

THE WIFE OF DOG BY SEWELL FORD

A TALE WHEREIN PROFESSOR SHORTY Mc CABE, ON SHORT NOTICE, SAVES A LADY FROM SOCIAL DISASTER

WELL, it was like this: I starts out to buy a bull pup. I might have got him, too, if it hadn't been for Doc Pinphoodle; but, seein' the way things turned out, I don't bear no grudge. It was the Doc I met first. I'd seen him driftin' up and down the stairs open or twice, but didn't pipe him off special. There's too many freaks around Fourth-second street to keep cases on all of 'em.

But one day about a month ago I was sittin' in the front office here, gettin' the earache from hearing Swiftie Joe tell about what he meant to do to Gans that last time, when the door swings open so hard it most takes the hinges off, and we sees a streak of arm and legs and tall hat making a dive under the bed couch in the corner.

"They've most got the range, Swiftie," says I. "Two feet to the left and you'd been a bull's-eye. Why you got your mouth open so wide for?" I tried to catch the next one in your teeth?" Swiftie didn't have time to uncock any repeats before some one struck the landing outside like they'd come down a flight of foldin' steps feet first, and a little sharp-nosed woman with purple flowers in her hat bobbed in and squints once at each of us. Say, I don't want to be looked at often like that! It felt like bein' sampled with a cheese tester.

"Did Montgomery Smith just come in here?" says she. "Did he?" "New now! Where is he?" and the way she jerked them little black eyes around was enough to tear holes in the mattress.

"Lady—" says I. "Don't lady me, Mr. Fresh!" says she, throwin' the gimlets my way. "And tell that broken-nosed child-stealer over there to take that monkey grin off'n his face or I'll scratch his eyes out."

"Hully chee!" yells Swiftie, throwin' a back somersault through the gym door and snappin' the door shut. "Anything more, miss?" says I. "We're here to please."

"Humph!" says she. "I'd take something better than you to please me." "Glad I was born lucky," thinks I, but thought it under my breath.

"Is my Monty hiding in that room?" says she, jabbin' a finger at the gym. "Cross my heart, he ain't in there." "I don't believe you could think quick enough to lie," says she, and with that she slips out about as fast as she came in.

I didn't stir until I hear her hit the lower hall. Then I bolts the door, goes and calls Swiftie down off the top of the swingin' rope, and he come to a parade rest alongside the couch. "Monty, dear Monty," says I, "the cyclone's passed out to sea. Come out and give up your rain check."

slow play, either! He was too groggy to say a word, but he comes pretty near whinin' me right there. I sets—Swiftie

"It was all a painful, absurd error," says he. "I had a headache, for a press. Permit me to make myself known to you," and he shoves out his card. Rasmull Pinphoodle, J. R. D.—that was the way it read.

"My Hindu birth name," says he. "I'm Rasmull Pinphoodle, J. R. D.—that's the way it reads. The Pinphoodle is English, ain't it?"

He smiles like I'd asked him to split a pint with me, and says that it was. "But the correct name is R. D.—I passes up," says I. "Don't stand for Judge of Rent Dodgers, does it?"

"Those letters," says he, makin' another merry face. "Represent the symbols of my Vedic progression."

"If I'd stop to think I'd fetched that," says I. "I was a jolly. I've never had the Vedic progression in my life, but I'm hard enough to know it at the time, but I wasn't goin' to let him stum me."

Later on I got next to the fact that these words, "R. D.—I passes up," were the Vedic stum in New York. Mostly he worked the mail-order racket. He showed me his ad in the Sunday personal column, and it was all to the Vedic. According to his own specifications he was a head-liner in the East Indian philosophy business, whatever that is.

He sure had a full bag of tricks to draw from; but I've noticed that the more glass balls you try to keep in the air, the more likely you are to lose 'em. I'm sure that a gent that kept the receiver teller workin' overtime. There was something about him, though, that was

kind of dignified. He was the style of dress that looks like of natural. She sees me, too, shouts to Francaise to put on the emergency brake and begins wavin' her parasol at me to hurry on. "Hurry up, Shorty! Run!" she yells. "There isn't a minute to lose."

"I gets up on my toes at that, and I don't no more in climed aboard her for the machine was tearin' up the macadam again."

