

The SPIRIT of '61

by GERTRUDE MORRISON

HAD it been for the coronation of a king, not more care could the two have bestowed on the selection of that suit. Ripton, the easy-going, he of the shuffling gait, untidy linen, green socks and dingy brown tie, suddenly critical, corrective, a veritable connoisseur.

"Something nobby," suggested the well-meaning Shelby, selecting from his samples a pronounced plaid and forgetting that what well became his old good-natured, tubby style might set differently on his elderly friend.

"Something less ostentatious," Ripton would insist. "Nothing bizarre nor rococo." Shelby guessed the new words from the rejection of his samples.

"Gray, exactly to match."

"Of course, now it's your funeral," Shelby would acquiesce in cheerful regret. Ripton consented to a handkerchief bordered with color.

Shelby began that day he started leisurely up the hill to find Ripton. It was spring—real spring.

"Whew!" he panted, dropping heavily into a chair that commented



"Shelby, We're None of Us—Derelicts—Because We Set Out to Be—Or Because We Want to Be."

on his 200 pounds. "What you got there, Bill?"

"Warm for April," agreed Ripton, hastily shoving into his pocket a square white envelope. His drooping, shy defenselessness suggested failure, and glasses stood on the table.

"Takes the ginger—out of a man—to climb a hill—summer weather—winter clothes."

"Billy," he finally continued, teetering back his chair, "how about that letter you chucked when you saw me coming? Looks aristocratic, somehow. Society editor short of material?"

The older man flushed and smiled sheepishly under the raillery. "They're not inviting me now." In the rebound of the admission he drew himself up into a semblance of military dignity. "Young man," he said sternly, "time was when I danced with the belle of them all."

Shelby nodded briefly.

"And a more slender waist, or a trimmer foot—" he stopped under the other's curious gaze. "Shelby, we're none of us—derelicts—because we set out to be—or because we want to be."

The weak, loose mouth, the hand shaking in its effort to steady, a newspaper turned Shelby away in pity. Striking out at random, in kindly absence of his former chaff, he coaxed: "What is the letter, Billy? Can't I help?"

"No. It's—nothing. Just a little fun the boys are planning."

"Well?"

"I mean—the boys—my boys. Company B!"

"You—in command?"

"Yes." Years concentrated their bitterness in that word. He handed over the letter.

"Now, do you know, they never told me that."

"And you never guessed? Oh, I know I've pretty well concealed it. Even my walk's mellowed now." The crunch of the paper in his hand accentuated his crackling mirthlessness.

It roused Shelby to sudden determination. "See here, you're going."

"Going? Going—where?"

"Why, to this here Memorial week reunion they've asked you for."

"I—I'm—" his eyes wandered over his flimsy, faded clothes. "I'm not fit."

"You bet you're going," slapped down Shelby. "Don't you want to go?"

He had selected and rejected half a dozen suits before he got Ripton's reply. "They would be—my own kind—once more."

His glance wandered to the glasses and bottles. "They don't know. Each time I've pleaded illness or business."

I shouldn't want them to know. D'you s'pose I could?"

Their eyes met doubtfully. "It would be a week," Shelby was less jubilant. "But see here, Bill," summoning all his own buoyancy and enthusiasm, "you can, and you must, and you shall."

Ripton caught up the air of success that had partially slipped from him. "A week's a long time—for me." A thought loomed again the drab drape. "Shelby, d's'pose," lowering his voice, "she'd be there? She married one of the boys."

"Who? Oh! the belle? She of the slim waist and the slimmer ankles?"

"George," said Ripton, in his voice a touch of gentle dignity new to his friend. "we'll just not mention—her ankles. They don't—among my kind."

Shelby buried his amusement and his smart, to follow eagerly in the wake of this chance straw. "She'll be there. The women are great on reunions. Bet you'll find her on the train." He rose. "Oh, you're going all right, old man. See you tomorrow about fixing you out."

As they walked the platform, waiting for the train to pull in, his quiet suit and plain tie according well with his iron-gray hair, Ripton looked the part of a prosperous country gentleman, albeit one with a touch of sporting blood, as was evidenced in the gay border of his handkerchief. Not his nervousness and the uncertainty. His bearing was dignified, his tread firm, and more noticeably accented on the right foot, as became one who was going back to keep step with "the boys." Back farther yet, to things inherited and conventional.

