

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 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 dissuade 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 falls. 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 bakes 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 and is captured. Fresno gives Gallagher, the Centipede foreman, \$500 to bet against Speed for him. Helen Blake hears of it and bets \$200 on Speed. Glass recognizes Skinner as a professional runner.

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

Instantly a full-lunged roar went up that rolled away to the foot-hills, and the runners sped out of the pandemonium, their legs twinkling against the dust-colored prairie. Down to the turn they raced. Speed was leading. Fright had acted upon him as an electric charge; his terror lent him wings; he was obsessed by a propelling force outside of himself. Naturally strong, lithe, and active, he likewise possessed within him the white-hot flame of youth, and now, with a nameless fear to spur him on, he ran as any healthy, frightened young animal would run. At the second turn Skinner had not passed him, but the thud of his feet was close behind.

This unparalleled phenomenon surprised Lawrence Glass perhaps most of all. Was this a miracle? He turned to Covington, to find him dancing madly, his crutches waving over his head, in his eyes the stare of a maniac. His mouth was distended, and Glass reasoned that he must be shouting violently, but could not be sure. Suddenly Covington dashed to the turn whence the runners would be revealed as they covered the last half lap, for nothing was distinguishable through the fence, burdened by human forms, and Larry lumbered after him, ploughing his way through the crowd and colliding with the box upon which stood the Echo Photograph, of New York and Paris. He hurled Mariadetta out of his path with brutal disregard, but even before he could



Skinner Had Fallen!

reach his point of vantage the sprinters burst into the homestretch. Larry Glass saw it all at a glance—Speed was weakening, while Skinner was running easily. Nature had done her utmost; she could not work the impossible. As they tore past, Skinner was ahead. The air above the corral became blackened with hats as if a flock of vultures had wheeled suddenly; the shriek of triumph that rose from the Centipede ranks warned the trainer that he had tarried too long. Heavily he set off across the prairie for New York. The memory of that race awakened Speed from his slumbers many times in later years. When he found the brown shoulder of his rival drawing past he realized that for him the end of all things was at hand. And yet, be it said to his credit, he held doggedly to his task, and began to fight his waning strength with renewed de-

termination. Down through the noisy crowd he pounded at the heels of his antagonist, then out upon the second lap. But now his fatigue increased rapidly, and as it increased, so did Skinner's lead. At the second turn Wally was hopelessly outdistanced, and began to sob with fury, in anticipation of the last, long, terrible stretch. Back toward the final turn they came, the college man desperately laboring, the cook striding on like a machine. Wally saw the rows of forms standing upon the fence, but of the shouting he heard nothing. Skinner was twenty yards ahead now, and flung a look back over his shoulder. As he turned into the last straightaway he looked back again and grinned triumphantly.

Then—J. Wallingford Speed gasped, and calling upon his uttermost atom of strength, quickened the strides of his leaden legs. Skinner had fallen! A shriek of exultation came from the Flying Heart followers; it died as the unfortunate man struggled to his feet, and was off again before his opponent had overtaken him. Down the alley of human forms the two came; then as their man drew ahead for an instant or two, such a bedlam broke forth from Gallagher's crew that Lawrence Glass, well started on his overland trip, judged that the end had come.

But Skinner wavered. His ankle turned for a second time; he seemed about to fall once more. Then he righted himself, but he came on hobbling.

The last thirty yards contained the tortures of a lifetime to Wally Speed. His lungs were bursting, his head was rolling, every step required a separate and concentrated effort of will. He knew he was wobbling, and felt his knees ready to buckle beneath him, but he saw the blue tight-stretched ribbon just ahead, and continued to lessen the gap between himself and Skinner until he felt he must reach out wildly and grasp at the other man's clothing. Helen's face stood out from the blur, and her lips cried to him. He plunged forward, his outflung arm tore the ribbon from its fastening, and he fell. But Skinner was behind him.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE only thing in the world that the victorious Speed wanted was to lie down and stretch out and allow those glowing coals in his chest to cool off. But rough hands seized him, and he found himself astride of Stover's shoulders and gyrating about the Echo Photograph in the midst of a war-dance. He kicked violently with his spiked shoes, whereat the foreman bucked like a wild horse under the spur and dropped him, and he staggered out of the crowd, where a girl flew to him. "Oh, Wally," she cried, "I knew you could!" He sank to the ground, and she knelt beside him.

Skinner was propped against the corral fence opposite, his face distorted with suffering, and Gallagher was rubbing his ankle.

