

## The Handy Man

By RALPH HAMILTON

(Copyright, 1919, by Western Newspaper Union.)

Old Zeb Darrell stood at the curb, his pipe, just filled, between his lips, an unlighted match in his hand. Its sulphured end was pressed down upon the edge of the iron-bound wheel of a stationary buggy. As its driver started up, the match flared, Zeb ignited the tobacco, uttered a sigh of comfort at having been spared all exertion by cleverly utilizing a convenient source of friction, and was hailed by a bystander, who smiled at the action which fully disclosed the indolent qualities of the old man.

"Looking for a handy man, Perkins," spoke Zeb. "You don't happen to know one, do you?"

"Why, there's Joe Lott, the carpenter, and his old helper, who started in for himself doing odd jobs," but Zeb shook his head dissentingly.

"Plutocrats, with their extravagant charges," he declared. "You see, the old place is pretty high going to rack and ruin. The porch is wobbly, half the front cornice is hanging loose and one edge of the kitchen lost its underpinning last night in the big blow and runs down hill like an ice slide. No, what I'm looking for is some handy fellow who will put in about two weeks tinkering around and mending up odds and ends for his keep, and mebbe a little extra."

"Why, come to think of it, perhaps I can help you out," said Zeb's companion. "Unless he's through with his work up at the house, he's there now—a likely, honest seeming young fellow, who came along last evening and offered to fix up the fences for a bed and his meals."

"I'll go right down to your place and see him," said Zeb, eagerly. "If I was spry as I used to be I'd fix things up myself."

Ward Evans, for so the handy man called himself, had just finished one task and was ready for another. He listened to the story of his prospective employer, readily tracing his niggardliness, but finally engaging to put in his time at the Darrell place on a reasonable basis of compensation.

"I seem to have a natural knack for tinkering," he explained to Zeb. "You furnish the tools and material and I'll do the rest."

"I should think he had a knack, as he calls it," observed Nettie Darrell to her father a week later, and she glanced admiringly at the ramshackly house. Ward Evans had won her liking magically quick. In the first place he was good looking, and smiling, joking, saying pleasant, cheering things half of the time. He worked without ceasing all day long and had an eye for every loose shingle and flapping board. He practically rebuilt the house, the sheds, the walks, the fences. There was some loose plastering and he made it tight. Two grimy rooms he repapered, straightened up the porch, propped up the sunken kitchen and suggested that a coat of paint would make the old place look like new.

Evans had a flute he played evenings, and he was an expert in its musical possibilities. Regularly he gave his host and his daughter a concert. But it was in his narration of his varied career that he particularly interested them. He had been a circus rider, manager of a ranch, a political orator and superintendent of a logging camp. He loved to refer to this latter experience.

"It was there I met my best friend, Willis Drake," he told his interested auditors. "That was the brightest period of my life—except being with you people," he added, with a glance at Nettie, who flushed slightly, while her father looked pleased at the compliment. "Ah, Willis Drake! a man with a heart of gold—the life of the camp. He left at the end of the season to go back to his father, a wealthy Southerner. He had left home to become a wanderer. I got a letter from him a month ago, and what do you think? His father had died, leaving him a great fortune, and as soon as he settles the estate he's coming to find me, and he insists that we'll be like brothers for the rest of our lives."

Evans received another letter from his friend a week later. The letter was coming after him at once. By this time Ward had become friendly and familiar with the Darrells. He had completed the work he had agreed to do, but he lingered on, and they were glad to have him about, and Ward was gladder still to bask in the sunshine of Nettie's winning smile.

Then his friend arrived and bore him away to the hotel. A handsome, impetuous sort of a fellow, Drake took a decided fancy to Nettie, and Ward encouraged it. What better than to see his dearest friend happy in the possession of a wife worthy of any man, in the estimation of Ward? He sighed as he told this to Mr. Darrell. It was with a secret pang that he broached the subject of fostering a further mutual liking between Nettie and his friend.

"Well, I've sort of studied Nettie about this match," reported Mr. Darrell, a day or two later. "It's no go. She hasn't the least interest in Drake, outside of his being your friend. In fact, Ward, I'm pretty certain that Nettie is already in love."