Shelby, who, for the last few weeks, had in turn steeled him, sobered him, cajoled, flattered, browbeat and inspired him, poured every ounce of his own vigorous will into the other's vacillating temperament, found himself unostentatious, unable to approach this quiet, self-contained man by whose side he trotted, and was dimly aware that the change was inward as well as outward. His last words of counsel and pleading clove to his tongue as he gazed helplessly at his own handiwork. Perplexity wrote her beady sign across his forehead. He could only rasp out, as he helped his friend mount the steps: "Not a drop, not a drop, mind."

Understanding what the other would do for him, Ripton wrung his fat clammy hand and, as the train pulled out, carefully replaced the gay handkerchief with a white one, its 'R' fastidiously arranged to view.

Three days passed. Thursday Shelby surreptitiously hung around the station. Friday he met the trains openly and took the bar-room crowd into his confidence. "Bet Bill's full," they sniggered, "of the spirit of '61."

Martial sounds hurried him to the main street. There they came—a big flag leading, another down the line, the beginning and the end of all Memorial days. Two rode in front, the horse of one refractorily impatient of the band's big, booming drum; the little girls, clad in white and bearing wreaths; the local boys' brigade; the long line of carriages, noticeably fewer than last May, with their precious, sad remnants; the young men of the Spanish war; the bands; and, in the rear, as in the van, the flag whose stars had been kept intact.

Shelby scanned the faces in the carriages; once in sudden hope because of a wave of the hand. It was an-



"Look! There He Is!" She Cried.

swered by a slip of a girl beside him whose feet kept time on the curb. He turned away from the last carriage in sharp disappointment. Ripton's failure dragged him down a little, and all that gaping crowd; even the young thing beside him whose skirts the skirting wind blew back from slender ankles. It shook out over their heads, the passing flag.

"Look! There he is!" she cried.

An iron-gray man in quiet suit and plain tie, the feet within his dusty shoes marking time despite their weary lag; his face drawn in a suffering beyond weariness or weight of flag-pole; but about his mouth the look of the grandfather who fought under Perry, and of the ancestor who fell on Lexington Common one April morning; his eyes full of the spirit of '61.

Shelby beamed on the girl, her own pride glowing his heart.

"Mother knew him," she explained shyly, glancing at her black frock, "and father—that was he who waved—father and I found him on the train. He wanted to go back three days ago. But we asked him to carry the flag."

TIGERS' STAR HURLER

Willing to Play Any Position Manager May Request.

Jean Dubuc, French-Canadian, Has Willing Disposition—Fields Position as Few Other Pitchers in League Can.

Jean Dubuc stands head and shoulders above the ordinary pitcher when it comes to hitting.

Jean can hit when he can't do anything else.

Dubuc depends principally upon a change of pace and a crossfire. His slow ball is thrown with identically the same motion as his fast one, and the batter who divines the Tiger's intentions is considerable of a mind reader.

The first impression of Dubuc is not usually a favorable one. To the uninitiated it seems as though the pitcher is throwing himself off balance when he pitches and that the batters, when connecting, would have little difficulty driving balls through the box.

But after watching Dubuc field his position any doubtful impressions are soon dispelled. Dubuc fields as few other pitchers in the American league can. There is seldom a game but that he has three and four assists and he handles them all cleanly.

Jean is modest. He attributes his success to the fielding work behind him. Talk of pitching and Jean will tell of fielding plays that jerked him from ticklish situations. Insist on talking pitching and he will tell of what the other Tigers have done.

He keeps himself in the background. There are young pitchers who would "lose their head" were they to



Jean Dubuc.

he smiled upon by success as has been this French-Canadian. But not so with Dubuc.

He keeps himself in condition. He is willing to pitch any time he is called upon. He is willing to act as a pinch hitter. And, if asked by Jennings, would play any position in the infield or outfield without a murmur.

Dubuc is not only a rarity as a pitcher, but he is a rarity as an all-around player and a rarity so far as disposition is concerned.

PLANK IS SOUTHPAW'S JINX

Fielder Jones is Much Pleased With Presence of the Former Athletic Star on His Team.

Fielder Jones recently remarked that Eddie Plank looked just the same to him as he did eight years ago, and added that he was mighty glad he was with the St. Louis Feds instead of some other team in the same league.

