



Kiddies' Korner

By
MADREE PENN



FIDO, JR.

By MARGARET L. AHERN

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For the third consecutive day Marjorie Hill spent 15 minutes of her noon hour gazing covetously in the store window. And for the third time Lieutenant Dan Taylor, lurching alone at his club across the street, watched her with growing curiosity.

Dan, the proud possessor of two gold service stripes and a wound stripe, was feeling rather bored after his strenuous activities of the past year. This state of affairs was possibly due to the fact that there had been no girl waiting for him "over here." His interest was aroused now for the first time since his return home.

"If it was a fur coat she was looking at so earnestly," he soliloquized, "or a platinum bracelet watch, or a rose-colored evening gown—I could understand it. But it's a bird and animal store. I wonder if it's a parrot or a canary she wants?"

While he watched the girl went inside the store. Dan hastily paid his meal check and hurried across the street. He, in turn, stared in the window at the miscellaneous assortment of livestock.

On one side some tiny white mice were huddled in a squirmy heap in a cage. "No girl in her right mind would even look at those things," was the lieutenant's sarcastic comment.

On the other side of the window two white, curly-haired dogs frisked around. "Inane pups," muttered Dan. "She doesn't look like the kind of a girl who would carry one of those toy lambs around."

In the center of the window was an iron cage, and presently its occupant—a small but very fat Boston terrier—was thrust in unceremoniously. The girl inside the store leaned over to play with him for a moment, and Dan had a delightful glimpse of rosy cheeks and brown eyes. When she left Dan followed her through the noonday crowd until she entered a large bank building.

A few minutes later the president of the bank was shaking hands joyfully with the lieutenant. "It surely does make your old uncle glad to see you again, Danny," he said, "and if there's anything at all I can do for you—"

His offer was accepted with suspicious alacrity. Dan explained glibly that he wanted to look over the contents of his safety deposit box, and since his right arm was still lame, possibly he could have the assistance of one of the clerks. For answer his uncle pressed a button beside his desk. A young woman appeared almost immediately. Dan, maneuvering to a position back of her, frantically signaled to his uncle. The latter, hiding a smile, dismissed his efficient employee with some casual instructions, and asked her to send Miss Hill to him.

Miss Hill proved to be the girl of the bird store. From her demure blush as she acknowledged the introduction to the eager lieutenant, he suspected that she recognized him. It was arranged that she should work with Dan that afternoon at least; but he made haste to assure his uncle that the clipping of innumerable coupons would probably necessitate another full day's work.

During the afternoon a minimum of business was transacted by Dan and his acting secretary. However he found time to tell her of the big kennels at his country place, and of his favorite pet, the ugly-looking bulldog named "Old Ironsides." "He'll try to—I mean, he could—eat that little chap in the birdstore in one mouthful," said Dan.

And Marjorie confided to him her longing to possess the "little chap." She told him how she had figured that five dollars was a sufficient sum for such a tiny puppy, and how she had been saving up a "dog fund"; and then of her disappointment at learning that the small dog had a most distinguished and high-class canine family tree—being a direct descendant of Ringmaster I—and his present owners refused to part with him for less than twenty-five dollars.

Needless to say, the puppy of unimpeachable ancestry disappeared from the store window the next day. When the president of the bank returned after lunch that noon, he found an unexpected visitor tied to his desk. A note from Dan explained the situation. It read as follows: "I am paying my charming assistant, not in coin of the realm but in the original way you see hitched to your desk. Don't dare remove him. He will be called for at 5 o'clock."

Dan's uncle viewed the pup with a quizzical smile. Fortunately, he liked dogs, too. "I suppose," he remarked thoughtfully, "that you have to be fed at more or less frequent intervals, like all infants. Although—pardon my

HER MISTAKE

By MILDRED WHITE

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Janey sat a long while with the letter in her hand. In fancy she was going over that long blissful time since she had met Robert and the tenor of her life had been forever changed. Before that, it was an uneventful routine.

