The Evening World's Kiddie Klub Korner

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Conducted by Eleanor Schorer

Woodland Wonder Tales

By Cousin Eleanor

EENA, MEENA, MINA AND MO SEE THE CIRCUS SHOW.

ONE OF THEM WAS MISSING.

ALTHOUGH the keeper of the circus menagerie had ordered him to leave, Perky the Long-Tailed-Jumping-Mouse did not go. He just kept quiet and out of sight as all mice should. He hid himself in a tiny korner, peeped out at the circus show with one eye and saw it all. He saw the lion, tiger and leopard that had snarled at him, doing stunts for the trainer as if they were so many pet kittens. Then the elephant came into the ring and Eena Brighteyes called out:

"'Fraid cat, 'fraid of a mouse! 'Fraid cat!" Luckily this was all in squirrel language and could not be understood by anybody excepting Pollykin. Yes, Pollykin was at the circus. It was the first time Billy Brighteyes had seen her in months. Eena, Meena, Mina and Mo had grown quite big since then. Billy Brighteyes was thoroughly proud to show his family off and Pollykin was every bit as pleased to see them and to meet their new friend, Perky. Pollykin had seen a lot of mice but Perky was the first Long-Tailed-Jumping-Mouse that she had ever known and she like him. They became quite chatty and Perky told Pollykin about the elephant being afraid of him. Pollykin laughed at that, she thought it almost as funny as the circus Clown and he was funny indeed.

The elephant had gotten over his fright and Pollykin and Perky, and Billy Brighteyes watched him carefully stepping over and over his master who lay flat on the sawdust floor of the arena. But the Brighteyes children did not see it. They did not see the leopard nor the tiger nor the lion nor the clown either. They were so busy eating all the peanuts they could find that they hardly saw the circus at all. Pollykin was perfectly willing to give them all the peanuts they could eat but they found it more fun to hunt for them. One of the four was missing almost all the time. Then their daddy, Billy Brighteyes would be sure to find the truant under some seat gathering up the peanuts that some kiddies had dropped. So when a loud squeak went up Billy Brighteyes knew that a kiddie had stepped on Eena, Meena, Mina or Mo.

At that moment Eena was in Pollykin's overshoe getting a peanut that had fallen into the toe; Meena was helping herself from a bag that belonged to a kiddie who was too occupied with watching the circus to eat; Mina was out at the door making friends with the peanut man himself, so Billy Brighteyes knew that it must have been Mo who squeaked.

Billy Brighteyes was right.

Very soon Mo came limping along looking sad. He seemed entirely content to sit quietly with his daddy, Perky and Pollykin through the rest of the show.

When it was all over and time came to go home, it was funny to see the Brighteyes children. Their little selves were so full of peanuts that they could scarcely get along.

"I don't want to walk," said Eena.

"It's too far," said Meena.

"It's getting dark," said Mina.

"My foot hurts," said Mo.

Billy Brighteyes paid little attention to their complaints but walked briskly on with Perky while the four Brighteyes children trailed on behind. But what was Billy Brighteyes's distress when on reaching their home in the hemlock, he found that one of the children was missing!

"Eena," called their daddy.

"Here I am," said Eena.

"Meena!"

"I'm here," answered Meena.

"Mina!" called Billy Brighteyes.

"Yes, Daddy!" said Mina.

"Mo!"

No answer.

"Mo," shouted Billy Brighteyes loudly, but Mo Brighteyes was no where to be found.

Next Story: The Search for Mo Brighteyes.

Dear Kiddies:

Cousins Harriet Schneider, Henrietta Fay, Lillian M. Lowerre and Edward Smith have suggested that we have a contest to see which of the Kiddie Klub writers can compose the best poems or essays on spring flowers. And so we shall.

We shall have "Spring Flowers" as the subject of our April Contest and each contestant may decide whether his or her contribution will take the form of an essay or a poem. Both will be acceptable.

In April, when spring things are just beginning to show themselves above the earth and on the trees, my cousins should find real inspiration for this work. So I am looking forward to reading some charming paragraphs on every sort of spring blossom, from the sturdy crocuses to the first June roses.

COUSIN ELEANOR.

Spring.

The gray clouds have passed away,
Spring comes so bright and gay.
Birds are singing,
Flowers are springing,
Here and there,
Everywhere.

By FLORENCE ELLIOTT, age thirteen.

My Idaho Pet.

I have a funny little pet,
He came from Idaho.
His coat is brown, his eyes are jet,
I call him Angelo.
A little prairie dog is he,
Though not like any dogs you see.

By MILDRED HUBERT, age twelve, East Hartford, Conn.

The Kiddie Klub.

I belong to a club,
A very fine club,
One of the best in the land.

I know every one,
Just wants to become
A member of this Kiddie band.

By MAUDE DOUCETT, age thirteen.

HOW TO JOIN THE KLUB.
CUT OUT THIS COUPON.

Beginning with any number, cut out six of these coupons, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927 and 928, and mail to Cousin Eleanor, Evening World Kiddie Club, No. 63 Park Row, New York City, with a note, in which you must give your NAME, AGE and ADDRESS. **Please be careful to mention not only the city in which you live but the borough also.**

All children up to sixteen years of age may become members. Each member is presented with a silver gray Klub Pin and membership certificate.

COUPON 923.

MARCH CONTEST AWARD WINNER.

Ten-Year Class.

WHAT I DO TO HELP MY CITY.

I do many things for this city of ours which has educated us, has built many public schools and beautiful libraries and museums all for our benefit. It has provided parks so that we may have healthful bodies and recreation.

In return for all this I do these things: I keep the streets clean by not throwing waste and rubbish on the sidewalks. I do not waste water because the city spends millions of dollars every year on water. One of the most important things I try to do is to prevent fires. I keep my cellar free from rubbish. I always keep matches and oily rags in a tin box so that they cannot catch fire. I always tell the boys who light bonfires in the streets to put them out.

By doing these things, which is the duty of every person, I may become a good citizen.

By FLORENCE DEIBEL, New York City.

Honorable Mention.

William Talbot, New York City; Bertram Ravner, Bronx.

QUESTIONS ANSWERED

—about the heavens, the earth, plant life, animal life, races and people, nations, science, invention, the English language, wireless, steam engines, geography, the World War. Send your questions to Cousin Eleanor and look for the answers in the Kiddie Klub Korner for Thursday, April 13.

Brooklyn Police Bootblack Is Held As a Bootlegger.

Van Dyke Goodwin, a Negro who shine shoes for the police at Brooklyn Headquarters, was arrested yesterday charged with selling a drink to Agent Samuel Weisenberg, who visited Goodwin at his place of employment, No. 120 Fulton Street. Goodwin was held in $1,000 bail by United States Commissioner McCabe for examination. Weisenberg said he paid 60 cents for his drink.

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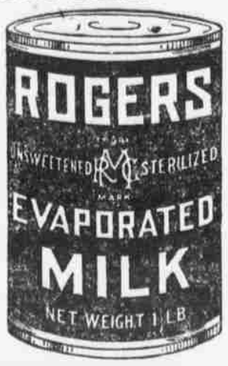

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3 Lbs. NEW POTATOES 17c

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Marshall's	TOMATO or KIPPERED HERRING	Can 30c	Jell-O	Pkg	10c
King Oscar Sardines		Can 15c	Shaker Salt	Pkg	10c
Beardsley	Shredded CODFISH	Pkg 12c	Old Dutch Cleanser	Can	9c
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