

GOING SOME



A ROMANCE OF
STRENUOUS AFFECTION

BY
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SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY
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CHAPTER I.

OUR cowboys inclined their bodies over the barbed-wire fence which marked the dividing line between the Centipede Ranch and their own, staring mournfully into a summer night such as only the far southwestern country knows. And as the four inclined their bodies, they inclined also their ears, after the strained manner of listeners who feel anguish at what they hear. A voice, shrill and human, pierced the night like a needle, then, with a wall of a tortured soul, died away amid discordant raspings: the voice of a phonograph. It was their own, or had been until one over-confident day, when the Flying Heart Ranch had staked it as a wager in a foot-race with the neighboring Centipede, and their own man had been too slow. As it had been their pride, it remained their disgrace. Dearly had they loved, and dearly lost it. It meant something that looked like honor, and though there were ten thousand thousand phonographs, in all the world there was not one that could take its place.

The sound ceased, there was an approving, distant murmur of men's voices, and then the song began: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, Lift up your voice and sing—"

Higher and higher the voice mounted until it reached again its first thin, ear-splitting pitch.

"Still Bill!" Stover stirred uneasily in the darkness.

"Why'n'ell don't they keep her wound up?" he complained. "Gallagher's got the soul of a wart-hog. It's criminal the way he massacres that hymn."

From a rod farther down the wire fence Willie answered him, in a boy's falsetto:

"I wonder if he does it to spite me?" "He don't know you're here," said Stover.

The other came out of the gloom, a little stoop-shouldered man with spectacles.

"I ain't noways sure," he piped, peering up at his lanky foreman.

"Why do you reckon he allus lets Mrs. Melby peter out on my favorite record? He done the same thing last night. It looks like an insult."

"It's nothing but his ignorance," Stover replied. "He don't want no trouble with you. None of 'em do."

"I'd like to know for certain." The small man seemed torn by doubt. "If I only knew he done it a-purpose, I'd git him. I bet I could do it from here."

Stover's voice was gruff as he commanded: "Forget it! Ain't it bad enough for

nouncement in a man's metallic syllables:

"The Baggage Coach Ahead," as sung by Helena Mora for the Echo Phonograph, of New York and Pa-saris!"

From the dusk to the right of the two listeners now issued soft Spanish phrases.

"Madre de Dios! The Baggage Car in Front! T'adora Mora! God bless 'er!"

During the rendition of this affecting ballad the two cow-men remained draped-uncomfortably over the barbed-wire barrier, lost in rapturous enjoyment. When the last note had died away, Stover roused himself reluctantly.

"It's time we was turnin' in." He called softly, "Hey, Mex!"

"Si, Senor!"

"Come on, you and Cloudy. Vamos! It's ten o'clock."

He turned his back on the Centipede Ranch that housed the treasure, and in company with Willie, made his way to the ponies. Two other figures joined them, one humming in a musical baritone the strains of the song just ended.

"Cut that out, Mex! They'll hear us," Stover cautioned.

"Caramba! This t'ing is brek my 'eart," said the Mexican, sadly. "It seem like the Senorita Mora is sing that song to me. Mebbe she knows I'm set out 'ere on cactus an' listen to her. Ah, I love that Senorita ver' much."

The little man with the glasses began to swear in his high falsetto. His ear had caught the phonograph operator in another musical mistake.

"That horn-toad let Mrs. Melby die again to-night," said he. "It's sure comin' to a hunnacaboo between him and me. If somebody don't kill him pretty soon, he'll wear out that machine before we git it back."

"Humph! It don't look like we'd ever get it back," said Stover.

One of the four sighed audibly, then vaulting into his saddle, went loping away without waiting for his companions.

"Cloudy's sore because they didn't play 'Navajo,'" said Willie. "Well, I don't blame 'em none for omittin' that war-dance. It ain't got the class of them other pieces. While it's devised to suit the intellect of an Injun, perhaps it ain't in the runnin' with 'The Holy City,' which tunc is the sweetest and sacrest ever sung."

Carara paused with a hand upon the neck of his cayuse.

"Eet is not so fine as 'The Baggage Car in Front,'" he declared.

"It's got it beat a mile!" Willie flashed back, harshly.

"Here, you!" exclaimed Stover, "no arguments. We all have our favorites, and it ain't up to no individual to force his likes and dislikes down no other feller's throat." The other two men he addressed mounted their broncos stiffly.

ter, followed by his companions. "I don't see how folks can be so damn' funny!" he gasped.

"It's natural to 'em, like warts," said Willie; "they're born with it, the same as I was born to shoot straight with either hand, and the same as Mex was born to throw a rope. He don't know how he does it, and neither do I. Some folks can say funny things, some can sing, like Missus Melby; some can run foot-races, like that Centipede cook—"

Carara breathed an eloquent Mexican oath.

"Do you reckon he fixed that race with Humpy Joe?" inquired Stover.

"Name's Skinner," Willie observed. "It sounds bad."

