



THE TEENIE WEEENIES.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

FRED, THE TWINS' PET PINCHING BUG, GETS INTO TROUBLE.

BY WM. DONAHEY.

"Well we can't live in this old jug all winter," said the General, looking toward the jug where the Teenie Weenies had been living since the fire had destroyed their little village. "It is too dark, and besides-it will be too cold when the winter days come on. We've got to find a place and get some sort of a house built or the first thing we know it will be snowing."

"Why not build houses like my people?" cried Zip, the little wild man. "My people build houses out of sticks and grass. Much nice and warm in winter, much nice and cool in summer."

"That's a good idea," cried the General. "We can build houses like that easily. We won't need tools, and we can get all the grass and sticks we want without much trouble."

It was decided to build several houses along both sides of a little street. There was to be one house for the men, one for the women, a kitchen and dining room, and a small house for Mr. and Mrs. Lover and the Twins.

The Turk had made several big knives out of pins by hammering them flat, sharpening one edge. When handles had been put on the knives they were useful in cutting the dry grass for the houses. Some of the Teenie Weenies gathered great bunches of grass, while others brought in many strong twigs and sticks. Fortunately the Clown found an old pack of playing cards, and these were used to help make a roof over the tiny houses.

The place chosen for the village was a pretty little spot near the tiny creek, for it was most necessary to have water near.

All the little people were mighty busy for many weeks. Some of the Teenie Weenies had to hunt for food each day, and sometimes the poor little folks had nothing to eat but a crust of dry bread, for everything they owned had been destroyed by the fire. Paddy Finn set to work making shoes for the village out of an old kid glove which he found. The Teenie Weenie women, led by the Lady of Fashion, worked day and night making clothes, knitting stockings and underwear, and making old handkerchiefs and rags into bed clothes. They worked very hard—poor little things.

In spite of the loss of their homes and possessions the Teenie Weenies were quite cheerful. "What's the use of cryin' over a spilt ice cream soda?" said the Old Soldier. "It doesn't help a thimbleful."

Day after day the Teenie Weenies worked on their tiny houses. They sang and joked and had all the fun they could to cheer them up.

One day the Chinaman made the little people laugh until they could hardly stand on their tiny feet, and it was all because he grew so very angry.

Several of the Teenie Weenies were putting up the frame work for one of the houses. The Chinaman was holding a ladder, on which the Turk was standing, tying together two of the heavy sticks, when one of the Lover Twins came along, leading his pet pinching bug, Fred. Now Fred had always disliked the Chinaman for some reason or other, and as the Twin led him by he suddenly made a jump toward the Chinaman and caught the little fellow by the leg in his big pinchers. The Chinaman dropped the ladder and began yelling at the top of his voice. The Turk, of course, fell off the ladder and dropped into a catsup bottle top full of tar, which the Old Soldier was fixing to paint the roofs of the houses.

The tar splashed over the Lady of Fashion and Mrs. Lover, who were passing at the time, and the Old Soldier received several spots in his long beard. The General soon drove the bug off with a long stick he happened to have in his hand. The Chinaman wasn't hurt, but he was thoroughly frightened and terribly angry. He jumped up and down and shouted in such a funny way the Teenie Weenies were fairly doubled up with laughter.

"Giniky Jim Gee! Bed bug, cockroach! Gosh!" shouted the little fellow in his wrath. "That old plinchin' bug allie time bitin'. Me gona get thimble full of hot water and give him one big scald." Bug no good but for to bite Chinamans. Him no ought be allowed 'round bitin' Chinamans. Chinamans no like to be bited."

"I quite agree with you, Chuck," said the General. "I'll see that the bug is tied up."

Some of the Teenie Weenies noticed that the Dunce, who had been knocked over by one of the fallen sticks, was lying on the ground where he fell, but when they ran over to him, thinking he had been hurt, they found him fairly shaking with laughter.

"O say, but that was funny!" said the Dunce, sitting up and rubbing a bump on his head. "I'd take that tumble all over just to see the Chinaman get mad again."

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Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

PHIIZE.

