

Evening Story

WITHOUT EXCUSE.

By Grace Kerrigan.

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For the fifth morning that week, little Buster Peterby had sidled into school fifteen minutes late.

Four mornings had he received a tardy mark with a consequent penalty of remaining after school, all of which he had borne quite meekly.

But on this fifth morning Miss Smith's wrath descended upon Buster's curly head.

"Have you any excuse for being late every morning?" she asked severely.

Buster nodded. "Well, what is your excuse?" "I can't tell," wept Buster all of a sudden.

"I shall go to your mother and find out, then," decided Miss Smith, looking very pretty in her just indignation.

Buster made no reply and the other children looked rather fearfully at one another. Of course, Miss Smith was a comparative newcomer in Greenville, and she could not know the history of all the families.

She was a lovely, warm-hearted little woman, but a strict disciplinarian.

The next morning she left her boarding house an hour earlier so that she might call upon the Peterbys, who lived in a little cottage over on Valley Hill.

Mr. Peterby kept a little shop in the village; Helen had heard of the little place with its scanty stock, but her purchases had been confined to the larger and more prosperous store next to the post-office.

Buster said he had two sisters and a baby brother," mused Helen Smith, as she climbed Valley Hill, in her crisp summer attire.

"Still there is no reason why a child should be so regularly late every morning. Why can't he be regularly early?"

Spinsterwise, Miss Smith pondered these questions until she turned into the little white painted gate of the Peterby home.

There was a garden crowded with flowers growing rankly, and the draperies at the windows hung awry as if pulled by childish hands.

"Careless!" commented Helen Smith still spinsterwise.

Her knock at the door brought Buster Peterby, who turned first pale and then red at sight of her.

"Good morning, Buster," said Helen pleasantly. "Is your mother in?" "Come in, please," quavered Buster, opening the door into a disordered kitchen.

Helen stepped inside and paused. In the middle of the room was a wabout. Over the tub, scrubbing valiantly at bits of children's garments, was a big, blond man, whose blue eyes met hers without embarrassment at being found in this feminine employment.

A baby chuckled on a rug; two little girls were eating at the table and Buster had been laboriously washing dishes. It was a busy scene.

"Place a chair for the lady, Buster," said Mr. Peterby, as he deftly wrung out a pink sock.

"It's my teacher," whispered Buster in a agony of embarrassment. "I been late every morning and she wants to see—mother!"

"Buster's mother went away when the baby came," said Mr. Peterby gravely, as he resumed his duties without apology. "I am afraid I am a poor substitute, but we manage to get along somehow. Dishwashing and bedmaking come awkward to a little boy of eight."

"I should think so!" cried Helen contritely. "You see, I didn't know about it, Mr. Peterby."

He nodded. "That's the trouble in this world—folks don't take the trouble to understand each other."

"I know it; this has taught me a lesson. Oh, Mr. Peterby, I don't think you should pour boiling water on those flannels!" protested Helen.

"No?" He hesitated over some mites of white flannel baby garments. "I never noticed what my wife used to do—" His voice trailed off rather pathetically.

"Luke-warm water and white soap," explained Helen. "Then they won't shrink, and you don't have to starch them, Mr. Peterby; the poor lamb will be in agony."

Then Horace Peterby took a lesson in washing clothes that he never forgot. He stepped back in respectful admiration before this little lady who did not hesitate to risk the daintiness of her attire in his wifeless kitchen.

When she had finished the lesson Helen Smith and Horace Peterby were fairly well acquainted. She could not help but like the big, blond, blundering young man who was trying to be both mother and father to his children.

While Buster was in school it was his custom to trundle the baby and the twin girls down to the little shop, where they remained until Buster came from school.

"Of course the business suffers," sighed Mr. Peterby, as he shook hands with Miss Smith.

Helen Smith hurried into the school-room, quite forgetting that Buster had gone on ahead long ago. It was half past nine and she found a room full of whispering, idle pupils.

She, the dictator, was late herself—and without excuse. Before the round-eyed wonder of her scholars, Miss Smith called the room to order and began the day's lessons.

