Young Music Student Has Courage Tested in New Serial

The Boy Who Couldn't Fight

By W. BOYCE MORGAN

INSTALLMENT I

PHILIP BENNING was standing at the exit door of the trolley car for almost a full block before it reached Tygart street. As soon as the door opened he jumped down the steps, hurried to the curb, and started up the street at a half run.

The next half hour, Philip knew, was to be the most important in his whole life. Professor Frank, the greatest piano teacher in the city, had consented to hear him play. If Philip convinced him that he had exceptional talent, that he might some day be a concert pianist, the Professor would accept him as a pupil.

Philip took a tighter grip on the leather case that contained his music. He'd show Professor Frank! He'd play as he had never played before. Ever since his mother had told him, three days previously, that the Professor had given him an appointment, he had hardly left the piano long enough to go to high school, where he was a Freshman. He had practiced morning, afternoon, and night until he knew that he could play the music in his case perfectly.

As he hurried along Tygart street he glanced around him with growing interest. A funny neighborhood for a great piano teacher to live in. Almost shabby, in fact. But Professor Frank didn't care anything about where he lived, Philip decided—or about anything else, except music. That was probably why he was so good.

Philip glanced at a house which was sorely in need of paint, searching for the number. There it was—he had at least four more blocks to go. Well, no matter. He had plenty of time.

Almost to the next corner, however, he suddenly became aware of a group of boys lounging on the sidewalk in front of him. There were a half dozen of them, and they seemed to be playing some sort of a game with three sticks.

As he approached, he saw one of the boys pick up one of the sticks with the other two and toss it into the air. The stick flew straight at Philip's face. Instinctively he flung up his hand and caught it in the air. Then he stopped, holding the stick uncertainly, not knowing quite what to do with it.

The boy who had tossed it uttered an angry cry, and ran toward him.

"What's the idea?" he demanded. "You spoiled my toss, you clumsy galoot!"

Philip's pale, sensitive face went a shade paler. He extended his hand, offering the stick to the boy.

"I—I'm sorry," he faltered. "I didn't mean to spoil anything. I just saw it flying at me, and caught it without thinking."

"Yeah?" The other boy reached forward and slapped the stick viciously to the sidewalk. Then, with fists clenched, he planted himself squarely in front of Philip, and looked him up and down scornfully.

"What you got there?" he demanded, pointing to the leather case in Philip's hand.

"My—my music," Philip replied.

"Your music!" the other boy mocked. "Well, well! Is the big sissy going to take a music lesson?"

Philip swallowed hard. He looked at the other boy's challenging, mocking face. Then his eyes dropped to the sidewalk, but not before he had seen the faces of the other boys, grinning expectantly.

Philip's heart sank, and he felt his muscles trembling. He knew he was in a bad situation. This other boy was tough—his face and his actions proved that. And evidently he was looking for trouble.

Philip was frightened—thoroughly frightened. Fighting was something he knew absolutely nothing about, and for the last few years, since he had started studying music, he had taken part in no sports of any kind. A sissy? That's what the other boy had called him. The other boy was probably right, but Philip had no time to think about that. All he knew was that he had to get past this boy some way—get to Professor Frank's.

He stepped toward the outer edge of the sidewalk. The boy stepped with him, blocking his way.

"Please let me by," said Philip pleadingly. "I'm going to be late."

"Please let me by," the other boy mimicked. "Dear, dear, is the little panty-waist going to be late? Now, isn't that just too bad!"

The other boys hooted with laughter. Philip looked wildly around for some means of escape. His best move, he decided, was to turn and go back. He could circle the block and approach Professor Frank's from another street.

He swung around and started to walk away. Then a hand hit him in the back with a violent push, and he went sprawling on the sidewalk.

For a moment he was dazed. Then, wild with anger and humiliation, he leaped up. He swung his music case wildly and hit the boy across the face with it. The boy staggered from the blow, and Philip rushed past him, darted out into the street, and began to run with all his might. As he passed the other boys they uttered angry yells and started in pursuit.

