

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. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, becomes interested in the loss of the photograph. She suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the photograph. Helen declares that if Covington won't run, Speed will. The cowboys are hilarious over the prospect. Speed and his valet, Larry Glass, trainer at Yale, arrive. Helen Blake asks Speed, who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal to Wally, and fearing that Helen will find him out, he consents. He insists, however, that he shall be entered as an unknown, figuring that Covington will arrive in time to take his place. Fresno, glee club singer from Stanford university and in love with Helen, tries to discredit Speed with the ladies and the cowboys. Speed and Glass put in the time they are supposed to be training playing cards in a secluded spot. The cowboys explain to Speed how much the race means to them. Speed assures them he will do his best. The cowboys tell Glass it is up to him to see that Speed wins the race.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

"You said just now you'd answer for him with your life. Well, we aim to make you! We ain't a-goin' to lose this foot-race under no circumstances whatever, so we give you complete authority over the body, health, and speed of Mr. Speed. It's up to you to make him beat that cook."

"S-s-suppose he gets sick or sprains his ankle?" Glass undertook to move his body from in front of the weapon, but it followed him as if magnetized.

"There ain't a-goin' to be no accidents or excuses. It's pay or play, money at the tape. You're his trainer, and it's your fault if he ain't fit when he toes the mark. Understand?"

Willie lowered the muzzle of his weapon, and fired between the legs of Glass, who leaped into the air with all the grace of a gazelle. It was due to no conscious action on his part that the trainer leaped; his muscles were stimulated spasmodically, and propelled him from the floor.

"Did you hear what I said?" demanded Willie, in a voice that sounded like the sawing of a meat bone.

Glass opened his mouth, and when no sound issued, nodded.

"And you understand?"

Again the trainer bobbed his head. "Then I guess that's all. It's up to you." Willie replaced his gun, and the fat man threatened to fall. "Come on, boys!" The cowboys fled out silently, but on the threshold Willie paused and darted a venomous glance at his enemy. "Don't forget what I said about Mr. Colt and the equality of man."

"Yes, sir!—yes, ma'am!" ejaculated



"It's Up to You to Make Him Beat That Cook."

the frightened trainer, nervously. When they were gone he collapsed.

"They are rather severe, aren't they?" ventured Fresno.

"Severe!" cried the unhappy man. "Why, Speed can't—"

He was about to explain everything when the memory of Willie's words smote him like a blow. That fiend had threatened to kill him, Lawrence Glass, without preliminary if it became evident that a fraud had been practiced. Manifestly this was no place for hysterical confidences. Larry's mouth closed like a trap, while the Californian watched him intently. At length he did speak, but in a strangely softened tone, and at utter variance with his custom.

"Say, Mr. Fresno! Which direction is New York?"

"That way." Fresno pointed to the

east, and the other man stared longingly out through the bunk-house window.

"It's quite a walk, ain't it?"

"Walk?" Berkeley laughed. "It's two or three thousand miles!" Glass

sighed heavily. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, nothin'. Jest gettin' homesick."

He calmed himself with an effort, entered the gymnasium as if in search of something, and then set forth to find Speed.

That ecstatic young gentleman wrenched his gaze away from the blue eyes of Miss Blake to see his trainer signaling him from afar.

"What is it, Lawrence?"

"Got to see you."

"Presently."

"Nix! I got to see you now!"

Glass's ruddy face was blotched, and he seemed to rest in the grip of some blighting malady. Beneath his arm he carried a tight-rolled bundle. Sensing something important back of this unusual demeanor, Speed excused himself and followed Larry, who did not trust to speech until they were alone in the gymnasium with the doors closed. Then he unrolled the bundle he carried, spread it upon the floor, and stepped into its exact center.

"Are you standing on my prayer-rug?" demanded his companion, angrily.

"I am! And from this on I'm goin' to make it work itself to death. She said a feller couldn't get hurt if he stood on it and said 'Allah.' Well, I'm goin' to wear it out."

"What's wrong?"

"Do you know what's goin' to happen to me if Covington don't get here and beat this cook?"

"Happen to you?"

"Yes, me! These outlaws have put it up to me to win this bet for them."

"Well, Covington can beat anybody."

"But Covington isn't here yet."

"Not yet, but—" The young man smiled. "You're not frightened, are you?"

"Scared to death, that's all," acknowledged the other. Then when his employer laughed openly, he broke out at a white-heat. "Joke, eh? Well, you'd better have a good laugh while you can, because Humpy Joe's finish will be a ten-course dinner to what you'll get if Covington misses his train."

"How easily frightened you are!"

"Yes? Well, any time people start shooting shots I'm too big for this earth. The hole in a gun looks as big as a gas-tank to me."

"But nobody is going to shoot you!" exclaimed the mystified college man.

"They ain't, hey? I missed the Golden Stairs by a lip not half an hour ago." With feverish intensity he told his narrow escape from destruction, the memory bringing a sweat of agony to his brow. "And the worst of it is," he concluded, "I'm 'marked' with guns. I've always been that way."

