

# GOING SOME

## A ROMANCE OF STENOUS 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. 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 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 wins the race, Speed will be happy. 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, 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 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. Speed declares to Larry that the best way out is for him (Speed) to injure himself. Glass won't stand for it. Glass forces Speed out at sunrise to practice running. At the instigation of Fresno the cowboys put ice in Speed's shower bath.

**CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.**

"I give him a nerve treatment. A jack-rabbit jumped at him this morning and he bolted to the outside fence." Larry forced his employer to a seat, then, securing a firm hold of the flesh, began to discourse learnedly upon anatomy and hygiene, the while his victim writhed. It was evident that the cattlemen were intensely interested. "Well, sir, when I first got him his sploven was in terrible shape," said Larry. "In fact, I never saw such a—"

"What was in terrible shape?" ventured the tenor.

"His sploven."

"Sploven! Is that a locality or a beverage?"

Glass glowered at the cause of the interruption. "It's a nerve-center, of course!" Then to the others, he ran on, glibly: "The treatment was simple, but it took time. You see, I had to first trace his beddido to its source, like this." He thrust a finger into Wally's back and plowed a furrow upward. "You see?" He paused, triumphantly. "A fore-shortened beddido! It ain't well yet."

"Can a man run fast with one of them?" inquired Willie.

"Certainly, certainly—provided, of course, that the percentage of speldiffer in the blood offsets it."

Both cowboys came closer now, and hung eagerly upon every word.

"And—does it do—that?" they questioned, while Fresno suggested that it was not easy to tell without bleeding the patient.

"No, no! You can hear the speldiffers." Glass motioned to Willie.

"Put your ear to his chest. Hear anything?"

"Heart's poundin' like a calf's at a brandin'."

"Which proves it!" proudly asserted the trainer. "Barrin' accidents, Mr. Speed will be in the pink of condition by Saturday."

The cowmen beamed benignantly.

"That's fine!"

"We are sure pleased, and we've got something for you, Mr. Speed. Come on, Mr. Fresno, and give us a hand. We'll bring it in."

"It's a present!" exclaimed the athlete, brightly, when the three had gone out. "They seem more friendly this morning."

"Yes!" Glass laughed, mirthlessly. "They think you're going to win."

"Well, how do you know I can't win? You never saw this cook run."

"I don't have to; I've seen you."

"Just the same, I'm in pretty good shape. Maybe I could run if I really tried."

"Send yourself along, kid. It won't harm you none." The speaker fanned himself, and took a seat in the cooey-corner.

"Ah! Here they come, bearing gifts." Speed rose in pleased expectancy. "I wonder what it can be?"

The three who had just left re-entered the room, carrying a trayload of thick railroad crockery.

"We've brought your breakfast to you," explained Stover. "We'd like you to eat alone till after the race." Still Bill began to whistle what appeared to be a blood-rare piece of flesh, while Willie awkwardly arranged the dishes.

"You want me to eat as well as sleep here?"

"Exactly."

"Oh, I can't do that! I'm sorry, but—"

"Don't make us insist." Willie looked up from his tray, and Glass raised a moist hand and said:

"Don't make 'em insist."

With fascinated stare Speed drew nearer to Stover and examined the meat bone.

"Why—why, that's raw!" he exclaimed.

"Does look raw," agreed the foreman.

"Then take it out and build a fire under it. I'll consent to eat here, but I won't turn cannibal, even to please you."

"I'm sorry." Stover did not interrupt his carving.

"Your diet ain't been right," explained Willie. "You ain't wild enough to suit us."

"Is this a joke?"

"We ain't never joked with you yet, have we?"

"No. But—"

"This breakfast goes as she lays!" Glass broke abruptly into smothered merriment. "When I laugh nowadays it's a funny joke," he giggled.

That grown men could be so stupid was unbelievable, and Wally, seeing himself the object of a senseless prank, was roused to anger.

"Lawrence, get my coat," said he. "I've been bullied enough; I'm going up to the house." When Stover only continued whittling methodically, he burst out: "Stop honing that shin-bone! If you like it you can eat it! I'm going now to swallow a stack of hot cakes with maple syrup!"

"Mr. Speed," Willie impaled him with a steady glare, "you'll eat what we tell you to, and nothin' else! If we say 'grass,' grass it'll be. You're goin' to beat one Skinner if it takes a human life. And if that life happens to be yours, you got nobody but yourself to blame."

"Indeed!"

"You heard me! I've been set to ride herd on you daytimes, the other boys'll guard you nights. We been double-crossed once—it won't happen again."

"You intend to make me eat this disgusting stuff, whether I want to or not?" Even yet the youth could not convince himself that this was other than a joke.

"No." Willie shook his head. "We just aim to make you want to eat it."

Then Larry Glass made his fatal mistake.

"Say, why don't you let Mr. Speed buy you a new phonograph, and call the race off?" he inquired.

Stover, stricken dumb, paused, knife in hand; Willie stared as if bereft of motion. Then the former spoke slowly. "Looks like we'd ought to smoke up this fat party, Will."

Willie nodded, and Glass realized that the little man's steel-blue eyes were riveted balefully upon him.

"I've had a hunch it would come to that," the near-sighted one replied. "Every time I look at him—I see a bleeding bullet hole in his abominable region, about here." He laid a finger upon his stomach, and Glass felt a darting pain at precisely the same spot.

"That's where you hit the gambler at Ogden," he heard Stover say—it might have been from a great distance—but I aim for the bridge of the nose."

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"Certainly not."

"Oh, you fellows take it too seriously," Fresno offered carelessly. "He might have to."

Willie's upper lip drew back, showing his yellow teeth.

"They don't sell no railroad tickets before Saturday, and the walkin' is bad. There's your breakfast, Mr. Speed. When you've et your fill, you better rest. And don't talk to them ladies, neither; it spoils your train of thought!"

CHAPTER XIV.

Now that the possibility of escape from the Flying Heart was cut off, the young man felt agonizing regret that he had not yielded to his trainer's earlier importunities and taken refuge in flight while there was yet time.

Everything was too late now. Even if he made a clean breast of the whole affair to Jean, or to her brother when he arrived, what good would that do? De doubted Jack's ability to save him, in the light of what had just passed; for men like Willie cared nothing for the orders of the person whose pay roll they chanced to grace.

And Willie was not alone, either; the rest of the crew were equally desperate. What heed would these nomads pay to Jack Chapin's commands, once they learned the truth?

There were still, however, two days of grace, and to youth two days is an eternity. Therefore, he closed his eyes and trusted to the unexpected. How the unexpected could get past that

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## THE HORNER SCHOOL

LOCATES AT CHARLOTTE ON

MAGNIFICENT PROPERTY

FOR INSTITUTE.

THE CONTRACT IS SIGNED

Colonel Horner is Given 45 1-2 Acres

For Site and \$15,000 Cash.—To Be

Opened in Fall of 1914.—250 Students Expected.

Charlotte.—Colonel J. C. Horner,

president of Horner Military Institute, recently accepted a proposition made by the citizens of this city and the

historic school will in the future be conducted here instead of at Oxford,

where for the past 70 years it has been in successful operation.

The proposition as accepted called for a cash bonus of \$25,000 and a site of 25 acres of land whereon to locate the buildings, athletic grounds, parade grounds, etc.