



# THE TEENIE WEEENIES.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

INTO THE WILD MENS COUNTRY.

BY WM. DONAHEY.

The Teenie Weenie trading expedition, which has been traveling many days towards the wild men's country, was now drawing near the big swamp where the wild tribe lived. A very close watch had to be kept when the little people were in camp, for it was hard to tell just what the wild men might do. The Teenie Weenie men were well armed, and the Lady of Fashion and Sally Guff, who were in the party, were not allowed to wander far from camp. The tiny autos had hard work making their way through the dense jungle of grass, briars, and bushes, and often the little men had to chop away fallen weeds which blocked the way.

One afternoon the trucks came to a stop at the shore of a big lake of water, and the General ordered the men to make camp.

"This is as far as the trucks can go," he said. "We'll have to make camp here and finish the rest of the journey in canoes or build a raft, for the wild men live in that island out there in the lake."

The Teenie Weenies peered in the direction the General pointed, and they could just make out the dusky outlines of the island. Great turtles lay on the old logs which stuck out of the water, and as the evening drew near the croaking of the frogs became terrible.

The Teenie Weenies made a comfortable camp and gathered in great quantities of firewood. While Gogo and the girls prepared supper the Indian gathered some strips of birch bark and set to work building a canoe. "Auto, he no good in water," grunted the Indian as he bound the strips of bark into the shape of a tiny canoe.

The mosquitoes were so thick about the camp the Teenie Weenies were forced to go to bed early in order to keep from being eaten alive.

Early the next morning the Indian finished the canoe, and Zip, the wild man, who lived with the Teenie Weenies, was instructed to carry a message to Queen Mooie, the queen of the wild men.

"Tell the Queen," said the General, "that the Teenie Weenies have come to visit her, and that they have many presents for her. Tell her that the Teenie Weenies have many pins, needles, thimbles and other things which they wish to trade to the queen for frog hams and wild rice. Tell her, if she is pleased with my message, that I will come to visit her tomorrow."

The General gave Zip a piece of looking glass about the size of a postage stamp, which was to be presented to the Queen. "Tell her we have more presents for her," cried the General as Zip pushed off the canoe.

The Teenie Weenies watched Zip until he paddled out of sight among the water lilies, and then they sat down to wait his return. It was almost night when the little

fellow returned, and he brought word that she would be very happy to have the Teenie Weenies visit her.

"She much glad you come," reported Zip. "She much happy with lookin' glass. She say Teenie Weenies her much best friends, and she say she want General to come tomorrow and she will have turtle down to water so General can ride to her house."

Early the next morning the General, with Zip as interpreter and the Indian and the Cowboy as guards, set off for a visit to the Queen. He carried several bracelets and a piece of silk necktie as presents.

As they drew near the island on which the wild men lived they saw a number of the little fellows on the shore, and near them stood the royal turtle.

"Jinks!" exclaimed the General when he saw the turtle. "Have I got to ride that fool turtle?"

"O, sure, yes!" cried Zip. "Queen, she be much displeased if you no ride the royal turtle. Him won't bite."

"I'm not afraid of being bitten," laughed the General. "The fool turtle is so slow, I could walk much faster than it can go. Besides, it makes me seasick to ride it, it wobbles so. I rode it after the war we had with the wild men and I got awful sick. But if it will make her angry if I don't ride it, I suppose I'll have to try."

The wild men set up a loud cheer when the General stepped ashore, and the Teenie Weenies all bowed to the wild men. The wild men were queer looking little chaps. They were about the same size as the Teenie Weenies. Their skins were brown; they had thick, bushy hair; their noses were painted red; and white had been painted around their eyes.

Each carried a spear, which had been made by tying a sharp fishbone to a long handle, and some carried war clubs and bows and arrows. They wore pants made out of frog skins and shoes of the same material, while around their necks they wore necklaces of seeds.

When the General had climbed on to the back of the turtle the wild men set off towards the center of the island, where the Queen lived.

The wild men were very timid, and all along the road the General could see the little fellows peering out at him from behind the bushes.

At last they arrived at the Queen's house, and the General was given a royal welcome. The Queen seemed glad to see him, and she was much pleased with her presents. The General spent almost the whole day with the little lady, and she agreed to supply him with all the wild rice and frog hams he wished.

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## Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize.)

### What the Bird Club Did to Help.

Once upon a time a neighborhood of girls formed a club to help the birds. Every meeting the girls would bring pennies for collection then they would put them in a



bank. Soon the bank was full and they bought a bird fountain. One day a mother bird and her four little robins were drinking in the fountain when some bad boys came along. The mother could not give the signal fast enough be-

fore one of the boys had grabbed one of them. The mother's noisy voice aroused the girls from one of their meetings. Then the girls came out. They told the boys they ought to be ashamed of themselves. They told the boys how they had saved money enough to buy the bird fountain. The boys felt ashamed and told the girls they would like to join the club. Then the boys joined the club and saved their money and bought many useful things for the birds.—Ila Warner, 2436 South Twentieth Avenue, Omaha, Neb.

### Ben—the Violin.

Ben is our important character. He is 12 years old. His family were in such a condition that he had to sell papers. One day Ben in some queer way got in the way of a swift passing car. He was quickly taken to a hospital. The doctor found out he had a leg broken.

Day by day he slowly recovered. A wealthy elderly man came into Ben's room. He took a liking to him and it was hard to separate

them. This man's name is Mr. J. Sheoman. In two weeks Ben was well, yet his leg was rather weak. Mr. John Sheoman, with Ben's mother's permission, adopted Ben. Ben was sent to a private school where he was educated the best education the school gave.

After graduating he was sent to a musical school. Ben was given a violin, which he learned to love with all his heart. His name was then known as the great violinist. Mr. Sheoman died when Ben was making his name famous. All of Mr. John Sheoman's property was given to Ben.—Margaret Juhnke, Aged 12, Columbus, Neb., 3212 West Fifteenth street.

### A Sixth Grader.

Dear Happy: I thought I would write and let you know that I received my Go-Hawk pin all O K and sure think it is pretty. My papa doesn't take The Bee, but my sister does, and I get it every Sunday and sure enjoy reading the letters from little folks of Happyland. I am 12, will be 13 in September. I will be in the sixth grade

at school this year. For pets I have four little tiny kitties that sure are cut; also a little black and white dog.

Well, this is all I know, so I will write more next time.—Corina Dean, Percival, Ia.

### A New Member.

Dear Happy: I had heard of the Go-Hawks Happy Tribe and so joined them today.

I promise to obey all rules. So am sending my coupon and a stamp for my Go-Hawk button—Virginia Marshall, Aged 11, 520 Main Street, McCook, Neb.

### Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy tribe.

I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp and the coupon. I promise to be kind to dumb animals and every one. We started to take The Bee lately. For pets I have a dog and cat. The dog's name is Tootsie and the cat's Tom.

Next time I write I shall write a story, I think.

I will be 12 next month. I will

be in the eighth grade next year.

Hoping to receive my button I'll close.—Janet French, Douglas, Neb.

### How Betty Helped to Make the World a Happier Place.

"Oh, girls!" cried Betty to her friends. "I have thought of the loveliest plan."

"What is it Betts," they asked eagerly.

For when "Betts" had a plan they had found out long ago that she always had something interesting, and they all liked her plans.

"Well," said "Betts" beginning,

"You see I was wrapping something up for mother, and I happened to look at the top and saw 'Happyland.' Then I looked at the page and saw letters and stories from the children that belonged to the 'Happy Club.' I thought we girls could join and have a meeting once a week and write stories, and the one that had the best story would be sent in. Then they have the pledge button. That means that

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