

WON IN ——— THE NINTH

Copyright
1917
by
The
Lippincott
Company
Philadelphia



CHRISTY MATHEWSON

Christmas 1911

To Walter

From Jennie.

The Bancroft Library

University of California • Berkeley





"Just as the ball was going over his head straight as a bullet, he put up his right hand and caught the ball."

WON IN THE NINTH

BY

CHRISTOPHER MATHEWSON

THE FAMOUS PITCHER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS

THE FIRST OF A SERIES
OF STORIES FOR BOYS ON
SPORTS TO BE KNOWN AS
THE MATTY BOOKS

EDITED BY W. W. AULICK

THE WELL-KNOWN WRITER ON SPORTS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY

FELIX MAHONY

NEW YORK

R. J. BODMER COMPANY

1910

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY
R. J. BODMER COMPANY

THE NEW YORK BOOK COMPANY, SALES AGENTS
NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEDICATION

To the memory of Henry Chadwick, "The Father of Baseball," whose life was centered in the sport, and who, by his rugged honesty and his relentless opposition to everything that savored of dishonesty and commercialism in connection with the game, is entitled to the credit, more than any other, of the high standing and unsullied reputation which the sport enjoys to-day, and to the boys who love the great American game I dedicate this book.

C. M.



WON IN THE NINTH

CHAPTER I

THE WINTER TERM

“EYAH! EYAH! Hughie, RAH-RAH.” A wiry red-haired boy about twenty-three years old swung lightly from the train with a big valise in his hand into a crowd of college boys in caps and heavy ulsters. They gathered round him at once, and while one crowd took charge of his valise, he was lifted on to the shoulders of a half dozen fellows and carried through the streets to his rooms in Elihu Dormitory. In a twinkling his rooms and the halls outside were blocked with the lads of Lowell who had come to welcome the most popular boy in school, Hughie Jenkins.

It was the day of the opening of the winter term of the University. Hughie Jenkins had been the successful manager for three years of the College Baseball team and on the Thanksgiving Day previous, Hughie as Captain of the Football Eleven, with the help of the other members of the team, had won the College Championship for the first time in five years.

The boys of Lowell University had never been

WON IN THE NINTH

very successful in football against their old rivals at Jefferson, and the fellows were so chock-full of enthusiasm over it that they had not yet had enough opportunity to satisfy it. As each of the members of the team had arrived he had been welcomed in much the same way, but the great welcome was, of course,



"Good old Hughie Jenkins.
was back"

given to "good old Hughie" as they called him, and now that he was with them again it was possible, taking the boys' view of it, for the work of the University to go on.

As Captain Larke had said, "Hughie is entitled to all the credit we can give him. He has been a wonder at baseball because he has always kept the boys fight-

THE WINTER TERM

ing hard to win, no matter what the score was, and we have won many a game just because we wanted to do our best for him, and the way he made us get out and win in the last few minutes of the big football game kind of shows that he knows how to put them over."

"That's right," said Kirkpatrick, who was right end on the team, "if good old Hughie hadn't put some of the fight back in us when that old score was 0 to 0 in the last five minutes of play, and then himself kicked that field goal from Jefferson's twenty-five-yard line, we wouldn't have won."

"Well," said Hughie, "this is fine all right, boys. We did win, didn't we! and it's very kind of you to try to give me all the credit, but if it hadn't been for the other ten fellows on the team, I guess I couldn't have done very much, and anyway it took eleven pretty good men to beat that team from Jefferson."

Then, turning to Johnny Everson he said, "Gee, I wish the snow would melt. I'd like to find out what kind of new fellows we have who can play baseball."

And that was just like Hughie. Here it was winter, with snow on the ground, and a month or two of cold weather still in sight. He had hardly got rested from the football campaign, and now he was wishing it was time to get out the bats, balls, and masks!

"It gets me," said Delvin to Gibbie over in one corner, "how that old boy hustles and is thinking about all kinds of things all the time, but I guess that's the way to win out."

WON IN THE NINTH

“In time of peace prepare for war,” said Hughie. “Now I am wondering right now whom we are going to get to take the place of old boy Penny on first (Fred Penny had been the sensation of the college world at the first bag), and who will take Johnny King’s place as catcher and will he be able to work that delayed throw trick with Johnny Ever-son and the shortstop? And by the way, who is going to take Joe Brinker’s place at short, besides the couple of other places that are vacant?”

“Boys,” continued Hughie, “this is going to be my last year at school here. You fellows have helped me win the championship before. It’s all right about the football business, but this last year with you, we’ve simply got to have another winning nine. Let’s give a good old cheer for the football boys, and then let’s give another for the grand old game of ball, and then you go and tell all the fellows who can play ball that I want to see them in the cage next week, and tell all of them that think they can play ball to come, too. Sometimes some of these chaps who think they can’t do it turn out the best of all.”

And that evening when the boys got talking by themselves they forgot all about football, and the fellows who had been to school last year had to tell all over again about the wonderful stunts that Lowell boys had pulled off in the past, just as if most of them hadn’t heard them all before.

“Say, Johnny,” said Fred Larke, a Junior from Kansas and Captain of the Baseball Nine, to Johnny

THE WINTER TERM

Everson, "I was trying to tell Robb here (Robb was from Georgia) how Johnny King and you and Joe Brinker figured out that delayed-throw-to-second trick that won that game from Princeville last year."

"Well," said Johnny, "it didn't really win the game, you know, because we were ahead then, but it kept the other fellows from winning. You see, some one said to us in the visitors' dressing room of Bailey Oval that Walker of the Princeville team was a slow thinker. 'I have a new trick for fellows that can't think quick,' said King, the catcher, and he explained it to us so we would be on the job if the chance came. Sure enough it did.

"In the last half of the ninth inning of the game with Princeville College, the Lowell boys were one run to the good. Princeville College was at bat, of course.

"Walker, the first man up, had gotten to first on a hit and reached second on a sacrifice and he was the lad they said didn't think quick. This was just the thing we figured might happen. King had said, 'If that fellow gets on second, I can pull off this new trick, which I call the delayed throw. Let Joe cover the bag and Johnny stall.' On the first ball pitched, this Walker took a big lead off second, and Brinker covered the bag, King motioned quick as if to throw, and I stood still. Walker first started back toward second, but when he saw that King didn't throw he slowed down. Brinker, walking back to his place at short, said to Walker, 'We'd have got you that time, old boy, if King had thrown

WON IN THE NINTH

the ball.' For just one fatal moment Walker turned around to answer Brinker's remark and in that instant King threw the ball to me as I hustled for the bag. Of course, I caught it and jabbed it against the runner and before he knew how it was done, he was out.

"Of course you couldn't work that on a real live player, but we won the game on that play because the next batter drove out a long single on which Walker could have scored. Looking at it one way, it was won in the dressing room because that's where we fixed up the scheme."

"It pays to keep thinking about the game all the time, doesn't it?" commented Larke.

That brought up the other story of another game with Biltmore University a couple of years before which Lowell lost, and Everson had to tell that, too.

"I wasn't there," said Everson, "because it was two years ago, which was before my time, and there was a whole lot of luck about it, too, but it was this way. There were three on bases and Merry, our mighty slugger, at bat with two out. Score was 3 to 0 against us and it was our last half of the ninth, too; Merry hit the first ball pitched for a homer over the right field fence, and four runs would have scored, only for little Willie Keefer, right fielder for Biltmore, who was playing well out toward the fence.

"The grounds were down by the railroad and right field was down hill and rough. Inside, the fence sloped at an angle of 65 degrees, being straight on

THE WINTER TERM

the outside and covered with signs. Willie started with the crack of the bat, leaped upon the slope of the fence and started to run along it, going higher and higher and just as the ball was going over his head, straight as a bullet, he put up his right hand, and caught the ball fairly; then Willie went over the fence with the ball in his mitt, rolling over in the dirt.

“Willie climbed back over the fence, and the runs didn't count because while the umpire couldn't see it plainly, our fellows in the right bleachers could see Willie all the time and they were, of course, square enough to say that the ball was fairly caught, even if it did lose the game for us.”

And so they talked and talked until long after time to be in bed, and told all the stories about the great Lowell clubs of the past, the great pitchers, the catchers and the fielders; and the fellows called it the first meeting of the Hot Stove League of Lowell University 19—. This talking League lasted through part of February, by which time the freshies who had done wonders on the high-school teams at home, and who had come to Lowell with high hopes of making the team, had a pretty good idea of the kind of enthusiasm and loyalty and, most important, the hard work they would have to show to get on the team at Lowell.

The night of Hughie Jenkins' return a boyish-looking chap, who had come all the way from California to Lowell University, only five months before, wrote a long letter to his folks back home, and

WON IN THE NINTH

among other things he said the boys had begun to talk baseball, and he was going to try to be on the team and also that he was going to try for the position of pitcher. Further, that he was going to try for one of the Jerry Harriman Prizes. His name was Case.

CHAPTER II

THE LOWELL SPIRIT

LOWELL UNIVERSITY wasn't one of those little colleges about which books for boys are often written, nor was it just a big college. It was the greatest University in the East. It had thousands of students and hundreds of teachers. It was a rich college with dozens of buildings. A great many hundreds of the boys who had been graduated from it, poor boys and rich boys and medium-fortuned boys, now held high positions in the big world outside.

Two of the boys who had attended school there years before and who had played on its athletic teams had become Presidents of the United States, and every year while these men were in the White House they came to attend the big football and baseball games, and acted just like boys again, while the games were going on at least. Other boys had been made members of the Cabinet and a great many had become Senators and Representatives in Congress while still others had become famous ministers, doctors and merchants.

The students were made up of sons of rich families and poor alike. Boys from the farms and from the city. Of those who were lucky in having rich

WON IN THE NINTH

fathers, there were quite a number at school every year. Some of them had finely furnished rooms, servants, automobiles and other things which a rich man's son generally has, and it must be said that a great many, in fact, most of these boys developed into men of fine character and ability, and made their marks in the world.

A few thought they were better than those who didn't have so much spending money, but they didn't get very far or do so much in the world, either in school or after they got out.

The spirit of Lowell was democratic, and with the exception of these foolish fellows, the sons of the rich associated with the poor fellows, particularly where the honor and fame of the school were at stake.

The poor fellows associated with the rich boys whenever they got a chance. They lived in cheaper rooms and worked a little harder, because the bright boys soon figured out that they would have to hustle to keep up with the rich fellows.

Some of them worked during the vacations and earned enough money to keep them at school during the winter just as they do at other colleges, and some of them looked after furnaces around town, or waited on tables at the boarding houses and did other things to assure their schooling. Fully as many of the poor fellows who had been graduated had become rich and famous in life, and one of the two who had become President of the United States was a poor farmer's boy.

The Faculty of the University wanted the students

THE LOWELL SPIRIT

to mix with each other and didn't want any difference to be shown between rich boys and poor, so they encouraged all athletic games, and this brought about exactly what they wanted. There is nothing like athletics to put boys on a common ground, and a fellow was always welcome to show what he could do.

They had a fine athletic association. The equipment was the best that money could buy. The best coaches in the world were secured to train the boys in the different sports, and everything was done in a business-like way. This made it possible to select the teams on merit alone.

Any fellow who thought he could do something in the line of college sports had only to report for a trial at the proper time, and at the place called for in the notice, and he was given a chance to show what he could do. The merit system picked him out and in that way the best possible team was secured. If he had done one thing better than some other fellow, he got the job, and he could keep it until some other fellow who could do it better turned up and pushed him out of the position.

If a fellow thought he could pitch he was given a chance to show what he could do before the coach who was engaged especially to try out the pitchers. If the coaches thought he "had it in him," they would bring it out. Very often, some young fellow showed up who proved to be a wonder, and he got on the Varsity the first year.

This spirit attracted from all over the country boys who wanted to enter college. It made college

WON IN THE NINTH

life very attractive and more students came every year, and somehow Lowell University got more and more in the habit of having winning teams in most college sports. Likewise, it was usually Lowell boys who carried off the lion's share of the Jerry Hariman Scholarships in baseball.

In baseball, Lowell had most always been the champion. Her basketball and hockey teams were only beaten when outlucked; her crew was beaten but twice in twenty years. Only in football did she seem to fall behind. Year after year she would get a team together that would win its way through the games with the other schools in the East, hardly ever scored against, only to fall before her old time rival college in the West in the final game of the year. This happened in spite of the fact that all of the cunning and ability of her coaches, captains and managers were used to get a team together that could beat Jefferson College.

But this past fall they had finally turned the trick against Jefferson and won for the first time in five years. Half-back last year and Captain and Half-back this year, good old Hughie Jenkins who had won the baseball Championship three times, had done it, and now he was back after the Christmas vacation, and when he had time to think about something besides his studies he would be thinking about baseball and the gaps in last year's winner that would have to be filled because the old standbys like Fred Penny, Johnny King, Joe Brinker and others had been graduated.

THE LOWELL SPIRIT

“Well,” said Hughie one evening about the middle of January, to his roommate and chum, Johnny Everson, “I have about five weeks before the 15th of February to dream that the new fellows who think they can play ball are going to be as good as the old boys and I am going to have another winner this year, if—well, we just have to win the Championship this year, that’s all.”

Little did he know that among those who had seen him on the day he got back after the holidays, were almost a half dozen boys who had been in school only five months who would make the Varsity this year, and whose names would be written very near the top of the Roll of Honor in Lowell’s Hall of Fame, and that another fellow, one who was destined to be greater than all the rest, had not yet arrived.

CHAPTER III

GETTING ACQUAINTED

HAROLD CASE mounted the stairs of his boarding house to the little hall room that he had called home for the last five months. It had been his first time away from home and he was lonesome and maybe just a little homesick, for he had come all the way from California to attend school at Lowell. Though he was a poor boy, he had never had to look out for himself before.

Perhaps his room—there was only one small one—helped to make him lonesome. It was comfortably furnished and the meals which Mrs. Malcolm served her student boarder were good, but this was Harold's first white winter. He had lived all of his eighteen years in the balmy climate of the Golden State, and he missed the warm sun and the bright green of the orange leaves and the yellow fruit which he had been used to back home, and he hadn't become accustomed to wearing overcoat and rubbers yet as they did every day here in the East.

He had just come in from class. His feet were wet and he was cold and the register which was supposed to heat his room was cold; for the weather was beginning to get mild for Eastern folks, and they

GETTING ACQUAINTED

had let the furnace fire get low. But it was still too cold and chilly for this boy from the far West, and he was wishing he were back among the fruit groves near his home.

He was lonesome, too, because he missed the chums back home. He had not been fortunate in



making friends during his few months at college. Boys are apt to make friends through the games they play together and Harold was not familiar with the boys' sports that are indulged in during the cold New England winters.

He had never had a pair of skates on in his life and didn't know what it was to skim over the smooth ice with a pair of sharp steel blades fastened to his

2 WON IN THE NINTH

shoes. He had never enjoyed the sensation of coasting or hitching on to bob-sleds, nor had he ever seen snow before coming to Lowell.

Think of living eighteen years, and going to school two-thirds that long, and never being mixed up in a snowball fight!

So you see the fact that it was winter and only winter sports were indulged in put Harold out of it for the time being, and because he wasn't used to the climate, and didn't know what fun winter sports would provide, he rather felt that he didn't care for them, and the other fellows paid little attention to him, and he had not made any friends.

This was hard luck of course, and if the other boys had thought about it at all, they would no doubt have encouraged him to join them, but they were not particularly interested at the moment in anyone who didn't like the things they liked.

As a matter of fact, Harold, as they called him back home, was a really good fellow. He was very boyish looking for his eighteen years. He was a well built fellow, but modest and somewhat backward about pushing himself forward. His hair was brown and his features were good although no one would call him handsome. His eyes were light blue and clear, his mouth was firm, and if the other fellows only knew it, he was as quick as a flash in any game he was familiar with, and he was as graceful as a deer in motion. He could run almost as fast as a deer, too.

His parents were not in easy circumstances and it

GETTING ACQUAINTED

was harder than Harold knew for Mr. Case to spare the money which he did to send him to Lowell. Harold would perhaps have been just as well pleased to attend a college in California (just now when he thought of the cold Eastern winter he wished to goodness that he had), but his father had been a Lowell man, having been graduated with the class of 18—, and while it was a little hard on him financially to do so, he had always wanted Harold to be a Lowell man, and he was willing to work a little more out there in California to do what he wanted for his son. He felt sure Harold would make his mark in the world and he also had an idea that his boy would add something to the fame of Lowell one way or the other.

At the same time the understanding was that after he got out of school and began to earn money, Harold was to pay back this college money, and so while there was enough to be fairly comfortable for his first year, the young fellow always kept in mind the fact that he was in a way living on borrowed money, and that the less he spent the smaller the amount would be to be paid back.

For this reason, he had secured a room in a somewhat cheaper and quieter part of town, some distance away from the campus, instead of taking up his quarters in one of the Student's Halls, and this fact also, and because he was in a house with no other students, served to keep him from making friends as easily as he might. If he had been living where there were a lot of other fellows he would not have

WON IN THE NINTH

been so lonesome, and the boys at Lowell would have known sooner what a grand fellow he was.

Harold looked at his watch to see how long it would be to dinner time, for he had a good appetite even if he was cold, and just then the dinner gong sounded. He went down to the dining room where he found Mrs. Malcolm and her young son, a lad of twelve, already seated at table. The dinner was good, and Harold noticed a more cheerful air in Mrs. Malcolm's conversation. This was rather a surprise as there had been a noticeable lack of laughter in the house lately, at least so he had been thinking.

Mrs. Malcolm was a widow and had come to the college town, thinking she could add something to the small income left her by her husband by establishing herself in the boarding-house business. She had three other rooms to rent, but up to this time Harold had been the only boarder she was lucky enough to get, and lately she had been a little bit discouraged. With a larger house than she needed for herself and son and only one boarder, the increased expense was more than Harold was paying her, so she was losing money on her idea.

This evening, however, she was more cheerful, and she soon gave the reason. She had secured two other students as boarders that day. One was to come that evening, and had taken the room next to Harold's on the same floor, and the other had taken the little room over his on the third floor, but this fellow only rented the room with the privilege of taking his meals where he pleased.

GETTING ACQUAINTED

“The young man who is coming to-night is a freshman like yourself,” said Mrs. Malcolm. “His home is in Texas; I think you will like him and it will be real nice for you to have some one else in the house. His name is Hagner.”

When dinner was over Harold went up to his room to do some studying.

“I feel as though I could be chums with a Mexican greaser to-night,” thought Harold, “and I certainly will be glad to meet him.”

Shortly afterward the door bell rang and Harold heard an expressman bringing a trunk up the stairs, followed by the footsteps of a young man and also a lighter step, no doubt that of Mrs. Malcolm. After a few moments there was a knock at his door, and when he opened it Mrs. Malcolm asked him if she might introduce him to the new boarder, Mr. Hagner.

Harold found a big, raw-boned, awkward-looking German, a young fellow about six feet tall, weighing fully 175 pounds. He was heavy set, bow-legged, and had massive shoulders and long arms, but when he moved around there was a wonderful ease and grace apparent in his movements, which was a surprise.

Mrs. Malcolm soon went out and left the two together in Hagner's room. Harold started to leave, too, saying that he would come in after Hagner had unpacked.

“Don't need to go for that reason,” said Hagner, as he opened his trunk, ready to unpack.

WON IN THE NINTH

"All right, if you don't mind," said Harold. "I'm kind of lonesome to-night, anyhow."

"What's the matter?" asked the other, "anything gone wrong?"

"No," said Harold, "but you see I'm from California and I don't like this blamed snow and cold. I'd rather be back where it's warm every day like I'm used to."

"How long have you been here?" asked Hagner. "This must be your first year, too?"

"It is. I've been here five months and it's been mighty cold for three months of that time. When did you come?"

"I just got in yesterday," said Hagner, starting to unpack. "Never saw snow before in my life. I am from Texas myself and we don't have it down there either. It's wet, ain't it? Don't like it much myself. Guess I'll have to stand it, though. Don't expect to see Texas again for a couple of years, anyhow."

Harold began to feel more cheerful. Here was a fellow to whom he could tell about college. Compared with Hagner, Harold was an old timer, and he began to feel good. Hagner kept on taking things out of his trunk. He was having a hard time, getting something out that seemed to be laid in cross-wise between the clothes. Harold looked, and just then out it came, and there stood Hagner with an old baseball bat in his hand. He reached in with his left and pulled out an old fielder's mitt, which had a big hole right through the middle.



"Just then out it came and there stood Hagner with an old baseball bat in his hand."



GETTING ACQUAINTED

Harold's eyes bulged. "Do you play ball?" he asked.

"A little," said the other; "used to play around the back lots down home. Had to play hookey from Sunday school to get a chance. Had to work week days after school. You play?"

"Some," said Harold.

"What position?"

"Pitcher," said Harold, falling into the other's way of talking. "What's your place?"

"Short," said Hagner.

"Going to try for the team?" asked Harold.

"Will if they want me. You?"

"I'm going to make them want me. The best pitcher they had last year is gone and they need some one."

"Better try for something else. Everybody thinks he can pitch. Only a few know how."

"Well, I'm a Southpaw pitcher, and I was pretty good on the High School team out home. Southpaws are scarce."

"Left handed, eh! You look quick, too. Think you might make a first baseman."

"I'd rather pitch," said Harold.

"All right, sir," said Hagner. "You can pitch if you want to and if they want you, but if they give me a chance any place, I think I can stop them all right, and if I miss one occasionally, I think I can hold the job with my bat. What's your first name? Mine's John, but you can call me Hagner."

WON IN THE NINTH

“ My first name is Harold, but you had better call me by my last name, too.”

And so they talked baseball until long after midnight, and their enthusiasm for the great American game made them friends at once, and Harold went to bed feeling that the world was bright and warm and that spring would be coming pretty soon, and he made up his mind right there not to get homesick any more, but to dig more into his studies so that his marks wouldn't interfere with the amount of time he wanted to give to baseball when practice started.

CHAPTER IV

THE JERRY HARRIMAN SCHOLARSHIP PRIZES

WHEN Lowell University won the college baseball Championship in 1876 the victory was to a large extent due to the wonderful all-round work of Jerry Harriman. As a pitcher he had never up to that time had an equal, and he could play almost any other position on the team well. In those days a club would have only one pitcher and he was expected to pitch almost every game of the season, which often meant pitching every day in the week but Sunday. When not pitching he played an out-field position.

This is a whole lot different than the way the game is conducted in the colleges to-day. In these days a nine will sometimes have half a dozen pitchers and they don't do anything but pitch and then only in their regular turns. Besides being a great pitcher Jerry was also a great batter. This was also unusual because very seldom do you find a good pitcher who can bat, but Jerry could both pitch and bat and he made a great name for himself as a college athlete.

After he had been graduated he went into business in a city in the Middle West, and became very wealthy.

WON IN THE NINTH

As a young lad he had been weak physically and his heart was said to be affected. In fact, he was not expected to live to grow up. When he was thirteen years old the doctors said he couldn't live a year. There came to his home town, however, about this time, a young man who opened a school of Physical Culture. He had a wonderfully well developed body, was a great enthusiast on athletics, and he made a great effort to get the young boys around town who were weak physically to come to him.

He made his living by forming gymnasium classes among the business men of the town and by his work with them got many a staid old business man, who was constantly confined to his office, into the habit of taking exercise regularly, and he made many a man who had become fat and sick through lack of exercise strong again physically.

But he had a particular interest in the boys and he was especially fond of getting up classes for poor young fellows who were, as said before, undeveloped and weak. He taught these youngsters for nothing what he knew about the fine results of taking exercise regularly, and many a poor fellow who would have died young, he developed into a strong and healthy young man who lived long and became prominent in business and politics.

Among the young fellows who came to the attention of this Professor Mitchell was young Harriman, who by this time, however, was so weak that he couldn't join any of the classes. In fact, Jerry couldn't walk across the room without holding on to a

HARRIMAN SCHOLARSHIP PRIZES

chair or something, and even the Professor had some doubts as to his ability to do anything for him.

However, the case interested him and he came every day to the house for some weeks and had Jerry do such exercises as he could. At first there was no improvement that could be noticed, but after a couple of months of the most careful and lightest exercise possible, a very decided improvement began to be noticed. Very soon, by carefully doing exactly as the Professor told him, Jerry began to get stronger, until by the end of the first year all trace of his heart trouble had disappeared and the Professor told him that if he would only make it his business to take his exercises every day he would some day be as strong as any boy.

It is not the idea of this chapter to go into all the details of how Harriman became a strong young man. It is only fair to say, however, that to him his regular and systematic exercise became as important as his meals or washing his face, night and morning. When he saw how exercise was improving him physically he became almost a crank on the subject.

At any rate, he made a resolution that some day he would be just as well developed physically as any athlete in the world, and he kept this idea foremost in his thoughts, because he could see that if he had a perfect physical development, his mental capacity would increase in proportion. In the end he became a wonderfully well developed lad and was a living example of what exercise will do for a boy, or man either, for that matter.

WON IN THE NINTH

During this time he went to school, and soon was able to join the games of the other boys. In the High School and in the Preparatory College he went in for athletics, and by the time he entered Lowell, even he laughed when anybody recalled the fact that seven or eight years before the doctors had given him up to an early death from heart trouble.

It has been necessary to give this much of the details of this part of his life in order to show what it meant to Harriman to become the greatest pitcher who had ever been in the box for any college in the country, and also to give the boys who read this good reason for his great interest in college athletics, after he had gone into business and become wealthy, as shown by the scholarship prizes which he gave each year to the best athletes in the various colleges of the country.

A Jerry Harriman Scholarship meant free tuition and Five Hundred Dollars per year for living expenses at any college in the country selected by the winner, for the complete college course. Mr. Harriman was liberal in the number of scholarship prizes offered. Several young fellows, generally poor boys, were presented each year with a complete college education. There was a scholarship for the best all-round football player, for basketball, for hockey and each of the track and field events.

The scholarships were awarded by the Intercollegiate Athletic Association, and were given without restriction to the one chosen by the Association, except that a nominee's college had to submit to Mr.

HARRIMAN SCHOLARSHIP PRIZES

Harriman a record of the prize winner's standing in his studies. In this particular a good average standing was required. It was the argument of Mr. Harriman that the pursuit of athletics in college need not interfere with a fellow's studies and that if you give a boy a well developed body his brain will get the benefit of it, and with an average record as a student, any boy might be expected to make his way in the world.

Now baseball was the game which Jerry Harriman liked above all others. He liked best to see it played and to play it himself, and so when he came to make up his list of scholarship prizes he gave the baseball fellows the best of it. He was then and still is a real "fan." He loved to see new stars developed on the diamond.

He thought it was the best and squarest game in the world and he wanted his boys, as he called all college boys, to love and play the game. Therefore he had always offered four scholarships in baseball, one for the leading pitcher, one for the leading infielder, one for the leading outfielder and batter, and one for the best all-round infielder and batsman.

Naturally, having been the baseball champions for so long, the Lowell nine generally got most of these scholarship prizes and it was very pleasing to Mr. Harriman to see his old college secure so many of them.

The talk around the University wherever the students gathered often came around to these scholarship prizes, especially as the time for baseball approached.

WON IN THE NINTH

Fellows like Jenkins, Larke, Everson and other of the older fellows, some of whom had won them in years past, would bring up the subject when they noticed any of the young freshmen around, just to get them to thinking about it, and a good many youngsters had developed an ambition to try for a scholarship and some of them to win one, just from hearing these older fellows talk. And generally these talks would turn from a discussion of the records of winners of the prizes to the most thrilling performances of the individual stars.

The day of the first meeting in the cage called by Hughie, to give him a chance to look over the candidates for the team, was the first time that Case and Hagner had been present at one of these talks.

Hughie had given a general talk about the game and had talked with each of the candidates, asking various questions, such as "what position do you play?" "Can you bat? Can you pitch?" etc. After they had all thrown the ball around for an hour, just playing catch so that Hughie could notice the way the different fellows threw and swung, they sat around gossiping with each other, nobody wanting to go home, when one of the older fellows would say something about the Scholarship Prizes.

Generally there was some one present who didn't know the details and this offered a chance to tell all about the prizes.

In this case it was Hagner, who had been at school only a few weeks, and all he knew about the prizes was what Case had been able to tell him. After

HARRIMAN SCHOLARSHIP PRIZES

Everson had finished explaining the prizes fully the talk, as usual, drifted on to the wonderful records of the prize winners of the past. Not that sensational catches or such other stunts as unassisted triple plays would in themselves secure one of the prizes, for they would not.

Only the official scorer's records showing the standing of the candidates were considered, but it was generally the fellow who had the best record for any given position who got the chance to pull off the thrilling plays, because only the good players can do the wonderful things.

When the talk turned to fielders who had been famous on some of the old Lowell teams, it wasn't long before they were telling stories about great catches made by some of the fielders on championship teams of years gone by.

On such occasions Fred Larke never forgot to tell about that great catch made by Jimmy Ryan. How he in one game jumped clear over the fence in right field which separated the bleachers from the playing field, and caught a fly ball while falling into the crowd.

Johnny Everson then had to tell his story of Hughie Jenkins' greatest catch, when he was playing short in one of the Biltmore College games. There was an enormous crowd out. The stands wouldn't hold them all, so they were let out on the field and there were so many that they crowded close to the base lines. In the ninth inning the score was tied, one out, and Bill Everett of Biltmore College on

WON IN THE NINTH

third. The batter hit a high foul ball into the crowd back of third base. Some of them were seated but most of them were standing. Jenkins hustled across from his position at short, hurled himself through the air without paying any attention to the crowd, caught the ball fair and square and then fell in among the spectators. That made two out,



but Hughie was after the third one. Bill Everett touched third after the catch and started for home. Hughie couldn't see but he guessed that Everett had started. He climbed up out of the crowd, stepped on the people he had knocked down, and threw to the plate without looking. The ball went straight into the catcher's mitt and Everett was out easily. In the next inning Lowell won the game.

HARRIMAN SCHOLARSHIP PRIZES

Then, of course, Miner Black had to tell his remarkable catch story about Jimmie Siegel in a twenty inning game with Eastern Pennsylvania. How in the eighteenth inning with a runner on first base, the mightiest hitter of the Pennsylvania nine drove a hard hit ball to left center. Just at that moment, however, Siegel had put his hand in his hip pocket to get out his handkerchief, as the day was hot and the game was a hard one.

Jimmie, of course, started after the ball, and made an effort to pull his hand out of his pocket while running. It wouldn't come out. He jerked and jerked and still it stuck. Meantime the ball had to be caught on the run and Jimmie had to make a try for it some way. He leaped in the air, twisted, stuck up his left hand and caught it with his back to the diamond. Jimmie threw the ball into the diamond with his left hand. Strange to say his right hand then came out of his pocket easily. He wiped the perspiration off his face, grinned, and the crowd went wild for they realized why he had gone after it with one hand.

After such talks the "freshies," who had made some pretty fine catches on the back lots at home, always made a resolution to do something equally startling when they got on the Varsity, and the candidates at Lowell this year were a good deal like all the other freshmen candidates who had gone before them in this respect. This really was a good thing for the boys, although, of course, many of them never realized their ambitions for such fame.

CHAPTER V

THE FIRST LINE-UP

“WELL, what do you think of your freshman phenoms?”

It was Johnny Everson who was speaking. Johnny besides being the regular second baseman of the Varsity was the chum of Hughie Jenkins, the manager of the team and his chief adviser with Captain Larke. Johnny knew the game from top to bottom and across the middle. They called him “a little bunch of brains and nerves,” and he deserved the compliment.

He was small in size, but large in brains and many a game had been won for the college by his quick work at trying moments, to say nothing of the fact that he was largely responsible for the discovery and development of many of the plays which had come to be known as “inside baseball.” He had an aggressive chin which seemed to be always pointing forward, and his eye was as quick and accurate as a sharpshooter’s.

“We seem to have a good many gaps to fill and I guess we will find mostly yaps to fill them with,” he went on; “anyway that’s the way I feel to-night after looking over the unpromising material that we put through the stunts at the cage to-day.”

THE FIRST LINE-UP

"I don't feel discouraged. You can never tell, of course, on one trial, but watching some of those youngsters this afternoon made me think that with a little training some of them will make good," said Hughie.

"Let's go over the list and mark the fixtures we can count on, and then we can tell what we have to do to get a real nine together," said Everson.

"All right. At second we have *you*," said Hughie, "and I guess we won't need to worry about the Keystone bag, and at third we have Delvin, who I think, will develop this year into a great star at the near station. Captain Larke will handle left field all right as usual, Miner Black will come back stronger than ever this year in the box, and George Gibbs will, I think, do the catching all right. That's just about half a team, isn't it?"

"Now, at the first sack we need somebody to take Penny's place, and I must confess that I did not notice any likely candidate, unless it was Dill."

"We are going to have a hard time, I think, to find some one at short in place of our good friend Joe Brinker."

"Did you notice the bowlegged and awkward-looking German named Hagner in the cage to-day?" broke in Everson. "If he wasn't so big and awkward looking, he might be able to bat and we could play him in the outer gardens, but I hardly think he would ever make a shortstop."

"I hardly think so either," said Jenkins, "but I had a talk with him and he said he could play short."

WON IN THE NINTH

I have also had a report from Texas, where he came from, that he is a perfect terror at bat. I can hardly hope though that he will be able to fill Brinker's place. I think if we could figure out some scheme to remodel his anatomy we might be able to make something out of him. Still he may be a diamond in the rough. I don't think you can tell anything about any of them until you see them work in the open air for a week or two."

"What do you think about right field?" asked Johnny.

"If I am not mistaken," answered Hughie, "we have the real prize package in that young chap from Georgia, Robb (a regular cracker name, isn't it)? Did you notice him at all? Did you ever see more speed? I am knocking on wood when I talk about him, because I don't want to fool myself, but if I was a scout for a professional team, and saw this fellow Robb playing ball on some back lot, I think I'd buy him without instructions from headquarters."

"Lots of them look like stars the first few days of spring," said Johnny. "I noticed Robb particularly, too. I was thinking that while he is a clean-cut looking fellow, I'd hate to get into a fight with him, because he looks like a chap who has no fear of anything."

"Besides Robb there were half a dozen others who looked like they might be made into fielders," said Hughie. "There was Talkington, McKee, Raymur, Oakley, Lunley, and Flack. If any of them know how to swing a bat, I think we will be

THE FIRST LINE-UP

able to teach them what they need to know about catching flies.”

“As usual most of the candidates want to pitch and if Miner is all right this year we won’t need any one to help him, except, perhaps, a left-hander. Did you notice anything promising along this line? I was so busy looking over the fielders and possible first basemen that I didn’t pay much attention to the pitchers. I rather liked the delivery of Crossley the short time he was throwing. He looked promising for a rich man’s son.”

“Besides that will be easier when old man Young gets here and we get them out for coaching. You can also pick them out in batting practice. Just tell them to throw straight swift balls over the plate and you can pick out the poor ones anyhow, because a pitcher who can’t put a straight ball over nine times out of ten, isn’t worth developing. Then by the time Young gets a chance at them for a week we’ll know which are no good at all, and what ones it will pay him to coach.”

“I had a talk,” said Johnny, “with that California lad, Case. He is a quiet chap and unassuming. He says he is a southpaw pitcher too, and he may be what we are looking for.”

A few days after this talk in Hughie’s room the snow began to melt and within a week Lowell field, which had for months been covered with snow and ice, suddenly took on a greenish look, the ground became dry and firm and everyone began to feel the spring in the air. One day, not long after, there

WON IN THE NINTH

appeared upon the bulletin board the following notice:

University Baseball. Outdoor practice. On the field at 1 P. M. February 25th. Candidates must bring their own suits.

HUGH JENKINS, *Manager*.

There was joy in the hearts of the hundred, for there were about that number who hoped to be picked for the Varsity. Out of the hundred, at least ninety were certain to be disappointed as far as the Varsity was concerned, for there were only about ten places to fill, counting the substitutes.

Of course, there was a chance that a fellow would get on the second squad which might help him to the Varsity next year, and then there was always the freshman team which was formed last and which generally was an all pitcher team, so to speak, because every man on it had nursed secret hopes of making the Varsity his first year, as a pitcher.

Harold Case was out early. He had come to the field with Hagner and was now sitting on the steps of the clubhouse waiting for Hagner, who had become his good friend. It was a strange friendship that had sprung up between these two—the tall big-boned and awkward German lad, almost a man in looks, and this young and exceedingly graceful Western lad, and both were profiting by it.

While he was sitting there, what was left of last year's champions trotted out on the field. Gibbs, second catcher last year, and Larke, old cronies;

THE FIRST LINE-UP

Black and Delvin; and last of all, of course, the inseparables, Everson and Jenkins. The rest of the candidates straggled out on to the field in twos and threes, to the number of fully a hundred, and presently Hagner came out with his old bat and glove in hand and Harold got up and they walked over to the diamond together.

"Better not let yourself out any to-day," said Hagner, as they approached the others who had already paired off and were tossing balls back and forth to each other.

Before Harold had time to answer, however, Jenkins had said the same thing practically.

"Getting ready for a baseball season isn't quite like developing a football team," said Hughie. "In football you have to get the team in shape for one or two big games, each of them requiring a terrific outburst of energy, without thinking about the morrow, but in the case of a baseball nine you have to develop your bodies to withstand the strain of a long series of games, mostly in warm weather, and you must start slowly and get into condition gradually, so do not try to do it all to-day.

"Another thing, in football we train the team to withstand hard knocks, a sort of bull-dog development, while a baseball team must have the nice strength of a greyhound so as to enable it to keep going at top speed for a long time, and so I want you to go easy."

So he had them stand in circles, making five or six groups, and pass around medicine balls, an

WON IN THE NINTH

exercise to strengthen the trunk muscles. Then they paired off again, and tossed the baseball to each other two by two—gently—just like boys playing catch.

All at once Hughie called out, "Come on, boys, around the field," and starting off in front he trotted all the way round the field along the fence. By the time they got started on the second round a lot of the fellows were puffing and blowing hard and found it difficult to keep up, but Hughie knew how important it was for a ball player to have wind and he knew this kind of a stunt practiced a couple of times a day would fix them up in good shape by the time the games started.

Then he called them all up to the plate for batting practice, and asked if there was any fellow around who could pitch. He knew, of course, that Miner Black was there, but Miner knew enough not to say anything. What Hughie wanted was to find out what kind of control these new fellows who thought they could pitch had with a slow straight ball. Hughie and Coach Young, who had arrived, stood back of the plate with Everson and Larke watching.

Out of the dozen youngsters who said they would try he picked out Hackett and told him to go into the box.

"Now go ahead," said Hughie. "Don't use any curves and don't try to burn them over; just give us some slow straight balls and try to get them across the plate."

What he really was trying to do besides give the

THE FIRST LINE-UP

men batting practice was to get a line on the new pitching material, and this was the best way to get it.

Then he had the batters take turns at the plate, and each fellow was expected to stay there until he had made a hit, Hughie standing by showing each, especially the new ones, how to stand up to the ball and meet it fairly. Hackett, the first pitcher, didn't seem to be able to get them anywhere near the plate, and so Hughie told the next one, Crossley, to go in and give it a trial. He was a little better, but they had finally to call on Miner to put a few over.

As usual, Miner was long on control. Johnny Everson stepped to the plate. Miner served one up and bing! The ball went scurrying out to right field. Each fellow took his turn at bat. Boys like Delvin, Larke and Gibbs—standing up like veterans and cracking the hits out in fine shape, giving a little more running practice to some of the youngsters who had been sent out to the field to chase the balls.

Finally it came Hagner's turn. He stepped up to the plate and stood there rather slouchily and loosely, far away from the mark as if he were afraid of the ball.

