

WHO GROWS WITH SYLVIE



PROFESSOR SHORTY McCABE RELATES AN INCIDENT INVOLVING CHETTY AND THE POET

IT hadn't been for givin' Chester a show to make a gallery play you wouldn't have caught me takin' a bite out of the quince the way I did the other night. But say, when a young sport has spent the best part of a year learnin' swings and ducks and footwork, and when fancy boxin' about all the stunt he's got on his program, it's no more's right he should give an exhibition, especially if that's what he wishes to do. And Chester did have that kind of a longin'.



"REG'LAR SWAN'S DOWN CUSHIONS," SAYS I.

"Who are you plannin' to have in the audience, Chetty?" says I. "Why," says he, "there'll be three or four of the fellows up, and maybe some of the crowd that mother's invited will drop in too."

"Miss Angelica likely to be in the bunch?" says I. "Chester pinks up at that and tries to make out he hadn't thought anything about Angelica's bein' there at all. But I'd heard a lot about this particular young lady, and when I see the color on Chester's face his plan was as clear as if the entries was posted on a board."

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that. Honest, it would give you an ache under your vest. "There," says he, "isn't that beautiful imagery?" "Maybe," says I, "guess I never happened to light on that part before."

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Chester seems to have a bad case of it, though. "Is she on hand tonight, Chetty?" says I. "He owns up that she was. 'And say, Shorty,' says he, 'I want you to meet her. Come on now. I've told her a lot about you.'"

"But Angelica didn't seem to be so easy to locate. First we went to the music-room, where a heavyweight gent like a truck horse boltin' through a show window had handed out in different parts of that house; but Angelica wasn't to any of 'em."

"I was just by accident, as we was takin' a walk around one of the verandas fast in the water, that we runs across a couple camped down in a corner seat under a big palm. The girl in pink radium silk was Angelica, and as for the other she's a bunch of honeysuckle! The other party was our old friend Curlylocks, and I has to grin at the easy way he has of pickin' out the best looker in sight and readin' her off where she wouldn't have to listen to anybody but him. He has the poetry tap turned on full blast, and the girl listens as pleased as if she had never heard anything better in her life."

"Confound him!" says Chester under his breath. "He's here again, is he?" "Looks like this part of the house was gettin' crowded, Chetty," says I. "Let's back out."

"Hanged if I do!" says he, and proceeds to do the butt in act about as gentle as a "Now what do you think of that?" says he, "I've been hunting all over the shop for you."



HE HAS THE POETRY TAP TURNED ON FULL BLAST.

Chetty's enthusiasm for mitt jusselin' has all petered out, though, and it's some time before I can make him see it my way. Then we has to find his crowd, that was scattered around in the different rooms, lonesome and tired; so it's late in the evening before we get under way."

"Chester and me have had a round or so, and he'd just wore out one of his friends and was tryin' to tease somebody else to put 'em on, when I spots a rubber neck in the back of the hall."

"O-o-h, see who's here, Chetty!" says I, whisperin' over his shoulder. "It was our post friend, that has had to give up Angelica for his maw. He's been stragin' around loose, and has wandered in through the gym doors by luck. Now, Chester may not have any mighty intellect; but there's times when he can think as quick as the next one. He takes one glance at Curlylocks, and stiffens up like a bird dog pointin' a partridge."

"Vickers," puts in Chester as careless as he could. "Professor McCabe will show you how to put them on."

"Ah, really," says Curlylocks. Then he has to step up and inspect Chester's frame up. "That's the finish!" thinks I; for Chester, a well-built boy, good and bunched around the shoulders, and when he peels down to a sleeveless jersey he looks most as wicked as Sharkey. But just as we're expectin' Curlylocks to show how wide he was, he throws out a bluff that leaves us gaspin' for breath.

"Do you know," says he, "if I was in the mood for that sort of thing, I'd be charmed; but—"

the air. The thing to do is to bore in. And Chester didn't need any urkin'. He cuts loose with both bunches, landin' a right on the ribs and puttin' the soft into the middle of Sylvie's map; so sudden that Mr. Poet heaves up a grunt way from his socks.

"Ah, string it out, Chetty," says I. "String it on, boy's, till it's longer." "But he's like a hungry kid with a hoky-poky sandwich—he wants to take it all at one bite. And maybe if I'd been as much gone on Angelica as he was, Sylvie had been out a sidin' for this moonlight poetry business, I'd been just as anxious. So he wades in again with as fine a set of half-arm falls as he has in stock."

"By this time Sylvie has got his guard up proper, and is coverin' himself almost as good as if he knew how. It was a little awkward, but somehow Chetty couldn't seem to get through."

"Give him the cross book!" sings out one of the boys. "Chester tries, but it didn't work. Then he springs another rush, and they goes around like a couple of pinwheels, with nothing gettin' punished but the gloves. 'Time!' says I, and comes back over to a chair. He was puttin' some, but outside of that he was good as new. 'Good blockin', old man,' says I. 'You're doin' fine. Keep that up and you'll be all right.'"

"Think so?" says he, reachin' for the towel. "The second spasm starts off different. Curlylocks starts off weaker than he was, and the first thing we know he's fiddlin' for an openin' in the good old-fashioned way."