Blotting out the rows of youthful faces, Helen Smith saw the Peterby kitchen with its pathetic masculine attempts at housework.

Above the droning recitation she heard the pleasant, drawing voice of Horace Peterby, and noted the tone of anxiety as he asked her advice about the baby's slight cold.

At recess, Buster told her that his father helped him with his lessons at night, and Helen marveled when the man himself found leisure to do the things he would like to do.

After that Helen often stopped in the little shop to inquire for the baby or the twins. On her advice and with her help, Horace Peterby restocked his little store and even placed a modest advertisement in the village paper. His supply of picture post-

—and the Worst Is Yet to Come



LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

BY LEE PAPE

Me and Puds Simkins and Sid Hunt were setting awn my frunt steps today, tawking about different things but nothing speshil, and Skinny Martins littel kid bruthir calm alawng holding a toy baloon awn the end of a string, and wat did he do but set rite down awn the steps with us as if he was invited.

Sum kids has got nerve, awl rite, seds Puds Simkins. Maybe they aint, sed Sid Hunt. Wat do you wunt, I sed.

Im wateing for Skinny, sed Skinny Martins kid bruthir. And he kepp awn setting thare making his baloon go up and down by pulling the string and aftir a wile Puds Simkins sed to him, Let go of the string, y dont you, and the baloon will go way up in the air and you'll have fun watching it.

I wunt this baloon, sed Skinny Martins kid bruthir. Well, it will kum rite down, sed Sid Hunt, go awn, leevie go of the string, youll get it agen, wats you afraied of, it will kum rite down agen as soon as it gets up high enuff, wont it, Benny.

Sure it will, I sed. And Skinny Martins kid bruthir left go of the string and the baloon went rite up in the air as if sumthing was pushing it frum undirneeth, ony insted of going strate up it went the direckshin the wind was blowing, and Skinny Martins kid

cards was in great demand by the summer boarders, and on Helen's advice he made a specialty of cards to supply the constant demand.

Then school closed and Helen prepared to return to her home in a distant town.

She bade farewell to her new-found friends with some regret, but there was sorrow in her heart when she kissed the Peterby babies good-bye and strained Buster's chubby form to her breast.

"You will not return in the fall?" asked Mr. Peterby, regarding her with grave, inscrutable eyes.

Helen shook her head. "I have had such an excellent offer to teach in my home town that I cannot refuse it," she said gently.

"We shall miss you, Miss Smith."

"I shall miss all of you, Mr. Peterby."

And that was their good-bye.

The summer passed. Helen received several picture postals from Buster, written laboriously and couched so grammatically that she was forced to believe they had been dictated by his father.

The next winter was rather a dull one, although it was spent at home among her own people. A postcard came in January stating that the baby was two years old, and Buster added that he hated the new teacher.

When another summer came around Helen looked the school-room door with visible relief. It was the dullest school year she had ever experienced and she had always believed that she loved her work.

Her homeward way led along a pleasant river path; it was the same river that flowed through Greenville, and Helen leaned over the railing of the bridge and watched its liquid flow with dreamy eyes.

She did not see the dimpling river. Strange to say, she saw a big young man caring for four little children with all the tenderness of a woman— of the woman who had been compelled to leave him alone. Helen's heart beat faster for the recollection.

A step sounded on the bridge and she looked up to see the young man of her dreams, or—could this young man, well dressed in blue serge, with irreproachable linen and blue tie, be the disheveled youth who had washed baby garments in the Peterby kitchen?

It was beyond all doubt.

He swung off his hat and held out his big, capable hands to engulf her own trembling fingers.

"Girl—I need you," he said chokingly. "I've thought of you every day for months— ah, Helen, we all need your love!"

And Helen, needing his, went straight to his arms.

Helen's friends said that there wasn't any excuse for such an attractive girl as Helen Smith to marry

bruthir startid to yell, its going away, its going away. And he kepp awn yelling and making sutch a noise that ma calm out to the frunt doar to see wat was the matir, saying, Wats the matir, Ferdinand, wat are you making sutch a drefdill noise about.

