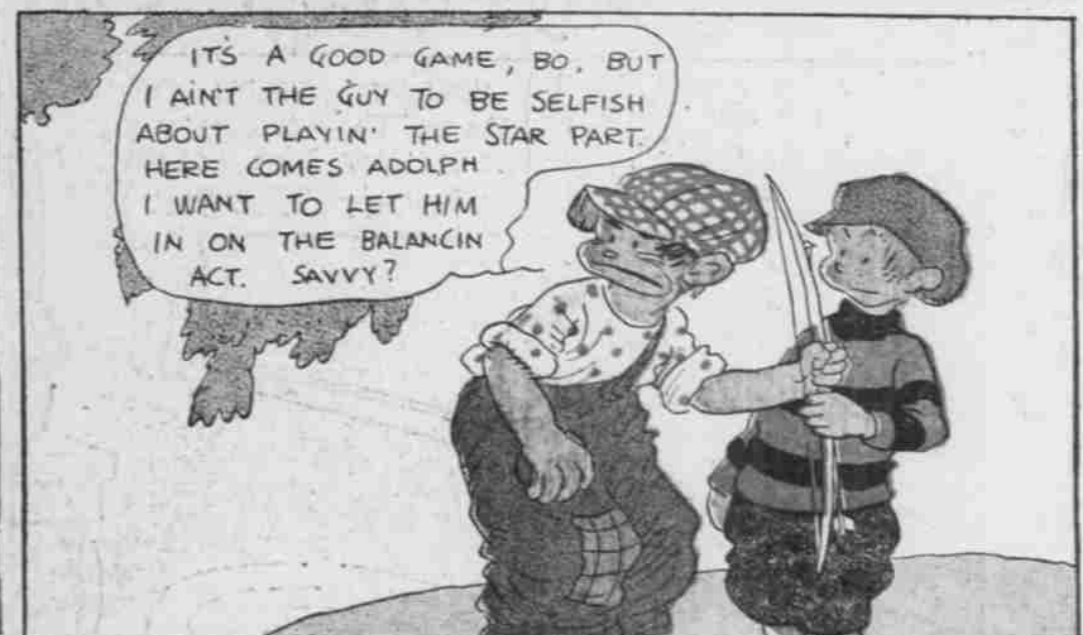


BOBBY MAKE-BELIEVE

AND SPIKE DO A MODERN WILLIAM TELL



The TEENIE WEEENIES. THE LADY OF FASHION MAKES A BARGAIN. BY Wm. DONAHEY.

THE General had been turned out of the library. The Lady of Fashion and Mrs. Lover had taken possession and the tiny room was the busiest place under the rose bush. The two little ladies were busily making dresses and the library had been made into a sewing room.

"I don't know just how to trim my blue evening gown," remarked the Lady of Fashion as she threaded her tiny needle.

"I should think feathers would make very pretty trimming," said Mrs. Lover.

"They would!" exclaimed the Lady of Fashion. "And I know the very color I want. That bird who comes around occasionally to see the Doctor has a most beautiful color in his tail feathers, and if I could get him to give me one you would see the very prettiest trimmed gown you ever laid your eyes on."

"But the tail feather is too stiff and big; you could never use it for trimming," said Mrs. Lover.

"O, yes, I could!" cried the Lady of Fashion. "I would cut the feathers from the quill, and when they were softened and curled they would be just the thing." That evening at the dinner table the Lady of Fashion asked the Doctor where she could find the bird.

"O, he lives over beyond the big woods," answered the Doctor. "But he is coming over to the hospital tomorrow to get a treatment for his sore eye and I'll tell him you want to see him."

The next morning the bird presented himself at the shoe house and asked for the Lady of Fashion, and in a very short time that little lady told the bird just what she wanted.

"Great grub-worm!" exclaimed the bird. "Do you think I'm going to pull out my tail feathers just to trim a dress? Well, I should say not!" And the bird looked very angry.

The Lady of Fashion could not be put off so easily, and she begged so very hard and so sweetly that the bird finally consented.

"Well, I'll give you a feather if you'll knit me a pair of anklets to keep my legs warm this winter."

The Lady of Fashion promised to knit the anklets and the bird made himself ready to give up the feather. "I can't pull it out myself," he said. "Several of you fellows will have to pull it out."

Paddy Pinn, the Turk, and the Sailor grabbed the feather, and although the bird braced his feet and pulled with all his might, they could not pull out the feather.

"Say!" cried the bird, "get a rope and let me get a good grip onto it with my beak, and then a couple of you fellows pull, and I'll bet we can get it out."

A short rope was given to the bird, and when he had it tightly fixed in his bill, Gogo and the Dunce caught hold of the other end. At a signal from the Old Soldier the Teenie Weenies on each end gave a mighty pull.

"Ouch!" exclaimed the bird, and of course when he opened his mouth to yell he dropped the rope on which Gogo and the Dunce were pulling. Those two Teenie Weenies rolled over into a heap amid the laughter of the rest of the little people.

After several attempts the feather was finally pulled out, and the Lady of Fashion was made very happy.

"Don't forget those anklets, now," said the bird when the Lady of Fashion had thanked him for the feather.

"I certainly won't," answered the little lady, and that night she brought out her tiny knitting needles and went to work.

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