

# Fans vs. Pitcher

*John M. Ward on Baseball*

It is always interesting to hear from an old-timer, and there are none of the original baseball stars more celebrated in their day than John Ward. Mr. Ward, who had a conspicuous position in the National Game and a position of equal prominence in the pursuit of law has some very interesting reminiscences of the old days.

The pitchers in baseball today have several advantages over the men who twirled in the old days. When fouls didn't count at all it was tough on the pitchers, because the batsmen could stand and pound away until the man in the box became exhausted. But today, with the first two fouls counting as strikes, it's the batsmen who get the rough end of it.

I remember many occasions when the man at bat had fouled five or six times—in the old days—and I've seen tired pitchers grit their teeth and keep on putting 'em over. Today, when a batter has two strikes marked up against him on fouls, he becomes over-anxious to connect with the ball in order to keep from being struck out. There's nothing in the world a ball player dislikes as much as to be put out without having a chance to swing on the ball, and the pitcher takes advantage of the fact by putting the ball either round the player's neck or just outside the corner of the plate.

Another advantage the pitchers now have is being mounted up in the air on a mound. They throw from an elevation and the ball shoots downward as it approaches the batter.

Did you ever delve into the mysteries of the spit-ball?

No? Well, I've studied it out because it's the only new thing in the

pitching line. The spitter is thrown just the same as you'd throw a wet ball. There's no twist to it. A straight ball or a curve is necessarily thrown with a twist that makes it revolve rapidly and maintains the ball's center of gravity. That's why straight and curve balls can be thrown with absolute accuracy. But the spitter, having no particular center of gravity, wobbles and careens first to one side and then the other in the most irregular manner. That's why it is so hard for the batters to hit it.

In my time as a ball player many of the players entered professional ball because they would then have a chance to travel about and see the country. Some of them went into the game with the idea of remaining only a year or two, few of them giving the least thought to making the profession a life occupation. They'd take any possible chance on the diamond. Meekin was that sort of fellow. He came from Indiana and was a great pitcher. At times he seemed careless because of the desperate chances he took. We were all that way then.

Ty Cobb is built along the same lines. He will take the most desperate chances imaginable. Why, only the other day I was reading of his scoring from first base on a single. Some day he's liable to break a leg and be out of the game for good; but it's ten to one Cobb has never given the proposition a thought, else he would long ago have taken a couple of reefs by pulling up a bit. He could do that and be sure of remaining in the game for many years to come.

Then there's Hans Wagner and Lajoie. My, what ball players those

two are! Both were good in my time, but, like old wine, they improve with age. Some day, of course, they'll have to retire.

Hitting is the keystone of baseball. We used to hit big Cy Young just as hard as they can hit him now. The batting averages of today are about on a par with ours, but it is only since the cork center ball has been brought into play that good hitting has become one of the attractions of the game. When the ball is hit hard there's a chance for the fielders to show some fine work, and then, with the new ball, a game is never lost until the last batter is out. The score may stand 3 to 0

in the ninth inning and still, if the scoreless team is possessed of good batters, it has a fair chance of pulling out a winner.

There's two things I'm going to say. First, it is very noticeable to me when I see a game in which either McGraw's or Hughey Jennings' team is engaged that both these managers are trying to teach their youngsters some of the tricks they learned years ago. McGraw and Jennings are masters of the game. The other thing is this: Mike Kelly was the greatest ball player who ever engaged in the profession, and Buck Ewing was the greatest catcher I have ever seen.



# LA84

## Foundation



# The Spit Ball

*“Ed” Walsh Has a Word to Say in Its Defence*

**B**IG Ed Walsh of the Chicago White Sox has been generally recognized as the leading spit-ball pitcher since the passing of “Happy Jack” Chesbro. Walsh recently took a hand in the annual spring discussion over the merits of the moist delivery. He claims the spit-ball is here to stay and that about all the pitchers will eventually use it.

“With the beginning of the spring training,” said Walsh, “comes that six-year-old discussion about how long the spit-ball will last. I have noticed of late that some of the critics have discovered that that particular delivery is on the decline, and that in a short time, if there is no baseball legislation against it, the moist shoots will be thrown into the discard. Now, I might just as well take the bull by the horns at the start and say that the successful pitcher of the future, unless he has

some other equally as effective delivery, will have to come to the spit-ball or fall behind.

