



THE TEENIE WEEENIES.

THE TWINS RECEIVE A PET.

BY WM. DONAHEY.

The Lover twins wanted a pet. They caught a black ant, which they kept for a while, but one day it got out of the bottle in which they kept it and disappeared. The poor little fellows cried almost all day and their father promised to get another pet for them. One day he caught a caterpillar for them, and the little chaps had great fun with it. They made a house for it out of a small bottle and fenced in a nice big yard with fly screen. One morning the twins found the caterpillar dead and once again they were heartbroken.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," said the Old Soldier, who was most fond of the twins, "we'll see if we can't get a pinching bug for you. They get mighty tame and they are about as good a pet as a dog. They will watch the house just like a dog and after you have chained one up for a while he will get to know you and follow you around like a pet dog."

"Oh, goodie! Goodie!" cried the delighted twins, and, pulling their Boy Scout hats they both stood on their tiny heads to show their joy.

The Old Soldier and the Indian spent several days hunting for a good bug, and one evening they found a big, young one, which they promptly captured. They fastened a tiny chain around the bug's neck and brought it up to the Lovers' bungalow, where Mr. and Mrs. Lover and the twins were sitting on the porch. The twins were nearly wild with excitement, but their mother was quite upset with the appearance of the bug.

"Land sakes!" she exclaimed. "I don't want that horrid bug around here. It's liable to bite one of the children, and besides I won't have it around trackin' up the porch and chewin' up brooms and mop sticks. You can just take it right away."

The twins set up such a wail and begged so hard to be allowed to keep the bug that their mother finally consented to let them have it for a while.

"You have got to keep it out of the house and, mind you, I don't want it trackin' on the front porch," announced the little mother, decidedly. "And you have got to take care of it and water and feed it, too."

The twins were almost beside themselves with joy and the next morning they asked their father to make a bug house for them. Mr. Lover found a small paper box, and in one end he cut a small door. The box was then set beside a bush near the back door of the bungalow and the bug's chain was fastened to an iron ring, which had been secured to the bush. In a few days the bug grew quite tame. It would take food out of the twins' hands and it soon learned to follow the little fellows around like a dog. The twins soon found the bug liked to play, and they had great fun playing tug of war with Fred, which was the name they had given him. The bug would take a rag in his big pinchers, and when the twins would catch hold of the other end of the rag he would growl and shake his head much like a dog. He was so strong he could almost always pull the twins all around the yard.

Mrs. Lover soon became quite attached to the bug, for he had become useful. Fred hated ants, and he would not let an ant come within sight of the bungalow. This pleased Mrs. Lover greatly, for she had been much troubled with ants and it was a great relief to know she could set a pie out to cool without feeling that it would be carried off by the ants.

"It's such a relief to have Fred around," said Mrs. Lover one afternoon as she and the Lady of Fashion sat on the front porch sewing. "He's such a good watch bug, and I feel perfectly safe when he is around and I'm alone in the house."

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Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize.)

The Kind Boy.

Dear Happy: Once there was a kind boy named Johnny. He had a mother and a father that was very old. He was 13 years of age, but he had to work very hard for



his living and he also had to work so his mother and father could make a living.

One morning as he was going to his work he thought he heard a noise, and when he looked around he saw some boys teasing a young

robin, so he told the boys that if they would not put the robin on the ground he would soon make them do it.

Then the boys ran away as fast as they could go, because they saw that he had a Go-Hawk pin on. Then Johnny took the poor robin in his arm and brought it to its nest in the old apple tree. When he returned to his work his master was very angry for him being so late, but after the boy told the man what he had done the man told him that he had done such a kind deed that he would not have to work any more that day and still he would get his pay. I wish some of my readers would write to me.—Willie Peters, Age 13, Yutan, Neb.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I enclose a 2-cent stamp and hope to get a Go-Hawk button very soon. I will be very proud of it. When I was reading my Sunday school paper I read a story about a pair of wrens. As my name is Jennie, I thought I might be as happy and kind as these little wrens. Don't you think I could? My name is Jennie Leota

Llewellyn. I am 11 years old; my birthday is November 28. I will close now, hoping to receive my button in a little while. Will you have some of the Go-Hawks write to me please?—Jennie Llewellyn, 1418 Eleventh street, Auburn, Neb.

Likes Happyland.

Dear Happy: I have just got through reading your stories. I enjoy reading them very much. I am a member of the Go-Hawk club. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade this year. My teacher's name is Miss Cooper. I like her very much. I have two sisters and two brothers. Well, my letter is getting long, so I will close for this time. I hope some of the Go-Hawks will write to me.—Gertrude Olfrey, age 10, Decatur, Neb.

A Seventh Grader.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy Tribe. I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for an official button and I am going to be a good Go-Hawk. I am 10 years old and in the seventh grade. I have a brother and a sister. My brother is 8 years old and in the seventh grade. My sister is 6

years old and in the first grade. I would like to have some of the members write to me. This is all for this letter. From your friend, Kenneth Clausen, Exeter, Neb.

A Sixth Grader.

I read the Happy Page every Monday and I like it very well. I am 11 years old and I am in the Sixth grade. My teacher's name is Florence Dunn and I like her fine. My pets are three kittens and a cow. This letter is getting long so I will close before it gets too long. I wish some of the Happy Tribe would write to me. I would gladly answer every letter that I receive.—Martha Gabriel, Aged 11, Osceola Neb., Route No. 5.

Grandmother.

Once there was a poor lady. Her name was Mrs. Harris. Her children and husband lived in a very little house. Her grandmother was very poor and had to work hard too. The children's names were Jack and Mary. Jack and Mary asked their father if he would let grandmother live with them. He said yes. The grandmother thought that they never cared for her. But

when the children told the grandmother that she could live with them she felt very happy. She went home with the children. The grandmother lived very nicely in this house. Everything changed when the grandmother came in this house. Because Jack and Mary had grown up and made lots of money and they soon made a happy home for their grandmother.—Elsie Jensen, age 10, Valley, Neb.

Has Six Brothers.

Dear Happy: I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade at school. I am sending a 2-cent stamp. I would like to have some of the Go-Hawks write to me. I have six brothers. The oldest is 14 and in the eighth grade.—Clarice Herman, East Grant street, Wymore, Neb.

A Brave Deed.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams lived in a small valley of Wyoming with their only child, a little baby named Charles.

They lived happily until one day an Indian rode into the valley and appeared quite friendly, but one

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