

MURDER TALE FAILS TO STOP COUNCILMAN QUINN

Luther Mickelman's Mad Desire to Get the Floor at Council Meeting Starts Panic in Burrsville City, but New Lawgiver Bears Up and Makes Timely Talk

By FRANK WARD O'MALLEY.

BURRSVILLE CITY, Dec. 24. THE biggest excitement and panic ever known in this Borough happened between suppertime and the opening of the regular Friday night meeting of Borough Council in the Fire House last night.

"Councilman Luther Mickelman's been murdered!"

This cry was shouted in the gathering night up and down N. and S. Main. Citizens were running out everywhere from supper cranking their Fords in the cold without hats. Many were seen to turn into N. Main on two wheels so hurriedly their supper napkins were still tucked in their collars.

It was the biggest excitement and panic here since Hon. Cornelius F. X. Quinn recently retired from his big contracting business and politics in the metropolis and settled here just in time to run successfully for Borough Council.

There was frenzy everywhere when it came out how Mrs. Councilman Luther Mickelman had reported to Chief of Police Herb Longstreet that Councilman Mickelman had not come home from closing Mickelman & Sons' Ford Agency & Garage to supper and was murdered in cold blood, probably by an enemy.

Everybody gathering in N. Main remembered right away how enmity and bad blood had lately arisen between Hon. Luther Mickelman and Hon. Cornelius F. X. Quinn ever since Hon. Quinn started making a speech all through all Borough Council meetings Friday nights and monopolizing the floor from Hon. Mickelman and everybody. So everybody raced home in their flivvers for their revolver and started out to help Chief Longstreet on the case.

Before 7:30 everybody reported to Chief that Councilman Mickelman wasn't alive in any house, store or street, the only house no one tried to search being Hon. Quinn's.

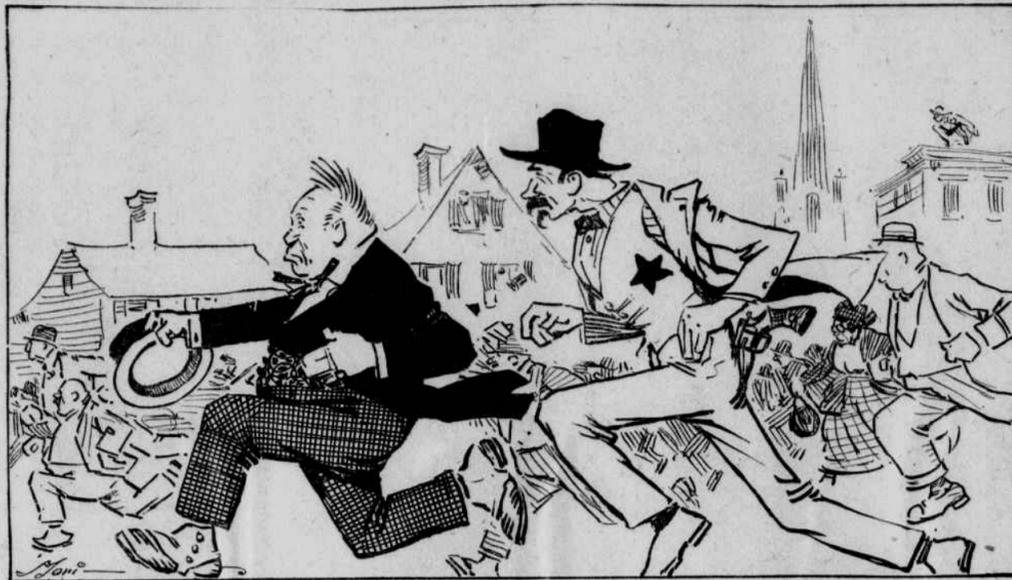
The only clew known was that Lawyer Ed Seelye, the last to see the unfortunate man alive, saw Hon. Mickelman hurrying south on N. Main just before supper, or just in time to bring the unfortunate man under the lonely dark elms in front of Hon. Quinn's palatial mansion, N. Main and Prettyman, before the N. Main arc light was turned on at 8.

Everybody was for going to Hon. Quinn's mansion and accusing him of the murder to see what he had to say, but it was decided not to interfere with Chief Longstreet's affairs but let him do his duty.

So Chief Longstreet, after running down several clues, said let the chips fall where they may and went fearlessly up on Hon. Quinn's handsome stoop and rang the bell.

