

# 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

COPYRIGHT 1910 BY HADDER & BROTHERS

## 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.

## 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.

HELEN 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 into the box of bonbons between them. Jean finished her correspondence and essayed 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 somniferous droning of insects and lazy echoes from afar, Miss Chapin was on the verge of slumber, when she saw her guest rigidly turn the last pages of her novel, then, with a chocolate between her teeth, read eyed to the finish. Miss Blake closed the book reluctantly, uncurled 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 finer. 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."

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 stuttered 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 Marietetta, 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-hanging 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 Marietetta fittingly 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 velvety eyes had not laughed, nor frowned, nor sparkled. She seemed to be merely a part of this far southwestern picture; a bit of inanimate yet breathing local color. Now, however, the girl dropped her jug, and with a low cry glided 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 Marietetta 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 lounged 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. Marietetta 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 it'll gally."

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

But Marietetta was not offended. Instead she smiled over her shoulder



"It's a Medal. Culver Sent It to Me." as she had smiled at her lover an instant before.

"Me like you fine. You like ple?" Joy nodded toward 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. "Ha!" said he, scowling at Marietetta, 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!" Marietetta ran to him, and, seizing his arm, cooed amorously in Spanish.

"Bah! Vamo!" 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."

"Marietetta 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?"

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

"You're not looking well, Stover."



"This Grubstinger Thinks He Can Run."

Arc you in?" 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 sperrit's broke, that's all."

"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 boot-heel 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 Joe 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." He went on as if to air the injury that was gnawing him. "One day we hear that this grubstinger over yonder thinks he can run, whicshame 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 the very Centipede outfit at a bronco-busting tournament in Cheyenne."

"Wyoming," Stover made the location definite.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## LAST REPORT FROM THE STORM CENTER

OCRACOKE AND PORTSMOUTH PEOPLE BELIEVED DEAD ARE SAFE.

## THERE WERE NO LIVES LOST

The Tide Swept Across "Banks" Instead of Alongside, Fatalities Might Have Resulted.—Most Damage Was Done to the Crops.

Kinston.—Over the long-distance from Beaufort came assurance of the safety of the 1,000 people at Ocracoke, and Portsmouth, isolated plates on the long trip bordering the seacoast. Grave fears were held that these villages, located on the lowest place on the coast and many miles from mainland, had been swept away by storm tide or wednesday's gale.

There was every reasonable doubt that the settlements could stand the gale, because it is a fact that in 1899 a tide from a lesser storm did great damage. With 10 feet of water in the streets of towns far in as Washington and Newbern, it was considered probable that only the bare beach remained on sites of the little "Banks" towns.

The damage in Kinston is now estimated at about \$10,000, the greatest loss being sustained by the telephone companies and the city electric system. However, the damage to cotton in the county will be between \$100,000 and \$200,000, from 10 to 20 per cent. Corn and other crops suffered in lesser degree.

Newbern.—According to the information brought to Morehead City by a boatman from Atlantic the reports regarding the destruction of life and property at Ocracoke and Portsmouth are greatly exaggerated. The storm and flood did much damage to Ocracoke and also at Portsmouth, both places being submerged and much property was destroyed; but it is almost certain that no life was lost at either place.

Greenville.—Town and country alike try alike show the ravages of the worst storm remembered in this section, crops being damaged by wind and water, streets covered with debris and many houses the worse for years. Cotton just opening is badly hurt, while the stalk is often broken and torn to pieces. Corn is blown down and, unless harvested very soon, will rot. Not many roofs could withstand the rain which beat upon them like hail.

Scotland Neck.—The greatest damage wrought by the storm in this county seems to have been to crops, this being variously estimated at from 10 to 50 per cent. Some say the damage to Halifax through crops alone will reach \$500,000. The Roanoke River farms, the largest in the county, are the hardest hit. Cotton, corn and peanuts are all flat on the ground.

Washington.—Authentic news reached here from Ocracoke Island, when the gas boat Josephine, direct from the island, came into port. The Josephine reported that the tramp schooner Glenadine went ashore near the inlet. The crew of 25 were saved. A three-master, name unknown, is ashore at Southwest Shoals. The passengers and crew of ten—five men and five women—were rescued by the Portsmouth life-saving station. The Josephine reports damage to property on the island as great. The Methodist church there is a total loss.

