

# A COWBOY'S ROMANCE

THE huge Arizona man—here to observe the drift of statehood current events in the Congress—gazed reflectively at the large and promising looking slab of strawberry shortcake on the plate before him.

"I never see a piece of that," he said, aiming with his immense forefinger at the hunk of strawberry shortcake as if he meditated shooting it up some, "that I don't think of Chuck O'Mallon. A strawberry contraption of that same general kind, only better—a heap better—was sure one of the factors that helped to get Chuck happily hobbled."

"Chuck was foreman of the old Triangle-T, and before it happened the rest of us used to fritter away a lot of the boss' good time in trying to shame or kid Chuck into annexing unto himself a long-haired side partner to take charge of the neatest foreman's wickieup that I ever saw on a ranch. All of us in the bunk house regarded it as a sin and a shame that that tidy foreman's shack should go to waste, with nobody but Chuck to hold it down and no woman to train the honeysuckle and the wisteria over the front and rear trellises and show herself once in a while sweeping down the back steps with a nice, clean towel wrapped around her hair, and all that."

"The foreman's house had been built for Chuck's predecessor, a man with a wife and a herd of young 'uns. When Chuck was made foreman he had the whole foreman's wickieup to himself, rassing his own hash and doing his own housecleaning after the round-ups."

"I hain't much of a bride-wise, coral-bred cayuse," Chuck rounded upon us once when we got after him on the matrimony game, "and I sure need a hull lot o' stampin' ground—the length and breadth of the range hain't none too spacious for me when I want to roll and buck and hang my heels up in the air. And I hain't mentionin' nothin' about the hot-up periods when I git the hunk o' bread when I git the reservation—when I feel like I jes' natchully got 't pull down a few konkatons in the adjoinin' settlements after gittin' lit up with the purlin loco juice. Which hain't reckonin' up, neither, what a pizen 'Pache I am when the grub hain't skated 't the centre prompt on the minnit when the chimes is pealin' the hour—and I hain't never yet seen the female individual who was prompt in the matter o' fodderin' her two-legged stock, wimmen havin' no idee whatever o' the meanin' o' time or the value o' the same. There is only some o' the reasons why your'n truly hain't a-joggin' along 't pole."

"In private, though, Chuck told me—I was assistant foreman—that he wouldn't mind snagging a wife, 'ef I on'y knowed how 't git 't the same,' he was accustomed to it."

"That's the way it was set with Chuck on the day the boss notified him to prepare to take a trainload of steers to Kansas City, as Chuck had never converted any cattle farther east than Omaha, and I had been to Kansas City, the boss told me that I'd better hike along, too, to see that Chuck didn't step into any ground owl holes or get ditched or sidetracked in the more or less perpendicularly lustie burg on the Wyandotte."

"The night before Chuck and I were scheduled to slope toward the railroad the boss set for Chuck. After the talk with the boss Chuck nudged me into a corner of the bunk house."

"What-all kind of a stunt d'ye reckon the old man's got framed up for your'n affectionately now? Chuck asked me, nervously mopping his brow with his handana."

"Wants you to keep sober till after you've delivered the steers, eh? I suggested."

"Worse'n that—a good sight worse," replied Chuck, gloomily. "The boss has given me the job o' ropin' a pot-wallower in Kansas City for his wife. The Dutch kitchen mechanic they got now is slopin' back East nex' week, and the old man hereby delegates me 't rope, tie and brand a housemaid and general hash-mixer down yonder in Kansas City, and fetch her back on our return. What d'ye s'pose—what does the old man s'pose—I know 'bout lassoin' a all-round ranch maiden, when I hain't had the nerve or the git-up 't lariat a pardin' skirt for my own 'bout yet? And the boss' wife has give me a list as long as a Mogul's ride fer water o' the things this yere hash-slinger's got 't be able 't git by with—cook and wash and iron and dust and sweep and do plain sewin' and put up preserves—say, podner, how am I goin' 't git the loop around a female able 't do all o' them things?"

"I told Chuck that I had many passing troubles of my own when I saw that he was trying to cook up a job to shift the responsibility for ropin' a pot-wallower onto my shoulders."

"Well, Chuck looked a lot worried over that end of his mission all the way to Kansas City. I didn't have any consolation to offer him. Didn't know much about any kind of women myself at that time. Since then I've met up with several thousand of 'em—and now I know less."

"Chuck was a conscientious foreman and a rattling good one, and after we'd seen the trainload of steers unloaded he threw a jar into me by solemnly announcing that the drunk was to be postponed until after he'd at least made some kind of a bluff to accomplish the task given him by the boss and the boss' wife."