Everybody hiding behind shrubbery in the front yard said that Hon. Quinn had

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been calmly eating supper like as if he were not about to be arrested for murder he calmly untying his napkin on the stoop like nothing had happened.

Then everybody could hear Chief Longstreet beginning sternly how Councilman Mickelman was just murdered in the immediate vicinity and asking Hon. Quinn what he had to say for himself. But at first the only thing Chief Longstreet's stern third degree could force out of the suspect was to admit that all Hon. Quinn could say for himself was that the news seemed too good to be true.

"Ah, my friend," cried Hon. Quinn then eloquently, he advancing out to the edge of the stoop like he was addressing a big crowd, "so is it always with life! No cynic am I, friend, yet always I misdoubt the grandest of news until—"

But Chief Longstreet broke in on the oration to brutally ask Hon. Quinn several pointed questions. But Hon. Quinn broke in on the first pointed question, he saying that if Chief Longstreet didn't get to Hatch off his front stoop with his insinuations he, Hon. Quinn, would lift him one that would jolt Chief Longstreet naked from his nickel star to the suspender buttons on the back of his pants—and also his revolver.

Chief said later he was about to take his man into custody at that instant. But at that instant both the Durkin twins came running yelling that Hon. Luther Mickelman's body had just been found.

Then it came out how Councilman J. Wesley Mickelman, searching frantically for his cousin Luther's dead body, looked in the vacant Fire House and saw Councilman Luther Mickelman standing rigid and alone facing the Chairman's vacant chair.

Next it came out how Wes Mickelman upon crying out angrily, "You poor fathered, Luther, what's the big idea?" Luther explained he was determined to get the floor ahead of Hon. Quinn when Council opened at 8, even if he had to stand from 5:45 P. M. without supper. So everybody raced to Fire House for Council meeting, all feeling it looked like there would be a panic at Council.

Business of Borough Council then opened with the usual opening prayer by Rev. Brough Clerk U. Grant Pilberry, who finally said Amen.

"Mr. Chairman!" cried Hon. Quinn loudly the same instant Rev. Brough Clerk Pilberry was saying, "Amen," regardless of Hon. Luther Mickelman already standing on the floor.

Frantic excitement was the order of the day. Finally with both parties shouting fiercely for ten minutes it had to be decided by Mayor Calvin Van Scoick that Hon. Quinn had to be legally given the floor. Hon. Quinn proved by a book called Hannigan's Handbook on Parliamentary Procedure he always carries that there is a rule saying that the Chair has to recognize the one that first says Mr. Chairman, Authority Hannigan said, and not the one who stands there, Hon. Quinn said, for two hours like a big stuffed shirt and unfortunately not murdered, Hon. Quinn said.

But the gloom of the tragedy that came so near cutting down Hon. Mickelman in the prime of manhood by the bloody hand of a murderer at suppertime still seemed to weigh heavy on everybody through Council meeting.

"In the midst of life are we in death!" eloquently began Councilman Quinn, who first announced that if not as usual interrupted constantly by certain parties, he would now take up, as the first business of Council, a speech reviewing the great events that happened in the dying year now passing (1921).

Hon. Luther Mickelman, on account of being still sore, allowed Hon. Quinn to review everything that died in 1921 he could think of eloquently from 8:10 until past 9 without interrupting.

"Friends," then began Hon. Quinn after a drink of water at 9:15, "as I remarked at the opening of my address a minute ago—"

"How time flies!" said Hon. Luther Mickelman like he was talking to himself. But as he didn't do anything then but keep taking his watch out and snapping it shut loudly every minute or so Hon. Quinn paid no attention to him.

"Like the year now passing, friends," cried Hon. Quinn, now raising his voice sharply, "we are here to-day and gone to-morrow! To-day, friends, I thrill with life! To-morrow, friends, to-morrow I lie cold, still, silent—"

"Three rousing cheers for to-morrow!" hollered Hon. Luther Mickelman, jumping up and waving his hands excitedly.

Well, it looked like a panic. By ye scribe's watch laying on the press table it was 9:18 when Hon. Mickelman shouted three rousing cheers. Hon. Quinn ceased personalities and resumed his grand speech on 1921 just when the 9:34 Accommodation from the metropolis could be heard pulling in at the station across Public Square.

But then even Hon. Mickelman got attentive as Hon. Quinn began to dwell eloquently by name on the great men and things that have passed away forever during 1921. He drew out a list which he explained was a list of noble men who had passed on forever in the twelvemonths. And as Hon. Quinn put on his glasses to read the list of those gone forever all Council and standees followed the example of Rev. Brough Clerk U. Grant Pilberry and bowed their head like in silent prayer.

