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An Unsuccessful Bachelor

By CLARISSA MACKIE

When Roger King returned to Newton, Conn., after roughing it for two years on a sheep range in Colorado...

Poor Roger! At the club, at the dinner table, even when he sought refuge in the blue, blue waters of Long Island sound...

To say that Roger King became restive after a week of this is putting it mildly. After two weeks he began to show signs of positive ill humor.

"You tell me again what a bright, beautiful, bound-to-make-any-man-happy sort of girl Peggy Jerome is...

"Yes!" answered Newton with one accord. "Well, I won't be reformed by Honolulu Peg, anyway," he retorted rudely.

It was the night of the Jennings dance. Roger was looking forward to a splendid time. He adored dancing...

Mrs. Jennings met him, beaming. "I'm so glad you've come at last, Roger," she said sweetly.

"Dance! Talk!" exclaimed Mrs. Jennings rapturously; "why, young man, she is the most wonderful dancer, the brightest conversationalist, the—"

"Plague take it!" he cried as he made for the door that led into the safety of the garden.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said a musical voice, which somehow reminded Roger of springtime in the woods when the call of the birds mingled with merry noise of overflowing brook.

"Good!" exclaimed Roger, full of his grievance. "I rather think we're kindred souls. There's a girl inside that I just won't meet, even if it means that I've got to go to Colorado to escape her."

"What's the matter with her?" asked the girl. "I'll wager that for sheer unpleasantness she's not a patch on my man."

ron sweeping over him. "Point by point, I know she can outdo your friend any day."

"Well, let's match them up, then, point by point," laughed the girl. "You start!"

"To begin with, she's very bright. I do hate very bright people," began Roger.

"My man is very eligible! If there's one crime worse than being bright it is being eligible," retorted the girl.

"She is bound to make any man happy," exclaimed Roger in disgust. "He is so handsome and strong. Ugh!" cried his companion.

"She plays beautifully on the ukulele!" continued Roger. "What?" demanded the girl abruptly.

"Been in Honolulu, you know, and—" "Who are you?" she interrupted.

"Excuse me, I should have introduced myself," Roger said. "My name is Roger King—why, what on earth is the matter?"

"The girl was looking at him in horrified amazement. 'I thought you were in there,' she gasped, jumping to her feet, poised for flight."

"Stop!" commanded Roger; "do you mean that you were running away from me—that I am the unpleasant creature who is so eligible and handsome and strong!"

"Yes," faltered the girl. "You see, they kept writing me about you. Every letter I received was full of your doings and sayings, and I became rather fed up, I'm afraid. In fact, I wrote them about two months ago that if they couldn't write to me without hauling you in they need not expect any answer from me. I didn't mean to tell you this so brazenly—but you see, they did ram you down my throat so!"

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Roger, "you're Peggy Jerome!" "Yes," breathed the girl.

From the house came the strains of a waltz, faint and sweet. The moon was bathing the garden with a magic enchantment. Roger King and Peggy Jerome faced each other, a rather shy light in her eyes, a very determined one in his.

"I'm afraid you win in that point by point game we were playing a minute ago," she said finally.

"I do not win," replied Roger with decision. "She is the most beautiful girl I have ever seen and after I have persuaded her that I am neither very eligible nor at all handsome, I am going to—"

Peggy interrupted him quickly. "Let's go and dance," she said. Newton won, hands down.

ARKONA LODGE, A.F.&A.M.

The officers of Arkona Lodge, No. 307, A.F. & A.M., were installed on Dec. 27th, by A. Thoman, P.D.D. G.M., as follows:—I. P. M.—Otto Schmidt; W. M.—H. R. Dowling; S. W.—C. W. Woollett; J. W.—G. S. Lammman; Chap.—Rev. A. H. Jones, Treas.—F. C. Eastman, Sec.—E. B. Dickison. S. S.—W. J. Brander; J. S.—Verne Huntley. I. G.—W. P. Bates. Tyler—Ivan Dowling.

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OUR MESSAGE 1922

Oh may the new year fill our minds With all that's pure, and good, and kind,

Our motives, and desire, Like driven snow be white and clean Like British oak on which we lean

And like the pine that's always green Our secret hearts admire. Our ideals have a heavenly hue Our atmosphere celestial blue

That naught would cause us pale. Unto ourselves be ever true, Each parasite and germ, undo Each cause of rot we would eschew, We were not made to fail.

Breathe in the fragrance of the rose Geranium, beauties we enclose Our heart of hearts within. The God that made us is so pure We can't expect him to endure A crooked act, or thought impure Or any taint of sin,

Oh let us hate what He abhors And only love what He adores I deem it worth the price. All nausea elements destroy, Good germicide the best employ Immunity for to enjoy, Be happy, useful, nice.

Dame nature she is sure to fail When met with storms of deadly hail "Not so," Creations crown, A kind Creator, kinder still He gives mankind a free born will With wondrous power, and art, and skill.

To put stern passions down, We then can be what He designed That is the best of human kind, The genuine true blue, And prove the woman, or the man, Fulfill our part in God's good plan And do the very best we can In nineteen twenty-two. —W. B. LAWS.

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