

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 authorized photograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is given 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 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 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 fails. 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. Glass forces Speed out at sunrise to practice running. At the instigation of Fresno the cowboys put ice in Speed's shower bath.

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"I give him a nerve treatment. A jack-rabbit jumped at him this morning and he bolted to the outside fence." Larry forced his employer to a seat, then, securing a firm hold of the flesh, began to discourse learnedly upon anatomy and hygiene, the while his victim writhed. It was evident that the cattlemen were intensely interested. "Well, sir, when I first got him his sploven was in terrible shape," said Larry. "In fact, I never saw such a—"

"What was in terrible shape?" ventured the tenor.

"His sploven."

"Sploven! Is that a locality or a beverage?"

Glass glowered at the cause of the interruption. "It's a nerve-center, of course!" Then to the others, he ran on, glibly: "The treatment was simple, but it took time. You see, I had to first trace his beddido to its source, like this." He thrust a finger into Wally's back and plowed a furrow upward. "You see?" He paused, triumphantly. "A fore-shortened beddido! It ain't well yet."

"Can a man run fast with one of them?" inquired Willie.

"Certainly, certainly—provided, of course, that the percentage of spellidifer in the blood offsets it."

Both cowboys came closer now, and hung eagerly upon every word.

"And—does it do—that?" they questioned, while Fresno suggested that it was not easy to tell without bleeding the patient.

"No, no! You can hear the spellidifers." Glass motioned to Willie.

"Put your ear to his chest. Hear anything?"

"Heart's poundin' like a calf's at a brandin'!"

"Which proves it!" proudly asserted the trainer. "Barrin' accidents, Mr. Speed will be in the pink of condition by Saturday."

The cowmen beamed benignantly.

"That's fine!"

"We are sure pleased, and we've got something for you, Mr. Speed. Come on, Mr. Fresno, and give us a hand. We'll bring it in."

"It's a present!" exclaimed the athlete, brightly, when the three had gone out. "They seem more friendly this morning."

"Yes!" Glass laughed, mirthlessly. "They think you're going to win."

"Well, how do you know I can't win? You never saw this cook run."

"I don't have to; I've seen you."

"Just the same, I'm in pretty good shape. Maybe I could run if I really tried."

"Send yourself along, kid. It won't harm you none." The speaker fanned himself, and took a seat in the cosey-corner.

"Does look rar'," agreed the foreman.

"Then take it out and build a fire under it. I'll consent to eat here, but I won't turn cannibal, even to please you."

"I'm sorry." Stover did not interrupt his carving.

"Your diet ain't been right," explained Willie. "You ain't wild enough to suit us."

"Is this a joke?"

"We ain't never joked with you yet, have we?"

"No. But—"

"This breakfast goes as she lays!" Glass broke abruptly into smothered merriment. "When I laugh nowadays it's a funny joke," he giggled.

That grown men could be so stupid was unbelievable, and Wally, seeing himself the object of a senseless prank, was roused to anger.

"Lawrence, get my coat," said he. "I've been bullied enough; I'm going up to the house." When Stover only continued whittling methodically, he burst out: "Stop honing that shinbone! If you like it you can eat it! I'm going now to swallow a stack of hot cakes with maple syrup!"

"Mr. Speed," Willie impaled him with a steady glare, "you'll eat what we tell you to, and nothin' else! If we say 'grass,' grass it'll be. You're goin' to beat one Skinner if it takes a human life. And if that life happens to be yours, you got nobody but yourself to blame."

"Indeed!"

"You heard me! I've been set to ride herd on you daytimes, the other boys 'll guard you nights. We been double-crossed once—it won't happen again."

"You intend to make me eat this disgusting stuff, whether I want to or not?" Even yet the youth could not convince himself that this was other than a joke.

"No." Willie shook his head. "We just aim to make you want to eat it."

Then Larry Glass made his fatal mistake.

"Say, why don't you let Mr. Speed buy you a new phonograph, and call the race off?" he inquired.

Stover, stricken dumb, paused, knife in hand; Willie stared as if bereft of motion. Then the former spoke slowly. "Looks like we'd ought to smoke up this fat party, Will."

Willie nodded, and Glass realized that the little man's steel-blue eyes were riveted balefully upon him.