"Why, you amaze me!" began Ward. "Who—?"

"Are you blind? Who but yourself, my worthy friend? And because I like you, too, I'm glad of it, and humble, self-sacrificing Ward Evans dared to speak his love at last."

## DELVER INTO NATURE

AMATEUR GARDENER CRANK OF THE HARMLESS VARIETY.

Does No Injury, and If the Fates Are With Him Possibly May Do a Little Good in This Sordid Old World.

When you meet a man now who has a furtive, faraway look in his eyes do not get the impression that he has robbed a bank or is planning some such escapade, for the chances are that he is only an amateur gardener preparing to plant his back yard patch. An amateur garden crank, it should be known, is about the most harmless creature on earth, the Oklahoma Times states.

There are many advantages in being a garden crank instead of being an automobile fiend or a chicken raiser. All that is necessary to be a garden crank is two seed catalogues, a dime's worth of seed, a hoe, a small plot of ground and much enthusiasm. To be a chicken raiser one must have at least a chicken house and a half dozen chickens, besides subscribing for a chicken paper or more dignified poultry journal.

Chicken raisers who have all the equipment necessary to be placed in the class of "chicken cranks" have also a large equipment of small live stock, together with the roup and other chicken ailments, that gives chicken raisers so much to talk about. Of course, a few eggs are necessary to give chicken raisers complete happiness. An egg a week, however, will keep one interested for months.

The amateur gardener should be encouraged. There should be a bonus offered and a large number of prizes. It requires only a small plot of ground on which to raise a large amount of "garden truck." Few persons who have not acquired the garden habit realize the joy of seeing the first little plantlet come through the dirt.

Much depends upon the quality of the seeds used. Even the most enthusiastic naturalist should not expect to get good strong plants from seeds several years old or of a good quality. Nature is pretty generous where gardens are concerned, but even nature cannot overcome the handicap of poor seeds.

There are many vegetables which even the most amateurish amateur should not attempt to grow in town. For instance, potatoes for a family of six cannot be grown from a 4 by 10 garden bed, but on this same space, with proper proportion, plenty of onions, radishes, parsley, lettuce, and perhaps another vegetable or two may be raised.

### New Gun Makes "Dead Shots."

A French inventor has made a frightful addition to the efficacy of the revolver. A small but powerful electric light is attached to the mechanism of pistol of ordinary size. By use of lenses and mirrors the glare of the circle of light which the lamp throws is bright enough to be clearly seen in daylight against so dark an object as a light colored suit of clothes.

Now the center of the circle of light, marked by a black spot by arrangement of the lenses, is exactly the spot where the bullet will strike. Thus all he has to do is to place the black center of the blazing circle of light over the heart of an adversary and pull the trigger.

At night the light is shockingly strong. Experiments with the new weapon show that perfect greenhorns, who have never used a revolver in their lives, can shoot far more accurately than experts using an ordinary pistol.

Up to 60 yards one cannot miss a small bull's-eye, day or night, while extremely accurate shooting is possible up to 100 yards. The lamp arrangement adjusts automatically, by levels, to distances.

### New Time System Puzzles.

The use of the new twenty-four hour time system in France is likely to give rise to some rather curious results. One of these is brought out by A. De Mortellet, and relates to the striking of the hour.

It will not be very practical to use twenty-four strokes or less in succession, as these would be very difficult to count after a certain point. The number of strokes should therefore be reduced in some way.

He proposes using a double chime, one bell for units and the second for tens, the two bells to have a different tone. Or else with a single bell rapid strokes would show the tens, and slow strokes the units.

With two bells, one bell gives strokes up to nine. The second bell rings once for ten. For eleven, the first bell rings once and the second once, and so on in the decimal system. For twenty, the first bell rings twice, and so on.

### His Experience.

A nice, clean German had applied at a store for a job at selling clothing. The boss liked the applicant's looks, but doubted his experience.

"Have you ever sold clothing?" asked the employer.

"Ach, yes!" answered the applicant.

"Good. Where did you sell clothing?"

