



THE TEENIE WEEENIES.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

SOMETHING ABOUT A LETTER AND THE LAZY DUNCE. BY WM. DONAHEY.

"WE'VE got to answer the girl's letter," said the General to a group of Teenie Weenies who were sitting on a clothes pin in front of the cook shack one morning eating their breakfast of boiled wheat. "It's now almost a week since she sent us the letter and we must answer it without fail today."

Now, writing a letter large enough for big folks to read was quite a lot of work for such little people as the Teenie Weenies. First, they had to get a clean piece of paper, eight Teenie Weenie feet wide and ten Teenie Weenie feet deep (a Teenie Weenie foot is half an inch in our measurement). Next, the paper had to be fastened up against a tree, where the Turk could paint the letters large enough to be read easily, and here is a copy of the letter just as it was written:

Dear Jean: Your lovely letter was received by us and we were much touched by your kind invitation to come and live in your doll house. Some of us wanted to come and others thought it would not be wise for such little folks as we to try and live with big people. We put the question to a vote and when the votes were counted we found that eight voted to come and live with you and 16 voted to refuse your invitation.

The great fire, which destroyed all our houses and stores, has left us very poor. We find it very hard to get food sometimes and we may find our poor little grass and stick houses quite cold when the winter sets in. If we find the weather to severe we may ask to come and live with you if your kind invitation is still open.

We all send our love and thank you for your kindness.

THE TEENIE WEEENIES.

When the letter was finished it was folded into a small package and tied securely to the Sailor's back. Tillie Titter helped out in the delivery of the letter by carrying the Sailor to the little girl's house, where the note was slipped under the door.

It was about three days after the note had been delivered to the little girl when the Teenie Weenies were greatly excited by receiving another letter.

It was from the same little girl and this is what it said:

My Dear Poor Teenie Weenies: I was sorry that you could not come. I am sorry for you all, you poor little things! I am so sorry, I am going to cook a lot of nice things for you on my little lectic stove. I will cook the things and put it on a plate out under the lilac bush in our back yard. It will be all ready there for you Thursday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Don't forget to come and get them. Kisses and love. JEAN.

"Whoopie!" shouted the Dunce, waving his hat. "We're goin' to get something besides wheat to eat."

All the Teenie Weenies were excited and they did nothing but chatter about the little girl and the things they were going to get until Thursday morning, when they set out for her home. It was a great distance to her home and it was almost 3 o'clock when they arrived at the lilac bush. Sure enough, the plate was there, all covered

with a clean napkin, and when the little people lifted it they found six small cookies, a sausage all crisp and brown, and a big chocolate drop. On the chocolate drop was a tiny note for the Lady of Fashion.

"We must scrub the plate and leave it nice and clean," said the happy Lady of Fashion.

"That's right, quite right," answered the General. "Get some water, boys, and we'll leave this plate as clean as a pin. Where's the Dunce? I haven't seen him for a long time."

"He left us back there on the big road," said the Clown. "He said he was tired." "Is that so?" growled the General. "We'll just leave the plate as we found it and we'll make him come back and scrub it all by himself. He's got to do his share of the work."

Two of the strongest Teenie Weenies carried the sausage, while the six cookies were carried on the backs of six Teenie Weenie men.

The Chinaman boosted the chocolate drop onto the top of his Teenie Weenie head and marched along as easily as if it had been a feather.

As the little people walked toward home over an ash heap, they came across the lazy Dunce sitting on a stone.

The General gave the lazy fellow a much deserved scolding and sent him off to clean up the plate. "See that you do a good job, too," said the General.

The Dunce shuffled off towards the place where the plate stood, but in a surprisingly short time he joined the marching Teenie Weenies.

"Have you cleaned the plate already," said the General in great surprise.

"Y-Y-Yes, s-sir, it's clean, but I didn't clean it," answered the Dunce.

"Well, how in the name of a gnat's eyebrow did you get it clean so soon?" asked the astonished General.

"I saw a dog on my way back and he licked the plate off for me," grinned the Dunce.

"Great beaver!" shouted the General. "That's a fine way to clean a plate. Now you go right back there and wash that plate. Scrub it, and I'm going to send the Policeman along to see that you do a thorough job."

The Teenie Weenies had a great feast in their little huts that night and everybody enjoyed the delicious food, but poor Grandpa, that ancient gentleman, having lost his false teeth in the fire, could eat nothing solid.

"It mighty good, Grandpa," cried the Dunce, biting into a big piece of sausage. "So's the angels. So's the angels," growled the old fellow as he dipped into a cherry seed bowl of gruel.

