

The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — PETEY'S NOT SCARED, BUT HE'S DISCREET

BY C. A. VOIGHT



Children's Evening Story

BUDDY IN THE BERRY BUSH.

(Continued from yesterday.)

Well, at first he was too surprised to speak, and besides, the breath was sort of knocked out of him, but when he did gather himself together he saw that he was in a bad place to get out of. By this time Johnnie and Billie had found the green acorn and had divided and eaten it, so they came back to find Buddy.

"Why, where has he gone to?" asked Billie, looking around.

"Maybe he got mad because we jumped off the plank so quickly and he has run home," suggested Johnnie. "We shouldn't have done it."

"No," cried Buddy suddenly. "I haven't gone home! I'm in the black-berry bush over there!"

"Why, in the world did you get there?" asked Johnnie and Buddy told him.

"I think it would be more polite to ask him how he's going to get out," suggested Billie.

"That's so," agreed Buddy. "It's going to be hard work. But I guess I can crawl through."

"So he tried to crawl through the bush, but you know how it is when you go after berries, the briars seem to stick into you all over. He couldn't get it out, no matter how hard he tried, for the stickers caught into his fur and held him fast.

"Can't you jump out through the same hole you fell in through?" asked Billie, and Buddy tried to do so, but he was scratched more than ever.

Then Billie and Johnnie tried to open up a place through the bottom part of the briars for Buddy to slide out, but they couldn't do it and they were very sorry they had jumped off the plank so quickly for that made all the trouble.

Well, it began to look as though Buddy would never get out, and he felt like crying, only he was brave and didn't shed a single tear. Then Johnnie suggested that he and Billie go up a tall tree and lower a string down to Buddy in the bush and try to pull him up that way. They tried it but it wouldn't work for the stickers still caught in the little guinea pig's fur.

So they didn't know what to do and were just going to give up when who should come bounding along but Sammie Littell. He knew what to do in a second.

He dug a burrow, beginning outside the berry bush, and slanting it up under the roots, so that it came out inside, right near where Buddy was crouched down inside the clump of briars. The burrow was like a tunnel and was big enough for Buddy to crawl through, which he did, never getting scratched once. They all said that and I agree with them. Then they all played see-saw some more until it was time to go home.

Now in case there is a cool breeze to blow the dust out of the poor coal man's eyes, I'll tell you next about Buddy and Brighteyes bringing home

anchors, waving their arms wildly. Robert was standing and cheering and talking excitedly to his companions. Eleanor felt a limp, helpless sensation. Then she noticed the big black bulletin board directly opposite her on the far side of the field, and she began to watch the changing numbers with some interest. She also began to recall something she had read that morning in a book of rules purchased at a news stand, and she determined to see whether she herself could work up any of the enthusiasm which Anne Tompkins assumed. Presently a big fellow at the bat knocked a ball that shot like a great white bullet up into the air and then seemed to take its own time to fall into the eager hands of the outfielders at the farthest side of the grounds, and while it soared the big fellow ran as if life were the stake, and the crowd yelled frantically until he stopped on third base. Eleanor clenched her hands and sat tense, as she felt a thrilling shiver in her spine and realized for the first time that the yelling fans about her were not maniacs.

One morning at breakfast a month later, Eleanor was daintily pretty in a lavender negligee, and Robert looked admiringly at her.

"Will you be my beau today, sir?" she asked with a smile.

"For luncheon?" With pleasure, madam!" He made an exaggerated bow.

"Not for luncheon only," she replied, "but for the whole afternoon?"

"What is it? A country club blow-out? Couldn't we make it some other day? There's a peach of a double header to come off this afternoon."

"I know it, and that's where I want you to take me."

"But, Eleanor, dear, you'd be bored. I'm afraid, sitting there for two or three hours when you know nothing of the game."

"But I do know something of the game, for I've been going to the games and posting myself on points for a whole month." Robert was puzzled and surprised at her reply, and she rose and went behind his chair and put her arms around his neck. "When I saw that things outside my rather frivolous interests were the things that roused your greatest enthusiasm, I thought I'd better investigate. So I began with baseball. It was your rain check that set me to thinking one morning," she explained.

"Why, how was that?"

"It had become evident that before our game of life together was even well begun we were getting away from each other, and it struck me that morning that we must make our wedding ring a sort of rain check—good for new beginnings until the whole game of life is played. While I'm not particularly proud of becoming a baseball fan, I am tremendously proud that I've come to realize that we must be interested together in many things besides our love for each other in order to keep that love alive. Do you understand, dear?"

"Yes, little philosopher," said Robert, as he drew her down into his arms, "and I'll not only be your beau this afternoon, but I'll be your fellow fan throughout the game of life."

