

GOING SOME A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION BY REX BEACH

Speed took himself impelled to laugh... "What! And then, when I got here, I met Jack Chapin. That was less than a week ago, and yet in that short time I have learned that he is the only man I can ever love—the one man in all the world."

"Yes, when I came here I thought I cared for somebody else. Why, I wanted to come here just because I knew that—somebody else had been invited too, and we could be together."

"And he couldn't come—'What! And then, when I got here, I met Jack Chapin. That was less than a week ago, and yet in that short time I have learned that he is the only man I can ever love—the one man in all the world.'"

"But he isn't coming—'What! And then, when I got here, I met Jack Chapin. That was less than a week ago, and yet in that short time I have learned that he is the only man I can ever love—the one man in all the world.'"

"You see, he'll discover the truth—'Does he know you are here?' 'No, I intended to surprise him. I was jealous. I couldn't bear to think of his being here with other girls—men are so deceitful! That's why I consented to act as chaperon to Helen. And now to think that I should have met my fate in Jack Chapin!'"

"No! no! Mrs. Keap was aghast. 'If he even suspected the truth he'd become a raging lion. Oh, I've been quite distracted ever since Jack left!'"

"Well, what am I to do? You must have some part laid out for me—'I have. A desperate situation demands a desperate remedy. I've lost all conscience. That's why I agreed to protect you if you'd protect me.'"

"Go ahead—'Culver is your friend.' 'We're closer than a chard in G.' 'Then you must wire him—' 'I have—' 'Not to come.'"

"What! J. Wallingford Speed started as if a wasp had stung him. 'You must wire him at once not to come. I don't care what excuse you give, but stop him! Stop him!'"

"Speed reached for a pillar; he felt that the porch was spinning slowly beneath his feet. 'Oh, see here, now! I can't do that!'"

right, Mr. Glass? Now, like most fat men, Lawrence Glass was fond of his rest, and since his arrival at the Flying Heart his sleeping hours had been shortened considerably, so for once he agreed with the Californian.

"No question about it," said he. "And I'll sleep here with him if you'll put a couple of cots in the place."

"But suppose Mr. Speed won't do it?" questioned Miss Blake. "You ask him, and he won't refuse," said Joan.

"We don't want to see him defeated," urged Helen's other suitor; at which the girl rose, saying doubtfully: "Of course I'll do my best, if you think it's really important."

"Thank you," said Stover gratefully, while Fresno congratulated himself upon an easy victory. The two girls took Speed's trainer with them, and went forth in search of the young man.

"It's up to you fellows to see that he gets to bed early," said Fresno, when he and Stover were alone. "Leave it to us. And as for getting up, we turn out at daylight. I don't reckon he could sleep none after that if he tried."

Stover pointed to the striped elastic coils of the exerciser against the wall. "I didn't want to speak about it while they were here, said he, 'but one of them young ladies lost her garters.'"

"That's not a pair of garters, that's a chest-weight," "Just wait for what?" "Chest-weight—chest-developer."

"Oh!" Stover examined the device curiously. "I thought a chest-developer came in a bottle." Fresno explained the operation of the apparatus, at which the woman remarked, admiringly: "That young fellow is all right, ain't he?"

"Think so?" "Sure! Don't you?" Fresno explained his doubts by a crafty lift of his brows and a shrug. "I thought so—at first."

"Stover wheeled upon him abruptly. 'What's wrong?' 'Oh, nothing.' After a pause the foreman remarked, vaguely: 'He's the intercollegiate champion of Yale.'"

"Oh, no, hardly that, or I would have heard of him." "Ain't he no champion?" "Champion of the running broad smile and the half-mile talk perhaps."

He took in their surroundings with a comprehensive gesture. "It looks about as much like a gymnasium as I look like a contortionist. Why don't you get a Morris chair and a mandolin?"

"There are two reasons," said Speed, facetiously. "First, it takes an athlete to get out of a Morris chair; and, second, a mandolin has proved to be many a young man's ruin."

Glass examined the bow of ribbon upon the lonesome piece of exercising apparatus. "It looks like the train's stable for the Colonial Dames. What a yelp this place would be to Covington or any other athlete."

