

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 phonograph 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 Oliver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, becomes interested in the loss of the phonograph. She suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the phonograph. 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 passed 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, vice 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 falls. A telegram comes from Covington saying he is in jail at Omaha for ten days. Glass in a panic forces Speed to begin training in earnest. Speed declares to Larry that the best way out is for him (Speed) to injure himself. Glass won't stand for it.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"Strange!" said Willie.
"What?"
"My rest was fitful and disturbed and peopled by strange fancies a whole lot. I dreamt he threw the race!"
A chorus of oaths from the bunks.
"What did you do?" inquired Stover.
"I woke up, all of a tremble, with a gun in each hand."
"Well, I'm the last person in the world to be superstitious." Still Bill observed, "but I've had similar visions lately."
"Maybe it's a omen."
"What is a omen?" Carara inquired.
"A omen," explained Willie, "is a kind of a nut. Salted omens is served at swell restarawnts with the soup."
In the midst of it Joy, the cook, appeared in the doorway, and spoke in his gentle, ingratiating tones:
"Morning, gel'mum. I see 'im again."
"No savvy who; stlange man! I go down to sping-house for bucket water; see 'im lide 'way. Velly stlange!"
"I bet it's Gallagher."
"Vat you tank he vants?" queried Murphy.
"He's layin' to get a shot at our runner," declared Stover, while Mr. Cloudy, forgetting his Indian reserve, explained in classic English his own theory of the nocturnal visions.
"Do you remember Humpy Joe? Well, they didn't cripple him, but he lost. I don't think Gallagher would injure Mr. Speed, but—he might—bribe him."
"Caramba!" exclaimed the Mexican.
"God 'mighty!" Willie cried, in shocked accents.
"I believe you're right, but"—Stover meditated briefly before announcing with determination—"we'll do a little night-ridin' ourselves. Willie, you watch this young feller daytimes, and the rest of us'll take turns at night. An' don't lose sight of the fat man, neither—he might carry notes. If you don't like the looks of things—you know what cards to draw."
"Sixes," murmured the near-sighted cow-man. "Don't worry."
"If you see anything suspicious, burn it up. And we'll take a shot at anything we see movin' after 9:00 p. m."
Then Berkeley Fresno came hurriedly into the bunk-house with a very cheery "Good-morning! I'm glad I found you up and doing," he said blithely. "I thought of something in my sleep." It was evident that the speaker had been in more than ordinary haste to make his discovery known, for underneath his coat he still wore his pajama shirt, and his hair was unbrushed.
"What is it?"
"Your man Speed isn't taking care of himself."
"What did I tell you?" said Willie to his companions.
"It seems to me that in justice to you boys he shouldn't act this way," Fresno ran on. "Now, for instance, the water in his shower-bath is tepid."
There was an instant's silence before Stover inquired, with ominous restraint:
"Who's been monkeying with it?"
"It's warm!"
"Oh! It was a sigh of relief."
"A man can't get in shape taking warm shower-baths. Warm water weakens a person."
"Mebbe you-all will listen to me next time!" again cried Willie, triumphantly. "I said at the start that a bath never helped nobody. When they're hot they saps a man's courage, and when they're cold they—"

"No, no! You don't understand! For an athlete the bath ought to be cold—the colder the better. It's the shock that hardens a fellow."

