THE SURDAY ELE. CLAHA, I \_\_\_\_AAL 13, 1925.

THE GROWING BOY

was a favorite stamping ground and ask me if it doesn't."

of Mr. Daniel Brewster, its proprietor. He liked to wander about said Archie. here, keeping a paternal eye on "I never dine." things, rather in the manner of the "What?"

jolly innkeeper of the old-fashioned novel. Customers who, hurrying in to get wegetables and nuts and things," dinner, tripped over Mr. Brewster "Dieting?" were apt to mistake him for the "Mother is." house detective, for his eye was keen "I don't absolutely catch the drift,

and his aspect a trifle austere, but, old bean," said Archie. nevertheless, he was being as jolly an The boy sniffed with half-close innkeeper as he knew how. Most of the time, Mr. Brewster poulet en casserole floated past him.

stood in one spot and just looked "Mother's a food reformer." he another of his hollow laughs. "You bit of good. Put you onto something to an acup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably Fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably Fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably Fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably Fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably Fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably Fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably Fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably Fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably Fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably Fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably Fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably Fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably Fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably Fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. On his tolerably fipe, if you know what I ping a cup of anti-caffein. would wander to the marble slab behind which he kept the desk clerk and run his eve over the register to see who had booked rooms- like a child examining the stocking on Christmas morning to ascertain what

Santa Claus had brought him. As a rule, Mr. Brewster concluded this performance by shoving the book back across the marble slab and resuming his meditations. But one night-in the early spring, he varied this procedure by starting rather violently, turning purple, and utter ing an exclamation which was manifestly an exclamation of chagrin. He turned abruptly and cannoned into his son-in-law, Archie Moffam, who, in company with Lucille, his wife, happened to be crossing the lobby on his way to dine in their sulte. Mr. Brewster apologized gruffly, then, recognizing the victim, seemed to regret having done so.

"You mustn't bully Archie," said Lucille severely, "because" he's an angel and I love him, and you must learn to love him, too."

"Cive you lessons at a reasonable rate," murmured Archie, Mr. Brewster regarded his young relative with a lowering eye.

"What's the matter, father dar ling?" asked Lucille. "You seem up-

"I am upset," Mr. Brewster snorted.

"Why, what's happened?" "Those darned McCalls have registered here."

"Bit beyond me, this," said Archie. "Deep waters and what not. Who are the McCalls?"

"Some people father dislikes," said Lucille, "And they've chosen his hotel to stop at. But, father dear, you mustn't mind. It's really a compli ment. They've come because they know it's the best hotel in New

Lucille steered her husband to the elevator.

"Poor father" she said, as they went to their suite. "It's a shame They must have done it to annoy him. This man McCall has a place next to some property father bought in Westchester, and he's bringing ! lawsuit against father about a bit of makes pop and me live on vegetables

land which he claims belongs to him He might have had tact to go to an other hotel. But, after all, I don' suppose it was the poor little fellow's

ault. He does whatever his wife tells him to.

had no hesitation now. Common hu-"Mr. McCall is one of those little you care to join me in a bite now?" meek men, and his wife's one of "Would 1? big, bullying women. It was she who smile, "Would I? Just stop me on the started all the trouble with father. street and ask me!" Father and Mr. McCall were very "Come on in, then," said Archie. fond of each other till she made him rightly taking this peculiar phrase begin the suit. I feel sure she made for formal acceptance. "And close him come to this hotel just to annoy father. Still, they've probably taken father. Still, they've probably taken the most expensive suite in the place, Archie was not a man with a wide which is something." visiting-list among people with famiwhich is something. Archie was at the telephone. His mood was now one of quiet peace. Of all the happenings which went to make up existence in New York, he liked best the cozy, tete-a-tete dinners with Lucille in their suite, which, owing to their many engagements-for Lucille was a popular girl with and to was so long since he had seen a growing boy in action at the table that he had forgotten what 16 is capable of doing with a knife and fork when it really squares its el-bows, takes a deep breath, and gas going. The spectacle which he with nessed was consequently at first a or Lucille was a popular girl with nessed was consequently at first a nany friends-occurred all too little unnerving. The long boy's idea of trifling with a meal appeared to "Touching now the question be to swallow it whole and reach out browsing and sluicing," he said, "I'll for more. He ate like a starving be getting them to send along a Eskimo. On the following morning.

