

GOING SOME



A ROMANCE OF STRENUOUS AFFECTION

BY REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated By Edgar Bent Smith

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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 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. Speed begins training under Glass' direction.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

During the ensuing pause Mrs. Keap took occasion to call Speed aside. "I have something to contribute to the training-quarters if you will help me bring it out," said she.

The young man bowed. "Most gladly."

"We'll be back in a little while," the chaperon announced to the others, and a moment later, when she and Speed had reached the veranda of the house, she paused.

"I—I want to speak to you," she began, hesitatingly. "It was just an excuse."

Wally looked at her with concern, for it was plain that she was deeply troubled.

"What is it?"

"I have been trying to get a word alone with you ever since I heard about this foot-race." The young man chilled with apprehension as Mrs. Keap turned her dark eyes upon him searchingly. "Why do you want to run?"

"To win back the cowboys' treasure. My heart is touched," he declared, boldly. Mrs. Keap smiled.

"I believe the latter, but are you sure you can win?"

"Abso-blooming-lutely."

"I didn't know you were a sprinter."

Speed shrugged his shoulders.

"Have you had experience?"

"Oceans of it!"

Mrs. Keap mused for a moment.

"Tell me," said she, finally, "at what inter-collegiate game did you run last?"

Mrs. Keap flushed. "He told me all about you long ago. You wear all the



"Mr. Speed Goin' to Live Here?" inquired the Foreman.

athletic clothes, you know all the talk. you have tried to make the team a dozen times, but you are not even a substitute. You are merely the Varsity cheer-leader. Culver calls you 'the head-yeller.'"

"I didn't run last; I ran first." It was impossible to resent the boy's smile.

"Then at what game did you last run? I hope I'm not too curious?"

"Oh no, not at all!" Speed stammered.

"Or, if it is easier, at what college games did you first run?" Mrs. Keap was laughing openly now.

"Why the clear, ringing, rippling laughter?" asked the young man, to cover his confusion.

"Because I think it is very funny."

"Oh, you do!" Speed took refuge behind an attitude of unbending dignity, but the young widow would have none of it.

"I know all about you," said she. "You are a very wonderful person, of course; you are a delightful fellow at a house-party, and a most suitable individual generally, but you are not an athlete, in spite of those beautiful clothes in your trunk."

"Who told you?"

"Culver Covington."

"I didn't know you two were acquainted."

"Columbus has discovered our continent!" said Speed. "You are a very wise chaperon, and you must have a corking memory for names, but even a head-yeller is better than a glee-club quarter-back." He nodded toward the bunk-house, whence they had come.

"You haven't told anybody?"

"Not yet."

"Yet," he quoted. "The futurity implied in that word disturbs me. Suppose you and I keep it for a little secret? Secrets are very delightful at house-parties."

"Don't you consider your action deceitful?"

"Not at all. My motto is 'We strive to please.'"

"Think of Helen."

"That's it; I can't think of anything else! She's mad about athletics, and I had to do something to stand off this weight-lifting tenor."

"Is it any wonder a woman distrusts every man she meets?" mused the chaperon. "Helen might forgive you, I couldn't."

"Oh, it's not that bad. I know what I'm doing."

"You will cause these cowboys to lose a lot more money."

"Not at all. When Culver arrives—"

"Oh, that is what I want to talk over with you," Mrs. Keap broke in, nervously.

"Then it isn't about the foot-race? You are not angry?" Speed brightened amazingly.

"I'm not exactly angry; I'm surprised and grieved. Of course, I can't forgive deceit—I dare say I am more particular than most people."

"But you won't tell?" Mrs. Keap indicated in some subtle manner that she was not above making terms, whereupon her companion declared, warmly: "I'm yours for life! Ask me for my watch, my right eye, anything! I'll give it to you!"

"I assure you I shan't ask anything so important as that, but I shall ask a favor."

"Name it and it is yours!" Speed wrung the hand she offered.

"And perhaps I can do more than keep silent—although I don't see what good it will do. Perhaps I can help your suit."

"Gracious lady, all I ask is that you thrust out your foot and trip up Berkeley Fresno whenever he starts toward her. Put him out of the play, and I shall be the happiest man in the world."

"Agreed."

"Now, in what way can I serve you?"

Mrs. Keap became embarrassed, while the same shadowy trouble that had been observed of late settled upon her.

"I simply hate to ask it," she said, "but I suppose I must. There seems to be no other way out of it." Turning to him suddenly, she said, in a low, intense voice: "I—I'm in trouble, Mr. Speed, such dreadful trouble!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" he answered her, with genuine solicitude. "You needn't have made any conditions. I would have done anything I could for you."