"Better step up a little closer," said Hughie, "he won't hit you."

"All right," said Hagner, "I want to learn all about it."

Miner served up one to him straight as an arrow. Hagner swung hard at it and missed. He felt a bit surprised himself. The next one he fouled off the

WON IN THE NINTH

bat near his hands. Just as Miner sent up the third ball Hagner stepped back from the plate, swung the bat easily, met it squarely and crack went the ball in a white streak clean over the center field fence!



Miner looked at him surprised and said, "You can't do that again."

The next time Hagner came up, Miner decided to use some curves and make him earn his hit. He sent up what looked like a fast straight ball about waist high. Hagner swung on it and missed. The ball had a terrific out curve and, of course, Hagner understood they were only to be straight. He eyed Miner closely and when he started to pitch Hagner stooped over to watch the ball like a hawk. On came

THE FIRST LINE-UP

the ball, starting wide of the plate and Hagner first decided it was a ball and then as the inshoot started in toward the plate, quick as a wink Hagner swung his bat and over the fence she went again.

The fellows went wild. Hughie and Everson standing back of the batting cage looked at each other. "What do you know about that?" asked Everson.

"I don't know anything," said Hughie. "For a big awkward fellow, he seems to be about the quickest thing I ever saw. Why! he didn't even look ready to hit at that ball until it started to shoot in toward the plate, and I was sure he was going to let it go by. If he can bat like that regularly, we'll play him some place if he fumbles every ball that is batted to him."

Pretty soon Hughie asked, "Haven't we got another left-hander here?"

"There ought to be," said Everson, looking around. "Here, Case, get out there and show what you can do. This is your chance."

"Thanks," said Case in his polite way. "I'll try if you want me to." He walked into the box and picked up the ball where Miner had dropped it. He had not really tried to pitch since last summer and was a little nervous. The first ball went a little bit wide. The second one nearly hit the batter. The line of waiting batters grinned.

"Southpaws are either very good or very bad," said Captain Larke to Delvin. After he had thrown a dozen balls or so, however, Case's arm got in

WON IN THE NINTH

working order and only an occasional ball went wide of the plate.

"He seems to be pretty good on the straight ones," said Jenkins. "If he can do as well when we let them begin to try the curves, I think we can put him on as a substitute."

"What do you think of the bunch in general?" asked Everson.

"Well," said Hughie, "I think I can see a team out of this crowd all right, though I am not quite sure of Dill at first base. This fellow Robb seems to be a fine batter and so does Talkington. Coach Young says there was one of the young pitchers that looked good, too—young Radams. If this Hagner knows as much about any position as he seems to about batting, I think I'll let him choose his position. Think of trying to tell him how to stand up to the plate. He's just a natural ball player. Don't believe he knows himself how he hits them. Black told me, after he came out of the box, that he did his best to fool Hagner every time after that first time up, and you know how he succeeded. We'll know more when we get them out on the diamond in the various positions."

By this time the sun was sinking and it was too dark for further practice. Hagner and Case walked over to the clubhouse together.

"You sure made a hit with the crowd to-day, Hagner," said Case.

"I made five hits with my bat," said Hagner, "two of them over the fence."

THE FIRST LINE-UP

"Guess you will make the team all right," remarked Case. "I heard Jenkins say, any fellow who can bat like that can take his pick of positions and play any one he likes."

"Good. I'll play shortstop if they give a choice."

"Wish I had made as big a hit as you," said Case.

"You did, because I heard Everson and Jenkins talking it over, too; and they said you had excellent control, and if you did well with the curves they could carry you with the team. If I were you, however, I'd learn to play some position, and make your way as a utility player. You see, left-handed pitchers are all right, but with a regular pitcher like this Miner Black here, you wouldn't often get a chance to pitch more than an inning or two, anyhow."

"I don't know," said Case, "how good this Miner Black is, but I think I can beat him to the regular pitching job."

"All right," said Hagner, "but if you don't have any more luck at ousting him than most of the fellows have had hitting him, you'll be out of a regular job on the team for a long time. I'd practice playing the first bag. Still think you'd make a first baseman."

"I don't think so," said Case, as they entered the dressing room to change their clothes, "besides either Dill or Ross seems sure to land the job."

The second week of out-door practice the regular work of the boys was increased. At batting practice every fellow was expected to run clear around the bases after he made his hit. The coaches and man-

WON IN THE NINTH

agers got a line on the base-running ability of the boys in this way. Hagner, Robb, Case and Talkington all showed up well in this direction.

Toward the end of the week the fellows were lined up on the diamond at their regular positions, the coaches trying out the various candidates for the fielding jobs. Hughie batted grounders to the infield, to each of them in turn.

After each play the ball was thrown from base to base in all of the different combinations necessary to all the imaginary situations, from short to first it went, from first to third, from third home, and from there to second, a white streak, the speed of the players increasing daily as the men got surer of their positions.

Others were batting flies to the outfield and the coaches were moving about watching the work of each man as he was tried in the different positions. Each of the fielders was given a variety of work, at bunting and the fielding of bunts, catching high infield flies, picking up sizzling grounders, etc. This work enabled Hughie to pick out his first line-up for the first and second squads.

By the middle of March the two squads were playing practice games among themselves.

The first squad generally lined up as follows:

1st Base	Dill
2nd Base	Everson
3rd Base	Delvin
Short	Hagner
Right Fielder	Robb

THE FIRST LINE-UP

Center Fielder	Talkington
Left Fielder	Larke
Catcher	Gibbs
Pitcher	Black

The second squad was composed of a miscellaneous crew generally lined up as follows:

1st Base	Ross
2nd Base	Gane
3rd Base	Conley
Short	Wallach
Right Fielder	Raymur
Center Fielder	Oakley
Left Fielder	McKee
Catcher	McLuin
Pitcher	Radams

Harold Case was a sort of substitute pitcher for both squads. He would relieve Black for a while for the first squad and Radams for the other squad, so that both teams got plenty of practice in batting a left-hand pitcher. There was no way for him to find out in advance what Jenkins thought of him, but he had high hopes of making the team, and he felt absolutely confident that if he ever got a chance in one of the full regular games, he would be able to make good. Crossley also was given a good deal of work during these practice games, as he gave promise of doing well and it began to look as though the choice for left-hand pitchers would be between these two.

CHAPTER VI

PICKING THE VARSITY

ON the 21st day of March as Harold with the other members of the squads was in the dressing room after practice, the head coach came into the room with a slip of paper in his hand which he posted on the Bulletin Board. There was a rush to read the notice as soon as the coach had departed, and several faces, as they turned away, wore a look of disappointment, while others seemed proud and happy.

Hagner and Case finally finished dressing and turned to the board to read the bulletin before going out. This is what they read:

VARSIITY TRAINING TABLE—The training table will start in the morning at Prettyman's and the following men for the first squad will report there for breakfast—Everson, Delvin, Larke, Gibbs, Black, Hagner, Robb, Talkington, Dill, Case, Radams, Ross and Huyler. About the first of next month the list may be increased or changed. Breakfast at eight o'clock sharp. Members are required to be on time.

HUGH JENKINS, *Manager*.

“Guess I'll get a chance to pitch after all,” said

PICKING THE VARSITY

Harold. It was a great day for him and he was highly elated. The 19—Varsity had begun to take definite shape, and being named on it meant recognition by the great student body as possessing something worth while in the line of ability. The news spread rapidly through the University and wherever the boys who had been named went they were treated with honor and respect.

Breakfast the first morning at the training table was a good deal of a get-together, get-acquainted affair. I do not know what it is that makes the choice of nicknames or how it is that it comes easier to know some fellows by either their first or last names, others by an abbreviation of one or the other, and still others by adoption of something entirely different, but when boys get to a certain stage of acquaintance with each other there comes a spontaneous desire to bestow a nickname and these names generally fit in a remarkable way. Harold Case went to breakfast known as Case and came out to be forever known to Lowell men as Hal.

John Hagner started to drink his coffee that morning as Hagner and when he had folded his napkin he was known as both Hans and Honus, why nobody ever could tell, and the names stuck to him for life.

Charles Radams came away with the nickname Babe and as Babe he went down into the Lowell Book of Heroes.

Everson had always been Everson before. He was Everson when he sat down to the table that morning, and he was still Everson when he left the room,

WON IN THE NINTH

though why this little brainy Crab should have gotten off without a nickname is far beyond me.

You would think that Larke, who was always jolly, either whistling or singing when not eating or asleep, would have been named The Lark years before, but no, they called him just Cap., yet they had always called Gibbs, Gibbie.

If there were a regular rule for nicknames they would undoubtedly have called Black, White, but they always referred to him as Miner. Delvin they generally called Arthur.

There was something stiff about Dill which was a good deal like the way he played first base in the few games he lasted on the Varsity that year, and the dispenser of nicknames overlooked him entirely at that first breakfast. In fact, he never did acquire one, for he was dropped from the team before anyone could really find a good name to fit him. Pickle would have been a good name for him, and also his fate so far as the team was concerned.

Talkington was a quiet young chap, who said very little either at the table or on the field, so that "Talkie" or "Mr. Speaker," or anything like that wouldn't seem natural at all, so they called him "Tris" and let it go at that.

Robb might really have been given a fitting name at the end of the season. If they had waited until then they would undoubtedly have called him Robb because he had developed into the greatest base stealer the game ever knew, but somebody had passed him the oatmeal that morning, after he had

PICKING THE VARSITY

demanded it vigorously, with a "Here you are, Tyrant," and Ty he is to-day—a very short name for so long a fellow.

A week later they played the first real game of the season, the first real test of the line-up as it had been worked out by Jenkins. The game, which was with Colfax, a small neighboring college, was not an important one. Never had they been able to beat Lowell and rarely in all the games that had taken place between the two teams had Lowell been even scored upon. As it was, it was hardly even a test game for the Varsity. Hal sat on the players' bench with his chin on his hands, and watched the Colfax boys getting licked.

There wasn't anything very exciting about sitting on the bench and there was nothing very encouraging about the playing of even the Lowell boys. With the exception of a hair-raising one-handed stop by Hagner of a fast grounder over second, and a wonderfully accurate throw to first without getting into position, and the fine work of Gibbie behind the bat in stopping Babe Radams' wild drops and curves which the Colfax boys struck at blindly, the game was dull and uninteresting.

If the Colfax team had not had the usual attack of stage fright that struck it whenever it played Lowell, it probably would have won. Dill on first dropped three throws in succession made by Everson to catch runners at first, and if it had not been for the accurate throwing of Gibbie to Delvin and Everson who nipped all base runners as they tried to reach

WON IN THE NINTH

second and third, there is no knowing but that the Colfax team might have scored, to say nothing of the possibility of winning. Hagner had fumbled an easy grounder, only to make a jumping catch of a high liner from the bat of the next man, which he promptly threw to first completing a double as Dill did not miss that one.



Ty in right field had misjudged the only chance he had but had recovered the ball in time to catch his man at third with a quick throw and Delvin at the bag to receive it.

By the end of the seventh inning the score stood 8 to 0 in favor of Lowell in spite of the poor playing. The Varsity had batted well, nearly every one had made hits, Everson had 1; Honus, 2; Delvin,

PICKING THE VARSITY

1; Ty, 2; Tris, 2; Cap., 1; Gibbie, 1; Dill, 1; and even Babe Radams had dropped a Texas Leaguer over second. Hal had sat on the bench all the time with Ross and Miner and some of the second squad.

At the beginning of the eighth, Jenkins turned to Ross and said: "You cover the first bag," and then to Hal, "Go on in the box for a little real practice, Hal." "That's all right, Babe," noticing a look of disappointment on Radams' face. "You are doing fine, but you can't have all the practice."

"Remember, Hal," he called from the bench, "let them hit it, but we can't have any scoring against us."

"All right," said Hal, as he picked up the ball.

The first man up hit the first ball pitched for a base. The second batter laid down a neat bunt along the first base line. Ross, the first baseman, came in for it, and Hal hustled over to cover the bag. Meantime the batter who was fast man, was tearing down the base line like mad. Ross made a good pick-up and turned to throw.

By that time the batter was only a few feet from the bag where Hal was to receive the throw. Ross had to throw quick and in doing so threw the ball at Hal's feet. Hal reached down, made a neat pick-up, and the umpire waved the runner out.

There was now one out with a man on second. The third batter hit a hard one at Everson, who retired the runner at first, the man on second reaching third. The next batter hit a slow bouncer between the box and first. Hal started after the ball, grabbed

WON IN THE NINTH

it on the bounce with one hand and without stopping raced to first base, which he reached just ahead of the runner, making the third out.

As he walked to the bench Jenkins came up to meet him and patting him on the back, said: "Good boy, Hal," which was fine, Hal thought.

It was his turn at bat, and he walked to the plate with high hopes of making at least a two bagger. The first ball looked like a straight one so Hal took a good swing at it and missed. "That's all right," called Hughie from the coaching lines, "there will be two more better ones coming over directly." The next was a ball. The third was a slow one, and as Hal noticed the left-fielder playing pretty far out he thought he would just tap it for a nice little short fly back of third. He thought of this as the ball was coming toward him from the pitcher's hands. He whirled his bat with a short, quick swing and—thud—he heard the ball strike the catcher's mitt.

"Well," he heard Hughie calling him, "you only need one to hit it, and you got one left." The next two balls he fouled off. The next two the umpire called balls and it was two strikes and three balls. Hal set himself for the last one. It was now or never. Here was probably his only chance to-day to make a hit and he might not get into another game for weeks and show what he could do with his bat. Slowly the pitcher started to wind up. Hal watched every move. Here it came waist high and straight. Now watch it. He swung at it hard. He heard

PICKING THE VARSITY

first—a tick, then a thud. He had made a foul tip and the ball had struck in the catcher's mitt.

“That's all right,” he heard Hughie saying, “we don't expect pitchers to hit 'em anyhow.” But Hal was disappointed and sore as he walked to the bench. The next two men were retired on infield hits, and as Hal walked to the box to pitch the first half of the ninth inning he was nervous and mad at himself.

The result was he served up four bad balls in succession and there was a man on first. The next up hit the first ball right at Ross who was hugging the base and he booted it. Hal was over on first bag in a jump but Ross got the ball to him too late to earn an assist and there were two men on and nobody out. The crowd began to yell, “Take him out.” “Where's Miner?” but Jenkins paid no attention. Many a pitcher had given a base on balls, and Hal was not responsible for the second man.

He got ready to pitch as he faced the batter; he somehow felt the man was going to bunt. As he delivered the ball he started toward the plate on the run, following the ball in. The batter bunted. Hal was almost on top of him. He reached out, caught the ball off the bat before it had reached the ground, thus making a caught fly out of what would have been a perfect bunt, whirled around and fired the ball to Everson at second, who nearly missed it because the play was almost too quick for him, thus completing a remarkable double play.

The crowd cheered. He heard them saying: “Oh! You! Hal! Good boy! You needn't take him

WON IN THE NINTH

out!" and he felt so good he went back into the box and struck out the next batter and the game was over. Then there was the usual rush to get the sweaters, and the fans and players hustling to get off the field as fast as they could together—the fans to get home to dinner and the players to the shower baths and rub-downs.



Hal hustled along with the rest. On the way he caught up with and passed Jenkins and Everson, together as usual. They did not see him, but he heard Jenkins say: "He looks more like a fielder than a pitcher," and he thought they meant him. Later, as he walked along to his boarding house with Hans, they talked about the game, and the part each of them had taken in it, and Hans said, "I think you

PICKING THE VARSITY

would make a good first baseman," but Hal, who thought he had come out of his pitching test pretty well said, " But you see they don't need a first baseman (they all have their bad days like Dill and Ross to-day), and they may need a good pitcher any time."

CHAPTER VII

HAL AND CROSSLEY

THERE were quite a number of disappointed candidates the day the Varsity list was posted. The disappointment was felt most by the boys who had an idea that they were the real thing as pitchers. A pitcher can rarely do anything but pitch, and a large percentage of boys who think they have the pitching ability do not make good when put to the real test. And so when they picked out the candidates for the Varsity that year, a great number of fellows who had high hopes missed even the second squad and finally landed on the freshman team.

Among the fellows who had hopes of making the team was Edward Crossley. He had reported as a pitcher and had been given a good many try-outs in the batting practice, and at first Hughie was attracted by his work and had one or two talks with him about his experience. Hughie's first impression was that Crossley could be developed into a substitute or extra pitcher as he was strong and could throw a swift ball. He also seemed to be able to serve up curves fairly well. But Hughie had to change his mind about Crossley. He was too erratic.

The trouble with Crossley was that he was a spoiled son of a very rich man. He had the most

HAL AND CROSSLEY

luxurious rooms of any of the fellows at Lowell. He had a servant and an automobile. He had lots of money to spend and he didn't hesitate to "blow it" as the boys say. He was a good fellow with the boys whom he chose to make his friends and he liked and was liked by those with whom he came in contact as long as no one tried to do things different from the way he wanted them done.

Crossley had been brought up to think that every thing he wanted he could have. The fault was largely with his parents. They gave him everything he asked for and denied him nothing. Once in a while his parents would try to curb his desire for one thing or another, and then Crossley would pout and his parents gave in.

This gave Crossley a very wrong idea of the world in general. But he was to find that there were other people in the world besides himself and that they had ideas of their own and that many of them were just as selfish in their ideas as he was. When he met this kind of a fellow he got furiously angry.

When he came to Lowell he naturally thought that the son of so wealthy a man as his father would receive special attention by the college people and students. When he found out that merit alone counted in Lowell affairs, he was furious. When he saw some fellow who could do some one thing better than he could and who, therefore, received the attention which his accomplishment warranted, he became very jealous.

When he wanted anything that came to him as a

WON IN THE NINTH

desire, he would stop at nothing in his efforts to get it, by hook or crook.

The result of it all was that after he had been at college for a few months he had not done anything worth while for himself, and outside of a small number of fellows who were brought up like himself he had not made many friends who would do him any good.

One of the things he asked his father for in the early spring was a new automobile. His father would just as soon have sent it as not, but he had been reading something about other boys doing wonderful things in football at college, and he was disappointed that his son wasn't in it. So he had what to him was a brilliant idea, and he wrote his son that he would present him with a new \$15,000 imported car the day he was named for the Varsity. This looked easy to Crossley.

At home, Crossley, the rich man's son, had bought the suits for the High School nine. His father had fixed up a fine ball park for the boys to play in and he had done all this because his son had asked him to and because he had insisted upon it.

Of course, Crossley had a right, under the circumstances, to say which position on the team he would play, and he had promptly selected the job as pitcher. At first he was no good at all, but he hired a professional player to teach him and at the end of the year he had developed into a pretty good pitcher. In fact, he might easily have become a first-class flinger if his habits had been steady. Crossley had come to

HAL AND CROSSLEY

Lowell from White College, a little school in the West, and he had been the pitcher for the team there.

When Hughie first began to take notice of Crossley he couldn't understand how a fellow could do so well one day and so poorly another. It puzzled him a good deal. He finally wrote to a friend who was coach at White College and from him he found out what the trouble was. Crossley had been a good pitcher for White. As good as they ever had, but he would not observe the training rules and he would smoke cigarettes and take an occasional drink. This made him erratic and unreliable at times.

Furthermore, he had a terribly jealous disposition and bad temper and couldn't stand it to have anybody but himself praised when he was around. Hughie's friend doubted very much if Crossley would be of any real service at Lowell, especially if he continued his habits there as at White.

Hughie read this with a good deal of interest but Crossley had shown up pretty well in practice and Jenkins was inclined to think that the boy might have gotten over his childishness since, being at Lowell. So Hughie decided to reserve his judgment.

When the first Varsity list was made up a few days later, Hughie and the coaches had finally to decide between Crossley and Hal as left-hand pitchers. They both showed up about the same in the box and the decision was finally made in Hal's favor. So his name went on the list and Crossley was sent to the second squad.

Now Crossley had wanted this automobile very

WON IN THE NINTH

much and he was disappointed. He felt that Case had beat him out of the position. He became furiously jealous and made a resolution that he would "get" Hal in one way or another. What the way was he himself did not know, but he had a cunning mind and he decided to lay some deep plans to undermine Hal, and then he would get the job and the auto.

A day or two after the Colfax game, the two squads were lined up for general practice. The practice was principally devoted to batting and base running. One squad would take the field lined up in the regular positions, and the other at bat. Each batter remained at the plate until he got a hit. Then he ran to first of course. From there he was expected to steal his way round the bases.

Of course it is hard to steal a base when the other side knows what you are going to do, but stealing bases is a very important part of the game. Ever-son was on the lines helping Hughie instructing on base stealing. And squad No. 2 was at bat. Hal had been asked to see what he could do at the second bag. A few minutes afterward Crossley came up for his turn at bat, and made a hit and went to first. Then Hughie, who was on the coaching line back of first, told him to steal on the next ball pitched. Crossley was a good runner and Hal was not used to the position. He had stuck to the bag the way first basemen do, to receive the throw from the catcher. The catcher threw quickly to Hal who had the ball in his hand waiting for Crossley when the

HAL AND CROSSLEY

latter was still fifteen feet from the base. The natural thing for Crossley to have done was to slide. Instead he came the rest of the way standing up, and when he was five feet from the bag he gave a jump for the bag, and landed with both feet, spikes and all, on Hal's right foot, cutting him badly, and knocking him down. They both rolled over in the dirt, and Hal had to be picked up and carried from the field.

Hughie and Everson had hold of Crossley and were calling him various kinds of names for such bone-headed conduct—for once in their lives both of these boys had been fooled—they thought what they had seen was Crossley's idea of stealing a base and were wondering where he got such an idea.

Hal himself as he was carried from the field by Hans, thought it was his own fault standing on second base as he did with the ball in his hands, instead of running up the line out of the path of the runner and touching him out before he got to the bag.

Hal blamed no one but himself, but Hans, while he said nothing, had seen the look in Crossley's eye as he started for second, and had watched him all the way. He had noted particularly the viciousness of Crossley's jump and the care with which he brought his feet down on the right spot and while he knew of no reason why Crossley should have it in for Hal, he knew there was something back of it. Hal's foot was pretty badly cut, but the doctor fixed him up, sent him home in a carriage and told him he'd better not put his uniform on for three or four days.

WON IN THE NINTH

He was out next day, with a cane, and his foot did not hurt him particularly. He went to the ball grounds and watched the boys practice and he got to thinking that he hadn't counted on being injured.



He had been spiked before, however, and he felt that with proper care he would be back in the game again soon, and not knowing that he had an enemy, he had no reason for not feeling good.

CHAPTER VIII

BAD NEWS FROM HOME AND FLIGHT

HAL, in fact, was feeling very good about this time. The winter's cold had given way to the rare warmth of the Eastern spring. The grass was green, the trees were in leaf, the sun was just right—not too warm—like his own balmy California. He was making friends among the students, his prospects of getting into some of the big games were very good—he was happy. He had a good chum in Hagner, whose more extended experience with the hard knocks of the world had made him wise for his age, and he was a good adviser for Hal.

You see Hagner had worked for everything he had gotten in the world. He couldn't remember when he didn't work. When he was going to Grammar School he sold papers at night and Saturdays. In the mornings he had to get up early and deliver milk to the few people who could be induced to patronize the Hagner dairy which consisted of two cows only—and whose entire output didn't warrant a wagon or bottles—so Hans delivered the milk in tin pails.

One summer he worked in a barber shop, because that was the only thing that he could find to do

WON IN THE NINTH

around the little town where he lived. When he got into High School he gave up the milk and paper business to a younger brother and spent his time clerking in a grocery store every evening and on Saturdays, and made enough money that way, so that his parents were content to let him follow out his ambition to secure an education.

On Sundays he played baseball when it was baseball weather and in Texas where he lived it was that kind of weather nearly all the year round. That's where he learned to like the game and also where he learned the first principles of it. After he had been graduated from the High School he went to Wahoo College, which was only fifty miles from his home.

It was a little more than a preparatory institution, although the course of study was broad enough so that a graduate from there could enter Lowell without further examination. The summer before going to Wahoo College Hagner had sold books—was a real book agent—and he made enough money in the three months to keep him at college for a year. The expenses at Wahoo were not large, and there was something left over for his folks. This he did every year while at Wahoo, so that he was able to give all of his time at school to his studies, and baseball. He learned to love the game as nothing else in the world. He found he had a certain naturalness which few boys possess. He seemed instinctively to do the right thing at the right time, and this developed a great deal of confidence in himself. His greatest ambition was to have a fine education, but as a

NEWS FROM HOME AND FLIGHT

small boy it didn't look as though that would ever come. But little by little, as he did the things he had to do, he found he was getting there.

He had gone through High School and made his own way, and at Wahoo College he still made his own way, getting stronger and more confidence in himself every day. He stood well in his studies and he got his good marks by hard work and constant application.

On the little college team Hans was quite a wonder. What ability he displayed there he thought was all natural.

As a matter of fact he studied the game of baseball as hard as he did his Cæsar. He developed a lot of ability as a batter but he got it by studying how to hold his bat, how to stand up at the plate, by watching every movement of the pitcher, and keeping his eye on the ball all the time and by learning not to be afraid of being hit.

So by the time he had arrived at Lowell he had a lot of confidence in himself. He knew he could get out at any time and make a living as a salesman. His confidence and earnestness were a great help to him in that line, as they were in everything, and Hagner had gotten to the point, even though only twenty-four, where he was absolutely sure of himself, and he didn't have to worry about anything but how to make the most of his time at the University—how to get the most out of his studies and how to have the most fun as time offered.

For this reason he was a good deal of help to Hal

WON IN THE NINTH

who had never had to hustle for himself, although, as he knew, his folks had pinched and saved in order to give him this first year at Lowell. His folks had been sending him the funds he absolutely needed every month, with a little pocket money besides, which Hal spent carefully. He was getting into the habit of being economical and Hagner's self-reliance and confidence spurred him on.

They would talk these things over among themselves often. Hal knew that if he was to be at Lowell the next year he would have to rely on his folks again or else win one of those scholarships.

"Better work for the Scholarship," said Hans. "It don't pay to owe anybody, even if it is your own folks. From what I have learned it is pretty hard for them to send you this money every month, anyhow. I don't think I would have worked nearly so hard at school if I had been spending some one else's money. It hasn't been easy work for me to sell books every summer, but I've done it. I don't like the work very well, and now that this chance of a scholarship is in sight, I am going to work my toes off if necessary, to land one of them; I think I'll get it, too, if I don't break my leg or something."

"That's a fine thing for you, of course," responded Hal, "because you have a regular position on the team right now, and there's no one to take it away from you, while I am only a substitute pitcher and general utility man, who probably won't get a chance to play in any of the big games at all."

It was plain that Hal became discouraged from

NEWS FROM HOME AND FLIGHT

the talk. But he felt absolutely certain that he could jump in and take the laurels away from any pitcher they had, if he could only get in enough games to get accustomed to the big crowds and the surroundings. But the season was coming along and Black and Radams were doing the twirling and doing it well, too.

Then, unexpectedly, one morning there came a letter from home that Hal's father had been taken sick and they had to use a little of the money from Hal's college fund to tide them over and Hal would have to get along with about half his allowance for a month, anyhow.

This was a shock to Hal. Not so much the money part, but his father's sickness. He hated to think of his father being sick and he not at home. Then he thought of the money, and his first idea was to get on a train for California. Yes! That's what he would have to do. He couldn't think of staying at Lowell any longer, spending his father's hard-earned money. What he ought to be doing was what Hans had done. He should learn how to earn money and when he had done that, get his education.

He felt this was a decision that should be acted on at once. He decided to pack up right away. He didn't stop to think he didn't have anything like the amount necessary to pay his fare home. Hans wasn't in his room and wasn't to be back until three o'clock, so he thought in his excitement that he would pack hurriedly and get out without seeing anybody. He did so.

WON IN THE NINTH

He wasn't going to be dependent on his folks or anyone else for another day. He left a note for Hans. This was at noon. He hunted up a time table and found that the train for Boston to catch the through train for the West left at three o'clock. He would buy his ticket and go. He had no thought of changing his mind. He went to the depot to get his ticket. All at once, he realized that he hadn't any money. What was he to do now? It was one o'clock already. Hal's mind worked quickly. How could he get two hundred dollars? Quickly he ran over in his mind the things he had that he might raise some money on. There was only one thing that was worth anything like that sum. At first he couldn't think of parting with that. It was his watch.

He had never told the story of the watch in Lowell to anyone but Hans. The previous winter while swimming in the lake at home in California, a row-boat in which there had been a man and two little girls, was suddenly capsized. Hal was a regular "fish" in the water, just as natural there as in anything that he understood at all, and he swam to the rescue. He caught one of the little girls and held her up with one hand while he righted the boat, and he then put her in.

By that time the man, who was the father of the little girls, had the other one safe, but he was a big man and fat and couldn't swim very well, so Hal helped them both into the boat again, jumped in himself and rowed them back to the shore near the

NEWS FROM HOME AND FLIGHT

hotel where they were stopping. They were tourists from the East and wanted to reward Hal, but he didn't think he had done anything so great, so he ran away. That was the last Hal heard of it, until a month later a package came by express addressed to him. He opened it and found a letter and a very fine gold watch with two large diamonds in the case.

The letter was from the father of the two little girls. He said he had found out who Hal was and begged him to accept the watch in token of the sender's gratitude for the rescue of the little girls. They were twins and exactly alike—so were the diamonds in the case. Hal hardly ever wore the watch and so very few knew he had it. Now he decided to pawn it if he could borrow enough on it to get to California.

He had never been in a pawnshop in his life and he was nervous. Besides, his time was getting short. He rushed out of the station and asked the first person he met (it was Crossley, although in his excitement Hal couldn't have told whether the man was black or white) where there was a pawnshop. Crossley didn't answer, because Hal hadn't stopped for an answer and Crossley himself was hurrying. He was already talking to the policeman on the corner. The policeman told Hal there was a pawnshop in the other end of town, but that most of the students who had to raise money that way went to Boston. Hal started out to the pawnshop the policeman told him about, but when he got there he found it closed.

WON IN THE NINTH

By the time Hal got back to the station it was five minutes of three. He had decided to go into Boston and try to raise the money there on the watch; then he would go right on home from here. He checked his trunk, and just then the train drew into the station and he got aboard.

Meantime Hans had arrived back at the house thirty minutes before he was expected. He straightened things around in his room, put his books away and after a minute or two found Hal's note. The note just said that he had bad news from home, his father was sick, and they couldn't send him his allowance. He was going. He was sorry he couldn't see Hans again, but he was discouraged and said he would write. Would Hans tell Hughie the circumstances, etc.? He was leaving Boston on the afternoon train.

Hans knew the train left at three. He pulled out his watch and saw it was fifteen minutes of three. It took sixteen minutes to get to the station on the car. The train might be on time.

The note hadn't sounded quite right to Hans. Hal ought not leave the University without first registering out at the office of the college. He thought there might be something else. Above all he didn't want Hal to go to California without seeing him again. He was very fond of his chum. He thought of these things as he was gliding down the front steps. To catch that train he would have to beat the car. That meant to do it on foot.

Hans started to run. Every block put behind

NEWS FROM HOME AND FLIGHT

him was like a stolen base to him. By running every block he managed to catch the last car of the train just as she pulled out. There he stopped long



enough to catch his breath for he knew they couldn't get off now since it was an express to Boston without stop.

Hans walked into the car. His first glance showed him a blue hat and suit that looked like Hal's, and as he came up to the seat he was just about to slap him on the back with a "Hello! Hal!" when he saw the fellow had on blue glasses. He stopped, then saw that the face wasn't Hal's and went on through the train, glad that he hadn't slapped a stranger's back in his best college style.

WON IN THE NINTH

Up in the car next to the smoker he found Hal. He was sitting by the window resting his chin on his hands and in his hand he held the letter from his mother which he was rereading.

“You look mighty glum for a fellow that’s going home,” said Hans, tapping him gently on the shoulder. “What’s up?”

Hal looked up in surprise at the familiar voice and turned to look at Hans.

“Thought you were not going to be back until three,” remarked Hal. “I am glad you got back in time to catch the train, though, because I hated to leave without bidding you good-by.”

“Had to run all the way to the station to catch it. Thought I’d better see you before you left for good. Would like to know the real reason. Don’t look well to leave a college like Lowell without some explanation to the office. What’s the trouble, anyhow?” burst out Hans, in the short quick sentences which he used when he was much interested.

“This,” said Hal, handing him the letter. Hans read it over and then he read it again. “Awfully sorry your father is sick, Hal,” he said, “but I don’t see anything about wanting you to come home. Why, this letter don’t even say that he is very sick. Don’t see any reason for going home on that kind of a letter.”

“Well, but don’t you see,” broke in Hal, “they had to break into the college fund to pay the extra bills and I must get along on less. I don’t mind that, but this is the first time I knew that all my folks have

NEWS FROM HOME AND FLIGHT

saved up in all these years was to go for my start in college, and when I think of a fellow like you, Hans, who has made his own money and think that I am here spending my parents' savings, I can't stand it another minute, so I'm going home to learn how to make enough to pay my own way through college."

"And spoil your parents' greatest happiness," said Hans. "Let me tell you something. My folks were poorer than yours. They were so poor they couldn't think of educating their children. Their greatest happiness was in work and seeing others work with their hands. They couldn't realize what education would do. They had no way of realizing it. Somehow or other I got the ambition to have an education. In order to do that I had to earn enough money to pay into the family what I could have made working daytimes.

"This was only after I was old enough to work for others. So I worked early in the morning and late at night and made up to the folks the time I spent at school. Now your parents know the value an education will be to you. Your father is a Lowell graduate and they have been saving this money for years in order to spend it on your first year at Lowell, trusting to luck that some way will be found to let you go on. It's been their one great happiness and they'd probably feel mighty bad to see you turn up at home without their sending for you.

"All you ought to be thinking of is how to get the most out of it this year and get ready to make the burden lighter for the next year. Winning one of

WON IN THE NINTH

the Scholarship Prizes would do it of course, but there are other ways."

"You put it up to me in a different way than I had thought of it before," said Hal. "If I thought I could earn some money working nights, I think I'd try it."

"If you think that way about it, I'll see what I can do. We'll go round to the employment department of the University in the morning and see if they haven't something to do for a poor and needy student to help him earn his way, especially one who is utility pitcher on the Varsity. Meantime I guess we had better send a telegram to your folks asking if your father is better or worse. We can have an answer by morning."

"I think that would be a good idea," said Hal, very much cheered by his talk with Hans and his suggestions. Come to think of it, though, as you say, if he was sick enough to make them want me, they would telegraph, anyhow, I suppose."

"By the way," said Hans. "Where did you expect to get the money to get home on?"

And then Hal told him his idea about pawning his watch, of his effort to do so before he started for Boston, and that he had intended to do it in Boston.

"I wouldn't do that ever until I had to," remarked Hans. "Anyway not to go home on. If you can pawn it for enough to get to California on, you can pawn it for enough to keep you going at school for the rest of the term. I wouldn't do it

NEWS FROM HOME AND FLIGHT

until I had to, though. It's a bad practice to get into, although I never was in a pawnshop in my life, and hope I never have to go."

"I wonder how much they would loan me on the watch," said Hal. "Suppose we try it and see when we get to Boston. Just to see what it is worth, anyhow."

"All right," said Hans, and just then the brakeman called out Boston and in a minute or two the train stopped. Neither had ever been in Boston before except to pass through on his way to the University. They thought they might as well take in a show in the evening and take the twelve o'clock train back to the University, which would land them there about two o'clock in the morning. They were walking up to the platform to go out through the depot when they met Arthur Delvin of the Varsity going through the station.

"Hello, fellows," said Arthur. "What are you doing in the city? By George, I am glad to see you! Want you to come up to the house for dinner and then we'll take in a show. Wait for me in the station, will you? I have to go out and find a cousin of mine who is coming in and going right away again, and I have to see that she gets started right. She's on this train. I'll see you in about fifteen minutes." And off he went.

There was nothing to do but wait and the boys decided that if they were going to see some of Boston, Arthur would be as fine a fellow as any to show them around, and they went into the station to wait.



"As he did so a young fellow stooped down and picked up an envelope which had fallen out of Hal's pocket."

NEWS FROM HOME AND FLIGHT

laid it down on the counter and said "Four hundred and fifty dollars."

Hal wondered if he had heard rightly. "How much did you say?" he asked.

"Four hundred and fifty dollars," answered the man. "She's worth a thousand."

"Thanks," said Hal, picking up the watch and putting it in his pocket. "I just wanted to know how much it was worth."

"Come in any time," said the man, as Hal went out of the door. Outside he drew a long breath, took out his handkerchief to wipe the perspiration from his forehead, and started across the street. As he did so, a young fellow who had been standing in the shadow of the doorway stooped down and picked up an envelope which had fallen out of Hal's pocket when he took out his handkerchief, looked at it, gave a start and went on down the street.

Hal went into the depot, and as he hadn't been gone five minutes in all, Hans hadn't missed him. Hal told him where he'd been, also what the pawnbroker had said, and as he named the amount Hans' eyes opened a good deal wider, for he had no idea the watch was so valuable.

Presently Arthur came up and the boys told him frankly how they happened to be in town, and asked him to say nothing about it, which he agreed to, as Hal had now decided to go back to school. Arthur said he had come to town on the morning train to do some shopping.

So they went home with Arthur, and having some

WON IN THE NINTH

one who was familiar with the city to pilot them, they weren't worried about that. Mr. and Mrs. Delvin were glad to have a couple of Arthur's team mates to dinner, and they went to a vaudeville show, which was a new experience for Hans. They enjoyed the evening immensely and after a two-hour ride on the train got home pretty tired, but none the worse for the experience.

CHAPTER IX

THE DIAMOND MEDAL

THERE was plenty of excitement in and about Lowell the morning after Hans and Hal returned from Boston. In fact there had been a good deal of excitement the evening before, but of this Hans and Hal knew nothing. They were in Boston having a good time with Delvin.

"What's all the bustle about?" asked Hal as he and Hans entered the dining room at training table next morning.

"What! haven't you heard?" asked Robb, to whom more than anyone else Hal seemed to be talking. "The diamond studded Championship Medal was stolen from the safe of the University treasurer's office yesterday between twelve and one o'clock. There is no clue of any kind. Orders are from the faculty that every student in the University shall report at the dean's study before six o'clock to-night, and explain his movements after twelve o'clock yesterday. Seems funny that they should suspect any student of doing it."

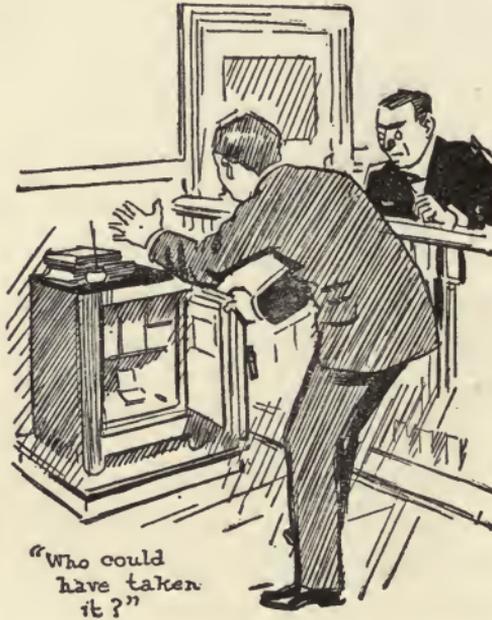
"Wasn't there some one in the room where the safe is all day yesterday?" asked Hal.

"What makes them think it was stolen between

WON IN THE NINTH

twelve and one o'clock? How do they know it wasn't stolen a week or a month ago?" asked Hans.

