

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 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.

CHAPTER IV.—Continued.

Speed beheld an undersized man of indeterminate age, hollow-chested, thin-faced, gravely benignant. It was not alone his glasses that lent him a scholarly appearance; he had the stooped shoulders, the thoughtful intensity of gaze, the gentle, hesitating backwardness of a book-raised man. Speed acknowledged the introduction pleasantly, while the benevolent little man blinked back of his lenses.

Stover addressed himself to Miss Blake.

"I told the boys what you said, miss, and we four has come as a delegation to find out if it goes."

"Mr. Speed and I were just talking about it when you came," said Helen. "I'm sure he will consent if you add your entreaties to mine."

"It would sure be a favor," said the cow-man, at which the others drew nearer, as if hanging on Speed's answer. Even Cloudy turned his black eyes upon the young man.

The object of their co-operate gaze shifted his feet uncomfortably and felt minded to flee, but the situation would not permit of it. Besides, the affair interested him. His mind was working rapidly, albeit his words were hesitating.

"But I'm not in condition," objected the youth.

"Mr. Glass said you was never better than you are right now. Anyhow, you don't have to bust no records to beat this cook. He ain't so fast."

"It would sure be a kind-hearted act if you'd do it for us," said the little man in his high, boyish voice. It was a shock to discover that he spoke in a dialect. "There's a heap of sentiment connected with this affair. You see, outside of being a prize that we won at considerable risk, there goes with this photograph a set of records, among which we all have our special favorites. Have you ever heard Madam-o-sella Melby sing The Holy City?"

"I didn't know she sang it," said Speed.

"Take it from me, she did, and you've missed a heap."

"You bet," Stover agreed, in a hushed, awed tone.

"Well, you must have heard Missus Helensy Moray in The Baggage Coach



"You're a True Sport."

Ahead?" queried the scholarly little man. At mention of his beloved classic, Carara, the Mexican, murmured, softly:

"Ah! The Baggage Car—Te'adora Mora! God bless 'er!"

"I must confess I've never had the pleasure," said Speed, whereupon the speaker regarded him pityingly, and Stover, jealous that so much of the conversation had escaped him, inquired:

"Can it be that you never heard that monologue, Silas on Fifth Avenue?"

Again Speed shook his head.

As if the very memory were hilariously funny, Still Bill's shoulders heaved, and stifled laughter caused his Adam's apple to race up and down his leathern throat. Swallowing his merriment at length, he recited, in a choking voice, as follows: "Silas goes up Fifth Avenue and climbs into a bus. There is a girl settin' opposite. He says, 'The girl opened her valise, took out her purse, closed her valise, opened her purse, took out a dime, closed her purse, opened her valise, put in her purse, closed her valise, handed the dime to the conductor, got a nickle in change, opened her valise, took out her purse, closed her valise, opened her purse—"

At this point the speaker fell into ungovernable hysteria and exploded, rocking back and forth, slapping his thighs and hiccoughing with enjoyment. Willie followed him, as did Carara. Even Cloudy showed his teeth, and the two young people on the porch found themselves joining in from infection. It was patent that here lay some subtle humor sufficient to convulse the Far Western nature beyond all reason; for Stover essayed repeatedly to check his laughter before gasping, finally:

"Gosh! 'mighty! I never can get past that place. He! He! He! Whoo-hoo! That's sure ridic'ous, for fair." He wiped his eyes with the back of a sun-browned hand, and his frame was racked with barking coughs. "I know the whole blame thing by heart, but—I can't recite it to you. I bog down right there. Seems like some folks is the darndest fools!"

"You see what the phonograph means to these gentlemen," said Miss Blake. "I think it's a crying shame that they were cheated out of it, don't you?"

Speed began to outline a plan hastily in his mind.

"I assured them that you would win it back for them, and—"

"We sure hope you will," said Willie, earnestly.

"Amen!" breathed the lanky foreman, his cheeks still wet from his tears of laughter, but his face drawn into lines of eagerness.

"Please! For my sake!" urged Helen, placing a gentle little hand upon her companion's arm.

Speed closed his eyes, so to speak, and leaped in the dark.

"All right, I'll do it!"

"Yow-ee!" yelled Stover. "We knew you would!" Willie was beaming benignantly through his glasses, while both Carara and Cloudy showed their heart-felt gratitude. "Thank you, Miss Blake. Now we'll show up that shavetail Centipede crowd for what it is."

"Wait!" Speed checked the outburst. "I'll consent upon conditions. I'll run, provided you can arrange the race for an 'unknown.'"

"What does that mean?" Helen asked.

