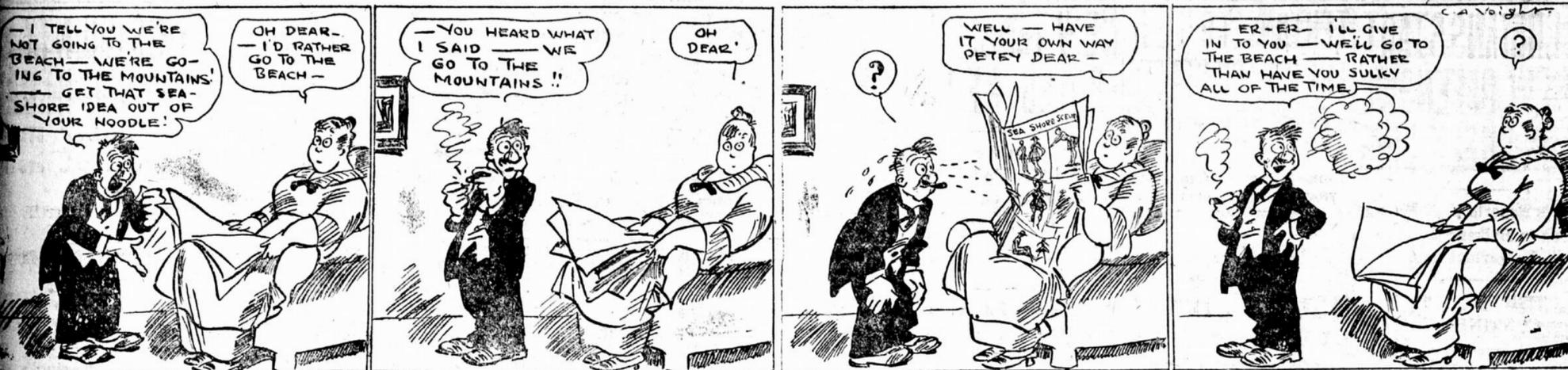


The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

KEY DINK — PETEY'S USED TO MAKING SACRIFICES

BY C. A. VOIGHT



PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE

THE FAMOUS STORY OF A HAPPY FAMILY

By Ethel Hueston

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CHAPTER X. (Continued.)

"I've just been reading about girls, sir," said the clerk respectfully. "It's a pretty nifty little thing. You must be proud of them, eh?" ejaculated Mr. Starr. "I haven't seen the morning paper. You're Mr. Starr, the Methodist minister at Mount Mark, aren't you?" "Yes, sir," said Mr. Starr. "What has happened to you?" "I'm anything but well, give the paper!" "Mr. Starr was greatly agitated. He said that the clerk could not lose this opportunity to create a sensation. It was a chance of a lifetime. "Why, a burglar got in the parsonage last night," he began, almost licking his lips with satisfaction. "The twins hid him at their dresser and when they stepped into the closet they locked it. There, and yelled for the rest of the family. But he broke away from them and went downstairs and climbed the dungeon to get the money. Prudence, she ran downstairs in the dark and locked him in the dungeon—pushed him downstairs something like that. I believe—and telephoned for the police. And stayed on guard outside the dungeon until the police got there, so he can't get away. And the police got and found it was Limber-Limb and a famous gentleman thief, and the girls are going to get five hundred dollars reward for catching him. Five minutes later, Mr. Starr and I went in a taxicab speed toward union station, and within minutes he was en route for Mount Mark—white in the face, shaky knees, but tremendously proud of it. Arriving at Mount Mark he was immediately surrounded by an exclamatory of station loungers. "Ride, sir," he took home for nothing," said Harvey Reel. Mount Mark was bringing more notoriety than ever in his life. The two hundred years of his lineage. The name of Prudence was very tongue and her father heard with satisfaction. In the parsonage sound at least two-thirds of the Aid society, the trustees and Sunday school superintendent, with a miscellaneous assortment of ordinary members, mixed up with Methodists, Baptists and a few unaffiliated outsiders. And Prudence was the center of attraction. "This was telling the 'whole story' perhaps the fifteenth time that day, but she broke off when her father hurried in and flung her arms about her. "Oh, papa," she cried, "I mustn't praise me. I had no idea there was a burglar in the house. I ran down the stairs, and if I had been careless and left the dungeon unlocked the money would have been in no danger, and if the twins hadn't wakened me, I wouldn't have known there was a burglar about the place, and if Fairy hadn't kept me rushing out to the dungeon to get the money safe, he would have got away, and—it took the policemen to get him out. Oh, I know it's not very grammatical, father, but it's just as true as if it were. And nestly can't see that much credit to me."

