

BOBBY MAKE-BELIEVE - YES, HE'S IMAGINING AGAIN



THE TEENIE WEEENIES

THE DUNCE DOES A HIGH DIVE. BY Wm. DONAHEY.

THE water tank which the Teenie Weenies had built was not big enough to supply water in case of fire, so the little folks were forced to place several tea-cups under the rose bush. The cups were placed quite near the tiny houses and then filled with water, which was never to be touched except in case of fire. With their powerful fire engine the little people could quickly throw the cup of water on their houses and that was quite enough water to put out the most stubborn fire.

It was mighty lucky for the Dunce that one of the fire-cups happened to be handy, for that young gentleman was in need of one and he needed it badly.

One morning the General ordered the Teenie Weenies to clean up the dead leaves about the tiny village and burn them. The little folks enjoyed the work and they loved to watch the leaves as they burned.

"I 'speak they ain't most anything I like better than burnin' leaves," remarked Gogo as he threw a big oak leaf onto the fire.

"Betcher life it's fun!" agreed the Dunce, who was standing quite near the fire.

"Well, there will be somethin' that ain't near so much fun if you don't move away from that fire a little," growled the Policeman.

"Ah, I guess I know when I get too near the blaze," muttered the Dunce, glaring at the Policeman.

"You had better move, Dunce," said the Lady of Fashion. "You are standing awfully near and you might get afire."

The Dunce only laughed at the little lady and moved a trifle nearer the fire in order to tease her, but presently he let out a great yell, for the seat of his trousers burst into flames.

One of the fire-cups stood only a few feet away and the Dunce made a great leap and dived into the water with a big splash.

"That young man ought to have his sittin' down place warmed," growled Grandpa as the Dunce climbed dripping out of the cup.

"I think it's warm enough already," smiled the General. The poor Dunce had burned a hole in the seat of his trousers and he was pretty badly scorched, too, so the General thought he had enough punishment, although the Lady of Fashion thought he ought to be sent to bed for his foolishness.

The Dunce will be more careful in the future, for he learned a good lesson, and although the accident happened over a week ago, he is still taking his meals standing up.

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