

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 HARPER & BROTHERS

SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized phonograph by the defeat of their champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is on at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale, and Culver Covington, inter-collegiate champion runner, are expected. Helen Blake, Speed's sweetheart, becomes interested in the loss of the phonograph. She suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington, her lover, to win back the phonograph. 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 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 logs 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.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"We are ready!" called Jean gayly. "What in the world—" Helen paused at sight of the swathed figure. "Are you cold, Mr. Speed?" "Climb on your horses and get a start," panted the burly trainer; "he's goin' to race you ten miles." "I'm going to do nothing of the sort. I'm going to—"

But Glass jerked him violently, crying: "And no talkin' to gals, neither. You're trainin'. Now, get a move!" Speed halted stubbornly. "Hit her up, Wally! G'wan, now—faster! No loafing, Bo, or I'll wallop you!" Nor did he cease until they both paused from exhaustion. Even then he would not allow his charge to do more than regain his breath before urging him onward.

"See here," Wally stormed at last, "what's the use? I can't—" "What's the use? That's the use!" Glass pointed to the north, where a lone horseman was watching them from a knoll. "D'you know who that is?"

The rider was small and stoop-shouldered. "Willie!" "That's who." "He's following us!" With knees trembling beneath him Speed jogged feebly on down the road, Glass puffing at his heels.

When, after covering five miles, they finally returned to the Flying Heart, it was with difficulty that they could drag one foot after another. Wally Speed was drenched with perspiration, and Glass resembled nothing so much as a steaming pudding; rivulets of sweat ran down his neck, his face was purple, his lips swollen. "You'll have to run alone—this afternoon," panted the tormenter. "This afternoon? Haven't I run enough for one day?" the victim pleaded. "Glass, old man, I'm all in, I tell you; I'm ready to die."

"No use at all. You couldn't outrun a steam-roller, but if you won't duck out, I've got to do my best. I'd as lief die of a gunshot-wound as starve to death in the desert." "Do you suppose we could run away?" "Could we!" Glass propped himself eagerly upon one elbow. "Leave it to me."

"No!" Wally resumed rubbing himself down. "I can't leave without looking like a quitter. Fresno would get her sure."

"What's the difference if you're a straddle of a cloud with a gold guitar in your lap?" "Oh, they won't kill us." "I tell you these cow-boys is desperate. If you stay here and run that race next Saturday, she'll tip you up on Sunday and put a rose in your hand, sure. I can see her now, all in black. Take it from me, Wally, we ain't goin' to have no luck in this thing."

"My dear fellow, the simplest way out of the difficulty is for me to injure myself—" "Here!" Glass hopped to his feet and dove through the blankets. "None of that! Have a little regard for me. If you go lame it's my curtain."

All that day the trainer stayed close to his charge, never allowing him out of his sight, and when, late in the afternoon, Speed rebelled at the espionage, Glass merely shrugged his fat-shoulders. "But I want to be alone—with her. Can't you see?" "I can, but I won't. Go as far as you like. I'll close my eyes."

"Or I'll close them for you!" The lad scowled; his companion laughed mirthlessly. "Don't start nothin' like that—I'd ruin you. Gals is bad for a man in trainin' anyhow."

"I suppose I'm not to see her—" "You can see her, but I want to hear what you say to her. No emotion till after this race, Wally." "You're an idiot! This whole affair is preposterous—ridiculous." "And yet it don't make us laugh, does it?" Glass mocked. "If these cowboys make me run that race, they'll be sorry—mark my words, they'll be sorry."

"Hurry up, it's daylight!" "Where?" "Come, now, you got to run five miles before breakfast!" Speed sat up with a groan. "If I run five miles," he said, "I won't want any breakfast," and he laid himself down again gratefully—he was very sore—whereat his companion fairly dragged him out of bed. As yet the room was black, although the windows were grayed by the first faint streaks of dawn. From the adjoining room came a chorus of distress: snores of every size, volume, and degree of intensity, from the last harrowing gasp of strangulation to the bold trumpeting of a bull moose. There were long-drawn sighs, groans of torture, rumbling blasts. Speed shuddered. "They sound like a troop of trained sea-lions," he said.

