



THE TEENIE WEEENIES.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE DUNCE MAKES A SPEECH. • BY WM. DONAHEY.

DEAR Teenie Weenies: I read all about how your houses and clothes and furniture burned up. I am sorry for you. I am specially sorry for the Lady of Fashion and the General and the Dunce and the Twins and the Old Soldier. Now that you haven't any home I suppose you will be looking for a home. I have a doll's house. You can come and live in it. It is a big doll's house. It has lectic lights. It has an upstairs and a downstairs. There is lots of room for all of you. Please come. I have a little lectic stove. I will cook your food on it, for I am a good cook. I will sew and my Aunt will sew. My Aunt is a good sewer and we will make you all clothes. Please write me a letter and tell me when you come. Be sure and write me so I can get the doll's house ready. Don't come until next week for the lectic lights don't light. My brother will fix them next week. Please answer. Your loving friend, JEAN.

The Teenie Weenies received this letter one morning and you can well believe they were much excited and pleased.

"What a dear little girl!" exclaimed the Lady of Fashion when the letter had been read.

"Let's go," cried the Dunce, turning a handspring in his excitement.

"Sure! Come on. Let's go," cried several of the Teenie Weenies.

"Ah, fiddlesticks!" cried Grandpa. "We can't go and live with big folks. They'd be comin' around lookin' and starin' at us like as if we were in a sideshow. We'd have to do just as they wanted us to do and we wouldn't have any more independence than an all day sucker."

"What's him independence?" asked the Chinaman.

"Why, independence means freedom," said Grandpa. "We'd have to ask permission every time we wanted to sneeze."

"No no sneeze vely often," argued the Chinaman, who rather wanted to go and live in the little house.

"Ye yellow tomcat!" bellowed Grandpa, waving his cane over his head in his rage. "You haven't got any more spine than a jelly fish!"

"Allie same me no jelly fish!" cried the Chinaman, waving his arms excitedly. "Me Chinaman and me proud of it, too."

"Ladies and gents!" shouted the Dunce, who had climbed to the top of a big mushroom. "Jimmie Christmas! Think what a great chance this is to be warm and com-com-comfortable this winter. Think, ladies and gents, what this means! Nothin' to do but sleep and eat chocolate drops and cookies and ice cream and everything. No

work, just fun and play and sitting around the electric stove."

"Hooray!" shouted several of the Teenie Weenies, who had gathered around the Dunce.

"Ladies and gents," continued the Dunce, "it's goin' to be a cold winter, and think how we'll shiver when the cold and snow blows through the cracks of our straw shanties, with nothin' to keep us warm but thimble stoves. We have hardly enough clothes to keep us warm and nothing but rags to cover our feet. Say, jimmie fishhooks, let's go and live with this kindhearted little girl."

When the Dunce had finished his speech he jumped off the mushroom and the General stepped out in front of the circle of Teenie Weenies.

"Friends," he said, "there is much truth in what the Dunce has said. We are going to have a mighty hard winter. We may be cold many times and there may be times when we will go hungry. We are poor and the opportunity of living in the doll's house this winter seems mighty good; but, friends, there is another side, and I think you ought to consider it. As you know, it is quite dangerous for such little folks as we are to live with big people. If a book should fall on one of us there would be nothing left but a Teenie Weenie grease spot. We would have to do just as the little girl and her friends wanted us to do, for we would be living in her house and we would have to do as she asked, no matter whether we wanted to or not."

"That's right. That's right," cried Grandpa.

"Now, friends," said the General, "you haven't heard both sides of this question and I want you to think the matter over. Some of you want to go and others don't. Think it over carefully and this evening we will vote on the matter."

While the Teenie Weenies discussed the question the Old Soldier, the General, and Paddy Finn made arrangements for the election. They printed tiny ballots, which were handed to each of the little people.

When the Teenie Weenies had marked their ballots as to whether they wanted to go and live with the little girl or not they dropped them through the worm hole of an empty hickory nut.

It was quite dark when the voting was over, and, as the Teenie Weenies had no lamps and only a few candles, it was decided to wait and count the votes in the morning.

When the nut was cracked next morning, horror at horrors! a worm inside had eaten all the votes!

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Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

Mollie's Dollies.

I have so many dollies, I can hardly remember their names. They are always wanting something. Either toys or looks or games.



I have a little dollie. Her name is Evelyn May. She says and walks and dances. With her most every day. My other is a cowboy. With a great big hat and gun. He talks and runs like the fast. He is so round and fat. Another one is a policeman. With a big nose and a...

He also has a little drum. On which he plays rub a dub, dub.

I also have an Indian dollie— A little red squaw, you know. She wears the cutest kind of clothes. With beads strung in a row.

My little Jap dollie is the darlinest thing.

I wish you could see her now. She has on her hat and kimono. And is making the loveliest bow.

My little Spanish dollie

Is dressed in bright red and green. Most truly shows the spirit of my dollies.

And of course she is taught to be queen.

My dollies are now getting tired.

Each dragging the little head, so now I shall be very busy.

Putting them all into bed.

Mollie Barlow, Aged 11, 1512 South Twenty-eighth Street, Omaha, Neb.

Kidnaping Kenneth.

One evening Kenneth drove off with his father to call on his grand

mother who lived in an apartment house not far from his home.

Father had someone he trusted called in the little black car.

His grand-mother was not feeling well, and Kenneth had to sit next

to. Soon he began to nod and nod. Dr. Sherwin looked at his watch.

"Right thirty," he said, "better start on home. I'll have to stay with grandmother awhile."

Kenneth ran downstairs. At the door he paused and stood looking down the avenue in the direction of his home.

The street lights were off, making the walk under the trees look rather dark and lonely.

Just then a man sitting in a car looked the boy kindly.

That gave Kenneth an idea. He ran down by the car and looked at the name of the car and tucked himself under the covers.

He soon felt like sleeping. His eyes became weary. He then fell asleep.

The lamp of the running wheel went off. It was something and the car was going fast. They would be home soon, he thought. A wild flash of lightning made it bright as day and what the boy saw almost made his heart stand still.

No one of the two then was his father.

The six-footed Kenneth was now a small boy. They were had seen, and trying to kidnap me.

If I could have stopped here—

daddy told me I would have been safe at home, he said to himself.

Here came a car going to town. He sprang up and screamed, waving his hands. "Stop! Stop!" he cried.

"Take me back home!" The man looked around in surprise.

The car stopped. Kenneth got out and stood in the street.

They said they were not trying to kidnap him, he said.

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First Letter.

Dear Happy: I am writing a two-cent stamp and a...

I would like to give you...

I read the story and...

It is the best story...

I am 12 years old. I...

I will try and...

Your true friend...

John, N.Y.

Jack and Harry.

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I read the story and...

It is the best story...

I am 12 years old. I...

I will try and...

Your true friend...

John, N.Y.

A Seventh Grader.

Dear Happy: I wish to look...

I am now 11 years old and...

I have one...

I have lots of...

I am looking for...

I am looking for...

I am looking for...

I am looking for...

I am looking for...

I am looking for...

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