

Plans Complete For Elaborate Ak-Sar-Ben Festival Of 1921.

**Automobile
And Horse Races,
Flying Stunts And
Musical Shows
Among Attractions**

"Go"
When the starter shouts this command at Ak-Sar-Ben track Tuesday afternoon, the cream of Great Western circuit race horses will obey that impulse, and race fans will see the beginning of one of the classiest race meets held in the west.

For this meet 176 horses, pacers, trotters and "jumpers" have been entered, while purses of more than \$5,000 have been hung up for the winners.

The 2:08 pace the opening day is the smallest card of entries for the entire meet. Only six horses are entered. But the host of wonderful horse-flesh that will be in that event will make up in quality what it lacks in quantity. Hal Mahone, 2:01 1/4; Kid Hal, 2:05 1/4; Red Lauceol, 2:02 1/4; Russell Boy, 2:00 1/4; Tiberius, 2:05 1/4; Johnnie Quirk, 2:01 1/4 are the entries and a better field of goers would be hard to find.

The 2:11 pace for a purse of \$1,500 and the 2:12 trot for a similar purse are the big events on Wednesday and Thursday programs.

Each race has 21 entries. It is thought that out of those entries at least 12 will hear the word "go" by the starter.

The 2:15 trot Friday, the closing day of the meet, is the class of that day's program. In this event 16 horses have been entered. The 2:10 pace Thursday has 15 entries, so there is no danger of any horse shortage during this meet.

The colts will be given an opportunity to show their mettle this season. The 3-year-old pace Thursday has 15 youngsters entered, and the 2-year-old trot for the same day has 14 entries. There are some fast babies in the lot of youngsters and some good races are expected.

In addition to the races a host of free acts on the platform in front of the grandstand, on the race track and in the air are to be given after each heat.

"The Smiles of 1921," a musical extravaganza with pretty girls, peppy music and beautiful costumes will spread joy each afternoon and evening.



Grandstand crowd watching Ak-Sar-Ben races

Some of the best trotters and sidewheeler of the Great and Great Western circuits are entered for Ak-Sar-Ben fall meet this year.

SHIELOR PHOTOS

Ruth Law, sensational aviatrix, will do stunt flying for festival crowds. She plans to fly in an illuminated plane at night.

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A STORY OF KID RILEY

THE CRACK OF THE WHIP

By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

Continued From Page Three.

he knew how much he had coming to him, and I stuck it in the bank for him—having made that lawyer guy put things through the courts which made me trustee for the Kid's sake.

I won't bore you with superfluous details; but it's pronounced that way and ought to be. The long and short of it was that less than two years later the Kid finished Eddie Franklin out on the coast, and when they put his picture in the papers next day they had a headline which said he was lightweight champion of the world.

The best part of it was that we all knew he wasn't no fluke champ. True, he didn't have the cleverness of Paddy MacFarland nor the punch of Joe Wolcott, nor the speed of Young Ahern; but when it came to all-round scrapping he was there with the best of them. Of course, right after he won the title he went on a vaudeville tour and got away with quite a bit of soft coin, and then it was the Kid who came to me and showed that he wanted to get back into harness again.

So back to the big burg we go, and I fit up accommodations for him at a roadhouse in Westchester, and hire him a string of sparring partners, and he gets into trim right fast when managers fall all over each other to match him up.

But being champ didn't turn the Kid's head none whatever. Believe me he was the modestest thing I ever run across. I sort of got to imagine him a regular schoolboy until he came to me for the two and a half centuries to buy a doll the sign of submission.

I didn't have the slightest objection to the Kid getting married—I was glad of it, in fact. The right girl sort of acts as an anchor to a man who has more money than he knows what to do with, especially if the bright lights ever get his nangs. So I come across with his two-fifty, but I allow that I'd like to give Rose LaBelle the octover.

The Kid beams like a day in June, and insists on taking me pronto down to the hotel where she is stopping. Knowing a thing or two about the women whose names are similar in sound to Rose LaBelle, I suggest that he call her first and let her know we're going to drop in—which suggestion he takes and tells me she says she'll be delighted.

