Rommel, of Athletics, First Holdout of Season

ED. ROMMEL, MACK HURLER, HOLDOUT

Big Pitcher Says He Is Tired of Drawing Minor League Salary

WILL APPEAL TO LANDIS

Ed. Rommel, Connie Macks' star hurler, is a holdout.

Rommel hasn't notified Manager Mack, but he rushed into print in Baltimore, his home town, after receiving his contract for next season.

The terms offered by the Athletics do not meet with the approval of the hurler, and he says he is going to appeal to Judge Landis for a decision, according to an Associated Press dispatch from Baltimore.

"I am tired of drawing a minor league salary with a major league club," declared Rommel, "and it would please me if Mack would sell or trade me."

The pitcher, with more or less disregard for the ethics of the thing, made public a portion of the letter from Mr. Mack, which accompanied the contract. Manager Mack wrote that "the Board of Directors and myself have gone over all contracts carefully, and have gone to the very limit in regard to salaries, and find that it will be absolutely necessary for our club to play better ball if we are to meet with financial success the coming year. Any player not satisfied with his contract can submit his complaint to Judge Landis."

Mr. Mack was not pleased with the announcement of his pitcher. Having received no intimation from Rommel that the hurler was dissatisfied with the salary offered, the tall manager expressed surprise that he should have first voiced his discontent through the medium of the press.

The manager did not care to discuss the situation. "I guess," he said, "Rommel has been reading about those big salaries some clubs have been paying certain stars. I regret the method he has adopted. There doesn't seem to be anything for him to do but appeal to Commissioner Landis."

Started With A's in 1920

Rommel entered the big show, which included seven clubs and the Athletics, in 1920. Connie captured him in Newark after he had made a great showing with the International League club.

The young pitcher did not do very much his first year. He was taken sick soon after the season started and did not get into the line-up regularly until the last month. During the summer Connie paid him regularly and last year gave him an increase in salary.

He did very good work in 1921 and was considered one of the best pitchers in the league. He developed the "knuckle ball" and one day struck out three Yankee batters in order, including Babe Ruth.

Rommel will not be lost to the A's this year. He loves to play baseball, Connie needs him and there will be no difficulty in coming to terms.

RECORD ENTRY LIST FOR SCHOOL SWIM

158 Mermen From 15 Different Schools Compete at Penn This Afternoon

One hundred and fifty-eight swimmers from fifteen different schools will compete in the annual interscholastic swimming championships starting at 2 o'clock this afternoon in the Weightman Hall pool of the University of Pennsylvania.

George Kistler, veteran coach of the Penn team, is one of the strongest believers in the schools getting together every year and fight it out for the championship. He instituted the tourney many years ago and has seen it grow from a few schools in this vicinity to fifteen from all parts of the East. Last year Lane Tech, of Chicago, entered the meet, the first Western school to make an appearance at the tourney.

Fifteen schools are listed to compete in today's meet, thirteen of which have entered teams in the 400-yard relay race, the feature event of the program. Of the schools entered Erie High School has two quartets, Lawrenceville, the same number, and Brooklyn Poly, Atlantic City, Coatesville, Mercersburg, West Philadelphia and Girard College each one.

For the first time in years only one Greater New York school is entered in the meet, Brooklyn Poly. According to word received by Coach Kistler from several New York schools, the caliber of their teams is not up to the standard necessary for such a meet as will be held this afternoon and they are, therefore, keeping their teams at home.

BRENKERT TO LEAD W. & J.

Right Halfback of Presidents Succeeds Russ Stein as Captain

Washington, Pa., Jan. 21.—Wayne Dewey Brenkert, of Detroit, Mich., right halfback, has been chosen captain of the 1922 football team at Washington and Jefferson to succeed Russel F. Stein, of Niles, O.

Brenkert won the coveted place over Harold A. Erickson, of Maynard, Minn., left halfback, his only opponent.

The new captain is regarded as one of the best players Washington and Jefferson has produced in years. He entered college from Detroit Central High, where he made a fine reputation.

He has been a regular back virtually ever since he joined the squad, but reached the height of his form during the season recently closed, when he performed brilliantly in most every game.

Basketball Statistics

EASTERN LEAGUE

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Trenton	1	0	1.000	Reading	0	1	.000
New York	2	0	1.000	Camden	0	1	.000
Wilkes-B.	1	1	.500	Coatesv'le	0	4	.000

GAMES TONIGHT

Camden at Reading.
Coatesville at Wilkes-Barre.

Last Night's Scores

EASTERN LEAGUE

Trenton, 31; Reading, 26.

BELL TELEPHONE LEAGUE

Norristown, 36; Camden, 27.
Equipment, 23; A. T. & T., 21.

