



THE TEENIE WEEENIES

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

IT WAS BLOOD-TEENIE WEEENIE BLOOD. BY WM. DONAHEY.

MRS. BEETLEBY was a good housekeeper. She was extremely neat and clean and one morning, when she found some spots on a clean tablecloth, she was much puzzled.

"I don't remember of seeing those spots, before," she said to herself. She examined the spots carefully and found several stains of coffee on the tablecloth, as well as some tiny specks of red that looked much like red ink; but the spots were not red ink—they were blood, Teenie Weenie blood—and this is how they happened to be there:

As Christmas drew near the Teenie Weenies felt very mournful, for they were terribly poor and it looked as though they were going to have a dull time. Of course the Lady of Fashion was doing everything she could to make Christmas as pleasant as possible. She worked every spare minute knitting tiny mittens, sweaters, and stockings for the little people, and the Cook nearly worried himself sick trying to think up ways to make potato and corn into a wonderful Christmas dinner.

"I do wish we could have some candy for Christmas," said the Lady of Fashion one evening as she and several of the other little women sat knitting in one of the little grass and stick huts that served the Teenie Weenies as a home.

"If we could just get one lump of sugar we could make all the candy we could eat," sighed Mrs. Lover. "Big people sometimes put three lumps of sugar in a cup of coffee, and if we only could have one lump our whole family would have enough to give us a happy Christmas."

"I'm going to ask the General if we can't get a lump of sugar from one of the big houses," cried the Lady of Fashion. "I know he doesn't like to have us take things from the big houses, but I don't think the big folks would care if we took just one lump of sugar."

The little lady did ask the General, but it took a great deal of pleading before he agreed.

"All right," answered the General after the Lady of Fashion had talked to him for a long time. "Just one lump and no more."

The Lady of Fashion asked the Turk to get the sugar, and that little man, with Gogo, the Dunce, the Chinaman, and the Clown, set off one morning to find the desired sweet.

The little fellows visited many houses without success. In some of the houses they found too many big folks about. In others they could not find the sugar, and in several places they found heavy covers on the sugar bowls, quite too heavy to move without ropes and pulleys.

At last they came to the home of Mrs. Beetleby. That good woman was visiting with the neighbor next door and the little men not only found the coast clear but the sugar bowl, nearly full of white lumps, was uncovered.

The Turk and the Clown climbed up the handle to the top of the bowl. The Clown jumped into the bowl and quickly lifted a lump of sugar to the Turk, who intended to drop it onto the table below. Somehow or other the Turk lost his balance and before he could catch himself he tumbled off the bowl. The lump of sugar fell with him and struck Gogo, who was standing below, a glancing blow on the nose, knocking the little colored fellow over and causing his nose to bleed. The poor Turk fell flat on his back and lay quite still.

"O, Turkey, Turkey!" cried the frightened Chinaman when he saw the Turk lying white and still. "Speak to me and say you no muchie hurtie."

"Throw some water in his face!" shouted the Clown, peering at the fallen Turk over the edge of the sugar bowl.

The Dunce, who was standing on the table, looked about for water, but there was none in sight, so he leaped onto the edge of a coffee cup nearby, hoping to get a hatful of coffee in place of water. In his excitement the Dunce leaped too high. He tottered a moment on the edge of the cup, lost his balance, and fell with a splash into the cup, which was half full of coffee. In a second he came to the surface, scooped up a hatful of coffee, scrambled out, and dashed the hatful into the face of the senseless Turk. The Turk's eyes opened and presently he sat up, looking stupidly about, the coffee dripping off his nose and ears.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "Did I fall into a cup of coffee?"

"N-n-no," answered the Dunce; "you fell off the sugar bowl and fainted and I threw a hatful of coffee on you to bring you to."

Well, jiminie crickets!" cried the Turk, glaring at the Dunce. "Can't a fellow fall off a sugar bowl without you tryin' to drown him?"

At this minute the Teenie Weenies heard footsteps outside the door and they had just time enough to gather up the lump of sugar and make their escape when Mrs. Beetleby came into the room. It was then the good woman found the spots on her tablecloth which she thought were red ink; but it wasn't—it was blood, blood from Gogo's tiny nose.

