

SNOWBALLS

By Littell McClung

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James Merchant, "Professor" Marchant his scholars called him, despite his youth, longed to be out of doors. Inside his room in the Latin school it was warm and comfortable. The radiator had done his best that day and the radiators were throwing off an unusual amount of heat. Outside the air was cold and clear and the snow, a foot deep, lay sparkling like a jeweled mantle in the afternoon sunshine.

When the last class was over Marchant arose with a yawn and began to put on his overcoat. All the boys had rushed out into the snow—all save Walter Beale, a handsome, quick-witted lad of fourteen.

"Well, I suppose you are going for a slide this afternoon, Walter?" questioned his teacher pleasantly.

"Nope," rejoined the lad. "Going snowballing today, professor, as he replied. "There's going to be a snowball battle between the Latin school and No. 33."

"You don't say?" queried Marchant, at once interested. "I hope the Latin school drives No. 33 off the field. We beat them in baseball, you know."

"That we did," agreed Walter, "but we wouldn't if you hadn't been pitching against Professor Hanson. And we won't beat 'em this time if you don't come along and help us. The boys told me to ask you about it. We certainly do want you, professor, for Professor Hanson is going to lead the No. 33 army."

"The boys really do want me, Walter?" asked the teacher, joyfully.

"You just bet they do, professor," exclaimed the boy. "They've just got to have you, that's all there is to it!"

"Then I'll go," announced Marchant, taking off his overcoat. "Wait till I get my sweater out of the closet."

The next moment teacher and scholar joined a throng of boys kicking their way through the snow to an open lot near the school on which two snow forts had been built. The young warriors hailed their teacher with cheers and pressed forward to the

scene of impending battle. Already the forces of No. 33 were on hand, led by their captain, Professor Hanson.

"Hello, Hanson," cried Marchant, when he caught sight of the rival leader. "You out for blood again? Remember what we did to you on the diamond last spring?"

For answer the cohorts of No. 33 yelled defiance at their opponents and scurried out of the fort to gather a fresh supply of missiles. The leaders met and it was agreed that ten minutes should be given for the making and storing up of ammunition. Both sides retired to their ramparts, which were about fifty yards apart, and each boy began to make snowballs as fast as his fingers could work. The sun was shining brightly and the melting snow on top made balls of icy hardness. Piles of the missiles were stacked up behind each fort, and on signal the battle began.

Led by Marchant and Hanson, the boys sallied forth, and in a few seconds the air was full of flying bullets of snow. A large crowd gathered on the adjoining street to witness the contest.

Smarting from memories of defeat on the diamond, the boys of No. 33 made a concerted rush on their opponents and drove them, scattered and running, behind their fort of snow.

But Marchant called to them to rally and save their ammunition for a charge. Though stung by the shots they had received, they responded to his appeal. Hands and pockets full of

snowballs, they rushed bravely on the ramparts of No. 33, waiting until they got within fifty feet before opening fire. When they did fire the effect of their volleys was instantaneous. The hostile line of No. 33 weakened and Hanson, the leader, got back of the throng in the rush.

"At them, boys! At them!" cried Marchant, running toward his rival general and firing at him with every step.

One of Marchant's shots struck with telling effect, and Hanson went tumbling over a snowbank. A lusty cheer arose from the Latin school chargers and they rushed up almost to the enemy's fort.

Marchant lunged forward, determined to hit his opponent again the moment he staggered to his feet. He drew back his arm, and as Hanson scrambled out of the snow he let go a ball with all his strength. But the icy sphere slipped from his fingers on a tangent and flew straight into the cheering crowd of spectators.

There was a scream. A young woman fell to the sidewalk. Marchant ran forward and instantaneously the battle ended, for some of the boys who had seen the accident knew that it might be serious.

Everybody crowded around the prostrate figure and Marchant pushed his way through the throng to behold the silent face of a beautiful young girl. His snowball, which must have been as hard as a baseball, had struck her. All at once Walter Beale burst through the crowd.