Philip passed the next street, running with all his strength, while his breath tore from his lungs in great sobs. They were gaining on him! Then he saw a sign stuck up in the tiny grass plot of a big rambling house a short distance ahead. That was Professor Frank's. If he could only make it, he'd be safe!

He put every ounce of effort he could muster into those last few rods. Even so, he could hear those pursuing footsteps pounding only a few feet behind him as he dashed past the sign, across the lawn, and up on the porch. At the door he turned. The group of boys had stopped at the edge of the lawn and were regarding him menacingly.

"Just wait!" they yelled. "We'll get ya!"

Philip leaned against the door jamb, groaning with the difficulty of breathing and trembling from head to foot. He pushed the doorbell, fighting to get control of himself. A maid answered the door, and he managed to tell her who he was. She looked at him queerly, then offered him a chair in a side room. He sank into it, fighting for breath.

He was still shaken and trembling when the maid returned five minutes later and said that Professor Frank was ready for him. He followed the maid back into the hall. She opened a door for him, and he walked through it into Professor Frank's studio.

The first thing he saw was a big concert grand piano in a far corner. Then the Professor came around the piano and walked toward him, smiling and bowing. The Professor was a tall, well-set up man, with dark wavy hair and a short crisp moustache. He was dressed like any business man, except for a soft flowing black tie.

"I'm Philip Benning," Philip said.

"Yes, Philip," said Professor Frank. "Your mother tells me you wish to be a concert pianist. Well, we shall see. Have you brought something to play for me?"

"Yes, sir," said Philip eagerly. He walked to the piano, taking his music from the case. As he sat down at the instrument, his hands were still trembling, and the Professor noticed it.

"You are nervous," he said. "Your face is pale."

"I—I hurried," Philip explained. "I'm a little out of breath."

"Ah, yes. Well, play when you are ready."

Philip paused for a moment, trying to get control of himself. Then he began to play. He tried heart-breakingly, but he knew that he was not doing well. He couldn't quiet his nerves, or keep his hands steady. When he had finished, he turned and faced the Professor with sinking heart.

Professor Frank was sitting with his chin in his hand, gazing at him soberly. Slowly he shook his head, frowning.

"No, Philip, I'm afraid not," he said. "You're not quite ready for my teaching yet. In places you did very well—in others you were bad. You were a bit puzzling."

Philip got to his feet. "But Professor Frank," he said desperately, "I can do better than that. I c[illegible] help playing badly. Something happened on the way here that got me all upset."

Then he found himself pouring out the whole story of his encounter with the boys outside Professor Frank walked to the window and looked out. Then he returned and gazed at Philip.

"They're still waiting out there for you, Philip," he said. He gazed at Philip for a long moment. "Suppose I were to change my mind and take you as a pupil, after all. You'd be coming here regularly, and those boys would make life miserable for you. What about that?"

To Be Continued Next Week

He swung his music case wildly, and hit the boy across the face.

Posers

Here are eight questions for you to answer. It isn't necessary that your answers be exactly like those given, but you should have them substantially correct to get full credit. Good luck!

1. What is an aviary?
2. What character in one of Mark Twain's books induced the boys to whitewash the fence for him?
3. What are fish eggs called?
4. What letters stand for the degree of doctor of medicine?
5. What is a pygmy?
6. Who wrote Treasure Island?
7. What letters represent the spaces in a bar of music?
8. Who built a boat on the top of a hill miles from the sea?

IN THE STATE OF QUIET

Old Colored Mammy: "Ise wants a ticket for Florence."

Ticket Agent (after searching the map for ten minutes): "I can't find Florence on the map."

Old Colored Mammy: "She ain't on de map. She's settin' ovah dar on de bench."

IT MIGHT BE

Susie: "Will you join me in a cup of tea?"

Sammie: "Ah, thank you, but wouldn't it be a bit crowded?"

Named Anthropological Official

New Haven, Conn. The Rev. Dr. John M. Cooper, of the Catholic University of America, was elected a Vice-President of the American Anthropological Association at its meeting here this week.

