



THE TEENIE WEEENIES

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

THE LADY OF FASHION TELLS A STORY.

BY WM. DONAHEY.

All day long the rain dripped from the branches of the bushes, dropping with loud splashes on the roofs of the Teenie Weenies' huts. It was a cold rain and the little folks sat shivering around their tiny stoves.

"Jimmie goldfish!" cried the Dunce, looking through the small window in the dining hut, where a number of the little people were spending their time. "It's awful lonesome today. Won't some one tell a story or somethin'?" The Dunce glanced hopefully towards the Lady of Fashion, for that little lady was usually well supplied with good stories.

"Did I ever tell the story of Bigie Boo and Binjie?" asked the Lady of Fashion, looking up from her knitting.

"No!" shouted several of the little people so loudly that they awakened Grandpa, who was napping behind the stove.

"Well, I'll tell it to you," answered the Lady of Fashion, straightening out a tiny ball of yarn and settling herself for the story.

"Bigie Boo and Binjie were two squirrels. They lived at the edge of a big forest, and they were most curious. In fact, they were too curious, and their mother quite often had to lift up their tails and give them real sound spankings, for the little fellows couldn't keep their noses out of things.

"One day they were skipping along through the forest, chasing each other up and down trees and having a most delightful time, when Bigie Boo happened to spy a funny little house at the roots of a big tree. He called Binjie and the two little chaps hid behind a bush watching the place for some time.

"I don't think anybody's at home," whispered Binjie. "Let's go and peek in at the window." Hand in hand, the two squirrels tiptoed towards a tiny window in the side of the tree, but when they reached the window they could hardly see a thing, for it was quite dark inside. However, it was light enough to see that the window looked in on a long passage which led down under the ground.

"Funny lookin' place, isn't it?" said Binjie, with a twitch of his tail.

"Let's see if the door is open," suggested Bigie Boo.

"Carefully approaching the door, the two squirrels found it was open a trifle. There was a huge knocker on the door and, after some whispering, it was decided to try it.

"They lifted the heavy knocker, let it fall with a loud bang, and then scrambled up a tree near by, where they waited to see what would happen.

"When they had waited a long time, maybe five or ten minutes, they climbed down and pushed open the door. Cautiously the two squirrels made their way down a long flight of stairs and presently they came to another door.

"This door was partly open and, after waiting a few minutes, they pushed it open and peered in. There was but little light inside, but soon their eyes became used to the dark and they saw some furniture in the room. No one seemed to be at home, so the squirrels stepped down several steps into the room. There was a stool, a cupboard, a folding bed, and a table in the place. On the table sat some soiled dishes, a tea pot, a jug and two dirty dice.

"Look!" cried Binjie, clutching Bigie Boo by the front left paw and pointing at the floor. "Oh, look!"

"Bigie Boo looked and his eyes nearly popped out of his head, for the floor was littered with bones. There were squirrel bones and mouse, mole and bird bones. "I'm going home," gasped Bigie Boo, and he bolted for the door with Binjie about an eighth of an inch behind. Horrors, heaps of horrors! the door, which had swung shut after they entered the room, was locked.

"Oh, dear!" wailed Bigie Boo, twisting his whiskers nervously and swaying from side to side on his hind feet. "What are we going to do, to do?"

"Well, we can't get out through this door, that's a fact," growled Binjie, who had been hurriedly examining the lock. "We'll have to gnaw through the door."

"At that minute the two squirrels' hearts nearly stopped beating, for they heard the front door squeak and immediately afterwards they heard footsteps coming down the stairs.

"Quick!" whispered Binjie. "Under the bed." Instantly the squirrels dove under the big folding bed, and not a bit too soon, for almost immediately the door opened and an old weasel popped his head in and squinted suspiciously around the room. He sniffed a couple of times and then sneezed so loudly it scared the poor squirrels nearly out of their whiskers. Bigie Boo was so frightened he had to put his foot in his mouth to keep his teeth from chattering.

"It was mighty lucky for the two squirrels that the old weasel had a cold, for otherwise he would certainly smelled them and that would have been the end of them.

"The weasel carried something over his shoulder and, crossing the room, he dropped it on the table. Next he took a candle from a shelf and lit it, and the two squirrels could see the object which the weasel had dropped on the table. It was the leg of a bird. Poor Binjie and Bigie Boo hardly dared breathe for fear they would be discovered, as they watched the old weasel tear off great pieces of the meat and swallow them. When he had licked the bones clean, he threw them on the floor and then, picking up the dice, he played with them for what seemed to Binjie and Bigie Boo hours and hours, but really it was only a few minutes.

