



THE TEENIE WEEENIES.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME EVEN IF IT IS AN OLD JUG.

EVERYTHING was gone. The great fire that swept the Teenie Weenie village left nothing but little heaps of ashes to show where the Teenie Weenie houses had stood. The little people escaped with only the nighties on their tiny backs. Everything they owned had been destroyed. The Lady of Fashion had no hairpins to do up her hair, and the Turk had to make her a few out of some fine wire he found. Their shoes had been burned, and the little folks had to bind their tiny feet with string and rags to keep them from being bruised on the rough ground.

"Well, there is one thing certain," said the General the morning after the fire, "we can't settle here again, so we might just as well begin looking for some place to live for the time being."

After much hunting about the Teenie Weeniees finally discovered an old jug that lay near the big dump. It was well screened from big eyes, and the little folks decided the jug would be warm and dry and plenty good enough until they could find a better place. It's true, it smelled a little of vinegar, "but beggars can't be choosers," the Old Soldier said, so the Teenie Weeniees took possession.

The jug lay on its side and the Clown made a ladder out of sticks, which made it convenient for the little folks to get in and out of their new home. Some of the Teenie Weeniees carried in great armloads of thistledown for beds and soon they had a safe place to sleep.

The Turk found a few iron tools among the ruins of the tool house, and with these he set to work making others, while the Cook began to work on a shelter for a kitchen and dining room.

While the men were busy the Teenie Weenie women were not idle, for clothes had to be made. Several old scraps of cloth were found and the women managed to make them into clothes for the little people.

"Say! Jimminie Jinks!" cried the Dunce when he was given one of the suits the women had made. "Say! This is a sissy sort of dress. Do you think I'm goin' to wear that?" and he turned his small nose up in a superior way.

"It's the best we can do, Dunce," said the Lady of Fashion. "We have hardly anything to work with. We had to cut the cloth with a big bread knife and we are using pieces of wire for needles."

"Well, you don't have to wear it," cried Sally Guff with a toss of her bobbed head. "You can run around in your nightshirt just as long as you like—the way Wee Willie Winkle did—let's see, how did it go? O, yes—"

Wee Willie Winkle runs through the town,

Upstairs, downstairs, in his nightgown,

Rapping at the window, crying through the lock,

"Are the children all in bed, for it's now 8 o'clock?"

All the Teenie Weeniees laughed at the Dunce, and it made the foolish fellow angry. "I'll get even with you—you see if I don't," he growled. He pouted all day, and that night he did a most wicked thing. When all the Teenie Weeniees had crawled into the jug for the night and when they were asleep, the Dunce quietly climbed out. He quickly found a long piece of string he had hidden away during the day, and climbing to the top of the jug he tied it securely to the handle. Next he slid to the ground and carried the other end of the string as far as it would reach. Then he dragged a piece of meat out from under some leaves and fastened it to the end of the string. He carefully covered the string for some little distance from the meat with leaves, and then hid himself in an old tomato can nearby.

After a long wait the Dunce heard something stirring about, and presently a dog came prowling along.

"Here's where I get even all right, all right," muttered the Dunce, peering out of the can.

The dog soon smelled the meat and quickly caught it up in his strong teeth.

When he discovered the string he gave a great tug, which, of course, pulled the jug over and set it rolling down a little hill. The rolling jug made so much noise the poor dog was frightened and, dropping the meat, he set off as fast as he could run. The jug rolled over twice before it stopped against a thistle. The frightened Teenie Weeniees, who had been tumbled into a great heap when the jug rolled over, now came swarming out of the neck of the jug like a stream of water. Not a single Teenie Weenie was hurt, but they certainly did have a great scare and you may be quite sure the Dunce got a well-deserved whipping.

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Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize.)
Circus Day.

I went to the circus one bright day in June.
The band was playing a familiar tune;
The popcorn was white and the lemonade pink
And oh, such splendor you never could think!
I walked up to the lion's cage,
And stood there awhile
He howled with rage
He lashed his tail and roiled his eye
To all the people passing by.
I stood there almost stiff with fright
And wished with all my heart and might
That he was back in his jungle deep
Where he could rest and go to sleep.
But I felt so sorry for him, poor beast
Away from the jungle far to the east,
And wished I might make him happy once more,
I love to should make another bear.

But the best of all is the parade that comes
With its life and color and rattle of drums.
With its animals and people from every land.



And its jolly negro band,
Oh, I'll say it sure is grand.
Barbara Agee, age 13, 535 East Military Ave., Fremont, Neb.

Catching the Squirrels.

Once there was a little boy. His name was Frank. He wanted a tame squirrel. His mother told him to go out in the woods and

catch one. So he went out in the woods and hunted a long time and couldn't find any. Pretty soon the boy saw a bear. He ran home. His mother told him not to be scared; that it wouldn't hurt him. So the boy went back and saw something moving between two trees. He went closer to the tree and he thought it was a squirrel. He started to reach down for it and he saw that it was not a squirrel. He was close to a stream and a big turtle came out and that is what he saw. He started to go away from the stream for he wanted to catch a squirrel just then. He saw a squirrel go up a tree and go in a hole. He thought he would get a whole lot of young ones, so he climbed up the tree and put his hand in the hole. He felt something soft and he pulled it out of the hole. It was the mother squirrel. He put it in his sack. He put his hand in again and pulled the young ones out one by one. There were five of them. He took them home and put them in a box with a screen over it. In one month he let them out. They came back in the night. Pretty soon

they didn't come back. The boy saw a hole just made up in the tree. The squirrels made a hole up in the tree. The squirrels stayed there all the time.—LeRoy Kirkmann, Aged 9, Valley, Neb.

Washington's Birthday.

Dear Happy: I received my button and thank you very much. I am going to write you a story this time.

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Maggie. She never liked history and often grumbled when she had to get it. One day when she was studying it she said: "Oh, I can't get this old history. I never could."

"Oh, yes you can," said her mother.

"Well, I am going to lie down and rest and maybe I can get it better then."

So Maggie went over and laid down on the couch.

She was very soon asleep. While she was asleep she dreamed that she was going with Washington on all of his excursions.

The first thing she knew was that she was close to a house standing in the orchard. When she

came to a little boy. She dodged behind a tree. It was George Washington and he had cut down a cherry tree with his little hatchet. In a moment his father came up and said: "Who cut down my tree?"

"Father, I can not tell a lie. I cut it down," said George.

"Son, I'd rather have you tell a thousand lies than to cut down one lie," replied his father.

"This doesn't sound exactly right," said Maggie to herself. Many other times she met him. She woke up hearing her brother say: "Maggie, wake up."—Jeanne Crabbs, Aged 9, North Platte, Neb.

The Goslings.

Dear Happy: I wrote twice before, but only one letter got in. I received my pin and thought it was very pretty. I like the funny paper very well and can hardly wait for Monday to come. Now I will write a story about our two little goslings:

One night about dusk papa asked if the goslings had come home yet. We told him they had not, and as it was getting dark he said we had

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