

# DOLLIE AND THE MANEATER.

By Colin S. Collins.

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can't help it because I am rich, is it?"

Paul Vinton spoke of his wealth as though it were a thing accursed. Dolie Darcy shook her head with judicial finality.

"I don't suppose that you can," she retorted. "At the same time, Paul, I cannot blame me for taking an interest in people who do things."

"I don't see anything to commend in your waiting on table," retorted Dolie. "I don't see anything to commend in your respectful admiration in a job that is not yours."

"But he is a college man," reminded Dolie. "Just fancy a student so anxious to learn that he will wait on table at a hotel to gain the funds for his education!"

"He would do well to go to a grammar school first," growled Vinton. "He waited on me this morning and when he asked for eggs he told me that 'the eggs aren't very fresh.' That's good grammar for a college student, and his slang is something weird."

"George Ade uses slang," cited Dolie defensively. "I'm sure that no one would accuse Mr. Ade of being common."

"Because he keeps his slang for his friends and plays," reminded Vinton. Dolie checked the sharp speech that was on her lips and hurried down the piazza steps to join a bespectacled man who appeared around the corner of the hotel.

"He was not an inviting sort of person. One ear was considerably larger



HE'S THE MAN TO TIE TO, ALL RIGHT."

than the other and an aggressive chin and a mildness of appearance due to the large lensed spectacles he wore. His hands and feet were large and ungainly and his clothes fitted as though they had been made for a man of more generous build.

The Hotel Breeze had solved the main problem by employing college students as waiters. It had become fashionable to take an interest in these young aspirants for learning, and Dolie Darcy was nothing if not fashionable. Even though it threatened to break with Paul Vinton—whom she intended to marry some day—she insisted on having her student to be invited in.

Dolie had picked out Brady as the best one for the reason that he seemed the most forlorn and desolate in the lot. There was something most pathetic to her in the idea of a man who maltreated the English language so brutally seeking a higher education, and she found his personality interesting and at times amusing.

There were other times when she bored her sadly, but she would confess that she found him tiresome. Paul should think the victim of his wit.

Very evening when the tables had been cleared and the dining room put to bed, Brady would slip down to the beach and walk or sit with Dolie. Dolie Vinton sat on the piazza and told that he would leave the place for some better resort where the waiters were not the fad of the moment.

"I never went, for on second thoughts he told himself it would be better to stay on and look after Dolie. He must tire of her fast presently, and perhaps on the rebound he might invite her to say the coveted 'Yes.'"

Small Vinton realized that the thing game was bound to be a long one, and chancing upon Dolie waiting on the sands for her waiter protégé, Paul was moved to reopen his argument.

Following an unusually hot day the mildty of an approaching storm deflected the sufferers of the relief of light breezes. Dolie was tired and irritable and in no frame of mind for an argument. Both raised their eyes slightly above the pitch of good

breeding, and Brady, coming upon them suddenly, gathered that there had been a dispute.

"Has this guy been unbuttonin' his lip?" he demanded of Dolie. Perhaps it was the heat, perhaps it was the memory of some of the things that Vinton had said. At any rate, there was a barely perceptible pause before Dolie languidly responded:

"He has been very annoying. I am glad you have come," she said. Brady picked up a pebble and tossed it down the beach.

"Go after it," he urged. "You ain't wanted here, Bo. Notify your feet to get busy with your shoes and pedal hard."

"I presume you are trying to urge me to go away," suggested Vinton coldly. "You've got a fine presumer," commented Brady. "Gear it up a little higher. It's runnin' too slow."

"I am grateful for your advice," said Vinton with sarcasm that appeared to be lost upon the other, "but it is not my intention to take myself off until Miss Darcy signifies to me that my presence here is unwelcome."

"You heard her say that you made her tired," reminded Brady. "Be a nice little boy, Bo, and go play in the next yard. There's a fine cellar door there. Go slide down it."

Vinton looked inquiringly at Dolie, but she made no sign. Brady was displaying a new phase of his many-sided character and she found it rather interesting. Vinton, too, puzzled her, and she wanted to see what he would do.

She had not long to wait, for, with a final appeal to take a walk before his feet hurt him and he couldn't, Brady advanced toward his antagonist.

Short and sharp was the encounter. Brady struck first, and Vinton, nothing loath, responded. In both men the primal instinct was aroused, and they fought for the favor of a woman as men in the stone age fought.

For the moment Vinton forgot Dolie's presence, forgot everything except his desire to avenge the blow.

Brady had slipped off his glasses at the first sign of trouble and he was somewhat at a disadvantage, but for all of that he had the best of the fight, though Vinton had taken boxing lessons from an old champion and was accounted more than ordinarily skillful at the game.

They were on a strip of the beach little frequented in the evening and the encounter attracted no attention. In five minutes Vinton was down and out and Dolie was kneeling beside him in the sand seeking to restore him to consciousness. He opened his eyes presently and smiled into Dolie's anxious face.

"It's all right," he said weakly. "That little college student of yours has the skill of a professional prize fighter."

"Sure!" assented Brady. "You was goln' some, Bo, but your company was too fast. I used to be the Cherry hill maneater until me eyes went on the blink and I had to look for somethin' easier. I been teachin' the rah-rah boys to handle their hams lately. It's a puddin' alongside the other game. The doc told me to get some salt air for the summer an' I'm pickin' a piece of the coin while I'm doin' it. I fought Terry five rounds to a draw, once," he added with pride.

