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# SPORT STORY

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MONTH

MAGAZINE

MARCH 8, 1928

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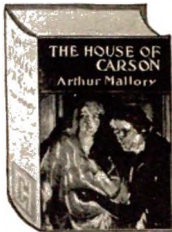
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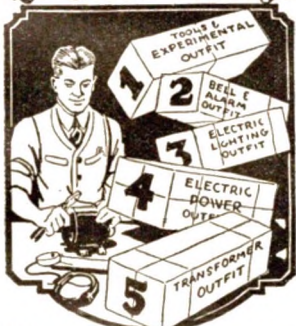
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# SPORT STORY

## Magazine

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VOLUME XIX

MARCH 8, 1928

NUMBER 1

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### IN OUR NEXT ISSUE:

## Spinning Wheels

A Bicycle-racing Story

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Bicycle racing is a strange and, at times, a most exciting sport. You will find the same tenseness in this story

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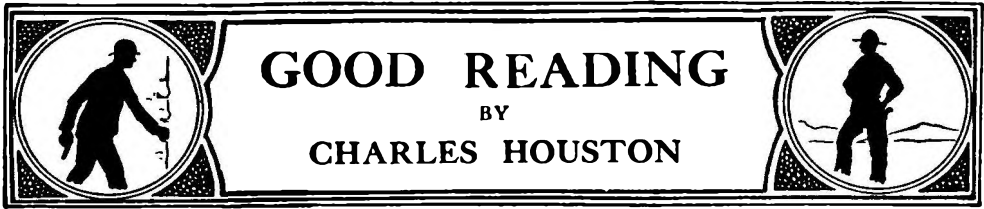


**Stop!**  
**have you had**  
**your WRIGLEY'S**  
**today ?**

*"After every meal"*



I-14



Rudyard Kipling, the poet, singing:  
 "The white moth to the closing vine,  
 The bee to the open clover,  
 And the gypsy blood to the gypsy blood  
 Ever the wide world over."

**T**HERE is a clear call to the gypsy blood that is in all of us when a master of modern fiction sits down to tell us his stories of romance, mystery, and the Great West.

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Here is a revealing study of a character who will linger long in your memory, and whose story is a thrilling epic of the West.



**T**HE GLORIOUS PIRATE: an Adventure Story, by James Graham. Published by Chelsea House, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Price 75 cents.

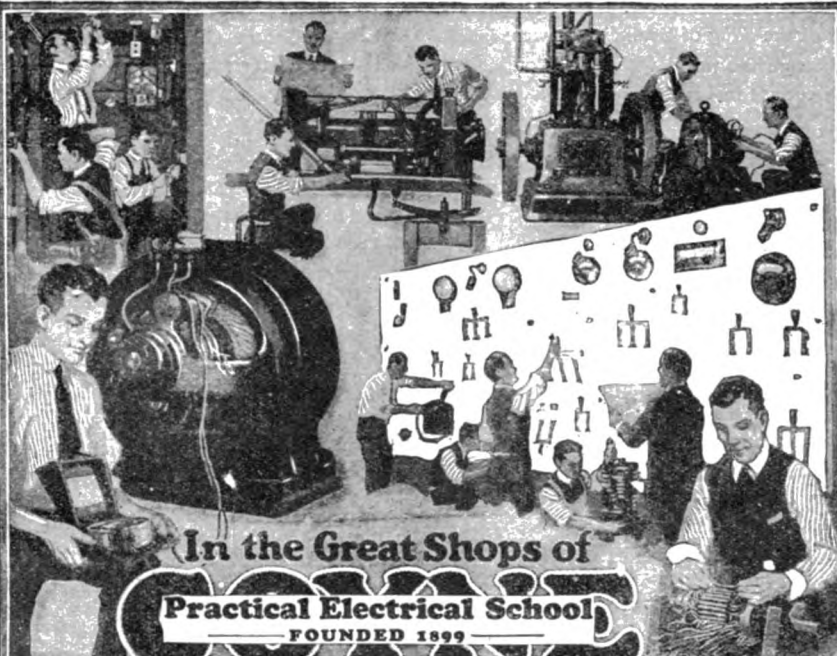
What an anomaly! Glorious and a pirate, or so they called the mad, glad, brave Terence

*Continued on 2nd page following*

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**S**CHEMED AT SANDY BAR: a Western Story, by George Gilbert. Published by Chelsea House, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Price 75 cents.

The daughter of old Sim Marlewe was named Rita, and when her father was forced to fight a foul scheme to rob him of his hard-won fortune, it was Rita and other courageous admirers of Sim who came to his rescue.

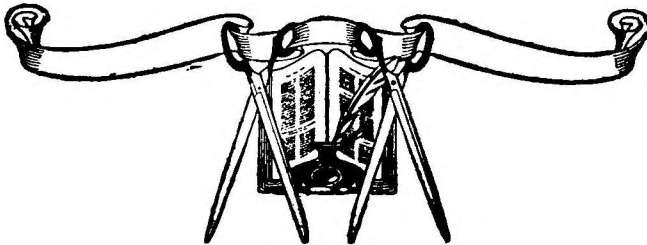
No doubt you have read other Western stories by George Gilbert; "Cowgirls—Plus" and "Good Haters," perhaps. You know that

when this man sits down to the spinning of a Western yarn, he has few equals. In "Schemed at Sandy Bar," Mr. Gilbert has given his great host of readers a story of the desert places of the West which will long be memorable.



**T**HE HOUSE OF DISAPPEARANCES: a Detective Story, by Chester K. Steele. Published by Chelsea House, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Price 75 cents.

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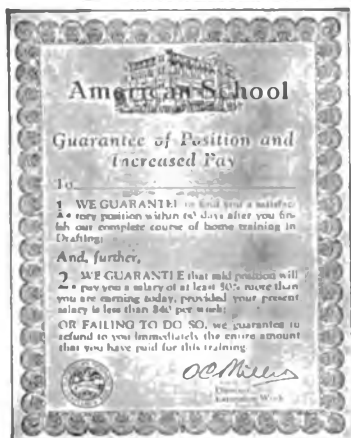
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## \$1000.00 Extra for Promptness

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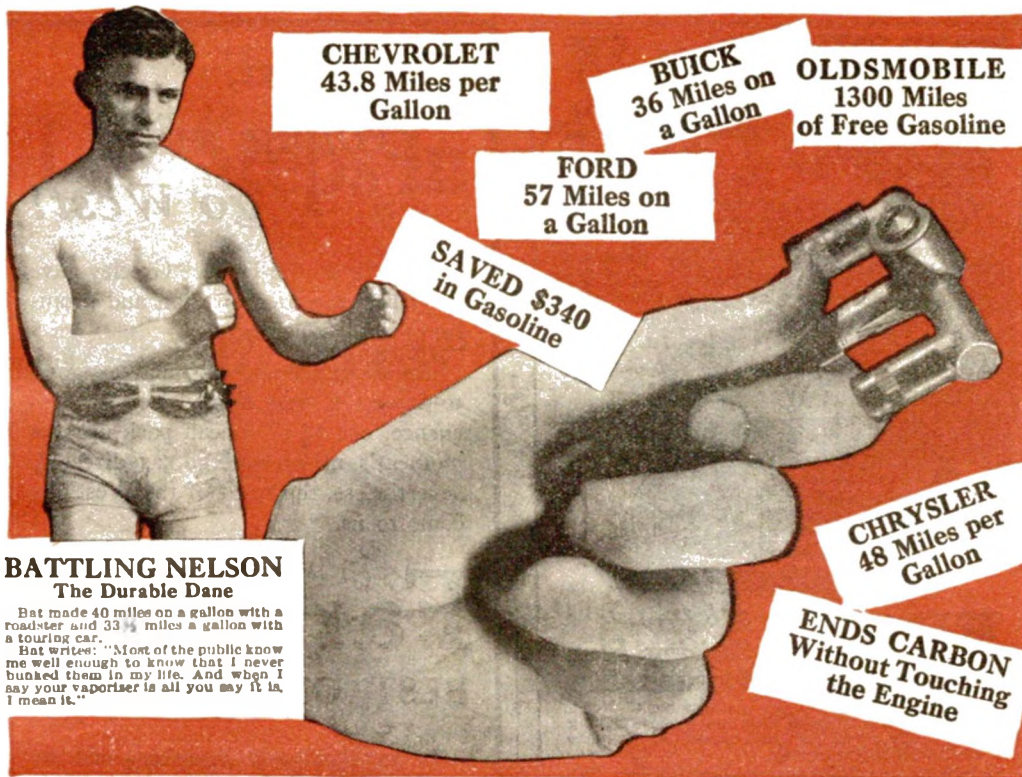
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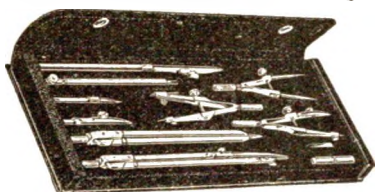


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# SPORT STORY

## MAGAZINE

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No. 1



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### Frank Merriwell's Polo Team

By Burt L. Standish

Frank Merriwell wished to see Yale's polo team begin the year in good form, but there were sinister things in the way of his plans.

#### A TWO-PART STORY—PART I

WITH a pattering drum of hoofs, two players pelted after the ball bounding across the green turf. "Ducky" Drake was in possession, for it had been a long shot, but Frank Merriwell, mounted on his mare, Princess, was rapidly overhauling him. He rode superbly, and the beautiful mare was like a flashing sable streak. The whole field was in motion, the other players, anticipating the coming shot, placing themselves in strategic positions. The thunder of galloping hoofs sounded over the field.

Merriwell passed Drake at an angle, overtook the ball and sent it dexterously to Sidney Vail, off on the left. Already the sophomore's pony was in motion, and as the ball came toward him, he caught it cleverly, lifted it in the air with a full stroke forward and sent it neatly between the goal posts in spite of the strenuous efforts of Jim Brown,

playing goal on the second team, to stop it.

"Great work Sid!" shouted Merriwell, checking his mount. "That was neat, all right!"

"You're getting too good for me," laughed Brown, riding forward. "That's the second you've shot in three chukkers."

"Why shouldn't he be good?" drawled Diamond. "That boy comes from south of the Mason and Dixon's line."

"So do you, Dixie," chuckled Larry Moore. "but I haven't noticed you doing any spectacular stunts this afternoon."

Diamond regarded him with mock pathos.

"You grieve me, Larry—you do indeed," he returned. "Is it possible that my subtle and priceless efforts have escaped your notice? I suppose that's all one can expect who devotes him-

self to making assists instead of getting goal credits."

A little more bantering followed as they lined up and took their places. The ball was tossed out and Diamond, hooking it neatly from Drake, maneuvered it past "Buck" Foster, playing No. 2 on the second team, and then started full tilt for the goal. His pony had scarcely taken a dozen strides, however, when the whistle shrilled, indicating that the chukker was over.

With a grunt of disgust the Virginian pulled in his horse.

"'Twas ever thus," he murmured regretfully. "Every time I get a chance to score something like this happens. Why couldn't you have held off thirty seconds, Deane?"

The referee, Deane Berkeley, grinned.

"Didn't want you to get a swelled head, Dixie," he rejoined, walking his horse toward the players. "Your helmet's a close fit now."

During this brief intermission the players walked their horses slowly about the field, chatting and joking with one another. It was an attractive picture, the horses with their perfect lines and smooth, satiny coats—the men, equally perfect physically, clad in white with different colored scarfs to indicate the opposing teams, mallets held upright or swinging lazily from bronzed, muscular arms.

"Well," said Merriwell presently, "we'll play one more chukker and call it a day. The way our teamwork's improving, I haven't a doubt we'll put up a good scrap with the Grafton Club."

That was to be the first important match of the season, because the Grafton Club was made up of all former Yale players who took a keen delight in humbling the younger Yale men, who composed the varsity polo team. To have a Grafton Club team beat a varsity quartet was always a disgrace and for that reason every Grafton Club game was a bitter battle.

But when practice presently ended and as the players rode slowly across the field, dappled with splashes of sunlight filtering through the mass of trees which surrounded the clubhouse, Merriwell was not the only one to feel confident of the result of this year's contest.

"They say that Boughton is hot stuff this season, but I reckon we can stop him," remarked Larry Moore as they rode under the trees.

"You've said it!" agreed Drake. "We certainly cleaned them up last year and we'll do it again. Can't one of you fellows get a sore toe or something and let me go in toward the end?"

"So's you can strut around and tell me how to play the game," drawled Diamond, his brown eyes twinkling. "Don't you do it, Frank! He's cocky enough as it is."

Merriwell merely smiled and swung out of his saddle. For a moment or two he stood beside his mare, stroking her satiny neck and ducking playful lunges of her velvet nose.

"You're itching for the real thing same as the rest of us, aren't you?" he murmured. "Well, I'll sure back you against any pony that Grafton can produce. Come on and get your supper."

When the horses had been turned over to the two grooms, there was a concerted rush for the showers. Clothes flew in every direction, lithe, well muscled figures struggled for precedence, but in such a good-humored fashion that those who missed out merely wrapped towels around them and sat chinning together on a bench until the four showers were vacated.

"This is what I call a right proper bunch for polo," drawled Diamond, who was the last to emerge. "Every fellow's a good sport and can take a joke and swat back without getting sore. Can you imagine, Frank, what it would have been like if Winslow hadn't pulled out?"

Merriwell straightened, his body glowing from the application of the rough towel.

"It wouldn't have been so pleasant," he admitted, rubbing his hair vigorously.

"It would have been beastly and you know it," retorted the Southerner with unwon'ted vigor. "Winslow was a natural born sorehead and we're well rid of him."

"I wonder why he left so suddenly?" spoke up Sidney Vail, who had come up in time to hear the last words.

Merriwell made no answer.

"He must have had some good reason," evaded Diamond. "I can't pretend I'm not glad he's gone. I never could stand him, you know."

Vail hesitated, his clean-cut, good-looking face a little flushed.

"I'm sort of glad, too," he admitted slowly. "I guess I fell for him at first. He gave me rather a rush and a soph is always flattered when a junior takes him up, I suppose. I thought he was—er—rather classy at first."

"Lugs!" stated Diamond succinctly. "He certainly knew how to spread the sirup, and the way he could handle that monogrammed gold cigarette case of his, was distinctly good. It's taken in a great many fellows besides yourself, Sid. You may find it consoling to know that a lot of them still think he's the last word in patrician elegance, whereas I understand his father sits down to dinner in his shirt sleeves, chews tobacco and curses his men like a navy."

"But I thought," faltered Vail, "that— Why, he had portraits of his ancestors strung around his sitting room—nifty things they were, too!"

"Bought at some antique shop," the Virginian told him. "They don't cost much. Don't think for a minute, Sid, I'm sneering at an honest working man. That isn't it at all. I've always believed that Winslow's father was a whole lot better than Winslow, who never spoke

of him if he could help it and when he had to, always referred to him as some sort of a retired merchant prince. It isn't family that counts," went on Diamond, whose ancestors included generals, statesmen, royal governors of provinces and the like. "It's what a fellow is and what he makes of himself. Winslow's father started at the bottom of the ladder and by sheer force of character climbed to the top. He made a whale of a lot of money building roads and things, and his son, who never earned an honest penny in his life, looks down on him and——"

"Listen, old thing!" cut in Merriwell, standing half-dressed before a small mirror and dragging a comb through his damp, disheveled hair. "I agree with you perfectly and I love to hear you orate like this. But I've suddenly remembered that I promised to play a couple of sets of tennis with Bruce before supper, and I'm going to start back to the campus in a scant five minutes."

As both Diamond and Vail intended driving back with him, there was a swift scramble to dress, Diamond completing that operation in the car.

"I can't see why anybody should want to play tennis or any other sport after a strenuous afternoon of polo," he remarked, arranging his tie. "All I want is a good supper, a brief interval of composure in a comfortable chair and bed."

"A few sets of tennis don't amount to much," rejoined Merriwell, "especially when your muscles are nicely limbered up. Bruce and I don't get together on the courts often, either. Matter of fact I ought to go down to Joe's for a hair cut, but tennis is so much more fun I'll put that off 'till to-morrow."

"When you won't have any more time than you had to-day," observed Diamond. "Your mane is getting a bit shaggy and that's a fact. I suppose

nobody notices it, though, with that handsome, romantic face underneath. Yes, my stop. Thanks for the lift, old dear!"

As Frank stopped in front of his lodging place, he vaulted hastily over the door in time to avoid Merriwell's long arm.

"You'd better come over to the rooms to-night and do your lolling in a comfortable chair there," suggested Frank, throwing the gears in mesh. "Some of the fellows are dropping in."

"Not a bad idea," returned the Virginian. "See you later, then, unless I find I've got to bone. So long!"

## II.

Merriwell waved his hand and then drove the roadster rapidly toward the campus where he dropped Vail and picked up Browning already equipped for tennis.

"I brought your shoes and racket," said the Texan, climbing in. "You won't have time to change into flannels."

Their game was so even that the tennis was prolonged, causing them to be a trifle late for supper. Afterward, accompanied by several fellows, they strolled back to their rooms to find these already occupied by four or five undergraduates who had, according to their custom, made themselves entirely at home.

Frank's appearance was greeted by general applause and he was seriously invited to take one of his own chairs. One of the reasons for his unusual popularity, was the fact that he chose his friends with a democratic disregard of class and social lines. If he liked a man, it did not matter to him whether the man was a sophomore or a senior, a member of the wealthy social set, or one working his way through college.

"I thought I heard music, as we came upstairs," he remarked, sinking back in a big chair.

"You did," returned Bart Hodges

in his dry manner, "At least it was supposed to be. Harry had just started to give us a rendering of 'Mary's Little Lamb,' but we shut him off."

Merriwell glanced at Rattleton lolling in a corner of the deep couch, a guitar lying across his knees.

"No such thing," he retorted. "I didn't say a word about any lambs."

"Well, you started in—'Mary had a little—'"

"Quite so," agreed Rattleton. "And then you raised a racket fit to wake the dead. It would serve you right if I got sore and deprived you of this gem fresh from the composer's griddle."

"Go ahead, Harry," urged Frank. "Let's have it!"

Rattleton assumed an exaggerated expression of complaisance, swept the guitar strings with a practiced hand and burst into song:

"Mary had a little skirt  
Tied tightly in a bow,  
And everywhere that Mary went,  
She simply couldn't go."

"Huh!" grunted Don Tempest. "Is that all? It's not half so good as the one that starts: 'Mary had a little calf.'"

Rattleton raised a protesting hand.

"Sh!" he protested. "Not that one, I beg. It's far too broad to be sung in these sacred precincts. There's another I think I might venture on—a variation of 'Come into the Garden, Maud,' and since you urge me——"

Before any one had a chance to protest, he began hastily to warble:

"Come into the garden, Maude;  
But Maude was much too wise.  
'Oh, no,' said she; 'the corn has ears  
And the po-ta-toes have eyes.'"

"O-o-oh!" groaned Hodges and one or two others in pained concert. "Don't pull any more like that, Rattle. It's almost as bad as the dentist. Don't you ever——"



"Say, Harry," broke in Tempest, "do you know that in Missouri they hang a fellow like you on general principles, and when they do a jackass is hung with them."

Rattleton's face was perfectly serious, but the eyelid next to Merriwell drooped slightly.

"What a lucky thing for you, Don!" he murmured, "that we're not in Missouri. They might pick you to hang with me."

Tempest flushed a little, hesitated and then joined in the shout of laughter which went up at his expense.

"You win," he grinned. "Your brain is sure enough well oiled, but you come down to the field to-morrow and I'll lick the boots off you at a set of tennis."

As the joshing continued, varied now and then by college songs or bits from recent musical hits, Frank lay back in his chair relaxed and at peace with the world. Physically just comfortably tired, he was conscious of a feeling of relief that Craig Winslow's departure had brought to an end the necessity of being constantly on his guard against the scheming fellow. There were so many other matters to occupy his mind that continually fighting his classmate's underhand methods had begun to wear upon him.

He chatted with Diamond, joined in with the singing and quite took his share of the joshing give and take. Toward ten o'clock, he suddenly remembered a theme which had to be prepared for to-morrow morning.

"By Jove!" he muttered.

"What's the matter?" drawled Diamond sleepily.

"That blooming theme in Lit," explained Merriwell. "I'd forgotten it until this minute."

"Plenty of time," shrugged Diamond. "It won't take you half an hour."

"Possibly not," agreed Frank. "But Terry's got my lecture notes. He cut

the class and I lent them to him this morning. The son of a gun promised to return them this evening!"

Diamond chuckled.

"You ought to know Jack Terry well enough by this time to realize that he's got the biggest forgettery in college. Call him up, why don't you?"

"He hasn't any phone. Hang it all! I'll have to step over and rout him out."

"Some step!" commented Diamond. "He lives about a mile from the campus. I'd certainly hate to walk a couple of miles in my present state of weariness. You really going?"

Frank stood up.

"Sure!" he answered. "Got to, unless I can find somebody's Ford parked outside. I've got to go out for a few minutes, fellows. Be back in two shakes."

Diamond yawned and managed to pry himself loose from the comfortable sofa and together the two friends descended the stairs. There was no sign of a car of any sort outside, so Diamond, after a brief good night, turned in the direction of Vanderbuilt, while Merriwell set off briskly in the opposite direction.

The night was warm but overcast, which, together with the luxuriant foliage, threw sections of sidewalk between the street lights into dense shadow. Merriwell had covered more than half the distance to the house where Jack Terry had rooms, when all at once, just ahead of him, the stillness was broken by a frightened cry which was instantly cut off as if a hand had been forcibly clapped across a person's mouth.

Without an instant's hesitation, Merriwell sped forward, making no sound in the rubber-soled tennis shoes he had not changed. He had gone scarcely a hundred feet when suddenly there loomed vaguely before him the outlines of two struggling figures, one

slight, slim and feminine, the other broad and burly and topped by the blurred whiteness of a straw hat.

The man's back was toward him and as Frank reached the pair, one arm shot out, caught the fellow by the throat and tore him forcibly away from the girl. The unknown staggered backward, recovered his equilibrium and then came to Merriwell with a guttural snarl of fury.

Frank waited quietly, poised on his toes, muscles tense. As the other lunged, he launched a sharp, hard jab to the chin with all the power that was in him. The blow fairly lifted the fellow off his feet and hurled him into a hedge of privet. Merriwell was for following up the attack, when a low, frightened voice made him halt.

"Oh, please—please! Let him go and come away, Mr. Merriwell. I'm simply paralyzed with fright."

Frank blinked through the darkness.

"Why, Miss Evans!" he exclaimed. "I had no idea it was you."

A small hand caught his arm and gripped it tight.

"Please do take me home," begged the girl hysterically. "I've never been so frightened." She drew him away toward the nearest street light. "I came out to post a letter," she added in a shaking voice, "and that—that creature said something and then caught hold of me. I—I tried to scream, but he put his beastly hand across my mouth. I think he must have been drinking."

She was a girl Frank had met at the last hop, a tiny, attractive little thing, full of vivacity and one of the best dancers he had ever known. Though he longed to finish up the drunken, red-headed loafer who had annoyed her, he perceived at once that she was on the verge of hysterics and the only thing to do was to take her directly home.

On the way he succeeded in calming her to some extent, but her nerves were

still fluttering when they reached the Evans' house.

"I can't ever thank you enough," she said earnestly. "I don't know what would have happened to me if you hadn't come along."

"I'm mighty glad I did," Frank told her. "It's a beastly thing to have happen and I'm awfully sorry you were frightened. I can't understand it, though. He certainly wasn't one of the college men."

"Of course not! I never dreamed of such a thing."

"Somebody drifted here from another part of town, I expect," remarked Merriwell. "But we needn't waste time talking about it. He's hardly likely to come around again, though you'd best be careful for a while coming out alone after dark."

"Oh, I will—I will indeed!" exclaimed the girl. "Nothing would induce me to run such a chance again. You—you won't speak about it?"

"Of course not!" Frank assured her quickly.

She put out her small hand.

"Good night," she said, "and thank you again a thousand times."

Merriwell waited until the front door closed after her and then turned away. As he reached the street he suddenly asked himself what gave him the impression that the girl's assailant had red hair. Then abruptly he remembered that as the fellow gave way before the impact of his blow, his hat had flown off and the vagrant gleam of a street light filtering through a tiny opening in the maple foliage, struck for an instant on a tumbled mop of brick-red hair.

"I guess I'll stop back there for a minute," he reflected.

Returning swiftly to the scene of conflict he found, as he had feared, the block silent and deserted. His unknown antagonist had vanished, leaving no trace of the encounter save a crushed section of privet hedge and a bruised

knuckle on the right hand of the victor.

Frank did not linger in the vicinity. Evidently the fellow had beaten it the moment his back was turned and further delay was futile. He walked briskly to Terry's rooms, recovered his notes and started back to Durfee. But his interest was decidedly intrigued as he went, he pondered over the identity of the man with the red hair.

### III.

"And who," inquired Browning as they were dressing next morning, "have you been beating up?"

Frank laid down his military brushes and turned away from the dressing table.

"What gives you the notion that I've been beating up anybody?" he countered, thrusting his right hand into his pocket.

"Don't be cagy!" retorted the Texan. "Your knuckles, of course."

Merriwell smiled, took his hand out of his pocket and regarded the abrasions carelessly.

"Oh, that!" he shrugged. "I don't see that it follows. I might have scraped my hand against one of those stone gateposts at Terry's."

Browning regarded him skeptically.

"I hardly think so!" he returned. "Not just that way, anyhow. Besides I've——"

Frank burst into laughter.

"You old sleuth! I might have known you'd notice it when I was doing my best to keep it out of sight."

"So I observed," said Browning dryly. "Of course, if it's something private, far be it from me to butt in."

Merriwell's face sobered a trifle.

"Well, as a matter of fact, Bruce, it is," he said. "I did have a little encounter last night, but it was altogether somebody else's business and I promised to keep it under my hat. You understand, don't you?"

Browning nodded.

"Of course," he rejoined readily. "It must have been some swat."

Merriwell felt tenderly of his knuckles.

"It was," he admitted ruefully. "I ought to have known better than to hit so hard. Well, let's get over to breakfast. I'm starved."

Frank got through the morning lectures and recitations with the proverbial excellence which was always a marvel to his friends and acquaintances who rarely saw him grinding and knew how much time he devoted to college athletics. As a matter of fact the explanation was very simple; it could be comprised in a single word—concentration.

He was blessed with a good brain, but the results he accomplished were chiefly due to the fact that when he studied, he thrust from his mind every thought save that of the subject in hand. He allowed nothing to obtrude or distract him, and in consequence, he accomplished a vast amount of work in a comparatively short space of time.

The theme he had written after returning home last night was a case in point. His recent fistic encounter and his vivid curiosity regarding the identity of the man with the red hair were not allowed to intrude into the domain of old English. Rapidly reading over his notes, he squared himself at the desk and in just half an hour had turned out an essay which next day received high praise.

Much the same thing happened during the baseball practice that afternoon. Merriwell played the game for all that was in him and though occasionally a slight twinge in his bandaged knuckles reminded him of last night's happenings, he did not allow himself to linger on the subject.

In between, however, he gave the affair a good deal of thought and speculation, though without coming to any definite conclusion. It was impossible to suspect any of the college fellows.



There were, of course, as in every university, a few loose-lived men, but even they were scarcely capable of anything like this. The possibility of some drunken roughneck drifting into this quiet residential section was almost equally difficult to credit, and Frank was forced finally to banish the whole matter from his mind until further evidence should turn up which, at the moment, seemed quite unlikely.

The game on Saturday was a minor one and at no time did there seem any question as to its outcome. Sidney Vail pitched the first five innings and did some fine work. He was plainly developing along the right lines, which pleased Frank immensely. He, himself, in response to the coach's desire, went into the box for the remaining innings, though he would much rather have had the younger pitcher take the honors for the entire game.

"That was nice pitching, Sid," he told Vail afterward. "You held them down beautifully. Next time I'm going to make Jarvis give you the whole game."

The polo match with Grafton was scheduled for Tuesday afternoon. This gave the team only one more day of practice and Merriwell with Diamond, reached the field rather earlier than usual. The stable lay back of the locker room and showers, and after a word or two with Jennings, the stocky, efficient head groom, he called to Quinlan, the second groom:

"I'll ride Princess this afternoon, Jim. Will you saddle her up right away?"

"Yes, sir; right away, sir," the man replied turning briskly toward the stalls.

He started to follow the groom toward Princess' stall, but remembering some instructions he had to give Jennings about the match to-morrow, he turned and walked back into the locker room.

Ten minutes later as he was just fin-

ishing dressing he was aware of a mild sort of turmoil out in the paddock beside the stable. There was a pounding of hoofs, the angry sound of a horse in a temper, the soothing voice of Quinlan, to which was presently joined the placating tones of Jennings.

Merriwell and Diamond both hurried out to behold the mare, Princess, rearing, plunging, straining at her bridle and altogether cutting up in a manner Frank hadn't seen since he had first brought the black north to New Haven.

"What's the matter?" he asked, moving forward.

"I don't know, sir," returned Quinlan, plainly troubled. "She ain't been herself all day. This morning she acted uneasylike and restless. When I went into her stall just now she got cantankerous and it was all I could do to throw the saddle on. I never seen her like this before. Could she be sickening for something, do you think, sir?"

As Frank approached her, the mare quieted somewhat and thrust her velvet nozzle toward him. As he stroked it gently he noticed that her eyes were wide and bloodshot and that she quivered and seemed inclined to shy whenever he made a movement.

"What is it, old girl?" he murmured soothingly. "Just nerves, I wonder—or something else. Does she act to you as if she were sick?" he asked Jennings.

"I shouldn't quite say that, sir," replied the head groom. "She's full of health and spirits. When Jim exercised her yesterday, she was perfectly all right. It may be just a touch of temper."

"Odd!" commented Merriwell. "She's spirited enough on the field, but I've always found her very even tempered. I'll just try her out a bit."

Taking the reins from the groom, he turned the stirrup and with extraordinary agility, swung himself into the

saddle. He barely made it in spite of his swiftness, for the groom leaped to one side and Frank was scarcely seated in the saddle when she reared to her full height and gave a scream of either pain or temper which caused Merriwell to instantly dismount, still keeping firm hold of the reins.

"Take the saddle off," he told Quinlan curtly. "I want to look her over."

The groom obeyed swiftly and efficiently, though every movement of his hand caused the black to quiver or move restlessly. Frank held the bridle close up soothing the beast with gentle words and soft caresses and finally the saddle lay on the ground and the saddle blanket was stripped from the glossy back. As Merriwell, passing the bridle to Diamond, moved from her head to examine her back and loins, his eyes widened and he beckoned Jennings to him.

"Look at that!" he snorted angrily as his jaws tightened and his face became a thundercloud.

As Jennings examined the animal closely he gave a harsh exclamation. The creature's back, where ordinarily it would be covered with the saddle, was a mass of angry sores. The hair looked thin and burned, the skin was inflamed and dotted with odd sort of blisters.

"What do you make of it?" demanded Merriwell curtly.

"Looks like she's been—burned," replied Jennings dazedly.

Frank stared at him.

"Burned!" he repeated. "What do you mean? Burned by—what?"

Jennings seemed to hesitate.

"It—it might be some strong acid," he ventured. "I don't understand it. It's quite beyond me, sir. I can't imagine how such a thing could possibly have been done."

Merriwell gazed at him silently, jaw tightened, eyes piercing, face drawn with grim lines. Jennings, though evidently aghast, did not falter in his steady glance and presently Frank

reached out and stroked the black's neck soothingly.

"Neither can I," he rejoined sharply. "Take her back to the stall and put on some of that Red Label ointment. Then call up the vet and tell him to come out here at once. You can put my saddle on the sorrel, Ironrust, Jim, if you like."

He shot a keen look at the second groom, but found in Quinlan's freckled face only distress, bewilderment and anger.

"Yes, sir," the young fellow replied promptly. "I'll have him ready in five minutes."

He hesitated an instant.

"However this came to be done, it's a rotten shame," he added forcibly. "That mare's one of the nicest, best-tempered animals I ever had to do with. I'd sure like to get my hands on whoever's responsible for getting her in this shape."

There was something in the fellow's voice and manner which caused Merriwell, who was an excellent judge of character, to instantly decide that the groom's sentiments were genuine. Besides, a guilty man would have instantly protested his own innocence, whereas Quinlan seemed oblivious to the possibility that he might be suspected of having had a hand in the outrage.

"So would I," returned Frank crisply. "And I'd like to find out what it was done for. Before we're through, though, we'll——"

He broke off as his glance fell upon the saddle blanket dangling from Quinlan's hand.

"That's not my blanket," he said positively.

"No, sir," returned the groom promptly. "It's part of the stable equipment. When I brought Princess in yesterday after exercising her, I found yours was so ragged and worn I thought I'd better use another until you could get a new one. I meant to

speak to you about it, but with all this rumpus, it slipped my mind."

Merriwell's brows drew together. His blanket was a new one of the best quality. At least he had bought it scarcely a month ago and he could see no reasonable cause for its wearing out so soon.

"What did you do with it—the old one, I mean?" he asked slowly.

"Put it away to show you," Quinlan answered. "I thought you'd want to complain about it. It wore out awful quick."

"Let's see it," suggested Frank quietly.

The groom nodded and hoisting the saddle to his shoulder, led the way into the stable followed by Merriwell and Diamond. From a locker he produced the saddle blanket and as Frank took it into his hands, he saw instantly that the fabric, which the last time he used it had been in almost perfect condition, was simply riddled with holes.

#### IV.

For a moment or two Merriwell stood motionless, lids drooping to hide the sudden gleam of understanding which leaped into his eyes. Then he rolled up the saddle blanket and thrust it carelessly under one arm.

"I'll take this along," he told the groom, turning away. "You'll have the sorrel out directly?"

"In less than five minutes, sir," said Quinlan, making for the stalls.

Without comment Merriwell and Diamond left the stable together. Out in the paddock from which Jennings had just led the black mare, Frank gave his companion a significant glance.

"What do you think of that?" he asked in a low voice.

"The blanket, you mean. It's certainly had some rough handling."

"Worse than that," Frank told him. "If I'm not very much mistaken, those holes were made by acid."

"Wough!" ejaculated Diamond, his eyes widening. "You mean to say those blisters on Princess were acid burns?"

Merriwell nodded.

"That's the way it looks to me, but of course I can't be sure until I've gone into it carefully. I'll put this away in my locker; the other fellows ought to show up any time now."

He stepped into the locker room, presently rejoining Diamond, whose expression was puzzled and perturbed.

"But what's the point of it all?" queried the Virginian. "Who in thunder would do such a thing, and why?"

Frank shrugged his shoulders.

"You've got me," he replied. "That's something we've got to dig out—if we can."

"If Winslow hadn't left," said Diamond meditatively, "I'd be——"

He paused as the groom, Quinlan, appeared leading Merriwell's sorrel and the Virginian's special pony, a shapely roan. The conversation was not resumed until the two were out on the field cantering back and forth across the springy turf.

"I thought of Winslow," commented Merriwell, "but somehow he doesn't seem to fit in. That roughneck, Hagan, is much more likely to have had a hand in it. It's rather humiliating, you know, for a full-grown man to be kidnaped, and he's the kind who'd turn a dirty trick like this to get square."

The thought of that red-haired stranger he had knocked down a few nights before flashed into his mind, but he made no comment to his friend. It was rather difficult to believe that a man would go to all this trouble to be revenged for a blow, especially since he had been drunk and probably his memory of the whole affair was rather hazy. Indeed, the manner in which the outrage had been done struck Frank at the moment as rather more important than the identity of its perpetrator.

## Frank Merriwell's Polo Team

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He said nothing to the other members of the team who presently joined them on the field. In the brisk practice game which filled the afternoon, the fellows were right on their toes with no other thought save of winning the match to-morrow. Certainly no good would come of diverting their minds at this juncture to the matter of the black mare, and even harm might result. To this end Frank warned Diamond and the grooms to keep silent.

He tried out three ponies that afternoon and found none of them even approaching Princess in speed and agility. Indeed he had rarely seen her equal on the field; she seemed almost to have an actual knowledge of the game, to know in many cases intuitively when to stop short and turn, which was of great assistance to her owner. Frank could get along without her to-morrow, of course, but when they came up against the veteran Brookside crowd, he would need every aid and asset he could summon.

During a brief intermission, on the plea of changing his mount, Merriwell rode back to the stable and found the vet just leaving.

"How'd you find her?" he asked eagerly.

"Not so good," the doctor answered. "Some of those blisters are pretty deep. It'll be a good ten days before she can bear a saddle. Who in thunder has been treating her like that? I asked Jennings but he didn't know."

"I haven't the least idea," returned Merriwell handing over the sorrel to Quinlan and telling him to hustle his saddle on another horse. He waited until the groom was out of hearing. "Acid, wasn't it?" he asked in a low tone.

The vet nodded.

"Looks so to me," he agreed, "though I couldn't say what sort off-hand.

Frank's lips straightened grimly.

"Leave that to me!" he told the older man. "I've got the saddle blanket which is literally eaten into rags, and I'll run up to the lab to-night and do a little analyzing. After that we're going to do our best to get hold of the skunk who did it."

"I certainly hope you succeed," said the doctor emphatically. "It was a rotten trick. If I were you I'd take every care to prevent a repetition. That mare's too fine an animal to take chances with. Well, let me know if you want me again!"

After his departure, Merriwell mounted and rode back to the field where he flung himself heart and soul into the practice game. For the remainder of the afternoon he did not allow his mind to dwell on the annoying and mystifying business of the mare, but having showered and dressed, he drew Jennings to one side.

"Be careful that everything's locked up tight before you leave to-night, Pat," he said. "We don't want to have this thing happen again."

The head groom nodded.

"I've been meaning to ask you, sir—you think somebody sneaked in from outside, then?"

"What else?" countered Frank. "I'm certainly not suspecting you or Quinlan. You're both too fond of the mare, and besides, where would be the point?"

Jennings' expression relaxed.

"I'm very glad you feel that way, Mr. Merriwell," he said with evident relief. "As you say, there wouldn't be any point to it and it ain't in me to treat a dumb beast like that, but some might think otherwise. Have you any notion, sir, what reason anybody would have for doing such a thing?"

Frank shook his head.

"Not much, Pat," he answered. "It might have been out of spite or to keep me from riding Princess in the match to-morrow. Neither motive sounds



very reasonable, for certainly none of the Grafton men would be capable of such a thing. It would be ridiculous because the Grafton crowd are all old Yale men with nothing but friendly rivalry between us. But I can't think of anybody who's got it in for me to this extent. I may be able to dope out something more definite later. At least I'll do my best."

"I sure hope you success," said Jennings emphatically. "It's one of the dirtiest tricks I ever heard of. You can depend on me to see to the locks and if you say so I'll sleep in the stable."

Merriwell hesitated for a moment.

"I wish you would for a few nights anyhow, Pat, until we get to the bottom of this," he said.

"I'll do it, sir!" said the faithful head groom, loyally.

With a cordial good night he rolled up the saddle blanket in a piece of newspaper and went out to where Diamond and Sidney Vail were waiting in his car. There was no chance for private conversation with the Virginian on the way home, but in parting Diamond gave his friend a brief wink and announced that he would drop around directly after dinner.

"Better make it about eight, Jack," Frank suggested. "I'll hardly be back before that time."

In not the most cheerful frame of mind, Frank climbed the stairs to the second floor of Durfee Hall where he tried the knob of the door to his rooms. To his astonishment, it was locked.

"Huh, Bruce isn't in to wash up yet for dinner. That's strange. And why did he go to such particular pains to lock the door?" he cogitated as he shifted the bundle containing the saddle blanket to his left arm and fumbled in his pocket for his keys, for Merriwell's room was scarcely ever locked and almost as rarely unoccupied by some of his many friends.

Finding the keys, he entered, glanced hastily about, then tossing the bundle containing the riddled saddle blanket into a chair, began to take off his coat, collar and tie, preparatory to a brief toilet and change of linen before dinner.

In the midst of the operation, Bruce Browning walked in.

"'Lo, ol' stockings, how'd the horse-back golf go to-day?" queried Bruce flippantly.

Frank, his shirt part way over his head, made no attempt to answer him until he could "come up for air" as Harry Rattleton might have expressed it.

But when Merriwell's strong, clean-cut face did emerge from the folds of the blue, soft-collared shirt, he was drawing over his head, Bruce, always observant, and a trifle quicker to catch Frank's moods than any of his hosts of friends, saw that something was troubling his roommate.

"Sa-a-ay! What's happened? You look as if that pet black filly of yours had broken her leg or something like that," said Bruce, taking a random shot and little realizing how close he had come to the actual truth of what annoyed Merriwell.

"Not that, thank goodness!" said Frank with a smile that was a trifle forced, "but that poor little horse has been the victim of some mighty rotten work and if I could only lay my hands on the neck of the brute who is responsible, I would certainly find a lot of satisfaction in wringing it until he squawked for mercy."

"Foul play, Frank? What happened, anyhow?" demanded Bruce, a strange expression crossing his suntanned face.

Merriwell was silent for a moment as if debating whether to tell Bruce. Suddenly he decided that he would, and while he proceeded dexterously to put the links in his cuffs, and adjust his modestly colored bow tie before the

mirror he told his roommate exactly what had happened to Princess.

"And the worst of it is," he concluded, "I am completely in the dark about the whole thing. Of course Jennings had nothing to do with it; I'm sure of that. Nor did Quinlan, the second groom. Hagan, that thug who Winslow hired to do his dirty work, might resort to such dirty tactics by way of revenge. But even that scarcely seems plausible when you consider the methods. A man of his caliber knows nothing of acids. Whoever did this trick was wise enough to use an entirely uncommon acid; one that is apparently stainless and odorless but burns with the strength of carbolic. I'm going over to the lab right after dinner and do some careful analyzing. If I can get permission from Professor Ormsbee to do some night work."

Bruce was silent for a moment after the recital but there was an expression on his face that held Frank's attention.

"You look positively intelligent the way you sit there staring off into space, Bruce. Have you got a theory?" he inquired.

"Have you thought of Winslow?" replied Browning.

"Craig Winslow? Of course I've thought of him. But he's gone—left college—left New Haven, too, I understand. Winslow and I settled our scores before he left, I think," said Frank, a smile full of meaning playing about the corners of his firm, strong mouth.

"Is that so? Well, perhaps you don't recall the fact that Winslow was a particularly good student in Chemistry IV, do you? And you may not be aware of it, but—Craig Winslow is back—right here in New Haven."

"The dickens! Is that so, Bruce? How do you know?" demanded Merriwell.

"Saw him, myself. This afternoon. Crossing the Commons in front of North Church. And somehow the sight

of him made me suspicious. I knew how he hated you and all that and—well—it seemed sort of foolish, but I locked the door of the room. I knew you had Hagan's confession, and all the other evidence against him in your desk and it occurred to me that he might—well, you never can tell what a fellow of his stripe might do."

Frank frowned.

"Winslow back in New Haven? That complicates matters," he muttered. "I rather thought you knew," said Bruce. "In fact, I almost felt that you and he might have had a set-to the other night. I remembered your knuckles were bruised up and—it's a funny thing, but Winslow to-day looked to me somehow as if he had been in a fracas himself not long since. There was a big black-and-blue mark on the right side of his face and strangely in contrast with his snappy, well-dressed appearance."

"No, it wasn't Winslow I was forced to take a swing at. The man I waded into had red hair, and—no, that affair had positively no connection with Winslow, whatever, I feel sure," concluded Merriwell, slipping on his coat and reaching for his hat and the bundle containing the riddled saddle blanket still lying in the chair. Then apparently dismissing the affair from his mind for the moment, he announced.

"I am as hungry as the proverbial bear. Come on, Bruce, let's go eat!"

## V.

Craig Winslow knew all too well that he had come to the end of his career at Yale, when Frank Merriwell and Jack Diamond, that night a few weeks before, faced him with the fact that they had full knowledge of his treachery to keep the varsity pitcher out of the Cranby baseball game, and all his other hateful machinations toward the downfall of Yale's most popular athlete.

For hours he sat huddled in one of

the lounging chairs in his sumptuous apartment, suffering the tortures of baffled rage, humiliation, and despair until the chimes clock on the mantel suddenly struck the hour of twelve.

This musical intrusion upon his introspection seemed to arouse him to thoughts of the future. The die, for him, was cast. Merriwell and his crowd had the goods on him. They might even send him to jail—so close had he blindly shaped his career toward the dividing line between the honest and the criminal. He must quit Yale. There was no alternative.

Suddenly all that this meant rushed home to him with sickening force. He must quit Yale! After three years of association with this institution whose traditions and ideals were the noblest and highest, he had, by his own despicable acts, made it possible for his fellow students to deny him the privilege of remaining there any longer. A sense of shame overwhelmed him, particularly when he thought of his parents.

They must not know. He could not go home. And yet he could not remain in New Haven. Where was he to go? He thought of New York but for some reason the lights and the music and the gay and often questionable pleasures he followed in the metropolis did not seem so alluring just now. He wanted to crawl away somewhere—hide, from the world and from himself—hide while he collected his scattered thoughts—found himself once more. But where to hide? The question puzzled him. He smoked innumerable cigarettes and drank considerable smuggled Scotch while he pondered, but as he sat there, his dark, saturnine countenance a study, the old crafty gleam slowly returned to his dark eyes. He even smiled.

With studied decorum, that was part of Winslow's training, he got up, flicked the smoking butt of his cigarette into

the fireplace and moved toward his bedroom. He must quit New Haven. But he must be close enough to be able to get his mail and to occasionally see a few of his friends. Very well. He knew a place where a man in his circumstances could take refuge, indeed where a man of his peculiar abilities and training might make a living—a very good living.

Hastily he began to pack two bags, choosing only the flashiest of his carefully selected apparel—brilliant silk shirts, gay cravats, scintillating socks. Packing the bag consumed perhaps a quarter of an hour, after which he spent a few moments scribbling a hasty note to his landlady, telling her that he was to be away for some little time. This done, enclosed in an envelope, addressed and sealed, he left his rooms, turned the key in the lock, and hurried down the hall.

In the card tray on the hall console near the door he left the note. In the vestibule he deposited the two bags. Out on the porch he instinctively glanced up and down the street, then swiftly descended the steps and hurried north toward the garage where he kept his dark, inconspicuous but speedy coupé. Only Scrubb, the gas and oil boy, was about the place for which Winslow was thankful. Others might ask questions.

In a studied, leisurely manner he found the car, examined oil and gas gauge, unlocked the ignition and transmission and started the motor.

"Won't be back to-night, Scrubbs," he told the boy as he flipped him a quarter before he backed out.

The streets were empty and deserted as his machine purred its way around to the front of the darkened residence in which he had his rooms. It took but a moment for him to leap up the porch steps, secure his bags and enter the coupé again. Then as he silently closed the door and slipped the gears

softly into mesh a cold smile played about the corners of his thin-lipped mouth. He was quitting New Haven—for a while.

Through the eastern end of town he made his way, frequently turning to his right for a block or two until presently he came out onto a broad boulevard that skirted the shores of the Sound for a little way. Here he unleashed his purring motor and spun along for ten miles or more at a sixty-mile clip until the boulevard swung away from the shore and petered out into an indifferently paved State road and a questionable-looking back country road that led down toward the shore somewhere.

Without hesitating, Winslow took the dirt road where he was promptly forced to shift his gears into second speed to pull the coupé out of a series of ruts and mud puddles. But after a mile the road grew better; almost good and he spun along again, his headlights throwing into bold relief marshy growths of flagging on either side and occasionally the whitewashed rails of a bridge over a muddy inlet, that reached back inland from the Sound. The tang of salt and the clammy odor of mud flats exposed by an ebb tide became stronger in his nostrils and presently he came out upon the very shores of the Sound. Dead ahead was a point of land clothed in a thick growth of elms and maples. It was a veritable island surrounded by the Sound on one side and apparently limitless marshy flats on the other—truly a secluded corner—an excellent place to hide.

The dirt road, by devious twistings and turnings led out toward the point and Winslow followed it until it led him under an archway, the sign on which when thrown in bold relief by the coupé's lights, proclaimed it to be the entrance to the Maple Point Country Club. There were other cars there, a score or more of them ranging from snappy roadsters, aglitter with nickel

trimmings to big, sumptuous cars of foreign make. Winslow parked his in an inconspicuous corner at the end of the second line of vehicles and locking the transmission, bags in hand, started up a graveled path that led through the grove of maples. Out of the darkness ahead came muffled strains of music, and some one, very much under the influence of alcohol, trying to sing. Came muffled shouts and peals of laughter likewise.

A big southern-colonial type of mansion loomed ahead, gray and ghostlike in the darkness of the grove. There were no lights. Only here and there, where a disturbed curtain showed a pencil line of gleam about the edges, was it possible to discern the windows of the place. Evidently unusual precautions were taken here to maintain secrecy.

Winslow, with the assurance of one who had often come that way, continued on up the graveled path to the portico. He mounted the brick steps without hesitation, crossed over under the shadows of the big white pillars to the beautifully designed arched doorway. Here he put down the smallest of his bags and felt in the shadow for a bell, which he pressed, then waited for a response to his summons.

As if by an unseen hand the big door in front of him swung open. Winslow hastily stepped inside and it closed behind him. He was in a darkened vestibule. But presently a dome overhead, operated by a button from within, glowed dully. At the same time a slide in a second door just in front of Winslow slid open and a heavy face, with suspicious, piggy eyes, bulbous nose and thick, pendulous lips looked out at him. For a moment the face was blank, emotionless. Then suddenly it was wrinkled by what was doubtless meant to be a smile.

"It's you, Mr. Winslow. Didn't know but what it was the bulls this

early in the mornin'," said the man in a coarse, husky voice.

He opened the door and extended a thick, pudgy hand, "H' are yuh, young feller? Glad to see you. Got a first-class game on to-night. Ain't too late for you to set in."

Winslow shook his head.

"Don't feel up to it to-night, Dan. To-morrow. I have a business proposition I would like to talk over with you in the morning, too. But I'm tired now. Got a room for me?" he queried.

"You know I have," said "Cagy" Dan McCormack, proprietor of The Maple Point Country Club, watching Winslow with his piggish eyes as the young man from New Haven stepped inside the broad hall and handed his bags to a colored porter.

"Better try a little Scotch. Got in a new shipment. Good party to-night. Most of it's gone now. But there's a quart or two for you."

"Put them away for me, Dan," said Craig, his dark eyes roving over the interior of the big house swiftly and taking in every detail of the evening's festivities.

