

GOING SOME

A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION
BY
REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY
REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated By
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SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized champion to 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, suggests to Joan Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the photograph. Helen declares that if Covington will run, Speed will win. 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 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. The cowboys force Speed to eat in the training quarters and prepare him a diet of very rare meat. Miss Blake takes a cake for Speed and is offended when Larry refuses to allow him to eat it. Covington arrives on crutches. Miss Blake breaks his toe in Omaha. Mrs. Keap, engaged to Covington and in love with Jack Chapin, exposes Speed to Helen, because Speed had failed to prevent Covington from joining the party.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Will you marry me?" asked J. Wallingford Speed.

"The idea!" Miss Blake gasped.

"Will you?"

"Please don't speak that way. When a man cares for a woman, he doesn't deceive her—he tells her everything. You told me you were a great runner, and I believed you. I'll never believe you again. Of course, I shall behave to you in a perfectly friendly manner, but underneath the surface I shall be consumed with indignation." Miss Blake commenced to be consumed.

"See! You don't acknowledge your perfidy even now."

"What's the use? If I said I couldn't run, and then beat the cook, you'd believe I deceived you again. And suppose that I can't beat him?"

"Then I shall know they have told me the truth."

"And if, on the other hand, I should win"—Miss Blake's eyes fell—"Helen, would you marry me?" Speed started toward her, but she had fled out into the twilight.

Dusk was settling over stretches of purple land, and already the room was peopled by shadows. Work was over; there were sounds of cheerful preparations for supper; from the house came faint chords of laughter.

It was the hush that precedes the evening as it does the dawn; the hour of reverie, in which all music is sweet, and forgotten faces arise to haunt.

Speed stood where the girl had left him, miserable, hopeless, helpless. And certainly his love was lost. He had stayed on in the stubborn superstitious belief that something would surely happen to relieve him from his predicament—fortune had never failed him before—and instead, every day, every incident, had served to involve him deeper. Now she knew! It was her golden heart that had held her true thus far, but could any devotion



"I Love You!" Wally Said.

survive the sight of humiliation such as he would suffer on the morrow? Already he heard the triumphant jeers of the Centipede henchmen, the angry clamor of the Flying Heart, the mocking laughter of his rival.

He groaned aloud. Forsooth, a broken tool! Of all the countless tens of thousands of toes in Christendom, the one he had hung his salvation upon had proven weaker than a reed. What cruel jest of Fate was this? If Fate had wished to break a toe why had she not selected, out of all the billions at her disposal, that of some other athlete than Culver Covington—even his own.

J. Wallingford Speed started suddenly and paled. He had remembered

that no one could force a crippled man to run.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "I'll do it!" He crossed quickly to the bunk-house door and looked in. The room was empty. The supper-bell pealed out, and he heard the cow-men answer it. Now was the appointed moment; he might have no other. With cat-like tread he slipped into the sleeping-quarters, returning in a moment with a revolver. He stared thankfully at the weapon—better this than dishonor.

"Why didn't I think of it before? It's perfectly simple. I'll accidentally shoot myself—in the foot!"

But even as he gazed at the gun he saw that the muzzle was as large as a gopher-hole. A bullet of that size would sink a ship, he meditated in a panic, and as for his foot—what frightful execution it would work! But—it were better to lose a foot than a foot-race, under present conditions, so he began to unlace his shoe. Then realizing the value of circumstantial evidence, he paused. No! His disability must bear all the earmarks of an accident. He must guess the location of his smallest and least important toe, and trust the rest to his marksmanship. Visions of blood-poisoning beset him, and when he pressed the muzzle against the point of his shoe his hand shook with such a palsy that he feared he might miss. He steeled himself with the thought that other men had snuffed out life itself in this manner, then sat down upon the floor and cocked the weapon a second time.

He wondered if the shock might, by any chance, numb him into unconsciousness. If so, he might bleed to death before assistance arrived. But he had nothing to do with that. The only question was, which foot. He regarded them both tenderly. They were nice feet, and had done him many favors. He loved every toe; they were almost like innocent children. It was a dastardly deed to take advantage of them thus, but—he advanced the revolver until it pressed firmly against the outside of his left foot, then closed his eyes, and called upon his courage. There came a great roaring in his ears.

How long he sat thus waiting for the explosion he did not know, but he opened his eyes at length to find the foot still intact, and the muzzle of the weapon pointing directly at his instep. He altered his aim hurriedly, when, without warning of any sort, a man's figure appeared silhouetted against the window.

