

The July 25 Cents  
**American**  
Magazine



DRAWN BY WARREN DAVIS

## My Own Story

By  
ZANE GREY

## Two Lovers

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# The American Magazine

July, 1924

MERLE CROWELL, *Editor*

MARY B. MULLETT, *Managing Editor*

Vol. XCVIII

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY AT SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, U. S. A.

J. E. Miller, *Vice President*  
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EXECUTIVE and EDITORIAL OFFICES, 381 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

25c a Copy, \$2.50 per Year, in the United States and Canada.

Foreign subscriptions, \$3.00 per Year.

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Subscribers are notified that change of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next day of issue.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Additional entry as second-class matter at Albany, N. Y., Harrisburg, Pa., San Francisco, Cal., Los Angeles, Cal., Seattle, Wash., and Galesburg, Ill.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office Department, Canada.

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# Breaking Through

The Story of My Own Life

By Zane Grey

Author of "The Call of the Canyon," "Wanderer of the Waste Land,"  
"To the Last Man," "Riders of the Purple Sage," etc.

**T**O LOOK back at our early struggles and heartbreaks, to survey, from the more or less safe and successful present, the apparently mountainous obstacles against which we pitted our puny strength, is one of the compensations of life that pays us in a coin more precious than any material gain.

When, with little more equipment than a tremendous determination, I gave up a fairly flourishing profession to become a writer, I crossed my Rubicon. But I was to discover that it was not so much the crossing, during which one is sustained by a sort of heroic egotism, that brings the test, but rather the weary plodding, the sharp struggles, the pitting one's self against the circumstances that befall on the other side.

Blithely enough I gave up my New York office and moved to the country, taking with me my mother, sister, and brothers. Soon afterward I married. We lived in a little cottage on the banks of the Delaware; and there I wrote unwearingly—romances, short stories, verse.

Hard-hearted publishers did not share my belief in myself, with a consequence that we grew poorer and poorer. After my savings had melted away we were forced to live on my wife's money. This was not much; but it kept us going for several years. The faith she had in my ultimate success had been formed when she was a girl of eighteen, attending college; and through our vicissitudes that faith steadily grew. Next to my driving passion to write, this faith of hers had been the dominant factor in what seemed vain oblations.

At the end of the five years I appeared to be as far away as ever from finding acceptance of my work. Disappointments had multiplied until their combined weight was crushing. Moreover, my wife's money was about gone, and a baby boy had come. My situation was indeed serious.

For my own sake, I never would have considered taking up other work to earn money to live on. When I suggested attempting such a venture to my wife, she would not hear of it. Even when our fortunes were at lowest ebb, she always cheered me, made me believe what in my soul I knew.

At last there came what looked like an opportunity. Through Alvah James, the South American explorer, I happened to meet Col. C. J. (Buffalo) Jones, one of the great characters of the West and the last of the plainsmen. Jones was showing motion pictures of wild animals he had caught, trying to raise money to go on with his experiment of hybridizing buffalo with black Galloway cattle. I went to call on him at the Grand Hotel, in New York, and found him ill. He appeared to be without anyone to look after him, so I made myself useful. He was pretty much hurt by the fact that New York sportsmen ridiculed his claims as to the lassoing of wild animals.

"Colonel Jones," I said, quick to grasp an inspiration, "take me out with you. Let me write up your exploits. I'll prove you can rope wild animals."

"But can you write?" he queried dubiously.

"I think I can," I replied.

"Well, fetch me something you've written," he said.

I took him a copy of Betty Zane, a story about my ancestors, the Zanes, and their opening of the Ohio River to civilization, which I had had published by a printer at my own expense.

**F**OR several days I did not have courage to go to see Colonel Jones. Almost I gave up. But when I went home, to Lackawaxen, and told the circumstances to my wife, she sent me back to New York. As I went into the lobby of the hotel to call on Colonel Jones, somebody hit me on the back with such force that I nearly fell down. Upon recovering my equilibrium I was astounded to see the old plainsman, with a smile on his lean face and a light in his narrowed eyes.

"Say, boy! How'd you learn to write like that?" he asked.

I smiled at his enthusiasm. Then he asked where I had got my facts of pioneer life. This I could answer readily.

"You can go West with me," he said.

