

# T. Appley Holds Lead in Billiards Tourney

## RUDDI DEFEATED BY PERCY COLLINS

French Billiard Champion Loses to Chicagoan, 300 to 154, in Amateur Tourney

## PLAYS APPELEY TONIGHT

Billiard Standings

Collins—240 20 11 12 0 0 0 0 3 3 3  
Ruddi—154 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10  
Appley—100 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10 10

Percy N. Collins, of Chicago, was the victor over Edouard Ruddi, French champion, in the world's amateur billiard championship at the Manufacturers Club this afternoon. The score was 300 to 154.

Collins virtually decided the issue this afternoon in the twenty-third and twenty-fourth innings when he got away for long runs, clicking the balls to the tune of a metronome. He made his high run in the eighteenth inning, totaling 68 points.

## HARRITY PLAYS PEARSON

Meet for State Squash Racquet Crown This Afternoon

## HARP BEATS HAUBER

Mickey McDonough Is Victor in Wind-Up at Auditorium

## Three New Skating Records

Low amateur skating record, Feb. 20, three times around the rink, set by Leslie Boyd, of Lake Placid.

## May Give Brother Wrestling Title

New York, Feb. 20.—Stanislaus Zbyszko, Marquis of the ring, has been offered a title to retire undefeated in the coming year.

## Change Skating Dates

Chicago, Feb. 20.—The date for the international amateur indoor skating championship was changed from March 5 to March 12.

# Amateur Billiard Stars Not Superstitious, Y'Know, but—

## There's That Rabbit's Foot of Cope Morton's; 'Twas Only a Joke, but; a Cruel One—Why Should Collins Bank on 13?

By JOE MAYER  
National Amateur Billiard Champion 1918 and 1919  
Every one knows that billiard players, football players and other athletes are the most superstitious of mortals. Strange to relate, billiard players are not the least bit superstitious. They say so themselves. BUT—

Since the tournament for the international amateur billiard championship started, several players have asked me whether rabbit's feet are affected at all by these mysterious beliefs and so forth.

He was surprised to him when he went to produce a rabbit's foot in a joking way at all his matches last week. He'd tag it on his table, run it over the top of his cue and on the balls. He kept it in the pocket where he put his chalk so he'd touch it every time he wanted to chalk his cue.

He was perfectly open and above board about it. But he didn't believe in it at all. Of course not. That's all, boss. He says so himself. He used the foot as a joke. He knew as well as I found him, however, very disconcerted the other afternoon, the day after his fourth match.

What's the matter? "Oh, nothing," replied Morton. "Only I started off in this tournament on the wrong foot."

What do you mean? "Well," he explained, "I carried the local player. I mean to say I lost some matches in which I had a good chance. That is—"

I couldn't get the thought I knew he meant to say rattlingly. Shamefacedly he finally came out with it. Wrong foot.

That's that rabbit's foot," he murmured after a while. "It's a right hander. I mean to say I lost some matches in which I had a good chance. That is—"

# SURPRISES MARK SCHOOL TOURNEY

## Victories of Dover and Hoboken Unexpected in Penn Court Games—Reading Forfeits

## W. P. H. S. PLAYS TONIGHT

### Tonight's Schedule for Penn Court Tourney

6:30—West Philadelphia High vs. Pottsville High.  
7:30—Media High vs. Pleasantville High.  
8:30—Salesmanum High vs. Frankford High.  
9:30—Collegeville High vs. Woodbury High.

THE first day's play of the second annual scholastic basketball tournament under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania, which started last Saturday morning, furnished two surprises.

Three teams dropped out of the tournament—Reading High, Ocean City High and Mount Carmel High. The opening ball of the tournament was between West Chester High and Norristown High, which was well played, but not as exciting as several of the other games in this section of the tourney.

The second battle staged was between Haddon Heights High and Narberth High. Both teams appeared on the court with red uniforms, which caused confusion at times to the players.

## PROS IN GOLF TOURNEY

### Hutchinson and Barnes in 36-Hole Competition in Texas

Houston, Tex., Feb. 20.—A field of twenty-eight professional golfers headed by Jock Hutchinson, British open champion, started on a thirty-six-hole trek here this morning for cash prizes aggregating \$1850.

It will be medal play all the way with the men paired in twosomes.

## Grave and Cullen Are Tied in College Scoring

Player and college score

Another hard game is scheduled for Wednesday afternoon, when Penn State will meet at the winning streak in Weightman Hall this year, it will be remembered, State was the only team to defeat Penn in the home ballfield and one of the few teams in the last few years to score a victory in Weightman Hall. A last-minute rally gave the Center County collegians a one-point verdict.

# "PAVED" An Unusual Romance of People Whose Very Being is Pledged to Do the Bidding of Others

By FRANK L. PACKARD  
Author of "The Mistletoe Man," "From Now On," etc.  
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"I remember topping the screen and the man behind it over on the floor as I jumped sideways for the window"

THIS BRING THE STORY  
Hawking, a drollist, leaves his mother, a blonde, and his wife, a brunette, in Venice, a kindly pawnbroker, to redeem the debt of a friend. Twenty years after a beachcomber on a South Sea island, he is looking for a person who can act as a medium.

