



Kiddies' Korner

By MADREE PENN



DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

FLIES AND SPIDERS.

"I heard the other day," said a fly, "of a spider who was boasting of how many eyes he had."

"Well," said one of the spiders, "I will boast, for I have many eyes myself."

"So have I," said the fly.

"Well, then, we will both boast. Won't you come and call on me in my home so we can have a nice talk about our eyes?" asked the spider.

"No," said the fly, "I won't. You may be able to get many of my family to call on you but I won't be so stupid."

"It is hardly nice of you to say that it is stupid to come and call on me," said the spider.

"Well, it is," said the fly, "and deep down in your heart, if you have any heart, you know it to be true. I don't want to be caught by you, but from a safe distance I will talk to you."

The spider began to act as though he were sad because the fly would not talk to him with him in more friendly fashion, but the fly laughed and the fly buzzed and the fly said:

"I remember the old story about the spider who invited the fly to his parlor. No, I don't care to be invited to any spider's parlor. So we may as well be quite clear about this now. We may as well understand each other perfectly."

"All right," said the spider, "if that is the way you feel about it."

"It is the way I feel about it," said the fly.

"I see I can do nothing with you," said the spider.

"You admire me though, don't you?" asked the fly.

"Well, perhaps," said the spider, "but I hate to admit it. We creatures, and



"Won't You Come and Call on Me?" spiders aren't the only ones, will often really admire another creature much more who keeps to his own sensible ways than to let himself be coaxed into doing something very foolish."

"There are many flies who have compound eyes, many eyes, double eyes, eyes, eyes," said the fly.

"And there are many-eyed spiders, too," said the spider.

At this some more spiders and flies joined them and the spiders all began to ask the flies to talk the subject over in a more friendly fashion, but the wise fly was there to keep them from accepting the invitation.

"They say," said the spider, "that our eyes aren't as fine as the eyes of people who only have one pair of eyes."

"Why is that?" asked the fly. "That seems rather strange."

"Because," said the spider, "our eyes are fixed in their different places and people can look in all directions with their eyes, sideways, upwards, downwards and all over. They can really do very well with one pair of eyes a piece."

"And it is all because their eyes are so movable."

"They can't take them out and have them in the back of their heads one moment and in the front the next, can they?" asked another spider.

"No," said the spider, "they can merely move them around in the regular places for eyes so that they can see all around them. But they can move their heads so they can see what is behind them."

"Ah, these are the days when there are our cocoons to be found under stones and on top of walls, and there the mother spiders are hatching lots of little pink eggs which will become spiders, too."

"It is the spring, you see, flies and spiders, and the spring is the time of the year when new things come, new flowers, new spiders, new leaves on the trees."

Just then a caterpillar crawled along.

"Good morning," said the caterpillar. And the others all politely said, "Good morning."

"I heard you talking about cocoons," said the caterpillar to the spider, "and I wonder if you are as shy as we are when we make our cocoons. We don't like to be watched and we will not work when we are being watched."

"You're very shy," said the spider. "We aren't so shy as all that."

"We're too shy to call on you in your parlors," said the fly, buzzing and grinning.

"Yes, you're too shy," said the spider, "tunch too shy, and altogether too sensible."

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

The people who go bravely on whatever woes befall, They make me feel so proud for them I'd like to thank them all.



THE KITCHEN CABINET

The best natural disinfectant is sunshine; the best germ disinfectant is formaldehyde; the best physical disinfectant is soap; the best moral disinfectant is publicity.

FOR THE FIRST MEAL

There is probably no meal of the day where dainty service and pretty attractive dishes are more appreciated than at the morning meal. The first dish should be fruit and as the season's fruit appears we need not fear monotony. Whenever possible a most graceful and pleasing garnish for the fruit of the fruit itself or any which resembles it. After the fruit is the morning cereal. If one has never tried the whole wheat as it comes from the threshing or granary there is still a treat in store. In many homes a small mill is used to grind these grains of various kinds. They will cook much quicker if ground, but wheat well washed and soaked overnight then cooked slowly on the back of the stove until it is soft, has yet to find its equal as wholesome food, especially for the little people. Serve it with top milk and cook enough to last several days. It will keep and not a grain should be wasted. Such food is especially good for the youngsters' supper, too.

Bananas when well ripened are good to serve with the breakfast food if they are liked that way.

Eggs as omelets or in a hundred ways, are a most satisfying breakfast dish. A well-made and nicely-seasoned hash is another good dish for breakfast. For the grownups the boiled dinner hash is a great favorite, but one must have a good digestion for such food.

Toast dry, buttered, French fried, or as milk toast is another good morning dish. Toast should be well browned and crisp to be palatable, when served. Bacon, ham and chops are good breakfast meats, but it is better to err in not having meat than in serving it too often.

Breakfast Muffin.—Beat one egg, add a half cupful of milk, flour (with two teaspoonfuls of baking powder) to make a soft drop batter, then add two tablespoonfuls of melted butter and pour into well-greased muffin pans to bake in a moderate oven.

Nellie Maxwell

Mandarin Coats.

