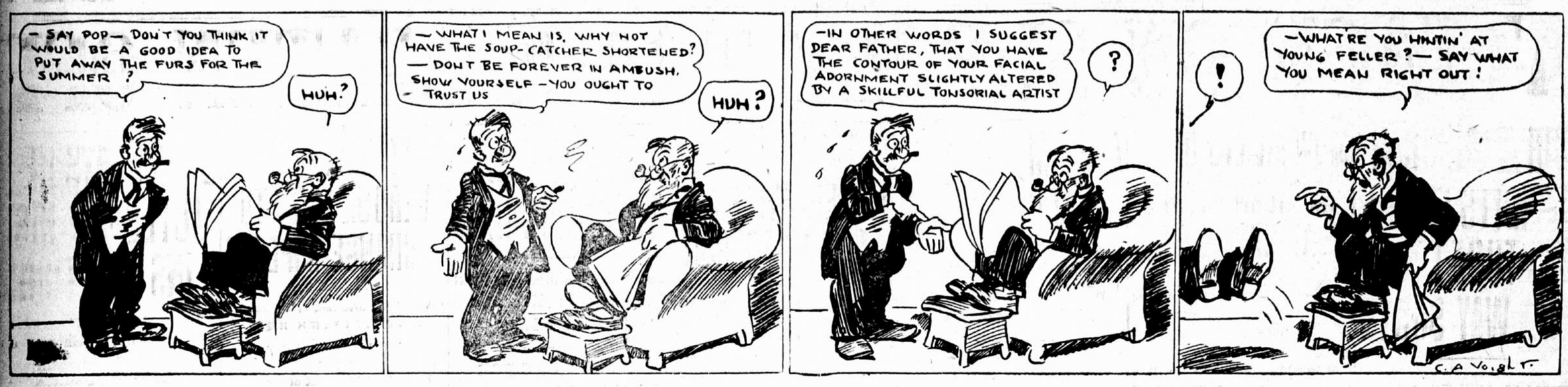
The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — IF HE WANTS TO TRIM HIS WHISKERS, WHY DOESN'T HE SAY SO? —::— —::— BY C. A. VOIGHT



Children's Evening Story

BUDDY PIGG PLAYS BALL.

"Hello, Buddy!" called Sammie Littletail, the rabbit boy, to Buddy Pigg one fine day, "come on out, and we'll have a game of ball," and Sammie tossed his ball high up in the air and caught it in his catching glove, as easily as you can eat two ice cream cones, a vanilla and a chocolate one, on a hot day.

"Why, we two can't play ball alone," objected Buddy. "It needs three, anyhow."

"Oh, well, we'll find Billie and Johnnie Bushytail somewhere in the woods," went on Sammie, "maybe Jimmie Wibblewobble, the boy duck, will come along, too. Then there is Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, who have come back from the country. Oh, we can get up a regular team."

"All right, I'll come," agreed Buddy. "Wait until I bring in some wood for mother. She is going to bake some turnip pies today—out of the tunrip you and I and Billie Bushytail got yesterday— and she needs a hot fire. I just love turnip pies; don't you, Sammie?"

"Indeed I do, but I don't believe we are going to have any. Mother stewed my half of the turnip."

"Never mind," advised Buddy Pigg, "I'll give you some of our pies when they are baked," so he brought in two big armsfuls of wood for the fire, and then he and Sammie went off to play ball, leaving Brighteyes Pigg home to help her mamma bake the pies, which the little guinea pig girl loved to do.

Well, Buddy and Sammie hadn't gone very far before they met Billie and Johnnie Bushytail, the boy squirrels, and they agreed to play ball. Then, as the four of them went along a little farther, they met Jackie and Peetie Bow Wow, out walking with Percival, the old circus dog. So Peetie and Jackie said they would play ball, and that made six.

"Now, if we had two more we would have four on a side," suggested Buddy, and, no sooner had he spoken than there was a noise in the bushes, and out came Jimmie Wibblewobble, and Bully, the frog.

