

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

SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized champion 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, vice 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. Miss Blake bakes a cake for Speed and is offended when Larry refuses to allow him to eat it.

CHAPTER XIV.—Continued.

During one breathless instant the wizen man stood as if disbelieving his ears, the enormity of the insult robbing him of speech and motion. Then he uttered a snarl, and Stover was barely in time to intercept the backward fling of his groping hand.

"No voycence, Willie! There's ladies present."

Stover's captive ground his teeth and struggled briefly, then turned and made for the open prairie without a word.

"It's his first love," said Stover, simply. The other foreman exploded into hoarse laughter, saying:

"I didn't reckon I was treadin' on the toes of no bereafed relatifs, but them church tunes ain't my style. However, we're wastin' time, gents. Where's that bunk-house? Nothin' but money talks loud enough for me to hear. Good-day, white folks!" Gallagher saluted Miss Chapin and her friends with a flourish, and moved away in company with the cowboys.

"I never," said Glass, "seen so many tough guys outside of a street-car strike."

Gallagher has been in prison," Jean informed him. "He's a wonderful shot."

"I knew it!" Speed spoke up brightly: "Well, let's go back to the house and wait for Covington."

"But you were getting ready to go running," said Helen.

"No more running for me! I'm in good enough shape, eh, Larry?" "Great! Barring the one thing."

"What's that?" queried Fresno. "A little trouble with one of his nerve-centers, that's all. But even if it got worse during the night, Covington could run the race for him."

The Californian started. At last all was plain. He had doubted from the first, now he was certain; but with understanding came also a menace to his own careful plans. If Covington ran in Speed's place, how could he effect his rival's exposure? On the way back to the house he had to think pretty rapidly.

Mrs. Keap was pacing the porch as the others came up, and called Speed aside; then, when they were alone, broke out, with blazing eyes:

"You said you had stopped him!" "And I thought I had. I did my best."

"But he's coming! He'll be here any minute!" "I suppose he learned you were here," Wally laughed.

"Then you must have told him." "No, I didn't." "Mr. Speed"—Roberta's cheeks were pallid and her voice trembled—"you didn't—send that telegram—at all."

"Oh, but I did." "You wanted him to get here in time to run in your place. I see it all now. You arranged it very cleverly, but you will pay the penalty." "You surely won't tell Helen?" "This minute! You wretched, deceitful man!"

"Crippled!" he gasped, and leaned against the door for support.

CHAPTER XV.

IN a daze, Speed saw his friend mount the porch painfully; in a daze, he shook his hand. Subconsciously he beheld Lawrence Glass come panting into view, throw up his hands at sight of Covington, and cry out in a strange tongue. When he regained his faculties he broke into the conversation harshly.

"What have you done to yourself?" "I broke a toe," explained the athlete.

"You broke a toe?" "He broke a toe!" wailed Glass, faintly.

"If it's nothing but a toe, it won't hurt your running." Speed seized eagerly upon the faintest hope.

"No. I'll be all right in a few weeks." Covington spoke carelessly, his eyes bent upon Jean Chapin.

"You've got to run to-morrow." "What!" Covington dragged his glance away from the cheeks of his sweetheart.

"I—I'm sick. You'll have to." "Don't be an idiot, Wally. I can't walk!"

Helen explained, with pride of one displaying her own handiwork: "Mr. Speed defends the Flying Heart to-morrow. You are just in time to see him."

"When did you learn to box, Wally?" Covington was genuinely amazed.

"I'm not going to box. It's a foot-race. I'm training—been training ever since I arrived."

In his bewilderment the late-comer might have unwittingly betrayed his friend had not Jean suddenly inquired: "Where is Roberta?"

"Roberta!" Covington tripped over one of his crutches. "Roberta who?" "Why, Roberta Keap, of course! She's chaperoning us while mother is away."

The hero of countless field-days turned pale, and seemed upon the point of hobbling back to "Nigger Mike's" backboard.

"You and she are old friends, I believe?" Helen interposed.

"Yes! Oh, yes!" Culver flashed his chum a look of dumb amazement, but Speed was staring round-eyed into space, striving to read the future.

Helen started to fetch her just as the pallid chaperon was entering the door.

She shook hands with Covington. She observed that he was too deeply affected at sight of her to speak, and it awakened fresh misgivings in her mind.

"How d'y do! I didn't know you were—here!" he stammered.

"I thought it would surprise you!"

Roberta smiled wanly, amazed at her own self-control, then froze in her tracks as Jean announced: "Jack will be home to-night, Culver. He'll be delighted to see you!" J. Wallingford Speed offered a diversion by bursting into a hollow laugh. Now that the world was in league to work his own downfall, it was time some one else had a touch of suffering. To this end he inquired how the toe had come to be broken.

"Yes. I stopped off between trains to view the city, and took a 'Seeling Omaha' ride. The yap wagon upset, and—I broke my toe."

"You left Chicago ten days ago," said Speed accusingly.