chanced that Archie needed a fresh

"What's the matter, laddle?" he in

ing a bit of an onion this bright morn

ing-what-yes-no? I can see it

Mr. Blake indicated a poster which

hung on the wall behind the counter

CLOVER-LEAF SOCIAL AND

PIE-EATING CHAMPIONSHIP OF

THE WEST SIDE

SPIKE O'DOWD

BLAKE'S UNKNOWN

(Champion)

and nuts and things."

THE lobby of the Cosmopolis hotel doesn't it? Wake me up in the night one after the other in the same ring to his, one of the first persons he The word was like a battle-cry. and ask me if it doesn't." on the same evening, and given 'em saw as he entered the lobby of the "You've dined, I suppose-what?" a handicap, too. 'E would have out Cosmopolis was the long boy. At about 9 o'clock on the following Washy?" morning, in a suite at the Hotel Cos-

"Here we are again-what?" He eminent lecturer on rational eating, I'd got a couple 'undred dollars on prodded the boy amiably in the lower was seated at breakfast with her famurning a hair, as a relish with 'is tea. "Not really dine, I mean. I only 'im, and thought myself lucky to get ribs. "You're just the chap I was ily. Before her sat Mr. McCall, a lit. had convulsed -Washington's lean shame, O'Dowd, who faitered once or the thing." the odds. And now-Mr. Blake relapsed into a tortured time being?" The boy said he had no engage, centuated by a pair of glasses of semicircular shape, like half-moons

"But what's the matter with the ments. "Then I want you to stagger with the horns turned up. Behind blighter?" asked Archie. "Why can't he go over the top? Has he got indi- round with me to a chappie 1 know on these. Mr. McCall's eyes played a

Sixth avenue. It's only a couple of perpetual game of peek-a-boo, now eyes as a wave of perfume from the gestion?" "'Indigestion!"" Mr. Blake laughed blocks away. I think I can do you a peering up over them, anon ducking he another of his hollow laughs. "You bit of good. Put you onto something down and behind them. He was sip-

silence.

like.

mean. Trickle along, laddie; you right, toying listlessly with a plateful you fed 'im on safety-razor blades. "Seems last night, instead of going don't need a hat."" They found Mr. Blake brooding Mrs. McCall herself was eating a and resting 'is mind at a picture palace, like I told him to, 'e sneaked over his troubles still. The long boy scanned the poster. A For she practiced as well as preached off to some sort of a lecture down on Eighth avenue. 'E said 'e'd seen a gleam appeared in his rather dull eye. the doctrines which she had striven

piece about it in the papers, and it "Well? vas about rational eating, and that kind of attracted 'im. 'E sort of said the long boy feelingly. thought 'e might pick up a few hints

"Would you like to compete-'E didn't know what rational The boy smilled a sad smille "Would 1? Would I? Say-'

"Some people have all the luck! began with a light but nutritious inviting cereal, which looked and

slice of health-bread and nut butter.

been run through a meat chopper, "I know," interrupted Archie. competed for first place in the dis-

breakfast, at which a peculiarly un- the latter the short end of the contest; tion, even of reverence. and it was a rule at her table that tasted like an old straw hat that had the morning paper should not even be glanced at till the conclusion of the meal. She said that it was upsetting to begin the day by reading the paper, and events were to prove

In Which Archie Feeds the Famishing

and Pie Leads to Peace

that she was occasionally right. All through breakfast, The Chron-

dietary on which she felt deeply was

| broke off. "What is the matter, fellow! With a single glance, one shoulders he can shift trouble from Washy?" It seemed that the habit of shudder- bython would have had to crawl and me to the place."

