

The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — AIN'T IT TOUCHING THE WAY POP STICKS TO HIS PIPE?

BY C. A. VOIGHT



Children's Evening Story

BUDDY PIGG IN A BOAT.

After Percival, the old circus dog, had been so kind to Dr. Pigg in the matter of jumping into the pond with the big firecracker, which the bad fox had lighted, the old gentleman guinea pig said:

"I wish, Percival, you would spend a few days with us. I'm afraid that ugly tramp fox will come back."

"Of course I will," agreed the dog.

"The Bow Wows are going down to Asbury Park for the summer and I don't much care for the seashore, so I'll stay home and spend a few days with you. And in case that fox does come back—"

Well, Percival didn't say what he would do, but land sakes, fopsy dub! Oh me, and a potato pancake! You should have seen him show his teeth and growl.

Well, it was a few days after Percival had come to pay a little visit to the Pigg family that something happened to Buddy, and I'm going to tell you about it.

You see, it had been raining pretty hard for a week or more—yes, nearly two weeks, and it didn't seem as if it was ever going to stop. There had been thunder showers and lightning showers and hail showers and just more or less wet, and when it did finally stop raining there was a lot of water all over.

One day, the first day, in fact, after it stopped raining, Buddy was taking a walk, and glad enough he was to be out of the pen. He strolled along, letting the warm sun and the gentle wind dry his black and white fur, and he was thinking of, oh! ever so many things, when, all at once, he came to a little pond; only this time it was a great big pond, because it had so much water in it. And on the shore of the pond was a boat that some boys had been playing with.

"Oh, fine!" cried Buddy Pigg. "I'll get in and make believe I'm a sailor, just as Billie and Johnnie Bushytail and Jennie Chipmunk did once. I've always wanted a ride in a boat and now's my chance!"

So he climbed into the boat and he made believe he was sailing away off to China, where they make firecrackers and fans, and then, when he was half way there (make believe, you know), why, after reaching the north pole and he found that the boat was drifting, floating off across the big pond, with the wind blowing it faster, and faster, and faster.

At first Buddy thought it was fun; then, as he saw that he was getting farther and farther from shore, he became frightened. He looked for something with which to send the boat back to land, but there was no sail in it, and no oars; and, if there had been, the little guinea pig boy couldn't have used them, I don't suppose. Well, there he was, really sailing off to some unknown country this time, in earnest and not make believe.

"Help! Help! Help!" and who should come running down to the goddess. But had she been sturdier there would be a story to tell, for it was because of Gwendoline's rather delicate health that we lingered at the beach after Mrs. Penfield had gone to open their home in the mountains.

To me, of course, it didn't much matter where I stayed, and an excuse like that of chaperoning Gwendoline was sufficient to make me stay three weeks longer at the beach than is my usual habit.

"Now, Sophie Jones," Mrs. Penfield said, "I know you are capable of the task if you keep your mind on it. But I want you to know at the outset that Gwendoline usually attracts too much attention. She is much too indolent to fall in love anyway, and if she were in a mood for romance there are three or four very desirable affairs that she dropped in a half-finished stage when

BEAUTY CHATS

Value Of Frills

There are few girls who can stand the severe simplicity of a tailored blouse day in and day out. Simplicity is the vogue just now—we are in an era of good taste; but even so, the best-looking women will find that frilly dresses and blouses, to vary their mode of dressing, will add to their looks. Women are finding that two or three dollars on a blouse goes further when the model chosen is simple rather than lace and elaborate. However, the simplicity should be attractive. For instance, the new blouses with the large draped revers covering the whole front of the blouse, or the double-frill blouse that never goes out of fashion—these may be had in organdies and voiles for a couple of dollars and are extremely becoming.

The flat-chested girl should never wear plain waists. The large reverse and the double frill are just the thing to conceal her flat appearance. Besides, with the hot weather coming, the open neck, the slight V opening in front, and the fluffy frill around it, are about the prettiest things one could see. And no one is so thin as to show up the thinness in these V-cut blouses.

Somehow, the softness of the frill makes a sharp face less sharp, a plain face prettier. The homely woman should learn to dress so originally and so prettily that her lack of looks should be hidden by the smart appearance of her clothes. And this is possible on the smallest income.

For the girl who has trouble in having frilled blouses done up, let me suggest the blouse an actress I know wears—the frills hand tucked to within an inch of the edge—the frills extending around the neck and down the front, with cuffs to match. This manner of tucking does up splendidly.

Questions and Answers

I am accumulating a crop of bumps on my neck which closely resemble warts. Can I get rid of them?—Amy T.

[Protected by the Adams Newspaper Service]



Low-neck, frilly blouses are infinitely more becoming than the severely tailored

Is there any harmless method by which I may hasten the turning of my hair to a more grey? I was benefited very much through your chat on grey hair.—Mrs. Matron.

Reply—Anything that would destroy the color in the turning hair would be unsafe to use, as it would also destroy the hair. Make it extra attractive by good care just now. Keep it very clean, but never use sharp soaps on it, if you want it the lovely silvery grey later on.

she treated her suitors much the same way.

Much happened in that week. For a few mornings the first violin came always to ask for suggestions, and each time I named some favorite selection of my own, for Gwendoline could never think of a word to say. Then Busoni himself came down between the numbers. It was dreadfully conspicuous and everyone at once knew why, for Gwendoline was so irresistible. I never knew a girl who appeared so well in the glaring light of the morning sun at the seashore.

