

The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — SURE, PETEY'S GOT REGULAR HEARING

BY C. A. VOIGHT



PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE

THE FAMOUS STORY OF A HAPPY FAMILY

By Ethel Hueston

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(CHAPTER V. (Continued).)

"Yes," confessed Prudence reluctantly, "but I hadn't thought of it before."

"Now, what is wrong? What have I done? Why, look here. The twins think everything of Professor Duke and I am sure Carol deliberately neglects her science lessons in order to be kept in after school by him. But though she hates mathematics—my subject—she works at it desperately so I can't keep her in. She sits on Mr. Duke's table and chats with him by the hour. But she passes me up with a curt, 'Good night, Miss Allen.'"

"And Larkie, too?"

"Lark is worse than Carol. Her dislike is deeper seated. I believe I could win Carol in time. Sometimes I way-lay her when she is leaving after school, and try my best. But just as she begins to thaw, Lark invariably comes up to see if she is ready to go home, and she looks at both of us with superior icy eyes. Ordinarily, she looks at me with a sort of sympathetic pity and wonder, but Lark is always haughty and nearly contemptuous. It is different with the rest of the class. It is nothing important to them. The twins are popular in the class, you know, and the others, realizing that they dislike me, hold aloof on their account."

"I can't fathom it," said Prudence. "Now, Professor Duke is very brilliant and clever and interesting. And he does like Carol tremendously. Larkie, too. He says she is the cleverest girl he ever knew. But Carol is his favorite. But he does not like teaching, and he has not the real interests of the scholars at heart. Next year he is to begin some very wonderful research work at a big salary. That is what he loves. That is where his interests lie. But this year, being idle, and his uncle being on the school board here, he accepted this place as a sort of vacation in the meanwhile. That is all it means to him. But I love teaching. It is my life work. I love the young people and I want to help them. Why don't you worry—Miss Allen hasn't influenced us any."

"We haven't given her a chance," said Carol with her impish smile. "Go on," begged Prudence. "Tell me. You're both crazy, I see that. But tell me!"

"Well," began Lark, for Carol always relegated the story telling to her more gifted twin. "We've suspected Miss Allen right from the start. They used to have bible reading every morning in school, one chapter, you know, and then the Lord's prayer. After the first week Miss Allen dropped it. We thought that was a—suspicious circumstance."

"Phenomenally so," said Carol darkly.

"But we kept our suspicions to ourselves and we didn't come across anything else for several days. We couldn't condemn anybody on—on circumstantial evidence, Prue. We're very fair minded, you know."

"In spite of being twins," added Carol.

"What's that got to do with it?" Prudence inquired, frowning at Carol.

"Oh, nothing," admitted Carol, driven into a corner. "I just wanted to make it emphatic."

"Go on, Lark."

"Well, there's a girl at school named Hattie Simpson. You do not know her, Prue. We don't associate with her. Oh, yes, we like her very well, but she isn't parsonage material."

"She's a goat," put in Carol. "You needn't frown, Prue, that's bible! Don't you remember the sheep and the goats? I don't know now just what it was they did, but I know the goats were very—very disreputable characters!"

"Go on, Lark."

"Well, her folks are atheists and she's an atheist, too. You know what an atheist is, don't you? You know, Prue, Mount Mark is a very religious town, on account of the Presbyterian college, and all, and it seems the Simpsons are the only atheists here. Hattie says people look down on her terribly because of it. She says the church folks consider them, the Simpsons, and the crumbs off the rich man's table. She got that terribly mixed up, but I didn't correct her."

"I think she did very well for an

atheist," said Carol, determined not to be totally overlooked in this discussion.

"What has all this to do with Miss Allen?"

"Well, one day Hattie was walking home from school with us, and she was telling us about it—the dust on their shoes, etc.—and she said she liked Miss Allen better than anybody else in town. I asked why. She said Miss Allen believed the same things the Simpsons believe, only Miss Allen doesn't say so publicly, or they would put her out of the school. She said Miss Allen said that most church members were hypocrites and drunkards and—just generally bad, and the ones outside the church are nearly always good and moral and kind. She said Miss Allen joined the Presbyterian church here because most of the school board are Presbyterians. She said Miss Allen said she didn't care if people were Catholics or Jews or atheists or—just ordinary Christians, so long as they were kind to one another and went about the world doing good works. And that's why Miss Allen wouldn't read the bible and say the Lord's prayer in school."