Benny told me to let go of my baloon and it wood kum back and it aint kuming back, Benny told me to do it, Benny told me to do it, yelled Skinny Martins kid bruthir.

I did not, I sed. Wich I didnt, awl I sed being, Sure it will.

Well you sat thare and let him do it, enyhow, sed ma, and now youll eethir get that baloon for him or Ill take a dime out of yure bank and get him anuthir wun with it.

Aw, G, ma, I sed, and ma sed, No aw G about it, you herd wat I sed.

And I startid to run aftir the baloon and Puds and Sid and Skinny Martins kid bruthir startid to run aftir me, and we ran about 5 blocks and the baloon went up over a roof and stayed thare, and I rang the bell of the house and asked the lady if I cood go up awn her roof and get it and the lady sed, Wun of you can go up, but not awl 4 of you, And I went up awn the baloon was awn the roof agens the chimney, and I took it down and gave it back to Skinny Martins kid bruthir, saying, Now aftir this you keep awf of our frunt steps.

A poor widower with four children— but Helen and her husband, in their flower-wreathed and glad little home think there was all the excuse in the world.

METHODISTS BUY HOME FOR PARSONAGE

Fairfield, March 25.—The members of the congregations of the Methodist Episcopal churches which comprise the Fairfield circuit have united in purchasing a parsonage home for their pastor and have secured a most desirable property on East Broadway in Fairfield.

The property purchased by them is a portion of the late Clarke Van Nstrand estate and is situated the second door east of the First Christian church and the first door east of the parsonage of that church. The consideration was \$3,100, the heirs making a very reasonable price on the place owing to the fact that it was wanted for a parsonage home.

Rev. Carson, the present pastor of the churches in the Fairfield circuit is well pleased that his congregations should use so much thought for a pastor's comfort and convenience as the home will be appreciated very much by him as well as pastors who will follow.

BELLE PLAINE IS GIVEN CITY PARK

Belle Plaine, March 25.—Messrs. J. H. Irwin and J. E. Graf presented our city with a tract of land for a park in the south part of the city, only two blocks south of Twelfth street, between Ninth and Tenth streets and Tenth and Eleventh avenues. The Ladies' Federated clubs will make a systematic canvas of the town to raise funds to buy more land to add to what has already been given. They will set out as many trees as they can this year and keep adding from year to year.

TREE FALLS AND KILLS DENNIS HOBBS

Sigourney, March 25.—Information was received here on Wednesday of the accidental killing of Dennis Hobbs near South English. Mr. Hobbs was cutting down a tree north of South English which fell on him crushing out his life.

MANNING MEN IN FREAK BET.

Manning, March 25.—Two men recently made a freak bet in Manning. One of them is a business man and the other a farmer. In case the allies capture the Dardanelles the farmer will preach a sermon, but if they fail to do so it will be up to the Manning merchant to deliver the sermon.

TO FOUND SCHOOL FOR IOWA MOTHERS

CORRESPONDENCE METHOD IS PROPOSED AS A MEANS OF GIVING TRAINING.

Iowa City, March 25.—A correspondence school for mothers. Why not? That is one feature of the child welfare plan behind which are the club women of Iowa and which the Iowa legislature turned down. The correspondence school might be established in connection with the university, anyway.

One of the most prominent club women of the state said recently: "I received dozens of letters from all over the country asking questions that indicate the ignorance of the average girls on the subject of baby raising.

"This ignorance is not confined to the uneducated but it is met among college graduates. Many of these women who could pass creditable examinations in the so-called arts and sciences are all at sea when it comes to a question of what constitutes a proper diet for a year-old baby.

"We are not going to progress very far in the better baby work until the mothers are provided with instruction and for the present I can see no better way to give them this instruction than to provide these correspondence schools. The time will come when the feeding of the human animal will be taught in the public schools, which is the place for these lessons to begin but we are not quite educated up to that and besides that would not help the present mother who must get her education in her home while she does the work and tends the baby, so it must come to the home."

