

# 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 much-prized photograph 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 photograph. She 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 explain to Speed how much the race means to them. Speed assures them he will do his best. The cowboys tell Glass it is up to him to see that Speed wins the race. Willie, the runner, 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. Speed declares to Larry that the best way out is for him (Speed) to injure himself. Glass won't stand for it. Glass forces Speed out at sunrise to practice running.

CHAPTER XII—Continued.

Along the road toward the ranch buildings plodded two dusty pedestrians, one a blond youth bundled thickly in sweaters, the other a fat man who rolled heavily, and paused now and then to mop his purple face. Both were dripping as if from an immersion, while the air about the latter vibrated with heat waves. They both stumbled as they walked, and it was only by the strongest effort of will that they propelled themselves. As they neared the corner of the big, low-lying ranch-house, already reflecting the hot glare of the morning sun, a man's clear tenor voice came to them.

"The volley was fired at sunrise. Just at the break of day!"

"Did you get that?" one of the two exclaimed hoarsely. "They're practicing a death-march, and it's ours."

"And as the echoes lingered. His soul had passed away."

"That's you, Wally!" wheezed the trainer.

"Into the arms of his Maker. There to learn his fate!"

"Here, what are you singing about?" angrily protested Speed, as he rounded into view.

"Oh, it's Mr. Speed!"

"Good-morning!" chorused Helen and the chaperon.

"Welcome to our city!" Fresno greeted.

Glass tottered to the steps. "Them songs," he puffed, "is bad for a man when he's trainin'; they get him all worked up."

"We had no idea you would be back so soon," apologized Helen.

"Soon!" Speed measured the distance to a wicker chair, gave it up, and sank beside his trainer. "We left yesterday! We've run miles and miles and miles!"

"You can't be in very good shape," volunteered the singer.

"Oh, is that so?" Glass retorted. "I say he's great. He got my goat—and I'm some runner."

"And I'd be obliged to you if you'd cut out those deeply appealing songs." Speed glowered at his rival.

It was Helen who hastened to smooth things.

"It's all my fault. I asked Mr. Fresno to sing something new."

"Bah! That was written by William Cromwell."

"No more of them battle-hymns," Glass ordered. "They don't do Mr. Speed no good."

"All I want is a drink," panted that youthful athlete, and Helen rose quickly, saying that she would bring ice-water.

"But the trainer barked sharply: 'Nix! I've told you that twenty times, Wally. It'll put hob-nails in your liver.' He rose with difficulty, swaying upon his feet, and where he had sat was a large, irregular shaped, sweat-dampened area. 'Come on! Don't get chilled.'"

"I'd give twenty dollars for a good chill!" exclaimed the overheated college man longingly.

"I would like to see you a moment, Mr. Speed." Roberta rose from the hammock.

"Oh, and I've forgotten my—" Helen checked her words with a startled glance toward the kitchen. "It will be burned to a crisp." She hastened down the porch, and Fresno followed, while Speed looked after them.

"He must be an awful nuisance to a nice girl. Think of a fat, sandy-haired husband in a five-room flat with pink wall-paper and a colored janitor. Run along, Muldoon," to Glass, "I'll be with you in a moment."

When the trainer had waddled out of hearing, Mrs. Keap inquired, eagerly:

"Have you heard from Culver?"

"Didn't you know about it?" Speed swallowed.

Roberta shook her dark head. "He's in—he's detained at Omaha for ten days. I fixed it."

The overwrought widow dropped back into the hammock, crying weakly:

"Oh, you dear, good boy!"

"Yes, I'm all of that. I—I suppose I'd be missed if—anything happened to me!"

"How ever did you manage it?"

"Never mind the details. It took some ingenuity."

Mrs. Keap wrung her hands. "I was so terribly frightened! You see, Jack will be back to-morrow, and I—was afraid—"

There was a call from Glass from the training-quarters.

"How can I ever do enough for you? You have averted a tragedy!"

