

Evening Story

THE QUEEN OF COOKS.

(By Don La Grange.)

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Mrs. Bliss came into the day nursery. Her large rosy face glowing a deeper pink with the exertion of climbing the stairs to the third floor.

"Good morning, Miss Newton," she smiled at the little nursery governess who was sitting with Bobby in the window seat. "Wonder if you and Bobby wouldn't like to play today? We are going to picnic at the pine grove and—"

"Oh, mother-honey!" Bobby flung his sturdy self at his parent. "Will there be lemonade and chicken sandwiches? And can I wear my new white Tommy Tucker suit?"

"Yes, to everything!" laughed Mrs. Bliss, kissing him and moving toward the door. "Can you be ready in fifteen minutes, Miss Newton?"

"Of course we can, Mrs. Bliss! We wouldn't miss a picnic for the world, would we Bobby?" She jumped up and pulled away books and toys. "Come, childie."

They danced down the corridor to Bobby's room where nurse quickly put him into the much admired suit. In the meantime Miss Newton brushed her red-brown hair and slipped into a dainty pale blue gingham frock, then the girl and the little boy went sedately down stairs to the front veranda where three motor cars were waiting for the merry household party that had filled the Bliss country home for ten days.

Some of the girls and women came up and spoke to Bobby and nodded kindly to the little governess; one of them, Miss Nugent, tall, graceful and carefully kind in her manner, introduced Beth right and left, until presently the girl found herself in timid conversation with Mr. Carl Bellew, so many times a millionaire that no one troubled to remember exactly how many dollars there were and only recalled that he was just as nice as if he didn't have a penny.

At last they were off. Beth and Bobby tucked away in the tonneau of the last car with Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell, the footman and the lunch baskets which overflowed on to the running boards and the luggage carriers.

"This is jolly!" cried Bobby enthusiastically as they swept out of the driveway and turned up the road that led to Pine Mountain.

Beth smiled absently. Perhaps she was thinking that it might have been pleasanter if she had been in one of the other large cars among that merry crowd of girls and young men. But she chided herself sharply for the momentary discontent and was soon her own accustomed happy self, enjoying the unexpected holiday to the utmost.

At the pine grove the picnic hampers were unloaded: James the footman, built a fire, and was then allowed to return home with the machines. They were to come for the picnickers at sundown. "One can't have a jolly picnic with servants around," Mrs. Bliss had decided.

Leaving the fire to take care of itself the party trooped through the pines of the glade where a wonderful feast awaited among the brown rocks. An acrid smell of burning brought them running to the campfire.

The fire had over-cropt the boundaries of its encircling stones and had licked its way among the pine needles until it reached the four large hampers. There was nothing left of the food save blackened remnants, and of the hampers there remained only charred splinters. As the picnickers reached the scene the last soda water bottle exploded with a sickening report.

"Seven miles from anywhere," groaned Mrs. Bliss.

"And not a thing to eat!" added Mrs. Mitchell bleakly.

"Or to drink," mourned Mr. Mitchell as he grubbed among the ruins of the hampers.

There was a murmur of discontent among the young people. Some of the men volunteered to walk back to the house and bring something to eat but the question was quickly decided when a few heavy drops of rain fell.

"Where is the nearest shelter?" asked Carl Bellew.

"It must be old Ned Blake's shanty," replied Mrs. Bliss. "At least it will keep us dry for awhile. Come, everybody."

Some one laughed a spirit of adventure into the party and so they hastened down the slope until they reached the shoulder of the mountain they reached a long, weather-beaten shanty built against a great rock that formed its rear wall.

Ned Blake was a hermit who gained a living by gathering herbs and berries in season.

Repeated knocks upon the door brought no response. "The latchstring is out," suggested Beth Newton.

Carl Bellew unlocked the door with a string and pushed open the weather-beaten door. The poor furnishings were spotted and clean and neat but the hermit was absent.

"We must find something to eat and we can pay Ned when he returns," said Mrs. Bliss as she sank down in a wickered Boston rocker, while the young people found seats on the rag carpeted floor before the open fireplace.

Soon Carl Bellew had a fire of hickory logs blazing and the girl and the young man explored the pantry. Miss Nugent, returned to the living room.

