

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 broken 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, 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. Speed and Glass put in the time they are supposed to be training playing cards in a secluded spot. 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 ice. 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. The cowboys force Speed to eat in the training quarters and prepare him a diet of very rare meat. Miss Blake takes a cake for Speed and is offended when Larry refuses to allow him to eat it. Covington arrives on crutches. He says he broke his toe in Omaha. Mrs. Keap, engaged to Covington and in love with Jack Chapin, exposes Speed to Helen, because Speed had failed to prevent Covington from joining the party. Speed decides to cripple himself, but Skinner, the Centipede runner, appears with a proposition to throw the race. Glass attempts to escape at night, but is captured. Fresno gives Gallagher, the Centipede foreman, \$500 to bet against Speed for him. Helen Blake hears of it and bets \$500 on Speed.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"I haven't got you. My name is Skinner."

"Nix on that monaker," Glass smiled, indulgently. "I had a man in that Sheffield Handicap six years ago."

"You're in bad," asserted the cook steadily, "but assuming that my name is Long—"

"I didn't say your name was 'Long.' I called you 'Whiz.' Glass chuckled at the point as he scored it. "Now come in; be good."

Skinner darted a look toward Gallagher, and the Centipede men gathered about the shrilling phonograph, stopped and tied his shoes, and breathed softly:

"Spiel!"

"This little feller I'm trainin'—does he win?"

"Without an upward glance, Skinner inquired:

"Did the man you trained for the Sheffield Handicap win?"

"Never mind that. Does this framed-up go through?" It happened that Speed, drawn irresistibly, had come forward to hang upon every word, and now chose this moment to interrupt.

"It's all right, Mr. Skinner—" But Skinner leaped to his feet.

"Don't try anything like that!" he cried in a terrible voice that brought Gabby Gallagher striding toward them.

"What's goin' on here? Are they tryin' to fix you, Skinner?"

"Not a bit like it," Glass protested



"This Little Feller I'm Trainin'—Does He Win?"

stoutly. "I only asked him which side he'd rather run on, and now he calls for police protection."

"Don't try it again, that's all!" the cook warned, sullenly.

"I reckon I'll take a hand in this!" Gallagher was in a fine rage, and would have fallen upon the offender had not Stover stepped in his path.

"I reckon you don't!" he said easily.

The two glared at each other, and were standing thus when Speed and his trainer moved gently off. They made their way to the house in comparative silence. "I made a mistake," said Wally.

"You've been jobbed like you was a baby," said Glass. "There ain't but one thing to do now. Go into the house and change your clothes, and when you get ready to run, get ready to run for your life—and mine."

Over on the race-course Gallagher was inquiring:

"Who's goin' to send these y'er athletes away?"

"I am!" announced Willie without hesitation. "Bein' perhaps the handiest man present with a weepin, I'm goin' to start this journey." He looked his foes squarely in the eyes. "Has anybody got objections to me?" The silence was flattering, and more loudly now, so that Skinner might hear, he added: "If your man tries to beat the gun, I'll have him wingin' his way to lands celestial before he makes his second jump."

Gallagher acknowledged the fairness of this proposition. "This race is goin' to be squar," said he. "We're ready when y'all are."

J. Wallingford Speed stepped out of his clothes and into his silken running-suit. He was numb and cold. His hands performed their duties to be sure, but his brain was idle. All he knew was that he had been betrayed and all was lost. He heard Glass panting instructions into his ear, but they made no impression upon him. In a dull trance he followed his trainer back to the track, his eyes staring, his bones like water. Not until he heard the welcoming shout of the Flying Heart henchmen did he realize that the worst was yet to come. He heard Larry still coaching earnestly: "If you can't bite him, trip him up," and some one said:

"Are we ready?"

Glass held out his hand. "Good-by, Mr. Speed."

Chapin came forward and spoke with artificial heartiness, "Good-luck, Wally; beat him at the start," and Covington followed.

"Remember," he cautioned, sadly, "what I told you about the start—it's your only chance."

"Why don't you fellows think about the finish of this race?" faltered the runner.

Then, in a voice broken with excitement, Helen Blake spoke, holding out her hand for a good-by clasp. "Dear Mr. Speed," she said, "will you try to remember this?—remember to run before he does, and don't let him catch up to you. If you do that, I just know you'll win."

This magnificent display of confidence nerved the athlete, and he smiled at her. He wished to speak, but dared not trust himself.

