Why Ferdy Ducked

By Sewell Ford

MR. DOBSON, THE BISHOP, PROFESSOR SHORTY McCABE AND A PRIMA DONNA MAKE UP A VERY EXCITING INCIDENT

SAY, there's no tellin', is there? Sometimes the quietest runnin' bubbles blow up with the biggest bang. Now look at Ferdy. He was as retirin' and modest as a new lodge member at his first meetin'. Why, he's so anxious to dodge mail in' a show of himself that when he comes here for a private course I has to lock the studio door and post Swifty Joe on the outside to see that nobody butts in.

All the Dobsons is that way. They're the kind of folks that lives on Fifth-ave., with the front shades always pulled down, and they shy at gettin' their names in the papers like it was bein' served with a summons.

Course, they did have their dose of free advertisin' once, when that Tootsy Peroxide bobbed up and tried to break old Peter Dobson's will; but that case happened so long ago, and there's been so many like it since that hardly anybody but the Dobsons remembers it. Must have been a good deal of a jolt at the time, though; for as far as I've seen they're nice folks, and the real thing in the fat wad line; specially Ferdy. He's that genteel and refined he has to have pearl gray boxin' gloves to match his gym suit.

Well, I wa'n't thinkin' any of him, or his set havin' just had a session with a brewer's son that I've took on durin' the dull season, when I looks out into the front office and sees my little old bishop standin' there moppin' his face.

"Hello, Bishop!" I sings out. "Thought you was in Newport, herdin' the flock."

"So I was, Shorty," says he, "until six hours ago. I came down to look for a stray lamb."

"Tried Wall street?" says I.

"He's not that kind of a lamb," says the Bishop. "It is Ferdinand Dobson. Have you seen him recently?"

"What, Ferdy?" says I. "Not for weeks. They're all up at their Lenox place, ain't they?"

No, they wa'n't. And then the Bishop puts me next to a little news item that hadn't got into the society column yet. Ferdy, after gettin' to be most twenty-five, has been hooked. The girl's name was Alicia, an' soon's I heard it I placed her havin' seen her a few times at different swell ranches where I've been knockin' around in the background. As I remembers her, she has one of these long, high-toned faces, and a shape to match—not what you'd call a neck-twister, but something real classy and high-browed, just the sort you'd look for Ferdy to tag.

Seems they'd been doin' the lovey-dovey for more'n a year; but all on the sly, meetin' each other at afternoon teas, and now and then havin' a ten-minute hand-holdin' match under a palm somewhere. They was so cute about it that even their folks didn't suspect it was a case of honey and honey boy; not that anyone would have raised a kick, but because Ferdy don't want any fuss made about it.

When Alicia's mother gets the facts, though, she writes a new programme. She don't stand for springin' any quiet weddin's on her set. She plans a big party, where the engagement bulletin is to be flashed on the screen reg'lar and proper, so's folks can be orderin' their dresses and weddin' presents.

Ferdy balks some at the thought of bein' dragged to the center of the stage; but he grits his teeth and tells 'em that for this once they can go as far as they like. He even agrees to leave home for a week and mix it at a big house party, just to get himself broke in to meetin' strangers.

Up to within two days of the engagement stunt he was behavin' lovely; and the next thing they knows, just when he should be gettin' ready to show up at Newport, he can't be found. It has all the looks of leavin' his clothes on the bank and jumpin' the night freight. Course, the Dobsons ain't sayin' a word to Alicia's folks yet. They gets their friends together to organize a still hunt for Ferdy; and the Bishop bein' one of the inside circle, he's sent out as head scout.

"And I'm at my wits end," says he.

"No one has seen him in Newport, and I can't find him at any of his clubs here."

"How about the Fifth-ave. mausoleum?" says I.

"His man is there," says the Bishop; "but he seems unable to give me any information."

"Does he?" says I. "Well, you take it from me that if anyone's got a line on Ferdy, it's that clam-faced Kupps of his. He's been trained so fine in the silence business that he hardly dares

Hello, Sweety! Peekaboo, Deary!"

open his mouth when he eats. Go up ther and put him through the wringer."

"Do what?" says the Bishop.

"Give him the headquarters quiz," says I. "Tell him you come straight from mother and sisters, and that Ferdy's got to be found."

