

GOING SOME

A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION

BY REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated By Edgar Bert Smith

COPYRIGHT 1910 BY HARPER & BROTHERS

CHAPTER I.

OUR cowboys inclined their bodies over the barbed-wire fence which marked the dividing line between the Centipede Ranch and their own, staring mournfully into a summer night such as only the far southwestern country knows. And as the four inclined their bodies, they also their ears, after the strained manner of listeners who feel anguish at what they hear. A voice, shrill and human, pierced the night like a needle, then, with a wail of a tortured soul, died away amid discordant raspings: the voice of a phonograph. It was their own, or had been until one over-confident day, when the Flying Heart Ranch had staked it as a wager in a foot-race with the neighboring Centipede, and their own man had been too slow. As it had been their pride, it remained their disgrace. Dearly had they lo... and dearly lost it. It meant something that looked like honor, and though there were ten thousand thousand phonographs, in all the world there was not one that could take its place.

The sound ceased, there was an approving distant murmur of men's voices, and then the song began: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Lift up your voice and sing—"

Higher and higher the voice mounted until it reached again its first thin, ear-splitting pitch.

"Still Bill!" Stover stirred uneasily in the darkness.

"Why'nell don't they keep her wound up?" he complained. "Gallagher's got the soul of a wart-hog. It's criminal the way he massacres that hymn."

From a rod farther down the wire fence Willie answered him, in a boy's falsetto:

"I wonder if he does it to spite me?" "He don't know you're here," said Stover.

The other came out of the gloom, a little stoop-shouldered man with spectacles.

"I ain't noways sure," he piped, peering up at his lanky foreman. "Why do you reckon he allus lets Mrs. Melby pester out on my favorite record? He done the same thing last night. It looks like an insult."

"It's nothing but his ignorance," Stover replied. "He don't want no trouble with you. None of 'em do."

"I'd like to know for certain." The small man seemed torn by doubt. "If I only knew he done it a-purpose, I'd git him. I bet I could do it from here."

Stover's voice was gruff as he commanded: "Forget it! Ain't it bad enough for us fellers to hang around like this every night without advertising our 'idioty by a gun-play?"

"They ain't got no right to that phonograph," Willie averred darkly. "Oh yes, they have; they won't fair and square."

"Fair and square! Do you mean to say Humpy Joe run that foot-race on the square?"

"I never said nothin' like that what-ever. I mean we bet it, and we lost it. Listen! There goes Carara's piece!"

Out past the corral floated the announcement in a man's metallic syllables:

"The Baggage Coach Ahead, as sung by Helena Mora for the Echo Phonograph, of New York and Pa-ar-ria!"

wire barrier, lost in rapturous enjoyment. When the last note had died away, Stover roused himself reluctantly.

"It's time we was turnin' in," he called softly. "Hey, Mex!" "Si, Senor!"

"Come on, you and Cloudy. Vamos! It's ten o'clock."

He turned his back on the Centipede Ranch that housed the treasure, and in company with Willie, made his way to the ponies. Two other figures joined them, one humming in a musical baritone the strains of the song just ended.

"Cut that out, Mex! They'll hear us," Stover cautioned.

"Caramba! This 'ting is brok my 'heart," said the Mexican, sadly. "It seem like the Senorita Mora is sing that song to me. Mebbe she knows I'm set out 'ere on cactus 'n listen to her. Ah, I love that Senorita ver' much."

The little man with the glasses began to swear in his high falsetto. His ear had caught the phonograph operator in another musical mistake.

"That horn-toad let Mrs. Melby die again to-night," said he. "It's sure comin' to a hunnaboo between him and me. If somebody don't kill him pretty soon, he'll wear out that machine before we git it back."

"Humph! It don't look like we'd ever get it back," said Stover.

One of the four sighed audibly, then vaulting into his saddle, went loping away without waiting for his companions.

"Cloudy's sore because they didn't play 'Navajo,'" said Willie. "Well, I don't blame 'em none for omittin' that war-dance. It ain't got the class of them other pieces. While it's devised to suit the intellect of an Injun, perhaps it ain't in the runnin' with 'The Holy City,' which tune is the sweetest and sacreddest ever sung."

