

THE TEENIE WEENIES.

IT PAYS TO BE FRIENDLY WITH YOUR NEIGHBORS. BY W. DONAHEY.

"GENERAL," said the Sailor as he stepped into the Teenie Weenie library one morning, "I'm afraid, sir, that the turtle is not doing very well. He hasn't touched a bit of food for two days."

"Have you been giving him plenty of worms and bugs?" asked the General.

"Yes, sir, and we take great pains to get the biggest, fattest worms we can find, too."

"That's funny," muttered the General. "Can you suggest anything? Has he plenty of water?"

"Yes, the water is in good shape, but I think he could be tempted with a piece of meat, for turtles are very fond of meat," answered the Sailor.

"Well, you had better see that dog that lives over on the next street and may be he can get some meat for you."

The Sailor lost no time in making his way across the street to the house in which the dog lived. He found the dog asleep on the back porch and the little fellow sat down to wait until the dog awoke.

Presently the dog opened his eyes and the Sailor yelled at the top of his voice, "Say, my friend, I wonder if I could ask a favor of you?"

"O, it's the Teenie Weenie Sailor! Bet your sweet life you can!" said the dog. "What's up?"

"Well, we've got a turtle. We caught him last week and we've got him in our zoo, and he won't eat anything, so we have decided to try him on meat and we want to know if you can get us a little."

"You came to the right one for meat," smiled the dog. "I buried a nice big bone with a lot of meat on it only four days ago and you are certainly welcome to it."

"That's mighty nice of you," said the Sailor. "When can we expect you?"

"I'll have it over to the shoe house in a jiffy," answered the dog. The dog was true to his word, and in about fifteen minutes he poked his nose under the rose bush, beside the laundry, and in his mouth he carried a big meaty bone. The bone was quite old and the meat smelled frightfully bad, but the Teenie Weenies were much too polite to mention the fact.

"It appears to me that that meat is a bit rare," suggested the General, pointing up to the bone. "Er—er sort of—er spoiled."

"O goodness, no," answered the dog. "It's just nice and ripe and has the most delicious flavor you ever tasted."

"Well, you see," said the General, "we wanted to give some meat to our turtle, who is a bit indisposed, and—er, begging your pardon, I think that this meat might be a little too rich for a sick turtle."

"Beg pardon, sir," said the Turk, who had been standing near talking with the Old Soldier, "turtles are very fond of old meat and I'm sure you will find that our turtle will eat all he can get."

"Sure!" exclaimed the dog. "I've seen turtles eatin' dead fish with all their might. They like their meat good and rich."

After much discussion it was decided to try the turtle on the meat, so a liberal supply was cut off and thrown in to him. The turtle eagerly went after the meat and ate several large pieces as big as walnuts.

"There!" barked the dog. "Didn't I tell you. All animals and fish and such—except cats, for they don't count—like rich meat."

"It looks as though you were right," said the General, "and I certainly thank you for getting us the meat."

"Don't mention it, don't mention it," answered the dog. "Any time you want a bone just let me know and I'll be glad to get one for you—got 'em buried all over the neighborhood—give you one any time." And the dog leaped over the tea pot and disappeared under the rose bush.

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