

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 prized photograph by the defeat of their champion in 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, 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 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.

CHAPTER VIII.

LAWRENCE GLASS was beginning to like New Mexico. Not only did it afford a tinge of romance, discernable in the deep, haunting eyes of Mariadetta, the maid, but it offered an opportunity for financial advancement—as, for instance, the purchase of Willie's watch. This timepiece cost the trainer twenty-one dollars, and he sold it to Speed for double the amount, believing in the luck of even numbers. Nor did young Speed allow his trainer's efforts to cease here, for in every portable timepiece on the ranch he recognized a menace, and not until Lawrence had cornered the market and the whole collection was safely locked in his trunk did he breathe easily. This required two days, during which the young people at the ranch enjoyed themselves thoroughly. They were halcyon days for the Yale man, for Fresno was universally agreeable, and seemed resigned to the fact that Helen should prefer his rival's company to his own.

As for Glass, he recounted tales of Mariadetta's capitulation to his employer, and wheezed merrily over the discomfiture of the Mexican girl's former admirers.

"She's a swell little dame," he confided to Speed one afternoon, as they lounged luxuriously in the shade at their customary resting place. "Yes, and I'm aces with her, too." They had set out for their daily run, and were now contesting for the seven-up supremacy of the Catskill mountains. Already Glass had been declared the undisputed champion of the Atlantic coast, while Speed on the day previous had wrested from him the championship of the Mississippi valley.

"But Mariadetta is dark!" said the college man, as he cut the cards. "She is almost a mulatto."

"Now! She's no dinge. She's an Aztec, an' them Aztec's is swell people. Say, she can play a guitar like a barber!"

"Miss Blake told me she was in love with Carara."

Glass grunted contemptuously. "I've got it on that insurrecto four ways. Why, I'm learning to talk Spanish myself. If he gets lousy, I'll cross one over his bow." The trainer made a vicious jab at an imaginary Mexican. "He ain't got a good wallop in him."

"I thought cowboys was tough guys," continued Glass, "but it's a mistake. That little Willie, for instance, is a lamb. He packs that Mauser for protection. He's afraid some farmer will walk up and poke his eye out with a corn-cob. One copper with a nightstick could stampee the whole outfit. But they're all right, at that," he acknowledged, magnanimously. "They're a nice bunch of fellers when you know how to take 'em."

"The flies are awful today," Speed complained. "They bite my legs."

"I'll bring out a bath robe tomorrow, and we'll hide it in the bushes. I wish there was some place to keep this beer cool." Glass shifted some bottles to a point where the sunlight did not strike them.

"I'm getting tired of training, Larry," acknowledged the young man, with a yawn. "It takes so much time."

Glass shook his head in sympathy. "Seems like we'd ought to hear from Covington," said he.

"He's on his way, no doubt. Isn't it time to go back to the ranch?"

It was Berkeley Fresno who retreated cautiously from the shelter of a thicket a hundred yards up the arroyo and started briskly homeward, congratulating himself upon the impulse that had decided him to follow the training partners upon their daily routine. He made directly for the corral.

"Which I don't consider there's no consideration comin' to him whatever," said Willie that evening. "He ain't acted on the level."

"Now, see here," objected Stover, "he may be just what he claims he is. Simply because he don't go skally-hootin' around in the hot sun ain't no sign he can't run."

"What about them empty beer bottles?" demanded Willie. "No feller can train on that stuff. I went out there myself and seen 'em. There was a dozen."

"Mebbe Glass drank it. What I claim is this: We ain't got no proof. Fresno is stuck on Miss Blake, and he's a knocker."

"Then let's git some proof, and dam' quick."

"Si, Senores," agreed Carara, who had been an interested listener.

"I agree with you, but we got to be careful—"

Willie grunted with disgust.

"—we can't go at it like we was killin' snakes. Mr. Speed is a guest here."

Again the little gun man expressed his opinion, this time in violet-tinted profanity, and the other cowboys joined in.

"All the same he is a guest, and no rough work goes. I'm in charge while

Retreated Cautiously From the Shelter of a Thicket.

Mr. Chapin is away, and I'm responsible."

