

# Going Some

A Romance of Stronuous Affection  
By REX BEACH  
Suggested by the Play by Rex Beach and Paul Armstrong  
Illustrated by Edgar Scott Smith

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(Continued.)

"Why, what is the matter?" she demanded.

"Things are at a pretty high tension just now, and the boys have had two or three rows among themselves. Yesterday Fresno tried to 'kid' Willie about 'The Holy City,' said it was



"You Can So Gamble It Was Crooked."

written as a con song, and wasn't sung in good society. If he hadn't been a guest, I guess Willie would have murdered him."

"Oh, Jack! You won't let Willie murder anybody, not even Berkeley, while the people are here, will you?" coaxed Miss Chapin, anxiously.

"What made you invite Berkeley Fresno, anyhow?" was the rejoinder. "This is no gilded novelty to him. He is a Western man."

Miss Chapin numbered her reasons sagely. "In the first place—Helen. Then there had to be enough men to go around. Last and best, he is the most adorable man I ever saw at a house-party. He's an angel at breakfast, sings perfectly beautifully—you know he was on the Stanford Glee Club."

"Humph!" Jack was unimpressed. "If you roped him for Helen Blake to brand, why have you sent for Wally Speed?"

"Well, you see, Berkeley and Helen didn't quite hit it off, and Mr. Speed is a friend of Culver's." Miss Chapin blushed prettily.

"Oh, I see! I thought myself that this affair had something to do with you and Culver Covington, but I didn't know it had lapsed into a sort of matrimonial round-up. Suppose Miss Blake shouldn't care for Speed after he gets here?"

"Oh, but she will! That's where Berkeley Fresno comes in. When two men begin to fight for her, she'll have to begin to form a preference, and I'm sure it will be for Wally Speed. Don't you see?"

The brother looked at his sister shrewdly. "It seems to me you learned a lot at Smith."

Jean tossed her head. "How absurd! That sort of knowledge is perfectly natural for a girl to have." Then she teased: "But you admit that my selection of a chaperon was excellent, don't you, Jack?"

"Mrs. Keap and I are the best of friends," Jack averred, with supreme dignity. "I'm not in the market, and a man doesn't marry a widow, anyhow. It's too old and experienced a beginning."

"Nonsense! Robert Keap is only twenty-three. Why, she hardly knew her husband, even! It was one of those sudden, impulsive affairs that would overwhelm any girl who hadn't seen a man for four years. And then he enlisted in the Spanish War, and was killed."

"Considerate chap!"

"Roberts, you know, is my best friend, after Helen. Do be nice to her, Jack." Miss Chapin sighed. "It's too bad the others couldn't come."

"Yes, a small house-party has its disadvantages. By-the-way, what's that gold thing on your frock?"

"It's a medal. Culver sent it to me."

"Another?"

"Yes, he won the intercollegiate championship again." Miss Chapin proudly extended the emblem on its ribbon.

"I wish to goodness Covington had been here to take Humpy Joe's place," said the young cattle-man as he turned it over. "The boys are just broken-hearted over losing that photograph."

"I'll get him to run and win it back," Jean offered, easily.

Her brother laughed. "Take my advice, Sis, and don't let Culver mix up in this game! The stakes are too high. I think that Centipede cook is a professional runner, myself, and if our boys were beaten again—well, you

and mother and I would have to move out of New Mexico, that's all. No, we'd better let the memory of that defeat die out as quickly as possible. You warn Fresno not to joke about it any more, and I'll take Mrs. Keap off your hands. She may be a widow, she may even be the chaperon, but I'll do it; I will do it," promised Jack—"for my sister's sake."

## CHAPTER II.

HELEN BLAKE was undoubtedly bored. The sultry afternoon was very long—longer even than Berkeley Fresno's autobiography, and quite as dry. It was too hot and dusty to ride, so she took refuge in the latest "best seller," and sought out a hammock on the vine-shaded gallery, where Jean Chapin was writing letters, while the disconsolate Fresno, banished, wandered at large, vaguely injured at her lack of appreciation.

Absent-mindedly, the girls dipped into the box of bonbons between them. Jean finished her correspondence and essayed conversation, but her companion's blond head was bowed over the book in her lap, and the effort met with no response. Lulled by the somniferous droning of insects and lazy echoes from afar, Miss Blake was on the verge of slumber, when she saw her guest rapidly turn the last pages of her novel, then, with a chocolate between her teeth, read wide-eyed to the finish. Miss Blake closed the book reluctantly, uncurled slowly, then stared out through the dancing heat-waves, her blue eyes shadowed with romance.

