

# In One Ear



Clarence Darrow fixed his lowering glare and won a debate with a single remark

*A few amusing bits of chit-chat picked up by Collier's writers on their travels. You'd miss them completely if they weren't printed here and that would be a pity*

## One for the Wets

Clarence Darrow with one single remark won a public debate over ex-Congressman "Willie" Upshaw of Georgia, in Atlanta, recently—that is if loudest and longest applause and laughter counts for anything. By agreement there were no judges and no official decision. Upshaw, ardent Dry, told his audience how he had worked his way through school and studied on the farm.

"I was so determined, as a boy," he said, "to be a public speaker that I used to practice oratory on the poor mules while I was plowing."

Then he spent the best part of an hour telling his audience that prohibition was working and that America was drinking less than ever before.

When Darrow's turn came, he rose and fixed his famous lowering glare on the perspiring and panting Upshaw.

"If you expect us to believe all that you've said, sir," Darrow said firmly, "you must think you're still talking to a lot of mules."

## Unearned Praise

W. O. McGeehan overlooked an item in his fine accounts of the Gans-Nelson days in Goldfield, Nev.

McGeehan and Rube Goldberg received a wire from their editor instructing them to meet a lady reporter at the train. They looked anxiously for her all night. Between waits they bathed their patience at Tex Rickard's bar.

The lady writer arrived at 7 A. M. and got a very incoherent welcome

from two wobbly young men.

Bill and Rube sat down to write their stories for the paper. Rube's hands floundered over the typewriter keys, his eyes became glassy, and darkness closed in around him. He fell forward, dead to the world, using the exclamation point for a pillow.

McGeehan deposited him in a convenient waste basket, re-wrote Rube's entire story and sent it to the paper signing Rube's name. When Rube woke up, he was handed the following telegram: "Best story you ever wrote. Send us more of the same stuff. Fremont Older, Editor."

Geologists found the original typewritten story in the ruins of Goldfield and a controversy still rages as to whether it is Sanskrit or pre-Ptolemy.

## Swan Song

Song isn't supposed to have anything at all to do with the success or failure of a baseballer's career, yet a single ditty wrote "finish" on the pitching lifetime of Harry Covalesskie, who was almost as famous in his day as is his brother Stanley, now with the Yankees.

Back in the far-flung years of callow youth, Harry decided that he wanted to be a song bird. He practiced long and earnestly; fought desperately for a chance and finally got it in an amateur show. He chose "Silver Threads Among the Gold" as the vehicle that was to whizz him to such vocal heights that Caruso would look up to him in awe.

Harry sang the verse. Then he took a whirl at the chorus. The audience; long before then, had given definite signs of its ideas concerning Harry Covalesskie as a warbler. So there was nothing for the head man of the show to do but poke out his hook and fish Harry right off the stage.

As time fitted Harry took up pitching. He finally slung baseballs so expertly that he was summoned to perform in the big leagues. One season while Harry was with the Phillies, he pitched against the New York Giants three times in five days, whipped them each time and those defeats knocked the Giants right out of the pennant.

The next season the hatred of the Giants for Covalesskie increased as he

continued to throw horsehides beyond the reach of their bludgeons. He was an entire cactus family in their side and continued to be until one day there came into the Giant camp a man who had known Harry when Harry was a youth—and who had heard him sing.

The next time Covalesskie was assigned to oppose the Giants the Giant players made it their business to group near him and then they hummed "Silver Threads." Covalesskie looked at them, his eyes wide with astonishment. He started to walk away. They followed him. Finally he went out to pitch. His control was erratic and he was batted out of the box.

When Harry started against the Giants later they gave him another potent dose of "Silver Threads." And once again they reduced him to a morale-shattered youth. After which other clubs, learning about Harry and the song, and the success the Giants were enjoying by warbling to Harry, always sang or whistled "Silver Threads" for him.

