

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 champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A house party is given at the Flying Heart. J. Wallingford Speed, cheer leader at Yale and 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 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 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, consent. 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 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 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. The cowboys force Speed to eat in the training quarters and prepare him a diet of very rare meat.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.
"They won't let me. I—I'm supposed to keep to myself."
"They? Who?"
"Glass."

Miss Blake turned indignantly upon Larry. "Do you mean to say Mr. Speed can't go walking with me?"
"I never said nothing of the sort," declared the trainer. "He can go if he wants to."

"Just the same, I—oughtn't to do it. There is a strict routine—"

A lift of the brows and a courteous smile proclaimed Miss Blake's perfect indifference to the subject, just as Willie sauntered past the open window and spoke to Glass beneath his breath: "Git her out!"

"I'm so sorry. May I show you a surprise I brought for you?" She unwrapped her parcel, and proudly displayed a pallid, anaemic cake garlanded with wild flowers.

"Speed was honestly overcome."
"For me?"
"For you. It isn't even cold yet, see! I made it before breakfast, and it looks even better than the one I baked at school!"

"That's what I call fine," declared the youth. "By Jove! and I'm so fond of cake!"

"Have a care!" breathed Larry, rising nervously, but Speed paid no attention.

"Break it with your own hands, please. Besides, it's too hot to eat."
Miss Blake broke it with her own hands, during which operation the brown face of the man outside reappeared in the window. At sight of the cake he spoke sharply, and Lawrence lumbered swiftly across the floor and laid a heavy hand upon the cake.

"Mr. Speed!" he cried warningly. "Here, take your foot off my angel-food!" fiercely ordered the youth. But the other was like adamant.

"Bo, you are about to contest for the honor of this ranch! That cake will make a bum of you!"
"Oh—!" gasped the author of the delicacy.

"Stop before it is too late!" Glass held his hungry employer at a distance, striving to make known by a wink the necessity of his act.

"There is absolutely nothing in my cake to injure any one," Helen objected loyally, with lifted chin; whereupon the corpulent trainer turned to her and said:
"Cake would crab any athlete. Cake and gals is the limit."

"Really! I had no idea I was the least bit dangerous," Miss Blake, turning to her host, smiled frigidly. "I'm so sorry I intruded."

"Now don't say that!" Speed strove to detain her. "Please don't be offended—I just have to train!"
"Of course. And will you pardon me for interrupting your routine? You see, I had no idea I wasn't wanted."

"But you are, and I do want you!"
"Good-by!" She nodded pleasantly at the door, and left her lover staring after her.

When she had gone, he cried, in a trembling voice: "You're a fine yep, you are! She got up early to do something nice for me, and you insulted her! You wouldn't even let me sit and hold her hand!"
"No palm-reading!" Speed turned to behold his trainer ravenously devouring the cake, and dashed to its rescue.

"It's heavier than a frog full of buckshot. You won't like it, Cul."
"It's perfectly delicious!" came the choking answer.

"Then get back of them curtains. Willie'd shoot on sight."

And that morning the prisoner idled about the premises, followed at a distance by his guard. He could not bear to read the future; anything seemed possible. Time and again he cursed that spirit of braggadocio, that thoughtless lack of moral scruple, which had led him into this predicament.

ment. He vowed that he was done with false pretenses; henceforth the strictest probity should be his. No more false poses. Praise won by dissimulation and deceit was empty, anyhow, and did he escape this once, henceforth the world should know J. Wallingford Speed for what he was—an average individual, with no uncommon gifts of mind or body, courage or ability.

At noon Wally went through the mockery of a second blood-rare meal, with no cake to follow, and that afternoon Glass dragged him out under the hot sun, and made him sprint until he was ready to drop from exhaustion. His supper was wretched, and his fatigue so great that he fell asleep at Miss Blake's side during the evening. With the first hint of dawn he was up again, and Friday noon found him utterly hopeless, when, true to his prediction, the unexpected happened. In one moment he was raised from the blackest depths to the wildest transports of delight. It came in the shape of a telegram which Jean summoned him to the house to receive. He wondered listlessly as he opened the message, then started as if disbelieving his eyes; the marks of a wild emotion spread over his features, he burst into shrill, hysterical laughter.

