

The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — MABEL WAS SAVING UP A SHOCK, YOU SEE

BY C. A. VOIGHT



CHILDREN'S EVENING STORY

Pete and the Hen's Eggs.
Let's see, I believe I promised to tell you tonight about the elephant who stepped on a tack; didn't I? Well, this elephant—eh? what's that? Not an elephant story? Oh, of course not! How careless of me! I remember now, it was to be about Pete and the hen's eggs. Surely. But I've got an elephant story to tell you some time.

Well, to start all over again. You see Pete and Jackie had such a fine time at the picnic, where they scared away those two bad foxes, that they wanted to go to another one the next day; only there wasn't any.

"I know what we'll do," suggested Jackie to his brother, "we'll go in the barn and play hide and seek. It'll be lots of fun."

So they scampered off to the barn, and would you believe me, neither of those puppy dogs fell down a single time! Really, that's a fact! Oh, they were getting to be pretty firm on their legs; perhaps when they thought of how brave they were, to scare off the bad foxes, that helped them to stand up straight.

Well, Jackie shut his eyes, and began to count up to a hundred barks, while Pete ran off and hid. And where do you suppose he hid? Why, he scrambled up on top of a pile of hay, and burrowed deep down in it, until only the black spot of his nose showed, and that not very much.

"Ready or not, I'm coming!" cried Jackie, when he had counted up to the hundred, and then he began to hunt for Pete.

It was just like the time Jackie hid in the rubber boot, and Pete couldn't find him anywhere, though he sniffed all about. This time Jackie hunted, and he looked under the mowing machine, which is like a sewing machine, only it cuts the hay and the oats that the farmer sows, while a sewing machine sews the things that your ma and things like those.

Well, Jackie looked under that machine and in the oat bin, and in the feedbox and all over, but he couldn't find Pete. Then the other little puppy dog, who didn't want his brother to get tired searching for him, called out:

"Here I am, Jackie, on top of the hay," and then Pete scrambled out of the little nest he had made and slid down the smooth side of the hay. Down he went, ker-thump! on the barn floor.

"Why, that's a regular toboggan slide!" cried Jackie, when he saw what his brother had done. "That's more fun than playing hide and seek. Let's slide on the hay."

So they slid on the hay. They would climb up to the top of the pile, stick their legs out in front of them—that is, their front legs—for their back legs they had to stick out in back, and down they would go.

"Whoop-de-diddle-dum!" cried Pete, he was so excited. "Isn't that fun?"

"Hid-diddle-o-dee! I should say it was!" cried Jackie, and when he went down that time he turned two complete somersaults, he felt so happy. Well, those puppy dogs played in the hay for some time, and then, all at once, Pete called out: "I'm going to slide down the other side."

"All right," answered Jackie, "I'll slide with you." But before Jackie could come to where his brother was, Pete had slid down on the other side of the hay pile, while Jackie stayed on top, waiting to see how smooth it was.

It was smooth, all right! Oh, yes, very smooth, indeed! Much smoother than on the first slide. Down and down slid Pete, faster and faster, and all of a sudden he came to the bottom, and landed plump into a big nest of hen's eggs!

Right into them he crashed, with all four feet, smash, bang, ker-splash, cracking the shells, scattering the whites and yellows all over, and then right into the mess fell poor Pete himself until he looked just like the omelet that cook makes for breakfast. Oh, but Pete was a sight. Such a sight!

He curled and hazel eyes and freckles. He liked her best in a little white and green frock with narrow black velvet ribbon knots. She had made a Pierot suit then for his sailor doll, and he thought her wonderfully clever. He smiled now, living at the little sign, "Gowns."

"I shall place it in the hands of Gorbun," said his father testily. "It's absurd that she can't see for herself how it lowers property values. She's twenty-two or three—old enough to know better."

"Perhaps if I saw her personally we could arrange it without going to Gorbun," Phil suggested. "How would it do to train some vines over the sign, dad?"

"Go now," growled Mr. Hubbard. "Get it over with." So across the street went the emissary, a very courteous, neighborly emissary, with the glint of fun in his blue eyes and a decided longing to renew his old friendship with Polly, as he had called her years before.

He was admitted by a neat, black-clad maid, and waited in the long reception room. He remembered it well, the high marble mantel, with the clambering cherubs holding up horns of plenty. The fire dogs were the same, too—heavy antique hand-beaten brass in the form of dragons. A few good rugs lay on the polished floor, a few excellent pieces of mahogany were here and there, and old Mrs. Dale's gold and glass cabinets for her treasures.

