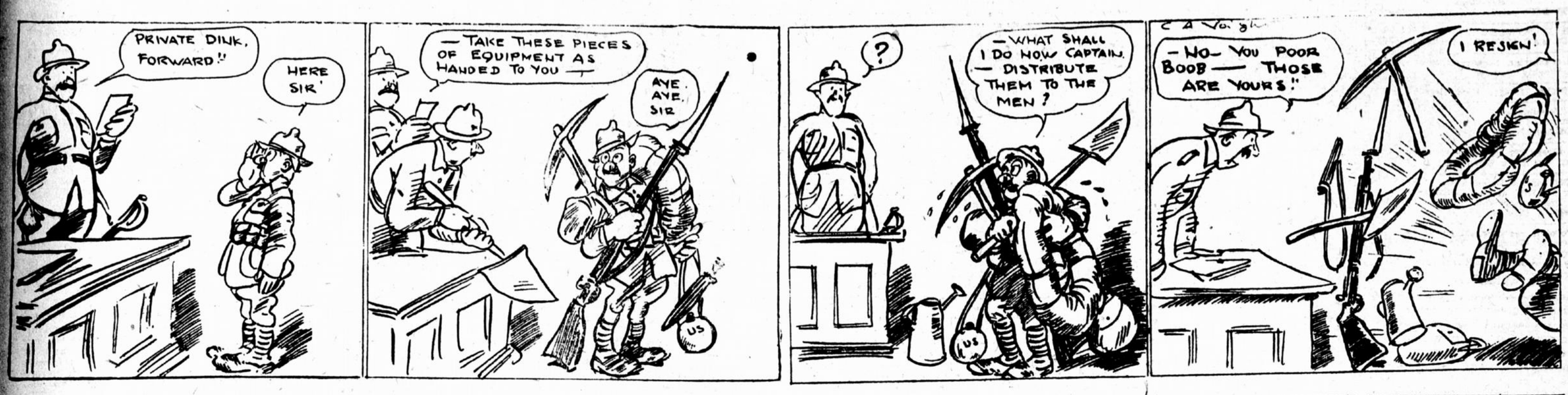
The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

PETEY DINK — PETEY WAS ASTONISHED TO HEAR IT —::— —::— 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.)

"Oh, you know Mrs. Sears is our Sunday school teacher, and she's always hot on the trail of the higher critics and heretics. She explained all about the—the nefarious system to us one Sunday. She says the higher critics try to explain away the bible by calling it allegory. So we were ready for Miss Allen there. And whenever anything came up at school, we would ask Mrs. Sears about it on Sunday—without mentioning names, of course. She's very much gratified that we are so much interested in such things. She thinks we're sure to be deaconesses, at the very least. But Carol said she wouldn't be a deaconess—she was going to be a Red Cross nurse and go to war. That stumped Mrs. Sears for a while, and then she said we could be Red Cross Deaconess nurses."

"I won't," said Carol, "because the deaconess uniforms aren't as stylish as the Red Cross nurses'. I think I'll look pretty fine in a white uniform with a stiff little cap and a red cross on my arm. Red crosses make a very pretty decoration, don't you think they do, Lark?"

"What else did Miss Allen say at school?" Prudence demanded, leading the twins back to the subject.

"Well, one day she said—you know she gives uplifting little moral talks quite often, Prue. Sometimes she tells us stories with inspiring points. She's really a moral person, I believe."

"And I'm honestly sorry she's a heretic," said Carol, "for I do want to be friendly enough with her to ask if she uses anything on her complexion to keep it so rose-leafy. If she does, I'll have some of it if it takes all my next year's clothes!"

Lark laughed. "Arose leaf complexion will be a poor substitute for—"

"Oh, for goodness' sake, twins, come back to Miss Allen. I am going right up to her house this minute to ask her about it, and explain—"

"She's the one to do the explaining seems to me," said Carol belligerently. "We've got to stick up for the bible, Prue— it's our business."

"And I don't think you should tell her—it may hurt her feelings," urged Lark.

"Have heretics feelings?" queried Carol. "I suppose it's a feeling of—"

"Carol! Will you quit talking for a minute! This is a serious matter. If she believes all that nonsense, she's no proper teacher and—and she'll have to be put out of the high school. And if she doesn't believe it, she's a martyr! I'm going to find out about it at once. Do you want to come with me?"

