



Kiddies' Korner

By MADREE PENN



THE STREET WAIF

Black thy face—rough thy head,
Soiled thy garb of faded red,
Looks like mother you have none—
Poor little boy, where has she gone?
In the street the live-long day,
I have watched you run and play,
None to call you, none to care,
Wash thy face, or comb thy hair,
All untamed, unmannered, wild,
You'll pity, little child!

Yet, who knows? Some power may
Take a hold of you some day,
Whisper something in thine ear,
That will rouse thy soul to hear;
Fix a vision for thine eyes,
Choose a pathway for thy feet,
That will lead to some high seat,
Where upon Achievement's slope,
You'll shine a star. Oh, yes, there's
hope!

—Roscoe C. Jamison.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

BY MARY GRAHAM BONNER

CATCH-FLY TALKS.

"You're such a sticky flower," said the mignonette one bright morning.



It Was Much Loved in the Garden.

"That is so," agreed the catch-fly.

"You don't seem to object," said the mignonette, in a very surprised flower tone of voice.

"I don't object," answered the catch-fly. "I don't object in the least."

"But maybe you are just trying to make the best of your lot in life. It's a very wise thing to do, and I admire you for it, but at the same time I can't quite see why you don't object to being so very sticky."

Now the mignonette flower was very pretty. It was of a mixture of green and brown, and it was so very fragrant and old-fashioned that it was much loved in the garden.

But the catch-fly was also very pretty. Some of its relations were pink and some lavender. This one was a very pretty shade of purple. It was quite, quite sticky, and so were all the catch-fly cousins, for as you may have been able to guess, it was a flower which caught flies.

That was why it was sticky, for flies like sticky things—that is, until they are caught—and flies should be caught because they are not healthy. It's never right to torture flies, but still we mustn't make favorites of them, for they carry a great deal of sickness around with them.

"I am not trying to make the best of my lot in life," said the catch-fly. "And what is more, I haven't a lot. I am in a flower bed. So far as I can see, you haven't a lot either, Miss Mignonette."

"I meant that you were satisfied with your conditions, and by conditions I meant your name, your home, your stickiness. I presume you are satisfied, aren't you?"

"Of course," said the catch-fly. "Why shouldn't I be?"

"Well," said the mignonette, "I can't imagine anyone caring to be sticky. It's not usually what people or flowers or creatures want to be."

"Then I'm not usual," said the catch-fly. "And for that I am very thankful."

"Ah, but aren't you sometimes, once in a while perhaps, very sad to think that you are always, always sticky?"

"I am not," said the catch-fly.

"Don't you feel badly, now and again," continued the mignonette, "that even when you are given a beautiful bath from the watering-pot or the hose or the rain that you still remain sticky?"

"It doesn't bother me in the least."

"But mothers are always calling to their children and telling them they must wash their sticky hands. It's not supposed to be nice to be sticky."

"My dear Mignonette," said the catch-fly, "you really are getting yourself quite excited over nothing at all. In the first place, I am supposed to be sticky. I like drinks of water, too, just as all flowers do. But I don't expect to be made less sticky by water as the hands of children will be made when washed."

"It is always well to be what one is supposed to be. What I pretend I didn't care to be known as the catch-fly, and wanted folks to think I was a mignonette, they'd soon find out when they touched me what I was, for

I couldn't change my nature. "It's as well to be oneself and not pretend to be something else. That's what I think. Besides, I have work to do."

"What is your work?"
"My work is to catch flies. I get little ones, very often, that harm plants, and sometimes I've been known to get a great big one."

"I don't get as many as I want, but I do my best. And that's all any flower can do."

"Well, I admire you," said the mignonette, "and sometimes I get annoyed with myself. I believe I'm a little envious of you, for you are the useful catch-fly, while I am nothing but the sweet mignonette."

"It's fine to be sweet, too," said the catch-fly. "Just make up your mind you're glad you're yourself, and after a time you'll find you're very, very thankful you're not any other flower or creature, with all its troubles."

"I'll remember," said the mignonette. And just at that moment both flowers were picked by a little girl with yellow curls, who said that she loved the dear catch-fly and mignonette flowers.



Both Were Picked by a Little Girl.

EARNED LOVE OF ALL HER "BOYS"

Mother Bickerdyke Real Angel of Mercy to the Wounded Soldiers of the Armies of Both the North and South.

WOULD you like to hear more about Mother Bickerdyke, now that you know she was "the soldiers' friend" during the Civil war? That homely figure, clad in calico, wrapped in a shawl, and surmounted with a Shaker bonnet, was beloved by the whole Union army. The soldiers saluted Mother Bickerdyke as she passed by, and she was especially honored and respected by General Sherman, who, in return, was her ideal of all that a man and soldier should be. Here are some stories told by those who knew her:

At Chattanooga Mother Bickerdyke had a field hospital where, over huge log fires in the open air, with the help of convalescent soldiers, she made great kettles of soup, tea, coffee and gruel, and cooked beef and mutton, and baked bread. Often the flying sparks set her dress afire, and the soldiers who were helping her would run "to put her out," as she laughingly expressed it. "The boys were all the time putting me out," she said, "and a dozen of 'em were grabbing me whenever I was cooking by the log fires, for the fire would snap and my clothes would catch." Now, it happened that Mother Bickerdyke, clad in spark-burnt garments—all that she had—visited Chicago to procure supplies for her "boys." The ladies of the sanitary commission, seeing the condition that she was in, presented her with a box of clothes for her own use. But they did not know Mother Bickerdyke! Did she keep those clothes, when her "boys" were starving?