"I hardly feel equal to doing just that," says the Bishop in his mild way. "Now if you could only—"

"Why, sure!" says I. It'd do me good to take a whirl out of that Englishman. I'll make him give up."

He's a bird though, that Kupps. I hadn't talked with him two minutes before I would have bet my pile he knew all about where Ferdy was roostin', and what he was up to; but when it come to draggin' out the details, you might just as well have been tryin' to pry up a pavin' stone with a fountain-pen. Was Ferdy in town, or out of town, and when would he be back? Kupps couldn't say. He wouln't even tell how long it was since he had seen Ferdy last. And say, you know how pig-headed one of them hen-brained Cockneys can be? I feels my collar gettin' tight.

"Look here, Hiccups!" says I. "You—"

"Kupps, sir," says he. "Thomas Kupps is my full nyme, sir."

"Well, Teacups, then if that suits you better," says I. "You don't seem to have got it into your head that the Bishop ain't just buttin' in here for the fun of the thing. This matter of retrievin' Ferdy is serious. Now, you're sure he didn't leave any private messages, or notes, or anything of that kind?"

"Nothink of the sort, sir; nothink whatever," says Kupps.

"Well, you just show us up to his rooms," says I, "and we'll look around for ourselves. Eh, Bishop."

"Perhaps it would be the best thing to do," says the Bishop.

Kupps didn't want to do it; but I gives him a look that changes his mind and up we goes. I was thinkin' that if Ferdy had got chilly feet at the last minute and done the deep dive, maybe he'd left a few lines layin' around his desk. There wa'n't anything in sight, though; nothin' but a big photograph of a wide, full-chested lady, propped up against the rail.

"That don't look much like the fair Alicia," says I.

The Bishop puts on his nigh-to glasses and says it ain't. He thinks it must have been took of a lady that he'd seen Ferdy chinnin' at the house party, where he got his last glimpse of him.

"Good deal of a hummin' bird, she is, eh?" says I, pickin' it up. "Tutty-tut! Look what's here!" Behind it was a photo of Alicia.

"And here's something else," says I. On the back of the big picture was scribbled, "From Ducky to Ferdy," and the date.

"Yesterday!" gasps the Bishop.

"Well, well!" says I. "That's advancin' the spark some! If he meets her only a week or so ago, and by yesterday she's got so far as bein' his ducky, it looks like Alicia'd have to get out and take the car ahead."

The Bishop acts stunned, gazin' from me to the picture, as if he'd been handed one on the dizzy bone. "You—you don't mean," says he, "that you suspect Ferdy of—of—"

"I hate to think it," says I; "but this looks like a quick shift. Kupps, who's Ferdy's lady friend?"

"Mr. Dobson didn't sye, sir," says Kupps.

"Very thoughtless of him," says I. "Come on, Bishop, we'll take this along as a clew and see what Vandy has to say."

He's a human kodak, Vandy is—makes a livin' takin' pictures for the newspapers. You can't break into the swell push, or have an argument with Teddy, or be tried for murder, without Vandy's showin' up to make a few negatives. So I flashes the photo of Ducky on him.

"Who's the wide one?" says I.

"Why, don't you know who that is, Shorty?" says he.

"Say, do you think I'd be chasin' up any flash-light pirate like you if I did?" says I. "What's her name?"

"That's Madam Brooklini, of course," says he.

"What, the thousand-dollar-a-minute warbler?" says I. "And me seein' her lithographs all last Winter! Gee, Bishop! I thought you folowed grand opera closer than that."

"I should have recalled her," says the Bishop; "but I see so many faces—"

"Only a few like that, though," says I. "Vandy, where do you reckon Mrs. Greater New York could be located just about now?"

Vandy has the whole story down pat. Seems she's been over here out of season bringin' suit against her last manager but havin' held him up for everything but the gold fillin' in his front teeth, she is booked to sail back to her Irish castle at four in the mornin'. He knows the steamer and the pier number.

"Four A. M., eh?" says I. "That means she's likely to be aboard now, gettin' settled. Bishop, if that Ducky business was a straight steer, it's ten to one that a friend of ours is there sayin' good by. Shall we follow it up?"

"I can hardly credit it," says he. "However, if you think—"

"It's no cinch," says I; "but this is a case where it won't do to bank on past performances. From all the signs, Ferdy has struck a new gait."