"I should say not," said the twins promptly.

"I think you're very foolish to go at all," added Lark.

"I wouldn't go for a dollar," declared Carol. "It'd be very interesting to see how a heretic feels, but I don't care to know how ordinary Christians feel when they fall into their hands. I'm not aching to see Miss Allen tonight."

So Prudence set forth conscientiously in the darkness. A brave and heroic thing for Prudence to do for she was a cowardly creature at heart.

Miss Allen heard her voice in the lower hall and came running down stairs to meet her. "Come up," she cried eagerly, "come on up."

And before Prudence was fairly inside the door, she demanded, "What is it? Did you find out? Is it my fault?"

Then Prudence blushed and stammered, "Why—it sounds—silly but—they think you are a—heretic."

Miss Allen gasped. Then she laughed. Then she walked to her dressing table and picked up a long hatpin. "Will you kindly jab this into me?" she said. "I'm having a nightmare."

Prudence explained in detail. At first Miss Allen laughed, it must be confessed. Then she grew very sober. "It is really my fault," she said, "for I should have remembered that young people read a ton of meaning into a pound of words. Of course, I am not guilty, Miss Starr. Professor Duke and Miss Adams can swear to that. They call me Goody-goody. They say I am an old fashioned apostle and they accuse me of wanting to burn them both at the stake! Now, sit down and let me explain."

Prudence sat down. She was glad, so glad, that this sweet faced, bright eyed woman was an "ordinary Christian" and not a "priest and a Levite!"

"About the allegory business, it is very simple. What I said was this—'The bible is full of allegory.' I did not say, 'The bible is an allegory.' I said the bible is full of allegory, and so it is. The parables, for instance—what are they? Do you see the difference? But it is really more serious about poor little Hattie Simpson. As the twins told you, her parents are atheists. Her father is a loud voiced, bragging, boastful, coarse hearted fellow. Hattie herself does not know what her parents believe, and what they do not. She simply follows blindly after them. She thinks she is an eyesore in Mount Mark because of it. She resents it bitterly, but she feels the only decent thing for her to do is to stand by her folks. Let me tell you about our conversation. I tried to make friends with her, for I truly pity her. She has no friends, she slinks about as though constantly ashamed of herself. She trusts no one, herself least of all. I tried to draw her out and with partial success. She told me how she feels about it all. I said, Hattie, won't you let some one—some minister, who knows how—tell you about Christianity and explain to you what Christians really believe?" 'No,' she said passionately, 'I'll stand by my folks.' Then I saw she was not ready yet. I said, 'Well, perhaps it is just as well for the present, for you are too young now to take any definite stand for yourself. It is true,' I told her, 'that many church members are not Christians, and are bad immoral people—as your father says. They are not Christians. And it is true that many outside of the church are good moral people—but they are not Christians, either.' And then I said, 'Don't worry your head just now about whether people are Catholics or Jews or Christians, or what they are. Just try to love everybody, and try to grow up to be such a sweet, kind, loving woman that you will be a blessing to the world. And what is more,' I said, 'do not puzzle your head now about why some believe the bible, and some do not. Just wait. When you are older, you shall go into things for yourself and make your own decision.'"

Prudence nodded. "I think you were very sweet about it," she said.

"I wanted to win her confidence in the hope that some time, a little later, I myself may show her what Christ is to us and why we love the bible. But I did fight shy of the real point, for fear I might anger her and put a barrier between us. I just tried to win her confidence and her love, to pave the way for what I may be able to do later on. Do you see? I have had several talks with her, but she is not ready. She is just a child, stubbornly determined to stand with her folks, right or wrong. I am trying now to cultivate the ground. I say nothing to make her dislike or distrust me. I did not think of her telling it to others—and telling it wrong! Surely no one but the twins could have read so much into it!"

"Well," and Prudence smiled, "you know we are parsonage people! We have to stick up for the bible, as Carol says."

"Oh, and about the bible reading," said Miss Allen suddenly, "I have nothing to do with that. As you know, there are Jews and Catholics and Christian Scientists and every branch of Potestant represented in our little school. The Jews and Christian Scientists are in a minority. The Jews have always objected to bible reading, but they were too few to be influential. With a Catholic teacher, the Catholics were quite willing to have it. With a Protestant teacher, the Protestants were strong for it. But there was always friction—one side objecting—so the school board ruled it out entirely. I did not explain this to the students. I did not want our young people to know of the petty bickering and scrapping going on among the elders in town. So I simply said that hereafter we would dispense with the bible reading. But it was the direct order of the board. I argued against it, so did Professor Duke, so did Miss Adams. But as it happens, we are all three Presbyterians! It did no good."

