

# GOING SOME

A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION

BY REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

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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 given at the Flying Heart. A Wellington Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected.

### CHAPTER I—Continued.

"Nonsense! Robert Keap is only twenty-three. Why, she hardly knew her husband, even! It was one of those sudden, impulsive affairs, that would overwhelm any girl who hadn't seen a man for four years. And then he enlisted in the Spanish War, and was killed."

"Considerate chap!"

"Roberta, you know, is my best friend after Helen. Do be nice to her, Jack." Miss Chapin sighed. "It is too bad, the others couldn't come."

"Yes, a small house-party has its disadvantages. By the way, what's that gold thing on your frock?"

"It's a medal. Culver sent it to me."

"Another?"

"Yes, he won the intercollegiate championship again." Miss Chapin proudly extended the emblem on its ribbon.

"I wish to goodness Covington had been here to take Humpy Joe's place," said the young cattle-man as he turned it over. "The boys are just broken-hearted over losing that photograph."

"I'll get him to run and win it back," Jean offered, easily.

Her brother laughed. "Take my advice, Sis, and don't let Culver mix up in this game! The stakes are too high. I think that Centipede cook is a professional runner, myself, and if our boys were beaten again—well, you and mother and I would have to move out of New Mexico, that's all. No, we'd better let the memory of that defeat die out as quickly as possible. You warn Fresno not to joke about it any more, and I'll take Mrs. Keap off your hands. She may be a widow, she may even be the chaperon, but I'll do it; I will do it," promised Jack—"for my sister's sake."

### CHAPTER II.

**H**ELEN BLAKE was undeniably bored. The sultry afternoon was very long—longer even than Berkeley Fresno's autobiography, and quite as dry. It was too hot and dusty to ride, so she took refuge in the latest "best seller," and sought out a hammock on the vine-shaded gallery, where Jean Chapin was writing letters, while the disconsolate Fresno, banished, wandered at large, vaguely injured at her lack of appreciation.

Absent-mindedly, the girls dipped



"It's a Medal. Culver Sent it to Me."

into the box of bonbons between them. Jean finished her correspondence and ceased conversation, but her companion's blond head was bowed over the book in her lap, and the effort met with no response. Lulled by the seductive dressing of insects and lazy echoes from afar, Miss Chapin was on the verge of slumber, when she saw her guest rapidly turn the last pages of her novel, then, with a chocolate between her teeth, read wide-eyed to the finish. Miss Blake closed the book reluctantly, uncaring slowly,

then stared out through the dancing heat-waves, her blue eyes shadowed with romance.

"Did she marry him?" queried Jean.

"No, no!" Helen Blake sighed, blissfully. "It was infinitely dear. She killed herself."

"I like to see them get married."

"Naturally. You are at that stage. But I think suicide is more glorious, in many cases."

Miss Chapin yawned openly. "Speaking of suicides, isn't this ranch the dearest place?"

"Oh, I don't think so at all."

"Oh yes, you do, and you needn't be polite just because you're a guest."

"Well, then, to be as truthful as a boarder, it is a little dull. Not for our chaperon, though. The time doesn't seem to drag on her hands. Jack certainly is making it pleasant for her."

"If you call taking her out to watch a lot of bellowing calves get branded, entertainment," Miss Chapin sighed.

Miss Blake leaned forward and read the inscription on her companion's medal. "Oh, isn't it heavy!" feeling it reverently.

"Pure gold, like himself. You should have seen him when he won it. Why, at the finish of that race all the men but Culver were making the most horrible faces. They were simply dead."

Miss Blake's hands were clasped in her lap. "They all make faces," said she. "Have you told Roberta about your engagement?"

"No, she doesn't dream of it, and I don't want her to know. I'm so afraid she'll think, now that mother has gone, that I asked her here just as a chaperon. Perhaps I'll tell her when Culver comes."

"I have heard Culver speak of him, but never as an athlete. Have you and Mr. Speed settled things between you, Helen? I mean, has he—said anything?"

Miss Blake flushed.

"Not exactly." She adjusted a cushion to cover her confusion, then leaned back complacently. "But he has stammered dangerously several times."

A musical tinkle of silver spurs sounded in the distance, and around the corner of the cook-house opposite came Carara, the Mexican, his wide, spangled sombrero tipped rakishly over one ear, a corn-husk cigarette drooping from his lips.

"It's that romantic Spaniard!" whispered Helen. "What does he want?"

"It's his afternoon call on Mariadetta, the maid," said Jean. "They meet there twice a day, morning and afternoon."

"A lovers' tryst!" breathed Miss Blake, eagerly. "Isn't he graceful and picturesque! Can we watch them?"