The Bishop throws up his hands. "How clearly you put it," says he, "and how stupid of me not to understand! Should we visit the steamer or not?"

"Bishop," says I, "you're a good guesser. We should."

And there wa'n't any trouble about locatin' the high-C artist. All we has to do is walk along the promenade deck until we comes to a suite where the cabin stewards was poppin' in and out, luggin' bunches of flowers and baskets of fruit, and gettin' the book signed for telegrams. The Bishop was for askin' questions and sendin' in his card; but I gets him by the sleeve and tows him right in.

I hadn't made any wrong guess, either. There in the corner of the state room, planted in a big wicker armchair with a jar of long-stemmed American beauts on one side, was Madam Brooklini. On the other side, sittin' edgeways on a canvas stool and holding her left hand, was Ferdy.

I could make a guess as to how the thing had come around. Ferdy breakin' from his shell at the house party, runnin' across Brooklini under a soft light, and losin' his head the minute she begins cooin' low notes to him. That's what she was doin' now, him gazin' up at her, and her gazin' down at him. It was about the mushiest performance I ever see.

"Ahem," says the Bishop, clearin' his throat and blushin' a lovely maroon color. "I—er—we did not intend to intrude, but—"

Then it was up to Ferdy to show the red. He opens his mouth and gawps at us for a whole minute before he can get out a word. "Why—why—Bishop!" he pants. "What—how—"

Before he has time to choke, or the Bishop can work up a case of apoplexy I jumps into the ring. "Excuse us doin' the goat act," says I "but the Bishop has got some word for you from the folks at home, and he wants to get it off his mind."

"Ah, friends of yours, Ferdy?" says Madam Brooklini, throwin' us about four hundred dollars worth of a smile.

There was nothin' for Ferdy to do then but pull himself together and make us acquainted. And say, I never shook hands with so much jewelry all at once before! She has three or four bunches of sparks on each finger, not to mention a thumb ring. Oh, there wa'n't any mistakin' who skimmed the cream off the box office receipts ofter you'd took a look at her.

And for a straight-front Venus she was the real maraschino. Course, even if the complexion was true, you wouldn't put her down as one of this Spring's hatch; but for a broad heavyweight girl the was the fancy goods. And when she cuts loose with that eighteen-carat voice of hers, and begins to roll them misbehavin' eyes, you forgot how the chair was creakin' under her. The Bishop has all he can do to remember why he was there; but he manages to get out that he'd like a few minutes on the side with Ferdy.

"If your message relates in any way to my return to Newport," says Ferdy, stiffnin' up, "it's useless. I am not going there!"

"But, my dear Ferdy—" begins the Bishop, when the lady cuts in.

"That's right, Bishop," says she. "I do hope you can persuade the silly boy to stop following me around and teasing me to marry him."

"Oh, naughty!" says I under my breath.

The Bishop just looks from one to the other, and then he braces up and says, "Ferdinand, this is not possible, is it?"

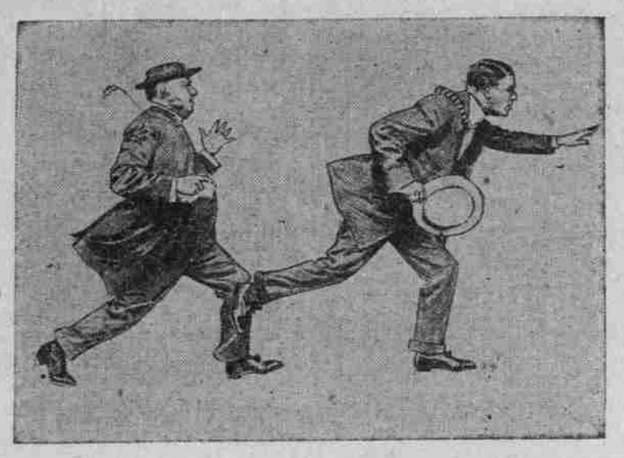
It was up to Ferdy again. He gives a squirm or two as he catches the Bishop's eye, and the dew was beginnin' to break out on his noble brow, when Ducky reaches over and gives his hand a playful little squeeze. That was a nerve-restorer.

"Bishop," says he, "I must tell you that I am madly, hopelessly in love with this lady, and that I mean to make her my wife."

