

The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — TALK ABOUT YOUR FAITHFUL PETS!

BY C. A. VOIGHT



Nothing But The Truth

By Frederic S. Isham

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CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.)

When he reached the earth some one extended a hand and led him silently out of the garden and into the road beyond. Bob went along meekly and obediently. Not far down the road was a taxicab. Bob got in and his fair rescuer followed. So far he hadn't said a word to her; language seemed superfluous. But as they dashed away, she murmured: "Isn't it lovely?"

"Is it?" he asked. Somehow he wasn't feeling particularly jubilant over his escape. In fact, he found himself wondering almost as soon as he had reached the earth. "It wouldn't have been wiser, after all, to have spent the rest of those three weeks in pleasant seclusion. The presence of the temperamental young thing suggested new and more perplexing problems perhaps. He had regarded her as somewhat of a joke, but she wasn't a joke just now; she was a reality. What was he going to do with her, and with himself, for that matter. Why were they dashing madly across the country like that together?"

It was as if he were carrying her off, and he certainly didn't want to do that. He wasn't in love with her, and she wasn't with him. At least, he didn't think she was. It was only her temperamental disposition that caused her to imagine she was in love, because she thought him something that he wasn't. And when she found out he wasn't, but was only a plain, ordinary young man, not of much account anyhow, what a shock would be the awakening! Perhaps he'd better stop the machine, go back into the garden, climb up to his room in the crazy-house and tumble into bed? His being here, embarked on a preposterous journey, seemed a case of leaving before looking, or thinking.

"Why so quiet, darling?" giggled the temperamental young thing, snuggling closer.

"Don't call me that. I—I won't stand it."

"All right, dearie." With another giggle.

"And drop that 'dearie' dope, too," he commanded.

"Just as you say. Only what shall I call you?"

"I guess plain 'darn fool' will do."

"Oh, you're too clever to be called that," she expostulated.

"Me, clever?" Scornfully.

"Yes; think how long you have fooled the police."

"I wish you wouldn't talk such nonsense." Irritably.

"What?"

"If you'll put your arm around me."

"I won't."

"Oh, yes, you will." She adjusted it for him.

"All right! If you want some one to hug you when he doesn't want to," he said in aggrieved tones.

"That makes it all the nicer," she returned. "There are ever so many men that want to. This—this is so different!" With a sigh.

There you go, with some more nonsense talk!" grumbled Bob.

"Well," she giggled, "there's always a way to make a poor, weak, helpless little thing stop talking."

"Of all the assurance!" he gasped.

"I love to have some one I can command to make love to me."

"I'm going back to my room."

"Oh, no, you're not. You can't."

"Why?"

"You'd be arrested if you did. They are coming for you. That's why I came to circumvent them!"

"They?"

"All has been discovered."

"I fall to understand."

"What did you do with it?" she countered.

"It?"

"The swag."

Bob started to withdraw his arm but she clapped a small warm hand on his big warm hand and held his strong right arm about her slim, adaptable

waist. Her head trailed on his shoulder, while she started floating off in dreamland.

"I just loving eloping," she murmured.

"What was that last word?" he observed combatively.

"Elope! elope! elope!" she whispered dreamily, her slim young feminine figure close to his big masculine bulk.

"So you think you're eloping with me?" said Bob ominously.

"I know I am." In that musical die-away tone. "We're headed straight for old New York and we're going to get married in the little church around the corner. Then—with a happy laugh—"we may have to disguise ourselves and flee."

"May I kindly inquire—that is, if I have any voice in our future operations—why we may have to disguise ourselves?"

"In case they should want to capture you. The police, I mean."

"Police?" he said.

"Didn't I just tell you they were coming for you?"

"Indeed?" He looked down in her eyes to see if she was in dead earnest. He believed she was. "For what?"

"Oh, you know." She raised her lips. "Say, that was a real stingy one, under the oak."

"You say all has been discovered?" went on Bob, disregarding her last remark.

"I say that was a real stingy—"

"Hang it!" But he had to. He knew he had to get that idea out of her head before he could get any more real information from her.

"And think how you deceived poor little me, about it!" she purred contentedly. After all, thought Bob, it didn't take "much of a one" to satisfy her. She had only wanted "it," because "it" fitted in; "it" went with eloping. Perhaps "it" would have to happen about once so often. Bob hoped not. She was a dainty little tyrant who let him see plainly she had sharp claws. She could scratch as well as purr. Somehow, he felt that he was doubly in her power—first, because something had happened which made him so. He could not imagine what it was. "They" keeping it very quiet, though," she went on. "The robbery, I mean!"

"There has been a robbery at Mrs. Ralston's?"

"Of course. And you didn't know a thing about it?" she mocked him.

"I certainly did not."

"You say that just as if it were so," she observed admiringly. "I don't suppose you are aware that some one did really substitute a counterfeit brooch for Mrs. Vanderpool's wonderful pink pearl and bronze diamond brooch, after all? Oh, no, you don't know that. You're only a poor little ignorant dear. Bless its innocent little heart! It didn't know a thing. Not it!" She was talking baby-talk now, the while her fingers were interlaced in what she was saying, how that she failed to note the baby-talk and overlooked the liberties she was taking with his hearing apparatus.

