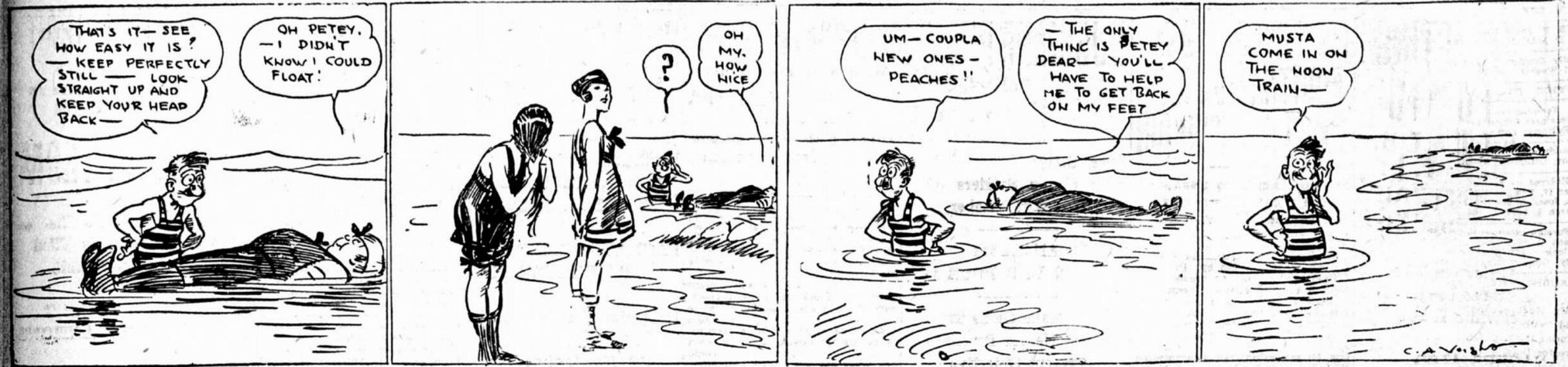


The Courier's Magazine and Home Page

BY C. A. VOIGHT

PETEY DINK — AND WIFEY'S GOING OUT ON THE TIDE



PRUDENCE OF THE PARSONAGE

THE FAMOUS STORY OF A HAPPY FAMILY

By Ethel Hueston

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CHAPTER XIV. (Continued.)

"I'm sure you would fall in love with him on the spot," Carol had said to Prudence suggestively.

Prudence had only smiled, evidently in sarcasm!

"Jerry was very nice—oh, very nice—but you ought to see our little Duck!" Carol rattled rashly. "I'm sure you wouldn't regret Jerry any more if you could just get hold of Duckie. Of course, his being in New York is an obstacle, but I could introduce you by mail."

"I do not care for Ducks," said Prudence. "Of course, they look very nice swimming around on the water, but when it comes to eating—I'll take spring chicken every time."

Carol did not mention "Duck" again for three days.

But there came a day when Fairy was out in the country. Connie had gone driving with her father. The moment had arrived. The twins had their plan of campaign memorized, and they sauntered in to Prudence with a nonchalance that was all assumed.

"Look here, Jerry, I want to know. Why are you staying away?"

"Won't Prudence tell you?"

"No."

"Then I can not. She made me promise not to tell you a word. But it is not my fault, Mr. Starr, I can tell you that. It is nothing I have done or said. She sent me away because she thinks it was right for her to do so and—you know Prudence! It is wrong, I know. I knew it all the time. But I couldn't make her see it. And she made me promise not to tell."

In the end Mr. Starr went back to the parsonage no wiser than he left, save that he now knew that Jerry was really not to blame and that he held himself ready to return to her on a moment's notice.

The ladies of the Methodist church were puzzled and exasperated. They went to the parsonage determined to "find out what's what." But when they sat with Prudence and looked at the frail, pathetic little figure, with the mournful eyes—they could only sigh with her and go their ways.

The twins continued to play in the great maple, even when the leaves were fallen. "It's a dandy place, I tell you, Prudence," cried Carol. "Jerry didn't have time to put up the rope before Connie pulled him down, but we've fixed it ourselves and it is simply grand. You can go up and swing any time you like—unless your joints are too stiff! It's a very serious matter getting up there—for stiff joints, of course, I mean. Lark and I get up easy enough."

For a moment, Prudence sat silent with quivering lips. Then she burst out with unusual passion, "Don't you ever dare climb up in that tree again as long as you live, twins! Mind what I say!"