"Isn't he the dearest booby you ever saw?" gurgles Madam Brooklini. "He has been saying nothing but that for the last five days. And now he says he is going to follow me across the ocean and keep on saying it. But you must stop, Ferdy; really you must."

"Never," says Ferdy, gettin' a good grip on the cut-glass exhibit.

"Such persistence!" says Ducky, shiftin' her searchlights from him to us and back again. "And he knows I have said I would not marry again. I mustn't, my managers don't like it. Why, every time I marry they raise a



WE TAKES AFTER FERDY AS FAST AS THE BISHOP'S WOUND WOULD LET US.

most dreadful row. But what can I do? Ferdy insists, you see; and if he keeps it up, I just know I shall have to take him. Please be good Ferdy."

Wouldn't that make you seasick? But the Bishop comes to the front like he'd heard a call to man the lifeboat.

"It may influence you somewhat," says he, "to learn that for nearly a year Ferdinand has been secretly engaged to a very estimable young woman."

"I know," says she, tearin' off a little giggle. "Ferdy has told me all about Alicia. What a wicked, deceitful wretch he is! isn't he? Arn't you ashamed, Ferdy to act so foolish over me?"

If Ferdy was he hid it well. All he seemed willin' to do was to sit there, holdin' her hand and lookin' as soft as a custard pie, while the Lady Williamsburg tells what a tough job she has dodgin' matrimony, on account of her yieldin' disposition. I didn't know whether to hide my face in my hat, or go out and lean over the rail. I guess the Bishop wa'n't feelin' any too comfortable either; but he was there to do his duty, so he makes one last stab.

"Ferdinand," he says, "your mother asked me to say that—"

"Tell her I was never so happy in my life," says Ferdy, pattin' a broadside of solitaires and marquise rings.

"Come on Bishop," says I. "There's only one cure for a complaint of that kind and it looks like Ferdy was bound to take it."

We was just startin' for the deck, when the door was blocked by a steward luggin' in another sheaf of roses, and followed by a couple of middle-aged jolly-lookin' gents, smokin' cigars and marchin' arm in arm. One was a tall, well-built chap in a silk hat; the other was a short, pussy, ruby-beaked gent in French flannels and a Panama.

"Hello, sweety!" says the tall one.

"Peekaboo, dearie!" sings out the other.

"Dick! Jimmy!" squeals Madam Brooklini, givin' a hand to each of 'em, and leavin' Ferdy holdin' the air. "Oh how delightfuly thoughtful of you."

"Trieed to ring in old Grubby, too," says Dick, "but he couldn't get away. He chipped in for the flowers, though."

"Dear old Grubby!" says she. "Let's see, he was my third, wasn't he?"

"Why, deary!" says Dicky boy. "I was Number three. Grubby was your second."

"Really!" says she. "But I do get you so mixed. Oh!" and then she remembers Ferdy. "Ducky, dear," she goes on, "I do want you to know these gentlemen—two of my former husbands."

"Wha-a-at!" gasps Ferdy, his eyes buggin' out.

I hears the Bishop groan and flop on a seat behind me. Honest, it was straight! Dick and Jimmy was a couple of discards, old Grubby was another, and inside of a minute blamed if she hadn't mentioned a fourth, that was planted somewhere on the other side. Course, for a convention there wouldn't have been a straight quorum; but there was enough to answer roll call to make it pass for a reunion, all right.

And it was a peach while it lasted. The pair of has-beens didn't have long to stay, one havin' to get back to Chicago and the other bein' billed to start on a yachting trip. They'd just run over to say by-by, and tell how they was plannin' an annual dinner, with the judges and divorce lawyers for guests. Yes, yes, they was a jolly couple, them two! All the Bishop could do was lay back and fan himself as he listens, once in a while whisperin' to himself, "My, my!" As for Ferdy, he looked like he'd been hypnotized and was waitin' to be woke up.

The pair was sayin' good by for the third and last time, when in rushes a high-strung, nervous young feller with a pencil behind his ear and a pad in his hand.

"Well, Larry, what is it now?" snaps out Madam Brooklini, doin' the lightnin' change act with her voice. "I am engaged, as you see."

"Can't help it," says Larry. "Got fourteen reporters and eight snapshot men waiting to do the sailing story for the morning editions. Shall I bring 'em in?"

