





This Book Belongs To-





"FRIENDS," SAID THE GENERAL, ADDRESSING THE CROWD, "I HAVE TERRIBLE NEWS!" —Chapter One.

The
TEENIE WEENIES
IN THE WILDWOOD

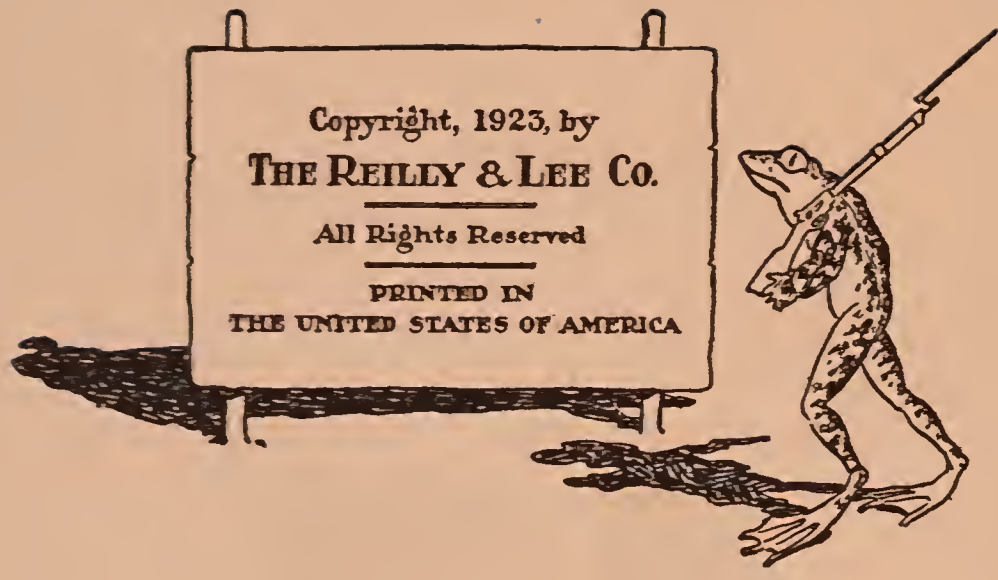
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LIST OF CHAPTERS

Chapter	Page
1 Alarming News.....	7
2 The Captured Teenie Weenies.....	11
3 Campaign Preparations.....	16
4 A Warning in Camp.....	20
5 The Queen of the Wild Men.....	24
6 The Storm.....	26
7 A Suspension Bridge.....	29
8 A Badly Frightened Army.....	33
9 The Captives Attend a Dance.....	36
10 Help from a Ground Robin.....	39
11 The Poet Learns Sabo.....	44
12 Gogo's Brave Act.....	48
13 The Attack.....	52
14 On the Wild Men's Island.....	56
15 A Council of War.....	59
16 Wild Men Bottled Up.....	63
17 The Dunce in Disgrace.....	66
18 Consulting an Engineer.....	70
19 The Old Soldier's War Machine.....	74
20 The Dunce Looks for Excitement.....	79
21 The Scouts Have a Narrow Escape.....	83
22 The Battle.....	89
23 The Red Cross.....	92
24 Let There Be Peace.....	96
25 The Peace Dance.....	103
26 Home.....	109
27 The Grand Review.....	114

The Teenie Weenies In the Wildwood

Chapter One

ALARMING NEWS

THE Teenie Weenies had known for some time that a tribe of tiny wild men lived in a big swamp many teenie weenie miles from the shoe house. Field mice and birds had carried the news of these strange little people to the Teenie Weenies. The wild men lived in the heart of a big forest and they spoke a language quite different from the Teenie Weenies.

“These wild men are very cruel,” a friendly bird told the Teenie Weenies. “They are called Saboes, or frog eaters, and they would just as soon destroy a person as look at him.”

“Well, they will never hurt us,” the General said, “for we shall leave them alone and, besides, they live a great distance from the shoe house.”

“Well, you’d better watch out for them; there are a great many of these wild men and you can never tell when they might come along,” said the bird, who was a mourning dove and always looked on the dark side of things.

The Teenie Weenies didn't worry about the wild men much, for they lived so far away and, besides, there was the Teenie Weenie army ever ready to protect them against an enemy. But the little people soon had cause for worry, for a dreadful thing happened.

One afternoon a snail raced slowly up to the shoe house with alarming news—the Lady of Fashion and the Poet had been captured by the wild men!

“Gracious!” gasped the General. “How did you find this out?”

“I-I-I-I saw them captured,” answered the snail. “The wild men took them and put them in their boat and paddled down the creek. There must have been five or six of the wild men. They all had bows and arrows and spears too, and they looked terribly fierce.”

“Ring the bell,” cried the General. “We'll have a great council and see what can be done.”

Several of the Teenie Weenies ran to the old derby hat which served the little people as a school house and armory, and began furiously to ring the tiny bell. All the birds and animals who lived near the little village knew that when the bell rang long and loud it was a signal for them to come. In a few minutes, two birds flew under the rose bush where the village stood and one by one, several mice, a squirrel and a couple of intelligent-looking bugs appeared.

“Friends,” said the General, addressing the assembled crowd, “I have terrible news! The Lady of Fashion and the Poet have been captured by the wild men. This—

this snail here has just brought the report.”

The Teenie Weenies and their friends were much shocked by the news, while the snail strutted about, feeling quite important at being the bearer of such an exciting message.



“When did this happen?” asked the mouse with a squeaky voice.

“About five or six hours ago,” answered the snail. “I was walkin’ near the creek when—”

“Five or six hours ago!” shouted the General, turning on the snail. “For the land’s sake, why didn’t you come immediately?”

“I-I-I did,” answered the snail, with an injured expression. “I came just as fast as I could crawl.”

“Of course you did,” said the General kindly. “I beg your pardon. I forgot for the moment that you do not move as fast as most of us.” The snail, who had rather a

sensitive nature, was quite hurt by the General's words and it instantly shrank back into its shell.

After some talk it was decided to scatter up and down the creek in search of the lost Teenie Weenies. The birds flew up and down the creek until it was quite too dark for them to see, while the little people and the rest of their friends hunted all through the night without a sign of the Lady of Fashion and the Poet.



Chapter Two

THE CAPTURED TEENIE WEENIES

WHILE the Teenie Weenies were searching along the creek for the Lady of Fashion and the Poet, those two little people were being rapidly paddled down the stream and away from their friends.

The Lady of Fashion and the Poet had gone to the bank of the creek for a picnic. They had eaten their lunch and the Lady of Fashion suggested that they walk down the stream in search of wild flowers. They had only gone a little ways when the wild men, who had been watching them, suddenly leaped upon them from behind a big bush. In a few seconds the wild little fellows had carried their tiny prisoners to their canoe, after having securely bound their hands behind them. Lifting the Teenie Weenies into the boat the wild men jumped in after them and began to paddle down the creek.

“This is a pretty bag of seeds,” moaned the Poet as the boat shot rapidly down the stream. “It’s hard to tell what will become of us now.”

“If—if we could just get word to the General,” whispered the Lady of Fashion, “he’d bring the army and come after these—these wild men and rescue us.”

“There’s no chance of writing a note and dropping it somewhere, with our hands tied behind us.”

“I’ll tell you what we can do,” whispered the Lady of Fashion. “If we should see a bird we can call to it and ask it to tell the General that we have been captured.”

But the two Teenie Weenies never came close enough



to a bird all that day, for the wild men paddled their canoe near the shore of the creek under the cover of the overhanging ferns and grass.

As the canoe floated along down the stream the Lady of Fashion and the Poet spent their time studying the

strange little wild men, or Saboes, as they were called. They were sturdily built little chaps, but a trifle smaller than the Teenie Weenies. They had dark brown skins, bushy hair, and around their fierce-looking eyes were painted circles of white. One or two of the wild men wore shirts with skirts almost to their knees, but the most of them were dressed only in trousers which were made from the skins of young frogs. Their spears were made of long sticks with a sharp fish bone tied to the end, and several of them carried bows and arrows, while their war clubs were made by fastening sharp blackberry thorns to a short handle. Many of the little wild men wore strings of beautifully carved raspberry beads about their necks and arms, which the little fellows called "gum gum," the Sabo name for money.

The canoe, which the little men paddled very skillfully, was made from a huge cucumber, and on the end of the boat was painted a queer face. This face was supposed to look like a cat and was meant to frighten the Saboes' enemies.

When evening came on and it began to grow dark, the wild men stopped on a sandy beach, where they made the two Teenie Weenies understand by motions that they would rest a while.

Several of the Saboes bent over the stem of a tall dandelion, while one of the little men gathered an armful of the soft, fluffy down, which he put on the ground and covered with dry grass and sticks. He then took two sticks and rubbed them together so hard that they grew

very hot and soon a spark fell into the dandelion down, which blazed up and quickly set fire to the grass and sticks.

Presently two of the wild men, who had disappeared in the direction of the creek, returned and one of them carried the leg of a frog over his shoulder. The little men cut the leg into great chunks almost as big as a pea and these were soon roasting over the fire.

The Lady of Fashion and the Poet sat on a log beside the fire and although the Lady of Fashion tried hard to keep from crying, every now and then a tear would trickle down her tiny cheek.

“Don’t worry,” said the Poet. “The General will find some way to come to our rescue. He won’t let any harm come to us.”

“I-I-I s-s-s-suppose so,” sobbed the little lady. “But I-I-I haven’t a clean handkerchief and — and — and my hair is a sight!”

In spite of the fact that the Teenie Weenies were terribly worried, the roasting meat smelled wonderfully good and when it was done the prisoners’ hands were untied and they were each given a piece. Both ate a good portion and agreed that it was delicious. They wiped their fingers on a leaf and then the wild men tied their hands again and made them understand that they were to sleep.

All night long the wild men kept up a bright fire. They took turns sleeping and watching their prisoners, but the two Teenie Weenies needed very little watching, for they



THE QUEEN OF THE WILD MEN, SITTING ON THE BACK OF HER
TURTLE.— *Chapter Five.*



were quite tired out with the day's experience and slept most of the night.

At the very first break of day the wild men were awake and after a hurried breakfast of frog ham and a blackberry which one of the men found, they once more pushed out in the canoe and paddled down the stream.

Two days later they landed on the island where the wild men lived. When the two Teenie Weenies stepped out of the canoe a great number of the wild little people came running toward them. The women and children stared at them in great astonishment, while the men danced and swung their clubs and spears in a most terrible way.



Chapter Three

CAMPAIGN PREPARATIONS

ALL night long the Teenie Weenies searched without success for the captured Lady of Fashion and the Poet. The Indian found the spot where they had been surprised and taken. Their tiny footprints and the tracks of the wild men, as well as the spot where the canoe had been pushed into the water, showed plainly in the moist sand.

“Him wild man, him get good start,” grunted the Indian after he had studied the footprints for some time. “We no catch’um before him get home.”

“I’m afraid not,” answered the General. “If that slow-poke snail had been a little faster we might have caught them.”

“Ugh!” was all the Indian said.

When all the Teenie Weenies had returned to the little village after the search, the General called a meeting.

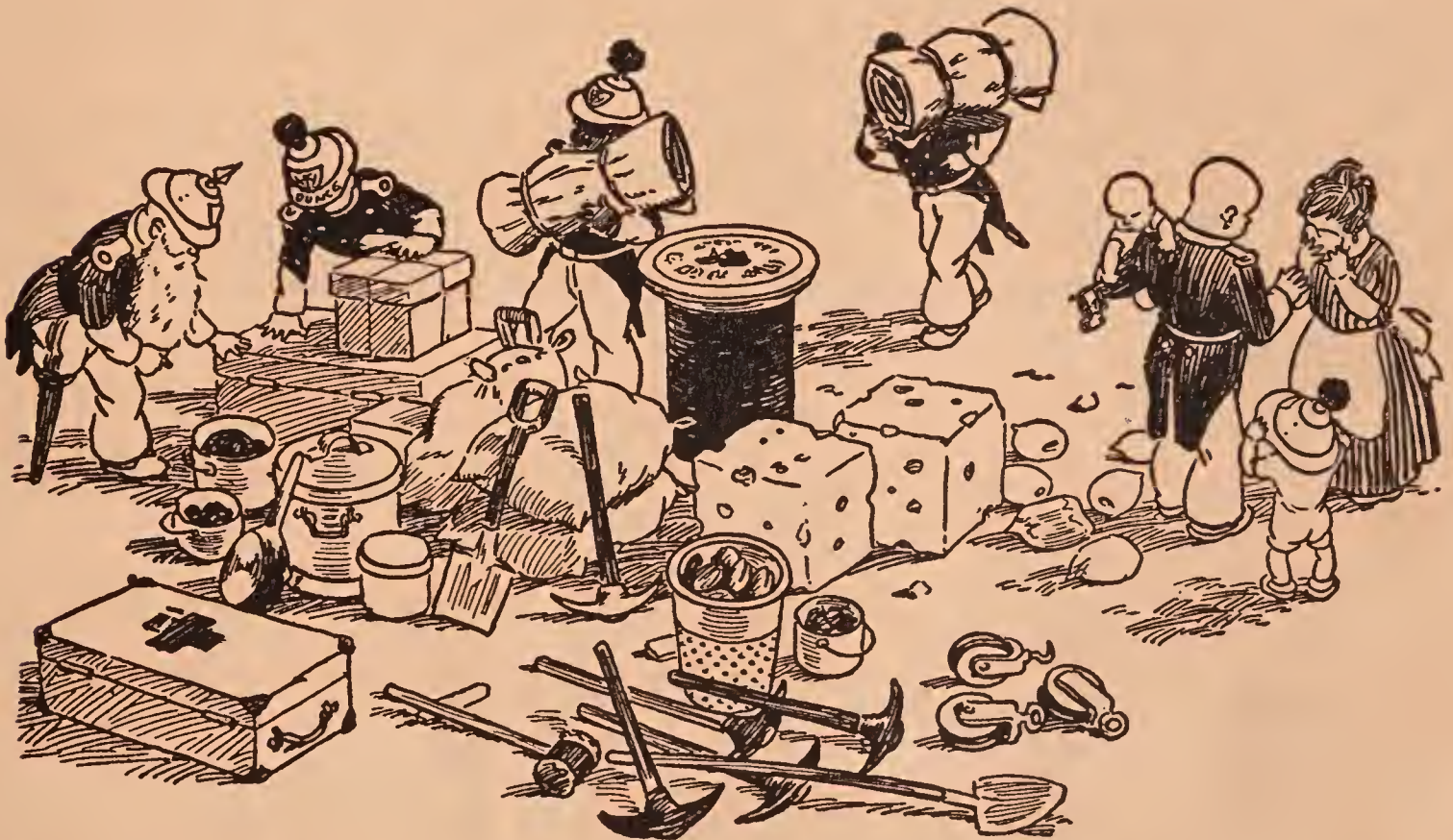
“Men,” he began, “we have got to do something and do it quickly!”

