Damon Runyon's Column

Atlantic City, N. J., Aug. 27.—The writer watched Firpo work out yesterday afternoon in his training camp at Atlantic field, which is given over in the evening to greyhound racing, the strange sport that came from out of the west.

As the "Wild Bull" worked in an open-air ring, a small crowd in the new wooden grandstand could hear the occasional yelps of the lean-flanked racing dogs kennelled in the sheds not far away.

The scene was strangely unlike the average training camp of a fighter getting ready for a big match. Before the boxing started, Joe McCann, the Newark heavyweight, who once put Firpo down for a count, warmed up in front of the grandstand, doing a species of shadow boxing so slowly it looked as if he was working for the slow action motion pictures.

Old Jeff Clark, the once celebrated "Joplin Ghost," was pawing the air nearby slowly, dully. A fattish-looking white-skinned young man, later disclosed as Pera, the Argentinan light heavyweight, also pranced around in gymnasium tights, while Firpo punched the bag with none too much vigor.

Vigor Is Lacking.

Things seemed too slow, too loggy. There was no pep in the atmosphere. Perhaps it was the warm weather. Firpo ought to have someone around there speeding 'em up.

He boxed first with Joe McCann, then with the Joplin Ghost and finally with Pera. He went two rounds with each man.

The boxing with McCann was sluggish, but the bout with the Joplin Ghost was quite lively. The old ghost once had a great left hand, and he was trying to stab the remnant of it into Firpo's face. He reached Firpo's features occasionally. Firpo is as open as ever to a left-hander.

The ghost kept crouched low and bobbed his head, something after the style of Dempsey. Once he became careless and tried to trade rights with Firpo, and "The Wild Bull" clipped him a smash that made the ghost groggy. In the last minute of the second round Firpo nailed the ghost back of the head with his favorite punch, the one that dropped Brennan and others, and the negro swayed dizzily. Firpo gathered him in his big arms and the ghost was saved from a fall.

The workout with Pera followed and Firpo seemed to keep his punches under wraps. The bout with the ghost was the best line on Firpo, who at times showed stuff that caused Philadelphia Jack O'Brien to exclaim in astonishment.

Improvement Is Noted.

That Firpo has improved, and has a chance of continuing to improve, there is no doubt. Philadelphia Jack O'Brien boxed with him when Firpo first came into prominence, and O'Brien says that it was easy to hit Firpo with anything.

"But he showed me that he was a natural puncher that day," said Jack. "He nailed me a body smash that almost curled me up. I think that's his best punch, although the wallop he puts in back of the ear is a murderous thing.

"He has improved. Watch his left hand. It may not be a good left, but it is far from being a bad left. He keeps it out there very well, and if you notice his fighting position, he keeps turned sideways to an opponent, his shoulder forward. That not only protects his chin, but adds materially to his reach. He keeps both feet turned sideways, something I never saw any other fighter do, but he can step like a lightweight when he desires.

"No fighter can afford to take any chances with this man. He is a dangerous puncher. He is liable to knock a man out hitting him anywhere. I rather think Dempsey will prove too fast for him, but in my opinion Dempsey wants to put his speed on very early, as he did against Willard. Don't you underrate Firpo. He's big. He's the strongest man I've seen in the ring, and he can hit."

Dempsey Stops Training Grind

By Associated Press.

Saratoga Springs, N. Y., Aug. 27.—Training activities at Jack Dempsey's camp were at a standstill today, with indications that the champion would not resume work with the gloves until Thursday. The titleholder, fearing the danger of going stale from too much work, decided that a layoff of two or three days will enable him to shake off a cold that has been bothering him.

Dempsey is considering an invitation to go on a fishing trip. It is probable that he will not do any boxing until Thursday. When he resumes work he will have two and possibly three additions to his staff of sparring partners. Jack McAuliffe, the Detroit heavyweight, and Jack Renault, the Canadian heavyweight, who helped to cultivate Jack for the match with Carpentier tow years ago, are expected to arrive today. Farmer Lodge, a Minnesotan, is due Thursday.

