

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 champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A horse 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 to 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 cowboy 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, 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 filed 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 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 fend 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' 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 ain'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 nothing 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 rummy 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 contrasted 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

"It's up to you to make Him Beat That Cook."

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"Mary?"

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

"Come in!"

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

"The Fat Senior Will Not Spik Wit Her Again?"

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.

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"No," Glass shook his head.

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

"Yes—oh yes—I'm hep all right."

"And the Senior 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 Fat Senior will not spik wit' her again?'"

"No!"

"Gracias, Senior! I thank you!"

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

"Adios! Adios, Senior Speed!"

"Goodbye!" exclaimed the two in chorus.

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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.

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CHAPTER X.

"BUENOS dias, Senior." 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 flipped the ashes daintily from it; then, smiling disdainfully, said:

"Buenos dias, Senior 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 Senior 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 great deal to my Senorita—to Marielotta, 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.

"Senior Fat," broke in the Mexican, sharply, while Larry winced at the disrespectful 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 'Senior 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

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"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 Senior 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 Fat Senior will not spik wit' her again?'"

"No!"

"Gracias, Senior! I thank you!"

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

"Adios! Adios, Senior 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 gentle 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.

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

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

"Come in!"

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

"The Fat Senior Will Not Spik Wit Her Again?"

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.

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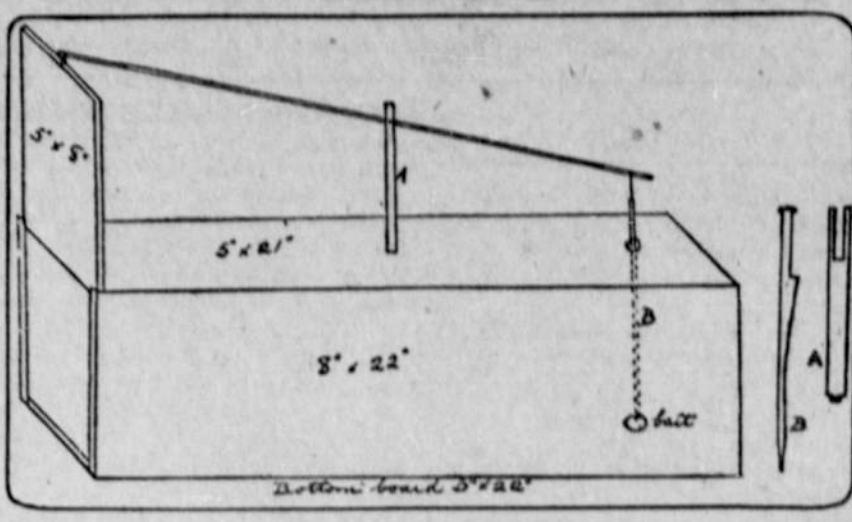
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"Goodbye!" exclaimed the two in chorus.

HOME-MADE TRAP FOR CATCHING ANIMALS



Rabbit Trap.

Robert H. Weir, age fourteen, of Cowley county, Kansas, has sent us the diagram of a rabbit trap which he says he made himself, and one which other boys could easily make, says Wallace's Farmer. Besides getting rabbits, Robert has been able to get a few possums when apples were used as bait. He says to make a few small holes in the back, so that the rabbit can see clear through, and not be timid of entering the trap.

FURNITURE FOR THE DOLLIE

Youngster May Surprise Mother by Keeping Quiet for Half Hour in Making Little Toys.

Any boy or girl who wants to surprise mother by being very quiet for half an hour and by amusing himself—or herself—all that time, might make pin furniture, because it is really fun.

Get a few black-headed pins and a spool of colored twist. Then you can find some scraps of velvet or satin or other cloth, also a tiny pasteboard box or a cork stopper.

Perhaps with a diagram in front of you you won't need to be told how to go to work. But in case you should be puzzled here are the directions:



A Pretty Chair.

Have a good box or a thin, round piece of cork for the seat. Cork is best, because the pins go in it so easily. You can easily enough cut a slice from a round cork stopper. Cover with the velvet or cloth. Then stick in the pins for the back and twist the thread around them; lastly stick four pins for the legs.

MAKE HOMES FOR THE BIRDS

During Winter Boys Can Prepare to Attract Little Feathered Friends by Making Nests.

A boy once originated the idea of varying the usual "bird's nesting" craze into a systematic study of the breeding of our common birds. In one spring he found within the limits of a single village 107 robins' nests. "One hundred were in suitable situations on private places; 41 were in woods, swamps and orchards, eight were placed under bridges (two being under the iron girders of the railroad bridge), four were in quarries, 16 were in barns, sheds, under piazzas, etc., and one was on the ground at the foot of a bush.

In addition to searching out the birds in their natural haunts, there is a great fascination in trying to attract them to our homes, says Boy Scouts of America. During the winter evenings boy scouts can busy themselves making nesting boxes. Even an old cigar box or a tomato can with a hole in it the size of a quarter will satisfy a house wren. Other boxes which are suitable for bluebirds, chickadees, tree swallows and starlings will, if set up in March, often have tenants the first season. In many cases it is feasible to have hinged doors or sides on the nesting boxes, so that they may occasionally be opened and the progress of events observed. It is needless to add, however, that great caution must be exercised to prevent destruction of the nest or other disturbance of the birds' home life. Under favorable circumstances even some of the shy inhabitants of the woods, such as woodpeckers, owls and ducks, can be induced to patronize artificial cavities if they are made right and erected right.

Case of Necessity.