

The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

STEY DINK — THE MUFFLER ATTACHMENT MAKES IT A VERY USEFUL GIFT, EH, PETE?

BY C. A. VOIGHT



CHILDREN'S EVENING STORY

STORY XII.
Grandpa Lightfoot in a Hole.
One day it happened that there was nothing more left to eat in the squirrels' nest, for all the nuts which they had stored up for the winter were gone.

"My goodness me!" exclaimed Grandpa Lightfoot, when Grandma told him this. "I must go out at once and see if I can't find some stray acorns or other nuts for breakfast. This is very serious, indeed. Oh, my goodness me, yes; and an apple core besides."

So Grandpa Lightfoot started off, before Johnnie or Billie or Jennie Chippmunk were up, and he looked under the leaves and in hollow trees, but not a nut could he find. Pretty soon he came to a little pond of water, with some ducks paddling about on it.

"Excuse me," said Grandpa Lightfoot, "but could you tell me where I might find some nuts to eat? We haven't any at our nest."

Then all the ducks looked up and said: "Quack! Quack! Quack!" all at once, just like that. Then they put their heads down under the water and stuck their tails up in the air, and wiggled their feet, and didn't say another word.

Grandpa Lightfoot was much disappointed. But he walked on, and pretty soon he saw something else swimming in the water, and who should appear but Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy, the muskrat nurse of the Littletail family. You see, it was her day out, and she was taking exercise for her health.

"Why, Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy! How do you do?" cried Grandpa.

The muskrat nurse said she was pretty well, and then Grandpa Lightfoot asked about Sammie and Susie Little tail.

"Well, Sammie got his feet wet from going out in the wet without his rubbers," said Mrs. Fuzzy-Wuzzy, "and he has a beautiful Bl. Susie is well."

Grandpa had told about the muskrat in the hole where he had been, and what do you think? The muskrat nurse said: "Oh, a little thing like that isn't worth speaking about. Come, I will show you how to get the nuts out. I will lower Billie and Johnnie into the post; they can grab up all the nuts they can hold, and I will pull them up."

"No, thank you," said Grandpa. "I have a better plan than that. I will gnaw a hole in the bottom of the post, and all the nuts will roll out. I should have done that at first." Then the squirrels gnawed a hole, out came the nuts, and they had as many as they wanted, and the snake helped carry the nuts home. Would you like me to tell you tomorrow night how Johnnie and Billie went sailing?

down—yes, sir, right down that hollow gatepost. Wasn't that terrible? And when he tried to climb up he couldn't, for the wood was so soft and rotten that his claws wouldn't stick. Wasn't that worse? Oh, how frightened he was! He tried and he tried and he tried, but he couldn't get up, and began to think he'd have to stay there forever.

It was long past breakfast time and was coming on for dinner time, and when Grandpa Lightfoot didn't come back, Grandma Lightfoot was worried. So she told Billie and Johnnie and Jennie Chippmunk that he had gone to look for nuts, and asked their advice.

"We will go and find him," said Billie.

"Of course we will," spoke Johnnie. "Come on, Jennie." The little orphan chippmunk didn't smile or laugh, she was so worried.

So the three started off, leaving Grandpa Lightfoot at home, because she couldn't travel very well, and whom should they meet but Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy, just as Grandpa had. So the old muskrat told about having sent Grandpa Lightfoot to the hollow gatepost, and, hurrying there, Johnnie and Billie and Jennie Chippmunk heard him calling for help right through the post, as if it were a telephone.

"You must try to get me out," he said.

"How can we?" asked Johnnie, and, really, it did seem a hard thing to do. They tried several ways, but none would answer, and they were just going to give up, when they heard a hissing noise, and what should they see but a long snake. At first the squirrels were going to run away, but the snake said he would not hurt them, as he was a good snake, and not a bad one.

"I will help get Grandpa Lightfoot out," he said. So he crawled up the post and stuck his tail down inside. Then he wound it around grandpa and pulled him up as if he were a bucket in the well. My, but maybe grandpa wasn't glad, and Billie and Johnnie, too! And maybe they didn't thank the snake! But the snake only said: "Oh, a little thing like that isn't worth speaking about. Come, I will show you how to get the nuts out. I will lower Billie and Johnnie into the post; they can grab up all the nuts they can hold, and I will pull them up."

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Evening Story

THE GIFT THAT CAME BACK.

Corrine Rockwell Swain.

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It was early morning and the toy department of the big store was comparatively quiet, although Christmas was only a week away. In his den, surrounded by all that was brightest and best in toyland, sat Santa Claus, benign, red coated, white turred, caressing thoughtfully his half yard of snowy beard.

