

The Gold Brick

By DON MARK LEMON

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The two men stepped from the curbstone to cross the street, when the heavier man's right boot toe came in contact with an object lying in the gutter. He swore softly, as he noted that he had scuffed a bit of patented surface from the toe of his shoe.

His companion stooped and picked up the offending object. It was about the size and shape of a fire brick, and quite heavy.

"Better get it in the toe than in the neck," he laughed, tossing the object to the other man. "It's a gold brick, Jim."

The man whose shoe had been scuffed miscalculated the weight of the brick, and it slipped from his hold and fell on his left foot. He did not swear softly this time, for the brick weighed about 30 pounds.

"You'll pay a thousand for your kiddin'!" he growled, caressing his injured foot. "Got the money on you?"

His companion laughed. "Keep the brick, Jim, and sell it for two thousand. That's your lay, ain't it?"

"What?" demanded the other. "Sellin' gold bricks."

The heavier man put down his foot. He could no longer support himself on one leg, without hopping about the street to maintain his equilibrium, and he was too full-blooded for such gymnastics.

"I'll sell it all right, all right," he growled. "And not a red cent for you." He picked up the offending brick and struck it with his knuckles.

"Copper! sure as Fifth avenue hits Broadway. Fell off some team. Ought to bring a couple o' dollars." He glanced along the street to locate a pawn shop, when suddenly he turned to his companion and commanded hoarsely: "Side step! Hiram and Cynthia."

The shorter man immediately crossed to the opposite side of the street, where he placed himself in a doorway and watched his partner accost a man and woman passing along the sidewalk, displaying the copper brick to them and gesticulating as if laboring under no little excitement.

By their dress the pair evidently were country folks, and the green goods' man standing in the doorway

planned old business girl, Cynthia! Says to Hiram: 'Hi, don't make the gentleman lose his boat. Land to goodness! Uncle Sam's got so many gold bricks, I do hear tell, he won't mind us keepin' this one for Luke, when he grows up.' Hiram forks over the price and they're off to the farm with the jack-ass egg." The speaker thrust the bills that he clutched towards his companion. "Here, it was as easy as dreamin' it. Peel off your commission."

The shorter man took the bills and split the hundred dollars evenly. Suddenly his face grew dark. "Hell! you're a thief," he panted, and threw the bills to his feet.

"What's the matter with you?" The other man came upright, glaring stupidly.

"These ain't the bills you got. Them's some off our own bat. You've stowed the old girl's goods in your vest and passed me the queer. Come, split or I'll split you!"

The heavier man stooped with unexpected alacrity and gathered up the counterfeit bills.

"Damn!" he cried, hoarsely. Then he threw up his hands. "Search me! I've been picked! Some of the boys must have done the rubes, and they have handed it back to the firm. Search me! Gawd, I ain't no thief!"

A pair of deft hands went rapidly through the pockets of the man with the purple-checked vest, but all of value that they brought to light was a nickel watch, some dice and a trifle in silver change.

"Quick!" commanded the man called Bill, pulling his companion from the entry and explaining his plan as he hurried him down the street in the direction that the country couple had taken. "We're detectives! See? They may be wise that these were green goods, what they passed up to you. We'll scare 'em to dig up the price o' their farm."

But the countryman and his wife were no longer on the street, and the partners turned into Grand Central station, confident that they would find them there. Their search and inquiries, however, were in vain.

While they were searching, several trains drew out of the station, one of them, no doubt, bearing "Hiram and Cynthia" safely back to the farm.

Finally they gave over looking and returned to the street in disgust.

"The lemon's on our Christmas tree this time, Bill," surlily growled the heavier of the pair.

"It ain't no easy-mark joke to lose a hundred, when you're dead broke," rejoined the man called Bill. "Hell, they must have just sold their farm and had the price on 'em. We've missed the big 'bus for Easy street. See!"

His partner drew him into a saloon. "Hallo, Jack," he nodded to the bartender. "Two forgets and sodas."

They drank their whisky and soda in silence, then seating themselves at a card table, fell to studying the frequenters of the saloon, on the look-out for a possible dupe.

About 15 minutes later a young fellow of 20 came through the swinging doors and two-stepped up to the bar.

"Hallo, Jack!" he noisily greeted the bartender. "Haven't seen any of the boys with a gold brick in his vest have you?"

"What's up, sport?" The bartender filled a glass and pushed it towards the young fellow.

