

Heyday in a Vanished World

*The Funeral of the Emperor — Search for the Missing Editor
— John L. Sullivan in His Latter Days*

By Stephen Bonsal

*The second of two articles of reporting in the '80's.
Last month Mr. Bonsal related his adventures in
covering John L. Sullivan's fight with Charley
Mitchell in France*

AT Cologne, where we changed trains, I broke my fast and my tired brain worked better. I got in contact with the Herr Schaffner of the train and for what he seemed to regard as a princely present I thought I had secured a compartment to myself. He did not, however, placard that my privacy was not to be disturbed, but he locked me in and, though I did not like it, he said it was "*besser, viel besser.*"

Using a bag as a pillow and covering myself with a heavy coat, I was soon sound asleep, very sound asleep. How long this delight lasted I do not know, but it was not for long. I came gradually back to the hard world in which I was living and heard voices all around me. Also, it seemed, a knocking at the door. "Perhaps another telegram" was my thought, and then I opened wide my eyes. A most unmilitary looking gentleman in full military uniform was crouching at my feet in the little space that remained on the lounge. Opposite on the other side sat three stiff and very disgusted-looking middle-aged men in civilian garb, and peering at me through the window of the door was a *Jaeger* servant in a rough frieze coat. The start with which I awoke unfortunately planted one of my feet in the old gentleman's lap, but this accident gave me my cue. I apologized and placed my feet where they belonged. He was very gracious, but the other three gentlemen in civilian clothes and the *Jaeger* were evidently bursting with indignation, though they at least had no kick to complain of. As my wits came back to me, the situation did not



clear up. Here was a high officer, and despite the outrage I had done him he was smiling kindly, almost benevolently upon me, instead of unsheathing his sword which hung from the baggage-rack, and running me through. Could the man be a Prussian officer? Was all my previous experience of his class misleading? There he was, smiling kindly, while I expressed my sorrow and regret, and he, I could hardly believe my ears—

"I am sorry indeed to disturb you, more sorry than I can say to have awakened you. There were no other places in the train, so we had to come in. I urged my friends not to speak so loud, but of course they have much to talk about, the death of His Majesty and what it will mean for all of us." Then still more kindly, he continued, "I said to my friends, let's not disturb him. This *blut-junger Herr* comes out of Paris. He is very sleepy, just as I was thirty years ago when I came out of Paris. We must let him *ausschlafen*—

sleep it out." And how indulgently he smiled.

But of course I could not let this insinuation pass unnoticed. After all, I had spent only one night in Paris and my arrears of sleep came from the interminable watchful nights in the provinces. However, the old gentleman's kindness did not stop with mere words. He insisted upon my taking a drink from his flask, which would do me good, help me to sleep some more. However, it only made me talkative, and I explained where I had been and what I had seen. He seemed immensely interested, and at the next stop he spoke shortly to the three gentlemen opposite and they disappeared. "I think my friends will find other places now, and you can stretch yourself out again and be comfortable without incommoding me, but you are choosing a bad time to visit Berlin. You are coming to a mourning city. His Majesty is dead." I reassured him by telling him that from my student days I knew how gay Berlin could be, but I was glad to visit it at this historic moment.

"Your purpose?" he inquired. I told him how, as I reached Paris from the ringside, a cable had come ordering me to Berlin to describe the great funeral pageant.

"You had the telegram to come—from the ringside?"

"Yes, that was about it."

"*Sehr gut—Aber sehr gut.*" He rolled his eyes now and seemed convulsed by a repressed desire to laugh. The three civilian friends did not return to the compartment, and so the old gentleman went after them to be assured of their

comfort, and while he was away the Herr Schaffner, shamefaced, sneaked up to me.

"I could do no other," he protested. "Durchlaucht had to have a place and there was no other."

Durchlaucht! His Grace! Well, I was glad I had been fairly decent to the old fellow in recognition of his charming face and manners before I realized he was a durchlaucht or had any claim to rank.

Soon he was back again, assuring me that now we could stretch out and try to make the best of the circumstances. He assured me he would try to follow my example and snooze. "Though," he added sadly, "I am afraid you, when you reach sixty, will find as I have that you cannot sleep anywhere very well—except in your own bed."

My chance acquaintance of the train supplied me with many facilities. He seemed to be on the closest and most intimate terms with Count Perponcher, who was in complete charge of the funeral arrangements. The one I most appreciated was a special card which permitted me to cross all the police lines and paved my way into the cathedral where the monarch lay in state, while outside thousands upon thousands of loyal Berliners were milling about in the snow. The crowds were immense, all the streets were black with people and tens of thousands were still in line when the doors closed for the day. The police were most inefficient, but the docility of the Berlin crowds of that day prevented a riot. At the last moment, however, the crowds did get out of hand; many were pushed aside and, slipping in the snow and ice, were trodden underfoot. I saw half a dozen of these unfortunates carried away in ambulances.