"Anybody dyin'?" says I, "or does the bargain counter close at a o'clock?" "Aunt Tillie's elopin'," says she, "and if we don't head her off she'll marry an old villain who ought to be in jail."

"Not Mr. Pinckney's Aunt Tillie, the old girl that owns the big place up near Blinnmont?" says I. "That's the one," says Sadie. "You don't mean to say she's got kitterfash?"

"There's no age limit to that kind of foolishness," says Sadie, "and this looks like a serious attack. We've got to stop it, though, for I promised Pinckney I'd stand guard until he came back from Newport."

"I hadn't seen the old girl myself, but I knew her record, and now I got it revised to date. She'd hooked two husbands in her time, but neither of 'em had lasted long. Then she gave it up for a spell, and it wasn't until she was 65 that she begins to wear rain-bow clothes again, and caper around like one of the squab octot. Lately she'd begun to show signs of wantin' to sit in a shady corner with a man."

"Pinckney had discouraged one bald-headed miser, warned off an old bachelor and dropped strong hints to a couple of widowers that took to callin' frequent for afternoon tea. Then a new one had showed up."

"He's a stickler, too," says Sadie. "I don't know where Aunt Tillie found him, but Pinckney says he's been comin' out from the city every other day for a couple of weeks. She's been meetin' him at the station and taking him for drives. She says he's some sort of an East Indian priest, and that he's giving her lessons in a new faith cure that she's taken up. Today, though, af-

ter she'd gone off, the housekeeper found that her trunk had been smuggled to the station. Then a note was picked up in her room. It said something about meeting her at the church of St. Paul's-in-the-Wood at four-thirty, and was signed 'Your darling Mulli. Oh, dear, it's almost half-past now! Can't you go any faster, Francaise?'

I thought he couldn't, but he did. He jammed the speed lever up another notch, and in a minute more we were hittin' only the high pieces. We carried against them red-leather cushions like a couple of pebbles in a bottle, and

to show him that he was wrong I would put this affair off until you can have a regular church wedding, with invitations, and ushers and pretty flower girls. And you ought to have a gray silk wedding gown—you'd look realer in gray silk, you know. Wouldn't all that be much richer than running off like this, as though you were ashamed of something?"

Say, it was a slick game of talk that Sadie handed out then, for she was playin' for time. But Aunt Tillie was no come-on.

"Mull doesn't want to wait another

day," says she, "and neither do I, so that settles it. And here comes the rector now."

We made a break for the front door and butted right in, just as though they'd sent us cards. It wasn't very light inside, but down at the far end we could see a little bunch of folks standin' around as if they was waitin' for somethin' to happen.

Sadie didn't make any false motions. She snuffed down the center aisle and took Aunt Tillie by the arm. She was a dumpy, pie-faced old girl, with plenty of hair, and a lot of genuine store hair that was pulled and waved like the specimens you see in the Sixth-avenue showcases. She was actin' kind of nervous, and she looked like she was waitin' for a griffin's sly kind of grin, but when she spots Sadie she puts on a look like the hired girl wears when she's been caught bein' dazed by the grocery boy.

"You haven't done it, have you?" says Sadie. "No," says Aunt Tillie; "but its going to be done just as soon as the rector gets on his other foot."

"Now, please don't, Mrs. Winfield," says Sadie, gettin' a waist grip on the old girl, and makin' her cheek up against her shoulder in that purry-coaxin' way she has. "You know how badly we should all feel if it didn't turn out well, and Pinckney—"

"He's a meddlesome, impertinent young scamp!" says Aunt Tillie, growin' in red under the layers of rice powder. "Haven't I a right to marry without consultin' him, I'd like to know?"

"Oh, yes, of course," says Sadie, soothin' her down, "but Pinckney says—"

"Don't tell me anything that he says, not a word!" she shouts. "I won't listen to it. He had the impudence to suggest that my dear Mull was a—"

"Did he?" says Sadie. "I wouldn't have thought it of Pinckney. Well, just

shoulder, "that if I had got hold of a fortune in the way you got yours, young woman, I wouldn't make any comments about mercenary marriages."

"Well, say up to that time I had a half-baked idea that maybe I wasn't called on to block his little game, but when he begins to rub it into Sadie I scurs on Doc right away."

