

SUMMARY OF THE
OREGON NEWSThe Rapid Reader's Review of
Recent Reports Rewritten

Josephine, Douglas, Klamath and Jackson counties will cooperate in installing a display at the Panama-Pacific exposition at San Francisco.

Outlook for the walnut crop in the McMinnville district is exceptionally good this year, one tree which is 14 years old having a crop which will produce \$40.

Attorney-General Crawford, in an opinion, holds that delinquency certificates could not be issued by county tax collectors until the expiration of six months after taxes became delinquent.

Manacled and chained, H. A. Miller, mayor of Bend, was marched through the streets and later escorted to the stage of a moving picture theater and there exhibited to a crowded house as a prospective bridegroom.

State Forester Elliott announces the privately-owned stumpage of the state is 9,548,845 acres and that 4,300,130 acres are owned by non-residents. He said that 94 per cent of the timber owners have holding of about 640 acres each and that they amount to 29 per cent of the total privately-owned forest acreage of the state.

The poultry department of the Oregon Agricultural College shipped to the poultry department of the State Insane asylum 100 pullets of the famous egg strain to be used partly for demonstration work in poultry breeding. These pullets have a pedigree declared to be better than that of any other flock of pullets in the world.

A. M. Gooch, a Hood River orchardist, has obtained record returns from his strawberry crop this year and heads the list for production among those shipping through the Apple Growers' association. From a five-acre tract, with berries planted between apple rows, Mr. Gooch shipped 1117 crates, receiving \$1500.

State Forester Elliott has announced that the federal government would cooperate this year with his department by appropriating \$10,000 for use in patrolling timber lands at the headwaters of navigable streams. The forester said that the money would be used when the danger from fire appeared to be greatest. It will provide about 60 fire-fighters.

Frank Meredith, secretary of the Oregon State Fair, announces that the special prizes for the dairy exhibits this year would be much more costly and numerous than ever before in the history of the association. The prizes were obtained by A. H. Lea, superintendent of the department, who has written to Mr. Meredith that he expects to add more prizes to the list which already has been forwarded to him.

The postoffice department has accepted the proposal of the Southern Pacific company to carry parcel post by boat between Portland by North Bend to Marshfield and back as often as the contractor may operate the boats at the rate of 2 cents per pound. The proposal of Oscar F. Jacobsen to transport mail by boat between Newport and Yaquina station has been accepted.

The Benton county court has authorized Sam H. Moore, of Corvallis, to represent the county at the Good Roads convention at Medford the last of this month. Mr. Moore is the originator of a plan to use convict labor in the manufacture of road materials, state roads also to receive state aid in materials and convict labor, so far as available. He advocates the purchase by the state of a shale and rock or cement plant and the operation of the plant with convict labor. He believes that the convicts will be doing labor not likely to be done by paid labor.

In addition to increasing by \$60,000 the cost limit of the Pendleton post-office building, the senate has passed the bill appropriating \$100,000 for two fish culture stations on the Columbia river in Oregon. The senate also passed the bill appropriating \$50,000 to establish a fishery experiment station at some point on the Pacific coast to be designated by the secretary of commerce, and the bill appropriating \$1200 for Thomas Coyle on account of the death of his child Mar. 16, 1887, caused by a blast of powder at the Cascade Locks, incident to the construction of the canal. A bill was passed authorizing officials of the Olalla diking district in Olalla Slough, Lincoln county, Oregon.

All efforts of the general assembly of the Presbyterian church to wage a fight for prohibition in the northwest will be centered in Oregon next fall, if plans embodied in two sets of resolutions adopted by the synod of the Presbyterian church of Oregon at Eugene are carried out. That body endorsed the Anti-Saloon League, the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and the Presbyterian prohibition organization, but refused its support to the prohibition party and instead requested that the National temperance committee of the general assembly place in the hands of a local committee the greater part of \$50,000 at the disposal of that assembly committee for the fight on the coast, for use in this state alone.

