

The
Spotting
Gesture



The *Sporting Gesture*

STORIES OF SOME WHO PLAYED THE GAME

edited by

THOMAS L. STIX

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STUDENT'S EDITION

edited by

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To
TOMMY
who I hope will understand

INTRODUCTION

*I*T is high time we had an anthology of sport, and here it is. It is probable that more than fifty out of a hundred men who read the newspapers turn first of all to the sports page; and there they find not only a record of victories, but commentaries written by trained literary experts.

The best thing that can be said for the enthusiasm aroused among spectators at games of physical contact like boxing, hockey and football is that in this fury of excitement, they forget themselves. All their little, selfish aims are swept away by a mighty tide of antiseptic fervor. I am sorry for any one who can look on at an athletic contest without caring which side wins; and I am still sorrier for one who looks on at such a battle with cynical, superior indifference, thanking God that he is not as other men are.

But unless games of skill and courage and endurance develop not only bodily muscles, but a love of the ideal spirit of fair play, then they have a debasing rather than an inspiring effect. I think there has been a great improvement during the last thirty years in crowds at contests; and also in the attitude of the competitors.

The whole subject is one of such intense and general interest that I wonder no one has thought

before this of preparing such a book as *The Sporting Gesture*. But my friend, Tom Stix, has a way of thinking a little faster and seeing a little farther than most men. It is a pleasure to introduce his excellent collection.

WILLIAM LYON PHELPS

Yale University

BY WAY OF PREFACE

THE Sporting Spirit is a phrase so often used, so much abused, that it has lost all significance. So it has perhaps become necessary to cast about for a new phrase to indicate something which always was and still is a very real part of sport. It is the gesture that counts. It is the gesture that those who love the game as a game like best. At such times a victory means little and the gesture everything.

Gone are the days when a knight rode forth in bright armor to do battle for faith, fame and fair lady. Now, if you are an amateur and a good one, the chances are that the pot of gold awaits you in the form of an endorsement for a product for which you have no use and a reasonably soft job for which you are not qualified.

I am not at all interested in the difference between the amateur and the professional. The line of demarcation is too small. As a very sage tennis professional at Newport once remarked, "If I had only known how much money there is in being an amateur I would never have turned pro."

In choosing stories for this book, I have not cared at all whether the story I was using was fiction or fact. In other words, I was trying to collect stories of the sporting gesture, and if this gesture means anything, it must carry on in real life. It is for this

reason that I believe the true stories of the *Jolie Brise* and of the SF-4 will appeal to every one.

The best sporting gesture I know was told not by an amateur but by a professional, not about polo or crew or any of the sports popularly accounted the more gentlemanly, but about prize-fighting.

I was having lunch one day with Gene Tunney, and I said to him that as far as I could see, the average spectator couldn't tell what was going on at a prize fight, that he couldn't decide who was winning, particularly if both fighters were reasonably good. I illustrated my point by saying that, some years before, I had seen him fight Heeney and that for some time I hadn't known who was winning. Tunney looked at me and remarked that that should have made me a fight expert.

"There's a funny story about that fight," he went on, "if you have time to listen to it."

I assured him I had time.

"You know, when I was fighting in the A.E.F.—I mean prize-fighting, because I never did any actual fighting—I met a boy named Delmont who helped me as a second. He was an awfully good fighter, but not one of the best. He was a lightweight. The best point about him was that he was always in there fighting, giving the best he had. We got to be very good friends. Well, while I was in Hollywood making 'The Fighting Marine,' I went to see him fight.

"Delmont was a gallery god, always the aggressor, willing to swap punches any time. For the first three rounds, he ran away with the fight. Then, in the be-

ginning of the fourth, this other boy hit him one. Delmont brushed his eyes with the back of his glove and kept on going at him, but his timing was all wrong. Then the bell sounded. I think I have never seen a more pitiful spectacle than Delmont was during the next six rounds. He just went to pieces completely. The crowd that had been for him grew silent, and then the silence changed to boos. He was a sad sight when he left the ring. The galleries were hissing and cat-calling.

"I went down to his dressing-room and he was sitting there alone, crying.

" 'What's the matter, kid?' I asked.

" 'Did you hear that crowd?'

" 'Yes,' I answered, 'but what the hell do you care? That's just a regular mob. They're only for you when you're winning.'

" 'Yeah, but I hate to be yelled at that way.'

" 'What happened in the fourth?'

" 'I got a punch over the left eye. It didn't hurt much, but I thought it had closed the eye. I couldn't see out of it. When I went back to the corner, I asked the second to fish the lash out of my eye and open it and I was told my eye was open. I said, don't kid me, and they said, yes, it was open. Then I said, I am blind, and Joe, the second, wanted to throw in the towel. I said, the hell you will. I can get through this thing anyhow. And now the doctor says he thinks the sight is gone.'

"He never did get back the sight of that eye."

I sat there wondering and Tunney went on.

“That’s what happened in my fight with Heeney. In spite of the fact that you didn’t know who was winning, I was giving him a pretty bad time, and in the eighth round I hit him a terrific blow just over the left eye. He was coming in instead of going away. Of course, it wasn’t a knockout blow, but it was an awful smack, just like this.”

Tunney hit his own palm full fist.

“Heeney stepped back and brushed his eye with his glove. Lots of people thought I had stuck my thumb in his eye. Then he took one swing at me. It was a mile wide. It came to me in a flash that it was the same thing as in this fight of Delmont’s. I think it was the first time in my life that I was afraid in the ring. I was scared to death that I had blinded him. Just then the bell rang. Do you remember the last two rounds of the fight? I didn’t hit him once around the eyes or forehead. The referee humanely called it off.”

Such is the sporting gesture. The sporting games are so good by themselves that it is a near tragedy to ruin them either by commercialism or by a blind spirit of win-at-any-cost. The sporting stories which I have chosen for this volume I have liked because in every case the game was played for the game’s sake. We have here in America the largest sporting public in the world. Let us build a tradition of sportsmanship worthy of that public.

T. L. S.

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FOREWORD TO THE TEACHER

THE stories in this volume furnish rich material for student activity in reading, oral discussion, and writing. The volume can be used as the core of a project on sports and games, with the lively interest of young people in these subjects as the source of motivation. Student presentation of the details of a game, just how it is played and under what rules, will provide absorbing class activity in speaking and listening, and will lead to greater comprehension and deeper interest. Fuller understanding of the more difficult material will result from preliminary class discussion of the story probabilities that lie in the title and from the prognostication of the probable consequences leading from a given conflict. The stories themselves immediately suggest discussion of the romantic nature of the events presented in them as contrasted with the realistic content of the newspaper account and of student experience. The "Suggestions for Oral Discussion and Written Exercise" can be used as motivating problems to direct student reading.

The detailed study of the story, with socialized class discussion, individual or group writing, and dramatized performance, can be best carried on by appealing to the emotional and imaginative responsiveness of the students. The constant comparison of story character motive, action, and experience with student motive, action, and experience, especially in the field of personal relationships, will assist in intensifying emotional reactions and in widening imaginative participation. For fuller literary experience, the teacher

will find it advisable to initiate student activity that calls for the constant examination of the story itself for content and phrase. The teacher will find that the "Suggestions for Oral Discussion and Written Exercise" have been prepared to assist in guiding student activity along these lines. The teacher is urged to use these questions and exercises by making careful choice from among them in terms of the maturity, the personal interests, and the reading ability of the group and of its individual members. It is not intended that all the exercises and questions on a given story be handled with any single class; judicious choice to fit activity to the group is recommended. Nor is it intended that every student be required to comprehend fully all that he finds here in print. The greatest return to the student will come from what the stories themselves and the activities based upon them have to offer him as guidance in his own personal relationships in family living and general social intercourse.

A variety of student activity is here offered. Individual stories suggest topics for lively oral discussion and for well-motivated written exercises such as letters, newspaper accounts and editorials, playlets, radio scripts, motion-picture scenarios; they can lead to effective dramatizations, as well as television broadcasts with the aid of a framed transparent screen and appropriate sound effects. Every story in the book can be supplemented in theme and incident with material from newspaper and current magazine; the perusal of such material can be directed toward the preparation of a well-illustrated scrapbook on sports and games. Newsreel and motion picture can be enlisted to supply additional current visual material of a lively nature. The reading list given at the end of this volume adds a further means of widening horizons through fact and fancy.

The wealth of activity here outlined should provide the

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teacher and the class with ready means for using the volume as the basis for rich immediate experience with the stories themselves, and for varied activities gathered about a significant project unit entailing absorbed living with the book during the period of its study.

F. A. S.

BRAT INTO BOY

THE three best stories about football were all written, in my opinion, by Owen Johnson. Strangely enough, his heroes come out very badly on a percentage basis. They tie one game and lose two. But the story of Dink Stover in *The Varmint* will be remembered long after any one has the faintest idea who won the Yale-Harvard game in 1932, or in 1935, or in 1950. Dink Stover playing end against Andover is a hair-raising story. Dink Stover on the side-lines at his House game is an even better one.

Perhaps a word of explanation is necessary. This story dates back twenty-five years. The rules and scoring of football have changed. The spirit of the game, however, remains untouched. A word about Dink Stover: he came to Lawrenceville School during the spring term—the freshest of the fresh; so fresh, indeed, that he had been given the isolation cure. During this period of incubation he had vowed undying hatred for Tough McCarty.

BRAT INTO BOY

OWEN JOHNSON

WHY, look at the Dink!" said Lovely Mead the next afternoon, as Stover emerged in football togs which he had industriously smeared with mud to conceal their novelty.

"He must be going out for the 'Varsity!" said Fatty Harris sarcastically.

"By request," said the Gutter Pup.

"Why, who told you?" said Stover.

"You trying for the 'Varsity?" said Lovely Mead incredulously. "Why, where did you play football?"

"Dear me, Lovely," said Stover, lacing his jacket, "thought you read the newspapers."

"Huh! What position are you trying for?"

"First substitute scorer," said Stover.

Lovely Mead, surprised, looked at Stover in perplexity and remained silent.

Dink, laughing to himself, started across the Circle for the 'Varsity football field, whither already the candidates were converging to the first call of the season.

He had started joyfully forth from the skeptics

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on the steps, but once past the chapel and in sight of the field his gait abruptly changed. He went quietly, thoughtfully, a little alarmed at his own daring, glancing at the padded figures that overtopped him.

The veterans with the red L on their black sweaters were apart, tossing the ball back and forth and taking playful tackles at one another. Stover, hiding himself modestly in the common herd, watched with entranced eyes the lithe, sinuous forms of Flash Condit and Charlie De Soto—greater to him than the faint heroes of mythology—as they tumbled the Waladoo Bird gleefully on the ground. There was Butcher Stevens of the grim eye and the laconic word, a man to follow and emulate; and the broad span of Turkey Reiter's shoulders, a mark to grow to. Meanwhile, Garry Cockrell, the captain, and Mr. Ware, the new coach from the Princeton championship eleven, were drawing nearer on their tour of inspection and classification. Dink knew his captain only from respectful distances—the sandy hair, the gaunt cheek bones and the deliberate eye, whom governors of states alone might approach with equality, and no one else. Under the dual inspection the squad was quickly sorted, some sent back to their House teams till another year brought more weight and experience, and others tentatively retained on the scrubs.

"Better make the House team, Jenks," said the low, even voice of the captain. "You want to harden up a bit. Glad you reported, though."

Then Dink stood before his captain, dimly aware of the quick little eyes of Mr. Ware quietly scrutinizing him.

"What form?"

"Third."

The two were silent a moment studying not the slender, wiry figure, but the look in the eyes within.

"What are you out for?"

"End, sir."

"What do you weigh?"

"One hundred and fifty—about," said Dink.

A grim little twinkle appeared in the captain's eyes.

"About one hundred and thirty-five," he said with a measuring glance.

"But I'm hard, hard as nails, sir," said Stover desperately.

"What football have you played?"

Stover remained silent.

"Well?"

"I—I haven't played," he said unwillingly.

"You seem unusually eager," said Cockrell, amused at this strange exhibition of willingness.

"Yes, sir."

"Good spirit; keep it up. Get right out for your House team."

"I won't!" said Stover, blurting it out in his anger and then flushing: "I mean, give me a chance, won't you, sir?"

Cockrell, who had turned, stopped and came back.

"What makes you think you can play?" he said not unkindly.

"I've got to," said Stover desperately.

"But you don't know the game."

"Please, sir, I'm not out for the 'Varsity," said Stover confusedly. "I mean, I want to be in it, to work for the school, sir."

"You're not a Freshman?" said the captain, and the accents of his voice were friendly.

"No, sir."

"What's your name?" said Cockrell, a little thrilled to feel the genuine veneration that inspired the "sir."

"Stover—Dink Stover."

"You were down at the Green last year, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir," said Stover, looking down with a sinking feeling.

"You're the fellow who tried to fight the whole House?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Dink, this is a little different—you can't play football on nothing but nerve."

"You can if you've got enough of it," said Stover, all in a breath. "Please, sir, give me a chance. You can fire me if I'm no good. I only want to be useful. You've got to have a lot of fellows to stand the banging and you can bang me around all day. I do know something about it, sir; I've practised tackling and falling on the ball all summer, and I'm hard as

nails. Just give me a chance, will you? Just one chance, sir."

Cockrell looked at Mr. Ware, whose eye showed the battling spark as he nodded.

"Here, Dink," he said gruffly, "I can't be wasting any more time over you. I told you to go back to the House team, didn't I?"

Stover, with a lump in his throat, nodded the answer he could not utter.

"Well, I've changed my mind. Get over there in the squad."

The revulsion of feeling was so sudden that tears came into Stover's eyes.

"You're really going to let me stay?"

"Get over there, you little nuisance!"

Dink went a few steps, and then stopped and tightened his shoelaces a long minute.

"Too bad the little devil is so light," said Cockrell to Mr. Ware.

"Best player I ever played against had no right on a football field."

"But one hundred and thirty-five!"

"Yes, that's pretty light."

"What the deuce were you chinning so long about?" said Cheyenne Baxter to Dink, as he came joyfully into the squad.

"Captain wanted just a bit of general expert advice from me," said Dink defiantly. "I've promised to help out."

The squad, dividing, practised starts. Stover held

his own, being naturally quick; and though Flash Condit and Charlie De Soto distanced him, still he earned a good word for his performances.

Presently Mr. Ware came up with a ball and, with a few words of introduction, started them to falling on it as it bounded grotesquely over the ground, calling them from the ranks by name.

"Hard at it, Stevens."

"Dive at it."

"Don't stop till you get it."

"Oh, squeeze the ball!"

Stover, moving up, caught the eye of Mr. Ware intently on him, and rose on his toes with the muscles in his arms strained and eager.

"Now, Stover, hard!"

The ball with just an extra impetus left the hand of Mr. Ware. Stover went at it like a terrier, dove and came up glorious and muddy with the pigskin hugged in his arms. It was the extent of his football knowledge, but that branch he had mastered on the soft summer turf.

Mr. Ware gave a grunt of approval and sent him plunging after another. This time as he dove the ball took a tricky bounce and slipped through his arms. Quick as a flash Dink, rolling over, recovered himself and flung himself on it.

"That's the way!" said Mr. Ware. "Follow it up. Can't always get it the first time. Come on, Baxter."

The real test came with the tackling. He waited his turn all eyes, trying to catch the trick, as boy after boy in front of him went cleanly or awkwardly

out to down the man who came plunging at him. Some tackled sharply and artistically, their feet leaving the ground and taking the runner off his legs as though a scythe had passed under him; but most of the tackling was crude, and often the runner slipped through the arms and left the tackler prone on the ground to rise amid the jeers of his fellows.

"Your turn, Stover," said the voice of the captain. "Wait a minute." He looked over the squad and selected McCarty, saying: "Here, Tough, come out here. Here's a fellow thinks all you need in this game is nerve. Let's see what he's got."

Dink stood out, neither hearing nor caring for the laugh that went up. He glanced up fifteen yards away where Tough McCarty stood waiting the starting signal. He was not afraid, he was angry clean through, ready to tackle the whole squad, one after another.

"Shall I take it sideways?" said Tough, expecting to be tackled from the side as the others had been.

"No, head on, Tough. Let's see if you can get by him," said Cockrell. "Let her go!"

McCarty, with the memory of past defiances, went toward Stover, head down, full tilt. Ordinarily in practice the runner slackens just before the tackle; but McCarty, expecting slight resistance from a novice, arrived at top speed.

Stover, instead of hesitating or waiting the coming, hurled himself recklessly forward. Shoulder met knee with a crash that threw them both. Stunned by the savage impact, Stover, spilled head over

heels, dizzy and furious, instinctively flung himself from his knees upon the prostrate body of McCarty, as he had followed the elusive ball a moment before.

"That's instinct, football instinct," said Mr. Ware to Cockrell, as they approached the spot where Dink, still dazed, was clutching Tough McCarty's knees in a convulsive hug.

"Let go! Let go there, you little varmint," said Tough McCarty, considerably shaken.

"How long are you going to hold me here?"

Some one touched Dink on the shoulder; he looked up through the blur to see the captain's face.

"All right, Dink, get up."

But Stover released his grip not a whit.

"Here, you young bulldog," said Cockrell with a laugh, "it's all over. Let go. Stand up. Sort of groggy, eh?"

Dink, pulled to his feet, felt the earth slip under him in drunken reelings.

"I missed him," he said brokenly, leaning against Mr. Ware.

"H'm, not so bad," said the coach gruffly.

"How do you feel?" said Garry Cockrell, looking at him with his quiet smile.

Dink saw the smile and misjudged it.

"Give me another chance," he cried furiously. "I'll get him."

"What! Ready for another tackle?" said the captain, looking at him intently.

"Please, sir."

"Well, get your head clear first."

"Let me take it now, sir!"

"All right."

"Hit him harder than he hits you, and grip with your hands," said the voice of Mr. Ware in his ear.

Dink stood out again. The earth was gradually returning to a state of equilibrium, but his head was buzzing and his legs were decidedly rebels to his will.

The captain, seeing this, to give him time, spoke to McCarty with just a shade of malice.

"Well, Tough, do you want to take it again?"

"Do I?" said McCarty sarcastically. "Oh, yes, most enjoyable! Don't let me interfere with your pleasure. Why don't you try it yourself?"

"Would you rather watch?"

"Oh, no, of course not. This is a real pleasure, thank you. The little devil would dent a freight train."

"All ready, Stover?" said Cockrell.

The players stood in two lines, four yards apart. No one laughed. They looked at Stover, thrilling a little with his communicated recklessness, grunting forth their approval.

"Good nerve."

"The real stuff."

"Pure grit."

"Little devil."

Stover's face had gone white, the eyes had dwindled and set intensely, the line of the mouth was drawn taut, while on his forehead the wind lifted the matted hair like a banner. In the middle of the

lane, crowding forward, his arms out, ready to spring, his glance fixed on McCarty, he waited like a champion guarding the pass.

"All right, Stover?"

Some one near him repeated the question.

"Come on!" he answered.

McCarty's one hundred and seventy pounds came rushing down. But this time the instinct was strong. He slacked a bit at the end as Stover, not waiting his coming, plunged in to meet him. Down they went again, but this time it was the force of Stover's impact that threw them.

When Cockrell came up, Dink, altogether groggy, was entwined around one leg of McCarty with a gaunt grin of possession.

They hauled him up, patted him on the back and walked him up and down in the cool breeze. Suddenly, after several minutes, the mist rose. He saw the fields and heard the sharp cries of the coaches prodding on the players. Then he looked up to find Garry Cockrell's arm about him.

"All right now?" said the captain's voice.

Stover hastily put the arm away from him.

"I'm all right."

"Did I give you a little too much, youngster?"

"I'm ready again," said Stover instantly.

Cockrell laughed a short, contented laugh.

"You've done enough for to-day."

"I'll learn how," said Dink doggedly.

"You know the real things in football now, my

boy," said the captain shortly. "We'll teach you the rest."

Dink thought he meant it sarcastically.

"You will give me a chance, won't you?" he said.

"Yes," said the captain, laying his hand on his shoulder with a smile. "You'll get chance enough, my boy. Fact is, I'm going to start you in at end on the scrub. You'll get all the hard knocks you're looking for there. You won't get any credit for what you do—but you boys are what's going to make the team."

"Oh, sir, do you mean it?"

"I'm in the habit of meaning things."

"I'll—I'll—" began Stover, and then stopped before the impossibility of expressing how many times his life should be thrown to the winds.

"I know you will," said the captain, amused. "And now, you young bulldog, back to your room and shake yourself together."

"But I want to go on; I'm feeling fine."

"Off the field," said the captain with terrific sternness.

Dink went like a dog ordered home, slowly, unwillingly, turning from time to time in hopes that his captain would relent.

When he had passed the chapel and the strife of the practice had dropped away he felt all at once sharp, busy pains running up his back and over his shoulders. But he minded them not. At that moment with the words of the captain—his captain

forever now—ringing in his ears, he would have gone forth gratefully to tackle the whole team, one after another, from wiry little Charlie De Soto to the elephantine P. Lentz.

Suddenly a thought came to him.

"Gee, I bet I shook up Tough McCarty, anyhow," he said grimly. And refreshed by this delightful thought he went briskly across the Circle.

At the steps Finnegan, coming out the door, hailed him excitedly:

"Hi, Dink, we've got a Freshman who's setting up to jiggers and éclairs. Hurry up!"

"No," said Dink.

"What?" said Dennis faintly.

"I can't," said Dink, bristling; "I'm in training."

"Oh, we'll push her over

Or rip the cover—

Too bad for the fellows that fall!

They must take their chances

Of a bruise or two

Who follow that jolly football."

So sang the group on the Kennedy steps, heralding the twilight; and beyond, past the Dickinson, a chorus from the Woodhull defiantly flung back the challenge. For that week the Woodhull would clash with the Kennedy for the championship of the houses.

The football season was drawing to a close, only the final game with Andover remained, a contest

awaited with small hopes of victory. For the season had been disastrous for the 'Varsity; several members of the team had been caught in the toils of the octopus examination and, what was worse, among the members, ill-feeling existed due to past feuds.

Stover, in the long grueling days of practice, had won the respect of all. Just how favorable an impression he had made he did not himself suspect. He had instinctive quickness and no sense of fear—that was something that had dropped from him forever. It was not that he had to conquer the impulse to flinch, as most boys do; it simply did not exist with him. The sight of a phalanx of bone and muscle starting for his end to sweep him off his feet roused only a sort of combative rage, the true joy of battle. He loved to go plunging into the unbroken front and feel the shock of bodies as he tried for the elusive legs of Flash Condit or Charlie De Soto.

This utter recklessness was indeed his chief fault; he would rather charge interference than fight it off, waiting for others to break it up for him and so make sure of his man.

Gradually, however, through the strenuous weeks, he learned the deeper lessons of football—how to use his courage and the control of his impulses.

"It's a game of brains, youngster, remember that," Mr. Ware would repeat day after day, hauling him out of desperate plunges. "That did no good; better keep on your feet and follow the ball. Above all, study the game."

His first lesson came when, at last being promoted

to end on the scrub, he found himself lined up against Tough McCarty, the opposing tackle. Stover thought he saw the intention at once.

"Put me against Tough McCarty, eh?" he said, digging his nails into the palms of his hands. "Want to try out my nerve, eh? I'll show 'em!"

Now McCarty did not relish the situation either; foreseeing as he did the long weeks of strenuous contact with the one boy in the school who was vowed to an abiding vengeance. The fact was that Tough McCarty, who was universally liked for his good nature and sociable inclination, had yielded to the irritation Stover's unceasing enmity had aroused and had come gradually into something of the same attitude of hostility. Also, he saw in the captain's assigning Stover to his end a malicious attempt to secure amusement at his expense.

For all which reasons, when the scrub first lined up against the 'Varsity, the alarum of battle that rode on Stover's pugnacious front was equaled by the intensity of his enemy's coldly calculating glance.

"Here's where I squash that fly," thought McCarty.

"Here's where I fasten to that big stiff," thought Dink, "and sting him until the last day of the season!"

The first direct clash came when the scrubs were given the ball and Dink came in to aid his tackle box McCarty for the run that was signaled around their end.

Tough made the mistake of estimating Stover

simply by his lack of weight, without taking account of the nervous, dynamic energy which was his strength. Consequently, at the snap of the ball, he was taken by surprise by the wild spring that Stover made directly at his throat and, thrown off his balance momentarily by the frenzy of the impact, tripped and went down under the triumphant Dink, who, unmindful of the fact that the play had gone by, remained proudly fixed on the chest of the prostrate tackle.

"Get off," said the muffled voice.

Stover, whose animal instincts were all those of the bulldog, pressed down more firmly.

"Get off of me, you little blockhead," said McCarty growing furious as he heard the jeers of his teammates at his humiliating reversal.

"Hurry up there, you Stover!" cried the voice of the captain, unheeded, for Dink was too blindly happy with the thrill of perfect supremacy over the hated McCarty to realize the situation.

"Stover! ! !"

At the shouted command Dink looked up and at last perceived the play was over. Reluctantly he started to rise, when a sudden upheaval of the infuriated McCarty caught him unawares and Tough's vigorous arm flung him head over heels.

Down went Dink with a thump and up again with rage in his heart. He rushed up to McCarty as in the mad fight under the willows and struck him a resounding blow.

The next moment not Tough, but Cockrell's own

mighty hand caught him by the collar and swung him around.

"Get off the field!"

"What?" said Dink, astounded, for in his ignorance he had expected complimentary pats on his back.

"Off the field!"

Dink, cold in a minute, quailed under the stern eye of the supreme leader.

"I did sling him pretty hard, Garry," said Tough, taking pity at the look that came into Dink's eyes at this rebuke.

"Get off!"

Dink, who had stopped with a sort of despairing hope, went slowly to the side-lines, threw a blanket over his head and shoulders and squatted down in bitter, utter misery. Another was in his place, plunging at the tackle that should have been his, racing down the field under punts that made the blood leap in his exiled body. He did not understand. Why had he been disgraced? He had only shown he wasn't afraid—wasn't that why they had put him opposite Tough McCarty, after all?

The contending lines stopped at last their tangled rushes and straggled, panting, back for a short intermission. Dink, waiting under the blanket, saw the captain bear down upon him and, shivering like a dog watching the approach of his punishment, drew the folds tighter about him.

"Stover," said the dreadful voice, loud enough so that every one could hear, "you seem to have an

idea that football is run like a slaughter-house. The quicker you get that out of your head the better. Now, do you know why I fired you? Do you?"

"For slugging," said Dink faintly.

"Not at all. I fired you because you lost your head; because you forgot you were playing football. If you're only going into this to work off your private grudges, then I don't want you around. I'll fire you off and keep you off. You're here to play football, to think of eleven men, not one. You're to use your brains, not your fists. Why, the first game you play in, some one will tease you into slugging him and the umpire will fire you. Then where'll the team be? There are eleven men in this game on your side and on the other. No matter what happens don't lose your temper, don't be so stupid, so brainless—do you hear?"

"Yes, sir," said Dink, who had gradually retired under his blanket until only the tip of the nose showed and the terror-stricken eyes.

"And don't forget this. You don't count. It isn't the slightest interest to the team whether some one whales you or mauls you! It isn't the slightest interest to you, either. Mind that! Nothing on earth is going to get your mind off following the ball, sizing up the play, working out the weak points—nothing. Brains, brains, brains, Stover! You told me you came out here because we needed some one to be banged around—and I took you on your word, didn't I? Now, if you're going out there as an egotistical, puffed-up, conceited individual who's thinking only

of his own skin, who isn't willing to sacrifice his own little, measly feelings for the sake of the school, who won't fight for the team, but himself—"

"I say, Cap, that's enough," said Dink with difficulty; and immediately retired so deep that only the mute, pleading eyes could be discerned.

Cockrell stopped short, bit his lip and said sternly: "Line up now. Get in, Stover, and don't let me ever have to call you down again. Tough, see here." The two elevens ran out. The captain continued: "Tough, every chance you get to-day give that little firebrand a jab, understand? So it can't be seen."

The 'Varsity took the ball and for five minutes Dink felt as though he were in an angry sea, buffeted, flung down and whirled about by massive breakers. Without sufficient experience his weight was powerless to stop the interference that bore him back. He tried to meet it standing up and was rolled head over heels by the brawny shoulders of Cheyenne Baxter and Doc Macnooder. Then, angrily, he tried charging into the offenses and was drawn in and smothered while the back went sweeping around his unprotected end for long gains.

Mr. Ware came up and volunteered suggestions:

"If you're going into it dive through them, push them apart with your hands—so. Keep dodging so that the back won't know whether you're going around or through. Keep him guessing and follow up the play if you miss the first tackle."

Under this coaching Dink, who had begun to be discouraged, improved and when he did get a chance at his man, he dropped him with a fierce, clean tackle, for this branch of the game he had mastered with instinctive delight.

"Give the ball to the scrubs," said the captain, who was also coaching.

Stover came in close to his tackle. The third signal was a trial at end. He flung himself at McCarty, checked him and, to his amazement, received a dig in the ribs. His fists clenched, went back and then stopped as remembering, he drew a long breath and walked away, his eyes on the ground; for the lesson was a rude one to learn.

"Stover, what are you doing?" cried the captain, who had seen all.

Dink, who had expected to be praised, was bewildered as well as hurt.

"What are you stopping for? You're thinking of McCarty again, aren't you? Do you know where your place was? Back of your own half. Follow up the play. If you'd been there to push there'd been an extra yard. Think quicker, Stover."

"Yes, sir," said Stover, suddenly perceiving the truth. "You're right, I wasn't thinking."

"Look here, boy," said the captain, laying his hand on his shoulders. "I have just one principle in a game and I want you to tuck it away and never forget it."

"Yes, sir," said Dink reverently.

"When you get in a game get fighting mad, but get cold mad—play like a fiend—but keep cold. Know just what you're doing and know it all the time."

"Thank you, sir," said Dink, who never forgot the theory, which had a wider application than Garry Cockrell perhaps suspected.

"You laid it on pretty strong," said Mr. Ware to Cockrell, as they walked back after practice.

"I did it for several reasons," said Garry; "first, because I believe the boy has the makings of a great player in him; and second, I was using him to talk to the team. They're not together and it's going to be hard to get them together."

"Bad feeling?"

"Yes, several old grudges."

"What a pity, Garry," said Mr. Ware. "What a pity it is you can't only have second and third formers under you!"

"Why so?"

"Because they'd follow you like mad Dervishes," said Mr. Ware, thinking of Dink.

Stover, having once perceived that the game was an intellectual one, learned by bounds. McCarty, under instructions, tried his best to provoke him, but met with the completest indifference. Dink found a new delight in the exercise of his wits, once the truth was borne in on him that there are more ways of passing beyond a windmill than riding it down. Owing to his natural speed he was the fastest end

on the field to cover a punt, and once within diving distance of his man, he almost never missed. He learned, too, that the scientific application of his one hundred and thirty-eight pounds, well timed, was sufficient to counterbalance the disadvantage in weight. He never loafed, he never let a play go by without being in it, and at retrieving fumbles he was quick as a cat.

Meanwhile the House championships had gone on until the Woodhull and the Kennedy emerged for the final conflict. The experience gained in these contests, for on such occasions Stover played with his House team, had sharpened his powers of analysis and given him a needed acquaintance with the sudden, shifting crises of actual play.

Now, the one darling desire of Stover, next to winning the fair opinion of his captain, was the rout of the Woodhull, of which Tough McCarty was the captain and his old acquaintances of the miserable days at the Green were members—Cheyenne Baxter, the Coffee-colored Angel and Butsey White. This aggregation, counting as it did two members of the 'Varsity, was strong, but the Kennedy, with P. Lentz and the Waladoo Bird and Pebble Stone, the Gutter Pup, Lovely Mead and Stover, all of the scrub, had a slight advantage.

Dink used to dream of mornings, in the lagging hours of recitation, of the contest and the sweet humiliation of his ancient foes. He would play like a demon, he would show them, Tough McCarty and

the rest, what it was to be up against the despised Dink—and dreaming thus he used to say to himself, with suddenly tense arms:

“Gee, I only wish McCarty would play back of the line so I could get a chance at him!”

But on Tuesday, during the 'Varsity practice, suddenly as a scrimmage ended and sifted open a cry went up. Ned Banks, left end on the 'Varsity, was seen lying on the ground after an attempt to rise. They gathered about him with grave faces, while Mr. Ware bent over him in anxious examination.

“What is it?” said the captain, with serious face.

“Something wrong with his ankle; can't tell yet just what.”

“I'll play Saturday, Garry,” said Banks, gritting his teeth. “I'll be ready by then. It's nothing much.”

The subs carried him off the field with darkened faces—the last hopes of victory seemed to vanish. The gloom spread thickly through the school, even Dink, for a time, forgot the approaching hour of his revenge in the great catastrophe. The next morning a little comfort was given them in the report of Doctor Charlie that there was no sprain but only a slight wrenching, which, if all went well, would allow him to start the game. But the consolation was scant. What chance had Banks in an Andover game? There would have to be a shift; but what?

“Turkey Reiter will have to go from tackle to end,” said Dink, that afternoon, as in football togs they gathered on the steps before the game, “and they'll have to put a sub in Turkey's place.”

"Who?"

"I don't know."

"I guess you don't."

"Might bring Butcher Stevens back from center."

"Who'd go in at center?"

"Fatty Harris, perhaps."

"Hello—here's Garry Cockrell now," said P. Lentz. "He don't look particular cheerful, does he?"

The captain, looking indeed very serious, arrived, surveyed the group and called Stover out. Dink, surprised, jumped up, saying:

"You want me, sir?"

"Yes."

Cockrell put his arm under his and drew him away.

"Stover," he said, "I've got bad news for you."

"For me?"

"Yes. I'm not going to let you go in the Woodhull game this afternoon."

Stover received the news as though it had been the death of his entire family, immediate and distant. His throat choked, he tried to say something and did not dare trust himself.

"I'm sorry, my boy—but we're up against it, and I can't take any risks now of your getting hurt."

"It means the game," said Dink at last.

"I'm afraid so."

"We've no one to put in my place—no one but Beekstein Hall," said Stover desperately. "Oh,

please, sir, let me play; I'll be awfully careful. It's only a House game."

"Humph—yes, I know these House games. I'm sorry, but there's no help for it."

"But I'm only a scrub, sir," said Stover, pleading hard.

"We're going to play you at end," said Cockrell suddenly, seeing he did not understand, "just as soon as we have to take Banks out; and Heaven only knows when that'll be."

Dink was aghast.

"You're not going—you're not going—" he tried to speak, and stopped.

"Yes, we've talked it over and that seems best."

"But—Turkey Reiter—I—I thought you'd move him out."

"No, we don't dare weaken the middle; it's bad enough now."

"Oh, but I'm so light."

The captain watched the terror-stricken look in his face and was puzzled.

"What's the matter? You're not getting shaky?"

"Oh, no, sir," said Dink, "it's not that. It—it seems so awful that you've got to put me in."

"You're better, my boy, than you think," said Cockrell, smiling a little, "and you're going to be better than you know how. Now you understand why you've got to keep on the side-lines this afternoon. You're too fragile to take risks on."

"Yes, I understand."

"It comes hard, doesn't it?"

"Yes, sir, it does; very hard."

When the Kennedy and the Woodhull lined up — for play an hour later little Pebble Stone was at end in place of Stover, who watched from his post as linesman the contest that was to have been his opportunity. He heard nothing of the buzzing comments behind, of the cheers or the shouted entreaties. Gaze fixed and heart in throat, he followed the swaying tide of battle, imprisoned, powerless to rush in and stem the disheartening advance.

The teams, now more evenly matched, both showed the traces of tense nerves in the frequent fumbling that kept the ball changing sides and prevented a score during the first half.

In the opening of the second half, by a lucky recovery of a blocked kick, the Kennedy scored a touchdown, but failed to kick the goal, making the score four to nothing. The Woodhull then began a determined assault upon the Kennedy's weak end. Stover, powerless, beheld little Pebble Stone, fighting like grim death, carried back and back five, ten yards at a time as the Woodhull swept up the field.

"It's the only place they can gain," he cried in his soul in bitter iteration.

He looked around and caught the eye of Captain Cockrell and sent him a mute, agonizing, fruitless appeal.

"Kennedy's ball," came the sharp cry of Slugger Jones, the umpire.

Dink looked up and felt the blood come back to his body again—on the twenty-five-yard line there

had been a fumble and the advance was checked. Twice again the battered end of the Kennedy was forced back for what seemed certain touchdowns, only to be saved by loose work on the Woodhull's part. It was getting dark and the half was ebbing fast—three minutes more to play. A fourth time the Woodhull furiously attacked the breach, gaining at every rush over the light opposition, past the forty-yard line, past the twenty-yard mark and triumphantly, in the last minute of play, over the goal for a touchdown. The ball had been downed well to the right of the goal-posts and the trial for goal was an unusually difficult one. The score was a tie, everything depended on the goal that, through the dusk, Tough McCarty was carefully sighting. Dink, heart-broken, despairing, leaning on his linesman's staff, directly behind the ball, waited for the long, endless moments to be over. Then there was a sudden movement of McCarty's body, a wild rush from the Kennedy and the ball shot high in the air and, to Stover's horror, passed barely inside the farther goal-post.

"No goal," said Slugger Jones. "Time up."

Dink raised his head in surprise, scarcely crediting what he had heard. The Woodhull team were furiously disputing the decision, encouraged by audible comments from the spectators. Slugger Jones, surrounded by a contesting, vociferous mass, suddenly swept them aside and began to take the vote of the officials.

"Kiefer, what do you say?"

Cap Kiefer, referee, shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Slugger, it was close, very close, but it did seem a goal to me."

"Tug, what do you say?"

"Goal, sure," said Tug Wilson, linesman for the Woodhull. At this, jeers and hoots broke out from the Kennedy.

"Of course he'll say that!"

"He's from the Woodhull."

"What do you think?"

"Justice!"

"Hold up, hold up, now," said Slugger Jones, more excited than any one. "Don't get excited; it's up to your own man. Dink, was it a goal or no goal?"

Stover suddenly found himself in a whirling, angry mass—the decision of the game in his own hands. He saw the faces of Tough McCarty and the Coffee-colored Angel in the blank crowd about him and he saw the sneer on their faces they waited for his answer. Then he saw the faces of his own teammates and knew what they, in their frenzy, expected from him.

He hesitated.

"Goal or no goal?" cried the umpire, for the second time.

Then suddenly, face to face with the hostile mass, the fighting blood came to Dink. Something cold went up his back. He looked once more above the

riot, to the shadowy posts, trying to forget Tough McCarty, and then, with a snap to his jaws, he answered:

“Goal.”

Dink returned to his room in a rage against everything and every one; at Slugger Jones for having submitted the question; at Tough McCarty for having looked as though he expected a lie; and at himself for ever having acted as linesman.

If it had not been the last days before the Andover match he would have found some consolation in rushing over to the Woodhull and provoking McCarty to the long-deferred fight.

“He thought I’d lie out of it,” he said furiously. “He did; I saw it. I’ll settle that with him, too. Now I suppose every one in this house’ll be down on me; but they’d better be mighty careful how they express it.”

For as he had left the field he had heard only too clearly how the Kennedy eleven, in the unreasoning passion of conflict, had expressed itself. At present, through the open window, the sounds of violent words were borne up to him from below. He approached and looked down upon the furious assembly.

“Damn me up and down, damn me all you want,” he said, doubling up his fists. “Keep it up, but don’t come up to me with it.”

Suddenly, back of him, the door opened and shut

and Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan stood in the room.

"I say, Dink—"

"Get out," said Stover furiously, seizing a pillow.

Finnegan precipitately retired and, placing the door between him and the danger, opened it slightly and inserted his freckled little nose.

"I say, Dink—"

"Get out, I told you!" The pillow struck the door with a bang. "I won't have any one snooping around here!"

The next instant Dennis, resolved on martyrdom, stepped inside, saying:

"I say, old man, if it'll do you any good, take it out on me."

Stover, thus defied, stopped and said:

"Dennis, I don't want to talk about it."

"All right," said Dennis, sitting down.

"And I want to be alone."

"Correct," said Dennis, who didn't budge.

They sat in moody silence, without lighting the lamp.

"Pretty tough," said Dennis at last.

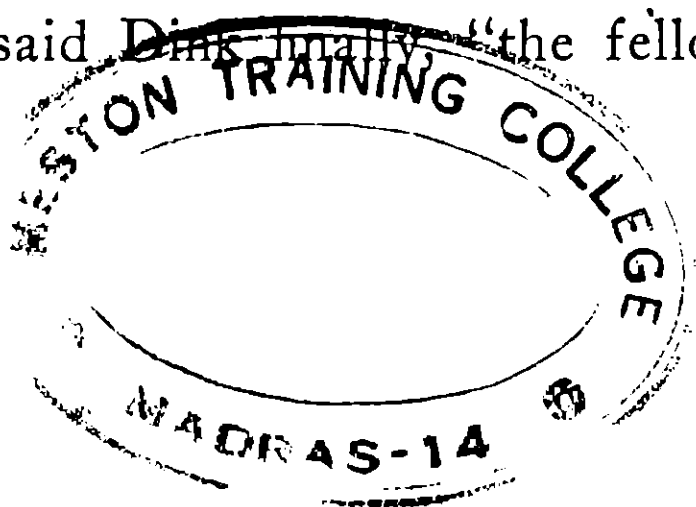
Stover's answer was a grunt.

"You couldn't see it the way the umpire did, could you?"

"No, I couldn't."

"Pretty tough!"

"I suppose," said Dink finally, "the fellows are wild."



"A little—a little excited," said Dennis carefully. "It was tough—pretty tough!"

"You don't suppose I wanted that gang of muckers to win, do you?" said Stover.

"I know," said Dennis sympathetically.

The Tennessee Shad now returned from the wars, covered with mud and the more visible marks of the combat.

"Hello," he said gruffly.

"Hello," said Stover.

The Tennessee Shad went wearily to his corner and stripped for the bath.

"Well, say it," said Stover, who, in his agitation, had actually picked up a textbook and started to study.

"Jump on me, why don't you?"

"I'm not going to jump on you," said the Tennessee Shad, who weakly pulled off the heavy shoes.

"Only—well, you couldn't see it as the umpire did, could you?"

"No!"

"What a day—what an awful day!"

Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan, with great tact, rose and hesitated:

"I'm going—I—I've got to get ready for supper," he said desperately. Then he went lamely over to Stover and held out his hand: "I know how you feel, old man, but—but—I'm glad you did it!"

Whereupon he disappeared in blushing precipitation.

Stover breathed hard and tried to bring his mind

to the printed lesson. The Tennessee Shad, sighing audibly, continued his ablutions, dressed and sat down.

"Dink."

"What?"

"Why did you do it?"

Then Stover, flinging down his book with an access of rage, cried out:

"Why? Because you all, every damn one of you, expected me to lie!"

The next day Stover, who had firmly made up his mind to a sort of modified ostracism, was amazed to find that over night he had become a hero. By the next morning the passion and the bitterness of the struggle having died away, the house looked at the matter in a calmer mood and one by one came to him and gripped his hand with halting, blurted words of apology or explanation.

Utterly unprepared for this development, Stover all at once realized that he had won what neither courage nor wit had been able to bring him, the something he had always longed for without being quite able to name it—the respect of his fellows. He felt it in the looks that followed him as he went over to chapel, in the nodded recognition of Fifth Formers, who had never before noticed him, in The Roman himself, who flunked him without satire or aggravation. And not yet knowing himself, his im-

pulses or the strange things that lay dormant beneath the surface of his everyday life, Stover was a little ashamed, as though he did not deserve it all.

That afternoon as Dink was donning his football togs, preparing for practice, a knock came at the door which opened on a very much embarrassed delegation from the Woodhull—the Coffee-colored Angel, Cheyenne Baxter and Tough McCarty.

“I say, is that you, Dink?” said the Coffee-colored Angel.

“It is,” said Stover, with as much dignity as the state of his wardrobe would permit.

“I say, we’ve come over from the Woodhull, you know,” continued the Coffee-colored Angel, who stopped after this bit of illuminating news.

“Well, what do you want?”

“I say, that’s not just it; we’re sent by the Woodhull I meant to say, and we want to say, we want you to know—how white we think it was of you!”

“Old man,” said Cheyenne Baxter, “we want to thank you. What we want to tell you is how white we think it was of you.”

“You needn’t thank me,” said Stover gruffly, pulling his leg through the football trousers. “I didn’t want to do it.”

The delegation stood confused, wondering how to end the painful scene.

“It was awful white!” said the Coffee-colored Angel, tying knots in his sweater.

“It certainly was,” said Cheyenne.

As this brought them no further along, the Coffee-colored Angel exclaimed in alarm:

"I say, Dink, will you shake hands?"

Stover gravely extended his right.

Cheyenne next clung to it, blurting out:

"Say, Dink, I wish I could make you understand—just—just how white we think it was!"

The two rushed away leaving Tough McCarty to have his say. Both stood awkwardly, frightened before the possibility of a display of sentiment.

"Look here," said Tough firmly, and then stopped, drew a long breath and continued:

"Say, you and I have sort of formed up a sort of vendetta and all that sort of thing, haven't we?"

"We have."

"Now, I'm not going to call that off. I don't suppose you'd want it, either."

"No, I wouldn't!"

"We've got to have a good, old, slam-bang fight sooner or later and then, perhaps, it'll be different. I'm not coming around asking you to be friends, or anything like that sort of rot, you know, but what I want you to know is this—is this—what I want you to understand is just how darned white that was of you!"

"All right," said Stover frigidly, because he was tremendously moved and in terror of showing it.

"That's not what I wanted to say," said Tough, frowning terrifically and kicking the floor. "I mean—I say, you know what I mean, don't you?"

"All right," said Stover gruffly.

"And I say," said Tough, remembering only one line of all he had come prepared to say, "if you'll let me, Stover, I should consider it an honor to shake your hand."

Dink gave his hand, trembling a little.

"Of course you understand," said Tough who thought he comprehended Stover's silence, "of course we fight it out some day."

"All right," said Stover gruffly.

Tough McCarty went away. Dink, left alone, clad in his voluminous football trousers, sat staring at the door, clasping his hands tensely between his knees, and something inside of him welled up, dangerously threatening his eyes—something feminine, to be choked instantly down.

He rose angrily, flung back his hair and filled his lungs. Then he stopped.

"What the deuce are they all making such a fuss for?" he said. "I only told the truth."

He struggled into his jersey, still trying to answer the problem. In his abstraction he drew a neat part in his hair before perceiving the *faux pas*, and he hurriedly obliterated the effete mark.

"I guess," he said, standing at the window still pondering over the new attitude toward himself—"I guess, after all, I don't know it all. Tough McCarty—well, I'll be damned!"

Saturday came all too soon and with it the arrival of the stocky Andover eleven. Dink dressed and went slowly across the campus—every step seemed

an effort. Everywhere was an air of seriousness and apprehension, strangely contrasted to the gay ferment that usually announced a big game. He felt a hundred eyes on him as he went and knew what was in every one's mind. What would happen when Ned Banks would have to retire and he, little Dink Stover, weighing one hundred and thirty-eight, would have to go forth to stand at the end of the line? And because Stover had learned the lesson of football, the sacrifice for an idea, he too felt not fear but a sort of despair that the hopes of the great school would have to rest upon him, little Dink Stover, who weighed only one hundred and thirty-eight pounds.

He went quietly to the Upper, his eyes on the ground like a guilty man, picking his way through the crowds of Fifth Formers, who watched him pass with critical looks, and up the heavy stairs to Garry Cockrell's room, where the team sat quietly listening to the final instructions. He took his seat silently in an obscure corner, studying the stern faces about him, hearing nothing of Mr. Ware's staccato periods, his eyes irresistibly drawn to his captain, wondering how suddenly older he looked and grave.

By his side Ned Banks was listening stolidly and Charlie De Soto, twisting a paper-weight in his nervous fingers, fidgeting on his chair with the longing for the fray.

"That's all," said the low voice of Garry Cockrell. "You know what you have to do. Go down to Charlie's room; I want a few words with Stover."

They went sternly and quickly, Mr. Ware with them. Dink was alone, standing stiff and straight, his heart thumping violently, waiting for his captain to speak.

"How do you feel?"

"I'm ready, sir."

"I don't know when you'll get in the game—probably before the first half is over," said Cockrell slowly. "We're going to put up to you a pretty hard proposition, youngster." He came nearer, laying his hand on Stover's shoulder. "I'm not going to talk nerve to you, young bulldog, I don't need to. I've watched you and I know the stuff that's in you."

"Thank you, sir."

"Not but what you'll need it—more than you've ever needed it before. You've no right in this game."

"I know it, sir."

"Tough McCarty won't be able to help you out much. He's got the toughest man in the line. Everything's coming at you, my boy, and you've got to stand it off, somehow. Now, listen once more. It's a game for the long head, for the cool head. You've got to think quicker, you've got to out-think every man on the field and you can do it. And remember this: No matter what happens never let up—get your man back of the line if you can, get him twenty-five yards beyond you, get him on the one-yard line, —but get him!"

"Yes, sir."

"And now one thing more. There's all sorts of

ways you can play the game. You can charge in like a bull and kill yourself off in ten minutes, but that won't do. You can go in and make grandstand plays and get carried off the field, but that won't do. My boy, you've got to last out the game."

"I see, sir."

"Remember there's a bigger thing than yourself you're fighting for, Stover—it's the school, the old school. Now, when you're on the side-lines don't lose any time; watch your men, find out their tricks, see if they look up or change their footing when they start for an end run. Everything is going to count. Now, come on."

They joined the eleven below and presently, in a compact body, went out and through Memorial and the chapel, where suddenly the field appeared and a great roar went up from the school.

"All ready," said the captain.

They broke into a trot and swept up to the cheering mass. Dink remembered seeing the Tennessee Shad, in his shirt sleeves, frantically leading the school and thinking how funny he looked. Then some one pulled a blanket over him and he was camped among the substitutes, peering out at the gridiron where already the two elevens were sweeping back and forth in vigorous signal drill.

He looked eagerly at the Andover eleven. They were big, rangy fellows and their team worked with a precision and machine-like rush that the red and black team did not have.

"Trouble with us is," said the voice of Fatty Harris, at his elbow, "our team's never gotten together. The fellows would rather slug each other than the enemy."

"Gee, that fellow at tackle is a monster," said Dink, picking out McCarty's opponent.

"Look at Turkey Reiter and the Waladoo Bird," continued Fatty Harris. "Bad blood! And there's Tough McCarty and King Lentz. We're not together, I tell you! We're hanging apart!"

"Lord, will they ever begin!" said Dink, blowing on his hands that had suddenly gone limp and clammy.

"We've won the toss," said another voice. "There's a big wind, we'll take sides."

"Andover's kick-off," said Fatty Harris.