"But I am entertaining two of my ex-husbands," says the lady, "and—"

"Great," says Larry. "We'll put 'em in the group. Who's the other?"

"Oh, that's only Ferdy," says she. "I haven't married him yet."

"Bully," says Larry. "We can get a half column of space out of him alone. He goes in the pictures too. We'll label him 'Next,' or 'Number Five Elect,' or something like that. Line 'em up outside, will you?"

"Oh, pshaw!" says Madam Brooklini, "what a nuisance these press agents are! but Larry is so enterprising. Come, we'll make a splendid group, the four of us. Come Ferdy."

'Reporters!" Ferdy lets it come out of him kind of hoarse and husky, just like he'd seen a ghost.

But I knew the view he was gettin': his name in the headlines, his picture on the front page, and all the chappies at the club and the whole Newport crowd chucklin' and nudgin' each other over the story of how he was taggin' around after an op'ra singer that had a syndicate of second-hand husbands.

"No, no, no!" says he. It was the only time I ever heard Ferdy come any where near a yell, and I wouldn't have believed he could have done it if I hadn't had my own eyes on him as he jumps clear of the corner, makes a flyin' break through the bunch, and streaks it down the deck for the forward compaunionway.

Me and the Bishop didn't wait to see the finish of that group picture. We takes after Ferdy as fast as the Bishop's wind would let us, he bein' afraid that Ferdy was up to something desperate, like jumpin' off the dock. All Ferdy does, though, is jump into a cab and drive for home, us trailin' on behind. We was close enough at the end of the run to see him bolt through the door; but Kupps tells us that Mr. Dobson has left orders not to let a soul into the house.

Early next mornin' though the Bishop comes around and asks me to go up while he tries again, and after we've stood on the steps for ten minutes, waitin' for Kupps to take in a note, we're shown up to Ferdy's bedroom. He's in silk pajamas and bathrobe, lookin' white and hollow-eyed. Every mornin' paper in town is scattered around the room and not one of them with less than a whole column about how Madam Brooklini sailed for Europe.

"Any of 'em got anything to say about Number Five?" says I.

"Thank heaven, no," groans Ferdy. "Bishop, what do you suppose poor dear Alicia thinks of me, though?"

"Why, my son," says the Bishop, his little eyes sparklin', "I suppose she is thinking that it is most time for you to arrive in Newport as you promised."

"Then she doesn't know what an ass I've been?" says Ferdy. "No one has told her?"

"Shorty, have you?" says the Bishop.

And when Ferdy sees me a grinnin', and it breaks on him that me and the Bishop are the only ones that know about this dippy streak of his, he's the thankfulest cuss you ever saw. Alicia? He could hardly get there quick enough to suit him; and the knot's to be tied inside of the next month.

"Marryin's all right," says I to Ferdy "so long's you don't let the habit grow on you."

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Conversations with an Old Sport.

IN WHICH HE HANDS THE COACH A LITTLE FOOTBALL DOPE

BY JIM NASIUM.

"THERE'S nothing to it," said the Old Sport, as he walked off the field after witnessing the scrub and the varsity in a practical lineup, "those kids on the scrub are the real heroes of football. These varsity stars may be hanging up honors for their college, but it's a pretty bum brand of a human being who won't play his head off and take chances on getting his aesophagus mixed up with his liver when a mob of ten thousand have their lamps trimmed on his efforts and the cheering squad are busting their thoraxes yelling his name, when the college poets compose National anthems eulogizing his feats and the faculty sets aside an appropriation to have his portrait splattered through the knowledge factory and the entire universe starts an epidemic of vocal paralysis from handing him the glad gab every time he hits the public thoroughfare.

"But let me tell you that these guys on the scrub, the dubs who are used for a door mat and kicked into the hospital by the big guns on the varsity, who are copping all the honors, are the heroes who have your dad doffing his lid. They are the soldiers who are stood up to be shot to smithereens, the trial horses who get their gambrel joint jammed into their medulla oblongata in order to show up the punk spots in the big team, and they never get so much as a line in the sporting notes of the War Cry. Neither the great throbbing world of sport nor the mush-headed world of society knows who in thunder he is when they read his death notice. The only place this poor guy ever sees his name in print is on the hospital records, and it gets there so blamed often that the printers soon get to leaving the type stand. He is the martyr who gets thumped into a pulp and ground into mincemeat for another's glory.