“Call out the army, why don’t you?” shouted an excited mouse that had joined the crowd.

“I believe we’ll have to,” answered the General. “I hate to use the army, but I don’t see what else we can do. These wild men are very savage and I have been told

that there are many of them. If we go after the Lady of Fashion and the Poet, we are going on a hard and dangerous mission. We will have many long miles to march and there — there may be fighting. Now, men, I will put it to a vote. All those in favor of sending the army after the wild men in order to free our friends will say ‘yes.’”

“Yes!” shouted every single Teenie Weenie, so loudly



that they made the leaves tremble on the old rose bush overhead.

The little people started at once to prepare for the trip into the forest, for it was there that the wild men lived. It takes a great deal of work to outfit an army and the little men were soon buzzing about as busy as bees.

Two squirrels offered their services, but the General was forced to refuse them, for they were such big eaters that the army could not afford to feed them.

Several mice were hired to pull the wagons and the cannons and also for the officers to ride.

A great quantity of food and tools had to be brought out and loaded into the wagons. It took seven hundred grains of wheat, six hundred grains of corn, thirty raisins, six dried prunes, fifty-eight beans, to say nothing of cocoa, salt, pepper, baking powder, picks, shovels, pulleys, ropes, tents, a great quantity of cheese for the mice-horses and many other things.

It was quite late that night before the wagons were loaded and most of the little soldiers slept in their uniforms, for the army was to start into the forest soon after daylight.

The army was to be made up of a division of ten infantrymen, two artillerymen, two mounted scouts, two cooks, a doctor and two nurses.

The General was in command, with the Old Soldier as chief of staff, while Paddy Pinn had command of the artillery.

When the little soldiers had said their last good-byes, the men stepped into line and at the gruff command of the General they swung away towards the great forest in which the wild men lived. The Indian and the Cowboy, mounted on mice, rode ahead of the army and picked out the best and easiest road for the soldiers, while the Turk, who was chosen as the aviator, flew above the army on the back of a bird, ever watchful for enemies.

At noon the army halted for lunch beneath the shade of a lilac bush, where each man eagerly devoured the

grain of baked wheat which had been given to each soldier that morning as his ration.

After they had rested a bit, and when they had filled their tiny canteens with water from an old tin can, the command was given to "fall in." Once more the army took up the march.

The army had a hard time that afternoon, for the road it traveled was very rough. The little soldiers had to stop every now and then to chop weeds and dandelions from the road so the wagons and cannon could pass. Late in the afternoon the Turk told the General he had sighted an excellent place for a camp, and all the tired little chaps were made very happy when the order was given to make camp for the night.



Chapter Four

A WARNING IN CAMP

THE first day's march was very hard on the soldiers, for the sun was hot and the little fellows were not used to such long tramps. When the order came for the army to break ranks and make camp ready for the night, the soldiers worked with a will unloading the wagons and putting up the tents. The kitchen tent was put up first so the Cook and the Chinaman would lose no time in getting dinner ready for the hungry army.

The mice that pulled the army wagons were given a good feed of cheese and they were quartered in a hollow tree for the night. The airplane ate ten grains of bird seed and hopped onto the limb of the bush under which the tiny camp lay.

When the camp had been put in order for the night, mess call was sounded and the soldiers formed in line with their tin plates. The Cook had prepared two boiled beans and a thimbleful of corn soup for the army. Each man was given a plate of soup, a big spoonful of bean and a large piece of bread.



After dinner the little soldiers gathered on the bank of a puddle of water, where they bathed their aching feet,

while others took off their uniforms and enjoyed a good swim. The foolish Dunce dived head first into the pool without first testing the water to see how deep it was and he nearly broke his silly neck, for the hole was only three Teenie Weenie feet (a little over an inch and a half) deep.

“Believe me!” exclaimed the Dunce after he was pulled out of the water and sat on the bank rubbing a big bump on his head, “I’m through diving. I wouldn’t dive into a teacup full of water even if I could see the bottom.”

The General decided to let the army rest for a day, as the soldiers all complained of sore feet and, besides, one of the horses was bothered with a lame leg, which had been hurt in a mouse trap a few days before. The men were given a little light rifle practice, while Paddy Pinn tried out the cannon at long range shooting, bringing down a dandelion in three shots at the remarkable range of four hundred and twenty Teenie Weenie feet (17 feet in our measurement).

The noise of the cannon attracted the attention of many birds, squirrels, bugs and field mice, who gathered around the edge of the camp with wide-open eyes.

“What’s the trouble?” asked a bright-eyed chipmunk. “Is there a war or somethin’?”

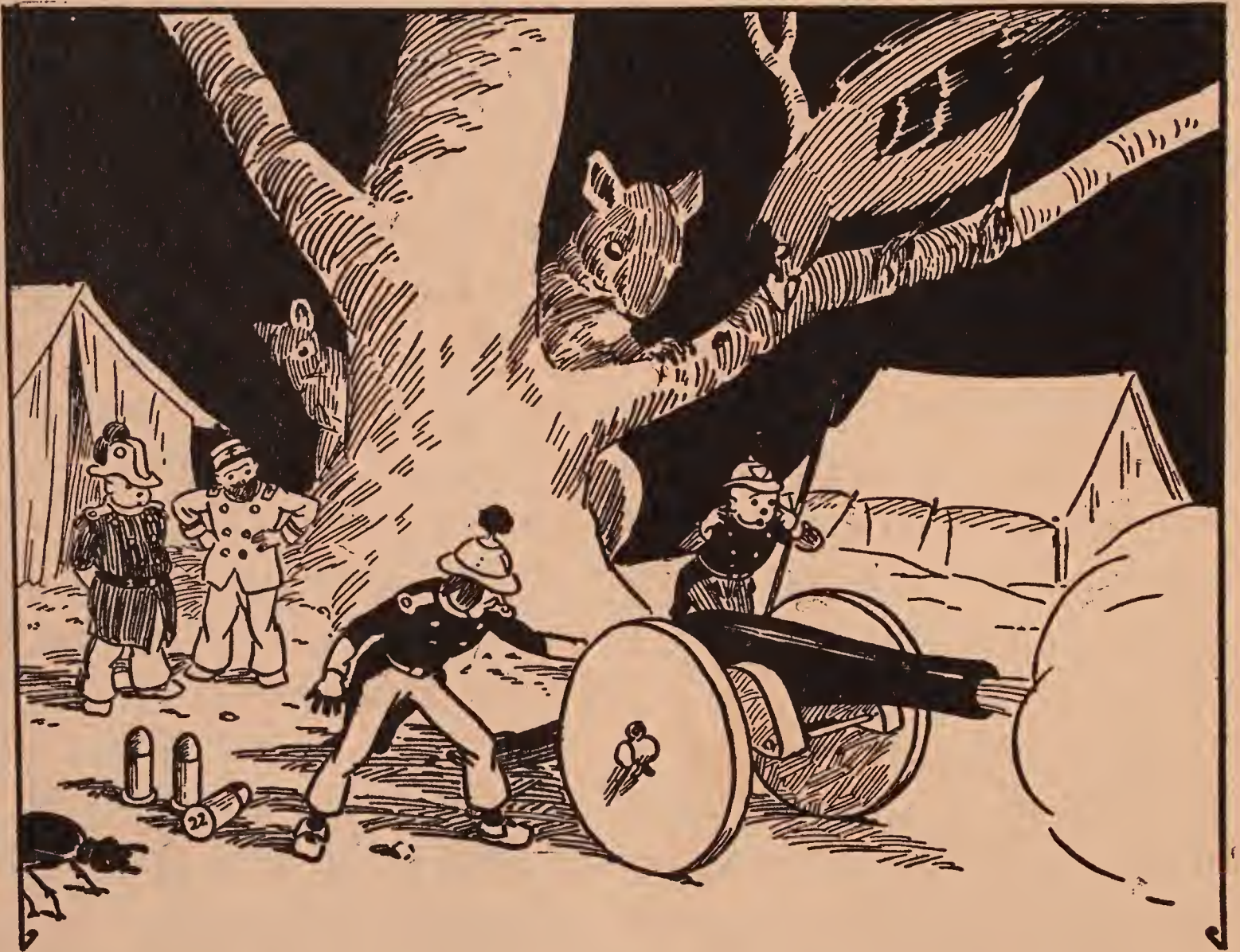
“No,” answered the General kindly. “We are on our way to rescue a couple of Teenie Weenies who have been stolen by the wild men who live in the heart of the big woods.”

“Well, you’d better go back,” warned the Chipmunk.

“Those wild men are a bad lot and they are as thick as bees in clover time.”

“We are not afraid,” answered the General. “We will keep on until we have rescued our friends.”

“All right! All right!” said the Chipmunk solemnly.



“I wouldn’t give a wormy chestnut for your lives, but that’s your choosing, not mine. Let me tell you one thing—don’t forget that I warned you.”

“Thank you just the same for your advice,” said the General, “but we must go on.”

“All right!” muttered the Chipmunk. “But remember

I warned you." And shaking his head wisely he scampered off into the thick weeds.

The little soldiers rolled themselves up in their tiny blankets almost immediately after supper and almost before the sun had disappeared over the western hills they were sound asleep, for they were to be up and well on the march before daylight again would appear.



Chapter Five

THE QUEEN OF THE WILD MEN

ALTHOUGH the wild men who had captured the Lady of Fashion and the Poet were good to them, the two Teenie Weenies nevertheless were much alarmed as to what might happen, for the wild men kept their captives' hands securely tied, and they watched them closely at all times.

When the wild men brought the two Teenie Weenies to the island where the savages lived, the captives were the center of much interest.

The Sabo men and women came swarming down to the water's edge from all directions. They shouted and jabbered in a language the Lady of Fashion and the Poet had never before heard. Some came gliding out of the tall grass, while others peered from behind bushes and pebbles, quite as though they were a little afraid of the

two helpless Teenie Weenies.

The women were curious little people. They were dressed in short dresses which came down to their knees and the cloth was woven out of thistle-down and was



wonderfully soft. The women dressed their hair in a strange manner. The Lady of Fashion could hardly keep from laughing at them, for it was coiled up to a point high in the air, shaped much like an ice cream cone. Most of the men were dressed in frogskin trousers, while the children wore bits of cloth about their waists.

The men and women gathered around and carefully examined the clothes of the two Teenie Weenies, especially the Poet's glasses, which were considered very wonderful by the wild little people.

After a time the Lady of Fashion and the Poet were led along a path toward the center of the island, followed by a great crowd of Saboes. Presently one of the wild men who was walking ahead suddenly dropped to his knees and kissed the ground. Looking up, the two Teenie Weenies saw a very big turtle with a very short, fat woman sitting on its back. A man who walked beside the turtle with a hook in his hand, gave the turtle a sharp blow on the nose and the big fellow pulled his head into his shell and stopped.

"Well!" exclaimed the Lady of Fashion. "I wonder who this fine lady can be."

"Why, why, this must be a sort of queen," answered the Poet. "Maybe she is the queen of the wild men."

The Poet had guessed correctly. The fat lady on the turtle was no other than Her Royal Highness, Queen Mooie, ruler of the wild men.

Chapter Six

THE STORM

BEFORE the sun had time to peep over the eastern hills the third morning, the little army was on the march. All day the soldiers tramped along, stopping every now and then to rest a few minutes beneath the shade of a friendly dandelion or burdock. All along the line of march many bugs, ants and birds gathered by the roadside to cheer the brave little army as it trudged by.

“General,” said the Turk, as he slid off the back of the airplane, “it looks to me as though we were going to have a storm and I would suggest that you lose no time in finding a dry place to house the army.”

“All right,” answered the General, “I’ll order the Indian to ride ahead and select a place to camp.”

Even as the General spoke, the little soldiers heard the distant rumble of thunder, and the Indian, putting spurs to his mouse, quickly bounded away in search of a camp. Presently he returned with the good news that he had found a fine place to weather the storm.

A hollow log had been selected for the camp and the little men soon pulled the cannon and army wagons into the dark hole. In a short time the storm broke with great fury and it was a mighty good thing that the little army was protected by the hollow log, for the burdock leaves



under which the Teenie Weenies always sought shelter from the rain would have been a poor place in such a big storm. The poor mice who pulled the army wagons trembled in terror at the loud peals of thunder. The Dunce shook so much with fright he almost loosened the buttons of his uniform.

The storm passed quickly and the General ordered the army to be on its way, but the marching was hard and the men made slow progress, for the ground was muddy. The army marched around most of the mud holes, but one was too long and they were forced to wade through the thick mud. Most of the soldiers got over safely, but one of the wagons stuck in the mud and to make things worse, one of the back wheels was broken in trying to pull it out.

“This is a pretty pickle!” growled the Old Soldier, sliding off his mouse at the edge of the puddle. “We’ll have to work fast to get this wagon out before dark.”

“We might just as well unload the wagon, for we will never be able to pull it out while it’s loaded,” said the General.

As the mud was quite deep, several of the soldiers were ordered to put on bathing suits and carry the baggage to solid ground. After much hard work the wagon was finally pulled out of the mud, although it took half the army and six of the mice to do it. As it was quite late in the afternoon, the army went into camp, while the Turk and the Old Soldier set to work to mend the broken wheel.



THE TEENIE WEENIE CAPTIVES VIEW THE FIRE-DANCE OF THE WILD MEN.—Chapter Nine.

Chapter Seven

A SUSPENSION BRIDGE

THE General fumed and fussed over the delay caused by the broken wheel.

“It’s just one thing after another,” he grumbled. “If it isn’t one thing it’s something else.”

“Well, General, it won’t do a bit of good to worry,” said Tess Bone, one of the Red Cross Nurses. “We’ll have to do the best we can and that’s all anybody can do—even a Teenie Weenie can’t do more.”

“Of course, of course,” answered the General, as he paced up and down before his tiny tent. “I know it doesn’t do a bit of good to worry, but we must hurry if we ever expect to rescue the Lady of Fashion and the Poet.”

The anxious General had the army up before daylight the next morning. They ate a hurried breakfast and were well on the way before the sun came up. In fact, the Dunce marched nearly an hour before he was fully awake.

The big rain of the day before had left many puddles along the way and the little army often had to splash through them.

With the help of the scouts, the army was able to find the best roads, for the Indian and the Cowboy, mounted on mice, rode ahead and picked out the best path. The

Turk was of much help, too, in picking out the best roads, for he was able to see a great distance from the back of his bird airplane.

“General,” said the Cowboy one afternoon as he rode up to the commander of the little army, “I believe there’s more trouble ahead of us.”

“What!” shouted the General. “Great guns, now what’s the trouble?”

