

# FIRST LOVES

By FELIX RIESENBERG

## FOURTH INSTALMENT

Synopsis: Johnny Breen, 16 years old, who has spent all his life aboard a Hudson River tugboat plying near New York, is tossed into the river by a terrific explosion which sinks the tug, drowns his mother and the man he called father. Ignorant, unschooled and fear driven, he drags himself ashore, hides in the friendly darkness of a covered truck—only to be licked out at dawn—and into the midst of a tough gang of boys who beat and chase him. He escapes into a basement doorway where he hides. The next day he is rescued and taken into the home of a Jewish family living in the rear of their second-hand clothing store. He works in the sweatshop store—and is openly courted by Becka—the young daughter. . . . The scene shifts to the home of the wealthy Van Horns—on Fifth Avenue, where lives the bachelor—Gilbert Van Horn—in whose life there is a hidden chapter.

That chapter was an affair with his mother's maid, who left the house when he was accused. The love of Johnny Breen and Gilbert Van Horn first cross when Van Horn sees Breen win his first important ring battle.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

## EIGHTH INSTALMENT

"I'm getting ready to go back to the city. I don't know, it seems to me as if my life was to be there, doing something for the city, not just helping Pug pound money out of fat studs who come up here." John and Van Horn were then resting on a fence rail in the shade of an oak, looking across the valley that separated them by a mile or more from Greenbough. They talked idly. Van Horn pulled out a burnt cigar and filled it. He drew a few puffs of smoke.

"You've studied a lot." The older man had a very wholesome regard for John's extraordinary researches.

"Well, yes, I have, Gil. But Pug tells me to get on the road. He's right. But I want your slant on this. I'm going in for engineering. Mr. Rantoul has sort of set my mind that way, not by saying anything to me, but by the way he talks, when he's up here, I never get a more certain man in my life. He's a big man, Gil, a big as his fingers, and now he's going to swing another one over the river."

"A civil engineer?" Van Horn looked sideways at John. "It's a stiff profession; if you go through the school."

"I guess it's part of that fight; in the city."

"You've been thinking about this a long time?" It was a question.

"Off and on for a year, I guess. I've been worrying, Gil. I'm not satisfied. I'd hate to say it, especially to Pug, after all he's done for me."

"You've told me a lot about the Rowary. John, and a lot about the East Side. It's the river I'd like to hear about." Van Horn spoke, haltingly.

"Well, Gil, there's not much to tell. My mother was everything on the river. Now that I know more, I realize she was not able to help me. Gil, she was beautiful." John's eyes held a far-away look. "Her name was Harriet, Harriet Jones, of Haverstray. I know, now, from what I can recall from things I heard. Breen was not my father. John spoke slowly. He reit his pipe, and looked off over the darkening valley; it was late afternoon and cloudy.

Gilbert Van Horn looked off too, far away. He dared not look at John. Gilbert knew more than John Breen.

"My mother was a good woman, Gil. I know that."

"Of course she was, and your father, John, he might be found?" the older man still looked away, his voice was very low.

"If I found him, Gil—"

"Yes, John—," the words were expectant. The boy paused intense.

"I'd kill him!" John Breen rose abruptly, his fists clenched, his face flaming.

Then the two men stepped off, at a brisk pace, down the hill toward Greenbough Farm. Van Horn walked a pace or so behind John; tears were in his eyes; he could not speak. The boy started to dog trot ahead of him, but he did not follow as was their custom at the end of a hike.

"Hay, Jack," Pug pounded at the door of John's room a few days later. "Charlie's brought up a letter from Van Horn. A special on it, for you." Pug burst into John's room.

"Well? Pug was expectant, as full of curiosity as Eve.

"Read it, Pug."

"What tha—say, John. I don't know. What's it about?"