BEAUTY CHATS

EDNA KENT FORBES

The Charming Hostess

UNTIL RECENTLY, much was written of the woman and the fan—and how irresistible she was as she smiled from behind it, or used it for coquetry.



A pretty girl is prettier at a tea table, and even a homely one is attractive.

a woman is that of presiding at a tea table, or behind the coffee urn at her own table.

Tea is a delightful occasion, a break in the long afternoon, a rest, a bit of something dainty to eat, something soothing to drink, a chat with a few congenial people. It is a pity that afternoon tea has not become an established custom here in America, as it is in England.

Nothing else so typical femininity as the woman at the tea table. The very physical act of making and pouring the tea, handling the spoons, the sugar tongs, keeping the hands busy among the dainty furnishings of the tea table, is beautiful. With the mind in a receptive mood—one's mind is always at rest and impressionable while eating—with the picture of a daintily-dressed woman ministering to her guests' comfort and content—what man wouldn't be impressed by her charms?

And if you are busy during the week, there are the long Sunday afternoons, when most folks find time hanging heavily on their hands—why not establish a tea circle, serving to whichever of your friends drops in? In a short time you will draw a crowd of delightful folk about you.

Questions and Answers

Will you tell me how to reduce the bust without much expense? I find your talks very instructive, as they are so simple and clear. I know you will not recommend anything that would be harmful.—Mrs. A. B. C.

Body-Space is too limited for me to go into all the particulars about the bust reducer, but if you send an addressed, stamped envelope, I will mail it to you. Thanks for your pretty comment.

Will vapor baths reduce? If so, how long will they take to show effect?—Mrs. O'Brien.

Reply—Yes, vapor baths will help much toward reducing. I should think you would see a difference in several weeks. You usually take two or three a week, on the start, then once a week. Diet, too, counts much; also exercise.

Most of that has died out. Fewer fans are sold, the department stores say, than were sold ten years ago, fewer women care to bother with them in a ballroom, though surely no prettier toy was ever made. The most charming pose for

He is in error again deliberately or otherwise when he asserted as quoted in your newspaper that "more than one million dollars annually goes for the overhead expense, paying the expenses of the highway commission, the county engineers and maintaining their offices."

The official records show that the highway commission costs the state less than one per cent of the road and bridge money expended under its supervision, that all the expenses of both county and state engineers and their assistants cost about 3 per cent of the money expended for roads and bridges and that percentage is based upon a total expenditure in the state of about \$12,000,000 for roads and bridges.

Harding has boasted this expense about three times. The great railway corporations pay 5 per cent for the cost of their engineering departments and never think of expending millions upon construction work without engineers. We all of us pay 5 per cent for architects when we build school houses.

There is not and never has been an overhead expense of a million dollars in our road work as Mr. Harding is quoted to have said but on the other hand the unit cost of concrete in our bridges has been cut from \$25 per cu. yd. to \$12 on an average in Iowa since the highway commission and county engineers took charge. At this reduced price we invested \$4,000,000 in permanent bridge work in Iowa last year. Let Mr. Harding now estimate how many millions more those bridges would have cost at the former prices when there was no highway commission.

Forty-one per cent of all the counties in all of the states now issue bonds for their road work so as to build hard roads and spread the cost over a long period of time. About all of the hard roads in North America are in those same counties and yet seldom outside of New York and California are paved roads ever built except in the immediate vicinity of large cities. When they are built the cities pay the greater share of the cost. The

Courier's Drawing Puzzle



Where is a horn for you?
COMPLETE THE PICTURE BY DRAWING A LINE THROUGH THE DOTS. BEGIN AT NO. 1 AND TAKE THEM NUMERICALLY.

Evening Story

ROBERT'S RAIN CHECK.

By Catherine Cranmer.

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

"Too bad you don't take an interest in baseball, Eleanor," said Robert one morning at breakfast, a year after their marriage. "Since the big leagues got down to machine work this year, they are doing some stunts, believe me!" And he fell into the slang that seems always to go with baseball talk.

"Just imagine any ladylike woman being interested in baseball," said his wife decidedly. "I've always felt sure that Anne Tompkins just pretends to like it because Jack Farley is such a—what do you call it—fan?"

"Not on your life! Baseball is about as free from followers who merely pretend to like it as anything under the sun. As for Anne—why, she's an all-around fan; knows the batting averages of all the best players, I'll venture."

"Well," said she, ready with another objection. "I can't see why everybody drops into unintelligible lingo when ever he begins to talk baseball. For my part, I can't even see any sense in the term 'fan.'"

