

## FROM HERO TO ZERO

By JAMES H. BORLAND

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JULIAN GORDON, an athlete from the ground up, had come to Brockport as instructor in athletics. As he stepped off the train he suddenly felt the pressure of an unseen hand on his shoulder, and a timid voice greeted him with:

"Excuse me, sir, don't you want to fight?"

Turning upon his questioner, Gordon's look of puzzled surprise quickly gave way to a smile. Before him stood a well-dressed, mild-mannered little man, whose face seemed gentleness itself.

"I meant no offense, my dear sir," the stranger continued with a friendly smile. "I just asked it as a gentlemanly question, that's all. Don't you ever fight?"

"Why, I have been known to do such a thing," replied Gordon good-naturedly.

"Good for you," exclaimed the man, greatly elated. "My name is Lovejoy—Jeremiah Lovejoy. You look as though you'd do a fellow-man a favor. Will you fight?"

"Why are you so anxious to fight me? We never met before, so you cannot have anything against me."

"Not the first thing, my dear sir, nothing at all; but that isn't the point. Fighting makes a man of a fellow. It develops the body, strengthens the nerves and imparts grace and flexibility to the intellect. Now the minute my eye lit on you, I said to myself, 'there's a Christian gentleman. I'll bet my life he'll fight me.'"

"Isn't it unbecoming in a Christian gentleman to fight?"

"Unbecoming your grandmother! Why, my dear sir, the hardest blows in the world have been struck by Christians, and for ten thousand years the fighting man has been crowned as a Hero while the fellow who handed out the milk of human kindness was downed as a Zero."

"So I suppose you are fighting for a front seat in the Hall of Fame?" queried Gordon.

"Exactly, and I expect to win, for God loves a hard hitter."

"How do you make that out?"

"How do I make that out? Let me ask you a question: Is the Lord lading out love taps when he hands us the cyclone, the tidal wave and the bolt of lightning? Hardly. Don't these solar-plexus swings teach us that the fighting spirit flourishes on high?"

"Are you a professional?" continued the instructor of athletics.

"Oh, no! I never took a boxing lesson in my life. I fight for the benefit of my health and to set a good example to others. It's the one real joy of my life."

"Do you generally win out?"

"Well, I don't always get the worst of it, but I don't care a continental about that. Every man should be unselfish enough to help along a good cause."

The two had by this time reached the hotel.

"Well, sir, what do you say?" resumed the little man, familiarly inviting Gordon to a seat, after the latter had registered his name. "Will you fight?"

"I would rather not this morning."

"Why?"

"Because I don't feel well."

But a rousing good fight will bring you around all right. I am sure of it. For goodness' sake don't disappoint me now that you have raised my hopes. I haven't had a fight for a week."

"Can't you stand it another week?"

"Good Godfrey, no! With me, to live means to fight. I would rather go without food than without a fight."

"Why don't you tackle somebody else?"

"That's just it. I can't find anyone. I have exhausted all our native talent, so you see I have to take on strangers."

A traveling man was just entering the hotel, and Lovejoy, hastily excusing himself, rushed up to him with a proposal to fight.

"There! you see how it is," he continued in a doleful tone as he returned to Gordon. "No use asking them. They all refuse. You are the only one who's got any grit. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. I never fight for money, but I'll give you \$25 if you will stand up before me for half an hour. What do you say?"

"I don't believe I care to, today."

"How about tomorrow?"

"I'll think about it. How do you fight? I mean under what rules?"

"Any old way—jab, jolt, punch or clinch. Any style that comes handy but gives each fellow a square deal. You understand. Now, what do you say? Is it a go?"

"I said I would think about it."

"Well, as that seems the best I can do, I guess we'll have to let it go at that. But for goodness' sake don't weaken tomorrow."

Near midnight Gordon was awakened by loud knocking on his door.

"Who is there?" he demanded, with a yawn.

"It's me—Jeremiah Lovejoy."

"What in thunder do you want?"