Gallagher was calling; so he went to the starting-point, whence he surveyed the course. There it lay, no more than a lane leading down between ranks of brown-faced men whose eyes were turned upon him. On the top rail of the corral perched Willie, revolver in hand. The babble of voices ceased, the strident laughter stilled, Speed heard the nervous rustle of feminine skirts. Skinner was standing like a statue, his toe to the mark, his eyes averted.

"You'll start here and run a hundred yards out yonder to the tape," Gallagher announced.

"I refuse!" said Speed firmly.

For one breathless instant there was a hush of amazement, then a cry of rage. Still Bill Stover hurled the nearest man out of his patch, and strode forward, his lean face ablaze. He wheeled and fung up his hand as if to check some hidden movement of Willie's.

"No voyence yet, Will! What d'you mean, Mr. Speed?"

Speed uttered what he knew was his final joke on earth. "I mean that I refuse to run straightaway. I'm an all-around athlete, and I must run all around something."

Amid shouts of confusion, those who had taken position along the course came crowding back to the starting-point. Willie wrapped his legs about the top rail of the fence and drew a second revolver, while the two foremen bellowed indistinguishable threats at each other. Chapin lost no time in withdrawing his guests out of the turmoil, but Helen kept her place, her face chalky but her eyes very bright.

"What are you tryin' to hand us?" roared Gallagher.

Still Bill was quick to take a cue. "Don't get hectic!" said he. "There's nothin' in the articles about runnin' straight. Let 'em run around the corral."

But at this suggestion every voice seemed to break simultaneously.

"Humpy Joe ran straightaway," declared Gallagher.

"Yes, an' he kept at it," piped Willie. "I favor the idea of them runners comin' back where they start from."

"Listen, all of you," Speed announced. "I am going to run around and around and around this corral. If Mr. Skinner chooses to accompany me, he may trail along; otherwise I shall run alone."

"Never heard of such a thing!" Gallagher was dancing in his excitement, but Skinner calmed him by announcing, curtly:

"I'll beat him any way he wants to run."

"You couldn't beat a rug," retorted

Wally, and Glass suddenly smote his palms together, crying, blankly: "I forgot the rug!"

"We don't want no arg'ment afterwards. Does the Centipede accept its fate?" Still Bill glared at the faces ringed about him.

"We do if Skinner says so."

"Twice around the corral," agreed Skinner. "But no accidents, understand? If he falls, I keep going."

Instantly there ensued a scramble for grand-stand seats; the cowboys swarmed like insects upon the stout fence of the corral.

"Then you'll start and finish here. Once y'all pass we'll stretch a string to yonder post, and the first man to bust it wins. Who's got a string?"

"Mr. Gallagher, won't you use my saah?" Helen quickly unfastened the long blue bow of ribbon from her cotton gown, and Gallagher thanked her, adding:

"Moreover, the winner gets it!"

For the first time, then, Skinner addressed Miss Blake.

"Hadin' you better make that the loser, miss? The winner gets the coin," and the assent came in a flashing smile from the sky-blue eyes.

"Then the loser gets the ribbon!" Gallagher announced loudly, and made one end fast to the corral. "Which I call han'some treatment for Mr. Speed, an' only wish we might retain it at the Centipede as a remembrance. Are the runners ready?"

Those near the starting-point gave room. Skinner stepped quickly out from his blanket, and stamped his spikes into the soil; he raised and lowered himself on his toes to try his muscles. Speed drew his bathrobe from his shoulders and thrust it toward his trainer, who shook his head.

"Give it to Covington, Bo; I won't be here when you come back."

"Get on your marks!" The starter gave his order.

Speed set his spikes into the dirt.



"I'm Goin' to Shoot Twice This Time!"

brought his weight forward upon his hands. He whispered something to Skinner. That gentleman straightened up, whereupon Willie cried for a second time:

"On your marks!" and again Skinner crouched.

"Get set!"

The crowd filled its lungs and waited. Helen Blake buried her nails in her rosy cold palms. Chapin and his friends were away by their heartbeats, while even Fresno was balanced upon his toes, his plump face eager. The click of Willie's gun sounded sharp as he cocked it.

Into the ear close by his cheek Speed again whispered an agonized—"Don't forget to fall down!"

This time the cook of the Centipede leaped backward with an angry snarl, while the crowd took breath.

"Make him quit talking to me!" cried Skinner.

Gallagher uttered an imprecation and strode forward, only to have his way once more barred by Still Bill Stover. "He can talk if he wants to."