"It seems that the secretary of the University brought it back from the jewelers at noon yesterday. It had been taken there to have one of the settings tightened. He had put it in the safe. A few minutes after one o'clock, Mr. Williams, the treas-



urer, came in and asked if the medal had come back yet. 'I just brought it over,' said the secretary, and walked over to the safe to get it. It wasn't there and he almost collapsed.

"They searched everywhere a dozen times. It couldn't be found. Finally they were forced to conclude it had been stolen. Who could have taken it? No one but students had called at the office

THE DIAMOND MEDAL

during that hour. It was hard to believe any student could have taken it, but they had to admit the possibility.

"The police were notified and asked if they had seen any suspicious characters around the building. The Chief instructed all the patrolmen in town to bring in any suspicious characters.

"Finally late last night," continued Robb, "the policeman down at the station reported that shortly after one o'clock yesterday a young fellow had asked to be directed to a pawnshop. He was very much excited and in a hurry. Might have been a student, but he thought he was a stranger because most students would know where the pawnshop was, even if they didn't have any business there.

"So they have this cop stationed down by the entrance and he is looking at the students as they go in thinking he can identify the fellow if he should happen to be a student."

"Seems silly to me," remarked Hans, "that they should think any student of Lowell who would do a trick like that would be so bone-headed as to try to pawn it in this town. I doubt if any pawnbroker in the country would take a thing like that. It would be recognized immediately."

"He could take out the diamonds and melt it up," said Talkington, who had joined in the discussion.

Hal's face was white. He knew they were looking for him, thinking that he was the guilty party! What should he do? He could account for all of his time. He would tell them the exact facts, every

WON IN THE NINTH

detail, even his visit to the pawnshop in Boston to find out what his watch was worth. Hans was with him all the time, excepting in the pawnshop, and so was Delvin most of the time. The pawnbroker would no doubt testify for him that he simply made an inquiry there and pawned nothing.

After breakfast he said to Hagner with as much self-control as he could muster, "Hans, I'm the fellow they are after. When I was crazy to get away yesterday for home, and was bent on pawning my watch, I went up to that policeman at the station and asked him where I could find a pawnshop."

"Gee!" said Hans, "that looks bad, doesn't it? Yes! it looks bad, but only looks. You're all right. Wasn't the pawnshop closed when you got there? Isn't it the only pawnshop in town? They can find out that it was closed, can't they? Wasn't I with you all the time in Boston and on the way there and back? And wasn't Delvin with us, too?"

"All but during my visit to the shop," said Hal, "when I learned the value of my watch."

"Well," returned Hans, "the pawnbroker will know you if it comes to that, and can testify that you didn't leave anything there."

"That's what I thought," said Hal. "I am going right down there and tell the whole story. That will let me out, except that I may have to make another trip to Boston."

"I'll go along," said Hans.

So they went on down. They didn't see any policeman around outside. Inside they found Mr. Wil-

THE DIAMOND MEDAL

liams, the treasurer, who came to meet them. Hal told him that they had heard the police were trying to locate a fellow who had asked one of them to direct him to a pawnshop yesterday. He was the fellow, and he said he wanted to tell all about it, which he did.

Mr. Williams was impressed with the straightforwardness of his story and told him he needn't worry about it. He felt sure it wasn't any student that had stolen the medal. Only they had to run down this clew and he was sorry he had been annoyed. Hal told him he would like some one to go to the pawnbroker in Boston and verify what he had said about his visit there just to remove any possibility of suspicion that anyone might have against him on that account. He knew, of course, it would prove to be as he said, and that was the only space of time he was alone while in Boston. Without doing this, people might suspect that both Hans and himself, having made such an unusual trip to Boston together so soon after the robbery occurred, were in it and he didn't want anything left undone to prove that neither of them was in any way connected with the matter or subject to suspicion.

Hal left with Hans, very much relieved. Not that he had anything to be worried over, but the way the matter had come about had upset him more than he himself could tell, and now that he had explained himself fully, his feelings again became normal, and he went about his work of the day in a much better frame of mind than he had enjoyed since he had the accident.

CHAPTER X

UNDER SUSPICION

THE theft of the medal was of course the all-absorbing topic at all places where students came together. Hal's explanation of his intended flight and the causes which made him want to know where the pawnshop was, brought to an end the clew which the authorities had thought would quickly locate the thief. There seemed to be absolutely no way to trace the culprit.

A week passed and Hal's foot became better and he was able to resume his practice with the team.

On Friday evening Hal was in his room doing his studies, in order to have them out of the way, so that he could enjoy himself fully on Saturday and Sunday, without having to think of college work, when he received a note from Mr. Williams, the treasurer of the University, asking him if he could come down for a few minutes. The note was delivered by a blue-coated messenger boy. After reading it, he said he would go and the messenger left.

Hal went into Hans' room to tell where he was going, found that he was not in his room and as they had planned to do some studying together later in the evening he started to write a note on the pad on

UNDER SUSPICION

the writing desk. Then he thought Hans would understand better what was up if he left the treasurer's note on Hans' desk. He did this and went on down to see Mr. Williams.

When he arrived there he found Mr. Williams, Dr. Lawrence, the president, and Mr. Smith, the secretary, waiting for him. There was nothing that Hal need be nervous about, and he could think of nothing they could want him for, unless perhaps they wanted to "call him down" for leaving the University without explanation.

On second thought he made up his mind that if that were the idea, they surely wouldn't have the president of the University on hand. Then he thought that perhaps the president wanted to hear his story about the pawnshop, etc., and he wished Hans were with him to verify it. All this passed through his mind in the few seconds he had to wait until they noticed his arrival.

"Oh, Case," said Mr. Williams, "we have asked you down here to-night to tell you some important news. First, the medal has been found, and——"

"I am very glad it has turned up," broke in Hal, relieved, "and I appreciate your telling me in this way, Mr. Williams, because I suppose you know I have——"

"Yes, that is one reason, Case," now broke in Mr. Williams, "but there are certain circumstances in connection with the finding of the medal, which I regret to say will need a little further explanation on your part."

WON IN THE NINTH

“ Why, what do you mean? ” asked Hal, growing a little nervous at the tone used by Mr. Williams.

“ I hope,” went on Mr. Williams, “ that you have an explanation which is satisfactory. I cannot quite bring myself to believe, after the straightforward talk you made to me last week, that you had anything to do with the theft of the medal, but the circumstances of recovery demand an explanation from you. When you told me your story the other day you gave me the address of the pawnshop in Boston where you went to inquire about the value of your watch. You were so frank about asking us to go there and verify your story that I didn't think it worth while to do so.

“ Among the methods used, however, by us in our efforts to recover the medal we asked the Boston police to visit all the pawnshops and see what they could find. This morning we had word by long distance phone from Boston, saying the medal had been found in one of the pawnshops there and suggesting that we send some one in authority to bring it back and to go over some facts in connection with the case, which might aid them in locating the culprit. I was going up anyhow and I said I would attend to the matter myself. When I arrived at police headquarters, the chief took me into his private office. He went to his safe and when he returned he handed me the medal which I now show you (he held up the beautiful medal in his right hand) and he also handed me this.” Then with his left hand he picked up an envelope which was lying on his desk and handed it to Hal.

UNDER SUSPICION

Hal was puzzled because he didn't know what that could have to do with him. He looked up and noticed all three of the officers of the University watching his face closely. He couldn't understand it and naturally became paler. It looked to him like a trap. Then he reached over with his right hand and took the envelope which Mr. Williams held out for him.

He felt that something terrible was going to happen and his hand shook. He took the envelope, looked at it, turned it over, looked at the other side, and gave a jump. What he saw would make most young fellows jump even higher than Hal did, for on the address side of the envelope was written

“ HAROLD CASE,

California.”

Hal noticed at once that it was his own writing. It was some seconds before anyone in the room spoke. To Hal it seemed hours. Finally, it was he himself who broke the silence.

“ Where did you get this? ” he asked.

“ The police found it with the medal in the shop where it was pawned, and the broker said it was handed to him by the fellow who pawned the medal. ” This was said slowly in order to give the others a chance to notice what effect the words had on Hal. “ It looks something like your writing, ” said Mr. Williams.

“ It is my handwriting, ” said Hal.

WON IN THE NINTH

“How do you explain it?” asked Mr. Williams.

“I can’t explain it,” answered Hal. “I know absolutely nothing about it.”

“The medal and this envelope,” went on Mr. Williams, “were found in the pawnshop which you said you had visited that night in Boston. After I saw the Chief of Police and he gave me the medal and the envelope he went with me to the pawnshop and when I got there I recognized the address which you had given me. Then we rode back to the police department to interview the pawnbroker who has been arrested for receiving stolen property, and he told me this story.

“About five o’clock on Thursday evening of the previous week, a young man wearing a blue cloth hat and a mixed gray suit of clothes came into my place and asked me how much I would loan him on a watch which he laid down on the show case. I picked it up and saw two good-sized diamonds in the case. I was attracted by the stones and next examined them with my magnifying glass. They were exactly alike and I saw at once they were valuable, particularly to me as I had been asked that day by a customer to find him two perfectly matched white stones.

“Then I examined the watch inside and out and saw that it was also very valuable, and I said, thinking to get the watch cheap, since most people who pawn things do not redeem them, “I will let you have four hundred and fifty dollars on it.” The young fellow hesitated and then asked: “How much

UNDER SUSPICION

is it worth?" and I said, "a thousand dollars," and he said, hesitating again, "Thank you, I just wanted to find out how much it is worth," and hurried out. I didn't think any more of it, except to guess to myself that the watch didn't belong to the young man. About five minutes later he came back and I said, "Well, you have decided to let me have the watch anyhow for a while haven't you?" He looked at me rather queerly and said after hesitating as he did before, "No, I won't pawn that." I noticed then he had on blue eyeglasses, but couldn't say whether he had them on the first time he called because I paid more attention to the watch than to him.

"Finally he pulled out the medal, a very beautiful piece, and said, "I can spare this better for a while than the watch if you can let me have as much on it." I took it in my hand, and noticing the inscription on it, said: "Is it yours?" "Of course," he replied, and as it might easily be so from the inscription, and as very few people would take a chance on trying to pawn that kind of a medal if it didn't belong to them, I took it and gave him four hundred and fifty dollars and the ticket. "I may not be able to come for this myself," he said, "and I might lose the ticket, so make a note that it is not to be delivered to anyone, even if he has the ticket unless it is accompanied by an envelope like this one with this name on it and in his handwriting." Then he handed me the envelope which I put in the safe with the medal, and which I turned over to the police this morning.'"

WON IN THE NINTH

Hal was dumfounded. What could he say? He thought awfully hard. Finally he was able to say, "But I was with Hagner or with Hagner and Delvin all of the time I was in Boston, excepting during the five minutes it took me to call at the pawnshop about the watch. Besides, I haven't any blue glasses. I didn't have any and wouldn't have had time to buy any while there."

"Are you sure you were only away from Hagner for five minutes? The pawnbroker said both visits took place within ten or fifteen minutes all told. The glasses might have been bought before you took the train. We are not trying to accuse you, Case, we are trying to keep from having to," said Mr. Williams.

"I am not sure that it was exactly five minutes," said Hal, "I am not sure of anything except that I had nothing to do with the theft of the medal. And yet I can't blame you gentlemen very much, because it certainly does look bad, especially when I was on my way to leave the University for good."

Hal had somewhat recovered his balance because he knew, of course, that it must come out all right somehow, although he had no idea what or how they were going to do him. He knew he was innocent yet here were a lot of circumstances that looked like evidence to them and until he could clear them up he would be under great suspicion.

If they should decide that the evidence warranted action they could even have him locked up, and he began to think of the books he had read of people—

UNDER SUSPICION

men, women, and boys who had been unjustly accused of different crimes and had been locked up for years, many of them never having their innocence proved. It was a terrible fix for him. All this went through his mind while the others were consulting.

Finally Dr. Lawrence, the president, turned to Hal and said:

“ Mr. Case, it is a terrible thing for all of us to have to consider a matter of this kind. It is one of the few occasions in my life when I would rather be anyone else than the President of Lowell University. Whoever it was who performed this theft may have to answer finally for the conviction of an innocent young man. We are loath to accuse you of this crime. In fact, I wish you to understand thoroughly that we do not accuse you now. At the same time the circumstances are such that we cannot, we regret to say, exonerate you until the matter is fully cleared up. You yourself admit that it looks bad for you. It does. But we will not permit ourselves to believe you guilty until every effort has been made to clear it up. Meantime, however, not as a punishment for the matter, but to put it on a basis which while not justifiable is nevertheless explainable, as the result of your intention to absent yourself from the University without leave, we have decided that you must consider yourself off the Varsity for the period of one week. We rely on you not to leave the University pending the investigation. I am sorry.”

He shook Hal's hand warmly after this dignified speech and expressed the hope that the matter could

WON IN THE NINTH

be cleared up soon. He assured Hal that no expense or labor would be saved in that direction.

Then they let him go home and it was the saddest trip Hal ever took in the direction of Mrs. Malcolm's home. Whether they considered him guilty of the



greater crime or not, he was disgraced anyhow. Surely it was a hard punishment to give an impetuous young fellow for simply wanting to go home and for the reason that Hal thought he had.

He went up the stairs to his room with a heavy heart—a heart that ached in every way. He felt that he was done for.

Hans' door was open and he heard Hal come in.

"Been up on the green carpet?" asked Hans.

UNDER SUSPICION

"That's what they say, isn't it when they send for you like that?"

"Yes," said Hal, dejected.

"What's the matter now? Nothing about the medal or our trip to Boston, was it?" went on Hans. But before he could answer, Hal broke down and went all to pieces. "I'm disgraced," he almost shouted in his agony.

"Tell me what happened," said Hans when he had quieted him down somewhat. Then Hal told him all that had taken place and what had been said, the pawnbroker's story and everything, winding up by repeating the president's speech which he could recite almost word for word, so forcibly had every syllable sunk into his brain.

"I'm disgraced," he concluded.

Hans was thunderstruck. Did they connect him with it in any way? Was his name mentioned? Why didn't they? It was preposterous. He had Hal go over different parts of the story again and again. They didn't believe Hal guilty, yet they put him off the team for a week.

"We must clear this up," said he, finally, when he had a little time to think. "We must clear it up within a week. How I don't know, but it must be done. Don't worry about being suspended for a week. No one but Hughie need know. You can fix it up with him that your foot is paining you again from Crossley's spikes and carry your cane and limp a little. Hughie will protect you. He likes you well enough for that. At the end of the week you can

WON IN THE NINTH

get well again. We don't need to worry about that end of it. We've got to go over this thing step by step and account for everything that happened to you and me from the time you left this house that day until you got back. Now let's get busy," and they started in on the hardest proposition they had ever tackled.

Item by item they went over the day's happenings again and again. They started in with Hal's leaving Mrs. Malcolm's house on the way to the station.

"Did you walk or did you take the car? Who took your trunk! Did you talk to anybody? Whom?"

These were the kind of questions Hans fired at Hal like shots out of a gun. For once this phlegmatic young man was thoroughly aroused and excited. Whenever he asked a question that Hal couldn't answer he would say "Think! Think!"

They went over everything up to the time Hal took the train, and they found no clew of any kind. Hal had talked to no one except the ticket agent, the policeman at the corner, and yes! he did ask another man whom he met as he ran out of the station about the location of a pawnshop but the other fellow was hurrying too and he guessed he hadn't heard his question because he didn't stop. Hal hadn't either.

Then they went all over the incidents of the ride to Boston, meeting with Delvin, waiting in the station for him, Hal's visit to the pawnshop, the dinner at Delvin's and the vaudeville show but found nothing that would give them a start.

UNDER SUSPICION

Then Hans had Hal tell the pawnbroker's story over again, word for word as near as he could remember it. When Hal came to the part about the envelope Hans stopped him.

"Do you remember where you got that envelope and how you happened to write your name on it?"

"Why yes, I got it off my desk that day when I was packing. I remember I wrote my name and home address on it and put it in my handkerchief pocket intending to leave it at the post office as a forwarding address for my mail."

"Did you leave it there?"

Hal thought a moment. "No, I'm sure I forgot all about that. I didn't go to the post office at all."

"Then it must have been in your pocket on the train. You may have pulled it out of your pocket with your handkerchief on the train," continued Hans.

"I can't remember having used my handkerchief on the train," said Hal, "but I do recollect now that when I came out of the pawnshop I was perspiring freely from slight nervousness and the excitement of knowing the great value of my watch."

"That might account for its having gotten into the pawnshop," said Hans eagerly, "if the thief was near there and happened to see it (then in a moment). Sure that's what happened. Didn't he show up within five minutes after you left the place? You drop the envelope on the sidewalk without knowing it, he comes along, sees it, picks it up, and as one name is as good to him as another, and as he doesn't

WON IN THE NINTH

expect to call for the medal again, he fixes up that story for the pawnbroker to show him he doesn't want to part with the medal forever and that makes the broker loan him the money on it, because they had rather make loans to people who redeem their pledges than not. People who do this have the habit and become steady customers. We're doing fine."

By that time it was nearly daylight. They had been up all night without noticing it. They felt they had made a start. At last they decided to get an hour or two of sleep.

Hal went to his bed exhausted but couldn't sleep, he was so worried. Hans fell asleep promptly or thought he did. As a matter of fact he was only half dozing with the problem going through his mind. He was so intent on it that he was thinking of it unconsciously and as he thought he was asleep he thought he had a dream of getting on a train to go some place. Oh yes, he was trying to find Hal, he was getting on the back end of the train and as he walked into the car he saw Hal sitting on the last seat of the car, blue hat, mixed gray suit and all, and he saw himself going up to speak to him and greet him in true college-boy style, hitting his friend on the back as hard as his right hand would permit him, and just as his hand was about to fall on Hal's shoulders he looked and, "By George!" said Hans, jumping out of bed and running over to Hal's room like mad, shouting, "I've got him. The fellow with the blue glasses! Blue hat, gray suit, just like yours on the same train."

UNDER SUSPICION

Then he told Hal about the fellow on the train whom he had almost forgotten. How he thought he was Hal and was just about to hand him one when he had noticed the blue glasses and then found it



wasn't Hal. He wound up by saying, "Find the other fellow with the blue hat, the mixed gray suit and the blue glasses and we've got the medal thief."

CHAPTER XI

THE STUDENT DETECTIVES

THE first thing they did in the morning was to hunt up Hughie. They routed him out before breakfast. When they saw him they told him the whole story from beginning to end. They told him about Hal's suspension for a week, and fixed it up with him for Hal to carry his cane and limp when anybody was around. Then Hans got excused from practice for a few days, also without any particular reason except the one to Hughie that he wanted to put in his spare time on a little detective work.

After breakfast they went to Mr. Williams' house. It was still before hours, and after a little delay, Mr. Williams came downstairs. Hans told him about seeing the fellow with the blue glasses on the train, also that he had a hat and suit on that looked a good deal like Hal's. Mr. Williams was deeply interested and gave them both permission to absent themselves from class for a few days, asking them to report to him each evening. He said, too, he would tell the detective whom they would employ that day so they could help run down the clew.

For three days they hunted the town over to find a merchant who might have sold a blue cloth hat

THE STUDENT DETECTIVES

like Hal's, but without result. The same thing happened when they tried to find one who had sold a pair of blue glasses. They didn't make a bit of progress. The station agent couldn't recall anyone with a blue hat buying a ticket to Boston that day. He didn't even remember that Hal had worn that kind of a hat or a gray suit, or even that he had bought a ticket.

The next morning passed also without result. At noon they went over to Springville, the next town, to investigate the stores there to see if they could find a clew.

As they were going into the town, the car stopped to give an automobile a chance to cross the track ahead of them. This called Hans' attention to the automobile. There was no one in it but the driver, but he had on a blue cloth hat and wore blue glasses. Hans jumped up and leaned out to get a better view of the occupant, shouting to Hal: "Get the number of that machine quick." Hal did so, but just then Hans said, in a disappointed tone, "Never mind the number, the driver's colored and the man who wore the blue glasses was white." So they went back to their seats more disappointed than ever. When they had gone a little farther, however, Hans burst out, "Do you remember that number yet?"

"Yes," said Hal, "27,843, Mo. There was another smaller number underneath, but I couldn't get that one."

"Let's go back," said Hans. "I have a hunch that we ought to investigate that car."

WON IN THE NINTH

With that they swung off the trolley and after waiting a few minutes along came another car going in the opposite direction.

“That auto may stop in Lowell. I don’t suppose it will do any good, but it’s the first thing that looks like a clew that we have had, and we’d better follow it up.”

When they got back to town they visited all the garages in the city without explaining their mission, and looked at the numbers on all the cars. They didn’t find the one they were looking for, so they went down to report to Mr. Williams. He was very much interested.

“Why didn’t you ask the garage people if they had seen a car with that number?”

“Guess we didn’t know enough,” said Hans. “We’re not such great detectives after all.”

Mr. Williams thought enough of the clew to say that he would have one of the detectives interview the managers of the garages and find out if a car of that number had been in town that day and to see if they could trace it. “We can also write to St. Louis and find out who owns that Missouri number.”

Hans and Hal then went to their rooms to get ready for dinner, for their work made them hungry, although of course Hans had the better appetite of the two. In the evening they were sitting in Hans’ room when there was a knock on the door. Hal opened it and there was Mr. Williams.

“We’ve found the automobile,” said Mr. Will-

THE STUDENT DETECTIVES

iams. "It belongs to one of the students of the University who has a colored driver. The driver has been employed for only a month and I am afraid that there is nothing in our clew. The machine belongs to Crossley."

Hans jumped about four feet in the air: "Crossley did you say?" The jump seemed to give him power to think quick. "Could it be possible. Could he do such a thing? I hardly think so. He wouldn't have any reason for it. He has plenty of money." He was thinking out loud. "Wait, let me see. He might not want to do it just for money. He deliberately spiked Hal. He seemed to have it in for him for some reason. Come to think of it that fellow on the train looked something like him under those glasses." Then came "yes, it might have been Crossley."

The others sat watching him in amazement. Finally Hans turned to Mr. Williams and told him what he had noticed about the deliberate spiking of Hal. He could give no motive and neither could Hal say why Crossley might dislike him.

When he had finished Mr. Williams said, "I hardly think it could be possible. Still I think I had better send for Crossley; I will do so right away." He promised to let the boys know later in the evening if anything worth while resulted. As a matter of fact Mr. Williams had concluded there might be more in the idea than he had let on. He sent Crossley a note like the one he had sent Hal, asking him to come to the office at once, late though it was. But

WON IN THE NINTH

he added a few words at the bottom: "Bring your chauffeur's hat and goggles."

When Crossley received the note he read it only once, but he knew it was all up with him. He had been having a pretty uncomfortable time himself during the past days, but it was only when he received Mr. Williams' note that the utter baseness of his misdeeds became fully apparent to him. He couldn't stand the thought of facing Mr. Williams and Hal.

Like a lot of the boys, he was brave only until he was called upon to stand a real test, and Crossley's training wasn't the kind that would let him take his medicine. So he didn't even wait until the messenger had gone. His automobile was standing at the curb in front of his quarters. He didn't stop for anything, not even to pack up, nor did he wait for his driver. He dashed down the stairs, jumped into his automobile and went away as fast as his machine could carry him. The messenger boy reported to Mr. Williams what he had seen and he said, "He must be the guilty party. His flight surely was a confession."

He called up Hal and Hans and told them what had happened and that Hal might consider the suspension removed.

As for Crossley this is where he goes out of the story. They struck his name from the rolls of the University. No doubt he turned up at his home in due time, but the University authorities never made any attempt to punish him. They were satisfied that



"Get the number of that machine."



THE STUDENT DETECTIVES

he had gone without bringing the fair name of the school into more disrepute.

They packed up his things and sent them to his home, and if they were ever called upon by Crossley's father to explain anything about the matter will probably never be known. Nothing was ever said about it one way or the other at Lowell. The college people sent out the news that the medal had been found, leaving anyone to guess whether it had really been stolen or mislaid.

President Lawrence sent for Hal and thanked him for the courage he had shown while under the cloud, again expressed his sorrow that he had been forced by circumstances to put him under suspicion, and Hal went home feeling more relieved than he had ever felt in his life.

As for Hans he was jubilant. Hal felt particularly grateful to him for his clever work in clearing up the mystery and wanted to tell the story at the training table in order that Hans should have full credit, but Hans objected in his modest way and so they kept the story absolutely to themselves and were happy.

CHAPTER XII

HAL IS DISCOVERED

THE season was coming along rapidly. The first big game of the year with Armour was only a week off and the Varsity was hardly prepared for it. Baseball in the big colleges had come to be almost as scientific as in the professional leagues, which by the way were full of college men—they having been rapidly replacing the old-time every-man-for-himself sluggers who learned their baseball on the back lots, and who while “Kings of the game” in their days were no match for the scientific brainy players of inside baseball which had been developed in the colleges. Also the fact that college-trained men were taking positions in the professional leagues, took a good deal of the rowdyism out of the game and increased its popularity with the “fans” all over the country.

Lowell University had been the first to develop the clever “inside ball” as it had come to be called and the other colleges had taken it up. A big part of “inside ball” is made possible by the “signals” which each of the players had to know and remember.

They had signals for every combination that could be imagined, some of the players, as, for instance, the

HAL IS DISCOVERED

shortstop, the key to the infield, had fifteen signals, all of which he had to keep in mind, and any one of which he might have to use at any moment. The other players had their own signals, too, and every player on the team must be familiar with every other player's signals, while at bat. Otherwise if two men used the same signals the opposing players would soon catch on to what was going to be tried.

And so before this first big game with Armour, Hughie spent most of the practice hours training the men in the use and understanding of the signals, so that each man on the bases could tell by watching just what the batter would try to do, and if the opposing team was at bat, the Lowell boys in the field signaled to each other how to play if the ball went here or there.

Then there was practice in base running, sliding, etc., particularly the fall-away slide. Ty Robb and Honus enjoyed the sliding. These two stole more bases in practice and regular games than all the other men on the team put together.

The rules of the game give the runner absolute right to the base paths, otherwise a baseman could always block a runner. The average player, even though courageous, starts his slide when about fifteen feet from the bag, so that by the time the bag is reached the slider is not coming at very fast speed—he is almost stopped in fact, and it is easy for the baseman to tag him without much danger from spikes. But Ty and Honus were daredevils. Neither knew what fear was. They got onto the fact that by

WON IN THE NINTH

starting to slide when about eight feet from the base they would sail into it full speed, and that nine times out of ten the baseman was afraid to try to touch them even if he had the ball. So Ty and Honus were detailed to teach the others how to slide, and everyone was working hard to perfect the team work.

At the end of the week the team took its first trip out of town, when they went to Hudson City for the annual game with Armour, which always had one of the best teams in the East. The boys arrived after an all-night ride in the sleeper, but by the time breakfast was over and they reached the ground for a little warming-up practice, everyone was feeling fine with the exception of Huyler, the substitute infielder who sprained his ankle, and had been sent to a hospital to have it attended to, and Hal, who had been brought along, but who saw no chance whatever to get into the game, since Miner was in fine form and Babe had developed into a pretty steady winner. Nothing but an avalanche of singles, two-baggers, and homers would give him a chance that day.

It looked like rain almost up until the game had been called.

Hudson City was one of the largest college towns in the country. Fifteen thousand people could be seated in the stands, and they were filled, while five thousand others stood or sat on the ground. A thousand Lowell boys and two thousand Lowell graduates were seated in the stands back of third base where the visiting players' bench was also located.

HAL IS DISCOVERED

Down in the field in front of the section where the Lowell boys sat were four Lowell boys with megaphones and without coats or hats who led the yelling and the singing, and the wearers of the green did their best to make as much noise and sing as loud as the more numerous adherents of the orange (Armour's color), who sat in the stands back of first base and spread out on the field, and who would have won the game purely on their enthusiasm if they could. Last year Armour had played at Lowell and had lost, but they had a good time anyhow with their cheering and their singing, and especially after the game when the Lowell crowd entertained them.

That afternoon the team came nearer to defeat than at any time so far that year. The advantage of being champions had been partly offset by the big hostile crowd in the stand. The feeling of nervousness was shared by Hughie and the coaches over the one weak spot, first base, in what would otherwise have seemed to him a championship team. Dill had been tried and found wanting, and Ross was given the job. He was at times fit, but at other times he made the rankest errors and occasionally made such a boneheaded play that it upset the confidence of the whole team.

"If this is one of Ross's good days," said Hughie, "we're all right; but if he is as bad as he was two weeks ago in the game with Colfax, then look out. We have no one else to put in, and we can't win from this crowd if it's a bad day for Ross."

Then the gong sounded, the umpire said "Play

WON IN THE NINTH

ball," the Armour boys took their places in the field and the game was on.

Everson led off for Lowell and drew a base on balls. Captain sacrificed him to second; Honus drove a hot one to the shortstop, who fumbled but recovered in time to catch the runner at first, Everson taking third. Ty placed a neat single over the second bag and Everson came in, Ty taking second on the throw in. Tris came up next and drove a hot one past third base and Ty came all the way home on the hit. Tris being held on first, Delvin hit a screamer down the first-base line, which rolled to the fence, and Arthur made the round trip with Tris ahead of him. Ross, the next man up, struck out.

"That's a bad sign," said Hughie to himself as Ross walked down to first and picked up his glove.

Carter, the first man up for Armour, fouled out; Wilson, the next batter, hit a long fly to Ty; Blair, the next man up, hit a grass-scorcher over second. Honus rushed over, made a beautiful pick up with one hand and a perfect throw to Ross ten feet ahead of the runner, and Ross muffed the ball. Gibbie signaled to Miner to throw to first to catch the runner who had taken a big lead. His throw was good, but Ross again muffed. The next man up made a clean hit over third, and Blair, the man on first, got clear around to third. Hughie signaled the infield to play in close, because a hit would bring in a run anyhow. The batter tapped an easy one toward Ross, who picked it up neatly, but while he was making up his mind where to throw it, the man on third came in

HAL IS DISCOVERED

and the batter reached first. The next man sent a high fly to left, which Cap. gathered in. Score, 4 to 1.

In Lowell's half of the second we went out in one-two-three order. In Armour's half, Miner was unsteady and passed Clymer, the first man. Then he



struck out the second batter. The next man up laid a neat bunt down toward third; Delvin came rushing in, scooped it up neatly and hurled it straight for the bag. Again Ross muffed the ball, and before he had recovered it the batter was safe and Clymer who had received the base on balls originally was perched on third. By this time the nervousness had spread to the rest of the team. A hit would mean another run.

The next man up, who was the pitcher, dropped

WON IN THE NINTH

an unexpected hit in short right, but Ty who had crept in pretty close made a quick pick up and threw to first ahead of the runner who had expected the throw to go to the plate and had come down slow. But Ty had seen at once he could not catch the man going home, so he did the unexpected and caught the man at first, and as good luck would have it Ross caught the throw while everybody felt that he would have muffed it again if it hadn't been so unexpected. Brain, the next batter, hit an easy grounder to Ross who touched first and the side was retired. Score, Lowell, 4; Armour, 2.

It was easy for Armour to see that the weak spot in the Lowell team was first base and they directed all their play toward that point, the batters trying to drive the ball down that way continually. Then for three innings and in Lowell's half of the sixth, the sides went out in one-two-three order. Miner knew he must make them either strike out or put them up in the air, and the flies were all caught by Lowell's fielders, so the other boys made no runs. Practically the same things happened to Lowell. We got one or two more hits but they were scattered and nothing happened.

But in the last half of the sixth inning came more trouble. The first man up batted a pretty swift grounder toward first base and it passed through Ross' legs though Ty came racing in and held the runner on first. It was a sure thing there would be more runs if they continued to direct the attack on Ross. Everson and Miner stalled to give Ross a

HAL IS DISCOVERED

chance to cool off and Jenkins was tearing his hair on the bench because he had no one to send to take Ross' place. Dill, the only other man who had ever played the bag, was not with the team, and Huyler was unexpectedly hurt. Once Hughie turned to Hal and said, "Do you think you could cover that bag?"

"I have never tried it," said Hal, "but if you order me in there, I'll do my best for you and Lowell." By that time, however, play had been resumed. The whole team was nervous. They felt that any ball batted to Ross would be missed, and that if they did stop anything, Ross would miss the throw. Miner temporarily lost control again, giving another base on balls, making a man on first and one on second, with nobody out. This helped to increase the nervousness of the whole team, and even Hughie began to lose his nerve apparently. Webb, the batter, hit the next ball pitched for a line drive over Honus' head, who did the best he could and knocked it down, but too late to get his man at first. Three men on bases and nobody out, and any kind of a hit meant a run, and possibly two. The next man up again directed his attention to Ross, and hit another easy grounder toward him. Ross made a beautiful stop and setting himself deliberately for the throw, for he had plenty of time, threw straight for the plate, but ten feet over Gibbie's head, and two runs came in, tying the score. Hughie was wild, the team was wild, the Lowell "rooters" were wild, the score was tied, no one out, and Marsh of Armour

WON IN THE NINTH

was on second. Hughie walked over to Hal and said:

“Go in; you can’t do any worse than that.”

Hal said: “I’ll do my best.”

Hal’s entry into the game didn’t help the rest of the team back to confidence any. The whole team was up in the air, and now they had an entirely unknown quantity to deal with at the initial sack. Hal was most nervous of all of them, of course, although as soon as Honus saw what was up he walked over to meet him and said:

“Don’t worry, I told you several times you would make a good first baseman, and you paid no attention to me. Now you got to do it.”

Of course, the Armour team knew Hal must be untried, or Hughie would not have hesitated so long about putting him in, and they decided if they could, they would continue their attack upon the custodian of first base. The situation now was a tied score, no one out and a man on second.

The first man up sent a hot grounder to Honus. He got it, held it long enough to hold the man on second close to the bag, but too long to make the throw to first easy. Therefore he threw it with all his might at Hal, and in doing so he threw it very wide of the bag. Hal saw it coming with the speed of a bullet; he also saw the runner rushing toward him along the base line. His throwing or really his pitching hand was his left hand, and that was bare. To run up the base line far enough to get that ball in his gloved hand meant a collision with the runner,



"He stuck his left foot in the bag, whirled quickly around with his back to the ball, stretched out his right mitt, stuck it out in the air and caught the ball with one hand."

HAL IS DISCOVERED

to take it with his bare left probably meant a crippled hand and the loss of his pitching ambition.

All this he seemed to think of as that ball was rushing at him across a space of possibly one hundred feet from where Honus stood and in probably one-half a second of time. By that time the ball was upon him. Should he take it with his left or should he run up the base line and get it with his right? He did neither; he stuck his left foot in the bag, whirled quickly around with his back to the ball, stretched out his right mitt, stuck it out in the air and caught the ball with one hand.

“Runner out!” was all he heard, and the crowd and his team mates, the Armour boys and even the man on second were so thunderstruck with the quickness of it all and the apparent ease with which it was done that they cheered for five minutes, and the man on second forgot to run home while he had a chance. Nothing like it had ever been seen before on any ball ground. Surely he did not think that out while the ball was coming toward him. He couldn't have thought it out. He didn't have time. It was instinct—a sort of baseball eighth sense. Hughie was dancing up and down before the bench with joy, plucking blades of grass now with one hand, now with another, whistling through his fingers, sticking one leg out before him straight, yelling “Eyah.”

The whole team was wild, but with a different kind of wildness. A fellow that could do that was a natural ball player. If he could make one stop like that he could make another. This game didn't make so

WON IN THE NINTH

much difference now—they had discovered a first baseman. Hughie knew it, the whole team knew it—and the opposing team knew it—they all sensed it. The fans in the stands may not have realized it, and Hal was sure he didn't know what it was all about, in fact, he hardly knew yet what he had done.

The umpire had called time to let the excitement subside, and after a few minutes play was resumed. From nervousness the team had gone to the other extreme. They were exhilarated. The next man up hit a low liner over third. Delvin rushed over, stuck out his right hand and the ball stuck; two out. The next man hit a hot grounder to Everson, who relayed it to Hal. Out of pure joy, he fired it about five feet over Hal's head. Again the latter figured over quickly in his mind how to get that ball. While he was thinking about it his instinct made him leap up in the air and stick up his gloved hand into space, and again the ball stuck and came down with him as he landed on the bag, two feet ahead of the runner. Three out.

Again the crowd went wild. "What's his name? He's a wonder. Where did he learn to play first base?" and such expressions were heard on all sides as he walked to the bench. After that it was easy. The team simply had the confidence, more of it than they ever had before. Armour on the other hand was now nervous. Miner didn't let them have another hit and the Lowell boys pounded out five more runs, so that the final score stood 9 to 4 in favor of the champions.

HAL IS DISCOVERED

After the game Hal's team mates crowded around him. They were wild with joy. In the dressing room they kept on cheering him.

"Had a first baseman all the time," said Hughie, "and didn't notice it."



"Told him the first day I saw him he would make a first baseman," said Honus, "made a pretty good guess, didn't I, Hal?"

"I guess it was an accident," said Hal, at the same time knowing that he had found his place.

"Accident nothing," chimed in Robb and Everson in chorus.

Just then in walked good old Fred Penny. They were busy for a few seconds shaking hands with the

WON IN THE NINTH

old boy. Penny had come over to the game with a lot of other old Lowell graduates. "I want to see Case," said Penny. "I want to ask him where he learned to play first base." Then when they introduced him to Hal, he said: "I'd just like to have been the office boy for about six months around the place where they teach that kind of baseball."

"Well," said Hal, "I suppose after this, I'll have to give up the pitching business. I'm willing to tackle this first-base job on one condition, Penny, and that is that you come down to Lowell for a week and teach me a little of what you know about playing that position."

"That's a go," said Penny, "I feel like getting into practice myself to get a little of the stiffness out of my arms and legs."

That evening they all went to the theater as the guests of the Armour boys, and after the show took the sleeper at midnight for home. Hal and Hans therefore didn't get a chance to see much of the city, not as much as they would have liked to.

When they got home next morning before breakfast the whole student body was down to meet them. Tim Murnin hadn't let any grass grow under his feet in getting the news back to college. His story had appeared in an extra issue of the *Lowell Reporter*, the college paper, and they all knew about Hal's performance. They had plenty of cheers for the team in general, but for the moment at least Hal was the only Great One, and he took his honors as modestly as he could.

CHAPTER XIII

HANS TAKES A TRIP

ONE day in May Hans came into Hal's room with a letter from his sister who had come to New York to be present at the wedding of a former schoolmate to take place in Brooklyn, the next week. She asked Hans to come down to New York the following Thursday and accompany her to the wedding. She was visiting some friends who lived in one of the New York suburbs and wrote that she would meet him at the Grand Central Station at two o'clock in the afternoon, and he could then take her over to Brooklyn to be present at the wedding, which was to be at four o'clock.

Hans had never been in New York before, and hesitated quite a little about making the trip alone, and wanted Hal to go along. Hal couldn't afford to spend the time or money just then, and reminded Hans that his sister had been in New York before and probably knew how to get around the best way, and he needn't be nervous. He thought all Hans' sister wanted him for anyhow, was as escort.

So Hans wrote he would be there on time and made his preparations for the trip to the big city. While he was getting ready he got more and more excited.

WON IN THE NINTH

Like most boys he didn't care anything about the wedding, in fact, he'd rather be going for most any other reason, but he thought he might stay over Sunday if he got along all right, and see some of the shows.

"Perhaps I'll have time to see the *Out Door Weekly* and get a job for both of us canvassing for subscriptions in our spare time," he said.

On Thursday morning, bright and early, he took the train for New York, which left at five o'clock, but he was not so early but that Hal was up also to bid him good-by.