Then as Prudence rose to go home, she asked eagerly, "Do you think the twins will like me now?"

"I don't see how in the world they can help it," declared Prudence, smiling; "indeed, they admitted they were only too anxious to love you, but couldn't honestly do so because they had to stick up for the Bible! I am so glad and relieved! This is the first time I have gone heresy hunting, and I was quite bowed down with the weight of it. And if ever I can help with poor little Hattie, will you let me know? I must have the twins invite her to spend some Saturday with us. That's the way I make the girls like people—by being with them a great, great deal."

Just before she said good night, Prudence murmured hopefully, "I am sorry it happened, but it will be a good lesson for the twins. I am sure that after this, they will be less ready to listen to gossip, and more ready to give one the benefit of a doubt. It's a great responsibility, this raising a family, Miss Allen—and especially twins!"

CHAPTER VI.

An Admirer.

It must be remembered that Prudence did not live in a sheltered and exclusive city home, where girls are rigidly withheld from all unchaperoned intercourse with young men and old. We know how things are managed in the "best homes" of the big cities—girls are sheltered from innocent open things, and, too often, indulge in really serious amusements on the quiet. But this was the middle west, where girls are to be trusted. Not all girls, of course, but as a matter of fact, the girls who need watching, seldom get enough of it to keep them out of mischief. Out in Iowa, girls and boys are allowed to like each other, and revel in each other's company. And it is good for both.

Prudence was not a sentimental girl. Perhaps this was partly due to the fact that at the age when most girls are head-full of boy, Prudence was hands-full of younger sisters! And when hands are full to overflowing, there is small likelihood of heads being full of nonsense. Prudence liked boys as she liked girls—that was the end of it. Romance was to her a closed book, and she felt no inclination to peep between the covers. Soul-stirring had not come to her yet.

But Prudence was attractive. She had that indescribable charm that carries a deep appeal to the eyes, and lips, and the heart of men. Happily Prudence herself did not realize this. The first young man of Mount Mark to yield to the charms of Prudence was a serious-minded lawyer, nearly ten years her senior. This was just the type of man to become enraptured with Prudence. He gazed across at her solemnly during the church service. He waited patiently after the benediction until she finished her Methodist practise of hand-shaking, and then walked joyously home with her. He said little, but he gazed in frank enchantment at the small womanly girl beside him.

"He's not half bad, Fairy," Prudence would confide to her sister when they were snug in their bed. "He's not half bad at all. But at heart, he doesn't approve of me. He doesn't know that himself, and I certainly can't believe it is my duty to tell him. But I am convinced that it is true. For instance, he thinks every one, especially women, should have a mission in life, a serious, earnest mission. I told him I didn't believe anything of the kind—I think we are just supposed to live along from day to day and do what we can, and be happy, and not say mean things about one another. But he said he considered that I was fulfilling the noblest mission a woman could have. Now what do you reckon he meant by that, Fairy? I've been puzzling my brain over it for days and days. Anybody can tell I am not the sort of girl to have a mission! Maybe he just said it to encourage me—he's a very encouraging sort of man. He's very nice—oh, very nice, indeed! But isn't it a nuisance to have him tagging along home with me, when I might be having a good time with you and the twins, or father? Can a girl tell a man she prefers to go home with her family, without hurting his feelings? Is there any way to turn a person down without letting him know it? He's so nice I wouldn't hurt his feelings for anything, but—it's such a bother! I'm too young for beaus, and since I'm never going to get married it's just a waste of time."

(To be continued.)

IOWA'S HAY WILL FEED ARMY HORSES

Des Moines, July 4.—The big hay crop in Iowa has brought the buyer for the allied armies of Europe to Iowa to purchase hay. Some of it is to be shipped to Russia. Nothing will delay the shipments excepting inability to get wire of the proper size and quality with which to bale the hay. The steel mills are too busy making other things to produce this style of wire. This was obtained from the best authority, including the buyer.

TO BUILD BRIDGE.