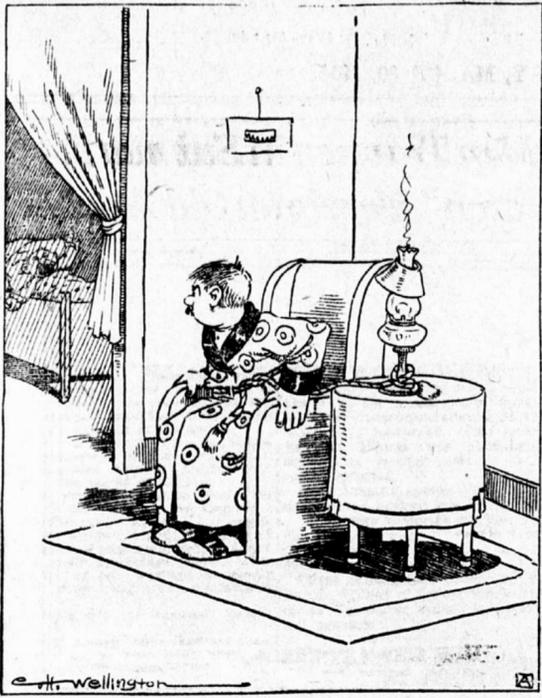
"There isn't a bit of cooked food in the place—not even bread," she announced. "There are flour and sugar and eggs and potatoes and some canned things—what can we do? Of any of you girls know how to cook eggs?"

Miss Tyler confessed that she had made creamed eggs in a chafing dish at home—but—she shrugged her shoulders.

The other women were silent. Beth Newton stood in the kitchen doorway, her face pink with shyness; she looked distractedly pretty at that moment.

"If you don't mind waiting a half hour I believe I could prepare something fit to eat," she announced timidly.

—and the Worst is Yet to Come



LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

BY LEE PAPE

Ma was sewing in her room today, and I went in and sat down awn the edge of her bed and looked at her, and after a while I sed, Ma if you say you rent something ditz it mean the saim thing as to tare it.

Yes, yes, rent means to tare, wad did you evvir get a hold of that wad, sed ma.

I saw it in a book, I sed. And I kep awn watching her sewing a hole in my stocking, but nobody evvir uses it in that sentis, sed ma.

And she kep awn sewing, and I sed Wood it be awl rite to say, I rent a hole in my blouse.

Sorteny, sed ma. Wood it be awl rite to say, I rent a hole in my undrshirt, I sed.

Of course it wood, it applys to evvry-thing, now don't keep that up awl day, sed ma.

Yes mam, I sed. And I startid to brown hair, her pale blue sleeves pushed up above her rounded elbows, Beth Newton was radiant. They were all so good to her, too. Her eyes met Carl Bellew's and something in the man's gaze brought a hot blush to her cheek.

After that her eyes did not wander far from her plate.

As a delightful surprise Beth produced a steamed apple pudding with maple syrup, and in token of their gratitude Andy Smith hastily plucked a bunch of herbs from the rafters and solemnly crowned her with a wreath of the dishes were washed and put away the sun was shining outside. The invaders had restored the house to order and Carl Bellew had pinned a note on the table cover, inside of that envelope of such large denomination that old Ned Blake would never cease to marvel over the accession of riches that made his declining days more comfortable.

They returned to the scene of the camp fire, and all too soon the three motor cars arrived. Somehow Mrs. Bliss managed to smuggle Beth and Bobby into the same car with herself and Carl Bellew, and that night when she went to bed the girl assured herself that they had rounded out her perfect day.

A few days later the party had broken up and the picnic was forgotten by all save Beth Newton and Bobby—and, perhaps, Carl Bellew. His place was not very far away and he found many excuses for calling on the Blisses. When kindly Mrs. Bliss realized that it was her little nursery governess whom Carl Bellew wanted to see, she remembered her own days of wooing, and entered whole-heartedly into match making.

"Dear," said Carl Bellew one October day when he had received Beth's answer. "I've loved you from the beginning, but when I tasted your cooking—"

Beth's hand pressed his lips in silence. She looked up at her splendid, gallant lover, and that night when she said a humble little thing—so unworthy of you! You might marry a princess—or a queen!"