"Sh-h! There she comes!"

From the opposite direction appeared a slim, swarthy Mexican girl, an Indian water-jug balanced upon her shoulders. She was clad in the straight-banging native garment, belted in with a sash; her feet were in sandals, and she moved as silently as a shadow.

During the four days since Miss Blake's arrival at the Flying Heart Ranch she had seen Mariadetta fitting noiselessly here and there, but had never heard her speak. The pretty, expressionless face beneath the straight black hair had ever retained its wooden stolidity, the violet eyes had not laughed nor frowned nor sparkled. She seemed to be merely a part of this far south-western picture; a bit of inanimate yet breathing local color. Now, however, the girl dropped her jug, and with a low cry gilded to her lover, who tossed aside his cigarette and took her in his arms. From this distance their words were indistinguishable.

"How perfectly romantic," said the Eastern girl, breathlessly. "I had no idea Mariadetta could love anybody."

"She is a volcano," Jean answered. "Why, it's like a play!"

"And it goes on all the time."

"How gentle and sweet he is! I think he is charming. He is not at all like the other cowboys, is he?"

While the two witnesses of the scene were eagerly discussing it, Joy, the Chinese cook, emerged from the kitchen bearing a bucket of water, his presence hidden from the lovers by the corner of the building. Carara languidly released his innamorata from his embrace and leaped out of sight

around the building, pausing at the farther corner to wait a graceful kiss from the ends of his fingers, as with a farewell flash of his white teeth he disappeared. Mariadetta recovered her water-jug and glided onward into the court in front of the cook-house, her face masklike, her movements deliberate as usual.

Joy, spying the girl, grinned at her. She tossed her head coquettishly and her step slackened, whereupon the cook, with a sly glance around, tapped her gently on the arm, and said:

"Nice girl, gally!"

"The idea!" indignantly exclaimed Miss Blake from her hammock.

But Mariadetta was not offended. Instead she smiled over her shoulder as she had smiled at her lover an instant before.

"Me like you fine. You like pie?" Joy added, peering the door of the culinary department, as if to make free of his hospitality, at the instant that Carara, who had circled the building, came into view from the opposite side, a fresh cigarette between his lips. His languor vanished at the first glimpse of the scene, and he strode toward the white-clad celestial, who dove through the open door like a prairie dog into his hole. Carara followed at his heels.

"It serves him right!" cried Miss Blake, rising. "I hope Mr. Carara—"

A din of falling pots and pans issued from the cook-house, mingled with shrill cries and soft Spanish imprecations; then, with one long-drawn wail, the pandemonium ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, and Carara issued forth, black with anger.

"Hi!" said he, scowling at Mariadetta, who had retreated, her hand upon her bosom. He exhaled a lungful of cigarette smoke through his nostrils fiercely. "You play wit' me, eh?"

"No, no!" Mariadetta ran to him, and, seizing his arm, cooed amorously in Spanish.

"Babi! Vamp!" Carara flung her from him, and stalked away.

"Well, of all the outrageous things!" said Miss Blake. "Why, she was actually flirting with that Chinaman!"

"Mariadetta flirts with every man she can find," said Jean, calmly, "but she doesn't mean any harm. She'll marry Carara some time—if he doesn't kill her."

"Kill her!" Miss Blake's eyes were round. "He wouldn't do that!"

"Indeed, yes. He is a Mexican, and he has a terrible temper."

Miss Blake sank back into the hammock. "How perfectly dreadful! And yet—it must be heavenly to love a man who would kill you."

Miss Chapin lost herself in meditation for an instant. "Culver is almost like that when he is angry. Hello, here comes our foreman!"

Stover, a tall, gangling cattle-man with drooping grizzled mustache, came shambling up to the steps. He dusted his boots with his sombrero and cleared his throat.

"Evening, Miss Jean. Is Mr. Chapin around?"

"I think you'll find him down by the spring-house. Can I do anything for you?"

"Nopel!" Stover sighed heavily, and got his frame gradually into motion again.

"You're not looking well, Stover. Are you ill?" inquired Miss Chapin.

"Not physical," said the foreman, checking the movement which had not yet communicated itself the entire length of his frame. "I reckon my sperret's broke, that's all."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## SPECULATIVE FORM OF ART

Vogue of the Cubist Has Given Rise to a New Idea in the Laying of Forbidden Wagers.

The law forbids poolrooms where there is betting, but the Cubist and allied divisions of the international art show has been in full swing. The temptation to bet on what a thing is or isn't would break the resolution of a St. Anthony. You hear wagers being laid on all sides of you. Perhaps you come, as two visitors did, to Picasso's The Woman with the Pot of Mustard, No. 350. Suffices it to say that the woman's face, when once you have made it out, looks as if it had been in a wreck, and is black and blue and purple in a sort of agony. The pot of mustard—well, it is in the composition, but it didn't deserve to get into the headline with the woman. One of the visitors had surreptitiously looked in the catalogue for the title. He bet and won on his correct guess.

