The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

ANK — YES, A MARRIED MAN HAS TO BE CAREFUL — WITH WOMEN FOLKS LIKE PETEY'S —:— BY C. A. VOIGHT

CHILDREN'S EVENING STORY

STORY XIV.

Johnnie and Billie Are Shipwrecked.

"Now where are you going, boys?" asked Grandpa Lightfoot, as Billie and Johnnie Bushytail started from the nest one morning.

"We are going to the pond to play at being sailors, the way the seagull taught us," answered Johnnie. "May we go, grandpa?"

"Hum, well, ahem! Let me see," replied the old gentleman squirrel, and he looked over the tops of his glasses, right straight at those boy squirrels, until they began to be afraid they couldn't go. "Will you be very careful?" asked grandpa.

"Yes, sir," they both exclaimed at once, just as quick as quick could be.

"Hum, ha—ahem. Well, since you have learned to jump and dodge behind trees, and climb quickly and crack hard nuts with your teeth, perhaps sailing will be a useful thing to know. Yes, you may go."

"I wish they'd take Jennie Chipmunk with them," remarked Grandpa Lightfoot, who was greasing the pans to make a hicktory nut cake. "That child has worked so hard she deserves a holiday."

"Aw, we don't want—" began Billie, but his grandpa looked over the tops of his glasses at him so quickly that Billie changed what he was going to say and Johnnie finished it for him. You see Billie was afraid to object, for fear he couldn't go.

"Yes, Jennie can come," finished Johnnie. "We will teach her how to sail."

"That will be nice," said Jennie, and she laughed so that she showed all her pretty white teeth.

So the two little squirrel boys and the orphan chipmunk girl, who washed the dishes and swept out the nest, went on through the woods until they came to the pond. Then Johnnie and Billie showed Jennie how to sit on her boat, with the tail in the air for a sail. Then all got on strips of bark, Johnnie on a big piece, and Jennie Chipmunk on a real, small, tiny, little piece of bark; just like the three bears, you know. Then, as they started off Billie began to sing, and he sang:

I love to hear the woodlands bound
And see the flying winds blow.

"That isn't right!" called his brother.

"Why isn't it?" asked Billie.

"Because it isn't. That's not the way the seagull sang it. Besides, you can't hear woodlands bound, nor see wind blowing."

"Well, maybe I got it wrong," admitted Billie. "When that bird comes back I'm going to learn it. Come on, let's have a race. My ship will beat yours, Jennie."

Then they all stuck their tails up in the air as far as they would go, and the wind blew, and they sailed, and they sailed, and they sailed. Right across the little pond they went, and toward a little island that was in the middle.

Then, all at once, just as quick as you can put coal on the fire, something happened. There came a strong puff of wind, and Jennie Chipmunk's ship blew over, and she fell right in the water.

"Oh, save me! Save me!" she cried, and she was so frightened that she forgot to swim. Besides, if she had smiled her mouth would have gotten full of water, so it was a good thing she didn't smile, I think, don't you?"

"Get on my boat, quick!" called Johnnie. "It's large enough to hold you. Hurry!" and he steered his piece of bark over to her. Jennie scrambled up and then—well, I'm almost afraid to tell you for fear you'll worry about it, but I can't help it, anyhow. What should happen next but that Billie's boat tipped over, and there he was in the water.

"Save me! Save me!" he cried, just like Jennie.

"Come on, get in my boat!" shouted Johnnie as quick as you can blow out a match on a dark night. So Johnnie helped put Billie on his boat and there they all three were on the one piece of bark, and I guess you're glad it was large enough; now, aren't you? Well, they all three held up their tails, and the wind blew them along, and then, would you believe me, what happened but the breeze got so strong that it tipped that piece of bark over and there they all were floundering about in the water and no other boat near at hand to save them. Oh, how awfully wet and frightened they were, and, you know, it's quite serious to be wet and frightened at the same time.