"Here, let me read it. 'Dear John.' It's about a talk we had the day before he left. 'Dear John, I have been thinking about what you said. I won a lot on you in those scraps, and have been trying to figure a way in which I could use the money. If you will enter Columbia, this fall, I'll see you through engineering. You can pass the entrance, perhaps with a few conditions. I'm placing a credit in Pug's name for five thousand, to pay the

way. Don't hesitate to take this. You really earned every cent of it. Merely a little speculation of mine.

"Pug sat on the cot, looked around the room, the tickety book shelves, the familiar figure of his assistant. "Great God, John, I knew them damn books would take you some day."

"Never, Pug, never." Tears stood in the boy's eyes. He rose, put his arm over the bent shoulders of the trainer; the gray head was down. Pug looked at the rag carpet, his own eyes moist. John bent down and kissed the gray hairs of Malone. That tough citizen rose suddenly to make a scrape at him as he ran out and down the corridor to the showers.

For several weeks following his admission to the schools of engineering, after his bout with the entrance examiners, John Breen moved in a strange, imponderable world.

Then came the great day of the flag rush between the freshmen and sophomores and Breen's great physique and strength, made him the hero of the school. John caught a glimpse of Gilbert Van Horn waving to him. He stood beside the golden statue. "Boys, let me down!" John kicked free and ran across to Van Horn. A great many people stood about, John suddenly realized he was no on the gym floor at Greenbough, but his attire was not only scanty, but scandalous; he was practically in rags. One shoe had disappeared in the battle, he had not noticed it until his feet touched the stone steps.

"Josephine, this is John Breen John, my ward, Josephine."

John stood speechless. He held the hand extended to him. Blue eyes, laughing eyes, smiled at his predicament. Miss Lambert was completely aware of the striking situation as she felt the tense grip of the hero of a college moment. Then freshmen rushed up to John and hoisted him clear of his embarrassment. He turned and waved at Josephine and Van Horn. They waved at him in return. The crowd was scattering as Gilbert Van Horn and his ward walked down the broad steps to the south entrance, looked at her white glove, called by the fingers of John Breen. They were silent on the sidewalk. Gilbert Van Horn looked out of the window of the car. Josephine still felt the tingling grip of the young man in rags. His smile, his reddish yellow hair and white teeth, and his confusion, and his superb spirit and body, seemed to fill across her memory, a vivid picture. He was not at all like the John Breen she had expected to see.

That night Gilbert Van Horn sat in the library until long after midnight. Josephine had played for him that evening, she too was in a reflective mood, a romantic girl, a young woman of eighteen. He smoked and dreamed and planned. Gilbert Van Horn was determined upon a course of action in which every atom of cleverness he possessed would be required. At last he had achieved an absorbing occupation.

Gilbert Van Horn, wiser than most men in some matters, left John very much to himself, except at holiday periods when the two friends met at Greenbough. As for his ward, he arranged things so she saw but little of John Breen. The boy was in training, so Van Horn argued, and to break training was nothing short of bad sportsmanship. Long trips, visits to Newport, the social activities of a select few in the great city—these occupied Josephine, and at times she pleased herself by a long look at the full length photograph of Fighting Breen, in ring togs, taken just before his battle with the Quaker. This stood on the dresser in Van Horn's room. But the John Breen of the cold eyes, looking straight ahead, his pompadour as stiff as a shoe brush, was of the past.

"Breen, you're looking stale." Harbord of the graduate schools dropped into the room of the student. It was close to midnight and John bent over his work table, his tired eyes scanning a maze of formulae in theoretical mechanics. "What are you digging at?"

"Usual stuff," John took off his eye shade, evidently with relief. He had plunged into the work of the schools with determined energy. Feeling himself grow stale, he pushed onward with the utmost vigor, actually working himself to destruction.

"I'd like to tell you something," Harbord drew a battered briar from his pocket and tamped down a half-smoked charge of tobacco. He lit the pipe and pulled contentedly. "Four years—" Harbord rolled the words over his tongue—"leading to?"

"The degree of civil engineer," John sensed a question and supplied an answer.