"Print their names well on the tablets of your minds and memories," said Hon. Quinn in shaking tones. "Man's memory is short, alas! Doubtless rarely or never will you hear of these great dead ones of 1921 again."

"J. Ham Lewis, friends! Josephus Daniels, friends! Banker Ponz! The good Colonel House! Secretary Pansy Baker of War, friends! The once-postmaster General Al Burleson, friends! Joe Tumulty—or as soon as Joe stops his reminiscences, friends, or is stopped."

Hon. Quinn paused emotionally here to rub the mist off his gold rimmed specs with trembling hands and a nobby Christmas silk handkerchief.

"To resume, friends," resumed Hon. Quinn, "gone in the year just past, friends, is General Wood—at least as far gone as the lads at the capital could give Leonard the boots westward and yet not too far

large scale, as the chef makes butter cakes in a Child's window. There would be riots if a tailor came out with a "skirts for men" slogan in Rochester. The next week there may be another tailor's convention in Paris, and some French milliner will rise and say that the pant is doomed, and that man must go back to the beautiful styles that prevailed in the time of Louis Quatorze when all the men wore lace cuffs and Martha Washington wigs.

You may well say, "Poo! Fancy the pant going out! Ridiculous!" But let this writer, stanch and firm wearer of the pant, and one who will fight to the end rather than abandon the garment for any dressmaker, remind you that people pooed prohibition five years ago. They said, "Poo! Fancy booze going out! Ridiculous!" much in the same manner. Look at them now, running around parched. Five years from now they may be rushing around pantless as well.

We hold no particular brief for the pant. It needs none of our pleadings. It is firmly enough established. There is no danger of any man sallying forth on the streets of any sizeable city in America to-day without this garment. Modern history, that is, history since the time of the invention of the pant, records no instance of any man doing such a thing except in the case of a fire in a Turkish bath in Brooklyn at midnight on February 21, 1920, when twenty-seven men, more or less, rushed into the street pantless, but were excused because the fire was deemed a circumstance beyond the control of any one except the proprietor.

The situation amounts to just this: the pant can get along without man, but man cannot get along without the pant. You can take his vest from him and he will laugh you to scorn. You can take his coat, and he will get another, but "who steals my pant gets rash!" (Cicero De Senectute).

It is part of the insidious propaganda of these dressmakers and renegade tailors to point to the part the skirt has played in history, and then ask what the pant has done. It is our intention to answer that contention by the peculiar and wonderful cases of Whitey and Buck Jones. Anyway, heaven knows the skirt has been on earth long enough to accomplish something. History records no time when women failed to go about without a skirt, except in the case of Eve.

And having gone thus far, dear reader, in discussing some of the philosophical aspects of the pant, we will take up next week part of its history and evolution and tell of a tragedy incidental thereto.

THE next question was not so easy to answer. Roger asked us point blank to tell him the rules of boxing. It was a logical question for a calculating intellectual to ask. What, if any, are the rules of boxing? There is a rule book, we suppose, but the only books we see are those the Book Editor gives us for review, and so far he hasn't handed us the boxing rule book. Perhaps the publishers will send it in next week. All we could tell Roger was that the two boxers were supposed to belt each other, without belting below the belt, until something happened. They stood up in that ring, we said, and tried to knock each other out.

"Out of the ring?" asked Roger. "No," we said, "out for the count."

"What do you mean by that?" he asked. "The idea," we replied, "is to clout the other fellow so hard that he'll curl up and fall asleep long enough for the referee to count ten. When that happens, one of the men—not the man on the floor, Roger—wins."

"Oh, I see!" said Roger, with remarkable intelligence for a highbrow. "But suppose neither antagonist is powerful enough to put the other out? Then how is the contest decided?"

"On points," we pointedly declared. "On points?" asked Roger point blank. "What are those?"

"You may well ask, Roger," we said; "it is a pointed question."

Pointing to Pete Hartley and Joe Benjamin, who had just climbed into the ring to keep an appointment, we pointed out that the man who had the most points was the one who could soak the other in the breadbasket, and points north, most frequently.

"Oh, I see!" exclaimed Roger. He was learning fast for an intellectual.