"Taint broke, I reckon," said Gallagher, rising. "I wish to hell it was!" He stared disgustedly at his fallen champion, and added: "We don't want y'all for a cook no more, Skinner. You never was no good no-how. He turned to Helen and handed her a double handful of bank-notes, as Berkeley Fresno buried his hands in his pockets and walked away. "Here's your coin, miss. If ever you get another hunch, let me know. An' here's yours, Mr. Speed; it's a weddin'-present from the Centipede." He fetched a deep sigh. "Thank the Lord we'll git somethin' fit to eat from now on!"

Speed staggered to Skinner, who was still nursing his injury, and held out his hand, whereat the cook winked his left eye gravely.

"The best man won," said Skinner, "and say—there's a parson at Albuquerque." Then he groaned loudly, and fell to massaging his foot.

There came a fluttering by his side, and Miss Blake's voice said to him, with sweetness and with pity: "I'm so sorry you lost your position, Mr. Skinner. You're a splendid runner!"

"Never mind the job, miss, I've got something to remember it by." He pointed to a sash which lay beside him. "The loser gets the ribbon, miss," he explained gallantly.

Off to the right there came a new outcry, and far across the level prairie a strange sight was revealed to the beholders. A fat man in white flannels was doubling and dodging ahead of two horsemen, and even from a considerable distance it could plainly be seen that he was behaving with remarkable agility for one so heavy. Repeatedly his pursuers headed him off, but he rushed past them, seeming-

ly possessed by the blind sense of direction that guides the homing pigeon or the salmon in its springtime run. He was headed toward the east.

"Why, it's Larry!" ejaculated Speed. "And Cloudy and Carara."

"Wally, your man has lost his reason!" Chapin called. At that instant the watchers saw the Mexican thunder down upon Glass, his lariat swinging about his head. Lazily the rope uncoiled and settled over the fleeing figure, then, amid a cloud of dust, Carara's horse set itself upon its haunches and the white-clad figure came to the end of its flight. There was a violent struggle, as if the cowbody had hooked a leaping tuna, cactus plants and sagebrush were uprooted, then the pony began to back away, always keeping the lariat taut. But Glass was no easy captive, as his thrashing arms and legs betrayed, and even when he was dragged back to the scene of the race, panting, grimy, dishevelled, the rope still about his waist, he seemed obsessed by that wild insanity for flight. He was drenched with perspiration, his collar was dangling, one end of a suspender trailed behind him.

At sight of Speed he uttered a cry, then plunged through the crowd like a bull, but the lariat loop slipped to the neck and tightened like a hangman's noose. "Larry," cried his employer, sharply, "have you lost your head?" "Ain't they g-g-got you yet?" queried the trainer in a strangled voice. "You idiot, I won!" "What!" "I won—easy." "You won!" Larry's eyes were starting from his head. "He sure did," said Stover. "Didn't you think he could?" Glass apprehended that look of sus-

picion. "Certainly!" said he. "Didn't I say so, all along? Now take that clothes line off of me; I've got to run some more."



"I'm So Sorry You Lost Your Position, Mr. Skinner."

That evening J. Wallingford Speed and Helen Blake sat together in the hammock, and much of the time her hand was in his. From the bunkhouse across the court-yard floated the voice of the beloved Echo Photograph, now sad, now gay; now shrilling the peaceful air with Mm. Melba's "Holy City," now wailing the echoes with the rasping reflections of "Silas on Fifth Avenue." To the spellbound audience gathered close beside it, it was divine; but deep as was their satisfaction, it could not compare with that of the tired young son of Eli. Ineffable peace and contentment were his; the whole wide world was full of melody.

"And now that I've told you what a miserable fraud I am, you won't stop loving me?" he questioned. Helen nestled closer and shook her head. There was no need for words. Jack Chapin came out upon the porch with the chaperon. "Well, Fresno caught his train," he told them. "And we have had such a glorious drive coming back! The night is splendid!"

"Yes, so nice and moonlight!" Wally agreed pleasantly, whereat Jack Chapin laughed.

"It's as black as pitch." "Why, so it is!" Then as a fresh song burst forth from the very heart of the machine, he murmured affectionately: "By Jove! there goes 'The Baggage Coach Ahead' once more! That makes ten times."

"It's a beautiful thing, isn't it?" Miss Blake sighed dreamily. "I—I believe I'm learning to like it myself," her lover agreed. "Poor Fresno!"

The bridesmaids wore white organdie and carried violets.

THE END.

Down the Scale.

A certain bride is very much in love with her husband and very willing to admit it. She likes to sound his praises to her mother and to her girl friends. She has a number of original expressions. When her husband is good she says he is "chocolate cake, three layers deep." When he is very good he is "chocolate cake, four layers deep," and so on up the scale. Occasionally, however, things take a turn. The bride's mother dropped in the other day. The bride was a trifle peevish, but her mother pretended not to notice this. "And how was John today?" was her inquiry. "Chocolate, four layers deep?" "No." "Three layers deep?" "No." "Two layers deep?" "No." "This with a pout. "Then what is he?" "Dog biscuit!"—National Monthly.

