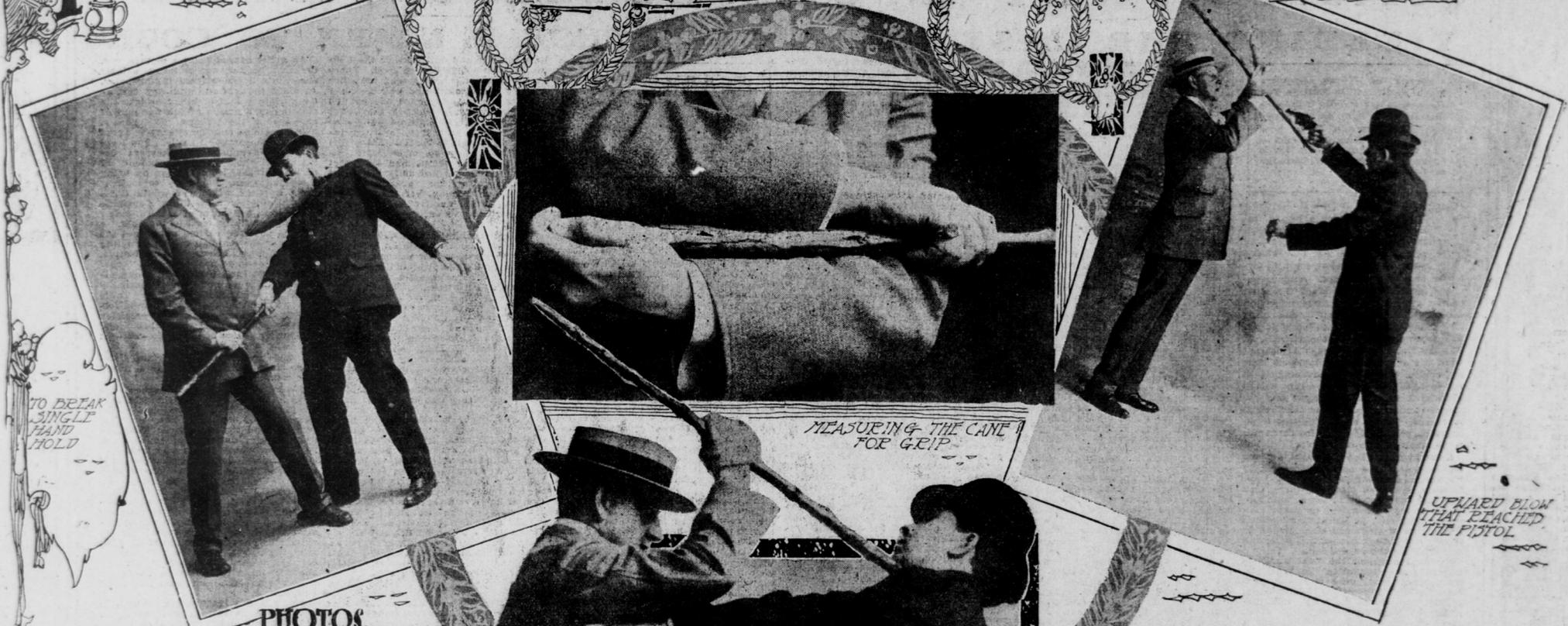


# THE FOOTPAD AND THE GAME



PHOTOS BY VAUGHAN AND KEITH

CHIEF OF POLICE WITTMAN once remarked, "It is strange how few men who carry a cane are held up."

There is something about a good stout stick that commands respect. From time to time articles have been written about the proper use of the walking stick in self-defense. In practically every case the pupil has been told to wield his cane as he would a sword. But once let his opponent, by this method, get a hand on the stick he will have an enormous leverage by which to disarm its wielder.

It is, however, to the Emerald Isle that one must look to get instructions on the ways in which the cane can be most successfully brought into use as a weapon of self-defense. The vivid literature of boyhood tells how at the fairs at Donnybrook and places as well known the fights of the factions were the delight of the countryside and the number of broken heads the criterion of the fair's success. There is more truth than fiction in some of these accounts, for years ago the shillelah played a most interesting part in the country festivities.

By using a cane as a son of Ireland would use a blackthorn you can put nine out of every ten ruffians bent on a holdup out of business. And before they are aware you have commenced to defend yourself.

The cane, when used this way, is far preferable to either the knife or pistol. But to use the walking stick successfully one must practice with it. Instead of taking lessons with the fella, if you are a member of any of the athletic clubs, try a light stick the length of a cane. Put on the broadsword mask and coat and a heavy glove to protect the hand, then play "Donnybrook."