"Swim for the island! Swim for the island!" cried Johnnie, and, sure enough, they all did, for it was not very far off. They crawled out on the land, just as wet as when Kittie falls in the bathtub, and Billie said, with his teeth chattering: "Now, I s'pose we're shipwrecked, aren't we?" His brother said they were and so did Jennie Chipmunk, and the funny part of it is that they really were shipwrecked on a desert island. But I'm not going to leave them there like that; no, indeed, I'm not. You see, I have to stop this story right here, but if my typewriter is working, why, tomorrow night, we'll see what happened.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

BY LEE PAPE

'ernick is awlways tawking s unkel being a pleeceman, and y aftir Flatfoot had made us ing ball in the street, I sed, 'ish your Unkel was the cop 'eet insted of Flatfoot.

e was to, he woodent stop oing enything as lawng as you, sed Ed Wernick.

'ood stop us if we tried to s, sed Puds Simkins.

sed Sam Krawss.

'm not to, sed Ed Wer- 'are is his beet, Ed.

mile frum heer, sed y cuzzin Artie sed, show him to us, 'm time we mite beet and if he us.

'dd, we awl sed st, saying wl

wasent afrayed of enything and he kepp awn tawing us till we was awl pritty tired, and he sed, I told you it was pritty far, mayb we bettir go back.

Wich sum of us thawt may be we bettir, and I sed, As lawng as we came this far we mite as well go the rest of the way. And we made Ed kepp awn taking us and aftir about anuthir mile we saw a cop standing agenst a wall, being a fat cop with a mushtash, and Ed Wernick sed, Thare he is, dont go to close to him.

Wy not, sed Puds Simkins and Ed sed He gets mad if he sees peepil looking at him. But we kepp awn getting closer jest the same and aftir a wile the fat cop sed, Hay, wat ales you kids, wat do you think your rubbering at.

Are you Ed Wernicks uncle, I sed.

Who the devils Ed Wernick, sed the cop.

Proving he wasent, and also proving 'ernick proberly aint got eny un- ven if he has he ain't a cop wawked haff way hoam ch behind a ice ay evvrybod-

Evening Story

MISS HOLLYHOCKS.

By Carol Bain.

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The man with the easel placed it close to the fence so that he could look over the palings and down that rosy vista of hollyhocks. The cottage beyond the hollyhocks was quite hidden from view by the drooping branches of a chinaberry tree. In the path between the rows of hollyhocks stood a girl in a pink dimity frock. The skirt was frilled to the waist with tiny pink ruffles. A pink sunbonnet hid her face.

"My medal picture!" exclaimed the artist, opening his paint box. "I don't know what she's looking at, but if she'll only hold that pose for a few minutes longer—"

With swift, sure strokes he outlined the girl's plaint form in its quaint gown of the newest fashion—a modern adaption of an old style. She was facing the hollyhocks and looking intently at something on a round, green hollyhock leaf. One slender white hand and rounded wrist were stretched cautiously out, and one little foot in its high-heeled slipper appeared beneath the short skirt.

She scarcely seemed to breathe and five minutes passed before she drew back quickly while a great golden butterfly fluttered up and out of sight among the trees.

Even then she did not face him, but turned toward the cottage and vanished in a bend of the path.

Wade Newton breathed a sigh of satisfaction. "I've got her, all right," he chuckled. "Now for the hollyhocks with the sunshine on them; her frock I can work in afterward."

The afternoon passed and he saw no more of the girl in the pink gown. The next mornng he packed his belongings and went back to his studio in the city.

The following winter Wade Newton's picture, "Miss Hollyhocks," carried off the coveted prize.

* * * * * * *

"But why won't you sell the picture?" insisted Henderson, lighting another cigarette.

Wade Newton glanced across his studio where "Miss Hollyhocks" was placed on an easel.

"It isn't a girl you know, is it?" went on Henderson, stroking his tiny mustache.

"Never saw her face," said Newton.

"Then, why—"

"Because I have a curiosity to discover her for myself. Confidentially, Ned, Miss Hollyhocks brought me fame and a number of orders. I'm going to marry her some day."

"Idiot!" gibed Henderson drawing on his gloves. "But I suppose you can go down and find her in the old garden any time you please."

"I wish I could," returned the other with a sigh.

"What do you mean?"

"You know I was called abroad as soon as I finished that picture. When I returned I went immediately to Sleepy Valley where I had chanced upon the garden, but the girl and her people had vanished as the rose of yesterday. It seems they had only hired the place for three months and beyond learning that the name was Smith I came back as wise as I went."

