

# 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 Culyver 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, who has posed to her as an athlete, to race against the Centipede man. The cowboys join in the appeal, 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. Willie, the gunman, declares the trainer will go back east packed in ice, if Speed fails.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.  
Carara returned the knife to its hiding-place, swept the floor gracefully with his sombrero, then placing the spangled head-piece at an exact angle upon his raven locks, lounged out, his silver spurs tinkling in the silence. Glass took a deep breath. "He doesn't mean to kill you—just cut you," said Speed. "I got it," declared the other, fervently. Again he laid repressing hands upon his bulging front and looked down at it tenderly. "They're all got it in for my pad, haven't they?" "I told you to keep away from that girl."

"Humph!" Glass spoke with soulful conviction. "Take it from me, Bo, I'll walk around her, as if she was a lake. Who'd ever think that chorus-man was a killer?" "Surely you don't care for her seriously?" "Not now. I—I love my Cuban, but"—he quivered apprehensively—"I'll bet that rummy packs a 'shiv' in every pocket."

From outside the bunk-house came the low, musical notes of a quail, and Glass puckered his lips to answer, then grew pale. "That's her," he declared, in a panic. "I've got a date with her." "Are you going to keep it?" "Not for a nose-bag full of gold nuggets! Take a look, Wally, and see what she's doing." Speed did as directed. "She's waiting."

"Let her wait," breathed the trainer. "Here comes Stover and Willie." "More bad news." Glass unrolled his prayer-rug, and stepped upon it hastily. "Say, what's that word? Quick! You know! The password. Quick!" "Allah!" "That's her!" The fat man began to mumble thickly. It was plain that his spirit was utterly broken.

But this call was prompted purely by solicitude, it seemed. Willie had little to say, and Stover, ignoring all mention of the earlier encounter he had witnessed, exclaimed: "There's been some queer goin'-on 'round here, Mr. Speed. Have you noticed 'em?" "No. What sort?" "Well, the other mornin' I discovered some tracks through one of Miss Jean's flower-beds."

"Tracks!" "Sure! Strange tracks. Man's tracks." "What does that signify?" "We ain't altogether certain. Carara says he seen a stranger hangin' 'round night before last, and jest now we found where a hoss had been picketed out in the ravine. Looks like he'd stood there more'n once." "It has nothing to do with me." "I ain't sure. It looks to us like it's somebody from the Centipede. They're equal to any devilment." Speed showed an utter lack of comprehension, so Willie explained. "Understand, we've made this race pay or play. Maybe they aim to cripple you." "Me!" Speed started. "Good heavens!" "Oh, they'd do it quick enough! I wouldn't put it past 'em to drop a 45 through your window if it could be done safe."

"Shoot me, you mean?" "Allah!" said Glass, devoutly from his corner. Stover and Willie nodded. "If I was you, I'd keep the lamp between me and the window every night." "Why, this is abominable!" exclaimed the young college man, stiffly. "I—I can't stand for this, it's getting too serious." "There ain't nothin' to fear," said Willie, soothingly. "Remember, I told you at the start that we'd see there wasn't no crooked work done. Well, I'm goin' to ride herd on you, wassant, Mr. Speed." He smiled to a

Glass allowed his mouth to open in amazement. The day was replete with surprises. "96!" he said, while the light of understanding came over him. "You're Cloudy-but-the-Sun-Shines?" "Yes—Carlisle." Cloudy threw back his head, and pointed with dignity to the flag of his Alma Mater hanging upon the wall. "By Jove, I remember that!" exclaimed Speed. "So will Yale so long as she lives," predicted the Indian, grimly. "You crippled me in the second half"—he stirred his withered leg—"but I dropped it on you; and—I have not forgotten." He ground the last sentence between his teeth. "See here, Bo—Mr. Cloudy. You don't blame us for that?" Cloudy grunted, and threw a yellow envelope on the floor at Speed's feet. "There is something for you," said he, while his lips curled. He turned, and limped silently to the door. "And I tried to kid him!" breathed Glass with disgust, when the visitor had gone. "I ain't been in right since Gerfield was shot."