Within six weeks this once great pitcher was reduced to a doleful performer. He could not overcome the mental hazard that came with that "Silver Threads." And soon afterward his work slumped so much that he was released from the majors, couldn't endure hearing that song even in the minors and his baseball days came to an abrupt finale.

## Mischievous Archie

Archie Hoxie is the name of a young man who missed being the Lindbergh of his day, back in 1912, just because he was a naughty boy in the air.

Hoxie was one of several youths trained by the Wright brothers to be a member of their "stable" of flyers at a time when no state fair was complete without an airplane exhibition. Glenn Curtiss also had a stable of flying boys and several state fair managers, desirous of giving their grand-stand audiences a good show, employed flyers from both the Wright and the Curtiss camps.

"We don't want any dead flyers or any smashed machines. Don't do any dangerous stunts," were the orders invariably given by the Wrights.

In their shop in Dayton the Wrights finally completed what was perhaps the first cross-country plane ever made. They planned an inter-city flight; from Kansas City to St. Louis. They knew that the flyer who made this flight would become internationally famous. They selected Hoxie for the honor and Wilbur Wright went to Kansas City,

where Hoxie was to make exhibition flights at a fair, to break the good news.

Wilbur Wright arrived at the fair grounds while the exhibition flights were on. He seated himself in the grand stand, without making his presence known to his young protégé.

A Curtiss flyer—Charles Hamilton—daredevil of them all in those days, went up first. He cut several didoes, involving sharp curves. The audience roared its approval as he alighted. Then Wilbur Wright saw one of his own planes, with Hoxie holding the levers, take the air. No sooner had it reached a good altitude than it began to describe the most nerve-racking curves and banks. The audience held its breath, but Wilbur Wright managed to scramble out of the grand stand down to the infield. He seized a signal flag and waved it. Hoxie, looking down, was shocked to see his boss calling him out of the sky. The audience saw the plane straighten out and come to earth. A mighty roar went up from the stands. But that was the last of Hoxie's stunt flying for that day.

And just as a punishment Hoxie was not permitted to make the flight from Kansas City to St. Louis.

The flight, moreover, was never made, the Daredevil Hamilton shortly gaining world fame in another manner. He had the honor of making the first inter-city flight, between New York and Philadelphia.

## A Chance for the Camera

A photograph of William Jennings Bryan snoozing on a pillow under which was a bottle of wine would, as the girls say, have been priceless at any time, especially during the non-stop Democratic Convention at Madison Square Garden in 1924. That picture could have been made had a cameraman been present and alert.

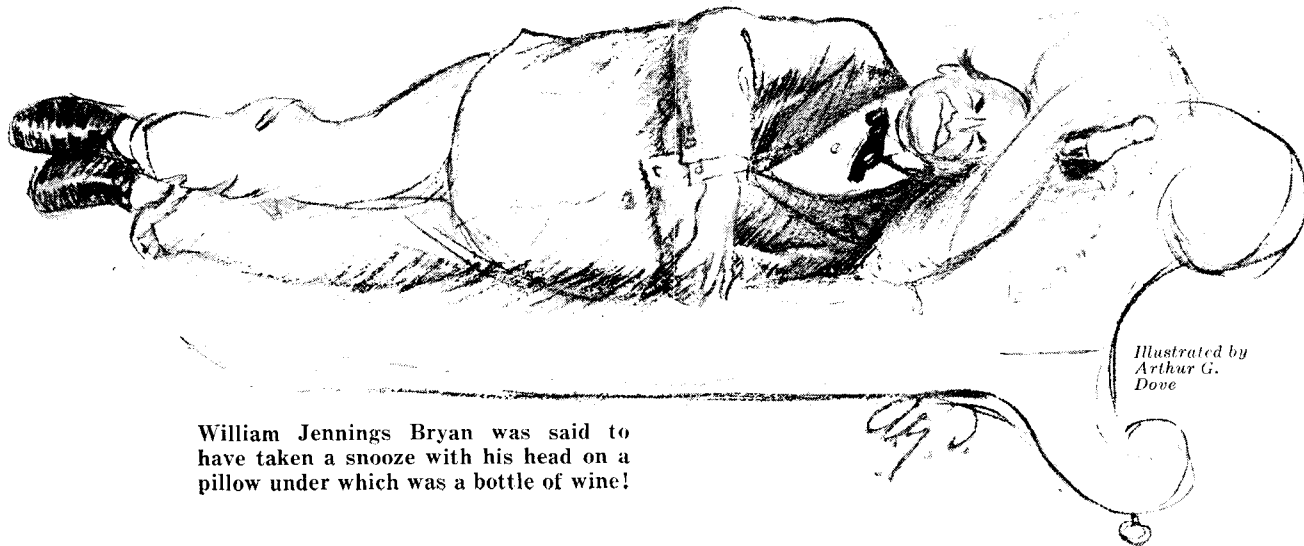
Some of the boys were cracking corks in a parlor on the fourth floor of a palatial hotel near the Garden. Suddenly Bryan's booming voice was heard down a corridor. An outer guard bobbed his head in a doorway and warned:

