

## AN ECCENTRIC BACHELOR

By JOHN PHILIP ORTH

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Mr. Phillip Raynor had come to be a bachelor of 40 when an event took place in his life. All that had gone before were incidents. Mr. Raynor had a small house of his own and a housekeeper. He was a man of regular habits, and his comings and goings were almost regulated by the clock. He belonged to a club or two, went to the theater now and then, and spent much time with his books. He was well content to be a bachelor.

One night, as Mr. Raynor was going home from his club, being on foot, as usual, he heard the screams of a woman from a dark passage ahead.

As a resident of the city for many years he paid taxes, and a portion of those taxes went to pay the police force. If there had been a policeman in sight—if there had been a pedestrian within call—the bachelor would not have let that scream disturb his serenity. As things were, he made a dash into the alley as a second scream reached his ears.

Just what followed, Mr. Raynor couldn't afterwards detail to the police very clearly. There were three men and a girl in the alley, and the men were trying to tear her away from her hold on a door. They were trying to kidnap her. The bachelor began to knock down, and he surprised himself as well as others. He didn't have it all his own way, of course. He



"Are You the Girl?"

got several good raps, but in time he conquered in the fight and found the girl in a faint. No police yet! They were interested elsewhere. There was a passing taxi, however, and the hard-breathing and bleeding bachelor halted it and had the girl conveyed to his home.

"If it's a case of abduction, sir," said the driver as he helped to lift the girl in, "it will be double fare and a present to boot. I never meddle with abductions at regular rates."

The bachelor held a fist under his nose—a fist with every knuckle skinned and bleeding, and it needed no more.

The housekeeper had gone to bed. She was awakened to care for a strange girl about 19 years old—a girl poorly dressed—a girl who worked for a living. Her hair was down and her dress torn. She was just recovering consciousness as the housekeeper came down and exclaimed:

"My stars and garters, Mr. Raynor, but what have you done?"

"See to her—find out about her," he replied as he went away to make repairs to himself.

And next morning the housekeeper made a report. She had a motherly feeling towards the bachelor, and she began by asking:

"The girl has told me there was a row. Why didn't you leave it to the police?"

"None there."

"Then why didn't you walk on about your business?"

"Couldn't. I'm a man."

"Well, then, why did you bring her here? Why didn't you take her to a police station?"

"I don't know. Who is she?"

"She says she's an orphan, and has been working in a factory, but lost her place some time ago and has been turned out of her room. She was passing the alley when the men seized her and you were—were—"

"Fool enough to interfere. I understand, Mrs. Harper. She is recovered, has she?"

"Yes."

"Orphan girl—no home—no work?"

"That's what she says."

"Then we must give her a show, Mrs. Harper. We may be in the same fix some day."

"You mean you will give her some money?"

"Oh, no, no! There's a bed for her in the house, and she can assist you in the housework. No hurry about her going. Give her time to turn around. If she needs clothes, why, why—"

"I've been here twelve years, sir," said Mrs. Harper with her hand on the door, "and I never knew a thing like this to happen before!"

"No? Well, we never can tell what's going to happen, you know. I may talk with the girl later."

Mrs. Harper was past fifty and taking on weight. Although at first inclined to resent the presence of the girl, she was soon mollified and began to make use of her. She found a willing and obedient helper. A wardrobe was got together, and after three or four days Julia was assigned to wait on table when the bachelor took his meals. He had made no further inquiries about her.

"When he saw her he quietly asked: 'Are you the girl?'"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, make the coffee a bit stronger next time!"

That was all for a month. Then, as he and the housekeeper were talking about other matters he suddenly asked:

"By the way, where do you get the flowers you place on the table every morning?"

"It's Julia who does that, sir. She's very grateful to you."

"Queer girl to be grateful. Tell her it's all right without the flowers. What are you going to do with her?"

"Why, that's for you to say. She's been here over a month now."

"Well, wait another month. No hurry, you know."

Mrs. Harper could find no fault with Julia. On the other hand, she found much to praise. She could hardly see how she could get along without the girl, and yet she felt that the question of place ought to be settled. More than two months had gone past when she laylaid the bachelor one morning to say:

"I have discovered something you ought to know, sir."

"Have, eh?"

"Yes, sir. Julia is romantic."

"Well, that doesn't mean thirty days on the island, does it?"

"No, sir, but she thinks you are a hero."

"That's more serious."