Report of weather and precipitation in Iowa for February, 1915, by Dr. Chappell, head of Government Bureau at Des Moines, condensed is as follows: The month was characterized by warm, wet and cloudy weather. It was the warmest February since 1882; the wettest since statewide observations began in 1890, and there was more cloudiness than in any other February since 1882. The month was also characterized by one of the worst and most damaging sleet storms of record. The storm began on January 31st and continued until

OTTUMWA NURSE IS A CANDIDATE

MISS BLANCHE BOWKER UP FOR TREASURER OF I. S. A. OF R. N. AT ANNUAL MEETING.

Iowa City, March 25.—Ottumwa will be well represented at the coming joint convention of the Iowa State Association of Registered Nurses and the Iowa League of Nursing Education, which will be held here April 27-29. Among the contributors to the programs will be the association president, Miss Martha Oakes of Davenport.

President T. H. Macbride will deliver the address of welcome and Mrs. Macbride will tender a reception to all delegates Wednesday afternoon, April 28.

The nominating committee has named the candidates for the various offices to be elected at the convention. The nominees are as follows:

President—Ann J. Jones, Des Moines; Luella Bristol, Fairfield.

First vice president—Mrs. Ida C. Neff, Waterloo; Mrs. Caroline K. Seerley, Burlington.

Second vice president—Jennie Johnson and Helen Peterson, both of Sioux City.

Treasurer—Agnes Swift, Washington; Blanche Bowker, Ottumwa.

Editor—Katherine McCarthy, Dubuque; Laura Rose, Boone.

Recording secretary—Sophia Pottinger, Iowa City; Gydá Bates, Cedar Rapids.

Corresponding secretary—Ada Reltz, Iowa City; Florence McDaniel, Atalissa.

THOUSAND ACRES IN WHEAT AT AMES

FARMERS IN THAT VICINITY ARE GIVING IT GREATER ATTENTION THAN EVER.

Ames, March 25.—Twenty thousand bushels of fall wheat will be raised within three and a half miles of Ames in 1915, according to the estimates of local grain men, who this year expect that the total acreage in this vicinity sown to wheat will reach at least 1,000 acres.

More wheat has been grown around Ames in the last two or three years than in twenty years previously. Farmers are getting crops of from eighteen to forty bushels to the acre from their wheat, with an average for the community of about twenty-two bushels. This makes wheat a profitable crop even on high priced Story county land.

Better methods of keeping up the fertility of the soil, and the practice of sowing fall wheat which gets out of the way before the hot sun of the Iowa summer is responsible for the increase in wheat growing near Ames. Local farmers are putting wheat into rotation with red clover, and are taking the care of the land, which rather than spring wheat, as the farmers put it "has made the land come back for this in this section."

IOWA FREE OF PLAGUE.

Clinton, March 25.—Iowa is now free from all cases of the hoof and mouth disease, according to Dr. Myers, federal veterinarian, who is in Clinton. The quarantine is still on in some parts of the state, but this is merely a precaution and it is expected that it will be lifted all over the state soon.

Precipitation in Iowa—February, 1915



SCALE OF SHADES: Less than 1.0 inch, 1.0 to 2.0 inches, 2.0 to 3.0 inches, 3.0 to 4.0 inches, More than 4.0 inches

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Feb. 2. It was very destructive to trees, telegraph and telephone wires and poles, especially over the central and northeastern parts of the state. Another storm of considerable severity occurred on the night of the 22nd. It was attended by one of the wettest snows ever experienced in Iowa. By daybreak on the 23d there was from three to six inches of snow on the ground and it was nearly saturated with water.

The average precipitation for the state, 111 stations reporting, was 2.93 inches, or 1.88 inches more than the normal. By sections the averages

were as follows: Northern, 3.29 inches, or 2.38 inches more than the normal; Central, 3.10 inches, or 1.90 inches more than the normal; Southern, 2.41 inches, or 1.06 inches more than the normal. The average snowfall for the state was 9.4 inches, or 2.0 inches in excess of the normal. The greatest amount, 25.0 inches, occurred at Charles City, and there was none at Bloomfield. Measurable precipitation occurred on an average of 9 days, or 2 more than ever before recorded in February and 4 more than the average.