"Did she marry him?" queried Jean. "No, no!" Helen Blake sighed, blissfully. "It was infinitely finer. She killed herself."

"I like to see them get married." "Naturally. You are at that stage. But I think suicide is more glorious, in many cases."

Miss Chapin yawned openly. "Speaking of suicides, isn't this ranch the dearest place?"

"Oh, I don't think so at all."

"Oh yes, you do, and you needn't be polite just because you're a guest."

"Well, then, to be as truthful as a boarder, it is a little dull. Not for our chaperon, though. The time doesn't seem to drag on her hands. Jack certainly is making it pleasant for her."

"If you call taking her out to watch a lot of bellowing calves get branded, entertainment," Miss Chapin sighed.

Miss Blake leaned forward and read the inscription on her companion's medal. "Oh, isn't it heavy!" feeling it reverently.

"Pure gold, like himself! You should have seen him when he won it. Why, at the finish of that race all the men but Culver were making the most horrible faces. They were simply dead."

Miss Blake's hands were clasped in her lap. "They all make faces," said she. "Have you told Roberta about your engagement?"

"No, she doesn't dream of it, and I don't want her to know. I'm so afraid she'll think, now that mother has gone, that I asked her here just as a chaperon. Perhaps I'll tell her when Culver comes."

"I have heard Culver speak of him, but never as an athlete. Have you and Mr. Speed settled things between you, Helen? I mean, has he—said anything?"

Miss Blake flushed.

"Not exactly." She adjusted a cushion to cover her confusion, then leaned back complacently. "But he has stuttered dangerously several times."

A musical tinkle of silver spurs sounded in the distance, and around the corner of the cook-house opposite came Carara, the Mexican, his wide, spangled sombrero tipped rakishly over one ear, a corn-husk cigarette drooping from his lips.

"It's that romantic Spaniard!" whispered Helen. "What does he want?"

"It's his afternoon call on Mariadetta, the maid," said Jean. "They meet there twice a day, morning and afternoon."

"A lovers' tryst!" breathed Miss Blake, eagerly. "Isn't he graceful and picturesque! Can we watch them?"

"Sh-h! There she comes!"

From the opposite direction appeared a slim, swarthy Mexican girl, an Indian water-jug balanced upon her shoulders. She was clad in the straight-hanging native garment, belted in with a sash; her feet were in sandals, and she moved as silently as a shadow.

During the four days since Miss Blake's arrival at the Flying Horse Ranch she had seen Mariadetta flitting noiselessly here and there, but had never heard her speak. The pretty, expressionless face beneath the straight black hair had ever retained its wooden stolidity, the violet eyes had not laughed nor frowned nor sparkled. She seemed to be merely a part of this far southwestern picture; a bit of inanimate yet breathing local color. Now, however, the girl dropped her jug, and with a low cry glided to her lover, who tossed aside his cigarette and took her in his arms. From this distance their words were indistinguishable.

"How perfectly romantic," said the Eastern girl, breathlessly. "I had no idea Mariadetta could love anybody."

"She is a volcano," Jean answered. "Why, it's like a play!"

"And it goes on all the time."

"How gentle and sweet he is! I think he is charming. He is not at all like the other cowboys, is he?"

While the two witnesses of the scene were eagerly discussing it, Joy, the Chinese cook, emerged from the kitchen bearing a bucket of water, his presence hidden from the lovers by

the corner of the building. Carara languidly released his innamorata from his embrace and lounged out of sight around the building, pausing at the farther corner to wait a graceful kiss from the ends of his fingers, as with a farewell flash of his white teeth he disappeared. Mariadetta recovered her water-jug and glided onward into the court in front of the cook-house her face masklike, her movements deliberate as usual.

Joy, spying the girl, grinned at her. She tossed her head coquettishly and her step slackened, whereupon the cook, with a sly glance around, tapped her gently on the arm, and said:

"Nice lil' gally."

"The idea!" indignantly exclaimed Miss Blake from her hammock.

But Mariadetta was not offended. Instead she smiled over her shoulder as she had smiled at her lover an instant before.

"Me like you fine. You like pie?" Joy nodded toward the door of the culinary department, as if to make free of his hospitality, at the instant that Carara, who had circled the building, came into view from the opposite side, a fresh cigarette between his lips. His languor vanished at the first glimpse of the scene, and he strode toward the white-clad celestial, who dove through the open door like a prairie dog into his hole. Carara followed at his heels.