"Well, fan is simply short for fanatic, or for fanatic," laughed Robert, "but it combines all the meaning of both words and then some—see?" Before Eleanor had time to reply, Robert was fumbling in one after another of his pockets. Finally he smiled in a relieved way as he drew out a small piece of blue cardboard which even to Eleanor was recognizable as the portion of a ticket retainable as a seat holder. "I had an anxious moment then, for I didn't remember where I put my rain check."

"What is a rain check? Let me see it," said Eleanor, holding out her hand. Robert passed it to her and she turned it over and over and noted its printed guarantee of being good for any one of three games succeeding the one for which it was issued provided half the game had not been completed when rain interrupted.

"So you got rained out yesterday, did you?"

"No; the day before, and I've just got a hunch that there'll be some great hurling and hitting this afternoon. I'm sorry you don't take any in-

terest in the game." As an afterthought, apparently, he added, "A lot of women do."

After Robert had gone whistling out of the front door, Eleanor stood by the dining room window and gazed out at the gay nasturtiums blooming in her window boxes, but she was not even conscious of their brilliant colors. She was thinking that Robert left her with the air of one who goes out to find what he likes rather than of one who leaves behind that which he likes most, and she didn't relish the possibility.

When the maid had removed all of the breakfast things and had replaced a fern dish and centerpiece on the table, she ventured to ask Eleanor about luncheon and dinner. Eleanor gave minute instructions for dinner, but stated that she would be out for luncheon. Then she picked up the morning paper and went into the living room. With a determined air she turned through the paper until she found the sporting page. It looked to her just as it had always looked—an unintelligible mass of type, topped with a row of poor pictures of human beings in disguise.

After plodding through many paragraphs of which she understood nothing, she finally found a comparatively lucid paragraph giving the place, the starting time and the personnel of the players for that afternoon's game. She remembered that Robert's rain check had borne this inscription—"Box No. 90, \$1."

That afternoon, about the time the game began, Eleanor, timid but trim in a blue serge suit and sailor hat, requested the ticket seller to assign her to a seat slightly in the rear of box 90. The ticket was pushed out to her and the ticket seller was looking over her head at the purchaser next in line before she had time to ask for any of the information she needed to help her find the seat. However, she finally reached her place just as a series of powerful howls and shouts went up from the masses of humanity which completely covered the many tiers of grandstands and bleachers.

All fear of being conspicuous in that crowd left Eleanor, for she soon saw that the slouching giants out on the field were the only individuals who were being noticed. She discovered Robert and three other men seated directly below her a few rows distant. Something decisive must have happened on the diamond just then, for thousands of enthusiastic young men and hundreds of dignified older ones rose to their feet and yelled like Com-

PEOPLE'S PULPIT

Do not submit manuscripts with requests that they be returned if not used. The Courier will not return them.

Editor The Courier: Candidate Harding has sent me an article from your paper of May 6, 1916, in which he is quoted as saying so many things which are not true that I will request the privilege of correcting his misstatements.

Mr. Harding is quoted as saying that he is opposing a proposed bond issue of \$100,000,000 to pave the highways of this state, that the money is to be spent for paved highways spanning the state, that the "candidate of the paved road crowd is now talking referendums and local option. The paved road crowd never sleeps. This is just a case of the camel trying to get his nose inside of the door."

I am a member of the better roads commission appointed by Governor Clarke and I make it my business to know exactly what is being proposed for road improvement. Nobody has proposed a bond issue of \$100,000,000 for paved roads that is in any wise connected with leadership in the good

TWENTY ALIENS TO LEAVE THE COUNTRY

Chicago, May 30.—Twenty persons from the middle west will reach New York today for deportation to countries whence they came. Seven were taken from Chicago, two from Denver, one from St. Louis and the rest from St. Paul, Minneapolis and environs. Among the twenty were two men charged with complicity in violations of the Mann white slave act. Others were ordered deported because of disease or because they had entered this country fraudulently.

LAMBS NEED DIPPING, TOO.

Ames, May 30.—Next thing on the sheep program is dipping, says the animal husbandry department at Iowa State college. Ticks and lice on the farm flock cause expensive loss of wood and condition. Dipping will eliminate this. It should be done a few days after shearing.

Since the ticks and lice move to the lambs after the flock is sheared, to get protection in the long wool, it is very necessary that the lambs be dipped.

Do the work on the morning of a bright warm day so the sheep will dry before night. Use any of the standard English or coal tar dips, lukewarm, in a galvanized tank. Arrange a dipping pen which will run the dip back into the tank. Hold the sheep in dipping tank about a minute, being careful not to get any dip in its mouth.

JUNIOR STUDENT DROWNED.

Des Moines, May 29.—Unless the body of Frank Battson, aged 22, junior at Drake university, who was drowned in the Des Moines river north of here, rises to the surface, it probably will not be recovered until the water subsides. Grappling hooks have been of no use in locating the body.

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