As yet, no confiding infants had been pushed up to his chair by sympathetic parents, there to make artless pleas for "a dolly as big as a real baby" or "a train o'cars with a windup engine," so the good saint had leisure to indulge in certain holiday recollections and longings of his own. In other words, Santa Claus was homesick—not for the North pole, but for snowy mountains and a little town nestled in their midst from which he had been an exile for many months.

Two little cash girls sauntered by and gave him an appraising glance, emboldened by his absent look. "Some Kris!" commented the yellow haired one, suspending operations with her chewing gum for a moment.

"I was noticing yesterday what a winner he was with the kiddies. Is it old Mr. Messer—the one that had the job last year?"

"Nixy," the black haired maiden responded importantly. "He's a new young man from up state somewhere. I see him every night without his make-up, and gee! he's a dandy looker—tall and dark, and the grandest shape on him! He's really a 'lectrician or something like that and Jim says they're going to take him on regular after the holidays. He likes kids, and said he'd like this to fill up the time."

"Say, Mayme, you seem to be interested in the story of his life!" giggled Sadie, with a sly nudge. But Mayme shook her head sadly.

"Take it from me, Sadie, he's not the kind it's any use getting crazy about, for not a girl have I seen him take notice of in the two weeks he's been here. Maybe he's engaged or had an unforch'nt love affair. Gee, look at Mr.rie in a tango collar!"

They were out of sight and hearing by this time but Santa Claus suddenly pulled himself together with a start, as he realized that some one was watching him. It was a very small girl, with rather an old little face and big brown eyes, and she was standing perfectly still at a short distance, looking at him wistfully.

"Well, my dear?" Santa Claus held out his hand, and his kindly voice and confidential smile seemed to reassure the little girl, for she came nearer and nearer and smiled back timidly. "You've come to tell me what you want? Where's your mamma, honey?"

"I-I haven't any," she replied in a tone of gentle resignation, putting her little hand into his big one. "I live with my auntie now, but I came by myself because it's Aunt Bertha's present I wanted to ask you about, and she mustn't hear. I asked her to wait a minute for me around the corner of that big pile of dolls."

"I see," Santa's rosy cheeks grew just a little redder, for Bertha was the name that had been in his thoughts a moment before, and involuntarily, for that name's sake, his manner held a special friendly interest for the plainly dressed, thin faced little girl. "Well, do you know what your auntie wants me to bring her?" Santa smiled behind his beard at the incongruous situation, but the child's look was gravely concerned.

"That's just the trouble, Mr. Kris! But I know there's something she wants very much. She was crying yesterday, and when I asked her how she could feel bad so near Christmas, she said that was just it, and when I asked her some more questions, she explained that she had a lovely Christmas present last year, and she lost it, and it was her own fault, and now she'd never have it again. But she wouldn't tell me what it was."

"Don't you remember what presents she had last year?"

"Oh, she didn't live with us then. She's my papa's sister, you know, and he wrote and asked her to come and take care of me when—when mamma died—the brown eyes blinked bravely. "Aunt Bertha lived 'way up in the mountains, with grandma and grandpa, so of course I don't know about her Christmas presents. I thought, maybe,



Using Olive Oil

MOST of the best tonics and beauty preparations we have come directly from Nature. To be sure, they all come from Nature originally, but some of them in a pretty roundabout form—as you would appreciate if you could see

of Italy. As an internal tonic, there is nothing to exceed it. It feeds the whole body, rights the digestion and makes the skin a rich, clear color.

Externally, it goes into the pores of the skin, feeding them, cleansing them of dirt and grit, nourishing them. The best way is to take olive oil both ways, as a food and tonic and as a beauty treatment. You should eat plenty of salads, made with a rich dressing or mayonnaise of olive oil. You should take a tablespoonful of it before meals, drinking a bit of clear or grapejuice if the oil is distasteful to you.

You can rub it over your whole body, well into the pores, if you are inclined to be anemic. Many undernourished babies are saved from illness and possible death by being rubbed each day with olive oil. It is a pity more mothers of delicate babies do not know this. The oil is a wonderful food.

Best of all, it is so delicate in itself that it will not upset even the most delicate digestion. If you do not like the actual oily taste, the grape juice or the wine will overcome this and in a few weeks you will become quite accustomed to it. In a little while more you will begin to enjoy the rich, smooth flavor of it.

Questions and Answers
I have curled my hair at the sides too much, so that it is dry and cracked and only a few inches long. How can I arrange my hair to overcome this while the hair is growing in?—Mollida.

Reply—Why not buy some short curls and slip them in under your hair during the few months in which the short hair is growing? It will have about the same effect. Have you tried these?