"Has he weakened himself much?" inquired the foreman.
"Undoubtedly, but—"
"What?"
"If we only had some ice—"
"We got ice; plenty of it. We got a load from the railroad yesterday."
"Then our only chance to save him is to fill the barrel quickly. We must freeze him, and freeze him well, before it is too late! By Jove! I'm glad I thought of it!"
Stover turned to his men. "Four of you—all hustle up a couple hundred pounds of that ice pronto! Crack it, an' fill the bar'l!" There was a scramble for the door.
"And there's something else, too," went on Berkeley. "He's being fed wrong for his last days of training. The idea of a man eating lamb-chops, fried eggs, oatmeal, and all that debilitating stuff! Those girls overload his stomach. Why, he ought to have something to make him strong—ferce!"
"Name it," said Willie, shortly.
"Something like—like—bear meat."
"We ain't got no bear." Willie looked chagrined.
"This ain't their habitat," added Stover apologetically.
"Well, he ought to have meat, and it ought to be wild—raw, if possible."
"Their ain't nothin' wilder 'n a long-horn. We can get him a steer."
"You are sure the meat isn't too tender?"
"It's tougher 'n a night in jail."
"Good! The rarer it is the better. Some raw eggs and a good strong vegetable—"
"Onions?"
"Fine! We'll save him yet!"
"We'll get the grub."
"And he'll eat it!" Willie nodded firmly.
Stover issued another order, this time to Carara.
"You 'n Cloudy butcher the wildest four-year-old you can find. If you can't get close enough to rope him, shoot him, and bring in a hind quarter. It's got to be here in time for breakfast."
"Si, Senor!" The Mexican picked up his lariat; the Indian took a Winchester from an upper bunk and filled it with cartridges.
"Of course, he'll have to eat out here; they spoil him up at the house."
"Sure thing!"
"I'd hate to see him lose; it would be a terrible blow to Miss Blake." Fresno shook his head doubtfully.
"What about us?"
"Oh, you can stand it—but she's a girl. Ah, well," the speaker sighed. "I hope nothing occurs between now and Saturday to prevent his running."
"It won't," Stover grimly assured the Californian. "Nothin' whatever is goin' to occur."
"He was speaking yesterday about the possibility of some business engagement—"
The small man in glasses interrupted. "Nothin' but death shall take him from us, Mr. Fresno."
"I think of anything else," offered Berkeley, kindly, "I'll tell you."
"We wish you would."
Fresno returned to the house, humming cheerily. It was still an hour

until his breakfast-time, but he had accomplished much. In the midst of his meditation he came upon Miss Blake emerging upon the rear porch. "Good-morning!" he cried. She started a trifle guiltily. "What are you doing at this hour?"
"Oh, I just love the morning air," she answered.
"Same here! 'Honesty goes to bed early, and industry rises betimes.' That's me!"
"Then you have been working?"
Fresno nodded. He was looking at four cowboys who were entering the gymnasium, staggering beneath dripping gunny-sacks. Then he turned his gaze searchingly upon the girl.
"Were you looking for Speed?" he asked accusingly.

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"The idea!" Miss Blake flushed faintly.
"If you are, he has gone for a run. I dearly love to see him get up early and run, he enjoys it so."
"I have been baking a cake," said Helen, displaying the traces of her occupation upon her hands, arms, and apron, while Fresno, at sight of the blue apron tied at her throat and waist, felt that he himself was as dough in her hands. "I had a dreadful time to make it rise."
"If I were a cake I would rise at your lightest word."
"The cook said it wouldn't be fit to eat," declared Helen.
"I should love to eat your cooking."
"Once in a while, perhaps, but not every day."
"Every day—always and always. You know what I mean, Miss Blake—Helen!" The young man bent a lover's gaze upon his companion until he detected her eyes fastened with startled inquiry upon his toilet. Remembering, he buttoned his coat, but ran on. "This is the first chance I've had to see you alone since Speed arrived. There's something I want to ask you."
"I—I know what it is," stammered Helen. "You want me to let you sing again. Please do. I love morning music—and your voice is so tender."
"Life," said Berkeley, "is one sweet—"
"What is going on here?" demanded a voice behind them, and Mrs. Keap came out upon the porch, eying the pair suspiciously. It was evident that she, like Fresno, had dressed hurriedly.
"Mr. Fresno is going to sing to us," explained the younger girl, quickly.
"Really?"
"I am like the bird that greets the morn with song," laughed the tenor, awkwardly.
"What are you going to sing?" de-