Carara paused with a hand upon the neck of his cayuse.

"'Eet is not so fine as 'The Baggage Car in Front,'" he declared.

"It's got it beat a mile!" Willie flashed back, harshly.

"Here, you!" exclaimed Stover, "no arguments. We all have our favorites, and it ain't up to no individual to force his likes and dislikes down no other feller's throat." The other two men he addressed mounted their broncos stily.

"I repeat," said Willie: "'The Holy City,' as sung by Mrs. Melby, is the sweetest tune that ever hit these parts."

Carara muttered something in Spanish which the others could not understand.

"They're all fine pieces," Stover observed, placatingly, when fairly out of hearing of the ranch-houses. "You boys have each got your preference. Cloudy, bein' an Injun, has got his, and I rise to state that I like that monologue, 'Silas on Fifth Avenue,' better than all of 'em, which ain't nothin' ag'inst my judgment nor yours. When Silas says, 'The girl opened her valise, took out her purse, closed her valise, opened her purse, took out a dime, closed her purse, opened her valise, put in her purse, closed her valise, give the dime to the conductor, got a nickel in change, then opened her valise, took out her purse, closed her valise—' Stover began to rock in his saddle, then burst into a loud guffaw, followed by his companions.

"Gosh! That's awful funny!" "Si! si!" acknowledged Carara, his white teeth showing through the gloom.

"An' it's just like a fool woman," tittered Willie. "That's sure one ridiculous line of talk."

"Still Bill!" wiped his eyes with the back of a bony hand. "I know that hull monologue by heart, but I can't never get past that spot to save my soul. Right there I bog down, complete. Again he burst into wild laughter, followed by his companions. "I don't see how folks can be so dam' funny!" he gasped.

"It's natural to 'em, like warts," said Willie; "they're born with it, the same as I was born to shoot straight with either hand, and the same as Mex was born to throw a rope. He don't know how he does it, and neither do I. Some folks can say funny things, some can sing, like Missus Melby; some can run foot-races, like that Centipede cook—"

"I'd hate to think it," said the foreman, gloomily; then after a moment, during which the only sound was that of the muffled hoof-beats: "Well, what we goin' to do about it?"

"Humph! I've laid awake nights figurin' that out. I reckon we'll just have to git another foot-racer and beat Skinner. He ain't the fastest in the world."

"That takes coin. We're broke." "Mebbe Mr. Chapin would lend a helpin' hand."

"No chance!" said Stover, grimly. "He's sore on foot-racin'. Says it disturbs us and upsets our equalubrium." Carara fetched a deep sigh.

"It's ver' bad 'ting, Senor. I don't feel no worse w'en my gran'mother die."

The three men loped onward through the darkness, weighted heavily with disappointment.

Affairs at the Flying Heart Ranch were not all to Jack Chapin's liking. Ever since that memorable foot-race, more than a month before, a gloom had brooded over the place which even the presence of two Smith College girls, not to mention that of Mr. Fresno, was unable to dissipate. The cowboys moped about like melancholy shades, and neglected their work to discuss the disgrace that had fallen upon them. It was a task to get any of them out in the morning, several had quit, the rest were quarreling among themselves, and the bunk-house had already been the scene of more than one encounter, altogether too sanguinary to have originated from such a trivial cause as a foot-race.

The master of the ranch sought his sister Jean, to tell her frankly what was on his mind.

"See here, Sis," he began, "I don't want to cast a cloud over your little house-party, but I think you'd better keep your friends away from my men."

"Why, what is the matter?" she demanded.

"Things are at a pretty high tension just now, and the boys have had two or three rows among themselves. Yesterday Fresno tried to 'kid' Willie about 'The Holy City,' said it was written as a coon song, and wasn't sung in good society. If he hadn't been a guest, I guess Willie would have murdered him."

"Oh, Jack! You won't let Willie murder anybody, not even Berkeley, while the people are here, will you?" coaxed Miss Chapin, anxiously.

"What made you invite Berkeley Fresno, anyhow?" was the rejoinder. "This is no gilded novelty to him. He is a Western man."