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Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize.)

The Honest Indian.

An old Indian once bought some things from a white man who kept a store. When he got back to his wigwam and opened his bundle he



found some money inside of it. Good luck, thought the old Indian to himself. I will keep this money. It will buy many things. He went to bed

but he could not sleep. All night long he kept thinking about the money. Over and over again he thought, "I will keep it. But something within him seemed to say, "No, you must not keep it, that would not be right."

Early the next morning he went back to the white man's store. "Here is some money," said he, "I found it in my bundle."

"Why did you not keep it," asked the storekeeper.

"There are two men inside of me," replied the Indian. "One said 'Keep it, you found it, the white man will never know.' The other said: 'Take it back! Take it back! It is not yours. You have no right to keep it.' Then the first one said: 'Keep it!' But the other kept saying 'No! No! Take it back! Take it back!' The two men inside of me talked all night. They would not let me sleep. I have brought the money back. Now the two men will stop talking. Tonight I shall sleep.—Clarence Maca, Age 8, Loup City, Neb.

Wants Letters.

Dear Happy: I would like to join your Happy Tribe. I enjoy reading your letters and stories very much. I am enclosing a 2-cent stamp for my badge. I am 11 years old and

in the fifth grade at school. I have four teachers. I have one sister and no brothers. For pets I have three rabbits and two canary birds and five bantams. I will promise to be kind to all pets. I wish some of the Go-Hawk Tribe would write to me. As my letter is getting long I will close.—Arlene Reeves, Fullerton, Neb.

Has the Best Teacher.

Dear Happy: I want to join your club. I am sending a coupon and a 2-cent stamp for the button. I have two dogs and two white kittens. I will be good to my pets. I will try to make somebody happy every day. I am in the fourth grade. I am 9 years old and I have the best teacher.—Margaret Ranney, Weeping Water, Neb.

Real Justice.

Roy and Ralph had gardens side by side. Ralph was always boasting about how much better his garden was than Roy's. One night the weather report said that it was going to freeze. Roy took some canvas and covered his garden, but Ralph didn't. In a few moments Ralph saw the cover on Roy's garden, and so he took it off and put it on his garden. Roy did not know

it and both boys went to bed happy because each thought that his garden was better than the other's. In the night the wind began to blow and it took the cover off of Ralph's garden and put it on Roy's. Just then it caught on a stake and fell on Roy's garden. Then it froze. Roy's garden did not freeze, but it killed all of Ralph's garden. Ralph didn't brag so much after that.—Robert Hufnagle, age 10, Utica, Neb.

Topsy.

Dear Happy: I want to be a member of the Go-Hawk family. Here is a 2-cent stamp. Please send me my button. I have a pet goose. Her name is Topsy. I feed her out my hand every day and I love all birds and dumb animals and try and be kind to all of them. I have no sisters nor brothers. I am all alone and would like to hear from some readers.—Florabel Burton, Ansley, Neb.

Our School.

Dear Happy: There are 13 pupils in our school. There are three pupils in the first grade. I am 7 years old. My name is Mildred Gestring. There is one pupil in my grade. There are some trees by the

school house. There are eight girls. I like to go to school. We play pum, pum, pull away, and we play hide and go seek. We play other games. There are four pupils in our schoolhouse. There are two girls and two boys. I have two sisters and two brothers. There are six in the sixth grade. My brother wears glasses. My sister is 13 years old.—Mildred Gestring, Laurence, Neb.

Wears Button.

Dear Happy: I received my button tonight and I am very proud of it. I am thinking about starting a tribe. I am going to try very, very hard to keep my promise.

I fell yesterday on the sidewalk and almost broke my leg. It is stiff and hurts now. I asked our little neighbor girl's mother if she could join and she said yes. Next time I will send a story. So, Goodbye, Happy. Yours truly, Alberta Blakenship, Plainview, Neb.

Silverbell.

Dear Happy: I wish to join your club to be good to all dumb animals. I am sending a 2-cent stamp for my Go-Hawk pin. I have a little bulldog. It is a baby and its name is Fanny. It barks when it sees strangers. I am 10 years old (Continued on Page Eight.)