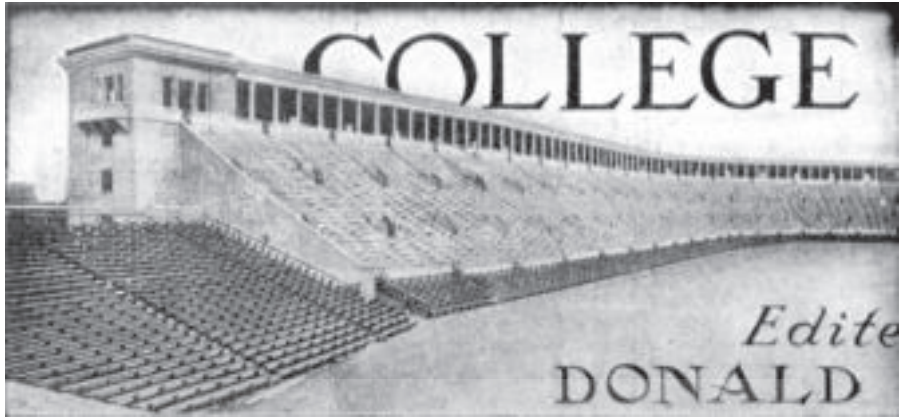
“Does the spit-ball put the pitcher’s arm out of commission sooner than any other kind of delivery? It does not, and, in fact, I might explain that it is the easiest of all the styles I have. Clark Griffith, now manager of the Cincinnati team, told me five years ago that I was done for as a pitcher on account of that particular delivery. Well, I have used it this spring and it works just as good as ever.

“Few outside of the players on the team know how much I use the ball in actual games. Well, sometimes nine out of ten balls I throw are of that style of delivery.

“I have had sore arms, but the only time I ever hurt my arm in pitching was on a fast straight one.”







## A Glimpse At the Situation

*The Close of the Football Season Has Left Little to Selection of Walter Camp. Basket Ball*

The football year begins with the first scrimmage and closes with the announcement of Walter Camp's selection for the All-America eleven. The position which Mr. Camp occupies in the football world is a unique one and will doubtless continue through the lifetime of the celebrated authority. Mr. Camp's reputation has been acquired as the result of a long series of painstaking selections begun in a day when such selections were rare. He had achieved a brilliant personal record on the gridiron and was an acknowledged authority on the game from the first. This combined with the fact that he was the first to undertake an annual selection was enough to give him a commanding eminence in football affairs, an eminence which he has retained in the face of all comers ever since.

No one has yet had the hardihood to dispute any of Mr. Camp's selections. He has been the court of last appeal in all matters pertaining to the favorite of college sports. And yet hardly a sporting editor picked the same team as did Mr. Camp.

The Baseball Magazine does not bring its own selection into the question as a fair comparison, as explained at the time this team was chosen, long before the close of the season and revised at the last moment after the Yale-Princeton contest. This was necessary as the magazine must go to press early in order to appear on the newstands according to schedule. There was not at that time the wealth of comment to build upon which characterizes the later days of the season. Some of the stars had not appeared in all their full merit at that time, while on the other hand other stars which up to that time had done all that seemed to justify their selection fell down badly in the final games.

For all that the selection of the Baseball Magazine agreed in five positions with that of Mr. Camp's, while at least in two others it was not in any way inferior. We refer to the two positions where Mr. Camp preferred Yale men to others selected by the Baseball Magazine. Camp chose Howe for quarterback in preference to Sprackling and Bomeisler in preference to



## in the Intercollegiate World

*Speculate Upon Except the Annual All America and Ice Hockey are Now in Full Swing.*

Smith. The most that can be said is that in both of these positions the question of selection is a toss up, but we are willing to say without hesitation that two people out of three who saw both teams contesting would still pick Smith of Harvard as end in preference to Bomeisler, excellent player though he be, while Sprackling, on his all-round record, is the peer of Howe. The brilliant Yale quarterback fell down badly in both the Princeton and Harvard games. Bomeisler could not show to advantage in the Harvard contest owing to injuries, while Smith was one of the stars of the game and lived up in the highest degree to his former admirable record.