"Hold on there, Doc," says I. "I'll give in that you've got our case quashed as it stood. But maybe someone else has got an interest in these doin's."

"Ah!" says he. "And who might that be?" "Mrs. Montgomery Smith," says I. "It was a chance shot, but it rung the bell. Doc goes as limp as a straw hat that's been hooked up after a dip in the bay, and his eyes took on that shifty look they had the first time I ever saw him."

"Why," says he, syallowin' hard, and doing his best to get back the stiff front he'd been puttin' up—why, there is no such person."

"No?" says I. "How about the one that calls you Monty and runs you up to the church?" "It's a lie!" says he. "She's nothing to me."

"Oh, well," says I. "That's between you and her. She says different. Any way, she's come clear up here to put in her bid; so that's no more'n fair to give her a show. I'll just bring her in."

As I starts toward the front door Doc gives me one look, to see if I means business. Then, Sadie says, he turns the color of pie-crust, drops Aunt Tillie as if she was a sack of flour, and jumps through the back door like he'd been leeked by a mule. I got back just in time to see him huddle a five-foot pile of cushions with a white sheet and the last glimpse we got of him he was headin' for a stretch of woods up Connecticut way.

"Looks like you'd just missed assistin' at a case of bigamy," says I to the young preacher, as we was bringin' Aunt Tillie out of her faint.

"Shocking!" says he. "Shocking!" as he fans himself with a hymn book. "He was takin' it hard."

Aunt Tillie wouldn't speak to any of us, and as we bundled her into her carriage and sent her home she looked mad as a settin' hen with her feet tied.

"Shorty," says Sadie, on the way back, "that was an elegant bluff you put up."

"Lucky my hand wasn't called," says I. "But it was rough on the preacher chap, wasn't it? He had his mouth all made up to marry some one. Blamed if I didn't want to offer him a job myself."

"And who would you have picked out, Shorty?" "Well," says I, lookin' her over wishful, "there ain't never been but one girl that I'd chose for a side partner, and she's out of my class now."

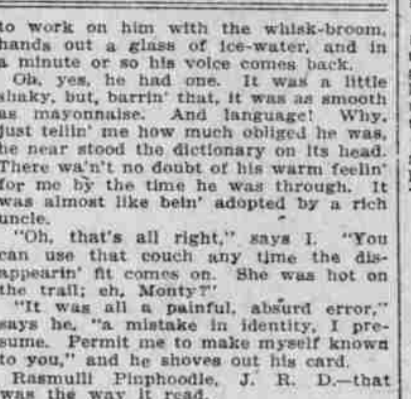
"Was her name Sullivan once?" says she. "It was," says I. "She didn't say anything more for a spell after that, and I didn't; but there's times when conversation don't fit in. All I know is that you can sit just as close on the back seat of one of them big benzine carts as you can on a parlor sofa, and with Sadie mugged up against me, I felt like it was always goin' to be Sumner, with Sousa's hand playin' somewhere behind the rubber trees."

First thing I knows we fetches up at my shack in Primrose Park and I was standin' on the horse block, alongside the bubble. Sadie'd dropped both hands on my shoulder, and was turnin' in their eyes of hers on me at close range. Francaise was lookin' straight ahead, and there wasn't anyone in sight. So I just took a good look into that pair of Irish blues.

"What a chump you are, Shorty!" she whispers. "Ah, quit your kiddin'," says I. But I don't make any move, and she didn't.

"Well, good-by," says she, lettin' out a long breath. "By-by, Sadie," says I, and off she goes. Say, I don't know how it was, but I've been feelin' ever since that I'd missed somethin' that was comin' to me. Maybe it was that bull pup I forgot to buy. (Copyright Associated Sunday Magazine, Inc.)

"Is My Monty Hiding In That Room?"



THEN DOC PUTS AN ARM AROUND HER BELT LINE AND LETS HER WEEP ON HIS SUNDAY COAT.

