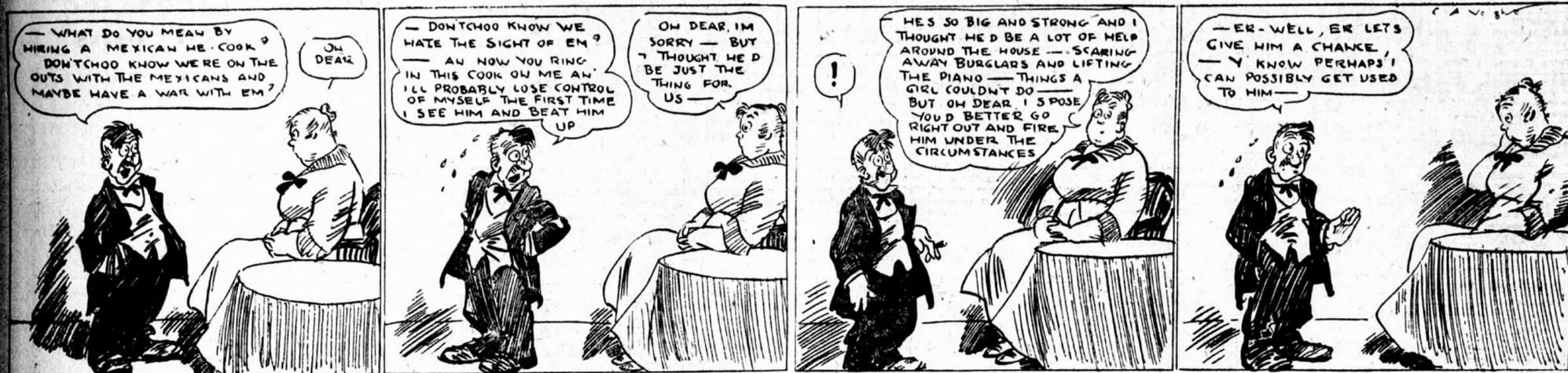


The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — YES, WE'LL HAVE TO KEEP HIM IF HE LIFTS PIANOS

BY C. A. VOIGHT



LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

BY LEE PAPE

I went around to the bakery store to get a loaf of bread for ma, and the bakery store lady gave me a skotch cake, and I was wawking home eating it, and I met Puds Simkins.

Hello, Benny, sed Puds.

Hello, I sed.

Did the bakery store lady give you that skotch cake?

Yes, I sed.

Gave me a peace, will you, sed Puds.

No, you didnt say please, I sed.

I hepp on wawking and eating being a extra good skotch cake instead of a stale one like she gives us sometimes, and pritty soon I met Sam Crawas.

Hello, Benny, sed Sam.

Hello, I sed.

G, give me a hunk, will you, please, sed Sam.

No, your to anxious, I sed. And I kept on eeting it and wawking, and jest as I turned around the corner to go home I met Sid Hunt.

Hello, Benny, sed Sid.

Hello, I sed.

Ware you bin, the bakery store? sed Sid.

Yes, I sed. The skotch cake being pritty neerly all at up by that time, and Sid watched me eeting it, saying, Ware you going, home?

Yes, I sed. And I stuck the last piece in my mouth and ate it.

G, its a wonder you woodent give a fellow a hunk before you eet it all up, sed Sid.

You didnt ask for eny, I sed. And I went home with the loaf of bread. Proving if a persin dont want to do sumthing in the first plase eny excuse is good enuff.

BEAUTY CHATS



Toilet Needfuls

"GLADYS" wrote me a long letter the other day, asking me to give her a list of things needed on the dressing table. She explained, naively, that she had had a wonderful new dressing table given her for her eighteenth birthday, and she wants to fit it up with all the toilet things needed, so she can be as frivolous and grown up and feminine as she wishes.

Another twenty-five cents for these. A bottle of toilet water—I cannot give an approximate price, it depends on what grade of preparation you have chosen. And a bottle of perfume of perfumed ammonia, and a dressing table given her for her eighteenth birthday, and she wants to fit it up with all the toilet things needed, so she can be as frivolous and grown up and feminine as she wishes.



There are a thousand and one things for the toilet table—each equally dainty and appealing. The beauty seeker needs only a few, however.

Well, I should say she wanted, first, a pretty powder box right on top, for that little hurried dab of powder that a girl always finds she needs, as sure as she approaches a mirror. For this, she says she is quite dark, she wants to buy a box of dark brunette face powder—so cost from fifty cents clear up to as many dollars as she has. And she wants to choose her perfume carefully, and never use any but that one odor in all her toilet preparation.

