

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 nearbroken 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, suggests to Jean Chapin, sister of the owner of the ranch, that she induce Covington to give up 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. 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 out 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 packed in ice, if Speed falls. 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 wizened 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 violence, 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 bereaved relatives, 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 doubted. 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!"

Before he could say more, from the front of the house came the rattle of wheels, a loud "Whoa!" then Jean's voice, crying:

"Culver! Culver!" while Mrs. Keap clutched at her bosom and moaned.

Her companion bolted into the house and down the hall, shouting the name of this room-mate. Out through the front door he dashed headlong, in time to behold Fresno and the two girls assisting the new arrival toward the veranda. They were exclaiming in pity, and had their arms about the athlete, for Culver Covington, intercollegiate One-Hundred-Yard Champion, was hobbling forward upon a pair of crutches.

The yell died in Speed's throat, he felt himself grow deadly faint.

"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 g-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 entreaty, 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!"

Covington Hobbled Forward on Crutches.

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.

"I broke it in Omaha—automobile accident." Culver was fighting to master himself.

"Omaha! Did you stop in Omaha?" inquired Jean.

"A city of beautiful women," Speed reflected, audibly. "Somebody step on your foot at a dance?"

"No, of course not! I don't know anybody in Omaha! I went motor-ing—"

"Joy-ride?"

"Not at all."

"Who was with you?" Miss Chapin's voice was ominously sweet

"N—nobody I knew."

"Does that mean that you were alone?"

"Yes. I stopped off between trains to view the city, and took a 'Seeing 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 rascals 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 go some low-browed criminal feels my biceps, pinches my legs, and asks how my mind 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. Don't 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 boll 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."

Speed might have explained that his chum's dilemma was by no means so serious as he imagined, had not watchman Willie thrust his head through the open window at that moment with the remark:

"Time to get busy!"

"We'll be right with you!" Glass seized his protegee by the arm and bore him away, muttering: "Stick it out, brother, we're nearin' the end!"

Again Speed donned his running-suit and took to the road for his farewell practice. Again Willie followed at a distance on horseback, watching the hills warily. But all hope had fled from the Yale man now, and he returned to his training-quarters disheartened, resigned.

He was not resigned, however, to the visit he received later from Miss Helen Blake. That young lady rushed in upon him like a miniature cyclone, sweeping him off his feet by the fury of her denunciation, allowing him no opportunity to speak, until, with a half-sob, she demanded:

"Why—why did you deceive me?"

"I love you!" Wally said, as if no further explanation were necessary.

"That explains nothing. You made sport of me! You couldn't love me and do that!"

"Helen!"

"I thought you were so fine, so strong, but you lied—yes, that is what you did! You fibbed to me the first day I met you, and you've been fibbing ever since. I could never, never care for a man who would do that."

"Who has told you these things?"

"Roberta, for a base one. She opened my eyes to your—baseness."

"Well, Roberta has a grudge against my sex. She's engaged to all the men she hasn't already married. Marriage is a habit with her. It has made her suspicious—"

"But you did deceive me, didn't you?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Paradise for Grouches.

A new game for nursers of grouches has been started up at Coney Island. It is called "The Cave of Destructive Grouches."

The proprietor has an endless supply of crockery, and for 5 cents you can break as much china with three balls as your sin permits.

A crowd is about the booth all day and many sour-faced men go away wearing broad smiles.—New York Sun

PLAN NOW FOR THE CHRISTMAS GIFTS TO THE LOVED ONES

ALREADY preparations are under way for Christmas by those who wish to save themselves, as well as others, the strain of the hurry and worry that comes each year at the last hour. It has grown so strenuous in the large cities that there is a revolt coming. The barbarous crowding, and the merciless overwork with which we tax ourselves, the postmen, the expressmen and, most of all, the shop girls, at what should be the merriest time of the year, are utterly inconsistent. But give gifts we will, so make up your mind to begin early and to give simple ones.

The humble ten-cent store is immensely useful in providing the beginnings of some pretty and useful little gifts. Take to it early. Here is a pin cushion and a hairpin holder that migrated from the ten-cent store to the clever and tasteful fingers that fashioned them into things worth while. For the hairpin holder is a bisque doll's head, with flaxen hair, which by means of narrow ribbon and



crochet yarn has been converted into this pretty and convenient affair for the dressing table. The hair at each side is tied with a little bow of ribbon. There is a hole in the top of the head into which a small hairpin is thrust and bent so that it stays in place. Ribbon, fastened through this, serves to suspend the head. The small holes provided for sewing the head to a body serve to hold ribbon in place, and it is run through them, across the front of the neck, over the shoulders and across the back.