The figure dropped noiselessly to the floor inside the room, and cried, in a strange voice:

"Lock those doors! Quick!"

Flinding that it was no hallucination, Speed rose, calling out:

"Who are you?"

"Sh-h-h!" The stranger darted across the room and bolted both doors, while the other felt a chill of apprehension at these sinister precautions.

He grasped his revolver firmly while his heart thumped. The fellow's appearance was anything but reassuring; he was swarthy and sun-browned, his clothes were ragged, his overalls were patched; instead of a coat, he wore a loosely flapping vest over a black sateen shirt, long since rusted out to a nondescript brown.

"I've been trying to get to you for a week," announced the mysterious visitor hoarsely.

"W-what do you want? Who are you?"

"I'm Skinner, cook for the Centipede."

"The man I race?"

"Not so loud." Skinner was straining for the faintest sound from the direction of the mess-house.

"I'll kill him!" exclaimed the Eastern lad. But the other forestalled a murder by running on, rapidly:

"Listen, now! Hump and I jobbed this gang last month; we're partners, see? He's got another race framed at Pocatello, and I want to make a get-away—"

"Yes! yes! you needn't stay here—on my account."

"Now don't let's take any chances to-morrow, see? We're both out for the coin. What do you want to do—win or lose?" Skinner jumped back to the door and listened.

"What?"

"Don't stall!" the stranger cried, impatiently. "Will I win or will you? What's it worth?" He clipped his words short, his eyes darted furtive glances here and there.

"Can I win?" gasped Speed.

"You can if there's enough in it for me. I'm broke, see? You bet five hundred, and we'll cut it two ways."

"I—I haven't that much with me."

"Borrow it. Don't be a boob. Meet me in Albuquerque Sunday, and we'll split there."

"Is that all I have to do?"

"Certainly. What's the matter with you, anyhow?" Skinner cast a suspicious glance at his companion.

"I—I guess I'm rattled—it's all so sudden."

"Of course you'll have to run fast enough so we don't tip off."

"How fast is that?"

"Oh, ten-four," carelessly. "That's what Humpy and I did."

"Ten and four-fifths—seconds?"

"Certainly. Don't kid me! They're liable to break in on us."

"Mr. Skinner, I—I can't run that fast. Fifteen is going some for me."

"What!" Skinner stared at his opponent strangely.

"That's right. I'm a lemon."

"Ain't you the Yale champ? The guy that goes under 'even time'?"

Wally shook his head. "I'm his chum. I couldn't catch a cramp."

The brown face of the Centipede sprinter split into a grin, his eyes gleamed. "Then I'll win," said he. "I'm the sucker, but I'll make good. Get your money down, and I'll split with you."

"No, no! Not you! Me! I must win!" Speed clutched his caller desperately.

"All right, I'll frame anything; but I can't run any slower than I did with Joe and make a live of it. They'd shoot us both."

"But there's a girl in this—a girl I love. It means more than mere life."

Skinner was plainly becoming nervous at the length of the interview.

"Couldn't you fall down?" inquired the younger man, timidly.

The cook laughed derisively. "I could fall down twice and beat you in fifteen." After an instant's thought:

"Say, there's one chance, if we don't run straight away. There's a corral out where we race; you insist on running around it, see? There's nothing in the 's'cles about straightaways. That'll kid 'em on the time. If I get too far ahead, I'll fall down."

"But will you stay down? Till I catch up?"

"Sure! Leave it to me."

"You won't forget, or anything like that?"

"Certainly not. But no rough work



A Man's Figure Appeared at the Window.

in front of the cowboys, understand? Sh-h-h!"

Skinner vaulted lightly through the window, landing in the dirt outside without a sound. "Somebody coming," he whispered. "Understand: Merchants' Hotel, Albuquerque, noon, Sunday." And the next instant he had vanished into the dusk, leaving behind him a youth half gloom with hope.

Out of the blackest gloom had come J. Wallingford Speed's deliverance, telling me about this foot-race. What in the deuce is the matter with you, anyhow? Why didn't you let me know?"

The girls drew closer, and Speed saw that Miss Blake was pale.

"I wouldn't have allowed it for a minute. Now, of course, I'm going to call it off."

"Oh, Jack, dear, you simply can't!" exclaimed his sister. "You've no idea the state the boys are in."