"Don't let Helen know, that's all. If she thought I'd been the head yeller—"

"I won't breathe a word, and I hope you win the race for her sake."

Mrs. Keap pressed the hand of her deliverer, who trudged his lonely way toward the gymnasium, where Glass was saying:

"The volley was fired at sunrise. That means Saturday, Bo."

"Larry, you're the best crape-hanger of your weight in the world."

Larry bent a look of open disgust upon his employer.

"And you're a good runner, you are," said he. "Why, I beat you this morning."

The younger man glanced up hopefully. "Couldn't you beat this cook?"

"You're the only man in this world I can outrun."

"A tear, a sigh, a last 'good-bye.'"

"Shut up!"

As Glass consented to do this, the speaker mused, bitterly, "Early to bed and early to rise. I wish I had the night-watchman who wrote those words."

"Didn't you never see the sun rise before?"

"Certainly not. I don't stay up that late."

"Well, ain't it beautiful!" The stout man turned admiring eyes to the eastward, and his husky voice softened.

"All them colors and tints and shades and stuff! And New York on the other end!"

"I'm too tired to see beauty in anything."

As if mindful of a neglected duty, Glass turned upon him. "What are you waiting for? Get those dog-beds off your back." He seized the slack of a sweater and gave it a jerk.

"Don't be so rough. I'll come. You might care to remember you're working for me."

"I am working"—Glass dragged his protegee about the room regardless of

"He's Detained at Omaha for Ten Days."

complaints that were muffled by the thickness of the sweaters—"for my life, and I'll be out of a job Saturday. Now, get under that shower!"

CHAPTER XIII.

O you know, Larry, I'm beginning to like these warm showers; they rest me." As he spoke, Wally took his place beneath the barrel and pulled the cord that connected with the nozzle. The next instant he uttered a piercing shriek and leaped from beneath the apparatus, upsetting Glass, who rose in time to fling his charge back into the deluge.

"Let me out!" yelled the athlete, and made another dash, at which his guardian bellowed:

"Stand still or I'll wallop you! What's got into you, anyhow?"

The heads of Stover and Willie, thrust through the door, nodded with gratification.

"It's got him livened up considerably," quoth the former. "Listen to that!"

It seemed that a battle must be in progress behind the screen, for, mingled with the gasping screams of the athlete and the hoarse commands of the trainer, came sounds of physical contact. The barrel rocked upon its scaffold, the curtains swayed and flapped violently.

"Stand still!"

"It's—it's as cold as ice!"

"Nix! You're overheated, that's all. 'Ow-w-w! Ooo-h-h! I'm dying!'"

"It'll do you good."

"He's certainly trainin' him some," said Stover.

"Larry, I've got a cramp!"

"It did harden him," acknowledged Willie.

"What's wrong with you, anyhow?" demanded Glass.

"It's not me, it's the w-w-water!" Evidently Speed made a frantic lunge here and escaped, for the flow of water ceased.

"It froze d-d-d-yring the night. Oh-h! I'm cold!"

"Cold, eh? Get onto that rubbing-board; I'll warm you."

An instant later the cowmen heard the sounds of a violent slapping mingled with groans.

"Go easy, I say! I'll be black and blue all—look out!—not so much in one spot! Ow!"

"Turn over!"

"He's spankin' him," said Stover admiringly.

Again the spitting arose, this time like the sound of a musketry fusillade, during which Berkeley Fresno entered by the other door.

"Don't be so brutal," wailed the patient to his masseur.

"I'm pretty near through. There! Now get up and dress," ordered the trainer, who pushing his way out

"Stand Still or I'll Wallop You!"

through the blankets, halted at sight of the onlookers.

"How is he?" demanded Stover.

"He—he's trained to the minute. I'm doin' my share, gents."

"Sounds that way," acknowledged Stover's companion. "Say, does it look like we'd win?"

"Well, he just breezed a mile in forty, with his mouth open."

"A mile?" Fresno queried.

"A mile?" Fresno queried.

"Yes, a regular mile—seven thousand five hundred and thirty feet."