"There is nothing," Speed pointed out with dignity, "in the articles for forbid talking. If I wished to, I could sing. Yes, or whistle, if I felt like it."

"On your marks!" came the rasping voice of Willie as Wally murmured to Skinner:

"Remember, I trust you."

Skinner ground his teeth; the tendons in his calves stood out rigidly.

"Get set!"

Once more the silence of death wrapped the beholders, and Willie raised his arm.

Speed cast one lingering farewell glance to the skies, and said, devoutly: "What a beautiful, beautiful day!"

Now the starter was shaking in an agony of fury.

"Listen, you!" he chattered, shrilly. "I'm goin' to shoot twice this time—once in the air, and the next time at the nearest foot-runner. Now, get set!" and the speaker pulled the trigger, whereupon Speed leaped as if the bullet had been aimed at him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Gen. Booth's Story of His Career.
General Booth thus epitomized his career: "When I started my work I gave up the friendship of the people of the better class. I gave up the hope of wealth and I abandoned ambition. Now I have found all that I gave up. Had I wished it I could be wealthy. My publications have brought me thousands of pounds, but every cent of it has gone back as it came, for the betterment of the conditions of humanity, for making people happy. Similarly, I have the best friends in all classes, and, so far as ambition is concerned, I am not the best known man in the world, I am prayed for the most."

PLAN RALEIGH MONUMENT

Sir Walter Raleigh Committee Start Campaign For Funds For a Memorial to Raleigh.

Raleigh.—Each of the original thirteen colonies of the American Union, every school child in North Carolina, and every North Carolina Society in every state and city of the Union and the District of Columbia will be called upon to contribute toward the fund that is now being raised for the erection of a monument in Raleigh to the memory of Sir Walter Raleigh if the plans of the Sir Walter Raleigh Monument Committee are carried out. The decision to do this was reached at the meeting recently of the committee having in charge the raising of the funds necessary. The following members of this committee were present for the meeting: General Julian S. Carr, chairman, of Durham; Joseph G. Brown, Colonel Benahan Cameron, A. B. Andrews, Jr., Alex. J. Field, Frank Ward and W. J. Peele, all of Raleigh.

The meeting was one of the first that has been held by the committee in a long while, but the lapse of time since the last coming together of these men did not in any way lessen their enthusiasm over the project, and they are now more determined than ever to succeed in the movement which they have started.

The committee in session was of the opinion that the best time for the unveiling of the monument is on October 29, 1918, which is the ter-centennial anniversary of the martyrdom of Sir Walter Raleigh in England.

Not only will the monument be a memorial to Sir Walter Raleigh, but if the plans are carried out, it will likewise commemorate the event of the Century of Peace between all of the English-speaking nations of the world. This will be in 1915, and it is planned that the cornerstone be laid during that year, and so inscribed as to keep fresh in the minds of all who look upon the great marble shaft the long period of peace that has been established.

The committee passed a resolution calling upon the state superintendent of public instruction to request a donation for the monument fund from every child in the public schools of the state on Arbor Day in 1914. Another resolution that was passed calls upon the city commissioners of Raleigh to petition the legislature for permission to erect the monument of Nash Square in Raleigh, and at such a point in the square as will be decided upon by the committee. General Julian S. Carr, Mr. J. G. Brown and Mr. W. J. Peele were authorized to select in each county of the state one person to serve on the committee, and to aid in the work in his particular section.

Fifty-Six Want Little Girl.
Duke.—Recently a little advertisement appeared in the want columns of three of the daily state papers wishing to place a six-year-old girl in a Christian home. It was simply remarkable to note the answers that came to this advertisement. In five days fifty-three letters had been received asking for the girl and three persons had called, making a total of fifty-six applications for her. All the letters came from elegant homes and well-to-do people from all sections of the state. It is sufficient to say that the little girl, little Ellie Blake, whose mother is dead, has found a nice and comfortable home with Mr. and Mrs. D. Y. Harper, of Dunn, N. C.

May Move Surry Court House.
Mount Airy.—That the county court house will in the near future be moved from Dobson to this city is predicted by many citizens. In fact, there is a movement on foot to bring about this change. For many years there has been a growing sentiment favoring this change, but only since the recent refusal of Dobson township to vote good road bonds has the sentiment crystallized into an active movement.

Falls in Line.
Raleigh.—After hearing an address by William Brown of Chicago, field secretary of the International Sunday School Association for America, recently in a stirring address on organized Sunday school work, a mass-meeting of Raleigh Sunday school workers formed a city association.

