

# THE BULL BAITERS—A Hard-Boiled Umpire and a Girl in Blue—By Gerald Beaumont

Bull was the monarch of all he surveyed. Tough as they make 'em—Chief Umpire of the Umpire, an iron rod as such. Twice by the Irish and once by the Dutch. —Balladeer of Brick McGovern.

"ONE false move!" implored Peewee. "One false move—that's all I ask! One false move and I crown you!"

Feet kicking up the dust, fists clotted, and jaws working overtime, Umpire Bull Peewee and Third Base-man Peewee Patterson were breathing each other pigeon-fashion, and backing around in a wary circle.

They each let go a right at the same moment, and Peewee, who had once seen service in the ring, beat his opponent to the punch, following it up with a left that reached the same target.

Bull staggered back, recovered himself and returned to the attack head down. In the interest of peace and dignity, Manager Brick McGovern and some of the more respectable players interfered.

Usually pugilistic encounters on the ball field have little significance and are forgotten in a day or two. But this fracas was different.

FROM the viewpoint of the ball players there is no such thing as a good umpire. They are all bad and some are a little worse than others.

Clubhouse opinion was unanimous in organized base ball. Not that Bull didn't know his business; that was the awful part of it! Bull had won in the majors, and had even worked three times in a world's series.

But, of all the self-satisfied, truculent, sarcastic, bright-loving and murder-inspiring umpires that ever bellowed through a muzzle, Bull Peewee was the thrice-crowned king!

Proudly he admitted the charge, and dared the world to make him other wise. Therein lay the perpetual cause belli.

The crowd roared him, of course, but this was a mistake; it only encouraged the man. Bull got as much joy out of irritating the audience behind the wire netting as a small boy does in poking sticks through the bars of the circus cages.

Oh, Bull was really an awful thing, and he pursued the even tenor of his way, until Peewee Patterson, in sheer defense, convoked a board of strategy in the clubhouse one afternoon.

"Now, get me right," said Patterson. "I'm naturally peaceful. I ain't lookin' for trouble, but when any big 'umbo sticks his nose between my teeth he's going to lose it; that's all!"

This declaration of principles was approved by the strategists.

"But we got to use the old head on this guy," warned Rube Ferguson, co-conspirer. "We got to work on his ego. My idea is to get something like—"

the crowd after a ball game—at least umpire Bull Peewee. He was peevish and to behold, here had come the letter! Oh, wonder of wonders!

He dipped his pen in ink and undertook the reply with painful earnestness.

"My dear young lady: "Your valued letter received and contents noted."

He studied over that for a moment, tore it up, and tried again. "Dear Sweetie!"

That was awful. He scratched it out hurriedly, his face the color of a beet. Some one sat down at the desk opposite him. He frowned, gathered up paper, pen and ink and retired to the seclusion of his room.

By mid-night the floor was littered with crumpled paper, but he had managed to break through the formidable barrier of an opening paragraph. Once started, he wrote at length.

Bull paused and wiped his ink-stained fingers on his trousers. His face took on a blank expression. Maybe the girl he was thinking about and the one who had written the letter were not the same person.

He considered this possibility with dismay, laid aside everything he had penned and wrote this: "Dear Miss Admiree: "Your letter is O. K. with me. Whereabouts do you sit?"

Yours truly, "James P. Peewee."

Then he went to bed.

TWO days later, Peewee Patterson, wild with joy, showed up at morning practice and handed a letter in the face of the board of strategy.

"Hooked him!" he crowed. "The big fish fell for it!" "Dear Miss Admiree—where do you sit?"

They snatched at the letter, feasted their eyes on it, passed it around, and banged each other on the back, whooping triumphantly.

"What a pig!" "Well, the big bull fathead!" "What d'ye know? I guess that ain't speakin' him, huh?"

Rube Ferguson, first to calm down, looked up from the letter, a little puzzled.

"Well," he demanded, "where does she sit?"

The others looked at Peewee. Patterson met the question promptly.



