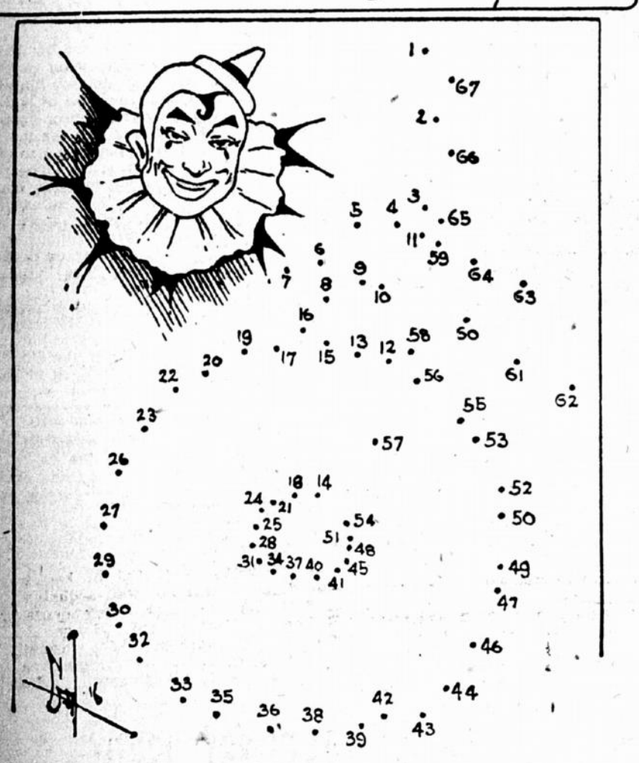
The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — NOW THEY'VE GOT TWO OF THEM IN THE FAMILY — BY C. A. VOIGHT

Courier's Drawing Puzzle



What does the clown see?

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

Evening Story

MEN WANTED.

By Jane Osborn.

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The Women's college lay three miles from the town where Botsford Hatch had his shingle hung out as a lawyer, and on a certain cold day in February, having no prospect of business for the afternoon, he had strolled out to the suburban vicinity of that institution. There were reasons for Mr. Hatch's mood of indolence and reasons why his steps took him to the neighborhood of the college. Still even to himself he would not admit them. It was really Betty Pickett's fault—little, brown haired, blue eyed Betty Picket, the lovable little doll of a girl to whom Botsford had proffered his heart and his hand only a few weeks before.

The worst of it was Betty had accepted his suit in a timid sort of way. Then some foolish little misunderstanding had come and the end of it all was that the time for the much talked about junior ball at the college had come and Botsford had not been asked.

Not that Botsford cared for junior balls, far from it, for at best he would have but four dances with the object of his adoration. But still there was a certain significance about Betty's junior ball, as she had explained before the trouble was brewed. "One always asks 'the only man' to one's own junior prom," she had said, and the memory of the statement filled Botsford with thoughts that were colored with the green of jealousy whenever he thought that Betty might be going to her junior prom and might have invited some other man to escort her.

It was, as a matter of fact, the morning of the junior prom and Botsford knew it. And now he was only a few blocks from the dormitory where the tantalizing little Betty abode, and only one block from the group of buildings where that same little woman was undergoing the laborious process of receiving a "higher education."

He looked up at a high board fence and beheld a large red lettered sign that began with the words, "Ice Skating—Watch For the Red Flag." Then another glance revealed the red flag, and another smaller sign that bore the simple legend—"Men Wanted."

Botsford rather absent mindedly entered the wooden door in the fence marked "Entrance," and following a group of girls, bought a ticket and secured a pair of rather rusty, ill-fitting skates. Then, still absent minded, he began to wonder why the sign had read "Men Wanted."

He strapped on his skates in the shelter at the edge of the court and then clumped his way down the board walk to the sheet of ice which covered the space that in summer and autumn served as a tennis court for the girls of the college not far away.

He started cautiously for it was the first time for a year that he had been on skates. And then, after a few preliminary flourishes, he was off, his hands securely tucked in his pockets, his body bent forward and his head held up—in that attitude he had learned as a boy.

There were not many skaters and most of those present were girls. He might have noticed but he didn't that he was the only man skating alone.