"Look out for the confidence men," said Hal, as Hans was leaving the house. "If any fellow walks up to you at the station down there and says, 'Well! Well! if it isn't my old friend Hagner's son Hans! How are you, Hans?' you'd better just walk by and not notice him."

"Oh! I know those fellows," said Hans. "I'll see you Monday, and if I don't have any other trouble but confidence men, it will be easy."

But when Hal was going out to chapel the next morning whom should he meet on the doorstep but Hans with his grip in his hand, and looking glum and discouraged.

"What! did they get you so soon as all this?" asked Hal.

"Oh! don't talk to me any more about the delights of New York," answered Hans, and that was all Hal could get out of him about his trip for nearly three days.

HANS TAKES A TRIP

By Sunday evening, though, things began to thaw out with Hans. The boys were both in Hagner's room, writing their weekly letters home, telling the folks all about the troubles of the past few days, and also some of the good things that had happened during the week.

Hans had finished his letter with a sigh, as he evidently wasn't quite over his New York experience, and had leaned his head back against the cushions in the Morris chair and was thinking. All at once he said, "I have a letter here from my sister which I got yesterday, but haven't opened yet, because it probably has a lot in it about my trip to New York, and I don't care to hear any more about that."

"Better read it," said Hal. "It isn't fair to people who write you letters not to at least read them."

"I suppose I'll have to read it some time," said Hans, and he opened the letter and started to read it. Hal went on with his writing for a while undisturbed, and then he heard Hans begin to chuckle to himself. From chuckling he turned to laughing to himself and finally to laugh out loud. Then he said, "Well, I guess it depends altogether on how you put it. This letter from my sister tells something about my trip to New York. It puts it in an altogether different light than I had thought of it before, and come to think of it, it's really funny, after it is all over."

"I've been dying to ask you what happened," said Hal, "but your face during the past three days has been dark enough to keep anyone from asking ques-

WON IN THE NINTH

tions. I suppose father's friends from way back home got you anyhow."

"No, I didn't see any confidence men," answered Hans. "What got me was that I went all the way to New York to attend a wedding and to see some of the sights of the town over Sunday and here I am back at Lowell again within twenty-four hours, without seeing either the wedding or any of the sights and just about \$25 to the bad."

"How could that happen?" asked Hal, showing much interest.

"Well, it was this way," said Hans. "I got to the Grand Central Station all right about one o'clock. The sun was shining and I was feeling pretty good. There were lots of people coming and going, and the streets outside were so crowded I thought sure there was going to be a parade. About half past one it started to rain and it rained harder than it ever rains in Texas. Of course I didn't have any rubbers or umbrella along, and when my sister got there she didn't have any either. It wasn't raining and didn't look like rain when she left the house where she was visiting.

"She was all dressed up in her finest dress, with big hat, and looked very pretty, but I couldn't take her on a street car in that kind of weather, and so I said, 'I guess we'll have to take a cab.' She said under the circumstances she would go in a cab, but that she would pay for it, because she knew I couldn't have very much money, I guess, and she gave me her pocketbook with some money in it. I told her she

HANS TAKES A TRIP

had better come with me and we would find the best way to get there. She said we had better take the Twenty-third Street Ferry to Broadway, Brooklyn, and thought it would be cheaper to take one cab to the ferry, then ride across on the boat, and get an-



other cab on the other side. So I asked a cabby to take us to the Twenty-third Street Ferry and after we had been riding for about ten minutes we got there, and when I asked him how much I owed him he said 'Three Aces,' and I said 'What?' and he said 'Three Dollars.' So I paid the three dollars out of sister's money (she had fifteen dollars), though

WON IN THE NINTH

I felt like fighting, and we rode across the East River on the ferryboat.

“When we got over on the Brooklyn side it was raining harder than ever, and I went out to look for a cab. There was none in sight, so I telephoned to six livery stables, but there wasn't any to be had. And there we were, stuck in Brooklyn in the ferryhouse and the rain coming down like anything, and no cabs.

“I said ‘we better walk,’ but sis said ‘no, she had an idea’; and she started for the entrance to the ferryhouse, where I saw a string of carriages approaching. When I caught up to her I saw it was a lot of carriages bringing people back from a funeral, and sister was busy talking to the driver of one of them. Finally we explained things to the people inside, and they consented to let us have their carriage, and they thought they could get a carriage on the New York side, although it was queer to change a funeral carriage into one to go to a wedding. When we got in I told the driver where we wanted to go, and he sort of smiled, but, of course, I didn't know what about. I soon found out though, as after he had gone about four blocks and turned one corner the carriage stopped, and the driver got down and opened the door, saying we were there. I hadn't asked him how much it would be, but told him to wait for us, as it was time for the wedding and we only expected to be there for a little while.

“The building was one of those apartment houses, my sister told me—a brand new building with ele-

HANS TAKES A TRIP

vators and boys with brass buttons, and all that. This was my first sight of an apartment house—this was the kind which had little apartments—four rooms and bath, and the young couple who were getting married had furnished it up very nicely, and were going to start housekeeping right after the wedding. Because they had only a little room, they had rented or obtained the use of the apartment next door, for people to leave their wraps. The boy showed us in there.

“A maid showed sister into one room and me into another, and said, ‘There is a brush and comb and clothesbrush in the bath-room if you need one.’ I needed it because I was pretty wet, and my hair was ruffled. I went into the bath-room, and, of course, turned the bolt in the door. I brushed my clothes and combed my hair, and then started to get out. When I tried to turn the bolt it wouldn’t budge. You see this apartment had never been occupied and this bolt in the door had never been tried, so when I had turned it to lock it, it had worked all right, but when I tried to unlock it, it had stuck tight in the door and I couldn’t budge it. I tried and tried until my fingers were worn sore and still I was in there.

“The weather was warm and I was perspiring like a horse after a race. I pounded on the door but nobody could hear me, because everybody but sister and the maid had gone in to the wedding. Sister and the maid were waiting in the other end of the apartment for me and didn’t hear me. After about fifteen minutes I began to kick the door and holler. By that

WON IN THE NINTH

time sister had begun looking for me, and came to the door. She asked me why I didn't come out, and I said I was locked in, and I told her to find somebody. I saw at once that I might be in there an hour or two, so I said she had better go down and pay off the cabby.



"She said I had all the money, so I slipped a ten-dollar bill (hers) under the door and she went downstairs to pay him off. He took the ten dollars and drove off, and that's the last we saw of him or any part of the ten dollars, as he took advantage of the rain and my sister to drive away. Sister came up excited and told me about that and I commenced to get madder than ever. Also I kept getting warmer.

HANS TAKES A TRIP

Finally sister came and said that she had sent for the janitor to come up with a monkey-wrench.

“While we were waiting for the janitor the wedding had taken place and the news got around that one of the guests was locked in the bath-room. That broke up the reception more or less and the whole crowd came over to the other apartment, and stood in front of the bath-room door, to advise me how to get out. After half an hour, the janitor came, but there was no way for him to get the monkey-wrench to me. Finally, he said he would go round to the other apartment across the airshaft and if I would hang out of the window on one side, he would do the same on the other and I could reach the monkey-wrench. We did this, and both of us got soaked good and hard by the rain, but I managed to get hold of the wrench by hanging onto the window-sill by my toes. I was pretty mad by that time, but I knew I'd get out quick now, so I walked up to the door, put the wrench on the knob which was flat on both sides, and gave her a mighty twist, and crack! the knob broke off, and I was worse off than ever.

“Then the people outside suggested taking the hinges off the door, which was a good idea, but it would take more than a wrench to get the pins out, so the janitor started for a screw-driver. After another half hour he appeared at the window across the airshaft again, and I got the screw-driver and another ducking from the rain, and started to work on the pins.

WON IN THE NINTH

“ They had been put in to stay, but I managed to get them out in three quarters of an hour, and told the folks outside to push. They pushed, but the door wouldn't budge. You see the bolt in the other side of the door was just long enough to hold the door tight and it couldn't be opened even then.

“ By that time it was seven o'clock and the janitor got an axe and broke out the lower panels with that, and I finally crawled out. Just as I did so three policemen came into the apartment and outside I could hear the fire gongs. Somebody looked out of the window and there was a hook and ladder company, which had come in answer to the telephone call of one of the guests, and were going to get me out by way of the bath-room window. The wedding, however, was over, the bride was in hysterics, and there was nothing left to do, since it was still raining hard, but to get another cab back to New York in the hope of getting to the station in time to enable sister to catch the 8.03 train for Westchester, the town she was visiting in, and where they were giving a card party in her honor that night. I was to go, too.

“ We arrived at the station at exactly 8.04 P. M. The cab fare was five dollars. The next train she could get would be 9.30, and we hadn't had a bite to eat since noon. There was nothing to do but have some dinner, which I was in no mood for. We went to one of the hotels near by and ate a little something. When the waiter brought the bill, it was nine dollars and eighty cents, and I never paid over fifty cents



"If I would hang out of the window on one side, he would do the same on the other."

HANS TAKES A TRIP

for a good dinner in my life. I had paid out eighteen dollars in cash for three different cab rides—one of ten minutes, three dollars; one of five minutes, ten dollars; and one of an hour, five dollars. Fifteen dollars of this was sister's money. The dinner cost me nine dollars and eighty cents, which made twelve dollars and eighty cents of my own money I had spent on a wedding which I didn't see, and on a trip to New York on which I saw nothing but a lot of thieving cabbies.

“By that time I was so angry I was red in the face, and the madder I got the more sister laughed, until I got out of patience with her and put her on the train, while I took the sleeper for Lowell, and I have been mad at things in general ever since, until now I begin to think it was laughable myself, after it is all over, though it cost a lot of money, and I didn't see much of the big city.”

While Hans was telling this Hal sat in his chair and roared and laughed until he couldn't laugh any more. It must have been awfully funny with Hans telling it in his own peculiar way. Hal said finally he thought Hans had had a pretty good time riding around in cabs all day just like a real New Yorker, but Hans said he had enough of riding in cabs, and he didn't like weddings anyhow.

After a little while, Hal finished his letter and went into his own room. Then he sat down to write the story of Hans' experience in New York to his folks. He started in with a new sheet of paper and

WON IN THE NINTH

just for fun he wrote it out like a story, heading and all. The heading was like this:

GOING TO A WEDDING IN BROOKLYN FROM
NEW YORK, U. S. A.

BY HAROLD CASE

Then he wrote out the story very much as Hans had told it to him, adding a touch here and there as the funny side of it occurred to him again, and when he had finished it he started to put it in the letter which he had written to his folks at home. What he really did, however, was to make a mistake through pure carelessness which, had he only known it, was to cause him not only a lot of joy but a great deal of happiness.

He had addressed a letter to the editor of the *Out Door Weekly* in New York for terms to agents soliciting subscriptions to the magazine, as Hans and he had talked about before Hans' trip to New York. The scheme was for Hans and himself to try to get orders for the magazine by the year from the people who lived in near-by towns, and the letter had to be written, now that Hans had come back from New York without seeing the people. Now when he came to put the story about Hans, intended only for his folks, in the letter he had written them, he picked up the wrong envelope and stuck the story in the envelope addressed to the editor of the *Out Door Weekly*, and the letter he intended for the editor he put in the envelope addressed to his folks along with

HANS TAKES A TRIP

his regular letter. Then he mailed them and went to bed.

About a week later, among the letters received by Hal was one from the *Out Door Weekly*, and Hal opened it to see what they had to say about the job of getting subscriptions which they had asked for. When he opened the letter something dropped out of it to the floor, and upon picking it up found it was a check for \$250, made out to Harold Case. Of course, he didn't understand this so he opened the letter, and this is what he read:

"MR. HAROLD CASE,

"DEAR SIR: We beg to advise you that your story has been accepted by the editor and will appear in the next issue. We have taken the liberty of putting our own title on it.

"Inclosed please find check for \$250 in payment of same. Any time you have any stories as good as this to submit for publication, we trust you will favor this magazine.

"Yours very truly,

"WALTON KEMP, *Editor*

"*Out Door Weekly.*"

Hal couldn't understand it and so he took the letter, check and all, into Hans' room, and asked him what he made out of it.

"Guess somebody made a \$250 mistake," said Hans.

WON IN THE NINTH

"They certainly have got me mixed up with some author," answered Hal. "I didn't send them any story. The only thing I have sent to this magazine is the letter which you asked me to write about the job as agents for their magazine."

"Well, have you written any stories to anybody?" asked Hans.

"Not that I know of," answered Hal. "The only story I have written lately was this. When you told me the tale of your New York visit the other night I sat down in my room afterwards and wrote it all out, and sent it to the folks, thinking they would enjoy it. They feel as though they know you as well as I do by this time."

"I have it," said Hans. "I'll bet I know what you have done. You went and put the letter for the magazine in the letter to your folks and you put the story about me in the envelope addressed to the magazine, and they're going to publish that story about me all over the country."

"I don't suppose I could make a mistake like that," said Hal.

"Well, I don't suppose you could either. But say, wouldn't it be a lucky mistake if you had done it. Think of making a mistake like that and getting \$250 for it. Think of being an author and not knowing it. That would be rich. If you did make that mistake I think I ought to lick the stuffing out of you for advertising me all over the country."

"All right; but say, maybe I did make that mistake. Guess I am not entitled to this check unless

HANS TAKES A TRIP

I did do something for it, but what on earth anybody would want to pay \$250 for that kind of a story for, I don't quite see. Now if I did make that mistake and they think enough of the story to pay \$250, it would look foolish, wouldn't it, for me to write them now and tell them they made a mistake. Wouldn't the best way be to wait until Saturday when the next number of the *Weekly* appears, and we can then see what story they refer to. And say, if that should be so, and I made the mistake the way you guess, I'll give you half of the profits provided you agree not to lick me. Anyway, there's no other name mentioned but just Hans."

So they decided to hold the check and wait for the next number of the magazine which was five days off. They were very much excited about it. They could hardly wait until Saturday came. On Friday Hal got a letter from his folks in answer to the one he had mailed ten days before, and in it his father returned him the letter addressed to the magazine in which they had asked for a job as agents.

Hal then knew he had made a mistake in inclosing the letters and had sent the story about Hans to the magazine. It began to look like the \$250 check was really his, by the greatest possible luck. The next morning they could hardly wait for the news store to open. They were both on hand before the doors were unlocked. When the place was opened they found the magazine wouldn't arrive until ten o'clock. That was four hours to wait. They went home to breakfast but were on hand promptly when

WON IN THE NINTH

the package arrived from the depot, and eagerly bought a copy. Hal turned the pages one after the other until he came to a story headed:

“TO A BROOKLYN WEDDING AND BACK AGAIN”

A STORY FROM REAL LIFE ABOUT HANS

BY HAROLD CASE

“There she is,” said Hal. “Now what do you think of that?” They read it through together. Eight whole pages. It was almost exactly as Hal had written it. The editor had changed a word here and there and it was illustrated with imaginative pictures of Hans at the Grand Central, Hans dealing with the driver of the funeral coach, Hans hanging out of the bath-room window, and every kind of way.

“By George,” said Hans. “You are an author and it would be rude to lick an author, but you won’t have to canvass for the magazine subscribers for a month or two anyhow.”

“Well, you won’t either,” said Hal. “We’ll divide it up and when the money’s spent, I’ll send you on another trip to New York, and if you can get something else to happen to you, I may be able to get another story.”

Then they went down to the bank and had the check cashed and Hal counted out one hundred and twenty-five dollars which he gave to Hans who immediately put his in the bank again, to his own credit, while Hal rolled his up, put a rubber band around it and stuffed it in his trousers’ pocket.

CHAPTER XIV

PREPARATIONS AT THE RIVAL COLLEGE

THE progress of the nine was quite satisfactory to Hughie and the coaches and they began to feel as though they had the championship again in their inside pockets, and they were right in thinking so, because never before in all the ball teams put together, in college or out, had there been so many individual stars on any one team.

"This," said Hughie, talking with Penny who had been down for a week, "has been the greatest luck that any baseball manager ever had, to find himself at the beginning of the training season with five of the most important positions of the team vacant and then to discover among the freshmen, a bunch of fellows like Case, Hagner, Robb, Talkington and Radams who make good right away. Of course, I'd not tell them so to their faces, but those fellows are playing their positions better than any fellows who ever played those corners before. They ought to be world's champions. Those boys, especially when steadied by the more experienced bunch we have left, Everson, Larke, Gibbs, Black and Delvin, ought to beat any team in the world."

"They haven't been beaten yet," said Everson,

WON IN THE NINTH

who just came up, "and I don't think we are going to be licked this year. Did you ever see such a bunch of stars?"

"If Jefferson College has anything like our kind of luck in discovering stars among the freshmen, there will be the hottest series of ball games that ever was played anywhere between two teams," said Penny.

"It's hardly possible that Jefferson should have anything like the same kind of luck," remarked Hughie.

Meantime, however, some very similar talk was going on at Jefferson.

"They licked us at football this year all right and I still think it was mostly luck that they did," said Captain and Manager Frank Church to his coaches and captains about this same time, "but we've got them this year on the ball game. Won't Lowell be surprised though when we turn 'em inside out on the diamond?"

"Did you ever know of anybody else having the kind of baseball luck we have had this year?" asked Tommy Beach, center fielder on the Jefferson team and good friend of Church's.

"No," said Church, "I've seen the bad luck come in bunches often before, such as having a half dozen of the team put out of the game on account of injuries in a day, but no one ever had the good luck we have had in picking out fine kids from a bunch of freshmen recruits, and have them develop into stars after the few games we have played."

PREPARATIONS AT RIVAL COLLEGE

“This Lowell crowd has put it over us in the past,” said Big George Mellen, star pitcher of the Western college, “but methinks that when we have finished our games with them this year, with the team we have now, this bunch of fellows will have wiped out not only all the disgrace of the football defeat, but also the long string of baseball beatings they have handed us in the past years.”

About this time, too, various graduates of Lowell who lived in the West and had had a chance to see some of the games which Jefferson had played with other Western colleges, began to think that Church had finally succeeded in putting a team together that would, if they kept up the pace which they had set for themselves, give Lowell a pretty hard tussle.

They could not quite speak what was really their true opinion because of their great belief in Jenkins, but when they looked way down deep in their hearts they not only felt these Western boys might give Lowell a pretty good tussle, but they were very much afraid they would take the championship. So they began sending what seemed at first to their friends at Lowell to whom they wrote some wonderful stories of the star players on the new team at Jefferson College, and gave many warnings that at last Church had a real ball team, and that when he brought his boys to Lowell the championship would at least be in danger.

George Davids wrote to Delvin about a fast shortstop, who, strange to say, had come from the East to attend this Western college. “His name is

WON IN THE NINTH

Eddie Hollins," wrote George, "and he is a star performer. He came direct here from Columbus College and I am surprised that you didn't hear of him in time to induce him to go to Lowell. Of course, you wouldn't be looking for a shortstop if you still had Brinker, and I hope you have had some luck in getting a new one. Hollins, however, is very fast on the bases and a wonderful fielder. Besides he is a crack-a-jack with the bat. You know I once had an idea about playing short myself, but this boy acts as though he had years of training under Joe himself."

From Amos Russell came a long report to Black about a wonderful pitcher that had been discovered. "His name is Cam," wrote Russell, "and his curves are longer and wider than his name. He was born in Kentucky which explains why he happened to come to Jefferson. He is a right hander, with great speed, sharp curves, and he is long on control. I really think you had better send some one out here to look the whole team over. You may be able to discover some weak points. I have looked them over several times, and I think that for once dear old Lowell will have to hustle if they beat this team."

Dear old Pop Anderson took particular pains to write about the Jefferson team in general. "I don't want to scare you, my dear Hughie," wrote Pop, "but you had better be prepared to outdo even yourself when you come out here to play this year's Jefferson team. We didn't have such a very easy time with them last year, though the effort it cost made

PREPARATIONS AT RIVAL COLLEGE

the victory just that much sweeter. You asked me to write you fully of what I think and I will do so.

“At first base they have, of course, Frank Church who is, as you know, still the captain-manager. I need not say much about him because you know he is one of the greatest first basemen ever known, and



“Frank Church was still
Captain Manager!”

it was his ability as a manager you had to beat last year. I hope you have found some one nearly as good as Penny to play first. You will need him.” Hughie chuckled to himself as he thought of his own wonder at first base.

“At second,” wrote Pop further, “they have as you know La Joy who is one of the best batters around in the West. He also is as fine a fielder as ever, but, of course, you have Johnny Everson and

WON IN THE NINTH

you need not worry about that position. At third, Laird was on last year's team, the best third sacker they ever had out here and better this year than ever. At short they have a youngster named Hollins. He is a wonder and a great batter. He is brilliant, heady and fast, and is a dangerous player both at bat and on the bases. He can play second even better.

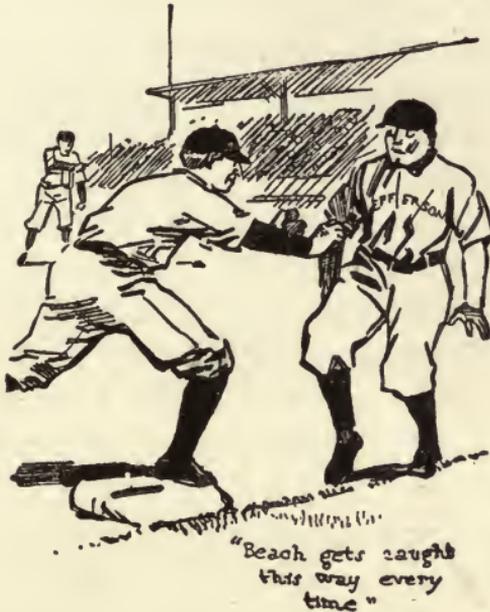
"They seem to have had a good deal of luck in picking up freshmen youngsters who can fill the holes in the team made by the graduations of last year. I think this Hollins is a great shortstop, and I hope you have found a good one in Joe's place, as you will surely need him." Again Hughie smiled to himself. He was no doubt thinking of Hagner, his big awkward-looking shortstop. Whenever Hughie wanted to feel real good he drew a mind picture of Hagner going after a hot grounder or a Texas Leaguer out his way.

"They have a great right fielder out here named Twitchell, also a new man in the position. He is a fine batter and a good thrower. In center is Thomas Beach, just as good in the field chasing flies as he was a couple of years ago at third base. You will, I know, never forget the trouble this young Beach person has caused Lowell teams. In the past, reports of the first inning in so many games read 'Beach got a double or triple to left.'

"One thing I have noticed, though, Beach is still weak when it comes to getting caught at third. Do you remember how last year King caught him off third three times when with Church on first and

PREPARATIONS AT RIVAL COLLEGE

Tommy on third, they attempted a double steal? I've seen him get caught twice this year the same way. Funny, isn't it, that he can't get over that play. He just can't resist the temptation if the catcher makes a motion as if to throw to second to stop a steal, to make a false start toward the plate, and when the



catcher throws to third instead of second, Beach gets caught almost every time. Hope you can work it on him this year again.

"Warcford in left is only a fair fielder, but a wonder with the bat. He comes from Kansas and is likely to make trouble at any time with his stick. He hits all kinds of pitching.

"You will have finally to deal with George Mellen in the pitcher's box. He is better than ever. He has won twelve straight games this year and is

WON IN THE NINTH

almost as good a batter as any man on the team. There is also a young pitcher named Cam who promises to be a wonder. For catcher they have a youngster, a freshman named Roger Brest. This fellow is a wonder also. Of course, with Gibbie on the team—and I think he ought to be fine this year—you may have the advantage of a catcher with experience on big college teams, but Brest seems to be a find, and I think is as good as any. On the whole, they seem to have had remarkable luck out here with the team this year.

“It will take all your ability as manager and as good a team as you had last year to beat them, and if they keep up the pace they have set with the smaller colleges out here, you may have the fight of your life on your hands. They haven’t been scored on as yet. I hope you have something good up your sleeve. If you have had any luck with your recruits, we ought to have the best series of games of college ball ever played between two nines in the history of the sport, and with an even break of the luck, it will be the best team to win.”

Of course all of the reports from all sources were laid before a committee consisting of Hughie, Ever-son, Larke, Gibbie, and one or two others. It made even Hughie a little anxious. In the enthusiasm over his team he hadn’t given much thought to Lowell’s great rivals, because he couldn’t see how another school could have such luck as he had in finding stars. Every fellow on the nine was a wonder, in his opinion. It looked like an all-star team.

PREPARATIONS AT RIVAL COLLEGE

They went over the reports together and compared the two teams, man for man, as best they could. The result was enough to make them anxious and they finally decided to send Young, the coach, who could tell a real ball player across a fifty-acre lot, out to Jefferson to look over the rival team and get as many pointers as he could.

No doubt some fellow from Jefferson had already been looking the Lowell team over in action or would be around soon, but of course there was no way to prevent this, and besides there was no reason why it shouldn't be done. The rivalry between the two schools was of the keenest, in every way.

On the whole the boys decided that if the team kept on as they had been—working together like a machine—and if they could avoid a slump, they would have just as good a chance to win as the other fellows, and perhaps a little better. They were the champions and had been for years; and this would give them a slight advantage.

So they worked a little harder in practice, trying to perfect themselves more and more in their signal and other inside work, and every man on the team pledged himself again and again to Hughie to try a little more earnestly than he had before, if that were possible, for the honor and glory of the university. And this helped them to keep from getting nervous when they thought of these reports of Church's team at Jefferson.

CHAPTER XV

THE "LOWELL REPORTER"

THE *Lowell Reporter* was the college paper of the University. It appeared once a week and in it was printed all the news of the college world, and announcements of various kinds. The advertising columns furnished an opportunity for a couple of young hustlers to earn enough money soliciting advertisements to keep them in school.

The paper was edited entirely by the students under the watchful eye of the faculty and especially of Professor Bennett, assistant teacher of English and of many years' experience as a newspaper writer and editor. He also had under his direct supervision a small class in journalism, a department which had but recently been founded. The University let the students' committee publish the paper themselves, i. e., to get it ready and then just before being printed, Professor Bennett would go over the copy in order to be sure that nothing contrary to the policy of the University was published and once in a while to curb the enthusiasm of this or that writer, when he allowed his imagination to prepare any article that was not in keeping with the dignity of the institution.

Timothy Murnin, a young Irish lad of American parentage, was one of the two fellows who kept

THE "LOWELL REPORTER"

themselves in college by hustling for advertisements for the *Reporter*. Timothy's one ambition was to be the owner and editor of a big city newspaper, and his job of hustling for advertisements was the best start he could have made in that direction if he only knew it.

Besides attending to his studies and getting most of the advertisements for the *Reporter*, Tim added to his many duties, by request of the student body, the job of reporting all the sporting events of the college. His many duties didn't give him a chance to indulge in any of the games himself, but he had a wonderful knowledge of all the sports, football, baseball, basketball, track work and everything. In baseball he was particularly fit. Like all good healthy boys in this country he loved the great American game of Baseball. He loved it for the same reason that millions of others loved it—its squareness and thrills.

He knew the game from "soup to nuts," as he would say in talking about the ability of this or that great player. He could give you offhand the records of all the great college teams in the country for twenty years back and the individual fitness of almost every player. He had them all on his finger tips, and his reports of the games at college were filled with items showing that this first baseman acted like old Pop Anderson, yonder pitcher reminded him of Russell, or some young catcher threw down to second like Charley Burnett, or that so and so stood up to the bat like old Dan Brewers or King Kelly.

WON IN THE NINTH

Once in a while he surpassed himself, and his report of a dull and uninteresting game was many times more exciting and enjoyable than the game itself. Such a game was the one the team played with Barber College along about the middle of April. The team had been going along pretty well in the half dozen or more games which had been played with the minor colleges, all of them preparatory to the bigger games toward the close of the season. Lowell had had a rather easy time of it up to the fourth inning, at which time the score stood 7 to 0 in favor of the Varsity. The game had been played in a drizzle of rain, the ball was wet, the grounds slippery, and errors were the rule instead of the exception. Fielders had tumbled over themselves chasing balls over the wet grass, and players who had attempted the fall-away slide could hardly be recognized on account of their mud-stained uniforms.

In the seventh, eighth, and ninth innings, Miner had given way to Babe, as the game looked safe and Babe had an off day, for Barber secured six hits in the three innings, which, mixed with the errors, enabled the visitors to pile up five runs while the Lowell team was doing nothing in the tally line.

The game ended, however, with Lowell still two runs to the good and the game was ours, but this is the way Tim's report of parts of it looked in the *Reporter* the next day after he had reduced his idea of the contest to writing. Here it is:

LOWELL, 7; BARBER, 5.

THE "LOWELL REPORTER"

Jones, one of the big family, the first to swing the willow for the enemy, pushed a grass cutter to Hagner, who relayed it to the custodian of the first salt bag. Knight hit a sun scraper into the meridian and Gibbie pocketed it on the return trip. Wilson stung the pellet to Robbville, which Ty annexed without leaving his office.



Ross launched a Lusitania to Amberg, which broke down in midocean. Everson loafed around the rubber for four misfits and got them. Little Arthur stung a beauty over the near station, which took him to the first stop and opened the switches for Everson's run to the middle junction, Hagner bumped a daisy scorcher to Joe, which the latter pickled, but it went as a sacrifice, as Delvin navi-

WON IN THE NINTH

gated to second and the Human Crab breezed to third. Ty swung his trusty locust against the first groove cutter and the horsehide stamped his initials on the Clubhouse flag pole, while he almost beat Everson and Little Arthur to the water cooler after his circle of the bags. Mr. Talkington, while waiting on four, was chased with three, and Larke sent one singing to the curve box, which the slab artist tossed to the initial sack ahead of him.

SECOND INNING

Amberg sent one over the shortest route to Everson. Wheeler spun three times and sat down. Dorner imitated Wheeler perfectly.

Black did what was expected of the pitcher. Gibbie got a one timer back of Wilson. Ross arched one to Knight. Everson dropped one in front of the rubber, Gibbie annexing the keystone bag. Little Arthur was there with a dew drop which Wilson picked off the grass too late to shut the door on either Gibbie, Everson or Delvin who slid into the vacant chairs and all the seats at table were occupied.

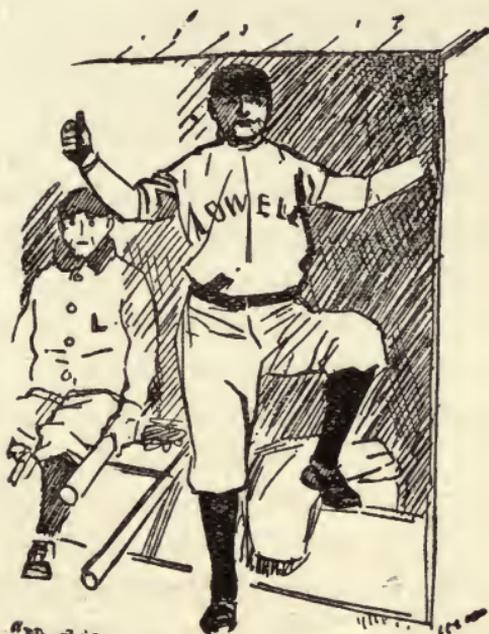
The big German lad leaned gently against the leather apple and knocked it out of the orchard, shaking the tree for four more juicy ones for Lowell. Ty fouled to Bowman. Three out. Score, 7-0.

After that for the third, fourth, fifth and sixth spasms neither side got a look in, although three hopefuls from each college went boldly to the front, only to be cut down in their youth, before crossing the Rubicon.

THE "LOWELL REPORTER"

SEVENTH INNING

In the stand-up session, however, the tonsorial artists made the Lowell hair stand up. Hughie sent the Infant in for a piece of the pie. Jones, the first shaver up, swung the sign on a drop and raised it over Arthur's study box for a single.



"Hughie wigwagged the infielders to come in closer"

The fellow with the after 6 P. M. name waited patiently, and as the Babe couldn't see the plate because Knight was so near, he walked. Wilson hit a slow one to Johnny which he came in on and rolled around the sod while Jones, Knight and Wilson perched on the salt bags. Hughie wigwagged the infield to come close, so they could hear the song

WON IN THE NINTH

of the Whirling Sphere and join in the chorus. Amberg binged one which knocked the wind out of Hagner's organ, and Johnny picked up the sphere and heaved it at the Barber band which was sitting back of Gibbie behind the screen, to make them join the music.

Jonesy and the Utter Darkness beat a fast tattoo on the base lines and disappeared over the horizon to the visitors' bench after their final journey toward the West. Loud pedal by the band and the Barber chorus and two tallies.

Babe got himself in tune by this time and whanged out three high but perfect notes which Wheeler tried to reach in unison with him, but couldn't. Wilson, who had reached third while the loud pedal was open, was lulled to sleep by the sweet strains and caught napping by Gibbie. Dorner sent a whistler out to Talkington who muffled it and the singing practice was over. Score, 7-2.

The report of the game went on in this style to the end. Tim had discovered a new language and he was proud of his effort. When he had finished he turned in his copy. A few minutes after he reached home he was called to the telephone. It was Professor Bennett speaking, and he asked Tim if he could come around and see him right away. He had something to talk with him about. When he reached the professor's office he found him sitting with a puzzled expression looking at some manuscript which Tim thought was his. It was:

THE "LOWELL REPORTER"

"I don't quite understand this, a— I suppose it is a report of the baseball game with Barber yesterday."

"That's it," said Tim; "don't you think it's pretty good?"

"Have they changed the baseball terms recently? I hadn't heard of it. If not, and this is only an original way of yours of reporting what took place at the game, I'm afraid that we will have to dispense with it. I'm afraid that coming out as it does with the O. K. of the department of English, the *Lowell Reporter* will be discredited among the alumni."

"I hope you won't cut it out," said Tim. "Yesterday's game was mostly a one-sided and dull affair, and I thought I'd liven it up a bit by putting some spirit into the report."

"Well, but the words and terms you use are not understandable."

"I think you are mistaken, Professor, about that. I think even the smallest boy who knows anything at all about baseball could understand perfectly what is meant."

"Suppose we go over it together," said the Professor, "and let me see if I can get an idea what it is all about. Now, right at the beginning you say Jones, one of the big family (I can understand that), the first to swing the willow for the enemy, etc., what do you mean by that?" asked the Professor.

"Well," answered Tim, "the bat is made of willow, the Barber nine is our enemy for the time being."

WON IN THE NINTH

A grass cutter is a ball that is rolled swiftly over the grass. Jones hit a ground ball to shortstop, who picked it up and threw it to first base."

"Good," said the Professor. "Now let's see the rest of it. Knight hit a sunscrapper into the meridian and Gibbie pocketed it on the return trip."

"Perfectly plain, Professor," said Tim. "A high building is a skyscraper—then a high ball might be a sunscrapper—the meridian is directly overhead, isn't it? Then this ball that Knight hit went straight up in the air, very high, Gibbie the catcher caught it easily when it came down."

"Not bad," said the Professor. "Let's take the next line. Wilson stung the pellet to Robbville, which Ty annexed without leaving his office. What——?"

"That means," continued Tim, "that Wilson hit the ball hard to right field where Tyrus Robb plays, and hit it absolutely into his hands. He didn't have to leave his office means, he didn't have to move to get it."

"I begin to be interested in your new style of English. It seems all right if you have a key handy. Are you going to furnish a glossary of terms with each of your reports after this, Murnin?"

"Suppose we go on. Now then you say: Ross launched a Lusitania to Amberg which broke down in midocean. What possible connection can there be between a fast liner and a ball game?"

"You have it. Fine. Don't you see how quickly the meaning comes to you when you get a start?"

THE "LOWELL REPORTER"

Lusitania—a fast liner—launched to Amberg—went straight for him—broke down in midocean—it stopped when it got to Amberg, who caught it."

"Good, now let's see if I can figure it out myself. Everson loafed (waited) around the rubber (the plate) for four misfits (four balls, I guess); Little Arthur (must be Delvin) stung a beauty (a good one) over the near station—near station? (Oh! yes, third base) which took him to the first stop (first base) and opened the switches for Everson's (let's see, where was Everson? Oh, yes, he got a base on balls and was on first) run to the middle station (Everson got to second), Honus bumped a daisy scorcher (now, what's a daisy scorcher, Tim?) "

"A low ball, not one rolling on the ground, but a little raised, about as high as the daisy blossoms."

"Good, Honus bumped a daisy scorcher to Jones which the latter pickled (he must have gotten it and put Honus out if it went as a sacrifice). Delvin navigated to second (advanced to second) and the Human Crab breezed to third. (Who's the Crab? Let me see, he must have been on second. Do you call Everson the Human Crab?) "

"Yes," said Tim.

"This is the situation now, isn't it? Everson on third, Delvin on second. All right, now let's see what happened."

"Ty swung his trusty locust (thought it was willow) against the first groove cutter (let me see, that must mean a ball put over the plate) and the horsehide (ball) stamped his initials on the Clubhouse

WON IN THE NINTH

flag pole (the ball must have hit the flag pole, eh?) and Ty almost beat Everson and Little Arthur to the water cooler (that's almost too plain, Tim. Ty made a home run and brought home Everson and Delvin. Better improve that one a little)."

"I think it will average up," said Tim.

"All right," said Professor Bennett. "What happened next? Mr. Talkington (why mister, I wonder?) while waiting for four (trying to get his base on balls) was chased with three (what, get his base on three balls?)."

"No, sir, he struck out. They chased him to the bench."

"Oh, I see!" said the Professor. "Larke sent one singing to the curve box (that must be the pitcher) which the slab artist (pitcher) tossed to the initial sack (first)."

"I really think some of it is too plain," said the Professor, rather more pleased than he would let on. He found himself quite an adept in this new language.

"It improves as you go along, I think," said Tim.

"Let's see what happened in the second inning," went on the Professor. "Barber College goes to bat now, doesn't it? Amberg hit one over the shortest route to Everson (that must be a straight-line hit), Wheeler spun three times and sat down (spun what? I don't get that)."

"When a fellow strikes at a ball hard and misses he generally spins around," said Tim. "Wheeler missed three strikes which he tried very hard to hit."

THE "LOWELL REPORTER"

"I see," said the Professor, "and Dorner did the same. So Black struck out two in succession, eh?"

"Black (was Black the first man up?) did what was expected of the pitcher. What is expected of a pitcher at bat? I don't get that."

"Pitchers generally bat poorly. Black struck out," said Tim.

"Oh, I see! Gibbie is up next. Gibbie got a one timer (that's a one-base hit, I guess) back of Wilson (let me see, where does Wilson play? Oh, yes, third!). Gibbie got a one-base hit back of third (very plain), Ross arched one to Knight (an arching fly), Everson dropped one in front of the rubber (a bunt, I am getting on splendidly again), Gibbie annexing the keystone bag (Gibbie got to second), Little Arthur was there with a dew drop (dew drop? What's a dew drop, Tim?)."

"A little fly ball that comes down out of the sky and lights on the grass without touching anything," said Tim.

"Oh, I see! it was a little fly that should have been caught, but no one got there in time. Wilson picked it up too late to shut the door on either Gibbie, Everson or Delvin (couldn't prevent them from what?) who slid into the vacant chairs (did he want to shut the door on the chairs?). You used a bad one there, Tim—and all the seats at table were occupied (bases all full, eh?).

"The big German lad (Hagner) leaned gently against the leather apple (leaned against the ball.

WON IN THE NINTH

Do you call Hagner's style of hitting, leaning?) and knocked it out of the orchard (over the fence) shaking the tree for four more juicy ones (you mean four more runs) for Lowell. Ty fouled to Bowman. Three out (why, such ordinary English?).

"After that for the third, fourth, fifth and sixth spasms (innings) neither side got a look in (very ordinary, Tim), although three hopefuls from each college went boldly to the front, only to be cut down in their youth before crossing the Rubicon (you are giving out, Tim, this isn't nearly so good)."