"She's my sister!" he cried, dropping to his knees over the prostrate figure. "Some of you boys run for a doctor!"

While his classmates started in several directions for a physician, a doctor came chugging up through the snow. Marchant acted at once.

"Quick! Help me lift her in!" he commanded the several dozen frightened boys around him.

Instantly strong young hands lifted the unconscious girl into the automobile before the owner knew what it was all about. Walter Beale leaped in, shouting the number of his home to the man at the wheel. Five minutes later a physician entered the warm room where Ethel Beale lay, still unconscious. He set to work at once, for he realized that the case was serious. Slowly the girl regained her senses.

For a night the doctor worked with his patient, and Marchant was beside him most of the time, assisting in every way he could. By the next day Ethel Beale was resting more easily, but the physician gave orders that there must be no excitement around her, and that careful nursing was necessary to her rapid and complete recovery.

Day after day Marchant visited the Beale home. He began to look on her as "his" patient. He felt that nothing he could do would make up for the injury he had inflicted by his recklessness. But she assured him that his attention and kindness had amply repaid her for her suffering.

Soon Marchant experienced a change of attitude. Instead of being sorry for what he had done he secretly rejoiced. Through the accident he had come to know Ethel Beale. She herself made life seem different to him by gently hinting that his winds often do blow up beautiful clouds.

A month later when Marchant proposed Ethel accepted him. The wedding took place in June.

"Come, let me show you the most appropriate present I have received," whispered the bride to her husband shortly after the ceremony.

She led him into the reception room and pointed to the large table in the center.

"Why, they're snowballs!" he exclaimed. "What a beautiful bunch! Who sent them?"

"Who?" she echoed. "Why, who but little brother Walter, of course!"

Trial of Literature.
The stone age poet, mallet and chisel in hand, was laboriously composing a sonnet, when the business agent of the stonecutters' union happened along.

"Let's see your working card, old man," said the agent briskly.

"Forsyth!" he haughtily exclaimed the literateur; "why, I'm a poet—not a mechanic."

"Well, you have no poetic license to run an open shop," snapped the union man, "so if you don't want your poetry boycotted, you'd better stick to the thinking part of the game and hire a union amanuensis!"—Illustrated Sunday Magazine.

City Items in Terse Form

Metropolitan News of Interest to All Readers

Some Woes of Diet Treatment Victim



NEW YORK.—Three weeks on a limited diet in an endeavor to repair the internal damage done by a runaway appetite couldn't obliterate the memory of three-inch steaks and milked elms and all the while that James McGowan sat in front of a mirror in the Memorial hospital at Orange watching his wasteline assuming Polaire proportions his mind kept reverting to menu cards he had met. He talked constantly in his sleep, the burden of his oratory being "with mushroom 20 cents extra," and "dishes marked X are ready."

Try as he would he could not erase recollections of times when he had compelled the cook to beg for mercy. He read whole rooms of antifast fiction and did everything possible to discourage his appetite, but it wasn't any use. For breakfast, luncheon and dinner he has been allowed a walnut, a sprig of lettuce and ten drops of diluted water. He tried hard to convince himself that he was overeating and begged the hospital authorities to cut the menu to one course.

But his dreams were haunted with sides of beef, acres of French fried potatoes and showers of gravy. He stood it as long as he could, but yesterday morning at precisely a quarter of four o'clock, after the last of a regiment of savory squabs had marched directly under his nose, each squab carrying a julienne potato for a mulet, he sat up in bed and in clanging tones demanded that the nurse bring him two yards of porterhouse steak, half a peck of French fried potatoes and such vegetable brick-brack as might be necessary to accompany the steak on its journey.

"Nothing doing in the steak line," said the sleepy nurse. "Go back to bed and I'll give you another waiver."

"In done with walnuts," said Mr. McGowan. "I've eaten so many I'm beginning to feel like a squirrel. It's James for a little broiled cow and fixings."