The Baseball Magazine picked Bluethenthal of Princeton as centre, while Camp picks Ketcham of Yale. There is no discounting Ketcham's admirable work throughout the season, but it was his costly bad pass which threw away an admirable opportunity for Yale to score in the Harvard game, a score which would have given them the victory and decided an unpopular tie game.

In the other line positions where we differed with Mr. Camp we are willing to admit his selections are preferable, as they also are in relation to the position of fullback. Personally, however, we believe that Mercer of Pennsylvania was the equal of Dalton and there are not a few who would be quick to agree with us upon that point.

Camp, unlike many other experts, had the courage to choose Thorpe of Carlisle for a back position. The Baseball Magazine feels flattered on this point for it led the way in point of time over Mr. Camp, though its publication hardly appeared so soon as did his selection. No one who saw Thorpe play could doubt that he was the greatest individual star on the gridiron. It is perhaps not too much to say that he was the greatest star which the game has ever developed.

It would be the height of folly to deny him a place on the greatest team for the year on account of an arbitrary schedule which in no wise detracted from his superlative worth on the gridiron. Mr. Camp, however, unconsciously detracts from Thorpe's all-

**The Baseball Magazine Has a Fine Section Devoted to College Athletics.**

round ability when he alludes to Dalton and Howe, two of his other backs as punters. No team that had a player of Thorpe's ability would think of using any other man for punting, as Thorpe is peerless in this department of the game.

Mr. Camp never picks players whom he has not seen in action. It is true that his range of observation is large, but no one man can be everywhere at the same time and many noteworthy deeds are recorded in almost every contest, the great majority of which could not be witnessed by any one spectator. Every college had its star player and no doubt some of them were worthier of mention than some whose names have been recorded in All-America selections. But there is no method devised for giving every player who competes on the hundreds of college gridirons his proper rating.

Mr. Camp is not perfect in his judgment, nor has he ever claimed to be, but he deserves the sincere thanks of the sport-loving public for the initiative he has taken in football affairs and for the great work he has accomplished in his long and brilliant career toward solving some of the knottiest problems of his favorite game.

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The revival in basketball interest is one of the most encouraging features of the college sporting world. Basketball is a game which has enjoyed its ups and downs and has never seemed fully certain of popular approval. It is a game which deserves a great deal more appreciation than it has ever received. Fast, scientific and spectacular from every standpoint, it is a strenuous game to participate in and an exciting game to watch. It would now seem assured of a greater amount of support and patronage than it has yet received.

There is a certain amount of reason for the slow development of basketball as a college game of national dimen-

sions. Perhaps the most serious drawback about the game is the great advantage the home team always enjoys playing on its home grounds. It is an advantage to be sure to play baseball or football at home on a field which is thoroughly familiar and with the support of the entire body of one's fellow-students, but a team is not handicapped when playing abroad at baseball or football to anywhere near the extent it is handicapped when playing basketball under similar conditions. Where two teams are anywhere nearly matched it is a foregone conclusion that the one playing a basketball contest on its home floor will win.

One reason why basketball has not developed as rapidly as a national pastime as its supporters might wish is the difficulty experienced in having it professionalized. This will undoubtedly come in the future and assure the subsequent prosperity of a very spectacular and popular pastime.

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Ice hockey is fast assuming a position in college athletics which is second in importance to none. With baseball and football it is forming a great triumvirate in which all branches of athletic skill find ample outlet. There is no finer game in the world to watch than hockey. It fairly glitters with dash and vigor. It is the embodiment of all that is spectacular and showy. It is just the game to enthuse a body of college students and so far as games go it has no rivals in the winter time except basketball. The intercollegiate hockey league is beginning its season and bids fair to outdo all former efforts. The public has certainly responded nobly to the exhibitions given last year and will no doubt do as well in the coming season. The great Canadian pastime is here to stay and the colleges are doing a great work in bringing it prominently before the public attention.

## A MASTER OF MYSTERIES

(Continued from page 82.)

"Has the corsage piece I ordered been stolen?"

