

The ODD CONTRAST of the FIGHTER and the DANCER

In the Midst of the War the Great British Fighter Came to America to Make Money, and the Great British Dancer Left Money Behind Him in America to Go Back Home to Fight

Mr. and Mrs. Castle, in the Dance.



Freddie Welsh, Lightweight Champion Pugilist of the World, Who Left England With His Fighting Honors to "Star" in America.

At an informal luncheon in Washington recently a member of the British Embassy and a Congressman from one of the Western states were discussing the success achieved by the citizens of America in England and by Englishmen in America. The discussion finally reached a stage where the Congressman was asked to name the two best-known Englishmen in America.

"Why, Freddy Welsh and Vernon Castle," the Westerner promptly replied.

A few days after that, the newspapers of America carried two stories, prominently displayed. One was on the first page of most of them. The other was the leading topic of the sporting page.

The first-page story carried the announcement that Vernon Castle had met his death fighting for his country in France.

The sporting page story said that Freddy Welsh the day before had successfully defended his title as lightweight champion pugilist of the world—and had received for his few minutes' work approximately \$20,000.

The contrast struck home instantly. England's most famous society dancer—an aviator with his comrades, his countrymen, fighting battles in the clouds above the blood-stained fields of France, courageously giving blow for blow, facing death like a soldier and meeting death like a man.

The Call of Personal Fame. England's most famous prize fighter, the lightweight champion of the world—in America making money.

The report of Vernon Castle's death came in the form of a letter from Lieutenant Lewis Sloden, in France, to Miss Mildred Francis, a former actress. Both Sloden and Castle were members of the Royal Flying Corps, and, according to the former, the great dancing master met his end while flying over the German lines. This report of his death has never been officially confirmed, but many of his friends in America are inclined to accept it as true.

When he first announced that he was going to war, a great many of those who had seen him accepted it either as a joke, or else as a yarn by his press agent. After years of hard work he had reached the position where a fortune loomed just ahead. His income was at the rate of more than \$100,000 a year. Slight of stature, not strong, a ballroom pet, there wasn't the slightest suggestion of the heroic in his make-up or his demeanor.

He knew that he would be ill-fitted for trench work, and so he attended the Curtis aviation school at Newport News, Va., until he had won his flying certificate. He bade farewell to Broadway, to the fortune waiting just ahead for him, and to his wife and dancing partner, Irene Castle, and sailed for England. He promptly enlisted, and just as promptly was sent to the front, where he is reported to have met his death.

"When the war came with its series of disasters to British arms," he explained, "I had to forget that all my friends, all my interests were American; I could not forget that I was an Englishman.

"Why do I leave America when fortune is smiling upon me? Because I am an Englishman, and England expects every man to do his bit. Of course, I may be unable to return. Occasionally an aviator meets with disaster. In that case I will simply have the satisfaction of having done my duty and the subsequent proceedings, as one of your American poets wrote, will interest me no more."

On the night before his departure, he went around to tell his best friends good-by.

"My conscience makes me go," he said. "Something in the midst of a

dance with Irene, with thousands of eyes following me, thoughts of the folks at home would pop into my head. After that I'd dance like an automaton. I'd be thinking not of being as graceful as I could, but of the reception I'd get from home folks if I waited until the war was over to go back. Even my own mother wouldn't want to have anything to do with me. And could I blame her?"

Why Freddy Welsh is not at war is more or less an unexplained mystery to most of the sporting fans. He was practically penniless when he won the championship title in London, July 6, 1914. In order to meet the titleholder he had to agree to terms which resulted in his getting no money out of the match.

With a fortune in sight, he rested up for a few weeks. The war started in the meantime and then came this letter to a friend in America:

"Just when it looked as though I would pick up more than \$50,000 in music hall engagements alone, the war, and it is a real war, started. All plans are up in the air. Don't be surprised if you hear I have gone into the army."

But he did not go into the army. Instead, he came to America, where in the course of the past two years he has made a fortune defending his title. It is said that he offered his services, and was turned down on account of his age. Others of his friends add that a great part of his earnings is sent home to help the English soldiers and his country.

