



ONE pleasant morning the Teenie Weenies left the house boat anchored safely near the shore of the creek and climbed the steep bank in search of adventure. They had only gone a short distance along the stream when they were suddenly startled by a strange voice which sang these very words in a most peculiar tone:

"I'll pick the bones of a greasy goose  
If I spend my life in a cal-a-boose."

"O! O! What a dismal song!" whispered the Clown, and the next moment a great, waddling duck stepped into view from behind a bush.

"Tickle my toe if it ain't them Teenie Weenies!" exclaimed the duck.

"What awful grammar," whispered the Lady of Fashion to the Doctor.

"I cannot help my grammar," said the duck, looking reproachfully at the little lady—for, having very good ears, he had overheard her remark to the Doctor. "What chance has one to get an education in a barn yard, associating only with low down chickens and geese? Just answer that." And the duck turned and started to waddle away.

"O, dear, Mr. Duck!" cried the Lady of Fashion, "I-I'm afraid I have hurt your feelings. I am so sorry. Won't you please come back and tell us about your brothers and sisters?"

The duck turned and, as he walked back to the little group, they saw a large tear gather in his eye and roll down his cheek to the ground with a great splash, just missing the Cook, who skillfully dodged it.

"Ain't no brothers or sisters or mothers or fathers or nothing!" said the duck, as more tears gathered in his eyes.

"Are they all dead?" asked the Lady of Fashion.

"No," answered the duck, sadly; "they're all et."

"Eaten!" exclaimed the Lady of Fashion. "How perfectly dreadful!"

"It's all on account of the minister," said the duck. "He comes every Sunday for dinner and he's very fond of ducks. I'm the last and I expect to be et almost any Sunday." And the poor duck burst into tears.

"Please, Mr. Duck," said the Doctor, hoping to get the poor fellow into a better frame of mind by a change of conversation, "please tell us a story."

"I will," cried the duck, shaking a tear off the end of his nose. "I'll tell you the story of the foolish goose."

"Once there was an old fox that used to go about the woods singing this song: 'I'll pick the bones of a greasy goose if I spend my life in a cal-a-boose.' You can bet your life that the geese never lost any time gettin' under cover when they heard that song. Well, there was one flock of fat geese belonging to a farmer that attracted the attention of the fox. He hung around the creek, which was some distance from their pen, hoping that some of them would come down to bathe, but the geese were too wise and they never ventured to the creek while the fox was about."

"The fox was afraid to come near the geese's pen, so he hung around a big tree that stood pretty near the place and worked out what I call a mighty cute trick. He picked out a silly young fat goose and told her how beautiful she was—what pretty feathers she had—and in a short time he had that foolish thing thinking that she was the most beautiful and wonderful goose in the world."

"My," thought the goose, "I wish I could go down to the creek and see myself reflected in the water. I must be very beautiful, indeed."

"Well, sir, it worked just as the fox thought it would. That silly goose ran off down the creek to get a look at herself, and while she stood admiring her reflection Mr. Fox sneaked up and pounced upon her."

"Did-d-did he eat her?" asked the Dunce.

"He licked her bones as clean as a pin," answered the duck, looking around at his big eyed audience.

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# THE TEENIE WEENIES

MEET A DUCK.

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