There was a good party on, evidently. In the dance hall to the left where the music blared in syncopated strains were a score of couples dancing boisterously. As many more, men and girls, were lounging in the chairs against the walls, some singing in maudlin voices. Others were considerably well under the influence of Cagy Dan's most recent shipment of Scotch.

In the rooms to the right of the hall, hazy through a cloud of swirling tobacco smoke sat men in shirt sleeves and in dinner jackets. Some smiled, some sat with faces drawn in grim lines. Tense silence held sway there, broken only by the clink of ice in glasses and the rattle of poker chips. Now and again came an oath or a raucous burst of elated laughter. Then silence again.

All this Winslow glimpsed briefly as he crossed the hall and stood in the shadow of a coat rack. At present he did not care to be seen by any one at the gaming table nor yet in the dance hall. There were many fellows from New Haven among Cagy Dan's guests that evening and—well—it was not necessary for any one to know where he was hiding.

Cagy Dan made a silent gesture toward the card room and raised his heavy eyebrows questioningly.

Winslow shook his head.

"Not to-night, Dan. I'm dog tired. Which room. No. 7. All right. You can send up a highball for a night-cap. Thanks. Good night. See you in the morning."

Craig Winslow followed the colored porter up the broad stairs to the second floor and presently he was alone in No. 7. A moment he stood in the center of the floor surveying the room. There was a certain shabby elegance to the place—aristocracy gone to seed. The room reminded Winslow somehow, of men he had known in college. Annoyed at the thought he shrugged his shoulders and began to untie his scarf.

"It will do," he said almost bitterly.

With the other habitués of the "club," Craig Winslow slept late. The days at Maple Point started some time afternoon and continued until dawn next morning.

Over the breakfast table after one o'clock, while the colored porters were sweeping out the place and eliminating the tawdry remnants of last night's party, he and Cagy Dan held their "business" conversation.

Cagy Dan said little but listened long. Winslow talked earnestly. Apparently he carried his point, for presently Dan reached for a toothpick and manipulating it dexterously with his pudgy hands, leaned back in his chair and looked at Craig with his piggish eyes.



"All right, Winslow, we'll try it out for a couple of nights and see how it works. I'll stake you and take seventy-five per cent of your winnin's. You get twenty-five. I got 'Sticky' Ewing playing for the house now. I been looking for a couple others. Maybe you'll do. I ain't denying you are the slickest kid with the pasteboards I ever seen, barring that red-head Kramer they throw out of New Haven some time back. If he was here an' would play straight, you and him could work together and make a clean-up with the cards."

At the mention of Kramer's name, a scowl darkened the saturnine countenance of Winslow and he drew back in resentment.

"If he were here I wouldn't be! He's a beast—a loathsome creature—just a bum!"

"Huh!" grunted Cagy Dan raising his heavy eyebrows. "S-a-ay, didn't he teach you all you know about cards? I thought——"

"He taught me a great deal—at my expense," admitted Winslow still scowling; "but he has degenerated into a drunken, panhandling crook."

"You seen him lately then, huh? Where does he hang out?" queried Dan.

"I don't know. I haven't seen him, and I don't want to," lied Winslow, denying the fact that Kramer was back in New Haven and that he had recently been to his rooms and forced him to loan him some money.

"Huh, he must of double-crossed you good!" said Dan. Then he added, with a shrug of his shoulders, "but that's evidently your business—not mine."

He got up heavily and started toward a rear room. Then he paused and turned back to Winslow.

"There ought to be something doing to-night. Expect Kennedy and his crowd of politicians down from Hartford. Easy picking if you play 'em

cagy. Watch for 'em and horn in on their game."

Winslow's business proposition must have proved eminently satisfactory to Cagy Dan for his "couple of nights" trial lengthened into a week and longer. Tall, dark, polished with a veneer of manners that gave him a certain studied distinction of bearing, he fitted into the scheme of things at the Maple Point Club, beautifully. Always immaculate in clean linen and dinner jacket, he lent to the nightly poker game an air of refinement that Cagy Dan liked about his gambling hall. His game, thanks to his cleverly trained fingers and his keen brain, was beyond reproach, yet nightly he won steadily, always cashing in the largest pile of chips when the game broke up in the cold gray dawn of the morning.

Following one of these sessions, when his pile was particularly big and when his split, handed to him by Cagy Dan amounted to a comfortable roll in his trouser pockets, Winslow, heavy-eyed, tired, but particularly pleased with himself, took his nightcap of Scotch at the bar in the back room and started upstairs for his morning sleep. He was whistling snatches of a popular air as he walked down the hall to No. 7, turned the handle, pushed open the door and stepped into the rooms.

But the tune died on his lips, and the expression on his face changed to one of startled amazement—disbelief. For a moment he stood on the threshold as if stunned by what he saw. Then suddenly mastering himself completely, he stepped inside and closed the door behind him.

Sitting in the only armchair in the room, a half-emptied bottle of Scotch on a table at his elbow, his coat and collar off, his feet cocked on the foot of the bed, his vest sagging open, his mop of red hair rumpled and his eyes bleared with drink was—Tod Kramer!

## VI.

"You here?" rasped Winslow, his dark face becoming a thundercloud, "How did you get in?"

"Sure it's me, Win. Did yuh think it was my g-ghost 'er somethin'?" said Kramer with a drunken grin. Then he added, "I got friends I have, Win. All kinds. Usta know thish place before you did, ol' stockings. Toby the chef's a friend of mine. He let me in the bashment, he did. Didn't wanta sturb yuh while yuh wash playin', sho I came right up stairsh an' made muh shelf to home. Have ah drink, Win—s'good Scotch."

Kramer was a little worse than Winslow had ever seen him—and a good deal shabbier and more unkenpt—revolting to one of Craig's refined tastes and standards. And yet—Winslow shuddered as the thought crossed his mind for the second time since his enforced reacquaintance with this friend of his earlier college days—Kramer once had been every inch the gentleman in appearance, slim, graceful, refined of breeding, good looking, and rather a favorite before drink and cards had brought about their slow but relentless transformation. He could not prevent the thought from crossing his mind that he, too, had elected to follow the path Kramer had trod before him—the path that leads to the bottomless abyss of despair and regret. Would he one day find himself the same maudlin, drunken, hopeless, despicable figure that Kramer now was?

No. That was impossible. Kramer had been a fool, careless of consequences. He had a lot more intelligence than Kramer ever had. He was much more clever, too. There was the fine, fat roll of bills nestling snugly in his trousers pocket to testify to the fact that he *was* clever; that he always kept his wits about him. Drink and cards would never get him. Give him

a few more evenings like last night and he would be through with the game forever. He would leave Cagy Dan and go somewhere else—start all over again. Perhaps in business this time. Of course he could slip—get down on his luck and all that. But he would never let drink get the best of him the way Kramer had.

Craig shook himself and squared his shoulders as if to throw off such a hideous possibility. His even white teeth clicked together and his dark face became set with grim lines as he strode across the room.

"I want nothing to do with you, Kramer. Get out—hurry or I'll throw you out."

Kramer stared at him dully, his strange gray-green eyes that once sparkled with the zest of life and vitality, fixed on Winslow in a dull, fishy stare.

"Aw, Win!" he quavered. "you wouldn't put me out—not like that, would you? I'm your frien'. I come to talk business with you. Got a idea 'bout how to fix that dirty dog, Merriwell. I'll get him. Can't clout me on the jaw and get away with it—no, sir—have a drink, Win!"

Kramer reached for the bottle with puffy hands that shook a little.

Winslow anticipated his movement and dexterously slipped the bottle out of his reach.

"No more of that for you—not here anyway!" he snapped, staring at Kramer, his disgust written plainly on his darkly clouded features. The thing was sickening. This puffy, slimy, disgusting creature, in contrast with the fine, clean, upstanding, clear-eyed Merriwell. "Get Merriwell," it was absurd, ridiculous on the face of it. Though Winslow still hated Merriwell with all the dark hatred that he was capable of, yet the absurdity of the thing dawned upon him more forcefully than ever.

How could any man with a crooked

mind, perverted tastes and abused body hope to beat the clean-living, fair-playing Merriwell save by the foulest means possible? Certainly no human caricature, no drink-degenerated, gross, fat-figured, sprawling thing like Kramer. Merriwell had punched him, had he? Who could blame him? Winslow wanted nothing more than to do that very thing himself.

"Aw, gimme 'nother drink, Win—be a food fellah—I'm goin' to fix Merriwell, I am. Got a neat scheme all worked out, I have. He'll be sorry he soaked me in the jaw. I was just goin' to get a little kiss in the dark, when he piles down on top of me and soaks me, the other night. Dirty dog, I knew it was him. Seen him in the dark. But he don't know me and I'm going to fix him. All I need's a little time—and money. Got any money, Win? Just give me the rest of the fifty you promised me, if I fixed Merriwell. Give it to me now because I'm going to fix him, honesh I am. Will you gimme some money, Win, ol' boy?" babbled Kramer fixing his dull, drunken gaze on Kramer.

Winslow looked at him and sneered.

"Not a cent for you, Kramer. All I'll give you is a piece of advice—valuable advice. You can't fix Merriwell. I tried and failed. *You* haven't got a chance. You aren't man enough. Forget about it. Go away. Leave New Haven, because if you ever get mixed up in an encounter with Merriwell you will get very much the worst of it, mark my word."

"Oh, will I?" drawled Kramer. Then sobering a little, his anger flared, "I ain't man enough, ain't I? I'll show you and Merriwell. Maybe I can't lick Merriwell in a fair fight. But that ain't what I'm countin' on—not me. I use my brains, I do, and when I'm finished with him he'll know I've been operating. That black horse of his—she's my meat. He thinks a lot of

her. And he thinks a lot of his polo game. But when I get through with that filly, she won't be worth much as a polo pony, and without her, Merriwell won't be the star player everybody thinks he is. That horse, she makes him the wonder he is on the polo field. You know that as well as I do. You ought to be tickled to see him set down as a polo player the way he shoved you off the team."

Kramer said the last with a knowing leer at Winslow, whose dark countenance colored.

For a moment Craig Winslow found himself listening to Kramer with genuine interest. Once more he was falling under the influence of this older man who in his college days had numbered him among his satellites. The desire to get even with Frank Merriwell; to discredit him in the eyes of his fellow students; to tear him down from the pedestal of athletic achievement as he had tried before, burned strong within him. But a question leaped fully born to his lips. Kramer was speaking more of the fine black mare, Princess, than he was of Merriwell. What did he mean to do—injure that beautiful creature to spite Merriwell?

"What is your plan, Kramer?" he asked, watching the red-haired one between narrowed eyelids.

Kramer settled back in the chair with a leering grin.

"Ah—ha! Little Winnie's getting human again. Interested, ain't you, huh? Well gimme another drink and I'll tell you. And if my plan ain't worth forty dollars of anybody's money then I'll eat your hat," he said holding out his empty glass.

Winslow poured the libation and Kramer downed it, folding his lower lip around the glass and sucking at the liquor with the noise of a pig in a trough, as Winslow had observed once before. Craig repressed a shudder of distaste for this human swine. Kramer

smacked his lips grossly, then wiped them on his shirt sleeve.

"Good liquor, Win, old dear—excellent Scotch. Yeah, as I was saying, Merriwell is certainly going to be all wet in the game with the Grafton Club. He won't have that black horse of his under him and, believe me, that filly knows more about polo than Merriwell does. Sa-a-y, Win, did you ever think how you could cripple a horse with acid——"

"With acid?" exclaimed Craig Winslow drawing back a step and looking at Kramer in astonishment.

"Yeah—on the under side of the saddle blanket. Just a few drops of it—carbolic—yes, I've got it—the colorless, odorless, acid that old Professor Ormsbee invented. You see, I ain't forgot my chemistry, Win. Ha-ha! That stuff burns like the—sa-a-y, what's the matter, Win?"

Kramer drew back in alarm. Craig Winslow, face set in grim lines, thin lips compressed, the muscles of his jaws working and his dark eyes snapping with needle points of cold flame was advancing on him.

"You fiend—you brute—you dirty, low-down swine—acid!—on that mare's back under the saddle blanket. Great goodness, how low you have sunk! To cripple a wonderful horse—that way! I hate Merriwell and I envy him that black mare, but never in the world would I stoop so low as to injure that fine animal to revenge myself upon his master. Out—out of my sight! Get out of here before I throw you bodily through the window!" thundered Winslow, himself a polo player of parts, and a lover of horses.

In a towering rage, arms reaching, fingers kinked to get at Kramer's flabby throat, Winslow made a lunge for the drunken scoundrel.

Kramer only saved himself by flinging himself violently backward, thereby upsetting the heavy chair in which he

had been sitting. Chair and man fell to the floor with a resounding crash, and Winslow, plunging headlong hurled himself over the chair into the mêlée, instantly to become locked in combat with the red-headed one.

It was a vicious fight while it lasted. Craig Winslow was no weakling, and Kramer, despite his years of debauchery and careless living yet retained some of the stamina and fighting ability that had made him a popular member of the freshman wrestling team at Yale.

Over and over across the floor they rolled like wolves with fangs in each other's throat. Dogged, silently, with animal ferocity, they fought. All that could be heard was the thump of their feet and knees against the floor, the rasping pant of their heavy breathing, and the soggy smack of flesh against flesh as their fists crashed home. Blow after heavy blow they rained into each other's faces. Sometimes Kramer was on top trying to hold Winslow down while he pounded at his face with heavy fists. Again, Winslow had this advantage, sitting astride Kramer's body while he hooked in jolting uppercuts on the point of Kramer's jaw.

Both were bleeding. Both were panting, yet both stubbornly, doggedly stuck at it.

The small center table crashed down, spilling the glass and the bottle of Scotch to the floor. The bottle rolled against Kramer's body as he was struggling to throw off the weight of Winslow. One of his flailing hands came in contact with it. His pudgy fingers grasped its neck as a drowning man grasps at a straw. With an oath, he seized it and whirled it upward, intending to crash it across Craig Winslow's head.

Winslow instantly saw his danger and with a snarl of anger, flashed his right hand backward and upward, putting behind the blow all the strength in his lithe body and broad shoulders.

Came a sickening smack as his knuckles once more made contact with Kramer's jaw. Then a heavy groan. Kramer's body suddenly stiffened, then went limp. His head lolled sidewise under the impact of the blow, his glassy eyes rolled back into his head and his quivering lids closed. The whisky bottle fell from his limp grasp.

For a moment Craig Winslow stared in astonishment at the startling effect his blow had upon his antagonist. Great goodness, had he killed Kramer!

He staggered to his feet, as footsteps sounded down the hall.

They came to a sudden halt outside his door. A hand fumbled at the knob and the portal was flung wide open, admitting Cagy Dan McCormack and two wide-eyed and staring colored porters.

"Here! What's this, Winslow! Thunderation, it's Kramer—and—have you killed him?"

"I—I—don't know," admitted Craig. Then suddenly mastering himself he bent down and felt for the pulse in Kramer's throat. It was full but slow. The worried expression fled from Craig's face to give way to a grim smile.

"No. Not dead. But decidedly out," he told Cagy Dan.

The proprietor of the Maple Point Country Club looked relieved, too.

"Thank goodness! Don't want any dirty work in my place. How did it happen?"

"We just had a little settlement—difference of opinion," said Winslow enigmatically as he began to brush off his clothes and straighten up the overturned table and chair.

"Huh. Some little difference," grunted Dan. Then he demanded, "How did he get in here?"

"Through the basement. The chef let him in—so he said," replied Winslow.

"Take him out in the yard and throw

a bucket of cold water over him. Then put the run on him—out of here, don't want no bums in this place. It's a respectable dump, this is!" said Cagy Dan to the two porters who were lifting Kramer's sagging form from the floor.

Craig Winslow watched them depart, then closing the door behind them he began, very thoughtfully to undress.

He slept but fitfully, despite his unusual exertions and awoke at three o'clock in the afternoon far from refreshed. His muscles were sore and his mind was dull and logy, and troubled by thoughts that were not of the pleasantest. Kramer had become his Nemesis—the horrible example of what he might one day be, if he continued his career as a gambler and a waster.

The day was rainy—dull and gloomy like his mood. Cagy Dan had gone over to Dorrington. Winslow found small pleasure in his meal, a combination breakfast and luncheon he had become accustomed to, at the Maple Point Club, and he found less pleasure in the game that evening. The cards sickened him. The clicking rattle of chips annoyed him. The atmosphere of the gaming room got on his nerves. Nor did he play as well either.

When Cagy Dan came into the card room at two o'clock that morning his stack of chips was far below what it should have been. He was less interested in his fellow players and lost many an opportunity to match his wits against them or outgame them at crucial moments. Too often during the evening did the sorry figure of Tod Kramer flash to mind in contrast with the fine, clean, upstanding Frank Merriwell. And constantly the thought kept recurring to him—what would he be two or three years from now—a besotted, worthless wretch like Kramer or a man like Merriwell?

The play, dragging for an hour, stopped at four o'clock that morning



and Winslow, with a sigh of relief pushed back his small stack of chips and reached for his gold cigarette case.

Cagy Dan saw him and came toward him.

"Say, what's the matter with you, Winslow? Off your feed or something? You didn't half play 'em to-night," he said.

"I know it, Dan!" he admitted. Then he added, "to tell you the truth, I don't feel quite up to it—not now. Guess I'll quit for a while, Dan. I'm going to leave you. You had better get another house player."

"Too bad!" said Cagy Dan, almost sadly, "and after the neat pile you made night before last. It was that fight you had with Kramer that upset you. I can see that. But I ain't askin' no questions. Go ahead, Winslow, and take a few weeks off. If you want to come back, there's always a place for you.

But Winslow realized as he got up from the table that he never wanted to see the inside of the Maple Point Country Club again, nor any of its habitués. Indeed he did not even want to snatch the few hours sleep he could get there. Instead he hurried to his room and hastily packed his bags once more, almost happy now, his decision made.

He paused a moment to write a letter. But midway in the epistle, he tore it up and put the cap on his fountain pen.

"That won't do!" he told nobody in particular, "Merriwell knows my writing and he'll suspect I'm in on the treachery. And yet I want to warn him—I want to save that fine horse from injury at the hands of that beast, Kramer, if I can. I don't want Merriwell to know I am back in New Haven if I can help it, not yet. And that's where I'll have to mail the letter from this time of night."

He moved toward the call bell and

summoned a porter. To him he slipped a dollar with instruction to borrow the office typewriter and bring it up to his room along with some blank stationery and a stamped envelope.

On this, he swiftly pounded out a satisfactory letter, folded it, sealed and addressed it. Then with this tucked away in his inside pocket, he seized his bags and started downstairs. Without even a farewell to Cagy Dan, he hurried out into the yard and found his car. And as dawn was breaking over the city of New Haven, Craig Winslow was once more wending his way through the awakening streets to his lodgings. No one was abroad but the milkmen.

It was good to be back. Winslow's stride was almost buoyant as he hurried up the porch steps, his bags in hand and felt for his keys. The house was not astir yet. It was too early even for the landlady to be up and about. He moved softly but swiftly down the hall, and let himself into his own rooms.

But on the threshold he paused and stared about in astonishment. The place was in chaos. Drawers were tumbled out. Clothing was scattered about. The floor was littered with cigarette butts. A decanter was broken and an empty Scotch bottle lay in the center of his bed. The place had been burglarized.

Hastily Winslow stepped inside and moved from one piece of furniture to another. He examined the scattered contents of the drawers, too, his face clouded with fierce anger. Whoever had done the job, had gone through the rooms thoroughly. A number of things were missing—most of them trifles. Thank goodness, he had taken most of his valuables with him. Who could have done this miserable deed? Instantly thoughts of Kramer flashed to Winslow's mind, but before he could come to any real conclusion, came the

patter of slippers down the hall and a knock on his door.

"Is that you, Mr. Winslow?" queried the voice of the landlady.

"Yes. Come in!" snapped Winslow.

The door moved open and a figure in kimono, slippers and curl papers stepped in only to stop and stare in amazement.

"Fer the land sakes! What's happened?" she exclaimed.

"That's what I want to know. Who has been here?" demanded Winslow.

"Why yesterday—a man with reddish hair came. Said you had sent him for some clothing. I let him in. He has been to see you before I remember. Reddish hair and kind of fattish—one of the sort of companions I just don't approve of your having around my house!" She snapped the last with decision.

"That's Kramer—Tod Kramer—the beast. Getting even with me for the beating I gave him," rasped Winslow, his dark eyes glowing; his face becoming hard and grim. "I wouldn't give him any money so—he robbed me—the swine. But I'll even this score if it takes a lifetime."

## VII.

"Tell Jack Diamond I'll be back to my room at eight, tell him to wait, because I want to talk over some of the details of to-morrow's game," said Frank Merriwell to Bruce Browning as they left their favorite eating place after a rather elaborate meal of broiled English mutton chops, Merriwell's favorite meat course while in training.

"You be there too, Bruce. I may have some interesting information. I'm going over to the lab now to see what I can ferret out by analyzing the stains on the shreds of this saddle blanket."

Frank in his customary brisk strides swung off up the street past Harkness Hall toward the chemistry laboratory

where old Professor Ormsbee held sway. He knew that there was little likelihood of the professor being in his office at that hour of the evening but since he lived within a block of the chemistry building, Merriwell shaped his course that way.

The professor was just leaving his dinner table when Frank sounded his front-door bell, and with his napkin still in hand he answered the summons.

Briefly Merriwell related to the old white-haired professor, an international figure in the world of chemistry, all that had transpired at the polo stables and his mission there that evening, and as he pursued his crisp recital, the man of science opened his eyes in amazement and interest.

"You sure an acid was used?" he inquired.

"Quite positive. Doctor Vedder, the veterinary is of the same belief, too," said Frank. "But the strange part of it is the acid seems to be both colorless and odorless—and yet the burns—they are very bad, sir."

"Colorless and odorless," said the professor stroking his chin with the crumpled-up napkin, absently. "Why, Merriwell, I only know of one acid that could be described that way and that is the acid I discovered. It is not a commercial product. I think I am the only one who has any of it—I have only one single bottle over in the laboratory. I use it just for experimenting in classes now. Do you suppose—by Jove! we will go over to the chemistry building at the laboratory and analyze the blanket. Just a second."

At the chemistry building Professor Ormsbee opened a side door and he and Frank proceeded immediately to his office on the first floor where, apart from the main laboratory and immediately adjoining his office, he maintained a small private laboratory in which he did most of his own experimenting.

Dusk was coming on. The professor entered his office first and fumbled for the electric light. Frank was close behind him. The famous chemist bumped against a chair, muttered something about his own carelessness in leaving the furniture so disorderly, found the button and snapped on the light.

As he did so, came the sound of soft footfalls in the room adjoining; his laboratory. The old man looked up—startled.

"Who can that be? In my private sanctum. I——"

Merriwell with the swift movement of a panther, brushed past him and leaped for the door of the professor's private experimental plant. Flinging the portal open he dashed inside just in time to glimpse a shadowy figure dodging toward a corner of the room where stood a battery of tall retorts and chemical stilleries.

With an exclamation of anger, Merriwell plunged after him. But an instant before he reached the spot one of the big stills crashed over with a resounding roar and from behind it rushed a fleeting figure streaking across the room for the nearest window.

Merriwell launched himself in a headlong dive across the remains of the broken still and in as brilliant a tackle as he had ever made on the football field, locked his arms about the intruder's legs, throwing him heavily. They landed with a crash together and rolled over and over across the floor, the intruder kicking and cursing bitterly as he tried to free himself from Merriwell's embrace.

Ordinarily such a thing would have been impossible as many a collegiate half back had come to know for when once Frank Merriwell locked his arms about an opponent's legs, he went down and stayed down until Merriwell was ready to free him. But this was an exception. The violence of their wres-

ting and thrashing about the laboratory resulted in more than one crash of breaking glass as apparatus fell to the floor. And it culminated in a real disaster for Merriwell.

Kicking and writhing the man twisted and turned with the violence of a wild boar in the embrace of a constrictor. He was a heavy man and strong, and fear lent panic to his strength. Merriwell could not pinion him down completely, nor dared he lose his grip on the man's legs to secure a better body hold for fear the man might make his escape. So, at a disadvantage, Frank wrestled with him, rolling under tables, knocking over stools and finally crashing with terrific violence against a great encased static electrical machine that was part of the laboratory equipment.

Came the splintering of wood and the tinkling crackle of glass. Frank saw the huge apparatus sway, topple, and begin to fall. He tried to dodge: to roll free of the heavy machine and still retain his grip on the man's legs. But he was only partially successful. With a roar that sounded in Frank's ears like the burst of a clap of thunder, the thing fell on him. Frank felt a numbing pain in his shoulder and the side of his head. Myriads of lights danced before his eyes and floated off into space. For the briefest interval he seemed struggling on the edge of a deep abyss. Then suddenly he seemed to lose his balance and pitch headlong forward into the darkness and utter oblivion.

Professor Ormsbee was standing over him applying a damp cloth to his head and holding a vial of some exceedingly unpleasant smelling chemical to his nostrils, when Frank next became conscious. For a moment, he could not recall just what had happened. But when he did, he was on his feet in an instant.

"Did he get away, professor?" he demanded.

"He did, the wretch, after wrecking my place!" said the old savant bitterly.

"Could you see him? Did you get a good look at him?" demanded Frank.

"No. It was dark. But it seemed to me, by the light of the street lamp as he went out the window that his hair was red. He was bareheaded—left his cap behind. I found it. Here it is, you see."

Professor Ormsbee held a fashionable cut and fastidiously tailored cap toward Merriwell. There was something very familiar about its brown-and-white plaid design that caused Merriwell to take it, turn it over and look inside. And the first thing that his eyes fell upon were the initials C. W. imprinted on the sweatband.

Merriwell stared hard at them. Then up at the professor.

"You certain about that red hair, professor?" he queried puzzled.

"It seemed to me it looked reddish, but I couldn't be absolutely certain. Why?"

"Well, I rather think I know the owner of this cap but—he hasn't red hair. I wonder what the intruder wanted."

"Acid. I am certain of that. Look here." He led Merriwell across the laboratory to a row of shelves on which were a number of queerly shaped containers in which acids were kept. One had been lifted out of place and stood alone on a table, the stopper out. Beside it, upset, was a glass-stoppered bottle.

"He was in the act of filling this bottle when we surprised him. And what is more, I thoroughly believe that had you been able to apprehend him, you would have found that he was in some way associated with the foul play perpetrated upon your polo pony. I examined the shreds of the saddle blanket you brought here with you, but I needed only a glance to know that the acid had been used on it. No

other acid has the same chemical reaction on wool that that does.

"The wretch, whoever he is, doubtless stole some acid from the laboratory and applied it to your saddle blanket. And not satisfied with the result of his first effort, he came back to-night to get more, with which to try again to ruin your horse. We will turn this matter over to the police," stormed Professor Ormsbee.

"No, no! Not the police. Please don't. I am inclined to think, professor, we can get at the bottom of this thing without the aid of the police. Yale doesn't want any scandal of this nature noised across the country. Think of the reputation of the university. And besides, with our biggest polo game of the year but two weeks off, we do not want word to get out that some one is tampering with our polo ponies.

"Let me have that cap, professor, and do not say a single word about the matter for a while. I am firmly convinced that I will be able to run down the man who is behind it all. Of course there are any number of present and former students who are familiar with your laboratory, and with your acid. You can't think of some one offhand who might be doing this dirty work, can you?"

"No, I can't. I only wish that I could," said the professor disconsolately looking at his wrecked laboratory.

"Never mind," said Frank, taking the cap and gathering up his riddled saddle blanket, "we are not without clues, professor, and I thoroughly believe that we will be able to get at the bottom of this affair as we have gotten at the men behind several other unpleasant situations here at Yale. Thank you very much for your assistance and I am dreadfully sorry about the way your sanctum has been wrecked as a result of to-night's encounter."

"We can repair those damages,

Merriwell," said the professor, "the thing that annoys me is to realize that we have such a dastardly scoundrel or scoundrels among us and are unable to bring them to a punishment befitting their crimes."

"We'll run the rascals to the ground," said Frank confidently as he took his departure.

But the more Frank pondered the situation as he swung along through the darkened streets toward Durfee Hall, the more mystifying the whole thing became. That was Craig Winslow's cap the intruder wore and had left behind in his hasty flight. And yet Professor Ormsbee had thought that the man had red hair. Frank felt confident that the professor's eyes, aged though they were, had not deceived him, for in the mêlée he had also glimpsed the stranger's coppery thatch. It was a brief glimpse to be sure, but such a glimpse as he had had of the man with whom he had had the encounter in the street a few weeks before; the man whom he had knocked backward through a privet hedge in such a thoroughly workmanlike manner. Moreover the intruder's build and general appearance resembled that of the drunken loafer who had waylaid little Miss Evans that evening. Was this filthy, besotten creature and Craig Winslow working together?

Such were the thoughts that were crowding Merriwell's brain as he reached Durfee Hall and bounded up the first flight of stairs to the second floor.

His room, as usual was crowded, when he opened the door and stepped inside. But when the assembled students glimpsed the lump and black-and-blue scar on the side of Frank's head, they gaped in astonishment.

"Smoley hokes—I mean holy smokes—what happened to you, fair one? Didst a safe drop on you—or something!" exclaimed Harry Rattle-

ton, staring at Frank wide-eyed with curiosity.

Frank smiled.

"That's about it, Harry," he said, as he searched the faces of the fellows in the room.

They were all his most intimate friends. Bruce, Jack Diamond, and the three other members of the polo team, with the three substitutes, as well as Harry, Tempest, and Bart Hodge. He could trust all of them to secrecy.

"Look here, fellows, I'll tell you exactly what happened providing you will not let the news go a single step further, and you will all help me in ferreting out this situation."

"We hereby solemnly swear——" said Jack Diamond, in mock seriousness, holding up his left hand in imitation of a witness taking the stand.

Frank swung himself up onto the center table and with his legs dangling told them all that had happened at the stables and at the chemistry laboratory, in the end, producing the cap of the intruder.

Bruce Browning pounced upon it.

"Why, that's Craig Winslow's cap, Frank. I told you he was behind it all. I knew he was up to something the moment I found out he was back in New Haven."

"But," said Frank, with a queer sort of smile, "the man who wore this cap had red hair."

"Perhaps he—I mean Winslow, wore a wig," suggested Rattleton.

"Wig, your grandmother!" snorted Jack Diamond.

"Yeah—she did!" retorted Harry.

"Did what, you simp?"

"Wear a wig—my grandmother did—uh-huh—I saw her once when I was a little boy. Had false teeth, too, and—quit, you!"

Tempest threw the sofa pillow and a rough-house was imminent. But Frank put a stop to it, when Harry picked up a book from his desk to



throw at Tempest, thereby spilling a pile of mail from the table.

"Hey, you. Quit! That's my mail. Take your rough-house out into the hall. We want to talk polo, anyhow. To-morrow is the Grafton game," exclaimed Frank, pouncing upon the letters and gathering them up from the floor.

Some of the fellows left for their own rooms then, while others settled down again, and remained silent while Frank hastily opened a half dozen letters, glanced through them and consigned those he did not want to peruse further to the waste-paper basket. The last letter held his interest longer than any of the rest and as he read and re-read it, a frown puckered his brow. He whistled softly.

"Now what do you think of this, fellows?" he said finally looking up, "Here's an anonymous letter, typewritten and mailed in New Haven some time late last night or early enough this morning to catch the first local delivery. Listen:

MERRIWELL: Watch your polo ponies. There is dirty work afoot to cripple your mounts, especially your black mare. The man you will likely suspect first has nothing to do with it.

For a moment the room was silent. Then:

"Well, I'll be jiggered! What do you think of that?" exclaimed Jack.

"I don't know. The man you will

likely suspect first has nothing to do with it—sounds funny. Who does that mean? I've suspected Hagan, Winslow, that red-headed drunk, and even some of the stable help—but which I suspected first I don't remember—anyhow——"

"Why, it means Winslow—I'll bet a hat! He has been your worst enemy at New Haven. But I think it is a bunch of bunk. Some one—perhaps even Winslow himself—wrote that letter to throw you off the track. I'll bet a hat that's it!" insisted Bruce Browning.

Frank was silent for some time, his brow knit in deep study. Then presently he folded the letter and slipped it into his pocket.

"Well, whoever the writer is, he didn't get word to us in time to prevent the dirty work. Let's hope the miserable skunk who is responsible, is satisfied with his handiwork, although it certainly does not look as if he were, the way that fellow tried to get hold of that acid again to-night. Let's talk polo, fellows. There are a couple of plays I want to outline for to-morrow's game. Then I think I'll take a run out to the stables before I turn in and tell Jennings what has happened, so that he can be on his guard for further dirty work. You fellows can all go along for the ride if you want to. We'll get back quickly and turn in early so we can all be in good shape for the game to-morrow."

To Be Concluded.





# H O C K E Y



## Cocky Dawes

By Sam Carson and Paul Ritter

Cocky Dawes was a good hockey player and he knew it; but he soon found that reputations don't last long when abused.

**C**OME on you Maroons. Shoot it, 'Cocky.' Don't let 'em tie you."

These and other cries sounded from the stands. Darrow fans were screaming encouragement to the Maroons as the Forester stickmen raced across the ice in the last few minutes of play. It was by far the tightest hockey match of the new season.

Cocky Dawes, Maroon captain and recent collegiate star, shot to the fore and with a sweep carried the puck down the rink. Weaving in and out he eluded the Foresters, swerved toward the left and drew the goal tender to that side. Then, with another wheel, Cocky darted to the right. He drove the disk at the net, where a tiny corner was left unprotected. The Forester goalie thrust out his heavy stick. He missed by a full inch. And the roar of Darrow fans told even before the crimson bulb at the cage top registered the shot. Three minutes later the final bell clanged. The Maroons had won.

"Easy," Cocky said airily, gliding back toward his goal and acknowledging the plaudits of the stands. There was an air of superiority about him, of easy assurance which caused Givens, the Forester captain, to grit his teeth.

"The egotistical sap," he muttered. "Way he acts is what gets you. Look at him doing figure eights and flourishes."

Gray-haired Mike Donlie, who had coached a dozen teams for the Darrow

Athletic Club, approached Cocky as the latter went into the dressing room.

"Good work son," he commented.

"Yeah," Cocky replied as if tribute was his by inheritance. "I was good. Mike. And while we're on the subject you'd better build up the team to support me a little more. I'll do the scoring, with the proper backing."

Donlie checked an angry retort. Never had he had such rank insubordination until Cocky Dawes' coming. Literally Cocky was assuming active management. He was interfering with Donlie's routine and there had been more than one clash. If anything, the club was neutral. That was unwise.

The coach went into the dressing room without comment. But his cheeks were flushed and his gray eyes were bright with emotion. He had seen other Cocky Daweses in his long career. In earlier years Mike's sarcastic tongue would have been active. Lately he had learned the art of patience.

Behind the coach limped a tiny figure, eyes also bright, but not from resentment. "Hinky" Baker was the boy's name. He wore misfit clothing and an enormous overcoat with sleeves so long they were rolled back. Hinky was the club's handy boy, a dyed-in-the-wool Maroon fan and abject worshiper of Cocky Dawes. He was hurrying to get in so that he could be of assistance to his beloved idol.

"Hinky," a voice cried. "Gimme the

key to my locker. Hinky, run out and find Peggy. Say Hinky, where are the towels?"

Grinning broadly the limping boy obeyed various and sundry instructions. But he invariably showed up near Cocky Dawes when the captain needed something done.

And now, when the players had about finished dressing, Hinky sat down on the bench, looking up at his hero with adoring eyes. "Gee, Mister Cocky," he said, "you sure did tie them Foresters into a knot to-night."

Cocky reached over and patted Hinky's shoulder. "Didn't I though," he agreed. "Kid, I played with 'em till I had to go after 'em good and strong. Let 'em think I was going to let the score get tied up, eh? They'll know Cocky Dawes better after this."

Coach Donlie heard it all as he stood beside Tom Morine, the Maroon's goal tender. Morine muttered something and looked up at his friend of many years.

"How long," he asked, "are we going to put up with that fresh loud speaker? He is in his element now, with Hinky listening in."

Donlie looked away. "We won," he said quietly. "Remember that. Listen Tom, I believe Cocky will get over his boasting when he has more experience. And he is a crack player. You can't deny that."

"No, I can't. That's the rotten part of it. We've never had as valuable a player. But he's such a grandstander. Plays for his gallery like an actor. And did you see him cutting figure eights and stunting after he shot that last goal? Look at him now, with Hinky all eyes. He's nothing less than a hero to that poor kid."

Donlie was looking elsewhere. He had caught sight of a slim figure outside, waiting. Betty Cravens was the best looking girl in Darrow. No one hardly denied that fact. She was the

best dancer, a crack skater, tennis player and ran an insurance office with as much ability as any masculine executive. Tom Morine saw her, too.

"She," he growled, "Betty Cravens, who turned down a millionaire last summer. And now she is waiting on that sap to get through bragging to Hinky."

Donlie had to laugh. "Let's go down to French Marty's. I'm hungry."

But the coach and his friend were not the only ones commenting upon Cocky Dawes' pronounced ego. Other members of the Maroon team couldn't get their captain off their minds. And herein was a strange fact. Cocky was the most colorful player ever seen on a Darrow ring, amateur or professional. He was a drawing card. But personally he wasn't liked at all. Cocky was good. His fault was in admitting to the world that he was good. His egotism overshadowed whatever virtues he possessed. Handsome, it was small wonder that Betty Cravens liked him, to her father's disgust. Old Edgar C. Cravens was a railroad man. The first time he had seen Cocky in his parlor he had tossed a book at the cat.

"Didn't I show 'em up?" Cocky asked, as they faced a stiff wind on their way home. Betty nodded, clinging to his arm and skipping along. "You played a dandy game, Cocky. But you know, as well as I do, that you drew a fine finish. Every one was talking about it."

"Give 'em a thrill," Cocky laughed. "Make 'em stand up and beg you to score. That's what I like. Gives me a kick."

"You mean it gives the others a chance to kick."

"Let 'em," Cocky retorted. "They can get another captain. I don't have to play."

"Nor work," Betty supplied. "Cocky, why don't you get a job? You've no idea how it would help. You know

Darrow's too small to have its idle rich."

"I'm not rich. Just some money and stocks my dad left in trust when he died. I don't waste money. But when you've got so much a month, assured, why you'll live it all up. Why should I work?"

Betty was sober when she replied. "You haven't lived here all your life, Cocky. Folks just remember you going and coming from prep school, then college. Then, after your father died, you're back—living in the house by yourself. They—oh I'm not telling you to change your ways because it's what people have to say. But—I'm a working girl. And it's the way you feel, doing something worth while."

"Thanks for your sage advice," Cocky told her, lips drawn a bit grim. "Did it ever occur to you that I'm carrying on just as my father wished—in his last letter—before he died? He had some queer ideas. But I was his only kid, and he—well he wanted me to enjoy some of the things he had missed. You know he ran away from home as a boy."

Suddenly he laughed. "Say, let's change the subject. Going to let me take you to the hop Saturday? I like to go when I've got the girl they all would like to take."

"You're hopeless," Betty replied. "I'm going with you, Cocky."

Halfway down the slope a tiny shape came out from the shadows of the trees. It was Hinky Baker. "Gee, Mister Cocky, you know you went off and left a five-dollar bill on the floor? I've been waiting, till after you took Miss Betty home."

Cocky locked down at the shivering figure. "Say, have you lost your mind? Get for home. Scoot. I left that bill for you. Don't you dare show it to me again. For the love of Pete, standing out here in zero weather."

Hinky scuttled away. But he was

sobbing. He wasn't going to let even this young man he worshiped know just how much an extra five dollars would mean to him and the rag-tag family to which he belonged. He scuttled away. But at a discreet distance Hinky stopped. Then he followed until Cocky Dawes had gone through the stone arch which spanned the entrance to the Dawes place. "Five dollars," he said. "Gee, I c'n lay one whole buck aside for that sweater."

That sweater was a duplicate of the one Cocky wore. It was in a show window downtown, green and orange striped upon a maroon background.

It was gorgeous. It would be, for Hinky to sport it.

Hinky tried to skip. His mind was skipping. He was thinking about that wonderful gift.

Cocky, whistling as he unlocked the door, had forgotten already. Old Dave, the servant, had already gone to bed. Cocky went straight to his room. For a while he tinkered with his radio set. Then he glanced over magazines. But this, too, palled him. His mind was on Betty. "Wants me to go to work," he reflected, "because her family always held jobs. If I could put her in this house, she'd quit work herself." He thought of Betty beside him in Florida, flashing through the surf or striding along some golf course beneath a warm sun. That was the life—obtaining pleasure. He had the income, five hundred dollars a month it paid. Why should he hunt a job?

Now the splendid support Darrow was giving the Maroons in the matter of box office receipts was arousing comment. The Darrow Athletic Club already was laying plans for a new building. Its membership was growing and there was talk of a club golf course. So far the team had been undefeated. And whenever such a situation exists, the urge to make money grows.

Thus it was that one "Curly" Weaver,

a tight-lipped, thin individual who seldom went out in daylight, began to turn his attention upon Darrow's loyalty to the Maroons and wonder just exactly how he could profit thereby. Curly was in Darrow temporarily. He had been in various cities of the United States and Canada—temporarily.

To-night he was talking with a young man, hardly a year older than Cocky Dawes. Larry Bullock he was named, fair-haired and with a pleasant grin to match his smiling, blue eyes. Larry dressed correctly, knew how to dance the latest steps, could skate well and went with the right people. He was a native of Darrow. Since leaving college his means of obtaining a livelihood had been rather vague. He sold bonds and real estate at times. He let neither interfere with pleasure. And recently he had been in company with Curly Weaver three times a week, receiving instructions, and yellow-backed bills once a week.

"Darrow," Curly announced, flourishing a slim cigar, "would back the Maroons to the limit, against any amateur outfit in the State."

Larry nodded. He didn't quite understand what Curly was driving at. But he knew he hadn't been summoned for nothing. He waited.

"There's money in such confidence," the gambler observed. "You risk your cash when you back an outfit to beat another. That's a fool's game. But if you have one in hand, and know when they'll lose——"

He waved his hand expressively. "Then you've got a cinch."

Larry Bullock understood now.

Curly Weaver sat back in his easy chair, gazing at the snapping coal fire. "I take it," he went on, "that almost all the members can be handled."

"Not by bribing," Larry interrupted. "Why——"

"Who said bribing," Curly retorted coldly. "I didn't. Now listen. Who

is on that team that would make the most trouble?"

"Cocky Dawes, of course. He's independent."

Weaver smiled. "My own idea. We'll get him off. He's unpopular now. Conceited. A few things can happen—— Now I want you to be sponsor to a boy who's coming in next week. 'Peg' Bledsoe by name. Best hockey pro in the Western provinces. Nobody in five hundred miles would know him. Has a side kick, Pierre Clinton. May use him. You attend to getting those boys in right for me at the club. I'll start something to deal with Mister Cocky Dawes."

"Two more members of that team string along with Cocky," Larry observed. "'Clint' Newman and 'Dutch' Hager."

"Yeah. Know all that. They won't, after this week."

It happened that Curly Weaver's promise was broken. Whatever he had plotted, didn't materialize. Wherefore the Maroons took on next the Yeomen, ancient rivals, for a walkover. There was one thing which marred the victory. Cocky, while making a run down the side line, collided with Morton, a Yeomen player and the opposing player suffered a broken arm. Cocky shot the goal, then returned and picked up young Morton, really in a panic of fear, but outwardly calm. It was one of those spills caused by overeagerness. Morton never did blame Cocky. He was equally to blame. But the spectators saw Cocky swerve in, just as Morton came up. There was talk about the matter for days.

On top of that came the incident on the lake when Cocky skated into the line-up of a quarter-mile dash and crossed the finish line ten feet ahead of the field. It was sheer bravado. Cocky had been up the lake and saw the crowd. He remembered vaguely that a North Darrow contest of some sort

was in progress. He flashed into the line-up just as the pistol fired. And as he came back down the ice, grinning, there were few who smiled.

Cocky came down for practice a few mornings later and found two strangers out with the team. Donlie introduced them as Peg Bledsoe and Pierre Clinton. Bledsoe regarded Cocky with something akin to hostility, the latter imagined. Bledsoe was a wide-shouldered individual, wearing a habitual scowl. Clinton was slim and wiry, possessed of an elaborate courtesy. The pair, Donlie explained, had come to Darrow and Larry Bullock had recommended them for club membership. Both had expressed a wish to make the Maroons, if good enough.

Cocky grinned. Others had tried to make the Maroons. Let them try. He came out of the dressing room and took his place. To-day a scrub team had been recruited, Bledsoe and Clinton on the outfit.

Hardly had the puck been thrown into play when there was a move on the part of Peg Bledsoe which caused other players to seem to be standing still. His break was so sudden that Cocky had no chance. The newcomer wove in and out and whirled the disk at the astounded goal tender. It struck within, a true goal. Bledsoe laughed. Donlie didn't. He merely stood there and stared. It was something too good to be true. Presently he did chuckle thoughtfully as he saw Bledsoe carrying the fight to Cocky and his team. With Pierre at his side, Bledsoe gave the Maroons one of the warmest periods they had ever experienced in training.

Cocky was nettled. Things weren't going as usual. Often he had played a waiting game, then outsprinted and outplayed candidates for the team. To-day things were reversed. Cocky had the puck and was starting a run when a figure overtook him, snatched the

disk to one side, reversed and started a run toward the Maroon goal. Peg Bledsoe had outmaneuvered him very successfully.

Cocky saw other members of the Maroons studying the newcomers, particularly Bledsoe. They were manifestly impressed. This man could play as well as any one on the regular line-up. Twice before Donlie stepped out and blew his whistle, Bledsoe had outsprinted Cocky. It irked the Maroon captain. And when no one else was around Bledsoe sauntered over. "I can outplay you," he growled. "Watch your step or I'll have your place, young fellow. And if you don't like it——"

Cocky bounded forward. "Why you big hunk of cheese. Try and get my place. And if you want action, here's the place for it—and now."

They were standing, face to face, when Coach Donlie and others of the Maroon team entered the dressing room. "What's all this?" Donlie demanded.

Bledsoe turned and smiled. "Sorry. Maybe your captain was in a peevish temper this morning. He just invited me to have a fight."

Donlie turned to Cocky. "This is unusual—for you. Remember, Mr. Bledsoe is our guest. Likely to be a member. I think you owe him an apology."

Cocky's face went pale. He was beyond speaking at the situation. But his wrath had not abated. Bledsoe had tricked him. But what for? And of all things, Donlie taking his part. Cocky had finished dressing. Now he strode out without speaking.

Hinky Baker followed. He had to shuffle along to keep up with the fast-walking captain. "Gee, Mister Cocky. I seen him. And I heard wot he said. 'At bird's gonna frame you—for something. I'm goin' right back an' tell Mister Donlie something."

"You stay out of this." Cocky said curtly. "It wouldn't do any good any-



how. This is between me and this gink Bledsoe. Thanks all the same, Hinky."

Hinky went away tearfully. Bledsoe's obvious play to gain an advantage over Cocky had been apparent to him. Then the low-pitched words just before Donlie's entry had made Cocky's outburst of temper justifiable to Hinky, at least. That it had to remain a secret, hurt. "Something's wrong," he reflected, "when a bird frames Cocky, first pass outa the box. An' I'm gonna be a committee of one who'll try to find out why."

Cocky went on downtown, in no cheerful frame of mind, when Judge Easton, executor of Cocky's father's estate, stopped him. "My son," he said, "I've been trying to locate you. Will you come up to my office?"

"If it's some papers to sign, just do like you always did," Cocky replied irritably. "You've got my power of attorney."

"There are no papers," Judge Easton told him. "It is far more important than that."

Cocky followed him with a sigh. Now he would have to sit through a half hour or more of solemn advice upon some change of policy. And then the lawyer would harangue him upon choosing a career.

This morning Judge Easton appeared worried. He closed the door to his inner office and lighted a cigar. Then he regarded Cocky until that young man grew fidgety. "You never," he observed presently, "did select any business to go into. I'm sorry."

"Why?" Cocky was annoyed. Was this what he was invited in to hear?

"Because," Judge Easton replied, "you will have to—now. Did you read this morning's paper?"

"No, sir. I went straight to the rink," he answered.

"Ventura Consolidated has gone to the wall. A bad smash."

Cocky listened for further elucidation.

"What has my going to work to do with that?"

"Practically every penny of your father's estate, that is the money end, was invested in Ventura Consolidated, my boy. It means you haven't anything left—except your home."

Cocky sat there, too numbed to speak. Then he got up and went over to the window overlooking the busy street. Judge Easton was saying something, about helping him go into an office of a friend. Cocky whirled.

"Judge, I'm thankful. Don't think I'm not. You were daddy's only friend who understood him. Listen, please don't say a word. I'll—I'll figure out something. You can't help business wrecks once in a while. Breaks of the game. Just keep mum. I'll come through. Any money left at all?"

"I called up the bank a while ago. You have, probably, five hundred dollars on deposit, provided you haven't any outstanding checks."

"There are a few," Cocky laughed. It wasn't exactly mirthful. "So's that's the end of the trail. Like father, like son. He protected me in life. And he tried it in death."

Judge Easton laid a hand upon the younger man's shoulder. "One thing you should know, my boy. I'll be waiting, if you make a mess of things. But I admit I'll feel very good if you work out your own salvation."

This time Cocky grinned in earnest. "I'll show 'em all," he boasted. "Well, it's been a dandy show while it lasted. I'll hold onto the place for a while."

"It's good, for ten or twelve thousand dollars," Judge Easton reminded. "So near downtown."

"And right now," Cocky mused, "I couldn't pay the taxes. Much obliged, Judge. Hard luck. Good morning."

He called Betty at noon. "Come on and have lunch with me," he invited.

"I don't know," she replied doubtfully. "Awfully busy. And——"

"What if I told you I'm thinking of hunting a job."

"That depends upon your earnestness. But I'll meet you—in ten minutes."

"And now," Betty implored ten minutes later in the little side-street restaurant she patronized, "tell me what happened after giving me the surprise of my young life."

"I'm broke," he told her. "Absolutely and finally." He went into details. "Quite a jolt to get right after breakfast, with a newcomer trying to get my place on the team."

"The team," Betty scoffed. "I believe that's the only thing in the world interesting you."

Cocky nodded thoughtfully. "Lately," he admitted, "it has been. Except you. If I can't make good for keeps with the Maroons, I can't make good with anything. But I did better than make good. And you know it, Betty."

"I didn't think you'd admit that."