ARTHUR WILLIAM BRON

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pink roses to her breast? Why should she, kimono-clad, sit so long that night repeating over and over again:

"He's just seen me sitting there, body look up there, or you'll get it. Wait a minute, Bull!"

He didn't know about the catcher. He doesn't! He doesn't! And I don't want to live—I don't!

AL if Bull only had sense enough to ask Toole-woolie for the exact address! Instead his next letter went to Box 341, where it was extracted by Miss Dorothy Patterson in Portland, according to instructions.

"I was an awful boob all right, not to have recognized you before this, but everything is O. K. now."

"How were they to know that Bull Peewee had eyes for only one person in the whole audience, and that she was at least fifty feet from where the gorgeously arrayed Lefty Carroll was waving one of Miss Dorothy Patterson's very best handkerchiefs?"

"So you trailed her all right, did you, lad. You're a grand boy. And where does she live?"

"Boarding house on 64th street," said Toole-woolie. "I got her name from the grocer on the corner. I asked him if the girl was on crutches."

"Sure, she's a cripple—didn't you know that? She can't walk no better than I could before I went to the hospital. I guess that's why she comes over to the park before she gets up."

Her name is O'Donnell; didn't get the first name—say, what's the matter?"

Bull Peewee's jaws were opening and closing spasmodically. His mind was trying to adjust itself to the flood waters of memory. He sank into a chair.

"If that wouldn't knock you kickin'!" he breathed. "It's Jim's daughter, sure enough—the little Doris grown up. That explains everything. I remember now; she was hurt in the same train wreck that killed him."

"Fair enough," said Toole-woolie. "Half a dollar plus car fare."

The fee was paid promptly, and they separated. Peewee to race madly for a train that would carry him seven hundred miles away from the boarding house where a frail girl on crutches feasted her eyes that night on the most wonderful bouquet she had ever seen, and listened to the absurd message delivered dutifully by the son of Big Bill Kerrigan.

Don't look at me," protested Peewee. "We was all in on it. What I should Miss Doris O'Donnell, in the seclusion of her shabby room, crush

winded off on to little Sweetie! You fellows know who he's talking about. It's that little Jane that sits over by first base. The one we call Sweetie. She ain't on crutches!"

"Yes, she is; I seen her on the street the other day, and she's a mighty nice little girl. Lefty, where did you sit that day?"

"Don't try to start nothin' with me, growled Lefty. 'I sat just where you told me—to the right of the plate. I come down the aisle and swing over toward third base—"

"First base," shrieked Peewee. "That's the right-hand side."

"No, it ain't," snarled Lefty. "Not the way pitchers look at it, it ain't. And don't an umpire face the stands the same way. I doped it out, and I'll bust you one right on the—"

"Oh," moaned Patterson. "That letter was supposed to be from a girl, not an umpire or a pitcher! I ask you a simple question. Did you ever see a left-handed pitcher wasn't a catcher?"

Truck Darrow banged a heavy fist on the ground. "Oh, no, you ain't! You ain't through by a long ways. You go to Bull Peewee!"

"Yeah, you! Wasn't it your bright idea to shtk the hooks into him? Well, you got 'em in; now let's see you get 'em out."

"I can't find any trace of her. No one seems to know her address. The others say they haven't seen her since the Sunday afternoon when we did that foolish thing. Did you know she was the daughter of a very famous umpire? No wonder she took so much interest in the game. It seems perfectly dreadful to think of a girl on crutches sitting there day after day watching you boys so full of life and health!"

"You don't suppose anything could have happened to her? Some one told me she looked terribly frail. It doesn't seem anything further I can do, telegraph at once."

"That letter left its recipients panic-stricken."

"Didn't Bull say he got her address off a kid, and sent her some flowers?" asked Rube Ferguson. "The thing to do now is to get the address off Bull."

Peewee shook his head. "How you going to do that? Bull's in Portland, and, anyway, you couldn't get the address out of him in a million years. He's all broke up; he's through! If we let on that she don't go to the games no more, that will hurt him worse than ever."

"Peewee's right," said Lefty. "Next week we play at home, and Bull will be there, too. We can look him over and see whether he's got the old pep back, and if he ain't—why, we'll have to go out and do a little gum-shoe work. Some of these club officials ought to know her."