"Undoubtedly," Garth bowed, as they returned to the parlor. "It was sent here in charge of one of the store clerks, this poor fellow on the floor, at the request of a man and two women who went in a carriage to the store, and who stated that they arrived with you on the Saxonía early this morning."

"Outrageous!"

"They also stated that they were cousins of your lordship, that you had suffered an acute attack of gout during the voyage, and now were confined to your quarters in this hotel. They further said that you were very anxious to see the gift that you had ordered for your prospective bride, and requested that it be sent here."

"And it was sent?"

"Can you ask?" Garth pointed to the motionless form on the floor. "Yes, it was sent, Lord Carrington. I did not ask for more particulars over the wire, but told Mr. Kelsey to come up here at once. He is a general manager at the store, and the one who complied with the request, not of your lordship, but of these exceedingly clever crooks."

"Do you think them the persons mentioned by Mr. Curtis?"

"Yes. The circumstances are as convincing as the evidence of their villainous design. One entered these rooms, bandaged his foot and seated himself in this chair, prepared to briefly assume the character of your lordship. His confederates succeeded in their part of the work, blinded Kelsey with their falsehoods, led him to send this clerk here in their carriage in charge of the jewel, and—but the rest is so obvious that even Hoffman sees it. To strike down this man and secure the jewel, steal out of this suite and repair to their own, then pay their bill and leave as if innocent of any part in this rascally affair—it was, plainly enough, the work of a very few minutes."

Caldwell, with his reputation as the head room-clerk looming before him, was a picture of dismal dismay. De-

tective Hoffman stood mute with mingled resentment and chagrin. No need to ask, now, what signified the senseless man on the floor, the strips of cotton cloth and folded flannel—the obscure evidence in connection with which things had enabled Garth to deduce so nearly the truth. Hoffman saw it all in the limelight now, and his own deplorable weakness.

Lord Carrington, though greatly shocked and disturbed, quickly pulled himself together.

"Though I may suffer no pecuniary loss, Mr. Garth, this is beastly bad business," he said gravely. "It places me in a deucedly mean position. I remember Mr. Kelsey very well. It was to him I gave my order for the jewel, and discussed all of the details of it with him, when here in November."

"Two months ago. With whom else did you then discuss the matter?"

"With one of the firm."

"Where?"

"In his private office. I had decided to present my bride with a very valuable corsage jewel composed of diamonds and sapphires, and——"

"I don't care for minor details. Was anything said about it in the general salesroom, or in the presence of any of the clerks?"

"Possibly, yet I do not recall it."

"It is very important," Garth bluntly declared. "This theft may have been instigated, or made possible, by some treacherous clerk employed in the store. Make an effort to remember."

"I am doing so." Lord Carrington frowned thoughtfully. "Can you remember, Hobson? He was my guide and only companion at the time, Mr. Garth, for I was not familiar with the city. I picked him up here for that purpose, and since have retained him. Do you remember, Hobson, whether anything was said in the salesroom?"

Hobson came forward, bowing a bit awkwardly and stroking the front of his coat, a pronounced English plaid.

"I do remember very well, my lord," he said deliberately, with a peculiarly smooth and oily voice. "And your lord-

ship may remember, since I'm asked to remind you, that you stood at a counter with Mr. Kelsey and talked for a time about some diamonds one of the clerks brought out of a vault."

"True, Hobson, true," Lord Carrington exclaimed. "So I did, Mr. Garth. I now recall the circumstance distinctly."

"Was the name of the clerk mentioned?"

"If it was I do not remember it."

"You could identify him?"

"Readily, I think."

"You need not, however, mention these inquiries to Mr. Kelsey," Garth pointedly remarked. "By the way, Hobson, were you listening to what Lord Carrington was saying at that time, or paying attention to what he was doing?"

Though the curt question might have smacked of suspicion, no change of color or expression appeared in Hobson's florid face. He glanced inquiringly at Lord Carrington, as if in doubt about the propriety of replying, then bowed and answered with rather sinister suavity:

"Beg pardon, sir, but I know my place. It was not for me to be prying into the business of his lordship."

