



## THE FABLE OF THE TONGUE-TIED RECRUIT

**T**OSSING a Ball upon the Pastures and the Cross-roads of his Native County, and only Hoping that some Day he might be a Trifle like the Famous Jassacks whose pictures he Had Seen with the Cigarette-Packs, there Leaped and Stumbled a Tall, Rangy, Bashful Goat who Lacked Language, Vocabulary, and Expression. He meant Well, and he did the Best he Knew. He gave All he Had at all Times, and he Thought a Heap, but when he had to Tell It he Staggered in the Chin-Bones. He couldn't Tell an Umpire what he really Thought about Him, nor could he Explain to the Village Peach the Reason why he thought she was the Sun, Moon, and Planets rolled into one Compact Total. In Other words, The Cat had got his Tongue, and he was Regarded, in his old home Town, as a Simp, a Stone-head, and a Lob who wasn't There from the Collar-bone up Northward.

Nevertheless, doing the best he Could and saying Nothing, he Boiled up an Average of .423 at Bat, .992 in Center Field, and Stole 87 bases in the little League that enraptured the Jaspers of the Neighborhood. And a Big League Person, seeing the figures, grabbed him for the Major Show, forced a contract on the Speechless Pumpkin, and managed, somehow, to Drag Him South for the Spring training.

And when the Tongueless Jayhawk met the Real Things in the Baseball world, he was Smitten with Total lack of Vocalization. Never a word had he to Say, and after three Days on the Southern Fire, the Big Manager exclaimed: "That Bird knows a

lot. He is Wise, Pals, he is Wise, and he isn't going to Spill It. Watch and see if I ain't got him Proper!"

When the team came North, the Silent Reuben was Advertised as a "Quiet, Crafty Fox, who knew baseball from A to Z, but reserved his Judgment for the Big Occasions." When they played the Opening game, the Jasper was so Scared he couldn't even tell his troubles to an Umpire—and next morning the Papers Glowed about the Triple, Double, and Home Run, with Bases Populated, that were hit by the Silent but Keen-witted Young Addition to the team!

All through the Season, he kept on Saying Nothing because he had no words inside his System, and the Scribes kept Booming the tale of his Excessive Brilliancy. When the Flag was Won, they all said that "Manager McYaw owes much to the plain common sense and solid judgment of young Jaysley, who has Little to Say, but Knows what he's about." And when the World's Series fell to the Good old Club, thanks to a timely hit by the Voiceless Chimpanzee, the Nation hailed him as McGraw, Mack, and Chance Combined in One!

Of late years, he has been Manager, at \$14,000 Per. If he ever said a Word to anybody, it is not upon Official record. But they call him The Matchless Sphinx of Baseball and the Silent Sage, also the Noiseless Napoleon and the Tight-lipped Conqueror. Does he like it? He couldn't tell you in a Hundred Years.

**MORAL:** Speech is silver, but silence sometimes yanks the currency.