Stover sunk his head in his blanket, waiting for the awful moment to end. Then a whistle piped and he raised his head again. The ball had landed short, into the arms of Butcher Stevens, who plunged ahead for a slight gain and went down under a shock of blue jerseys.

Stover felt the warm blood return, the sinking feeling in the pit of his stomach left him, he felt amazed, a great calm settling over him, as though he had jumped from out his own body.

"If Flash Condit can once get loose," he said quietly, "he'll score. They ought to try a dash through tackle before the others warm up. Good!"

As if in obedience to his thought Flash Condit came rushing through the line, between end and

tackle, but the Andover left halfback, who was alert, caught him and brought him to the ground after a gain of ten yards.

"Pretty fast, that chap," thought Dink. "Too bad, Flash was almost clear."

"Who tackled him?" asked Fatty Harris.

"Goodhue," came the answer from somewhere. "They say he runs the hundred in ten and a fifth."

The next try was not so fortunate, the blue line charged quicker and stopped Cheyenne Baxter without a gain. Charlie De Soto tried a quarter-back run and some one broke through between the Waladoo Bird and Turkey Reiter.

"Not together—not together," said the dismal voice of Fatty Harris.

The signal was given for a punt and the ball, lifted in the air, went soaring down the field on the force of the wind. It was too long a punt for the ends to cover, and the Andover back with a good start came twisting through the territory of Ned Banks who had been blocked off by his opponent.

"Watch that Andover end, Stover," said Mr. Ware. "Study out his methods."

"All right, sir," said Dink, who had watched no one else.

He waited breathlessly for the first shock of the Andover attack. It came with a rush, compact and solid, and swept back the Lawrenceville left side for a good eight yards.

"Good-by!" said Harris in a whisper.

Dink began to whistle, moving down the field,

watching the backs. Another machine-like advance and another big gain succeeded.

"They'll wake up," said Dink solemnly to himself. "They'll stop 'em in a minute."

But they did not stop. Rush by rush, irresistibly the blue left their own territory and passed the forty-five-yard line of Lawrenceville. Then a fumble occurred and the ball went again with the gale far out of danger, over the heads of the Andover backs who had misjudged its treacherous course.

"Lucky we've got the wind," said Dink, calm amid the roaring cheers about him. "Gee, that Andover attack's going to be hard to stop. Banks is beginning to limp."

The blue, after a few quick advances, formed and swept out toward Garry Cockrell's end.

"Three yards lost," said Dink grimly. "They won't try him often. Funny they're not onto Banks. Lord, how they can gain through the center of the line. First down again." Substitute and coach, the frantic school, alumni over from Princeton, kept up a constant storm of shouts and entreaties:

"Oh, get together!"

"Throw 'em back!"

"Hold 'em!"

"First down again!"

"Hold 'em, Lawrenceville!"

"Don't let them carry it seventy yards!"

"Get the jump!"

"There they go again!"

"Ten yards around Banks!"

Stover, alone, squatting opposite the line of play, moving as it moved, coldly critical, studied each individuality.

"Funny nervous little tricks that Goodhue's got—blows on his hands—does that mean he takes the ball? No, all a bluff. What's he do when he does take it? Quiet and looks at the ground. When he doesn't take it he tries to pretend he does. I'll tuck that away. He's my man. Seems to switch in just as the interference strikes the end about ten feet beyond tackle, running low—Banks is playing too high; better, perhaps, to run in on 'em now and then before they get started. There's going to be trouble there in a minute. The fellows aren't up on their toes yet—what is the matter, anyhow? Tough's getting boxed right along, he ought to play out further, I should think. Hello, some one fumbled again. Who's got it? Looks like Garry. No, they recovered it themselves—no, they didn't. Lord, what a butter-fingered lot—why doesn't he get it? He has—Charlie De Soto—clear field—can he make it?—he ought to—where's that Goodhue?—looks like a safe lead; he'll make the twenty-yard line at least—yes, fully that, if he doesn't stumble—there's that Goodhue now—some one ought to block him off, good work—that's it—that makes the touch-down—lucky—very lucky!"

Some one hit him a terrific clap on the shoulder. He looked up in surprise to behold Fatty Harris dancing about like a crazed man. The air seemed all arms, hats were rising like startled coveys of

birds. Some one flung his arms around him and hugged him. He flung him off almost indignantly. What were they thinking of—that was only one touchdown—four points—what was that against that blue team and the wind at their backs, too. One touchdown wasn't going to win the game.

"Why do they get so excited?" said Dink Stover to John Stover, watching deliberately the ball soaring between the goal-posts; "6 to 0—they think it's all over. Now's the rub."

Mr. Ware passed near him. He was quiet, too, seeing far ahead.

"Better keep warmed up, Stover," he said.

"Biting his nails, that's a funny trick for a master," thought Dink. "He oughtn't to be nervous. That doesn't do any good."

The shouts of exultation were soon hushed; with the advantage of the wind the game quickly assumed a different complexion. Andover had found the weak end and sent play after play at Banks, driving him back for long advances.

"Take off your sweater," said Mr. Ware.

Dink flung it off, running up and down the sidelines, springing from his toes.

"Why don't they take him out?" he thought angrily, with almost a hatred of the fellow who was fighting it out in vain. "Can't they see it? Ten yards more, oh, Lord! This ends it."

With a final rush the Andover interference swung at Banks, brushed him aside and swept over the remaining fifteen yards for the touchdown. A minute

later the goal was kicked and the elevens again changed sides. The suddenness with which the score had been tied impressed every one—the school team seemed to have no defense against the well-massed attacks of the opponents.

“Holes as big as a house,” said Fatty Harris. “Asleep! They’re all asleep!”

Dink, pacing up and down, waited the word from Mr. Ware, rebelling because it did not come.

Again the scrimmage began, a short advance from the loosely-knit school eleven, a long punt with the wind and then a quick, business-like line-up of the blue team and another rush at the vulnerable end.

“Ten yards more; oh, it’s giving it away!” said Fatty Harris.

Stover knelt and tied his shoelaces and rising, tightened his belt.

“I’ll be out there in a moment,” he said to himself.

Another gain at Banks’ end and suddenly from the elevens across the field the figure of the captain rose and waved a signal.

“Go in, Stover,” said Mr. Ware.

He ran out across the long stretch to where the players were moving restlessly, their clothes flinging out clouds of steam. Back of him something was roaring, cheering for him, perhaps, hoping against hope.

Then he was in the midst of the contestants, Garry Cockrell’s arm about his shoulders, whispering something in his ear about keeping cool, break-

ing up the interference if he couldn't get his man, following up the play. He went to his position, noticing the sullen expressions of his teammates, angry with the consciousness that they were not doing their best. Then taking his stand beyond Tough McCarty, he saw the Andover quarter and the backs turn and study him curiously. He noticed the half-back nearest him, a stocky, close-cropped, red-haired fellow, with brawny arms under his rolled-up jersey, whose duty it would be to send him rolling on the first rush.

"All ready?" cried the voice of the umpire.

"First down."

The whistle blew, the two lines strained opposite each other. Stover knew what the play would be—there was no question of that. Fortunately the last two rushes had carried the play well over to his side—the boundary was only fifteen yards away. Dink had thought out quickly what he would do. He crept in closer than an end usually plays and at the snap of the ball rushed straight into the starting interference before it could gather dangerous momentum. The back, seeing him thus drawn in, instinctively swerved wide around his interference, forced slightly back. Before he could turn forward his own speed and the necessity of distancing Stover and Condit drove him out of bounds for a four-yard loss.

"Second down, nine yards to go!" came the verdict.

"Rather risky going in like that," said Flash Condit, who backed up his side.

"Wanted to force him out of bounds," said Stover.

"Oh—look out for something between tackle and guard now."

"No—they'll try the other side now to get a clean sweep at me," said Stover.

The red-haired halfback disappeared in the opposite side and, well protected, kept his feet for five yards.

"Third down, four to gain."

"Now for a kick," said Stover, as the Andover end came out opposite him. "What the deuce am I going to do to this coot to mix him up. He looks more as though he'd like to tackle me than to get past." He looked over and caught a glance from the Andover quarter. "I wonder. Why not a fake kick? They've sized me up for green. I'll play it carefully."

At the play, instead of blocking, he jumped back and to one side, escaping the end who dove at his knees. Then, rushing ahead, he stalled off the half and caught the fullback with a tackle that brought him to his feet, rubbing his side.

"Lawrenceville's ball. Time up for first half."

Dink had not thought of the time. Amazed, he scrambled to his feet, half angry at the interruption, and following the team went over to the room to be talked to by the captain and the coach.

It was a hang-dog crowd that gathered there, quailing under the scornful lashing of Garry Cockrell. He spared no one, he omitted no names. Dink, listening, lowered his eyes, ashamed to look upon the face of the team. One or two cried out:

“Oh, I say, Garry!”

“That’s too much!”

“Too much, too much, is it?” cried their captain, walking up and down, striking the flat of his hand with the clenched fist. “By heavens, it’s nothing to what they’re saying of us out there. They’re ashamed of us, one and all! Listen to the cheering if you don’t believe it! They’ll cheer a losing team, a team that is being driven back foot by foot. There’s something glorious in that, but a team that stands up to be pushed over, a team that lies down and quits, a team that hasn’t one bit of red fighting blood in it, they won’t cheer; they’re ashamed of you! Now, I’ll tell you what’s going to happen to you. You’re going to be run down the field for just about four touchdowns. Here’s Lentz being tossed around by a fellow that weighs forty pounds less. Why, he’s the joke of the game. McCarty hasn’t stopped a play, not one! Waladoo’s so easy that they rest up walking through him. But that’s not the worst, you’re playing wide apart as though there wasn’t a man within ten miles of you; not one of you is helping out the other. The only time you’ve taken the ball from them is when a little shaver comes in and uses his head. Now, you’re not going to

win this game, but by the Almighty you're going out there and going to hold that Andover team! You've got the wind against you; you've got everything against you; you've got to fight on your own goal line, not once, but twenty times. But you've got to hold 'em; you're going to make good; you're going to wipe out that disgraceful, cowardly first half! You're going out there to stand those fellows off! You're going to make the school cheer for you again as though they believed in you, as though they were proud of you! You're going to do a bigger thing than beat a weaker team! You're going to fight off defeat and show that, if you can't win, you can't be beaten!"

Mr. Ware, in a professional way, passed from one to another with a word of advice: "Play lower, get the jump—don't be drawn in by a fake plunge—watch Goodhue."

But Dink heard nothing; he sat in his corner, clasping and unclasping his hands, suffering with the moments that separated him from the fray. Then all at once he was back on the field, catching the force of the wind that blew the hair about his temples, hearing the half-hearted welcome that went up from the school.

"Hear that cheer!" said Garry Cockrell bitterly.

From Butcher Stevens' boot the ball went twisting and veering down the field. Stover went down, dodging instinctively, hardly knowing what he did. Then as he started to spring at the runner an inter-

ferer from behind flung himself on him and sent him sprawling, but not until one arm had caught and checked his man.

McCarty had stopped the runner, when Dink sprang to his feet, wild with the rage of having missed his tackle.

"Steady!" cried the voice of his captain.

He lined up hurriedly, seeing red. The interference started for him, he flung himself at it blindly and was buried under the body of the red-haired half. Powerless to move, humiliatingly held under the sturdy body, the passion of fighting rose in him again. He tried to throw him off, doubling up his fist, waiting until his arm was free.

"Why, you're easy, kid," said a mocking voice. "We'll come again."

The taunt suddenly chilled him. Without knowing how it happened, he laughed.

"That's the last time you get me, old rooster," he said, in a voice that did not belong to him.

He glanced back. Andover had gained fifteen yards.

"That comes from losing my head," he said quietly. "That's over."

It had come, the cold consciousness of which Cockrell had spoken, strange as the second wind that surprises the distressed runner.

"I've got to teach that red-haired coot a lesson," he said. "He's a little too confident. I'll shake him up a bit."

The opportunity came on the third play, with

another attack on his end. He ran forward a few steps and stood still, leaning a little forward, waiting for the red-haired back who came plunging at him. Suddenly Dink dropped to his knees, the interferer went violently over his back, something struck Stover in the shoulder and his arms closed with the fierce thrill of holding his man.

"Second down, seven yards to gain," came the welcome sound.

Time was taken out for the red-haired halfback, who had had the wind knocked out of him.

"Now he'll be more respectful," said Dink, and as soon as he caught his eye he grinned. "Red hair—I'll see if I can't get his temper."

Thus checked and to use the advantage of the wind Andover elected to kick. The ball went twisting, and, changing its course in the strengthening wind, escaped the clutches of Macnooder and went bounding toward the goal where Charlie De Soto saved it on the twenty-five-yard line. In an instant the overwhelming disparity of the sides was apparent.

A return kick at best could gain but twenty-five or thirty yards. From now on they would be on the defensive.

Dink came in to support his traditional enemy, Tough McCarty. The quick, nervous voice of Charlie De Soto rose in a shriek: "Now, Lawrenceville, get into this, 7—52—3."

Dink swept around for a smash on the opposite tackle, head down, eyes fastened on the back before

him, feeling the shock of resistance and the yielding response as he thrust forward, pushing, heaving on, until everything piled up before him. Four yards gained.

A second time they repeated the play, making the first down.

"Time to spring a quick one through us," he thought.

But again De Soto elected the same play.

"What's he trying to do?" said Dink. "Why don't he vary it?"

Some one hauled him out of the tangled pile. It was Tough McCarty.

"Say, our tackle's a stiff one," he said, with his mouth to Stover's ear. "You take his knees; I'll take him above this time."

Their signal came at last. Dink dove, trying to meet the shifting knees and throw him off his balance. The next moment a powerful arm caught him as he left the ground and swept him aside.

"Any gain?" he asked anxiously as he came up.

"Only a yard," said McCarty. "He got through and smeared the play."

"I know how to get him next time," said Dink.

The play was repeated. This time Stover made a feint and then dove successfully after the big arm had swept fruitlessly past. Flash Condit, darting through the line, was tackled by Goodhue and fell forward for a gain.

"How much?" said Stover, rising joyfully.

"They're measuring."

The distance was tried and found to be two feet short of the necessary five yards. The risk was too great, a kick was signaled and the ball was Andover's, just inside the center of the field.

"Now, Lawrenceville," cried the captain, "show what you're made of."

The test came quickly, a plunge between McCarty and Lentz yielded three yards, a second four. The Andover attack, with the same precision as before, struck anywhere between the tackles and found holes. Dink, at the bottom of almost every pile, raged at Tough McCarty.

"He's doing nothing, he isn't fighting," he said angrily. "He doesn't know what it is to fight. Why doesn't he break up that interference for me?"

When the attack struck his end now it turned in, slicing off tackle, the runner well screened by close interference that held him up when Stover tackled, dragging him on for the precious yards. Three and four yards at a time, the blue advance rolled its way irresistibly toward the red and black goal. They were inside the twenty-yard line now.

Cockrell was pleading with them. Little Charlie De Soto was running along the line, slapping their backs, calling frantically on them to throw the blue back.

And gradually the line did stiffen, slowly but perceptibly the advance was cut down. Enmities were forgotten with the shadow of the goal-posts looming at their backs. Waladoo and Turkey Reiter were fighting side by side, calling to each other.

Tough McCarty was hauling Stover out of desperate scrimmages, patting him on the back and calling him "good old Dink." The fighting blood that Garry Cockrell had called upon was at last there—the line had closed and fought together.

And yet they were borne back to their fifteen-yard line, two yards at a time, just losing the fourth down.

Stover at end was trembling like a blooded terrier, on edge for each play, shrieking:

"Oh, Tough, get through—you must get through!"

He was playing by intuition now, no time to plan. He knew just who had the ball and where it was going. Out or in, the attack was concentrating on his end—only McCarty and he could stop it. He was getting his man, but they were dragging him on, fighting now for inches.

"Third down, one yard to gain!"

"Watch my end," he shouted to Flash Condit, and hurling himself forward at the starting backs dove under the knees, and grabbing the legs about him went down buried under the mass he had upset.

It seemed hours before the crushing bodies were pulled off and some one's arm brought him to his feet and some one hugged him, shouting in his ear:

"You saved it, Dink, you saved it!"

Some one rushed up with a sponge and began dabbing his face.

"What the deuce are they doing that for?" he said angrily.

Then he noticed that an arm was under his and he turned curiously to the face near him. It was Tough McCarty's.

"Whose ball is it?" he said.

"Ours."

He looked to the other side. Garry Cockrell was supporting him.

"What's the matter?" he said, trying to draw his head away from the sponge that was dripping water down his throat.

"Just a little wind knocked out, youngster—coming to?"

"I'm all right."

He walked a few steps alone and then took his place. Things were in a daze on the horizon, but not there in the field. Everything else was shut out except his duty there.

Charlie De Soto's voice rose shrill:

"Now, Lawrenceville, up the field with it. This team's just begun to play. We've got together, boys. Let her rip!"

No longer scattered, but a unit, all differences forgot, fighting for the same idea, the team rose up and crashed through the Andover line, every man in the play, ten—fifteen yards ahead.

"Again!" came the strident cry.

Without a pause the line sprang into place, formed and swept forward. It was a privilege to be

in such a game, to feel the common frenzy, the awakened glance of battle that showed down the line. Dink, side by side with Tough McCarty, thrilled with the same thrill, plunging ahead with the same motion, fighting the same fight; no longer alone and desperate, but nerved with the consciousness of a partner whose gameness matched his own.

For thirty yards they carried the ball down the field, before the stronger Andover team, thrown off its feet by the unexpected frenzy, could rally and stand them off. Then an exchange of punts once more drove them back to their twenty-five-yard line.

A second time the Andover advance set out from the fifty-yard line and slowly fought its way to surrender the ball in the shadow of the goal-posts.

Stover played on in a daze, remembering nothing of the confused shock of bodies that had gone before, wondering how much longer he could hold out—to last out the game as the captain had told him. He was groggy, from time to time he felt the sponge's cold touch on his face or heard the voice of Tough McCarty in his ear.

"Good old Dink, die game!"

How he loved McCarty fighting there by his side, whispering to him:

"You and I, Dink! What if he is an old elephant, we'll put him out of the play."

Still, flesh and blood could not last forever. The half must be nearly up.

"Two minutes more time."

"What was that?" he said groggily to Flash Condit.

"Two minutes more. Hold 'em now!"

It was Andover's ball. He glanced around. They were down near the twenty-five-yard line somewhere. He looked at McCarty, whose frantic head showed against the sky.

"Break it up, Tough," he said, and struggled toward him.

A cry went up, the play was halted.

"He's groggy," he heard voices say, and then came the welcome splash of the sponge.

Slowly his vision cleared to the anxious faces around him.

"Can you last?" said the captain.

"I'm all right," he said gruffly.

"Things cleared up now?"

"Fine!"

McCarty put his arm about him and walked with him.

"Oh, Dink, you will last, won't you?"

"You bet I will, Tough!"

"It's the last stand, old boy!"

"The last."

"Only two minutes more we've got to hold 'em! The last ditch, Dink."

"I'll last."

He looked up and saw the school crouching along the line—tense, drawn faces. For the first time he realized they were there, calling on him to stand steadfast.

He went back, meeting the rush that came his way, half-knocked aside, half-getting his man, dragged again until assistance came. De Soto's stinging hand slapped his back and the sting was good, clearing his brain.

Things came into clear outline once more. He saw down the line and to the end where Garry Cockrell stood.

"Good old captain," he said. "They'll not get by me, not now."

He was in every play it seemed to him, wondering why Andover was always keeping the ball, always coming at his end. Suddenly he had a shock. Over his shoulder were the goal-posts, the line he stood on was the line of his own goal.

He gave a hoarse cry and went forward like a madman, parting the interference. Some one else was through; Tough was through; the whole line was through, flinging back the runner. He went down clinging to Goodhue, buried under a mass of his own tacklers. Then, through the frenzy, he heard the shrill call of time.

He struggled to his feet. The ball lay scarcely four yards away from the glorious goal-posts. Then, before the school could sweep them up; panting, exhausted, they gathered in a circle with incredulous, delirious faces, and leaning heavily, wearily on one another gave the cheer for Andover. And the touch of Stover's arm on McCarty's shoulder was like an embrace.

MISTER CONLEY

It is my belief that Ring Lardner has written the best baseball story that has ever been written. But he is a realist, and baseball to him is not a glamorous game. It is a strictly commercial enterprise played by not very inspiring people. It was Ring Lardner who discovered that the American idols had feet of clay. Charles E. Van Loan, on the other hand, loves these people. He finds baseball beautiful—full of rhythm and motion and emotion. He brings out the best that is in the game. Of all his stories I like “Mister Conley” the best.

MISTER CONLEY

CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

A *NICKNAME* is like a porous plaster—you slap one on a fellow to cure him of something and it takes hold easy enough, but it fetches the hair with it when it comes off.

Mister Conley, was what we called him, with the accent on the Mister. We wished the title on him to cure him of freshness, and it stuck so tight that we came near making a stranger out of the best third basemar in the league.

Most ballplayers are christened by the newspaper men, but Conley wasn't. We named him ourselves and we gave him a monniker that was meant to hurt. Sarcasm is the stuff that gets under the skin. It's harder to bear than downright abuse; but, even so, I claim that he might better have been Mister Conley than just plain Conley, 3b.

Did you ever stop to think that it's a bad sign when a ballplayer hasn't a nickname of any sort? Take the Guide and pick out the boys who are known simply by their last names, and you'll find you haven't many stars in your collection. They'll

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be just good enough to get by. No bats or gloves will ever be named after 'em.

It takes an exception to make a rule. For some reason or other they never say "Walt" when they talk about Johnson. He's always Walter; but, shucks! that fellow doesn't need a nickname! He's got everything else.

We tacked the Mister on Conley at the spring training camp, and it was his own fault. You know how it is down South in March—especially when the ivory-hunters have been beating the jungles the season before. The place is all gummed up with infielders and outfielders and pitchers—minor leaguers and sandlotters and semi-pro's—until you don't dare to turn round quick for fear of stepping on one of 'em.

We regulars don't pay much attention to recruits, as a general thing—we see so many of 'em. If a youngster shows a lot of class we look him over, but that's as far as we go with him. We don't present him with the keys of the city on suspicion.

It isn't that we're swelled up or stuck on ourselves; we're only particular. Some clubs are different, but we have always been clannish. When the boss picks out a new man we give him the third degree; and if he stands the acid and comes out ninety-nine per cent human being we let him in—when we get good and ready. We're never in a hurry about it and we don't like to be rushed. It's easier for a St. Louis woman to break into Chicago

society than it is for a busher to land a front seat in our family circle.

We'd been hearing a few things about Conley from Gagus, the chief scout. Gagus found him out West somewhere during the boy's first year as a professional ballplayer. Before that he had been at some jerkwater college or other.

The trouble with him was that he expected too much of us in the welcome-to-our-city line and expected it too soon. There wasn't anybody to give him a quiet tip to lie back and wait; so he came tearing into our midst as frisky as a fox-terrier pup—he wanted to paw everybody and slobber over 'em. The kid meant it all right—he just didn't understand our system. He was loaded to the guards with college notions, and I think he joined out with us under the impression that a big-league ball club is a cross between a college fraternity and a six months' joy ride.

Lots of bushers have that idea; but after they've been farmed out and traded round a while they get over it. That sort of experience would have been the best thing in the world for Conley; but he missed it. Conley took a running jump and landed square on third base, owing to Rance Murdock's coming down with matrimony and emotional insanity at the same time. I'll explain about him:

Most of us regulars met at St. Louis and started South from there, that being a sort of shipping point for ballplayers in the spring of the year. Our

party was complete—all but Rance Murdock, who was to join us there after wintering in Kansas City. Rance had been our third baseman for five years—and a corking good one he was. It was a treat to play beside him; and if a shortstop doesn't know a third baseman when he sees one, who does?

Billy Howard, the club secretary, was with us, representing the "Bald Eagle," who was already at the training camp sizing up the recruits and trying to get a pitcher or two out of the mess. We were all sitting in the lobby of the hotel and Billy was scuttling round like a wet hen, fussing about Rance, the baggage and a lot of other things—the way club secretaries always do.

"I wired him a week ago to meet us here to-day," says Billy. "Come to think of it, he never answered—oh, here he is now!"

It was Rance, sure enough, all dressed up like a horse, with a flower in his buttonhole. I knew the minute I laid eyes on him that something was wrong. He was nervous and it showed in the way he laughed and slapped us on the back. That wasn't like Rance—and it wasn't like him to carry a dinky little cane either.

"Well, stranger," says Billy, "I was beginning to think I'd have to leave your transportation here and let you follow us. We're hitting the rattler at seven-thirty. Where is your trunk?"

"I didn't bring one," says Rance—and then he pulled it on us as unexpected as a triple play.

He had gone and eloped with a Kansas City girl

a couple of days before; and her father, after he recovered from the shock and cooled off, had offered him an interest in the retail clothing business to quit playing baseball.

"So I guess I won't need that transportation," says Rance; he didn't have the nerve to come out flat-footed and say he was going to quit.

"Why, man alive," says Billy, "you ain't a-going to run out on the club, are you?"

"Well, no-o," says Rance—"not exactly run out; but I'm a married man now, and—"

"G-o-o-d—night!" says Smokeless Solly Jones, the pitcher, putting in his oar. "Any time they begin to pull that I'm-a-married-man-now stuff you don't have to ask for waivers. You can hand 'em an unconditional release on the spot. They may look all right and they may talk all right, but they'll never be the same again! If I was a manager I wouldn't give a nickel for a whole carload of bridegrooms. It's a form of insanity, sure!"

"Wait!" says Howard, dancing up and down. "Wait a minute, Solly! You're hitting out of your turn. Let me talk to him: Now, Rance, you wouldn't want to leave the boss flat on his back, would you?"

"No," says Rance, stalling, "I wouldn't want to do it, Billy; but my wife's old man has made a sweet business proposition and I don't see how I can overlook it. A third interest in the best clothing store in Kansas City is pretty soft. There's no future in baseball—you know that as well as I do. In a few years I'll be all through, and then what have I got?

Nothing but a lot of jammed-up fingers and inflammatory rheumatism. I talked it all over with my wife, and she thinks—”

“Police!” howls Smokeless, breaking in again. “That’s the tip-off, fellers! His wife thinks! Those wishing to take a last view of the remains kindly pass to the right! Why, you poor deluded simp, have you quit thinking for yourself? Did it strike you that it was going to ruin this ball club to have a gap at third base? I’ll bet no such notion ever knocked a splinter off that granite dome! You’ve got an elegant gall—haven’t you—coming round here, shaved nine days under the skin and all disguised up with cologne and chrysanthemums!

“And so you’re going to peddle hand-me-downs to the yokels because your wife thinks you hadn’t better play baseball any more! It’s a wonder she’d let you out alone this evening, for fear you’d catch cold! Great Cupid! You didn’t marry a suffragette, did you? You’ve still got a vote, I hope! Just because you let a girl take you by the arm and drag you down the aisle—”

“Here!” says Rance, red as a beet, and pretty mad; “this is the second time you’ve stuck your cue into a private game, and if you do it again I’ll knock all the chalk off of it for you. Do you get me?”

“You never saw the day!” bawls Solly. “You and all your wife’s counterjumper relations! You couldn’t do it if you were in your right mind! Did she have to tell the preacher ‘I will’ for you?”

Well, that was pretty raw, and for a few seconds

it looked like war right there in the lobby; but some of the boys got hold of Solly and herded him into the bar, and the rest of us closed in on Rance and argued with him. It wasn't any use though. It never is any use to argue with a bridegroom; he glories in his shame. Whenever we got Rance treed and out on a limb he'd tell us what his wife thought. That benched us every time—didn't even leave us a come-back.

Pretty soon Solly came back and said he was sorry. Old Smokeless has his faults, but he's always willing to apologize when he sees he's wrong. Sometimes he has to be licked before he can see it; but in this case it wasn't necessary.

"Rance, old hoss," says he, "I went a little too strong with that bawl-out and I'm sorry. Of course I don't really think that she kidnapped you, even if—"

"Let it go at that," says Rance, and they shook hands.

"This is on the level?" says Solly. "You ain't trying to stick the Bald Eagle for more dough, are you? You're really going to quit?"

"Yes, I'm going to quit, Solly."

"Too bad!" says Smokeless, shaking his head. "Too bad! I'm going to miss you when I'm in there working—especially on the bunts. We'll all miss you; and don't fool yourself, Rance—you'll miss us. The afternoons will be awful long, with nothing to do but carry a tape measure round your neck. You'll get to thinking how good it feels to

hook a fast one on the nose and watch her sail."

"Oh, I don't know," says Rance; but he couldn't look Solly in the eye.

"Some day," says Smokeless, "you'll run across a big-league ball club on the road. You'll see men who have been like brothers to you looking out of the Pullman windows, and you'd give all the clothing stores in Missouri to be with them again—just for one game; but you'll be fat and out of shape, and you won't be able to get your hands below your knees. You're selling out awful cheap, Rance, old boy—awful cheap!"

"Oh, I don't know," says Rance, doing his best to smile and not getting it across very strong. "I don't think it will be as bad as that, Solly."

"You just wait!" says Smokeless. "It'll be worse."

Rance went to the depot to see us off and somewhere on the way he lost the fat, self-satisfied look of an amateur married man. I was on the observation platform as the train started to pull out and I got a good look at him. He was shy all the earmarks of a bridegroom.

Have you ever seen a kid outside a circus tent—a kid who knows that he's not going to get in to see the show, but can't quite bring himself to the point where he'll give up hope and go home? Well, that was Rance. He was standing there in the gateway, all alone, looking through at us; and believe me or not, I wouldn't have traded places with him for the entire state of Missouri.

By golly, a man ought to pick out a regular wife

to break even for the loss of all his old pals, and I hoped Rance had been lucky in the draw. Well, that's how we came to be shy a third baseman, and it explains why Mister Conley got his running jump into the regular line-up.

The Bald Eagle shed a few tail-feathers when he heard that Rance had signed a life contract in the Matrimonial League and left a hole at third base you could drive a furniture van through.

It's no joke to lose a third baseman, because those fellows are born, not made; and they don't grow on every bush. I'm supposed to be a fair sort of short-stop, which is my regular position, and I've done some second-basing that wasn't so rotten; but put me on third and I'll kick away a dozen games a season. Real third basemen are like black pearls—worth anything you can get for 'em; and there's never enough to go round.

What made it particularly bad was that the boss didn't have a word of warning. He'd been counting on Rance as good for five years more and he didn't have a spare third sacker in sight or under cover. The Bald Eagle—we call him Jimmy Patten to his face—had to get a third baseman in a hurry, and there were only three ways to do it—two of 'em hard and the third a miracle: he could trade, buy outright, or find the sort of man he wanted among the recruits.

You can figure what sort of terms you get on a trade when the other fellow knows you've simply got to do business with him. The boss knew that if

he traded he'd have to give his right eye and a piece of his immortal soul to boot; and if he bought an established star it would be a five-figure deal. It was good horse-sense to look for the miracle first; so the Bald Eagle took another quick slant at the recruit infielders. And there was young Conley right under his nose—a born third baseman; I will say that for him.

The first day at the practice park I sized up the bushers carefully, for I was interested in seeing the third-base gap plugged. There was one redhead in the bunch who loomed up like a twenty-dollar gold-piece on a collection plate—and it was Conley. He was a sure-enough ballplayer and it showed in every move he made.

There is such a thing as baseball instinct. Almost any man who is fast on his feet and has good eyesight can be taught to field grounders and handle throws; but it's what a man does after he gets the ball in his hands that counts. Up to that point the work is mechanical.

Conley knew what to do with the ball and he didn't have to stop to think. He had nice hands; he went after the ball the right way, handled it clean, and got it away from him like a streak. In the batting practice he stood up to the plate as though he'd seen one before and took a good, snappy holt of the bat. I saw the Bald Eagle watching him, grinning like he does when he picks up a pair of aces on the draw. It didn't take half an eye to see the boss was sweet on the redhead.

That night at dinner some of us were talking about Conley. We weren't boosting him, you understand—it was a little early for that. We were just mentioning that we'd noticed him as among those present. About the middle of the discussion in walked the bird himself, looked all round, and then came over and sat down at our table.

Well, it wasn't exactly a crime; but it wasn't the right thing either. In our camp the recruits have tables of their own and do their sword-swallowing in a bunch. There was a dead silence for a few seconds; and I guess Conley felt the drop in the temperature, for he fished out a little leather case and handed his card to Solly Jones. It was just his luck to pick out the strongest kidder in the club. Smokeless looked at the card for some time.

"Conley—Mister Marshall P. Conley. H'm! Don't recognize the name. Are you—stopping in the city, Mister Conley?"

Conley started to laugh, but it fizzled out on him, for nobody laughed with him.

"Why, yes," says the redhead. "I—I'm with the ball club. Conley—from the D.P.D. League, you know."

"Huh!" says Smokeless, and went on eating.

Conley didn't quite know what to make of it; he sat there looking foolish and turning the cardcase over and over in his hands. More silence. "Pretty nice weather for spring training," says he at last.

Solly began to talk across the table to Husky Mathews.

"No, sir; I tell you you're wrong!" says he, as if he were getting back to an old argument. "I claim there's a better way than sawing 'em off short or knocking 'em off with a club. That's a quick way, but it's likely to fracture the skull."

"If I'm wrong, show me," says Husky, without the least notion of what it was all about, but willing to help it along.

"I use a kind of salve," says Smokeless. "If anybody is troubled that way rub a little dab into the scalp and in a few days they drop off by themselves. And it don't damage the horns either."

"Horns!" says Conley, trying to shoulder in on the play and leaving himself wide open for the comeback. "Horns—on a human being?"

"Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say a human being." And Smokeless took another look at the card. "It's used on goats, Mister Conley—and bush leaguers. It keeps 'em from butting in. I've got a box of it in my trunk if you'd like to try it."

That was about all for Conley. It spoiled the meal for him; but the redhead was too proud to push back his chair and quit. He sat there, going through the motions of eating, and now and then trying to edge in on the conversation; but somebody crossed in front and took the ball away from him every time. The best he got was a chance to look interested and nod his head once in a while. It was a pretty rough deal on a beginner; but if he had played his proper position he would have missed it.

Smokeless was responsible for the nickname. He

carried that card round with him even when he was in uniform, and every time the redhead opened his mouth Smokeless would begin to look through his pockets. He'd dig up the card, take a slant at it and then pull the Mister Conley on him.

In a few days we were all doing it. The newspaper men took it up next, and after Conley saw his press notices he began eating by himself over in a far corner.

"It's like this," Smokeless explained: "When they were dealing out the humility this young third-basing demon didn't draw to his hand. It's a cinch he's going to be one of us, but it won't hurt him to be reminded once in a while that he's only related to this ball club by marriage. When he's tame we can let up on him."

Conley took his taming like a little man and didn't talk back to any of the regulars; but it wasn't exactly nutritious for any of the other bushers to call him Mister.

There was a big, rawboned recruit pitcher named Hendricks—from out West somewhere—and he made it his business to ride Conley every chance he got. He Mistered him all over the place for a few days and then the redhead invited him over behind the grandstand. The Bald Eagle refereed it—Jim Patten wouldn't give a nickel for a ballplayer who won't fight—and Conley gave that big rube thirty pounds and as swell a licking as you could wish to see.

"That's a plenty!" says Hendricks as he was get-

ting up the last time. "I'm no hog! I know when I'm satisfied. I'll call you anything you like if you'll only teach me to use my left hand like that. I never saw her coming once."

"Don't call me anything. Just keep away from me," says Conley. He went back on the diamond and after that he was cock-of-the-walk with the recruits. The Bald Eagle was tickled to death with him.

"He can lick any man on the team," says the boss. "It's a treat to see a good straight left again."

"Yeah," says Smokeless; "but his footwork is coarse and he telegraphs that right hand every time he cuts it loose. He'd be a chopping-block for a man who would step in and beat him to it."

Solly is a wonder at picking out a boxer's weak points, but nobody ever saw him find any of 'em with his fists.

"Take a tip from me, Jones," says the boss, "and lay off of this sorrel-top. Some day he'll weary of your comedy and eat you alive."

"Well," says Solly, "in that case I have a ticket that I won't go hungry entirely. I'll gather a toothful here and there while he's making a meal."

"All right," says the Bald Eagle, hitching up his belt, "if that's the way you feel about it; but don't forget that the real comedians are the ones who know when to get off the stage, and the best thing about a joke is knowing when it's played out."

We didn't ease up on Conley, and Solly worked that card-stuff on him until he wore the card out, but the kid never said a word. I can see now that the

college-frat idea must have been strong in his head. A fraternity candidate gets an awful rough ride before he's finally taken in as a brother, and the better he stands the nagging the more they think of him, as a rule.

Conley must have had a notion that he was being initiated; and when the boss told him to pack up his junk and get ready to start North with the regulars it was natural for the boy to figure that he'd passed his examinations and been elected as a blood brother.

That was the time when he should have held back a little and let us make the advances; but I suppose he'd kept himself bottled up so long that he just couldn't stand it another minute. And he was a friendly kid by nature. That night he came swarming into the Pullman with his bags; and the first crack out of the box he jammed my derby down over my eyes and slapped Husky Mathews on the back.

"Well, by golly, we're all here, fellers!" says he.

"Mister Conley is crowding the mourners a trifle," says Solly to me. "Somebody ought to tell him that it's a long time till October and the averages ain't quite figured up yet. Look at him jab Dugan in the slats! Ain't he freshlike, all at once!"

Well, it probably wasn't all freshness at that. A lot of it was excitement and sheer happiness at getting what every young ballplayer dreams of—a chance in the big league. I remember I was as daffy as a canary bird the first few days myself; and when

a kid is happy he's simply got to talk and laugh and make a noise, or he'll bust. After all that silence and dignity the reaction had got Conley, and his tongue was loose at both ends.

Even then I think he would have made the riddle if he had used ordinary judgment. Everybody was feeling lively and cheerful, what with the training season being over and the salaries going to start in a couple of weeks, and so on. It wasn't any time to be carrying grouches and picking flaws, and Conley's little burst of freshness might have got by in the general wave of good feeling if he hadn't put himself in line for a bawl-out. It was his second bad break.

Of course, there was a poker game, and Eddie Pine, our first baseman, dropped thirty bucks right off the reel. Then, like a fellow will do sometimes when he's a loser, Eddie began trying to run everybody out of the good pots—and, of course, he got trimmed some more. Conley was leaning over from the seat behind making a lot of comments about the different plays and the pots, and so on. That was tolerable rank judgment, to begin with.

I saw Eddie look at him once or twice, a little sour; but there wasn't any real clash until Conley tried to tell Pine how he should have played his three queens against Dugan's one-card draw. That was bad enough; but, to make it worse, Dugan caught his man and back-raised Eddie clear to the roof. It really wasn't any time for conversation—let alone advice from an outsider.

"You should have laid back with 'em, Eddie," says Conley. "If Joe hadn't hooked up that other tenspot he wouldn't have bet into your two-card draw, and—"

"Say, who is this guy?" asks Pine, turning round and taking a good long look at Conley.

"Oh, you mean Little Bright Eyes here?" says Smokeless, who was in the game. "Wait; I think I can place him." Solly rummaged round a while and fished out what was left of the card. "Why, this is Mister Marshall P. Conley—from the D.P.D. League. His horns have grown out again—makes him look different."

"Is he a friend of yours?" asks Pine.

"Oh, I wouldn't go so far as to say a friend; but he introduced himself to me once."

"Well, you tell him," says Pine, "that if he sticks his lip in this poker game again I'll take him over my knee and spank him."

It isn't necessary to kick a good dog when all he wants to do is jump on you to show you he's friendly. Conley drew back as if he'd been hit in the face.

"Why, I didn't mean—" he began, sort of stuttering.

"Ain't that pest gone yet?" snaps Eddie without even looking over his shoulder. "Whose deal?"

"Excuse me, gentlemen—and Mister Pine!" says the boy; but nobody paid any attention to him.

Pretty soon he went back to the other end of the car and sat down alone. He looked out the window for about three hours, which was a stall and didn't

fool anybody, because it was so dark he couldn't see a thing but his own reflection in the glass. I could imagine how he felt.

According to his way of thinking he'd served his time and worked out his probation; and just when he was bursting with happiness because he was going to be a real big leaguer and one of us—zingo! he was back where he started: Mister Conley, from the D.P.D. League.

He'd been running his head off on a foul tip.

Well, sir, from that night on, Conley Mistered every one of us. I suppose that was his notion of getting even—a typical kid's trick. It was funny at first and we thought we'd see how far he would go with it; so we Mistered him back whenever we got a chance, which wasn't often, for he never opened his mouth except on business—that is to say, something about baseball.

While we were traveling North he spent most of his time up ahead in the smoker; he never came back to our car except to sleep. In the towns where we played spring exhibition games the only place we saw him was at the ball orchard. I had an idea that it would last only a few days; but Conley fooled me—he never forgot to Mister us, even on the bench.

“Mister Daly, what was that one you hit?”

“That was a spitter, Mister Conley.”

Can you imagine that kind of talk—on the bench?

After the season opened and Conley began to break up games with that long pole of his, and show

so much class that the fans quit yelling for Rance Murdock, we judged the thing had gone far enough and tried to make a few advances; but Conley wouldn't have it. He froze us stiff and then crawled farther back into his shell. A grown man with a grievance can't be near as nasty as a half-baked kid, and Conley was a fright. He peddled out insults right and left—and did it so darned politely too!

The Bald Eagle, being a strategist, thought a battle might clear the atmosphere; so he rigged up a little trouble one night in the clubhouse. Conley knocked out eighty-five dollars' worth of crown and bridge work for Eddie Pine and put an awful head on Solly Jones; and the worst of it was he refused to shake hands afterward.

"The storybook dope is wrong," says the Bald Eagle. "Peace ought to come after war, but this is a reversal of all previous form. The boy has got a screw loose somewhere; but, so long as he's hitting .325 and third-basing all over the shop, he can be as upstage as he likes. If he begins to show politeness in his hitting I'll climb on to his collar Solly, I thought you said that he'd be a sucker for any man who'd step in and beat him to the punch?"

Smokeless was over in the corner, and Absalom, our black rubber, was working on his face.

"Well, didn't you see me step in?" mumbles Solly. "Trouble was that I forgot to step out again. Ouch! Easy there, Absalom! You're getting that stuff in my eye!"

The newspapers got hold of the Mister business;

but, of course, they took the wrong slant. The plain truth might have done Conley good, but I suppose they figured it made a better story the other way. A woman reporter came to the hotel in Chicago, took one peek at Conley—I'll swear the kid never said ten words to her—and tore off a whole page of slush.

The Chesterfield of the Big League was the heading, and there were pen-and-ink drawings of Conley in a claw-hammer; Conley playing polo; Conley turkey-trotting with a blonde heiress—and I don't know what all; but the write-up that went with 'em had the drawings skinned a mile.

The woman said Conley was a member of the younger set—she didn't mention what set his old folks belonged to; so we're still guessing on that point—and she pulled a fierce line of bunk, accusing Conley of being rich and handsome, and playing ball for the love of the sport! It made a lively little article; but it would have been better for Conley if she had said he was a pin-feathered kid, with a sour disposition and eighteen hundred a year.

"Even on the field," raved this literary female, "in the rush of conflict, surrounded by the rougher element, mingling with men of lower standards, this young Chesterfield of the diamond maintains his lofty ideals, commanding the respectful admiration of his teammates, who see in him everything a professional athlete should be but too often—alas!—is not."

"Help!" says Smokeless Solly when he read it.

"The rougher element—that's us, fellers. We're the men of lower standards. She's been opening our mail. And who in Sam Hill is this Chesterfield person? I don't seem to make him at all. Chesterfield! Where did he ever tend bar?"

Conley was mighty sore about that write-up. He told the hotel clerk he had a girl in Dexter, Iowa, who wouldn't care for that turkey-trotting picture at all. It would make her think that he was leading a double life.

That was a fair sample of the guff that got into the papers—and the baseball writers knew the truth, but wouldn't print it. The fans Mistered the kid from Boston to St. Louis, so that he never had a chance to forget his grouch and be human.

In spite of his faults Conley was popular with the crowds. Anybody who plays the difficult corner the way that kid played it, with a fancy line of extra-base knocks on the side, can have plenty of people cheering for him; but popularity didn't make Conley happy. He was the saddest and the loneliest big-league star in the business; and I'll bet there were times when he'd have given twenty points off his batting average for a heart-to-heart talk with a real pal. There wasn't a man in the club he could call his friend—and the ballplayer who hasn't at least one chum on the payroll is in hard luck.

Well, it went along that way until the end of the season, Conley getting crustier and crustier, but playing like a wild man and breaking up many a game with that fifty-five-ounce bat of his. He never

loosened up with us for a minute—not even after the game that cinched the pennant and made us sure of the World's Series; and, believe me, there was some celebration that night too!

After every Big Series it is customary for the long-range critics to get in their fine work. In the corner groceries and cigar stands from Maine to California you can meet fellows who know more about baseball strategy than the men who get twenty thousand a year for handling a pennant-winning club. These wise Ikes, who never saw a regular game, can tell you just where the mistakes were made and how each game might have been won.

I'm not in the class with these experts, so you needn't expect me to tip off any real lowdown stuff on the series we played with the Grizzlies for the World's Championship. It's enough to say that at the end of the fifth game the score stood three games to two in our favor. We needed another to win the long end of the money.

It never should have gone beyond five games; but Scotty MacPherson, pitching the fifth game, laid a fast one across the outside corner of the plate for Shag Robinson, the Grizzly first baseman, and Shag hit it a mile, with two on the bases. Scotty had 'em licked 2 to 0 at the time, but Shag's home run beat us. Any pitcher who gives that dynamiter a fast one, outside, ought to have his roof examined by the nut commissioners.

Before the series began we were all a little bit nervous about Conley. It was practically certain that

the Grizzlies would center the attack on him as much as possible, figuring that on account of his inexperience they might be able to rattle him. Nobody knows how a recruit is going to act in his first World's Series; and, for that matter, I've seen many a veteran choke up and kick away easy chances when he was in there playing for the difference between sixty and forty per cent.

It is good baseball tactics to shoot at the weakest spot on a team, and it was good judgment for the Grizzlies to figure that the soft place in our line-up would be at third. If they could make Conley nervous or get him to fighting the ball they would have just that much advantage.

Sure enough, they went after the kid from the tap of the gong. The players kidded him, the coaches yelled at him, and the pitchers gave him the old beanball. In the very first game and Conley's first time at bat, Buzz Gaffney, the big Grizzly right-hander, whistled a wicked one right at Conley's head. That sort of thing is calculated to worry a hitter and get him to thinking about what would happen if his head got in the way of one of those beanballs. Conley ducked, of course—and Gaffney laughed.

"Take your foot out of the water-bucket, Mister Conley," says Buzz, which is about as insulting a remark as a pitcher can make. "Stand up there—if you ain't afraid!" I forgot to say that Conley never Mistered any opposition players or umpires.

"I'm standing right here!" he pipes, thumping the rubber with the end of his bat. "Shoot another one like that and I'll let it hit me and take a base. Why, you poor miserable old has-been, you haven't got enough speed to dent a derby hat! Come on! Show me!"

Then Conley hogged the plate. Buzz switched to a curve and the kid lined it out for two bases. That should have been enough to convince 'em that Conley wasn't the scaring kind; but they kept right after him, trying to find out where his goat was pastured. They were still looking for the animal when the sixth game opened on their home grounds.

Old Smokeless Solly was selected to pitch the sixth game; he had already trimmed the Grizzlies once with his slow ball. I claim that Solly Jones has the slowest ball in the major leagues—which is where he gets the name of Smokeless. It floats up to the plate like a toy balloon and a man can read the signature of the league president on it before he takes a swing. It looks easy to hit and it is easy to hit—in the air. Solly had let the Grizzlies down with nine goose-eggs in his first game; so we felt reasonably comfortable behind him.

The Grizzlies sent Swede Olson after us—a six foot lumber-jack, with a nasty hop on his fast ball. They were fighting uphill for the sixty per cent and it was a real battle from the opening inning.

In the second, Mike Mullaney, their shortstop—an aggressive little mick—tried to steal third base. Danny Daly, our catcher, juggled the ball the least

fraction of a second and then had to make a chain-lightning peg to Conley. I was close to the baseline and I can swear that Mullaney had a clear path to the bag.

He went in like a thunderbolt, spikes first, sliding low to get away from the tag; and I saw him throw his right foot a bit wide. It caught Conley on the shin and the kid went down in a heap; but he held on to the ball. The umpire called Mullaney safe. As Conley got up he said something to Mullaney, and as I ran over I heard Mike's answer:

"Keep off the baseline if you don't want to be spiked! You'll get your legs cut off trying to block people."

"He wasn't on the baseline," I says, "and he never even came close to blocking you. I saw you slam that right foot out to get him—and I've got a notion to punch you in the eye! Are you hurt bad, Conley?"

The kid took a few steps, trying out his left ankle. His red stocking was torn a little six inches above the shoetop, so it was a cinch that the spikes had hit him.

"No, Mister Hines," says he. "I'm all right, thank you."

He didn't forget to Mister me even then! Well, I gave Mullaney a bawling-out on general principles, because I didn't want him to think he was getting away with anything. Smokeless came over and joined in.

"We keep a file on our bench for fellers like you,"

says Solly—"a file to sharpen spikes with. You'd better stay away from second the rest of this game, because every man that slides in there will have a razor-edge aimed at your knee-cap. And that ain't all—the next time I get you up there at the plate I'm going to hit you right in the ear. In the ear! Do you get me?"

Mike showed his teeth.

"You couldn't hit the ground with your hat!" says he. "And for this bush third baseman he'll be on crutches the rest of his life if he tries to block me again."

"You're a liar! I didn't block you," says Conley.

All this time the fans were yelling and those who rooted for us howled: "Dirty ball! Dirty ball!" And the home contingent cheered Mullaney. The noise lasted until Solly, back in the box but still jawing at Mike, snapped the ball over to third and caught Mullaney flat-footed as a cigar-store Indian, six feet off the bag.

Conley ran him down on the line and when he tagged him out he brought the ball from his hip, knocking Mullaney flat on his face. I heard him grunt twenty feet away.

"How bad did he nick you?" asks the Bald Eagle when Conley limped to the bench.

"Just broke the skin, Mister Patten. It stings a little—that's all."

"Let's have a look at it."

"It's not worth skinning down the stocking for. It'll be all right in a minute."

Conley went over and sat down on the far end of the bench, and I saw him twisting his stocking so that the torn place would come on the side instead of over the shin.

"There's one game rooster!" says Patten. "Did you see him slam the ball into Mullaney's ribs? They'll find out pretty soon that they're wasting time trying to get this kid's goat."

