



# THE TEENIE WEEENIES

## PLANT A GARDEN.

BY  
W. DONAHY

"Bring along the shovel and the hoe-o-o-o!  
Out to the garden we will go-o-o-o!  
We will scratch up the ground,  
and scatter seeds around,  
So-o-o bring out the shovel and the hoe."

**S**ANG Gogo one pleasant May morning as he and the Duncce swung along arm in arm down the teenie weenie walk beneath the rose bush.

"Speaking, or singing of gardens, I should say," laughed the Lady of Fashion, turning to the group of Teenie Weenies who had been listening to the song from the front porch of the shoe house, "do you know that we had better get to work if we intend to have a garden this summer?"

"You're right," said the General. "Let's go ask the Cook how many and what kind of vegetables he will need this summer."

The Teenie Weenies hurried around to the kitchen door, where they found the Cook in the act of taking a stewed grain of corn from the tiny stove.

"Cook" said the General, "we have just been talking about a garden, and I wondered what kind of vegetables you could use."

"Well," said the Cook, mopping his forehead with his apron, "we have got to have some radishes. I should say that five would be enough."

"We'll need carrots," put in the Doctor. "They're very healthy, fine for the blood."

"We'll need a lot of lima beans," continued the Cook, "and one beet for pickling."

"And—flowers!" exclaimed the Lady of Fashion. "I've just got to have some flowers."

"You shall have a flower bed all your own, fair lady," said the General, making a bow.

Right after lunch, the Teenie Weenies set out in search of a suitable place to plant the garden. It had to be where big people would not be liable to come, and yet where there was plenty of sunshine. At last a good spot was found between a wire fence and some bushes, and the next morning, armed with spades and rakes, the little folks started out to do their spring planting.

"This is a splendid place for the garden," said the Duncce, looking up at the fence. "That wire fence is such a pro-pro-protection."

"What do you mean?" asked the Cow Boy.

"Well, it's this way," said the Duncce. "If one of us happened to be around here working in the garden, and a—a—toad—or somethin' should come snoopin' around, why, we could climb the fence, and I'll bet that no t-t-toad or somethin' could climb after us."

"That's a good idea, Duncce," laughed the General. "But, tell me, what are you going to do with that peanut?"

"Why, Gogo and me are going to raise some peanuts from this," said the Duncce, pointing to the nut he and the colored Teenie Weenie had just brought up.

"You can't raise peanuts from that," cried the General. "It has been roasted."

"That's just the idea," smiled the Duncce, in a superior way. "We are going to grow them roasted. Then when they are grown, we can just go and shake them off the trees, all ready to eat."

"Well, you have everything planned out in fine shape," said the General, "but there are a few things you have overlooked. In the first place, peanuts that have been cooked, or roasted, will not grow. Next, they do not grow on trees, but in the ground, like potatoes. Outside those two facts, your idea is a very good one."

"S-s-say, Gogo," said the Duncce, as the General walked away, "we don't want to plant this peanut, do we?"

"No," answered Gogo. "Let's done eat it, inst ead."

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