Lark looked thoughtfully out of the window and Carol swallowed hard. It was she who said gently, "Why, of course, Prue—just as you say."

For the first time, Prudence had dealt with them harshly and unfairly. They knew it. There was neither sense nor justice in her command. But they did not argue the point. They kept their eyes considerably away from her, and buried themselves in Julius Caesar—it must be remembered the twins are sophomores now. Five minutes later Prudence spoke again, humbly.

(CHAPTER XXIV Continued.)

"I beg your pardon, twins—that was a perfectly idiotic thing for me to say. Of course, you may play in the maple whenever you like. But be careful. You couldn't save yourselves in falling—as-as men can."

"We won't play there if you want us not to," said Carol kindly.

"I do want you to play there," she answered. "It's a very nice place, and great fun, I know. I might try myself if—my joints weren't so stiff! Now, go on with your Latin."

But Prudence did not pass under the maple for many weeks without clenching her hands and shuddering. The twins were not satisfied. They marveled, and wondered, and pondered over the subject of Jerry's disappearance. Finally they felt it was more than human flesh could stand. They would approach Prudence on the subject themselves. But they bided their time. They must wait until Fairy was safely out of the house. Fairy these days had an infuriating way of saying, "That will do, twins. You'd better go and play now." It enraged and distracted the twins almost to the point of committing crime.

They had made several artistic moves already. Professor Duke, of their freshman biology class, had written Carol a gay long letter. And Carol was enthusiastic about it. She and Lark talked of "dear old Duck" for two weeks, almost without pausing for sleep.

Two hours later, she went quietly

Children's Evening Story

Uncle Wiggily and Sammie Littletail.

After the fish-book bird had saved Uncle Wiggily Longears, the nice old gentleman rabbit, as I told you in the story before this one, nothing happened for two or three days down at the seashore. Oh, of course, I don't mean that something didn't happen to somebody, for there did—lots and lots of things, but not to Uncle Wiggily, who just stayed quietly in his hollow stump bungalow and rested himself.

"I have enjoyed the seashore very much," he said, as he arose one morning and combed out his ears so he could hear all that there was going on, "but perhaps I shall take a little run up to the lake, or to the mountains, before the summer is over."

"Any rate I am now going down on the beach to see if the tide is in, and if anything has happened," he went on.

Well, as Uncle Wiggily was hopping along by himself, having eaten a nice breakfast of carrot oatmeal, with lettuce sugar sprinkled over it, and milk from the milkweed plant to flavor it, he suddenly came to a little patch of woodland, where the brown oak leaves were on the ground underfoot and where the pine trees made a cool shade.

"Ah, ha!" exclaimed the rabbit gentleman, "I think I will rest here a bit."

So he sat down on a log, and he was slowly making his ears flop back and forth, and was twinkling his nose so the wood mosquitoes could not sit on it and bite him, when, all at once, he heard a rustling in the leaves.

"Ha! Something is coming, after me, perhaps," thought the old gentleman rabbit. He jumped up and he heard a hissing noise, just as when the air comes out of a punctured automobile tire.

"A snake!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily, and when he saw a long, slender neck, with a little head on the end of it, stick itself out from under what he thought was a stone, Uncle Wiggily made up his mind that he had better jump as far away as he could.

"No snakes for me!" he exclaimed. But just then a voice called out:

"Oh, don't be afraid of me, Uncle Wiggily. I wouldn't hurt you."

"That's what all snakes say when

down stairs to where the rest of the family were decorating a Christmas tree. She showed the ring to them gravely.

"Jerry sent it to me," she said. "Do you think it is all right for me to wear it, father?"

A thrill of hopeful expectancy ran through the little group.

"Yes, indeed," declared her father. "How beautiful it is! Is Jerry coming to spend Christmas with us?"

"Why, no, father—he is not coming at all any more. I thought you understood that."

An awkward silence and Carol came brightly to the rescue. "It certainly is a beauty! I thought it was very kind of Professor Duckie to send Lark and me a five pound box of chocolates, but of course this is ever so much nicer. Jerry's a bird, I say."

"A bird!" mocked Fairy. "Such language."

Lark came to her twin's defense. "Yes, a bird—that's just what he is."

Carol smiled. "We saw him use his wings when Connie yanked him out of the big maple, didn't we, Lark?"

Then, "Did you send him anything, Prue?"

Prudence hesitated and answered without the slightest accession of color. "Yes, Carol! I had my picture taken when I was in Burlington and sent it to him."