"Senor Bill," Carara ventured, "the fat vaquero, he is no guest. He is one of us."

"That's right," seconded Willie. "He's told us all along that Mr. Speed was a Mercury-footed wonder, and if the young feller can't run he had ought to have told us."

Mr. Cloudy showed his understanding of the discussion by nodding silently.

"We'll put it up to him in the morning," said Stover.

"If Mr. Speed cannot r-r-run, w'at you do, eh?" questioned the Mexican.

Nobody answered. Still Bill seemed at a loss for words, Mr. Cloudy stared gloomily into space, and Willie ground his teeth.

On the following morning Speed sought a secluded nook with Helen, but no sooner had he launched himself fairly upon the subject uppermost in his mind than he was disturbed by a delegation of cowboys, consisting of the original four who had waited upon him that first morning after his arrival. They came forward with grave and serious mien, requesting a moment's interview. It was plain there was something of more than ordinary importance upon their minds from the manner in which Stover spoke, but when Helen quickly volunteered to withdraw, Speed checked her.

"Stay where you are; I have no secrets from you," said he. Then noting the troubled face of the foreman, quoted impatiently:

"You may fire when ready, Gridley."

Still Bill shifted the lump in his cheek, and cleared his throat before beginning formally.

"Mr. Speed, while we honor you a heap for your accomplishments, and while we believe in you as a man and a champion, we kind of feel that it

might make you stretch your legs some if you knew just exactly what this foot-race means to the Flying Heart outfit."

"I assured you that the Centipede cook would be beaten," said the college man, stiffly.

"Isn't Mr. Speed's word sufficient?" inquired the girl.

Stover bowed. "It had sure ought to be, and we thank you for them new assurances. You see, our spiritual on-rest is due to the fact that Humpy Joe's get-away left us broke, and we banked on you to pull us even. That first experience strained our credulity to the bustin' point, and—well, in words of one syllable, we come from Joplin."

"Missouri," said Willie.

"My dear sirs, I can't prove that you are going to win your wagers until the day of the race. However, if you are broke to start with, I don't see how you can expect to lose a great deal."

"You ain't got the right angle on the affair," Stover explained. "Outside of the onbearable contumely of losin' twice to this Centipede outfit, which would be bad enough, we have drawn a month's wages in advance, and we have put it up. Moreover, I have bet my watch, which was presented to me by the officials of the Santa Fe for killin' a pair of road-agents when I was deputy sheriff."

Miss Blake uttered a little scream, and Speed regarded the lanky speaker with new interest.

"It's a Waltham movement, solid gold case, eighteen jewels, and engraved with my name."

"No wonder you prize it," said Wally.

"I bet my saddle," informed Carara, in his slow, soft dialect. "Stamp leather wit' silver flagree. It is more dear to me than—well—I love it ver' much, senor!"

"Seems like Willie has made the extreme sacrifice," Stover followed up.

"While all our boys has gone the limit, Willie has topped 'em all; he's bet his gun."

"Indeed! Is it a good weapon?"

"It's a good good to me," said the little man, dryly. "I took it off the quivering remains of a sheriff in Dodge City, up to that time the best hip shot in Kansas."

Speed felt a cold chill steal up his spine, while Miss Blake went pale and laid a trembling hand upon his arm.

"You see it ain't intrinsic value so much as association and sentiment that leads to this interview," Stover continued. "It ain't no joke—we don't joke with the Centipede—and we've relied on you. The Mex here would do murder for that saddle." Carara nodded, and breathed something in his own tongue. "I have parted with my honor, and Willie is gamblin' just as high."

"But I notice Mr.—Willie still has his revolver."

"Sure I got it!" Willie laughed, abruptly. "And I don't give it up till we lose, neither. That's the understandin'." His voice was surprisingly harsh for one so high-pitched. He looked more like a professor than ever.

"Willie has reasons for his caution which we respect," explained the spokesman.

J. Wallingford Speed, face to face with these serious-minded gentlemen, began to reflect that this foot-race was not a thing to be taken too lightly.

"I can't understand," he declared, with a touch of irritation, "why you should risk such priceless things upon a friendly encounter."