"Plank was the toughest man I ever faced," said Jones. "I could not hit him with a board fence, and I don't think any other left-hander can. I would hate to see him working against my club. He looks every bit as good as I ever saw him look and he is even better because he knows more. It



Eddie Plank.

will be fine for me to bat against Plank in practice and try to discover just why I never could hit him. Every time I think of what he used to do with Danny Green, Frank Isbell and myself I feel like swearing, because he certainly had us right. Believe me, I got a bargain. Eddie Plank is good for several years of star performing. Remember that and see if I am not right."

Klem Praises Yanks.

Bill Klem, the National League umpire, says that Donovan's New Yorks look 50 per cent stronger than a year ago.

FEDERAL LEAGUE DEVELOPING STARS



(By IRWIN N. HOWE, Statistician for the Federal League.)

Figures show that the Federal league is developing a set of youthful stars who bid fair to rival in prowess, the most famous of its best-known veterans and who already are the equals of youths their own age in the two older major leagues. Around a nucleus of experienced ball players, there has been formed a corps of brilliant youngsters, their talent trained to a degree approaching perfection, whom the scouts of the new league have drawn from minor leagues and colleges in numbers easily equaling that drafted by the National and American.

Ed Zwilling of the Chicago Whales, has developed wonderfully as an outfielder. He covers an immense amount of ground and gathers in seemingly impossible drives. Recent figures show Zwilling's batting at a .325 clip. For comparison, as indicating that his work with the stick is not due to poor pitching, the average of Konetchy, one of the best batters who ever swung a club in the National league, may be noted .260 for the season.

The batting of Westershill, third baseman for the Brooklyn Federals, has been of a sensational nature. He

DIAMOND NOTES

Jack Fournier is making good as a pinch hitter.

Ban Johnson has pledged the American league clubs to play faster baseball.

Ed Walsh, the Big Moose, is "coming back," according to information from the Pacific coast.

Grover Alexander, like his great-grandpaw, seems to long for more worlds to conquer.

Lefty Leifield, formerly a Cub pitcher, has joined the St. Paul team of the American association.

When one victory is hailed as a "winning streak," one gets a fair idea of the fans' estimate of the club.

Ty Cobb favors woman's suffrage. It's now up to Mrs. Pankhurst to observe that baseball is glorified rounders.

Joe Jackson has been starring all winter with "Joe Jackson's Winning Girls." This summer he may star with the Losing Boys.

Goro Mikanie, the Jap, who was recently elected captain of the baseball nine at Knox college, is one of the most popular men in the school.

Jawn McGraw evidently realizes at last that while three hunks of Roquefort may beat a brick of Camembert, it takes porterhouse steak to win.

Marty Kavanagh, who is playing first base for Detroit, holds the championship of the American league for being the homeliest man in the circuit.

Pitcher McConnell, now with the Chicago Feds, learned the art of poker while with the Cubs on the spring training trip, and is a regular at the evening sessions.

Eddie Collins is growing in favor with the fans every day. He pulls a wonderful stunt every afternoon and oftentimes his clever work turns the tide in the right way.

The Brooklynns are slow on the bases, if manager Wilbert-Robinson wants his team to occupy a respectable position in the pennant race he will have to develop more speed in his men while on the paths.

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JUDGE CANARIES AT CONCERT
Hundreds Trill, Quaver and Roll in Auditorium in New York for Prizes.

A committee of bird-music critics sat in judgment recently at Labor temple, in East Eighty-fourth street, on the vocal accomplishments of several hundred canaries which had been brought here from various cities under the auspices of the Central Society of Canary Breeders of America.

The birds were brought into the auditorium from a darkened room, and as soon as they saw the light they burst into song. The critics listened intently, observing each trill and quaver, and presumably in their reports will tell those in good voice, whether they sang artistically or not and what the chances are of this or that yellow bird making good if he studies hard and remembers what the critics say about him.

Prizes are to be awarded to the best singers.—New York Sun.

Advice Needed.
"I will take the matter under advisement," announced the referee in the divorce proceedings, "and will decide the case next week."

"But, your honor," put in her counsel, "the appellant is immensely wealthy and—"

"That," said the referee, "is the point upon which I wish to be advised. This hearing is adjourned."—Judge.

Easy.
"How did you manage to win the hand of an heiress?" asked the envious friend of a "dancing man."

"Oh—er—I glided into her affections."

About the only stone the average boy does not turn is the grindstone.

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