“Well, sir, there’s a stream of water and I’m afraid we’ll be forced to march a long way out of our road before we can find a place shallow enough to cross. I talked to a field mouse who seemed to be familiar with the country, and he said there was no place where the stream could be crossed for many miles in each direction.”

“I hope, sir, you were careful not to say where you were going,” said the General. “We are now nearing the land of our enemies and we are liable to meet with a spy at almost any time.”

“I was mighty careful, sir, and told him nothing that might be used against us,” answered the Cowboy.

The General ordered the Turk to fly up and down the stream on a scouting trip while the army stopped for lunch. Late in the afternoon the Turk reported to the General that they would have to take a two days’ march out of their road to a place where the stream could be crossed. The army pushed on and shortly after dark stopped near the stream, where camp was made for the night.

The next morning the Doctor, the Old Soldier, Paddy

Pinn and the General gathered on the banks of the raging stream to see what plan could be made for crossing the water.



The banks were very steep and the water was quite too swift to ford, although the stream was only two feet wide (in our measurement). It was finally determined

that there was nothing to do but build a bridge.

“We can throw a sort of suspension bridge across the stream,” said the Old Soldier, who was quite an engineer. “It will take us about a day and a half to do the work, but we will save time, for it would take fully two or three days to march to a place where we could cross without a bridge.”

The war council thought the Old Soldier’s idea a good one and the General ordered the men to start work at once. Pulleys and ropes were brought out of the army wagons and some big logs for supports were cut from a bush near by. Several cattails, which grew near the stream, were sawed up into logs for the floor of the bridge. The bird airplane carried the workmen and ropes to the other side of the stream, where work was soon started on a bridge fifty-two Teenie Weenie feet long.



Chapter Eight

A BADLY FRIGHTENED ARMY

IT took a lot of hard work to build the big bridge. Every single Teenie Weenie worked with might and main. Even the mice who pulled the wagons and cannon, helped the work along by dragging the heavy logs up to the place where the bridge was being built.

The little army was a full day and a half building the bridge and when the task was finished the wagons were loaded, the mice hitched to them, and led by the General, the army marched safely across the bridge.

A big squirrel who lived in a tree near by was hired to watch the bridge.

“We may want to get across this stream in a hurry,” the General told the squirrel. “If the wild men should push us back to this stream, and the bridge is destroyed, we certainly will be in a pretty pickle.”

“I’ll guard it with my life,” answered the squirrel, who had been promised ten sunflower seeds and four hickory nuts for his work.

The army once more took up the march and presently they drew nearer and nearer the forest. Great bushes overhung the path along which the soldiers marched. Tall, bright-colored toadstools grew by the wayside and everything was dark and mysterious.

At noon the army was halted for lunch. The little soldiers sat on the soft moss under a big fern and each man ate the grain of boiled rice and bit of dried raisin which he had tucked into his tiny haversack that morning.

When the men had eaten, the General ordered them



to fall into line and stepping in front of them he said: "Men, I have been informed by our aviator and by our scouts that we are rapidly drawing near the land of the wild men, so from now on straggling will not be permitted. Soldiers wandering away from the army run the

chance of being captured and we will soon have need of all our brave men."

The General's talk impressed the little soldiers, and the Dunce and Gogo, who often wandered away from the line of march, were very much "on the job" all afternoon.

As the army marched beneath a bush, late in the day, it suddenly came face to face with a small garter snake that lay near a big stone.

"O-O-O-O-O-oh, j-j-j-imminie C-c-c-c-c h r i s t m a s!" screamed the Dunce.

The mouse on which the General rode gave one frightened look at the snake and quickly ran up the bush, dumping the dignified General off on his Teenie Weenie head. The rest of the army fled in all directions, in spite of the Old Soldier, who tried with all his might to stop the frightened soldiers. The snake was almost as badly scared as the army and it wriggled into a hole near by with remarkable speed.

"Well, this is a fine army, I must say!" growled the General when the Old Soldier had finally got the soldiers back in line. "If you men run at the sight of a little snake, what will you do when you face real wild men?"

"Pardon me, sir," said Gogo, saluting the General. "We-all don't mind fightin' the wild men, but—we-all done object to bein' et."

"Forward, march!" shouted the General, and the little army moved on towards the wild men's land.

Chapter Nine

THE CAPTIVES ATTEND A DANCE

WHILE the Teenie Weenie soldiers were gallantly marching to the rescue of their little friends, the Lady of Fashion and the Poet were being kept prisoners in one of the funny little houses of the wild men.

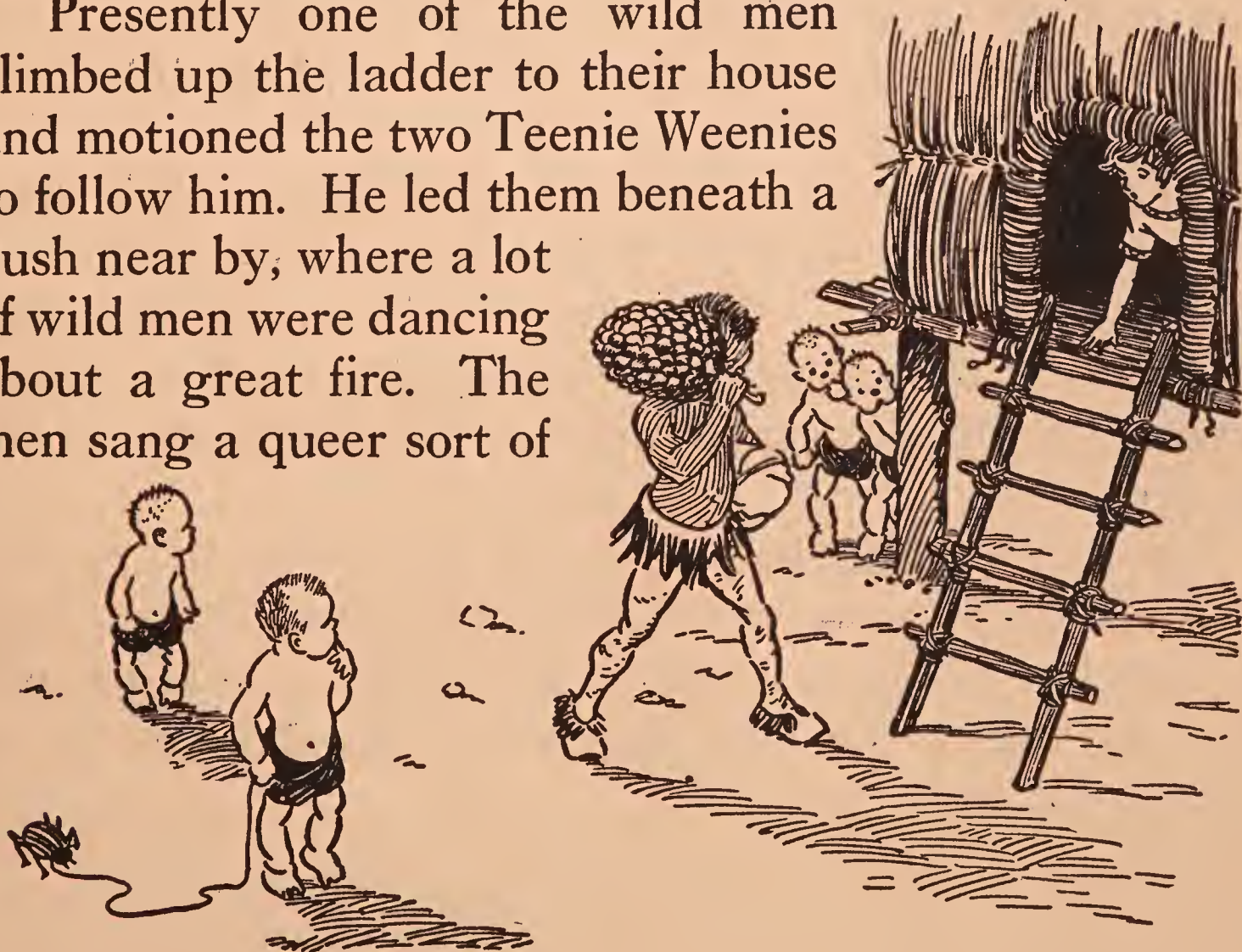
Queen Mooie, ruler of the Saboes, was a very fat little lady, and like all fat people, big or little, she was very good-natured. When the Lady of Fashion and the Poet were brought before her, she was much interested in them and she made a long speech to the two Teenie Weenies in her strange language, but not one word could the little people understand.

The house in which the Lady of Fashion and the Poet were kept was built up on posts about six Teenie Weenie feet (three inches in our measurement) from the ground. The houses were built up high as protection from the dampness, for the Saboes lived on a little island in the heart of a big swamp, and it also protected the little people from bugs. The floor of the house was made of sticks and the roof and sides were covered with a peculiar swamp grass. A flat stone about the size of a half dollar was placed on the floor, on which the wild men built a tiny fire to keep themselves warm in winter, and a small hole in the roof provided a chimney for the smoke.

Twice a day the wild men brought the two Teenie Weenies delicious pieces of smoked frog ham, with many tiny rice cakes, and every other day the two prisoners were given a blackberry.

One night shortly after the Lady of Fashion and the Poet had been brought to the wild men's village, the two Teenie Weenies heard the beating of a drum. For what seemed hours the little prisoners listened to the tumtum, tumtum, tumtum, of the drum. There was no use asking the wild man who guarded them just outside their door, for he couldn't understand them, so there was nothing to do but listen to the tumtum, tumtum, tumtum, and wonder what it was all about.

Presently one of the wild men climbed up the ladder to their house and motioned the two Teenie Weenies to follow him. He led them beneath a bush near by, where a lot of wild men were dancing about a great fire. The men sang a queer sort of



song as they danced, while one strange-looking fellow, who was a sort of witch doctor, rattled a huge seed pod fastened to the end of a forked stick. The wild men performed this strange dance once a month, as they believed it would keep bad luck away from their tribe.

The Queen of the wild men sat near the fire on the back of her turtle, while the rest of the Saboes stood in a circle about the dancing men. The fire had been built in a deep hole on top of a large stone and when the stone was almost red-hot, the wild men scraped the fire all out with long sticks.

Then they lined the hole in the stone with sassafras leaves, into which they threw four large frog hams and then covered them over with several big leaves. Sand was then thrown onto the leaves, covering the hams tightly in the hot hole.

The wild men built a fire all around the outside edge of the stone, and while the hams cooked they again took up the wild dance. When the hams were baked they were taken out and a piece was served to each person and the Lady of Fashion and the Poet both enjoyed the delicious meat.

After everyone had eaten of the ham, the Queen ordered the two Teenie Weenies to be taken back to their prison, but although it was very late, the Lady of Fashion and the Poet could hear the loud shouts of the wild little people for many hours.

Chapter Ten

HELP FROM A GROUND ROBIN

THE army was now in the very heart of the great forest and it took a lot of hard work to get the heavy wagons and cannon through the jungle. At times a path had to be chopped through the tall grass and all this had to be done as silently as possible, for the army was now likely to run across the wild men at any time.

“I don’t want these wild men to know that we are in the neighborhood,” the General warned the troops. “It is much better to surprise them, and, besides, there is no telling just what they may do to the Lady of Fashion and the Poet if they discover that we have come to rescue them.”

The path the army now followed was so rough that little headway could be made and the General had to order a halt every now and then to rest the mice and men. During one of these stops the General fell into conversation with a pert-looking little ground robin who had hopped onto the limb of a bush near by.

“Do you know just where these wild men live?” asked the General.

“I’ll say I does,” answered the robin, who used very bad grammar. “I knows more about ’em than I wants

to. The nasty little scalawags! These wild men get most all the seeds hereabouts and it's all an honest bird can do to scratch out a bare living."

"Could you guide us for a few days?" put in the General.



"Gracious!" tittered the bird, "you'd never reach the wild men's place in a few days with all those wagons and mice. They live on an island. You'll have to have a boat or somethin' to carry you over the water."

"I have heard that they live on an island," said the General, "but I mean could you show us the way to the water where we would be nearest to the island?"

“Of course I could,” answered the bird; “that is, providin’ it would be worth my time.”

“We will pay you,” said the General. “We’ll give you six sunflower seeds for your work.”

“Make it six and a half seeds and I’ll do it,” cried the bird.

The General agreed and the bird hopped along ahead of the army, jumping onto a bush occasionally to point out the best path. After a couple of hours’ march, the army came out onto a sandy beach, where the General called a halt.

“This is the place and over there is the island,” cried the bird, nodding his head towards the water.

The Teenie Weenies looked across the water and they could see the dim outlines of the island.

The ground robin was paid his six and a half sunflower seeds and in a short time the tired little soldiers put up the tiny tents and made a most cozy little camp. They named it camp Bitem, because of the many mosquitoes about the place.

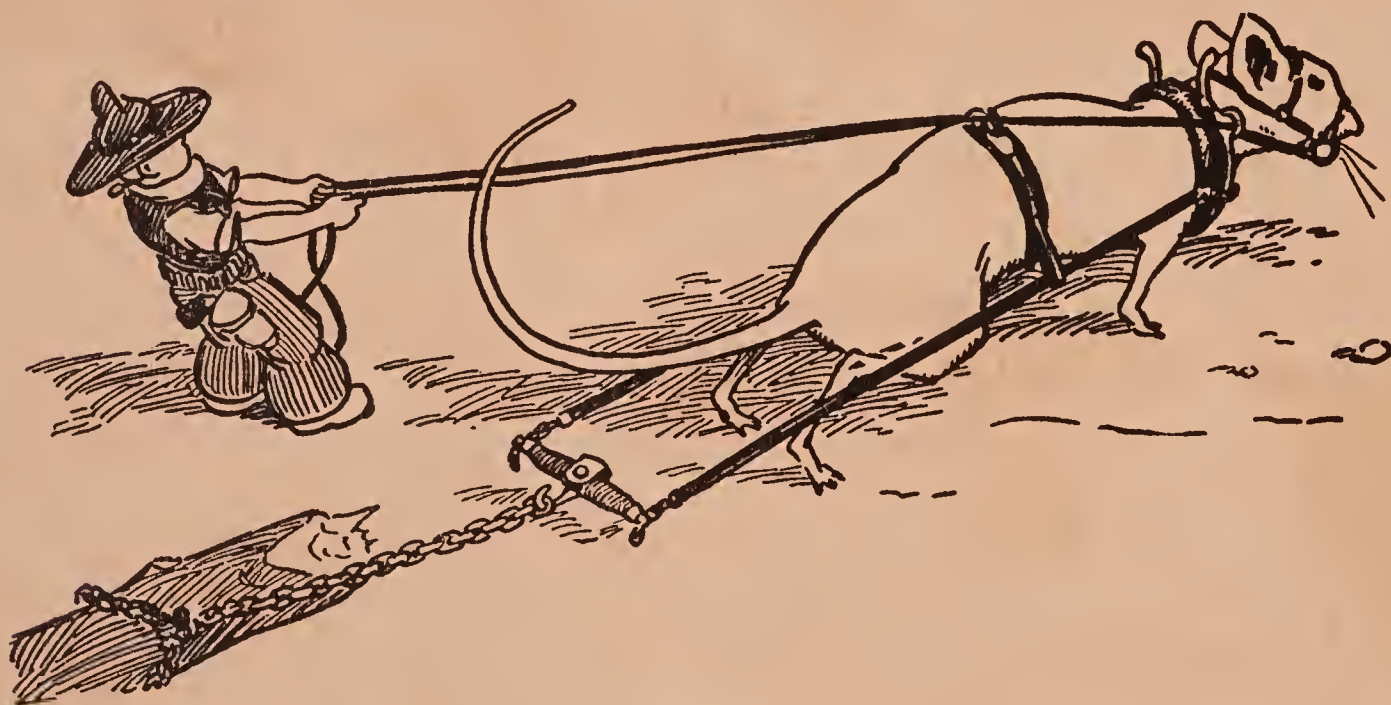
As the General did not wish a fire to be built for fear the wild men might see the light, the little army made its dinner on two sliced strawberries and a few grains of rice. No lights were lit that night in the camp and a strong guard watched carefully throughout the silent hours, which were disturbed only by the sentinels as they killed mosquitoes with the butts of their rifles or stabbed them with their bayonets.

