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PART FOUR

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HOOFBEATS

- An Autobiographical Novel -

By Pathos Petoskey

SYNOPSIS: Horses started it all. He was crazy over horses, goofy over them, in fact. And his mother found out. She heard the song, and she knew that it must have been her son, her own Ethelbert, which was her pet name for him. "My darling," she wrote, "now you've gone and done it. Just as I was beginning to recover from the scandal of your poor dear father's leaving me for the race tracks, you have to go and get tied up with a horse song. It must run in the family. Hoofbeats will be the death of me yet. Come home so I can tell you what I really think of you. I don't trust our mail man and I don't suppose those in the big city are any better." Ethelbert read the postal card. He sniff, packed and departed. Two days passed after his arrival, days during which that which the postal card left unsaid was said—and how! At the end of the two days his mother lost her breath, and Ethelbert had 23½ minutes to explain. At the end of that time, his mother was softened in a forgiving mood. She couldn't think of any more things to say so she forgave him, for quietly, "Anyway," she excused her weakness, "anyway, you didn't have anything to do with 'Thanks for the Buggy Ride,' did you?" "Yes," he replied, true to his horses. And she shot.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER 16

The young man from The Eccentric threw his arm from Pathos' shoulders, effectively pinning both his arms to his sides and hustled him outside the door. "He—must be acting chummy," Pathos said to himself, but his attention was jerked to the figure of a man who passed them and entered The Eccentric office. The man had a beard, a luxurious growth of curly black brush which left only his eyes visible to the gold-fish public.

"Shut up," hissed The Eccentric feller, as Pathos had opened his mouth to speak. The Russian felt himself hurried down the street. "I'll bet it's a fire," he murmured, sniffing the air. But it was not fire he smelled. It was coffee. He knew his groceries.

Presently he found himself gasping for breath before a small table, on which were two peculiar looking bottles, with silver tops. "Where is the bottleneck?" Pathos asked, but a look from The Eccentric feller discouraged any hope of a reply. There was also a bowl of powdered white stuff, which Pathos found, by a complicated experiment involving the index finger of the right hand and the mouth, tasted very good.

"Is this free?" he asked his companion, as he moved the dish nearer and looked around for an implement with more containing power than the finger. "If it is I'd like some."

"It is not free, you poorgrr-urblebl——," the young feller pushed it roughly back to its original resting place. "Whaddaya want?"

"I want to be a great detective, one that will have stories written about him by a man whose first name is 'Sir.' I want to find Horace Smith, S-M-Y-T-H-E. I want to see the Chinese laudries. I want to find a ham sammich. I want ———"

But another man with a white coat was at his elbow. "A ham sammich?" he raised his eyebrows politely, and Pathos crowed to himself, "He's on of those highbrows. I've heard so much about."

The Eccentric feller ordered 'ham and' and black coffee. "Bring him some coffee, too," he nodded toward Pathos, "and say," he yelled after the retreating waiter, "make those sunny side up."

They sat in silence for 15 minutes. Finally "Was he Russian?" asked Pathos, timorously. The Eccentric feller's face had gone from angry to pathetic. He had that look common to persons who eat in restaurants. Wan, pinched, and yet hopeful, patient, and always confident, Pathos was to learn the meaning of the expression and to wonder at the ever-present confidence, which never wavered, through hours of waiting.

"Was who Russian?" the young man came back with a fast one.

"The man with the beard, who went into The Eccentric as we came out."

The young man was all interest again. "Do you know him?" he almost shrieked.

"Don't you?" Pathos was equally rapid on the come back.

"Well, it's like this," the young man began. "I have my suspicions. He may be only a murderer. Then again he may be an international diamond thief. He has a stick pin, but his beard hides it I peaked. I positively know that in the four weeks he has been here he has refused point blank to register for any of the four elections we have had in the village. It isn't right," he was gaining in enthusiasm. "There should be legislation agin it. He should be black-balled, bi-balled, lynched, boiled in oil, boycotted and his driver's license should be revoked."

"But he looks Russian," Pathos ventured, remembering that the young feller had lead the Russian old locomotive yell but a few minutes before.