For Tobacco Market.
Fayetteville.—Fayetteville will have a tobacco market next season. This is the determination of the Chamber of Commerce, reached at the first meeting of the year. J. D. Fletcher, tobacco demonstrator for Cumberland county, met with the members, and there was a general discussion of the question of growing and marketing tobacco, with special references to Fayetteville and Cumberland county's future. Mr. Fletcher estimated that there would be 1,600,000 pounds of tobacco grown in Cumberland this year.

Build Modern Hospital.
Mount Airy.—A modern hospital is one of the possibilities for this city in the near future.

Mrs. B. A. Irvin, a retired and wealthy milliner, who left here several days ago to visit her son, a physician in New York City, informed her friends that upon her return that she would begin the erection of a 30-room granite and modern hospital upon a splendid site already purchased for that purpose. The site consists of several acres of grove near the heart of the city and is an ideal location.

For Handy Boys and Girls to Make and Do

By A. NEELY HALL. By DOROTHY PERKINS.

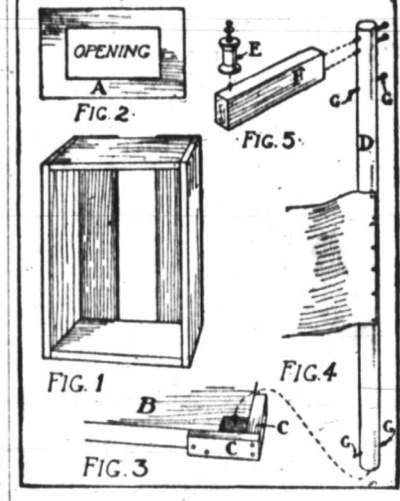
A HOME MOVING PICTURE SHOW.
The fun of the little moving picture show commences the minute you begin work upon it, and it lasts as long as you want it to because there are always new pictures to plan and make. The very first thing to prepare is the support for the "picture screen," for which you will need a box. Almost any kind of a grocery box will do, approximately 18 inches wide and 2 feet long. Remove the bottom boards of the box (Fig. 1) for a doorway. Then cut a piece of cardboard long enough to reach across the top of the box from side to side (A, Fig. 2). Cut an oblong opening in its center as shown and tack to the box edges in the position shown in Fig. 6.

The upper and lower boards B support the picture rollers D. Make them about 12 inches longer than the width of the box, and with a saw cut a 1-inch square notch in opposite corners, as shown Figs. 3 and 7. These notches form pockets for the picture-roller ends to set in, and the strips C (Fig. 3), nailed to the edges of boards B

AN IMPRESSION SCRAP-BOOK.
A pretty and simple way to preserve the memories of summer leaves and flowers is by taking impressions of them on paper, and then pasting the pieces of paper on pages of a blank book. A book containing such impressions might appropriately be called a memory scrap-book.

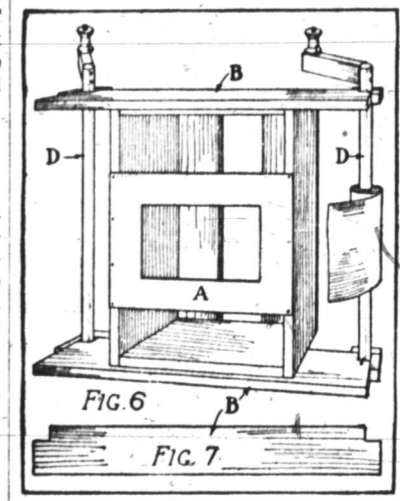
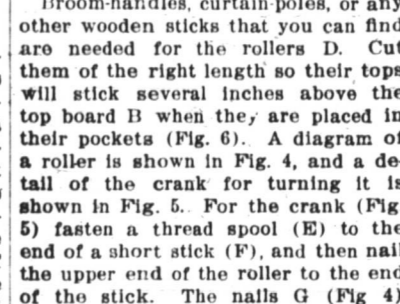
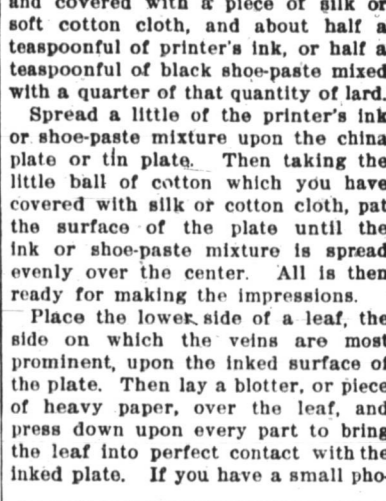
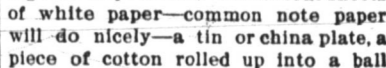
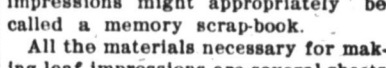
All the materials necessary for making leaf impressions are several sheets of white paper—common note paper will do nicely—a tin or china plate, a piece of cotton rolled up into a ball and covered with a piece of silk or soft cotton cloth, and about half a teaspoonful of printer's ink, or half a teaspoonful of black shoe-paste mixed with a quarter of that quantity of lard. Spread a little of the printer's ink or shoe-paste mixture upon the china plate or tin plate. Then taking the little ball of cotton which you have covered with silk or cotton cloth, pat the surface of the plate until the ink or shoe-paste mixture is spread evenly over the center. All is then ready for making the impressions.

