

APPLAUSE



By R. H. WILKINSON

WHEN Frank Storey graduated from Maplewood high school and entered Brewster college, he had but one purpose in mind: Football.

Scholastic standing meant nothing. Culture meant nothing. Fraternities meant nothing. Coeds meant nothing. He had but a single vision: To pick up the ball on Brewster's five-yard line and race 95 yards to the opposing goal line, with the roar and applause of 50,000 spectators in his ears. He wanted this more than anything. The roaring applause of the crowds.

Because of these things Frank had a lot to learn.

First, he discovered that he couldn't even play on the football team unless he was up in his studies.

Second, he wouldn't even be considered for the varsity until his second year.

Third, he had a lot of competition—there were some 300 huskies out to make the team, and only about 60 to be chosen.

Fourth, he had to possess unusual strength, skill and ability in order to receive the plaudits of the crowds.

It wasn't long before in Maplewood. There he had been a star. The star. There were only 15 players on the whole team. And during a game, the stands cheered him every time he picked up the ball. The cheers were music to his ears. His inspiration.

But because Frank had his heart set on becoming a big football man, he aimed to overcome the obstacles that stood in his way.

And he succeeded remarkably well.

His scholastic standing was low, but it made him eligible for the team.

He spent a long, weary year waiting for his sophomore term to roll around, and then went out to make the team.

The very energy and eagerness he displayed, coupled with a fundamental knowledge of the game, won him a place on the subs.

Frank was proud and reasonably happy, but by no means content.

The first year he wasn't allowed to play in a single game. There were others much better, much more skilled.

He spent hour after hour warming a bench while the great crowds cheered his teammates on to victory.

The second year Coach Prince gave him a chance early in the season.

He was sent out to substitute for a regular in one of the minor games. Brewster was well in the lead when Frank joined the line-up, and he knew that Coach Prince was giving the substitutes a chance to get into a real game, with not much to lose if they blundered.

But Frank didn't care.

He saw the great crowds, felt the old thrill and determined to make the best of his opportunity.

The quarterback gave Frank the ball on the very first play.

He sprinted with it around left end and made a three-yard gain before being tossed. Well satisfied with himself Frank stood up, unconsciously listening for the cheers of the crowd.

But the crowd was silent.

This, to them, wasn't anything to get excited about.

Indeed some of them were already leaving the stands.

Frank felt sick.

He wasn't used to this. He was used to hearing hundreds of spectators bellow his name after such a play.

Here thousands were silent. It unnerved him.

The next play went to him and he fumbled. The opposition recovered, and for the first time in his life Frank heard himself being razzed by an ungracious crowd.

Two more plays and the game ended. Frank walked from the field sick at heart, utterly dejected, low in spirits.

Back in his room he flung himself on his bed and cried. He knew that Coach Prince wouldn't give him another chance that season.

During the winter that followed and the next summer Frank Storey struggled to overcome the thing that had lost him his great opportunity.

Without a thought of giving up, more determined than ever to attain the goal he had aimed at when first coming to college, Frank reported for early training and when the squad trotted out on the field for the first game of the season—his last season—Frank was with them.

He tried not to listen for the acclaim of the crowds.

He tried to sit through the game without having a desire to rush up to Coach Prince and plead for a chance to show what he could do.

The season progressed with Brewster piling up victory after victory.

It began to look as if they were going to wind up the season without a single defeat.

And it began to look as if Frank Storey was going to wind up his college football without being given another opportunity to play.

Frank tried to grin and bear it.

And yet he knew that if the season ended without his chance being offered, he'd never finish the college term.

He'd quit, and go to digging ditches somewhere.

Brewster had reached the end of its schedule and was playing its final

game, the big game, with Pencost, its greatest rival.

Frank was still on the substitute list. He was moody and morose as he sat there with the other subs, watching the varsity go into action.

And yet, secretly, he wanted Brewster to win. Couldn't help wanting her to win.