"There's that freshy who has just battered himself into the hospital smashing up the varsity's interference and showing up the punk spots in their system of running ends. That kid has done more for the success of the team than any star in the varsity lineup will pile up all season; yet I'll gamble that outside of his roommate and the coaches you won't find a Baker's dozen in this old dump of a knowledge factory who even know his name, while the lucky guy who blunders onto a fumble in the big game of the season and goes over for the winning touchdown will become a National hero and have a dozen brands of cigars named after him."

"That's all right, Dad," replied the

coach, "but you know, after all, it's results that make heroes in this world. The defeated general is frequently more heroic in defeat than the victorious commander is in victory; but the one who gets the results is the hero, while the other is a dub. When it comes right down to cases it isn't heroism that makes heroes, it's results."

"Now, you've got the right dope all right," said the Old Sport, "but you said it wrong. It is heroism that makes heroes, but it's results that crowns them. This old ignorant dump of a world likes to honor a winner and they make a hero out of the lucky winner and a dub out of the heroic loser. And when it comes right down to cases it takes a blamed sight more heroism to be a game loser than it does to be an able winner. There isn't enough sporting spirit splattered over this terrestrial ball.

"And another thing, you can take it from me that there are a thundering lot of dubs loafing around in the public eye in a laurel wreath, while a whole blamed lot of real heroes have to plug along an obscure trail in a common every-day hat. Whenever I see the public getting up on its hind legs and yelling its head off to hand the glad gab to some guy, I always like to clear away the red tape and the stage settings and dig in back of the scenery to get a peep at the real heroes who worked their blocks off to win the honors that the big guy is copping. And let me tell you that those are the guys I buy the drinks for every trip. And before I split my thorax and bust the wide canopy of heaven with yells over a hero, he's got to show me that there's no poor dub hiding behind the stage settings who is being skinned out of his laurel wreath.

"It's all very well to cheer the officer who leads his men on a flank attack and swats the enemy behind the ear when he isn't looking, but how about the guys in front who are getting their intestines shot around over the landscape in order to give him his opportunity? And let me tell you that right there is where the public gets in wrong on its football heroes, too. The kid who gets through the line and waltzes down the field for a touchdown hogs the whole blamed hero job, but how about the husky guy in the line who had to kick a hole through his opponent's diaphragm and dig the human fragments out of his way to make room for his little waltzing stunt? I guess maybe he's got a carload of laurel wreaths coming to him that he never gets. Take it from me, there are a thundering lot of football heroes credited with long runs who couldn't move an inch without a corps of men going ahead to clear away the rubbish and build a boardwalk.

"Of course it's all right to hand the glad gab to the kid who can step back of the line and drive the pigskin over the bar from the 40-yard line, because he's got it coming to him. But the crowd always loses sight of the swell blocking and stiff resistance that the rest of the team has to put up in order to give him time to pull off the stunt. If the tackle goes to sleep or isn't there with the goods and lets a man through, it's all off with the hero stunt for the kid who is twisting the laces around so the ball will balance.

"No, old man, you can take my tip, there are blamed few heroes that some other guy hasn't done a thundering lot to make. And the public, with its usual alertness at looking at appearances, only sees the part of the show that is in the limelight. In football there seems to be only two men in each play that the public sees; the guy who carries the ball and the one who makes the tackle. And the truth of the whole matter is that the deciding points of the game are usually pulled off by the other guys who don't happen to be in the limelight at that particular time.

"Football is the most widely misunderstood of our National pastimes. The guys up in the stands who really understand the fine points of the game are as widely scattered as facts in a political speech. To nine out of every ten of the spectators it is merely a mass of humanity in an aimless scramble to kick each other into the hospital in order to have less opposition in crossing the goal line. And that's why a thundering lot of these mollycoddles get their hammers out against the game, and all the editors, from Kalamazoo to the Everglades, take a fall out of it annually with their salary quills. And take it from me, if you guys on the Rules Committee open your ears too much to the yelps of the mollycoddle public you'll put the game on the bum.