"They'll never let you, Chapin," supplemented Fresno.

The master laughed shortly. "They and he did not pause to consider the ethics involved. With light heart he hastened to replace the borrowed revolver in the bunk-room just as voices coming nearer betokened the arrival of his friends from the house. As he stepped out into the night he came upon Jack Chapin.

"Hello, Wally!"

"Hello, Jack!" They shook hands, while the owner of the Flying Heart continued.

"I've just got in, and they've been won't, eh? Who is boss here, I'd like to know?"

"They've bet a lot of money. And you know how they feel about that photograph."

"It's the most idiotic thing I ever heard of. Whatever possessed you, Wally? If the men make a row, I'll have to smuggle you and Glass over to the railroad to-night."

"I'm for that," came the voice of Larry.

"I suppose it's all my fault," Miss Blake began wretchedly, whereat the object of their general solicitude took on an aspect of valor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Prophetic Retort.

The governor of Virginia, at a time when Washington as a mere youth ventured to remonstrate against the injustice of a certain decree, turned fiercely upon the young man and inquired:

"And who the dickens are you, sir?"

With a cold but courteous bow, the young Virginian, drawing himself up to his proud height, frigidly replied:

"Nobody in particular just now, but for the future, sir, somebody in general."

The haughty emphasis on the word general, it is said, sent a cold chill running up and down the governor's spine, which it required seven mint juleps and six bottles of port to relieve—Judge.

SOME TIMELY GARDEN NOTES

Hotbeds Should Be Watched Closely and Manure Carefully Prepared—Inspect All Implements.

(By LE ROY CADDY, Assistant Horticulturist, University Farm, St. Paul, Minn.)

Watch the hotbeds closely.

Ventilate hotbeds on the side away from the wind if possible.

Manure may be spread on the garden and plowed in this spring.

Be sure the manure is heating evenly before it is put in the frame.

If hotbed manure does not heat readily put on a few buckets of hot water.

Bank hotbeds with manure that is not heating. Dry manure will not be so likely to freeze and take heat from the frame.

When pruning, have a reason for every cut made and close to the limb or trunk. Leave no stubs.

Pruning may be done late in March. Cover all wounds over one-half inch in diameter with white lead or grafting wax.

Seed for most early plants may be sown at this time. Transplant when large enough and keep growing nicely till they are ready to set in the field.

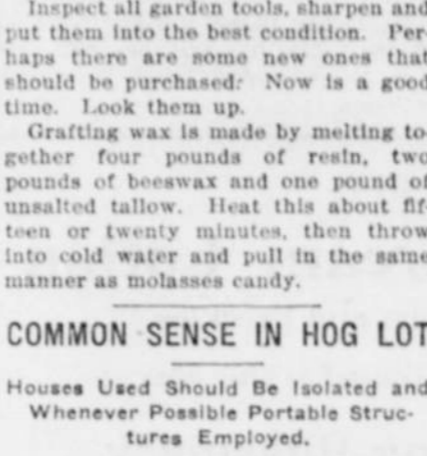
Inspect all garden tools, sharpen and put them into the best condition. Perhaps there are some new ones that should be purchased. Now is a good time. Look them up.

Grafting wax is made by melting together four pounds of resin, two pounds of beeswax and one pound of unsalted tallow. Heat this about fifteen or twenty minutes, then throw into cold water and pull in the same manner as molasses candy.

COMMON SENSE IN HOG LOT

Houses Used Should Be Isolated and Whenever Possible Portable Structures Employed.

It is a wise man who will give his hogs plenty of sunlight. It is not easy to do this in a large building, particu-



A Berkshire Sow and Her Litter.

larly if it is made a part of any other building.

Hog houses ought to be isolated, and better still, portable houses should be used whenever possible.

Portable houses, mounted on runners, can be moved from one small clover or rape field to another, giving the pigs fresh pasturage and clean quarters. Of course such pens are only for shelter and nesting purposes.

The portable farrowing pen should have a place on every farm where two or more sows are kept. These are easily built by any farmer handy with tools, and should not cost over three dollars.

PROPER FEED FOR TURKEYS

When the Hen Begins to Set She Should Be Provided With Corn and Wheat and Fresh Water.

(By C. M. SHULTZ.)

