

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, chief 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 John 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 she shall be entered as an unknown, figuring that Covington will arrive in time to take his place. Fresno, vice 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 runner, declares the trainer will go back east packed in ice, if Speed fails.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

Carara returned the knife to its hiding-place, swept the floor gracefully with his sombrero, then placing the spangled head-piece at an exact angle upon his raven locks, lounged out, his silver spurs tinkling in the silence. Glass took a deep breath.

"He doesn't mean to kill you—just cut you," said Speed.

"I got it," declared the other, fervently. Again he laid repressing hands upon his bulging front and looked down at it tenderly. "They've all got it in for my pad, haven't they?"

"I told you to keep away from that girl."

"Humph!" Glass spoke with sullen conviction. "Take it from me, Bo, I'll walk around her as if she was a lake. Who'd ever think that chorus-man was a killer?"

"Surely you don't care for her seriously?"

"Not now. I—I love my Cubana, but"—he quivered, apprehensively—"I'll bet that rummy packs a 'shiv' in every pocket."

From outside the bunk-house came the low, musical notes of a quail, and Glass puckered his lips to answer, then grew pale. "That's her," he declared, in a panic. "I've got a date with her."

"Are you going to keep it?"

"Not for a nose-bag full of gold nuggets! Take a look, Wally, and see what she's doing."

Speed did as directed. "She's waiting."

"Let her wait," breathed the trainer. "Here comes Stover and Willie."

"More bad news," Glass unrolled his prayer-rug, and stepped upon it hastily. "Say, what's that word? Quick! You know! The password, quick!"

"Allah!"

"That's her!" The fat man began to mumble thickly. It was plain that his spirit was utterly broken.

But this call was prompted purely by solicitude, it seemed. Willie had little to say, and Stover, ignoring all mention of the earlier encounter he had witnessed, exclaimed:

"There's been some queer goin'-on 'round here, Mr. Speed. Have you noticed 'em?"

"No. What sort?"

"Well, the other mornin' I discovered some tracks through one of Miss Jean's flower-beds."

manner to reassure. "If there's any shootin' comes off, I'll be in on it."

"S—say, what's to prevent us being murdered when we're out for a run?" queried Glass.

"Me!" declared the little man. "I'll saddle my bronc an' lope along with you. We'll keep to the open country."

Instantly Speed saw the direful consequences of such a procedure, and summoned his courage to say: "No. It's very kind of you, but I shall give up training."

"What!"

"I mean training on the road. I—I'll run indoors."

"Not a bit like it," declared Stover. "You'll get your daily run if we have to lay off all the punchers on the place and put 'em on as a body-guard. We can't let you get hurt. You're worth too much to us."

"Larry and I will take a chance."

"Not for mine!" firmly declared the trainer. "I don't need no mineral in my system. I'm for the house."

"Then I shall run alone."

"You're game," said Willie admiringly, and his auditor breathed easier, but we can't allow it."

"I—I'd rather risk my life than put you to so much trouble."

"It's only a pleasure."

"Nevertheless, I can't allow it. I'll run alone, if they kill me for it."

"Oh, they won't try to kill you. They'll probably shoot you in the legs. That's just as good, and it's a heap easier to get away with."

Speed felt his knee-caps twitching. "I've got it!" said he at last. "I'll run at night!"

Stover hesitated thoughtfully.

"I don't reckon you could do yourself justice that-away, but you might do your trainin' at daylight. The Centipede goes to work the same time we do, and the chances is your assassin won't miss his breakfast."

"Good! I—I'll do that!"

"I sure admire your courage, but if you see anything suspicious, let us know. We'll git 'em," said Willie.

"Thank you."

The two men went out, whereupon Glass chattered:

"W—what did I tell you? It's worse'n suicide to stick around this farm. I'm going to blow."

"Where are you going?"

"New York. Let's beat it!"

"Never!" exclaimed the college man, stubbornly. "We'll hear from Covington before long. Besides, I can't leave until I get some money from home."



"There's Something for You."

can maid retained her position; then, when Glass was on the verge of making a desperate sally, Cloudy entered silently. Although this had been an unhappy morning for the trainer, here at least was one person of whom he had no fear, and his natural optimism being again to the fore, he greeted the Indian lightly.

"Well, how's the weather, Cloudy?"

"Mr. Cloudy to you," said the other. Both Glass and his protegee stared. It was the first word the Indian had uttered since their arrival. Lawrence winked at his companion.

"All right, if you like it better. How's the weather, Mister Cloudy?" He snickered at his own joke, whereupon the aborigine turned upon him slowly, and said, in perfect English:

"Your humor is misplaced with me. Don't forget, Mr. Glass, that the one Yale football team you trained, I dropped a goal on from the forty-five-yard line."

