



Shortly before the game ended, Barney Larkin came upon the field, all excitement. He rushed up to the Giant-killers' bench, exclaiming that he had lost his gold watch fob. After the last man was out Barney had twenty willing baseball workers and both umpires raking the field for the fob that the saloonkeeper was holding for a reward!

According to Barney's prophecy, Tris Ford, kind-hearted soul, advertised for the "lost" keepsake. Waiting in Chicago when the Giant-killers arrived was a telegram, charges collect, which read: "Fob found. Send on ten-dollar reward."

But it wasn't Barney's escapades that troubled the manager so much as the effect his raw behavior might have on the morale of the team. This, too, despite the acknowledged reputation enjoyed by the Giant-killers sans Larkin of being the cleanest and most gentlemanly bunch of ball players in the country.

The club was proud of such a reputation. This was what worried Tris Ford. He felt on anxiety lest Barney corrupt the team. What the manager expected was a call-down from his own men. Perhaps something like this:

"Look a-here, Tris! We care something for our good name if you don't. If one rotten apple will spoil the whole barrel, it's a sure thing one ronder like Barney Larkin will ruin our reputation for decency and gentlemanly conduct. Barney leaves a red trail all over the circuit, and we're getting tired of it. If you think there's nothing to our profession except winning ball games, why we'll try something else. And this goes!"

No, Tris Ford didn't want to have to answer back to unanswerable talk like that. Neither did he care to part company with Barney Larkin just yet—not while the temperamental twirler was holding the Giant-killers to the fore of the championship race and incidentally proving himself the best drawing card in the American league. If the team could be brought to look upon Barney as a weak brother—somebody without the pale of the Giant-killers' society—and would tolerate him for the worth of his pitching arm, the club might contrive to scale the heights and win another pennant. It was for the boys themselves to decide. Tris would have it out with them through their natural leader, Win Shute.

It has been intimated elsewhere that a good story hangs about the discovery and capture of James Winton Shute—"Win" to his team mates as to his college intimates. Suffice it that he was captain of the varsity nine at the big university, and so devoted was he to the national pastime that he was eager to cut short his collegiate training at the end of his junior year and join the Giant-killers. But Tris Ford wouldn't listen to it. He insisted that James Winton finish his education; and ever after, when Shute considered his bachelor of arts degree with pride and satisfaction, he never failed to thank Tris Ford for his part in the capture of it. Ford alone could have kept the budding ball player in college.

Two years after graduation Shute was a regular on the Giant-killers' team, playing second base. He was batting well over .300 and covering second as though he had invented the position and was continually improving his invention. He had earned the sobriquet of the "pepper-box" for the obvious reason that he infused life and go into the club. He was in the game every minute, playing always for the team, never for himself.

And—his lips had never known the taste of liquor, as Ira Landis oratorically said one time at a public banquet; neither did the great second-sacker smoke. No wonder Tris Ford looked upon him as a model ball player and sought his counsel. James Winton Shute sat at the manager's right at the meetings of the strategy board.

Events hastened Tris Ford's consultation with Win Shute about Barney. First of all, Shute was suffering the tortures of Job with a nasty boil on his groin—the one spot where such an affliction can most harass an active ball player. Tris Ford, sympathetic to a fault, had told Win to stay out of the game.

"With the team in a batting slump, the pitching staff wobbly, and a lead of less than two games? Not on your life, Tris! You may get the umpire to order me off the field, but I'll not quit for anybody else—got that?"

Getting back from the grounds, the team found Barney in the hotel lobby, mixing it up with the hotel porter, a friendly soul, who had tried to lure the "full" pitcher into the privacy of his bedroom. At sight of Tris Ford, Barney sobered up temporarily and lurched into the elevator—and heavily against Win Shute.

It was the much-advertised last tale of straw. Barney's kicking over the traces and upsetting the chariot of victory in such a crisis was too much for James Winton Shute. He spoke his mind:

"If Ford doesn't tie a can to you tomorrow the so-called hundred-thousand-dollar infield will look like a plugged nickel. Barney, you're not worth a d—n to anybody but the undertaker—and he'd be taking a long chance, for I don't know who'd give up a dollar to bury you. You're nothing but an ordinary bum."

There was a split second when it appeared likely Barney would strike Shute. Tris Ford, who had crowded into the elevator unseen at the last moment, scented trouble, contrived to worm his way in front of Barney. He gripped the pitcher's wrists and held them like a vise. The danger was averted. But that evening after dinner, when Shute was sitting in his room reading, the manager came to him and unobscured himself. To gether they discussed Barney's peculiar case from every possible viewpoint.

"You put him in his right class—a bum," began Tris.

"But I oughtn't to have said it," admitted Win.

"Never mind about that—you were justified in saying 'most anything'—you playing for the club when you should be in bed."