"Tut! tut! Don't alarm yourself. If Covington shouldn't come, the race will be declared off."

"No chance," announced the trainer, with utter conviction. "These thugs have made it pay or play, and the bets are down."

"You know I can't run."

"If he don't come, you'll have to!"

"Absurd! I shall be indisposed."

"If you mean you'll get sick, or sprain an ankle, or break a leg, or kill yourself, guess again. I'm responsible for you now. Something may go wrong with me, but nothin' is goin' to happen to you. My only chance to make a live of it is to get some one to outrun this cook. You're the only chance I've got, if Culver don't show, and the first law of nature ain't never been repealed."

"Self-protection, eh?"

"Exactly." Glass coughed thrice without result, stepped off the prayer-rug, rolled it up tightly; then, hugging it beneath his arm, went on: "That four-eyed guy slipped me a whole lot of feed-box information. Why, he's a killer, Wally! And he's got a cash-register to tally his dead."

"Notches on his gun-handle, I suppose?"

"So many that it looks like his wife had used it to hang pictures with. I tell you, he's the most deceitful rum I ever seen. What's more, he's got the homicide habit, and the habit has got its eye on me." Glass was in deadly earnest, and his alarm con-

trusted so strongly with his former contemptuous attitude toward the cowboys that Speed was constrained to laugh again.

"It's the most amusing thing I ever heard of."

"Yes," said the trainer, with elaborate sarcasm, "it would be awful funny if it wasn't on the square." He moistened his lip nervously.

"You alarm yourself unnecessarily. We'll hear from Culver soon, either by wire or in person. He's never failed me yet. But if I were you, Larry, I'd leave that Mexican girl alone."

"Mary?"

"Yes. Mariadetta. Now, there's something to be afraid of. If these cowboys are in love with her and have their eyes on you—"

"Come in!"

Senor Aurelio Maria Carara entered. He was smoking his customary corn-husk cigarette, but his dark eyes were grave and his silken mustachios were pointed to the fineness of a bristle.

CHAPTER X.

BUENOS dias, Senor." Carara bowed politely to Speed.

"Good-morning again," said Wally.

Turning to the trainer, Carara eyed him from top to toe, removed his cigarette, and dipped the ashes daintily from it; then, smiling disdainfully, said:

"Buenos dias, Senor Fat!"

Glass started. "You talkin' to me?"

"Yes," Carara leaned languidly against the wall, took a match from his pocket, and dextrously struck it between the nails of his thumb and finger. He breathed his lungs full of smoke and exhaled it through his nose. "I would have spik to you before, but the Senor Fat is—"

he shrugged his shoulders—"frighten" so bad he will not understand. So—I come back."

"Who's scared?" said Glass, gruffly.

Carara turned his palm outward, in gentle apology.

"You been talk' a gret deal to my Senorita—to Mariadetta, eh?"

"Oh, the Cuban Queen!" Glass

winked openly at Speed. "Sure! I slip her a laugh now and then."

"She is not Cubana, she is Mexicana," said Carara, politely.

"Well, what d'you think of that! I thought she was a Cuban." Glass began to chuckle.

"Senor Fat," broke in the Mexican, sharply, while Larry winced at the distasteful appellation, "she is my Senorita!"

"Is she? Well, I can't help it if she falls for me." The speaker cast an appreciative glance at his employer. "And you can cut out that 'Senor Fat,' because it don't go—"

Then he gasped, for Carara slowly drew from inside his shirt a long, thin-bladed knife bearing marks of recent grinding, and his black eyes snapped. His face had become suddenly convulsed, while his voice rang with the tone of chilled metal. Glass retreated a step, a shudder ran

through him, and his eyes riveted themselves upon the weapon with horrified intensity.

"Listen, Pig! If you spik to her again, I will cut you." The gaze of the Mexican pierced his victim. "I will not keel you, I will just—cut you!"

Speed, who had sat in open-mouthed amazement during the scene, pinched himself. Like Larry, he could not remove his gaze from the swarthy man. He pulled himself together with an effort, however, undertaking to divert the present trend of the conversation.

"W—where will you cut him?" he asked, pleasantly, more to make conversation than from any lingering question as to the precise location.

"Here," Carara turned the blade against himself, and traced a cross upon his front, whereupon the trainer gurgled and laid protecting hands upon his protruding abdomen. "You spik Spanish?"

"No." Glass shook his head.

"But you understand w'at I try to say?"

"Yes—oh yes—I'm hep all right."

"And the Senor Fat will r-remember?"

"Sure!" Glass sighed miserably, and tearing his eyes away from the glittering blade, rolled them toward his employer. "I don't want her! Mr. Speed knows I don't want her!"

Carara bowed. "And the Senor Fat will not spik wit' her again?"

"No!"

"Gracias, Senor! I thank you!"