"I've had a hunch it would come to that," the near-sighted one replied. "Every time I look at him I see a bleedin' bullet hole in his abominable region, about here." He laid a finger upon his stomach, and Glass felt a darting pain at precisely the same spot.

"That's where you hit the gambler at Ogden," he heard Stover say—it might have been from a great distance—but I aim for the bridge of the nose."

"The belly ain't so sudden as the eye-socket, but it's more lingerin' and a heap painfuller," explained the sun man, and Speed was moved to sympathy.

"Larry only wanted to please you—eh, Larry?" he said, nervously, but

"Heart's Pounding Like a Calf's at Brandin'!"

Glass made no reply. His distended orbs were frozen upon Willie. It was doubtful if he even heard.

"Our honor ain't for sale," Still Bill declared.

Here Berkeley Fresno spoke. "Of course not. And you mustn't think that Speed is trying to get out of the race. He wants to run! And if anything happened to prevent his running he'd be broken-hearted, I know he would!"

Willie's hypnotic eye left the trainer's abdomen and traveled slowly to Speed.

"What could happen?" questioned he.

"N-nothing that I know of."

"You don't aim to leave?"

"Certainly not."

"Oh, you fellows take it too seriously," Fresno offered carelessly. "He might have to."

Willie's upper lip drew back, showing his yellow teeth.

"They don't sell no railroad tickets before Saturday, and the walkin' is bad. There's your breakfast, Mr. Speed. When you've at your fill, you better rest. And don't talk to them ladies, neither; it spoils your train of thought!"

CHAPTER XIV.

NOW that the possibility of escape from the Flying Heart was cut off, the young man felt agonizing regret that he had not yielded to his trainer's earlier importunities and taken refuge in flight while there was yet time. Everything was too late now. Even if he made a clean breast of the whole affair to Jean, or to her brother when he arrived, what good would that do? De doubted Jack's ability to save him, in the light of what had just passed; for men like Willie cared nothing for the orders of the person whose pay roll they chanced to grace. And Willie was not alone, either; the rest of the crew were equally desperate. What heed would these nomads pay to Jack Chapin's commands, once they learned the truth?

There were still, however, two days of grace, and to youth two days is an eternity. Therefore, he closed his eyes and trusted to the unexpected. How the unexpected could get past that



Willie's Hypnotic Eye Traveled Slowly to Speed.

grim, watchful sentry just outside the door he could not imagine, but when the breakfast-bell reminded him of his hunger, he banished his fears for the sake of the edibles his custodians had served.

"Don't you want anything to eat?" he inquired, when Larry made no move to depart for the cookhouse.

"No."

"Not hungry, eh?"

"I'm hungry enough to eat a plush cushion, but—"

"What?"

"Mary!"

"Marietta?"

"Sure. She's been chasin' me again. If somebody don't side track that Cuban, I'll have to lick Carara." He sighed. "I told you we'd ought to tin can it out of here. Now it's too late."

It was perhaps a half-hour later that Helen Blake came tripping into the gymnasium, radiant, sparkling, her crisp white dress touched here and there with blue that matched her eyes, in her hands a sunshade, a novel, and a mysterious little bundle.

"We were so sorry to lose you at breakfast," she began.

Wally led her to the cosey-corner, and seated himself beside her.

"I suppose it is a part of this horrid training. I would never have mentioned that foot race if I had dreamed it would be like this."

Here at least was a soul that sympathized.

"The only hardship is not to see you," he declared softly.

Miss Blake dropped her eyes.

"I thought you might like to go walking; it's a gorgeous morning. You see, I've brought a book to read to you while you rest—you must be tired after your run."

"I am, and I will. This is awfully good of you, Miss Blake." Speed rose, overwhelmed with joy, but the look of Glass was not to be passed up. "I—I'm afraid it's impossible, however."

The blue eyes flew open in astonishment. "Why?" the girl questioned. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hecatan Tried To.

"Phillip," said the teacher, "parse tht sentence, 'Yucatan is a peninsula.'"

"Yes'm," falteringly began Phillip, who never could understand grammar any way, "Yucatan is a proper noun, nom'tive case, second person, singular—"

"Why?" asked teacher in amazement, "how do you make that out?"