Two hours later the bellhop tells us we're to come on up, and up we go, and into the suite of rooms consisting of bedroom, parlor and bath which Miss LaBelle occupies. The Kid goes in first, proud as a Boy Scout on parade, and the girl rises to the occasion, as if she were closing the door and the Kid turns like he was presenting me at court.

"Mister Joe," he says tremulously, "meet Miss LaBelle, my future intended."

She slipped me five fishlike fingers and raised her drooping baby-blue eyes to mine. Maybe she fooled the Kid, but they didn't fool me none whatever. And she knew it, and into them there came a flash of fire, a sort of challenge—as much as to say: "Mebbe you're his manager, but I've got the inside track and I'm gonna keep it. And when I get right close to her I see that the golden hair of her was dark brown at the roots.

that her and I was gonna be the best of friends. She counters in the same strain—but believe me, there was a declaration of war right there and for the first time I sympathized with them Russians who didn't have enough munitions. She had a clove hitch on the Kid, and knowing his innocence as I did, I wasn't wondering at it none whatever.

I stayed for about an hour and in the course of the conversation found that Miss LaBelle had been in "the profession" closer questioning wisd me up that she had been a chorus girl, first on the road, then in the Follies. She had the looks all right. Born with most of them and the rest cultivated—like the blond hair and the nice looking eyebrows and the color in her cheeks.

Eventually we break away and the Kid allows that as soon as he finishes his scrap with Tommy Buck he'll get married and take a honeymoon trip on the two thousand and five hundred dollars that gonna be handed him as a honorarium. Of course, I get one thousand and two hundred and fifty dollars of that, but the balance is enough even for her honeymoon, I'm thinking.

I'm too wise to buck the Kid, especially when I see that the Indian sign the spider had on the fly ain't a circumstance to what this dame has on him, but during the training I try in a little of the inside stuff, getting to make the Kid see that Rose LaBelle ain't the genuine stuff, but I might as well have tried to make Bill Bryan believe that war ain't hell.

The fight comes off in the Garden with reserved seats withdrawn from the market account of the demand and rather room selling at a premium. And what the Kid does to Buck is a plenty. There wasn't a man in the place who ever called him a cheese-champ after that bout. No, he didn't finish Buck, but I don't believe any man ever took such a lacing since Carl Morris was cut into chopmeat by Jim Flynn in the same ring.

Then came the marriage ceremony; about as quiet as a St. Patrick's day parade. But everybody agreed that Rose LaBelle looked queenly—which was all that the Kid needed to make him more than perfectly happy.

As there hadn't been no regular invitation, Rose had announcement cards printed, and some "at homes" which announced that Mr. and Mrs. Patrick LaBelle-Riley (some moniker, eh?) would be at home at number 30-and-so Riverside Drive, at such-and-such a date. She was after the style, that chicken was.

And when we was throwing rice and shoes and bidding 'em good-bye to the occasion, as if she were closing the door and the Kid turns like he was presenting me at court.

"Mister Joe," he says tremulously, "meet Miss LaBelle, my future intended."

She slipped me five fishlike fingers and raised her drooping baby-blue eyes to mine. Maybe she fooled the Kid, but they didn't fool me none whatever. And she knew it, and into them there came a flash of fire, a sort of challenge—as much as to say: "Mebbe you're his manager, but I've got the inside track and I'm gonna keep it. And when I get right close to her I see that the golden hair of her was dark brown at the roots.

"Yes, it's yours, Kid. What's the rub? Ain't our plan always worked? Don't you know where every dollar is? Have I ever handed out less 'n you wanted?"

"Tain't that," he retorted, with a sort of harassed look. "It's—ah! th' devil! Mister Joe, Rosie just don't like it, and what she says goes—see?"

Of course, as far as that guardianship paper went I had the Kid dead to rights, but I tore it up and made an accounting and forked over the coin and then sat back to watch results. I saw 'em two days later when the Kid buys a limousine; a great, big husk of a car it was with a shiny black body and a vase for orchids, and a chauffeur. Rose LaBelle-Riley was going to live—and live high.

I stood for a month-long honeymoon, and then I dropped in on them one night in their Riverside Drive apartment. Her and Kid were going to it lammer and tongs. The Kid, simple guy that he is, invites me in right in the middle of the mix-up, and appeals to me—like he'd always used to do before that female womag butt in.