"Leading to a complete ossification of the mind," Harbord continued, ignoring John's words. "I've watched you for some time, Breen, especially this year. I'm studying, or am trying to study the art of teaching. I came here from a small southern college, you and ninety-nine per cent of those here would not know the

## Then There's Iowa . . . !



"If the worst comes to the worst," said Mrs. James J. Walker, wife of New York's Mayor, as she arrived with him at Albany to face removal charges before Governor Roosevelt. "We can go to my farm in Iowa which was left to me by a relative."

place if I mentioned it; one horse all the way through, and poor. Poor, my boy, in money." He smoked, thoughtfully for a few minutes. "What's back of all this junk," he puffed at the few hooks, sweeping his pipe over the litter. "What are you going to do?"

For a while the two friends sat in silence. John had tossed his eye shade aside and searched for a pipe. He had no particular answer for the question. He was going to get through, he was getting through to well, to do something, but just what he did not exactly know.

"Well, Breen, if the things you are doing are a fair example of the work of our schools of technology, our highest schools of industrial training, driving you at constant overload, I don't wonder at some of the things we see about us. You don't mind me saying this, do you?"

"No," John thought a moment. He had an intense admiration for a great many of his teachers, earnest, hard-working men, just, and often woefully underpaid. "You said something about the things we see. What, for instance?"

"Well, if you wish, failure is what we see—the costliest failure in the world. We see prime youth dumped into a machine and sweated and ground and pounded until every original impulse and idea is packed down under a concentrated layer of stupidity. I've made a study of education and have practiced it on myself with some results, but what I see here is a farce. The brain is intended for use, not for the storage of freight. The structure of the mind needs development through action, in thought and reason. Why, dammit, man, they seem to be stuffing you with the accumulated facts of the ages, regardless of how, or why, they were discovered." Harbord paused, filled and reit his pipe while John sat in silence.

"The worst of the whole thing is the awful hopelessness after you are through here. You are sweated, you are driven and you survive. But what do you survive for? Well, in the course of time your strained technical brain has to do with the work of men."

## CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

## ADVOCATES SAUERKRAUT FROM SURPLUS CABBAGE

One good way to save the surplus of cabbage now found in many home gardens is to convert the cabbage into sauerkraut for use this winter. The kraut is wholesome and palatable and will be a welcome addition to the winter diet.

"Sauerkraut is no more than shredded cabbage that has undergone a lactic fermentation in brine made from its own juice by the addition of salt," says Mary Thomas, nutrition specialist at State College. "Some people like the kraut better than they do the original cabbage. It supplies several of the essential minerals necessary for human nutrition and the lactic acid which it contains is a good tonic refreshing the digestive tract much as does buttermilk. Almost any variety of cabbage may be used for the kraut but the slow growing, solid headed varieties are best. The cabbage should be fully matured before it is cut for kraut."

Miss Thomas says the 4 to 6 gallon stone jars are best for kraut making. Select good, sound heads of cabbage, quarter them, slice off the core and shred. A slow cutter or a large knife will do for this work. One pound of salt for every 40 pounds of cabbage gives the proper strength of brine for best results. Distribute the salt as the cabbage is packed into the stone jar. Distributing two ounces or four tablespoonsful to every five pounds of cabbage is probably the best way, she says. The cabbage must be backed firmly but not too tightly, covered with a clean cloth and a clean board with a weight on it to cause the brine to come up over the cover.

Keep this jar at a temperature of about 86 degrees so that fermentation will be completed in from six to eight days. Now put the jar or keg in a cool place. It may be necessary to keep the surface submerged in water to protect from insects. If the storage place is cool, there is little danger from spoiling.

## Lees-McRae Gridders Prepare for Practice

Banner Elk, N. C.—Candidates for the Lees-McRae football team, who have remained at Banner Elk during the summer, are eagerly awaiting the first official practice on September 1st, and the opening game with Crossnore on September 20th.