"Wait until you strike the music in the seventh inning," answered Tim.

The Professor went on reading, "In the stand-up session (oh, yes! seventh inning), however, the tonsonial artists (good! the Barbers) made the Lowell hair stand up (I don't get that one)."

"Gave us a scare," explained Tim.

"Hughie sent the Infant in (Infant?)"

"Radams," said Tim, "his nickname is Babe."

"Oh, of course, the Infant," went on the Professor. "Hughie sent the Infant in for a piece of pie (piece of pie, why pie?)."

"Well, the game was easy and Hughie wanted to give Babe a little practical experience."

"I see," said the Professor, "very good, indeed, we will continue. Jones the first shaver (he must have been a Barber man) swung the sign (the sign?)."

"Yes, the sign—the barber pole—the stick—the bat."

THE "LOWELL REPORTER"

"Ah, yes, very good; swung the sign on a drop (drop ball) and raised it over Arthur's study box (study box—do you mean—of course, you mean, he raised it over Delvin's head) for a single. The fellow with the after 6 P. M. name (let me think. Guess you'll have to help me again, Tim)."

"Read a little farther," said Tim.

"The fellow with the after 6 P. M. name waited patiently, and as the Babe couldn't see the plate because Knight was near (oh, yes! I see his name was Knight, very good, indeed, Babe couldn't see the plate, ha! ha!) he walked. Wilson hit a slow one to Johnny which he came in on and rolled around the sod (Everson must have fumbled), while Jones, Knight and Wilson perched on the salt bags (very ordinary that last), Hughie wigwagged (signaled) the infield to come close so they could hear the song of the Whirling Sphere and join in the chorus.

"Amberg binged (must mean hit) one which knocked the wind out of Honus' organ (the ball hit Hagner in the stomach, I should say, from reading that), Johnny picked up the sphere (ball) and heaved it at the Barber band sitting back of Gibbie, behind the screen, to make them join the music (he threw wild and high past Gibbie), and Jonesy and the Utter Darkness (Utter Darkness? Oh, yes! Knight again) beat a fast tattoo on the base line and disappeared over the horizon to the visitors' bench after their final journey toward the West. (Now, if I understand that, it means Jones and

WON IN THE NINTH

Knight both scored and went and sat down on the bench with their fellow players. Is that the idea?) ”

“ It is,” said Tim.

“ Well, we'd better finish this inning, anyhow. Babe got himself in tune by this time (you mean he got in harmony with the requirements of his job, I suppose) and whanged out three high, but perfect notes (he sent up three good balls), which Wheeler tried to reach in unison with him (Wheeler tried to hit each of them) but couldn't (in other words, Wheeler struck out) ; Wilson, who had reached third while the loud pedal was open (let's see, Wilson had got to first on Johnny's error. Then this must mean he got around to third when Johnny made the wild throw past Gibbie), was lulled to sleep by the sweet strains (was so delighted that he got careless) and was caught napping by Gibbie (Gibbie caught him off third base), Dorner sent a whistler (a fast one) out to Talkington who muffled it (do you mean muffed? Oh, no, I see! he caught it and that muffled its whistle), and the singing practice was over. Score, 7-2.

“ I think that is about all I can hope to learn in this first lesson in your new language, Murnin,” said Professor Bennett, resuming some of the dignity which he had dropped when he had become interested. “ When I first saw this I thought it wouldn't do at all, but there seems to be something about this new language of yours which makes the report of a ball game quite interesting, and, I shall, therefore, let the story go in the *Reporter*. I wish, however,

THE "LOWELL REPORTER"

that you would write out a class-room copy of the report in plain English so that I can have a defense handy in case any one asks questions of me."

Tim did this but the report of the game as it appeared in the *Reporter* was so much of a puzzle that



"The faculty didn't look
at it in the
same light"

it created a disturbance. The principal trouble was that the members of the faculty failed to look at the matter in the same light that Professor Bennett had, and they decided that future games should be reported in the former style.

CHAPTER XVI

THE ALUMNI GAME

EVERY year about this time there would be quite a gathering at the University of old Lowell graduates. They came to see the team work, in one or two games and in practice, and once each year the graduates would make up a nine of the old timers who had come, and challenge the new Varsity to a game. It was one of the traditions of the University that the old graduates' team always won this game, notwithstanding their stiff knees, and other joints, to say nothing of their poor throwing arms. The occasion was more of a reunion than anything else, generally. Yet at the same time the old fellows were often able to give valuable pointers to the new team, and, on the whole, aside from the fun of the occasion, and the good it did the youngsters, it served to bring the sons of Lowell more closely together.

Of course, the occasion was always too good a one to be missed by the practical jokers, and the old graduates, with the aid of some of the Juniors and Seniors, always picked out the good-natured young freshmen, to play these jokes upon. In the meantime the fact that these practical jokes were played was carefully withheld from them. The evening before the game,

THE ALUMNI GAME

the graduates had announced the team which would play next day.

1st Base.....	Ollie Taboo
2nd Base.....	Johnny McGrew
3rd Base.....	Jimmy Cullins
Shortstop.....	Bill Fahlen
Right Field.....	Mike Donil
Left Field.....	James McKleer
Center Field.....	Fielder James
Pitchers.....	Joe Maginte Jack Cheeseborough
Catcher.....	Jim Maquire

All of them were old time stars at Lowell, and though out of the game were never forgotten by the boys at school, because they each had a sure place in the Lowell Hall of Heroes. The youngsters were all on hand to see them and hear again the stories of their remarkable playing. On this occasion there was always a "fanning bee," as the boys call it, and reviews of Lowell victories of the past.

As Hal was on his way home alone that night, having stayed around longer than Hans, he heard some one following close behind him, and after he had gone a couple of blocks someone touched him on the shoulder and said, "Hello, Case, what's the hurry?" Turning round he saw that it was Johnny McGrew, the old timer who was a great second baseman and who was on the team which would play the next day. After they had walked a little way, McGrew suddenly said: "Case, I want you to do

WON IN THE NINTH

something for me. We old fellows are no match for the wonders, including yourself, which Hughie has on the Varsity this year, and we've just got to win to keep up the old team's reputation. You just write down the signals which Hughie uses, and that will enable us to lick the spots off you. Nobody



will know about it, and I'll see that you get a hundred and twenty-five dollars for it."

Naturally Hal became very indignant, and proceeded to show it by preparing to fight.

"Now don't get mad, kid," said McGrew. "Nobody need know. Think it over and I'll call around at your room in the morning and fix it up with you." Then without another word he turned

THE ALUMNI GAME

on his heel and went back. Hal was so mad he did not know what to do for several minutes. His first thought was to go back to the hotel where these old fellows were staying and where he knew he would still find a large number of his student friends and denounce Johnny. Finally he thought of Hughie and he became almost sick at the thought that anyone would take him for that kind of a lad.

"I'll go to see Hughie and tell him all about it," said Hal to himself. "As they have approached me and found I wouldn't do what they wanted, they will probably tackle some one else who may fall." So he hunted up Jenkins whom he found in his rooms with Everson and Larke, laying out the campaign for the game next day. By this time Hal was so angry he didn't wait to see Hughie alone, but blurted out his story to the three of them. They were very much surprised, and thanked Hal for coming to them with the warning.

"I wonder," said Larke, "if that's the way they win from us youngsters."

"What's the matter with putting up a job on McGrew?" said Everson.

"Say, that would be a slick idea," said Hughie. "I've got the scheme. You go home, Hal, to-night and say nothing. When McGrew comes in the morning you tell him you'll do it, but that I never give out the signals until after morning practice, and that you will get them for him and hand them to him when the teams are dressing for the afternoon game. Also that he can hand you the money later.

WON IN THE NINTH

“What you really give him, though, is a blank sheet of paper. He’ll walk off with that, thinking he has the signals, and the real joke will be on him and he won’t dare peep while we can enjoy it secretly.”

Hal did everything as he was instructed. McGrew called, and when Hal told him about how he would do it he said, “That will be all right.”

Hal promptly met him in the dressing room and handed him the paper at the proper time, and he stuck it in his pocket. Hughie was, of course, watching, but instead of laughing to himself and enjoying the joke on McGrew he ran over, stuck his hand in McGrew’s pocket and pulled out a paper.

“What are you fellows up to,” he asked, and then he opened the paper and looked at Hal in surprise. He started to read and his eyes bulged almost out of his head. “Why, these are the day’s signals,” said Hughie. “What does this mean?”

“It means that one youngster on the Lowell team hasn’t stood the test of loyalty which is required of our Alma Mater. I arranged with Case last night to tip me off to the signals to-day in this way. I paid him a hundred and twenty-five dollars last night,” said McGrew.

“Is this true?” asked Hughie. “Did you write this?” as he handed Hal a sheet of paper of the same kind he had handed McGrew. Hal took the paper and almost collapsed. On the paper was the following written in a very good imitation of his writing:

THE ALUMNI GAME

“ SIGNALS.”

“ When Hughie uses a player’s name after the word careful, as for instance ‘ Careful Johnny,’ even though mixed up in a lot of talk from the coaching lines, it means that the coach has discovered that the opposing pitcher is about to throw a fast straight ball, and Johnny at bat is thus given the signal to hit at it.

“ With two men on bases if Hughie raises his cap, it is a signal for a double steal.

“ When Hughie pulls grass with his right hand it means hit the next ball pitched, and when he pulls the grass with his left hand it means try to get a base on balls. If he lifts his left foot and whistles it means that right field is the best place to hit it, and if he does the same but with his right foot it means that the left fielder is out of position and the best place to knock the ball is there.

“ When a batter walks up to the plate with two bats in his hand and one or more of his team mates on base, if he throws the extra bat behind him with his left hand, it means that he is going to hit the first ball pitched.

“ If he throws the extra bat away from him with his right hand it means that he has orders to try to get a base on balls.

“ If Hughie, on the coaching lines, unbuttons the top button of his sweater it means that the fellow on first must get ready to steal second. If Hughie, on

WON IN THE NINTH

the coaching lines, jumps in the air and waves his arms, yelling Eyah! Eyah! twice, it means to the batter 'Bunt.' If he only says Eyah! once it means hit it out as hard as you can."

"CATCHER'S SIGNALS."

"If the catcher in telling the pitcher what kind of a ball to serve up lays two fingers of his bare hand against the inside of his catching mitt, thumb outstretched, he is signaling for an outcurve. One finger means an incurve. With two fingers on the glove, thumb turned under, a low outcurve is wanted. If with one finger on the glove, thumb turned under, a low curve is asked for. The whole hand doubled up in the glove means 'send one wide of the plate, I have detected a signal to steal.' Holding out the gloved hand without touching it with the other means send a straight ball waist high right over the plate."

It was an exact copy of the signals which Hughie had given out in the morning. Hal was mad. He never was so mad before in all his life. He was mad enough to kill some one.

"I can lick any fellow that suggests such a thing, and I am going to start in right now on the bunch of you."

The first fellow he started for was Hughie. Just then Hughie winked at him, and he stopped and looked at McGrew. McGrew was laughing and so

THE ALUMNI GAME

were all the rest, for by this time the room had filled up with old graduates, and it suddenly began to filter through Hal's brain that this was one of those harmless practical jokes that he had heard about. He thought it was cruel, of course, but McGrew said he had heard a lot about Hal and among other things it was said that he was so even tempered that he wouldn't fight with anybody, and they wanted to see what it would take to make him fight. They were satisfied now that he could be depended upon to fight at the drop of the bat, whenever there was anything worth fighting about.

Then they showed him that each fellow on the graduates team had a type-written copy of the signals, anyhow, furnished by Hughie. That was one of the rights which every player on the Alumni team could enjoy for one day in the year. The old graduates' club was expected always to win its game with the Varsity, and how on earth would they have any show against these modern Lowell teams, with their inside baseball and their new trick plays, if they didn't have the signals?

Then they all shook hands with Hal and told him he was a member of the "Tried and True Club" of Lowell, and made him understand that this was an honor very rarely given to a freshman, but that they wanted him to have it because of the wonderful work he was doing as a first baseman. When he shook hands with McGrew, however, he got another bump.

"Better give me back my one hundred and twenty-

WON IN THE NINTH

five dollars now, old boy. I suppose you have it with you."

Hal thought of his half of the story money which had come from the magazine, and it was in his trousers pocket that moment. Was this another one of their jokes, and how did they know he had it, was what he thought. What he said was, "What do you know about my one hundred and twenty-five dollars, brother," and they all laughed at Hal's quick guess this time.

"Well," said Fielder James, "you don't know perhaps that I am connected with the *Out Door Weekly*, but the other boys do. The editor, knowing that I was coming up here, showed me a story in a recent issue of the magazine and asked me to look up the author of the story, Harold Case, and arrange with him for some more of them. I had seen your name mentioned in the *Reporter* every week, but I didn't connect you with the author chap, because they have called you Hal lately in the paper. So when I arrived I was looking for Harold Case, the author. I found only one person in the town by that name, yourself, so I asked my friend, Jimmie Hamilton, the cashier of the bank, to help me find the author, he having been here for twenty years, and I told him why.

"He said it must have been you, as you were in the bank a few days before cashing a check from the *Out Door Weekly* for two hundred and fifty dollars, and dividing it with Hagner. He saw you give some of it to Hagner, and then Hagner deposited one hun-

THE ALUMNI GAME

dred and twenty-five dollars to his own credit in the bank and he guessed you must have divided with him. That was the first time I got the idea that Hans might have been a real live person, because in the college news he is of course referred to as Hagner. We just guessed you probably had the one hundred and twenty-five dollars in your pockets, and so we arranged the practical joke to fit what we knew. Now is it a real story or not?"

"Let's go and ask Hans," was all Hal would say. When they did get to Hans they made him tell the whole story over and McGrew said, "If you come to New York again let me know and I'll lend you my auto."

Hal was happy. It meant a great deal to him to be recognized by these older graduates as their equal, and he had a right to be happy. It was recognition of his merit by those whose opinion was valuable, because they had enough practical experience of the world to enable them to recognize true worth. None of the other Freshmen on the team were let into the secret of how the old graduates were able to beat them so badly. They marveled at the fact that the old timers were on to every play that the boys attempted, and they had a great respect for the old crowd that licked the Varsity that day by the one-sided score of 11 to 2.

But in the evening the old graduates' club gave the team a little dinner at which this tradition of the university was explained for the benefit of the other youngsters, Hans, Ty, Tris and Radams, Ross and

WON IN THE NINTH

Huyler. Then they were all initiated into the mysteries of the Lowell O. K. Club, which meant that the team had been inspected by the old boys who had won laurels for Lowell in the past, and was good enough in their minds to go against Jefferson.



"why 'these are today's signals,'
and fugate."

CHAPTER XVII

THE MAKING OF A FAN

HIRAM PARKER lived in the house with Hal and Hans. He it was who had rented the third floor room at Mrs. Malcolm's on the same day that Hans had moved in. He had not arrived until the day following Hans and, as said before, prepared his own meals in his rooms, and was such a quiet, serious fellow that neither Hans nor Hal got very well acquainted with him, or in fact saw him very often. Parker was a Senior. He was well thought of in the university, especially among the members of the Senior Class, who knew him for his earnestness.

Parker was a poor farmer's son. He had to work harder than any other fellow in the university, and he had to do the things the hardest way. Not over bright naturally, he had to make his way by hard study and he was able by the force of his will to overcome obstacles which one with less determination would have balked at. When he entered the university he was thirty-five years old. He was so poor and the little money he earned in vacation time was really such a small amount that he had less to spend than any other fellow in the school and he devoted all of his time to his studies and paid no atten-

WON IN THE NINTH

tion to the social features of college life, and very little more to athletic affairs.

Shortly after the last holiday vacation he had found himself still more cramped for funds, and finding that Mrs. Malcolm would let him have the third floor front room for twenty-five cents per week less that he had been paying, he had taken her room and moved in. His constant struggle was to be able to live long enough to get through his course, and he allowed himself no penny's worth of spending money, nor any recreation whatever. He had his mind on the main chance all the time and for him it was to be graduated with honors from Lowell.

Parker was narrow-minded then, but he became a great preacher in later years and broadened out a lot. His life was altogether serious, and being much older than Hans and Hal and having undertaken to complete the college course in three years instead of four he was too serious even for a fellow of Hans' disposition, who while earnest in all things, managed to get the most out of life as he went along.

Occasionally the boys would meet Parker on the way home or on the stairs. Being full of baseball all the time, they tried to talk about it to Parker. He would listen attentively when they showed their enthusiasm in this way and then he'd say, "I don't know anything about the game, boys. Never saw but one in my life and when it was over, I knew less about it than before. It looks like a good game for a lot of lunatics."

"You wouldn't think that way if you knew the

THE MAKING OF A FAN

game," said Hal. "Nothing like it for exercising all the muscles and keeping you strong and healthy."

"Clears your brain just to watch a game if you understand it," said Hans. "Rests your brain after the hard work of study."

"I never had time to rest," said Hiram. "College is a serious thing with me."

"It doesn't pay to work all the time," remarked Hans. "You know the old saying 'All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.'"

"Yes, I know that, but I'm strong yet and I have been rather dull all my life," replied Parker without noticing the humor of his remark.

"Why don't you take a day off and come out and see one of the games some day?" asked Hal.

"Maybe I will some day," Parker would reply, and would then go on up to his room.

But the drawing nearer of the big games of the season caused a lot of excitement around the university, so much, in fact, that even fellows like Parker began to be affected by it.

On the day of the game with Chadwick College which was the last game at home before the first game with Jefferson now only a week off, Hal met Parker coming in just as he was going out to the grounds. Hal was not in the game that day. He had developed a bad boil on his left hand and Hughie wasn't taking any chances on having that hand out of commission a week later, by having it further crippled.

So Hal was given a lay off from the team to give

WON IN THE NINTH

his hand a chance to heal, and as he was very anxious not to miss those great games, he made no kick against Hughie's orders. At the same time it was tough to think of sitting in the stand while Hans and the other boys were enjoying themselves in the game with Chadwick which was generally an easy game for Lowell to win. Chadwick College was not in the same grade as Lowell, but sentiment for the founder, Father Chadwick, known as the Father of Baseball, and the memory of what he had done for the great sport served to keep the game on the regular schedule, and it had always taken place just before the first great game with Jefferson.

"Come on along to the game," said Hal as he met Parker.

"I have a good notion to. For once I haven't much to do to-day. Been thinking for some time I'd go out and see a game. I'll go if you'll find some one to explain it to me," answered Parker.

"I'll explain it to you myself," said Hal. "I'm not allowed to play to-day on account of this boil on my hand."

"All right, then, I'll surely go."

When they got out to the grounds Hal found a couple of seats in the stand back of first which was his favorite place when watching a game, as from there he could see all of it and watch all the plays. When play started, though, he didn't have much time to think of the game, he was so busy answering Parker's questions.

When Parker had told him he didn't know any-

THE MAKING OF A FAN

thing about the game of baseball, Hal thought of course, he didn't mean that he knew nothing at all about it. He supposed Parker would know what the idea of the game was, but when Parker asked him what they had those big bean bags out there for, Hal commenced to realize that here was a fellow who didn't know as much as a girl even about the great American game.

Once he had taken a girl cousin to see a game in California, and the foolish questions she asked him made him vow never to take a girl to a ball game again.

"What has that fellow got the cage on his face for?" was one of the first questions Parker asked.

"That's Gibbie, the catcher," answered Hal. "He stands behind the plate and he might get hit by a foul tip."

"What's a foul tip?" was the next question.

"A foul tip occurs when a batter strikes at a ball and almost misses it. The ball just touches the rounded side of the bat, and of course changes its direction. It does this so quickly that the catcher sometimes can't see it and it might hit him on the head," replied Hal.

"I see," said Parker. This was during practice before the game.

"What's the idea of the game anyhow?" asked Parker next.

"Well," began Hal, looking at Parker to see if he was serious or joking. Parker was serious. "There are nine men on each side. One side goes

WON IN THE NINTH

out in the field and the other side is at bat. When there are three out they——”

“I thought you said nine were out,” broke in Parker.

“No, there are only three put out. I guess you were thinking about what I said that one team of nine players takes position in the field to catch the ball.”



“Does it take nine men to catch a ball?” asked Parker.

“No, only one,” said Hal, “but they have a man in each of the locations where the ball is likely to be hit.”

The people in the seats in front turned around to look at Parker to see who it might be. They wanted to see what a fellow looked like who was as ignorant

THE MAKING OF A FAN

of the great American game as he seemed to be. Just then the game began, the umpire said "play ball," and after Hal had told him that the umpire was the judge of play, Hal and Parker directed their attention to the diamond. Presently the pitcher threw the ball. Ross was at bat. It was a ball and Ross didn't strike at it.

"Why didn't he hit it?" asked Parker.

"It wasn't the right kind of a ball to strike at," replied Hal.

"Do they use different kinds of balls?" asked Parker.

"No, they use the same ball all the time." Hal saw that he would have to explain about balls and strikes.

"You see, a batter can get four balls or three strikes. If he gets four balls he runs to the base. If he gets three strikes he's out."

"Why don't he always take the four balls?"

"Well, you see the pitcher fools him."

"How?"

"The pitcher tries to make the batter think balls are strikes and strikes are balls."

"Doesn't the batter know the difference?"

"Not until the umpire tells what it is. Sometimes even the pitcher doesn't know if it is a ball or strike until the umpire says what it is," explained Hal. He was thinking of the many times umpires have called balls when the pitchers thought they were over the plate.

"Then what's the use of having a batter?" asked

WON IN THE NINTH

Parker, bringing his logic into play. "Why don't the batters stand up in line behind the umpire and let him tell each one in his turn if it's a ball or a strike?"

Before he could answer, however, Ross had hit the next ball. The umpire called "foul ball" and the Chadwick shortstop, third baseman, and catcher were all running to make the catch as it was a high foul over toward the third base stands.

"What are they all running for?" asked Parker.

"To catch the ball," answered Hal.

"I thought you said it only took one man to catch a ball."

Again Hal tried to explain.

"You see, when a batter hits the ball the fielders try to stop it and throw it to the base ahead of the runner. If the ball gets there before the batter, he's out. If he gets there first he is still in the game. The player who throws to the base is credited with an assist, or a put out if he catches the ball before it hits the ground."

"But why doesn't the batter run if he hit the ball?"

"Foul ball," said Hal. "A foul ball, that is a ball which strikes the ground outside of those white lines" (pointing to the foul lines left and right) "doesn't count as a hit. For a hit, a ball must be fair, which means striking inside those lines. A foul ball counts as a strike, but if it is caught it's an out."

"I see," said Parker.

The game had meantime proceeded. Ross had

THE MAKING OF A FAN

three balls and two strikes. The pitcher sent up the deciding one. "Four balls, take your base," called the umpire. Ross walked down to first.

"Why doesn't he run?" asked Parker.

"He doesn't have to run," replied Hal.

"But you said if he got four balls he could run to first base." This showed Hal that Parker was absorbing the points and he took some encouragement.

"They usually let them walk on four balls, as he can take his base on a walk by the time the pitcher is ready again," he replied. By this time Ross had reached first and was standing there with one foot on the bag.

"Why doesn't he take the base if it is his?" was the next question.

"He doesn't really take the base," explained Hal. "He is simply entitled to go to it and be ready to run to second base." He saw that he would have to be very careful in his choice of words if he was to teach Parker much of the game. Everson was next at bat. He hit the first ball for a long fly to left and started on a slow trot toward first, while Ross remained at the bag.

"Why doesn't the fellow on first run?" asked Parker.

"He is waiting to see if the ball is caught," said Hal.

"Can't he run unless the ball is caught?" Parker went on.

"Not on a fly. He has to wait until the ball is

WON IN THE NINTH

caught. After a fly is caught he can run to the next base." The fielder muffed the ball and Ross ran like the wind to second, Everson reaching first easily.

"I thought you said he couldn't run until the ball was caught. That fellow out there missed it," came from Parker.

"I ought to have told you at first that if a fielder muffs a fly ball everybody runs, except in the case of a foul," explained Hal.

"Yes, but there are only two of them running," Parker replied.

Hal laughed. Everybody near them was paying more attention to them than to the game. They were calling Parker "the Rube." One freshman said: "Get a copy of the 'Book of Rules,' Rube, and learn it by heart before the next game."

The game proceeded for some time and Hal did the best he could to answer the many questions Parker put to him. He had his own troubles when it came to explaining the "hit and run play," "the double steal," and the "squeeze play," especially the latter. Some one in the stand said when Ty was on third base and Tris at bat with one out, "They're going to work the squeeze." They did work it, and successfully, as sometimes happens, and the fans yelled, "Did you notice that squeeze?"

"I didn't see anybody get squeezed," said Parker, "who was it?"

"Why," said Hal, "Ty was on third and Tris squeezed him in."

THE MAKING OF A FAN

“Did he hurt him?” asked Parker.

The crowd around them yelled. Hal knew it was almost as hard to describe the squeeze play as to justify it, but he did his best and Parker said finally he understood it all right, but it is doubtful if he really did.

The game had developed into a really exciting one for an inning or two. For the first few innings the pitchers had held the batters safe and there were few hits made. In fact, up to the beginning of the seventh inning Lowell had secured but three hits and Chadwick three. Lowell had one run, worked out by a two bagger by Robb, a clean steal of third and he had been brought home by Tris on the squeeze play already mentioned. In the first half of the seventh, Chadwick knocked out three runs on a couple of hits mixed with a bunch of errors on the part of Lowell.

In the meantime by repeated explanation of the different plays, Parker had begun to understand some of the first principles of the game. He had already gotten to the point where he didn't ask as many questions. He was watching the game. Six short innings of baseball had planted the seed out of which would some day grow a “full fledged fan.” He didn't understand much of it, of course, but he had begun to feel the alternate strain and relaxation which everyone feels when watching a game. It has been the same for years with all of us.

When “our” side is at bat you are always hoping the batter will hit it safe. You watch the pitcher

WON IN THE NINTH

wind up. Your muscles are tense. You see the ball leave his hands. You see the batter prepare to strike at it. He strikes and misses. The umpire calls "one strike." You relax. Again the pitcher delivers the ball. Again the muscles become tense. The umpire says "one ball" and again you sink back in your seat in perfect repose. By this time the pitcher is again ready. The third time the ball is sent toward the batter like a white streak. Somehow you feel he is going to hit it this time. As before, your muscles become tense. You hear a crack of wood against leather. You raise yourself up in your seat. It's a foul fly back of the plate. You see the catcher throw off his mask and run up for the ball. You are absolutely rigid. You see the set and determined face of the catcher as he comes running toward you, his mind on nothing but the catch he hopes to make, he sees nothing but the ball. You, yourself, are thinking of nothing else. You hope he misses it. Now it's coming down close to the stand. He's almost under it. He's going to get it. Just then he stubs his toe on a pebble and he muffs it. You are glad. You relax. You cheer him for missing it. You look round you. There are ten, twenty, forty thousand people, a moment ago just as tense and rigid as you, thinking of nothing else but that catch, who are now settling back in their seats, happy and content, everyone of them, excepting of course the few "rooters" for the other side.

The next ball pitched is a good one, fast and straight over the plate. The batter sets himself to

THE MAKING OF A FAN

meet it fair and square. You do likewise, as if you would help him. Now he pulls back his bat, he swings, he meets it fair, you can tell by the sound it makes that it's a long hit. You see the center fielder, look once to get the direction, then turn his back to the ball and run just as hard as he knows how. You



stand up, everybody stands up, not a word is spoken. It seems as though minutes are passing until the play is decided. Soon you see the fielder turn half way round to look and then he goes on running. He is still too far away. You see him getting near the ball, but not near enough to catch it. By this time the ball is going over his head. He has lost it. No, he makes one try at the right moment. He takes a

WON IN THE NINTH

mighty leap into the air, up goes one hand, the ball hits his glove and sticks, he comes down to earth, he rolls over half a dozen times on the grass, but he comes up finally with the ball in his hand and you begin to relax. Then you start to jump up and down, you wave your hat, you throw it up in the air, and wave your arms and you try to yell louder than your neighbors. If you look around, you will see forty thousand people doing the same. Yelling and cheering and waving arms, hats or anything that comes within reach. You are cheering the other side, but you don't mind. It was a wonderful catch.

And so it goes, through nine whole awfully short innings always. Time flies so quickly at a ball game. It's over before you want it to be. Our side wins! You go home happy. Our boys lose? Well, better luck to-morrow.

In the second half of the seventh inning of the game with Chadwick, this Lowell team just had to get at least three runs, so Hughie told the boys and he would be obliged if they would get a half dozen. Everson was the first man up and he got an infield hit to short which he beat by inches. Then the Lowell boys on the bench commenced to get busy, for they had sensed the "break." There comes a time in almost every game of ball, which has become known as the "break," when the game can be won for one team or the other. There is no definite period of the game when this occurs, but the players seem to sense it. Let a batter get to first and if you see the players on the bench commence to reach for

THE MAKING OF A FAN

their bats, swing them a few times, laugh, get excited and dance up and down like boys with a new toy, you will know that the "break" has come then, and that the game will be won or lost right there. So it was at this point in the game with Chadwick.

Delvin was the next man up. He got a single to right field. Next came Hans. He hit a grounder over second base which couldn't be stopped and the bases were full. Ty came up with his little black bat and hit the ball over third base for a two bagger and Everson and Delvin raced home for runs. Hans got to third and Ty reached second. Tris knocked the ball to shortstop, who was nervous by this time and made an error. Hans got home and Robb reached third while Tris was on first. One more run. The Larke hurried to the plate and after fouling off a couple, hit one fair and square and the ball made a high flight straight for the left field fence, and went over. A home run, and Robb and Tris scored ahead of him. The "break" was over, the opposing players settled down. The pitcher steadied himself, recovered his nerves, and the next three men went out in order. The rest of the game went along without any further excitement. The "break" in the seventh inning was the meat of the whole game.

Parker and Hal went through the inning like all the rest. It got so exciting for Hal that he forgot all about Parker and when he did remember him he saw that Parker had forgotten him. Parker was standing up on his seat with all the rest of them, bareheaded, for his hat had been discarded many

WON IN THE NINTH

minutes before. His hair was disheveled, his coat was in his left hand and he was whirling it above Hal's head while with his other hand he was slapping his neighbor on the right violently on the back with a newspaper, while that party was hugging the fellow in front of him.

“I see you have joined the ranks of the lunatics, you told me about the other day,” said Hal.

“Me for the ball game after this,” replied Parker. “Think of it. Here it's my first game of ball since I came to college, nearly the last game of the year, and me a Senior. I've been asleep. I've missed things.”

“That's the way it gets everybody,” said Hal. “It surely is the great American game.”

Parker was sorry when the game was over. It was a great experience for him, and during the remaining few days of the term he had many talks with Hans and Hal about baseball and after he was graduated and became a famous preacher he became and remained a faithful enthusiast. Thus are “fans” made.



The Making of a Fan.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE TRIP TO JEFFERSON

DURING the second week in June, the week of final preparation for the trip to Jefferson and the first of the three championship games with Jefferson, final examinations interfered to some extent with the baseball practice, but by getting out on the field very early in the morning and late in the afternoon, with here and there a special shifting of the examination hour, for this or that member of the team, the nine put in a pretty busy week.

Coach Young had returned from Jefferson with a complete confirmation of the early reports about the nine that Captain Church had developed in the western college, and letters kept coming in daily from alumni in the west, sounding the warning that Hughie and his boys must "prepare for the battle of their lives," as Church had built up a wonderful baseball machine—one that it would be the greatest task to beat.

This talk had its effect on the Lowell boys, and Hughie and Captain Larke were a good deal worried. After a consultation they decided to telegraph to Johnny McGrew, Conny McGil and Pop Anderson to come on to act as assistant coaches and help put on the finishing touches. Most of the time was

WON IN THE NINTH

put in signal and batting practice, as all other games were out of the way. The coaches figured that with equal ability in the pitching department the batting would win the games, if backed up by perfect team work, which only a thorough understanding of the signals could make possible.

Finally the great day came for the trip to the western college. A special train of twelve cars was provided and with the cheers of all of the students that couldn't go along, professors and the townspeople, ringing in their ears, they started.

The team occupied a special coach in the rear of the train, and no one not a member of the Varsity was allowed in the car, excepting of course, special coaches, Young, McGrew, McGil and Pop Anderson. With these surrounding them in the car, Hughie, Captain and Johnny laid out the plan of the coming battle.

They had their own private chef aboard, the same who prepared the meals at the training table, so that with the exception of riding across the country at the rate of sixty miles per hour, they were as comfortable and fully as much under training orders as at home. The other cars on the train were occupied by the great body of students who made the journey with the team to attend the game, three coaches being filled with the Lowell Organized Noise Club. All along the route, whenever the train stopped, and they made stops all along the line to take on Lowell Alumni—there were crowds of Lowell graduates at the station to cheer and wish them Godspeed.

THE TRIP TO JEFFERSON

We will turn our attention, however, to the special car at the end of the train with the nine.

There is nothing like a long railroad journey to get you acquainted with people and to give you a chance to note the peculiarities of the others in the car and this would be especially true in the car referred to where everyone was interested in one thing. Every man on the train felt that the result might depend upon him. The good batters would wonder if their favorite sticks were aboard.

Ty Robb, quiet and nattily dressed, high strung, nervous, built like a greyhound, with slight waist and magnificently formed shoulders, small ankles and wrists and a poise to his head like the ideal Grecian youth, came as near being a perfect built athlete as any one on the train; but even this well-balanced youth was not above being superstitious, for he got a little bit nervous along about bedtime, and finally hunted up his little old black bat out of the bunch and took it to bed with him.

Hans, directly opposite in temperament, ponderous in his movements, anything but nervous, but equally superstitious, saw Ty coming down the aisle with his bat and went him one better, for in addition to getting his favorite bat, he dug out his old glove—the one with the hole in the middle—and slept that night with it under his pillow.

Captain Larke had no superstitions to bother him, nor was he nervous. His responsibilities as captain of the team never in any way interfered with his playing. His movements were always graceful and

WON IN THE NINTH

he had an eye that was particularly clear when it came to judging the speed of baseballs knocked out to left field. One habit, however, of college boy life, the captain never would acquire. He was born in Kansas and ever since he could remember he had owned a big cowboy hat and the college boy's cap was so insignificant by comparison that he never would wear one of them. Larke's hat was a kind of mascot with him, no doubt, for he always kept it on such trips as this where he could keep his eye on it when not on his head.

Johnny Everson, small in physique, but large in brains, self-possessed and confident at all times, had made one of his nice little speeches to the boys at dinner, and when he went to bed he wasn't thinking about bats, balls or gloves or worrying about the part he might have to play on the morrow. He lay awake in his berth a long time, however, rehearsing the impromptu speech he intended to make at the dinner which he knew the Jefferson boys would give the team whether the game was won or lost.

Hughie had a good many things to think about so he didn't get much time to let superstition work. He was busy with his batting order and signals for the coming game, but just before going to sleep he did wonder if the grass at Jefferson was longer and thicker at third base or at first.

Delvin, like a number of the older fellows on the team, had made the trip before and was not unfamiliar with sleeping cars. Delvin was a grand fellow almost all the time, quiet, and a great reader and

THE TRIP TO JEFFERSON

he rarely ever kicked about anything. But put him on board a sleeper and along about bedtime you could always hear him grumble, and no wonder, for there never was a berth made long enough to accommodate all of his length, and so he had to curl up when he slept on a train and during the night Arthur woke up the whole bunch several times with his grumbling.

Gibbs, big, strong, and brainy as lots of these boys are who came from Canada, was pretty tired from the long ride with no activity, and at bedtime went to bed and to sleep with no apparent thought of the hard work before him the next day. But during the night he must have dreamed about a ball game, for suddenly the whole car was aroused by the noise of breaking glass and some one was shouting, "You will try to steal on me will you?" and when the boys stuck their heads out from between the curtains they saw Gibbie in one end of the car in pajamas over which he had put on his shin guards, pad, mask, and glove and at the other end of the car could be seen a badly shattered mirror through which Gibbie had just a moment before thrown something. He had been walking in his sleep, and putting on all of his catching outfit had for five minutes been making signals at himself in the glass at the other end of the car. Thinking he saw a base runner, he picked up what he thought was a ball (it was in reality one of Hans' big shoes, and snapped it at his own image in the mirror beyond. He missed the porter, who happened to be coming down the aisle just then, but made a perfect throw and the shoe went sailing into

WON IN THE NINTH

the mirror. They finally managed to wake him up, but had a hard time doing it, for Gibbie kept saying, "Don't put me out of the game. I want to catch every game on the schedule this season."



For Hal the trip was a great novelty. He and the other freshmen had never taken a railroad ride in a private car, and it was a great novelty for them. The ovations the boys received at the different stations were particularly interesting and at most every station the Alumni and friends of Lowell, after shaking hands with the old boys on the team and wishing them good luck, would always ask, "Where's Case? We want to see Hal and Hans, also Robb

THE TRIP TO JEFFERSON

and Talkington." Between stations he read a few short stories for boys as he was always interested in them. Hal was not known to be superstitious and did nothing on going to bed that would show that he was, so it is impossible to write down anything about him here along this line. Hal, however, did wear his cap on the train and just before he went to bed he took a wad of chewing gum out of his mouth and stuck it on the button on the top of his cap. There may have been no superstition connected with that, however. He probably only wanted to put it where he could find it.

Huyler, the utility and pinch hitter, got a new nickname on that ride. They called him the "Candy Kid." No one knows who started it, but the idea may have been suggested by the numerous confectioners' signs which dotted the landscape all along the route, and particularly those of one manufacturer whose goods were continually offered by the newsboys on the train.

Black, whose youth was spent in the coal districts of Illinois, was happy because he was on his way to his own state, and whenever they passed a trainload of coal on the way, he would tell the boys what a great business coal mining was. You would not think he would have much love for coal or the mines either, for as a boy he had lost two of the fingers of his right hand by getting his hand caught in some machinery at one of the mines near his home while playing around it. But Miner always said that if he had more than three fingers left on his pitching

WON IN THE NINTH

hand he probably could not throw the kind of curves which he did, but would have to pitch the same as others, and he probably wouldn't amount to much as a pitcher if he did.

For Babe Radams the ride was one of doubt. He wanted to get into the game the next day but only an accident to Miner would give him a chance, and he thought very likely that he would have to sit on the bench. He wouldn't think of hoping that Miner would have to be taken out of the box, but he felt confident that he could take care of the job if he got a real chance, and perhaps they would let him pitch the second game, if Lowell won the first. Babe's thoughts were, however, all for the glory of Lowell and so he really wished that it wouldn't be necessary to call on him during the first contest. He had acquired a good deal of glory as second pitcher on the team and felt sure that next year he would be the first pitcher for the team, since Miner would be out of school.

Before one o'clock, however, all the excitement had settled down in the car and everybody was asleep. Gibbie had forgotten his troubles and Delvin had quit grumbling, and the rest of the boys were glad, so they slept on undisturbed until the porter awoke them about seven in the morning and told them they had arrived.

CHAPTER XIX

BEFORE THE BATTLE

WHEN the boys awoke to find themselves in the western city, the seat of Jefferson College, a great crowd was on hand to meet them. They were mostly Lowell Alumni who lived in the towns in the West. Many of them had traveled hundreds of miles to attend the game, and win or lose, cheer for Lowell. A number of the members of the team were greeted at the station by their fathers and mothers and sisters who had not seen the boys since the holiday vacation. Then there was also a fair sprinkling of sweethearts to greet them.