"I'm sorry Humpy left us so sudden," said Still Bill. "We'd ought to have questioned him. If we only had proof that the race was crooked—"

"You can so gamble it was crooked," the little man averred. "Them Centipede fellers never done nothin' on the square. They got Hump Joe, and fixed it for him to lose so they could get that talkin'-machine. That's why he pulled out."

"I'd hate to think it," said the foreman, gloomily; then after a moment, during which the only sound was that of the muffled hoof-beats: "Well, what we goin' to do about it?"

"Humph! I've laid awake nights figurin' that out. I reckon we'll just have to git another foot-racer and beat Skinner. He ain't the fastest in the world."

"That takes coin. We're broke."

"Mebbe Mr. Chapin would lend a helpin' hand."

"No chance!" said Stover, grimly. "He's sore on foot-racin'. Says it disturbs us and upsets our equilibrium."

Carara fetched a deep sigh. "It's ver' bad t'ing, Senor. I don't feel no worse w'en my gran'mother die."

The three men loped onward through the darkness, weighted heavily with disappointment.

Affairs at the Flying Heart Ranch were not all to Jack Chapin's liking. Ever since that memorable foot-race, more than a month before, a gloom had brooded over the place which even the presence of two Smith College girls, not to mention that of Mr. Fresno, was unable to dissipate. The cowboys moped about like melancholy shades, and neglected their work to discuss the disgrace that had fallen upon them. It was a task to get any of them out in the morning, several had quit, the rest were quarreling among themselves, and the bunk-house had already been the scene of more than one encounter, altogether too sanguinary to have originated from such a trivial cause as a foot-race.

The master of the ranch sought his sister Jean, to tell her frankly what was on his mind.

"See here, Sis," he began, "I don't want to cast a cloud over your little house-party, but I think you'd better keep your friends away from my men."

"Why, what is the matter?" she demanded.

"Things are at a pretty high tension just now, and the boys have had two or three rows among themselves. Yesterday Fresno tried to 'kid' Wil-

lie about 'The Holy City;' said it was written as a coon song, and wasn't sung in good society. If he hadn't been a guest, I guess Willie would have murdered him."

"Oh, Jack! You won't let Willie murder anybody, not even Berkeley, while the people are here, will you?" coaxed Miss Chapin, anxiously.

"What made you invite Berkeley Fresno, anyhow?" was the rejoinder. "This is no glided novelty to him. He is a Western man."

Miss Chapin numbered her reasons sagely. "In the first place—Helen. Then there had to be enough men to go around. Last and best, he is the most adorable man I ever saw at a house-party. He's an angel at breakfast, sings perfectly beautifully—you know he was on the Stanford Glee Club—"

"Humph!" Jack was unimpressed. "If you roped him for Helen Blake to brand, why have you sent for Wally Speed?"

"Well, you see, Berkeley and Helen didn't quite hit it off, and Mr. Speed is—a friend of Culver's." Miss Chapin blushed prettily.

"Oh, I see! I thought myself that this affair had something to do with you and Culver Covington, but I didn't know it had lapsed into a sort of matrimonial round-up. Suppose Miss Blake shouldn't care for Speed after he gets here?"

"Oh, but she will! That's where Berkeley Fresno comes in. When two



"You Can So Gamble It Was Crooked."

men begin to fight for her, she'll have to begin to form a preference, and I'm sure it will be for Wally Speed. Don't you see?"

The brother looked at his sister shrewdly. "It seems to me you learned a lot at Smith."

Jean tossed her head. "How absurd! That sort of knowledge is perfectly natural for a girl to have." Then she teased: "But you admit that my selection of a chaperon was excellent, don't you, Jack?"

"Mrs. Keap and I are the best of friends," Jack averred, with supreme dignity. "I'm not in the market, and a man doesn't marry a widow, anyhow. It's too old and experienced a beginning."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOMETHING for the LITTLE ONES

WHERE OUR FLAGS ARE MADE

Work is Done Mostly by Women, Though Few Men May Cut Out Stars and Do the Finishing.

In the Equipment building at the New York navy yard there is a large manufactory, where most of the flags of our navy are made. A large vessel carries 40 American flags, and a smaller vessel almost as many. This does not include the fleet and international signal flags, and the flags of other countries.

There are rooms in the Equipment building that are given up to flag making. One of these is very large, and the others at either end are much smaller. There are sewing machines, scissors, pincushions and flat-irons scattered around, so that the place does not look unlike a patriotic dress-maker's establishment. The flags are all made by women, though a few men help to cut out the stars and do the finishing. The wind and weather destroy flags so fast, and new vessels are put into commission so rapidly, that it is necessary to employ a number of people even in time of peace.

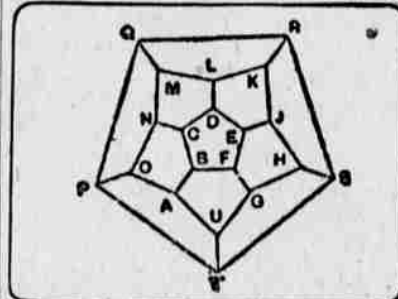
The working hours, during the late war, were extended from eight o'clock in the morning to five o'clock in the evening. In one week 1,800 flags were made at the flag department and this was when the rush of work was about over. The women cut all the square flags and the devices for them. The men cut the stars and bias pennants, and put on the finishing touches and the heading through which the rope runs. They also put in the rope, and stencil the flag with the size and nationality.