Early the next morning the men set to work building

a raft which was to be used in carrying the army across the water to the wild men's island.

A great many logs had to be cut, trimmed and brought to the water's edge. The Cowboy hitched one of the strongest mice to the heavy logs and one by one they were hauled up to the workmen, who labored for nearly three days before the raft was done.

While the men were at work on the raft, the Turk flew over the wild men's island in search of a good place for



the army to land and at the same time he kept an eye open for the Lady of Fashion and the Poet. He flew as near as he could to the wild men's village without being seen, but he could see no signs of the two Teenie Weenies.

"I think the wild men have the Lady of Fashion and the Poet locked up in one of their houses," the Turk told the General when he slid off the bird's back at the army camp. "I noticed one of the houses was closely guarded and I think we shall find them there."

"We'll soon find out," answered the General, "for the army will be on the wild men's island in a mighty short



time." Taking the turk by the arm, the General showed him where the raft was being built.

Chapter Eleven

THE POET LEARNS SABO

WHILE the Lady of Fashion and the Poet were being held prisoner by the Saboes, the Poet very carefully listened to the wild men's strange language and in a short time he was able to speak a few of their words.

"Jinks, but it is hot in this shanty!" he said to the Lady of Fashion one morning as he wiped his forehead with his Teenie Weenie handkerchief and looked out through the tiny hole that served as a window in the house in which they were held prisoners.

"If the Queen would just let us go out and take a little exercise once in a while it would help a lot," suggested the Lady of Fashion fanning herself with a dry leaf. "Why don't you ask the Queen? Maybe she will let us take a walk now and then."

"I'll do it," answered the Poet, and looking out through the door he called to one of the wild men who stood near guarding the house.

"Gip bah wah hoo," said the Poet, which means in Sabo, "We need exercise." "Tell the Queen we want to get out of this shanty and take a walk once in a while," he continued in the wild men's language.

The wild man grunted a couple of times and hurried off through the long grass towards the Queen's house,



THE WILD MEN ATTACK THE TEENIE WEENIES, AS THEIR RAFT
NEARS THE ISLAND.—*Chapter Thirteen.*

while the two Teenie Weenies sat down near the tiny door to await his return.

Presently the wild man came back and told the Poet that the Queen said that the Teenie Weenies could take a walk whenever they liked.

“Well, we’ll take a walk right this minute,” announced the Poet, and he quickly helped the Lady of Fashion down the tiny ladder.

The Teenie Weenies strolled along through the streets of the village while the two guards walked a few feet behind them. A great many children followed the Teenie Weenies about but, although the Lady of Fashion tried to make friends with them, they were very timid and stood off at a safe distance.

At one place two wild women were preparing dinner and the Teenie Weenies were much interested in what they saw. One woman was baking rice cakes on a flat stone under which a fire was burning, while a young girl was grinding wild rice into flour by pounding the rice with a small rock in a hollowed-out stone. Near the house was a hollowed-out log with leaves spread over the top to keep out the dust, and one of the guards told the Poet that the log was filled with salt water in which the frog hams were pickled before they were smoked.

The two Teenie Weenies spent a very pleasant afternoon looking about the village and it was quite late before they returned to their prison.

“Oh, dear me,” said the Lady of Fashion as she threw herself down on one of the soft grass mats, “I wonder



what is going to happen to us. Do you think the General will come with the army and rescue us?"

"Of course he will," answered the Poet. "All we have to do is to be patient and he'll be here pretty soon."

"But what if he doesn't know that we have been captured by these wild men?" asked the Lady of Fashion anxiously.

"He will know all right," said the Poet. "The Teenie Weenies could see the footprints of the wild men in the sand where we were captured. That is enough to tell them what has happened to us."

"Oh, dear, if they would only come!" And the poor little lady began to sob.

"Here! Here!" said the Poet anxiously, for he always felt mighty uncomfortable whenever the Lady of Fashion cried. "You must not cry. That won't do a bit of good — just makes you feel bad and me worse."

"I-I-I c-c-can't help it," sobbed the little lady. "I want clean clothes, my hair needs washing, I want some of the Cook's good apple butter, I want my toothbrush and I-I-I want to go home."

The Poet tried his best to comfort her and presently she cried herself to sleep.

Chapter Twelve

GOGO'S BRAVE ACT

AFTER much sawing, chopping and splitting of logs, the Teenie Weenies finally finished building the raft which was to carry the little army to the wild men's island.

"We've got to give the raft a trial before we get all loaded up with supplies," said the Old Soldier when the work had been done. "I'll take it on the water this afternoon and give it a good try-out."

"Quite right, quite right," agreed the General as he sat down on a dry fern leaf. "We'll have to send the army over in two trips: First the infantry can be taken over, then the raft can return for the artillery and some supplies."

"Will the raft carry the cannon and the two mice that pull it?" asked the Doctor.

"Certainly," said the Old Soldier. "It even ought to hold a good-sized paving brick."

"Well, you can just bet I won't get on that old raft until it has been thoroughly tried out," announced Tess Bone as she arranged her dainty little cap and patted the Red Cross badge on her arm.

"That's the way I feel about it too," added Sally Guff, the other nurse with the army.

“You don’t need to worry about this raft,” laughed the Old Soldier. “It’s well made and every log is securely tied with strong, number forty thread.”

Right after lunch the General ordered several of the



soldiers to help the Old Soldier take the raft out for a trial trip.

With the help of the big sweep on the stern of the raft and the use of several long poles, the little men slowly

pushed the craft out into the stream.

“Jumping beans!” exclaimed the Old Soldier as the raft slid easily out into the water. “That is what I call a good—” but the Old Soldier never finished the sentence, for at that very moment a big frog poked his head out of the water and hopped up onto the raft.

“Oooooo, a-a-a s-s-submarine!” gasped the Dunce. “Jump for your lives,” and he leaped head first into the deep water.

Most of the Teenie Weenies gave one look at the ugly frog, followed the Dunce into the water and swam as fast as they could for shore. The Old Soldier and Gogo were the only men to hold their ground, and if it had not been for these brave little fellows, the frog would have captured the transport without a battle. The Old Soldier drew his sword and attacked the frog, while Gogo struck the big fellow over the head with the boat pole. The frog, who had been attracted by the red coats of the soldiers, had hopped onto the raft in search of a meal, but he quickly slid back into the water at the first blow of the boat pole.

The soldiers who had jumped into the water were much ashamed of their behavior and they all quickly returned to the raft and finished the trial trip they had started.

“My brave lad,” said the General, grasping Gogo by the hand when the raft returned from its trip, “in behalf of the Teenie Weenie army I want to thank you for your great bravery and I hereby promote you to first sergeant

in the Teenie Weenie army.”

“Oh, dat’s all right, General,” said Gogo, much confused at the honor thrust upon him. “There’s no fool frog what’s done gonna scare me when I’s mad, and I was certainly mad at that fool frog.”

The raft proved to be thoroughly seaworthy, so the General gave orders for the men to be ready to board her just as soon as the wind and current were favorable for the trip to the wild men’s island.



Chapter Thirteen

THE ATTACK

IT was a long trip to the wild men's island and the General wished to make the journey under cover of darkness. "I want to land on the island before daybreak so we can surprise the wild men," the General told his officers, who were gathered for a council of war.

"The Sailor tells me," continued the General, "that the wind and current are just right to sail the raft over to-night. I will take over the infantry on the first trip and then the raft can return for the artillery and the baggage and the rear guard, which the Old Soldier will command."

The Cook had a great pot of rice cooked and he had stewed five lima beans. This great amount of food was portioned out, and three days' rations were given to each soldier.

A number of picks and shovels, with a lot of bags and a chest of bullets, was loaded onto the raft.

Promptly at eleven o'clock the General, followed by several men, marched onto the raft and some of the soldiers with long poles quickly pushed out into the dark stream.

The Sailor and the Cowboy handled the big sweep at the back of the raft, while the Policeman and the Scotch-

man pushed wherever they could with the long poles.

No lights were allowed on the raft and the men were ordered to talk only in whispers, for the General wished to land on the island unknown to the wild men.

“J-j-j-jimminie C-c-christmas!” stuttered the trembling Dunce, “I-I-I’m not a-a bit s-s-scared. Are you, G-g-gogo?”

“Not v-v-very m-m-much,” answered the colored lad, trying to keep his knees from knocking together. “I done hope we-all—”



But at that minute, the raft struck something with such a bang it nearly upset most of the little soldiers. In fact, the Scotchman would have tumbled into the water if the Cowboy hadn't caught him.

The raft had struck the limb of an old tree that lay in the water and to the alarm of the General it stuck fast.

“This is terrible. Perfectly terrible,” groaned the General, glancing towards the eastern sky. “It will soon be daylight and the wild men will see us if we are delayed here.”

The men worked with might and main to free the raft, but it was stuck tight to the snag and before they managed to get it free it was broad daylight.

“The wild men have very likely seen us by this time,” said the General, peering towards the island. “So instead of our surprising them, they probably will surprise us, but we have got to land. Examine you rifles and see that they are in condition to use, for we are likely to have a fight.”

“Look there!” cried the Sailor, pointing towards the shore, for the raft was now only a short distance from the island. “There’s something behind that stick.”

“Maybe it’s a wild man,” suggested the Dunce, turning a trifle pale. “Don’t you think we had better go back, General?”

“We intend to go on,” said the General, glancing scornfully at the frightened Dunce, “but if you want to you can jump into the water and swim back.”

“I-I-I think I’ll stay here,” said the Dunce as he thought of the many frogs and turtles that might snap him up if he tried to swim back.

As the raft drew near the shore, several arrows whistled over the soldiers’ heads and instantly a number of wild men sprang up from behind a stick that lay on the shore and began shooting at the raft.

“Make ready, men!” shouted the General, drawing his sword. “Shoot over the wild men’s heads when I give the word to fire. We don’t want to hurt any of them if we can avoid it.”

“O-o-o-oh, I-I-I’m shot!” screamed the Dunce, as an arrow knocked his hat from his head, but the rest of the



little soldiers never heard the foolish fellow, for they stood ready, awaiting the General's order to fire.

Chapter Fourteen

ON THE WILD MEN'S ISLAND

“**D**ELIVER this note at once to the Old Soldier,” said the General, as he handed the following letter to the army aviator:

Commander of the rear guard of the Teenie Weenie Army,
Camp Bitem, on the Swamp Road:

My dear Captain:

We have had a battle with the enemy and our brave men have put them to rout.

Our transport met with an accident and it was broad daylight before we landed on the island.

The wild men attacked us as we neared the shore and sent a shower of arrows at us.

I ordered my men to return the fire, and at the first crack of their rifles the wild men were greatly scared and ran off into the tall grass; I believe that it is the first time the wild men have ever heard a rifle shot.

We have taken possession of a high bank where I have ordered the men to begin work on a trench.

The raft is now on its way to your camp, and I want you to rush over the cannon and baggage as soon as possible, for I fully expect the wild men to attack us before long.

I am sending this note by our brave aviator so you can have things ready to load on the raft when it arrives.

Respectfully yours,

THE GENERAL,

Commander in Chief of the Teenie Weenie Army.

P. S.—I forgot to say that none of my men was hurt in

the battle except the Dunce, who was badly scared by being shot through the hat.

“Yes, sir,” saluted the Turk, and springing onto the back of the airplane he quickly flew out of sight over the water.

When the Old Soldier received the General’s message,



he set to work at once breaking camp and when the raft arrived the artillery was quickly loaded. The raft made two trips during the day and most of the necessary baggage was taken over to the island.

A line of trenches was considered necessary by the General, who ordered Sergeant Gogo to direct the work and that brave little chap had the trenches done in a remarkably short time.

Nothing more was seen of the wild men, but the closest watch was kept, for there was no telling when they might appear again.

The little soldiers were much too excited to sleep and most of them sat about the tiny camp fire until a late hour talking of the day's experience, but one by one they finally rolled up in their tiny blankets and slept, while the guards paced back and forth, ever watchful for prowling wild men.



Chapter Fifteen

A COUNCIL OF WAR

FOR several days the army spent their time building trenches and making a comfortable camp, while the army scouts learned all they could about the wild men and the lie of the land.

The Red Cross tent had been set up and the tiny cots looked very pretty, with their clean white sheets. Fortunately, there had been little use for them, as the army had been unusually healthy, the only exception being the Chinaman, who had been badly bitten by a pollywog, or tadpole, while he was taking a swim in the river.

There had been very little excitement in camp for some time. Not a single wild man had been seen since the morning the army had landed on the raft and the soldiers had nothing much to do while off guard duty but to kill mosquitoes, which were thick about the camp.

Early one morning the Turk was called to the General's tent, where he remained for some time.

"Somethin' doin', I'll bet," thought the Dunce, who was on guard duty at the time in front of headquarters.

Something really was doing, for the Turk was ordered to fly out at once and make a careful map of Sabo Island. The Turk hurried to his tent, where he supplied himself with paper and pencils and a pair of tiny field glasses.

The army airplane was dining on a fat worm when the Turk arrived, so he sat down and waited until the bird had eaten his breakfast.

“We’ve got to go out and make a map of the wild men’s island,” said the Turk.

“All right,” answered the bird, “I’m ready,” and hopping onto the ground he squatted down while the Turk



climbed up on his fat back.