RAISE SEED POTATOES

SUREST MEANS OF DEVELOPING HIGH-GRADE TUBERS.

Uniformity of Size and Shape Should Receive More Attention—There is Increasing Demand for Fancy Table Stock.

(By WILLIAM STUART.)

The superiority of immature over mature tubers for seed purposes is not as yet recognized by the American potato grower. The European growers, on the other hand, have long realized that, other things being equal, larger crops can be produced from immature seed than from mature seed. Uniformity of size and shape is a quality which should receive more thought, and strains of potatoes giving the greatest yield of fair-sized, shapely tubers should be cultivated. It is particularly important at present that such strains be developed, because there is an increasing demand for fancy table stock to satisfy the requirements of a large and discriminating class of consumers who are insisting on greater uniformity in size and shape and are willing to pay more for such potatoes.

The simplest and surest means of developing high-grade seed potatoes is that of the tuber-unit and hill-selection methods. The tuber-unit method consists in selecting from the seed bin a number of the most perfectly shaped tubers of from six to eight ounces in weight. When planted these are quartered, as dropped, into four equal parts. This is done by splitting the bud-eye cluster in each direction from seed to stem end. In other words, the tuber is cut lengthwise. All tubers showing discolorations of the flesh or other evidence of disease should be rejected. Plant the four



No. 1—Weak Tuber Units.

No. 2—Yield From Weak Tuber Units.

No. 3—Yield the Following Season From Five of the Best Tuber Units in No. 2.

pieces of each tuber consecutively in a row at a distance of from ten to twelve inches apart in the furrow. By allowing more space between each set of four pieces each tuber is isolated from adjoining ones and the grower can readily observe any variation in vigor and uniformity between the various units planted.

BEEES AS CROP DESTROYERS

Charge That Damage Results From Sucking of Nectar From the Flower is Very Unjust One.

Bees are many times accused of being destroyers of crops of different kinds, more especially the fruit crops. The charge that damage results from the bees sucking the nectar from the flower is a very unjust one, relates the Perdue Agriculturist, for, while the bee is taking the nectar from the flowers it is aiding greatly in the pollination of the flowers, making a good crop possible.

A complaint which is very often made is that the honey bee punctures fruits, apples, pears, grapes, etc., and suck the juices. As a matter of fact, bees never puncture sound fruit. They do, however, suck the juices from fruit if the skin is broken by some other means, thus using up fruit that is already damaged.

Preparation of Orchard.

As the orchard is to occupy the land for several years, the work of thoroughly preparing the soil before planting is important.

Whether the planting is to be done early or late in the season, there is no time during the whole year so opportune for effective work with the plow, subsoil plow and harrow as just after the first good fall rain. At this time the subsoil is moist, not wet, and lasting benefits result from stirring and pulverizing the subsoil to a good depth when it is in just the right condition.

Clean Up Filth.

The barn and hog yards should be drained each spring and all filth should be scraped up and burned; also the hen parks.

More tuberculosis and other diseases of both man and beast arise from shiftlessness in keeping filth about. If not cleaned away every spring the heat of the summer months develops its elements a thousand fold.

USING THE TOBACCO SPRAYS

Particularly Valuable for All Kinds of Aphids—Should Be Applied About the First of June.

(By A. L. MELANDER, Washington Experiment Station.)

The tobacco sprays are particularly valuable for all kinds of aphids, including those species affecting house plants. The woolly aphid, blackberry aphid, the leaf hopper, red spider, flea beetles and young scale insects all can be controlled by this spray. This makes probably the best spray for oyster shell bark louse, and should be given for that insect as soon as the young hatch, usually about June 1.

Although primarily a contact spray with tobacco spray kills by suffocation. For this reason it surpasses other contact remedies like kerosene emulsion or whale oil soap.

After an aphid has curled a leaf it is difficult to control it with other contact remedies, because the aphid is protected from such remedies, but



Fun for the Baby, but Bad for the Tree.

a drip of tobacco spray on the leaf will give a fume which will prevent the breathing of the aphid, and this can be depended on, even though the leaves of the tree are badly curled.

The tobacco sprays are coming more and more into general use. The depredations of the various forms of plant lice are so great that the most effective remedies should be made use of in controlling them.

BIG FACTOR IN INCUBATION

Causes of Lower Percentage in Artificial Hatching Is Matter of Considerable Conjecture.