"Yes'm," said Phillip, swallowing hard. "First person I ca tan, second person, Yucatan, third person, Hecatan; plural, first person We-atan, second per—"

But right here the teacher fainted.

One Way to Cure Habit of Stuttering.
Recently a well-known woman physician wrote a pamphlet on "Stuttering Children," and sent it to all her friends. In it she told the mothers of all children who are inclined to stutter that the way to aggravate the affliction is to notice it.

"Pay no attention to it," she wrote, "but when the child talks particularly clearly, praise him for it. Keep him in the open air as much as possible. There are only a few cases that must be sent to a school to overcome the stuttering habit."

WORK OF WOODEN HEN

BROODERS SHOULD BE THOROUGHLY CLEANED.

Good Location in Warm Place Where Temperature Never Reaches Freezing Point—Successful Method of Feeding the Chicks.

(By E. K. PARKINSON)

In buying new brooders there should be great care as to selection and a strict observance of rules regulating temperature. Brooders before being used should be cleaned, scrubbed, disinfected inside and out, lamp flues cleaned, outside painted, then put in the sun to air and dry and also new wicks bought and used for each hatch. Now to find a good location. An indoor brooder should be kept in a warm place where temperature never goes below freezing. An outdoor one should be in a sunny place, for sun is very essential.

The brooder placed, cover floor and the hover with an inch of dry sand, on top of which (except under hover and for a foot in front of it) spread finely cut clover or hay for about an inch. Light the lamp, or stove, whichever it may be, regulating the temperature according to directions so the heat



Brown Leghorn.

where the chicks sleep is between 95 and 98 degrees the first week, gradually dropping to 90 degrees by the fourteenth day and to 80 degrees the twenty-first day. Leave the newly hatched chicks in the incubator nursery thirty-six hours, then transfer them in a warm lined basket to the brooder (evening is the best time), providing a small drinking fountain filled with fresh tepid water and a box filled with charcoal. The first three days feed a mixture of one-third stale bread, one-third rolled oats and one-third hard boiled (twenty minutes) eggs, using shells and all (infertile, thin shelled or misshapen eggs) and mix crumbly, but not sloppy, with sweet milk, adding a little chick size grit, giving it five times daily. Over this, the second day, sprinkle chick feed.

The first three days keep chicks near the hover, pushing them back under it after each meal until they are used to it. The fourth day stop the nursery food, feeding scratch feed, throwing it in the clover, and start green food, though sparingly, and avoid sour or frozen feed or musty grain, for they are certain dead. After the sixth day begin feeding meat scraps in small quantities, an ounce fed twice daily in feed hoppers. The following successful method of feeding is excellent: Over the cut clover spread ten pounds of chick feed, covering with two more inches of clover and ten pounds more of feed, and so on, until there are eight inches of litter and sixty pounds of feed. This, with meat scraps and green food, lasts about five weeks, and reared in this way chicks will prove sturdy, healthy and possess great vitality.

WORK OF BEES IN ORCHARDS

It Has Been Proved That Little Honey Gatherers Are Responsible for Cross-Pollination.

It has been a matter of doubt until recently as to just what agencies were responsible for cross-pollination in apple orchards. It was thought that the wind was a factor as well as the honey bees and other insects. It has been proved, however, that the wind has very little to do in aiding cross-pollination, and that honey bees, wild bees and other insects are very necessary for the transference of pollen.

To determine the importance of the honey bee and other insects as factors in cross-pollination, an experiment was carried on by the Kansas experiment station under the direction of James W. McCulloch, assistant entomologist. Wind was not considered in the test, because it was found that wherever apples were grown far from an apiary only a small amount of fruit was grown.

It was found that tame bees were the predominating insects visiting the flowers. They visited the trees from early morning until sundown. Cloudy or windy weather seemed to reduce their number and they did not begin flying until after the dew had left the trees.