manded the chaperon, still suspiciously.
"Dearie."
"Don't you know any other song?"
"Oh, yes, but they are all sad."
"I'm getting a trifle tired of 'Dearie,' let's have one of the others." Mrs. Keap turned her eyes anxiously toward the training quarters, and it was patent that she had not counted upon this encounter. Noting her lack of ease, Fresno said hopefully:
"If you are going for a walk, I'll sing for you at some other time."
"Is Mr. Speed up yet?"
"Up and gone. He'll be back soon." Then Mrs. Keap sank into the hammock, and with something like resignation, said:
"Proceed with the song."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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Still Willing to Be Imposed Upon.
He had youth and much faith and inexperience, but his good father took him into his office to initiate him into the mysteries of business.
The second day he was at work a man came in asking for financial aid, with a pathetic story about a sick wife at home and six helplessly small children without a crust in the house.
The boy listened earnestly and then went into his dad's office to intercede for the unfortunate man. He told the sad story seriously. The father leaned forward and peered into the outer office at the vagrant.
"My son, credulity is one of those good things that die young—and it is such impostors as that man who make it so," he said impatiently. "Why, when that man was here last week he had eight children, according to his story."
"But, father, don't you see," replied the son tragically. "The other two probably died of starvation."
Queer Funeral Customs.
It would be difficult to find stranger funeral customs than those practiced by the Andaman Islanders. The natives actually drop the bodies of their parents into the sea at the end of ropes and leave them there until nothing remains but the bones, which they gather and hang from the roofs of their huts.
It is a common custom for a man to sit by the house and watch the bones of some relative. This is the way they have of showing their love and respect.
The bodies are treated in this fashion so that the evil spirits cannot tease and pinch them. All that is left are the dried bones, and these are placed high so that if the evil spirits wander into the huts they will have a hard time to find them. If a bone is carried away it means some bad spirit has seized it, and this indicates that some terrible calamity will befall the family.

WINTERING THE LIVE STOCK

Profits Are Greatly Reduced by Clinging to Old Cows and Sheep Long Past Their Usefulness.

The keeping of old cows and sheep long past their usefulness will largely reduce the profits of the dairyman and farmer. The better method would be to have them served, give shelter and feed and when fresh sell the cow with the calf. They may be cheaply wintered on fodder, wheat straw and second-crop clover hay. Old sheep should have been sold in the early fall for what they will bring. It seldom pays to winter them. Before the cows come fresh they should be given a little grain, say four quarts of wheat bran and one quart of flaxseed meal mixed together. Divide into two equal parts; give one part in the morning and the other half in the evening to each one. This feed will loosen the hide and greatly improve the appearance of the stock. Card and brush them off every morning. This will remove the loose hair. The buying of thin cows and milked-out cows from dairymen who cannot afford to winter such stock, is found to be a profitable business by farmers having plenty of rough feed, such as fodder, straw and second-crop clover and stable grasses.
The mild winter has been a great advantage to dairymen and farmers short of grain and feed, as much less food was needed to keep the stock. Economy must be practiced; no grain or forage should be wasted. Fodder fed to cattle under cover, having the sheds heavily bedded and lined on the north side to keep out the cold winter winds, may be wintered in good condition. The fodder will last longer and feed more stock where fed in small quantities in connection with straw and second-crop hay.

FEW CAUSES FOR POOR GRAIN

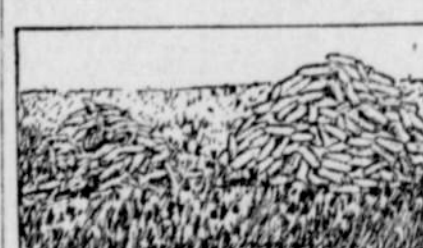
Fungi and Bacteria in Seed and Soil Injure and Destroy Roots of Plant, Says an Expert.

The introduction of harmful fungi and bacteria into the soil is an important cause of deterioration of grains after continued cropping, declared H. Bolley, professor of botany, North Dakota Agricultural college, in a recent address at the College of Agriculture of the University of Wisconsin. Professor Bolley is one of the most eminent plant pathologists in the country, his early studies on the potato scab and flax wilt, and his later investigations of the diseases of cereals having made him widely known among scientists. He believes that fungi and bacteria resident in the seed, and in the soil, injure and destroy the roots of plants and otherwise affect succeeding crops. The remedy for this is not primarily fertilization, nor a neutralization of soil toxins, but the combating of fungi and bacteria by means of sanitary measures such as seed selection and disinfection, and crop rotation.

FRESH MANURE IS VALUABLE

It is Possible Under the Best Systems of Management to Prevent All Loss of Ingredients.