Glass allowed his mouth to open in amazement. The day was replete with surprises.

"'96!" he said, while the light of understanding came over him. "You're Cloudy-but-the-Sun-Shines?"

"Yes—Carlisle." Cloudy threw back his head, and pointed with dignity to the flag of his Alma Mater hanging upon the wall.

"By Jove, I remember that!" exclaimed Speed.

"So will Yale so long as she lives," predicted the Indian, grimly. "You crippled me in the second half—he stirred his withered leg—but I dropped it on you; and—I have not forgotten." He ground the last sentence between his teeth.

"See here, Bo—Mr. Cloudy. You don't blame us for that?"

Cloudy granted, and threw a yellow envelope on the floor at Speed's feet. "There's something for you," said he, while his lips curled. He turned, and limped silently to the door.

"And I tried to kid him!" breathed Glass with disgust, when the visitor had gone. "I ain't been in right since Garfield was shot."

"It's a telegram from Covington!" cried Speed, tearing open the message. "At last!"

"Thank the Lord!" Glass started forward eagerly. "When'll he be here? Quick!" Then he paused. J. Wallingford Speed had gone deathly pale, and was reeling slightly. "What's wrong?"

The college man made uncertainly for his bed, murmuring incoherently: "I—I'm sick! I'm sick, Larry!" He fell limply at full length, and groaned, "Call the race off!"

Glass snatched the missive from his employer's nerveless fingers, and read, with bulging eyes, as follows:

"J. Wallingford Speed, Flying Heart Ranch, Kidder, N. M."

"Don't tip off. Am in jail Omaha. Looks like ten days."

"CULVER COVINGTON."

The trainer uttered a cry like that of a wounded animal.

"Call it off, Larry," moaned the Hope of the Flying Heart. "I've been poisoned!"

"Poisoned, eh?" said the fat man, tremulously. "Poisoned! Nix! Not with me!" He walked firmly across the room, flung back the lid of Speed's athletic trunk, and began to paw through it feverishly. One after another he selected three heavy sweaters, then laid strong hands upon his protegee and jerked him to his feet.

"Sick, eh? Here, get into these!"

"What do you mean, Lawrence?" inquired his victim.

"If you get sick, I die." Glass opened the first sweater, and half-smothered his protegee with it. "Hurry up! You're going into training!"

CHAPTER XI.

THAT was a terrible hour for J. Wallingford Speed. As for Larry, once he had grasped the full significance of the telegram, he became a different person. Some fierce electric charge wrought a chemical alteration in his every fiber; he became a domineering, iron-willed autocrat, obsessed by the one idea of his own preservation, and not hesitating to use physical force when force became necessary to lessen his peril.

Repeatedly Speed folded his arms over his stomach, rocked in the throes of anguish, and wailed that he was perishing of cramps; the trainer only sported with derision. When he refused to don the clothes selected for him, Glass fell upon him like a raging grizzly.

"You won't, eh?" We'll see!"

Then Speed took refuge in anger, but the other cried:

"Never mind the hysterics, Bo. You're going to run off some blubber to-day."

"But I have to go riding!"

"Not a chance!"

"I tell you I'll run when I come back," maintained the youth, almost tearfully beseeching. "They're waiting for me."

"Let 'em gallop—you can run along-side."

"With all these sweaters? I'd have a sunstroke."

"It's the best thing for you. I never thought of that."

As Glass forced his protegee toward the house, the other young people appeared cld for their excursion; their horses were tethered to the porch. And it was an ideal day for a ride—warm, bright, and inviting.

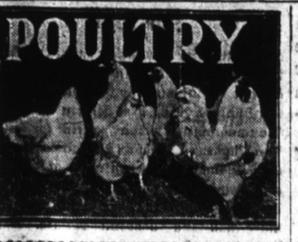
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lobsters That Do Not Boil Red.

Native French lobsters are growing scarce as the result of a series of epidemics, and an attempt is being made to introduce those from Roumania, Hungary and Russia. But these foreign lobsters have little flesh on them and turn a dull color when they are boiled.

To give them if possible the attractive scarlet tint, appetizing odor and delicious taste of the native Professor Leger is making researches in his laboratory of pisciculture in the University of Grenoble, and he hopes, in naturalizing the foreign species, to give them some at least of the French characteristics.

Lord Wolverhampton's complaint of the burdens added to the cares of heads of departments in official life by bad handwriting recalls an amusing incident which occurred when the House of Lords was in committee on the reform bill of 1837. The clerk of the house intimated that an amendment had been handed in, the writing of which was so illegible that he was unable to say what it was about or who had written it. It was then discovered that Lord Lytton was the author, and it turned out to be a proposal disfranchising all persons who could not write.—London answers.