"It is not an athletic gymnasium," Speed smiled as he lighted a cigarette. "It is a romantic gymnasium. As Socrates once observed—"

"Socrates! I'm hep to him," Glass interrupted, quickly. "I trained a Greek professor once, and got wised up on all that stuff. Socrates was the—Hemlock Kid."

"Exactly! As Socrates, the Hemlock Kid, drolly put it, 'In hoc signatur vintage.' 'I don't get you.' 'That is archaic Scandinavian, and, translated, means, 'Love cannot thrive without her, bower.'"

"No answer to that telegram yet, eh?" "Hardly time." "Better wire Covington again, hadn't you? Maybe he didn't get it?"

"I promised Mrs. Keap that I would, but—" Speed lost himself abruptly in speculation, for he did not know exactly how to manage this unexpected complication. Of one thing only he was certain; it would require some thought.

"Say, Wally, suppose Covington don't come?" "Then I shall sprain my ankle," said the other. "Hello! What in the world—"

Still Bill Stover and Willie came into the room carrying an armful of lumber. Behind them followed Carara with a huge wooden tub, and Claudy rolling a kerosene barrel.

"Where do you want it, gent?" inquired the foreman. "Where do we want what?" "The shower-bath."

"Shower—I didn't order a shower-bath!" "No; but we aim to make it as pleasant for you as we can."

"If there is anything I abhor, it's a shower-bath!" exclaimed the athlete. "You just got to have one. Mr. Fresno said all this gymnasium lacked was a shower-bath, a pair of scales, and a bulletin board. He said you'd sure need a bath after workin' that chest-developer."

"We ain't got no chest-developer now, but we'll toggle up some sort of a bath for you. The blacksmith's makin' a squilter to go on the bar'l."

"Very well, put it wherever you wish. I shan't use it." "I wouldn't overlook nothin', if I was you," said Willie, in even milder tones that Stover had used.

"You overwhelm me with these little attentions," retorted Mr. Speed. "Where you goin' to run today?" inquired the first speaker.

"I don't know. Why?" "We thought you might do a hundred yards agita time."

"Nix!" interposed Glass, hurriedly. "I can't let him overdo at the start. Besides, we ain't got no stop-watch."

"I got a regular watch," said Willie, "and I can catch you pretty close."

We'd admire to see you travel some, Mr. Speed. But Glass vowed that he was in charge of his protegee's health, and would not permit it. Once outside, however, he exclaimed: "That's more of Fresno's work, Wally! I tell you, he's Jerry. He'll rib them pirates to clock you, and if they do—well, you'd better keep runnin', that's all."

"You can do me a favor," said Speed. "Buy that watch." "There's other watches on the farm." "Buy them all, and bring me the bill."

Before setting out on his daily grind, Speed announced to his trainer that he had decided to take him along for company, and when that corpulent gentleman rebelled on the ground that the day was too sultry, his employer would have none of it, so together they trotted away later in the morning, Speed in his silken suit, Glass running flat-footed and with great effort. But once safely hidden from view, they dropped into a wall, and selecting a favorable resting place, paused. Speed lighted a cigarette, Glass produced a deck of cards from his pocket, and they played seven-up. Having covered five miles in this exhausting fashion, they returned to the ranch in time for luncheon. Both ate heartily, for the exercise had agreed with them.

(To be Continued.) Training the Mind. Train your mind to contemplate doing the brave thing, the generous thing, the wise thing. Then whatever emergencies are sprung upon you, you will not be taken altogether by surprise.

Roman Method of Houdini. Like many other Roman legends that have been unearthed in England, one recently brought to light was heated by a system called "Houdini cast." The entire basement was one big furnace, from which flames ascended, built into the walls. A wood fire was kept in the basement, the heat being fed in from an outside passage through an arch in the wall.

The First Sky-scrapers. Trees. Their tenants were monkeys. Our alleged ancestors were afraid of the terrible beasts that walked on the earth, and darkness was not to their liking. So they slept in the treetops, where there was a little light on the darkest night.