"Some of her swell sassiest friends comin' up here tonight," pipes the Kid desperately, "an' Rosie—"

"I told you not to call me Rosie," she snaps angrily. "My name is Rose."

"—an' Rose says I gotta doll all up in an open-face suit. It's rotten stuff. I'd rather wear fightin' trunks."

"And you'd look better in them," she spouts once more.

"He sure would," I says calmly. "That's his type," she comes back, quick as a gallop.

"It is. It is the type that made him champion of the world, and you want him to marry him, and pay for this fancy apartment and that big limousine and those diamonds you're exhibiting. Yeh, I reckon he does look better in fighting togs than in anything else. That's what I dropped down to see him about."

"And I suppose," she says bitterly, "that you wanna get hold of his money again. The very idea of you taking half the money he made when all you did was to sit back—and he did all the fightin'. Robbery I call it!"

The Kid had been playing safe and neutral up to that time, but at that his face flamed and he took a hand in the game.

"Cut that, Rosie," he says harshly, more harshly than I'd ever heard him speak. "I won't stand for you and 'Whore' Kid," he advises quietly. "This is her home, and she can be as much of a lady as she likes in it. If she don't like me, and insists on callin' me harsh names, the best thing I can do is to get out. But before I go I'll say one thing, Kid. It's this—I ain't been doin' no gumshoe work since you got married, but I happen to know that I G. M. has been early for you to hit the hay, and that once or twice you've tasted a sip of champagne, and that you ain't a lot—begin' your pardon, Miss Riley—to put a champ on the blink. What I'd advise, Kid, is that you do it this sassiest stuff. Let the wife do it if she wants; but you cut the smoke and the fizz water, tie yourself down to the hay from 9 p. m. to 5 a. m. Do 10 or 15 miles on the road, and get back into trim. There's many a guy gunnin' for your scalp."

Of course everybody went wild, and I collected my bets and the papers went crazy and said the Kid was the greatest of all lightweight kings; but I wasn't fooled.

"I don't think I need to say that LaBelle—what's-her-name made capital out of that win. The Kid pulled down \$1,500 for that four minutes of scrapping and Rose put it to him that he didn't need no training more'n just a couple of weeks before a battle."

Then, to make matters worse, her old theatrical enthusiasm cropped up once more. You've met 'em haven't you—these leggy broilers who think they've Bernhard backed off the map and that nothin's good enough for them, but Shakespeare or Broadway or one of them big playwrights? Rose was that, and then some. The long and short of it was that she arranges a vaudeville engagement with the billing of—

KID RILEY
Peerless Lightweight Champion of the World
assisted by the famous
ROSE LABELLE
Premiere Danseuse.

I didn't say a word to the Kid about 'em; his manager, and he sort of steered clear of the subject when he was around me. And, of course, when they went on the road for their 28 weeks, I knew blamed well that I'd never see a cent of the money they raked in.

What's the use? Twenty-eight weeks is mighty close to seven months. So I'll skip that seven months—and the Kid came back to me fifteen pounds over weight, flabby for a prize fighter), a bit bloodshot; and he announced that he was ready to go into training again.

Honest, I wanted to cry. If it had been any one but the boob of an unsophisticated Kid, I'd have handed him one and consigned him below.

It seems that there was a reason for the Kid coming to me at that time. Eddie Lonegan, a Pacific coast lightweight, had cleaned up everything out there that bore the stamp of class, and had invaded the east. What he had done to the high-class crop of lightweights was a sin and a shame. And one fact stood out starkly—he was the one lightweight who was in a position to demand a chance at the title.

So we signed new managerial articles, and I started him training. There ain't no use going into the details; but the Kid was all in.

Managers all over the country started bidding for the fight. The Kid was offered six thousand for his share of a ten-round battle, but he was for taking it, but the Kid refused.

"Carey, out on the coast, offers twelve thousand for a twenty-round bout," he says. "I need the money."

"He'll wear you out, Kid," I pleaded.

I battled with the Kid for a month. I begged with him and pleaded with him and argued with him. Nothing doing. He was adamant.

A funny little thing happened a few days before the signing of articles. The Kid came to me looking kind of strange, and, like the Kid, let straight from the shoulder.

"Say," he says abruptly, "Eddie Lonegan knows my wife."