"He's coming to this suite. Beat it with the booze!"

Bryan jogged into the room just as heels vanished through one doorway, heads through another, and a spare bottle of wine was pushed hurriedly beneath a couch pillow.

"If you gentlemen don't mind," said the Great Commoner, "I'll take forty winks between sessions."

He stretched on the couch and slept peacefully. The naughtier of the boys were tempted to pull a raid. They didn't. It was just as well. Nobody would believe that Bryan was sleeping one off. Nobody may believe that unconsciously the great foe of alcohol used a full bottle of champagne as part of a pillow for his weary head. But it happened.



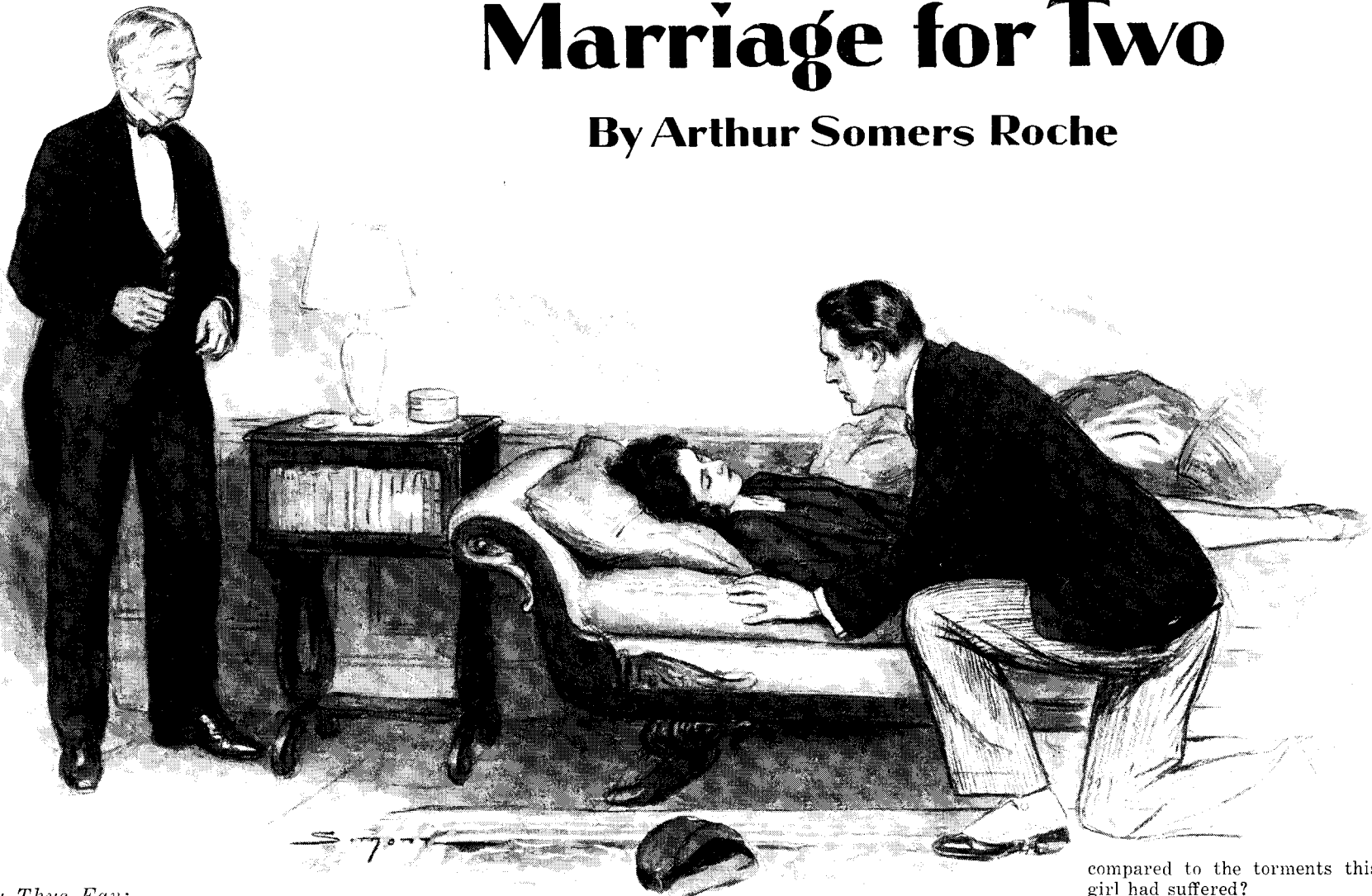
William Jennings Bryan was said to have taken a snooze with his head on a pillow under which was a bottle of wine!