"Don't wake 'em up. Here!" Glass yawned widely, and tossed a bundle of sweaters at his companion. "Ugh! These clothes are all wet and cold, and—it feels like blood!" "Nothin' but the mornin' dew." "It's perspiration."

"Well, a little sweat won't hurt you." "Nasty word." Speed yawned in turn. "Perspiration! I can't wear wet clothes," and would have crept back into his bed. "This time Glass deposited him upon a stool beside the table, and then lighted a candle, by the stinky glare of which he selected a pair of running-shoes.

"Why didn't you leave me alone?" grumbled the younger man. "The only pleasure I get is in sleep—I forget things then." "Yes," retorted the former, sarcastically, "and you also seem to forget that these are our last days among the living. Saturday the big thing comes off."

"Forget! I dreamed about it!" The boy sighed heavily. It was the hour in which hope reaches its lowest ebb and vitality is weakest. He was very cold and very miserable. "You ain't got no edge on me," the other acknowledged, mournfully. "I'm too young to die, and that's a bet." Suddenly the pandemonium in the bunk-house was pierced by the brazen jangle of an alarm-clock, whereat a sleepy voice cried: "Cloudy, kill that clock!"

"The Indian uttered some indistinguishable epithet, and the next instant there came a crash as the offending timepiece was hurled violently against the wall. In silence Glass shoved his unsteady victim ahead of him out into the dawn. In the east the sun was rising amid a riotous splendor. At any other time, under any other circumstances, Speed could not have restrained his admiration, for the whole world was a glorious sparkling panoply of color. But to the stiff and wearied Eastern he was all cruelly mocking. When he halted listlessly to view its beauties he was goaded forward, ever forward, faster and faster, until finally, amid protests and sighs and complaining joints, he broke into a heavy, flat-footed jog-trot that jolted the artistic sense entirely out of him.

CHAPTER XII.

IT WAS usually a procedure not alone of difficulty but of diplomacy as well, to rout out the ranch-hands of the Flying Heart without engendering hostile relations that might bear fruit during the day. This morning Still Bill Stover had more than his customary share of trouble, for they seemed pessimistic.

Carara, for instance, breathed a Spanish oath as he combed his hair, and when the foreman inquired the reason, replied: "I don't sleep good. I been t'ink mebbe I lose my saddle on this foot-race."

Cloudy, whose toilet was much less intricate, grunted from the shadows: "I thought I heard that phonograph all night." "It was the Natif Son singin' to his gal," explained one of the hands. "He's gettin' on my nerves, too. If he wasn't a friend of the boss, I'd sure take a surenigle and abate him considerable." "Vat you t'ank? I dream' Mr. Speed is run away an' broke his leg," volunteered Murphy, the Swede, whose name New Mexico had shortened from Bjorth Kjellner. "Run away?" "Ya-as! I dream' he's out for little ron ven piece of nosepaper blow up in his face an' mak' him ron away, just same as horse. He snort ta yump, an' ron till he step in prairie dog hole and broke his leg."

Jessie Woodrow Wilson Becomes Bride of Francis Bowes Sayre



Francis B. Sayre. Future Home of the Sayres. East Room of White House. Mrs. F. B. Sayre.

Washington, Nov. 25.—In the beautiful east room of the White House at 4:30 o'clock this afternoon Jessie Woodrow Wilson, second daughter of the president, was made the wife of Francis Bowes Sayre. Rev. Sylvester Beach of Princeton, N. J., performed the ceremony.

The entire affair was very simple, as had been requested by the bride, and the number of guests was rather small—distressingly so to many persons in official and social circles of Washington who had expected to receive invitations but were disappointed.

Miss Margaret Woodrow Wilson, eldest of the three daughters, acted as maid of honor to her sister, and Miss Eleanor Randolph Wilson, the youngest, was one of the bridesmaids. The three other bridesmaids were Miss Adeline Mitchell Scott of Princeton, daughter of Prof. William B. Scott; Miss Marjorie Brown of Atlanta, Pa., daughter of Mrs. Wilson's cousin, Col. E. T. Brown, and Miss Mary G. White of Baltimore, a college friend of the bride.