Twice had he gone around the court when he was hailed by a fair haired young amazon on an improvised bench at the edge of the ice. He skated easily and quickly to her.

"I am so glad there are some men at last," she said, "and I am glad you are life sized. One came yesterday, but it was really pathetic. Imagine me going around on the arm of a little chap scarcely five feet four inches. After I had hung on his little arm ten minutes, and fallen with him a few times, he was quite winded and went without being paid. But I think you'll do. What do you charge an hour?"

"The regular price," was Botsofrd's answer, and then cautiously and without delay the fair young amazon rose and with perfect self possession, said, "Now we are off."

Apparently, thought Botsford, he had been mistaken for an assistant or instructor. Probably the sign on the fence was there to lure men in to escort the women skaters in their task of learning the newly fashionable sport. Most of the skaters were women, for the court was practically monopolized by girls from the college.

Somehow he managed not to fall, though after a half hour's work he found himself growing weary. But the day promised no diversion more interesting and for some reason Bostford always did enjoy being a part of a harmless misunderstanding. Besides, mused he, he might before long muster courage enough to ask the amazon if she knew Betty, although in appearance at least there could be little in common between the two girls.

But when the half hour was about over, another amazon, a stately brunette, approached and called out reproachfully:

"Piggy, piggy, to keep the only life-sized man on the place! What does he charge an hour?"

And before he knew it, he was struggling at the side of another novice at the art of skating. Later he returned to his blond, and although his arms ached and he could feel the sting of several bruises where he had fallen with his brunette pupil, he said nothing of leaving.

"Going to be here this afternoon?" she asked as they neared the edge of the court. "I am going to stop now, but I may be back this afternoon. Skating is all the rage, you know, and I must know all about it before this cold snap ends. Men are so scarce around here in the daytime."

For the lack of anything better, Botsford said that he intended to stay all day. The girl thought a moment as she sat on the bench. "Come to think of it, I shan't want you this afternoon, but I may want you tonight. It's junior ball night and I don't want to skate away all my enthusiasm for that."

Here she lowered her voice as if she did not want the other skaters to hear what she had to say. "But men are scarce even at dances. You have no idea how scarce, and I think I might want you for tonight. It opens at 9, but you had better be around at the dormitory at 8:30. You dance, I suppose, though that isn't absolutely necessary. I'll pay your price of fifty cents an hour and the additional price of rent for an evening suit."

Botsford's heart beat at double quick every time the amazon mentioned the junior ball, and he stammered something about already possessing an evening suit. Probably the amazon thought he had acquired it during a short career as a waiter. He agreed to the proposition. In fact, he said, he would be willing to put in the entire evening for two dollars, from half past eight till closing time.

"All right," said the girl as she left him at the entrance of the court. Then she whispered again: "One thing you must remember. I'll introduce you as my brother and you must keep up the bluff. No one must know that I have employed you in this way. It's a rather sore point sometimes when girls don't have any men for dances. You seem so different from the sort of men that would be willing to be hired that I am quite deepnding on you to do the proper thing."

Of course, Botsford thought that he was going to be the amazon's escort and that she was the one who had felt—perhaps keenly—the misfortune of not being able to secure a man for the dance. He had managed to skate with her for two hours that morning, so probably he would be able to survive four or five dances with her that evening. But if the truth must be told it was the hope of seeing Betty and the bitter thought that he would also see the rival who was taking his place with her that led him to accept the proposition without a murmur.

It was with decided surprise that Botsford beheld the radiant splendor of the girl of whose name he was still ignorant. There was no doubt about it she was decidedly a striking and truly magnificent creature in her evening gown. Then, as he was recovering from the surprise of this rapid change of appearance—it was in the crowded reception room of the dormitory, where the girls and their escorts were assembling before the ball—she led him up to a man whom she introduced as "Mr. Smith, my fiance." And Botsford caught the sparkling gem of a solitaire worn on her left hand which her goolen glove had hidden in the morning.

He was wondering why he had been employed—since she was amply supplied with an escort in the stalwart form of Mr. Smith—when she began to speak in a whisper.

"You are to be the escort of a little friend. The man she intended to ask disappointed her. I found out about it this morning and I hated to have her fun spoiled just because that brute of a man went back on her. So I told her I had a brother that was just crazy to come and would like to be her escort. Here she is."