"And being romantic and grateful, and thinking you a hero, she—she—"

"Well, I believe the girl is in love with you and expects you to ask her to marry you. There it is, sir, and let me ask you what's to be done about it?"

"H'm. H'm. I must take a walk in the park and think it over. We must be tender with Julia, Mrs. Harper."

In an hour the bachelor returned from his saunter and took a seat in the library and sent for Julia. She came with her heart in her mouth and confusion in her face, although Mrs. Harper had patted her on the back and told her to be brave.

"Julia," began Mr. Raynor, "if you made a solemn vow you'd keep it, wouldn't you?"

"I surely would, sir."

"I have made a solemn vow never to marry. You haven't. Therefore I shall marry you to that good-looking plumber's helper who was here the other day, and who certainly admires you. I shall give you a thousand dollars on your wedding day. I saw him hanging about last evening. You have my consent to admit him to the kitchen. Fine young man, Julia, and there's sixty per cent. profit in the plumbing business."

Through Mrs. Harper it was learned that Julia cried more or less for three long days. Then the plumber's helper was admitted to the kitchen, and he being a hustler, and Julia being ambitious to wear sables, the marriage came off within three months.

"Who'd a-thought it?" asked Mrs. Harper when all was over.

"Why, it was the only thing for an old bachelor to do," replied Mr. Raynor.

**BAD NEWS FOR THE WIFE**

Man Wrecked at Sea Is Saved and Tells Brother to Break It to His Mate.

Jerome S. McWade, the wealthy Deluth sociologist, was talking, at an Easter dinner, about the American heires.

"She is beautiful and brilliant and all that," he said, "but, with her millions, she is infernally independent. The penniless American youth who weds her has a hard time of it. He is put away in a year or so. Hence, from his point of view, the foreign nobleman is welcome to her, thank you. She is no Easter egg."

"The penniless nobleman's title holds his end up. The penniless American's end sinks. He is always afraid of being turned out in the cold. He can't call his soul his own."

"I know one of these poor chaps, married to a Philadelphia heires—she has divorced him since to take on a banker—who once got wrecked at sea. But he was picked up floating on a spar, and from the first port wired to his brother:

"I am saved. Try and break it to my wife."

**Mrs. Newedd's System.**

"John," said Newedd's mother, "I picked up Florence's account book this morning and I must say I am disturbed over it. There are numerous entries of cash to G. K. W. Now who is this G. K. W. your wife is giving sums of money to?"

"Oh, that's all right, mother. You see Florence has a poor memory about expenditures, so whenever she comes out short she balances her accounts with G. K. W."

"And what in the world is G. K. W.?"

"'Goodness Knows What.'"

**And Then the Dagger.**

James T. Caesar and Harold Brutus lighted their cigars as they sat at the cafe table back of the Forum.

"Et, tu, Brutus?" said Caesar.

"I've et three," replied Brutus, idly paying the check.

Which shows that cream puffs in those days were enticing.

## WIT and HUMOR



### ONE LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY

Schoolmaster, Endeavoring to Aid Pupils, Gets Reply From Bright Boy That Was Unexpected.

A schoolmaster was taking a class of boys in geography, the lesson being the islands of the world. The boys were asked to give the name of any island which came to their minds, but their knowledge had reached its limit, and the class had come to a standstill so far as islands were concerned.

"Come, boys," said the master. "Is there no one here who can give me the name of another island?"

But no answer came from the class.

"Now, then," said he, "to help you a little. Supposing I were a piece of land, and all around (pointing) was water. What island should I represent?"

The answer he expected, of course, was, "The Isle of Man." But a bright boy, very eager to answer said:

"Please, sir, the Scilly Islands."

### A Change of Mind.

"I understand," said Mrs. Oldcastle, "that the Williamsons have decided up'n a gothic facade for their new house."

"Have they?" replied her hostess, as she hung her \$24,000 tiara on the hat rack. "They must have changed their minds, then, since I was talkin' to them. They told me they was goin' to have one of these crock filters."

### Wife's Work.

The man who makes his wife get up in the morning to start the fires at last saved enough money to buy an automobile. One day while going up a hill the machine stopped.

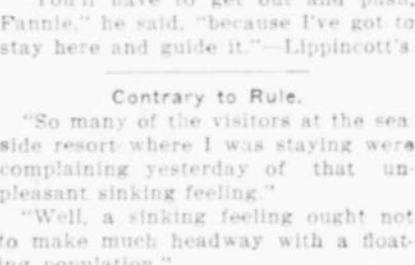
"You'll have to get out and push, Fannie," he said, "because I've got to stay here and guide it."—Lippincott's

### Contrary to Rule.

"So many of the visitors at the seaside resort where I was staying were complaining yesterday of that unpleasant sinking feeling."