Cocky laughed. "Don't get sarcastic. I know why they call me Cocky Dawes. Well, my motto is toot your own little horn. If you believe you're good, you are."

"But sometimes," Betty said, "people don't like—tooting."

"That's an inferiority complex. Whenever a fellow is good, there's a gang wants to knock him down. Sure I recognize all that. About hunting a job—I'm starting out to-day."

"What could you do, Cocky, besides playing hockey?"

"Absolutely nothing. Listen, there's a party over at Bailey Morton's to-morrow night. What say? Told him I'd bring you, if you cared to go."

Betty shook her head. "Sorry. But I've got a couple of trips to-morrow and the next day calculated to take all the pep I've got. Maybe later on. I must hurry back. Expect to be at the game Saturday. So long."

She went by the cashier and paid

her own check. Then, with a wave Betty was gone.

The restaurant owner halted Cocky. "Son, that's going to be a tight game Saturday against Salter. What's this I'm hearing, about the odds going against you?"

Cocky had been staring after the slim figure crossing the street. He turned. "Huh. Odds. Listen Tony, maybe you think I'm giving you apple sauce, but I don't keep up with betting odds. We're going to lick Salter. And I'm going to make three of the points."

"I hear," the owner insisted, "that Curly Weaver is offering the odds. That is very strange. Curly does not bet unless he knows what he is doing. Maybe you have not heard that, eh?"

Cocky laughed. "Listen, Tony, I'll make it a special point to lick Salter, if the rest of the gang don't. Come out and watch my smoke. What Cocky Dawes says—goes."

Nevertheless Cocky was perturbed. He postponed considering hunting a job that day and went down to the lake. Presently he was skimming over the ice and had forgotten everything else. It was glorious to fight the wind, to glide without effort with it. Perhaps his subconscious mind kept on the subject of Cocky's disaster. Anyway he remained out after he had completed miles and was moist from the effort. He was heading for the bank when a group of boys began shouting near an air hole. Cocky guessed what had happened. And now he saw a youngster hanging to the side, face white.

It required some time for Cocky to work his way to the boy. And as he was lifting the lad up, a section of ice gave way and both went into the chill water. Only another group of skaters saved both.

Cocky disdained an offer of a blanket some one brought down and sprinted across lots toward his home, five blocks distant. It was very foolish. The next

morning he was hoarse, and his eyes were burning. A doctor could have given the correct diagnosis. But Cocky was afraid. He might be put to bed; wherefore he wouldn't be able to play Saturday against Salter. So, despite the petition of Old Dave, who wouldn't let Cocky discharge him, Cocky remained in the house and attempted to doctor himself.

Thus it was he went into the Saturday game weak and shaky. Clint Newman noted this and spoke to Donlie. But the coach didn't want anything wrong with Cocky. He needed him too badly. So Cocky faced the Salter captain with a temperature. And as the referee tossed in the puck Cocky leaped forward with his old dash, to find that he was off balance. Instead of using his stick to reach forward, he leaned against it for a brief period. In that loss of time Salter took the puck and started its first run. From then on, through that period, the Maroons were on the defensive.

Donlie saw his star outplayed, outskated and outguessed. At times Cocky was like the veriest amateur, standing stock-still until the desperate fans urged him. There would come flashes, like just before the end of play, when Cocky came from nowhere and went down the ice to get the disk past a surprised goalie for the Maroons only counter. But that brief flash was all. Cocky seemed to drag himself into the dressing room where Donlie looked at him coldly.

"I've heard," he announced to the team, "that there's something queer about this game. But I thought it was because Salter has two new wingmen." He looked at Cocky as he spoke. "But so far we've been throwing this game away ourselves. Maybe it's just coincidence.

"Get out this period and give Salter what it deserves. Show them it takes more than two new players. It

takes spirit. For Pete's sake, Cocky, get up some steam."

Cocky wanted to say something was throbbing inside his head, that his temples were pounding, ears roaring and throat so dry he felt like he had been without water for ages. He should have done some explaining. But his old stubbornness rose. "Watch me," he croaked, "this next round."

"I will," Donlie commented grimly. "Else Bledsoe goes in for you."

Back on the ice Cocky did spurt up. He went into action with such fierceness that the stands roared.

Back and forth he darted, forcing the battle to Salter. And his work enabled Clint Newman to shoot a second goal.

Now men and women were on their feet, shouting encouragement. And as they remained on their feet they saw Cocky sweep down the ice in a gallant run, to slow up with such abruptness that his wingmen swept ahead, converged and stared, open-mouthed, as the Salter captain cut in and took the disk. A surprised "ah" swept the stands. Then every one sat down. Temporarily demoralized the Maroons let Salter tear in and shoot the cage. Donlie, from his bench, grunted. Then he looked across at Peg Bledsoe. "Go in," he ordered, "for Cocky."

In the past Cocky Dawes had been taken out because the game was easy and Donlie wanted him to rest. But this was something different. Bledsoe was laughing as he glided up. "Warm a bench," he growled, "you has-been. See how they're gonna like you now."

There were a few shouts of derision as Cocky reported to Donlie. The coach paid him little attention until the Maroons had stiffened and Bledsoe was tearing into Salter with grim determination. Then he glanced around at the team leader. "Hike for the dressing room," he ordered. "I'm through with you—for to-night."

Even then Cocky might have saved himself. He wanted to tell Donlie his head was aching, and fever was racking his body. But that stubborn pride persisted. Instead he rose, tight-lipped, and sauntered off. Hinky alone followed.

"Mister Cocky," he quavered, "tell me—somepin's wrong. They're saying"—he swallowed hard—"they're saying you're laying down."

For once Cocky felt too miserable to reply. He sat down and buried his face. Outside there were cheers. The Maroons were staging a rally. Hinky clenched his fists. "I hope we don't win," he said. "Peg Bledsoe ain't as good as you. He's too fresh. And he don't like me."

Cocky dressed wearily. Things were dancing before his eyes. He didn't know until the next day how Salter, in the last period, had forged one ahead and had won the game. They were still playing when he went out the side door, Hinky at his heels.

At sight of the boy Cocky halted. "You go back. They'll be needing you in a few minutes."

"You don't look right, Mister Cocky. I'm gonna see you get home." And follow Cocky Hinky Baker did.

Darrow fans were in a turmoil. The morning paper carried a story criticizing Cocky's rôle. A majority of Maroon supporters upheld this contention. Cocky had refused to answer the phone when the *Times* sports editor had called him for a statement.

Donlie had announced that Peg Bledsoe would remain in Cocky's place until further notice. And as one of the regulars was leaving, he named Pierre Clinton after the latter had played a full period with the Maroons against Salter to good advantage.

Cocky read all this the next morning. The fever had left him, but he felt very weak. Remaining indoors, it was, of course, impossible that he could hear

the whispered word which went from pool room to drug store and wherever else Darrow men forgathered. That was that Curly Weaver had made quite a sum out of the Salter-Maroon match and had hinted that he could tell something about Cocky's remarkable showing the night before.

Hinky came up in the afternoon with that news. Cocky had gotten out of bed. "I knew you was sick, Mister Cocky. But you wouldn't tell anybody. Honest to goodness—why don't cha go down right now and tell the coach?"

"They wouldn't believe me," Cocky replied. "Too late."

Hinky squared off, glaring at his hero. "You're a sap," he said scornfully. "You know what a lot of folks'll think from now on? That you sold out to ol' Curly Weaver. It's leaked out you're broke—and didn't know any other way to make money."

Cocky leaped to his feet. He had just thought of Betty Cravens. What would she think? She knew he had lost his income in the crash. And this combination of circumstances—

"Huh! Wot's the matter now?" Hinky demanded. "Wot you gonna do? Let 'em get away with it?"

"No." Cocky's mouth was grim. "You bet I'm not, son."

Hinky settled back in his chair with a wide grin. "Well, lemme tell you sompin. Next game with Centreville's a kick. Folks don't know it. But we do. And week after that comes the big show—the Down Easters."

"I'm going to play in that game," Cocky announced.

"Yeah. Well, you gotta lot to do first. You gotta get well. Then there's getting back on the team. Honest, Mister Cocky, you're in bad."

Cocky was in his clothes now. He laid an arm upon Hinky's shoulder. "I've been awake for hours," he said, "just thinking. Only thing I ever

wanted to do, Hinky, was to make a good hockey player. Just in me to brag. And it tickled me to hear 'em poke fun at my grand-standing. Oh, I know all about it. Then I just had to show the world I was good. They don't understand. Maybe they never will, Hinky. But you—you do. I'm straight. If it hadn't been my fool pride I never would have gone in last night. But Peg Bledsoe——"

"I hate him," Hinky cut in. "He's a crook."

"Bledsoe's been hunting trouble with me from the first day. I don't know why he was after my place."

"I got a hunch," Hinky spoke up. "An' it's a wild one, too." He stood up. And Cocky observed Hinky's sweater for the first time.

"You little rascal, where'd you get the scenery?"

It was orange and green striped, upon a maroon background. Hinky's lips quivered; he had been waiting a long time for that question. "Like yours, Mister Cocky. I paid five bucks for it."

Cocky looked away. His throat felt awfully tight. "Hinky," he said at last, "if I'm worth one tenth what you value me at, I'll get by in this world, with medals. Listen, I left my outfit up in my locker. Will you get the things? I'm going to practice down the lake."

"They're in the hall," Hinky replied. "I brought 'em."

That week was one Cocky was to remember all his life. He had never known before what it was to feel the contempt of his fellow men. Few spoke to him. And when he met Donlie one morning the coach crossed the street to avoid speaking. Only Clint Newman came around. And his visit was after nightfall. "Just want to tell you," he said, "I'm not sore, Cocky. Me'n Dutch Hager, we're for you. Only we're laying low. The team's sore.

Bledsoe's talking about you and Curly Weaver."

"What is it he's saying?" Cocky asked quietly.

"Oh, that you sold out. Most folks believe that now. Some of 'em want to make you leave town. But it'll die down."

"It will die down," Cocky promised. "And how?"

"Well, some time," Clint reflected, "you'll have another chance."

"I'll take my next chance," Cocky said.

Cocky didn't phone Betty. Neither did he write. But he spent hours out of sight. A few saw him on the ice, but not the general public. Darrow seemed to forget him as Peg Bledsoe proved the individual star against Centreville. The one-sided victory enhanced the Maroon's standing to defeat the Down Easters, the one intersectional contest of the year played at Darrow. With Pierre in the line-up, and Bledsoe holding his post well, Darrow was exceedingly hopeful.

Cocky was at home when Hinky knocked at a rear door and Old Dave let him in. "Lissen," he cried, "I got the real goods to-night. An' it's straight. Saw Larry Bullock and Peg Bledsoe with Curly Weaver a while ago."

Cocky was oiling a pair of boots. Hinky's announcement made him forget what he was doing. "Come again, son."

"Honest. I was working for a drummer an' I saw Bledsoe and Bullock do a sneak into Curly's room on the top floor. I stuck beside the door and heard 'em say Down Easters and sompin 'bout winning. An' they're gonna meet a gink down by the ice house—in the office I think—Friday night."

Cocky listened with interest. But Hinky noted there was no enthusiasm. "Say, if you could catch 'em, you'd prove sompin, couldn't you?"

"Yes, I might if I could do all that. But Hinky, who'd believe me? My word wouldn't mean anything. Not any more. I'm thinking of—of leaving Darrow."

"But—gee. You couldn't do that. Good night."

"Huh. I'll go off somewhere and show 'em."

"Show 'em!" Hinky's voice was indignant. "Ain't nobody ever said you was yella no matter what else." The boy's outburst ended abruptly. Hinky became contrite.

"Oh gee, Mister Cocky, guess I'm buttin' in. If you beat it, it's your business, I reckon." He got up and limped to the door, shoulders sagging.

Cocky watched, eyes on the gorgeous sweater. All at once he sprang to his feet and overtook Hinky. "Kid, you're the limit. And you bet your life I'll look into this business. I don't know what's what any more—Donlie kicking me off—Bledsoe and Curly—Got to straighten myself out. Maybe I won't pull out after all, Hinky."

The boy's eyes brightened. "I'll find out what I can," he said. "G'night, Mister Cocky."

Now Hinky Baker had been doing some tall thinking during his visit to Cocky. His alert mind had diagnosed the conference in the hotel room so that the brief snatches of conversation he had caught were illustrative of what was to happen. Curly Weaver was out for a clean-up. It was known that he was going to pull up stakes and start for Florida. With the Maroons losing but one game so far, it was easy to know how Darrow felt regarding the Down Easters game. Hinky was certain Curly meant for Bledsoe to play a rôle in the outcome. But he was weak on details.

"Gotta lissen in on 'em Friday night," he reflected.

How he did it, Hinky never explained

quite fully. But he was concealed beneath a cot in the ice-house office beside the lake Friday evening. Shivering from excitement he heard the four men enter and the night watchman, who made the rounds of a half dozen plants in the neighborhood, exchange a few words, then depart. There was nothing sinister in the plans revealed. All four men were rather jovial. And Curly spoke but once. "Draw it fine, Peg," he admonished. "You and Pierre can do it with Tracy here going over the play."

Tracy, Hinky learned during the conversation, was an ex-pro. He had seen the Down Easters a half-dozen times that season. "You don't have to loosen up much," he observed. "They got two of the flashiest men I've seen in ages. Hodges and Besten. They'll push Pierre at the goal anyway."

Hinky had listened long enough. If he could steal away and get word to Coach Donlie—

It was dark in his end of the long room. There was a desk and table between him and the group around the little stove. The side door was four feet beyond the cot. Hinky had got in and had wedged it shut. If he could remove the wedge and work his way around the back side to the lumber stacks—

He was halfway through the door when Curly Weaver saw the figure and fired. Later the gambler vowed he thought it a burglar. Perhaps he did.

As a matter of fact Curly had always liked Hinky. When the four men dashed outside no one was in sight. Weaver shrugged his shoulders. "Some bum," he decided. "Bet I gave him the scare of his life. Come on, let's go before old Dad Graham comes back and asks questions."

Hinky, moaning from the pain in his shoulder, staggered on through the lumber yard. "Gotta keep going," he kept

muttering. "Gotta find Cocky. Gotta tell him——"

Somehow he made a street. He slipped on the ice, got up and kept going. Ahead was a lone street light. A policeman made that corner. Hinky lurched ahead. Then he pitched forward.

It was nearly time for the doors to open in the great building which was the pride of Darrow fans. Members of both teams had arrived and were dressing for the contest. And now the band had arrived.

Presently the stands began to fill. Vendors were selling pennants to Darrow supporters. Excitement was at a high pitch. The two teams were evenly rated. Sports writers had said that it was an open affair, with the winner the team which had the breaks. A radio station was broadcasting the game, the announcer and control man seated near the Maroon bench below the band.

Coach Donlie was talking to his men. All but Peg Bledsoe and Pierre Clinton were in the group. They remained aloof, whispering. An attendant appeared, told Donlie he was wanted at the telephone.

Hardly had he gone when a figure materialized in the doorway. At sight of Cocky Dawes' grim face Wally Priest and Clint Newman exchanged looks. The others were too surprised to speak.

Cocky came in bearing a hand bag. He placed it upon the bench. Then he faced the Maroon team. "I'm going," he announced, "to play to-night."

The amazed looks on his listeners' faces must have repaid Cocky, for he laughed. He stepped back and grasped his stick, which he had left outside the entrance. "There's a kid," he explained, "Hinky Baker—maybe he's dying in City Hospital. Somebody shot him down near the ice house last night. Hinky came to a couple of hours ago.

And he asked me to play with the team to-night. I promised him."

"Yeah." Peg Bledsoe stepped forward. "Tell us another fairy tale. How do I know you're not lying?"

"You know," Cocky told him calmly, "why I'm not lying."

Donlie arrived at this moment. The dressing room was in an uproar as Peg and Cocky squared off. But the coach intervened. "That'll be enough for to-night. Cocky, they told me over the phone: maybe—I dunno——" he looked uncertainly from his former star to Bledsoe. Then he nodded. "Bledsoe, you go in. Cocky, you take the bench. I don't want a word out of any one. There'll be some investigating later. Now, on your toes men. We're going out to beat the Down Easters. They're betting against us. But the boys in the stands are expecting us to pull through. Follow your leader and hold together. We've got to keep a good defense."

There was a gasp of amazement as Cocky came out with the team and took the bench beside Donlie. What had happened? Some yelled derisive things at the former captain. Others were fairly cordial. Chiefly it was curiosity displayed. Cocky said nothing, but leaned forward, stick between legs, chewing gum rapidly. He had promised Hinky to call the result at the end of each period. The line would be held open, nurses had promised.

Game kid, Hinky. Cocky's eyes smarted at thought of the little figure looking up with such pleading expression. "Go in, Mister Cocky. Please, won'tcha? Don't let nobody stop you. Ain't going to be any game throwed away by the Maroons. Never has, never will be, huh."

And Cocky had promised. Well, here he was. Benched. But Donlie had taken him—on probation. He wondered what Donlie had learned in that telephone conversation. Well, there



they were, Down Easters and Maroons facing off for the start. Bledsoe was glancing around in his direction. He thought he had detected a signal to Pierre. He wouldn't dare anything now, before the stands, and with Donlie alert for any dereliction. But something would happen.

They were off! There certainly wasn't any hesitation on Bledsoe's part now. He was after the puck like a flash. And that first five minutes of play never had been equaled on the Darrow rink. Beating down the ice with Pierre working in combination, Bledsoe commanded the play. He sent in so many shots that the Down Easters' goalie blocked with his shins as well as his stick. And the inevitable happened. Bledsoe got one through, the first point of the game, while the stands rocked with enthusiasm. Bledsoe was working with short, quick passes, of amazing accuracy. Admittedly Dutch Hager, playing at center, had a great deal to do with the teamwork. Dutch was a phlegmatic individual, who never seemed hurried, but was always there. Time after time Bledsoe, when surrounded, swept the puck to Pierre or Dutch, to step in again when free.

And then Priest went down in a spill and didn't get up. Cocky's heart leaped as the stands echoed his name. Surely he was going in. But no. Donlie looked beyond him, to slim little Mack Redmond, and it was Mack's name he called. "They'll score." Cocky muttered dispiritedly. "Mack will be nervous."

But the period ended a few moments later, without the Down Easters scoring. Cocky went to the phone. Several hangers-on eyed him curiously as he gave the score tersely. "How's the kid?" Cocky inquired.

"Not entirely conscious. But we told him the score for you." There was a pause, then the voice continued: "he asked if you were playing."

"Tell him," Cocky said hoarsely, "that I'll be in—right away."

But that "right away" didn't come. And the Down Easters staged a rally which brought them a score. And then Bledsoe, working with Pierre and Dutch, forged a point ahead. Whereupon the Down Easters turned loose everything they had and bore down twice upon the Maroon goal gaining two points. And Mack Redmond tripped, somehow, winding up with a sprained ankle.

This time Donlie summoned Cocky. Behind him the stands were yelling. Some were asking the coach to keep the former captain out of the game. Others were demanding that he go in. "Crook" mingled with "give him a chance."

Donlie came close. "Tell Bledsoe to take the wing job—left. Pierre goes back to left defense. Dutch stays at center. Hop to it, son."

There was a roar of approval mixed with jeers, as Cocky glided out and reported. And Bledsoe, hearing Donlie's instructions, muttered ominously. For the first time Cocky looked about the stands. But the person he sought wasn't there. Somehow he hadn't expected to see Betty there, after all.

Now the referee was speaking. They were facing off. In went the puck, and Dutch swept the disk back to Cocky in the old combination. It wasn't exactly the old combination either. For Peg did some queer things. He kept interfering, until Cocky was boiling over. And Pierre as defense let Down Easter skaters by him more than once. It came upon the former captain that this pair was grand-standing, but not adding anything to teamwork. Bledsoe wasn't lagging. Instead he attempted to keep ahead of Cocky. But his stick seemed always in the way. Cocky was furious. "Play or get out of my way," he shouted.

Bledsoe grinned. "You're a fine bird to be complaining," he retorted.

Whereupon Peg launched a drive upon the ice, to be intercepted by an opposing skater who bore in from the left. He recovered when the Down Easter center bumped the puck off the goalie's shins. But Peg's work was all in making runs. His shooting was wide and it was Cocky who dashed in and recovered one, to sweep it back at the Down Easter's cage. It slid in and the stands rocked with cheers. Bledsoe's face, as he looked at Cocky, was that of a very angry man. "You quit taking my shots," he growled.

Cocky said nothing. He was in ahead of Bledsoe when the period ended.

Acknowledging the shouted encouragement from Darrow fans as he glided up the ice, Cocky sped to the telephone. "Tell Hinky we're just one behind and we're going to beat 'em," he yelled into the transmitter.

There was no answer. "Hello—get that?"

"Yes," a voice replied. "But——"

"But what—say—the kid any worse?"

It was then the connection had to be broken. Cocky banged away on the hook until he saw it was useless. Then he saw Donlie beckoning. The coach drew his former player to one side. "Doctor Harris called me. Hinky—well son—if he's right I really ought to turn the stands loose on Peg and Pierre. If I'm pulling a boner, I'd have to leave town. So it's a waiting game for us. And I can't pull both of 'em out. They'd beat us sure."

"No subs," Cocky agreed. "Sure is a tough dose. Guess we'll have to try it this way, coach."

"I just wanted you to know," Donlie added. "why I benched you. If Bledsoe was going to do any real laying down, I'd have caught it. How's Hinky?"

"They won't tell me," Cocky replied miserably. "Say, we've just got to take

this game. Go in and tell the bunch to play for two points, then take the defense. Tell 'em it's for Hinky and the good of Darrow."

"And the good of Cocky Dawes," he added as Donlie went inside.

One point behind, the Maroons went into action for the last time. Dutch Hager and Clint Newman glided up beside Cocky as they went to mid-ice. "We don't know what it's all about," Dutch whispered. "But we were noticing Peg when coach talked to us. Him and Pierre—well, they'd better not start anything. We just told 'em."

So had old Johnny Barnes, in as tender. So had Defoe, the other defense. And Cocky, laughing exultantly, darted in as Dutch retrieved the puck at the start and swept it back. Play had hardly begun when a Down Easter wingman lashed out with his stick and caught Cocky on the head.

With a brief time out Cocky signaled he was all right. Once again he took the puck and worked it toward the Down Easter goal. Bledsoe swung in. His stick landed on the ice just ahead of Cocky's and the Down Easter defense man grasped the opportunity. "You did that on purpose," Cocky shouted.

"Apple sauce," Bledsoe retorted.

"Don't do it again," Cocky told him.

Bledsoe laughed. Both went forward as Dutch Hager retrieved and shot for the cage. The play shifted and the Down Easter captain swung a long one down the ice, the puck rebounding from the Maroon tender's shin pads. Sweeping in the disk Cocky started down the rink, circling wide to evade the Down Easter's center. Past center ice he heard Dutch Hager coming up. Converging rapidly were two Down Easter defense men. And now a third figure darted toward the puck. Cocky felt something brush his ankle. The next moment he tumbled forward and all four players crashed. As he rolled

over Cocky saw Bledsoe sidestep. The stands were in an uproar and Cocky wondered if any one had seen Peg's stick as it had tripped him. His right shoulder was aching. And just in front was the puck, free.

The Down Easter goalie saw it at the same time. Both started, Cocky the quicker, until his right arm slowed up of itself. That was queer! It was all numb. Couldn't he beat the goalie who wanted to knock the rubber over to the side boards? Somehow Cocky rolled over, grasped the stick with his left hand. He yanked hard, barely missed the Down Easter man's own stick and swept the disk into the net.

Now all this happened in seconds. It had seemed ages to Cocky. And he was astounded at the bedlam which filled the arena. The band blared out its liveliest tune. Hundreds were calling the name of Cocky Dawes. He felt Dutch Hager grasp his arm and pull him up.

"Hurt?" he cried.

Cocky shook his head. "Let's go after the untying score," he replied.

Peg Bledsoe looked at Pierre Clinton. He spread his hands out in a gesture of resignation. Both men realized that from that moment they would sever relations with Curly Weaver. "Let's give 'em our best," Peg said. "Whole hog or none. When we double cross, we double cross good. Curly will always believe it, whether or not."

Which is by way of explaining the action of Peg Bledsoe in whipping the puck over to Cocky in a play similar to the spill, then offering such sterling teamwork that Cocky sent home to second shot with a minute of play to spare. Perhaps the Down Easter were a bit demoralized. And now the game was over. Every one was standing. The band was playing and the radio announcer shouting the news of the Maroon victory. It was an ovation for Cocky. But in all the excite-

ment he found time to come up alongside Peg Bledsoe. "Why?" he demanded.

"Meaning the last go round? You ought to know what Curly's gonna think. Me—I'm breezing out to-night. No hard feelings, now that it's called off. Curly plugged Hinky, if you want to know. Thought he was a burglar or some bum."

"Still," he added with a short laugh, "I could have used a half grand very well. Well, I'm off to a regular job. And don't let anybody trip you up again."

Cocky didn't know whether to be angry or not. He was still too dazed to think much about anything. To those hundreds watching the team he was a hero again. Cocky felt some of his old reassurance come back. He waved his hand, then raced for the dressing room. He must phone the hospital.

"Tell Hinky we won," he cried. "Cocky Dawes speaking."

"We already knew," a voice replied sweetly. "There was a radio set going with the full detail."

"Betty!" Cocky's voice shook. "What—are you doing there?"

"Daddy has been here since yesterday. Fell on the ice and broke his arm and two ribs. When I found Hinky, I stayed. Not that it mattered much, after the way you've been behaving. Dropping out of sight——"

"I was ashamed," Cocky told her. "And—if it hadn't been for Hinky I might have pulled out."

"He's told me—and other things, too. Cocky can't you ever learn——"

"I'm learning. Say—going to be there inside ten minutes?"

"Why, of course."

"Then I'll see you. Aiming to see Hinky any way. On my way."

Cocky burst into the dressing room. He was unprepared for the reception. Donlie was waiting to look at the play-

er's shoulder. Dutch and Clint were singing. Everybody was happy. Cocky tore into his clothing. "Gotta hurry," he announced. "Going to see Hinky. Talked—gee—I clear forgot to ask how he is."

"I asked," Donlie said. "He went to sleep right after the game. Doc says he'll get well."

Cocky swallowed hard. "Fellows— from now on Hinky's going to live with me. And if you bench me, coach, you're benching Hinky."

Donlie smiled. "You notice, don't

you, that Peg and Pierre are gone? That's the end of the chapter."

A moment later Cocky burst out of the dressing room. Dozens of fans were waiting to congratulate the players.

Those within heard Cocky, heard him explain how it was easy for the Maroons to beat any team the caliber of the Down Easters. "Just watch us from now on," he concluded. "We'll take 'em all in."

"Cocky." Coach Donlie chuckled, "as usual."





# BASEBALL



## An Unaccepted Chance

By J. Raymond Elderdice

Dalton Harlow thought he was being unjustly treated when he was shifted from the box to left field in the game with State; but he was glad he resisted the temptation for revenge.

**D**ALTON HARLOW, star southpaw of the Alton College baseball squad, stared in utter bewilderment at Captain Bill Maddox, outfielder and pitcher. The Blue-and-Gold leader had just read out to the team the line-up for the State University game, and Harlow's teammates, too, seemed surprised at the battery announcement.

"Maddox and Terrell?" stammered the senior, his quick temper flaring. "Why, Bill, you—you can't mean I'm not to pitch against State to-day! What's the big idea, anyway, shifting me to left field, and sending yourself to the box?"

"Big Bill" Maddox, usually slow to anger, was stung by the other's sharp queries. Shoving his hands in the pockets of his sweater, he hesitated a moment, controlling himself by a visible effort. Forcing a good-natured smile to his face he took a step toward the quivering young Southerner, who stood scowling at him.

"Easy, Dal!" he appealed. "Don't fire up so quick, old man. We haven't any time for explanations now. It's time the team was on the field, getting practice. Just believe me, that it's best for the school, Dal, will you? Everything will be all right. Take left field, and play in your usual brilliant style for the Blue and Gold."

But Harlow, his face red with anger, was not to be put aside. Flinging out

both arms toward the startled members of the Alton College squad, he hurled accusations at the captain of the team.

"Get it, fellows?" he stormed, pointing to Bill Maddox. "Biggest game of the season—State University. Coach Halvorsen is sidetracked in Baltimore, can't accompany the team because of important business. So he puts Captain Maddox in charge of the squad, with full authority to choose the line-up and to send in substitutes. What happens? Why, Bill shifts *me* to left field at the last minute, and pitches the *big* game himself! Everybody knows he isn't a good pitcher. And this is the State game, the game of the season for Alton—you see how he shows his college spirit!"

Silence in the dressing room of the Alton College athletes, under the stands of the State University stadium. The regulars and substitutes of the Blue and Gold, donning uniforms and cleats, had been astounded by this sudden outbreak between the two hurlers of the squad. Like the enraged Dal Harlow, they had believed that he was slated by Coach Halvorsen to pitch the big game. Captain Maddox's act in sending himself into the box, shunting Harlow to left field, had come as a great surprise. Yet, when Coach Halvorsen had left them early that morning, as they entrained in the Union Station at Baltimore for the university town, his last words had been:

"Can't go with you, fellows. Important business will detain me in the city. Captain Maddox is in full authority to-day; take your orders from Bill and obey them. Fight and win for Alton— Good-by and good luck!"

Outside, stirring scenes in the State stadium. The huge bowl was swiftly filling with spectators. University students and alumni crowded the Red-and-White cheering section, their pennants and banners waving in the golden sunshine. Across the infield the small but loyal Alton contingent made up for a lack of numbers by their riotous din. The State players, confident of victory over a smaller rival, displayed unlimited pep in fielding practice, with marvelous stops and throws—spectacular outfield catches. Over in the bull pen, however, tall "Slats" McQuade, State's best pitcher, warmed up, proving that Alton's fast, aggressive team was not underrated even by their powerful opponents. Everything was ready for the big game—big, at least, from old Alton's viewpoint.

"Hold on, Dal!" Captain Maddox, in his dressing room, clutched at something in his sweater pocket, but now his own face was beginning to flame into angry red, like that of the hot-tempered Harlow.

"Back at Alton," panted the scintillant Blue-and-Gold hurler, "everybody knows Coach Halvorsen figured on me to pitch against State to-day. Why, it's our only chance to win, and an outside chance at that! I've waited three years for this game—waited, and toiled, and trained, just to pitch against State University. And now, because Bill Maddox is jealous of me, because we're not good friends, what does he do? Why, he takes advantage of the power given him by the coach! He, captain of the team, thinks only of his own ambition, his thirst for personal glory. You fellows know why, too!"

The Alton players stirred uneasily,

embarrassed by this flare-up between Captain Bill Maddox and the best pitcher of the squad. Roosting on benches in the dressing room, massaging throwing arms, or oiling gloves, they stared helplessly at Dal, who, though smaller than the behemoth bulk of his classmate, was compactly built. He stood before his team captain, fists doubled in anger, almost shouting his indictment of the Blue-and-Gold diamond leader. Big Bill, his easy-going soul slowly firing to obstinate resentment, gazed at him, jaw outthrust beligerently.

"Just look out there, fellows!" Harlow pointed out at the diamond. "Look at the crowd in the stadium. Do you think that many people would crowd the stands just because State University is playing a small college? No! Alton never drew one tenth as many before, playing State on its own field, but this season it's different. The sports writers call our game to-day, 'David versus Goliath;' some of them even give Alton the edge on State. That is, *with me pitching*—read it for yourselves! But with Maddox in the box—"

He paused, choking with disappointment and rage.

"Oh, it's rotten!" he told them fiercely. "It's old Alton's big chance to beat State. For our little college to wallop the great 'Varsity.' We have never done it; perhaps we shall never again have a team that can threaten them as this one may to-day. And the captain of the Blue and Gold—Bill Maddox—is sacrificing his alma mater to his own selfish desire for glory. He is abusing his authority to do me dirt, and at the same time to win fame, and you fellows know just why he is doing it, too!"

Puzzled by Captain Maddox's decision to pitch against State, the squad gazed at each other, and at the duo of hurlers. Even Bill's loyal friends felt a surge of sympathy for Dal Harlow.

They admitted he was better than his rival in the box, and that Alton's hopes of victory over the university, slim at best, would be rosier with Harlow pitching. For three years the senior had waited for his big chance. As a sophomore, he had played understudy to one of Alton's greatest hurlers of all time, "Butch" Hogarth, who had lost the annual game to State only because of weak support. A junior, Dal had missed the opportunity to pitch the big game because of an injured ankle, and now, in his final season for the Blue and Gold—

Fate seemed to turn these two splendid athletes who should have fought shoulder to shoulder for Old Alton into bitter rivals. Bill Maddox had been elected leader of the freshman eleven, and Harlow had defeated him for leadership of the first-year nine. They had battled each other for the only open backfield position on the regular eleven, as sophomores, Maddox winning out. By a split second Dal had qualified for the one available berth on the mile relay four, and held it for three seasons. So with class honors, with laurels to be gained in campus and scholastic affairs—always rivals. As seniors, Big Bill had again triumphed, for by two votes the Blue-and-Gold baseball squad had elected him captain, the popular Harlow again being the runner-up. Each contest, with victory gained by one or the other, had engendered more bitterness between Maddox and the fiery-tempered Dal Harlow, but this scene in the State stadium dressing room was the climax.

Now, Captain Maddox, casting off the strange hesitancy that had gripped him during Dal's wild tirade, held up his hand.

"That will about do, Harlow!" he thundered. "You fellows heard the line-up for the State game. Now get this, Dal— You play left field or on the bench! I am going to start this

game in the box. Coach Halvorsen put me in charge of the team, and only to him am I responsible. And what's more, Harlow—after what you've just said, even if I and every other pitcher we've got are knocked out, you don't hurl a single ball against State to-day! Now, you can play left field and fight, or stay in the dugout, just as you choose. Which shall it be?"

Fighting mad, the hot-blooded Southerner strode to the doorway of the dressing room. Here he paused, turning to hurl an angry retort at Captain Maddox.

"I'll play, of course!" he shouted, "I'll not sacrifice my college and my team in a crisis, like you are doing, Maddox! No, I'll not lay down. I'll accept every chance that comes to left field!"

Bill Maddox, standing outside the pitcher's box of the State stadium diamond, hesitated a moment. At the plate the huge bulk of "Bunch" Brewster, home-run slugger of the Varsity nine, loomed up menacingly; the Red-and-White catcher swung his famous black bludgeon. Back of the Blue-and-Gold hurler sounded an incessant chatter of encouragement from infield and outfield.

"Only one more, Bill—let him hit! We'll take him!"

"End this game, Maddox! Strike 'Babe Ruth' out!"

"Let him hit to Dal Harlow—he hasn't missed one to-day!"

Only the Blue-and-Gold left fielder was silent. Dal Harlow glanced swiftly about the stadium. The stands, packed with yelling humanity, were one vast turmoil, a bedlam of noise and a chaos of color. Red-and-White pennants waved; Blue-and-Gold banners answered in silent defiance across the infield. The State University students and alumni, frenzied with hope renewed in the ninth inning, after defeat had



trailed their standards in the dust, howled at big Bunch Brewster. The loyal little Alton contingent, realizing that victory or the loss of the biggest game hung on the next pitch, implored their henchmen to "Hold 'em, fellows—don't let 'em score!" David and Goliath were at death grips in the last half of the final frame.

The scoreboard told its thrilling story: "2 OUT—2 STRIKES—3 BALLS: SCORE, ALTON 1; STATE 0."

And to cap the climax, State had two runners—one on first and the other on second. The count of "three and two" was on Brewster, the university's home-run king.

"Maddox is done!" snarled Dal Harlow, in left field. "A double will tie the score, maybe win for State—a triple surely! Bill's got to put the next one over and Bunch will paralyze it. If the game is even tied up Alton is licked, for Bill is all in now! But if Brewster is thrown out at first, or flies out to me, Alton may win and Bill Maddox is a campus hero!"

It was the crucial moment for both State and Alton. A third strike on Brewster, a fly to the outfield caught—perhaps a force-out at third base on an infield ball—any of these would spell defeat for the State team. On the other hand a fourth ball to Bunch or a short single would fill the bases, and a double would tie the score, perhaps win for the Red and White; a triple surely meant victory. It would avail nothing to pass the slugging Brewster, for Gainey, the next State hitter, was the surest rescue man in a pinch on the team.

The two strikes on the university batter had been long, hard drives to left field that had gone foul; one had cleared the wall just outside the foul flag. The thousands of spectators in the State stadium, rooters for the Blue and Gold, or for the Red and White, grew silent as Bill Maddox prepared to pitch.

Every one knew that he was in a tight place, with Gainey, sure-fire hitter, waiting in case Bunch was given a walk or singled.

"He's all in, Bunch!" yelled a State substitute. "Get a walk or a hit, it's all the same. Maddox is done—he's ready for the showers now, so hit that ole pill!"

It was evident that Captain Maddox was "all in." If he failed to retire the side by the next pitch to Brewster, it was virtually certain that State University would tie the score and eventually win. The Alton pitcher had given all in his power, and only the two fouls knocked by Bunch had saved him at the last. Now, as he stepped into the box and faced the "Babe" Ruth of State, the substitute on the Red-and-White bench howled again:

"This one tells the tale, Bunch—make it come over, and knock it a mile!"

The ninth inning. The final half of the last frame: a game that would go down in the traditions of State University baseball as one of its most unexpected upsets. Even though the Red and White had been warned not to underestimate the reputation won by one of the strongest nines in Alton's history, its students and players had been unprepared for what happened. Exultant when the name of Maddox had been announced as pitcher, instead of Harlow, State's coach had sent his second-best hurler to the pitching peak, believing that he would outwirl anything the Alton captain could offer to his opponents.

Before the smoke had cleared away in the first inning, the Blue and Gold had filled the bases by two clean singles and a walk, with none out. The brilliant McQuade was rushed from the State dugout, and by a marvelous exhibition of pitching retired the side, only one run crossing the plate for the visitors. One to nothing for Alton. Then,

to the surprise of the State adherents as well as of the Blue-and-Gold rooters, Captain Bill Maddox proceeded to engage McQuade, the university's hurling wonder, in a memorable pitchers' battle.

For seven innings each displayed bewildering speed, dizzy curves, and superb control. McQuade, a more scintillant artist, struck out man after man—only three hits were registered off him, in fact, after the fatal first. Maddox, on the contrary, was hit hard and often, but in the pinches called on his unsuspected reserve power, and wriggled out of bad holes, with men on bases, time and again. The Alton pitcher, however, owed much to the splendid support of his team—especially to the spectacular work of Dal Harlow in left field. The boxman of the Blue and Gold, side-tracked to the outfield, despite his bitterness toward Bill Maddox, brought the crowd to its feet time and again by catches that seemed impossible to accomplish.

"Harlow! Harlow! Yee-ay, Dal!" roared the Alton section. Sprinting madly the senior cut off drives that were labeled triples; he came in with thrilling nose dives and shoe-string catches, or raced back to the wall to capture long flies. Spurred on by the gallant work of their captain on the mound, inspired by Dal Harlow's display of loyalty to college and team, impelling him to unbelievable outfielding, the rest of the Alton team played a brand of baseball they had never before achieved. The infield made dazzling stops and throws; the catcher cut off runners stealing second. Two lightning double plays, with one out, killed State's chances of scoring in those seven innings. And in the eighth, with one out and the bases full, Travers, Alton's center fielder, caught a long fly and by a perfect throw home cut off the runner and retired the side.

"He's failing, team!" State's rooters had comforted their players as they

went onto the field. "Win in the ninth. Tie the score, anyway, and we'll beat Alton if it takes an extra inning. Maddox is done!"

In their half of the ninth Alton was still held to its one run. McQuade, pitching a masterful game, did not allow a Blue-and-Gold hitter to reach first base. Then the State nine at bat: a double by the first batter, a walk for the next, and a double play, unassisted, by the Alton second sacker, who stabbed a hot line drive and stepped on the bag to make the second out. Two out, but another walk put runners on first and second, and Bunch Brewster, State's "Sultan of Swat," at bat! From him came two tremendous wallops, one over the left-field wall, but both fouls—then three balls by the tiring Alton hurler, and now—

"Take him out!" bellowed the State students. "Take him out! He's through—can't find the plate! And if he does put it over the pan, Bunch will knock it over the wall!" Such were the general comments.

But the Alton team and students knew that it was no use for Captain Bill Maddox to take himself out of the box. That is, unless he sent in the invincible Dal Harlow to pitch the last ball to Bunch Brewster. No other hurler of the Blue and Gold could cope with the heavy slugger. Harlow might not fail, even though going into the box cold, but for some strange reason Bill Maddox, in full authority, would not use Alton's star hurler. In Dal's mind, out in left field, ran his captain's words: "If I and every other pitcher we've got are knocked out, you don't hurl a single ball against State!" So it was up to big Maddox now. If he failed, and Bunch hit safely or got a pass, with Gainey in the offing, it meant the big game was lost to Alton.

The Blue-and-Gold captain had pitched a game far beyond his power, pitted against State's heavy hitters; he

had given a marvelous exhibition in the box. But now——

With a quick glance at the runners on first and second, tensing for a quick start, Big Bill Maddox delivered the ball with every ounce of his waning power. Straight over the middle of the plate, waist high!

Smash! With the resounding thump of bat against horsehide, every spectator in the State stadium was on his feet; substitutes poured from the Alton and State dugouts. At top speed the runners on bases sprinted, for with two down they had nothing to worry about except to dig around the circuit with the tying run, and perhaps with the one that spelled victory. A long, hard-hit drive from Bunch Brewster's bat was traveling out into deep left field—into the territory covered for Alton by Dal Harlow. A drive, yet smashed so hard by the powerful Bunch that it seemed sure to hit the left-field wall for a triple. A three-bagger that would send home the two runs that would tie the score, then win for State!

"He can't get it!" shrieked State, as the fast Harlow set his teeth and sprinted toward the left-field wall, his back to the infield.

"It's a hit—a triple! He'll never get it—yee-ow!"

But to the speedy Harlow, running at bewildering speed, had suddenly come a vivid impression; somehow he *knew* that although it must appear to the spectators impossible for him to cut off Brewster's terrific wallop, yet by the hurling forth of an infinitesimal fraction of extra effort, he could catch the ball.

All through the game he had accepted chances flawlessly; some were easy and a few—cutting off State scores because two were out—were chances that had seemed beyond human power to accept. But now, in the last of the ninth, even though this was the most difficult chance of all for Dal, his sub-

conscious mind told him that because of the crisis that demanded he do the impossible for his alma mater, he could make the catch—make it by a hair!

"I must!" flashed through his mind, as he tore toward the left-field wall at top speed. And yet, in that same split second another impression smote his brain—that two chances were offered to him at the same time! One, the fielding chance, he could accept by a superhuman effort and win for his school. The other, if he accepted it, would mean missing Bunch's drive, losing the biggest game of the year for his college, but preventing his rival from gaining the glory of having pitched Alton to victory over powerful State, for the first time in history.

If he purposely missed the ball, he would be accepting a chance to get even with Bill Maddox; to get revenge on his team captain for the misuse of authority in shifting Harlow to left field.

"Sprint, Dal!" sounded from the Alton cohorts. "Get it! Run with all you've got!"

Not that the temptation to accept this chance to cheat Bill Maddox out of the credit of victory over State surged through Dal's mind, together with a vision of how it could be done, while he flew toward the stadium left-field wall. No, he had visualized this very situation over and over during the game, as he watched Bill's gallant pitching against odds, against a superior enemy. Even when he had cut off State's scores by a brilliant catch, he had wondered why he had not pretended to try his hardest, only to miss the ball. To himself, as he tensed every muscle, alert for a drive to his field, the senior had muttered:

"If it's that way in the ninth I'll do it. After the chances I have accepted so far, no one will dream that I missed one on purpose, particularly if it's a hard drive that looks impossible to reach. With men on bases—potential

tying or winning runs—just let somebody hit one out here that looks impossible for me to get. I'll make 'em believe I tried my hardest, and——"

Now, in the last half of the ninth, with two out and runners on first and second, the score one to nothing for Alton, Bunch Brewster had smashed him just such a drive, made to order! With the sure instinct of the born outfielder, Dal Harlow knew that he could make the try in such a way, missing by inches, that no one, not even Maddox, would ever dream that by an extra effort, though a superhuman one, he could have caught the ball. Not a soul would breathe the suspicion that he had purposely missed, to even things up with Bill. No, not after his brilliant fielding during the game, and considering how impossible seemed this line drive, smashing over his head toward the wall.

Which chance would he accept? The one that would put Bunch Brewster out, retiring the side for State in the ninth and winning the game for old Alton, with glory for Bill Maddox? Or would he accept the chance to throw down his rival, who had wronged him because of personal ambition?

"I must get it!"

In that crucial second, loyalty triumphed. Dalton Harlow, letting out a burst of speed that he had never before attained, glanced up at the right instant, still running with back to the infield. He leaped into the air with a prodigious spring, stretching his arm to the limit. The swift-moving horsehide struck in his glove with a thud that sent despair to the hearts of the State rooters—and stuck there!

The redoubtable Bunch Brewster's terrific line drive, labeled for a sure triple, had been snared by one of the most sensational catches ever seen on any college baseball field. The State side was retired without a score, and Alton College had won, one to nothing!

Dalton Harlow had accepted the hardest chance of his career in left field, but he had missed another one at the same time. He had not accepted a chance to even the score with his rival, Captain Bill Maddox, in such a way that he would never be blamed, and as the ball thudded into his glove, the senior knew that he was glad of his choice.

"Harlow! Harlow! Yee-ay, Dal!"

It was ten minutes before Alton's star southpaw could fight away from his teammates, from the mob of Alton students who bore him aloft on their shoulders. Little Alton, with one tenth the student-body of the university, had beaten State in its own stadium! David had walloped Goliath. And Captain Bill Maddox was the winning pitcher in the only game that the Blue and Gold probably would ever take from the Red and White.

"Maddox!" Dal faced his classmate in the dressing room, after the team had escaped from the crowd, "I've got something I want to tell you; I want the fellows to hear it, too. In the ninth inning——"

But Big Bill Maddox, unperturbed by the sight of Harlow's grim face, interrupted him with a hearty laugh. While the startled Alton players and the angry Dal gazed at him, the Blue-and-Gold captain fished a yellow sheet from the pocket of his sweater. Unfolding it, he spread out the telegram before the staring southpaw, who slowly read it aloud:

"Under no conditions pitch Harlow. Stop. Pitch game yourself. Stop. Positive orders. Stop. HALVORSEN."

Dal Harlow, stupefied, gazed at his captain. He was unable to utter the question that surged to his lips, but the smiling Bill Maddox understood what was on his mind.

"Don't ask me, Dal," he said, as the squad crowded around him to read the

message from Coach Halvorsen. "I was handed this telegram not two minutes before our little flare-up, old man. When I gave out the Alton line-up, with myself as pitcher, I fully intended to show this telegram to the team—to you, Harlow. But I—oh, well, you got hot and slammed into me, and I got stubborn. I couldn't explain anything to the team, anyhow, for I didn't know why coach had sent this order, so I shut up like a clam. I should have told you it wasn't my decision that shifted you to left field and sent me into the box, Dal."

"I don't blame you, Bill," confessed Harlow, "I was dead wrong to bawl you out like I did, before the team. But I really believed you were using the authority the coach gave you to do me dirt and win the pitching glory for yourself. No wonder you got obstinate and wouldn't show me his telegram!" he said.

"No, it was all my fault," insisted Captain Maddox stoutly. "I got bull-headed when you jumped on me without even asking any questions first. But let's forget it! What I want to know is—why did Coach Halvorsen telegraph me just before the game, ordering me positively not to pitch you? Just as you said, everybody knew he figured on using you against State, and——"

A State University student popped into the Alton dressing room, informing the squad in general that Captain William Maddox was wanted on the telephone.

"Long distance calling," he informed the senior, when Bill stepped forward, "Baltimore. Right this way, old chap, and I'll show you where the stadium office is."

Five minutes of waiting. Then, his honest face aglow, Big Bill Maddox charged back into the dressing room, panting with excitement. He tackled Dal Harlow and forced him to join in a wild dance around the room, after

which he joyously thumped his erstwhile rival lustily on the back.

"Come down to earth, Bill!" urged the feverish players. "What's up? Why all the jubilation? What's the big news?"

Captain Maddox, throwing an arm across the shoulders of Dal Harlow, faced his tortured teammates.

"Coach Halvorsen just called me," he informed them. "He told me that he chanced to read in a newspaper this morning, in Baltimore, that the baseball squad of one of the big Northern universities, on a Southern trip, had just had a game cancelled by Johns Hopkins University because of an epidemic among the players. So our coach, sending the Alton squad on up here, with me in full charge, got busy in the city on his plans.

"In brief, fellows—it took him until almost two o'clock to persuade the manager of the university team to let little old Alton play them to-morrow, on our own grounds! He had to hustle up Blue-and-Gold alumni, and raise a guarantee for the other team. He succeeded in getting the game only because Coach Halvorsen is a graduate of that university, see? And——"

"A big university?" stammered the Alton shortstop.

"Bigger than State!" declared Captain Maddox. "So the biggest game any Blue-and-Gold baseball nine ever played—perhaps ever will play—is to be staged at Alton to-morrow. That is why Coach Halvorsen wired me not to pitch you to-day under any conditions, Dal. Because——"

Dalton Harlow blinked dizzily.

"I am to pitch that game?" he gasped. "Coach telegraphed you not to let me pitch against State because he is saving me for a still bigger game to-morrow? Against——"

"Yale!"

It was some time before the noisy rejoicing of the Blue-and-Gold baseball

squad subsided. While his teammates cheered and cavorted, however, the stellar southpaw of the nine stood in silence, staring at Bill Maddox, with a strange look on his dark face. Finally, when the riot had died out, the star of Alton's hurling staff confronted his rival.

"Listen, Bill——" he said determinedly. "And you, fellows! I have a confession to make. I misjudged Captain Maddox. I thought he was deliberately shunting me to left field, and pitching against State himself, because of our rivalry.

"I believed he was anxious to win glory for himself. Now let me tell you how near I came to throwing down you and the college, because I was sore on Bill——"

Bravely, sparing himself nothing, Dal Harlow told them of that accepted chance, and of the chance he had not accepted, which would have meant a triple for Bunch Brewster and victory for State. Of how he had visualized that very situation during the game; had almost yielded to temptation in the last half of the ninth, but had changed his mind in time.

"I had a chance to throw Bill down," he finished quietly, "to rob him of the glory due him for the wonderful game he pitched. But I was glad that I didn't accept that opportunity—glad even before Coach Halvorsen called up Captain Maddox and told why he had kept me out to-day."