The cold from which Dempsey is suffering was reflected in his workout yesterday, when he appeared to be slow in his boxing with Jack Burke and George Godfrey. The characteristic aggressiveness was missing.

Independent Games.

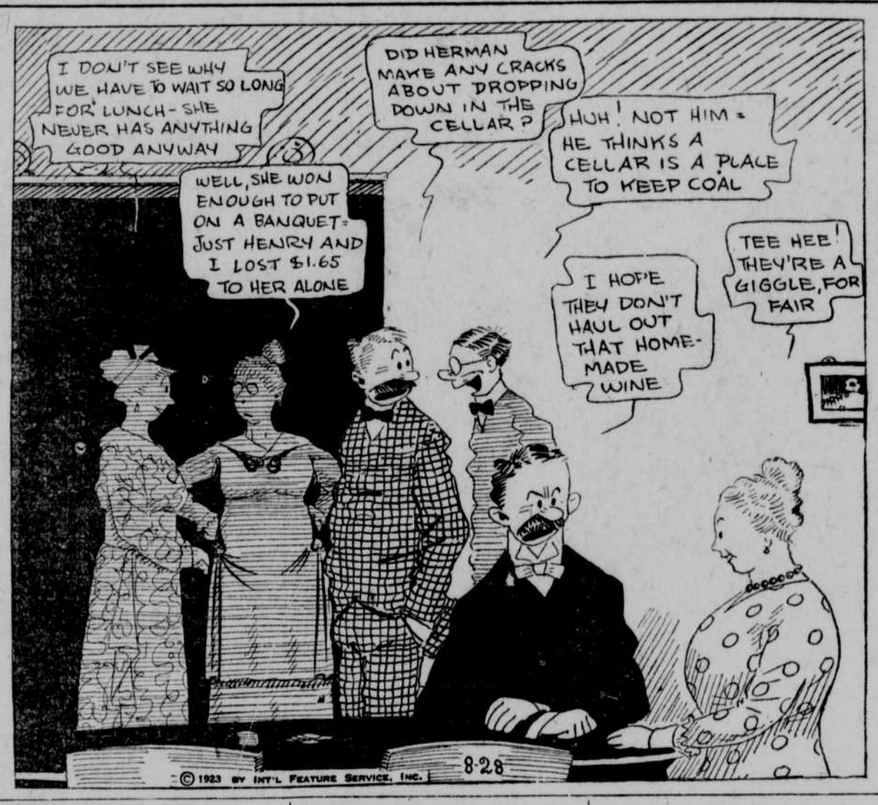
The North Omaha Ramblers defeated the Florence Merchants Sunday by a 13 to 6 score. Wagner allowed the Merchants seven hits and fanned 10 batters.

The Eatmore Candy company team defeated the Florence Ramblers by a 15 to 12 score Sunday. George Krebs allowed the Florence team one hit in five innings and was then relieved from mound duty.

The Sherman Avenue Merchants received a forfeit from the City Firemen and then took a hot contest from M. W. A. No. 945 by a 6 to 5 score. Oleson for the Merchants sent back 16 via the strikeout route and allowed nine hits. Kibler, who did the hurling for the lodgemen, struck out 10 and yielded 12 hits. H. Postlewaite with a triple and three singles copped batting honors. The latter are Schneider Electric Metropolitan artists

EDDIE'S FRIENDS

Ladies' Night—Waiting for Lunch.



Says "Bugs" Baer:

FIRPO had an aching tooth for Dempsey. But wanted to postpone his visit to the dentist. They fight much sooner than Firpo hoped to.

Argentinans are making good in sports. One of their jolly boys swam across English channel. Just to make it Argentinan, he swam it the wrong way. From France to England, instead of from England to France. Maybe he was right. Who can tell?