Where Babies Thrive. "There's not much danger of race suicide on the East side, at any rate," said the New York slum worker who lives there. "Every time you look out the window there's a brand new baby on some opposite balcony or fire escape."

Crocery Made from Hair. The hair of rabbits and other animals in Russia is converted into bowls, dishes and plates, which are valued for their strength, durability and lightness. The articles are similar in appearance to varnished leather.

Favorite Mode of Suicide. According to the coroners' records, asphyxiation is the favorite mode of suicide in New York city, there being an average of one suicide each three days, while there is about one in four days from shooting.

FOR SALE—TO RENT—TO EXCHANGE—

WANTED. Wanted—Position, clerk, shipping or receiving clerk, or timekeeper. Would take some kinds of night work. Address S-3, care this office.

Wanted—To buy seven or eight room modern house, or partly modern, close in. Will pay cash under \$3,000. Give full particulars. Address G-3, Times-Republican.

Wanted—Lace curtains to launder; 513 North Second street. Phone 1043.

Wanted—The address of Dennis McMullan, coal miner, last known place of residence near Dexter, Dallas county, Iowa. Send information to Robert McMullan, 994 Pleasant street, Fall River, Mass., or James Hannan, Hansell, Iowa.

Wanted—To buy slightly used automobile, five-passenger preferred, must be bargain. Reply "A-21," care T-R.

Wanted—Ashes and rubbish and all kind of teaming. Phone 801 green.

Wanted—Ashes to haul and all kinds of teaming. Phone 1287 green.

Wanted—Washings and ironings to do at home. Work reasonable. Phone 1460 green.

Wanted—Everyone to know that the services of the visiting nurse employed by the Visiting Nurse's Association are to be had at what patients are able and willing to pay or without pay, in the strained circumstances. Telephone Susan Lampan, 703 West Linn, or phone 471.

HELP WANTED—MALE. Wanted—Barber, good wages, steady job. Box 162, Eldora, Iowa.

HELP WANTED—FEMALE. Wanted—Young lady clerk in store. Tuffree Music House.

Classified Advertisements ONE CENT PER WORD EACH INSERTION—NO AD. RECEIVED FOR LESS THAN 15 CTS



"Ain't He No Champen?"



"You'll Be a Dead Athlete if You Don't Eat This Cook."

WANTED—FOUND—LOST—

ACRE if wanted. American Loan and Real Estate Company, Larimer building, room 5, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

COLORADO LAND. Railroad now building into northwest Colorado. Good climate, soil and cheap land in an undeveloped country. For information address C. E. Baker, Craig, Colo.

TO RENT. To Rent—Six room strictly modern cottage at 507 North First avenue. Phone 798.

TO RENT. To Rent—Four rooms over 118 West Main street, after March 15.

TO RENT. To Rent—Modern sleeping room. Heat, gas and bath. No beer gussier need apply. 206 North First avenue.

TO RENT. To Rent—Furnished room to rent in modern house. 502 North Center street.

TO RENT. To Rent—Suite of rooms. Hopkins block.

TO RENT. To Rent—House on south side, I. E. Finkle.

TO RENT. To Rent—House and five acres on East Main. Inquire 207 North First avenue.

TO RENT. To Rent—Furnished room, private entrance. 209 West Main.

TO RENT. To Rent—Modern 7-room house, full lot, good barn, on East Main street. Phone 1370.

TO RENT. To Rent—Eight room modern house, centrally located. Call 506 East Main.

TO RENT. To Rent—Large, furnished, downstairs sleeping room, heated, at 13 East State street.

TO RENT. To Rent—Two suites in Tremont block, fronting on Main street, suitable for doctors' offices. Running water, steam heat, public toilets for both men and women; wide, light clean halls and entrances. Inquire A. A. Moore.

PUBLIC AUCTION. On premises, No. 204 West Boone street, Marshalltown, Iowa, Tuesday, March 4, 1913, at 2 p. m. Leaving city, will sell at public auction my lot of household goods, Pleasant Home range, two heaters, three-burner gas stove and oven, gasolene stove, lounge chair, extension table, stands, library, chairs, cupboards, beds, springs, mattresses, dressers, commodes, lamps, dishes, tubs, washer and wringer, boiler, hose, linoleum, cooking utensils, fruit jars, canned fruits, wagon, garden and mason tools, and many other articles. All property must be settled for before removed from premises. Terms cash. Mrs. Rachel Campbell, owner. Col Kendall, auctioneer.