Mind you, I don't say that Mullaney or any other ballplayer would deliberately spike a man. I've played ball for nine years and I never saw but one case where I felt sure the spiking had been done on purpose. This was probably an accident; but after it had happened and couldn't be helped it was baseball sense for Mullaney to put all the blame on Conley and threaten to cut him in two the next chance he got.

And then Mullaney, being an infielder himself, knew that nothing in the world shakes a man's nerves like a spiking. I've been cut pretty badly a few times; and to this day I never see a man coming at me feet first without wondering whether I'm going to get it again, and remembering just how those steels hurt when they rip through the flesh and scrape the bone.

Yes, Mullaney had the right system, but his threats didn't seem to work on Conley. The kid was all over the place like a circus tent, pulling off sensational stops and going back into the shadow of the grandstand after fouls. He knocked down one cannon-ball drive along the third-base line that was a

daisy. That wallop was ticketed clear through to the fence, and Conley saved us one run right there—and possibly two.

In the fifth inning Butch Dillon, the Grizzly right-fielder, went whirling into third base spikes first and yelling: "Look out! Look out!" But Conley didn't flinch a muscle. He took the throw and put the ball on Butch as clean as you would wish.

Then, in the first of the sixth—just to make it more binding—Conley got hold of one of Olson's fast shoots and hammered it over Dillon's head, scoring me from second with the first run of the game.

The kid was spry enough on the field, but I noticed that he limped badly coming and going between innings; and once he poured some water on his stocking and let it soak in. I was sitting beside him when he did it and heard him suck in his breath the way my little boy does when he cuts his finger. That tipped it to me that his shin was hurting him more than he would admit and I gave him credit for game-ness.

Well, the game boomed along in the ninth inning, still 1 to 0; so we had an edge of one run when they went to bat in the last half. All we had to do was blank 'em again and the long end of the money was ours. I was already reading the figures on my check.

It was the pitcher's turn to hit; and Neville, the Grizzly manager, yanked Olson and sent Bradner up to bat for him. At the same time he switched the system of attack. For eight innings they had been

waiting Solly out and letting the first ball go by; but Bradner came up with orders to clout the first one that was over the plate. We hadn't seen much of Bradner in the series, but we knew he was a dangerous man with the stick.

"Hello, little one!" says Solly to Bradner. "When did they let you out of the cage?"

Then he floated up a slow one on the inside.

Bradner stepped back, clubbed his bat short and whaled the ball down at me a mile a minute on the barehand side. I got two fingers on it, but it ran up my arm and down my back like a squirrel—and Bradner was safe. The scorer gave me an error on it—the cross-eyed dub! I think I was lucky to stop it at all.

Butch Dillon was the next man up and he hit the first ball—a measly little pop-up back of first base, just far enough to be mighty unhandy to reach. Eddie Pine, who is a big, leggy fellow, went tearing back after it and Joe Dugan came tearing in from right field. We saw it was Pine's ball and we all yelled: "Eddie! Eddie!" But Joe came bulling along like a steam engine, with his nose in the air; and he smashed into Pine full tilt. Eddie turned a complete somersault, Dugan was knocked flat on his back and, of course, the ball fell as safe as a government bond.

Bradner, waiting half-way between first and second in case the ball should be caught, reached third and Dillon sprinted to second. It was all Dugan's fault for not letting Pine take the ball, but his alibi

was that there was so much noise in the stands he didn't hear us. If Joe has a weakness it's a little tendency toward solid ivory.

Well, there we were, up against one of the sudden switches in the luck that make baseball such an uncertain proposition. A minute before and those fans wouldn't have given a smooth dime for their chances; now they were all up, jumping and dancing and yelling like Comanches. A minute before we thought we had a cinch; now we were drawn in on the grass, fighting to cut off the tying run, with a possible winning run on second base and nobody out.

It was a desperate situation, for Dugan's bone-play had unsettled us and shaken our nerves. Old Solly was cackling at the next batter, but it wasn't on the level with him. He didn't feel any more like laughing than the rest of us, but he didn't think it was policy to let Shag Robinson know it.

Shag was the next hitter—the fencebuster; and we knew to a moral certainty that if the first one came over he would take a crash at it. I remember sort of praying that he would hit on the ground and give us a gambling chance for our white alley—and then Solly let fly, waist high and inside. It was a slow ball, and that gave Shag a chance to pull back from the plate and set himself. He timed it beautifully, swinging as if it were the last act of his life and he wanted to use all his steam before he went.

Shag put everything between his spikes and his shoulders into one terrific swipe, and he caught that slow ball square on the end of his bat—wham! It

came down toward third base, level as a sunbeam and buzzing like a bee. I didn't have time to un-track myself or turn my head—just time to think, "There goes the ball game!"—when out of the corner of my eye I saw Conley make a lunge into the air with his glove. The crack of the bat and the spat of the ball against leather were like two handslaps they were that close together—and there was Conley, scrambling along the grass after the ball! One chance in a million and he got away with it; he had actually knocked that lightning drive out of the air with a blind, one-handed stab!

Bradner was tearing for the plate, Dillon was between second and third, and the tremendous roar from the stands died out all at once, as if a muffler had been put on it—which meant that every man inside the turnstiles realized that Conley had better than an even chance to cut off that tying run at the plate. The boy came up from the grass with a jerk, throwing the ball underhand without taking time to set himself fairly on his feet.

Danny Daly, our catcher, jumped high in the air—and the next thing I knew Bradner had scored and Dillon was pounding over the plate with the run that won the game for the Grizzlies. After making a stop that was nothing short of a baseball miracle, Conley had thrown the ball away and the World's Series stood a tie—three games apiece.

We were dressing at the hotel and after the game was over it was every man for himself. We had to fight our way through a solid mob of lunatics, all

singing and dancing and yelling that the Grizzlies would get us the next day. I finally got to one of the exits and Solly Jones reached out of a taxicab and pulled me in, along with Joe Dugan and Eddie Pine—four of the sorest people in the whole world.

“Well, the yellow showed at last!” says Dugan. “I’ve been expecting it would. These kids ain’t there in a pinch and that’s why they’re no good in a big series. Now Conley—”

“Oh, shut up!” snaps Pine. “He heaved one away, yes—and he blew the game for us; but he never should have had the chance to do it. Who was the fool that put those runs on the bases? Who knocked me on my ear when I was just going to grab Dillon’s fly? You make me sick!”

“Well, at that, there was no excuse for Conley chucking that ball away!” says Solly. “He had plenty of time to get Bradner; but he lost his head completely. That bum heave of his is likely to cost us the series; these fellows are going to be a tough bunch to beat to-morrow, coming from behind and grabbing us this way! Gee! That was a hard game to blow!”

Between us we gave Conley quite a panning—though Pine wouldn’t let Dugan open his mouth once. We were pretty well shaken up and we didn’t relish the idea of going against a club that had beaten us out twice in whirlwind finishes. Somebody had to be the goat and Conley was elected. We didn’t give him any credit for the good plays he’d made. That is never done after a losing game. You

can save one nine times by sensational fielding; but lose it and you're first cousin to a yellow dog.

We dressed in our rooms and met in the lobby afterward. Conley wasn't there and neither was Husky Mathews, who shared his room with him. We were all sitting round, with our hats pulled down over our eyes, talking out of the sides of our mouths and roasting Conley to a fare-ye-well, when Husky Mathews stepped out of the elevator. He listened to the anvil chorus for a few minutes and there was a queer look on his face. Joe Dugan was expressing himself pretty freely and all at once Mathews broke out, short and savage:

"Conley's yellow, is he? I wish some of you game fellows that never quit in your lives would go up to Number 422 and take a look at the leg that kid has been playing on all the afternoon! Yellow! I don't like a bone in his head, but I can lick anybody who says he's yellow!"

There was silence after that, because Husky looked as if he meant it.

"Was he hurt bad?" asks Solly Jones.

"Go and look, you soreheads!" says Husky, heading for the bar.

Half a dozen of us went upstairs. The transom of Conley's room was open and we heard voices. Old Absalom was in there with him. The darky was almost crying.

"Boy, fo' heaven's saik," he says, "why didn't yo' tell me? Dis laig oughta been 'tended to as soon as it was hurt! Yo' wanter ruin yo'self fo' life?"

Misteh Patten he sho will be wild when he sees how bad yo' is cut up! Whyn't yo' say something?"

"Say something!" says Conley, shrill and excited. "Who did they have to put in my place? Nobody that knows how to work with that infield like I do. If I had peeled that stocking down Patten would have taken me out of the game—you know he would! I couldn't quit, Absalom; I had to stick and do the best I could. When I jumped after that ball it felt as if my leg was coming off, and the pain sort of turned me sick all over and dizzy. I just had to throw blind—it hurt so I couldn't see!"

"Dere now, honey! Dere now!" says Absalom. "I wouldn't be frettin' myself if Ise yo'. Dey all throw 'em away—bes' playehs in the land do it sometimes; but dey don't all have so good a excuse as yo' got, an' dey ain't a-many of 'em game enough to go seven innin's on a laig hurt like dis one is. No, suh!"

"But I lost the game!" says Conley. "I lost the game! And think of what that means to the other fellows! I know I don't get along very well with 'em, but I'd rather have had my leg cut clear off than give 'em a chance to say that I threw 'em down! And now I can't play to-morrow; and—"

I heard something that made me back away from the door. We went out to the elevator and Solly Jones took charge of affairs.

"Hines," says he, "go downstairs and bring up every man on the team—every one of 'em. You can tell 'em what you've heard. This Conley business has got to be fixed up now!"

We didn't give him a chance to say he wouldn't see us. We opened the door and marched in. Conley was sitting on the edge of the bed with his foot in a basin of warm water; and Absalom, on his knees, was working over the nastiest spike cut I ever saw—and I hope I'll never see another one like it—a deep, ragged cut five inches long, clear to the bone. Knowing how spikes feel, it made me ache all over just to look at it.

Conley's face hardened as we came crowding into the room, but he couldn't hide the tear-marks on his cheeks. For a few seconds there wasn't a sound in the place except hard breathing; the fellows hadn't expected that it would be so bad and it sort of took 'em by surprise. Solly Jones got down on the floor and examined the cut, whistling a little between his teeth.

"You played all the afternoon—with that?" says he.

Conley nodded. I don't think he could have said anything just then, even if he had wanted to. Solly looked up at the rest of us; and then he turned to Conley.

"If you don't mind," said he, "I'll shake you by the hand and we'll take twenty minutes for a new book. I've always wanted to meet the gamest guy in this business. I'm for you, Conley—win, lose or draw! Put her there, kid!"

Conley looked at him for a minute and then he held out his hand.

"All right, Solly," said he. "All right. You pitched

a swell game and I'm sorry I threw it away for you—"

Then he choked. Well, I guess there were others of us that choked too. It might have been damp round there in a minute but for Solly Jones.

"Gentlemen and roughnecks," says he, "allow me to present Spike Conley!"

So he's Spike Conley now and the Mister thing is a joke with all of us. We call him the best third baseman in the world. We may be shading it a little at that—but he's surely the gamest.

Oh, you want to know about that seventh game? We won it in a walk, thank you—Spike sitting on the bench all done up in bandages. And I'd be ashamed to tell you what Joe Dugan did to Mike Mullaney after the series was over.

DEFENDING CHAMPION

THERE does not seem to be a really sporting story of tennis. At least, I do not know of one. "Throwing a point" is not sport. It is a convention. A few years ago I spoke to Mr. Tunis about this. He is perhaps the only real tennis-writing expert in this country. Well known for his tennis writings, he is even better known as the leader of a movement to turn sports back to sportsmen. He is the author of *American Girl*. It is a realistic book about tennis, and so sportsmanship plays only a small part in it. But it is enough. The "system" ruined a lovely young girl. You have to dig deep to find the worth of Florence Farley. Mr. Tunis has dug deep.

DEFENDING CHAMPION

JOHN R. TUNIS

*T*HERE comes a time in the course of human events when the champion suddenly feels herself losing grip on things, when even the salt of competition begins to lose its flavor. It comes in the life of all great champions; but (Florence) did not know this, and indeed would have been little consoled by it if she had. Things were not going properly.

The fact was that where once Florence had been a talented and charming little girl, a possibility for the future, an unknown quantity, she was now exactly the opposite. She was the champion, by no means devoid of charm and grace but devoid of uncertainty, she was winning as she had won for several years with a regularity somewhat monotonous to the observers in the stands. What more natural, then, that she should find the galleries begin to be slightly apathetic to her best shots, that they should begin to applaud not her victories but the winning strokes of some young girl whom she was erasing from the court with ease and finality. Meeting this feeling for the first time she was annoyed and upset. She was to meet it oftener as time went on.

From *American Girl*, by John R. Tunis. Reprinted by permission of Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.

So she girded herself for the fray that day and went out to battle with something less than her customary eagerness. As she passed through the tent just before her first match that afternoon, she saw a telegram lying on the referee's table addressed to her. The referee was not there; but his assistant, a thin young man, was, and as her eye fell upon the telegram he handed it over. She took the envelope, and turning aside, opened it and read the message. Then stuffing it into the pocket of her white cardigan she leaned over into an adjoining box where her mother chanced to be sitting.

"Mother. Mother dearest." Then in a lower and more discreet tone. "Get Dave on the telephone and ask him to come down immediately. At once."

"Dave Moore? What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Get Dave, get him now, at once." And she took up her armful of racquets and moved toward the steps, ready to take the court for her match. That was one of the nice things about the champion. No matter how unimportant her opponent she never kept any one waiting a single second. Others might put on airs, others would turn up twenty minutes late for their matches; not Florence Farley. Hence was she beloved by all referees.

The referee of the championships had returned and was at the moment standing behind his desk in the rear of the marquee. He was a short, stocky man in white flannels and a dark blue double-breasted coat. There was a trace of irritation in his

voice as he addressed his satellite, the thin young man who stood nervously at his side.

"Where's that telegram that was here? You didn't give that telegram to Miss Farley, did you?"

His subordinate, with a timid air of not being quite sure of himself, replied evasively;

"I—you see—I didn't give it to her; but she came along—"

The elder man's face deepened into an annoyed frown.

"Can't I leave this place for two minutes without something going wrong? First that ball trouble and now this telegram. Do I have to leave instructions in writing, to tell you what to do for everything that comes up? I should think your common sense would tell you that you shouldn't hand a player, any player at all, a telegram just before taking the court. Yes, I know, it may be just a telegram of good luck and then it may be full of bad news and upset them so they can't—"

"I tell you I didn't give it to her, Mr. Dennison. I didn't give it to her. She came along and asked for you and I said that you were in the clubhouse talking to the head groundsman and that you'd be right back. Then she saw the telegram and asked was it for her. What could I say?"

The referee shook his head. "You ought to have known better, you ought to have known better," he mumbled.

Meanwhile Florence was taking the court with

little Grace Dekay from the West. The match was not a pleasant one; she started badly, as who would not after that disagreeable telegram? And because she started badly and made a few errors the stupid crowds in the stands at once presumed the little girl was forcing her into errors. And they applauded the errors of the champion with vigor, *lèse-majesté*, this, to which the champion was unaccustomed. It was, she realized, the passage of time. Once she had been the favorite, the unknown comer; the player of the future. Now she was the champion, the holder, no longer interesting, no longer sensational. No longer the favorite, the darling of the crowds. Dimly she appreciated all this; but try as she would to control herself, she was annoyed. She lost three games before she could settle down to business and blast the little red-cheeked infant from the court. Worse, she felt herself losing the sympathy of the crowds, that there were in the stands many who actually hoped to see her beaten. A new and most uncomfortable feeling.

An hour later in anything but the best of humors she was walking in toward the clubhouse with her armful of racquets to meet Dave rushing out to the courts. It was an excessively hot afternoon; she was perspiring from the exercise and the sun, and it was plain that Dave had been exercising also in his unwonted hurry to reach her presence.

"'Lo, Floss." His pet expression for her, used only by Dave in moments of emotion. "What's up? I'm dead." His hat was in his hand, his face, now

chubby, was bathed in moisture, quite as moist as Florence's.

"I'll tell you what's up in just two words. Walk back with me. Remember my Aunt Susie up in Millville?"

"Yeah. I think I remember your mother mentioning her to me."

"She's my only relative. Except my father and mother. She's sick.. Ill. Very ill. Had an operation this morning for cancer; they don't know whether or not she'll live."

Dave whistled. "Phew. That's bad. Coming this week of the championships, that makes it tough for you, Floss."

Florence had to smile. Loyal Dave. He always saw things from her point of view, he perceived the catastrophe to Aunt Susie solely as it affected her health, her mental and physical equilibrium during her hours of trial.

"Now look here." They were approaching the clubhouse where her mother was waiting for her, and she desired to have things planned before that lady had to be faced. "Now Dave, step quick. And fast. How much money you got on you?"

"About eighty dollars."

"Eighty! That's no more use than a sick headache. I'll give you my check for three hundred. You beat it to Roosevelt Field in a taxi right away. Right away, d'you understand?"

"Roosevelt Field?" Dave was confused by this command.

"Roosevelt Field. Don't gape. Do what I tell you. Get to Roosevelt by taxi as soon as you can and find out the first plane that leaves to-night stopping at Fairfield—"

"But wait a minute, Floss, you aren't going up there by plane? And back to-morrow before your next match? Why it will kill you, you won't get any sleep, it will ruin your game, it will absolutely kill your chances—"

"Listen, Dave, please don't argue. I'll have a sweet scene with mother as it is. I'm going to Aunt Susie. To-night. Get that plainly in your mind."

He was stopped. Humbly, "Yes, Florence." His admiration for the girl he had loved for five years suddenly magnified in less than five seconds as he watched her toss the thing she cared most about in her life, her title, into the balance. Here was a side of her nature he had long suspected but which had never before been revealed.

"At Fairfield we can get a taxi to Millville. Find out exactly when the plane leaves and when it arrives. Wire Fairfield for a taxi to meet us at the flying field. I've had nothing to eat since breakfast so I'll stay here and eat as soon as I've washed and dressed. You better telephone me here at the club; is that all clear?"

It was. Dave was off. But it was more than an hour before he telephoned and his voice when she answered had a disappointing sound.

"Say, Florence, this isn't so good. The last plane

left for Fairfield before I got here and there isn't any other until eight to-morrow morning."

"Why that's easy. All you have to do is hire one."

"Hire one?"

"Yes, Dave, hire one."

"You mean charter a special plane to go up there to-night?"

"I do."

Even though accustomed to taking orders and extraordinary orders too, from Florence, this dazed him for a second. "Hold on a minute." He turned to some one evidently at his side in the office. "Well, Florence, the manager here says they won't charter a special plane unless you agree to take it up and back. He says that they don't like to hit Fairfield at night anyway because the field there isn't properly equipped for night landing—"

"Never mind that. I'll take it. Tell him I have to have the plane."

"Wait a sec what's that? Oh
Florence, he says it will be four-fifty. That check you gave me was for three hundred. Shall I give him mine for one-fifty? Do you want to go that bad?"

Florence was tired. She grew irritated. "Yes, of course. Fix it up, Dave, I leave it to you. I'm going to grab a taxi here and I ought to be there within an hour. Have the plane ready, and be sure and be ready yourself." She rang off and went into the dressing room where she kept a small handbag packed and ready for an emergency. This was one

emergency that the Champion of the World had never contemplated.

Soon afterward she was seated beside Dave while the plane rose swiftly into the dusk above the flat Long Island countryside. What queer impulse had compelled her to rush to the aid of this stricken old woman? This her mother had demanded to know in excited and querulous tones; so changed had her attitude become that risking a championship was to Milly Farley now a matter of the gravest import. With questioning eyes Dave also demanded the answer to their dash into the blackness of space; he too saw her title and her future jeopardized, her reputation at stake by this midnight journey across three states. The answer? What was the answer? This: that despite her childish hatred of her aunt, Aunt Susie the persecutor, Aunt Susie the tormentor from those earliest days of "The Rose and the Ring" in Millville, despite the undeniable fact that Aunt Susie had never shown pride in her achievements, had always in her letters and comments expressed disapproval of Florence's "gallivanting" about the world, despite all these things, there was within the girl something that made her hurry to the side of the prostrated woman. Not alone because she was now as she had been for years the man, the wage-earner of the family. That perhaps, but also the sudden realization as she read the telegram that she had neglected Aunt Susie. She herself had once lived in Millville, she had sprung from that little town upon the Common; she knew, she understood, she

appreciated Aunt Susie's outlook on life. Whereas Aunt Susie who had never been out of Millville was totally incapable of appreciating hers. The thought that she was possibly losing the championships, that she was throwing away the title and with the title an income of many thousands of dollars a year, did not occur to her, or if it did occur to her she did not think about it. Something deep, far deep within called her to the withered old spinster on the hill at Millville; some hidden chord was touched, and she had perforce to respond. It was, she reflected with some slight bitterness, the first thing she had done for many years, the first free, spontaneous thing she had done for a long, long time which did not assist her toward the goal of her life, the winning of the championships.

And as the machine droned on into the night, the picture suddenly came to her of the last time she had seen Aunt Susie, of that gaunt weather-beaten woman standing forlornly alone upon the top step of the porch of the little faded house upon the Common. It was an unpleasant picture, it brought unpleasant thoughts in its train; she realized with distaste that never once had she made any attempt to bring this stern woman into sympathy with her life, seldom had she written her, thought of her, bothered about her. Even a postcard now and then, a word from Paris or London or Berlin would—but no, she had been too busy. And now Aunt Susie was finished, through, lying in pain in the Millville Hospital. Or perhaps out of it forever.

She fingered the telegram in the pocket of her coat. The simple eloquence of that message had been terrifying; the fact that it did not exceed ten words spoke so emphatically, so pathetically of Aunt Susie's character. Alone in her direst hour of need, she had been unable to forget that one paid extra for every word over ten in a telegram.

An hour, two hours, three hours passed as the machine drove on through the darkness. Unpleasant hours they were for Florence Farley who spent them in a most disagreeable contemplation of her manifold sins and ignorances. Finally, they bumped to a landing, not a good landing, but they were lucky to have any kind of a landing because it had begun to drizzle and the pilot knew Fairfield only slightly. They sloshed through mud to their waiting taxi, and in a few minutes were off on the mountainous road to Millville.

The hospital was new since the days of her childhood. The old, two-story, brown-frame building on Elm Street which had been added to year by year had been sold; a tremendous drive financed and undertaken by a New York Corporation had raised money for a magnificent brick affair upon the road to the Common. There it stood, gaunt and bare and unsightly in the middle of a field opposite the Brewster place. Yet notwithstanding the hour the building was not dark as they drove up; there were several lighted rooms on the ground floor and a significantly gleaming chamber on the second story.

The matron was waiting in a reception room off the hall; behind her as she appeared at the sound of their motor was a white-capped nurse in attendance, much as the colonel of a regiment must, of necessity, have a subordinate officer at his beck and call. She greeted Florence and Dave while the young nurse stared at Florence with open eyes as that lady was drawn into the clean new reception room to the side, a cubbyhole which had the dismal and impersonal air of all hospital waiting rooms with old novels and ancient magazines on a small table vainly attempting to convey a homelike atmosphere.

"She's holding her own," said the matron. "That is about all we can say definitely at this time. The doctor is up there now."

"Did you get my wire?"

"Yes, Miss Farley. We were able to move her into a private room as you suggested. About the specialist—ah, here's Dr. Faulkner now. This is Miss Florence Farley, Doctor."

How Florence hated the sound of that voice rasping out her full name. Florence Farley. Any one else would have been Miss Farley; she was Florence Farley for life. She greeted the little bespectacled man who entered the room. He was a new practitioner since her time, for Dr. Barton had long since passed away, and this youngish fellow with the sparse blond hair had succeeded to his practice. She saw immediately the curious so-this-is-Florence-Farley-look come into his eyes as he shook hands. His

fingers were strong and competent, she liked him instantly, had confidence in him; but still she hoped he had called in that specialist.

"Your aunt is—well—just now she's no worse than she was this afternoon. That is all I can say, Miss Farley." He took his glasses off and polished them nervously. "I wanted—I was most anxious to-night to call in Dr. Foster—"

"The specialist? But why didn't you?" She turned upon the matron. "I wired you particularly to spare no expense, didn't I?"

"Yes, Miss Farley, you see Dr. Foster lives in Fairfield and he charges twenty-five dollars for a consultation of this sort, and then of course there would be a taxi for him up and back because the train service is so uncertain now—I didn't know—I wasn't quite sure—"

Florence addressed the doctor. "Can you get him by telephone? This minute. Yes, this minute. Do so, please. Have him come immediately by taxi and tell him I am perfectly willing to pay him a hundred dollars for coming at this hour of the night." She went into the hall with the doctor to find Dave sitting on a hard wooden bench, nodding. The adjutant of the matron became suddenly efficient at the telephone switchboard.

"Fairfield 2893. This is Millville, 8400. Yes, please."

"Dave." He looked up drowsily. "Dave. Get the bags out of the car, tell that chauffeur we won't want

him until, let's see, until ten to-morrow." She glanced at the clock on the wall. "Ten this morning. Then we'll get you fixed up with a room and you better go to bed. I must sit up until the specialist comes from Fairfield and consults with this doctor here."

It was, Florence discovered, one thing to be on time for a match when you could arrive at the clubhouse an hour beforehand, dress leisurely and saunter out to the court whenever you wished. And it was quite another matter to taxi over country roads, climb half dead with fatigue into a plane and bump through the air to a flying field where you were still a generous ride by car from your racquets and your clothes. But somehow she made it. And somehow came off the court the next afternoon a victorious if thoroughly exhausted young lady.

While she was staggering to the clubhouse with her mind upon only one thing, that voluptuous heaven which was a bath filled with hot water, the crowd was trooping from the stands saying that the match showed exactly what the match against the little girl from the West the day before had proved. The handwriting on the wall. Let's see now how old was that Farley girl? And they immediately began to discuss possible candidates for her crown.

She had almost reached the clubhouse when she heard feet padding upon the turf behind.

"Miss Farley. Oh, Miss Farley." She turned

around to see Jim Robinson of the *Mail* chasing breathlessly after her.

"Excuse me, Miss Farley, but do you mind saying whether you were the one who hired that plane to go up country last night at Roosevelt Field?"

Florence frowned, hesitated. This was something that she wished on no account to be made public. It was something which was close to her, which was hers; it was not anything that concerned the Champion, nor had it any bearing upon the side which she turned to the public. So she shook her head.

"Why no. Some other Farley, not I."

His face clouded. They stood looking at each other, he anxious to believe her but unable to do so. "Is that right, Miss Farley? Reason I ask is the A.P. man at the field saw you come in this morning before your match and he recognized you and checked up on it. The paper wants to know for sure; they just telephoned me to find out before they run anything about it. You see you being champion, it makes a difference."

The Champion. Florence was in despair, she felt herself trapped, enmeshed, she felt unable to move, to stir, to turn, to perform the slightest and most inconsequential act without starting the wheels going. The truth was that her childhood and the life upon the Common was something very dear to her; it represented a tranquillity and happiness very different from the struggle and anxieties of her later life in the Heights. All this Aunt Susie typified, she

was the symbol of life upon the Common and those far forgotten days when Gordon pedaling up had to fight for his life with the boys on the Hill. This part of her existence she cherished; it was real, from that soil and from those people about the homely little community on that rocky hilltop she had sprung, that, she felt in her heart, was and always would be home. It was something she did not wish to talk about or have talked about; it hurt to have Aunt Susie a subject for discussion in print, to have her in any way interjected into the feverish turmoil of the battle as she lay dying in the hospital in Millville. For a long moment Florence remained speechless, seeing exactly how the gates had closed the walls about her life, unable to effect any release. The quiet between them lasted while the little man stood beside her, waiting, watching, observing that she was a tired girl.

At long last she nodded. "Yes, Jimmy. It was I. I had—I have a sick aunt up country, an old lady who's very near and dear to me. She had an operation, isn't expected to live. I had to run up and look after things."

His admiration was so natural and so unaffected it did her good. The only pleasant thing she had seen or felt for days, that look and that tone in his voice, so genuine was it that it revived her spirits momentarily.

"Why, Miss Farley! And you playing the Championships this week? Say I guess there isn't

many of those dames would risk a title like that. No sir. Look here, you won't be going up again, will you?"

"I don't know. Not to-night. I must rest because there's a hard match to-morrow. Then, well, it depends on my aunt. If she's in danger still I may have to go."

"What? The night before the finals? And come down like that just before playing the finals? Mean to say you'd go up and take chances of losing Saturday afternoon?"

This in a tone as if to say; Why, not even the great Florence Farley could hope to do that and win. The great Florence Farley to herself admitted the truth behind that tone. She could not live through another night of strain and win the championship. And yet—

"I don't know. If she—if my aunt wasn't—if she needed me I'd probably have to go. But look here, you'll keep all this out of the papers, won't you, Jim? I mean I'd consider it a great personal favor if you would. Somehow I don't want to drag the family into it that way."

He was a trifle dazed, a trifle disturbed by the emotion and the deepness of the Champion's feelings. Hadn't he always said she was good stuff, that Farley kid? Hadn't he always told them she was o.k.? But to see her reach the final round and then deliberately toss the title away—this was too much. He hardly knew what he was saying.

"I unnerstan', Miss Farley, I unnerstan' how you feel about it. Yep, I'll tell the boss how things are,

sure, he's a great guy. He'll shut down on it. Don't you worry. And say, I wish you the best of luck for Saturday, anyway."

"Thank you, Jim," said the champion. "I'm afraid I may need it." He stood watching her as she went up the steps. He was afraid she would, also.

As good as his word, the *Mail* the next morning said nothing about the handicap under which the champion was playing. The trouble was that two other dailies with less fine sensibilities gathered enough from rumor and enough from fact to report that Miss Florence Farley, the champion, had made a midnight dash across country by airplane to the bedside of a dying relative, and that her further appearance in the tournament was a matter of doubt. "At a late hour last night Miss Farley could not be reached in her hotel ."

Most of the crowd had heard of it by the time she took the court the following afternoon, and she was greeted by an outburst of sudden applause; a reception contrasting amazingly with the polite and perfunctory manner in which she had been received a day or so previously. But that applause was as nothing to the way she was greeted as she took the court in the final round against the one dangerous player in the country, following an exhausting trip to Millville in which the doctor had confessed her aunt's death to be only a question of hours away. She who never found it necessary to be five seconds late for a match was nearly a half hour behind time that afternoon, while the referee waited impatiently,

telephoning every three minutes to the clubhouse to learn whether she had at last arrived, and while her opponent, anxious and uneasy, twisted about in her seat in a state of nervous anxiety. In the stand, however, the crowd was silent and patient. They were reading of the latest dash of the champion to see her dying aunt, and as they read they shook their heads, asking each other if she was not wonderful, and wouldn't it be splendid if she could win—ah, there she is now.

Tired, wan, haggard, she walked down the brick steps to the court, a different woman from the eager, smiling Florence Farley, who usually faced the battalion of cameras as she tripped into the arena for the great event. But as she came down there was a ripple of applause, growing louder and louder until the noise alarmed her, she who was so accustomed to noise. It caused her to look up, to glance upward into those smiling faces; until then she had not realized that it was for her. Until she saw their open mouths and heard encouraging words flung down in the din she did not believe it was hers. A smile came upon her lips, her heart jumped with delight at that thundering outburst of affection, at that greeting from the kindly thousands above. Who indeed could withstand, who could hear unmoved that infectious, spontaneous roar, that greeting from friend to friend? She forgot the weary days behind, forgot she was jaded, spent; with zest and eagerness she knocked the ball about the court, with a zest she had not felt for many a long day.

The crowd noticed it immediately. When she won the toss and stepped to the service line the applause surged forth again, so loud, so insistent that she could not in justice to her opponent begin. In vain the umpire in his high chair turned half around toward the stands with upraised hand. No one heeded him, nor heeded Florence nervously bouncing the ball at her feet, waiting for the uproar to subside. Across the net stood her adversary, grimly nervous and upset by the incident, thinking to herself that if the champion had lost the gallery as some one had explained before the match, she was getting it back rather quickly. This, she knew, and it failed to steady her nerves, would make all the difference in the champion's game. It did. With all her old time vigor, with all that marvelous sense of timing which she alone possessed, Florence leaned into a forehand drive while the crowd watched the other player, caught on the wrong foot, miss the ball by yards. The noise interrupted them again. "Ah who said Florence Farley was slipping? Some shot, that?" The commotion stimulated her as nothing else in the world could have done, she threw off her fatigue as she tossed aside her thin yellow sweater when they changed courts; cleverly and accurately she applied pressure when pressure was necessary, used subtlety when subtlety alone would win. And at every shot and every rally the entranced and delighted onlookers saw further proof of the staunch heart and stout nerve of the girl "who could and would risk her title by running across three states to

the sick bed of her mother . . . aunt was it? Anyhow, look at that for a backhand, what a shot, what a player that girl is . . .”

“That most popular of all American champions, Miss Florence Farley of Greenwood Heights, New York, won her fifth national singles title in succession yesterday afternoon to the delight of ten thousand frenzied spectators—”

So the newspapers said the next morning. The newspapers were right too.

ADRIANA RESCUE

PERHAPS the best stories of sportsmanship come to us through the daily papers. Sometimes they happen to be about sport. More often they are what is known as "human interest" stories. To the average newspaper reader, the story of a yacht race is something to be passed over, and even if it is read, it can hardly be understood. It deals with winches and sheets and mizzenmasts and any number of incomprehensible items.

In the spring of 1932 the Bermuda yacht race was on. To yacht enthusiasts it meant everything, to the general newspaper public nothing. And then of a sudden there was news of a rescue at sea so gallant, so daring and so unusual that I feel sure it will become a treasured page of American folk lore. Fortunately for us, Mr. William Taylor, the author of "Adriana Rescue" was in the race. Mr. Taylor is a reporter on the New York *Herald Tribune* and was covering the race. Though his articles usually deal with jibs and booms and other paraphernalia, he has written the story of "Adriana Rescue" so that all of us can understand it. I think that he has made a permanent record of a very sporting accomplishment.

ADRIANA RESCUE

WILLIAM H. TAYLOR

IN March, 1932, the British cutter yacht *Jolie Brise*, Robert Somerset, master and owner, cleared Plymouth, England, for New York, bound eventually for New London and the race to Bermuda. It is more than 5000 miles to New York by the southern route, and more than 3000 back to England by way of Bermuda and the Gulf Stream—a longish cruise for any fifty-five-foot yacht, but *Jolie Brise* was bound on a mission.

The year before a whole fleet of Yankee schooners, yawls and sloops had invaded England, and they had run away with all the prizes in the Fastnet Race, the British equivalent of the American Bermuda race, though the Fastnet is a harder course to sail. "Bobby" Somerset, commodore of the Royal Ocean Racing Club, felt that a return visit was in order, so he entered *Jolie Brise* in the Bermuda race and brought her over, reaching New York early in June after an uneventful ocean passage with a stop in the West Indies.

He may have expected to win the Bermuda race and he may not. *Jolie Brise* was an old craft, a former French pilot cutter, able and seaworthy to a

degree and, of her type, speedy. But once before she had come here in quest of the Bermuda trophy, and had been defeated, and she had been badly beaten in 1931 to the Fastnet and back by the crack fleet of business-like American ocean-racing craft. But, win or lose, Commodore Somerset was out to sail in that race, and he was out to do his best to even things up for the American triumph in England the year before.

Now the Bermuda race is the classic of amateur ocean yacht races and was forerunner of similar events over other courses. The first ocean yacht races were transatlantic races for large yachts commanded and manned by professional crews. The owner and his guests, if they were aboard at all, were mere passengers. Even the early Bermuda races, before the war, were generally sailed in larger craft handled mostly by professionals.

The race, in its present form, was revived in 1923. The largest yachts now eligible for the Bermuda trophy are 73 feet over all, and they run from that down to 35 feet. The master and navigator must be amateurs, and in actual practice about 85 per cent of those who sail the yachts are amateurs, some boats carrying no professionals at all and others having a paid cook and a deck hand or two forward out of a crew of eight to a dozen.

The fleets of 1923 and 1924 were rather mixed groups of boats, including everything from old-style racing yachts to heavy fisherman-type cruisers. Gradually, however, a distinct ocean-racing fleet has

grown up, composed of small yachts that are sturdy, able, seaworthy, yet fast whether driven in a gale of wind under storm canvas or ghosting through the doldrums under clouds of light sails.

With this fleet has grown up a group of men to whom the Bermuda race is the big event of the year—men who, through long experience at sea, can be trusted to bring a vessel through the dirtiest kind of weather, or to coax her along when the wind is barely rippling the water and the slow heave of the ocean swell slats the wind out of her sails. It is well that such boats and such men form the backbone of the Bermuda race fleets, for it is a dangerous sport, a sport in which, from struggling to get the last inch of speed out of your boat, you may find yourself suddenly struggling for your life and the life of your vessel.

Between Montauk Point, past which the fleet heads out to sea every two years, and the reef-guarded little islands of Bermuda, lurking elusively out ahead, are 600 miles of ocean, and once you are out there the nearest land is always straight down under you. There is the Gulf Stream to be crossed—a belt of alternating calms, variable airs and vicious squalls, with an uncertain current that throws the most wary navigator off his dead reckoning, and has caused many a ship to miss the island altogether and go ambling off toward the Azores for a day or so before the mistake is discovered.

From the time you drop Montauk Light over the horizon astern until you pick up Gibbs Hill, on Ber-

muda, over your jib-boom, there is little rest and little comfort for the sailor. Four hours on and four hours off are the watches, but you must tumble out at any moment to the call of "All hands"—perhaps to set extra light sails or perhaps to shorten down for your lives when a sudden squall drives the yacht over until her cabin house is in the water and the sea roars over the bow, waist deep and solid green, and its "one hand for yourself and one for the ship."

But though you may go soaking wet, almost without sleep, half-fed and sore-handed for three or four or five days at sea, putting every ounce of energy into driving your ship even when there is no competitor in sight to spur you on, you will come back again for the next race if you have salt in your blood.

With an able, well-found ship and a capable crew, the dangers inherent in ocean racing in small boats are held to a minimum. The two greatest dangers to such a ship and crew, which can never be wholly guarded against, are fire and being washed overboard.

The ordinary causes of fires aboard ship are known and can be guarded against, but occasionally some unusual set of circumstances will cause a blaze. The strenuous conditions prevailing in a small yacht driven hard in heavy weather are conducive to unusual accidents, and weariness causes a slackening in the usual watchfulness of things below decks.

Going overboard, under ordinary circumstances, is not generally a serious matter, if the man who

goes over can swim. His shipmates toss him a ring buoy, put the ship about and pick him up. But in an ocean race it is different. Once let a sea wash you over the side on a rough night and your chances are slim. Breaking seas drive a man under and away from the spot where he falls. Heavy clothing drags him down. And, worst of all, in a strong wind and heavy sea it is often a matter of minutes before a boat can be put about and brought back to the spot where floating ring buoys and waterlights, tossed overboard to aid the swimmer, mark the spot where he went down.

But despite these and the other dangers that beset small yachts in ocean races, not a man nor a vessel had been lost in the five races to Bermuda from 1932 until the *Adriana* set out for the Onion Patch on June 25, 1932.

But to return to *Jolie Brise*. She had a pleasant crossing, stopping in the West Indies on her way, arrived on the coast in due time, and put into New York. A bit of sailing on Long Island Sound and a bit of shore leave for all hands, and they went down to New London for the start of the race she had come so far to participate in.

Meanwhile, an unusual situation had arisen among the American fleet. The top limit for yachts eligible for the Bermuda trophy is 73 feet over all length. But James G. Ottley, of New York, had an eighty-foot schooner, *Adriana*, and he wanted to get into the Bermuda race. The officials were willing, and as he could not get a competitor of his own

size it was arranged that he should sail against the winning boat on time allowance. *Adriana* was not eligible for the Bermuda trophy, and had nothing to gain except the sport of the race itself, and Ottley promised to keep out of the way of the fleet at the start. He was just going for the fun of it, with nothing to win if he won. One of the amateurs in his crew was Clarence Kozlay, of New York, a fine seaman, an experienced ocean-racing man, and one of the most popular members of the Cruising Club of America, which sponsored the race.

They started the race on the afternoon of June 25, off Montauk Point, in a fresh sou'west breeze and a jump of a sea. Gradually, as the afternoon wore away and dusk approached, the fleet spread out, as boats widely varied in size and type will. The largest and fastest yachts worked out ahead. Close in their wake came the *Jolie Brise*, butting the North Atlantic swell at a great rate and hanging onto the bigger craft very well.

Adriana wasn't doing as well. They were "sailing her light," carrying less canvas than most of the craft and keeping out of every one's way, as they had promised.

At dark the wind was piping up, and by nine or ten o'clock it was "All hands to shorten sail." The sea was making up, and the racing yachts were heeled down until men fighting to muzzle light canvas in the lee decks were working up to their waists in black, surging water. A slip, or the careless letting go of a handhold, would have meant being

swept overboard to almost certain death, but they got their light sails in and, carrying all the working canvas they could stagger under, drove on through the seas.

Boots were full of water and every man aboard every boat was soaked to the skin by the time sail had been shortened. The little leaks around the deckhouses and hatches, which are always lurking there, were beginning to show up and bunks and blankets were soaked, as well, by the time the off watch turned in at midnight. *Adriana* had a little tile stove, like a fireplace, in her main cabin, and in an attempt to get the cabin livably dried out her crew lighted a fire in it. Behind that stove was a thin wooden bulkhead and behind that a locker in which oilskin clothing and other inflammable gear was stored. But the stove never had given trouble. The men who had the middle watch took over the deck and the other watch rolled wearily into their bunks to try to get some sleep despite the trickles of water in their faces and the thunder of seas along the decks overhead.

It was about two o'clock in the morning—the graveyard hour of the sea watches—when the watch on deck smelled smoke, and suddenly the dread specter of fire at sea—they were some eighty miles offshore by now—hovered over the ship. Before they could locate the seat of the fire, groping through thick, black, oily smoke that choked the entire living quarters and already was pouring out of the hatches, the fire had gained great headway,

and when at last they opened the burning locker a burst of flame met them. Inflammable material and the strong wind blowing down through the hatches fanned up a blaze that the available fire-fighting equipment was inadequate to cope with, and in a few minutes it was obvious that the *Adriana* was doomed. One of her crew rushed to the locker where the Coston lights were kept, and in a few seconds the blazing red flares and rockets were advertising their danger to any who might be within sight.

Jolie Brise—the nearest boat—was three or four miles ahead of *Adriana*, but one of her crew, looking aft for the lights of their competitors, saw those rockets. Five thousand miles of the Atlantic crossing lay behind them and the Bermuda race, for which they had made that crossing, lay ahead, but there was no hesitation. Down went *Jolie Brise's* helm, her crew jumped to the sheets, and in a few seconds she was flying back toward the *Adriana*, whose position was marked only by the intermittent glare of the distress rockets.

Back through the roaring seas Somerset and his crew drove the old cutter for all she was worth and in less than half an hour they could make out the burning schooner. Her mainsail was down, her jib was in tatters on the bowsprit, and smoke and some flame was belching from her deck openings when *Jolie Brise's* crew at last saw her through the darkness. What ensued was, according to Paul Hammond and C. Sherman Hoyt, two experienced American

yachtsmen who were aboard *Jolie Brise*, the finest piece of seamanship they ever witnessed.

It would have been tricky work for a sea-wise Banks fisherman to bring a dory alongside the *Adriana* in the sea that was tossing and rolling her. To bring the heavy *Jolie Brise* alongside was a terrible gamble, for one second's misjudgment, or an unexpected heave of the sea, might smash both yachts into sinking wrecks. But Somerset was as good a seaman as he was a sportsman. He jibbed the cutter over across the burning schooner's stern and shot her up along *Adriana's* lee side, scant inches apart. Kozlay, the best seaman aboard the *Adriana*, was at her wheel, holding her steady on her course as part of the manœuver.

The crews of both boats lined their respective rails, *Adriana's* crowd to jump if they dared, *Jolie Brise's* to catch them if they could. The two yachts rolled together, and half the men on *Adriana's* deck jumped for it—and made it. The vessels came together with a sickening crash—a crash that smashed in planking along the British cutter's side, and rolled apart. They rolled together again, and the rest of *Adriana's* crew jumped to safety—all but one. Kozlay, at the helm of the schooner, was playing the game through, holding her straight so that Somerset could bring his vessel alongside. Had he left the wheel too soon the two might have collided and both been sunk, or they might have sheered apart too far for jumping.

So Kozlay hung to the spokes and kept her straight. Perhaps he prayed. More likely he swore, which means much the same to a sailor at a time like that. Not until all ten of his shipmates were safe on the cutter's deck did he leave the wheel. But *Jolie Brise* had lost her headway, and was sagging off to leeway. Kozlay was a powerful man, an active man, and a seaman for every inch of his six feet. Perhaps he thought he could make it. But the vessels were ten feet apart when he reached the rail and sprang, and he fell short.

Two men on the cutter's deck saw him go into the water between the two yachts, saw him come to the surface and seize hold of a rope that was trailing over their stern. For a few seconds he clung to the line, while two successive seas washed over him. He came up after the first sea, still clinging to the line, but the second tore his grip from the slippery rope. The man who had held the burning schooner steady so that his shipmates might jump to safety was never seen again.

They threw life preservers over, with waterlights to mark the spot, wore *Jolie Brise* around and brought her back. But though they cruised around the spot until long after daylight, before squaring away for Montauk Point, they could find no trace of Kozlay. Weighed down by his heavy clothing and beaten by the breaking seas, he had undoubtedly drowned within a few minutes of his jump.

So they brought back ten of the *Adriana's* eleven men, pumping all the way, for *Jolie Brise* was leak-

ing through her smashed planks. Bobby Somerset didn't get to Bermuda—he sailed for England after his ship was repaired. But if he missed the Bermuda race, he did something that will be remembered when men have forgotten who won that race, or the next one, or the next. For ocean-racing goes on. Ottley bought a new schooner two days after he was set ashore by *Jolie Brise*. No sport worth the name is without danger, and no one knows better than the men who sail in ocean races that there will be more of them lost. Men may go overboard, on black, squally Gulf Stream nights, and boats may start out and never be heard of again. But there will be more to take their places.

THE MAKING OF A SPORTSMAN

THERE can be no doubt that Mr. Bernard Darwin writes the best golf that has ever been written, but golf is an extraordinary game. It should call out more sports stories than any other pastime, but for some reason it doesn't, and most of the literature about it falls short of the peculiar qualifications for inclusion in this collection. Golf stories are not about the romantic gestures, but about the unromantic ones. Since, therefore, the game is too important a one to be ignored, we have written a story about it ourselves which we submit with sincere humility and the modest hope that it will be better than none.

THE MAKING OF A SPORTSMAN

THOMAS L. STIX

GOLF plays an important part in our family life. That is just another way of saying that in our house the royal and ancient game receives the respect to which it is entitled. I suppose I should explain in detail. I'm forty-five, and I've been working at it since a bag of clubs was a driver, a brassie, a loftie and a putter. If you were very fancy you had a niblick. I had a niblick.

I've never been a Bobby Jones or even a Chick Evans, but I'm pretty good as club players go, and I still talk of giving up the game if I go over eighty-five. At Swallow Meadows, where I play, we take our golf pretty seriously too, and our six-man team has held the city championship for four of the last six years. Ned Banks is just my age, and he's been the club champion for so long it seems it's just a regular assignment for the chairman of the tournament committee to buy the club championship cup for him each year. I'm the sixth man on our team. Once I got up as high as third. But that was the summer my mashie was particularly accurate. I don't know what I do differently now, but—well, I'm the sixth man on the team.

Julia is our only child. She's eighteen. She knows

golf is important, and some day she hopes to beat Glenna Collett. She doesn't hope so more than I do, I promise you. She has a nice even swing and I'm sure if she played her irons a little more crisply she'd be a real first rater. As it is she's the woman's champion of the Club. She's pretty too. If I looked at any one as pretty as Julia who wasn't my daughter, my wife would have an awfully good reason to be angry. But I must be right about Julia, because the front of our house looks like a nice parking place. I guess if there is anything in the saying about safety in numbers, Julia must be the safest girl in town. Maybe I'm bragging; anyhow I happen to be awfully fond of her. But her game is good.

She was just up at Poughkeepsie for the crew races. There was going to be a big dance and a houseparty, and Julia asked me if she could get some clothes. I told her I'd give her a dress for every time she broke an eighty-six, and what does that child do. She goes out to Alec Cummings, the pro, and takes lessons for two days, and then she had four successive dress-winning rounds.

The day before she left, Julia got a seventy-nine, and I was just as excited as she was. That's the first time any girl ever broke eighty at Swallow Meadows.

"Dad, I haven't the heart to take it," she said.

So I said, "Come on, a score like that deserves the prettiest sport outfit in town. I'll shop with you myself."

I thought Julia would die laughing, and her

mother too. But you ought to see her in that brown sport skirt and sweater, and her blonde hair. Maybe I'm an awful fool, but I was terribly proud of her, and as I said before, she's a grand girl.

Golf is pretty important to Mary, that's Mrs. Crane, because she has to listen to Julia and me at dinner on all the evenings that Julia is home. That's not as often as it used to be. Besides that her early American living room is spoiled, she tells me, because I insist on having those two cups on the mantelpiece, and one little golf ball—I did the seventh in one in June, 1928. But that's nonsense. Any room looks better for a couple of cups. I only wish there were more.

Golf is important to the cook, because sometimes meals are late, and sometimes early. A few of the cooks have left, but this one doesn't seem to care. Maybe it's because I gave her the *American Golfer* to read. I don't know. What I'm trying to show is that golf is important around our house. It's not over-emphasized, but it has its place.

The last of this June I was playing in our regular Saturday foursome. Right in front of us on the first tee were Jim Carney and his son. I never recall having seen the boy before. He was introduced around, and he seemed a nice personable youngster. His father drove off, and then young Carney. He took a beautiful free swing at the ball. And it went. It had a second rise and just enough hook so that it ran beautifully up the left side of the fairway. Just about as nice a drive as I'd ever seen.

I turned to Ned. "Gee, he hit that ball."

"Oh," said Ned, "the boy is good. He was on the golf team at Cornell. Got as far as the semi-finals in the inter-collegiates. He ought to strengthen our team."

"Yes," said I, "I guess that means I lose my place."

No one said "No." And that was that. If I had any doubt in my mind it was dispelled quickly enough. As we were going to the sixth hole I saw young Carney play a shot from the pit in front of the eighth green, right next to the flag, a beautiful run-up shot out of soft sand.

I was telling Julia about those two shots at dinner. "Oh, Bob Carney," she said. "He's a duck. Didn't you like him, Dad? He's just home from college, graduated last week. I met him at the Deke dance. He promised to come and see me."

