

The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — MAYBE HELL PUT AN EGG PLANT UNDER PETEY

BY C. A. VOIGHT



Children's Evening Story

BUDDY AND THE BURGLAR FOX.

"We must lock all the windows and doors very tightly tonight," said Mrs. Pigg to her husband, one evening when they were getting ready for bed.

"Yes," agreed Dr. Pigg, "we must. I'll see to it, my dear and you put the children to bed."

"Why do you have to lock up so carefully, mamma?" inquired Buddy.

"Because," said Mrs. Pigg, "I heard that there have been a number of tramps and burglars around lately."

"Indeed, that's true," added Dr. Pigg. "Mr. Cock A. Doodle, the rooster next door, was telling me that he thinks some one tried to get in his coop last night. The door rattled and some one shook the window."

"Perhaps it was the wind," suggested Brighteyes.

"It may have been," agreed her father. "I hope it was, for I don't like burglars at all. Now go to bed and don't be afraid, for I'll lock up carefully, and I have a pail of water right beside my bed and I'll throw it on a burglar if he dares to come in."

So Buddy and Brighteyes went upstairs to bed with their mother, while Dr. Pigg put out the cat, locked the doors and windows and set the alarm clock to wake him up at five o'clock, for he had to go downtown to attend to some business in the morning.

"I wish the June bug would come again," said Brighteyes, as she was falling asleep.

"Why?" asked her mother from the next room.

"Oh, so he could tell us some stories and then I wouldn't think about burglars."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mrs. Pigg. "How silly! Burglars will never hurt you. Go to sleep now."

"If any burglars come in I'll fix 'em," cried Buddy, bravely, from his room.

Then Brighteyes went to sleep and so did Dr. Pigg and his wife.

But, somehow, Buddy couldn't sleep. He thought of everything he could think of; ice cream cones and turnips and baseball games and being in the boat that time, and going to the North Pole and then he thought of the stories the June bug had told him, but still he couldn't go to sleep.

"I guess I'll get up and sit by the window a while," he said to himself.

"Then maybe I'll feel sleepy."

So he got up and sat down in a comfortable chair and looked out. It was a beautiful moonlight night and he would see things almost as well as if it was day.

Well, Buddy hadn't sat there very long, before he saw something long and black and shadowy creeping along, as softly and as gently as a mouse.

First he thought it was a cat, but when he looked again he saw that it was a fox. And the fox had a bag over his shoulder and he was sneaking along, looking around to be sure no policeman dogs saw him.

My, how surprised that fox was! In fact he was so surprised that he fell down and when he got up and saw Buddy looking at him from the window he was more amazed than ever.

"Get right away from here, you bad burglar fox you!" cried Buddy, "or I'll throw forty-seven more big bullets at you!"

Of course he really couldn't because he didn't have any other baseballs to throw, but the fox didn't know that, and really thought the one baseball was a big bullet.

Then, without even stopping to pick up his bag, the fox ran away, and so he didn't get in at all in Dr. Pigg's house and Buddy went to sleep.

Well, when Buddy told his papa and mamma and Brighteyes the next morning what he had done, maybe they weren't proud of it. Yes, indeed.

I wish I could say that the fox was arrested, but he wasn't and made lots more trouble later. But he never broke into Dr. Pigg's house and I'm glad of it.

Now, do you think you'd like to hear in the next story, about a queer adventure which Brighteyes had? Well, I'll tell it to you if the water sprinkler man gives us a nice big piece of ice to bake in the oven for a pudding.

years have made no change in you. You are not one day older. Your eyes are sparkling and your mouth has the same adorable kink at the corners that—

He came through the gate and stood beside her. "You received my letter?"

"No. Did you write?"

"Then I owe my good luck to providence. I asked you to meet me here. But I had hoped for a different reception. Elizabeth, won't you give me a word of welcome?"

"I have first to forget years of absence and silence," she said slowly.

"Why do women treasure such things against a man?" he asked impatiently. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder, and 'silence is golden.'"

"And 'out of sight, out of mind.'"

She smiled at him with unconcerned eyes. "What have you been doing all the years you have been forgetting friends and country?"

"Working hard. Prosaic enough in itself, but the ultimate object keeps me keenly alive. I wanted a home. When I needed recreation I cultivated flowers. You should see my garden."

"That would indeed be pleasant. And your wife?" she asked courteously.

"You are still an adept at fencing, Elizabeth?" he interrupted. "Are we to continue the same old game?"

"For an instant, she watched a chipmunk as he ran along the top rail of the fence. "I do not understand. We are too old to play pussy wants a corner and hide and seek. Those are the only games I remember. Perhaps

will recall others later on," she said.

"It will be pleasant to rummage among old memories," he laughed shortly, "but at present I am interested in knowing when you received my wedding cards."

"They never reached me. But a home suggests a wife, doesn't it?"

