

SLAY, CAN YOU BEAT THEM? BY SEWELL FORD

A TALE IN WHICH PROFESSOR SHORTY McCABE SHOWS THE 400 A FEW THINGS ABOUT THE MANLY ART

IT WAS Pinckney that got me up against this Blomont aggregation. Course, I can't register any kick; for when it comes to doing the hair-trigger friendship act, Pinckney's the real skookum preferred. But this was once when he slipped me a blank.

Looked like hein' fed with a spoon, too, at the start. All I had to do was to take the 135 out to Blomont, put in an hour with Jarvis, catch the 230 bag, and charge anything I had the front to name. What's more, I kind of cottoned to Jarvis from the drop of the hat.

He was waitin' at the station for me, with a high-wheeled cart, and a couple of gingersy circus horses hitched one in front of the other like two links of weiner-wurst. They were tryin' to play leap-frog as the train comes in; but it didn't seem to worry Jarvis any more'n if he was drivin' a pair of mall-wagon plags.

One of those big pink-and-white chaps, Jarvis was, with nice blue eyes and a-ashes-of-roses hair. There was a lot of him, and it was well placed. He had sort of a soothing, easy way of talkin', too, like a church organ with the soft pedal on.

Me and Jarvis got acquainted right away. He said he didn't care much about the physical-culture game—didn't exactly need it, and he'd been through all that before, anyway—but mother and sister wanted him to take it up again, and Pinckney'd told what a crackerjack I was; so he thought he might as well go in for it. He said he'd had a little hole fixed up where one could do that sort of thing, y'know, and he hoped I wouldn't find it such a beastly bore, after all.

Oh, he was a gent, Mr. Jarvis. But what got me was the careless way he juggled the reins over those two bob-tailed bags that was doin' a rag-time run-away, and him usin' only three fingers, and touchin' 'em up with the whip. It was his lucky day, though, and I was somethin' of a place to get to, yes—about a hundred and 'steen rooms and bath, I should say, with a back yard that must have slopped over into Connecticut some. That's what you get by havin' a grandpaw who put his thumb-print on every dollar that came his way.

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I guess Jarvis was used to livin' in a place like that, though. He didn't seem to feel what a thing cost, or show off any of the big-a-brac. He just led the way through seven or eight parlors and palm-rooms, until he fetched up in the hole he'd fixed up to exercise in. It was about three times as big as the studio here, and if there was anything missin' from the outfit I couldn't have told what it was—flyn'-rings, bars, rowin'-machine, punchin'-bags, dumb-bells—say, with a secretary and a few wall notices, there was the makin' of a Y. M. C. A. branch right on the ground. Then there was dressin'-rooms, a shower bath, and a tiled plunge tank like they have in these Turkish places.

"Lucky you don't go in strong for exercise," says I. "If you did, I s'pose you'd fix up Madison Square Garden."

"That architect was him to go ahead. Tancy he thought I was a Sandow, you know."

Well, we gets into our gym clothes, picks out a set of kid pillows, and had just stepped out on the rubber for a little warm-up when in sails a fluff delegation. There was a fat old one, that looked as though she might be mother; a slim baby-eyed one that any soker would have played for slater; and another, that I couldn't place at all. She wasn't a Fifth-ave girl—you could tell that by the way she wore her hair bunched down on the nape of her neck—but it was a chinch she wasn't any poor relation.

"Lost their way goin' to the matinee, eh?" says I.

Jarvis, he gets pink clear down to his collar-bone, and says somethin' that sounds like, "Oh, splash!"

"I beg pardon, professor," says he. "It's only mother and the girls. I'll send them off."

"That's right; sho' 'em," says I.

But mother wouldn't sho' any more'n a trolley-car. "Now, don't be silly about it, Jarvis, dear," says she. "You know how Lady Evelyn dotes on athletics, and how your sister and I do, too. So were just going to stay and watch you."

"Oh, come, mother," says Jarvis; "it isn't just the thing, you know."

"Ask Lady Evelyn," says mother. "Why, she's one of the patronesses of the Oldwidge Cricket Club, and puts tea for the young men at their games. Now, go ahead, Jarvis; there's a dear."