"Of course, but—when I broke my toe I had to stay. It's a beautiful city—lots of fine buildings."

"How did you like the jail?" "What in the world are you boys talking about?" queried Miss Blake.

"Mr. Speed seems amused at Culver's accident." Roberta gave him a stinging look. "Now we'd better let Culver go to his room and freshen up a bit. I want to talk to you, Helen," and Speed drooped at the meaning behind her words. But it was time for a general conference; events were shaping themselves too rapidly for him to cope with. Once the three were alone he lost no time in making his predicament known, the while his friend listened in amazement.

"But is it really so serious?" the latter asked, finally.

"It's life or death. There's a homicidal maniac named Willie guarding me daytimes, and a pair of renegades who keep watch at my window all night. The cowboys bathe me in ice-water to toughen me, and feed me raw meat to make me wild. In every corner there lurks an assassin with orders to shoot me if I break training, everywhere I see some low-browed criminal feels my biceps, pinches my legs, and asks how my wind is. I tell you, I'm going mad."

"And the worst part of it is," spoke Glass, sympathetically, "they'll bump me off first. It's a pipe."

"But, Wally, you can't run." "Don't I know it?" "Don't I?" seconded the trainer.

"Then why attempt the impossible? Call the race off."

"It's too late. You understand? The bets are made, and it's 'pay or play.' The cowboys have mortgaged their souls on me."

"He was makin' a play for that little doll—"

"Don't you call Miss Blake a doll, Larry! I won't stand for it!" "Well, 'skirt,' then."

"Why don't you cut it? There's a train East at midnight."

"And leave Helen—like that? Her faith in me has weakened already; she'd hate me if I did that. No! I've got to face it out!"

"They'll be singin' hymns for both of us," predicted the fat man.

"I don't care. They can boil me in oil—I won't let her think I'm a coward."

"Larry doesn't have to stay." "Of course not. He can escape."

"Not a chance," said the trainer. "They watch me closer 'n they do him."

Covington considered for a moment. "It certainly looks bad, but perhaps the other fellow can't run either. Who is he?"

"A cook named Skinner." "Happy name! Well, two-thirds of a sprint is in the start. How does Wally get in motion, Lawrence?"

"Like a sacred ox." Glass could not conceal his contempt.

"I'll give him some pointers; it will all help." But Speed was nervous and awkward—so awkward, in fact, that the coach finally gave it up as a bad job, saying:

"It's no use, Wally, you've got fool feet."

"I have, eh? Well, I didn't break them getting out of jail."

"The less said about that jail the better. I'm in trouble myself."

AWAY WITH DRY SWEEPING

Unsanitary and Dangerous, the Modern Housewife Should Substitute Dustless Cleaning Methods.

The various methods of dustless cleaning are deservedly popular in these days of preventive medicine. Dust is dangerous to health. "Air germs" are mostly dust germs, and the number of disease germs in the air is usually in direct proportion to the amount of dust contained in it.

Disease germs which are cast into dry, dustless air soon lose their power to cause disease. But when they can attach themselves to dust particles, they are protected and retain the moisture which is necessary for their life, for long periods of time.

Tuberculosis germs, for example, will live and retain their disease-producing power from one to nine months on indoor dust, and as long as two months on street dust.

Dust found indoors, especially in dark, damp, poorly ventilated places, is more dangerous than outdoor dust, which is dried by being blown about and is subjected to the purifying action of the direct rays of the sun.

Besides being a carrier of disease germs, dust is an enemy of health in an indirect way. It acts as a mechanical irritant to the delicate mucous membrane lining the breathing organs.

This irritation, if continued, causes a mild inflammation, or catarrhal condition, lowers the natural resistive powers of these delicate structures, thereby preparing the soil for the growth of disease germs which may find their way there.

Floors, carpets, walls and furniture—the whole house, in fact, can and should be cleaned without making dust. Dry sweeping and dry dusting simply stir up the dust from one place to let it settle again at another.

HOUSEKEEPING HINTS

Flowers have a direct influence on health and beauty. Spare ribs are much improved by parboiling before roasting.

Meat broths should be made only in porcelain or agate ware utensils. To beat the whites of eggs stiff, always have them cold and add a pinch of salt.

Camphorated oil will clean the marks made by hot dishes on the polished table.

Open canned fruit or vegetables and pour into a dish several hours before they are served.

A gas stove should be wiped off each time it is used and washed with turpentine once a week.

Prunes are greatly improved if a little cider is added to the water in which they are cooked.

If the skin is oily, try wiping the face off occasionally with diluted alcohol, 25 per cent. strength.

Creamed cauliflower served in green shells makes a dish as tasty as it is satisfying to the eye.

Salt Fish With Onions.

Soak over night if possible in cold water. If not soaked place on stove one hour before meal time in cold water, bring to a boil, turn off water and add fresh cold water two different times. The third time allow to boil until time to serve. When water is added the third time and comes to a boil peel four or five onions and the number of potatoes needed and place in kettle with salt fish, allowing 15 minutes longer for onions to cook than the potatoes. You will find that the onions give the fish and potatoes a fine flavor. Add pepper and butter when serving. Be sure to cook the fish long enough to be well done, as underdone fish is unfit to eat.