"Smith! I like Miss Hollyhock's better!" said Henderson. "Of course she might have been homely as sin, but, believe me, Wade, only a girl with a peachy complexion will guard it with a sunbonnet; the others don't care."

Newton laughed indulgently. "I believe the pink sunbonnet has set you dreaming, too," he said.

"Well, by-by; I'm off," said Henderson. "Wire me when you find Miss Hollyhocks."

"I will." agreed Newton.

"How in thunder am I going to find her?" he asked himself. "I might put an advertisement in the paper; 'Will Miss Smith, of Comfort Cottage, Sleepy Valley, who wore a pink sunbonnet and a frilly pink gown among the hollyhocks, please communicate with W. N.?' Lord! What an idiot m after all!"

issed the picture and the m his thoughts and d prom-

she did not know it. Wade was not sure of it himself, for his girl of the hollyhocks intruded her mysterious personality everytime confession hovered on the tip of Wade's tongue.

Of course this uncertainty of mind made him quite wretched. There were times when he vowed he would marry the girl of the hollyhocks and no other. But when Dorothy was near he thought of no one save her.

"Dorothy is in the library, Mr. Newton," said Mrs. Coleman as she greeted the painter. "She wanted me to send you to her as soon as you arrived. You must haste, for it is almost dinner time."

With a light step Wade entered the library and closed the door behind him. Then he stood as though paralyzed.

Over in the embrasure of the bow-window there stood a noble palm. In the shadow of it was a girl in a pink sunbonnet and a pink frilled gown She might have stepped out of his picture!

"Who is it?" he asked quickly.

She stood motionless, one slender white hand extended toward the palm leaves.

In three strides Newton had crossed the room and stood beside her. He bent his head and peered around under the pink sunbonnet. A charming pink and white face, a pair of blue eyes and enticing lips. Newton kissed her then and there.

"Oh!" she cried, and stepped back.

"Dorothy, darling, I never dreamed —I never guessed—that you were my hollyhock girl," he breathed rapidly, his eyes afire. "What were you doing there in Happy Valley, and why didn't you tell me that you were stopping there? Who are the Smiths, anyway?"

But Dorothy only shook her head and fled from him, saying at she must change her dress. caught her hand at the door.

"You love me—yo darling?" he ask y wife, w how long I have lo ink you should be m o! You me?"

way. nner. She ine frock hite rose.

She did not return his smile, but her blue eyes were dark and shining.

She evaded him the rest of the evening and he was compelled to go home looking forward to the morrow when he could take her in his arms once more. Before he slept that night he sent a telegram to Ned Henderson, in Chicago:

"Discovered Miss Hollyhocks. Engaged. Congratulate me."

But morning brought its perplexities—a letter from Dorothy Coleman, a piteous, tear-stained letter which he read with amazed unbelief.

He said that Ned Henderson had told her Newton had vowed to marry Miss Hollyhocks; so she had posed as Miss Hollyhocks in the library knowing that he would believe her to be the original of his painting and the whole thing a mere trick of fate.

But she could not carry out the deception. She made this shamed confession and said she would rather not see him again.

For a long time Newton sat staring at the fire; then suddenly he went to the painting of Miss Hollyhocks and began to paint feverishly. Then he telephoned Mrs. Coleman and asked her to bring Dorothy to the studio. "And please, like the angel you are," he added, "give us a moment alone."

She laughed and promised.

It was nearly noon when his Japanese servant admitted them to the long, dim room. Dorothy came in reluctently, her face almost hidden by a white motor veil.

"I had hard work to get this child here," said Mrs. Coleman. "She pleaded a headache, but I told her the air would do her good. Now, I want to look over my shopping list for a moment."

She turned to a distant window and considerately turned her back. Newton took Dorothy's hand and led her to the picture on the easel. Miss Hollyhocks still stood there, but her sunbonnet had fallen back on her shoulders and her profile was Dorothy's own, with the ripple of red-brown hair edging the temple.

"What have you done?" she whispered.

He drew her closer so that she leaned against his broad shoulder.

"I painted in the face that is always in my heart — yours, Dorothy. You are Miss Hollyhocks—no one else could be, for I must keep my vow and at the same time marry you."