"Your picture! Oh, Prudence! Where are they? Aren't you going to give us one?"

"No, Carol. I had only one made, for Jerry. There aren't any more."

"Well," sighed Lark resignedly, "it's a pretty idea for my book, anyhow."

From that day on Prudence always wore the sparkling ring, and the women of the Methodist church nearly had mental paralysis marveling over a man who gave a diamond ring and never came a-wooing! And a girl who accepted and wore his offering with nothing to say for the man! And it was the consensus of opinion in Mount Mark that modern lovers were mostly crazy, anyhow!

And springtime came again.

(To be continued.)

THIS IS THE SEASON FOR SILK FROCKS

THEY FILL MANY A GAP WHEN SUMMER COTTONS SHOW SIGNS OF WEAR TAFETAS AMONG THE MOST POPULAR

New York, Aug. 12.—No doubt the most of us are feeling that our summer wardrobes are beginning to look a little the worse for wear. It is invariably the case when August comes! The dainty volles and organdies that were so crisp and fresh at the beginning of June and July when we started the season with them, are looking limp and faded since they have been pressed into service all through the warm weather.

The two illustrations shown here are typical of the simplicity of the present styles. The dress of checked taffeta has a gored skirt with panel front and back, and of course, it would not be complete without the large patch pockets on either side of the front, for pockets are as popular as ever in spite of their having been in fashion so long. In the waist, the panel gradually tapers up toward the neck, where it is met by a collar of Georgette crepe which ripples at the back though the front is quite flat. Chiffon, net or organdy is often substituted for Georgette crepe in fashioning collars for this type of dress. The only trimming in this model is seen in the buttons on either side of the panel. The color harmonizes with the dress.

That the vogue for combining plain and figured materials has not by any means diminished, is shown in the dress of plain and figured foulard recently seen on the avenue. It is trim-



Dress of Checked Taffeta.

While it may seem rather late in the season to start getting new summer things, just now the stores are full of wonderful bargains in dainty summer frocks, and this is the opportunity for those who have to be economical. Lovely dresses and blouses in volles, linens, crepes and other sheer fabrics can be picked up for a song, as the saying goes, and it is well worth getting them for the remainder of the season.

But you will make no mistake in having one of these simple silk dresses that are so much in vogue. They are wonderful for filling in the gap between the seasons—and not only that, they are going to be very good for fall. They will be quite comfortable with a top coat, if the weather demands it, or with a fur cape or scarf. The warm weather has not at all dampened the enthusiasm for fur capes and scarfs. It is such a common sight to see them worn on days when the mercury rises to great heights that one almost feels that one has been laboring under a delusion all along to believe that furs could be anything but cool.

Taffeta the Leading Silk.

By far the most popular silks for dresses just now are the taffetas. They are especially smart in self tones and



med with ribbon arranged in bands on the underskirt and cuffs, and in plaiting which finishes the back and hem. Note the gathered pockets and the straight tunic plaited at the top. These are two prominent style features of the season. This model is one which at first sight may seem intricate, but on closer inspection one discovers that the novel touch which make it so very chic are, in reality, easily carried out.

Ribbon a Fashionable Trimming.

sea urchin, much astonished. "Oh, wow! Oh, orange lolly-pops! Oh, steam shovels and telephone poles! Don't put hot salt on me."

"All right, then run away, and I'll not punish you," promised Uncle Wiggily, with a kind smile. So the sea urchin flew out in the ocean, leaving Sammie there safe, and very glad the rabbit boy was to be with his uncle again, for a vacation at the seashore.

And on the next page, in case the little girl with the white shoes doesn't go wading in the ink bottle, and get them all paste so that the chewing gum sticks to them, I'll tell you about Uncle Wiggily and Susie Littletail.

PENNSYLVANIA TO CONSOLIDATE LINES

Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 12.—Widely circulated reports that the Pennsylv-

vania company was considering plans for the consolidation of its owned and leased southwest lines were confirmed by officers of the company here today, who said that so many details remained to be worked out that no official announcement could be made for several days.

It was expected, they said, the consolidation would be effected within two months.

The plan is understood to include the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis (the Panhandle); the Vandalia railroad, the Pittsburgh, Wheeling and Kentucky railroad; the Chicago, Indiana and Eastern railroad, and a number of smaller lines.

Stockholders of the companies are receiving offers from the Pennsylvania for their holdings, payment it is understood, to include the securities of the new corporation.