

GOING SOME



A ROMANCE OF
STENOUS AFFECTION

BY
REX BEACH

SUGGESTED BY THE PLAY BY
REX BEACH AND PAUL ARMSTRONG

Illustrated By
Edgar Bert Smith

COPYRIGHT 1910 BY HARPER & BROTHERS

SYNOPSIS.

Cowboys of the Flying Heart ranch are heartbroken over the loss of their much-prized champion in a foot-race with the cook of the Centipede ranch. A horse 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, 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. Miss Blake bakes a cake for Speed and is offended when Larry refuses to allow him to eat it. Covington arrives on crutches. He says he broke his toe in Omaha. A telegram comes from Covington and in love with Jack Chapin, exposes Speed to Helen, because Speed had failed to prevent Covington from joining the party.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"Will you marry me?" asked J. Wallingford Speed.
"The idea!" Miss Blake gasped.
"Will you?"
"Please don't speak that way. When a man cares for a woman, he doesn't deceive her—he tells her everything. You told me you were a great runner, and I believed you. I'll never believe you again. Of course, I shall behave to you in a perfectly friendly manner, but underneath the surface I shall be consumed with indignation." Miss Blake commenced to be consumed.
"See! You don't acknowledge your perfidy even now."
"What's the use? If I said I couldn't run, and then beat the cook, you'd believe I deceived you again. And suppose that I can't beat him?"
"Then I shall not have they told me the truth."
"And if, on the other hand, I should win"—Miss Blake's eyes fell—"Helen, would you marry me?" Speed started toward her, but she had fled out into the twilight.

Dusk was settling over stretches of purple land, and already the room was peopled by shadows. Work was over; there were sounds of cheerful preparations for supper; from the house came faint chords of laughter.
It was the hush that precedes the evening as it does the dawn; the hour of reverie, in which all music is sweet, and forgotten faces arise to haunt.
Speed stood where the girl had left him, miserable, hopeless, helpless. And certainly his love was lost. He had stayed on in the stubborn superstitious belief that something would surely happen to relieve him from his predicament—fortune had never failed him before—and instead, every day, every incident, had served to involve him deeper. Now she knew! It was her golden heart that had held her true thus far, but could any devotion



"I Love You!" Wally Said.

survive the sight of humiliation such as he would suffer on the morrow? Already he heard the triumphant jeers of the Centipede henchmen, the angry clamor of the Flying Heart, the mocking laughter of his rival.
He groaned aloud. Forsooth, a broken toe! Of all the countless tens of thousands of toes in Christendom, the one he had hung his salvation upon had proven weaker than a reed. What cruel jest of Fate was this? If Fate had wished to break a toe why had she not selected, out of all the billions at her disposal, that of some other athlete than Culver Covington—even his own.
J. Wallingford Speed started suddenly and paled. He had remembered

that no one could force a crippled man to run.

"By Jove," he exclaimed, "I'll do it!" He crossed quickly to the bunkhouse door and looked in. The room was empty. The supper-bell pealed out, and he heard the cow-men answer it. Now was the appointed moment; he might have no other. With cat-like tread he slipped into the sleeping-quarters, returning in a moment with a revolver. He stared thankfully at the weapon—better this than dishonor.
"Why didn't I think of it before? It's perfectly simple. I'll accidentally shoot myself—in the foot!"

But even as he gazed at the gun he saw that the muzzle was as large as a gopher-hole. A bullet of that size would sink a ship, he meditated in a panic, and as for his foot—what frightful execution it would work! But—it were better to lose a foot than a foot-race, under present conditions, so he began to unlace his shoe. Then realizing the value of circumstantial evidence, he paused. No! His disability must bear all the earmarks of an accident. He must guess the location of his smallest and least important toe, and trust the rest to his marksmanship. Visions of blood-poisoning beset him, and when he pressed the muzzle against the point of his shoe his hand shook with such a palsy that he feared he might miss. He steeled himself with the thought that other men had snuffed out life itself in this manner, then sat down upon the floor and cocked the weapon a second time. He wondered if the shock might, by any chance, numb him into unconsciousness. If so, he might bleed to death before assistance arrived. But he had nothing to do with that. The only question was, which foot. He regarded them both tenderly. They were nice feet, and had done him many favors. He loved every toe; they were almost like innocent children. It was a dastardly deed to take advantage of them thus, but—he advanced the revolver until it pressed firmly against the outside of his left foot, then closed his eyes, and left upon his courage. There came a great roaring in his ears.