The Turk headed the bird to a big tree which grew on the river bank near the island and in a few minutes the airplane settled easily on the topmost branch. The great blue river lay far beneath the Turk and with the help of his field glasses he was able to make a good map of the island and the surrounding country.

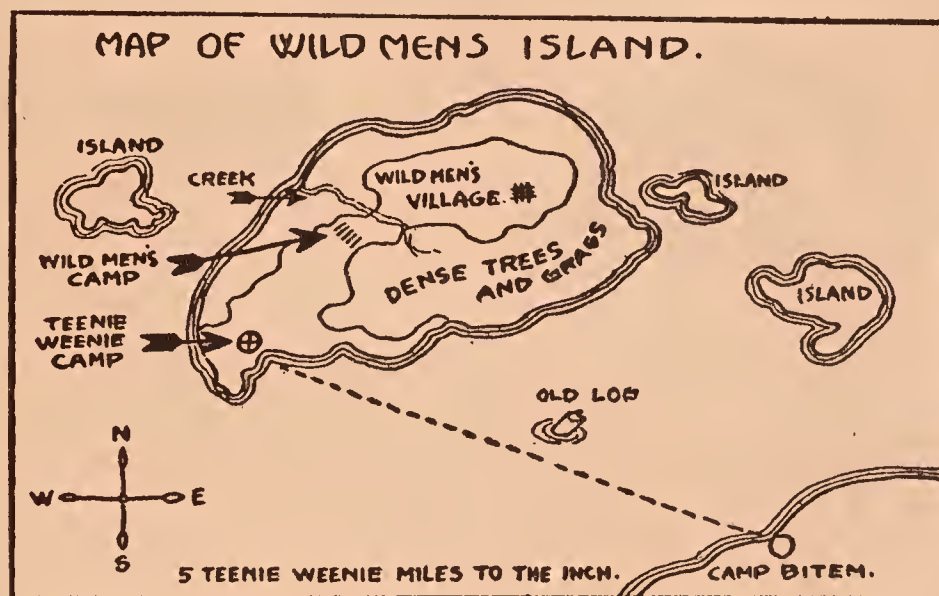
When he returned to the Teenie Weenie camp the



THE TEENIE WEENIES PULL THE CAPTURED WILD MEN OUT OF THE BOTTLE.—Chapter Sixteen.

General immediately called a council of war and the little aviator was asked to explain the map in detail.

“Well,” began the Turk, “the circle marked Camp Bitem is the place where we camped and built the raft and the dotted line is the course we took to our present camp. The wild men have a sort of camp or fort, I couldn’t just exactly make out what it was, but anyhow they are gathered in some force on the only cleared ground between their village and our camp.”



“We couldn’t march through the grass and trees and cut the wild men’s camp off from the village, could we?” asked the Old Soldier.

“No, sir, I don’t think so,” answered the Turk, “for I do not believe anyone could possibly get through the grass and trees.”

“Well, that’s too bad,” muttered the General. “I wanted to get those wild men out of that place with as little trouble as possible, but it looks as though we would have to take their fort by storm.”

All the Teenie Weenie officers gathered in the General's tent listened solemnly to their commander's words, for they knew it would be mighty serious if they were forced to charge the wild men's fort.



Chapter Sixteen

WILD MEN BOTTLED UP

“**I** DONE got 'em bottled up! I done got 'em bottled up!” shouted Gogo, the little colored Teenie Weenie, as he ran panting up to the General's tent.

“What's bottled up? What's all the excitement about?” asked the General, popping his head through the opening of his tent.

“Why I-I-I done ketched one of the wild men and turned him ovah to the guard and I done got three mo' corked up in a bottle.”

“Great Guns! This is exciting. Tell me about it,” cried the General.

“Well, you see it's dis way,” said Gogo, sitting down on a pebble and mopping his head with his tiny handkerchief. “I done took a walk out beyond the picket lines yonder. I knew I had no business wanderin' out dere, but I jus' kept on and pretty soon I run across a big bottle a-layin' on its side.

“I was kind of 'spicious about dat bottle, fo' I done see through de glass where some dry grass had done been fixed up fo' a bed, mighty like some one been sleepin' dere.

“‘Gogo,’ I says to myself, ‘some one been sleepin' heah in dis bottle and it ain't none of de Teenie Weenies, fo'



none of dem has been out heah dis far.' Den I made up my mind that it mus' be some of dem scalawag wild men and I reckon dey mus' stayed in dis bottle when dey was on guard duty watchin' our army.

"'But why did dey-all stay in dis heah bottle?' I says to myself. 'It's not cold nights.' But jus' den a big mosquito cam' a-buzzin' and a-buzzin' round and den I knew dat the wild men been a-stayin' in dat bottle fo' to keep de mosquitoes from bitin' 'em.

"I says to myself, 'Some of dese wild men will be comin' 'round heah pretty soon and maybe I can done cotch 'em and extinguish myself.'"

"Distinguish yourself," corrected the General.

"Yes, sah," continued the little colored fellow. "Well, I done crawl under a leaf and waited. I done wait fo' a long time, but pretty soon I done see fo' of de wild men come sneakin' along and pretty soon dey done make right fo' de bottle. Three of 'em done crawl in de bottle and one of 'em done squat down outside by de openin' of de bottle kinda like he was guardin'.

"'By de great corn pone,' I says, 'if a couple of de Tee-nee Weenies was heah we could done cotch dese scalawags.'

"Pretty soon I thought to myself, 'Why don't you ketch 'em yourself?' So I done sneaked out up behind de wild man what was guardin' de mouth of de bottle and done

cracked him on de head with de butt of my gun. I didn't hit very hard — just hard enough to stun him a little — and den I grabbed a cork dat was layin' near by and stuffed it into de bottle and braced it with a stick of wood so the scalawags couldn't get out. I then picked up de wild man I had knocked down and brought him into camp and dat's all."

"A very brave deed, sergeant," said the General. "And I will immediately send out a squad of men to bring your prisoners into camp."

The Old Soldier was ordered to take a squad of men and go after the prisoners, while the Doctor was sent to dress the bump on the head of the wild man that Gogo had knocked down. After a great deal of work the soldiers managed to pull the three wild men out of the bottle and when they were brought into camp they were securely tied to a strong blade of grass.



Chapter Seventeen

THE DUNCE IN DISGRACE

“**W**HY are you making such a fine camp here, General?” asked the Doctor, as he noticed that the Teenie Weenies continued to improve the camp. “Won’t we have to move on pretty soon if the wild men do not attack?”

“We’ll stay right here for some time,” answered the General, taking off his tiny sword and laying it on the table which stood in front of his tent. “We are within striking distance of the wild men’s village, so the aviator tells me, and we’ll use this camp for our base of operations.”

“General,” said the Cook, saluting the commander of the Teenie Weenie army, “I beg your pardon, but there is something I must tell you.”

“What is it, sir?” said the General, returning the Cook’s salute.

“Why sir, there’s a thimble missing from among my cooking things. I put two beans to soak in it last night and when I went to look at them a little while ago the beans were lying on the ground and the thimble was gone.”

“That’s most strange,” said the General; “I’ll have the Cowboy look into the matter and see if he can find out what has happened to the thimble.”



THE 'TEENIE WEENIE ARMY DRIVES THE WILD MEN FROM THEIR WRECKED FORT.—Chapter Twenty-two.

“Thank you, sir,” said the Cook, “I’m a little short of cooking pans and kettles and I’d like to have it back.”

The Cowboy was ordered to look for the lost thimble, but before he had fairly started the search, the thimble turned up in a most peculiar way. Down the main street of the camp towards the General’s tent marched the Dunce with the lost thimble over his head and followed by a laughing crowd of soldiers.

“What’s the idea of this?” asked the General as the Dunce stopped before him.

“Safety first,” answered the Dunce.

“What do you mean by safety first?” asked the General, trying hard to keep from laughing at the ridiculous sight.

“W-w-well, you s-s-see,” began the Dunce, “I thought this thimble would make a fine suit of armor, and protect me from the wild men’s arrows. I took it out back of camp, got some tools and cut a couple of holes for my arms to go through and another hole to see through—”

“Yes, and spoiled a perfectly good thimble,” put in the General.

“Jinks!” exclaimed the Dunce, “I never thought of that.”

“Of course you didn’t,” answered the General sternly. “You have a habit of doing your thinking afterwards, and that is a mighty bad habit.”

“Quite right! Quite right!” cried a field mouse, who had been hanging around the camp for a few days. “Quite right, I says. There’s always a time to think. One ought

to do a heap of thinking before one acts, I says.”

“Yes, you’re right,” put in the General, glaring at the mouse, who was very talkative. “One ought to think a



great deal and then he ought to say only about one half of what he thinks.”

“Words of wisdom! Words of wisdom!” cried the mouse, never dreaming the General’s rebuke was aimed at him, and he strolled down the camp street quite pleased with himself.

“Now, Dunce,” said the General, “I’m going to try to see if I can help you do a little thinking.”

“Y-y-yes, s-s-s-sir,” answered the Dunce.

“I’m going to make you wear that thimble for the rest of the day and that ought to help you to remember that you have spoiled a perfectly good cooking pot, just because you didn’t happen to think.”

All day long the poor Dunce was forced to walk up and down in front of the General’s tent, wearing the heavy thimble. It was a warm day and the thimble grew quite hot in the sunshine, so his punishment was pretty hard, but there is no doubt it did him a great deal of good.



Chapter Eighteen

CONSULTING AN ENGINEER

THE General studied the map of the wild men's island which the Turk had drawn, in the hope that he could figure out a way to attack the Saboes without storming their fort. In storming the fort, the General felt sure that many of his soldiers might be injured and he wished to rout the enemy with as little damage as possible.

"I have it! I have it!" exclaimed the General one morning as he sat studying the tiny map. "We can hire a mole to tunnel under the wild men's fort and then we can blow it up with a firecracker."

"Bully!" shouted the Old Soldier. "And before they get over the surprise of the explosion we can charge through the destroyed fort into the village."

"That's the idea," smiled the General. "We'll go over to-morrow and engage the old mole who lives down by the river."

"Moles are great engineers," said the Doctor, "and what they don't know about underground digging isn't worth knowing."

The next day the General and the Doctor, with an escort of four soldiers, set out on the journey to the mole's home.

"S-s-say, what is a m-m-mole anyhow?" asked the Dunce as the little party marched along.

“A mole? Why, a mole — let’s see, a mole — why a mole is a mole,” answered Gogo.

“I’ll tell you what a mole is like,” laughed the Doctor, who had overheard the Dunce’s question. “A mole is an animal almost the size of a rat and he lives under the ground. He has very small eyes and ears, and he very seldom comes out in the day time, for it is pretty hard for him to see in the bright sunlight. He has very short and powerful legs with which he can dig very fast. He lives on worms and grubs and roots, and he is usually very gruff and bad-tempered.”

Presently the little party came to the place where the mole lived and the General ordered the soldiers to halt. They had stopped by the side of a steep bank and near the top was a hole under the roots of a tree, which was the front door of the mole’s home.

“Dress up in line, men!” commanded the General, “and when Mr. Mole comes to the door of his house I want you all to present arms, for we will have to use the greatest diplomacy in order to engage this fellow.”

The General stepped up near the bank and called loudly several times into the hole and presently a long furry nose appeared in the opening.

“Well, what do you mean by awakening honest people out of a sound sleep?” growled the mole. “What is it? What do you want?”

“I beg your pardon,” said the General as he lifted his hat and made a low bow; “I’m awfully sorry I disturbed your rest, but having heard of your reputation as an engi-

neer I have come to beg your services for the Teenie Weenie army. We want to engage you to dig a trench for us.”

“I’ll work for four fat white grubs a day and not a grub less,” snapped the mole.



“That’s quite satisfactory,” answered the General. “We are willing to pay whatever you ask, but I want you to know just what the work will be. We want you to dig a tunnel in the ground so we can explode a mine in it.”

“I don’t care a snap of my tail what kind of work it is; all I want is my pay,” growled the mole.

“When may we expect you?” asked the General.

“To-morrow at four o’clock, not a minute sooner or later,” answered the mole.

“Shall we have breakfast for you?” asked the General.

“Why, certainly! Why, certainly!” exclaimed the mole.

“How in the name of angleworms do you expect me to work without food? What do you suppose I’m workin’ for — pleasure?”

“We’ll have a couple of nice young grubs for you,” said the General politely, although he was quite disturbed by the mole’s ungentlemanly manner.

“Two grubs and a couple of angleworms would make me work better,” suggested the mole.

“You shall have them,” answered the General stiffly.

“Good day to you, sir.” Lifting his hat politely, he ordered the soldiers to march back to camp.



Chapter Nineteen

THE OLD SOLDIER'S WAR MACHINE

AT exactly four o'clock the next morning the mole came into camp, and as the General had promised, his breakfast was ready. After the mole had eaten his grubs, he reported for work. The General showed the mole just where he wanted the tunnel to run and immediately the old fellow set to work. He burrowed his nose down into the soft ground and then pushed the loosened earth back with his powerful fore claws. He worked wonderfully fast and in less than a minute he had entirely disappeared into the ground.

All day long the mole worked, coming out only for a few minutes at noon to eat his lunch, and at half past five in the afternoon he again appeared to announce that the tunnel had been finished.

The General sent the Sailor into the tunnel to measure it, for he wanted to be quite sure that it reached a point just under the wild men's fort.

"It's just exactly eight hundred and fifty-eight feet long," announced the Sailor when he crawled out of the tunnel a few minutes later. "I could hear the wild men walking on the ground above, so it must stop right in the middle of the fort."

“Course it does,” snapped the mole. “Don’t you suppose I know how to dig?”

When the mole had been paid for his work, he slipped off into the night without ever even thanking the Teenie Weenies for his pay.

“Queer old surly fellow,” said the General as he watched the awkward mole waddle off.

“Yes, but you have to admit that he is a wonderful engineer,” observed the Old Soldier.

“Well, gentlemen,” said the General turning to his officers, “we have got to move our lines forward. You see, we are about eight hundred and fifty feet from the wild men’s fort and it is quite necessary that trenches be built forward so we will not have too great a distance to charge when we explode the mine under the enemy’s fort.”

The officers all agreed with the General and that very night several men were sent out, when it was quite dark, to start the work.

The little soldiers had gone but a short distance when they were seen by the wild men, who sent a shower of arrows at them, and Gogo was slightly scratched on the arm, while one of the wild men’s arrows splintered the Old Soldier’s wooden leg, so the General ordered the work stopped for the time being.

