

# Jimmy's Home Run

By HENRY LINSLEY DOOLITTLE

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THE trouble with these magazine love stories," Jimmy was asserting, "is that they're not true to life. The real love of everyday people isn't interesting enough to spread over paper like so much honey upon bread."

"But there is plenty of true romance as interesting and as novel as the magazine plots," protested Valeria. He glared at the heap of periodicals as if he had a personal grudge against one and all. "Ninety-nine out of a hundred of these yarns end up sugary in less than no time," he grumbled, "while in real life—"

"A man must wait until he is thoroughly in earnest," she finished. Together they had mastered Monument mountain, one of the most precipitous in the Berkshires, whence Bryant's immortalized Indian maiden is said to have leaped to her death upon being forbidden to marry her cousin. Seated side by side, they were gazing out across the precipice to the Devil's Pulpit, a shaft of rock that rises sheer beyond human reach, a temptation to the adventuresome.

Jimmy picked up a handful of the current magazines and began a stubborn quest for examples to bear out his contention. If they were all so true to life, why hadn't he succeeded better?

"Take this story, for instance," he cried. "A young lady wishes to test the sterling worth of a fellow whom she is about to meet, so she crawls along a back casement, gains admittance to his bachelor apartment through a moaning appeal to his mercy and, after receiving his promise of protection, admits that she is a fugitive lady's maid in possession of some of her mistress' finery. Just as the other conspirators knock, he hides her and bravely faces their charge of concealing a woman in his apartment. They depart, leaving in their wake all manner of base insinuations, and then, presto, my lady emerges and owns up to the test he has been made to undergo. Now, in real life he would have been too angry, and justly, to forgive her, but just see how the story ends." He pointed a tragic finger to the last paragraph of the story.

"However far fetched that may have been," decreed Valeria, "it is but a single instance. Remember the Indian girl, to whom constancy was dearer than life."

"Merely a legend," asserted the positive Jimmy. "Even if it were so in the good old once upon a time, it wouldn't hold good in these degenerate days. That same sweet Indian maiden would now straightway join a woman's rights league and marry her warrior despite himself."

"Oh, go away. You're as cynical as an old bachelor today."

He turned to another magazine. "Ah, here's a typical example," running his



"TAKE THIS STORY, FOR INSTANCE."

eye through the plot: "The heroine saves the hero from drowning in an ice hole. So far, so good—that might happen. Then he proposes, and, though she knew full well that he was in love with her and she with him and that for some time he had been on the ragged edge of coming to the point, she indignantly refuses him because of what people might say or think."

"Well, I am not so sure but that I should have done the same myself."

"No more skating for us on Prospect park lake," asserted the other, with great finality.

"What happens next?"

"Why, then, mirabile dictu, by rare good fortune her gown catches fire while they are heatedly arguing the matter before a huge open fireplace, and he saves her life, thus balancing accounts. Oh, yes, a very pretty story, but in real life—bah!"

"It isn't fair to pick out only exaggerated examples," said Valeria.

"No," he admitted, "in a typical case the beautiful heroine would sprain her ankle. Thereupon the hero would enter in the nick of time to save her from some dreadful calamity, receiving her eternal love as a just reward. Now, you can readily pass for the beautiful heroine, but such ankles are too sensible to sprain. Besides, I could never carry you down this path. Even

the mountain paths must be built to order."

She laughed indulgently. Jimmy turned to still another magazine, remarking presently: "Here's a love story of another type—scene, an emergency hospital at Tampa. An injured army officer falls deeply in love with his nurse; but, as is often the case, he has a dependent mother. He frankly avows his position to the nurse, who, in return for the confidence, refuses to divulge her true name and address. He asserts, nevertheless, that he will find her as soon as his circumstances admit, if he has to search the country through, and then—why, what's the matter, Valeria?"

With a half-started gasp she clutched wildly for the magazine.

"Is the author's name Robert—Robert Franklin?" she whispered.

"Let's see. Yes, that's right. Why?"

"Oh, don't ask me to explain," she begged. "Yet you have doubted, and I must tell some one. Will you promise—will you promise never to tell a soul?"

Her halting words, low with intensity, struck a chill of premonition to his heart. What so vital to her life lay concealed within that magazine story? Even he had never stirred her to such depths, however often he had tried to make love to her; and she, grimly reflected.

"Will you promise?" she repeated in that same tense whisper.

"Promise? Why, you know that I would promise you anything, Valeria. But for heaven's sake don't prolong the agony," added Jimmy, totally unconscious that he was at the moment as melodramatic as the maligned writers of love stories could picture a man.

