

GOING SOME

A ROMANCE OF
STRENUOUS AFFECTION

BY
REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY
REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

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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 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.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Say no more," Speed remarked; "it's all right with us!"
Fresno looked up.
"What's wrong with my singing?"
"Oh, I've just told the girls that you're going to run that foot race," Helen interposed, hurriedly, at which Fresno exploded.
"What's wrong with my running?" inquired Speed.
"I can beat you!"
Larry Glass nudged his employer openly, and seemed on the verge of hysteria. "Let him go," said he. "Let him go; he's funny."
Speed addressed Helen, with a magnanimous smile:
"Suppose we allow Frez to sing this foot race? We'll pull it off in the treble clef."
"Oh, I mean it!" maintained the tenor, stubbornly. "I don't want to run Skinner, the cook, but I'll run you to see who does meet him."
Speed shrugged his shoulders indulgently.
"I'm afraid you're a little overweight."
"I'll train down."
"Perhaps if you wait until I beat this cook, I'll take you on."
Glass broke out, in husky indignation: "Sure! Get a rep, Cull, get a rep!" Then to his employer: "Come on, Wally, you've got to warm up." He mounted the steps heavily with his protege.
When they had gone, Miss Blake clapped her hands.
"I'm so excited!" she exclaimed. "You see, it's all my doings! Oh, how I adore athletes!"
"Most young girls do," Fresno smiled, sourly. "My taste runs more to music." After a moment's meditation, he observed: "Speed doesn't look like a sprinter to me. I—I'll wager he can't do a hundred yards in fifteen-two."
"Fifteen-two' is cribbage," said



Pinned the Medals Upon His Chest.

Miss Blake.
"Fifteen and two-fifths seconds is what I mean."
"Is that fast?"
Fresno smiled, indulgently this time. "Jean's friend Covington can go the distance in nine and four-fifths seconds. He's a real sprinter. I think this fellow is a joke."
"Indeed he is not! If Mr. Covington can run as fast as that, Mr. Speed can run faster. He told me so."
"Oh!" Fresno looked at her curiously. "The world's record is nine and three-fifths; that's the limit of human endurance."
"I hope he doesn't injure himself," breathed the girl, and the tenor wandered away, disconcerted beyond