He looks at me for a tip, and that gives him a hunch. "But the professor—" says he.

"Oh, Professor McCabe doesn't mind us a bit; do you now, professor?" says sister, buttin' in, real coy and giddy.

"I can stand it if you can," says I, and she tips me a goo-soo smile that was all to the candied violets.

"There!" says mother. "Now go right on as though we were not here at all. But remember not to be too rough, Jarvis dear."

I grin at that, and Jarvis dear looks

foolisher than ever. But the ladies had settled themselves in front seats, and there didn't seem to be anything to do but to play marbles, or quit an' go home. And say, I don't know which looked more like a stagehand caught in front of the drop, Jarvis or me. We went through some kind of motions, though, until I begins to get over bein' rattled. Then I tries to brace him up.

"Little faster with that right counter, there," says I. "And block more with your elbow. Ah, you're wide open—see?" and I taps him once or twice. "Now look out for this left lead to the face. Come, use that right a little. Tain't in a sling, is it? Foot-work, now. You sidestep like a truck-horse. There, that's the article. Now let 'em come—block, counter, guard!"

"You see, I was doin' my best to work up a little excitement and get Jarvis to forget the audience; but it wasn't much use. About all we did was to walk around and pat each other like a pair of kittens. There'd been as much exercise in passin' the plate at church."

Mother thought it was lovely, though,

ways, and ends up by givin' me the one to the whole game.

Seems that mother's steady job in life was to get him married off to some one that suited her for a daughter-in-law. She'd been at it for five or six years; but Jarvis had always blocked her moves, until Lady Evelyn shows up. I guessed that he'd picked her out himself, and was gettin' along fine, when mother begins to mix in and arrange things. Evelyn shies at that, and commences to hand Jarvis the frapped smile. This little visit to the sparring exhibition the old lady had planned for Evelyn's special benefit. "But hang it all!" says Jarvis. "I couldn't stand up there and show off, like a Sunday school boy spouting a piece. Made me feel like a silly ass, you know."

"You looked the part," says I. "About one more of those stunts, and Lady Evelyn'll want to adopt the two of us."

"No more," says he. "She must think I'm a milkop. Why, she's got brothers that are officers in the British army, fellows who get themselves shot, and win medals, and all that sort of thing."

Light-weight champion of the world, and another gent what goes on the cards as an unknown. It's catch-weights, an' the winner pulls down the whole basket of greens. There ain't goin' to be no hittin' after the clinch, and if there's any fouls, you leave it on me. Don't come buttin' in. It's been put up to me to keep time an' referee this mix-up, and I don't want no help. You bottle-holders stay in your corners till the count's over. Now are you ready? Then go!"

There was a squeal or two when we sheds our bath-roses and steps to the middle, and I guesses that the ladies was gettin' their first view of ring clothes. But I wasn't lookin' anywhere but at Jarvis. And say, he would have made a hit anywhere. He had just paddin' enough to round him out well, and not so much as to make him look ladyfied. Course, he was a good many pounds overweight for the job he'd tackled, but he'd have looked mighty well on a poster. Honest, it seemed a shame to have to muss him.

Jarvis wasn't there to stand in the line-light, though. He went right to work as though he meant business. I'd kind of figured on lettin' him have his own way for a couple of rounds, takin' it easy, an' jockeyin' him into makin' a show of his first thing I know, he lands a right swing that near lifts me off my feet an' Swifty slings out to me to stop my kiddin'.

"Beg pardon," says Jarvis; "but I'm after that fifty."

"If I had a putty jaw, you'd got it then," says I. "Here's the twin to that."

But my swipe didn't reach him by an inch, and the best I could do was to swap half-arm joints until I'd got steadied down again. Well say, I wasn't more'n an hour findin' out that I couldn't monkey much with Jarvis. He knew how to let his weight follow the glove, and he blocked as pretty as if he was punchin' the bag.

"You didn't learn that in no college," says I, fiddin' for a place to plant my left.

"You're quite right," says he, and bores in like a snowplow.

We steamed up a little in the second; but it was an even break at that, bar'n the fact that I played more for the wind and had Jarvis breathin' fast when Slattery called quits. Gorilla Quigley was onto his job, though, an' he gives him good advice while he was wavin' the towel. I could hear him coachin' Jarvis to save his breath and make me do the rushin'.

