



THE TEENIE WEEENIES.

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

THE WALKING POTATO. BY WM. DONAHEY.

As the days grew colder the Teenie Weenies sometimes had a hard time finding food enough for the little family since their store of winter food was destroyed in the great fire. It was a terrible loss to them. The little men had to spend a great deal of their time wandering about the big houses in the neighborhood looking for odd scraps of food.

"Lawdy me, but I'd like to have a nice fried tadpole for supper," said Gogo as he and the Chinaman were walking down an alley one afternoon in search of food. "I reckon I haven't had a square meal fo' me' dan a week. I could done eat a safety pin if it was done fried nice and crisp."

"Allie same, me could eat a thimble full of—" the Chinaman suddenly stopped talking his mouth opened, and his little slant eyes nearly popped out of his yellow face as he stared down the little hill on which he stood.

Up the hill came a potato. Yes, sir, it was rolling up the hill! Slowly, it rolled over and over and steadily climbed towards the astonished Teenie Weenie.

"Ye' de land sakes!" gasped Gogo, staring at the potato, his eyes as big as shoe buttons, "what dat?"

"He's a p-p-p-p-potato," stammered the frightened Chinaman, his queue standing straight up in the air.

"O, Mister Irish Potato," cried Gogo, dropping on his shaking knees. "Yo' wouldn't hurt a po' colored Teenie Weenie what nevah eat much of you. O, Mr. Potato, if yo' all done stop walkin' up this heah hill, and yo' all don't hurt me, I'd gwine nevah to eat no mo' potato long as I eat."

The thoroughly frightened Chinaman could stand it no longer, and turning about he dashed off towards home with leaps that would put a grasshopper to shame. When Gogo discovered that the Chinaman had left, he, too, set out for home, and all Teenie Weenie records for speed were broken for all time.

When the two scared little chaps dashed into one of the Teenie Weenie huts they were too frightened to talk, and they stuttered and chattered in a most outlandish way.

"What in the name of goodness is the matter with you two?" asked the astonished General.

"O-o-o-o!" gasped Gogo, his eyes rolling around alarmingly.

"P-p-p-p-potato," chattered the Chinaman, whose complexion was now a pale lemon yellow.

"We saw a walkin' potato," cried Gogo.

"A walking potato?" said the General.

"Yes, sah. A big Irish potato was a walkin' and a walkin' and a walkin' right up de hill. He is walkin' up de hill down dar by de big fence in de alley."

"Why, you are foolish!" Tess Bone exclaimed. "How could a potato walk?"

"Ah don't know how a potato could walk, but dis heah one done it," answered Gogo. "Why don't you all go and see fo' yo' self?"

"Well, come on, and we'll go and see this wonderful potato," cried the Old Soldier. "No, sah!" answered Gogo. "I'm gwine to stay right heah. I don't want fo' to see no mo' of dat potato. I'd had my fill of walkin' potato."

Several of the Teenie Weenies ran out of the house and disappeared towards the alley, while Gogo and the Chinaman stood shivering by the tiny stove.

Presently the little people returned and they were almost choking with laughter.

"You are a couple of bright fellows," laughed the General. "That was some of the boys rolling a potato home. They found it in the alley and they were rolling it home."

"Land sakes!" cried Gogo. "I didn't see nobody 'round dat potato. When I saw it, it done walkin' all by its self."

"Well, it is a pretty big potato," said the General. "And I suppose the boys couldn't be seen by you, when they were pushing it up the hill?"

"No, sah, I didn't see nobody pushin'."

"I suppose you didn't need any pushing to help you home when you saw the potato did you, Gogo?" asked the General, with a twinkle in his eye.

"No, sah," answered the little colored fellow. "I didn't need no help."

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Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(From)

The Gypsy Powers.

In far off India there were many people who professed to have the power of foresight. One of these whose name was Seta was just 25 years but he was clever for all of that. Many things had come true which he foretold and so Jimmie Carter thought he would like to go to this man and try his powers.



When he saw Jimmie he went "Ah, I know you young ones. Tell me?" Jimmie asked.

"By foresight?" was the answer. "Will you give me a ball with the letters?" asked Jimmie.

"Yes," he answered.