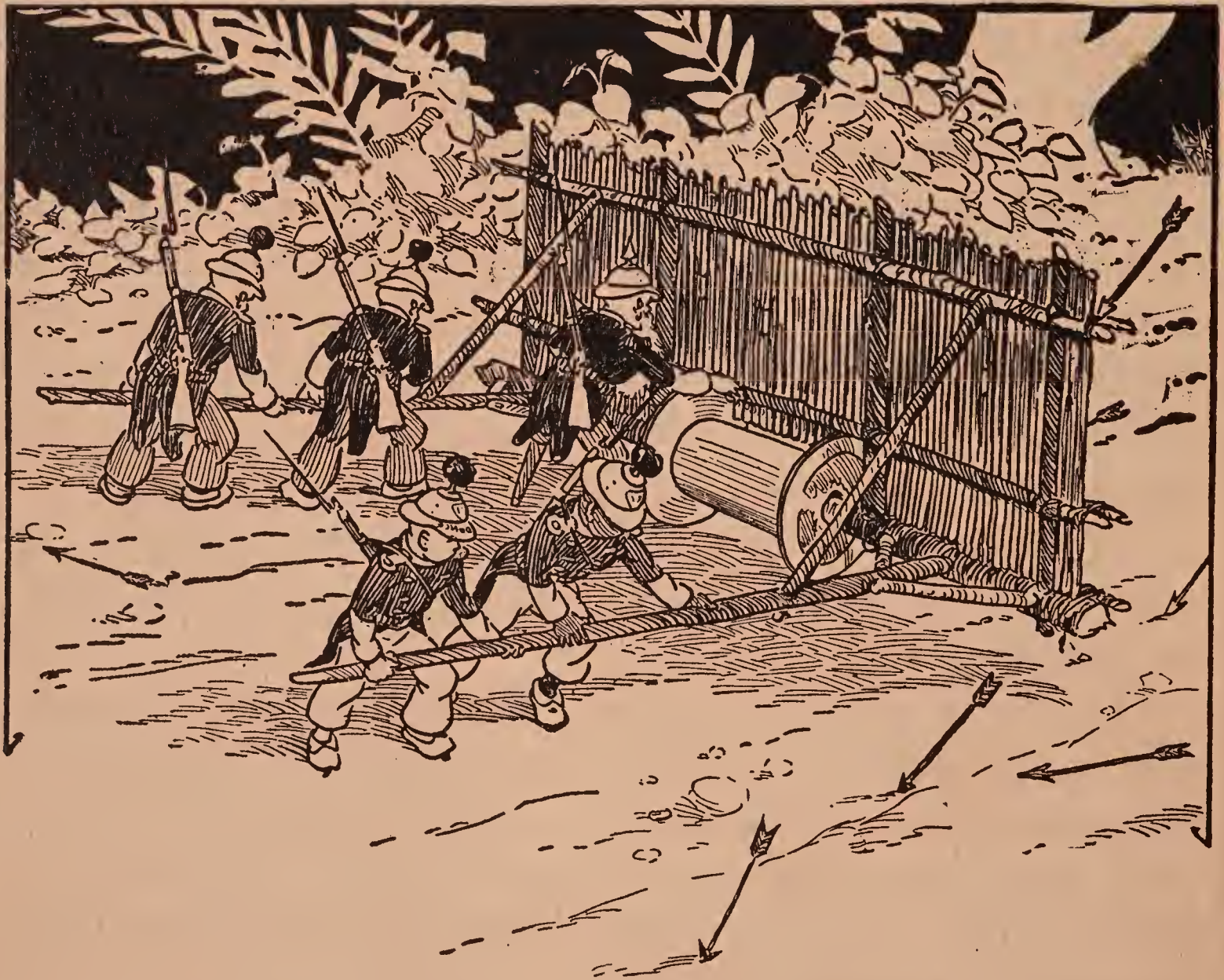
The Old Soldier was quite an engineer and when he had whittled out a new wooden leg, he set to work trying to scheme out some way by which the men could dig the trenches without being hit by the wild men’s arrows.

“I have it,” he cried after he had puzzled over the mat-

ter for a time.” We can make a big screen out of sticks, one that is quite arrow-proof.”

“How are you going to move it?” asked the Turk. “It will be too heavy for the men to carry.”

“That will be easy,” smiled the Old Soldier. “There’s



a spool of thread among our supplies and all we have to do is to remove the thread and —”

“Use the spool as a sort of wheel to roll the screen on,” put in the Cook.

“Right,” laughed the Old Soldier. “We can push it



THE ARMY AVIATOR SNATCHES THE DUNCE FROM THE HANDS OF THE WILD MEN.—Chapter Twenty.

ahead of us on the spool and be quite safe from the wild men's arrows."

The General ordered the screen made and at once, under the watchful eye of the Old Soldier, the men set to work building it. In a remarkably short time the screen was finished and early the next morning the Old Soldier, with six chosen men, started to push it toward the wild men's fort.



As soon as the wild men saw the screen coming toward them, they let fly a shower of arrows, but they either stuck fast in the screen or flew harmlessly over the soldier's heads.

"Great Guns!" cried the Old Soldier when the little party had pushed the screen quite a ways toward the wild men's fort. "We forgot to bring along the picks and shovels."

"I'll get 'em, Captain," said the Dunce, saluting the Old Soldier and hardly waiting for the officer's per-

mission, the Dunce ran for the trench which they had just left, as fast as his legs would carry him.

The Dunce grabbed up three picks and with the help of the Chinaman who volunteered to go along, the two brave Teenie Weenies ran for the screen amid the flying arrows which whizzed all about them.

All day long the men worked hard, pulling the screen along as they dug back toward the Teenie Weenie trench, and at night, six other soldiers took up the work where the rest left off. Several days of hard labor finished the work and not one Teenie Weenie had been shot, thanks to the Old Soldier's screen.



Chapter Twenty

THE DUNCE LOOKS FOR EXCITEMENT

FROM the new trenches the Teenie Weenies could see the wild men's fort plainly. The little soldiers had to be very careful, however, for every time they showed themselves the wild men would let fly a shower of arrows. The soldiers thought it great fun to put their hats on sticks and push them out in sight of the wild men. At first this brought a tremendous number of arrows, but finally the wild men caught onto the trick and only an occasional arrow would fly at the exposed hat.

The men took turns guarding the front trenches. It was very tiresome work sitting in the narrow ditch waiting for something to happen and most of the soldiers would have welcomed the order to storm the wild men's fort.

"I can't see why the General doesn't get busy and take the fort," growled the Scotchman one afternoon. Several of the men, who were off duty, were lying in a mossy place under some big ferns, discussing the matter. "We've got everything ready for the attack, the men are more than anxious to go into action and we could lick the stuffin' out of the Saboes."

"Keep cool, Scotty; we'll get a chance soon enough," said the Turk, who was very quiet and always took things calmly. "The General knows what he's about and when

he gets his plans ready, we'll get all the excitement we want."

"Excitement!" exclaimed the Dunce. "That's me. I've got to have some excitement; I'm sick and tired of sittin' around here without anything doin'."

"Let's get our guns and go out and see if we can't shoot some dragon flies or mosquitoes," suggested the Sailor.

"Nah, that ain't dangerous enough," answered the Dunce. "I want to do something that will give me a thrill," and getting up he slowly walked towards the tall grass near the Teenie Weenie camp.

The General had given orders that none of the soldiers should leave camp, for the grass was so tangled and thick that it would be an easy thing to get lost and, besides, the savage wild men might be hiding behind the thick stalks of grass.

"Jinks!" thought the Dunce as he peered into the dense grass, "the General wouldn't scold me if I happened to stroll out there and capture a wild man."

After some minutes of thought, the Dunce hurried to his tent, got his gun and sneaked unseen out of camp into the dark grass. He stumbled along for some



time without making much headway, for the stalks of grass grew close together and the dead leaves tangled about his feet at almost every step. Presently he came to an open spot near the edge of the island, where he found walking much easier, but he had gone only a short distance when he suddenly saw four wild men ahead of him.

“Throw up your hands--you’re surrounded!” shouted the Dunce, pointing his gun towards them.

The wild men, not understanding the Teenie Weenie language, started running towards the Dunce with loud yells.

The poor Dunce was so badly frightened he forgot to fire his gun and turning about he ran as fast as his short legs could carry him towards the Teenie Weenie camp.

The army aviator, who happened to be scouting above the shore of the island, saw the Dunce being chased by the wild men.

“Quick!” he shouted to the bird on which he flew. “Fly just as close as you can to the Dunce and I’ll grab him as we sail by.”

The bird flew straight for the ground and holding tight to its neck, the aviator grabbed the Dunce by the collar and snatched him from the very hands of the wild men.

The Turk pulled the frightened Dunce up on the bird’s back and a few minutes later they landed safely in the Teenie Weenie camp.

“Well, sir,” said the General when he had heard the Turk’s story of the rescue, “what were you doing out-

side the camp without permission to go out?"

"I-I-I-I j-j-just wanted s-s-some excitement and I-I-I-I thought I'd go out and s-s-see if I-I-I couldn't capture a wild man," stammered the frightened Dunce.

"Well, did you capture any of them?" asked the General with a wink at the Old Soldier.

"W-w-w-well, I-I surrounded f-f-four of 'em, but they wouldn't stay surrounded and they started to chase me, so I-I-I had to r-r-run."

"Well, did you get any excitement?" smiled the General.

"Oh, yes, sir, I-I-I got more than I-I-I was looking for."

"Well, sir," said the General, "I hope you got enough excitement to last you for a long time. You are guilty of an act of leaving camp without permission and I find it necessary to place you under arrest."

The poor Dunce was marched off between four soldiers to the tiny guard house, where he was left to think over his disobedience.



Chapter Twenty-One

THE SCOUTS HAVE A NARROW ESCAPE

“GENERAL, the men are getting restless. They want to get into action and it seems to me that we ought to hurry our plans for the attack,” said the Old Soldier. The two little officers were sitting at the tiny table in front of the General’s tent.

“Yes, I believe you’re right,” answered the General thoughtfully. “The plans for the attack are almost ready, but I would like to get some more information about the wild men. I’d like to know just how many are guarding the fort, what sort of arms they have and a lot of other details. The Turk has been able to get much valuable information, but the grass is so tall around the fort that he has not been able to get very near in the airplane, so I’m afraid I’ll have to send the scouts out for the facts I want.”

“That’s mighty dangerous,” said the Old Soldier, stroking his beard. “The jungle is full of the Saboes—they are swarming all through the grass, thicker than ants on a chocolate drop.”

“Yes, I know it’s dangerous, but I believe the Cowboy and the Indian can get through unseen and bring back the information I want,” the General said. “Either one of the little fellows is at home in the woods and grass.

They are both pastmasters in covering up their tracks. Why, I believe the Indian could walk through a lady's powder box without ever leaving a single track," and the General said it so earnestly there was no doubt but that he spoke the truth.

Turning to the guard that stood near his tent, the General ordered him to bring the Indian and the Cowboy. "Tell them it is important and that I wish them to report at once."

In a few minutes the two scouts appeared and, clicking their tiny heels together, they saluted in the most approved military fashion.

"You sent for us, sir?" said the Cowboy.

"Yes," answered the General, looking seriously at the sturdy little men. "I have a piece of work for you to do. First I want to tell you that it is mighty risky — in fact, it is extremely dangerous. I will not send you unless you are willing to go — you shall choose."

"We are ready to go," answered the little scouts quietly, and their loyalty touched the General greatly.

"I want you to go to the wild men's fort and get all the information you can," said the General. "Find out how many men they have, what sort of weapons they use, note the condition of their fort and get some idea of the ground beyond the fort. Get all the facts you can and report to me as soon as possible."

"Yes, sir," answered the scouts and, saluting, they hurried to their tent, where they buckled on their tiny pistols. Next they each secured a supply of dried minnow

and half a boiled bean, which they stuffed into their pockets.

They slipped quietly out of camp and after a long and tiresome trip they finally drew near to the wild men's fort. They could hear the voices of the wild men now and then and the two Teenie Weenies were forced to steal along with the greatest care. Presently they crawled up to a place quite near the fort where they could see the wild men every now and then through the long grass. The scouts watched the wild men for several hours and it was quite late before the little fellows could find a chance to crawl away safely and unseen.

Several times on their way back to the Teenie Weenie camp the scouts were forced to hide under leaves and dry grass to keep from being discovered, and once they had to lie for almost an hour in a hollow stick, as several wild men stopped near them to rest.

"It be heap much dark soon," grunted the Indian as he peered through the grass at the sky.

"We can never get back to camp before night and we couldn't possibly get through this jungle in the dark, so we've got to find some place to spend the night," whispered the Cowboy.

The two Teenie Weenies found a deserted bird's nest in a bush near by, and, climbing up the bush, they soon made themselves comfortable for the night.

Early in the morning the little scouts were awakened by voices, and looking over the edge of the nest, they saw several wild men coming towards the bush. The wild men



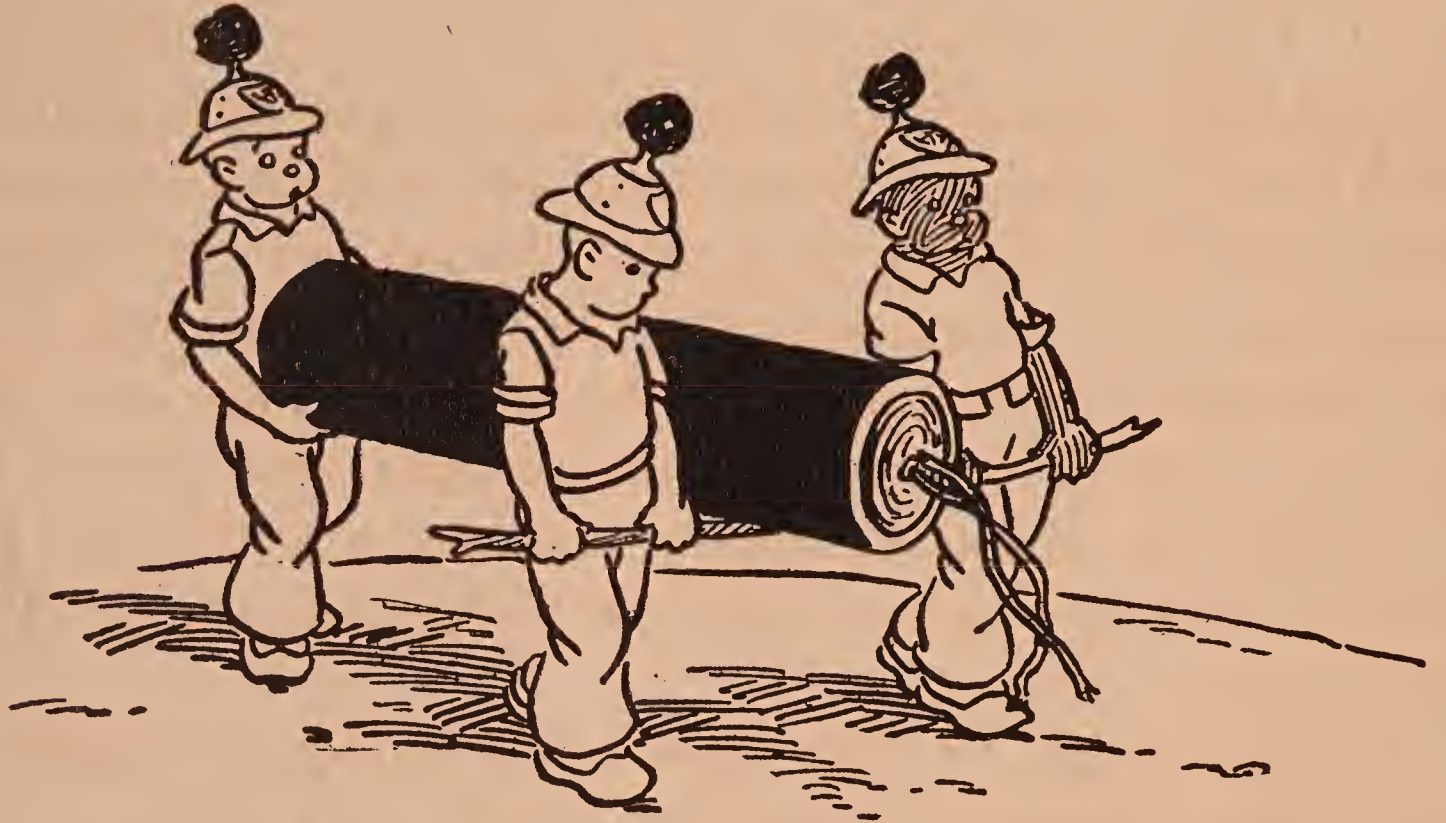
stopped beneath the bush, where they soon made a fire and cooked pieces of frog ham for their breakfast.