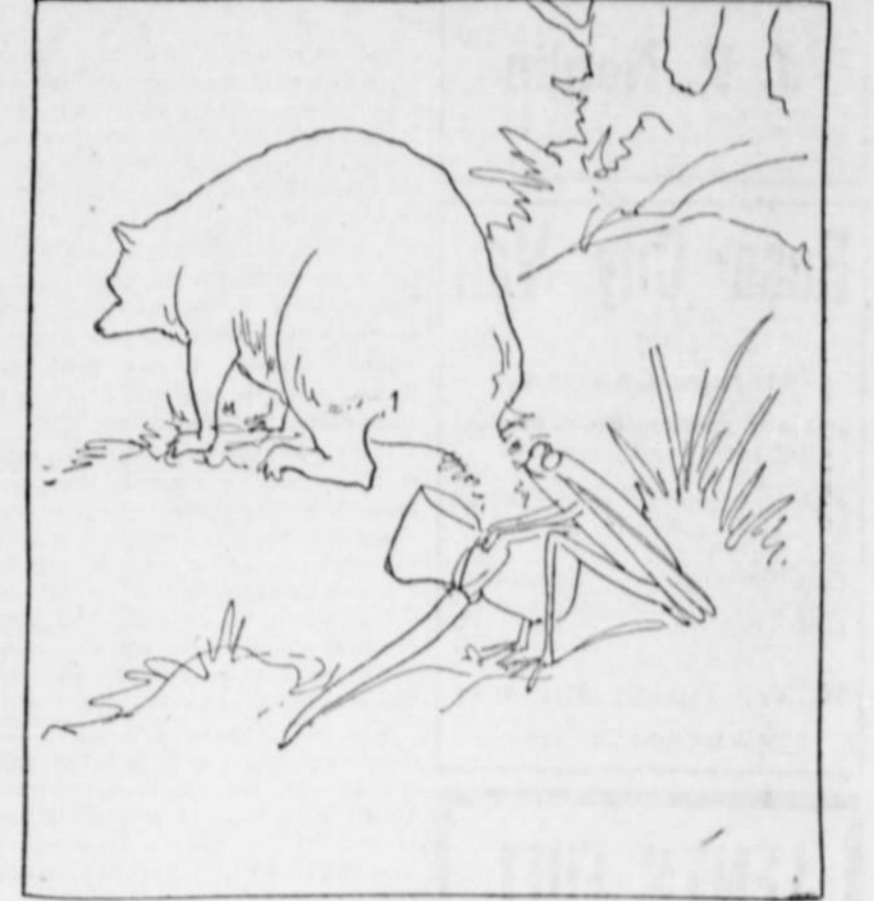
Raising Turkeys.
No use to try to raise turkeys unless the poults are kept free from lice. They should be examined at least every ten days.

Making Plans.
Mighty good farming can be done in front of the fireplace or alongside of a hot stove on a stormy day by making plans for next season's work.

New Indian Animal Stories

Why the 'Possum's Tail Is Bare

By JOHN M. OSKISON



Get Out Your Paint Boxes and Color the Animals.

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Long time ago, the 'possum had a beautiful bushy tail. He was so proud of it that he combed it out every morning and made up some songs about it. The rabbit, who had only a stump of a tail after the bear pulled most of it off, got very jealous of the 'possum on account of his tail, and decided to play a trick on him.

There was to be a great council and dance of the animals, and the rabbit said that he would invite every one to come. He went to tell the 'possum, and the 'possum said:

"I will come if you will be sure to have a special seat for me. I have such a fine tail that I ought to sit where every one can have a good look at me."

"Very well," said the rabbit, "I will have the best seat for you; also, I will send you some one to comb and dress your tail for you." The 'possum was pleased, and thanked the rabbit.

Then the rabbit went to the cricket, who was such a good hair cutter that he was called the barber. "You go and dress the 'possum's tail for the dance," the rabbit said to him; and the rabbit told the cricket just what to do.

Next morning, the cricket went to the 'possum's house and said that he had come to fix him up for the dance. "You just stretch out and take it easy," said the cricket. So the 'possum stretched himself out, shut his eyes, and let the cricket do his work.

Now the cricket combed out the 'possum's tail and wrapped a red ribbon around it to keep it smooth until that night at the dance. But as he combed, the cricket clipped off all the hair close to the roots, and he wrapped the red ribbon around a bare tail.

When night came, the 'possum went to the council house where the dance was to be, and he found the best seat ready for him. "So, my friend Rabbit keeps his word," said the 'possum.

