

MOTTO :— “Out-door Games Because They’re Best”

BADGE :— The R-U-A-Fan Button

Edited by Brother Max

BOYS, I'm just as happy as you are, now that the ball season is here. I feel like shaking hands with everybody I meet, and slapping them on the back and telling them what a glorious thing it is to be an American. Now we can be happy for the next four or five months. The winter is a long hard time for us, but the baseball days when they come are all the better for the long wait. If we had ball games all the year round, we'd never grow tired of the grand old game, but the winter rest gives it a keener zest all the same. Now I want you all to go out and play ball whenever you get a chance. Run and hollo and enjoy yourselves. It will make you tired, but it'll do you all the good in the world. You'll eat better and sleep better, and above all, you'll feel better. Don't get in the habit of sitting around and letting the other fellows play. Get out there in the field and be one of the players. You may not be as good as some of the other players, but the exercise will do you as much good as it will them.

I am starting a movement among the big league managers to have you fellows let into the ball games, whenever there's room on the field. They did this in some of the parks last year. After the first inning or two, they'd open up the gates and let in all the boys that were standing outside, trying to see in through the knot holes. If I can succeed, and I believe

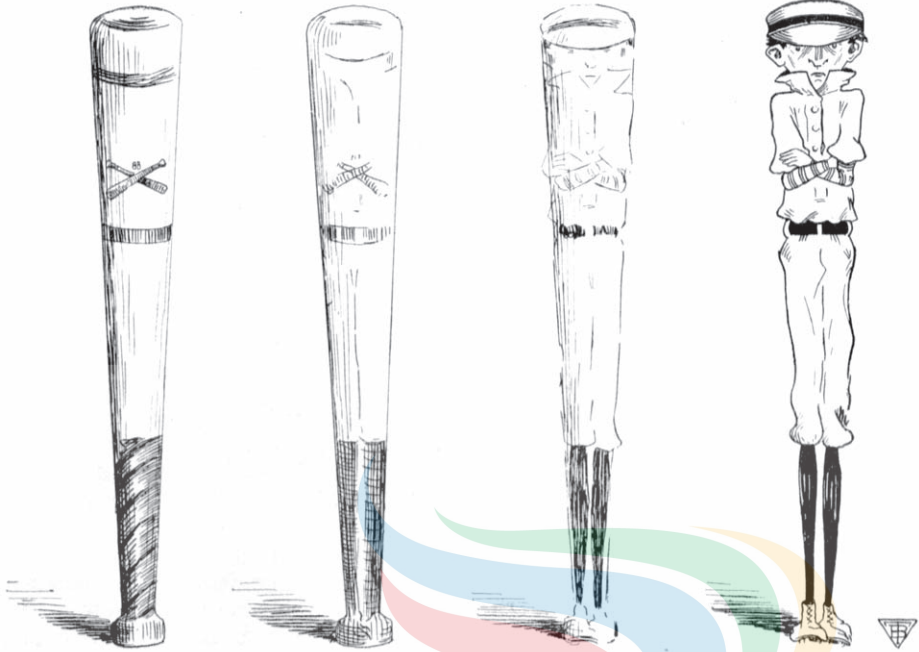
I can, this will be done at all the ball fields in the country during this season. But I will not let the managers start it until the schools close up. There'd be too many little fellows inclined to play "hook-jack," if they thought they could see a ball game by running off. I have lots of good ideas for the vacation months for you boys, and I know you'll be gladder than ever, before many moons, that you're members of the R-U-A-Fan Club.

Next month the pictures of the boys who won the prizes in our short story contest will be run in this section of our official organ. I will also publish the prize-winning stories. I'm not going to tell you now who the lucky members are, though I have just received the list of names from the judges. There were hundreds of stories sent to me, and every one of them was good, and made fine reading, but of course, you know as well as I do that each writer can't be a winner.