"It means that I don't want my name known in the matter. Instead of arranging for Mr. Whatever-the-Cook's-Name-is to run a race with J. W. Speed, he must agree to compete against a representative of the Flying Heart ranch, name unknown."

"I don't think that is fair!" cried the girl. "Think of the honor."

"Yes, but I'm an amateur. I'd lose my standing."

"That goes for us," said Stover. "We don't care what name you run under. We'll frame the race. Lordy! but this is a glorious event."

"We can't thank you enough," Willie piped. "You're a true sport, Mr. Speed, and we aim to see that you don't get the worst of it in no way. This here race is goin' to be on the square—you hear me talkin'. No double-cross this time." Unconsciously the speaker's hand strayed to the gun at his belt, while his smile was grim.

Speed started.

"What day shall we set?" inquired Stover.

Wally rapidly calculated the date of Culver's arrival, and said:

"A week from Saturday." Covington would soon be en route, and was due to arrive a few days thereafter.

"One week from Saturday goes," announced Stover, "and we thank you again." Turning to Carara, he directed: "Rope your buckskin, and hike for the Centipede. Tell 'em to unlimber their coin. I'll draw a month's wages in advance for every son-of-a-gun on the Flying Heart, and we'll arrange details tonight."

"Si," agreed Carara. "I go."

"And don't waste no time neither," directed Willie. "You tear like a jackrabbit ahead of a hot wind."

Carara tossed his cigarette aside, and the sound of his spurs was lost around the corner of the house.

"This makes a boy of me," the last speaker continued. "I can hear the plaintiff notes of Madam-o-sella Melby once again."

CHAPTER V.

LARRY GLASS discovered his protegee on the rear porch engrossed with Miss Blake, and signaled him from afar; but the young man ignored the signal, and the trainer strolled up to the steps.

"Hello, Larry! What's on your mind?" inquired Speed.

"I'd like to see you." Glass, clad in his sportiest garments, seemed utterly lacking in the proper appreciation of a valet's position. He treated his employer with a tolerant good-nature.

Miss Blake excused herself and went into the house, whereupon her companion showed his irritation. "See here, Larry, don't you know better

than to interrupt me in the midst of a hammock talk?"

"Oh, that's all right," wheezed the trainer. "As long as you didn't spill her out, she'll be back."

"Well, what is it?"

"I had a stomach-laugh slipped to me just now." He began to shake.

"So you broke up my tete-a-tete to tell me a funny story?"

"Listen here. These cowboys have got you touted for a foot-runner." This time Glass laughed aloud, hoarsely. "They have framed a race with a gliny down the block."

"All right, I'll run."

Mr. Glass's face abruptly fell into solemn lines. "Quit your kiddin', Wally; you couldn't run a hundred yards in twenty minutes. These guys are on the level. They've sent General Garcla over to cook it."

"Yes. The race comes off in ten days."

Glass allowed his mouth to drop open and his little eyes to peer forth in startled amazement.

"Then it's true? I guess this climate is too much for you," he said. "When did you feel this comin' on?"

Speed laughed. "I know what I'm doing."

With an effort at restraint, the trainer inquired:

"What's the idea?"

"I'll tell you how it came up, Larry. I'm very fond of Miss Blake. That's why I broke the record getting out here as soon as I was invited. Well, she believes, from something I said—one of those odd moments, you know—that I'm a great athlete, and she told those cowboys that I'd gladly put on my spiked shoes and carry their colors to victory. You've heard about the phonograph?"

Glass smiled wearily. "I can't hear nothing else. The gang is daffy on grand opera."

"When I was accused of being an athlete I couldn't deny it, could I?"

"I see. You was stringin' the gal, and she called you, eh?"

"I wouldn't express it in quite those terms. I may have exaggerated my abilities slightly." Glass laughed. "She is such a great admirer of athletics, it was quite natural. Any man would have done the same. She got me committed in front of the cowboys, and I had to accept—or be a quitter."

Glass nodded appreciatively. "All the same," said he, "you've got more nerve than a burglar. How you goin' to side-step?"

"I made the match for an 'unknown.'" Speed winked. "Covington

will be here in a day or two. I'll wire him to hurry up. Fortunately I brought a lot of athletic clothes with me, so I'll go into training under your direction. When Covington gets here I'll let him run."

The fat man sighed with relief.

"Now I'm hep. I was afraid you'd try to go through with it. You had me wingin' for a while, but I plugged your game with the cowboys. Pawnee Bill and his Congress of Rough Riders think you're a cyclone."

"It's the first chance I ever had to wear that silk running-suit. Who knows, maybe I can run!"

"Nix, now! Don't kid yourself too far. This thing is funny enough as it stands."