Carl threw back his head and laughed. Then he gathered her closer in his arms.

"I am going to marry a queen," he protested, "the queen of cooks."

FIRST ATTEMPTED THEFT OF "DOPE"

Marshalltown, March 27.—The first attempted theft of "dope" since the federal law went into effect was brought to light here yesterday when a traveling man who gave the name of George Hartam, aged 24, was arrested for stealing \$25 worth of heroin from a local drug store.

Hartam entered the store and asked the proprietor to use the telephone. He stepped behind the prescription case, and a moment later the proprietor heard the clink of bottles. Upon investigating he found two bottles of heroin tablets missing.

He searched his visitor, found the drug, and had the thief arrested. Hartam claims he became addicted to the use of the drug by having it administered to him in a case of sick fevered child had been killed, but fortunately there were no broken bones found.

Falls out of window. Ft. Madison, March 27.—Charles, the fifteen months old child of Mr. and Mrs. Adolph Horn, fell from the second story window last Wednesday evening at 7:30 and was picked up by a young lady living next door, who feared the child had been killed, but fortunately there were no broken bones found.

OFFICERS ARREST MAN AT MAXWELL

Moulton, March 27.—Last evening, a week ago, the Blouer & Son hardware store was broken into and about \$50 worth of cutlery was taken. There was no clue and the supposition was that the burglar was a roaming tramp and the search ended. On Wednesday parties at Maxwell, wired that a man was on the streets trying to sell pocket knives bearing the name of Blouer & Son, Moulton, and "what shall we do with him?" The word went back to hold the man. Accordingly Constable Mac Tobin went up to Maxwell and brought the fellow down and yesterday morning turned his prisoner over to the local authorities. Several of the citizens identified the man, but before Justice Cole he pleaded not guilty and in default of bail was taken to the county jail at Centerville, and the grand jury will further look into the case.

The stranger said his name was Bert Williams and his age 25 years.

TRAIN STRIKES EIGHT HORSES

Ida Grove, March 27.—Northwestern passenger train from Sioux City to Des Moines, No. 22, struck a bunch of eight head of horses on a crossing three miles west of this town and killed four of the animals and so badly crippled another that it was afterwards killed. The horses had broken out of a field near by and assembled on the crossing, the electric light binding and terrifying them so that they did not move. The engineer on the train saw the horses just before he struck them but thought that he had hit only one of the animals, and so reported when he reached the station. Two of the animals were carried almost one hundred feet on the pilot of the engine before they were thrown to one side, and it is a miracle that the train was not derailed. The passengers on the train knew nothing about the striking the horses until told by the trainmen after they had reached this point.

POPULATION INCREASES.

Ida Grove, March 27.—The birth of a pair of twins this week brought the population of Ida Grove to 2,086 people, according to the statistics of City Assessor H. A. Moorehead, who completed the count a few days ago. The tally stood at 2,083 Tuesday morning, but since that time the store has visited two households, leaving at the Chas. Parrish home a son and daughter. This is an increase of 298 people over the census returns of 1910 or an increase of 11 per cent.

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HAVE JITNEY TRUCK.

Council Bluffs, March 27.—The jitney truck has arrived at Council Bluffs. It is a 12-seated affair, and is to run between this city and Manawa and Big Lake during the summer.

Children's Evening Story

Beckie Stubtail, the little girl bear, raised her paw in the air, so the lady mouse teacher in the hollow stump school could see it.

"Yes, Beckie, what is it?" asked the lady mouse, smiling at the bear girl. "If you please, teacher, you know I brought a note from my mamma this morning, asking if I could be let out early to go shopping with her. And now it's time and—"

"Oh, yes, to be sure, Beckie!" exclaimed the mouse teacher. "I did say you were to go home early. I am glad you reminded me of it. Yes, you may go now."

So Beckie went out of school before the other animal children, hurrying along with her books under her arm. The snow had melted, so her brother Neddie could not have pulled her on the sled, with a warm brick to keep Beckie's paws warm, if he had wanted to.

