

The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — IT APPEARS THAT THE "FOOLISH FOUR" CAN FLY AS WELL AS SWIM

BY C. A. VOIGHT



Nothing But The Truth

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CHAPTER XIV. (Continued.)

"Guess that settles it," observed the driver.

"You mean—" began Bob eyeing him.

"It means I obey orders. She's my fare, not you. We just picked you up."

"And that's your last word?" ominously.

"Say, lady—the driver turned wearily—"have I got to suppress this crazy man you got out of the bug-house?"

"Maybe that would be a good plan," answered Miss Dolly, militant now in her tone. "That is, if he doesn't get in, just sweet and quiet-like."

"It'll be twenty dollars extra," said the man, rising. He was a big fellow, too.

"Make it thirty," returned Miss Dolly spiritedly. It was an issue and had to be met. There was an accent of "On-to-Parliament!" in her voice. One can't show too much mercy to a "slave" when he revolts. One has to suppress him. One has to teach him who is mistress. A stern lesson, and the slave learns and knows his place.

"Now mind the lady and get back where you belong," said the driver roughly to Bob. "Your tiles are loose, and the lady knows what is good for a ding-bat like you." Possibly he thought the display of a little authority would be quite sufficient to intimidate a recent "patient." They usually became quite mild, he had heard, when the keepers talked right up to them like that. The effect of his language and attitude upon Bob was not, however, quieting; something seemed to explode in his brain and he made one spring and got a football hold; then he heaved and the big man shot over his shoulder as if propelled from a catapult. He came down in a ditch, where the breath seemed to be knocked out of him. Bob got on in front. As he started the machine, the man sat up and looked after him. No doubt he had had the surprise of his life.

"I'll leave the car in the village when I'm through with it," Bob called back. "A little walk won't hurt you."

The man didn't answer. "Gee! but that's a powerful lunatic for a poor young lady to have on her hands!" he said to himself.

An hour or so later Bob drew up in front of Mrs. Ralston's house. He opened the door politely for Miss Dolly and the temperamental young thing sprang out. The guests were still up, indulging in one of those late dances that begin at the stroke of twelve, and the big house showed lights everywhere. There were numerous other taxis and cars in front and Bob's arrival attracted no particular attention. Miss Dolly gave him a look, militant, but still adoring. She let him see she had claws.

"Maybe I'll tell," she said.

"Go ahead," he answered.

"Aren't you afraid?"

"No." He hadn't done anything wrong.

"Aren't you even sorry?" she asked, lingering.

"For what?"

"Being so rough to that poor man?"

"I'm not. Good night."

"Good night—darling." She threw out that last word as a challenge. It had a tender but sibilant sound. It was a mixture of a caress and a scratch. It meant she hadn't given up her hold on him. He might have defeated her in one little contest, but she would weave new ways to entrap him. She might even manage to make him out a murderer—he had been so so many things since embarking on that mercurial truth-telling career—and then she would give him the choice of the altar or the chair.

He started the machine and she watched him disappear, musingly. There was a steely light, too, in her eyes. He was a mutineer and multi-

neers should, figuratively, be made to walk the plank. Should she put him in jail and then come and weep penitently? At least, it would be thrilling. Certainly anything was better than that cast-off feeling. She felt no better than cast-off clothes. This great big brute of a handsome man, instead of jumping at the chance to elope with one who had everything to offer such as one as he, had just turned around and brought her back home.

Maybe he thought she wasn't worthy of him. Oh, wasn't she? Her small breast arose mutinously, while that cast-off sensation kept growing and growing. After rescuing him and saving him, instead of calling her "this beautiful doll" or other pet names and humming glad songs to her—how they would "row, row, row" on some beautiful river of love—or stroll, stroll through pathways of perfume and bliss—instead of regaling her with these and other up-to-date expressions, appropriate to the occasion, he had repudiated her, cast her off, deposited her here on the front steps unceremoniously, carelessly, indifferently.

Her cheeks burned at the affront. It was too humiliating. The little hands closed. The temperamental finger nails bit into the tender palms. At that moment the monocle-man sauntered out of the house and on to the veranda, near where Miss Dolly was standing. She turned to him quickly. Her temperament had about reached the Borgias pitch.