## To Ask Pardon For Davis.

Counsel for Rev. R. L. Davis, superintendent of the North Carolina Anti-Saloon League, are publishing notice of purpose to apply to Governor Craig for a pardon in the case in which Mr. Davis was sentenced in the Raleigh police court to pay a fine of \$10 for striking Wiley Straghan over the head with a whiskey bottle.

## Mecklenburg Crop Will Be Short.

Chairman W. M. Long of the county commissioners, stated that he believed the crops of Mecklenburg would be some 15 per cent short of last year. In view of the fact that the corn crop in Kansas is a failure, Mr. Long stated that a heavy crop here would be a valuable crop, more valuable than cotton. "Cotton is opening too soon. The fact that cotton has been put on the market shows this. He is of the opinion that the entire crop of Mecklenburg county will be short at least 15 per cent.

## All of Buncombe Schools Open.

With the opening recently of the schools at Biltmore, West Asheville, Woodfin and Grace, all of the Buncombe county schools are now in session for the Fall and Winter of 1913-1914. The attendance at all of the county schools this year is quite large and indications point to a successful year. New public schools have been erected during the past Summer at many of the townships of the county, while extensive improvements have been made at the school buildings of other sections.

## HAVE INFORMAL CONFERENCE

In Regard to Freight-Rate Situation in North Carolina.—To Meet in Near Future.

Raleigh.—There was an informal conference between Gov. Craig and Chairman Travis of the Corporation Commission regarding the interstate freight rate situation and the possible further negotiations for settlements of differences between the carriers and the North Carolina shippers before the legislature meets in special session September 24 to deal with this matter and the proposed Amendments to the Constitution.

Chairman Travis said after the conference that nothing definite has developed yet as to further conferences but that there will, in all probability, be more soon. The effort of the state authorities now is to get together on just what further definite concessions shall be demanded from the railroads in settlement of the differences.

President Finley of the Southern, who has been out of the country for several weeks, has delayed the negotiations by the railroads. He is scheduled to land in New York within the next day or two, and soon thereafter there will, it seems probable, be a conference here between the presidents of the interstate carriers, the Governor, Corporation and Legislative Commission and the special committee from the State Just Freight Rate Association.

## Hookworm Campaign Progressing.

Orange, Randolph and Durham counties have recently made special appropriations for second treatments for eradication of hookworm disease. There is only one county in the state, Ashe, that has made no arrangement thus far for hookworm treatment. Dr. Jno. A. Ferrell, now director of the hookworm eradication work for the United States and formerly director of this work for North Carolina, was at Raleigh traveling to Charlotte from Washington. He will also visit South Carolina this trip to look into some hookworm matters. Since taking up this national work last July Dr. Ferrell has visited every one of the Southern states once and paid second trips to a number of them.

## Tar Heel News From Washington.

Delon Carlton, formerly mayor of Marion, McDowell county, was appointed special attorney for the post office department. Congressman Doughton recommended Thomas Vann Pool, of Salisbury as cadet to take the examination for admission to West Point. Miles A. Coyle, of Statesville, was named as alternate, the examination will be held in Atlanta next March. The postoffice department issued orders for examination to be held to secure postmasters at Palmerdale, Stanly county, and Herrel, Mitchell county, to take the place of former postmaster who resigned. John McCallum was appointed postmaster at Rayburn, Robeson county, and Ira W. Somers, at Stony Point, Alexander county.

## Disastrous Fire at Statesville.

A fire which probably originated in the boiler room destroyed the plant of the Nelssett Lumber Company recently entailing a loss of several thousand dollars. The plant had shut down for the day and all the employees had gone when persons living nearby noticed flames rapidly making their way from the boiler room into the main building of the plant. The city fire department promptly responded to the alarm, the new motor truck making a record run across town; but the wind swept the flames across the building so quickly that it could not be saved. An adjoining building and many thousand feet of lumber about the plant were saved by hard work.

## Children Must Be Vaccinated.

Every child who enters the public schools of Kinston and Lenoir county this fall will be required to be vaccinated, according to a statement by Dr. A. D. Parrott, the county superintendent of health. Last year the regulation of the sanitary committee requiring vaccination against small-pox was enforced in the city schools, and the contract with the rural schools, where there was no enforcement, was marked.

## Experts to Address Farmers.

Three experts from the United States Department of Agriculture are to visit Greenville soon to make addresses to the farmers of this county on subjects of a general nature. Among the speakers will be the well known Dr. C. W. Stiles, the discoverer of hookworm. An effort is being made to get as many as possible out for the meetings, and it is believed that there will be a large number in attendance. These experts come here as one step of a tour that extends over this entire section.