"Excuse me, sir, I want to fight. It's no use—I can't sleep until I've had a few good rounds, so I thought maybe you'd just as soon accommodate me tonight as in the morning."

"If you don't clear out I'll knock you into the middle of next week," shouted Gordon.

"Excuse me, sir, I don't want to be disagreeable, but I've taken a liking to you and I ask it as a favor."

"All right, I'll fight you tomorrow. Now go and make your will."

"Good! That's a bargain! I knew you were made of the right stuff," came in grateful notes from the intruder, as he made his way downstairs. "I'll be around bright and early."

But he wasn't. For right here fate stepped in and Gordon saw nothing of Lovejoy the following day. In the evening, wondering what had become of him, he inquired at the hotel office.

"Oh!" answered the clerk in surprise. "We thought you knew. Mr. Lovejoy is at the hospital."

"Why, did someone do him up?"

"No. It was an accident. Long before breakfast this morning he asked us to send his card to your room. Not wishing to disturb you at that hour, we told him you had gone out, whereupon he rushed madly for the door, exclaiming that he had an important engagement with you. Just as he was about to pass out he stumbled and fell, striking his head on the marble steps. When we reached him he was unconscious, so we sent him to the hospital."

"Have you heard how he was getting on?"

"Yes; he regained consciousness at noon and is doing well. The fall seems to have proved a blessing in disguise for him."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, it's the most curious coincidence. Two months ago Mr. Lovejoy, while quietly passing through our front door with a friend, fell in exactly the same spot and became unconscious. The moment he regained consciousness the notion took hold of him that he wanted to fight every man he met. Up to that time he was a most peace-loving citizen. In fact, abnormally so. He founded a society for the prevention of boxing exhibitions, caused a bill for the suppression of prize fighting to be introduced in our state legislature, and also delivered an address before the International peace congress."

"Yes, but you speak of his latest fall having proved a blessing."

"I was just coming to that," continued the clerk. "This afternoon the doctor at the hospital telephoned us that since regaining consciousness Mr. Lovejoy is his former self again, the gentle, peace-loving Lovejoy of old."

On hearing the startling news Gordon decided to pay a visit to the hospital. Apart from the little man's craze for fighting, the instructor in athletics had from the first felt himself drawn toward him. Besides, he considered himself in a way responsible for the accident.

After being cautioned by the house physician not to mention fighting, as that might upset the patient's nerves, he entered the ward and found Lovejoy propped up in bed.

"I am so glad you came," began the little man, cordially extending his hand. "I hope you have decided to accept the office of vice president of my society for the prevention of prize fighting, which I offered you the other day. I remember you held out that fighting develops the necessary martial spirit in a man, but I guess you have come around to my way of thinking."

"Certainly," acquiesced Gordon in his desire to humor the patient. "You are quite right."

"Good!" exclaimed the other. "That's fine; another won over. Fighting," he continued excitedly, "is the most degrading, brutal—but here the house physician thought best to interpose and Gordon excused himself.

"Doctor, how do you account for the astonishing change in your patient?" Gordon asked upon reaching the corridor. "Why, only a day or two ago he kept pestering the life out of me to fight."

"Exactly," nodded the physician. "That bump he got on his head a few months ago shocked his nerve center of combativeness into violent action. It instantly changed him from an apostle of peace to a man of war, as it were. His fall a few days ago acted just as strangely with a reverse force. He is now perfectly normal and pacific, the original Lovejoy."

"By the way," added the physician as Gordon took his leave, "I wish you luck as vice president of his society. You may regard it as a compliment, but as he seems to have taken a fancy to you, you will probably find it quite as difficult to dodge his peace projects in the future as his fighting proposals in the past."