"Zwanzighundert Blankstrasse."

"Where? I never heard of such an address."

"I sold my clothes there."

"Why—that's a pawnshop!"

"Well, vere you dink I sell my overcoat—at a drug store?"

## The Sole Survivor

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

(Copyright, 1919, by Western Newspaper Union.)

Rhoda Lusk was singing fully a quarter of her time, smiling and cheery whenever she was with her friends, and happy all of the time. Just now she was unusually joyous and she went tripping about the house thinking herself the most fortunate young lady that ever was, or could be.

For the past six months of her life had been a rare and radiant romance. She had met Ronald Dudley, and her fate, at one and the same time. He was a manly, handsome young fellow and he had won the good will of Rhoda's parents and that of all her other relatives. Ronald had to go South to settle an estate, and then there was to be a grand wedding and the young couple would settle down in a pretty bungalow within sight, and even call, of the Lusk home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lusk had rented the old Marsden mansion for five years. It was ready at hand, had a beautiful garden and was sumptuously furnished. Miss Marcia Williston had inherited it from her widowed mother, had found it lonesome living all by herself and had decided to make a permanent home with a married sister.

She was a tall, stately woman of perhaps thirty, and had given up her home as had she given up the hope of passing many happy hours under that roof. Rhoda had heard her story and it excited gentle pity in her gentle soul.

For five years Miss Williston had waited for the lover, the pledged fiancé, who never came. There had fallen to him through a legacy several whaling vessels, and he had sailed away in one of them to familiarize himself with the business that was to bring him his living income. His voyage was to end in a year. Two went by, three. Nothing was heard of the missing North Star, or its owner, or the crew. Mutely Miss Williston bowed with resignation to the blow that swept from life all she cared living for. She never paraded her sorrow before others.

"If Ronald should meet the face of Miss Williston's poor lover!" breathed Rhoda, and she shuddered at the mere thought. "Oh, I must not forget," she added. "Mamma told me to be sure to find some odd corner or closet where we can put our umbrellas and rubbers."

Her parents had gone downtown to obtain some odds and ends needed for kitchen use, and except for the cook no one was in the house except Rhoda. She puzzled her active brain searching for a suggestion as to the disposition of umbrellas and rubbers, and finally gave up the task as she dropped to a window seat under the odd window in the reception hall.

"The only way I see is to buy a narrow wardrobe and fit it into the corner under the stairs," planned Rhoda, and then, arising from the window seat she noticed that its oak top moved. She had not observed before that the top was hinged. "Just the place!" she exclaimed, lifting the board. "Oh, my!"

Rhoda stood transfixed gazing down into the deep, long space. There was a layer of tissue paper at its bottom. Above showed a bewildering array of finery—silk, satin, ribbons, embroidery, a wedding dress and veil and dainty slippers; in fact all the accessories of an elegant bridal trousseau. Rhoda stood in an enraptured dream. Only when for the second time the door bell rang, did she hasten to the vestibule. She unlocked the screen door latch and admitted Miss Williston.

"I came to remove some personal belongings," began the latter, and then, with a sharp catch in her voice, stared at the finery exposed in the interior of the window seat. Her lips trembled and a quick pallor came into her face. In an instant Rhoda comprehended that the trousseau must be the one she had prepared when her lover went away and had not returned. Rhoda looked awed, sorry. She was almost at the point of tears, as she realized how cruelly the unexpected confrontation must lacerate the heart of her visitor.

"It was quite by accident that I lifted the cover," began Rhoda, but Miss Williston with a wan, but kindly smile, stroked the golden hair of this more fortunate fiancée, as she recovered her wonted calmness.

"You have not offended nor hurt me, dear," she said. "It was after those reminders of a happy dream that I came, but long since the memory of the one I loved and lost has become a consolation. Come, all your bright happiness in life is before you! We may add to it by looking over my cherished mementoes."

To both those mementoes were precious and sacred. In her quiet way Miss Williston showed one after another of the articles. She even placed the veil upon her head to please Rhoda, and then—

"Marcia! My Marcia!"