"A mere detail," Garth quickly returned. "I asked only to learn whether your attention might have been directed elsewhere. Did you see any persons near the counter at which he was engaged who may have overheard what he was saying about this very valuable jewel?"

"By Jove! that's a pertinent question, Mr. Garth," the Englishman cried. "Tax your memory, Hobson."

"Yes, my lord." Hobson bowed a little lower. "I do remember very well, sir, since being reminded of it, that two ladies were sitting at another counter, only a few feet away."

"Within easy hearing, Hobson?"

"I think so, my lord?"

"Did they look my way?"

"Very often, my lord, as I now remember."

"I'll make a mental note of them, also," interposed Garth, checking Lord Carrington with a gesture. "It may be that they were the two women con-

cerned in this robbery. Could you identify them, Hobson?"

"Beg pardon, sir?"

"I mean, would you know them again?"

"I hardly think it, sir," Hobson demurred, with an uncertain headshake. "Yet I do remember that one had a dash of paint on her cheeks which made me notice her the more."

"A pointer to her character," Garth cynically observed. "That is all, my man."

"It is my impression, Mr. Garth, that very few persons can have known of this jewel," Lord Carrington volunteered. "For I did not want Miss Vandecker to anticipate my gift, so I have not mentioned it to my friends here. I also instructed Mr. Kelsey to that effect, and that there should be no display of the jewel when it was finished. I think that——"

"Here is Mr. Kelsey."

Sidney Garth turned away abruptly as an elderly man hurriedly entered the room, whose pale face and nervous agitation evinced his mental distress. Before he could speak, however, though he uttered a mingled groan and cry upon beholding the man on the floor, Garth said sharply:

"Waste no time in lamentation, Mr. Kelsey. This man must be removed as soon as possible, and I want the remaining details of this affair without delay. This is Mr. Brooks, the clerk you mentioned?"

"Yes, yes, and how dreadful!" Kelsey stood wringing his hands. "He is not dead, I hope, nor——"

"No, no, not dead," Garth snapped impatiently. "He's worth a dozen dead men. Answer my questions. At what time was he sent here with the man and woman who called at your store?"

"About half past eleven," Kelsey answered, governing his agitation.

"Had you no suspicions?" Garth forcibly demanded, with an ugly sarcasm stealing into his cold, repellent voice. "Did you feel no misgivings about sending so valuable a jewel out of the store?"

"Dear me, dear me, not under the circumstances," Kelsey nervously pro-

tested. "The man apparently was a gentleman, the woman richly dressed, and they told their plausible story in a very convincing way. They asked for me personally, and I judged from that that they must have come from Lord Carrington. Furthermore, they presented his own card, bearing both his name and crest, which I distinctly remembered, and I—here! I still have it in my pocket. I——"

"Let me see it."

"Yes, yes, certainly, Mr. Garth."

Mr. Sidney Garth merely glanced at the card—and retained it in his hand.

"I did not for a moment question their veracity," Kelsey continued, with pathetic distress. "They appeared to know all about the jewel, all about his lordship, and the story they told and the way they told it would have deceived the most incredulous. And when they offered their carriage for me, or for one of our clerks, I did not demur. We should have done the same for any of our wealthy patrons. It appeared perfectly safe to send Brooks here with them——"

"But after an hour or more, when Brooks did not return, had you no apprehensions?"

"Hour or more!" cried Kelsey. "Why, sir, Brooks telephoned me at one o'clock, or I supposed it was he, stating that Lord Carrington so admired the piece that he had sent for Miss Vandecker to come and see it. Hence, the delay did not alarm me until——"

"Until you heard from me," Garth interrupted. "One of the crooks took even that precaution to defer the discovery of the crime."

"It strikes me," Hoffman blurted, having restrained himself to the limit, "it strikes me that the sooner the facts are made public and the police started after the rascals, the more likely their discovery and arrest."

Mr. Sidney Garth swung around with a lowering frown and drew himself up.

"Quite the contrary, Hoffman," he said, with his voice taking on that icy ring so unpleasant to hear. "Your views are not my views, nor are your ways my ways. The less said of this

affair at present the better. It is not for you to say what steps shall be taken. It is up to these gentlemen to determine who shall have the right of way. What do you say, Lord Carrington? And you, sir?"