NOTICE. Shiro stallion Keota Ben No. 7793 foaled May 20, 1894, will be sold in the Danen and Henry Fanchon horse sale at Marshalltown, Iowa, Thursday, March 6.

LOST. Lost—Package, containing black velvet. Return to this office.

LOST. Lost—Saturday evening, express money order for \$10 between Main and Leavelle street. Return to this office and receive reward.

LOST. Lost—Silver mesh pocketbook containing \$5, between Lincoln and North street on Center or between Center and First on North street, Friday morning. Finder return to this office. Reward.

LOST. Lost—Left on the 5:30 p. m. north-bound Mason City mail, a package containing an account book with the names of V. W. Renner and J. R. Renner on book and notes. Please return to J. R. Renner, Gilman, Iowa, and receive reward.

MISCELLANEOUS. Southwest Iowa is a fertile field for the man with anything to sell that has merit. It is thickly populated and prosperous. Seventy-five thousand people in southwest Iowa read the daily Nonpareil. It is the great want ad medium of this section. It is known far and wide as a producer of results. If you have land or anything else to sell or trade, get in touch with southwest Iowa thru the Nonpareil. Write for our special offer. Nonpareil, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

CUT RATE SHIPPING. Cut rate on household goods to Pacific coast and other points. Superior service at reduced rates. The Boyd Transfer Company, Minneapolis, Minn.

POULTRY. For Sale—Eggs from choice S. C. Black Minorcas, \$1.50 and \$2 per fifteen. Winners at Marshalltown show. C. A. Berg, 607 West Boone, Marshalltown.

For Sale—Single comb White Orpingtons. Am forced to close out whole flock, no room. Great bargains in prize winning males and females. Write or phone me. Dr. Evans, LeGrand.

FOR SALE—CITY PROPERTY. For Sale—My eight room house, 515 North Center street, modern conveniences. Lot 55x180 feet; good horse barn and garage. See Leroy Thompson, 508 North Center street, or Thomas G. Collins, 408 1/2 North Third street.

For Sale—My nine room house at 107 North Third street, close in and on street car line. Modern in every detail, oak floors, built in sideboard, gas heater, new garage, abundance of matured grape vines and currant bushes on lot, including flowers and full grown trees. It has been my home but I will move into a new house April 1. T. I. Wasson.

For Sale—Six room cottage, partly modern, first class location; 8 East Lincoln street.

For Sale—Humlog's eight room home, 310 North Fourth street. Conveniences modern, lot 64 by 180 feet. Call at noon hour for information.

IOWA LANDS. For Sale—120 acres near Marshalltown, \$155, one-third cash, possession at once if desired. H. L. Dobson, over 108 East Main.

For Sale—Farm, a bargain if sold quick; 160 acres of fine land two and one-half miles from Geneva, Iowa with \$8,000 worth of improvements, new. Price \$175 per acre. possession March 1, 1914. Address William H. Lalpaly, Geneva, Iowa.

For Sale—120 acres near Marshalltown, \$155, one-third cash possession at once if desired. H. L. Dobson, over 108 East Main.

For Sale—Eighty acres or forty acres alfalfa land; irrigated, near town of 4,000, good market; small payment down balance can be paid out of crops. Ideal climate. Will pay better than 50 per cent on investment. Address O. Finney, Marshalltown, Iowa.

For Sale—An acre or about twenty-four acres lying just west of Marshalltown. Good little house, barn and outbuildings. Some fruit and fenced city water view. Will sell this cheap for cash. Easy terms on part. Possession March 1. Owner, D. E. Kenyon, Chapin, Iowa.

For Sale—A fine 200-acre farm, good improvements, good neighborhood. If sold before April 1, possession given at once. Price \$150 per acre. B. H. Grey, State Center, Iowa.

