

# A Woman Hater

## How She Won Him

By IDA SPEED

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Women folks can usually get the wildest kind of fellows to eatin' out of their hands by just feedin' 'em flat-tery.

The sorriest horse in the world can tell the difference between just good smellin' feed and the kind that will stick to his ribs, but it's just once in awhile you'll find a man that knows what's good for his soul.

Bill Christy was this kind. He was also the handsomest man I ever saw. He came to work at the Walkin' Stick ranch and went by the name Chris.

He had so much energy he worked the rest of us to death tryin' to keep up with him. There wasn't any undertakin' he wasn't equal to except one that had women connected with it. He just wouldn't stand for the skirts, and his favorite pony, Limbo, was just like him in this respect.

Ed Beverstock, owner of the Walkin' Stick, had been married just a year. His wife had been to school back east and liked to put it on strong. She squeezed a cork with her and us boys will to treat 'em like that. We welcomed her right now.

When summer came Mrs. Ed takes up a notion to have a big house party. So she invites a crowd out from town and also Mr. Lawson, the rich, unmarried owner of the D. Blanka, a neighboring ranch. Ed tells us boys he has hired a band of three pieces at \$25 a day to play for the dancin'.

"You fellers have at it," he says. "Your pay goes on just the same, but you are paid to show the company a good time."

The events before the bunch arrived the wind stopped blowin', and so naturally the windmills stopped pumpin'. No matter how many fustas are in progress, cattle still want to drink water.

"This is too bad," Ed says, "but you fellers can take turns runnin' the engine so none of you will miss much of the fun."

"No need of that," says Chris. "I'll run the engine night and day. This is where I slough."

The whole house party centered around Della Dumont, a schoolmate of Mrs. Ed's, who had never been in the west before. She seemed powerful pleased with our way of doin' things.

By the first evening they all got on to Chris not likin' the girls, and every fosome in the bunch begins to make a smoke at him. They nearly badgered him to death, but timidity ain't a fall-in' with Chris, and he held his own.

The second mornin' several couples of us have just come in from a ride and are loungin' on the front gallery, with our saddles on the fence, where we've left 'em.

Chris rides up in a gallop on Limbo and throws the bridle over his pony's head and makes for the dug house, which is our name for the bunk house in this country. He never looks at us, but runs in for a pair of pills to do somethin' about the engine.

Della Dumont runs out to Limbo, in tendin' to put her saddle on him. She looks at the engine, though no body knew her intention.

Dee don't know about western and dies, so she starts to pull this one off, and it been strapped to Limbo, he begins to kick, and Dee trips over a root and falls. In a second or two Limbo has made some bad dents in \$75 of Bill Christy's increment invested in that hand carved saddle. We all run to Dee, but Chris beats us.

Ed helps her up without even askin' if she's hurt and then calls Limbo some awful bad names, tellin' him to come there.

"I'm so sorry about your saddle, Mr. Christy," says Dee. "I was just seized with a wild desire to ride your pretty pony. I do hope you'll forgive me. It was all my fault."

"Limbo won't stand for women," he says and rides off.

The last night of the house party the wind began to blow so the engine wasn't needed.

Ed Beverstock looked up his engineer-man.

Chris has been 'Gancin' every time out has never got around to Dee.

"Mr. Christy," says Dee, "if you'll play for us I'll teach you the turkey trot next time." And she smiles at him and the musician too.

"Thanks," says Chris, throwin' away his cigarette, "but I've got this number. Try me again."

She turns away to hide the way her lips are quiverin'.

Lawson steps up.

"Miss Dumont," he says, "may I have the honor?"

I was glad he accented honor, I liked him better than I did Chris right then. But don't you know before the dance broke up Chris asked her to wait with him, and she did.

I tell the whole outfit goodby at breakfast the next mornin' and make a sneak. You know how it is the day after. I was sleepy, and we was going to round up and brand the next week. Some of the boys had to drive the victors and musicians to the railroad, others helped to clean up at the house.

Chris had been down tinkerin' with the engine since before day. I intended to help him, but when I got down to the tank he was inside the shack and didn't see me. He had an old cot out at one side of the engine house, screened by a clump of mesquite.

