



The TEENIE WEEENIE

By
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ARMY IS PUT TO ROUT



"TA, ta ta ta, tat ta ta ta, tat ta ta ta ta!" rang out the bugle through the Teenie Weenie camp.

"Jiminnie fish-hooks," exclaimed the Dunce sitting up in his tiny bed and rubbing his sleepy eyes; "I—I was just dreaming that I had a big fat cherry and—and that I—I—was just going to carve it when the bugle woke me up. I'm going right back to sleep and see if I can get a taste in the dream."

"Land sakes, don't do that," shouted Gogo, shaking the Dunce. "The bugle call means for us all to get up, and if you done go to sleep again you'll done be arrested."

"Betcha I don't want to carry any more heavy pencils around for half an hour on my back," said the Dunce, whose punishment of the day before was still fresh in his mind, and, jumping out of bed, he fairly flew about the tent as he hurried into his tiny uniform.

The soldiers quickly fell into line for roll call, and when that important duty was over they marched out to the drill grounds for setting up exercises.

After a hearty breakfast of the Cook's good wheat cakes and stewed prune, the soldiers were ordered to pack their knapsacks for a hard day's march. The Cook gave each man two grains of boiled rice, a large slice of baked raisin, and each canteen was filled with a drop of strong-coffee.

"Men," shouted the General when the army had been formed into line, "we are about to start out on a long practice march and if we should accidentally run across any of our enemies I want each man to stand bravely by the officers and do his duty."

"I beg your pardon, General," said the Dunce, "but did you say we might me—me—meet some of our enemies?"

"I said it was not impossible," answered the General.

"If—if—if you don't mind," said the Dunce, "I—I—I'll stay home."

"You will not," shouted the General; "you'll go along."

The little army marched away down a garden walk with the General riding bravely at the head and the artillery bringing up the rear. As the soldiers marched along enjoying the sweet smell of the garden flowers, they were suddenly aware of a great buzzing over their heads. Looking up they saw to their horror a huge bumble bee flying straight at them. The General's mouse reared up with fright at sight of the bee and the General was thrown heavily to the ground.

The soldiers, seeing their commander fall, were filled with fright, and in spite of the Old Soldier's commands they threw down their guns and ran in all directions. The Dunce was the only soldier that stood his ground, and when the bee flew at him he bravely fought it off with his bayonet, and when the bee fell to the ground, with many wounds in its body, the Dunce ended its life with a bullet through the head.

"Well, sir," said the General, brushing the dust from his coat, "I had no idea you were as brave as you have shown yourself today."

"Oh, that's nothing," answered the Dunce. "A mere trifle."

The scared soldiers soon came back when they saw their enemy was dead, and the poor bee was buried with military honors.

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