"I don't believe it would have made such a mark," the young man said thoughtfully. "That may have something to do with it, but surely there must be something more."

And then they came. Two plates, two cups of coffee, two glasses of water, demi-tasses, as they were, and two paper napkins. "Ham and?" inquired the high brow. "Here," said the young man, his face overflowing with joy, the beautiful joy of him whose faith has been rewarded. Pathos decided he looked as if he might be thinking, "That hair tonic works. Three hairs in two weeks, and I was absolutely bald." But the young man had plenty of hair, so Pathos knew that it wasn't that.

Pathos prepared to look at the plate which had been set before him. He closed his eyes, and thought long and profusely. "At last I am to find out what is a ham sammich. Fish, fowl, or fauna, which will it be?"

Then he opened one eye slightly to take a good aim, and place his hand on the sandwich. "Eenie meenie minie mo, catch a nigger by his toe, number nine, number nine, running on Chicago line. Needles, pins, now my wish begins, bread and butter," he hit it right that time, all but the butter, "death, famine, pestilence, the four horsemen of the," and here he stopped. Incantations were all right, but enough was enough and he was hungry.

He opened his eyes slowly. There it lay, two triangular pieces, each of which consisted of two thicknesses of bread. "Where," he thought, his mind working rapidly, "is the ham?" And then he saw it. A long green thing, wet and rather slimey-looking. He was disappointed. Somehow he hadn't thought ham would be quite like that.

He looked at his companion's plate. He had said "Ham and." "But you have no ham!" Pathos exclaimed, while his subconscious mind looked for the sunshine the young feller had ordered.

"Sure I have," answered the young man, all exuberance, for his faith had been restored. "What do you think that is?" and he pointed to two slices of delicious looking meat.

"How lovely," cried Pathos, the esthete in him rising to the surface, "but mine's green," his face showed the disappointment of an artist.

"The young man looked and laughed, and laughed and laughed. "I'll tell you what," he coaxed Pathos, "look between your bread. Santa Claus sometimes hides little boys' Christmas presents."

Pathos looked, and finally, settled between a lettuce leaf and a dab of what Pathos, to his horror, was one day to learn was mayonnaise, was a little piece of ham, just a tiny baby piece, a very young piece, Pathos thought, but there it was.

"But this other, this green thing," Pathos said, as he was nunching the bread carefully to save the ham until the last mouthful, "what is it?"

"That, my son," the young feller was feeling kindly now, "is what the American public knows as a pickle. Heaven alone knows what it is for, but it is always there."

To Pathos, to be forewarned was to be forearmed, so he knew he would always be armed against pickles hereafter. But as his thoughts were formulating, he heard a noise, a wierd, long-drawn out wail that set the marrow in his bones to quivering. "Wolves!" he cried.

(To be Continued)

The first ice cream shipment received within the Arctic Circle sold for $1.75 a quart at Circle, Alaska, although the thermometer registered 40 below zero.

Michigan Plays Part in Florida All-States Festival

The Michigan float, "City" of Orlando, Florida, had a leading part in the annual All States Day celebration at the municipal Auditorium was an outstanding one.

The entire membership from Michigan took an active part in the preparation of the state's part in the day's program. Every section of the state is represented in the Michigan Society by those who are here to enjoy Central Florida's balmy climate; to fish in many of the 1,200 lakes in Orange County; to enjoy the sea at any of the half dozen beaches on the Atlantic, only two hours away; to play golf; to enjoy outdoor sport at Sunshine Park, Orlando's tourist playground, or to travel the miles of hard-surfaced roads that

Orlando, Fla., March 23, (Special).—Industry, commerce and resorting, Michigan's great assets swung around the dome of the capitol at Madison were featured by the Michigan Society on the annual All-States Festival held here March 9. Under the leadership of J. Keith Muir, of Grand Rapids, president; A. J. Backus, Harbor Springs, vice president; Mrs. Winona Woodruff, Battle Creek, secretary and A. N. O'Neil, Detroit, treasurer, the entire society of more than 200 members participated in the celebration. Michigan's part in both the parade and the evening's entertainment

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ical in every direction through the semi-tropical countryside, which at this time of the year is fragrant with orange blossoms, though some of the golden fruit is still on the trees.