AS Benjamin poked Hartley in the ribs some one in back of us hollered, "Attaboy, Joe! Knock him for a goal!" And we were wondering what to tell Roger in case he asked us how many points a goal counted for and where the goalkeepers stood. Fortunately, he didn't ask. What he did want to know a moment later, however, was why Pete and Joe were "locked together."

"They're clinching," we informed him. "Pete is, at any rate. He is trying to clinch the fight, so to speak."

Roger wanted to know what the benefits of clinching were. We told him that when you held the other fellow's arms it made it hard for him to hit you.

"Oh, I see," said Roger. "For how many points does clinching count?" We don't recall what we told him, but it must have answered his question, for he again said, "Oh, I see."

Benjamin and Hartley began to swap wallops at a furious pace. "It's a good scrap!" said a gentleman to Roger's left.

"Yes," said Roger, "it is a thrilling encounter."

As Benjamin sent Hartley flying to the ropes the fans jumped to their feet and shrieked their delight.

"Goodness me!" exclaimed Roger. "They are drunk with joy."

that he could wade ashore again behind them to eastward. "Gone, too—yes, and within days so recent that the hurt in our souls is still red and raw—gone and scrapped—is the navy of Great Britain—to an extent. Gone our own American navy—also to an extent. Gone the Japanese navy—exactly to the same extent.

"Gone and scrapped forever is England's noble land forces, except in India, Africa on the Rhine or wherever else most needed. Gone forever is the American army, except here and in Europe and the Orient. Scrapped and gone is the grand army of France, except in the colonies and that strip of France stretching, friends, from the Atlantic to too far up the east bank of the Rhine to kill a German carp with a rifle.

"Gone, too—yes, and within days so recent box fighter—this George Carpenter

—and gone home he is with a potful of good American gold cash money that he had handed him on a platter by ninety thousand highly intelligent, sport loving, magnificent American bluffs!

"Gone—though you never can tell in his case—is William Jennings Bry— "But I cannot go on, friends. Emotion chokes the throat of me till words fall me for to—"

"I kiss Emotion, brother!" shouted Hon. Mickelman dramatically. "If there's anything can choke you till words fall, I—"

There would have been a panic only for the hand of fate. Being now 10 o'clock, the Borough Light & Power had to shut down for the night, and there was nothing to do in the dark but for Mayor Van Scoick to shout above the yelling in the darkness that Council was adjourned till next Friday.

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Ramblin' 'Round

By EDWARD ANTHONY.

WE played Roger a dirty trick. He'd be justified in busting us one, or, as Roger himself would put it, giving us a sound thrashing.

Roger is a highbrow. When he isn't quoting from Arenberg's "The Cryptography of Dante" he is indorsing, in words of six syllables, the educational theories of Pestalozzi. "Andi alteram partem" is how, to make Roger feel at home, we started to tell him it was time he began rubbing elbows with some of us lowbrows and took in a boxing match. "A suggestion which I receive most hospitably," said Roger. "It would be an experience to study the lover of boxing contests." And this is why Roger would be justified in busting us one: we didn't tell him that our purpose was not to give him an opportunity to analyze the fight but to give us a chance to record his own highbrow reactions to fistcuffs that we invited him.

Well, the night of the recent Leonard-Ward fight found Roger sitting beside us at Madison Square Garden. We had hardly sat down when Roger plucked us by the sleeve and excitedly exclaimed, "See all the nurses! Man alive! Do they need that money?" We assured him that the nurses—we saw almost a score of them, in full nursing regalia—were not present to care for the wounded.

"To-night's bouts," we informed him, "are for the benefit of the Bronx Hospital. The nurses are here to advertise that fact. They serve as a reminder to the fans that this is a benefit, and that if they care to buy a souvenir programme it will help."

"Oh," said Roger.

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man might be drinking to cure influenza or pneumonia. This time Roger was unconvinced.

Roger was puzzled. No matter how hard and frequent the blows of Benjamin, Hartley refused to topple. "I don't understand how any one can take those blows," said Roger, "and not fall."

"And this the fall season, too," we observed. Roger gave us a hard look. "Benjamin can take a blow, too," said the gentleman to Roger's left.

Indeed he can! Joe is a horse for punishment—one of the strongest entries in the Gibson stable, one might almost say.

WHEN the preliminaries were over we had to leave for the office to write a story of the crowd. We urged Roger to stay for the main bout and tabulate the fine points. On a score card, perhaps.

"And now, Roger," we said as we prepared to go, "what do you think of boxing? Don't you think it is—er—a striking sport?"