They were glad to play ball, and soon there were two sides selected. Buddy Pigg was captain of one side, and for players he had Peetie Bow Wow, Billie Bushytail, and Bully. while Sammie Littletail was the other captain, and he had Jackie Bow Wow, Johnnie Bushytail and Jimmie Wibblewobble.

"Now we're all ready, let's play," suggested Buddy.

"No, wait a moment," begged Bully.

"Why?" they all wanted to know.

"Because," replied the little frog boy, "my brother, Bawly, has just made up a new song, and I know he'll give us no peace until he sings it. He's coming along now. Let him sing the song, and then we'll play ball." So they agreed to that, and in a minute Bawly came hopping along.

"Do you want to hear my new song?" he asked.

"Yes—hurry up," they all cried. So Bawly sang this:

Oh, wiggily, waggily, wheelery,
I wish that I was rich.
I'd buy an automobilery,
And ride it in our ditch.
I wouldn't hop at all again.
I'd ride the whole day long.
But I haven't got an auto,
And so I sing this song.

"I don't call that much of a song," said the old circus dog, Percival. "You ought to do a dance after it. That's what the clowns always do."

(To be continued.)

"Thank you, I'm not a clown," answered Bawly. "But could you make up a song like that, and sing it yourself? That's what I want to know," he asked.

"I don't s'pose I could," answered Percival. "But if we're going to the ball game, let's go." So they hurried on, and pretty soon they met Uncle Wiggily Longears.

"Oh, will you umpire for us?" asked Sammie.

"Ha! Hum!" exclaimed the old gentleman rabbit, as he leaned on his crutch. I ought to go on to the office, but —ah!—er—well, as long as you have no one else to umpire for you, I suppose I will have to do it, but I really ought to go to the office. Who is going to play?" he asked, and he seemed real anxious to know.

So they told him and pretty soon they got to the baseball field, and began the game. Buddy Pigg and his players were last at the bat, and Sammie and his players came up first.

Well, it was a great game. Sammie struck out, but Jackie Bow Wow made a nice home run, and Jimmie Wibblewobble almost did, only he got put out the home plate and then Johnnie Bushytail, he got put out trying to steal to second base, which means getting there on the sly, you know; and then it came the turn of Buddy and his friends to bat the ball all over if they could.

Well, Johnnie Bushytail was the pitcher and he threw in such fine curves and so many of them, that it was hard for Buddy and his friends to strike the ball.

They did manage to hit it a little and got three runs. Then it came the turn of Sammie Littletail's team again and they got four runs and so it went along until at the close of the game Sammie's team was eight runs and Buddy's only seven.

"We've got to get two runs to win," cried Billie Bushytail, "everybody work hard."

"We will," cried Bully, the frog. Now you girls just listen carefully, something wonderful will happen in about a minute.

Well, Peetie Bow Wow made one run and then Bully and Billie got put out, and it was Buddy's turn to bat the ball. It all depended on him now. If he could make a home run his side would win.

Well, I just wish you could have seen how bravely Buddy walked up to the home plate, and stood there, while Johnnie Bushytail almost tied himself into a bow knot in throwing a double-jointed up-and-down-sideways curve.

Buddy Pigg swung at it, and —no, he didn't miss it, he hit it good and proper, and away sailed the ball. Off Buddy started for first base, hoping he could make a home run, but alas! before he got to second base the ball he had knocked was coming down, and was almost in the webbed foot of Jimmie Wibblewobble, who was waiting to catch it, and if it was caught that would mean that Buddy would be out, and his side would not win that inning.

But Jimmie didn't catch the ball! No sir! The strangest thing happened! At that moment if along didn't fly the kind fish hawk; and he swooped down and caught that ball up in his strong bill, and sailed away up in the air with it, and Buddy ran on and on as fast as he could go, around the bases and toward home plate and he got there in time to win the game. And then the fish hawk dropped the ball and Jimmie caught it, but it was too late to put Buddy out.