His turn came in the dance, and the 'possum loosened the red ribbon from his tail and stepped into the middle of the floor. The drummers began to beat, and the 'possum began to dance and sing, "Oh, see my beautiful tail!"

Every one shouted when they heard what the 'possum sang, so he danced around the circle again, singing "See What a Fine Color My Tail Has." Again, all of the animals shouted, and the 'possum danced around a third time, and he sang, "See How My Tail Sweeps the Ground!"

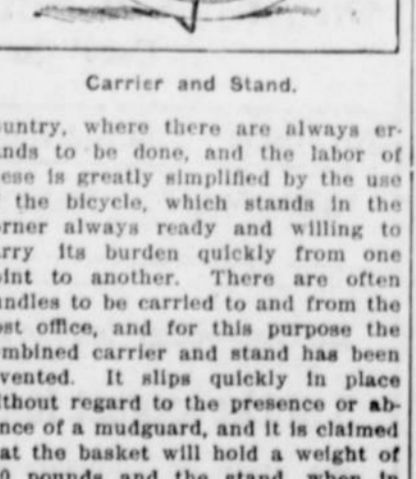
This time the animals shouted louder than ever, and once more the 'possum danced and sang, "See How Fine the Fur of My Tail Is!" Then every one laughed so long that the 'possum wondered what they were laughing at. Some one said, "Look at your beautiful tail!" and the 'possum, for the first time, looked down at his tail.

Not a single hair was left on it—it was as bare as a lizard! The 'possum was so surprised and ashamed that he could not say a word; he just rolled over on the ground and grinned! And that is what he does to this day when he is taken by surprise.

CARRIER AND BICYCLE STAND

Handy Combination Which Increases Utility of Wheels—Labor of Errands Greatly Simplified.

While the fact may not be generally appreciated, it is, nevertheless, true that the bicycle is increasing in its popularity, not so much for pleasure as for practical purposes. This is particularly true of the suburbs and



Carrier and Stand.

country, where there are always errands to be done, and the labor of these is greatly simplified by the use of the bicycle, which stands in the corner always ready and willing to carry its burden quickly from one point to another. There are often bundles to be carried to and from the post office, and for this purpose the combined carrier and stand has been invented. It slips quickly in place without regard to the presence or absence of a mudguard, and it is claimed that the basket will hold a weight of 100 pounds and the stand, when in use, will hold the weight of a 175-pound rider.

Fitting Remedy.
Tommy—I want another box of those pills, like what I got for mother yesterday.
Druggist—Did your mother say they were good?
Tommy—No, but they just fit my ar—
—Life.

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QUEER LITTLE PRISON BIRD

How a Beautiful Variety of Heronbill Becomes Prisoner During Nesting Time.

Sylvia and Betty drew their chairs close to Uncle Ellis.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I promised to tell you about the queer little prison bird. Well, its home is in Africa, and it is called 'prison bird' because it is really a prisoner during its nesting time."

"Father and mother prison bird build their nest in the hollow of a tree; they go through an opening in the bark. With downy feathers plucked from her own breast, the mother prison bird makes the nest quite cozy and comfortable; then she enters and settles down in it."

"Father bird at once plasters up the entrance, leaving an opening that exactly suits the form of his beak. The opening is only large enough for air and food to pass through."

"Mother bird lays her eggs, hatches them, and stays with the baby birds until they are old enough to fly."

"During all of that time, which is said to be several weeks, the father bird stays near his home, and keeps a faithful watch. Without fail he brings food to her as often as she needs it."

"It is a sad thing if the father bird dies, or in any way is kept from taking care of his family. The mother cannot free herself, and so she and the baby birds starve to death."

"As soon as the baby birds are able to fly, the father tears away the barrier to his home with his beak, and sets them and their mother free, and the little prisoners greet the light and the unknown world."

"It seems to me that the father bird must be glad when the task of feeding his mate and babies is over."

"Has the prison bird any other name, and is it a pretty bird?" Sylvia asked, when Uncle Ellis had finished.

"Yes," said Uncle Ellis, "it is a kind of hornbill, and it is a beautiful bird."—Virginia Farley in Youth's Companion.

Athletes at Princeton.
Princeton university has over 1,300 students registered in various sports.