No! As soon as she reached the South she traded those good garments for eggs, milk, honey, fruit and butter. But not quite all the garments, for among them were two night-dresses, very elegant, and embroidered and belaced and befrilled. These she kept for herself, as they had been sent to her by friends. But as she was returning with her load of good things to eat, she came to a shanty in which were two soldiers just released from a hospital. Their wounds were open and undressed. They were starving, weak, and completely discouraged, and their shirts were dirty and ragged. Mother Bickerdyke immediately washed their wounds and,



Over Huge Log Fires in the Open Air, With the Aid of Convalescent Soldiers She Made Great Kettles of Soup.

shirts were too torn and full of vermin to put on again. "Here, boys," she said, "put on the upper parts of these nightgowns. They're just the thing! My sakes! but this is lucky!" The boys, naturally, protested loudly against having to meet their northern friends in ruffles and lace, but Mother Bickerdyke would not listen to them. As they were weak from sickness and hunger they had to surrender, and were soon meekly arrayed in embroidered lawn, above which their unshaven faces grinned sheepishly. But on reaching the North they refused to part with the nightdresses. And for a few years since one of the garments donated with Mother Bickerdyke's name was kept by a Wisconsin family as a war souvenir. They may have it still.

General Grant was another of Mother Bickerdyke's ideal soldiers. She would never listen to a word in his disfavor, and the general liked well her bluff honesty and her fearless devotion to the wounded soldiers.

Mother Bickerdyke at one time had charge of a hospital boat that conveyed the wounded from the battle of Donelson to the hospital. When the surgeons brought the wounded on board they found comfortable beds ready, and tea, coffee, soup, gruel, and other foods waiting in great quantities, and Mother Bickerdyke, strong and sympathetic, ready to help in every emergency. "I never saw anybody like her," said a surgeon who was with her on that boat. "There was really nothing for us surgeons to do but dress wounds and administer medicines. She drew out clean shirts or drawers from some corner whenever they were needed. Nourishment was ready for every man as soon as he was brought on board. Every one was sponged from blood and frozen mire of the battlefield, as far as his condition allowed. * * * Incessant cries of 'Mother! Mother! Mother!' rang through the boat. * * * And to every man she turned with a heavenly tenderness, as if he were indeed her son. She moved about with a decisive air, and gave directions in such decided, clarion tones as to insure prompt obedience. * * * To every surgeon who was superior she held herself subordinate, and was as good at obeying as at commanding."

But it was not only to her "boys in blue" that Mother Bickerdyke gave her tenderest care. Whenever a wounded "boy in gray" was picked up on the battlefield and brought into her hospital, she looked after him and comforted him as though he, too, were her own son. And today veterans of both North and South who remember her faithful, loving service honor the name of "the soldiers' friend."

There are 10,500,000 in this country who are not citizens, besides all those who never should have been accepted.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

It takes more than one fall to keep a determined man down; to have failed once does not make one a failure; to have strayed once cannot make one a lost soul.

POPULAR DISHES.

The busy housewife with but one pair of hands at her command must do away with frills in cooking, no matter how much she may enjoy them. A few minutes spent in arranging and garnishing a dish, however, is never wasted effort.

Carrot Pudding.—Take one cupful of grated carrot, one cupful of grated potato, one egg, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of shortening, one-half cupful of raisins, one teaspoonful of soda and one cupful of flour. Steam one hour.

Drop Doughnuts.—Take one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of milk, one and one-half cupfuls of flour sifted with one teaspoonful of baking powder, one egg, a little salt, ginger and grated lemon rind. Beat the egg white stiff, then add the sugar gradually, then add the beaten yolk, lemon rind, salt and ginger and milk with the flour. Drop from a teaspoon into hot fat and fry brown. Roll in powdered sugar.

Chocolate Cookies.—Cream half a cupful of shortening with one cupful of sugar, one egg. Add one-half cupful of sour milk with one-half teaspoonful of soda, two squares of chocolate melted over hot water and one and one-half cupfuls of flour. A half cupful of nuts may be added if desired. Cover with a frosting, using one whole egg beaten, adding three cupfuls of confectioners' sugar and three tablespoonfuls of cream. This frosting will keep for some time. Put on the cookies when they are nearly cold.

Cabbage Salad.—Shred very fine one small firm head of cabbage, add half a cupful of chopped almonds that have been blanched, four or five ripe bananas finely cut, mixed with a cupful or more of thick sour cream. Season with salt, red pepper and paprika and add a dash of vinegar, if it is not sufficiently acid.

Mock Rabbit.—Take a pound each of corned beef and veal, two onions and a green pepper; put all through the meat chopper, add three eggs and crumbs to make a loaf. Place in a baking pan with strips of bacon on top; bake three-quarters of an hour.

Nellie Maxwell

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

I'll be a connoisseur of life.
I'll seek no lofty stations,
But spend my time in carefully collecting new sensations.



Many Times

Haven't you observed that most of the world's mistakes are due to the circumstances that it refrains from doing things as you would have them done?—Houston Post.

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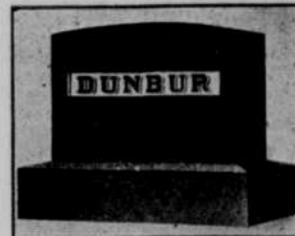
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