"You're welcome!" agreed the New Yorker, with repressed feeling.

"Adios! Adios, Senor Speed!"

"Goodbye!" exclaimed the two in chorus.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Knew the Time.

On a cold night a man was hastening across the public square with his overcoat buttoned up to his chin. He was rather anxious to know what time it was, but he was too lazy to open his coat in order to get at his watch. Just then he saw a well-dressed man approaching and remarked to himself: "This is a cinch. I'll ask you gentel stranger what time it is and he will unbosom."

He perceived that the stranger was buttoned up just as he was. When he came up the man who wanted to know the time removed his hat politely and said: "Sir, do you know what time it is?"

The stranger paused, removed his right glove, unbuttoned his coat from top to bottom, unbuttoned his undercoat, and finally pulled out his watch, while the chill wind cut into his unprotected chest. Holding up the watch so that the light would shine upon its face for an instant he glanced at it and growled:

"Yes!"

Then he passed on without another word.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Unconventional Minister.

A Missouri man tells of a somewhat eccentric minister in that state, who is most unconventional in conducting the services of his church.

It appears that, from his pulpit, this clergyman can, through an open window on his right, command a clear view of the fields stretching off in the distance. One morning instead of beginning the service as usual, he announced: "As I observe Sister Anna Morgan, somewhat late, approaching the church, I shall postpone the commencement of the service until her arrival."

On one occasion he made this announcement to his congregation: "As the weather is still so inclement, I will, my dear friends, lengthen my discourse somewhat in the hope that it may clear later."

Simple Enough.

"You are ninety-seven years old?"

"Yep."

"What are your rules for reaching such an unusual age?"

"I dunno as I have any in particular. Just keep on living and you'll get there, young man."

HURRIED AWAY BEFORE THAW

Traveler Left While the Conversational Nuisance Was "So Cold He Could Hardly Talk."

In a country town in the English Midlands there is a man who is so noted for his conversational abilities that his acquaintances avoid giving him unnecessary opportunities to talk.

One cold morning this man rode up to a hotel in the neighborhood just as the guests were finishing breakfast. He dismounted, walked in, saluted the landlord in his usual loud tones, and declared that he was so cold that he could hardly talk.

Just then a nervous traveler, who was present, stepped up to the landlord and, taking him by the coat, said:

"Mr. L—, have my bill brought as soon as possible."

"What is the matter, my dear sir?"

Inquired the anxious landlord. "Has anything happened?"

"Nothing, nothing. Only I want to get away from here before that man thaws."

Greedy Sanders MacHoot.

Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston, on account of the 100 per cent. increase in the price of gasoline, plans to supply the automobilists of the Hub with motor oil at wholesale rates.

"Greedy," said Mayor Fitzgerald the other day, "greedy is the sole reason for the rise in gasoline. That is admitted frankly. Well, such incredible greed as that reminds me of Sanders MacHoot of Peebles."

"Sanders, have another drink," a friend said, entering a bar, where MacHoot was just tossing off a glass of whisky.

"Na, na," answered Sanders MacHoot. "I wanna hae anither, but ye can pay for this if ye like."

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and you will have the secret of continued good health,—allow it to become impaired and you weaken the entire system. For any disturbance of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels try

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

You will find it beneficial in every way

IF YOUR CHILD IS CROSS, FEVERISH, CONSTIPATED

Look Mother! If tongue is coated, cleanse little bowels with "California Syrup of Figs."

Mothers can rest easy after giving "California Syrup of Figs," because in a few hours all the clogged-up waste, sour bile and fermenting food gently moves out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again.

Sick children needn't be coaxed to take this harmless "fruit laxative." Millions of mothers keep it handy because they know its action on the stomach, liver and bowels is prompt and sure.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which contains directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups.

Doubly Sold.

The newly appointed master at school had learned all about "cribbing and such little dodges as school-boys practice and had not forgotten them."

One day during a lesson in history he observed one of his pupils take out his watch every minute or two. He grew suspicious, thinking that the pupil was consulting notes on the lesson. Finally he strode slowly between the desks and stopped in front of the boy. "Let me see your watch," he commanded.

The master opened the front of the case. He looked somewhat sheepish when he read the single word "Sold!"

But he was a shrewd man. He was not to be thrown off the scent so easily. He opened the back of the case. Then he was satisfied, for he read: "Sold again!"—TidBits.

A Wyandotte hen belonging to Francis Baines of Wiltshire, Eng., has laid 588 eggs in the three years it has lived.

WHAT \$10 DID FOR THIS WOMAN

The Price She Paid for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Which Brought Good Health.

Danville, Va.—"I have only spent ten dollars on your medicine and I feel so much better than I did when the doctor was treating me. I don't suffer any bearing down pains at all now and I sleep well. I cannot say enough for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills as they have done so much for me. I am enjoying good health now and owe it all to your remedies. I take pleasure in telling my friends and neighbors about them."

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