The nurse assured him that it was against the rules to allow diet patients to break training. She left the room just then and her patient embraced the opportunity to take himself by the hand and make a dash for freedom and regular food.

Pollocken McManus and Almond saw the white-robed figure and sneaked up behind it with drawn clubs. Believing it to be the ghost of some misguided commuter, they were getting ready to soak it on the head when Mr. McGowan saw them.

"Gentlemen," he pleaded, "have pity on me and get me something to eat."

"What you need is something to wear," said McManus. "What do you mean by frightening two honest policemen out of a night's rest with your night-shirt drill?"

When he recovered himself he found Humphreys pointing a revolver at him.

Mr. Cockran had two of his clerks take positions on the steps leading to the witness stand in Judge O'Sullivan's court to illustrate his idea of the shooting.

The evidence showed that both negroes were attentive to Mrs. Maria Joseph and that jealousy existed between them.

Mr. Cockran began his address to the jury by reminding the jurors that with one exception they had said they were not prejudiced against a negro.

"We accepted this one man with an avowed prejudice," said Mr. Cockran, "because we believed he was honest in his avowals that he would be fair in any case."

"But I am sure that you all feel a prejudice against a negro. I feel the same prejudice myself. I once stopped in a hotel, where there were private baths. I started to take a bath and found that a negro was using the tub. Do you think that I bathed in that tub afterwards? I could not. It was prejudice that I could not rid myself of, and I do not feel that such prejudice can be avoided."

The killing, according to Mr. Cockran, was the outgrowth of the social and economic conditions in this country. He said that his client, while a high school graduate, had tried to secure decent work in this country, but had finally found himself driven to accept work as a scullion, in the house where Humphreys was introduced to him.

Mr. Cockran said that this fact absolutely proved the truth of his client's testimony that he had been kicked down three steps by Humphreys, and

sonic."

Whereas the music counter girl whirled on her stool, dashed off a few chords on the piano and looked around just in time to catch the eye of an old gentleman who was studying a list attentively. Hesitatingly, he asked:

"I want to get a list of songs—here they are," he began. Then there ensued a long search for them. The songs were old ones and they weren't on hand, so the old gentleman asked if the lady would play over a dozen or so in order that he might "match 'em" as near as possible.

Large store managers realize that the people at the average music counter are busy, hard-worked individuals. There are so many things to contend with aside from the knowledge required of music lists, and the ability to play the piano. That is why the salesman and saleswoman in this department average higher wages than almost any others in the whole store.

And it is said to be the most tremendous job imaginable. Young lady taking music lessons, imagine how it must be to play the piano all day and for other people, strangers, day after day, until you almost go wild. Wouldn't like that sort of a job, would you? It seems a novelty to the uninitiated, but so sick of playing does the salesgirl become after she has had a week of it that she is only too glad to take a job any place else in the world.

"Pretty good team we have, eh?" asked the Cub fan of the Sox supporter, who was brushing the dust from his clothes.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, that was our mascot. And the team is traveling about as fast as Bruno, added the Cub rooster."

"Then the team is going some," admitted the Sox fan as he turned and watched the bear mascot disappear in a cloud of dust.

Bruno, closely followed by the small army of pursuers, continued to fight everything that came his way, until, bleeding from a dozen flesh wounds, the animal fell exhausted at West Adams and Morgan streets.

The cub was patient, and showed no desire to romp and play until one of the club officials had tied a red ribbon about its neck. Then Bruno brightened up, but did not try to escape again. The cub was to make its first public appearance at the West side ball grounds as mascot of the Cubs in the afternoon.

BRITAIN'S FIRST BOY

joins Ship and Takes Place as "Cadet Edward."

Eldest Son of King George, Aged Sixteen Years, Is Highly Popular—Much Like Other English Lads.

London.—Prince Edward of Wales, who has been "the first boy of King and" for 16 years, has gone to join his ship at Dartmouth and take his place as Cadet Edward of Wales. During the funeral ceremonies of his grandfather, King Edward, he was a prominent figure not only because he is heir to the throne but because he is highly popular.