That queer republic also turned out one of the best polo teams that ever fell off a pony. The all-Argentinan four toured Europe and America last year and almost won something.

There are always four on a polo team for some reason. Maybe it's five. Who knows?

Then Firpo comes along and challenges Dempsey. Jack accepted the challenge a year too quick. Maybe it was too soon. Who cares?

Anyway, it proves that republics turn out better athletes than monarchies. Even if Firpo wins, the prince of Wales will tumble off his horse at the next water jump. That's certain.

If Firpo wins, the championship still remains in America. It's Latin America, but who speaks it?

France is another republic that sent a champ over here to be barbecued. Carpentier made the round trip and collected plenty of plunder.

He lost. But one thing you can say about republics is that we pay both the carpet beater and the carpet. Nice people.

China is final republic to enter athletics. They are getting ready for 1926 laundry Olympics. Their specialties are throwing the iron, hop, step and running raids, and shooting the cop. They are also experts in swatting the pipe.

(Copyright, 1923.)

$15,000 Hurler Is Real Busher

A small town in Texas. That's where Frank Isbell, owner of the Wichita club, found Ernie Maun, leading pitcher of the Western league, who has been sold to the New York Giants for a price said to be around $15,000.

Maun had never seen a professional ball game until he came to Wichita in 1920. He was a sandlot hurler and as green as grass.

Burgess Bedtime Stories

BY THORNTON W. BURGESS

From the beginning to the end.
All must the school of life attend.
—Old Mother Nature.

At School in the Old Stone Wall

There isn't a nook or crevice in the old stone wall that Striped Chipmunk doesn't know. He knows the old stone wall as you know your house. All his life he has known Johnny and Polly Chuck, so he knew just what kind of a place would probably suit the young Chuck, who wanted to make his home in the old stone wall for a while. The young Chuck was delighted, for Striped Chipmunk led him straight to a hole that had been dug under the old stone wall, with an entrance between two big stones. It was an entrance just the right size for the young Chuck to pass through easily. He was very grateful to Striped Chipmunk and told him so.

"Don't mention it," replied Striped Chipmunk, his bright eyes twinkling. "Don't mention it. I hope you'll enjoy it here. I'll be glad to have a neighbor." Then without another word he scampered away.

The young Chuck soon made himself at home. Within just a few feet of the bushes along the old stone wall was plenty of grass and tender, sweet clover. There was almost no risk at all in getting all he wanted to eat. Truly it was a delightful place. He no longer thought of going back home. He was satisfied right where he was. So he spent his time eating and sleeping and growing and learning lessons.

He didn't know he was learning lessons, but he was. One of the first things he learned was that Bowser the Hound was quite harmless to him unless he should be careless enough to be surprised too far from the old stone wall. He learned that Black Pussy the Cat was no longer to be feared by him, but that she was a constant danger to Striped Chipmunk. So whenever he saw her he would give the alarm.

He learned to know the feather folk who lived in the Old Orchard, and to understand their warnings of danger. It didn't take him long to find out that their eyes were much sharper than his, and that when he heard them shrieking in a certain way it was best to get close to the entrance to his home. Early one morning he heard Sammy Jay shrieking "Thief! Thief! Thief!" Very cautiously he poked his head out to see what Sammy was making such a fuss about. He pulled it in again in a hurry. Reddy Fox was just trotting past. After that whenever he heard Sammy Jay calling "thief" in just that way he knew that Reddy Fox or Mrs. Reddy was somewhere near.

He made the acquaintance of Chatterer the Red Squirrel, and soon found out that all Chatterer's impudence and boastful threats were harmless and that Chatterer was always one of the first to give warning when danger was near. He came out very early one morning just at break of day, and was just in time to see Hooty the Owl swoop down for a young Meadow Mouse. So he learned it wasn't safe to go out too early in the morning. He learned in the same way that it wasn't safe to stay out after the first of the Black Shadows came creeping out from the Purple Hills. Every day he learned something and tucked it away in his head where he would never forget it.