measure. When he was out of hearing he remarked, aloud:
"I'll bet he runs so slow we'll have to wind a stop-watch on him. Anyhow, I think I'll find out something more about this race."
Once in his room, Mr. J. Wallingford Speed made a search for writing materials, while Larry Glass overhauled a trunk filled with athletic clothing of various descriptions. There were running-suits, rowing-suits, baseball and football suits, sweaters, jerseys, and bath robes—all of which were new and unstained. At the bottom Glass discovered a box full of bronze and near-gold emblems.
"Here's your medals," said he.
"Good! I'll wear them."
"Nix! You can't do that. Those gals will get wise." He selected one, and read on the reverse side, "Clerk of the course;" another was engraved "Starter." All were official badges of some sort or other. "You always were strong on the 'Reception Committee' stuff. There's six of them," said he.
Speed pointed to the bureau.
"Try a nail-file. See if you can't scratch off the lettering. How's this?" He read what he had written for the wire. "Culver Covington, and so forth. Come quick. First train. Native Son making love to Jean.—Wally." Ten words, and it tells the whole story. I can hardly explain why I want him, can I? He expects to stop off in Omaha for a day or two, but he'll be under way in an hour after he gets this. I hate to spoil his little visit, but he can take that in on his way home. Now I'll ring for somebody, and have this taken over to the station by the first wagon."
"Say, you better scratch this Fresno," said Larry.
"Why?"
"He's hep to you."
"Nonsense!"
Glass looked up at a sound, to discover Mariadetta, the Mexican maid, who had come in answer to Speed's call.
"In the doorway!" the trainer said, under his breath. "Pipe the Cuban Queen!"
"You call?" inquired Mariadetta of the younger man.
"Yes, I want this telegram to go to the depot as soon as possible."
Mariadetta took the message and turned silently, but as she went she flashed a look at Glass which caused that short-waisted gentleman to wink at his companion.
"Some frill! Eh? I'm for her! She's strong for me, too."
"How do you know?"
"We talked it over. I gave her a little kiss to keep for me."
"Careful, Larry! She may have a cowboy sweetheart."
Glass grunted, disparagingly.
"Them ginnys is jokes to me."
As Speed talked he clad himself in his silken uniform, donned his spiked shoes, and pinned the medals upon his chest.
"How do I look?" he queried.
"Immense! If she likes athletes, it's a walk-away for you."
"Then give me the baby-blue bath robe with the monogram. We'll go out and trot around a little."
But his complacency received a shock as he stepped out upon the veranda. Not only Helen Blake awaited him, but the other girls as well, while out in front were a dozen or more cowboys whom Fresno had rallied.
"Goin' to take a little run, eh?" inquired Stover. "We allowed we'd lay off a few minutes and watch you."
"Thanks!"
"Yes," Fresno spoke up. "I told the boys we'd better hold a stop-watch on you and see what shape you're in."
"A stop-watch?" said Glass, sharply.
"Yes, I have one."
"Not today," said Speed's trainer.
"No!" he admonished, as his protege turned upon him. "Some other time, mebbe. You're just off a long trip, and I can't risk gettin' you stove up."
"Tomorrow, perhaps," urged Fresno.
"I wouldn't promise."
"Then the next day. I've timed lots of men. The watch is correct."
"Let's see it." Glass held out his hand.
"Oh, it's a good watch. It cost me one hundred and twenty-five dollars."
As Glass reached for the timepiece an unfortunate accident occurred. Speed struck his elbow, and the watch

fell. Fresno dove for it, then held it to his ear and shook it.
"You've broken it!" he cried, accusingly.
"Oh, I'm sorry! My fault," Speed apologized.
"If it was your fault, maybe you'll fix it," suggested the tenor.
"Gladly!" Speed turned to his trainer. "Buy a new alarm-clock for our little friend." He stripped off his bath robe, and handed it to his trainer. "Is she looking at me?" he whispered.
"Both eyes, big as saucers."
Speed settled his spikes into the dirt as he had seen other sprinters do, set himself for an instant, then loped easily around the house and out of sight.
To the cowboys this athletic pantofole was vastly impressive. With huge satisfaction they noticed the sleeveless shirt, the loose running-trunks, and, above all, the generous display of medals. With a wild yell of delight they broke out upon the trail of their champion, only to have Glass thrust his corpulent body in their path. With an upflung arm he stemmed the tide.
"It's no use, boys," he cried, he's a mile away!"

CHAPTER VI.

THIS doesn't look much like our storehouse, does it?" Jean paused in her task, and, seating herself upon the summit of a step-ladder, scrutinized with satisfaction the transformation wrought by a myriad of college flags, sofa cushions, colored shawls, and bunting.
Roberta Keap dropped her hammer with an exclamation of pain.
"Ouch!" she cried, "I've hurt my thumb. I can't hit where I look when people are talking."
"Why don't you pin them up?" queried Miss Blake sweetly. "A hammer is so dangerous."
Mrs. Keap mumbled something, but her enunciation was indistinct, owing to the fact that her thumb was in her mouth. Helen finished tying a bow of ribbon upon the leg of a stool, patted it into proper form, then said:
"It looks cheerful."
"And restful," added Jean.
"Oh dear!" Jean descended from her precarious position and admitted, "I'm tired out."