"Is that so?" I asks politely.

"Yeh, I seen them in my limousine just now. Funny, ain't it, that I should gonna be fightin' him soon?"

I agreed that it was very funny, and then shifted the conversation into other channels.

Well, Rose LaBelle kept on cracking the whip, and the Kid kept on doing the tricks she wanted.

But this time she cracked once too often. The fight with Eddie Lonegan was a worse farce than the notorious Johnson-Jeffries argument out Reno. The Kid didn't have a chance from the gong. Eddie just played back and laughed at him, and jabbed and jabbed and jabbed. It was sickening. The Kid was gone all over, and gameness helped him out until the 14th round. Then he started going down. Once in the 14th, three times in the 15th, six times in the 16th he went down for the count. In the 17th it was all over, and Eddie Lonegan was lightweight champion of the world.

The Kid was all broken up. I went back east with him, and didn't see him for three days. Then he come to me looking miserable enough to cry. He doesn't say a word, but sticks a legal paper into my mitt.

One look shows me that it's a suit for divorce, instituted by Rose against the Kid, and charging cruelty and incompatibility.

No, the Kid didn't fight it. It went through flying, and the Kid was soaked for heavy alimony. And as though that wasn't enough—less a month after the divorce—Rose LaBelle marries Eddie Lonegan, lightweight champion of the world.

That's where the Kid hit the road to hell!

There wasn't no use trying to do a thing with him. It's just that way with a man when a woman's pulled the Delilah stuff on him. He starts for the bottom, and he gets there in record time. It was pathetic—it was worse than that. And it seems that she'd just held them papers back long enough to have that twelve thousand the Kid got for losing to Eddie Lonegan put in her name at the bank.

There was the Kid, as close to broke as a man can ever get, borrowing money from me, drinking like a fish—and developing a hate for that woman that did my heart good. The awakening had been rung, but thorough.

It was an inspiration that worked a reformation. My inspiration, I cornered him one day in Chris's place—a hangout for pugilistic and theatrical hasbeens; the Kid with his boyish face already a bit seamed with the fast life.

"Kid," I says, "I take it that you're wise that Rose handed you a dirty deal—played you for a sucker all the way through."

His face got real ugly.

"Go ahead," he says tensely.

"I guess you wouldn't like nothing better than to even the score a bit?"

"Right again."

"Well, Kid, I got a plan!"

He broke into a cold sweat of hope and leaned across the table, staring at me.

"Mr. Joe—I'll do anything—anything in this world to get even with that woman. She did me, Mr. Joe; did me brown. And I was sucker enough to stand for it because I—loved her, and I thought she meant it when she said—Ah, hell, you understand?"

"I understand, Kid. Well, this is my plan. When you was in your prime you was a better man any day in the week than this cheesy Eddie Lonegan. His eyes glinted at mention of the name of Rosie's husband."

"The do say, Kid, that there ain't no such thing as a comeback. I agree with 'em on general principles. But, Kid, rules is only proved by exceptions."

"What I'm suggesting, Kid, is that you come back with me, let me finance a little training at Westchester; buck the apparatus for about six months straight, and then snap you up if any promoter will offer a decent purse, because he offers you're pie for him—him and Rose has probably laughed at you a dozen times—and I can tip off one or two promoters that you've got the stuff. Care real strict. They'll snap you! How about it, Kid?"

The Kid shoves his glass of red-eye off the table and it busts off the sawdust floor. Then he sticks his hand out and clasps mine.

"Until I beat Eddie Lonegan," he says. "I'm done with the booze. That's on the level!"

Of course, I knew the Kid never could win from Lonegan. No man who's blacklid that far ever can come back entirely. But I will hand it to him on the way he worked. In a month the bear had gone from his eyes, and the flabbiness of the muscles was giving way to the rocklike hardness which had been there before he ran foul of Rose LaBelle.

I tipped off a bunch of my newspaper friends—and having been in the game once myself, they fell for it—and pretty soon the papers all over the country were screaming news of the attempted comeback of Kid Riley, ex-champion. And because I had talked confidentially a few places, there wasn't any ha-ha-ing over it.

