

# At the End of The Summer

The Game of Golf That Richard and Marcia Played.  
By TEMPLE BAILEY.

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Marcia, in a red sweater, made a bright spot on the other side of the green.

Richard waved to her, and she waved back, dropping her bag of golf clubs and standing on tiptoe so that he might see her clearly above the bushes. When he came up to her he said:

"Such energy! It's only 7 o'clock."

"I hoped to be early enough so that I could go around the course alone." The words were severe, but her eyes twinkled.

"You know you'd rather go with me." Richard built up a tee of sand neatly and topped it with his round white ball.

"I've made my drive," Marcia said, "and my ball is lost over there somewhere in the bushes; so, if you please, I'll follow my nose and find it."

And away she went. And Richard, putting all his skill into his drive, sent his ball halfway to the first hole. Then he picked up his bag and marched in leisurely fashion after Marcia.

"Found it?" he questioned.

"No."

"That's a woman's trick—to lose a ball."

She whirled around on him. "Just as it is a man's trick to lose his heart!" she blazed.

He grew white. "I didn't think you'd say a thing like that," he said and turned and left her.

She went running after him. "Oh, Dick, Dick!" she cried. "I didn't mean it." He trumped on, unheeding, and at last she came up to him and laid her hand on his arm. "Really, I didn't mean it," she pleaded.

He stopped and looked down at her gravely. "I'll admit it wasn't very nice of me to make that remark about the ball," he said, "but there's a difference between making fun of a girl's game and making fun of a man's love."

"Yes, there is," she admitted. "And I'm sorry, Dick."

Of course he forgave her, as he had forgiven her all summer, ever since that first night when he had been presented to her in the ballroom of the big hotel and she had divided his waltz with some one else. But she had begged pardon so prettily that he had felt almost as if he were the offender.

"But this is the end," he said sternly. "Let's have it out right here, Marcia. Have what out?"

"All of it. We are going home tomorrow, and, try as I will, I can't get an opportunity to ask you to marry me."

"Oh!"

"You've held me off and parried and run away, but it's got to be settled here and now." And with that this very fierce young man sat down on a hillock and motioned her to another.

"Oh, my goodness!" said Marcia faintly, but she did as she was told.

"Of course I know I'm not worthy of you and all that. I haven't much money, but I've got health and strength and the will. I've got ambition, and I'm going to win out in the fight of life, and I'll make a place for you if you'll let me. And I'd do anything to save you from Doring."

Her head went up. "I like Mr. Doring," she emphasized. "He's very polite—and—and—"

"I'm not," said Richard bitterly. "Oh, you needn't rub it in! But you keep me so stirred up, I'm not half bad when I'm normal."

Her laugh had a tremble in it. "No, you're not half bad," she agreed.

He turned to her eagerly. "Marcia, you don't love—Doring?"

She arose quickly. "He is worth a million."

Richard stood up also. "As if that would make a bit of difference to you," he said. "You may have your faults, Marcia, but I don't believe you are mercenary."

She was fingering her cleek nervously. "But—but I am mercenary, Dickie, boy," she said very low.

He stared at her. "Marcia," he said sharply, "you wouldn't marry Doring for his money?"

She looked up at him suddenly. "Oh, I don't know—I don't know! I've always been poor, and I've never had pretty things, and I want them. I want to go into the ballroom all in chiffon and pearls instead of in my old white dresses and my little chain with the gold heart. Think of it, Dickie—I've never had any jewel but that, and I want jewels. Every girl wants them, and Mr. Doring could give them to me."

But Richard was not listening. He took out his watch. "Marcia," he said in a practical way, "have you had your breakfast?"

She looked up surprised. "Why this change of subject?" she faltered.

"Because you're tired and nervous, and I don't think you are capable of saying what you think," he said. "I am going to take you over to the Inn. We'll breakfast on the bluff, and Cecile will make us an omelet and some perfect coffee, and we shall have a basket of white rolls. Will you go?"

"Why, of course," said Marcia uncertainly. "But it was such a funny thing for you to think of breakfast—right after you proposed to me."

"You've heard of bread and cheese

and kisses," said Richard flippantly. "Well, this is a case of adoration and omelet. Come on, Marcia, mine."

"I'm not yours."

"You're going to be," said Richard, and he picked up their bags and started.

The inn was a little French place where delectable meals were served to those who tired of the regular hotel fare and where, it was whispered, certain gay souls sat somewhat late at night.

This morning Cecile, the trim landlady, met them at the door with radiant welcome. They should have the omelet and coffee—such coffee! And away she went, smiling, while they settled themselves at a table on the porch. Through the window they could see into the dining room, where there was one table not yet cleared of the half empty bottles, as well as other evidences of a midnight feast. Half sprawled across the table lay a man asleep.

Marcia, peeping through the window, said, "He evidently doesn't know it's morning."

Richard nodded. "Let's wake him up." And he began a silvery tattoo with his knife on the glasses.

The man yawned, stretched and raised a face red and sodden.

Marcia caught at Richard's arm. "Why," she whispered, "why, Richard—'it's—Doring'?"

But before Richard could answer Doring stumbled out on the porch, gave one look at Marcia and fled.

Then Marcia looked at Richard. "You knew," she said, "that he was here?"

He laid his hand on hers. "I knew," he told her, "that he was no fit mate for you, Marcia. And I wanted you to see. What would his money amount to if you had to put up with that?" He pointed to the wine bottles in the other room.