A typical Anglo-Saxon lad in Prince Edward, now called the duke of Cornwall, and soon to be formally made the prince of Wales. He is fair haired, blue eyed and sturdy of limb; the picture of health, strength and good temper.

From babyhood he has been popular. His doings and sayings have been chronicled, and half the mothers of England put their sons into white sailor suits like those chosen by the princesses of Wales for her son. Yet admiration does not seem to have spoiled him at all. He is still a frank, simple English boy with a bright smile, a pleasant manner and an infectious laugh.

Not only is Prince Eddie a public favorite but he is a hero in his own family. His three small brothers and one sister look forward to his holidays as festive occasions. His father and mother, King George and Queen Mary, although they are rather strict with their children as a rule, often relax discipline for their oldest son and are as proud of him as any middle class parents of their first-born.

Even at school Prince Edward is popular, and one has to be more than a prince to be a favorite at an English school. One has to be an all-round expert at games and sports, a generous, open-handed good fellow with plenty of courage and a love of fair play.

Prince Edward has always been a sportsman. He could ride his pony when he was five and on his seventh



Prince Edward of Wales.

birthday King Edward gave him a bicycle. Swimming lessons at the Bath club came next, and a little later cricket, football and boxing, and now he is one of the first class cross-country runners of England.

Before he was ten he had handled over his ordinary nursery toys to his younger brothers and was giving all the time he could spare from lessons and exercises to a fleet of model battleships which had been given him by his father. It was the time of the Russo-Japanese war, and the young prince with model guns, forts and maps of the scene of the campaign was following each move and fighting mimic battles with his fleet. Later King George, anxious to encourage his son's love of the sea, gave him a large model brig. This is kept at Virginia water in charge of an old sailor.

A story is told of his early days at Osborne which seems to prove that the prince is not without commercial instincts. He had written home to his mother for extra pocket money, which she refused to send, and so he wrote a long letter to his grandmother begging her to help him out. Queen Alexandra wrote a long letter reproving him for extravagance.

To her surprise Prince Edward, who hates letter writing like a normal boy, immediately answered her letter and asked many questions. She answered them, only to receive another letter from her grandson. At last the truth came out that the prince was selling the queen's autograph letters to his schoolmates for money to spend at the tuckshop.

In his lessons Prince Edward does not shine. If he were an ordinary lad he would be called backward, except in the few branches of study which he likes.

Love of animals is a trait of all the Wales children, as they were known till very recently.

A Prophet.
Joe—Congratulations, old man, I'm going to marry Miss Peachy.
Fred—Things are coming out just as I predicted.
Joe—What do you mean?
Fred—I told her when she refused me that she would live to regret it.

A Gentle Hint.
Young Man—Your twin daughters seem absolutely inseparable.
The Mother—Oh, I don't know. A young man with half a million, like yourself, ought to make good as a separator.

SULTAN TO VISIT AMERICA

Chief of Jungle Tribe Coming to United States to Sell \$250,000 Pearls.

Washington.—It has been announced from the nipa-roofed palace on stilts above the mud of Malan that his "polygamous highness," Harji Mohammed Jambul Kiram, "Keeper of the Key of Heaven," "America's Great and Good Friend," and, incidentally, sultan of Sulu, will visit America. There's a chance that New York may be interested if the comic opera ruler does lead his chorus retinue up out of the weeds and sail over to see America's city of wonders. Kiram never sees an American but he asks about New York and announces that he intends to go there some day. Kiram has preserved a unique personal-



It is in his reeking island jungles. He has a tendency to go unexpected things, as when he wanted to make Alice Roosevelt sultana of Sulu. The reason given for Kiram's threatened visit out into the world is his desire to superintend personally the sale of his several chests of pearls which his divers have brought up from the blue depths of the Celebes sea. They are valued at \$250,000.