And just then Mr. Smith led up the timid little figure of Betty, as dainty as a wood nymph, Botsford thought, in the pink and silver splendor of her junior ball gown.

LITTLE BENNY'S NOTE BOOK

BY LEE PAPE

Me and my cuzin Artie was playing parcheezy with eetch uther on the setting room floor wile pop was smoaking and reeding the paper, and Artie beet me 3 games in succession, and I sed, G, your lucky.

Lucky nuthing, I understand the science of it better than you do, that's all, sed Artie.

Like fun you do, I sed, thare aint eny science to it, you big—

Carefill thare, don't say enything libeliss, sed pop.

I was jest going to call him a munkey rentsh, that aint libeliss, is it, I sed.

No, I don't bleeve you cood gain enything exsept notoriety by hailing a man into cort for allooding to you as a munkey rentsh, sed pop.

You big munkey rentsh, I sed to Artie.

You big triangle, sed Artie.

You darn hem stitch, I sed.

You old horse trawff, sed Artie.

You vaccinated Ethelopium, I sed.

You sawed off hammered down segar band, sed Artie.

You dusty soaking wet crithanthemum, I sed.

You damp wheelbarrow, sed Artie.

I ubject, sed pop.

I sed damp, sed Artie.

No dowt, no dowt, sed pop, but my motto is, wen you see 2 kids skating in thin ice, kick them the dickins off. Now eether go on and play parchessy or bid eetch uther adoo for the nite.

So we went on and played parcheezy and wat did Artie do but beet me 2 more games.

BEAUTY CHATS

by EDNA KENT FORBES

Dressing One's Self Artistically

It is surprising, the number of women with plenty of time, who cannot do a bit of sewing for themselves. It is equally surprising, how these women turn themselves over blindly to dressmakers whose ideas end with their paper patterns, who have no real conception of the varying needs of each client.

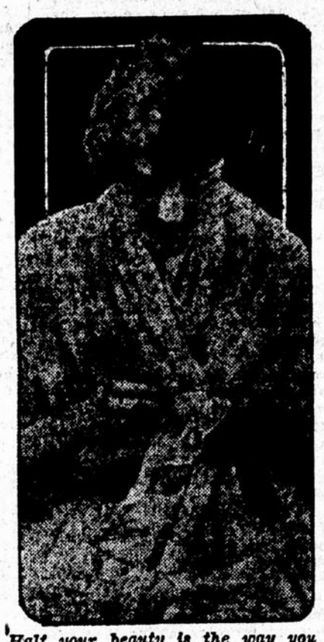
No woman can be beautiful unless she knows how to bring out her good points and how to conceal her bad ones. Our stage women are beautiful—they have mastered the art of dress, the art of hair dressing, and learned how to hold themselves. Our society women are usually very good-looking—they also put themselves in the hands of artist-costumers, and are dressed to make them appear beautiful.

The average woman buys everything, from hats to shoes, because it meets her price or takes her eye—regardless of whether it is the sort of thing she should wear. Pretty clothes cost little when you make them—but you must know how to do it well.

I advise you, if you have any time for such work, to get a dress form just your height and fixed to your exact measurements, to buy materials and colors that become you, and study yourself to decide whether you take the frivolous, the severe, demure or sports style. Suits and coats are hard to make because of their intricate tailoring, but dresses and negligées and undergarments are easy and delightful.

Be well dressed, and stylish, and half your battle of beauty is won.

Choose colors to bring out your hair and your complexion, styles that will suit your type, pretty, artistic things, and see how soon everyone will notice a change.



Half your beauty is the way you dress yourself—your allowance goes three times as far when you make your own clothes

Questions and Answers

In regard to buttermilk treatment, do you take it with meals, before or after?—Mary.

Reply—You take the buttermilk precisely as you would any milk—during the meal, in between at a light lunch, or before retiring. Get buttermilk into your stomach, as much as you enjoy of it. It will never interfere with anything else in the diet.

Do you think if I kept pushing the muscles of my nose up from the end, that it would help shorten it?—Miss J. N. G.

Reply—Slightly. If you feel that you could take to surgery for it, a good specialist would make it shorter by taking some of the cartilage off. It would be done without a scar. Why not cultivate your other possibilities, then the nose won't bother you so much.

