



Martin, in apparent rage, left the coaching lines, vaulted over the railing, ran toward Kid Sax, and deliberately struck him in the face.

"How long since you talked to her?"

"Haven't had a good chance in a month. She's foolish about that 'Red' Gilligan—thinks him the funniest man in the world. He's always giving her new tips. She's had him out to her home two or three times for dinner, and he punched one of the players the other day for referring to her as 'that piece of calico.'"

"Now, listen, Jack," began one of the embryo magnates, proceeding cautiously. "Of course we don't want you to do anything crooked, you understand, but you've got the chance of making things so unpleasant for her that she'll quit."

"That wouldn't get me anything," observed the manager. "I've got to win ball games or I lose my rep as a manager."

"That's all right; keep trying to win," was explained, "but do other things to make it unpleasant. If you get away with it you get one-third of the club when she gets ready to sell—and nobody'll ever be wise. We'll put up the money. I know the president of the league wants us in, because he can't stand for that stuff of a woman being at the head of a club."

The next morning there appeared a cartoon in the local paper depicting Martin attired in a dress with a split skirt. That decided him. Why should a woman have the right to operate a baseball club, he argued to himself, just because her uncle had made her his heir? Why shouldn't he be a magnate? His long service in the

league certainly entitled him to it. Besides that, Jack continued to convince himself, there wasn't any reason why he should be made a fool of just to satisfy a woman's foolish whims. His wife didn't like the idea of him having a woman boss, anyway.

It was along in June, after the club had wound up its first western trip, that Jack Martin showed signs of increased irritability. He had done everything that his wits could suggest to make life miserable for the woman magnate, but she held on with dogged tenacity. In fact, her enthusiasm had increased. The club had not won more than half its games, but the auditor's report showed that the Graylegs had made 20 per cent more money than during the corresponding period of the previous year, when they were winning.

On several occasions Martin had willfully started wrangles with the umpires so as to get the club in trouble, only to find that the crowd had doubled in numbers the following day. Miss Arnold's popularity, as well as the novelty of a club with a woman magnate, had made the Graylegs the best advertised team in the country. She needed no press agent.

Other magnates grew envious and that, added to disappointment over their friends not having been able to buy the club, had really turned the entire working machinery of the league against the fair

owner of the Graylegs. The president of the league took no sides openly, but frequently gave vent to anger over the fact that he had a woman to deal with instead of a man who could understand and help promote his various policies. Miss Arnold invariably upset them.

"The only thing I can suggest," said a member of the league directors at a meeting of the would-be purchasers, still urging Jack Martin to force Miss Arnold to sell, "is to make her forfeit the franchise. Looks tough to make her lose the whole thing, but as long as she insists on sticking, it's her own funeral."

"Exactly what do you mean?" inquired the manager.

"It's merely a suggestion, of course," the board member explained diplomatically, "but if the Graylegs should fail to play a scheduled game or two, for instance, that would be a violation of the constitution, and I don't see anything that I could do but vote to forfeit the franchise."

"I get you," Jack replied, "but that's ticklish business, with me having a contract and everything. At that I have a hunch that most of the players wouldn't mind a switch. Of course, there's that Gilligan in the way."

"You can release him, can't you?"

"Might be done," admitted Martin. "I'll think it over."

A few days later "Red" ran into "Butch" Evans, his pal on the team, a

couple of blocks from his hotel. "Butch" was plainly perturbed.

"Say, 'Red,'" he said, "the gang has a tip that Jack Martin has asked waivers on you."

"Where does he want to send me?" asked Gilligan, surprised.

"Bushes, I guess," Evans replied, "but I don't believe the lady boss'll stand for it, eh?" and he nudged Gilligan in the ribs.

"Miss Arnold will have nothing to do with it, 'Butch.'" If Jack wants to fire me he can go as far as he likes. Have all the clubs waived on me?"

"Not yet, but you know Martin. He can fix it if he starts out."

Gilligan understood thoroughly. Martin had a reputation of being able to fix anything in baseball. "Red" also realized that he was rapidly going back as a ball player, and if Martin wanted to get rid of him he had ample excuse.

Leaving Evans at the corner, Gilligan turned into the hotel and was surprised to see Jack Martin coming out, accompanied by "Kid" Sax, a one-time boxer, but now a hanger-on around baseball clubhouses. Behind them were several players, cronies of Martin, who Gilligan knew did not live there. None of them saw him.

It struck the outfielder as passing strange that this party should have been together at this time of night.

The following afternoon Gilligan noticed Martin in earnest conversation with