And when Ned Henderson was asked to be Wade's best man he chuckled gleefully.

BEAUTY CHATS

by EDNA KENT FORBES

A Face Scrub

"OH, I wouldn't think of putting soap on my face," she said. "I wash it twice a day with cold water. Some days I use cold cream—but soap is very hard on the skin." And—not that we want to be unkind—but we thought, as we listened to the lady's discourse on beauty that her skin looked as though she never used soap and hot water.

Unfortunately, many beauty specialists, in their zeal to convert patrons to the use of creams and tonics, quite forget that the old-fashioned aids to cleanliness are as effective to-day as they have been for some centuries. Some beauty doctors forbid even putting water on the face! But this is so silly that few right-minded women will pay any attention to them.

Keep as close to Nature as possible, and she will be your best beauty doctor. A good pure soap is the best skin treatment there is. Each day, preferably at the close of the day, when the skin is soiled with dust and soot from the air, you should scrub your face and neck with a good brush, any of the dozens of varieties on the market, using very hot water and the lather of a pure soap. If your skin is dry a soap containing oil is best, if your face is already oily, try a soap with borax as one of its ingredients. Rinse the skin free of soap in hot water and follow by cold water, to close the pores. You will go to bed and to approximately eight hours' rest in a clean room, with your skin free of dirt, and with the blood drawn through it ready to repair sagging muscles and sallowness and any of the ailments that attack one's complexion.

Questions and Answers

Please tell me how to take freckles off my face without hurting my skin.—B. S. L.

Reply—Freckles are spots of iron which the sun brings to the surface. However, they may be bleached. Send an addressed, stamped envelope for directions.

The face is refreshed after a scrubbing

Is the wire brush injurious to the hair? I find it keeps my head free from dandruff, but some people think I am doing wrong.—M. B. C.

Reply—The wire brush will not hurt the hair, provided it is flexible, and I presume yours is.

[Protected by The Adams Newspaper Service]

THINKS AEROSLED IS GREAT SPORT

Waterloo, Dec. 30.—An aerosled has it all over any other contrivance in the world as far as speed is concerned, according to C. A. Morris, owner of one of the sides and a man who has ridden in auto races with Barney Oldfield. Mr. Morris brought his aerosled to Waterloo recently and tried it out on Cedar river.

He had several thrilling experiences during the tryout. One occurred when he tried to make a turn to avoid going over the Fourth street dam. He was going at forty miles an hour, and the sled overturned. He received a few bruises and the sled was somewhat battered.

There are accommodations for an extra passenger on the aerosled, and Morris hopes to take a companion along next trip. Nobody has volunteered yet.

WOMAN USES HAT PIN ON HIGHWAYMAN

Des Moines, Dec. 30.—Miss Josephine Wheeland, employed at the National Life Insurance company, has no fear of highwaymen. Recently while walking past Fourth street on her way home, she was confronted by a 200-pound man, who demanded her pocketbook. "I will do no such thing," she said and when the highway man struck her she hit him in the face with her pocketbook. The blow almost knocked Miss Wheeland to the ground but she quickly recovered herself and grabbed a hat pin from her hat. The man, however, did not see her reach for it and when he tried to overpower her she struck him in the stomach with the hat pin. The man staggered and groaned and ran bleeding away. The police expect to arrest the man.

WILL LOOK AFTER WIFE OF BURGLAR

Sioux City, Dec. 30.—Mrs. L. R. Chase, mother of two pairs of twins and wife of the man who pleaded guilty to one of fifty burglaries he is alleged to have committed, will be taken in charge by Mrs. Anna Roberts, police matron. Mrs. Roberts will see that the woman is enabled to procure employment whereby she can support herself and boys.

Chase was caught here last week and goods stolen from many homes here during the last year were recovered. Chase was sentenced to serve twenty years in the Ft. Madison penitentiary.

POULTRY SHOW AT GRINNELL.

Grinnell, Dec. 30.—The opening of the Grinnell Poultry association's annual exhibit here gives promises of the most successful one so far held. Secretary Shaw estimates a much large display than was made last year. In addition to local and county high class birds there are fine specimens from all parts of the state and from other states. The Buff Plymouth Rock club is also holding its Northwest District meeting here and the state meeting of the White Wyandotte club is here in session.