Welsh, incidentally, is an old type of prizefighter. He is quite a student of literature. He and Elbert Hubbard were intimate friends, and at the time the Fra met his death on the Lusitania, they were planning a business partnership. Welsh was to have taken over Emerson Hall on Hubbard's East Aurora farm in Erie County, N. Y., and establish there a Health Home in connection with the other industries of the Roycrofters.

The death of Elbert Hubbard just when the two were planning the Health Farm, and the beginning of hostilities just at the time he saw a fortune ahead in English music halls, were the last two events in a sequence of hard luck in the career of the little fighter, about which he once said:

"I've had my pockets full of rabbit feet, four-leaf clovers, and such like, but they all go on strike when I get them. If it were raining rubies and diamonds, I would catch cramps in both hands. When they were handing out horse shoes, somebody made a mistake and gave me the left hind shoe of a mule."

The friends of Welsh say that he will be able to show his critics in America and England documents to prove that he offered his services to his country, but that he was turned down.

They admit, however, that he will have to do a lot to explain away the contrast between the fighter who left his country to come to America for a fortune, and the dancer who left a fortune in America to fight and die, if need be, for his native land.

The Scarlet Runner

(Continued From Page 5.)

Eloise, the rose of hope blushing in her cheek.

"I can't tell you yet," he answered. "A good deal depends on Prince Peter and Scarlet Runner, and a good deal on my uncle and a house agent. I'll write you what I'm doing and what you must do the moment I have anything definite to say."

Eloise was bewildered, but she was a woman of tact, and knew what it was wise to be silent.

Half an hour later Christopher, dinnerless, but too excited for hunger, was racing towards Hyde Hampton with



Vernon Castle, Famous Dancer, Who Left Money-Making Opportunities Behind Him in America and Went Back to Fight for England.

don's in the car, found Prince Peter the jubilant, just back from the Dalvanian room beyond the wall had learned it, Embassy. He had gone there in his valet's clothes and insisted on seeing Anastasia, whose cousin he pretended to be. The maid had permission from Mme. Rudovics to go out on Friday evening, with Scarlet Runner, to keep her room all day and leave the house, well veiled, in Anastasia's hat and cloak. Afterwards the woman would do her best to follow unobserved, and a rendezvous would be made somewhere in the neighborhood after dark, with Scarlet Runner in waiting. Then it was not likely that Valda's absence would be discovered till morning, and by that time she and her lover would be far on their way to Scotland.

As for Mirko's presence in the house, Anastasia had been able to say nothing definitely, but she did know that since morning one of the rooms had been closed on the plea that part of the ceiling had fallen, and no one was to go in until workmen should have come to repair the damage. On hearing this Peter had been thoughtful enough to inquire the position of the locked room, and had learned it was at the back of the house on the second floor, and on the right of the corridor which ran down the middle of the three upper stories.

"Good!" exclaimed Christopher. "I thought they'd put him there, knocking on the wall would do no good if he tried it. There's an empty house on the right, you know. The one on the left's occupied. I can imagine old Rudovics inviting the Prince into the room, as if for a secret meeting with some emissary from Dalvania, then quaking in the knees. Either smart idea that about the fallen ceiling. And as the room's at the back, and the old-fashioned wooden shutters (which all the houses in Queen Anne's Gardens have), are probably nailed fast, your poor brother's as much a prisoner as if he were at Brixton."

Next morning at 10 o'clock Christopher Race was at the door of Messrs. Leonard and Steele, estate and house agents, at the moment when it opened for business. He informed the manager that he had been empowered by James Race, of Hyde Hampton, to take No. 35 Queen Anne's Gardens, for three years (the shortest term permissible), if immediate possession could be given.

The agent thought there would be little difficulty about this, and became certain of it when there was no attempt at cutting down the high rent asked for the old house, unless for several years. A telephone message was sent to the owner, papers were signed, a check in advance for a quarter's rent was paid, and presently Christopher found himself in possession of the keys of 35 Queen Anne's Gardens, the house adjoining the Dalvanian Embassy, on the right-hand side.