All that morning the three had labored, busily transforming the store-room into training-quarters for Speed, who had declared that such things were not only customary but necessary. To be sure, it adjoined the bunk-room, where the cowboys slept, and there were no gymnastic appliances to give it character, but it was the only space available, and what it lacked in horizontal bars, dumb-bells, and Indian clubs it more than compensated for by a cosy-corner, a window-seat, and many cushions. Speed had expressed his delight with the idea, and agreed to wait for a glimpse of it.
Of all the denizens of the Flying Heart but two failed to enter fully into the spirit of the thing. Berkeley Fresno looked on with a cynicism which he was too wise to display before Miss Blake. Seeing the lady of his dreams monopolized by a rival, however, inspired him to sundry activities, and he spent much of his time among the cowboys, whom he found profitable to the point of mystery.
Mrs. Keap, the youthful chaperon, seemed likewise mastered by some private trouble, and puzzled her com-

panions vaguely. Helen reported that she did not sleep, and once Jean found her crying softly. She seemed, moreover, to be apprehensive, in a tremulous, reasonless way; but when with friendly sympathy they brought the subject up, she dismissed it. In spite of secret tears, she had lent willing hands to the decoration of the gymnasium, and now nursed her swollen thumb with surprising good nature.
"Shall we let them in?" she inquired. "We have done all we can."
"Yes; we have finished."
In a flutter of anticipation Jean and Helen put the final touches to their task, while Mrs. Keap stepped to the door and called Speed.
He came at once, followed by Larry Glass, who, upon grasping the scheme of decoration, smote his brow and balanced dizzily upon his heels. Speed was lost in admiration.
"It's wonderful!" ejaculated the young athlete. "Those college flags give it just the right touch. And see the cosy-corner!"
Glass regained his voice sufficiently to murmur, sarcastically, "Say, ain't this a swell-looking drum?"
Berkeley Fresno, drawn by the irresistible magnetism of Miss Blake's presence, wandered in and ran his eyes over the room.
"Why all the colors?" asked he.
"You can sing best where there is a piano. I can train best under the shadow of college emblems. I am a temperamental athlete."
"You'll be a dead athlete if you don't beat this cook." The Californian was angry.
"Indeed!" exclaimed his rival, airily.
"That's what I remarked. Did they tell you what happened to Humpy Joo, your predecessor?"
"It must have been an accident,



"You'll Be a Dead Athlete if You Don't Beat This Cook."

judging from his name." At which Miss Blake tittered. She was growing to enjoy these passages at arms; they thrilled her vaguely.
"The only accident connected with the affair was that Still Bill and Willie didn't have their guns."
Glass started nervously. "Did these rummies want to shoot him?" he inquired.
"Certainly," said Fresno. "He lost a foot-race."
In spite of his assurance, J. Wallingford Speed felt a tremor of anxiety, but he laughed it off, saying:
"One would think a foot-race in this country was a pearl necklace."
"These cowboys ain't good losers, eh?" queried Glass.
"It's win or die out here."
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WOULD END POETICAL GUSH

English Suffragists Protest Against the Effusions Put Out About the Sex by Men.

"It is people who write poetry about us who prevent us women getting the vote." The sentence arrested me in reading Violet Hunt's story of the "Celebrity's Daughter," at a week-end, with the smashing of windows, the cutting up of golf greens, the spoiling of letters and the threats of other horrors in my ears and eyes, says a writer in the London Chronicle. For men persist in writing poetry about women, to their amazement, and no women are writing poetry about men.
Man is the poetic sex. He goes about—I may tell you—with snippets from the papers in his pocketbook, and takes them now and again as a sort of stimulant. Moreover, the man writes his poetry secretly, sends it to the newspapers, and they publish it. I could give you the address of bald-headed stockholders and bearded business men who write verses. And more who cut the poetry from their newspapers and take it as a stimulant.

Clemenceau Story.

It is said that Monsieur Clemenceau, who bears the pleasant sobriquet

GOOD DINNER DISHES

OF MEAT OR FISH, AS THE FAMILY MAY PREFER.

Best Method of Frying Chicken, American Style—Beef and Ham Pie—Mackerel, Creamed or Baked, Will Be Found Excellent.