Then Busoni asked to call and I consented. No, I didn't forget Gwendoline's mother's injunctions. I simply decided that I could take matters in my own hands. Busoni was no ordinary admirer and clearly Gwendoline did not want to have me refuse for her. He called more than once and then one evening we went driving, we three, in the twilight through the grove of pine trees just northwest of the beach. Of course these things were observed, for Busoni was more or less of an idol among the summer people and watching the goings and comings of other people was a large part of every day's occupations among the guests at our hotel. Busoni never seemed to become personal in his conversation and Gwendoline, for her part, assumed that strange childlike reserve of hers that seemed to me irresistible. If I had been a man I would have loved her to distraction in that mood.

Meanwhile several letters had come from the men at home. Then one from Tom Lowther, who was to be worth millions, saying he was coming down for the final answer that week end, and the next mail brought one from Gwendoline's mother, who had heard of Tom's intentions, saying that she was coming too. No doubt she felt that I was not adequate to the situation. Perhaps she feared I would be too severe a chaperon. For really Mrs. Penfield was in great hopes of the success of the Lowther affair.

Then Busoni telephoned to the hotel. Gwendoline was napping indolently, propped up in her chaise longue near the window where she could watch the breaking of the waves on the surf. So I answered the call on the room phone. If Gwendoline felt any emotion when I told her, no doubt she did not show it. Mr. Busoni said he wished to call that evening. He had something important to say. He must come. When I tried to make excuses he would not listen. He would come anyway.

Of course, I knew exactly what to do as chaperon. In view of the coming of Gwendoline's mother the next day and of young Lowther, too, Gwendoline ought not to have to face the decision of a proposal from Busoni. I knew that was his object. It would be enough to accept him—for how could she do otherwise?—when she had disposed of the other suitor.

Gwendoline seemed to understand me perfectly when I told her my decision. She laughed a queer little whimsical laugh when I told her that I would see Busoni and make her apologies, and then she went off to bed. She said she might not go to sleep, but she would lie with her head near the window where she could hear the ocean. And I went down to Busoni.

And then Busoni told me. Can you imagine what? Busoni the genius, the recluse—Busoni whom every woman at the beach would have adored—Busoni there and then, in the little private reception room of our hotel, actually went down on his knees and proposed to me—poor little middle aged, blue eyed me.

Gwendoline did accept Tom Lowther and I suppose in her way she is happy. But I sometimes wonder—but not how absurd! It is only because I love him so myself that I fancied every other woman at the beach made an idol of Busoni.

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.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

BY LEE PAPE

It started to rain last night and me and my cuzin Artie went around to my house and Artie sed, Lets have a debate on woman suffrage.

You cant have a debate without a judge to tell you who won, I sed.

Ask your father to be judge, sed Artie. Wich I did, saying, Pop, will you be judge if me and Artie have a debate on woman suffrage.

With pleasure, sed pop, with my judicial mind I am jest the man you want, who is affirmative and who is negative.

Sir? I sed, and pop sed, Wich of you is argewing in favor of votes for wimmen and wich is argewing against it.

Jest me and Artie, I sed.

You dont get me Steve, sed pop, perhaps it is my dooty as a judge to inform you that in every vel regalar debate there are 2 sides, therefore it devolves upon one of you to prove that woman suffrage is a long felt want and a boon to mankind wile the other one equally proves that it is a blot upon the curse of the earth.

Wich we started to do, me proving it was a fine thing and Artie proving it wasent, me beginning by saying, Ladies and gentlemen, if ladies votes all over the world there woudent be any more wars, murders, accidants, or sickness, amen.

Ladies and gentlemen, sed Artie as soon as ladies are allowed to have votes they wont vote for enybody but uther ladies, and they want all the soldiers to be ladies and we wood be licked the first time we had a war because all the ladies would run as soon as they got a good punch in the nose and the ywill pass laws leaving the girls out of skool about 2 hours world will be ruined, amen.

before, the boys every day, and the ladies all over the world had votes, there woudent be any more robbers, berglers, sickness or wars, amen.

You sed that before, sed Artie.

I didnt say about the robbers and berglers, I sed.

Yes you did to, sed Artie and I sed I didnt and Artie sed, You did and I sed, I didnt, and Artie sed, Your cheeting and I sed, Your another and pop sed, Fen, fen, I reize, the debate is off. And the judge picked up the paper and opened it to the baseball page and the 2 debaters found out it wasent raining eny more and went out agen.

A movement for the public subscription to this fund to be devoted to the perfecting of an aero section has been started by Albert C. Wells, a member of the machine gun company here.

Harry Folk, ardent preparedness advocate, has approved of the plan and will head the subscription list with a substantial sum, so Wells says.

COLUMBUS JUNCTION HAS COSTLY FIRE

Columbus Junction, May 4.—The elevator belonging to Messrs. Sprague & Weber was almost destroyed, the building and grain being ruined by fire and water. The loss is estimated at \$3,500 to \$4,000 and they carried an insurance of \$2,000. They had 700 or 800 bushels of corn and 500 bushels of oats in the building. George Lowe had 1,000 bushels of wheat stored in the building and carried some insurance. About 1,000 bushels of oats were also stored there belonging to Cecil Lowe. The fire was first discovered in the roof and how it originated is not known, as it had gained much head when discovered.

IOWA GUARD AFTER AEROPLANE CORPS

Des Moines, May 4.—Twenty-two thousand dollars is necessary to completely equip an aeroplane section of the Iowa National guard.

Evening Story

SOPHIE JONES, CHAPERON.

By Jane Osborn.

(Copyright, 1916, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

I've known a good many pretty girls in my life, but only two or three times before have I seen a girl so exquisite as Gwendoline. She had brown eyes that reflected the golden light of the sun, lashes that turned up like a baby's—I am not very adept at description, but in every way Gwendoline was charming. Had she been a little sturdier and fired with a little more girlish spirit she would have been a