After a few weeks of this kind of work one will find that he has acquired a lightness and speed that are the perfection of grace. For, in order to successfully defend one's self under this system he must keep perfect poise.

For outdoor use get a good stout stick, one that has some weight and can stand a battering. A good bit of oak with the bark on is the best. Grip the cane in the center, laying it along the forearm. With the left hand push the cane through the right hand until the end just extends beyond the elbow, which will give the right balance. It will be found that the other end, toward the ferrule, will be a little longer than that measured off.

The only hold is with the thumb, index and center fingers. It is the same grip that is used with the foil. Never grasp the cane with all the fingers, not even for a straight blow. In this case the third and little fingers are merely held lightly around the cane to steady it.

The first practice should be with this hold, going through shadow work of the defense and offense order.

When the muscles have become sufficiently strong then take on an opponent. It may be a little monotonous to begin this way, but if the muscles are not accustomed to the play it is very easy to strain them so that the hand cannot be used for some time.

The reason for this grip is that it gives perfect freedom of movement to the wrist, which plays the most important part in the whole defense.

The blow that does the most effectual work is an upward or straight cross, which is struck with that portion of the cane that is measured off along the elbow. It is started either by throwing the hands upward or as if to strike a blow, bringing the hand across the face of the opponent.

The cane rests on the heel of the hand and the force of the blow comes from all the muscles and the full weight of the body along the forearm. The other blow is with the ferrule end and is the blow ordinarily struck by one if he were holding the stick at the end.

Now that one has heard how to hold a cane the next thing to be considered is how to put it into practice. Take, for instance, the case of a footpad who suddenly sticks a gun into your face and commands "Hands up!" You don't stop to discuss the matter, but up go your hands. If the gun is within four feet of you it means that

he is standing at least six feet from you.

The upward movement of the hands in compliance with his command will bring the heavy end of the cane in contact with the pistol and knock it out of his hand or destroy his aim. A quick downward blow brings the other end of the cane over to catch him on the top of the head. By this time you will be able to seize the gun with the left hand and keep out of range, while with the ferrule end you can jab him in the face or eyes.

It should be remembered right here that this article is not published for the benefit of those who, even if they had a cannon, would give up their valuables. The most important factor in self-defense is courage. Fully half of the hold-ups would not be successful if those held up would make a stand. A little bravery will do more than all the work of the Police Department to lessen the profits of the knights of the road.

A jab in the eye or a kick will take all the fight out of a footpad. He will let you have his gun and will do his

best to get out of the neighborhood. He is not going to stand quietly and let you do all this, but will be just as busy as you. Your advantage lies in that you have taken him by surprise with your cane. You must follow it up quickly. Your practice will stand you in stead here, for after gaining your first point, you will spring other blows in rapid succession that will keep him looking continually to a defense.

Take the ruffian that tattles you on the street. In most cases he is larger and more powerful than you are. Toughs very seldom tackle any one who is a match for them in size or strength. When your adversary tries to grab you the same upward movement can be brought into play. Only this time it is aimed at the point of the chin. It is surprising how slight a tap with a stick on this point will do the trick. More than one person has taken the count when this trick has been illustrated. The blow, seeming hardly to touch the chin.

There are times when the attack will be made so suddenly or the opponent will close in so that the upward movement cannot be made. It is then that the straight cross comes into play. You give your opponent the force of the heavy end on the jaw. This, if it does not put him out, will stagger him. Then straightening out the arm the second movement of the blow is given which brings the ferrule end across the other side of the jaw. This will generally be enough to drop him. If not, it can be repeated and the next will catch the point of the chin as his head is turned.

A defense comes into play when attacked by a person who also has a cane or stick. If the blow is aimed horizontally at the right side or downward on the right a mere raising of the right arm, laying the cane along the forearm as when measuring, will catch the blow and it will glance off. You will then be free for your stick play.

By straightening out the arm you can stick the ferrule end in your opponent's face.

The left side guard is with the ferrule end. As the blow glances off you can whip in a hard back-hand blow that will cut him across the face. This will give you time to step in for close quarter work.