Fried Chicken—Cut the chicken into pieces for serving. Boll in flour, or, if preferred, in beaten egg and crumbs. Heat one cup nice dripping or lard, one teaspoon salt, and one saltspoon pepper; lay in the pieces and fry brown on each side, allowing not less than twenty minutes for the thickest pieces and ten for the thin ones. Lay on a hot platter, and make a gravy by adding one tablespoonful flour to the fat, stirring smooth, and adding slowly one cup boiling water or stock. Strain over the chicken. Milk or cream may be used instead of water.

Stewed Oxtails—Cut the tails in two-inch lengths and brown in butter, prepare a brown sauce, season it well and stew all slowly together for two hours. Garnish with tiny milk biscuit.

Beef and Ham Pie—Use raw ham and dice both meats, line the dish with a rich biscuit, fill with the meat and a high seasoning, about one-half cup chopped potatoe, small bits of the crust, and one cup rich gravy. Bake in a moderate oven, and just before serving pour in a cupful or more of piping hot gravy.

Oyster Pie—Line a vegetable dish with mashed potatoes. Brush it over with the white of an egg, and put it in the oven to brown lightly. Take two dozen oysters, half a pint of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt to taste. Let it come to a boil and thicken with a heaping teaspoonful of flour and put into the space left in the vegetable dish.

Creamed Salt Mackerel—Soak the fish overnight and wipe dry before using. Broil on a buttered gridiron over a clear fire. Lay on a hot dish and pour over it a cream sauce made as follows: Into one cupful of boiling water stir two teaspoonfuls of cornstarch, rubbed smooth with one tablespoonful of butter; cook until well thickened. Add a well-beaten egg, mixing carefully to prevent curdling. Cook a moment longer, season with a tablespoonful of chopped parsley and a saltspoonful of pepper.

Baked Salt Mackerel—Salt mackerel are neither so plentiful nor as cheap as they were twenty-five years ago, but occasionally a baked one fills the demand for something different. Soak the fish overnight in a large amount of cold water, with the flesh side turned down. Wipe dry, lay in a baking pan, add one cupful of milk and set in the oven. Bake about twenty-five minutes, put on a hot dish, butter lightly and garnish with sliced lemon.

Country Pot Roast.

In a hot frying pan melt a lump of butter or fry out a small piece of pork. While very hot put in the roast, browning all sides. Roll it over. Do not insert the fork, so as to keep all the juice in. When browned put in a pot which has been heated, put water in the frying pan to get any juice that may have escaped and pour over the meat. Cover closely and cook slowly for three hours, turning occasionally. Keep about a cupful of water under the meat and sprinkle a little flour and salt over it 15 minutes before taking out. Turn several times.

Cream of Chicken Soup.

Break up the chicken carcass left from the previous day, add bits of skin and barley, cover with cold water, cook slowly on the back of stove or simmering burner for an hour or more, then drain off liquor, add an equal amount of milk and thicken with flour and butter rubbed together. A little cooked rice or macaroni improves this economical and delicious soup.

Dumas Sauce.

Place in a sauce bowl one heaping teaspoon salt, three-quarter teaspoon fresh-crushed very fine white pepper, one medium-sized sound shallot, peeled and very finely chopped, one heaping teaspoon very finely chopped Chinese, one-half teaspoon finely chopped parsley. Gently mix together, then pour in one-half teaspoon olive oil, six drops tabasco sauce, one light saltspoon good fresh mustard, lastly one light gill good vinegar. Mix well, send to the table, serve as required.

Quick Coffee Bread.

One quart of flour, one level teaspoonful of salt, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, five eggs well beaten with two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one pint of milk and two tablespoonfuls of softened butter. Beat well, spread in a pan and sprinkle sugar, a little cinnamon and bits of butter on top, and bake in a quick oven.

To Keep Salt From Clogging.

If a little cornstarch is mixed with salt before being put into the shaker, it will keep it from clogging.