

GAME

THE CORSAIR

BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

the greatest sporting season for from our well-stocked Sporting

SHOT GUNS. Metallic Cartridges; Dominion

W. LIMITED

LINEY

es Today

ive individuality to the most attractive prices, for

els, Large Shapes.

aterials in the leading exceptional values.

, Limited

ing Agent of the Home

ower of the dollar that is stimulating

ions is apt to induce some house-

an attempt to save. This is false

GRAND RANGE" remember that

onscientious manufacture insures you

Fisher Ltd.

Daylight Saving Time.

SALE

LS

Jackets and Bath Robes

e, Copen blue, fawn, purple

urs, we have marked them at

..... \$1.45 yd.

ould buy a sufficient supply

a Big Saving on any of these

MORNING.

TURE

Tasteful gifts for

ments of both use-

Plant Stands, Sea

Cherterfield Sofas

Chairs, Music Cab-

Allison-Limited

MARKET SQUARE.

One anonymous fan wrote:

You've been a drunk and a bum,

and if it hadn't been for you we'd

have had another pennant this

year. I hope they'll be the can on

you so tight you'll never be able

to get it off.

Another:

Read this, you big stiff. We're

getting on to you in this town.

Solomon Lee was nostrum gone logic

and when forty-five men sided with

the paragraph, he changed his mind

about revenging himself. He read the

article over and over again, and some

of the sentences burned themselves

into his memory deep enough to leave

a scar.

"Men like Solomon Lee. . . Leave

nothing but a bad name behind them

when they go. Nothing but a bad

name! That was the phrase which

hurt the most.

Solly knew that he was going away.

He knew he was going to the minors.

He realized that his effectiveness had

deserted him, but he had blamed his

losing games upon hard luck, the con-

venient alibi of the ball player. Ter-

rell had warned him, threatened him,

and fined him times without number.

Lee had made himself believe that

this was because the manager "had it

in for him." Never once had he look-

ed at the situation fairly in the face, and

now, at twenty-six, just when he

would have been on the crest of the

wave of popularity, he found himself

in the breakers with the rocks be-

yond.

Before he went away, he had a long

talk with Billy Bigelow. Billy was

the clever shortstop of the club, the

brains of the Corsair infield, and the

only real friend Lee had on the team.

"They say I'm all done," said Lee

bitterly. "It's a dirty lie, Billy. Don't

you believe it. I'm as good as I ever

was in my life, but things haven't been

breaking right for me this season. You

know that. Terrell never had any use

for me, and those stiffs on the bench

than ever. It would serve Terrell

right if some of these other managers

got me, and what I'd do to this team

would be a shame! Oh, I'll be back!"

"Get in shape as early as you can in

the spring, cut out the booze this win-

ter, and show them that you're still

there," Terrell hadn't got it in for you,

Solly. You know you've been stopping

some pretty fierce heats; and that row

you had in St. Louis didn't help mat-

ters any."

"Yes," said Solomon Lee. "Give a

dog a bad name, and then everybody

takes a kick at him. I'm down now,

but I won't stay down. I'll make Ter-

rell send for me."

"That's the stuff!" said Bigelow.

Solomon Lee really meant it at this

time, but he found the minor league

a little faster than he had expected.

All leagues are a trifle fast for the ball

player who does not take care of him-

self.

To begin with, Solly did not take the

trouble to get into good condition. He

had no money, so he sought work in

a bowling alley where drinks were

served. High-ball averages was a

high one; and when he was particu-

larly well oiled up, he used to say

that, in the minor league, he would

"get by" on his class. He had all a

big league's lousy disdain for those

who have never been in "the big

show."

Solomon Lee did not get by on his

class. He did not get by at all. The

young men from the bushes out-

pitched him, and the opposing clubs

fell on the big-league class. He had

proper respect for his feelings, and

hammered his peculiar delivery forty-

two ways from the home plate. He

did not even think the season with

the Clags a club.

Next year there was a Lee pitching

in an outlay league on the Pacific

Coast; but not for long. It is many

miles from the Sierras to the bright

lights, but word drifted back—bad

news will always find its own messen-

ger—that this Lee was the only be-

trated Solomon, all in, down and out,

and drinking like a fish.

After the outlays dismissed him, he

dropped out of sight entirely. Solom-

on Lee became no more than a memory,

which stirred slightly in the spring-

time when the papers were full of the

doings of the new men at the training

camps.

"This recruit," the dispatches might

say, "is another Solomon Lee, or"

"The new pitcher reminds one strong-

ly of Solomon Lee. He has many of

the mannerisms of that unfortunate

athlete."

Lee Was Forgotten.