"Presently the weasel's head began nod and, rising to his feet, he kicked over the stool and snuffed towards the bed. The frightened squirrels could hear their hearts beating like bass drums as the wicked old weasel came towards them, but he evidently was too sleepy to hear them and so he tumbled into the bed. Soon loud snoring told the squirrels that the weasel was asleep and, cautiously, Binjie put out his head from under the bed and looked around. After a good look, Binjie put his mouth almost into the ear of Bigie Boo and whispered so low it was all Bigie Boo could do to hear him:

"The old weasel's got the key to the door on a ring, and the ring is hanging on his arm," whispered Binjie. "Now, I've got a plan and you have got to help. We've got to get away or we're goners. This is a folding bed we're under and it folds right up into a hole in the wall. My plan is this: I'll reach out and grab the key ring from the weasel's arm and then we will push up on the bed with all our might. It will fold up and pin the old weasel in until we can get the door unlocked and get out."

"Bigie Boo was so scared he could not answer, but he made a sign that he understood and the two squirrels quietly made themselves ready to push up the bed. Binjie reached out, snatched off the key ring, and at the same time both squirrels gave a mighty push, folding up the bed with a bang.

"Hold him! Hold him!" shouted Binjie, dashing for the door. "Hold him until I can get the door open!"

"Bigie Boo pushed on the bed until he nearly strained his back and he held the weasel tight in spite of his frantic squirming.

"Binjie soon unlocked the door and the two squirrels lost little time in getting through the opening. They slammed the door shut after them and fairly flew up the stairs. They could hear the weasel's screams of rage and just as they reached the outside door they heard the old fellow pounding at the door below.

"Well, there is nothing more to the story except that those two squirrels were mighty particular where they went after that," said the Lady of Fashion, looking around at the open mouthed Teenie Weenies. "They were not nearly so curious and they stopped their snooping, much to the joy of their mother."

"What became of the weasel?" asked the Dunce.

"He probably broke up the furniture in his rage and then quite likely gnawed his way through the door," answered the Lady of Fashion.

The Teenie Weenies were much impressed with the story, and they sat in silence for some time while the rain drops splashed loudly on the roof of their tiny hut.

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Letters From Happyland Readers

(Price.)

A Christmas Lesson.

Once a little boy thought his stocking was too small and put up one of his father's stockings. Santa Claus came and found the big stocking and said "My, My, who ever wears this stocking must be a giant," so he put a shaving cup, and a razor, and a dictionary in the stocking. When morning came the boy jumped out of bed and ran to the croaking. "A shaving cup," said the boy. "I guess I'll save that for a couple of years! A razor, just the thing for shaving fish bait." Then he found a note which said: "If you keep on growing at this rate next year I will have to bring you a set of false teeth and a wig. Yours Truly, Arvidley Wilcox, Monocraft, Wyo.

Kindness.

Once upon a time there was a little ragged girl and she had joined the Happy Tribe and as she was in an alley a rich boy was up in a tree by a robin's nest. The girl said: "Please let that poor bird alone." The boy answered crossly: "I don't have to mind you," and she hid behind a shed. The boy threw the nest down and the girl snatched it up and took it. When the boy got down there was no nest to be seen. The little girl waited until her mother came home and she placed it in a bush near her home. One day his mother saw the girl and she asked the girl how she got her good manners. The boy joined the club and his mother gave the girl some good clothes. -William Jacobs, Avoca, Ia.

Loves His Dogs.

Dear Happy: I will stick to my motto and pledge and will try to help old people especially, and also young people. I have two pet dogs. One is a little Spitz, whose name is Spot, and that is about as big as a cat. I have a St. Bernard which I taught to carry bundles. Don't laugh at my writing, Happy, because I am left-handed. Truly Yours, Lawrence-Nelson, age 11, Polk, Neb.

A Sewing Club.

Dear Happy: We are having a girl's sewing club in our school. There are nine girls in our club. The name of it is Needle Fingers. I live three-quarters of a mile from school. We have a dog named King and two cats. I was 8 last July.

I am in the fourth grade alone. In our family there are seven children and with daddy and mamma there are nine. I am writing in school and I am very tired of it. We play hide and Go-Seek, and Knock the Stick Down, and Pum Pum Pull-away. At home I get the eggs and milk and milk a cow whose name is Amazon. This is the first time I have written so I will close—You girls, Loretta Lawrence, Neb.

Stamp.

Dear Happy: I received my Go-Hawk stamp and I think it very nice. I have one little sister her name is Corinne. I have a pet duck and a dog. His name is Scamp. This is my second letter to Happyland. My name is Marie Nelson, Fontenelle, Neb.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I would like to join the Go-Hawks. I am sending a 2-cent stamp. I took a little kitten away from some boys who were teasing it. My grandma is at Long Beach, Cal. I used to live in Sutherland, Neb. I wish some of the Go-Hawks would write to me. My address is 2403 Crook street, Falls City, Neb.—Yours Truly, Duane Lyon, age 12.

A Fourth Grader.

Dear Happy: I am 8 years old and in the fourth grade. I wish to become a member of the Go-Hawks' Happy Tribe and so I have enclosed a 2-cent stamp for my pin. Very truly yours—Marie Piper—Galena, Ia.

(Continued on Page Eight.)