Manure is never so valuable as when perfectly fresh, for it is impossible under the best system of management to prevent a loss of its fertilizing ingredients. For this reason, whenever possible it should be hauled directly to the field and spread. This saves time and labor and involves handling but once. When it is impossible to remove the manure at once to the field, it must be properly stored. A lean-to shed is all that is needed. This should have a water-



tight floor. When manure must be left in the yard, a rick should be carefully built. It should be made so high and compact that the hardest rain will not soak through.
The sides should be perpendicular and the top dipped to ward the center. It is advantageous to have the manure saturated with water, but the rick or heap must be so built as to retain this moisture. The water must not drain away from the heap. Built the rick at least six feet high.

Early Cabbage.
Early cabbage is usually profitable. The first heads should be ready for marketing not later than the first of July. This means that the plants must be started in hotbeds or greenhouses and then transplanted to cold frames. Strong, stalky plants set in the open ground as soon as weather conditions will permit will produce marketable heads by the first of July. If a good strain of Jersey Wakefield or some other early variety is selected all of the heads should be sold before the first of August.

Hotbed Sash.

Are the hotbed sash in good repair? There will be no time for glazing or painting when transplanting begins. Glass is very cheap this winter. A good time to buy sash and do your own glazing.

New Indian Animal Stories

How the Hawk Set the Sun in the Sky

By JOHN M. OSKISON



Get Out Your Paint Boxes and Color the Animals.

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)
Long time ago, all of the animals lived up in the world above the arch of the sky. They lived there so long that it was hard to find room for all of them, and so the water beetle was sent down to the water earth beneath, which is the earth we now live on, to see if she could find more room for them.
The water beetle didn't find another earth, but only a wide, wide sea of water, so she dove to the bottom of the water and brought up a tiny bit of mud which grew and grew until it became the earth. For a long time this new earth was too soft for the animals to live upon, but they waited until it became hard, and then came down and set to work to make it a good place to live in.
"Why, it's dark down here!" said the lizard, who loved plenty of sunlight and heat.
"Who cares," said the hoot owl and the horned owl and the whip-poor-will, who all liked the dark and could fly better when there wasn't much light.
"We all care!" cried the animals who lived in the fields and forests and got their living by daylight. One after another, the grasshopper, the bluebird, the bear, the meadow lark, the long-eared jack-rabbit, the cottontail bunny, the little buffalo, the testering snipe and the squirrel came to the Great Beaver and said that they wanted light.
"The only way to have light," said the Great Beaver, "is to send some one to get the sun and set it on a track overhead so that it will travel across the earth from east to west every day."
"Well," said Mamma Bear, who had

BUILDING A BICYCLE BOAT

Directions and Illustration Given Will Assist Materially in Construction of Craft.

Get two pine planks four inches thick by eight inches wide, and fourteen and a half feet long. Plane all four sides smoothly, and round off edges. Then measure back 15 inches from the bow and shape the bow end, as in the illustration. Round the under edges, that is the edge that goes in the water, writes Fred Crawford of West Virginia in the Farm News.
Now measure back from the stern eight inches, and shape the stern end



as shown in the illustration. Get some seven-eighths inch pine boards, grooved and cut them four feet long, and nail them across the planks. Start 12 inches from the stern and lay them as close as possible to within 20 inches of the bow.
An old bicycle frame is now firmly set upon a block, at such a height as to allow free turning space for the bicycle pedals. In the center of the craft, a little to the stern, from the chain wheel the chain runs to another sprocket wheel on the paddle shaft. The latter is made of hard wood two inches in diameter.
The shaft is supported by two blocks set near the edge of the boat. At each end of the shaft four paddles are attached of such a length as to dip six inches in the water. Have each paddle one foot long. The end of the paddle

Joyousness of Reunion.

"Were you glad to get back to school and see your dear teacher?"
"Well," replied the very observant boy, "I guess I was just about as glad as dear teacher was to get back and see me."

'Twill Not Be Always Thus.

Old Gentleman—I wouldn't make such faces if I were you, little man.
Small Boy (with difficulty)—You would if you knew this durn woman wuz goin' t' kiss you.—Judge.