About 10 o'clock that night, having given all necessary instructions concerning Scarlet Runner to the chauffeur he trusted, Christopher unlocked the front door of his uncle's newly acquired town-house and walked in. He had with him, in a golfer's bag, a pickaxe, one or two other handy tools, and an electric lantern. To begin work, he chose the back room on the second floor, which, according to his calculations, was separated from Prince Mirko's prison only by the house wall.

With small hammer he tapped lightly once, twice, without receiving an answer. Then he was rejoined by a responsive rapping on the other side. At first the knocks seemed to him desultory and irregular, but in a moment he realized that words were being formed by taps and spaces, long and short, according to the Morse code of telegraphy.

Long ago Christopher had learned it at Eton, when he and another boy had sought means of secret communication. Evidently the occupant of the room beyond the wall had learned it, too. In 10 minutes the two men, thus divided by bricks and mortar, were able to come to an understanding. Christopher was assured that he was talking with the Prince; Mirko was informed that he was talking with Christopher Race. Also Christopher was able, roughly, to communicate his plan to the prisoner, and learned to his delight that there was a good prospect of success. Mirko indicated the position of a large wardrobe which stood in his room against the dividing wall, and suggested that Christopher's boring operations should be conducted behind it. When the bricks should be loosened Mirko would pull out the wardrobe and be ready to push it back into place in case of danger.

All night long Christopher worked, refreshed with bread and wine from his bag, and by early dawn he had dug a hole through which he could speak to the Prince. Until this moment he had outlined his plan but vaguely, and what Mirko had now learned amazed him. While London slept, and the old houses in Queen Anne's Gardens kept their wooden eyelids closed, four persons, who had stepped out of a closed carriage round the corner, walked quietly to the door of No. 35. There were three men and one woman; and, having pushed the long-unsung electric bell, they were almost immediately admitted into the dark, unimmediated house.

"Is all well—so far?" asked Eloise Davray whispering in the dim corridor.

"All is well—so far," answered Christopher Race.