I could see a blur of green made by the Bermuda grass on the bank of the tank and the droopin' willows that bend to the water's edge. There was no sound but the creek of the windmills and an occasional unpriety word that Chris let go at the engine he was tryin' to fix. The ranch house was a quarter of a mile away, so I was surprised to see a white spot against the green.

This kinder woke me up, and at the same time Chris said an awful word and hurled his monkey wrench through the door of the engine house.

There was a big splash and a little scream. Chris come runnin' out on the bank.

"Did it strike you?" he says, with more excitement in his voice than I had ever heard before.

"No," says Miss Della Dumont, holdin' her handkerchief to her face, "it only splashed mud and silt on my clean white linen. And I suppose the curl has all come out of my hair and my face is wet and dirty. No, it didn't strike me," she repeats. "Aren't you sorry that it didn't?"

"Why, no," says Chris, "and there was laughter in his voice now. "Why should I want to hurt you?"

"Because," she says, "that seems to have been your sole aim in life during the last week—that, and makin' me ridiculous. I want you to know that I have not forgotten your failure to accept my apology when I tried to remove your saddle and got it all scattered up. I shall never forget your rudeness when I asked you to dance with me."

"I couldn't stand my partner up, could I?" asks Chris, innocently.

"And, beside, Lawson was there. He's one of your gallant scoundrels."

"Yes, he is," she says, "but I sacrificed my friendship in dancin' with you afterward. He said if I had had one ounce of independence I would not have done it."

"Well, I don't know that you would," says Chris, thoughtful.

"You brags," she says quick and furious. "You are the most insulting man I've ever known. All the rest have seemed to want to please me. I'll tell you why I dined with you, though I scorned to tell Lawson. It was because Eve asked me to overlook your peculiarities."

The way she said that last word made old Chris wince a little.

"She told me you practically owned this ranch and had been backin' Ed all this time, that without your money it could not run. She's afraid to cross you, but I'm not. Because you are good lookin' and confessed you believe all women are attracted to you."

"And now you've told me what I am and what I think," says Chris, cool and calm, "maybe you'll tell me how you happened to come down to the engine house this mornin'."

Where Short Persons Have an Advantage Over Tall Ones.

Statistics reveal the fact that short persons are less liable to the different diseases which go the rounds among humanity than those who are taller, and seemingly more susceptible to contagion.

Like every other fact, there is a reason for this.

Many of the different diseases are due to impurities in the atmosphere or in factories, workshops, depots, schools, churches, office buildings and in thousands of living apartments where humanity in numbers is in the habit of collecting there is more or less liability of some one or more persons having in some degree or other some of the diseases or being in an unhealthy condition, and as they breathe the air that circulates through these places the taller persons are certain to breathe more of the impurities than the shorter persons, as the warm breath of everybody naturally seeks the higher portion of the atmosphere in the inclosure, and if the air is polluted those who are taller will breathe it first and continue to breathe it longer, as those whose heads are not so high may escape all or part of the poison, which in many instances is apt to create an unhealthy condition of body.—Philadelphia North American.

Some National Flowers.

Every one knows of the rose, shamrock and thistle as the floral emblems of England, Ireland and Scotland, and the lark, though not a flower, for Wales. The sunflower best is the emblem of Canada. Other nations and cities have all these floral emblems and the city of New York has the city flower of the city of New York.

Painting Unpopular Performers is a Very Ancient Custom.

The practice of hurling bad eggs at actors who displeased them has been traced with a fair degree of accuracy to the Chinese and Greeks and Romans ran to this sort of ungracious criticism, and two stories told by a critic of odd things connected with the theater are worth repeating.

A number of New York youths in the fifties threw a number of bad eggs at a pallid and trembling performer. He advanced to the edge of the stage, commanded silence and said:

"Noble sirs, deign to throw me but one good one—just one. I can not if it break over me, I shall manage it. I have eaten naught in two days. Fall me with good eggs, I beseech you."

The appeal gained him a basket of good eggs by way of the back stage.

A man went to Shakespeare's theater in the day of the great bard to throw bad eggs at an actor he disliked. Some one jostled him unadvisedly and he was punched, the jostler whirled him, however, and finally set him down in the bad egg, which broke. So the would-be egg thrower was thrown out because of the color and called a bad egg in the bargain.—New York Sun.

