

The Teenie Weenies

GO FISHING BY W. DONAHEY

ALTHOUGH the Teenie Weenies were quite crowded in their little house-boat, they fully enjoyed themselves as they steamed along. As the boat chugged down the creek under the cool shade of the overhanging ferns, the little folks sang songs, played games, and shouted at the sleepy frogs that sat along the mossy bank blinking stupidly at the tiny craft.

When evening came, the General ordered the Sailor to steer under the drooping bough of a willow bush, where the boat was safely anchored for the night.

"Say! Ji-ji-jiminie f-f-fish-hooks!" exploded the Dunce the next morning as he climbed onto the boat followed by Gogo and the clown.

"What's the matter, Dunce?" asked the Doctor, popping his head out of a port hole.

"We j-j-just saw a big fish jump out of the water and I-I-I bet it was fifteen feet long."

"Are you sure that it was as long as that?" asked the General, shaking his finger at the Dunce.

"Well, it was fifteen Teenie Weenie feet long, anyhow," said the Dunce.

The little people were much excited over the Dunce's story of the fish and most of them decided to go fishing. With the help of a friendly bird the fishermen found a couple of worms and set off at once for a good place to fish. At last they found an old board that lay on the shore and extended out over the deep water.

"Just the place," shouted the Sailor, and baiting the hook, the little fellows dropped it into the water.

"I don't think there's any fish in this stream," said the Clown after they had waited patiently for some time.

"Sh," whispered the Doctor, "you'll scare the fish away by talking."

Just at that moment the line was jerked so violently that the Dunce and the Clown, who stood near the edge of the board, were pulled off and fell into the water with a great splash. The two Teenie Weenies swam to the bank, where they held on while the Turk secured a long dandelion stem, with which he soon pulled the two unlucky fishermen up the steep bank.

"Hold on, men!" shouted the Old Soldier encouragingly as the fish nearly jumped out of the water in his efforts to free himself from the hook.

"I-i-is it a whale?" asked the frightened Dunce as the Turk pulled him safely onto the bank.

"No, him no whale, but him muchie much big fish," answered the Chinaman, dancing with excitement.

After two hours of hard work the Teenie Weenies finally landed the fish. He was a big fellow, measuring six and one-half inches in length, or twenty-six Teenie Weenie feet (a Teenie Weenie foot is one-quarter of an inch long).

That night the little people sat down to a big fish dinner; in fact, they ate fish for a week, and everybody enjoyed it down to the last dish of fish hash.

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