"By jove!" he exclaimed. "That accounts for what I thought I saw in the hall that night when I left your room. Imagined I saw some one! Believe now it was some one, after all. And that door I heard click? Whose door is that on the other side of the hall from your room and about twenty-five feet nearer the landing?" Excitedly.

"Gwendoline Gerald's," was the unexpected answer.

Bob caught his breath. He was becoming bewildered. "But nothing was missing from Miss Gerald's room, was there?" he asked.

"I do not."

"The swag."

Bob started to withdraw his arm but she clapped a small warm hand on his big warm hand and held his strong right arm about her slim, adaptable

Children's Evening Story

Uncle Wiggly Longears, the nice old gentleman rabbit, was hopping along one day over the snow and ice on his way home to his hollow stump bungalow from the store. He had gone to buy Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, his muskrat lady housekeeper, a yeast cake to put in an orange pudding.

As Uncle Wiggly hopped along he saw in front of him Billie Wagtail, the little goat boy. And Billie was walking all by himself, while on another path through the woods, were all the other animal children.

"That is strange," said Uncle Wiggly to himself, "There is Billie Wagtail, all alone, sort of sad like, if I am any judge, and the other children are having a good time without him. I wonder why that is?"

For Sammie and Susie Littletail, the rabbits; Johnnie and Billie Bushytail, the squirrels; Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, the puppy dog boys, were laughing and shouting and throwing snowballs at one another and having lots of fun. But poor Billie Wagtail was all alone by himself.

"What's the matter, children?" asked Uncle Wiggly of Sammie Littletail. "Why don't you let Billie play with you?"

"Oh, that goat boy is too rough," spoke Susie Littletail. "His horns stick us when we play tag with him, so we won't let him join our games any more."

"That is too bad," thought Uncle Wiggly. "I must find a way for Billie to have some fun, even if the other animal children won't play with him."

The rabbit gentleman hopped along until he came to where the goat chap was walking along the path.

"You seem sad, Billie," Uncle Wiggly remarked.

"Well, I guess you'd be sad too if you had no one to play with," spoke Billie Wagtail. "And I'm not blaming them, either," he went on, looking across the snowy fields toward the other animal children. "I know my horns are too sharp. You see, when I was small my horns were little, and hurt no one. But now my horns are larger and they poke my friends in the ribs, and tickle them, and make them laugh or sneeze. I don't blame them for not wanting to play with me. But still, I am very lonesome."

"I am sure you must be," said Uncle Wiggly, kindly. "And I am going to try to think of a way so your growing, sharp horns will not bother your friends. You run along home and I will soon call and see you."

"And will you fix my sister Nannie's horns, also?" asked Billie. She can't play with any of her girl friends because her horns are so sharp too; just like mine."

"Yes, I'll fix Nannie's, also," said Uncle Wiggly, with a laugh.

Then Billie Wagtail trotted on home, and the old gentleman rabbit hopped along, wondering how he could help his little goat animal friend.

Well, Uncle Wiggly had not gone very far before, all of a sudden, he felt his legs jerked from under him, and the next thing he knew he found himself all tightly tied up with strong cords. He could hardly move.

"Oh, dear!" sorrowfully cried Uncle Wiggly. "I have stepped into a trap and now I am caught fast! Oh, dear! And so he was. The rabbit gentleman had not seen the trap, which was caught in it and tied fast with cords all around his paws.

"I'm wondering if you ever tell the truth?"

"I don't tell anything else," indignantly. "And that's the trouble."

"And how well you stick to it!" Admiringly. "If you tell such ones before, how will it be after?"

"After what?" he demanded.

"The church ceremony," she giggled.

"Don't you worry about that. There isn't going to be any."

"It's perfect lovely of you to say there isn't. It will be such fun to see you change your mind." She spoke in that regular on-to-Washington tone. "I can just see you walking up the aisle. Won't you look handsome! And poor, demure little me! I shan't look like hardly anything."

Bob pretended not to hear.

"You say they are keeping it very quiet about the robbery at the Ralston house. How, then, did you come to know?"

"Eavesdropping." Shamelessly.

"Thought it was necessary you should know the 'lay of the land.' But never mind the 'how.' It is sufficient that I managed to overhear Lord Stanfield as he was going to send for you. Gwendoline Gerald knows about the robbery and so does her aunt and Lord Stanfield, but it's being kept from all the other guests for the present. Even Mrs. Vanderpool doesn't know. She still thinks the brooch she is wearing is the real one, poor dear! Lord Stanfield discovered it wasn't. He asked her one day to let him see it. Then, he just said: 'Aw! How interesting!'—that is, to her. But to Mrs. Ralston he said it was an imitation and that some guest had substituted the false brooch for the real. Mrs. Vanderpool is not to know because Lord Stanfield says the thief must not dream he is suspected. He wants to give him full swing yet a while—enough rope to hang himself with," were the words he used. It seems Lord Stanfield anticipated things would be missing. He said he knew when a certain person—he didn't

—and the Worst Is Yet to Come

say whom"—gazing up at Bob admiringly—"appeared on the scene, things just went. That's why Lord Stanfield got asked to the Ralston house. Then when he said he was coming for you, I thought it would be such a joke if you weren't there to receive him. And that's why I came to elope with you. And isn't it all too romantic for anything? I am sure none of those plays comes up to it. Maybe you'll dramatize our little romance some day—that is—"

Miss Dolly suddenly stopped. "Isn't that a car coming up behind?"

