

The Kiddies' Korner

MADRE PENN

INDIAN LORE
The Twin Stars

Two Bright Eyes went wandering out
To chase the whippoorwill;
Two Bright Eyes got lost and left
Our tepee—oh, so still!

Two Bright Eyes was lifted up
To sparkle in the skies
And look like stars—but we know
well
That that's our lost Bright Eyes.

She is looking for the camp;
She would come back if she could;
She is peeping thro' the tree tops
For the tepee in the wood.

THE GITCH-E O-KOK-O-HOO

After the Great Spirit had made the world and the creatures in it, he made Gitch-e O-kok-o-hoo. This was like an owl, but bigger than anything else alive, and his voice was like a river plunging over a rocky ledge. He was so big that he thought he did it all himself and was puffed up.

The blue jay is the mischief maker of the woods. He is very smart and impudent; so one day when Gitch-e O-kok-o-hoo was making thunder in his throat, the blue jay said: "Pooh, Gitch-e O-kok-o-hoo, you don't call that a big noise! You should hear Niagara; then you would never twitter again."

Now Niagara was the last thing the Manitou had made; it never ceased to utter the last words of the great spirit in creating it: "Forever! Forever! Forever!"

But Gitch-e O-kok-o-hoo was nettled at hearing his song called a "twitter," and he said: "Niagara, Niagara! I'm sick of hearing about Niagara. I will go and silence Niagara for always." So he flew to Niagara and the blue jay snickered and followed to see the fun.

When they came to Niagara where it thundered down the Gitch-e O-kok-o-hoo began bawling to drown the noise of it, but could not make himself heard.

"Wa-wa-wa," said the Gitch-e O-kok-o-hoo, with great effort.

"Wa-wa-wa-wa," said the river steadily, easily and forever.

"Wa-wa-wa," shrieked Gitch-e O-kok-o-hoo, but it was so utterly lost that he could not hear it himself, and he began to feel small; and he felt smaller and smaller until he was no bigger than a sparrow, and his voice instead of being like a cataract, became like the dropping of water, just a little

Tink-tank-tink,
Tink-tank-tink.

And this is why the Indians give to this smallest of the owls the name of "the water dropping bird."

When the top is wider than the root the tree falls down.

From "Woodmyth and Fable," Ernest Thompson Seton. Acknowledgment to Century Co.



SEWING FOR DOLLY

Our Women and Children

Conducted by
Lucille Skaggs Edwards

STORY TELLING

I have always enjoyed telling and reading stories to children and I have always found children the finest listeners. I was reared in a children's boarding school; we used to sit on the floor in a circle and tell all the stories we knew and then there were those of us who were good at "making them up." So it was natural that when I had children of my own that I should find myself brimming over with all sorts of stories that I had read, heard and could "make up."

Story telling is as primitive as the family itself. Mothers have always told stories to their children. Christ, the great teacher taught by means of story telling. There is no lesson that cannot be taught, no truth that cannot be brought home through the telling of stories. Stories entertain, stories discipline and stories teach.

No stories entertain more than fairy tales and the myths. The good fairies, the wicked gnomes, the great giants and the generous Santa Claus only the faith and heart of the child can understand. The same story, often told, may be varied and given added interest by turning it into a lesson for the child. Take the story of Red Riding Hood for example, it may teach color: "She wore a red hood like your little red chair, like the shade on the lamp, etc. Soon

the child will begin to make smiles which will show it knows one of the cardinal colors. This story may be turned into a wee lesson in physiology and numbers—two hands for feeling, two feet for walking, two ears for hearing, and one "great mouth to eat you up." The mother may also tell how the teeth, the tongue and lips aid in eating and speaking.

A bed time story will put the little one to sleep without excitement or fretfulness. The bedtime stories by Thornton W. Burgess, published each evening in the World-Herald will interest the mother as well as the child. Remember, mothers, you must love the fairies, the animals and the stories if you would possess the charm and the inspiration that makes story telling worth while.

Perhaps baby is stubborn, grouchy or crying for her way about something. "Come, let's read a story" or "Once upon a time" are charms that never fail to hold the attention, draw a smile through the tears and drive all the ugly feeling away.

As the child grows it comes to the mother with perplexing questions concerning the mystery of birth. I believe it is the sacred duty of the mother to answer these questions. Answer plainly? No, for this great truth told in its bareness would be crude and repulsive to the child. It must be clothed with the beauties and wonders of nature. Told by means of stories of the unfolding of leaves and flowers; of the growth of bulb and seed; of the hatching of the birds and of how the baby animals lie close to their mother's heart and are nourished by her heart's blood. It must be a story of nature, ever beautiful, ever wonderful or the lesson may be lost.