But from the start it began to look as if Pencost was going to smash Brewster's record.

They managed to roll up six points in the first quarter and another six in the second.

Both attempts to kick the goal failed. The third period netted neither team a tally, but the Brewster outfit was looking rather sick.

Man after man had either limped or been carried from the field. It looked as if Pencost was out for vengeance.

It was about the middle of the last quarter when Coach Prince called Frank's name.

At first Frank could scarcely believe his ears.

"Listen, Storey," the coach said. "Partridge, who's now playing left half is about shot. I've got to take him out and there's no one else to put in but you. It's your chance. Go to it!"

"O. K., coach."

Frank was a little dazed and surprised, but he donned his helmet and went out to relieve Partridge.

Up in the stands the crowd idly noticed the substitution. As far as they were concerned the game was over.

And Brewster was on the tail end. There wasn't a chance.

Many had already begun to crowd toward the exit tunnels. Yet several thousand still remained, more interested in watching the score board behind the goal posts, which flashed at regular intervals the scores of other contests being held all over the nation.

Suddenly a roar broke from the crowd. The score board had flashed the news that Albie Booth had scored a touchdown.

Down in the field Frank Storey had just taken the ball from the quarterback and was sprinting around left end.

He heard the roar of that crowd and thrilled.

At last! He was attracting some attention! They had recognized his genius! They were spurring him on to victory.

Frank's heart pounded joyfully. Grimly he set his teeth. He lowered his head and plunged. Five, 10, 15, 20 yards.

A Pencost man was veering close. Frank's free arm shot out. He heard the dull thud as his opened palm connected.

Then he looked up and his pulse leaped.

The field was clear. He was away! Up the field he plunged, madly, frantically.

Pencost men were at his heels, but they'd never catch him now.

Over he went.

A touchdown!

The roar of the crowd was deafening.

They were still roaring when Captain Armstrong kicked the goal and brought the tally up to 12 to 7, in favor of Pencost.

Frank trotted back down the field. He looked at the crowd and smiled. He was happy.

He knew that they expected him to push over that winning touchdown. He wanted them to.

They were lined up again.

The quarterback was barking the signals.

The ball was going to Frank.

He set his teeth. He heard the crowd roar.

And he knew even before the ball reached his hands, he was going to make it. Nothing would stop him now. Nothing!

And nothing did. Frank was handed the ball in the next three plays, and each time he plunged nearer and nearer the goal line.

The screech of the referee's whistle sounded in his ear just as he passed over the chalk, bringing Brewster to victory.

And this time, as Frank turned and trotted back down the field, he heard them shout his name: "Storey! Storey! Storey! Yeaah, Storey!"

Change in Furniture Design

After the execution of Charles I, of England in 1649, the Commonwealth form of government, with Cromwell assuming the protectorate, was responsible for a decided change in furniture design, but it was a short and uncomfortable one, notes a writer in the Detroit News. Anything tending to have the appearance of luxury or ease was discarded as sinful; and Cromwell so hated the aristocracy and the luxury in which they lived that he ordered the furnishings of 19 Jacobean palaces sold. The small amount of furniture made to take its place was as severe as he was in his principles. The backs of the chairs were very low and rigid, allowing no support to the head; there was no carving on the furniture and as little metal as possible was used for locks, hinges and pulls.

Edmonton, Alberta

Edmonton, Alberta, has its roots in the fur trade. Fort Edmonton was built on a high bank on the North Saskatchewan within the limits of the present capital of Alberta, in 1808, its forerunner, of the same name, was established in 1795 twenty miles farther down the river. George Sutherland of the Hudson's Bay company, who was the chief factor, named the post in deference to his clerk, John Prudens, who came from Edmonton, a suburb of London, England. The first fort was destroyed by Indians in 1807.

