

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
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SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized photograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wadsworth Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

"Nonsense! Robert Keap is only twenty-three. Why, she hardly knew her husband, even! It was one of those sudden, impulsive affairs that would overwhelm any girl who hadn't seen a man for four years. And then he enlisted in the Spanish War, and was killed."

"Considerate chap!"
"Roberta, you know, is my best friend, after Helen. Do be nice to her, Jack." Miss Chapin sighed. "It is too bad the others couldn't come."
"Yes, a small house-party has its disadvantages. By-the-way, what's that gold thing on your frock?"
"It's a medal. Culver sent it to me."

"Another?"
"Yes, he won the intercollegiate championship again." Miss Chapin proudly extended the emblem on its ribbon.
"I wish to goodness Covington had been here to take Humpy Joe's place," said the young cattle-man as he turned it over. "The boys are just broken-hearted over losing that photograph."

"I'll get him to run and win it back," Jean offered, easily.
Her brother laughed. "Take my advice, Sis, and don't let Culver mix up in this game! The stakes are too high. I think that Centipede cook is a professional runner, myself, and if our boys were beaten again—well, you and mother and I would have to move out of New Mexico, that's all. No, we'd better let the memory of that defeat die out as quickly as possible. You warn Fresno not to joke about it any more, and I'll take Mrs. Keap off your hands. She may be a widow, she may even be the chaperon, but I'll do it! I will do it," promised Jack—"for my sister's sake."

CHAPTER II.

HELEN BLAKE was undeniably bored. The sultry afternoon was very long—longer even than Berkeley Fresno's autobiography, and quite as dry. It was too hot and dusty to ride, so she took refuge in the latest "best seller," and sought out a hammock on the vine-shaded gallery, where Jean Chapin was writing letters, while the disconsolate Fresno, banished, wandered at large, vaguely injured at her lack of appreciation.

Absent-mindedly, the girls dipped into the box of bonbons between them. Jean finished her correspondence and essayed conversation, but her companion's blond head was bowed over the book in her lap, and the effort met with no response. Lulled by the somniferous droning of insects and lazy echoes from afar, Miss Chapin was on the verge of slumber, when she saw her guest rapidly turn the last pages of her novel, then, with a chocolate between her teeth, read wide-eyed the finish. Miss Blake closed the book reluctantly, uncurled slowly, then stared out through the dancing heat-waves, her blue eyes shadowed with romance.

"Did she marry him?" queried Jean.
"No, no!" Helen Blake sighed, blissfully. "It was infinitely finer. She killed herself."

"I like to see them get married."
"Naturally. You are at that stage. But I think suicide is more glorious, in many cases."

Miss Chapin yawned openly. "Speaking of suicides, isn't this ranch the dearest place?"

"Oh, I don't think so at all."
"Oh yes, you do, and you needn't be polite just because you're a guest."

"Well, then, to be as truthful as a boarder, it is a little dull. Not for our chaperon, though. The time doesn't seem to drag on her hands. Jack certainly is making it pleasant for her."

"If you call taking her out to watch a lot of bellowing calves get branded, entertainment," Miss Chapin sighed.

Miss Blake leaned forward and read the inscription on her companion's medal. "Oh, isn't it heavy!" feeling it reverently.

"Pure gold, like himself! You should have seen him when he won it. Why, at the finish of that race all the men but Culver were making the most horrible faces. They were simply dead."

Miss Blake's hands were clasped in her lap. "They all make faces," said she. "Have you told Roberta about your engagement?"

"No, she doesn't dream of it, and I don't want her to know. I'm so afraid she'll think, now that mother has

gone, that I asked her here just as a chaperon. Perhaps I'll tell her when Culver comes."

"I have heard Culver speak of him, but never as an athlete. Have you and Mr. Speed settled things between you, Helen? I mean, has he—said anything?"
Miss Blake flushed.
"Not exactly." She adjusted a cushion to cover her confusion, then leaned back complacently. "But he has stuttered dangerously several times."

