

The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — AND MANY HAPPY RETURNS TO ALL THE DINKS

BY C. A. VOIGHT



CHILDREN'S EVENING STORY

STORY X.
Possum Pinktoes and Billie.
 Grandma and Grandpa Lightfoot were so glad to have Jennie Chipmunk bring back Johnnie and Billy Bushytail, after they had run away, that they did not scold the little boy squirrels very much. Indeed, Johnnie and Billie were quite ashamed of themselves for making their kind grandparents worry, and they promised never to do so again.

Well, it was about three days after this, or maybe it was three days and a half—I can't be quite sure, because, you see, Jennie Chipmunk took my calendar to use for paper on the pantry shelves—anyhow, it was not very long after that Billie Bushytail was walking alone in the woods. Johnnie had gone to the drug store after some more wild cherry bark for Grandpa Lightfoot's cough, and Billie was all alone. He jumped from one tree to another, his tail whistling in the wind, when all at once, he heard some one call to him.

"Where did you learn to jump?" asked a voice.

"My grandfather taught me," answered Billie, "or, to be more correct, it was a big bird that scared me and Johnnie, so that we jumped before we knew it. But who are you?"

He looked down, and all he could see was a little bunch of fur, curled up on a tree.

continued.
 "I'm dand, and I don't look like you." said the little squirrel.

So, after Billie Bushytail had watched Possum Pinktoes for a few minutes, and saw how gracefully the furry creature hung by his tail, the little squirrel decided to try it.

"Who knows?" said Billie. "Perhaps some day I may get into a circus, and can do this trick."

So he tried to wind his tail around the limb, as he had seen Possum Pinktoes do, and he let himself drop toward the ground. Then, what do you suppose happened? Why, Billie Bushytail fell right to the earth, as quick as could be, and my! what a bump he gave his nose. It bled a little, not quite as much as did the maid's nose who was out in the garden hanging up the clothes, but pretty much. Then Billie ran home crying, and his grandfather told him he was a foolish little squirrel, and should never try hanging by his tail again. And Billie never did. Now, what shall I tell you about tomorrow night? Oh, I know. How would you like to hear about Johnnie and the sly, sly fox?

S NOTE BOOK

CAPE

y wanted to, sed Puds Simkins, and I Kravsa sed I wonder if its hard speak, upperparts atta mala. Being posed to be Eytalian, and we all sed like anything awn account of it winding even funnier than the reel Eytalian.

Spagetty comma doodle, sed Skinny Martin. And evvrybody laffed agen, and I sed, Tomato spakeetchy. And vvvrybody laffed agen and kepp awn affing and Puds Simkins sed, Maca-onal pazza gadumpty. And we kepp awn keeping awn laffing and the first hwn we noo one Eytalian had me and Puds by the collers and the uthir Eytalian had Skinny and Sam.

You no like our langwitch, sed the Eytalian that had me and Puds. Yes we do, sure we do, sed Puds. Its a awl rite langwitch I sed. Go beet it to yourself home, sed the Eytalian. And he gave me and Puds a push and the uthir one gave Skinny and Sam a push, and we kepp awn going till we was back awn my frunt wver if steps.

Evening Story

HER HAPPY CHRISTMAS.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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The schoolteacher at Rock Gulch dismissed her pupils with a smiling face. Behind the smiles lurked unshed tears. When the last youngster had vanished down the snow-covered trail, Bernice leaned her head against the window frame and the hot, rebellious tears flooded her soft gray eyes.

How she hated this far western country, with its crude ways, its dowdy dressed women, its unpolished men, and, above all, its loneliness! It was all so different from New England—and yet she fled from Massachusetts to hide a heart-ache.

"There is something wrong with me," she sighed at last. "It can't be the country or the people—they are kind and generous—it's the way I feel! How can I cure the ache and the homesickness for things that may never be?"