"Oh, I'm so excited!" exclaimed Beckie, as she hurried along. "I hope it's all ready for me."

And what do you suppose it was Beckie was excited about? Why, a new dress. And it was to be at the cave for her to put on when she reached home to go shopping with her mother.

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed Beckie, as she ran in the cave, "is my dress ready?"

"Yes, all finished," answered Mrs. Stubtail. "Aunt Lettie, the goat lady dressmaker, just sent it home. Slip it on and see we will go down to the five and ten cent store and see about buying a new piano."

Beckie put her books in a chair and held up her new dress. It was red, with orange and lemon trimmings, a bit of honey lace on the collar and blueberry pie ribbons on one side.

"And, oh! what a lot of buttons on the back!" said Beckie. "Why, there must be forty-seven of them at least."

"Yes," said Mrs. Stubtail. "Aunt Lettie said that was the very latest Montclair style—plenty of buttons."

"But you'll have to help me button up, mamma," said Beckie. "I never could reach them all myself."

"Yes, I'll help you," said Mrs. Stubtail. "Here, you sit down and eat a cookie until I get myself ready, Beckie."

Well, Mrs. Stubtail, the bear lady, soon had on her best dress and hat, and she was just going to help button up Beckie's new dress when a knock sounded on the cave door.

"Who's there?" asked Mrs. Stubtail. "It is I, Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy," was the answer. "Can you run over, just for a minute, to show me how to put the apples inside a dumpling I am making for Uncle Wigwag?"

"To be sure I can," spoke Mrs. Stubtail, kindly. "I won't be a minute, Beckie," she went on to the little bear girl. "You can be putting on your dress and fastening as many of the buttons as possible. I'll finish you when I return."

"All right, mamma," spoke Beckie. But she found she could reach only a few of the buttons of her new dress, which fastened in back; the new Montclair style.

Beckie was doing the best she could, but it made her neck ache to look over her shoulder and try to fasten buttons which she couldn't see.

"I wish mamma would come back," she said at last.

There was a noise at the cave door and some one came in.

"Oh, please hurry, mother!" called Beckie.

"Ha! I'm not your mamma!" answered a voice, and there stood the bad old tail-pulling chimpanzee monkey.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Beckie. "What—what do you want?"

"Not much," answered the chimp. "I just want to pull your tail, that's all."

"Oh, but you mustn't!" said Beckie. "I'm going shopping with mamma."

"That makes no matter of difference to me," said the chimpanzee monkey. "I am going to pull your tail just the same. Look out! Here I come. I haven't pulled any one's tail in a week! Wow!"

Well, he was just going to pull Beckie's tail, when, all of a sudden, the little bear girl thought of something.

"Oh, Mr. Monkey," she said, "if you are going to pull my tail I suppose I can't stop you."

"No indeed," he answered, saucy like. "But, before you do pull it, will you kindly do me a favor—just one?" begged Beckie.

"Well, one, and only one," said the chimpanzee, sort of cross-like. "Don't ask two favors, now remember."

"I won't," promised Beckie. "But the one favor I ask of you is to please button up my dress in the back before you pull my tail."

"Bah! Button a dress!" cried the chimp. "If there's anything I don't like it's buttoning a dress in the back."

"But you promised," said Beckie. "So I did and so I will," growled the chimpanzee. "But mind you, don't wiggle when I'm buttoning it, or I'll stop!"

So the chimpanzee began buttoning Beckie's dress in the back.

"My, what a lot of buttons," said the chimp, as he started at the top one. He buttoned a few there and then he got tired and started at the bottom. And when he was down at the bottom Beckie put her paws back of her neck and unbuttoned the few buttons the chimpanzee had already buttoned.

The chimpanzee buttoned a few buttons at the bottom, and then he started at the top again.

"Why! Why!" he chattered. "I thought I had some buttons buttoned there, but I can't see any. I guess those buttons slipped out as fast as I fastened them in the button holes."

"Maybe," said Beckie, "but remember you can't pull my tail until you have buttoned every bit and all of my dress. You promised."

"So I did," said the chimp, with a sigh. And he went on fastening buttons, but as fast as he fastened them Beckie would unfasten them.