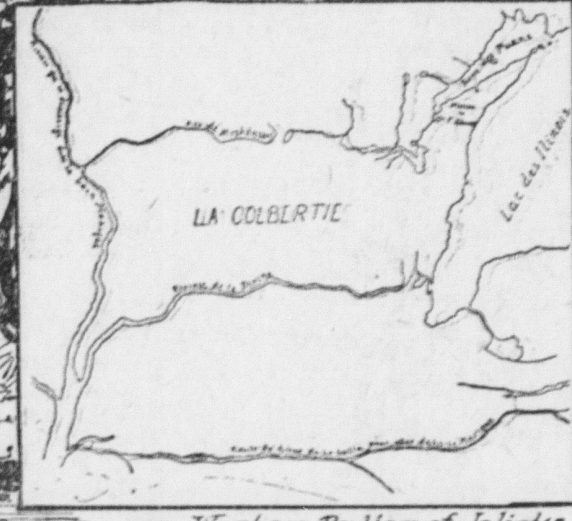
### War Ambulances

The French wars following the revolution of 1789 brought the ambulance service along with other military innovations. An organized system for the transportation of wounded was first introduced by Baron Larrey, the French military surgeon in the Army of the Rhine in 1792. It was not until the latter part of the Civil war that the ambulance obtained proper recognition and development in the introduction of a uniform system by an act of congress in March, 1864.

### Bees Ended Fracas

The customers of a village inn at Prohnsdorf, Prussia, became boisterous and a free-for-all fight developed. The landlord did not have a bouncer and did not fancy the job for himself. He rushed out and brought back a beehive. After putting on a mask, he released the bees. The insects did their work swiftly and thoroughly, and within a minute every one of the combatants had fled.

# Joliet, Marquette, LaSalle



## Chicago Honors Famous Explorers

By JOHN DICKINSON SHERMAN

TRAFFIC police halt traffic across the Michigan boulevard bridge at the mouth of the Chicago river in the second city of the United States and the fourth of the world. It is 2:39 in the afternoon. The solid lines of automobiles, three abreast, come to an unwilling halt, with much protesting clamor of horns from the ever-growing rear ranks. Two American flags are flying at the north end of the bridge, and between them gathers a little group of men and women.

"In the name of the Illinois Society of the Colonial Dames of America," says Mrs. Holmes Forsyth. The rest is lost in the tumult of city noises. A man, heroically baring his head to the driving snow, says something in reply. He is Maj. A. A. Sprague and he speaks for the City of Chicago. Then a sheet is drawn aside and there is revealed a bronze tablet, thus inscribed:

"In honor of Louis Joliet and Pere Jacques Marquette, the first white men to pass through the Chicago river, in September, 1673."

At the south end of the bridge, after the same short and formal ceremony, is unveiled another bronze tablet. This one is "in memory of Rene Robert Cavalier, Sieur de La Salle, and Henri de Tonti."

The traffic police signal, the impatient motorists swarm upon the bridge and the unheeding city traffic hurries by. In the more sympathetic atmosphere of the Chicago Historical society an interesting program is carried out. For example, Mrs. Joseph Rucker Lamar of Atlanta, head of the National Society of the Colonial Dames, speaks on the value to good Americans of acquaintance with such important incidents of our early history.

Joliet and Marquette were in truth on the Chicago river, 1673. When LaSalle first saw the river has been a subject of sharp controversy for generations. It has been claimed that he reached the Mississippi by way of the Chicago Portage in 1670. It was in 1681 that he crossed the Chicago Portage on his way to the Gulf to take possession in the name of France.

As to whether Joliet and Marquette were the first white men to see the Chicago river that's another question. History does not record any previous visit by white men, but there had been white men in that region for a long time. And the Chicago Portage—together with the Calumet River Portage—was the common highway for all who traveled. If a traveler coming up the Mississippi wished to go to Green Bay or Mackinac he used the Wisconsin Fox Portage. If he wished to travel east via the St. Joseph river, he used the Calumet rather than the Chicago river.