Place the lower side of a leaf, the side on which the veins are most prominent, upon the inked surface of the plate. Then lay a blotter, or piece of heavy paper, over the leaf, and press down upon every part to bring the leaf into perfect contact with the inked plate. If you have a small pho-



hold the rollers in the notches. Nail boards B to the two ends of the box with the front edges projecting about an inch beyond the front edges of the box, and with the pair of roller pockets in the upper board directly over the pair in the lower board.

Broom-handles, curtain-poles, or any other wooden sticks that you can find are needed for the rollers D. Cut them of the right length so their tops will stick several inches above the top board B when they are placed in their pockets (Fig. 6). A diagram of a roller is shown in Fig. 4, and a detail of the crank for turning it is shown in Fig. 5. For the crank (Fig. 5) fasten a thread spool (E) to the end of a short stick (F), and then nail the upper end of the roller to the end of the stick. The nails G (Fig. 4)

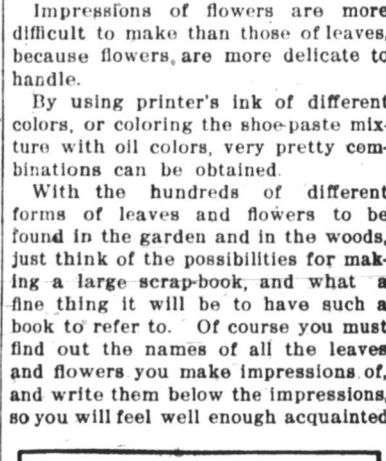
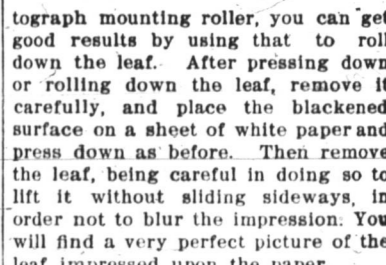


are driven into the roller, after the roller ends have been slipped into their pockets. Their purpose is to keep the rollers from slipping up or down (Fig. 6).

The picture strips are made of white cloth and are cut about an inch wider than the oblong opening in the piece of cardboard A. To these strips the pictures are pasted. Enough of the strips should be sewed end to end to make a continuous strip at least 20 feet in length.

Select your pictures from newspapers and magazines. Color them with crayons or water-colors, and arrange upon the cloth strip in some interesting order. Fasten them with flour paste. Tack each end of the picture strip to a picture roller, passing the cloth over the front of the opening in the piece of cardboard A.

To complete the enclosing of the front of the framework so the audience cannot see you operating the roller cranks. This is done with cloth. Get a piece large enough to reach from upper board B to lower board B, and from end to end, and tack it to the two edges of these boards, stretching it tightly. Then cut an opening in the center exactly in front of the opening in the piece of cardboard A. A board nailed across the top of the framework will conceal the cranks. Reel the pictures from one roller on to the other, then back-again, by turning first one crank, and then the other. A light placed inside of the box, through the doorway, will illuminate the pictures from the back.



with them next time you see them to call them by name.

Besides making a memory scrap-book, another novel idea that you girls can try is that of decorating your letter paper with impressions of dainty ferns and grasses. This will make your paper different from that of your girl-friends. If you want to have your monogram on your paper, in addition to the leaf impression, cut your initials in the leaf with a pen-knife. Then when you make the impression, you will find your initials outlined in white.