"It's a telegram from Covington!" cried Speed, tearing open the message. "At last!" "Thank the Lord!" Glass started forward eagerly. "When'll he be here? Quick!" Then he paused. J. Wallingford Speed had gone deathly pale, and was reeling slightly. "What's wrong?" The college man made uncertainly for his bed, murmuring incoherently: "I—I'm sick! I'm sick, Larry!" He fell limply at full length, and groaned, "Call the race off!"

Glass snatched the massive from his employer's nerveless fingers, and read, with bulging eyes, as follows: "J. Wallingford Speed, Flying Heart Ranch, Kidder, N. M.: 'Don't tip off. Am in jail Omaha. Looks like ten days.'"

"CULVER COVINGTON." The trainer uttered a cry like that of a wounded animal. "Call it off, Larry," moaned the Hope of the Flying Heart. "I've been poisoned!" "Poisoned, eh?" said the fat man, tremulously. "Poisoned! Nix! Not with me!" He walked firmly across the room, flung back the lid of Speed's athletic trunk, and began to paw through it feverishly. One after another he selected three heavy sweaters, then laid strong hands upon his protege and jerked him to his feet. "Sick, eh? Here, get into these!" "What do you mean, Lawrence?" inquired his victim. "If you get sick, I die." Glass opened the first sweater, and half-smothered his protege with it. "Hurry up! You're going into training!"

CHAPTER XI.  
THAT was a terrible hour for J. Wallingford Speed. As for Larry, once he had grasped the full significance of the telegram, he became a different person. Some fierce electric charge wrought a chemical alteration in his every fiber; he became a domineering, iron-willed autocrat, obsessed by the one idea of his own preservation, and not hesitating to use physical force when force became necessary to lessen his peril. Repeatedly Speed folded his arms over his stomach, rocked in the throes of anguish, and wailed that he was perishing of cramps; the trainer only snorted with derision. When he refused to don the clothes selected for him, Glass fell upon him like a raging grizzly.

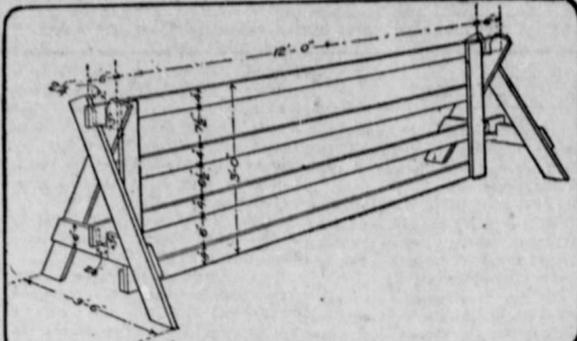
"You won't, eh?" We'll see!" Then Speed took refuge in anger, but the other cried: "Never mind the hysterics, Bo. You're going to run off some blubber to-day." "But I have to go riding!" "Not a chance!" "I tell you I'll run when I come back," maintained the youth, almost tearfully beseeching. "They're waiting for me." "Let 'em gallop—you can run alongside."

"With all these sweaters? I'd have a sunstroke." "It's the best thing for you. I never thought of that." As Glass forced his protege toward the house, the other young people appeared clad for their excursion; their horses were tethered to the porch. And it was an ideal day for a ride—warm, bright, and inviting. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lobsters That Do Not Boil Red. Native French lobsters are growing scarce as the result of a series of epidemics, and an attempt is being made to introduce those from Roumania, Hungary and Russia. But these foreign lobsters have little flesh on them and turn a dull color when they are boiled. To give them the attractive scarlet tint, appetizing odor and delicious taste of the native Professor Leger is making researches in his laboratory of pisciculture in the University of Grenoble, and he hopes, in naturalizing the foreign species, to give them some at least of the French characteristics.

Lord Wolverhampton's complaint of the burdens added to the cares of heads of departments in official life by bad handwriting recalls an amusing incident which occurred when the House of Lords was in committee on the reform bill of 1867. The clerk of the house intimated that an amendment had been handed in, the writing of which was so illegible that he was unable to say what it was about or who had written it. It was then discovered that Lord Lyttelton was the author, and it turned out to be a proposal disfranchising all persons who could not write.—London Answers.

## MORE SHEEP SHOULD BE RAISED ON FARMS



Panel and Braces for Making a Portable Sheep Fence. Wire Fencing is Also Frequently Used in the Construction of Panels.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.) Sheep husbandry should receive more attention from the farmer of this country than it does at the present time. Unquestionably sheep raising could profitably be fitted into the general management of thousands of farms where there is none at the present time. On many other farms the size of the flock could be increased and more attention given to this branch of farming with resulting profit to the owner, according to the department of agriculture.

