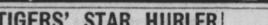
THE CENTRE REPORTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.



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."

I shouldn't want them to know. D'you

Ripton caught up the air of unsuccess that had partially slipped from him. "A week's a long time-for me." A thought loosed again the drab drapery. "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 the 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 steadied 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 undistanced, 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 wrotes 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

TIGERS' STAR HURLER

Willing to Play Any Position Manager May Request.

Jean Dubuc, French-Canadian, Has Willing Disposition-Fields Posi-/ tion 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 any thing 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

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

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

Jean Dubuc.

be smiled upon by success as has

so with Dubuc. He keeps himself in condition. He

Dubuc is not only a rarity as a

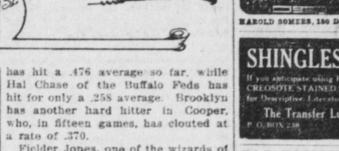


(By IRWIN N. HOWE, Statistician for | has hit a .476 average so far, while

the Federal League.) Figures show that the Federal hit for only a .258 average. Brooklyn eague is developing a set of youth has another hard hitter in Cooper, ful stars who bid fair to rival in who, in fifteen games, has clouted at prowess, the most famous of its best- a rate of .370. would "lose their head" were they to known veterans and who already are Fielder Jones, one of the wizards of the equals of youths their own age in the national pastime, has developed a the two older major leagues. Around powerful batter in young Tobin, whose a nucleus of experienced ball players, extra-base hits make him a terror to there has been formed a corps of bril- pitchers. His batting percentage so liant youngsters, their talent trained far this year is .289, while Rebel Oakes. to a degree approaching perfection, a star batter in the National league, whom the scouts of the new league is credited with .255 against Federal have drawn from minor leagues and league pitching this season.

colleges in numbers easily equaling | Hanford and Flack of Chicago, litthat drafted by the National and the heard of before, joining the new American. Ed Zwilling of the Chicago Whales. for their fielding as for their hitting. has developed wonderfully as an out- Charles Deal and Leslie Mann, who fielder. He covers an immense amount | left the "world champion" Braves for of ground and gathers in seemingly St. Louis and Chicago teams of the impossible drives. Recent figures show Federal league respectively, startle Zwilling's batting at a .325 clip. For fans with the fanciest sort of fielding. comparison, as indicating that his and in Kenworthy, Rawlings and Chadwork with the stick is not due to poor bourne, practically newcomers in big pitching, the average of Konetchy, one league baseball, Kansas City has found of the best batters who ever swung three exceptionally clever defensive a club in the National league, may be players. In his first fifty-six chances.

noted .260 for the season. Rawlings, holding down the difficult The batting of Westerzill, third position of shortstop, made but one baseman for the Brooklyn Federals, error, while Chadbourne takes care of been this French-Canadian. But not has been of a sensational nature. He acres of territory in center field.



BIG SOUTHERN COLONY A new colo

OUR SILO and cut your feed bill in half. Catalogue and information free. G. Elins & Ero., Buffalo. N. Y. Liberal Terms to Live Agents.

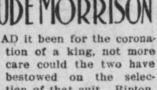
W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 22-1915.

JUDGE CANARIES AT CONCERT

Hundreds Trill, Quaver and Roll in Auditorium in New York for Prizes.



Roofing



tion of a king, not more care could the two have bestowed on the selection of that suit. Ripton, the easy-going he of the shambling gait, untidy

tinen, 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," Rip-

ton would insist. "Nothing bizarre nor rococo." Shelby guessed the new words from the rejection of his samples.

"Gray, exactly to match."

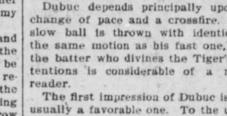
"Of course, now, it's your funeral," Shelby would acquiesce in cheerful regret. Ripton consented to a handkerchief bordered with color.

Shelby began 't 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





box.

"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 manto climb a hill-summer weatherwinter 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 o' 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. heads, the passing flag. Even my walk's mellowed now." The crunch of the paper in his hand accented his crackling mirthlessness. It roused Shelby to sudden deter-

mination. "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

fit.' "You bet you're going," slapped of '61.

down Shelby. "Don't you want to go?

He had selected and rejected half -once more."