A Bold Defense.

"An enlisted man once put the president of a court martial in a difficult position," says a writer in an English magazine. "The court martial was trying the soldier for some fault or other. When the evidence—and it took an unusually long time—had been given, the president asked the prisoner if he had anything to say in his defense."

"Well, sir," said the man, "I can't see how this 'ere court can sentence me, for Major Jones has been reading a paper under the table the 'ole bloomin' time, and Captain Smith is been making me into a caricature on the blotting pad, and as for Lieutenant Brown, he 'asn't' ad his commission's year and don't count anyways!"

Conscientious.

Dodson and his friend Jones looked on from the corner. Dodson looked up, clutched his companion by the arm and whispered, "Hurry, Jim!"

Around the corner they went and made off up the street. Then Jones called Dodson to account. "Creditor of mine," answered Dodson. "I ain't like you to dodge creditors," said Jones. "Are you up against it?" "Well," was the reply. "I have enough in my pocket to pay him, and if he caught me I might do it. Now let's go and spend some of this money so I can give him an honest excuse if we should happen to see him again."—Aronaut.

Worth the Risk.

"Botts was run over by a handsome limousine yesterday."

"Hurt much?"

"No. A stunning girl who was in the car made the chauffeur pick Botts up, and she held his head in her lap all the way to the hospital."

"Think of a thing like that happenin' to Botts, who has no soul!"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Suspicious Nature.

"So you don't care for poetry?"

Breathing in the Gears.

Something like a century ago France ran against Napoleon, who was at last crushed by the victors from Moscow, and with the help of the Americans, and also of a very brave body of Russian troops, managed to drive the French army over the frontier, after defeating it in the transaction the day before at Leipzig.

It appears that certain women pay of a prominent part in this fighting.

Seventeen daughters of France were at the front during the movement. They were not merely in the ranks, able to counsel and to cheer, as well as being capable of withstanding the hardships of campaigning. To cite some instances, Marie Werder, a woman of Vienna, was allowed to serve as a nurse in the same regiment as her husband, who was a wealthy manufacturer.

Eloisa Prochaska, a wife of the better known of these heroines, was captured, under the name of "Carl Bunt," in the Light Horse when only eighteen, and several poets have sung of her courage. A monument to her memory stands in Potsdam.—Washington Star.

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Every one knows of the rose, shamrock and thistle as the floral emblems of England, Ireland and Scotland, and the lark, though not a flower, for Wales. The sunflower best is the emblem of Canada. Other nations and cities have all these floral emblems and the city of New York has the city flower of the city of New York.

Artists in Italy in the fifteenth century were little better off than small shopkeepers. This is shown by the dowries they usually gave their daughters, which varied from \$1,000 to \$2,000, and it is related as an extraordinary instance that Andrea Mantegna gave his daughter \$2,000 at the time of her marriage, which was about the close of the fifteenth century. Michael Angelo, Raphael and Titian were the only painters of the fifteenth century who succeeded in attaining a position of ease. Michelangelo at his death left about \$48,000, besides some real estate, to his nephew, Leonardo. Raphael's property was estimated to be worth \$183,000, while Durer was worth at the time of his death only \$21,000. In those days, however, pensions were frequently given to artists by sovereigns and cities.

Thorn Hedge of Ypres.

The town with the disproportioned name, Ypres, once proved fiercely loyal to a problem for English soldiers. When Henry Spencer, bishop of Norwich, led his troops against it they tried in vain again and again to pierce the mass of thorn bushes that lined the exterior slopes of the ramparts, hence the name of the town, the image of Notre Dame-de-Thunais. "Our lady of the Garden," in the Cathedral of St. Martin at Ypres was also the fair of Thunais, fixed for the first Sunday in August in honor of the thorn hedge that saved the city.—London Opinion.

Educated Men.

It is the worst of educated men that they cannot speak about any great question till they have read everything that has been written about it. For fear that some one should say, "But have you read Schwartzburg?" Then, if they have not read Schwartzburg, they are done.—Toistoy.

Real Power.

Nodd—Do you think it's true that a great, nay a gigantic force, like the press of this country, is controlled by the advertisers? Topp—Why do the press? My wife is.—Life.