How long he sat thus waiting for the explosion he did not know, but he opened his eyes at length to find the foot still intact, and the muzzle of the weapon pointing directly at his instep. He altered his aim hurriedly, when, without warning of any sort, a man's figure appeared silhouetted against the window.
The figure dropped noiselessly to the floor inside the room, and cried, in a strange voice:
"Lock those doors! Quick!"
Finding that it was no hallucination, Speed rose, calling out:
"Who are you?"
"Sh-h-h!" The stranger darted across the room and bolted both doors, while the other felt a chill of apprehension at these sinister precautions. He grasped his revolver firmly while his heart thumped. The fellow's appearance was anything but reassuring: he was swarthy and sun-browned, his clothes were ragged, his overalls were patched; instead of a coat, he wore a loosely flapping vest over a black sateen shirt, long since rusted out to a nondescript brown.
"I've been trying to get to you for a week," announced the mysterious visitor hoarsely.
"W-what do you want? Who are you?"
"I'm Skinner, cook for the Centipede."
"The man I race?"
"Not so loud." Skinner was straining for the faintest sound from the direction of the mess-house.
"I'll kill him!" exclaimed the Eastern lad. But the other forestalled a murder by running on, rapidly:
"Listen, now! Hump and I jobbed this gang last month; we're partners, see? He's got another race framed at Pocatello, and I want to make a get-away—"
"Yes! yes! you needn't stay here—on my account."
"Now don't let's take any chances to-morrow, see? We're both out for the coin. What do you want to do—win or lose?" Skinner jumped back to the door and listened.
"What?"
"Don't stall!" the stranger cried, impatiently. "Will I win or will you? What's it worth?" He clipped his words short, his eyes darted furtive glances here and there.
"Can I win?" gasped Speed.
"You can if there's enough in it for me. I'm broke, see? You bet five hundred, and we'll cut it two ways."
"I—I haven't that much with me."
"Borrow it. Don't be a boob. Meet me in Albuquerque Sunday, and we'll split there."
"Is that all I have to do?"
"Certainly. What's the matter with you, anyhow?" Skinner cast a suspicious glance at his companion.
"I—I guess I'm rattled—it's all so sudden."

"Of course you'll have to run fast enough so we don't tip off."
"How fast is that?"
"Oh, ten-four," carelessly. "That's what Humpy and I did."
"Ten and four-fifths—seconds?"
"Certainly. Don't kid me! They're liable to break in on us."
"Mr. Skinner, I—I can't run that fast. Fifteen is going some for me."
"What!" Skinner stared at his opponent strangely.
"That's right. I'm a lemon."
"Ain't you the Yale champ? The guy that goes under 'even time'?"
Wally shook his head. "I'm his chum. I couldn't catch a cramp."
The brown face of the Centipede sprinter split into a grin, his eyes gleamed. "Then I'll win," said he. "I'm the sucker, but I'll make good. Get your money down, and I'll split with you."
"No, no! Not you! Me! I must win!" Speed clutched his caller desperately.

"All right, I'll frame anything; but I can't run any slower than I did with Joe and make a live of it. They'd shoot us both."
"But there's a girl in this—a girl I love. It means more than mere life." Skinner was plainly becoming nervous at the length of the interview.
"Couldn't you fall down?" inquired the younger man, timidly.
The cook laughed derisively. "I could fall down twice and beat you in fifteen." After an instant's thought: "Say, there's one chance, if we don't run straight away. There's a corral out where we race; you insist on running around it, see? There's nothing in the circles about straightaways. That'll kid 'em on the time. If I get too far ahead, I'll fall down."
"B-but will you stay down? Till I catch up?"
"Sure! Leave it to me."
"You won't forget, or anything like that?"
"Certainly not. But no rough work

in front of the cowboys, understand? Sh-h!"
Skinner vaulted lightly through the window, landing in the dirt outside without a sound. "Somebody coming," he whispered. "Understand: Merchants' Hotel, Albuquerque, noon, Sunday." And the next instant he had vanished into the dusk, leaving behind him a youth half hysterical with hope.