Big League Stories

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

VIII—THE COMEBACK

From "The Ten Thousand Dollar Arm and Other Tales of the Big League"

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FAME is a shadow, reputation is a bubble, and fifteen years is a long time, but there may be some who recall Solomon Lee, who pitched the Corsairs to two penants before the bright lights got into his eyes and blinded him.

Lee came up from nowhere with a good right arm, a steady nerve, a strong body and an individual style which set the baseball world ablaze. He copied no pitcher that ever lived, and every move he made was hallmarked with the peculiar individuality of Solomon Lee.

Lee was a sensation for two seasons, and then bright lights got him. He made the common mistake of thinking that youth, strength and nerve force are indestructible qualities. The sputter of the limelight was fatal to Solomon Lee. He loved to have men point him out as he walked along the street. The "sports" flattered him, and he swallowed the flattery with the drinks which they were proud to buy for him. Solomon Lee was "a good feller," which means that he was a combination of a bad fellow and a fool. As an athlete does not last very long after the bright lights begin winking at him.

Solomon Lee began to fade during his third season and snuffed out entirely during his fourth. Ed Terrill, the veteran manager of the Corsairs, found that he could not trade Lee. The once great pitcher was an exploded skyrocket—an empty shell. Nobody wanted him at any price. He had a reputation as a demoralizer, and no manager wants that sort of a player on his payroll.

Solomon heard the mutterings of the approaching storm and paid no attention to them. One morning he picked up his favorite sporting page, and the first paragraph which caught his eye stung him until the red crept into his neck:

Solly Lee is all through as a big leaguer. He will go to the minors next season. It seems a pity to say it, but he will never be missed. He has been an evil influence on the team and has reflected no credit on the national game. His conduct has been a reproach to all decent ball players. His disposition has become a scandal, and, as a result, Solomon Lee, who might have continued on as a great pitcher for years to come, is all done when he should be beginning his career. The memory which he leaves behind him is in the nature of a warning. Men like Solomon Lee add nothing to the dignity of clean sport and leave nothing but a bad name behind them when they go.

That night at the hotel he received no less than fifty letters, all inclosing the same paragraph from the morning paper. Two or three of the writers, friends of the bright light district, urged Solomon to whip the newspaper man, but all the rest were on the other side of the fence.

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 tie the can on you so tight you'll never be able to get it off.

Another:

Read this, you big stiff. We're getting ce to you in this town.

Solomon Lee was not strong on 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.

"Six like Solomon Lee . . . leave nothing but a bad name behind when they go." Nothing but a bad name! That was the phrase which hurt the most. Never once had he looked the situation fairly in the face, and now, at twenty-six, just when he should have been on the crest of the wave of popularity, he found himself in the breakers with the rocks beyond.

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. Terrill never had any use for me, and those stiffs on the bleachers have been after me all season. I'm going, Billy, but I'll be back again. Bet your shirt on that. And I'm going to come back stronger and better than ever. If I could serve Terrill right if some of those other managers got me, and what I'd do to this team would be a shame! Oh, I'll be back!"

"I'm pulling for you," said Bigelow. "Get a whine as early as you can in the spring, cut out the booze this winter and show them that you're still there. Terrill hasn't got it in for you. Solly, you know you've been stepping some pretty heavy beats, and that row you had in St. Louis didn't help matters 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 Terrill send for me."

"That's the stuff!" said Bigelow. Solomon Lee really meant it at the 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 himself. He did not even finish the season with the Class A club.

Next year there was a Lee pitching in an outlaw 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 messengers—that this Lee was the once celebrated Solomon, all in, down and out and drinking like a fish.

After the outlaws dismissed him he dropped out of sight entirely. Solomon Lee became no more than a memory, which stirred slightly in the springtime 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 strongly of Solomon Lee. He has many of the mannerisms of that unfortunate athlete."