(Copyright, 1923.)

The next story: "The Beginning of Wisdom."

Reddy Fox Was Just Trotting Past.

Reddy Fox was just trotting past.

Alleged Bandit Leader Arrested in Los Angeles

Los Angeles, Cal., Aug. 27.—Elmer Dowdy, alleged leader of a gang of bandits who on May 21, last, held up and robbed David Antink, cashier of the Sun Drug company of $17,000, was arrested here.

Dowdy, police say, has a long criminal record and numerous aliases.

Dowdy denied that he was implicated in the drug company robbery and said he had intended to surrender to the police so that he could prove his innocence.

According to police records Dowdy is wanted by the police in Philadelphia for "aggravated assault, battery and robbery," in that city on April 22, 1921, when $33,000 was taken in a robbery.

He once was arrested in Long Beach, Cal., for the Philadelphia offense, but was released on $5,000 bond, which he jumped. Records also show he was arrested in Portland, Ore., and Seattle for various offenses.

Bee Want Ads produce results.

Rough-Hewn

By Dorothy Canfield

(Continued from Yesterday.)

SYNOPSIS.

Neale Crittenden, typical American young man, has grown up in Uniontown, a village near New York city, has been graduated from Columbia university and has taken a position with a lumber firm. At college he fell in love with Martha Wentworth, who declined his proposal to wed. Martha is spending a year in Germany with her father. Neale accepts his disappointment philosophically and bends his efforts toward success in business. In France, Marise Allen, about Neale's age, lives with her American father who is foreign agent for an American firm. She is an accomplished linguist and pianist and goes to Rome to continue her studies. Neale is spending a year abroad. In Rome he meets Marise and they become close friends. Neale and Marise visit places of interest with two other Americans, a young man named Livingstone and a young woman, Miss Mills. Neale and Marise are becoming extremely fond of each other's company.

CHAPTER XLIX.

If only Mairse would go away, would go away and give her a chance, thought Eugenia despairingly, coming slowly into her sitting-room where Mlle. Vallet sat writing in her journal. Josephine heard the door close and hurried in with her quick silent step to take off her mistress' wraps.

"Mademoiselle looks so tired after these long walks!" she said solicitously, scrutinizing with a professional expertness the color of the young face. "I don't think they agree with Mademoiselle at all. This climate is too soft to walk about so. Nobody does. Mademoiselle might—without presuming to advise—Mademoiselle might be wiser to go in cabs."

Eugenia held out her arms as Josephine slipped off her pretty, fawn-colored silk coat and then let them fall at her sides. She was thinking, "Cabs! What would he say to some one who went everywhere in cabs!"

"Oh!" cried Josephine. "Those abominable ruins! Mademoiselle's dear little bronze shoes! Cut to pieces! Oh, Mlle. Vallet, just look at our poor Mademoiselle's shoes, the beautiful bronze ones. And there's no replacing them in the shops of this country!"

Mlle. Vallet tipped her head forward to look seriously over her steel-rimmed spectacles, agreed seriously that there was certainly very little left of the pretty bronze shoes, and went seriously back to writing with her sharp steel pen a detailed description of her expedition to the Catacombs. Mlle. Vallet was a very happy woman in those days. To be in Rome, after years of grinding drudgery in the class-room, to be free to look and wander and observe at her leisure for so much in her wildest dreams supposed she would have such an opportunity! She studied and sight-saw with conscientious and absorbed exactitude, and wrote down voluminous accounts of every day's sights and the thoughts they aroused in her. "It will be the treasure-book of my old age!" she said. "I shall take it down from the shelf when I am old, and live myself back into this wonderful experience!"

"Her old age!" Eugenia wondered when she thought old age would begin. She looked 1,000 years old already to Eugenia. Heavens! Think of ever being old like that, yourself. What use could there be in living if you were old and reduced for your amusement to writing down dates and things in a journal!