Evidently the pin and pattern establishment was upstairs. He stood looking at a picture on the mantel when Pauline came down the long staircase. Dressed in black she was, with a small lace-edged apron and her auburn hair in close, wavy folds around her head, fastened with two flat silver pins enameled in black and pearl. He remembered them in Mrs. Dale's white locks.

"How do you do, Phil? It's nice of you to call so soon." Her soft contralto voice woke a queer thrill that he had forgotten. He forgot all about the cross old gentleman waiting over the way as he talked with her. She had been abroad two years, mostly in France.

"This is only temporary," she said happily. "I mean my beginning here. I want a really good, exclusive little place somewhere in the Forties in Fifth avenue. Or perhaps the Fifties. The town runs away from you so. But I've come to stay and I'm going to make good. I only design personality gowns, Phil, on special orders. Do you think I'll succeed?"

"I know you will," he assured her heartily. "Mother wants one now. I heard her saying she was to address some club on Maeterlinck and wished she had an interpretive gown for it." Pauline half closed her eyes meditatively.

"I can just see her in one. She's slender, isn't she, and rather ashes of roses in tone. Oh, but I would drape her exquisitely, Phil—twilight tones with an underlay of sunset rose blending into dull topaz. Bring her over, please do."

The little maid came to say the car was waiting. "I've got a very neat little one that I drive myself," she assured him. "It's a French car and I needed it. Don't you want to come with me, Phil?"

Phil accepted the invitation eagerly, all forgetful of his father. Pauline was still his girl pal, Polly, and he watched her with a curious sense of gratitude to fate that had brought her back to live in Beechmount square.

"Did you speak to her about the infernal sign?" asked Mr. Hubbard convincingly. "I don't believe it will stay there very long, dad. She wants to rent a regular establishment down town, don't you know. I don't think it's worth while bringing suit. She seems very pleasant about it, sort of amenable to discipline, I should say."

"Talked to her straight from the shoulder, did you?" "Yes, sir, straight." "Well, we'll wait, then. I don't want to take the girl's livelihood from her, but she ought to know better."

"Yes, sir," said Phil. "Exactly." Mrs. Hubbard smiled from the tea tray end of the table. After dinner when he sought her and told her all about Pauline and her plans, she listened sympathetically, and the following morning the little designer of temperamental gowns received a call from her neighbor and an order for a Maeterlinck gown. It was to be a twilight gray, with underlays of chiffon, old rose and dull topaz and deeper grays. Pauline put her whole

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

Me and pop was setting awn the frunt steps last nite, and a littel skinny man startid to go past and awl of a suddin he looked at pop and stopped going past and sed, Well, Willyum Potts, as I live.

If it not old Enoch Webber, sed pop And him and the littel skinny man shook hands together, and pop sed, Well, well, as I herd a gentelman remark wunts, wat a small world it is, and do you still dabbil in statisticks, Enoch.

O I shoold say so, I shoold say so, sed the man, wny this afternoon I was refreshing my memory awn sum very interesting statisticks.

Thats awl rite, don't bother, sed pop I didnt say I wuntid to heer eny statisticks, I was jest curious to no if you still keep them as pets.

Have you eny idee of the diameter of the planet Saturn, sed the man. O has Saturn got a diameter, sed pop 180,000,000 miles, wat do you think of that 180,000,000 miles, sed the man.

If I had a doller for evry win of those miles Id buy a Ford and put my feat up awn the windshield, sed pop. And do you no how lawng it takes Saturn to go around the sun, sed the man.

heart into the modeling of it, and Phil would drift across the street quite naturally to watch her, or trot around in the gray and silver car seeking temperamental weaves and garnitures.

"You know, Phil," she told him, "your mother is adorably sweet and dear, and I am going to make her a perfect dream of wistful beauty, know it? I think she likes me, too. Your father doesn't though." She laughed merrily. "I met him on the street and offered a friendly greeting, and he just growled at me."

"He'd better like you," Phil swung back sturdily. "Why?" "Don't you know why, Polly?" "You'll make me steer wrong. Let go my hand, Phil!"

"I'll run the car myself." He took the wheel from her firmly. "I'm going to run it for life for you, Polly, know it?" "What will Beechmount say?" she flashed back wistfully. "Phil, I think the world of you, but I'm afraid. I can hang out my little gold sign right under their noses and laugh, but do I dare to marry their very nicest bachelor?"

"You haven't anything to say about it," Phil answered. "He's going to marry you."

WET SEASON TO HELP RUSSIANS

ENGLISH MILITARY EXPERT SAYS ONLY SOME GRAVE ERROR CAN DEFEAT CZAR.

London, Sept. 9.—Commenting upon the changes in the Russian high commands, the military expert of the Times, says that, short of some serious mistake which the grand duke has hitherto shown no sign of making, the Russians can now carry on an orderly and quiet retreat, fighting where they please and for as long as it pleases them, until the wet season imposes a halt on their enemies.

