

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 given 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, becomes interested in the loss of the phonograph.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

"The Centipede crowd took their defeat badly on Frontier Day, and swore to get even."

"And was Humpy Joe defeated?" asked Helen.

"Was he?" Still Bill shook his head sadly, and sighed for a third time. "It looked like he was running backward, miss."

"But really he was only beaten a foot. It was a wonderful race. I saw it," said Jean. "It made me think of the races at college."

Miss Blake puckered her brows trying to think.

"Joseph," she said. "No, I don't think I have seen him."

Stover's lips met grimly. "I don't reckon you have, miss. Since that race he has been hard to decry. He passed from view hurriedly, so to speak, headed toward the foot-hills, and leaping from crag to crag like the hardy shamrock of the Swiss Alps."

Miss Blake giggled. "What made him hurry so?"

"Us!" Stover gazed at her solemnly. "We ain't none of us been the same since that foot-race. You see, it ain't the financial value of that Echo Phonograph, nor the 'double-cross' that hurts; it's the fact that the mangiest outfit in the Territory has trimmed us out of the one thing that stands for honor and excellence and scientific attainment, as the judge said when we won it. That talking-machine meant more to us than you Eastern folks can understand, I reckon."

"If I were you I would cheer up," said Miss Blake, kindly, and with some importance. "Miss Chapin has a college friend coming this week, and he can win back your trophy."

Stover glanced up at Jean quickly. "Is that right, Miss Chapin?"

"He can if he will," Jean asserted. "Can he run?"

"He is the intercollegiate champion," and do you reckon he'd run for us and the Echo Phonograph of New York and Paris, if we framed a race? It's an honor!"

But Miss Chapin recalled her brother's caution of the day before. "I—I don't think he would. You see, he is an amateur—he might be out of training—"

"The idea!" exclaimed Miss Blake, indignantly. "If Culver won't run, I know who will!" She closed her lips



"We've Got Another Foot-Runner."

firmly, and turned to the foreman. "You tell your friends that we'll see you get your trophy back."

"Helen, I—"

"I mean it!" declared Miss Blake. Stover bowed loosely. "Thank you, miss. The very thought of it will cheer up the gang. Life 'round here is blacker 'n a spade flush. I think I'll tell Willie." He shambled rapidly off around the house.

"Helen dear, I don't want Culver to get mixed up in this affair," explained Miss Chapin, as soon as they were alone. "It's all utterly foolish. Jack doesn't want him to either."

"Very well. If Culver doesn't feel that he can beat that cook running, I know who will try. Mr. Speed will do anything I ask. It's a shame the way those men have been treated."

"But Mr. Speed isn't a sprinter."

"Indeed!" Miss Blake bridled. "Perhaps Culver Covington isn't the only athlete in Yale College. I happen to know what I'm talking about."

"I don't think he will consent when he learns the truth."

"I assure you," said Miss Blake, sweetly, "he will be delighted."

CHAPTER III.

It was still early in the afternoon when Jack Chapin and the youthful chaperon found the other young people together on the gallery.

"Here's a telegram from Speed," began Jack.

"It's terribly funny," said Mrs. Keap. "That Mexican brought it to us down at the spring-house."

Miss Blake lost her bored expression, and sat up in the hammock.

"Mr. Jack Chapin," read the owner of the Flying Heart Ranch. "Dear Jack: I couldn't wait for Covington, so meet with brass-band and fireworks this afternoon. Have flowers in bloom in the little park beside the depot, and see that the daisies nod to me.—J. Wallingford Speed."

"Park, eh?" said Fresno, dryly. "Telegraph office, water-tank, and a cattle-chute. Where does this fellow think he is?"

"Here's a postscript," added Chapin. "I have a valet who does not seem to enjoy the trip. Divide a kiss among the girls."

"Well, well! He's stingy with his kisses," observed Berkeley. "Who is this humorous party?"

"He was a Freshman at Yale the year I graduated," explained Jack.

"Too bad he never got out of that class." It was evident that Mr. Speed's levity made no impression upon the Glee Club tenor. "He hates to talk about himself, doesn't he?"

"I think he is very clever," said Miss Blake, warmly.

"How well do you know him?"

"Not as well as I'd like to." Fresno puffed at his little pipe without remarking at this.