"That's not fair!" cried Sammie Littletail. "The bird took the ball up in the air." All his side said it wasn't fair, but Uncle Wiggily, the umpire, decided that it was fair, and Buddy's side won the game, but they wouldn't have if it hadn't been for the fish hawk and they were very thankful to him.

Now I think I'm going to tell you in the next story about Brighteyes and Sister Sallie —that is if no one takes our door mat to use for a pen wiper.

ORDER PAYMENT ON HOTEL STOCK

The directors of the Ottumwa Hotel Co. met Wednesday evening at the Commercial club rooms and ordered an assessment of 20 per cent of the stock to be paid on or before May 1. The purchase of new material, cement, steel, etc., is being made and money is needed to meet the expense.

DOUDS-LEANDO.

Mrs. Flora Thomas has returned to her home in Leando after a three weeks' visit at the home of Frank Pearsons of Eldon.

Dr. and Mrs. Roscoe Pollock were Ottumwa shoppers Monday.

Miss Beulah Downard of Mt. Zion visited last week with relatives and friends in this vicinity.

Mark Parsons who attends school in Ottumwa spent his spring vacation at his home.

Mr. and Mrs. Jay Zeitler and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cassidy of Mt. Sterling spent Sunday at the Art Cassidy home.

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Evening Story

TOM AND DICK DRINK TEA.

By Isabel Lee.

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"There, I have actually pulled ten more white hairs out this morning. I shall be quite gray haired soon, I'm sure."

Tom's wife sat before her dressing table putting the finishing touches to her afternoon toilet. She looked, with an expression of wifely martrydom at Dick's fiancee, who had called to induce her to go shopping.

"Little do you knew how worried I am," Tom's wife sighed pathetically, adjusted her toque at a saucy angle, and then arranging the cobweb veil. "But I won't bother you with my troubles. You have so much to be happy about and so many plans to make for the wedding."

Dick's fiancee bit her pretty lips and looked out of the closely curtained window of the bedroom. "I'm not at all sure there is going to be any wedding," she said.

For the moment Tom's wife forgot the white hairs that still lay on her dressing table, a monument to her troubles. Of course, she wanted Dick's fiancee to tell her all about it, but the confidence did not seem to be forthcoming.

"I don't even know whether to go down to shop or not," added the younger woman. "What's the use of getting the things when I don't know whether I shall want them—the wedding veil and white satin and the rest? But don't talk about poor little me. I'd so much rather know why you are worrying. I thought your Tom was an angel, just as I did think Dick was, until a few weeks ago. How can you be worried when he is so domestic he doesn't even go to a club."

Tom's wife laughed softly and then she began at the beginning of her story. "First, it was the teacup," she said. "It is almost too absurd to remember, but it made me begin to wonder. That was a few weeks ago. No, it was even before that. It was the morning he asked me for a lemon. It was at breakfast and I gave it to him and I did not think it was funny then that he should want to carry a lemon down to the office in his overcoat pocket. Still, I was so sure of him! And the next evening he had the mysterious little package when he came home. He said nothing about it, so when he wasn't looking I found out. Wives have to do those things, my dear. It was a horrid, sticky teacup, with one of those dreadful spoons you get at the ten cent store. Some time when I wasn't looking he washed it and the next morning he started out with the same little package again.

"Well, the next night it happened again—such a horrid old cup! That time he gave it to Bridget to wash, for she told me so, faithful creature that she is. That kept on for several days. And then one day—I really wasn't exactly suspicious even then—I asked him outright what it was all about.

"You know how it has been with Tom and me. He never tells me his business troubles and I never bother him with household matters, but still we have never, never before kept things from each other.

"'Wel, you have caught me snookems, haven't you?' Those were the very words he used and then he laughed a little, rather sheepishly, and tried to kiss me. 'I didn't want to tell you at first,' he said. 'I thought you'd make a fuss about it. But that new English secretary—"

At this point Dick's fiancee reached for the smelling bottle that stood on the dressing table and pressed the stopper to her dainty little nose, but Tom's wife went on.