Short mandarin coats that may be worn over milady's pajamas are made of black satin and the odds and ends of wool from the knitting bag. Or one might use rope silk in the pastel tints for decoration. These delightful little coats are very simple to cut with sleeves and body in one. Of course the neck is collarless in true Chinese style, and sometimes the embroidered trimming forms a mad riot of coloring that is both bizarre and artistic. Brilliant red poppies and nasturtiums are interesting and one chooses this type of flowers rather than the dainty roses or sweet peas for the oriental lounging jacket.

THE 'TANGLED WEB'

By LOTTIE W. SIMMONS.

Aunt Betty was a good neighbor, a good cook and a good hand to look after the 17-year-old niece entrusted to her care—a pretty little miss with a too large appetite for ice cream sodas and the admiring glances of tall young soldiers.

When bake-a-ple day rolled around it fell to Elizabeth to wrap up the extra half-dozen delicious ones Aunt Betty baked and generously set aside for the soldiers. Right under the crust of the most tempting pie of all she surreptitiously tucked a small strip of paper with the words: "If you like this pie call at 22 Bowdoin street Saturday evening for another." Aunt Betty always baked on Saturday and spent the evening at the Red Cross rooms, leaving Elizabeth alone to keep house.

It was a most delicious pie, so thought Lieut. John H—, as he tucked Elizabeth's note inside his pocket. It was Saturday evening before he thought of it again, at just about the same time that Elizabeth was fluffing her hair and wondering if her scheme for a little fun would bring any results.

When the bell rang Elizabeth flew to the door, a sweet little pink-faced vision in blue. Lieutenant H— was rather taken aback, but Elizabeth was equal to the occasion. "Oh, good evening," she trilled. "So you are the one that got my note, and you want another pie? Well, come right in—I have one for you—so glad you liked it." John H— was by this time thoroughly enjoying the most unusual situation.

In a pretty room with a pretty girl, typing up an extremely tempting-looking pie, all for him—well, the fates were kind, thought he. "I must compliment you on your skill as a pie-maker, Miss —," hesitating to learn her name. Elizabeth looked blank for a second; then "F—," she added glibly. "Elizabeth F—; and now who is going to accept this pie?" Elizabeth thrilled a little when she learned his name and his rank, and quite suddenly decided that he was very, very good-looking. They chatted pleasantly for a few moments, after which Lieutenant H— very properly took his leave. "You may have another pie next Saturday evening—if you care to call for it," Elizabeth said coyly at the door, which invitation was most heartily accepted by the tall lieutenant.

The next morning Aunt Betty discovered that she was a pie short. "Sakes alive! you didn't eat a whole pie last night, did you, Elizabeth?" she asked. "Mercy, no! Aunt Betty. Someone called at the door last night and I gave one away."

Aunt Betty had just placed the pie-board on the table when the telephone rang insistently. Elizabeth flew to answer it. "Oh, it's for you," she called. "Lizzie B— is sick and they want you to come right over." "Mercy," exclaimed Aunt Betty, "and my baking just begun! Well, I must go, that's plain. You might make that sponge cake. Keep the fire, and don't let the beans burn."

Elizabeth gazed in dismay at Aunt Betty's figure hurrying down the walk. That meant no pie for Lieutenant H— that night. Oh, if only she could bake one! Whatever had possessed her to let him believe she could—why hadn't she explained? What would he think of her? Disconsolately she mixed the sponge cake, but was too wise to attempt the pie. Supper-time came, and no Aunt Betty. She telephoned instead saying that she would be home early in the evening. Elizabeth was in despair. Of course auntie would come while Lieutenant H— was there! What should she do? It was not the radiant Elizabeth of the week before who answered Lieutenant H—'s ring at the bell, but a very sober little girl in a plain white dress. Hardly was he seated before Aunt Betty bustled in. Elizabeth introduced them the best she could, and Aunt Betty's frown vanished before the frank smile and cordial handshake of the engaging young soldier. "If your niece will make such delicious pies," he began when the formalities were over. "Bless my soul," interrupted Aunt Betty, "did you bake pies today, Elizabeth? You never made pies before in your life!" Looks on the two faces before her stopped her. "Oh, Mr. H— Oh, Aunt Betty," stammered Elizabeth; then realizing that she must either laugh or cry she began to laugh which was the best thing she could do. She explained everything to her listeners as gracefully as she could, ending with "I don't think I am a natural-born deceiver—really; still I don't know why I fooled you both so. Please forgive me." John H— laughed good-naturedly, seeming neither shocked nor offended, much to Elizabeth's relief. Aunt Betty, too, was kind as of course she would be. "You surely did weave a 'tangled web,' as the poet says, Elizabeth," she said with a laugh. "There isn't any pie for Mr. H— tonight, but you might bring on your sponge cake—I suppose you made one? And if he will come over to dinner next Sunday there will be pie to grace our table no doubt."

Lieut. John H— was a frequent and welcome guest at the F— home after that. "I wonder which he likes the best," mused Elizabeth one night, "Aunt Betty's pies, or me"; but something in his eyes as they met hers across the supper table convinced her that he would still come if Aunt Betty never placed another pie before him; also that it was high time that she was learning how to bake pies herself.

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