Miss Chapin numbered her reasons sagely. "In the first place—Helen. Then there had to be enough men to go around. Last and best, he is the most adorable man I ever saw at a house-party. He's an angel at breakfast, sings perfectly beautifully—you know he was on the Stanford Glee Club—"

"Humph!" Jack was unimpressed. "If you roped him for Helen Blake to brand, why have you sent for Wally Speed?"

"Well, you see, Berkeley and Helen didn't quite hit it off, and Mr. Speed is—a friend of Culver's," Miss Chapin blushed prettily.

"Oh, I see! I thought myself that this affair had something to do with you and Culver Covington, but I didn't know it had lapsed into a sort of matrimonial round-up. Suppose Miss Blake shouldn't care for Speed after he gets here?"

"Oh, but she will! That's where Berkeley Fresno comes in. When two men begin to fight for her, she'll have to begin to form a preference, and I'm sure it will be for Wally Speed. Don't you see?"

The brother looked at his sister shrewdly. "It seems to me you learned a lot at Smith."

Jean tossed her head. "How absurd! That sort of knowledge is perfectly natural for a girl to have." Then she teased: "But you admit that my selection of a chaperon was excellent, don't you, Jack?"

"Mrs. Keap and I are the best of friends," Jack averred, with supreme dignity. "I'm not in the market, and a man doesn't marry a widow, anyhow. It's too old and experienced a beginning."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Endeavoring to be polite. "Look out, down there!" yelled Pat, after a heavy beam had fallen from the sixteenth story.

"What's the use looking out now?" called a man who had narrowly escaped being crushed.

"There mayn't be any use, but I thought you might be provoked if I didn't notice it."—Judge's Library.

Stately and Graceful Gown



FROM the salon of a gifted designer in Paris comes this stately and graceful gown. It is worth much study as an exposition of present styles, without any departure from beautiful outlining of the figure and the best management of fashionable fabrics with brocaded surfaces. Any of the dark rich colors of the season—taupe, corbleu, paprika, wood and golden browns, sapphire blue.

The skirt is in two pieces, with the uppermost cut away from the knees downward in a "V" shape. It is draped with three small plaits to give it the fashionable slant, and posed over an under piece that is also caught up a little at the front. This under piece is not closed at the back, and by this arrangement the skirt, which seems to hang in so closely about the ankles, still gives room for easy walking.

There is no attempt at even hanging about the bottom of skirts these days. They are correctly draped when the uneven-hanging caused by drapery is allowed to speak for itself as a part of the play. There is a bodice of brocaded silk under a small coat of cloth like that in the skirt. It has a graceful neck round, with a narrow "V" cut out at the front. A fine net gimp is worn under it, which is round at the neck. The long sleeves of this bodice are set in at the arm-eyes, but not close fitting in the upper arm. A fine trim of point d'Esprit

gives a perfect finish to the sleeves. Providing the long shoulder, the small coat blouses over the belt line at the sides and back. It has a long narrow basque sloping away over the hips and falling almost to the knees. It is finished with a very wide and heavy fringe and is wonderfully effective.

Similar coats slope away to a panel at the back, finished at the ends with a broad band of fur or plush. This finish has proved more popular than the fringe.

A hat with some width of brim is fitting with a gown of so much character, and that is what was chosen. It has the small, soft crown, which all effaces itself, and the simple trimming which characterizes the season. Two short full ostrich heads or a fancy ostrich ornament are curled over the brim in models of this kind, and the brim usually shows an indentation at one side.

The front of the under bodice is arranged to fall out over the waist line and is a novelty in arrangement that is noteworthy. Altogether this is an achievement in designing so good that it will outlive less beautiful models and look well for two seasons or more. The life of pretty gowns, most of them costing considerable time and some money, should not be so brief that the time spent in making them is not worth while.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

PEARLS THE ONE ORNAMENT FOR THE DEBUTANTE

JUST why pearls and girlhood are so associated in our minds is not yet fully explained. But we all recognize that pearls belong to the maid before she may wear other jewels with any degree of fitness. Except for pretty hair ornaments of ribbons and made

flowers there is nothing that looks quite as "fit" on the young girl as pearls. The ornament shown here is made of two strands of pearl beads strung on a fine wire. They are strung in links, joined by large baroque pearl beads, placed between the links. The band extends across the top of the head and terminates a little below

the top of the ears at each side. It is fastened to place with hair pins.

