



Kiddies' Korner

By MADREE PENN



DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

THE MARSH RABBITS

"Well," said Mrs. Marsh Rabbit, as she looked about her, "it won't be so long before spring now. Of course it will be quite a time but it will pass quickly. I will then begin to welcome the little ones. They will come in groups, several times during the rest of the year after that."

"And how they will love their home."

"Mine will love their home too," said Mrs. Swamp Rabbit, "for we are so very much alike. We have nests of grasses and rushes, softly lined with our own fur. We live in swampy, marshy lands and we love the vegetables and roots around our parts."

"Yes, we're very much alike," said Mrs. Marsh Rabbit. "We both love the water so much that we live around it, and we love swimming as much as we do running or jumping or skipping."

"We always run to water when we want to escape. We always go straight for it when danger is near, for the water is a great protection to us."

"The wood rabbit relatives care for the great woods and not for the water at all."

"You, Mrs. Swamp Rabbit, belong to a larger family than I do with long legs and you can run faster. But I care more for the water than you do. You will often live further away from it than I will."

"We both live down south it is true, and you look quite a bit like me. I am a relative too of the cottontail family, but I have smaller ears and



"To Escape."

shorter, thinner legs and feet and a short tail. You're my only very near relative, and you go more to the west than I do.

"Oh, you must be off now? Well, good-bye, glad to have seen you. It's quite a treat."

"Good-bye," said Mrs. Swamp Rabbit, "and I will be thinking of you in April when the children will come. I will think of your children as I behold my own little beauties."

She was off, and Mrs. Marsh Rabbit looked about her.

"I must see that my nest is all right," she said.

Her nest was in the heart of a swamp, surrounded by water. It was a very warm and comfortable and soft looking nest with all its grass and leaves and its soft fur as a lining.

"It's so nice," said Mrs. Marsh Rabbit to herself, "not to have to depend on shops to get things one needs. Now I wouldn't know where to go for a lining such as I have in my nest, but I don't have to look about and get exhausted shopping."

"Just some of my own fur will do! And the children will know it's mother's old fur and they will love it and will lie so snugly upon it and will dream happy little marsh rabbit dreams."

"And they won't capture us—creatures who're out looking for rabbits—no, they won't!"

"For we know how to hide in the water. We know how to look after ourselves, and that is why we live where we do."

"We live where we can be safe and happy and where everything around us will be marshy and comfortable."

"But I will have to tell my little ones the old story of the door."

"They will see the one entrance to the nest and they will say, 'Why mother, do we all go out of the same door?'"

"And I will tell them, 'That is the great entrance to Mother Marsh Rabbit's home and it is as fine as any entrance way or front door to any big house or mansion.'"

"And the little ones will wiggle their noses and will say, 'How nice it is to be little marsh rabbits and to have a front door to our home like real folks do.'"

"Dear little bunnies, what a happy home awaits you!"

In the Woodshed.
"Did your father take you out to the woodshed for purposes of discipline?"

"He did that," answered the boy. "I thought he disapproved of corporal punishment."

"He does. He believes in prolonging the agony. He made me saw wood for three hours."

Was Choking the Birds.
A first grade teacher taught her pupils they had birds in their hands and if they did not keep them closed they would fly away. The teacher noticed a little girl crying and asked the reason. "Oh, Jimmy's got his hands closed so tight I'm afraid the birds will choke," she replied.

Some Cheese.
Tillamook county, Oregon, expects to make and sell over 5,000,000 pounds of cheese this year.

The KITCHEN CABINET

A sunny, bright, and buoyant, chronically buoyant disposition is one of the most desirable and enviable qualities of character that anyone, man, woman or child, can possess.

SERVING THE SUMMER MEAL

In the homes where it is necessary to use economy (and that means 80 to 90 per cent of our people) the use of left-overs wisely and acceptably is usually a daily problem.

Because the male members of the family shy at anything reheated, made over or hashed, the problem becomes one which takes finesse on the part of the menu planner. The preparation of a leftover into an appetizing dish takes vastly more thought than the ordinary one, which is often the reason why such dishes are not acceptable; they are prepared with too little thought.