Then she wants a box of talcum, probably this will be twenty-five cents, and a jar of cleansing cream and one of flesh-building cream. Allow a dollar for both. Next, a nail brush, a cuticle remover, a bit of pomade, some nail polish—all these add up to eighty-five cents. Then, a cake of dry, dark rouge—but she must never use it if she can help, this is only for emergencies! This is fifty cents. A lip stick, white vaseline—never paint your lips—an eyebrow pencil—also for emergen-

Courier's Drawing Puzzle



What is the name of my baseball team? COMPLETE THE PICTURE BY DRAWING A LINE THROUGH THE DOT BEGIN AT NO. 1 AND TAKE THEM NUMERICALLY.

Evening Story

HEARTS AND MOONLIGHT.

By Louise Oliver.

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Mrs. Baldrige looked up from her letter as her brother came in. "Philip, there is a letter from Tom at last. I had begun to hope that his silence was portentous of something—that he had been busy with other things. But if he doesn't give any intimation of his plans, read it for yourself."

Philip Mercer lit a cigarette and read out his hand. "Golf, boating and fishing, anything but a girl! Is that all the trouble, sis? I can't see why you're so blamed anxious to have him married."

"You are a living example of what I don't want him to be, Philip."

"What! A happy, care-free bachelor forty-odd! No bad habits, as habits go, a perfectly good cottillion leader, a star out of sorts, ready to work over time as a filler at all my married friends' dinner parties, passably good looking."

"Baldrige paid no attention. You know you need an anchor, Philip. You are merely a nonentity floating around this way and never getting anywhere. When you are as good as I am you'll wish you had put in some good port and settled down for good. Frankly, I don't want Tom to be with some sweet girl and settle down earlier the better! What greater satisfaction can a man have than to devote his time to making some good

woman happy?"

"Oh! Forgive me, Phil! I'm sorry! I thought—you see—I didn't know. It was all long ago I thought it was over." She laid her hand contritely on his arm.

The shadow passed from his face and he patted her hand affectionately. "It's all right, sis. I think myself it's all over—then something happens to bring it back. There! I'll love Pauline till my dying day. I can't help it. Maybe she's dead! I don't know. Nineteen years is a long time and navy officers move around so. But she's the only person I ever cared about and I'll never marry anyone now."

"Cheer up, Philip! I'll ring for tea—you need reinforcing. My motto is: When a man gets melancholy—feed him. Don't doctor his liver—just fill up his stomach. Here we are—with some of Milly's raisin rolls too. Isn't that sunshine enough to make the angels sing! What a changeable day! It's like our lives! High-lights and shadows. We need the shadows to appreciate the sun. I don't believe I'd like Summer Beach where Tom is!"

Philip took a roll. "Don't you? I've about decided to go there myself and I was going to suggest that you go along."

"How impulsive you are, Phil! I don't believe you ever thought of such a thing until this minute. Of course I can't go, thank you!"

"If you like, I'll undertake to be a matrimonial guide for your son. You see, I take like hot cakes wherever I go—all the mamas will introduce me to their daughters and, in turn, I can introduce them to—"

"Rush! You conceited goose! But run along if you really want to go. When I think of it I believe it will be

BEAUTY CHATS

It was late in the season for Summer Beach. Many of the winter sojourners had gone north to replenish wardrobes for the summer campaign and arrange for the opening of summer homes on mountain and lake. But enough of gaiety remained at the great hotel to fill the quiet moonlight night with sounds of laughter and music.

Two men, Philip Mercer, and his nephew, Tom Baldrige, had dinner on the terrace, where a cool, soft breeze blew in from the sea. The smoke from their cigars was wafted across the terrace to another table, at which a girl and an older man were finishing their dessert. The girl turned and Philip Mercer caught her glance. A startled glance it was, for he was on his feet in an instant staring as though he had seen a ghost. Then, seeing her amazement, he sank back to his chair. He flung his cigar over the rail and mopped his forehead. "That girl, Tom—who is she?"

"Patricia Talbot!"

"And who is the man?"

"I don't know—it's the first time I've seen him. I don't know her very well. Just met her yesterday. Her daddy, maybe! What's the matter, Philip?"

"Is her mother here?"

"I don't know anything about them. I met her on the beach and only talked with her for a little while."

Something in Tom's tone caught the older man, something that conveyed to him that the few minutes had been very precious, and a hope that chance might offer more opportunities.

"She is beautiful! And she is the image of someone I used to know. I don't know the name of the man she married. The family took her to Japan where she met an American—a lieutenant in the navy—and married him. I never knew his name. It may have been Talbot."

Philip's face had gone gray. He got up. "I think I'll walk on the beach—alone. Tom, I've a headache and don't feel like talking."