Bob looked around, too, and in the far distance saw a light. "Believe it is," he answered.

She leaned forward and spoke to the driver. They were traveling with only one lamp lighted; the driver now put that out. Then he went on until he came to a private roadway, leading into some one's estate, when quickly turning, he ran along a short distance and finally stopped the car in a dark shaded spot. Bob gazed back and in a short time saw a big car whir by. Idly he wondered whether it contained the police, or the managing medico and some of his staff. Between time—altogether too lively. He wondered which one would get him first? It was a kind of a competition and he would be first prize to the winners. Well, it was well to have the enemy—or half of the enemy—in front of him. Of course, the other half might come up any moment behind. He would have to take that chance, he thought, as they now returned to the highway. Meanwhile Miss Dolly's eyes were bright with excitement. She was enjoying herself very much.

CHAPTER XIV.
Mutiny.

They resumed the conversation where they had left off.

"It seems to me," said Bob, "from all you say, that monic-man has been a mighty busy person."

"Of course," you knew right along what he is. You didn't need any information from poor little me about him. He couldn't fool great big you!" she affirmed admiringly.

"I can imagine what he is—now," observed Bob meditatively. He was turning over in his mind what she had said about that substituted brooch. The some one Bob had imagined he had seen in the hall, after leaving Miss Dolly's room might not have been the real thief, after all; it might have been the monic-man on the lookout for the thief. And perhaps the monic-man had seen Bob. That was the reason he was "coming for him." Bob could imagine dear old dad's feelings, if he (Bob) got sent to Sing Sing. What if, instead of rustling and rising to the occasion, in that fine, old honorable Japanese way, Bob should bring irretrievable disgrace on an eminently respectable family name? He could see himself in stripes now, with his head shaved, and doing the lock-step. Perhaps, even at that moment, descriptions of him were being sent broadcast. And if so, it would look as if he were running away from the officers of the law, which would be tantamount to a confession of guilt. Bob shivered. The temperamental young thing did not share his apprehensions.

"Of course, Lord Stanfield only thinks he has evidence enough to convict you," she said confidently. "But you'll meet him at every point and turn the laugh on him."

"Oh, will I?" said Bob ironically.

"And you'll make him feel so cheap! Of course, you've got something up your sleeve."

"Wish I had," he muttered.

"Something deep and mysterious," she went on in that confident tone. "That's why you acted so queer toward some people. You had a purpose. It was a ruse. Wasn't it now?" she concluded triumphantly.

"It was not," Gruffly.

"Fibber! every time you fib, you've got to—" She put up her lips.

"This is getting monotonous," grumbled Bob.

"On the contrary!" breathed the temperamental young thing. "I find it lovely. Maybe you'll learn how sometime."

"Don't want to," he snapped.

"Oh, yes, you do. But as I was saying, you got yourself put in that sanatorium to mislead everybody. It, too, was a ruse—a part of the game. It's all very clear—at least, to me!" He stared at her. And she called that clear? "When did you leave Mrs. Ralston's?" he demanded.

"About three hours ago. Said I'd a headache and believed I'd go to my room. But I didn't. I just slipped



LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

BY LEE PAPE

Speaking of grate facts in the noo win history, the boys have got a noo win instead of I shood worry, pop sed to ma attir suppir last nite.

Well anything would be better than that simpli thing, sed ma.

Wy, my dear, sed pop, I considir, I shood worry, wun of the most classick and comprehensive expressions of awl time, and I defy you to give me anuthir sentents of 3 werts one haff as expressive or usefull.

O, well, sed ma, we wont argew about it. I saw Mary Wesley down town today.

That dont meen anything in my life, sed pop.

Wy, Willyum, wat do you meen, sed ma.

Thats it, insted of saying, I shood worry, you say, That dont meen anything in my life, sed pop.

I never herd of sutch a thing, sed ma.

No, its abssolutely noo, sed pop, trust Willyum Potts to bring hoam the newest and britest.

Enyway, sed ma, Mary Wesley has bin married 4 months and I never noo a thing about it, wat do you think of that?

That dont meen anything in my life, sed pop.

"Which is it to be?" asked Bob. "This is the place to have an under standing."

"The lady hired me," he answered.

"Yes, and I won't pay you at you don't mind," said Miss Dolly, firm musical accents.

(To be continued.)

POLITICAL CLUB FORMED IN

Guatemala City, M. clubs are being formed republic to promote the Manuel Estrada Cabrey, and I don't as president for the to 1923 at the electi next January.

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