"What are you talking about, a handicap, too. 'E would have out Cosmopolis was the long boy. morning, in a suite at the Hotel Cos-swallowed this 'ere O'Dowd, without "Well, well, well, well, and Archie, mopolis, Mrs. Cora Bates McCall, the ing at the thought of ple ranging of "At last-lone last-the flinish Washington?" "At last-long last-the McCall family, for, at the mention of "I'm telling you! He got me into

"Is this true?" Mrs. McCall glared looking for. Got anything on for the tle, hunted-looking man, the natural frame, and over his face there had twice, declined to eat another slice. peculiarities of whose face were ac. come an expression that was almost He tottered off, and kindly men ral- stonily at Archie. "Was it you who lied round with oxygen. But Washy, lured my poor boy into that-that one of pain. "Pie-" proceeded Mrs. McCall, in Cora Bates's son, seemed disappointed

her platform voice. She stopped it was done. He somehow made those "That binge over on the West again abruptly. "Whatever is the present feel he'd barely started on his Side? Oh. absolutely! The fact is, matter, Washington? You are mak-meal. We asked him, "Aren't you don't you know, a dear old pal of matter, Washington? You are mak- mean. We asked min, Aren't you don't you know, a dear old pal of ing me nervous." "I'm all right." Mrs. McCall had lost the thread of for the street—"where I can get a ing me nervous."

her remarks. Moreover, having now bite to eat." Oh, what a lesson does champion, and the chapple was confinished her breakfast, she was in- it teach to all of us, that splendid verted by one of your lectures and clined for a little light reading. One speech? How better can the curtain swore off pie at the 11th hour. Dash-of the subjects allied to the matter of fall on Master Washington McCall?" ed hard luck on the poor chap, don't Mr. McCall read this epic through; you know! And then I got the idea the question of reading at meals. She then he looked at his son. If such a that our little friend here was the was of the opinion that the strain on thing had not been so impossible, one one to step in and save the situash; for so many years to inculcate in an unsave the situation of the strain on would have said that his gaze had in so I broached the matter to him. And began with a light but nutritious the digestion, could not fall to give it something of respects of admira-I'll tell you one thing," said Archie handsomely, "I don't know what sort "But how did they find out your of a capacity the original chapple

By P. G. WODEHOUSE

Illustrated by JEFFERSON MACHAMER

name?" he asked, at length. had, but I'll bet he wasn't in your Mrs. McCall exclaimed impatiently, son's class." For many years, Mr. McCall had "Is that all you have to say?" "No, no, my dear; of course not. been in a state of suppressed revolu-But the point struck me as curious." tion. He had smoldered, but had not "Wretched boy," cried Mrs. McCall, dared to blaze. But this startling up-

were you insane enough to reveal heaval of his fellow sufferer, Washy, our name?' Washington wriggled uneasily.

bama Archie was standing in the doorway, beaming ingratiatingly on the

family. The apparition of an entire stranger served to divert the lightning of Mrs. McCall's gaze from the unfortunate Washy. Archie, catching it between the eyes, blinked and held on to the wall. He began to regret that he had yielded to Lucille's entreaty that he should look in on the McCall's and use the magnetism of his person-ality upon them in the hope of induc-

ing them to settle the law-suit. "I think," said Mrs. McCall icily, "that you must have mistaken your room.

Archie rallied his shaken forces. "Oh, no; rather not! Better introknow.

Mr. McCall seemed about to speak, but his wife anticipated him. "Mr. Brewster's attorneys are in communication with ours. We do not wish to discuss the matter."

Archie resumed his discourse: "No-but I say, you know! I'll tell you what happened. I hate to totter in where I'm not wanted and all that, but my wife made such a point of it. She begged me to look you up and see whether we couldn't do something

ADVERTISEMENT.

about settling the jolly old thing. How about it?" He broke off. "Great Scott! I say-what?" So engrossed had he been in his Archie. appeal that he had not observed the

"I consider you, Mr. Moffam," he presence of the ple-eating champion

> Archie blushed modestly. ald h

licle had been lying neatly folded

had no hesitation now. Common hu-manity pointed out his course. "Would lad. Scared been going on in the past, fight the good fight for you." views on the latter's superior ghastli-interests of the public at heart, had way 'e'd been going on in the past, fight the good fight for you." 'e'd got any stum- Mr. Blake's English training still ness. Both Washington and his fath-

side her plate. She now opened it, and with a remark about looking for of the West Side, But now Washingdecided to place her.

plosive. There was a strange gleam "Hullo-ullo-ullo! What ho? What in his eye, a gleam of determination. "Washy!" His voice had lost its deprecating ildness. It rang strong and clear.