When the time came for me to start for Arizona, in March, I found it would take about all the money my wife had to pay my expenses on this expedition. I did not want to go. To leave her almost without a dollar took my nerve. But she persuaded me to take the trip. She would

get along somehow. She repeatedly said, "Something tells me this trip West will be the turn of the tide for you." Then, as many times since, she had vision.

**I** WENT to Arizona to meet Buffalo Jones. We left Flagstaff with a caravan of Mormons and crossed the Painted Desert, the head of the Grand Canyon, stayed at Lee's Ferry, and went on to House Rock Valley, where Jones kept his buffalo. I lived with rangers from Texas and wild-horse hunters from Utah.

Finally, Jones took me into Buckskin Forest, on the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. Here, behind his motley pack of hounds, we chased mountain lions. Jones lassoed them, tied them up alive, and brought them to camp. I photographed him doing it. No boy suddenly dropped into the West could have had a more magnificent adventure than I had. That wild, lonely, purple land of sage and rock took possession of me.

I went back to Lackawaxen and wrote "The Last of the Plainsmen." Full as I was of my subject, I took a good while to write the book.

Then Buffalo Jones came on, and together we went to Harper and Brothers with my story. As they already had refused four of my books, I had little hope. But Jones knew Mr. Ripley Hitchcock, then the literary man at Harpers'; and Mr. Hitchcock received us most enthusiastically and assured us the manuscript would have every possible attention. I returned to Lackawaxen, soaring to the skies with hopes and anticipations.

Several days later I received a note from the House of Harper asking me to call in regard to the manuscript of my book. It was a rather vague letter, and might have meant anything. I hurried to New York and down to Franklin Square.

Soon I was ushered into the presence of Mr. Hitchcock. He handed me my manuscript with a few words of regret; and he concluded, "I don't see anything in this to convince me you can write either narrative or fiction."

I was stunned. I could not speak a word. Taking the manuscript, I went out. A terrible commotion labored in my breast. When I reached the wide stairway my eyes began to grow dim, my

mouth went dry, and my body became cold as ice.

When I reached the corner of Pearl Street, I leaned against a tall iron post. There my sight failed me entirely. I clutched the post with one arm and the manuscript with the other. That was the most exceedingly bitter moment of my life.

Suddenly, something marvelous happened to me, in my mind, to my eyesight, to my breast. That moment should logically have been the end of my literary aspirations! From every point of view I seemed lost. But someone inside me cried out: "He does not know! They are all wrong!"

I went back to Lackawaxen and told my story to my wife. Let no man ever doubt the faith and spirit and love of a woman! I sent the adventure story of Buffalo Jones on its long round, and sat down to write my first romance of the West.

Cold weather came early in November: rain, snow, sleet, ice, and the shrill winds of winter. I wrote in a little bare room with a stove, a table, and a chair. The time came when I had to put my hand into the open stove every quarter of an hour to keep it from freezing. But I kept on writing.

I had other work, vastly easier. In the winter mornings when I went down to build the fires there would be several inches of snow on the kitchen floor, which had blown under the door and through the cracks. I chopped wood and waded through the snow to the village and back.

WHEN I had completed my first Western romance, I called it "The Heritage of the Desert." Straight and swift as I could go, I went back to Harper and Brothers, and placed the manuscript on Mr. Ripley Hitchcock's desk, with a few words of explanation as to why I wanted him to read it first.

My next visit to the House of Harper was different! Mr. Hitchcock laid one of the famous blue contracts on his desk before me. I signed it.

In the years that have come and gone, I have passed many and many a time the corner of Pearl Street where I met the crisis of my life. Never did I fail to stand a moment with my arm around that iron post. Nor was there a time when my eyes were wholly clear! It typified something to me.

My very earliest literary effort was consummated when I was about fourteen years old, at the home where I was born, in Zanesville, Ohio. Not improbably, the circumstances attending the writing of this piece will be recognized by other writers as authentic and natural—unless it chanced they never have been boys.

respective homes. We had a lamp that never burned right and a stone fireplace that did not draw well.

Here we congregated to divide the spoils of our boyish raids, to eat the water-melons or grapes we had stolen, or to feast on some neighbor's chicken. We boiled the chickens in a pot which my mother was always searching for, but never found.

Once we slept in our cave all night; at least we stayed there, and each boy was supposed to have spent the night at the home of another boy. This, to our great joy, was never found out. We had a complete collection of Beadle's Dime Library and some of Harry Castleman's books, the reading of which could be earned only by a deed of valor.