There was nobody to meet Hal, for his folks couldn't afford to come all the way from California. His father's illness, however, had not been serious and he had gone back to his work and was thus able to send Hal his original allowance, so the boy's worry about money was over. In fact, he had money in the bank, for Hans had a long talk with Hal after the Alumni game, and had convinced him that it would be a good time to show a little thrift, so Hal had put his one hundred and twenty-five dollars in the bank, and Hans had gotten him to agree not to touch it until it was absolutely necessary. He had

WON IN THE NINTH

never had a bank account before and he was proud of it, now that he had started. He had not written any more stories for the *Out Door Weekly*, because Hans had made no more trips to New York.

Seeing most of the fellows talking to parents, sisters or sweethearts gave Hal a touch of homesickness, but it was not for long, as presently the whole team was gathered into a half dozen waiting automobiles and driven through the streets and out to the Jefferson Club House, which was within the grounds occupied by the Stadium. Here the boys could bathe and limber up during the morning hours for the game, which was to begin at two o'clock.

On the way to the club the automobiles made a detour of the streets, including a trip past the college buildings and the fellows had an opportunity to get an idea of the extent and grandeur of this wonderful western college. There were quite as many buildings as at Lowell, and they were much finer in many respects, but the newness did not make you think of classic halls and college traditions as did the old ivy-clad buildings at Lowell. In years to come this might possibly be said of Jefferson, but it takes time to build up a college and only age can bring to it the loved traditions such as were associated with Lowell, and the boys were glad that they were enrolled as students in the older and more famous university of the East.

Jefferson College had been founded but twenty years before. A very rich man had endowed it with millions and added more millions every year. The

BEFORE THE BATTLE

best teachers that money could secure were obtained and the college had done remarkable things for the boys who entered it, but no amount of money they could spend could give that which Lowell had spent more than a hundred years to acquire—recognition as the greatest seat of learning in the country. But the western college was proud of the remarkable progress she had made in so short a time and she was reaching out in every way, hoping that some day she would overtake and pass her great rival.

Naturally athletics was selected as one of the chief fields of effort. Her managers knew that athletic supremacy would give the college the greatest prestige. Championships in the different branches of sport would attract students, and with a full roster of students, year after year, it was thought to be only a question of time when all the rest would come to her.

So they had built a magnificent athletic field costing over a million dollars, the finest equipment in the country. There were enough seats to accommodate 50,000 people, and every seat was taken at the big games which took place there, for the people of this Western city were proud of their college, as they had a right to be, and they made up attendance what Jefferson lacked in alumni, and they "rooted" just as hard for their college as they would have had they graduated from the beautiful though as yet not classic halls.

The rivalry between the two schools was therefore keen, even though one was, in baseball at least, the

WON IN THE NINTH

defender and the other the aggressor. Lowell came to Jefferson as the recognized champion in both baseball and football this year and of two teams evenly matched, Lowell would have the slight advantage which champions always have and her games were usually conducted with this advantage in mind.

Jefferson on the other hand had still to win the championship and was fighting hard for a reputation. She was inclined to conduct her games desperately, to try by the force of brawn to overthrow the champions.

For this reason the annual struggle over the Baseball Championship stirred up a lot of excitement and this excitement was felt throughout the city.

On the day of the great game, business houses closed early and everyone talked baseball. Everybody that could get in went to the game. Many were always turned away, for even the vast amphitheater seating fifty thousand was not big enough. After all the seats had been filled and ten thousand others were let on the field to sit on the grass or stand for two hours through the contest, the gates would be locked and no more could get in.

Long before ten o'clock the streets surrounding the field were crowded with people standing in line hoping to get one of the choice seats, many of which were not reserved. At eleven o'clock the gates were thrown open and for more than an hour the people poured into the grounds in a steady stream. By 12.30 the stands were full and ten thousand or more had been let out on the field below the stands to sit

BEFORE THE BATTLE

in cramped positions on the ground or stand with aching legs through the great game. If anyone in that crowd got tired standing, he didn't show it.

At one o'clock the two teams emerged from the club house to make the annual march across the field to the benches reserved for players. They were preceded by a band of sixty pieces. Jefferson College wore white uniforms and maroon stockings and sweaters, Lowell wore gray uniforms and green stockings and sweaters, for the home players always wear white. As they came marching across the field, both teams abreast in one single line, the crowd in the stands arose and began to cheer.

Hal and Hans looked ahead of them at the thousands who had been crowded out onto the field. Neither of them had ever before seen such a crowd to say nothing of playing ball before so many people. In two thirds of the stand, from the extreme left way over almost to the visitors' bench, nothing could be seen but a mass of white and maroon. Back of third base from where they approached, the maroon gave place to green. As they came nearer they could see the white places represented white shirt sleeves or ladies' dresses or straw hats. The maroon they saw was the color of Jefferson in the form of thousands of flags, banners, and handkerchiefs, while the green on the left was caused by the green of their own university proudly worn by more than ten thousand Lowell men. On the field the crowd was mixed, maroon and green and white, for here there were no reserved spaces. Each had to shift for himself

WON IN THE NINTH

and in the effort to find the best place to see the game and have the most possible fun, maroon mixed freely with green even before the game began.

Down in front of the Jefferson players' bench sat the Jefferson Singing Club which led the singing and yelling for the Western school, while in front of the visiting players' bench near third base could be seen the Lowell Organized Noise Club.

As they approached the home plate, the Jefferson team turned to the left and the Lowell team to the right and after the teams had reached their respective benches the Jefferson Singing Club arose and placing their megaphones to their lips began singing

“ FAIR LOWELL.”

Gradually the volume increased as the first base stands took it up, and as the Lowell students and adherents recognized the first notes of their dear old College Song, they quickly joined in and sixty thousand voices were singing in one chorus. As soon as the song was finished the singing coaches started the Lowell yell; for several minutes the familiar

Well! Well! Well!
Yell! Yell! Yell!
Spell! Spell! Spell!
L—O—W—E—L—L
Oh! Well! Oh! Well!
Go Tell! Go Tell!
Everybody we're from LOWELL

echoed and reëchoed over the field.

BEFORE THE BATTLE

Then, just as the last echoes were thrown back from the distance, the Lowell boys, not to be outdone by the delicate compliment of their rivals of their own accord also, struck up the Jefferson song,

ALMA MATER.

More quickly than before it was taken up by the vast audience, because they were now on the alert, the band joined in and for five minutes more the resounding notes of the Western song were thrown upon the air from sixty thousand throats to be followed by the familiar Jefferson yell, which made the biggest noise of all because more of the crowd were familiar with it.

J—E—EFF

J—E—EFF

J—E—EFFERSON

JEFFERSON JEFFERSON

RAH ROW RAY RI REE RAW RUN

That's the music for JEFFERSON.

Then for the forty minutes of practice allowed the team, the Jefferson crowd, the band and Lowell's representatives in turn sang their best songs, and gave their yells, all but the band, of course, which in this instance made less noise and also less music than any one of the three, if you can ever call noise music.

Jefferson would start her baseball song going to the tune of "Maryland, My Maryland."

WON IN THE NINTH

Thy sons are battling for thy name
Jefferson, dear Jefferson
They go to die or win this game
Jefferson, dear Jefferson
Give them your cheers in loud acclaim
Help them to-day withstand the strain
And they'll add glory to your fame
Jefferson, dear Jefferson.

The Champions are our foes they say
Jefferson, dear Jefferson
For twenty years they've blocked our way
Jefferson, dear Jefferson
We have a team to cause dismay
To no nine that tries to play
Baseball with this big school to-day
Jefferson, dear Jefferson.

We've got the lads who hit the ball
Jefferson, dear Jefferson
Where Lowell boys are not at all
Jefferson, dear Jefferson
We'll make those Champions look small
We'll hit them over the outer wall
And raise that rag on Chapel Hall
Jefferson, dear Jefferson.

And just as soon as they had finished, the Lowell contingent would cut loose with their version of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic."

BEFORE THE BATTLE

The Lowell team is on the job
Her nine is fit and strong
She has got the boys who hit the pill
And they've been champions long
She's better this year than ever before
She's never yet been wrong,
So let the game go on.

Chorus

Here's three cheers for good old Lowell,
Here's three cheers for good old Lowell,
Here's three cheers for good old Lowell,
So let the game go on.

We've seen them come and seen them go,
For twenty years or more;
They never yet have beat us,
When they came to add the score.
They have tried to steal our signals
They have worked till they were sore,
So let the game go on.

Chorus

For Lowell's got the pitchers,
And we've got a back stop true
The infield is a bunch of stars
The outfield's nifty too,
They're all .300 hitters,
And you'll meet your Waterloo,
So let the game go on.

Chorus

WON IN THE NINTH

Presently the chosen umpires, Sel. O. Laffin of American College and Robert M. S. Lee, of National University, came onto the field. They consulted with Hughie and Church, agreed upon the ground



rules, and presently Laffin, who was to umpire behind the bat, stepped to the plate and then turning to the stands said:

“Ladies and Gentlemen: The batt’ries for today’s game are—For Lowell, Black, pitcher and Gibbs, catcher. For Jefferson—Mellen, pitcher and Brest, catcher; Black and Gibbs for Lowell; Mellen and Brest for Jefferson. Play ball.”

Quickly the Jefferson players arose from the bench and trotted out onto the field. The Lowell boys on

BEFORE THE BATTLE

their bench stirred nervously, eager to get into the fray. Everson carefully selected his favorite bat from the row of them which was on the ground before the bench and stepped to the plate.

There wasn't a sound to be heard on the grounds or in the stands. Everywhere was silence. Mellen stood there in the pitcher's box, the new white ball in his right hand, eying Everson with intense scrutiny, trying to solve what his greatest batting weakness might be. Everson looked back at Mellen, waiting, perhaps a little nervous but with a look of determination on his face. He stood at the rubber, his feet slightly apart, his bat firmly grasped, his head to one side as if listening, but his eye on the white round thing in Mellen's hand, and he never took his eye off that ball. The game was about to begin. The first ball pitched might decide the game. His turn at bat if successful might win it, his failure to do just what Hughie had instructed him to do might lose the game. Mellen began to wind up. He pulled back his right arm, twisted himself, looking back of him; he turned back again facing the batter; he brought forward that strong right arm of his, the ball started toward the plate, a white streak. The game had begun.

CHAPTER XX

THE FIRST GAME

LOWELL

Everson, 2b
Larke, lf
Talkington, cf
Robb, rf
Hagner, ss
Case, 1b
Delvin, 3b
Gibbs, c
Black, p

JEFFERSON

Laird, 3b
Beach, cf
Church, 1b
Hollins, ss
La Joy, 2b
Warcford, lf
Twitchell, rf
Brest, c
Mellen, p

“Ball one,” called the umpire as the first ball released by Mellen sank into Roger’s big mitt, and the crowd settled itself temporarily to watch the big battle. Mellen had sent up a wide one just for a feeler and Johnny let it go by. The second ball cut the plate in the middle, but Johnny never made a move.

“Strike one,” said the umpire.

Everson struck at the next one only to foul it off over the stand and it was two strikes and one ball. Mellen quickly sent up a good one guessing that

THE FIRST GAME

Johnny would be looking for a ball, but Everson saw it was going to be good and took a hard swing at it and met it squarely, knocking a very fast grounder over second base which looked good, but La Joy of Jefferson hurried over, made a very graceful reach with his right hand, and turning, threw, without looking, straight to Church, and Johnny was out by a foot. One out. The crowd sat up, for it was a hard ball to field, although Larry made it look easy.

Larke was the second man up. He fouled off the first two balls offered to him, let one pass for a "ball," and as the next one seemed to be coming where he liked it, swung hard at it and missed.

"Out," said the umpire and Talkington trotted up to the plate.

He hit the first ball pitched far out to right field but Mellen had motioned the fielders to play back and the ball went straight into Twitchell's hands for the third out.

The sides now changed places amid the cheers of the crowd, for the game promised to be particularly interesting.

Laird, the first man up, after missing one, hit a pop foul over by the Jefferson bench which Delvin caught after a quick run.

Beach drove a hot grounder to Delvin, who made a fine stop and throw to Case and there were two out.

Captain Church of Jefferson was next up. Miner sent one of his fast inshoots to cut the inside corner of the plate, but it was a little wide and as Church

WON IN THE NINTH

couldn't get out of the way, the ball grazed his shirt and Church got his base.

Hollins was next at bat, but Gibbie got the idea that Church would try to steal second right away, so he motioned Miner to send up a fast wide one. Church tried it but was caught a dozen feet off the bag by Gibbie's perfect throw to Everson.

In the second inning Robb was first up. He struck hard at the first ball pitched, and missed. Then he bunted the next ball, but it rolled straight to Mellen and he was an easy out, Mellen to Church.

Then Hagner came up for his first turn at bat. The Lowell crowd began a great noise of cheering, for they had a feeling that something would happen now. They had long been in the habit of expecting action in the game when Hans came to bat. But Hans showed no signs of excitement as he walked to the plate. He stood there in his loose, awkward way, studying Mellen, and Mellen was studying him. Perhaps Mellen had better thoughts than Hans, for he served up a ball that looked good to Hans and he struck at it hard and missed. The second one looked just as good and he missed that one too. When Mellen delivered the next one, Hans thought he would look it over carefully and if it looked like the other two he would let it go by. It did look like the others, coming straight for the plate, and so he waited for it to curve, but it came straight over the plate and Hans didn't move, but the umpire said, "Three strikes. Batter up," and Hans had struck out.

THE FIRST GAME

Hal now came up. There were two out and he wanted a hit. The second ball looked good, so he hit it for a grounder to the right of Laird and raced to first, but Laird made a stab, got the ball, and without setting himself, made a very quick but low throw to Church. The Jefferson Captain, however, made a beautiful pickup and Hal was out.



Now it was the second turn for Jefferson at bat.

Hollins without waiting drove a hot grounder right over first base that looked like a hit, for Hal was playing about twenty feet off. Somehow or other, however, Hal got over near it, threw himself the last six feet of the way, stopped the ball while falling and then, as he lay on the ground, tossed to Miner, who had covered first, for a put out. The

WON IN THE NINTH

rest of the Lowell team looked pleased, for he had saved a hit and the crowd was excited. The Jefferson boys couldn't figure how they could get hits when such fielding was possible.

At any rate they all thought this but Larry. He walked up to the plate and stood there swinging his bat carelessly. Wherever Miner pitched a ball, Larry would reach up or down with his bat and touch the ball somehow. He fouled off one after the other until he had lost seven balls over the stand behind him and then he hit the eighth one fair and square for a long liner to center which ought to have been good for a double, only Talkington raced over and by extremely fast fielding held it to a single.

The seven fouls and the hit by Larry had made hard work for Miner and so when Warford came up for his first time at bat he hit a Texas leaguer to short left which fell safe and he took first while Larry reached second.

It looked as though Jefferson would score surely, and especially with Twitchell at the bat and runners like Larry and Warford on the bases. It looked even more dangerous when Twitchell hit the first ball Miner pitched for a very fast grounder right over second, but Everson raced over, made an almost impossible stop, tossed the ball to Hans on second who relayed it to Case at first completing a fast double play and letting Miner out of a dangerous hole.

It was the beginning of the third inning. So far Jefferson had the better of it, two hits, while Lowell hadn't had a man on base.

THE FIRST GAME

Arthur came to bat and struck out. So did Gibbie and when Black came up Mellen made it a strike out for the side, for he got Miner, too.

Lowell took the field for the second half of the third and Miner proceeded to repeat Mellen's stunt.

Brest was the first up and Black undertook to fool Roger, who, however, while pretending that he was going to strike by running out to meet the ball, completely fooled Black, and so Roger got his base. Big Mellen, the pitcher, tried to bunt, but Hal who was expecting this had started for the plate on the run the moment Black started to pitch. The bunt started for the first-base line and Roger started for second, but before the ball had rolled three feet Hal had it. He tagged Mellen out and whirling quickly threw to Everson who almost missed because it was done so swiftly. However, he caught the ball and tagged out Brest as he started to slide. The play saved a run, for Laird, the next man, drove a single to left and Brest could easily have scored from second but for the wonderful double play started by Hal. Of course Laird got to first, but the players all relaxed a little after the exciting play and Laird walked a few feet off the base, when Gibbie caught him napping by a quick throw to Case, and there were three out.

Jefferson had come a little closer to scoring in the third. Lowell was fielding all right but they had not gotten a hit.

Everson came up first in the fourth, and you could see by his expression that he meant to change things. He got a near hit. But for Hollins it would have

WON IN THE NINTH

been a single, but Hollins robbed him by a great stop on his left side and threw to Church, and Johnny was out. Larke also got a near hit, a two-bagger had not that big Twitchell turned it into an out after a long chase. Then Talkington hit a dandy liner about five feet over La Joy's head, apparently, but Larry leaped up and caught it and Lowell again went to the field without a hit.

In their half, Jefferson broke the ice. Little Tommy Beach opened the inning with his regular two-base hit past third, the kind no fielder can get. Captain Church didn't wait for more than one ball to be pitched. He hit the first one hard—a bouncer to Hans, who threw to Delvin, and Beach was out. With Church on first and Hollins to help him they worked the hit and run, Church getting to third and Hollins to first. One out and men on first and third.

A run was almost certain, especially with Larry up. He made good with a long fly to Talkington, who made a great catch and a fine throw to the plate, but a perfect slide by Church made it impossible for Gibbie to tag him, and the score was 1 to 0 and two out, with Hollins on second and Warford at bat. Sam drove a long liner to left center, and Larke starting with the crack of the bat got it after a hard run and the inning was over.

In the fifth inning Lowell didn't get a hit, but did get two on base. Robb first hit a grounder to Church but was out, Church unassisted. Hans, taking time to study Mellen's curves, walked. Hal hit a grounder to Hollins, who fumbled and both runners

THE FIRST GAME

were safe. Lowell now had men on bases for the first time and were where Jefferson was in the fourth inning, but Delvin hit a fly to Beach and Gibbie struck out, so Lowell did no better than Jefferson in their first effort with men on the bases.

In the Jefferson half, Twitchell bunted, and Delvin, just to even up things, fumbled the ball. Brest



bunted toward first, but Hal again fielded perfectly and throwing to Hagner, forced Twitchell. Then Mellen singled to center and Talkington's throwing arm came into play, for he caught Roger trying to get to third by a fine throw to Delvin. Laird rolled an easy one to Hagner and was out at first.

In the sixth, Hughie told the boys they would

WON IN THE NINTH

have to show something or their chances would dwindle. He told Black to get on if possible but the best Black could do was to hit an easy roller to Mellen, who threw him out at first.

"All right," said Hughie, "we don't expect pitchers to tire themselves out running." Then he signaled Everson to try to get a base on balls.

Johnny let the first one go by. "Strike one," announced the umpire. "Ball one," he said as the next one came over. The third ball looked good, but Johnny had been told to wait it out and the umpire announced "Strike two." The next one sent up by Mellen was intended to fool Johnny. It was all but over the plate but Johnny didn't move. "Ball two," said Laffin. The fifth one was just like the last one, and the umpire shouted "Ball three" and the Lowell rooters began to hope. It was now three balls and two strikes. The next ball would be the important one. On it came, almost waist high. It looked like a strike, sure, and Johnny was about to hit at it when suddenly it began to drop downward and before it had hit the ground in front of the plate (which it did do) Johnny was off to first for he knew it was a ball.

Captain Larke walked up to the plate with a confident air.

"Now's the time," shouted Hughie from the coaching line. "You can do it, Fred," he continued. "Make it a two-bagger while you're at it and we'll only need one more."

Fred nodded in reply and then as the ball sped

THE FIRST GAME

toward him he swung hard for a two-bagger to left center that brought Johnny home with the tying run. Talkington had the fever by this time. He came to bat and let two go by, but the third he hit for a mighty drive to center.

With the crack of the bat Little Tommy Beach started for the fence, running as fast as he could and never once looking back at the ball. When he got to the fence he turned quickly, raised his hands about as high as his head and caught the ball as easily as though he had been standing there watching it all the time. He himself couldn't tell how he knew just where that ball would drop, but everybody knew he had robbed Talkington of a home run, and Larke had to hustle back to second for he had been so sure that it wouldn't be caught that he hadn't waited. That catch by Beach was enough to stop any one from trying to knock the ball over the fielders' heads.

Robb must have thought so, anyhow, for he hit one on the ground to La Joy, who made easy work of getting it to first ahead of Ty. The score was tied, and it had looked a moment ago as though one run would win the game.

Now it was Jefferson's turn to go out in one, two, three order. Beach fouled out to Gibbie, Church struck out and the best Hollins could do was to drive a long fly to Ty, out in right field, of which he made an easy catch.

In the seventh inning Hans drove one to Hollins and was retired on an easy throw to Church. Hal

WON IN THE NINTH

bunted and was again thrown out by Mellen, and Delvin flew out to Twitchell, so there was little chance for Hughie to get excited on the coaching lines. For Jefferson it was almost the same, La Joy went out, Hagner to Case. Warford hit a high one which Johnny got easily. Twitchell's was an easy grounder to the box and he was thrown out at first.

When the eighth inning started, however, there was a feeling throughout the crowded stands as though something were going to break. One felt it in the air. The Lowell players were mildly excited. The feeling was shared by Gibbie, who was first to bat. Hughie felt it was then or never and said: "It's up to you, Gibbie," and Gibbie stood up to the plate as though he meant business. The first ball pitched he hit for a foul. The next one was called a strike, the third was a ball and the fourth Gibbie rapped for a clean single to right.

Black came up and immediately sacrificed Gibbie to second. By this time the players on the bench were jumping up and down, much excited, picking out bats. They had sensed the break and they each hoped the fun would last until it came their turn at bat. But it was hardly a real break, and the enthusiasm died down some when Everson stepped to the plate and knocked a high foul which Laird held after a wonderful catch close up to the stands, but Larke again came to the rescue of the base runner and on a long single to left along the foul line brought Gibbie home. Talkington then tried again to put

THE FIRST GAME

one over Tommy Beach's head but Tommy made another of those circus catches and the side was out.

Then for Jefferson it began to look like defeat, for Black tightened up and struck out Roger on three pitched balls only one of which the latter struck at; Mellen hit one but Delvin stopped it nicely and threw wide to Case, who made a one hand stop, and Black got Laird on three strikes.

In the first half of the ninth Lowell tried hard to add another run and came near doing so. Robb drove a single far out to left center which Warford fielded beautifully after a long run and threw to La Joy in time to catch Ty sliding while trying to stretch it into a two-bagger. Hans drove a single to right and then Hal came up for his last time at bat. On the hit and run he drove a grounder between short and third which Hollins fielded beautifully but threw poorly to Church, and Hans continued on to third while Hal remained on first and Delvin came to bat. The hit and run had worked so beautifully that Hughie decided on a double steal. Hal started for second and drew the throw, and Hans led off third, but big Mellen intercepted the throw and Hans was caught after practically the whole Jefferson team had chased him up and down the line between third and home, while Hal got around to third.

It was now up to Delvin to make a hit if the run was to count and he made a good try with a long liner to left center, which both Beach and Warford went after. Warford being taller was just able to touch the ball by leaping as it went over his head.

WON IN THE NINTH

It looked good for a muff, but Beach, near at hand by this time, made a quick jump to the right as the ball was partly stopped and deflected in its flight by Warcford and turned a sure error into an assist for



Sam and an out for himself by his quick catch for the third out.

Lowell was through and the game was theirs if they could hold Jefferson for another inning.

The Jefferson crowd started their continuous cheers as Beach came to the bat for the final half. Black studied him carefully. Beach's fielding had been wonderful and all of the Lowell boys were calling "get this first fellow; if you can stop him the game's ours." Black determined to make a supreme effort

THE FIRST GAME

to strike him out. The first ball Tommy let go by and the umpire called "strike one." The next one he struck at and fouled off. "Strike two." The next two were balls and the fifth was wide of the plate, but Tommy struck at it and he was out. Church came up and hit the second ball. It was a fast grounder to the left of Everson. He made one of his famous stops and tossed to Case for the second out.

Hollins came up and hit the second one far out over Talkington's head and it would have been a homer but for Tris' fast recovery and fine throw. Church, coaching now at third grabbed Eddie as he was going past third in an effort to get home and pushed him back to the base or he would have been out. He thought Larry, who was next up, would be likely to get a hit—at least it was the better chance to take.

It looked as though the score might be tied, and if it hadn't been for the fact that Warford and Twitchell both followed La Joy, it might have resulted in a deliberate present of a base on balls to Larry. Black, indeed, did pitch two wide ones to tempt Larry to strike, but he didn't bite. The next one Larry was also going to let go past, but as it came straight over he struck at it and went out in Ty's territory far over his head.

It looked like a sure home run also, and Larry was on his way to first when the ball struck foul by not more than two feet, so he had to come back and Hollins returned to third. Miner sent up another wide

WON IN THE NINTH

one, but Larry reached out with his bat and sent it out to left field along the foul line and was again near first when the ball hit the ground foul by not more than a foot. So he had to come back again. By this time Black had decided Larry's eye was too good and undertook to give him a base on balls. He did give him another ball, and tried to send up a fourth one, but Larry reached out again, gave it a quick tap, and it was a foul fly which came down in Hal's mitt very close to the bag, and the game was over.

BOX SCORE

LOWELL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	JEFFERSON	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Everson, 2b....	4	1	0	3	2	0	Laird, 3b.....	4	0	1	1	3	0
Larke, lf.....	4	0	2	1	0	0	Beach, cf.....	4	0	1	4	0	0
Talkington, cf..	4	0	0	1	1	0	Church, 1b....	3	1	0	10	0	0
Robb, rf.....	4	0	1	1	0	0	Hollins, ss.....	4	0	2	0	3	2
Hagner, ss.....	4	0	1	2	4	0	La Joy, 2b....	3	0	1	2	2	0
Case, lf.....	4	0	0	10	3	0	Warcford, lf...	3	0	1	0	2	0
Delvin, 3b....	4	0	0	3	2	1	Twitchell, rf...	3	0	0	3	0	0
Gibbs, c.....	3	1	1	5	1	0	Brest, c.....	3	0	0	7	0	0
Black, p.....	2	0	0	1	1	0	Mellen, p.....	3	0	1	0	4	0
	33	2	5	27	14	1		30	1	7	27	14	2
LOWELL.....													0-2
JEFFERSON.....													0-1

Two Base Hits—Beach, Larke.

Three Base Hits—Hollins.

Sacrifice Hits—La Joy, Black.

Stolen Bases—Hollins.

Left on Bases—Lowell, 7; Jefferson, 2.

First Base on Errors—Lowell, 2; Jefferson, 1.

Double Play—Everson, Hagner, Case—Case, Everson.

Struck out by Mellen, 6; by Black, 4.

Bases on Balls off Mellen, 2; off Black, 1.

Hit by Pitcher, by Black, 1.

It had been a hard game to win and might easily have been won by either side.

Almost every man on the Lowell team had saved the game by excellent work at one stage or the other,

THE FIRST GAME

and the boys knew that the luck of the game had as much to do with their victory as anything. They knew now that they were up against one of the best teams of ball players that could possibly be brought together, and no one could say which was the stronger of the two. If the luck of the game should desert them in the next two, the result might easily be in favor of Jefferson. The championship was really in danger.

Hughie congratulated all of the boys on their excellent playing, and while none of them had done very much with the bat for they had been opposed by a wonderful pitcher, it was satisfaction to know that Jefferson had just as hard a time trying to hit Miner.

He was particularly pleased with the fine fielding displayed by the youngsters Hans, Hal, Ty, and Tris, who had stood staunch under the first big firing, but what pleased him more than anything was that the old stand-bys like Larke and Everson and Gibbie had been responsible for the actual runs and he felt pretty confident of the final outcome.

Church, of Jefferson, on the other hand, got his encouragement out of the fact that his team had played fully as well as Lowell, and with a little luck would have won. A little less wind when Larry got a foul instead of a homer in the ninth would have given them the game, and he told the boys he felt sure the luck would average up, and that the championship would be won this time.

CHAPTER XXI

RETURNING HOME

AT midnight the Lowell special started on the return trip, with another special train, bearing the Jefferson team and her faithful rooters, trailing them.

The celebration after the game had been glorious but pretty strenuous, and the boys were tired. They all tumbled into their berths and went promptly to sleep.

Early in the morning, however, they were awakened by the noise of cheering, and looking out of the windows of the car they could see they had stopped at a station crowded with people. It was hardly six o'clock, but the platform was crowded with an enthusiastic mob, giving the Lowell yell and calling on the boys to get up and show themselves. The train pulled out before they could do this, but they got up and dressed and had an early breakfast.

Then they prepared themselves for the all-day ride to the East. Presently they stopped again. A still larger crowd was at the station with the familiar green flags and banners. This time the boys went out on the platform and joined the chorus of Lowell songs and yells.

So it went all day. Wherever they stopped there

RETURNING HOME

were cheering crowds and songs and yells. Every once in a while they called on Hughie for a speech and he would do his best in reply. It was almost the kind of a ride which the President makes on his occasional swings around the circle. Certain it is that no President ever got a more enthusiastic reception than did the Lowell boys that day.



During the course of the morning when there was about an hour's run to the next stop, Johnny Everson and Arthur Delvin found Ty Robb in the far corner writing busily.

"Writing to the folks?" asked Johnny.

"Don't bother me," said Ty, "I have an inspiration." So they left him alone, but presently he came up to where Hughie, Larke, and Everson were sitting

WON IN THE NINTH

and talking things over, and said: "I've made a brief report of the game for the boys at home. I saw a peach back there at the last station, and whenever I see peaches I think of 'Gene Field's little poem." Then he started to sing.

A baseball team out at Jefferson grew,
A pretty good team it was they drew,
Managed by Church and captained, too,
It grew. It grew.

Listen to this tale of woe.

They challenged the team of the Emerald hue
That had beaten the Eastern teams very blue;
They were captained by Larke and managed by
Hugh,

Too true. Too true.

Listen to the tale of woe.

The Lowell boys came on the fast choo choo,
They began to play the game at two to 2.02
And soon the trouble began to brew,
Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!

Listen to their tale of woe.

Then Tommy came along with his mind in a stew
And placed to his credit a bagger-two
While Larry brought Church home and Black be-
gan to rue,

But they were through.

Listen to their wail of woe.

RETURNING HOME

Johnny got his base and Larke got two,
This was in the sixth and brought Johnny through,
The eighth saw Cap. make another accrue,
Score two. Score two.

Listen to our lack of woe.

The rest of the innings showed us nothing new,
Each side to bat and each side withdrew,
The batters the pitchers couldn't subdue,
Hip Huroo. Hip Huroo.

Listen to that tale of woe.

What of the team that Jefferson grew?
Licked by Lowell of Emerald hue,
Another game and its mission is through.
They 1, We 2,

Wait for the next tale of woe.

As Ty sang the other boys gathered round him and as most of them knew the tune they were presently crowding close, looking over his shoulder at the words and joining in. Then they made copies of it and sent them by the porter into the other cars of the train. Pretty soon everybody on the train either had a copy or had learned the thing by heart and whenever they stopped at a station they would all get out on the platforms or lean out of the windows and introduce the new song to the crowds at the stations, always leaving a few copies behind. By the time they reached Lowell, early in the evening, Robb's doggerel song had been sung from Cleveland

WON IN THE NINTH

to Lowell and found its way the next day into most every big paper in the country, so that almost every Lowell man in the land knew it within twenty-four hours after it was composed.

Presently the train pulled into the station at Lowell. The boys looked out at the mob that was there to welcome them. Hal and Hans thought of the former return to Lowell when Hans had brought him back. This was a different kind of home coming. There was no walking or riding in carriages that night. It was shoulders for the team, surely, and they prepared for it.

The crowd at the station was singing the Lowell songs and yelling and cheering, but presently as the team and the others on the train appeared, the latter began singing Robb's "Peach Song" again, and the crowd stopped to listen. They heard it, they seemed to drink it in, they learned it all at once, it seemed, for presently they were all singing this rather dirge-like chant of a Lowell victory.

Hughie tried his best to get the team away from the crowd, for they had a hard game ahead of them next day, but he gave it up finally, saying only, "All right boys, do as you please with us but don't hurt us; we've got to lick them again to-morrow."

Then they grabbed Hughie, lifted him upon strong shoulders, corralled the rest of the boys in a similar way and through the streets of the old college town they took them, a happy, joyous procession, the band in front playing, and the horns blowing. Finally they were let go to their homes where they could

RETURNING HOME

get another refreshing sleep in preparation for the second and perhaps final struggle which would take place on the morrow.

The crowd that welcomed Jefferson, which arrived an hour later, was not so large but it gave them a rousing welcome just the same. They knew that Jefferson had fought hard and bravely, and it had been



"They grabbed Hughie and
lifted him upon
strong shoulders"

no easy task to beat them; but Lowell had won, and they could afford to give the losers a generous welcome. They let the Jefferson team ride in carriages, however, contenting themselves with singing a few of the Jefferson songs, mingled with their own loved ones. They didn't sing Ty's "Peach Song" but Jefferson had heard it all along the route and they were determined to make Lowell sing an entirely different one before another twenty-four hours had passed.

CHAPTER XXII

DISTINGUISHED FANS

THE day of the second of the big games broke clear and warm. The same excitement was to be noticed around the old college town as on the day of the first game at Jefferson. Lowell, however, was not located in so large a city, and therefore the people who had come to the game were more noticeable. Special trains from Boston, New York, and other points began pouring their loads of Lowell and Jefferson rooters into the old station before nine o'clock in the morning, and the steady stream of arrivals continued until game time, which was again two o'clock. For the early arrivals time might have hung heavy on their hands had they not found a chance to let off some of their steam, by parading the streets, and singing the old college songs.

A procession of Lowell "rooters" would march up one street singing "Fair Lowell," while down another street would come the Jefferson crowd, though smaller, singing their "Alma Mater." Whenever they met there would be a great mingling of college yells, which didn't sound nearly as well as when they were separated and which, to anyone without the college spirit probably sounded as though

DISTINGUISHED FANS

a lunatic asylum had been turned loose upon the town. But nobody without this college enthusiasm could be found that day at Lowell, so the boys and girls paraded up and down the streets to their hearts' content, and finally took up the march in the direction of Lowell field, where the same scenes took place which had been seen at Jefferson on the day of the first big game. The band played for the entertainment of the crowd. Noise clubs led the yells and the songs, the crowd joined in, and thus they entertained themselves until game time.

Around the public square, and more particularly in front of Lowell Arms, the most popular hotel in the town, was assembled a great crowd, and only a championship ball game itself could have kept the guests of this inn from being the center of the universe on this day, for the President was to arrive during the morning and the hotel was already filled with Senators, Representatives, Ambassadors and big politicians, who are likely to hover around the President on such occasions, to let some of the reflected glory shine upon them.

Many of them came for the sole purpose of seeing the ball game, but others, who are playing the political game all the time, hoped to catch the President's ear during his visit.

When the President did arrive and was welcomed by such enthusiasm as the townspeople, students, and visitors could spare from the baseball game, he turned a deaf ear to anyone who had anything to say on any subject but baseball and college life. He

WON IN THE NINTH

was bound to be a boy again whenever he came to Lowell and the annual games were his special delight.

Out at Lowell field they had arranged a special box for the President and other distinguished guests, which he occupied for a little while, but when it came time for practice he said, "It don't seem quite like a ball game sitting here. I'm going over there and sit with the boys." And he did. They made a place for him in one of the seats in the first row of the regular grand stand, where the sun could shine on him, and when he got warm he took off his hat and coat just like any other fan, and enjoyed himself to the limit.

Lowell field was not as new and substantial a place as the Stadium at Jefferson, but the stands would hold almost as many people, and the grounds, being larger, more standing room was found on the field.

By one o'clock every inch of space was occupied and the gates were locked. Never before had so many come to see a game at Lowell. This time, however, the Lowell folks outnumbered the Jefferson adherents. To-day more than two thirds of the people waved green flags and banners and the balance showed the colors of the rival school. The complexion of the crowd was reversed. Some who had been at the other game wondered if this was a sign that the score would be reserved, too. Jefferson fellows, who were just a little bit superstitious hoped so, while the Lowell crowd said they didn't believe in superstitions of any kind. Finally the teams

DISTINGUISHED FANS

marched onto the field, the University Band preceding them, but this time as they reached the plate, it was the maroon which sat on the bench back of third base, and the green went back of first.

“We licked them when they had the advantage of being on their own lot,” said Fred Penny who was sitting in the stand with Johnny King, “and I guess now we have them on our own lot, we will make it two straight.”

The practice before the game gave the crowd a chance to pay their particular respects to the individual members of the team, by special songs and cheers for each of them. The band played “Hail to the Chief” once for the President and two or three times for Hughie. Then each member of the team was introduced to the President, and as each member of the team came up the Noise Club announced:

Here he is—HONUS.

What’s the matter with HONUS?

And then everybody would sing:

For he’s a jolly good player,
For he’s a jolly good player,
For he’s a jolly good player,
Which Jefferson can’t deny.”

And they gave a special yell for each of the particular stars of the first game. It was enough to make any player nervous and anxious and it’s a wonder it didn’t. What it did do, however, was to make

WON IN THE NINTH

every one of the boys take a special vow to play the game of his life that day.

Again the two men in the blue suits and blue caps trotted out on the field. Again the umpire, who was to work behind the bat (this time it was M. S. Lee), consulted with Hughie and Church. The gong sounded. The umpire said, "Play ball." The Lowell boys trotted out onto the field to their positions. Again the umpire took off his cap, faced the stands and said:

"Ladies and gentlemen: The batteries for to-day's game are Cam, pitcher; Brest, catcher for Jefferson. Radams, pitcher; Gibbs, catcher for Lowell. Cam and Brest for Jefferson. Radams and Gibbs for Lowell—Batter up."

This time Laird of the Western school stepped quietly to the plate. He looked at Radams and Radams looked at him. Each was studying the other, though to-day Radams had a little advantage. He had seen Laird at bat and Black had gone over the other game carefully with him so he knew something about each of the batters. At least he was sure he did have a slight advantage, and so he did not hesitate an instant, but began to shoot them over. The second big game was on.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE SECOND STRUGGLE

LOWELL

Everson, 2b
Larke, lf
Talkington, cf
Robb, rf
Hagner, ss
Case, lb
Delvin, 3b
Gibbs, c
Radams, p

JEFFERSON

Laird, 3b
Beach, cf
Church, lb
Hollins, ss
La Joy, 2b
Warcford, lf
Twitchell, rf
Brest, c
Cam, p

When the teams lined up at Lowell for the second game, the batting order was the same but there was a somewhat different air to be noticed among the players. The boys who hit the ball were not satisfied with their batting records in the first game, and they were determined to knock somebody out of the box. This time it was Jefferson's first turn at bat, and as Laird came up Radams played for a little luck to enable him to get a good start. Thinking about it so much spoiled his control, for when he had pitched six balls the count was two and four and Laird was walking down to first as a result.

Beach was true to his first inning record and got a nice single to right field and Laird got to third.

WON IN THE NINTH

Captain Church came up with lots of confidence and tapped the ball smartly, but it was an infield fly which Everson caught near the pitcher's box. Radams was having a hard time with his nerves, apparently, for



he gave Hollins four bad ones in succession and he walked to first also. This brought La Joy to bat and he hit a fast grounder over second, but Hans made a one-hand stop right at the bag, touched second forcing Hollins and threw to first for the third out.

"Let's do something in the first inning besides field," said Hughie, as Everson started for the plate with his bat.

"Here goes," said Johnny. Cam, the pitcher, was sizing up Johnny and also wishing, as had

THE SECOND STRUGGLE

Radams a moment before, for a little luck in getting the first man. When he pitched the first ball, however, Everson waded right in and turned it into a single to right and was off for first like a streak. Larke immediately hit a low roller to La Joy who got the captain at first, but Johnny had reached second before Larry had stopped the ball.