"Well, a sinking feeling ought not to make much headway with a floating population."

### FULL OF BONES.



### First Fish—You need not feel so proud, you 'Old Grave Yard.'

Second Fish—This is an insult! Why do you call me an 'Old Grave Yard'?"

First Fish—Because you are full of bones.

### No Sympathy There.

"You have kept my nose to the grindstone, Serapta," spoke her husband, nerving himself to say something at least, "for fifteen years!"

"I've done more than that, Volney," snapped Mrs. Vick-Senn; "I have made you turn the grindstone."

### Squirrel Aeronautics.

Mr. Muskrat—Look! There goes Billie Frog in an airship.

Mr. Jack Rabbit—Yes, that flying squirrel is making a fortune renting himself out for an aeroplane.—Judge.

### One Explanation.

"Is it true your student lodger is studying astronomy?"

"Well, I think he must be. He sleeps all day, but at night he is always out."—Fliegende Blatter.

### Her Surroundings.

"You promised to keep me in luxurious surroundings if I would marry you."

"Well, you have a silk dress, haven't you?"

### Suggestive.

"Was Jimmy Jinks angry at the result of his interview with Jenny Jaggs' father?"

"Well, he did say he felt quite put out."

### A Prosaic Affair.

"Anything romantic about their wedding?"

"Nothing whatever. She can cook, and he has a job."

### Their Place.

"Where does nature publish her cereals?"

"I suppose in corn magazines."

## PLANNING FLOWER GARDEN REQUIRES CAREFUL STUDY

Carpet Bedding Plans Are Only Effective When Certain Kinds of Foliage Are Used—Ribbon Beds Are Easiest of All to Make.

(By EDEN E. BENEFORD.)

Personally I am not much of an admirer of carpet or ribbon bedding or the "designs" which the enthusiastic amateur gardener frequently attempts, but is pretty sure to abandon later in the season, because he discovers that designs work out unsatisfactorily in annuals.

The fact is, carpet bedding plants are only effective when certain kinds of foliage plants are used because they can be kept within their proper limits by shearing and pruning, while the annuals have too much "sprawl" to be tractable and very few kinds give a sufficient mass of bloom to produce the desired effect.

We are likely to think that because a plant has yellow, red or blue flowers, that it will prove effective wherever these colors are desired, but we lose sight of the fact that the flowers will be so few in number and so far apart that there is seldom any solid color effect such as is necessary in properly working out patterns.

This being the case, only the simpler designs should be attempted with annuals, and only such effects aimed at, as can be produced by contrast in which harmony plays an important part.

Ribbon beds are easiest of all to make. Very pleasing ones can be made with pink, pale yellow, and white phlox, planted in rows. If darker colors are preferred, the scarlet and crimson can be used, always combining them with white to give the necessary contrast and relief.

Do not use the soft, delicate colors

with the stronger tones, as there is a lack of harmony between them.

Asters can be planted in rows of white and lavender, with very pleasing results, provided the same kind is used in each row.

Ribbon beds would become monotonously tiresome if we were to confine ourselves to them, therefore it is advisable to have something else for a change.

Next to them the circular bed is easiest to make. I would not advise too many colors.

Have the center of one color, say lavender, if asters are used, then a row of pale pink, with white in the outside row.

This arrangement of colors can be varied to suit individual taste. If sweet-alyssum or white candytuft is used as an edging, the effect is heightened, as these plants bring a mass of foliage and bloom down to the ground, and hide the tall stalks of the asters.

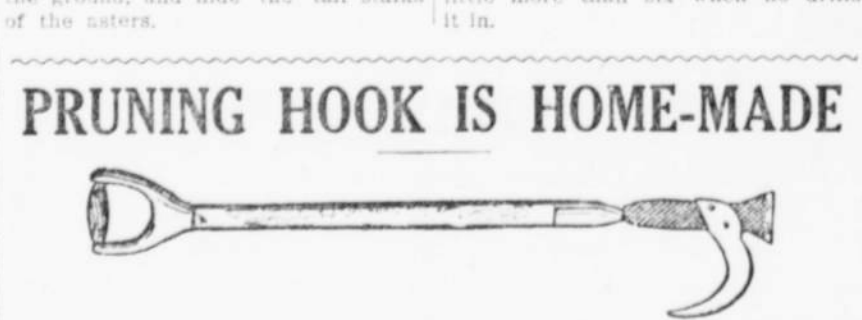
Fruit Trees.