AND HERE IT CONTINUES  
The tall man apparently was quite indignant. "The third reason is that I have been looking for just such a one—there really isn't any other word—gentleman, providing he was possessed of another and very essential characteristic, and that was that characteristic in a most marked degree. Your actions tonight are unmistakable evidence that you have nerve."

"It strikes me that you've got a little of it yourself," observed the young man evenly.  
The quill toothpick under the adroit guidance of his tongue traveled from the left to the right-hand side on one of the man's nostrils.

"It is equally as essential to me," he said dryly. "You appear to fill the bill; but there is always the possibility of a fly in the ointment; complications—unpleasant complications, perhaps, you will call them—may arise. One of the policemen grabbed me, and I was playing in luck then. I got in a fortunate swing and he went down for the count. I remember topping the screen and the man behind it over on the floor as I jumped sideways for the window; and I remember a glimpse of his terrified face, his eyes staring at me, his mouth wide open, as if I took a heading dive or had been shot. The stoker picked me up, and we sat on the run."

"The police were scrambling through the window after us. I didn't need to be afraid of them. I was afraid of you. I spoke of had me lashed to the mast from a social standpoint. I tried it, with one of the crew, but that rope was over the side, and I was hanging over the side, and I believe you would say that you had seen what happened. I believe you said, too, that a chance still existed of my sailing with the mail boat, depending upon my story. He was interesting enough to bail me out, anyway, that's all of it."

"The tall man sat for a moment in silence. "Yes," he said at last. "I am quite satisfied. Dressed as a gentleman, with money in your pockets, and such other details as go with the role, you never have been associated with that affair in share in it. As a matter of fact, your police would not be so serious that the world would account of it. In other words, what really interests me, is that you are what is commonly designated as a thoroughly satisfied man. I may say I am thoroughly satisfied."

"The young man yawned and stretched himself. "I'm delighted to hear it. I haven't any packing to do. Shall we stroll back to the ship?"  
"The quill toothpick was busy again. The tall man rests with you. I am not a philanthropist. I don't want to offer you a situation—to fill which I have been searching a good while. I don't want to see you in the necessary, but I am sure you are that man. You don't know me; you do not know my name, and though you have already asked what Honolulu shall still withhold information until your decision is given. If you agree, will you now sign a contract with you to which we will both affix our bona-fide signatures. Honolulu shall still withhold information until your decision is given. If you agree, will you now sign a contract with you to which we will both affix our bona-fide signatures."

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got that left! I am beginning to suspect that it was in your at San Francisco that I saw money."

"You did," said the other. "That is how I came to know that you were in San Francisco. Though not personally in evidence, you were there. You were at home, and my information as to what goes on there at least is fairly accurate."

"The young man resumed his pacing and down the stairs. "And I might add," said the tall man after a moment, "that from a point of ethics I see little difference in the moral status between a man who gambles and one who furnishes the other with the opportunity to do so. You are perhaps hesitating to take the burden on that account?"

"Moral status!" exclaimed the young man sharply. He halted abruptly before the other. "No—at least I am not a hypocrite. What right have I to quarrel with moral status?"

"Very well, then," said the other. "I will give you everything in life that you desire. You will live as a gentleman, free of San Francisco, with every luxury that money can procure, for that is your role. You may gamble to your heart's content, ten, twenty, fifty thousand a night, in my house. You will travel the length and breadth of America. I will pay every expense. There is nothing that you may not do, have, nothing that you may not do. The young man was silent for a full minute, then he stepped into the hall, and he fell to whistling under his breath very softly—but very deliberately."

"An almost sinister smile spread over the tall man's lips as he listened. "If I am not mistaken," he observed dryly, "that is the aria from 'Faust.'"

"Yes," said the young man—and stared the other in the eye. "It is the aria from 'Faust.'"

The tall man nodded—but now his lips were straight. "I refer to the aria of Mephistopheles, then," he said softly. "Dr. Faustus, you know, signed the bond."

The young man squatted on the sand again. His face was curious, white, with the only ugly word across his cheeks, like the mark of some strange branding iron, held close.

"Then, damn it!" he said shortly. "And he drew it out of his notebook and a fountain pen from his pocket. He wrote rapidly, tore out the leaf, and on a second leaf made a copy of the first. This, too, he tore out. 'You will observe that no names are mentioned; that I have still reserved the privilege of keeping my identity in abeyance until the document is signed. It will include the lifetime of one or other of the undersigned, or until such time as this agreement may be dissolved either by mutual consent or at the will of the first signatory to this contract. The first signatory to this contract agrees to maintain the second signatory in a station in life commensurate with that of a gentleman of wealth. The expense of the first signatory shall be of the order of \$1000 a month.' He looked up. 'Shall I sign?'"

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