"I do!" exclaimed Roger, earnestly. "Most emphatically! But there is still one thing I do not understand! Why do the boxers wear gloves?"

Again our explanation must have satisfied Roger, for once more he said: "Oh, I see!"

At this point we fled. We were afraid that he would ask another question. Nothing that he might ask would have surprised me. To this minute we marvel that he didn't inquire why Joe Benjamin, when he struck Pete Hartley, didn't say: "Excuse my glove."

THE CLASSICAL DRAMA. THE day after we attended the Leonard-Ward fight at the Garden we found ourself in the auditorium at Hunter College waiting for the performance of Euripides' "Iphigenia Among the Taurians" to start! It is quite a jump from the Garden (even when you take a running start from the roof) to Greece. But we made the leap nicely and hit the landing pit—the orchestra—as gracefully as you please.

INCURABLE wag that we are, the first thing that struck us was the fact, gleaned from our programme, that Miss Alice Curtin was in the cast (or, as Roger would call it, the dramatic personae).

"What are we, a horrible lowbrow, doing at a classical play?" we asked ourself a dozen times as we sat there. "Have we the proper background of scholarship to appreciate this sort of thing? What classical training have we had?"

It is true that we attended the world series, better known as "the annual classic," but that, we knew, was not sufficient to make us appreciative. It was a something, but not enough.

Hunter College, in case you don't know, is entirely inhabited by the fair sex, and all the parts in "Iphigenia" were played by girls.

All in all, it was a fine performance. With the exception of King Thous, whose funny little scarlet beard made him—or her—look like a red whiskered catfish we saw in the Aquarium a few weeks ago, the players were excellent. (Perhaps on account of the Grecian attire of the players a comparison with a tunic fish would be more appropriate, but that really doesn't matter.) No performer, however skilled, could have overcome that beard. It dragged the king down frightfully. If it could have dragged him—we mean her—down a bit more, so that she might have stepped on it and pulled it off, her performance would have been more successful. What chance, we ask you, has a whiskered soprano to render serious lines effectively? Wasn't it enough to burden the monarch with a halfbeard without tossing in a chin beard?

WITTER BYNNER, who delivered a brief address, called attention to the modernness of "Iphigenia." We agree with you. One of the lines in the play is, "O lady! lady!"

We are one with those who believe in the prophetic qualities of Euripides' work. Only a prophet could have looked far enough ahead to cheer prohibition sufferers with the line, "Hardship is a strong man's drink." Have a hardship highball!

When the savage Taurians captured Orestes and shouted the equivalent of "Kill him!" we thought for a moment we were back in the Garden watching a fight.

FIVE years ago, when we used to put in an occasional evening as a "super" at the Metropolitan, we had the pleasure, during a performance of "Aida," of hearing an assistant stage manager greet an eyeglassed "super" (who looked a spectacle) with an impassioned, "Hey, there, feller, take 'em off! Don't you know they didn't have no glasses in ancient Aida?" We thought of that as we looked at the Hunter College Greeks with their bobbed hair. But maybe the Greeks, with their modern tendencies, had bobber-shops, too.

If "Iphigenia" were still running we'd tell you, in the phrasology of the dramatic critics, that it is a play no one can afford to miss. Even that red whiskered soprano of a King and the bobbed haired Greeks didn't prevent us from spending a delightful evening. More power to Miss Elizabeth Vera Loeb, who staged the performance!

What It Means for a Boy to Don Long Pants

By FRANK J. SULLIVAN.

WHITNEY, the almost perfect copy boy, came blushing to work last Monday wearing the long pant.

"Ah!" we said, surprised as it were, "And who may this little man be?"

"A-a-aw!" threatened Whitey, making a sort of sweeping gesture with his fist doubled. This gesture, which he has adopted as a sort of self-protective measure, is a warning to sophisticated reporters who kid him, that violence will follow any further levity on their part.

"It seems to be good goods," we said, fingering a portion of the new coat with the earnest air of an art critic deciding that a fake Rembrandt is genuine.

"A-a-aw!" said Whitey, again swinging the mailed fist.

"One flight up?" we asked him sweetly. Little did this barefaced boy with lots of cheek realize as he stood there "aw-ing" his elder that he was at the beginning of one of the seven ages Shakespeare gives man. You recall them—the first tooth, the first cornsilk rag, the first long pant, the first bum cocktail, the first divorce, the second divorce and the first attack of senile dementia.