It is not advisable to put axle grease on fruit trees in order to prevent rabbits and rodents from gnawing them. A little grease might not do any damage, while too much might injure the trees. Where the climate permits some green crop, such as oats, rye or wheat, will tempt the rabbits. The trees can also be protected by wrapping them with old newspapers, thin boards or wire screens.

Clean Seed.

The man who gets the best yield of oats in our neighborhood is the one who sows, broadcast, eight or nine pecks of good clean seed or a little more than six when he drills it in.

## PRUNING HOOK IS HOME-MADE



The pain of scratches and picks comes readily to one's imagination as he thinks of pruning the raspberry bushes or other bush fruits, especially where he has not had good tools for performing the job, says the Michigan Farmer. The work is so miserable that it is generally left undone. The illustrated pruning hook will help to overcome many of the undesirable features connected with cleaning out of the hills on these fruits. The hook is used for cutting those canes that can be hooked, and for this purpose the inner edge of the hook is made sharp, while the spud is for amputating such canes as happen to stand close to another that is to be left or is otherwise situated that the hook cannot be used. The spud cuts the cane nearer the ground than can be done with the hook. Both are, however, very necessary for a complete implement. Besides its use in cutting, the hook is convenient in pulling the pruned canes from among the standing ones into the row where they can be gathered and taken from the plan-

tation. The implement is made of the handle of a short-handled fork and two old files. The files are forged to make the hook and spud and riveted together as shown in the illustration. The end opposite the spud is shaped to fit into the handle where it is firmly secured in order to stand the strain necessary in the work to be done. Armed with such a tool and a good pair of gloves one can go about the canes, cut out the undesirable ones and get them out of the way without suffering the hardships encountered when endeavoring to do the work with a jack knife. The next rainy day go to your own forge, every farmer should have one, or if not provided, to your blacksmith and have a hook made. Then, when the rainy day is over and you can get into the berry patch, see how well the hook does the dreaded job.

Destroy Peach Borers.

Peach borers are best destroyed by digging them out. While it is a slow process there is really no other way.

## THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS



When the digestive system needs toning and strengthening take the Bitters promptly. It does the work. Try a bottle today.

### Almost Incredible Age.

Ninea Turataviloff, a peasant woman at Telov, in the Caucasus, is probably the oldest person in the world. Recently she celebrated her one hundred and sixty-fifth birthday. Though she is now quite incapable of using her limbs, she is still in possession of her mental faculties.

## WHAT I WENT THROUGH

Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Natick, Mass.—"I cannot express what I went through during the change of life before I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was in such a nervous condition I could not keep still. My limbs were cold, I had creepy sensations, and I could not sleep nights. I was finally told by two physicians that I also had a tumor. I read one day of the wonderful cures made by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and decided to try it, and it has made me a well woman. My neighbors and friends declare it had worked a miracle for me. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth its weight in gold for women during this period of life. If it will help others you may publish my letter."—Mrs. NATHAN B. GREATON, 51 N. Main Street, Natick, Mass.



The Change of Life is the most critical period of a woman's existence. Women everywhere should remember that there is no other remedy known to medicine that will so successfully carry women through this trying period as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

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### "One Man."

"I have a servant girl who is capable and good natured and whom I wouldn't willingly part with, but she troubles me one way," said Mrs. Clockley to a visitor. "She is a Finn and knows but a few words of English, so the arrival of anyone from a guest to a grocer boy is heralded by her footsteps and the solemn words: 'One man.'"

"It is laughable and vexing. I have to go all the way downstairs to ascertain who it is. I am thinking of having a series of mirrors put up to reflect the visitor's image upstairs. Or perhaps I can invent a conning tower such as submarines are equipped with. At any rate I shall never be able to stand it until she learns enough English to tell who wants me."

### Flower Keeps Its Freshness.

A common South African flower possesses the valuable property of keeping fresh for two months or more after cutting. It is a white star of Bethlehem, producing a compact spike of flowers on a stiff, erect stalk 18 inches or two feet long. The flowers are of a thin and papery tissue, all white except the yellow anthers. It can be sent over as a cut flower from South Africa to England, and then lasts for weeks in water.