The Snow Image.

Once there were two little children, a little boy and girl.

There has just been a big snow storm. The little girl, whose name was Violet, asked her mother if she and her little brother, Peony, might go out and play in the new fallen snow.

The mother said, "Yes, my little Violet and Peony, you may go out and play." When they had been out there for some time Violet exclaimed, "Let's make a snow image." So the little boy agreed that they would make a snow image.

So the two little ones were busy for some time gathering snow. Finally they had it all done but to put red cheeks on it. Violet told Peony to put his red cheeks against the snow image. When he took it off they had red cheeks on the snow image. But they also wanted red lips. So Violet told Peony to kiss the snow image. After Peony kissed the snow image they had it finished.

They started to play with the snow image. Finally the mother noticed the snow image and she did not know whether it was a

snow image or a little girl. She went to the door and called Violet to the door and asked her if it was the neighbor's little snow girl. Violet answered, "Why, mother, that's our little snow image. You can ask Peony. Yes, mamma, that's our little snow image."



Finally the father came home and saw it and thought it was the neighbor's little girl, so he went out and brought in into the house and put it by the stove. After it started to melt he found out it was just made of snow. The two wept and wept for the loss of the snow image. —Marjorie Monk, Dixon, Neb.

Proud of Button.

Dear Happy: I received my Go-Hawk's button today and I am very

proud of it, and I wish to thank you. My little sister, 7 years old, wishes to join. She is sick today. Will write later. My papa thinks a great deal of James Whitecomb Riley, especially the poem "Knead-up in June and the After Whites." Yours truly, Abbie Samms, Age 10.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the happy tribe. I am sending a coupon and a two-cent stamp. I was promoted to the sixth grade. My teacher's name was Miss Jessa Reider. I will try to be kind to all dumb animals. I have four pet kittens and four pet pigs. I have one sister and one brother. I am in the poultry club and I am nine years of age. Yours truly, Beatrice Smith, Belgrade, Neb.

A Fifth Grader.

Dear Happy: I am nine years old. I am in the fifth grade at school. I am sending a two-cent stamp for my button. I have no brothers or sisters. I have no pets, except I had a cat. It would grow up and beg for food. My letter is coming long so I will close. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. I will answer all letters. Alfred Enock, Union, Neb.

Likes School

Dear Happy: Our school started this morning. I go to Fort Kearney school. Our school house is right across the road from old Fort Kearney. They used to have soldiers there in the early days to protect the people from the Indians. My great-great uncle, W. O. Dunagan used to own it. He was an old soldier too. I have only one-half mile to walk to school. My teacher walks two and a half miles. I am 11 years old and in the sixth grade. I am sending a two-cent stamp for a button. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. Beulah Dunagan, Kearney, Neb.

Merle, A Real Go-Hawk.

Dear Happy: I received the button and think it very nice. I wear it almost everywhere I go. I am trying to be a true Go-Hawk. I have made two bird houses and have seen a little wren go in one. I also put water and bread crumbs out for the birds. Last week I fixed a box of cards and paper dolls and sent them to the poor children in the Christian home. If any Go-Hawks will write to me I will gladly answer. Yours truly, Merle Bolton, Oakland, Iowa.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: I want to join your tribe. I am sending two cents for a button. I will promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I am eight years old. I have two sisters, their names are Eileen and Jean. I am in the third grade. My teacher's name is Sister Maureen. Well, as my letter is getting long I will close. Yours truly, Margaret Mary Burke, 2486 Webster St., Omaha, Neb.

Second Letter.

Dear Happy: This is my second letter to you. My badge got lost and sending you a 2-cent stamp for another one. I read the stories every Sunday and enjoy them very much. I will promise to protect all birds and dumb animals. I am 11 years old and in the fifth grade. Yours Truly—Helen Wolford, Irwin, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: This is my first letter to you. I would like to join your happy tribe very much. Enclosed you will find a two-cent stamp and a coupon. I promise to protect all birds and dumb animals. This year I passed into the seventh. (Continued on Page Eight.)