Bob went on down to the village and to the taxi stand near the station where he had promised to leave the machine. The last train had just passed by, after depositing the last of late-comers from the gay metropolis. Most of them looked fagged; a few were mildly "corned." Bob regarded them absently and then gave a violent start.

"Gee-gee!" he gasped.

There she was, in truth, the beautiful Gee-gee, and the fair Gid-up, too! Bob gazed in consternation from reddish hair to peroxide. The two carried grips and were dressed in their best—that is to say, each wore the last thing in hats and the final gasp in gowns.

"Guess none of those society dames will have a thing on us, when it comes to rags," Gid-up murmured to Gee-gee, as they crossed the platform with little teeny-weeny steps and headed toward a belated hack or two and Bob's machine. That young man yet sat on the driver's seat of the taxi; he was too paralyzed to move as he watched them approach. Where on earth were Gee-gee and Gid-up going? He feared to learn. He had an awful suspicion.

"Chaufeur!" Gee-gee raised a be-gloved finger as she hailed Bob. The glove had been better days, but Gee-gee didn't bother much about gloves. When she had attained the finality in hats and the ne plus ultra in skirts, hosiery and stiffs (you asked for "shoes") she hadn't much time, or cash, left for gloves which were always about the same old thing over and over again, anyway. "Chaufeur!" repeated Gee-gee.

"Meaning me?" inquired Bob in muffled tones. Why didn't she take a back? He had drawn up his taxi toward the dark end of the platform.

"Yes, meaning you!" replied Gee-gee sharply. "Can't say I see any other human spark-plug in this one-night burg."

"What can I do for you?" stammered Bob. He was glad it was so shadowy where he sat, and he devoutly hoped he would escape recognition.

"What can he do? Did you hear that?" Gee-gee appealed indignantly to Gid-up. "I don't suppose a great jink like you knows enough to get down and take a lady's bag? Or, to

—and the Worst Is Yet to Come

open the door of the limousine?"

"Well, you see this machine's engaged," mumbled Bob. "No, I didn't mean that." Hastily. "I mean I'm not the driver of this car. It doesn't belong to me. And that's the truth."

"Where is the driver?" Haughtily.

"Send for him at once." Gee-gee did not like to be crossed. Gid-up was more good-natured; she only shifted her gum.

"I can't send for him," said Bob drawing his hat down farther over his face. "He's down the road."

"What's he do there?"

"I don't know. Maybe he's walking; maybe he's sitting in the ditch."

Gee-gee stared, but she could see only a big shadowy form, she couldn't make out Bob's features. "The boob's got bees," she confided to Gid-up, and then more imperatively: "Are you going to get off your perch and let us in?"

"Beg to be excused," muttered Bob. "Hack over there! Quick! Before some one else gets it."

That started them away. The teeny-weeny steps encompassed, accelerating, the distance between Bob and his old friend, the hackman, who had laughed at what he supposed were Bob's eccentricities. The hackman got down and hoisted in the grips.

"Where to?" he said.

Bob listened expectantly. He feared what was coming.

"Mrs. Ralston's," answered Gee-gee haughtily. At the same time Gid-up threw away her gum. She would have to practice being without it.

Bob dearly watched the hack roll away. He refused another offer of a fare—this time from a bibulous individual who had sipped, not wisely but too well—and nearly got into a fight because the bibulous individual was persistent and discursive. Then Bob walked away; he didn't think where he was going; he only wanted to get away from that chauffeur job. What would come of these new developments, he wondered? The temperamental young thing was "peevish," and the ponies (not equine) had come galloping into the scene at the critical moment.