"Friendly!" cried Willie and Stover in a tone that made their listeners gasp. "The Centipede and the Flying Heart is just as friendly as a pair of wild boars."

"You set, it's a good thing we wised you up," muttered the latter.

Carara muttered fiercely: "Senor, I worka five year for that saddle. I am a good gambler, si, si! but I keel somebody bifore I lose it to the Centipede."

"And is that Echo phonograph worth all this?" inquired Helen.

"We won that phonograph at risk of life and limb," said Willie, doggedly, "from the Centipede—"

"—and twenty other outfits, senor. 'It's a trophy,' declared the foreman, "and so long as it ain't where it belongs, the Flying Heart is in disgrace."

"Even the Leven X treats us scornful!" cried the smallest of the trio angrily. "We're a joke to the whole state."

"I know just how these gentlemen must feel," declared Miss Blake, tactfully, at which Stover bowed with grateful awkwardness.

"And it's really a wonderful instrument," said he. "I don't reckon there's another one like it in the world, leastways in these parts. You'd ought to hear it—clear as a bell—"

"And sweet," said Willie. "God! It's sure sweet!"

"I begin to feel your loss," said Speed gravely. "Gentlemen, I can only assure you I shall do my best."

"Then you won't take no chances?" inquired Willie, mildly.

"You may rely upon me to take care of myself."

"Thank you!" The delegation moved away.

"What d' you think of him?" inquired Stover of the little man in glasses, when they were out of hearing.

"I think he's all right," Willie hesitated, "only kind of crazy, like all eastern boys. It don't seem credible that no sane man would dare to bluff after what we've said. He'd be flyin' in the face of Providence."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Microscope in the Kitchen.

The use of the microscope is recommended in the kitchen, if not of the ordinary house, at least of those having an army of servants and purchasing by wholesales. In hotels, boarding houses, hospitals, jails, its use in our complicated modern life is becoming essential, and the need is based upon the necessity of determining the degree of adulteration of food. The chef has no excuse for not knowing what he buys if he is provided with a microscope.

In starchy substances the adulterations will soon be revealed by the microscope if the grains of starch do not have the selfsame form in the potato and in rice. The same thing may be said of the spices. Pepper can be adulterated only with peas or ground-beans, and this fraud also may be readily detected. The rule may be almost universally applied to all foods that pass through the kitchen, and especially the kitchens of the wealthy. Coffee under the microscope does not look like chicory in structure and chocolate made with peanuts does not look like pure chocolate.—Harper's Weekly.

Got in a Quiet Knock.

When Joaquin Miller, the Poet of the Sierras, edited the Eugene Register, he ran a joke column that is still remembered among Eugene veterans.

"Miller," said an aged Eugenist, "used to like to roast the coal man. Thus, I remember how, in a description of a wedding, he once wrote:

"The presents offered the bride were unusually sumptuous and abundant. Conspicuous among them was a ton of coal. This won general admiration and approval by reason of its quaint, old-fashioned massiveness, it being much heavier than the tons of coal of the present day."

Overworked.

Mrs. Knagg—If we women had the time to read the papers as you men have we'd know just as much about politics and other things as you.

Mr. Knagg—But, my dear, you have just as much time as I.

Mrs. Knagg—Nonsense! I never have time enough even to get through with the household department, the women's page, the beauty expert, the fashion notes, the marriages, the divorce news and the society column and often have to skip the death records and the bargain advertisements.

He Married the Beneficiary.

"Yes," said the retired insurance agent, "I once got a man to take out a \$50,000 life policy only the day before he was killed, and it took a lot of coaxing to do it."

"Gosh! that was tough on the company. I expect you wished your persuasive powers had not been so successful."

"Well, hardly. You see, I married the widow."

Revenge.

"Gladys paid you a compliment yesterday, Felice."

"What did she say?"

"She said you were very intellectual."

"The cat! She just said that because she was expecting Tom Cheevers to take her to the football game and he took me instead."

Silent.

"What are you grinning at?" snapped Mrs. Gabb.

"A funny item in this paper," smiled Mr. Gabb.

"What's funny about it?" asked Mrs. Gabb.

"It says a woman has been made a silent partner in a business firm," replied Mr. Gabb.