OTHER SCORES

North Camden, 30; St. Michael's, 20.
Cloverdale, 26; St. Michael's Reserves, 11.
Mount Herman, 30; St. Simeon, 20.
St. Henry C. C., 28; Merrill, 17.
Simpson Memorial, 36; Wanamaker, 12.
Ascension, 46; Our Lady of Mercy, 11.
Forty-eighth Ward, 27; De Soto, 13.
St. Luke's lost to Celtibria, 13 to 12.
Lyndenhurst, 21; Tinicum, 8.
Kayola, 29; Cathedral, 26.
Fairmount, 25; Keystone, 23.
First Dutch, 23; Hancock, 18.

He's a Holdout

ED ROMMEL
Athletics pitcher, not satisfied with terms of contract, hopes to be sold or traded

WENONAH DRILLS AID SPORT TEAMS

Military Training Keeps Students in Condition for Work on Athletic Field

SCHOOL SPIRIT A FACTOR

By PAUL PREP

WENONAH MILITARY ACADEMY, situated in bustling Wenonah, N. J., has had a great year in the scholastic sports field to date. The institution went through a wonderful football season, and is faring just as well in basketball.

Wenonah established a record during the gridiron campaign. Among the notable feats accomplished by the eleven was to hold West Catholic High to a tie. West Catholic had one of the best teams in this vicinity, and went to Wenonah expecting to take the cadets into camp. Wenonah took the Burrs by surprise, and the best West Catholic could do was to finish the game in a 7-7 deadlock.

In basketball, too, Wenonah is showing brilliantly. The other day the cadets took the measure of Girard College, 28-27. It is a common fact in town that any team that can beat Girard on its own floor must be good. And that's exactly what Wenonah did. The cadets played a bang-up game and won in the last half-minute of play when D'Augustine netted a field goal.

Only Sixty-seven Cadets

Wenonah has only sixty-seven cadets from which Coach Baker can pick material suitable for a team. This fact proves conclusively that military training does much in keeping a boy in condition.

"We do not have mass athletics at Wenonah, as is the case in most prep schools," said Coach Baker this morning. "In fact, we don't need them. The boys always are in good condition and we never have to worry about them.

"Our system of military training accounts for the good condition of the boys. They drill, play, eat, study and do everything else at appointed times and must stop when they are told. A boy can get too much of any of these and then he gets out of condition. We allow him so much time for each and in that way there is no danger of the boy getting over-trained."

Without a doubt Coach Baker's statement explains Wenonah's uncanny ability to turn out good athletic teams. The school always has been among the foremost in sports in New Jersey.

Lots of Spirit

Then, too, school spirit is something noticeable at Wenonah. The boys fight all of the time and never admit defeat until after the game is over. They go into the games with their hearts set on winning and play a hard, clean game to accomplish their purpose.

An instance of school spirit was shown during the football season. Usually Coach Baker has just the quota of men needed to make a good team, with fair substitutes. Therefore, when one of the boys fractured a bone in his wrist and another fractured a rib both refused to leave the game. They said that they were needed by their school and were going to play till the game was over.

This school spirit can be credited in a large way to Coach Baker's efforts along that line. The tutor, who is a former Gettysburg all-around athlete, has worked hard with the youngsters. He has taught them to hold the school first in everything and to do all in their power to preserve their institution's records.

Next Friday night the mid-year drill and dance will take place. The drill, which is very spectacular, will start at 8:15. It will last until 9:00 and will be followed by the dance. Parents and friends of the cadets and faculty have been invited for the occasion, which promises to be a great success.

STANDARD BASEBALL NECESSARY—HEYDLER

National League President Doesn't Approve of Rubber Core

By the Associated Press

New York, Jan. 21.—A standard baseball is essential to the maintenance of major and minor league playing averages according to President John M. Heydler, of the National League. This statement is made in discussing the report that the Pacific Coast League will adopt a rubber cored ball for the 1922 season.

"Play with balls of different types of construction would throw batting, fielding and pitching averages into complete confusion and, to a great extent, nullify the usefulness of such averages," he said. "How could a manager or scout of a major league team get a line upon the ability of a minor league player if balls of various composition are to be used?

"I believe a rule should be incorporated in the major-minor league agreement to this effect. The rules now specify that the ball used by all shall be of a certain weight and size but nothing is said regarding its component parts. In the past it has been generally accepted that all the leading leagues used a sphere of similar construction.

Larkin to Represent Pittsburgh

Pittsburgh, Pa., Jan. 21.—William Larkin will represent the Pittsburgh district in the world's skating championship races to be held at Saranac Lake and at Lake Placid. Larkin won one first place and two seconds in last night's elimination contests among a large field of entrants held under the auspices of the Western Pennsylvania Skating Association.