There is a pattern for every flag, and the patterns are put away in paper bags when not in use. There are 44 flags in a set of general signals used in the navy. These are in three sizes, while the regular flag is made in nine sizes. The largest flag measures 36 feet long, while the smallest is only 30 inches. Pennants are made up to 70 feet long. There are 19 international signal flags and 43 foreign flags, which are made at the navy yard.—Scientific American.

WORLD PUZZLE IS AMUSING

Trick is to Start From Any Angle or Town on Diagram and Visit Every Other Village Once.

Can you, starting from any angle or town on this diagram, find a route



Around the World Puzzle.

which will take you to every other town once, and once only?

The route must bring you back to the town from which you set out.

Starting from any angle or town on this diagram, to visit every other town once, and once only, and to return to our starting point we may take either of two courses:

F B A U T P O N C D E J K L M Q R S H G F, or F B A U T S R K L M Q P O N C D E J H G F.

The arrangement is cyclical, and the route can be begun at any point by transferring the proper number of letters from one end to the other.

Occasion for Pride.

Dorothy, Della and Daisy, three youngsters of a New Jersey town were discoursing about the baby brothers who had taken up their residence in the three families during the last year.

"My little brother Tom's got a lovely silver mug that grandfather just sent him," said Dorothy. "It's a beauty, and he had a silver knife and fork from grandma, too."

"My little brother Harry's got a beautiful carved rattle that Uncle Dick sent him from Japan," said Della. "It's the prettiest rattle that I ever saw."

"My little brother Willie's not as big as your brothers," said Daisy with an air of endeavoring to conceal a feeling of triumph, "but the doctor says he's had more spasms than any other baby in the whole neighborhood, so there!"—Lippincott's.

A Vacuum Abhorred.

What is that which a young girl looks for, but does not wish to find? A hole in her stock!

WILLING TO MAKE SACRIFICE

Darky Would Accept Offered Post, Though He Admitted He Would Lose Meat by Deal.

A Georgia planter was continually missing hogs from his pen. His suspicion fell upon Daddy Stepney, an old negro who lived near by, but he didn't care to accuse the old man. Therefore he devised a scheme to put him on his honor.

"Daddy Stepney," he said one day after he had missed a couple of fat porkers, "somebody's been stealing hogs and I can't find out who it is. The trouble is I haven't had anybody to look after them. Now you live pretty close by. Tell you what I'll do—If you'll take the job and be responsible for those hogs I'll give you a shoat every year just before killin' time. Will you do it?"

Old Stepney scratched his wolly head and thought a long time. Then he said:

Well, Marse Joe, I ben livin' on yo' folks' lan' ever sence I wuz bohn on' I done wuk fo' yo' daddy an' yo' gran'daddy an' I done sarve um true an' faithful. I know some scalawag's ben a-stealin' dem haws an'—yes, sub, I reckon I'll hatter take dat job and look ater um fo' yo'—but I'm shogwine to lose in meat by it!

Just Sulted.

An extremely mean inn-keeper was having some rooms repaired. One day he went down to his cellar and discovered a cask of beer was just beginning to turn sour.

"Ah," he thought, "I'll give it to the

workmen upstairs." So he went upstairs and said:

"Here, you chaps, is a cask of beer for you."

A few hours later he went to the place where the men were working. Nobody said anything about the beer; so, finally, not being able to bear it any longer, he said:

"Here, you chaps, what did you think of that beer?"

One of the men replied: "Oh, it suited."

"How do you mean, it suited?" "Well," said the man, "if it had been any better we shouldn't have had it, and if it had been any worse we couldn't have drunk it; so it suited."

Zones of Silence.

Zones of silence such as that discovered in the Alps have been known to scientists for a long time. Some years ago a committee conducted a series of experiments in the English channel with the loudest and most ear-piercing sirens, whistles and hooters they could procure. It was found that sometimes on the clearest and quietest day a sound was unaccountably inaudible at a short distance. This demonstrated conclusively the existence of soundless zones and incidentally suggested an explanation of certain ocean disasters.

To Be Expected.

"He flushed when I perused his countenance."

"Naturally, when he felt his face was getting read."

Give me a garden. The rest of the world can be your



"If I Knew He Done It A-purpose I'd Git Him."

as fellers to hang around like this every night without advertising our idocy by a gun-play?"

"They ain't got no right to that phonograph," Willie averred darkly.

"Oh yes, they have; they won it fair and square."

"Fair and square! Do you mean to say Hump Joe run that foot-race on the square?"

"I never said nothin' like that what-ever. I mean we bet it, and we lost it. Listen! There goes Carara's piece!"

Out past the corral floated the an-