Delicious Fruit Cookies.

Cream one and one-third cupfuls of butter with two cupfuls of sugar. Add three eggs, well beaten, a cupful each of raisins and currants, half a teaspoonful each of cloves, cinnamon and nutmeg. Add a pinch of soda, also one pound each of chopped walnut and hickorynut meats.

Add half a cupful of strong cold coffee and enough sifted flour to make the mixture very stiff. Drop by spoonful on a buttered tin sheet and bake in a moderate oven. These cookies will keep indefinitely.

Fried Kidney.

Clean kidney and cut up. Put tablespoon of fat in frying pan, add onion to taste cut up, fry in fat until onion is brown, then put kidneys in, add salt, pepper, garlic and celery to taste. Cook slowly. When the onion is brown in the fat add two teaspoons of flour and brown in fat before adding kidney, then add meat stock or water and cook for 1½ hours. Cook in a large frying pan with cover on until kidneys are well cooked. Just before serving add vinegar to taste if you choose.

Quick Soup.

One pound hamburger steak, two onions, three potatoes, tablespoonful of rice, salt and pepper to taste. Put all in cold water, stir meat until free from lumps. Use about three pints of water. When nearly done thicken slightly with a little flour mixed in a tablespoonful of cold water. Macaroni may be added instead of rice.

Beef Broth With Egg.

One cup beef broth seasoned, one well beaten egg; let broth cool a little before adding the egg to prevent curdling; serve with browned toast.

For a Damp Cupboard.

To absorb the moisture in a damp cupboard leave a quantity of quicklime in the cupboard for a few days.

Net Waist Draped With Lace and Silk



ONE of those pretty fancy waists which are so easily made by draping a net foundation with silk or chiffon and lace is pictured here. Any woman who can sew even a little can manage a waist of this kind and get results that will delight her.

The blouse shown in the picture is made over a ready-made foundation waist of cream-colored net, cut with a round neck and elbow sleeves. Waists of this kind, or of inexpensive all-over lace, may be had for a dollar or two. And, since fashion decrees that clothes are not to fit but to hang upon the figure, a ready-made foundation is altogether satisfactory for use in making a dressy blouse of lace or of crepe or silk or chiffon, or combinations of these fabrics.

Over the foundation waist of net there is a surplice drape of wide shadow lace. It is gathered in at the shoulder seams and brought to the waist line at the front and back, where it is sewed into the narrow belt or tape that finishes the net waist. This gives the blouse the full, soft appearance which is required for style and for beauty.

A plain over-bodice of crepe de chine in paprika color is cut, opened in a V shape to the waist line at

the back and in front. This is finished with a very narrow hem and a fold of chiffon, in the same color as the crepe. It is placed over the waist and sewed in at the waist line. The shoulder is long and the armholes are finished with a narrow border of chiffon.

Sleeves of net dyed to match the crepe in color are placed over the sleeves of the foundation and sewed down to them at the armholes. The crepe bodice extends over the arm's eye and conceals it.

Short motifs of dyed lace with touches of silk embroidery in turquoise blue, pale green and silver thread are placed over the full lace surplice at the front. The round neck is finished with narrow velvet ribbon in turquoise blue.

There is a wide, soft girle of the crepe de chine, which fastens in front and, as a finishing touch, frills of plaited net are set on to the sleeves.

Such a waist would be as effective developed in any other color or in black and white. The color of the velvet at the neck and those colors in the embroidery are to be chosen to harmonize with that used for the over-bodice.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Attractive Turban and Crape Toque



THE toque for mourning, illustrated here, is designed for a widow and shows a conservative shape covered with crape very cleverly put on. A crape veil, in the fashionable length and drape, is a part of the design and is not removable.

The toque frame is rather long and narrow. The coronet is covered with narrow folds of crape laid on in a pattern. The veil falls from the back and is a part of the hat, not removable. It falls not quite to the waist line. This veil is a good type of those used this season. It is entirely of crape, with a three-inch hem, and somewhat shorter than the average of former seasons. Veils as a rule are shorter and are used as a part of the design.

The turban is to be worn with a face veil of net bordered with a narrow fold of crape. The frame is covered smoothly with black crape and

is faced with white crape which extends part way up on the coronet. It is prettily trimmed with a knot and ends made of the crape.

For summer wear mourning millinery shows all the designs that are made up in black, duplicated in white crape, which is correct mourning. Combinations of black and white in the same hat develop wonderfully attractive millinery and demonstrate that it is the fabric rather than its color which signifies its use and purpose.

Among the shapes fashionable this season there are many which are adapted to crape hats. They are medium in size and set almost squarely on the head, two things which are excellent points in their favor. When crape veils are used with them they are almost always rather short and fall from the back of the hat.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.