THE days passed uneventfully. The teams returned to the St. Clair grounds. Bull Peewee's assignment sent him to the same place. They were very much shocked when they beheld him.

"He ought to lay off," opined Ferguson. "The old boy ain't there—no life, no pep. Seems like he was ten years old. I seen him lookin' up at the stands a little while ago. He sees the girl in the old seat."

"Maybe she's sittin' somewhere else," Peewee suggested. "All of us oughta give the crowd the once-over."

They tried to follow out this idea, but all they succeeded in doing was to lose the game, and Brick McGovern was driven to vigorous protests.

Their efforts at slouching were just as unproductive. Then one Sunday afternoon, in the last game of the series, the drama climaxed swiftly.

Bull Peewee was umpiring on the stands and all through the game certain players were aware that his condition was very bad.

"What do you figure that guy is doing?" asked Ferguson. "Wednesday, he was lookin' pretty good. I thought everything was jake again. He was kiddin' with me, and seemed to have all his pep back. Yesterday he looked bad, but this afternoon he's white as a ghost. Brick was tellin' me that Bull tried to beg off workin', but on account of his partner being new, they wouldn't stand for it. I tell you, he's weak as a cat!"

"It's the heat," said Peewee. "All them fleshy guys suffer in the heat." "Ye-ah, but this one ain't even sweatin'. You watch Bull tryin' to cut across the diamond on a play at third. He runs like he was drunk. I wonder if he's hittin' the old bunk!"

"He's callin' the plays too good for turn. Bull Peewee just managed to finish on his feet—and that was all. Then, the game over, the King of Umpire took a few uncertain steps toward his dressing room, swayed a moment, and pitched forward on the grass. When they got to his side, he was in a cold faint."

Ferguson, Peewee, Lefty and Brick McGovern helped to carry him into the seclusion of the little room under the stands. They shooshed the other players away.

"We know what's wrong," murmured Peewee. "Ain't that all? Get away!"

By diet of vigorous massage and liberal applications of cold water they restored Bull to consciousness.

"Bull," brought Peewee, kneeling by his side, "you got me scared out of my wits. Don't take it so hard, man! We been lookin' for her to try and do things all jake. Just you tell us where she lives and we'll square it all up—you won't have to do nothin'."

Bull Peewee's lips curved in an odd smile. "She's in the hospital," he whispered. "That's the trouble; that's how I come to blow out like that."

"In the hospital?" cried Lefty. "Gee, what's the trouble, Bull? She ain't bad off, is she?"

PEEWEE propped himself into a sitting posture with their help. He spoke slowly:

"No, she ain't bad off now. She's going to come out all right, and she's going to get married—to a big bum."

"Gee!" said Peewee. "Ain't that all ways the way? I ask you a simple question. Did you ever see a girl get that didn't all for a fathead?"

"Tis a queer story," Feeny explained. "This little girl, you mind, was a cripple. Same trouble as Bill Kerrigan's kid. She was interested in the big bum, but not a bit would she encourage him till she finds out whether an operation will help her to walk. So she goes to the hospital and falls for one of them bone grafts. Operation is successful, but when she forms she calls this big bum by name until Doc decides to send for him, and ask him what's the big idea. The fellow's explanation makes everything O. K., but the little girl is so weak that they see she ain't going to pull through."

"I thought you said she was going to be married," Peewee protested.

The King of the Umpires grinned up at them. The color was coming back to his cheeks.

"So I did," he assented. "I was callin' the play the way it looked to me. She ain't going to walk—that is, she'll be able to walk with the aid of the fathead. You see, he didn't get much to offer her, but he had always lived clean, and he was built husky. There was one thing he could give her, and the doctor said 'twould save her—"

"What was that?" they demanded. "Blood," he answered, "a quart of it, and every drop of it straight from the heart. Lift me up, you birds, and I promise her I'd be back right after the game!"