Owing to the thick blanket of snow, unusual stillness hung over the scene. It was the strangest of phenomena, a noiseless crowd. All the vehicles were on runners, and the sleighbells were muffled. Never have I experienced a bleaker day, but this did not prevent the thousands from standing in line for hours, chilled to the marrow but hopeful to the last of having a last look at the familiar figure, of saying Hail and Farewell to the dead Emperor, who, if not great in himself, had presided over so many great events in German history. All wore the dark

blue cornflowers, the emblem of the House of Hohenzollern, and many there were who, though poor and far from properly clad against the severities of the weather, carried armfuls of the House flower which they would leave by the side of the coffin with their heads bowed and eyes veiled in tears.

The catafalque on which the open coffin rested was covered with a pall of purple velvet edged with ermine. It was flanked by gigantic candelabra of silver and by tabourets and silken cushions on which were placed the decorations and the worldly insignia which the dead monarch had relinquished so reluctantly. In the place of honor reposed the crown, the scepter and the orb, which the kings of Prussia proudly exhibited long before they could even pretend to world power. Banked up in front of the catafalque were wonderful floral tributes from many crowned heads and other rulers of the world. Of these it seemed to me a wreath sent by the Empress of Austria was the most beautiful, and certainly it was given the most conspicuous place. The guards of honor were picked giants in shining armor. On one side were officers of the Berlin garrison; on the other officers of the crack regiment, the Garde du Corps. The dead Emperor, with his head doubtless raised on a cushion, looked out upon the scene with sightless eyes from his lidless coffin. He was wearing the uniform of Old Fritz's favorite regiment, the First Foot guards, and a martial cloak was wrapped around him. As in prayer, his arms were folded over his chest, and the great Iron Cross was over his heart. His expression, or so it seemed to me in the dim subdued light, was gentle and smiling. There was no trace of death or the pangs of dissolution, and many murmured as they passed, "He is only sleeping; Please God he will awaken."

All day long great charcoal fires were burning on Unter den Linden, all the way from the palace to the Brandenburger Gate. This distance was strewn with evergreens and pine branches, and overhead were arches of green suspended upon pillars covered with black cloth. Around the fires the people gathered to thaw out and to read by this light the proclamation of the new Emperor-King, whom they hailed, and not mistakenly, as Frederick the Peaceloving. Now and again Prince William,

later to become the War Lord of sad memory, would appear at the palace window and present his youngest child to the people, who bowed their heads, and now and then cheered in a subdued decorous manner. What a pageant it was! William the Great lay on his bier. Frederick the Peaceloving was dying, but the dynasty carried on. That was to be eternal.

My chance, indeed my providential, acquaintance of the train turned out to be the reigning prince of Lippe-Detmold, a little state of about 150,000 inhabitants which had been incorporated in the Kingdom of Prussia when Hanover was overthrown in 1866. His principality was famous for its thrifty inhabitants, its forests, its horses, and above all for its bricklayers who at this time every year travelled to Hungary, Sweden, and Russia and returned in the fall with the profits of their trade.

According to Chapman Coleman, one of the last of the old-fashioned secretaries of Legation who had been stationed in Berlin for thirty years and knew everybody and everything in Germany worth knowing, the Prince was a descendant of Arminius (Herman) who in a battle in the Teutoburger forest had annihilated the Roman legion of Varus. While the Prince had not given me the proud details of his ancestry he had made no attempt to conceal his opinion that the House of Hohenzollern was an upstart parvenu family and that their inclusion in the Almanach de Gotha was due entirely to the pressure of the money power which they wielded through the Bleichröders. His presence at the funeral was, he explained, the merest gesture of a respect which was far from sincere and his motive in making it was solely to spare his people further trials and tribulations from Berlin at the hands of the Prussians whom he loathed. So strong was this feeling that I was at times forced to the conclusion that the Prince in seeing that I went everywhere and had a modest place at all the funeral functions was inspired by his contempt for the Emperor and a malicious desire to have his last pageant described by a reporter who by his own admission had just arrived from a prize-fight. Be this as it may, the Prince took most excellent care of me to the delight of Mr. Pendleton the minister and of Coleman the Secre-

tary. They had their hands more than full in trying to take care of Smalley of *The Tribune*, of Harold Frederick of *The Times* and of Blakely Hall of *The Sun* who were totally ignorant of German and had never been in Berlin before.

To some the last Imperial funeral celebrated with medieval pomp and circumstance was a never-to-be-forgotten pageant. But to the Ambassador Extraordinary of the dismembered French Republic it was a trying experience beset with many unwelcome and apparently insoluble problems. The duty of representing his country on this memorable occasion, representation which *les hautes convenances* and the protocol demanded, fell to General Billot. He was a gallant old soldier who in the days of his youth had served with credit throughout the Franco-Prussian war. His battalion by desperate fighting had broken through the iron band that encircled the French army at Sedan. Later he held an important command in the army of the Loire which safeguarded French military honor although it could not save the despoiled provinces or the war indemnity to Prussia.