"Don't waste no time on that cast-iron mug of his," says Gorilla. "All you gotta do is cover up an' stay the limit."

But that wasn't Jarvis programme. He begins like a bridge car-rusher makin' for a seat, and he had me back into my corner in no time at all. We mixed it then, mixed it good and plenty. Jarvis wasn't handlin' out any love taps, either; and I didn't have beef enough to stop a hundred-an'-eighty-pound swing without feelin' the jar. I was dizzy from 'em, all right; but I jumps in close an' pounds away on his ribs until he gives ground. Then I comes the Nelson crouch, and rips a few cross-overs in where they'd do the most good.

"That didn't stop him, though, Preddy. He'd got 'em right, too. Just as we'd fixed the ropes, and got out the pails

in South Brooklyn evenin' dress—plug hat, striped shirt and sack coat. I makes him chuck the linen for a sweater; but I couldn't separate him from the shiny topknot. The Gorilla always wears a swimmin' jersey with a celluloid dicky; so he passes muster.

Anyways, when old Kneep Pants, the Blomont butler, sees us lined up at the front entrance, we had him pop-eyed. We was goin' to ring up the police reserves, when Mr. Jarvis comes out and passes us in.

"They're a group of forty-nine per cents," says I; "but you said you wanted that kind."

"It's all right," says he. "I've explained to the ladies that a few of my friends interested in physical culture were coming up today, and that perhaps they'd better stay out; but they'll be there just the same."

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SHE GETS ONE ARM UNDER HIS NECK.

and sister had that gushy look in her eyes that her kind wears after they've been to see Maude Adams. Lady Evelyn, though, didn't seem to be struck ally by our performance. She acted as though some one had been tryin' to sell her a gold brick. Her nose was up in the air and she'd turned a shoulder to us, like she was wonderin' how long it would be before the next act was put on. Couldn't blame her, either. That was the weakest imitation of a sparrin' bout I ever stood up in.

But there was no sittin' Jarvis. He'd got stage-fright, or cold feet, or something of the kind. It wasn't that he didn't know how, for he had all the tags of a good amateur about his moves; but somehow he'd been queered. So, as soon as we can, we quits. Then sister gets her chance to gush. She rushes to the front and turns her baby stare on me like I was all the goods.

"Oh, it was just too sweet for anything," says she. "Do you know, professor, I've always wanted to see a real boxing-match; but Jarvis would never let me before. He's told me horrid stories about how brutal they were. Now I know they're nothing of the sort. I shall come every time you and Jarvis have one, and so will Lady Evelyn. You didn't think it was brutal, did you, Evelyn?"

Lady Evelyn humped her eyebrows and gave me one look. "No," says she, "I shouldn't call it brutal, exactly, and then she swallows a polite, society snicker in a way that made me mad from the ground up. Jarvis didn't lose any of that, either. I got a glimpse of turkin' automobile red, and tryin' to choke himself with his tongue.

"It's something like the wand drill we used to do at college," says sister. "Don't you like the wand drill, professor?"

"When it ain't done too rough, I'm dead stuck on it," says I.

"I just knew you didn't like rough games," says she. "You don't look as though you would, you know."

"That's right," says I.

"Jarvis says that once you knocked out three men in one evening; but I'm sure you weren't rude about it," she gurgles.

"And that's no pipe, either," says I.

"I wouldn't be rude for money," says she.

"What is a knock-out, anyway?" says she.

"Why," says I; "it's just pushin' a feller around the platform until he's too dizzy to stand up."

"What fun!" says sister.

We makes a break for the dressin'-room about then, and the delegation clears out. On the way back to the station Jarvis apologizes seven different



THEY WERE TRYIN' TO PLAY LEA PFRUG.

times. "I'm sorry for Jarvis; for the girl was a good looker, all right, and they'd have mated up fine. But I'm no schetchen. Physical culture's my game, an' I ain't takin' on no marriage bureau as a side line. So we shook hands and called it a canceled contract. Then Jarvis jerks those circus horses out of a bow-knot and rounds the corner on one wheel, while I climbs aboard the choo-choo cars and gets back near Broadway.