No answer came to her out of the swiftly falling winter twilight. Perhaps the knowledge that a wedding was taking place in Boston at that very hour confused her reasoning powers. The man had ceased to love her and she had offered him his freedom and he had accepted it, and so, being without near relatives, Bernice had found a position out here in Montana. This was her first Christmas in Rocky Gulch.

After awhile she locked the school-house door and with the children's Christmas offerings in her lunch basket the lonely little schoolm'am set off down the trail toward the Tucker place where she boarded.

It was snowing hard now and the trail was rapidly disappearing under the white blanket. In the deepening gloom dark shapes appeared, approaching and receding, but they proved to be the pine trees fringing the steep slopes.

Far below, the lights of the town gleamed through the darkness and then vanished, and Bernice, plunging out of the path to avoid a deep drift, took a wrong turning, and soon acknowledged to herself with a frightened sob that she was lost on the mountain in a raging blizzard.

Hours afterward, she sang exhausted at the foot of a pine tree and dropped her head on her arms. "I will rest for a few minutes," she murmured drowsily.

Down in the town, Mrs. Tucker waited supper that Christmas eve until 9 o'clock. Then the little Willie Tucker gladly announced that Mrs. Halliday had invited teacher to spend the night and eat Christmas dinner at the Halliday ranch. Chiding Willie for his tardy information, Mrs. Tucker hastened to the telephone and called the Halliday ranch; but the wires were all down, and so the anxious little woman decided that the teacher had been unable to send word about her change of Christmas plans, and went about the trimming of the Tucker Christmas tree with renewed activity.

Bernice opened her eyes in the living room of a warm log cabin. Gay Navajo blankets were tucked about her and covered the broad couch on which she reclined before a blazing fire of hickory logs.

Two men were bending over the fire; one was stirring something in a bright tin saucepan, something hot and steaming which he poured into a tumbler and brought to her bedside. "Hello!" he smiled. "Awake, are you? Drink this mess and tell us how it all happened." Bernice smiled back into a bronzed face that inspired instant confidence. He was young, with very blue eyes and very brown hair.

Bernice obediently drank the steaming mixture and snuggled down in the blankets and went to sleep. "I wonder who she is, Jim?" said the last comer. "She came to us out of the storm—little snowbird," murmured Jim Butler.

BEAUTY CHATS

By EDNA KENT FORBES

Using The Curlers

As a rule, if it is more becoming to wear your hair curled, it is naturally curled for you. Those born with straight hair usually look better if it is kept straight. Yet most of them seem to want it curly, judging by the hundreds of requests for the hair-curling fluid that I receive.

This hair-curling fluid is an excellent thing, yet careful if used to excess—as all things like that must be. It is a good thing if used slightly, and if the hair is allowed intervals without any sort of lotion or cosmetic on it at all. The most harmless way to do the hair is to curl it around soft tissue paper or soft leather "kids."

If you will dampen your hair a trifle and then separate it into strands, rolling the strands like a rope is rolled, and then rolling them about the paper or kids, you will find your hair will curl quite easily. And the curl will be loose and fluffy and becoming. The dryer your hair is—that is to say, the freer from oil, the prettier the curl, and the longer it will last. Oily hair never stays in curl long under any circumstances.

Do not have the strands of hair too fine, or the curl will be a crimp. And let the hair dry quickly after it is around the curlers. If you can possibly sit where a current of hot air will blow over the head, the sooner the hair will curl, and, usually, the more lasting the effect.

Hot irons are to be avoided always, unless circumstances demand curly hair and allow you only a few moments to get it. The heat of the iron contracts the hair follicle at one side, causing it to curl, but this is what makes irons injurious.

Questions and Answers
 Cold cream makes my skin break out, and steaming makes it worse than it is.
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Roll strands of hair about paper or soft kids

girl responded at once, when made to stay outdoors and tramp or take a lot of exercise.

Can you give me the name of a good anti-hepatic soap and ointment?—H. B.
 Reply—I cannot give the names of any brands of preparations in these columns.