The Michigan Society has taken an active part in the tourist activities this season. Meetings are held every Wednesday and each meeting features something typically "Michigan." Agricultural and industrial Michigan attracted "nation-wide" attention when some 40,000 spectators representing every state in the union and many foreign countries viewed the Orlando All-States parade.

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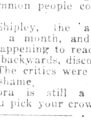

CHARLES B. DRISCOLL

ABRACADABRA

The old-time mountebanks, who traveled from town to town with their fake magic shows, had a word they used to use to mystify and amaze the peasants. They would look solemnly over the heads of the crowd, roll their eyes, and say, "Abracadabra!"

The peasants and townfolks were duly impressed.

"He's a wise man, all right," they said, one to another. "Hear what he said? It's true too, like as not."

And the sillier of the townspeople pretended to understand what the mountebank was saying, and shook their heads sagely over it, and intimated that they could tell a lot if only their comrades could understand about such deep things.

Well, that was a long time ago, wasn't it? And how the world has changed since then!

A few months ago a young literary man who had been observing the New York high-brow atmosphere rather closely, wrote a book. This is how he did it. He copied a part of the Declaration of Independence backwards, transposing every fourth word in a certain position a little out of the normal. He copied poems out of books, rhyming the lines in prose fashion, and placing the words in reverse order. He copied inscriptions off monuments, advertisements out of the papers, and dull stuff out of a museum bulletin. All this hodge-podge he threw together without rhyme or reason, and called it a novel. The title was "King John." It was published in a limited edition.

The silly high-brows and the make-believe wise men went into raptures over the "work of art." They printed long columns of profound criticism and praise, and said that there was something deep that the common people couldn't understand.

Joseph Shipley, the author, laughed for a month, and then somebody, happening to read part of the book backwards, discovered the hoax. The critics were paralyzed with shame.

"Abracadabra" is still a good word—if you pick your crowd.

Killed in China

Sergeant-Major James B. Montague of Richmond, Va., marine killed in the line of duty at Shanghai, China.

Services In Four Detroit Theaters On Good Friday

Four of Detroit's largest motion picture theaters have been turned over to the churches of Detroit for three and one-half hours on Good Friday. From 11:30 a. m. until 3 p. m. the Michigan, Capitol, State and Madison theaters, Detroit's four most beautiful picture houses, have been given over to appropriate religious services on that day through the courtesy of the John M. Kunsky Theater association.

The Michigan theater will house a young people's rally. Members of the First Church of Christ Scientist will occupy the State theater, and other Protestant churches will use the other two theaters for worship. The speakers for the services have not yet been announced.

The custom of giving over the houses to religious services is an annual one, instituted several years ago.

$6,500 In Prizes Offered For Best Essays On Safety

Washington, D. C., March 23, (Special) — Should children be taught street and highway safety at home or at school? This question, of concern alike to parents and school officials, is one that hundreds of thousands of elementary school pupils will be asked to solve for themselves within the next few weeks in connection with the sixth annual safety campaign, announced here today by the Highway Education Board.

The decision will be made in the form of essays by pupils and practical lessons by teachers, submitted for consideration in the Board's national contests, undertaken with the active cooperation of school officials throughout the United States. As an incentive to participation in this phase of the national campaign, the Board announces the gift of $6,500 from the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce to be expended in prizes allocated throughout the several states and in the territories, such as Alaska, the Philippines and Hawaii.

Government airplanes dropped food for passengers snowbound on railroad trains near Caudete, Spain.

What's What In Washington

NOW SENATOR BORAH BECOMES A 'SPOKESMAN'—A BUSY ONE, TOO

By CHARLES P. STEWART
(Exclusive Central Press Dispatch to The Eccentric)

WASHINGTON, March 22. — Before the summer's ended Senator William E. Borah's "spokesman" promises to have become as widely known a character in Washington fiction as the "presidential spokesman" himself.

