wished her luck, and walked out of the station. Not another word about the drawing room, which I believe Rosemary still thinks of with regret.

"Well, she went out and got into her train when they called it—a day coach it was, of course. She pinned her hat in a discarded newspaper and sat up straight all night with her organdie skirt pulled up around her waist so that she shouldn't crumple it, waking herself ruthlessly every time she nodded off to sleep with the recollection of the ordeal she must face the next day in Chicago. A wrinkle or a smudge might be, she supposed, the end of everything.

"But Marguerite Montague—she's the beauty editor of the paper—met her half way down the platform at the Chicago station,

and, of course, that was the beginning of wonderland.

"Incidentally Marguerite got the thrill of her life. She'd come down half asleep, of course, at that ungodly hour—7:30 a. m.—expecting the sort of guy that you would expect in the circumstances, you know, and when she saw Rosemary coming along the platform, slim and serene as Joan of Arc on her way to meet the king, the girl looked absolutely incredible to her. She looked, Marguerite said, like a beautiful cut flower that you felt you must put in water at once.

"Well, she taxied her over to a hotel, freshened her up, and offered her breakfast. Marguerite was spared another ordeal here, too, for she had expected to have to sit by and watch amiably the consumption of an orgy of oatmeal, sausages, wheat cakes, and so on, and all Rosemary said she wanted was a cup of coffee.

"She took Rosemary up to the paper introduced the Sunday editor and everybody else who was down at that time of the morning. They made a great fuss over her, gave her her check for \$10,000, and offered also to pay her expenses for the journey.

"Rosemary said in answer to that

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