

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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[CONTINUED.]

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:
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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 to 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 'arm. 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."
"Let's walk."
"Don't be a fool!"
"Then I've got to have a drink." Glass started for the living-quarters, but at the door ducked quickly out of sight. "She's there!" he whispered tragically. "She seen me, too!"
Marietta was squatting in the shade opposite, her eyes fixed stolidly upon the training-quarters.
"Then you've got to lay low till she gives up," declared Wally. "We're in trouble enough as it is."
For nearly an hour the partners discussed the situation while the Mexican 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 grunted, and threw a yellow envelope on the floor at Speed's feet. "There is 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 snorted 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. Be you're going to run off some blubber today."
"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 clad for their excursion; their horses were tethered to the porch. And it was an ideal day for a ride—warm, bright, and inviting.
"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 tormentor.
"This afternoon? Haven't I run enough for one day?" the victim pleaded. "Glass, old man, I—I'm all in, I tell you; I'm ready to die."
"Got to—fry off some more—leaf-lard," declared the trainer with vulgarly. He lumbered into the cook-house, radiating heat waves, puffing like a traction-engine, while his companion staggered to the gymnasium,

and sank into a chair. A moment later he appeared with two bottles of beer, one glued to his lips. Both were evidently ice cold, judging from the fog that covered them.
Speed rose with a cry.
"Gee! That looks good!"
But the other, thrusting him aside without removing the neck of the bottle from his lips, gurgled:
"No booze, Wally! You're trainin'!"
"But I'm thirsty!" shouted the athlete, laying hands upon the full bottle, and trying to wrench it free.
"Have a little sense. If you're thirsty—hit the sink." Glass still maintained his hold, mumbling indistinctly: "Water's the worst thing in the world. Wait! I'll get you some."
He stepped into the bunk-room, to return an instant later with a cup half full. "Rinse out your mouth, and don't swallow it all."
"All! There isn't that much. Ugh! It's lukewarm. I want a bucket of ice-water—ice-water!"
"Nothing doing! I won't stand to have your epictetus chilled."
"Mv what?"
(To Be Continued)

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