

THE TEENIE WEENIES

THE LITTLE FOLKS HAVE A TROUBLESOME DAY. BY WM. DONAHEY.



WHETHER it was because the Teenie Weenies crawled out the wrong side of the bed when they got up in the morning or because they had bad dreams, no one can say, but anyhow the day was a most unpleasant one.

To start the day, the Cook overslept, and the Teenie Weenies had to wait almost half an hour for their breakfast.

If there is one thing in all the world that a Teenie Weenie likes it's to have his breakfast all ready for him when he rolls out of his Teenie Weenie bed.

Having to wait for their breakfast made the little folks somewhat cross, and that is a bad way to start the day.



Right after breakfast one of the Lover twins set up a loud howl, and when Mrs. Lover looked out the window she saw that one of her offspring had tumbled into a thimbleful of water.

The little chap's feet were all that she could see, and the tiny mother lost no time in pulling her child out of the thimble.

The poor little fellow was half drowned, but the mother stood him on his head and shook three or four drops of water out of him, and after he had been rubbed for half an hour he was quite himself again, although he was a little white around the ears.

Shortly after the twin had been rescued the Old Soldier stepped into a worm hole and splintered his wooden leg, so that prominent Teenie Weenie had to spend the rest of the morning making a new leg out of a match.

Next, the Clown got into trouble with his sling-shot. He shot an apple seed through one of the library windows, and just missed the General, who was working at his desk in the tiny room.



"Great grief!" bellowed the General, "what next will happen today? Send the Clown to bed, and see that he gets nothing to eat but bread and water."

While the Clown was breaking the window, Grandpa fell off a hickory nut and received a bad bump on his bald little head.

The old gentleman had gone out for a walk, and stopping to rest he sat down on the hickory nut, which being quite round rolled over and spilled the old fellow.

The Doctor was called to attend Grandpa, but before the Doctor could dress the bump on the old gentleman's head word was brought that the Sailor had cut his foot.

The Sailor was chopping up a lead pencil into fire wood for the kitchen stove when the ax slipped and nearly cut off one of his Teenie Weenie toes.

"Land sakes," complained the General, "what next is going to happen today?"



"The Dunce is missing, sir," said the Cook. "I sent him out about three hours ago to get some salt and he hasn't returned."

"Where did he go?" asked the General.

"To the big green house back of the vacant lot," answered the Cook.

"Well, we'll go and look him up," growled the General. "Of all the troublesome days this is the worst." The General selected several Teenie Weenies to help him and set out for the house, where they soon heard the Dunce howling for help.

The voice came from a pantry shelf, and climbing up the Teenie Weenies found the Dunce standing up to his neck in a pitcher of cream.

"What in the name of common sense are you doing in that pitcher?" shouted the General. "Haven't I told you to keep out of such things?"

"Y-y-y-es, s-s-s-sir," stuttered the frightened Dunce. "Y-y-you s-s-s-see, G-G-G-General, it's this way. The Cook asked me to come over to this house and see if I couldn't find some salt. I came over here, and while I was lookin' 'round I saw this pitcher and I crawled up on the handle to look in. I saw the nice thick cream and I leaned down to get a lick on my finger, when I s-s-s-slipped in."

The Dunce was pulled out of the pitcher, taken home, given a bath and sent to bed.

Many other little unpleasant things happened that day; in fact, they did not stop until the Teenie Weenies were tucked into their tiny beds that night, and even then the trouble followed the little folks, for several had bad dreams, and the Dunce kept most everybody awake by yelling in his sleep.

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