It has been estimated that sheep will eat 90 per cent. of all troublesome weeds. They are, in fact, commonly used in cleaning up weeds from fields, fence rows, roadsides, stubble fields and corn fields. The common belief among farmers is that weeds eaten by sheep are so broken up in the digestive processes that the seeds will not germinate after passing through the body as in the case of other live stock. However, weeds are rarely permitted to go to seed if enough sheep are turned in the field while the weeds are young and tender.

In some investigations carried on by the Canadian government among a considerable number of sheep to determine the kinds of weeds eaten by them, it was generally agreed that sheep would consume all but a very few extremely unpalatable ones, such as mullein, Scotch thistle, etc. Upon inquiry as to the specific kinds eaten, one farmer replied that he could not give any definite information on the subject, as the sheep kept his farm so free from weeds that he could not see what kinds they actually ate.

Where sheep have been kept, but where for some reason they have been disposed of, a striking difference has usually occurred in the appearance of the farm. Weeds have sprung up and grown where they had formerly been kept in check. There is no better solution to the weed problem than a flock of sheep.



Combination Rack for Feeding Hay and Grain. Sheep Can Feed From Either Side.

The best type is the most profitable combination of wool and mutton. The investigations of the tariff board indicate that sheep farming for wool alone is unprofitable. In investigating 543 flocks of the fine-wool section of Ohio they found that when there was a net credit to wool the percentage of receipts from wool was 38 and from other sources 62. If the raising of sheep for wool alone does not pay in this region, it probably would not in any other part of the farming section.

In establishing a flock it is better for the farmer to start on a small scale, unless he has previously had experience. When one is dealing with small numbers, a mistake in management or an error in judgment is not so great importance as where larger numbers are involved. Starting with a small flock requires less capital also. If it is desired to augment the size of the flock, this can be done by the natural increase, the best few lambs being selected each year for the purpose. This should prove more economical than buying all the breeding stock outright. Where the stock is produced on the farm, only the cost of production can rightly be charged against it, but where it is purchased the cost of production plus a profit and very often the price of the reputation of the breeder must be paid. By producing the breeding stock himself, the farmer should secure a more uniform lot and one better adapted to his own particular conditions. Another advantage of small numbers, especially where capital is limited, is that better animals can be purchased.

The ram has as much influence upon the flock as the entire ewe flock bred to him, which fact gives rise to the old saying, "The ram is half the flock." The selection of the ram is thus seen to be a matter of prime importance. Improvement in breeding can be brought about in a flock at less expense by the use of a good ram than in any other way. A good ram is a valuable investment, and the few extra dollars in cost over the price of a mediocre one multiply themselves in returns on the lamb crop. The wise selection of a single ram has in many cases made a flock famous. Probably sheep are subject to more ills than any other class of domestic animals. At any rate, they seem to be more helpless in repelling the attacks made upon them. This need not discourage the prospective shepherd, since good care and management will obviate most of these troubles. Upon this care and management depends the "luck" of the shepherd. Flocks are known to exist upon weeds and waste roughages with little or no attention, but the returns are proportionately meager. A well-trained sheep dog is one of the greatest friends of the industry, while the cur dog is one of its worst enemies. The Scotch collie is the sheep dog of America, and a well-trained one can not be appreciated unless seen at work. Their tireless watching, even at night, makes them invaluable to the sheep herder. By their barking they warn him of any prowler that may be lurking about the flock.

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One Quite Enough.  
A story is being told of a conversation between a weather expert and a cabinet minister. The minister complained about the other's weather forecasts not always being reliable, and the reply was that weather forecasting would be much easier if it were known more definitely the sort of weather that was happening in the Atlantic. "Now," said the expert, "if we had further out in the Atlantic another island like Ireland—"

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the minister, who had been greatly harassed over the home rule dispute.—London Tit-Bits.  
It is not generally known that the muskrat is the most important fur-bearing animal of North America. In one year alone (1910) 5,500,000 muskrat skins were put upon the market, realizing to the trappers a sum approximately \$1,700,000.

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