The part of my neck which I sunburn this summer is very tanned and ugly. What can I do to make it smooth and white?—Summer Girl.

Reply—Cucumber cream smooths and whitens the skin; glycerine mixed with rose water will have about the same effect. Have you tried these?

preparations of some of the beauty stuffs on the market.

One of the best is olive oil, just the rich golden oil that drips from the olives grown on the sunny hillsides

as you're a — a sort of a fairy, you would know how to find out. Oh, Mr. Kris — are you cross at me? Have I said anything dis-respectful?"

"No — no, girl!" Santa Claus had bent his head quickly, but his voice was well controlled. "Maybe I can help you find out — I keep a good many records, you know, even about grownups' presents. Only you must tell me your auntie's name and where she lives so I can be sure whether I have the right lady in my big book."

"Her name is Miss Bertha Cromwell," said the little girl, brightening, "and she's very, very pretty, with great big gray eyes and lovely pink cheeks and goldy, fairy-princessy hair when she lets it down. And I do want to have her all happy again — she says she would be if her Christmas present would only come back. I expect it was careless of her to lose it, for she says she didn't know how she'd miss it or what she was losing, or she'd never have let it go — and now she doesn't know where it is!" Santa's hand trembled a little, as he held a pencil poised above a notebook.

"And where does she live?" he asked, with his heart thumping under the scarlet coat in a manner ill befitting his age and dignity. The little girl gave an address which he recognized as a small street in a section of the city near his own modest lodging. He wrote it down, and turned to the child with a reassuring smile which warmed her little heart.

"Now, don't you worry any more about it," he charged her. "I feel sure that we're going to find out what that Christmas present is and see that she gets it too. And we hope it will make her all happy again, don't we? Run along dearie — I must talk to these other little folks now. It's our secret and I won't forget."

He nodded to her once more as she disappeared in the crowd, and his eyes followed her progress to the distant doll corner. Just one glimpse he caught of the tall girl who stepped from behind the showcase and smiled down into the happy little upturned face, but it was enough to make the glittering scene look misty for a moment. Luckily the trusting ones who

came to prattle of dolls and "horses" were too young and their elders too absorbed in eavesdropping to notice the good saint's preoccupation.

Bertha here in the same store with him! The city to which he had drifted almost at random during the wretched year following their foolish quarrel was now her home — and he was going to see her again! For she had said that she was longing to have her Christmas gift again — his ring, which had meant so much to them both! She had been so angry when she never wanted to see him or hear of him again — but she was sorry, sorry! The sad little word danced in his mind until it seemed a glad little word, for now it meant gladness. He was sorry, too, and he was going to tell her so, and then —

Only nine o'clock — ten hours at least before he could see her. Santa Claus sighed in a manner inconsistent with his jolly red nose and rosy cheeks. But almost immediately he smiled again, as he softly patted the left side of his broad chest. Hidden under the gay coat, in an inner pocket, lived the little ring, thus honored because it had been worn on Bertha's finger for a week. One thing was certain: this niece-elect should have the merriest Christmas in his power to bestow.

RUSSELL.

Geo. Haymaker returned to his home at Mercer, Mo., after staying at the W. F. Gentry home for several weeks.

Tom Thorne and wife of Derby are visiting Mrs. Thorne's brother E. A. Smith.

Edith Vinsel of Des Moines is visiting her parents John Vinsel and wife. Carrie Allen of Chicago is visiting her parents Tandy Allen and wife.

Ray Drake and family are moving to Charleston to make their future home.

Prof. J. G. McSparran has gone to Nebraska to spend the holidays with his parents.

Bel May of Iowa City is visiting her mother Mrs. James M. May.

Esther Hoyt went to Corning to visit with her parents.

E. Ninan of Stark county, Ohio, is

visiting at the home of his cousin P. J. Winsor. Grover Milleson of Milo is visiting friends in Russell.

Eli Hudson of Cheyenne, Wyo., is visiting his brother Tom Hudson and family.

John D. Curtis of Ottumwa is visiting at the home of his father W. T. Curtis.

Ray Burrell is working in Lucas for the Union Service Co.

J. H. Fox went to Keokuk to visit his brother-in-law Harrison McIntosh.

Clarence Slater of Manson, Ia., is visiting at the home of his parents S. O. Slater and family.

Han Foster and wife from Marshalltown are visiting their parents in Russell.

Jim Flotts and family of Melrose spent Christmas here at the home of Henry Everett.

LIBERTYVILLE.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Clapper and daughter Bernice of Moline, Ill., arrived Wednesday to spend Christmas with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Topping were shopping in Ottumwa Tuesday.