Education with a Clapper

IN WHICH HE TALKS ON THE ANNUAL FALL KNOCKS AGAINST FOOTBALL

BY JIM NASIUM. "WELL," growled the Old Sport, as he laid down the morning paper. "I see a lot of these mollycoddle sheets and the entire aggregation of prehistoric mossback pedagogues are again coming out with their annual Fall knock against football. Just about the time the 'maple turns to crimson and the saffron to gold' the bats in the belfry of a bunch of these long-headed knowledge factory professors begin to flap their wings again, and the result is something fierce. This bug up at Harvard started the fuss, and now every Fall a lot of old moss-grown fellows, who have been left out of the proper caper to get their hammers out and dig up statistics about the number of killed and injured that have resulted from football."

to perpetuate the wisdom of the past ages and the knowledge of the rising generation, and posterity has to plug along with these old fossils hanging like a rotten apple on the tree. "Times have pulled off a thundering lot of kaleidoscopic changes since these guys used to go out and club their breakfast with a bunch of these old fossils, but he low past, of which these old fossils love to speak, the mollycoddle germ hadn't succeeded in getting much of a toe-hold in this community, because along about the time a guy begins to show symptoms of the malady they'd find him some morning lying out in the turnip patch with a toothache and a broken nose, and extendin' from his short ribs out into the gray dawn, and some native son of the forest would be sneaking off through the underbrush with a patch of the curly kind that tends out on picture shows, and his mother's heart danglin' at his belt."



THE KID WHO STICKS AN EYE IN PLACE AND SHOVS AN AMPUTATED EAR IN HIS POCKET AND WADES ACROSS THE GOAL LINE SPITTING OUT CHUNKS OF HAIR AND EPIDERMIS.

you can take it from me that the kid who has butted into danger in any form sufficiently to become familiar with it, or has stacked up against rough treatment and opposition that requires determination and courage to overcome isn't the guy whose nerves are going to jump the governor belt when he puts into them

After into their think tanks that college is a training place for kids and that gameness and determination are a blamed sight more value in their training than a thundering lot of these prehistoric mollycoddle sheets. Take it from me, gameness and the determination to keep pluggin' away is a blamed sight more to do with a guy's success than sheer ability. And a lad can get these qualities licked into his system on the football field a blamed sight quicker than they can on a bench, when wading through Julius Caesar or gliding through the Merry Widow Waltz at the weekly hop. "If some of these knowledge factories hug the dope that they can turn out a bunch of future successes by playing intercollegiate bean bags with Vassar and checkers with the Old Soldiers' Home, they'll wake up about the time some Yale football stars go out to stab the world in the face and put it all over their mollycoddle alumnae. "There's nothing to it; when it comes right down to cases, it takes the same qualities to succeed in bucking the lines in the business world as it does to batter down the opposition on the football field. And you can take it from me that the kid who gets slammed back for a loss on the gridiron, and who sticks his head in place and shoves an amputated ear into his pocket and twisting a dislocated hip around to where it will work in the next attempt and wades across the goal line spitting out chunks of hair and epidermis and bits of canvas jacket, isn't going to grow up into the guy who will sit down and say 'what's the use' when he butts into a slump in the business world. "No on your life. And the kid with the frapped nerve, who steps back of the line and coolly picks the mud off his toe and drives the pigskin through the bars from the 40-yard line for the winning points in the last minute of play isn't going to grow up to be the guy whose nerves always jump the governor-belt when he stacks up against a stiff proposition, either. These kids can carry my money in the race for life, and I don't give a continental cuss how much knowledge factory dope the other guys have shoveled into their garret. "The trouble with a thundering lot of these guys who knock football is that they keep hammering away about the poor guys who have had a few slats cracked or a pin shattered, and don't

know enough about the game to appreciate the mental good that it does. And while a physical injury may be a misfortune, when it comes right down to cases it is a damn sight better than a mental deficiency. I know I'd a blamed sight rather have my kid pluggin' along the path of life on a twisted foundation and with his lath caved in than to see him trying to pull through with a vacancy in his garret. "You can take it from me, when a kid bustles out of the knowledge factory to stab the world in the face he's got to have a blamed sight more than mere classroom dope in his head, and he's got to cut any loss in the world. A thundering lot of these kids who cop all the honors and scholarship prizes in their knowledge factory days can't get a thing out of them when they stack up against the real thing in the business world by some kid who hasn't got so many forgotten languages in his kno't, and isn't caring a continental cuss whether the moon is inhabited or not, but has a blamed sight more good, healthy red blood running through his veins, and has some originality of thought and the perseverance to keep pluggin'. "And you can take my tip that a kid will get these qualities a blamed sight quicker from his football coach than any of these pterodactyl pedagogues can shove into his head from a knowledge book. And let me tell you that the rising generation is beginning to appreciate this fact, too. You won't find one guy in a hundred who can't tell you the name of the dent or doctor of laws or professor of languages at the University of Michigan, but I'll gamble that every kid can tell you that 'Hurry' Root, best football coach. That's what makes a lot of these old professors in the knowledge factories sore against this particular branch of modern education, and the way they knock it. "But, take it from me, old man, they're not going to succeed in burring the game much. They can talk broken necks and fractured skulls till they're blue in the face, but this little old U. S. is beginnin' to get wise to the fact that a soft and easy life makes a nummy-pummy man, and as long as nature has made it necessary for a kid to butt into these things to fit him properly for his life's work we'll keep fightin' on with the carnage."