"That's very kind, for I don't like our air of conspiracy, but"—Mrs. Keap was wringing her slender hands—"I just can't tell the girls. You—you can help me."

Speed allowed her time to grow calm, when she continued:

"I—I am engaged to be married."

"Felicitations!"

"Not at all," said the young widow, wretchedly. "That is the awful part of it. I am engaged to two men!" She turned her brown eyes full upon him; they were strained and tragic.

Speed felt himself impelled to laugh immoderately, but instead he observed, in a tone to relieve her anxiety:

"Nothing unusual in that; it has been done before. Even I have been prodigal with my affections. What can I do to relieve the congestion?"

"Please don't make light of it. It

means so much to me. I—I'm in love with Jack Chapin."

"With Jack!"

"Yes. When I came here I thought I cared for somebody else. Why, I wanted to come here just because I knew that—that somebody else had been invited too, and we could be together."

"And he couldn't come—"

"Wait! And then, when I got here, I met Jack Chapin. That was less than a week ago, and yet in that short time I have learned that he is the only man I can ever love—the one man in all the world."

"And you can't accept because you have a previous engagement. I see! Jove! It's quite dramatic. But I don't see why you are so excited? If the other chap isn't coming—"

"But he is! That is what makes it so dreadful! If those two men should meet"—Mrs. Keap buried her face in her hands and shuddered—"there would be a tragedy, they are both so frightfully jealous." She began to tremble, and Speed laid a comforting hand upon her shoulder.

"I think you must be exciting yourself unduly," said he. "Jean's other friends didn't come. There's nobody due now but Culver Coy—"

"That's who it is!" Roberta raised her pallid face as the young man fell back.

"Culver! Great Scott! Why, he's engaged—"

"What!"

"Nothing! I—I—" Speed paused, at an utter loss for words.

"You see, he'll discover the truth."

"Does he know you are here?"

"No. I intended to surprise him. I was jealous. I couldn't bear to think of his being here with other girls—men are so deceitful! That's why I consented to act as chaperon to Helen. And now to think that I should have met my fate in Jack Chapin!"

"I see. You want me to break the news to Culver."

"No! no!" Mrs. Keap was aghast. "If he even suspected the truth he'd become a raging lion. Oh, I've been quite distracted ever since Jack left!"

"Well, what am I to do? You must have some part laid out for me?"

"I have. A desperate situation demands a desperate remedy. I've lost all conscience. That's why I agreed to protect you if you'd protect me."

"Go ahead."

"Culver is your friend."

"We're closer than a chord in G."

"Then you must wire him—"

"I have—"

"Not to come."

"What!" J. Wallingford Speed started as if a wasp had stung him.

"You must wire him at once not to come. I don't care what excuse you give, but stop him. Stop him!"

Speed reached for a pillar; he felt that the porch was spinning slowly beneath his feet.

"Oh, see here, now! I can't do that!"

"You promised!" cried Mrs. Keap, fiercely. "I have tried to think of something to tell him, but I'm too frightened."

"Yes, but—I—want him here—for this foot-race." Wally swallowed bravely.

"Foot-race!" stormed the widow, indignantly. "Would you allow an insignificant thing like a foot-race to wreck a human life? Two human lives? Three?"

"Can't you—wire him?"

Mrs. Keap stamped her foot. "If he dreamed I was here he would hire a special train. No! It must come from you. You are his best friend."

"What can I say?" demanded the bewildered Speed, unhappily.

"I don't care what you say, I don't care what you do—only do something, and do it quickly before he has time to leave Chicago." Then sensing the

extravagance wasted.

"What's doing?" asked the tall plumber. "You're all dolled up." "Had a date with my best girl," explained the short bricklayer. "But aren't you going to keep it?" "I showed up all right, but she wasn't there." "That was pretty tough," "I wouldn't care," said the short bricklayer, "only I went and had my shoes shined all for nothing."—Youngstown Telegram.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



HAS TWO PERIODS OF REST

Division of Time of Slumber Prevents Breakdown of Man Worn Out by Overwork.

Two hours in bed in the early evening is the latest health recipe for the busy man whose day begins early in the morning and lasts till late at night.

The "treatment," which consists simply of going to bed from 5 till 7 o'clock, was described by a medical man who prescribed it for a business man whose manifold interests had been compelling him to crowd two days' work into one, to the detriment of his health.