No. 336—A choice well improved 200 acre farm, 1 1/2 miles of good small town in Franklin county. Will sell the same for cash on March 1, 1914 delivery, or take in exchange a smaller farm or income property. Will give good terms. Seaside City Land and Loan Company, Iowa Falls, Iowa.

MISSOURI LAND. For Sale—238 acre farm in Adair county, Missouri; three miles of railway station; will sell cheap. Box 363, Kirksville, Mo.

FARM LANDS. Parties looking for wild or improved farm bargains should send for Real Estate Bulletin. Several thousand acres to select from. Akerson, Lindstrom, Minn.

CANADA LAND. Willow River, coming commercial center of interior British Columbia. On Grand Trunk Pacific and Pacific & Hudson Bay railways, entrance great peace river country. For full information write Pacific Land & Townsite Company, Ltd., 109 Richards street, Vancouver, B. C. Agents wanted.

BIG SNAP. For Sale—Eighty acres 4 miles from town 15,000 population, all under cultivation, not one foot waste land; deep black soil; complete set of new buildings built this year; big barn driveway thru center, big new house, corn crib, chicken house, all cemented foundations. Land lays fine and snap at \$15 per acre. Will carry back \$5 per

LIVESTOCK, HORSES, ETC. For Sale—Brood mares, driving horses, draft horses. I will show you eighty different horses before March 10 that will be sold at my barn, one east of west of fire station on State street. E. W. Harmon.

For Sale—Two percheron stallions coming 2 years old, will be 2 years old the 5th and 8th of June. They are heavy bone, good style, and quality: one a steel grey, the other black grey; weight, 1,450 pounds and 1,600 pounds; will make over ton horses. They are well bred. Recorded in Percheron Society of America. G. A. Bonewell, Grinnell, Iowa.

For Sale or Trade—Two Jacks, serviceable age. Jonas Dunham, Montour, Iowa, rural 1.

For Sale—Shorthorn herd bull, 3 years old. A sure breeder of nice roan calves. Also some nice yearling bulls. Walter A. Lynn, Grundy Center, Iowa.

For Sale—Twenty Hereford cows in calf, or calf by their side; bred to two herd bulls Dudley 176275 and Advertiser 324438. Will sell in a whole bunch cheaper than peddling them. Short of pasture, the cause. Eighteen miles south of Mason City on C. & N. W. R. E. Gorman, Dougherty, Iowa.

FOR SALE—MISCELLANEOUS. For Sale—Dress suit, size 36. Marshalltown Steam Dye Works.

For Sale—Faded oak library table, size 28x42, good condition. 502 North Center street.

For Sale—Six hole steel range almost new; combination bookcase and writing desk; two sets of dining room chairs.

AGENTS WANTED. Wanted—Agents to represent old established publishing house. Good commission. Salary guaranteed. Address W-26, care T-R.

Agents—\$25 to \$50 per week; some-thing new. Popular priced. Sells everywhere to everybody. Hurry! Write today. Western Supply Company, 629 Church street, Ottumwa, Iowa.

Wanted—At once, one reliable lady or gentleman solicitor in every town in Iowa; light work and good pay. Address T. D., care of Times-Republican.

I will start you earning \$4 daily at home in spare time, silversmithing; no capital; free instructive booklet, giving plans of operation. G. F. Raymond, Dept. 153, Boston, Mass.

Wanted—Energetic men and women; make 100 per cent profit selling an article used in every home, hotel, garage, office and public building; exclusive territory; a profitable and permanent business. H. & M. Chemical Company, 119-121 East Sixth street, Chicago.

Wanted—Rot, Larry! You played into Fresno's hands deliberately! Now I've got to spend my evenings in bed while he sits in the hammock and sings "Dearie." He shook his head gloomily. "Who knows what may happen?" "It will do you good to get some sleep, Wally."

"But I don't want to sleep!" cried the exasperated suitor. "I want to make love. Do you think I came all the way from New York to sleep? I can do that at Yale."

"Take it from me, Bo, you've got plenty of time to win that dame. Eight hours is a workin' day anywhere." Glass chuckled. "The whole thing is a bit kook at this joint, for instance."