"That new English secretary—and that was the first time that I had even heard of the creature—he said had to have tea. They all do in London, he said.

"'You've never had tea with me,' I said. 'I've often wanted you to drop in at 'at homes' and you wouldn't—and now for this brazen English secretary of yours, of whom I have never heard, you start in with this ridiculous practice. But why make a fool of yourself by bringing the cups home? Why aren't they washed at the office?"

"That's where the joke comes in," he said laughing—men can laugh, even at the most tragic moments. "I thought of getting Miss Stebins to wash them.' Miss Stebbins is his stenographer and a plainer, old creature I never saw. I wouldn't be jealous of her if she were the last woman in the world. 'We thought of getting Miss Stebbins to do it and we said something to her about it, but she rebelled.

"Just because I am a woman, I suppose you think I must do the drudgery. I never washed a dish in my life. If you want a servant you should have hired one and not a stenographer.' 'And,' said my husband, 'Miss Stebbins is a very valuable woman and I didn't want to make her mad. So the only thing to do is to bring the tea things home to wash.'

"'I am sure I don't at all blame Miss Stebbins,' I said. 'I don't see why she should have to wash up after that tea drinking secretary of yours, and I am sure I won't, and Bridget won't, either. Hereafter you may wash your own teacup.'"

"You did perfectly right," said Dick's fiancee, and then after another pause, "I know all about it. I found Dick carrying not only one, but two cups home at night—his and the secretary's. He even brought them around to wash, and then he told me, just as Tom did you, about the creature. Only he wouldn't say much and I said less. I didn't want him to tell you that I was jealous and it is not really that. Only, of course if that is the kind of man Dick is, if he is the sort who stoops to office flirtations like that and can afford to spend a half hour or so sipping tea with some brazen English woman—I am quite glad I found out in time."

"Have you seen her?" inquired Tom's wife, patting away an imaginary tear through the meshes of her veil.

"Heavens, no, and I don't want to. Of course, she is a tall, willowy, blonde, English woman so often are."

The idea seemed to occur to them both at once of stealing unexpectedly into the office where Tom and Dick held their tea orgies every afternoon. And in less than half an hour the two women had started down town with all the intense excitement of a real advantage.

"It isn't as if we were doing anything underhanded," assured Tom's wife. "For I am sure any wife has a right to call at her husband's office. Do you suppose they sent way to London for her? I don't see why they couldn't have got some honest, deserving American girl who would have been quite satisfactory."

They had reached the office and Tom's wife went in first. Tom and Dick were both in and showed no end of pleasure at the visit. They took them right into Tom's big, roomy office.

"Stick around for a half hour more," Tom said, "and you can have tea with us. It's a great institution, isn't it, Dick?"

Both Tom's wife and Dick's fiancee smiled coldly. But it was part of their plot to stay. They peered around every curve and listened for every sound, expecting to see the willowy, blonde appear. But the only petticoats they saw were worn by the sour-faced Miss Stebbins, who sat pounding away relentlessly at her typewriter.

"Maybe we can get the ladies to wash up the dishes," suggested Tom, "It's such a nuisance to have to cart them home with us."