WILLIAM E. BOR

Probably the country's too well acquainted with the "presidential spokesman" to need an introduction to him.

He was born of the rule that the president mustn't be quoted.

He frequently says something he wants repeated but it isn't etiquette to attribute it to him directly.

The "presidential spokesman" was invented to get around this difficulty. Everybody with a mite of experience knows that the "presidential spokesman" means the president.

Senator Borah's "spokesman" has only just appeared on the scene.

* * *

Borah is chairman of the senate foreign relations committee. It's a position which gives vast weight to his views concerning America's international policies.

By indorsing them he can greatly help the president. By opposing them he can gravely handicap him.

Much to the White House's annoyance, this latter is what Borah has pretty consistently done. Especially is he out of sympathy with the administration's course in Mexico and Nicaragua. Every time the state department made a move south of the Rio Grande, so long as Congress was in session, the senator followed it up with a speech denouncing it as all wrong.

Government executives always are glad when Congress adjourns. They were gladder than usual this time, for they figured it would put a stop to the worst of Borah's heckling.

True, he gave warning that he intended to keep on fighting, but nobody expected more from him than an occasional interview, an informal sort of thing, lacking in continuity, hard to time psychologically and without the punch of a regular speech or a "spokesman's" ponderous utterances.

Little did Washington realize the scheme the Idaho solon had up his sleeve.

He didn't go home, as most other members of Congress did. He stayed right here. Every day, from his headquarters in the senate office building, he's giving out an "official statement," through his "spokesman," meaning himself, just like the president.

That "spokesman" stunt was a stroke of real genius.

It exalts Borah. It puts him in the presidential class. It practically announces his White House candidacy, which Borah certainly doesn't mind a bit. In that sense it kills two birds with one stone.

At the same time it burlesques the "presidential spokesman," detracting very noticeably from the impressiveness of what the latter has to say. It's been taken for granted hitherto that a "spokesman" was the exclusive prerogative of a president. That idea's punctured now, with the utmost ease, and what's been punctured never appears at its best.

Borah wanted to take his foreign relations committee to Mexico and Nicaragua during the summer, to learn at first hand what conditions in that part of the world actually are like.

The administration forces in the senate squelched this plan, on the ground that it would simply be a trouble-making junket.

The suggestion's heard in high-up quarters today that it would have been a blamed sight better if the entire outfit had been permitted to go. Senator Shipstead's gone anyway. Instead of heading trouble off, administration leaders are hinting now that it looks to them as if the attempt to smother it had only resulted in spreading

(Continued on Page 8, Part 4)

TAXPAYERS MUST PRESENT UNITED FRONT, SAYS DOELLE

Speaker Stresses This Point At Meeting Last Thursday Evening

JOHN BUYS ALSO SPEAKS

The aim of the recently organized Michigan Tax Economy League which is, that taxpayers must present a united front if a reasonable tax level is to be established, was one of the important points stressed by John A. Doelle, secretary of the Michigan Real Estate Association and charter member of the league, who spoke to 50 members of the Birmingham Real Estate board and local business men, at a banquet held last Thursday evening at the Community House.

David H. Ladd, chairman of the local board, presided at the gathering and stated its purpose as the beginning of later meetings which will be held to discuss further plans of organization in the interest of Birmingham and its community in connection with real estate. The other speaker of the evening was John Buys, president of the state real estate association and from Grand Rapids. He emphasized the benefits of the organization which he heads and the valuable work it has done in promoting civic work of intense interest to every property owner. As an example, Mr. Buys pointed to the Grand Rapids civic organization composed of realtors who have the success of their city as well as their own at heart. He suggested that an organized civic league in Birmingham, which has many important projects similiar to Grand Rapids, would be found a great asset. Furthermore, he stated that such a board should adopt a code of ethics and strictly abide by them and show the public its sincere intentions. In regards to success Mr. Buys says, "The success of a real estate firm does not lie in the amount of property it sells or the money it accumulates but in whether or not it has dealt squarely with its customers and given them honest

WTW

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