



THE TEENIE WEEENIES

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE GENERAL LOSES HIS COAT TAIL. BY Wm. DONAHEY.

The Teenie Weenie trading expedition into the wild men's country was mighty successful. The queen of the wild men was only too glad to trade wild rice and frog hams for such useful things as pins, thimbles, tinfoil, and rubber bands. The little wild fellows made spear points and knives out of the pins, while the thimbles made wonderful cooking pots, and tinfoil was twisted into dressy bracelets, necklaces, and anklets.

The General was most anxious to load the trucks and get started on the trip home, for the Teenie Weenies were many miles from the rose bush, but the queen would not hear of their going until she had entertained them. Several feasts and dances were given by the queen in honor of her little guests, and the Teenie Weenies enjoyed the strange parties.

While the wild men were always peaceful, it was hard to tell when the fierce little fellows might get troublesome, so the Teenie Weenie men were always most careful to carry their tiny pistols or guns with them at all times.

One afternoon the Lady of Fashion picked up one of the wild babies. The little chap was terribly frightened, and opening his tiny mouth, he let out such yells that his father came running up in great fear. He grabbed the baby away so roughly the Lady of Fashion was greatly frightened, and the Cowboy, who was standing near, thought the wild man was ungentlemanly, so he promptly knocked him down.

Several of the wild men appeared with their spears and jabbered away in a most alarming way. The Cowboy drew his pistol, and if Zip, the Teenie Weenie interpreter, had not been near and explained things to the wild men there might have been trouble. Fortunately everything was fixed up and nothing serious happened except that one wild man had a sore nose for several days.

In order to carry the rice and frog hams across the water to the place where the trucks were parked a big raft had to be built, and this work took up the better part of two days. When the raft was done the queen ordered some of the wild men to load the raft. While the bags of rice and the hams were being carried aboard the little

people were given a mighty scare when a turtle suddenly grabbed the General's coat tail and pulled that pompous little man into the water.

The General disappeared, head first, into the water, and if it hadn't been for Gogo, who promptly grabbed one of the General's legs, the little chap might have been drowned and eaten by the turtle. Gogo gave a mighty pull and the General was yanked on to the raft minus his coat tail. The General, dripping mud and water, was a funny sight, and the Teenie Weenies had to bite their thumbs to keep from laughing.

The General was most angry, and he glared around at the grinning Teenie Weenies. "Well, I don't see anything funny," growled the General. "Who pulled me into the water?"

"N-N-N-Nobody," answered Gogo. "You all was done pulled in by a tu'tle."

"What?" cried the General, digging a great piece of mud from his ear.

"A tu'tle done ketch yo' coat tail and done pull yo' in."

"What in the name of Sam Hill did he want to do that for?" asked the angry General.

Gogo pondered on this question for some time, and then answered meekly. "I all don't know, sir. De tu'tle done pop his head up so fast I done have no time to ask him."

Several of the Teenie Weenies giggled out loud, and it's hard to tell just what the general might have done, but at this minute one of the wild people's babies was hit by a stick, and the little brown fellow set up such a howl all conversation was quite drowned out by the noise.

When the raft had been loaded the Teenie Weenies paddled it across to the place where the trucks had been left, and you can well believe every one kept a close watch for turtles. When the trucks had been loaded with the rice and hams the little folks set off for home, and every one was quite happy but the General, who felt mournful over the loss of his coat tail.

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Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize.)

The Milkweed.

A long time ago, so it seems to me, I was a wee little bud I grew and grew and my coverings burst open showing a purple flower. Then it faded away. In several more days a tiny green pod appeared. I was in the little green pod. It grew and grew, day after day and so did we milkweed seeds, for there were more than myself. Finally the pod burst open. My brothers and sisters were picked up and carried away by the wind. I was dropped in a garden. The very next day it rained and the rain washed dirt over me. I sprouted out of the seed and pushed my way up through the dirt and saw the beauty of the quiet world. I grew very fast.

One day when I was blooming I saw some little Go-hawk children coming with boxes. They began hoeing in the garden, one of them cut me down and that was the last of me.

I wish some of the Go-hawk children would write to me. I will answer all letters. Well, as

my story made my letter long I will close for this time.—Bernice Deakins, age 10, Auburn, Neb., Route 3.

A Busy Harvester.

Dear Happy: Would like to join the tribe of Go-hawks. I am 10 years old. I am in the fifth grade.

I have two brothers and one sister. I enjoy reading the children's page. Harvest time makes us think that vacation time is almost over. We have a white dog named Fluffy. Fluffy is a great hunter. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp so that I will get the pin.

Will try to write a longer letter next time and a story maybe. Yours truly, Frances Swanson.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I want to join your Happy Tribe. I am 8 years old and I am in the third grade at school. I like my teacher very well. Her name is Miss Mortensen. Enclosed find a 2-cent stamp. Good-bye. Alma Mogensen, Herman, Neb.

Has Many Pets.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the happy tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp and I hope to receive the button. I am 10 years old. I will be in the fourth grade next year. I have some chickens and two ducks and a cat. My cat's name is Tommy Jerry. I wish some of the Go-hawks would write to me. I guess I will close.—Alva Almquist, North Bend, Neb.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp. I want to join the Go-hawk's happy tribe. I am 11 years old and in the seventh grade. I am going to send a story before long. I wish some of the Go-hawks would write to me. Hoping to receive my pin as soon as I can, I will close.—Margaret Everett, age 11, Union, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your happy tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I will try to do something every day. I will promise not to kill any birds or dumb animals. I have one sister

and no brothers. I am 9 years old and in the fifth grade at school. I will close for this time, for my letter is getting too long. Yours truly, Bertha Davis, Farnam, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your happy tribe. I am 12 years old and in the eighth grade. I have one brother and two sisters. I am staying at my uncle's for a week or two. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for a pin. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals and not to kill birds. Well I must close as my letter is getting long. Yours truly, Carson Din, Gothenburg, Neb.

My Pet Dog.

This dog is very tricky. He will jump in a cart and my girl friends and I got him in the cart and gave him a ride. His name is Rover. He is very pretty. His color is yellow, and his legs are white. On his neck and on his forehead is a white streak. He can swim pretty good. I run out of news—Pearl Viola Miller, age 10, Scotia, Neb.

Ring.

Dear Happy: I received the book which you sent me for a prize. I have already read part of it and I think that it is very interesting. We have a dog. She is a Scotch Collie and is only about 6 months old. I like to play with her. She will lift up her paw to shake hands. She will play and pretend she is fierce, but when I tell her to stop she will. Her name is Ring. I think that the way she holds her ears sometimes makes her look like a box. She is a pretty dog—Alene Deakins, age 10, Auburn, Neb.

Our Cherry Tree.

Dear Happy: I read the paper so much and it is so interesting that I would like to join. We have a large cherry tree in our back yard, and one morning when I was climbing it I discovered a bird's nest with three little birdies. They were King birds.

When I was picking cherries the mother would fly around the tree till I got down. Our neighbors

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