While the special envoy was lodged at the Embassy in the Pariser Platz most of his suite lived at my hotel and in my corridor. I ran across the General several times, a handsome soldierly-looking man of sixty but with a face so sad that it attracted attention—even at a funeral. Soon the indiscretions of his young officers, several of whom were old friends, acquainted me with the details of the many-horned dilemma with which their chief was confronted.

"It would not be difficult," they explained, "for the General to follow the bier with measured tread and downcast eyes, for the dead monarch was certainly a gallant soldier and as such deserving of respect. But the visit of condolence to the young prince which the protocol demands—now that the Emperor Frederick lies upon his death-bed—how is that to be managed? How can a French soldier express sorrow upon the death of our conqueror at Sedan—the man who was crowned German Emperor at Versailles while the ruins of the St. Cloud palace still smoked? Will you tell me that?" I certainly could not and did not even attempt it.

"Of course," the voluble youngsters

ran on, "had the Mission not been sent it would have been a gross breach of etiquette. *Mais ouil Mais ouil* It is not to be denied—but now Rochefort says in *L'Intransigeant*, if the General expresses but one little word of sympathy, when he makes his inevitable call at the Palace, he will summon the men and women of Belleville to build barricades as of yore and destroy this dastardly government. And even Hebrard in *Le Temps* is lukewarm toward our Mission and fails to understand our dilemma."

Certainly General Billot had a bad cold, the penalty of exposure to the many funeral ceremonies—and in the end, like the born diplomat he proved himself to be, he utilized it to best advantage. Several hours after the dreaded audience the young members of the dolorous mission were opening champagne, decorously but joyously none the less in our corridor.

"I do not have to ask you how it went off," I said.

"No, it was magnificent," came the chorus of answers. "When it came our General's turn he stood before the Prince, pointed to his throat and then with all the good will in the world opened his mouth—but from his bronchial tubes there came only a wheeze and a rumble. And I must say the Prince was charming. He came forward and put his hand on our General's shoulder. 'I am sorry indeed that this should have happened in Berlin,' he said, 'but if the truth must be told we always have *infames Wetter* (disgusting weather) here in March. But I hope to welcome you here some day under more favorable circumstances.'

"Now what can Rochefort make out of that? *Mais rien de rien!*"

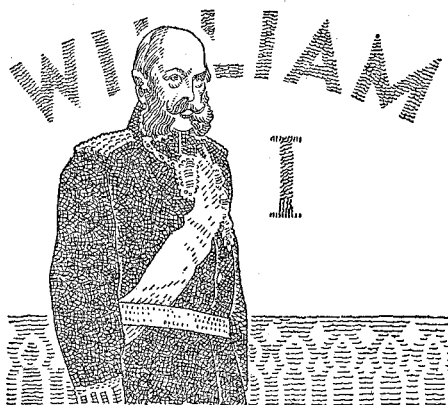
The last day of William the Victorious, before his broken body was returned to mother earth, dawned dark and forbidding. The skies were leaden and the March winds boisterous and penetrating. Prince William, so soon to replace both father and grandfather on the throne, arrived at the Cathedral in great state shortly before noon. At rigid attention with head erect he took up his stand in the great nave behind the Imperial standard. Strangely enough as it seemed to me and to many others, while they were doubtless active behind the scene, neither Prince Bismarck nor Field Marshal Von Moltke took a

prominent part in the public ceremonies. While, outside, the people in their thousands and as it seemed to me in their millions were surging about the hideous edifice, inside, the cathedral was not overcrowded. As was both fitting and also fortunate for me my place was well to the rear and convenient to a door which enabled me to escape while the cortège was forming and to reach my old student quarters on the Linden, by a back entrance to the house, which was only a few yards away from the Café Bauer from which I was to view the procession as it passed.

The Lutheran service was short and impressive in its simplicity and it was accompanied throughout by the soft strains of low plaintive music. Prince Radziwill and Counts Perponcher and Lehnendorf, in life the Emperor's most trusted aides, stood by the side of the coffin with drawn swords. Outside the minute guns roared while clustered about the catafalque were, as the court calendar afterwards related, twenty-six crowned heads or heirs apparent to thrones which at the time seemed so stable. When the choir finished singing "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth" and the military bands were striking up the first notes of Chopin's *Marche Funebre* I made my escape and ten minutes later was ensconced in the window from where I could certainly enjoy the best view of the great pageant.

The middle aisle of the Lindens was carpeted with fir branches, and the side aisles to the right and left were jammed with masses of people struggling to get a sight of the little that was to be seen from the ground. They were kept in place by infantry columns massed four deep, and the line of march was cleared by squadrons of cuirassiers, big men on giant horses. Great banks of snow hung over the scene, and the light from the blazing naphtha fires in the vases that topped the funeral pillars shed but a weird uncertain light over the spectacle.