Jimmie and Seta went into the house and Jimmie was playing to Seta to give him a ball with the letters. Presently he went to the

temple and returned with a small pipe used by the natives for opium smoking and a brazier for burning charcoal. Then he went on playing. Soon he started forward, took a red hot coal in his fingers, put it to the pipe and gave it to Jimmie. Jimmie immediately started to smoke. Seta began to feel drowsy and then went to sleep. Soon he awoke again to find that Seta was cutting his temples and speaking. He thought odd and went on his way.

As he rode away his mind went over his dream again. All of a sudden he heard shouts and when he was surrounded by his old Indian enemies, the Scouts. They took him to their house for prisoner. Some say the gypsy was a fortune teller and some the thief.

He was taken inside and locked up in a room. Even the room and its furnishings and Seta, smiling and with a friendly air. They he thought, "Why how foolish of me! I am living out my dream of this afternoon at Seta's." Suddenly the door opened and in came the chief.

"You will be killed in five minutes," the chief said. "Don't you see what you would do if you were not here?"

Then the chief left. Jimmie and Seta remembered the trapdoor in the floor. Slipping down he moved a box and on the floor were some round bones. He pushed a potato into the hole and it rolled up.

The box again, sprang through the floor and found himself in a cellar. The trapdoor closed just as he got through it.

He looked around and saw a small box of light. He fastened around it and found a small crack in a door. The door was shut but he managed to open it and get out. Everything happened as in his dream, and he knew that he had been saved from death by his dream. Jimmie Carter, age 13, Denver, Neb.

Denver Dale.

Dear Happy! I want to join your Happy Tribe. I wish a 2 cent stamp. I have four brothers, lives in the city. We laugh at him. He says such nice things. If we like, he says to find us. We have an Aristotle dog. We call him Denver Dale. I am 5 years old and in the third grade. My teacher's name is Miss Wolf and I like her very much. We are to have a picnic toasting in a grove in the country. I think my letter is long, so I will close. Hope to get my badge. My class name, age 8, Chappell, Neb.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy, I wish to join the Happy Tribe. I promise to try to protect birds and dumb animals. I have four pigs, a horse, a dog, and a pig. I will close for this time. Sincerely, Rose, Ashburn, Neb.

Roots.

Dear Happy! I am sending a 2 cent stamp and a coupon for my button. I am 8 years old and I have two brothers. Joe is the oldest. He is 7. Don is 4 years old. We all have to go to school. Our school started Monday. I am in the fourth grade. Joe is in the second grade. Don is in the first grade. I like my teacher very well. We have a cat named Freddie. He is white and yellow. I will be kind to all dumb animals. As my letter is getting to be long I will close for this time. Mary Morgan, 11 years, Brownsville, Neb.

Will Be Kind.

Dear Happy! I am enclosing a 2 cent stamp and the coupon for my button. I hope some of the old members and girls will write to me. I will gladly answer them. I will try to be good to birds and dumb animals. I am in the fourth grade at school. My teacher is Vivian Miller. I am 7 years old. I will close. Veronica, 7 years, Brownsville, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy, This is my first letter to you. I am kind to animals. I have some little chickens and they are growing up. I am 5 years old and in the fourth grade. My teacher's name is Mrs. W. I will close for this time. My class name, age 5, Brownsville, Neb.

are sure cute little things. I have two sisters and one brother. Their names are Katherine, Mabel and Clarence. Well, I must close for I have no more news to tell you. So good-bye. Will you please send me a Gollywink button. Please Clarence, age 2, Killbuck, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy! I am 7 years old. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. We are invited to the country Sunday for dinner. I am planning on a good time. Tell some of the Happy Tribe to write to me. Wesley Larson.

Wants to Join.

Dear Happy! I am 8 years old and I want to be a Gollywink. I had a cat. Its name was Beauty. I am in the fourth grade at school. I have a sister named Mary. Yours truly, Beverly, 8 years, 1234, Neb.

A New Member.

Dear Happy! I am 5 years old. I had a birthday party Sunday. I am in the third grade. I want to join the Gollywink. I will send a 2 cent stamp. I go to school every day. My teacher's name is Mrs. Doherty. She has a sweet little girl named Nancy. I want class. Best wishes, Dorothy, 5 years, 1234, Neb. (Continued on Page Eight)