"I believe I'll do the boy more good by keeping away from him," he thought, as he walked down the plan-covered path to the beach. "Patricia—Patricia Talbot!"

The beach, hard as a stone where the tide had receded, showed white and glistening in the moonlight. Philip strode along the edge of the water, not hearing its soft lap, regardless of time and distance. Thoughts and feelings were tormenting him—just because he had seen a face that reminded him of his old sweetheart. He despised himself now for a fool! Why, instead of running off, hadn't he waited to meet Tom's friends? That would have ended the misery. What was he afraid of? Afraid to find out that the girl he had loved was after all but a memory? Afraid the man at the other table was her husband?

He came to the delta of a small river. There was no bridge across so he turned up the nearest bank, where a sandy path showed white beneath the trees. He followed the stream through the plan grove, the wonderful beauty of the night bewitching him. He kept on until the stream divided—and in the embrace of the two arms was a small green island and on the island—a house. Moreover, across the water to his side of the little river extended an arched bridge. Japanese in style, and coming nearer, he saw that the house was a Japanese pagoda, and the miniature bushes in the moonlight and the paths and tiny pools made a wonderful garden.

Then he heard the pumping of a motor in the distance—from the direction he had come—a boat coming up stream from the sea.

The sound grew louder, and soon through the trees Philip saw a tiny launch hung with lanterns. Two people were in it, a man and a girl, Tom and Patricia!

But before he had quite recovered from his surprise something happened the unexpected, of course. A crash like a hundred guns tore the quiet night—and there was a flash of flame. When Philip looked again the boat had disappeared and there was no sign of its occupants.

It took only an instant for him to kick off his white shoes and dive into the water. He found Tom first—perfectly whole so far as he could tell, but unconscious—and got him to shore. He dived twice for Patricia before he



NATURAL BEAUTY is of course the best, but what if nature has not been kind? Nothing so detracts from a beautiful face as defective teeth. How are your teeth? Are they regular, white, perfect, uniform in shape and color? Come and see us for a free examination and unprejudiced advice. The best professional dentistry at modest rates.

Dr. W. L. Dunning
Dr. G. A. Ralston
 Over Central Drug Store

found her caught in the wreckage at the bottom.

The noise had brought two servants running from the house and a woman in white followed swiftly. "Patricia! Patricia, dear, where are you? Oh, what has happened? Patricia!"

Philip's heart, hammering from his exertions, almost stopped beating. He knew that voice. He went over to her and took her hand in his wet one. "There has been an accident," he said simply, "but I think your daughter and her escort will soon be all right. The tank blew up, but it must have been almost empty—or—"

He stopped.

The woman's eyes grew wide. "Philip! she cried. "Philip Mercer! To have you here now to save Patricia's life. I can't believe it." She caught his hand in both hers for an instant, then flew to the girl on the ground.

"Mother!" murmured Patricia sleepily. And just then Tom sat up.

"We'll get them to the house and to bed, Philip! Thank God you were near!"

"Amen!" agreed Philip.

"It's odd how things happen," said Pauline later, in the garden. "I had just finished writing to you when the explosion occurred. Admiral Talbot has been dead a year, and I wanted you to know."

"Then the man at the hotel wasn't Patricia's father?"

"No, her uncle."

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A week later Mrs. Baldrige received

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THE GOOD CLOTHES STORE

MARTINS

A Store for All the People 232-234 East Main, Ottumwa, Iowa

pleman were Albia visitors one evening last week.

Rev. Sandmyre of Mt. Pleasant filled his regular appointment here Sunday.

DRAGGING RIVER FOR DROWNED MAN

Muscatine, May 16.—A score of river men are dragging the bed of the Mississippi opposite this city today seeking the corpse of Harry Rogers, the engineer of the Drury township pumping plant who was drowned last evening when the launch carrying his family to safety was capsized in mid-stream. Since the break of the levee opposite here the Rogers family had been living in the hayloft of a barn. Their removal was being accomplished when the tragedy resulted.

Mrs. Rogers rescued their 4-year-old child and struggled to a clump of willows where she was later found.

STRIKERS RETURN TO THEIR PLACES

Youngstown, Ohio, May 16.—The plant of the Republic Rubber Co., closed since April 29, when the management announced that it would not operate in view of the "excessive demands of labor," reopened this morning and the company claimed 550 of its 1,250 employees returned to work. The plant of the General Fireproofing Co., closed by a machinists' strike, also reopened today. More men went back to the plant of the Trussed Concrete Co., where a strike is on, the management said. "There was no trouble at any point."

The Girard Iron Co. announced a wage advance to 1,000 employees today. Half of them are laborers who will get twenty-five cents instead of twenty-two cents an hour. The others are puddlers and finishers who are raised by the recent wage settlement from \$7.40 to \$7.42½ a ton.