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## Sold for a Song

Two of the Greatest Musical Successes of Recent Years Netted the Composers Practically Nothing, the Publishers Very Little—Vaudeville Performers Who Sang Them and Phonograph Record Manufacturers Reaped the Big Royalties.

BY CHARLES KINGSLEY. It is an axiom among Broadway song writers and composers that whenever they hear a good verse or a good tune they go home and write it. For it is a fact that almost every big "song hit" can be traced to some earlier original. Many successful composers have "niggers" as "ghosts" are called in Tin Pan alley—and every now and then, especially when there is a lull in a popular song is shown to have had a very humble origin. The readers of this paper will recall the story behind "Dardanella," that amazingly popular tune of a few seasons back which was bought by Fred Fischer for \$100. It made thousands of dollars for its publisher and resulted in litigation that lasted for many months. At the present time a song that was bought for \$50 has earned thousands for its lucky purchaser.

Some months ago Bryan Foy, a son of Eddie Foy, the comedian, wrote a song called "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean" for Ed Gallagher and Al Shean, two well known vaudeville performers. The song set forth several old jokes in rhyme, part of each verse being recited by "Mr. Gallagher," part by "Mr. Shean." It had a familiar, but ingratiatingly little "hook" and the two vaudevillians willingly parted with \$50 of their hard-earned money for it. At that time they received less than \$500 a week for their "talking act," and \$50 seemed like a considerable sum to them.

They tried to follow out this idea, but all they succeeded in doing was to lose the game, and Brick McGovern was driven to vigorous protests.

SHORTLY afterward Messrs. Gallagher and Shean tried the act as part of their vaudeville act. In the language of the audience, seemingly they did not get enough of it, with the result that the two performers wrote several additional verses. In short the song became their entire act. And their popularity became so great that they were soon elevated to "headliners," and their salary was advanced to \$600, later to \$750 and finally to \$1,000 a week. On numerous occasions they played in two Keith theaters the same week—filling both to capacity. Audiences of all classes "ate it up."

So it did not come as a surprise when Flo Ziegfeld announced their appearance in his new Follies. He had to give them a contract calling for \$1,500 a week to obtain their services, an other "act" in the Follies is simply a repetition of the "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean" song.

All this wouldn't have been so unusual—for many performers have been made by a single song—but

Messrs. Gallagher and Shean placed their song (theirs in the sense that they had bought it) with a Broadway music publisher. Just what advance he gave them is not known, but he evidently didn't think very much of the song from a selling standpoint for the reason that he agreed that Messrs. Gallagher and Shean would receive any and all of the mechanical royalties resulting from it in addition to the usual author's royalties. Having written new verses, the two vaudevillians automatically became "authors" as well.

As luck would have it, the song became a sensational mechanical hit. That is, instead of selling as sheet music it became a dance hit. And the various "mechanical" companies which put out disks of it soon found themselves unable to supply the demand, with the result that weekly royalties running into the hundreds of dollars have been piling up for "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean." Mr. Music Publisher took his loss philosophically and, like a good sport, has made the best of a bad bargain.

But Bryan Foy, who is out in Hollywood, is not of the same philosophical "mind." He claims that he not only sold the "performing rights" of the song for \$50 and that he has a just claim to at least a share of the royalties from the sale of the musical score.

WHILE the royalties from the canned music are tied up by injunction, Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean will continue to draw \$1,500 weekly from their lucky purchase.

There was an echo of "Dardanella" some weeks ago, when Fred Fischer, its publisher, who had bought it for \$100, sued Jerome D. Kerns, the composer, and Harms, Inc., the publisher of "Ka-lu-a," claiming that the pseudo-Hawaiian melody has the same base as "Dardanella." Mr. Fischer wants \$10,000 because of the alleged similarity. Mr. Kerns asserts that the "base" movement was used by Brahms and Beethoven long before "Dardanella" was dreamed of and that it is the originality of the melody that counts. But, of course the court will have to decide this question when the case comes up for trial.

The unfortunate side to the original successes is the fact that the song authors and composers received but a few dollars for the biggest money-makers in recent years. But the song-writing game is one of the biggest gambles on Broadway, and in many games of chance, one loses even when one wins.