The funeral car, of black and gold, was immediately followed by the Emperor's favorite war-horse, a noble animal which now and then whinnied plaintively, as though it read the meaning of the mourning trappings that it wore and understood the message of the minute guns which now reverber-



ated throughout the otherwise strangely silent city. Right behind came Prince William, a striking figure with his hand on the hilt of his sword, playing his martial part, unlike Prince Henry, his naval brother, who made no attempt to conceal his grief. Right behind them came the monarchs of the German States and Charles of Roumania, a Hohenzollern cousin, and George of Greece, and others bound to the dynasty by marriage ties. Then three Ministers of State, slipping and sliding in the snow and ice, but bearing proudly the emblems of power, the crown, the scepter, and the orb. Then another flock of mourning kings, special ambassadors, and the representatives of more or less related dynasties. The Prince of Wales, the little Tsarevitch, and his tall slim brother, Rudolph, Archduke and Crown Prince of Austria, Albert of Saxony, Leopold of Belgium, and Victor Emmanuel, the Prince of Naples, heir to the Italian King.

Before the statue of Old Fritz, the car was halted for a few moments, and in unison, the court chaplains and the higher clergy led in prayer. And from a side street there now appeared many companies of the famous First Foot regiment, the favorite troops of the great Frederick, wearing for the day the miter-shaped headgear of shining brass, recalling memories of the Seven-Years' War.

At last, and now to the music of Beethoven's noble march, the Death of a Hero, the stately slow-moving procession reached the Brandenburg Gate, and here the innumerable royalties, who were quite fatigued with the heavy march in full regalia, were invited to mount in court carriages placed on runners, for the *Sieges-Allee* was impassable for pedestrians or carriages. How serene seemed the prospect of the

royalties who proudly carried the pall of the dead monarch, who after having suffered so many blows of fortune, so many *Schicksals-Schläge*, had ended his days in peace and upon a proud and spacious eminence. But, had we been given the gift of reading the future, we would have seen Rudolph of Austria meeting a mysterious death in the hunting lodge at Meyerling; the little Tsarevitch massacred with all his family in the dark cellar at Ekaterinburg; and George of Greece shot down like a dog in the streets of Salonica. Mercifully, however, the future was veiled.

But many did comment on the serene prospect of the successor to the man who was now being carried out to his last resting place. And a few recalled in this moment how William the Victorious had fled before the Revolution of '48, and his dreary months of exile in England, where he had gone with a forged passport made out in the name of a certain non-existent Herr Lehmann. Ludwig, the historian, relates that as the funeral car went by there was at least one man in the otherwise respectful throng who shouted "Good-by, Lehmann." Ludwig was not present and I certainly did not hear it, but the way was long and the taunting words may have been spoken. As for myself, I heard nothing but words of praise and expressions of sorrow; all agreed that the dead monarch's work was done, and well done; that Germany was united at home and respected abroad as never before. The work was well done, but some there were who, peering into the future, asked: Will it stand?

It is doubtless passing strange that of all the tributes to the great man the only one I can now recall was in the form of a valedictory from my old landlady who in view of our former acquaintance in my student days had rented me one of her windows at about twice the prevailing price. The praise of pastors in court pulpits, of war lords young and old, of ministers of state and ambassadors of great powers is clean forgotten and only her words abide. The explanation of this lapsus I leave to my read-

ers. Was it because her words at least were sincere and unstudied or was it because I am a frivolous chronicler wholly unequal to a task worthy of Froissart?

I must tell you that Frau Unsorge was a hard-headed and hard-fisted old woman else she had not survived the exacting life she had lived for thirty years. Her contacts had been exclusively with what she called *möblierte-zimmer-Herren* (men who live in furnished rooms), vagrant and migratory students from all over the world who came to Berlin to listen to Professor Treitschke's version of German history, or young lieutenants from the provincial garrisons who came to the capital to hear the great war lords expound the art of war in the high *Kriegsschule*, just around the corner. However, as the solemn pageant passed, Frau Unsorge suddenly crumpled up, real tears flowed down her raddled cheeks and through her apron she bellowed: "And now he goes too! *Der liebe gute alte Kaiser. Er hat so gern Hummern und Champagner gehabt*"—Our dear good old Kaiser! How he loved champagne and lobsters!

It was nearly dusk when the mausoleum was reached and the body of the Emperor, in compliance with his last wish, was placed by the side of his mother, Queen Louise, who died of a broken heart while Napoleon was war lord of a Prussia he had crushed under his heel. From the window of the Schloss in Charlottenburg the dying Emperor Frederick watched the passing of his father and bowed his head as the Court-Precacher raised his voice and proclaimed "Blessed is the man who resists temptation." On my way back I dismissed my sleigh at the Brandenburg Gate and walked along the Linden. The fires in the great braziers were burning low now and the thousands who had been at such pains and discomfort to witness the great spectacle were stumbling about in the snowdrifts on their way home. I had little time for reflection, the call of the cable was upon me, but the thought did not escape me that in the historic moments that had just passed the last scene in the life of a man who was two years old when Washington died had been enacted, that I had seen a soldier laid away who had fought with Blücher at Waterloo, and that the ruler whose

reign was over had been proclaimed German Emperor in the palace at Versailles in 1871. I realized that quite a lot of modern history sank out of sight when that tomb was closed, but it was more than I or perhaps any one else suspected at the time.