At the left side there are three loops of the pearls strung on wire and two hanging ends and a knot formed of pearl beads strung on heavy thread and set less close together than in the band, so that they fall easily.

The coiffure is very simple—even for a young girl. As in all the present designs, the ears are covered. The front hair is curled and fluffed about the face. The back hair is braided in loose strands and pinned flat to the head.

This hair dress is appropriate for brown haired or blond girls, but is not so pretty for the girl with very dark hair or for her who has the splendid "Titan" locks. Although very dark hair, and what is called red hair, are so unlike, the same styles of coiffure are suited to them both. They must do the hair in soft masses, insist upon its being glossy and refuse to consider fluffiness or anything approaching frizzes.

But no matter what the hue of her hair or eyes or skin—the maid may wear pearls. They look well and more than that on youthful heads of any color.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Chenille Flowers.

Chenille flowers are used for corsage bouquets now. They are made of strings of chenille, in heavy, soft quality, looped into petals, and mounted on green chenille stems, stiffened with wire. Brilliant but at the same time soft shades of red and blue and violet and green and yellow are used. These little flowers have a charm all their own, and are especially effective worn on the dull, gloomy days of which November is famous.



A Happy New Year

Being happy is the secret of being well, looking well and feeling well. Start the New Year right, by resolving to assist the Stomach, Liver and Bowels in their daily work by use of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It tones, strengthens and invigorates the entire system. Try a bottle today

Everybody loves

MUSIC

Do you want to learn to play Piano, Organ, Violin or Guitar. For a small sum we will teach you

AT HOME

to play fourth grade music regardless of number of lessons required. Anyone who can read can learn by our method.

EASIEST

and most up-to-date system in existence. We loan you a perfect "Time-beater" free. Write for particulars.

American School of Music
516-517 Commonwealth Bldg.
Portland, Oregon.

TAKES OFF DANDRUFF, HAIR STOPS FALLING

Save your Hair! Get a 25-cent bottle of Danderine right now—Also stops itching scalp.

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store. You surely can have beautiful hair and lots of it if you will just try a little Danderine. Save your hair! Try it!

Marseilles plans to spend more than \$4,000,000 to demolish its ancient slums and replace them with modern highways.

A Flattering Fear.

"I'm afraid we made a mistake sending that man to Congress," said Farmer Corntossel.

"But you can't hold him responsible for the delay in legislation."

"I dunno 'bout that. He's such a fascinatin' talker, I'm afraid they're keepin' up the argument for the sake of hearin' him orate."

Free to Our Readers

Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for 48-page Illustrated Eye Book Free. Write all about Your Eye Trouble and they will advise as to the Proper Application of the Murine Eye Remedies in Your Special Case. Your Druggist will tell you that Murine Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes, Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and sells for 50c. Try It in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids and Granulation.

Sold Again.

For 10 long but blissful years they had walked along the path of love; but as yet the lovesick youth had never mentioned about their getting married. Courtship is very charming; but when there does not seem to be after rails at the end of it, girls naturally begin to lose interest in the game.

Anyhow, Jane thought it time that the marriage day was fixed, so she threw out a gentle hint to her lover by way of encouraging him. Encouragement, she thought, was all the dear fellow wanted.

"Nathaniel," she whispered, coyly, "they're saying we're going to be married soon."

"Are they, though?" answered the stolid avain. "What a jolly sell it'll be for them when they find out we ain't!"—London Tit-Bits.

His View.

"They say that women have no sense of humor."

"Well, it's a good thing."

"How so?"

"If a woman laughed heartily it would endanger every button on these tight gowns."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

Satisfied With What He Had. "I have invented a typewriter that you can carry in your coat pocket. May I show it to you?"

"No. I have a typewriter that I carry in my limousine and I'm satisfied."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Consumption causes one-seventh of all the deaths in the world.

PISO'S REMEDY
Best Cough Syrup, Tastes Good, Use in Time. Sold by Druggists.
FOR COUGHS AND COLDS