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FISHERMEN LUCKY.

Independence, May 23. —The fishermen of this place are catching remarkably fine fish in the Wapsie. On Monday A. H. Wallace brought into Woodward's sport goods store a nine-pound pickerel. Others caught fine strings including catfish that weigh as high as twelve and fourteen pounds. The river banks have been alive with men and boys.

RUSS CROPS FAIL.

Berlin, May 23.—A crop disaster in Russia is reported in advices received from Stockholm by the Overseas News agency.

FALLS DEAD IN FIELD.

Northboro, May 23. —While in the field preparing to list corn, August Fienup dropped dead at his farm four miles west of Northboro. His son, Charles, was with him. The father sank to the ground and died instantly.

MILITARY AUTOS USED TO SURPRISE MEXICAN BANDITS

SPEED OF THE MACHINE ENABLES SOLDIERS TO FINISH DESPERATE MAN.

Field Headquarters, May 16.—Via motor to Columbus, N. M., May 23.—Automobiles were put to a new military use in the Villa campaign on May 14 when the bandit leader, Col. Julio Cardenas, was killed with two of his lieutenants.

Three touring cars from Gen. Pershing's camp started about midday for Rancho San Miguel de Rubio, a short run across the mountains, the residence of the Cardenas family and the scene of pot shooting occasionally at American troops. The Cardenas family, all women and children, had remained unmolested notwithstanding positive information to the American staff that the bandit frequently used his ranch for a rendezvous.

The automobiles, with an order to buy corn as the ostensible purpose, made a fast run over mountain foothills to the ranch. Lieut. Gen. George S. Patton, Jr., of San Francisco, a member of Gen. Pershing's staff, commanded the machines. Within a mile of the ranch the cars topped a hill, from which they were visible to the occupants of the ranch and made a dash toward their objective, which would have been impossible for cavalry. Running nearly sixty miles an hour, they were within less than 200 yards of the buildings before their presence was discovered.

A Mexican working in the yard gave the warning but it was too late. By the time Cardenas and his two men could get on their horses and dash for the ranch gate, the Americans had surrounded the place.

Cardenas was the first man to emerge from shelter. He and Lieut. Patton engaged in a pistol duel in which a shot from Patton's weapon broke the bandit's arm and drove him back into the ranch house, later to be finished by the American soldiers when he tried to escape.

TWO NEW AEROPLANES.

Columbus, N. M., May 23.—Two new 160 horsepower aeroplanes arrived here today and military aviators began preparing them for field service, Gen. Pershing, expeditionary commander, having made repeated pleas for machines for scouting purposes.

Eighteen cars of food and forage reached the American command at Casas Grandes yesterday. This, with the dispatch of an engineer company to repair roads below Colonia Dublan, was taken here as supporting the contention that for the present no general withdrawal of the expeditionary command is contemplated.

SPANISH VESSEL SENT TO BOTTOM BY A SUBMARINE

SHIP OWNERS VERY MUCH EXCITED OVER ACTIVITIES OF THE TEUTON CRAFT.

Madrid, May 23.—The owners of the steamer Marques de Mudela, which left Newport, Wales, for Bilbao May 1, believe the ship a victim of submarines as nothing has been heard from her since she departed.

According to the liberal deputies from Bilbao, the frequent attacks against Spanish ships by German submarines are greatly agitating ship owners on the Cantabrian coast. It is reported that these deputies have asked the government to demand that Germany respect neutral flags.

BELIEVED SHIP LOST.

Marseilles, France, May 23.—Information received here today concerning the loss of the French steamship Languedoc shows that she was sunk in the Mediterranean Saturday by a submarine. Capt. Pierre Battisti was taken prisoner on board the submarine. The Languedoc was sunk by shell fire from the submarine, which killed one member of the crew and wounded two others seriously and ten slightly.

THREE SHIPS SUNK.

London, May 23.—Lloyd's shipping agency today reported the sinking of three ships, a Greek and a British steamer and an Italian sailing vessel.

The Greek steamship Adamantios Korais was sunk by Austrians in the Mediterranean. The crew was saved.

The Italian sailing vessel Fabbricotti-F was sunk in the Mediterranean.

The British steamship Rhenass was sunk by a mine. Seven of her crew were killed.

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