As I crossed the Wilhelmstrasse I had the most interesting experience of the crowded day. I became involved in a traffic jam and stood for several minutes by the side of a brougham that was also held up. Inside of it sat Prince Bismarck all alone. He wore his cuirassier's uniform and great helmet. His eyes seemed bloodshot, and he was looking straight before him into a world where his "Gracious King" as he called him would no longer be omnipotent. Perhaps he was thinking of the day, the not distant day, when the young prince whom he had told "you will not need a Chancellor," meaning doubtless you will not suffer one, would throw him over.

In the early evening there fell more snow, and all traffic, except of the most urgent nature and on the main streets, was suspended. The lobbies of the hotels were cluttered up with the funeral delegations trying to learn about the possible departure of the international trains and speculating upon their chances of getting away from the blockaded city. In these circumstances, though tired and sorely tempted to the lazier practice, I recalled what both Stanley and Archibald Forbes had so often told me, and insisted upon: "It is not enough to write your story. You must see it off."

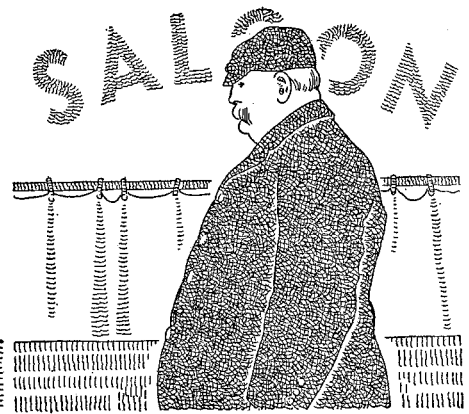
So I started for the *Haupttelegraphen Amt* in a cab, and as we were soon stuck in the snowdrifts I had to finish my journey on foot. As I prepared to turn in the sheets, I noticed that over the cable window there was a sign which read: "Western Union *Cabel Unterbrochen*" (Western Union Cable Interrupted), so I divided my message, and routed it over the German and French cables. As I turned from the window to begin my homeward journey on foot, a messenger from the hotel came in with Smalley's message, and it was labelled "via Western Union." Shrugging his shoulders, the receiving telegrapher put it on the Western Union spike to be transmitted when the line was clear, and as a matter of fact it did reach *The Tribune* in time for

belated publication in the issue of the following Sunday! I might have saved the situation, but I did not. Sometimes I have felt quite properly ashamed of my inaction, of how, at least passively, I let down a colleague. But was Smalley a colleague? He asserted on all occasions that he was not. He claimed to be an envoy extraordinary of intellectual America, and on all occasions displayed the most sovereign contempt for mere correspondents. In evening clothes (how strange they looked

in the falling snow) he had been rushing around all day getting nowhere and seeing nothing, for the poor man was in a new territory and among people who did not know him, and threatening Mr. Pendleton, our ambassador, with his displeasure because front seats were not assigned to him. And now his mighty and majestic picture of the great pageant was hung up on the waiting hook, and I, malicious worm that I was, let it stay there.

It was not a pretty incident of my career. I have kept it a dark secret these many years, but I have felt better, in fact almost justified, since reading Gertrude Atherton's memoirs and finding my deep impression of Smalley more than confirmed by her and by White-law Reid, who both knew him better and had the ill-fortune of more frequent contacts with him than I did. Mrs. Atherton describes a dinner in Paris at which Smalley talked incessantly of the great ones of the period he knew most intimately, until at last Reid, provoked beyond endurance, broke out with: "Yes, Smalley, you are the most colossal snob and the most monumental cad that America ever sent to Europe," and her comment is that Smalley looked and acted "as if he had lockjaw for the rest of the evening."

Coleman, the secretary of the Legation, was a frank critic and a most unwise one of the American press as it was represented on this occasion. "When world-stirring events were on in Germany," he protested, "the American papers for the most part were content to view them through English eyes and now they come, a mob of them, to



attend a funeral! And what an incompetent lot they are! They not only expect us to get them tickets and transportation to the ceremonies but they call upon us to act as interpreters and peace talkers between them and their bewildered coachmen." Harold Fredericks of *The Times* was there, whimsical but charming and also Blakeley Hall of *The Sun* who had recently achieved Printing House Square fame with a series of articles depicting the life of a New York boarding-house child. Here he was out of his element and it made him irritable. Most of his cables dealt with the manifold shortcomings, as he thought, of our really able and competent Minister, ex-Senator George Pendleton of Ohio.