* *

Your old Brother Max knew that he'd make a hit with you when he made that offer of free baseball suits. I am simply swamped with letters and it seems as though every boy in the country had as the dream of his life the wearing of a real baseball suit. Some of the fellows have them already, and lots more are just having theirs sent out to them. In one town in the West, a whole club sent in and received the suits, and now I have





THE EVOLUTION OF A BASEBALL BAT

applications from two other boys' teams in the same place. One youngster writes in: "I have received my suit and it's great. Every boy here in Newton wants one and I guess you'll have them all as members pretty soon." Remember, fellows, here is my offer. I will tell any boy who is a member of the R-U-A-Fan Club how he can obtain a baseball suit, shoes and all, without it costing him a single cent. The only trouble he'll have will be to write in to Brother Max. If you're not a member of the club, join now, and get your suit before the season is half over. A boy can always play ball better when he has a real suit on. I guess it's because he feels more like a ball-player when he looks like one. So if you want to show your young friends that you can play the game better than they, write in to me and I'll see that you are fixed up.

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Max H. Sklar, Brooklyn, inquires: "Let me know the meaning of R-U-A?" Now, Maxie, my boy, say it over very slowly and think a minute, and perhaps you can guess. By the way, one of our Passaic, N. J., boys calls it the "U-R-A-Fan Club," which means about the same

thing (as the little girl said when she called the butterfly a "flutter-by").

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Did you ever try to make up an acrostic? It's good fun, and is very interesting. Raymond Kyser of Napa, Cal., sends one in, and it's a good one, too:

Cobb

CougHlin

SchAfer

RossMan

Payne

MullIn

DonOvan

JoNes

Summers

* *

Lyle Block of Eureka Springs, Ark., works all day, but he finds time to play ball when he gets through. Lyle manages to get off work on Saturday afternoons, and then he twirls for the champion boys' team of the town. We have his record, and it's a good one. "I love to pitch, and my greatest ambition is to be a famous twirler," he says. You have the right idea, Lyle. Keep at the game, read what "Cy" Young, Mathewson and the other big twirlers have to say about

pitching in our organ, THE BASEBALL MAGAZINE and do what they tell you and you are sure to succeed.

* *

Now I think I've talked with you long enough. Next month I'm going to tell you about the R-U-A-Fan Club Baseball League that I'm going to start. It will be run just like one of the big leagues, and will be open only to club teams.

Fellows, we have the greatest club in the country. It's big now, and it's growing bigger every minute. The best thing about it is that all the members are fine, live American boys, who love baseball and love to be out doors. I want to get all the fellows in the country, of this class, into our club, and with a little help from you I can do it. Tell them all about it, and tell them to write to me, if they want to be with us. They'll want to join and I want to have them. So boost the good old club. It doesn't cost a cent to become a member, and you get lots out of it—secret signs; engraved membership certificates; pictures of ball-players; stor-

ies by ball-players, telling all about the game; each issue of our official publication, THE BASEBALL MAGAZINE; the beautiful R-U-A-Fan Button; pass-words and last, but by no means least, complete baseball outfits. Think of all this without the expenditure of a cent! All you have to do is to write to me and send me your name and address, and the names and addresses of five of your friends who would make good members, and you are a member of the greatest club on earth. Any one of you who sends in the names and addresses of ten prospective members gets free a fine game of indoor baseball. This is a great game. The boys that have it are all tickled to death. So why don't you join them? Surely you know boys who would like to be in with us.

To save you the trouble of writing a long letter, here is a blank which you can fill out in about a minute. Do it, and send it right in to BROTHER MAX, care of THE BASHBALL MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass. Let me hear from you right away.

BROTHER MAX, care BASEBALL MAGAZINE, BOSTON, MASS.

Please consider my application for membership in the R-U-A-Fan Club, which is not to cost me one cent to join nor after I am a member.

My name is

Town (or city) Street, No

I am years old. State

Following are the names and addresses of my boy friends who would be good members, if you could get them in the R-U-A-Fan Club:

NAME	STREET	CITY OR TOWN	STATE
1.
2.
3.
4.
5.