

The Tiger on the Mountains

Peter Hames, detective, encounters a gentleman who craves excitement—and gives him plenty of it

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

PADDY COLLINS was an enterprising young New York journalist who had come into five thousand dollars and was spending it in foreign parts. He passed most of his time in argumentative discussion, and nothing pleased him more than to make sensational statements and support them with a stream of eloquence, and by brute force if those who differed from him could be induced to follow him so far. He stood at the bar of the Hotel de France, and laid down the law about Monte Carlo.

"What's all this talk about Monte Carlo being the hub of the world for adventure and queer doings, and that sort of stuff?" he demanded. "I'll tell you there isn't a soberer or a quieter spot on God's earth, and I'll tell you why. It's the gambling that makes people lead Sunday-school lives here."

Mervin Holt, a well-known diner-out and wit of the place, who had just escaped from a gala dinner, edged his way into the discussion.

"You intrigue us, my friend Collins," he said. "Proceed, we beseech you. I warn you that my friend here, Peter Hames, and I are in utter disagreement with your premise."

"Well, that's more interesting," the Irishman declared. "I have no use for the fellow who agrees with me. I'll tell you why what I said was the truth. You see that great big building across the way. That's the octopus that sucks dry all the passions of this place—that and a smaller, very superior step-sister, when its flunkies deign to open the doors. I'm telling you, a big crowd of people nowadays haven't room for more than one passion in their lives. You'll see 'em streaming in there hour after hour, from ten o'clock until two in the morning. When they've had their little whack there they're like a wet glove—no life in 'em—no spirit for love-making, no stomach for fighting, no heart for even a good all-around quarrel. The gambling emasculates the place."

"This," Peter Hames observed pleasantly, "is an entirely new point of view."

"It's damned well the truth," Collins asserted. "I ask you, when do you ever see a fight in the streets here? When do you ever see a drunken man? When do you ever see any real love-making even, except between those painted dummies and their gigolos? I am not counting that sort of muck. I tell you there's no red blood in the place. The man who gets led away by those lying novelists and story writers, and comes here for adventures, gets damned well left. . . ."

"WHISKY-AND-SODAS round, barman. I've wasted my money on this trip, but there's never a penny wasted that goes into honest liquor."

"You are a man," Mervin Holt remarked, "after my own heart. You have the gift of forthright speech, the courage of your opinions and the additional advantage of being amazingly ignorant upon the subject you choose for discussion."

Paddy Collins set down his glass. Mervin Holt wagged a forbidding forefinger.

"No, you don't," he warned him. "I know you of old, my fire-eating friend. You don't pick a quarrel with me. Try someone of your own size. We will dispute with words, if you like. Words are the chosen rapier of this duelist. But when it comes to brute force, so far as I am concerned, it is a thing extinct. I love all men, however much I may disagree with them. I quarrel with none."

"You've a fair gift of gab yourself," Paddy Collins observed, looking at his neighbor with curiosity not unmingled with respect. "You don't happen to be an Irishman?"

"I was spared that—I was denied that privilege," Mervin Holt regretted, swiftly correcting himself. "For the

Irish race in the abstract, however, I have an immense admiration. Individually, I find them intellectually stimulating."

"IT'S more than the Monte Carlo whisky is anyway," Paddy Collins grumbled. "Is there anyone else of a sizable physique who disagrees with me?"

"I do, utterly and completely," Peter Hames announced.

Collins swung round and eyed the speaker with satisfaction.

"Well, that's something," he approved. "You're a man worth putting the hands up with. Let's hear your tongue first."

"You're wrong fundamentally," Peter Hames pronounced. "In the first place, the gambling that goes on there and in the Sporting Club provokes passions in

a great many men and women instead of deadening them."

"The passion of a dirty greed, that's all," the Irishman scoffed. "It makes men forget to take a turn in the ring now and then or to make love to the lassies when the wine's been round."