Talkington, after getting two strikes and three balls, hit an easy fly to Twitchell in right. Cam was willing to let Tris hit it, but he was trying to make him hit it in the air, and Tris did; but when Cam pitched the same kind of a ball to Robb, Ty rapped it for a long triple out over Warford's head, scoring Everson. Hans got a base on balls and stole second; then while Cam was winding up to pitch to the next batter, Ty started for home, but Roger tagged him easily this time as he was attempting his great slide, and the side was out.

Warford was the next man up for Jefferson. He struck at the first ball Radams pitched and it went over Delvin's head for a neat single. It surely looked as though there would be some hitting. Twitchell next up, struck at the first ball and missed and Delvin played out so as to be able to stop anything that came like Warford's hit of a moment before, but Twitchell bunted the next ball toward third, so Delvin couldn't get it in time to catch either runner, and they were both safe. Then Brest sacrificed and Warford and Twitchell perched on third and second respectively. Cam struck out, but Laird singled to left, scoring Warford, and Twitchell

WON IN THE NINTH

tried to get home too, but was caught at the plate by Captain Larke's beautiful throw to Gibbie.

In the Lowell half, Case was first up and the best he could do with Cam's curves was to hit one of them to Hollins who fielded it in time to get Hal at first. Delvin drove a long fly to center, but Beach got it. Gibbie put new hope into the inning by doubling to left center, but Radams struck out.

Beach was up again in the third, and Radams tempted him to miss three, and he was out of the way. He had almost as good a time with Captain Church, who hit the third one on a line into Robb's hands out in right. Hollins, however, drove a single over the first bag which was fair by inches, and La Joy came up. This time Radams decided on a base on balls after getting Hughie's signals from the bench and it went through all right; but before Warford got a chance at a good one Hollins undertook to steal third and was caught by a quick throw from Gibbie to Arthur.

Everson went out on a good stop by Cam which he tossed to Church at first. Larke tried to put one between Beach and Warford in left center, but it went a little too high and Beach got it easily. Talkington bunted along the first base line and was safe, but would have been out if Church hadn't expected it would roll foul, for he could have easily thrown Tris out to Cam, who covered first. The Lowell boys were looking for something good from Robb, but the best he could do was to hit one in the air out Twitchell's way and it was an easy catch.

THE SECOND STRUGGLE

When Warford came up first in the fourth, Hughie signaled the outfield to play way out. He motioned a second time to Robb and he went almost out to the fence. Warford noticed this and thought if he could drop a short fly in right field it would drop safe. The ball came to him just right, and Hal noticing where Ty was playing started after it, but presently he saw Ty coming full speed ahead and knew that Ty had a chance for it, so he stopped. Just as the ball was about to hit the ground Ty stuck out both hands and got it and then turned two somersaults on the grass—one of which he couldn't help. Twitchell drove a single between Everson and Case which Ty fielded, and Roger hit the first ball with a mighty swat on a line straight to Everson, and Twitchell was doubled off first before he could even try to get back.

Hans first to bat in the Lowell half of the fourth picked out a nice spot in left field, and placed a neat single where Warford couldn't get it. Hal, under instructions, made a sacrifice bunt and was out at first, Hans taking second. Arthur got three balls in a row and it looked as though Cam was going to walk him, but the pitcher fooled him by putting the next two straight over and then it was strike out or hit it. Arthur did his best and struck out, but while he was doing this Hans made a clean steal of third, to the great surprise of the Jefferson team and especially Roger Brest the catcher, who didn't even throw to catch Hans. Having in mind Gibbie's double in the second inning Cam gave him a base on balls.

WON IN THE NINTH

Radams then made a good effort to get a hit, but the ball went to the pitcher's box, so Cam got credit for an assist and the side was out.

Cam was first up for Jefferson in the fifth. He struck at the first one that Radams pitched to him. The second ball the umpire called a strike and Cam bunted the third one and was out. The Lowell boys and rooters got a good deal of amusement out of this, but anyone is liable to make a mistake of this kind. It, however, gave Lowell the edge on Jefferson for that inning. Laird, next up, drove one to Hans which almost knocked him down. Hans tried to throw it just as hard to Case, but threw it high and Hal had to jump for it, which he did, and saved Hans an error.

Beach let one strike be called on him, and then he banged into the next one for a hit to left center that hit the fence and was an easy triple. In fact, it would have been the easy homer which Beach tried to make out of it but for the wonderful relaying of the ball by Captain Larke and Hans. Hans ran out into left field and caught the ball as Larke threw it to him and turned, without looking, and threw it straight to Gibbie at the plate who didn't have to move his hands an inch to make the catch and who tagged Beach not over six inches from the plate. If Hans had stopped before making the throw to get his direction, Beach would have been safe, but he couldn't have made a more perfect throw even if he had looked. It was the greatest play of the game so far.

In the Lowell half Johnny hit a grounder to

THE SECOND STRUGGLE

Church who was playing back on the grass and the two had a foot race to first, Everson sliding feet foremost. It looked to many as though Johnny beat Church, but the umpire waived him out, and after a few remarks Johnny stuck his chin in the air a little higher and walked to the bench.

Captain Larke came up determined to make up for what he thought was a poor decision, and placed a neat single over second base, which rolled to center, and stole second on the first ball pitched, Brest's throw being a little late and high. Tris felt like doing something, but his best effort was a foul fly in the direction of the bleachers near third base which nobody had a right to get, but which Laird got just the same after a long run and a beautiful catch.

Ty Robb now came up, swinging three bats. Larke was on second and watching Ty closely, as the hand with which the batter threw away the extra bat was a signal which gave the runner the tip on what his instructions were, but Ty was carrying three bats, and three bats had never been included in the signal list, so Larke was puzzled. Just because he was puzzled, perhaps, he thought this signal might mean steal third, so he started to do so. Ty saw him and tapped the ball for a bunt toward third and beat it out while Larke perched safely on third. Hans then came up and singled to right, scoring Larke, but Ty tried to get to third on the play and was caught by a fine throw from Twitchell to Laird.

Church started the ball rolling in the sixth by an easy grounder to Everson who fumbled, and the

WON IN THE NINTH

Jefferson captain was safe. Hollins bunted along the first base line, but Hal was on his job and fielded the ball quickly to Hagner, forcing Church. La Joy then dropped a beautiful single to left and Hollins had to stop at second, making runners on first and second. Warford drove a low liner between first and second and La Joy started toward second. The batted ball hit him on the left foot and rolled into Hal's hands.

La Joy was out on this play, of course, and Hollins had to return to second. Twitchell now came up and hit the third ball pitched for a two bagger to right center, which Robb received and threw to the plate, but Hollins and Warford scored, and Twitchell went to third on the throw in. He overslid the bag, however, and was out when Gibbie snapped the ball to Delvin, who tagged him before he could recover. Hughie sent Miner out to warm up.

Case put up a foul back of the plate and Brest caught it near the screen. This was close to the box in which the Vice President and the notables were sitting. "He has it," said some one, as Roger made the catch. The Vice President turned to see who had spoken. "What kind of baseball talk is this? Say 'he's got it' not 'he has it.'" Delvin hit a grounder which struck Cam on the leg and glanced off in the direction of the first base, where Church picked it up and touched the bag for an out. Gibbie tried to get a base on balls but was called out on strikes.

Brest was the first batter in the seventh. Babe managed to give Roger a base on balls. Cam sacri-

THE SECOND STRUGGLE

ficed him to second and Laird, the third batter, hit sharply to Hans who threw to Delvin and caught Brest. Beach, the next batter, gave the signal to Laird for the hit and run and worked it successfully and then also tried to work the double steal. They were unsuccessful, as Laird was caught at the plate by quick work between Everson and Gibbie.

In the second half, with the crowd standing, Huyler, the pinch hitter, went in to bat for Babe and drove a long fast liner to right which Twitchell caught after a great run backward. It should have been a triple, at least, but the way these two teams were fielding it was almost impossible, seemingly, to drive the ball out of their reach. Everson went out, pitcher to first, and Larke also was out by way of shortstop to first.

Black in the eighth inning went in to pitch for Lowell. Church, first up, was easy for Everson and Case and then Case and Black attended to Hollins.

La Joy walked to the plate and stood there swinging his bat carelessly and easily. Finally Black, after looking him over, pitched a ball that cut the plate and before Larry hit it, Miner knew part of what would happen. When he saw it leave the bat, however, and heard the crack he knew that ball was headed for outside and sure enough it was. It went over the center field fence ten feet high and never was found. Larry simply jogged around the bases while Lowell hopes seemed to be dashed to earth. Sam Warford took encouragement from Larry's swat,

WON IN THE NINTH

but his hit got no farther than Delvin, who threw him out at first.

Hughie put some ginger into the boys at this stage of the game. "They're only two runs ahead and we've often made six in one inning," said he as Talkington walked to the plate. Tris did his part, and drove a single to right which might have been a two bagger but which Twitchell fielded perfectly, and Tris went back to first, when Twitchell threw to second. Then Ty bunted to the pitcher's box and Cam fumbled, and both Tris and Ty were safe, Cam was clearly going up and the Lowell rooters were doing all they could to help him.

Hans came up and Church walked over to the box and tried to give Cam a chance to cool off a bit by talking to him and instructing him also to give Hans his base. Cam pitched two balls very much to the right of the plate from the catcher's position which Hans couldn't have reached with a twelve-foot bat, and then Hans jumped to the other side of the plate and started to bat left handed so as to reach the balls, but then Cam put the next two very much to the left of the plate and there was nothing for Hans to do but walk to first. There were now three on bases and Hal was up.

Here was the first real chance he had had in either game to show what he could do with his bat and everybody else had been hitting Cam so here was his chance. Just then, however, Captain Church waved to Cam with his right and motioned to Mellen with his left and Cam left the box and Mellen went

THE SECOND STRUGGLE

in. "Well," thought Hal, "Mellen probably isn't very well warmed up and he ought to be able to hit now." The first two balls pitched were bad ones and were so called by the umpire.

"Just let him put one over," said Hal to himself, "and I'll put it over the fence." But Mellen wasn't pitching that kind of a ball just then. The third ball pitched Hal struck at and missed. The next one was straight over but looked high, and the umpire called it a strike, at which the stands roared in rage. The next one was a pretty good one but Hal took a chance and let it go by and the umpire called "Ball three." It was now two strikes and three balls, and Mellen decided to put the next one over and take a chance. It came straight for the plate; Hal took a mighty swing at it and the ball started on a line for second, but Mellen stuck out his right hand, knocked it down and threw to Brest in time to force Talkington at the plate. Hal's chance was gone. He would have made good only Mellen didn't mind taking a chance with his pitching hand. Most pitchers would have preferred to sidestep the danger. There were still three on base and Arthur was at bat. He got three balls and two strikes on account of fouls, and then Mellen gave him one where he could hit it but it was a pop fly which fell into Hollins' mitt and there were two out. It was now Gibbie's chance to save the game, but Mellen's pitching was too swift for him until he also had three balls and two strikes and then he knocked a long fly to Warford and the inning was over.

WON IN THE NINTH

Black gathered himself together for a mighty ninth inning effort. He felt sure of the fielding of the boys behind him, but he made up his mind to take as few chances as necessary. So he decided to strike out the side if he could, and after he had succeeded in doing that with Twitchell and Brest, he had a lot of confidence in his ability to do the same to Mellen, and he did it.

The last half of the ninth opened rather well for Lowell. Black was the first man up and he fooled the entire Jefferson infield by a perfect bunt which put him on first. This surely was a good start.

Everson, however, waited too long. He let two strikes be called on him, and they were good ones, too. The third one looked good also and Johnny struck at it and missed and there was one out. Captain Larke then knocked one down the line toward Church and the latter tried to complete the out unassisted, but Larke beat him to the bag and Black reached second. Tris knocked a slow rolling grounder to Hollins and by the time he got to it he could only catch Tris at first, for Black had reached third and Larke was at second.

Robb came to bat feeling good. He was to have his great chance after all. Two men on bases and a single would tie the score. He even allowed himself to remember that a homer would win the game for Lowell. Mellen on the other hand realized his great chance. If he could outguess Robb this time there would be a game to Jefferson's credit. His was the first move and he tried to tempt Ty with a ball, but

THE SECOND STRUGGLE

Ty let it pass. Then Mellen tried him with another one of the same kind, thinking, perhaps, Ty would bite on the second one, but he just waited.

The next ball came straight over the plate and Ty hit it and it went sailing out over first base, a fast liner that didn't stop till it hit the fence, but it was like La Joy's ninth inning hit in the first game, only longer, for it struck the fence two feet outside of the line and the umpire said, "Foul one strike."

The next ball also came straight and Ty thought to fool them by bunting. He did, and almost perfectly, as the ball didn't roll over six feet in all. Black was nearly at the plate before Ty got started to first but as hard luck would have it the last foot of the distance the ball rolled outside the foul line and it was "Two strikes" and everybody went back to where they were before. Then it was a study to watch Mellen and Robb.

Would Mellen send another one straight over and try to make him think it would curve or would he send one up wide of the plate and make it curve in, or would it be a high one that would drop to the strike level at the plate? It was a great guessing match that lasted for several seconds.

Then slowly Mellen began his wind up. The ball started for the plate. It was coming straight over. Was it possible that Mellen had decided to take a chance on his hitting it safe? Ty thinks he'll fool him on that. He will just put that ball over the fence. He pulls back his bat to meet it squarely. He makes a savage swing at it and listens for the

WON IN THE NINTH

crack of the bat. Instead he hears a thud—and Ty knew he had struck out, and the game was lost to Lowell by the score of 4 to 2.

BOX SCORE

JEFFERSON	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	LOWELL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Laird, 3b.....	4	0	1	2	1	0	Everson, 2b....	5	1	1	2	3	1
Beach, cf.....	4	0	3	2	0	0	Larke, lf.....	5	1	2	0	2	0
Church, 1b....	4	0	0	10	0	0	Talkington, cf..	5	0	2	0	0	0
Hollins, ss....	4	1	1	1	3	0	Robb, rf.....	5	0	2	2	0	0
La Joy, 2b....	4	1	2	0	1	0	Hagner, ss....	4	0	2	2	3	0
Wareford, lf...	4	2	2	1	0	0	Case, 1b.....	3	0	0	7	3	0
Twitchell, rf...	3	0	3	3	1	0	Delvin, 3b....	4	0	0	3	2	0
Brest, c.....	2	0	0	8	0	0	Gibbs, c.....	4	0	1	8	2	0
Cam, p.....	1	0	0	0	4	1	Radams, p.....	2	0	0	0	1	0
Mellen, p.....	1	0	0	0	1	0	Black, p.....	1	0	1	1	0	0
	31	4	12	27	11	1	Huyler†.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
								39	2	11	*25	16	1

JEFFERSON..... 0 1 0 0 0 2 1 0—4

LOWELL..... 1 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—2

Two Base Hit—Gibbs, Twitchell.

Three Base Hit—Robb, Beach.

Home Run—La Joy.

Sacrifice Hits—Brest, Case, Cam.

Stolen Bases—Hagner, 2; Larke, 1.

Left on Bases—Lowell, 10; Jefferson, 6.

First Base on Errors—Lowell, 1; Jefferson, 1.

Double Play—Hagner, Case—Everson, Case.

Struck Out—by Radams, 3; by Cam, 3; by Mellen, 2; by Black, 3.

Bases on Balls—off Cam, 3; off Radams, 4.

Hits—off Cam in seven innings, 8; off Radams in seven innings 11.

* Cam out bunting third strike. La Joy out; hit by batted ball.

† Batted for Radams in seventh inning.

It was now one game apiece and it would take a third to decide the championship.

CHAPTER XXIV

HANS' SECOND TRIP TO NEW YORK

FOR the second time in the history of the contests between the two big schools each had won a game and it was necessary to play a third game to decide the championship. To provide for such cases they had a rule that where a third game was necessary it must be played on neutral ground, the location to be agreed upon by the captains. This was generally done by tossing a coin. The winner had the right to name the place.

This was a very important matter to decide in such a simple way, as the team securing the choice of location for this game also secured sixty per cent of the gate receipts after the expenses were paid, the money all going of course to the athletic fund. You would think that this arrangement and the attractive feature of the gate money would cause the boys to try to break even on the first two games every year, but the fact that this was only the second time in twenty years that it occurred goes to show how square the games were.

When they came to toss the coin this time Hughie called, "Heads," and heads it was. He promptly said, "We will play it at the Polo Grounds in New

WON IN THE NINTH

York," and Mr. Williams, the treasurer of the university, immediately arranged the matter by telegraph.

This suited both teams very well. They would break training immediately after the game and the long strain would be over, whichever team won the final game. The game would be played on Thursday, and they could take Friday, Saturday, and Sunday to have a look at the big city, and victors and losers would be royally entertained by the alumni of both colleges who lived there.

So they arranged for the reception of the team's return to take place on the following Monday evening and everybody hoped and believed they would come back as champions again.

The Jefferson team meantime were hailed as friends and were given morning practice privileges on Lowell field and treated right royally so far as the training rules would permit. They got very well acquainted during the four or five days they spent together, and the old timers on both the teams regaled the youngsters with tales of the thrilling plays that had occurred between Jefferson and Lowell teams of the past. Most of them had been told many times at each school, but repeated under such conditions were doubly interesting.

During one of these fanning bees the talk as usual turned to famous fielding stunts, and many stories were again told of famous fielders and the baseball instinct. "I think the greatest fielder who seemed to have this instinct," said La Joy, "was Hugh Duff. I

HANS' SECOND TRIP TO NEW YORK

have seen him a score of times out in our sun field catch the ball by instinct after losing it in the sun. Where another fielder would dodge and turn his back, Duff would just stick his hands up and catch it. He himself said often that he didn't know how he did it."

"Well, I think the fellow who had the highest development of playing ball by instinct," said Pop Anderson, who was staying around with the boys, "was Walter Brodie. He seemed to know from the sound made by the bat, when the ball was hit, exactly where it was going. Many a time I have seen him start to run for a hard-hit fly ball without even looking, run fifty or seventy-five feet even, and then turn around for the first time in exactly the right spot to make the catch. He often used to give exhibitions before the games of turning his back to the ball almost as soon as it was hit, taking a run outward and making the catch with his hands behind his back and his back to the ball. It may have been practice, but how he knew where the ball would fall will always be a great mystery to all who saw him do it."

"I'll tell you, Ty," said Captain Larke, "of a fielder whose record you can look up and when you get to be as good as he was, you will be pretty near the top. I mean Tom McCarthy. It was he who introduced the trapped ball on outfield flies. If you can learn to trap a ball as well as he did you will have learned something which almost every outfielder has tried but failed to do.

"To 'trap' a fly ball is to make a pick up out of

WON IN THE NINTH

it, as you know. In one Lowell game years ago with Biltmore, Tom worked his 'trap' for two double plays. Once there were men on first and second. The batter sent a short fly to Tom. Of course the runners held to the bases. Instead of making the catch which would have been easy, Tom scooped it off the ground. The man on first was, of course, forced and the man on second was caught on his way to third. Later in the same game on the same kind of a fly ball, Tom made believe he was going to trap the ball again, so the man on second took a big lead. Tom, however, made a fly catch out of it and throwing to second made a double play once more."

"You'll never be able to catch a Jefferson player again like you did last year," said Frank Church to Everson.

"How's that," said Talkington.

"Well, I won't mention the name of the boy he caught, because he is present and he doesn't like the story, but this same brilliant player was on first in one of the games and had started to steal second. The batter made a beautiful line hit to center on a line about fifteen feet high. Everson, there, stood at second, looked up and pretended to be getting ready to catch a nice little pop fly. Seeing this, our good Mr. Player having failed to keep his eye on the ball hustled back to first, but by the time he had got back and taken a second look he saw the center fielder picking up the ball. Before he could get to second, the ball had been thrown to Johnny, here, who touched the bag for a force out. Johnny only laughed but our

HANS' SECOND TRIP TO NEW YORK

good player said to him then, 'Grin, you little shrimp, grin. You had me good, but I'll get you some day for it.' "

Everybody had a good laugh at this, even Martin, for by this time they knew who it was by his sheepish expression, but they didn't see how he could get even with Everson.

So they played many of the games over again and got very well acquainted with each other and the rivalry between the two schools was laid aside for the time being. They left for New York on Wednesday afternoon on the same train and acted like good friends together until the next afternoon in New York when they entered the Polo Grounds with its row after row of seats entirely surrounding the big park, when the big crowd that had come to see the final game stirred up all the bitter rivalry and they prepared for the big battle.

When they awoke in New York in the morning, the players, many of whom had never been there, were somewhat surprised to find that the town was apparently not excited about what was going to happen. People seemed to be going about their business just the same as though the baseball championship was not to be decided there that day. They didn't realize, of course, what a big city New York is nor the habits of its people.

By noon, however, the crowds on the trolley cars and elevated traveling northward were enormous, and it soon developed that the town was headed for the Polo Grounds. New York had simply hustled

WON IN THE NINTH

in the morning to get its business out of the way, so it could do as it pleased in the afternoon and it pleased New York to try to see the game.

When the teams got up to One hundred and Fifty-fifth Street they were as much surprised as they had been in the morning. The whole town seemed to be there. Enough to make a good-sized city inside and about twice as many outside trying to get in.

The gates were locked at noon, three hours before the game. There was room for no more. The players got through the crowd as best as they could. With the help of the policemen, they managed to clear sufficient space in front of the stands to engage in a little practice and to warm up the pitchers. But there was little real practice done that day outside of enough to limber up their muscles.

Their biggest effort was to keep their nerve in front of that immense crowd. The familiar scenes of the other games were presented, but now green mixed with maroon throughout the stands. One section of seats all green, the next maroon, etc. The same noise clubs led the cheers and songs. Most of the people in the stands knew the songs and cheers of the rival schools. They gave them with a wealth of music. A yell and then a chorus. The singing coaches started "Fair Lowell." The stands took it up. The wave of sound mounted and mounted as the crowd joined in and rose on its feet until all the stands presented the thrilling spectacle of a singing multitude, with a kaleidoscopic background of color that changed from green and white to maroon and

HANS' SECOND TRIP TO NEW YORK

white and back again, a grand glorious tumult of voices. They sang the "Alma Mater," too.

The umpires emerged from under the stands and walked out onto the field. There was no consultation with managers. The batting orders had been handed in early. The gong sounded. It was time for the game to begin. Then came a sudden stop. Which team was to go to bat first? Of course it was neutral ground and that question must be decided. Hughie and Church tossed the coin. They looked at it as it landed on the turf. Was it heads or tails? They both walked back to their benches. The umpire made his usual announcement of the batteries.

The crowd did not yet know which team had won the advantage of first in the field. The umpire said, "Batter up." Then from the Lowell bench you could see the team arise quickly and trot out on the field. The Lowell "rooters" started a mighty cheer. The advantage of first field was theirs. It was only a slight advantage but their team thought it an advantage and that made it one.

A sudden hush falls over the vast multitude. You can almost hear a pin drop. Laird at the plate, and Black in the box. Again that first ball may be the all important one. On it may hang victory, or defeat for either side. The crowd sits back silent, waiting. They are ready. So are the players. Alert, waiting. Suddenly the ball shoots toward the plate like a white streak. The big final battle is on.

CHAPTER XXV

THE FINAL GAME

LOWELL	JEFFERSON
Everson, 2b	Laird, 3b
Larke, lf	Beach, cf
Talkington, cf	Church, 1b
Hagner, ss	Hollins, ss
Robb, rf	La Joy, 2b
Case, 1b	Warcford, lf
Delvin, 3b	Twitchell, rf
Gibbs, c	Brest, c
Black, p	Mellen, p

LAIRD waited and Black pitched two balls which didn't fool him any, and then Miner put two over which cut the corners of the plate, one of which Laird struck at and missed and the other was called by the umpire. It was two and two. Then Miner tried to tempt Harry with a wide one and the umpire called it a ball, making it two and three, and Black was forced to put it over. He served up one of the kind that is hard to put outside of the diamond and Laird hit it for a bounder straight to the pitchers' box and Miner set himself for an easy assist, when just as the ball was all but in his hands, it took an extra bounce and went high up over his head and

THE FINAL GAME

neither Miner nor Everson could get near it in time to catch Laird at first.

Beach let two go by and then hit one on the ground to Everson, who tried for a force out at second; but Laird beat this throw and both runners were safe.

Captain Church immediately sacrificed Laird and Beach to third and second respectively. On his way to the bench, the Jefferson captain put his right hand on Hollins' left shoulder as he passed him and Hollins walked to the plate and gave Laird the signal for the "squeeze" play, Laird started for home as soon as the pitcher began to wind up and Hollins hit the ball smartly for a grounder between third and short which Delvin went after and fumbled. There was no chance to get the runner at the plate of course. The squeeze had been worked beautifully, and with the Lowell infield watching for it. Arthur's fumble was just bad enough in addition to give Hollins time to get to first and this and the first score put Black in the hole to such an extent that when La Joy came up he wanted to give him a base on balls, but only decided to do so after Hughie gave him the signal from the bench.

This bit of strategy, however, and the hope of thereby retiring the side on a double play didn't work for Sam Warford was the next batter. Everybody was expecting him to try for a long one but he turned his best chance into what was better still, a Texas Leaguer in left which scored Beach.

It began to look like the kind of a game the fans like right there.

WON IN THE NINTH

The infield came in and Twitchell, the batter, tried to drive one out of Hans' reach to his right, but Hans made a beautiful stop and threw to Gibbie, forcing Hollins.

The Lowell boys breathed a little easier as there were now two out although the bases were filled.

Roger Brest came to bat and Black had in mind the way Roger had worried him in the other games and decided to get him. Brest let the first one go by and it was a strike. The second ball he struck at with a mighty swing and missed. Roger seemed to be slow in recovering from his swing and Miner tried to sneak a straight one over on him. But Brest was only pretending for he hit that ball for about as swift a liner as ever was hit, about six feet to Hal's right. It looked like a sure hit and the Jefferson Singing Club was already cheering Roger when Hal stuck out his right hand and the ball stuck in his glove. Then it was time for Lowell to cheer, for the spectacular catch had saved two runs at least, and four runs in the first half is almost too much of a handicap. It had been a hard inning for Lowell to get by.

Everson started the ball rolling by hitting the first ball for a single to right, just to show the other fellows that there were others who had batting eyes. Captain Larke's attempt at a safe one through the pitcher's box went a little too near where La Joy was playing and Everson was forced at second.

Talkington tried hard to put one over Twitchell's head, but all he got out of it was the satisfaction of

THE FINAL GAME

seeing that sterling right fielder make another of his sensational catches.

Robb hit one in Hollins' direction which was too hot for the Jefferson shortstop to handle, though it was almost straight into his hands and it went as an error against him and Robb was safe.



It looked as though Mellen intended to walk Hans, who was next up, for the first three balls were wide of the plate. The fourth, however, whether intentional or not, cut the outer corner and Hans quickly turned it into a long single to left center, which scored Larke. Robb thought this was a good time to tie the score and tried to come all the way home on the play. At that he came pretty near making it, for he made a beautiful slide and was nipped by inches on the relay from Beach to Hollins to Brest. The

WON IN THE NINTH

crowd settled back to enjoy what promised to be one of their favorite games—lots of hitting and sharp fielding.

The second inning opened with Mellen at bat, and Black went after him. He got two strikes on him right away, but Mellen made a weak effort on the next ball and it rolled to the pitcher's box and was an easy out for Miner and Hal.

Black then thought he'd make it one of his good innings. He completely outguessed Laird who struck out, and when Beach looked as though he didn't believe he could do it again, he put one straight over on Tommy after the latter had fouled one off and let another be called on him, and Beach struck out also, retiring the side.

In the second half Hal was first at bat. Hughie told him he just had to get on base and to hit it out. Mellen put one over that looked good and Hal struck at it with his short bat and missed. The next one looked even better and Hal hit it for one of those fast curving singles over Laird's head which landed him on first.

Delvin fouled out to Laird and Hal made a clean steal of second on the first ball pitched to Gibbie. He then made an effort to steal third and in Roger's anxiety to catch him he tried to throw before he had the ball secure in his hand and it bounded off his glove for a short passed ball, while Hal reached third easily.

Gibbie came across with the needed long fly to Warford in left and Hal brought in the tying run,

THE FINAL GAME

Black, next to bat, made a hard try to hit one of the three balls that Mellen pitched him, but he missed all three of them and as he picked up his glove and walked into the box, Hughie said, "That's the way, old boy, save your wind and strength for pitching."

Captain Manager Church was first at bat and he hit one on Arthur's left, which both Delvin and Hagner went after. It was too fast for Arthur to get his hands on, but Hans made a quick lunge and got it fifteen feet back of Delvin and threw quickly to first where Hal made a neat pick up and retired Church. Hollins tried to bunt the first ball pitched and missed. Then he struck hard at the second one and missed, and with his mind on nothing but fooling the Lowell infield by his change of tactics he forgot all about the rules when he saw the Lowell boys playing back and bunted the next ball which rolled foul and he was called out.

La Joy made one of his mighty efforts after getting two strikes, and it went out to left field where Captain Larke caught it after a long run close to the foul line.

It began to look as if each full inning would be practically the same, for the Lowell half of the third was also short. Everson batted one to La Joy which was easy for him, and Church, then Larke and Talkington were both retired by Hollins and Church.

In the Jefferson half of the fourth the fun began anew.

Warcford fouled off the first two over the stands

WON IN THE NINTH

and when Black offered him another one he didn't do any waiting either, but rapped it far out over to right center in Robb's territory. Ty picked it up



"Capt. Lark
caught it after
a long run"

after a stern chase and relayed it to Hal, for Sam was already well on his way to third and Ty played to catch him at the plate in case he tried to get home.

Things looked a little better, however, when Twitchell went out on a pop foul to Gibbie. Black thinking of the near damage which Brest had done in the first inning walked him, planning to get Mellen and a possible double play, but Big George knocked out a beautiful sacrifice fly to Talkington which scored Warford. Tris saw that he couldn't get the runner on third and quickly threw to Everson on second, catching Brest between the bases. He was

THE FINAL GAME

finally run down by Johnny and Hal, the latter getting the put out.

This made the score three to two in Jefferson's favor and it was up to Lowell to do a little better.

Robb missed one and fouled off another. The third one was also a foul, a tip, and Roger held on to it making a strike out for Ty. Then Hans walked to the plate and crouching in his accustomed manner watched two go by—one a strike and the other a ball. The third one he hit on a beautiful line over Hollins' head between Beach and Warford. Beach fielded it and threw to third as Hans had already passed second. He, however, went back when he saw that the throw would beat him.

Hal came up and giving the signal to Hans hit a fast grounder to the left of the pitcher's box which went toward second like a shot and was well fielded by Hollins. Hans was, however, almost home by this time and all Hollins could do was to catch Hal at first which he did. The score was again tied and two out, Delvin made the third one by knocking a fly into Warford's hands.

It had been nip and tuck between the two teams up to this time with the advantage of a lead, when there was any, always with Jefferson, and Lowell's best efforts were used to keep even.

The strain was beginning to tell on both teams, and Black buckled down to outguess Laird, the first man up in the fifth, but Laird was the best guesser and got a base on balls when Miner failed to put the third one over. Tommy Beach made a beautiful

WON IN THE NINTH

bunt down the third base line and as Laird had a good lead off first he got all the way around to third when the throw went to first and Beach was out.

Church at bat signaled Laird for another squeeze play and Harry did his part all right, but Jefferson's captain missed the ball and Gibbie touched Laird out at the plate. Then Church hit a fast bouncer to the left of Arthur who made a great stop and throw to Hal, retiring Church.

Gibbie came to bat and singled to right and there was great hope of Lowell getting the advantage. The plan went through all right so far as Miner was concerned, as he sacrificed and Gibbie reached second.

This brought Johnny to bat and he had the hard luck to touch one of Mellen's twisters for a foul which fell into Roger's big mitt and there were two out.

Captain Larke tried to knock the ball out of the diamond but the best he could do was an easy roller to La Joy who, however, made a mess of it with two attempts at picking it up before getting it, and by that time Larke was safe on first and Gibbie on third.

Larke started for second to draw the throw for the double steal but Roger couldn't be tempted to throw the ball any place and Cap got credit for a steal. Having struck out Robb before, Mellen walked Talkington, filling the bases, and then Ty knocked a fly to the fence in center field; but when it came down Beach was there waiting for it.

THE FINAL GAME

Hollins, the first batter for Jefferson in the sixth, ought to have been out, as he knocked a liner direct into Robb's hands. Ty dropped it, however, and Hollins hustled to first. The error upset the boys a little and when Hollins started to steal second Gibbie made a poor throw and the Jefferson shortstop was safe.

La Joy waited and got his base on balls which was good judgment on Black's part as it later developed. Warford came to bat and struck viciously at the first ball and missed and the infield guessed that Sam was bound to hit it out. All but Hal did, at any rate, for when Miner pitched the next ball and Sam bunted Hal started on his bunt fielding run to the plate, and making a quick stop he threw to Delvin at third, forcing Hollins. Then, with Warford on first, Twitchell hit a fast one to Case, who made a one-hand stop, threw to Hans who covered second, and then hustled back to first in time to receive Hans' return throw completing a quick double play and retiring the side.

Hans came up in the Lowell half and got another double. Hal sacrificed him to third and it again looked as though Lowell might take the lead. Delvin made what ought to have been a hit, for he drove a fast liner toward first, but Church stabbed it after a mighty leap into the air, and there were two out. Then the Lowell hope died down once more when Gibbie hit one to Mellen, who threw him out to Church.

Brest struck at three fast ones and missed all of

WON IN THE NINTH

them. Mellen went out also on a grounder that was easy for Hans and Hal. Laird came along with a pretty single to left, but was immediately caught stealing, Gibbie to Hans.

In the Lowell half Black hit one between first and second, which Church fielded nicely and threw to Mellen who covered the bag.

Everson hit a bounder to Hollins who let it roll between his legs, and Johnny was safe. Larke hit one, which La Joy got with little effort and tossed to Hollins, forcing Everson. Larke immediately stole second, Roger's throw being high. Talkington caught them all napping by bunting toward third and reached first safely. Then it was Robb's turn and he tried hard swinging on the first ball pitched which was one of Mellen's twisters again, and it went foul back of third and was caught by Hollins after a great run.

The eighth started well and ended badly for Lowell.

Tommy tried for his usual two bagger, but Talkington got in the way of his fast liner after a mighty run and there was one gone.

Church tried to put one in short right but it went up in the air and foul. Case got it after a backward run near the first row of the grand stand.

Hollins dropped a short bunt in front of the plate and Gibbie fumbled it. Hollins was easily safe. It did not look bad to Black, however, as there were two out and the boys were fielding nobly, and Miner intended to make the next batter knock a fly if he hit

THE FINAL GAME

it at all. It happened, however, to be La Joy. Larry fouled off four and it was certain in Black's mind that if the kind of balls he was pitching were hit they would go up in the air, so he put over another one. Larry acted badly, however, for he straightened out that curve for a two bagger between Robb and Talkington, which scored Hollins. This rather got Black's nerves temporarily and he didn't have perfect control of himself. When Warford stepped to the plate, Gibbie signaled for a low ball. Black insisted upon sending them up on the inside. Here is where Black went wrong, for Warford hit the first one for a single to left and La Joy scored from second. Two runs in and both of them after two were out and it looked like the game. To complete the inning, Warford tried to steal, but Gibbie nailed him by four feet on a perfect throw to Everson and the inning ended with the score 5 to 3 in favor of Jefferson.

It looked bad for Lowell, as they had been behind at all stages of the contest and the score as it stood then, taking into consideration the high-class fielding of both teams, made it look as though Lowell was surely beaten.

"Now is the time to do it," said Hughie as Hans walked to the bat. "This is the one grand chance to get them. We only need three, Hans, and you can get one."

Hughie's coaching made no difference to Hans either way. He kept his eye on Mellen and the ball and when Mellen finally sent one up Hans

WON IN THE NINTH

smashed it for a single to right which got him to first.

Hal tried to hit it out and got a long fly to Warford which kept Hans on first.

Delvin came up determined to do or die and he dropped a beautiful single in left which Warford fielded quickly, holding Hans on second. Then Gibbie tried to knock the cover off the ball. He struck three times at what appeared like good ones and missed three of them, which was very good work on Mellen's part. Hughie now sent Huyler up to bat for Black. Being two out Hans and Delvin started and got away with a double steal, Hans going to third and Arthur to second.

It was the only chance Huyler had in the game. He landed on the second ball pitched for a beautiful liner which went to the right field fence, but the unbeatable Twitchell made it look like an easy out, for he timed the ball to the instant and made a running catch that was as clever as any that had been made in the entire game. This made three out and Jefferson still two runs ahead.

The Jefferson crowd felt they had the game salted away and the team needed only to hold its advantage and the Championship was theirs. At the same time they intended to make the most of their last time at bat.

Babe Radams went in to pitch for Lowell and Twitchell feeling good over his line catch of a moment before couldn't be stopped. He leaned against the third ball the Babe tossed up for a

THE FINAL GAME

well-played single to right. This hit and Brest's monkey shines at the plate got Babe going for a minute and Roger walked. Mellen, good hitter always, wanted to drive it out, but Captain Church ordered the sacrifice, and Twitchell reached third, and Roger got to second.

Laird came up to turn the trick and knocked one that took just one bound in Hans' direction, and then tried to get over Hagner's head, but Hans went up in the air, lurching somewhat to the right, got it, and with the same motion fired the ball to Gibbie, who got Twitchell at the plate. To the crowd it looked safe, but the umpire said "out" and that settled it.

Babe's nerves were on edge by this time and unfortunately he hit Beach with a pitched ball and the bases were full. This put everybody more or less up in the air and anything might happen.

Church now came to bat. He was trying to make Babe walk him, and he did get three balls. Then Babe put two over which the Captain-manager missed. The last one he hit right over third base and nine times out of ten it would have been a safe hit but Arthur managed to knock it down with his right hand, and then picking it up hurriedly he fired it in Hal's direction, but high. If there ever was a ball that was headed for the grand stand it was that one. For height it came near the record. The Jefferson crowd went wild, but they had never really seen Hal climb into the air. He ran three steps, made a mighty leap into the air, his back to the ball, and

WON IN THE NINTH

then that right hand of his shot up one, two, maybe four feet higher, and he got it. He was as far from the bag almost as the runner, only he was up over it. He came to earth feet on the base and as the umpire waved his hand for the out, Hal and Church came together and the breath was knocked out of both of them:

He had to call time, for these boys were both unconscious for a few minutes.

When Hal opened his eyes his first words were, "Did I get it," but he couldn't hear the answer, as the stands were yelling, "Oh, you Hal! Oh, you Case!" and then he heard Arthur say, "You saved the game for us, Hal. We've got another chance," and when he turned to Hughie the latter just shook his hand. He was too much overcome to speak.

Then Lowell went to bat for the final half of the ninth with renewed courage, for the God of Champions surely intended them to have another chance when he enabled Hal to make that stop.

It had been a stern chase all the way for Lowell and now it was up to them for the last time. It would take three runs to win, but they had often made three or more runs in the last half and Hal's catch had put the fire back into their hearts.

That's the way they felt when Everson, the head of the batting list, came up. If he could get a base on balls he would have a good start thought he, at least he decided to wait until the count was two and two. That's the way it worked out—two balls and then two strikes, one of which Johnny tried for. He

THE FINAL GAME

guessed that Mellen would try to put the next one over and Johnny decided to hit it out. Mellen on the other hand wanted him to guess that way and he sent up what looked like a fast straight one. Johnny gave his sharp quick swing and missed. He had struck out.

