



THE TEENIE WEEENIES

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

A SNOW MAN GETS TOO HOT. BY WM. DONAHEY.

IT WAS certainly a cold day. Even Tilly Titter, the English sparrow, said it was cold, although she was wearing several feathered petticoats that puffed her up until she waddled when she walked. In spite of the cold the Teenie Weenies had spent most of the morning playing in the snow. They had built a snow man, and such a funny-looking man, too. He was almost seven inches tall; his eyes, teeth and nose were made out of tiny bits of coal, and the Teenie Weenies found a cork out of an ink bottle which they put on his head for a hat. The Dunce stuck a straw in his mouth, and the little people thought they had never seen such a funny snow man. The Teenie Weenies played until the Cook called them to lunch and after they had eaten their fill of boiled rice and creamed hickory nut they were quite content to sit by the warm stove and rest. Having been out in the cold, fresh air morning, they soon grew drowsy, and in a few minutes most of the little folks were nodding and blinking much as though the Sand Man had been around.

Presently there was a peculiar knock at the door. It was a heavy knock, although it was wonderfully soft.

"Come in, please," said the Lady of Fashion, who sat nearest the door.

There was a great deal of fumbling at the tiny latch, but presently the door was pushed open and a white face, with coal black eyes, peered into the room.

"Why, it's the snow man!" gasped the Lady of Fashion.

"Pheew!" gasped the Snow Man. "My word, but it's hot and stuffy in here. Why don't you come out and play? It's nice and cold outdoors."

"I'll come," cried the Lady of Fashion. "Wait until I get my hat and coat."

"I'll come, too!" "And me!" "I'll go!" shouted several of the Teenie Weenies, scurrying around in search of their coats and hats. In a few seconds several of the little folks ran out into the yard, where they found the Snow Man sucking an icicle.

"Freeze me, if I wouldn't like to bite this icicle," he said. "But these soft coal teeth I've got won't stand it."

"Let's dance. I'll play on my flute for you!" cried the Turk, as he pulled a tiny reed flute out of his pocket.

"Oh, shucks!" said the Snow Man, shaking his head rather doubtfully. "I shouldn't dance. Makes me awful hot. When I get overheated I melt."

"Oh, come on. The exercise is good for you," shouted the Turk, and he began to play "The Lady of Fashion Waltz."

The Teenie Weenies were soon swinging around in the snow to the music, and presently the Snow Man began to shuffle his feet. The Turk kept on playing louder and faster until the Snow Man was bounding into the air and performing the most remarkable dance the Teenie Weenies had ever seen. He danced on and on as the little people gathered about him, but soon he began to wobble in a most peculiar way. The perspiration ran off of him in a stream and presently an eye and three teeth fell out.

"You're melting, Snow Man; you're melting!" cried the Lady of Fashion.

At that minute the Snow Man gave a great jump into the air, and when he came down his right leg crumpled up, spilling the poor fellow on to the ground.

"Oh, dear!" cried the Snow Man, looking terribly distressed. "I'm—I'm all wet. Why—why, I'm melting! Quick, get an icicle; get an armful of icicles and stuff 'em down on my back," but the words were scarcely out of his mouth when his cheek slid off his face.

"O-o-o-oh! He's melting! He's melting!" screamed the Lady of Fashion as she jumped to her feet and looked wildly about.

What in the name of common sense is the matter with you?" cried the General, leaping out of his comfortable chair beside the stove and catching the little lady by the arm. "Who's melting? What's the trouble?"

"I—I—I must have been dreaming," answered the Lady of Fashion, rubbing her eyes. "I dreamed the Snow Man had danced so hard that—that he had overheated himself and had melted," and running to the door, she looked out towards the place where the Teenie Weenies had built the snow man that morning.

"Yes, he's there!" cried the little lady, joyfully. "Thank goodness, it was only a dream."

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Letters from Little Folks of Happyland

(Prize.)

The Go-Hawk Christmas.