Don King, who is to replace Chas. Zimmerman as head coach, will find an enthusiastic squad awaiting him when he assumes his duties in the fall. A number of last year's veterans will form a strong nucleus for a well-balanced 1932 machine. Members of last year's team who are daily passing and kicking the oval around so as to get the feel and to stay in shape are: Shade Greene, tackle; W. Kinnon, end; Hass, Dillon, Agle and Williams, backs; Garland, a star in the backfield last year.

Best, is also on hand after a year's absence with the same Bulldog spirit and more fight than ever. A number of last year's reserves are working out with these boys and should be strong contenders on this season's club. Coach King's big difficulty will probably be in finding men capable of filling the vacancies left by the departure of Clark, quarterback, Flynn, last year's captain and tackle, and Wilson, end. Flynn a mainstay at tackle for three years and captain for two years, contributed some of the best tackle play seen in junior college circles, and his will be a distinct loss to the team. The passing combination of Clark and Wilson was known and respected by every team the Bulldogs played.

Clark, who did the major part of the punting and passing, was selected as quarterback on the All-State Junior College eleven in 1931. His departure will call for the development of a dependable punter and passer. Hess and Agle seem to be the best bets for these duties, both men having relieved Clark at intervals during last season. Agle also seems destined for the signal-calling post, unless some newcomer shows special ability. If these boys come through as expected Coach King may then confine his chief efforts to the development of a first end and tackle, with some good reserves. A survey of material on hand and of that expected to report in September discloses no solution to this particular problem and with the added difficulties of installing a new system, combined with a hard schedule. Coach King will not find his task an easy one.

Crossnore, the Bulldogs' ancient rival, has given no serious opposition in the last few years and the Lees-McRae boys have turned their eyes toward the Weaver contest.

Since the series was begun between the two institutions in 1920, Weaver has taken every game, always by a small score. Last year when the two teams met at Banner Elk on Home Coming Day in a game that meant a lot in the outcome of the State championship race, the Weaver boys eked out a 7-0 victory after holding the Bulldogs for four consecutive downs on their six-yard line. The two teams will meet at Weaverville this year, October 29, in what promises to be a thriller. Other games are as follows:

Crossnore at Spruce Pine, September 20th.

Rutherford College at Banner Elk, October 1st.

King College at Bristol, October 8.

Presbyterian Junior College at Maxton, October 15.

October 22, open.

Weaver College at Weaverville, on October 29th.

Mars Hill at Mars Hill, November 5th.

Belmont Abbey at Belmont, November 12th.

Appalachian State Teachers College at Boone, November 19.

November 26th, open.

# High School Football

The First of a Series of Informative Articles on Gridiron Training by COACH C. B. JOHNSTON, of A. S. T. C.

I believe in tough work and plenty of it, for condition will win. In the matter of plays, every man must know his assignment and never let a man assume who does not know what he is to do on every play. He must know as a matter of team work, as a matter of pride, and to prevent injuries to himself and to his teammates. Nothing like a man who does not know and then jams up the play.

Never overwork and never underwork in toto. By this I mean that the practices must be so planned that every man is getting enough work. It is a good idea to lay off the boys for a day now and then during a season; this will revive spirits, stores up energy and rekindles the enthusiasm. It is mental and physical relaxation of the highest degree. Watch the mental condition of your men, for it is paramount to success and is an indicator of the physical condition. Maintain high mental condition as a gauge on the amount of work. The use of a properly kept weight chart is essential as a check-up on the physical condition of the men.

Make them weigh in before and after every practice and every game. Check up on this chart and know just what you are doing in the amount of work allotted to every individual on the squad. Some men need hard work; some not so much; it is therefore advisable to have a check and the weight chart will give you this information. I have found it a good plan to have one man of the managerial staff to take care of the weight chart and the weighing, and this chart is not posted for the men to see, but a check chart is posted and it has proven of great importance in the training of the squad. After about ten days of hard work, a man should pick up weight and some men will gain four to ten pounds during and it closed for eight days.