The correspondent declares he fails to understand why a mass of Austrian troops was kept quiescent in Galicia during two critical months instead of being transferred to the Vilna front for the profit of the decisive operation there. He considers that in this the Germans showed poor strategy and threw away an opportunity which may never recur.

The Petrograd correspondent of the Times thinks the appointment of General Polivanoff, minister of war, as premier, will be announced soon.

Other papers suggest that the appointment of the grand duke as commander in chief in the Caucasus implies a new vigorous offensive against Turkey.

The Post Petrograd correspondent declares it is no secret that many attempts have been made through Teutonic instigation to remove the grand duke from his command by violence, and explains that masterly as the Russian retreat has been, a retreat does not appeal to the public mind. Hence, he says, it may be supposed that the emperor's action was to unite the entire nation in carrying on the war. Moreover, he declares, Russia has exceedingly important interests on her Asiatic front, which, in the all absorbing menace from the west, slipped rather in the background, and the grand duke is going to the Caucasus at the moment when it is felt a great crisis is approaching there.

Duke Off for Caucasus. A Reuter dispatch from Petrograd says that Grand Duke Nicholas and his headquarters staff started for the Caucasus last evening. Emperor Nicholas went to the railroad station to say farewell to the new viceroy.

The will of neutrals is less respected in time of war. It is not, then, sufficient that they await the end of the conflict. For them passiveness has ceased to be a duty and energy has become the proper policy. They have a right to raise their voice against war, because they are its victims. It is legitimate for them to unite their influences, because they are injured in common, but the hour has not come for that effort. Words, like spent bullets, would glance off the armor of belligerents without penetrating it but armor finally becomes heavy, even for the strongest arms.

The first sign of that fatigue will not find Switzerland inattentive or hesitant. She will act in concert with other neutral governments, convinced as she is that the cause of peace is not cause of all. Necessary peace is not one which will be glorious, for it cannot be glorious for all, but equitable justice alone is lasting in effects."

date, the report stated, had sustained losses of \$2,600,000, while premiums collected amounted to only \$1,820,000. Recent losses had been almost entirely due to torpedoes, the report stated, and suggested that shortage of explosives had resulted in more restricted use of expensive and unsatisfactory mines.

Bristol, England, Sept. 9.—The trades union congress adopted virtually without opposition, at today's session, a resolution presented by the Railway Clerks' union, on the subject of recruiting. The congress resolved: "That this congress, being convinced that the issues involved in the present European war are of transcendent importance to the democracies of this and other countries, hereby records its entire approval of the action of the parliamentary labor party in cooperating with the other

political parties in the national recruiting campaign." The consensus of opinion as revealed in speeches in support of the resolution was that it was no part of the teaching of trades unionism that it is the duty of man to turn the other cheek to the man who smites him. One speaker said that if, when "dear brother Fritz" invaded Belgium, the British government had not decided to resist this move, the men and women of Britain would have forced it to do so.

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RILEY TO BE HONORED. Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 9.—Governor Samuel M. Ralston has issued a proclamation designating, October 7 as Riley day and urging the people of the state to set aside the day to honor James Whitcomb Riley, the poet, whom Governor Ralston calls "Indiana's most beloved citizen." Mr. Riley will be 66 years old on October 7.

INSURANCE COMPANIES HARD HIT BY THE SINKING OF TWO SCORE VESSELS.

Washington, D. C., Sept. 9.—Forty-one ships flying the Norwegian flag have been lost since the beginning of the war in Europe and seventy-six sailors have perished, according to a report received at the state department today from the American minister at Christiania. Thirteen ships were destroyed by mines, twenty-four were sunk by torpedoes, three disappeared in the war zone and one was crushed by a German warship, the report stated. Another ship was taken as a prize to Hamburg.

The extensive losses have impelled the Norwegian war risk insurance bureau to increase premiums and adopt additional restrictions. The bureau to

SWISS PRESIDENT DEPLORES THE WAR

SAY NEUTRAL NATIONS ARE JUSTIFIED IN PROTESTING AGAINST STRUGGLE.

Paris, Sept. 9.—Neutral nations are justified in protesting against war, because they are victims, in the opinion of Dr. Giuseppe Motta, president of Switzerland, who expressed his views in a conversation with Etienne-Lamy, the French academician. An account of this interview, which appears in the Petit Parisien, quotes Mr. Motta as having said:

"Past wars affected only belligerents, but nowadays, owing to growth, the change in ideas, habits and wealth, there is a community among peoples. The rupture of this community by war between certain states affects all the rest."

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