"I know it's a hull heap hard on you all, ombay," Chuck said to me, sympathetically—and the ruffian's teeth were leaning a good deal worse than mine were—but this yere is biz-

ness—and a big way o' bizness, at that, if you're askin' me. Now, what's the openin' break and the preliminary move, as it were, toward achievin' this yere quest fr a skirted schive-peeler? Do I take a stand on o' them big streets and at the point of a dirk hold up every ribbon weaver that sashays by and ask her questions 'bout her 'billy 't cook and wash and iron and sew and do up the boss' wife's hair, or do I—"

"Well, I could see that Chuck was some liable to make a rockpile finish there in Kansas City if I didn't get in to the extent of handing him a tip or so as to the prevailing methods in civilization of engaging serving women, and so I steered him to an employment agency and myself unreeled to the fat woman in charge of that plant the qualifications desirable in a ranch-house servant. The fat woman asked me a lot of shrewd questions about the ranch and the ranch people, and I couldn't do any more than tell her that old Triangle-T was the finest outfit, with the whitest boss and the nicest boss' wife in Arizona—and of which was on the level."

"That was a lucky fat woman for Chuck. She had the goods all ready in stock, it seemed, which was why she was asking me so many questions. She had on her list a widow—oh, a woman about thirty-odd, she said—whose man had been killed in a coal mine accident about six months before. The widow's name was Kate McGlone, and she lived across the river in the other Kansas City—the one in Kansas. The fat woman thought Kate McGlone would not mind going West, because she had a brother working in a mine some where in New Mexico."

"This," delightedly remarked Chuck when he got outside with Kate McGlone's address on a slip of paper, "is sure some easy. It's as easy as stampedin' a bunch o' loosed cattle plumb into the corral and then occidin' a spoon o' barbed wire around that corral to keep 'em there—it sure is."

"So Chuck and I charter a caloose and spin over to Kansas City, Kan., to give Chuck a chance to make a lariat throw for this Kate McGlone and get that errand off his mind."

"Kate McGlone's address was a rickety, tumble-down shanty in a long row of them, occupied by coal miners and their families, but, poor and common as it was on the outside, it was neat, though uncommonly bare, inside—the furniture had been going out piecemeal for the necessities of life since Kate's man's death, we found out afterward."

"But the neatest thing in or within forty miles of that shanty was Kate McGlone herself. For Kate was a staving beauty from the far south of Ireland—a smashing, handsome woman of luxom sinuosities that were discernable even arrayed as she was in her poor calico dress."

"Chuck took one look at Kate McGlone when she came to the door in response to our knock. Then he acted like he was going to sit down on the rickety steps and take a rest for himself. There was no manner of doubt whatever that Chuck was all in, all right, so powerful was the immediate impression created upon him by the looks of Kate McGlone. Chuck could not much more than wobble in when she invited us into her poor little old stripped outfit, and when he thought Kate wasn't looking Chuck gave me a kick on the leg that I can almost feel yet."

"For her part Kate cast quite a number of sidelong glances at Chuck when he seemed to be not paying any attention. Chuck was something good to look at, an arrow-straight ombrey, two inches above the six foot mark, broad as a door at the shoulders, and with as good a head and countenance as you'd ever see on a cow-thumper if you looked from the Columbia to the Rio Grande. I'd seen many a smart woman in Kansas City wheel in her tracks to take another view of Chuck after he'd gone by, although Chuck himself didn't know that there was much difference between his looks and a jack-rabbit's, not being any whatever stuck on himself, so to speak."

"Yes, Kate would take the ranch job, she said after Chuck had nudged me to the centre and made me tell her all about it. There was nothing to keep her in Kansas City, now that—well, she didn't say what, but we understood all right, and coughed a plenty o' s' to get her off that. She'd like to get within reasonable distance of her brother in New Mexico, and she had no children to hobble her movements. We had come at an opportune time."

"Chuck didn't say thirty words while Kate McGlone was telling me that she could do all the things a ranch-servant woman would be called upon to do, but when she got to that Chuck crossed and recrossed his legs four or five times and twirled his sombrero around on his thumb and cleared his throat several times, and then he asked her, in a hoarse, embarrassed kind of way: "Some few on the cook, I reckon, Mrs. McGlone?"

"Kate smiled confidently at that, and replied that she regretted that she had no means of proving it to him by layin' a meal before him, her larder not being exactly overflowing."