It was a bad start. Larke came up and without waiting banged the first ball past the pitcher and out toward second base. The ball hit the bag, and glancing off at an angle to the right rolled straight into La Joy's hands and it was two out and hope almost dead.

"They have to put three out before we're beat, boys," called Hughie after Talkington as the latter picked up his bat and started for the plate and all the Lowell rooters prayed hard even while hope died within them.

Mellen in the box, cool, confident, and with the big strain nearly over, was tempted to fool with Talkington. He had hopes of striking him out. He started two balls straight for the plate but they curved out. Tris let them go by and the umpire said after the second one, "Ball two." Then he started one wide of the plate but failed to get the curve on it and it went for third ball. The next two came straight over but Tris never moved and let the umpire call "Strike two." The crowd stood up ready to go home as Mellen let go the last ball. It was a wild pitch that hit the ground in front of the plate and Talkington trotted to first. The crowd sat down again. There might be something doing after all.

WON IN THE NINTH

Mellen was surprised and a little nervous. He let the first one slip a little and it came within reach of Ty's bat, who connected with it for a single to right on which Talkington got to third. Then Ty stole second, which wasn't hard, as Roger didn't dare throw.

The slight chance had developed into an opportunity for the next batter, who was Hans.

Hughie was on the third base line yelling, "Eyah! Eyah! We've got them, boys!" pulling grass with both hands, yelling, whistling, kicking the air and calling, "You can do it" to Hans.

Church walked over to the pitcher's box and La Joy and Brest joined them where they held a consultation at which it was decided to walk Hans. This was a natural thing to do, as Hal who was up next, while a good batter, was not so sure to get it safe. Hans knew what they were up to and the Jefferson boys knew he knew it. So he stood there at the plate, more or less resigned to his fate, acting as though it wasn't any use even to watch the balls as they were pitched. At the same time he was standing a little nearer the plate than he usually did although Mellen didn't notice this. Hans let three go by and they were about as wide of the plate as three balls could be. Hans hadn't moved. When Mellen started to pitch the fourth ball Hans' bat was swinging in his left hand. The ball came on high and wide and apparently Hans was going to take his base but as the ball approached he took one step forward, swung his bat up and out and met



"He took one step forward, swung his bat up and out and met the ball on the nose."



THE FINAL GAME

the ball on the nose. When Mellen heard the crack of the bat his arms dropped to his sides and he didn't even turn to look where the ball went. He knew that ball wasn't meant to be caught by any fielder within the grounds. As it went over Twitchell's head that fellow also knew it would do no good for him to give chase and as for the rest of the Jefferson team, all of them except Church and La Joy stood still with mouths open and watched the ball go sailing clean over the right-field bleachers into the runway which leads from the ticket offices into the grand stand, and if they could have followed it after that they would have seen it bounce beyond the turnstile and clear out onto the elevated tracks, where it dropped through to the street. The aforesaid Church and La Joy merely took off their caps, threw them into the dust and stamped on them. Then they picked them up, brushed them off and put them back on their heads.

Meanwhile Talkington, Robb and Hagner had touched the plate and were trying to get through the crowd of Lowell rooters who had surrounded them and the other members of the team.

It was nothing but shoulders for the boys after that. Up they went surrounded by thousands for a parade around the park.

"Where's Hal? He saved it!" shouted the crowd, and then, "Where's Hans? He won it," and after they had borne these two to the head of the procession, though no one could tell how it was possible, they carried them round the field a dozen

WON IN THE NINTH

times to the music of Lowell songs and yells, to finally land them at the Club House door where they left them to bathe and dress, after giving them to understand they were expected to attend the Lowell banquet at the Waldorf at eight.

Words could not describe the reception given to Hans and Hal by their team mates in the club house of the New York Nationals that afternoon, so no attempt will be made to do so, suffice it to say that it was thoroughly impressed on both that but for them the championship had been lost, and their names went to the top of the list of the Lowell Hall of Heroes.

BOX SCORE

LOWELL	AB	R	H	PO	A	E	JEFFERSON	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Everson, 2b....	5	0	1	1	1	0	Laird, 3b.....	4	1	2	1	0	0
Larke, lf.....	5	1	0	1	0	0	Beach, cf.....	3	1	0	1	1	0
Talkington, cf..	5	1	1	2	1	0	Church, 1b....	5	0	0	9	1	0
Robb, rf.....	5	1	1	0	6	1	Hollins, ss....	4	1	0	3	5	2
Hagner, ss. ...	5	2	4	2	2	0	La Joy, 2b....	4	1	1	0	5	1
Case, 1b.....	2	1	1	12	5	0	Warcford, lf...	4	1	3	3	0	0
Delvin, 3b....	4	0	1	1	0	1	Twitchell, rf...	4	0	1	2	0	0
Gibbs, c.....	4	0	1	7	2	1	Brest, c.....	4	0	0	6	0	0
Black, p.....	2	0	0	0	2	0	Mellen, p.....	3	0	0	1	1	0
Radams, p....	0	0	0	0	0	0							
Huyler †.....	1	0	0	0	0	0							
	38	6	10	26	19	3		35	5	7	*26	13	3

LOWELL..... 1 1 0 1 0 0 0 0 3-6

JEFFERSON..... 2 0 0 1 0 0 0 2 0-5

Two Base Hits—Hagner, 2; La Joy, 1.

Three Base Hit—Warcford.

Home Runs—Hagner.

Sacrifice Hits—Case, 2; Church, 1; Beach, 1; Black, 1; Mellen, 1.

Stolen Bases—Case, 2; Larke, 2; Hollins, 1; Hagner, 1; Delvin, 1, Robb, 1.

Left on Bases—Lowell, 8; Jefferson, 8.

First Base on Errors—Lowell, 1; Jefferson, 1.

Double Play—Case, Hagner, and Case.

Struck Out—by Black, 3; by Mellen, 4.

Hit by Pitcher—by Radams, 1.

Wild Pitch—by Mellen, 1.

Hits—off Black, 6 in eight innings; off Radams, 1 in one inning.

† Batted for Black in eighth inning.

* Hollins out bunting third strike.

CHAPTER XXVI

HAL-HONUSED

TIM MURNIN witnessed the great deciding game from the press box, at the Polo Grounds, where he found a lot of other budding newspaper men who had been sent to New York to report the game for various journals. At a big ball game you find all kinds of people, and every class of newspaper or periodical reports the big games for its readers. Naturally these reporters try to make their reports interesting to their particular kind of readers and that is why, for instance, Swat Milligan in reporting the game to the *Railway Signal* described it in language that was perfectly intelligible to its readers, although it might be puzzling to the patrons of the *Farm Weekly*.

After Tim got started on his report he got to looking over the shoulders of the other reporters and had a great idea.

This is it. He would crib an inning or a part of an inning from each of the writers near him just to get their style, and he did it. When he got the jumbled mass together and arranged it according to the innings he wrote an introduction and wired the

WON IN THE NINTH

report to Lowell, where it appeared in the *Reporter* the next day. Here it is:

LOWELL, 6—JEFFERSON, 5.

“Hal and Honus, the incomparable and inseparable beauties of the Lowell posy garden, render the Jefferson assault hopeless and Tim Murnin’s pets are returned as champions.

“Childe Harold, the peerless bunt killer from the Pacific, stopped them all. He dug them out of the trenches, climbed into the ozone for the high ones, and stabbed the wide ones for as natty a row of put outs as ever graced the fourth column of the box score.

“Honus bumped the opposing slab artists for an accumulation of ordinaries, repeaters, and a varied assortment of stick talk, including a sizzling homer that made dents in the car tracks on Eighth Avenue, and brought in a quarter dozen of much needed tallies, just enough to save the day.”

When the game opened Tim looked over the shoulder of Swat Milligan, of the *Railway Signal*, sitting on his right, and this is what he read as a report of the first half.

“The Laird of the West bumped one out of the home station which Miner tried to flag as it switched to the overhead track, and got a through ticket to Caseville.

“Beach rolled one out of the depot which ran local all the way to Everson, but by the time Johnny shut off the power Laird had caught an express which

HAL-HONUSED

landed him safely at the middle junction and Beach was returning to the first stop for more coal.

“ Captain Church went out on the Sacrifice Limited and Laird and Beach rolled into the next stops on time.

“ Hollins now received orders from the Chief Dispatcher to squeeze the Laird Limited through and relieve the congestion. He made an opening and the Laird came through with wide open throttle while Hollins went to Caseville.

“ Larry wanted a special for a joy ride but there was nothing nearer than the first station, and the General Superintendent suggested that he walk there.

“ Warford coaled one up for a long run to Larktown, but the steam gave out back of Port Arthur on the Texas League Division and Sam went to Caseville too as Beach pulled into the depot and went to the tank for water.

“ Twitchell engineered one out to Hagnerville, but Hans got his hand on the throttle and putting on the reverse backed it into the home station where it ran into and wrecked the Hollins Local.

“ Brest then pushed out a Cannon Ball Express on the upper level, but Hal was walking the track and it came to a dead stop when he set the block against it.”

For the second half of the first inning and first of the second, Tim poached on the efforts of Francis Huff, of *The Flower and Fruit Weekly* and what he saw looked good enough to put in his own copy.

“ Johnny Everson dispatched an unmarried one

WON IN THE NINTH

to right just to show he had an eye for beauty. The captain pushed a clover kisser to Larry and reached first as Johnny faded at second. Talkington arched a rainbow to the outer gardens, but Twitchell was there and plucked the bags of gold from the other end.

“Robb then shot a bunch of pepper at Hollins which the latter made a mess of, and Ty got to first.



“Hans was invited to walk down to The Church but he preferred to stay where the posies wave in the breeze until he poked a blossom nipper out to Warcford’s daisy patch and Larke came home with the first bouquet for Lowell.

“Ty was anxious to bring his bouquet home, too,

HAL-HONUSED

and show it to Hughie, but his flowers were already in full bloom and wilted in the dust at the plate when Roger touched them.

“Lowell now went into the garden and Mellen planted himself at the rubber. He looked ripe to Black who tried to pluck him. He nearly did it, too, and Mellen, weakened, dropped from the vine, and rolled to Miner who tossed him out of the garden to Hal. Black then alone got the Laird’s goat and sent him to the shed and with three swings cut down the young Beach that grew where the Laird had stood.”

Then there was a fellow sitting in front of him whom nobody knew, who was writing busily. He must have been connected with some burglar sheet, for he was using the kind of talk that made Tim look to see if his pocketbook was still there, after he had dug up this sample, which was no doubt intended for, say, the *Second-Story Weekly* or something like that.

“In the second half of the deuce stanza Childe Harold got the combination of the safe and stole a maiden who danced on his left. Arthur came out of the coop to show what he had but his best was chicken which roosted finally in Roger’s mitt.

“When Gibbie came up Hal turned robber and purloined the middle cushion and then the third also, in broad daylight, while Roger made two efforts to grab his gun. Gibbie lifted a high one that looked good to go over Warford’s second story but Sam turned porch climber and arrested it. Black thrice

WON IN THE NINTH

got the scent but immediately lost it and was sent to the box to look for the other clews."

Abe Zeager, of *Pulpit Platform and Song*, sat right next to this second-story fellow so it averaged things up, thought Tim, as he copied what was said about the next full inning.

"The Church Captain opened the next meeting with a few hot remarks which he addressed particularly to Delvin and Hagner. They were too deep for Arthur's study box but struck Hans about right and he put Hal next as the Jefferson captain meandered down the first aisle and the captain felt put out.

"Hollins was called out in open meeting for violating the rules of the committee on buntings, having offended the third time.

"La Joy started a song with a false high note. The Larke caught it up and the Professor dismissed the class on the strength of it, there being no score, and it was the time for Lowell's Choir practice.

"But it was of short duration, as Everson's first note was off the key and on Larry's kick Johnny was put out of the class and Larke and Talkington went out to Church after trying to get beyond Hollinsville."

Then on the other side of this fellow, strange to say, sat Frank Dichter, of the *Police News*, who no doubt was putting it all in language that the boys down at headquarters could understand and Tim didn't have to look any farther for a characteristic account of what happened to Jefferson in their next time at bat.

HAL-HONUSED

“ Warford scared the top row of the left-side bleachers twice and two small boys got passes to the inside.

“ The third one stayed inside and in front and Sammy pulled up at third when he saw Church



“ Church waving a
red lantern ”

waving the red lantern as Ty relayed the ball to Hal, who ferried it to Gibbie. Twitchell handed a horseshoe to Gibbie, Roger the cop was let go to his beat without swinging his stick. Big George pried the lid off when he handed a long one to Tris and Warford got away with the goods.

WON IN THE NINTH

“ Roger was caught off his beat and chased to the station by Johnny and Hal.”

Farther over in the box Tim heard some ticker talk about the market, etc., and he went over to see if he could decipher the stuff that was being sent out by Sid Mercury, of the *Salesman's Review*.

“ Ty hurried out to see what was being offered in the market, but after missing the best there was, he sent an inquiry up among the dollar sitters and when he again thought he saw a good thing he found it was only a tip which Roger had acted on.

“ The mighty Hagner Honused forward and after inspecting the Mellen spring samples gave an order for three bags, paying for two for immediate delivery. Beach the credit man canceled the order for the extra bag claiming Honus' credit wasn't good for the third but he wasn't anxious to extend himself anyhow.

“ Hal came up but he wasn't ready to buy although he did make a pretty fair offer to Hollins for the best he had in the shop, which the latter turned down through his manager.

“ Honus had, however, done so well in negotiating his two bags by this time that he hurried home to look for more bargains.

“ When Mellen drove the next one down the lane Arthur hitched a fly kid on to his wagon and he gave it a long ride to Warford.”

There was a fellow sitting some distance away who had on a sailor suit and Tim asked him who he was. “ I'm Sam Lane, of *Man of War's Man*, and I'm

HAL-HONUSED

telling the boys about the game in the style they like.

“In the first half of the fifth Miner sent one up through the outside passage after it was two and three and the Harbor Master gave The Laird clearance papers for the next port of call. The Laird then turned pirate and started to run wild on the high seas with the patrol ship Gibbie in hot pursuit when the Pirate Brig Beach made a sortie under short bunting and the fight was centered on the Beach while The Laird entered a cove at Delvin’s Island.

“Captain Church, of the Pirate League, then set all sails and primed the guns to squeeze the enemy, while The Laird made a dash for the home shelter, but he miss—fired and The Laird went to the Gibbie as a prize.

“Captain Church then made an effort to rescue himself by jumping with a lifesaver, but the latter floated toward Delvin’s Island while the tide carried the captain toward Caseville, and Hal got him out with a jerk.

“Gibbie came alongside and launched a screamer to the side one should always pass on. Miner laid himself on the altar and Gibbie jumped to the second landing.”

Just as Tim was going back to his seat he heard Norman Rhodes, of the *Churchman*, clicking it off like this.

“The Human Crab then offered his mite, but it was tainted money that dropped into Roger’s contribution box.”

WON IN THE NINTH

And farther along he caught the reporter for *Janitors' Hints* sending this.

"Captain Larke pushed a vacuum cleaner to La Joy which picked up dust all the way and reached first when Larry couldn't stop the motor and Gibbie was beating the rug at the near station."

Tim then asked Van Lent, of the *National Detective*, how he liked the game and the latter handed him his report of the next half inning saying, "You can see what I am saying about it."

"Larke wirelessly Gibbie the code word for the double pilfer and although Pinkerton Roger received the message too he was afraid to leave the home station without an operator and couldn't prevent the captain from committing the crime.

"Mellen pinned four stripes to Talkington's batting suit, filling all the cells, and then Robb tried to arrange a get away for the bunch by a break-away over the center fence but the Chief Hawkeye of the Jefferson outer guard stone-walled it and the prisoners were all sent to the yard."

S. C. Rice, of the *Bakers' and Confectioners' Daily* was kneading his report of the game into shape so that his folks could see it and he was going along like this.

"Hollins, who was the first to stir the batter in the sixth, hoisted a wad of dough to Ty whose fingers were buttered, however, and Eddie was presented with the first bun.

"It tasted like more and Eddie reached through the kitchen window and stole the second.

HAL-HONUSED

"Larry loafed around the office door and they gave him a pass to the free lunch counter. Warford started one toward China which Hal dug out of the turf, and snow balled to Arthur, who congealed to it in time to put Hollins on ice."

Passing back to his regular seat Tim heard the operator for *English Society* who happened to be Buckingham Roseberry wiring this to his sheet.

"Twitchell jolted a boulder to Childe Harold who diverted it to Hans, eliminating Warford and then returned to his doorstep in time to put the 'not-at-home' sign out before Martin called, when Hans handed it to him."

The readers of *Ivory Ball Review* were going to be entertained the next day by a description of the contest, which ran something like the following, from Hugh Fullers their correspondent.

"Hans miscued twice and then made a two cushion shot into the second pocket. Delvin attempted a follow through on a shot to the right corner, but was kissed off by Church. Gibbie tried a long draw past the middle pocket but was froze, Mellen to Church and all he got was, 'You ought to have had it.'"

While Ernest Banigan, of the *Daily Provision Market*, was crowding the telegraph lines with the following rehash, although Tim thought that in the last part of the report of the particular play noted Erny was getting his wires crossed, though he may have been reporting for *Motor* and *The Watch Tower* as well.

WON IN THE NINTH

“Brest hit the hole in three large doughnuts that Miner passed to him from the pretzel station, Mellen’s barker went into the Hagner-Case sausage factory. Laird hoisted a cuckoo over Delvin’s tower, which Arthur almost caged with his hands over his belfry and Harry motored to first but had his tire punctured by Gibbie and Hans between the first and second controls.”

Medil Larder, of the *National Butcher*, handed up this contribution when Tim asked for a sample of his style.

“Black, the first to show his willingness in the Lowell half, burned one at Church, who assaulted it for a knockout with a side swipe from Mellen.

“Everson sneaked one to Hollins which treated Eddie like the pig in the alley did the bow-legged man and Johnny ambled to the first feed trough. Larke chased one to second which Larry stabbed and Johnny was slaughtered at the midway and sent to the packing house.

“Larke jumped into the chute and slid all the way to the second salt bag.

“Talkington sneaked down the line on a bunt which caught all the infield pickets napping while the captain dusted the near bag with his sun shield.

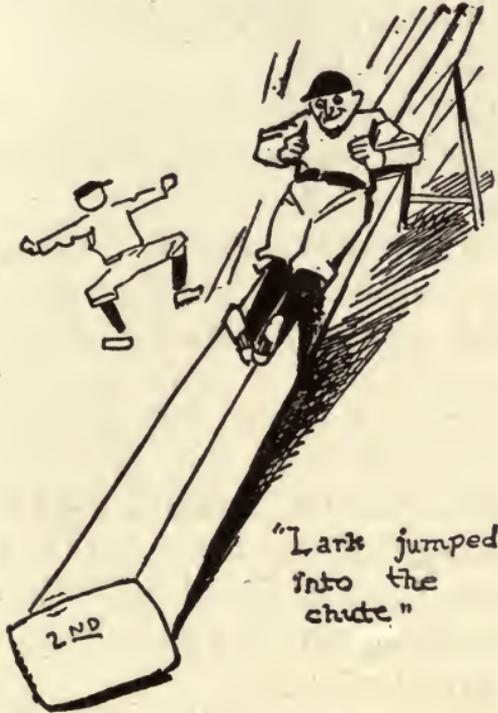
“Robb’s fat was a foul that went into Hollins’ pan and the inning was in the soup.”

And Jacob Morass, of the *Farm Weekly* and the *Country Banker* was killing two birds with one stone like this.

HAL-HONUSED

"In the eighth act the curtain rose with Little Tommy Beach in the center of the stage.

"Tommy hit a bender on the wishbone and boosted it to the middle gate, but Talkington hugged it for an early demise, and his wishbone was where his backbone ought to be.



"Church winged a broiler to the poultry farm back of first and Case wrung its neck. Hollins pushed a fresh-laid one over the edge of the plate which Gibbie scrambled and Eddie reached his nest.

"Larry knocked four over the barn and then straightened the kinks in the next one which went for a repeater to Tris and Eddie wiped his feet on the 'welcome' mat at home.

WON IN THE NINTH

“Sam, the Kansas farmer, dug a furrow between Arthur and Hans and planted himself at Caseburg while Larry drove his hack all the way to the barn on the dead run.”

L. Moore Betts, of the *Commercial*, with its varied class of readers tried to cover all the trades from Wall Street to Bill Boards and was turning out page after page of this kind of stuff.

“The Certified Accounts made their report showing the large surplus of two for Jefferson and it looked like bankruptcy for Lowell.

“Hughie went down to the Curb Market and started to bid up prices.

“Hans uncorked a popper that he traded for a single hassock.

“Hal unbuckled a blue domer which Warford kitted to and Hans was anchored.

“Arthur unbridled a broncho buckler that chortled down between Eddie and Laird and ran to Sam, and Hans pranced down to the midway. Gibbie expired on three fractures, and the Candy Kid came up with his box of sweets.

“While Mellen was smacking his lips Hans and Arthur sneaked behind the counter and touched the ticket box for a ride to the next branch stores, but when Huyler tried to stamp his trade-mark on the billboards, Twitchell was there with an order that canceled his permit.”

Rothe Child, of *The American Youth*, jumped from tin soldiers to airships for his similies and Tim thought that a half inning would be enough.

HAL-HONUSED

“The Infant Prodigy was now sent to the front to propel the puzzlers.

“He put up a jig saw that Twitchell fitted together and made a bird that lit in right.

“Roger danced a jig at the plate to amuse the Babe, and was told to lead the march.

“Twitchell and Roger advanced farther into the enemy’s country over Mellen’s dead body and Laird came out of hiding.

“Harry unlimbered a Zeppelin Limited that had the ‘standing-room-only’ sign out as it started on the air-line track toward Honusburg. Hans set the signals against it and then climbed into the empyrean blue for a puncture that wrecked the airship, and Twitchell was overcome at the home station when Gibbie told him the news.

“Babe was sued when he assaulted young Beach, and the jury awarded him damages to the extent of one free ride, and there was a rooster on every perch in the coop.”

Sol Singer, of the *Volunteer Fireman*, heard what Tim was doing by this time and he said, “How do you like this.”

“Things were as exciting as a ‘Fighting-the-Flames’ show at Coney Island and the Lowell boys had offers of passes for ‘A trip to the moon.’

“The captain of the Arson Band sneaked forward to light the fuse and start the conflagration while his pals hauled down the champions’ flag and as the infant burned the third one over the Captain fired a dynamite bomb over Delvin Square to set fire to the

WON IN THE NINTH

city, and the robbers got busy. Little Arthur, however, guarding his station, was prepared to die a patriot and although he had to handle it with gloves he knocked it down and quickly turned in the alarm calling out all reserves.

“He then proceeded calmly to throw the thing out of the lot, but missed, and it was headed for the top floor of the Lowell Hall of Heroes which it would have destroyed had not Hal got out his scaling ladder and grabbed it as it was going through and the Arson crew was sent away when Hal came down with the evidence.”

By this, however, Tim thought it was time to put a little of himself in to the report, and he contributed the last half of the ninth himself.

“Then it was up to the Dr. Lawrence’s Willing Workers to beat it to the woods and not come back empty-handed if they wanted any supper that night, with little brother Hughie tugging at the apron strings telling how hungry he was.

“Johnny was the first to shoulder his gun and walked down the lane boldly with his chin in the air, promising to come back with one bag full at least.

“He saw game, too, but after pulling the trigger three times discovered his gun wasn’t loaded and came back for ammunition, but was sent to bed without partaking of the feast.

“Larke started out with his double-barrel shotgun all loaded and primed and saw tracks immediately, but as luck would have it when he followed them over behind La Joy’s barn old man Larry

HAL-HONUSED

grabbed him and chased him out of the lot through the first gate.

“Tris stirred up three crows and a couple of whistlers as soon as he got to the shooting grounds. The crows were too far away, however, and the whistlers were too fast for good shooting, so he waited. Tris became discouraged when the next was a crow which landed on the ground in front of him and the game warden told him they were running better down by the first turn.

“Ty walked to the firing line with just one bullet in his rifle with which he winged a bird that dropped in right field, Ty going to the first trap while Tris ran to the third, with Laird and Twitchell trying to put salt on his tail. Ty then grabbed Larry's bag and he had two.

“Hans was sent out to bring in the game, and Mellen, who was operating the trap, was ordered to serve four of the closed season kind and chase him to the duck pond.

“The first was a ladybird far out to the right, the next was a mud hen that hugged the ground, the third was a waxwing far out of Hans' reach. The fourth was a moth ball intended to lay Hans away for good; but he made one of his muscle-racking lunges, and hitting that moth ball on the solar plexus, released a humming bird that darted where the nightingale warbles its lay and the glowworm glimmers, while Hans snatched four full bags and almost beat Tris and Ty to the supper table, and the suspense was ended.”

CHAPTER XXVII

AWARDING THE PRIZES

IT would be impossible to describe in words the reception which the team received upon its return to Lowell after this memorable game at the Polo Grounds. Of receptions, there had been plenty to victorious teams at Lowell, but all those that had gone before could not compare in any way with the glorious welcome that was given the team of 19—.

Commencement was still a few days off, but the season was over and it was time to put away the ball, bat, and glove, so far as real games were concerned. Very soon commencement day would arrive and that day would see the departure from school of some of the greatest players the college world has ever known.

The evening before commencement the scholarship prize winners were announced by the Intercollegiate Athletic Association. There were hardly any surprises on this score, for it was apparent even before the games with Jefferson, to the few who had seen the two teams play, that Lowell would again carry off the prizes.

The wonderful showing made by Case, Hagner, Radams, and Robb during almost the entire season,

AWARDING THE PRIZES

put them so far ahead of all competitors that there could be but one result.

Hans, of course, standing head and shoulders above all of them in the records, carried off the prize as the best all-round man. Hagner was, next to Hal, the happiest man in school. No more selling



Hal and Hans get offers
from professional ball clubs

books for him. His college course was assured. Furthermore, he received an invitation from the Pirates to join them at the end of his course at a salary which was so tempting that right then he signed a contract to begin as soon as he graduated, or before, if he chose.

Case also need not worry in future about his college

WON IN THE NINTH

expenses. All tuition and five hundred dollars per year during his college course was a wonderful thing for him, he thought; but when the manager of the Highlanders came along and offered him five thousand dollars a year to play with them after he was graduated he could hardly contain himself.

Radams was the winning pitcher, according to the records, and after considering a lot of offers he agreed to play with the Pittsburg Pirates, upon leaving school, if at all, because Larke and Gibbs had wanted him to.

Robb drew the other scholarship prize and there was a great scramble among the professionals to induce this heavy hitting outfielder to come with them. Jenkins, however, took Robb aside and told him quietly that instead of practicing law right away, he was going to play professional ball for a few years, that he had received such a tempting offer from the Tigers to manage their club that he could make more out of it than out of the law, and that professional baseball had been put on such a high plane in the last few years that it was as good a profession as any. He got Robb to agree to play ball with the Tigers, if he played on any professional team in the future.

Talkington fell a victim to the wiles of a Red Sox scout, so far as his promises were concerned, and agreed to join them as soon as he was graduated.

Several of the graduating players thought as Jenkins, and could not resist the tempting offers of

AWARDING THE PRIZES

large sums to join the big leagues and play ball for a living for a while.

Larke and Gibbs, as stated before, joined the Pittsburg Pirates. Larke as manager, and that's how Radams came to show up there later.

Everson said he was going into the shoe business in New York State, and he did; but he couldn't resist the temptation offered him by the Cubs and for many years played a rattling game at second base for them, and made a lot of money in this way. When he got there he was much surprised to find Miner Black pitching for them.

Delvin was signed by the famous New York Giants and for years was the premier third baseman of the country.

And as these alumni boys traveled over the country entertaining thousands by the display of their ability in the national sport they ran across most of the Jefferson team of their college days.

Frank Church became captain-manager of the Cubs where Everson and Black played and of course they had to talk over the great college games of 19— again.

Twitchell was showing the fans down in Cincinnati how to play right field.

La Joy turned up as manager and second baseman of the Naps of Cleveland.

Sam Warford and George Mellen found old foes and made new friends when they met Jenkins and Robb on the Tigers, and you would have seen the surprise of your life if you had been present when

WON IN THE NINTH

Howard Cam and Tommy Beach hunted up the manager of the Pirates and found it was former Captain Larke of Lowell.

Roger Brest, it was learned, was trying his hand at managing the Cardinals of St. Louis, while Hollins landed with the Athletics of Philadelphia, and Harry Laird went with the Red Sox of Boston.

And so, boys, you who read this have read the story of the two greatest baseball teams ever known and seen how most of them learned their baseball; and you who live in the big league cities, if you want to see some of these boys play, you can do so almost any day from April to October. These fellows are just as much the heroes of the game to-day as they were at Lowell. They like to play the game for the fun there is in it as much as the profit. They like it for its thrilling situations and its excitement. They love to see the big crowds and when the stands are filled and they have to let the crowd out on the field they play their best and they all are just as anxious to win every game, as they were back in those good old days at Lowell.

CHAPTER XXVIII

SATO WRITES HOME

SATO, the only member of the Jap nation at the university that year had not attended any of the games at Lowell up to this time, but the excitement around the school caused him to follow the crowd one day, and afterwards he wrote home to Prince Igo, his father, his impressions of the great National Game as follows:

“Baseballing is great college sport presently. I walk to-day much distance to where town ceases and come against high board fences; also law guardian, from which issue big noises frequent. Then silence great. Soon of each more. I ask law guardian why such yells.

“He reply, ‘It is the fans. Man came home.’ Am now desirous also to welcome traveler’s home coming.

“‘Away long time has gentlemen been?’ In interrogate.

“He answer, ‘Been long time since he came home before.’

“Then I approach said gates of welcoming and enter one saying grand stand, giving printed paste-board to much red-faced man at door.

“He destroy said printing and present to me one-

WON IN THE NINTH

half; the other he keep. On honorable pasteboard is printed 'rain check' and I presently comprehend thus the stopping rain in great United States when baseballing is to happen.

"I proceed along walkboard continuous until emerging into great pavilion where persons numerous



are all sitting in seats many, but I see not the fans law guardian promised, though it is day warm very. Presently spectators make grand stand shouting the Big Banzai as honorables in white suits run very hard.

" 'What is it?' I remark to enormous German intelligence on left.

" 'Another man home,' he correspond.

SATO WRITES HOME

“I am much enthusiasm also. It is more august noise than Russian surrendering.

“Presently, Mr. Gray Pitch lift strong arm holding white ball of much hardness high. Another Gray Mr., the Hon. Catch, has responsibility for all balls Mr. Pitch shoot and he try to stop all. The ball shoots with swiftness great so Mr. Catch wear large cushions on hands, also bird cage on face, with boards in front of legs. Third Mr. what they call Bat is positioned in front Mr. Catch to make impossible said stopping by hitting ball.

“Of a suddenness Mr. Gray Pitch preparation himself for enjoyable spasm. Ball holding high, he make large twistings, himself turn half way, leg raises and quickly shoots little ball straight at Mr. Catch's head. Hon. Bat makes large effort vainly.

“‘Strike one,’ gleefully announces Hon. Empire in loud voice.

“Again Mr. Pitch make necessary, twists preparation to his shoot. Mr. Bat fail making attempt but Hon. Empire cries agonizing, ‘Struck two,’ at which thin Irish spectacles on right speaking violently remark, ‘Robber! Thief! Kill the Empire!’

“I look expectant to witness demise of Hon. Empire, but it happens not immediate. Much disappoint I feel, having extreme good sitting for witness such scenes. Then, think perhaps it later will occurrence when dark.

“Once more Mr. Gray Pitch causing ball shoot fast. But Mr. Bat watching very close. He make

WON IN THE NINTH

great smash with large stick against middle of small ball and at once change name to Mr. Run, making great haste leaving home for first white cushion. Then turn, with much glee, from all standers up, on left side and hasten quick after direction ball went toward number two cushion. Mr. Gray Field now pick up ball quick and throw at Mr. Run.

“All grand standers now project loud shoutings of ‘Make slidings, Mr. Run. Make big slidings, Oh run,’ and answeringly Hon. Run sliding on his stomach to No. Two cushion, but Hon. Empire wave his hand and say quickly, ‘Out’ and Hon. Run then walk with much slowness and mutterings of words to waterpail and drink.

“Presently when Hon. White Suits are much weary from hittings and slidings they exchanging places with Hon. Gray Suits and Gray Suits play Mr. Bat.

“The Mr. White Pitch try to make great original twistings and shoots. Mr. Gray Bat finds hitting impossible and Hon. Empire says, ‘Struck three, out.’ But now the Hon. Irish on right do not cry ‘Robber! Kill him!’ Himself and all others surrounding make more standings and cheer Mr. White Pitch magnitudinous and say, ‘Oh, you pitch!’

“After more twistings by White Pitch, Mr. Next Bat walk leisure to one cushion. Mr. Third Bat likewise.

“Suddenly boy diminutive with large voice in front say, ‘Get the hook’ and then Mr. White Pitch drop was white ball and retire and I wait for him return

SATO WRITES HOME

with hook, but I am distracted otherwise, seeing bigger White Pitch proceed and pick up ball. Then still more different twists by Mr. Bigger White Pitch and swift shoots. Supreme big effort by Mr. Gray Bat and loud crack.

“ ‘Fowl,’ say Empire and three runnings of white suits. I arise to look at white suits chasing fowl, but impossible to see account front rows standing on seats. Next yellings, ‘He’s got it,’ and sitting down of all, and I see Mr. Big Pitch holding ball upraised, but no chicken. I think they catching fowl outside for big dinner to homecomers.

“ Now Mr. Second Bat run quickly to three cushion and Mr. Now Bat propel ball with stick very far; but Mr. White Field catch quick and throw to Hon. Catch while Mr. Three Cushion occupant running home.

“ ‘Safe,’ say Hon. Empire at which all bystanders yell angrily, ‘Robber! Thief! Hang him!’ I climb nearby post to witness national mode of death and see all white suits surrounding Hon. Empire, but no rope.

“ Presently all walk away and again I am disappoint, having much finer location for view such interesting proceedings.

“ Then more of same twistings and runnings by both white suits and gray suits exchanging places until dark, when grand standings make big runnings to outside.

“ I wait much patiently to see Hon. Empire get hangings now but presently Mr. August Watch come

WON IN THE NINTH

by and say, 'G'wan, game's over,' with many pointings to outside and I consider possible I find Hon. Empire and all white suits over fence making big killings, so I exit myself through glee gates backward where I find only majestic stillness.

"So I return to domicile."

THE END

WON IN THE NINTH

A BASEBALL STORY

By CHRISTOPHER MATHEWSON

The Famous Pitcher of the New York Giants. The first of a series of Boys' Stories on Sports to be known as the **MATTY BOOKS**, by Christopher Mathewson and W. W. Aulick, the well-known sporting writer, who will also act as editor of the series.

IT is a college story about baseball. The hero is a fine young fellow whom many fans will at once think they recognize as a popular player. He enters a big Eastern University from the far West, gets on the Varsity after many trying experiences, as extra pitcher, but by accident one day it develops his natural position is as fielder and he becomes a star and wins a scholarship, which insures his education.

Throughout the story the author describes thrilling moments of actual games, some wonderful catches, and gives many stories, some of them humorous, of famous players and games.

He also reveals some of the secrets of "inside baseball," "signals," etc., and in a supplement, illustrations and descriptions of the way he holds and delivers his famous Fade-away and other deceptive curves.

The description and playing characteristics of many of the hero's team-mates remind one of famous players of the present day. The author has placed in one college boys who from their ball-playing ability might easily be taken to represent his selection of a first **ALL-AMERICAN TEAM** and in a rival college the boys whom he might pick for **ALL-AMERICAN TEAM No. 2**. The games played might also be taken to represent his idea of what would occur in a series between two such teams. Mathewson's position in the game and his knowledge of the players fit him especially for this, and the book should be read eagerly by players and fans.

PRESS COMMENTS

The greatest baseball story ever written.—*New York World*.

A mighty good story of college life runs through the book.—*Pittsburg Dispatch*.

Every fan should read it.—*Denver Post*.

A book which every boy from eight to eighty should read.—*Boston Globe*.

302 Pages, 12mo. Cloth. Illustrated. Price, Net, \$1.00

R. J. BODMER COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

437 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

SALES AGENTS: NEW YORK BOOK COMPANY

147 Fourth Avenue, New York

TO THE READER

The next in the series of MATTY BOOKS will be a Football Story by the same author. Matty was, during his college days, as great a football player as he is a pitcher to-day.

If you will fill out this blank and mail to us, we will give you advance notice of the date of publication of the football story.

R. J. BODMER COMPANY

PUBLISHERS

437 FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

NAME _____

STREET NUMBER _____

CITY _____

THE FADE-AWAY
AND
OTHER DECEPTIVE CURVES

AS HELD, AND DELIVERED BY
CHRISTY MATHEWSON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY COURTESY OF
AMERICAN SPORTS PUBLISHING CO.
FROM "HOW TO PLAY BASEBALL"



Mathewson's Fade Away Ball—The ball is held lightly with the forefingers and thumb, and a slow twist is given to it. It sails up to the plate as dead as a brick, and, when mixed in with a speedy straight or in-ball, causes the batter to often strike at it before it reaches him. It is a "teaser" for the third strike.



HOW BALL IS GRASPED FOR START OF THE "FADE AWAY."



THE BALL LEAVING THE HAND AS IT GETS THE FINAL TWIST OF THE WRIST FOR THE "FADE AWAY."



Mathewson's Drop-curve—His most effective ball, and he has wonderful control of it. In fact, he makes it "talk." The two forefingers and the thumb give the rotary motion necessary for the curve, while a downward swing and quick snap of the wrist give it the quick dropping kink.



Mathewson's High In-ball—This is a most wicked delivery—the whisker trimmer. The thumb touches the ball very lightly and the forefingers grasp it firmly. This delivery is used mostly to drive the batter away from the plate so as to make the curve more effective. It is a dangerous ball to stand up against.



The Straight, Swift Ball—Mathewson gets tremendous speed with this delivery, said to excel that of the famous "Hoosier Cyclone," Amos Rusie, when in his prime. The arm is swung straight over the shoulder, with no wrist movement.



The out-curve is produced usually by grasping the ball with the first two fingers and the thumb, with the back of the hand turned downward. The fingers are pressed firmly against the ball, which is gripped tight. The out-curve may be either fast or slow.



The in-curve is pitched with a side-arm motion, the ball being released over the tips of the first two fingers, the arm being swept around with a lateral motion. Some pitchers throw an in-curve by grasping the ball with all four fingers and permitting it to slip over the tips.



MCGINNITY THROWING AN INSHOOT, THE BALL ROLLING OFF HIS FIRST TWO FINGERS.



HOW MCGINNITY TURNS HIS HAND TO PITCH A DROP BALL.



POSITION OF THE BALL FOR AN OUT-CURVE AS MCGINNITY PITCHES IT, THE BALL BEING RELEASED BETWEEN THE THUMB AND FIRST FINGER.



HAND JUST BEFORE THE "SPIT BALL" IS FREED, THE BALL SLIPPING OVER THE ENDS OF THE FINGERS OF CHESBRO.



ARM FULLY DRAWN BACK TO PITCH THE "SPIT BALL," SHOWING THE POSITION BEFORE IT IS BROUGHT FORWARD, BY CHESBRO.



Drop-curve—The ball for the drop-curve is held in identically the same position as for the out-curve, except that the back of the hand is held directly down, the arm being brought straight over the shoulder at the moment of delivering the ball.





PS3525

A848

W6

1910