The reason so many men balk at salads is because they are used as the clearing house for leftovers. There is something out of balance with a person who has not learned to enjoy crisp, well-blended salads, or well-cooked and seasoned vegetables, but no one can be blamed for refusing unattractive food.

We have favorite foods as we have favorite friends, yet it is not possible nor wise for us to always be served with the foods we like best or associate with people always agreeable.

Daintiness should be the keynote in the serving of the summer meal, as attractive dishes sharpen the appetite.

A salad, a sandwich, a cooling drink with a dish of fruit and a simple cake will make a noon meal sufficiently satisfying during the hot weather. Such a meal may be varied with a change of dessert and different kinds of salads and sandwich fillings, so that there will be no monotony. Milk and eggs, custards and frozen dishes are most satisfactory at this time. Hearty dishes of meats with heavy desserts are best left entirely alone if one would be well.

By following the advice of Horace Fletcher and chewing the food three times as long as usual, the appetite is satisfied with a smaller amount of food and the body has less waste to throw off, thus saving wear on the human machinery. "Eat less, work more, worry less, walk more." is a good motto for the whole year as well as for hot weather.

THE CHEERFUL CHERUB

Now garbage men do noble work Or so I always view it. Their job's so disagreeable — It's nice of them to do it.



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SUNDAY—
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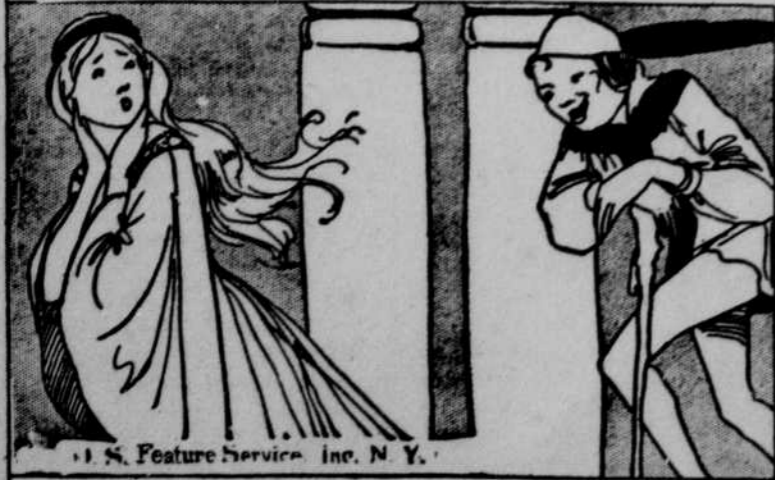
THE MOTHER GOOSE FAIRY BOOK

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By Eleanor Schorer



Of three lovely maids who adored him, Jack the Giant Killer knew not which to wed. "Is it for the wealth of the dead giants, for my cleverness, strength, beauty or my faultless disposition, that they love me?" he pondered. Hard it was to find a maid worthy to marry such a collection of rare virtues, so Jack decided that the one who loved him truest should be his bride.



Zeda loved him for his valor and bravery. To her he next came. By clever art he had made his mouth wry, one eye squinted, also he stooped and hobbled upon a cane. "Ah me! You can never be a hero again!" grieved Zeda. Directly he left her, saying she loved him not truly if she loved him not without his strength and beauty and heroic deeds.



Ann and Zeda loved him true. Lola was only ambitious. You and I know this, but Jack did not. First to Ann he went, saying: "My wealth is gone." "Oh, papa will never let you come here again!" she exclaimed, looking up with dry eyes; her grief was too deep for tears. Jack left her, thinking, "It's riches she wanted, not me! Not a tear at parting! Clever minx, she lays all blame on her father."



Then he rushed to where Lola was. This clever maid saw at once by what art he disfigured his face and form. Pretending not to see through the ruse she fell to her knees and said how honored she was at this visit. "My temper is bad and my wealth is gone." "What does that matter?" she answered, for she knew that naught he said was true. "This maid loves me truly," quoth Jack. And he married her.

CUT OUT AT THE MARGIN AND PASTE IN BOOK, OR TIE ON CARDBOARD THROUGH THE HOLE INDICATED IN THE MARGIN.