About Swagger Crochet Accessories

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



WOULD'N'T you just love to be the proud possessor of some one, or for that matter, all the dress accessories here pictured? There are thousands of us that always count on after the holidays as the time to "do fancy work." Such fun as it will be to work on these pretty things during the long and tedious midwinter hours! And think of the joy of having a collection of these swagger dress accessories in readiness to wear with your spring and summer frocks.

These dainty little fancies are actually crocheted (the sailor collar is knit) from crepe paper. There has been quite a lot of crepe paper items going the rounds this season but we think the ones we are here showing are smarter and more outstanding than any which have gone before. The best of it is the expense is next to nothing, for the crepe paper of which they are made costs but a few pennies.

If you have in your wardrobe a simple dark dress that needs a bit of "life" or some good old standby frock that needs a new look, one of these fifty little crochets is sure to "do the trick." One of the joys of making these items is the fact that the crepe paper comes in as many as fifty delectable colors and you can work any color scheme your costume calls for. And what's more, nobody ever dreams that they are made of crepe paper.

In this limited space it is not possible to give detailed instructions "how to make," which need worry you not

at all for it is possible to obtain working directions at most any place where materials for paper handcraft are sold. We might say, however, that the swagger collar, cuff and belt set photographed on the standing figure is done in the favorite fish net stitch. The set pictured is in a lovely Chinese red and the dress is beige.

Fish net, by the way, is one of the easiest stitches to do and with the crepe paper you get a true fish-net lace effect.

The sailor collar, sketched to the left at the top, is a youthful design. It is knit. Instead of crocheted, of white crepe paper with a contrasting strand of the paper drawn through between the border and the collar. The buttons are a matching red.

The sporty girdle or belt, sketched to the right above, is crocheted from brown crepe paper, cut in strips, stretched and twisted. The crocheting is done in the favorite popcorn stitch and the finished effect in the brown is distinctly that of leather. Brass buttons set this girdle off to perfection.

The vest and cuff set, sketched below to the right, is decidedly out of the ordinary. Taking its inspiration from armor that knights wore in days of old, the designer most appropriately refers to it as the tournament set. The original of this sketch was made of jade green paper. Worn with a simple black dress it is very effective. It is also good looking with a crepe dress in matching green.

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SUBDEB'S DRESSES RIVAL BIG SISTER'S

Vibrant coats, suits and dresses have been made this season for the subdeb. With her shirtwaist dress, floor-length evening wrap, and "hostess" gown, she needn't take a back seat when big sister is around.

Evening wraps designed especially for her include a white bengaline mandarin coat with jade dragon buttons and a long, black velvet with white fur puffs on the upper part of the sleeves.

An unusual laced treatment marks the neck of a black silk frock. The lacing is spaced to give a shirred, soft drape to the neckline. Other dresses for the jeune fille are accented with ruffs and draped neck collars.

Her evening frocks comprise a velvet creation with flowers clustered at the throat, and one with white ribbed metal cloth top and black skirt.

Shoes Are Going Higher and Higher Up the Instep

With shoes going higher and higher up the instep, the matter of trim fit has become a real problem. The whole beauty of this extreme type of shoe lies in the perfect molded look over the instep and around the ankle.

To meet this situation designers have resorted to various expedients. One exceedingly smart black suede shoe, perfectly plain and mounting well up on the ankle has narrow elastic insets on the side, after the manner of the old Congress gaiters. When the shoe is pulled on it fits like a glove and is exceedingly flattering to the foot.

The side-lacing oxford is another expedient which combines utility with chic.

Velvet Fancies

Velvet makes many fashionable fancies in the new winter mode. In plain, plaid, ribbed, crinkled and quilted weaves it adds a note of novelty and contrast to both daytime and evening costumes.