REBEKAHS MEET AT FAIRFIELD

MEMBERS AND DELEGATES FROM FIFTY-FIRST DISTRICT IN SESSION.

Fairfield, March 25.—The members of Fairfield Rebekah lodge No. 96 of this city are hostesses to the twelfth annual convention of the fifty-first Rebekah district of Iowa today in their hall on the south side of the square.

The program is as follows: 10 a. m.—Call to order by the president of No. 96.

Opening ode. Prayer by district chaplain. Reading of minutes of last convention.

Selecting meeting place for 1916 convention. Election of officers. Dinner.

1:30 p. m.—Called to order. Address of welcome—Mrs. Mary Mullinix of No. 96, district president. Responses by delegates from Hawkeye No. 386 of Fairfield; No. 441 Batavia, and No. 371 of Libertyville.

Music—Member of Hawkeye No. 286. Reading—Member of Batavia No. 441.

Paper—Member Hawkeye No. 386. Music—Member Batavia No. 441. Paper—Member of Fairfield No. 96. Proving visitor on card—Assembly president.

Question box conducted by assembly president. Supper.

7 p. m.—Call to order. Usual opening exercises. Music by a member of Libertyville No. 371.

Reading by a member of Fairfield No. 96. Exemplification of ritual by staff of Mt. Pleasant lodge.

Address by assembly president. The members of the staff of the Mt. Pleasant lodge are special guests of the convention and large delegations are here from the lodges in the district.

MASON CITY MEN AGAINST NEW BILL

Mason City, March 25.—The city commissioners of this city went on record as against the bill now before the state legislature placing control of all the telephone companies under control of railroad commissioners, and taking away the rights of the cities. The following resolution was passed and telegraphed to Senator Robinson and Representative Jones of this district: "We most heartily oppose the proposed law by which cities would lose the perpetual right to streets and forever prohibit the city from reducing telephone rates. Inasmuch as the Western Electric Telegraph and Telephone Company pays practically no taxes whatever to the city of Mason City, we favor a law which will compel them to pay taxes on properties in cities on same basis as other property is assessed."

MISS ENID SHAW IS PARTY IN LAW SUIT

Council Bluffs, March 25.—The trial of the suit of Enid Shaw against August Dammrow, receiver of the Iowa and Omaha Short Line railroad, seeking to recover funds put into the road in connection with the Atlantic North-

Children's Evening Story

"Come on, Beckie!" called little Neddie Stubtail, the boy cub bear, to see I run about in the snow so much and when you are running you don't get cold, it is only sitting still that makes you chilly."

"Oh, will you, really?" asked Beckie. "How nice! Then I won't have to walk in the snow and get my feet paws cold."

"It is very good of you to pull your little sister to school," said Mrs. Stubtail. "And here is a cookie for each of you for recess."

Soon Neddie and Beckie were on their way to school, Beckie sitting on Neddie's sled, all warmly wrapped up in a blanket, while Neddie put the rope of the sled around his neck, and under his front paws, making believe he was a horse.

Over the snow, through the woods and across the fields went the little boy bear, giving his sister a nice coasting ride.

"How do you like it, Beckie?" he asked her when they reached the hollow stump school where the lady mouse teacher taught the animal children their lessons.

"Oh, it was just lovely," said Beckie sticking out her red tongue to bite a snowflake lollypop that had fallen down out of the sky. "Only my feet paws are a little cold," she said.

"I'll wrap up you better coming home this afternoon, Neddie promised. But though the little boy bear did put an extra blanket, which the lady mouse teacher loaned him, around Beckie's feet paws, she was still cold on the way home from school.

"Why, hello!" cried Uncle Wigwag Longears, the rabbit gentleman, as Neddie, pulling Beckie on his sled, went past the hollow stump bungalow where Mr. Longears lived. "Beckie is having a fine ride, I declare. Do you like it?" he asked of the little bear girl.

