



The TEENIE WEENIES

BUILD A SAW MILL by Wm. DONAHEY.

THE Teenie Weenies were all mighty glad to get home after their long trip down the creek, and for several days the little people were kept busy getting their snug shoe ready for the long winter.

"It's goin' t' be a long, cold winter," prophesied Grandpa. "Whenever my feet burn and smart in the fall I always know we're goin' t' have a bad winter." And all the little people looked very serious, for the old gentleman almost always foretold the weather with alarming accuracy.

The houseboat had been repaired, put into dry dock, and carefully covered with dry leaves for the winter.

"Cook," said the General, stepping into the tiny kitchen one morning, "the vegetables we covered with earth and straw last winter didn't keep very well, did they?"

"I should say not," answered the Cook. "Why, I only got about two or three wheelbarrow loads of the turnip we buried. It didn't keep worth a cent. What we need is a regular cellar down deep in the ground with a regular door on it."

"Yes, you're right," nodded the General. "I'll talk to the Doctor tonight about a cellar and we'll see what can be done."

The two Teenie Weenies talked over the matter that night and it was decided to build a great cellar into the side of a hill near the shoe house where the little people's supply of winter food could be kept in safety.

"It's going to take a lot of work," said the Doctor. "We'll have to have a lot of heavy timbers to keep the earth from falling in, and I don't see where we'll get the lumber without a sawmill."

"O, dot's easy," cried the Dutchman, who had been listening to the conversation. "Ve could make der sawmill bretty easy yet. Back by der fence over in a yard not so much far away iss a fine toy engine vat belongs to der boy vat lives dere, un it looks very much as though he had thrown it away, for it has been lyin' dere for a long time und iss all rusty. I vas lookin' it over once der other day und I dink I could fix it up bretty quick yet. Ve could make a saw und den make der engine run der saw und cut up as much of der lumber vat you want."

"All right, Dutchy!" cried the General. "We'll borrow this engine for a little while and open up a sawmill."

It took the Dutchman several days to fix up the little engine and several more days were needed to get the heavy machine in place; in fact, it was two full weeks before the mill was in running order, for the engine burned alcohol, and a big bottle of that fuel had to be brought up and placed near by. Day after day the Teenie Weenies labored at the little mill, bringing up the great logs, which were sawed into lumber and placed in even piles near the big fence.

On the other side of the fence lay a walk, and the people who passed along never suspected that a sawmill lay hidden in the grass, and had they heard the busy little saw as it cut clothespins and bucket handles into lumber they no doubt would have thought it the humming of a honey bee. [Copyright, 1916: By Wm. Donahey.]

