

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 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 Wallie, 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. Speed and Glass put in the time they are supposed to be training playing cards in a secluded spot. The cowboys explain to Speed how much the race means to them. Speed assures them he will do his best. The cowboys tell Glass it is up to him to see that Speed wins the race. Willie, the gunman, declares the trainer will go back east packed in if Speed fails. A telegram comes from Covington saying he is in jail at Omaha for ten days. Glass in a panic forces Speed to begin training in earnest. Speed declares to Larry that the best way out is for him (Speed) to injure himself. Glass won't stand for it.

CHAPTER XII.—Continued.

"Strange!" said Willie.
"What?"
"My rest was fitful and disturbed and peopled by strange fancies a whole lot. I dreamt' he threw the race!"
A chorus of oaths from the bunks.
"What did you do?" inquired Stover.
"I woke up, all of a tremble, with a gun in each hand."
"Well, I'm the last person in the world to be superstitious." Still Bill observed, "but I've had similar visions lately."
"Maybe it's a om-en."
"What is a om-en?" Carara inquired.
"A om-en," explained Willie, "is a kind of a nut. Salted om-ens is served at swell restaurants with the soup."
In the midst of it Joy, the cook, appeared in the doorway, and spoke in his gentle, ingratiating tones:
"Mornin', gel'mum. I see 'im again."
"No savvy who; stange man! I go down to spiling-house for bucket water; see 'im lide 'way. Velly stange!"
"I bet it's Gallagher."
"Vat you tank he vants?" queried Murphy.
"He's layin' to get a shot at our runner," declared Stover, while Mr. Cloudy, forgetting his Indian reserve, explained in classic English his own theory of the nocturnal visits.
"Do you remember Humpy Joe? Well, they didn't cripple him, but he lost. I don't think Gallagher would injure Mr. Speed, but—he might—brise him."
"Caramba!" exclaimed the Mexican.
"God 'lmighty!" Willie cried, in shocked accents.
"I believe you're right, but"—Stover meditated briefly before announcing with determination—"we'll do a little night-ridin' ourselves. Willie, you watch this young feller daytime, and the rest of us'll take turns at night. An' don't lose sight of the fat man, neither—he might carry notes. If you don't like the looks of things—you know what cards to draw."
"Sixes," murmured the near-sighted cow-man. "Don't worry."
"If you see anything suspicious, burn it up. And we'll take a shot at anything we see movin' after 9:00 p. m."
Then Berkeley Fresno came hurriedly into the bunk-house with a very cheery "Good-morning! I'm glad I found you up and doing," he said blithely. "I thought of something in my 'leep." It was evident that the speaker had been in more than ordinary haste to make his discovery known, for underneath his coat he still wore his pajama shirt, and his hair was unbrushed.
"What is it?"
"Your man Speed isn't taking care of himself."
"What did I tell you?" said Willie to his companions.
"It seems to me that in justice to you boys he shouldn't act this way," Fresno ran on. "Now, for instance, the water in his shower-bath is tepid."
There was an insistent silence before Stover inquired, with ominous restraint:
"Who's been monkeying with it?"
"It's warm!"
"Oh! It was a sign of relief."
"A man can't get in shape taking warm shower-baths. Warm water weakens a person."
"Mebbe you-all will listen to me next time!" again cried Willie, triumphantly. "I said at the start that a bath never helped nobody. When they're hot they saps a man's courage, and when they're cold they—"
"No, no! You don't understand! For an athlete the bath ought to be cold—the colder the better. It's the shock that hardens a fellow—"