II

Within ten days I was back in Paris, busily engaged in picking up the threads of the Boulanger movement which so many regarded as a conspiracy to enthrone a Bonapartist or an Orleanist prince. The memory of the Imperial funeral had begun to fade, and I frankly thought that I was through with prize-fighting for ever. A cable from New York put an end to this pleasant dream. I learned that the famous sporting editor and boxing expert who had been sent over to support and supplement me had now disappeared from the face of the earth altogether. The paper had received only his technical account of the great fight up to the 30th round and then—silence.

At first, they advised me, they had concluded that — was simply broken-hearted and could not bring himself to chronicle the downfall of America's idol, but, as the days passed and no word came from him, a more sinister explanation became current. It

was recalled that Archie McNeill, a London sporting man, while returning from the Smith-Kilrain fight, had been murdered in Boulogne for his watch, and the suspicion deepened that the same sad fate had overtaken my co-adjutor. I was urged to make every effort to shed light on the mystery, and at last, very unwillingly I must admit, I took the train for Amiens and began the search for the missing man.

I proceeded with caution as I did not know what my status might be with the local authorities. True, I had not been arrested and so I had not jumped my bail but nevertheless the French police were notoriously a queer lot and perhaps after all my run of good fortune I might fall into the clutches of the law. Anxious not to raise any of these questions I presented myself to the authorities as a friend of the distressed family of the missing editor who had come to France to visit the breeding establishments and to make a report on Baron de Rothschild's promising string of horses.

"Unfortunately," I explained, "his visit coincided with the arrival of the pugilists——"

"What a disgrace it has been," interrupted the Commissaire with hand uplifted to the high heavens, "what a disgrace it has been to Anglo-Saxon civilization, and they have sought to smirch *la belle France* but I declare we are innocent. But for them it was disgraceful, *une belle horreur*, a shameful spectacle."

While I thought that now the Commissaire was being carried away by racial feelings, this was no moment for argument, so by silence I assented. But the pent-up feelings of M. le Commissaire were not to be denied utterance.

"And as a *combat*, a fight, believe me it was ridiculous. Why *mes paysans* who saw the meeting tell me that with a kick in the mouth any one of our boys but little acquainted with the art of *savate* could have laid by the heels the greatest boxer, indeed both of them. And they say, *mes paysans*, that the famous strangers who had come so far for the meeting did not even know how to begin to fight, that there was no tripping—that not even a single *croc en-jambe* was attempted! *Voyons! Monsieur* as a combat it was not serious! *Tout simplement des enfantillages—* Just simply child's play——"

I did not take up the cudgels in defense of the noble science as practised by our race. I thought it was, as the French say, a "splendid opportunity to hold my tongue." Finally I brought the Commissaire back to the mysterious disappearance and placing two of his men at my disposal he secured for me a decrepit cab and sent us out to make the rounds of the villages. For many hours our search was without success. No stranger had been noticed. Perhaps my description of this great judge of horseflesh who had disappeared was not entirely accurate. I spoke of him as quite a personage, and regretted that he had been brought in contact, if he had been, with the disgraceful exhibition which the whole civilized world deplored. At last one of the peasants we encountered who was superintending two hardy old women digging potatoes in a field, said: "There is a stranger tramp down by my pigsty, but of course he is not the gentleman you are looking for. He is drunk most of the time; he has sold his coat and most of his clothes for alcohol, and he speaks no language we can understand. I mention it—but of course he is not the distinguished Monsieur you seek."

Nevertheless, and with dire forebodings, I went down to the sty. The grunt of the pigs indicated the way, and there by the trough, half-submerged in filthy muck, lay the great editor. He was blue in the face with the cold or the alcohol, and the peasants threw up their hands in amazement as I attempted to arouse him. It was my man all right, and at last he came to and recognized me.

"The fight is over," he moaned, "and John is beaten."

"No, it was a draw," I asserted. And he brightened visibly. We picked him up, and soon he was able to hobble to the cab. We caught the train at Senlis, and before the week was out I shipped him home via Havre. I was never quite clear in my mind whether the result of the fight had broken the editor's heart, or whether his mortal weakness would in any event have borne him down. The fight was undoubtedly the end of the era of which he was one of the most glamorous reporters. He died a few months later, and I never saw another prize-fight until many, many years later when, with touching filial piety, a group of young men took me

to see the Dempsey-Carpentier fight at Boyle's Thirty Acres over in Jersey City. That was not much of a fight, and so going and coming I had plenty of time to tell the boys of the new generation about the epic struggle of long ago in far-away France, and I did not prettify it much. I couldn't.

In Europe of course John was finished but not so in America. While some fell away from the great champion, there were many who would not desert our favorite son, even in the days of his partial eclipse. As a general thing the *contretemps* in France was ignored. Great preparations were made to celebrate the return of Sullivan to the land where he learned to fight. Among the announced speakers was Roscoe Conkling, but his speech was never delivered. The great blizzard of March, 1888, that followed so closely upon the fight in France and so harassed the distribution of the many editions dealing with the details of the great event, knocked out the forensic champion and Sullivan's close friend, and his voice was heard no more among men. But a rough draft of the speech which he had prepared for delivery at the banquet of welcome already planned was circulated among a few intimates, and of this I feel justified in quoting a few heartfelt words.