She shuddered. "I—I didn't really intend to marry him—because I don't love him, Richard."

"And you didn't mean what you said about wanting money?" he questioned eagerly.

Her eyes met his bravely. "Yes, I do like money, Dick. But I wouldn't sell myself. I couldn't marry without love."

"Neither would I," said Dickie boldly. "So when are you going to marry me, Marcia?"

She laughed. "In the spring perhaps."

"As if I'd wait," said Richard masterfully. "After breakfast we'll go back to the links. And if I win the game you'll have to marry me in October, and if you win I'll wait until spring."

So back through the clear September air they went and played nine holes. And Marcia did her best. But a woman is only a woman, and Dick was famed for his good game. And so, after all, the wedding came at the end of the summer.

## THE SPORTING WORLD

### Morgan's Big Improvement.

It has often been said that a change of scene will benefit a "ball player." Anyway, this seems to be so in the case of Pitcher Cy Morgan of the Philadelphia Americans. While a member of the St. Louis and Boston clubs Morgan



CY MORGAN.

gan was anything but a success as a twirler. Since joining Connie Mack's aggregation Cy has pitched splendid ball and now takes his turn regularly in the box. In the first five games he pitched since donning an Athletic uniform he allowed but five runs and twenty hits.

### Unique Baseball Record.

James "Lil" Sager, third baseman of the Evansville (Ind.) Central league team, holds a record that no other ball player has probably ever earned since the introduction of the national game. Since joining the Evansville squad he has played in more than 500 consecutive games—to be exact, 506 games. Before joining the Evansville club Sager played in South Bend and was then known as one of the most consistent performers in the league, never being bothered by sickness or accidents.

Sager was traded by South Bend to Evansville in 1906 for Ike Francis, who long ago severed his connection with the local club and is today the oldest man in point of service on the "champs'" lineup. Having never missed a game since becoming a member of the Evansville club, Sager is one of the most interesting players in the league and is known to every fan on the circuit as "Ginger Lil." During the last four seasons he has never spoken harshly to an umpire, has never suffered a bruise or an injury and has never known a sick day.

### Basketball Reform.

The central board of officers of the Intercollegiate basketball committee has adopted a unique plan for the improvement of basketball officiating. A list of competent game officers will be printed in the basketball rule book, which is published in October. From this list teams from all over the country can select officers to run games. These teams will report on the work of the officers, and in this way the central board of officers will keep in touch with the work of the men on the list.

The board will distribute explanatory literature from time to time during the course of the season, and, in addition, simultaneous meetings of officers will be held in New York, Chicago, Lawrence, Kan.; Portland, Ore., and Houston, Tex., on Dec. 4.

### Welsh Wants Fight With Nelson.

Fredde Welsh, who has no contenders for the English lightweight championship since his defeat of Young Josephs, is coming to America to force Battling Nelson into a match for the world's championship. Welsh announces that he will post a \$5,000 forfeit to go as a side bet and will agree to make 123 pounds ringside. He will sign articles for a forty-five round battle and is confident that he can beat Nelson.

### Record For The Eel.

The famous pacer The Eel, owned by Frank Entricken of Tavistock, broke all records for a half mile track when he paced a mile in 2:05 1/4. The best previous record for the half mile track was 2:07 1/4, held by Dan Patch. The first quarter was made in 30 1/2, the half in 1:02 and the three-quarters in 1:33 1/4. Conditions were unfavorable, as the weather was cool and a high wind was blowing.

### Forbes May Re-enter Ring.

Harry Forbes, former Lantam boxer, is preparing to re-enter the ring. The former king pin of the little boxers has signified his intention of re-entering the ring. He is anxious to fight Monte Attell for the championship.

## Keeping History Straight.

The statement telegraphed from Marshfield that a man named Joel Bond had been killed in Curry County by James Curry, son of the man for whom the county was named, needs correction in this, that no descendants of George L. Curry lives, or ever lived in Curry county. For information of those not acquainted with Oregon's early history it may be well to say that George L. Curry was connected during many years with the early government of Oregon. He was Clerk of the Territorial Council in 1850 and was a member of the house from Clackamas in 1851. He was Secretary of the Territory from 1853 to 1855; then Governor till 1859. Curry county was created by the Territorial Legislature in 1855.—Oregonian.

## Winter's Reading

The Pacific Monthly of Portland, Oregon, is a beautifully illustrated monthly magazine. If you are interested in dairying, fruit raising, poultry raising, or want to know about irrigated lands, timber lands, or free government land open to a homestead entry, The Pacific Monthly will give you full information. The price is \$1.50 a year.

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J. E. Young, W. C. Parker. 39 5t

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Bandon	6:00 a m	8:30 a m
Coquille	1:00 p m	3:00 p m
Dispatch	7:00 a m	10:00 a m
Favorite	1:30 p m	4:00 p m
	Leaves	Arrives
Favorite	7:30 a m	10:30 a m
Coquille	3:06 a m	11:30 a m
Dispatch	4:00 p m	5:30 p m
Favorite	1:00 p m	5:00 p m

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## Lodge and Professional Directory

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BANDON LODGE, No. 133, I. O. O. F. meets every Wednesday evening. Visiting brothers in good standing. C. F. Thomas, N. G. A. J. Hartman, Secretary

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MEETS in K. of P. hall every second and fourth Fridays. Practice nights first Friday of the month; Social evening the 3d Friday of the month. A cordial invitation extended to all members in good standing. Maggie White, N. G. Clara Goetz, Secretary.

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