"Has he weakened himself much?" inquired the foreman.
"Undoubtedly, but—"
"What?"
"If we only had some ice—"
"We got ice; plenty of it. We got a load from the railroad yesterday."
"Then our only chance to save him is to fill the barrel quickly. We must freeze him, and freeze him well, before it is too late! By Jove! I'm glad I thought of it!"
Stover turned to his men. "Four of you—all hustle up a couple hundred pounds of that ice pronto! Crack it, an' fill the bar!" There was a scramble for the door.
"And there's something else, too," went on Berkeley. "He's being fed wrong for his last days of training. The idea of a man eating lamb-chops, fried eggs, oatmeal, and all that debilitating stuff! Those girls overload his stomach. Why, he ought to have something to make him strong—"
"Name it," said Willie, shortly.
"Something like—like—bear meat."
"We ain't got no bear." Willie looked chagrined.
"This ain't their habitat," added Stover apologetically.
"Well, he ought to have meat, and it ought to be wild—raw, if possible."
"Their ain't nothin' wilder 'n a long-horn. We can get him a steer."
"You are sure the meat isn't too tender?"
"It's tougher 'n a night in jail."
"Good! The rarer it is the better. Some raw eggs and a good strong vegetable—"
"Onions?"
"Fine! We'll save him yet!"
"We'll get the grub."
"And he'll eat it!" Willie nodded firmly.
Stover issued another order, this time to Carara.
"You 'n Cloudy butcher the wildest four-year-old you can find. If you can't get close enough to rope him, shoot him, and bring in a hind quarter. It's got to be here in time for breakfast."
"Si, Senor!" The Mexican picked up his lariat; the Indian took a Winchester from an upper bunk and filled it with cartridges.
"Of course, he'll have to eat out here; they spoil him up at the house."
"Sure thing!"
"I'd hate to see him lose; it would be a terrible blow to Miss Blake."
Fresno shook his head doubtfully.
"What about us?"
"Oh, you can stand it—but she's a girl. Ah, well," the speaker sighed, "I hope nothing occurs between now and Saturday to prevent his running."
"It won't," Stover grimly assured the Californian. "Nothin' whatever is goin' to occur."
"He was speaking yesterday about the possibility of some business engagement—"
The small man in glasses interrupted. "Nothin' but death shall take him from us, Mr. Fresno."
"If I think of anything else," offered Berkeley, kindly, "I'll tell you."
"We wish you would."
Fresno returned to the house, humming cheerily. It was still an hour

until his breakfast-time, but he had accomplished much. In the midst of his meditation he came upon Miss Blake emerging upon the rear porch.
"Good-morning!" he cried. She started a trifle guiltily. "What are you doing at this hour?"
"Oh, I just love the morning air," she answered.
"Same here! Honesty goes to bed early, and industry rises betimes. That's me!"
"Then you have been working?"
Fresno nodded. He was looking at four cowboys who were entering the gymnasium, staggering beneath dripping gunny-sacks. Then he turned his gaze searchingly upon the girl.
"Were you looking for Speed?" he asked accusingly.

"The idea!" Miss Blake flushed faintly.
"If you are, he has gone for a run. I dearly love to see him get up early and run, he enjoys it so."
"I have been baking a cake," said Helen, displaying the traces of her occupation upon her hands, arms, and apron, while Fresno, at sight of the blue apron tied at her throat and waist, felt that he himself was as dough in her hands. "I had a dreadful time to make it rise."
"If I were a cake I would rise at your lightest word."
"The cook said it wouldn't be fit to eat," declared Helen.
"I should love to eat your cooking."
"Once in a while, perhaps, but not every day."
"Every day—always and always. You know what I mean, Miss Blake—Helen!" The young man bent a lover's gaze upon his companion until he detected her eyes fastened with startled inquiry upon his toilet. Remembering, he buttoned his coat, but ran on. "This is the first chance I've had to see you alone since Speed arrived. There's something I want to ask you."
"I—I know what it is," stammered Helen. "You want me to let you sing again. Please do. I love morning music—and your voice is so tender."
"Life," said Berkeley, "is one sweet—"
"What is going on here?" demanded a voice behind them, and Mrs. Keap came out upon the porch, eying the pair suspiciously. It was evident that she, like Fresno, had dressed hurriedly.
"Mr. Fresno is going to sing to us," explained the younger girl, quickly.
"Really?"
"I am like the bird that greets the morn with song," laughed the tenor, awkwardly.
"What are you going to sing?" demanded the chaperon, still suspiciously.

"Dearie."
"Don't you know any other song?"
"Oh, yes, but they are all sad."
"I'm getting a trifle tired of 'Dearie,' let's have one of the others."
Mrs. Keap turned her eyes anxiously toward the training-quarters, and it was patent that she had not counted upon this encounter. Noting her lack of ease, Fresno said hopefully:
"If you are going for a walk, I'll sing for you at some other time."
"Is Mr. Speed up yet?"
"Up and gone. He'll be back soon."
Then Mrs. Keap sank into the hammock, and with something like resignation, said:
"Proceed with the song."
(TO BE CONTINUED)