Pointers on Pets

By Horace Mitchell

GUINEA PIGS

Reta Jeffery, one of our readers, asked for this information, and I'll bet there are quite a few more of you who can use it right now.

Guinea pigs are easy to keep and lots of fun. Some of the gang have trained them to do simple tricks. And some have made the beginnings of a good little business by selling them for pets or for biological experiments.

So long as you keep your cavies in dry quarters they'll be very rugged indeed. Dampness is bad for them. So are drafts.

Hey, did somebody say something? Oh, we started talking about guinea pigs and then switched to cavies? That's all right. They're the same thing! If you live in the North you won't want to allow your guinea pigs outdoors at this time of year. Wait until spring. Rig a little hutch for them in a shed or the barn. Most garages are a little too damp. And cellars aren't so good, even if they're dry, because most cellars aren't sunny enough.

Need Little Room

Cavies don't need much room. A coop two feet wide by three feet long and a foot and a half high is large enough for three or four breeding females, a male and their children until weaned. Having a shelf about four inches off the floor at the back of the hutch gives the animals a place to sleep. They seem to like an "upper berth," and the mothers with young will go underneath.

Rig a little hutch for them in a shed

Feed them the same as rabbits. A dish of clean water every day, a dish of almost any kind of grain that is small enough for them to chew, and a piece of rock salt. Keep good dry bedding on the floor and there's your cavy coop all fitted up. Hay is good for them, and so are almost all kinds of green stuff. Feed them both if you want to, during the winter.

And, by the way, don't let people fool you (even if they don't intend to) by saying that guinea pigs breed so fast you'll be overcrowded with them in a few months. They average about three to a litter and can have up to five litters a year. The young are ready to be weaned usually at about three weeks. They're born with their eyes open and with bodies all furred.

Try Novel Plans for Choosing Partners at Your Next Big Party

Have you ever been to a party where the hostess had a bad time pairing the boys and girls off for refreshments? Well here are some amusing ways for you to choose partners at your next party.

Hang a sheet in a double doorway just high enough to show the girls' feet below. Stand the girls behind the sheet and have the boys walk in front and choose their partners from the shoes which are all they can see.

Another way is to write the names of famous lovers on slips of paper, giving the names of the girls to the boys and the names of the boys to the girls. Then the guests hunt their mates [illegible] Romeo and Juliet, [illegible] and Cleopatra, Ivanhoe and Rowena, King Arthur and Guinevere, Paolo and Francesca, etc.

If you are giving a dinner party and want everyone to know everyone else, have a progressive [illegible]. At the end of the first course have the boys get up and move one place to the right. Continue to have them move at the end of each course, and by the end of the dinner you will have a jolly friendly group.

RIDDLE ANSWERS

[illegible]

—Kay's Corner—

By Katherine Houlson

PERSONAL STATIONERY

It's just ordinary stationery, but you give it your own personal touch by adding a design which expresses your hobby, your desires, your ideals!

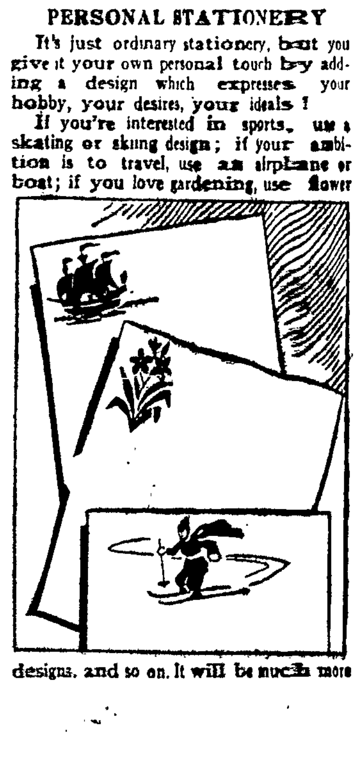
If you're interested in sports, use a skating or skiing design; if your ambition is to travel, use an airplane or boat; if you love gardening, use flower designs, and so on. It will be much more personal than anything you can buy, and you'll enjoy "designing" it for your friends and members of the family.