"It all started at the time of the Cuban war," she began. "I was eighteen then, young and romantic. Yes, I suppose I mistook romance for patriotism," she pursued reflectively, gazing far across the valley to Mount Washington, blue veiled in all the grandeur of the distance, "and suddenly I resolved to enlist as a nurse. Father would not hear of it—what did I know of the hardships involved? But I was silently determined, and I had my way too! Some relatives in Florida gave me the opportunity—I would visit them as a nurse. Am I trying you by my preliminary explanation?"

"Oh, don't mind me," he deprecated ironically. "It seems I don't count in this game."

She smiled slightly, only to resume after a momentary hesitation: "Every thing went my way, even to my gaining access to the hospital without the regulation requirements. You see, a nurse was taken ill just as I arrived, and I stepped into her place, filling it as best I might. And then, he came, badly wounded, but, oh—so brave!"

She stopped short to fasten her roving eyes on Jimmy's face.

"Go on," he urged bitterly. "It is a great place for confidences, so far above the littleness of our everyday existence."

She turned to hide a smile. Continuing: "I nursed him for three weeks, every day of which was harder for both of us. He insisted upon leaving that he would advertise broadcast for his nurse as soon as possible. I could think of nothing but newspaper personals, and I never read them, but he has been so original. He certainly has advertised broadcast, and instead of paying for it he has made the advertising medium pay him!"

"Don't! How can you be so trivial at such a time?" he implored. Suddenly her mood changed to one of bitter self denunciation.

"Won't you forgive me, Jimmy?" she begged. "Oh, how I have lied to you, all the while leading you to believe in my perfect sincerity! Won't you forgive me—and forget?" impulsively she rested both hands on his shoulder.

"I forgive you," he repeated, "but I can't say the rest. I guess you know why, Valeria."

Again her mood changed, like the mood of an April day.

"Now will you admit that true romance sometimes lies between the covers?" she playfully demanded.

"I'll admit anything you wish. You can't hurt me deeper."

"Oh, goody!" She clapped her hands in ecstasy, then, slowly rubbing her eyes, added lightly, "Now that you've owned up to being in the wrong, I may as well admit that I've had such a pleasant dream." As she finished speaking Valeria regarded him cautiously.

"Do you mean to say that you fashioned that out of whole cloth as you went along?" he demanded in bewilderment.

"Why, yes, I suppose so. But I gave you a good fit, didn't I? I just had to do it to show you what might have happened in real life, for it is not polite, you know, to contradict a lady."

"I've a good mind to shake you."

"It isn't polite to 'shake' a lady either," was the ready retort.

For a moment he was silent.

"You aren't mad, are you?" she coaxed. "You know you just said you'd forgive my fibbing. After your savage arraignment of the girl who crawled along the back casement to trap a man I was afraid you might have as poor an opinion of me, so in self protection I had to get your advance promise of forgiveness."

"But there is such a thing as a jiding insult to injury," he muttered almost crossly.

"It was such a pretty romance. You oughtn't to get mad; really you oughtn't," protested Valeria.

Jimmy seemed to be busy pondering some new point. "How in the deuce did you know the author's name?" he asked at length.

"I read the story yesterday. That was easy."

"Well, I'll be!— But exactly what he would he did not transpire."

"Wasn't that a pretty romance?" she persisted.

"Why, you're a whole romance and theatrical troupe combined," answered he with a sigh of relieved admiration, "only don't do it again; don't, Valeria."

"And how jealous you were of my army officer! Now I know that you really do care for me, silly boy."

To conceal a smile that would play hide and seek about her lips she dropped to her knees and began searching the grass.

"Did you ever find a four leaved clover, Jimmy?" she asked at last, with a sidelong glance to catch his mood.

He was gazing across the peaceful landscape, apparently unconscious of her absence from his side. At the question he turned abruptly and shook his head.

"If you haven't perseverance enough even to find a four leaved clover you shouldn't expect to win out," she decreed severely.

He dropped down beside her, uprooting whole handfuls of clover leaves in his eagerness to disprove her verdict. For a time neither spoke.

At last she stole a glance in his direction. He had abandoned the quest and was sadly watching a thin ribbon of



"I GUESS THAT WAS ONLY A DREAM TOO."

smoke, all that could be seen of the afternoon express on its downward journey through Great Barrington to the city.

"Why are you so ingenuous?" she ventured.

"Do you really want to know why I am cynical today? Perhaps I would better tell you—in fact, I brought you here to explain and to ask your advice."

"Why, what has gone wrong, Jimmy?" At once her voice and manner were warm with sympathetic interest.

"I just heard from dad this morning, and a nice sort of letter it was. He wants me to start for San Francisco tomorrow. You see, his western business is badly snarled, and he has ticketed me through to unravel the knots. If I go it may mean a big feather in my cap, while if I stay"— He shrugged his shoulders.