A musical tinkle of silver spurs sounded in the distance, and around the corner of the cook-house opposite came Carara, the Mexican, his wide, spangled sombrero tipped rakishly over one ear, a corn-husk cigarette drooping from his lips.

"It's that romantic Spaniard!" whispered Helen. "What does he want?"
"It's his afternoon call on Mariadetta, the maid," said Jean. "They meet there twice a day, morning and afternoon."

"A lovers' tryst!" breathed Miss Blake, eagerly. "Isn't he graceful and picturesque! Can we watch them?"
"Sh-h! There she comes!"

From the opposite direction appeared a slim, swarthy Mexican girl, an Indian water-jug balanced upon her shoulders. She was clad in the straight-hanging native garment, belted in with a sash; her feet were in sandals, and she moved as silently as a shadow.

During the four days since Miss Blake's arrival at the Flying Heart Ranch she had seen Mariadetta flitting noiselessly here and there, but had never heard her speak. The pretty, expressionless face beneath the straight black hair had ever retained its wooden stolidity, the velvety eyes had not laughed nor frowned nor sparkled. She seemed to be merely a part of this far southwestern picture; a bit of inanimate yet breathing local color. Now, however, the girl dropped her jug, and with a low cry glided to her lover, who tossed aside his cigarette and took her in his arms. From this distance their words were indistinguishable.

"How perfectly romantic," said the Eastern girl, breathlessly. "I had no idea Mariadetta could love anybody."

"She is a volcano," Jean answered. "Why, it's like a play!"
"And it goes on all the time."
"How gentle and sweet he is! I think he is charming. He is not at all like the other cowboys, is he?"

Who the two witnesses of the scene were eagerly discussing it, Joy, the Chinese cook, emerged from the kitchen bearing a bucket of water, his presence hidden from the lovers by his embrace and lounged out of sight around the building, pausing at the farther corner to wait a graceful kiss from the ends of his fingers, as with a farewell flash of his white teeth he disappeared. Mariadetta recovered her water-jug and glided onward into the court in front of the cook-house, her face masklike, her movements deliberate as usual.

Joy, spying the girl, grinned at her. She tossed her head coquettishly and her step slackened, whereupon the cook, with a sly glance around, tapped her gently on the arm, and said:

"Nice 'll' gally."
"The idea!" indignantly exclaimed Miss Blake from her hammock. But Mariadetta was not offended. Instead she smiled over her shoulder



"It's a Medal. Culver Sent It to Me." as she had smiled at her lover an instant before.

"Me like you fine. You like pie?" Joy nodded toward the door of the culinary department, as if to make free of his hospitality, at the instant that Carara, who had circled the building, came into view from the opposite side, a fresh cigarette between his lips. His languor vanished at the first glimpse of the scene, and he strode toward the white-clad celestial,

who dove through the open door like a prairie dog into his hole. Carara followed at his heels.

"It serves him right!" cried Miss Blake, rising. "I hope Mr. Carara—"
A din of falling pots and pans issued from the cook-house, mingled with shrill cries and soft Spanish imprecations; then, with one long-drawn wail, the pandemonium ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, and Carara issued forth, black with anger.

"Ha!" said he, scowling at Mariadetta, who had retreated, her hand upon her bosom. He exhaled a lungful of cigarette smoke through his nostrils fiercely. "You play wit' me, eh?"

"No, no!" Mariadetta ran to him, and, seizing his arm, cooed amorously in Spanish.

"Bah! Vamos!" Carara flung her from him, and stalked away.
"Well, of all the outrageous things!" said Miss Blake. "Why, she was actually flirting with that Chinaman."

"Mariadetta flirts with every man she can find," said Jean, calmly, "but she doesn't mean any harm. She'll marry Carara some time—if he doesn't kill her."

"Kill her!" Miss Blake's eyes were round. "He wouldn't do that!"
"Indeed, yes. He is a Mexican, and he has a terrible temper."

Miss Blake sank back into the hammock. "How perfectly dreadful! And yet—it must be heavenly to love a man who would kill you."

Miss Chapin lost herself in meditation for an instant. "Culver is almost like that when he is angry. Hello, here comes our foreman!"