"Do tell us!" begged Roberta.
"Covington—Covington is coming!" Wally felt his head whirl, and failed to note the chaperon's cry of surprise and see the paling of her cheeks. "Covington is coming! Don't you understand?" he shouted. After all, the gods were not deaf! Good old Culver, who had never failed him, was coming as a deliverer.

Even in the face of his extraordinary outburst the attention of the beholders was drawn to Lawrence Glass, who caused the porch to shake beneath his feet; who galloped to his employer, and seizing him by the hands, capered about like a hippopotamus.

"I told you 'Allah' was some guy," he wheezed. "When does Covington arrive?"
Wally reread the message. "It says 'noon Friday.' Why, that's today! He's here now!"

"Rah! 'Rah! 'Rah! Covington!" bellowed the trainer, and Mrs. Keap sank to a seat with a stifled moan.

"Why all the 'Oh joy! Oh rapture! stuff?" questioned Berkeley Fresno.
"As Socrates, the Hemlock Kid, would put it, 'Snatched from the shadow of the grave,'" quoth Glass, then paused abruptly. "Say, you don't think nothin' could happen to him on the way over from the depot?"

"I'm so sorry we didn't know in time to meet him, lamented Miss Chapin.
"And I could have run over to the railroad to bid him welcome," laughed Speed. "Twenty miles would do me good."

Still Bill and Willie approached the



"Would Y'all Like to Lay a Little Mo' on This Race?"

gallery curiously, and in subdued tones inquired:
"What's the matter, Mr. Speed?"
"You ain't been summoned away?" Willie stared questioningly upward.

"No, no! My running partner is on his way here, that's all."
"Running partner?"
"Culver Covington."

"Oh, we was afraid something had happened. You see, Gabby Gallagher has just blown in from the Centipede to raise our bets."
"We think it's a bluff, and we'd like to call him."

"Do so, by all means!" cried the excited athlete. "Come on, let's all talk to him!"

The entire party, with the exception of Mrs. Keap, trooped down from the porch and followed the foreman out toward the sheds, where, in the midst of a crowd of ranchhands, a burly, loud-mouthed Texan was discoursing.

hardest-looking citizen the easterners had beheld thus far. He was thickest, and burned to the color of a ripe olive; his long, drooping mustaches, tobacco-stained at the center, were bleached at the extremities to a hempen hue. His bristly hair was cut short, and stood aggressively erect upon a bullet head, his clothes were soiled and greasy beneath a gray coating of dust. A pair of alert, lead-blue eyes and a certain facility of movement belied the drawl that marked his nativity. He removed his hat and bowed at sight of Miss Chapin.

"Good evenin', Miss Jean!" said he. "I hope I find y'all well."
"Quite well, Gallagher. And you?"
"To'able, thank you."
"These are my friends from the east."

The Centipede foreman ran his eyes coldly over Jean's companions until they rested upon Speed, where they remained. He shifted a lump in his cheek, spat dexterously, and directed his remark at the Yale man.

"I rode over to see if y'all would like to lay a little mo' in this y'ere foot race. I allow you are the unknown?"
Speed nodded, and Stover took occasion to remark:

"Them's our inclinations, but 'e've about gone our limit."
"I don't blame you none," said Gallagher, allowing his gaze to rove slowly from top to toe of the eastern lad. No, I can't blame you none whatever. But I'm terrible grieved at them tidin's. Though we Centipede punchers has ever considered y'all a cheap an' poverty-ridden outfit, we gives you credit for bein' game, till now." He spat for a second time, and regarded Stover scornfully.