"Well, who wants to go and meet him?" queried Jack.

"Won't you?" asked his sister.

"I can't. I've just got word from the Eleven X that I'm wanted. The foreman is hurt. I may not be back for some time."

"Nigger Mike met me," observed Fresno, darkly.

"Then Nigger Mike for Speed," laughed the cattle-man. "I've told Carara to hitch up the pintos for me. I must be going."

"I'll see that you are safely started," said the young widow; and leaving the trio on the gallery, they entered the house.

When they had gone Jean smiled wisely at Helen. "Roberta's such a thoughtful chaperon," she observed, whereupon Miss Blake giggled.

As for Mrs. Keap, she was inquiring of Jack with genuine solicitude:

"Do you really mean that you may be gone for some time?"

"I do. It may be a week; it may be longer; I can't tell until I get over there."

"I'm sorry." Mrs. Keap's face showed some disappointment.

"So am I."

"I shall have to look out for these young people all by myself."

"What a queer little way you have of talking, as if you were years and years old."

"I do feel as if I were. I—I—well, I have had an unhappy experience. You know unhappiness builds months into years."

"When Jean got up this house-party," young Chapin began, absently, "I thought I should be bored to death. But—I haven't been. You know, I don't want to go over there?" He nodded vaguely toward the south.

"I thought perhaps it suited your convenience." His companion watched him gravely. "Are you quite sure that your sister's guests have not had something to do with this sudden determination?"

"I am quite sure. I never liked the old Flying Heart so much as I do today. I never regretted leaving it so much as I do at this moment."

"We may be gone before you return."

Young Chapin started. "You don't mean that, really?"

Mrs. Keap nodded her dark head. "It was all very well for me to chaperon Helen on the way out from the east, but—it isn't exactly regular for me to play that part here with other young people to look after."

"But you understand, of course—Jean must have explained to you. Mother was called away suddenly, and she can't get back now. You surely won't leave—you can't." Chapin added, hopefully: "Why, you would break up Jean's party. You see, there's nobody around here to take your place."

"But—"

"Nonsense! This is an unconventional country. What's wrong with you as a chaperon, anyway? Nobody out here even knows what a chaperon is. And I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Do you really think that would help?" Roberta's eyes laughed humorously.

"I'm not thinking of the others, I'm thinking of myself," declared the young man, boldly. "I don't want you to go before I return. You must not! If you go, I—I shall follow you." He grasped her hand impulsively.

"Oh!" exclaimed the chaperon. "This makes it even more impossible. Go! Go!" She pushed him away, her color surging. "Go to your old Eleven X Ranch right away."

"But I mean it," he declared, earnestly. Then, as she retreated farther: "It's no use, I shan't go now until—"

"You have known me less than a week!"

"That is long enough. Roberta—"

Mrs. Keap spoke with honest embarrassment. "Listen! Don't you see what a situation this is? If Jean and Helen should ever discover—"

"Jean planned it all; even this."

Mrs. Keap stared at him in horrified silence.

"You do love me, Roberta?" Chapin undertook to remove the girl's hands from her face, when a slight cough in the hall behind caused him to turn suddenly in time to see Berkeley Fresno passing the open door.

"There! You see!" Mrs. Keap's face was tragic. "You see!" She turned and fled, leaving the master of the ranch in the middle of the floor, bewildered, but a bit inclined to be happy. A moment later the plump face of Berkeley Fresno appeared cautiously around the door-jamb. He coughed again gravely.

"I happened to be passing," said he. "You'll pardon me?"

"This is the most thickly settled spot in New Mexico!" Chapin declared with an artificial laugh, choking his indignation.

Fresno slowly brought his round body out from concealment.

"I came in to get a match."

"Why don't you carry matches?"

Fresno puffed complacently upon his pipe. "This," he mused, as his host departed, "eliminates the chaperon, and that helps some."

Still Bill Stover lost no time in breaking the news to the boys.

"There's something comin' off," he advised Willie. "We've got another foot-runner!"

If he had hoped for an outburst of rapture on the part of the little gun man he was disappointed, for Willie shifted his holster, smiled evilly

through his glasses, and inquired, with ominous restraint:

"Where is he?"