"Our guest has subdued the haughtiest King and the champions of two continents, carrying our beloved Star-Spangled Banner in triumph through every conflict. Unspoiled by his glittering glory, he now returns modestly accepting us plain citizens as his equals and his friends."

I never had the good fortune to see our national idol on the stage which he adorned for so many years, nor yet as a scientific farmer in his beloved Massachusetts, but I did see him playing in one of his least successful transformations. When I returned from Europe after a long absence in the Balkans Brisbane said: "John has opened a saloon at Sixth Avenue and Forty-second Street. We must call on him right away; it will please him to see you."

I had my doubts, but it was a pleasure to go anywhere with Brisbane and soon we were there. At other hours John L. may have done a land-office business, but at this moment the great saloon was rather deserted. Even after Brisbane had patted him on the back, felt his muscles, that were not so bulg-

ing as they had been in France, and I had said the words that I thought were appropriate, the great man did not seem delighted to see me. Even under the patronage of his close friend and admirer I cannot say that I was warmly welcomed. "You see he's on the water-wagon, and that makes him grumpy," explained Brisbane, and, as though reading our thoughts, John began:

"Yes, I was a 'boozer' for twenty-five years, and it was John Barleycorn who knocked me out as a fighter. The only way you can beat old John is to climb out of the ring. Charley Mitchell? It's to laugh. That bozo can't fight. He's a sprinter all right and he spiked my feet until my shoes were filled with blood. But it wasn't he, but John Barleycorn, the snow, and the sleet that stopped me—Brrr!"

Even when the great man had got this temperance speech off his chest, and had offered us liquid refreshment, he did not seem happy. Evidently there was still something on his mind and suddenly, with a wink at Brisbane, he put his arm on my shoulder and drew me aside.

"I owe you an apology and I'm going to make it right now."

"Why, John, you have always treated me white."

"No, I haven't. I've done you dirt, but I didn't mean it. You see, Bonsal is a hard name to remember; it's not like Brisbane."

"No," I admitted meekly, "it's not."

"And so when I came to talk to that bozo who was writing my oughter-bography, damned if I didn't forget it."

Here John ran behind the bar and produced a well-thumbed volume.

"And when I came to that day in France I said 'there was with me good old Brisbane and a nice young fellow from *The Herald*.'"

There was something almost pleading in the great man's attitude and voice now, and I hope that for once I rose to the occasion. He repeated "I hope you'll forgive me. It's a hard name to remember."

"Of course it is," I said soothingly. "But see what you have done for me, John. You have given me deathless, if anonymous fame, and eternal youth. I was there—a nice young fellow."

"It's mighty good of you to take it that way," said John, and the clouds

vanished from his mighty brow. He patted me on the back and soon we were seated around the table in the private room, swapping yarns and drinking beer, while to fill up the gaps in our conversation, which did lag somehow, Brisbane would feel John's Herculean arm muscles and, though they seemed a little flabby, to me, would pronounce them all right.

"Of course," said John, "it's only my stomach that has gone back on me. I can't eat as I did."

Then suddenly the door to the private room was thrown open and a villainous-looking little old man in shirtsleeves and draped in a long soiled apron shouted, "Come out here in front, and show yourself. You don't think people come here for the suds, do you?"

I was aghast. John did not have a gentle way with underlings, with those who did not remember the mighty respect that was his due. I recalled almost murderous scenes at Chippy Norton's training quarters, and still another at a café in Paris—where proper deference to the champion of the world had not been paid. But this was a changed John.

"The old cuss is right," he said.

"Of course he is right," chimed in Brisbane, and submissively we all three walked out into the public room. Quite a number of people were dropping in now, singly and in troops. They would give their orders at the bar and then sidle over to our table.

"How are you stacking up, John?" more than one had the audacity to say. And John would answer, gruffly, "Fair to middlin'," and go on with the subject in hand.

But when John saw a group of admirers with their feet on the rail, who with modest hero-worship were content to gaze at the great man from afar, he was truly magnificent. He would stride towards them in his big-hearted way and shout, "Pleased to meet you, gentlemen; put it there. Have a good time; this is Liberty Hall." Then he would return to us, leaving the men at the rail in the highest heavens of delight.