Maude and Bess Warren who are attending school at Ames, are at home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Vaught were shopping in Ottumwa Tuesday.

O'Leary Sellers is reported on the sick list.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Koons of Udell visited relatives here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Stanford and children of Moline, Ill., came Friday to spend Christmas at the Wallace Davis home.

The Misses Lela Linder and Edna Follock who are attending school at Cedar Falls, came Tuesday to spend Christmas with home folks.

Mrs. C. W. Leppo, Mrs. Gilbert Swanson and Mrs. Tom Moss will be hostesses to the Big Sisters in the M. E. church annex Wednesday afternoon from 2 until 5 o'clock.

Mrs. F. A. Goehring of near Hedrick is a guest of her mother Mrs. Laura Shiffert.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Pearson have gone to Des Moines, N. M., to spend the winter.

The Libertyville public schools closed Friday for a two weeks vacation.

A. H. Miller was transacting business in St. Louis last week.

Miss Josephine Elliott and little Helen Harlan spent Tuesday in Ottumwa.

YOUNG MAN WHO IS ILL SENT HOME

Earl Evans is a young man whose home is in Osawatimie, Kansas. He left that home sometime ago and in the course of time drifted into Ottumwa. Then he found work with a farmer near here and went after it. While employed there he became ill and was brought to the Ottumwa hospital where he received medical and surgical treatment for a while. Now he is better but has had no place to go until the Associated Charities office took hold of his case and got in touch with his family in Kansas. A telegram, which came this morning, arranged matters for the man's trip home, and he leaves tonight.

FRENCH WAR LOAN CALLED FAILURE

Berlin, Dec. 28.—Characterizing the French war loan as a failure, Berlin newspapers say the probable result will be that the French republic in future will not subscribe to treasury bonds and that therefore the government will be obliged either to issue a new war loan, notwithstanding unfavorable conditions, or to borrow from the Bank of France.

The Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung says the amount actually subscribed, considering the issue price, was equivalent to 10,600,000,000 marks as compared with 25,500,000,000 marks subscribed to the German war loans. The amount paid in cash, it says, is less than one-sixth of the cash paid on German war loans.

BOOKS BLAMED FOR SPREAD OF DISEASE

Chicago, Dec. 28.—Books spread disease, is the opinion of Dr. John D. Robertson, who today ordered an investigation of the public library and its method of handling books which are almost in continuous circulation.

Dr. Robertson proposes to have all books disinfected to eliminate the danger of infectious diseases. He believes that the life of germs in books is from three to five days.

LABOR AGENTS MEET.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 28.—The American Association for Labor Legislation began its ninth annual convention here today. The program today was given over largely to a discussion of protective legislation for seamen.

GENERAL DODGE ILL.

Council Bluffs, Dec. 28.—General Grenville M. Dodge is reported critically ill at his home here. It is said that he never has fully recovered from an operation he underwent about a year ago. He is 84 years old.

SUNSHINE PARTIES

are every day affairs in the South in the Winter time — for when blizzards, slush and snow are quite the fashion in the North, balmy breezes, sunny skies, moonlit bays and tropical flowers are the fashion in the South. And, those who pack their grips and go South at this time, reap rich rewards in health dividends and delightful recreation and return, realizing more than ever before, the real value of a winter vacation in that romantic, historic and beautiful land South of the Mason and Dixon Line.

The cost is low — perhaps not as much as you thought it would be. Come in and let's talk it over.

J. H. ROBINSON, Ticket Agent.
OTTUMWA, IOWA.

WOMEN'S NOTE BOOK

BY LEE PAPE

When we got to the dentist's house, pop sed, Now, I'll stand outside hear till I see you go inside, I haven't time to wate any lawngir, the office calls to me. Wich I wawked up the dentists frunt steps and a sine sed. Wawk in without ringing, Wich I did, ony a bell rang wen I opened the doar and kepp wun ringing till I closed it agen, and the dentist came to the top of the stairs and saw sumboddy standing there, being me.

Wy, helo, Benny, sed the dentist, come awn up. Wich I did, saying I jest wuntid to see you about sumthing.

About teeth, I suppose, sed the dentist.

No sir, I sed.

Wat then, sed the dentist.

I wuntid to no if you wuntid to buy a dawg, I sed.

Hay, you got wun to sell, sed the dentist.

No sir, I sed.

You hop into this chare, sed the dentist. Wich I did, and he looked in my mouth, saying, Ah hah, ah hah, I see a hole, Im going to fill it up. Wich he did, herting fearse for a wile, and then I went to skool and let my fello look into my mouth that wuntid to, about ten wuntid to.