Being the one man on the Flying Heart who had occasion to wear a gun, Willie seldom smiled from a sense of humor. Here it may be said that, deceived at first by his scholarly appearance, his fellow-laborers had fished at Willie's affectation of a swinging holster, but the custom had languished abruptly. When it became known who he was, the other ranch-hands had volubly declared that this was a free country, where a man might exercise a wide discretion in the choice of personal adornment; and as for them, they avowed unambiguously that the practice of packing a Colts was one which met with their most cordial approbation. In time Willie's six-shooter had become accepted as a part of the local scenery, and, like the scenery, no one thought of remarking upon it, least of all those who best knew his lack of humor. He had come to them out of the Nowhere, some four years previously, and while he never spoke of himself, and discouraged reminiscence in others, it became known through those vague uncharted channels by which news travels on the frontier, that back in the Texas Panhandle there was a limping marshal who felt regrets at mention of his name, and that farther north were other men who had a superstitious dread of undersized cowmen with spectacles.

"This here is a real foot-runner," said Stover.

"Exactly," agreed the other. "Where is he?"

"He'll be here this afternoon. Nigger Mike's bringin' him over from the railroad. He's a guest."

"Oh!"

"Yep! He's intercollegiate champion of Yale."

"Yale?" repeated the near-sighted man. "Don't know's I ever been there. Much of a town?"

"I ain't never traveled east myself, but Miss Jean and the little yaller-haired girl say he's the fastest man in the world. I figured we might rib up something with the Centipede."

Still Bill winked sagely.

"See here, do you reckon he'd run?"

"Sure! He's a friend of the boss. And he'll run on the level too. He can't be nothin' like Humpy."

"If he is, I'll git him," said the cowboy. "Oh, I'll git him sure, guest or no guest. But how about the phonograph?"

"The Centipede will put it up quick enough; there ain't no sentiment in that outfit."

"Then it sounds good."

"An' it'll work. Gallagher's anxious to trim us again. Some folks can't stand prosperity."

Willie spat unerringly at a grasshopper. "Lord!" said he, "it's too good! It don't sound possible."

"Well, it is, and our man will be here this evenin'. Watch out for Nigger Mike, and when he drives up let's give this party a welcome that'll warm his heart on the jump. There's nothin' like a good impression."

"I'll be on the job," assured Willie. "But I state right here and now, if we do get a race there ain't a-goin' to be no chance of our losin' for a second time."

And Stover went on his way to spread the tidings.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FAMOUS OBELISK IN DANGER

Eminent Engineers and Architects Fear Destruction of One of Rome's Great Monuments.

Several well-known Italian engineers and architects, after examinations of the famous Obelisk of St. Peter, claim that the giant monolith is in such a state, as to its supports, that it may tumble over at any time.

This famous monument that is giving the gentlemen in question so much anxiety is of red granite and 132 feet in height, standing in the center of the piazza of St. Peter's in Rome, and is sometimes referred to as the Obelisk of the Vatican.

It was brought from Heliopolis to Rome by the Emperor Caligula between the years 37-41 A. D. and placed in the Vatican circus. During the pontificate of Sixtus V. this huge stone, estimated to weigh 500 or more tons, was moved on rollers from its original position and placed on its present site.

This great triumph of mechanical skill was accomplished under the superintendence of Domenico Fontana.

The Obelisk of St. Peter enjoys the unique distinction of being the only monument of the kind that has never been overthrown in the many wars and internal disorders that have taken place in the Eternal city.

What Did It Look Like?

A story is being told of a gentleman who was on a motoring tour when his car broke down near a

small village. It was late in the evening, so he decided to put up for the night at the only inn the village possessed.

After a rather scrappy supper he was shown up to his bedroom, but soon after the landlord had come downstairs again his guest leaned over the balustrade and called:

"Landlord! Landlord! Do you think I'm going to clean my own boots?"

"What d'ye mean?" grumbled the landlord.

"What have you put a polishing pad on my bed for?" demanded the guest.

"Polishing pad!" he snapped. "That's not a polishing pad! That's the pillow!"—Pearson's Weekly.

Neroli.