"I say that it provokes passion," Peter Hames went on, "and I stick to it. Love-making isn't the only passion in the world. There's jealousy, there's fury at having lost your money, there's despair. There's also the full heart and the tingling pulses of the winner. Secondly, you, my friend, who, I think I am correct in saying, have spent some twenty-four hours in the place, know very little of what you're talking about if you say that in the principality there are no crimes, no fighting, no disturbances, no tragedies. We've no American press here to blazon out our

"Get behind, you fool!" Peter Hames muttered. "Lotarde may recognize you." All of the conspirators now were creeping up the stairs



day-by-day happenings, and there's a great deal goes on that never finds its way into print."

"YOU say so," Paddy Collins sneered. "From what I've seen of the Monégasques—amongst the croupiers, at any rate—I shouldn't think there's one of them with a stomach for a fight."

"Again you speak in blissful ignorance," Peter Hames assured him. "The Monégasque, when the time comes, is a very dangerous fighter indeed. His women, far from being what you think, are almost fiercely virtuous, and their mankind are ready to slit the throat of anyone who tries to make them anything else. Where you get left in ignorance is the fact that they don't report their little affairs. Journalism here is a dead calling. I could take you

a hundred yards away, and we could stick knives into one another. The gendarmerie would be exceedingly annoyed, but that would just be about their sole interest in the affair."

Paddy Collins ordered another round of whiskies. He was promptly forestalled, however, by Mervin Holt.

"You, sir, are our arch entertainer this evening," he explained. "We may be a smug crowd, but we never sponge on a man for drinks."

"You are too small to talk to in a disputative manner," Paddy Collins declared. "This man Peter Hames here is my lad. He's contradicted me."

"Yes, but I'm not going to quarrel with you about that," Peter Hames assured him. "I'm going to put it to you in this way. You don't believe there are bloodshed and murdering habits and loose passions going about here, except those that are born in the gambling rooms. I contradict you."

"Let us take a little walk together," Paddy Collins suggested.

"Not at all," Peter Hames interrupted. "Let us be reasonable men. The final argument always remains. I propose to prove my contention."

Paddy Collins licked his lips. He was beginning to like this prospective antagonist.

"You'll show me a row?" he asked eagerly.

Peter Hames laid his hand upon the journalist's shoulder.

"I have heard of you, Collins," he said. "I know you're a great talker, but you're no fool. You can keep a still tongue, act like a man of discretion when it's necessary, and use your fists when it isn't."

"You're speaking golden words," the journalist agreed.

"Then I will show you a row," Peter Hames promised.

UP THE hill toward the tangled region of Beausoleil went the two men arm in arm.

"It will be half a dozen we have to tackle, maybe?" the Irishman asked hopefully.

"Tonight," Peter Hames told him, "you may not have to clench your fist even. You may have to hold your breath and wait, but if we have luck we shall learn where and when this thing is to be fought out. There'll be four on the other side tonight, but I don't think they'll be fighting unless they discover that we're watching them."

Peter Hames pushed open the door of the Café Régal.

"Keep your mouth closed in here," he enjoined. "Let me do the talking. It's a bad place."

The Café Régal was only moderately full. Mademoiselle Anna sat on her accustomed seat. A little distance away a fair-haired young woman, who had recently taken to patronizing the establishment, and who went by the name of Fifine, occupied another stool. One or two of the small neighboring tradespeople or passers-by were scattered about the place.

At a table, talking earnestly together, were three black-haired, black-mustached and bearded, olive-skinned Monégasques.

"Those three men," Peter Hames whispered in his companion's ear, "are planning an assassination. That will give you something to be going on with. Now come to the bar."

"I'll swear your grandfather was an Irishman," Paddy Collins declared vigorously. "There's a sober sense about your conversation. It's whisky-and-sodas, barman—and doubles."

"One moment," Peter Hames murmured. "This is business."

He strolled behind, and offered Mademoiselle Anna a cigarette.