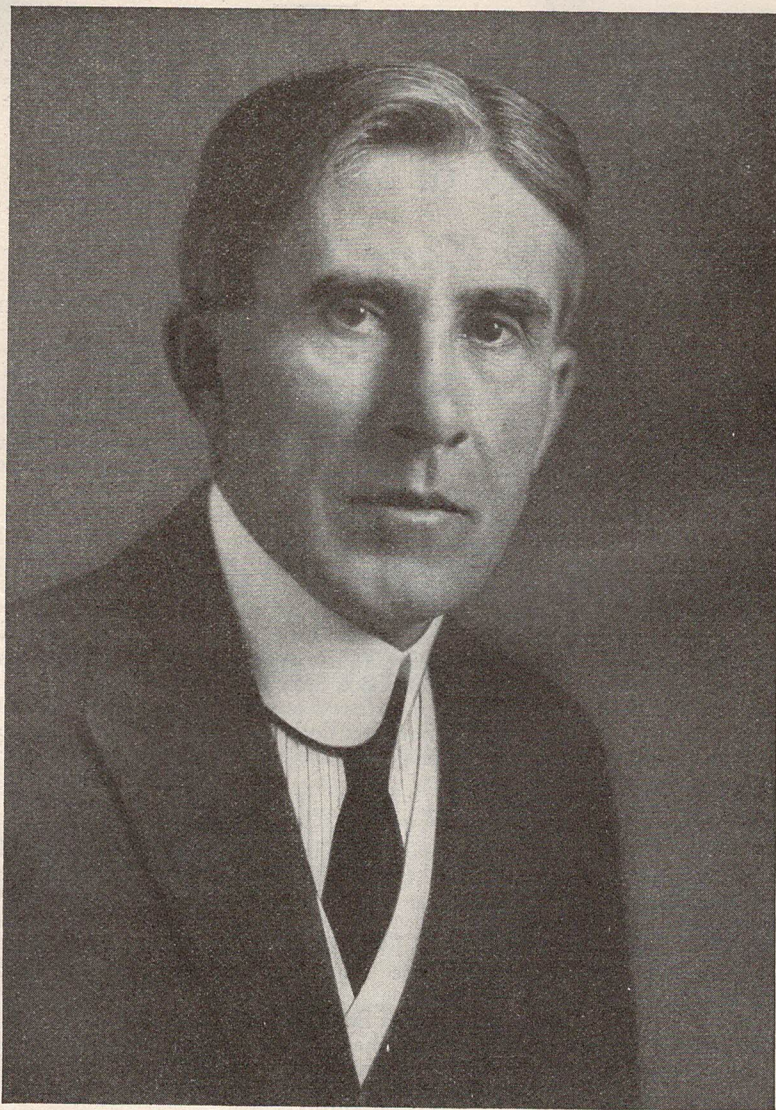
IN THIS cave I wrote my first story, on pieces of wall paper. I slaved and sweat over this story, and smarted too, for the smoke always got into my eyes. It was hard to write, because the boys whispered with heads together—some bloody story—some dark deed they contemplated against those we hated—some wild plan.

But at last I finished it. The title was "Jim of the Cave." That title made a hit with all but the member in whose honor it was created. I read it with voice not always steady nor clear. It had to do with a gang of misunderstood boys, a girl with light hair and blue eyes; dark nights, secrets, fight, blood, and sudden death. Jim, the hero, did not get the light-haired girl. For that matter, none of the gang got her, because none of them survived.

My early perceptions were not infallible. For, in spite of my love for Jim, it was through his perfidy that our secret was discovered. He had broken one of our laws

and was temporarily suspended. By way of revenge, he chose a time when we were all in the cave, regaling ourselves with another chicken, and brought my father to the entrance of our hiding place. We had to tear off the board roof and bring to light all we had stolen, then fill up the hole.