He was interrupted by husky "Pudge" Watrous, dependable third sacker, who had pushed his way through the squad to face him.

"Oh, no, nothing like that, Dal!" he boomed. "Get this—the game was over, was won by Alton whether you caught Bunch's drive or not! You could have missed it by a yard, and still we would have won the game from State. Harlow, the game was over almost before you grabbed that ball, and it would still

have been won by Alton College had you never caught it!" the third baseman assured him.

Petrified with surprise, Dal stood staring helplessly at the big third baseman. Even Captain Maddox and the rest of the Blue-and-Gold squad, to whom this announcement of Pudge's was startling news, crowded around him.

"Wha-at?" queried Dal feebly, "I—I don't get it."

Grinning, the Alton third sacker explained.

"The base umpire will back me up in this," he said, "for I called his attention to it at the time. Farley, on second base for State when Brewster slugged that ball in the ninth—cut third base by a foot on his way home! I called the umpire in time for him to see him do it. And I was starting to dash out in the field to have the ball thrown back to me, at third base, before Farley knew what was up and scrambled back to the bag. And——"

"What?" Maddox seized the happy Pudge.

"Truth," averred the third baseman. "Farley was out for cutting third base, and that made the third out, so no runs could score. What's more, the State team and subs were rushing out to grab Farley when he crossed the pan with the tying run. He could never have made it back to third before I got the ball from the outfield and put it on the bag for the out. Why, neither he nor any of his team dreamed of what was going to happen."

He paused a moment and went on:

"But Dal caught Bunch's drive, ending the game. Still, I asked the ump if he saw Farley cut third base and if he would have called him out if I got the ball on the bag. He said he would have called him out. The third out. No runs could score, so the game would have been over. We'd have won, even if Dal had missed Brewster's drive."

For a time Dalton Harlow was silent, while his teammates exclaimed over the strange way in which State had been defeated, both by the sensational catch of the Alton left fielder, and by the failure of Farley, starting from second at the crack of the bat, to touch third base as he rounded it on his way home with the tying run.

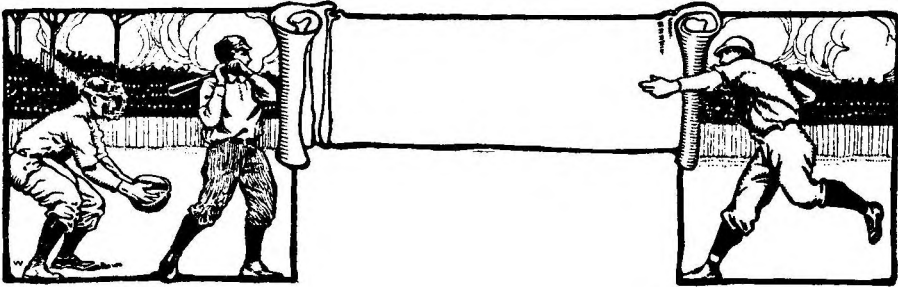
"Shake, Bill!" the southpaw held out his hand, which Captain Maddox

gripped heartily. "Let's forget our foolish rivalry, eh? Remember, we've got to lick Yale to-morrow, before the home folks, too! And say, old man——"

"What, Dal?"

"I'm glad I didn't miss Bunch's drive purposely," said Dal Harlow earnestly and with relief.

"Even though my catch didn't win for old Alton, I'm glad I didn't accept one chance out there in left field!"







# B O X I N G



## The Battle of Five Milreis

By Robert H. H. Nichols

Nick, "Cowboy," and Bill, the three seagoing musketeers, go rolling down to Rio. They meet with strange adventures in the prize ring of that city.

**C**OME on, Jess, come on boy." Hoarsely the thousands pleaded for the huge broken shell to arise and come back. Seven, eight—too old, too tired—nine—still he rested there, a weary old man, beaten down by a bronze, hairy young giant.

Over him stood the big man from down south of the line. Huge clubby fists swung slowly to and fro at his side. With blazing black eyes he studied big Jess carefully. I felt my own jaw a brief instant, never quite the same since that memorable occasion. No wonder Jess felt tired and old, accepting the fatal count of ten with bowed head. That bronze giant had glorious youth driving him upward and onward—

It was all over. Yes, "Cowboy" Jones and "Hammering Henry" should have been with us. They would appreciate this.

"Gosh," said Bennie and brought me out of my dream. "Brother, they build 'em rough and tough on those Argentine pampas, eh?"

"You've said it," I agreed.

"And they say he's that sensible he has the first peso he ever got his mitts on. Even more conservative on money matters than old Jess himself."

"No," I said. "He lost his first pesos in a great financial venture. But I'll bet he still has five milreis which were once donated."

"Hey?" questioned Bennie.

"Not hay. Milreis," I replied.

"I'll bite. What are they?"

"Brazilian dollars or jitneys or something. Last time I owned one it was worth maybe thirty-three cents our money. And while we're on the subject let's have that twenty you squandered on the big boy's comeback. Maybe I'll blow you to a feed and tell you why I bet on "Flopo" to win this fight."

"Flopo? Where do you get that stuff? 'Flopem,' that would sound better. It's too bad I'm hungry, ain't it, now? Well, what can I do? I must eat."

"It won't be nearly as painful for you as it was for me, honest," I hastily assured.

"Gosh, it must have been something terrible then, hey?" commented Bennie sarcastically.

"You've said it," I again agreed.

Bill Kerins, our signal quartermaster, Cowboy Jones, and me, were going along one of the main stems of Rio de Janeiro trying to find maybe a soda fountain. And on account of our having sampled a lot of soft drinks here and there to find out if they was the right thing for sailors we were feeling pretty good. So we rambled into a little park with crazy-looking trees and things and statues that would get morally turpented in our country. We sits us down on a bench to rest up a bit before continuing our earnest

and frank hunt for an honest-to-goodness soft drink.

Well on the other end of our bench is a Spanish-looking bird who wears ice-cream clothes, carries a cane, and looks maybe kind of half dizzy and also half sensible. Cowboy Jones can speak Mexican Spanish swell on account of he punched cattle on both sides of the border and so he decides to practice a little on this señor.

"I speak your language, señor," interrupted the guy, maybe preferring English to Cowboy's Spanish, anyway.

"Fine," said Cowboy, and he introduced us as the pride of the U. S. S. *San Francisco's* signal gang.

"Ah, señor," gushed the dizzy Brazilian, "what pleasure it is for me, Señor Corona, to meet such clean, sensible señors as you seafaring mens. So different you are from those ungrateful brute I have been befriend. Ah, señors, I am sick of those fight businesses in which I have been engage. Great joy it would give me if every fighter in those game should die before sunrise of some other day."

"What?" howls Bill Kerins, thinking of his prize stable, and what a terrible thing that would be.

"I said, señor, that I cheerfully could watch each fighter in these universe get his face pat with those spade. No good are they, señor. No man who makes livings fighting can ever be of much good, señor. Thankful is Señor Corona to meet three gentlemens who are in no way connect with the prize-fighting professions——"

"Wait a minute," said Bill. "We are."

"Yes," growled Cowboy, "and what ye gonna do about that, hey?"

The Brazilian gargled, then moved over to the other end of the bench as though we were probably poison, and he didn't want any at no price.

"Everywhere, everywhere, everywhere," he moans.

"Listen," says Bill, a little sore, "what's eatin' you anyhow you dumb Alec? Are you a cuckoo clock? Or are you just one of these nuts who insists on betting nothing but short ends, and now maybe your short end is all gone, hey?"

The guy moans some more, but finally he comes clean with his story. But he didn't tell it all right there because we had to keep virtuously on the trail of an ice-cream soda. By the time we all got so we didn't care if we never found one anyway, this guy was weeping on Bill's shoulder.

What do you think? The darned sap was a Brazilian fight manager, and the reason it took him so long to tell his sad story was on account of the argument he and Bill had had the minute they discovered they was kindred spirits or affinities you might say. Each insisted that he had the dumbest ivory in tow, see?"

"Listen," says Bill, "what do you call that ivory you say is dumber even than my Hammering Henry?"

The guy waves his arms and spills a name almost as long as old Marquis Lafayette. After we ask him over and over to repeat it for us Bill says in despair:

"It ain't no use. I can't sneeze the way you can. Sounds to me just like you was saying: 'Louie My Angel Flopo.' Instead of designatin' your fighter as maybe zero let's call him Flopo then, and when we feel affectionate toward him maybe, instead of only mad at him, why we will call him Louie My Angel, hey?"

"Suit yourself, señors, but beware. Do not call him those American profane words for that is all these English he have learn and also he know what each they mean."

"Knows all our cuss words, hey?"

"Yes, señor, and all those of every other language but perhaps Chinese."

"Nice mans," I murmured.

Well, this Louie My Angel was a big he-man of only eighteen summers. He had been punching cattle in the Argentine's Panhandle, only they call them pampas, when one day his brother cowboys realized that when it came to punching human pans he was a wow. He could simply put anybody to sleep with one crack, no matter how chronic their insomnia was.

Well, the fight manager, who really isn't a fight manager, but only an Argentine millionaire with a queer kink of Argentine patriotism takes Flopo in tow and benefactors him, which is the same as what us Americans mean when we stake anybody.

By and by nobody in Argentina would fight with him any more, so Señor Corona, his millionaire manager decides to tour the rest of South America and clean up the other odds and ends and maybe a few baboons and gorillas on the Amazon River provided any had nerve enough to get in the same ring with him.

They finally land in Rio de Janeiro and Flopo near kills the champion of Brazil in twenty seconds of the first round. Then while Señor Corona was wondering whether or not to stage a bare-handed fight with a wild bull or something, on account of Flopo was called a wild cow himself, Flopo gets himself wounded by Cupid's arrows.

I can't understand yet, what charms if any Louie My Angel saw in Señorita Dolores Dementia unless maybe in his country they figure beauty by the ton. Señorita Dolores was put together chunkylike, and any one but a blind sweetie would guess her not less than thirty-five summers young. She had kind of maybe snaky eyes and I guess probably she just hypnotized Flopo with them like some fight managers do their fighters.

Well, his manager didn't like this love business at all because he is sure

Señorita Dolores was not on the up and up. To his experienced eye she looked a lot more experienced than even he himself was, and that is traveling some when you consider that he was a millionaire Argentine sportsman. He can see right off that she has his Louie Angel ticketed for matrimony, and his bank roll for her own personal spending money.

Louie My Angel has never been in love before, so of course regards this señorita as the first and only original beauty-contest winner. When his manager Señor Corona attempts to inform him that rumors are rife about the señorita having been unsuccessfully married once before, Flopo knocked him halfway back to Argentina for daring to slander his tender sunflower. The day we met Señor Corona in the park his jaw was just getting back to where he could drink thin soup with his regular champagne diet, so of course you can't blame him if he was hating fighters temporarily.

Says Bill finally: "Listen, bozo, you are a good skate, and I know you are a square one because you have paid for all the drinks to-night, and also two suppers apiece all around. Now where can we meet you to-morrow afternoon and maybe figure this thing out? I want to put the facilities of the United States navy and all my stable at your disposal. Somebody should ought to show this Louie My Angel Flopo the errors of his way. Besides, I don't believe in no fighters husting no managers on their jaw. see? We got to stop that before it gets contagious, hey?"

"Ah, yes, señor. That is quite so. And if in the process Señorita Dolores Dementia gets busted in accident also? Pouf! I do not care. And, I, Señor Corona will give you two thousand milreis when Louie Angel Flopo sees those error in his ways."

"No, listen, señor, I wouldn't let

no lady get busted like you mean on account I am chivalrous, but when it comes to busting their hearts I tell you señor I been busting their hearts all my handsome young life, see?"

"Ah, señor, that is where we shall bust her then. And in the pocketbook. That also would be a very good place."

Well, when we got back to the ship Bill tells me to think hard all night and maybe between us we will get up a scheme whereby we will get us two thousand milreis and also any other loose change in town. So there not being any other ships in sight on the midwatch, which I had that night, I finally figued out a scheme for making a lover's quarrel between Louie My Angel and Señorita Dolores Dementia.

Now his manager had said that Louie was an awful tightwad and could maybe hear a milreis rattle in a jug of molasses. And the señorita was also that way considerable and would probably toss Louie over quick if she thought for one minute he had no money. At this time he had a few thousand pesos saved up, and that is probably why she loved him so. Now maybe if we took that away from him she wouldn't love him any more.

"Listen, Bill," I says next morning, "we will match Hammering Henry to fight Flopo on winner take all basis and string Flopo into betting everything he has on himself to win. And then I guess we will get the bacon."

"That is a pretty good idea for an assistant thinker," said Bill. "So now you better run down and get a pail of coffee and I will start from your gentle hint and show you where a real good thinker can go from there." And Bill Kerins who is the greatest fight promoter and manager the navy ever saw, began to think. After maybe six cups of coffee apiece and I don't know how much toast he casts loose his idea.

"First, we will fight you and Flopo," he states.

"Me? I'm only a middleweight," I yells.

"Pipe down. Ain't I your manager? Then we will fight Cowboy Jones."

"Hey! I am only a light-heavyweight," howls Cowboy. "I shouldn't ought to fight out of my class."

"I know," says Bill, serene but obdurate. "and then we will feed that guy our Hammering Henry, hey?"

"When do we start, Bill," says Henry in his gentle voice. Henry was willing to fight any time, any place Bill wanted. That's how dumb he was, honest. And on account of being so dumb he was now heavyweight champion of the navy, while Cowboy and I had managed to remain only champions of the mine division in our respective classes.

"You leave that to me, Henry."

So Bill tells Señor Corona to patch up things with Louie My Angel and tell him he has arranged with some dumb Americans to fight three fights with him and he was to win the first two and drop the last one and if he did as scheduled, why Señor Corona would gladly be his best man at his wedding to Señorita Dolores Dementia right after the last fight. There was also a great scheme for all of us to pyramid our winnings. The Americans would explain how it was done.

Well, both Flopo and the señorita fall for the line and fortunately the señorita could understand English pretty well herself and unwittingly she helped thereby to sell the grand idea to Flopo, for she was terribly greedy for money herself. Like all such characters she was fond of the easy money. This was the way the explanation of the pyramid ran.

"See," yelled Bill, in English, which was translated to Flopo by both his manager and señorita immediately. "We will build us a financial pyramid. We will start with one dollar and pretty soon have a thousand dollars."

Flopo beamed like Sandy Hook light when he saw that something was going to come in for nothing.

"He says how much more would he have if he started with two thousand pesos maybe," Señor Corona coyly asked us.

"Why, every time we double, and double again and when you go on far enough—millions!"

We finally got over to that dumb ivory the theory of the financial pyramid. You bet ten dollars, win ten and then you have twenty. You bet the twenty and first thing you know it is forty. Of course we didn't bother to explain the weak link in the chain, that is, the place where at you lost. So this pyramid idea near made him nutty. He and the señorita couldn't wait to get it started.

Now the ideas were provided by my manager, and while I didn't like to lay down in any fight, still I was fighting out of my class anyway, and besides that if I didn't do what Bill told me to do he would probably kill me. So what could I do?

I was to fight this wild cow of the Argentine Panhandle first. We would all sensibly bet on Flopo to win that one and I was to see to it that he did. Then Cowboy Jones would fight Flopo next and he would lose also. Last and most important we would fight our Hammering Henry against Flopo and we would switch all the money to Hammering Henry on that fight and Flopo would lay down to him, and if the crazy dago didn't our Hammering Henry would sure murder him anyway for being conceited, and all of us would have beaucoup milreis and the fool public they would have had a good time even if they did pay for it.

Well, Bill isn't too dumb, believe me and he knew his Brazilians also, what I mean. It's a cinch my one hundred and fifty-eight pounds aren't going to beat two hundred and seventeen

pounds, so I will run all around the ring and lose. Fine, so far.

But do you think we are going to wait for Flopo to lay down to Hammering Henry? We know that Louie My Angel has probably conceived instantly the notion of double-crossing us on that one. Won't the betting of foolish Americans be high on their heavyweight champ? Well he, Louie, would show them. He would take all our dough by licking Hammering Henry. So while we are waiting for him to lay down he will rope us for a string of catfish and knock that navy champ clean out of the navy.

But as I say we can see that the cards read right for that kind of a play ourselves. Now this Flopo was a slow, lumbering fighter while Cowboy Jones was the fastest light-heavyweight I ever did see. We could easy have him outpoint Flopo in that second fight and all our money would be on our Cowboy to win. By the time the tenth round showed up and Flopo realized Cowboy wasn't going to fall over and take a ten count it would be too late for him to make a showing and he would find himself in bankruptcy and his sweetie in a proper temper to throw him clean overboard. Pretty slick, what?

And suppose our Cowboy lost. Well, didn't we still have Hammering Henry? And nobody with sense would ever bet against our Hammering Henry, because he was born lucky, and will be winning fights when he has all four feet in the grave. Believe me this was scientific calculating.

Well, there are a lot of English in Rio looking after mortgages and trading contracts and things and so of course we must get us an English referee. And who did we get but Lord Chomley himself, a guy who plays polo and horse races and fights and everything else, but if anything he sure liked his fights. Well, about all he knew

about refereeing was that no fighter should ought to kick or bite and that we figure was plenty for our purposes.

Come the night of my fight with Flopo. We had a good gate on winner-take-all-the-purse basis. All of Flopo's money was up as well as our's on him to win. I've told you I didn't believe in such stuff at all but then I was out of my class. So what could I do?

Well, I easy outpoint Flopo the first round, and the second was the same.

"Take it easy, you dumb swab," hissed Bill.

"Aw, go chase yourself," I says, getting mad as I realized how good I really must be. "I got my reputation to keep and I am going to keep it. I'm going to win this fight, see?"

Well, I tore out in the third round and started to make Flopo look like thirty cents on Broadway. I have him bleeding bad. He hasn't laid a hand on me the whole fight so far. He sure was a slow old scow.

And then what do you think? Just as he rushed me over near my corner where Bill was sitting, Bill did the dirtiest thing I ever knew him to do. Like a flash of lightning he hit me over the head with a blunt instrument and knocked me cold. That's what a manager will do when you dare to cross him.

And would you believe it, Bill was so quick about it all that not a soul in the crowd, or even Lord Chomley ever saw him do it, and when I finally came to everybody is yelling: "Oh, what a sock on the button." So Louie My Angel has been given credit for a clean knock-out victory. So when I got back to the dressing room I was so mad I cried like a baby.

"You are a dirty skunk," I accused Bill.

"Who, me? Nick, have you gone cuckoo?"

"No, I haven't, and you may kid

every one else but believe me I saw you pick up that stool and crown me with it you snake. I was lying on my back on the floor right where I could see you easy."

"Oh," howled Bill. "I knew it, I knew it! That's what I get for sending my best middleweight against a heavyweight. Now his mind is unhinged from that terrible crack that Wild Bull gave him.

"Gosh, Nick, be yourself. Tell Bill you are all right upstairs. This is what I get for sending you into something that don't count toward no championship."

To all of this I gave him such an icy stare that he rushed out and got pills and the young doctor and they put me to bed in the sick bay for two days to rest my mind, they said. And just to show you how hard Bill must have hit me why it even made my jaw so sore I couldn't eat anything but soup for nearly a week.

In another week or so Cowboy and Flopo find themselves gathered together in the same ring. Lord Chomley looks over their bandages to see if there is any lead pipe in them and examines the gloves for stray cast iron.

He is an old-fashioned referee is Lord Chomley. He shows up in evening dress and wears his silk hat in the ring and a monocle so he wouldn't miss anything, and on one wrist he has a swell stop watch to help him count ten and on the other he has a little folder like girls carry to a dance. This book is numbered by rounds and one page has Flopo's name and the other Cowboy Jones', and after each round he writes a credit to each fighter for that round and at the end of ten rounds if it lasts that long he adds up all the credits and whoever has the most, wins.

Now John, the baker, who always bets our dough in a lump for us and charges us ten per cent of the winnings

has instructions to put our money all on Cowboy, for after what I did to Flopo in three rounds they figure Cowboy ought to take him sure. So John is stewing around, and stewing around, and finally I ask him if he has got our money up yet.

"That's my business," snapped John.

"Hey?" I asked.

"And besides I had a bad dream last night that makes me feel cautious."

"Well, you take it from me, Flopo is going to have a bad one pretty quick, John, and if Bill hadn't hit me with a club last week he would have had one then, believe me."

"Yeh," said John sourly. "Well, he should 'a' had one anyway on account of murdering you with one punch, hey?" And then he ran off because I tried to soak him one for that dirty crack.

Well, round one sees Cowboy slamming Louie My Angel Flopo all over the ring and I'll bet Lord Chomley wished he had an adding machine to tally up all the points Cowboy made in that round.

The second round Louie My Angel absorbed enough of Cowboy's stuff to wreck an army corps and still kept up his endless swing of a wild right hand from two feet below the floor. It is pretty plain that whoever taught this bird Flopo to box fight kept it a dark secret as to what his left hand is for.

"Hey, John," I yells after the fifth round when Louie My Angel looked like a wild cow twenty other cows had maybe smashed into, "you got our dough up yet, hey?"

"That's my business," growls John, acting kind of dazedlike.

Well, by the seventh round Cowboy Jones had knocked Louie My Angel down twice and Flopo was finding out why us American boxers are generally the best on earth.

Then in the eighth round something

comes sailing out of the ring like an airplane and over Bill's and my heads and lands somewhere about the tenth row of seats.

"Gosh," says Bill, when he notices that Lord Chomley is leaning out over the ropes counting up to ten, "that Cowboy sure can hit, hey?"

"Bill," I shrieks in agony. "It's Cowboy over there in those front rows, not Flopo," and sure enough I was right.

Cowboy had fallen asleep in a señorita's lap, and the señorita had fainted on account of not being used to any man laying his head in her lap right in public. The señorita's chaperon had fainted on account of the señorita fainting, and the señor with them was jumping up and down on his seat challenging everybody to a duel at sunrise on account of his honor having been insulted and the police wanted to pinch Cowboy and believe me we were glad to get out of there with only the loss of the fight.

"Well, John," I grinned wanly, when we were safely in our motor launch going back to our ship, "did you get our money up?"

"Sure," said John, "and it's a good thing it's my business and not yours, because while I will bet every nickel I got on Hammering Henry any time he climbs into a ring, I ain't such a jackass I will ever bet any real dough on one hundred and seventy-two pounds, ringside, trying to lick two hundred and twenty pounds of wild cow from those tough Argentine pampas."

Well, that is why we always let John bet our dough for us, because maybe at the last minute he would get queer financial notions of hedging bets or maybe switching the whole thing so no matter what disaster occurred we probably came out all right anyhow. So after all the pyramid has simply progressed to the point Bill had arranged



with Flopo originally. Now if Flopo would lay down next fight we would easy clean up.

But Bill and I know our Brazilians and we are certain that Flopo is going to cross us and win that fight if he possibly can and because by doing that he can get the winner-take-all-purse in addition to the pyramided bet he will place on himself, which of course should have been placed on Hammering Henry. But then he don't know our Hammering Henry.

Now Señor Corona shows up with a worried look on his brow.

"My friends," he says, "Louie My Angel has agreed to marry those Señorita Dolores Dementia the day after this big fight."

"Well, señor, she is gonna have to borrow the price of the license, because we got it straight that Flopo has backed himself to win with every cent he has."

"I know," said Señor Corona, "and he will fight like a mad cow lest he lose it. But I, Señor Corona, will fix him. Flopo must lose or his life she is ruin. Of my own accord shall I have his tea doped to-morrow afternoon."

Now it seems that Señorita Dementia in order to impress Louie My Angel as to how swell she was, served four o'clock tea at her house every day, and it didn't make any difference what Flopo's training schedule called for at that time, four o'clock in the afternoon found him at Señorita Dementia's drinking tea and maybe playing a mandolin or two also.

It is going to be easy to dope that tea, too. Her Chinese cook was very mad at the señorita on account of cruel and abusive treatment she had handed him. It seems he had unconsciously drank up two bottles of port wine she was saving for the monthly meeting of her bridge club. The señorita got in such a temper she gave him two swift kicks both in the same place. So

to get square on her, and incidentally for money enough to retire on maybe, he would drug Louie My Angel's tea the day of the fight. You can't fool with no chink, hey?

Well, what could we do? If a fighter's own manager wants to dope his own fighter is that our business, hey? I ask you? And besides we had to remember the winner-take-all purse, and our heavy bets. And anyway it would rescue Louie My Angel from the wiles of Señorita Dementia so he would live happily ever after instead of maybe unhappy. Of course Hammering Henry would of won easy anyway. So what difference would it make, hey? Why make Henry work any harder than necessary?

The night of the big fight shows up at last and all of us sailors are there and also the crews of some British ships and all the loose Americans and British in town. Well, all of those people have bet their heads off on Hammering Henry because that name, heavyweight champion of the U. S. navy, means something in any port in the world. But all of the crazy Brazilians have bet on Louie My Angel Flopo and believe me this looked like a regular battle between North and South America.

The front rows were all filled with society, military, government, and other things. This was to be some fight. A fast one hundred and ninety-five pounder against a wild two hundred and twenty pounder. That is just like putting a bad tomcat against an inquisitive bulldog.

On account of the fact that Lord Chomley knows Hammering Henry and Louie My Angel Flopo were slug-gers instead of only fancy sock artists like me and Cowboy he informs us before the fight that knockdowns will be regarded favorably by him as deciding factors in rendering his most august decision. He hoped, however,

that the boys would be kind enough to finish the fight well inside the limit. We assured him Hammering Henry would see to that personally and he thanked us profusely for our optimism.

So Bill arranges for me to splash water all over our champion's corner in between rounds and then every time Henry gets Flopo in that corner why he will only have to shove him and he will fall down. Then we will have an extra point easylike.

A lot of vivas indicate Flopo the Wild Cow of the Argentine Panhandle has arrived. He doesn't look dopey at all. I would almost swear he was all O. K. myself. He has a far-away look all deep thinkers have, however. But perhaps our instruction on financial pyramids has finally made a thinker out of him, hey?

"Wonder if Señor Corona has double-crossed us, Nick?" muttered Bill.

"Never mind, Bill. Perhaps he has all right, but our Hammering Henry is good enough to lick two wild bulls even if they had been fed loco weed instead of maybe only dope."

Johnny Lee, a half-breed Seminole Indian, who mess-cooked at our signalmen's mess, was helping us in Henry's corner. He had followed Henry's fortunes like a little dog ever since Henry licked a big bully named "Bing" Mason, who had a habit of murdering Johnny every so often. Johnny's ambition, once he finished this tough four-year naval education, was to go into vaudeville as a sword-swallowing, sleight-of-hand and conjuring performer. He was one of these guys that when you say: "Hey, Mess Cook, produce me a fork," would cough three times and cough you up a fork so real-like you would make him sterilize it before you would have anything to do with it.

Well, I wondered where Señiorita Dolores Dementia was at but Flopo

didn't seem to be wondering at all so I figured he either must have told her to stay away or probably to watch the gate receipts at the gate. So finally the battle for the championship of South America and the Amazon River gets under way. And Hammering Henry starts right out giving the usual account of himself.

One of Hammering Henry's best features was ability to absorb punishment. You could knock Hammering Henry down but you never ever could knock Henry down for any count of ten. Not with an express train you couldn't.

Well, this wild cow from the Argentine pampas is a lot like an express train anyway, believe me, and he knocked Hammering Henry down that very first round. But that was only normal for Henry, for he did not ever begin to fight until he had spotted his opponent at least one knockdown. He caught that idea from a marine he once met.

So when the round is over all the Brazilians are crazy with joy, and all the rest of us are worried and I saw Lord Chomley make a vertical line under Flopo's column for the first round and a big cipher in Henry's column for the same round.

"Now, ho," says Henry, when they started the second round, "it is my turn, hey?" and he sat Flopo first on one ear and then the other in that round. In the third he banged him down for a count of twelve. Lord Chomley having forgot to wind that fool stop watch and so the excitement stopped it and he wasted three or four seconds of precious time finding it out before he began to count.

By the fifth round Louie My Angel Flopo is looking like a victim of Custer's massacre, and the fight still stands at three knockdowns credit for our Henry and only one for Flopo. I have got the canvas all wet in our corner

now and it sure proved a boomerang, because our Henry, who has suddenly got an insane desire to show he is a boxer also, slips twice without being hit and goes down twice for two counts of a half second each. Then didn't that dumb-bell Lord Chomley make two vertical lines in Flopo's column at the end of the round, making the knock-down count even at three all.

Well, the minute Bill, Johnny Lee and I saw that we pile into the ring and raise Cain with Lord Chomley.

"He wasn't even hit, you dumb swab," yelled Johnny Lee, grabbing Lord Chomley by his wrist watch.

"My good man," answered Lord Chomley, "I wish to be fair, but when a blow travels with such extraordinary speed that no one can see it, should I penalize the fighter who delivered it?"

Can you tie that? Johnny Lee near went out of his mind at that crack and grabbed Lord Chomley by the wrist that held his score book and started shaking him all round.

"Beware, my good man," said Lord Chomley coldly. "or I shall put you in your place."

"They wasn't knockdowns, they was slip downs, they ain't——" shrieked Johnny.

"Get out of this ring, fellow," said Lord Chomley, shaking him loose from that wrist, "or I shall disqualify your fighter." He wasn't going to let any Yankee tell him how to referee any fight. No, sir.

Well, we dragged Johnny Lee out of the ring and called Lord Chomley a lot of things no one should ever call a lord. The fight progresses. Hammering Henry knocks Flopo down once in the seventh and Flopo makes his last mad rush in the eighth and knocks Hammering Henry twice thus putting Henry one knockdown behind. Then class and condition began to tell.

The Wild Cow may have been a better fighter later but he took the

pasting of his young life in that ninth round, and by now we had discovered that he was no doped fighter, either. We suspected that Señor Corona had kidded us, hoping Flopo would lick Hammering Henry and they would clean up thereby. Louie My Angel was down twice in the ninth and each time he took a full count of nine, too. But Henry also misses a wild swing and fell down and Lord Chomley counts that a knockdown, too.

Going into the tenth Hammering Henry had Flopo nearly out. Henry needed one knockdown to win according to Lord Chomley's crazy score book. But Louie My Angel hung on for dear life. His eyes were closed, and his face was a complete wreck. This Hammering Henry was the greatest fighter bar none I have ever seen. With any other referee but the one we had there wouldn't have been any question as to who had won the decision, but according to that knockdown count if you included those three slips of Henry's the fight would be a draw if Flopo still stood on his feet at the bell. Well, he lasted it out.

Señor Corona and his assistants were working madly over Flopo as Lord Chomley stood in the center of the ring studying his little book with a slightly puzzled look on his otherwise vacant face. He seems to be adding over and over again. Bill, Cowboy Jones and I with Johnny Lee were patting good old Henry on the back. If it hadn't been for that wet spot and his three slips—— But now Lord Chomley has made a decision. He is stepping over to our corner, Glory be! He has raised Hammering Henry's glove high in the air. We had won after all, and Father Neptune knows we won fairly and that there should never have been any question except for Lord Chomley's crazy methods of counting points.

And as I helped carry Henry on our shoulders out of the big hall I caught a glimpse of Señor Corona in Flopo's corner. There is a smile on his face as radiant as some rising sun. And suddenly it occurs to me that Flopo has been busted more ways than one. His financial pyramid has surely collapsed like a toy balloon.

It was kind of funny going back to the ship, for Bill and Cowboy and I were saying over and over.

"I can't understand it. I only counted six for Henry and six for Flopo. I know Henry beat the heck out of him but how the heck did that guy, Lord Chomley, get convinced? He must 'a' made a mistake in addition, hey? Or he would of called it a draw."

"Listen, guys," says Johnny, "Lord Chomley added all right. And the score was eight to six knockdowns in favor of our Henry."

"I guess I am getting blind," admitted Bill. "When did Henry make the other two?"

"Well, you see," said Johnny, "he didn't make them. I made 'em myself when I was shaking Lord Chomley's wrist that time and arguing with him. I made 'em in his crazy notebook for him."

Good night. So that was why Johnny had roughed Lord Chomley around. And it had made Lord Chomley so mad he would go by his book no matter what it said. Can you beat it? Well, all's well that ends well, hey?

The paymaster made us all send checks home to our mothers the next day and so we were not so flush when Bill, Henry, Cowboy and I hit the beach. If they didn't transfer that blamed paymaster pretty soon all our mothers were going to be independently wealthy no matter how hard we tried to spend the winnings personally.

So we was wandering down a side

street which was a short cut to Señor Corona's hotel feeling pretty poor again but hoping Louie My Angel had been thrown over by Señorita Dementia on account of financial destitution, and that the señor would come koko with the two thousand milreis he had promised us. The paymaster didn't know anything about that so maybe we could paint the town a gentle shade of pink after all. As we came around a corner we saw two individuals rolling around in some kind of a fight, and when we get close up we can see it is that unusual circumstance, two women trying to kill each other.

Well, we thought we would sit on the curbstone and wait and see if maybe the handsome sheik they was probably arguing about would show up, and if he was very handsome why we would tweak his mustache for him maybe and start some regular trouble. But finally it dawns on us that the woman who is getting the worst of the argument is an old Indian woman and the one ahead on points seems very familiar somehow, and sure enough when the cops finally show up and pinch that one we see it is Louie My Angel's sweetie, Señorita Dolores Dementia.

Well, one cop stayed behind to get the old Indian squaw's story, and then he comes over to get our impressions on the argument because foreign cops always write a big book on every disaster that takes place on their beats. He speaks good English and we tell him we will gladly give our foreign impressions if he will tell us what started it anyway.

"Those Señorita Dolores Dementia she what you call bad actor," he expounds. "She widow with five, maybe six children by first husband. The grand Flopo, such a great fighter, señors, but most unfortunate, from Argentina, he come to our great city. Señorita, she hypnotize him, señors, that poor boy. No one they dare tell these grand

Flopo about the señorita. Perhaps he may kill the informer for base slander in his rage.

"At last marriage is arranged by the señorita for this day after those last big fight. But señorita is concerned that those heavy punches may knock these Flopo from under those influence of her hypnotism. So like foolish, desperate woman she buy love potion from those Indian faker to make sure. Those Indian she make mistake and señorita receive hate potion. To-day the Señor Flopo he say to Señorita Dementia. 'No like no more. I go myself back to beloved Argentine.' Then Señorita Dementia she get ver' angry. She tell him there is warmer place also and may he go there also. Then comes she down here and make attack on this poor woman."

"Well, I guess we get the bologna, Bill," I says and we started off for Señor Corona's hotel. Well, we turned another corner and who should we see across the street but the remains of old Louie My Angel Flopo himself. He dusts over and greets us and we all shakes hands.

"Señors," he says, and Cowboy translates for us, "I must apologize. I, Louie Angel Flopo did not wager on your Hammering Henry as so directed and now I am insolvent. My own fault it is, señors, but do I care? No. I, Louie Angel Flopo, shall go back to my beloved Argentine and some day soon, señors, I shall come to your grand country and win those heavyweight championships."

"Well, Louie, old top, if you get there before our Hammering Henry does, maybe you will at that," we all agreed.

"Ah, señors, and I believe I could have beaten your Hammering Henry had it not been for ugly thoughts that possessed me of that Señorita Dolores Dementia, who now I refuse to marry, and who on her part will not marry me

now that I am penniless. You who have made me so have done me great favor thereby."

"You say you are broke, Flopo, old top?" asks Cowboy.

"Señor Corona, my benefactor, have pay all my debts, but no money will he give me to spend until I am safely on those boat for my Argentine."

"Here, Louie," says Cowboy, giving him a silver milreis. Bill and I each handed him one also.

"Here," said Henry, dumb on financial matters as usual, "here, Louie, is two milreis."

Flopo took them and jingled them musically.

"Ah, señors, all the purse I have for all those fights. So when in future I shall gaze back on these days shall I not call this the '*Battle of Cinquo Milreis*'?"

"You've said it, Louie, old top, and the '*Battle of Five Milreis*' was some battle, hey?"

He grinned feebly through swollen lips, and shook hands with us forty eleven times and departed. He hadn't any more than got around the corner when a familiar voice hailed us. It was Señor Corona, his manager.

"Ah, señors, what story to tell. Those fool Chinese cook, he dope Flopo's tea so strong as put two cows to sleep. While watching behind curtains for effects, he is astonished to see Señorita Dementia drop powders in her own tea. Then quickly does she exchange cups so that those tea doped by those cook she receive herself.

"This tea she gave Flopo is suppose to have love powder she have purchased. But for some strange reason, señors, this powder it work most opposite. And Louie Angel come back to her just before those fight to tell her how his feelings they have suddenly change. He find señorita lying on the floor unconscious. He find empty wine bottles in those kitchen

which those Chinese cook have drank to drown his sorrow and regret at this great mistake that have been perpetrated, and hoping perhaps it will lend him those strength so necessary to lift that fat señorita onto a couch that she may slumber more peacefully. And when he find that he grows steadily weaker he get very much discourage, crawl in those ice box and fall asleep, too.

"'Aha' say My Louie Angel, 'this señorita she is bad woman. She drinks wines until she is sound asleep. I will think no more of her. I am through. I will not marry. My heart, it is now destroyed. No more, ever, shall I have faith in woman again.'

"Ah, señors," and good old Corona busted into tears. "It was happy days indeed that I met you." Then he handed over two thousand milreis, shook hands ninety-nine times and departed also. So we sat on a curbstone to think this business all over. Finally Bill says to me.

"Nick, how will we split this money?"

"Why, Bill, I guess we will split it four ways, hey?"

"What do you say, Cowboy?"

"Four ways. Bill, sure enough."

"Well, Henry?"

"Why, Bill," said Henry, "if you

should ask me I would say five ways is a lot fairer."

"Correct," said Bill. "And now tell me, you guys, who won the Battle of Five Milreis, hey?"

"Why, Hammering Henry did," Cowboy and I chorused.

"Who won it, Henry?" asked Bill of him.

"Well, Bill," said Henry in his mild, gentle way, "if you should ask me I'd say Johnny Lee won it for us."

"And how did he win it, Henry?"

Henry thought very hard. "Why, Bill, I think you might say he won it with a pen that was mightier than a boxing glove, hey?"

"No, Henry," said Bill, "he won it with a lead pencil that was quicker than the eye. And he is the guy that cuts in with us, see?"

Well, weeks later we had a minstrel show and the end man sings out,

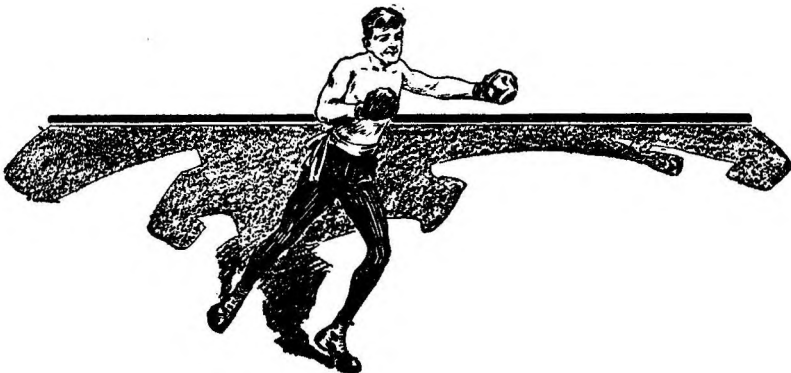
"Who, Mr. Interlocutor, is Johnny Lee?"

"Johnny Lee? Why, boy, don' you know? Why he's the champion lead pencil man."

"What battle did Johnny Lee win with a lead pencil?"

Then in one tremendous roar the crew thundered:

"The Battle of Five Milreis." So that was that.





# T R A C K



## Flying Feet

By Charley Paddock

A sprint around the world by this famous athlete begins in this issue, with Charley Paddock and Loren Murchison racing Japanese stars, and telling of their experiences throughout Japan.

ON the "Stockholm Special" Loren Murchison and I headed south for Malmö from Sweden's capital. This was in the summer of 1924, soon after the Paris Olympic Games, and the countryside was fragrant and green, delighting the eye and affording wholesome inspiration for the traveler.

"Wouldn't it be great if we could just keep on going," exclaimed Murchison, "and see the rest of the world this way!"

"Why not?" I replied.

And so began a train of thought which eventually took us to sea in March, 1925, aboard the *Shinyo Maru*, headed for Japan on the first leg of a trip which came to be known as Our Sprint Around the World. But that day in Sweden we worked out our first definite plans and soon were able to make it known that we intended to undertake such a journey "in the interests of track athletics for the purpose of creating a closer relationship on the athletic field between the countries of the world."

Soon the invitations came in from Japan and Finland and Germany, and

these three countries made it possible for us to turn our dream into reality. Afterward other nations, France and Sweden and China; the Philippines, Holland and Hawaii, all contributed toward making our enterprise a success, until altogether we ran in more than ten foreign lands before we sailed for New York and home. The adventures we met

with on that trip and my subsequent competition in this country in preparation for the Olympic Games at Amsterdam in 1928 form the background for the story I am about to write.

First of all, to give the reader a glimpse into what has already happened, it is necessary to describe briefly our athletic careers preceding the eventful year, 1925.

Loren and I had commenced running

at just about the same time, he in Fayetteville, Arkansas, and I in Pasadena, California. Strangely enough we were both born in the State of Texas and by marriage were distantly related, a fact that we did not discover until we were about to leave on our 1925 trip, after having competed against each other



**CHARLEY PADDOCK**

**World's Record Holder in the  
Hundred Yard Dash and Veteran  
Olympic Competitor.**

for a number of seasons. We also are about the same height and weight, alike in complexion with blond hair and gray eyes. However, on the track we are just about as different as two individuals can possibly be. For Murchison has always specialized on the start and I have been best at the finish. Murchison has trained himself to take short, sharp steps and my stride is unusually long. Murchison leans forward when he runs, while my body from the hips up is held erect, my knee action being high.

I imagine that it was natural for us to run each in his own fashion. If we had been reared together we would probably have adopted much the same style, for sprinting is after all a matter of form and individuality, affected by environment and coaching. Each man has a certain amount of natural ability and it is up to him to whip that ability into shape so that he can use it to the best advantage. I could run fast in grammar school. It was no great effort for me to beat the rest of the boys in my class and in the school and when I entered high school, I soon found that I could defeat the rest of the track men there and in the other schools in California.

In my freshman year I won the State Championship in both the hundred and two-twenty-yard dashes and in three years of high school competition I lost two decisions, while in four years of college running I did not lose a college race. And this was virtually all due to natural ability. I was not a fast starter and did not seem to improve very much under coaching until my junior year in college, when both my get-away and my stride took a decided turn for the better. But I always had a strong finish and this saved me on many occasions. Because I generally found myself from one to three yards behind the leader at

the halfway mark in a hundred and had to make it all up in the final drive for the tape. However, I am very thankful that I was a slow starter and had to work so hard in order to win. Else I am sure that I would never have developed sufficiently to establish any records. For being forced to come from behind in race after race afforded the strenuous competition that I needed in order to improve.

Murchison, on the other hand, was not as fortunate. During his early years of running, being naturally fast out of his holes, he was ahead of his field all the way down the stretch and never had to exert himself in order to win. The result was that later on in big competition, his muscles, not having been strained to their utmost week after week, refused to respond and he suffered a certain amount of leg trouble and never did develop his finish the way he might have done, if he had not been handicapped by such a good start. Morris Kirksey, of Stanford University, another Texan, and the hardest sprinter I ever had to run against, was also afflicted in the same way. In high school days he won his races as he pleased and never learned to develop his speed to its highest point, until after the formative period. Then it was too late and his legs could not stand up properly under the strain. As a consequence he was forever suffering from torn ligaments and pulled muscles.

I may safely say that I never had a single year of easy competition in all my life. Always I was being pressed and each season found at least one formidable opponent in the field against me. As a freshman in Pasadena High School, I was continually forced to the limit by the Lamport twins, of Manual Arts, and by George Woods, of the same school. It was during this season that I lost my first decision in a big race, a questionable one, to Harry Lamport.



The reason why I say questionable is because I was entirely overlooked in the field, and the pictures showed that I was out in front by a narrow margin. The judges later reversed their decision and gave me second honors. But it was Woods who was forever fighting me, and scaring me to death. He was a fast starter and I always had to come from behind in order to catch him. There were many times when the judges could have rendered their decision in favor of him, and I would not have been surprised, so close were our battles.

The next season "Oxy" Hendrixon, of Chino, later to win the Intercollegiate 440 yards two years in a row for the University of California, was my hardest opponent in the two twenty yards, while Woods was still racing me hard in the hundred. But Georgie was commencing to slip, even at eighteen years of age, for his coach was using him too much—burning him out. And a boy under eighteen should be most carefully handled, particularly in sprint running. It is easy for a youngster to get into condition and to allow himself to become high-strung and on a tension. If he is worked too hard and allowed to point too often for a big race, he will soon wear out his natural speed and energy and sometimes will suffer more serious results, such as a leaky heart. But this can be remedied by rest. However, it is better still to prevent it entirely by not allowing a boy under eighteen to compete in more than two races a week, and sometimes limiting even that amount of strenuous competition. Another example of the same tendency to overwork a promising sprinter was a boy named Lloyd Cook, of San Bernardino, who proved my hardest opponent the following year, when Woods had almost faded out of the competitive picture.

During these years of high-school running I had not made particularly fast

time, with only a rare ten seconds to my credit, and an unofficial 9 4-5 seconds. My start was too slow to bring out any record time.

Murchison, meanwhile, had raced through his high school years without serious opposition and only found stern competition when he entered indoor competition, open to university and club stars.

His first big race came against Jackson Scholz, of Missouri University, in a fifty-yard dash. Murchison was given a handicap of a yard and a half and he won by more than two yards. That was his first great triumph, for even in those days Scholz was considered as one of the best dash men in the country.

My father felt that I was too young to compete in a National Championship, and though I won all the open competition in southern California from 1916 to 1918, my first real race against the best men in the world did not come until 1919 in the Interallied Games at Paris. At this time my best official record for the hundred was 9 4-5 seconds and my best for the 220 yards was 21 3-5 seconds. And each of these times had only been registered on one occasion.

These service games overseas were a great inspiration to me, and I shall always regard them as the finest championships in which I ever had the pleasure to compete. I was eighteen years of age when I ran in them and I was fortunate enough to win both the 100 and 200 meters in good time, beating Eddy Teschner, of Harvard; Howard, of Canada; Seurin, of France; Croci, of Italy; Haddock, of Kansas; Lindsay, of New Zealand; Hass, of Grinnell, and Butler, of Dubuque, Iowa, among others. Loren Murchison, Jackson Scholz, and Morris Kirksey were all members of our navy and so were not allowed to take part in this great meet, it being open only to the soldiers of the

interallied nations. And these athletes smarted under the alleged "insult" and swore revenge.

Murchison and Scholz got it the following season in the Final American Olympic Try-outs at Boston, when they finished first and second respectively in the 100 yards. But Kirksey and I got back some of our lost prestige by taking the 220 yards in that order and by taking first and second in the Olympic Games at Antwerp in the 100 meters. Allen Woodring, virtually an unknown sprinter from Syracuse University, an alternate on the team was allowed to compete in the Olympic 200 meters when George Massengale, of Missouri, was forced to withdraw because of the grip. And Woodring won the race, defeating me in the final stride just before the tape.

With this hard competition behind me, Coach Dean Cromwell, the following year, decided that more effort should be spent on my stride and my start, and both were materially improved, so that for the first time I was able to set creditable records. I ran the hundred yards five times that season—1921—in 9 3-5 seconds, and broke the world's record for the 100 meters in 10 2-5 seconds; the 200 meters in 21 1-5 seconds; the 220 yards in 20 4-5 seconds; the 300 yards in 30 1-5 seconds and the 300 meters in 33 2-5 seconds, among other records. I was fortunate enough to run the National hundred yards in the Championships in 9 3-5 seconds which removed all doubt from the minds of my Eastern critics about the accuracy of Western timing.

In 1922 I competed in Honolulu; and in 1923 in Paris and throughout Europe. I set a number of odd distance records and won all of my races. From my defeat at the hands of Woodring in 1920—which was the fourth race I had ever lost—I was not beaten any more until the American Olympic Tryout in 1924. But what happened to me that day and

in the Olympics made up for all the victories which had gone before.

The finals in the 100 meters at Boston in 1924 was a race that will long be remembered for this startling feature, if for no other reason: In picking the places at the finish line, it was afterward discovered that the judges did not select a single man out of the seven finalists correctly. Now that is a record in itself! Finally, the sprinters were named in the following order to compete in the Paris Olympic Games: Chester Bowman, Syracuse; Jackson Scholz and Charles Paddock; Loren Murchison; Alfred Leconey and Francis Hussey, the latter being alternates in the hundred meters, while in the 200 meters, Scholz, Hill, Norton, and Paddock were named in that order.

In the Games, none of the American sprinters seemed to be right, and as it rained the day of the race, the track was soft and the Americans being all short men, they were at a decided disadvantage in comparison with the tall Harold Abrahams, of England, who won as he pleased in the remarkably good time of 10 3-5 seconds, which equaled the Olympic record. In the 200 meters, Scholz and I fought it out stride for stride and again I was defeated in the comparatively slow time of 21 3-5 seconds.

Later, Murchison and I went to Stockholm and competed and then down to Berlin, where we were defeated by Huber Houben, of Berlin, in the 100 meters though we did manage to beat him in the 200 meters. Just to cap the climax, Murchison and I ran a special race against Alfred Leconey, of Lafayette University, at Allentown, Pennsylvania, later on that same summer and the judges decided that Leconey had won in 9.5 seconds, a new world's record. It was a fast race that day, no question of it, but the mark was never allowed as the timekeepers did not have sufficient reputations and as a slight

breeze favored us. The race was so close that the three judges each picked a different man, Leconey, Murchison, and myself, and it took the referee and the judges of second place to decide the winner.

That race, though disappointing to Murchison was a great satisfaction to me, for it proved that I was getting back into condition again, and still had a race or two left in my system. So I entered the National Championship the following week-end at Newark, New Jersey, and faced the same men who had been beating me most of the summer. I won the 100 yards in 9 3-5 seconds and the 220 yards in 20 4-5 seconds which equaled the best performances that I had ever turned in for these distances. Inasmuch as most of my hardest opponents were in the race and it was run in the East, there was a thrill of satisfaction in coming back, which meant more to me than winning the Olympic 100 meters in 1920 or in breaking records in 1921.