Mount Mark did not take it so lightly. And as for the Methodist church—well, the Presbyterian people say there was "no living with a Methodist since the girls got a burglar in the parsonage." Of course, it was important, from the point of view. Pictures of parsonage and the church were in the papers for miles around, and their very next meeting the trustees decided to get the piano the Sunday school had been needing for the hundred years! Then the five hundred dollars and personally she had no real right to the money. "We must divide it," insisted, "for I didn't earn it a bit more than any of the others. But it is justly glorious to have five hundred dollars, isn't it? Did you ever see five hundred dollars before? Just it, father, and use it for whatever

we need. It's family money." But he would not hear of this. "No," he said to put it in the bank, Prudence, for there will come a time when you will want money very badly. Then you will have it."

"Let's divide it then—a hundred for each of us," she urged. "Neither the younger girls nor their father would consent to this. But when Prudence stood very firm and pleaded with them earnestly, they decided to divide it."

"I will deposit two hundred and fifty dollars for the four younger ones," he said, "and that will leave you as much."

So it was settled and Prudence was a happy girl when she saw it safely put away in the bank. "We can get it whenever we really need it, you know," she told her father joyfully. "It's such a comfort to know it's there! I feel just like a millionaire, I am sure. Do you think it would be all right to send Limber-Limb Grant a letter of thanks for it? We were horribly scared, but—well, I for one am willing to be horribly scared for such a lot of money as that!"

CHAPTER XI. Romance Comes.

Sometimes, Methodists, or Presbyterians or heretics, whatever we may be, we are irresistibly impelled to the conclusion that things were simply bound to happen! However slight the cause—still that cause was predestined from the beginning of time. A girl may be the sheerest accident, step from the street car a block ahead of her destination—an irritating incident. But as she walks that block she may meet an old time friend, and a stranger. And that stranger—ah, you can never convince the girl that her stepping from the street car too soon was not ordered when the foundation of the world were laid.

Even so with Prudence, good Methodist daughter that she was. We ask her, "What if you had not gone out for a ride that morning?" And Prudence, laughing, answers, "Oh, but I had to go, you see." "Well," we continue, "if you had not met him that way, you could have met him some other way, I suppose." "Oh, no," declares Prudence decidedly, "it had to happen just that way."

After all, down in plain ink on plain paper, it was very simple. Across the street from the parsonage was a little white cottage set back among tall cedars. In this cottage lived a girl named Mattie Moore—a common, unlovely, unexciting girl, with whom Romance could not apparently be intimately concerned. Mattie Moore taught a country school five miles out of town, and she rode to and from her school, morning and evening, on a bicycle.

Years before, when Prudence was young and bicycles were fashionable, she had been intensely fond of riding. But as she gained in age, and bicycles lost in popularity, she discarded the amusement as unworthy a parsonage damsel.

One evening, early in June, when the world was fair to look upon, it was foreordained that Prudence should be turning in at the parsonage gate just as Mattie Moore whirled up, opposite, on her dusty wheel. Prudence stopped to interchange polite inanities with her neighbor, and Mattie, wheeling the bicycle lightly beside her, came across the street and stood beneath the parsonage maples with Prudence. They talked of the weather, of the coming summer, of Mattie's school, rejoicing that one more week would bring freedom from books for Mattie and the younger parsonage girls.

hastily, "It is different with you. You ride for business, but it would be nothing but a frolic with me. I want to get up at 6 o'clock and go early in the morning when the world is fast asleep. Let me take it tomorrow morning, will you? It is Saturday and you won't be going to school."

"Yes, of course you may," was the hearty answer. "You may stay out as long as you like. I'm going to sew tomorrow. You make take it in the parsonage now and keep it until morning. I always sleep late on Saturdays."

So Prudence delightedly tripped up the parsonage board walk, wheeling the bicycle by her side. She hid it carefully in the wood shed, for the twins were rash and venturesome. But after she had gone to bed, she confided her plan to Fairy.

"I'm going at 6 o'clock, and I'll be back in time to get breakfast. But as you know, Fairy, my plans do not always work out as I intend, so if I am a little late, you'll get breakfast for papa and the girls, like a dear, won't you?"

Fairy promised. And early the next morning, Prudence, in a plainingham house dress, with the addition of a red sweater jacket and cap for warmth, set out upon her secret ride. It was a magnificent morning, and Prudence sang for pure delight as she rode swiftly along the country roads. The country was simply irresistible. It was almost intoxicating. And Prudence rode farther than she had intended. East and west, north and south, she went, apparently guided by her own caprice. She knew it was growing late, "but Fairy'll get breakfast," she thought comfortably.