WOMEN STRUGGLE WITH BOLD THIEF

Chicago, May 16.—The police are today searching for an armed robber who late yesterday afternoon robbed the apartment of Mrs. Catherine Martin of money and jewelry worth more than \$1,800. Mrs. Martin was engaged at the time the robber appeared at the door and a maid admitted him when he said he had an important communication for her mistress. He sat and smoked calmly while waiting

ever. These, however, are the first needfuls to buy. And Gladys needs only a few of these, though she wants even more.

Questions and Answers

Will you tell me how to clean a white wool coat, also a Panama hat? Thanking you.—"Red Head."

Reply—White this is not in my department. I am glad to be of service to you. The white wool coat may be washed in a lather made from raw starch dissolved in gasoline. Rinse in fresh gasoline till clear. The hat—if it is a real Panama—can be washed in clear water, using a soft scrubbing brush. If you rub moistened four of sulphur into it and place it in the sun to dry, it will bleach it, or any other straw hat. Brush out the sulphur after the bleaching is over.

Please tell me how to reduce the size of my cheeks—they are too fat.—"M. E."

Reply—Massaging them will take off the fat. This same method will also build up thin cheeks. To reduce them, you would use but a small amount of cream with the massage—enough only to soften the skin. It would not get fatty. Dash plenty of cold water on them and rub dry to harden the skin and tone the muscles. If you want massage directions, send a stamped, addressed envelope.

[Protected by The Adams Newspaper Service]

two letters which afforded her infinitely satisfaction. One was from her son announcing his engagement to Patricia. In the other, her brother told of his discovery of the long lost Pauline.

AVERY.

Mrs. Mina Goodwin and Mrs. Mary Allen have returned from Rochester, Minn., where they both underwent operations.

Mrs. Jennie Clapp entertained the Ladies birthday club Tuesday. Nearly all members were present and report a good time. May Appleman won first prize and Blanche Craver the booby prize. Refreshments were served.

Mrs. Jessie Smith went to Ames last Saturday to attend the May festival. Her son Willis is in school there.

Mrs. J. W. Richter and children Harold and Mae Isabelle were guests at the A. J. Warr home in Hiteam Sunday.

Miss Dalsa Thompson went to Chillicothe Friday evening to visit her friend Miss Alta Crabb.

Mrs. Tom Cosgrove is in Ottumwa visiting friends and relatives.

Mrs. Roy Bomhoff and son Philip are visiting her mother and sisters in Kansas City, Mo.

Mrs. Alta Mallin and little daughter of Albia are visiting at the J. Westfall home.

Mrs. Ada Peppers entertained the Ladies' Union Aid at her home Thursday afternoon. A large crowd was present. Mrs. Anna Moyle assisted in serving.

George Moore is expected home from Omaha this week.

Archie Graham and Miss Maude Ap-

for Mrs. Martin to appear and then threatened her with a revolver and demanded her money and jewels. Mrs. Martin and the maid fought with the man but he got \$100 in cash and several pieces of jewelry, some of which he tore from Mrs. Martin's hands. He then locked the two women in a closet and escaped.

COLD WAVE ABOUT PAST IS REPORT

Des Moines, May 16.—The cold wave which for two days has prevailed in Iowa is virtually over, according to predictions made today by the forecast division of the United States weather bureau here. Figures compiled by the forecaster show that the minimum temperature reported during the cold snap was 33 degrees at Estherville last night. The southeast section of the state suffered the least from cold.

Little damage has been done to crops, according to the forecaster. The high wind has prevented frost, but frost was expected tonight, especially in low lying districts.

CHICAGO BANKERS FOR PREPAREDNESS

Chicago, May 16.—Representatives of fourteen of Chicago's leading banks left here today in a special car to visit a number of towns in the state in the interest of national preparedness as well as to urge cooperation between bankers of the state in a business way.

The first meeting which the bankers will hold will occur at Newman, Ill., this afternoon where it is expected that nearly 200 bankers will gather. The party will then visit Highland and Metropolis. During the next two weeks the bankers will visit Springfield, Barry, Kewanee, Peoria, LaSalle, Rockford and Glenelg.

DOUDS-LEANDRO.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Spalding have returned to their home after a few days' visit in Bentonport.

Mrs. Weaver Salters and Mrs. Mary Steng of Sulma spent Sunday with relatives in Leandro.

Harry Morrow who attends school at Mt. Pleasant spent Sunday at the home of his parents Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Morrow.

Mrs. C. O. Williams went to Ottumwa Monday and returned with her mother Mrs. J. B. Park who has been in the Ottumwa hospital.

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