Stover, a tall, gangling cattle-man with drooping grizzled mustache, came shambling up to the steps. He dusted his boots with his sombrero and cleared his throat.

"Evening, Miss Jean. Is Mr. Chapin around?"
"I think you'll find him down by the spring-house. Can I do anything for you?"

"Nope!" Stover sighed heavily, and got his frame gradually into motion again.

"You're not looking well, Stover."



"This Grubslinger Thinks He Can Run."

Are you ill?" inquired Miss Chapin.

"Not physical," said the foreman, checking the movement which had not yet communicated itself the entire length of his frame. "I reckon my sperrit's broke, that's all."

"Haven't you recovered from that foot-race?"

"I have not, and I never will, so long as that ornery Centipede outfit has got it on us."

"Nonsense, Stover!"
"What have they done?" inquired Miss Blake, curiously. "I haven't heard about any foot-race."

"You tell her," said the man, with another sigh, and a hopeless gesture that told the depth of his feelings.

"Why, Stover hired a fellow a couple of months ago as a horse-wrangler. The man said he was hungry, and made a good impression, so we put him on."

Here Stover slowly raised one boot-foot and kicked his other calf.

"The boys nicknamed him Humpy Joe—"

"Why, poor thing! Was he hump-backed?" inquired Helen.

"No," answered Still Bill. "Humpy Joe because when it came to running he could sure hump himself."

"Soon after Joseph went to work," Jean continued, "the Centipede outfit hired a new cook. You know the Centipede Ranch—the one you see over yonder by the foot-hills."

"It wasn't 'soon after,' it was simultaneous," said Stover, darkly. "We're beginnin' to see plain at last."

He went on as if to air the injury that was gnawing him. "One day we hear that this grub-slinger over yonder thinks he can run, which same is as welcome to us as the smell of flowers on a spring breeze, for Humpy Joe had amused us in his idle hours by running jack-rabbits to earth—"

"Not really?" said Miss Blake.
"Well, no, but from what we see we judge he'd ought to limp a hundred yards in about nothing and three-fifths seconds, so we frame a race between him and the Centipede Cook. With tumultuous joy we bet our wages and all the loose gear we have, and in a burst of childish enthusiasm we put up—the talking-machine."

"A phonograph?"
"Yes. An Echo Phonograph," said Miss Chapin.

"Of New York and Paris," said Stover.
"Our boys won it from this very Centipede outfit at a bronco-busting tournament in Cheyenne."

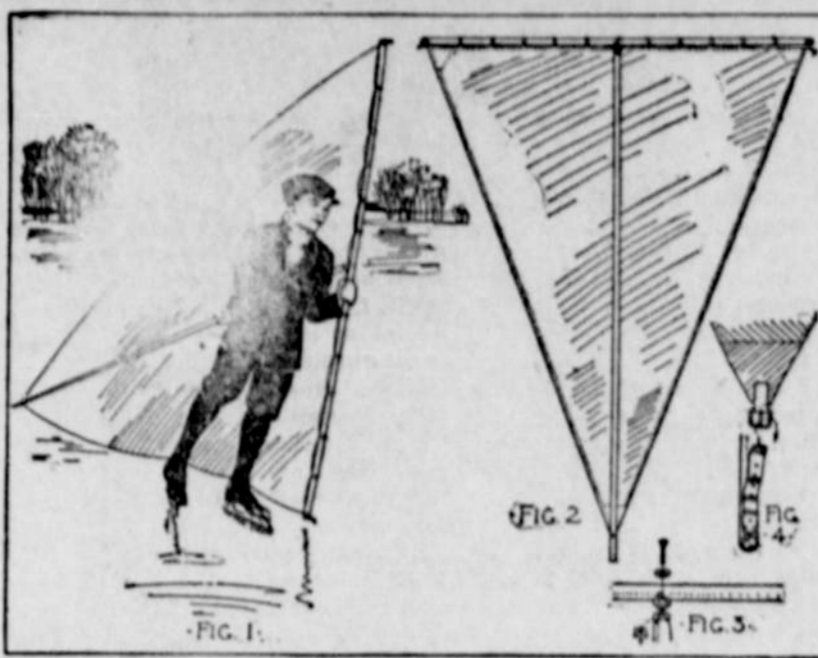
"Wyoming," Stover made the location definite.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

New Ideas for Handy Boys

By A. NEELY HALL

Author of "Handicraft for Handy Boys," "The Boy Craftsman," etc.