"Is 'forty' good?" queried Willie.

"Good? Why, Salvador never worked no faster. Here he is now—look for yourselves."

Speed appeared, partly clad, and glowing with a rich salmon pink.

"Good morning," said Fresno politely. "I came in to see how you liked the cold water."

"So that was one of your California jokes, eh? Well, I'll—"

Speed moved ominously in the direction of the tenor, but Willie checked him.

"We put the ice in that bar'l, Mr. Speed."

"You!"

Willie and Stover nodded.

"Then let me tell you I expect to have pneumonia from that bath." The young man coughed hollowly. "That's the way I caught it once before, and it wouldn't surprise me a bit if I'd be too sick to run by Saturday."

"Oh, no; you don't get pneumonia but once."

"And, besides," Fresno added, "it wouldn't have time to show up by Saturday."

"Get that ice-chest out of my room, that's all; it makes the air damp."

"No indeed!" said Still Bill. "We're goin' to see that you use it reg'lar." Then of Glass he inquired: "What do you do to him next?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Blessing of Contentment.

Charles Teller, the inventor of cold storage, was banqueted in Paris at the age of eighty-five years.

"Teller," said a New York correspondent, "has now been granted a pension, but up to now he was poor almost to the starvation point. He could not even afford cold storage food."

"I interviewed him on his poverty, and he lit up the interview with an epigram.

"I was never really unhappy," he said, "for I learned the lesson of contentment. Contentment, you know, is being satisfied with what you haven't got."

Mutual Forbearance.

When Margaret Wilson, daughter of the president, attended a legislative hearing in the assembly chamber at Albany, she was put on the high place where the speaker ordinarily sits.

"Where is she? Show her to me," said a political heeler, passing at close range.

When she had been pointed out he gazed at her steadily for about three seconds and then, moving briskly, said:

## VOILE BEST MATERIAL FOR BLOUSE

BLOUSES (that really blouse), like nearly all the belongings of women, are best liked in filmy materials. Cumbersome clothes are in retreat; everything has to be soft and clingy, and nearly everything must be sheer. Some people are much scandalized at this liking for filmy stuffs, but in blouses it must be conceded that such fabrics make up into the most refined apparel that can be imagined.

Voile has proved to be the most durable of thin fabrics. It is used



therefore in place of mull and batiste for waists which must stand much laundering. It is splendidly reliable. Strong laces (Cluny and torchon, or Irish crochet) are used in trimming these voile waists, and hand embroidery is worth while on a fabric which gives such good wear.

At present the prettiest waist show small patterns in embroidery designs. Big, coarse flower designs had a brief

vogue, but it never became very general. Now sprays of small flowers, or dots or little figures are done in fine careful embroidery at the front of the waist. Further decoration is added by means of fine tucks and narrow insertions of lace.

A batiste waist is pictured here with very narrow Val lace and sprays of small embroidered daisies furnishing its decoration. The Val lace is not so durable as Cluny or torchon, but if laundered carefully at home will last as long as the batiste. Batiste is the daintiest of fabrics for these wash waists. Nothing else will look quite so fine.

There is nothing more elegant than these hand-embroidered blouses. It is a pleasure to think that any woman who embroiders can provide herself with the finest of them at very little outlay. If bought, one must pay for the handwork, and this brings the price up to an extravagant point—say from five to fifteen dollars. Without doubt the same waist can be made by the capable needlewoman for two or three dollars. Mrs. Millinaire can't have anything better, because there isn't anything more elegant or more dainty than a well-made hand-embroidered blouse. If one has time to make numbers of them, batiste is a good choice of material. But for wear and tear, voile in fine, strong quality will stand the strain.

Bath Bags.

Make cheesecloth bag four or five inches square and fill with a mixture as follows: One-fourth pound oatmeal, two ounces finely shaved toilet soap and two ounces of powdered orris root. Drop the bag into the bathtub just before taking your bath. Moisten and rub the body with it, just as with soap. The bag may be used several times if dried after each using.