When the turkey hen begins to sit, she should be provided with a dish of whole corn and wheat, given access to fresh water twice a day, and then must be left absolutely undisturbed. In order to get the best results, each turkey hen should have an individual pen where she can sit and eat and drink without being compelled to go out into the yard with the other birds, or be disturbed in any way.

If she is to be disturbed at all, it is only to give her a thorough dusting with insect powder two or three times during the sitting period, which covers from 27 to 30 days. During this time the turkey hen sits very quietly, sometimes refusing to leave the nest for 36 hours at a time to get food or water. She should never be urged to leave the nest for this purpose or any other, but food and water should always be within her reach at all times. She knows best what she wants, and when she wants it.

CULLING THE POULTRY FLOCK

Hens Over Two or Three Years of Age, Badly Shaped Birds and Poor Layers Are Unprofitable.

(By PROP. J. G. HALPIN, Wisconsin College of Agriculture.)

The poultry flock should be culled during early summer, so as to take advantage of the comparatively good prices that prevail then. Hens over two or three years old, the small hens, the badly shaped ones with crow heads or crooked breasts, over-fat hens, and hens known to be poor layers, should be sold. Not only will the price be lower later in the season, but the presence of these undesirable hens will reduce the efficiency of the entire flock. Then, after the flock has been culled, all the remaining hens should be given leg bands or other-wise marked so that they may later be distinguished from the pullets.

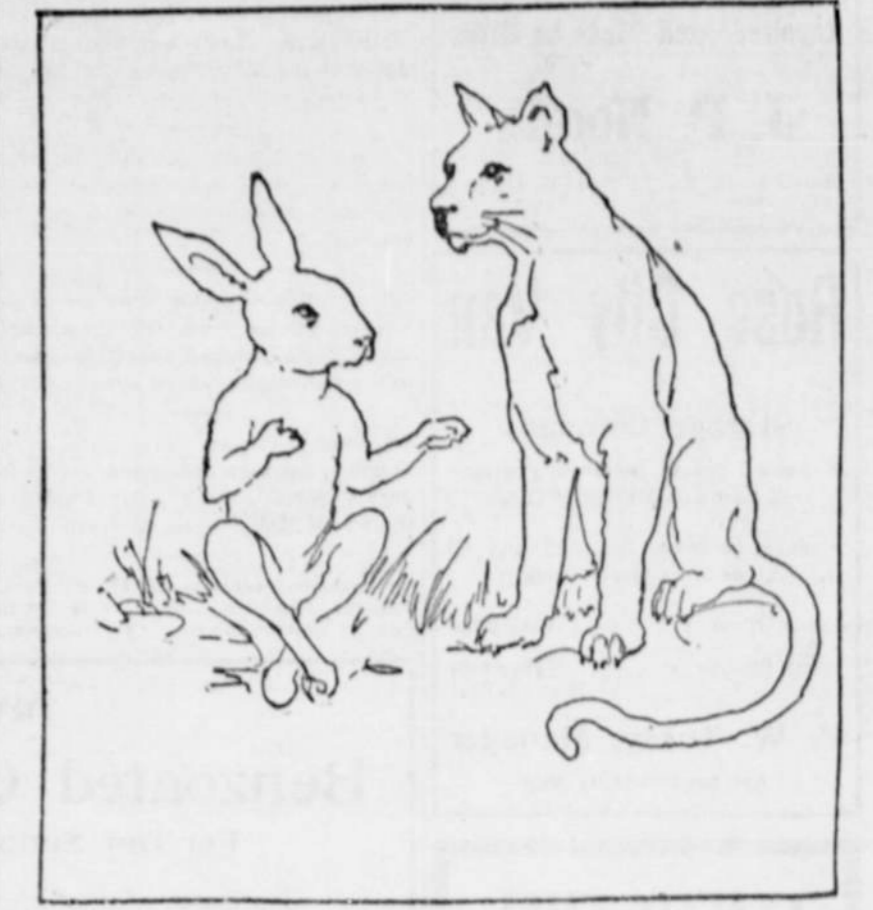
Utilize Manure Crops.

The ideal way to utilize crops grown for manuring is to feed them to stock and to return the manure to the soil, thus securing their full feeding value and from two-thirds to three-fourths of the original fertilizer value.

New Indian Animal Stories

How the Wildcat Got a Square Meal

By JOHN M. OSKISON



Children, Color the Above Sketch to Suit Yourself. Save All the Sketches and Make a Book of Them.