All this time the villainous-looking old man in his shirtsleeves hovered around, always getting in front of John, and as it seemed to us, absurd as was the thought, the champion quailed before his insolent glance. Brisbane said, "That's a good one, John, you ought to

raise that fellow's salary. Of course you must sit out in front." John smiled sardonically and the old man, with a dirty dishrag in his hand, kept buzzing about us like an unfriendly hornet. He would slap his dishcloth down on the table, clean up the foam that had fallen from the beakers, but he did it so roughly that he spilled more foam than he removed. John never said a word but when the old man retired for a moment to a corner, from which he continued to glare at us with concentrated hatred, John said, with an explanatory wave of the hand:

"That fellow's me father. You'll hardly believe it. You'll think John's stringing you, but I ain't. It's gospel truth. That man's me father, so help me. He's only five feet three, and sort of bent in the middle, but for all that they tell me that before he became a booze-hound 'Mike' Sullivan was one of the heftiest hod-carriers in Boston. Of course I take after me mother. She was five feet ten and she tipped the scales at two hundred on her wedding day. She was a Roscommon woman, I owe everything to her, and she could make that little runt behave himself. But I can't. I take after her in every way—in every other way," repeated John.

The great man now changed the subject, for the old fellow swooped down again on our table, banged the glasses and again glared with frank hatred at the son who had achieved immortality. Soon John was discussing Jack Johnson, the black Galveston roustabout who wanted to fight him for a purse of ten thousand dollars, which in those days looked bigger than a million in the era of Tex Rickard the inflationist and of Dempsey and Tunney.

"I'll never soil my hands fighting a nigger. They tell me in my business you have to meet all kinds of people, but I won't soil my hands nor my gloves neither fighting a nigger for ten thousand or even twenty thousand."

When our time was up, we really hated to leave great big-hearted foolish John at the mercy of that venomous little fellow who was still hovering around. But as Brisbane said wisely as we walked away, "I'd do anything for John, but you can't help a fellow in his family quarrels. They have to be fought out strictly *en famille*."

Where the Apple Reddens

A STORY



By Virgilia Peterson



NINA lay still in the darkened room. She was not asleep. A jumble of fancies rolled through her head. She was trying to imagine Miss Martin at home; Miss Martin in an evening dress like one of Jacqueline's; Miss Martin going to a ball. It was fun to piece out pictures of Miss Martin.

The door opened and Miss Martin came in.

"Time's over. Here's your orange juice. Did you have a nap?" She spoke cheerfully.

"Not much," Nina answered.

Miss Martin pulled up the blue shades. The one nearest the bed went on flapping angrily till the string got caught at the top. A flat gray light filled the room. The clock on the bureau said three.

"It's still snowing," Miss Martin remarked. "Here. Put on this jacket if you're going to sit up."

She straightened the spread over the blankets and stuck an extra pillow at Nina's back.

"Now. What would you like to do this afternoon?"

"I don't know," Nina said.

"Your mother told me that you ought to be studying. You're three weeks behind, you know. Shall I bring you the algebra?"

"Oh! dear."

"It'll be worse than 'Oh! dear' on Monday, when you get back to school."

"Am I going on Monday?"

"Doctor says those last pocks will be gone by then. So I don't see why not."

When she went back to school, Miss Martin would leave.

"I don't want to work. Not today."

The door opened.

"May I come in?" Nina's mother asked.

"Certainly, Mrs. Haskins," said Miss Martin. "We were just wondering what to do this afternoon. Nina says that she does not feel like working yet."

Nina's mother came and leaned over the bed. She smelled of eau-de-cologne.

"How does my little girl feel after her nap? Better? I think it's rather stuffy in here, Miss Martin. If you opened the window, just a crack."

"It's been open for the last hour, Mrs. Haskins. I've just closed it."

"Have you really? It does seem so warm. Perhaps if you turned off the heat."

"We don't want the patient to catch a cold now. She's been getting on so well."

"Still, she needs the air. And don't you think that light is too strong? Such a glare, right in her eyes. You could pull the shades half way."

"She wouldn't be able to see to read, Mrs. Haskins."

"I can't imagine why I've left the bed facing the light, anyway. It ought to be turned around with the head here. Do you see what I mean? It won't take a minute to fix it. Nina, hop out of bed. I'll get some one to help."

Mrs. Haskins went into the hall.

"Katy! Oh! Katy!" she called.

Jacqueline opened her door.

"What is it, Mother?" she asked.

"I was trying to get Katy. I can't imagine what the girl does. She's never here when I need her. Perhaps you'll help us for a moment. I want to get that child's bed turned around so the light won't be in her eyes."

Jacqueline came into Nina's room. She was wearing the Russian coat, high fur collar and cuffs, and deep fur in a circle at her feet. Her face looked so smooth against the fur.

"Hello, little sister," she said. "What's up?"

"Nothing. Are you going out?"

"I have to go down town."

"Will you come and see me when you get back?"

"Of course I will."

She and Miss Martin moved the bed.

"There," said Mrs. Haskins. "That's much better. Now, child, what are you going to do?"

"I don't know," Nina said.

"She doesn't seem to be able to amuse herself at all," Mrs. Haskins turned to Jacqueline. "I can't understand it. Do you remember, when you were her age, how you made scrapbooks? Do you remember all the little poems you wrote?"

"Yes, Mother. They were awful. I can't think why I wrote them. But look, Nina. What about paper dolls? I've got that box in my closet. If you'll promise not to tear them or lose any you can have those to play with."

"That would be fine," Nina said.