Here in brief is the way and wherefore of the presence of Joliet and Marquette on the Chicago river:

In 1672 Louis de Buade, Count de Frontenac, was appointed governor and lieutenant general of New France. He was greatly interested in the exploration of the region of the Great Lakes and selected Joliet to search for the Great River believed to flow southward into the Gulf of California. Joliet was born in Canada, the son of a vanguard maker. He had been a promising scholar in the Jesuits' school at Quebec, but had become a wilderness rover and Indian trader. He was a young man, but had already made a reputation.

Joliet reached Mackinac in December of 1672, and was delayed there by ice till May. There he met Marquette, a Jesuit priest of good family, eight years his senior. He joined Joliet for the southern trip. He had no official connection with the expedition. They traveled in two canoes with five voyageurs. They went up the Fox from Green Bay and down the Wisconsin and descended the Mississippi to the mouth of the Arkansas. Here, convinced that the Mississippi flowed into the Gulf of Mexico, they turned back and reached Lake Michigan by way of the Illinois, Desplaines and Chicago rivers. Marquette went to his mission on Green Bay. Joliet disappeared for a year and did not report to Frontenac till August of 1674.

Marquette's subsequent history is briefly this: He had promised the Illinois Indians near Peoria that he would return and found a mission. In the fall of 1674 he started for the Illinois village. Bad

weather or illness or both stopped his progress across the Chicago Portage, and he spent the winter on the river bank about six miles from his mouth. With the spring he reached the Indians and taught them. His health and strength giving out, he started for Mackinac. He traveled around the head of Lake Michigan, working his way up the east shore. He died on the way. The next year his bones were taken up and carried to Mackinac.

"He always entreated God," writes Father Claude Dablon in his journal, that he might end his life in these laborious missions, and that, like his dear St. Xavier, he might die in the midst of the woods bereft of everything."

Marquette's unfinished journal can be found in "The Jesuit Relations." Here are some of the things the priest has to say about his winter experiences on the bank of the Chicago river:

"We started with a favoring wind and reached the river of the portage, which was frozen to the depth of half a foot. There was more snow there than elsewhere, as well as more tracks of animals and turkeys."

The land bordering the lake is of no value, except on the prairies. Deer hunting is very good. Having camped near the portage, two leagues up the river, we resolved to winter there, as it was impossible to go farther, since we were too much hindered and my ailment did not permit me to give myself much fatigue."

Several Illinois passed yesterday on their way to carry furs to Nawassingwe. I do not think I have ever seen savages more eager for French tobacco than they."

They came and threw beaver skins at our feet to get some pieces of it. They traded us three fine robes of ox skins for a cubit of tobacco; these were very useful to us during the winter."

We have had opportunity to observe the tides coming in from the lake, which rise and fall several times a day, and, although there seems to be no shelter in the lake, we have seen the ice going against the wind. The deer are so lean that we had to abandon several which we had killed. We killed several partridges."

The blessed Virgin Immaculate has taken care of us during our wintering that we have not lacked provisions and have still remaining a large sack of corn with some meat and fat."

Frontenac wrote this letter to the French government upon the return of Joliet:

Sieur Joliet . . . found some very fine countries, and a navigation so easy through the beautiful rivers, that a person can go from Lake Ontario and Fort Frontenac in a bark to the Gulf of Mexico, there being only one carrying place, half a league in length, where Lake Ontario communicates with Lake Erie. A settlement could be made at this post, and another bark be built on Lake Erie. . . . He has been within ten days' journey of the Gulf of Mexico, and believes that water communication could be found leading to the Vermillion and California Seas, by means of the river that flows from the west, with the Grand River that he discovered, which rises from north to south, and is as large as the St. Lawrence opposite Quebec."

I send you, by my secretary, the map he has made of it, and the observations he has been able to recollect, as he lost all his minutes and journals in the wreck he suffered within sight of Montreal, where, after having completed a voyage of twelve hundred leagues, he was near being drowned, and lost all his papers, and a little Indian whom he brought from those countries."