"A sure-enough hungry camp, this yere K. C.," said Chuck then. "Ain't never been so hungry nowhere as I am yere. Could get away with a coyote, pelt and all, yere and now. Was goin' to suggest, Mrs. McGlone, that maybe you wouldn't mind, s'posin' I'd like around and rummage fr a armful o' the eats on the hoof—maybe you wouldn't mind passizin' the same fr me and my podner yere, so's we wouldn't have 't hike 't none these on-

## A FROLIC WITH THE VACROM BOYS

The night owl is hooting "To-whit" and "To-who" Where the slender church steeple looms in the twilight The roofs of the city are fading from view, And I'm romping along with my comrades to-night.

"Hullo!" comes a cheery voice down the old street; "Hullo!" and "Hullo!" echoes the glad refrain. Then a cavalcade swoops the jolly retreat, And the village green's peopled with fellows again.

"'Deard the red lion," "Pomp-pomp pull away," "High spy," "The sheep stealer" and "Tag—you are it," It's frolic and rollic and madcap and play, While the owl from the hillside re-echoes "To-whit."

A cloud scurries swift o'er the face of the moon; The forms disappear and the voices are still. Ah! then from my dreams I awaken too soon— The city's weeping its tears on my sill.

—Horace Seymour Keller, in The Sun.

## POPULAR SCIENCE

The greatest monument of the mound builders, not only in Ohio, but in the entire country, is the Serpent Mound, in Adams County. This immense mass of earth, probably piled up for purposes of worship, has had a curious history in respect to changes of ownership in recent times.

As an illustration of the widening of the realm of electrical science applied to the practical needs of civilization, it is noted that the giant turbine steamship *Mauritania*, which the Cunard company is building, will have two electrical passenger elevators, two for baggage and six smaller electric elevators for mails and other light work.

It appears that a small mixture of aluminum in alloys will cause metals to show unsatisfactory results—under heavy pressure. It is said that a few hundredths of one per cent. of aluminum in metals used for valves will cause leaks.

The reason why birds do not fall off their perches, says Health, is because they cannot open their feet when their legs are bent. When a hen walks its toes close as it raises its foot and open as it touches the ground.

Dr. W. J. Goodhue, the medical superintendent of the leper settlement at Molokai, declares that he has discovered the germ of leprosy in the mosquito and vermin. He was born in Quebec in 1869 and is a personal friend of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

By a secret method a London firm is able to make hollow lead soldiers. This greatly reduces the cost of production, and the trade in these toys, which once belonged almost exclusively to Germany, is now rapidly increasing in England. The weight of the hollow soldiers is one-third of the solid ones.

Tortoiseshell is not the bony covering or shield of the turtle, but only the scales which cover it. These are thirteen in number, eight of them flat and five a little curved. A large turtle affords about eight pounds of them, the plates varying from an inch to a quarter of an inch in thickness.

In recent Russian trials to test the adaptability of snow breast-works against an enemy's fire, it was found that a thickness of six feet was a perfect protection against bullets fired at three hundred paces. Packing the snow and pouring water over it to make a crust of ice was found to keep the bullets out when the thickness was only three and a half feet.

**GEMS COLORED BY RADIUM.**  
Diamonds Made Yellow by the Rays—Opaque Stones Show Little Change. Glass is colored brown or violet by radium rays. A. Miethe studied the action of these rays on a large number of gems and found that many of them are influenced by the rays. No general principles can be indicated except that the more transparent gems show a greater tendency toward coloration than the opaque or highly colored ones.

Mr. Miethe used a preparation of sixty mgm. of radium bromide. A colorless diamond from Borneo was colored a light yellow after eight days and a decided lemon yellow after another eight days. On heating the diamond to 250 degrees the yellow color was diminished, but it could not be entirely got rid of, even at a red heat. A colorless Brazil diamond showed no coloration.

A peculiar behavior was shown by a blue sapphire from Ceylon. After only two hours' exposure to radium bromide it showed coloration—green at first, then light yellow, and after a few more hours reddish yellow. After a fortnight it was dark yellow approaching chestnut. The color could be got rid of by heating, but the light yellow color always returned on cooling.