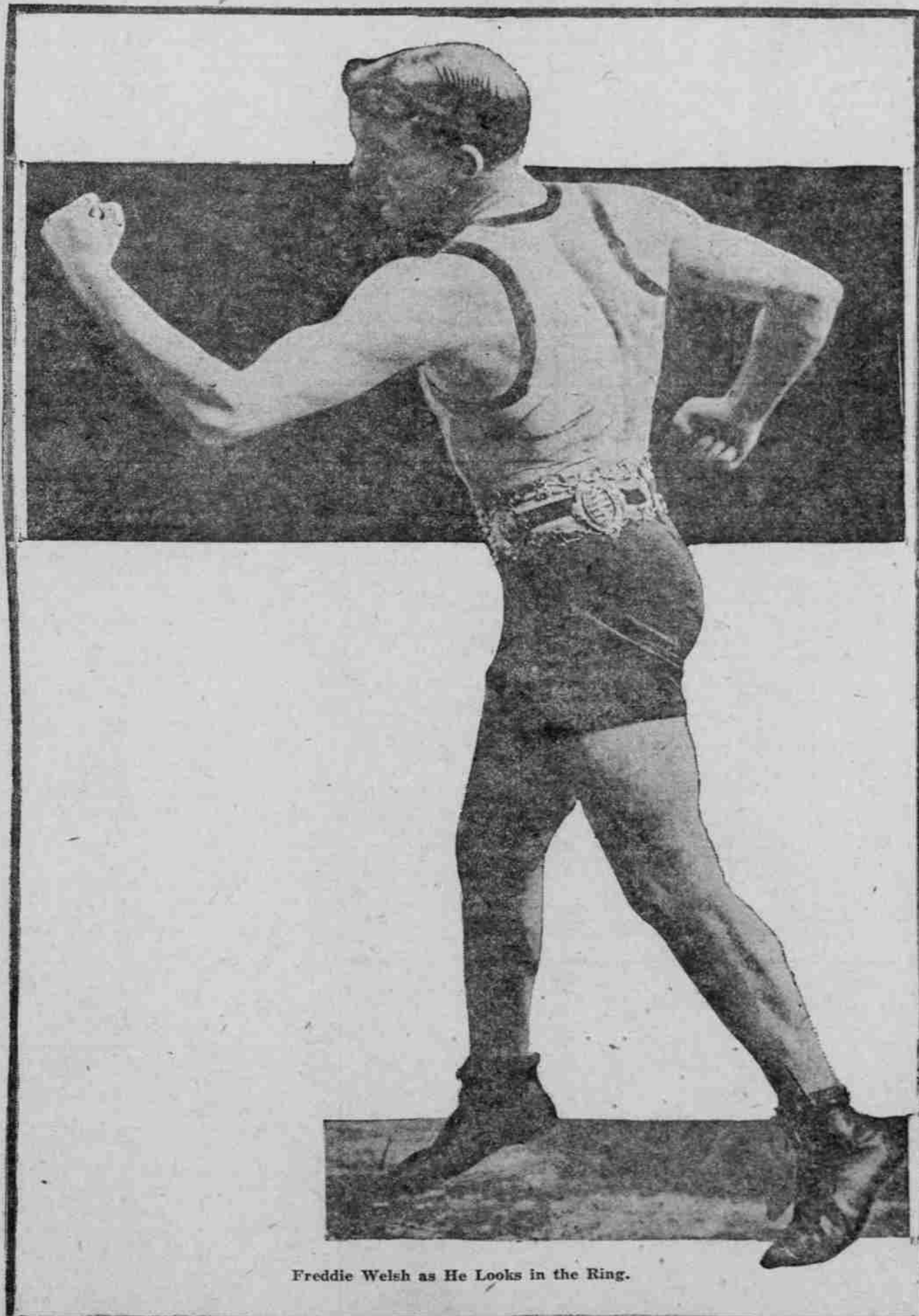
It was not until after 10 o'clock in the morning that the absence of little Lady Valda and her maid was discovered by Mme. Rudovics, for she was a late riser by habit, and the girl had posed as an invalid the day before. Under Valda's pillow a note had been slipped. "I have gone away to marry Prince Peter of Dalvania. We love each other." And that news had sent the Ambassador in haste to the door of the closed room, where no work had yet been begun upon the fallen ceiling.

He unlocked the door, and knocked by way of courtesy, two men—tall Dalvanians both, in his own private service—standing on guard as usual lest the prisoner should attempt an escape. Each time since Mirko's capture Rudovics had himself brought the Prince's meals in this fashion, twice within 12 hours, bearing also a hundred apologies for his "necessary but regrettable harshness." Not once before had the indignant Mirko answered the knock, but now his voice responded with a cheerful "Come in."

"Congratulations!" he continued, as Rudovics fell back upon the threshold, aghast at what he saw, "and let me introduce you to my dear wife, the Princess Eloise. We thought a wedding at the Embassy an excellent plan, and have been married for an hour."

A thousand thoughts raced each other through the Ambassador's head as he stood staring first at the pale, smiling girl, the two priests, the registrar, and the hole in the wall by which they and Christopher had entered. He thought of his daughter, and was forced to hope—in the circumstances—that she was the younger brother's wife by this time. He thought of his own chances of advancement in Dalvania under a new King. He thought of Turkey's probable attitude towards a struggle in which Valda's husband would be engaged as well as his brother; and he thought of nine hundred and ninety-seven other things, all in the space of one long moment.

Then he bowed and said slowly: "Graciously allow your host to be the first who offers your Royal Highness and his bride all possible good wishes." (A New Adventure Next Week.)



Freddie Welsh as He Looks in the Ring.

Scarlet Runner. Ten minutes at his was heart and soul for Prince Mirko Londonward with a signed check in uncle's was enough, for old James Race and Eloise now, Christopher flew back his pocket; and, calling at Lord Wen-