The sultan of Sulu is a young man, but he gives the impression of knowing what he is about and just what he wants. His head is rather large and well-shaped. His skin is the color of old copper that has been polished. His eyes are well apart, but he has a trick of drooping the lids that makes him look sleepy and indifferent. He has a good, firm jaw and chin, with a medium-sized straight nose.

To keep him out of mischief, Kiram has been permitted to continue believing himself immensely powerful. When America took over the Philippines, there was an agreement with the ruler of the Sulus. It was modeled on the old Spanish treaty and guaranteed the Moros all the usual rites and religious freedom. It provided that the American flag be flown over the islands; that America might occupy any place it chose for military purposes; that America would continue the Sultan's pay for ruling his people.

St. Louis, Mo.—John F. Breckenridge, blacksmith, who is a candidate for United States senator from Missouri, whose petition, with the required number of signatures, has been filed with the secretary of state at Jefferson City, followed in his early

life the trail of a cowboy. He runs a horseboeing establishment at the stock yards in South St. Joseph. Mr. Breckenridge visited Europe and every part of the United States while with wild west shows as a rope and cattle thrower. As a farther in Jerseyville, Ill., six years ago, Mr. Breckenridge made a strong run for representative as a Socialist and labor candidate.

Question Disturbing Europe.
The future of Monaco, the question of the succession to the throne of the little principality, is a matter in which others beside the subjects of the present prince are interested.

Prince Albert, who will be sixty-two in November, has decided that his only son, Prince Louis, shall not succeed him, and favors a German prince belonging to the Urach Wurtemberg line. A German prince reigning in Monaco would in the opinion of Prince Albert's subjects mean a German port on the Mediterranean. Such a possibility is of course distinctly displeasing to France, which is cautiously taking steps to keep the German princeling out.

The matter resolves itself into coming to terms with Prince Albert, who, as M. Bernes, the lessee of the Casino has learned, is a man with whom terms may be made—at a price.

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When you begin to think it's a personal matter between you and the sun to see which is the hotter, buy yourself a glass or a bottle of Coca-Cola. It is cooling—relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. Wholesome as the purest water and lots nicer to drink. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—50 everywhere. Send 2c stamp for booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola" and the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1916. The latter contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues, and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Coming Down to Earth.
"Happiness," declaimed the philosopher, "is in the pursuit of something, not in the catching of it."
"Have you ever," interrupted the plain citizen, "chased the last car on a rainy night?"

DON'T SPOIL YOUR CLOTHES.
Use Red Cross Ball Blue and keep them white as snow. All grocers, 5c a package.

There is always room at the top and in a Masonic lodge a man has to work up to it by degrees.

Dr. Parrot's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, easy to take as candy.

Many people are busy mortgaging the future in order to acquire a past.

HIS WISH.



Mrs. Henpeck—Ah Henry, when I'm gone you'll never get another wife like me.
Mr. Henpeck (sotto voce)—I hope not.

A BAD THING TO NEGLECT.

Don't neglect the kidneys when you notice lack of control over the secretions. Passages become too frequent or scanty; urine is discolored and, if ment appears. No medicine for such troubles like Doan's Kidney Pills. They quickly remove kidney disorders.

Mrs. A. E. Fulton, 311 Eldridge St., Portland, Ore., says: "My limbs swelled terribly and I was bloated over the stomach and had puffy spots beneath the eyes. My kidneys were very unhealthy and the secretions much disordered. The dropsical swellings began to abate after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and soon I was cured."

Remember the name—Doan's. For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Controlled Newspapers.

The *Athens Globe* says that no advertiser has ever tried to control its editorial policy, the remark being occasioned by the charge often made nowadays, that the big advertisers direct the editorial policy of newspapers.

The experience of the *Globe* is the experience of most newspapers. The merchant who does a great deal of advertising is more interested in the circulation department of a newspaper than in the editorial department. If a daily paper goes to the homes of the people, and is read by them, he is satisfied, and it may chase after any theory or fad, for all he cares. He has troubles of his own, and he isn't trying to shoulder those of the editorial brethren.