The last remark, of course, might

have been taken for a knock or a

boost. Managers did not want any

more Solomon Lees; nor did they get

them. Not one of the recruits carried

the fancied resemblance far beyond

the opening day of the season.

A new generation of fans was grow-

ing up which had never seen Lee. The

man was forgotten, as he deserved to

be; and by his conquest he had robbed

himself of everything—even a decent

epitaph.

Solomon Lee was gone; and he had

left nothing but a bad name behind

him.

Years wheeled along, teams chang-

ed from bat boy to manager, stars of

the Rockies there to raise apples

and meditate upon the glorious past.

The owners of the Corsair franchise,

casting about for a man to fill Ter-

rell's shoes, went no farther than their

own infield, where they hit upon the

aging Billy Bigelow. The great short-

stop was arching them over to first,

his "whip" was dead, and he was no

longer a shadow on the bases; but he

still had his baseball brain; and it

would have been a thousand pities to

waste that gray matter upon a minor-

league pay roll.

Billy Bigelow made good as a man-

ager, and out in a timber league in

the Northwest, a fat man with a stub-

by mustache read the news of Bige-

low's promotion in a Seattle paper;

and the date line stirred a thousand

bitter memories into life. He took

the pen and paper, and sat down to

write a letter:

Dear Old Friend Bill—I'm glad

to see that you got what was com-

ing to you.

Then I sat still for a long time

with the pen in his fingers, after which

he tore the sheet into bits, and went

out to get a drink, and stayed to get

several more.

The fat man's name was Smith, and

he was managing the Fremontville

team in a very bush league on a salary

limit, which would have made a real

ball player grin. Smith had an object

in paying as little as possible, for he

was the owner as well as the manager

of the team. He was in the win-

dow, he gave his attention to his

billiard parlor and bowling alley; and

when perfectly sober, was regarded as

keen business. His players had to

respect him, for he knew more base-

ball than any man in the Tillamook

League had any right to know; but

they did not love him, for he was a

hard taskmaster. He would not have

a drinking man on his team, and his

motto was:

"Do as I say, and not as I do."

Smith Never Wrote.

After Bigelow was well in his stride

as manager, the fat man subscribed

to several Eastern papers, and watch-

ed the progress of the Corsairs with

an interest which was almost painful.

Several times he was tempted to write

that letter, but always stuck after the

first paragraph. The fat man had

buried a past, and was not anxious

to dig it up.

Three years later, Billy Bigelow was

pounding away in the first division and

praying for one more good pitcher. In

"Truck" Chapman he had the great-

est left-hander of the period; but even

they prepare to buy. Praise might

have sent the price ballooning.

"He's fair, just fair," said Sladdin.

"Of course, he'd have to be farmed

out—"

"Lay off that stuff!" growled Smith.

"You can't put any of that over on

me. Where do you think I was rais-

ed? In the woods here? Now, I'm

going to tell you something. I've seen

all the great pitchers of the past fif-

teen years. Know some of 'em well—

Mayberry, Harris, Potter, Kinahad—all

that bunch. Lemme tell you that

here's a boy that's as good today as

Mayberry ever was. Yes, better. You

saw the way he handled himself. You

saw the way he used that quick return

ball. Is there any man in the big

league today who can whip a return

strike back like that? Is there? No,

I guess not. You're whistling there

ain't I know?"

The Wolf Goes In.

Toward the middle of September,

the timber wolf from the Tillamook

League dropped in on Billy Bigelow.

The manager had heard just enough

about him to be interested, and he pre-

ceeded to look the gift wolf in the

mouth.

"And you're the fellow who looks

so much like Solomon Lee, are you?"

he said. "I'd give a nice piece of

of memory, started across the field to-

ward the clubhouse. A fat man with

a stubby mustache dropped out of

the front row of the grand stand and

hurried after the manager of the Cor-

sairs.

"That's a great kid, that Marsh,"

said the stranger as he ranged along-

side.

"You bet he is!" said Bigelow heart-

ily.

"Sort of reminded me of a man who

used to pitch for this club a long time

ago," said the stranger. "Did he

make you think of anybody you ever

saw before?"

Billy Finds Out.

It was the tone more than the words

that made Billy Bigelow turn his eyes.

"Think of anybody," said he. "Why,

he's Solomon Lee all over again."

"Yes," said the fat man quietly. "I

thought you'd get the old stuff, Billy."

Bigelow stopped in his tracks; and

then, with a wild yell, he launched

himself at the fat man.

"Solly!" he cried. "Where on earth

did you come from?"

"From the bushes," said Solomon

Lee. "And that's where I trained this

kid."