POULTRY

Good Remedy for Many Bowel Troubles Found in Charcoal—Bright Red Comb Indicates Health.

(By C. S. MILLER.)

Charcoal is an excellent corrective of the evils of injudicious over-feeding, and also is a good remedy in bowel troubles in poultry. Having wonderful absorbent powers, especially for gases, only a small quantity should be put in the feed hoppers at a time on account of its absorbent nature. It should be kept in a thoroughly dry vessel with a close fitting cover to exclude the air.

If the charcoal is heated well before given to the poultry it will have a tendency to drive off impurities which may have been absorbed, and will be equal to fresh charcoal.

Ducklings usually start to molt when eleven weeks of age, and it will require about six weeks for them to finish the process and get into good condition again. For that reason ducklings should be marketed at ten weeks or after that they are more apt to lose weight than gain it.

In turkey culture never use a gobler that is akin to the hens. Inbreeding is the cause of much of the "bad luck" in raising the young.

Ginger, if fed to poultry for too long a time is apt to weaken the digestive organs, while asafoetida and



One Week Old Squab.

gentian are excellent digestive stimulants. Asafoetida, garlic and onions have a good effect on the lungs and bronchia.

When a fowl has a bilious look, dysentery and then costiveness, it is a strong indication that it is suffering from liver troubles. When the edges of the comb and wattles are of a purplish red it is a sign of indigestion. Fowls in good health always have a bright red comb.

Before they sell the eggs received, commission men take them to a dark room, where they are candled. The egg is held up in the left hand before a strong light and the top shaded with the right hand. If the air cell is small they know the egg is fresh. If the albumen is noted to be slightly thin and watery and the air space greatly enlarged, it is put down as two months old. About a month or two after that the air space reaches about the center of the egg and it is declared worthless.

Fel grass, such as is found in the bottom of creeks of Long Island, seems to be a natural food for ducks. Inland breeders substitute steeped clover hay or alfalfa and some chop up green rye, oats or corn. Where there is a scarcity of green feed more bran must be fed in the ration.

Richardson, a former English authority, said the ideal gander has large dimensions, active gait, lively and clear gray eyes, an ever ready and hoarse voice, and a demeanor full of boldness. The goose should be chosen for her weight of body, steadiness of deportment and breadth of foot—a quality said to indicate the presence of other excellencies.

The American standard of perfection classifies the weights of geese as follows: Toulouse and Embden, adult gander, 25 pounds; young gander, 20 pounds; adult goose, 23 pounds; young goose, 18 pounds; African adult gander, 20 pounds; young gander, 16 pounds; adult goose, 18 pounds; young goose, 14 pounds; Chinese and Canada, adult gander, 16 pounds; young gander, 12 pounds; adult goose, 14 pounds; young goose, 10 pounds; Egyptian, adult gander, 15 pounds; young gander, 12 pounds; adult goose, 12 pounds, young goose, 9 pounds.

The age of a fowl cannot always be told by the size of the spurs. In the yard of the writer is a three-year-old hen that could easily be mistaken for a yearling hen or pullet. But there is a dull, heavy look under the eyes of the old bird which an expert would detect at a glance. The best plan is to hand all the birds and a record kept of their ages.

Keep Posted on Prices.

If one has any quantity of poultry to sell, it is well to keep in correspondence with some good commission merchant or manager of some good market, so as to be posted as to prices, and not be at the mercy of the itinerant huckster, who travels over the country to procure poultry at any price that he can get the poultry raiser to accept.

Up the Coast from Panama



SCENE IN GUATEMALA CITY

TRAVELERS from this country cross continents and seas to find nothing more curious or picturesque than may be found on the west coasts of Central America, and Mexico, comparatively close at hand. To be sure, accommodations for tourists are few. There is nothing luxurious about the hotels at all, but the traveler sees a land of quaint customs and interesting people and sees it just as it is, writes G. R. King in Grit.

Within the next few years there will certainly be a wonderful change in conditions along this coast. With the opening of the canal will come new steamship lines, lower freight rates and increased travel. Probably the cities along the coast will lose some of their picturesque characteristics.

Travelers sailing through the canal in the days to come will see but little of the real Panama. The trip across the isthmus by train allows opportunity for seeing the sights at each end. It is a surprise to most passengers who sail from Panama for California ports to find that the boat does not start west but south. It is commonly supposed that the isthmus has a western and an eastern coast. As a matter of fact, it has a northern and a southern coast. "Why, see that sun," cried one of the passengers on your boat. "It is coming up on the wrong side." It was difficult to realize that we were sailing due south to round a huge boot top.