But after Robert's advent, unrest had stirred within her, and dissatisfaction with life's simple homeliness. Robert Tabor, city business man, had bought as an investment, the great farm near Janey's home, and when the caretaker had been duly installed, Robert Tabor came out to look the place over. So pleased and interested was he, that he lingered for weeks, seeking and finding hospitality in Janey's home.

It had never been her opportunity to hear at first hand of remote wonderful parts of the world, for this engaging man from the city had traveled and learned much. It was a never ceasing delight to ride over the farm lands, in his swift running car, or to drive at his side in a light carriage through the narrower paths.

Janey's guardian aunt was quite willing that this should be so, she had no wish to keep Janey forever at her side. All at once Janey had been ashamed of the simple cut of her home-made frocks, her lack of knowledge of the ways of the great outside world.

"I want to go to the city," she confided to her new friend. "I want to learn to be—like them."

"Clothes you mean?" Robert Tabor had asked, amused.

"Clothes, manners, everything," Janey declared.

The aunt, much persuaded, arranged with an old friend in the city to have Janey visit her there, and Robert—as both now called him—continued kind with his attentions. In his care Janey visited restaurants, opera, theaters; with him she had driven through the beautiful parks.

"Oh! how I love it all!" she said.

Home seemed very dull afterward. Robert's visits to his farm were the only bright spots, and as fall drew near and these visits threatened to cease, Janey grew wan in apprehension.

With the harvest moon looking down upon them, glorifying their radiant faces—Robert had asked Janey to marry him and she had consented.

Robert wanted her, he longed for her and despotic business held him tied in the city. Would she come for a visit to his married sister's home? Would she come?

In a fever of joyful anticipation Janey rushed to her aunt's room to begin preparation. Robert was pale and worried looking when he met her at the station. Absently he glanced over the modish suit and hat which had cost her aunt a forbiddingly extravagant price.

In the brilliant gathering which his sister generously arranged for Janey her fear grew, at his gloomy abstraction. This taciturn man was a different person certainly from the joyously enthusiastic master of the farm. And Robert's sister had assured Janey that she need have no anxiety on the score of adjustability.

"You seem to have grown up among us dear," she said.

At the hotel dinner, smiling into her lover's eyes across the roses heaped between them, Janey saw a shadow there.

"You like all this, don't you?" Robert asked.

"So much," she agreed, ever eager to please.

Furtively she asked herself each night in what she had failed for her fiancé seemed to grow more distantly absorbed. Suddenly Janey longed with homesick yearning for the restful atmosphere of the country she knew, for the long walks through the silent places where she could think seriously or find herself again. For Janey realized that her life of late had been but profitless effort to learn the part she would be expected to play in the future, and in sickness of heart she wondered if she would be able to carry that weary part through with Robert always unappreciative at her side.

Frankly but with a tremulous catch in her voice, Janey told him one day her problem:

"I don't seem to fit in Robert," she said, "no matter how hard I try. I'm a disappointment to you, I feel it. Take me back to the quiet place that I best know, and leave me there."

Unbelieving, her lover stared into her face.

"But you used to tell me," he said "that you longed for the life of a city! That is why, after I had bought the farm, intending to make it my headquarters, that I returned again to the business world, for your sake, Janey, because you said you loved gaiety. My youthful years have been crowded full of work and care. It was my dream that in early success I might find leisure, again to enjoy those things that I loved as a boy. But without your presence I cannot now enjoy anything."

"Could you be happy with me out there Janey? When tired of fields and meadows, we would travel. Could you go back with me dear, to the farm?" Through tears Janey smiled at him.

"Why Robert," she said, "it will be just like going straight back to Paradise."

In the 48 states of the Union there are 2,989 counties.

KHAKI

By ANGELA E. SHEEHAN

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"Oh, surely I ought to get a letter from him today, exclaimed Alice, as she slipped on her hat to run down to the village postoffice.