A murmur ran through the cowboys. "We are game," retorted Stover, "and for your own good don't allow no belief to the contrary to become a superstition."

"Don't let a Centipede bluff you!" exclaimed Speed. "Cover anything they offer—give 'em odds. Anything you don't want, I'll take, pay or play, money at the tape. We can't lose."
"I got no more money," said Carrara, removing his handsome bespectacled hat, "but I bet my sombrero. 'E's wort' two hundred pesos."

Murphy, the Swede, followed quickly.
"Aye ban' send may vages home to may ole' moder, but aye skall bat you some."

"Haven't you boys risked enough already?" ventured Miss Chapin. "Remember, it will go pretty hard with the losers."

"Harder the better," came a voice. "Y'all don't have to bet, jest because I'm h'yar," glibed Gallagher.

"God! I wish I was rich!" exclaimed Willie.
But Miss Chapin protested. "You are two months overdrawn, all of you. My brother won't advance you any more."

"Then my man, Lawrence, will take what they can't cover," offered Speed. "That's right! Clean 'em good, brothers," croaked the trainer.

"If you'll stop over to the bunk-house, Gabby, we'll dig up some personal perquisites and family heirlooms." Stover nodded toward his men's quarters, and Gallagher grinned joyously.

"That shore listens like a band from where I set. We aim to annex the wages, hopes, and personal ambitions of y'all, along with your talkin'-machine."

"Excuse me," Willie pushed his way forward. "How's she gettin' along?"
"Fine!"
"You mule-skinner ain't broke her?"

"No; we plays her every evenin'." The little man shifted his feet; then allowed himself to inquire, as if regarding the habits of some dear departed friend:

"Have you chose any favorite records?"
"We all has our pick. Speakin' personal, I'm stuck on that baggage coach song of Mrs. More's."

"Mo-ray!" Willie corrected. "M-o-r-a! Heleney Mo-ray is the lady's name."
"Mebbe so. Our foot-runner likes that Injun war-dance beat of all." Carrara smiled at Cloudy, who nodded, as if pleased by the compliment.

Then it was that the Flying Heart spokesman made an inquiry in hushed, hesitating tones.
"How do you like 'The Holy City'?"—he removed his hat, as did those back of him. "As sung by Madam-sella Melby?"

"Rotten!" Gallagher said promptly. "That's a bum, for fair."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Undiscovered Interior.
A magazine editor recently returned a story to an aspiring contributor.

Immediately the latter wrote an indignant letter to him, saying that before sending her manuscript she had slightly pasted together several of the inner pages. When the story was returned to her it was in its original condition. She had always suspected editors of neglecting their duties; now she was sure of their carelessness, for her own story had not been read. To all this, the much berated man made reply: "Dear Madam: At breakfast, when I find that an egg is bad, I do not have to eat the whole of it to make sure."—The Sunday Magazine.

Tea Reveals Oil Field.
The discoverer of oil in Papua, British New Guinea, was the result of a native boy being whipped for placing kerosene in a miner's tea. The youth declared his innocence and led the miner to the well from which the water had been taken.

It was found that the surface of the water was completely covered with kerosene, the source of which is being developed into a huge commercial enterprise.

GAY FRILLS IN THE BOUDOIR

Dainty and Feminine Are the Ruffles Just Now Being So Generously Made Use Of.

As ruffles become more and more fashionable on feminine garb they begin to make a reappearance in feminine boudoirs. Ruffled window curtains, bed-spreads and pillow covers are replacing the straight bordered effects of the last few years and lady's room promises to become as gayly frilled a sanctum as it was a half century ago.

Ruffled pillow cases are especially dainty and feminine and they give the final touch of luxury to the bed. If one does not desire to sleep on the beruffled pillows they may be exchanged at night for smaller pillows in plain linen slips, or the ruffled slips may be removed and put on again next morning. This takes but a moment if the slip covers are roomy enough to go over the pillow without tugging. Two or three snap buttons sewed along the opening under the ruffles will hold the dainty covers smoothly in place and may be unfastened in a twinkling at night.