I wasn't lookin' to run across Jarvis again, seem' as how he and him has more'n three days before he shows up at the studio. He was lookin' down and out, too.

"Dropped in for a real rough game of puss-wants-a-corner," says I, "or shall we make it ring-around-the-rosy?"

"I say, now, Shorty," says he, "if you'd had it rubbed in as hard as I have, you'd let up."

"Heard from Lady Evelyn?" says I.

"He kind of groaned and fell into a chair. I tried to tell her about it," says he, "but she wouldn't listen to a word. She only asked if you were a professor of dancing."

"Hully choe!" says I. "Say, you tell her from me that I'm a cloak-model, an' proud of it. Dancin'-master, eh? Do you stand for a job like that?"

"Hang me if I do," says he, jumpin' up and measurin' off three-foot steps across the floor. "The Lady Evelyn's going back to England in a few days, but before she leaves I want her to have a chance to—well, to see that I'm not the sort she thinks I am. And I want you to help me out, professor."

"Ah, say, you got the wrong transfer," says I. "I'm nothin' but a duff at anything like that. What you want is to get Clyde Fitch to build you a nice little one-act some where you can play leadin' gente to her leadin' lady."

"You're mistakon, Shorty," says he. "I'm not puttin' up a game. No heroics for me. I'm just a plain, ordinary chump, and willing to let it go at that. But, I'm no softy, and she's got to know it. There's another thing; mother and sister have carried this athletic nonsense about far enough. They'd like to exhibit me to all the fool women they know, as a kind of modern Hercules, and I'm sick of it. Now, I've got a plan that ought to cure 'em of that."

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As I takes my corner, I could see mother beginnin' to look worried; but sister opens a box of chocolate creams and prepares to have the time of her life. Lady Evelyn springs her long-nette and sizes us up like we was a bunch of Buffalo Bill Indians just off the reservation.

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sees mother keeled over in her chair, and sister fannin' her with the choo-choo box. And say, I felt like a lead quarter. Next I takes a squint at Lady Evelyn. She was standin' up as stiff as a tin soldier on parade, with her eyes snappin' and her fingers clinched.

Just one of them looks was enough for me. I gets busy with a pall, and goes to work on Jarvis. He was clean out, of course, but restrin' as easy as a baby. We was bringin' him round all right, when I feels a push that shoves me to one side, and in rushes Lady Evelyn. She gets one arm under his neck just as he opens his eyes with that kind of a "What's the matter now?" way they has of comin' back.

Course, it don't last long, that wixzy feelin', and there ain't any hurt to speak of afterward; but I reckon Lady Evelyn don't know much about knock-outs. The way she hugs him up you'd thought he'd been half killed. We was all lookin' foolish and useless, I guess, when the lady turns to me and snaps out:

"Brute! I hope you're satisfied!"

Sky, it wouldn't have been worse if I'd been caught robbin' a poor box. "Thank you, ma'am," says I, and fades into the background.

"Go away, all of you!" says she.

So Swifty and the other two comes taggin' along behind, and we had a little reunion in the dressin'-room.

"On the dead, now!" says Slattery, "what was the foul?"

"Who's claimin' foul?" says Swifty, bristlin'.

"Why, the lady gives it to Shorty straight," says he.

"Ah, go dream about it!" says Swifty. "She don't know a foul from a body wallop."

"See here," says I, "you can talk all that over while you're bootin' it back to the station; and you're due to be on your way in just four minutes by the clock; so chuck it!"

"I ain't heard no step-lively call," says Slattery. "Besides I likes the place."

"Well, it don't like you," says I. "Mr. Jarvis and me have had enough of your rough-house society to last us a time and a half. Now bunky-doodle!"

They was a sore-head trio for fair, after that; but when I'd paid 'em off with a five'er extra for look, they drops out of a window onto the lawn and pikes off like

Tree Trunks as Filters.

Montreal Standard.