"Oh, I can never do this!" cried the chimpanzee at last. "There must be a million buttons on this dress. I give up! I don't want to pull your tail, anyhow."

And, with that, out of the window he jumped.

"It's easier to count how many flakes in a snowdrift than button up Montclair style button dresses," he said. "Never will I do that again!"

And then Beckie laughed to think how she had fooled that monkey, and the bear lady came in soon after, and buttoning up the dress, she and Beckie went shopping and every one said the little bear girl's dress was too sweet for anything. And the chimpanzee didn't have any lolly-pops for supper that night, which served him right.

So in the next story I'm going to tell you about Neddie's snow shovel, but please do all you can to stop the bread knife from cutting up tricks when the condensed milk pail comes to have tea with the hot cross bun.

BELIEVE ANOTHER CASE OF MAD DOG

Iowa City, March 27.—Another case of hydrophobia, resulting from dog bites, inflicted in Council Bluffs, where three victims were attacked during the month, is feared. The fourth Council Bluffs lad is Robert Gray, son of Frank Gray, of that city. The dog was killed by a policeman and the head has been sent to the bacteriological laboratories in Iowa City, where State Bacteriologist Henry Albert will make a thorough test. If germs or rabies are discovered the boy will be sent hither to receive the Pasteur treatment. The three other Council Bluffs boys are doing finely.

HAMPTON PUTS ON GOOD OLD BARBECUE

Hampton, March 27.—As a "follow-up" for the campaign that was inaugurated here a few weeks ago that had for its slogan, "Buy it in Hampton," the members of the Hampton Commercial association conceived the idea of putting on a real old-fashioned barbecue, with invitations issued to the farmers in this territory as their guests for the occasion. The plan met with instant acceptance, and invitations were issued to the number of 600 addressed to every farmer in this territory who should be among the buyers of Hampton goods.

KILLED BY FALLING TREE.

South English, March 27.—Dennis Hobbs, who was working for Lon McNeal near Keswim, was killed yesterday while chopping down a tree. It fell upon him crushing his skull; death was instantaneous.

Mr. Hobbs was born here about thirty years ago. He had been away for a number of years but returned here a year ago, where he has since worked at whatever came in his way to do. His parents live in South Dakota, while he has several sisters in Des Moines and numerous cousins living in South English.

GOSPEL TEAM SUCCESSFUL.

Keota, March 27.—The union evangelistic meetings being held in the Methodist church at Keota are proving a great success. Evangelist Harper and his assistants had another engagement to fill Monday and Tuesday and their places were taken by the gospel team of Columbus Junction, consisting of nine business men. Large crowds are attending the services.

TO GET NEW FACTORY.

Ft. Madison, March 27.—The Fort Madison Industrial association closed a deal with the officials of the Perfection Tire & Rubber Co., of Chicago for the location in the new factory addition in this city. The buildings and equipment will represent an outlay of about \$90,000 and employ 200 men. It is the intention to have the plant in operation by the last of July.

WANT FARM EXPERT.

Alta, March 27.—A movement has been started in this county for a county farm expert. The matter has not been submitted to the people for a vote, but the government aid of \$1,200 has been asked for and in addition a farm extension association is being organized to raise the balance of the amount required. It will be a success, it is felt, and a man will be engaged at once.

ARE GRADING LEVEE.

Ft. Madison, March 27.—The city parks department and the street commissioner have a crew of men grading the levee at the foot of Pine street. The ground is being prepared for the cement walk which will be completed along the top of the rip on the river front near the boat house.

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MODES FOR TOP COAT AND SUIT

The Late Skirts Show Trimming at the Lower Edge

PICOT EDGED RIBBONS

New York, March 27.—The proper wrap and the proper suit for spring are the first questions which crop into the woman's mind with the beginning of the balmy weather.

The jackets vary in length, some are moderately long in the back and cut short in the front from the underarm seam. Others are cut about all the way around. The bolero with or without sleeves is worn especially in the silk suits.

In the second illustration is a suit with an Eton jacket with V-neck and buttons down the front. With this is worn a full skirt which is stitched several times around the lower edge. This is the type of suit that would make an excellent traveling suit for the woman who is going to the Pan-American or upon any other journey.