Rather narrow ruffles give the best effect—two and a half inches should be the limit of width—and the hems should be very narrow also. Make the ruffle full enough to be fluted by the laundress and the effect will be very crisp and smart. Such pillow covers should be square, rather than oblong, and the pillow may be stuffed into the square, the snap buttons holding it in place. Of course the ruffles must go around all four sides of each cover, and the bed thus dressed will need no pillow shams, bolster roll or other device to hide the sleeping pillows from view.

TO CLEAN COLORED FABRICS

Liquid Resulting From Grated Raw Potatoes Mixed With Water Will Produce Gratifying Results.

Grate raw potatoes to a fine pulp in clear water, and pass the liquid through a coarse sieve into another vessel of water. Let the mixture stand until the fine white particles of the potatoes are precipitated, then pour the water off and preserve for use. This liquid will clean all sorts of silk, cotton or woolen goods without hurting, cotton or spooling the color. Two good-sized potatoes are sufficient for a pint of water.

The article to be cleaned should be laid upon a linen cloth on a table, and, having provided a clean sponge, dip it into the potato water and apply it to the article to be cleaned until the dirt is entirely separated; then wash in clean water several times.

The coarse pulp, which does not pass through the sieve, if of great use in cleaning wool draperies, carpets and other coarse goods.

Easy Sunday Dinner.

Fresh beef tongue makes an economical and toothsome dinner for Sunday. It costs about half as much as the smoked variety and goes farther. Buy on Friday and soak over night in strong salt water. Cook the next morning in plenty of water, well salted. Add one-half cupful of cooked rice to the water and you will have an excellent broth for luncheon or dinner on Saturday. On Sunday slice the tongue cold and serve with it a jelly or sauce. One can also cut out enough meat from around the root of tongue for a few sandwiches or to use in croquettes or hash for Monday's luncheon.

Planked Whitefish.

Scale a five-pound whitefish or two smaller ones. Cut open the entire length down the middle with a small knife and loosen the backbone at the neck until you can take hold of it. Gently draw it out; it will come entire with all the bones. Rinse fish and place back downward on a piece of hardwood plank. A dripping pan will answer, but has not quite the same flavor. Dot with small pieces of butter, pepper and salt. Sprinkle over it the juice of a large lemon. Bake in rather a quick oven 25 minutes. It must be a rich brown. If a dripping pan is used add a half cupful of water.

Chocolate Tartlets.

Four eggs, one-half cake grated chocolate, one tablespoonful of cornstarch dissolved in milk, three tablespoonfuls of milk, four of sugar, a half teaspoonful of vanilla, a half teaspoonful of cinnamon, a small pinch of salt and a heaping teaspoonful of butter. Rub the chocolate smooth in the milk, heat over the fire and add the cornstarch wet in milk. Stir until thickened and then pour out. When cold beat in the yolk of eggs, sugar and flavoring. Bake in tart shells; cover with meringue. To be served cold.

Indian Matting.

Having discovered an excellent way to clean matting, I pass it on to others. Beat the matting first to remove all dust, then take it out of doors and scrub it well with bran water or with water to which a small quantity of salt has been added. Soap has a tendency to turn matting yellow, and should not be used. After the matting has been put through this process, it should be rinsed with cold water, rubbed as dry as possible with a clean cloth and hung on a line to complete the drying.