That night the old friends had din-

ner together; an old Solomon Lee, run-

ning true to his old-time form, look-

ing more than was good for him. Billy

Bigelow also, alleging that the oc-

casion warranted it, stepped down

from the water wagon, but wet no

more than the soles of his feet.

"You've got to let me pay my price

for this kid," said the manager. "I

won't take him unless I can pay what

I think he's worth."

"You'll take him as a gift," said

Solomon Lee, a bit thickly. "For a gift,

Billy! Understand?"

"No, I don't understand. Why

would you want to toss that money

off?"

"Now, I'm going to tell you some-

thing," said Solomon Lee. "Do you

remember what they said about me

before I went away? They said I'd

been a bad influence—and I had. They

said I left nothing but a bad name be-

hind me. It was true. I didn't see

it then, but I have since. I never

forgot what that fellow wrote about

me. I couldn't get rid of it. It got

on my nerve. I thought maybe, if I

could send up a man as good as I used

to be, I could square myself. Kind of

play even, somehow."

"Listen! I found this kid out there

in the woods, and I saw that he could

be taught. He had the makings of a

great pitcher. After I got to working

with him and saw how easy he learned

and how natural it was for him to do

the same things that I used to do, it

came to me one day that I might make

him another Solomon Lee. You see,

Billy, I knew you and Mike and a few

of the old-timers would know where

he got the stuff. I wanted you to re-

cognize it; so I started in to make

him work my way. I wouldn't let him

make a move in the box unless I

taught it to him. You know I used to

be a pretty pitcher to watch, Billy."

Bigelow nodded, and Lee lifted his

glass, and drained it in a breath.

"It took me more than two years,

Billy," he continued. "I hid him out

money to know that you could pitch

like that old horse."

Billy was in his prime when Solly

Lee was burning up the big league,

and now, after he'd devoted his time to

ling out with the recruit pitchers, was

instructed to put the boy through his

paces and report. Marsh had his first

trial at the park in the morning; and

when Billy Bigelow arrived at the

clubhouse in the afternoon, he found

Mike sitting on the porch in the sun

and talking to himself.

"Go away, Billy!" said Mike. "Tis

a ghost I've seen today. This kid—

this Marsh—dye know who he is?

What he is? None but owd Solly Lee

come back to life. It's the truth I'm

telling ye, Billy. Wait till ye see

him go. Every time he wiggle in that

box, every move of his hands, the fun-

ny whup; everything even to the re-

turn strike. Solly Lee, to th' life."

"He's good, is he?"

"Oh, man, but he's a sweet pitcher!

A sweet pitcher!"

"But where did he get it?"

"God knows," said Mulrooney so-

lemnly. "He says a man named Smir-

taught it to him out in the bushes

somewhere. I tell ye, he'll give ye a

chill the first time ye see him come

back with that return ball. It's like

catching a ghost."

"You think he could go in some

day this week?" asked Bigelow.

"Any day. Any day at all, at all,"

said Mike earnestly.

Friday was the day Bigelow select-

ed, and Bud Marsh walked out into

the diamond, as cool and collected as

if he had been pitching against big

league teams all his life.

"Only look at him!" said Mike Mul-

rooney to Bigelow, as the two old-

timers sat on the bench, their chins

in their fists. "Look at him! He

takes it as easy as if he was but step-

pin' into a sody parlor."

Then the boy began to pitch, and

the two men watched him breathless-

ly.

"Where did he get it?" said Bige-

low. "Look at that wind-up! If it

wasn't for this gray hair of mine, I'd

think I ought to be out there behind

him at short."

"And me behind the bat," said Mike

softly. "Dye mind the way he kind

of chucks the ball out from his chest

before he winds up? Solly used to do

that. Don't it give ye a chill to see

him? Yes, I thought so. Could it be a

ghost he is?"

The Reds found the recruit pitcher

no ghost; and, after he had ganned

five of them and sneaked the return

strike over on the dangerous "Raus"

Kennedy, they began to take notice.

However, it is not with the game that

we have to do, but with something

which happened after it was over.

Marsh won by a score of 4 to 0;

and Billy Bigelow, still under the spell

MILLIONS MUST BE FED

The war is over, but millions

in devastated Europe must

be fed. In the meantime

food must be selected

with intelligent regard

for its nutritive value.

Shredded Wheat

Biscuit is a real whole

wheat food—contains the

most real body-building

nutriment for the least

money. It is ready-cooked

and ready-to-eat. No kitchen

worry or work. Saves fuel,

saves money, saves health.

Deliciously nourishing

with milk or cream, or

with sliced bananas

or other fruits.