Out of the blackest gloom had come J. Wallingford Speed's deliverance, telling me about this foot-race. What in the deuce is the matter with you, anyhow? Why didn't you let me know?"
The girls drew closer, and Speed saw that Miss Blake was pale.
"I wouldn't have allowed it for a minute. Now, of course, I'm going to call it off."
"Oh, Jack, dear, you simply can't!" exclaimed his sister. "You've no idea the state the boys are in."
"They'll never let you, Chapin," supplemented Fresno.
The master laughed shortly. "They and he did not pause to consider the ethics involved. With light heart he hastened to replace the borrowed revolver in the bunk-room just as voices coming nearer betokened the arrival of his friends from the house. As he stepped out into the night he came upon Jack Chapin.
"Hello, Wally!"
"Hello, Jack!" They shook hands, while the owner of the Flying Heart continued.
"I've just got in, and they've been won't, eh? Who is boss here, I'd like to know?"
"They've bet a lot of money. And you know how they feel about that photograph."
"It's the most idiotic thing I ever heard of. Whatever possessed you, Wally? If the men make a row, I'll have to smuggle you and Glass over to the railroad to-night."
"I'm for that," came the voice of Larry.
"I suppose it's all my fault," Miss Blake began wretchedly, whereat the object of their general solicitude took on an aspect of valor.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)



A Man's Figure Appeared at the Window.

Prophetic Retort.
The governor of Virginia, at a time when Washington as a mere youth ventured to remonstrate against the injustice of a certain decree, turned fiercely upon the young man and inquired:
"And who the dickens are you, sir?"
With a cold but courteous bow, the young Virginian, drawing himself up to his proud height, frigidly replied:
"Nobody in particular just now, but for the future, sir, somebody in general."
The haughty emphasis on the word general, it is said, sent a cold chill running up and down the governor's spine, which it required seven mint juleps and six bottles of port to relieve—Judge.

HIS WIFE WAS SOME TALKER

Married Man Coolly Informs Better-Half She Could Hear Niagara If She Stopped Talking.

They were talking about the conversational power of the fair sex at a reception in Washington a few weeks ago, when Congressman Augustus Stanley of Kentucky cited a case that left no doubt as to mother's ability to win the first prize.

Some time back, according to the congressman, a friend of his visited Niagara Falls, taking with him his wife and his wife's sister. Immediately on arriving and securing hotel quarters, the party set out to see the wonderful sight, wife and wife's sister talking as they walked along on a million interesting subjects.

"Say, John," said wife, turning to the old man after they had gone quite a distance, "aren't we getting near the falls?"
"Yes," was the prompt reply of John. "If you will stop talking a minute you will hear the thunder of the water quite plainly."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Apportionment.

The architect approached the owner of the new hotel.

"Everything is finished except the kitchen and the tango room," he reported, "and there is just \$18,107 left to spend on them."

"Go ahead and do the best you can with the money," said the owner. "If necessary, spend all of \$107 on the 'titcher."

Celestial Brightness.

American—You Chinamen are very foolish to put rice and chicken on your countryman's grave. Do you think he comes out of the ground and eats them?"
Chinaman—When Melican man puts flowers on friend's grave, does he think dead man come out and smell 'em?"

PREPARING FOR THE RACE.



Hiram—Watcher running' fer, Josiah.

Josiah—Waal, I expect to run fer office this year an' I sorter wanter git my wind into shape fer speakin'.

Punctilious.

"Dis ain' de same umbrella I lent you," said Uncle Raspberry.
"Cohae it ain'," replied Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "Wif all dem good umbrellas to pick 'um, you didn' s'pose I were g'inter bring you back yoh same ol' cotton rain-roof, did you? When I borrows, I pays interest."

A Natural Inclination.

"The Chinese are ancestor worshippers."
"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "we're not altogether free from that tendency. We can't help having a certain especial regard for a man who wears his whiskers so as to make him look like Abraham Lincoln."

Exchange of Duties.

"You think that women ought to be allowed to do men's work?"
"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "if they want to; although I can't see why a wife should want to put in the afternoons in a shop or an office while the husband is out dancing the tango."

Fowl Language.

Little Lester B—, traveling on the continent with his mother, grew tired of hearing nothing but French and German, etc., spoken. One morning, hearing a rooster's cock-a-doodle-do, he exclaimed: "Thank goodness! There's something that speaks English, anyway."

Danger of Misunderstanding.

"Will you call on father and ask him for my hand?" asked Gwendolyn.
"I'm afraid I'll never get a chance to tell him why I called," replied the young man. "You see, I'm employed as a bill collector by people to whom he owes money."

Victimized.

"Did you come back on an all-steel train?"
"When the waiters and porters finished plucking me, I felt sure it was."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Dark Suspicion.

"Gerald has quarreled with me."
"Why?"
"Father says it was to make an opportunity to send back that Christmas necktie."

The Retort Courteous.

He—Minerva seemed to be about the only goddess who didn't want to get married.
She—No wonder. Minerva was the goddess of wisdom.

Evening Gown of Chiffon, With Beads



A CHARMING and simple gown for evening wear is made of light yellow chiffon draped over a satin underskirt in the same color. The underskirt is moderately full, plain, and finished with a wide hem. The overskirt forms a tunic drapery about the hips and is caught up in a series of shallow plaits at each side, forming a festoon at front and back.