As a matter of fact, he made good that evening. We were sitting on the porch when up drives young Carney. Well, his car was just one more added to the string. I guess porch sitting is an older game than flagpole sitting, and even more popular. Bob certainly is a mighty nice looking boy. He talked well too. Not a lot of nonsense, like most of these college boys. Anxious to get to work and do something. We talked for a while, and then he and Julia and four or five others went off to the movies. They surely were a good looking pair. And I said so to Mary, but she just sniffed. She doesn't think any one is good enough for Julia, and I guess she's just

about right. Well, we saw a good deal more of young Carney. He didn't miss many more evenings at the house than I miss two foot putts, and I'm a good putter. He seemed to have the inside track pretty soon, and sometimes his car was the only one in front of the house.

He and Julia played golf together some too, and he surely smoothed her iron play. I was liking him first rate when the club championship started. That was the first tournament he'd played in at Swallow Meadows.

We have sixteen qualifying in the first flight. I got in comfortably enough with an eighty-two, and Bob won the qualifying round with a seventy-three. Ned Banks had a seventy-four. We always qualify on Saturday, and the first round is Sunday morning. (Bob came over after dinner and announced that the schedule had been posted, and he had drawn me as an opponent in the first round. "I hope we have a good game, sir." He was a nice respectful boy.

"What time would you care to play? I'll make my time suit yours."

We agreed to ten o'clock, and then he suggested that he call for me. Julia volunteered that she'd like to follow us around, and I said, "Fine, I'd like to have my own gallery." And she looked at me sort of funny and didn't say anything.

I knew I couldn't beat Bob, unless some miracle happened, and I guess he knew it too. Well, it wasn't a match, it was a runaway. I couldn't get my approaches up and he was hot, I halved the second

hole, and at the end of the fifth I was four down. He played differently, it seemed to me, than I'd ever seen him play before. More intense, all concentration. He just reminded me of a machine. He was polite enough, but he didn't talk at all. He was grim. Tournament play, I guess, was a very serious business to Robert Carney. Well, he went out in thirty-six, and I had a forty-three, and I was six down.

It was all over but the shouting. Julia was following us, and he wasn't paying any more attention to her than nothing at all. On the eleventh he was well on with his second, and I was in the trap short of the green. My caddy wasn't very enthusiastic about my game at that stage, and he walked up to my ball, dragging my niblick through the sand.

Bob looked at him a minute, and then he said, "Mr. Crane, your caddy heeled your club in that sand trap. This is my hole. Sorry."

You could have knocked me over with a feather. It was the rankest kind of a technicality. I wouldn't have taken a hole that way for all Bobby Jones's titles, and here he had the hole and the match sewed up anyhow. I didn't say a word. I just picked up my ball and started for the next tee. I saw Julia look at him sort of quizzically and bite her lip. She didn't say a word. The match ended on the twelfth hole. He beat me seven up and six to play.

I shook hands in a perfunctory sort of way, and Julia didn't say anything. "Like to play the rest of the holes out, Mr. Crane?" he said affably as could

be. I didn't. Then he asked Julia, and she said, "No, thank you," in no uncertain tone.

Well, I was sore. Good and sore. Between my rotten golf, my irritation, and three or four high-balls I imagine I expressed myself pretty freely. There wasn't a dissenting vote in the locker room. Young Carney was a good golfer, but he was a rotten sport. I didn't say anything to Julia, and she didn't say anything to me. But I knew she didn't like it either. She's a sportswoman first and a golfer afterwards, thank heavens. That's Julia.

That evening we were sitting around after supper, and Mary asked Julia if Bob was coming over to take her out, and she said "No" and got up and went inside. And I didn't see Mr. Bob Carney for a week.

As every one expected, Bob Carney and Ned Banks won their way into the finals. We always play thirty-six holes in the finals at Swallow Meadows. The story of how Carney had claimed that technicality on me had gotten around, and I never saw such a unanimous gallery. They were almost to a man rooting for Ned Banks.

I didn't follow the morning round, but they came in for lunch all even. They each had seventy-three's, and the afternoon round promised to be a peach. Just as they started out I saw Julia reading a book on the club-house lawn, and I asked her if she wasn't going to follow the match, but she didn't seem interested.

So I went off with the rest of the gallery. They

halved the first hole and Ned won the second, when he sank a putt all the way across the green for a birdie three. That put him one up. On the third hole Ned drove a beauty right down the center, and Bob hooked his drive into a clump of trees, and underbrush on the left. He went to where he thought his ball was and started to look for it, and then he pulled out his watch. Ned came over and every one looked. Bob was looking pretty feverishly but he was keeping his eye on his watch as he looked.

Finally he turned to Ned, "Mr. Banks, my five minutes are up. I lose two strokes. I'll go back and drive another."

"Nonsense," said Ned, "let's see if we can't find it. What's the difference. Wouldn't be any fun to win on a technicality. Hey, wait a minute! Here's your ball. You're in luck. You have an open shot for the green, Carney."

Just then about two things happened. You could see Bob Carney's mind begin to work. Here was Ned Banks giving up a chance to get a lead of two up, because he didn't like technicalities. You could see it sinking in. The other thing happened inside my head. Here was a boy just as prompt to call a technicality against himself as he was against his opponent. Perhaps he wasn't such a bad sport. Just too intense.

Well, if Bob Carney was thinking a lot it didn't affect his game. And when they came up to the last hole they were still all square.

I don't think I've told you about the eighteenth

at Swallow Meadows, but it's not a hard hole. It's not the best golf hole in the world either. A good second will always get you home. The drive is simple and there's a long pitch to the green. There are great big traps in front, and behind the green about thirty yards, is the swimming pool. I told the greens committee that was no place to put the pool, but it's there anyhow. Every once in so often some one dumps a ball into it.

Well, Bob has the honor and he hits a nice one down the center, about two hundred and fifty yards. Ned's is just as straight, but it isn't within twenty yards of Bob's ball, and of course he had to play. I never admired Ned's calm so much in my life. The whole Club's out there watching him. He studied his ball a minute, took out his old midiron and pitched it over the trap right on the edge of the green, about forty feet from the hole, a sure four. There was a lot of hand clapping, and Bob waited a minute. The crowd was just lining the green and no one was making a sound. Bob reached for a mashie and took his stance. Just what happened I don't know, but instead of hitting the ball cleanly, he cut it and it went on a line at a terrific speed. It was going over the green on the fly ticketed for the pool just as sure as shooting, when wham! The ball hit a bag that one of the caddies was holding and bounded square back into the green, not a foot from the hole.

There it was, a sure three. One minute you knew Ned had the game sewed up and the next it was lost on a fluke. Every one started asking what the rule

was. But I knew—it was a rub of the green. Tough luck for Ned. But the shot counted.

And then I looked over at Bob. His face was working, but his jaw was set. He walked up to the green, picked up his own ball, and then Ned's, and turned around to Ned. "Mr. Banks, that's your hole, of course, it wouldn't be any fun to win on a rank technicality like that. I couldn't possibly have gotten better than a five. Congratulations, it was a swell match."

I have seen lots of cheering and excitement on our home hole, but never anything like it before. Every one was shaking hands with Ned, and with Bob, and congratulating them both.

And there I was pounding Bob on the back. "That's the boy," I kept on saying. "It's worth ten cups. You coming over to-night?"

He just grinned.

When I came home there was Julia sitting on the porch just smiling quietly, with her prettiest dress on, the brown one I had bought her the day she made a seventy-nine.

THE ABYSMAL BRUTE

THERE have been two tales which forecast the coming of Tunney—George Bernard Shaw's *Cashel Byron's Profession* and Jack London's "The Abysmal Brute." The latter is one of my favorite prize-fight stories. It is not the best prize-fight story I know. My choice would be "Champion" by Ring Lardner, but "Champion" is a realistic story. It shows the ring as it is, for the most part—without glamour, without charm, a dirty, mucky affair. The selections in this book all belong to the Romantic school of sport, to the portrayals of the game as it might be played, as it ought to be played. In this category, "The Abysmal Brute" is outstanding.

THE ABYSMAL BRUTE

JACK LONDON

I

SAM STUBENER ran through his mail carelessly and rapidly. As became a manager of prize-fighters, he was accustomed to a various and bizarre correspondence. Every crank, sport, near sport, and reformer seemed to have ideas to impart to him. From dire threats against his life to milder threats, such as pushing in the front of his face, from rabbit-foot fetishes to lucky horse-shoes, from dinky jerkwater bids to the quarter-of-a-million-dollar offers of irresponsible nobodies, he knew the whole run of the surprise portion of his mail. In his time having received a razor-strop made from the skin of a lynched negro, and a finger, withered and sun-dried, cut from the body of a white man found in Death Valley, he was of the opinion that never again would the postman bring him anything that could startle him. But this morning he opened a letter that he read a second time, put away in his pocket, and took out for a third reading. It was postmarked from some unheard-of postoffice in Siskiyou County, and it ran:

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DEAR SAM:

You don't know me, except my reputation. You come after my time, and I've been out of the game a long time. But take it from me, I ain't been asleep. I've followed the whole game, and I've followed you, from the time Kal Aufman knocked you out to your last handling of Nat Belson, and I take it you're the niftiest thing in the line of managers that ever came down the pike.

I got a proposition for you. I got the greatest unknown that ever happened. This ain't con. It's the straight goods. What do you think of a husky that tips the scales at two hundred and twenty pounds fighting weight, is twenty-two years old, that can hit a kick twice as hard as my best ever? That's him, my boy, Young Pat Glendon, that's the name he'll fight under. I've planned it all out. Now the best thing you can do is hit the first train and come up here.

I bred him and I trained him. All that I ever had in my head I've hammered into his. And maybe you won't believe it, but he's added to it. He's a born fighter. He's a wonder at time and distance. He just knows to the second and the inch, and he don't have to think about it at all. His six-inch jolt is more the real sleep medicine than the full-arm swing of most geezers.

Talk about the hope of the white race. This is him. Come and take a peep. When you was managing Jeffries you was crazy about hunting. Come along and I'll give you some real hunting and fishing that will make your moving picture winnings look like thirty cents. I'll send Young Pat out with you. I ain't able to get around. That's why I'm sending for you. I was going to manage him myself. But it ain't no use. I'm all in and likely to pass out any time. So get a move on. I want you to manage him. There's a fortune in it for both of you, but I want to draw up the contract.

Yours truly,

PAT GLENDON

Stubener was puzzled. It seemed, on the face of it, a joke—the men in the fighting game were notorious jokers—and he tried to discern the fine hand of Corbett or the big friendly paw of Fitzsimmons in the screed before him. But if it were genuine, he knew it was worth looking into. Pat Glendon was before his time, though, as a cub, he had once seen Old Pat spar at the benefit for Jack Dempsey. Even then he was called “Old” Pat, and had been out of the ring for years. He had antedated Sullivan, in the old London Prize Ring Rules, though his last fading battles had been put up under the incoming Marquis of Queensbury Rules.

What ring-follower did not know of Pat Glendon?—though few were alive who had seen him in his prime, and there were not many more who had seen him at all. Yet his name had come down in the history of the ring, and no sporting writer’s lexicon was complete without it. His fame was paradoxical. No man was honored higher, and yet he had never attained championship honors. He had been unfortunate, and had been known as the unlucky fighter.

Four times he all but won the heavyweight championship, and each time he had deserved to win it. There was the time on the barge, in San Francisco Bay, when, at the moment he had the champion going, he snapped his own forearm; and on the island in the Thames, sloshing about in six inches of rising tide, he broke a leg at a similar stage in a winning fight; in Texas, too, there was the never-to-be-forgotten day when the police broke in just as he had his man going in all certainty. And finally, there was

the fight in the Mechanics' Pavilion in San Francisco, when he was secretly jobbed from the first by a gun-fighting bad man of a referee backed by a small syndicate of bettors. Pat Glendon had had no accidents in that fight, but when he had knocked his man cold with a right to the jaw and a left to the solar plexus, the referee calmly disqualified him for fouling. Every ringside witness, every sporting expert, and the whole sporting world, knew there had been no foul. Yet, like all fighters, Pat Glendon had agreed to abide by the decision of the referee. Pat abided, and accepted it as in keeping with the rest of his bad luck.

This was Pat Glendon. What bothered Stubener was whether or not Pat had written the letter. He carried it down town with him. What's become of Pat Glendon? Such was his greeting to all sports that morning. Nobody seemed to know. Some thought he must be dead, but none knew positively. The fight editor of a morning daily looked up the records and was able to state that his death had not been noted. It was from Tim Donovan, that he got a clue.

"Sure an' he ain't dead," said Donovan. "How could he be?—a man of his make that never boozed or blew himself? He made money, and what's more, he saved it and invested it. Didn't he have three saloons at one time? An' wasn't he makin' slathers of money with them when he sold out? Now that I'm thinkin', that was the last time I laid eyes on him—

when he sold them out. 'Twas all of twenty years and more ago. His wife had just died. I met him headin' for the Ferry. 'Where away, old sport?' says I. 'It's me for the woods,' says he. 'I've quit. Good-by, Tim, me boy.' and I've never seen him from that day to this. Of course he ain't dead."

"You say when his wife died—did he have any children?" Stubener queried.

"One, a little baby. He was luggin' it in his arms that very day."

"Was it a boy?"

"How should I be knowin'?"

It was then that Sam Stubener reached a decision, and that night found him in a Pullman speeding towards the wilds of Northern California.

II

Stubener was dropped off the overland at Deer Lick in the early morning, and he kicked his heels for an hour before the one saloon opened its doors. No, the saloonkeeper didn't know anything about Pat Glendon, had never heard of him, and if he was in that part of the country, he must be out beyond somewhere. Neither had the one hanger-on ever heard of Pat Glendon. At the hotel the same ignorance obtained, and it was not until the storekeeper and postmaster opened up that Stubener struck the trail. Oh, yes, Pat Glendon lived out beyond. You took the stage to Alpine, which was forty miles and which was a logging camp. From Alpine,

on horseback, you rode up Antelope Valley and crossed the divide to Bear Creek. Pat Glendon lived somewhere beyond that. The people of Alpine would know. Yes, there was a young Pat. The storekeeper had seen him. He had been in to Deer Lick two years back. Old Pat had not put in an appearance for five years. He bought his supplies at the store, and always paid by check, and he was a white-haired, strange old man. That was all the storekeeper knew, but the folks at Alpine could give him final directions.

It looked good to Stubener. Beyond doubt there was a young Pat Glendon, as well as an old one, living out beyond. That night the manager spent at the logging camp of Alpine, and early the following morning he rode a mountain cayuse up Antelope Valley. He rode over the divide and down Bear Creek. He rode all day, through the wildest, roughest country he had ever seen, and at sunset turned up Pinto Valley on a trail so stiff and narrow that more than once he elected to get off and walk.

It was eleven o'clock when he dismounted before a log cabin and was greeted by the baying of two huge deerhounds. Then Pat Glendon opened the door, fell on his neck, and took him in.

"I knew ye'd come, Sam, me boy," said Pat, the while he limped about, building a fire, boiling coffee, and frying a big bear-steak. "The young un ain't home the night. We was gettin' short of meat, and he went out about sundown to pick up a deer. But I'll say no more. Wait till ye see him. He'll be home

in the morn, and then you can try him out. There's the gloves. But wait till ye see him.

"As for me, I'm finished. Eighty-one come next January, an' pretty good for an ex-bruiser. But I never wasted meself, Sam, nor kept late hours an' burned the candle at all ends. I had a damned good candle, an' made the most of it, as you'll grant at lookin' at me. And I've taught the same to the young un. What do you think of a lad of twenty-two that's never had a drink in his life nor tasted tobacco? That's him. He's a giant, and he's lived natural all his days. Wait till he takes you out after deer. He'll break your heart travelin' light, him a carryin' the outfit and a big buck deer belike. He's a child of the open air, an' winter nor summer has he slept under a roof. The open for him, as I taught him. The one thing that worries me is how he'll take to sleepin' in houses, an' how he'll stand the tobacco smoke in the ring. 'Tis a terrible thing, that smoke, when you're fighting hard an' gaspin' for air. But no more, Sam, me boy. You're tired an' sure should be sleepin'. Wait till you see him, that's all. Wait till you see him."

But the garrulousness of age was on old Pat, and it was long before he permitted Stubener's eyes to close.

"He can run a deer down with his own legs, that young un," he broke out again. "'Tis the dandy trainin' for the lungs, the hunter's life. He don't know much of else, though he's read a few books at times an' poetry stuff. He's just plain pure natural,

as you'll see when you clap eyes on him. He's got the old Irish strong in him. Sometimes, the way he moons about, it's thinkin' strong I am that he believes in the fairies and such-like. He's a nature lover if ever there was one, an' he's afeard of cities. He's read about them, but the biggest he was ever in was Deer Lick. He misliked the many people, and his report was that they'd stand weedin' out. That was two years ago—the first and the last time he's seen a locomotive and a train of cars.

“Sometimes it's wrong I'm thinkin' I am, bringin' him up a natural. It's given him wind and stamina and the strength o' wild bulls. No city-grown man can have a look-in against him. I'm willin' to grant that Jeffries at his best could 'a' worried the young un a bit, but only a bit. The young un could 'a' broke him like a straw. An' he don't look it. That's the everlasting wonder of it. He's only a fine-seeming young husky; but it's the quality of his muscle that's different. But wait till ye see him, that's all.

“A strange liking the boy has for posies, an' little meadows, a bit of pine with the moon beyond, windy sunsets, or the sun o' morns from the top of old Baldy. An' he has a hankerin' for the drawin' o' pitchers of things, an' of spoutin' about 'Lucifer or night' from the poetry books he got from the red-headed school teacher. But 'tis only his youngness. He'll settle down to the game once we get him started, but watch out for grouches when it first comes to livin' in a city for him.

“A good thing: he's woman-shy. They'll not

bother him for years. He can't bring himself to understand the creatures, an' damn few of them has he seen at that. 'Twas the school teacher over at Samson's Flat that put the poetry stuff in his head. She was clean daffy over the young un, an' he never a-knowin' A warm-haired girl she was—not a mountain girl, but from down in the flat-lands—an' as time went by she was fair desperate, an' the way she went after him, was shameless. An' what d'ye think the boy did when he tumbled to it? He was scared as a jackrabbit. He took blankets and ammunition and hiked for tall timber. Not for a month did I lay eyes on him, an' then he sneaked in after dark and was gone in the morn. Nor would he as much as peep at her letters. 'Burn 'em,' he said. An' burn 'em I did. Twice she rode over on a cayuse all the way from Samson's Flat, an' I was sorry for the young creature. She was fair hungry for the boy, and she looked it in her face. An' at the end of three months she gave up school an' went back to her own country, an' then it was that the boy came home to the shack to live again.

"Woman ha' ben the ruination of many a good fighter, but they won't be of him. He blushes like a girl if anything young in skirts looks at him a second time or too long the first one. An' they all look at him. But when he fights, when he fights!—God! it's the old savage Irish that flares in him, an' drives the fists of him. Not that he goes off his base. Don't walk away with that. At my best I was never as cool as he. I misdoubt 'twas the wrath of me that

brought the accidents. But he's an iceberg. He's hot an' cold at the one time, a live wire in an ice-chest."

Stubener was dozing, when the old man's mumble aroused him. He listened drowsily.

"I made a man o' him, by God! I made a man o' him, with the two fists of him, an' the upstandin' legs of him, an' the straight-seein' eyes. And I know the game in my head, an' I've kept up with the times and the modern changes. The crouch? Sure, he knows all the styles an' economies. He never moves two inches when an inch and a half will do the turn. And when he wants he can spring like a buck kangaroo. In-fightin'? Wait till you see. Better than his out-fightin', and he could sure 'a' sparred with Peter Jackson an' outfooted Corbett in his best. I tell you, I've taught 'm it all, to the last trick, and he's improved on the teachin'. He's a fair genius at the game. An' he's had plenty of husky mountain men to try out on. I gave him the fancy work and they gave him the sloggin'. Nothing shy or delicate about them. Roarin' bulls an' big grizzly bears, that's what they are, when it comes to huggin' in a clinch or swingin' rough-like in the rushes. An' he plays with 'em. Man, d'ye hear me?—he plays with them, like you an' me would play with little puppy-dogs."

Another time Stubener awoke, to hear the old man mumbling:

" 'Tis the funny thing he don't take fightin' seriously. It's that easy to him he thinks it play. But wait till he's tapped a swift one. That's all, wait. An' you'll see 'm throw on the juice in that cold

storage plant of his an' turn loose the prettiest scientific wallop in' that ever you laid eyes on."

In the shivery gray of mountain dawn, Stubener was routed from his blankets by old Pat.

"He's comin' up the trail now," was the hoarse whisper. "Out with ye an' take your first peep at the biggest fightin' man the ring has ever seen, or will ever see in a thousand years again."

The manager peered through the open door, rubbing the sleep from his heavy eyes, and saw a young giant walk into the clearing. In one hand was a rifle, across his shoulders a heavy deer under which he moved as if it were weightless. He was dressed roughly in blue overalls and woolen shirt open at the throat. Coat he had none, and on his feet, instead of brogans, were moccasins. Stubener noted that his walk was smooth and catlike, without suggestion of his two hundred and twenty pounds of weight to which that of the deer was added. The fight manager was impressed from the first glimpse. Formidable the young fellow certainly was, but the manager sensed the strangeness and unusualness of him. He was a new type, something different from the run of fighters. He seemed a creature of the wild, more a night-roaming figure from some old fairy story or folk tale than a twentieth-century youth.

A thing Stubener quickly discovered was that young Pat was not much of a talker. He acknowledged old Pat's introduction with a grip of the hand but without speech, and silently set to work at build-

ing the fire and getting breakfast. To his father's direct questions he answered in monosyllables, as, for instance, when asked where he had picked up the deer.

"South Fork," was all he vouchsafed.

"Eleven miles across the mountains," the old man exposted pridefully to Stupener, "an' a trail that'd break your heart."

Breakfast consisted of black coffee, sour-dough bread, and an immense quantity of bear-meat broiled over the coals. Of this the young fellow ate ravenously, and Stubener divined that both the Glendons were accustomed to an almost straight meat diet. Old Pat did all the talking, though it was not till the meal was ended that he broached the subject he had at heart.

"Pat, boy," he began, "you know who the gentleman is?"

Young Pat nodded, and cast a quick comprehensive glance at the manager.

"Well, he'll be takin' you away with him and down to San Francisco."

"I'd sooner stay here, dad," was the answer.

Stubener felt a prick of disappointment. It was a wild-goose chase after all. This was no fighter, eager and fretting to be at it. His huge brawn counted for nothing. It was nothing new. It was the big fellows that usually had the streak of fat.

But old Pat's Celtic wrath flared up, and his voice was harsh with command.

"You'll go down to the cities an' fight, me boy.

That's what I've trained you for, an' you'll do it."

"All right," was the unexpected response, rumbled apathetically from the deep chest.

"And fight like hell," the old man added.

Again Stubener felt disappointment at the absence of flash and fire in the young man's eyes as he answered:

"All right. When do we start?"

"Oh, Sam, here, he'll be wantin' a little huntin' and to fish a bit, as well as to try you out with the gloves." He looked at Sam, who nodded. "Suppose you strip and give him a taste of your quality."

An hour later, Sam Stubener had his eyes opened. An ex-fighter himself, a heavyweight at that, he was even a better judge of fighters, and never had he seen one strip to like advantage.

"See the softness of him," old Pat chanted. "'Tis the true stuff. Look at the slope of the shoulders, an' the lungs of him. Clean, all clean, to the last drop an' ounce of him. You're lookin' at a man, Sam, the like of which was never seen before. Not a muscle of him bound. No weight-lifter or Sandow exercise artist there. See the fat snakes of muscles a-crawlin' soft an' lazy-like. Wait till you see them flashin' like a strikin' rattler. He's good for forty rounds this blessed instant, or a hundred. Go to it! Time!"

They went to it, for three-minute rounds with minute rests, and Sam Stubener was immediately undeceived. Here was no streak of fat, no apathy, only a lazy, good-natured play of gloves and tricks, with

a brusque stiffness and harsh sharpness in the contacts that he knew belonged only to the trained and instinctive fighting man.

"Easy, now, easy," old Pat warned. "Sam's not the man he used to be."

This nettled Sam, as it was intended to do, and he played his most famous trick and favorite punch—a feint for a clinch and a right rip to the stomach. But, quickly as it was delivered, Young Pat saw it, and, though it landed, his body was going away. The next time, his body did not go away. As the rip started, he moved forward and twisted his hip to meet it. It was only a matter of several inches, yet it blocked the blow. And thereafter, try as he would, Stubener's glove got no farther than that hip.

Stubener had roughed it with big men in his time, and, in exhibition bouts, had creditably held his own. But there was no holding his own here. Young Pat played with him, and in the clinches made him feel as powerful as a baby, landing on him seemingly at will, locking and blocking with masterful accuracy, and scarcely noticing or acknowledging his existence. Half the time young Pat seemed to spend in gazing off and out at the landscape in a dreamy sort of way. And right here Stubener made another mistake. He took it for a trick of old Pat's training, tried to sneak in a short-arm jolt, found his arm in a lightning lock, and had both his ears cuffed for his pains.

"The instinct for a blow," the old man chortled. "'Tis not put on, I'm tellin' you. He is a wiz. He knows a blow without lookin', when it starts an'

where, the speed, an' space, an' niceness of it. An' 'tis nothin' I ever showed him. 'Tis inspiration. He was so born."

Once, in a clinch, the fight manager heeled his glove on young Pat's mouth, and there was just a hint of viciousness in the manner of doing it. A moment later, in the next clinch, Sam received the heel of the other's glove on his own mouth. There was nothing snappy about it, but the pressure, stolidly lazy as it was, put his head back till the joints cracked and for the moment he thought his neck was broken. He slacked his body and dropped his arms in token that the bout was over, felt the instant release, and staggered clear.

"He'll—he'll do," he gasped, looking the admiration he lacked the breath to utter.

Old Pat's eyes were brightly moist with pride and triumph.

"An' what will you be thinkin' to happen when some of the gay an' ugly ones tries to rough it on him?" he asked.

"He'll kill them, sure," was Stubener's verdict.

"No; he's too cool for that. But he'll just hurt them some for their dirtiness."

"Let's draw up the contract," said the manager.

"Wait till you know the whole worth of him!" old Pat answered. "'Tis strong terms I'll be makin' you come to. Go for a deer hunt with the boy over the hills an' learn the lungs and the legs of him. Then we'll sign up iron-clad and regular."

Stubener was gone two days on that hunt, and he

learned all and more than old Pat had promised, and came back a very weary and very humble man. The young fellow's innocence of the world had been startling to the case-hardened manager, but he had found him nobody's fool. Virgin though his mind was, untouched by all save a narrow mountain experience, nevertheless he had proved possession of a natural keenness and shrewdness far beyond the average. In a way he was a mystery to Sam, who could not understand his terrible equanimity of temper. Nothing ruffled him or worried him, and his patience was of an enduring primitiveness. He never swore, not even the futile and emasculated cuss-words of sissy-boys.

"I'd swear all right if I wanted to," he had explained when challenged by his companion. "But I guess I've never come to needing it. When I do, I'll swear, I suppose."

Old Pat, resolutely adhering to his decision, said good-by at the cabin.

"It won't be long, Pat, boy, when I'll be readin' about you in the papers. I'd like to go along, but I'm afeard it's me for the mountains till the end."

And then, drawing the manager aside, the old man turned loose on him almost savagely.

"Remember what I've ben tellin' ye over an' over. The boy's clean an' he's honest. He knows nothing of the rottenness of the game. I kept it all away from him, I tell you. He don't know the meanin' of fake. He knows only the bravery, an' romance an' glory of fightin', and I've filled him up with tales of the old ring heroes, though little enough, God

knows, it's set him afire. Man, man, I'm tellin' you that I clipped the fight columns from the newspapers to keep it 'way from him—him a-thinkin' I was wantin' them for me scrap book. He don't know a man ever lay down or threw a fight. So don't you get him in anything that ain't straight. Don't turn the boy's stomach. That's why I put in the null and void clause. The first rottenness and the contract's broke of itself. No snide division of stake-money; no secret arrangements with the movin' pitcher men for guaranteed distance. There's slathers o' money for the both of you. But play it square or lose. Understand?

"And whatever you'll be doin' watch out for the women," was old Pat's parting admonishment, young Pat astride his horse and reining in dutifully to hear. "Women is death an' damnation, remember that. But when you do find the one, the only one, hang on to her. She'll be worth more than glory an' money. But first be sure, an' when you're sure, don't let her slip through your fingers. Grab her with the two hands of you and hang on. Hang on if all the world goes to smash and smithereens. Pat, boy, a good woman is a good woman. 'Tis the first word and the last."

III

Once in San Francisco, Sam Stubener's troubles began. Not that young Pat had a nasty temper, or was grouchy as his father had feared. On the con-

trary, he was phenomenally sweet and mild. But he was homesick for his beloved mountains. Also, he was secretly appalled by the city, though he trod its roaring streets imperturbable as a red Indian.

"I came down here to fight," he announced, at the end of the first week. "Where's Jim Hanford?"

Stubener whistled.

"A big champion like him wouldn't look at you," was his answer. "'Go and get a reputation,' is what he'd say."

"I can lick him."

"But the public doesn't know that. If you licked him you'd be champion of the world, and no champion ever became so with his first fight."

"I can."

"But the public doesn't know it, Pat. It wouldn't come to see you fight. And it's the crowd that brings the money and the big purses. That's why Jim Hanford wouldn't consider you for a second. There'd be nothing in it for him. Besides, he's getting three thousand a week right now in vaudeville, with a contract for twenty-five weeks. Do you think he'd chuck that for a go with a man no one ever heard of? You've got to do something first, make a record. You've got to begin on the little local dubs that nobody ever heard of—guys like Chub Collins, Rough-House Kelly, and the Flying Dutchman. When you've put them away, you're only started on the first round of the ladder. But after that you'll go up like a balloon."

"I'll meet those three named in the same ring one

after the other," was Pat's decision. "Make the arrangements accordingly."

Stubener laughed.

"What's wrong? Don't you think I can put them away?"

"I know you can," Stubener assured him. "But it can't be arranged that way. You've got to take them one at a time. Besides, remember, I know the game and I'm managing you. This proposition has to be worked up, and I'm the boy that knows how. If we're lucky, you may get to the top in a couple of years and be the champion with a mint of money."

Pat sighed at the prospect, then brightened up.

"And after that I can retire and go back home to the old man," he said.

Stubener was about to reply, but checked himself. Strange as was this championship material, he felt confident that when the top was reached it would prove very similar to that of all the others who had gone before. Besides, two years was a long way off, and there was much to be done in the meantime.

When Pat fell to moping around his quarters, reading endless poetry books and novels drawn from the public library, Stubener sent him off to live on a Contra Costa ranch across the Bay, under the watchful eye of Spider Walsh. At the end of a week Spider whispered that the job was a cinch. His charge was away and over the hills from dawn till dark, whipping the streams for trout, shooting quails and rabbits, and pursuing the one lone and crafty buck famous for having survived a decade

of hunters. It was the Spider who waxed lazy and fat, while his charge kept himself in condition.

As Stubener expected, his unknown was laughed at by the fight club managers. Were not the woods full of unknowns who were always breaking out with championship rashes? A preliminary, say of four rounds—yes, they would grant him that. But the main event—never. Stubener was resolved that young Pat should make his debut in nothing less than a main event, and, by the prestige of his own name he at last managed it. With much misgiving, the Mission Club agreed that Pat Glendon could go fifteen rounds with Rough-House Kelly for a purse of one hundred dollars. It was the custom of young fighters to assume the names of old ring heroes, so no one suspected that he was the son of the great Pat Glendon, while Stubener held his peace. It was a good press surprise package to spring later.

Came the night of the fight, after a month of waiting. Stubener's anxiety was keen. His professional reputation was staked that his man would make a showing, and he was astounded to see Pat, seated in his corner a bare five minutes, lose the healthy color from his cheeks, which turned a sickly yellow.

"Cheer up, boy," Stubener said, slapping him on the shoulder. "The first time in the ring is always strange, and Kelly has a way of letting his opponent wait for him on the chance of getting stage-fright."

"It isn't that," Pat answered. "It's the tobacco

smoke. I'm not used to it, and it's making me fair sick."

His manager experienced the quick shock of relief. A man who turned sick from mental causes, even if he were a Samson, could never win to place in the prize ring. As for tobacco smoke, the youngster would have to get used to it, that was all.

Young Pat's entrance into the ring had been met with silence, but when Rough-House Kelly crawled through the ropes his greeting was uproarious. He did not belie his name. He was a ferocious-looking man, black and hairy, with huge, knotty muscles, weighing a full two hundred pounds. Pat looked across at him curiously, and received a savage scowl. After both had been introduced to the audience, they shook hands. And even as their gloves gripped, Kelly ground his teeth, convulsed his face with an expression of rage, and muttered:

"You've got yer nerve wid yeh." He flung Pat's hand roughly from his, and hissed, "I'll eat yuh up, ye pup!"

The audience laughed at the action, and it guessed hilariously at what Kelly must have said.

Back in his corner, and waiting the gong, Pat turned to Stubener.

"Why is he angry with me?" he asked.

"He ain't," Stubener answered. "That's his way, trying to scare you. It's just mouth-fighting."

"It isn't boxing," was Pat's comment; and Stubener, with a quick glance, noted that his eyes were as mildly blue as ever.

"Be careful," the manager warned, as the gong for the first round sounded and Pat stood up. "He's liable to come at you like a man-eater."

And like a man-eater Kelly did come at him, rushing across the ring in wild fury. Pat, who in his easy way had advanced only a couple of paces, gaged the other's momentum, side-stepped, and brought his stiff-arched right across to the jaw. Then he stood and looked on with a great curiosity. The fight was over. Kelly had fallen like a stricken bullock to the floor, and there he lay without movement while the referee, bending over him, shouted the ten seconds in his unheeding ear. When Kelly's seconds came to lift him, Pat was before them. Gathering the huge, inert bulk of the man in his arms, he carried him to his corner and deposited him on the stool and in the arms of his seconds.

Half a minute later, Kelly's head lifted and his eyes wavered open. He looked about him stupidly and then to one of his seconds.

"What happened?" he queried hoarsely. "Did the roof fall on me?"

IV

As a result of his fight with Kelly, though the general opinion was that he had won by a fluke, Pat was matched with Rufe Mason. This took place three weeks later, and the Sierra Club audience at Dreamland Rink failed to see what happened. Rufe Mason was a heavyweight, noted locally for his cleverness. When the gong for the first round

sounded, both men met in the center of the ring. Neither rushed. Nor did they strike a blow. They felt around each other, their arms bent, their gloves so close together that they almost touched. This lasted for perhaps five seconds. Then it happened, and so quickly that not one in a hundred of the audience saw. Rufe Mason made a feint with his right. It was obviously not a real feint, but a feeler, a mere tentative threatening of a possible blow. It was at this instant that Pat loosed his punch. So close together were they that the distance the blow traveled was a scant eight inches. It was a short-arm left jolt, and it was accomplished by a twist of the left forearm and a thrust of the shoulder. It landed flush on the point of the chin and the astounded audience saw Rufe Mason's legs crumple under him as his body sank to the floor. But the referee had seen, and he promptly proceeded to count him out. Again Pat carried his opponent to his corner, and it was ten minutes before Rufe Mason, supported by his seconds, with sagging knees and rolling, glassy eyes, was able to move down the aisle through the stupefied and incredulous audience on the way to his dressing room.

"No wonder," he told a reporter, "that Rough-House Kelly thought the roof hit him."

After Chub Collins had been put out in the twelfth second of the first round of a fifteen-round contest, Stubener felt compelled to speak to Pat.

"Do you know what they're calling you now?" he asked.

Pat shook his head.

"One-punch Glendon."

Pat smiled politely. He was little interested in what he was called. He had certain work cut out which he must do ere he could win back to his mountains, and he was phlegmatically doing it, that was all.

"It won't do," his manager continued, with an ominous shake of the head. "You can't go on putting your men out so quickly. You must give them more time."

"I'm here to fight, ain't I?" Pat demanded in surprise.

Again Stubener shook his head.

"It's this way, Pat. You've got to be big and generous in the fighting game. Don't get all the other fighters sore. And it's not fair to the audience. They want a run for their money. Besides, no one will fight you. They'll all be scared out. And you can't draw crowds with ten-second fights. I leave it to you. Would you pay a dollar, or five, to see a ten-second fight?"

Pat was convinced, and he promised to give future audiences the requisite run for their money, though he stated that, personally, he preferred going fishing to witnessing a hundred rounds of fighting.

And still, Pat had got practically nowhere in the game. The local sports laughed when his name was mentioned. It called to mind funny fights and Rough-House Kelly's remark about the roof. Nobody knew

how Pat could fight. They had never seen him. Where was his wind, his stamina, his ability to mix it with rough customers through long grueling contests? He had demonstrated nothing but the possession of a lucky punch and a depressing proclivity for flukes.

So it was that his fourth match was arranged with Pete Sosso, a Portuguese fighter from Butchertown, known only for the amazing tricks he played in the ring. Pat did not train for the fight. Instead he made a flying and sorrowful trip to the mountains to bury his father. Old Pat had known well the condition of his heart, and it had stopped suddenly on him.

Young Pat arrived back in San Francisco with so close a margin of time that he changed into his fighting togs directly from his traveling suit, and even then the audience was kept waiting ten minutes.

"Remember, give him a chance," Stubener cautioned him as he climbed through the ropes. "Play with him, but do it seriously. Let him go ten or twelve rounds, then get him."

Pat obeyed instructions, and, though it would have been easy enough to put Sosso out, so tricky was he that to stand up to him and not put him out kept his hands full. It was a pretty exhibition, and the audience was delighted. Sosso's whirlwind attacks, wild feints, retreats, and rushes, required all Pat's science to protect himself, and even then he did not escape unscathed.

Stubener praised him in the minute-rests, and all would have been well, had not Sosso, in the fourth

round, played one of his most spectacular tricks. Pat, in a mix-up, had landed a hook to Sosso's jaw, when to his amazement, the latter dropped his hands and reeled backward, eyes rolling, legs bending and giving, in a high state of grogginess. Pat could not understand. It had not been a knock-out blow, and yet there was his man all ready to fall to the mat. Pat dropped his own hands and wonderingly watched his reeling opponent. Sosso staggered away, almost fell, recovered, and staggered obliquely and blindly forward again.

For the first and the last time in his fighting career, Pat was caught off his guard. He actually stepped aside to let the reeling man go by. Still reeling, Sosso suddenly loosed his right. Pat received it full on his jaw with an impact that rattled all his teeth. A great roar of delight went up from the audience. But Pat did not hear. He saw only Sosso before him, grinning and defiant, and not the least bit groggy. Pat was hurt by the blow, but vastly more outraged by the trick. All the wrath that his father ever had, surged up in him. He shook his head as if to get rid of the shock of the blow and steadied himself before his man. It all occurred in the next second. With a feint that drew his opponent, Pat fetched his left to the solar plexus, almost at the same instant whipping his right across to the jaw. The latter blow landed on Sosso's mouth ere his falling body struck the floor. The club doctors worked half an hour to bring him to. After that they

put eleven stitches in his mouth and packed him off in an ambulance.

"I'm sorry," Pat told his manager, "I'm afraid I lost my temper. I'll never do it again in the ring. Dad always cautioned me about it. He said it had made him lose more than one battle. I didn't know I could lose my temper that way, but now that I know I'll keep it in control."

And Stubener believed him. He was coming to the stage where he could believe anything about his young charge.

"You don't need to get angry," he said, "you're so thoroughly the master of your man at any stage."

"At any inch or second of the fight," Pat affirmed.

"And you can put them out any time you want."

"Sure I can. I don't want to boast. But I just seem to possess the ability. My eyes show me the opening that my skill knows how to make, and time and distance are second nature to me. Dad called it a gift, but I thought he was blarneying me. Now that I've been up against these men, I guess he was right. He said I had the mind and muscle correlation."

"At any inch or second of the fight," Stubener repeated musingly.

Pat nodded, and Stubener, absolutely believing him, caught a vision of a golden future that should have fetched old Pat out of his grave.

"Well, don't forget, we've got to give the crowd a run for its money," he said. "We'll fix it up between us how many rounds a fight should go. Now

your next bout will be with the Flying Dutchman. Suppose you let it run the full fifteen and put him out in the last round. That will give you a chance to make a showing as well."

"All right, Sam," was the answer.

"It will be a test for you," Stubener warned. "You may fail to put him out in that last round."

"Watch me." Pat paused to put weight to his promise, and picked up a volume of Longfellow. "If I don't I'll never read poetry again, and that's going some."

"You bet it is," his manager proclaimed jubilantly, "though what you see in such stuff is beyond me."

Pat sighed, but did not reply. In all his life he had found but one person who cared for poetry, and that had been the red-haired school teacher who scared him off into the woods.

V

"Where are you going?" Stubener demanded in surprise, looking at his watch.

Pat, with his hand on the door-knob, paused and turned around.

"To the Academy of Sciences," he said. "There's a professor who's going to give a lecture there on Browning to-night, and Browning is the sort of writer you need assistance with. Sometimes I think I ought to go to night school."

"But great Scott, man!" exclaimed the horrified

manager. "You're on with the Flying Dutchman to-night."

"I know it. But I won't enter the ring a moment before half past nine or quarter to ten. The lecture will be over at nine fifteen. If you want to make sure, come around and pick me up in your machine."

Stubener shrugged his shoulders helplessly.

"You've got no kick coming," Pat assured him. "Dad used to tell me a man's worst time was in the hours just before a fight, and that many a fight was lost by a man's breaking down right there, with nothing to do but think and be anxious. Well, you'll never need to worry about me that way. You ought to be glad I can go off to a lecture."

And later that night, in the course of watching fifteen splendid rounds, Stubener chuckled to himself more than once at the idea of what that audience of sports would think, did it know that this magnificent young prize-fighter had come to the ring directly from a Browning lecture.

The Flying Dutchman was a young Swede who possessed an unwonted willingness to fight and who was blessed with phenomenal endurance. He never rested, was always on the offensive, and rushed and fought from gong to gong. In the out-fighting his arms whirled about like flails, in the in-fighting he was forever shouldering or half-wrestling and starting blows whenever he could get a hand free. From start to finish he was a whirlwind, hence his name. His failing was lack of judgment in time and distance. Nevertheless he had won many fights by virtue

of landing one in each dozen or so of the unending fusillades of punches he delivered. Pat, with strong upon him the caution that he must not put his opponent out, was kept busy. Nor, though he escaped vital damage, could he avoid entirely those eternal flying gloves. But it was good training, and in a mild way he enjoyed the contest.

"Could you get him now?" Stubener whispered in his ear during the minute-rest at the end of the fifth round.

"Sure," was Pat's answer.

"You know he's never yet been knocked out by any one," Stubener warned a couple of rounds later.

"Then I'm afraid I'll have to break my knuckles," Pat smiled. "I know the punch I've got in me, and when I land it something's got to go. If he won't, my knuckles will."

"Do you think you could get him now?" Stubener asked at the end of the thirteenth round.

"Any time, I tell you."

"Well, then, Pat, let him run to the fifteenth."

In the fourteenth round the Flying Dutchman exceeded himself. At the stroke of the gong he rushed clear across the ring to the opposite corner where Pat was leisurely getting to his feet. The house cheered, for it knew the Flying Dutchman had cut loose. Pat, catching the fun of it, whimsically decided to meet the terrific onslaught with a wholly passive defense and not to strike a blow. Nor did he strike a blow, nor feint a blow, during the three minutes of whirlwind that followed. He gave a rare

exhibition of stalling, sometimes hugging his bowed face with his left arm, his abdomen with his right; at other times changing as the point of attack changed, so that both gloves were held on either side his face, or both elbows and forearms guarded his mid-section; and all the time moving about, clumsily shouldering, or half-falling forward against his opponent and clogging his efforts; himself never striking nor threatening to strike, the while rocking with the impacts of the storming blows that beat upon his various guards the devil's own tattoo.

Those close at the ringside saw and appreciated, but the rest of the audience, fooled, arose to its feet and roared its applause in the mistaken notion that Pat, helpless, was receiving a terrible beating. With the end of the round, the audience, dumbfounded, sank back into its seats as Pat walked steadily to his corner. It was not understandable. He should have been beaten to a pulp, and yet nothing had happened to him.

"Now are you going to get him?" Stubener queried anxiously.

"Inside ten seconds," was Pat's confident assertion. "Watch me."

There was no trick about it. When the gong struck and Pat bounded to his feet, he advertised it unmistakably that for the first time in the fight he was starting after his man. Not one onlooker misunderstood. The Flying Dutchman read the advertisement, too, and for the first time in his career, as they met in the center of the ring, visibly hesitated.

For the fraction of a second they faced each other in position. Then the Flying Dutchman leaped forward upon his man, and Pat, with a timed right cross, dropped him cold as he leaped.

It was after this battle that Pat Glendon started on his upward rush to fame. The sports and the sporting writers took him up. For the first time the Flying Dutchman had been knocked out. His conqueror had proved a wizard of defense. His previous victories had not been flukes. He had a kick in both his hands. Giant that he was, he would go far. The time was already past, the writers asserted, for him to waste himself on the third-raters and chopping blocks. Where were Ben Menzies, Rege Rede, Bill Tarwater, and Ernest Lawson? It was time for them to meet this young cub that had suddenly shown himself a fighter of quality. Where was his manager anyway, that he was not issuing the challenges?

And then fame came in a day; for Stubener divulged the secret that this man was none other than the son of Pat Glendon, old Pat, the old-time ring hero. "Young" Pat Glendon, he was promptly christened, and sports and writers flocked about him to admire him, and back him and write him up.

Beginning with Ben Menzies and finishing with Bill Tarwater, he challenged, fought, and knocked out the four second-raters. To do this, he was compelled to travel, the battles taking place in Goldfield, Denver, Texas and New York. To accomplish it required months, for the bigger fights were not

easily arranged, and the men themselves demanded more time for training.

The second year saw him running to cover and disposing of the half-dozen big fighters that clustered just beneath the top of the heavyweight ladder. On this top, firmly planted, stood "Big" Jim Hanford, the undefeated world champion. Here, on the top rungs, progress was slower, though Stubener was indefatigable in issuing challenges and in promoting sporting opinion to force the man to fight. Will King was disposed of in England, and Glendon pursued Tom Harrison half-way round the world to defeat him on Boxing Day in Australia.

But the purses grew larger and larger. In place of a hundred dollars, such as his first battles had earned him, he was now receiving from twenty to thirty thousand dollars a fight, as well as equally large sums from the moving picture men. Stubener took his manager's percentage of all this, according to the terms of the contract old Pat had drawn up, and both he and Glendon, despite their heavy expenses, were waxing rich. This was due, more than anything else, to the clean lives they lived. They were not wasters.

Stubener was attracted to real estate, and his holdings in San Francisco, consisting of building flats and apartment houses, were bigger than Glendon ever dreamed. There was a secret syndicate of bettors, however, which could have made an accurate guess at the size of Stubener's holdings, while heavy bonus after heavy bonus, of which Glendon

never heard, was paid over to his manager by the moving picture men.

Stubener's most serious task was in maintaining the innocence of his young gladiator. Nor did he find it difficult. Glendon, who had nothing to do with the business end, was little interested. Besides, wherever his travels took him, he spent his spare time in hunting and fishing. He rarely mingled with those of the sporting world, was notoriously shy and secluded, and preferred art galleries and books of verse to sporting gossip. Also, his trainers and sparring partners were rigorously instructed by the manager to keep their tongues away from the slightest hints of ring rottenness. In every way Stubener intervened between Glendon and the world. He was never even interviewed save in Stubener's presence.

Only once was Glendon approached. It was just prior to his battle with Henderson, and an offer of a hundred thousand was made to him to throw the fight. It was made hurriedly, in swift whispers, in a hotel corridor, and it was fortunate for the man that Pat controlled his temper and shouldered past him without reply. He brought the tale of it to Stubener, who said:

"It's only con, Pat. They were trying to josh you." He noted the blue eyes blaze. "And maybe worse than that. If they could have got you to fall for it, there might have been a big sensation in the papers that would have finished you. But I doubt it. Such things don't happen any more. It's a myth, that's what it is, that has come down from the mid-

dle history of the ring. There has been rottenness in the past, but no fighter or manager of reputation would dare anything of the sort to-day. Why, Pat, the men in the game are as clean and straight as those in professional baseball, than which there is nothing cleaner or straighter."

And all the while he talked, Stubener knew in his heart that the forthcoming fight with Henderson was not to be shorter than twelve rounds—this for the moving pictures—and not longer than the fourteenth round. And he knew, furthermore, so big were the stakes involved, that Henderson himself was pledged not to last beyond the fourteenth round.

And Glendon, never approached again, dismissed the matter from his mind and went out to spend the afternoon in taking color photographs. The camera had become his latest hobby. Loving pictures, yet unable to paint, he had compromised by taking up photography. In his hand baggage was one grip packed with books on the subject, and he spent long hours in the dark room, realizing for himself the various processes. Never had there been a great fighter who was as aloof from the fighting world as he. Because he had little to say with those he encountered, he was called sullen and unsocial, and out of this a newspaper reputation took form that was not an exaggeration so much as it was an entire misconception. Boiled down, his character in print was that of an ox-muscled and dumbly stupid brute, and one callow sporting writer dubbed him the "abysmal brute." The name stuck. The rest of

the fraternity hailed it with delight, and thereafter Glendon's name never appeared in print unconnected with it. Often, in a headline or under a photograph, "The Abysmal Brute," capitalized and without quotation marks, appeared alone. All the world knew who was this brute. This made him draw into himself closer than ever, while it developed a bitter prejudice against newspaper folk.

Regarding fighting itself, his earlier mild interest grew stronger. The men he now fought were anything but dubs, and victory did not come so easily. They were picked men, experienced ring generals, and each battle was a problem. There were occasions when he found it impossible to put them out in any designated later round of a fight. Thus, with Sulzberger, the gigantic German, try as he would in the eighteenth round, he failed to get him, in the nineteenth it was the same story, and not until the twentieth did he manage to break through the baffling guard and drop him. Glendon's increasing enjoyment of the game was accompanied by severer and prolonged training. Never dissipating, spending much of his time on hunting trips in the hills, he was practically always in the pink of condition, and unlike his father, no unfortunate accidents marred his career. He never broke a bone, nor injured so much as a knuckle. One thing that Stubener noted with secret glee was that his young fighter no longer talked of going permanently back to his mountains when he had won the championship away from Jim Hanford.