He Heard.

Diner—I've forgotten what I wanted to order, and I had it on the tip of my tongue. Waiter. What did you say about a tip, sir?—Brooklyn Times.

Boys in Spain.

In Spain boys under sixteen are not allowed to lift or carry more than six-hundred pounds or push or draw heavy loads.

Artificial Limbs.

Artificial limbs are made of metal, wood or rubber. They are made to look like the real limb, and are used to replace a limb that has been lost or is paralyzed.

The mechanism is controlled by certain motions of the stump of the limb, and blood arm, and a little touch is necessary to the successful working of the artificial member, and yet without it is not very difficult to acquire.

It is said that the man who is fitting his big claw can pick a pin from the floor without difficulty, but it is not on record that he can give the "pop" to a ball as that it will speed by the better like a projectile from a high powered gun. As a matter of fact, he is thoroughly misled with the many very necessary things that can be done with the mechanical arm without venturing afar into the future and achievement of outdoor sport.—Buffalo News.

WOMEN OF EUROPE.

Are the Most Beautiful.

A celebrated Italian writer of fiction has been favoring the world with his opinion of some of the women of Europe. He considers only four nations, and of these he selects Spain as most worthy of the crown for feminine beauty. He says:

"The Spanish woman is bewitchingly beautiful. She has small hands and feet and large eyes like the open windows of a sun-burnt marble palace, a figure full of grace and lithe and long, dark, wavy hair. She is very religious, very ignorant, very jealous, very sensitive and very proud."

Of the British woman he says: "Her hair is like gold. She has heavenly eyes, a beautiful complexion, a delicately formed nose and good teeth. She is honored, very active and generally a slave to elegance."

As to the Frenchwoman he is less complimentary. "It is that fat and corpulent form. She has a cold and a heart that is not very pretty, she is charming. She is amiable, a dreadful coquette and generally false."

His summary of the Russian woman is that she is "of an oriental type which had been prematurely transported into Europe. In her are combined the extraordinary charms of a savage and the civilized woman."—Pearson's.

Victitudes of Warsaw.

No city in Europe has known so many changes of masters as Warsaw. Founded about the year 800, it was capital of the independent duchies of Masovia until the fifteenth century, when it was annexed by Poland. In the seventeenth century its possession was contended for by Sweden, Russia, Austria and Brandenburg, until in 1794 Russia practically annexed it. In 1795 the city was handed over to Prussia, but Napoleon occupied it in 1806, and at the peace of Tilsit Warsaw was proclaimed an independent duchy. In 1808 the Austrians seized the city, but lost it again, and after another brief spell of independence the city passed finally to Russia in 1818.—London Chronicle.

Some Valuable Pearls.

Of all the articles of luxury known to the Romans pearls were most valued. They were worn by all classes. The famous pearl earrings which belonged to Cleopatra are said to have been worth 800,000, and Julius Caesar presented the mother of Brutus with a pearl for which he paid \$200,000. It has been said that one of the reasons why Julius Caesar invaded Britain was the wish to become master of the pearls which were supposed to abound there. A surplus of value have been found in Great Britain.

Why They Selt.

Wife—Who can doubt the power of women's love? Think of the thousands of wild youths who have settled down into steady and respectable citizens as soon as they married.

Husband—They couldn't afford to be anything else after they got married.—New York Weekly.

Turned Down.

"Miss Ingle: a young doctor whispered, 'Will you take me for better or worse?'"

"If I were ill, doctor, I might take you for better," answered she. "But being quite well, I'll let well alone!"—London Telegraph.

Her Dear Friend.

Jack—When I asked Ethel if she would be mine who fell on my breast and sobbed like a child, but finally she put her arms around my neck and said:—Oh, yes, I know all about it. I returned it with her.—London Telegraph.

Wife's Feet.

"Everything comes to the mind, wife," remarked the sage.

Good Ideas.

Little Mangle had watched a woman tub the piano and was told it was the purpose of improving the woman.

One day when her husband was not home she tried to play the piano, but she was so nervous she could not play.

She said to her husband: "I want to play the piano, but I can't play it."

He said: "Why can't you play it?"

She said: "I don't know how to play it."

He said: "Well, I'll teach you how to play it."

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