## Just Freight Rate Association.

A number of the business men of Clinton met and formed an organization for the purpose of fighting for more equitable freight rates. This organization will be known as the Sampson branch of the Just Freight Rate association. Mr. Hubert Ramauer, state organizer of the Just Freight Rate Association, was present and assisted the business men in perfecting this organization. In response to a request he made a very interesting talk on the freight rate situation in North Carolina.

## PROTECT TRAINMEN

THE LEGISLATIVE BOARD, HAVE CONFERENCE IN RALEIGH TO DISCUSS MATTERS

## WANT TO INTRODUCE A BILL

At the Extra Session of the North Carolina General Assembly Which Convenes September 24.—Would Compel Railroad to Provide Flagmen.

Raleigh.—While the extra session of the general assembly is being held in Raleigh this month efforts will be made to have introduced a bill having as its purpose provisions for the better protection of railroad employees and the traveling public in North Carolina. If introduced a great effort will be made to have it passed at this session.

For the purpose of taking preparatory steps towards drafting a suitable bill the state legislative board of the Brotherhood of Railroad Trainmen has been in conference in this city for several days. Those constituting this board are: W. A. Ramsey, Spencer; G. C. Winn, Wilmington; J. F. Shelton, M. O. Roberts, E. A. Belcher and H. R. Stoker, the latter of Raleigh.

The ultimate aim of the proposed law is to make it compulsory for every railroad doing business and operating trains, passenger or freight, in this state to provide flagmen for every train and for such flagmen to stand a rigid examination before being allowed to hold positions.

"In numbers of cases," said one of the members of the board, "80 per cent of the trains do not have flagmen and in many cases they have neither baggage masters or flagmen. In these cases the work of the flagmen are done by porters and others and very often by negroes, who generally cannot read or write, much less read the rules governing flagmen's work. In these cases railroad employees and traveling public do not have the protection due them. In hundreds of cases the protection of the public relies upon negroes who do not even carry standard watches, and when wrecks are thoroughly investigated it is often the case that a negro who is sent back to flag an approaching train forgets his instructions or takes a nap while waiting for the train to approach. In each instance there is nothing to prevent a wreck, death and great destruction of property."

## Considering Upkeep of Roads.

Statesville.—The last series of \$125,000 of the \$400,000 bond issue for good roads having been sold, and many miles of fine sand-clay and topsoil roads having been built throughout the county, the Fredell Commissioners are now giving a little more thought to the upkeep of the roads and it is their purpose to purchase good equipment for this work before all the road money is expended. The board left recently for Blacksburg, Va., to inspect road machinery now in use there. The manufacturers of the road machinery proposed to the commissioners to pay their expenses to and from Blacksburg, if they would make the trip, and the proposition was accepted.

## Mystery Surrounds Shooting.

Elizabeth City.—News was received here from Currituck county, which stated that an aged white man, named Leon White, was found lying in his bed at his home in Peyner's Hill Currituck county, with a bullet hole in his head. He was in an unconscious condition and had not regained consciousness so that he can tell anything about the tragedy. Physicians say that he cannot recover. No other person except his wife was with him. No pistol could be found.

## Guilty of First Degree Murder.

Lumberton.—"Guilty of murder in the first degree" was the verdict rendered by the jury in deliberation on the case of W. T. McKenzie of Scotland county, who killed his wife's brother, Peter Jones, last October. Judge Lyon sentenced the prisoner to be electrocuted Wednesday, October 29th.

## To Advertise Good Roads Bonds.

Greenville.—An order was made by the county commissioners authorizing the proper authorities to proceed to advertise for the sale of the \$50,000 worth of good roads bonds voted by the people of Greenville township for the improvement and construction of good roads. Advertisements will be placed in several of the New York and Baltimore papers, and bids for the bonds will then be received. Some sentiment has been aroused in favor of issuing the bonds in small amounts as the money is needed.

## Wake Has Good Tax Collections.

Raleigh.—The county tax books are being prepared for the turning over in October, and the best showing ever made is promised. The book-makers have not gathered the figures on delinquents but they hope to have these within three weeks, by October 1st, at least. Reports sent in show improvement in the number of listers. The auditor believes there are more names on the tax books than ever by many, and that there are fewer of that should be on than he has known in many tax years.