Rubies show no change, and tinted tourmalines very little. Brazil tourmalines slightly colored green and pink respectively at one end acquired the same color at the colorless ends on exposure to radium. This coloration took a day or two to appear.—*Jewelers' Circular-Weekly.*

**Kipling as a Hoodoo Man.**  
Kipling is in reality a caster of spells—a man with an "evil eye." His pose as a poet and a novelist is a mere disguise, says Tit-Bits. So, at least, believe the fishermen of Massachusetts; and this is why:

He wrote a book entitled "Captains Courageous." In it he vividly described the lively lives of the fishers of Newfoundland, and he named twenty boats which were actually engaged in the fishing industry. Since the publication of that book every one of those boats has foundered, and the superstitious survivors of the crews are quite convinced that Kipling is what they call "a hoodoo"—which is the male equivalent of a witch.

They are helped to this belief by the fact that a curious flash seems to come from the pupils of the great poet's eyes—a glint which often strikes an observer, when caught in certain lights, as being quite uncanny. The explanation of this "flash" may be, however, that Kipling's weak eyes compel him to wear divided lenses in his spectacles, and the glitter of light on the sections of glass would unnerve many a man less imaginative than a fisherman.

## COMPLETEST BUSINESS BUILDING

Features of W. L. Douglas' Administration and Jobbing House.

The dedication of the new administration and jobbing house building erected at Brockton, Mass., by the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co. as a part of its mammoth manufacturing plant at Montello was marked by the thoroughness and attention to detail characteristic of the firm in all its undertakings. As the new building is said to be the most complete and convenient of any ever built for a commercial house in the United States, so were the expressions of appreciation by the many persons who visited it for inspection sincere and of a highly congratulatory nature.

The dedicatory program included an open house from 11 a. m. to 5 p. m., with concert by the Mace Gay orchestra and the presence of a Boston caterer to attend to the wishes of all. The building itself afforded a feast for the eye, especially the offices, which are marvels in many ways. Fifteen thousand invitations were sent out, including over 11,000 to the retail dealers in the United States, who handle the W. L. Douglas Co. shoes, the others going to shoe manufacturers and allied industries in Brockton and vicinity. Mr. Douglas will be glad to have anybody who is interested call.

The new building is situated just north of the No. 1 factory on Spark street, facing the Montello railroad station. Its completion marks the establishment of a modern up-to-date wholesale jobbing house and office building. Mr. Douglas has long considered the advisability of a jobbing house, not only for the purpose of supplying his own retail stores more readily, but that the 11,000 dealers throughout the United States handling the W. L. Douglas shoe might be able to obtain shoes for immediate use with greater facility.

Under the present system all shoes are manufactured to order, and customers sometimes lose sales waiting for shoes to arrive. With the new jobbing house they will be enabled to have their hurry orders shipped the same day they are received, which will be far more satisfactory to the customer and will result in a largely increased business to the W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.

The new building is 230 feet long and 60 feet wide and two stories in height. The jobbing department will occupy the entire lower floor, while the offices will occupy the second floor. Leaving the jobbing house on the first floor, the main staircase ascends to the second floor level in two divisions separating on the first landing and meeting again upon the fourth, where the large Palladian window is situated, which appears over the entrance.

At the head of the staircase in the mosaic floor appears the word "Atrium," the name of the inner hall, planned and decorated after the manner of the central apartment of the Pompeian house. This room is directly in the center of the main building, being 26x68 and 16 feet in height, and is lighted by three large ceiling skylights of classic design.

Around the atrium are placed the private offices, where the heads of the departments are located, with their assistants. Beginning at the right of the main entrance, in order, are those of the C. F. Richmond, buyer; H. T. Drake, general superintendent; Hon. W. L. Douglas, president; and H. L. Tinkham, treasurer. They are finished and furnished in mahogany and are ensuite. Mr. Douglas' own room occupies the southwest corner of the building, and is a very handsome apartment. To the left of these comes the room of C. D. Nevins, assistant treasurer, Mrs. Marion Shields, correspondence clerk, and the store department.

On the east of the atrium and opening into this hall are two alcoves separated by mahogany counters, the fronts of which are plate glass and grilles of bronze. These are the offices of Warren Weeks, paymaster, and Harry L. Thompson, the bookkeeper.

The next in order to the left are two rooms devoted to the credit department, one the private office of A. T. Sweetser and the other occupied by his clerks. The next two offices are those of F. L. Erskine, advertising manager, and his assistants.

The three other rooms completing the outer wall line of the atrium are the reception room to the left of the staircase hall, directors' room and lavatory and the sample room. Here are located the telegraph instruments, telephone switchboard and booths for use of guests.

The directors' room is a fine chamber occupying the space in the north-west corner of the building. This room is finished and furnished in mahogany and all appointments are in keeping. Here hangs a portrait in oil of Mr. Douglas, the president. The last room in this series is the sample room, also in mahogany.