THE HOME-MADE SKATE-SAIL.

Skate sailing is one of the most exciting of winter sports, as any boy will tell you who has had the experience and knows; and it is a sport in which any fair skater can become expert as soon as he learns the proper handling of his sail. Of course it is necessary to have a slight knowledge of sailing, because the angle at which the sail is held to the wind must be adjusted for every change in the direction of sailing. The sail is held between the skater and the wind, at his back or to one side, according to the direction of sailing and the direction of the wind; and the skater preserves his balance by throwing his weight against the sail (Fig. 1). In order to change the position of the sail in "tacking" against the wind, the skater swings dead into the wind, with the wind full on the sail; this frees the sail from his body. Then he quickly raises the sail, flat, above his head, and lowers it on the proper side to carry him upon the opposite "tack." When sailing before the wind, the skater holds the sail squarely behind him so that the wind pressure is equal on all portions. To stop up, the skater swings around facing the wind, and lifts his sail, flat, above his head. As the sail is not attached to the body, the skater can let go of it at any time in case of any emergency such as the avoidance of a collision with another skater, or a hole in the ice.

Skate-sails that fold are of the most convenient form both as regards carrying to and from the place of sailing, and storing them at home. In the illustrations I have shown two common forms of skate-sails, designed with a special provision for folding compactly.

Fig. 2 shows the plan of a skate-sail with a "T" shaped framework. The poles or "spars" can be made any length that you wish to have them. The long center spar or "boom" of the sail shown in Fig. 2 is nine feet long, and the end cross spar is six feet long. This makes a medium sized sail that is about right for a boy four feet six inches or thereabout in height. Bamboo is best for the spars because of its

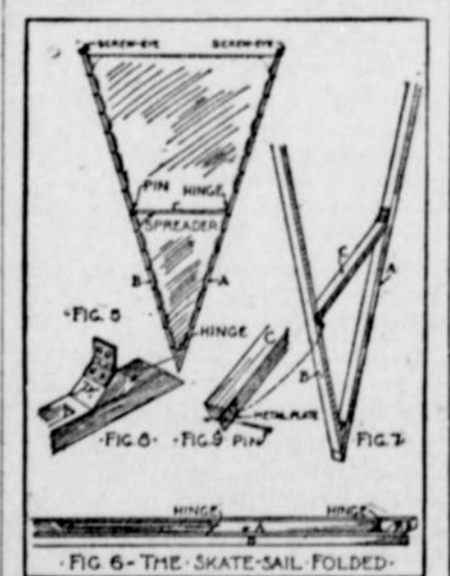


FIG. 6—THE SKATE-SAIL FOLDED.

extreme lightness, and old bamboo fishing poles can be used if you have them; otherwise, strips of square moulding such as is used in the wood finishing of houses, or what are known as "furring strips"—strips one inch by two inches in size—will do. You will be able to get the latter from any carpenter or building contractor, or at a lumber yard.

Fig. 3 shows how the end of the boom is joined to the cross spar by means of screw-eyes and a small bolt. Screw screw-eye into the end of the boom and another into the exact center of the length of the cross spar, and use a short "stove-bolt" with which to bolt the two together. A washer will have to be placed beneath the bolt head and another beneath the nut, unless the screw-eyes used are very small, to keep the head and nut from pulling through. Screw a screw-eye into each end of the cross spar as a provision for attaching the ends of the sail.