Thus my father got possession of "Jim of the Cave." Perhaps, when he consigned it to the flames, he had no divination of its priceless value. And he thrashed me with a strip of Brussels carpet which he found in the cave. What I did to the Judas of our clan was similar in part to the story he had inspired! In



Zane Grey, one of the most popular and vivid writers of the times, met with nothing but bleak discouragement for many years after he launched his literary career. His first book, "Betty Zane," was rejected by many publishers, and finally the author borrowed money and paid a printer to issue a limited number of copies. That book, written twenty years ago, still has a good sale. Meanwhile, Mr. Grey has written more than a score of other books, and their sales mount high into the millions. "Riders of the Purple Sage," "Wild Fire," "Desert Gold," and his newest novel, "The Call of the Canyon," are among Western stories that have thrilled his numberless readers.

I belonged to a gang of young ruffians, or, rather, I was the organizer and leader of a band of youthful desperadoes who were bound to secrecy by oaths and the letting of blood. In the back of our orchard there was a thick brier patch, in the middle of which was concealed the secret entrance to a cave. We had dug this cave at opportune hours during the day or night, packing away the dirt in sacks. The entrance was just large enough to squeeze into; but below we had two good-sized rooms, all boarded up, with walls plastered with pictures and decorated with skins, hand-made weapons, and utensils we had filched from our

real life he grew up, passed me by with a stony stare, and married the light-haired girl.

When I was graduated from college I went to New York. But here, as in college, I dreamed—my mind wandered to the hills and vales—to adventure. During my brief vacations I got as far away from the city as possible, and began writing tales of fishing and canoeing experiences. These passed muster in some of the outdoor magazines.

**T**HEN came the ambition to write a book. I chose the story of Elizabeth Zane, sister of Colonel Ebenezer Zane, my great-great-grandfather, who held Fort Henry for twenty years against the Indians and British. During the last siege, September 11th, 1782, Betty Zane saved the fort by running the gantlet of fire, carrying an apron full of gunpowder over her shoulder. My mother first told me this story, and then I heard it and read it afterward a thousand times. When I saw it in the Fourth Reader I thrilled with pride.

I wrote "Betty Zane" in a dingy flat, on a kitchen table, under a flickering light. All of one winter I labored over it, suffered, and hoped, was lifted up, and anon plunged into despair. When it was finished I took it to a publisher, who returned it with a printed slip; then to another, who damned it with faint praise; then to Harpers', where Hitchcock discouraged me.

And so I peddled "Betty Zane" from one publisher to another. All in vain! I had no money. My future looked black. But when all seemed the blackest and my spirit was low, I would reread "Betty Zane," and swear they were wrong. I borrowed money to publish my work. And as no one else would bring it out, I hired a printer to print it.

**A**T LAST I had a book in my hands—a book which I had written! It changed my life. I gave up my profession and went to the country to live and to write. My father was distressed that I should give up my livelihood. But after I sent him "Betty Zane" he read it almost as much as he read his favorite book, the Bible.

"Betty Zane" received unhopd-for praise from the press; but it sold slowly, for the printer could not get it before the public. Eventually, I bought the plates, and resold them to a publishing house.

I sometimes wonder how it would have affected me if the comfortable little income the book now brings had been received in the leaner years.

Long before I had any inkling as to my ultimate devotion to letters, I had made up my mind that I wanted to go to college. What sent me to college,



With his wife and three children, Mr. Grey is seen here on the lawn of his home at Avalon, California. Mrs. Grey's never-failing faith in him was one of the greatest factors in his remarkable career

and by what means I was able to maintain myself there, cannot very well be left out of any notes on my early training.

This has to do with baseball. By the time I was sixteen I had become a crack baseball player and had mastered the mysteries of pitching a curve ball. My family moved from Zanesville, Ohio, to Columbus, where I added to my fame as a baseball pitcher and attracted the notice of the college scouts; for that matter, of the professional ones too.

One summer day, my cousin Jean and I journeyed to a little country town in Ohio named Baltimore, to drum up trade for my father, who assuredly needed it badly enough. This visit of ours occurred on a Saturday; and while Jean was out attending to business, I made the discovery that a baseball game was to be played that afternoon, between Baltimore and a rival village named Jacktown.

Now it happened that Jacktown had never been beaten in a baseball game. Naturally, this aroused my curiosity and defiance. The idea! An unbeatable

country-jake baseball team! I lost at once any interest in drumming up trade, and became obsessed with the idea of getting into that baseball game, to pitch for Baltimore.

I talked with natives, visitors, players; and the more I talked the more keenly I wanted to play. Finally, I ran into a man I knew, Professor Hoskinson. He was principal of the village school at Baltimore, and had been a teacher in the Zanesville High School. Did he recognize me? He certainly did. Any teacher in Zanesville who ever had the misfortune to have me as a pupil was not likely to forget it.