A bronzed, weather-worn man had burst in the screen door. He caught the swaying form of the wife that was to be in his strong arms and covered her face with kisses. And then, as Marcia revived and clung to him sobbing amid her wild joy, she heard the words that told her that he alone of the ice-crushed North Star had escaped back to civilization after half a decade exile in far Arctic regions.

## After the Years

By OTILLIA FRANCES PFEIFFER

(Copyright, 1919, by Western Newspaper Union.)

The kindly faced, gray-bearded old man occupying section seven in the Pullman sleeper gave a great start as a poignant cry echoed through the coach. He sought the source of the outburst and, at sight of the white, despairing face of a modestly attired young girl, advanced towards her.

Her hands were clasped and her eyes, affrighted, were fixed past the open car window. She sat now like one turned to stone by some vivid calamity. She had boarded the train at Denver, Marvin Hope had noted, and the conductor had just appeared at the other end of the car.

"You are troubled," he spoke instantly. "What is it, young lady?"

Elva Merrill turned her gaze upon the speaker and burst into tears. "Oh, sir!" she breathed, gaspingly. "My ticket! I was getting ready for the conductor and for only an instant placed it on the window sill. The wind took it and—oh! what shall I do?"

"Where were you going?" inquired Mr. Hope.

The reply named a point in Southern California, and added the further information that she had no money of consequence and had given up a position she had held in a town fifty miles from Denver. "What can I do?" she faltered. "The ticket is gone, I have no home, no friend nearer than my destination."

"We shall arrange that," spoke Marvin Hope. "Just try and be calm. I will speak to the conductor," and, moved by an impulse his generous nature could not resist, he went to the conductor, spoke to him for some minutes and then returned to the side of Elva. "It is all settled," he said, with a great deal of cheerfulness in his tone. "At the next station the conductor, by my desire, will secure a through ticket for you."

"But I cannot pay for it," remonstrated Elva.

"Not now, perhaps, but possibly later. Listen, young lady. I am bound for the same destination as yourself. You will tell me your story, and we shall try to discover some way to make you feel free to accept a temporary loan from a lonely old man who is glad to aid anybody in distress."

"Indeed, I can reimburse you!" declared Elva, fervently. "My friend at San Druro is a Mrs. Honoria Purcell. I was her companion two years ago, but she was very hard to get along with and I sought other employment. Last week she wrote to me offering a two years' contract and is seemingly anxious to have me accept. I am sure she will advance me sufficient to repay you."

"I am sure of that, too," replied Mr. Hope in his gentle, reassuring way, "for Mrs. Purcell is a wealthy woman whom I know quite well. And your name, young lady?"

"It is Elva Merrill." Marvin Hope gave a violent start. It was well that Elva had her gaze averted at that moment, else she would have been amazed, possibly alarmed, at the manifest emotion of her benefactor. He seemed to experience difficulty in restraining an impulse to seize her hands, or fold her in his arms, pouring forth a wild torrent of words of gladness and joy crowding to his trembling lips. He recovered his self-possession as Elva exhibited the letter from Mrs. Purcell. He listened breathlessly to the story of her life; bereft of a mother, her only near relative, two years previous, and later trials attending the earning of her own living.

"Were there none other of near kin?" he asked. "No dear friends?" Elva shook her head sadly.

From that point until the end of the journey Marvin Hope exercised a fatherly care for the homeless girl, that every hour increased her confidence in him. When they reached San Druro his automobile and chauffeur were in evidence. When the machine stopped it was before a beautiful mansion set in the midst of an exquisite garden. Elva supposed this to be the residence of Mrs. Purcell.

"Home!" Marvin Hope announced, as they were met in the hall by a motherly housekeeper—"my home, and yours! My dear, I gave you a fictitious name, for a purpose. I am your uncle—and I was just disappointedly returning from a vain search for you at your former home. I found no trace and you can imagine the sorrow of a lonely old man who awoke at last to a longing hunger for the company of his own flesh and blood. You will not go to Mrs. Purcell. You will remain here, my own adopted child, until you marry."

"I shall never marry," spoke Elva, and her fair face fell.

"What! Not even if Rodney Parton comes after you?"