There are newspapers controlled by people outside of the editorial rooms, and a good many of them, more's the pity; but the people exercising that control are not the business men who pay their money for advertising space. The newspapers which are established for political purposes are often controlled by chronic office-seekers, whose first concern is their own interests. There are newspapers controlled by great corporations, and the voice of such newspapers is always raised in protest against any genuine reform.

The average western newspaper usually is controlled by its owner, and he is supposed to be in duty bound to make all sorts of sacrifices at all sorts of times; there are people who consider it his duty to insult his advertisers, just to show that he is free and independent. If he shows a decent respect for his patrons, who pay him their money, and make it possible for him to carry on the business, he is "unsubsidized" or "controlled." The newspaper owner is a business man, like the dry goods man or the grocer. The merchants are expected to have consideration for their customers, and they are not supposed to be subsidized by the man who spends five dollars with them, but the publisher is expected to demonstrate his courage by showing that he is ungrateful for the patronage of his friends. It is a funny combination when you think it over.—*Esperanza Gazette.*

SMITHY WOULD BE SENATOR

Breckenridge of Missouri Willing to Desert the Anvil For a Toga.

St. Louis, Mo.—John F. Breckenridge, blacksmith, who is a candidate for United States senator from Missouri, whose petition, with the required number of signatures, has been filed with the secretary of state at Jefferson City, followed in his early

life the trail of a cowboy. He runs a horseboeing establishment at the stock yards in South St. Joseph. Mr. Breckenridge visited Europe and every part of the United States while with wild west shows as a rope and cattle thrower. As a farther in Jerseyville, Ill., six years ago, Mr. Breckenridge made a strong run for representative as a Socialist and labor candidate.

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Geniuses That Went Broke

Financial Acumen Has Not Always Accompanied Possession of Great Ability.

The parallel case of Sir Walter Scott naturally comes to mind when one reads how Mark Twain lost his life's savings in the collapse of the publishing house in which he had invested them. There is, however, a close parallel nearer our own time, but not so well known. Twice in his career Sir Arthur Sullivan, after building up a tolerable fortune, was placed in the same unenviable position as was Mark Twain when, in 1895, his "rainy day" balance disappeared in the failure of a concern in which he was interested. And the famous composer met financial disaster with the same equality as did the author.

By far the greater of the two financial disasters which overtook Sullivan happened in 1882, and the news reached him under very dramatic circumstances. In that year "Iolanthe" was produced, and, as usual, its composer conducted the first performance.

On the day fixed for the production of the bankruptcy was announced of the firm in whose keeping Sir Arthur had entrusted all his securities, and he news of the crash reached the composer just as he was setting out for the theater. "In a moment," says Mr. Lawrence, his biographer, "the result of the work of a lifetime and of economy had been swept away."

From the monetary point of view, he had to make a beginning all over again. But, unmoved by his ill fortune, he conducted the first performance of "Iolanthe" that night.

There may be some disagreements as to what constitutes our national acid, but there will be substantial accord as to who are our national sinners.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

"It must be hard to have a bunch of relatives to buy presents for," says the Philosopher of Folly. "How do people think up so many cheap things that look expensive?"

Cubs' Mascot Tamed After Wild Chase



CHICAGO.—Bruno, a black cub bear late of Montana, mascot of the Cubs baseball team, was tamed a few days ago.

Bruno escaped from his cage home in the basement of the Monroe club, West Monroe and Green streets, and ran amuck on the West side, creating a panic among pedestrians and children, snapping at cats, growling at chickens, and attacking stray dogs.

Two baseball "fans" were in the midst of a heated argument over the merits of the Sox and Cubs when Bruno, running at full speed and pursued by a score of club members, pedestrians, policemen and children, rudely upset the Sox fan.

"Pretty good team we have, eh?" asked the Cub fan of the Sox supporter, who was brushing the dust from his clothes.

"Oh, I don't know."

"Well, that was our mascot. And the team is traveling about as fast as Bruno, added the Cub rooster."

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