"It serves him right!" cried Miss Blake, rising. "I hope Mr. Carara—"

A din of falling pots and pans issued from the cook-house, mingled with shrill cries and soft Spanish imprecations; then, with one long-drawn wail, the pandemonium ceased as suddenly as it had commenced, and Carara issued forth, black with anger.

"Ha!" said he, scowling at Mariadetta, who had retreated, her hand upon her bosom. He exhaled a lungful of cigarette smoke through his nostrils fiercely. "You play wit' me, eh?"

"No, no!" Mariadetta ran to him, and, seizing his arm, cooed amorously in Spanish.

"Bah! Vamos!" Carara flung her from him, and stalked away.

"Well, of all the outrageous things!" said Miss Blake. "Why, she was actually flirting with that Chinaman."

"Mariadetta flirts with every man she can find," said Jean, calmly, "but she doesn't mean any harm. She'll marry Carara some time—if he doesn't kill her."

"Kill her!" Miss Blake's eyes were round. "He wouldn't do that!"

"Indeed, yes. He is a Mexican, and he has a terrible temper."

Miss Blake sank back into the hammock. "How perfectly dreadful! And yet—it must be heavenly to love a man who would kill you."

Miss Chapin lost herself in meditation for an instant. "Culver is almost like that when he is angry. Hello, here comes our foreman!"

Stover, a tall, gangling cattle-man with drooping grizzled mustache, came shambling up to the steps. He dusted his boots with his sombrero and cleared his throat.

"Evening, Miss Jean. Is Mr. Chapin around?"

"I think you'll find him down by the spring-house. Can I do anything for you?"

"Nope!" Stover sighed heavily, and



"It's a Medal. Culver Sent It to Me."

got his frame gradually into motion again.

"You're not looking well, Stover. Are you ill?" inquired Miss Chapin.

"Not physical," said the foreman, checking the movement which had not yet communicated itself the entire length of his frame. "I reckon my sperret's broke, that's all."

"Haven't you recovered from that foot-race?"

"I have not, and I never will, so long as that ornery Centipede outfit has got it on us."

"Nonsense, Stover!"

"What have they done?" inquired Miss Blake, curiously. "I haven't heard about any foot-race."

"You tell her," said the man, with another sigh, and a hopeless gesture that told the depth of his feelings.

"Why, Stover hired a fellow a couple of months ago as a horse-wrangler. The man said he was hungry, and made a good impression, so we put him on."

Here Stover slowly raised one boot and kicked his other calf.

"The boys nicknamed him Humpy Joe."

"Why, poor thing! Was he humped?" inquired Helen.

"No," answered Stover. "Humpy-back is lucky. We called him Humpy Joe because when it came to running he could sure hump himself."

"Soon after Joseph went to work," Jean continued, "the Centipede outfit hired a new cook. You know the Centipede Ranch—the one you see over yonder by the foot-hills."

"It wasn't soon after," it was simultaneous," said Stover, daskly. "We're beginnin' to see plain at last." He went on as if to air the injury that was gnawing him. "One day we hear that this grub-slinger over yonder thinks he can run, which same is as welcome to us as the smell of flowers on a spring breeze, for Humpy Joe had amused us in his idle hours by running jack-rabbits to earth."

"Not really?" said Miss Blake.

"Well, no, but from what we see we judge he'd ought to limp a hundred yards in about nothing and three-fifths seconds, so we frame a race between him and the Centipede Cook. With tumultuous joy we bet our wages and all the loose gear we have, and in a burst of childish enthusiasm we put up—the talking-machine."

"A phonograph?"

"Yes. An Echo Phonograph," said Miss Chapin.

"Of New York and Paris," said Stover.

(To Be Continued.)

## Better than Spanking.

Spanking will not cure children of wetting the bed, because it is not a habit but a dangerous disease. The C. H. Rowan Drug Co., Dept. B497 Chicago, Ill., have discovered a strictly harmless remedy for this distressing disease and to make known its merits they will send a 50c package securely wrapped and prepaid Absolutely Free to any reader of The Review. This remedy also cures frequent desire to urinate and inability to control urine during the night or day in old or young. The C. H. Rowan Drug Co. is an Old Reliable House; write to them to-day for the free medicine. Cure the afflicted members of your family, then tell your neighbors and friends about this remedy.

## City Election.

Notice is hereby given that at the next annual charter election of this city, to be held on the first day of April, A. D. 1913, the following officers are to be elected.

One Councilor of each ward.

Notice is further given that said election will be held in the different wards in said city as follows: First Ward, at the Court House. Second Ward, at the Opera House. Third Ward, at the City Clerk's Office.

Dated New Ulm, Minn., March 17th, 1913.