NEW WAYS OF FUR

By **CHERIE NICHOLAS**



Out-of-the-ordinary fur trimmings on cloth coats are giving us something new to think about this season. The model pictured is especially likable since it accents two outstanding trimming trends. The one is the fur jacket top which is carried out to a nicety in this instance. The other is the fur epaulet effects which are so widely exploited as a means of arriving at the wide shoulder silhouette which fashion demands at present. The model pictured is of gray wool with fur of matching gray kidskin. With it is worn a peaked hat of black velour, gray kid opera pumps with light gray banding, and black gloves and bag.

Fifty Famous Frontiersmen

By

ELMO SCOTT WATSON

"Fitz of the Broken Hand"

HISTORY has given to Gen. John C. Fremont the title of "The Pathfinder" and made him famous. But it is strangely silent about the man who once "found the path" for Fremont and who probably knew more obscure corners of the Great West than any other man of his time, not even excepting such worthies as Kit Carson, Jedediah Smith and Jim Bridger.

Thomas Fitzpatrick was his name and he was a young Irishman who came to this country about 1816 and joined the famous Ashley fur trading expedition into the Upper Missouri country in 1823. The next year he accompanied Jedediah Smith on the exploring expedition which discovered the South Pass through the Rockies, that portal through which a flood of emigration to Oregon and California was to pour within the next two decades.

One of the organizers of the Rocky Mountain Fur company, he soon became "chief of the mountain men" and was a leader in the dramatic struggle between rival British and American companies for supremacy in the fur trade. After five years Fitzpatrick's company sold out to John Jacob Astor, for he saw the inevitable decline of that industry.

But his next occupation added to his reputation, for in 1841 he led the first emigrant wagon train to Oregon; in 1843 he guided Fremont on his second expedition to California and back; in 1845 he guided Kearney's dragoons on their expedition to South Pass, Fort Laramie and Bent's Fort, and in the same year he went with Lieutenant Albert on his southwestern survey. The next year he was again Kearney's guide, this time on the famous march of the dragoons to Santa Fe.

After the war with Mexico was over, Fitzpatrick was made agent for the Indians of the Upper Platte and the Arkansas. As a trapper and a trader he had been one of the most skillful Indian fighters on the plains, but because of that fact "Broken Hand," as the Indians called him, had the respect of every redskin in the region. So he made a record as an Indian agent and exercised a control over the red men which has never been equaled, except possibly by that other Irishman of an earlier day, Sir William Johnson, the one white man the Indians of the East ever trusted.

Fitzpatrick's crowning achievement was the great Indian council of 1851 at Fort Laramie at which 10,000 Indians of all tribes forgot for a moment their ancient enmities to smoke the pipe together because "Broken Hand" told them to. He died in 1854, a white-haired and broken man at the age of fifty-five. If he had lived a few years longer there might have been fewer shameful pages in our Indian history.

Big Bat and Little Bat

IN THE POST cemetery at Fort Robinson, Neb., among the long rows of little headstones, all of which look exactly alike, is one that bears this inscription: "Baptiste Garnier, Employee Q. M. D." And this marks the end of the trail for a really great frontiersman—a simple slab of granite which records the fact that here lies buried an "employee of the quartermaster's department" and doesn't even spell his name correctly!

For Baptiste (not Baptiste!) Garnier was the "Little Bat" of Sioux Indian war days, a scout for our hard-riding, hard-fighting troopers in the seventies, eighties and nineties, a guide for many a party of big game hunters and an interpreter in many an important council—certainly a man who deserved a better memorial than this.

Officers of the old army will tell you that there were two "Bats,"—"Big Bat" and "Little Bat"—both of them good men and true. "Big Bat" was Baptiste Poirier, scout for General Crook during the campaign of 1876 and hero of a daring escapade at the Battle of Slim Buttes.

"Little Bat" was the son of a French father and a Sioux Indian mother and he grew up among his mother's people near old Fort Laramie. Valuable as were his services to the whites as a scout during the Sioux war of 1876-77, they were even more valuable as interpreter when Red Cloud's Ogallalas were finally penned up on a reservation and started on "the white man's road" during the eighties. When the Ghost Dance excitement started among the Sioux in 1890, if "Little Bat's" advice that the Indians be left alone until they had "danced themselves out" had been followed, it might have averted some of the tragedies which followed.

