

The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — JUST GIVE THE CAR A FEW DROPS BEFORE EACH MEAL

BY C. A. VOIGHT



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.

Evening Story

AN ARCHITECT'S FORESIGHT.

By Ernestine Cobb.

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"Ah, this is the life!" Anne's tone and inflection expressed complete satisfaction, which was the result of her being settled in a brand new three-room apartment. The wicker furniture, cretonne hangings, woven cotton rugs, and fragile teacups were the things Anne had not found in her varied experience in boarding houses, though they were the things for which her soul and body, too, had yearned.

"What do I care if I did go without a new suit this winter and did miss the grand opera and occasional luncheons at the Palatia? Just see what I've gained!" She turned her eyes lovingly from one object to another all about the cheerful living room. The cup of tea she had just finished and had ban-

ished the fatigue of her day's work at school. She let the empty cup rest on the arm of her chair, and nibbled absent-mindedly on a crisp wafer.

Suddenly her serenity gave way to a puzzled expression. She bent her head listening to a song that seemed to come from the adjoining apartment and seemed to contain something about somebody of the name of Anne. The voice suggested baritone potentialities and the tone suggested meditative happiness. As the song was repeated at irregular intervals, Anne made out the following words:

"How old is Anne? Don't ask me, man; But, be she five or fifty, I'm sure with me you will agree That Anne is rather nifty."

"Of all the nerve!" thought Anne, as she first caught the words. Then she laughed a bit sheepishly as she reflected that the singer did not know of her existence, much less of her name. She had been in the apartment but a week, and knew as little of her many neighbors as they knew of her.

Once again the doggerel was softly sung, and Anne began to wonder about the singer. Who was he, and why did

he sing haltingly half way through and sometimes pause in the middle of a measure, and sometimes hurry it to a conclusion? He must be engaged in some occupation which absorbed his mind to the point of making him unconscious of the song on his lips. Then Anne reddened at finding herself curious about her neighbors, to whom she had resolved to remain entirely indifferent, whatever their status.

She stepped into the kitchenette, placed her teacup in the sink, and put the remaining wafers into their tin box. Returning to the living room, she seated herself at the piano, which was her chief luxury and companion. Just as she was ready to lay her hands upon the keys to play the old-time melodies for which her present mood called, once more there came to her that insistent singer's untrained baritone mumbling the doggerel about Anne.

As she sat listening to the now familiar air, she began unconsciously to play a soft accompaniment to it. Not until an abrupt silence followed the closing words of the stanza did she fully realize what she had done. She sat tensely listening for a sound from the next apartment but none came.

She wondered whether the young man were listening, too. Then she wondered why she thought of him as a young man, but finally deciding that neither his age nor his identity were of interest to her she tossed her head indifferently and began to improvise music suited to her mood. Consternation overcame her a moment later when she found herself playing that chugging accompaniment in a spirit, and realized that the singer had bodily taken up the words and was singing gaily to her accompaniment. She stopped short in the midst of it and broke giddily into a Dvorak "Humoresque."

Anne was to be a dinner guest that evening of her Cousin Emily Mason, famous as a giver of delightful little spreads at which interesting people were brought together at a perfectly appointed and supplied board. Mrs. Mason had telephoned Anne the night before to look her prettiest as the guests would include a charming bachelor architect and a rising young lawyer, while Anne would be the youngest and prettiest girl present in a spirit.

Anne smiled as she remembered her cousin's bantering words, and she went from the piano to the closet and took out her only two evening gowns. One was a soft, pale green chamusee and the other a fluffy black net. She viewed each critically. She decided to wear the pale green gown, but its gold trimming lacked life, so she decided to add some touches of black velvet at girdle and blouse front.

"There! That gives chic!" she muttered. "Now for some color to suggest spring time! I'll just have to have about three bunches of those butterfly sweet peas, shamed from pale pink to deep rose color."

Five minutes later, she was on her way to the florist's shop around the corner, and an hour afterward she was at the door of the Masons.

"You're a dream, Anne," whispered her cousin, as the long black coat was removed and the dainty sweet peas were placed against the pale green gown. "If you don't set the lawyer or the architect to dreaming of you, I'm no prophet."

John Moore, the architect, proved to be fat, round and forty. Edgar Worth, the lawyer, was slender and strong, possibly thirty, but with the twinkle of a boy of twenty in his brown eyes. Edgar Worth took Anne in to dinner, and John Moore was seated on her other hand. The dinner started off with light conversation and laughter, but presently Anne and Edgar found themselves talking about music.

"In what kind of music do you find most enjoyment?" asked Anne. "I find it all depends on my mood," said Edgar. "An hour or two ago, I'd have chosen a 'Humoresque' lightly played on a piano, but now I could tolerate a whole symphony orchestra in something more soulful."

Anne's eyes were full of surprised inquiry at his mention of the "Humoresque," but just at that moment the architect spoke to her.

"Mrs. Mason tells me you are domiciled at the new Selkirk studios, my pet architectural achievement of the year," was his half comment, half question.