A well-known Austrian engineer, M. Pfister, has discovered a remarkable property of the trunks of trees, namely that of retaining and filtering out water that has filtered through the trunk in the direction of the fiber. He has consequently constructed an apparatus designed to utilize this property in obtaining drinkable water for the use of ships' crews. This apparatus consists of a pump which sucks up the sea water into a reservoir, and then forces it into a filter formed by the tree trunk. As soon as a certain pressure is reached the water is seen at the end of from one to three minutes, according to the kind of wood used. It makes a very nice, clear, and palatable drink, and is free from any of the impurities of the sea water, such as a drawback to water obtained in the ordinary manner.

The Moral Lesson.

"Cabbage? Yes, ma'am—right back here," replied the grocer to the old woman who had made inquiry.

"Are they clean?" she asked.

"Splendid, ma'am."

"Solid heads?"

"Solid as a rock."

"And the price?"

"Seven cents, ma'am."

"But they used to be six."

"I know, ma'am, but that was earlier in the season, before they had fully matured. Seven is the price now."

"Then I don't want 'em. I have had enough of this frenzied finance and don't propose to help bring on another panic. Gimme a squash for cents."

Pat's Forethought.

A gentleman who was in the habit of dining at a certain restaurant said to the waiter, an Irishman, who attended him: "Instead of tipping you every day, Pat, I'll give you your tip in a lump sum at the end of the year."

"Would ye mind paying me in advance, sorr?" asked the waiter.

"Well, that's rather a strange request," remarked the gentleman. "However, if you are in want of some money now, here's half a crown for you. But did you distrust me?"

"Oh, no, sir," grinned Pat, pocketing the half crown. "But O'm lavin' here tomorrow."—Answers.

Not a Narrow Escape.

Nashville American.

I'm glad I'm not a millionaire. To watch one and sole delight is to see a fellow with a larger and larger sum of money, and to have a mortgage plastered down on his neck, and to have to pay it. And to the people who were poor Apply at times the screw.

To custom I would be a slave in keeping with my wealth. I'd like to have my own name. That does not boast the health. I'd like to have my own name. Of servants when I took a stroll, Performer would go along.

My wife would have of clothes enough To stock a dry goods store. And never anything to wear Unless she bought some more. My daughter, if I had a girl, Would need a like amount. As for my wife, I would have to buy For her a foreign count.

I'm glad I'm not a millionaire. Give me the simple life. With just enough to dodge the wolf And satisfy my wife. Nor would I envy in my heart The millionaire who says: Because I cannot see a hope To blossom in that class.

"I'm not quite in condition now," says he; "but there was a time—"

You know, you've seen these college-trained boxers, that think they're hittin' real hard when their punch wouldn't dent a cheese-pie.

"We'd have to fake it some," says I.

"Oh, no, that wouldn't do at all," says Jarvis. "This must be a genuine match. I'll put up ten to one, five hundred to fifty; and if I stay the five rounds I get the fifty."

"Who-e-ew!" says I. "It'd be like takin' candy from a kid. I couldn't do it."

Jarvis, he kind of colored up at that, but he didn't go off his nut. "I beg pardon," says he; "but I have an idea, you know, that it wouldn't be so one-sided as you think."

Well, say, I've made lots of easy money off'n ideas just like that, and when it was put up to me as a personal favor to do it, I couldn't renege. It did go against