Even if you have no talent for drawing, don't pass this up. Go through the magazines 'round the house and pick out pictures you like. Trace these onto tissue paper and then transfer them to the stationery with carbon paper. You'll find designs for every subject under the sun, once you begin looking.

When your design is on the note paper, decide whether you want a silhouette or a colored effect. You can use either India ink or poster colors to fill in the designs, but be sure to use a fine pen.

Another clever idea is to use your monogram, cutting the letters out carefully and fastening a piece of colored cellophane behind it. Your school emblem or letters can be used just as easily, either filled in or cut out.

There are dozens of ways in which your stationery can be made to express you and your ideas, and they're all easy, interesting to do, and wonderfully effective.



YOU MUST PRACTICE

BOYS and girls who take music lessons almost always hate to practice. They would like to be able to play, but the long hours of uninteresting scales by which they learn are drudgery. Many of them never develop their musical ability just because of this dislike of hard work.

There is no denying the happiness that will come to you later in life because of musical talent. The person who can play an instrument well is always doubly welcome to friends and associates. And the time to learn to play the piano or any other instrument is when you are young. Later you will have so many other things to do that the time will be lacking.

Therefore if you have any musical talent, and have the chance to develop it, resolve to overcome your dislike of practicing. Nothing worthwhile, in music or anything else, is obtained without hard work. And in this particular field, perseverance will surely be well rewarded.

—The Editor.

POSER ANSWERS

1. A place for keeping birds. 2. Tom Sawyer. 3. Roe. 4. M. D. 5. A dwarf. 6. Robert Louis Stevenson. 7. F-A-C-E. 8. Noah.

The cat and the love you give away come back to you.—O'Malley.

The deeper a love is, the easier it is to tell it, because words are unnecessary.—O'Malley.

featured this week

Stuart-Olver-Holtz Co. Manufacturers of Metal Specialties

Best Restaurant in Western N. Y.

THE Spa

46 MAIN ST. BATAVIA

Look for the White Sign G. H. Humbert JEWELER Watch—Clock & Jewelry Repairing Diamond Setting Engraving WATCHES, DIAMONDS, CLOCKS, ROSARIES, CROSSES, WEDDING RINGS 8 NORTH STREET

Washers — Ironers — Cleaners Refrigerators — Stoves Washer Service Shop SALES—SERVICE—PARTS For All Make Appliances MAIN 5826 Estimates Free 860 CLINTON AVE. N. Opp. St. Michael's Church

Helen Murphy's BABY FOODS "Everything for a Perfect Diet" Deliveries Without Charge Direct To Your Home Special Introductory Offer Ring Tuber 1?? for FREE Samples 880 No. Goodman, Rochester

TIRE Repair and Retread Specialist Let us retread your worn tires Deepest non-skid design Most Modern Machinery Bring your tire troubles to NEIDINGER'S 150 Broad St., near Washington

GLEN. 6771 TownTalk Bakery Inc. 601-607 Pullman Avenue Every Day We Go Your Way

Fill Your Bin Now On Our Easy Budget Plan LEHIGH VALLEY ANTHRACITE Call Gen. 1853 Prompt Service KLEER ICE CO. Coal—Coke—Fuel Oil

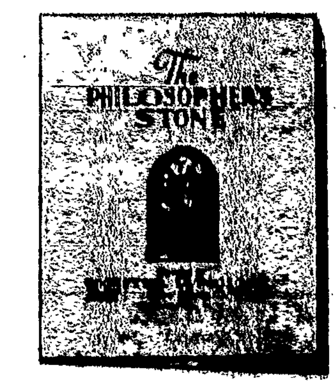
WATCHES AND DIAMONDS The Small Store With the Big Diamonds D. E. COVILL Jeweler SENECA HOTEL ARCADE