Only Eddie Lonegan had his little goggle; and after I had taken Bob Edgren and Damon Runyon and Goldberg and a few other big experts up to see the Kid work out, and they had written their opinions on the Kid's comeback, I had a confidential like—he hung up a purse of \$10,000 for a 10-round go. And because the Kid was so wild for a chance, he agreed that Eddie Lonegan should take \$9,000 win, lose or draw, while the Kid got the remaining \$1,000. And his training allowance was due to cost that much.

Eddie accepted right off quick. It looked like chicken money to him—the easiest sort of easy coin. And two months later I saw the Kid, pink and white and with his eyes clear and his step springy, climb into the ring and receive instructions from Dan Smiley, the famous referee.

Knowing the motives behind this comeback stunt, I was prepared to see the Kid wade in and mix things from the gong. And I was never more surprised in my life than to see him, after they'd touched gloves, step back and throw up a long-range guard.

They sparred, they boxed, they danced in and out and landed light lefts and rights to face and body. The first round ended tamer. A half-dozen blows had landed on each man, but no punishment had been inflicted.

The second round was a repetition of the first, and the third of the second.

The fourth and fifth rounds passed uneventfully, and still the Kid retained his freshness. But his eyes were glittering, and he took my words of encouragement without so much as a look or word, except when he said, between the fifth and sixth rounds:

"I'm gonna win, Mr. Joe! I'm gonna win!"

In the sixth round Eddie changed his tactics. Seemingly the sparring of the first five rounds had gotten on his nerves, just as it had on the nerves of the crowd. He watched for his opening and waded in. The Kid clinched without attempting any infighting. Eddie came in once more,

slugging like a pile-driver. And again the Kid clinched. The crowd hooted, but the Kid merely smiled slightly. Similar tactics continued through the seventh round. It was Lonegan's fight by a tremendous majority, but I knew that the Kid hadn't uncorked yet.

In the eighth round he starts things. Lonegan, falsely confident that the Kid was going to hang on until the end, came in uncovered. Biff! The Kid's right shot into the stomach, and Lonegan grunted. He backed away with a sudden terror, and the Kid was after him. Bang! Bang! Bang! A tattoo like a punching bag rang out, first his right to Eddie's head, then his left and then his right again.

This time it was the champion who covered. Then the Kid ignored the howling of the crowd and played safe for the balance of the round.

In the ninth he took no chances until just the right opening presented itself, and then he slammed in a fusillade of blows to the head and body, and once again the champion covered. At the end of the round the champion was breathing like a steam engine, while the Kid seemed fresh as at the commencement.

It was the gong at the beginning of the 10th round which awakened the Kid. His jaw set and his eyes blazed and he streaked across the ring. And that was where I climbed up on my seat and howled. The spectators went wild. I have never seen such fighting! The blows were beyond count. At the end of a half-minute of fight, Lonegan went down.

He took the count of eight and arose. The Kid, breathing stertorously, and cursing gutterally, a straining arm of the referee and piled all over his man; ignoring the puny blows he received, and driving home lefts and rights to the stomach and wind—always the body, never the head.

Lonegan broke ground. His face wore a hunted, harassed look. The Kid came in and the champion tried to clinch. The Kid's right streaked through his guard and landed on the solar plexus.

Dan Smiley counted 10 over the prostrate form of Eddie Lonegan. And frenzied fanatics burst into the ring and lifted to their shoulders the recreated lightweight champion—Kid Riley.

And when it was all over and the Kid was dressed and had gone to the hotel with me to talk things over, I asked him a question:

"How did you have the nerve to play that waiting game, Kid?" I asked.

He smiled slowly.

"I didn't know Lonegan," he said softly. "But I know Rosie. I know how she ruled me, and I knew no husband of hers could stand the gaff, cause why? 'Cause they've been drinkin' champagne bought with my money, ridin' until all hours of the night with my limousine. I wasn't fightin' Lonegan, Mister Joe, I was fightin' Rosie's husband. That's why I won."

"I've fought my last fight. I'm quittin' the ring. And why? 'Cause, Mister Joe—there ain't nothin' that'll make Rosie sorer than to know I quit the game while I was fightin' her husband. That's why I won."

"He laughed shortly.

"Me an' booze is done, Mister Joe. I wonder," wistfully, "if we can't draw up some more guardianship papers, an' have you handle things for me once more?"

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