Loren Murchison took second in both of these races, so that we felt we could face the trip around the world with the knowledge that we were then running as well or better than any of the sprinters we would meet along the way. Indeed, when we sailed from the Golden Gate, along with my mother and father, early in March of 1925, there was only one runner we expected to encounter who would seriously threaten us and that was our old friend Huber Houben, of Germany. And our expectations were fully realized in this regard!

Robert and Howard Kinsey and Harvey Snodgrass were also aboard the *Shinyo Maru*, on their way to play tennis in Japan and as there were Japanese champions aboard, including several well-known wrestlers and fencers, we made quite an athletic trip of it, playing all manner of games together on the spacious decks and making the days at sea melt away.

Almost before we knew it, it was the last night before Honolulu and the weather had become tropical, so much so that we had to change our diet considerably and had to dress in cooler clothes.

Throughout our trip we were continually being faced with different weather conditions and this combined with the change of our drinking water became our chief problem. For the same kind of a diet, the same living conditions, and, above all, regularity are the chief requisites to successful athletic competition.

It was good to see Diamond Head again and the beach at Waikiki and better still to find "Dad" Center waiting on the dock for our boat to come in. All that day Dad escorted us about Honolulu; up to the Pali, those magnificent cliffs that drop a thousand feet, down to the sea; and through the Manoa Valley, past the pineapple plantations and the sugar cane; and at last to the beach itself, the greatest in all the world, with its giant waves that roll a half mile and more, carrying before it the outriggers and the surf boards of skillful riders. It seemed great to be back again; back to Honolulu, where I had competed in 1922, and Dad Center, the genial president of the Amateur Athletic Union for so many years, was indeed a gallant host. That night we boarded our ship again and set sail on the last leg for Japan.

Now and then we trained; went through setting-up exercises and kept in as good condition as we could for our coming competition in the Land of the Rising Sun. The deck sports formed diversion for us and we played all the games that the ingenious mind of a clever deck steward could devise, ending at last with that exciting game called ping-pong. Somehow I had always laughed when a man said that he played ping-pong, but I discovered on that trip that it was in reality a game of science

and of skill, and could be played hard enough to furnish a work-out. As we had the famous Kinsey brothers still aboard and Harvey Snodgrass, we thought that of course these star tennis players would win all the honors in this game which closely resembles, in points at least and in technique, the competition for which they had become internationally noted. But we reckoned without the Japanese.

It seems that ping-pong almost might be called a national pastime in that country and there were a few players aboard who made us all look poor. But we kept on practicing and practicing until in the last tournament all of us got near the last rounds, and Harvey Snodgrass and I played it out for the championship. But Snodgrass made short work of me. He had a natural taste for games of any kind that could not be denied. And so we whiled away the time until we came at last, early one morning in sight of the low, gray hills of Japan, and saw in the distance the ruins of Yokohama and rising majestically behind the city, snow-capped Fuji.

Several members of the Japanese Athletic Federation met our ship, among them being Noguchi and Sawada, two former athletes of the 1920 Japanese Olympic team.

"I am sorry for you," greeted the smiling Noguchi, "but Yokohama is very bad from the earthquake and not pretty to the eye." And indeed this once great city had been reduced virtually to ruins from the terrible quake of the previous summer which had caused the deaths of almost countless thousands throughout Yokohama and Tokyo. But even as we looked at the ruins, we saw a long-distance race in progress and the men winding their way through the fallen buildings and over the loosely strewn piles of lumber and rock, just as though a smooth course had been mapped out for them. And that marathon represented in a measure the spirit of the

new Japan which has gone forward cheerfully to rebuild what has been shattered and to fight on against overwhelming odds.

All that morning we were photographed and "shot" by motion-picture cameras and officially welcomed and welcomed until it was a relief to reach Tokyo at last and be quartered in the American Hotel, one of the few buildings which had not been damaged by the earthquake. This was probably due to the fact that there is only one story, though it spreads all over creation, and going to your rooms constitutes almost enough training without ever touching a track.

Noguchi had been appointed our manager, our guide, and our staff in time of trouble, and well indeed did he perform all his duties. Though he did not speak fluent English he understood perfectly and proved an admirable host. We had a great deal of pleasure at his expense and he good-naturedly fell in with all our jokes. Noguchi had a way of always hemming and coughing before he tried out his English on us, and we knew whenever he was about to attempt some particularly difficult passage by the amount of coughing he did beforehand. His pet expression was to say, "I am sorry for you." If the weather was bad; if the train was late; if any minor arrangement went wrong; in short, if anything at all occurred which might cause us the least discomfort, good old Noguchi was always ready to shout, "I am sorry for you!" And I actually believe that he was!

The very first afternoon that we were in Tokyo we went out to the Imperial University track for a work-out—and met our first surprise. We were taken to a dainty little house adjoining the track which had been prepared for us as our training quarters. We took off our shoes, of course, before entering the room, there being thick mats on the floor which we were not supposed to

soil. Seated in one corner of the little room was an attractive young Japanese woman, brewing tea for us. Suddenly the door was shut behind us and Murchison and I found ourselves alone with our fair companion. Murch and I looked at each other; smiled at the woman; started to take off our coats and made as though we wished to undress. The little Japanese smiled back ever so graciously and never made a move to leave the room, Murch and I were stumped. We next tried the few words of Japanese that we had picked up. But they didn't mean a thing. And we thought that we would bluff her so we actually commenced to undress. But she was not to be bluffed. She smiled sweetly—and remained.

There was nothing else for us to do. We both made a dash for Noguchi and got him to come to the room and talk to her. "I am sorry for you," said Noguchi. "but she is your attendant; she will help you dress and undress and help you with your bath. If you do not like her I will find another." That's not the point we hastened to explain. We don't need anybody. We can get along all by ourselves. But we had a terrible time gaining our end and poor old Noguchi left us, taking our maiden with him, slowly shaking his head, not understanding at all why we should want to do things that the girl could perform for us so much better. But we were not rid of her. Several times during the course of our dressing and undressing she came tripping in again to see if there was anything that she could do. Murch and I never got over being embarrassed and were ready to jump the moment a door commenced to move.

We trained with the leading Japanese sprinters and saw Tani, our old friend of the 1924 Olympic Games again. Tani was one of the best sprinters in the world at Paris that year and reached the semi-final round in the 200 meters.

But he met a terribly hard heat, with Scholz, Coaffee and Abrahams all running against him, and Tani was forced to finish behind them. But he was a skillful starter, and though thirty-two years of age, the best sprinter in the country. He was training faithfully for the Far Eastern Olympics and hoped to defeat Catalon, of Manila, the man who had beaten him several years running, but whom he had eliminated in the Paris Olympics. Catalon had been ill on the trip to Paris which accounted for his poor showing in France. All of the Japanese officials gave Catalon credit for being one of the finest sprinters ever produced in the Orient. He could run the 100 in 9 4-5 seconds when in condition. In 1925 he was also becoming a veteran.

Again the photographers were on hand and the motion-picture cameramen, as we found they were to be every time we worked out in the country. So that we gradually got used to it and ran more "camera" races than we did competitive matches before we were through, for the Japanese were very anxious to study our running technique. Indeed, they were more interested in this than in seeing us run races. They knew that we could run. What they wanted to know was how we ran. And they photographed us from every possible angle, in slow motion and in fast, until it was not their fault if they did not have evidence of exactly how we did it.

After the training we returned to our quarters and just as we expected our little Japanese maiden was back on the job again, brewing more tea. She smiled. We smiled back—and left. We had to have a shower. That is the more satisfactory part of a work-out and we found another room, with a number of young Japanese athletes disporting themselves in a great wooden tank, filled with hot water. That looked great, and we prepared to jump in. Fortunately

we put our hands in first and jumped back like we had been shot, for the water seemed to be boiling. If we had gotten in, we would have been burned to a crisp. Yet the Japanese were enjoying it. A glance at their faces was enough to convince us of that. It was just pleasingly warm to them. And they were very much disgusted when we emptied several barrels of cold water into that pool before we could get in. It made them shiver, though the water was still so hot for us that we still expected to be boiled.

I guess you can harden yourself to anything if you keep at it long enough, and it was told to us that those boys, after staying in that steaming water for hours, could go into the cold, outside air and never catch cold. They became immune to colds by boiling themselves so completely! And before we left the country we got so that we could stand water which would make most Americans feel that they were being tortured to plunge into, but we never anywhere nearly approached the temperature that the Japanese endured.

After our work-out we were entertained at a Japanese banquet. It was a stag affair where everybody seemed to spend most of the time eating raw fish and other like delicacies that Murchison and I did not have the heart to swallow. We listened to some weird and interesting music by Geisha girls and watched them dance and enjoyed an amusing and a thoroughly different evening to which we had been accustomed. On the way home, we were taken to the radio station and there asked to say a few words to the microphone. I thought it would be a waste of time, inasmuch as we had to speak in English, but we were informed that though most of the Japanese did not speak English, a majority of them understood it.

Indeed, it seems that it is easier for the average citizen of Japan to learn English and even to write it than to read

and write his old language. For the Japanese have two complete alphabets and thousands of characters. A character generally stands for part of a word, and in order to read just an ordinary newspaper article couched in the simplest terms, it is necessary to memorize several thousand characters. The language is so intricate and so difficult that there is a great deal of talk of eventually adopting English as the mother tongue. Of course the chief argument against it is the loss of nationality. But the Japanese are so very different from the other peoples of the world that the loss of their language should not change them materially.

After a few days' training we ran our first exhibition in a sectional try-out meet which was for the purpose of determining the athletes who would represent each section in the final Japanese Try-outs for the Far Eastern Olympic Games. Murch and I were both running easily by this time and seemed to be in good shape. We were training for several special matches against Tani to be run off in the Imperial Stadium at the final try-outs, and as the track in this stadium was fast, we hoped to set records for several odd distances.

In the midst of our training we were bundled off to Osaka in southern Japan to run an exhibition match there. Our competition was not very difficult, though we did taste defeat in a relay race that we had a great deal of fun talking about afterward. Murchison and I were placed on the same team, against the fastest quartet in Japan. And our two men, though considered to be good sprinters, ran the first two laps and allowed their opponents to gain many yards advantage. The second runner for our side, in particular, took it easy, and finished hardly puffing. Little Murch went out with blood in his eye to make up an impossible distance, and though he gained considerably, he could not come within many yards of

the flying Japanese star, and it was also impossible for me to catch my opponent, though they only won by a scant yard.

The audience enjoyed this race immensely and laughingly said that they got their money's worth, because Murchison and I, in our efforts to make up the lost distance, ran the fastest that we did during all of our stay in the country. After that whenever we were asked to run in a relay race, we ran the first two laps, and gave our teammates as much of a lead as possible, leaving it up to them whether they wanted to throw that advantage away.

Of course our official interpreter, manager and chief ambassador, Noguchi, accompanied us to Osaka, but he would not sleep under the same roof with us, for to do so would have involved the torture of having to sleep in a bed, a thing to which he was absolutely opposed. So with several of the accompanying athletes Noguchi repaired to a Japanese hotel where he could sleep on a mat thrown on the floor. This method of spending a night was all right one time for a novelty, but as a steady training practice, Murch and I could not quite accustom ourselves to it.

While at Osaka we went on a visit to Nara, the former capital and most interesting city in all Japan, and visited the ancient temples erected even before our oldest European cathedrals, and saw the sacred deer in the royal park—deer, the penalty for killing which was death in the old times. In Nara, as everywhere else, there were beggars and lepers, too, and men with all possible ailments. If we had only realized it, the beggars and the sick in Japan were nothing compared to what we were to see in China and Egypt and throughout all of the Orient.

We returned from the south just in time for a banquet given us by the alumni of the University of Southern California, my alma mater. There were two American graduates there and all

the rest were Japanese. Some of the boys had been through school so long that they no longer spoke English, having returned to work in provinces where they seldom if ever heard that language. All of them still understood it, and all of them remembered the songs and the yells, and the athletes who had been the heroes of their particular time. It was thrilling to sing with them and to yell with them the cheers of Southern California, and I do not believe I have ever been so stirred by a college function. It rather went to show that the ties we are bound to in our undergraduate days are never broken, whatever race we may happen to be, or whatever land we may happen to live in. It also was my mother's birthday and the double celebration made this banquet an event to be long treasured.

The most gorgeous entertainment given in our honor was a special dinner party by a handsome young man, educated in England, who was a member of the royal family. We had dinner served in the Japanese style; seated on cushions and mats, and we were served by Geisha girls, who even by American standards of beauty were most attractive. Most of the girls were clever in appearance and dainty and cute beyond description. After the dinner we played games, some of which were most amusing.

I remember one in particular that was a great favorite with us all. A large mat was placed in the center of the room, upon which had been drawn first of all a black square, and then the square was divided up into many smaller squares. A Geisha girl, holding an empty cup and saucer, was placed on the farthest corner of the mat and a boy, holding a pitcher of tea, was placed on the opposite corner. You could not jump from one line to another, and the object of the game was to meet the girl face to face on the same line. You could only try to reach her as the music played

and you had to be both clever and swift to accomplish the feat. If you did, you filled her cup with tea and received a kiss for your efforts. I never worked so hard for a kiss in all my life! It was great fun, and if some of those Geisha girls ever took an interest in track, our sprinting records would certainly be in danger!

With so many lovely parties given us and such good times arranged for us it was difficult indeed to train properly, but the weather was warm and the Imperial track was fast. Murchison and I, in our two days of running there, established several records for odd distances, chief among which was a new mark for 150 meters of 15 4-5 seconds to displace the old Swedish record. However, I was not given official recognition for the achievement outside of Japan and in 1926 I was able to lower this mark to 15 3-5 seconds, so that it did not matter.

Our chief opponent proved to be Tani and in a couple of the longer races he gave both Murchison and myself a real scare, especially in the first fifty yards, because he knew how to come out of his holes as well as any runner I have ever faced. Some way he tied himself up in the 100. I always thought that he kept his starting pace too long and never came into the long, easy stride that eats up distance after you have once gotten your momentum. The theory is almost the same as that which governs an automobile. You can start faster in second than in high, but you can only go so fast in second and there comes a point when, to increase your speed, it is necessary to shift to high gear. And the same is true of sprint running.

Some men like Tani try to go the whole hundred yards in second gear, taking those short, driving steps that brought them out of their holes so swiftly. For the best results you have to "change gears" at about forty yards and stride home. Tani knew how to do

this in a 220-yard dash, and consequently he was a dangerous opponent, being able to combine both starting speed with striding power. However, he was a little too short for sprinting, being handicapped by his stride. That is the trouble with most Japanese sprinters. A few more inches of height and they would indeed be fast men. In distance running there are several very good men, for the length of the stride does not make much difference when you run several miles. It would not be surprising to hear from Japan in the long races at the Amsterdam Olympic Games. At least the Japanese are serious about their training and if preparation and interest spell success, then certainly the boys from the Land of the Rising Sun will have a worth-while team in Holland.

When we were there it was cherry blossom time. All along the highway and in all the private gardens, cherry trees were in full bloom, all coral and white and crimson in the sunlight, greeting us wherever we went. Some of the most gorgeous trees that we saw were in the gardens at the Mitsui home. Young Mr. Mitsui, one of the heads of the greatest banking and commercial firm in all Japan, is a graduate of Dartmouth University, and he has seemingly taken the best from American life and combined it with the best to be found in his own country. The result is amazing. Even his home reflects it, for half of the mansion is American and the other half Japanese.

The men are gentlemen of the highest order and the women are both cultured and charming. Some of them are quite beautiful. Murchison and I had a great deal of pleasure teasing one attractive relative of the Mitsuis who was about to be married. She spoke no English, but as her intended came from Osaka, we only had to say that one word to make her blush. And neither of us overlooked a single opportunity to say "Osaka" in her presence. A Japanese



meal in the Mitsui home, cooked as you ate it, was one of the delights of our stay in Japan, and the pleasure of visiting Mitsui and his dainty little wife and their children in their own home, was a pleasure we shall always remember.

Noguchi still had another pleasurable surprise in store for us and that was a trip to Nikko, far off in the mountain country to the north of Tokyo. Nikko, the city of the sacred bridge, which none but emperors have ever crossed, though it is said that General U. S. Grant was invited to share that honor and gallantly refused, endearing himself to all of the Japanese by his magnanimous action. Nikko is a city of temples and forests; a city of big trees and running water, and is considered as the most picturesque of all Japanese towns. We climbed to the highest peak, Noguchi and Murchison and I, and there found a crystal lake of ice-cold water, and a view fit for the Olympian gods.

From Nikko we went to Kamakura, city of the great Buddha statue, and then down to Kyoto, the city of silks and fine lace; the city of shops and true, genuine Japanese hospitality. Wherever we went there was Noguchi to look after us, to introduce us to the dignitaries of temple and city and country, until at last we were so frightfully spoiled that we knew we should be lost if we had to go the rest of the way around the world without our Noguchi to be "sorry for us."

On the night that we left, Doctor Seiichi Kishi, president of the Japanese Athletic Federation and a member of the International Olympic Committee, entertained us at dinner and afterward showed us all the film which had been taken of our stay in Japan, from the moment we were welcomed at Yokohama until our last race had been run. The pictures showed us in practice and in competition and some of the extraor-

dinary angles gave a glimpse of sprinting in a more interesting fashion than I had ever seen it portrayed. And then as a final token of friendship, Doctor Kishi presented us with a print of the film.

Indeed, it was difficult for us to have to leave a land which had treated us so royally. When we took ship at Kobe at last for Shanghai, it was with sincere sorrow that we left behind us Cherry Blossom Land and the kind friends we had made. Their hospitality did not cease even then. At Manila, we were presented with two magnificent swords to an order of ancient knighthood, some three hundred years old, in memory of our visit.

And as we sailed away our thoughts were all of Japan and we were firmly convinced that the day is coming in sports when this little country will rank with the greatest in the world in all forms of international competition. Above everything else Japan has the spirit which is not to be denied success.

In some sports, the Japanese will always be handicapped by their size, but they will more than make it up in those events where stamina, will power, and fighting heart play the chief rôles.

Though we were to find the Chinese athletes far less advanced in athletic competition, we left their country also with a warm place in our hearts for the welcome they had given us and the favors they had bestowed upon us, and we carried away with us two silver ships, wrought by hand, perfect in detail, replicas of the famous Chinese junks.

But on the sea as we sailed along for Shanghai we could not know what awaited us and I do not think we were much bothered about the future, for our time was so beautifully taken up in going over again and again the pleasurable incidents of our stay in Japan.

**Another installment of "Flying Feet" will appear in the next number of SPORT STORY MAGAZINE.**

# HOW TO LIVE

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**Dr. William Gilbert Anderson, Director of Yale University  
Gymnasium, Gives Some Valuable Advice on  
Training for Health.**

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**By HANDLEY CROSS**

**I** SUPPOSE that most of those of your readers who are interested in physical training," said Doctor William Gilbert Anderson, director of the Yale University Gymnasium, "are interested in training to be athletes—in getting into good physical condition for the purpose of doing well in track and field athletics, or of winning swimming races, or of 'making' their school or college or club teams in football or baseball or basket ball. To do well in some branch of competitive athletics is an almost universal desire of the young men of this sport-loving age. Certainly it is an almost universal ambition among Yale students, for pretty nearly every freshman, I've found, has a keen wish, expressed openly or held secretly, to make a team and win the 'Y.' Some of them don't do anything more strenuous than wishing to achieve that desire, but well over three quarters of the Yale student body takes part in some form of competitive sport, although all of those boys, of course, aren't candidates for varsity teams.

"How boys will work to make a team! You've heard of Bob Kiphuth, our swimming coach. Almost every one who is interested in intercollegiate sport knows that Bob Kiphuth is one of the most successful—perhaps the most successful—of the college swimming coaches, but not nearly so many people know that he is an expert in corrective gymnastics—body building. Now, 'corrective gymnastics,' as almost any one who has had firsthand experience will

be eager to tell you, is just another way of saying 'hard work.' Shortly after a freshman enters Yale, he receives a thorough physical examination. Often this examination discloses some physical defect. In a recent freshman class, for example, 339 boys were round-shouldered, 162 were flat-chested, 285 were stoop-shouldered, more than half of the members of the class had a lateral curvature of the spine, and nearly a hundred had flat feet or were threatened with fallen arches.

"In most cases these defects can be remedied by proper exercise, and the freshmen who have them are required to do corrective-gymnastic work under the direction of Mr. Kiphuth or of my brother, H. S. Anderson, the instructors who have charge of that branch of our work. Now, it is only human to growl a little about the things that we *have* to do, and the members of the classes in corrective gymnastics are prone to do considerable discussing and perhaps a little cussing about their hardships. Yet boys who are candidates for the swimming team cheerfully do more strenuous work of the same character, for Kiphuth places great emphasis on body building as a preparation for speed swimming, and it is safe to say that his candidates do more work out of the pool than they do in it. Competitive sports aren't perfect—often, I think, especially in preparatory schools, they are too intense and too strenuous; and sometimes, I am afraid, coaches, driven by their desire for victory and

reputation, forget their responsibility for the physical well-being of their charges—but competitive sports form a most efficacious sugar-coating for the pill that all of us who are determined to be healthy must learn to swallow, and the pill that most of us seem to find so bitter—the pill called exercise!

"You have told me that, through a series of interviews published in *SPORT STORY MAGAZINE*, many expert coaches have talked to your readers about training for various sports. I won't talk to them about training for sports, but I'll gladly talk to them about training for health. What I have to say will, I hope, be of use both to athletes—who should lay a foundation of health upon which to build the superstructure of their athletic training—and to nonathletes, who want to live in such fashion that they will be able, for all their years, to enjoy the pleasure and efficiency that is the result of good health. Physical training is good not only for the athlete—it is good for every one. No one should be too busy to devote some of his time to it. It was Gladstone, the English statesman, who was one of the great brain workers of his time, who said: 'All time and money spent in training the body pays a larger interest than any other investment.'

"I have the normal man's interest in competitive sport, and the normal Yale man's admiration for the great athletes who have worn the 'Y'—fellows like Shevlin, Hogan, Kilpatrick, Bomesiler and Coy on the gridiron; Al Sharpe, the only four-letter man in Yale's athletic history; and A. C. Gilbert, who used to hold the pole-vaulting record that now is held by our Sabin Carr, and who was a fine boxer and wrestler, and a marvelous sleight-of-hand man. They were great athletes—and exceptional men, for all great athletes are exceptional men. I'm interested in sport and in great athletes, but I'm more interested in health and in the ordinary run of

Yale students. I'd rather see Yale send a high proportion of young men with good bodies out into the workaday world than see Yale teams defeat Harvard and Princeton, and I'm more interested in trying to teach young men, whether they're in college or out of college, how to live right than I am in the achievements of even the greatest athletes."

#### DOCTOR OF HEALTH

Sitting across his big, flat-topped desk from Doctor Anderson in his big, sunny office in the Yale Gymnasium, I thought of the tremendous debt of gratitude that generations of Yale men owe this gray-haired, pleasant gentleman. For more than thirty years he has been a member of the Yale faculty, and for most of those years he has been director of the gymnasium. He has traveled widely, and studied his profession and his fellow humans in many parts of the world, and various universities have honored him with the right to place disarrangements of the alphabet after his name, among them being M. Sc., M. D., and Dr. P. H. There is one that is missing—Dr. H., standing for Doctor of Health, but, apparently, the universities haven't thought of that degree. Perhaps they will get around to it some time.

If they ever do, Doctor Anderson should be among its first recipients, for he is a doctor of medicine who thinks that the prevention of disease is better than any medicine, and who has devoted his life to the promotion of good health through sensible exercise and sensible living. By following his advice, many thousands of Yale men have left the university with better bodies than they had when they entered it, and with health habits that have been of value to them all through life.

"As I said a few moments ago," continued Doctor Anderson, "every Yale freshman receives a thorough physical

examination shortly after he enters the university. I don't know of any better way of starting training for health than by being examined, and I would suggest to your readers that they go to their physicians, or to the Life Extension Institute, for the purpose. They also should consult their dentists twice a year, for you can't be really healthy if you have bad teeth.

"The information obtained from the Yale examinations, tabulated, gives us a picture of the average Yale freshman. He is a little less than nineteen years old. He is 5 feet 9 9-10 inches tall, he weighs a little over 144 pounds, and his chest measurement is 36 7-10 inches. In spite of the fact that the physical examinations disclose many defects, the average Yale freshman of to-day is a better physical specimen than was the average Yale freshman of twenty-five years ago—a better man than his dad, if you care to express it that way. He is a full inch taller, and he has gained an inch in chest measurement.

"I think that that added inch of height, and that added inch around the chest, are the results of better posture—that Yale freshmen of to-day are standing up straighter than did Yale freshmen of a quarter of a century ago. Better posture means deeper breathing, and deeper breathing results in increased chest capacity.

"Man is the one animal whose spinal axis is vertical. That means that man was meant to stand upright. When he falls into the habit of not standing upright, he's asking for trouble. This trouble comes in various forms, but usually in the form of what is called enteroptosis—which, in nontechnical English, means a sagging of the abdominal organs so that they no longer can perform efficiently their work of turning food into energy, and of ridding the body of the ashes of the fuel that has been burning in the making of that energy.

"I suggest that the boy or man who wants to start training for health should strip himself, and stand before a mirror. If, when he is standing naturally, his chest is out and his abdomen is in, he needn't worry about his posture. If, on the other hand, his chest is in and his abdomen is out, he needs to get busy on some posture exercises.

#### A FIVE-SECOND EXERCISE.

"Correct posture is necessary for good health, and correct posture is largely a matter of habit. In posture, as in everything else, a good habit is harder to form than a bad habit, but a little thought and a fair amount of determination soon will do the trick, and before long the health trainer will find himself standing straighter, looking better, and feeling better.

"I'll tell you the secret of good posture, in nine words. Here it is: *'Keep the back of your neck against your collar.'*

"Many people who find it possible to spare time to be ill several days each year say that they can't spare time for exercise. Lack of time for exercise is a poor excuse for faulty posture, because good posture can be developed by an exercise that takes only five seconds. It's an exercise that you can take in your room, in your shop or office, while you're walking to or from your work, while you're in the theater, or while you're driving your car. Here it is:

"Lift your head. Draw in your chin until the back of your neck presses against your collar. Arch your chest to its utmost. Hold the position for five seconds.

"Nothing complicated about that, is there? If you do it twenty-four times a day, it will consume only two minutes of your time. If you will do it twenty-four times a day for a month, which will take exactly one hour of your time, you will bring about a remarkable improvement in your carriage.

"I'm afraid that a good many of the youngsters, and some of the oldsters, who read this interview will take this five-second exercise the required number of times the first day, about half that number of times the second day, and forget all about it the third day. To those who have short memories I would suggest a reminder placed on bedroom bureau or office desk—anything that will attract the attention.

#### FIVE MINUTES OF EXERCISE.

"Here are two simple exercises that will benefit any one who will devote five minutes to them, *every* morning and *every* evening.

"Exercise No. 1 will widen and deepen the chest, give greater space for the heart and lungs, overcome round or stooping shoulders, and strengthen the abdominal muscles and the spine.

"One! Stand erect, with your heels together. Two! Bend your elbows smartly, and place your finger tips over the top of the deltoid, or round of the shoulder. Arch your chest to its utmost. Draw in your abdominal muscles. Hold for five seconds. Three! Thrust the arms slowly upward until they are fully extended, and at the same time bend the body slightly backward, and look up. Hold this position for five seconds. Four! Return to second position, and hold for five seconds. Five! Lower your arms to your sides and relax, but maintain an erect position. Breathe deeply while in this relaxed position.

"Exercise No. 2 will quicken the action of the heart and lungs.

"One! Stand with the feet apart, and your hands on your hips, fingers forward. Two! Rise on tiptoes. Three! Half bend your knees, lowering your body. Four! Straighten your knees. Five! Lower your heels to the floor. At first it will take you two seconds for this exercise, and five times will be enough. Speed up until you can

do it in one second, and increase gradually to fifteen times.

#### SOME HEALTH RULES.

"Here are a few simple health rules that everybody should obey:

"Get eight or nine hours' sleep every night. Always sleep with your window open.

"Eat food of good quality, well cooked. Eat only food that agrees with you. Eat slowly.

"Bathe regularly.

"Don't smoke to excess. Boys under nineteen, and athletes in training, shouldn't smoke at all.

"Take some exercise every day, in the open air whenever possible.

"Every one needs exercise of some sort. The growing boy needs it to develop his muscles, and the middle-aged man needs it to keep his bodily machinery running smoothly.

"Too many business men 'live well' during the week—'live well' is a misleading term; it really means living foolishly by eating too much and not exercising enough—and then devote Saturday afternoon, and perhaps all day Sunday, to more or less violent exercise. That's bad! Too much exercise is quite as bad as not enough. The man who doesn't get any exercise during the week should be careful to guard against overexertion during the week-end holiday.

"I'm often asked which games are good from the physical training standpoint, and which aren't so good. Well, golf, the game that is most popular among men who have passed the college age, is a pleasant outdoor amusement, but as an exercise it is only fair. Swimming is an excellent sport for almost any one, young or old, for it provides brisk exercise with small danger of strain. Tennis, squash and handball all are good, but shouldn't be played too strenuously by men who aren't in first-class condition. For young men,

basket ball is one of the most beneficial of games—it is a game in which every player is active all the time. Bag punching is good for any one. So is bowling. Baseball is good for boys and young men. Ice skating is fine. Rowing a skiff, or paddling a canoe, provides good summer exercise for almost any one. Rapid walking is a fine exercise, especially for adults. Slow walking—just strolling along—has small value as an exercise."

"The other day, I said, 'I received a letter from a reader who was up against this condition: He is a clerk in a grocery store in a small town, and has to work long hours. He also has duties at home that prevent him playing games. What can he do to keep in condition?'"

"I'd suggest," said Doctor Anderson, "that he take the 'back-of-your-neck-against-your-collar' exercise fifty times a day, and that he devote five minutes, morning and evening, to the other exercises that I outlined."

"Many readers," I suggested, "write to me asking how they can gain weight."

"To gain weight," said Doctor Anderson, "you should eat a lot, sleep a lot, and exercise moderately."

"Proper diet is most important. The man who wants to gain weight should eat slowly, and should eat as much as he wants of any food that he likes. Eating sugar, sirups, fats, fat meats, soups, corn starch, tapioca, cakes, candy, nuts, butter and eggs; and drinking cream, new milk and cocoa or chocolate diluted with plenty of milk and well sweetened, help you to gain weight. A light luncheon in the middle of the afternoon may be eaten in addition to your usual meals—milk or chocolate, or ice cream and crackers. Rest after meals. Don't worry. Don't hurry. Try to avoid getting very tired."

"Sleep also is important. If you

don't sleep well, try eating a few graham crackers before you go to bed, and applying cold water to your head and the back of your neck.

#### HOW TO REDUCE.

"The man who wants to increase his weight can lead a carefree and pleasant life, but the man who wants to reduce his weight has to work hard, and deprive himself of many things that he craves. If his heart is in good condition he can speed up the reduction process by exercising vigorously while wearing warm clothing. Profuse and prolonged perspiration is needed. Running and fast walking are good. So are bending exercises. After exercising he should take a cold bath and rub his body vigorously."

"Diet is even more important than is exercise. The man who would decrease his weight gradually must reduce his intake of food until his weight goes down. He should drink skimmed milk, and eat no butter and few potatoes. He may eat beef, mutton and chicken broth and consommé, fish, lean beef, lean mutton, chicken, game, asparagus, cauliflower, onions, celery, spinach, white cabbage, tomatoes, radishes, lettuce, greens, squash, turnips, stale bread, biscuits, grapes, oranges and berries. He may drink tea or coffee without sugar or milk. He should not eat fats, thick soups, spices, hominy, white or sweet potatoes, macaroni, rice, starches, beets, carrots, parsnips, puddings, pies or candy. He should not drink milk, or water to excess."

"Sensible living, like foolish living, is a habit. The habit of sensible living is well worth forming. It is the foundation of all success. You must have a good body to get the most out of a good mind. The prize of good health is worth training to win—and to keep!"

**In the next issue there will appear an interview with Ray Van Ornam, Johns Hopkins University lacrosse coach. Lacrosse is a coming game. Here is a chance to learn about it from an expert.**



## HOCKEY

### National Hockey League

March 8—Detroit vs. Montreal Maroons, at Detroit.

March 10—Ottawa vs. Detroit, at Ottawa; Montreal Maroons vs. Montreal Canadiens, at Montreal; Boston vs. New York Rangers, at Boston; Pittsburgh vs. Chicago, at Pittsburgh.

March 11—New York Americans vs. Boston, at New York.

March 12—Chicago vs. Pittsburgh, at Chicago.

March 13—New York Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, at New York; Montreal Maroons vs. New York Americans, at Montreal; Toronto vs. Ottawa, at Toronto; Boston vs. Detroit, at Boston.

March 15—New York Americans vs. Ottawa, at New York; Montreal Canadiens vs. Detroit, at Montreal; Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago.

March 17—Montreal Maroons vs. Ottawa, at Montreal; Toronto vs. Montreal Canadiens, at Toronto; Pittsburgh vs. Boston, at Pittsburgh; Chicago vs. Detroit, at Chicago.

March 18—New York Rangers vs. New York Americans, at New York.

March 20—Montreal Canadiens vs. New York Americans, at Montreal; Boston vs. Toronto, at Boston.

March 21—Chicago vs. New York Rangers, at Chicago.

March 22—Ottawa vs. New York Americans, at Ottawa; Montreal Maroons vs. Pittsburgh, at Montreal.

March 24—Montreal Canadiens vs. Ottawa, at Montreal; Toronto vs. Montreal Maroons, at Toronto; Pittsburgh vs. New York Rangers, at Pittsburgh; Detroit vs. Boston, at Detroit.

(End of elimination season; dates of divisional play-offs and Stanley Cup Matches will be announced in next issue.)

### Canadian-American Hockey League

March 10—Springfield vs. Boston, at Springfield; Philadelphia vs. Quebec, at Philadelphia.

March 11—New Haven vs. Providence, at New Haven.

March 12—Quebec vs. Springfield, at Quebec.

March 14—Providence vs. New Haven, at Providence.

March 15—Boston vs. Philadelphia, at Boston.

March 16—Quebec vs. New Haven, at Quebec.

March 17—Philadelphia vs. Boston, at Philadelphia; Springfield vs. Providence, at Springfield.

March 19—Quebec vs. Philadelphia, at Quebec.

March 20—Providence vs. Springfield, at Providence.

March 21—Philadelphia vs. Quebec, at Philadelphia.

March 22—Boston vs. Providence, at Boston.

March 24—Boston vs. Quebec, at Boston; New Haven vs. Springfield, at New Haven; Philadelphia vs. Providence, at Philadelphia.

(End of League season)

## BASKET BALL

### Eastern Intercollegiate League Championship Games

March 10—Columbia vs. Yale, at New York; Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia; Dartmouth vs. Cornell, at Hanover.

(End of League season)

### Western Conference (Big Ten) Championship Games

March 9—Illinois vs. Wisconsin, at Urbana.  
March 10—Minnesota vs. Purdue, at Minneapolis.

(End of Conference season)

**American Basket-ball League (Professional)**

March 8—Cleveland vs. New York, at Cleveland; Philadelphia vs. Washington, at Philadelphia.

March 9—Rochester vs. Fort Wayne, at Rochester.

March 10—Rochester vs. Fort Wayne, at Rochester.

March 11—Washington vs. Philadelphia, at Washington.

March 12—Fort Wayne vs. Chicago, at Fort Wayne; Washington vs. Philadelphia, at Washington.

March 13—Fort Wayne vs. Chicago, at Fort Wayne.

March 14—Chicago vs. Cleveland, at Chicago.

March 15—Chicago vs. Cleveland, at Chicago; Philadelphia vs. Fort Wayne, at Philadelphia.

March 16—Cleveland vs. Rochester, at Cleveland.

March 17—Cleveland vs. Rochester, at Cleveland.

March 18—New York vs. Philadelphia, at New York; Washington vs. Fort Wayne, at Washington.

March 19—New York vs. Philadelphia, at New York; Washington vs. Fort Wayne, at Washington.

(End of League season)

**TRACK and FIELD—INDOOR MEETS**

March 10—Bankers' Athletic League Championships, Brooklyn, New York; Cornell vs. Yale, Ithaca, New York.

March 17—University of Illinois Indoor Relay Carnival, Urbana, Illinois.

**BOXING**

March 16 and 17—Intercollegiate Championships, Philadelphia.

**WRESTLING**

March 16 and 17—Intercollegiate Championships, Princeton, New Jersey.

**SWIMMING**

March 17—National Interscholastic Championships, New York City.

March 23 and 24—Intercollegiate Swimming Association Individual Championships, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

**TENNIS**

March 5 to 10—Championships of Florida, Palm Beach; Men's singles and doubles.

March 12 to 17—Southeastern Championships, Jacksonville, Florida; Men's singles and doubles.

March 19 to 24—South Atlantic State Tournament, Augusta, Georgia; Men's singles and doubles, women's singles and doubles, and mixed doubles.

March 21—Florida East Coast Mixed Doubles Championship, Ormond Beach.

**SQUASH TENNIS**

March 17—National Open Squash Championship, New York City.

**GOLF**

March 6 to 10—Women's Florida East Coast Championship, St. Augustine.

March 8 to 10—Southeastern Amateur Championship, Miami, Florida; Nassau Open Tournament (\$3,000), Nassau, B. I.

March 12 to 16—Dixie Amateur Tournament, Miami, Florida; Women's Championship of Belleair, Florida.

March 15 to 17—Florida Amateur Championship, St. Augustine.

March 19 to 23—Men's Championship of Belleair, Florida.

**MINOR SPORTS**

March 30 to 31—Pacific Coast Intercollegiate Conference Minor Sports Carnival, Los Angeles, California; competition in golf, fencing, boxing, wrestling, swimming, water polo, and gymnastics.





# INDOOR RELAY

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## Banked Corners

By Warren Elliot Carleton

Because they thought the coach was lying down on them, the Penobscot relay team took training in its own hands—and though its intentions were good, there the trouble began.

**B-ANG!** The roar of the crowd drowned out the echo of the pistol shot. From the starting line leaped the two runners, one attired in the violet track suit of Penobscot College, the other in the red of Medland. The one-mile relay race between the Maine and Massachusetts institutions at the New England Indoor Intercollegiates was under way.

Jensen, the Penobscot runner, took the first high-banked turn of the board track slightly ahead of his opponent. But at the second corner, the Medland man took the pole and held it throughout the first lap. Past the start-and-finish line they traveled, the lanky, long-gaited wearer of the red a few feet in the lead. Jensen doggedly followed him, his shorter legs speedily eating up distance, but not at a rate that could cut down the other's advantage unless Jensen let out a more effective sprint.

Opposite the starting line, at the other side of the track, Dave Hollis nervously waited for Jensen to complete his four and one half laps and pass the blue baton to him. Dave's blue eyes studied the strides of the two runners, noting the constant margin which the Medland man maintained ahead of the determined but lagging opener of the race for Penobscot. Back and forth Dave's short, sinewy, naked arms jerked excitedly, his compactly built, wiry, medium-height body rocking as

his bulging-muscled, somewhat abbreviated legs vengefully drove his spikes into the planking under his feet. For he knew that the hoped-for sprint was not in Jensen—that Jensen would be lucky if he could prevent the Medland runner from gaining more yardage before he passed the blue baton to Dave, and the latter carried on the race.

Beside Dave, the second Medland runner waited smilingly for his teammate to hand him the red baton. The cheers of the crowd assembled above in the galleries of Mechanics Hall were mingled with the constant rumble of the boards under the spiked feet of the two contestants. Around the banked corner beyond the starting line they entered the last half lap, their positions unchanged, the Medland man leading, but Jensen holding his own close behind.

On the straightway before the last turn, however, Jensen steadily lost ground. The Medland runner was bursting into a strong sprint. Fully eight yards ahead of Jensen he passed Dave, and the waiting Medland second runner, snatching the red baton from his teammate's outstretched hand, and darting over the boards, took up the race.

From the panting, half-exhausted Jensen Dave grabbed the blue baton, and started out to overtake his red-attired adversary. Down the board lane his sturdy legs fairly flew in short strides so rapid that his small body

was a bluish streak, and his bare legs and violet trunks were a colored blur.

Around the first bank he leaned at a dangerous angle, with the dizzy sensation of plunging head first to the floor below. But as he romped to the level aisle between the corners, he returned to an upright position, and less than five yards behind the leader, whirled around the embankment of the next turn.

Unlike Jensen, however, Dave was not running at his top speed. He could maintain that pace throughout his four and one half laps, and uncork a sprint in the middle of the fourth. But just how effective that sprint would be against his Medland rival remained to be seen. If he could keep on cutting down the Medland man's lead—

The crowd was cheering louder. The Medland runner was dropping back, Dave was overtaking him! Into the fourth lap they burst, and not two yards ahead of Dave—so close that Dave could almost touch him—the Medland runner rounded the next embankment.

On the straightway to the succeeding turn, Dave passed him. The Medland racer was not breathing hard; seemed to be holding back a sprint to let out later. But for that matter, Dave's more rapid strides were not taking toll of his lasting powers. Even with all the exertion he was putting into the run, he could keep on like that almost indefinitely. But the distance he might lose for the next Penobscot runner if he held off his own sprint too long, the advantage his conservatism might throw away—

Taking no chances, Dave let out his sprint. Over the banked turns and across the starting line he flashed. He pressed the blue baton into the hands of the waiting Hurley, and was yanked off the track to clear the way for his lagging opponent.

But he had plenty of time. Hurley

was halfway through the first lap before the exhausted Medlandite to whom Dave had shown his heels labored across the line, and his teammate snatched the red baton from him.

"Great work, Dave!" Carson, the assistant track manager of the Violet team, applauded the second Penobscot runner while he draped a violet bath robe over Dave's perspiring square shoulders.

Apart from the officials, Dave watched Hurley hold the advantage which had been gained in the first half of the mile. But to that yardage which separated him from the Medland racer, Hurley did not add. Around the turns and down the straightway aisles that margin remained almost constant. And across the track at the point where Dave had entered the race, a half lap ahead of his adversary, Hurley passed the blue baton to Mills, the Penobscot captain, and the latter set out to clinch the laurels for his Alma Mater.

A hearty cheer from the Penobscot undergraduates and alumni in the galleries heralded Captain Mills' debut in the race. Mills was the greatest quarter-miler the little Maine college had produced for years. Medland had nothing that could compare with him. With the advantage which Dave had won for him, he had the race as good as salted away.

And before the Medland captain grabbed the red baton and carried on the hopeless grind for his Alma Mater, Mills had increased his lead by nearly a whole lap. But straining to overcome that lead with the best that was in him, the Medland captain ate steadily into Mills' wide margin of separation. As Mills entered the second lap, the Medland runner was less than a half lap behind him, and gaining.

Dave's heart sank. This was not the Penobscot captain for whom loyal Penobscot men had cheered the past two years. Not the Mills whom his

teammates had envied while he carried off honor after honor in the quarter mile. Mills had never allowed a runner to gain on him in the final stage of the mile relay before. Something was wrong. The captain was not himself. His Medland opponent was whirling around the last turn of the third lap like a whirlwind, only a few yards behind him.

A groan rose from some of the crowd as Mills crossed the finish line and ended his third lap. The Penobscot captain was limping, his teeth set, his features distorted with pain. Half-way around the track on the last lap the Medland captain sprinted ahead of him. And when the red-shirted leader crossed the finish line victorious, Mills lay crumpled up on the boards of the last turn.

"Pulled tendon," the doctor diagnosed his injury in the dressing room. "No more running for him the rest of the winter."

There have been blue Sundays aplenty at Penobscot College following reverses in athletics, but none bluer than that Sunday when the conquered relay team pulled into the Maine college town. The undergraduates had expected them to add to their clean sweep of victories that winter by taking Medland's scalp—confidence which had been proved warranted up to the moment of Captain Mills' injury.

But the elimination of their captain from competition on the boards the remainder of the winter was Fate's unkindest prank. Not since the old days when Penobscot had really been a factor in the intercollegiate track world had Mike Moriarty, the coach, turned out such a potential relay team. Never before had Penobscot's outlook for beating her traditional rival, Vernon College, appeared to be so rosy. Victory in the relay race would clinch the coming indoor meet between the two for the Violet. And now, two weeks

before the meet, this fatal break in luck had to come!

All that winter the undergraduates had counted on humbling Vernon, had backed up the indoor-track team to the limit with that soothing prospect in view. The previous fall, Vernon had handed Penobscot a bitter twenty-eight to nothing on the gridiron—a reminder which few Vernon men missed resurrecting when they and Penobscot men met. And in all the games held between the two colleges the past four years, Vernon had emerged victorious, although by smaller margins of triumph than that of last fall's football debacle.

Bluest of all was Dave. The congratulations of his fellow students for the race he had run in the relay fell on deaf ears. The spectacle of Captain Mills limping on crutches over the campus snow discounted individual achievement, and reminded all who sympathized with him of their shattered hopes, of the revenge that might have been theirs.

Dave went to the gym for practice the next afternoon. In the locker room he met Mike. The big, heavy-jawed ex-pugilist—regarded by outsiders as a roughneck and discredit to intercollegiate sports, but by Penobscot grads in palmier days of athletics as an angel dispatched by Providence to turn out winning teams—looked no happier than his charges, who were seated on the benches before their lockers and donning their track attire.

"Wonder what Mike'll do now?" Hurley asked Dave, his fellow junior classman.

"What'll he do?" replied Dave. "Why, reorganize the team, of course, with Bill James advanced from being a substitute, and you running last in Cap Mills' place. Handicapped though we'll be by Mills' loss, Vernon hasn't beaten us yet."

"We won't be beaten till the last

lap's run," declared Hurley. "And I guess my running last in Mills' place is about all poor old Mike can do."

The four relay runners ascended the stairs to the gallery track of the ancient gymnasium. There Mike addressed them.

"We've had a wallop in the jaw, but even without Mills, we've got to go through with the Vernon meet. I can tell ye *how* to beat Vernon, but I can't do ut *for* ye. Your legs an' lungs must settle that question."

His little brown eyes narrowed fiercely on the quartet of listening youths.

"First," he went on, "there'll be a new order o' runnin' fer ye. And here ut is—Jensen, first; James, second; Hurley, third; and Hollis, last."

Dave was conscious of the stares of his three astonished teammates, and his flushed cheeks grew hot. The coach's announcement of the new order was as great a surprise to him as to the others. For Hurley was the best quarter-miler on the team. He had beaten the other three in race after race when they met in competition. But Mike had nursed a grudge against Hurley because he often disregarded the coach's orders, especially those as to diet and regular practice.

For three years Dave had been a plodding, reliable, but by no means spectacular war horse. Like many a youth who enters college glorified by a more than favorable prep-school record, he had not measured up to what had been expected of him. But it was not because he had failed to work and profit from the instructions of the high-reputed coach, or had cultivated a swelled head, as Hurley had. No man at Penobscot had worked harder and seemingly accomplished less. Despite his fellow students' congratulations for his showing in the Medland relay, Dave knew it had resulted from his being matched against a runner of

inferior attainments—the weakest man on the Medland team.

In fact, there had been many times when Dave contemplated giving up track work altogether. But in Mike's office a little individual chart which the coach kept of each track performer showed improvement or slipping back, as the case might be. Dave's showed a continual slight improvement in time in the quarter mile. That gain throughout his three years at Penobscot, measured by fractions of seconds though it was, proved that he was not wholly a false alarm, and it kept him in harness. Thus far, his performance in the Medland relay marked the height of his track achievement.

In the practice run that afternoon, the individual members of the team merely circled the track six times while Mike held the stop watch. Dave finished his six laps strong, and Mike seemed satisfied with the relay quartet. Yet there was something strange about that satisfaction of Mike's. Not even Mills had satisfied him at work-outs—the coach always had found something about his stride or form to find fault with. For him to let Dave and his three teammates retire without picking them apart was unheard of.

Despite the coach's apparent contentment with their performance, a dejected quartet met in the locker room and undressed for the showers and rubdowns. Mills was there on crutches, waiting for them.

"It's all off, cap!" groaned Hurley. "Mike's thrown up the sponge."

"That's the way it looked to me when he put Dave Hollis in my place," worriedly agreed the injured captain. "Of course, Dave," he assured his successor in the running order, "I'm not belittling you or your running, but you know as well as I do that the whole college was expecting Hurley to take my place, and that his record against yours——"

"And I expected it, too," interrupted Dave. "I hope you don't think that I influenced Mike to——"

"Certainly not. You'd be the first who ever did," Mills quieted Dave's fears that he might be accused of playing politics. "Mike told me this morning that he was going to put you in my place on the strength of your showing in the Medland race. I tried arguing with him, but, as usual, he knocked me down with his argument and lurid language."

"What he's doing is plain enough," put in Jensen. "He's given up hope for the relay team and for the meet. He's stalling us along to hold his job until he gets in touch with some of those colleges that tried to get him away from us in the days when he was turning out winning teams. Then if he lands a new job, he'll give Penobscot the slip. He knows his days are numbered here if he can't turn out at least one team once in a while that'll beat Vernon. He knows how the alumni and the student body and the faculty are smoldering, giving him just about one more chance to show his goods before they burst out in a mighty protest."

"My own opinion," agreed Mills.

"You said it!" indorsed Hurley.

Dave stared silently at the concrete floor. He had thought of that, too, when Mike had given him Mills' place on the team, but had dismissed it as unworthy of the straightforward, square-shooting track mentor, beloved by the past generation of Penobscot men. He had stuck by too many Penobscot teams—hopeless and triumphant alike—in their hour of need. But there is a limit to human endurance, and Mike was intensely human.

"There's this much about it," Mills declared. "Penobscot must win that relay race. And you fellows have got to win it for her. The only way you can win it is to forget that I ever was

on the team—to practice as you've never practiced before."

"But without a coach who cares a hang about us?" James started to protest.

"I'll coach you," Mills volunteered. "If Mike keeps on showing no more interest in you than he's shown this afternoon, we'll hold secret practice of our own nights, and slip one over on him at the Vernon meet. But the whole college is going to know the truth beforehand. Mike Moriarty will get no credit for it. What do you say to it, fellows?"

"Sure!" enthusiastically agreed Jensen, James and Hurley.

Mills looked suspiciously at the silent Dave. "Aren't you with us?" he inquired.

"Not yet," Dave stoutly replied. "I want to give Mike a chance first."