Using a chain stitch the heavy yarn loops of crocheted chain are fastened to the ribbon over the shoulders and fastened across the front and back. Hairpins are easily thrust into the loops and hang from them in all sizes and kinds. This proves a real convenience and is attractive.

Foundations of cushions in all sorts of shapes are to be had at the ten-cent store. This long one is covered

with flowered ribbon stretched on smooth. Cluny lace in an open pattern is sewed on the under side of the cushion and brought up at each side and at the ends, where it is pinned to place with ordinary pins. A small rosette of baby ribbon sewed to one corner is used for finishing this cushion.

Square cushions, that are very pretty, are covered with bits of plain silk or ribbon. Squares of scrim embroidered with floss or having a ribbon design worked on them make pretty coverings to be placed over the silk. Scrim can be washed. The most elegant of covers are of linen, hand-embroidered. Two pieces are made, usually with eyelet holes worked in them. One covers the top and one the bottom of the cushion. Ribbon laced through the eyelets fastens them together.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

DRAPERY FOR THE WINDOWS

Color Scheme Always the Most Important of Highly Essential Ornamentation.

Silk of a color that harmonizes with the room and is of a light quality makes a charming finish as side drapery on the windows, but is not essential, unless the room is very plain and hard looking, and the silk should not be extended over the window to exclude the light. The old style of having the drapery meet across the window at the top and held back half way down by loops is out of date. There are excellent designs also in a thin, silky madras that looks well in on the windows, and many other cotton draperies that are suitable and will not keep out too much light cost a great deal less than real silk. Bought by the yard these are far less expensive than when bought made up in certain form, and, as the modern and very sensible fad is to have the curtains reach only to the sill of the window, you do not have to buy very many yards.

Popularity of Amber.

Amber is at the topnotch of popularity. This is significant in view of the fact that champagne is the popular spring color in Paris for gowns, suits, etc., and that tan is so well thought of in this country.

In point of fact, however, amber has been slowly but surely winning public favor for a year or more. Starting with a mere spark, this favor has increased to a flame, then become a blaze and now bids fair to finally amount to a positive conflagration.

Scald the Wool.

Before mending stockings with ordinary darning yarn, it is a good plan to scald the skein or card over the spout of a kettle of boiling water. By this means the steam effectually shrinks the wool and when the stocking is sent to the wash there will be no thought of the mended portion shrinking away or tearing the surrounding part.

Marabout Feathers in Lieu of Furs.



NECK pieces and muffs of marabout or down are made up in many different designs. They are beautiful and surprisingly warm and cozy. The "feel" of marabout is warm, and it is wonderful that anything so light could afford so much protection. It seems as if heat resides in them in some way.

"Natural marabout" is the term applied to a silky down of a dark brownish gray color. It is made up with dyed or natural ostrich, or by itself, into stoles and capes and fancy neck pieces and into large flat muffs. White marabout is also natural. Besides these, it is dyed into all the fashionable colors. It is used in bands for trimming and has before it a very successful season. It will be used in place of fur for trimming hats and gowns.

A very handsome and showy set is pictured here, suitable for evening or for other very dressy wear. White marabout and white ostrich with black ostrich make up the set. The scarf is extra long, finished with tails made at the marabout. The muff is an ex-

cellent example of the usual type of marabout muffs. Plain shapes are more attractive than fancy shapes and they are much prettier when undecorated.

In spite of its airy and fragile appearance, marabout wears very well. It is very much less expensive than fur. If one has only a small amount of money to invest in a neck piece and muff marabout makes a much better showing than furs at the same price. Neckpieces may be had at from \$8 to \$18, and muffs at about the same price. Extra long and fine pieces, or a liberal use of ostrich trimming, brings the price up. For \$15 a very fair-looking set may be bought either plain or with some ostrich trimming.

In the fancy colors and in white with ostrich trimming, prices are higher. A set with an extravagant length of stole and much fine ostrich, like that pictured, sells for not less than \$50. Even so, there is no fur that will answer the same purpose which costs anything like as little.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

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

LESSON FOR OCTOBER 26

SIN OF MOSES AND AARON.