"Yes, pop?" "How many ples did you eat?" "A good few. "How many? Twenty?"

had acted upon him like a high ex-

"More than that. I lost count." "And you feel as well as ever?" "I feel fine."

Mr. McCall met his wife's eye with ulet determination.

"Cora," he said resolutely, "I have come to a decision. I've been letting you run things your own way a little too long in this family. I am going to assert myself. For one thing, I've

had all I want of this food-reform feel. ery. Look at Washy! Yesterday that duce myself-what? My name's boy seems to have consumed anything from a couple of hundredweight to a boy seems to have consumed anything ster's son-in-law, and all that sort of ton of pie, and he has thriven on it. rot, if you know what I mean." He Thriven! I don't want to hurt your gulped and continued. "I've come feelings, Cora, but Washington and about this jolly old lawsuit, don't you I have drunk our last cup of anticaffein. If you care to go on with the stuff, that's your lookout. But Washy and I are through." He si-

lenced his wife with a masterful gesture, and turned to Archie. "And there's another thing: I never liked the idea of that lawsuit, but I let you talk me into it. Now I'm going to do things my way. Mr. Moffam, I'm glad you looked in this morning; I'll do just what you want. Take me to

Dan Brewster now, and let's call the thing off and shake hands on it." "Are you mad, Lindsay?" It was Cora Bates McCall's last

shot. Mr. McCall paid no attention to it. He was shaking hands with

said, "the most sensible young man I' ion, hearing the familiar voice, had have ever met."

he said. "I wonder if you'd mind

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moved from the window and was

"Come on in then," said Archie, "and close the door. The fatted calf is getting cold."

eating was, but it sounded to 'im as if | "Wake you up in the night and ask like of her husband and son with and nuts and things. Archie was shocked. "My dear old chap, you must suffer agomes—absolute shooting-pains!" He had no hesitation now. Common hu-had no hesitation now. Common hu-

OR, good gracious!" What's the matter?"

supply of tobacco. It was his cus Tye just remembered. I promised tom, when this happened, to repair thfully I would so and see Jane to a small shop on Sixth avenue. His Murchison today, I must rush. She's relations with Joe Blake, the protell you what. Order something for The discovery that Mr. Blake was me, and, if I'm not back in half an English and had, indeed, until a few years back, maintained an establish hour, start." The waiter arrived, booked the

ment only a dozen doors or so from order, and departed. Archie had just Archie's London club had served as completed his toilet after a showera bond. bath when a musical clinking with-

Today he found Mr. Blake in de out announced the advent of the pressed mood. After a short and meal. He opened the door. The waiter melancholy good-morning, he turned with things under covers, from which to get the tobacco in silence. was there with a table congested Archie's sympathetic nature wa

escaped a savory and appetizing odor. In spite of his depression. perturbed. Archie's soul perked up a trifle. quired. "You would seem to be fee

Suddenly he became aware that he was not the only person present who was deriving enjoyment from the scent of the meal. Standing beside with the naked eye." the waiter and gazing wistfully at the foodstuffs, was a long, thin boy Archie had noticed it as he came in. of about 16. He was one of those boys It was printed in black letters on a who seem all legs and knuckles. He yellow ground, and ran as follows: 1 1d pale-red hair, sandy eyelashes. and a long neck; and his eyes, as he removed them from the table and OUTING CLUB GRAND CONTEST raised them to Archie's, had a hungry

"That smells good," said the boy. He inhaled deeply. "Yes, sir," he con-tinued, as one whose mind is definitely made up; "that smells good." Before Archie could reply, the tele

A PURSE OF \$50 AND SIDE BET phone-bell rang. It was Lucille, con-Archie expressed a kindly hope that firming her prophecy that Jane would the other's Unknown would bring insist on her staying to dine.