"Cut that out, Tris! I want the pennant—want to get into the world series money again—you know it."

"So do we all of us," agreed Ford.

"And there'll be no pennant this season if we can't get Barney Larkin—that's a cinch." Tris Ford suppressed a sigh of pure relief. He now ventured to remark:

"If you boys want me to let Barney go, why—he goes! You won't have to say the word twice. It's up to you."

"We can't win without him—you appreciate that, Tris. He's a weakling, and we've got to get along with him somehow or other."

James Winton Shute exercised his gray matter for a brief space of time; then his face brightened and he proposed:

"Have a scheme—why not appoint a keeper for Barney?"

"A keeper?" Tris smiled, but shook his head.

"Some one to look after him—never leave him a minute, 'cept when he's snoring," elaborated Shute.

"Fraid he wouldn't stand for it," argued Tris; "and if he did, in a week he'd lead his keeper astray."

Win laughed. "But you don't quite get me. Barney mustn't be wise to this keeper, and the keeper must be firewater proof."

"I got you—but where'd you find the man?"

"Right in our squad—Steadman—young giant left-hander we have."

"But I'm going to send him to the minors, to keep the squad down to twenty-five men." This was the league's rule—from May 15 to August 15.

"You were going to," corrected Shute with a grin; "but on second guess you've decided to keep him to

yourself."

"Yes; I don't fish."

Larkin—greatest left-hander of his generation."

Tris Ford flashed his smile of understanding. Then he asked:

"Why do you pick Steadman for the job of keeper?"

"Because he doesn't drink a drop, because in a scuffle he's heavy and strong enough to take care of Barney and put him to sleep, because Barney likes him, and because they have a great common bond."

"A common bond?" Tris looked incredulous.

"Sure—they're both disciples of Isak Walton."

"You mean—"

"They'll fish all day, both of them, without getting a single bite, and go home happy at night."

"Say! I'll stock a trout pond near the ball park and build Barney a bungalow on the shore," said Tris.

Player and manager laughed with the fervor of a couple of kids.

"I'll revise my list and hold on to Steadman," promised Ford.

"If you say so," said Win. "I'll coach the youngster in his new position. Next to Barney, he likes me better. I think, than any man on the club."

"Next to Barney?" questioned Tris.

"Yes; I don't fish."

And thus, to the surprise of the catching force, was Ernest Steadman retained with the Giant-killers. Two men only, Tris Ford and Win Shute, shared Steadman's secret that he was officially the weakling's keeper. Steadman stuck to Barney Larkin closer than a brother.

"Damon and Piscatorius," Shute had dubbed the pair. And, kept fairly well in leash, Barney Larkin was a big factor in the winning of many a ball game.

Before the season was embarked in the Official Baseball Guide, Tris Ford exhibited the first signs of age. Long, lean, and immobile, never batting an eye in the most trying situations, he had been wont to follow the game from the dugout. A fiction there was that he signaled with his score card; but otherwise he was as impassive as the copper head on a penny—until the homestretch of this nerve-breaking season. Then, as the scribes put it, he began to act like an ordinary, flesh-and-blood human being. He moved restlessly upon the bench, sometimes signaled brazenly to a player, and was occasionally known to give vent to disappointment or disgust by actually slipping his knee in public. He was not the same Tris Ford—not by an obstreperous nervous system.

But who, save a block of lignum-vitae, wouldn't have allowed his deep concern to be occasionally seen? From the middle of August, when the Western clubs made their last journey east, the Giant-killers were scheduled, week after week, to "blow"—that is, to drop back in the race. This dis-

aster threatened many times. Once the team was two full games behind the Red Sox, then leaders; but lowly Washington surprised the president, the vice president, senators and congressmen by beating the "Speed Boys" four straight, and thus taking second place. Collaterally, the senators helped the Giant-killers back into first position.

Came the very last week of the season with more excitement than the nation's fans had ever experienced. The pennants in both the major leagues were in doubt! The Giants, expected to "repeat" and again participate in a cut-throat struggle with the Phillies. If New York broke even, the championship banner would again float from the Giants' stadium. But if the Phillies won three out of four, then Father Penn would carry off the flag. This series opened on Tuesday.

In the American the Giant-killers had to keep ahead to win. A game and a half separated Tris Ford's charges from the Chicago White Sox. Here, however, there was no rival clash. The two clubs had met for the last time, and honors were even. Washington must beat the Giant-killers and Chicago must win from Detroit in order to bring one end of the world series into Lakeville. Those two "deciding" combats began a day later.

The fan's diary had these entries: Tuesday night—Phillies and New York tied in the National.

Wednesday night—Giant-killers still a game and a half ahead in the American; New York leading in the National.

Thursday before dinner—Teams tied again in the National; but a half game between Giant-killers and White Sox in the American.