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Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

Initiating Maryan.

"Oh, girls," said Maryan Stuart to a group of her friends, "what do you think?" "Tell us," they asked in chorus. "I am going away to boarding school." "And leave us?" asked Lily Dale. "I guess I'll have to. You see, mother and dad are going to Florida. My train leaves at 3. Will you be down at the station? Mother's calling me now. Goodbye." With that Maryan left. Down at the station the girls were saying goodbye to Maryan when Lily said, "Oh, by the way, where are you going?" "Did I forget to tell you?" said Maryan. "I am going to Rosewood Hall. It's in Clover Dale." Unexpectedly the train pulled out; waving frantically out at the window was Maryan. Maryan Stuart was waiting at Rosewood Hall for Mrs. Mandus, the teacher. A maid appeared. "Come with me, Mrs. Mandus is in the library." She led the way to a luxurious library. It was carpeted with rich blue tufted flowers. Mrs. Mandus rose up. "Welcome to Rosewood Hall," she greeted her. As some girls arrived unexpectedly, the only room left is

the tower room. "I'm sure I will like it, Mrs. Mandus," said Maryan, and as Mrs. Mandus was called away, Ella, the maid, took her to her room. Her father had left three hundred dollars to furnish her room. Stuarts were very wealthy and it was very beautiful. In room No. 126, five girls were planning. "How are we going to initiate her," asked Adele. "I think we better scare her some way to test her courage," remarked Eileen Davis. The "Mysterious Five" were planning to initiate Maryan into their club. "Say, girls," said Irene Wilson, "you know there's a story about her room being haunted, let's scare her with something on that order." "Let's," said Adele. So the "M. F.'s" went on planning. "And they say your room is haunted," finished up Marie. "Why Marie, I don't think that's true," said Maryan. "Mark my word," retorted Marie, and she left. It was 10 o'clock when Maryan crawled into bed. She was almost asleep when a rap came at her door. No answer. Another rap. Still no answer. Then the door opened and

a white figure glided in, followed by four. They did things enough to scare any person, but Maryan was not afraid. Suddenly one disappeared out of the window. In a few minutes a skeleton walked in. "Time's up," it said in a low voice. Immediately the ghosts tied her eyes, picked up Maryan and took her to Mae's room. There she was unblinded and was startled to see the ghosts change into laughing girls. "You're initiated into the 'Mysterious Five,'" they all said in chorus. —Eberia Christensen, Aged 11, 415 West Ninth St., Fremont, Neb.

The Tempter.

When some shady, cooling spot beckons when the sun is hot, says: "Quit work in the sun. Task's too hard that you have to quit." Just vent my, "Now wait a bit! When I finish them I will quit— For they look I am being paid. Not for having in the shade." Ethel Duff, 421 So. Lyon Ave., Hastings, Neb.

A Trip to Joyland.

Mary had been wondering in what way sweet potatoes grew. Her mother had just opened a can of them. "Well, mother, how do sweet potatoes grow?" "Why don't you ask someone that knows?" Mary looked around just in time to see Golly, the elfin from Joyland. "Well, how do they grow Jolly?" "Would you like to see?" "Well, indeed I would." Almost as soon as she had said, she found herself among some of the queerest looking vines. "What kind of weeds are these?" "Well what did you come to see?" "Why Jolly, are these sweet potatoes?" "Yes, Mary they are." "Well I never—" Mary never finished for Jolly heard Mary's mother calling and brought Mary home. —Lucille Prekason, Age 11, Lincoln, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy—I want to join the Go-Hawk club so I am sending you a 2-cent stamp for my button. I am 10 years old. My name is Wayne Zwickel. I have a dog and it is 3 years old. It stays in the yard and I will be kind to all animals.

A New Member.

Dear Happy: Enclosed you will please find a two-cent stamp and a coupon for a button to join the Go-Hawk Happy Tribe. I sure enjoy reading your page and the stories of the Teenie Weenies. I am 8 years old. I will try and do what the Go-Hawk Happy Tribe stands for.—Pauline Peterson, Aurora, Neb.

Wants To Join.

"Dear Happy: I want to join the happy tribe. I am sending a 2-cent stamp. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals. I promise to help some one every day. I am in the fifth grade. I am 9 years old.—Olaf Nordland, Columbus, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy—I wish to join your club. I am 8 years old. I am in the fourth grade. I live with my grandma and grandpa. Next time I write I will tell about my pets. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my pin.—Verna Kern, Age 8, Alliance, Neb.

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