The helpfulness, the beauty, the sympathy, the understanding in story telling is unlimited. A charm, a bond is created between mother and child that cannot be broken. The charm is hereditary. I listen with interest to the stories my older children weave to entertain the little one. When I think of how they will tell stories to their children and these to children's children; of the lessons and truths that will thus be taught; there comes to my mind the last lines of Longfellow's beautiful poem which tells of the immortality of influence:

"Long years after in an oak
I found the arrow still unbroke
And the song from beginning to end
I found again in the heart of a friend."

FROM THE BOYS OVER THERE

Chateau Thierry, Dec. 19, 1919.
Mr. George Wells Parker,
Omaha, Nebraska,
Dear Sir:

We wish you and our many friends in Omaha to know that, although in a far away country, our hearts are still with you and the true and loyal friends we left in Omaha. Before this year goes to join the many buried years, we take this occasion to say that our baptism of fire has brought home to us the fact that we are fortunate in having such true friends as those we have left behind us.

We are sending you a helmet captured on the Battle Fields of France, and with it we send our best wishes and kindest regards.

Hoping to join you soon, we are
Respectfully yours,
Corporals William McKinley Pierson,
2604 Patrick avenue; Harry Watson,
2638 Seward; William Henry Johnson,
2429 Lake; Frank B. James,
1105 South Thirteenth; Tolton Price,
4416 South Sixteenth; H. Louis Robinson,
1015 South Eleventh.

THE BEAR CAT'S BITE

You stayed at home, I know, 'tis true,
And you know you did your bit;
And Omaha's Black Yankee boys
Sure gave the Huns a fit.

The cannon balls were falling
And the machine guns they did pop;
But 'spite of all we know that you
know
That the Yankees didn't stop.

We went through Argonne forest
In a way that broke the spell;
But a bunch of boys like ours
Would as lief had gone through
hell.

The curtain of fire you read about
Was sure an awful thing,
And while we sped through Argonne
The foe cut our right wing.

We had orders for a skirmish
And did with free good will,
And finished by taking a gun nest
High up on a hill.

The last drive was some fatal
And the world will ne'er forget,
'ow Kaiser Bill jumped off his throne
And ain't through running yet.

We are sending you a helmet
And you'll know us by our names;
We'd have sent you a whole dog-
gone German,

But he wouldn't look the same.
—Corporal William McKinley Pierson,
Bear Cat Regiment, 805 Infantry.

MOTON MADE MEMBER OF ROOSEVELT COMMITTEE

Tuskegee, Ala., Feb. 14.—Upon invitation of Will H. Hays (white) chairman of the republican national committee; Dr. Robert R. Moton, principal of Tuskegee Institute, has accepted membership on the Roosevelt permanent memorial national committee. Dr. Moton also became chairman of the Negro sub-committee of the memorial national committee.

Other members of the national committee include members of Col. Roosevelt's cabinet; ex-President Taft, Hon. Chas. E. Hughes, Senator Lodge, Cardinal Gibbons, President Lowell of Harvard university and other representative Americans. The press dispatches state that this committee is not a partisan effort, but rather a means through which the friends of Col. Roosevelt may in a large way evidence their appreciation of him and his service to the country.

BARN OWL

(Aluco pratincola)



Length, about seventeen inches. Facial disk not circular as in our other owls; plumage above, pale yellow; beneath, varying from silky white to pale bright tawny.

Range: Resident in Mexico, in the southern United States, and north to New York, Ohio, Nebraska, and California.

Habits and economic status: The barn owl, often called monkey-faced owl, is one of the most beneficial of the birds of prey, since it feeds almost exclusively on small mammals that injure farm produce, nursery, and orchard stock. It hunts principally in the open and consequently secures such mammals as pocket gophers, field mice, common rats, house mice, harvest mice, kangaroo rats, and cotton rats. It occasionally captures a few birds and insects. At least a half bushel of the remains of pocket gophers have been found in the nesting cavity of a pair of these birds. Remembering that a gopher has been known in a short time to girdle seven apricot trees worth \$100 it is hard to overestimate the value of the service of a pair of barn owls. One thousand two hundred and forty-seven pellets of the barn owl collected from the Smithsonian towers contained 3,100 skulls, of which 3,004, or 97 per cent, were mammals; 92, or 3 per cent, of birds; and 4 were of frogs. The bulk consisted of 1,987 field mice, 656 house mice, and 210 common rats. The birds eaten were mainly sparrows and blackbirds. This valuable owl should be rigidly protected throughout the entire range.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Just keep your heart
chock-full of love,
It makes the gloomiest
day seem bright,
It keeps you always
young and glad—
And this is true, if it
does sound trite.



Smoke John Ruskin cigar.

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