"If Mademoiselle will step into her own room," said Josephine. Eugenia came to herself with a start. She had been standing in the middle of the room staring at Mlle. Vallet's back. But she had been thinking about Neale Crittenden, about those deep-set eyes of his, and how his face was lighted up when he smiled. When he smiled at her, Eugenia felt like moving from wherever she was and going to stand close beside him. What made her feel so? It was like a black-art. There was that girl at school who had been bewitched by the Breton mission-priest—bewitched so that she fell into a fever if she could not see him every day.

"There! Sit there!" said Josephine, pressing her competently into an easy chair, and beginning to undo her hooks and eyes. "I haven't much time. Mademoiselle is so late in coming in. Just a little cold cream—this horrible southern sun burns so! Oh, I can feel this awful Roman dust thick on every hair! I do wish—without seeming to presume—I do wish that Mademoiselle would consent to wear a veil—everybody does."

Eugenia moved her head from one side to the other wearily. How Josephine did chatter! She never had a quiet moment, never, and she was so tired. Feeling the supple, smooth professional fingers beginning to put on the cold cream, she held her head still and thought.

Very bitter thoughts and bewildered . . . of a person betrayed. She was betrayed! She had done everything . . . everything that she had known how to do. She had spared neither time nor money nor effort. She had worked (and she hated to work) she had worked to learn all the things she should know. She had beaten Marise at her own game. She talked better French than she, so her diction teacher said; and ever so much more distinguished English—she never made those slips into Americanisms or Gallicisms that Marise did. At least not in conversation, sometimes she still thought in American. She knew ever so much more about dressing than Marise, and about lace, and about manners. She had come to the point at last of being sure of her manners, of being able to sit down, instinctively composing herself so that she would look well from all angles, of not having to think of how to shake hands or leave a room, any more than she thought of the adjustment of a gown that Josephine had put on her. Whereas Marise still fumbled at the back of her neck at times to make sure of a hook, or had that common trick of feeling her hair to see if it were in order. Marise had stood still in all that, and she had gone forward to the goal. But as she reached it . . . .

"There," said Josephine, slipping out the hairpins, and taking up a handful of the bright hair to inspect it, "I believe—I believe," she pondered the matter profoundly, her dark, sharp intelligent face selflessly focussed on the problem, "I wander if we ought to wash it a little oftener than in Paris? There is more dust. But washing it takes the oil out so. Perhaps a little more of the Meylan dressing. That has a little fine oil in it. I know the recipe."

Eugenia occasionally thought seeing her thus, that she never was allowed to relax in unpicturesque ease. It seemed to her that Mlle. Vallet and Josephine were the ones who were really enjoying Rome! She worked so hard, she had paid the full price—and somehow the coin was of no value in this new country to which she was now transported, where she had not wanted to come, from which she would give anything to get away. She did not like Mr. Crittenden—she never had liked him—oh, why shouldn't he just once look at her and see what was there, instead of talking over her head that queer talk of his?

History! That was what he was always talking about—history that she had always hated. Here it was again to plague her! How could she have guessed that he would care about history? She sat up now till all hours reading it, till Mlle. Vallet was afraid for her eyes, and yet he didn't seem to notice when she said something about it. He just took it for granted, as if she were a man.

What did Marise want of him anyhow? She couldn't possibly expect to marry him . . . neither of them had a cent of money. She ought to think of that, to think what was best for him. It was selfish, self-centered of Marise. A man like Neale ought of course to marry money. When she thought what she could do for him! Married to her he could have exactly the life he was meant for—travel, leisure, ease—! What was it about Marise that he liked? She could do everything better than Marise now, except play the piano, and it evidently wasn't that he cared for in her, because the afternoon they had all gone to the Visconti recital he had listened just as intently to the men students and the other girls as to Marise. And when Marise asked him afterwards what music he liked best he told her bluntly the Bach that Prof. Visconti himself had played, and Marise had said she did too. She hadn't seemed to realize what an affront to her that was. Why did Marise care so much about him? Why did anybody? Eugenia couldn't understand. She couldn't understand. Her throat had a hard, aching lump in it because she couldn't understand.