Still Willing to Be Imposed Upon.
He had youth and much faith and inexperience, but his good father took him into his office to initiate him into the mysteries of business.
The second day he was at work a man came in asking for financial aid, with a pathetic story about a sick wife at home and six helplessly small children without a crust in the house.
The boy listened earnestly and then went into his dad's office to intercede for the unfortunate man. He told the sad story seriously. The father, leaned forward and peered into the outer office at the vagrant.
"My son, credulity is one of those good things that die young. As it is such impostors as that man who 'make it so,' he said impatiently. 'Why, when that man was here last week he had eight children, according to his story.'
"But, father, don't you see," replied the son tragically. "The other two probably died of starvation."
Queer Funeral Customs.
It would be difficult to find stranger funeral customs than those practiced by the Andaman Islanders. The natives actually drop the bodies of their parents into the sea at the end of ropes and leave them there until nothing remains but the bones, which they gather and hang from the roofs of their huts.
It is a common custom for a man to sit by the house and watch the bones of some relative. This is the way they have of showing their love and respect.
The bodies are treated in this fashion so that the evil spirits cannot tease and pinch them. All that is left are the dried bones, and these are placed high so that if the evil spirits wander into the huts they will have a hard time to find them. If a bone is carried away it means some bad spirit has seized it, and this indicates that some terrible calamity will befall the family.

NEWS OF NORTH CAROLINA
Short Paragraphs of State News That Has Been Condensed For Easy People of State.

Raleigh.—The governor offered a reward of \$100 recently for Tom Jordan, who is wanted in Graham county for the murder of Luther T. West in November, 1910.

Raleigh.—Governor Craig issued a requisition recently on the governor of Georgia for Albert Champion, who is wanted in Concord to answer the charge of breaking into a cafe.

Durham.—In order to facilitate the inspection of the meat that is sold in Durham, the meat inspector has made arrangements for regular hours of inspection of hogs and cattle that are offered for sale in the city.

Goldboro.—Frank, the three-year-old baby boy of Mr. and Mrs. James Myers, living near Falling Creek, this county, was so severely burned recently that he died from the effects of the burns.

Kinston.—Great schools of shads off Core and Bogue banks for the last ten days have kept the fishermen there busily occupied. The catches have been very profitable, the fish being bought in large quantities by the fertilizer factories on the sounds.

Newton.—The number of bales of cotton ginned in Catawba county prior to November 14 was 7,397 bales, compared with 5,881 last year. The crop was not so much larger but the cotton was rushed to the gins as soon as it was picked.

Greensboro.—Capt. C. W. Bower, who is in jail here awaiting trial on the charge of defrauding the Deatons and other Irredell county people out of about \$8,000 by use of the mails, says that he will disprove the charge made against him.

Charlotte.—Among the visitors of especial prominence to Charlotte this week will be Mr. Stephen B. Weeks of the bureau of education of Washington City, who comes to attend the wedding of his niece, Miss Evelyn Weeks at the home of his sister, Mrs. W. H. Lambeth in Dilworth.

Hendersonville.—The Hunter-Democrat is in receipt of a telegram from Congressman J. M. Gudger at Washington to the effect that the contract for the erection of the new postoffice building in Hendersonville has been awarded to W. H. Plaisell and Company of New York, the bid being \$55,300, the lowest of the ten submitted. W. P. Bane, of this city, submitted a bid of \$61,000.

Mount Holly.—Yeggmen visited the P. & N. depot last night and departed with about \$21 as the price of blowing the safe. The supposition is that the person or persons came in on the last car, hung around until Night Agent Grice left which was at 11:30, then pulled trucks up to the window, pushed it up, went in and began operations.

Lenoir.—Recently a northbound passenger train No. 10 on the Carolina & North-Western Railway came into Sawmills, a flag station about 10 miles south of Lenoir, a little child about 18 months old of Mr. and Mrs. B. U. Annas was sitting on the track between the rails at a crossing south of the whistle post and was run over and instantly killed.

Greensboro.—Judge Boyd in Federal court recently signed a judgment according the Hunter Manufacturing & Commission Co., \$44,900 in its action against the Ocean Accident & Guarantee Co., to recover losses growing out of the failure of the cotton mills at Randleman two or three years ago. The insurance company became liable for the losses on account of credit insurance.

Raleigh.—The secretary of state granted a charter recently for the Hinshaw Company, Winston-Salem, capital \$50,000 authorized and \$18,000 subscribed by W. M. Hinshaw, Fred B. and Guy F. Hinshaw. The company is to do a grocery and dry goods business and has authority to handle real and personal property and engage in a variety of other lines of business.

Washington.—Following a determined fight that lined up every Democrat in Asheboro and most of the members of the party in Randolph county, E. L. Auman, against whom charges were filed and pressed by W. C. Hammer, leading candidate for attorney of the Western district of North Carolina, was recently confirmed by his senate.