The clerk looked through the mail for her, just as he had done every day for over two months, but there was none. Poor Alice turned away with a sinking heart. Would Dick never write to her? Certainly there could be no reason for such a long delay. It was about three months since she had answered his last letter, and yet there had been no reply. Here an awful thought occurred to her.

"Oh—oh, I wonder—yes, that must be it! He has met some French girl over there that he likes better than me. Why—why—oh! I'll never write to that boy as long as I live."

Khaki, Alice's little Scotch collie, cocked one eye speculatively at his young mistress. Never in all his puppy life had he known her to be averse to a romp with him, but lately everything was changed. Even his imploring little tricks could not induce her to cuddle him. Well, mortals were funny, anyway; a mere puppy couldn't be expected to understand them.

But Khaki was not the only one that noticed Alice's abstraction. Her young brother Jack had been taking account of affairs.

"Probably she's in love," he guessed. Well, something would have to be done. He simply couldn't let such a state of affairs go on.

"Golly, lately a fellow can't even ask for a single favor without having his head taken off," he ruefully complained.

Now, Jack was an observing boy, so it is not strange that he noticed how often his sister went to the postoffice for mail she never received. He was also a diplomat.

"By the way, Alice, how's Jack?" he casually remarked one evening.

"How do you suppose I know?" she snapped. "I don't know or I don't care."

So that's where the shoe pinched. Well, he could easily fix that up. That's what a younger brother was for anyway.

Dick Fale was resting one afternoon in a Y. M. C. A. hut with a group of fellow engineers, but he was not entering into their discussions. On the contrary, he was thinking seriously of a certain girl way back in the States.

"Wonder why she doesn't answer my letters?" he questioned. "Possibly she doesn't receive them. No, that can't be, for I've written every week for at least three months. Could it be—could it be that she prefers Ed Field after all? Well, no girl will make a fool out of me if I know it. She'll get no more letters from me."

No sooner had he uttered these words when his chum appeared with a letter for him.

"Thought I'd bring it to you, Dick, as long as I was coming this way. Why, man, what's the matter with you?"

It is no wonder the mystified fellow asked such a question, for Dick was dancing around with a lock of golden hair dangling in his fingers.

"She's willing! She's willing!" he exclaimed. "Oh boy! Just wait until I get back to the States. Hey, Fred! Want to be my best man?"

When Dick finally quieted down he explained to the curious Fred the meaning of the strange lock of hair.

One evening they had been sitting out on the porch, when Dick foolingly cut off a lock of Alice's hair. When Alice was ready to answer in the affirmative a question he had recently asked, she could send him the lock of hair. Agreeing, Alice slipped the lock into a book she was holding, thinking it to be a safe hiding place.

"And now," added Dick, "as long as I'm going to be sent home soon I won't let her know I'm coming, but will surprise her."

After the wedding guests had all departed, Jack, with khaki as a companion, threw himself down on the lawn, a characteristic position of his when he wanted to think.

"Gosh, Khaki, just look at that watch. Isn't it a beauty?" he chuckled reminiscently, "but didn't Sis look surprised when Dick told her he received that lock of hair. Wonder how she guessed I did it though? We should worry, Khaki. If I hadn't taken Cupid's job, she would never have given me this watch. What about it, Khaki?"

"Bow wow!" agreed Khaki.

"Monroe Doctrine."

The famous doctrine, as announced by President Monroe in his message to congress in 1823, was a simple statement of the attitude of this country toward the South American republics. Henry Clay had made an effort to have the independence of these republics recognized, and in 1822 their independence was acknowledged by congress. President Monroe had recalled John Quincy Adams from the court of St. James to become his secretary of state, and many historians credit Adams with the authorship of the message, in which the doctrine was stated as follows: "As a principle, the American continents, by the free and independent position which they have assumed and maintained, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power." This was undoubtedly the sentiment of the congress to which the doctrine was announced.

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