The latter drank the liquor and smacked his lips.

"One of the big manufacturing jewelers just lost a \$7,000 gold brick somewhere along this busy end of the old burg. Come out and join the merry throng, hunting for the stuff that nobody but everybody needs."

In less than ten seconds there were only three men remaining in the saloon—the bartender and the two partners seated at the card table.

The bartender dared not leave the cash register unguarded, while the green goods men were too weak in their knees to rise and take part in the search for the lost \$7,000 gold brick, that had slipped through their hands only half an hour before.

More Than an Officer Could Stand. There is a man who served as a special police officer in a suburban town for several years but never made an arrest.

A few days ago the keeper of the lockup was much surprised to have this officer bring in a man in a helpless state of inebriety.

"Why, Bill," said the keeper, "how is this? You have been an officer nine years and this is your first arrest."

"That is true, Dan," said the officer, "I have taken many persons home when intoxicated rather than bring them here, but when a man gets drunk and lies down on the lawn in front of my house and goes to sleep, that's more than I can or will stand."—Boston Herald.

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Jail Soup. A man was sitting on a Park row bench when his companion was overheard to say: "Do you know how they make soup in a Jersey jail?"

"No," said his companion. "Well, they put the water over a stove and let it get hot. Then they hang a leg of meat in the sun. The reflection of the sun on the meat strikes the water and makes soup."—New York Press.

CUB LEADER OUT OF GAME.



Photo by Moffett Studio, Chicago.

Manager Frank Chance of the world's champion Cubs is directing his team for the present from the bench with his shoulder in a plaster cast and his arm in a sling. He will be forced to travel around in this manner for at least three weeks. His shoulder has been paining him for some time and on having an X-ray picture of it taken it was discovered that the end of his shoulder blade had been snapped off. The bone was first broken two years ago, healed imperfectly, and snapped again in a recent collision with another player.

HANDSOME SALARIES PAID TO STARS OF THE DIAMOND

Several Players Drawing Over \$5,000 a Season While Two Receive Twice This Sum.

The plutocrat ball team of the American league, it is declared by a magnate, would be about as follows: Pitcher, Donovan of Detroit, Joss of Cleveland, and Walsh of Chicago, each drawing around \$5,000. The catchers would be Sullivan of Chicago, and Criger of St. Louis, each pulling down about \$4,500. Charles Schmidt, the Detroit catcher, refused to sign this season at that figure. Hal Chase of the Highlanders leads the first basemen, with a pay envelope of \$4,500. Jajoie, of course, leads the second sackers, with his \$7,500. Bobby Wallace of the St. Louis Browns drew \$6,500 for three years during baseball wartimes, and gets close to that figure now. Bill Bradley, the Cleveland third sacker, leads the players of that position with a salary of between \$4,500 and \$5,000.

Cobb, of course, tops the outfielders, with his \$5,000 salary at the age of 22. Sam Crawford, the great slugging center fielder of the Tigers, is the best-paid player in that position this season, drawing close to \$5,000. Matty McIntyre of the Tigers and George Stone of the St. Louis Browns, vie with each other for the honor among the left fielders, each drawing about \$4,500.

In the National league both Manager Frank Chance of the Cubs and Manager John J. McGraw of the New York Giants are reputed to be drawing \$10,000 salaries this year. Chance drew \$7,500 last year. Five of the world's champion Cubs draw between \$4,500 and \$5,000, as follows: Kling, Tinker, Evers, Overall and Brown. Christy Mathewson, the star pitcher of the Giants, draws \$6,000, and Mike Donlin about \$4,500. Leach, third sacker of the Pittsburgh club, draws \$5,000. Lobert, the star third sacker of the Cincinnati Reds pulls down only \$4,000.

Pretty fair salaries, business men will doubtless remark, that these stars of the national game are paid. But what of it? But for the stars the game would be dull and the managers would fail to get the money.

RECEIVER FOR THE REDS.



"Larry" McLean is the mainstay behind the bat for the Cincinnati Reds. He is considered one of the best catchers in the major leagues.

THREE WHITE SOX ARE TRADED FOR A PITCHER

Altrock, Donahue and Cravath Go to Washington in Return for Southpaw Burns.

Pitcher William Burns of the Washington club has been added to the White Sox pitching staff by a trade which gives the Senators Nick Altrock, Jiggs Donahue and Gavy Cravath in exchange for the stalwart sou' paw.