He tried to account for their presence. Undoubtedly it was a coup of Mrs. Dan's. When she learned that dear Dan was bringing counter-influence to bear upon her witnesses, she arranged to remove them. She brought them right into her own camp. How? Gee-gee and Gid-up did a really clever and fairly refined musical and dancing act together. Mrs. Ralston frequently called upon professional talent to help her out in the entertaining line. It is true, Gee-gee and Gid-up were hardly "high enough up," or well enough known to commend themselves ordinarily to the good hostess in search of the best and most expensive artists, but then Mrs. Dan may have brought influence to bear upon Mrs. Ralston. And Mrs. Clarence may have seconded Mrs. Dan's efforts. They may have said Gee-gee and Gid-up were dashing and different, and would be, at least, a change. They may have exaggerated the talents of the pair and pictured them as rising stars who it would be a credit for Mrs. Ralston to discover.

The hostess was extremely good-natured and liked to oblige her friends, or to comply with their requests.

Of course the young ladies would not appear on the scene as Gee-gee and Gid-up, in all probability. No doubt, they would assume other and more appropriate cognomens (non equine). The last show they had played in has just closed, so a little society engagement, with strong public possibilities, on the side, could not be anything but appealing, especially to Gee-gee with her practical tendencies.

Of course, they would have to make a brave effort to put on their society manners, but Gid-up had once had a home and Gid-up knew how people talked in the society novels. Trust Gee-gee to adapt herself!

Bob felt he could figure it all out. Their coming so late would seem to indicate they had been sent for in haste. Mrs. Dan, perhaps, had become alarmed and wasn't going to take any more chances with the commodore who was capable of sequestering her witnesses, of inveigling them on board one of his friend's yachts, for example, and then marooning them on a desert isle, or transporting them to one of those cafe chantants of Paris. Besides, that after-midnight "hug" and "grizzly" going on Mrs. Dan knew it wouldn't much matter how late the pair arrived.

By the time Bob had argued this out he was a long way from the village. He had been walking mechan-



ically toward the Ralston house and now found himself on the verge of the grounds. After a moment's hesitation, he went in and walked up to the house. The dancing had, at length, ceased and the big edifice was now almost dark. The inmates, or most of them, seemed to have retired. A few of the men might yet be lingering in the smoking room or over billiards. For a minute or two Bob stood in silent meditation. Then his glance swept toward a certain trellis and a sudden thought smote him.

Wasn't he still Mrs. Ralston's guest? The period for which he had been invited hadn't expired and he hadn't, as yet, been asked to vacate the premises. True, some people had forcibly, and in a most high-handed manner, removed him for a brief period, but they had not been acting for Mrs. Ralston, or by her orders. He was, therefore, legitimately still a guest and it was obviously his duty not to waive the responsibility. He might not want to come back but he had to. That even-tenor-of-his-way condition demanded it. Besides, manhood revolted against retreat under fire. To run away, as he had told himself in the car with Miss Dolly, was a confession of guilt. He must face them once more—even Miss Gerald and the hammer-thrower. He could in fancy see himself handcuffed in her presence, but he couldn't help it. Better that than to be hunted in the byways and hovels of New York! Oddly, too, the idea of a big comfortable bed appealed to him.

He climbed up the trellis and stood on the balcony upon which his room opened. Pushing up a window he entered and feeling around in the darkness, he came upon his grip where he had left it. He drew the curtains, turned on the lights and undressed. He acted just as if nothing had happened. Then, donning his pajamas, he turned out the lights, drew back the curtains once more, and tumbled into the downy.

FIND DISEASE ON BARK OF CHESTNUT

INVESTIGATIONS BY AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT ARE MADE AT SHENANDOAH.

Washington, May 8.—In an effort to confine the chestnut bark disease to the localities in which it now prevails, the department of agriculture has sent broadcast a warning that the scourge may become so devastating that a quarantine may be necessary.

The disease has been located in Shenandoah, in nursery stock, but thus far has been confined to that one locality.

The department has called a hearing on the matter of resisting the spread of the disease and on May 18 representatives from New England and central states and Iowa and Nebraska will come here to confer on plans.

The disease spreads locally by winds birds and insects, and migratory birds may carry the disease for long distances.

While Iowa's forests will not be affected by the disease, because of the fact that chestnut trees do not predominate among Hawkeye timbers, yet the nursery stocks of the state may be made useless should the destructive chestnut tree fungus spread.

CHAPTER XV. An Extraordinary Interview.

