



# THE TEENIE WEEENIES.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

AND THE DUNCE SLEPT THROUGH IT ALL.

BY WM. DONAHEY.

IT happened the night the General's party came home with two truckloads of frog hams and wild rice. It was late when the trucks pulled in, so they were parked in the garage, to be unloaded next morning.

But they were never unloaded at all! For at midnight there was a sudden flash of light, a roar of flames, and when at last the sun came peering under the rose bush, the pretty little Teenie Weenie village lay a heap of ashes. Every building had been burned to the ground.

As the dreadful truth became known, sorrowing, anxious friends gathered to offer help and sympathy. It was hard for anybody to get the facts of the fire, for the little people were so terribly excited, but bit by bit it came out. Mr. Lover was the first to give the alarm. He had been awakened by the loud growling of Fred, the Twins' pet pinching bug, and had been horrified to see a bright red light in the direction of the schoolhouse. Running to another window, he saw the schoolhouse, the garage and the hospital wrapped in flames.

He and his plucky little wife had given the alarm at once, but in the short time it took to rouse the sleeping Teenie Weenies the flames had spread to every building in the village. None ever knew how the fire started or why it spread so rapidly, but it was suspected that the Dunce had not carefully covered the coffee cup half full of gasoline that stood in the little garage, and the Old Soldier always insisted that the Twins' bonfire had not been entirely out when they left it. At any rate, the big fire now was sweeping all before it.

Teenie Weenies in their nightclothes came tumbling from the buildings, carrying in their arms all sorts of odd things they were trying to save. Anxiously the General stood counting his well-loved family to be sure that all were there.

"Where's the Dunce?" he cried, and Gogo, who was passing with an armful of watermelon pickle, grew absolutely gray with fright. "Land sakes—he done be in dere asleep!" cried the colored Teenie Weenie, and without a thought of his own safety, he climbed the porch and vanished through the window of the Dunce's room, to appear again, dragging the still-sleeping Dunce by the arms. "Cain't no more wake him den if he was a door knob," cried the colored boy; "somebody catch him quick." And he rolled the heavy Dunce down into the arms of the Turk, who dragged him off to finish his deep sleep in a safe place.

The Lady of Fashion sat on a stone crying because all her pretty clothes were gone. "Not a stitch to my name but a pair of shoes and a hat," she wailed while the Doctor

growled, "Then don't cry—you're better off than I am. I've just got my pajamas. I'm glad enough I'm safe inside them. What's Grandpa roaring about?" For the old gentleman had set up a roar that drowned the sorrows of everybody else, and yet he seemed better off than most, for he wore a full suit of red flannel underwear, his fuzzy old hat, and in one hand he held his cane and a bunch of woolen socks, while with the other he waved a long knitted scarf.

"Jimmie fishhooks, sickle duff, blicker dang," bellowed the old man. "I'm ruined!" "I'll take another slice of grape, and cut it thick," broke in the voice of the peaceful Dunce, who was talking in his sleep, and the sight of him so enraged Grandpa that he roared louder, "I'm ruined, I tell you."

The General smiled sadly. "It looks as if we were all ruined," he said. "But you don't understand," cried Grandpa wildly. "I can't eat, I tell you—I can't eat."

"Humph—none of us can eat. Everything's burned up—every scrap," mourned the Cook, his tears falling on the pet carving knife he had managed to rescue. "You're no worse off than the rest of us."

Poor Grandpa grew so angry his white whiskers stood out like the quills on a porcupine. His face grew as red as his underwear, and the Doctor was afraid the old fellow would have a stroke. "It's my teeth," he shrieked. "You numble heads—my false teeth are burned up."

"There, there, Grandpa," soothed the Doctor kindly. "I'll make you another pair as soon as I can."

"What are we to do?" sobbed the Lady of Fashion. "All our lovely furniture, which our friends, the children, have sent us, is burned. And all our clothes! O, I'm so e-c-cold!"

"And how we keep clean?" demanded the Chinaman. "My nicie tubs all blurned. All me savelve just washie board. No got one cake soap!"

When the sun was up the frightened, shivering Teenie Weenies looked over the ruins of the entire village. Shoe Hurst, the Lovers' Bungalow, Box Hall, the schoolhouse, garage, hospital, laundry—all were gone.

"My poor friends, we are now wanderers on the face of the earth," said the General sadly.

"Yas, sah," murmured Gogo. "We all's no better off dan de fleas on de back of a dog."

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## Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize.)  
Clara.

Clara was a little girl in the third grade. She lived close to a small stream, in a little bungalow. On the way home from school she went through some beautiful woods. She always stopped and filled her hat with berries.

One morning she went to school feeling very happy. She sat down in her seat and started to color some pictures. Clara looked in her box for the red crayon, but it was gone. She had left it home.

As she was sitting thus someone knocked. The teacher went to the door. Then left. Clara was the only one in the room. She looked at her half-finished picture and a big tear rolled down her cheek. She would have to stay in because the picture must be finished at 9 o'clock. She tip-toed to her neighbor's desk and took out her box of crayons, slipped the red one in her pocket, put the box in the desk and went back to her seat and finished the picture.

At noon she ate her lunch by herself. She almost cried because she

had taken the crayon. Clara almost decided to take it back and tell her friend what she had done, but she didn't have the courage. After school she went home feeling sad



She walked very slow and didn't pick flowers or berries.

When she got home her mother asked: "Clara, are you ill?"

"No, mother, I'm just tired," she answered.

At 7:30 Clara went to bed. She cried to herself for some time. At last she fell asleep, but was soon awakened by the hoot of an owl. "You stole! You stole!" he hooted. Clara pulled a quilt over her head so she could not hear it.

She resolved to take the crayon back tomorrow morning, then fell asleep.

In the morning she took the crayon back and promised never never to do it again.—Doris Smith, Ogallala, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I am sending you a stamp and please return to me a Go-Hawk button, as I wish to join the Happy tribe. I will try to do some one a good deed every day. My name is Ikev Friend, Jr., Age 9, Hordeville, Neb.

A Third Grader.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my button. I am 7 years old. I am in the third grade. I will now close as my letter is getting long. Yours truly, Elmer Moller, Walnut, Iowa.

Bill the Dr. for Animals.

Once upon a time there was a little boy named Jack. He had a cat, dog, rabbit, a pony, a pig and cow. He liked his pony very much. One day the pony jumped the fence and got a big cut. Bill, a friend of Jack's, saw that he did not want to play, and asked him what was the matter and he told him how the pony got cut.

Bill got some water and cloths and washed the cut.

In a week or two the pony was well. Jack's father gave Bill a reward. Bill said: "I did not do that for a reward, as I am a Go-Hawk."—Rose Crogha, Plainview, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I am 10 years old and in the fifth grade. My birthday is the third of June. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my Go-Hawk button. I would like to join Happy Tribe. I will close as my letter is getting long. Yours truly, Elmer Krause, age 10, Cordova, Neb.

A Seventh Grader.

Dear Happy: I have been reading the Go-Hawk letters in The Omaha Bee every Sunday and I enjoy them very much. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my button. I will be in the seventh grade when school starts. My teacher's name is Miss Armstrong. I am 11 years old. Your friend, Vivian Crays, Bruning, Neb.

A Fourth Grader.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Go-Hawk Tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp. Please send me the official button. I will try to follow your motto. I am 9 years old and in the fourth grade. I go to Cordova consolidated school. I live a block and a half from school. As ever, yours truly, Lester Krause, age 9, Cordova, Neb.

Will Obey.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter. I would like to join the Go-Hawk Tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp with the coupon. I am 9 years old and I am going

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