STADIUM PLANS AT PENN APPROVED

Athletic Council Gives Chairman Power to Make Contracts. Sinkler Off Grid Committee

SCHEDULES ARE APPROVED

THE University of Pennsylvania's new stadium, to seat 55,000 persons, is now a surety. Yesterday the Athletic Council empowered Sydney Hutchinson, chairman of the council, with full authority to negotiate contracts for the erection of the new stadium, which is expected to start on May 1.

The action of the council was the final authority necessary to definitely arrange for the building. Previously the trustees of the Unigersity gave their consent so that it remained for the Athletic Council to give authority to sign contracts.

Yesterday's meeting of the council, the yearly one and the most important in that all committees for the ensuing year are elected, saw the re-election of Mr. Hutchinson as chairman of the council and the election of R. C. Hill, a former gridiron player of three decades ago, as the new member of the Football Committee to succeed Wharton Sinkler, who has been a member of the committee for the last three years. Mr. Sinkler is now in Europe.

The council granted the Track Committee authority to send a relay team to the University of Illinois games on March 4, and also to send several athletes to the National A. A. U. championship meet in Buffalo on February 4.

The proposed trip to London to compete in the Achilles Club games on April 8 was O. K.'d by the council, which gave authority to the Track Committee to have a team meet the French teams in Paris in April, provided the Penn team can compete in the meet and return to this city in time for the annual relay carnival on Franklin Field.

The council also ratified the schedules of the following sports: Swimming, wrestling, lacrosse, fencing, polo, boxing, rifle and gymnasium. In addition the different committees for 1922 were announced as follows:

Athletic council — chairman, Sydney Hutchinson; vice chairman, Dr. R. Tait McKenzie; secretary, Dr. Thomas P. McCutcheon; acting graduate manager, Edward R. Bushnell.

Executive Committee—John C. Bell, Dr. T. P. McCutcheon, George H. Frazier.

Finance—George H. Frazier, Arthur L. Church, Howard Hoyde.

Basketball — Ralph Morgan, Howard Hoyde, William Grave, captain; R. H. Zimmerman, manager.

Track—W. West Frazier, 3d, chairman; Murdoch Kendrick, Lawrence Brown, captain; Dana Bennett, manager; R. J. Murphy, H. Hoyde.

Football—Sydney Hutchinson, R. C. Hill, J. W. Sheedy, J. K. ("Pos") Miller, captain; J. C. Compton, manager.

Soccer—J. B. Thayer, John C. Bell, Jr., Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, G. Wagoner, B. Amelin, captain; R. Hamilton, manager.

Rowing—John Arthur Brown, Thomas Reath, A. L. Church, A. B. Brehman, Eddie Mitchell, captain; Gordon Cook, manager.

Baseball—Fletcher Stites, T. P. McCutcheon, George Wagoner, William Maher, captain; George Walbower, manager.

PENN WINS FIRST HOCKEY MATCH UNDER NEW COACH

Red and Blue Sextet Downs Columbia, 5 to 4, in Extra Period

Penn staged a hockey comeback last night, when it defeated Columbia University, recent conquerors of Princeton, in an extra-period match at the Ice Palace, by 5 goals to 4.

With the score deadlocked at four goals each at the end of the third period, it was decided to play overtime until either team scored. In the extra period Captain Murray, of Penn, got past the Columbia defense and skimmed the puck into the net after two minutes twenty-five seconds.

Columbia started out strong and led Penn 3 to 2 at the end of the second period, due to the clever shooting of Anderson, but the New Yorkers appeared to tire after that and Penn rallied. This was Penn's first match under Coddy Winters, the new hockey coach.

The Harvard team is ready for its match with Princeton tonight. It will be Harvard's only appearance of the year here.

George Owen, star of the Crimson football team, is captain of the Crimson ice headliners. He has performed just as brilliantly on the ice as on the gridiron. Harvard has another powerful team. Princeton is much better than last year, and has been pointing toward this game.

Both teams will have plenty of rooters. The Harvard Club, of Philadelphia, has reserved a section on the north side of the Palace, while the Tiger followers will be on the south side.

HERMAN DEFEATS REISLER

San Francisco Featherweight Returned Winner in Twelve Rounds

New York, Jan. 21.—Babe Herman, San Francisco featherweight, last night defeated John Reisler, New York, receiving the judges' decision after their twelve-round bout in Madison Square Garden. Herman's body punching in the early rounds caused Reisler to tire, and the fighting was slow in the final rounds.

Clonie Tait, of Minneapolis, Minn., claimant of the Canadian lightweight title, easily defeated Tim Droney, of Lancaster, Pa., and received the judges' decision after a twelve-round bout. Freddie Jacks, of England, and Bob Christino, of Baltimore, lightweights, boxed an eight-round draw.

BAKER NOT TO QUIT

Yankee Player Ready to Make Training Trip With Team

New York, Jan. 21.—J. Franklin Baker, third baseman of the Yankees, is in this city on a wedding trip with Mrs. Baker. Baker declared he had never said he was going to quit baseball and that he would make the spring training trip with the Yankees.