"Oh, I dare say it looks like a joke to you, but it doesn't to me, Larry. If I don't marry that girl, I—I'll go off my balance, that's all, and I'm not going to overlook any advantage whatever. Fresno sings love songs, and he's got a mint of money. Well, I'm going to work this athletic pose to death. I'm going into training. I'm going to talk, eat, sleep, live athletics crippled on the eve of the race, it is going to break my heart. Understand! I am going to be so desperately disappointed that I'll have to choose between suicide and marriage. The way I feel now, I think I'll choose marriage. But you must help."

"Leave it to me, Bo!"

From inside the house came the strains of Dearly, sung in a sympathetic tenor, and upon the conclusion Berkeley Fresno's voice inquired:

"Miss Blake, did I ever tell you about the time I sang Dearly to the mayor's daughter in Walla Walla?"

Miss Blake appeared on the gallery with her musical admirer at her elbow.

"Yes," said she, sweetly. "You told me all about the mayor's daughter a week ago." Then spying Speed and his companion, she exclaimed: "Mr. Fresno has a fine voice, hasn't he? He sings with the Standard Glee Club."

"Indeed?"

"Sure!" The Native Son of the Golden West shook up a hammock-cushion for the girl. "Tenor!" said he, sentimentally.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

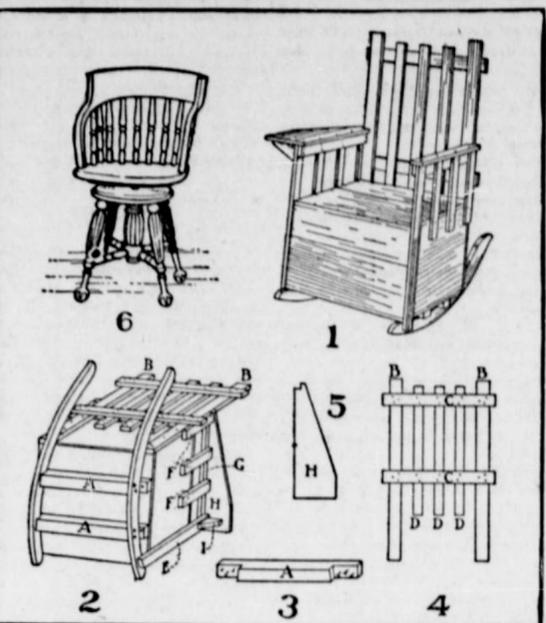
Would Never Do.

"Let's go west and kill Indians."

"What's the matter with you, kid? Some of our best baseball talent is being picked up among the redskins."

New Ideas for Handy Boys

By A. NEELY HALL
Author of "Handicraft for Handy Boys," "The Boy Craftsman," etc.



A ROCKER AND A DESK-CHAIR.

Figure 1 shows a unique rocking chair for a boy's room, made from a small box and boards from the wood pile. If you can find a pair of rockers from a broken chair, use them for your rocker; if not, it is not difficult to make a pair because you can get a pattern from one of the rockers in the house. All that is necessary to get this pattern is to lay a chair on its side upon a board, and then mark out around the rocker on the board. Lay out the two rockers accurately, because they must be absolutely the same, and saw them out of the board carefully. After sawing them, smooth up the surfaces with a plane and sandpaper.

The box forms the chair seat, and should be about 18 inches by 16 inches by 12 inches in size. If the box you have for the purpose is a few inches wider, or longer than these measurements, it will not matter, as it will only make that much larger chair, but 12 inches is just the right height and your box should not be higher than this to make a comfortable rocker. Replace any split or knotty boards with pieces removed from another box, and nail on the cover boards to form the top of the seat. Figure 2 shows how two braces A should be nailed to the bottom of the box, and Fig. 3 shows how their ends should be cut to fit over the rockers. By

seat are disfigured with trademarks which cannot be removed, the best way to finish the rocker is with a wood stain. Go to any paint store, and select the color of stain you want from the dealer's color card. A small can of stain can be had for 15 or 20 cents. Two coats of oil paint will be best, if there are any blemishes in the wood to cover.

Give the measurements of the chair seat to your mother or sister, and ask her to make you a cushion for it. Thus equipped, your home-made rocker will be as comfortable as any chair in the house.

It is generally easy to find a broken chair for your mother or sister, and ask her to make you a cushion for it. Thus equipped, your home-made rocker will be as comfortable as any chair in the house.

Remove the chair legs, then set the seat and back upon the stool (Fig. 7) and screw it to the top; drive the screw-heads below the surface of the wood, and fill in over the heads with putty. Refinish the chair to match the stool as nearly as possible, and your revolving desk chair will be completed.