"Not necessarily. The purchase was the result of a settled purpose. May I trespass upon your hospitality? For the first time in years I can treat myself to a short vacation."

"You are most welcome," she replied cordially. "You have been sadly missed."

"Thank you. Your voice then held its first note of friendliness. I was beginning to feel homesick. Elizabeth, will you let me give you lessons in gardening during my stay?"

She threw back her head and laughed heartily. "It would be wasted effort. Plants never thrive for me, so I leave the borders to Uncle Pink."

"Perhaps you have never tried hard enough. It is wonderfully interesting to watch the tiny things push themselves through the earth, to get down on your knees and dip your hands into the warm soil, crumbling it so the tender leaves can come through quickly. Do sit down. This root makes a comfortable seat. I want to talk and I am curious. Are you really as indifferent about that letter as you would have me believe?"

"I had forgotten it."

"Then, I presume, since the letter is so easily forgotten, memory will be at fault in regard to several things I have been hoping you would remember."

"I remember you," she replied pleasantly. "Ten years is long to keep one in mind, especially—"

"Especially?"

"When one tries hard to be forgotten."

"Do you make no allowance for circumstances?"

"Always, when I am not an interested party."

"You—an interested party?" he questioned.

"Could it be otherwise when you were at the house every day and all day?" she asked carelessly.

"I was mistaken. Memory is a factor to be reckoned with," he commented dryly.

She brushed the litter from her dress. There was a finality in the movement that made him stretch out a detaining hand.

"Don't go. It is very pleasant here even if I am disappointed in the warmth of my greeting, and I do so wish to tell you of my garden. I wrote you about it. It was a good letter, although you evidence no interest in it."

She shook her head even as she paused. "I am afraid you ride an old man's hobby. Come to the house and tell me in the freelight. The air is getting frosty."

He gave her a quick look and his voice lost its bantering note. "No. I must tell it here." He hesitated a barely perceptible instant. "It is a hobby. Dear, you should see my beds of pansies and rosemary."

The color flared into her face. "You had prepared me for a garden of orchids, but even old fashioned flowers can be an outlet for surplus energy. You always did throw yourself body and soul into whatever you undertook to do."

"Why not, Elizabeth? I am in perfect health. I have passed the age when one glowers at the moon because the fair one is cruel. But all the same I am taking this pretty hard. This is Monday. I must be in my office Thursday morning. Important business requires my attention, else I would remain here and begin at the beginning of things. Ten years is a long time, but you have never been absent from my thoughts. I would have written, but there was nothing to say. I had nothing to offer you. The best I could do was to work for a home for you. It has taken me ten years. Will you accept it? Will you go back with me Wednesday?"

Her eyes swept the fields. From the cover near the branch she heard the partridge calling. She paused so long that the man beside her caught his breath and grasped the rail of the gate until his knuckles showed white. Then she turned to him.

"It will be a delight to see those old fashioned flower borders," she said simply.

SALEM.

The class play "Facing the Music" will be given at the opera house on the evening of May 19.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Ingram and their guests Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Phillips of

Gravety visited Sharon cemetery Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Levi Parkins, living west of town entertained at dinner Tuesday Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Ingram, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Phillips.

In honor of her son and daughter Jay Long and Mrs. May Frazer, Mrs. John Long entertained at dinner Tuesday, their birthday anniversary.

Mr. and Mrs. William Buffington of Eldon were Sunday guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Rossell.

Miss Mell Mogel went to Milton Friday and returned Monday.

Mrs. Ralph Ford and daughter Helen returned to Mt. Pleasant Wednesday after two weeks spent at the parental John Long home.

Committees have been appointed and arrangements made to observe Decoration Day.

The Ladies' Gospel team of Mount Pleasant filled the service hour at the M. E. church Sunday evening.

Mother's Day services were enjoyed by large audiences at each of the churches Sunday morning.

Ell Brody of Milton, Louis Brody of Donnellon spent Sunday with their cousin Philip Brody and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Elias Friend are visiting their son and daughter John Friend and Mrs. Clyde Hurley and families at Wapello.

Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Long entertained Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Murphy from Burlington.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Bliss enjoyed a visit last week with their daughter Mrs. Paul Fucker at Iowa City.

Mason Miller and granddaughter Mrs. Jay Long were Mt. Pleasant visitors Wednesday.

Linn Barton and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Aur Barton and Miss Eva Mosher returned to New London Sunday.

After visiting their aunt Mrs. Beard, Gerald and Leon Love returned to Peoria, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Davidson went to St. Robert Tuesday to visit their son Roy and family.

Friday Miss Mabel Pittman closed another year of successful work at the Dorland school.

Allice Helen, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Atkinson was operated on for adenoids Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Parsons of Ottum-

wa spent Sunday at the parental A. K. Parsons home.

Mrs. Minnie Blackledge of Mt. Sterling is visiting her sister Mrs. C. A. McKibben.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleve Mullineaux have returned to their home at Shelsburg after a visit with relatives in Leando.