That night, while the one hundred and fifty Penobscot undergraduates were seeking solace from Mills' injury by squatting before cheery fireplaces in dormitory rooms and twanging ukeles in the obscurity of tobacco smoke, Mike was ensconced in an armchair in the parlor of Dean Bruce's off-the-campus residence. Opposite him sat the ponderous, heavy-jowled, severe yet kindly autocrat of the student body, listening intently to Mike's remarks.

"Yis, professor," Mike agreed, "it does look rather bad for us in the Vernon meet. On the face av ut, 'twould appear that the Vernon relay team will have a walk-away."

"But in bygone years there was such a thing at Penobscot as a team's fighting its way to victory, even without its mainstay," observed the dean, who, in addition to his deanship, was also chairman of the faculty committee on athletics. "Why, there was that year we lost Riddell, our dash man——"

"Sure, sure," Mike assented. "But in them days the boys had more faith in their coaches. There was none o'

them suspicious side glances at me then after we'd lost a meet like there's been o' late years."

"But frankly, Mike, I think your choice of Hollis as Mills' successor was somewhat—well, er, faith-shattering," objected the dean. "I was much surprised when I heard of it."

Mike drew from his pocket the index card on which he kept a track performer's individual record, then extracted another, and passed them both to the dean.

"Read 'em. Judge fer yerself why I chose Hollis instid o' Hurley," he suggested.

The dean studied the two cards. "Hollis' time has shown marked improvement in the quarter mile," he admitted. "But his best time is one fifty-two. Hurley's is one forty-six."

Mike nodded. "Reduce Hollis' time ten seconds allowed fer sheer grit and dependability," he said, "and you've got my reason fer choosin' him in Mills' place.

"Now, professor," he continued seriously, "there's nothin' more I can l'arn them boys. The whole thing's up to them. I can't inspire 'em—my power to do that ain't what it used to be. Well, then, there's only one thing that will do that for 'em, and that's their own fightin' spirit, the spirt of the old days. And the best way I can think of to rouse it in 'em is to make 'em think they ain't got a coach, that I've turned against 'em, that I've lost faith in 'em like they've lost it in me. But, av course, I won't go through with it without your sanction."

The dean looked sober. "But, instead of inspiring them, it may dishearten them," he objected. "To be blunt, Mike, your reputation with the younger alumni is at stake in the Vernon meet. You'll be gambling on your job if you——"

"If the Penobscot boys have day-generated into a bunch o' conceited,

spineless saps," heatedly cut in Mike, "I'll quit and buy me a farm up in Aroostook, an' go in fer raisin' pertaters. In fact, I've got just such a farm in mind. I'm only waitin' till after the Vernon meet to find out whether I'll buy it or not."

The dean smiled. "Then do what you please to arouse their fighting spirit," he consented. "As long as you don't injure them physically, the faculty committee will stand by you. I only hope we'll not be disappointed in those boys of ours."

Mike didn't show up for practice the next day.

"He's out of town, running down his new job," declared Mills when the relay racers met in the gym. "That's our cue to take affairs into our own hands."

The other track men were less concerned over the coach's desertion, for the sure point scorers had little to fear from Vernon competition. And all those who had not distinguished themselves would not be likely to do so in the short time remaining before the games.

So Mills' coaching was confined to the relay team that afternoon. He put the four through a strenuous work-out, and after a brief rest, drove them through another. As to stride and form, only James drew his criticism. But he watched Dave closely; and knowing that he was under scrutiny, Dave outdid himself in his sprint at the finish.

The following afternoon, however, Mike again put in his appearance at the gym. But instead of directing the work-out of the relay team, he left the four largely to their own devices, and devoted himself to the pole vaulters—a department in which his services were least required, for Taylor's ordinary performance was around thirteen feet, and the other aspirants could not get over twelve.

After the showers, Mills announced:

"There's no need of our holding off any longer. We'll start our special practice to-night on the old board track in the high-school gym. You'll be with us, won't you?" he asked Dave.

Dave shook his head. "I can't afford to take any more time from my studies," he objected. "And even if Mike does appear to have soured on us, I can't help but believe he's only giving us a let-down before the Vernon meet. He's still coach. You fellows may do as you please, but I've decided to take orders from him."

"But he isn't giving us any," argued Hurley. "Come on, Dave. No one needs that special practice more than you do. You——"

"Don't coax him," Mills advised. "Dave knows his own mind best. The rest of us can work out without him. Perhaps he'll come along with us later."

As the week slipped by, the reward of the special-practice sessions was the vast improvement of Hurley, Jensen and James at the afternoon work-outs. Although Mike made no comment while he glanced at them with the stop watch in his hand, and they rumbled over the boards, Dave could detect a trace of wonderment and admiration in his narrowed eyes. But as with the other members of the track team, Mike's heart appeared to be not in his work. He merely held the stop watch or measured distances without enthusiasm, scarcely addressing any of his neglected charges, who were growing more and more irritated over his behavior.

That Saturday came the meet with Danforth College. The visitors had never excelled in winter track, and in consequence, as was expected, Penobscot made a clean sweep. The only really exciting event was the relay race.

As in their afternoon work-outs, Jensen, James and Hurley showed improvement that converted the heretofore apathetic Penobscot rooters to a wildly cheering mob. When Dave snatched the blue baton from Hurley, the latter was leading his Danforth opponent by nearly three quarters of a lap.

Down the straightaway Dave raced, whirling around the first turn. The rumble of the boards drowned out the yelling of the crowd. His spikes bit vengefully into the wood as they bore him down the succeeding wooden lane toward the next embankment. He was not conscious of the presence of the carrier of Danforth's maroon baton. He only noticed that the air was more oppressive than usual, more stifling.

But Dave had accustomed himself to overheated and impure atmospheres, war horse that he was. He could hear the rising shouts of the crowd now above the thunder of the boards, glimpsed open mouths and white faces looking up at him as he took the next turn. What they were yelling, he could not make out—likely an exhortation for him to put on more speed.

But regardless of the proximity of the Danforth runner, Dave was not ready yet to put on more speed. To travel faster would be to throw away the reserve force which Mike had taught him to hold back for the last two laps.

"Run, Dave—run!"

The roar of the crowd mounted to a screech. Up beside Dave came the maroon-shirted Danforth runner, nosed him out at the turn, and two yards ahead of him, took the pole.

The sudden appearance of his adversary and his romp into the lead for the moment confused Dave. He had lost count of the laps, but judging from the frenzy of the spectators, the finish could not be far away. On the straightaway the Danforth runner an-

nexed another yard to his lead, and whirled around the next banked corner with the finish line just ahead.

Could it be that they were running the last lap—that the first to cross the finish line on that circuit of the boards would be the winner? The horrible thought weakened Dave's plunging knees, the air seemed all at once doubly oppressive. Clenching his teeth, tightening his grip on the blue baton, he burst into the sprint he had been holding back and crossed the finish line behind the Danforth man, with scarcely two feet separating them.

But the officials at the line did not stop them. There was at least another lap. Dave was not beaten yet, Penobscot was not beaten! Dave had not held off his sprint too long, after all.

As he romped ahead of his Danforth contestant and took the pole at the next turn, he discovered that his lungs were not functioning so well as they ordinarily did. And he wondered then if, instead of holding off his sprint too long, he had let it out too soon. He had always been a mechanical, systematic runner, his powers gauged to a nicety, his running tactics as methodical as a bank teller's routine. To depart from his carefully balanced schedule in running the race up to the last lap would be the weak cog that would result in breaking down the machine.

Despite the toll it was exacting from his reserve, however, Dave kept up that sprint, staking all on the chance that it might be the last lap. Outdistanced though he was, the Danforth runner was speeding behind him with a sprint that was only slightly less effective, but not effective enough to snatch the lead away from the panting, dizzy-headed, but relentless carrier of the blue baton.

Some of the howling spectators, in their insane zeal to spur on the Penobscot racer, had crowded onto the track,

their arms waving, their faces crimson, their mouths open. Officials yanked them unceremoniously off the boards—and none too soon, for past them tore Dave, and darted across the finish line.

The arms of Mike Moriarty and Carson prevented him from keeping on and rounding the track again. A few feet behind him, his Danforth adversary toiled across the line, utterly fagged and dejected.

Instead of strengthening undergraduate confidence in the relay team, the victory over Danforth increased the gloom that pervaded the campus. In the Commons the following afternoon, Dave, secreted behind an open newspaper, overheard Mills voice the unanimous opinion of the students to a fellow senior:

"Fat chance we'll have against Vernon with Dave Hollis running last! Why, he nearly lost that Danforth race for us—it was just luck that he came in ahead of that Danforth man. Another yard, and he'd have dropped, tuckered out."

"Gee," Dave mused, "I rather think Mills is right. If I can't hold the lead established for me over an only fair runner like that Danforth man, what will happen when I'm up against Gray, who'll probably run against me for Vernon?"

In the gym locker room the next afternoon, his three teammates urged him to join them in their nocturnal sessions. But insisting that he was already using all the time he could spare, he refused.

The next day the campus was seething with indignation. A committee of prominent student leaders had presented a petition to Dean Bruce to have Mike relieved of his shirked duties and a live coach installed in his place. But insisting that horses shouldn't be swapped while crossing a stream, the dean turned it down.



In the afternoon practice sessions Mike did not alter his haphazard coaching methods. Even with the other track men he was more reticent than ever, as if the various rumors floating on the campus and the petition to the dean had made him more disgruntled and morose than during the past two weeks.

Yet despite Dave's refusal to participate in the evening sessions, Mills and his teammates were not spiteful. Mills mildly reminded him of how his stride and form might be improved after he had circled the boards on his six laps, and Dave obediently strove to smooth down his rough spots. It was evident that his teammates had shifted the responsibility of winning or losing the Vernon meet to his shoulders, satisfied to run their own races well, and let it go at that.

The Friday afternoon before the Vernon meet, with the Vernon team already in town, and its supporters looking for tight Penobscot money at odds of five to two, Mike took a belated interest in the relay team.

"All right, Jensen," he instructed the opener of the races for Penobscot, "let's see ye cover yer six laps while I hold the stop watch. And cover 'em like ye did in the Danforth race—imagine ye had the same opposition."

Mike and the others watched Jensen closely as he rounded the drumming boards. But his performance was far from that of the Danforth race. He apparently missed opposition, for his legs moved rather stiffly. There seemed to be no "give," no flexibility, in his straining sinews.

He crossed the finish line. James snatched the baton from his hand, and started on his own six circuits of the boards. But, like Jensen, the newest member of the varsity team drove his spikes in mechanically and stiffly, and lifted his feet as if they were holding him back. Jensen was rubbing his calf

muscles. Mike's frown had darkened to a deep scowl, and his bulldog features were still clouding.

Breathing easily, but forcing his taut calf muscles, James passed the baton to Hurley and retired to one side of the track, where he paced up and down in slow limbering-up strides. Hurley was taking the turns at a breakneck clip, striving to make up for his teammate's poor showing by impressing Mike with his fitness for stepping into Dave's shoes at the last minute. But after the first lap he, too, began to run with a decided effort. Like an automaton, he traveled over the resonant boards—an automaton that has been adjusted to move at a fixed speed, and must be stopped and set over again before it can make better time.

The storm clouds gathering on Mike's deep-lined brow shot their bolt.

"By all mackerel!" he exploded. "Overtrained!"

The rubbing table was kept exceedingly active the rest of the afternoon and well into the evening while Cæsar Johnson, the negro massage expert, worked over the three stiff-muscled relay races, and Mike—now truly concerned—looked anxiously on.

"It's my fault!" mourned Mills after he had told the apprehensive coach of the evening practice sessions. "The possibility of overtraining iron men like Jensen and James and Hurley never entered my mind. If I'd only told you what I was doing; if some one else had told you—"

"Nobody did," Mike declared his ignorance of the evening practice, "though I did wonder why they improved so all av a suddint. Well, it can't be helped, no more than your pulled tendon could be," he added resignedly.

Too late, he seemed to regret his neglect of his charges, his responsibility for the relay team's undoing. Never had a coach—no matter what

his reputation had been in the past—merited the disgrace that would be his after the Vernon meet, the dismissal which the furious alumni would force Dean Bruce to hand him. The dean was now out of town, but would be present for the games.

Mike was on hand early the following afternoon to appear dutiful and supervise his neglected charges when they arrived at the gym. But for none of them did he have a word of greeting or encouragement. His attitude, even toward Dave, was that of a man who expects the worst and is resigned to it.

Overhead the crowd was gathering. The Vernon cheering section was in operation, but the Penobscot cheers were suppressed until their team came up from the locker room. And then the old gym shook with the loud bull-moose cheer:

"Aa-aah! Aa-aah!  
Ruh-ruh-ruh-ruh!  
Team! Team! Team!"

Their bodies still red from Cæsar's vigorous manipulation, Hurley, James, and Jensen joined Dave in their bath robes at one side of the gallery track, and watched the various events as they were run off. The dashes went to Penobscot, Vernon scoring only a second in the seventy yard. But in the hurdles, Vernon sprang a surprise, taking first and third. The mile run went to Penobscot with a first and third, but the two-mile was a Vernon walk-away, the Blue and Gold taking all three places.

But, although the dope was slightly upset in the hurdles, Penobscot evened it up by taking all three places in the pole vault and first and third in the broad jump. When the one-mile relay race was called, Vernon led in the scoring by a single point.

During the running off of the broad jump, the eyes of both camps of spec-

tators on the floor below had been roving toward the gallery, on the spiked boards of which the members of the two relay teams had been limbering up. To the casual observer, there was nothing in the long, powerful strides of Jensen and Hurley and James to indicate that they were out of condition. And Hurley stepped to the side of the track, and informed Mills—whose white face showed the effects of a sleepless night:

"Never felt more fit in my life, cap. Guess Cæsar's rub-down did the trick."

Inwardly Dave was praying that Hurley's dope was right. The officials were gathering at the start-and-finish line. Behind them stood Mike, his arms clasped behind his back, an unlighted black cigar gripped firmly in his grinding teeth. Apart from him the anxious Mills leaned on his crutches, and around them curious spectators edged close to the ropes.

The whistle called the contestants of the rival teams together, and the starter stationed them at their places. The two first runners—Jensen for Penobscot and Wilde for Vernon—pranced up and down the boards near the white line like colts eager for the contest.

Again the whistle blew. A hush fell over the murmuring crowd.

"On your marks!"

Jensen and Wilde crouched.

"Get set!"

They tensed at the line.

*Bang!*

Down the track, to the cheers of the cohorts of the rival camps on the floor below, they bolted. Around the first banked turn the runner in the violet suit preceded the one in the blue and gold. But by only a slight margin—a margin which slowly diminished as they battled for the pole on the short straightaway.

But Jensen held his lead around the

first lap and the first half of the second. And there the two raced side by side, Jensen maintaining the pole, and gaining a yard or two over Wilde at the next turn. On the straightaway, however, Wilde again hugged him close, only to fall slightly behind at the next banked corner as they shot around it.

Throughout the first three laps it was a toss-up between them, with Jensen holding the advantage at the turns, but losing it on the straightaways. But halfway through the fourth lap, Wilde romped into the lead, and with five feet or more separating him from the lagging Jensen, he gained the pole at the next corner.

As the two rounded the turns and covered the intervening aisles of the fifth lap, Wilde added steady but small gains to his lead, Jensen close on his heels and preventing him from running away with his portion of the race. But those increasingly rapid strides of the Vernon quarter-miler slowly widened his margin ahead of Jensen until, at the beginning of the last lap, he was fully five yards in advance of his mechanically running rival in the violet.

But stiff and inflexible though his muscles were, Jensen was putting his very life into the race. And his gameness, rather than his wretched running form, held Wilde down to his five-yard lead as the Vernon speedster crossed the line and handed the blue-and-gold baton to his teammate, Ordway.

Ordway was darting down the boards well in the lead when James snatched the blue baton from Jensen and took up the race. Starting out like a runner inspired, Penobscot's second racer cut down the distance separating him from Ordway as they covered the first two laps, until at the beginning of the third, James was less than three yards behind and taking the

banked turn like a whirlwind. But Ordway held the pole, and on toward the next corner they sped, James clinging close to the leader and evidently counting on gaining the pole at the embankment.

But before he negotiated the curve, the suppleness with which he had entered the race departed from his stride. That fatal wooden stiffness of knees and calf muscles showed itself. He was running with arms and shoulders instead of the lower part of his body. Yet he was holding Ordway from making a walk-away of it, just as Jensen had held Wilde.

The fourth and fifth laps found them running at almost a dead heat, Ordway leading by about four feet, James gamely fighting to gain the pole at the turns, but falling short of it by wider margins which were reduced on the straightaways.

But the sixth and last lap proved to be James' Waterloo. For Ordway uncorked his sprint, crossed the line a half lap ahead of his violet-clad opponent, and passed the blue-and-gold baton to Sabin.

The third runner for the Blue and Gold, however, rapidly lost ground before the Violet flash that pursued him around the turns and down the straightaways. For like James, Hurley was outdoing his customary performances at the start. It was flat disobedience of Mike's instructions to the relay men earlier in the season. Dave, apprehensively looking on, could read in that flagrant disregard for the coach's orders the strategy of Mills. After his painful discovery that his pupils were overtrained, Mills had evidently ordered them to throw their best into the early stages of their runs, knowing that if they held back then, their wretched condition would render them even more wooden than ever at the finish.

Halfway through the third lap, Hur-

ley took the pole, and stretched out a yard, two yards, three yards ahead of the more leisurely Sabin. The Penobscot rooters went wild as he crossed the line and entered the fourth circuit of the boards a quarter lap in the lead.

Sabin put on a little more steam—held Hurley from adding more yardage ahead of him. Their position was practically unchanged as they entered the fifth lap, Hurley leading by a comfortable margin, Sabin forcing himself to keep that margin constant.

But halfway through the lap, Hurley seemed suddenly to lose momentum, as if his spikes were holding him back. Relentlessly Sabin put for him, whirled around a turn, caught up with him on the straightaway, passed him.

Like his teammates, Hurley had broken down. But despite that stiffness which had come into his straining tendons, he had not given up. Doggedly he toiled on after the whirlwind Vernon pacemaker. Inspired by the exhortations of his fellow collegians, he ate into Sabin's lead steadily as the latter passed the line and entered his last lap.

But Hurley's rally was only temporary. Sabin stretched out, and halfway around the boards he burst into a strong sprint that left Hurley virtually at a standstill. With a lead of better than half a lap, he darted across the line, passed the baton to Gray, and retired amid the delighted howls of the Vernon rooters.

Through an eternity of dragging seconds, Dave waited for Hurley to stagger past him. Out of the hands of the spent Violet runner he snatched the blue baton, whirled, and in a quick start, his legs flying so fast in their short strides that his body seemed to be floating through space, he put for the Vernon captain. Around one turn, two turns—he flashed dizzily over that sea of upturned faces, scurried like a rabbit before the hounds down

straightaway after straightaway. He was not conscious of crossing the finish line or the boards whirling past like a treadmill turning at lightning speed. For his sensation, like that of the roaring spectators watching him, was one of being lifted through the hot, oppressive air, with the Blue and Gold captain drawing nearer—steadily, slowly nearer.

He lost count of the laps and observed only that flying, tantalizing blue-and-gold figure ahead of him. He was gaining on Gray—gaining without letting loose his cherished sprint—gaining by mere inches, it seemed, at the speed which he had heretofore employed before the finishing laps of the relay—the speed which Mike had taught him to employ.

But Gray was letting himself out. The margin separating him from Dave widened. Yet Dave refrained from letting out a similar burst of speed. Instinct, rather than the shouts of the starter as he crossed the line, told him that the time for that had not yet come.

Nevertheless, premature though his sprint might be, Dave unleashed it. The margin of separation from Gray dwindled. Scarcely a quarter lap ahead the Vernon captain took the next turn.

Closer and closer Dave drew toward him on the straightaway. At the succeeding banked corner Gray held the pole, but beyond it, Dave passed him. Leaving the Vernon runner behind, he gained the pole, and took the next turn unaccompanied by the Blue and Gold star.

He knew now he had romped into his sprint too soon—that whether or not he could hold out depended on the number of laps remaining. But it was too late to correct his stride, to let down and permit Gray to come up with him again. The drain on his reserve force had commenced. There

was nothing for him to do but see it through, and trust that enough power was left in him to carry him to the finish.

The increasing oppressiveness of the hot air warned him that he was weakening. He was running at top speed—the best that was in him—the speed which he had always been careful to save for the last lap. If Gray were holding back a sprint—

Beside him emerged Gray from the background. At a dead heat they raced, side by side. They whirled around an embankment, Dave keeping the pole. And on the straightaway, Gray dropped behind again. How far behind, Dave did not know.

But he did know that if Gray uncorked his sprint, the race—regardless of how many laps remained—was his. Dave had nothing left in him. He could only keep on at the rate he was now traveling—lucky he would be if he could maintain it another half lap.

He was gasping for breath now. The bad air had conquered his wind. Yet his muscles were not tired. If it weren't for the heavy atmosphere, he could have put on more speed, uncorked a fresh sprint at the finish. But his aching lungs, his bursting chest—

Through the gray mist wavering before his eyes he discerned figures dancing, arms waving, at the finish line. The finish! The end of the twenty-fourth lap!

He threw up his arms to break the tape—but no tape was there!

"Keep on—keep on!" he heard the official closest to the line shout.

The bottom dropped out of the universe for Dave, but he collected himself, and struggled on toward the next banked turn. As he rounded the embankment, he was aware of Gray's presence beside him. Then he was alone again. Alone, and breathing more easily, he ran on a reserve force

that seemed to have entered his tissues from out of the leaden air itself.

Then Gray was up with him again, fighting for the pole at the next turn, and again he dropped back. But Dave was not extending himself to maintain his lead. If Gray assumed the lead, Dave had no choice but to give it to him. As in a dream he labored toward the dimming figures who again were fringing the finish line—through the haze detected the thin red line stretched breast high between two officials on either side of the track. The tape!

He did not feel the slender thread snap against his chest; he did not see Gray stagger across the line nearly ten seconds after the hilarious Penobscot throng had lifted the victor up in its arms, and was staging a triumphal march around the creaking old gallery. But he glimpsed Mike fighting his way through them, and heard him shout:

"Cut it out! Plenty o' time fer that! You want to kill him?"

Then in his bath robe he was whisked down the stairs and into the basement. On the rubbing table he was deposited, and Caesar Johnson ordered him:

"Git yo' bref befo' de shower. Lawdy, lawdy, bo'! What a race! What a——"

But Dave was listening to Mike—and so was Dean Bruce, to whom the remarks of the coach were addressed:

"This finishes me at Penobscot, professor. Don't give me credit fer Penobscot's win. The only thing you can give me credit fer is sendin' Hurley an' James into the race—an' Jensen, too—overtrained, in the worst condition that could handicap a man. And if ut hadn't been fer their game-ness in overcomin' that handicap, Hollis' grand wind-up would 'a' been a fizzle. I'm goin' to buy that farm up in Aroostook, an' say good-by to the old college. And there won't be a livin'

soul who has her interest at heart who'll raygret ut."

The dean stared at the dejected coach, dumfounded. "But haven't we proved what we set out to prove—that the old Penobscot fighting spirit isn't dead?" he protested. "And wasn't your neglect of the team responsible for it?"

"That spirit is why I hate to go," replied Mike sadly. "Never have I coached a team that staged such a comeback—four gamer runners. And that's what makes me feel cheaper than ever—that I'd play such a trick on 'em."

"Yes, it was unfortunate that they overtrained," confessed the dean. "But it wasn't your fault. You'd have prevented it if you'd known. But the big point is that you've proved something far greater to-day, Mike. And here it is!"

He held up Dave's individual-improvement index card.

Mike sniffed contemptuously. "Even the credit fer Hollis' victory ain't mine," he gloomed. "I nayglected him as much as I did the others. It was just luck that he wa'n't overtrained, too."

"No—'twas more than luck," retorted the dean. "It was because Hollis was the one man on the team who retained confidence in you and repaid the faith you put in him when you gave him the most important part in the relay races. Perhaps you thought my object in going into your scheme with you, Mike, was merely to awaken the old Penobscot fighting spirit. But it was more than that. It was to grasp

your choice of Hollis over Hurley as an opportunity to cure the students and the younger alumni of their ebbing confidence in the coaches.

"Mike, what I really did when I consented to your scheme was to back your word as law in the regulation of the relay team, knowing, as all the older grads would know, that your judgment in choosing Hollis as Mills' successor, against undergraduate opinion, would vindicate itself in the Vernon meet."

"But if Penobscot had lost the meet, you'd be carolin' another refrain," Mike said doubtfully.

"We would not!" contradicted the dean. "Defeat wouldn't have altered the main issue, provided, of course, that Hollis lived up to your expectations. You and I were gambling on him together, and after I'd had a good talk with them, so were the class leaders who came to me with the petition for your dismissal. Listen! They're keeping their promise of what would happen if Hollis came through with a victory."

Outside in the frosty air rose the bull-moose cheer:

"Aa-aah! Aa-aah!  
Ruh-ruh-ruh-ruh!  
Mike! Mike! Mike!"

The dean's bland features beamed. A slow smile stretched the width of Mike's ordinary grim features.

"Wait a minute! I'll be right back, professor," he excused himself. "I'll just step to the door and tell 'em, 'Thanks!' "





# BASKET BALL



## Breezer Scores

By Norman Williams

Through thick and thin Breezer stuck to his friends the way he had stuck to his guns "over there."

SIX feet, six inches tall, in his socks, "Umpy" Breezer stood, his red head and beak nose loftily towering above all comers. In a pinch-back suit, he resembled a scarecrow, out for a Sunday stroll. On the basketball floor, he was a flaming tornado, twisting, leaping, racing around so many scurrying, fear-stricken inhabitants caught in a sudden wind.

"Umpy, why don't you pull anchor and play for a paying club," Tom Andrews, the good-looking social secretary of Post No. 16, American Legion, asked him.

"I like it fine with my old buddies," Breezer replied, guardedly. "I make up for my poor looks at the entertainments, by playing good basket ball, don't I?"

"It's not that, Umpy," Andrews said seriously. "You're wasting time playing for a team that gets no more than small type on the Sunday sporting page."

"Can't change my feelings overnight," Umpy remarked. "We got the game next week with the uptown bunch. They'd die of amazement if they ever won. Then, we got the annual rip-snorter with those leathernecks in the next district. If they won, they'd likely paint this town of Middleberg all red."

Umpy appeared to have the interest of his opponents and the city always at

heart. One couldn't blame him for acknowledging he was a big item on Post No. 16's basketeers.

The boy was sometimes astounded at his own playing. He would regard himself sometimes with puzzled curiosity. That was his way. He couldn't understand why he inherited red hair from a blond father and a mother with jet-black hair. Neither could he understand why other players didn't annihilate him on the floor. They did in love.

Love? Umpy had felt it, slightly, more than once. First, there was the girl who lived on the apartment floor below him. He wanted to see more of her, when the queer feeling troubled his heart. She ended matters by calling him a pest. He accepted this as a matter of course.

Next, he tried being nice to a pretty girl at the realty office, where he worked. She soon saw what was in the back of his mind. She laughed herself into hysterics. Really, Breezer was no Don Juan.

But now, he knew he was in love with Sally O'Reilly. She had attended a Legion dance and tripped the light fantastic with Umpy all evening, despite the protests of her chaperon. She took Umpy seriously for the first time in his life. No wonder he fell for her. Besides, she looked something like his mother, who was five feet, eight inches

in height, blue-eyed and witty, and sometimes sharp of tongue.

Breezer understood his mother. He conducted himself accordingly with Sally—making a great hit. The apple cart never spilled the five times he saw her after the dance—five victories in love! Umpy was sure the situation would pan out.

"But, I tell you, Umpy," Andrews was saying. "You could make big money with the Athletic Club. Aren't you hoping to make money? You'll need it some day. Suppose you wanted to get married?"

"How did you know?" Umpy demanded, his eyes narrowing. The social secretary had a way of knowing many things, mysteriously.

"I'm a good friend of Sally's brother."

"Didn't know she had one your age," Breezer muttered.

"He plays on the leatherneck team. Remember the big, broad-chested forward? You almost had a fight with him last year."

"So I did!" Breezer exclaimed.

"He told some one he was going to get you this year," Andrews remarked significantly.

"That's too bad," Umpy declared, wiping his brow.

Umpy strode for the door, feeling a sudden dislike for Andrews. He slammed it behind him. Legion Post No. 16 rocked from the impact.

It didn't perturb Andrews. He grinned. Reaching for the phone, the social secretary called a number.

"Hello, Sam?"

"Yeah. Is it Andrews?" a voice came over the wire.

"I think I got it fixed, Sam. Tell some one to tell Mike O'Reilly to tell Sally to tell Breezer to stop playing for us and go out for the A. C."

"That's an awful lot of telling to do," Sam said. "Will we clean up?"

"Sure we will," Andrews said confi-

dently. "Place all the bets now on the leathernecks. We'll get fine odds."

The social secretary put the receiver on the hook. He rubbed the center of his palm, and he grinned again. Andrews was convinced that he was a pretty smart fellow.

As Umpy Breezer flapped down the street, he was in the process of discovery. All the love he had lost in the last game with the leathernecks, this year had been given to Mike O'Reilly's sister. Mike was a "tough egg," the way Umpy saw it. The forward was the kind of a man that craved victory. He didn't like Breezer, because the boy stood in the way of victory.

Umpy asked himself what game Andrews was up to. How did the social secretary get the information of Mike's challenge? It was decidedly peculiar! Breezer didn't care for Andrews. The man was not an athlete. He danced, sang witty songs, and played a great deal of cards. He was exceptionally good at cards. Umpy had tried them once with him. Never again!

Yes, something was rotten in the State of Denmark, Umpy concluded. The basketeer was sharp when it came to politics of Andrews' sort. Breezer's outfit had done service in France. One learned about life, in the army. One thing Umpy learned was not to trust slick hair and suave voice. That meant to watch the social secretary with care.

Umpy stopped in front of a sporting goods window. The knee pads and shoes looked good. He became financially interested, and went inside.

"You're Mr. Breezer," the store manager accused him. "I saw you play last week at the armory."

"So?" Umpy inquired, lifting an eyebrow as he fingered some trunks.

"I was there with the captain of the Athletic Club team," the manager continued. "He was looking for new material. You ought to talk with him. He's interested, I think."



"So?" Breezer placed the trunks on the table. He turned away.

"Didn't you want something?" asked the manager.

"Yes," Umpy said with finality. "Silence!" He strode away.

"He's temperamental," the manager explained to himself.

Breezer was more disgusted than temperamental. He couldn't buy something without an argument. He decided Andrews was responsible for the last episode. The social secretary undoubtedly was ready to take a commission for getting a new player for the A. C.

Events took another turn before nightfall. Entering his home, Umpy was met by his mother—so excited she could hardly speak.

"A gentleman has been here," she said between stutters. "He wants you to get in touch with him right away. Here's his card."

Umpy looked at the printing:

EDWARD ROGERS.  
MANAGER OF THE  
ATHLETIC CLUB BASKET-BALL  
TEAM.

The boy tore it into shreds.

"It's a joke," he explained.

"I don't think so," his mother said with anger. "He said it meant a great deal of money. Why do you do things like that?"

"I've got to hurry through supper," the boy said, hoping to divert the subject. "Got a date with Sally to-night. She's as pretty as you, mother."

Mrs. Breezer turned away in disgust.

"Just like your father," she said.

Umpy smiled happily. One just had to know how to manage things.

Later, he was walking down a wide street, carefully eying the houses. He stopped before a large, brownstone front, at the same time spying a young man picking up a paper on the veranda.

Breezer walked up the steps. His heart was in his mouth. He had never met the younger members of Sally's family.

"Is Miss O'Reilly in?" he asked timidly.

The young man frowned. It was Mike!

"Who are you?" asked the stocky chap.

"I'm Umpy Breezer. Don't you recognize me?"

"Sneezer? Sure I know you. We've made preparations two weeks hence." Mike nodded his head with belligerence.

"What kind?" Umpy asked.

"Thugs!"

"You playing again?" Breezer inquired innocently.

"Think you're smart?" Mike snapped.

"Why don't you like me?" Umpy asked. "I play clean."

"Too clean," Mike replied. "Why don't you get on a good team? That bunch at No. 16 are all crooks."

"Just a minute, O'Reilly," Umpy interrupted sternly. "I won't stand for that."

"You'll find out," the leatherneck muttered, walking inside.

Umpy was not a man to be left out in the cold. He followed him to the front room. There, Mike turned.

"I've come to hate your crowd like poison," he said. "We aim to win this year, and show them up."

"How are you going to do it?" Breezer asked coolly.

"Easy. We'll bust you up in the beginning. Then the rest will be duck soup."

"You don't frighten me," said Umpy. "I'll play basket ball according to the rules. You'll have to do it, too. I played some pretty rough games in France."

"This is America," Mike retorted with a smirk.

Breezer was about to answer, when he heard a rustle of silk. He whirled about. Sally, dressed in blue, a frown

on her face, had entered the room. She apologized for not being at the door, at the same time glancing at her brother with meaning. Mike flopped into a big chair, smiling, and he began to read the paper.

"Come to the den," Sally invited. "Mike's in a bad humor."

Umpy followed her without a word. He felt her brother's eyes boring into his back as he left. Tragedy was hanging in the air. Breezer sensed it. Love never went right for him. He was always unable to shoot the winning basket, no matter how hard he tried.

The two were seated across from each other. Umpy did not know what to say. Sally had something on her mind. She appeared very lovely, even when serious. Umpy loved her more than ever.

"Umpy," she began, "you said you cared a great deal for me. Do you?"

"I love you," the boy replied, red creeping into his cheeks. It was a declaration he had wanted to make. It had been the first opportunity.

"But you haven't seen much of me," she retaliated.

"I loved you when I first saw you, Sally."

"Would you be willing to prove it?"

"Certainly. I'd do anything for you," Umpy vowed.

"I want you to do something for yourself," she said.

"Oh, I'll do that in time," the boy announced confidently.

"But you must do it right away."

"What?" he asked in fear.

"Well, every one says that you're a wonderful basket-ball player. Why don't you play for a big team, like the Athletic Club?" She dropped her eyes from him.

Umpy felt the world go out from under him. Was Sally in on the scheme, too? No, it could not be true. She was playing a hand for Mike. Unknowingly!

"I can't do it this year, Sally. Not for two weeks, at least."

"Why not?" she asked, visibly hurt. "At the end of that time, it may be too late."

"You don't understand," the boy told her with pathos in his voice. "I'm playing in the next two weeks, two hard games for my old pals. I think an awful lot of them, Sally. I can't turn on them at this time. I love them."

"But you say you love me," she pointed out.

"But Sally, I was in the front line of trenches with some of those boys. There's Jed Howard—he pulled me out of a shell hole once. Jed's guard on the team. Then, there's Alf Richards. He gave me his blankets one night when I was catching pneumonia. He got it the next day, shivering all night. I can't do it, Sally. You see, they trust me. A lot of them have bet their last nickel that we'll win against your brother's team."

"I'm not interested in the outcome of the game with Mike," the girl declared. "Have you bet money?"

"No."

Sally deliberated some time. She was swayed with two decisions. Possibly, the boy was right. But would he make a great sacrifice for her. Did she want him to make it?

"Umpy, I want you to think it over. I'll give you two weeks. We mustn't see each other for that time. It will be hard for me, too. I care a great deal for you. But the man I love must be willing to give up anything and everything for me."

Crestfallen, Breezer got to his feet. He left her without a word. Entering the living room, to retrieve his hat, he glared at Mike. Umpy did not have to make a decision. His mind was made up to play. If Sally wanted him to prove his love, likewise she must prove hers. The boy was no fool. He picked

up his hat, and Mike looked at him humorously.

"Still going to play?"

"With a blackjack in my left hand," Umpy snapped.

Mike watched the lanky chap pass out of the room. He heard the front door close softly. A demonstration of cool nerves.

"I like him," Sally's brother said. "Even if he is crazy."

It was an hour after the game with the uptowners. Umpy Breezer sat in the locker room at the armory, still in his uniform, although the rest of his team was in the showers. Breezer had scored ten of the sixteen winning baskets. The uptowners had been white-washed!

Across from Umpy sat Tom Andrews, carefully listening to the words of a tall, dark-haired, young man. Breezer was listening, too, but with obvious boredom.

"If you don't take advantage of the offer to-night," the visitor said, "I doubt if you'll ever get another from the A. C. We're in a bad hole next week, with our regular center injured. We need you. The offer—four thousand dollars a year—is too much to turn down."

"I know it, Mr. Rogers," the basketballer remarked. "But I must play for the Post next week, if it costs me a million."

"Listen to reason, Breezer," Andrews interrupted. "The boys won't mind it. They'll understand. All of them want you to help yourself. Shucks, how about your getting married?"

"Why are you so interested in this, Andrews?" Umpy asked.

The social secretary moved uneasily. "I want to help you out," he said.

"How about the Post?" Umpy retaliated. "I never thought you cared so much for me. You never did before. Fact is, I remember, once in France,

you made me do sentry duty overtime, and I couldn't play a game. You were a sergeant, I a buck private. It is different now."

"Don't get to scrapping, men," Rogers interrupted. "Mr. Andrews has your interest at heart, Breezer. I can't sit here all of the night. Are you going to take the offer or not?"

The manager of the Athletic Club five got to his feet.

"Not this week, thanks," Umpy replied, bending to unlace his shoes.

"Suppose I talk with the other boys," Rogers suggested. "If they say it is O. K., would you play for us?"

"Won't do any good," Breezer remarked. "I've got another reason, now, for wanting to play. Too much pressure is being brought to bear on me." He shot a piercing look at the social secretary.

Andrews shrugged his shoulders and left the room.

"Here's my hand, Breezer," the A. C. man said. "While I think it foolish of you. I can't help admire your spirit."

Umpy shook hands. "I guess it is foolish," he muttered. "But then, there's something else in the world besides money."

"For some," Rogers said from the doorway.

The other basketballers of Post No. 16, drifting into the locker room in a few minutes, found their center sitting in the corner, dazed.

"Buck up, Buddy!" Alf Richards cried, slapping the boy on the back. "You look as though the end of the world had come. Didn't we whitewash those high hats?"

"Say, Alf, how are the odds for next week?" Umpy asked suddenly.

"Why, they were seven to five, favoring us," Richards replied. "I can't understand it. This morning I placed my money, but I could only get an even break. The sharpers think we might lose."

Jed Howard looked up from across the room.

"I had the same experience myself," he said. "I heard the leathernecks are going to play ringers. Are you going to bet, Umpy?"

"Didn't think I would, but I've changed my mind."

"What made you change?"

"Andrews," Breezer muttered.

"Why, he isn't betting," Richards said. "He refused to get in a pool. How much you betting?"

"Every sou I have in the bank," Umpy declared. "I'll give you my money to place to-morrow. I don't know much about doing it. But say—ask Andrews again about his bet—just for fun."

"What do you mean?" Howard inquired.

"Just for fun," Umpy said, leaving the men quickly.

"What do you suppose he meant?" Richards asked. "He's a queer chap, sometimes."

"So is Andrews," Howard said. "And a queerer one, when he fails to bet."

The social secretary, at that moment, was sitting in the office of the Legion Post, his head between his hands. Tom Andrews had not counted on Breezer's refusal of the A. C. offer. Everything was going wrong for Andrews.

He had not counted on Umpy refusing the overtures of Sally. Of course, Sally did not know what she was doing. Nor was her brother playing a diabolical part. Mike knew nothing of the money, though he had every reason in the world to suspect. Mike had acted out of a pure desire to win the game. He, himself, believed there was something up between a member of Post No. 16 and a gambler. But he made no remark, except a slight hint to Breezer.

To win from Umpy's team was a long, hoped-for desire with Mike.

They had won but once, when Breezer was ill. Then, a long string of defeats started talk about the leatherneck clubhouse. Some of the boys wanted Mike to give up his captaincy.

That was the reason Mike had argued Sally into laying down the law to Umpy. He told his sister that if Breezer intended to marry Sally, he must make money. Mike was a power in the O'Reilly family. He could throw a monkey wrench in the machinery. Sally feared he might do it. She was protecting herself, and Umpy.

Andrews had figured all those things out. But now, he could push matters no further. His money was bet on the leatherneck outfit. Post No. 16 must never know. Andrews must be careful. He decided to telephone Sam again.

"Breezer won't quit," he told the henchman, an owner of a pool parlor.

Sam heard the news with disgust.

"Can't you get another ringer for the leathernecks?" the social secretary asked.

"O'Reilly has taken two already," Sam shouted. "He won't take anybody but ex-service boys."

"Well, what are we going to do?"

"Cover our money with bets the other way," said the gambler from experience.

"But Mike's team is strong this year. We won't be able to get rid of the ringers. Besides, I have no more money."

"You got me in this pickle, Andrews," Sam roared. "Now get me out."

"Don't get sore, Sam," Andrews whimpered. "I'll fix it so the fool won't be able to stand on his feet."

The social secretary heard the gambler bang up the phone.

Umpy Breezer was taking a stroll through the park, digesting his supper. His thoughts were on the game, four days off. Sally would undoubtedly be

present to see her brother play—or to see him. Umpy had not heard from her. He wondered if she had changed her attitude.

"Redhead! Redhead! Homely parrot face!"

A shrill chorus of youthful voices came from behind him. Turning, Umpy saw three boys, fingers pointed at him. A brick sailed close to his shins. Breezer walked on.

He felt the chemistry of anger in his blood. But he kept himself under control. To be mocked at, even by children, unnerved him.

A black cat squealed with pain, and ran from a hedge, directly across his path. Some one had loosed it on purpose. The basket-ball player stopped, then continued across the unlucky trail.

Entering the doorway to his apartment building, a bag of water dropped to the sidewalk from the roof, splashing him.

"Redhead! Thinks he can play basket ball better'n anybody!"

The shrill voices were from the roof above.

Umpy dived to shelter. As he climbed the stairs, he was thinking. Some one had put the children up to their tactics. Who could it be? He had no idea. But the purpose was directed toward the coming game, he knew.

The apartment in the building adjoining his room had been vacant. This night it was occupied. Until after four in the morning, a phonograph played piece after piece of doleful tunes. There were no voices. The apartment was dark, but the music went on and on. Umpy could not sleep.

The following day, at the office, he was called time and time again to the telephone. No one answered.

"Some one is sure out to get me," Breezer said. "And it isn't the leather-necks. They wouldn't be so low-down."

That night the phonograph struck up

its music again. Umpy moved to a divan in the living room. He slept for a time. Then, the telephone rang. He jumped up and removed the receiver, leaving the line busy.

The fire engines an hour later stopped in front of his home.

One thing after another, for three days, Breezer felt his stamina going. His hands began to shake. It was two hours before the game that his hidden tormentor played a last card. It was in the form of a telegram:

I know you have bet money against your own team, you double crosser.

MEMBER OF POST No. 16.

Umpy reread the yellow slip three times. He scratched his head. The wire was ridiculous. The boys on the team would know it, because he had given one of them his money to bet.

"Funny, but this telegram gives me an idea," he said. "I'm mighty glad it came. It was the first mistake our social secretary has made thus far."

Breezer hurriedly left for the Legion clubhouse. Andrews was usually there. He loved to sit at a big desk and manage things.

Umpy banged on the door to the office.

"Who is it?" the social secretary demanded.

"A fellow who is going to knock the daylights out of you!" Breezer shouted. He was infuriated.

Suddenly, the door swung open. Umpy rushed in. There were two men present—Andrews, and a small burly man with the eyes of a rat.

Breezer ripped off his coat.

"Andrews, you yellow coward!" he cried. "I got your wire. You should have sent it to yourself. I'm not too weak and run down to beat you up."

"Don't get rambunctious!" the burly fellow said calmly.

"I recognize you, Sam Hastings!" Umpy shouted. "You most likely cov-

ered this snake's money. I'll fix you in a second, too."

The social secretary, his face white as chalk, had retreated to the far corner of the room.

"How about yourself, Breezer," he said, trembling. "You've got money out. Don't try to shove all the blame on me. Can't we fix things up together?"

Breezer sank into a crouch, his hair bristling as he weaved his way across to the social secretary.

"Stop!" the burly man cried.

Umpy did! The gambler held a small automatic pistol in his hand.

"Get into that closet by the desk, red-head," Sam commanded. "There you'll stay till after the game. I ain't afraid to shoot you. I've killed men before."

Breezer straightened up, his face dropping mournfully.

"I know when I'm licked," he said, turning to look for the closet.

Sam grinned, and he lowered his gun as Breezer reached the desk. Umpy saw it. Instantly he grabbed an ink bottle and flung it at the gambler. Two shots crashed in the room. The door slammed. Umpy had vanished.

"Did you hit him?" Andrews asked hysterically.

Sam, wiping the ink from his face, cursed heartily.

"No, you fool. He busted two of my teeth."

"He won't play any game after what he's been through," the social secretary declared, wiping the sweat from his brow.

"Neither will I, with you, again," Sam retorted. "I'm getting out of this neighborhood right quick. I'd advise you to do the same. That kid is crazy."

The large armory, with its balcony and tiers of seats rising from the basket-ball floor, was filled with every description of fans. Two large districts had given their population to see the

game—men, women and children. The supporters of Post No. 16, carrying red, were on one side of the floor—the leatherneck division of rooters, with blue banners, were across from them.

Both teams, coming on the floor at the same time, were met with a burst of applause that was deafening. Umpy, his face still shot with anger, dribbled the ball around for a few moments, then shot several times at the basket. He missed every time, earning hoots from the blue supporters.

Mike advanced over the floor to him. Breezer met him with his arms folded. The ordinary spectators in the balcony were shouting at them. Word had gotten out that these two were in for a fist fight.

"Well, I came over to tell you that Sally is here, waiting to see you get licked," the captain of the leathernecks said. "But, I also want to say that I had nothing to do with the razzing you got this week. I heard about it. We'll play some fast, rough basket ball to-night."

"We certainly will," Umpy interrupted.

"May the best team win," Mike added. "I'll shake hands with you now, because I don't think you'll be alive at the end."

Breezer smiled for the first time in four days. They shook hands. The whistle sounded. As Umpy ran to position, he concluded that Mike was a good sport. He wished he knew where Sally was sitting.

The ball was thrown into play. Breezer easily tossed it back to Alf Richards, who dribbled past his opponent. Umpy dodged about the center in the blue shirt, and received the pass. Mike, a forward, attacked him, but Umpy shot it to Richards again. Post No. 16's forward was under the basket. Richards whipped the ball to him, and he shot.

Score!

The armory shrieked.

As the ball was tossed into play again, Umpy felt an elbow jam his stomach while he slapped the ball to the right forward. He came to the floor, gasping for air. So quick had the fellow been, the referee failed to see the foul.

The Blues rushed the ball to the Red basket. Jed Howard broke their combination. Breezer staggered around in the center of the floor, received a pass, and rushed for the Blue basket. He shot. It missed. Some one stumbled against him from behind. Down he went, and he leaped up. He got the ball again. He shot.

Score!

The leathernecks became angry. Their rooters were bellowing advice to them.

The game went on. Breezer, being knocked time and time again, soon lost his temper. He played like mad, with no thought for saving his strength for an emergency.

The score rolled up, two more baskets from the floor being added, making the count eight to nothing.

"Hold that redhead," the leatherneck fans shouted.

Umpy had the two ringers spotted. He avoided them. They tried to rush him, every time the ball sailed his way. They came in with elbows out. They kicked him from behind. He was covered with marks. His knees were skinned. He played on—with no thought but making baskets.

Finally, Jed Howard came down the floor from his position of guard on a long run. Umpy signaled for the forwards to spread out.

A bull-faced man loomed before Umpy. The fellow plunged his fist into the boy's face.

Breezer was on his knees, almost blind, but he had the ball. He crawled out through a hole, dribbling foolishly. He leaped up. He shot. Score! Some-

thing hit him from behind. He lost consciousness.

His teammates carried him to the locker room. The game went on.

With their mainstay gone, Post No. 16 began to crumple. With the player they most feared removed from the floor, the leathernecks opened up with their heaviest shells. The ringer that had hit Umpy was ruled from play. With a team now of four old men, the Blues employed formation after formation. Mike threw himself into play like a wild cat.

The half was called. In the locker room, Breezer was still asleep.

"I'll bet the skunk that knocked Umpy out was paid to do it," Jed Howard declared, walking away from the prostrate player. "I've got a good mind to put that whole leatherneck bunch to sleep."

"Watch your step," Richards advised. "We'll play this game as Umpy wanted us to play it—clean. The doctor said he'll be O. K. He was hit behind the head. I wouldn't be surprised to see him on the floor again."

"Mike apologized," a forward said. "Told me he was sorry. He took out the other ringer in the second quarter."

The game went on. In the Blue section, Sally O'Reilly sat motionless—all the excitement of the game failing to attract her. She was filled with shame. Her conscience was burdened with guilt. She realized why Umpy had refused to resign from Post No. 16. She felt she had been a party to his injury.

The whistle shrieked many times.

Down in the locker room, Umpy heard it. At first the sound was indistinct. He tottered to his feet. His head cleared rapidly. He staggered into the showers and turned ice cold water on, standing under it in his uniform.

The second half was well under way when Umpy walked up the stairs. A man stood near the doorway.

"What's the score?" the boy asked.

"Twelve to sixteen, favor of the leathernecks," the man said, without turning.

Umpy rushed onto the floor as the whistle called an outside.

A great howl—of delight and of disappointment—went up from both sides of the building, as he was recognized.

The ball was snapped, and the game began again.

Umpy knew how weak he was. He played carefully. But his presence bolstered up the spirit of his team. They worked like angry bees.

The rest had done the boy good. He never could have kept up the pace he went during the first part of the game. The blow that had struck him was not a hard one. Now, his head was clearer.

There was a dash down the floor with Richards and the other forward. The ball passed among them like lightning.

Richards shot. Score!

They played again. Umpy shot one over his left shoulder from far out on the floor. A pretty basket.

The yelling now had mounted to a continuous roar. The score was even.

Mike cried to his team with fury. They snapped into play and rushed Jed Howard's goal. They shot. Missed! Shot again. Goal!

"Three more minutes to play," called the timekeeper.

Breezer let go with all his energy. He flashed around the men on wabbling legs—crazily. He shot. Goal! The ball went into play. He sprawled

against a man. The referee called foul. The Blues got another point.

The score was eighteen to nineteen, favor of the leathernecks.

With thirty seconds left for the game, Umpy flew down the floor. Mike was between him and the basket. Breezer dodged, tossing the ball over Mike's head and grabbing it up as he ran around him.

He paused a fraction of a second. He heard Mike coming up behind. Umpy shot. Mike's hand did not fall squarely on his arm. The ball scored!