Kid Gloves Easily Cleaned.

Saturate a handkerchief in gasoline and shake dry; rub this over the soiled gloves, and see if they are not cleaned as easily as when dipped. Kid retains a disagreeable odor when dipped in gasoline, and this process is usually sufficient to do the work properly.

## Sashes for the One-Piece Cloth Gowns



THERE are so many different designs in sashes that they have to be classified and named. Those designed to be worn with one-piece cloth gowns are made ready to adjust and are fastened with hooks and eyes. The one-piece cloth gown (with considerable lace and chiffon in the bodice) is crowding the separate blouse and becoming at least equally popular for ordinary wear. But sashes designed for wear with blouse and skirt, and those to be worn with one-piece gowns, differ considerably.

Plaids, Roman stripes and brocades are favored for cloth gowns, although there are plenty of plain sashes finished with touches of plaid or bordered with velvet ribbon. A very popular sash is made of plain satin, shaped at the ends and lined. Hand-embroidered flowers or conventional designs make the handsomest finish for these. Such sashes are made usually without loops. Recent designs show sashes of velvet ribbon with embroidered roses applied to them. These roses are cut out from ribbons or bands manufactured for the purpose, and the roses are sewed to the velvet with an appropriate embroidery stitch or a buttonhole stitch.

Short sashes of brocaded ribbons are liked for cloth gowns. They are wide and there is a liking for a flat bow as a finish, worn at the front. But there is absolutely no rule as to how the sashes and girdles, which are so prominently featured in the season's styles, shall be worn. They wander about the figure in any direction the wearer wills and fasten at any point that it pleases her taste to choose.

The Roman girdle is made of heavy, soft ribbon in brilliant stripes. It is adjusted about the waist, easily extending above the normal waist line and finished with a flat, shirred bow. There is an occasional exception to this method of finishing, however. For slender people a bow of three loops fastening at the left side helps to fill out the figure and enlarge the

waist. The loops are graduated in length with one upstanding and two hanging.

Speaking of waists, we must note that the small waist is decidedly out of fashion. It is this fact that has brought about the tremendous vogue of sashes. They do not define the waist line, they conceal it. Their purpose is to belong to the figure above and below the waist and to ignore the waist line so far as defining it is concerned. They show a great advance in popular taste, for this management of the waist is far more beautiful than the hard and fast lines of a few years back.

Plaid ribbons and plain ribbons (or sashes of silk) trimmed with plaid are, more than any other, in keeping with cloth gowns. The plaids of the season are subdued and rich.

By all means prepare to supply your wardrobe with a variety of sashes, for they are the reigning favorite among all accessories of dress. The management of the waist is a new art, a new world to conquer, and it has just dawned upon the feminine mind. What will come of it remains to be seen, but you may be sure that whether you have under consideration a toilette for morning, noon or night the sash is the thing you can't leave out. In fact it is quite likely that millinery of fashion will begin by choosing a sash and finish by buying a gown to go with it.

There is nothing haphazard about all this. The sashes designed for wear with cloth-gowns and those designed for gowns of filmy materials differ quite as much as the fabrics they are to go with. Also, the personality of the wearer must be considered, and the style she wishes to affect must be studied. Happily intuition is often a very safe guide. Another consoling thing is that the sash is not an extravagant fad. It is splendidly effective and adds a suggestion of splendor quite beyond its actual cost.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

# INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. SELLERS, Director of Evening Department, The Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.)

## LESSON FOR OCTOBER 5

### MOSES' CRY FOR HELP.

LESSON TEXT—Numbers 11:10-15, 24, 25. GOLDEN TEXT—"The supplication of a righteous man availeth much in his working."—James 5:16.