We Call for and Deliver Prompt Service Guarantee Bedding Co. Renovators and Manufacturers of BOX SPRINGS, MATTRESSES PILLOWS AND CUSHIONS 45 Champlain St. Phone Gen. 5524

PAUL GOTHAM Fast Freight Lines All Points Throughout N. Y. State 30 NORTH UNION, ROCHESTER Stone 2192 Culver 2893

HANSS ELECTRIC CO. 156 NORTH ST. Industrial and Commercial Wiring. New and Reconditioned Motors STONE 1027

COLUMBIA MARKET 412 Genesee St. FRED EISTMAN, Mgr. Quality Meats to Satisfy the Palate and the Pocketbook



TOMORROW'S PROSPERITY

A fixed plan is as necessary to getting on in the world as a blue print in building a home, or a road map in taking a journey.

Year after year our customers ask for copies of our budget book, which we gladly give to all those who prefer skillful to haphazard management.

Come in today for your copy of this book. It is called—"The Philosopher's Stone."

Rochester Savings Bank 47 W. MAIN ST. Two Offices 40 FRANKLIN ST. 1831—More Than 100 Years of Service—1938

See us first

KA-A-A-CHOO! THERE ARE many ILL winds these days, and they blow no good. Chills and fevers, coughs and sneezes, are all-too-frequent,—unless you are prepared to ward them off. A medicine chest full of standard remedies may save sickness and expense. Another reason why you should GO FIRST TO YOUR PARISH DRUGGIST.

Nestle's Economy Bars 2 for 25c

60c ITALIAN BALM 25c FITCH'S SHAMPOO BOTH 59c

SQUIBB'S COD LIVER OIL - 79c
100 BAYER ASPIRIN - - - 59c
WAMPOLES EXTRACT - 79c
$1.50 ARGAROL - - - $1.09
60c PINEX - - - - 39c
60c JERGENS LOTION - - 39c
50c AQUA VELVA - - - 39c
50c PABLUM - - - - 39c
$1.00 MENNENS BABY OIL - - 89c
35c VICK'S VAPO RUB - - 27c
15c FOUR WAY COLD TABLETS - 9c
100 HALIVER OIL CAPSULES $1.19
$1.00 NUJOL - - - - 59c
$1.25 PETROLOGAR - - - 89c
60c REM - - - - 49c

Pound of HOSPITAL COTTON 29c

500 Sheets Cleansing Tissues 19c

St. Monica — St. Augustine WILLIAMS PHARMACY We Deliver [illegible]

CRAMER DRUG CO. Your doctor will be pleased to have your prescription filled by a Graduate Druggist. 117 Chili Ave.

Sacred Heart — Holy Rosary CRAMER DRUG CO. Your doctor will be pleased to have your prescription filled by a Graduate Druggist. 1286 Dewey Ave.

St. Monica Our Lady of Good Counsel FISH'S PHARMACY Prescriptions a Specialty 201 SCOTTSVILLE RD. Gen. 7[illegible] Rochester, N. Y.

St. Joseph's — St. Bridget's FLANNERY DRUG CO. In Fiske Clark Building 117 N. CLINTON AVE. STONE [illegible]

Immaculate Conception FRANK'S DRUG STORE We Deliver 487 Plymouth South Genesee 2717

Our Lady of Good Counsel HEATH'S PHARMACY 617 THURSTON ROAD We Deliver Genesee 3734

St. John the Evangelist Our Lady of Lourdes LA MAY DRUG CO. 1600 East Ave. Near Winton Rd. Rochester, N. Y. Monroe 1722

St. Monica — Good Counsel G. J. LEWIS & CO. Prescription Specialists Genesee St. at Brooks Ave. Gen. 2445 FREE DELIVERY

St. Andrew's MANDELL'S PHARMACY Prescription Experts Portland & Norton MAIN 2082 and 8478

Blessed Sacrament OXFORD MANDELL'S PHARMACY Prescription Experts WE DELIVER Monroe at Oxford

St. Ambrose MARKIN'S PHARMACY "The Rexall Store"

SNALLINE'S [illegible]