"The game as it is can't be improved upon for those who understand it, and let those who don't understand it stay at home and get up a pussy-wants-a-corner tournament with the neighbors and have a real enjoyable time, and take it from me we'll all be a blamed sight better off. If you keep on legislating to eliminate roughness from the game, some of these days the big knowledge factories will lose the championship to the Old Women's Home, and that will be very discouraging to posterity.

"Football, as it is now played, is a game that develops in the school kid the same qualities that he will have to pack in order to cop any kind of success in his after life. And the greatest lesson that he'll dig out of the scrimmage on the football field is the absolute dependence of a guy on the help of his fellow-men. The kid who cuts out for himself and tries to be the whole show every time the quarterback calls his signal will blamed soon get it kicked into his knot that about the only chance he has to win on a lone hand in this old dump of a world is for the rest of the world to drop dead. And when he goes out to stab the business world in the face he'll be hep to the fact that there's got to be some team work and he can't plug along playing an individual game with any degree of success. There's got to be somebody making openings and running interference or it's all off with his career.

"It's all well enough to hand out this slush about a man being a self-made man, but take it from me, if he is any kind of a success as a structure he has only been the architect. If you dig into the past history of the building operations you'll usually find that somebody else has put on the Queen Anne gables and Corinthian cornices and the concrete foundation was laid by the guy who gave him a start. There's nothing to it, if self-made men had to finish the whole job themselves there wouldn't be anybody blowing about the final result."

"You don't think the game should be opened up, then, and the roughness eliminated in order to lessen the possibility of injury?" inquired the coach.

"I should say not," replied the Old Sport. "For mine give me the old flying-wedge days, when we knew blamed well that the survivors of the carnage were men of backbone and sand and fit to take the job of holding up the world off Atlas' hands. I don't want any of my kids coming out of the knowledge factory with an assorted collection of mollycoddle germs to introduce into the business world. Not on your life. Let mollycoddle society stick to pussy-wants-a-corner and Copenhagen tournaments and let the football alone. Those parents who want their kids to go through college without getting their hair mussed can have them take up intercollegiate beanbags with the Female Seminary. But take my tip and at least keep football where no inmate of the Old Women's Home will ever make the All-Americans."

Keeping Up the Lake's Level.

Mound City (Mo.) Jeffersonian.

Answer to the Bigelow correspondent of the Jeffersonian in regard to Mrs. Bridmon falling in the lake: There was no scare on the south end of the lake. At the same time one of our Fortescue girls fell in with her mouth open and came up with it shut and caused a thirteen-inch fall. Throw all your big folks in at the north end—you can't scare the south end.

Hail, Manhattan!

New York Sun.

O thou that sittest in exalted state
Beside the eastern gate
Of our broad land, thy girth commensurate
With her free vastness, hail!
Since the lone lookout, lorn for homeland leas,
Above the Half Moon's awkward, wind taut sail
Glimpsed, o'er the white spume of the uneasy seas,
Thine ample haven draped and garlanded
With uncontaminate beauty, antic time,
Through Summer's rose breath and wan Winter's rime,
Has footed far, with his unvarying tread.
Now smiling, harlequin of face, and now
With grave and brooding brow!

Small thy beginnings as it is with all
That mounts to greatness. Long wert thou the thrall
Of unplumbed wilderness, vague as are
The heavens at midnight when there shines no star.
Not by a dizzy vault didst thou attain
To altitude of place, and thine increase
Marched well nigh without cease
Along the pathways of unperiled peace;
Though once swart war beheld thee on the wane,
Grim gripped by fire and sorely famine bound,
Till liberty and right,
O'ercoming tyrant might,
Set up their righteous reign
To the triumphant trumpet's master sound!

Ah, what were Susa, or proud Babylon,
Or mighty Nineveh
Beside thy titanlike and soaring towers?
Their pomp and sway,
The splendid aura that about them shone,
Are one with faded and forgotten hours.
An empty name—each is an empty name—
A faint heard whisper on the lips of Fame!
But thou—but thou—shall I turn prophet?
Nay,
Let not the poet posture as the sage!
Yet as age adds to age
Accretions large or little, mayst thou fain
Of thy fair stature, fairer stature gain
As pass the pinioned years upon their way,
Each glamoring thy past
With some fine touch of splendor that shall last—
Aye, that shall last until
Speaks from the outer void the Eternal Will!

—Clinton Scollard.