



Kiddies' Korner

By MADREE PENN



DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

MRS. INDIAN ELEPHANT

Mrs. Indian Elephant performed many fine tricks. She was a great favorite in the zoo and the children used to come and see her. Then she would do her fine tricks and the children would give her peanuts. They would give her as many as the keeper said she could have.

They didn't give any that the keeper said not to, for he knew if the elephants had had visitors earlier in the day who had been feeding them. And he knew how much elephants should eat and what they shouldn't eat.

As the children didn't want to make the elephants sick they used to ask the keeper if they could have anything to eat that day.

Mrs. Indian Elephant had once been in a circus and the other zoo elephants had not.

She used to tell the other elephants the story of her circus days, how she would go from town to town and how she would lead great parades. She would describe the beautiful lady who rode on her back in the parade for the town and the parade for the circus.

She would tell how she used to lie down and wave flags and how she could pick up the circus man and carry him about. She used to tell the other zoo animals how the people clapped, how the boys and girls would scream with delight.

She had seen so many, many children, more than even came to the zoo. "And it was funny," she used to say, "but I would think to myself, 'Now in this town we're coming to surely there will be no children.'"

"But there always were children, in every single town. Yes, friends," Mrs. Elephant would say, "I have never been in a town where there are no children. I imagine a town must be very, very rare that has no children, and I don't believe there is such a place."

"It wouldn't be a place worth visiting, I know that much. Why, no one would want to perform in a circus if children weren't there, for children know enough to appreciate a circus, and while grown-ups may, too—well, they don't like to laugh right out loud just as hard as children do."

But one day Mrs. Indian Elephant felt quite sad. She had been thinking of something else and though later on she cheered up and forgot about it I must tell you what she said.

"It does seem a pity," she said sadly. "What seems a pity?" the others asked her. "Tell us, Mrs. Indian Elephant, what seems a pity?"

"It seems a pity," said Mrs. Indian Elephant, "that we aren't appreciated."

"That is, we aren't as interesting as"



The Beautiful Lady Who Rode on Her Back.

the Mr. Indian Elephants and we aren't as interesting as the African elephants but we would like to be thought so just the same.

"Yes, we would like to be thought just as interesting. We most certainly would. And it seems a pity that they don't care for us so much. They think we're very common and usual. And so we are. But it's a pity they think it, yes, it's a pity we don't fool the keepers better."

"It is a pity," said the Miss Indian Elephants. "It is a great pity," they said, waving their trunks.

"But it's the truth," said Mr. Indian Elephant.

"There, there," said Mrs. Indian Elephant, "don't rub it in."

"I'm not rubbing anything in," said Mr. Indian Elephant.

"I mean," said Mrs. Indian Elephant, "that it's rubbing the truth in when you say it is the truth and I know it is but don't like to have people think so—and yet they do."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Indian Elephant.

"That's a fine way of looking at things," said Mr. Indian Elephant.

"Now, be kind, be kind," said Mrs.

Indian Elephant, "for you're a rare creature and a fine creature and I hate to admit it, I do."

He Remembered.

The lesson was of the rabbit. "The rabbit has long ears, fur on its body and a tail—nothing to speak of, though"—the teacher informed the class. The next day he wanted to know what they knew about it.

"Now then, Rupert"—he spoke to a particularly good-looking boy who was among the bright ones—"tell me something about the rabbit?"

"The rabbit has a tail," said Rupert, eyeing the other fellows triumphantly "but it doesn't talk about it."

Proving an Alibi.

"What Lawya Attucks say 'bout lem chickens you stole?"

"He say Ahm I'll be to go to jail es'n Ah git somebody to prove a lie by."—Cartoons Magazine.

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The KITCHEN CABINET

The best inheritance any parent can possibly give a child is a good education. This is something that nobody can take away and something which will be a joy forever, for we believe that what we acquire here we will use hereafter.

WHAT TO EAT.

There are any number of kinds and flavors of gelatine desserts on the market which, by the addition of boiling water, are ready, when cold, to serve with cream and sugar. These desserts are good, easy to prepare, and easy of digestion, qualifications which make them popular; but one tires of things too easy and unvaried.

Here is a dessert, very dainty and rich, which will be good to serve the "grown-ups" who have good digestion:

Frangipan Pie.—Roll out very thin a rich pastry and cut it in rounds, using a pie tin for a marker. Bake three of these cakes, and put them together with a filling of crushed strawberries and cream, covering the top with the berries and sweetened whipped cream. Cut in pie-shaped pieces.

Stewed Lettuce.—This is a dish not sufficiently used to become common. When one is tired of serving the fresh lettuce, steam it until tender, and serve as a greens, with butter, salt, pepper and a dash of vinegar, if liked. Cucumbers are good cooked. Peel and cook until tender in boiling water or over steam, then serve with a drawn butter sauce. Onion juice may be added for variety of flavor.