"You would have to leave on the morning train?" demanded Valeria.

"That's about the size of it."

"And miss all of the good times we had planned for this week?"

Jimmy nodded.

"Then don't go. Oh, what have I been saying? Yes, go—of course you'll go," she insisted. "What right have I to keep you from success? And, when you are miles away, remember that I did not try to turn you from your duty."

She shivered as the shadow crept over the mountain top.

Lazily Jimmy rubbed his eyes.

"Come to think of it, I guess that was only a dream too," he meditated aloud.

"Jimmy Castleton, do you mean to tell me that—that?" She could get no further.

"Confession is good for the heart, but you must remember that you it was who taught me the trick of borrowing from between the covers. It's the first real benefit I've ever derived from magazine stories. I shall take more interest in future. I watched you narrowly—that's what the hero does, isn't it?—and I saw my heroine turn pale, as sure as fate!"

"I didn't! Besides, it's only the villain that watches narrowly. I wouldn't be such a copy cat," she concluded, with withering scorn.

"You did turn white, though," he persisted, in no way abashed. And then he went on to add, using her very words with deliberate aggravation: "Now I know that you really do care for me, silly girl. I didn't think that you, of all persons, Valeria, would tumble into your own net so easily."

"It was just horrid of you to take such a mean, spiteful revenge on me," she cried, her gray eyes flashing storm signals that awakened Jimmy to sudden misgivings.

"Oh, come now, let's call it quits," he urged. "I'll forget the whole afternoon, if you say so."

She turned away in silence.

With a childish gesture of disgust he hurled the innocent but offending magazines over the cliff.

Still she would not speak.

"Just my luck to make almost a home run and then be put out of the game for talking too much. The devil must have been preaching to me from yonder pulpit," he said resentfully. Then, straightening up with fresh resolution, he added: "I will go to San Francisco now, if that will do any good. Will that do any good, won't you tell me, Val?"

He was so wistfully in earnest that Valeria dimpled into smiles.

"Even there you would know that I—that, I—ought to be ashamed of

yourself for seeing me into giving myself away before you had learned to ask me in the proper spirit," she finished lamely, but this time her gray eyes were kindled with a light that portended no storm. And then—and then— But, as Jimmy has contended, the real love of every-day people isn't interesting enough to spread over paper, like so much honey upon bread.

### Bowel Complaint in Children.

During the summer months children are subject to disorders of the bowels which should receive careful attention as soon as the first unnatural looseness of the bowels appears. The best medicine in use for bowel complaint is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy as it promptly controls any unnatural looseness of the bowels. For sale by Frank Hart, leading druggist.

It is said that Mr. Armour may not vote for Mr. Roosevelt at next election. The rumor has not yet been inspected.

## THREE FACTS For Sick Women To Consider

FIRST.—That almost every operation in our hospitals performed upon women becomes necessary through neglect of such symptoms as backache, irregular and painful periods, displacements of the female organs, pain in the side, burning sensation in the stomach, bearing-down pains, nervousness, dizziness and sleeplessness.

SECOND.—The medicine that holds the record for the largest number of absolute cures of female ills is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It regulates, strengthens and cures diseases of the female organism as nothing else can.

For thirty years it has been helping women to be strong, curing backache, nervousness, kidney troubles, inflammation of the female organs, weakness and displacements, regulating the periods perfectly and overcoming their pains. It has also proved itself invaluable in preparing women for childbirth and the change of life.

THIRD.—The great volume of unqualified and grateful testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., many of which are from time to time published by permission, give absolute evidence of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Mrs. Pinkham's advice.

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation to Women.—Women suffering from any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women only. From symptoms given, your trouble may be located and the quickest and surest way of recovery advised. Mrs. Pinkham is daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham and for twenty-five years under her direction and since her decease she has been advising sick women free of charge. Out of the vast volume of experience in treating female ills Mrs. Pinkham probably has the very knowledge that will help your case. Surely, any woman, rich or poor, is very foolish if she does not take advantage of this generous offer of assistance.

### FOR TWO FAMILIES.

A Double House of Concrete Blocks. Estimated Cost \$2,500.