"A loose soft coiffure for tonight," murmured Josephine dreamily to herself, happily twisting together the beautiful golden strands, "and the pale-blue mousseline de soie—not the evening dress" she was shocked at the idea, though nobody had suggested it, "the high-necked one with the little myosotis embroidered on the ruffles." Josephine worshipped that dress.

Eugenie sat very still, while Josephine set a jeweled comb at exactly the right angle in the golden hair. One lovely little hand was at her heart as if by pressing hard on it she could stop the ache, the other held the fresh, scented handkerchief clutched tightly, in case this time she could not keep back the tears. She mustn't cry. She mustn't cry, because Josephine would have to do her face all over.

CHAPTER L.

One night Marise woke up with a start, staring into the darkness, feeling very cold and sick. She knew what had happened. She had come to her senses in time. She had almost slipped into the trap, the trap set for her by life, which she had so mortally feared. She had been playing a foolish, reckless game of hide and seek with herself, pretending that she did not know what was happening. Neale Crittenden was in love with her. And she was falling in love with him. She wanted him.

Oh, this was the way it must always happen. This was the way all women were caught in the trap . . . These dizzying moments of joy, this causeless singing of your heart, this blind, rapturous rushing forward with outstretched arms to clasp all life to your heart . . . treacherous deadly life that only sought to debase you.

She had always wondered how women could go on, go on to the fatal moment from which there was no drawing back. Now she knew. You were poisoned, you were made mad till you longed for that moment with all your being.

But she had come to her senses in time to draw back. She would save herself, defend herself, since there was no one to help her, now more than ever. First of all, she knew passionately, she must not think of him for a moment or she would not draw back. She must not remember how he looked or spoke or moved, not even the sound of his voice. She must concentrate her thoughts on the one fact that she had almost been caught in that great dreadful trap, that she, Marise, who knew so much better, had almost fallen in love . . . love!

She drew the covers about her, as she sat bolt-upright in the dark, her teeth chattering. Love! She sickened at the sound. The gray cat . . . Jeane . . . Isabelle . . . the pictures in one of the hidden books at school . . . the passages in her mother's novels . . . her mother . . . Madame Vallery . . . Madame de la Cueva . . . they were all of them looking at her out of the dark, pointing at her, shaming her, exulting over her . . . 'You, too . . . you have come to it."

The gray cat! She was like the gray cat! She began to sob hysterically and thrust the covers into her mouth to smother the sound.

What could she do? What could she do? She had not strength left. She did not know how to defend herself! She did not want to defend herself!

She could run away. Even poor defenseless things could run away. She stopped sobbing and sprang out of bed, lighting her candle with trembling fingers. Her watch showed 3 in the morning. There was a railroad time table in the dining room. She huddled on her wrapper, thrust her feet into slippers, and, shading her candle flame, crept down stairs.

At 5, hatted and cloaked, she was gently shaking Eugenia and saying: "I'm so sorry to bother you, but do you happen to have some money on hand? I've been worrying about father for some time. It's so long since I've been back to straighten out the household for him. I've just decided to get off on the early morning train. I ought to go to see Jeanne, too. It's past my regular time for making her a visit. If you could just loan me enough to buy the ticket to Paris? I've almost enough as it is, but I must leave some for Miss Oldham and my pension."

How kind Eugenia had been! How discreet and uninquisitive! She reached under her pillow, pulled out her gold-meshed purse with the ridiculously large sum in cash she always carried with her, and gave her a 500-lira note, together with a kiss on each cheek. 'When will you be back, Marise?"

(Continued in The Morning Bee.)

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