VI

The consummation of his career was rapidly approaching. The great champion had even publicly intimated his readiness to take on Glendon as soon as the latter had disposed of the three or four aspirants for the championship who intervened. In six months Pat managed to put away Kid McGrath and Philadelphia Jack McBride, and there remained only Nat Powers and Tom Cannam. And all would have been well had not a certain society girl gone adventuring into journalism, and had not Stubener agreed to an interview with the woman reporter of the San Francisco *Courier-Journal*.

Her work was always published over the name of Maud Sangster, which, by the way, was her own name. The Sangsters were a notoriously wealthy family. The founder, old Jacob Sangster, had packed his blankets and worked as a farm-hand in the West. He had discovered an inexhaustible borax deposit in Nevada, and, from hauling it out by mule-teams, had built a railroad to do the freighting. Following that, he had poured the profits of borax into the purchase of hundreds and thousands of square miles of timber lands in California, Oregon and Washington. Still later, he had combined politics with business, bought statesmen, judges, and machines, and become a captain of complicated industry. And after that he had died, full of honor and pessimism, leaving his name a muddy blot for future historians to smudge, and also leaving a matter of a couple of

hundreds of millions for his four sons to squabble over. The legal, industrial, and political battles that followed, vexed and amused California for a generation, and culminated in deadly hatred and unspeaking terms between the four sons. The youngest, Theodore, in middle life experienced a change of heart, sold out his stock farms and racing stables, and plunged into a fight with all the corrupt powers of his native state, including most of its millionaires, in a quixotic attempt to purge it of the infamy which had been implanted by old Jacob Sangster.

Maud Sangster was Theodore's oldest daughter. The Sangster stock uniformly bred fighters among the men and beauties among the women. Nor was Maud an exception. Also, she must have inherited some of the virus of adventure from the Sangster breed, for she had come to womanhood and done a multitude of things of which no woman in her position should have been guilty. A match in ten thousand, she remained unmarried. She had sojourned in Europe without bringing home a nobleman for spouse, and had declined a goodly portion of her own set at home. She had gone in for outdoor sports, won the tennis championship of the state, kept the society weeklies agog with her unconventionalities, walked from San Mateo to Santa Cruz against time on a wager, and once caused a sensation by playing polo in a men's team at a private Burlingame practice game. Incidentally, she had gone in for art, and maintained a studio in San Francisco's Latin Quarter.

All this had been of little moment until her father's reform attack became acute. Passionately independent, never yet having met the man to whom she could gladly submit, and bored by those who had aspired, she resented her father's interference with her way of life and put the climax on all her social misdeeds by leaving home and going to work on the *Courier-Journal*. Beginning at twenty dollars a week, her salary had swiftly risen to fifty. Her work was principally musical, dramatic, and art criticism, though she was not above mere journalistic stunts if they promised to be sufficiently interesting. Thus she scooped the big interview with Morgan at a time when he was being futilely trailed by a dozen New York star journalists, went down to the bottom of the Golden Gate in a diver's suit, and flew with Rood, the birdman, when he broke all records of continuous flight by reaching as far as Riverside.

Now it must not be imagined that Maud Sangster was a hard-bitten Amazon. On the contrary, she was a gray-eyed, slender young woman, of three or four and twenty, of medium stature, and possessing uncommonly small hands and feet for an outdoor woman or any other kind of woman. Also, far in excess of most outdoor women, she knew how to be daintily feminine.

It was on her own suggestion that she received the editor's commission to interview Pat Glendon. With the exception of having caught a glimpse, once, of Bob Fitzsimmons in evening dress at the Palace Grill, she had never seen a prize-fighter in her life.

Nor was she curious to see one—at least she had not been curious until Young Pat Glendon came to San Francisco to train for his fight with Nat Powers. Then his newspaper reputation had aroused her. The Abysmal Brute!—it certainly must be worth seeing. From what she read of him she gleaned that he was a man-monster, profoundly stupid and with the sullenness and ferocity of a jungle beast. True, his published photographs did not show all that, but they did show the hugeness of brawn that might be expected to go with it. And so, accompanied by a staff photographer, she went out to the training quarters at the cliff House at the hour appointed by Stubener.

That real estate owner was having trouble. Pat was rebellious. He sat, one big leg dangling over the side of the arm chair and Shakespeare's Sonnets face downward on his knee, orating against the new woman.

"What do they want to come butting into the game for?" he demanded. "It's not their place. What do they know about it anyway? The men are bad enough as it is. I'm not a holy show. This woman's coming here to make me one. I never have stood for women around the training quarters, and I don't care if she is a reporter."

"But she's not an ordinary reporter," Stubener interposed. "You've heard of the Sangsters?—the millionaires?"

Pat nodded.

"Well, she's one of them. She's high society and

all that stuff. She could be running with the Blingum crowd now if she wanted to instead of working for wages. Her old man's worth fifty millions if he's worth a cent."

"Then what's she working on a paper for?—keeping some poor devil out of a job."

"She and the old man fell out, had a tiff or something, about the time he started to clean up San Francisco. She quit. That's all—left home and got a job. And let me tell you one thing, Pat: she can everlastingly sling English. There isn't a pen-pusher on the Coast can touch her when she gets going."

Pat began to show interest, and Stubener hurried on.

"She writes poetry, too—the regular la-de-dah stuff, just like you. Only I guess hers is better, because she published a whole book of it once. And she writes up the shows. She interviews every big actor that hits this burg."

"I've seen her name in the papers," Pat commented.

"Sure you have. And you're honored, Pat, by her coming to interview you. It won't bother you any. I'll stick right by and give her most of the dope myself. You know I've always done that."

Pat looked his gratitude.

"And another thing, Pat: don't forget you've got to put up with this interviewing. It's part of your business. It's big advertising, and it comes free. We can't buy it. It interests people, draws the crowds,

and it's crowds that pile up the gate receipts." He stopped and listened, then looked at his watch. "I think that's her now. I'll go and get her and bring her in. I'll tip it off to her to cut it short, you know, and it won't take long." He turned in the doorway. "And be decent, Pat. Don't shut up like a clam. Talk a bit to her when she asks you questions."

Pat put the Sonnets on the table, took up a newspaper, and was apparently deep in its contents when the two entered the room and he stood up. The meeting was a mutual shock. When blue eyes met gray, it was almost as if the man and the woman shouted triumphantly to each other, as if each had found something sought and unexpected. But this was for the instant only. Each had anticipated in the other something so totally different that the next moment the clear cry of recognition gave way to confusion. As is the way of women, she was the first to achieve control, and she did it without having given any outward sign that she had ever lost it. She advanced most of the distance across the floor to meet Glendon. As for him, he scarcely knew how he stumbled through the introduction. Here was a woman, a woman! He had not known that such a creature could exist. The few women he had noticed had never prefigured this. He wondered what old Pat's judgment would have been of her, if she was the sort he had recommended to hang on to with both his hands. He discovered that in some way he was holding her hand. He looked at it, curious and fascinated, marveling at its fragility.

She, on the other hand, had proceeded to obliterate the echoes of that first clear call. It had been a peculiar experience, that was all, this sudden out-rush of her toward this strange man. For was not he the abysmal brute of the prize ring, the great, fighting, stupid bulk of a male animal who hammered up his fellow males of the same stupid order? She smiled at the way he continued to hold her hand.

"I'll have it back, please, Mr. Glendon," she said. "I I really need it, you know."

He looked at her blankly, followed her gaze to her imprisoned hand, and dropped it in a rush of awkwardness that sent the blood in a manifest blush to his face.

She noted the blush, and the thought came to her that he did not seem quite the uncouth brute she had pictured. She could not conceive of a brute blushing at anything. And also, she found herself pleased with the fact that he lacked the easy glibness to murmur an apology. But the way he devoured her with his eyes was disconcerting. He stared at her as if in a trance, while his cheeks flushed even more redly.

Stubener by this time had fetched a chair for her, and Glendon automatically sank down into his.

"He's in fine shape, Miss Sangster, in fine shape," the manager was saying. "That's right, isn't it, Pat? Never felt better in your life?"

Glendon was bothered by this. His brows contracted in a troubled way, and he made no reply.

"I've wanted to meet you for a long time,

Mr. Glendon," Miss Sangster said. "I never interviewed a pugilist before, so if I don't go about it expertly you'll forgive me, I am sure."

"Maybe you'd better start in by seeing him in action," was the manager's suggestion. "While he's getting into his fighting togs I can tell you a lot about him—fresh stuff, too. We'll call in Walsh, Pat, and go a couple of rounds."

"We'll do nothing of the sort," Glendon growled roughly, in just the way an abysmal brute should. "Go ahead with the interview."

The business went ahead unsatisfactorily. Stubener did most of the talking and suggesting, which was sufficient to irritate Maud Sangster, while Pat volunteered nothing. She studied his fine countenance, the eyes clear blue and wide apart, the well-modeled, almost aquiline nose, the firm, chaste lips that were sweet in a masculine way in their curl at the corners and that gave no hint of any sullenness. It was a baffling personality, she concluded, if what the papers said of him was so. In vain she sought for ear-marks of the brute. And in vain she attempted to establish contacts. For one thing, she knew too little about prize-fighters and the ring, and whenever she opened up a lead it was promptly snatched away by the information-oozing Stubener.

"It must be most interesting, this life of a pugilist," she said once, adding with a sigh, "I wish I knew more about it. Tell me: why do you fight?—Oh, aside from money reasons." (This latter to forestall Stubener.) "Do you enjoy fighting? Are

you stirred by it, by pitting yourself against other men? I hardly know how to express what I mean, so you must be patient with me."

Pat and Stubener began speaking together, but for once Pat bore his manager down.

"I didn't care for it at first—"

"You see, it was too dead easy for him," Stubener interrupted.

"But later," Pat went on, "when I encountered the better fighters, the real big clever ones, where I was more—"

"On your mettle?" she suggested.

"Yes; that's it, more on my mettle, I found I did care for it a great deal, in fact. But still, it's not so absorbing to me as it might be. You see, while each battle is a sort of problem which I must work out with my wits and muscle, yet to me the issue is never in doubt—"

"He's never had a fight go to a decision," Stubener proclaimed. "He's won every battle by the knock-out route."

"And it's this certainty of the outcome that robs it of what I imagine must be its finest thrills," Pat concluded.

"Maybe you'll get some of them thrills when you go up against Jim Hanford," said the manager.

Pat smiled, but did not speak.

"Tell me some more," she urged, "more about the way you feel when you are fighting."

And then Pat amazed his manager, Miss Sangster, and himself, by blurting out:

"It seems to me I don't want to talk with you on such things. It's as if there are things more important for you and me to talk about. I—"

He stopped abruptly, aware of what he was saying but unaware of why he was saying it.

"Yes," she cried eagerly. "That's it. That is what makes a good interview—the real personality, you know."

But Pat remained tongue-tied, and Stubener wandered away on a statistical comparison of his champion's weights, measurements, and expansions with those of Sandow, the Terrible Turk, Jeffries and the other modern strong men. This was of little interest to Maud Sangster, and she showed that she was bored. Her eyes chanced to rest on the Sonnets. She picked the book up and glanced inquiringly at Stubener.

"That's Pat's," he said. "He goes in for that kind of stuff, and color photography, and art exhibits, and such things. But for heaven's sake don't publish anything about it. It would ruin his reputation."

She looked accusingly at Glendon, who immediately became awkward. To her it was delicious. A shy young man, with the body of a giant, who was one of the kings of bruisers, and who read poetry, and went to art exhibits, and experimented with color photography! Of a surety there was no abysmal brute here. His very shyness she divined now was due to sensitiveness and not stupidity. Shakespeare's Sonnets! This was a phase that would

bear investigation. But Stubener stole the opportunity away and was back chanting his everlasting statistics.

A few minutes later, and most unwittingly, she opened up the biggest lead of all. That first sharp attraction toward him had begun to stir again after the discovery of the Sonnets. The magnificent frame of his, the handsome face, the chaste lips, the clear-looking eyes, the fine forehead which the short crop of blond hair did not hide the aura of physical well-being and cleanness which he seemed to emanate—all this, and more that she sensed, drew her as she had never been drawn by any man, and yet through her mind kept running the nasty rumors that she had heard only the day before at the *Courier-Journal* office.

"You were right," she said. "There is something more important to talk about. There is something in my mind I want you to reconcile for me. Do you mind?"

Pat shook his head.

"If I am frank?—abominably frank? I've heard the men, sometimes, talking of particular fights and of the betting odds, and, while I gave no heed to it at the time, it seemed to me it was firmly agreed that there was a great deal of trickery and cheating connected with the sport. Now, when I look at you, for instance, I find it hard to understand how you can be a party to such cheating. I can understand your liking the sport for a sport, as well as for the money it brings you, but I can't understand—"

"There's nothing to understand," Stubener broke in, while Pat's lips were wreathed in a gentle, tolerant smile. "It's all fairy-tales, this talk about faking, about fixed fights, and all that rot. There's nothing to it, Miss Sangster, I assure you. And now let me tell you about how I discovered Mr. Glendon. It was a letter I got from his father—"

But Maud Sangster refused to be side-tracked, and addressed herself to Pat.

"Listen. I remember one case particularly. It was some fight that took place several months ago—I forget the contestants. One of the editors of the *Courier-Journal* told me he intended to make a good winning. He didn't hope; he said he intended. He said he was on the inside and was betting on the number of rounds. He told me the fight would end in the nineteenth. This was the night before. And the next day he triumphantly called my attention to the fact that it had ended in that very round. I didn't think anything of it one way or the other. I was not interested in prize-fighting then. But I am now. At the time it seemed quite in accord with the vague conception I had about fighting. So you see, it isn't all fairy-tales, is it?"

"I know that fight," Glendon said. "It was Owen and Murgweather. And it did end in the nineteenth round, Sam. And she said she heard that round named the day before. How do you account for it, Sam?"

"How do you account for a man picking a lucky lottery ticket?" the manager evaded, while getting

his wits together to answer. "That's the very point. Men who study form and condition and seconds and rules and such things often pick the number of rounds, just as men have been known to pick hundred-to-one shots in the races. And don't forget one thing: for every man that wins, there's another that loses, there's another that didn't pick right. Miss Sangster, I assure you, on my honor, that faking and fixing in the fight game is is non-existent."

"What is your opinion, Mr. Glendon?" she asked.

"The same as mine," Stubener snatched the answer. "He knows what I say is true, every word of it. He's never fought anything but a straight fight in his life. Isn't that right, Pat?"

"Yes; it's right," Pat affirmed, and the peculiar thing to Maud Sangster was that she was convinced he spoke the truth.

She brushed her forehead with her hand, as if to rid herself of the bewilderment that clouded her brain.

"Listen," she said. "Last night the same editor told me that your forthcoming fight was arranged to the very round in which it would end."

Stubener was verging on a panic, but Pat's speech saved him from replying.

"Then the editor lies," Pat's voice boomed now for the first time.

"He did not lie before, about that other fight," she challenged.

"What round did he say my fight with Nat Powers would end in?"

Before she could answer, the manager was into the thick of it.

"Oh, rats, Pat!" he cried. "Shut up. It's only the regular run of ring rumors. Let's get on with this interview."

He was ignored by Glendon, whose eyes, bent on hers, were no longer mildly blue, but harsh and imperative. She was sure now that she had stumbled on something tremendous, something that would explain all that had baffled her. At the same time she thrilled to the mastery of his voice and gaze. Here was a male who would take hold of life and shake out of it what he wanted.

"What round did the editor say?" Glendon reiterated his demand.

"For the love of Mike, Pat, stop this foolishness," Stubener broke in.

"I wish you would give me a chance to answer," Maud Sangster said.

"I guess I'm able to talk with Miss Sangster," Glendon added. "You get out, Sam. Go off and take care of that photographer."

They looked at each other for a tense, silent moment, then the manager moved slowly to the door, opened it, and turned his head to listen.

"And now what round did he say?"

"I hope I haven't made a mistake," she said tremulously, "but I am very sure that he said the sixteenth round."

She saw surprise and anger leap into Glendon's face, and the anger and accusation in the glance he cast at his manager, and she knew the blow had driven home.

And there was reason for his anger. He knew he had talked it over with Stubener, and they had reached a decision to give the audience a good run for its money without unnecessarily prolonging the fight, and to end it in the sixteenth. And here was a woman, from a newspaper office, naming the very round.

Stubener, in the doorway, looked limp and pale, and it was evident he was holding himself together by an effort.

"I'll see you later," Pat told him. "Shut the door behind you."

The door closed, and the two were left alone. Glendon did not speak. The expression on his face was frankly one of trouble and perplexity.

"Well?" she asked.

He got up and towered above her, then sat down again, moistening his lips with his tongue.

"I'll tell you one thing," he finally said. "The fight won't end in the sixteenth round."

She did not speak, but her unconvinced and quiz-zical smile hurt him.

"You wait and see, Miss Sangster, and you'll see that editor man is mistaken."

"You mean the program is to be changed?" she queried audaciously.

He quivered to the cut of her words.

"I am not accustomed to lying," he said stiffly, "even to women."

"Neither have you to me, nor have you denied the program is to be changed. Perhaps, Mr. Glendon, I am stupid, but I fail to see the difference in what number the final round occurs so long as it is predetermined and known."

"I'll tell you that round, and not another soul shall know."

She shrugged her shoulders and smiled.

"It sounds to me very much like a racing tip. They are always given that way, you know. Furthermore, I am not quite stupid, and I know there is something wrong here. Why were you made angry by my naming the round? Why were you angry with your manager? Why did you send him from the room?"

For reply, Glendon walked over to the window, as if to look out, where he changed his mind and partly turned, and she knew, without seeing, that he was studying her face. He came back and sat down.

"You've said I haven't lied to you, Miss Sangster, and you were right. I haven't." He paused, groping painfully for a correct statement of the situation. "Now do you think you can believe what I am going to tell you? Will you take the word of a prize-fighter?"

She nodded gravely, looking him straight in the eyes and certain that what he was about to tell was the truth.

"I've always fought straight and square. I've never touched a piece of dirty money in my life, nor

attempted a dirty trick. Now I can go on from that. You've shaken me up pretty badly by what you told me. I don't know what to make of it. I can't pass a snap judgment on it. I don't know. But it looks bad. That's what troubles me. For see you, Stubener and I have talked this fight over, and it was understood between us that I would end the fight in the sixteenth round. Now you bring the same word. How did that editor know? Not from me. Stubener must have let it out unless .” He stopped to debate the problem. “Unless that editor is a lucky guesser. I can't make up my mind about it. I'll have to keep my eyes open and wait and learn. Every word I've given you is straight, and there's my hand on it.”

Again he towered out of his chair and over to her. Her small hand was gripped in his big one as she arose to meet him, and after a fair, straight look into the eyes between them, both glanced unconsciously at the clasped hands. She felt that she had never been more aware that she was a woman. The sex emphasis of those two hands—the soft and fragile feminine and the heavy, muscular masculine—was startling. Glendon was the first to speak.

“You could be hurt so easily,” he said; and at the same time she felt the firmness of his grip almost caressingly relax.

She remembered the old Prussian king's love for giants, and laughed at the incongruity of the thought-association as she withdrew her hand.

“I am glad you came here to-day,” he said, then hurried on awkwardly to make an explanation which

the warm light of admiration in his eyes belied. "I mean because maybe you have opened my eyes to the crooked dealing that has been going on."

"You have surprised me," she urged. "It seemed to me that it is so generally understood that prize-fighting is full of crookedness, that I cannot understand how you, one of its chief exponents, could be ignorant of it. I thought as a matter of course that you would know all about it, and now you have convinced me that you never dreamed of it. You must be different from other fighters."

He nodded his head.

"That explains it, I guess. And that's what comes of keeping away from it—from the other fighters, and promoters, and sports. It was easy to pull the wool over my eyes. Yet it remains to be seen whether it has really been pulled over or not. You see, I am going to find out for myself."

"And change it?" she queried, rather breathlessly, convinced somehow that he could do anything he set out to accomplish.

"No; quit it," was his answer. "If it isn't straight I won't have anything more to do with it. And one thing is certain: this coming fight with Nat Powers won't end in the sixteenth round. If there is any truth in that editor's tip, they'll all be fooled. Instead of putting him out in the sixteenth, I'll let the fight run on into the twenties. You wait and see."

"And I'm not to tell the editor?"

She was on her feet now, preparing to go.

"Certainly not. If he is only guessing, let him take

his chances. And if there's anything rotten about it he deserves to lose all he bets. This is to be a little secret between you and me. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll name the round to you. I won't run it into the twenties. I'll stop Nat Powers in the eighteenth."

"And I'll not whisper it," she assured him.

"I'd like to ask you a favor," he said tentatively. "Maybe it's a big favor."

She showed her acquiescence in her face, as if it were already granted, and he went on:

"Of course, I know you won't use this faking in the interview. But I want more than that. I don't want you to publish anything at all."

She gave him a quick look with her searching gray eyes, then surprised herself by her answer.

"Certainly," she said. "It will not be published. I won't write a line of it."

"I knew it," he said simply.

For the moment she was disappointed by the lack of thanks, and the next moment she was glad that he had not thanked her. She sensed the different foundation he was building under this meeting of an hour with her, and she became daringly explorative.

"How did you know it?" she asked.

"I don't know." He shook his head. "I can't explain it. I knew it as a matter of course. Somehow it seems to me I know a lot about you and me."

"But why not publish the interview? As your manager says, it is good advertising."

"I know it," he answered slowly. "But I don't want to know you that way. I think it would hurt if

you should publish it. I don't want to think that I knew you professionally. I'd like to remember our talk here as a talk between a man and a woman. I don't know whether you understand what I'm driving at. But it's the way I feel. I want to remember this just as a man and a woman."

As he spoke, in his eyes was all the expression with which a man looks at a woman. She felt the force and beat of him, and she felt strangely tongue-tied and awkward before this man who had been reputed tongue-tied and awkward. He could certainly talk straighter to the point and more convincingly than most men, and what struck her most forcibly was her own inborn certainty that it was mere naïve and simple frankness on his part and not a practised artfulness.

He saw her into her machine, and gave her another thrill when he said good-by. Once again their hands were clasped as he said: "Some day I'll see you again. I want to see you again. Somehow I have a feeling that the last word has not been said between us."

And as the machine rolled away she was aware of a similar feeling. She had not seen the last of this very disquieting Pat Glendon, king of the bruisers and abysmal brute.

Back in the training quarters, Glendon encountered his perturbed manager.

"What did you fire me out for?" Stubener demanded. "We're finished. A hell of a mess you've made. You've never stood for meeting a reporter

alone before, and now you'll see when that interview comes out."

Glendon, who had been regarding him with cool amusement, made as if to turn and pass on, and then changed his mind.

"It won't come out," he said.

Stubener looked up sharply.

"I asked her not to," Glendon explained.

Then Stubener exploded.

"As if she'd kill a juicy thing like that."

Glendon became very cold and his voice was harsh and grating.

"It won't be published. She told me so. And to doubt it is to call her a liar."

The Irish flame was in his eyes, and by that, and by the unconscious clenching of his passion-wrought hands, Stubener, who knew the strength of them, and of the man he faced, no longer dared to doubt.

VII

It did not take Stubener long to find out that Glendon intended extending the distance of the fight, though try as he would he could get no hint of the number of the round. He wasted no time, however, and privately clinched certain arrangements with Nat Powers and Nat Powers' manager. Powers had a faithful following of bettors, and the betting syndicate was not to be denied its harvest.

On the night of the fight, Maud Sangster was guilty of a more daring unconventionality than any

she had yet committed, though no whisper of it leaked out to shock society. Under the protection of the editor, she occupied a ringside seat. Her hair and most of her face were hidden under a slouch hat, while she wore a man's long overcoat that fell to her heels. Entering in the thick of the crowd, she was not noticed; nor did the newspaper men, in the press seats against the ring directly in front of her, recognize her.

As was the growing custom, there were no preliminary bouts, and she had barely gained her seat when roars of applause announced the arrival of Nat Powers. He came down the aisle in the midst of his seconds, and she was almost frightened by the formidable bulk of him. Yet he leaped the ropes as lightly as a man half his weight, and grinned acknowledgment to the tumultuous greeting that arose from all the house. He was not pretty. Two cauliflower ears attested his profession and its attendant brutality, while his broken nose had been so often spread over his face as to defy the surgeon's art to reconstruct it.

Another uproar heralded the arrival of Glendon, and she watched him eagerly as he went through the ropes to his corner. But it was not until the tedious time of announcements, introductions, and challenges was over, that the two men threw off their wraps and faced each other in ring costume. Concentrated upon them from overhead was the white glare of many electric lights—this for the benefit of the moving picture cameras; and she felt, as she

looked at the two sharply contrasted men, that it was in Glendon that she saw the thoroughbred and in Powers the abysmal brute. Both looked their parts—Glendon, clean cut in face and form, softly and massively beautiful, Powers almost asymmetrically rugged and heavily matted with hair.

As they made their preliminary pose for the cameras, confronting each other in fighting attitudes, it chanced that Glendon's gaze dropped down through the ropes and rested on her face. Though he gave no sign, she knew, with a swift leap of the heart, that he had recognized her. The next moment the gong sounded, the announcer cried "Let her go!" and the battle was on.

It was a good fight. There was no blood, no marring, and both were clever. Half of the first round was spent in feeling each other out, but Maud Sangster found the play and feint and tap of the gloves sufficiently exciting. During some of the fiercer rallies in later stages of the fight, the editor was compelled to touch her arm to remind her who she was and where she was.

Powers fought easily and cleanly, as became the hero of half a hundred ring battles, and an admiring clique applauded his every cleverness. Yet he did not unduly exert himself save in occasional strenuous rallies that brought the audience yelling to its feet in the mistaken notion that he was getting his man.

It was at such a moment, when her unpractised eye could not inform her that Glendon was escap-

ing serious damage, that the editor leaned to her and said:

"Young Pat will win all right. He's a comer, and they can't stop him. But he'll win in the sixteenth and not before."

"Or after?" she asked.

She almost laughed at the certitude of her companion's negative. She knew better.

Powers was noted for hunting his man from moment to moment and round to round, and Glendon was content to accede to this program. His defense was admirable, and he threw in just enough of offense to whet the edge of the audience's interest. Though he knew he was scheduled to lose, Powers had had too long a ring experience to hesitate from knocking his man out if the opportunity offered. He had had the double cross worked too often on him to be chary in working it on others. If he got his chance he was prepared to knock his man out and let the syndicate go hang. Thanks to clever press publicity, the idea was prevalent that at last Young Glendon had met his master. In his heart, Powers, however, knew that it was himself who had encountered the better man. More than once, in the faster in-fighting, he received the weight of punches that he knew had been deliberately made no heavier.

On Glendon's part, there were times and times when a slip or error of judgment could have exposed him to one of his antagonist's sledge-hammer blows and lost him the fight. Yet his was that almost miraculous power of accurate timing and distancing,

and his confidence was not shaken by the several close shaves he experienced. He had never lost a fight, never been knocked down, and he had always been so thoroughly the master of the man he faced, that such a possibility was unthinkable.

At the end of the fifteenth round, both men were in good condition, though Powers was breathing a trifle heavily and there were men in the ringside seats offering odds that he would "blow up."

It was just before the gong for the sixteenth round struck that Stubener, leaning over Glendon from behind in his corner, whispered:

"Are you going to get him now?"

Glendon, with a back toss of his head, shook it and laughed mockingly up into his manager's anxious face.

With the stroke of the gong for the sixteenth round, Glendon was surprised to see Powers cut loose. From the first second it was a tornado of fighting, and Glendon was hard put to escape serious damage. He blocked, clinched, ducked, sidestepped, was rushed backward against the ropes and was met by fresh rushes when he surged out to center. Several times Powers left inviting openings, but Glendon refused to loose the lightning-bolt of a blow that would drop his man. He was reserving that blow for two rounds later. Not in the whole fight had he ever exerted his full strength, nor struck with the force that was in him.

For two minutes, without the slightest let-up, Powers went at him hammer and tongs. In another

minute the round would be over and the betting syndicate hard hit. But that minute was not to be. They had just come together in the center of the ring. It was as ordinary a clinch as any in the fight, save that Powers was struggling and roughing it every instant. Glendon whipped his left over in a crisp but easy jolt to the side of the face. It was like any of a score of similar jolts he had already delivered in the course of the fight. To his amazement he felt Powers go limp in his arms and begin sinking to the floor on sagging, spraddling legs that refused to bear his weight. He struck the floor with a thump, rolled half over on his side, and lay with closed eyes and motionless. The referee, bending above him, was shouting the count.

At the cry of "Nine!" Powers quivered as if making a vain effort to rise.

"Ten!—and out!" cried the referee.

He caught Glendon's hand and raised it aloft to the roaring audience in token that he was the winner.

For the first time in the ring, Glendon was dazed. It had not been a knock-out blow. He could stake his life on that. It had not been to the jaw but to the side of the face, and he knew it had gone there and nowhere else. Yet the man was out, had been counted out, and he had faked it beautifully. That final thump on the floor had been a convincing masterpiece. To the audience it was indubitably a knock-out, and the moving picture machines would per-

petuate the lie. The editor had called the turn after all, and a crooked turn it was.

Glendon shot a swift glance through the ropes to the face of Maud Sangster. She was looking straight at him, but her eyes were bleak and hard, and there was neither recognition nor expression in them. Even as he looked, she turned away unconcernedly and said something to the man beside her.

Powers' seconds were carrying him to his corner, a seeming limp wreck of a man. Glendon's seconds were advancing upon him to congratulate him and to remove his gloves. But Stubener was ahead of them. His face was beaming as he caught Glendon's right glove in both his hands and cried:

"Good boy, Pat. I knew you'd do it."

Glendon pulled his glove away. And for the first time in the years they had been together, his manager heard him swear.

"You go to hell," he said, and turned to hold out his hands for his seconds to pull off the gloves.

VIII

That night, after receiving the editor's final dictum that there was not a square fighter in the game, Maud Sangster cried quietly for a moment on the edge of her bed, grew angry, and went to sleep hugely disgusted with herself, prize-fighters, and the world in general.

The next afternoon she began work on an inter-

view with Henry Addison that was destined never to be finished. It was in the private room that was accorded her at the *Courier-Journal* office that the thing happened. She had paused in her writing to glance at a headline in the afternoon paper announcing that Glendon was matched with Tom Cannam, when one of the door-boys brought in a card. It was Glendon's.

"Tell him I can't be seen," she told the boy.

In a minute he was back.

"He says he's coming in anyway, but he'd rather have your permission."

"Did you tell him I was busy?" she asked.

"Yes'm, but he said he was coming just the same."

She made no answer, and the boy, his eyes shining with admiration for the importunate visitor, rattled on.

"I know'm. He's a awful big guy. If he started rough-housing he could clean the whole office out. He's young Glendon, who won the fight last night."

"Very well, then. Bring him in. We don't want the office cleaned out, you know."

No greetings were exchanged when Glendon entered. She was as cold and inhospitable as a gray day, and neither invited him to a chair nor recognized him with her eyes, sitting half turned away from him at her desk and waiting for him to state his business. He gave no sign of how this cavalier treatment affected him, but plunged directly into his subject.

"I want to talk to you," he said shortly. "That

fight. It did end in that round." She shrugged her shoulders.

"I knew it would."

"You didn't," he retorted. "You didn't. I didn't."

She turned and looked at him with quiet affectation of boredom.

"What is the use?" she asked. "Prize-fighting is prize-fighting, and we all know what it means. The fight did end in the round I told you it would."

"It did," he agreed. "But you didn't know it would. In all the world you and I were at least two that knew Powers wouldn't be knocked out in the sixteenth."

She remained silent.

"I say you knew he wouldn't." He spoke peremptorily, and, when she still declined to speak, stepped nearer to her.

"Answer me," he commanded.

She nodded her head.

"But he was," she insisted.

"He wasn't. He wasn't knocked out at all. Do you get that? I am going to tell you about it, and you are going to listen. I didn't lie to you. Do you get that? I didn't lie to you. I was a fool, and they fooled me, and you along with me. You thought you saw him knocked out. Yet the blow I struck was not heavy enough. It didn't hit him in the right place either. He made believe it did. He faked that knock-out."

He paused and looked at her expectantly. And somehow, with a leap and thrill, she knew that she

believed him, and she felt pervaded by a warm happiness at the reinstatement of this man who meant nothing to her and whom she had seen but twice in her life.

"Well?" he demanded, and she thrilled anew at the compellingness of him.

She stood up, and her hand went out to his.

"I believe you," she said. "And I am glad, most glad."

It was a longer grip than she had anticipated. He looked at her with eyes that burned and to which her own unconsciously answered back. Never was there such a man, was her thought. Her eyes dropped first, and his followed, so that, as before, both gazed at the clasped hands. He made a movement of his whole body toward her, impulsive and involuntary, as if to gather her to him, then checked himself abruptly, with an unmistakable effort. She saw it, and felt the pull of his hand as it started to draw her to him. And to her amazement she felt the desire to yield, the desire almost overwhelmingly to be drawn into the strong circle of those arms. And had he compelled, she knew that she would not have refrained. She was almost dizzy, when he checked himself and with a closing of his fingers that half crushed hers, dropped her hand, almost flung it from him.

"God!" he breathed. "You were made for me."

He turned partly away from her, sweeping his hand to his forehead. She knew she would hate him forever if he dared one stammered word of apology

or explanation. But he seemed to have the way always of doing the right thing where she was concerned. She sank into her chair, and he into another, first drawing it around so as to face her across the corner of the desk.

"I spent last night in a Turkish bath," he said. "I sent for an old broken-down bruiser. He was a friend of my father in the old days. I knew there couldn't be a thing about the ring he didn't know and I made him talk. The funny thing was that it was all I could do to convince him that I didn't know the things I asked him about. He called me the babe in the woods. I guess he was right. I was raised in the woods, and woods is about all I know.

"Well, I received an education from that old man last night. The ring is rottener than you told me. It seems everybody connected with it is crooked. The very supervisors that grant the fight permits graft off of the promoters; and the promoters, managers and fighters graft off of each other and off the public. It's down to a system, in one way, and on the other hand they're always—do you know what the double cross is?" (She nodded.) "Well, they don't seem to miss a chance to give each other the double cross.

"The stuff that old man told me took my breath away. And here I've been in the thick of it for several years and knew nothing of it. I was a real babe in the woods. And yet I can see how I've been fooled. I was so made that nobody could stop me. I was bound to win, and, thanks to Stubener, every-

thing crooked was kept away from me. This morning I cornered Spider Walsh and made him talk. He was my first trainer, you know, and he followed Stubener's instructions. They kept me in ignorance. Besides, I didn't herd with the sporting crowd. I spent my time hunting and fishing and monkeying with cameras and such things. Do you know what Walsh and Stubener called me between themselves? —the Virgin. I only learned it this morning from Walsh, and it was like pulling teeth. And they were right. I was a little innocent lamb.

"And Stubener was using me for crookedness, too, only I didn't know it. I can look back now and see how it was worked. But you see, I wasn't interested enough in the game to be suspicious. I was born with a good body and a cool head, I was raised in the open, and I was taught by my father, who knew more about fighting than any man living or dead. It was too easy. The ring didn't absorb me. There was never any doubt of the outcome. But I'm done with it now."

She pointed to the headline announcing his match with Tom Cannam.

"That's Stubener's work," he explained. "It was programed months ago. But I don't care. I'm heading for the mountains. I've quit."

She glanced at the unfinished interview on the desk and sighed.

"How lordly men are," she said. "Masters of destiny. They do as they please—"

"From what I've heard," he interrupted, "you've

done pretty much as you please. It's one of the things I like about you. And what has struck me hard from the first was the way you and I understand each other."

He broke off and looked at her with burning eyes.

"Well, the ring did one thing for me," he went on. "It made me acquainted with you. And when you find the one woman, there's just one thing to do. Take her in your two hands and don't let go. Come on, let us start for the mountains."

It had come with the suddenness of a thunder-clap, and yet she felt that she had been expecting it. Her heart was beating up and almost choking her in a strangely delicious way. Here at last was the primitive and the simple with a vengeance. Then, too, it seemed a dream. Such things did not take place in modern newspaper offices. Love could not be made in such fashion; it only so occurred on the stage and in novels.

He had arisen, and was holding out both hands to her.

"I don't dare," she said in a whisper, half to herself. "I don't dare."

And thereat she was stung by the quick contempt that flashed in his eyes but that swiftly changed to open incredulity.

"You'd dare anything you wanted," he was saying. "I know that. It's not a case of dare, but of want. Do you want?"

She had arisen, and was now swaying as if in a dream. It flashed into her mind to wonder if it were

hypnotism. She wanted to glance about her at the familiar objects of the room in order to identify herself with reality, but she could not take her eyes from his. Nor did she speak.

He had stepped beside her. His hand was on her arm, and she leaned toward him involuntarily. It was all part of the dream, and it was no longer hers to question anything. It was the great dare. He was right. She could dare what she wanted, and she did want. He was helping her into her jacket. She was thrusting the hat-pins through her hair. And even as she realized it, she found herself walking beside him through the opened door. The "Flight of the Duchess" and "The Statue and the Bust," darted through her mind. Then she remembered "Waring."

"What's become of Waring?" she murmured.

"Land travel or sea-faring?" he murmured back.

And to her this kindred sufficient note was a vindication of her madness.

At the entrance of the building he raised his hand to call a taxi, but was stopped by her touch on his arm.

"Where are we going?" she breathed.

"To the Ferry. We've just time to catch that Sacramento train."

"But I can't go this way," she protested. "I haven't even a change of handkerchiefs."

He held up his hand again before replying.

"You can shop in Sacramento. We'll get married

there and catch the night overland north. I'll arrange everything by telegraph from the train."

As the cab drew to the curb, she looked quickly about her at the familiar street and the familiar throng, then, with almost a flurry of alarm, into Glendon's face.

"I don't know a thing about you," she said.

"We know everything about each other," was his answer.

She felt the support and urge of his arms, and lifted her foot to the step. The next moment the door had closed, he was beside her, and the cab was heading down Market Street. He passed his arm around her, drew her close, and kissed her. When next she glimpsed his face she was certain that it was dyed with a faint blush.

"I I've heard there was an art in kissing," he stammered. "I don't know anything about it myself, but I'll learn. You see, you're the first woman I ever kissed."

IX

Where a jagged peak of rock thrust above the vast virgin forest, reclined a man and a woman. Beneath them, on the edge of the trees, were tethered two horses. Behind each saddle were a pair of small saddle-bags. The trees were monotonously huge. Towering hundreds of feet into the air, they ran from eight to ten and twelve feet in diameter. Many were much larger. All morning they had toiled up

the divide through this unbroken forest, and this peak of rock had been the first spot where they could get out of the forest in order to see the forest.

Beneath them and away, far as they could see, lay range upon range of haze-empurpled mountains. There was no end to these ranges. They rose one behind another to the dim, distant skyline, where they faded away with a vague promise of unending extension beyond. There were no clearings in the forest; north, south, east and west, untouched, unbroken, it covered the land with its mighty growth.

They lay, feasting their eyes on the sight, her hand clasped in one of his; for this was their honeymoon, and these were the redwoods of Mendocino. Across from Shasta they had come, with horses and saddle-bags, and down through the wilds of the coast counties, and they had no plan except to continue until some other plan entered their heads. They were roughly dressed, she in travel-stained khaki, he in overalls and woolen shirt. The latter was open at the sunburned neck, and in his hugeness he seemed a fit dweller among the forest giants, while for her, as a dweller with him, there were no signs of aught else but happiness.

"Well, Big Man," she said, propping herself up on an elbow to gaze at him, "it is more wonderful than you promised. And we are going through it together."

"And there's a lot of the rest of the world we'll go through together," he answered, shifting his position so as to get her hand in both of his.

"But not till we've finished with this," she urged. "I seem never to grow tired of the big woods and of you."

He slid effortlessly into a sitting posture and gathered her into his arms.

"Oh, you lover," she whispered. "And I had given up hope of finding such a one."

"And I never hoped at all. I must just have known all the time that I was going to find you. Glad?"

Her answer was a soft pressure where her hand rested on his neck, and for long minutes they looked out over the great woods and dreamed.

"You remember I told you how I ran away from the red-haired school teacher? That was the first time I saw this country. I was on foot, but forty or fifty miles a day was play for me. I was a regular Indian. I wasn't thinking about you then. Game was pretty scarce in the redwoods, but there was plenty of fine trout. That was when I camped on these rocks. I didn't dream that some day I'd be back with you, you!"

"And be a champion of the ring, too," she suggested.

"No; I didn't think about that at all. Dad had always told me I was going to be, and I took it for granted. You see, he was very wise. He was a great man."

"But he didn't see you leaving the ring."

"I don't know. He was so careful in hiding its crookedness from me, that I think he feared it. I've told you about the contract with Stubener. Dad put

in that clause about crookedness. The first crooked thing my manager did was to break the contract."

"And yet you are going to fight this Tom Cannam. Is it worth while?"

He looked at her quickly.

"Don't you want me to?"

"Dear lover, I want you to do whatever you want."

So she said, and to herself, her words still ringing in her ears, she marveled that she, not least among the stubbornly independent of the breed of Sangster, should utter them. Yet she knew they were true, and she was glad.

"It will be fun," he said.

"But I don't understand all the gleeful details?"

"I haven't worked them out yet. You might help me. In the first place I'm going to double cross Stubener and the betting syndicate. It will be part of the joke. I am going to put Cannam out in the first round. For the first time I shall be really angry when I fight. Poor Tom Cannam, who's as crooked as the rest, will be the chief sacrifice. You see, I intend to make a speech in the ring. It's unusual, but it will be a success, for I am going to tell the audience all the inside workings of the game. It's a good game, too, but they're running it on business principles, and that's what spoils it. But there, I'm giving the speech to you instead of at the ring."

"I wish I could be there to hear," she said.

He looked at her and debated.

"I'd like to have you. But it's sure to be a rough time. There is no telling what may happen when I start my program. But I'll come straight to you as soon as it's over. And it will be the last appearance of Young Glendon in the ring, in any ring."

"But, dear, you've never made a speech in your life," she objected. "You might fail."

He shook his head positively.

"I'm Irish," he announced, "and what Irishman was there who couldn't speak?" He paused to laugh merrily. "Stubener thinks I'm crazy. Says a man can't train on matrimony. A lot he knows about matrimony, or me, or you, or anything except real estate and fixed fights. But I'll show him that night, and poor Tom, too. I really feel sorry for Tom."

"My dear abysmal brute is going to behave most abysmally and brutally, I fear," she murmured.

He laughed.

"I'm going to make a noble attempt at it. Positively my last appearance, you know. And then it will be you, you! But if you don't want that last appearance, say the word."

"Of course I want it, Big Man. I want my Big Man for himself, and to be himself he must be himself. If you want this, I want it for you, and for myself, too. Suppose I said I wanted to go on the stage, or to the South Seas or the North Pole?"

He answered slowly, almost solemnly.

"Then I'd say go ahead. Because you are you and must be yourself and do whatever you want. I love you because you are you."

"And we're both a silly pair of lovers," she said, when his embrace had relaxed.

"Isn't it great!" he cried.

He stood up, measured the sun with his eye, and extended his hand out over the big woods that covered the serried, purple ranges.

"We've got to sleep out there somewhere. It's thirty miles to the nearest camp."

X

Who, of all the sports present, will ever forget the memorable night at the Golden Gate Arena, when Young Glendon put Tom Cannam to sleep and an even greater one than Tom Cannam, kept the great audience on the ragged edge of riot for an hour, caused the subsequent graft investigation of the supervisors and the indictments of the contractors and the building commissioners, and pretty generally disrupted the whole fight game. It was a complete surprise. Not even Stubener had the slightest apprehension of what was coming. It was true that his man had been insubordinate after the Nat Powers affair, and had run off and got married; but all that was over. Young Pat had done the expected, swallowed the inevitable crookedness of the ring, and come back into it again.

The Golden Gate Arena was new. This was its first fight, and it was the biggest building of the kind San Francisco had ever erected. It seated twenty-five thousand, and every seat was occupied. Sports

had traveled from all over the world to be present, and they had paid fifty dollars for their ringside seats. The cheapest seat in the house had sold for five dollars.

The old familiar roar of applause went up when Billy Morgan, the veteran announcer, climbed through the ropes and bared his gray head. As he opened his mouth to speak, a heavy crash came from a near section where several tiers of low seats had collapsed. The crowd broke into loud laughter and shouted jocular regrets and advice to the victims, none of whom had been hurt. The crash of the seats and the hilarious uproar caused the captain of police in charge to look at one of his lieutenants and lift his brows in token that they would have their hands full and a lively night.

One by one, welcomed by uproarious applause, seven doughty old ring heroes climbed through the ropes to be introduced. They were all ex-heavy-weight champions of the world. Billy Morgan accompanied each presentation to the audience with an appropriate phrase. One was hailed as "Honest John" and "Old Reliable," another was "the squarest two-fisted fighter the ring ever saw." And of others: "the hero of a hundred battles and never threw one and never lay down"; "the gamest of the old guard"; "the only one who ever came back"; "the greatest warrior of them all"; and "the hardest nut in the ring to crack."

All this took time. A speech was insisted on from each of them, and they mumbled and muttered in

reply with proud blushes and awkward shamblings. The longest speech was from "Old Reliable" and lasted nearly a minute. Then they had to be photographed. The ring filled up with celebrities, with champion wrestlers, famous conditioners, and veteran time-keepers and referees. Lightweights and middle-weights swarmed. Everybody seemed to be challenging everybody. Nat Powers was there, demanding a return match from Young Glendon, and so were all the other shining lights whom Glendon had snuffed out. Also, they all challenged Jim Hanford, who, in turn, had to make his statement, which was to the effect that he would accord the next fight to the winner of the one that was about to take place. The audience immediately proceeded to name the winner, half of it wildly crying "Glendon," and the other half "Cannam." In the midst of the pandemonium another tier of seats went down, and half a dozen rows were on between cheated ticket holders and the stewards who had been reaping a fat harvest. The captain despatched a message to headquarters for additional police details.

The crowd was feeling good. When Cannam and Glendon made their ring entrances, the Arena resembled a national political convention. Each was cheered for a solid five minutes. The ring was now cleared. Glendon sat in his corner surrounded by his seconds. As usual, Stubener was at his back. Cannam was introduced first, and after he had scraped and ducked his head, he was compelled to respond to the

cries for a speech. He stammered and halted, but managed to grind out several ideas.

"I'm proud to be here to-night," he said, and found space to capture another thought while the applause was thundering. "I've fought square. I've fought square all my life. Nobody can deny that. And I'm going to do my best to-night."

There were loud cries of: "That's right, Tom!" "We know that!" "Good boy, Tom!" "You're the boy to fetch the bacon home!"

Then came Glendon's turn. From him, likewise, a speech was demanded, though for principals to give speeches was an unprecedented thing in the prize ring. Billy Morgan held up his hand for silence, and in a clear, powerful voice Glendon began:

"Everybody has told you they were proud to be here to-night," he said. "I am not." The audience was startled, and he paused long enough to let it sink home. "I am not proud of my company. You wanted a speech. I'll give you a real one. This is my last fight. After to-night I leave the ring for good. Why? I have already told you. I don't like my company. The prize ring is so crooked that no man engaged in it can hide behind a corkscrew. It is rotten to the core, from the little professional clubs right up to this affair to-night."

The low rumble of astonishment that had been rising at this point burst into a roar. There were loud boos and hisses, and many began crying: "Go on with the fight!" "We want the fight!" "Why

don't you fight?" Glendon, waiting, noted that the principal disturbers near the ring were promoters and managers and fighters. In vain did he strive to make himself heard. The audience was divided, half crying out, "Fight!" and the other half, "Speech! Speech!"

Ten minutes of hopeless madness prevailed. Stubener, the referee, the owner of the Arena, and the promoter of the fight, pleaded with Glendon to go on with the fight. When he refused, the referee declared that he would award the fight in forfeit to Cannam if Glendon did not fight.

"You can't do it," the latter retorted. "I'll sue you in all the courts if you try that on, and I'll not promise you that you'll survive this crowd if you cheat it out of the fight. Besides, I'm going to fight. But before I do I'm going to finish my speech."

"But it's against the rules," protested the referee.

"It's nothing of the sort. There's not a word in the rules against ringside speeches. Every big fighter here to-night has made a speech."

"Only a few words," shouted the promoter in Glendon's ear. "But you're giving a lecture."

"There's nothing in the rules against lectures," Glendon answered. "And now you fellows get out of the ring or I'll throw you out."

The promoter, apoplectic and struggling, was dropped over the ropes by his coat-collar. He was a large man, but so easily had Glendon done it with one hand that the audience went wild with delight.

The cries for a speech increased in volume. Stubener and the owner beat a wise retreat. Glendon held up his hands to be heard, whereupon those that shouted for the fight redoubled their efforts. Two or ~~th~~ree tiers of seats crashed down, and numbers who had thus lost their places added to the turmoil by making a concerted rush to squeeze in on the still intact seats, while those behind, blocked from sight of the ring, yelled and raved for them to sit down.

Glendon walked to the ropes and spoke to the police captain. He was compelled to bend over and shout in his ear.

"If I don't give this speech," he said, "this crowd will wreck the place. If they break loose you can never hold them, you know that. Now you've got to help. You keep the ring clear and I'll silence the crowd."

He went back to the center of the ring and again held up his hands.

"You want that speech?" he shouted in a tremendous voice.

Hundreds near the ring heard him and cried "Yes!"

"Then let every man who wants to hear shut up the noise-maker next to him!"

The advice was taken, so that when he repeated it, his voice penetrated farther. Again and again he shouted it, and slowly, zone by zone, the silence pressed outward from the ring, accompanied by a muffled undertone of smacks and thuds and scuffles as the obstreperous were subdued by their neigh-

bors. Almost had all confusion been smothered, when a tier of seats near the ring went down. This was greeted with fresh roars of laughter, which of itself died away, so that a lone voice, far back, was heard distinctly as it piped: "Go on, Glendon! We're with you!"

Glendon had the Celt's intuitive knowledge of the psychology of the crowd. He knew that what had been a vast disorderly mob five minutes before was now tightly in hand, and for added effect he deliberately delayed. Yet the delay was just long enough and not a second too long. For thirty seconds the silence was complete, and the effect produced was one of awe. Then, just as the first faint hints of restlessness came to his ears, he began to speak:

"When I finish this speech," he said, "I am going to fight. I promise you it will be a real fight, one of the few real fights you have ever seen. I am going to get my man in the shortest possible time. Billy Morgan, in making his final announcement, will tell you that it is to be a forty-five round contest. Let me tell you that it will be nearer forty-five seconds.

"When I was interrupted I was telling you that the ring was rotten. It is—from top to bottom. It is run on business principles, and you all know what business principles are. Enough said. You are the suckers, every last one of you that is not making anything out of it.