Almost any closely woven cloth will do for the sail, although a light-weight canvas is to be preferred if you can get it. An old sheet may be used. Cut the cloth so that the selvege extends along one edge, and make a wide hem upon the cut edges so they will not ravel. Also reinforce the three corners with an extra thickness of the cloth, as indicated by dotted lines in Figs. 3 and 4. The edge which

comes along the cross spar may be tacked to it, but it makes a more shipshape job to provide the sail either with tapes or metal grommets, so it may be lashed to the spar. The ordinary hook-and-eye eyes used by dressmakers have been employed very satisfactorily in place of grommets. They are cheaper and more easily put on. Sew a belt buckle, strap-buckle, or a vest-buckle, to the corner of the sail which lays along the boom, and tack a piece of strap with holes punched through it to the free end of the boom, with which to pull the sail taut and buckle it in position.

The skate-sail with the framework made in the form of an inverted letter A (Fig. 5), is a splendid type of folding-sail. Fig. 6 shows the framework folded, without the sail attached, and Fig. 7 shows the framework extended. The framework is best made of square poles on account of the hinge connections. "Furring-strips" will serve excellently. The two spars A and B of the framework are hinged together, with the end of A overlapping the end of B (Figs. 5 and 7). The hinge may be fastened directly to both spars, but it is better to cut a triangular block to fasten one flap of the hinge to, and nail this to one spar, say spar A (D, Fig. 8), for by doing this your framework will fold up more compactly (Fig. 6). With spars nine feet long, the spread at the open end should be about six feet six inches. You will have to lay the poles upon the floor in their proper position to get the dimensions of block D. The center spreader (C, Figs. 5 and 7) keeps the framework rigid and the sail taut. It should be fastened about midway between the ends of spars A and B. Hinge one end to one spar, and nail a metal plate with a hole punched through it to the other end of the spreader, as shown in Fig. 9. The plate should project beyond the end of the spreader, so it will overlap the spar, and a hole must be bored through the spar to receive a nail for pinning the spreader plate to it.

The sail should be made and fastened to the spars in the manner described for attaching the other sail, and screw-eyes should be screwed into the free ends of the spars to tie the corners to.

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"Bulls" That Were Not Irish.
A lively controversy has been taking place in England as to whether Lord Curzon of Kedleston, ex-viceroy of India, was guilty or not of perpetrating a "bull" in the course of a speech. It has been pointed out, however that if his lordship blundered he erred in good company. Premier Asquith, for example, once stated that "redistribution is a thorny subject which requires delicate handling, or it will tread on some people's toes." Mr. A. J. Balfour has spoken of "an empty theater of unempathetic auditors." Mr. St. John Broderick, now Lord Middleton, when a member of the house of commons, told that assembly that "among the many jarring notes heard in this house on military affairs this subject (mobilization) at least must be regarded as an oasis." In a debate on the London education bill Mr. Walter Long said, "We are told that much such legislation the very heart of the country has been shaken to its very foundations."

Diseases of Metals.
Metals suffer from contagious diseases analogous to those of living beings. Among these diseases one of the most striking is that called "tin pest." Sometimes a block, plate or medal of tin attacked by this disease crumbles and falls into dust, and sometimes warty protuberances appear on the surface of the metal. Various other metals suffer from a disease that manifests itself by a spontaneous recrystallization. The most remarkable cases occur with lead and hard drawn brass. These diseases are not due, as has been thought, simply to moisture. Temperature plays a part in producing them. The most extraordinary fact perhaps is that the "tin pest" is capable of spreading by contagion.—Harper's Weekly.

Millenary vs. Millinery.
Patience—I hear Witham, Essex, England, is to celebrate this year its millenary with a pageant.
Patrice—Why, we do that on Fifth Avenue in New York every Easter.

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Bad Job for Man Below.

While in Boston a while ago I went over to East Boston on the ferry. There was a steam shovel at work out in the harbor, and I was standing watching it. Suddenly I felt a tap on my shoulder and turned around to find a son of Erin standing there. "Say," said he, "isn't this a wonderful country? By gorry, now, just look at that thing goin' down there now. Look at it. Isn't that wonderful. But, say, old man, I wouldn't want to be the guy at the bottom filling that thing up, would ye?"

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His Status.
Mrs. Honk—Colonel Hook is a congressman at large, isn't he?
Farmer Honk—Yes; they haven't arrested him yet.—Puck.

Athens is to have a municipal slaughter house to cost \$600,000.

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