Solomon Lee was gone, and he had left nothing but a bad name behind him.

Years wheeled along; teams changed from bat boy to manager; stars of the diamond rose, shone and flickered away into minor league gloom. In time Ed Terrill said goodbye to public life and went out on the western slope of the Rockies, there to raise apples and meditate upon his glorious past.

The owners of the Corsair franchise, casting about for a man to fill Terrill's shoes, went no further than their own infield, where they bit upon the aging Billy Bigelow. The great shortstop 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 payroll.

Billy Bigelow made good as a manager, and out in a timber league in the northwest a fat man with a stubby mustache read the news of Bigelow's promotion in a Seattle paper, and the date line stirred a thousand bitter memories into life. He took pen and paper and set down to write a letter:

Dear Old Friend Billy—I'm glad to see that you got what was coming to you.

Then he set 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

"He's fair, just fair," said Bladinn. "Of course he'd have to be farmed out."

"Lay off of that stuff," growled Smith. "You can't put any of that over on me. Where do you think I was raised—in the woods here? Now, I'm going to tell you something: I've seen all the great pitchers of the past fifteen years. Knew some of 'em well—Mayberry, Harris, Potter, Kinkaid—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 you?"

"That return ball ain't used much any more," said Bladinn. "There was only one man ever had that down line, and that was a fellow named Solomon Lee. If he hadn't been a booze bound he'd have been the greatest pitcher in the world. I saw him once over in Chicago, and somehow this kid's style reminds me of him."

"Now, I'll tell you something else," said Smith quietly. "I knew this fellow Lee, knew him better than most anybody. I know all his stuff. I've seen him work when he was good. I tell you as sure as you live this kid is Solomon Lee right over again—Solomon Lee at his best. He's got every trick that Lee used to have."

"Where'd he get 'em?" asked Bladinn.

"I taught him," said Smith. "I took that kid when he walked into this town looking for a job, and I saw right away that he had everything but the savvy. I've worked with him winter and summer. I've taught him everything he knows. I've made of that kid the living image and double of the greatest pitcher that ever lived. Every time that kid works I can see old Solly Lee in the box. He's got everything Lee ever had, I tell you."

"Huh!" said Bladinn. "Is he a booze fighter too?"

"Don't know what it tastes like," snarled Smith. "What do you want for him?" asked Bladinn curiously. "Not a red cent!" snapped Smith. "What?"

"Not a cent. I've trained that kid for just one thing—to win a pennant for Billy Bigelow. He's going to that club or he won't go anywhere. Holly was up, nooting around for the Reds, and Slattery of the Pink Sox was here last month. I started 'em both away. I'm going to make just one stipulation—no two."

"Name 'em," said Bladinn. "In the first place, you're not to tell Billy Bigelow anything about what I said about training this kid for him. In the second place, I want you to take this boy at the end of our season here—that's early in September—and promise me that you will see that he gets a tryout before the big season closes."

"I'm in," said Bladinn. "You think he's good?"

"I don't think I know."

"Look here," said Bladinn abruptly. "You say you trained this kid, you taught him all this stuff. Now, how could you do that? If he's another Solomon Lee?"

"Never you mind how I did it," said Smith. "I've made you a business proposition. Does it go or not?"

"All right," said Bladinn.

"You're on," said the scout. "And I don't mind telling you that you've skinned yourself out of a nice chunk of money. I was going to grab him anyway and take no chances on the draft."

"His name is Bud Marsh," said Bladinn's informant. "And Smith has had him three years. He's a rip roarer!"



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WONDERFUL TOWER OF JEWELS AND SOUTH GARDENS.

At the left is shown the Tower of Jewels, 480 feet high, and the south facade of the main palace, fronting on half a mile of subtropical gardens of the Panama-Pacific International Exposition, to open in San Francisco in 1915. At the right is the Festival Hall.

"You bet you was going to take him," said Smith warmly. "If I had to jam him down your throat! I wished him on you!"