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Gets Along Well Without Arms.

A remarkable demonstration of the control the mind has over the body is provided by Miss Kittie M. Smith, an armless Chicago girl, who uses her feet to do the things the average person accomplishes with the hands. So adept has Miss Smith become that she makes cabinets, bookcases, desks and like furniture, using with skill all the necessary tools, such as saws, chisel, planes, etc. In nailing, however, she uses a hatchet instead of hammer, as the shape of the former is better adapted for a tight clutch between the toes. Miss Smith also sketches with pen and pencil, does excellent needlework and uses a typewriter for her correspondence. The daily task of making a toilet, including brushing her teeth and washing her face, is done with comparative ease. She is also an adept gardener, using all ordinary implements with her toes in the garden of the home for disabled children which she has founded at Maywood, a Chicago suburb.

Found They Had Much in Common.

Two Coffeyville, Kas., young women on their way to the northern lakes, stopped at Chicago. They priced hats in a fashionable millinery shop and this in the conversation, as they report it in a letter: "We would like to look at some cheap hats." "Yes, madame." Two or three hats priced at \$30 were shown them. "But we said cheap hats. Have you nothing for less than \$20?" "Certainly, madame," said the saleswoman, appearing with a \$25 bonnet. "But," returned one of the Coffeyville women, "I don't call a hat cheap unless it is under \$8." When the saleswoman brought out with a condescending smile a hat marked \$5.98, she said: "Say, girls, ain't it fierce to be poor?"—Kansas City Star.

Shows Something.

The amount of "conscience money" returned to the government is not half as much as it used to be. This shows that there is less stealing or less conscience.—New Orleans Picayune.

Heat as Standard Measure.

Heat rather than candle power should be the standard of measurement for illuminating gas, according to a statement issued by the bureau of standards of the department of commerce. Where open flame gas jets are used, the candle power standard must be retained, says the report, but where mantles are more economical.

Experienced Hands.

"What's this firm I hear talk of—this Cupid & Hymen?"

"Oh, they are a couple of old experienced hands who are in the match-making business."—Baltimore American.

Accomplished.

Soiled Sylvester—Where did Benny de Bum learn such correct deportment?

Flix Hawsted—Didn't you know he's just come from de house of correction?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Sign of Recovery.

Rev. Callier—Well, Mrs. Mangles, and is the good man any better?

Mrs. Mangles—Oh, yes, sir. 'E's nearly all right agen, sir. 'E don't say 'is prayers no more of a night now, sir.—Sydney Bulletin.

Typoid Vaccination.

Philadelphia Ledger: Vaccination to prevent typhoid fever, which made a wonderful record in the United States army during 1913, only two out of the 80,000 who were vaccinated having contracted the disease, is being used in the hospitals of this city to protect the physicians, nurses and employes against infection.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes will last until the goods wear out.

The Germans will mount 40,000-candle-power searchlights on some of their airships to illuminate the enemy's camp.

The Bible contains 3,568,480 letters, 733,748 words, 31,173 verses, 1189 chapters and 66 books.

Shake Into Your Shoes

Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder for the feet. It cures painful, swollen, smarting, sweating feet. Makes new shoes easy. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe Stores. Don't accept any substitute. Sample FREE. Address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

STEP LIVELY

Don't be relegated to the rear because of some weakness of the "inner man." Try a short course of

HOSTETTER'S Stomach Bitters

and help your Stomach, Liver and Bowels back to normal strength and activity. Get a bottle today.

Some Occupation.

"Life is a deuced bore. I wish I had some interest in life."

"I don't blame you, Percy. Why don't you get a dog to lead around?"

The Amount.

"Was Mrs. Pankhurst's visit to this country really worth while?"

"Quite so. It was \$20,000 worth."

WOMAN IN BAD CONDITION

Restored To Health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Montpelier, Vt. — "We have great faith in your remedies. I was very irregular and was tired and sleepy all the time, would have cold chills, and my hands and feet would blot. My stomach bothered me, I had pain in my side and a bad headache most of the time. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done me lots of good and I now feel fine. I am regular, my stomach is better and my pains have all left me. You can use my name if you like. I am proud of what your remedies have done for me."—Mrs. MARY GAUTHIER, 21 Ridge St., Montpelier, Vt.

An Honest Dependable Medicine

It must be admitted by every fair-minded, intelligent person, that a medicine could not live and grow in popularity for nearly forty years, and to-day hold a record for thousands upon thousands of actual cures, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, without possessing great virtue and actual worth. Such medicines must be looked upon and termed both standard and dependable by every thinking person.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential) Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be opened, read and answered by a woman, and held in strict confidence.

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Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

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