LESSON TEXT—Numbers 20:1-12. GOLDEN TEXT—"Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, O Jehovah, my rock and my redeemer." Ps. 19:14.

Forty years have passed since Israel committed its fatal mistake of disobedience. This lesson is a three-sided picture. A murmuring, blindly disobedient people; God, the righteous director of the affairs of men; Moses and Aaron, the divinely appointed but sorely tested leaders of the people.

I. The people's petition, vv. 1-5.—The name of this place was Meribah (v. 13), which means strife. It was not the fault of God nor the desired leadings of Moses that brought these people to this place. Forty years of wandering seemingly had not taught them this lesson. Many people accuse God when they themselves are to be blamed for the evil that comes upon them. James 1:13-15. What a terrible sin ingratitude is and how incredibly ungrateful these people are.

Their Usual Plan.

II. God's Plan, vv. 6-8. Moses and Aaron followed their usual, and the wisest plan of taking their difficulty to God. Separated from the people they throw themselves upon their faces before him and he graciously manifested himself unto them and gave them explicit directions (v. 8). Other times Moses had had this same experience, ch. 14:5; 16:4; Ex. 17:4, etc. It is an inspiration to recall the multiplied times God has used these common agencies in the hands of his consecrated servants to work his mighty deeds—an ox-goad, a boy's sling, a lamp and a pitcher, a few loaves and two small fishes.

III. Moses' and Aaron's Pride, vv. 9-13. These servants began very properly to carry out God's instructions. They took the rod from God, "as commanded" (v. 9). They gathered the people together in the right place "before the rock." But then began their failure. Some may plead extenuating circumstances or great provocation. But Moses, for he takes the place of leadership, made a four-fold mistake which was too serious to be overlooked or to go unpunished. (1) He deceived the people. He had just come from "tent of meeting" (v. 6) and, as heretofore, the people expected some message from Jehovah, whereas he gave them not God's words, but those of his own coining. This ought to be a warning to ministers and teachers, viz., that the people have a right to expect from their God-called and instructed leaders, his word, not the opinions of man nor the wisdom of the sages.

Considered Them Rebels.

Moses in his pride separated himself from the people. He assumed a "holier-than-thou" attitude. He looked upon the people, over this line of separation, as being rebels, and God will not allow Christian leaders to hand out admonition upon a platter of anger. (3) He took the glory to himself. This was more serious still and was in direct violation of the spirit of those laws he had received upon the Mount, Ex. 20:5. "Must we fetch you water," is quite different from "Thou shalt bring them forth." This is that which has set aside many Christian workers. We must not lean to our own understanding nor fail to acknowledge that it is God that works and to him be the glory. Look up Gen. 40:8; Dan. 2:28-30; Acts 3:12-16; I. Cor. 3:7. (4) Moses smote the rock. God had told Moses to "speak unto the rock" (v. 8) whereas he smote the rock as though the power were in the rod or the strong arm back of the rod. Exact obedience is expected by God and to do anything else is to doubt his power, to reflect upon his word and to draw attention away from him and upon ourselves. Our attention has been called to the fact that on a previous occasion, Ex. 17:5, 6, God had commanded Moses to smite the rock, that the rock suggests Christ (I. Cor. 10:4), that he was to be smitten but once and thereafter "nearly a word of prayer would bring forth water, see Luke 11:13. No man is essential to God's plan though God's plans are always worked out through men. When men fail to see this God speedily sets them aside and appoints other leaders. Moses and Aaron fell through unbelief (v. 13) and Moses is compelled to give up his place of leadership and is not allowed to enter the land of promise though graciously granted a view of it. (Deut. 3:23-26; 32:49, 50; 34:4). Moses "spoke unadvisably with his lips." Moses had also to suffer for Israel.

IV. The chief points. There are three great teachings in this lesson. The wrong of having a provoked spirit, one contrary to that of the God of Mercy and Grace. It is hard to learn that God is hindered by those who profess to be his servants but who manifest such a spirit. Again God must be represented, glorified, by those who profess to be his servants. To let our methods, our personality or our ideals come between man and God invokes his jealousy. And lastly, the measure of privilege is the measure of responsibility and understanding.