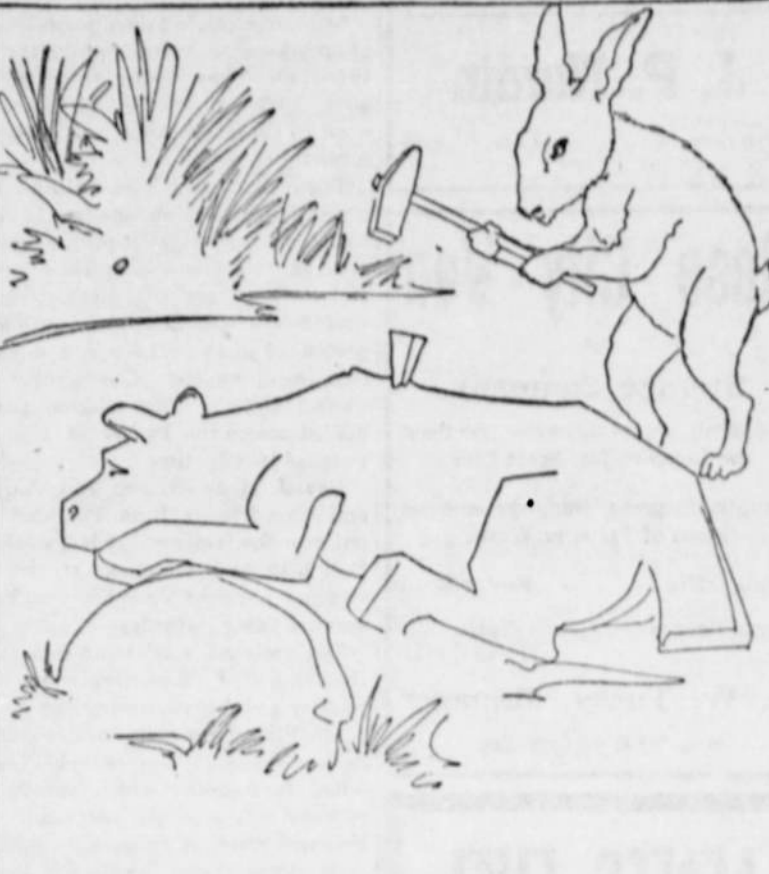
To Curl a Feather.

An ostrich feather that has become uncurled from the dampness may be curled again by sprinkling it thickly with common salt and shaking it before a bright fire until it is dry.

New Indian Animal Stories

How the Rabbit Destroyed Flint

By JOHN M. OSKISON



Children, Color the Above Sketch to Suit Yourself. Save All the Sketches and Make a Book of Them.

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Long time ago, when the Indians of the wooded mountains used to tip their arrows with pieces of sharp flint, the little children who watched the old men at work chipping the flint and binding the pointed bits of stone into the ends of the arrows with deer sinew, would hear this story:

Once the animals all came together in council to talk about how they could destroy Flint, the awful fellow who lived up on the mountain and killed so many of them. One after the other, the animals stood up in the council and told about how Flint had come down from the rocky ledges of the mountain and carried off some of their relatives. The Great Bear said it; the long-pronged deer said it; the oldest gopher said it; and finally the Great Otter said that somebody must go and kill Flint in order to save the lives of the rest of the animals.

But who would dare to go up to the mountain and undertake to destroy Flint? No one wanted to go, though the Great Otter, who was at the head of the council, said that great honor would come to the one who succeeded. At last when it came time for the rabbit to answer, he said that he would go and destroy Flint if he only knew the way to his house.

"Oh!" said all the animals at once, "we will show you the way." And so they all came out of the council and took the rabbit to a high knoll. When they were all gathered on the knoll, the Great Otter stood beside the rabbit and pointed to a house "way up on the side of the mountain. They could just barely see it.

"There," said the Great Otter, "lives Flint," and he told the rabbit just how to get up there.

It was a long road, and the rabbit sat down to rest before he got to Flint's house, and he planned what he would do. Then he got up and went on.

Flint was standing in the door of his house as the rabbit came up and said to him:

"Siyu (hello)—are you the fellow they call Flint?" And the rabbit said it just as if he meant to bite his head off right there!

