

# THE TEENIE WEENIES.

THE LADY OF FASHION HEARD ABOUT IT AND THEN THINGS HAPPENED. BY W. DONAHEY.

TOM was the name of a little boy, who lived near the village of the Teenie Weenies. Tom was seven years old and on his birthday he got the very thing he had wanted for ever so long. He got a drum and many other things, but the thing he wanted most was a knife. It was a real knife, with two blades, and when Tom saw that knife he was a very happy boy.

The second day after he received the knife Tom lost a rivet out of it and the handle came off. Tom took the knife to his mother and she could not fix it for him and the poor little fellow cried as though his heart was broken. He cried and cried until he cried himself to sleep and that is where the Teenie Weenies come into the story.

The Dunce happened to be prowling around when Tom broke his knife and he heard and saw the whole thing. He started home when Tom went to sleep and on his way he met the Clown. He told the Clown and the Clown told the Cook. The Cook told the Turk and the Turk told Paddy Pinn. Paddy Pinn told the Doctor and the Doctor told the Old Soldier. The Old Soldier told the Lady of Fashion and that kind hearted little person wanted to know what could be done about the matter.

"Can't we go over to Tom's house and fix that knife?" she asked.

"Well, I don't see just how we could do it now," answered the Old Soldier. "You see, we have got to get up our supply of wood

for the winter and everybody is working as hard as he can to get it all cut before the snow falls."

"Well, it seems too bad if we can't spare a little time to mend that knife for that poor little boy," cried the Lady of Fashion. "I'm going to see the General right this minute and ask him if he won't let some of the boys go over and fix that knife."

The little lady hurried to the shoe house where she had a long talk with the General and that very afternoon the head of the Teenie Weenies ordered the little men to fix the knife.

The Teenie Weenies carried their tools over to Tom's house and sneaked quietly into the room where the knife lay on the floor beside a drum. While Tom slept the little folks worked on the knife and in a short time they had the handle securely in place.

"Well, we must get back to work cutting wood," said the General when the knife had been fixed, so the little people picked up their tools and hurried quietly away.

When Tom awoke some time later he lay in his bed and as he thought about his broken knife the tears gathered in his eyes.

"Maybe I can fix it," he thought, and climbing out of bed he ran to the place where he had left the knife. He picked it up and he could hardly believe his eyes. It was not broken and it was in the very place he had left it!

"Why, that's funny!" he exclaimed, "I'm sure it was broken. I-I must have dreamed it was broken," and he joyfully put it into his pocket, never dreaming that the Teenie Weenies had had a hand in the matter.

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