Raleigh.—Defendants convicted of illicit distilling and retailing liquor in a recent session of federal court will have a hard road to travel during the next year for in nearly every case a sentence of not less than a year imprisonment in the Atlanta prison was imposed by Judge Connor.

West Durham.—In the third annual interscholastic declamation contest, held under the auspices of the 9019 Society of Trinity College, the medal was awarded to Allen H. Gwyn, representing the Trinity Park school. The subject was "Christian Young Men of America."

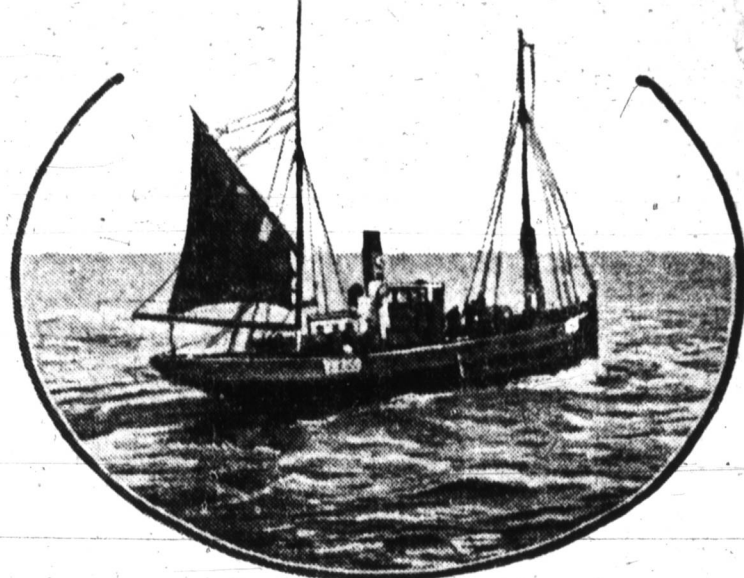
Winston-Salem.—George T. Brown, Sr., member of the tobacco manufacturing firm of Brown-Williamson Co., for years one of the largest independent factories in the country, dropped dead in his home here recently, heart failure being the cause. He was but 44 years of age.

Wadesboro.—A number of citizens of Burnsville and Lanesboro townships expect to have a little unusual sport in the way of a bear hunt in the swamps of Lane's Creek. A small black bear has been seen several times recently around Diamond Hill.



Four Cowboys Were Staggering Beneath Dripping Gunny-Sacks.

Inlets of Old North Carolina



TYPE OF FISHING BOAT

THE North Carolina coast is a paradise for fishermen, and the past season has proven no exception to the rule. October and November are the banner months for the sportsmen, but there is good fishing at practically all times. In October and November continuous north and east winds cause the fish to leave the bays, creeks and rivers and seek the warmer waters of the ocean, "schooling up," preparatory to migrating south. The waters around Beaufort, N. C., seem to have an especial attraction for a great variety of fish, much to the surprise and delight of visiting sportsmen. Among the many kinds caught with hook and line, are blue fish, sea trout, (squeteague) Spanish mackerel, sheepshead, black fish spot, flounders, sea bass, butterfish, croakers, drum, king fish, cero with an occasional tarpon and cabbie. The individual weight of the last three mentioned, being anywhere from 10 to 70 pounds.

Some Big Catches.
Along Bogue, and Core sounds, around Harker's island, in the straits, and along the sandy shores, from Beaufort Inlet to Cape Lookout Point, (a distance of ten miles), netters are continuously on the watch for mullet during the fall months. The fish, at this time are large and fat, often weighing from two to three pounds. When a catch is made they are sold to the fish houses in the town, and immediately dressed, cleaned and salted down in barrels of about 100 pounds each, shipped throughout the state and to northern markets. The seine fishing is done by the larger boats, outside the three-mile limit. Often large catches are made in this way. The record catch of the season was made by the schooner "George B. Balster," consisted of 65,000 pounds, selling on the wharf for \$1,600, being about two and one-half cents per pound. This catch was exceeded a year ago by the schooner "Dewey," when 90,000 pounds were taken at one haul. This lot was sold for \$2,250 spot cash. Some 12 or 15 men constitute the crew, and in the case of the latter no man aboard received less than \$80 for his share. The owners of the boat, captain and mate, of course, receiving much more.