Morris Loftis of Mt. Pleasant came Monday to visit friends and relatives.

Messrs. Howard Ratcliffe and Fred Fellows had business in Ottumwa on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Pearl Hart and baby, Paul, left Tuesday for Moline, Ill., to visit Mrs. Hart's parents.

Mrs. Sadie Giltner, who has been nursing Mrs. W. A. Flowers left for her home in Ottumwa Wednesday morning.

R. D. Crow and J. W. Wilson of New London motored over to Birmingham Wednesday morning on business.

Mrs. Kate Whisler and daughter, Mary Jane, returned home from an over Sunday visit in Kansas City, Mo. with her son, Harvey Whisler.

Fred Kendel returned to his home in Irouton, Mo., after a week's visit with his sisters, Mesdames W. A. Flowers and Frank Shore.

Capt. Patterson, road supervisor of Ottumwa, was here Wednesday on business.

Joe Roberts of Ottumwa visited here the first of the week at the A. W. Roberts' home.

Mrs. Wm. Bishop returned home this week from a visit in Topeka, Kan. and Kansas City, Mo. with relatives.

James Reed and daughter, Frances spent Sunday in Trenton, Mo., with Mrs. Harry Brown, daughter of Mr. Reed.

The Misses Cuba and Mabel Carter were hostesses to the Camp Fire Girls at their home on Maple avenue Tuesday night. The evening was spent in sewing rag carpet. A sumptuous two course luncheon was served. Covers being laid for fifteen members. The girls are planning their next meeting to be in the Christian church.

BEAUTY CHATS

Poisoned By Anger

There are old wives' tales that are quite true, of mothers growing so angry during the periods in which they are nursing their babies that the infants have had convulsions and disastrous paroxysms. A woman who is angry or upset while nursing a child has frequently given it colic.

This proves that anger is a poison. And there are other proofs for those who doubt. For instance, the body is always exuding perspiration through the glands of the skin. Stop these pores and the body poisons itself, since it cannot throw off the waste matter that contains these elements. That is why a cold is so painful and uncomfortable. Now, certain strong feelings produce certain definitely known secretions. Tests have proved that these secretions are poisonous, when a state of anger has been maintained.

I am saying nothing here about the deepening wrinkles, the sagging mouth and sullen eyes that are still other outward physical effects of anger. Anger will upset the digestive organs and the bowels. Dyspepsia, nervousness, morbidity and other forms of illness are directly traceable to slow anger poisoning.

So beware of anger! Not occasional outbursts—no, indeed, a "mad" will often clear the mind, as a thunder storm will clear the air—simply beware of slow and continued anger. An angry frame of mind will make us unpleasant to ourselves, and we cannot get away from each other. "Forgive, thine enemy" is good healthy advice.

How can I keep my anger under from spitting? They seem very brittle also.—John T.

Reply—Keep them soft by rubbing plenty of cold cream into them—that will stop the spitting. The circulation in them must be poor. Why not keep them manicured regularly? That will improve their health.

Reply—The only thing that could hurt the eyes would be a smarting sensation, if

Questions and Answers

Could you tell me whether or not ammonia will hurt my eyes? I am only using it to rub into the roots of offending hairs in the eyebrows, after I pull them out.—Eleanor.

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Courier's Drawing Puzzle



What is Betty drawing?

COMPLETE THE PICTURE BY DRAWING A LINE THROUGH THE DOTS. BEGIN AT NO. 1 AND TAKE THEM NUMERICALLY.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

THE PARK AVE. NEWS.

Sudden Death. Our readers will be shocked to hear of the sudden death of 2 of Skinny Martin's black cats 5 new kittens, which Skinny's father drowned in a basket of water before they were old enough to know the difference. The other 3 are going to be given away as soon as they get big enough to move by themselves. Wen interviewed on the subject, Skinny sed the cat will soon have more, however, because she always does.

Wy are battleships called ocean greyhounds? On account of the fleet Joak.

Sports. The Invisibles have bin indulging in spring practice every day after school. A siltle fist took place last Thursday between Sid Hunt and Ed Wernick, the 2 pitchers, on account of both of them wanting to pitch at wunts. The first game of the season will be played with the Champeen Athletics the first afternoon both teams are ready at the same time.

Pome by Skinny Martin.

IN THE JUNGLES.

O see the luvly pussy cat!

Horror! The plot thickens! It's one of those animals known as skunks!

Everybody run like the dickins! Sissity Notes. Miss Gertrud Simkins gave a birthday party last Friday, everybody having a fine time eatin' ice cream and cake and playing kissing games till Ed Wernick and Lew Davis, being among them who was not invited, came around and started to yell in the parlor windows and make the shades go all the way up to the top by pulling them, and the party moved up to the setting room, were a fine time was continued to be had.

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