Baker could not imagine who started the rumor that he was going to quit the Yankees and go into the jewelry business.

"Mrs. Baker has never objected to my playing baseball," added J. Franklin. "She is a real fan herself and the game appeals to her."

Mercur Lehigh Soccer Captain

Bethlehem, Pa., Jan. 21.—At a meeting of the Lehigh University soccer team Robert Sayre Mercur, of Wilkes-Barre, was elected captain for next year. Although a native of the United States, Mercur prepared for college in Italy, Germany and Switzerland.

COLLEGES IN WEST CONTROL SPORTS

Athletics Not Overemphasized in Conference, Ohio and Chicago Presidents Agree

TROUBLE IS ELIMINATED

Columbus, O., Jan. 21.—Athletics are not over-emphasized in Western Conference universities, President W. O. Thompson, of Ohio State University, and President Harry Pratt Judson, of the University of Chicago, agreed in speeches delivered here tonight before the Chicago University Alumni Association of Central Ohio. Both made reference to the recent statement of President Lowell, of Harvard, that too much importance was being attached to intercollegiate sports.

"Athletics at Ohio State University have not been over-emphasized, and I believe the same is true of other Western Conference schools," said President Thompson. "Limitations placed upon the number of football games by Conference rules have eliminated that.

"Sixteen or seventeen years ago we were confronted with a that of that nature, but it no loger exists. Our schedules, limited to seven games, are in striking contrast to the schedules of from eight to twelve games attempted in Eastern schools."

"The victory of our football team at Princeton last year came as a surprise to many Easterners, who have not considered such a thing possible," declared Dr. Judson. "Some of the Eastern colleges do not appreciate Middle Western institutions to the fullest extent, and they occasionally awake to a situation to that recently stated by President Lowell in regard to athletics and mention it as if it had never been discovered before.

"We long ago met the situation outlined by President Lowell, and under our present system we have no fear of athletics assuming too great a share of importance. President Lowell is right in saying the primary purpose of an educational institution is education."

The main part of Dr. Judson's address was confined to a description of plans for establishment of a new medical school at his institution.

INTERCITY MATCH IN RACQUETS TODAY

Philadelphia Will Make Strong Bid to Increase Lead Over New York

The second half of the intercity competition between the Racquet Club and the New York Racquet and Tennis Club will be staged this afternoon in a racquets match and the local players are determined to increase the lead which was gained in New York last Saturday in court tennis. The contests will be held at the Racquet Club.

Philadelphia won three of the four court tennis matches played a week ago, but it is said that the Gothamites will present more formidable opposition in the racquets engagements. Some sensational matches should result.

The only court tennis match lost by the Philadelphians was dropped when Stanley Mortimer and C. C. Pell defeated the local men, Stanley Pearson and S. Andrews. That was in the first match, but then the Philadelphians came through with three straight wins, Jay Gould and Joseph W. Wear, W. C. Wright and J. C. Pell, and George Brooks and Wilson Potter getting the triumphs.

The feature match last Saturday was between the national champions, Jay Gould and Joseph Wear, for this city, and the Cutting brothers, Fulton and Suydam, for New York. The titleholders lost the first set, 3-6, but they ran out in straight sets, 6-1, 6-3, 6-2.

DUNCAN AND MITCHELL TO COMPETE IN 1922 OPEN

English Golfers Not Satisfied With Showing on Columbia Links

New York, Jan. 21.—According to a letter received from George Duncan, he and the long-hitting Abe Mitchell have a hankering to shy their caps into the ring for the 1922 championship. As it has already been stated from foreign advices that Harry Vardon, J. T. Taylor, Sandy Herd and James Braid are all expecting to appear at the same tournament, it looks as though the home-brew pros and the naturalized variety are in for tough sledding to keep the chief golf title from taking an ocean voyage.

Neither Duncan nor Mitchell was satisfied with the showing they made at the open championship at the Columbia links, and it is almost a certainty that they will do better on their next appearance.

If the British pros are really to be represented by the six men named as probable starters, their team will contain virtually all the holders of the British open championship for the last twenty years. Vardon, Taylor and Braid won thirteen open titles among themselves. Ted Ray, George Duncan and Abe Mitchell have not this great record behind them, but, on the other hand, their prowess is now at its height and they constitute the most formidable trio that could be sent against the American forces.

VERBECKEN A WINNER

Has Better of Eight-Round Wind-up at Cambria A. A.

Al Verbecken and Vincent Lopez, of Camp Dix, were the principals in the eight-round wind-up at the Cambria A. A. last night, and Verbecken had little trouble in winning over his soldier rival.

It was a hard fight, with Verbecken's experience proving a big factor in the result. In the semi-wind-up Johnny Hauber and Willie Ferguson put up a hard fight, the honors going to Hauber after being extended to the limit.