We looked back upon our first long pant. At least we looked down at them; we hardly dare to look back at them these days, because they are no longer young, no more than we are, but they are the same, dear old long pant, Lord love 'em, that we so proudly donned that bright September day in 1911.

Ah, that was the day we wore them; at least it was the first day we wore them. Some time there will be a poem dashed off along that line—wore'm: to'rem.

Little did the angel faced dumbbell realize that the long pant had already played an important role in his existence, and he with them on only a day. But Buck Jones, the thimble of copy boys, knew the story and had told it to us, as well as he could, in view of the fact that the larger of his two big front teeth was unfortunately removed by the shoe of the opposing tackle while Buck was making a touchdown in a recent football game.

Poor child, whistling his sorrow at us through the empty space where his tooth should have been. His tongue kept getting caught in the crevice. Shall we ever forget that scene? Probably not.

Sartorial Change Starts Philosopher of Office on Reminiscences

Buck stood there, with a sad look in one eye and the other eye cast enviously on Whitey's long pant. Buck is still in knickerbockers. It is said that he wears a ferris waist, but, of course, one hardly ever asks him about that. If Buck had not been in knickerbockers the fellows in the Spartan Social Club would have—well, let no one say the long pant has not played a role in the tragic life of this youth. If Buck were of the bitter sort, the bilious type, he would never consent to wear the long pant the longest day he lives, and he bids fair to reach six feet or over, in or out of his stockings. But he is not of the bitter sort. You shall hear his story anon.

It was Monday, and Whitey wore the conventional clean shirt of the copy boy on Monday. The new long pant was pressed. We remembered that ours had once been pressed, too, on that same first day we wore them and tore them. Something glistened in our eye.

"Son," we started to say to Whitey. "Where d'y'get that 'son' stuff?" he inquired.

"Son—"

"Don't 'son' me," said Whitey irritably. "If you got to 'son' somebody, 'son' Buck. He's got short pants on. I got long ones on."

"You are not wearing long pants," we said, and Whitey looked at us with a look with which he frequently looks at us, "you are wearing the long pant, and don't let me ever hear you call it pants again."

Such was the case. You have noticed that the garment that is now the subject of discussion has been referred to in these few words as the "pant." Technically speaking, and properly speaking, too, that is proper. They are not pants; it is a pant. The dictionaries may say otherwise, but the fact must be taken into consideration that the dictionaries were written years ago.

Ask any first class clothing salesman whether it is a pant or whether they are pants. Ask Uncle Bill Bennett up in Saratoga, who every September the week before school opened used to sell our mother a suit of knickers for us, with her choice of a red and green necktie or a pair of Alice blue suspenders thrown in. Did he say, "Have the boy try these pants on," or did he say,

"I guess this pant will about fit him?" He certainly did.

"You may be wearing the skirt instead of the pant before long," we said to Whitey.

Rage suffused Whitey's cheek as the dawn suffuses the horizon, or practically so.

"Where d'y'get that skoit stuff?" he demanded. "Whatcha tryin' t'do, kid somebody or somethin'?"

The remark, however, was not made in jest nor with any attempt to obtain possession of Whitey's goat. There is a movement afoot to unseat the pant. This insidious, persistent propaganda has as its object the destruction of the garment now employed as a protective covering from the belt line to the shoe (in the case of male adults) or from the belt line to the knee (in the case of male juniors).

Every once in a while some evidence of this sly movement crops up in the daily press. One may read of a tailor's convention at which a tailor rises to remark that the modern pant is a hideous thing; that it is and should be doomed to go, and that it will be supplanted by a graceful garment, a thing of beauty and a joy forever, namely, the skirt.

If this particular tailor doesn't mention the skirt, he may recommend the old fashioned silk knee pant with lace ruffles. A skirt would be much better than that. Or he may favor the Grecian sheet, and want us all to go around looking like the hot room in a Turkish bath or Saturday night. They all agree on one point—the pant must go.

Now, it doesn't take a Class A Edison man to figure out that the tailor who makes this sort of speech is not a tailor at all but a dressmaker in disguise! Yet our editors, most of them indeed men, continue to print these sly digs. What's more, they print them as if they sit in their comfortable chairs, content in that feeling of respectable mediocrity (What male has not experienced it?) engendered by a good, solid old blue serge (any other color or material will do) pant, supplemented and augmented by a reliable pair of suspenders.

This tailor's convention may take place in Denver or Kansas City. You may rest assured it never takes place in Rochester or Chicago, where they make the pant on a