Dr. Grenfell is Best Man.

Mr. Sayre was attended by his best man, Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the famous medical missionary to the fishermen of the Labrador coast. The two men have long been fast friends and Mr. Sayre spent two summers helping Dr. Grenfell with his work.

The ushers were Charles E. Hughes, Jr., son of Justice Hughes of the Supreme court and a classmate of Mr. Sayre in the Harvard law school; Dr. Gilbert Horax of Montclair, N. J., who was a classmate at Williams college in 1909 and now at Johns Hopkins university; Benjamin Burton of New York city, and Dr. Scoville Clark of Salem, Mass., who was Mr. Sayre's companion in Labrador and Newfoundland.

Wedding Gown of Ivory Satin.

The bride's gown was of satin, of a soft ivory tint, trimmed with beautiful lace, both old and rare. It was made in New York and the women connoisseurs declared that it was a masterpiece. The lingerie in the trousseau is of the most dainty material and is all hand made. The maid of honor and bridesmaids were beautifully gowned and all looked their best.

Coming right in the midst of the chrysanthemum season, this was made a chrysanthemum wedding and that flower was used most profusely in adorning the White House. As the bride's favorite color is mauve, that was made the prevailing color in the decorations. The east room, and indeed all the rooms in the president's mansion, were beautiful indeed.

Depart on Their Honeymoon.

After the ceremony was completed and the couple had received the congratulations of the guests, refreshments were served, and then Mr. and Mrs. Sayre departed for their honeymoon. Their plans include a visit to the home of Miss Nevin, Mr. Sayre's aunt, at Windsor Forges, near Churchtown, Pa., where they first met. After January 1 they will live in Williams-town, Mass., for Mr. Sayre is to sever his connection with the office of District Attorney Whitman in New York and become assistant to Harry A. Garfield, president of Williams college.

JESSIE'S WEDDING CAKE.

Jessie Wilson's wedding cake was a triumph of the pastry cook's art. It was two and a half feet tall, counting the white orchids that were placed on top of it, and weighed 135 pounds. The first layer was four inches thick and 22 inches across. The cake contained 19 ingredients and its cost was about \$500. Over the body of the cake was molded a thick white icing scroll work, on its top was a design for the initials of the bride and groom, done in silver, and around the sides were lilies of the valley in white sugar. This delicious confection was distributed in 2,000 dainty white boxes tied with satin ribbon and each of the proper size to go under the pillow of the recipient to bring dreams.

There was one disappointment for those who attended the wedding, for the gifts were not put on display. It is known that these included many beautiful and valuable articles sent by relatives and personal friends of the bride and groom and of their families and by admirers of President Wilson. Handsome presents were sent by both the senate and the house, that of the latter being a diamond lavalliere which Miss Genevieve Clark, daughter of the speaker, bought for the representatives in New York.

Guests Limited to 400.

Those who were invited to witness the wedding were mostly personal friends and the number was kept down close to four hundred. The list was pared and revised several times, and as has been said, the operation resulted in many heartburnings. From the house of representatives' circle, for instance, the only guests were Speaker Champ Clark, Mrs. Clark and Miss Genevieve Clark, Marjory Leader Underwood and Mrs. Underwood, and Minority Leader Mann and Mrs. Mann.

As might be expected, the streets outside the White House were as crowded as the police would permit with curious persons eager to watch the arrival and departure of the guests and trying to obtain through the windows a glimpse of the doings within. The police arrangements were admirable and nothing happened, in the White House or outside, to mar the happy occasion.

The wedding of Mr. Sayre and Miss Wilson was the thirteenth to be celebrated in the White House, but the bride has always considered 13 her lucky number instead of a hoodoo. There have been more than twenty weddings in which either the bride or groom resided in the White House, and the last wedding ceremony performed there was the one which united Alice Roosevelt and Nicholas Longworth. Today's event was much quieter than that one, and the guests not nearly so numerous.