Breezer knew that Mike might have been able to divert the shot. The boy faced the leatherneck. Mike stood there, grinning. Breezer shook his head. He was angry and ashamed this time. Mike had all but given him the game.

"Let's shake on it, Umpy," Mike said, extending his hand. "We're even now. I think Sally wants to see you."

"I wish you'd tried harder, Mike." Breezer whispered, as the fans started across the floor for them. "You've hurt your reputation."

"No I haven't," Mike said. "I just lost to a future teammate. The Athletic Club manager spoke to me before the game. He wants me, and he still wants you for his team."

"Does Sally want me?" asked Umpy.

"For the asking," Mike said.

Breezer felt his feet go out from under him. The Post No. 16 fans had him on their shoulders.







# WRESTLING



## The Working Fool

By Milan Orland Myers

Fat and lazy and polite—"Chub" Dunlap lost every wrestling match until the Captain delivered an ultimatum and Chub got next to himself.

**T**WISTING as he fell, "Chub" Dunlap landed on his knees and elbows and, as Dixon crashed down upon him, grabbed a loose arm and leg and whirled into top position. Then, before his opponent could settle back to his haunches, Dunlap spun out to the side, circled the man's neck from above with his right arm and shot his left under the State man's right armpit and up over his back.

The crowd, packing the State gymnasium, roared its approval as their man secured the flying fall, then settled back with a groan as Dunlap obtained his hold. Almost to a man they had heard of the bar and chancery and even the women present could not fail to realize the deadly propensities of the neck-and-arm grip.

Dunlap exulted in the leverage his hold gave him. He settled his muscles for the twist and heave that would force his opponent over to his back. For once the news could go back to Blair College that Dunlap had thrown his man. And it was about time, he thought.

But, as he applied himself to his task, strained his muscles to force the neck downward and the shoulder upward, he realized with dismay that the neck was too stiff to bend. His muscles were not equal to the occasion. In spite of everything he could do, in spite of the weight he was placing on Dixon's neck, the State man was

slowly bringing his legs forward, slowly assuming an upright position, gradually but surely gaining a sitting posture.

Each moment Dunlap felt his leverage becoming less advantageous. He tightened his body to a straight, rigid line from his point of contact with the State man out to the tips of his wrestling shoes. Only his toes rested on the mat. Every other ounce of his weight was brought to bear on his opponent's neck.

And still Dixon brought his head and shoulders upward, his legs forward. Dunlap knew then he was a beaten man. If he lacked the muscular and nervous energy to twist Dixon's neck into submission when he had a hold like this, it was about time he took the defensive. As he saw it, that was his only hope—trusting to win the referee's decision for this one brief advantage.

The roar of the State crowd was bitter music to Dunlap's ears. He released his hold just in time to avoid being pinned under his adversary's back as he surged out to his heels.

Dunlap managed to keep his shoulders from the mat during the next minute or two, but at every turn he was conscious of Dixon's superior strength, a strength which seemed to grow, while his own muscles seemed to weaken. Even holds which he considered simple were hard to break when

Dixon applied them. In all his wrestling experience Dunlap had never felt such hard, gripping, wiry muscles as these which smothered his every move and bit cruelly into the tenderest portions of his body.

The State man finally slipped in a crotch and half nelson and Dunlap felt powerless and infantile, as he was somersaulted slowly over his head and to his back. The great shout of the crowd when the additional five points were chalked up for State made him feel insignificant and small. But in the end, when the score stood sixteen to ten in favor of State, Dunlap derived some consolation from the fact that the loss of his match was not solely responsible for Blair's defeat.

"Dixon, I'd give a lot to know why you are so much stronger than I am," he said in the locker room while he and the State man were dressing. "I've played around gymnasiums ever since I was in high school and even before then I used a bar and a punching bag in our basement at home. Look at my arms—they're just as large as yours, and darned if they don't feel just as hard now that you don't have yours wrapped around me. But, say, when you get a hold, your arms feel like steel cables."

Dixon felt appraisingly of Dunlap's biceps and smiled admiringly.

"You very nearly broke my neck with that bar and chancery," he laughed. "If anybody says you're soft just refer 'em to me. I'll testify there's nothing weak about you."

"But you're stronger," insisted Dunlap, "and I want to know why."

"Don't know unless it's that I work at manual labor during the summer. My dad's a farmer and I go direct from school to the hayfields and later I help out with the harvest."

"But I keep in shape during the summer, too," said Dunlap. "I swim and play tennis and hike miles on fish-

ing trips. I feel like a fighting cock all the time."

Entrance of other State wrestlers precluded further conversation with Dixon, and Dunlap sought the company of Captain Jimmy Adcock of the Blair team. He found his captain in a surprisingly downcast mood.

"Aw let's cut out the chatter and get the gang to bed," said Captain Jimmy dolefully as he pulled on a sock. "We'll have to do enough explaining when we get home. What's the use of holding our post-mortems here?"

"Cheer up, cap—we gave 'em a pretty good run for their money anyway," chattered Dunlap. "It's almost too much to expect a small school like Blair to stack up with State."

Captain Jimmy grunted.

"I was talking to Dixon and getting the secret on his system of training," continued Dunlap, carefully adjusting his tie. "Gracious, that guy's strong. And he's a regular prince. I'd like to know him better. Told him I'd show him a good time when he comes down to Blair next year. Told him I'd give him a better tussle next time, too."

"I doubt it like everything," said Captain Jimmy, turning his back and reaching into the locker for his shirt.

Something in his tone made Dunlap turn quickly from the mirror.

"Wha—what's that?" he stuttered.

"I said I doubt it," said Captain Jimmy tersely from the interior of his shirt.

"Doubt what?"

"I doubt that you'll have the chance to meet Dixon next year."

"Why—I'm coming back and he says he is."

"Maybe so," grunted Captain Jimmy, reaching for his trousers.

"Well, then, why won't I meet him?" demanded Dunlap, his face red.

"Because you haven't got the goods—that's why," said Captain Jimmy,

stepping with one leg in his trousers and looking Dunlap straight in the eye.

"My word, I've made the team two years straight, haven't I? I've been in every meet."

"Yes, you've been in and it's cost the Blair treasury several hundred dollars to send you out to get flopped. I figure it's been money thrown away."

"Now see here, Adcock—this is beginning to get personal."

"You're perfectly right it's personal," blazed Captain Jimmy. "And it's about time. It's personal enough so that next year I'm going to personally see to it that Blair has a wrestler in the one-hundred-and-thirty-five-pound class that isn't called Chub. This fellow is going to be a worker like Dixon, not a play boy like you. And this guy, whoever he is, is going into the game to win and he won't spend his time fraternizing with his opponents either."

"Oh—so that's the rub, is it?" scoffed Dunlap. "I'm too much of a gentleman to suit you. I'm beginning to see daylight."

"You can be just as sweet and friendly as you please on a dance floor, but a wrestling mat is no place for a tête-à-tête, and it's about time you realized it."

"Adcock, you're just about the whole cheese in wrestling at Blair College—coach, trainer and captain—and all these titles have given you a fine case of the swelled head. If I've got to be a boor and a crab to get on the team next year, I'll be glad to have you get some one else in my place."

"Now listen, Dunlap—you're excited and I guess I am. Maybe I've been a little too roughshod in my statements, maybe I've given you cause to think I'm a swelled head. But—any man who can't win one out of six wrestling matches certainly needs talking to straight from the shoulder, and if Blair College had a wrestling coach you'd

sure hear from him. I'm just trying to tell you you're too much like your nickname, Chub—kind of soft and easy-going. Next year you'll be a senior, and let's hope you forget some of this kid stuff, but if you do or if you don't, there'll be a real man in the one-hundred-and-thirty-five-pound class or the berth will go vacant."

For the next few weeks Dunlap nursed a secret grudge against wrestlers in general and Captain Jimmy in particular. Further, he was disgusted with athletics as a whole, or, more specifically, with the spirit of competition upon which all athletic contests are based. If he had to be hard and mean to win he wasn't sure that he wanted to win. It came to him with a sense of personal loss that the play spirit of childhood was sadly lacking in intercollegiate athletics.

But he still wanted arms and shoulders and back like Dixon. Out of Captain Jimmy's tirade the statement that Dixon was a worker while he was a play boy was the one that rankled. It was largely responsible for his determination to put in a summer of hard manual labor. Captain Jimmy would at least have to admit that there were not many people by the name of Chub who took a job in a mine.

And later, during his first week as a worker in the Black Diamond Mine, of the Pacific Coast Coal Co., he learned as his first lesson there was very little play in the working world. There was little of the rollicksome about these stern-jawed, grimy men about him. The grim determination of the lines of their faces, the finality of their movements as they swung their heavy shovels into the great black masses of coal, convinced him at once that these men took their job seriously. Some of them liked their work, others did not, but, each and all, they went at it with determination and intensity. They were men, not children, and they did

their work in a man's way. The thought came to Dunlap that college athletics were different from high-school athletics in that college men—most of them—entered into competition with a more manlike, a more mature spirit.

After his muscles and hands had hardened and grown accustomed to the unusual strain, Dunlap plunged into the work with zest, derived a fierce joy at the sound of his shovel ringing into the lumps of coal, joyed in the smooth movements of his arm and back and leg muscles as they delivered their heavy load into the yawning mouth of the coal car.

"Disa college boy, he good coal miner," said the swarthy Italian with whom he worked. "He worka like everything alla time and he get beeg kick outa it."

And as the Irish foreman patted his shoulder approvingly, Dunlap swelled with pride. Praise from "Big Nick," the highest paid contract man in the mine, was indeed something to make one feel heady. His only wish was that Captain Jimmy could have heard it.

The hours were long. There were days of working in cramped positions when he stumbled to his bunk so weary he could hardly see, but each week found him better equipped for the work at hand. His arms were bands of steel, the muscles of his shoulders which were formerly smooth, heavy pads, were now ridged and lean. His stomach, when he tensed it under the lamplight in the bunk house, had the corrugated effect of a washboard.

With the opening of the college year, Dunlap for the first time turned out for football. He was far too light for varsity material and knew it, but, as quarter back of the scrubs, he entered into the thick of every scrimmage and soon became known as one of the most savage tacklers of the squad.

"You're taking an awful chance of getting a broken arm or leg and crippling yourself for the wrestling season," warned Captain Jimmy as they met one day on the campus. "I was sort of down in the mouth that night after State walloped us, and I said a lot of things you can forget. We'll need you in the wrestling room after Christmas. I've got a new one-hundred-and-thirty-five-pound prospect by the name of Fraser who looks like a comer, but if you can flop him you're welcome to the berth."

"No novice can beat me this year, Adcock," said Dunlap. "I lost three times last season and the same the year before, but I'm out to win now. That's why I'm playing football, bones or no bones. I'm hard and I want to stay that way. I've developed lots of fight, and when this football season's over I'll have more of it. I'm Chub Dunlap no longer—if you know what I mean."

"Yes, I know what you mean," said Captain Jimmy. "Good luck and stiff bones. Even if you break 'em, you're playing a man's part."

Like most football men who have dash enough to hit an opponent first and hardest, and with agility enough to let the other fellow take the ground thumps, Dunlap went through the season unscathed. He reported to Captain Jimmy on the very first night after he had turned in his suit.

"All right, Dunlap, I'll give you a whirl," said the smiling captain. "I've got a good twelve pounds the better of you and you used to be easy pickings last year. Football men are my meat. Generally they're not so perky when they can't get a run at you and spread you over a city block before you can get a grip on their neck."

They went at it hammer and tongs and the other wrestling candidates stopped their activities and lined the walls to see their captain take the meas-

ure of this late starter. As they locked heads after their first futile attempts to catch each other off guard, Captain Jimmy grunted at the violence with which Dunlap sought to force his head downward and forward.

"Gee—you're strong—uh. Wowey—what a grip—uh. Boy, you're sure working now—uh. That's your game, huh? Not this time—uh."

There was no further conversation, except for the delighted exclamations of the onlookers as flying heels and whirling bodies scattered them from their points of vantage.

Dunlap drove at him, forced him, beat him down, smothered him in his rushes but, in an unbalanced instant, left an unguarded leg. In a flash Captain Jimmy had it, lifted it, tripped the other and crashed forward with him to the mat. Dunlap twisted and sought to escape entirely but, in the whirling moment, Captain Jimmy had his crotch and almost a half nelson. Failing to tumble him over, Captain Jimmy spun forward for a head scissors, but Dunlap was out to the side and around for a waistlock.

Faster and faster they worked while the onlookers stood open-mouthed in amazement at the varied assortment of bridges, headspins and flying falls. Never had there been such speed on the practice floor. A crowd gathered in the doorway.

In the end Captain Jimmy secured a perfect body scissors—his thighs around Dunlap's middle, his ankles locked—one of the most punishing holds in the game. He squeezed until the muscles of his legs stood out like great cords of twisted steel. Dunlap refused to turn under the pressure of the half nelson at his neck and repeatedly sought to bring his legs up and break the hold of Captain Jimmy's locked ankles.

The heavier man unlocked them of his own volition, and, at Dunlap's look

of pained astonishment, rose to his feet and reached to assist his opponent.

"I refuse to break the ribs of the best man I'll have this year, the man that will be the conference champion in the one-hundred-and-thirty-five-pound division," he said as the crowd cheered.

In the try-outs for the Hamlin meet a week or two later, Dunlap's strength and experience proved too great a handicap for Fraser, the new man Captain Jimmy had groomed for the one-hundred-and-thirty-five-pound berth.

And at Hamlin College, whence they journeyed on the first Friday in February, Dunlap marveled at the ease with which he disposed of Saunders, a man who had thrown him handily a year before. He gloried in his new-found strength. His muscles hardened by months of contact with the coal shovel, were still smooth flowing and resilient and agile by reason of seasons of swimming and tennis and wrestling. Dunlap was not foolish enough to think that his muscular efficiency was entirely the result of back-breaking labor. The shovel had but added the crowning touch.

Blair won the Hamlin meet by the narrow margin of two points and lost the services of "Bud" Taylor, the best one-hundred-and-twenty-five-pounder in the conference. Taylor suffered a broken collar bone and was forced to withdraw.

"I thought we had a team this year," mourned Captain Jimmy later, "and little Hamlin comes along and spills the gravy. If anybody'd told me we'd have less than an eight-point margin I'd have called him a liar. If Hamlin can do that to us, what will Gaylor hand us and—great Scott, what a trouncing we'll get from State."

"We'll miss Taylor," agreed Dunlap. "He was sure for five points in any meet. But if this will console you a little, put me down right now for a

win at Gaylor and State both. All I ask is a chance to slip a bar and chancery on Dixon. We'll see if he can sit up out of it this time."

Captain Jimmy's dismal forebodings seemed well-founded during the first match on the night of the Gaylor meet. Gaylor won the referee's decision in the one-hundred-and-fifteen-pound class and the Gaylor gym rang with the shouts of victory. But the crowd's triumph was short-lived. Fraser, Blair's newest wrestler, lean and hard as a result of a two-weeks' session of training and fasting in an effort to take Taylor's place in the one-hundred-and-twenty-five-pound division, flopped his pudgy opponent with an ease that was astounding.

Dunlap continued the good work. His opponent was a newcomer in the game and Dunlap's fierceness of attack placed him immediately on the defensive. Dunlap rushed him into the headlock, swung him from one side of the mat to the other until he got him unbalanced and out of position. Then he turned suddenly, pulled his opponent's arm over his own right shoulder and, with a tug and a heave of his shoulder, sent him crashing to the mat ahead of him. It was a perfect flying mare. The Gaylor man, dazed by the whirling flight over Dunlap's back and his jarring fall, was meat for Dunlap's far arm-and-leg hold. Dunlap secured his fall and the five points in less than a minute.

Captain Jimmy added another five points by throwing his man a few minutes later. Adams, one-hundred-and-fifty-five-pounder, lost the next decision after a hard, though uninteresting bout. Hancock won a decision in the heavyweight class and added another three points. The score at the end was eighteen to six in favor of Blair.

"Now do you think we're a bunch of cake-eaters," Dunlap demanded of Captain Jimmy in the dressing room.

"I'll say you've certainly cut out the fraternizing this season," returned Captain Jimmy. "You're a regular hard-hearted hombre. I was almost sorry for that poor, scared guy you were throwing around. You must have taken him for a sack of coal."

"I've learned this much anyway. The best way to get results is to let the other fellow know right at the start that you're out to win. And I'm not going to get chummy with Dixon when State visits us."

"As I recall it, you promised him a good time."

"I did and I'll keep my promise—but not till I give him a taste of a bar and chancery."

"Just the same that State crowd is a hard gang of wrestlers and there'll be no easy mark for any of us."

Every male student and a good percentage of the co-ed contingent, as well as a large crowd of townspeople, crowded the Blair gymnasium on the night of the State meet. The easy victory over Gaylor convinced the fans that Blair at last had a fair chance of taking the larger school's measure.

Little Barnum put up a brave fight, but was finally pinned to the mat less than a half minute before the gong. The match was a lively one and the crowd applauded noisily in spite of the five points chalked up on the State side of the score board.

Captain Wilson, of State, known all over the conference as a grandstander, here decided to have his match put over to the last of the meet, and, almost before he realized it, Dunlap found himself out under the lights facing Dixon, the man whose neck was too strong for him the year previous.

Dixon was smiling as he approached across the mat, but Dunlap's hand-clasp was brisk and businesslike.

"I've gone to work, Dixon," said Dunlap grimly as they locked heads and settled to the hard grind.

They were a wonderful pair of athletes as they strained and pulled under the white light of the electric lamps. The crowd recognized them as such and sat silent in admiration of the rippling display of back and shoulder muscles as the men maneuvered for an advantageous hold.

Dunlap's main objective was the bar and chancery either from the standing or from the recumbent position and his eagerness to secure it almost led to his downfall.

He gave Dixon a prodigious pull forward and down, and, seeing the desired opening, broke through Dixon's defense to circle his neck with his right arm and shot his left under Dixon's right arm and over his back.

But his forward momentum laid him open to Dixon's counter play. The State man gripped the wrist of the arm circling his neck, clamped down on the one under his right, sat down suddenly—and threw himself violently backward.

Dunlap felt himself going over his adversary's head and tried desperately to pull out. He did not entirely succeed, but his new-found strength enabled him to slip his left arm partly free, twist savagely, and land on the mat on his side instead of his back.

Dixon was then above, but lying face upward and in no position to force Dunlap's shoulders to the mat. He maintained his hold, however, playing for the aggressor's advantage.

But Dunlap did not remain idle. Again his days with the coal shovel bore their fruit. By exerting his energy to the fullest extent, he jerked and pulled his left arm, slippery with perspiration, free of Dixon's grip, pushed wildly against the canvas with his feet, twisted at the waist until his back muscles cracked with the strain—and at last felt himself clear.

Then, in that wild, scrambling moment, Dunlap forgot everything except

his indomitable urge to be the man on top; forgot the yelling crowd and the flying, whirling lights; forgot the very existence of his body as his mind concentrated on the all-important job of domination. In that mad, chaotic instant Dunlap's will emerged victorious. How it happened he never knew, but, when the flying arms and legs had ceased thrashing and the bumping knees and elbows were quiet—he was on top.

But, like the working, intense machine he had become, Dunlap was not satisfied. His main objective was still before him. He still wanted that bar and chancery. He whirled out to the side of his crouching opponent—almost in front of him—circled his neck and gripped it in spite of the protecting shoulders, drove his left arm under Dixon's right and applied all his strength to the task of forcing the man's head down and his right shoulder up and over.

He got results. His whipcord muscles could not be denied. Dixon was caught as in a chilled-steel vise.

Slowly, surely as fate, while the crowd waited breathless, Dixon's neck doubled under and his shoulder went up and over.

Dunlap was out in a straight, horizontal line, his toetips on the mat, his right arm pulling at the neck, his left pushing down on the shoulder.

The referee hovered close as the shoulder came close to the mat. Slowly it came downward. It neared the mat. It touched.

As if galvanized into life by an electric shock, the State man whipped suddenly about with his legs and tried desperately to bridge. Impossible—his neck was still locked in the vise and his head could obtain no purchase on the mat. The shoulder stayed pinned to the canvas.

As the sharp crack of the referee's hand on Dunlap's back sounded in the

auditorium, the Blair rooters lifted a howl of victory and both wrestlers sank to the mat motionless. In the next instant both were lifted bodily and carried to their benches.

Wrapped in a heavy blanket, Dunlap stayed to watch and, later, to join in the mad dance of celebration over the sixteen to ten victory over State. Fraser, the novice, pinned the cocky Captain Wilson to the mat with a terrific body scissors. He and Fraser had secured the only two falls for Blair. Captain Jimmy and Hancock had won on aggressiveness. Adams and Barnum had been thrown—but what of that? For once in its history Blair had defeated State, by a coincidence

reversing the score of the previous season.

Afterward in the dressing room, when the congratulatory crowd had thinned, Dunlap grasped the hand of his captain.

"Well, Adcock, it's the last time for both of us," he said soberly. "And I want to thank you for saying the words that enabled me to leave the game with a little satisfaction. I've tried hard to make up for those two seasons when I was called Chub by every one."

"Dunlap, you did the job up brown," and Captain Jimmy's eyes were very earnest. "You went to work with a bang when you got to be a senior."







## The Dogs of Poverty Flats

By Hal Rammel

Everybody laughed when they saw the motley collection of canines attached to old Sim, the tinker's, sled when he appeared for the start of the International Free-for-all Dog Race; but little Mickey O'Boyle had a trick up his sleeve to help Sim.

**A** CROSS the glassy ice of Little Bay de Noquet, an old man whose springy step contrasted oddly with his white beard and rounded shoulders led a weirdly assorted team of dogs attached by means of a crude rope harness to a battered sled.

Heading the team was a gangling hound. A pair of shaggy collies followed in succession. Behind them were two rangy nondescripts, and a sturdy beast of Airedale extraction brought up the rear. On the sled a freckled youngster of fourteen was huddled while in the wake of the strange equipage were a dozen boys and almost as many dogs of assorted shapes, sizes and colors.

Suddenly a fox terrier, his eyes snapping with devilry, broke away from one of the youngsters and hopped snarling and yelping in front of the hound. The lead dog, with a whoop, half joyous and half belligerent, leaped in pursuit of the diminutive annoyance. The other dogs in the team followed merrily at such a pace that the old man, taken by surprise, had time only to grasp the sled as it sped by. Several hundred yards were covered before he could bring the team to a panting halt in front of the Chippewa municipal bayside park.

Shouts of derisive laughter arose from the crowd of ice-boaters and skaters when they spied the outfit. The old man paid no attention to the jeers.

Turning to the lad on the sled he said in a low, pleasant drawl:

"Keep that little insect out of the way. I got to get this here team broke and when he's around we're just as liable as not to finish up over in another county."

Mickey O'Boyle grinned and scampered away. "Huah, Trixie," he coaxed. The terrier, however, already had been captured and was in the arms of one of the other boys. "Hang on to him," commanded Mickey.

The old man turned his team around and started back in the direction of the squalid, hop-skotch of shacks, on the city's north shore, known as Poverty Flats. Mickey fell into step beside him.

"This here hound dog is a natural born leader," observed the patriarch. "Rest of them follow him like he was a rabbit. Yes, sir. First rate lead dog I've got, anyhow."

"Then you really think," the boy asked, "that you've got a chance to win that winter carnival free-for-all?"

Old Sim Doty shook his head slowly. "I never was much of a hand to count up the breakage in a barrel of dishes till I had them unpacked. Just the same, if the Chamber of Commerce sees its way clear to hang up a thousand dollars for a twenty-five mile dog derby, I can't see nothing to prevent me from trying to keep some of the money at home."

"But the papers say the big purse will attract some of the best racing teams from the north shore of Superior," the boy argued. "You ain't got the right kind of dogs to compete against them Canuck mushers."

Sim paused to bite a half-moon from a corner of a plug of tobacco. "A dog is a dog," he reasoned. "Remember when the turtle beat the rabbit that time? 'Twasn't a special kind of turtle that done it. As far as mushing is concerned, I run mail with dogs between Fort Howard and Marquette long before the Chamber of Commerce found out Lake Superior had a north shore. If these kyoodles of mine can run for prize money like they can run after that fool Trixie of you'n, they won't need no pedigrees."

He swung abruptly in the direction of the Flats.

"Thousand-dollar purse—five hundred for first money—is a lot of dough," mused Mickey. "I s'pose if you win you'll move south to Milwaukee or Florida or one of them warm places for the winter."

"Just now the money's too fresh to be spent," Sim asserted. "I kind of had it in mind, though, that maybe we could use part of it for fixing up Old Man Cramp's barn into a gymnasium for you kids."

Mickey's blue eyes widened. "Gee!" he ejaculated. "Wait till the gang——"

"Nope," Sim declared with emphasis. "We ain't going to tell a soul. I'd a heap sight rather s'prise them than disappoint them." He chuckled. "Besides I don't want the juvenile court judge and the parole officer to think I'm trying to ruin their north shore business."

When he had led the dogs up on the shore, he removed the harness and let them scramble away. Three of them trotted to Sim's back door. A fourth scampered toward the little cottage which Mickey, his widowed mother and

a half-dozen brothers and sisters, called home. The others remained at Sim's heels. Suddenly the hound caught sight of his arch-enemy, Trixie. Howling a warning, the long-legged beast leaped into a steeple-chase which led through a maze of railroad-tie piles toward a thicket of wild berry bushes. The other dogs, seeing their leader dash away, followed earnestly.

Sim chuckled.

"I just wonder," he said, "what old high-pockets would do if he ever caught that terrier."

"There ain't a dog in town that can catch Trixie," Mickey asserted with pride. "Gee, if he was only big enough to hitch to a sled."

"I always said," remarked Sim with a laugh, "that there can't be much harm in wishing and it sure gives a feller a lot of comfort sometimes."

He went into the house.

When the Chippewa Chamber of Commerce, arranging the program for its annual winter carnival, set aside the sum of one thousand dollars to be split by winners of first, second and third places in what was to be advertised as an "International Free-for-All" dog race, it was well known to members of the committee that the money would be divided by three well-known Canadian mushers—Cliff McLeod, Waino Ritola and Rene LaFave. The size of the purse, in fact, and the percentage of the split were agreed upon at a conference between representatives of the committee and the three dog men. The chance of a dark horse—or dark dog—entry upsetting calculations, of course, was within the realm of possibilities but it was generally conceded that the names of the famous professionals probably would keep the outsiders outside.

Old Sim Doty, wise as he was in the torturous ways of other varieties of racing, did not know that the affair

was to be little more than an exhibition. Sim would have curled up his honest old nose disgustedly had he been advised of the frame-up. His ignorance of the facts was shared by the thousands who would be expected to witness the contest.

For years he had dreamed of providing the Poverty Flats youngsters with some sort of community building. His appeals to down-town organizations had been met with disinterested grunts and suggestions that "the 'Y' is open—let them come down here." The "Y," however, was too far removed, geographically and socially, from the bleak and squalid flats and its motley assortment of scrambling youngsters.

Announcement of the carnival dog race had led Sim's memory back to the pre-railroad days in the Upper Peninsula. He convinced himself that he could break and train a team of dogs which could cover a twenty-five-mile course. How rapidly they could cover it, however, was a question unanswered even by Sim's nimble imagination.

The old man had plenty of time to spare from his shoe repairing, clock fixing, sewing machine adjusting and odd jobs of tinkering—for some of which he was paid—and he set to work with the dogs, displaying a diligence which, if applied to some commercial activity, undoubtedly would have been productive of more immediate and substantial returns. Most of Sim's sixty-odd years had been spent, anyway, in doing the things other folk had regarded as foolish wastes of time, but these things had kept his muscles supple, his optimism active and his enthusiasm untarnished.

After the dogs had been taught to wear the harness and to pull, he constructed a pen for them, watched their diet and began to give them long, business-like workouts over the course he knew would be followed during the race.

At first the news that Sim expected to enter a team of Poverty Flats mongrels in the race created considerable amusement in the downtown section. But when these same scoffers saw the old man, day after day, working his dogs on the ice and the snow-banked highways, the racing committee of the Chamber of Commerce began to be annoyed. They had promised the three professionals from the north that competition would be limited, if possible, and while they did not regard Sim as a dangerous contender for the prize money, they decided that he was bringing too broad an element of humor into the affair.

Early one morning while Sim and Mickey were repairing the rope harness, two of the committeemen appeared.

"We understand," said one of them, "that you figure on entering a team of alleged husky dogs in the carnival derby."

"Your understanding is good," the old man replied, "if you mean by 'alleged dogs a team whose ancestors didn't chase rabbits before the Revolutionary war.'"

"You realize, don't you, that you haven't a chance against these Canadian fellows? Why, they've got some of the best racing dogs in the world."

"I ain't betting a nickel either way," Sim replied.

"And you are only making a laughing stock of yourself and a joke out of the race."

"I'm used to being laughed at and it ain't never hurt me. As far as the race is concerned, it was advertised as a free-for-all, and that ain't barring nothing, as I understand it."

"Oh, I know," the committee spokesman went on impatiently, "but there must be some limitations. You wouldn't enter a mule in a horse race would you?"

"That," said Sim, "might depend a good deal on the mule."

"You couldn't be persuaded to withdraw?"

Sim helped himself to a bite from the tobacco plug. "Getting scared I'm going to walk off with the money?" he asked with a curious glance at the visitors. "To be perfectly frank, I ain't at all confident—yet. But if I did win, wouldn't it be mighty fine to keep a share of the purse here to home?"

The callers flushed slightly. "Well, we've called to tell you," one of the men said, "that we've decided to require a twenty-five dollar entry fee and that all entries must be in by to-morrow noon."

As the pair departed, Sim sat down on a nail keg to think. This was a blow for sure! He doubted whether twenty-five dollars could be scraped together in all of the shacks on the Flats. And if it could be, it wasn't available for entry money in a dog race.

Mickey O'Boyle's freckled face was gloomy and his eyes anxious as he asked: "How much money have you got, Sim?"

"About eleven dollars, but maybe I can get hold of some more, somewhere." His tone was pessimistic.

The lad glanced at the overcast skies. The first flakes of snow that foretold a storm were in the air. With a grin he sprang into action.

"You go on training the pups and leave me see what I can do about raising the dough," he said. Sim, still on the keg, chewing and pulling his beard, heard the boy whistle and he heard the whistle answered from a dozen directions. Youngsters appeared from every quarter of the settlement. Mickey conducted an earnest conference.

Presently Sim arose and trudged toward the city. All day he tramped through the new-fallen snow, calling on old and more prosperous acquaintances. He returned to his shack at night, tired and dejected. None of them had money, it seemed, to lend for the pur-

pose of keeping the Poverty entry in the race.

Mickey breezed into Sim's little workshop after nightfall and stamped the snow noisily from his shoes.

"Make the raise?" he asked anxiously.

The old man shook his head. "Tain't to be had. Reckon we can't start."

"Wouldn't nobody help you out?"

"Not after I explained what I wanted it for."

The lad hesitated. Then, from his pocket he drew a handful of money—a few tattered bills and a heap of silver. "Here's seventeen dollars and thirty-five cents," he announced. Maybe that'll help."

Sim clutched the boy's arm, swung him around to look deep into the blue eyes. "You ain't been robbing nobody, Mickey?"

"Naw," the youngster assured him. "The whole gang stayed out of school to-day and shoveled sidewalks for people around town. Maybe we'll all catch it when the truant cop shows up. But the dogs will run."

Tears glistened in Sim Doty's eyes. "Hope none of you gets a thrashing," he said.

"We won't. And if we do, what's one licking more or less?" He was whistling as he went out.

And so the Poverty Flats entry money was posted. The gentleman who accepted it was surprised and somewhat gruff. He hadn't expected the eccentric old tinker to produce the cash.

And besides, on his desk lay another entry—that of Harry Reynolds, the Manatoulin Island lumber operator and sportsman—who was not at all the type of racer who would consent to tossing his splendid dogs in a "pool." And complications were certain to follow Reynolds' refusal to play the game devised by the others.

There was, by the way, no remittance with Reynolds' entry. None

could be demanded under the rules and Reynolds was too wise to be fooled as easily as Sim Doty.

Sim's intensive dog training continued. His optimism grew as he watched the performances of his team.

When the old man retired the night before the race, there were indications that the ground, before morning, would be covered with a fresh fall of snow. "Hope it ain't too deep," he told himself. "Oh, well, there's no use fretting about it." He extinguished his kerosene lamp. Five minutes later he was sleeping soundly.

It was well past midnight when a rap on his door aroused him. Sleepily he drew on a pair of trousers, lighted the lamp and answered the summons. He found a large man in a heavy fur coat and cap seeking admittance.

"Pardon me for bothering you at this hour," the visitor's pleasing voice apologized, "but it's an important matter—at least to me."

"Come in," Sim invited, setting the lamp on a table and poking two sticks of wood into the little heating stove.

"My name's Reynolds," explained the stranger. "I've got a team of dogs entered in this race here to-morrow. My 'pull' dog took violently sick a while ago. The veterinary men don't appear to be able to do anything for him. I ran across a little red-headed kid who said you could cure a dog of anything just by talking to him."

Sim chuckled. "Well, I ain't claiming to be a witch doctor. But I reckon you want me to see what I can do for your dog?"

Reynolds nodded. "If you will, please."

"Wait till I get some clothes on."

Reynolds' eyes fell on the old man's sled and harness.

"Got some dogs of your own?"

Sim nodded. "Allowed I'd start them to-morrow."

"Then you must be the chap the ho-

tel loafers were laughing—talking about to-night."

"You had it right the first time. Laughing was the c'rect word," Sim assented as he sat on the edge of his bunk and began to pull on his shoes. "Maybe I've gave the wise boys plenty of cause for hilarity at that. What do you allow ails this here pup of yours?"

"I'd rather not express an opinion just now," Reynolds replied slowly. "You see, this gang of highbinders I'm—we're up against to-morrow, has been winning a lot of money in races of this kind for two years. All of the dog men up in their own country are wise to their system and they had to look for new fields this season. I hopped into a race with them over at the Soo last week and trimmed them. They were pretty sore. This dog was well when I got here this morning, but to-night——"

"Reckon I can guess the rest," Sim interposed. "Looks like maybe we're due for an interesting afternoon to-morrow maybe."

Together the men tramped out to the automobile in which Reynolds had made his way to the Flats and soon they were in the stable where the sportsman's dogs were quartered. Sim made a hurried examination and then drawled out orders for hot water and various other supplies. Silently, for more than an hour, he worked with the suffering animal.

"He'll get well," the old man finally announced, "but he ain't going to do much racing for a few days. I guess you knew, all right, pretty much what's the matter with him."

Reynolds swore softly. Then his hand went to his pocket.

"How much do I owe you?" he asked.

"Not a cent," Sim replied. "Glad to do what I could for a brother racing man."

Reynolds tried to protest.

"Listen, mister," Sim declared. "I wouldn't of done this for money, no-how. It'd make me powerfully happy if you'd regard it as a neighborly turn."

"But surely there's something I can do to repay you."

"I'll be repaid if the dog gets along."

"Very well. Since you won't let me ease my conscience any other way, what do you say about using my sled, here, and harness on those dogs of yours tomorrow? They're a ton or two lighter than yours."

Sim's eyes brightened as he looked over the outfit. "Land alive, Mr. Reynolds, but them dogs of mine would be proud to wear that. They'd think they were all dressed up for sure if they could."

Then he added in a lower tone.

"If you've got time, maybe you could give me some pointers on the opposition. It appears like I'm going to need to know a lot."

Sim's appearance at the starting point of the race was the signal for the release of a mixture of sarcasm, good natured laughter and skeptical encouragement. Certainly, in spite of the snappy outfit, borrowed from Reynolds, his team presented a ludicrous contrast to those of the other entries. The huskies from the north country were sullen, snappish and eager to be off. Near by, Sim's hound "lead" solemnly scratched his left ear with his hind foot while his mates surveyed the scene with evident interest.

The three professionals favored Sim with curt glances of disdain.

Reynolds called the old man aside.

"I haven't any idea what those rowdies of yours are capable of doing," the sportsman said. "Fortunately, the pace won't be fast. They won't really push ahead unless they're forced to it. Stay with them as closely as you can and watch them every minute for dirty tactics. And good luck to you."

"Thank you," said Sim as the lumberman grasped his hand.

The starter pompously called the racers to the line for instructions. Introductions of McLean, Ritola and LaFave were elaborate. Sim was given only a brief, half-apologetic mention but the old man's heart warmed as he heard his name wildly cheered by the delegation of Poverty Flats urchins.

The gun cracked. Away went the professionals, McLean in the lead. The Flats team's start was held up momentarily by the desire of the Airedale to remove a flea from his left flank. Finally, they hopped off, fifty yards in the rear.

The course was marked through a portion of the city and out over fifteen miles of country highway. Then it swerved for a stretch through the woods, and emerged on the lake shore for three miles across the ice of the bay, which terminated at the starting point. The race had progressed only a few minutes when Sim realized that Reynolds' advice had been accurate. There seemed to be no desire on the part of the others to make time. Their dogs loped along, taking things easily.

"If it ain't any faster than this, we won't get lost, anyway," the old man observed. "Just keep in sight of them, pups, and save something for the finish if we can."

The moderate gait continued for the fifteen miles of highways. Sim was delighted to find himself in about the same position, throughout the initial leg of the jaunt, and his dogs were standing the test as well as he had expected.

In the woods, Sim was on more familiar ground than the others. He knew every foot of the trail; in fact, for years he had used it as the basis for rabbit hunting operations, and in training he had sent his dogs over it frequently. Confused by some of the markers which had been half obscured by the previous night's light snowfall,

the leaders slowed down. Sim's team jogged ahead until the hound was within a few yards of LaFave's outfit. LaFave turned with a hard grin and cracked his whip viciously in the hound's ear. The startled animal leaped sideways into a clump of bushes but a reassuring cry from his master kept him from stampeding.

"It's no use trying to pass them here without a machine gun on the bow," Sim grunted. And so the slow parade through the timber progressed.

When the shore was reached, Sim looked out across the ice at the crowd which had formed in two long lines, creating an avenue through which the finish would be staged.

"They can't pull off no murders there, purps," he assured his dogs. "Get along with you!"

The animals quickened their pace, but Sim realized that they were weary. The huskies, products of generations of breeding for endurance, however, seemed as strong as ever. Sim's heart sank. "Nothing but a miracle can put us across now," he told himself, "and it's been a long time since a miracle happened in this part of the country."

The leaders were now bunched more closely, evidently bent on making a spirited finish and Sim was a hundred yards behind when the one mile arrow was reached.

Just ahead he saw Mickey O'Boyle with a dozen of the other lads from the Flats. Mickey would be broken-hearted, Sim knew. But after all, none of them should have expected the assortment of canines the old man was driving to defeat even a bunch of loafers from the real dog country, he told himself.

Mickey waved as Sim approached. The boy had a white, squirmy bundle under his arm. Suddenly this bundle sprang into life on the ice.

"Go, Trixie, go!" yelled Mickey. And the intrepid little terrier, taking

one glance at the approaching hound, uttered two sharp barks of challenging defiance and fled. There was only one direction in which—due to the crowd—he could make time. That was toward the finish line.

The hound, forgetful of his weariness, gave chase. Sim's other dogs followed their leader loyally. The terrier, sprinting with all the speed his trim little legs possessed, dashed on. Sim's team began to crawl up on LaFave. A few more jumps and they were on even terms with the Frenchman. On sped the terrier and Sim, with wonder and delight, realized that he was in third place and gaining on Ritola.

As Sim's sled approached that of the Finn, Ritola's whip lashed out, cracking on the hound's flank. The hound, however, this time, instead of flinching, appeared to blame the terrier for the pain and redoubled his effort to catch his tormentor. It was becoming a stampede.

McLeod, who had regarded himself as safely in the lead, glanced around. What he saw caused him to apply his whip to his own dogs. The huskies were giving him the best they had but they were running from punishment, while Sim's dogs were spurred by the hound's new-born inspiration. All the fire and energy that the terrier's insults had heaped upon the hound seemed to crowd upon that long-legged creature's memory. Now the terrier could not dodge. He could not find safety under a tie pile. It was a race!

Sim was speechless with joy as he found himself alongside of McLeod and the finish line a hundred yards away. McLeod was swearing violently and driving with murderous viciousness.

The terrier, twenty yards in the lead of the procession, crossed the finish line, lost his stride on the slippery ice and skidded dizzily into the legs of the spectators massed just behind the tape. Here was the hound's big chance! He

gathered his strength into a half dozen leaps. His mates gave him their support in that final spurt. Across the line they sped, Sim's team a winner by half the length of the hound's long body.

Sim was engulfed, immediately, by a thrill-maddened crowd. Cheers for him—mighty, hysterical cheers—arose. There were laughs too. But the crowd was laughing *with* him now. And Sim laughed too. And cried a little in spite of his laughter.

"Did you get the money? Will we have a gymnasium?" Mickey inquired anxiously, a half hour later when Sim, hero of the day, had managed to free himself from the mob.

The old man was still in a partial

daze. "We won, son, by a miracle. Miracle. That's what it was."

"Miracle, nothing," the boy protested. "I've been planning for a month on turning Trixie loose on the home stretch and letting old Long Boy chase him across the line."

Just then, Trixie spying the still panting hound bared his teeth and barked shrilly. The hound, too tired to do anything else, growled feebly.

"Shut up," Mickey commanded the terrier.

"Let him growl," Sim said, reaching into his pocket for his plug of tobacco. "To-morrow I'm going down and buy him a silver-plated collar with a gold padlock on it."







# HORSE RACING



## Hot Dope

By Charles Dana Bennett

Race-track dope often upsets the bettors—perhaps jockeys themselves. Stubby Clemens found that he had to do with a far different kind of dope.

**A**ROUND any track where the bang tails run there are more kinds of dope to the square inch than any other place in the world, including Wall Street. There's hot stuff from all the touts which comes as low as a dime and as high as you're sucker enough to pay; every newspaper wants to give you at least two chances at the winner; and your best friend drags you out in back of the betting sheds to offer you a sure thing. It's darned funny that with all this information available your mule invariably comes in last—and you go home broke. Then there's the dope which unscrupulous owners or trainers inject into an otherwise dilapidated pony in order to put it across for the one win of a lifetime and a big clean-up on the side. And finally there is the kind of dope that "Stubby" Clemens ran into at one of the big meetings at Latonia.

Stubby had just stepped out of the apprentice class and was riding 'em as a full-fledged jock. He was only a kid, twenty-one perhaps, blue-eyed, tow-headed, a little below medium height, light by necessity, and owner of a winning smile which brought him many friends around the track even among the old-timers. In the six races that he had ridden, thus far during the meeting, he had copped two first, two places and a show. Not so bad for a kid; and, as a result, there was a good deal of

talk and some animosity among the less sporting of the older riders.

This last applied especially to "Barb" Gleason of the Kantana Stables outfit. Barb was a snappy fellow, always barking at something in an unpleasant way. He was considerably taller than Stubby with a longer reach by two inches. Most of the time his complexion was a pasty sort of white and his cold-gray eyes wore a strange, glazed look. It made a lot of people wonder; but Barb was an excellent rider, the best in the Kantana crowd, and for that matter, one of the best at the track.

Thus, when Stubby Clemens had trimmed him home by a nose for two days' running and then had rubbed it in by beating him for the place in the big race of the card on a third occasion, Barb was in a nasty temper.

"I'll get that little snip," he growled as he kicked his riding boots into a corner in the saddle room of the Kantana quarters. "I'll get him to-morrow and I'll get him right!"

"Whadda you mean 'get him?'" Cyrus Gobel, owner, peered through small, pig eyes at his star jockey.

"I mean just what I say. I'll get him and get him right. You can bet your last nickel on me in the fourth race to-morrow, Gobel. I'm ridin' Starbuck as you know. An' Clemens is on Topshot. They're the only two donkeys in the race—an' I'll tell you

right now Clemens ain't going to win!"

Gobel ran a diamond-incrusted hand through thinning hair. He gave Gleason a shrewd, sidelong glance. "Aw-right!" he finally vouchsafed. "Aw-right! Only remember I don't know a darn thing—not a darn thing—so if you get set down don't come squawking to me about it." He turned and walked away. Barb watched him go, a sneering, taunting look in his tricky eyes—but he was as determined as ever to "get" Stubby Clemens.

A stableboy had overheard the conversation. In half an hour it was the talk of all the quarters; it was the latest hot dope; Barb Gleason was out to "get" Clemens.

"Pop" Benson, trainer for Glendale Farms, Stubby's outfit, brought the news to the boy. Pop was a wizened-up little fellow, a retired jock, with a fighting eye and a laugh twice his size. He tapped Stubby on the chest with a clenched fist as he spoke. "I wouldn't be tellin' you this if I didn't know you was a fighter clear through, bye," he asserted, "but I know you are. It won't bother ye one bit to know that dirty spalpeen is after bein' out to do you dirt—an' it'll make you watch your step, that's all."

Stubby's slow smile lit his face. "Thanks, Pop," he said, "I appreciate your confidence a lot and I'll try not to let you down. I'll keep my eye peeled and I'll try not to lose any sleep over it."

But try as he would Stubby did lose some sleep. He knew a lot of things about Barb Gleason; things that he had seen himself; things that were talked of under cover, but were common knowledge nevertheless. And the least of these questionable doings on the part of Gleason was some of his crooked riding. When he pulled his own nag it hurt no one but his owner and the general decency of racing; when he rode

a man into the rail—well, most anything might happen, including a funeral. And Stubby had seen Gleason do this very thing while he, Stubby, was still an apprentice. Fortunately for Barb the judges' eyes were bad that day, or he would never have appeared again on any track in any civilized country.

Stubby woke to a morning heavy with rain. The smoke pall which forever hangs over Cincinnati across the river, was drifting down over Latonia on a light wind. Freightened with the moisture from the rain it lay like a heavy fog over the track, making the visibility low. By noon the rain had ceased, but the atmosphere was still heavy with little promise of let-up. By which token the crowd for the afternoon was small and the going bad. It was a day for the mud hens.

When the bugle sounded for the fourth race there had been many scratches. In an original field of twelve there was only six at the line up at the barrier. Mr. Tharmal, Stubby's owner, had been half inclined to scratch Topshot, but the boy had begged for the ride.

"It won't hurt Topshot a bit, the heavy going, sir. And she needs the race," he assured. "I'll take it easy, but I'm pretty sure we can come through O. K. The only other horse in the race is Starbuck and we've beaten her before."

Pop Benson backed him up; there was a fighting light in the old trainer's eyes.

Mr. Tharmal, tall, slim, a little stooped, looked at the boy and Pop through shrewd but kindly eyes. He knew as much or more about racing than any man in the country and his better judgment told him to say no. But he had heard the latest dope; that is Gleason's threat, and he was a fighter, too.

"All right," he finally assented, "go on in boy, but watch yourself. It looks

to me as though you were going to be my best rider this year and I shouldn't like an *accident* to happen to you this early in the season."

At the barrier there was considerable milling around. The bad weather may have dampened the crowd, but the ponies seemed to be in high spirits. Barb Gleason's Starbuck was especially troublesome. She kept rearing and prancing around and when she got up on her hind legs it seemed that she was always in dangerous proximity to Stubby on Topshot. Twice Stubby missed those flying hoofs by only the deftest manipulation. Twice he was almost tossed in getting out of Gleason's way. The men with the bull whips were getting angry and the starter was on the verge of ordering Barb to the outside. Somehow Gleason seemed to divine what was coming just at the right moment—and suddenly he quieted Starbuck down. There was no getting away from it; Barb could handle a horse when he was of a mind to.

All these antics, however, had upset the rest of the field and resultantly the start was a nervous one. Through the obscurity the crowd in the grand stands could barely see across the infield to the starting post. The usual cry of "They're off!" was only a murmur. It was just the kind of a day for a dirty rider to get away with murder.

It was only a six-furlong race, which meant that, even with the heavy going, the winner would have to run. At the first post when the field had straightened out, Stubby found himself close to the rail in third place. Just behind him raced Gleason, who, like Stubby, was purposely holding in a bit. Almost at the same instant both men let out. Crouching close to Topshot's straining neck. Stubby pulled over to pass the horse in front. Great clots of mud flung up by the flying horses' heels whizzed past his head. A slip meant annihilation.

Topshot was in the lead now, having easily passed the two other horses who were completely outclassed. Starbuck was hot after her. Neither jockey had as yet taken to the whip, but as they swung around the turn farthest from the judges' stand Gleason drew his and forged up alongside Stubby. They held even for an instant; then Starbuck pulled a half length ahead.

Mr. Tharmal and Pop Benson stood at the rail in front of the paddock and strained their eyes through mist-covered glasses. Behind them Gobel, his fat jowls moving in uneasy rhythm, also watched. The riders, however, were so lost in the mist that it was impossible to determine who was in the lead.

"I beleave Clemens is comin' through, sir!" It was Pop Benson in a subdued voice. Mr. Tharmal shook his head dubiously. "I don't know and I don't care much as long as the boy doesn't get langed up," he answered.

Gobel, in the background sneered to himself, but his voice was not loud enough to be overheard. "Yeh," he muttered, "comin' through to a nice funeral with a lot of flowers!"

But Gobel was wrong. Topshot and Starbuck were nearly around the turn now, Starbuck with still only half a length's advantage. And then Stubby suddenly started to ride hard. He did not draw his whip; rather he seemed to tense every muscle in his fighting body and in some way impart his own spirit to the horse. In three strides Topshot was even with her galloping opponent.

To the people in the grand stands and on the clubhouse lawn it looked for an instant as though two contestants had become one. In the mist it was impossible, even through high-powered glasses, to tell just what had happened; that a bad spill was imminent could be seen. A gasp went up from a thousand throats. The two horses broke away and one of them came

pelting on down the straightaway madly pursued by the other.

It had all happened in an instant and Stubby had been waiting for it. As he came up on the inside of Gleason every sense was alert. Barb, with a wicked look on his face indiscernible to the flying Stubby, had, with one quick jerk, tried to force Topshot and her rider into the rail. With all his might Stubby had pulled to the right and, instead of being forced into the rail—and very possibly into a grave—he had driven Gleason and Starbuck out into the track. It was a pretty piece of riding, a thing that took all sorts of nerve. In fact Stubby had outdared his opponent, and he came in a winner by a good two lengths. But it was the last race which Stubby won for a good many days.

While Stubby was weighing in in the glass-inclosed coop across from the judges stand he saw his number go up as winner. As he stepped down from the scales and handed his equipment to a stableboy he watched for the place number to appear, but none did.