His glance wandered to the glasses and bottles. "They don't know. Each ago. But we asked him to carry the ago. time I've pleaded illness or business. flag."

flag leading, another down the line, is willing to pitch any time he is the beginning and the end of all Mecalled upon. He is willing to act as a morial days. Two rode in front, the pinch hitter. And, if asked by Jen horse of one refractorily impatient of nings, would play any position in the the band's big, booming drum; the infield or outfield without a murmur. little girls, clad in white and bearing wreathes; the local boys' brigade; the pitcher, but he is a rarity as an alllong line of carriages, noticeably fewaround player and a rarity so far as er than last May, with their precious,

disposition is concerned. sad remnants; the young men of the Spanish war; the bands; and, in the PLANK IS SOUTHPAW'S JINX 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 fallure dragged him down a little, and all that gaping crowd; even the young thing beside him whose skirts the skirtling wind blew back from slender ankles. It shook out over their

"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 will be fine for me to bat against weary lag; his face drawn in a suf. Plank in practice and try to discover fering beyond weariness or weight of just why I never could hit him. Every training trip, and is a regular at the as khaki, would be far harder for the flag-pole; but about his mouth the time I think of what he used to do evening sessions. look of the grandfather who fought with Danny Green, Frank Isbell and under Perry, and of the ancestor who myself I feel like swearing, because he his flimsy, faded clothes. "I'm not fell on Lexington Common one April certainly had us right. Believe me, I morning; his eyes full of the spirit got a bargain. Eddie Plank is good

Shelby beamed on the girl, her Remember that and see if I am not tide in the right way. own pride glowing his heart.

"Mother knew him," she explained a dozen suits before he got Ripton's shyly, glancing at her black frock, reply. "They would be-my own kind | "and father-that was he who waved |

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.

Klem Praises Yanks.

Bill Klem, the National league um-

right."



pinch hitter.

Ban Johnson has pledged the Amerian 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 greatgreat-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

Goro Mikanie, the Jap. who was recently elected captain of the baseball nine at Knox college, is one of the

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.

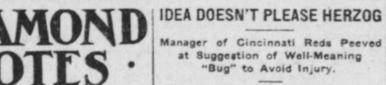
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Eddie Collins is growing in favor . . .

his men while on the paths.



"It seems to me." bleated a wellmeaning bug. "that the ideas of colorings adopted in uniforms for the European war might be quite valuable

for baseball." "And how so?" queried Manager Herzog of the Cincinnati Reds with a | will tell those in good voice, whether puzzled face.

circuit, have earsed as much praise

"Why, that's easy to understand," explained the bug. "Khaki or greenish gray or bluish gray is a far harder target for the marksman than the brighter colors, while men dressed in white uniforms-like those all clubs



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 Soci-

ety of Canary Breeders of America. The birds were brought into the au ditorium 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 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-

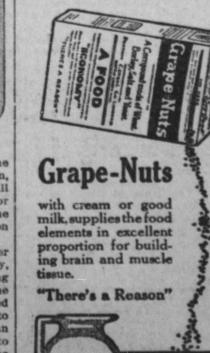
"That," said the referee, "is the point upon which I wish to be advised. This hearing is adjourned."-Judge.

Easy.

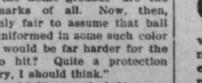
"How did you manage to win the band of an heiress?" asked the envious friend of a "dancing man."

"Oh-er-I glided into her affections."

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

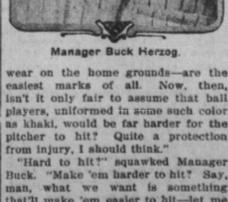


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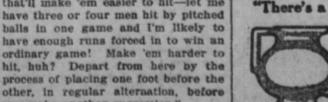
"Hard to hit?" squawked Manager with the fans every day. He pulls a Buck. "Make 'em harder to hit? Say, wonderful stunt every afternoon and man, what we want is something for several years of star performing. ofentimes his clever work turns the that'll make 'em easier to hit-let me have three or four men hit by pitched

The Brooklyns are slow on the have enough runs forced in to win an bases. If manager Wilbert-Robinson ordinary game! Make 'em harder to wants his team to occupy a respect- hit, huh? Depart from here by the -father and I found him on the train. pire, says that Donovan's New Yorks able position in the pennant race he process of placing one foot before the He wanted to go back three days look 50 per cent stronger than a year will have to develop more speed in other, in regular alternation, before you make another suggestion."



wear on the home grounds-are the Pitcher McConnell, now with the easiest marks of all. Now, then, Chicago Feds, learned the art of poker | isn't it only fair to assume that ball while with the Cubs on the spring players, uniformed in some such color

from injury, I should think."



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

most popular men in the school.