Clarinda, July 4.—A three-span concrete double track bridge is to be constructed over the West Nodaway river near the Clarinda fair grounds at an early date, to cost $25,000, says Mr. Lawson, member of the board of supervisors of Page county.

Children's Evening Story

UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE OYSTER

It was a bright, beautiful day at the seashore, where Uncle Wiggily Longears, the old gentleman rabbit, had gone to get over the epizootic, and, naturally, he thought he would go for another long walk along the beach, as he was in the habit of doing.

"Aren't you afraid the bad sea lion, or a mermaid may chase after you?" asked the messenger boy mudturtle in the hollow stump hotel, where Uncle Wiggily was staying.

"Oh, not at all, thank you," replied the rabbit gentleman. "It is daylight now, and there are policemen out on the boardwalk. And, besides, there are a great many animal people around in those big baby-carriage chairs, with wheels on, and they would not let the sea lion hurt me."

"But how can a rolling-chair stop the sea lion from biting you?" asked the mudturtle messenger, as he put a letter on a silver plate, to take up to an old lady rat who had her breakfast in her room. "I don't understand that, Uncle Wiggily."

ber-pole rheumatism crutch that Nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy, the muskrat lady,

"Oh! I didn't mean that that rolling-chair would roll over the sea lion, and scare him if he bothered me," replied the rabbit gentleman. "What I meant was that the animal people riding on the boardwalk in the chairs would get after him.

"There is one old goat gentleman with very long horns, who rides around in a big chair. He is some relation to Billie and Nannie Wagtail, the goat children," Uncle Wiggily said, "and I'm sure if the sea lion came after me while I was walking along the beach, that this big goat gentleman would tickle him with his horns. Oh, I am perfectly safe in the day time, thank you!"

"Yes, I suppose you are," replied the mudturtle messenger. "But why don't you try a ride in one of those rolling chairs yourself?"

"I will, some day," said Uncle Wiggily, and then he went out for his walk. He asked the ice cold lobster if he didn't want to come along, but the lobster said he would rather stay wrapped up in the warm blankets.

"Then you come," invited Uncle Wiggily to the mouse that had been shipwrecked, and whom he had saved. "You come with me."

"No, I have to gnaw a little hole in the floor today," said the mouse. "I can't come."

"My goodness me, sakes alive, and a bushel of sawdust!' exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "Why are you going to gnaw a hole in the floor, pray tell?"

"For practice," replied the mouse.

"Practice?" repeated Uncle Wiggily, looking to see if any sand was sticking to his red-white-and-blue-barber-pole rheumatism crutch that Nurse Jane Fuzzy-Wuzzy, the muskrat lady, had gnawed for him out of a cornstalk. "Why practice that sort of thing?"

"Well, you see,' went on the mouse, "it will soon be summer, and then I will have to do lots of gnawing. You know children have to practice their music lessons, so they will be good players, and so I have to practice my gnawing lesson, so I will keep on being a good gnawer. That is why I cant come with you."

"I see," answered Uncle Wiggily, so he went for his walk alone.

Well, he hadn't gone very far, and he was thinking how much better he felt, to be down at the seashore, and he was looking at the waves washing up on the beach, when, all of a sudden, he heard a sorrowful voice sighing and crying.

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" cried the sorrowful voice. "How miserable and unhappy I am!"

"My! I wonder who that can be!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. He looked all around, but he couldn't see any one, and then he heard the voice again. This time it said:

"Dear Oh! How perfectly unhappy I am!"

"There must be some one here!" said Uncle Wiggily. "I wonder if it can be that bad sea lion, buried under the sand? I had better be careful," and he said this last out loud.

"Oh, you don't need to be careful!" said the voice again. "I am too miserable to hurt any one, least of all you, Uncle Wiggily, for I have heard about you, and I like you very much."

"But who are you and where are you?" asked the rabbit gentleman. "I can't see you!"

"I am the sorrowful oyster," was the answer, "and I am sitting on this bunch of seaweed behind you."

Then Uncle Wiggily looked, and he saw the oyster, and the poor thing was very sorrowful. It had its shell open, and was crying salt water tears.

"Why are you so sorrowful?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Because I have no one to keep me company!" was the answer. "You see, I am an oyster with a pearl in my shell, and, as none of my other friends the common oysters, have any pearls in them, they think I am proud and stuck up, and they won't have anything to do with me. But I am not proud at all, and the only place I am stuck up is on this bunch of sea weed. I stay here to keep out of the sand."