I had taken a slow boat instead of an express steamer, because I wanted to stop at the various ports along the coast. The republics, big and little, strung along in this order—Panama, Costa Rica, Nicaragua, Honduras, Salvador, Guatemala, Mexico. Honduras has only a few miles on the Pacific shore, and Salvador no Atlantic coast line at all. Most of the republics have been torn by revolutions, beggared by graft and kept back by lack of education to an extent which can scarcely be realized in this country, near neighbors of ours though they are. There is a tribe of Indians in Panama which has never been conquered and which is quite independent of the government, boasting that no woman in the tribe has ever borne a child to a white man, and obeying laws of their own making.

Immense Tracts of Fertile Land.

Much of Honduras is a wilderness. In Nicaragua and Guatemala are immense tracts of land of the most fertile character and in the finest climates simply waiting the development which shall come with peace and prosperity. Slavery is an actual if not an admitted fact in many of these republics. The law says that a peon shall remain in the service of his master so long as he is in his debt, which is all the time. Further, the law says that the debt is inherited by the man's descendants and kinsmen. Peonage is really slavery.

The fault of the system lies, however, in the fact that a few men own all the land and that the peon sees nothing ahead but a continual round of labor. When, as in Mexico, all the land is in the hands of 6,000 individuals, while the total population is 15,000,000, there is little future for a poor man.

Costa Rica is the one country in Central America which seems to have solved the land problem. There the government is the supreme landlord and the land is parceled out in small lots to families who will actually work it. As a result Costa Rica is made up of small farmers and is prosperous and happy, the serenity of its affairs being disturbed only by an occasional revolution engineered by an ambitious politician.

lars to pave the streets of Managua, the capital-city.

Houses of Adobe.

Managua is a typical city of Central America and is built almost entirely of adobe, the native mud, similar to that used all through Mexico and parts of the United States. The walls are thick and keep out the heat. Roofed with tile, these houses are attractive to the eye, especially at a distance, but cover them with corrugated iron and they have little beauty.

Nicaragua is a land of fruit and birds and flowers. Nature evidently meant it to be a paradise, but permitted it to fall into bad hands. Alligator pears, a costly luxury in New York, are cheap enough for beggars in Managua—and there are plenty of beggars to eat them. Oranges and pineapples are at their best there, and very plentiful, and the natives make free use of what they term the chocolate tree, because a beverage made from the seeds of the flowers is as delicate and palatable as chocolate.

Salvador is an independent little country just above Nicaragua and overshadowed by Honduras and Guatemala, but next to Haiti it is the most densely populated of all the American republics. The steamers stop at La Union and La Libertad, both small places, where conditions are exceedingly primitive. At La Libertad I saw a woman grinding corn and she was doing it by means of two stones, the lower stone, which was somewhat hollowed, resting on the wide tongue of a huge oxcart.

Always does Salvador keep a sharp eye on her northern neighbor, turbulent Guatemala, but of late years that country has been occupied with its own affairs. Nominally a republic, Guatemala is actually governed by a despot.

Our stops at the towns of San Blas and Acapulco on the west coast of Mexico were full of interest. Acapulco has a natural harbor, said to be the best with one exception in the whole world, being surpassed only by that at Sidney, Australia.

San Blas is very different in its characteristics, most of the houses being thatched. This is an important port and a favorable fishing place. And a Mexican fisherman is an interesting individual to look at. On his head he wears a hat of gigantic proportions, but his feet are bare, except, perhaps, for rough sandals. Their hats are the chief concern of the Mexicans, and they treasure them as carefully as an American woman her Easter bonnet. Western Mexico is filled with opportunities for development and with the opening of the canal there doubtless would dawn a new era were it not for the internal dissensions which keep out foreign capital and stand as a constant bar to progress.

Game to the End.

The late Timothy D. Sullivan had a great fondness for the Bowery boy, and used to tell a story to illustrate the Bowery boy's gameness.

"A newsboy"—so he would begin—"lay bedridden in the hospital. A friend of his, a bootblack, called:

"How be ye, Jimmy?" asked the visitor.

"I'm mighty sick," groaned the newsboy. "Mighty sick, I tell ye; I got to lay flat on me back. The doc says if I turn over on me side I'll kick the buckets."

"Oh, rats!"

"That's wot he says. If I turn on me side I'll kick the bucket straight off."

"I'll bet ye \$2 ye won't. Try it and see."

"I'll take that bet," groaned the sick newsboy.

"Winning, he turned upon his side, and, sure enough, it killed him instantly."

"His friend, the bootblack, laid \$2 on the small corpse's chest and departed solemnly on tiptoe."

Cheap Filler.

How do these poets make a living, anyhow?"

"Oh, there is always a market for magazines to fill in with."