"Yes," answered Anne and Edgar in the same breath. Then they looked at each other in wide-eyed bewilderment, which slowly gave way to understanding.

"So you are my musical neighbor?" he almost gasped. "I offer my profound apologies for my execrable sin-

BEAUTY CHATS

Bobbed Hair

A YEAR OR SO AGO, a pretty young dancer, finding that her hair was getting colorless and thin, and being of a daring disposition—had it bobbed, and thereby gained for herself more publicity than she ever could by inventing all sorts of society dances. She is young, fragility pretty, with a trick of looking half wistfully at you. And, by bobbing her hair, she made herself look like some adorably sweet grown-up child.

And immediately all stage-struck girls, and not a few society buds, followed after her—and had theirs bobbed. It was a good idea—it was too bad every one didn't do it. Very likely, if cutting one's hair were not such an inevitable sort of act—everyone would have done it.

Now, the best sort of thing anyone can do, if their hair is getting thin, is to cut it off short around the neck, and keep it so for several months. Then, with regular tonics and treatments given at home, it will grow fast and new hair cells will form under the scalp, and pretty soon the hair will come in new and thicker and better. And, having been given a new start in life, it will likely not turn gray for many years later than otherwise.

Bobbed hair will be becoming to almost every youthful face. It must be kept well washed, and a tonic applied every night, to help in its new growth. It can be curled every once in a while, to keep the ends turned under, and a band may be worn about the head to hold it in, or a net worn over it, to keep it from blowing. With a net and a hat, no one would guess it was bobbed. And it saves much time dressing and undressing, and is wonderfully cool in the summer. So many women have bobbed their hair now, it is not at all unusual to see them on the streets. And beauty doctors predict healthier hair for all of them.

Questions and Answers
Is there any way that I can remove a yellow ring around my neck? I have been using lemon, also peroxide, with very little improvement.—Georgette.



Bobbed hair is a growing, not a passing fad—bob yours if it is thin and wavy

Reply—Perhaps you are wearing high and tight collars and increasing the trouble. Send me a stamped, addressed envelope, I shall be pleased to help you get rid of it.

I am a pianist and troubled with a sore on the end of one thumb. It is constantly cracked from getting hurt. Is it safe to remove it?—Amy J.

Reply—You may eliminate that wart without any risk. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for particulars.

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Young People's Religious World

(By William T. Ellis)

TERSE COMMENTS ON THE UNIFORM PRAYER MEETING TOPIC OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES — CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR

NEW LIGHT FOR THIS OLD WORLD

Terse Comments on the Uniform Prayer Meeting Topic of the Young People's Societies—Christian Endeavor, etc., for May 28: "How Missions are Blessing the World." Ezek. 47:1-12.

(By William T. Ellis.)

The advent of Christ's truth means to a nation the advent of new ideas, more liberal thought, loftier national ideals, more healthful modes of living, and in a word, all of progress and advancement that are wrapped up in the word civilization. For civilization's light is only a reflection of the light of the world.

Morning brings joy, hope, courage, cheer, peace, and work. After the unrest and fears of the night, the coming of day is hailed as the sun of all blessings. In like manner the dawning of the missionary morning means to the world all that it has ever hoped for and needed.

Missions bring light to homes. Dark and miserable are the homes into

which Christ has not shined. His coming means new love in the family, new trust in one another, new unselfishness, new service, new and larger interests, new hopes, new blessings shared by all new purposes and new life. What a transformation the gospel works in homes! Verily, its coming is the dawning of the eternal morning.

Missions bring light to the individual. The advance of the missionary cause means the breaking of the day in millions of human hearts that are sick of the night. When Christ comes to a soul, with Him comes the radiance of new hope, new faith, new happiness, new desires, new tastes, new life altogether.

In God's day there is no sunset. When the Sun of Righteousness rises He never goes down. Light forever and increasing follows His dawn. Christ's victories over darkness are eternal. When He drives it away it can never return. The missionary cause is a steady advance; it never loses ground. Thus the daybreak is spreading and soon the perfect day will come, when the light of Christ will envelop all the world.

ings, which was pure rapture poorly expressed over my escape from boarding-house life to a place. I was able to make a bit home-like.

"Since you didn't know my name was Anne, I suppose I must forgive you," she replied, blushing. Then the architect once more claimed her at-

In the Religious World

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

LIBERALISM'S GREAT VICTORY.

The International Sunday School Lesson for May 28 is "The Council at Jerusalem."—Acts 15:1-35.

(By William T. Ellis.)

May is the month of ecclesiastical conventions, and by the time these words are read most of them will be in full swing or already adjourned. Among ministers and church workers these gatherings are a principal subject of present interest. A striking parallel may be found between the most of them and the first council of the Christian church, which was held in Jerusalem about the year 50, and which is the theme of the present international lesson.

In larger aspect, there is the same struggle under way this month as was witnessed in the first church council—the endless strife between formalism, tradition, prescription and proscription on the one hand, and on the other the growing, expanding life of the church. The liberalists are still with us, caring more for a precedent than for a principle. The struggle for adherence to formal practices is perhaps best illustrated by the debate over amusements. The world is used to a discussion of whether Christians may smoke, or go to the theater or ride in automobiles—which was actually the subject of legislation at a re-lustre and fluffiness. To half a pint of alcohol add half a pint of water (or else you wish) and to this add one ounce of beta-quinol, which your druggist can supply you. I consider this one of my most remarkable formulas.