"And now you are studying for college?" asked Dolie wonderingly.

"I was teachin'," explained the maneater. "I was professor of boxin'. What's all this row about college anyway? When the boss cook hired me he says, 'I s'pose you come from college?' And I told him I just come from there. Now you're harpin' on the same string."

"The waiters this season are all students working their way through college," explained Dolie. "That was why I!"

She paused in confusion and Brady completed the sentence for her. "That was why you mashed me?" he asked good naturedly. "I'm sorry for you, sis, but I ain't the real goods. Better stick to his job lots over there. He's in your class. I ain't no heavy weight."

Dolie regarded Paul, nursing a rapidly blackening optic, and smiled. At the moment Vinton seemed anything but romantic.

"That's all right," interposed the maneater understandingly. "A bit of raw steak will fix that up. He's the man to tie to, all right. There ain't many chaps like him that could give me the run he did. You hook up."

"Thank you. I will take your advice," declared Dolie as she sank down on the sand beside Vinton, and seeing that he was no longer wanted the maneater slipped away rubbing his cauliflower ear reflectively.

"I hope he won't beat the little dame," he said musingly. "He sure can hit, even if he can't lick me." And the maneater never realized that with Cupid as referee Paul was the winner after all.

Not For Him.  
Mrs. Newliwed—It's just brutal of you to call it "this stuff." You said you'd be glad if I baked my own bread and—  
Mr. Newliwed—Yes, but I didn't say I wanted you to bake mine.—Philadelphia Press.

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### UNCLE SAM STRIKES

#### A "SALTED" MINE.

One of the steam shovels engaged in work on the Panama canal, in the operation of which more than 300 employes were engaged, recently lifted out a quantity of dynamite which is described in an official report as being "more than a bushel." What would have happened if the shovel had struck the dynamite instead of the earth around it is easy to imagine. The explosive was in sticks three-quarters of an inch in diameter and five inches long, and the cartridges bore the trademark of a French manufacturer of dynamite and a date which appeared to be November 29, 1887. Unquestionably the dynamite was put in by the French and either failed to explode or was abandoned when the work ceased on that part of the French waterway. The dynamite appeared to be in perfect condition.

### CARNIVAL OF PRODUCTS

#### CAME OUT TO THE GOOD.

The executive committee which had charge of the recent Carnival of Products at Santa Ana have made a complete report, which shows that after paying all bills the committee has a balance on hand of \$15.10, certainly a most gratifying showing. Receipts from all sources were \$6562.77, and expenditures, \$6547.67. As was remarked at the meeting the total cost of the carnival was less than Long Beach went behind on her recent celebration. The committee calls

attention to the fact that besides the cash balance there is on hand property to the value of about \$750, which can be used at subsequent carnivals. The committee stated that it was hampered for time, and recommends that if a carnival is to be held next year, the preliminaries be started at once.

### HOW TO TREAT A SPRAIN.

Sprains, swellings and lameness are promptly relieved by Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment reduces inflammation and soreness so that a sprain may be cured in about one-third the time required by the usual treatment. 25 and 50 cent sizes for sale by O. P. Brady, the druggist.

### NOTICE OF PUBLIC WORK.

PUBLIC NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that at its meeting held on the 12th day of October, 1908, the Board of Trustees of the City of Redondo Beach adopted an ordinance designated as Ordinance No. 290, declaring its intention to order the following improvement to be made, to-wit:

Section 1. That it is the intention of the Board of Trustees of the City of Redondo Beach to close up, vacate and abandon for street, alley and all other public purposes, all the land heretofore dedicated for any or all of such purposes, lying and being within the exterior boundaries of Block 125, of the Townsite of Redondo Beach, as per map thereof, recorded in the office of the County Recorder of Los Angeles County, California, in Book 39, at page 1 et seq., of Miscellaneous Records; the exterior boundaries of said Block 125 being particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Pearl Street and Guadalupe Avenue, as shown upon a map of the Townsite of Redondo Beach, recorded in the office of the County Recorder of Los Angeles County in Miscellaneous Records, Book 39, page 1 et seq.; thence easterly along the northerly line of said Pearl Street to the northwesterly corner of Pearl Street and Camino Real, as shown upon said map; thence northerly and westerly along the westerly line of Camino Real and southerly line of Opal Street to the southeasterly corner of Opal Street and Guadalupe Avenue, as shown upon said map; thence southerly along the easterly line of said Guadalupe Avenue to the place of beginning.

Sec. 2. That the exterior boundaries of the district of land to be affected by said work or improvement, are hereby specified and declared to be as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at the northeast corner of Pearl Street and Guadalupe Avenue, as shown upon a map of the Townsite of Redondo Beach, recorded in the office of the County Recorder of Los Angeles County in Miscellaneous Records, Book 39, page 1 et seq.; thence easterly along the northerly line of said Pearl Street to the northwesterly corner of Pearl Street and Camino Real, as shown upon said map; thence northerly and westerly along the westerly line of Camino Real and southerly line of Opal Street to the southeasterly corner of Opal Street and Guadalupe Avenue, as shown upon said map; thence southerly along the easterly line of said Guadalupe Avenue to the place of beginning; excepting therefrom so much of said land which lies within the lines of any public street or alley.

Reference is hereby made to said Ordinance on file in the office of the City Clerk of the said City for further particulars.

E. JENSEN,  
Street Superintendent, City of Redondo Beach. 15-4t