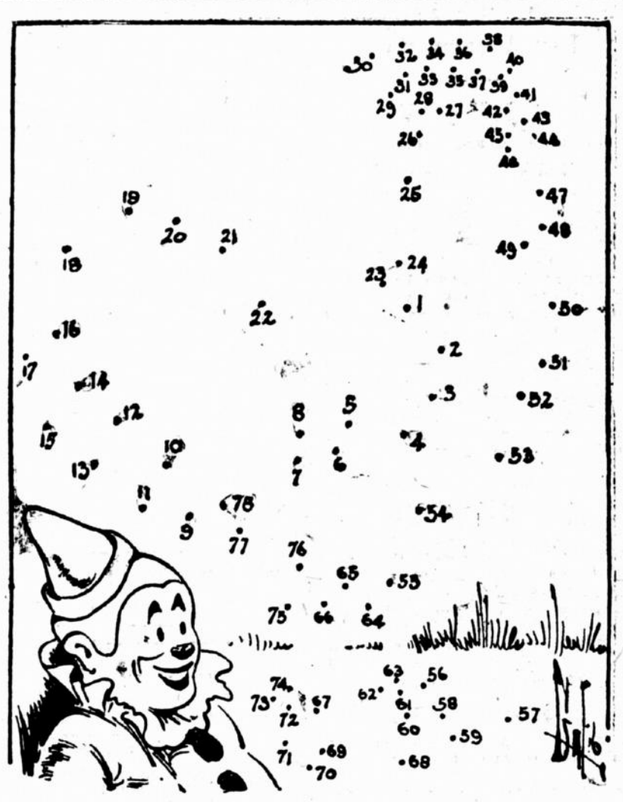
Tom's wife had her cue and while Dick's fiancee fairmly trembled at what she felt was bound to follow, she began:

"It seems to me that the English secretary had better do the dishwashing, since it was the English secretary's idea to have tea."

Tom and Dick began to laugh. "That's a good one," said Tom, and then, at his summons, a tall, fine-looking, midle-aged, well-tailored man appeared.

"The wife says you ought to wash the dishes," Tom repeated with a laugh, and then he introduced them all. You see it was Harry Harrison, the new London secretary of the company, whom Tom and Dick wanted favorably to impress and not that mythical, willowy blonde at all.

COURIER'S DRAWING PUZZLE



Can you finish this picture?
COMPLETE THE PICTURE BY DRAWING A LINE THROUGH THE DOTS. BEGIN AT NO. 1 AND TAKE THEM NUMERICALLY.

BELKNAP.

Mrs. J. W. Toole and son Bernard of Ottumwa were guests last week at the W. E. Louderback home.

Mrs. Elliott Bachman and two sons of Ottumwa were guests last week at the J. B. McCormick and W .A. Wishard homes.

Tracy Cox of Cantril was in Belknap last week on business.

Miss Xela Swinney of this place and Miss Lucile Evans of Bloomfield spent Saturday in Oskaloosa attending the closing sessions of the southern Iowa teachers' convention.

Born Wednesday, to Mr. and Mrs. Sherman Ulrich, a daughter.

Miss Eulalia Harbour was given a birthday surprise party Saturday evening. About twenty-five guests were present and a very enjoyable evening was spent.

Mrs. E. L. Thompson of Floris was the guest of friends here last week while on her way to Bloomfield.

Miss Lois Swinney spent Sunday with Miss Ruth Smock of Dunville.

At the regular meting of the Royal Neighbor camp it was unanimously voted to endorse the campaign for women suffrage.

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Anderson are moving into the Mrs. Mary Sharon property in the east part of town.

Mrs. Sarah Watts died at her home in Fairfield and the remains were brought to Dunville for interment. Mrs. Watts was the mother of Earl Watts who conducted a produce business here a few years ago and also of Mrs. Chas. Bride of Dunville.

On Saturday evening April 8 about thirty relatives and neighbors gathered at the O. C. Bell home to help Mr. Bell celebrate his 60th birthday anniversary. The family presented him with a rocking chair. A two course luncheon was served.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Prather spent Sunday at the Greiner home at Dunville.

A change in the signal maintainers was made Sunday. Mr. Lacost has been sent to another place and C. A. Wishard with a helper will look after the work here.

Some of the women of Belknap and vicinity are becoming quite enthusiastic for votes for women. Mrs. Henry Baker and Mrs. Ira Swinney have been appointed chairman of Soap Creek township and Mrs. T. D. Munn and Mrs. T. H. Welch for Belknap district. These appointments were made by Mrs. Henry Taylor, county chairman. Other appointments will follow.