MISS G. R. B.—My complexion formula will produce an almost magical transformation on any skin. The most common cause of a bad complexion is a grainy, spotty and uneven color of the skin. Added to this are occasional freckles, red spots and liver spots. You can get enough eggs to last you for at least a dozen shampoos, at the drug store, for a moderate price. This egg shampoo far exceeds even the best soap, or any other article for the purpose I ever used.

MISS LOTTIE G.—Yes, pimples can be most luckily removed by taking one or two teaspoonfuls after meals of a mixture of twelve ounces of sugar, one ounce of sarsaparil and a pint of water. Get the sarsaparil at the drug store by the ounce, in the original package.

MRS. R. T. V.—Here is my formula for that shampoo and dandruff remover, a gem, I assure you. Dissolve one teaspoonful of eggol in half a cup of water. You can get enough eggs to last you for at least a dozen shampoos, at the drug store, for a moderate price. This eggol shampoo far exceeds even the best soap, or any other article for the purpose I ever used.

MISS R. T. H.—No, positively do not use any mechanical contrivance in an endeavor to develop the bust. The following safe formula has produced splendid development in many cases. Think you realize that bust development is difficult to accomplish. Mix together a half cup of sugar, two ounces of rucione and half a pint of cold water. Dissolve thoroughly and take regularly two teaspoonfuls three or four times a day.—Advertisement.

cent convention of one of the minor denominations—or wear hooks and eyes instead of buttons, or ride in street cars on Sunday, or belong to social organizations which do not conform to the usages and convictions of certain bodies of Christians. Here we have the reappearance of the Judaizing Christians of the Apostolic church who insisted that all believers should conform to the practices which they themselves favored.

The struggle between Christian liberty and church restrictions is old and continuous. What is the liberty of today may be the restraint of tomorrow. Probably it is inevitable that the issue first joined in the Jerusalem council should continue through all other ecclesiastical gatherings to the end of time. At least, it is steady-ly to read the reports of the present day ecclesiastical meetings in the light of St. Luke's narrative of the first church council, and Paul's own comment upon it, as found in the second chapter of Galatians. Some of us extract comfort from the observation that even in the apostolic church the Christians

were not angels.

Mischief Makers in Antioch. Some Christians from Judea—the historian does not think them worth dignifying by name—had gone down to Antioch and had troubled the new church there by trying to correct its procedure. They accused the Antioch Christians of not being thoroughly orthodox. Imagine it!

Down in Antioch the church had wise shepherds who were not willing to let their flock be continually worried by the new issues raised. They decided to appeal to the mother church at Jerusalem. They knew the wisdom of getting a decision. Why wrangle an squabble forever over a point that should be decided once and for all? So Paul and Barnabas were sent to Jerusalem to confer with the apostles and the elders and the home church.

It was by rail but aboard patient donkeys or else afoot, that Paul and Barnabas made their way down through Phoenicia and Samaria, preaching as they went.

The men from Antioch were welcomed by the church at Jerusalem. The differences of opinion did not disturb their cordial relationships. And those Jerusalem Christians were more eager to hear of the gospel's triumphs in Syria and in Asia Minor than they were to talk about the controversy that had brought Paul and Barnabas to Jerusalem.

The last mention in the inspired history that we have of Peter occurs in this discussion at the first church council, when he stood up as the champion of Christian liberty. Three points he made. The first was that the spirit had borne witness to the validity of the Gentile converts. This was the argument that had prevailed when he himself was answering to the church for his experience with the house of Cornelius.

The second point was that the yoke which Judaism was trying to lay on the neck of the new Christians was one which even their fathers had not been able to bear. As the golden text says: "For freedom did Christ set us free."

Then the third point, and the climax of Peter's argument, was that the cross of Christ alone is sufficient for salvation. It is not rites, nor ordinances, but Christ himself who saves the believer.

The Law of Liberty. In most meetings there is some one man who makes the motion that shows the way out. James, the Lord's brother, was that sort of hard headed, practical man, as his epistle shows. He suggested the procedure which was adopted: a letter of greeting to the new Christians, setting forth the mind of the church at Jerusalem. He put the conviction of the whole church, apostles, elders and laity, into written form, freeing the Gentile Christians from the yoke of bondage. They were enjoined to abstain from all connection with idolatry and to shun the immorality of heathendom and they were also bidden to abstain from meat that had not been properly killed. To us this last point seems but a confusion of the lesser with the greater, but we can understand how it bulked large in the thinking of these Jewish Christians, to whom the Levitical law was part of their daily life.

Thus was issued the Magna Charta of Christian liberty. Christianity is not an enlarged Judaism; it is a new life and a new liberty, applicable to every nation and condition. The gospel is not a code, but a confession; not a program, but a principle; not laws, but a life.

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