The two Teenie Weenies had eaten what little food they had brought with them the day before and as they smelled the delicious meat cooking it made them as hungry as bears. There were too many of the Saboes for the two scouts to fight, so they could do nothing but lie quiet until the wild men had gone. In a short time the wild men finished their breakfast and after talking in their strange language for a few minutes they hurried away.

When the wild men had disappeared into the jungle of tall grass near by, the two scouts carefully climbed out of the nest and set off in the direction of the Teenie Weenie camp. Several times they had to hide behind sticks and leaves when the wild men passed near them, and once, three of the savage little fellows came so close to the spot where the scouts lay hidden that they thought they would surely be discovered. It was almost evening before the Cowboy and the Indian reached camp and the little fellows reported at once to the General. They gave the Commander of the Teenie Weenie army such valuable news that he at once called in his staff for a council of war.

The little officers talked for a long time and when they finally came out of the General's tent, it was very plain to see that something was about to happen. Officers dashed about the camp giving orders, the Doctor and the two nurses busied themselves around the tiny hospital, while Paddy Pinn spent much time with his Teenie Weenie cannon.

Three of the soldiers carried two big firecrackers into the tunnel the mole had made. In fact, everyone was busy and the whole camp teemed with excitement, wondering as to what was to happen next.



Chapter Twenty-Two

THE BATTLE

ORDERS had been given to attack the wild men in the morning and most of the Teenie Weenie soldiers slept very little during the night. At daylight a thimbleful of hot cocoa and a supply of bread was brought into the front trenches and while the little soldiers ate, the artillery kept up a heavy fire on the wild men's fort.

At last the order was given to charge and the excited Teenie Weenies climbed out of their trenches and dashed for the fort.

Although the soldiers' tiny knees knocked together and their teeth chattered with fright, they went into battle with great eagerness, cheered by the voices of several meadow mice and bugs, who stood out of range of the wild men's arrows.

It was a great victory. Probably the history of the battle can be better told by one who took part in it, so we shall hear the story from a letter written by Mr. Lover to his wife immediately after the battle. The tiny letter



was written on a piece of very thin birch bark, about half the size of a postage stamp, but if you could see it under a powerful microscope you would read it, word for word, just as it appears on this page.

My dear Bab:

As the Indian is carrying the official news of the battle back to Shoehurst, you will know before you open this letter that we have won. It was wonderful and I will tell you all about it from the very first. The wild men's fort, which was made of strong sticks, lay in a narrow path guarding the only open road to the village, where the Lady of Fashion and Poet are held prisoners. In order to get to the village we had to capture the fort. We heard the night before that we were to storm the fort in the morning and believe me, we didn't sleep much; that is, I didn't. I was as nervous as a cat in a dog house.

Early in the morning the aviator flew over the fort and dropped pepper bombs. These bombs are made out of red pepper tied up in thin pieces of tissue paper and when they hit the ground they break and scatter the pepper all around. While the wild men were sneezing from the effects of the pepper, the artillery opened up and sent a lot of shot into the fort.

Next, a big mine we had made under the fort was exploded. There were two big firecrackers in it and, say, you ought to have seen the sticks fly up in the air when that mine went off! Right after the mine explosion we were ordered to charge and we jumped out of the trenches and started on the run for the fort.

We were almost halfway there when the Sailor, who was carrying the flag, dropped with an arrow in his chest. The Dunce caught up the fallen flag and putting his hat on top of the staff, he yelled for us to follow. Everybody cheered, for

we didn't think the Dunce had enough nerve to do such a brave thing.

The fort was badly wrecked by the explosion, so it wasn't hard to climb over it to get at the wild men. Most of the Saboes were so scared they never tried to fight, but a few of them stood their ground. They were quickly subdued, however. We captured fourteen men; five of them are wounded, but the Doctor has them in the hospital and he'll fix them up all right.

Four of our men were wounded, but the Sailor is the only one who was badly hurt. The Doctor says that he will pull through all right.

We wanted to attack the wild men's village, but the General wouldn't let us. He says we have got to take care of the wounded and make our lines safe before we can go farther. Some of the men seem to think that there will be very little fight left in the wild men, for they were pretty well scared by our attack. The Scotchman and I are doing guard duty; we have to guard the prisoners. We are using an old bottle for a prison and it certainly makes a good one; if we keep on getting prisoners we'll soon have a bottleful.

I do hope the General follows up the victory and goes right after these wild men, so we can end this war, for I want to get home to you and the children.

Well, I'll have to stop now as the Indian is about ready to start for Shoehurst. Tell the twins I have a nice string of blackberry seed beads for each of them and give them each a kiss for me.

Affectionately,
Your Husband.

P. S.: The Cook and the Chinaman have just brought up a pot of cocoa and four hot beans! Hurrah! we're going to have a feast.

Hubby.

Chapter Twenty-Three

THE RED CROSS

THERE was much confusion after the battle, for so many things had to be done, and done quickly. The lines had to be advanced and made safe against attack by the wild men. The prisoners had to be carefully guarded until they could be put into the grape juice bottle which was being used as a prison.

Then, there were the wounded. Both Teenie Weenies and wild men had to be given the best of care. Just as soon as the battle was over, the injured were gathered up and carried tenderly to the Red Cross field hospital, where the Doctor and his two little nurses dressed their wounds. The Clown and the Policeman carried the wounded into the hospital on tiny stretchers and just as soon as the injured little fellows had medical care, they were put into clean beds. At first the injured wild men were much frightened, but when they were handled so tenderly by the Doctor and his lovely nurses, they became quite contented.

The Doctor's official report to the General gives the best idea of the work of the Red Cross after the battle, and it is printed here, word for word, from that tiny document.

TEENIE WEENIE RED CROSS FIELD HOSPITAL
Commander in Chief, Report No. 14.
Teenie Weenie Army.

Sir: I herein give to you a full detailed report of the Red Cross work after the battle of Sabo:



Teenie Weenies Injured

Sailor—Shot in the right breast with arrow, which was removed after a hard operation, as the point had broken off between the third and fourth ribs. Eleven

stitches taken in wound. Patient in bad shape but will recover.

Dunce—Shot in hand; slight wound; will be all right in few days.

Gogo — Two small wounds in right leg and left arm.

Cowboy — Scratch on cheek from spear thrust.



Wild Men Injured

No. 1 — Serious wound in neck from rifle bullet; removed bullet after much work; patient in bad shape.

No. 2 — Bad bayonet wound in side; will recover.

No. 3 — Piece of shell removed from back; nineteen stitches taken in wound; will get well.

No. 4 — Painful scalp wound from being hit on head with butt of gun; five stitches taken in wound.

No. 5 — Shot in shoulder; not dangerous.

I wish to bring to your notice the good work of my staff.

I commend them for their earnest and skillful help in taking care of the wounded. The work of bringing in the wounded was promptly done by the Policeman and the Clown in a manner that calls for the highest praise.

Tess Bone and Sally Guff, my two excellent nurses, were of the greatest service. Their tenderness in handling the injured was of the highest order.

I wish also to bring to your notice the kindness of Peter Meadowlark and Bouncing Ben, the jumping mouse. Peter Meadowlark did much towards keeping the patients in a good frame of mind by his daily songs. Every day he came to the hospital and sang for the wounded.

Bouncing Ben kept the sick laughing for hours by his funny handsprings and somersaults. I owe much to these two kind-hearted fellows for the good condition of my patients.

Sincerely yours,
Surgeon General,
Teenie Weenie Army.



Chapter Twenty-Four

LET THERE BE PEACE

AFTER the battle the front lines were moved quite a distance towards the center of the island, where the wild men's village stood. A strong breastwork of sticks and grass was built and a most careful watch was kept at all times. Nothing was seen of the wild men except shadowy forms that every now and then dodged about among the stalks of big grass. They were surely in the tall grass, for the savage little fellows could slip about in the jungle almost unseen.

It was quite certain that the General intended to move again in a short time, for everything was made ready for another battle.

One morning the Scotchman, who was in the front lines, happened to see a wild man crawling along on his stomach towards a stick that lay in front of the Teenie Weenie breastwork. The tiny soldier raised his gun and waited, thinking the wild men were about to charge, but instead a blade of grass appeared above the stick and to it was tied a white rag.

"Jinks!" exclaimed the Scotchman, lowering his gun, "the wild men are showing a flag of truce."

"Hold your fire, men!" shouted the Cowboy, who was in charge of the Teenie Weenie fort at the time. "They are sending out a flag of truce."

Presently the wild man crawled out from behind the stick and timidly made his way toward the Teenie Weenies.

“What do you want?” asked the Cowboy, peering over the top of the fort.

“Wap gee goo mah be gum,” answered the wild man as he approached the Teenie Weenies. Of course none of them could understand a word of this.



“Talk English, you goof,” cried the Cowboy. “I can’t understand that kind of talk.”

The wild man carried a piece of folded birch bark in his hand and when he reached the fort he handed it over to the Cowboy. It was addressed to the General, and the Cowboy at once sent the note to him.

When the note was delivered to the General, he found that it was from the Queen of the wild men, written by the Poet, and this is what he read:

Commander in Chief,
Teenie Weenie Army.

My dear General:

Her Royal Highness, Mooie, Queen of the wild men, sends greetings. Her Highness wishes to talk over terms of peace with you and suggests that you and your staff meet her at the stream which crosses the path halfway between the Sabo village and your camp. Her Highness awaits your pleasure and asks Your Excellency to set a date for the meeting.

Respectfully yours

RUFUS RHYME.

P. S.—Although the Lady of Fashion and I have been closely guarded since we have been prisoners, we have been very well treated and I ask that you take this into consideration when you arrange peace terms.

R. R.

The General answered the note at once, making arrangements to meet the Queen on the following day.

The next day at the appointed time the General, the Old Soldier and a guard of eight soldiers marched off to the meeting place, where they found the Queen awaiting them.

The Queen sat on her favorite turtle and she had with her several of her warriors and the Poet.

As the Teenie Weenies drew near, the Queen and her followers raised their left hands above their heads, which is the Sabo custom when friends meet. The Queen was the first to speak, and the Poet, who had learned the Sabo language while he was held prisoner, translated her words to the Teenie Weenies as follows:

“O, great chief of the thunder wagon (the name, “Men



of the Thunder Wagon," was given to the Teenie Weenies on account of the cannon which the wild men said sounded like thunder), we have come here to ask for peace. We do not wish to fight; we ask only for the liberty of our brothers whom you hold prisoners. Give us back our brothers and we will return the Lady of Fashion and the Poet to you. We will also give you two hundred smoked frog hams for our brothers' return."

"O queen of beauty and ruler of all the Saboes," said the General when the Poet had finished, "we do not wish to fight, and we ask only for the return of our friends. For their safe return we will free your brothers. The hams you have offered we could not think of taking, for we took up arms against you, not for gain, but only for the freedom of the Lady of Fashion and the Poet."

The Queen was greatly pleased at the General's words and arrangements were made for the exchange of the prisoners.

That same day all the wild men, except the ones who were in the hospital and who were too sick to leave, were set free.

They were taken, under guard of several soldiers, to the stream where the General had met the Queen. The Lady of Fashion and the Poet were waiting for them and the Teenie Weenie soldiers gave three mighty cheers when they saw their friends. The prisoners were exchanged and the Lady of Fashion and the Poet were taken to the Teenie Weenie camp, where they were given a royal welcome.



THE GENERAL AND THE QUEEN OF THE WILD MEN AT THE PEACE DANCE.—Chapter Twenty-five.

The Lady of Fashion was so happy to be again among her friends that she did a very ladylike thing — she cried. The nurses cried and several of the men were seen to blow their tiny noses and blink their eyes.

“Oh, I’m so happy to be safe with you all again,” cried the Lady of Fashion as she hugged the General for the tenth time. “I don’t know what those nasty wild men captured us for, we never could find out, but I will say for them that they were very good to us.”

“Well, we are mighty glad to have you with us again,” said the General. “And it’s through the loyalty of every soldier in our army that your rescue has been accomplished.”

“I know it. I know it,” cried the little lady, and she hugged every single man in the army except the Chinaman, who was so embarrassed that he ran off and hid in a hollow log for nearly an hour.

The two nurses took the Lady of Fashion to their tent, where she washed until she was as clean as a drop of dew.

That night the army gathered around a roaring bonfire and eagerly listened to the Poet while he told them how he and the Lady of Fashion had spent their time as prisoners of the wild men. When he had finished, the little people sang songs, told stories and gossiped until after midnight, when the General ordered everyone to bed.

“It’s so nice to sleep in a clean, honest-to-goodness bed again,” said the Lady of Fashion when she crawled

into one of the tiny cots in the nurses' tent, but she didn't sleep a great deal, for the three little women had so



much to talk about. They whispered and giggled until early morning.

Chapter Twenty-Five

THE PEACE DANCE

“WELL, folks,” announced the General the next morning as he sat down to breakfast with several of his officers, the Lady of Fashion and the Poet, “we must make ready for the march home. We have a long journey ahead of us and we must get started as soon as possible.”