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

Long time ago wild turkeys used to strut and gobble through the woods close by the camps of the Indians. At dusk the old gobbles sent the sounds of their quarrelling to the ears of the sleepy Indian children, and the children rubbed their heavy eyes and asked the old people to tell about the time the rabbit got away from the wildcat by getting for him a feast of wild turkey meat. And the old people would tell this story:

One day the rabbit stayed out playing until it was very late. The sun was down and the darkness had filled up every crack in the big woods, and still the rabbit stayed out to play, instead of getting home as fast as he could and going to sleep in his hollow stump home.

All at once, as the rabbit made a jump over a log, a wildcat dropped from the limb of a tree just over the rabbit's path and grabbed him.

"Now," said the wildcat, "I shall have a supper to make me dream good dreams!"

"What!" said the rabbit, "are you going to eat me?"

"Yes, I am," said the wildcat, "have you anything to say?"

"Well," said the rabbit, "all I've got to say is that you can't be very hungry if you'd rather eat me than the good feast I know about."

"So you know about a better supper?" asked the wildcat. And he sat down to listen to what the rabbit had to say.

"Come with me," said the rabbit, "and I will show you where you can get a fine feast of wild turkeys. When I tell you to stop, then you lie down and make out you're dead. Then I'll bring the turkeys right up to you. I'll tell them you're dead, and I'll lead a dance around you. You mustn't wake up until I give the word, and don't mind even if somebody kicks

"Now hit the wildcat as we do in the war dance," said the rabbit. And as they danced the turkeys hit the wildcat, but he did not move. Finally, the biggest gobbler kicked the wildcat, and just then the rabbit struck the ground hard with his stick and shouted out as loud as he could: "Pick out the biggest gobbler!" And then the wildcat jumped up quick and grabbed the biggest gobbler and ran off to the best supper he had ever had.

And ever since, when night comes, the wild turkeys have gone to sleep in the trees at night, where the rabbits can't find them. Ever since, too, good rabbits have always come home before it gets quite dark—an example to little children.

RURAL SCHOOLS OF COUNTRY

Movement to Stimulate Interest Among Children in the Work of the Boys' and Girls' Clubs.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The rural schools of the country have instituted agricultural studies relating to the Boys' Corn club and the Girls' Canning club work under the direction of the department of agriculture. The movement is to stimulate interest among the school children in the work of the department's juvenile clubs.

As planned by the department there is a course of ten studies in agriculture covering a period of ten weeks. Teachers are urged by the officials to teach agriculture along the lines suggested by the department, at least twice a month, and to encourage the scholars to take up active agricultural lessons. The following instructions to teachers have been issued by the department:

First week—Use this period for the purpose of organizing the corn club and enrolling the boys who are interested. Call the girls of the sixth and seventh grades together, organizing them into a canning club. Urge all the girls in the community to be present and become members.

Second week—Instruct the boys how to select their land and teach them the kind and character of soil. Teach the girls about the different kinds of soils that are best for tomato growing.

Third week—Study the careful preparation of the seed bed. Study with the girls the importance and necessity of careful preparation of the soil for successful tomato crops.

Fourth week—Devote time to lesson in winter cover crops. Show the girls

the necessity of keeping careful records of every step in the growing of the tomato crop so that they can make full reports at the end of the year.

Fifth week—Make a careful study of seed corn. Spend some time studying diseases, insects and remedies that work on the tomato plant.

Sixth week—Study report blanks and impress upon the boys the importance of keeping full and accurate data so that a report can be made at the end of the season. Study hot-bed and cold-frame and teach the girls how to plant tomato seed in boxes, keeping them in warm windows so as to get early plants.

Seventh week—Urge the boys to clean up about the barn lot and teach them how to save the product and make compost. Teach the girls the value of well rotted manure and enriching the soil where tomatoes are to be grown; also how to make compost and its value.

Eighth week—Visit merchants, bankers and public spirited people in the community for the purpose of securing prizes to be offered the boys for the best acres of corn and the girls for the best results in tomato growing.

Ninth week—Test samples of the seed corn for the corn club boys and the farmers of the community. Devote this time to canning outfits for home and other canning supplies.

Tenth week—Devote this week to the study of farm fertilizers. Study recipes for canning, preserving and making jellies. Invite girls to bring to the school copies of several recipes to study.

One Smelt.

A man bought two fishes, but on taking them home found he had three; how was that?

He had two—and one smelt.