Finally she turned in a by-road, leading between two rich hickory groves. Dismounting at the top of a long hill, she gazed anxiously around her. No one was in sight. The nearest house was two miles behind, and the road was long, and smooth, and inviting, and the hill was steep. Prudence yearned for a good, soul-stirring coast, with her feet high up on the framework of the wheel and the pedals flying around beneath her skirts. This was not the new and modern model of bicycle. The pedals on Mattie Moore's wheel revolved, whether one worked them or not.

It seemed safe. The road sloped down gradually at the bottom, with an incline on the other side. What more could one desire. The only living thing in sight besides birds gossiping in the leafy branches and the squirrel scolding to himself, was a sober-eyed serious mule peacefully grazing near the bottom of the hill.

Prudence laughed gleefully, like a child. She never laughed again in exactly that way. This was the last appearance of the old irresponsible Prudence. The curtain was just ready to drop.

"Here goes!" she cried, and leaping nimbly into the saddle, she pedaled swiftly a few times and then lifted her feet to the coveted position. The pedals flew around beneath her, just as she had anticipated, and the wind whistled about her in a most exhilarating way. But as she neared the bottom, a disastrous and totally unexpected thing happened. The placid mule, which had been righteously grazing beside the fence, suddenly stalked into the middle of the road. Prudence screamed, jerked the handle bar to the right, then to the left, and then, with a sickening thud, she landed head first upon some part of the mule's anatomy. She did not linger there, however. She bounced on down to the ground, with a little cry of pain. The bicycle crashed beside her, and the mule, slightly startled, looked around at her with ears raised in silent questioning. Then he ambled slowly across the road and deliberately continued his grazing.

The rabbit gentleman hopped and hopped until he came to the place where Grandfather Goosey was living, after his trip around the world.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Grandpa Goosey, as he saw his rabbit friend hopping up the front walk. "What brings you up from the shore? I thought you were spending part of your vacation there."

"I was. But I came to see if Sammie and Susie Littlelitt, or Jimmie Wibblewobble, or any of my friends were coming down to the beach to spend their vacations," spoke Uncle Wiggily. "I also wanted to see how hot it was in the city, and if I could find any poor animal children, whom I could take down to the cool ocean."

"Did you find any?" asked Grandpa Goosey, as he quacked like an automobile horn, as if he had caught cold from sleeping in a mosquito net the night before.

"Lots and lots of them," replied Uncle Wiggily, in a sad sort of voice. "Oh, it is terrible these warm summer days for the children in the hot city," and he told about the pail of lemonade, and the mouseie girl pulling him out, just as I told you.

"My!" exclaimed Grandpa Goosey. "I suppose I should have thought of the poor children myself, but somehow, I did not. Say, I wish you would do something for me," he went on.

"What is it?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "I have quite a lot of money," spoke the kind goose gentleman, "and I wish you would take some of it, and spend it on the little mouseie girl, and her friends, to give them a good time at the seashore."

"I will," replied the rabbit gentleman. "I'll use some of my own money, and we'll give those children a treat. But where is Jimmie Wibblewobble, and the others?"

"Oh, they are getting ready to go on their vacations," said Grandpa Goosey. "I think they will soon be with you down at the shore. They are going to rent a bungalow near yours." "Good!" cried Uncle Wiggily. "I'm glad of it!" Then he and Grandpa Goosey talked for a while, and the goose gentleman gave the rabbit some money for the poor animal children, and then Uncle Wiggily went to see Sammie and Susie Littlelitt, and some of his other animal friends.

BEAUTY CHATS

Flexibility

I WAS SORRY TO SEE the corsetless style go out. To be sure, it presented us with some curious specimens of the human form that considered itself divine enough to go



give Dr. Mueller's trunk-circling exercise, which is the very best for producing a lithe, graceful figure. Fat women will find that this will strip flesh from back and hips and abdomen, thin women will see that sharp angles are overcome, if this is practiced faithfully.

First, stand with hands on the hips. Lean back as far as possible, inhaling as you lean, bend over to the left, swing backwards to first position. In other words, swing the trunk and upper part of the body in a circle above the hips, holding the hips firm. As you start, you inhale, by the time you have completed half your circle, you start exhaling, continuing till in first position. A complete circle and a complete breath go together. After repeating this several times, try two or three of the complete breaths spoken of in a recent article.

This exercise, it is claimed, adds height to the figure, and aids digestion. Later on, some exercises for developing the bust will be given. Even this trunk-circling will develop the bust somewhat, since of course any form of exercise that increases the standard of health will automatically increase the standard of beauty. Health and beauty are synonymous.

