



The Teenie Weenies

BY WILLIAM DONAHEY

The Lost Teenie Weenies Make a Couple of New Friends.



They're gettin' awfully stingy down here, shuttin' everything up so.

"I'll tell you what you can do," suggested the mouse after he had pucker'd up his eyebrows for some time in thought.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the voice. "Why, bless me eye, you're seven floors above food, and it's a long ways down."

"W-W-What do you mean?" asked the frightened Duce.

"I mean the restaurant is on the second floor, and you are now in the ninth floor. Seven floors and two floors make nine floors," said the voice.

"Take two floors from nine floors and you have seven floors left; that's just how far you've got to go to get food."

"We can get down all right," said the Clown, glancing at the stairs, which were quite near the Teenie Weenies.

Camp Fire Girls

Ceremonial Entertainments Group Meetings

The Minnehaha group met on Friday at Miss Helen Knapp's home for council fire. The two new members, the Misses Gretchen Standev and Ruth Manning, took their desire. The group was delighted to enlarge its circle to admit these new members and plans to have a membership of 12 soon.

The Alahi group is very fortunate in having secured Miss Olga Jorgensen for their guardian. At an election of officers Friday Miss Ruth Carlberg was chosen president; Miss Edith Elliot, secretary; Miss Florence Stevenson, treasurer, and Miss Frances Delaware reporter.

The meeting of the Nawakana group was held at the home of Miss Levellyn Enalls' residence after-noon. The regular practice for the campfire play to be given for the mass meeting at the Central High school was held.

The Ban-uta group held a meeting Wednesday to practice for their ceremonial. Miss Grace Gallagher helped the girls with their campfire songs.

The Ed-Ro-Eluta group held a meeting with Miss May Dawson Tuesday, a member of the Wicaka group, acting as assistant guardian. May is working for her torchbearer's rank and the group is busy with their head bands.

The three new groups that are organizing at Park school held a meeting Thursday and practiced songs.

The group that is being organized at Hawthorne school, with Miss Holmes as guardian, held a meeting and started head bands Thursday.

An Odd Kind of Pet. In Nicaragua they keep the armadillo as a pet, for the practical use of riding their houses of ants; not in friendly they have been bred in captivity, producing three or four very cute little young ones to the litter.

Wishing. I'm wishing for the robins For they mean spring is near, I'm tired of old winter. It has so little cheer.

I'm longing to pick violets And pretty May flowers too, And carry them in baskets To Mae and Beth and Sue.

Oh May day is the best of all, I think you'll all agree In wishing with me for it And hope no rain will see.

Scandal in Bow-Wow Land



All is not well in dogtown. Fido, Beau Brummel of the village, called on sweetheart Nellie and was met with strong resistance.

A school teacher said to her boys: "Now, I am going to give each of you three buttons. You must think of the first as representing life, the second liberty and the third happiness."

On the appointed day the teacher asked one of the pupils for the buttons. "I ain't got 'em all," he sobbed. Here's life and here's liberty, but me mother went and sewed happiness on me trousers—Los Angeles Times.

Reasonable Request. Boy Scout (on night guard): "Hall! Who comes here?" "Officer of the Day." "Advance, Officer of the Day, and explain what you are doing out at night."—American Boy.

First Letter. Dear Busy Bees:—This is my first letter to you and it is to say that I would like to join the Hive. We get the Bee every day and on Sunday. The page I like most is the Busy Bee. I walk to school five blocks every day. I am in the Fifth grade and go to Jackson school. I have three birds. Their names are Polly, Billy and Dick. I have a little dog and his name is Teddy. My letter is getting long so I will close for this time.—Pearl Pamley, 403 Birch street, Atlantis, Ia.

The Message of the Bird. What does the little songbird say When he awakes to greet the day? Does he complain or moan or cry Because the storm tore nest away? Not so! With will and courage true He starts to weave the nest anew, And breathes his song upon the air: "We build again! Birds ne'er despair!"

Give Till It Hurts. Grownups may learn something from little Johnny. On the morning of his birthday this notice was found pasted on the door of his room: "Remember my birthday; give till it hurts."—The American Boy.

Dot Puzzle. Trace all the lines, find Farmer Tack, Upon us all he turned his — Complete the picture by drawing a ure 1 and taking them numerically.

Stories by Little Folks

A Home in the Hills. My name is David Hunter. I live with my father, my sister Nellie and our housekeeper Daisy. Our little farm is nearly at the top of a steep hill. Every Monday morning my father goes away to a logging camp several miles away and stays there the rest of the week.



Why Will Water Run Off a Duck's Back? The reason that water runs off a duck's back is that the feathers of ducks are oily, and as water and oil will not mix, the water runs off instead of soaking in.

Movie Shows Given in Two Schools by "Y" Following the promise made to the boys during the ticket selling campaign for the show given to purchase a motion picture machine for the boys' division, movie shows have been given to two of the schools in Omaha where the boys sold the most tickets for the entertainment.

When the Ancients Dined The ancient Greeks and Romans did not sit at the table as we do, but reclined round it on couches, three and sometimes even four occupying one couch; at least this latter was the custom among the Romans.

Knights of Square Table Hold Banquet Some 80 members of the Knights of the Square Table, a Y. M. C. A. boys' club composed of junior employed boys, street paper sellers, carriers and boys who work after school, enjoyed a great banquet at the Y. M. C. A. last Wednesday night.

What Makes a Hot Box? When you put oil on the axle the oil fills up the hollows between the little irregular bumps on both the axle and the hub and makes them both smooth—almost perfectly so. This reduces the friction and keeps the axle and hub from becoming hot and expanding.

Undecided. Visitor—Why does your servant go about the house with her hat on? Mistress—Oh, she's a new girl. She only came this morning and hasn't yet made up her mind whether she'll stay.—Punch.

Dear Busy Bees: This is my first letter to you and it is to say that I would like to join the Hive. We get the Bee every day and on Sunday. The page I like most is the Busy Bee. I walk to school five blocks every day. I am in the Fifth grade and go to Jackson school. I have three birds. Their names are Polly, Billy and Dick. I have a little dog and his name is Teddy. My letter is getting long so I will close for this time.—Pearl Pamley, 403 Birch street, Atlantis, Ia.



Kindness does it," said the Clown. "Always treat animals kindly, and they won't hurt you. Kindness is our motto."

"Speed is my motto," cried the mouse. "Get out of their way, that's the safe thing."

After some talk the mouse agreed to go as far as the fourth floor with the Teenie Weenies, and he was most helpful in showing them the way.