On center with the entrance and between the bookkeeper's alcove and the credit department is a hall leading to the general bookkeeping room, where is located the host of clerks which this huge business employs.

**Romans Used Concrete.**  
In these days of increasing use of concrete for building purposes it is interesting to recall the fact that the Pantheon, in Rome, about 2,000 years old, is covered by a dome over 142 feet in diameter, which is cast in concrete in one solid mass.

**Need No Compass.**  
In the tropical northern territory of South Australia travelers need not carry a compass. The district abounds with the nests of the magnetic, or meridian, ant. The longer axes of these point due north and south.



"It sounds very strange to hear you talking that way," said Chumley. "When we were at college you didn't believe in a place of eternal punishment at all." "I know," replied Bitter, "but I didn't have any enemies then."

"Philadelphia Press."

"It seems," said Citiman, "that Sub-bubs spends most of his time nowadays arranging Cook's excursions." "Nonsense!" he's in the insurance business still." "I know, but it keeps him busy taking new cooks out to his place to spend a few days."—*Philadelphia Press.*

We got a new servant-girl, Mrs. We had lots of trouble to byra; She broke all our china, I wanted to fira, But couldn't—so we had to fyra!

—Town Topics.

Reggy Frappe—"Yes, I met the charming Miss Flasher when she was on her tour and she asked me for my picture, weally." Miss Tabasco—"Yes, I heard her say she was collecting pictures of all the curious objects she ran across in this country."—*Chicago Daily News.*

"You objected to Jack because he had to work for a living, didn't you, mamma?" "Yes, my dear. He doesn't belong to our class." "Well, it's all right now. May he call to-night?" "Has some one left him a fortune?" "No, but he's lost his job."—*Cleveland Leader.*

"I like people who always tell me the plain truth," said the idealist. "I'm not sure that I do," rejoined Miss Cayenne. "I'm a little disappointed if people don't indulge in the conventional falsehoods sufficiently to show that they care for my good opinion."—*Washington Star.*

Old Lady—"What's the matter, little boy?" Street Urchin (whimpering)—"Fraid." Old Lady—"Fraid? Well, I do declare! I didn't know you street gamins were ever afraid of anything, seen or unseen, in this world or the next." Street Urchin—"Y-es, we're afraid of—of each other."—*New York Weekly.*

"I love the ground you walk on," said he. He did, I was. Because the two were walking On papa's corner lot.

—Joe S. Miller, in *Indianapolis Star.*

"In this instance," explained the professor of surgery, to the group of medical students, "the left leg of the patient is somewhat shorter than the right limb, thus causing the patient to limp. Now, Mr. Fresh, what would you do in a case like this?" "Well," responded the alert Mr. Fresh, "I guess I'd limp, too."—*Brooklyn Life.*

"Excuse me," said the old lady with eyeglasses in the art gallery, "but haven't you got any more fingers in marble?" "These are all, madam," replied the polite attendant. "Is there any particular one you are looking for?" "Yes, I wanted to see the statue of limitations my husband was telling about."—*Milwaukee Sentinel.*

**Bill Nye's Ad.**  
Bill Nye, the humorist, once had a cow to sell, and advertised her as follows: "Owing to my ill health, I will sell at my residence, in township 19, range 18, according to the Government survey, one plump raspberry cow, aged eight years. She is of undoubted courage and gives milk frequently. To a man who does not fear death in any form she would be a great boon."

"She is very much attached to her present home with a stay chain, but she will be sold to any one who will treat her right. She is one-fourth shorthorn and three-fourths hyena. I will also throw in a double barrel shotgun, which goes with her. In May she usually goes away for a week or two and returns with a tall, red calf with wobbly legs. Her name is Rose. I would rather sell her to a non-resident."

**Will Explore Kamschatka.**  
The proposed exploration of Kamschatka is reported by Consul Liefield, who writes from Presberg that F. Z. Riabuschinski, of Moscow, has offered \$87,530 to the Russian Geographical Society toward the expenses. It is proposed to organize a party of specialists who will go to Kamschatka in the spring of 1907 and spend two years.

When strong westerly winds pile up the water of Lake Erie at its eastern end, where the outlet is, the flow over the Niagara cataract is sometimes increased forty per cent. above the normal volume.

The senior Republican United States Senator for Ohio is sometimes spoken of as Joey Bagstock Foraker.

There are now 303 schools in Canada for Indians, who number 107,637.