Essence of neroli is obtained from a species of orange tree grown in Provence. The trees are grown for their flowers, but are cultivated as are fruit trees. The flowers are picked by hand every two days, in April and May, for high-priced perfume essence. Full-blown flowers are gathered either in linen sheets or in palls. The 20 pounds' weight of flowers gathered by a good workman in one day's work is sent to the distillery in bags. About 1,000 pounds of flowers produce two pounds of essence.

The 1,300 or more producers of neroli, working in co-operation, harvest over 3,000,000 pounds of orange flowers annually.—Harper's Weekly.

The Reading.

When there's a will, there is a way. The proverb says, but take it. It means these days, when there's a will there is a way—to break it.

KITCHEN HATH CHARM

CONTAINS POWERFUL APPEAL TO HUMAN NATURE.

Writer Insists That Protest of Housemaids' Union is Misdirected—There Can Be No Better Place for Courting.

The housemaids of Cleveland, O., have formed a union, and they are greatly excited over the question, "Shall we or shall we not consent to receive our gentlemen friends in the kitchen?"

Good for the Housemaids' union—I believe in it. Better hours, better pay, better sleeping rooms—I hope the housemaids will get all these things. Why not?

But about this kitchen business. Pause a moment, dear Madame President of the Housemaids' union. What is the matter with the kitchen? Is there something disgraceful about it? Pray tell! And if so, when did its disgraceful dishonor begin?

Ugly? A good, wholesome, clean, bright, cheerful kitchen? Why, to my mind, it's the prettiest room in the house, declares Winifred Black in the New York American. What's ugly about a shining floor, and clean curtains, and a bright range, and rows of good cooking dishes?

I've seen dozens of stiff little reception rooms, with stiff little gilt chairs in them, and a stiff, berseled carpet on the floor, and a stiff gilt mirror on the solemn walls, that weren't half so pretty as a kitchen to my eyes.

I don't see anything disgraceful about a kitchen, unless it is dirty. Seems to me, if I could cook well enough to hold a good place, I'd be proud of it, not ashamed, and, whisper, gentle maidens of the Housemaids' union, I never noticed any aversion to the kitchen on the part of any man I ever met.

The average woman has to argue with her husband by day and by night to keep him from making some excuse to get out into the kitchen.

Don't send your young men away from the kitchen, gentle Hilda, or sweet Eileen. Lead him right in and see how mild and tamable the sight of that shiny range and those rows of delectable spices will make him.

If I had a young man who was a little slow in coming to the point of talking about the flat I'd never see him anywhere but in my kitchen, and I'd wear a good, big, clean, serviceable kitchen apron, when I saw him, too.

Oh, yes, the tube skirts and the elaborate hair are well enough to catch his vagrant eye, but when you want to really enchain him give him a doughnut of your cooking, or a dozen cakes or so with raisins in them, and watch the caution and the reserve melt from his manner like snow in the spring sunshine.

Ole isn't all for moonlight picnics and moving picture shows, Hilda; he just acts that way to please you. What Ole really takes an interest in is a good fire on a cool evening, a comfy seat by it, and something good to eat. By this necromancy shall you hold him captive, no matter what yellow-haired siren tries to steal his heart from you.—Exchange.

Trappers Making Money.

Twenty thousand moles in Essex, England, have been killed in the last three years, by John Merchant and his son, Harry, with an ingenious new trap. During the trapping season which has just begun they hope as the result of increased contracts with farmers and landowners nearly to double this figure. Their agreements extend over five years, payments being at the rate of 2d and acre for the first year and 1½d an acre for the subsequent years. Up to this season they had had about 10,000 acres to work. Now they are making arrangements to double their hunting ground. Mole-skins sell at about \$10 a hundred.

Not Much Mystery About It.

"I wonder what is the matter with me?" he said. "I have a feeling of depression, and I can't throw it off, no matter how I try." "I know what is the matter," his wife replied. "You have an engagement with the dentist at ten o'clock tomorrow morning, you know."

Best Preservative for Rubber.

Two Russian scientists have decided that distilled water is the best preservative for rubber that has to be stored for a long time.

Case Proved.

"Do you believe that poets are born, not made?" "Sure! Who'd be so crazy as to make a poet?"—Houston Post.

Await Verdict of Posterity.

No picture is hung on the walls of the Louvre in Paris until ten years after the death of the artist.

Large Pension Roll.

Paris has more than 50,000 retired employes in its municipal pension rolls.