"Why are the seats falling down to-night? Graft. Like the fight game, they were built on business principles."

He now held the audience stronger than ever, and knew it.

"There are three men squeezed on two seats. I can see that everywhere. What does it mean? Graft. The stewards don't get any wages. They are supposed to graft. Business principles again. You pay. Of course you pay. How are the fight permits obtained? Graft. And now let me ask you: if the men who build the seats graft, if the stewards graft, if the authorities graft, why shouldn't those higher up in the fight game graft? They do. And you pay.

"And let me tell you it is not the fault of the fighters. They don't run the game. The promoters and managers run it; they're the business men. The fighters are only fighters. They begin honestly enough, but the managers and promoters make them give in or kick them out. There have been straight fighters. And there are now a few, but they don't earn much as a rule. I guess there have been straight managers. Mine is about the best of the boiling. But just ask him how much he's got salted down in real estate and apartment houses."

Here the uproar began to drown his voice.

"Let every man who wants to hear shut up the man alongside of him!" Glendon instructed.

Again, like the murmur of a surf, there was a rustling of smacks, and thuds, and scuffles, and the house quieted down.

"Why does every fighter work overtime insisting that he's always fought square? Why are they called Honest Johns, and Honest Bills, and Honest Black-

smiths, and all the rest? Doesn't it ever strike you that they seem to be afraid of something? When a man comes to you shouting he is honest, you get suspicious. But when a prize-fighter passes the same dope out to you, you swallow it down.

"May the best man win! How often have you heard Billy Morgan say that! Let me tell you that the best man doesn't win so often, and when he does it's usually arranged for him. Most of the grudge fights you've heard or seen were arranged, too. It's a program. The whole thing is programed. Do you think the promoters and managers are in it for their health? They're not. They're business men.

"Tom, Dick, and Harry are three fighters. Dick is the best man. In two fights he could prove it. But what happens? Tom licks Harry. Dick licks Tom. Harry licks Dick. Nothing proved. Then comes the return matches. Harry licks Tom. Tom licks Dick. Dick licks Harry. Nothing proved. Then they try again. Dick is kicking. Says he wants to get along in the game. So Dick licks Tom, and Dick licks Harry. Eight fights to prove Dick the best man, when two could have done it. All arranged. A regular program. And you pay for it, and when your seats don't break down you get robbed of them by the stewards.

"It's a good game, too, if it were only square. The fighters would be square if they had a chance. But the graft is too big. When a handful of men can divide up three-quarters of a million dollars on three fights—"

A wild outburst compelled him to stop. Out of

the medley of cries from all over the house, he could distinguish such as "What million dollars?" "What three fights?" "Tell us!" "Go on!" Likewise there were boos and hisses, and cries of "Muckraker! Muckraker!"

"Do you want to hear?" Glendon shouted. "Then keep order!"

Once more he compelled the impressive half minute of silence.

"What is Jim Hanford planning? What is the program his crowd and mine are framing up? They know I've got him. He knows I've got him. I can whip him in one fight. But he's the champion of the world. If I don't give in to the program, they'll never give me a chance to fight him. The program calls for three fights. I am to win the first fight. It will be pulled off in Nevada if San Francisco won't stand for it. We are to make it a good fight. To make it good, each of us will put up a side bet of twenty thousand. It will be real money, but it won't be a real bet. Each gets his own slipped back to him. The same way with the purse. We'll divide it evenly, though the public division will be thirty-five and sixty-five. The purse, the moving picture royalties, the advertisements, and all the rest of the drags won't be a cent less than two hundred and fifty thousand. We'll divide it, and go to work on the return match. Hanford will win that, and we divide again. Then comes the third fight; I win as I have every right to; and we have taken three-quarters of a million out of the pockets of the fighting public.

That's the program, but the money is dirty. And that's why I am quitting the ring to-night—"

It was at this moment that Jim Hanford, kicking a clinging policeman back among the seat-holders, heaved his huge frame through the ropes, bellowing: "It's a lie!"

He rushed like an infuriated bull at Glendon, who sprang back, and then, instead of meeting the rush, ducked cleanly away. Unable to check himself, the big man fetched up against the ropes. Flung back by the spring of them, he was turning to make another rush, when Glendon landed him. Glendon, cool, clear-seeing, distanced his man perfectly to the jaw and struck the first full-strength blow of his career. All his strength, and his reserve of strength, went into that one smashing muscular explosion.

Hanford was dead in the air—in so far as unconsciousness may resemble death. So far as he was concerned, he ceased at the moment of contact with Glendon's fist. His feet left the floor and he was in the air until he struck the topmost rope. His inert body sprawled across it, sagged at the middle, and fell through the ropes and down out of the ring upon the heads of the men in the press seats.

The audience broke loose. It had already seen more than it had paid to see, for the great Jim Hanford, the world champion, had been knocked out. It was unofficial, but it had been with a single punch. Never had there been such a night in fistiana. Glendon looked ruefully at his damaged knuckles,

cast a glance through the ropes to where Hanford was groggily coming to, and held up his hands. He had clinched his right to be heard, and the audience grew still.

"When I began to fight," he said, "they called me 'One-punch Glendon.' You saw that punch a moment ago. I always had that punch. I went after my men and got them on the jump, though I was careful not to hit with all my might. Then I was educated. My manager told me it wasn't fair to the crowd. He advised me to make long fights so that the crowd could get a run for its money. I was a fool, a mutt. I was a green lad from the mountains. So help me God, I swallowed it as the truth. My manager used to talk over with me what round I would put my man out in. Then he tipped it off to the betting syndicate, and the betting syndicate went to it. Of course you paid. But I am glad for one thing. I never touched a cent of the money. They didn't dare offer it to me, because they knew it would give the game away.

"You remember my fight with Nat Powers. I never knocked him out. I had got suspicious. So the gang framed it up with him. I didn't know. I intended to let him go a couple of rounds over the sixteenth. That last punch in the sixteenth didn't shake him. But he faked the knock-out just the same and fooled all of you."

"How about to-night?" a voice called out. "Is it a frame-up?"

"It is," was Glendon's answer. "How's the syndicate betting? That Cannam will last to the fourteenth."

Howls and hoots went up. For the last time Glendon held up his hands for silence.

"I'm almost done now. But I want to tell you one thing. The syndicate gets landed to-night. This is to be a square fight. Tom Cannam won't last till the fourteenth round. He won't last the first round."

Cannam sprang to his feet in his corner and cried out in a fury:

"You can't do it. The man don't live who can get me in one round!"

Glendon ignored him and went on.

"Once now in my life I have struck with all my strength. You saw that a moment ago when I caught Hanford. To-night, for the second time, I am going to hit with all my strength—that is, if Cannam doesn't jump through the ropes right now and get away. And now I'm ready."

He went to his corner and held out his hands for his gloves. In the opposite corner Cannam raged while his seconds tried vainly to calm him. At last Billy Morgan managed to make the final announcement.

"This will be a forty-five round contest," he shouted. "Marquis of Queensbury Rules! And may the best man win! Let her go!"

The gong struck. The two men advanced. Glendon's right hand was extended for the customary shake, but Cannam, with an angry toss of the head,

refused to take it. To the general surprise, he did not rush. Angry though he was, he fought carefully, his touched pride impelling him to bend every effort to last out the round. Several times he struck, but he struck cautiously, never relaxing his defense. Glendon hunted him about the ring, ever advancing with the remorseless tap-tap of his left foot. Yet he struck no blows, nor attempted to strike. He even dropped his hands to his sides and hunted the other defenselessly in an effort to draw him out. Cannam grinned defiantly, but declined to take advantage of the proffered opening.

Two minutes passed, and then a change came over Glendon. By every muscle, by every line of his face, he advertised that the moment had come for him to get his man. Acting it was, and it was well acted. He seemed to have become a thing of steel, as hard and pitiless as steel. The effect was apparent on Cannam, who redoubled his caution. Glendon quickly worked him into a corner and herded and held him there. Still he struck no blow, nor attempted to strike, and the suspense on Cannam's part grew painful. In vain he tried to work out of the corner, while he could not summon resolution to rush upon his opponent in an attempt to gain the respite of a clinch.

Then it came—a swift series of simple feints that were muscle flashes. Cannam was dazzled. So was the audience. No two of the onlookers could agree afterward as to what took place. Cannam ducked one feint and at the same time threw up his face

guard to meet another feint for his jaw. He also attempted to change position with his legs. Ringside witnesses swore that they saw Glendon start the blow from his right hip and leap forward like a tiger to add the weight of his body to it. Be that as it may, the blow caught Cannam on the point of the chin at the moment of his shift of position. And like Hanford, he was unconscious in the air before he struck the ropes and fell through on the heads of the reporters.

Of what happened afterward that night in the Golden Gate Arena, columns in the newspapers were unable adequately to describe. The police kept the ring clear, but they could not save the Arena. It was not a riot. It was an orgy. Not a seat was left standing. All over the great hall, by main strength, crowding and jostling to lay hands on beams and boards, the crowd uprooted and overturned. Prize-fighters sought protection of the police, but there were not enough police to escort them out, and fighters, managers, and promoters were beaten and battered. Jim Hanford alone was spared. His jaw, prodigiously swollen, earned him this mercy. Outside, when finally driven from the building, the crowd fell upon a new seven-thousand-dollar motor car belonging to a well-known fight promoter and reduced it to scrapiron and kindling wood.

Glendon, unable to dress amid the wreckage of dressing rooms, gained his automobile, still in his ring costume and wrapped in a bathrobe, but failed

to escape. By weight of numbers the crowd caught and held his machine. The police were too busy to rescue him, and in the end a compromise was effected, whereby the car was permitted to proceed at a walk escorted by five thousand cheering madmen.

It was midnight when this storm swept past Union Square and down upon the St. Francis. Cries for a speech went up, and though at the hotel entrance, Glendon was good-naturedly restrained from escaping. He even tried leaping out upon the heads of the enthusiasts, but his feet never touched the pavement. On heads and shoulders, clutched at and uplifted by every hand that could touch his body, he went back through the air to the machine. Then he gave his speech, and Maud Glendon, looking down from an upper window at her young Hercules towering on the seat of the automobile, knew, as she always knew, that he meant it when he repeated that he had fought his last fight and retired from the ring forever.

THE THREE-POUND CHAR

I READ *Seven Darlings* when it first came out in the *Cosmopolitan*, and one part impressed me so that when I was looking for a fishing story to go into this collection it came instantly to mind. I read it for the first time in almost twenty years, last week. It is still a fine yarn, but it seemed so incredible that I asked various devotees of fishing to pass on it. They returned it with praises couched in superlatives, so it is offered here as the best example of the sporting gesture in one of our most enthralling sports.

THE THREE-POUND CHAR

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

THEN I'm to guide the Englishman."

"If you don't mind." Arthur regarded her, smiling. He couldn't help it. She was so pretty. "And I'd advise you not to be too eager to show off. Mr. Pritchard has hunted and fished more than all of us put together."

"That little pink-faced snip!" exclaimed Gay. "I'll sure see how much he knows."

Half an hour later she was rowing him leisurely in the direction of Placid Brook, and examining his somewhat remarkable outfit with wondering eyes. This was not difficult, since his own eyes, which were clear brown, and very shy, were very much occupied in looking over the contents of the large-tackle box.

"If you care to rig your rod," said Gay presently, "and cast about as we go, you might take something between here and the brook."

"Do you mean," he said, "that you merely throw about you at random, and that it is possible to take fish?"

"Of course," said she—"when they are rising."

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"But then the best one could hope for," he drawled, "would be indiscriminate fish."

"Just what do you mean by that?"

"Why!"—and this time he looked up and smiled very shyly—"if you were after elephant and came across a herd, would you pick out a bull with a fine pair of tusks, or would you fire indiscriminately into the thick of them, and perhaps bring down the merest baby?"

"I never heard of picking your fish," said Gay.

"Dear me," he commented, "then you have nearly a whole lifetime of delightful study before you!"

He unslung a pair of field-glasses, focussed them, and began to study the surface of the placid lake, not the far-off surface but the surface within twenty or thirty feet. Then he remarked:

"Your flies aren't greatly different from ours. I think we shall find something nearly right. One can never tell. The proclivities of trout and char differ somewhat. I have never taken char."

"You don't think you are after char now, do you?" exclaimed Gay. "Because, if so—this lake contains bass, trout, lake-trout, sunfish, shiners, and bullheads, but no char."

Pritchard smiled a little sadly and blushed. He hated to put people right.

"Your brook-trout," he said, "your *salmo fontinalis*, isn't a trout at all. He's a char."

Gay put her back into the rowing with some temper. She felt that the Englishman had insulted

the greatest of all American institutions. The repartee which sprang to her lips was somewhat feeble.

"If a trout is a char," she said angrily, "then an onion is a fruit."

To her astonishment, Mr. Pritchard began to laugh. He dropped everything and gave his whole attention to it. He laughed till the tears came and the delicate guide boat shook from stern to stern. Presently the germ of his laughing spread, and Gay came down with a sharp attack of it herself. She stopped rowing. Two miles off, a loon, that most exclusive laugher of the North Woods, took fright, dove, and remained under for ten minutes.

The young people in the guide boat looked at each other through smarting tears.

"I am learning fast," said Gay, "that you count your fish before you catch them, that trout are char, and that Englishmen laugh at other people's jokes."

She rowed on.

"Don't forget to tell me when you've chosen your fish," she remarked.

"You shall help me choose," he said; "I insist. I speak for a three-pounder."

"The event of a lifetime!"

"Why, Miss Gay," he said, "it's all the event of a lifetime. The Camp, the ride in the motor-boat, the wonderful, wonderful breakfast, water teeming with fish, the woods, and the mountains—millions of years ago it was decreed that you and I should rock a boat with laughter in the midst of New Moon

Lake. And yet you speak of a three-pounder as the event of a lifetime! My answer is a defiance. We shall take one *salmo fontinalis*—one wily char. He shall not weigh three pounds; he shall weigh a trifle more. Then we shall put up tackle and go home to a merry dinner.”

“Mr. Pritchard,” said Gay, “I’ll bet you anything you like that you don’t take a trout—or a char, if you like—that will weigh three pounds or over. I’ll bet you ten to one.”

“Don’t do that,” he said; “it’s an even shot. What will you bet?”

“I’ll bet you my prospective dividends for the year,” she said, “against—”

“My prospective title?”

He looked rather solemn, but laughter bubbled from Gay.

“It’s a good sporting proposition,” said Pritchard. “It’s a very sound title—old, resonant—and unless you upset us and we drown, tolerably certain to be mine to pay—in case I lose.”

“I don’t bet blindly,” said Gay. “What is the title?”

“I shall be the Earl of Merrivale,” said he; “and if I fail this day to take a char weighing three pounds or over, you will be the Countess of Merrivale.”

“Dear me!” said Gay, “who ever heard of so much depending on a mere fish? But I don’t like my side of the bet. It’s all so sudden. I don’t know you well enough, and you’re sure to lose.”

"I'll take either end of the bet you don't like," said Mr. Pritchard gravely. "If I land the three-pounder, you become the countess; if I don't I pay you the amount of your dividends for the year. Is that better?"

"Much," smiled Gay; "because, with the bet in this form, there is practically no danger that either of us will lose anything. My dividends probably won't amount to a row of pins, and you most certainly will not land so big a fish."

Meanwhile they had entered the mouth of Placid Brook. The surface was dimpling—rings became, spread, merged in one another, and were not. The fish were feeding.

"Let us land in the meadow," said Mr. Pritchard, his brown eyes clear and sparkling, "and spy upon the enemy."

"Are you going to leave your rod and things in the boat?"

"For the present—until we have located our fish."

They landed, and he advanced upon the brook by a *détour*, stealthily, crouching, his field-glasses at attention. Once he turned and spoke to Gay in an authoritative whisper:

"Try not to show above the bushes."

The sun was warm on the meadow, and although the bushes along its margin were leafless, the meadow itself had a greenish look, and the feel of the air was such that Gay, upon whom silence and invisibility had been enjoined, longed to dance in full

sight of the trout and to sing at the top of her voice: "Oh, that we two were Maying!" Instead, she crouched humbly and in silence at Pritchard's side, while he studied the dimpling brook through his powerful field-glasses.

Gay had never seen red Indians except in Buffalo Bill's show, where it is made worth their while to be very noisy. But she had read her Cooper and her Ballantyne,

Ballantyne, the brave,
And Cooper of the wood and wave,

and she knew of the early Christian patience with which they are supposed to go about the business of hunting and fishing.

Pritchard, she observed, had a weather-red face and high cheek-bones. He was smooth-shaved. He wore no hat. But for his miraculously short-cut hair, his field-glasses, his suit of coarse Scotch wool, whose colors blended so well with the meadow upon which he crouched, he might have been an Indian. His head, the field-glasses, the hands which clasped them, moved—nothing else.

"Is it a bluff?" thought Gay. "Is he just posing, or is there something in it?"

Half an hour passed—three quarters. Gay was pale and grimly smiling. Her legs had gone to sleep. But she would not give in. If an Englishman could fish so patiently, why, so could she. She was fighting her own private battle of Bunker Hill—of New Orleans.

Pritchard lowered his glasses, handed them to Gay, and pointed up the brook and across, to where a triangular point of granite peered a few inches above the surface. Gay looked through the glasses, and Pritchard began to whisper in her ear:

"Northwest of that point of rock, about two feet—keep looking just there, and I'll try to tell you what to see."

"There's a fish feeding," she answered; "but he must be a baby, he just makes a bubble on the surface."

"There are three types of insect floating over him," said Pritchard; "I don't know your American beasts by name, but there is a black, a brown, and a grayish spiderlike thing. He's taking the last. If you see one of the gray ones floating where he made his last bubble, watch it."

Gay presently discerned such an insect so floating, and watched it. It passed within a few inches of where the feeding trout had last risen and disappeared, and a tiny ring gently marked the spot where it had been sucked under. Gay saw a black insect pass over the fatal spot unscathed, then browns; and then, once more, a gray, very tiny in the body but with longish legs, approached and was engulfed.

"Now for the tackle box," Pritchard whispered.

They withdrew from the margin of the brook, Gay in that curious ecstasy, half joy, half sorrow, induced by sleepy legs. She lurched and almost fell. Pritchard caught her.

"Was the vigil too long?" he asked.

"I liked it," she said. "But my legs went to sleep and are just waking up. Tell me things. There were fish rising bold—jumping clean out—making the water boil. But you weren't interested in them."

"It was noticeable," said Pritchard, "and perhaps you noticed that one fish was feeding alone. He blew his little rings—without fear or hurry—none of the other fishes dared come anywhere near him. He lives in the vicinity of that pointed rock. The water there is probably deep and, in the depths, very cold. Who knows but a spring bubbles into a brook at the base of that rock? The fish lives there and rules the water around him for five or six yards. He is selfish, fat, and old. He feeds quietly because nobody dares dispute his food with him. He is the biggest fish in this reach of the brook. At least, he is the biggest that is feeding this morning. Now we know what kind of a fly he is taking. Probably I have a close imitation of it in my fly box. If not, we shall have to make one. Then we must try to throw it just above him—very lightly—float it into his range of vision, and when he sucks it into his mouth, strike—and if we are lucky we shall then proceed to take him."

Gay, passionately fond of woodcraft, listened with a kind of awe.

"But," she said, seeing no objection, "how do you know he weighs three pounds and over?"

"Frankly," said Pritchard, "I don't. I am gambling on *that*." He shot her a shy look. "Just hoping. I know that he is big. I believe we shall land him. I

hope and pray that he weighs over three pounds."

Gay blushed and said nothing. She was beginning to think that Pritchard might land a three-pounder as well as not—and she had light-heartedly agreed, in that event, to become the Countess of Merrivale. Of course, the bet was mere nonsense. But suppose, by any fleeting chance, that Pritchard should not so regard it? What *should* she do? Suppose that Pritchard had fallen victim to a case of love at first sight? It would not, she was forced to admit (somewhat demurely), be the first instance in her own actual experience. There was a young man who had so fallen in love with her, and who, a week later, not knowing the difference—so exactly the triplets resembled each other—had proposed to Phyllis.

They drew the guide boat up onto the meadows and Pritchard, armed with a scoop-net of mesh as fine as mosquito-netting, leaned over the brook and caught one of the grayish flies that were tickling the appetite of the big trout.

This fly had a body no bigger than a gnat's.

Pritchard handed Gay a box of japanned tin. It was divided into compartments, and each compartment was half full of infinitesimal trout flies. They were so small that you had to use a pair of tweezers in handling them.

Pritchard spread his handkerchief on the grass, and Gay dumped the flies out on it and spread them for examination. And then, their heads very close together, they began to hunt for one which would match the live one that Pritchard had caught.

"But they're too small," Gay objected. "The hooks would pull right through a trout's lip."

"Not always," said Pritchard. "How about this one?"

"Too dark," said Gay.

"Here we are, then—a match or not?"

The natural fly and the artificial placed side by side were wonderfully alike.

"They're as like as Lee and me," said Gay.

"Lee?"

"Three of us are triplets," she explained. "We look exactly alike—and we never forgive people who get us mixed up."

Pritchard abandoned all present thoughts of trout-fishing by scientific methods. He looked into her face with wonder.

"Do you mean to tell me," said he, "that there are two other D-D-Darlings exactly like you?"

"Exactly—a nose for a nose; an eye for an eye."

"It isn't true," he proclaimed. "There is nobody in the whole world in the least like you."

"Some time," said Gay, "you will see the three of us in a row. We shall look inscrutable and say nothing. You will not be able to tell which of us went fishing with you and which stayed at home—"

" 'This little pig went to market,' " he began, and abruptly became serious. "Is that a challenge?"

"Yes," said Gay. "I fling down my gauntlet."

"And I," said Pritchard, "step forward and, in the face of all the world, lift it from the ground—and proclaim for all the world to hear that there

is nobody like my lady—and that I am so prepared to prove at any place or time—come weal, come woe. Let the heavens fall!”

“If you know me from the others,” Gay’s eyes gleamed, “you will be the first strange young man that ever did, and I shall assign and appoint in the inmost shrines of memory a most special niche for you.”

Pritchard bowed very humbly.

“That will not be necessary,” he said. “If I land the three-pounder. In that case, I should be always with you.”

“I wish,” said Gay, “that you wouldn’t refer so earnestly to a piece of nonsense. Upon repetition, a joke ceases to be a joke.”

Pritchard looked troubled.

“I’m sorry,” he said simply. “If it is the custom of the country to bet and then crawl, so be it. In Rome, I hasten to do as the Romans do. But I thought our bet was honorable and above-board. It seems it was just an—an Indian bet.”

Gay flushed angrily.

“You shall not belittle anything American,” she said. “It was a bet. I meant it. I stand by it. If you catch your big fish, I marry you. And if I have to marry you, I will lead you such a dance—”

“You wouldn’t have to,” Pritchard put in gently, “you wouldn’t have to lead me. If you and I were married, I’d just naturally dance—wouldn’t I? When a man sorrows he weeps; when he rejoices he dances. It’s all very simple and natural—”

He turned his face to the serene heavens, and, very gravely:

"Ah, Lord!" he said. "Vouchsafe to me, undeserving but hopeful, this day, a char—*salmo fontinalis*—to weigh a trifle over three pounds, for the sake of all that is best and sweetest in this best of all possible worlds."

If his face or voice had had a suspicion of irreverence, Gay would have laughed. Instead, she found that she wanted to cry and that her heart was beating unquietly.

Mr. Pritchard dismissed sentiment from his mind, and with loving hands began to take a powerful split-bamboo rod from its case.

Gay's notion of scientific fishing might have been thus summed: Know just where to fish and use the lightest rod made. Her own trout-rod weighed two and a half ounces without the reel. Compared to it, Pritchard's was a coarse and heavy instrument. His weighed six ounces.

"You could land a salmon with that," said Gay scornfully.

"I have," said Pritchard. "It's a splendid rod. I doubt if you could break it."

"Doesn't give the fish much of a run for his money."

"But how about this, Miss Gay?"

He showed her a leader of finest water-blue catgut. It was nine feet long and tapered from the thickness of a human hair to that of a thread of

spider-spinning. Gay's waning admiration glowed once more.

"That wouldn't hold a minnow," she said.

"We must see about that," he answered; "we must hope that it will hold a very large char."

He reeled off eighty or ninety feet of line, and began to grease it with a white tallow.

"What's that stuff?" Gay asked.

"Red-deer fat."

"What for?"

"To make the line float. We're fishing with a dry-fly, you know."

Gay noticed that the line was tapered from very heavy to very fine.

"Why is that?" she asked.

"It throws better—especially in a wind. The heavy part will carry a fly out into half a gale."

He reeled in the line and made his leader fast to it with a swift, running hitch, and to the fine end of the leader he attached the fly which they had chosen. Upon this tiny and exquisite arrangement of fairy hook, gray silk, and feathers, he blew paraffin from a pocket atomizer that it might float and not become water-logged.

"Do we fish from the shore or the boat?" Gay asked.

"From this shore."

"You'll never reach there from this shore."

"Then I've misjudged the distance. Are you going to use the landing-net for me, in case it's necessary?"

Gay caught up the net and once more followed his stealthy advance upon the brook.

Pritchard had one preliminary look through the field-glasses, straightened his bent back, turned to her with a sorrowing face, and spoke aloud.

"He's had enough," he said. "He's stopped feeding."

Gay burst out laughing.

"And our fishing is over for the day? This shall be said of you, Mr. Pritchard, that you are a merciful man. You are not what is called in this country a 'game hog.' "

"Thank you," he said gravely. "But if you think the fishing is over for the day, you don't know a dry-fly fisherman when you see one. We made rather a late start. See, most of the fish have stopped feeding. They won't begin again much before three. The big fellow will be a little later. He has had more than the others; he is older; his digestion is no longer like chain lightning; he will sleep sounder, and dream of the golden days of his youth when a char was a trout."

"*That*," said Gay, "is distinctly unkind. I have been snubbed enough for one day. Are we to stand here, then, till three or four o'clock, till his royal highness wakes up and calls for breakfast?"

"No," said Pritchard; "though I would do so gladly, if it were necessary, in order to take this particular fish—"

"You might kneel before your rod," said Gay, "like a knight watching his arms."

"To rise in the morning and do battle for his lady—I repeat I should do so gladly if it would help my chances in the slightest. But it wouldn't."

He rested his rod very carefully across two bushes.

"The thing for us to do," he went on, "is to have lunch. I've often heard of how comfortable you American guides can make the weary, wayworn wanderer at the very shortest notice."

"Is that a challenge?"

"It is an expression of faith."

Their eyes met, and even lingered.

"In that case," said Gay, "I shall do what I may. There is cold lunch in the boat, but the wayworn one shall bask in front of a fire and look upon his food when it is piping hot. Come!"

Gay rowed him out of the brook and along the shore of the lake for a couple of miles. She was on her mettle. She wished him to know that she was no loungee in woodcraft. She put her strong young back into the work of rowing, and the fragile guide boat flew. Her cheeks glowed, and her lips were parted in a smile, but secretly she was filled with dread. She knew that she had brought food, raw and cooked; she could see the head of her ax gleaming under the middle seat; she would trust Mary for having seen to it that there was pepper and salt; but whether in the pocket of the Norfolk jacket there were matches, she could not be sure. If she stopped rowing to look, the Englishman would think that she had stopped because she was tired. And if,

later, it was found that she had come away without matches, he would laugh at her and her pretenses to being a "perfectly good guide."

She beached the boat upon the sand in a wooded cove, and before Pritchard could move had drawn it high and dry out of the water. Then she laughed aloud, and would not tell him why. She had discovered in the right-hand pocket of her coat two boxes of safety-matches, and in the left pocket three.

"Don't," said Gay, "this is my job."

She lifted the boat easily and carried it into the woods. Pritchard had wished to help. She laid the boat upon soft moss at the side of a narrow, mounting trail, slung the package of lunch upon her shoulders, and caught up her ax.

"Don't I help at all?" asked Pritchard.

"You are weary and wayworn," said Gay, "and I suppose I ought to carry you, too. But I can't. Can you follow? It's not far."

A quarter of a mile up the hillside, between virgin pines which made one think bitterly of what the whole mountains might be if the science of forestry had been imported a little earlier in the century, the steep and stony trail ended in an open space, gravelly and abounding in huge boulders, upon which the sun shone warm and bright. In the midst of the place was a spring, black and slowly bubbling. At the base of one great rock, a deep rift in whose face made a natural chimney, were traces of former fires.

"Wait here," commanded Gay.

Her ax sounded in a thicket, and she emerged

presently staggering under a load of balsam. She spread it in two great, fragrant mats. Then once more she went forth with her ax and returned with fire-wood.

Pritchard, a wistful expression in his eyes, studied her goings and her comings, and listened as to music, to the sharp, true ringing of her ax.

"By Jove," said he to himself, "that isn't perspiration on her forehead—it's honest sweat!"

In spite of the bright sunshine, the heat of the fire was wonderfully welcome, and began to bring out the strong, delicious aroma of the balsam. Gay sat upon her heels before the fire and cooked. There was a sound of boiling and bubbling. The fragrance of coffee mingled with the balsam and floated heavenward. During the swift preparation of lunch they hardly spoke. Twice Pritchard begged to help and was twice refused.

She spread a cloth between the mats of balsam upon one of which Pritchard reclined, and she laid out hot plates and bright silver with demure precision.

"Miss Gay," he said very earnestly, "I came to chuckle; I thought that at least you would burn the chicken and get smoke in your eyes, but I remain to worship the deity of woodcraft. An Indian could not do more swiftly or so well."

Gay swelled a little. She had worked very hard; nothing had gone wrong, so far. She was not in the least ashamed of herself.

Pritchard smoked at ease. Gay "washed up."

Gay, scouring a pan, was beginning to feel that she had known Pritchard a long time. She had made him comfortable, cared for him in the wild woods, and the knowledge warmed her heart.

Pritchard was saying to himself:

"We like the same sort of things—why not each other?"

"Miss Gay," he said aloud.

"What?"

"In case I land the three-pounder and over, I think I ought to tell you that I'm not very rich, and I know you aren't. Would that matter to you? I've just about enough," he went on tantalizingly, "to take a girl on ripping good trips into central Africa or Australia, but I can't keep any great state in England—Merrivale isn't a show place, you know—just a few grouse and pheasants and things, and pretty good fishin'."

"However much," said Gay, "I may regret my *bet*, there was nothing Indian about it. I'm sure that you are a clean, upright young man. I'm a decent sort of girl, though I say it that shouldn't. We might do worse. I've heard that love-matches aren't always what they are cracked up to be. And I'm quite sure that I want to go to Africa and hunt big game."

"Thank you," said Pritchard humbly. "And at least there would be love on one side."

"Nonsense," said Gay briskly. "I'm ready, if you are."

Pritchard jumped to his feet and threw away his cigarette.

"Now," he said, "that you've proved everything, *won't* you let me help?"

Gay refused him doubtfully, and then with a burst of generosity:

"Why, yes," she said.

The big trout was once more feeding. And Pritchard began to cast his diminutive fly up-stream and across. But he cast and got out line by a system that was new to Gay. He did not "whip" the brook; he whipped the air above it. He never allowed his fly to touch the water but drew it back sharply, and, at the same time, reeled out more line with his left hand, when it had fallen to within an inch or two of the surface. His casts, straight as a rifle-shot, lengthened, and reached out toward the boulder point near which the big trout was feeding, until he was throwing, and with consummate ease, a line longer than Gay had ever seen thrown.

"It's beautiful," she whispered. "Will you teach me?"

"Of course," he answered.

His fly hovered just above the ring which the trout had just made. Pritchard lengthened his line a foot, and cast again and again, with no further change but of an inch or two in direction.

"There's a little current," he explained. "If we dropped the fly into the middle of the ring, it would float just over his tail and he wouldn't see it. He's looking up-stream, whence his blessings flow. The fly must float straight down at him, dragging its leader, and not dragged by it."

All the while he talked, he continued casting with compact, forceful strokes of his right wrist and forearm. At last, his judgment being satisfied by the hovering position attained by the fly and leader, he relaxed his grip of the rod; the fly fell upon the water like thistle-down, floated five or six inches, and was sucked under by the big trout.

Pritchard struck hard.

There was a second's pause, while the big trout, pained and surprised, tried to gather his scattered wits. Three-quarters of Pritchard's line floated loosely across the brook, but the leader and the fly remained under, and Pritchard knew that he had hooked his fish.

Then, and it was sudden—like an explosion—the whole length of floating line disappeared, and the tip of Pritchard's powerful rod was dragged under after it.

The reel screamed.

"It's a whale!" shouted Gay, forgetting how much depended upon the size of the fish, "a whale!"

The time for stealthy movements and talk in whispers was over. Gay laughed, shouted, exhorted, while Pritchard, his lips parted, his cheeks flushed, gaily fought the great fish.

"Go easy; go easy!" cried Gay. "That hook will never hold him."

But Pritchard knew his implements, and fished with a kind of joyous, strong fury.

"When you hang 'em," he exulted, "land 'em."

The trout was a great noble potentate of those

waters. Years ago he had abandoned the stealthy ways of lesser fish. He came into the middle of the brook where the water is deep and there is freedom from weeds and sunken timber, and then up and down and across and across, with blind, furious rushes he fought his fight.

It was the strong man without science against the strong man who knows how to box. The steady, furious rushes, snubbed and controlled, became jerky and spasmodic; in a roar and swirl of water the king trout showed his gleaming and enormous back; a second later the sunset colors of his side and the white of his belly. Inch by inch, swollen by impotent fury, galvanically struggling and rushing, he followed the drag of the leader toward the beach, where, ankle-deep in the water, Gay crouched with the landing-net.

She trembled from head to foot as a well-bred pointer trembles when he has found a covey of quail and holds them in control, waiting for his master to walk in upon them.

The big trout, still fighting, turning, and raging, came toward the mouth of the half-submerged net.

"How big is he, Miss Gay?"

The voice was cool and steady.

"He's five pounds if he's an ounce," her voice trembled. "He's the biggest trout that ever swam."

"He *isn't* a trout," said Pritchard; "he's a char."

If Gay could have seen Pritchard's face, she would have been struck for the first time by a sort of serene beauty that pervaded some of its expressions.

The smile which he turned upon her crouching figure had in it a something almost angelic.

"Bring him a little nearer," she cried, "just a little."

"You're sure he weighs more than three pounds?"

"Sure—sure—don't talk, land him, land him—"

For answer Pritchard heaved strongly upward upon his rod and lifted the mighty fish clear of the water. One titanic convulsion of tortured muscles, and what was to be expected happened. The leader broke a few inches from the trout's lip, and he returned splashing to his native element, swam off slowly, just under the surface, then dove deep, and was seen no more.

"Oh!" cried Gay. "Why *did* you? Why *did* you?"

She had forgotten everything but the fact that the most splendid of all trout had been lost.

"Why did you?" she cried again.

"Because," he said serenely and gently, smiling into her grieved and flushed face, "I wouldn't have you as the payment of a bet. I will have you as a gift or not at all."

They returned to the camp, Pritchard rowing.

"I owe you your prospective dividends for the year," he said. "If they are large, I shall have to give you my note and pay as I can."

She did not answer.

"I think you are angry with me," he said. "I'd give more than a penny for your thoughts."

"I was thinking," said she, "that you are very

good at fishing, but that the art of rowing an Adirondack guide boat has been left out of you."

"Truly," he said, "was that what you were thinking?"

"No," she said, "I was thinking other things. I was thinking that I ought to go down on my knees and thank you for breaking the leader. You see, I'd made up my mind to keep my word. And, well, of course, it's a great escape for me."

"Why? Was the prospect of marrying me so awful?"

"The prospect of marrying a man who would rather lose a five-pound fish than marry me—was awful."

THE DALE CUP

Dog stories are always intriguing. As far back as the days of the Odyssey, dogs have been man's best friend, but we believe that all dog stories pale in comparison to the tale of *Bob, Son of Battle*. William Lyon Phelps says in an introduction to the book:

"No one who knows Mr. Ollivant's tale can by any possibility forget the Grey Dog of Kenmuir—the perfect, gentle knight—or the thrilling excitement of his successful struggles for the cup. He is indeed a noble and beautiful character, with the Christian combination of serpent and dove."

The choosing of a dog story was unusually difficult. The field is crowded, but it must be admitted that my mind was greatly relieved when Mr. Albert Payson Terhune, with many dog stories that were candidates, told me that I had undoubtedly chosen the very best dog story ever written.

THE DALE CUP

ALFRED OLLIVANT

AT LENGTH the great day came. Fears, hopes, doubts, dismays, all dispersed in the presence of the reality.

Cup Day is always a general holiday in the Daleland, and every soul crowds over to Silverdale. Shops were shut; special trains ran in to Grammochtown; and the road from the little town was dazed with char-a-bancs, brakes, wagonettes, carriages, carts, foot-passengers, wending toward the Dalesman's Daughter. And soon the paddock below that little inn was humming with the crowd of sportsmen and spectators come to see the battle for the Shepherds' Trophy.

There, very noticeable with its red body and yellow wheels, was the great Kenmuir wagon. Many an eye was directed on the handsome young pair who stood in it, conspicuous and unconscious, above the crowd: Maggie, looking in her simple print frock as sweet and fresh as any mountain flower; while David's fair face was all gloomy and his brows knit.

From *Bob, Son of Battle*, copyright by Alfred Ollivant, reprinted by permission of Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc.

In front of the wagon was a black cluster of Dalesmen, discussing M'Adam's chances. In the center was Tammias holding forth. Had you passed close to the group you might have heard: "A man, d'ye say, Mr. Maddox? A h'ape, I call him"; or: "A dog? more like an 'og, I tell yo'." Round the old orator were Jonas, 'Enry, and oor Job, Jem Burton, Rob Saunderson, Tupper, Jim Mason, Hoppin, and others; while on the outskirts stood Sam'l Todd prophesying rain and M'Adam's victory. Close at hand Bessie Bolstock, who was reputed to have designs on David, was giggling spitefully at the pair in the Kenmuir wagon, and singing:

"Let a lad aloan, lass.
Let a lad a-be."

While her father, Teddy, dodged in and out among the crowd with tray and glasses: for Cup Day was the great day of the year for him.

Past the group of Dalesmen and on all sides was a mass of bobbing heads—Scots, Northerners, Yorkshiremen, Taffies. To right and left a long array of carriages and carts, ranging from the squire's quiet landau and Viscount Birdsaye's gorgeous barouche to Liz Burton's three-legged moke-cart with little Mrs. Burton, the twins, young Jake (who should have walked), and Monkey (ditto) packed away inside. Beyond the Silver Lea the gaunt Scaur raised its craggy peak, and the Pass, trending along its side, shone white in the sunshine.

At the back of the carriages were booths, cocoa-

nut-shies, Aunt Sallies, shows, bookmakers' stools, and all the panoply of such a meeting. Here Master Launcelot Bilks and Jacky Sylvester were fighting; Cyril Gilbraith was offering to take on the boxing man; Long Kirby was snapping up the odds against Red Wull; and Liz Burton and young Ned Hoppin were being photographed together, while Melia Ross in the background was pretending she didn't care.

On the far bank of the stream was a little bevy of men and dogs, observed of all.

The Juvenile Stakes had been run and won; Londesley's Lassie had carried off the Locals; and the fight for the Shepherds' Trophy was about to begin.

"Yo're not lookin' at me noo," whispered Maggie to the silent boy by her side.

"Nay; nor niver don't wush to agin." David answered roughly. His gaze was directed over the array of heads in front to where, beyond the Silver Lea, a group of shepherds and their dogs was clustered. While standing apart from the rest, in characteristic isolation, was the bent figure of his father, and beside him the Tailless Tyke.

"Doest 'o not want yo' feyther to win?" asked Maggie softly, following his gaze.

"I'm prayin' he'll be beat," the boy answered moodily.

"Eh, Davie, hoo can ye?" cried the girl, shocked.

"It's easy to say, 'Eh, David'," he snapped. "But if yo' lived along o' them two"—he nodded toward

the stream—" 'appen yo'd understand a bit 'Eh, David,' indeed! I never did!"

"I know it, lad," she said tenderly; and he was appeased.

"He'd give his right hand for his bless'd Wullie to win; I'd give me right arm to see him beat And oor Bob there all the while"—he nodded to the far left of the line, where stood James Moore and Owd Bob, with Parson Leggy and the Squire.

When at length Red Wull came out to run his course, he worked with the savage dash that always characterized him. His method was his own; but the work was admirably done.

"Keeps right on the back of his sheep," said the parson, watching intently. "Strange thing they don't break!" But they didn't. There was no waiting, no coaxing; it was drive and deviltry all through. He brought his sheep along at a terrific rate, never missing a turn, never faltering, never running out. And the crowd applauded, for the crowd loves a dashing display. While little M'Adam, hopping agilely about, his face ablaze with excitement, handled dog and sheep with a masterly precision that compelled the admiration even of his enemies.

"M'Adam wins!" roared a bookmaker. "Twelve to one agin the field!"

"He wins, dang him!" said David, low.

"Wull wins!" said the parson, shutting his lips.

"And deserves to!" said James Moore.

"Wull wins!" softly cried the crowd.

"We don't!" said Sam'l gloomily.

And in the end Red Wull did win; and there were none save Tammass, the bigot, and Long Kirby, who had lost a good deal of his wife's money and a little of his own, to challenge the justice of the verdict.

The win had but a chilling reception. At first there was faint cheering; but it sounded like the echo of an echo, and soon died of inanition. To get up an ovation, there must be money at the back, or a few roaring fanatics to lead the dance. Here there was neither; ugly stories, disparaging remarks, on every hand. And the hundreds who did not know took their tone, as always, from those who said they did.

M'Adam could but remark the absence of enthusiasm as he pushed up through the throng toward the committee tent. No single voice hailed him victor; no friendly hand smote its congratulations. Broad backs were turned; contemptuous glances leveled; spiteful remarks shot. Only the foreign element looked curiously at the little bent figure with the glowing face, and shrank back at the size and savage aspect of the great dog at his heels.

But what cared he? His Wullie was acknowledged champion, the best sheep-dog of the year; and the little man was happy. They could turn their backs on him; but they could not alter that; and he could afford to be indifferent. "They dinna like it, lad—he! he! But they'll e'en ha' to thole it. Ye've won it, Wullie—won it fair."

He elbowed through the press, making for the rope-guarded enclosure in front of the committee tent, round which the people were now packing. In

the door of the tent stood the secretary, various stewards, and members of the committee. In front, alone in the roped-off space, was Lady Eleanour, fragile, dainty, graceful, waiting with a smile upon her face to receive the winner. And on a table beside her, naked and dignified, the Shepherds' Trophy.

There it stood, kingly and impressive; its fair white sides inscribed with many names; cradled in three shepherds' crooks; and on the top, as if to guard the Cup's contents, an exquisitely carved collie's head. The Shepherds' Trophy, the goal of his life's race, and many another man's.

He climbed over the rope, followed by Red Wull, and took off his hat with almost courtly deference to the fair lady before him.

As he walked up to the table on which the Cup stood, a shrill voice, easily recognizable, broke the silence.

"You'd like it better if 'twas full and yo' could swim in it, you and yer Wullie," it called. Whereat the crowd giggled, and Lady Eleanour looked indignant.

The little man turned.

"I'll mind drink yer health, Mr. Thornton, never fear, though I ken ye'd prefaire to drink yer ain," he said. At which the crowd giggled afresh; and a gray head at the back, which had hoped itself unrecognized, disappeared suddenly.

The little man stood there in the stillness, sourly smiling, his face still wet from his exertions; while

the Tailless Tyke at his side fronted defiantly the serried ring of onlookers, a white fence of teeth faintly visible between his lips.

Lady Eleanour looked uneasy. Usually the lucky winner was unable to hear her little speech, as she gave the Cup away, so deafening was the applause. Now there was utter silence. She glanced up at the crowd, but there was no response to her unspoken appeal in that forest of hostile faces. And her gentle heart bled for the forlorn little man before her. To make it up she smiled on him so sweetly as to more than compensate him.

"I'm sure you deserve your success, Mr. M'-Adam," she said. "You and Red Wull there worked splendidly—everybody says so."

"I've heard naethin' o't," the little man answered drily. At which some one in the crowd sniggered.

"And we all know what a grand dog he is; though"—with a reproving smile as she glanced at Red Wull's square, truncated stern—"he's not very polite."

"His heart is good, your Laddyship, if his manners are not," M'Adam answered, smiling.

"Liar!" came a loud voice in the silence. Lady Eleanour looked up, hot with indignation, and half rose from her seat. But M'Adam merely smiled.

"Wullie, turn and mak' yer bow to the leddy," he said. "They'll no hurt us noo we're up; it's when we're doon they'll flock like corbies to the carrion."

At that Red Wull walked up to Lady Eleanour,

faintly wagging his tail; and she put her hand on his huge bull head and said, "Dear old Ugly!" at which the crowd cheered in earnest.

After that, for some moments, the only sound was the gentle ripple of the good lady's voice and the little man's caustic replies.

"Why, last winter the country was full of Red Wull's doings and yours. It was always M'Adam and his Red Wull have done this and that and the other. I declare I got quite tired of you both, I heard such a lot about you."

The little man, cap in hand, smiled, blushed and looked genuinely pleased.

"And when it wasn't you it was Mr. Moore and Owd Bob."

"Owd Bob, bless him!" called a stentorian voice. "Three cheers for oor Bob!"

"'Ip! 'ip! 'ooray!" It was taken up gallantly, and cast from mouth to mouth; and strangers, though they did not understand, caught the contagion and cheered too; and the uproar continued for some minutes.

When it was ended, Lady Eleanour was standing up, a faint flush on her cheeks and her eyes flashing dangerously, like a queen at bay.

"Yes," she cried, and her clear voice thrilled through the air like a trumpet. "Yes; and now three cheers for Mr. M'Adam and his Red Wull! Hip! hip—"

"Hooray!" A little knot of stalwarts at the back

—James Moore, Parson Leggy, Jim Mason, and you may be sure in heart, at least, Owd Bob—responded to the call right lustily. The crowd joined in; and, once off, cheered and cheered again.

“Three cheers more for Mr. M’Adam!”

But the little man waved to them.

“Dinna be bigger heepocrites than ye can help,” he said. “Ye’ve done enough for one day, and thank ye for it.”

Then Lady Eleanour handed him the Cup.

“Mr. M’Adam, I present you with the Champion Challenge Dale Cup, open to all comers. Keep it, guard it, love it as your own, and win it again if you can. Twice more and it’s yours, you know, and it will stop forever beneath the shadow of the Pike. And the right place for it, say I—the Dale Cup for Dalesmen.”

The little man took the Cup tenderly.

“It shall no leave the Estate or ma hoose, yer Laddyship, gin Wullie and I can help it,” he said emphatically.

Lady Eleanour retreated into the tent, and the crowd swarmed over the ropes and round the little man, who held the Cup beneath his arm.

Long Kirby laid irreverent hands upon it.

“Dinna finger it!” ordered M’Adam.

“Shall!”

“Shan’t! Wullie, keep him aff.” Which the great dog proceeded to do amid the laughter of the on-lookers.

Among the last, James Moore was borne past the little man. At sight of him, M'Adam's face assumed an expression of intense concern.

"Man, Moore!" he cried, peering forward as though in alarm; "man, Moore, ye're green—positively verdant. Are ye in pain?" Then, catching sight of Owd Bob, he started back in affected horror.

"And, ma certes! so's yer dog! Yer dog as was gray is green. Oh, guid life!"—and he made as though about to fall fainting to the ground.

Then, in bantering tones: "Ah, but ye shouldna covet—"

"He'll ha' no need to covet it long, I can tell yo'," interposed Tammas's shrill accents.

"And why for no?"

"Becos next year he'll win it fra yo'. Oor Bob'll win it, little mon. Why? thot's why."

The retort was greeted with a yell of applause from the sprinkling of Dalesmen in the crowd.

But M'Adam swaggered away into the tent, his head up, the Cup beneath his arm, and Red Wull guarding his rear.

"First of a' ye'll ha' to beat Adam M'Adam and his Red Wull!" he cried back proudly.

From that hour the fire of M'Adam's jealousy blazed into a mighty flame. The winning of the Dale Cup had become a mania with him. He had won it once, and would again despite all the Moores, all the Gray Dogs, all the undutiful sons in existence; on that point he was resolved. The fact of his having tasted the joys of victory served to whet his desire.

And now he felt he could never be happy till the Cup was his own—won outright.

At home David might barely enter the room. There the trophy stood.

"I'll not ha' ye touch ma Cup, ye dirty-fingered, ill-begotten wastrel. Wullie and me won it—you'd naught to do wi' it. Go you to James Moore and James Moore's dog."

"Aye, and shall I tak' Cup wi' me? or will ye bide till it's took from ye?"

So the two went on; and every day the tension approached nearer breaking-point.

In the Dale the little man met with no sympathy. The hearts of the Dalesmen were to a man with Owd Bob and his master.

Whereas once at the Sylvester Arms his shrill, ill tongue had been rarely still, now he maintained a sullen silence; Jem Burton, at least, had no cause of complaint. Crouched away in a corner, with Red Wull beside him, the little man would sit watching and listening as the Dalesmen talked of Owd Bob's doings, his staunchness, sagacity, and coming victory.

Sometimes he could restrain himself no longer. Then he would spring to his feet, and stand, a little swaying figure, and denounce them passionately in almost pathetic eloquence. These orations always concluded in set fashion.

"Ye're all agin us!" the little man would cry in quivering voice.

"We are that," Tammas would answer complacently.

"Fair means or foul, ye're content sae lang as Wullie and me are beat. I wonder ye dinna poison him—a little arsenic, and the way's clear for your Bob."

"The way is clear enough wi'oot that," from Tammias caustically. Then a lengthy silence, only broken by that exceeding bitter cry: "Eh, Wullie, Wullie, they're all agin us!"

And always the rivals—red and gray—went about seeking their opportunity. But the Master, with his commanding presence and stern eyes, was ever ready for them. Toward the end, M'Adam, silent and sneering, would secretly urge on Red Wull to the attack; until, one day in Grammoch-town, James Moore turned on him, his blue eyes glittering. "D'yo' think, yo' little fule," he cried in that hard voice of his, "that onst they got set we should iver git either of them off alive?" It seemed to strike the little man as a novel idea; for, from that moment, he was ever the first in his feverish endeavors to oppose his small form, buffer-like, between the would-be combatants.

Curse as M'Adam might, threaten as he might, when the time came Owd Bob won.

The styles of the rivals were well contrasted: the

patience, the insinuating eloquence, combined with the splendid dash, of the one; and the fierce, driving fury of the other.

The issue was never in doubt. It may have been that the temper of the Tailless Tyke gave in the time of trial; it may have been that his sheep were wild, as M'Adam declared; certainly not, as the little man alleged in choking voice, that they had been chosen and purposely set aside to ruin his chance. Certain it is that his tactics scared them hopelessly: and he never had them in hand.