"Lotarde's coming," she whispered, her lips scarcely moving. "They had a meeting this afternoon. He has them all worked up into a perfect fury. It's to be tomorrow, or the next day."

"The devil!" Peter Hames muttered.

"I never thought they'd go so far," she went on. "I sent for you directly I saw there was danger, but I didn't believe they meant murder. They're making their plans tonight. Your room is ready. They'll be next door. If there's trouble, I'll come."

"Keep out of it," he begged. "I have a man with me who was born fighting."

"You forget Lotarde," she warned him. "He is a madman. He shoots at sight. Be careful. One of the three—Mercault—went to the palace yesterday, and apparently they refused every one of his demands. Be careful! He's watching us here. . . . I don't want your cigarette," she added, pushing his case away with a touch of insolence.

PETER HAMES withdrew apologetically, and the Irishman grinned at his apparent discomfiture.

"Now, my amorous but clumsy guide into the land of adventure," the latter said, planting one hand firmly upon the counter, and swinging himself from his stool, "you need a lesson in the way to approach a reluctant will-o'-the-wisp."

"Shut up, you fool!" Peter Hames interrupted. "We are going to sit in that corner. Listen! There are more serious things doing than talking nonsense to these young women."

Mr. Paddy Collins left the neighborhood of the bar with reluctance.

"Take 'em on another evening, old chap," Peter Hames begged. "Tonight you and I have got to tread on velvet. Within the course of a few minutes we may be fighting for our skins. By this time tomorrow night, if you stick it out, we may be fighting for our lives. When that's over, you can have a free hand with the women. You asked for this, remember. I know the way to bring it off. Both those girls are spies. One of them is our friend; the one who is just out of hearing is the mistress of Mercault, the leader of the dissatisfied Monégasques, and would give us away in a second if she had any idea what we were after."

The Irishman, who was beginning to find the enterprise entirely to his taste as he gained faith in his companion, became more and more amenable.

(Continued on page 46)



In her eyes there was a new expression. She was afraid. Her stubby forefinger, however, pointed upward

Illustrated by
T. D. Skidmore

Illustrated by
Pedro Llanuza

George Wright was a baseball star sixty-six years ago and he is still as keen about the game as a kid on a sandlot. This veteran of veterans reports here on several other old-timers who were playing baseball long before Ty Cobb was born

A TALL, portly man passed on the other side of the street. "There," remarked my companion, "is one of the greatest old-timers in baseball, one of the few left."

The old-timer's name is Denton Tecumseh Young. He began pitching for Cleveland in 1890 and won over 500 ball games before he was through.

But all things are comparative. When I thought of another ball player I knew Cy Young seemed to be a mere kid—just a rookie. I saw this other old-timer in Florida last winter watching a golf match, and again at Forest Hills watching Frank Shields and Johnny Doeg fight it out for the tennis championship.

This man played shortstop for the Gotham Club of New York just sixty-six years ago. That's what I call a real old-timer, not some sixty-six-year-old kid posing as a veteran of past sporting wars. His name is George Wright. He is now living in Boston, and up to the moment of this writing is still as keen about sport as any kid. George Wright is proof that you can't kill the sporting germ once it attacks the system.

George Wright was the great shortstop of his day. He played two years with the Gotham Club and in 1867 he moved to the Nationals of Washington. In 1869 he was a star member of the famous Cincinnati Red Stockings, a team that won every game on its schedule and thereby set a record no team has ever equaled. In 1871 Mr. Wright moved to the Boston Red Stockings and after fifteen years of major-league service he retired in 1879.

Looking Backward

Here are the ball players Mr. Wright picks as the best men of that earlier era of the game, from 1865 to 1880: John Montgomery Ward, Ross Barnes, Cal McVey, Robert Ferguson, Jim White, Pop Anson, Mike Kelly, Ed Williamson, John Morrill, Buck Ewing, A. G. Spalding and Jim O'Rourke.