Lord Carrington had in mind what Sidney Garth already had done, and it gave promise of what he yet might do. Yet the Englishman was politic in announcing his decision.

"I already have stated, Mr. Kelsey, that I think publicity should be avoided, if possible," he said blandly. "I cannot but feel that Mr. Garth is right."

"Well, well, so do I."

Thus it was settled then and there, and left to Mr. Sidney Garth—the right of way. His lip curled slightly when he observed Hoffman's frown, but he at once turned to Lord Carrington and said:

"Give me one of your cards. If I have anything to report during the night, which is barely possible, I will send it up with my name on it, that you may be sure of your visitor. Michael." The last came quick and sharp.

"Yes, sir."

"Have Conrad bring my auto to the front door." Macklin vanished the instant the last word was said.

Mr. Sidney Garth turned on his heel and followed him, without a glance to the right or left.

### III.

The moderate temperature of early morning, which had occasioned the unseasonable fog that had delayed the arrival of Lord Carrington, had given way to a biting cold. The stars in the cloudless sky glistened coldly, and appeared doubled in number. East River looked like a dark and threatening abyss, though across it the myriad lights of the restless city gleamed with unusual brilliancy.

A man in a plaid suit, with his shoulders hunched into a heavy frieze overcoat, with a thick woolen cap drawn over his brow, half hiding the intense gleam of his watchful eyes, with his lower features lost in a voluminous black beard; a man moving with exceeding caution, with his gaze alert, with his

feet falling lightly on the frozen ground—if Mr. Sidney Garth had reasoned a little further he might possibly have anticipated the designs of Hobson that same night.

At nine o'clock that night, the man referred to was stealing into the grounds of an old estate in Ravenswood, long known as Fairview, once the home of a retired old Englishman, dead for years, and which since had been rented by his heirs to such persons as could pay promptly and endure the frowning exterior of the old stone house and the chill of its crumbling walls. In only one of the lower rooms was there a light, seen through the leafless trees as he approached, a lone figure in the solitude and stillness of the starlit grounds, while even the street on which they fronted was silent and deserted.

He made no immediate move to enter the house. He walked entirely around it, viewing with searching glances the various doors and windows, then stealthily approached one of the two illumined from within, the curtains of which were closely drawn. For ten minutes he crouched with his ear to the pane, at times vainly striving to peer between the curtain and casing. Finally he seized one of the blinds and rattled it sharply, then tapped quickly on the pane.

The noise of hurried movements within instantly followed, and a man drew aside the curtain and raised the window, saying sharply:

"Who's there?"

The head of the crouching man outside bobbed above the sill and appeared in the lamplight.

"Hobson!" he cautiously cried. "Douse the glim, Linnehan, and lemme in the side door."

"Hobson be damned! Who in thunder is Hobson? Why are you prowling—"

"Here—have a look!" The man outside quickly raised his flowing black beard and displayed one of brown beneath it, neatly trimmed and nicely pointed.

"Hang it, that's different, Jamie. Why the disguise and—"

"Choke off that light, I say, and open the side door." The voice of the man,

peculiarly smooth and oily even in its vehemence, took on a threatening accent. "I fear there's a plain-clothes man after me."

"The devil you do!"

Linnehan instantly drew back and closed the window. The curtain fell into place. Presently the glow of light upon it vanished, leaving only the glare and glitter of the pane in the cold starlight.

Hobson hurried to a side door and was immediately admitted, only to quickly grope his way through a gloomy entry and into a room adjoining it, where he approached a window and cautiously peered out over the starlit grounds.

"What's wrong, Jamie?" Linnehan stood in the gloom at his hearer's elbow.

"I'm not yet sure," Hobson quietly answered, still intently gazing. "I had to sneak out of the hotel in this frowzy make-up, hoping to head off a fly cop who's getting too wise to our job."

"Wise to our job—you don't mean that, Jamie!"

"But not to us, Linnehan, not to us," Hobson quickly added, noting the other's accent of alarm. "I'll soon tell you. Who's here?"

"Only Jason and the girls."

"Both?"

"Yes, Nell and Nancy. We bolted straight for cover after turning the trick."