Illustrated by  
Arthur G.  
Dove



# Marriage for Two

By Arthur Somers Roche



## The Story Thus Far:

**H**ELEN WILSON breaks her engagement with Larry Tracy in order to marry a very rich, middle-aged man, named Burton. Larry in his wounded vanity vows to marry the first woman who will have him, and the first woman he meets after this interview turns out to be a starved, poverty-stricken though beautiful young person whom he sees on a park bench.

He takes her to a restaurant, where he feeds her. At first she refuses to eat, protesting that she has no money and probably never will have and therefore cannot pay him back that way and will never pay him back in the only way he, being a man, would demand. He finally convinces her that such payment is completely absent from his thoughts.

She then eats luncheon and, as she feels better, her seemingly natural dignity and charm return to her. Luncheon ended, after some argument Larry gives her \$500. She holds out her hand to say good-by, turns from him—and he is just in time to catch her as she faints.

## II

**D**ISMAY fought with pity in Tracy's heart. The unconscious girl, whose starvation he had just allayed by the purchase of a meal, whose immediate future he had rendered fairly secure by the gift of five hundred dollars, aroused his pity, but the fact that he held her in his arms aroused dismay.

Thank Heaven, this little restaurant, while smart enough at luncheon and dinner, had no tea patronage. Save for an idle waiter or so, it was deserted. But still, to have it told all over town. . . For all he knew he had been recognized. . . Then he cursed himself for a snob.

How light she was! For a girl of her more than average height she weighed almost nothing. All traces of the snobbery-inspired dismay were gone now. She couldn't weigh much over a hundred pounds, and she ought to weigh twenty-five pounds more. Somehow or other this fact made her starvation more dreadful.

A waiter was by his side now, consternation visible on his expressive Gallie countenance. Mademoiselle had died? But no—it was a faint. Oh, well, women were like that. The waiter's wife, for example, had been known to faint at the so-unimportant bite of a mosquito. Mademoiselle, perhaps—

He carried his unconscious burden into the library and deposited it on the broad couch

"For God's sake do something," said Tracy. "Get me some brandy—quick."