MAIL BAG CUT TO PIECES.

LeClaire, Dec. 30.—Quite a number of LeClaire people are wondering if they lost any Christmas presents when a mail bag thrown from the Burlington train which goes through LeClaire at about 6 p. m., was ground to pieces under the wheels of the train. The bag bounded back under the wheels of the train when it struck the depot platform. The contents of the bag were scattered along the road for a couple of hundred feet.

NEW ISOLATION HOSPITAL.

Grinnell, Dec. 30.—The board of supervisors of Poweshiek county is having an isolation hospital erected at the county home, just south of Montezuma. It will be but 18x24 feet in size, but will be of brick, steel and cement, and will be modern in all respects, and sufficiently large to accommodate the rare cases that need isolation. One such emergency case now on hand has caused immediate action.

BUILDS TEN DOUBLE HOG HOUSES ON FARM

Cedar, Dec. 30.—J. M. Pierce, one of the progressive young farmers of this township, has just completed the erection of ten double hog houses on his farm south of Osage. Each house is equipped to accommodate two sows and their broods. The houses are divided into two sections and four square rods of pasture are fenced off for each section, thus giving every sow her own little back yard in which to rear her family. The ten houses stand in a row on the bank of the river. In front of each is a gate and a road runs by the whole row, so that all are easily accessible with team and wagon. Mr. Pierce devotes his energies to raising Chester White hogs and with the advantage afforded him by his new equipment he will be able to produce some excellent types. The houses are of wood and cost about $50 each.

IOWA DEMOCRACY TO GO TO WATERLOO

Waterloo, Dec. 30.—This city will be the mecca for Iowa democracy January 10 if present plans of the Blackhawk County Jackson club eventuate. At a meeting of democrats of the county preliminary arrangements for the annual banquet in connection with the celebration of Jackson day were made.

The banquet will be held in the Russell-Lamson hotel, and National Committeeman W. W. Marsh will act as toastmaster. An effort will be made to secure the presence of a democrat of national prominence as the principal speaker. Other leading democrats from Davenport, Dubuque, Des Moines, Fort Dodge and other cities will be invited to take part in the program and all Iowa democrats are extended an invitation to attend.

IOWA GIRL WITH FORD SENDS WORD

Iowa City, Dec. 30.—"Merry Christmas. All is well," was the substance of the short cablegram from Miss Helen Heberling, woman delegate from the University of Iowa with the Henry Ford peace party, to relatives in Iowa City. The message was sent from Stockholm.

Whether the "All is well" in the message refers to Miss Heberling's own personal condition, or whether it refers to the party in general can scarcely be told. Certain it is that there is no reference to the storms and stresses that have pervaded the peace party according to newspaper reports.

WADE IS LENIENT.

Des Moines, Dec. 30.—Now comes Federal Judge Wade in the role of Santa Claus. W. L. Bowers, 19-year-old boy, was recently sentenced to thirty days in the county jail and fined $100 and costs by the federal judge on a bootlegging charge. Later Bowers appeared before the court and asked that he be permitted to spend Christmas with his family before starting his jail sentence. Wade acquiesced and Bowers spent not only Christmas but will spend New Year's at home, the sentence not starting until January 3.

BURNED BY KEROSENE.

Ackley, Dec. 30.—George A. Furniss, 67 years old, was burned to death by the explosion of a can of kerosene here. Mr. Furniss attempted to relight a fire in a stove with the use of the kerosene. An explosion resulted that threw flaming kerosene over him. He lived about ten hours after sustaining the injuries.

BIG HOLIDAY TRADE.

Rockwell City, Dec. 30.—Though a comparatively light holiday trade was anticipated here, such was not the case. Trade showed a general increase of from 10 to 50 per cent, according to reports by the merchants.

Need Political Knowledge.

Knowledge of governmental administration is important for women, asserted Mrs. Sophonisba Breckenridge of the University of Chicago, because they must rely on this as a condition efficient household management. Women and girls have availed themselves of the educational opportunities heretofore offered them, she said, and there was no reason to believe they would not respond to opportunities more closely related to current demands.