

THE CATFISH KID

Slug Wilson and Mick Malloy, the Champ, Taste Some of the Catfish's Leather and the Big Crowd Stands on its Hind Legs Because it Knows a Good Fight when it Sees One.

By EDWARD LAWSON

WHAT HAS HAPPENED

I and Billy Allen, my boss, are looking for someone to serve as a sparring partner for Slug Wilson, the best boxer in our stable, who is slated to meet Mick Malloy on Saturday night. All of his regular training partners are in no condition to go up against him, and we are in a quandary until I wander a nondescript individual from the south who looks like good material. We nickname him the Catfish Kid and put him in the ring with Slug. The veteran fighter takes the newcomer for a merry ride during the first round, but as that frame ends I see that the Kid is getting mad and that the fight is by no means over yet.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY.

INSTALLMENT II

The second round of that little private bout was a revelation both to myself and to Billy Allen. Like I said, the Catfish Kid was boiling mad when the initial frame ended, and he didn't cool off any during the minute's rest. His fighting blood was aroused and his muscles were taut. Every vein of his body stood out as we rubbed him in his corner, and his mouth worked ceaselessly.

When the gong sounded he was out of his corner in a flash. Slug was scowling. The Kid crouched slightly, drawing his stomach back, dragging his chin down to his shoulder. Slug,

the smarter of the two, feinted neatly with his left and drove a savage right to the heart of the Kid. Catfish paled with the pain of it, and the pain unleashed all that stored-up anger which he had tried so long to hold in check.

Covering up as best he could, he dove in, his hands working like pistons, in and out. Leather spatting against flesh and red spots began to show on Slug's abdomen. Slug grinned sickeningly and then, like the striking of a serpent his left hand licked out to smack true and full to the lips of the kid. Blood spurted from the mashed lips and tears of pain dimmed the eyes of the Catfish.

But then he snapped out of it. They swept to the center of the ring, hurling blows at each other from all angles. Slug charged in, driving rights and lefts with dazzling speed to the face and midriff of his competitor. He raced the Kid to the ropes, but the Kid came off like a madman, his right fist cocked at his side, his eyes narrowed murderously. Slug saw that blow coming through a red haze of pain. He felt that he should have avoided it with ease, and yet somehow he could not. He was boring straight in as the Kid bounced off the ropes, and the momentum of them both, traveling toward each



The two men stood toe to toe for the rest of the round, black against white, guarding not at all, hurling their fists with never a pause.

from the crowd as Malloy strode down the aisle. It took only one glance for me to see that the house was pretty nearly a sell-out. It wasn't very big, anyway, and some folks were perched in the rafters.

Malloy came over and felt of the Catfish Kid's taped hands, then raised his face to grin at him.

"Hello, Flash," he said sneeringly. "You don't need to feel his hands, fellow." I growled at him. "He don't need any horseshoes to stop you!"

Mick grinned again. He was a well-battered boy, heavy-set and pugna-cious, and his ears were flat and sprawling like you see on so many prize-fighters.

Continued on Page 3

A Baby in Your Home

I have an honest proven treatment for sterility due to functional weakness which I have used with wonderful success in thousands of cases. It is the result of 25 years experience and has been praised in the highest terms by hundreds of married women, children for years, who became happy mothers. If you will send me your name and address I will gladly send you a treatment and a copy of my booklet, "A Baby in Your Home" which tells how to use it and many other things married women should know. Both will be sent free in plain wrapper. Write today. Dr. H. Will Eiders, Suite 708-A, 714 & 715, St. Joseph, Mo.



No Man Can Resist Such Loveliness

Charm is the secret of feminine appeal... and a soft, light skin is the secret of charm. Dr. Fred Palmer's Skin Whitener Ointment softens and lightens the darkest skin, clears up pimples, blotches and tan marks, and does away with that "oily, shiny" look. Use this preparation and make your skin soft, delicate and charming. This amazing Ointment is made in the famous Dr. Fred Palmer's Laboratories where are also made those other beauty aids you know so well: Dr. Palmer's Skin Whitener Soap, Skin Whitener Face Powder, Hair Dresser and Hair Deodorant which may be had at all drug stores for 25 cents each or will be sent post-paid upon receipt of price. Dr. Fred Palmer's Laboratories, Dept. A, Atlanta, Ga.

Send 4c in stamps for trial sample of Skin Whitener, Soap and Face Powder.

DR. FRED PALMER'S Skin Whitener

"KEEPS YOUR COMPLEXION YOUTHFUL"

AGENTS WANTED. SKILL LUCKY MO-JO Lucky Goods. \$25.00 week. Write VAL-MOR, 5245 N. Cottage Grove, Chicago.

Twice as EFFECTIVE—Twice as ECONOMICAL BECAUSE IT'S Double Strength



Go to your favorite drug store or toilet goods counter and ask for Genuine Black and White Bleaching Cream (Double Strength). Large, handsome opal jar is only 50c. Also get a bar of Black and White Skin Soap at 25c to use before you apply this marvelous bleaching cream.

Because Genuine Black and White Bleaching Cream has the exclusive DOUBLE STRENGTH feature it instantly penetrates down into the skin's fourth layer where skin coloring is regulated. That's why it LIGHTENS AND WHITENS COMPLEXIONS IN HALF THE TIME... that's why it's twice as effective and twice as economical.