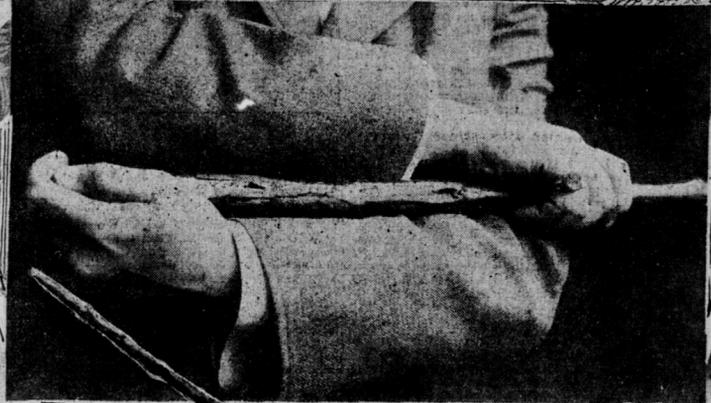
Then there is the low guard, which is the same for the right or left side. The blow is taken on the heavy end. For a person to strike low he must step in. The moment the blow is struck you send the cane upward and in almost every case you will reach the face.

Now for the holds. Supposing your opponent grasps the ferrule end. A quick step forward will bring the cane across your stomach and strengthen your hold. At the same time a left back-hand will do the trick on the point of the chin.

If your opponent should see the movement coming and should throw up his hand to block the blow, shift your foot behind his and the pressure of the outstretched left hand will throw him off his balance. But your opponent may have taken hold of the end of the cane with both hands, which would make it impossible to use the single-hand break. Both your hands now come into play. Quick as a flash you turn, bringing the cane over the shoulder, giving you the long leverage. It takes but the left hand to hold while the elbow of the right arm goes into your adversary's stomach.

This play is like the famous shift of Bob Fitzsimmons. It is speed that counts. Done slowly, you are lost. Another hold break is when your opponent grabs each end of the cane. Both your hands grasp the center and you shove upward, which will bring your opponent close to you and you can give him the knee.

Exit opponent. These are but a few of the tricks in this kind of stick play. Every one who practices will find that they form unique defense and offense work, which is thoroughly practical. But it must be remembered that without lots of practice and courage nothing can be done in the way of self-defense with a cane.



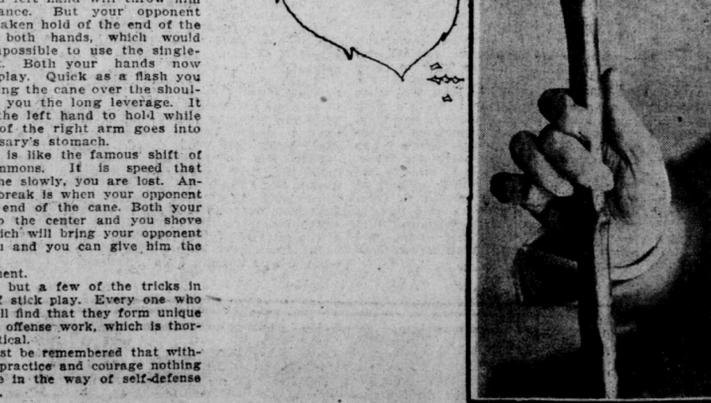
MEASURING THE CANE FOR GRIP



ARMSTRONG



THE GRIP



THE TWIST THAT GIVES FORCE TO THE CANE



UPWARD BLOW THAT REACHED THE PISTOL

## RICH MAN, POOR MAN!

By Keith Gordon

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BEFORE they reached the first ledge overlooking Sausalito a mist like floating globules of crushed pearl rolled noiselessly through the fissures of the hills and blotted out the village, the bay and the towers and chimneys of San Francisco—in other words, the world. In the damp air the girl's hair curled more distractingly than ever. Never had he seen it when it framed the low forehead in so bewildering an arabesque of rings and curves and waves. "You look rather swell yourself," she laughed in response to his eloquent glance of approval. "Knickers and a Norfolk cap and the jacket aren't half bad on you. Taken in connection with your cleft chin," she went on, throwing her head back and screwing up her eyes critically, "they make you a very presentable youth indeed!"

"We won't talk about that," was the terse reply. "This walk to Point Bonita has an object?"

"Certainly," she assented politely. "Point Bonita, for instance. If it has any other object," she went on sternly, "if you're going back to that old subject I won't go a step further."

By this time they were moving in the midst of a cloud.

It was his turn to be innocent. "You mean—oh!" with a fine imitation of impatience. "Doesn't a girl ever forget it if a fellow has once happened to fancy himself in love with her and say so?"