This lesson is taken from the book of Numbers, "the book of journeyings," or aptly called the "book of murmurings." The events of Exodus and Leviticus cover perhaps one or two years, whereas those recorded in Numbers occupy about 38 years. Read in this connection Ps. 95:10 and I Cor. 10. From Sinai to Kadesh-Barnea are found four general murmurings. The first was at Taberah, 11:3, and the events of today's lesson which occurred at Kibroth, 11:34. The other two were at Hazeroth, 12:15, 16, and Kadesh, 13:26. This book is full of impressive warnings about worldliness.

### Moses Was Human.

I. Complaint and Controversy, vv. 10-15. Moses was great but he was human. No man is faultless, and in this lesson we have another incident illustrating the weakness of Moses. Yet despite all this we find inserted in the very next chapter God's estimate of his character, 12:3. Moses had been subjected to a terrible strain, the details of his leadership, the constant murmuring of the people under this load he gave way, just as he had previously yielded to impulse, Ex. 2:12, and as he did subsequently, Ch. 20:10-13. The Israelites are a striking illustration of the natural discontent of the human heart. Any affliction, and discomfort or privation, and we forget God's marvelous works on our behalf. His wonderful goodness. That God was displeased is indicated by verse 10, but that did not imply that Moses, too, was to lose his temper, to resort to murmuring, and to accuse God of being responsible for the burden or that he would not help to share the load, v. 11. God placed great honor upon Moses by calling him to this task of leadership, and now he complains, and doubts for a moment God's sustaining grace, 2 Cor. 12:9; Phil. 4:13. The language here used, vv. 12-14, is wonderfully suggestive. The utter weakness of the Israelites, the promised goal, the hunger of soul and body, the sorrows of affliction are all graphically set before us. Moses' own weakness is revealed (v. 13) by his words, "where should I have flesh to give?" He seems to forget absolutely God's dealings with Israel before they reached Sinai (Ex. 16), as though God expected any such thing from him. The height of his petulance and bitterness is reached when he exclaims, "kill me I pray thee . . . and let me not see my wretchedness." v. 15.

### Burden Distributed.

II. Comfort and Counsel, vv. 16-18, 24, 25. Moses had been warned not to bear the entire burden of leadership by his father-in-law, Jethro, Ex. 18:17, 18. Now that he is unwilling to take the full honor of undivided leadership, God most graciously grants his request and appoints others to share the burden and responsibility. There was no more power, however, but more machinery. God distributed the burden and revealed the fact that Moses' power was in proportion to his burden. Human nature always looks for the arm of flesh upon which to rely, but such a reliance usually brings a curse—not a blessing upon those who seek it, Jer. 17:5. God dealt in mercy with Moses. Notice how gently he passes by this exhibition of infirmity and notwithstanding this lapse, bears testimony to his faithfulness (12:7). Yet he is impartial in chronicling his faults, and thereby giving us an incidental and thereby giving us the truth.

What a suggestion in the words "I will come down and talk with thee," yet that is the privilege of the believer in Christ, John 14:16, 17 and 16:13. God calls a "tent meeting," v. 16 R. V., but before he meets them they must sanctify themselves, for so only is one prepared to meet God, Ex. 19:10, 15, 22. These people had been lusting for the food of Egypt even as today many who have professed to accept Christ are forever longing for the pleasures of time and sense. They forget the bitterness of past slavery in the privations of the present, entirely forgetful of the goal of luxury and freedom, Rom. 10:23, 2 Cor. 4:17. God granted their request, v. 18, to their sorrow, v. 20. The whole trouble was then "rejected the Lord," v. 20 R. V. The granting of material prosperity tends to leanness of soul, Ps. 106:15. It frequently happens that God does not answer our prayers because he knows that to answer them actually and literally would spell disaster in our lives.

Conclusion. This lesson brings Moses very near to us. Such a remarkable man as he is he sometimes seems to be far removed from our actual experiences in life. Yet as we consider him faltering for a moment beneath his staggering, crushing burden of responsibility, with strength and courage gone, we share our sympathy with him and he seems to enter into the actualities of our daily life. God reveals himself as one who understands perfectly, one who knows exactly all that his servant felt, and one who in tender compassion had not a word of rebuke.