"Very good. It may be all right—I reckon 'tis," Hobson said less apprehensively. "Where are they now?"

"Waiting in the library. This way, old man. They ducked when you knocked on the window. We weren't looking for it there, nor sure you could manage to come over tonight."

"I had my eye on a chap I feared was after me, so I vaulted a fence in the 'back street to give him the slip," Hobson glibly explained, while following his companion through the main hall, which was faintly lighted by the lamp now burning dimly in the room mentioned. "I reckoned I'd better not ring at the front door, which can be seen from the street. I had to come over tonight, Linnehan, to warn you how the land lays and why—how are you, Jason?"

Hello, Nancy, and you, Nell. Glad to see you all again, and——”

“Caesar’s ghost! Why the whiskers, Jamie? You look like Santa Claus, or old Rip himself, at the age of fifty.”

The interruption came with a shrill, gleeful laugh from one of the two women, at whom Hobson had not even glanced when calling them by name, nor while shaking hands with a stout, broad-shouldered man met when entering the library. His remarks, made while he came through the hall, had been heard by all, obviating any need for further explaining his disguise, yet Hobson laughed softly and flirted the heavy beard from about his throat, saying with a nod at the woman:

“I found it useful, all right, as I’ll soon tell you. I’d stow it now, only I have it on with paste, for it’s a bit hot indoors, though not without advantages outside on a night like this. It’s colder out than blazes.”

They were young, well-built women, of a type termed dashing, and Linnehan was a tall, slender, resolute looking man of nearly forty. The four stood grouped near a table in the middle of the attractively furnished room, and surveyed with obvious satisfaction their not unexpected visitor. Yet in the subdued light from a shaded lamp on the table they could be seen only indistinctly, like figures viewed in the twilight. The flickering flames from a log burning in the fireplace sent fitful phantoms fluttering over the walls, or brought them out of the dark corners in which they were lurking.

“But I can’t stay here long,” Hobson added, with dry significance; “for his high and mighty lordship allowed me only two hours to visit a very dear old friend, who—oh, you laugh at that, eh? Well, we have the laugh on him, for fair, and have his blooming bauble in the—not too high with that lamp, Jason! If the party I saw is about here it’s best he should think the house in darkness and all hands abed.”

“You believe we’re in danger?” Jason dropped his hand from the lamp without disturbing it, and Hobson, with

a nod of approval, seated himself in a chair beside the table.

“Danger — mebbe not,” he replied lightly. “Yet it’s best to be wary.”

“That’s no dream, Jamie,” Linnehan assented, pulling up a chair. “We’ve got away with the goods, as you say, yet——”

“Oh, I reckon we’re safe on Easy Street, yet I made haste to warn you just how the land lays,” Hobson confidently interrupted, opening his heavy coat and settling it back on his shoulders. “You found nothing about it in the evening papers, eh?”

“Not a word,” cried Jason, hanging over the table. “We wondered why.” “It was owing to a covey named Garth, a fly cop, who——”

“Not Sidney Garth?” cried Linnehan.

“Aye, that’s his name.”

“I’ve heard of him, Jamie, and how infernally clever he——”

“Clever! Hang it, that’s no name for it,” Hobson interrupted, with a wag of his head. “He got next to your game in a way as made Hoffman, a Central Office man who was there, look like a rusty knife in a hardware shop.”

“You don’t mean it!”

“Don’t I, eh? Wait till I tell you. It was fearing he might be wise to me that made me slip out of the hotel in this make-up. You got my cable on time, I knew that at once.”

“Over a week ago, Jamie.”

“It was very clever, your getting into the hotel well in advance of our arrival. I had to smile in my sleeve when I heard you was registered from Kentucky as——”

“Colonel James Pollard, eh?” Linnehan interposed, with a loud laugh. “Let us alone, Jamie, to have the way paved for our part of the job.”

“So I did,” nodded Hobson, with his eyes aglow in the dim light. “It was very clever, too, your story of his lordship’s gout, and the way you——”

“That was my idea,” Jason cried, chuckling proudly. “I knew it would serve to blind Kelsey and lead him to return with us, or send up a clerk with the jewel. I asked for him personally