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ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, AUGUST 30,

BY CHARLES THE LOOSENING UP OF HOGAN E. VAN LOAN

didn't raise the pants off Bush instead of just calling. It looked to me as it that should have been the play."

It was a new voice, and the poker experts looked up for an instant. Harry McCarter snorted loudly, and began riffling the cards.

"If you know so much about poker," said he sneeringly, "it's a wonder to me you wouldn't sit into one of these games once in a while and teach us how to play five cards! We don't bar nobody; it's an open game, Hogan."

Hold the fans between the body ware of the fact. Lawson had been looking over the season's catch, and he was not optimistic about it. So he grunted.

"I'll made you a business proposition." said the unknown. "I believe I can win two-thirds of my games with this club."

Monk grinned.

"Just a second," said the stranger.

"You're a business man, I take it. If la pitch thirty games for you and win

ishness. I assure you I have sweated for every dollar of this money.

I have been pitching baseball for the —— tesm in the National League. If you will look up the scores in the files of the papapers out there, you will see that a fellow named Hogan has been winning a lot of games for the Ponies. That's me. You didn't say how this money was to be earned. You simply said I had to earn and save this much, and I picked the quickest way as well as the best-paying proposition. You would have done the same thing yourself. As for saving money and being economical—you won't believe this, but it's true—I had to punch a fellow the other day for calling me a tightwad. He told the truth at that.

In addition to this, I want to say that I have been doing a lot of thinking the past six months, and I can see what a fool I made of myself. I don't see how you stood it so long, that's honest. This is no prodigal son stuff, don't think it. I was offered a contract the other night at four thousand dollars a season. I am in a position to earn my own living. Whether I play ball or not next year is entirely up to you. I be lieve I could be worth four thousand dollars a season to you, in a business way. Write me at the Hotel Kensington, Chicago. We will be there Tuesday beginning a four-game series. John J. Hogan is the name. I changed k for business reasons.

P.S.—Don't fall to return this check. It isn't all the money I have, but losing it would put an awful crimp in the bank roll. I had an idea you'd like to see it and feel of it and smell it because it's the first real money I've ever earned—and sweated for.

when, five days later, the Ponies of Strived in Chicago, the clerk handed Hogan a whole fistful of telegrams, and he carried them to his room at once. Perhaps he choked a bit as he read them. It would have been no disgrace if he had.

That week Monk Lawson got his answer.

"No more baseball after this season," said Hogan. "It's out of the question."

Monk argued for three days, and then gave up in despair,

The Ponies finished the league schedule at home, and Hogan pitched and up the year in a blaze of glory and fifth place in the percentages. They were actually heading the second dievision, and the fans who had supported the Ponies lovally in many a cellar (You air). It is not back in the spring!) I to set myself right with you fellow the last game.

The shall know in the control of the



And they led the Dayton Adonis to the washbasin.

"Yes," said Lawson. "I was talking with Mr. Hagadorn the other day, and he's tickled with the way you've been going. He thought you ought to have something beside the bonus, so the