Questions and Answers
What is a good treatment for small corns? I have one on each side of the toes on my right foot and three on my left. Have corns roots?—Madelaine Traversa.
Reply—If the corns are very bothersome, go to a chiropodist and have them pared. If not, soak the feet in hot water and cut, or file the dead yellow skin away. Keep them shaved this way and you will have no trouble. Corns do not have roots. They are only collections of horn-like skin caused by rubbing, pressure or dampness upon sensitive nerves, creating pain.

Is there any good way of making a baby's hair grow in curls?—Mabel.
Reply—No. There are "permanent waves," but they last but six months or so. Better let the hair grow naturally, occasionally rubbing a little oil into the scalp to encourage growth.

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Children's Evening Story

Uncle Wiggily and the Mouseie Girl.

"Ho! Ho!" exclaimed the red, white and blue sand flea, when he saw the ship held fast in the desert island. "I will soon have this loose for you."

"Will you really?" asked Uncle Wiggily. "That will be fine," Grandfather Goosey Gander said, "but I don't believe you can do it."

"Just watch," said the flea. Then he began digging in the sand with his hind legs, making them go flippity-flop as fast as anything, just as when your puppy dog digs in the dirt for a bone. The flea had not dug very long before Uncle Wiggily cried:

"There! Our ship is free! It is floating again. Now we can keep on sailing around the world, Grandpa Goosey!"

But a week or so later Uncle Wiggily had rested enough, so he set off to find more adventures.

"I think I will go back to the seashore," he said. "I liked it very well there in the winter, and as it is summer now I will like it all the more. Yes, I shall go down to the shore."

And down on the ocean beach he went again, renting a bungalow where he could watch the ocean waves roll up on shore and then roll out again.

Uncle Wiggily had a good time at the seashore and then one day he thought he would take a little trip up to the hot city, to see some of his friends who were not lucky enough to be able to go to the beach. And, as the rabbit gentleman was walking along he stopped to buy a glass of lemonade. And, while he was drinking it along came two bad old Sand Hoppers, who had made trouble before, and right into the pail of lemonade they pushed Uncle Wiggily.

The old rabbit gentleman might have been drowned but a poor little mouseie girl and some of her brothers and sisters came along the street just then and pulled Uncle Wiggily out of the lemonade.

Uncle Wiggily thanked the mouseie girl very much for her kindness and when he saw how poor and ragged she was, and how tired, from staying in the hot city, he asked her why she did not go down to the cool seashore.

"Oh, we have no money to go," said the mouseie girl, "and no nice clothes to wear on the board walk."

"Oh, we must fix that!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "I will try and find a way so I can take down to the shore some of you children, who never have a chance to spend a vacation near the ocean. Yes, that is what I will do. I'll see you later, little mouseie girl."

CHARITON.

Frank and Laura Fitch left today for Steamboat Springs, Colorado, where they have land and where they will spend a few weeks.

Mrs. Arthur E. ... gone to Red Oak to spend a ... friends.

Mrs. Olive Jol ... children of Cedar Rapids, ... if this city, are here for a ... visit with her mother, Mrs. Rosetta McEndree, and other relatives and friends.

Lyle Beck has gone to Lake Okoboji to spend a few days.

Mrs. A. M. German and son, Roy, of Ottercreek township, left yesterday for a visit in Hamilton, Mo., with her parents.

Wiggily was saved again, for about the forty-seventh time, I guess. "My goodness me, sakes alive! What happened?" cried the rabbit gentleman, as he awakened, and they told him about the dogfish. And he was very thankful to all of them, especially to the mouseie girl.

Then it was supper time and they had popcorn balls and salt water taffy, and in case the lobster peddler brings me a pound of marshmallow candies for the canary bird to eat, I'll tell you next about Uncle Wiggily giving Jimmie Wibblewobble a bath.

A social for the members of the Chariton Volunteer fire department and their families will be held on Friday evening on the lawn at the Jas. Baker home.

Mrs. Grover Bergstrom entertained a number of lady friends yesterday afternoon, complimentary to Mrs. Hanson, of Sioux City. Delicious refreshments were served and a most enjoyable time is reported.

Mrs. Harry Slatengren was hostess to a number of lady friends this afternoon, her sister-in-law, Mrs. Swanson, of Erskine, Alberta, Canada, being the guest of honor. The occasion was one of much pleasure.

Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Gammel and son, Leonard, of Sioux City, who had been spending ten days in Chariton with her brother, Wm. Fuller and family, returned home yesterday.