As for Owd Bob, his dropping, his driving, his penning, aroused the loud-tongued admiration of crowd and competitors alike. He was patient yet persistent, quiet yet firm, and seemed to coax his charges in the right way in that inimitable manner of his own.

When, at length, the verdict was given, and it was known that, after an interval of half a century, the Shepherds' Trophy was won again by a Gray Dog of Kenmuir, there was such a scene as has been rarely witnessed on the slope behind the Dalesman's Daughter.

Great fists were slapped on mighty backs; great feet were stamped on the sun-dried banks of the Silver Lea; stalwart lungs were strained to their uttermost capacity; and roars of "Moore!" "Owd Bob o' Kenmuir!" "The Gray Dogs!" thundered up the hillside, and were flung, thundering, back.

Even James Moore was visibly moved as he

worked his way through the cheering mob; and Owd Bob, trotting alongside him in quiet dignity, seemed to wave his silvery brush in acknowledgment.

Master Jacky Sylvester alternately turned cart-wheels and felled the Hon. Launcelot Bilks to the ground. Lady Eleanour, her cheeks flushed with pleasure, waved her parasol, and attempted to restrain her son's exuberance. Parson Leggy danced an unclerical jig, and shook hands with the squire till both those fine old gentlemen were purple in the face. Long Kirby selected a small man in the crowd, and bashed his hat down over his eyes. While Tammás, Rob Saunderson, Tupper, Hoppin, Londesley, and the rest joined hands and went raving round like so many giddy girls.

Of them all, however, none was so uproarious in the mad heat of his enthusiasm as David M'Adam. He stood in the Kenmuir wagon beside Maggie, a conspicuous figure above the crowd, as he roared in hoarse ecstasy:

"Weel done, oor Bob! Weel done, Mr. Moore! Yo've knocked him! Knock him again! Owd Bob o' Kenmuir! Moore! Moore o' Kenmuir! Hip! Hip!" until the noisy young giant attracted such attention in his boisterous delight that Maggie had to lay a hand upon his arm to restrain his violence.

Alone, on the far bank of the stream, stood the vanquished pair.

The little man was trembling slightly; his face was still hot from his exertions; and as he listened to the ovation accorded to his conqueror, there was a

piteous set grin upon his face. In front stood the defeated dog, his lips wrinkling and hackles rising, as he, too, saw and heard and understood.

"It's a gran' thing to ha' a dutiful son, Wullie," the little man whispered, watching David's waving figure. "He's happy—and so are they a'—not sae much that James Moore has won, as that you and I are beat."

Then, breaking down for a moment:

"Eh, Wullie, Wullie! they're all agin us. It's you and I alane, lad."

Again, seeing the squire followed by Parson Leggy, Viscount Birdsaye, and others of the gentry, forcing their way through the press to shake hands with the victor, he continued:

"It's good to be in wi' the quality, Wullie. Niver mak' a friend of a man beneath ye in rank, nor an enemy of a man aboon ye: that's a sood principle, Wullie, if ye'd get on in honest England."

He stood there, alone with his dog, watching the crowd on the far slope as it surged upward in the direction of the committee tent. Only when the black mass had packed itself in solid phalanges about that ring, inside which, just a year ago, he had stood in very different circumstances, and was at length still, a wintry smile played for a moment about his lips. He laughed a mirthless laugh.

"Bide a wee, Wullie—he! he! Bide a wee.

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley.' "

As he spoke, there came down to him, above the tumult, a faint cry of mingled surprise and anger. The cheering ceased abruptly. There was silence; then there burst on the stillness a hurricane of indignation.

The crowd surged forward, then turned. Every eye was directed across the stream. A hundred damning fingers pointed at the solitary figure there. There were hoarse yells of: "There he be! Yon's him! What's he done wi' it? Thief! Throttle him!"

The mob came lumbering down the slope like one man, thundering their imprecations on a thousand throats. They looked dangerous, and their wrath was stimulated by the knot of angry Dalesmen who led the van. There was more than one white face among the women at the top of the slope as they watched the crowd blundering blindly down the hill. There were more men than Parson Leggy, the squire, James Moore, and the local constables in the thick of it all, striving frantically with voice and gesture, aye, and stick too, to stem the advance.

It was useless; on the dark wave rolled, irresistible.

On the far bank stood the little man, motionless, awaiting them with a grin upon his face. And a little farther in front was the Tailless Tyke, his back and neck like a new-shorn wheatfield, as he rumbled a vast challenge.

"Come on, gentlemen!" the little man cried. "Come on! I'll bide for ye, never fear. Ye're a thou-

sand to one and a dog. It's the odds ye like, Englishmen a'."

And the mob, with murder in its throat, accepted the invitation and came on.

At the moment, however, from the slope above, clear above the tramp of the multitude, a great voice bellowed: "Way! Way! Way for Mr. Trotter!" The advancing host checked and opened out; and the secretary of the meeting bundled through.

He was a small, fat man, fussy at any time, and perpetually perspiring. Now his face was crimson with rage and running; he gesticulated wildly; vague words bubbled forth, as his short legs twinkled down the slope.

The crowd paused to admire. Some one shouted a witticism, and the crowd laughed. For the moment the situation was saved.

The fat secretary hurried on down the slope, unheeding of any insult but the one. He bounced over the plank-bridge: and as he came closer, M'Adam saw that in each hand brandished a brick.

"Hoots, man! dinna throw!" he cried, making a feint as though to turn in sudden terror.

"What's this? What's this?" gasped the secretary, waving his arms.

"Bricks, 'twad seem," the other answered, staying his flight.

The secretary puffed up like a pudding in a hurry.

"Where's the Cup? Champion, Challenge, etc.," he jerked out. "Mind, sir, you're responsible! wholly

responsible! Dents, damages, delays! What's it all mean, sir? These—monstrous creations"—he brandished the bricks, and M'Adam started back—"wrapped, as I live, in straw, sir, in the Cup case, sir! The Cup case! No Cup! Infamous! Disgraceful! Insult me—meeting—committee—every one! What's it mean, sir?" He paused to pant, his body filling and emptying like a bladder.

M'Adam approached him with one eye on the crowd, which was heaving forward again, threatening still, but sullen and silent.

"I pit 'em there," he whispered; and drew back to watch the effect of his disclosure.

The secretary gasped.

"You—you not only do this—amazing thing—these monstrosities"—he hurled the bricks furiously on the offending ground—"but you dare to tell me so!"

The little man smiled.

" 'Do wrang and conceal it, do right and confess it,' that's Englishmen's motto, and mine, as a rule; but this time I had ma reasons."

"Reasons, sir! No reasons can justify such an extraordinary breach of all the—the decencies. Reasons? the reasons of a maniac. Not to say more, sir. Fraudulent detention—fradulent, I say, sir! What were your precious reasons?"

The mob with Tammias and Long Kirby at their head had now well-nigh reached the plank-bridge. They still looked dangerous, and there were isolated cries of:

"Duck him!"

"Chuck him in!"

"An' the dog!"

"Wi' one o' they bricks about their necks!"

"There are my reasons!" said M'Adam, pointing to the forest of menacing faces. "Ye see I'm no beloved amang yonder gentlemen, and"—in a stage whisper in the other's ear—"I thocht maybe I'd be 'tacked on the road."

Tammas, foremost of the crowd, had now his foot upon the first plank.

"Ye robber! ye thief! Wait till we set hands on ye, you and yer gorilla!" he called.

M'Adam half turned.

"Wullie," he said quietly, "keep the bridge."

At the order the Tailless Tyke shot gladly forward, and the leaders on the bridge as hastily back. The dog galloped on to the rattling plank, took his post fair and square in the center of the narrow way, and stood facing the hostile crew like Cerberus guarding the gates of hell: his bull head was thrust forward, hackles up, teeth glinting, and a distant rumbling in his throat, as though daring them to come on.

"Yo' first, ole lad!" said Tammas, hopping agilely behind Long Kirby.

"Nay; the old uns lead!" cried the big smith, his face gray-white. He wrenched round, pinned the old man by the arms, and held him forcibly before him as a covering shield. There ensued an unseemly struggle betwixt the two valiants, Tammas bel-

lowing and kicking in the throes of mortal fear.

"Jim Mason'll show us," he suggested at last.

"Nay," said honest Jim; "I'm fear'd." He could say it with impunity; for the pluck of Postie Jim was a matter long past dispute.

Then Jem Burton'd go first?

Nay; Jem had a lovin' wife and dear little kids at 'ome.

Then Big Bell?

Big Bell'd see 'isself further first.

A tall figure came forcing through the crowd, his face a little paler than its wont, and a formidable knob-kerry in his hand.

"I'm goin'!" said David.

"But yo're not," answered burly Sam'l, gripping the boy from behind with arms like the roots of an oak. "Your time'll coom soon enough by the look on yo' wi' niver no hurry." And the sense of the Dalesmen was with the big man; for, as old Rob Saunderson said:

"I reck'n he'd liefer claw on to your throat, lad, nor ony o' oors."

As there was no one forthcoming to claim the honor of the lead, Tammias came forward with cunning counsel.

"Tell yo' what, lads, we'd best let 'em as don't know nowt at all aboot him go first. And onst they're on, mind, we winna let 'em off; but keep a-shovin' and a-bovin' on 'em forra'd. Then us'll foller."

By this time there was a little naked space of green round the bridge-head, like a fairy circle, into

which the uninitiated might not penetrate. Round this the mob hedged: the Dalesmen in front, striving knavishly back and bawling to those behind to leggo that shovin'; and these latter urging valorously forward, yelling jeers and contumely at the front rank. "Come on! 'O's afraid? Lerrus through to 'em then, ye Royal Stan'-backs!"—for well they knew the impossibility of their demand.

And as they wedged and jostled thus, there stole out from their midst as gallant a champion as ever trod the grass. He trotted out into the ring, the observed of all, and paused to gaze at the gaunt figure on the bridge. The sun lit the sprinkling of snow on the dome of his head; one forepaw was off the ground; and he stood there, royally alert, scanning his antagonist.

"Th' Owd Un!" went up in a roar fit to split the air as the hero of the day was recognized. And the Dalesmen gave a pace forward spontaneously as the gray knight-errant stole across the green.

"Oor Bob'll fetch him!" they roared, their blood leaping to fever heat, and gripped their sticks, determined in stern reality to follow now.

The gray champion trotted up on to the bridge, and paused again, the long hair about his neck rising like a ruff, and a strange glint in his eyes; and the holder of the bridge never moved. Red and Gray stood thus, face to face: the one gay yet resolute, the other motionless, his great head slowly sinking between his forelegs, seemingly petrified.

There was no shouting now: it was time for

deeds, not words. Only, above the stillness, came a sound from the bridge like the snore of a giant in his sleep, and blending with it, a low, deep, purring thunder like some monster cat well pleased.

"Wullie," came a solitary voice from the far side, "keep the bridge!"

One ear went back, one ear was still forward: the great head was low and lower between his forelegs and the glowing eyes rolled upward so that the watchers could see the murderous white.

Forward the gray dog stepped.

Then, for the second time that afternoon, a voice, stern and hard, came ringing down from the slope above, over the heads of the many.

"Bob, lad, coom back!"

"He! he! I thocht that was comin'," sneered the small voice over the stream.

The gray dog heard, and checked.

"Bob, lad, coom in, I say!"

At that he swung round and marched slowly back, gallant as he had come, dignified still in his mortification.

And Red Wull threw back his head and bellowed a pæan of victory—challenge, triumph, scorn, all blended in that bull-like, blood-chilling blare.

In the meantime, M'Adam and the secretary had concluded their business. It had been settled that the Cup was to be delivered over to James Moore not later than the following Saturday.

"Saturday, see! at the latest!" the secretary cried as he turned and trotted off.

"Mr. Trotter," M'Adam called after him, "I'm sorry, but ye maun bide this side the Lea till I've reached the foot o' the Pass. Gin they gentlemen"—nodding toward the crowd—"should set hands on me, why—" and he shrugged his shoulders significantly. "Forbye, Wullie's keepin' the bridge."

With that the little man strolled off leisurely; now dallying to pick a flower, now to wave a mocking hand at the furious mob, and so slowly on to the foot of the Muirk Muir Pass. There he turned and whistled that shrill, peculiar note.

"Wullie, Wullie, to me!" he called.

At that, with one last threat thrown at the thousand souls he had held at bay for thirty minutes, the Tailless Tyke swung about and galloped after his lord.

DEEP-SEA HEROISM

OCCASIONALLY you 'hear of heroism that passes all bounds of reason and sanity. Sometimes it is accompanied by great fanfare. Sometimes it is almost unrecognized. I remember, rather vaguely, hearing of the rescue of a submarine diver in the Harbor of Honolulu, and I have been extraordinarily fortunate in getting Lieutenant Colby Rucker, of the United States Navy, to write about that rescue. I heard him tell the story one evening, and I insisted that he sit down forthwith and write it out for this book.

DEEP-SEA HEROISM

LIEUTENANT COLBY RUCKER, U.S.N.

THE harbor of Honolulu was but a little different on the morning of March the twenty-fifth, 1915, from what it is to-day. The usual quiet pervaded the harbor overshadowed by green foliated volcanic cones. Some little activity centered about the submarine tender *Alert*, four submarines were secured alongside her, and of these the F-1, F-3 and F-4 were casting off, making ready to proceed to sea for a practice dive. About 9 o'clock the F-4, commanded by Lieutenant Ede, stood out of Honolulu Harbor in company with the F-1 and F-3. Once clear of the channel the F-4 was seen to turn to the left toward Diamond Head and submerge. This was noticed by the commanding officer of the F-1 who waved his cap as he saw the periscope trained on him, and also by a quartermaster of the German steamer *Holsatia* which was anchored outside the harbor. This was the last that was seen of the F-4, her two gallant officers and her nineteen enlisted men.

About 10:30, the F-1 and F-3 having returned to the tender, the officer of the deck of the *Alert* became apprehensive over the extended absence of the

F-4. He reported that the F-4 had not returned. The commanding officer at once detailed a fast motor boat to search for the missing submarine. Hurriedly the other three submarines and all the Naval small craft in the harbor joined in the search. About noon, one of the motor boats discovered a quantity of air bubbles and oil about a mile and a half from the entrance to the channel of Honolulu Harbor. There could be little doubt that this must be the position of the F-4 since it was evident that some accident had occurred to the oil tanks and air spaces of some ship—and what other ship than the F-4 was missing from Honolulu Harbor? Immediately the searching forces commenced their desperate dragging at this spot—dragging with anchors and grapnels for the sunken submarine in much the same manner that the police go about their dismal task of dragging for a drowned body. They dragged with some, but little, hope of locating the ship in time to save human life—no modern safety devices then.

All that day and into the next the personnel of the *Alert* and two Navy tugs worked with frenzy. About noon on the second day, the F-4 was discovered resting on the bottom in 300 feet of water, after her fatal dive. Two divers descended to 190 and 230 feet, respectively, without seeing the submarine. The F-4 was too deeply submerged. A little over 200 feet was as deep as any diver had descended up to that time and but one diver in a hundred had the physical stamina to withstand the pressure at 300 feet depth.

The Naval forces at Honolulu made frantic use of the limited salvage equipment available in an endeavor to save the men of the F-4. In spite of the realization that there was no hope of life on the F-4, all Naval activities worked day and night for days in an endeavor to drag the F-4 into shallower waters so that even a single survivor of her crew might be saved. But the F-4 remained immobile on the floor of the ocean. Finally the rescue personnel were forced to the realization that the F-4 would not move because she was completely flooded, and that, for this reason, human life no longer existed. For the moment the Naval forces were at a standstill; there was no question of saving life—from now on it was a question of salvage.

The sinking of the F-4 was our first submarine disaster. While foreign navies had lost seventeen submarines in the ten years from 1905 to 1915, we had been fortunate in not having a single serious submarine accident. Now that our first submarine was on the bottom, a wave of editorial comment, demanding that the Navy raise the F-4, swept the country. Attention was particularly directed to this tragedy in view of the German submarine campaign which had just begun and the word "submarine" was on every lip. The F-4 was a small boat when compared with the giant submarines of to-day. At present it would be hard to find a submarine as small as the F-4 in commission in any of the navies of the world. None the less, in 1915 the F-4 was a new and large submarine.

The Navy Department, realizing that the F-4 could not be salvaged without competent deep-sea divers, turned to a small group of men who had been conducting diving experiments. These were the only trained deep-sea divers in the Navy and some of them had established the diving record of 280 feet. On April first, the Navy Department hurried these divers to San Francisco where the battleship *Maryland* was waiting to take them to Honolulu and to the deepest diving ever attempted by man. This group included Gunner Stillson, Doctor French and Gunner's Mates Stephen Drellishak, Frederick Neilson, Frank Crilley and William Loughman. With these men on board, the *Maryland* cleared San Francisco Harbor and made the run to Honolulu at top speed.

At first the pontoon method of raising the ship was suggested, but it was soon realized that while divers could descend to 300 feet, they could not work at that depth. After several test dives it was determined that a diver could make the descent in four to six minutes but could not remain down more than twenty minutes without being completely exhausted. In addition to the time given to the descent and on the bottom, three hours were required to bring the diver to the surface, since it is necessary to allow the effect of the pressure on the diver to be gradually dissipated. Bringing the diver too rapidly to the surface was sure to result in "the bends," the dread caisson disease that causes paralysis and death.

For this reason the pontoon method, which required considerable work on the part of the divers, was abandoned. Instead, it was proposed to work the ship into shallower water where the divers could work with greater ease and safety. In carrying out this plan, giant cables carried by barges were to be pulled under the bow and the stern of the F-4, with a view to working the submarine toward shore.

This plan was followed. The wires were swept under the wreck, but the exact location of the wires had to be determined by the divers daily in order that the F-4 might not be broken up by undue strains. Many heart-breaking delays were experienced: cables were hard to procure, wire after wire snapped and had to be repaired and replaced, bad weather was encountered but through it all the Naval forces worked with grim determination. None worked harder than the divers. Other men might work until they dropped, searching for new cable, tackle, gear, or equipment from the meager facilities available on the island of Oahu, but the divers almost daily risked their lives in their usual, quiet, non-committal manner. Each day a diver donned the rubberized canvas suit, lead shoes and copper helmet, to descend to the ocean's floor for an inspection of the submarine and cables. They depended on the lifeline and air hose which connected them with the surface for their safe return. For their air they relied on compressed air stored in air tanks. No hand pump could ever supply enough air to sustain life at that depth, for at 300

feet about ten times as much air is consumed as is used at the surface.

William Loughman was one of the best divers on the work, a tall, thin man with a quiet and pleasant manner, whose light hair seemed to fit strangely with his twinkling brown eyes. One morning in the latter part of the summer, Loughman descended to the F-4 to determine whether the cables were in place for a pull which was to be made that afternoon. Up to that time the salvage of the F-4 had progressed with much hard work but with little excitement.

Within a few minutes from the time he left the surface Loughman was on the bottom in 300 feet of water slowly working his way around the F-4. He inspected the forward lifting cables and then worked his way toward the stern to look at the after cables. All seemed to be in place and ready for the lift. He made his way amidships and noted that the submarine was badly listed on her side, more so than on his previous visits. In the quiet dark of the waters at the bottom, so dark at that depth that he could hardly see more than a few feet about him, Loughman might have lost his way for a few minutes, but when four tugs on his lifeline informed him that his 20 minutes on the bottom were up, he had completed his job and was ready to return to the surface. He answered with four tugs to let the crew on the surface know that he was ready for the ascent.

Slowly the diving crew hauled in on Loughman's lifeline and air hose. The marked lifeline showed

300 feet now and Loughman was just clear of the bottom. Hand over hand the lifeline and air hose were hauled in. The first lift was to take six minutes, during which time Loughman was to be pulled up one hundred feet, where he was to wait several minutes for decompression. When the lifeline showed 275 feet, there was a sudden tightening of the line. All hoisting stopped instantly for the diving crew realized that Loughman was caught on some obstruction. Somehow Loughman's lines had become entangled and he was helplessly dangling 25 feet above the bottom. Loughman was connected to the surface by telephone and now the surface operator called him, trying to conceal the anxiety he felt, "Can you see how you are foul, Bill?" A dull, flat voice answered him, "Nope, can't see anything." Loughman only knew that he was suspended in mid-ocean. He could not see where or how he was entangled. He could not reach the submarine or the cables and could only swing his arms and legs in the hope he might work himself clear. Above on the surface the diving crew was making every effort to dislodge him. This was especially dangerous, for it was essential that the life-bearing air hose should not be snapped. An attempt was made to lower Loughman to the bottom again but without success. Loughman was firmly entangled. He could be neither raised nor lowered and could not assist himself. Another diver would have to be sent down to free him. Frank Crilley was called, for there were only three divers who were able to descend to 300

feet. These three were Drellishak, Loughman and Crilley.

Before Crilley could be dressed for diving by the anxious crew, the situation became more desperate. Loughman reported that his air was failing although full pressure was on the line. Gunner Stillson, who was in charge of the diving crew, realized at once what had happened. Loughman's air hose and lifeline were foul of one of the steel cables leading under the submarine. The cables had been subjected to terrific strains which had snapped a few of the many small wires of which they were made up. The ends of these small broken wires had punctured Loughman's air hose as it twisted about the cable. Now a hundred tiny leaks were seeping away the air that was so urgently needed by the distressed diver. Gunner Stillson at once ordered the air pressure to be built up on Loughman's air line and then turned to assist the diving crew in dressing Crilley.

Frank Crilley was a small, smiling man. He stood about five feet seven and weighed about 160 pounds. He had sandy hair and blue eyes that were clear and sparkling. Crilley was one of the best divers in the Naval service. His wiry strength seemed to stand him in good stead in the dangerous work of diving. No one was better fitted to meet this emergency.

Soon Crilley was dressed and stood on the ladder on the side of the diving barge testing out his air hose. His helmet was screwed in place and he began a rapid descent to aid his stricken shipmate. Lough-

man had been down nearly an hour and even if he could be saved there was grave danger of the "bends." His life depended on Crilley, who was working with as much speed as safety and the depth permitted. An hour passed and then another. Crilley wasted no breath on words save to give rapid, terse instructions to the crew above. Overhead in the blazing sun all salvage operations ceased. All hands waited anxiously for word from Crilley, waited hoping that there might be some way to help. In the meantime, the air was being steadily bled from the air tanks to the divers below, while the air compressors on the barge charged new tanks.

At length the worried diving officer made a hurried calculation. He had two divers below the surface now in place of the usual one. Thus he was using twice as much air as usual, in addition one diver, Loughman, was using about twice the normal amount of air because of his punctured air hose. Further, even had Loughman been freed at that instant, both divers could not be brought to the surface immediately—to do so would kill them—they had to pass through at least three hours' decompression. The decompression should be of longer duration now, however, as the divers had been so long exposed to the depths. Gunner Stillson's calculations showed him that he had only enough air left in the tanks to get one man up. The situation was clear, Crilley must be brought to the surface and Loughman must be left to perish—there was no other way out.

Gunner Stillson took the telephone from the agitated talker and called, "Crilley." From the depths came the flat voice of a man under pressure, "Yes."

"Crilley," called Gunner Stillson, "we're going to take you up, we've just enough air to get you up, but not enough to bring you both up."

"But I've got to get Bill out of this," answered Crilley, "I'll have him clear in half an hour."

"You're coming up, Crilley," said Gunner Stillson. "If you don't come up now, you will never see daylight again."

"You can go to hell," answered Frank Crilley, "I'm not coming up. You've got to get the air."

Gunner Stillson knew Crilley, and he knew that further conversation was useless. Crilley wasn't coming up and couldn't be brought up. To do so might foul his lines also. They had to get air, air for two men, and at once. Stillson at once reported the circumstances to Rear-Admiral Moore who was in general charge of the operations. Crilley and Loughman had to have air—all because Crilley would not desert his shipmate even though his own life hung in the balance. But Crilley had faith in the men on the surface above him, faith that they wouldn't accept defeat and would somehow make a miracle and produce enough compressed air to keep both of them alive.

Racing motor boats carried the word to the ships in the harbor and to Honolulu. Automobiles raced to the Naval Station at Pearl Harbor, seventeen miles away. Every activity on the island of Oahu

virtually came to a standstill while every inhabitant searched for air—compressed air. The F-1, F-2 and F-3 came alongside the wrecking barge and hooked up their air tanks to those on the barge. Air compressors were driven to the breaking point, the battleship *Maryland* and the *Alert* stood by. Torpedoes charged with air were sent from Pearl Harbor, factories sent air flasks ordinarily used in commercial work—every way, every facility was bent on air.

The normal quiet of the harbor was now changed to bustling, anxious activity. Signal flags fluttered from every yardarm, signalmen waved their semaphore flags with desperate haste, messengers raced breathlessly, while a group of officers clustered around Gunner Stillson who now manned the telephone. In spite of the heat and the blazing sun a cold chill seemed to have settled on all hands, who could do nothing to help and who could only pray that the air would last. Below in the quiet depths, Frank Crilley worked to free his comrade, Loughman.

Crilley must have known of the activity his final words had caused, but Loughman had no realization of the situation. He was in a semi-conscious condition caused by oxygen poisoning and long exposure to the pressure. Little by little Loughman's lines were disentangled. Save for a few instructions, Crilley had nothing to say. No mention was made of air, but gradually the laboring air compressors began to catch up, and Gunner Stillson murmured—"By heaven, I think we're winning." After each

report of progress in the depths, the anxious faces brightened and it seemed that after all the two brave men might be saved; but still the haunting specter of death hovered—Loughman was now unconscious—could Crilley free him in time to save his life?

At last, after Loughman had been entangled for four hours, Crilley reported, "Loughman's clear, take us up."

Cheer after cheer rang out across the waters of the harbor—signal flags began to flutter again—but this time to carry the good news to the ships and to the anxious people of Honolulu. Only Gunner Stillson and Doctor French were still worried—Loughman and Crilley had still to pass through hours of decompression before they reached the surface and medical attention.

Three hours later, Crilley and Loughman were pulled clear of the water. Loughman developed pneumonia from which, however, he slowly recovered. Crilley soon mended and was not a little surprised at all the furor he had caused. He was still more surprised when later he was awarded a Congressional Medal of Honor for heroism over and above the call of duty.

Crilley and Loughman are two of the most famous divers in the United States Navy. When the submarines S-51 and S-4 sank, both Crilley and Loughman were on the job, with Crilley diving in spite of his forty years. Both were awarded Navy

Crosses for their work. Loughman became a Chief Gunner and Crilley a Chief Gunner's Mate. Of all the men who labored to bring the F-4 to the surface, only Loughman remains in the service to-day. Crilley and the other men have retired. These men raised our first sunken submarine, established diving records which remained unbroken for years, and which few ever attained again.

A GENTLEMAN AND AN OFFICER

OF COURSE, the real causes of the War are obscure enough, and all the best minds are now writing ponderous books explaining the whys and wherefores of how it started and why it had to be. Every one knows that it was at Sarajevo that the Archduke was killed and that that was the match that started the fire. Well, I have always wondered if something that didn't have any more importance than the Sarajevo incident couldn't have stopped the War just as well, particularly after the first year when it was all just blood and mud, and nobody was very much interested in flags flying and uniforms.

A GENTLEMAN AND AN OFFICER

THOMAS L. STIX

I *HEARD* this story in 1918 when I happened to be doing liaison work with the Gordon Highlanders. It was about Johnny Henderson whom I had known at college. John took a year at Oxford after he had finished with Yale. I suppose he did this because his mother was English, and it wasn't a bad thing to do. In 1914 when the War broke out, John and his brother and mother were traveling abroad. When England declared war, John and his brother matched to see who would take their mother home and who would enlist at once. John won. He enlisted and came out late in 1914 with Kitchener's first hundred thousand as a private. In 1915 he was a captain of the Highlanders. They were holding the front line in the Somme. It was some time before the big push of that year and things were comparatively quiet. One evening the Boche put up a trench raid, but it didn't amount to much.

In all the stories, dawn comes slowly, first a kind of lifting of the darkness, then gray, thinning into more light. But if you ask any one who was in the Somme, he will tell you something different. There it was black, black as the hinges of hell, one mo-

ment. The next it was light and you could see everything. One morning, with this sudden welling up of the day, John saw a young German boy caught on the barbed wires in front of the Highlander trenches. His foot had been shot off and he was shrieking horribly. I have seen men wounded beyond recognition who could somehow control themselves, but I have never seen a man shot in the hand or foot who could. I don't know why. Perhaps there are more nerves in the hands and feet. The boy's face was beginning to gray. It was a horrible sight. A rat walked across the parapet, went up to the wounded Boche, and began to sniff. John stood it for as long as he could, which must have been all of five minutes. Then he climbed out over the parapet and tried to shake the youngster off the wire, but he was caught too tightly. So John stood up and lifted him off. No Man's Land was only forty yards wide, and the enemy could see what he was doing. Johnny put the boy on his shoulder and started back to our lines. Then something struck him—I don't know what. He must have realized that the boy was dying. He turned around and started across No Man's Land with his burden. They were standing up in the German trenches now, applauding, and in the English trenches too. He reached the enemy's line, climbed over the wires, handed his charge over and started back for his own side. When he had gone about ten yards, a voice called, "Herr Lieutenant!" John turned, and out of the Boche trenches came the captain of the Death's Head Hussars. When he was

within five or six feet of the Englishman, he stopped, saluted and put out his hand. John took it. Then the German officer took off the iron cross he was wearing and pinned it on the other man. They shook hands a second time, and each returned to his own lines. What happened? I haven't the vaguest idea of what happened to the German captain, but John almost lost his commission. "Fraternizing with the enemy" they called it.

I don't know, but I've always imagined that an incident like that had just as good a chance of stopping the War as the Sarajevo incident had of starting it.

HAD A HORSE

THERE may be more thrilling sights in sport than to see a group of thoroughbreds coming into the home stretch, but if there are, I do not know them. I can think of no person more to be envied than the owner of the winning colors as he walks proudly to the judges' stand. And that idea you will find in Mr. Galsworthy's Jimmy Shrewin—a cheap tout who by mistake acquired a thoroughbred, lost a fortune, and—for a moment, at least—became a gentleman.

HAD A HORSE

JOHN GALSWORTHY

I

SOME quarter of a century ago, there abode in Oxford a small bookmaker called James Shrewin—or more usually Jimmy, a run-about and damped-down little man, who made a precarious living out of the effect of horses on undergraduates. He had a so-called office just off the “Corn,” where he was always open to the patronage of the young bloods of Bullingdon, and other horse-loving coteries, who bestowed on him sufficient money to enable him to live. It was through the conspicuous smash of one of them—young Gardon Colquhoun—that he became the owner of a horse. He had been far from wanting what was in the nature of a white elephant to one of his underground habits, but had taken it in discharge of betting debts, to which, of course, in the event of bankruptcy, he would have no legal claim. She was a three-year-old chestnut filly, by Lopez out of Calendar, bore the name Caliope, and was trained out on the Downs, near Wantage. On a Sunday afternoon, then, in late July

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Jimmy got his friend, George Pulcher, the publican, to drive him out there in his sort of dog-cart.

"Must 'ave a look at the bilkin' mare," he had said: "that young 'Cocoon' told me she was a corker; but what's third to Referee at Sandown, and never ran as a two-year-old? All I know is, she's eatin' 'er 'ead off!"

Beside the plethoric bulk of Pulcher, clad in a light-colored box-cloth coat with enormous whitish buttons and a full-blown rose in the lapel, Jimmy's little, thin, dark-clothed form, withered by anxiety and gin, was, as it were, invisible; and compared with Pulcher's setting sun, his face, with shaven cheeks sucked-in, and smudged-in eyes, was like a ghost's under a gray bowler. He spoke off-handedly about his animal, but he was impressed, in a sense abashed, by his ownership. "What the 'ell?" was his constant thought. Was he going to race her, sell her—what? How, indeed, to get back out of her the sum he had been fool enough to let "young Cocoon" owe him, to say nothing of her trainer's bill? The notion, too, of having to confront that trainer with his ownership was oppressive to one whose whole life was passed in keeping out of the foreground of the picture. Owner! He had never owned even a white mouse, let alone a white elephant. And an 'orse would ruin him in no time if he didn't look alive about it!

The son of a small London baker, devoted to errandry at the age of fourteen, Jimmy Shrewin owed his profession to a certain smartness at sums, a dis-

like of baking, and an early habit of hanging about street corners, with other boys, who had their daily pennies on an 'orse. He had a narrow calculating head, which pushed him towards street-corner books before he was eighteen. From that time on he had been a surreptitious nomad, till he had silted up at Oxford, where, owing to Vice-Chancellors, an expert in underground life had greater scope than elsewhere. When he sat solitary at his narrow table in the back room near the "Corn"—for he had no clerk or associate—eyeing the door with his lists in a drawer before him, and his black shiny betting book ready for young "bloods," he had a sharp, cold, furtive air, and but for a certain imitated tightness of trousers, and a collar standing up all round, gave no impression of ever having heard of the quadruped called horse. Indeed, for Jimmy, "horse" was a newspaper quantity with figures against its various names. Even when, for a short spell, hanger-on to a firm of cheap-ring bookmakers, he had seen almost nothing of horse; his race course hours were spent ferreting among a bawling, perspiring crowd, or hanging round within earshot of tight-lipped nobs, trainers, jockeys, any one who looked like having "information." Nowadays he never went near a race-meeting—his business, of betting on races, giving him no chance—yet his conversation seldom deviated for more than a minute at a time from that physically unknown animal, the horse. The ways of making money out of it, infinite, intricate, variegated, occupied the mind in all his haunts, to the ac-

companionment of liquid and tobacco. Gin and bitters was Jimmy's drink; for choice he smoked cheroots; and he would cherish in his mouth the cold stump of one long after it had gone out, for the homely feeling it gave him, while he talked, or listened to talk on horses. He was of that vast number, town bred, who, like crows round a carcass, feed on that which to them is not alive. And now he had a horse!

The dog-cart traveled at a clinking pace behind Pulcher's bob-tail. Jimmy's cheroot burned well in the warm July air; the dust powdered his dark clothes and pinched, sallow face. He thought with malicious pleasure of that young spark "Cocoon's" collapse—high-'anded lot of young fools, thinking themselves so knowing; many were the grins, and not few the grittings of his blackened teeth he had to smother at their swagger. "Jimmy, you robber!" "Jimmy, you little blackguard!" Young sparks—gay and languid—well, one of 'em had gone out!

He looked round with his screwed-up eyes at his friend George Pulcher, who, man and licensed victualler, had his bally independence; lived remote from "the Quality" in his Paradise, The Green Dragon; had not to kow-tow to any one; went to Newbury, Gatwick, Stockbridge, here and there, at will. Ah! George Pulcher had the ideal life—and looked it: crimson, square, full-bodied. Judge of a horse, too, in his own estimation; a leery bird—for whose judgment Jimmy had respect—who got "the office" of any clever work as quick as most men! And he said:

"What am I going to do with this blinkin' 'orse, George?"

Without moving its head the oracle spoke, in a voice rich and raw: "Let's 'ave a look at her first, Jimmy! Don't like her name—Calliope; but you can't change what's in the Stud-book. This Jennings that trains 'er is a crusty chap."

Jimmy nervously sucked-in his lips. The cart was mounting through the hedgeless fields which fringed the Downs; larks were singing, the wheat was very green, and patches of charlock brightened everything; it was lonely, few trees, few houses, no people, extreme peace, just a few rooks crossing under a blue sky.

"Wonder if he'll offer us a drink?" said Jimmy.

"Not he; but help yourself, my son."

Jimmy helped himself from a large wicker-covered flask.

"Good for you, George—here's how!"

The large man shifted the reins and drank, in turn, tilting up a face whose jaw still struggled to assert itself against chins and neck.

"Well, here's your bloomin' horse," he said. "She can't win the Derby now, but she may do us a bit of good yet."

II

The trainer, Jennings, coming from his Sunday afternoon round of the boxes, heard the sound of wheels. He was a thin man, neat in clothes and boots,

medium in height, with a slight limp, narrow gray whiskers, thin shaven lips, eyes sharp and gray.

A dog-cart stopping at his yard-gate and a rum-looking couple of customers!

"Well, gentlemen?"

"Mr. Jennings? My name's Pulcher—George Pulcher. Brought a client of yours over to see his new mare. Mr. James Shrewin, Oxford City."

Jimmy got down and stood before his trainer's uncompromising stare.

"What mare's that?" said Jennings.

"Calliope."

"Calliope—Mr. Colquhoun's?"

Jimmy held out a letter:

DEAR JENNINGS,

I have sold Calliope to Jimmy Shrewin, the Oxford bookie. He takes her with all engagements and liabilities, including your training bill. I'm frightfully sick at having to part with her, but needs must when the devil drives.

GARDON COLQUHOUN

The trainer folded the letter.

"Got proof of registration?"

Jimmy drew out another paper.

The trainer inspected it, and called out: "Ben, bring out Calliope. Excuse me a minute," and he walked into his house.

Jimmy stood, shifting from leg to leg. Mortification had set in; the dry abruptness of the trainer had injured even a self-esteem starved from youth.

The voice of Pulcher boomed. "Told you he was a crusty devil. 'And 'im a bit of his own."

The trainer was coming back.

"My bill," he said. "When you've paid it you can have the mare. I train for gentlemen."

"The hell you do!" said Pulcher.

Jimmy said nothing, staring at the bill—seventy-eight pounds three shillings! A buzzing fly settled in the hollow of his cheek, and he did not even brush it off. Seventy-eight pounds!

The sound of hoofs roused him. Here came his horse, throwing up her head as if enquiring why she was being disturbed a second time on Sunday! In the movement of that small head and satin neck was something free and beyond present company.

"There she is," said the trainer. "That'll do, Ben. Stand, girl!"

Answering to a jerk or two of the halter, the mare stood kicking slightly with a white hind foot and whisking her tail. Her bright coat shone in the sunlight, and little shivers and wrinklins passed up and down its satin because of the flies. Then, for a moment, she stood still, ears pricked, eyes on the distance.

Jimmy approached her. She had resumed her twitchings, swishings, and slight kicking, and at a respectful distance he circled, bending as if looking at crucial points. He knew what her sire and dam had done, and all the horses that had beaten, or been beaten by them; could have retailed by the half-hour

the peculiar hearsay of their careers; and here was their offspring in flesh and blood, and he was dumb! He didn't know a thing about what she ought to look like, and he knew it; but he felt obscurely moved. She seemed to him "a picture."

Completing his circle, he approached her head, white-blazed, thrown up again in listening, or scenting, and gingerly he laid his hand on her neck, warm and smooth as a woman's shoulder. She paid no attention to his touch, and he took his hand away. Ought he to look at her teeth or feel her legs? No, he was not buying her, she was his already; but he must say something. He looked round. The trainer was watching him with a little smile. For almost the first time in his life the worm turned in Jimmy Shrewin; he spoke no word and walked back to the cart.

"Take her in," said Jennings.

From his seat beside Pulcher, Jimmy watched the mare returning to her box.

"When I've cashed your check," said the trainer, "you can send for her"; and, turning on his heel, he went towards his house. The voice of Pulcher followed him.

"Blast your impudence! Git on, bob-tail, we'll shake the dust off 'ere."

Among the fringing fields the dog-cart hurried away. The sun slanted, the heat grew less, the color of young wheat and of the charlock brightened.

"The tyke! By Gawd, Jimmy, I'd 'ave hit him on the mug! But you've got one there. She's a bit o'

blood, my boy; and I know the trainer for her, Polman—no blasted airs about 'im."

Jimmy sucked at his cheroot.

"I ain't had your advantages, George, and that's a fact. I got into it too young, and I'm a little chap. But I'll send the my check to-morrow. I got my pride, I 'ope." It was the first time that thought had ever come to him.

III

Though not quite the center of the Turf, the Green Dragon had nursed a coup in its day, nor was it without a sense of veneration. The ownership of Calliope invested Jimmy Shrewin with the importance of those out of whom something can be had. It took time for one so long accustomed to beck and call, to mole-like procedure, and the demeanor of young bloods to realize that he had it. But slowly, with the marked increase of his unpaid-for cheroots, with the way in which glasses hung suspended when he came in, with the edgings up to him, and a certain tendency to accompany him along the street, it dawned on him that he was not only an out-of-bounds bookie, but a man. So long as he had remained unconscious of his double nature he had been content with laying the odds, as best he might, and getting what he could out of every situation, straight or crooked. Now that he was also a man, his complacency was ruffled. He suffered from a growing headiness connected with his horse. She

was trained, now, by Polman, further along the Downs, too far for Pulcher's bob-tail; and though her public life was carried on at the Green Dragon, her private life required a train journey over night. Jimmy took it twice a week—touting his own horse in the August mornings up on the Downs, without drink or talk, or even cheroots. Early morning, larks singing, and the sound of galloping hoofs! In a moment of expansion he confided to Pulcher that it was "bally 'olesome."

There had been the slight difficulty of being mistaken for a tout by his new trainer Polman, a stoutish man with the look of one of those large sandy Cornish cats, not precisely furtive because reticence and craft are their nature. But, that once over, his personality swelled slowly. This month of August was one of those interludes, in fact, when nothing happens, but which shape the future by secret ripening.

An error to suppose that men conduct finance, high or low, from greed, or love of gambling; they do it out of self-esteem, out of an itch to prove their judgment superior to their neighbors', out of a longing for importance. George Pulcher did not despise the turning of a penny, but he valued much more the consciousness that men were saying: "Old George, what 'e says goes—knows a thing or two—George Pulcher!"

To pull the strings of Jimmy Shrewin's horse was a rich and subtle opportunity absorbingly improvable. But first one had to study the animal's engage-

ments, and, secondly, to gage that unknown quantity, her "form." To make anything of her this year they must "get about it." That young "toff," her previous owner, had of course flown high, entering her for classic races, high-class handicaps, neglecting the rich chances of lesser occasions.

Third to Referee in the three-year-old race at Sandown Spring—two heads—was all that was known of her, and now they had given her seven two in the Cambridgeshire. She might have a chance, and again she might not. He sat two long evenings with Jimmy in the little private room off the bar, deliberating this grave question.

Jimmy inclined to the bold course. He kept saying: "The mare's a flyer, George—she's the 'ell of a flyer!"

"Wait till she's been tried," said the oracle.

Had Polman anything that would give them a line?

Yes, he had The Shirker (named with that irony which appeals to the English), one of the most honest four-year-olds that ever looked through bridle, who had run up against almost every animal of mark—the one horse that Polman never interfered with, for if interrupted in his training, he ran all the better; who seldom won, but was almost always placed—the sort of horse that handicappers pivot on.

"But," said Pulcher, "try her with The Shirker, and the first stable money will send her up to tens. That 'orse is so darned regular. We've got to throw

a bit of dust first, Jimmy. I'll go over and see Polman."

In Jimmy's withered chest a faint resentment rose—it wasn't George's horse; but it sank again beneath his friend's bulk and reputation.

The "bit of dust" was thrown at the ordinary hour of exercise over the Long Mile on the last day of August—the five-year-old Hangman carrying eight stone seven, the three-year-old Parrot seven stone five; what Calliope was carrying nobody but Polman knew. The forethought of George Pulcher had secured the unofficial presence of the Press. The instructions to the boy on Calliope were to be there at the finish if he could, but on no account to win. Jimmy and George Pulcher had come out over night. They sat together in the dog-cart by the clump of bushes which marked the winning-post, with Polman on his cob on the far side.

By a fine, warm light the three horses were visible to the naked eye in the slight dip down by the start. And, through the glasses, invested in now that he had a horse, Jimmy could see every movement of his mare with her blazed face—rather on her toes, like the bright chestnut and "bit o' blood" she was. He had a pit-patting in his heart, and his lips were tight pressed. Suppose she was no good after all, and that young "Cocoon" had palmed him off a pup! But mixed in with his financial fear was an anxiety more intimate, as if his own value were at stake.

From George Pulcher came an almost excited gurgle.

"See the tout! See 'im behind that bush. Thinks we don't know 'e's there, wot oh!"

Jimmy bit into his cheroot. "They're running," he said.

Rather wide, the black Hangman on the far side, Calliope in the middle, they came sweeping up the Long Mile. Jimmy held his tobaccoed breath. The mare was going freely—a length or two behind—making up her ground! Now for it!—

Ah! she 'ad the 'Angman beat, and ding-dong with this Parrot! It was all he could do to keep from calling out. With a rush and a cludding of hoofs they passed—the blazed nose just behind the Parrot's bay nose—dead heat all but, with the Hangman beat a good length!

"There 'e goes, Jimmy! See the blank scuttlin' down the 'ill like a blinkin' rabbit. That'll be in to-morrow's paper, that trial will. Ah! but 'ow to read it—that's the point."

The horses had been wheeled and were sidling back; Polman was going forward on his cob.

Jimmy jumped down. Whatever that fellow had to say, he meant to hear. It was his horse! Narrowly avoiding the hoofs of his hot, fidgeting mare, he said sharply:

"What about it?"

Polman never looked you in the face; his speech came as if not intended to be heard by any one:

—“Tell Mr. Shrewin how she went.”

“Had a bit up my sleeve. If I’d hit her a smart one, I could ha’ landed by a length or more.”

“That so?” said Jimmy with a hiss. “Well, don’t you hit her; she don’t want hittin’. You remember that.”

The boy said sulkily: “All right!”

“Take her home,” said Polman. Then, with that reflective averted air of his, he added: “She was carrying eight stone, Mr. Shrewin; you’ve got a good one there. She’s the Hangman at level weights.”

Something wild leaped up in Jimmy—the Hangman’s form unrolled itself before him in the air—he had a horse—he dam’ well had a horse!

IV

But how delicate is the process of backing your fancy! The planting of a commission—what tender and efficient work before it will flower! That sixth sense of the racing man, which, like the senses of savages in great forests, seizes telepathically on what is not there, must be dulled, duped, deluded.

George Pulcher had the thing in hand. One might have thought the gross man incapable of such a fairy touch, such power of sowing with one hand and reaping with the other. He intimated rather than asserted that Calliope and the Parrot were one and the same thing. “The Parrot,” he said,

"couldn't win with seven stone—no use thinkin' of this Calliope."

Local opinion was the rock on which, like a great tactician, he built. So long as local opinion was adverse, he could dribble money on in London; the natural jump-up from every long shot taken was dragged back by the careful radiation of disparagement from the seat of knowledge.

Jimmy was the fly in his ointment of those balmy early weeks while snapping up every penny of long odds, before suspicion could begin to work from the persistence of enquiry. Half-a-dozen times he found the "little cuss within an ace of blowing the gaff on his own blinkin' mare"; seemed unable to run his horse down; the little beggar's head was swellin'! Once Jimmy had even got up and gone out, leaving a gin and bitters untasted on the bar. Pulcher improved on his absence in the presence of a London tout.

"Saw the trial meself! Jimmy don't like to think he's got a stiff 'un."

And next morning his London agent snapped up some thirty-threes again.

According to the trial the mare was the Hangman at seven stone two, and really hot stuff—a seven-to-one chance. It was none the less with a sense of outrage that, opening the *Sporting Life* on the last day of September, he found her quoted at 100-8. Whose work was this?

He reviewed the altered situation in disgust. He had invested about half the stable commission of

three hundred pounds at an average of thirty-to-one, but, now that she had "come" in the betting, he would hardly average tens with the rest. What fool had put his oar in?

He learned the explanation two days later. The rash, the unknown backer, was Jimmy! He had acted, it appeared, from jealousy; a bookmaker—it took one's breath away!

"Backed her on your own just because that young 'Cocoon' told you he fancied her!"

Jimmy looked up from the table in his "office," where he was sitting in wait for the scanty custom of the Long Vacation.

"She's not his horse," he said sullenly. "I wasn't going to have him get the cream."

"What did you put on?" growled Pulcher.

"Took five hundred to thirty, and fifteen twenties."

"An' see what it's done—knocked the bottom out of the commission. Am I to take that fifty as part of it?"

Jimmy nodded.

"That leaves an 'undred to invest," said Pulcher, somewhat mollified. He stood, with his mind twisting in his thick still body. "It's no good waitin' now," he said; "I'll work the rest of the money on to-day. If I can average tens on the balance, we'll 'ave six thousand three hundred to play with and the stakes. They tell me Jenning fancies this Diamond Stud of his. He ought to know the form with Calliope, blast him! We got to watch that."

They had! Diamond Stud, a four-year-old with eight stone two, was being backed as if the Cambridgeshire were over. From fifteens he advanced to sevens, thence to favoritism at fives. Pulcher bit on it. Jennings must know where he stood with Calliope! It meant—it meant she couldn't win! The tactician wasted no time in vain regret. Establish Calliope in the betting and lay off. The time had come to utilize The Shirker.

It was misty on the Downs—fine-weather mist of a bright October. The three horses became spectral on their way to the starting-point. Polman had thrown the Parrot in again, but this time he made no secret of the weights. The Shirker was carrying eight seven, Calliope eight, the Parrot seven stone.

Once more, in the cart, with his glasses sweeping the bright mist, Jimmy had that pit-patting in his heart. Here they came! His mare leading—all riding hard—a genuine finish! They passed—The Shirker beaten, a clear length, with the Parrot at his girth. Beside him in the cart, George Pulcher mumbled:

“She's The Shirker at eight stone four, Jimmy.”

A silent drive, big with thought, back to a river inn; a silent breakfast. Over a tankard at the close the Oracle spoke.

“The Shirker, at eight stone four, is a good 'ot chance, but no cert, Jimmy. We'll let 'em know this trial quite open, weights and all. That'll bring her in the betting. And we'll watch Diamond Stud. If he drops back we'll know Jennings thinks he's still

got our mare safe. Then our line'll be clear: we lay off the lot, pick up a thousand or so, and 'ave the mare in at a nice weight at Liverpool."

Jimmy's smudged-in eyes stared hungrily.

"How's that?" he said. "Suppose she wins!"

"Wins! If we lay off the lot, she won't win."

"Pull her!"

George Pulcher's voice sank half an octave with disgust.

"Pull her! Who talked of pullin'? She'll run a bye, that's all. We shan't ever know whether she could 'a won or not."

Jimmy sat silent; the situation was such as his life during sixteen years had waited for. They stood to win both ways with a bit of handling.

"Who's to ride?" he said.

"Polman's got a call on Docker. He can just ride the weight. Either way he's good for us—strong finisher, and a rare judge of distance; knows how to time things to a T. Win or not, he's our man."

Jimmy was deep in figures. Laying-off at sevens, they would still win four thousand and the stakes.

"I'd like a win," he said.