One of these tragedies was the Battle of Wounded Knee and there "Little Bat" had one of his narrowest escapes. Acting as interpreter he walked among the lodges of Big Foot's camp, unarmed, to impress the Indians of his conviction that they were in no danger. Then the firing started. In the storm of bullets his clothing was pierced several times, but by some miracle he escaped death.

Eight years later a murderer's bullet accomplished what these fired in battle could not do. For "Little Bat" was shot down in Crawford, Neb., by a barkeeper whom he had regarded as his friend and who was never punished for the cold-blooded murder of a man noted for his peaceable disposition, as well as for his stark courage in time of danger.

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WILL NOT HAVE DRAKE A PIRATE

Great Sea Fighter Defended by Writer.

One of the disquieting phenomena of the times is the ready inclination among members of a certain growing group to make free with the characters and reputations of historic persons, with no more compunction than if they were alive and active among us today. At Sioux City, Iowa, a Michigan university professor, without expert qualifications other than that he is the author of several internationally standard works on English history, took the stand in the federal court and denounced Sir Francis Drake as "something of a scoundrel" and "just a pirate," omitting as he did so, any use of the words "glamorous" or "glorious" or any of their equivalents.

Frankly, that sort of thing is beginning to rasp. We who have cultivated Sir Francis Drake from our earliest boyhood, and have devoured all the authentic chronicles of his prodigious deeds from Mother Goose to Alfred Noyes, have formed rather a high opinion of him, one that we do not intend to give up on any evidence so obviously hearsay. We saw him sweeping up and down the high seas, even before it was generally understood that Britannia ruled the waves, smiting the Spaniards hip and thigh at a time when purging the earth of Spaniards was a far more glorious and worthy endeavor than it ever has been since—even in 1908.

We never heard that Drake worked his men 56 hours a week for \$9; if he ever sold his stock in the Golden Hind short when Queen Bess was trying to support the market, it never got into the books. He took on all Spaniards from Cadiz to Nombre de Dios and chiseled them roundly, but he paid a goodly income tax for the privilege without doctoring a book or setting up an affiliate. And now we are told that he was just a muscleman for a hijacking queen!

He took two years to go around the world, because he scored to take short cuts, like Wiley Post. And now, we suppose, we're to be told that he was no navigator!—Kansas City Times.

Fire Walker

Ralph Faison, Jr., fourteen-year-old North Carolina boy, found himself stranded at a Century of Progress exposition at Chicago. Recalling his cotton-field toughened bare feet he started a small sledshove of his own by "stomping" out cigar and cigarette butts for a few pennies each. He collected \$11 and went "traveling" back to Dixie.

What SHE TOLD WORN-OUT HUSBAND

SHE could have reproached him for his fits of temper—his "all in" complaints. But wisely she saw in his frequent colds, his "lagged out," "on edge" condition the very trouble she herself had whipped. Consumption! The very morning after taking **NR** (Nature's Remedy), as she advised, he felt like himself again. Keenly alert, peppy, cheerful. **NR**—the safe, dependable, all-vegetable laxative and corrective—works gently, thoroughly, naturally. It stimulates the eliminative tract to complete, regular functioning. Non-habit-forming. Try a box, 25c—at druggists.

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STOMACH AND NERVES BAD?

Mrs. M. L. Price of 125 Winter St., Hagerstown, Md., says: "I felt worn out—suffered from stomach complaint and was awfully nervous. I used Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and it helped me in every way—gave me a fine appetite, strength and energy, and the stomach distress disappeared." Sold by druggists everywhere. New size, tablets 50 cts.; liquid \$1.00. Large size, tablets or liquid, \$1.35. "We Do Our Part."

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