**N**OW, as luck would have it, Professor Hoskinson was the catcher for the Baltimore baseball team, and my idea of pitching for that team appealed to him tremendously. But the drawback was—could he catch the curve balls I threw? He doubted it. We hunted up the Baltimore captain, unfolded our dire plot to defeat the great Jacktown nine. Where-

upon the Baltimore captain became, for the time being, a wildly raving man, insane over the possibility of beating Jacktown. The thing to do was to get to a lonesome place and ascertain if Professor Hoskinson could catch my curve balls.

It was a painful ordeal for the professor; but he was game, and what balls he could not catch he blocked with some part of his anatomy. I decided that he could do well enough. We planned then to keep my identity a secret. In baseball (Continued on page 76)



Mr. Grey and his children at Lackawaxen, Pennsylvania. He spent the early days of his literary life at this place

# Breaking Through

(Continued from page 13)

parlance I was what is called a "ringer."

By now the town was baseball mad. Nevertheless I kept my secret from Jean; and after lunch, when he went back to the drumming job, I followed the crowd to the baseball ground.

It was a large meadow on the outskirts of town, adjoining an endless corn field. When I looked at that corn field, eying the distance from the home plate, and calculating if I could hit a ball into it, little did I dream what that corn field was to save me.

The diamond was scalped, and there was a rude backstop and bleachers. No baseball crowd so wild and enthusiastic as a country one! All of Baltimore, Jacktown, and their environs appeared to be there. And no one thought Baltimore had a chance to win the game.

In a huge barn at the side of the meadow I donned the Baltimore baseball suit of white canton flannel, with red stripes and letters. Fortunately, Hoskinson had a pair of spiked shoes, which he lent me. The other Baltimore players, assembled in the barn, were full of suppressed excitement. They all knew about the "ringer," and had read in the Columbus papers about my pitching. While we held a whispered consultation, a roar from the field heralded the arrival of the Jacktown nine.

They appeared to be a husky lot of farmer boys, except the pitcher, who was a grown man, and a giant. He weighed three hundred pounds. He was the Jacktown blacksmith.

**JACKTOWN** brought its own umpire. This individual fascinated me. He wore a jaunty cap with a tassel, a white blouse with tie, short pants of velveteen, white stockings, with low shoes and big buckles. I was so overcome at sight of him that I hardly thought about what kind of an umpire he would make. But I was destined to learn that he was the autocrat of this game, the paramount attraction, the beginning and the end.

Baltimore had the first inning at bat, with Jacktown in the field. The giant pitcher delivered a ball, and never before had I seen its like for speed.

"O-n-e s-t-r-i-k-k-e-e!" bawled the umpire.

Our side went out—one, two, three—and only one of our men hit the ball at all.

But when I faced these husky players, wielding their bats as if they were pitchforks, I knew I had them utterly at my mercy. Using a wide outcurve and a drop curve, alternating them, I struck out the first three Jacktown players in nine pitched balls. How that Baltimore crowd yelled, whistled, screamed, and shrieked!

After another inning for us at bat, in which I faced the Jacktown pitcher and gauged his terrific speed, I decided Baltimore could never effectively hit his pitching. In our turn at field I disposed of the next three Jacktown men as I had the first. This fact began to stagger them. Then, on our third turn at bat, I called our players aside and whispered emphatic instructions.

"Don't swing at his balls. Choke your bat short and poke at them. Just lay your bat as if you wanted to stop them. Then run—run!"

My ruse worked beautifully. The giant pitcher did not know what a bunt was. He was so heavy he could not run up on a little dumpy ball rolling on the ground. As a result, two of the Baltimore players got on base. The next one fouled out; and the following struck out, trying to bunt. But the next man laid down a teasing roller to the third baseman. He dove for it and threw it wild. Then other Jacktown players threw wild.

The result was the Baltimore men scored, and a third was safe at second. Our next batter got in front of one of those terrific pitches and was hit. I expected it to kill him, but he took his base in great glee. The next batter bunted another that the huge pitcher could not handle in time.

Thus it was I found myself at bat with three men on bases. I made up my mind just to meet one of the Jacktown pitcher's straight swift balls. I missed the first two. Indeed, they looked like peas as they zipped by me. But I hit the next one. It went like a shot, over the center fielder, and over the fence into the corn field.