The only knockout of the night was in the opening number, when Pete Ross rocked Billy Ritchie to sleep in the first round. The other results: Tommy Devlin beat Frankie (K. O.) Smith and Jimmy McGovern had the better of George Stark.

Navy Loses Star Gymnast

Annapolis, Md., Jan. 21.—The Naval Academy has lost one of its best gymnasts through an injury to Midshipman Samuel Silverman, who took first place on the parallel bars at the tournament of the Intercollegiate Gymnastic Association in New York last year. While working on the flying rings he fell on his side, inflicting a compound fracture to his right arm near the elbow. He probably is out of gymnastics for good, according to the attending physician.

From Now On

By FRANK L. PACKARD
(AUTHOR OF "THE MIRACLE MAN")
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DAVE HENDERSON'S arms had locked now like steel bands around his assailant and were tightening, as the other's were tightening around him in turn. The dizziness was leaving him. They swung, rocking, to the strain. The man was strong! A face, a repellent, unshaven face, leered into his. Twice they swirled around, and then seemed to hang for an instant motionless, as though the strength of one exerted to its utmost was exactly counterbalanced by the strength of the other; and over the other's shoulder Dave Henderson could see another man, a man who laughed with ugly coolness, and who had flaming red hair, and eyes of a blue so faded that they looked repulsive because they looked as though they were white.

Maggot and Cunny the Scorpion! There had been some one there in the front of the house—it had been Maggot and Cunny the Scorpion. And at any moment now there would be some one else—the police!

That nicety of balance was gone. They were struggling, lurching, staggering in each other's embrace again—he, and this Maggot, who snarled and cursed with panting breath. Their heads were almost on each other's shoulders. He could see the straining muscles in the other's neck standing out like great, purple, swollen cords. And as he whirled now this way and that, he caught glimpses of the red-headed man. The red-headed man seemed to be quite unconcerned for the moment with his companon's struggle. He picked up the package of banknotes from the floor, examined it, dropped it again, and ran to Bookie Skarvan's side.

A queer, hard smile came to Dave Henderson's lips. This panting thing with arms locked like a gorilla's around him seemed to be weakening a little—or was it a trick? He tightened his own hold, and edged his own hands a little higher up—and still a little higher. If he could only tear himself loose for the fraction of a second, and get his fingers on that panting throat! No, the man wasn't weakening so much after all! The man seemed to sense his intention; and with a sudden twist, each endeavoring to out-maneuver the other, they spun in a wider circle, like drunken dancers in some mad revel, and crashed against the wall, and rebounded from it, and hung again, swaying like crazy pendulums, in the middle of the floor.

The red-headed man's voice came suddenly from across the room:

"Soak him, Maggot!"

That was the Scorpion. The Scorpion seemed to be taking some interest at last in something besides Bookie Skarvan and the package of money.

A grunted oath from Dave Henderson's antagonist answered.

"Damn it, I can't! Curse youse, why don't youse lend a hand!"

With a quick, sudden wrench, Dave Henderson tried to free himself. It resulted only in a wild swirl in a half circle that almost pitched him, and with him the other, to the floor. But he saw the Scorpion now. The Scorpion had risen to his feet from Bookie Skarvan's side, and was balancing a revolver in his hand; and now the Scorpion's voice seemed to hold a sort of purring note, velvet in its softness.

"All right, then, Maggot! We might as well have a clean-up here, since he's started it. I guess we came just about in time, or he'd have had the money as well as our fat friend there—that he got. It looks as though we ought to even up the score." The revolver lifted in the Scorpion's hand. "Jump away, Maggot—I'm going to lead the ace of trumps!"

The eyes were white—not blue; there was no blue in them; they were white—two little white spots across the room. They held a devil's menace in them—like the voice—like the purring voice that was hideous because it was so soft. God, could he hold this Maggot now—not wrench himself free, but hold the man here in his arms—keep Maggot between him and those white eyes, that looked like wicked little plague spots which had eaten into that grotesquely red-thatched face.

Maggot was fighting like a demon now to tear himself free. A sweat bead spurted out on Dave Henderson's forehead and rolled down his face. The white eyes came dancing nearer—nearer. They circled and circled, as he circled—Maggot was the shield. He whirled this way and that. The muscles of his arms cracked, as they swung and whipped Maggot around in furious gyrations.

A shot rang out. Something sang with an angry hum and hot breath past Dave Henderson's cheek. The velvet voice laughed. Maggot screamed in a mixture of rage and fear.

"Curse youse, youse fool! Youse'll hit me!"

"I'll get him next time, Maggot," purred the velvet voice.

The white eyes kept too far away—that was what was the matter—too far away. If they would only come near—near enough so that of a sudden he could let go his grip and launch this squirming human shield full, like a battering ram, into those white eyes. That was the only chance there was. Only the Scorpion was too cunning for that—he kept too far away.