Comiskey began dickering for Burns last fall soon after the trouble which the big pitcher had with Capt. Ganley during the absence of Manager Cantillon on a scouting trip. Washington would listen to no money transaction and any other offer the master of the Sox made was not acceptable while Cantillon demanded in return players with whom Comiskey would not part. The deal should benefit both teams.

Burns was drafted by Cantillon from the Los Angeles team of the Pacific Coast league in the fall of 1907, and was much thought of out there. He won six and lost eleven games with a second division team in Washington last year. He is big and strong and ought to hold his own even in as good a staff as the Sox have.

Altrock came to the White Sox during the season of 1903, being let out at that time by Manager Jimmy Collins of Boston. He made himself solid with Comiskey and the White Sox fans that fall by his work in the 14-game post-season series with the Cubs, and was an element of strength to the team up to and including the season 1906, which he wound up by winning one game from Miner Brown and losing another to the same opponent in the world's series of that year. Since then Altrock has been of little help, although retained in the belief he would regain his form.

Donahue came to Chicago from Milwaukee, in the spring of 1904, and displaced Isbell from first base. Like Altrock Jiggs reached his topnotch form in the season of 1906, and his work during the world's series that fall gained him national reputation as a sensational fielder. He maintained that gait until last year, when an injury in Washington knocked him out and compelled Manager Jones to put Isbell back on first.

Cravath was grabbed by Comiskey out of the waiver mill last winter when the Boston Red Sox attempted to dispose of him by that process. He hit like a house afire on the training trip and for a few games at the start of the season, then fell away as suddenly and unexpectedly.

ONE OF GRIFFITH'S FINDS.



Young Egan, one of Cincinnati's young recruits, is holding down second base. He is making good, hitting the ball hard and fielding the position with all the grace and ability that Huggins ever showed.

THE KING OF SPORTS.



ON CONNIE MACK'S STAFF.



Eddie Plank is one of the veteran pitchers of the Philadelphia Athletics. He is a southpaw with good control and the end of each season finds his name in the list of leading slabmen of the league.

HOW THE TEAMS WERE NICKNAMED.

The following are the reasons for the nicknames of the big league clubs:

Naps?—That's the short of Lajoie's first name, Napoleon.

Highlanders?—The park is on a hill.

Senators?—That's all right for Washington; that's where they hibernated.

Athletics?—Merely a handing down of the old name of the Philadelphia team.

Browns?—Another handing down from the days of Von der Ahe.

Tigers?—Detroit's colors and disposition form the cause.

White Sox?—They wear them.

Red Sox?—Similar reason.

Giants?—Once they were really giants in stature.

Quakers?—They come from the land of Penn.

Cardinals?—Robison is partial to the color.

Cubs?—Once the vets were kicked out for kids and the name stuck.

Superbas and Trolley Dodgers?—Brooklyn dislikes to be known as a suburb and the fans get much practice doing the dodge act.

Pirates?—Once Pittsburg wore black uniforms.

Doves?—Drop the final letter from Dove's name.

Reds?—Always wear bright red trimmings and stockings.

Lives in Mexico.

The American association cannot boast of having a real Mexican player in its fold, but it can lay claim to having a player who is a resident of the sister republic, Jimmy Murray.

The clever little outfielder of the St. Paul club, has been a resident of the City of Mexico for some time, and that is where he goes every winter to live with his mother and sister, who make their home there. Jimmy was unfortunate this spring in having his leg broken in one of the first games played. Manager Mike Kelly of the St. Paul club did not release Jimmy, but placed him in the hospital at St. Paul.

Fraser Sold to New Orleans. Chick Fraser, the veteran spitball pitcher of the Chicago National league club, has been sold by President Murphy of the Cubs to Manager Frank of the New Orleans Pelicans.

Storke Escapes Paying Fine.

Infielder Storke of the Pittsburgh club, reinstated by the national commission, has been without the infliction of a fine for his failure to report to the Pirates when the season opened. Storke's application for reinstatement was accompanied by proofs that he had been given permission to finish his studies in a Pittsburgh law school by the Pirate owners, and that it would have been a hardship for him to leave school on April 14.

Origin of Delayed Steal.

The delayed steal is one of the modern wrinkles of baseball, though some old-timer may come along and tell how it was tried years and years ago. The New York Nationals first worked it several seasons back and Sammy Strang was its originator. McGraw improved on it and developed it for use with a man on first and one on third.