



THE TEENIE WEEENIES.

THE LITTLE FOLKS SET OFF ON A TRADING EXPEDITION. BY WM. DONAHEY.

FROGS had been scarce during the summer. The Teenie Weenie Cowboy and the Indian had bagged only six, and the little fellows spent most every day hunting. They were all small frogs, too, and it began to look as though the little people would have to go through most of the winter without a frog ham, for twelve small hams wouldn't last long under the rose bush.

"I don't know what's the matter!" cried the Cowboy one evening as he sat on the front porch of the shoe house discussing hunting with several of the Teenie Weenies. "The frogs just ain't, that's all I can make out of it."

"I'll bet you could get plenty of frogs over around that big swamp, where the wild men live," suggested the Old Soldier.

"Well, if there are frogs any place you'll find them over there," answered the Cowboy. "But it is so far away and so hard to reach."

"Men," said the General, who had been listening to the talk. "we have got to have food for the winter, and I believe we could do no better than to go to the wild men's country for it. They always cure plenty of hams and store up a great quantity of wild rice, and we could get enough from them to last us through the winter. We would take over some things which they want, such as pins and maybe a few yards of silk goods and some pans in trade for the food."

"They are crazy for thimbles, too," cried the Dunce. "Don't you remember how they tried to get one of the Cook's cooking thimbles after the war was over?"

"Wouldn't it be dangerous to go into the wild men's country?" asked the Turk.

"Well, we'd have to take along our guns and keep a close watch out," answered the General. "The wild men have no guns and about four or five of us could take care of any trouble that might come up."

"You couldn't drive the trucks all the way on account of the swamp," said the Turk.

"Well, we'd go just as far as we could with the trucks and then build a raft and paddle the rest of the way to the island," answered the General.

The Teenie Weenies discussed the matter for several days, and finally it was decided to go into the wild men's country on a trading expedition.

The swamp where the wild men lived lay many miles away and it would take several days to make the journey. Of course all the little men wanted to go, but only a few could be taken along, and they had to be chosen with great care. The Lady of Fashion and Sally Guff begged so hard to go the General finally consented, as the little women promised to help cook and wait on table.

Gogo was to go as cook, the Turk and Paddy Pinn were to drive the trucks, the Indian and the Cowboy were to be used as guides, and Zip, the Teenie Weenie wild man, was to go along as interpreter. All of the little men were good marksmen, and each took along one of the army rifles and plenty of ammunition.

A great quantity of things was taken along to be traded to the wild men for the rice and ham, and several articles were taken as presents for Queen Mooie, queen of the wild men. The Old Soldier made out a list of the things which were to be used in trade, and here it is in the old fellows own handwriting, just as he handed it to the General:

Goods to be used in trade with the wild men.

*Forty new pins.
Two thimbles
8-1/2 tin buckets
" " pans
" " cups
One half of silk neck tie.*

One top off salve box

*Eight thimbles full of salt,
seven shot buttons.
120, 7. W. feet of string,
28 rubber bands.
9 needles
18, 7. W. square feet of iron gears,
12, " " " " tin foil
3 glass marbles*

Early one morning the tiny trucks chugged out from under the rose bush, where the Teenie Weenie village stood, and set off toward the great swamp of the wild men. The General led the little caravan in his roadster, with the Indian seated at his side to point out the way.

The little people traveled all day except when they stopped at noon for their lunch. Early in the evening the General ordered the travelers to stop for the night, and the tiny trucks were run under a bush, where camp was made for the night. The girls were to sleep in one of the trucks, while the men put up a tent for their sleeping quarters. Gogo made a thimblefull of delicious soup, while the Indian and Cowboy brought in a big blackberry, and with several slices of frog ham and plenty of bread the little people enjoyed a hearty meal.

After dinner Sally and the Lady of Fashion washed up the silverware, the cooking dishes, and the cherry seed soup bowls, while the men made the camp ready for the night. The little folks were mighty tired that night, and you can well believe they tumbled into their tiny beds very early, for they had traveled many miles during the day.

Copyright, 1922.

Letters From Happyland Readers

David.

One morning David went into the woods to kill birds. David had killed two young birds, and the mother bird was crying for them. Another boy heard the cries of the birds and went to see what was the matter. He saw that the boy killed their babies. David told him to help kill the birds, but the boy's name was John. He said, "No." He showed him his Go-Hawk pin. David went home and sat down and wrote a letter to Happy for a pin.

He never killed a single bird or animal again.—Helen Stanice, Silver Creek, Neb.

Many Pets.

Dear Happy: I am very happy indeed that I may join this Happy Tribe. I am having a birthday today. I am 10 years old. I have a pet dog named Trix, and eight kittens, but I gave two of them away. I have two nephews

and one little niece. Their names are Dean, Vance and Maxine. I have two brothers and two sisters. Their names are Ray, Gordon, Lois and Edna. Two are married, but the other two aren't. We have over 200 little chickens.

We live on a farm two miles east of Aurora. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and hope to receive a Go-Hawk pin. We have some little pigs. We are having apples ripe now. Well, I must close.—Doris Marion Cruff, Aged 10, Aurora, Neb.

Will Be Kind.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter. I am 11 years old and in the Sixth grade. My birthday is February 20. For pets I have a dog. I wish to join your Tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my button and I am anxious to get it. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals.—Leon Little, Aged 11, Geona, Neb.

Our Pets.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawk's Happy Tribe. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp. We have a cat and when she wants to get in she gets up and tries to turn the door knob. Then we have a little bird its name is "Dicky," and when you ask him if he wants out he flops his wings. Well I guess I will close.—Junior Hardnache; age, 12; Long Pine, Neb.

Earl.

Dear Happy: Once upon a time there lived a little boy whose name was John. He was cruel to children and animals. About two blocks from John's house there lived another little boy who was kind.

One day as John was coming home he saw a group of children making fun of a little girl who was lost and crying. John laughed and passed on. John started to

turn the corner when he saw Earl who was the kind little boy, coming along. Earl ran up and showed a button on his coat and said, "Children, aren't you ashamed of yourselves for teasing that little girl?" The children felt ashamed and turned away.

Earl then took the little girl home to her parents. John felt sorry then and asked Earl to show him where he could get a Go-Hawk button. Earl showed him and John lived happy ever after.—Grace Flint, Box 226, North Platte, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your club. I am 7 years old, and I will be 8 September 7, 1922. Another little girl and I have a park. We have a bird swing and other nice things there for the birds. My name is Doris Pembroke, and I live in Harvard, Neb.

Promise to Help.

Dear Happy: I read your page every week and find it very interesting. I would like to join your Happy Tribe for which I am enclosing the coupon and the 2-cent stamp. Please send me a badge as soon as possible. I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade at school. I will gladly answer any of the Go-Hawks who will write to me. I promise to help someone every day and protect all birds and dumb animals.—Mildred Linden; Blair, Neb.

Wears Button.

Dear Happy: I received my pin and was glad to get it. I have one sister 5 years old and her name is Grace Margaret. I have three brothers aged 4 and 2. Their names are Walter, Brooks and Sibbald. Will some of the little Go-Hawks write to me. I must close now.—Lillian Scott, Paulina, Ia.