Dave Henderson swung madly around again, interposing Maggot's body as the Scorpion darted to one side; and then suddenly, and for the first time, there came a sound from Dave Henderson's lips—a low cry of pain. Teresa!

It was only a glimpse he got—perhaps it wasn't real! Just a glimpse into the hallway where the light from the room streamed out—just a glimpse of a figure on the stairs who leaned out over the banister, and whose face was white as death itself, and whose hands seemed to grip and cling to the banister rail as though they were welded there.

Teresa! He grew sick at heart as he struggled now. Teresa! If he could only have kept her out of this; if only, at least, she were not there to see! It couldn't last much longer! True, Maggot, beyond doubt, beyond shadow of trickery now, had had his fill of fighting, and there was fear upon the man, the fear of an unlucky shot from the Scorpion, and he was whimpering now, and he struggled only apathetically, but it took strength to drag even a dead weight around and around and that strength would not last forever. Teresa! She had heard those shots from up above—she had seen the Scorpion fire once, and miss, and she——

The Scorpion laughed out. It looked like a sure shot now! Dave Henderson jerked Maggot in front of him, but his swirling, mad gyrations had brought him into the angle that the desk made with the wall, and, turn as he would now, the Scorpion could reach in around the end of the desk, and almost touch him with the revolver muzzle itself.

"I got him, Maggot!" purred the Scorpion. "I got him now, the——"

The man's voice ended in a startled cry. The sweat was running into Dave Henderson's eyes, he could scarcely see—just a blurred vision over Maggot's shoulder, a blurred vision of a slim figure running like the wind into the room, and stooping to the floor where the package of banknotes lay, and snatching it up, and starting for the door again.

And then the Scorpion fired—but the revolver was pointed now across the room, and the slight, fleeing figure swayed, and staggered, and recovered herself, and went on, and over her shoulder her voice, though it faltered, rang bravely through the room:

"I—I thought he'd rather have this than you, Dave. It was the only chance. Don't mind me, Dave. He won't get me."

The whimpering thing in Dave Henderson's arms was flung from him, and it crashed to the floor. It wasn't his own strength, it was the strength of one demented, and of a maddened brain, that possessed Dave Henderson now. And he leaped forward, running like a hare. Teresa had already gained the stairs—the Scorpion in pursuit was half way along the hall. And now he saw nothing else—just that red-haired figure running, running, running. There was neither house, nor hall, nor stairs, nor any other thing—only that red-haired figure that the soul of his craved, for whom there was no mercy, that with his hands he would tear to pieces in insensate fury.

A flash came, blinding his eyes; a report roared in his ears—and then his hands snatched at and caught a wriggling thing. And for the first time he realized that he had reached the head of the stairs, realized it because, pitched forward over the landing, lay a woman's form that was still and motionless. And he laughed like the maniac he was now, and the wriggling thing screamed in his grasp, screamed as it went up above his head—and then Dave Henderson hurled

The Scorpion fired—the slight, fleeing figure swayed, recovered herself and went on

it from him to the bottom of the stairs.

He turned, and flung himself on his knees beside Teresa. He called her name again and again—and there was no answer. She lay there, half on her face on the floor, her arms wound around a torn package of banknotes. He rose, and rocked on his feet, and his knotted fists went up above his head. And then he laughed again, as though his reason were gone—laughed as his eyes fixed on a red-headed thing that made an unshapely heap at the foot of the stairs; and laughed at a slinking shadow that went along the hall, and scurried out through the front door. That was Maggot—like a rat leaving a sinking ship—Maggot who——

Then reason came again. The police! At any moment now—the police. In an instant he had caught Teresa up in his arms. She wasn't dead—he could hear her breathing—only it was weak—pitifully weak. There should be an exit to the fire escape from this floor—but it was dark and he had no time to search—it was quicker to go up the stairs—where he knew the way—and out through his own room.

Stumbling, staggering in the darkness, holding Teresa in his arms, he made his way upstairs. The police—his mind centered on that again. If she and he were caught here, his identification as Dave Henderson, which would ultimately ensue, would damn her; this money, wrapped so tenaciously in her arms would damn her; and, on top of that old score of the police in San Francisco, there had been ugly work here in this house tonight. If it were not for the money, the criminal hoax played upon the police in the disappearance of Dave Henderson would not be so serious—but the money was here, and in that hoax she had had a part, and the shadow of Nicolo Capriano still lay across her shoulders.

The night air came gratefully cool upon his face. He drew it in in great, gasping breaths, greedily, hungrily. He had gained the fire escape through the window now, and now he paused for the first time to listen. There was no sound. Back there inside the house it was as still as death. Death! Well, why shouldn't it be, there was death there, and——

His arms tightened suddenly in a great, overwhelming paroxysm of fear around Teresa, and he bent his head, bent it lower, lower still, until his face was close to that white face he held, and through the darkness his eyes searched it in an agony of apprehension.