"Rodney Parton!" breathed Elva. "You know of him?"

"My dear," replied Mr. Hope, "searching for you I found him also upon the same quest. You had left your old home, never dreaming how he loved you. Well, I telegraphed him en route that I had found you, and he is probably now speeding on his way to lay his heart at your feet. This shall be his home, as well as yours and mine."

And, her arms about the neck of this grand benefactor, Elva Merrill sobbed out the joy and gladness that was welling up within her happy soul.

## ARROW COLLARS



LAUNDERED OR SOFT  
THE BEST THAT YOU  
CAN BUY AT THE  
PRICE YOU PAY



MONROE

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N. Y.

SOFT



2 FOR 25¢  
WHITE OR GRAY 25¢ EACH  
CAP OR FRINGE SHAPE

HAIR NETS  
"HOLD-TIGHT" HAIR WAVERS 10¢ A PACKAGE

"HOLD-TIGHT" HAIR NETS ENJOY AN ENVIABLE NATIONAL REPUTATION AND THE FRIENDSHIP OF MILLIONS OF WOMEN—

"HOLD-TIGHT" HAIR NETS ARE MADE OF THE FINEST REAL HUMAN HAIR. ALL SHADES. EVERY "HOLD-TIGHT" HAIR NET GUARANTEED OR MONEY REFUNDED. ORDER AT YOUR FAVORITE STORE. IF THEY CANNOT SUPPLY YOU, WRITE U. S. STATE COLOR AND SHAPE.

ADOLPH KLAR  
221-4TH AVENUE NEW YORK



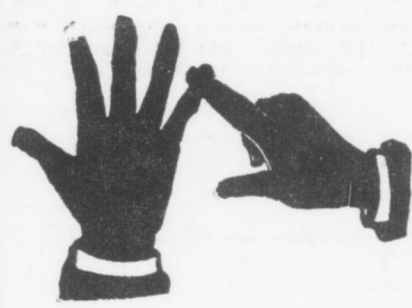
A Good  
Photograph  
will last much  
longer than the  
original.

Have them taken  
at the

## GEM STUDIO

730 Phila. Street, - - Indiana, Pa.  
Opposite Moore Hotel

Can't sleep! Can't eat! Can't even digest what little you do eat!



One or two doses  
ARMY & NAVY  
DYSPEPSIA TABLETS

will make you feel ten years  
younger. Best known remedy  
for Constipation, Sour Stomach  
and Dyspepsia.

25 cents a package at all Druggists, or  
sent to any address postpaid, by the

U. S. ARMY & NAVY TABLET CO.  
260 West Broadway, N. Y.

**WHAT YOU SURELY NEED**

is a healthy, active, industrious liver. Small doses of these pills taken regularly insure that. You may also need a purgative sometimes. Then take one larger dose. Keep that in mind; it will pay you rich dividends in Health and Happiness.

Genius bears signature *W. D. Carter* Small Pill Small Dose Small Price

**ROSY CHEEKS or HEALTHY COLOR indicates Iron in the Blood. Pale or faces usually show its absence. A condition which will be much helped by**

**CARTER'S IRON PILLS**

**Hired Man's Life Saved.**  
James was bowlegged and felt it his duty to whip every boy that reminded him of the fact. When he visited in the country the hired man laughed and told him he couldn't stop a pig if he tried. James told his mother what the man had said, then added: "He's pretty big, and I'm mighty glad he didn't say I was bowlegged."

**Tea Tasting.**  
To ascertain whether artificial coloring matter has been added to tea, place a quantity on white paper and rub with knife to a fine powder. Now brush the paper with a brush, and if any prussian blue has been used there will be little streaks on the paper.

**Big Canadian Telescope.**  
The tube of the telescope erected by the Canadian dominion at Victoria, B. C., is large enough to permit of the passage of a small automobile and the reflector is 73 inches in diameter. The movable parts of the telescope weigh more than 40 tons, and the lens alone more than 4,000 pounds, yet one man can easily move the mass into any desired position.

**Taxes.**  
If folks had to pay taxes on groceries this would be a smaller world than it is.