It was a real panic, in that men went money mad. The banks, in spite of the fact that they were not paying out money and no one could get money, insisted for a time in forcing their borrowers to pay them. Of course, they did not get paid, but they broke no end of solvent firms. And these firms rushed to collect their outstanding accounts from merchants who were being forced by their own banks and who were also trying to force their debtors to pay. There was just no money; for the moment that the panic came on, currency took fright and went into hiding.

Instead of calming down and affairs assuming their usual course, the apprehension and excitement spread everywhere, and became more and more intensified every day by successive failures all over the country, until by the first of October we were in the midst of the most disastrous and extensive panic and collapse since that of 1819.

There was nothing for it now but for everyone to produce the cash, and no cash was forthcoming.

Nobody wanted property at any price, because it could not be applied in payment of debts or held without shrinkage of value and loss.

In the meantime, such banks and individuals as happened to have any money to spare held on to it to await results and this aggravated the trouble. No matter how good or secure the paper, to produce its discount was out of the question. Anywhere from 12 to 20 per cent was offered for money without avail.

It seemed as if everyone was overtaken by a necessity for money and an irresistible disposition to insist on the payment of what was due him. Almost every one of the numerous savings banks and trust companies established during the inflation went under and closed its doors.

Always have a good doctor on the bench during a game in case of need. There will be injuries and it is best to be prepared. Take injuries in a Spartan spirit and give them the best of attention. And in a concluding word; play the game fair, play the game hard, and may the best team win, but win fairly.

## PLANT PASTURES THIS FALL FOR NEXT SPRING'S GRAZING

By planting temporary grazing crops this fall for use early next spring, the cows may be kept from the permanent pasture until it is ready and the milk flow may be maintained.

As a usual thing, dairymen have first planted after the first of March. Especially is this condition true on farms without silos and where a few cows are kept for cream production," says John A. Arvey, dairy extension specialist at State College. "When a cow has passed the winter on dry roughage, her system desires an appetizing, succulent food such as may be secured by temporary pasture. Such feed is not only appetizing and nutritious, but is also one of the most economical milk producers the dairyman can provide. Abruzzi rye or a mixture of this rye with other small grain, clover and vetch fills the bill nicely."

Mr. Arvey believes it wise to plant a mixture of the small grain and legumes with Abruzzi rye as this will give better grazing an acre and he recommends a mixture made up as follows: one-half bushel of Abruzzi rye, one-half bushel of beardless wheat, one bushel of Norton oats, one bushel of beardless barley and 10 pounds of crimson clover or 15 pounds of hairy vetch. This will plant one acre.

To assure early spring grazing, this mixture should be planted by the middle of September. If fall growth is good, it may be necessary to graze in the late fall to prevent the rye and barley from winter-killing. Two tons of ground limestone an acre applied to the land before seeding would help in growth as would a small application of commercial fertilizer.

Care should be exercised, says Arvey, in grazing such a pasture when the soil is too wet.

## WE CAME THROUGH IT (Saturday Evening Post)

A smash was bound to come. We expected it at the bank and were ready for trouble. The first crack came on September 8, 1873, with the failure of three not very important houses in New York City. Then, on September 18th, Jay Cooke & Company suspended, and the crash was on.

Every bank in the country had a run that morning. Many of them failed, and more would have failed had not the New York Clearing House suspended specie payments. For forty days the banks did not pay out money. The bear speculators started to raid the Stock Exchange

## SPECIAL NOTICES

IN THE RANGE STATE 80 per cent of all mutton sires are Hampshires. The highest priced car of mutton lambs ever sold in America were Hampshires. A few registered rams at a reasonable price. J. W. Norris, Boone, N. C. 7-7-tf

Dr. C. B. Baughman, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist, Elizabethton, Tenn., will be in the office of Dr. J. B. Hagaman in Boone, on the first Monday in each month for the practice of his profession.

Visit Washington this year  
George Washington Bicentennial Reduced fares  
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