But he could not sleep; his brain was too busy. He wondered in what part of the house Gee-gee and Gid-up were domiciled? He wondered if Mrs. Dan and Mrs. Clarence were drawing up ambassadors? He wondered if that taxicab man had yet come to town and if he would get out a warrant, charging him (Bob) with assault? He wondered if Dan and Clarence knew Gee-gee and Gid-up were here, and if so, what would they do about it? Would they, too, come prancing on the scene? He wondered if Miss Gerald were engaged to the hammer-man? He wondered if the

GIDEONS TO HOLD THREE SERVICES

The members of the Gideons from Des Moines will be in Ottumwa Sunday and will hold three services during the day. This organization is made up of men who are traveling salesmen and who do personal Christian work among their fellow workers. They will hold their first meeting of the day at 11 o'clock in the morning when they talk at the First Baptist church. At 3:30 in the afternoon they are in charge of the Y. M. C. A. services and in the evening at 8 o'clock they will be at the First Methodist Episcopal church.

SPORTS CLOTHES SMART WOMEN ARE WEARING

NORFOLK COATS, MANNISH BLOUSES AND TAILORED SKIRTS
FIRST ESSENTIALS FOR FREEDOM AND COMFORT
NEW HATS OF LINEN AND PANAMA

New York, May 8.— Caught in the thrall of the season's first heat, which accounts for the smart set's sudden departure, the great city turns its thoughts to the country club, and the stores display trappings for tennis, golf, tramping and riding to tempt those who may tarry in town and the few who motor in to do their shopping.

So exacting is the mode for sports, that the time is long past when a woman can appear on the turf in baggy, considered correct for country wear. These are made in white, colored or striped linens, rose and green predominating; in some cases the stripe measures an inch in width. Oftentimes, the buttonholes are bound in a color to match the stripes and the closing fastened like a cuff, with buttons of matching color linked together.

On the tennis courts, midfy blouses are still seen, their freedom and comfort having won the heart of the sportswoman. One shop on the avenue devotes a side window, tucked in between two marble pillars, to racks of balls, sports shoes and mitts. The blouses, slashed in front and faced, have sailor collars and cuffs like hemstitch; they are made of white linen, crepe de Chine, wash silk and khaki cloth, the fabric of the soldiers' uniforms an attractive tan in color and with good wearing qualities.

Hats, too, have a swagger style. Panamas appear in every conceivable shape, from slouch to stiff sailor, with knitted silk bands made like the knitted ties the men wear. There are col-



A Trig Costume Seen on the Golf Course, the Norfolk Coat of Chinchilla Cloth and the Hat and Skirt of Blue Linen.

lilting clothes. Today her attire speaks the smart tailor. Separate coats are particularly prominent. Straight in Norfolk style, or flaring at the lower edge, they are made of white chinchilla cloth, white woolen barred in black, covert cloth, checks, tweeds, washable corduroy, awning striped linen and golf cord, the welt a silky rose and the stripe white.

A decided liking for the silk Jersey sweaters is also evident, the styles medium in length, ranging from the regulation model finished with a band at the neck to fancy sweaters with broad sashes and sailor collars. Plain colors, roses, blue and purple being favored, barred or striped in white. Even raincoats have gained a few points in style, now appearing in attractive Scotch plaids and checks, rubberized to withstand the water.

Every detail of the costume is selected with care. Conventions are far more strict concerning the blouse millady wears agoing than with the dress she dons for an afternoon tea. Plainly tailored, long sleeved waists, buttoned

sent to the county home. The soldiers' relief commission has been working on his case for some time and as soon as all necessary papers were indorsed by the department at Washington Mr. Foster was taken to the home, G. L. ye accompanied him and states that he seems to be satisfied in his new quarters.

"DOG" FOSTER TAKEN TO SOLDIERS' HOME

Jesse ("Dog") Foster, a well known character living near Eldon along the Des Moines river has been taken to the old soldiers' home at Marshalltown. He was brought to Ottumwa several weeks ago and at that time

CASTORIA For Infants and Children. The Kind You Have Always Bought