"But the pot of mustard?" objected his companions, entranced by the face's fine frenzy.

"Easy enough," was the answer. "It's inside the lady."

Domestic Science Graduate.

A Cherryvale woman was delighted when she hired a cook who had taken a domestic science course, Mrs. F. D. Moffatt writes, according to the Kan-

"Haven't you recovered from that foot-race?"

"I have not, and I never will, so long as that ornery Centipede outfit has got it on us."

"Nonsense, Stover!"

"What have they done?" inquired Miss Blake, curiously. "I haven't heard about any foot-race."

"You tell her," said the man, with another sigh, and a hopeless gesture that told the depth of his feelings.

"Why, Stover hired a fellow a couple of months ago as a horse-wrangler. The man said he was hungry, and made a good impression, so we put him on."

Here Stover slowly raised one booted foot and kicked his other calf.

"The boys nicknamed him Humpy Joe."

"Why, poor thing! Was he hump-backed?" inquired Helen.

"No," answered Still Bill. "Humpy-back is lucky. We called him Humpy Joe because when it came to running he could sure hump himself."

"Soon after Joseph went to work," Jean continued, "the Centipede outfit hired a new cook. You know the Centipede Ranch—the one you see over yonder by the foot-hills."

"It wasn't soon after, it was simultaneous," said Stover, darkly. "We're beginnin' to see plain at last."



"This Grubslinger Thinks He Can Run."

He went on as if to air the injury that was gnawing him. "One day we hear that this grub-slinger over yonder thinks he can run, which same is as welcome to us as the smell of flowers on a spring breeze, for Humpy Joe had amused us in his idle hours by running jack-rabbits to earth—"

"Not really?" said Miss Blake.

"Well, no, but from what we see we judge he'd ought to limp a hundred yards in about nothing and three-fifths seconds, so we frame a race between him and the Centipede Cook. With tumultuous joy we bet our wages and all the loose gear we have, and in a burst of childish enthusiasm we put up—the talking-machine."

"A phonograph?"

"Yes. An Echo Phonograph," said Miss Chapin.

"Of New York and Paris," said Stover.

"Our boys won it from this very Centipede outfit at a bronco-busting tournament in Cheyenne."

"Wyoming," Stover made the location definite.

# FOR THE YOUNG PEOPLE

## CHILD'S TOY CART IS NOVEL

Bottom Lets Down and Dumps Contents of Vehicle on Floor—Operated by Small Springs.

Children's toys nowadays reproduce almost everything used in real life, and an example of this is the toy dump cart designed by a New Hampshire man. The toy works on the same principle as a real dump cart, and by pressing a spring the bottom lets



Toy Dump Cart.

down and the contents roll out on the floor or ground, according to where the owner is playing. The bottom portion of this toy cart is fastened to the axles of the wheels, and an upwardly inclined portion is pivoted to the sides. The sides and back of the cart are stationary. The back end of the bottom portion is connected with the back of the cart by means of springs, and can be released by quick, slight pressure. When this is done the weight of the contents of the cart force the bottom down from the rear and roll out, the upper portion of the body of the cart being raised a little in the process. This makes no difference, however, to the position of the horse, which trots along on its single wheel in the same attitude as before. Any little teamster will tell you that this dump cart is a big improvement over one that you have to pick the load out of by hand.

## In the Infant Class.

A teacher in a Protestant mission school on the lower west side was instructing her class of four and five-year-olds to recite in unison the Twenty-third Psalm. When the little folk came to the "surely goodness and mercy shall follow me," etc., she noticed that some one was in error, but was unable for some time to detect the one who was departing from the text. Tiptoeing softly down the aisle with her ear inclined first on one side and then on the other, she came on a curly-haired, gray-eyed little miss of four, who was cheerfully repeating as her phonetic version, "Surely the good Mrs. Murphy will follow me all the days of my life."

## A WELCOME GUEST.



"I'm awfully glad you're going to take dinner with us."

"It's nice to hear you say so."

"Cause if you hadn't come there would have been just 13 of us to sit down to the table, and mamma is so superstitious she'd have made me wait."

## All Gone.

A veteran, talking to his great-grandson, a little lad of eight or nine years, remarked:

"Nearly a generation and a half ago my head was grazed by a bullet at the battle of Chickamauga."

The little boy looked at the old man's head thoughtfully and said:

"There isn't much grazing there now, is there, granddad?"