"Jane," said Archie into the tele-"is a pot of poison. vaiter is here now, setting out a rich banquet, and I shall have to eat two of everything by myself." He hung up the receiver, and, turning, met the pale eye of the long boy, yes; but not now,"

who had propped himself up in the doorway. Were you expecting somebody to Inquired del'cately.

dinner?" asked the boy. "Why, yes, old friend; I was." "I wish-

formalities and consent to join his comes from London, like you and me seemed to link themselves up to ward. I can slip away.' meal. Indeed, the idea, Archie got —'e's always 'ad, ever since he land gether. The woman who had delivered Archie patted his he meal. Indeed, the ideal Archie got — es always ad, ever ande ne ideal gether. The woman who had derivered a Archie parted his head. was that, if he were not invited pret-ty moon, he would invite himself. "Yes," he agreed; "it doesn't smell backed 'im against a ruddy orstridge, other than the mother of his young the long boy was gazing earnestly bad-what?"

"It smrlis good," soid the boy. "Oh, art a cozen orstridges-take 'em on As if destiny were suiting her plans "Plet" he said in a hushed voice, about production the about the prost of the contraction of the second of hadron and

er, however, would have been fairmick left. It was a lady that give the retained a nice eye for the lecture, and this boy said it was tions of class. amazing what she told 'em about "But this y minded enough to admit that it was a close thing. "But this young gentleman's

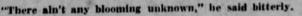
blood-pressure and things 'e didn't young gentleman," he urged doubteven know 'e 'ad. She showed 'em fully, yet with hope shining in his with grave approval. "I am glad to see, Lindsay,' she for formal acceptance. "And close with the pictures colored pictures of what eye. "He wouldn't do it." "I am the door. The fatted calf is getting pictures inside the injudicious eater's "Wouldn't do what?" asked the said to her husband, whose eyes

'appens inside the injudicious eater's stummick who doesn't chew his food, boy,

FERSAN

CHAMER

sprang dutifully over the glass fence CLOVER -LEAF SOCIAL AND OUTING CLUB GRAND CONTEST PIE-EATING CHAMPIONSHIP of the WEST SIDE SPIKE O'DOWD D (CHAMPION) BES UNKNOWN



home the bacon. Mr. Blake laughed one of those hold low, mirthless laughs. "There shid bitterly. This man, anyhow, eating pie would of shootin' im-known." he said bitterly. This man. known," he said bitterly. This man had plainly suffered. "Yesterday. 'im, Mr. Moffam, with tears in my yes, but not now."

Archie sighed. "'In the midst of life.' Dead?" he knock and 'opped it down the street leture last night that made the nom-"He did look flushed.

to buy nuts. Two 'undred dollars ince quit. You must charge in and "As good As," replied the stricken and more gone pop, nat to talk of take his place. Sort of poetic justice, tobacconist. He cast aside his arti- the 50 dollars 'e would have won, and don't you know, and whatnot." He to say that I was anxious. But he is evidently perfectly well this mornficial restraint and became voluble. "It's 'ard, sir; it's blooming 'ard, turned to Mr. Blake, "When is the me to get 25 of!" ing. You do feel perfectly well this Archie took his tobacco and walked conflict supposed to start? Two-thirmorning, Washy?"

"Oh, nothing." Archie was not an abnormally rapid I'd got the event all Sewed up in a thinker, but he began at this point to get a clearly defined impression that this ind, if invited, would waive the lad of mine-sort of cousin, 'e is-it. was odd, he feit, how things

Archie patted his head.

confronting him with an accusin behind his glasses, scrutinized her face closely as she began to read. He stare. "He made me do ft" said Washy, telling my jolly old father-in-law that, Mrs. McCall regarded her offspring always did this on these occasions, with the stern joy a 16-year-old feels It'll be a bit of news for him." for none knew better than he that his when he sees somebody onto whose

comfort for the day depended largely on some unknown reporter whom he had never met.