The pink of the girl's cheeks—it had the soft, furred look that is responsible for the slang adjective "peachy," deepened suddenly, unaccountably. Out of the tall of his eye the youth observed this interesting fact with cruel glee, reflecting with a pang that he should have chosen diplomacy as a vocation instead of engineering.

"You should forgive and forget the sins of my youth," he resumed. "You know you insisted that you would always be the best of friends—and that's what I need now!"

"You change quickly enough. I must say," she remarked with some heat. "It isn't six months since—"

"Since what?" he challenged, but she turned away and did not reply, while the walls of mist lazily closed in nearer and nearer.

"What do you want to tell me?" she questioned at last in an oddly subdued manner. He did not answer immediately, but swung on ahead of her in the narrow path, as if he were making a way for her through the mist. She felt a shuddering sense of desolation. Still, she argued, she could scarcely have supposed he would go on caring, especially since she had explained to him with judicial carefulness that she must marry a man with money, on account of her mother and the younger girls.

Strangely enough, though she had pictured herself as married to another, there had always been a somber, interesting figure hovering in the background of that picture—one to whom she meant to be so kind, so gentle, so all-sweet that his regret should become like a beautiful, sad song—to be wept over—and enjoyed. And now the brute was asking her to "forgive and forget" that he had ever told her that he loved her!

money. I would be a cad enough to do it, but the thing is that there's a girl—a mighty fine girl—and I really—I—hang it, I like her! But how am I to tell whether it's the real thing or whether her money has something to do with it? You see, there are reasons why I should have money right away, long before I can hope to gain it by my own efforts. The governor is breaking down and his affairs are in bad shape, and there are the two kids and a mother to provide for."

The girl's heart was sinking as the mercury does in a falling temperature. All the joy of living seemed to be cooling away through her finger tips, leaving her cold and inert. He turned toward her curiously.

"Of course, you don't think I'd consider such a thing if I were not forced to it by duty!" he went on fervently. "And I came to you because I thought you'd understand because circumstances are forcing you into the same thing. They say you're going to marry Bradshaw. You'll be a rich woman—and a happy one. I hope—but whether you are or not, you will have done your duty by the family. That will be your consolation, and that's why I come to you in my difficulty. What do you think—can I decently ask the girl to marry me? Remember, I like her, but I'm not sure I love her!"

The fog, which had seemed about to crush them softly a few moments before, was now falling back, but they were still in a remote world. With the very sight of habitations cut off from their view, it was hard to believe in the reality of purple and fine linen, horses and carriages and gold. Suddenly the scales fell from the girl's eyes, though she realized with a pang that it was too late. She had put the only thing that mattered out of her life, as thoughtlessly and carelessly as she would toss a pebble from her path. She had not even realized what she was doing. Down below, where the Bradshaw fortune cast its glamour, everything had looked different. She had thought that with money all things else must fall into place. But here, cut off from the world, the Bradshaw wealth seemed less than nothing, and love the only thing!

Farther and farther the fog reached, showing thin in spots, but still concealing the valley beneath them. But she was very sure now. Even when the world assumed its old proportions it would be the same. She had had her lesson. The peachblow tint was gone from her cheeks, and her eyes were grave and ungrateful as she spoke.

"I'm not going to marry Grant Bradshaw," she said steadily, "nor any other man whom I don't love. So you see I can't help you after all! I don't think I could ever really have meant to do such a thing—"

Her voice broke, and the eyes that had been looking into his with a pleading stronger than any words suddenly filled with tears.

"I'm such a silly!" she explained rather unevenly. "But I hate to be accused of such a thing. And I think you ought to be ashamed, Jack! You're a man, and you can make money for yourself and—"

But he seemed to be paying no attention to her words. With deep absorption he was examining the buttons of her coat, as if he were consulting an oracle.

"Rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief," he chanted. "Doctor, lawyer, merchant, thief. Rich man, poor man!" he stopped, looking anxiously for another button, but there was none there.

"You see!" she glibly triumphantly. "Perhaps you've made a mistake in your own case, too," and with a demure face she announced, "Poor woman!" she announced, and then something in his glance brought the bloom back to her face and her head went down upon his shoulder.

The thin places in the fog gave way, leaving two jagged spaces that framed a beautiful picture. Down below the sun was shining on the blue waters of the bay, on the trees and hedges, among which nestled the houses of the town. The girl caught her breath. She felt as if it were a benediction, a revelation of the peace of the years to come.

"But what about our families?" she asked in a troubled voice when the mist had blotted out the pictures once more. He laughed joyously.

"See that!" he said holding out a brawny right arm.