"And have you really a pearl in you?" asked Uncle Wiggily.

"Yes," said the sorrowful oyster, "I have," and he showed the pearl to the rabbit gentleman. It was a round white stone, such as ladies wear in their rings, like a diamond only it did not sparkle.

"Well, it is too bad to be sorrowful," said Uncle Wiggily, "but I think I can help you. I have an idea—"

And just then, as truly as I'm telling you, a bad pincher crab popped up from behind a stone, and tried to bite Uncle Wiggily. But the sorrowful oyster saw the crab, and in the twinkling of a star the oyster closed its shell on the crab's nose and bit it so that the crawly animal was glad to run away, and not bother Uncle Wiggily any more.

"Thank you very much," said the gentleman rabbit to the oyster. "You are very kind to me. You saved me from being pinched."

"Pray do not mention it," replied the oyster. "I am glad I could help some one. You don't think me proud; do you?"

"No, indeed," replied the rabbit gentleman, "and I was going to say that I have a friend, the ice cold lobster. I will tell him how sorrowful and lonesome you are, and I'm sure he will come and keep you company and talk to you."

"Oh! if he only would!" cried the oyster, clapping his shell for joy.

And the lobster did come, as soon as Uncle Wiggily hurried to the hollow stump hotel and told about the poor, lonesome oyster. The lobster stayed with the sorrowful oyster for many days, and soon the oyster was all over being sorrowful; so you see Uncle Wiggily did a good kind act, and this teaches us that oysters are good for something else than being put in soup.

And now, if the little boy sliding down hill, doesn't knock off the old gentleman's tall silk hat and scare the grocery man's horse so that it steps in the egg basket, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily and the rolling chair.

BEAUTY CHATS

by EDNA KENT FORBES

Care Of The Eyes

THE BEAUTY-SEEKING WOMAN knows that more than half her appeal lies in her eyes. And she knows that eyeglasses detract from her physical appearance, besides being much of a trouble and worry.

Never rub the eyes—it harms the vision

Singers, actresses, lecturers cannot wear them—the necessary make-up is in the way, of course, and the glare of footlights on the glass hides the eyes entirely from those in the audience.

The beautiful woman must not have weak or near-sighted eyes, nor eyes that squint up in strong light, eyes that avoid looking directly into the faces of others—people with weak sight have this tendency — nor blurred and sleepy eyes. Her sight must be clear and sure, her eyes wide and intelligent. How else can those she speaks with guess the charm of mind behind her eyes?

So she must take the best of care of them. First of all, she must never rub them. Rubbing the eyes tends to flatten the eyeball, and vision depends upon the roundness of this eyeball. When one ages, the sensitive eyeball flattens of itself, the lines of vision do not focus as they should, the eyes acquire a strained expression.

One should wash the eyes as well as the face. It is a good habit to use an eyecup each morning, washing the eye clear from sleep, and the dust that might collect about the edges of the eye. The water should be pure, of course, as the water you drink. A little boracic acid in it—your druggist will tell you how much, is excellent.

The eye should be rested frequently too. Stop in your work every hour or so, just for a moment, and close the eyes tight. Even put the fingers lightly against them, enough so the warmth can penetrate and refresh them.

Questions and Answers

Your Beauty Chats have always interested me because they teach sanity rather than cosmetics and drugs. Now I am a school teacher, but the work makes me nervous. I would like to be a beauty specialist—can you put me in the way of learning about it, how to find a position and so on?—A Teacher.

Reply—To be a successful beauty doctor, you should take a course in the science from some well-known institute. Or, get a position in a well-known firm in some large city, and learn while you work. Your pay will be poor, however. You must learn shampooing, the values of manicuring, pedicuring, artistic hair dressing, massage, how to handle electric massage machines, and many other things. Once you have done so—you are probably already familiar with physiology—you should be successful. There is a lot to learn, but if you can establish yourself in a pretty room somewhere in a fashionable quarter, make yourself so attractive your customers will have faith in what you do for them—you will certainly make money. If you wish more detailed information write me privately.

[Protected by George Matthew Adams]

Courier's Drawing Puzzle

Here comes the bride, but where's the groom?

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