For Children's Cough.

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BEAUTY CHATS
by EDNA KENT FORBES

Yogi Breathing

SEVERAL CORRESPONDENTS have written me, asking me to tell them something about Yogi Breathing and Yogiism, whether it is something worth learning or merely a form of quackery.

Follow the Eastern science as to how to breathe properly

The Yogi science of health and beauty is so good, that I think I must, from time to time, put into these beauty articles some of these Eastern teachings.

To begin with, for those who have but a vague idea of the subject, I must explain that the Hindu Yogis are learned teachers and scientists, not to be confused with the various uneducated freaks who steal their title—no more than a bootblack dare call himself "Professor" in the presence of a professor of Yale or Harvard, for instance.

The Hindu science, briefly, is that man's physical health and beauty comes with his breath—his life is drawn in with his first breath, he breathes out a last time, and soul and body are no longer one. His well-being depends on how—the manner in which—he draws breath.

The Yogis teach several methods of breathing, all, from the standpoint of pure health—and looks—wonderfully good. There is a psychic side as well as a physical side; but for today we will consider only the physical side. They say we Western people breathe only in the lungs, filling them partially, but drawing up the abdomen against the diaphragm, thus straining delicate organs and making the voice harsh. Others of us breathe only midway in the body, still others breathe only down around the diaphragm. The Yogi method draws breath into all of these, as I will t shortly in another article. If o can breathe as they do, it will develop the chest and bust to perfection, and make the shoulders straight and full.

Questions and Answers

Please give me a remedy for cracked finger ends near the nails. Everything I have tried only heals them for a time. They are very sore. Thanking you.—S. C. S.

Reply—These finger cracks come from a very dry skin, and usually with people who are doing much hard housework. Cosmetic gloves worn over night would get the skin softened so it would not crack. Rub glycerine and rose water, equal parts, into your hands after each time you take them out of water; also, wear gloves to protect the skin while doing the dirty and dry work, such as handling ashes, stove polish, etc. These things absorb all the natural oils from the skin.

* * * *

Can freckles be bleached off? If so, please tell me how to do it.—Edna May.

Reply—Use lemon juice or buttermilk on them. These, and cucumber lotions are the mild bleaches. If you need anything stronger, send a stamped, addressed envelope for it.

[Protected by The Adams Newspaper Service]

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK
BY LEE PAPE

I stayed at my cuzzin Arties house all nite last nite, sleeping with Artie but not sleeping very mutch on account of having to push Artie back on his own side all the time, and this morning after Ant Gladdis had called us 3 times we got up and had a race getting dressed, me losing on account of a knot in my shoe lace, and then we went down to brekfist and wen I opened my soft berled egg I thawt thare was sumthing funy about it and wen I taisted it I noo thare was.

G whizz, I dont wunt to eet this, I thawt.

And I jest let it stay in the egg thing not saying enything about it on account of ma having told me nevver to say enything about enything wen I was out, no matter wat was the matter with it, and after a wile Ant Gladdis sed, Wy, Benny, your not eeting your egg.

Yes mam, I sed. And I ate anuther teespoonfull of it, sumthing being the matter with it, all rite, and after anuther wile Ant Gladdis sed, Benny, is enything the matter with your egg?

No mam, no mam, its fine, I sed.

And pritty soon thare wasent eny of it left, and wen I got home after skool I sed to ma, Wat do you think, ma, I had a fearse bad soft berled egg at Ant Gladdises this morning, and I dident say enything about it on account of being out in company.

That was rite, sed ma, wat did you do, jest leeve it in your egg cup, I sippose.

No mam, I sed.

What, good hevvins, you dident eet it, did you, that was going a little to far, sed ma.

I dident eet it all, I sed, I ony ate 3 spoonfulls.

O, and left the rest of it, sed ma.

No ma, I sed, I dropped the uther 9 spoonfuls underneeth the table.

Wich I did.