Cap, a large Water Spaniel, with eyes so big and kind they seemed to talk to you, was waiting impatiently for his little master Hyle, to finish his breakfast, so that they could go on with their plans. The plans ran like this: The day before, Hyle and his mother had gathered up many of Hyle's toys that he did not play with any more, to take to the poor children who did not get many toys. They were going to tie them onto Hyle's big sled and Cap was going to pull them all the way. Their plans went fine, but Cap was so anxious to get into the sled harness, that he upset all the toys, and delayed their good errand. But he payed for it by going and gathering up his bones he had buried and giving them to the poor stray dogs and cats. So that shows that both Cap and Hyle were good Go-Hawks. Roberta Tracy, 1306 Park Avenue, Fremont, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I wish to join the Go-Hawks, the Happy Tribe. I am

sending a 2-cent stamp and the coupon. I hope to get my button soon. This is the first time I ever wrote to you. I have one dog named Duke and some pigeons that will eat out of my hand. I am 9 years old. I will close.—Joey Krejcl, Crete, Neb.

Has Pet Cat.

Dear Happy—I am sending my coupon and a 2-cent stamp for my button, which I hope will come soon. I promise to be kind to all dumb animals and birds. I read the stories of the Happyland every Sunday. I have a cat. His name is Nigger. In my next letter I will tell the folks that read the Happyland news about my cat.—Marion Wait, age 9, Superior, Neb.

Second Letter.

Dear Happy—I received my pin and I like it very much. This is my second letter to you. I think I will write a story next time. I wish some of the readers would write to me. My letter is getting long, so will close. Yours truly, Florabel Miller, age 9, Dallas, South Dakota.

A Reader.

Dear Happy—I am an interested reader of your page and wish very much to become a member. I am 13, and I am in the eighth grade. There are 400 students in the high school building of which I am a member. We have received our reports twice and my lowest grade was 94. Quite grand isn't it. I was one of the pupils that had above 95 for their six-weeks average.

I had a very merry Christmas and received many pretty gifts.

We have but one pet, a dog named Ted. He is 10 years old. Getting quite aged, isn't he?

I am a member of Uncle Ross' club and have been for three years. I hope I may become a member of your Happy Tribe, as it is nice to correspond with both papers and members. Enclosed will find a two-cent stamp.—Sincerely yours, Hortense Halbert, 506 Front street, Blair, Neb.

Tiny.

Dear Happy—I wish to become a Go-Hawk. I have a little dog named Tiny. She is 13 years old. She is

very smart and she likes candy and all things sweet. She plays ball. She sits up and begs. My letter is getting long, so I must close.—Chandler Derby, age 8, Omaha, Neb.

Second Letter.

This is my second letter. I received my pin and I wear it every day. I have a dog for a pet. I used to have a pig but it was sold which I did not like very well. When you would go in the pen where he was he would come up to you and if you would take a cob and scratch him he would lay down. I had several cats on the farm. I would like to have some of the members of Happyland write to me and I will write to them.—Eva Arbuckle, Box 592, Gibbon, Neb.

Lost the Button.

Dear Happy: I already belong to the Tribe, but lost my button while in Scotland. I am 8-1/2 years old, and do some good turn every day. I will be obliged if you send another button. This is my third letter to you—Alister Finlayson, Omaha.

Ruth's Kittle.

Ruth had a Kittle. That was very pretty. It would play with her. And when she would pet it, it would purr.

When Kittle watched a bird she wouldn't say a word. When Kittle chased a mouse Ruth would go in the house. When Kittle was in the barn, there wasn't any harm. Kittle liked to watch the cows. Watch their funny, funny mouths. Irene Pedersen, age 10, Marsland, Neb.

First Letter.

Dear Happy: I would indeed be glad to join your club. I am enclosing two 1-cent stamps and coupon, for which I wish to receive my Go-Hawk pin. I read the letters that the Little Folks of Happyland write, and I think they are splendid. I am 13 years old and in the eighth grade. I have one sister and one brother. My sister's name is Erma and her age is 9 years. My

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