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 proceeded 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 money to know that you could pitch like that old horse."

Mike Mulrooney, the old time catcher, who was in his prime when Solly Lee was burning up the big league and who now devoted his time to working 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. "This ghost I've seen today. This kid—this Marsh—d'ye know who he is? What he is? None but old Solly Lee come back to life. It's the truth I'm telling ya, Billy. Wait till ye see him go. Every little wiggle in that box, every move of his hands, the funny windup, everything even to the return strike—Solly Lee, to the T! If he's 'B'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 solemnly. "He says a man named Smith taught it to him out in the bushes somewhere. I tell ya, he'll give ye a chill the first time ye see him come back with that return ball. It's like catchin' 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 selected, 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 Mulrooney 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 steppin' into a soap parlor."

Then the boy began to pitch, and the two men watched him breathlessly. "Where did he get it?" said Bigelow. "Look at that windup! 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. "I've mind the way he kind of checks 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 fanned 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 of memory, started across the field toward the clubhouse. A fat man with a stubby mustache dropped out of the

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"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?"

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 dinner together, and Solomon Lee, running true to his old time form, took more than was good for him. Billy Bigelow also, alleging that the occasion warranted it, stepped down from the water wagon, but wet no more than the soles of his feet.

"You're 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 team the money off?"

"Now, I'm going to tell you something," 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 behind 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 oldtimers would know where he got the stuff. I wanted you to recognize 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 from the other scouts. I scared them off when they wanted to talk about him. I wanted to save him for you, but I didn't want him to go until he was ripe. When I had him in shape—when I'd given him all my stuff and watched him to use it naturally and easy—I tipped it off in the right place, and Bladinn came up to look him over."

"This kid's got everything that I can give him, Billy—everything but a thirst for this!"

Solomon Lee lifted the champagne bottle and refilled his glass, watching the tiny bubbles curiously as they raced to the surface.

"He's the fellow I might have been if I'd got started right—but you know how it was with me. I got to traveling with the wrong bunch. He mustn't do that, Billy. He's a good kid. He doesn't know what booze tastes like, and he's got a nice girl back there in the bushes. That'll help some. I'd have been better off if I—well, never mind that. Billy, I've taken a lot of pains with this boy. He's just like a son to me, and he's got to make good where I fell down. He must be the fellow Solomon Lee might have been but for this stuff."

The manager nodded his gray head over his empty glass.

"You've squared it, Solly," he said gently. "Don't think any more about it. You've made good. It's all right now. Come on; let's get out into the air. We've had enough of this stuff."

An Original Oath of Allegiance.

In the old days when the Spanish province of Aragon was a proud and independent monarchy the people used when choosing their king the following singular form of election:

"We the freeborn inhabitants of the ancient kingdom of Aragon, who are equal to you, Don Philip, and something more, elect you to be our king on condition that you preserve to us our rights and privileges. If in life you should fail we own you for our king no longer."

Revere Attack of Cholera.

R. E. Cram, who travels in Virginia and other Southern States, was taken suddenly and severely ill with cholera. At the first onset he came to the merchant recommended Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. Two doses of it cured him. No one should leave home on a journey without a bottle of this preparation. For sale by all druggists.—Advertisement.

Best Diarrhoea Remedy.

If you have ever used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy you know that it is a success. Sam F. Guin, Whatley, Ala., writes, "I had measles and caught on in the rain, and it settled in my stomach and bowels. I had an awful time, and had it not been for Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy I could not possibly have lived but a few hours longer, but thanks to this remedy, I am now well and strong." For sale by all druggists.—Advertisement.

MEN OF PROGRESS.

Of no use are the men who study to do exactly as was done before, who can never understand that today is a new day. We want men of original perception and original action, who can open their eyes wider than to a nationality—namely, to considerations of benefit to the human race—can act in the interest of civilization; men of elastic mind, of moral mind, who can live in the moment and take a step forward.—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

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