It is interesting to note in these days of agitation over a Great Lakes-Gulf waterway, that in this letter Frontenac says in effect that the Chicago Portage is navigable and that Niagara Falls is the only obstacle to continuous water-travel. All the early explorers had the same idea about the Chicago Portage. If they had actually to carry canoes across they incidentally remarked that a few shovels would change all that. As a matter of fact, conflicting statements as to the Chicago Portage were due to seasonal conditions. In times of high water canoes and even loaded batteaux went through easily. Of course these early travelers knew nothing of the miles of underlying rock close to the surface along the Desplaines river.

Joliet's canoe was upset actually within sight of home, "after avoiding perils from savages and

passing 42 rapids." Nevertheless, he proceeded to draw a number of maps from memory. The one reproduced in part calls the region "La Colbertie," after Colbert, minister of Louis XIV. The "Baye des Puans" (Green Bay) he names after an Indian tribe. The "Mission de St. Fr. Xavier" on Green Bay was Marquette's chapel. "Missconsinig," is of course, the Wisconsin. The Mississippi is marked, "Riviere qui discharge into the Gulf of Mexico." "Riviere de la Divine" is the Illinois. Joliet named it after two reigning French belles: Frontenac's wife, who had been Anne de la Grange-Trianon, and her bosom friend, Mile. d'Outrelaise. These two ladies were called "Les Divines." At the bottom of the map is the Ohio, marked, "Route of Sieur La Salle to Mexico." It was apparently added to the map by a later hand.

Here is a resume of the career of Robert Cavalier, Sieur de La Salle (1643-87), as generally accepted by the historians after many years of controversy as to certain points:

He was born in Rouen, France, and arrived in New France in 1666. He is credited with the discovery of the Ohio river, and probably followed it as far as the falls at Louisville. In 1678 he began preparations to descend the Mississippi to the gulf. He built Fort Crevecoeur on the Illinois river (Peoria) and organized an Indian league to fight the Iroquois Confederacy of New York, the overlords of all the tribes from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. In 1682 he arrived at the Gulf, by way of the Chicago Portage and the Illinois, and took possession of the region, which he named Louisiana, in the name of Louis XIV.

He returned to Canada and then went to France. Here under authority of Louis he organized an expedition to the Gulf, with the purpose of founding a colony at the mouth of the Mississippi. He sailed from France in 1684, missed the Mississippi and built a fort on what is now the Lavaca river in Texas. He was assassinated by one of his men March 19, 1687, near the Trinity river in Texas.

"The Murder of Monsr. de La Salle," is reproduced from a copper plate by Van der Gucht in the London (1698) edition of Hennepin's "New Discovery." The portrait of La Salle may or may not have some basis of authenticity; it follows a design in Gravier, which is said to be based on an engraving in the Bibliotheque de Rouen and is the only portrait worth consideration.

Henri de Tonti (1650-1704) was an Italian soldier of fortune. He entered La Salle's service in 1678. It was he who built Fort St. Louis on Starved Rock in 1681. He searched long for La Salle after his disappearance in Texas. After living with the Illinois Indians as a trader he joined Iberville at New Orleans in 1702.

Of these four men Joliet was the efficient voyager, with the advantage of an education; Pere Marquette was the devoted priest, whose passion was to convert the Indians; Tonti was the soldier, the loyal and devoted lieutenant of La Salle; La Salle was the man of vision who saw a French empire in the Mississippi valley.

To the student of history the development of the Mississippi valley since the day of these four explorers is a marvel of marvels. Untold millions have already been expended upon the waterways over which they actually traveled by canoe and the expenditure is just beginning. The next five years will probably see the completion of the connection by waterways of Chicago, New Orleans, Pittsburgh and Kansas City at a cost of \$100,000,000. As for the Chicago Portage—the Chicago river now flows backward into the Illinois; the "few shovels" have already cost over \$100,000,000. Chicago, then uninhabited, has now a population of over 3,000,000 and is tentatively planning a second world's fair in 1937 in celebration of the centennial of its beginning as a city.