"Very much," she said, "only my feet got cold."

"Ha! One's feet often get cold when sleigh-riding," said the old rabbit gentleman.

"Isn't there any way to stop that from happening?" asked Beckie, who was a curious sort of a bear cub—that is, she always wanted to know things such as why raisins got inside a cake and the like of that.

"Oh, yes, it is easy to keep your feet warm when sleigh-riding," spoke Uncle Wigwag, as he took off his tall hat and made a low bow to Aunt Lettie, the goat lady, who was passing.

"How do you do it?" asked Neddie. "Keep your feet warm, I mean."

"Why, you take a brick or a piece of stone," said the rabbit gentleman, "and heat it in the oven, just before you go sleigh-riding. Then, when you start out, you put the hot brick, well wrapped up in an old blanket, on the floor of the sled, near where your feet will be. And, no matter how cold it is, your feet-paws will be as warm as toast, from the hot brick."

"We'll try that tomorrow," said Neddie to his sister.

And the next morning, before it was time to go to school, Neddie heated a brick in the oven of the bear cave's stove. And when he put the brick under the covers of the sled on which Beckie sat, she exclaimed:

"Oh, how nice and warm my feet-paws are. Now I shall enjoy the ride to school. But don't your feet get cold, Neddie?"

"No, indeed," he answered. "You see I run about in the snow so much and when you are running you don't get cold, it is only sitting still that makes you chilly."

Well, Neddie pulled Beckie on the road to school, and the hot brick under the blankets kept her feet-paws as warm as could be. Then, all of a sudden, as the two bear children were passing an old, tumble-down stump house they heard a sad voice inside crying:

"Oh, how cold I am! How I shiver!" "Oh, I wonder if I shall ever be warm again?"

"What's that?" said Beckie. "Sounds like some one who is cold," Neddie answered. "I'm going to look."

"Oh, don't!" exclaimed Beckie. "Maybe it's a—"

"I don't care who it is, if they're cold they need to be made warm," said Neddie, who was as warm as a hot water bottle from running through the snow. The little bear boy went up to the broken window of the hollow stump house and looked in. And there he saw a poor old hoptoad lady sitting in a rocking chair, in a bare and cheerless room, shivering as hard as she could shiver.

"Oh, how cold I am!" cried the hoptoad lady.

"Why don't you build a fire and get warm?" asked Neddie.

"Ha! Why don't I? Yes!" she cried. "There is no coal in the house and no wood and no matches. How can I make a fire? And nothing to eat. Oh, how I shiver."

"Poor thing!" cried Beckie, who was on the sled made warm by the hot brick. "We must help her, Neddie. Take my warm brick. That will stop her from shivering until we can get help for her, and bring in wood and coal and matches and some food."

"That's right!" cried the little bear boy. "The hot brick will be just the thing!"

All wrapped up in warm blankets as it was he brought it in, and put it under the chair of the poor hoptoad lady. Almost at once she stopped shivering.

"Oh, how good it is to be warm on a cold winter day," she said, and then she fell asleep.

And while she slept near the hot brick that was almost as good as a stove, Neddie and Beckie ran on to school and told the lady mouse teacher. And the lady mouse sent the rat janitor to the poor hoptoad lady, with coal and wood and matches.

The rat janitor built a fire in the stove and then he bought some groceries and good things to eat for the shivery hoptoad lady. Only she wasn't shivery any more, for the fire warmed her.

Then Neddie took back his hot brick and warmed it in the school fire, to put at Beckie's feet when he pulled her home in the afternoon. And after that the poor hoptoad lady was never cold or hungry, for the other animals looked after her, when they heard what Neddie and Beckie had done.

So you see, a hot brick is a very good thing in winter, and in the next story I'm going to tell you about Beckie's button dress, and if the cook puts some chocolate on the cake of soap the bath tub will have a party for the talcum powder.

ern and Southern deal in which the short line was involved, was begun today in the district court.

Enid Shaw is a daughter of former Governor and Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw, who is said to have sunk a small fortune