Canterbury Chicken.—Cook together three and one-half tablespoonfuls of butter with one tablespoonful of finely chopped onion (when the onion is yellow, add one tablespoonful of cornstarch) and pour over one and one-half cupsful of chicken stock. Bring to the boiling point and simmer for ten minutes, add one-half tablespoonful of lemon juice, three-fourths of a teaspoonful of salt, a few dashes of paprika and one and one-half cupsful of chopped cooked chicken. Serve very hot, garnished with toast points and parsley.

Fillets of Beef With Bananas.—Cook the fillets cut one and a quarter inch thick, and arrange on a hot platter with the liquor from the pan poured over them. Cook quartered bananas in a little butter until well cooked, then place these quarters on the fillets and serve.

ONLY FEW COLORS

Women Must Use Shades That Are Picked for Them.

Wearers of Garments Have Little or No Chance to Exercise Own Taste, Says Writer.

Launching a new color nowadays is attended with as much ceremony as the launching of a battleship, Amy E. Hogeboom writes in the New York Herald. Not that there is such a thing as a new color, nor that colors are scarce. Neither has it anything to do with the dye situation, but the fact is that the manufacturers assemble each season and decide to allow certain shades to be placed on the market at that season. If you should wish for any shade which they have decided is not to be you may as well give up in the beginning. This does not happen as often as it might were the majority of the well-dressed women not cleverly cajoled into wanting the shade that the manufacturers have decided they shall want.

Allowing only a few colors out of the bag at one time has its advantages, for when the popularity of one has worn off a bit there are plenty of others left from which to select the next one for the center of the stage. The disadvantage is that as far as the woman herself is concerned she has little or no opportunity to exercise her own taste; she is almost as helpless in the matter as she would be had she no color sense at all. She may find a dressmaker willing to cut her gown somewhat as she wishes or a tailor who may humor her in a like manner, but unless she has special dyeing done for her she must select from the colors set before her.

Last fall some one hit upon a shade which he called henna as an especial attraction. It might have been inspired by some canon of art or it might have been suggested by the Russian dressing of the business man's luncheon, but the women wore it, and that is all they had to say about it.

For the greater part the women are willing sheep in matters of dress, be it color or line, and if not naturally thus inclined they show good sense not to try to stray too far away. Having purchased one article in a color not approved by the color censor, for really we have censors for everything nowadays, it will be found impossible to match the color in anything else and an utterly hopeless task.

ONE NEW BATHING COSTUME



A stunning bathing costume on new lines with the knee-fitting breeches which are the very latest thing. A quite elaborate hat is worn to match the suit.

Practical and Smart.

If one must wear furs in midsummer—and it has been proved how practical they are aside from their undisputed smartness—it is by far the best plan to have a distinctly different set of summer peltry and send all the winter furs to cold storage for the hot spell. Furs are like plants; they have to rest once in a while between seasons of blooming out in beauty, and the fur neckpiece or coat that was worn month in and month out with no period of recuperation would soon become shabby and lifeless looking.

FOULARD HAS FIRST PLACE

Fabric Is Prime Favorite Among Silk Materials for Wear During Warm Weather.

Among the silk materials for the warm-weather frock the foulard has first place. The designs this season are exceedingly varied. The polka dot ranges in size from a pin-head to

a half dollar. One very good pattern recently noted had several different-sized circles of white clustered together and plentifully scattered over the surface of a navy blue ground. A very good-looking costume of this design was combined with plain one-tone silk. The frock was simple of line. The plain material formed the body of the blouse and simulated pentum, while the short sleeves and scalloped flources were of the polka dot foulard. Completing the costume was a leg-horn hat trimmed with scarlet flowers.

To wear with many of the charming little organdie frocks wide-brimmed hats of the same material have been especially fashioned. These are trimmed with taffeta ribbon, and sometimes faced with taffeta. Jersey cloth, both in silk and wool, is one of the most-favored silk materials.

RICH AND HEAVY SATIN GOWN



This is a heavy, yet soft satin with a quaint piping of plaited satin hemmed in. The white dots are lawn and little French dots secure it.

A PERFECT EAR.



The appeal which the government issued early this year, urging the production of a large crop of vegetables and farm products of all kinds, as a means of assisting America to check the food famine of the Old World, evidently did not fall on deaf ears in this section of the country. An early evidence of this is found in the unusually large number of early entries which have been received by the farm products show to be held at Nebraska's Victory State Fair, Lincoln, Aug. 31 to Sept. 5.

A Wonderful World.

"Don't talk to me about the wonders of past ages," said Uncle Joe Cannon. "The world today is far more wonderful than ever before. Just think: It took Columbus as many months as it now takes days to cross the ocean, and we talk about flying and traveling a mile a minute as though they were nothing."

"Why, the other day I dropped into a country school just in time to hear the teacher ask:

"Johnny, into what two great classes is the human race divided?" And Johnny answered promptly:

"Motorists and pedestrians."

"That's what I call progress. After awhile there won't be any pedestrians."—Los Angeles Times.

Hard Work Needed.
If the power to do hard work is not latent, it is the best possible substitute for it. Things do not turn up in this world unless somebody turns them up.—James A. Garfield.

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