

## The Rise And Fall of Concrete

Continued From Page Three

Next time I come in here again youse give me good fish, or they'll fish you out of the Hudson River."

Wright was disgusted. To hit a defenseless man was an outrage, and the manager told Concrete so.

"Oh, veh? Well, ain't that just too bad." And he turned on his heel and walked out.

Wright left the restaurant immediately, but not until he had given the waiter a five dollar bill and paid for the dishes.

Two days later, Wright matched his battler with Dusky Rhodes, another colored pugilist, who was coming fast. He had won every one of his last eighteen fights. When Wright told Concrete of the match, all Concrete said was, "I guess I'll knock him out easy."

"Yes, you will—not," shot back his manager quickly. "This boy's good and I advise you to start training."

"You can advise, but that's all, for I ain't gonna train till I get ready, see?"

Wright smiled. "I expected that. After this fight's over, you get a new manager. Now see to that!"

"All right, all right. I don't need no manager no how. I can manage my own affairs, I can."

"Well, we'll see!"

There was tense silence as Concrete Brown stepped through the ropes of the Twilight Boxing Club. Then there was an uproar. The people cheered and shouted. Their idol was again going to give them the action they had looked forward to so many days.

Concrete was full of smiles as he stood in his corner. He was happy. He was thinking. "With this money I get for this fight and what other money I have that I've betted on that I'd win this battle, I'll be able to marry Jennie." His eyes rolled.

Wright was taping Concrete's left hand and had started to reach for his right hand when Concrete let out a hoarse groan. Quickly Wright looked at Concrete. The man had turned almost pink. His eyes were on the person who had entered the ring in the opposite corner.

"What's wrong?" asked Wright anxiously.

"Who's that man?"

"Dusky Rhodes. The man you're to fight."

"Oh," exclaimed Concrete. "That's Ignatz Robbins!"

"You must be mistaken. That's Rhodes. Wait, I'll ask him."

In a few moments Wright returned. "You're right, that is he. He used to call himself Robbins, but recently he changed his name to Rhodes. Why—"

Just then Dusky Rhodes walked up to the shaking Concrete and said: "I see you all recognize me, doncha?"

Concrete did not answer.

"Well," continued Concrete's opponent, "when this fight's over, you're going to be Concrete Brown but without the title."

"What's all this?" asked Wright, who was astonished at this conversation between the pugilists.

"Only this," said the grinning Rhodes. "About four years ago, Mister Concrete and myself met in Savannah, and I knocked him out with three punches. This time I'll do it in two, or maybe one punch, huh, Concrete?"

Concrete appeared as if he wished he was anywhere but there at that particular moment.

The referee interfered before Concrete had a chance to answer.

After the referee gave his orders, the ring was cleared and the men went to their corners. Concrete's features changed. No longer was he confident or happy. The thought of that knockout by the man he was to fight now had scared him horribly. On the other hand, Rhodes was still grinning.

The gong!

Dusky leaped at Concrete and smashed him on his chin! Down went Concrete. He managed to arise at eight. Rhodes was at him like a tiger and again punched Concrete on the jaw. The referee counted the required ten. What Rhodes had said had come true—only two punches were necessary.

The crowd was astonished, and after recovering from its surprise, cheered the new champion and almost as quickly forgot the man who had given them more than their money's worth dozens of times.

When Concrete came to, he saw Jennie White in Dusky's corner. He walked over and said angrily, "What you doing here, Jennie?"

"Go away, man," she said. "Dusky is my old sweetheart. I married him today."

Concrete was heartbroken. His air castles had fallen, and all that remained were bitter memories. In the dressing room, Wright watched as Concrete, who acted like a man in a trance, slowly dressed. The champion's eyes were filled with tears and his mouth twitched. Finally he looked up.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Wright, for the way I acted towards you. Will you forgive me?"

"Sure, Concrete," spoke Wright, "I'm with you. We can start over again. As a fighting champion you are deserving of a crack at the title. I'll attend to that, believe me!"

Concrete smiled sadly. "Thank you, Mr. Wright, but I reckon I've got enough. I'm going back home, down South. Some day, maybe, I'll return, but now I must say goodbye."

## TRAINING THE CHILD

By ELISE AYER

### MORE PRIVILEGES—MORE RESPONSIBILITIES.

We read that one of the main reasons given for Negro migration from the South is this: Parents leave their homes to get better chances for education for their children. A splendid and worthy motive for the hard task of going into a new community among people with different customs and ideas.

The biggest job, as they soon learn, is to cling to this fine aim. There is much to pull down this ambition. At first, the business of getting a job that will provide money for housing, food and clothing crowds out all other thoughts. Once the father has succeeded in that, the mother can begin her home making. Thereafter it will be up to her largely, to stretch out into the community and gather in all the good the new community has to offer.

The school, of course, will be the first of these. Most mothers see to it that their children live up to the standard of punctuality and regularity. But there are many cases like that of one mother from the South whom I recently saw. The slight-

est illness on her part was sufficient cause in her mind to keep her daughter at home to do the house work. She was angered and surprised to learn that this was not her right.

Better schools have stricter rules. Ob-dience to them is the price to be paid. More lessons and better results are required and, with the aim of comin always in mind, the parent should co-operate closely.

Neater appearance and sounder health standards should be welcomed by the parent. The privilege of living in the more enlightened parts of the country brings with it more responsibilities.

After the school the mother should look for the public library. There her children will find good books to take home and read; and cheerful rooms to quietly use these books which cannot be removed. There is no excuse for soiling, tearing or otherwise destroying public books. Mothers should teach their children that this takes pleasure away from other children.

Should books be lost, children should be trained to report the matter promptly to their mothers. They should personally see to it that the books are found or paid for.

Recently, many schools have had to help the libraries enforce their rules. In one instance, a child in an eighth grade had kept a book out a whole year and ignored all the attempts of the library to recover its property. This child finally stayed away from the library and gave up the valuable privilege, rather than pay for the lost book.

The worst feature was the indifference on the part of the mother. The proper use of these great institutions: the school and the library, should be taught to children by their parents.

In many large cities, there exist

THE END

(Continued on Page Six)



Elise Ayer

Don't take Chances, be

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