And then he started forward again, and began to descend the fire-escape; and now he groped uneasily for foothold as he went. It seemed rickety and unstable, this spidery thing that sprawled against the side of the wall, and it was dark, and without care the foot would slip through the openings between the treads. It had not seemed that way when he had gone up and down when disposing of the valises. Only now it was a priceless burden that he carried—this form that lay close-pressed against his breast, whose touch, alternately now, brought him a sickening sense of dread and a surging hope that sent the blood leaping like a millrace through his veins.

He went down, step after step, his mind and brain pricking at him to hurry because there was not a single second to lose—but it was slow, maddeningly slow. He could not see the treads, not only because it was dark, but because Teresa's form was in his arms. He could only feel with his feet—and now and then his body swayed to preserve his balance.

Was there no end to the thing! It seemed like some bottomless pit of blackness into which he was descending. And it seemed as though this pit held an abominable signification in its blackness and its depth, as though it beckoned him on to engulf them; it seemed—it seemed—God, if she would only move, if she would not lie so still, so terribly still in his arms!

Another step—another—and then his foot, searching out, found only space beneath it. He must free one arm now, so that he could cling to the bottom tread and lower himself to the ground. It was only a short drop, he knew, for the lower section of the fire-escape was one of those that swung on hinges, and when, previously, coming up, Teresa had held it down for him, he had been able to reach it readily with a spring from the ground. But he dared not jump even that short distance now with Teresa, wounded, in his arms.

He changed her position now to throw her weight into the hollow of his left arm, lifting her head so that it lay high upon his shoulder—and with the movement her hair brushed his lips. It brought a sudden, choking sob from Dave Henderson, and in a great, yearning impulse he let his head sink down until his cheek for an instant was laid against hers—and then, the muscles of his right arm straining until they cracked, he lowered himself down and dropped to the ground.

He ran now, lurching, across the yard, and out into the lane, and here he paused again to listen. But he heard nothing. He was clear of that cursed trephouse now—if he could only keep clear! He ran on again, stumbling again, with his burden. And now, though he did not pause to listen any more, it seemed as though his throbbing eardrums caught the sounds at last that they had been straining to hear. Wasn't that the police behind there now—on the street in front of The Iron Tavern? It sounded like it—like the arrival of a police patrol.

He reached the shed where he had hidden the valises, entered, and laid Teresa tenderly on the floor. He used his flashlight then—and a low moan came from his lips. The bullet had cut across the side of her neck just above the shoulder; the wound was bleeding profusely, and over the package of banknotes, around which her arms were still tightly clasped, there had spread a crimson stain. He drew her arms gently apart, laid the package on the floor, and then, wrenching one of the valises open, snatched at the first article of linen that came to hand.

His lips trembled, as he did his best to stanch the flow of blood and bind the bound.

"Teresa! Teresa!" Dave Henderson whispered.

Her eyes opened—and smiled.

She made an effort to speak. He bent his head to catch the words.

"Dave—where—where are we? Still in the house?"

"No!" he told her feverishly. "No! We're clear of that. We're in the shed here in the lane where I took the valises."

She made a slight affirmative movement of her head.

"Then go—go at once—Dave—for he—I——"

Her eyes had closed again.

"Yes!" he said. His voice was choking. He called her name. "Teresa!" There was no answer. She had lapsed back into unconsciousness. And then the soul of him spoke its agony. "Oh, my God, Teresa!" he cried brokenly, and swayed to his feet.

An instant he stood there, then stooped, picked up the package of banknotes, thrust it into the open valise, closed the valise, carried it into a darker corner of the shed, and went to the door.

He looked out. There was no one in sight in the darkness. But then, what interest would the police have in this section of the lane? There was nothing to connect it with The Iron Tavern! He stepped outside, and broke into a run down the lane, heading for the intersecting street in the opposite direction from The Iron Tavern. He must get help! A queer, mirthless laugh was on his lips. A wounded woman in the lane was the connecting link with The Iron Tavern. And yet he must get help. Well, there was only one source from which he dared ask help—only one—Millman.

He ran on. Millman! Something within him rebelled at that. But Teresa was perhaps—was—— No, he would not let his mind even frame the word. Only one thing was paramount now—she must have help at once. Very well he knew, he could trust Millman! Only there seemed some strange irony here that chastened him. And yet—— Yes, this was strange, too! Suddenly he became strangely content that it should be Millman.

He reached the street, and looked up and down. It was four o'clock in the morning, and the street was dark and deserted except for a single lighted window that shone out half-way down the block. He ran toward it. It proved to be an all-night restaurant, and he entered it, and asked for the telephone, and shut himself up in the booth.

A moment more and he had the St. Lucian Hotel on the wire.