Today, he noted with relief. all seemed to be well. The story actually was on the front page. Mrs. McCall gave a sharp shriek. and the paper fluttered from her hand.

"My dear!" said Mr. McCall with oncern.

His wife had recovered the paper. "Washington!" A basilisk glare shot I and run-down, if you are boy to stone-all except his mouth, losing weight steadily, lack appewhich opened feebly. "Washington! tite, have no strength or energy-Is this true? Washy closed his mouth, then let it

slowly open again.

"My dear!" Mr. McCall's voice was alarmed. "What is it? "What is the benefited by the Tanlac treatmatter? Is anything wrong? "Wrong! Read for yourself!" Mr. McCall was completely mysti-

fied. Where, Mr. McCall asked him- that it's sheer folly not to make self, did Washington come in? He looked at the paper and per-

eived immediate enlightenment. Head-lines met his eyes. GOOD STUFF IN THIS BOY.

ABOUT A TON OF IT. on of Cora Bates McCall, Famous Food Reform Lecturer, Wins Pie-Eating Championship of West Side. There followed a lyrical outburst, organs and enables the sickly o uplifted had the reporter evident- body to regain its vanished by feit for the importance of his news weight. that he had been unable to confine

You don't need to wait long to imself to prose. "My children, if you fail to shine get results. Tanlac goes right to or triumph in your special line; if. the seat of trouble. In a day or let us say, your hopes are bent on so you note a vast difference in some day being president, and folks your condition. You have more gnore your proper worth and say youve not got a chance on earth, appetite, sleep better at night and heer up, for, in these stirring days, the color begins to creep back into fame may be won in many ways. Con- your washed-out cheeks. sider, when your spirits fall, the case Don't put off taking Tanlac

the test.

of Washington McCall. another precious day. Step into His mother (nee Miss Cora Bates)

s one who frequently orates upon the proper kind of food which every menu ould include, With eloquence the world she weans for chops and steaks and pork and beans. Such horrid things she'd like to crush and make us live on milk and mush, But, oh. the thing that makes her sigh is

when she sees us eating ple! (We heard her lecture last July upon "The Nation's Menace-Pie.) Alas, the hit it made was small with Master Washington McCall,

see the great ple-eating champion. where men with bulging cheeks and eyes consume vast quantities of pies. "Very flushed. And, when he said that he had no appetite, I am bound held the champion. Spike O'Dowd. endeavor to defend his throne against an upstart. Blake's Unknown. He wasn't an Unknown at all. He was young Washington McCall.

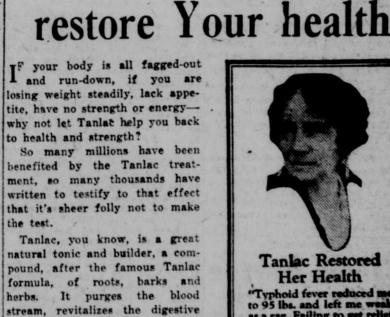
"The champion was a willing lad He gave the public all he had. His was a genuine fighting soul. He'd

The heir of the McCalls looked up

from his cereal.

"Uh-huh," he said.

Mrs. McCall nodded. "Surely now you will agree, Lind-is what a boy needs. I shudder was the motto on his shield: "O'Dowds dose opens clogged up nostrils and air quickest, surest relief known and coste when I think of the growing boys who may burst. They never yield." His passages of head; stops nose running: only thirty-five cents at drug stores, are permitted by irresponsible people eyes began to start and coll. He relieves headache, dullness, feverish. Tastes nice. Contains no guining. to devour meat-candy-ple-" She eased his belt another hole. Poor ness, encering. The second and third Insist upon Pape's,



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Mrs. J. B. Terry, 1101 Park St., Ft. Worth, 7

the nearest drug store and get a bottle of this world-famed tonic. That's the first important step

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