(Seal) ALBERT J. MEYER City Clerk.

## Application for Liquor License.

State of Minnesota, County of Brown, City of New Ulm.

Notice is hereby given that applications have been made in writing to the City Council of the City of New Ulm, Minn., for a license to sell intoxicating liquors for the term of one year from and after the 15th day of April, 1913, by the following named persons and at the following places as stated in said applications to-wit:

Emille Carlson: at the northwest room on first floor of a three story frame building situated on lot No. 8 and 9, block No. 1.

Lorenz Grog: at the front room on first floor of a two story brick building situated on lot No. 13 block No. 64.

John Zischka: at the front room on first floor of a two story frame building situated on part of lots No. 6 and 7 block No. 66.

John C. Stebenbrunner: at the front room on first floor of a two story brick building situated on lot No. 9 block No. 66.

New Ulm Turnverein: at the rooms in a two story brick building situated on lots No. 10 and 11 block No. 67.

Ole J. Olson: at the front room of a one story brick building and situated on south half of lot No. 1 block No. 67.

All the foregoing are South of Center Street in the City of New Ulm.

Fred Williams: at the room on first floor of a two story brick building situated on the north half of lot No. 6 block No. 64.

Henry Seifert: at the front room on first floor of a two story brick building situated on lot No. 13 block No. 68.

Schneider & Johnson: at the room on first floor of a two story brick building situated on lot No. 12 and 13 block No. 65.

Th. Amann: at the room on first floor of a two story brick building situated on south half of lot No. 8 block No. 64.

Anton Hest: at the east room on first floor of a two story frame building situated on lot No. 10 block No. 66.

Anton S. Dorn: at the front room in a one story brick building fronting on First North Street and situated on part of lots No. 10, 11 and 12 block No. 66.

Bernard Easer: at the room on first floor of a two story brick building situated on South half of lot No. 4 block No. 67.

Frank J. Nemo: at the front room on first floor of a two story brick building situated on North half of lot No. 6 block No. 67.

Woratschka & Albrecht: at the room of a one story brick building situated on lot No. 11 block No. 67.

Joe Martinka: at the front room on first floor of a two story frame building situated on lot No. 4 block No. 68.

Joe A. Tauer: at the northwest room on first floor of a two story frame building situated on lot No. 8 block No. 68.

Mike Rauweller: at the front room on first floor of a two story frame building situated on lot No. 5 block No. 69.

Joe J. Dietz: at the northwest room on first floor of a two story brick building situated on lot No. 8 block No. 69.

Chas. Kretsch: at the front room on first floor of a two story brick building situated on lot No. 1 block No. 194.

Christ Filzen, Jr.: at the front room on first floor of a two story brick building situated on lot No. 7 block No. 119.

Muth, Pedersen: at the front room on first floor of a two story brick building situated on lot No. 9 and 10 of block No. 30 Park Addition.

All the foregoing are North of Center Street in said City of New Ulm.

Said applications will be heard by said City Council of the City of New Ulm, Minn., on the 8th day of April, A. D. 1913 at 8 o'clock p. m. of that day.

Witness my hand and seal of said city, this 18th day of March A. D. 1913.

(Seal) ALBERT J. MEYER City Clerk.

## Legal Advertisements.

Order to Present Claims Within Three Months.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, ss. County of Brown, ss. In Probate Court.

Special Term, March 10th, 1913.

In the Matter of the Estate of Anton Prelinger, deceased.

Letters Testamentary on the Estate of Anton Prelinger, deceased late of the City of New Ulm in the County of Brown and the State of Minnesota being granted to Henry Baugen.

It appearing on proper proof by affidavit Henry Baugen made and filed herein, provided by law, that there are no debts against the estate of said deceased:

It is Ordered, that three months be and the same is hereby allowed from and after the date of this Order, in which all persons having claims or demands against the said deceased, if any there be, are required to file the same in the Probate Court of said County, for examination and allowance, or be forever barred.

It is Further Ordered, that the first Monday in July 1913, at 10 o'clock, a. m., at the Court House in the City of New Ulm, in said County, be and the same is hereby appointed as the time and place where the said Probate Court will examine and adjust said claims and demands.

And it is Further Ordered, that notice of such hearing be given to all creditors and persons interested in said Estate, by forthwith publishing this Order once in each week for three successive weeks in the New Ulm Review, a weekly newspaper printed and published in said County.

Dated at New Ulm this 10th day of March 1913.

By the Court: GEO. ROSS, Judge of Probate.

## SUMMONS

State of Minnesota, ss. County of Brown, ss. District Court Ninth Judicial District.