"What do you think of that?" demanded Carol. "Isn't that heresy? She's as bad as the priest and Levite, isn't she?"

"Did you ask Miss Allen about it?"

"No, indeed, we've just ignored Miss Allen ever since. We have watched her as closely as we could since then, to see if we could catch her up again. Of course she has to be careful what she says in school, but we found several strong points against her. It's a perfectly plain case, no doubt about it."

"And so you went among the other freshmen influencing them, and telling tales, and criticizing your—"

"No indeed, Prue, we wouldn't! But you know it says in the bible to beware of false doctrines and the sowers of bad seed—or something like that—"

"And we behaved as hard as we could!" grinned Carol.

"We have tried to explain these things to the other freshmen so Miss Allen could not lead them into—into error. Oh, that's Christian Science, isn't it? Well, Minnie Carlson is a Christian Scientist and she talks so much about falling into error that—"

"We can't tell error from truth any more," interjected Carol neatly. "And so I hope you won't punish us if we accidentally vary from the truth once in a while."

"This was quite beyond Prudence's depth. She knew little of Christian Science and she was a widely accepted creed of recent origin. So she brought the twins back to Miss Allen again. "But, twins, do you think it was kind, and Christian, and—like parsonage girls, to accept all this against Miss Allen without giving her a chance to defend herself?"

"As I have told you, Prue, we have watched her very close since then. She has never come right into the open—she wouldn't dare—but she has given herself away several times. Nothing can get by us when we're on the watch, you know!"

Prudence knew. "What did Miss Allen say?"

"The twins thought seriously for a while.

"Oh, yes, Lark," suggested Carol finally, "don't you remember she said the bible was an allegory?"

"What?"

"Yes, she did. She was explaining to the English class what was meant by allegory, and she said the purpose of using allegory was to teach an important truth in a homely impressive way that could be remembered. She mentioned several prominent allegories and said the bible was one. And you know yourself, Prue, that the bible is gospel truth, and—I mean, it is so!"

"What she means," said Lark helpfully, "is that the bible is not just a pretty way of teaching people to be good, but it's solid fact clear through."

"That's very well expressed, Lark!"—Prudence herself could not have expressed it half so well! "But how do you twins understand all these things so thoroughly?"

(To be continued.)

Children's Evening Story

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE STARFISH

"Here is a letter for you, Uncle Wiggily," said the mudturtle messenger boy in the hollow stump seashore hotel, when the old gentleman rabbit came down to breakfast one morning. "A letter for me!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "That is fine! I hope it is from Charlie or Arabella Chick."

So he quickly opened the envelope that was made from a piece of white birch bark folded over. Inside were some cabbage leaves, and they had written on them.

"Yes, this is from Charlie and Arabella," said the old gentleman rabbit in delight. "They had a yellow corn shortcake for dinner Sunday, with a candy oatmeal pudding and they are all well and—goodness me sakes alive!" suddenly exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, as he read down toward the end of the letter.

"No bad news, I hope," said the mudturtle messenger boy anxiously like.

"Oh, no; it is very good news," replied the rabbit gentleman. "In fact, Charlie Chick writes me in this letter that my old friend, Grandfather Goosey Gander, is down here."

"Down here? At this hotel?" asked the mudturtle messenger boy. "I think he must be mistaken."

"Oh, no, not at this hotel, but at the one with the eggshell front," said the rabbit gentleman.

"Oh, yes; it's down the boardwalk about a mile," went on the mudturtle.

"Well, I am going to call on Grandfather Goosey Gander as soon as I have my breakfast and play a game of checkers with him. I wonder what he is doing down here at the seashore in winter?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Perhaps he, also, had the epizootic, the same as you had," suggested the mudturtle.

"Maybe he did," agreed Uncle Wiggily, as he went in to breakfast. A little later he went up to his room, where the lobster and mouse were still sleeping, and he said to them:

"Do you mind if I leave you alone for a while? I want to have a game of checkers with my dear old friend, Grandfather Goosey Gander."

"Go, by all means," said the lobster sleepy like.

"And give him our best regards," added the mouse politely.

Well, it didn't take Uncle Wiggily long to get to the eggshell front hotel, where Grandfather Goosey Gander was stopping.

"My! What brought you down here?" asked the rabbit of the old goose gentleman.