Mrs. Sayre a Social Worker.

Mrs. Sayre was born in Gainsville, Pa., twenty-five years ago. She attended the Women's college at Baltimore and was an honor member of the class of 1908, being also elected a member of Phi Beta Kappa. For two

years after her graduation she engaged in settlement work in Kensington, Pa., and she is a member of the executive board of the National Young Woman's Christian association. She has delivered several excellent addresses in public.

In appearance she does not resemble her father as much as do her sisters, having rather the features of her mother's family, the Axsons. She is an accomplished swimmer, rider and tennis player and also something of an actress.

Something About the Groom.

Francis Bowes Sayre is twenty-eight years old, and was born at South Bethlehem, Pa., a son of the late Robert Heysham Sayre, who built the Lehigh Valley railroad and at one time was assistant to the president of the Bethlehem iron works, since known as the Bethlehem steel works. He was also once president of the board of trustees of the Lehigh university.

Francis Bowes Sayre graduated from Lawrenceville school, Lawrenceville, N. J., in 1904, and from Williams college in 1909. He entered Harvard law school and graduated "cum laude." He was a member of the Sigma Phi fraternity, Gargoyles society, and the Psi Beta Kappa at Williams. For the past year he has been working in the office of District Attorney Whitman of New York. During the summer he was admitted to the bar of New York state.

Mr. Sayre's mother is Mrs. Martha Finlay Sayre, daughter of the late William Nevin, who was president of Franklin and Marshall college at Lancaster, Pa. She is a descendant of Hugh Williamson of North Carolina, one of the framers of the Constitution of the United States, and is a sister of the late Robert Nevin, head of the American church at Rome, and a cousin of Ethelbert Nevin, the composer.

Other White House Weddings.

The wedding of Jessie Wilson and Francis Sayre was the thirteenth to be solemnized in the White House. The first was that of Anna Todd, a niece of Dolly Madison's first husband, and John G. Jackson. Then Mrs. Madison's sister, Lucy, was married to Judge Todd of Kentucky. The third wedding, that of Maria Monroe, daughter of President Monroe, to Samuel Lawrence Gouverneur in 1820 marked the first social use of the east room. Eight years later John, the second son of President John Quincy Adams, married his cousin, Mary Hellen, in the blue room. While General Jackson was president there were three weddings in the White House, those of Della Lewis to Alphonse Joseph Yver Pageot of the French legation; Mary Eaton to Lucien B. Polk, and Emily Martin to Louis Randolph. Many years passed before there was another marriage ceremony in the president's mansion, the next being of Nellie, the only daughter of General Grant, and Algernon C. F. Sartoris. In 1876 Emily Platt, a niece of Mrs. Hayes, was married in the blue room to Gen. Russell Hastings. The eleventh of this series of weddings was that of President Cleveland to Frances Folsom, and the twelfth that of President Roosevelt's daughter Alice, to Nicholas Longworth.

Real Test of Sympathy.

Anybody can sympathize with the sufferings of a friend, but it requires a very fine nature—it requires, in fact, the nature of a true individualist—to sympathize with a friend's success.—Oscar Wilde.

Musical Item.

An "efficiency" expert without music in his soul is figuring out how many nails a bass drummer could drive with the same expenditure of energy.

When Mending Umbrellas.

Take a small piece of black sticking plaster and soak it until it is quite soft; place it carefully under the hole inside and let it dry. This is better than darning, as it closes the hole neater without stitching.

Women as a Power.

"If ever the time comes when women shall come together simply and purely for the benefit of mankind, it will be a power such as the world has never dreamed of."—Matthew Arnold.

Mizpah.

The word Mizpah or Mispah, is Hebrew, and means "Watch Tower." For example, see Genesis 31:19, where we read, "And Mizpah, for he said, the Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another." For additional light on the subject you may look at Judges 10:17; 11:11; 20:1. Also I. Samuel, 7:5; 10:17.

Longest British Tunnel.

The Severn tunnel, seven miles long, is the greatest in Britain.