"Give me Mr. Millman—Mr. Charles Millman," he requested hurriedly.

The hotel operator answered him. It was impossible. A guest could not be disturbed at that hour. It was against the rules, and——

Dave Henderson was pleading hoarsely into the phone.

"Give me Millman! Let me speak to him! It's life and death!"

"I—I can't." The operator's voice, a girl's, was hesitant, less assured.

"For heaven's sake, give me Millman—there's a life at stake!" Dave Henderson cried frantically. "Quick!"

"Wait!" she said.

It seemed a time interminable, and then a drowsy voice called:

"Hello! What's wanted?"

"Is that you, Millman?" Dave Henderson asked wildly. "Millman, is that you?"

"Yes," the voice answered.

"It's Dave speaking, Dave—do you understand? I—there's some one badly hurt. I can't tell you any more over the phone; but, in Heaven's name, get a doctor that you can trust, and come!"

"I'll come, Dave," said Millman quietly. "Where?"

Dave Henderson turned from the telephone, and thrust his head out of the booth. He had no idea where he was in New York, save that he was near The Iron Tavern. He dared not mention that. Before many hours the papers would be full of The Iron Tavern—and the telephone operator might hear.

"What's the address?" he called out to a man behind the counter.

The man told him.

Dave Henderson repeated the address into the phone.

"All right, Dave," Millman's voice came quickly; "I'll be there as soon as I can get my car, and pick up the doctor."

Dave Henderson stepped out into the night, and pulled off his hat. His forehead was dripping wet. He walked back to the lane, listened, heard nothing, and stole along it and entered the shed again, and knelt by Teresa's side. She was unconscious.

He bent over her with the flashlight. His bandage was crude and clumsy; but it brought him a little measure of relief to see that at least it had been effective in the sense that the bleeding had been arrested. And then his eyes went to the white face again. It seemed as though his mental faculties were blunted, that they were sensible only of a gnawing at his brain that was almost physical in its acute pain. Instinctively, from time to time, he looked at his watch.

At last he got up, and went out into the lane again, and from there to the street. It was too soon. He could only pace up and down. It was too soon, but he could not have afforded to keep the doctor waiting if Millman arrived, and he, Dave Henderson, was not there—otherwise he would have stayed longer in the shed. It would be daylight before they came, wouldn't it? It was an hour now, a thousand years, wasn't it, since he had telephoned?

A big touring car rolled down the street. He ran toward it. Millman—yes, it was Millman! The car stopped.

"Quick!" he urged, and sprang on the footboard. "Go to the corner of the lane there!"

And then, as the car stopped again, and Millman, from the wheel, and a man with a little black bag in his hand, sprang out, Dave Henderson led the way down the lane, running, without a word, and pushed open the door of the shed. He held the flashlight steadily for the doctor, though he turned now to Millman.

"You've got a right to know," he said in an undertone, as the doctor bent, absorbed, over Teresa. "Hell's broken loose tonight, Millman—there's been murder further up the lane there in a place they call The Iron Tavern. Do you understand? That's why I didn't dare go anywhere for help. Listen! I'll tell you." And, speaking rapidly, he sketched the details of the night for Millman. "Do you understand, Millman?" he said at the end. "Do you understand why I didn't dare go anywhere for help?"

Millman did not answer. He was looking questioningly at the doctor, as the latter suddenly rose.

"We must get her to the hospital at once," said the doctor crisply.

"The hospital!" Dave Henderson echoed the word. It seemed to jeer at him. He could have summoned an ambulance himself! As well throw the cards upon the table! His eyes involuntarily sought that darker corner of the shed where the package of banknotes, bloodstained now, was hidden in the valise. The hospital, or the police station—in that respect, for Teresa as well as himself, it was all the same!

It was Millman who spoke.

"Wait!" he said, and touched Dave Henderson's arm; then turned to the doctor. "Can we move her in my car?" he asked.

"Yes; I guess we can manage it," the doctor answered.

Millman drew the doctor a little to one side. He whispered earnestly. Dave Henderson caught a phrase about "getting a nurse"—and then he felt Millman's hand press his arm again.

"It's all right, Dave. I guess I'll open that town house after all this summer—to a select few," said Millman quietly. His hand tightened eloquently in its pressure. "We'll take her there, Dave."

To be concluded Monday

Angelo Hands Rose a Lacing

York, Pa., Jan. 21.—Billy Angelo, local lightweight, gave Stockyard Johnny Rose, of St. Paul, a severe lacing in the wind-up here, Angelo having eight of the ten rounds. The other two were won, Joe McCabe, of Lancaster, easily outpointed Reddy McDonald, of Allentown, in eight rounds of the semi-windup. Eddie Gems, of Lancaster, shaded Young Decker, of York, in six rounds, and Lewis Woodyard won from Ramsey Wilson in six rounds.

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