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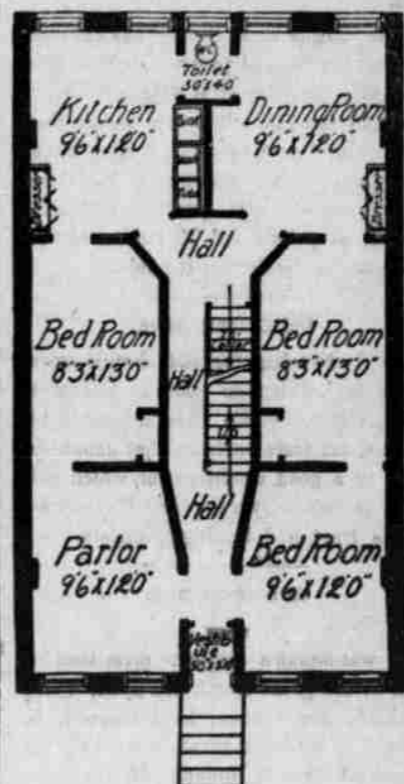
We show herewith elevation and floor plans for a model low cost two family house. This house can be erected on a twenty-five foot lot or a larger plot. There is a cellar under the entire house, with ten foot walls laid in cement mortar. The cellar floor is also of cement. Hot air furnaces in the cellars heat the whole house. The main halls are of ten inch hollow concrete



FRONT ELEVATION.

blocks laid in cement mortar. The framework is of hemlock lumber. The main roof is covered with tar and gravel. All windows except those of the cellar are fitted with outside blinds hung with up to date hardware. The exterior woodwork is painted with two coats of white lead lined oil paints of any colors selected.

The interior walls are plastered with two coats of patent plaster finished

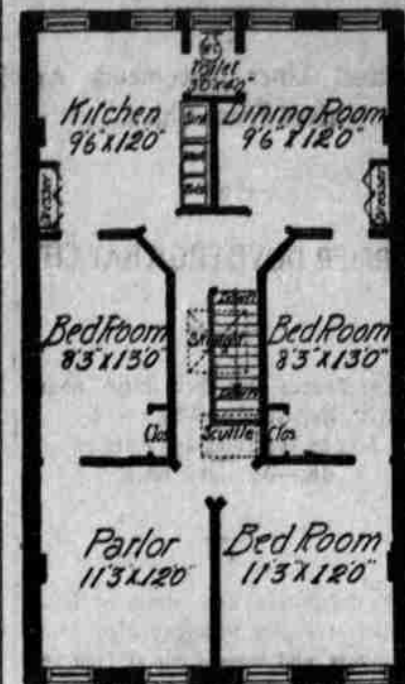


FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

white and hard. The floors are of North Carolina pine, well blind nailed. The stairs are all of cypress, with ash newels, rails and balusters.

The trim for the house is of one inch clear cypress. The parlors and dining rooms are fitted with quartered oak mantels, with bevel plate mirrors, tile facings and summer pieces. The kitchens contain plumbing and fixtures of

the latest and most improved make. The hardware is all of plain imitation



SECOND FLOOR PLAN.

bronze, with apple wood knobs, roses and escutcheons. The building is piped for gas.

The interior woodwork is finished in the natural wood on the first floor and on the second floor with water color stains of any colors desired.

This plan and design should make a model home or investment. The cost is estimated by the architect at \$2,500.

### The Modern Architect's Office.

Architects nowadays are cultivating the fashion of impressing their patrons with their taste by having their offices in dwelling houses artistically ornamental. Almost every large firm of architects in New York at present has its headquarters in what were formerly private houses on the cross streets near Fifth avenue, the fronts of which make a particularly attractive spot in an otherwise uninteresting row of houses. They have evergreen shrubs in artistic pots before their doors, boxes filled with flowering plants in the windows, the sashes themselves filled with schemes of colored glass set in lead frames, and the doorways simply invite one to go inside. Of course a whole house of this kind is expensive, but it gives an air of exclusiveness that is a valuable asset.—New York Press.

The house committee on agriculture appears to be having a hard time sitting on a lid that is more than half off.

## 1¢ A Plate

For the most delicious ICE CREAM is cheap enough, isn't it? That is all it costs when made with Jell-O Ice Cream Powder and it can be made and frozen in 10 minutes. Simply stir contents of one package into a quart of milk and freeze. No cooking, heating or fusing; no eggs, sugar or flavoring to add, as everything but the ice and milk is contained in the package, and approved by Pure Food Commissioners. Five kinds: Chocolate, Vanilla, Lemon, Strawberry and Unflavored.

If your grocer hasn't it, send his name and \$2.00 to us for two packages. Illustrated Recipe Book Mailed Free. The Genesee Pure Food Co., Le Roy, N. Y.

# Your Field

IS OUR FIELD, AND WE COVER IT. Our field is the district tributary to the mouth of the Columbia River. We penetrate into all the outlying districts, into lumber camps and isolated neighborhoods. The business of these places belongs to you, and it is worth going after. Space in THE MORNING ASTORIAN is reasonable; contract for some and let these outsiders know that you are still in business at the old stand. You may have a "grouch" but that won't get business; forget it. Let the people know what you have to sell; they may "forget" or have "forgotten"

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