

307 S. Main St.
Wichita, Kansas, 12/10/30.

My dear Miss Tarbell:

I have your pleasing assurance that you are not distressed by my rather drastic treatment of some of your arguments, and am already looking forward to the next article.

I am enclosing a couple of pages which will serve as a substitute for the last page of the article sent you. I was not pleased with the ending, and think that I have done better. Perhaps the title ought to be changed, so as to read "The Real Issue, with an Addendum". I have made a few other changes, but they are of minor importance, principally a little polish. Which brings up the story of Pericles, of course.

I am strongly tempted to tell you another way story. Want to hear it? Well, you know that at the close of the war, and for some time before, Nashville was the largest military post in the world. It was a mighty nusy place. The military authorities had a good deal of trouble with the saloons, of course. An order was issued that no fights should take place in a saloon. If the man wanted to fight, they must go outside. My writger Hobart was Captain of the Inner and Outer Guard, a pretty responsible position for a boy of 19.

Many of the saloons built enclosures in the rear where their customers, pugistically inclined, could have it out. Sometimes they were pretty large, and had seats ranging upward, in theater fashion.

One day he was in one of the largest of the saloons, when two soldiers came in, apparently drunk. The attention of one of them was attracted to an enormous bull-dog that was kept in a cage in a corner. He was a fierce, redkeyed brute, savage as a tiger, whom no one could do anything with except the negro porter.

The soldier went over to the cage. "What's that you got here?" he asked. The bar-tender was not pleased. "That's a dog. That's the best fightin' dog in the State of Tennessee", he assured the tipsy man.

"I can lick him", boasted the soldier; "I can lick any dog in earth. He ain't no fighter. He's just a big bluff. "It's money talks", dais the bartender, impatiently. Well, to shorten up the story a bit, several hundred dollars were put up on the fight between the man and the dog. The man was to have no weapon.

The next morning there was a great crowd. Business was very good. The two men appeared, now perfectly sober. More money was put utp. One of the soldiers took a foll of tent canvas out of his pocket - that is, a foll of strips of heavy canvas. The other wrapped it about his left forearm, from the wrist to the elbow.

At last the wrapping was done. The arm was heavily padded. The dog was led out by the porter to the far corner. He knew what was expected of him. The man then came out and knelt on one knee. The benches were full. "Let him go", said the man. The porter loosed the dog, who crouched, and began to move forward slowly, his body almost on the ground, his red eyes fixed on his prey.

Suddenly the dog sprang straight at the man's throat. His antagonist was ready for him. He threw up the bound arm, and of course the dog fastened to it. Now the man rose, bringing up with him the dog, who held on, bulldog fashion.

Now the soldier rained blows on the dog's chest. It sounded, said Hobart, like the beating of a base drum. Gradually the dog loosened his hold, and dropped to the ground, and began feebly to crawl away. "Get along, you dirty brute", said the man, as he gave the dog a contemptuous kick.

"And right there," said Hobart, "I learned never to bet on another man's game".

Sweet little story, isn't it?

Very sincerely,

Walter Graves.