The Baltimore crowd went crazy.

Our next man struck out. The game went on. Jacktown swung widely and helplessly at my curve balls. They were mystified. The giant pitcher, who was evidently a great hitter, roared with rage after swinging at my balls and missing them so strangely. All the Jacktown players crowded behind the plate to watch me pitch, sure now that something was wrong.

We scored no more. In the seventh inning, when again I struck out three more men, the jaunty umpire ran out before the crowd and bawled, "*Game called! Nine to nothing! Favor Jacktown! . . . Baltimore pitcher uses a crooked ball!*"

**AT THAT**, pandemonium broke loose. Fearing a riot, I ran toward the barn to get into my clothes. Never before had I heard such an uproar. When I got half undressed, who should appear but Cousin Jean, breathless and wild with excitement. "You've got to run!" he panted. "Jacktown players—going to ride you on a rail—and tar and feather you! Never mind your clothes. Run!"

In great perturbation I peered out of the barn door. What should I see but the giant pitcher, carrying a rail over his shoulder, striding toward the barn, followed by the other Jacktown players and a yelling mob.

I snatched my trousers and leaped out to run across the field. The giant and his followers roared and gave pursuit. Run! I flew. And as I was unhampered by any clothes, except shirt and shoes, I could better imitate the swiftness of a bird. I outran them, escaped in the corn field, and late that day, at a station on the railroad, met Jean.

Now the point of this baseball narrative is that a University of Pennsylvania man saw me pitch this game, hunted me

up in Columbus, and assured me that Pennsylvania was the college for me to pick. So that very fall I found myself enrolled as a student there.

Almost at once I had the misfortune to become a marked man. I got in the wrong seat in one of the huge amphitheater lecture-rooms. Freshmen were not permitted to occupy the seats of the upper classmen. A rush and a fight ensued, which demolished the lecture-room, and almost did the same for me. Every stitch of clothing was torn off my body, even my shoes! My watch was never found.

This made me a marked man for the sophomores. Another day I made the blunder to pass through a hall where I had no right to be. A number of Sophs chased me out and pursued me. More sophs joined in the chase. Coming to a narrow stairway leading to the street, I bounded up. At the top I met two grocery boys carrying a basket of potatoes. I took it away from them and grimly turned to the stairway. The sophs, yelling wildly, were coming up. Here I was master of the situation. I could throw a potato as well as a baseball.

I hit the first student over the eye, and he went down like a sack. The next I hit in the stomach with the sound of a bass drum. I blocked the stairway with a pile of sophomores. Then I escaped.

**THAT** night in my room I was a distressed and miserable boy. This affair would end my college career. I had staked all on my hope and chance of making the varsity baseball team, had borrowed money, and moved heaven and earth almost, to stick it out. And now I had disgraced myself, ruined my opportunity. It was a dark hour.

A knock on my door! I was sure an officer had come to arrest me, or some college authority to dismiss me. But I called, "Come in!"

There entered a short, sandy-mustached man, keen-eyed, cigar tilted in mouth, with hat to one side of his head. He laid off his overcoat and hat, then approached me and felt my right arm.

"Where'd you get the whip?" he asked.

"What do you mean?" I stammered.

"The wing, boy! The arm! Great! Where'd you learn to peg like that?"

Dumfounded as I was, I realized he alluded to my feat with the potatoes, and I told him that as a boy I had thrown stones, apples, walnuts, until I could throw like a shot and hit anything.

"Ahuh! That accounts. . . . Say, it was some stunt of yours to-day. Sophs will never forgive or forget that."

I wanted to ask what the college authorities would do, but dared not. This was a detective or someone sent to interview me. I had absolutely no hope now.

"I've a line on you," said this mysterious visitor. "From Ohio. Made quite a reputation out there as a pitcher. You report at the training cage in February."

"Who are you?" I gasped.

"I'm Irwin. That potato stunt of yours made the varsity for you. But just keep it under your hat."



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Chester, Pa.  
Also makers of ScotTissue Toilet Papers

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- have changed the towel habits of the nation.
- have made it easy to have clean hands.
- have made it possible for everybody to afford a fresh, clean, individual towel every time.
- are the only towels that contain these marvelously soft Thirsty Fibres.
- are daily being used in many new ways, because of their extraordinary drying, cleaning and absorbing powers.