"Yes, I'm Flint," answered the wicked one who lived on the mountain, but he didn't invite the rabbit to come inside. So the rabbit said:

"Is this where you live?" And Flint answered:

"Yes, this is where I live." And then the rabbit said:

"Well, my name is Rabbit. I've heard about you, and so I've come to invite you to visit me."
"Where do you live?" asked Flint.
"My home is in the broom grass by the river," said the rabbit.

"Well, I will be pleased to come and visit you in a few days," said Flint, and he looked as if he wished the rabbit would go away.

"Why not come with me today and have supper at my house?" asked the rabbit, who had made his plans.

"All right, I will," said Flint. "Just wait till I cover my fire with ashes so it will keep till morning."

So the two came down from the mountain together, and they came to the rabbit's house by the river. The rabbit said he'd make a fire down by the water, where it was cooler, and then they ate their supper on the grass.

It was a good supper the rabbit cooked, and afterward Flint said he was sleepy and would take a nap. And when Flint lay down the rabbit hunted round for two big sticks. Then he got out his knife and began to whittle on the sticks. One he whittled in the shape of a hammer and the other he shaped like a wedge.

"What are you doing that for?" asked Flint sleepily.
"Oh, I always have to be doing something," said the rabbit. "Besides, these may come in handy."

Soon Flint was fast asleep. The rabbit spoke to him, but he did not answer. The rabbit went over and kicked Flint, but even that did not wake him. Then the rabbit put the sharp wedge against the body of Flint and drew back as far as he could with the hammer and sent the wedge deep into Flint's body.

As he struck, the rabbit turned and ran as fast as he could to the door of his house. Just as he got inside he heard a great explosion and struck his head out to see what it was. The wedge had broken the body of Flint to bits and the pieces were flying all about.

It was one of the pieces that came flying straight at the rabbit and cut his upper lip before he could pull his head inside his door. And to this day you can see in the upper lip of the rabbit the little split made by the piece of Flint.

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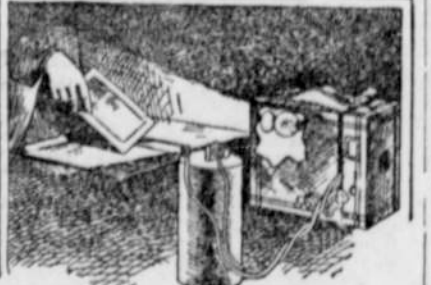
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DARK ROOM EMERGENCY LAMP

Easy Matter to Arrange Ruby Light for Developing Films and Plates—Tungsten Globe Used.

In developing films and plates it is essential that a ruby lamp be used. Not having one I took my Brownie No. 2 camera, in the back of which is a



Emergency Ruby Lamp.

small ruby lens, and removed the film holder, says a writer in the Popular Electricity. In this space was placed a small tungsten battery lamp. A few feet of flexible wire was attached to the lamp socket terminals and a dry battery furnished the current.

A small but practical electric railway has been installed in a Paris sewer.

FIRST BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

Pioneer of Juvenile Literature Was John Newbury—Immortalized in "The Vicar of Wakefield."

John Newbury was really the pioneer of the children's books which he advertised so ingeniously, and the two hundredth anniversary of his birth is worthy of remembrance. His "Juvenile Library," commenced about 1750, was the first attempt to provide the children with readable books, and it was in this series that "Goody Two-Shoes," "Giles Gingerbread" and "Tommy Trip" first made their appearance in print. Goldsmith, who wrote a good many of these children's classics for Newbury, termed him the "honestest man in creation," and immortalized him by a pleasing portrait in "The Vicar of Wakefield."

His Parental Excuse.

Teacher—You were absent from school yesterday?
Tommy—Yes, ma'am. I was sick.
"Have you any excuse for being sick yesterday?"
"Yes, ma'am. It was the ple, ma'am."
"I mean have you any excuse from your parents for being sick yesterday?"
"Yes, ma'am. It was ple who mother made what made me sick."