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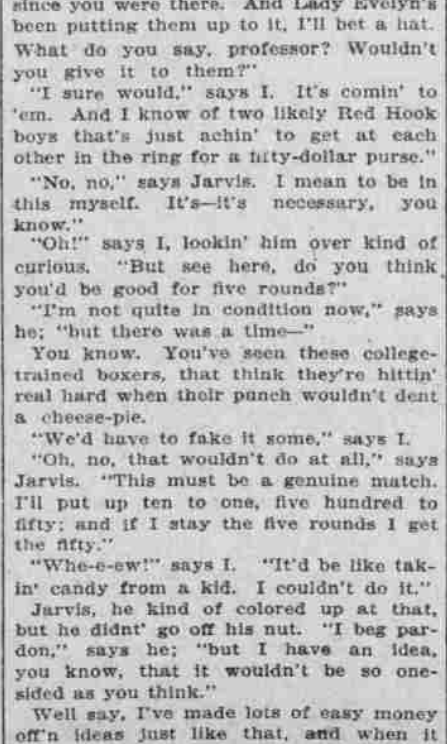
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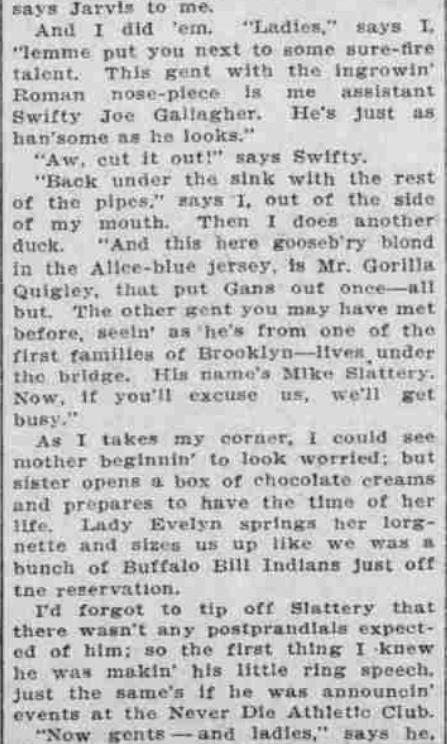
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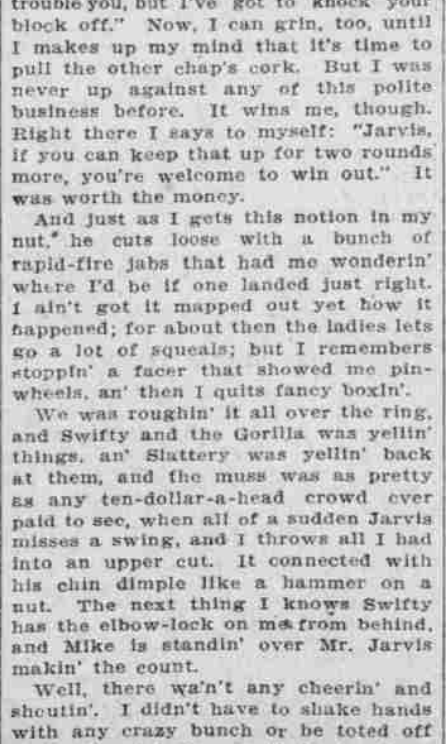
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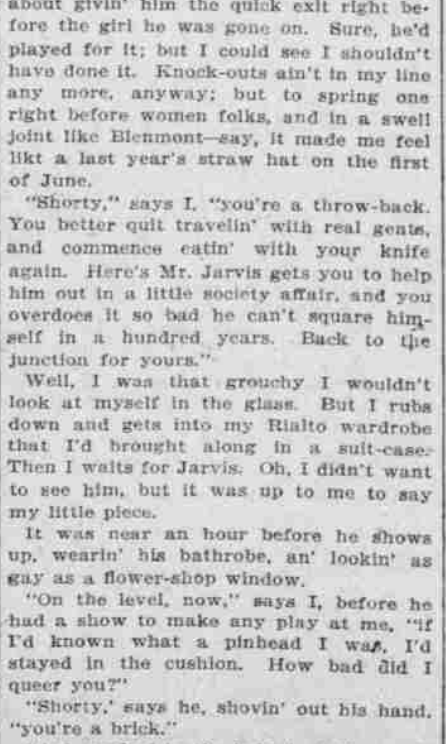
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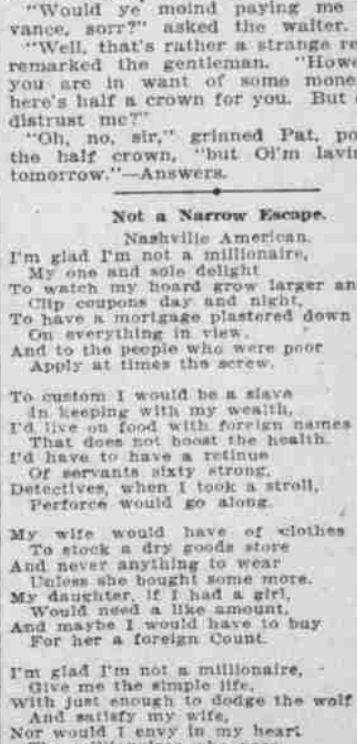
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