Shrimp are also caught along shore in great quantities during August, September and October. These are brought to the fish houses, dumped on the floor, and every boy, white or colored, who wants a job, and can get a box to sit on, is set to work "heading" the shrimp, as shown in the illustration. Both hands are employed in this work. The beheaded shrimp are thrown into a bucket in front of each boy. The full bucket is taken to the floor boss, who gives each boy credit. The shrimp are then packed in boxes with cracked ice, layer for layer, and immediately shipped north. Great hauls of shrimp have recently been made, the largest consisted of 82 boxes (about one and one-half bushels to a box), they were sold on the wharf at \$7 per box; \$574 in all. The waters outside of the Inlet were alive last fall with edible fish, and the "hook and liners" are having great sport, many declaring that the fish were so plentiful they could feel the stinker striking against their backs as it went down.

One seine fishing boat brought to the fish house recently 10,000 pounds of trout (weak fish), as three other boats brought in 5,000, 3,000 and 2,000 pounds, respectively.

Odor Only Waste.
Greatest in point of value are the menhaden, often called bunkers, or fat-backs. These fish are very rich in oil, and millions of them are taken, to one of the edible variety. Twenty auxiliary schooners, with capacity of 200,000 to 300,000 are employed during the season from May to December in catching these fish. Six factories, in the vicinity, receive these fish from the boats, paying at the rate of \$1 per 1,000 for them. The fish are "tried out" for the oil, and the remainder, called "scrap," is dried and sold for fertilizer. Nothing is lost or wasted, except the odor, which permeates the air for miles to seaward of the factories. The fish are hoisted from the hold of the vessel by means of an endless chain of buckets, emptied into cars at the top of the hoist, and so carried on the railway to the factory.

Some ten miles from Beaufort Inlet,

the coast makes a sharp right-angled bend, with Cape Lookout at the apex. From the end of the cape, a narrow line of shoals, of coral formation, extends much farther out. The cape, and its submerged continuation forms a wall, as it were, reaching seaward 15 miles or more. Cape Lookout is so shaped as to embrace a bay, a quiet and beautiful sheet of water, called "Lookout Light." The coast configuration thus forms a remarkable natural trap into which fall the fish, migrating northward.

HISTORIANS AND THEIR WORK

American Authors Occupy Foremost Places in the Ranks of Those Whom the World Honors.

Views of what is the distinctive historical faculty, whether breadth of vision, power or organization, philosophical insight, or narrative talent, must vary as widely as historical styles and aims; but upon one requirement, skill and patience in research, all agree. Even the impressionistic author of the "French Revolution" had to bow in his "Frederick the Great" "the mountains of dust and ashes to be tumbled down to disengage the truly memorable." It is in this light that one notes with especial pleasure the remarks of James Ford Rhodes about the pre-eminent advantages of America in her historical depositories. Even foreign detractors, he told the American Antiquarian society, must admire "the easy and methodical arrangement of our historical materials, the accessibility of our libraries, and the various helps" connected with them; particularly since their own scholars still had "to pore over books without indexes, and delve among manuscripts in dusty archives." The justice of his statement needs no comment. A remarkable historical zeal has long been manifested in America. Every state and nearly every large city has its historical library; colleges and universities are jealous of their collections; the veriest hamlets, in our older localities, have their historical and genealogical societies; and private accumulations are innumerable—all freely at the service of the investigator. The organization before which Mr. Rhodes spoke has itself closed a century in gathering a specialized accumulation of almost unique fullness. Only the federal government may be accused of lagging behind.—New York Evening Post.

Real "Deserted Village."

A "deserted village" which contains only one single soul, a woman, is that of Woolstein, a hamlet near Cassel, in Prussia. It has been abandoned by its inhabitants on the ground that life there is hopeless. The soil is sterile, and the authorities refused to link the village to the outer world by rail. About a hundred of the inhabitants left in a body for America a few weeks ago, and since then those who were left behind have been moving daily to neighboring villages and towns. The village school was closed not many days ago because there were no more pupils, and on the following Sunday service was held for the last time in the village church. The houses are empty, and the village looks as if it had been swept by the plague. Only one inhabitant remains, Frau Hoert, a shepherdess, who is eighty years old, and declares that she will die in the village where she was born.

Benevolent Earthquake.

Earthquakes, as a general rule, are disturbances not greatly desired, but one occurred at Piru, Ventura county, a few days ago that proved a money maker for the Diamond Valley Oil company—most of the stockholders of which are Anaheim parties. The Diamond Valley company had been having lots of trouble with No. 1 well, which ceased to be a producer on account of water. The trembler came along when the well was about to be abandoned, and completely shut off the water and started a fine flow of 32-gravity oil. The well is expected to continue as a steady producer, notwithstanding the queer way in which it was brought in.—Anaheim (Cal.) Correspondent Plain Dealer.