"Ah!" said Pulcher. "But there'll be twenty in the field, my son; no more uncertain race than that bally Cambridgeshire. We could pick up a thou as easy as I pick up this pot. Bird in the 'and, Jimmy, and a good 'andicap in the bush. If she wins, she's finished. Well, we'll put this trial about and see 'ow Jenning pops."

Jenning popped amazingly. Diamond Stud re-

ceded a point, then reëstablished himself at nine to two. Jennings was clearly not dismayed.

George Pulcher shook his head, and waited, uncertain still which way to jump. Ironical circumstance decided him.

Term had begun: Jimmy was busy at his seat of custom. By some miracle of guardianly intervention, young Colquhoun had not gone broke. He was "up" again, eager to retrieve his reputation, and that little brute Jimmy would not lay against his horse! He merely sucked in his cheeks, and answered: "I'm not layin' my own 'orse!" It was felt that he was not the man he had been; assertion had come into his manner, he was better dressed. Some one had seen him at the station looking quite a "toff" in a blue box-cloth coat standing well out from his wisp of a figure, and with a pair of brown race-glasses slung over the shoulder. Altogether the "little brute was getting too big for his boots."

And this strange improvement hardened the feeling that his horse was a real good thing. Patriotism began to burn in Oxford. Here was a "snip" that belonged to them, as it were, and the money in support of it, finding no outlet, began to ball.

A week before the race—with Calliope at nine to one, and very little doing—young Colquhoun went up to town, taking with him the accumulated support of betting Oxford. That evening she stood at sixes. Next day the public followed on.

George Pulcher took advantage. In this crisis of

the proceedings he acted on his own initiative. The mare went back to eights, but the deed was done. He had laid off the whole bally lot, including the stake money. He put it to Jimmy that evening in a nutshell.

"We pick up a thousand, and the Liverpool as good as in our pocket. I've done worse."

Jimmy grunted out: "She could 'a won."

"Not she. Jennings knows—and there's others in the race. This Wasp is goin' to take a lot of catchin', and Deerstalker's not out of it. He's a hell of a horse, even with that weight."

Again Jimmy grunted, slowly sucking down his gin and bitters. Sullenly he said:

"Well, I don't want to put money in the pocket of young 'Cocoon' and his crowd. Like his impudence, backin' my horse as if it was his own."

"We'll 'ave to go and see her run, Jimmy."

"Not me," said Jimmy.

"What! First time she runs! It won't look natural."

"No," repeated Jimmy. "I don't want to see 'er beat."

George Pulcher laid his hand on a skinny shoulder.

"Nonsense, Jimmy. You've got to, for the sake of your reputation. You'll enjoy seein' your mare saddled. We'll go up over night. I shall 'ave a few pounds on Deerstalker. I believe he can beat this Diamond Stud. And you leave Docker to me; I'll 'ave a word with him at Gatwick to-morrow. I've

known 'im since he was that 'igh; an' 'e ain't much more now."

"All right!" growled Jimmy.

V

The longer you can bet on a race the greater its fascination. Handicappers can properly enjoy the beauty of their work; clubmen and oracles of the course have due scope for reminiscence and prophecy; bookmakers in lovely leisure can indulge a little their own calculated preferences, instead of being hurried to soulless conclusions by a half-hour's market on the course; the professional backer has the longer in which to dream of his fortune made at last by some hell of a horse—spotted somewhere as interfered with, left at the post, running green, too fat, not fancied, backward—now bound to win this hell of a race. And the general public has the chance to read the horses' names in the betting news for days and days; and what a comfort that is!

Jimmy Shrewin was not one of those philosophers who justify the great and growing game of betting on the ground that it improves the breed of an animal less and less in use. He justified it much more simply—he lived by it. And in the whole of his career of nearly twenty years since he made hole-and-corner books among the boys of London, he had never stood so utterly on velvet as that morning when his horse must win him five hundred pounds by merely losing. He had spent the night in London

anticipating a fraction of his gains with George Pulcher at a music-hall. And, in a first-class carriage, as became an owner, he traveled down to Newmarket by an early special. An early special key turned in the lock of the carriage door, preserved their numbers at six, all professionals, with blank, rather rolling eyes, mouths shut or slightly fishy, ears to the ground; and the only natural talker a red-faced man, who had "been at it thirty years." Intoning the pasts and futures of this hell of a horse or that, even he was silent on the race in hand; and the journey was half over before the beauty of their own judgments loosened tongues thereon. George Pulcher started it.

"I fancy Deerstalker," he said: "he's a hell of a horse."

"Too much weight," said the red-faced man. "What about this Calliope?"

"Ah!" said Pulcher. "D'you fancy your mare, Jimmy?"

With all eyes turned on him, lost in his blue box-cloth coat, brown bowler, and cheroot smoke, Jimmy experienced a subtle thrill. Addressing the space between the red-faced man and Pulcher, he said:

"If she runs up to 'er looks."

"Ah!" said Pulcher, "she's dark—nice mare, but a bit light and shelly."

"Lopez out o' Calendar," muttered the red-faced man. "Lopez didn't stay, but he was the hell of a horse over seven furlongs. The Shirker ought to 'ave told you a bit."

Jimmy did not answer. It gave him pleasure to see the red-faced man's eye trying to get past, and failing.

"Nice race to pick up. Don't fancy the favorite meself; he'd nothin' to beat at Ascot."

"Jenning knows what he's about," said Pulcher.

Jenning! Before Jimmy's mind passed again that first sight of his horse, and the trainer's smile, as if he—Jimmy Shrewin, who owned her—had been dirt. Tyke! To have the mare beaten by one of his! A deep, subtle vexation had oppressed him at times all these last days since George Pulcher had decided in favor of the mare's running a bye. D—n George Pulcher! He took too much on himself! Thought he had Jimmy Shrewin in his pocket! He looked at the block of crimson opposite. Aunt Sally! If George Pulcher could tell what was passing in his mind!

But driving up to the Course he was not above sharing a sandwich and a flask. In fact, his feelings were unstable and gusty—sometimes resentment, sometimes the old respect for his friend's independent bulk. The dignity of ownership takes long to establish itself in those who have been kicked about.

"All right with Docker," murmured Pulcher, sucking at the wicker flask. "I gave him the office at Gatwick."

"She could 'a won," muttered Jimmy.

"Not she, my boy; there's two at least can beat 'er."

Like all oracles, George Pulcher could believe what he wanted to.

Arriving, they entered the grand-stand enclosure, and over the dividing railings Jimmy gazed at the Cheap Ring, already filling up with its usual customers. Faces and umbrellas—the same old crowd. How often had he been in that Cheap Ring, with hardly room to move, seeing nothing, hearing nothing but “Two to one on the field!” “Two to one on the field!” “Threes Swordfish!” “Fives Alabaster!” “Two to one on the field!” Nothing but a sea of men like himself, and a sky overhead. He was not exactly conscious of criticism, only of a dull “Glad I’m shut of that lot” feeling.

Leaving George Pulcher deep in conversation with a crony, he lighted a cheroot and slipped out on to the Course. He passed the Jockey Club enclosure. Some early “toffs” were there in twos and threes, exchanging wisdom. He looked at them without envy or malice. He was an owner himself now, almost one of them in a manner of thinking. With a sort of relish he thought of how his past life had circled round those “toffs,” slippery, shadowlike, kicked about; and now he could get up on the Downs away from “toffs,” George Pulcher, all that crowd, and smell the grass, and hear the bally larks, and watch his own mare gallop!

They were putting the numbers up for the first race. Queer not to be betting, not to be touting round; queer to be giving it a rest! Utterly familiar with those names on the board, he was utterly unfamiliar with the shapes they stood for.

“I’ll go and see ’em come out of the paddock,” he

thought, and moved on, skimpy in his bell-shaped coat and billycock with flattened brim. The clamor of the Rings rose behind him while he was entering the paddock.

Very green, very peaceful, there; not many people, yet! Three horses in the second race were being led slowly in a sort of winding ring; and men were clustering round the farther gate where the horses would come out. Jimmy joined them, sucking at his cheroot. They were a picture! Damn it! he didn't know but that 'orses laid over men! Pretty creatures!

One by one they passed out of the gate, a round dozen. Selling platers, but pictures for all that!

He turned back towards the horses being led about; and the old instinct to listen took him close to little groups. Talk was all of the big race. From a tall "toff" he caught the word Calliope.

"Belongs to a bookie, they say."

Bookie! Why not? Wasn't a bookie as good as any other? Ah! and sometimes better than these young snobs with everything to their hand! A bookie—well, what chance had he ever had?

A big brown horse came by.

"That's Deerstalker," he heard the "toff" say.

Jimmy gazed at George Pulcher's fancy with a sort of hostility. Here came another—Wasp, six stone ten, and Deerstalker nine stone—top and bottom of the race!

"My 'orse'd beat either o' them," he thought stubbornly. "Don't like that Wasp."

The distant roar was hushed. They were running in the first race! He moved back to the gate. The quick clamor rose and dropped, and here they came—back into the paddock, darkened with sweat, flanks heaving a little!

Jimmy followed the winner, saw the jockey weigh in.

“What jockey’s that?” he asked.

“That? Why, Docker!”

Jimmy stared. A short, square, bow-legged figure, with a hardwood face! Waiting his chance, he went up to him and said:

“Docker, you ride my ’orse in the big race.”

“Mr. Shrewin?”

“The same,” said Jimmy. The jockey’s left eyelid dropped a little. Nothing responded in Jimmy’s face. “I’ll see you before the race,” he said.

Again the jockey’s eyelid wavered, he nodded and passed on.

Jimmy stared at his own boots; they struck him suddenly as too yellow and not at the right angle. But why, he couldn’t say.

More horses now—those of the first race being unsaddled, clothed, and led away. More men—three familiar figures: young “Cocoon” and two others of his Oxford customers.

Jimmy turned sharply from them. Stand their airs?—not he! He had a sudden sickish feeling. With a win, he’d have been a made man—on his own! Blast George Pulcher and his caution! To think of being back in Oxford with those young

bloods jeering at his beaten horse! He bit deep into the stump of his cheroot, and suddenly came on Jenning, standing by a horse with a star on its bay forehead. The trainer gave him no sign of recognition, but signed to the boy to lead the horse into a stall, and followed, shutting the door. It was exactly as if he had said:

“Vermin about!”

An evil little smile curled Jimmy's lips. The tyke!

The horses for the second race passed out of the paddock gate, and he turned to find his own. His ferreting eyes soon sighted Polman. What the cat-faced fellow knew, or was thinking, Jimmy could not tell. Nobody could tell.

“Where's the mare?” he said.

“Just coming round.”

No mistaking her; fine as a star; shiny-coated, sinuous, her blazed face held rather high! Who said she was “shelly”? She was a picture! He walked a few paces close to the boy.

“That's Calliope H'm! Nice filly!

Looks fit . Who's this James Shrewin?

. . What's she at? I like her looks.”

His horse! Not a prettier filly in the world!

He followed Polman into her stall to see her saddled. In the twilight there he watched her toilet; the rub-over; the exact adjustments; the bottle of water to the mouth; the buckling of the bridle—watched her head high above the boy keeping her steady with gentle pulls of a rein in each hand held out a little wide, and now and then stroking her

blazed nose; watched her pretense of nipping at his hand: he watched the beauty of her exaggerated in this half-lit isolation away from the others, the life and liveness in her satin body, the wilful expectancy in her bright, soft eyes.

Run a bye! This bit o' blood—this bit o' fire! This horse of his! Deep within that shell of blue box-cloth against the stall partition a thought declared itself: "I'm —— if she shall! She can beat the lot! And she's —— well going to!"

The door was thrown open, and she led out. He moved alongside. They were staring at her, following her. No wonder! She was a picture, his horse—his! She had gone to Jimmy's head.

They passed Jennings with Diamond Stud waiting to be mounted. Jimmy shot him a look. Let the —— wait!

His mare reached the palings and was halted. Jimmy saw the short, square figure of her jockey, in the new magenta cap and jacket—his cap, his jacket! Beautiful they looked, and no mistake!

"A word with you," he said.

The jockey halted, looked quickly round.

"All right, Mr. Shrewin. I know."

Jimmy's eyes smoldered at him; hardly moving his lips, he said intently: "You —— well don't! You'll —— well ride 'er to win. Never mind him! If you don't, I'll have you off the turf. Understand me! You'll —— well ride 'er to win."

The jockey's jaw dropped.

"All right, Mr. Shrewin."

"See it is," said Jimmy with a hiss.

"Mount jockeys!"

He saw magenta swing into the saddle. And suddenly, as if smitten with the plague, he scuttled away.

VI

He scuttled to where he could see them going down—seventeen. No need to search for his colors; they blazed, like George Pulcher's countenance, or a rhododendron bush in sunlight, above that bright chestnut with the white nose, curveting a little as she was led past.

Now they came cantering—Deerstalker in the lead.

"He's a hell of a horse, Deerstalker," said some one behind.

Jimmy cast a nervous glance around. No sign of George Pulcher!

One by one they cantered past, and he watched them with a cold feeling in his stomach. Still unused to sight of the creatures out of which he made his living, they all seemed to him hells of horses.

"New colors! Well, you can see 'em and the mare too. She's a showy one. Calliope? She's goin' back in the bettin' though."

Jimmy moved up through the Ring.

"Four to one on the field!" "Six Deerstalker!" "Sevens Magistrate!" "Ten to one Wasp!" "Ten to one Calliope!" "Four to one Diamond Stud!" "Four to one on the field!"

Steady as a rock, that horse of Jennings, and his own going back!

"Twelves Calliope!" he heard, just as he reached the stand. The telepathic genius of the Ring missed nothing—almost!

A cold shiver went through him. What had he done by his words to Docker? Spoiled the golden egg laid so carefully? But perhaps she couldn't win even if they let her! He began to mount the stand, his mind in the most acute confusion.

A voice said: "Hullo, Jimmy! Is she going to win?"

One of his young Oxford sparks was jammed against him on the stairway!

He raised his lip in a sort of snarl, and huddling himself, slipped through and up ahead. He came out and edged in close to the stairs where he could get play for his glasses. Behind him one of those who improve the shining hour among backers cut off from opportunity, was intoning the odds a point shorter than below. "Three to one on the field." "Fives Deerstalker." "Eight to one Wasp."

"What price Calliope?" said Jimmy, sharply.

"Hundred to eight."

"Done!" Handing him the eight he took the ticket. Behind him the man's eyes moved fishily, and he resumed his incantation.

"Three to one on the field . . . three to one on the field. Six to one Magistrate."

On the wheeling bunch of colors at the start Jimmy trained his glasses. Something had broken

clean away and come half the course—something in yellow.

“Eights Magistrate. Eight to one Magistrate,” drifted up. So they had spotted that! Precious little they didn’t spot! Magistrate was round again, and being ridden back. Jimmy rested his glasses a moment, and looked down. Swarms in the Cheap Ring, Tattersalls, the stands—a crowd so great you could lose George Pulcher in it. Just below a little man was making silent, frantic signals with his arms across to some one in the Cheap Ring. Jimmy raised his glasses. In line now—magenta third from the rails!

“They’re off!” The hush, you could cut it with a knife! Something in green away on the right—Wasp! What a bat they were going! And a sort of numbness in Jimmy’s mind cracked suddenly; his glasses shook; his thin, weasley face became suffused and quivered. Magenta—magenta—two from the rails! He could make no story of the race such as he would read in to-morrow’s paper—he could see nothing but magenta.

Out of the dip now, and coming fast—green still leading—something in violet, something in tartan, closing.

“Wasp’s beat!” “The favorite—the favorite wins!”

“Deerstalker—Deerstalker wins!” “What’s that in pink on the rails?”

It was his in pink on the rails! Behind him a man went suddenly mad.

"Deerstalker— Come on with 'im, Stee! Deerstalker'll win—Deerstalker'll win!"

Jimmy sputtered venomously: "Will'e? Will'e?" Deerstalker and his own out from the rest—opposite the Cheap Ring—neck and neck—Docker riding like a demon.

"Deerstalker! Deerstalker!" "Calliope wins! She wins!"

Gawd! His horse! They flashed past—fifty yards to go, and not a head between 'em!

"Deerstalker! Deerstalker!" "Calliope!"

He saw his mare shoot out—she'd won!

With a little queer sound he squirmed and wriggled on to the stairs. No thoughts while he squeezed, and slid, and hurried—only emotion—out of the Ring, away to the paddock. His horse!

Docker had weighed in when he reached the mare. All right! He passed with a grin. Jimmy turned almost into the body of Polman standing like an image.

"Well, Mr. Shrewin," he said to nobody, "she's won."

"Damn you!" thought Jimmy. "Damn the lot of you!" And he went up to his mare. Quivering, streaked with sweat, impatient of the gathering crowd, she showed the whites of her eyes when he put his hand up to her nose.

"Good girl!" he said, and watched her led away.

"Gawd! I want a drink!" he thought.

Gingerly, keeping a sharp lookout for 'Pulcher, he returned to the Stand to get it, and to draw his hundred. But up there by the stairs the discreet fellow

was no more. On the ticket was the name O. H. Jones, and nothing else. Jimmy Shrewin had been welshed! He went down at last in a bad temper. At the bottom of the staircase stood George Pulcher. The big man's face was crimson, his eyes ominous. He blocked Jimmy into a corner.

"Ah!" he said; "you little crow. What the 'ell made you speak to Docker?"

Jimmy grinned. Some new body within him stood there defiant. "She's my 'orse," he said.

"You—Gawd-forsaken rat! If I 'ad you in a quiet spot I'd shake the life out of you!"

Jimmy stared up, his little spindle legs apart, like a cock sparrow confronting an offended pigeon.

"Go 'ome," he said, "George Pulcher; and get your mother to mend your socks. You don't know 'ow! Thought I wasn't a man, did you? Well, now you —— well know I am. Keep off my 'orse in future."

Crimson rushed up on crimson in Pulcher's face; he raised his heavy fists. Jimmy stood, unmoving, his little hands in his bell-coat pockets, his withered face upraised. The big man gulped as if swallowing back the tide of blood; his fists edged forward and then—dropped.

"That's better," said Jimmy, "hit one of your own size." Emitting a deep growl, George Pulcher walked away.

"Two to one on the field—I'll back the field—Two to one on the field." "Threes Snowdrift—Fours Iron Dook."

Jimmy stood a moment mechanically listening to the music of his life, then edging out, he took a fly and was driven to the station.

All the way up to town he sat chewing his cheroot with the glow of drink inside him, thinking of that finish, and of how he had stood up to George Pulcher. For a whole day he was lost in London, but Friday saw him once more at his seat of custom in the "Corn." Not having laid against his horse, he had had a good race in spite of everything; yet, the following week, uncertain into what further quagmires of quixotry she might lead him, he sold Calliope.

But for years betting upon horses that he never saw, underground like a rat, yet never again so accessible to the kicks of fortune, or so prone before the shafts of superiority, he would think of the Downs with the blinkin' larks singin' and talk of how once he—had a horse.

EXPLANATORY NOTES

14. *Andover*: a boy's preparatory school in Massachusetts
41. *Lawrenceville*: a boy's preparatory school in New Jersey
62. *Walter Johnson*: formerly a famous pitcher of the Washington baseball team of the American League
63. *a busher*: a player in a bush league—a local minor league of baseball teams
102. *lèse majesté*: an act showing contempt for the champion
117. *won the toss*: the winner of the toss has the choice of serving or receiving
121. *Fastnet Race*: a yacht race held off the southern end of Ireland
121. *Bermuda*: a small group of islands in the Atlantic belonging to the British Empire, about two days' travel to the southeast from New York
121. *Gulf Stream*: a warm oceanic current flowing from the Gulf of Mexico along the American coast and across the Atlantic skirting the west coast of Europe
123. *Montauk Point*: the farthestmost eastern point on Long Island, in the southeast corner of the state of New York
123. *Azores*: a group of islands in the north Atlantic ocean nearer to Europe than to the United States
125. *Onion Patch*: Why is this a fitting name for Bermuda?
126. *lee side*: the side of the ship sheltered from the wind
126. "*sailing her light*": without much weight in sail or cargo
126. *to muzzle light canvas*: to tie down the light sails to mast and spar

128. *Coston lights*: colored flares used for distress signals
128. *mainsail*: the principal sail. *jib*: a triangular sail stretching from the bow to the masthead. *bowsprit*: a large boom running out from the stem of the ship to which the stays are fastened
129. *dory*: a small flat-bottomed boat used for fishing
135. *niblick, driver, brassie, loftie, putter, mashie, midiron*: it would be interesting to have the class bring in samples of these clubs for demonstration; they can also be used as subjects for charts and drawings
135. *foursome*: a match in which four players take part, two against two, the players on each side playing alternately
135. *Bobby Jones*: probably the greatest golfer in the history of the sport in America
135. *Chick Evans*: a golf and sporting writer; a great player of the game, but, as indicated, not so great as Bobby Jones
136. *Glenna Collett*: a famous woman champion of the game
140. *heeled your club*: heeling is catching anything with the heel of the club, a technical fault in the game for which the player suffers a penalty
142. *birdie three*: birdie refers to playing a hole in one under par score, the established number of strokes in which a hole should be played; in this case par was four strokes
147. *Death Valley*: a famous desert region, below sea level, in southeastern California
149. *Corbett, Fitzsimmons, Sullivan, Jack Dempsey*: among the great kings of pugilism, all holders of the world's heavyweight championship at one time or another. The *Jack Dempsey* here referred to is an earlier champion than the one we know so well
149. *Marquis of Queensbury rules*: the modern rules, formu-

- lated by the Marquis of Queensbury, an English patron of boxing, which now govern professional fights and have made the sport less ferocious
154. *Jeffries*: another famous fighter, world's heavyweight champion of former days
174. *Browning*: Robert Browning, English poet, whose poems are frequently read and studied in high school
267. *char-a-banc*: a light, open bus with benches across for seats
267. *paddock*: an enclosure in which competing dogs are assembled before the contest
268. *cocoanut-shies*: a game in which a ball or stone is thrown at a set-up cocoanut
269. *Aunt Sally*: a game in which players try, by throwing sticks from a distance, to break a pipe in the mouth of a figure of a woman's head
296. "*the bends*": a disease which attacks a human being when he is subjected to a too sudden change from the high pressure in the depths of water to normal air pressure
304. *Congressional Medal of Honor*: the highest award given by the United States for an act of heroism
305. *Navy Crosses*: awards given by the navy for meritorious service
309. *Kitchener*: of Khartoum, famous British soldier and general in wars in the Sudan and South Africa and during the World War
309. *Gordon Highlanders*: one of the regiments from the highlands of Scotland
309. *Boche*: name given to the German soldier by the French soldier during the World War of 1914-1918
309. *Somme*: section of northeastern France through which the river of the same name runs. It was an area of combat during the first World War

310. *No Man's Land*: the unoccupied space between the front lines of opposing forces
310. *Death's Head Hussars*: a body of black-uniformed German light horsemen who bore a skull and crossbones on their furred headgear
311. *Sarajevo incident*: Sarajevo, a city in the former country of Serbia, is now in Yugoslavia. In 1914, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, heir to the Austrian Empire, was assassinated in this town; the incident was the proximate cause of the first World War
315. *bookmaker*: a professional bettor on the horses who accepts bets laid by the public
315. *the Downs*: a place near Epsom, England, famous for its race course
319. *the Derby* (pronounced *Darby* in England): a famous annual horse-race in England, founded in 1780 by the 12th Earl of Derby
321. *seventy-eight pounds three shillings*: in normal times the pound is worth nearly \$5 and the shilling \$.25; there are twenty shillings in the pound. The total here is approximately \$390
328. *eight stone*: an English measure of weight; one stone is equal to fourteen pounds
337. *Ascot*: another famous race course in England
338. *paddock*: an enclosure where horses are assembled before the race

SUGGESTIONS FOR ORAL DISCUSSION AND WRITTEN EXERCISE

BRAT INTO BOY

1. Read carefully the introduction entitled "By Way of Preface" on pages ix through xii, writing down those phrases in which Mr. Stix tells you what the "sporting gesture" is and what it is not.
Point out just where in the story Dink Stover makes a "sporting gesture" that sets him up overnight as the hero of all the boys at Lawrenceville.
Why is his "gesture" particularly "sporting"?
2. What handicaps in Stover's personality stand in the way of his becoming a successful football player?
Trace the steps by which he overcomes each handicap.
What does he learn from his experiences here that will be even more useful to him later for success in life?
3. Pick out and read remarks made by one of his schoolmates, by Captain Cockrell, by the Coach, Mr. Ware, and by Dink Stover himself that show that our hero is "game."
4. What traits do Captain Cockrell and Coach Ware see in Stover that lead them to assign him to the squad?
What weaknesses does he reveal to them that worry them?
What steps do they take to remove these handicaps?
5. Justify the captain's charges against Dink in his speech beginning at the bottom of page 18.
Read the one brief passage that contains the best advice that the captain gives to the novice, Dink, as the practice game between the Varsity and the scrubs continues.

6. How does the Captain's judicious use of praise encourage Dink on his path of improvement?
Pick one or two of the Captain's comments to Dink that express his appreciation of the young man's growth under his training.
What effect do these remarks have upon Dink?
7. Select and read some of the remarks of Stover to his schoolmates that show that he has a sense of humor, or that show that he can give as good as he gets in the game of "kidding."
8. Trace the conflict between Dink Stover and Tough McCarty—how it starts, how it develops, and why it ends the way it does.
What is there about Tough that makes it end that way?
What is there about Dink that makes it all come out as you hoped it would?
9. In the "Introduction," page vii, William Lyon Phelps says:
"The best thing that can be said for the enthusiasm aroused among spectators at games of physical contact like boxing, hockey and football is that in this fury of excitement, they forget themselves."
Tell your class just when, while reading this story, you were caught up in "this fury of excitement," and forgot yourself.
10. The Game between Andover and Lawrenceville.
 - a. Which side did you want to win? Why?
 - b. As you follow the account of the game with Andover, your eyes are always on Dink Stover. Show how Dink makes use of all the advice given him by his captain and his coach to help his team hold their doughty opponents.
What was the most valuable lesson that he learned?
Which part of their advice do you think you will take unto yourself to guide you in living more successfully?

- c.* Analyze the captain's speech to his men between halves, page 48. Just how does he talk and just what does he say to arouse their fighting spirit?
In what ways does the coach, Mr. Ware, second his efforts?
 - d.* Write a news account, headlines and all, of the game.
 - (1) For the Lawrenceville School Paper.
 - (2) For the Andover School Paper.
 - e.* Write the speech that Dink Stover will deliver at the school assembly when called upon to accept an award for his part in the game with Andover.
- 11. In the brief introduction to the story on the page facing page 3 we are told that the story of Dink Stover on the side-lines at his House game is even better than the story of Dink Stover playing end against Andover.
What justification is there for this statement?
If you agree with it, defend your opinion.
- 12. List the nicknames of some of the prominent players on the teams. How does each nickname fit the player it designates?
List the nicknames of some of the members of your class. Explain why each nickname is an appropriate one.
- 13. Explain to your class just how the rules and scoring in football today differ from those used in Stover's day when Lawrenceville met Andover.
- 14. What have you learned from this story about the game of football that will be of help to you in understanding the game better when you see one, or that will make you a better player of the game?
Make a list of three specific points you have learned.

MISTER CONLEY

- 1. Just what act in this story is the "sporting gesture" that thrills us as a heroic performance?

Read the selection in which that act is told to us.
How does it lead to the happiness of our hero?

2. The player who tells the story likes to explain ideas by using simple, homely comparisons with things with which we are all familiar.

Read the comparison he uses at the very beginning of the story to explain the nature of a nickname. How does the whole story prove the truth of this comparison here expressed in the first sentence?

Pick out some other comparisons, or similes, and point out just how they add vividness and color to the ideas expressed.

3. Make a list of the nicknames of the players.
Point out just why each nickname fits the man it indicates.
Make a similar list of the nicknames of famous players of today; explain the appropriateness of each nickname.

4. Just why is the story more interesting and exciting to you, the reader, because it is told by one of the participants?

5. What act or acts of our chief character earned him the antagonism of his colleagues? What is wrong with Conley's technique in his association with his fellow ball-players?

Were his colleagues justified in their attitude towards him? Were there any extenuating circumstances in his favor?

Explain the effects upon him and upon them.

How does he redeem himself?

What do you learn concerning your relations with your own friends and schoolmates from the experience of Mister Conley and his fellow-players?

6. What incidents in the story seem to you "too good to be true"?

Tell your class just what would be more likely to happen in "real life" under the same circumstances.

7. Read carefully the brief introduction to the story facing page 60. Explain just how the author of the story, Charles E. Van Loan, "brings out the best that is in the game."
8. Write a news account of the final game in the story, making a great deal of the human interest element that will thrill your readers.
9. What moment in the story did you find most exciting, a moment when you completely forgot yourself and felt that you were either on the field, or in the grandstand taking part in the game?
10. How did Mister Conley become a great third baseman? What qualities of physique and character did he possess that made him a success?
In what sport or hobby are you deeply interested? What must you still do to become an expert in your chosen field? What urges you on to do so?
11. Read one of the baseball stories written by Ring Lardner referred to on page 60.
Point out just in what ways a baseball story by Ring Lardner is more realistic and less glamorous than this story by Charles E. Van Loan. Consider such matters as dialogue, incidents, the sporting spirit or lack of it, and the motives of the players.
12. What points have you gathered from your reading of this story that will make you a better baseball player, or that will help you to understand it better when you see a game played?
13. Here are two remarks, one made by the person who tells the story, and the other by the Bald Eagle:
page 61: *Sarcasm is the stuff that gets under the skin.
It's harder to bear than downright abuse*
page 74: *The real comedians are the ones who know when to get off the stage, and the best thing about a joke is knowing when it's played out.*

What do you learn from each of them that will make you a more popular boy or girl with your friends and the folks at home?

14. Explain the effectiveness of the following remarks:
page 63: *Conley took a running jump and landed square on third base.*
page 78: *He'd been running his head off on a foul tip.*
page 90: *If Joe has a weakness it's a little tendency toward solid ivory.*

DEFENDING CHAMPION

1. This is a story about a girl tennis champion of the world. What difficulties does a champion have to face that a player of lesser rank does not meet?
2. By what "sporting gesture" did our champion, Florence Farley, overcome the chief handicap that she faced as a champion?
Read to your class just those lines in which her "sporting gesture" is described.
3. As you read the story, note some of the champion's good habits as a player. Make a list of two or three of them. Explain just how your possession of similar habits would help you in your school and home life. Just what comfort and what pleasure would they bring to persons you like and admire?
4. State the causes that led to the estrangement between Florence and her Aunt Susie.
Are you, or is one of your parents, similarly estranged from some member of your family? What are the causes of this estrangement? Tell your class just what you would like to do to remove this estrangement.
5. Study the character of Aunt Susie. Write a brief description of her as she appears to you when in good health. Begin

your description with this sentence in which you fill in the missing words:

Aunt Susie was known to all her friends, and to her enemies as well, as a _____, and _____ woman.

6. Florence Farley is a star in the world of tennis. Name your favorite movie, radio, or stage star. Compare your favorite star and Florence Farley in their relations with their "fan" world.

What do "fans" expect of their "stars"?

7. Study the crowd as if it were a single person like yourself. Explain just how it reacts to our heroine, sometimes antagonistically, sometimes favorably, even as you do to your friends.

What qualities in others cause us to react towards them in these different ways?

ADRIANA RESCUE

1. Read again the very last paragraph of the story. Explain what there is in the true sportsman that makes him ready to face danger, even death, in the pursuit of his sport.
2. Once again, as in the previous stories, pick out the acts that are the "sporting gestures" in this story of yachts. Read the passages in which these acts are described.
3. A "sporting gesture" always involves a sacrifice, or at least the sacrifice of a lesser gain for a greater one. What sacrifices were made by the master of the *Jolie Brise* and by that experienced ocean-racing man, Clarence Kozlay? Just what was to each of them the greater gain?
4. This is a true story, a tale of an event that really happened. Do the "sporting gestures" here presented, "gestures" that real men in a costly contest made in real life, seem less romantic than the "gestures" of Dink Stover or Spike Conley or Florence Farley? Or do they seem more ro-

mantic, events that could take place only in a wonderful dream world? Why?

We frequently hear the statement: *Truth is stranger than fiction*. Show that this true story is more inspiring than the fictitious stories you have read.

5. If you admire the sporting spirit that leads such men as Robert Somerset, master and owner of the British cutter yacht, *Jolie Brise*, to enter so wholeheartedly and at such great cost into a sporting venture, express to your teacher and class your admiration in as enthusiastic a manner as you can. Make them feel just how you feel about it.
6. What two dangers in yacht-racing are fully explained at the beginning of this account? How does this explanation prepare us for events to come?
7. What two qualities as a yachtsman did "Bobby" Somerset possess that made his rescue of the *Adriana* so successful a venture?
What fine qualities of physique and personality did Clarence Kozlay possess that lead us to regret his loss so deeply?
8. You may have read recently of a heroic rescue either on land or sea. You may have seen one in a movie or in a newsreel. Write so vivid an account of the event that you will fill your reader with pride in the human race.
9. On an outline map of the United States mark the course of this yacht race, beginning at Montauk Point. Draw a small maltese cross at the exact point where the *Adriana* went down.

THE MAKING OF A SPORTSMAN

1. Here, in this story too, the "sporting gesture" is made, not once but twice.
Read the passages which tell of the sporting gestures made.
Who makes them?
Why do you call them "sporting gestures"?

Which of these two gestures comes as a surprise to you and to the gallery?

2. Select the passage in the story in which an incident occurs that is distinctly *not* a "sporting gesture"—when the game is played in the win-at-any-cost spirit.
Was Mr. Crane's reaction to this event justified? Why?
3. Follow carefully your own reactions to Bob Carney. What is your attitude towards him when he makes his first entrance into the story? Does it change? Why? Does it remain changed? Why not?
4. Tell your class of an occasion when you yourself played the game just to win, demanding all the "breaks" even as Bob Carney did.
Just how did those playing with you feel towards you?
What did you do to redeem yourself in their eyes?
5. What qualities in his daughter Julia does the story-teller, Mr. Crane, admire? Note that her only weakness is in her golf game. Just what is that weakness?
6. Just how did Bob Carney first win his way into the heart of Julia's father?
Just how did he very thoroughly lose his way out?
How did he win his way back?
7. Explain how golf can become a major interest to every member of a household, including the servants.
8. Explain the meaning of the title: "The Making of a Sportsman." Which of our characters is made into a sportsman? Why wasn't he a sportsman? How does he become one?
9. Explain the effectiveness of the following expressions:
page 135: *If you were very fancy you had a niblick. I had a niblick.*
page 139: *He didn't miss many more evenings at the*

house than I miss two foot putts, and I'm a good putter.

page 141: *Young Carney was a good golfer, but he was a rotten sport She's a sportswoman first and a golfer afterwards, thank heavens. That's Julia.*

page 144: The last paragraph in the story.

10. Make a list of golf words used in this story. Consult a dictionary, a book on golf, or someone who plays the game, for the meanings of these words. Write an explanation of each.

THE ABYSMAL BRUTE

1. Study old Pat Glendon's letter to Sam Stubener on page 148. Why is Sam puzzled by it? Why does he first think it is a joke? What made him think that it might reveal something worth while?
What does the letter tell us about old Pat Glendon himself—his pride, his life's ambition, his trust in men?
2. In what ways was old Pat different from the general run of prize-fighters?
3. When young Pat first makes his appearance before you, just in what ways does he fulfill the expectations aroused in you by his father's words?
4. What particular interests and hobbies does Young Glendon follow that are unusual in a pugilist?
How do they play a part in the ending of the story?
5. What strong points in Young Glendon does his father emphasize that lead us to believe that he will become a great fighter?
What weak points does he indicate that his son will have to conquer?
What important quality does he possess from the very be-

ginning that Dink Stover had to acquire through coaching and self-mastery?

What is an outstanding trait of his personality that Sam finds difficult to understand, but that stands our hero in good stead in the ring?

6. Consider carefully old Pat's education of his son for the prize-ring. In what ways is it good? In what ways do you think it is faulty?

Compare young Pat's education with yours. Your parents hold different hopes for your future from the hopes held by old Pat for his son's future. What difference is there? In what ways is your education being guided to fulfill these hopes of your parents? How does your education differ from young Pat's?

7. Does Sam Stubener play fair with the Glendons, father and son?

What are the consequences of his actions to himself and to young Pat?

8. What are young Pat's first reactions to other men in the prize-fighting game?

What are their reactions to him?

9. What lessons does Young Glendon learn about the business of the fighting game that do not agree with what his father taught him?

How does the conflict between his early training and his professional experience affect him?

When is he first disillusioned? How does this lead to the most dramatic scene in the story?

10. What is the "sporting gesture" that makes a hero of Young Glendon?

What does he prove by making the "gesture"?

How does he prove that he is the real, if not the official, world's heavyweight champion?

11. What fine points of the pugilist's art have you learned from this story?
12. What is young Pat's early attitude toward girls?
What ideal does his father set before him in his relations with them?
Does he live up to this ideal?
13. What ideas about Young Glendon, the prize-fighter, the "Abysmal Brute," does Maud Sangster hold before she meets him? How are they changed in their first meeting? What ideas does Young Glendon hold about a woman journalist before he meets Maud Sangster? How are they changed in his first meeting with her?
Study that interview and follow these changes in our hero and heroine as they take place. Note just what causes each change.
14. What do you think of Maud Sangster?
What qualities in her do you admire?
What particular attraction does she hold for young Pat?
What particular attraction does he hold for her?
What prospects for happiness does the future hold for them?
15. With the aid of some of the more able members of your class, prepare a radio script of Young Glendon's last fight. Produce it with appropriate sound effects from behind a curtain in your school auditorium.

THE THREE-POUND CHAR

1. What does Gay think of Mr. Pritchard when they start off on their day's trip?
How does he win his way into her affections?
2. Why doesn't Mr. Pritchard take the bet that Gay first offers?
Why doesn't Gay take the bet that Mr. Pritchard first

- offers? Make sure that you know just what that bet is. Why does she accept the bet when he reverses the offer?
3. Just what makes Mr. Pritchard's love-making not only so serious, but also so very amusing? Note especially what he says and does while he prepares to cast and while he and Gay are lunching together.
 4. Why is Gay so insistent about doing all the work of preparing lunch?
Why does she finally allow her companion to help her clean up?
 5. Again, find the passage which tells about the "sporting gesture" made in this story. Read it to your class and explain just what is so "sporting" about this act.
 6. Just what about this story makes it "too good to be true"?
 7. Sum up all that you and Gay have learned about trout-fishing from this story.
 8. Explain clearly just what the following expressions mean:
page 246: *She was fighting her own private battle of Bunker Hill—of New Orleans.*
page 251: *If it is the custom of the country to bet and then crawl, so bē it. In Rome, I hasten to do as the Romans do.*
page 261: *It was the strong man without science against the strong man who knows how to box.*
page 263: The last sentence in the story.
 9. Continue the story, writing out an ending that tells your reader just how you would like this story to end.

THE DALE CUP

1. What is the general attitude of the Dalesmen toward M'Adam and his dog, Red Wull? Read passages in which that attitude is shown.
Name some who favor Red Wull.

What is the effect upon M'Adam of the community attitude toward him?

2. What is the general attitude of the Dalesmen toward James Moore and his dog, Owd Bob? Read passages in which that attitude is expressed.

Which man and which dog do you favor? Why?

3. What is David's attitude towards his father, M'Adam, owner of Red Wull, the Tailless Tyke?

Why does David feel that way towards the old man?

Pick passages in which David expresses his feelings.

4. Select words and expressions in the story which describe Red Wull and his actions; Owd Bob and his ways.

Which dog do you like better? Why?

5. Read carefully to learn just what M'Adam says, just what he does, and just what others, even his enemies, say about him. Study him in victory and in defeat. Then, tell your class just what kind of man M'Adam is.

6. At the bottom of page 270, six different people express different reactions to Red Wull's victory. Explain clearly the reaction of each of these six persons and tell what you learn about the personality of each of them.

Which of these reactions do you admire most? Why?

Which of these reactions do you regard as unworthy? Why?

7. A real sportsman takes victory and defeat in the same spirit; he is ever ready to see the best man win. Who is the real sportsman in this story, Adam M'Adam or James Moore? Why?

8. What are Maggie's feelings toward David?

Select passages in which she expresses her feelings.

9. Read *Bob, Son of Battle* from which this story is taken and explain just what was the nature of the contest for which the Shepherd's Trophy was the prize.

You may have seen the motion picture *To the Victor*, based on the book, and you remember clearly the nature of the contest. Explain it to your classmates.

10. Study the reactions of the crowd facing Red Wull on the bridge. What do you learn about each of these persons as he meets the challenge of M'Adam's dog?
11. Note the difference in the reaction of the crowd to Red Wull's victory and to Owd Bob's victory. Explain the difference.
12. What ideal of conduct for a dog does Owd Bob hold above everything else that leads him to make his "sporting gesture"?
Why is his "gesture" particularly "sporting"?
13. Explain the effectiveness of the following expressions:
page 267: *Maggie, looking in her simple print frock as sweet and fresh as any mountain flower;*
page 273: *"They'll no hurt us noo we're up: it's when we're doon they'll flock like corbies to the carrion."*
page 280: *Long Kirby selected a small man in the crowd, and bashed his hat down over his eyes.*
page 282: *And a little farther in front was the Tailless Tyke, his back and neck like a new-shorn wheatfield, as he rumbled a vast challenge.*
page 288: *At that he swung round and marched slowly back, gallant as he had come, dignified still in his mortification.*

DEEP-SEA HEROISM

1. Explain clearly to your class just what is the "sporting gesture" made in this story of a real event.
What are the fortunate consequences of this "gesture"?
What might have been the unfortunate consequences?
In either case, why is it "sporting"?

2. Tell your class just when, while reading this story, you were caught up in a "fury of excitement" and completely "forgot yourself."
3. In which of the other stories in this book did a hero endanger his life by his "sporting gesture"?
Was he as fortunate as Frank Crilley in escaping with his life?
Did he succeed in saving the lives of others as Crilley saved the life of Loughman?
4. What dilemma faces the diving officer directing the rescue?
How does he win to victory? What is the "lucky break" that saved his men?
5. Study the hazards of the diving service in our Navy and explain them to your class. Show what traits of character a man must possess to succeed in this service.
6. Study the hazards of the submarine service in our Navy and explain them to your class. Show what traits of character a man must possess to succeed in this service.
7. List the facts about diving that you have learned from this story.
List words that belong in the vocabulary of the diver and the submarine officer.

A GENTLEMAN AND AN OFFICER

1. What is heroic about Johnny Henderson's whole action? Just what part of it is the "sporting gesture"?
What effect does his "gesture" have upon friend and foe?
2. With what feelings does the action of the German captain fill you?
What does this action prove about the men on both sides in battle?

3. Explain what the writer of this story means in his last sentence.

History tells us that the war went on. Why was the good chance lost?

4. Sum up the details described in this story that made a battle scene so horrible.

How do these details affect you?

HAD A HORSE

1. The brief introduction on page 314 tells you that Jimmy Shrewin lost a fortune and—for a moment at least—became a gentleman. Just how did he lose a fortune? What is the “sporting gesture” by which he became a gentleman, for a moment?

Just what did Jimmy sacrifice by his “gesture”? What did he get out of it?

2. Read carefully the long paragraph on page 337. What motives for Jimmy’s “sporting gesture” does it reveal to you?

Why would a person like Jimmy be so profoundly moved by these feelings that stir in him?

What feeling finally leads Jimmy to make his “gesture”? Why is it “sporting”?

3. What change takes place in the attitude of his acquaintances toward Jimmy when he becomes the owner of Calliope? How do they reveal their changed attitude toward him?

What change takes place in Jimmy’s opinion of himself? How does he show it?

4. Why does George Pulcher take such a deep interest in Jimmy Shrewin’s horse Calliope?

Does Jimmy approve or resent this interest? Why?

5. What is the effect produced upon Jimmy by Calliope’s per-

formance in her first trial race? How does he reveal his reactions?

6. Make a list of five effective expressions used by the author, John Galsworthy, to picture for us what Jimmy looks like.

Make a list of five effective expressions used by the author to tell us what kind of person Jimmy is.

7. Make a list of five effective expressions used by the author to picture for us what George Pulcher, the publican, looks like and to tell us what kind of man he is.
8. Make a list of five effective expressions used by the author to picture for you the appearance of Jimmy's horse Calliope.
9. What ironical twist does the author give the story at the end that shows us Jimmy's utter absorption in his horse and the impending race?
10. Explain just what the following expressions mean:
page 316: *Owner! He had never owned even a white mouse, let alone a white elephant.*
page 318: *He was of that vast number, town bred, who, like crows round a carcass, feed on that which to them is not alive.*

SPORT STORIES AND BOOKS ON SPORTS

Football

<i>At Good Old Siwash</i>	GEORGE FITCH
<i>How To Watch Football</i>	L. LITTLE AND R. HARRON
<i>Iron Duke</i>	JOHN R. TUNIS
<i>Jeremy at Crale</i>	HUGH WALPOLE
<i>O'Reilly of Notre Dame</i>	FRANCIS WALLACE
<i>Prodigious Hickey</i>	OWEN JOHNSON
<i>Rockne of Notre Dame</i>	DELOS W. LOVELACE
<i>Stover at Yale</i>	OWEN JOHNSON
<i>Triple Threat</i>	DONAL HAMILTON HAINES
<i>Varmint</i>	OWEN JOHNSON
<i>Winning Football</i>	.BERNARD W. BIERMAN AND FRANK MAYER

Baseball

<i>Alibi Ike</i>	. RING LARDNER
<i>Bases Full!</i>	RALPH HENRY BARBOUR
<i>Dorset's Twister</i>	WILLIAM HAYLIGER
<i>Major League Baseball</i>	ALLEN ETHAN NATHAN
<i>Playing the Game</i>	STANLEY HARRIS
<i>Score by Innings</i>	CHARLES E. VAN LOAN
<i>Shortstop</i>	ZANE GREY
<i>Southpaw</i>	DONAL HAMILTON HAINES
<i>You Know Me, Al</i>	RING LARDNER
<i>Pitcher</i>	. ZANE GREY
<i>The Humming Bird</i>	OWEN JOHNSON
<i>The Kid from Tomkinsville</i>	JOHN R. TUNIS

Tennis

<i>American Girl</i>	JOHN R. TUNIS
<i>Fifteen-Thirty</i>	HELEN WILLS
<i>Modern Tennis</i>	HELEN HULL JACOBS
<i>Tennis Shoes</i>	NOEL STREATFEILD

The Sea

<i>Casuals of the Sea</i>	WILLIAM MCFEE
<i>Cruise of the Cachalot</i>	.FRANK T. BULLEN
<i>Dauber</i>	JOHN MASEFIELD
<i>Falmouth for Orders</i> .	ALAN J. VILLIERS
<i>Game of Life and Death</i>	LINCOLN COLCORD
<i>Heroes of the Storm</i>	WILLIAM DOUGLAS O'CONNOR
<i>Moby Dick</i>	HERMAN MELVILLE
<i>Moon on the Caribbees</i>	EUGENE O'NEILL
<i>Nigger of the Narcissus</i>	.JOSEPH CONRAD
<i>Peril of the Sea</i>	.JOHN GILBERT LOCKHART
<i>Sagas of the Seas</i>	JOSEPH LEWIS FRENCH
<i>Track of the Typhoon</i>	WILLIAM WASHBURN NUTTING
<i>Two Years Before the Mast</i>	RICHARD HENRY DANA
<i>Typhoon</i>	.JOSEPH CONRAD

Golf

<i>Dormie One, and Other Golf Stories</i> . . .	HAROLD EVERETT PORTER (Pseud. HOLWORTHY HALL)
<i>Golfer's Companion</i>	BERNARD DARWIN
<i>Present Day Golf</i>	.GEORGE DUNCAN AND BERNARD DARWIN
<i>Even Threes</i>	OWEN JOHNSON
<i>Divots</i>	P. G. WODEHOUSE

READING LIST

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Swinging Into Golf

. ERNEST JONES AND
INNIS BROWN

Boxing

A Man Must Fight

GENE TUNNEY

Bruiser

JIM TULLY

Cashel Byron's Profession

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

Champion

RING LARDNER

Fifty Grand

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

Fighting for Fun

EDDIE EAGAN

Fighting Heart

HOWARD BRUBAKER

Golden Boy

CLIFFORD ODETS

Fishing

A Wedding Gift

. JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

Cape Cod Stories

JOSEPH LINCOLN

Down East

LEWIS PENDLETON

Out of Gloucester

JAMES B. CONNOLLY

Seven Darlings

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS

The Modern Angler

JOHN ALDEN KNIGHT

Dogs

Animal Heroes of the Great War

. ERNEST HAROLD BAYNES

Bob, Son of Battle

. ALFRED OLLIVANT

Buff, a Collie, and Other Dog Stories

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

Call of the Wild

JACK LONDON

Dawgs!

. CHARLES WRIGHT GRAY

Dumb-bell of Brookfield

. JOHN TAINTOR FOOTE

Further Adventures of Lad

. ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

The Bar Sinister

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

<i>Heart of a Dog</i>	ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE
<i>Lad, a Dog</i>	ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE
<i>My Dogs in the Northland</i>	EDGERTON R. YOUNG
<i>Sporting Spirit</i>	CHARLES WRIGHT GRAY
<i>Story of Scotch</i>	. ENOS MILLS
<i>White Fang</i>	JACK LONDON

The Depths

<i>Arcturus Adventure</i>	WILLIAM BEEBE
<i>Deep Sea Divers</i>	. KONSTANTIN ZOLOTOVSKII
<i>Diving Is My Business</i>	JOHN D. CRUICKSHANK
<i>On the Bottom</i>	EDWARD ELLSBERG
<i>Submarine</i>	SIMON LAKE
<i>Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea</i>	JULES VERNE

War

<i>Air Raid</i>	. ARCHIBALD MACLEISH
<i>All Quiet on the Western Front</i>	ERICH MARIA REMARQUE
<i>Aria da Capo</i>	EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY
<i>Beau Geste</i>	PERCIVAL CHRISTOPHER WREN
<i>Bury the Dead</i>	IRWIN SHAW
<i>Command</i>	WILLIAM MCFEE
<i>Crisis</i>	WINSTON CHURCHILL
<i>Four Feathers</i>	A. E. W. MASON
<i>Journey's End</i>	ROBERT CEDRIC SHERRIFF
<i>Northwest Passage</i>	. KENNETH ROBERTS
<i>Plain Tales from the Hills</i>	RUDYARD KIPLING
<i>Red Badge of Courage</i>	STEPHEN CRANE
<i>Three Soldiers</i>	JOHN DOS PASSOS
<i>Under Fire</i>	HENRI BARBUSSE