Success with an Old

IN WHICH HE SHOWS THE TRAITS OF CHARACTER WHICH PLUG FOR SUCCESS IN BASEBALL, AND COMPARES IT WITH OTHER LINES OF ENDEAVOR

BY JIM NASHUM.
"ON the level," continued the Old Sport, as the players bunched up in the hotel lobby, "you call all players attack up against a proposition that doesn't exist in any other business. If you're chalkin' up odds in a banking joint, dealing out tripe in a butcher shop, or handing out Scriptural dope from the pulpit, you can pull off a dozen mistakes for a day and get away with it; and still be rated as a pretty fair success in the world. The doctor buries every mistake he makes, the lawyer shoves his into a dungeon and it is advertised to the world as an act of justice, and any ballplayers' mistakes are hooded at by 10,000 howling Derivishes, who thirst for his gore, and are advertised in every paper in the land so that the who runs may read, and he is hailed as a dub throughout the entire universe every time he slips up in the piches. "In any other business, if you are a corking good man, you are touted as the real goods at all times and the world shops the salve all over your forehead, and if you are a shallow-headed dub they hunt you up and give you sympathy and plug for you all they can if you are a good fellow. But let me tell you, that in baseball there is no guy who is so good that he is often called a dub and a lot of other things that aren't exactly rated as proper garb for a pink tea social, and there is no dub so much that he punks that he isn't occasionally a hero.

"A situation like this in his own business, and I'll gamble that his nerves will jump the governor belt and put him down for the count. And if he had to buy up against this proposition every day of his life like the ballplayer, you can take it from me there would be an awful epidemic of nervous prostration throughout the world."

"In addition to these added qualities that a successful ballplayer has to keep packed up in his garret, he has to pack in his mind a lot of other things that are demanded as a tribute to the god Success in any other walk of life. The guy who can grin in the face of trouble and let his chin hang in the piches is the one who will succeed in any business, while the dub who hugs the what's-the-use dope and lays down on his job when he is up against it won't decorate the official averages much, and he won't have his name splattered through the business directory to any great extent either.

"I want to tell you that while it is all right to shut out the other fellows without a bit, and a good pitcher may often step onto the rubber and have the Indian sign in the obnoxious get-away to hope, pitchin' isn't going to get away with these stunts often enough in fast company to make him a great twirler. No matter how great his physical ability, if he blows up in the piches he won't last long enough in the game to get in the pass gas without giving up. It's the ability to set down and dish out your best when you are up against it and work yourself out of holes that makes the great ballplayer, and it is the same qualifications that make the successful business man. It's all well enough to say that the guy who is there with the goods never gets into holes and doesn't have to work himself out of them, but take it from me, that guy hasn't been born yet. The National Commission doesn't know anything about holes and doesn't have to work in the business directory either.

"I know that there are a lot of mame heads who will try to throw it into you that ballplaying is solely a physical accomplishment, and I'll admit that it doesn't take the same brand of brain goods that it does to run a bank or boost the Beef Trust, but you can take my tip that there are a blamed sight more ball games won with the head than with the hands and feet. Some wise guy has handed out the dope that the eye is the

window of the soul, and that a man's character and mental qualities are mirrored in his face, and it is this reason that you can pipe off a good ballplayer, a blamed sight quicker, by looking into his mug than by examining his limbs like you would a racehorse. It is character, temperament and mental acumen more than physical ability that makes the classy player stick out from the dubs like a mole on a debutante's nose. Did you ever see a good ballplayer with a sissy face? Not on your life. The guy who can pull off an unexpected play in the presence of a howling mob of bughouse fans and get his pitcher out of a hole when he is up against it; who can grab his cudgel in a pinch and slam out the hit that cleans the bases, has determination and cool judgment plastered over his mug so deep that it fills him forever as a candidate for honors at a beauty show, but somehow when one of these mugs toes the pan in a pinch and sticks out his jaw at the pitcher the fans feel that something is going to happen. The bugs can split their larynxes yelling vile names and coating aspersions on the personal beauty of a ballplayer's front-piece if they want to, but just the same when the guy with a jaw like a bear trap and eyes like the glitter of cold steel toes the pan for the home team the home fans feel that they have a chance for their money."

"I guess you've got us sized up about right, Dad," interjected "Shorty." "I know I'd hate like stunder to risk any coin on this bunch at a beauty show."



THE GUY WHO GRINS IN THE FACE OF TROUBLE AND LETS OUT A FEW EXTRA KINKS IN THE PINCHES IS THE KID WHO WILL SUCCEED IN ANY BUSINESS.

player should sacrifice everything on the altar of baseball. Dad," spoke up the manager. "Yet I'll gamble that if you saw a banker who thought of