Of these old-timers Mr. Wright, among others, has an unbounded admiration for the brilliancy of King Kelly, who in addition to his outstanding playing skill had a vivid personality that caught and held the fancy of the crowd.

Mr. Wright gave me the following list of old-timers who go back more than

Good Old Sports

By Grantland Rice



Heroes of a famous fight. The great John L. Sullivan talking with his conqueror, "Gentleman Jim" Corbett

Keystone

forty years and who are still living:

Jim White, catcher. Forest City club of Cleveland 1869, 1870 and 1871; Boston club 1872, 1873, 1874 and 1875; Chicago 1876-1877.

Al Pratt, pitcher. Forest City club of Cleveland 1869-1870.

Harry Shafer, third base. Athletics of Philadelphia 1869 and 1870; Boston 1871 to 1877 inclusive.

Tom Bond, pitcher. Brooklyn club 1875; Hartford club 1875-1876; Boston club 1877, 1878 and 1879.

John Burdock, second base. Brooklyn club 1875; Hartford club 1876; Boston 1878.

These veterans were playing baseball before Ty Cobb was born.

The greatest old-timer in boxing is still James J. Corbett. He grows more and more remarkable as the years race by. Tall, straight, athletic-looking and without a gray hair in his head so far as the eye can see, no one who did not know the facts could believe that Jim Corbett knocked out John L. Sullivan and became champion of the world thirty-nine years ago.

It is also remarkable that from the time of Corbett's ascendancy nearly forty years ago only one heavyweight champion has died. Corbett, Jeffries, Burns, Johnson, Willard, Dempsey and Tunney are all living. Fitzsimmons alone has disappeared into the mists. There are several in the lightweight and other classes who go a long way back, notably Jack McAuliffe.

There should be a special prize for the leading old-timers who are still in action. Prizes should be awarded to Alonzo Stagg, Connie Mack and Keene Fitzpatrick, to name only a few. Stagg was a crack athlete at Yale in the eighties. He began coaching around 1890 and is still the mandarin of athletics and head football coach at the University of Chicago, where for almost forty years he has seen his pupils step into action. How many recall that just twenty-six years ago one of Stagg's teams finally stopped the triumphant march of Michigan and Yost when the late Walter Eckersall was in his prime as one of the greatest of the great? In the last few years the Old Man of the

Midway has had poor football material to work with, but when given the chance he is still one of the smartest of them all. Only a year ago he came through with a new forward-passing attack that drew the admiration of such masters as Rockne and Zupke and Yost.

And also in this class we have Connie Mack, who started playing baseball fifty-six years ago. The amazing veteran has looked younger through this winter than for several years. There was the usual talk of his retiring some seasons back but you don't hear much about it now, not after the campaigns of 1929 and 1930. Lean and straight, the Athletic leader still walks with an elastic step and if you watch him on the bench through a hard game you will see the busiest manager in baseball.

Thirty-seven Years of Sports

Old-timers are bunched among the veteran trainers, but few go as far back as Keene Fitzpatrick of Yale, Michigan and Princeton. Keene has been at Princeton many years now and he holds one of the most remarkable records in sport—the record of unbroken service in his profession without missing a day for nearly thirty-seven years. The records of such old-time trainers and coaches as Tom Keene of Syracuse and Jack Moakley of Cornell are just about on a par with that of Keene Fitzpatrick, who in addition to turning out his full share of track stars has been invaluable in his time to such well-known coaches as Hurry-up Yost and Bill Roper.

Only a short while ago I ran into a grand old veteran, John C. Bell of Pennsylvania. Mr. Bell, still active and alert, has known more than his share of high honors in his time, including an attorney-generalship. But he will tell you that he still gets his biggest kick in recalling that afternoon in the early eighties when he lay across the Harvard goal line with a football under his arm, as the red and blue flags of Pennsylvania University paid him tribute. They may forget many events on the long march, but not the thrills of the big games they played.



Old-timers all—as seen by Llanuza: Mack, Fitzpatrick, Wright, Corbett and Stagg