"My patient now has two distinct days and two distinct recuperation periods every twenty-four hours," the doctor explained. "He begins work with his secretary an hour before most business men are thinking of getting up in the morning. At five o'clock in the afternoon his first day's work ends and he goes to bed for two hours' complete rest. At seven o'clock he is up again, bathes, dresses and dines. He is then fresh for another four or five hours' business or social duties. His two rest

hesitation in her companion's face: "Or perhaps you prefer to have Helen know the deceit you have practiced upon her? And I fancy these cowboys would resent the joke, don't you? What do you think would happen if they discovered their champion to be merely a cheer-leader with a trunkful of new clothes, who can't do a single out-door sport—not one?"

"Wait!" Speed mopped his brow with a red-and-blue silk handkerchief. "I'll do my best."

"Then I shall do my part." And Mrs. Keap, who could not bear deception, turned and went indoors while J. Wallingford Speed, a prey to sundry misgivings, stumbled down the steps, his head in a whirl.

CHAPTER VII.

BERKELEY FRESNO was devoting himself to Miss Blake.

"What do you think of our decorations?" she inquired.

"They are more or less athletic," he declared, "Was it Mr. Speed's idea?"

"Yes. He wanted training quarters."

"It's a joke, isn't it?"

"I don't think so. Mr. Fresno, why do you dislike Mr. Speed?"

Fresno bent a warm glance upon the questioner. "Don't you know?"

Helen shook her head with bland innocence. "Then you do dislike him?"

"No, indeed! I like him—he makes me laugh." Helen bridled loyally. "Did you see those medals he wore yesterday?" the young man queried.

"Of course, and I thought them beautiful."

"How were they inscribed? He wouldn't let me examine them."

"Naturally. If I had trophies like that I would guard them too."

Fresno nodded, musingly. "I gave mine away."

"Oh, are you an athlete?"

"No, but I timed a foot-race once. They gave me a beautiful nearly-bronze emblem so that I could get into the infield."

"And did you win?"

"No! no! I didn't run! Don't you understand? I was an official." Fresno was vexed at the girl's lack of perception. "I'm not an athlete, Miss Blake. I'm just an ordinary sort of chap."

He led her to a seat, while Jean enlisted the aid of Larry Glass and completed the finishing touches to the decorations. "Athletics don't do a fellow any good after he leaves college. I'm going into business this fall. Have you ever been to California?"

Miss Blake admitted that she had never been so far, and Fresno launched himself upon a glowing description of his native state; but before he could shape the conversation to a point where his hearer might perchance express a desire to see its wonders, Still Bill Stover thrust his head cautiously through the door to the bunk-house, and allowed an admiring eye to rove over the transformation.

"Looks like a bazaar!" he exclaimed. "What the idea?"

"Trainin' quarters," said Glass. "Mr. Speed goin' to live here?"

Inquired the foreman, bringing the remainder of his lanky body into view.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Extravagance Wasted.

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are quickly relieved by Sloan's Liniment. Lay it on—no rubbing. Try it.

Ankle Sprain and Dislocated Hip. "I sprained my ankle and dislocated my hip by falling out of a third story window. Went on crutches for four months. Then I started to use your Liniment, according to directions. I must say it is helping me wonderfully. We will never be without Sloan's Liniment anymore."—Chas. Johnson, Lawton Station, N. J.

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"I fell and sprained my arm a week ago and was in terrible pain. I could not use my hand or arm until I applied your Liniment. I shall never be without a bottle of Sloan's Liniment."—Mrs. H. B. Springer, Elizabeth, N. J.

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"Sloan's Liniment has done more good than anything I have ever tried for stiff joints. I got my hand hurt so badly that I had to stop work right in the busiest time of the year. I thought at first that I would have to have my hand taken off, but I got a bottle of Sloan's Liniment and cured my hand."—H. W. Wheeler, Morris, Ala.

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Charles S. Mellen, at a dinner in Boston, said of a bankrupt: "His bankruptcy was like that which the parent described."

"Pa, what's bankruptcy?" a little boy once asked.

"And pa, who had been 'bit' that week, answered bitterly: "Bankruptcy, my son, is where you put your money in, your hip pocket and let your creditors take your wallet and coat."—Knoxville Journal and Tribune.

Putnam Fadeless Dyes color more goods than others.

Never Fails.

"The Boob tells me that he has cured himself of insomnia," remarked the Wise Guy.

"How did he do it?" asked the Old Fogey.

"He got a job as a night watchman," replied the Wise Guy.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

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Quickly Yielded To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Baltimore, Md. — "I am more than glad to tell what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did for me. I suffered dreadful pains and was very irregular. I became alarmed and sent for Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I took it regularly until I was without a cramp or pain and felt like another person, and it has now been six months since I took any medicine at all. I hope my little note will assist you in helping other women. I now feel perfectly well and in the best of health." — Mrs. AUGUST W. KONDNER, 1632 Hollins Street, Baltimore, Md.

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