Friday night—Phillies win the pennant!

(To be continued.)

PORTLAND ANGLERS SET OUT FROM BEND

State Game Warden A. E. Burghdoff, Master Fish Warden R. C. Clanton and Carl D. Shoemaker, former state game warden, headed three carloads of Portland sportsmen who arrived in Bend this morning and left shortly after, accompanied by Forest Supervisor N. G. Jacobson and District Game Warden H. McDonald, for Elk lake.

Five more cars filled with anglers chiefly from out of town points, left the Pilot Butte Inn this morning, headed for Odell lake, Twin lakes, Square lakes, the Metolius and Crane Prairie.

DEATH FOLLOWS SHORT ILLNESS

Mrs. Beatrice Langford, aged 25 years, daughter of Mrs. C. E. Nichols, passed away at 6 o'clock on Friday as the result of septicemia. Funeral services will be held at 3 o'clock tomorrow afternoon from the Niswonger chapel and the body will be taken to Portland on the night train for burial.

WOMAN FIGHTS TO REGAIN PET CAT

Angered at the action of her neighbor, Mrs. Agnes M. Davis in taking into custody a cat which Mrs. Davis claimed had been killing chickens, Mrs. J. D. Whitehead, of Jefferson Place, seized Mrs. Davis by the hair, pulling her over the fence separating the two yards, and badly mauling her. Mrs. Davis alleged in a complaint charging assault which came to light yesterday in police court. Mrs. Whitehead also retrieved the cat, the complaining witness said.

Mrs. Whitehead pleaded guilty to the charge, and paid a fine of \$10.

CARELESS CAMPERS BLAMED FOR FIRES

Although several small fires have been reported in the last few days in and near the national forest, but little damage has been done, according to Forest Supervisor N. G. Jacobson. The largest was in the Big River section, in lodgepole and yellow pine, and covered 100 acres. All resulted from neglected campers' fires.

FATHER ANXIOUS TO LEARN OF SON

Anxious to learn the fate of his son, William, whose last letter was sent two months ago from Bend, David Waggoner of Lee, Ore., today wired Chief of Police Nixon. Waggoner states that his son, accompanied by his family, reached

Bend by wagon and intended to cross the mountains on his way to Lee. Since then he has not been heard from.

Put it in The Bulletin.

MILLIONS FOR SPARE MOMENTS

The International Correspondence Schools of Scranton, Pennsylvania, celebrated their twenty-seventh anniversary in October, 1919, with an enrollment of over 2,000,000 students. Thousands of these students have figured in dollars and cents the actual value to them of the spare moments devoted to the study of I.C.S. technical courses and other subjects ranging from Advertising and Salesmanship to Agriculture and Poultry Husbandry.

\$93.00 an hour has been figured by many of these students to be a conservative estimate to them of the value of the spare moments spent in study of I.C.S. Courses.

Reports on 27,000 typical students show 14,999 now receiving \$1,500 a year or more; 2,451 receiving \$2,500 or more; 415 receiving \$5,000 or more; 29 receiving \$10,000 or more; and 8 with annual incomes of \$25,000 or more.

In the twenty-seven years of its existence the I.C.S. has enrolled six times as many students as Harvard in the two hundred and seventy-eight years since its organization; more than ten times the total enrollment of Yale since its doors swung open in 1701; more than five times the total enrollment of all of the colleges, universities and technical schools in the United States combined.

A letter or a post card will bring complete information regarding the subject in which you are interested.

International Correspondence Schools

International Correspondence Schools
Box 1616, Scranton, Pa.

Explain fully about your Course in the subject marked X:

- ADVERTISING
- Window Trimmer
- Railroad Trainman
- Illustrating
- BOOKKEEPER
- Stenog. and Typist
- Railway Accountant
- TRAFFIC MANAGER
- Commercial Law
- GOOD ENGLISH
- CIVIL SERVICE
- Railway Mail Clerk
- Automobile Operating
- Poultry Raising
- Auto Repairing
- MATHEMATICS
- AGRICULTURE
- SPANISH
- French
- Italian
- SALESMANSHIP

Name _____

REMOVAL SALE

ON

Farm Machinery!

AT PRICES BELOW PRESENT COST

Owing to the fact that the old building occupied by our business is to be torn down and a new building erected, including the lot adjoining, which we have used for exhibition purposes, we are going to sell our entire stock of Farm Machinery at prices

BELOW PRESENT WHOLESALE COST IN PORTLAND

Included in the lot are---

- 2 Truck Wagons
- 2 Champion Potato Planters
- A Number of Plows and Harrows

COME EARLY AND HAVE YOUR CHOICE

The Pioneer Garage



"Why Do You Pick Steadman for the Job of Keeper?"

Learn the pitching art from Barney