An ornament in the form of a small disk made of opalescent beads, from which ten strands of beads hang, serves to catch up the drapery at the sides. An embroidery of beads is applied to the chiffon, also. This consists of four parallel rows of beads extending down each side of the front and about the bottom of the overskirt.

The bodice is a full blouse of chiffon over a short underwaist of satin and trimmed with a surplice of wide lace. The short, straight sleeves are of lace, also.

There is a wide girde made of a width of satin cut on the bias. It is wrinkled and tacked to supports. It is soft and adjusts itself easily to the natural lines of the waist. The fast-

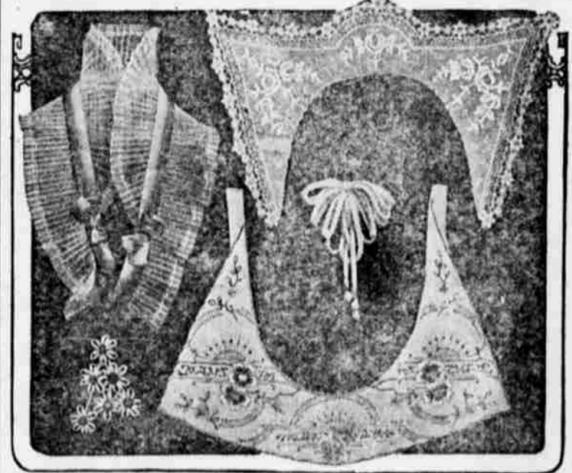
ening at the front is finished with a cluster of small ribbon roses in many soft, delightful colorings. The emilow neck is finished with a fold of chiffon.

This is a pleasing gown, simple in outline and in decoration. The distinctly new feature in it is the employment of rows of beads for the trimming and the bead strands as a support for the side draping. The wide hem in place of the regulation three-inch hem is noticeable also in the underskirt.

The design is suited also to the many pretty voiles, challoes and crepes that are to be bought in such variety and at such low prices. And with some modification of the bodices this dress may be suited to almost any age.

The hair ornament pictured with it is made of beads, supporting a tuft of marabou feathers. Satin slippers and silk hose, matching the gown in color, make the completion of the toilette perfect. But there are beautiful slippers in black and bronze that are just as effective with this simple gown. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

Neckwear Sheer and Brilliant



NECKWEAR for spring is not marked by the introduction of many novelties but in novel treatment of pieces with which we are already familiar. Like almost all other apparel, it tends to sheerness in materials and vividness as to color. Pieces are small, as a rule.

The standing ruff, supported by small wires, leads in popularity among the novelties. It is shown in great variety, made of lace or net with a collar attached or with a fichu or a frill to lie against the bodice or coat. One of the newest and simplest is shown here. It is made of fine plaited net. This may be had at the stores, or other plaiting of lace or chiffon, all ready to use.

The bound edges of the net (after the length of the ruff has been decided upon and cut off) are sewed together. Three very small wires are tacked in at the back, one on each side and one at the center. The ruff is finished with narrow silk or velvet ribbon, as shown in the picture. The shaded ribbons are liked for this purpose.

Just below the ruff a pretty ornament is shown which consists of a small bow of velvet with little flower forms of silk braid pendant from it. The velvet is in a vivid color, as cerise or emerald green, and the flowers in pure white silk with plush centers like the velvet in color. It is easy to make this little ornamental bow of silk coronation braid and small bits of velvet.

is of marquisette embroidered in floss and finished with fine Tenerife lace about the outside edges. It is embroidered in fine scallops about the neck. This is one of the daintiest patterns, and very durable. It is to be worn with coats or dresses.

Below this collar is a bow made of tubing of crepe de chine. This is pretty and easily made. The crepe de chine is cut in narrow bias strips two inches wide. The edges are laid together along the center of the strip and tacked to place. This gives a fold an inch wide. This is folded again and the folded edges blind-stitched together, forming the tubing. About two yards of it will be required for the bow and ends. The ends are finished with a pearl bead and small round beads covered with the crepe de chine.

The remaining collar in the picture is made of batiste in a light tan color and embroidered in several colors and in oriental design. It will be effective on suits of linen in natural colors or white, and on cloth suits. It is finished with a band at the neck and rolls over the neck-opening of bodice or coat.

Collars like those shown in this style are to be worn with or without ties, at the fancy of the wearer. Long, straight ties of narrow velvet ribbon or of folded crepe de chine are shown, finished with beads at the ends. They are worn much like a strand of beads about the neck. JULIA BOTTOMLEY.