Genuine Black and White Bleaching Cream (Double Strength) also fades out mole discolorations, dark spots, pimples, bumps and other skin blemishes quicker than anything you ever used before.

Genuine BLACK AND WHITE BLEACHING CREAM

KEEPS little AILMENTS from growing into BIG ONES!

It may be just a coated tongue tonight... with dull eyes, bad color and breath. But by these symptoms Nature is telling you that you may have a sick child tomorrow.

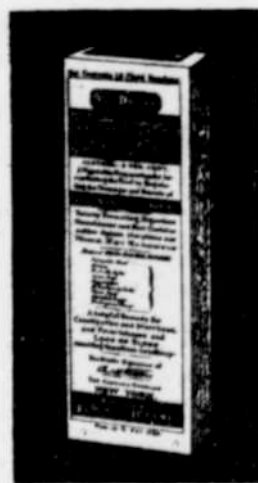
Help tonight is simple. Tomorrow it may be harder. A single simple dose of Castoria is usually all that's needed to bring relief; it often clears a serious illness from development.

Castoria, you know, is the children's own remedy—made specially to give the gentle help their delicate organs must have. It is a pure vegetable preparation; contains no harsh drugs, no narcotics.

In any starting illness such as a cold, a little fever, a food upset, a first-aid dose of Castoria is always a wise precaution.

It's never hard to get children to take Castoria. They love its taste, and are grateful for the relief it always brings to tied-up systems.

For babies or for older children, depend on Castoria's gentle regulation. It has kept many a little ailment from growing into a serious one! Genuine Castoria always has the name Chas. H. Fletcher on the package.



Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

CHILDREN CRY FOR IT

other, together with the savage power which madness engendered in the Kid, figured in that blow.

It caught Slug squarely under the chin and turned him almost a back somersault. He struck the floor of the ring with a dull thud, and we, too excited to call a halt to the proceedings, watched as Jerry Lee, who was acting referee, counted Slug out.

Here was Slug, our undefeated near-champion, knocked out by a sparring partner! By a rank outsider who had never worn gloves before in his life! The full significance of such an upset did not strike us until many minutes later, when we at last succeeded in bringing him back to his senses.

"Whew!" was all he said for a couple of minutes. We got him out of his trappings, gave him a shower and a rubdown, and walked him around a bit.

"How're you feeling?" I asked him. "O.K., I guess," he said, but didn't sound any too convincing.

"Hurt anywhere?"

"Nope, 'cept—well, my jaw."

I felt his jaw, the spot where the Kid's vicious blow had landed with such telling force. Something was decidedly wrong, my fingers, experienced in such matters, told me instantly. I called a doctor.

Examination proved that something was wrong, just what it was the doctor couldn't be sure until he got a couple of x-rays made. Meanwhile he warned Slug to take it mighty easy.

A day later he informed us that Slug's jaw wasn't broken—the guards he had worn had prevented that—but that the thing was pretty bad and any rough treatment would make it worse. We told him about the forthcoming title fight and he turned thumbs down on that right then and there.

OVER 80 YEARS

EFFECTIVE USE

PLANTEN'S CAC-BLACK CAPSULES
 Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
 for
Bladder and Kidney Trouble
 At Your Druggist or Send 66c for a Trial Box
 H. FRANTZ & SON, INC.
 35 Henry Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

"Nossir," he declared, "Slug's in no condition to fight anybody or anything right now. He couldn't stand up two minutes if this guy Malloy got a healthy punch at that jaw."

"But what're we going to do?" I asked him.

"Get somebody else."

"Who, for instance?"

"Who gave Slug that punch? That's the guy you want."

"But he don't know nothing about fighting scientific and all that. He's just a mug I scraped up for a sparring partner."

"If he's good enough to knock Slug cold, he's plenty good enough to take over Mick Malloy," said the medico.

"But ain't there some chance that Slug could go in there?" I asked.

"Oh yes, but it'd be suicide for him."

"You're a nice one," I said. "I thought you'd fix my boy up in time."

"I'm doing all I can," the Doc replied, and then I turned to go.

"Say," the Doctor called me back.

"What time is this fracas, anyway?"

"Tomorrow evening," I told him.

"Not a chance," he said sorrowfully.

"Not a chance in the world that Slug could take Malloy over. Take my advice and send this new boy in. It'd be better than risking Slug."

I went up to the office and gave Billy Allen the dope. Billy had the Catfish Kid there, getting his signature on a contract. It didn't call for much, but you should have seen the happy look on the Kid's face when we explained the whole thing to him. Then I rushed down into the gym with him and we began to give him a little concentrated instruction in the gentle art of flatcuffs.

The Kid learned fast, and although Slug's jaw was healing quickly, the boss decided not to risk further injury. That afternoon we announced the substitution and the next day the Kid weighed in instead of Slug. It was a mighty long chance to take, since a defeat for us would merely mean that Mick Malloy would be helped along his path to the championship while Slug was standing still, but Billy was willing to take it on the Kid's showing against Slug, and there wasn't much I could do about it.

Next evening, then, the Catfish Kid, wide-eyed and rather ill-at-ease, was shoved between the ropes into the ring with Mick Malloy, one of the chief contenders for the heavyweight crown. I took it upon myself to second him, while Billy and Slug looked on from the sidelines.

Dead silence fell as we clambered into the ring, followed by a vast roar