Franziska Euper, Plaintiff.

vs. Johann Hartmann, A. Brizner, Frank Haag, Joseph Haag Mrs. Margaretha Haag, and also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title, estate, interest, or lien in the real estate described in the complaint herein. Defendants.

The State of Minnesota, to the above named defendants:

You and each of you are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the Plaintiff in the above entitled action, which is filed in the office of the Clerk of the District Court of the Ninth Judicial District in and for the County of Brown and State of Minnesota, and to serve a copy of your answer to the said complaint on the undersigned, at their office in the City of New Ulm in said County, within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you exclusive of the day of such service; and if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the Plaintiff in this case may apply to the Court for the relief demanded in the complaint.

Dated March 12th, 1913.

SOMSEN, DEMPSEY & MUELLER, Plaintiff's Attorneys, New Ulm, Minnesota.

## NOTICE OF LIS PENDENS

State of Minnesota, ss. County of Brown, ss. District Court Ninth Judicial District.

Franziska Euper, Plaintiff.

vs. Johann Hartmann, A. Brizner, Frank Haag, Joseph Haag, Mrs. Margaretha Haag, and also all other persons unknown claiming any right, title, estate, interest or lien in the real estate described in the complaint herein. Defendants.

Notice is hereby given, that an action has been commenced in this Court by the above named Plaintiff against the above named Defendants; that the object of said action is to have the Plaintiff adjudged the owner in fee simple and entitled to the possession of the real property in the complaint herein, after described, and to further adjudge that the Defendants, Johann Hartmann, A. Brizner, Frank Haag, Joseph Haag, Mrs. Margaretha Haag, and also all other persons unknown, have no right, title, estate, interest or lien in or to said real property or any part thereof.

The real property affected by said action is situated in the County of Brown in the State of Minnesota and is described as follows, to-wit: Lots Eight (8) and Nine (9) of Block One hundred and one (101) of Center Street in the City of New Ulm, according to the plat of said City on file and of record in the office of the Register of Deeds in and for said County.

Dated March 12th, 1913.

SOMSEN, DEMPSEY & MUELLER, Plaintiff's Attorneys, New Ulm, Minnesota.

## Order to Examine Accounts.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, ss. County of Brown, ss. In Probate Court.

Special Term, March 11th, 1913.

In the Matter of the estate of John Gerber, Jr., deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Anna Gerber, Executrix of the estate of John Gerber, Jr., deceased, representing among other things, that she has fully administered said estate, and praying that a time and place be fixed for examining and allowing the final account of her administration and for the assignment of the residue of said estate to the parties entitled thereto by law:

It is ordered, that said account be examined, and petition heard by this Court, on Thursday the 10th day of April A. D. 1913, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office, in New Ulm in said County.

Any and all persons having claims or demands against the said estate, are notified that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing this order once in each week for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the New Ulm Review, a weekly newspaper, printed and published at New Ulm in said County.

Dated at New Ulm the 11th day of March A. D. 1913.

By the Court, GEO. ROSS, Judge of Probate.

Joe A. Eckstein, Attorney for Executrix.

## Order to Examine Accounts, Etc.

STATE OF MINNESOTA, ss. County of Brown, ss. In Probate Court.

Special Term, March 15th, 1913.

In the Matter of the estate of May Parker, deceased.

On reading and filing the petition of Albert Steinhauser, Administrator of the estate of May Parker, deceased, representing among other things, that he has fully administered said estate, and praying that a time and place be fixed for examining and allowing the account of his administration, and for assignment of the residue of said estate to the parties entitled thereto by law:

It is ordered, that said account be examined, and petition heard by this Court, on Saturday the 12th day of April A. D. 1913, at 10 o'clock A. M., at the Probate Office, in New Ulm in said County.

And it is further ordered, that notice thereof be given to all persons interested, by publishing this order once in each week for three successive weeks prior to said day of hearing, in the New Ulm Review, a weekly newspaper, printed and published at New Ulm, in said County.

Said account to be heard at New Ulm the 15th day of March A. D. 1913.

By the Court, GEORGE ROSS, Judge of Probate.

(Seal) 12-14

## A MESSAGE TO RAILROAD MEN.

E. S. Bacon, 11 East St., Bath, Me., sends out this warning to railroaders everywhere. "My work as conductor caused a chronic inflammation of the kidneys and I was miserable and all played out. From the day I began taking Foley Kidney Pills I began to regain my strength, and I am better now than I have been for twenty years." Try them. O. M. Olsen. Advt.

## Canada's Offering To the Settler