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Kitchen *For* Bathroom  
Automobile  
Office Factory

It dawned on me then—my visitor was Arthur Irwin, famous player and manager in professional baseball, and the coach at the University of Pennsylvania.

That changed the aspect of things. But I never became a good student. I could not make many friends. I did not understand the students.

Not until I achieved the varsity baseball team did I have any acquaintances in college, let alone friends. Then the bitter loneliness of my college days seemed to change. Wiborn, captain of the track team, took me up; Danny Coogan, the great varsity catcher, made me a member of the Sigma Nu; Al Bull, the center on the famous football team that beat Yale and Princeton and Harvard, selected me for a roommate; Roy Thomas and Grisenger became my friends.

So I got on, in spite of the fact that I was out of my element. I hated the lecture-rooms. My thoughts wandered to green fields and quiet woods; then to dreams of what might come true. I shirked the quiz classes and the laboratories. But somehow I passed my examinations, perhaps through the grace of my professors.

The one place at Pennsylvania that I loved was the library. I used to go there and sit in the subdued light of the domed edifice, feeling a strange force, inscrutable and perplexing, at work within me. I always slipped in there when I was depressed, and seldom did I leave without having received some help, some hope, some subtle intimation of the future.

MY YEARS at Lackawaxen represented more, perhaps, than a struggle to become independent through expressing myself in writing.

Here I gained my first knowledge of really wild country. It called tremendously to the Indian blood I had inherited from the Zanes on my mother's side; for that matter, my father and his people had been backwoodsmen. I came naturally by my love of the open.

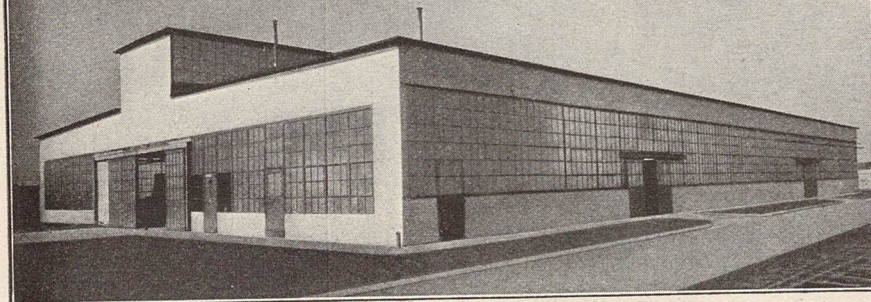
The Delaware wound through a picturesque mountainous region, where the forests abounded with game and the streams with fish. Here I had the first happy times since early childhood; and I had them, despite lack of money or the encouragement of recognition. The spring days, with the smell of burning forests in the air; the pale blossoms of trailing arbutus peeping from the dead leaves; the white pines and the brown aisles; the lonely silence of the hills, where the purple aster and fringed gentian waved in the wind; the alder swales deep in the woods, where the deer browsed and the grouse drummed—from close association with these I grew toward a fulfillment of love of nature.

I had ample time to read and study, particularly in the winter. My wife and I read and studied together, while the sleet pattered on the window and the rain roared on the roof and the winter winds mourned under the eaves. Many and various were the authors that influenced me, though I leaned most to romance and poetry. Hugo, Stevenson, Poe, Kipling, became close friends and teachers. I devoured Ruskin, Hudson, Jeffries, Darwin. And I knew by heart Tennyson, Wordsworth, Matthew Arnold.

Most of the new books of the period I

# TRUSCON

TRUSCON STEEL CO.  
COPPER STEEL  
STANDARD BUILDINGS



## New Features! Truscon Standard Buildings Now Meet Every Need

Always in the lead, Truscon Standard Buildings now offer new developments tested by years of use. You obtain flat or pitched roof types or combinations, individually designed to meet your exact requirements. You have unlimited choice in sizes, layouts and arrangements of doors and windows. The ideal fireproof building for all one-story and many two-story uses.

### Series "A"

Truscon Copper Steel roof or "Steeldeck" roof, asbestos covered.