“I don’t see how we can,” answered the Doctor, who was helping himself to a piece of frog ham. “The Sailor is in no condition to be moved and, besides, I still have a couple of the wild men on my hands, who are in such shape I can’t leave them for a few days.”

“That’s so! That’s so!” exclaimed the General. “Of course we’ll have to stay until our duty is done.”

“My patients are all doing well and I don’t see why we won’t be able to get away in five or six days,” said the Doctor.

The little soldiers were greatly disappointed when they heard that the army would not start immediately for home, for now that the war was over they were all anxious to return. However, they made the best of their time by fishing, swimming and playing games.

One morning a sentinel came to the General’s tent, followed by one of the wild men.

"This fellow has a message for you," said the sentinel pointing to the wild man, who held a piece of folded birch bark in his hand. "There are about twenty-five more of 'em waiting out beyond our lines and they've each got a big bundle all wrapped up in leaves."

The General opened the note which the wild man handed him, but when he found it was written in the Sabo language he sent for the Poet.

"You'll have to translate this gibberish for me," said the General when the Poet appeared. "It's too much for me."

The Poet carefully read the note and then repeated it to the General.

"It's from the Queen and she is sending you greetings and some presents," said the Poet. "She also invites you to the great Dance of Peace and Plenty. This is the dance the wild men dance whenever they make peace with their enemies. You must go to the dance, for that is the way the wild men have of showing that they want to be friendly."

"All right," answered the General; "tell her I'll come. Thank her for the presents and give her my regards."

A number of soldiers were sent out to bring in the presents the Queen had sent and when they were unwrapped the little people were surprised to find a number of fat frog hams, a quantity of wild rice, a large jar of fruit paste made out of wild berries, many nut meats and sweet seeds.

"We ought to send a present to the Queen in return

for all this food," said the General. "What shall we send her?"

"Send her that thimble the Dunce ruined trying to make a suit of armor," answered the Poet, who had heard the story of the Dunce's armor.

"Not that old thimble!" exclaimed the General.

"Sure," laughed the Poet. "She will think that it is wonderful!"



So the thimble was sent to the Queen, who prized it more than anything else she owned.

On the appointed day the General set off for the dance with a number of the Teenie Weenies, and as they drew near the village they were met by a body of wild men who had been sent out as a guard of honor to escort the General into the village. He was led to a spot beneath a big bush where the Queen sat cross-legged on a wonderfully soft piece of cloth which had been thrown on the ground. Over her head hung another cloth which

was fastened at the four corners to long poles held in the hands of four wild men.

A great many wild men and women stood about an open spot under the bush, which had been swept until it was as clean as a pin. Many children ran about the place, some of them climbing onto the grass houses and into the trees. On the edge of the crowd stood several small animals, and some birds were perched in the bush overhead.

The General made a low bow to the Queen and when she motioned for him to sit by her side, he sat down on the soft cloth. The Queen and the General talked for some time through the Poet, who translated for them.

Presently the Queen gave a command to one of her warriors and instantly several men, who were sitting on the ground in front of the Queen, began to beat on drums. The drums were made out of a piece of hollow reed. The ends were covered with snake skin and they made a very pretty, mellow sound. Another man beat on a piece of wood which had been fixed to a split reed, while three or four women beat paddles together in time with the music.

Instantly a number of voices broke into a loud song from behind a house near by and presently the dancers came hopping and prancing into the cleared spot before the Queen. First came a warrior with a long spear and when he danced directly in front of the Queen he broke the spear in two over his knee. Next came a man with a queer seed pod over his head and in one

hand he carried a whip with which he struck the warrior every now and then. In the other hand he carried a dried seed pod which rattled loudly in time with the song. The next dancer wore a frog's head and hopped in time with the music, much after the fashion of a frog. Several girls followed the frog man, carrying plates of smoked frog ham and rice cakes.

"The first man in the dance," explained the Poet to the General, "is the Spirit of War. He broke the spear to show you that the war was over and the next man rattled the seed pod and struck him with the whip to scare him away, which means that the wild men are through with war and wish to get rid of the War Spirit. The frog man represents the frog meat which the wild men eat, and his funny dance means that good times are coming, for you see the pretty girls follow with plates of rice cakes and meat."

The dancers performed for several minutes and then the man with the whip and rattle chased the Spirit of War over the hill out of sight, which meant that the Spirit of War was gone for good.

After the dance a great fire was built and when a heap of hot ashes had burned, the wild men wrapped several frog hams in sassafras leaves and put them into the hot bed of ashes to roast. When the hams were cooked they were cut into slices and served to the Teenie Weenies and the wild men. Wonderfully delicious rice cakes were also served and the Teenie Weenies ate until they were quite filled. The greedy Duncce ate so much he

became quite ill and had to be carried back to the Teenie Weenie camp, where the Doctor was kept busy most of the night putting heated buttons on his aching tummy, until the pain was gone.



Chapter Twenty-Six

HOME

Put a bean on to boil, Mr. Cook!
Put a bean on to boil, Mr. Cook!
For an army, it must eat
And rest its weary feet;
So put on a bean, Mr. Cook!

THE Teenie Weenie soldiers sang this song as they sat about their tiny camp fire one evening shortly after the peace dance. They were all happy, for they were to start for home in the morning. The Sailor was now well enough to stand the long trip and that was all that had been holding them back.

“He can stand the trip,” the Doctor said, “if he is carried in some way that will not jolt him. He was badly wounded and I wouldn’t care to have him ride in one of the army wagons, as they are much too rough.”

“We can make a litter and get two mice to carry it,” suggested Tess Bone.

“That’s a good idea,” said the Doctor. “He will rest that way in fine shape.”

The Turk and the Old Soldier agreed to make the litter and in a short time they had built such a cozy one the Sailor was quite pleased with it.

“Crickety!” exclaimed the Dunce when he saw the lit-

ter, "I wish I was wounded so I could ride in that instead of walkin' all the way home."

The army wagons were loaded and early in the morn-



ing the little army began the long journey home. First the cannon and then the baggage and wagons had to be moved across the river on the raft. It took the little people all day to move across the river, for many trips

had to be made with the clumsy raft. But at the end of the day not a single Teenie Weenie was left on Sabo Island.

As Queen Mooie had given the Teenie Weenies so many presents of frog hams, rice cakes, delicious seeds and many hickory nut meats, the little people were well supplied with good food. Every evening after the day's march the happy little army ate their meal gathered around a glowing camp fire. They laughed and joked, sang songs, told stories and gossiped with the many birds and animals of the woods who gathered about the camp fire.

Often the Teenie Weenies listened to a strange tale of the forest, told by some owl or chipmunk, and quite often the birds sang to them.

One evening a wicked old weasel came prowling around the camp. The little folks were quite alarmed about it, for the old fellow hung around for a long time. They could see his wicked green eyes shining in the light from the camp fire and when the General asked him what he wanted, he never answered. At last the General told several of the soldiers to fire off their rifles.

"Shoot in the air over his head and give him a good scare," ordered the General. "I think that will fix him."

At the first sound of the guns the weasel quickly disappeared into the night and nothing more was seen of him, although the men kept a mighty close watch for several days.

When the army came to the place where they had

built the bridge, they found the squirrel whom they had hired to guard it, on duty.

“Well, here I am,” shouted the squirrel. “And here is the bridge just as you left it.”

“You have done your duty well,” said the General, and he ordered the Cook to pay the squirrel the ten sunflower seeds and the hickory nuts which had been promised him.

“Well, I always believe in doin’ my duty,” said the squirrel. “If I agree to do a thing I always stick to my word—I’d rather lose every whisker I’ve got than go back on my word.”

A bluejay who was sitting in a bush near by snickered and the squirrel gave him a nasty look. The Teenie Weenies thought for a minute that there might be a quarrel, but the bluejay flew off, so they felt much easier.

After a pleasant talk with the squirrel, the General ordered the army to march on and as long as the Teenie Weenies were in sight the squirrel waved to them from the top of an old stump.

The trip seemed to agree with the Sailor. He grew stronger and stronger under the watchful eye of the Doctor and the two dainty nurses. He was fed on broth and a tiny bit of poached bird’s egg each day, and as the army drew near home he was almost strong enough to walk.

One day the Teenie Weenies were surprised to hear a bird shout to them from a bush over their heads and

when they looked up they saw it was Tilly Titter, the English Sparrow—an old and trusted friend.

Of course the General ordered a halt, while the men gathered around the sparrow and asked many questions.

“How are the twins?” asked Mr. Lover.

“Fine! Just fine!” cried the bird. “I was over to the village yesterday and they were playin’ foot ball with a gooseberry. They are as husky as a caterpillar in a mulberry bush. Your wife is as fat as butter; I’ll bet she has gained half an ounce since you left her.”

After the Teenie Weenies had learned all the news from home the General gave a message to Tilly and asked her to deliver it to the Teenie Weenie village.

“You can just bet your last fish worm I’ll carry that message as quick as I can,” said the bird. “Everyone in the village will be tickled to death to hear that you are so near home. Grandpa will be so ’appy ’e’ll shout ’imself ’oarse.”

Spreading her wings, Tilly Titter flew into the air and quickly disappeared in the direction of the Teenie Weenie village.

Chapter Twenty-seven

THE GRAND REVIEW

TILLY Titter flew as she never flew before and in a short time she landed on the ground beside the shoe house, her feathers all ruffled up with excitement.

“I’ve got news,” she shouted, as the little women gathered about her. “I’ve just come from the General and the army will be home in about three days.”

“Is my husband well?” shouted Mrs. Lover.

“He’s as healthy as a



dandelion and as pink as a rose bud," answered Tilly.

"How's the Poet and the Lady of Fashion?" asked Grandpa.

"Well and 'appy," cried Tilly. "As I was a sayin', the army will be 'ome in about three days. The General said to tell you that they would arrive on Friday afternoon if everthing goes well. He says for you to have a good supper ready for the boys and to have plenty, for they will be as hungry as young robins."

"Is the Sailor getting along nicely?" asked Miss Guff.

"Fine as a fiddle! Fine as a fiddle!" answered the sparrow. "Wants to walk, 'e's feelin' so well, but the Doctor makes 'im stay in the litter and ride."

"Well, we have got to get busy and do somethin' for the boys," cried Grandpa. "We've got to give 'em a big feed and decorate the place with flags and show 'em we're glad to see 'em."

"We'll get up a grand supper for them," cried Mrs. Lover, "and we'll have a dance afterwards."

"I'll bring over a big chunk of cheese," cried the mouse that had joined the crowd.

"I'll get some fat worms for the supper," cried Tilly, and instantly she blushed a deep brown. "Oh, I forget you don't eat worms. Well, I'll get some sunflower seeds."

"I'll donate a few nuts," said Nick, the squirrel, who had been hoping for a chance to speak.

"Oh, I forgot to say that the General said 'e would come in ahead of the army so 'e could review them as they marched into the village," cried Tilly.

“He’s going to review the troops, did you say?” asked Grandpa, who was hard of hearing.

“Yes!” shouted Tilly, right into the old gentleman’s ear. “The General is goin’ to review the army.”

“Well, we got to get a reviewing stand ready for him,” cried Grandpa.

“I’ll help,” shouted the mouse, “and I’ll get some mice to help, too.”

“All right, get ’em!” cried Grandpa. “The sooner we get to work the better it will be.”

In a short time the Teenie Weenies were as busy as bees in a clover field. The little women set to work cooking and baking. They made cakes and cookies by the thimble full. They made ginger cookies, nut cookies, chocolate cake, fruit cake and half an English walnut full of doughnuts, besides all sorts of other good things.

Grandpa put eight mice, a chipmunk and half a dozen bugs to work getting the place ready for the returning soldiers. They cleaned up the rubbish under the rose-bush, they moved all the desks out of the schoolhouse, where the dinner and dance were to be held, and they made a reviewing stand out of the top of a candy box.

Nick, the squirrel, worked hard opening nuts. He gnawed so many his teeth became sore, but he never complained, for he was a very patriotic squirrel and most fond of the Teenie Weenies.

The little folks decorated the village with Teenie Weenie flags and bunting and when the time arrived for the army to march home the village was crowded with



all sorts of visitors. Bugs, mice, squirrels, birds, chipmunks, and even a few chickens and ducks, crowded under the rose-bush.

The General rode in ahead of the army and took his place on the reviewing stand amid the wildest shouting and waving of flags, but when the troops came marching into view there was such a squealing of squirrels and mice and squawking of chickens, ducks and birds, one could hardly hear oneself think. Grandpa shouted so hard that he had one of his choking fits, and a mouse had to pound him on the back until he could get his breath.

When the review was over there was much hugging and kissing and some crying, for most of the little women shed a few tears of happiness, but that's a strange way women folks have of showing they are happy. One old hen cried so hard she had to be led away. A duck insisted on kissing the Dunce and a mouse hugged Paddy Pinn so hard it nearly broke his arm.

After the little soldiers had visited for a time they were called into the old derby hat for supper and such a supper as they had! There was roasted bird's egg, frog ham, escalloped hickory nut, walnut au gratin, creamed hearts of sun-flower seed, water cress and wild cherry salad, and cakes and cookies and sliced grape and ice cream.

When the little soldiers had eaten until they could not hold another morsel, the General arose from his seat at the head of the big table and made a speech.

"Friends and men of the Teenie Weenie army," he

began, "I want to thank you for your loyal and hearty service. You have gone through hardships and you have risked your lives in battle without complaint. You have done this to aid those in trouble and nothing greater can be said of your deeds than that they were done willingly. Men, I am proud to have been your leader."

"Three cheers for the army!" shouted a mouse who had been helping to wait on table, and the cheers were given with a will.

Next the Lady of Fashion made a little speech. She very prettily thanked the General and the army for having rescued the Poet and herself from the wild men and as she sat down there were tears in her pretty eyes. The Poet spoke and Grandpa made a speech about the great war in forty-two, but few heard what the old gentleman said, for they were anxious to talk to one another about the great events of the rescue of their friends.

"Friends!" shouted Paddy Pinn, when Grandpa had sat down, "I think the Dunce ought to explain to the rest of us just why that old duck was so anxious to kiss him." Every one yelled so loudly for the Dunce that he was forced to stand up, but he was so embarrassed he couldn't speak a word and the Teenie Weenies laughed so hard they cried.

When the tables had been cleared away the orchestra started playing and in a few minutes the little folks were swinging around to the music of "The Lady of Fashion Waltz." They danced until nearly morning—in fact it was broad daylight when the tired little soldiers crawled

into their tiny beds, every one of them mighty thankful that they were safely home again.

“The war is over, our duty is done;
Hang up the pistol, the sword and the gun.”

Rufus Rhyme,
Teenie Weenie Poet.







87



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