"Oh, I caught cold in my bill and Dr. Possom thought I had better come down to the seashore for a change. I heard you were here and I wanted to meet you. So down I came," said Grandfather Goosey— and I hoped you would come to see me, for I am lonesome—"

"Of course!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily.

RUSSELL.

Mrs. A. J. Mettlin who has been visiting relatives in Indiana arrived home Friday.

Miss Lillian Andrea of Chicago who has been visiting in Russell and Melrose returned home Friday.

The N. H. S. club was pleasantly entertained at the home of Mrs. C. S. McKinley on Friday.

M. C. Johnston returned home Friday from a business trip to Chicago.

Otto Knapp of Melrose and Miss Laura Pan of Russell were married in Chariton Thursday. They will go to housekeeping on a farm south of Melrose.

Mrs. Anna Sprague has been visiting her daughter Mrs. E. G. Stuart of Chariton.

Miss Carrie Allen, teacher in the public schools of Chicago has returned to Russell to spend the summer with her parents Mr. and Mrs. Tandy Allen.

Grace and Rachel Boyd of Arton Junction are visiting their aunt Mrs. Thos. Van Nice.

Harold Harris has gone to Confidence where he has opened an auto repair shop.

FASHIONS IN SUMMER FABRICS

STRIPED LINENS, HOMESPUNS, PONGEES, TUSSAHS AND FLANNELS FAVORED FIGURED AND PLAIN COTTONS COMBINED IN FROCKS

New York, July 1.—Summer finds us very much inclined towards stripes, in linens, pongees, tussahs, volles, crepes and the various imported and domestic novelty cottons. The ground of these materials is usually white, or the natural crash or linen color, and the stripe, either a vivid or a soft tone, according to the purpose of the frock, or the fancy of the wearer.

These striped materials are usually combined with a plain fabric, corresponding with the color, of the stripe, or the ground.

In the slip-on blouses, Russian and numerous other smart peplum designs. The flowered dimities are especially pretty for the very small girl, and many a tiny frock of rosebud and white dimity, trimmed with frills of Valenciennes lace and insertion, is being displayed in the smart shops, for the little miss of two or three summers.

The flowered, printed or embroidered crepes and volles are very pretty used this way and there are printed silks being combined with plain taffetas and satins, in the same way for afternoon frocks.

Handkerchief Linen for Blouses. For blouses, both of the sports type and the more dressy models, the striped and figured handkerchief linens are modish. These have usually white grounds with colored stripe, flower, or conventionalized pattern. The stripes are much more in evidence than the figured linens. For the costume blouse Georgette crepe is the general favorite. In white or the soft tones of pink, blue, cafe au lait, Nile green, and the various other pastel shades, this material washes perfectly; the dark tones are excellent and are practical for the tall-



Plain and Blocked Voile Taffeta Trimmed.



Flowered Organdy with Georgette Collar.

On the Russian blouse models, and the other designs, Norfolk and the various peplum models, now so well liked, the striped silk or linen is used for the coat and the plain for the skirt or vice versa.

Another Find in the Upholstery Department.

Last summer we took cretonne from the upholstery department and transferred it in great quantities to the dress goods counter; still on the lookout for novelties, we discovered this season, that the plain and striped cotton and linen homespuns, intended for summer cottage furnishings, were charmingly suited to sports suits and shirts, being especially practical for those which require a bit harder wear than the ordinary linen or silk garment will stand. These also have the natural crash and linen grounds, and are striped in the same tones, barring the softer shades. The black and white combination is especially smart, and there are bright green, purple, orange, and a wide choice of the other bright shades which are so much in favor for sports wear. This material is wide and inexpensive. One especially effective suit developed in this homespun has a plain crash color skirt combined with a black and white striped coat. The pocket flaps on the skirt were of the striped material, and collar, cuffs, pocket flaps and belt of the Norfolk coat, of the plain.

Combinations of Figured and Plain Materials in Lingerie Frocks.

As we combine stripes with plain materials in our sports costumes, so do we combine figured with plain fabrics in our lingerie and tub frocks, both for grownups and for small girls. There are sprigged and dotted dimities, embroidered and printed volles, flowered organdies, embroidered muslins and batistes, each with its corresponding plain material, to be combined

a little bit out of breath. So there's no more to this story, if you please, but in case the wiggling eel doesn't crawl through the hole in the

sugar cookie and make crumbs all over the parlor carpet I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the sorrowful oyster.

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