A Denatured Santa.

"Well! Well! Another fool reformer has broken loose."

"What does he want to do?"

"He suggests a shave and a haircut for Santa Claus, so the old gentleman won't catch fire so easily from Christmas candles."

SAILORS' GREAT FEAR

FLOATING DERELICT ONE OF WORST PERILS OF THE SEA.

Forsaken Ships, Practically Unsinkable, Can Rarely Be Perceived Until Too Late to Avoid the Fatal Collision.

The dismantled, battered hulk of a derelict, floating so low in the water as to be almost level with the waves, is, of course, a very great danger to navigation, especially in foggy weather.

The majority of derelicts are sailing ships laden with timber. They may have been dismantled and rendered absolutely helpless in storms, partly demolished by fire, by collision with an iceberg, or by the mere force of the waves themselves. The crew, unable to make their ship seaworthy, may have abandoned it in the boats, or have been rescued by some passing vessel, but, whatever their fate, their forsaken ship, if laden with wood, remains practically unsinkable and is driven hither and thither over the ocean, at the mercy of the winds and currents.

Now and again a steamer may be rendered helpless owing to its machinery becoming disabled by shortage of coal, by fire or by the loss of its rudder or propeller in heavy weather. Its crew may decide to abandon it and take to the boats, but if they neglect to open the sea-cocks on their departure their ship may float for many a long day. The erratic movements of some derelicts are almost uncanny. Not so very long ago a Norwegian sailing ship called the Crown left Nova Scotia for a South American port. It was laden with timber, and while still in the North Atlantic ocean was overtaken by a terrible storm, which dismantled and left it a battered wreck.

The crew, realizing it was useless to remain on board, abandoned it and took to the boats, never to be heard of again, but their ship, although it vanished completely for no less than three months, was sighted at the end of this time on the edge of the Sargasso sea, a good 700 miles away from where disaster overtook it. Soon afterward it was sighted off Bermuda, but then disappeared again, and may still be drifting about the ocean.

Derelicts art sometimes salvaged and bring in a large sum in salvage money to the crews of the ships who tow them into port. On one occasion an American steamer bound for Liverpool with a cargo of cotton ran out of coal off the north coast of Ireland. The sea was running high, signals of distress were made to a passing steamer, which passed a tow rope to the helpless ship. But the towing wire snapped and the crew were accordingly taken on board the newcomer, while the disabled vessel was left to drift.

A Liverpool tug heard of the affair, and being doubtless aware of the great value of the cotton cargo, determined to find the derelict and to tow it into harbor. After a protracted search it came upon it and eventually took it into Belfast, little worse for its buffeting. The enterprising tug netted no less than £7,980 for its share in the proceedings. By an act of parliament, passed in 1896, the master of any British ship sighting a derelict is bound to report the fact to the nearest Lloyds agent, so that if the abandoned ship is in the track of ships a man-of-war may be sent out to destroy or bring it into port.

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BANDMASTER A REAL GENIUS

Clever Expedient Adopted to Keep Musicians on Their Feet for Patti Reception.

At Cheyenne, Wyo., the band from an army post had been engaged to play in honor of the visit of Adelina Patti and Etelka Gerster, many years ago.

Strange sounds came from the band, and Patti asked Colonel Mapleson, her impresario, to find out what the tune was. He found the band standing in a circle, so close together that they formed a solid bank, with the bandmaster in the center. Mapleson was about to part them to reach the bandmaster, when the latter begged him to desist and explained that as the band had been on duty for thirty-six hours awaiting the company's arrival, and saloons were numerous in Cheyenne,

none of the musicians could stand alone and he had adopted the expedient of standing them in a circle so that each would be supported by his fellows.

"If you take one away," said the bandmaster pathetically, "the whole lot will fall down."

Crusoe's Problem.

Robinson Crusoe bent and looked at the footprint in the sands. "Of course," said he to himself, "this indicates that Friday is somewhere near."

Then his brow knit in perplexity. "But what in thunder am I going to do to keep the reader's attention for the next four days?"

He began kicking sand into the footprint.

"For this," he murmured, "this is Monday, all day!"