The question of the cause or causes of the lower hatching percentage that commonly characterizes artificial incubation when compared with results obtained when eggs are set under hens, is a matter about which there is considerable conjecture, but little definite knowledge.

In connection with various theories that have been advanced and several experiments that have been made, it is perhaps suggestive that investigators have recently inclined to the opinion that unsatisfactory results are probably due in greater measure than is generally supposed to an excess of ventilation.

Several authorities are mentioned in support of the statement that there is a larger amount of carbon dioxide in the air surrounding the eggs that are naturally hatched than in a well-ventilated incubator, and the question is raised as to whether and to what extent it may be an essential factor in incubation.

USE OF GREEN FERTILIZERS

Most Approved Method of Renewing Depleted Soil is to Plow Under Some Green Crop.

The plowing under of green crops like peas, oats, clover, alfalfa and other grasses, is, next to a liberal use of barnyard manure, the most approved method of renewing a depleted soil and of maintaining the fertility of new land.

Where this is practised in connection with a rotation of crops there need be no fear of any deterioration in the soil. Indeed, if a sufficiency of livestock is kept and the products of the farm mainly transformed into beef, mutton and poultry before being sold, the land will grow richer and more valuable with each successive year.

Poor Planter Is Expensive.

If the corn planter gave trouble last spring, better order a new one now. A poor corn planter is an expensive implement to use. Even though the planter dropped satisfactorily last year, it should be tested with this year's seed supply before planting time arrives.

Bean Growing.

In extending bean growing into new territory there are no positive rules to be followed. Simply try out some of the different varieties and watch results.



ELECTRICITY IS GREAT AID

Modern Battleships Are Equipped With Electric Kitchens—Peel Potatoes and Cut Bread.

It is no small task to prepare and cook the meals for the hundreds of men on a modern dreadnaught. Because of the magnitude of this work, and the rigid economy of room necessary, Uncle Sam has ordered his battleships equipped with electric motors to do the kitchen work and electric ranges to cook the food.

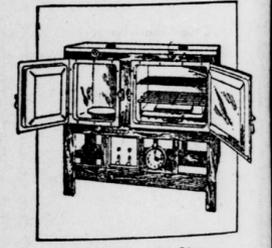
Every modern battleship carries a crew of about a thousand men. Peeling potatoes, chopping meat and vegetables, washing dishes, etc., for such a bunch of hungry fellows is a giant task. But electricity does all this work very easily and quickly. The potatoes are merely washed and dumped into a large revolving cylinder. The sides and bottom of this cylinder are lined with a sharp abrasive, similar to coarse sandpaper. This quickly cuts off the skins. Jets of water play over the whirling potatoes, washing them as fast as they are peeled. An electric motor turns the device. The huge meat chopper is also operated by an electric motor. This machine also prepares the vegetables for soups, etc.; even the bread is also made by machinery on a battleship. A motor-operated dough mixer is used. The flour and other ingredients are merely poured into a hopper and electricity does all the work. When the dough is thoroughly mixed it is cut into loaf sizes and baked in an electric oven.

The bread for the table is cut into slices with an electrically-driven knife. It takes nearly seventy gallons of ice cream to treat the jackies on Sunday, and all this is frozen by electric motors. Numerous other motor-driven devices are used in the battleship kitchen.

STOVE LIKE A REFRIGERATOR

Has None of Characteristics of Old Kitchen Range—Cooking Taken Care of Automatically.

In its general appearance the latest thing in stoves has all the appearance of a refrigerator. In its construction wood and glass largely enter, so that its shape and size are about the same as an ice chest, so that at first glance it would not be readily suspected of being a stove. There is one great advantage about this piece of kitchen furniture which will appeal to the housekeeper, and this is a feature which has made for the fireless cooker something of a favorite. This is, that it is possible to get the viands all



New Electric Stove.

ready for cooking, and then go away and leave them with the assurance that they will be properly done at the desired hour. In the present instance there is a clock attached to the stove and the various dishes having been prepared for the cooking operation, are placed in the oven and the operator knowing how long the cooking operation will require, adjusts the clock to turn the current on and off again. Thus the housewife is enabled to go away and leave the cooking task to be automatically taken care of.



The khedive of Egypt is to have a gas-electric train.

Wireless makes it possible to signal moving trains.

An electric burglar alarm has been adapted for the chicken coop.

For use in noisy places where telephoning is difficult a new instrument has receivers for both ears to shut out outside sounds.

An English electric fan is designed to provide an intermittent current of air, its blades turning on their own as they revolve.

An electrical heater has been patented for keeping the ink disk on a job printing press at the right temperature in cold weather.

There are more than 22,000,000 wooden poles supporting electric transmission lines in the United States and about 4,000,000 new ones are required annually.