Some one touched him on the shoulder. "They want you up in the judges' stand!" The messenger's voice was not unpleasant and he gave Stubby a knowing wink.

With some trepidation Stubby crossed the track and mounted the steps to the officials' stand. Barb Gleason was already there and as Stubby entered he shot him a threatening look. Mr. Tharmal, Gobel, Pop Benson and the trainer for Kantana Stables were also present, besides the three judges. One of these later immediately spoke to Stubby.

"It looked to us," he said, "as though Gleason tried to ride you into the rail. We want to know if you care to enter a complaint? What about it?"

Stubby drew himself up to his diminutive height. "It was pretty misty, sir," he answered, "maybe your glasses

were fogged up? Maybe you couldn't see very well?"

"Then Gleason didn't try to ride you into the rail?"

"I don't wish to make a complaint, sir."

The judge looked straight into Stubby's eyes for an instant. "Oh, very well," he remarked. He turned away as though to close the incident.

It was Gobel's voice which turned him back. "See here!" snapped that individual, "what's the big idea of pickin' on Gleason. He run a clean race. It was this here——"

Mr. Tharmal intervened. His voice was smooth but it had the edge of a knife. "That'll be about enough from you, Gobel," he ordered. "It's lucky for Gleason that Clemens here is sport enough to keep his mouth shut. You take a tip from him and keep your own closed!" He turned and followed by Stubby and Pop left the stand.

The fight came off that night just after supper. Pop and Stubby and some of the other Glendale Farms jockeys were sitting in front of their quarters. The storm had gone on its way, the afterglow had almost faded, and the Kentucky hills all around them were bathed in a purple haze. Pop leaned back in his three-legged chair, his head just below the No. 18 painted boldly on the stable door. "It's a good number," he was saying; "we always win when we gets stable No. 18 at any track, belave me, byes!"

Along the stable fronts came a small procession. At its head was Barb Gleason; the others were hangers-on around the Kantana Stables. Gleason stopped directly in front of Stubby where he was squatting beside Pop Benson. There was something queer, high-tensioned in Barb's manner and when he spoke his words came in a high, static tone.

"You dirty little squirt," he snarled directly at Stubby, "you would try to

get me in wrong with the officials, would you? An' then, when they haul you up to substantiate your stinkin' lies, you ain't got the guts to do it, see! When you sees me you're scared I'll beat you up an' you back water. Well, I'm goin' to do it anyhow, see!" Without an instant's warning he suddenly kicked out with all his might at Stubby's still squatting figure.

It was only muscles trained to the quickest action that saved Stubby Clemens from that flying foot. With the speed of lightning he threw himself flat and to one side. The boot whizzed past his ear. The next instant he was on his feet and ready to defend himself.

It took Gleason a moment to recover himself. His missed kick had landed with a resounding thud against the stable door. It set the horses to stamping and neighing in their stalls; it also upset Pop Benson's precarious balance and dumped him on the ground. He also, was on his feet in a flicker, the light of the battling Irishman in his eyes. "Let me at the darty spalpeen," he raged, just let me at 'im!"

But Stubby motioned him back. "This is *my* fight, Pop," he directed, "your turn next!"

Then they commenced. Barb Gleason had the longer reach and he used it to its upmost. Holding Stubby off with his left, he kept planting wicked slashes any place he could land on the boy's body. Up and down on the clear level ground in front of the stables they milled. The small crowd stood around, tense and white-faced in the shadows. Once Stubby dropped to the ground and Gleason started to kick at him. Pop rushed forward, but before he could intervene the boy was on his feet again. He was taking terrible punishment, but he was game.

It ended before any one knew quite what had happened. Stubby seemed to be going down for a second time. He

was on both knees. Suddenly, like a torpedo, he shot up under his opponent's guard, inside that long reach. His fist went out like the flying piston of an airplane motor—and Gleason measured his length through the air and came down to earth with a dull, dead thud. He lay there, inert.

Stubby was trembling from head to foot. One eye was rapidly closing, a stream of carmine liquid ran from his nose, and great raw welts were rising where Gleason's fist on the end of its long arm had slashed him.

While they were bringing Barb to, Stubby washed in a stable pail. Pop patted him on the back and said soothing and congratulatory words. Gradually he ceased trembling. As he turned away from his ablutions his antagonist was just coming back to consciousness. Held up by two of his cronies he refused the hand which Stubby offered him with curses. "This is only the beginning," he snarled, "I'm going to give you some hot dope, Clemens! I'm going to get you and get you for keeps!" Then they led him off.

"Nice bye," Pop Benson remarked curtly, "but he's a sneak an' you want to watch yourself, lad!"

The following day neither Stubby nor Gleason were in a condition fit to ride, but the day following they were both entered for the third race and they both showed up at the post. Barb was mounted on Willow, one of the best horses from the Kantana string, and Stubby had Stingeree, a racer and then some. Ordinarily Stingeree was a brute to manage; he fought in his stall, he fought in the paddock; and he was the despair of the men at the barrier. Today, however, he was strangely quiet; Pop Benson had remarked it; the saddle boy had scratched his head and whistled; now, waiting for the other horses to get into some semblance of line-up Stubby, himself, felt that some-

thing was very wrong. From where he sat on the subdued Stingeree he watched Gleason cavort about on Willow.

For some mysterious reason Barb made no threatening gestures at his rival. He kept Willow sedulously away from the place where Stingeree stood so quietly; he seemed completely occupied in getting into a good position for the start, but occasionally he sent a queer, veiled look in Stubby's direction.

They were off! Willow was away to a nice start and, when the field settled down he was running next to the rail in second place. Stubby, on Stingeree, was, sadly, in last place. The pony ran—but he ran as though he was asleep.

The race, a mile and a sixteenth, was half over. Barb had pulled Willow into the lead and was fast increasing his advantage. Stubby was having a hard go of it. He drew his whip and forced Stingeree up two places, but it was tough work. Stubby knew then that it was no use, that Stingeree simply wouldn't run that day, and he was too fine a jockey to ruin a usually good horse by simply beating it into racing. He dropped behind and came in a bad last, a lump in his throat. Gleason had won the race without much difficulty, for Stingeree had been the only other entrant on form which threatened him.

This was only the first of a series of such incidents. Stubby, mounted on good horses, often the favorite, simply appeared unable to make his bang tail run. It went on like this for a week. All the other jockeys in the Glendale Farms' outfit were getting in in the money—all but Stubby Clemens. His horse invariably had a bad case of sleeping sickness and Stubby was left at the post.

The business began to wear a serious aspect. The latest dope had it that Clemens had lost his nerve; that he was scared of his life that Barb Gleason

would ride him into the rail. The hottest dope was that Stubby was pulling them; that he was holding his ponies back that others might win, and that a big bookmaker was giving him a rake-off for his dirty work.

At the end of the week the stewards had Stubby up for questioning, along with Mr. Tharmal and Pop Benson. The boy told a straight story and both his owner and trainer expressed confidence in him. The stewards were at a loss. It was apparent to them that Stubby was not stupid and it would be only the maddest of mad jockeys who would pull race after race—and come in last. A boy might hold his nag back in the middle of the field, he might lose a good many races that way without attracting much notice, but the veriest fool would not come tagging in at the tail end purposely day after day. It was too conspicuous. So they dismissed Stubby with a warning to do better.

As Stubby, in company with Mr. Tharmal and Pop, was leaving, one of the gray-haired stewards stopped him. "You're having hard luck, lad," he commiserated. "I'm afraid the ponies have put the jinx on you. They do it sometimes, you know; simply get the feeling that they won't run for a certain man, and then—good night!"

Outside the clubhouse the three men started silently through the dusk toward the stables. They walked across the soft turf of the blue grass and out onto the track. They passed the empty stands, still and ghostlike now, where such a little time ago the crowds had howled for the winner. Without a word they strode down the long line of stables until they came to No. 18. Together they stopped before it and Mr. Tharmal leaned against the door, his figure blotting out part of the number.

Pop was the first to speak. "Eighteen weren't so lucky for us this time," he murmured, "least not for you, son!"

Stubby shook his head, but made no

response. Mr. Tharmal was distraught. At last he spoke. "Stubby, you've been having rotten bad luck," he said.

Pop intervened. "I've been for wonderin' whether 'twas luck or——" He left his sentence unfinished.

Quickly Stubby stiffened. "What do you mean by that, Pop?" he demanded.

Pop Benson's wizened face lit up with a broad grin discernible even through the shadows. "It's all right, son," he assured. "I've been mainin' just what you've been mainin'."

"And that is?"

Mr. Tharmal quietly interrupted. "Pop means that we're all pretty sure that some one has been tampering with the horses that you've ridden during the last week—and with yours only," he said.

There was a pause, then Mr. Tharmal spoke again. "It's hard luck, Stubby," he said, "but I'm afraid, under the circumstances, we'll have to let some one else ride Beautiful Lady in the Derby day after to-morrow. It's as much for your own sake as for mine, for I feel certain that, even if we set a heavy guard over the stable so that the horse couldn't be tampered with—— Well, that something very serious might happen to you!"

When Mr. Tharmal made his announcement about the Derby, Stubby gave a small gasp. Not to ride in the Derby! To be cheated out of his first chance! Then the fighting light came to the boy's eyes and when Mr. Tharmal had finished he spoke straight from the shoulder. "You trust me, sir, don't you?" he asked.

There was not an instant's hesitation in the owner's answer. "Of course I do!" he assured.

"Then give me a chance, sir!"

"But——"

Stubby interrupted impetuously. "Mr. Tharmal, you know I never bet, don't you?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well I've saved up almost five hundred berries and if you'll let me ride Beautiful Lady in the Derby you can bet every last cent of it on me to—to—well to see that Beautiful Lady runs the best race she has in her!"

"An' if she does that," Pop Benson muttered under his breath, "she'll win!"

The owner pondered for a moment. "All right, Stubby," he said at length. "I'll go you. But I won't take your five hundred!"

Stubby tried to insist but Mr. Tharmal remained adamant. "And I'll put a heavy guard around the stable and around you," he finished.

Stubby cried out at that. "Don't do that, sir," he begged.

"And why not?"

"Because it'll ruin your odds, sir. You announce me to ride Beautiful Lady as per schedule and I know Gobel and Gleason'll bet their last nickel against us—and at almost any odds—if you just don't interfere!"

Questioning was of no avail and finally the two older men, against their better judgment, gave in to the boy. "I'll tell you all about it after the race," he promised, and vanished into the shadows.

The next day neither Stubby nor Gleason had a mount. They were both to ride in the Derby and they were both given a day off. Stubby went over to Cincinnati in the afternoon and made some purchases. He came back to Latonia after dark, his packages done up in plain wrapping paper. He waited until all was quiet around the stables; then armed with strange tools for a jockey he slipped out of his quarters. For a time he fussed around stables No. 18 and 19. Then he slipped into darkness behind the parked carriage which was used to transport the starters to the various starting points of the races. Another dark figure was approaching, waveringly, along the line of

stables. It carried a dark lantern and the light from this was being flashed on the various stable doors.

The Latonia Derby that year was one of the greatest Derbys ever run. The day was perfect; there was a brilliant sun but enough breeze to make it not too warm. The most beautiful track in the world sparkled and glistened in the light; flags waved from the grand stand and clubhouse; a band played. The crowd was enormous and in high spirits.

In the Kantana quarters Barb Gleason had given Gobel assurance. "You can bet your last cent and mine, too, against that bird Clemens and his Beautiful Lady. That's hot dope! I know! And mind you, you don't try to crimp me on the odds!"

"Odds!" Gobel snorted. "My Heavens, man, they've got Beautiful Lady marked down at forty to one against, because Clemens 's ridin' her an' he's taken so many beatings lately. It strikes me, Gleason, that you've overplayed your hand!"

"Well," snapped the other, "you've made money on it haven't you? You've gotten back all your losses on that fool Topshot and made a pile besides. Even with the long money today you can clean up. Take all the money you can get from the suckers who wanta bet on Beautiful Lady—an' bet all you can on me on Flappery!"

In stable No. 18 there was little said. Pop shook hands hard with Stubby, ready and dressed in his white suit with the blue band and blue cap.

"Watch it, me bye," he cautioned, "watch it every inch o' the way!" That was all. Mr. Tharmal wished him luck; they all took one last look over Beautiful Lady, who appeared to be in splendid condition. They were ready.

The bugle blew. Stubby was in the saddle and riding in the line behind the chap in the red hunting coat who

leads the procession up and down before the stands. Stubby was well down the line and just before him rode Gleason, his scarlet riding colors flashing in the sun.

Finally they broke up and cantered off for the starting post. Beautiful Lady was seething to race; Stubby had his hands full holding her in. At the post there was some delay. The carriage with the starting stewards seemed to be in some difficulty; it moved very slowly across the field.

At last it arrived, but in the meantime the ponies had become so restless as to be almost unmanageable. Both Stubby and Barb were having a time of it; and there was a scared, furious look on Gleason's face. At Beautiful Lady's first antics he had looked in wonderment and, as they continued, his face became distorted with both fear and rage. He kept trying to rear Flappery at his rival, but Stubby kept out of the way.

"They're off!" The cry rose like a clap of thunder from thousands of tense spectators.

Hanging tensely over the rail Pop Benson and Mr. Tharmal watched through their glasses. They saw the field straggle out; they saw their own blue-and-white in fifth place and close beside it the scarlet.

"Watch it!" howled Pop Benson. "watch it, bye!" His voice was drowned in the roar upon roar of applause.

For a minute at the first turn they had Stubby pocketed. Iron-shod hoofs thundered all about him; red nostrils flared and white foam flew through the air. Then he had slipped through, with Flappery and the scarlet rider hard after him.

It was at the half post that Gleason took the lead. Using his whip he forced up; he was ahead, light showing between Beautiful Lady's far-stretched nose and dilated eyes and the flying hoofs of Flappery. The field beat on



close behind. It was a terrific race; the knuckles on Pop's hands showed white where he clutched his glasses; and the perspiration stood out on Mr. Tharmal's forehead.

"Oh, come on, Beautiful Lady!" he cried, "come on, Stubby!" He did not realize that he had spoken.

On the last turn Stubby had his one desperate chance and he took it. With every muscle like tautened piano wire, every sense strung to the breaking point, he lay along his horse's neck and urged her on. Gleason had swung just a little away from the rail on the turn and before he knew it Stubby was inside of him and even. For a breathless fraction of time they held thus—then Beautiful Lady was in the lead by less than a nose.

Barb Gleason realized then that he was beaten and he pulled the rawest piece of work ever seen on any track. With all his might he lurched Flappery at Beautiful Lady. Saddle iron met saddle iron with a dull, ominous thud. The horses wavered, staggered in their stride. The field closed up at a furious pace.

But Stubby had been ready, and as Gleason had come for him he had thrown all his weight and that of his horse against the attack. It saved their balance; it undoubtedly saved Stubby's life for, without that counter thrust, they would have gone crashing with tremendous force into the rail. The horses broke away from each other; Beautiful Lady was out in the lead and she was never headed until she had crossed the finish line a winner!

After the flowers and the loving cup and cheer after cheer from the crowds, Stubby and Mr. Tharmal and Pop were at last alone together. Mr. Tharmal proffered Stubby a great handful of yellowbacked bills. The boy looked his question. "It's the winnings from your five hundred," the owner explained. "I made the bet for you with my own money—it's quite all right. You deserve it, lad, and now you must tell us the story!"

"There's not much to tell," Stubby informed them; "of course, we all knew that Gleason used dope on himself. A man couldn't pull the riding he's done unless he was crazy—or a fiend." Then, when he got sore at me, and my ponies wouldn't run, I figured he was giving them a sleeping dose of his own rotten stuff."

"Yes, we all know that," agreed Mr. Tharmal. "We want to know what happened last night?"

"I simply painted over the numbers," he explained. "I changed the nineteen on the stable next door to eighteen, our number. As you can see it was quite easy. Then I took Beautiful Lady's name plate and put it up in there over one of the stewards' carriage horses which looks most like Lady. Gleason was doped himself and he had to work with a very dim light so he didn't get wise. He thought he was putting our pony to sleep—an' it was only the buggy horse! Then he undoubtedly went to Gobel and told him we would surely lose the Derby. It was hot dope all right, but the only person that was full of it was Barb himself!"



# FROM THE BLEACHERS



By Handley Cross



## THAT AMATEUR QUESTION AGAIN

**W**HEN does an amateur athlete cease to be an amateur? That's easy. When he becomes a professional! When does an athlete become a professional? That's easy, too. When he ceases to be an amateur!

Sounds simple, doesn't it? But it isn't nearly so simple as it sounds. If it were, the "amateur question" that we hear so much about wouldn't crop up every few months in connection with the doings of some star in some one of the many fields of sportive competition, to turn gray the heads of the gentlemen who govern our amateur sports and give the newspaper boys something to write about on dull days. An athlete ceases to be an amateur when he becomes a professional, and becomes a professional when he ceases to be an amateur, right enough; but the line that is supposed to divide amateurism from professionalism, while plain enough in theory, is shadowy and ill-defined in practice, and many highly skilled performers in the various branches of amateur sport find it possible to straddle that line with financial benefit to themselves.

Definitions of amateurism are many and varied, ranging all the way from the British Amateur Rowing Association's classic and snobbish "No person shall be considered an amateur oarsman . . . who has ever rowed in a race for a stake, money, or entrance fee . . . who is or has been by trade or employment for wages a mechanic, artisan, or laborer, or engaged in any menial duty," and our own Amateur Athletic Union's idealistic "An amateur sportsman is one who engages in sport solely for the pleasure and physical, mental, or social benefits he derives therefrom and to whom sport is nothing more than an avocation," to the cynics' "An amateur is a rich man's son," and "A professional is an athlete who isn't afraid to take a check." None of these definitions fit justly every case, and probably no amateur definition ever written will fit justly every case. The fairest method of determining the status of an athlete is that used by the United States Golf Association, which decides each case on its merits, and refuses to allow its action in one case to become a precedent for action in future cases. The golf association's decisions may sometimes seem lacking in consistency, but they come close to achieving fairness.

There are two methods by which the amateur question could be settled for keeps. One would be to do away with admittance charges for all amateur sporting events. Without the "gate" which under present conditions is all important, there would be no "expense money" to be handed out to competitors, and no temptation for competitors to demand, under the guise of expense money, a "cut" of the gate paid by spectators for the privilege of watching them perform. The other method would be to place all sports on an "open" basis, allow amateurs and professionals to compete against one another—as they now compete against one another in open golf tournaments—and, when the time came for the distribution

of prizes, to allow each competitor to define his own status by taking either a medal or a pocketful of cold cash. But there is small likelihood that either of these methods ever will be adopted. The "amateur question" is going to stay right with us, and it is going to grow more and more troublesome as the years go on.

Not long ago the U. S. Golf Association announced that the acceptance by Bobby Jones of a fifty-thousand-dollar home, the gift of some of his fellow citizens of Atlanta, was "not in violation of the association's rule governing amateur status," and Bobby Jones made that announcement front-page news by saying that he had "reached the conclusion that the interests of our great game will be best served if I do not retain the home."

Now, Bobby Jones is something much more than the world's greatest golfer. He is one of the world's best sportsmen, and probably the most generally popular athlete in America—a sort of Lindbergh of the ground. Thousands and thousands of people who never have sliced a drive or forgotten to count a few niblick swings in a deep bunker agree with the members of the golfing clan that the best house in Georgia would be none too good for Bobby Jones. Many of these people would have resented criticism of Jones had he retained the handsome gift, but the same people felt relieved when he returned it. Accepting it, would not have been a violation of golf's amateur rule, but it would have come mighty close to being a violation of the amateur spirit, which is much more important than any amateur rule. Bobby Jones has a habit of "doing the right thing." He did it when, with a championship hanging in the balance, he called a penalty stroke on himself for a rule infraction that no one else had seen, and he did it when he returned the gift to his admirers—and probably the second sacrifice wasn't any harder to make than the first.

Compared to the acceptance of the gift of a fifty-thousand-dollar home, the payment to an athlete of the wages or salary he loses by taking part in international competition seems a small matter, but it is conceivable, although not likely, that on this rock of "broken time" future Olympic Games will be wrecked. In European countries, where wages are small and few workers own automobiles and radio sets, there is a strong feeling that athletes should be reimbursed for the pay they lose by taking long trips to represent their nations in sport. Some nations are making this "broken time" allowance to their football players in this year's Games, and the British Olympic authorities object so strongly to the practice that only consideration for Holland induced them to permit British representation. This problem will become acute in 1932, when European teams will have to take long trips to compete in Los Angeles.

The amateur question isn't a favorite topic of conversation with most of the headliners in amateur sport. Bring it up, and they'll look at you with disgust and—borrowing from the weary-voiced Mr. Moran of the radio and the phonograph records—remark: "What's yo' idea in bringing that up?"

Closely connected with the amateur question is the problem of athletic regulation. Doctor Otto Peltzer, the great German runner who visited us last winter, is an amateur athlete. Presumably the good Herr Doctor runs because he likes to run, just as most of his fellow countrymen play pinochle because they like to play pinochle. That being the case, what right had the German athletic governing body to forbid him to run in the United States, and—after the German authorities had relented—what right had the foreign relations committee of our

Amateur Athletic Union to limit him to three races? And what right has the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association to suspend an amateur tennis player because he enters a tournament, and then quits because he doesn't feel like playing? No right at all—in theory. Yet, sport being organized as it is to-day, there must be regulation. Rules—except those that govern actual play—are a nuisance, but they are a necessary nuisance.

### BOXING WITH A KICK

THE followers of boxing aren't accustomed to getting their money's worth. Only a few of the professional bouts patronized by the lovers of the walloping game are worth anything like the prices that the promoters charge the fans to see them. That isn't the fault of the promoters. The astute Tex Rickard, for example, would be glad to be able to provide fights with a knockdown in every round. It would bring even more money into his box office than goes into it now. But the sort of boxers who fight in New Madison Square Garden are, as a general thing, unwilling to take desperate chances. They have hard-won reputations to maintain, and they know the cold cash value of a record unmarred by knock-out defeats. Most of them are willing to win or lose on the judges' decision—they always can claim that the decision was unjust—and unwilling to risk a knock-out for the chance of scoring one. So many a bout between men capable of providing the most exciting sort of fistic entertainment degenerates into a waltzing match. And there is nothing in all the world of sport quite so dumb as a slow fight.

Fight followers often are accused of being members of a bloodthirsty clan. As a matter of fact, the usual fight bug is the most long-suffering man alive. He does nothing more desperate than shrug his shoulders and say, "Stuck again!" after he has paid five or ten or fifteen dollars to watch a fight that has proved to be as tame as a sewing bee in a country parson's parlor.

But in the end even the boxing worm will turn. During the last couple of winters thousands of boxing fans, disgusted with poor professional fights and high prices, have turned to amateur boxing for their thrills. On an amateur night in New Madison Square Garden you can get a ringside-section seat for about the price of a gallery seat at even an ordinary professional bout, and watch from a reasonable distance an evening-long procession of three-round bouts, almost any one of which provides more excitement than does the average professional "fight." And New York is not the only city in which you can see good amateur boxing. Boston and San Francisco have for years been strongholds of the sport, and it is spreading rapidly to many other sections of the country.

The amateur boxer is a gallant soul. Caution forms no part of his make-up. He goes into the ring to fight, and he fights, regardless of consequences. Many of the amateur bouts are ended by knock-outs. If they aren't, at the end of three rounds the judges give their decision. If the judges disagree, or call the bout even, the referee orders an extra round. If the judges still disagree after the extra round, the referee names the winner. There are no draws. The referees know their jobs, and are careful to stop a bout before a contestant is injured by unnecessary punishment. Amateur boxing bouts aren't gory, but they are fast. The distance is too short for wearing-down tactics, and knowing that they never will be called on to go more than four rounds, the boys train for speed, and step on the gas at the first gong. It is boxing with a kick.

Some of the amateurs are clever boxers, many of them are hard hitters, and all of them have an inborn love for the ring game—if they didn't have a real love for it they wouldn't be fighting as simon-pures. As amateur boxing tournaments are conducted on the elimination system—in the larger tournaments the preliminary bouts in the various classes are held one night, and the semifinal and final bouts another night—there is mighty little stalling. The sportsmanship of the boxers is of the highest grade. I've never seen a deliberate foul in an amateur bout.

Amateur boxing is a distinctly worth-while sport, and, if you are a lover of boxing, I'll almost guarantee that you will be enthusiastic about it if you attend a single tournament.

College boxing has kept pace with the advance of amateur-club boxing. The University of Illinois has a boxing squad of fifteen hundred students. The glove game has attained the rating of a major sport at the Naval Academy. Virginia, Yale, and Army are among the many other colleges where the sport is highly popular.

"Spike" Webb, who as coach of the Naval Academy's championship-winning boxing squads has become the leader in his field, has one great ambition. He wants to see Navy and Army boxers get together in a dual meet in New Madison Square Garden. I mentioned that ambition of Spike's to an officer attached to the Military Academy. His eyes sparkled for a moment, but then he shook his head sorrowfully. "The authorities never would stand for it," he said. "The boys would get too earnest, and there would be bad feeling." Perhaps he was right. At any rate, West Point-Annapolis relations being what they are at present, this innovation seems a long, long way in the future. But it may come some day.

### SPEED!

WHEN these paragraphs are written it is too early to speak of the Montreal Canadiens—or Les Habitants, as they call the team up in the city that lies in the shadow of stately Mount Royal—as the champions of the National Hockey League, or to acclaim flashing Howie Morenz, the Canadiens' center, as the individual high scorer of the hockey year. It seems fairly certain at this writing that both the Canadiens and Morenz will win top honors, but hockey is an uncertain game, and there's many a poke check between center ice and the goal mouth. But whatever the outcome of the big-league hockey season may be, the performances of the Canadiens during the first few months of the campaign that soon will reach its climax with the playing of the Stanley Cup Matches are convincing proof of the value of speed in the ice game.

Much of the credit for the Canadiens' success must go to the brilliant Morenz, and it is sheer speed, rather than adroit stick handling that makes Howie about the most dangerous forward in the game. He is the fastest hockey player on skates, and his opponents can't stop him because they can't catch him. Joe Moore, who has won both national and international honors as a speed skater, recently pointed out to me something that few hockey followers seem to have noticed—that Morenz uses a speed-skater's stroke in playing hockey. This, says Moore, gives Morenz a

puzzling change of pace that gives the defense men who try to stop him almost as much trouble as does his burning speed.

Auriel Joliat, Morenz's mate on the Canadien's forward line, isn't quite so fast on skates, but he is a more brilliant stick-handler. Joliat is a valuable asset to the Canadiens, but just a little less valuable than Morenz. It's good hockey to get as close as you can to the goal mouth before you shoot, and Howie's speed gives him more close shots than fall to the lot of Joliat, or of any other player in the league.

Hockey fans like the brand of hockey that is played by Les Habitants. All season the team has been playing to full houses in the Montreal Forum, and it has been the greatest attraction of all the National League teams on the road. Followers of the ice game like to see their home teams win, but they enjoy and applaud brilliant playing by visiting teams. If the Canadiens hold their mid-season form, and make good the predictions of many hockey fans that they will win the Stanley Cup, their success will be popular all round the big-league circuit.

### HORNSBY OF THE BRAVES

ROGERS HORNSBY, champion batter of the National League from 1920 to 1925 and player-manager of the world-champion St. Louis Cardinals of 1926, has had a most unusual baseball career. Breaking into professional ball with the Denison club of the old Texas-Oklahoma League back in 1914, he was sold to the St. Louis Cardinals for five hundred dollars the next year. No club ever made a better bargain, for Hornsby worked his way steadily to the high estate of stardom. In 1924 he established a new modern major-league batting record by hitting .424. Early in the season of 1925 he was appointed manager of the Cardinals, and steered the team, which had finished in sixth place in 1924, into a first-division berth. At the end of the season he was given the National League most-valuable-player award. The next year he led the Cardinals to the first big-league championship ever won by a St. Louis team, and to the world's championship. St. Louis fans take their baseball seriously, and Hornsby was treated as a first-class hero on his return to the city on the bank of the old Mississippi. A suggestion that the next season would see Hornsby wearing the livery of the New York Giants would have won at least one black eye for the suggester.

Yet that is what happened. Hornsby was traded to the New York club for Frankie Frisch, who had got into the bad graces of John McGraw, and the deal was one of the biggest off-season sensations that baseball ever has known.

Quite naturally, Hornsby was somewhat disconcerted by this unexpected transfer, but he made the best of it, and last season gave the Giants good service. Although a little handicapped by the effects of an injury, he finished second in the race for National League individual batting honors, with an average of .361, nineteen points behind Paul Waner of the Pittsburgh Pirates. He managed the Giants during McGraw's illness late in the season, and was given much credit for the fighting finish that landed the New Yorkers in third place, only two games behind the champion Pirates, and only a half game behind the Cardinals. Most baseball followers thought that Hornsby had become a Giant fixture, and that he was being groomed by the New York management to take over the burden of leadership when McGraw should be ready to lay it down.

Then Hornsby furnished the fans with another off-season sensation. With-

out the slightest warning he was traded to the second-division Boston Braves for two young players.

Just what lies back of this remarkable trade remains to be seen. Followers of the Giants are far from pleased, for it looks as if all the advantage is on the side of the Braves, and that the New York team has been weakened for the 1928 campaign. Boston fans, quite naturally, are highly pleased. Thirteen seasons have gone by since Boston has had a National League penant winner. The "Rajah" will strengthen the Braves tremendously, although probably not enough, next season, to do more than land them in the first division—and perhaps not even that much. But the Boston management, slowly but with determination, is building toward a winning team in the senior circuit, and in Hornsby they have a player to build around.

Hornsby is a hard-working and effective fielder, and has a batting average of .349 for his thirteen seasons in the big show. He has batted over .300 in eleven of those seasons, over .350 in seven of them, and over .400 in three of them.

In at least one respect, Hornsby's New York engagement was a disappointment. It was expected that in a Giants uniform he would come close to being as big a gate attraction as Babe Ruth of the Yankees. But the Babe is in a class by himself as a crowd gatherer. He wasn't the only attraction at Yankee Stadium last season, but he did his share and more in inducing a million and a quarter fans to click the turnstiles at an average of a dollar a click. It is estimated that, at home and on the road, two million people saw the Yanks play baseball last summer, and that the team earned a profit on four hundred thousand dollars for its owners. The Giants probably made money, but they didn't make that kind of money. Neither did any other team in either of the big leagues.

### HELP SEND THE BOYS TO AMSTERDAM!

**A**THLETIC invasions come high. It is going to cost in the neighborhood of four hundred thousand dollars to send the American Olympic Team to this summer's international rodeo in Amsterdam. In many countries Olympic expenses are taken care of by a government grant. In the United States they are paid by the sport lovers of the country. Every one can't wear the red-white-and-blue shield in Olympic competition, but every one can help a little in making our Olympic venture a success.

Arrangements have been made to raise one quarter of the amount needed to finance the team from the colleges of the country, who in 1924 furnished four out of five of our Olympic contestants. The remaining three hundred thousand dollars will be raised by public subscription. Each city of twenty-five thousand or more population will be asked to contribute at the modest rate of one cent for each inhabitant. It seems that any city of twenty-five thousand population should be able to raise two hundred and fifty dollars for this purpose. Probably most cities will do better than that.

Every sport follower should buy an interest in the team by making a small contribution toward its expenses. If no fund is raised in your town you can send what you feel that you can afford for the purpose to the Treasurer of the American Olympic Committee, at 305 Broadway, New York City.

### EVERYBODY'S GAME

**G**OLF, once the pastime of the few, rapidly is becoming, from the standpoint of the number of people who play it, the most popular of our games. Everybody can play golf—or play at it. Almost everybody does play golf—or play at it.

It is interesting to note how many men who have gained fame in other sports are golfers of low or high degree. Gene Tunney, heavyweight champion pugilist of the world, is a keen golfer, and not too bad a golfer. Jack Dempsey plays whenever he gets a chance. Many other young men who earn their livings by walloping their opponents in the ring get much of their enjoyment out of walloping the little white ball around the links. Many players of tournament tennis play golf in their off season, but most of them, for some reason, are very bad at it. Norman Brooks, the Australian court veteran, and Miss Mary Browne, who used to hold the women's tennis championship, are exceptions to this rule. Babe Ruth is a very fair golfer, but there are many professional baseball players who can beat him. It is a good thing to know how to play more than one game, and golf is a good second game for any one.

Golf has become so popular that it is being recognized as a necessary part of a liberal education. Not long ago the papers published a story to the effect that golf had been made a part of the regular course of instruction at the Naval Academy, and that in the future no midshipman could be graduated until he had passed a test in the "humbling game." This yarn, it seems, had been somewhat highly colored in the process of publication, but arrangements have been made at Annapolis to give good golf instruction to all the midshipmen who want it. The idea back of this innovation is that golf has become so universally popular that it is a social and business asset. At the Military Academy, where instruction in all sports is a part of the regular course, golf has been taught for some years. The cadets have a course on their parade ground, and the game is a favorite amusement in their infrequent "off" hours. Yale University has a fine course, as have several other colleges, and colleges that haven't courses of their own usually make arrangements for their golfing students to use near-by club courses at moderate expense.

Expense is golf's real drawback. In and near the larger cities golf-club dues run into real money, and caddy hire, balls, and incidentals make the game a serious financial problem to the man or woman of ordinary means. Many cities have municipal courses, but there aren't nearly enough of them. Perhaps, some day, the supply will meet the demand, but, although new courses are being built every year, it will be a long time before there will be enough of them.

### GETTING INTO CONDITION

**S**PRINGTIME is kink time. Some of us keep in condition all the year round, but more of us don't. The first warm spring day is a temptation to active exercise of some sort, and often results in a case of muscle soreness that lasts a week or more. Sometimes it results in more serious ills, such as pulled tendons or "glass arms."

There is just one worth-while rule for early-spring exercise—take it easy. Give your body a chance to harden up before you put sudden strains on it. Here are a few hints to followers of various sports that will, if taken, keep the kinks away:

For baseball players: Don't try to throw fast balls the first two or three times



you practice or play ball. Don't take wild roundhouse swings at the ball in batting practice. Don't try to run too fast, and—above all—don't stop too suddenly. Take a warm bath as soon as possible after you finish playing, and give your arm a good rubbing.

For runners: Spend at least ten days in easy jogging before you attempt any speed work. Take a warm bath after your first two or three runs, and give your legs a good rub.

For tennis players: Don't try to serve hard the first three days you play. Unless you have been taking some exercise during the winter, don't run after balls that are almost out of your reach. Don't try to play the net the first few days that you play. Don't play more than three sets a day during your first week of play. Take a warm bath after you have finished playing. If the weather is cool, wear a sweater with sleeves while playing.

For golfers: Don't try to knock the cover off the ball when you drive. If your course is hilly, take the hills in low gear. Don't play more than eighteen holes the first few times you play.

For every one: Take it easy! There's all summer before you.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

J. T. SHELNOT, Norfolk, Virginia.—Jack Dempsey has been knocked out once—by Jim Flynn, in one round, in 1917.

"T. W."—Walking, swimming, rowing, boxing, handball, bag punching and general gymnasium work are all good exercises for the man who has reached thirty. Read the interview on "How To Live" in this issue. Why not join a Y. M. C. A. or other club that has a gymnasium and a swimming pool?

CLARENCE WOLFE, Lebanon, Pennsylvania.—Fitchburg, Massachusetts, won the 1926 National Interscholastic Basket-ball Tournament. Nanticoke, Pennsylvania, High School was the champion team of Pennsylvania that year, and played in the tournament.

LEON COHEN, New York City.—The hit was fair, provided that the ball rolled back into fair territory before passing first base or third base.

ANDREW TURINA, St. Louis, Missouri.—You may address the wrestlers you mention in care of Jack Curley, 1436 Broadway, New York City. Mark your letters, "Please forward."

JACK SMITH, Binghamton, New York.—One game a week, with two or three hours' practice, is enough to keep a basket-ball player in good condition.

CLARENCE E. HAFER, Kutztown, Pennsylvania.—1. Here is a three-days-a-week training schedule for sprinting, good for all distances

up to and including 220 yards: First day: Six starts of 20 or 30 yards each. Stride through 220 yards. 100 yards at good speed. Second day: Six starts. 130 yards at nearly best 100-yards speed. A very easy 440 yards. Third day: Six starts. A fast 220 yards. 100 yards at best speed. 2. I would suggest that you do your training late in the afternoon—say between two o'clock and four—if practical.

MEREDITH CHRISTY, Vincennes, Indiana.—The umpire was right. Both runners were out.

J. W. JACOBY, Pueblo, Colorado.—The best Los Angeles-New York hiking record that I know of is 77 days, made by Edward Payson Weston, February 1 to May 2, 1910. Weston was 72 years old at the time. He did not walk on Sundays, and he covered 3,483 miles. Starting from Coney Island, New York, on May 23, 1910, John Ennis walked to San Francisco—4,000 miles—in 80 days, 5 hours. He did not walk on Sundays. Weston's New York-San Francisco record is 105 days.

ANTHONY FEDERS, Eric, Pennsylvania.—Rogers Hornsby was with the Dennison club of the Texas-Oklahoma League in 1914 and for part of 1915. Late in the season of 1915 he was sold to the St. Louis Cardinals, the sale price being reported at \$500.

JOHN GEORGE BAVARD, Torrington, Connecticut.—1. Winners of Army-Notre Dame football games since the series was started in 1913 follow: 1913, Notre Dame 35—13; 1914,

Army 20-7; 1915, Notre Dame 10-7; 1916, Army 30-10; 1917, Notre Dame 7-2; 1918, no game; 1919, Notre Dame 12-9; 1920, Notre Dame 27-17; 1921, Notre Dame 28-0; 1922, tie, 0-0; 1923, Notre Dame 13-0; 1924, Notre Dame 13-7; 1925, Army 27-0; 1926, Notre Dame 7-0; 1927, Army 18-0. 2. Winners of the University of Chicago National Interscholastic Basket-ball Tournament since 1923 follow: 1923, Kansas City, Kansas, H. S.; 1924, Windsor, Colorado, H. S.; 1925, Wichita, Kansas, H. S.; 1926, Fitchburg, Massachusetts, H. S.; 1927, J. Sterling Morton H. S., Cicero, Illinois.

AL ARMOUR, Tacoma, Washington.—1. Here is a five-days-a-week training schedule for the mile run: Monday: An easy one and one half miles. Tuesday: A fast half mile. Rest. A fast quarter mile. Wednesday: Three-quarters mile at mile racing pace. Thursday: A fast quarter. Rest. An easy mile. Friday: A brisk mile and one quarter. After getting in good condition, substitute a time trial of one mile. 2. The National Interscholastic record for the mile is 4 minutes 23 $\frac{3}{4}$  seconds, made by Ed Shields in 1916. 3. Each lap should be run in about 54 seconds. 4. Punching the bag is a good exercise to develop punching ability.

"T. L.," Washington, D. C.—Lee Barnes and Glenn Graham, both Americans, tied for first place in the pole vault in the 1924 Olympic Games.

RAY BLEET, Stevens Point, Wisconsin.—Jack Sharkey was born in Binghamton, New York. He is of Lithuanian descent.

HERBERT FERREIRA, New Bedford, Massachusetts.—The official world record for pole vaulting, 13 feet 11 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches, is held by Charles Hoff, of Norway. The American record, 14 feet, is held by Sabin Carr, of Yale University, and probably will be accepted as a world record at the next meeting of the International Amateur Athletic Federation.

ADOLPH CHURCEL, New York City.—The amateur world record for one mile is 4 minutes 10.4-10 seconds. It was made by Paavo Nurmi, of Finland, in 1923. The professional world record is 4 minutes 12 $\frac{3}{4}$  seconds, made by W. G. George, an English runner, in 1886.

BRYAN L. WALPOLE, John's Island, South Carolina.—The sectional try-outs for the Olympic wrestling team will be open to all

athletes registered with the Amateur Athletic Union.

DANIEL HANLEY, St. Augustine, Florida.—Here is a three-days-a-week training schedule for boxing: First day: Two miles on the road. Shadow boxing, one round. Bag punching, one round. Boxing with partner, three rounds. Second day: Two miles on the road. Shadow boxing, two rounds. Bag punching, two rounds. Third day: One mile on the road. Shadow boxing, one round. Bag punching, one round. Boxing with partner, four rounds.

JEROME G. PUFFER, Havre, Montana.—Cycling records from twenty-five miles up follow: 25 miles: Professional competitive 53:38 $\frac{3}{4}$ , McNamara, 1915; professional against time, 59:13 $\frac{3}{4}$ , Hamilton, 1898; amateur competitive, 1:00:39, Forrest, 1901; road, 1:00:39 $\frac{3}{4}$ , Beckman, 1922. 50 miles: Amateur competitive, 2:05:00 $\frac{3}{4}$ , Jacobson, 1899; road, 2:14:00 $\frac{3}{4}$ , Jensen, 1915. 75 miles: Amateur competitive, 3:30:36 $\frac{3}{4}$ , Torrence, 1899. 100 miles: Amateur competitive, 4:57:24 $\frac{3}{4}$ , Torrence, 1899; road, 4:33:06 $\frac{3}{4}$ , Maltese, 1926. 150 miles: Road, 8:26:27, Kopsky, 1912.

EDWARD JOHNSON, Torrington, Connecticut.—1. The world's professional record for ski jumping is 229 feet. It was made by Harry Hall, at Revelstoke, British Columbia, on February 9, 1921, on a mountain slide. 2. The world's amateur record is 201 feet. It was made by Nels Nelson, on the same day and on the same slide as Hall's professional record.

TONY FORTORICI, Brooklyn, New York.—Tom Gibbons and Harry Greb fought four times. They met in a ten-round no-decision bout in 1915, and in two ten-round no-decision bouts in 1920. In 1922, Greb defeated Gibbons, in fifteen rounds, on a decision.

"C. P. W.," Newark, New Jersey.—This year's National Senior A. A. U. Track and Field Championships will be held in Cambridge, Massachusetts, early in July. The championships will be the final try-out for the United States Olympic Team. Sectional try-outs will be held in all sections of the country.

HARRY D. DeBUYS, New Orleans, Louisiana.—Before starting hard training for the half mile, devote ten days or two weeks to easy jogging on the track, starting with a quarter mile and gradually working up to a mile. After getting into good general condition in

that way, you could start work on this schedule: Monday: A fairly fast three-quarters mile. Tuesday: 600 yards at half-mile racing pace. Wednesday: A half mile at nearly best speed. Thursday: A fast 440 yards. Rest. Another fast 440 yards. Friday: No work, or light jogging. Saturday: A half mile at your best speed.

NATHAN LIEBERMAN, Astoria, New York.—Here is a four-days-a-week training schedule for the quarter mile: First day: Six starts. A fast 220 yards. Stride through 600 yards. Second day: Starts. A fast 220 yards. Rest. Another fast 220 yards. Third day: Starts. Stride through 600 yards. Rest. A fast 220 yards. Fourth day: 440 yards at best speed.

PAUL FOWLER, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.—The best moderate-priced book on fencing is "The Art of Fencing," No. 30-R in Spalding's Athletic Library. It costs twenty-five cents, and is every bit as useful as most of the expensive books on the sport. You may order it from the American Sports Publishing Company, 45 Rose Street, New York City.

FRANK LISANTI, New York City.—The base runner should be credited with a stolen base. Either he had such a good lead that the catcher knew that a throw would be useless, or the catcher's mind wasn't on his job, or the catcher was afraid that a throw to second would allow a runner on third to score. In any event, the base runner is entitled to credit for stealing the base. The only exception would be if the side in the field was so far ahead in the score that they were indifferent to him stealing, and made no effort to catch him.

RALPH W. KREGER, Albion, Nebraska.—Here is a three-day-a-week training schedule for the mile run: First day: 1 mile at an easy pace. Second day:  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile at a steady pace up to last 220 yards; stride through 220 yards fast. Third day: 1 mile—the first three-quarters at a steady pace; run through the last quarter at top speed. Time trial every two weeks after getting into good condition.

LE ROY BALL, Elmhurst, Illinois.—A pitcher should practice almost every day, but he should be careful not to pitch enough on any one day to strain or even tire his arm. Just how much work he needs he must decide for himself, unless he is fortunate enough to be able to work under the supervision of a capable coach or manager. Wear a sweater while you are warming up, and put it on the moment

that you stop pitching. Never throw a fast ball, or a curve, until your arm is well warmed up by throwing slow straight balls.

HARRY M. GOUGH, Trenton, Nova Scotia.—There is no standard stride for distance runners of a given height. It makes little difference in the distance game. Take as long a stride as is comfortable, and don't strain to increase it.

ISIDORE YOUNG, New York City.—Lou Gehrig, of the New York Yankees, never has made three home runs in a major-league game.

"R. A. A," Sherbrooke, Quebec.—1. The Ottawa Senators won the Stanley Cup in 1905. 2. Get on skates as soon as you can. Running, and playing active games, is good off-season training for hockey.

"A-Z," Baltimore, Maryland.—1. Your records are good. 2. Here is a three-days-a-week training schedule for sprinting, good for all distances up to and including 220 yards: First day: Six starts of 20 or 30 yards each. Stride through 220 yards. 100 yards at good speed. Second day: Six starts. 130 yards at nearly best 100 yards speed. A very easy 440 yards. Third day: Six starts. A fast 220 yards. 100 yards at best speed. 3. Six weeks' work on this schedule should put you into fairly good condition; two months would be better.

JAMES TERRY, Macksville, Kansas.—1. The reason that we don't hear more about the quarter mile just now probably is that while we have many good quarter-milers, there is no outstanding athlete who makes the difficult "440" race his specialty. 2. Records you ask about are as follows: 440 yards: World, 47 4-10 seconds, J. E. Meredith, U. S., 1916. American: same; American straightaway, 47 seconds, Maxie Long, 1900. Interscholastic, 48  $\frac{5}{8}$  seconds, Meredith, 1915. 880 yards: World 1:51 6-10, Otto Peltzer, Germany, 1926. American, 1:52  $\frac{1}{2}$ , Meredith, 1916. Interscholastic, 1:55, Meredith, 1912. 220 yards hurdles: World, 23 seconds, C. R. Brookins, U. S., 1924. American, same. Interscholastic, 24  $\frac{3}{8}$  seconds, C. Cory, 1913. Pole vault: World, 13 feet 11  $\frac{1}{8}$  inches, Charles Hoff, Norway, 1925. American, 13 feet 5  $\frac{1}{8}$  inches, Lee Barnes, 1926. Interscholastic, 12 feet 8 inches, S. Landers, 1916. This spring Sabin Carr, of Yale, vaulted 14 feet. It is probable that this will be accepted as a World and American record. 3. Willie Heston was the greatest of Michigan's football stars, and is considered one of the greatest of all backs. The late Walter Camp picked him for a half-back berth on his All-American teams of 1903 and 1904.

CHARLES BRUNER, Zena, Oklahoma. To train for boxing, three days a week: Do two or three miles on the road, walking most of the time, but breaking into a run now and then. The other three training days, punch the bag, two rounds; shadow box, one round; and box three or four rounds with a partner.

"M. S.," Summit, New Jersey.—See answer to Charles Bruner, above. Add one round of punching the heavy bag.

JAMES STUTZLE, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.—1. You should be able to run 50 yards in 7 seconds, and 100 yards in 13½ seconds. 2.

It is difficult for a southpaw to make good at shortstop. I would advise you to try first base next season.

"N. M.," Baltimore, Maryland.—1. Address the ball players you mention in care of their clubs, and your letters will be forwarded. 2. Full results of the Women's National Swimming Championships will appear in an early number of "From the Bleachers" which will be published in the near future.

"H. T.," New York.—1. A boxer wearing a mask would not be permitted to compete. 2. No.

Handley Cross will endeavor to answer any questions on sport topics that readers care to ask. He will make every effort to give full and accurate information in reply to queries on matters of fact; when his opinion is asked he will give it with the understanding that it will be regarded as no more than an expression of opinion. Readers also are invited to write to him regarding sport matters that interest them; as many as possible of these letters will be printed in this department.

Letters should be addressed to Handley Cross, Sport Story Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. When a reply is desired sooner than it can appear in the magazine a stamped and addressed envelope should be inclosed.

## THE LINE-UP

### GENUS LEPIDOPTERA

By JACKSON SCHOLZ

Butterflies and high jumpers make life exciting for the coach and others.

### THE BREAK DAVE GOT

By GEORGE B. CHADWICK

It was a matter of being just in time. That, however, is often effective in baseball.

### THE POORHOUSE HANDICAP

By SAM CARSON

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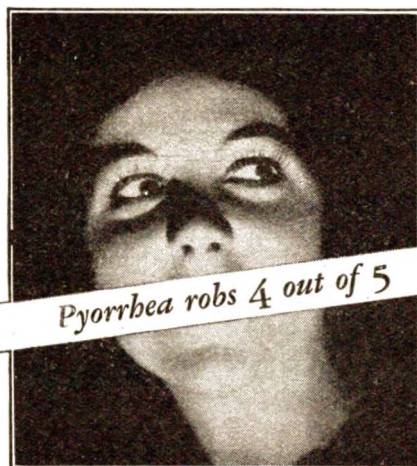
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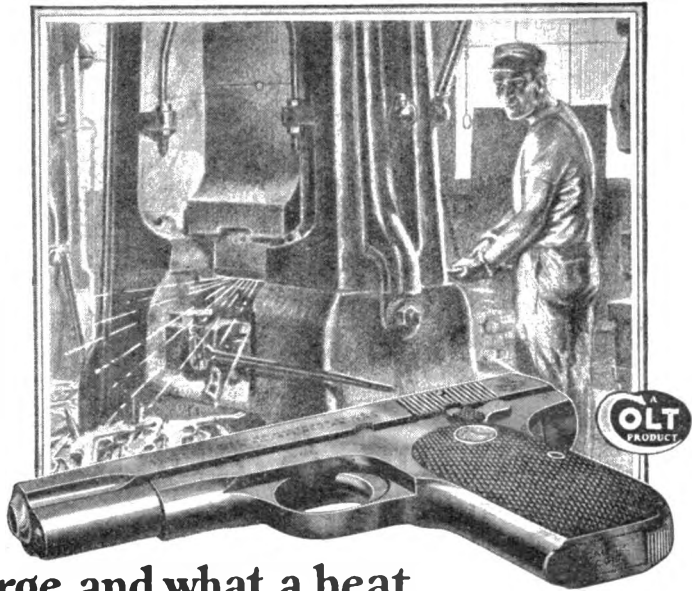
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