Dresses are being finished around the bottom of the skirts in many various ways. A dress of net has a deep hem of white taffeta figured in pink, which was cut in deep scallops at the top edge. A close-fitting bodice of the silk was covered with a flowing bolero of net which was bound around the edges with the figured silk cut on the bias.

Other skirts of net or chiffon have hem eighteen inches deep of taffeta or satin and many gorgeous dresses shown



A Full Separate Coat with New Style Collar.

For general wear with the dress comes the coat in various styles. The model illustrated shows a new and very practical style in coats. In the back it is very full and falls in ripples while in the front it has less fullness. A wide gauntlet cuff is used on the sleeves, and the high collar which flares up as high as the chin is unusually new and smart. The model is developed in blue serge. Other fabrics which are being used for such a coat are black and white checked coating, covert cloth, field cloth, gabardine and for the fancy coat faille silk is used.

Speaking of faille silk reminds me of an unusual model which was shown in one of the shops of oyster white faille. This was very full, back and front, and the entire thing was edged with a wide band of black velvet.

Of no less importance is the suit. The materials used are covert, serge, gabardine, voile gabardine which is a light weight fabric of the gabardine type, khaki or field cloth, grograin cloth, covert cord, tweed or homespun.

The suits this season show a return to the strictly tailored type. Of course, the military style is highly popular. This is so named more because of the placing of corded trimming and buttons than in the general cut, although there are some that have a very pronounced military cut, and with pockets and belts in the places accorded them by the makers of British and French uniforms.

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TAKES OWN CHILD; PUT UNDER ARREST

Des Moines, March 27.—Because he wanted to take his own four-year boy away with him, George A. Roberts of Hampton, was placed under arrest and locked in the city jail. Roberts came to this city from his home after receiving a letter from his wife, who is now waiting to obtain a divorce, saying he could not have possession of the child March 26. The father was determined to take the boy anyway, and was arrested when he was leading the boy along the streets, and the child was returned to his mother. According to a court order exhibited by Roberts to the police, he was to have the child during school vacations. He was under the impression that the Easter holidays came under that head and when he was told differently by his wife came here to use force, according to the story told the officers who named the arrest.

GRINNELL WOMEN ORGANIZE.

Grinnell, March 27.—The Women's League of Grinnell college, an organization of the co-eds for cooperation with the faculty for the regulation of student affairs, has just adopted a new constitution that marks a distinct step in advance in the field of student self-government. A more complete expression of student opinion in matters of college interest is provided for, and many powers hitherto exercised by the dean of women are now entrusted to the girls themselves.

SUES FOR \$20,000.

Ft. Madison, March 27.—Among the several suits filed for the April term in the district court here is one for \$20,000 for alienation of affections. The case is brought by Mrs. Vina Coyne against A. Howard Coyne, Frank Coyne and William Coyne, the defendants being prominent Jefferson township residents.

BOY IS MISSING.

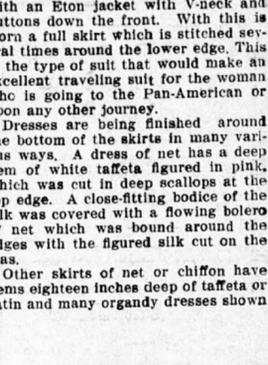
Emmettsburg, March 27.—Morris Powers, aged 16, a school boy of this city, who mysteriously disappeared last Thursday has not been seen and it is feared he has met with foul play.

MAN COLLAPSES ON STREET.

Des Moines, March 27.—W. F. Wolverton, 22 years old, of Albia, fainted at Fifth and Locust streets a little before midnight Thursday night. He was found lying on the sidewalk by Officer Bayless. He was taken to Mercy hospital in charge of a city physician. His condition is not serious.

EX-SENATOR CRITICALLY ILL.

Keosauqua, March 27.—Ex-Senator B. R. Vale who represented Jefferson-Van Buren counties in the twenty-second, third, fourth and fifth assemblies from 1888 to 1894, is reported as critically ill at his home in Harrisburg township.



The Eton Jacket with V-neck and Buttons Down the Front.

Developed in Blue Serge.

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