ATTRACTIVE FUR SETS

QUAINT MUFF SHAPES AND BECOMING NECKPIECES OF VELVET, PLUSH OR FUR FASCINATING CAPS TO MATCH

New York, Dec. 25. — Just as the tinkling of sleighbells delighted the hearts of the children and grown-ups of yesterday, so are we of today enraptured with the thought of winter, when tiny coasters may once more be brought into use, and the snow king, zealously guards his domain — mountains and streams in glittering snow-cad loveliness.

For these days of sleighing and skating, not forgetting the gorgeous wintry mornings when a brisk walk over frozen paths brings a glow to our oftentimes there is a metal or velvet rose as an attractive bit of color.

The Popular Tam-o-Shanter. With the awakening of the out-of-door spirit there has come a demand for comfortable headgear; not the freakish hats and caps which were introduced when the motoring fad came in, so hideous and unbecoming, but chic, little caps and tams made up in sweater cloth, lamb's wool, the material of the coat or suit, or knitted to match sweater or scarf. These caps are extremely youthful and chic, easily made, and the height of comfort.

Sets of cap, scarf, and sports coat, or sweater, are used for skating cross-country walking, and motoring. One especially pretty cap with scarf or muffler attached, is being made up in chiffon for summer motoring use; the idea is wonderfully practical, as the full, gathered scarf end may be brought over the head and face, veil fashion, protecting the complexion and eyes very efficiently.

Leather is being used for these sets quite extensively too; a fur trimmed set of dull red Russian leather, trimmed with sable and combined with a short, tab-ended scarf, also trimmed with sable, is unusually smart and becoming. These leather sets may be

Melon Muff and Puritan Collar of Plush.

cheeks and brightness to our eyes, clothes must play as important a part as for any other occasions.

Attractive Fur Sets.
 Fashion decreed at the beginning of the season that fur was to be popular, and old Father Winter has approved the notion by sending us a brisk, crisp winter that makes the touch of fur, no matter how small or large, quite consistent.

In muffs and neckpieces there is a wide choice both as to models and materials. It is no longer considered "home-made" to carry a muff of velvet, heavy silk, or velours, with just a band or two of fur, by way of trimming, or for that matter no fur at all. These sets are often made to match coat or suit; one especially pretty set worn recently with a tailored suit of dark brown duvety, was of silk plush in the same tone as the suit, trimmed with strips of beaver to match the trimming on the suit. The muff was made in the popular melon shape, the plush being shirred to a very small opening at the hand and banded with a two-inch strip of beaver. A broad Puritan collar of the plush completed the set, and a small hat, with a band of the plush around the edge and a beaver ball on the tip top of the crown, was a chic accompaniment. This set was to be worn with the suit and also with a heavy, belted and pocketed top coat of dark green velours, intended for sleighing, motoring and like purposes, when warmth was necessary as well as becomingness.

Another pretty set of close haired fur, made from an old seal coat, had a barrel muff and the regulation throw-scarf. This set was completed by a long tasseled cap made of the same material as the loose, box coat, which was of dark green duvety, also banded and cuffed with seal. Gold cord, silver and gold lace, is used for the more dressy muffs and neckpieces, and

Barrel Muff and Throw-Scarf of Seal.

made at home of suede, or a soft kid. They are practical for many purposes as they are not injured by dust, rain or snow.

There are some attractive velveteen and velvet sets, also, trimmed with a vividly contrasting color.

The Utility Walking Stick.
 One of the novelties following the popularity of walking, skating and general out-of-door winter sports is the powder puff and other articles necessary to walking-stick with a soft silken or velvet bag attached for handkerchiefs, sary to Milady's beauty and comfort. Although somewhat extreme these sticks are nevertheless quite practical, especially for mountain climbs and hilly roads.

ORGANIZE BOONE TRAIL.
 Fort Dodge, Dec. 25.—Many Minnesota towns will be represented here at the formal organization of the Daniel Boone trail. People living on the trail from Shakopee and Minneapolis have sent word they will put up \$14,000 to put the highway in the best shape possible.

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