There was a cushioned bench along one wall, where, when the restaurant was crowded, patrons sat in discomfort assuaged by the fact that they were dining in a haunt of fashion. Upon this narrow couch Tracy laid the girl. He felt a queer regret as he relinquished his burden. Although she was in his arms through no volition of her own, her helplessness aroused something that was more than protective. He stared down at her.

The waiter arrived with brandy, and also with a maid from the coat-room, who knelt beside the girl, chafed her hands, touched her temples with the cognac. Beneath her ministrations the girl sighed, opened her eyes. Her lips rejected the liquor, and Tracy wiped her chin with his handkerchief. She did not acknowledge the service even by a flicker of her lashes. Her eyes closed again.

"THE lady is ill," said the maid as he looked questioningly at her.

"I know that myself," retorted Tracy savagely. "But can't you do something?"

"She should be home—in bed—with her doctor," said the maid.

Blankly Tracy stared at her.

"Of course," he said, "immediately—" His voice died away as he looked at his guest. Home? She had no home. Why, the poor thing owned the clothes she stood in—rather, lay in—and nothing else besides.

"Shall I get a taxi?" asked the maid.

"Why—yes," he replied uncertainly.

He clutched at the maid's shoulder as the woman turned away.

"She—she isn't going to—die, is she?" he asked.

"I don't know—I wouldn't think so—looks to me as though she's just played out. The poor thing," she added impulsively.

The impulse made her richer by exactly ten dollars.

"Thanks," she said. "I'll get that taxi. If you'll carry her—"

"Do—do you think we'd better get a doctor first?" he asked.

The girl on the bench answered him, not by words, but by actions. She stirred, moaned faintly, and opened her eyes.

She sat up and as she looked at Tracy recognition stirred in her eyes. Also, bravery was there.

"All right—now," she whispered.

Then, in instant negation of her boast, her head fell loosely back, and she would have rolled to the floor but that Tracy caught her.

"Sorry," she managed to gasp.

She had not fainted this time, and by an effort she reassured him.

"Won't faint—again," she murmured.

But he did not release her, and her complete relaxation was sufficient indication of her utter weakness.

The maid called to him from the restaurant entrance:

"The taxi's here."

In various doors, that probably led to pantries and kitchens, appeared faces. A buzz of speculation reached Tracy's ears as he carried the girl out, and his face burned. He hated to be conspicuous, and he felt a momentary anger toward the girl who had made him so.

Then he felt contempt for himself. What right had he to feel embarrassment because he played a part in tragedy? What was his wounded vanity as

compared to the torments this girl had suffered?

"Where to, boss?" asked the taximan.

Tracy hadn't thought of that. Vaguely he had decided that some hospital. . . . What explanation could he make to the hospital attachés? Not, he told

himself, that he would be embarrassed at his inability to tell anything about the girl, but she—she'd die if a whole hospital staff knew that she was suffering from the effects of insufficient nourishment.

Her blazing pride had assured him that. The fact that she had accepted money from him made no difference. Her humiliation. . . . She wasn't dying. She was stirring in his arms now, nestling like a child, almost seeking a greater comfort in another position.

**H**E HAD saved her, when he took her from the Avenue bench, from death, perhaps. Gifts bestowed bring greater obligations to the donor than to the recipient. What had he said to her? That one couldn't half save a drowning person. He had saved her life, perhaps, but she had sacrificed—nearly—that life to her pride. She could have begged and avoided starvation, but she had chosen not to. Could he, having saved her life, refuse to save her pride?

He gave the taximan the address of his own home. Then, ever so gently, he deposited his burden in the taxi and sat beside her. She was still too weak to sit erect. His arm went around her, and with a sigh she leaned against him, surrendering herself to his embrace as completely as when he had carried her from the restaurant.

He thanked Heaven that no sufficiently attractive offer had been made for his old-fashioned house on West Thirty-eighth Street, just off Park Avenue. It had been in the market for a year, because he had decided that a bachelor didn't need a whole house. But now he was glad that there was no apartment house lobby, with its uniformed gossiping attendants, its other tenants, to wonder at his extraordinary procedure. For