TYPE 1-S  
Widths—32-40-48-50-60-66  
Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"



TYPE 2  
Widths—40-48-50-56-60  
Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"



TYPE 3  
Widths—56-60-64-68-72-76-80-84-88-96  
98-106-108-116  
Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"

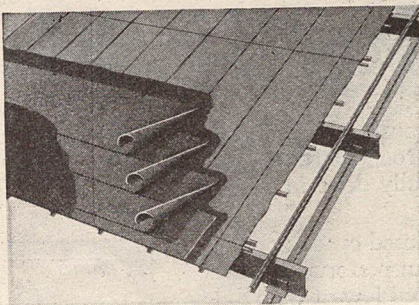


TYPE 3M  
Widths—60-64-68-72-76-80-84-88-90-96-98  
100-106-108-116  
Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"



SAWTOOTH  
Widths—Any Multiple of 2'-0"  
Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"

Lanterns, if desired on Types 1-S, 2 and 3.



### Truscon "Steeldeck" Roof Asbestos-Covered

A fireproof roof which is light in weight, weathertight, durable and economical. Made of copper steel for permanence. Covered with asbestos roofing, cemented with asphalt. Extremely rigid. Used on either flat or pitched roofs.

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Type \_\_\_\_\_ Series \_\_\_\_\_ Length \_\_\_\_\_ Width \_\_\_\_\_ Height \_\_\_\_\_

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_ [A7-24]

### Series "B"

Truscon "Steeldeck" roof, asbestos covered on all series "B" buildings.



TYPE 1-S  
Widths—20-24-28-32-36-40-44-48-50-52-56-60  
Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"



TYPE 2  
Widths—40-48-56-60-64-80-100-120  
Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"



TYPE 3  
Widths—64-68-72-80-84-88-90-96-106-116  
Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"



TYPE 3-M  
Widths—96-104-112-114-120-124-130-132-140-150-160-170-180  
Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"



TYPE 3 (WITH LANTERN)  
Widths—64-68-72-80-84-88-90-96-106-116  
Lengths—Multiples of 2'-0"

Lanterns, if desired on Types 1-S, 2 and 3.

managed to dip into, but as the trend of literature grew more and more realistic, I returned oftener to my favorites.

As for technical books on writing, I had an insatiable craving for them. Many meant little to me. With me the story was the thing—not myself. At the very inception of my idea to become a writer, I read somewhere that it was possible to write literature and yet have a large audience. This appeared to be contrary to the conviction of contemporary critics and reviewers. But they never discouraged my ambition on that point.

TO GO back to my first accepted book, "The Heritage of the Desert." It would be erroneous for anyone to imagine that with the publication of this romance my troubles were over. They were not. They never have been.

"Riders of the Purple Sage" was my next attempt. I could not get any magazine editor to serialize it. One magazine editor refused it, although he said it was a great romance, and gave me a personal letter to another editor. But no editor wanted this story. In the light of its sale of over a million copies and its continuing popularity, I never could understand why I could not get it serialized.

When it came to book publication of this romance, my publishers balked. In spite of the considerable success of my first story, they were afraid of the second. I was almost as deeply in despair as before I had had any book published at all.

Finally, in desperation, I went to Mr. Duneka, then vice president of Harpers', and asked him frankly if he had read "Riders of the Purple Sage." He answered as frankly that he had not; but that some of the readers considered it too "bludgy," whatever that meant. Then I told Mr. Duneka, with more force than frankness, what writing meant to me, what I was going to do, and I asked him if it would not be fair, considering my first book was successful, for him to have faith in me to the extent of reading "Riders of the Purple Sage." He was kind and sympathetic, and promised to do so, though he manifestly had no illusion about the book. When I saw him next, his wife had read it, and so had he. Suffice to add that my romance of the purple sage was published; and from that time until his death Mr. Duneka was my friend.

To my mind, romance is only another name for idealism; a glimpse through the painted windows of the dreams of youth; the spirit, not the letter, of life. We all have in our hearts the kingdom of adventure. Somewhere in the depths of every soul is the inheritance of the primitive day. I speak to that.

Love also is only another name for romance. The realists write of its change and its death. But I cannot see that love ever changes or ever dies. If so, what is the use of living?

So, also, the books of stark-naked realism show primitive men retrograding to the level of the brute. But my own investigation, my reading of frontier history, my long strife to explore the lonely and hidden wildernesses of the West, have proved to me that hard men of the open also climb to the heights of nobility and sacrifice, to a supreme proof of the evolution of man, to a realization of God.

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