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The top you can always keep clean.

New Taylor Oil Cook Stoves

Two, Three and Four Burners.

The stove with the High Speed Lorain Burner.

Ask to see one in action.

JOHN BARTLEY

Chestertown, Maryland.

THE HITLESS WONDER

By E. A. SWOYER

(© by Short Story Pub. Co.)

A star fielder of a champion baseball team is a miserable performer at the bat. He faces banishment to the "bushes" on the eve of his marriage because of this weakness. A hit in an important game will save him to the fleshpots of big league playing.

"RED" HOFFMAN customarily finished the season with a fielding percentage of .998 or thereabouts, and a batting average having .173 as a maximum—figures which influenced in exact ratio his connection with the pay roll of the Tigers, and his place in the affections of the redoubtable John McGuckin, manager of that sterling band of athletes.

In fact, as McGuckin said, "Red" put more gray in his hair than did all his other troubles combined, and it was rumored among the members of the club that the manager always kept two unsigned papers in his pocket—one being a release for the outfielder, to be used when that worthy "fanned" more than three times in one game, and the other a check for bonus dues whenever "Red" saved a game by picking a drive off the right-field fence.

But "Red" was lucky; season after season passed without seeing his separation from the pay check, and whenever the harassed manager felt that he had due and just cause for applying his John Hancock to the papers that would send "Red" to Kalamazoo or to Oshkosh, that gentleman would render the process null and void by pulling off some sensational fielding stunt.

Finally, however, luck deserted him—and, as luck will, at a most inconvenient time. The "Hitless Wonder" was in love with a lady whom only the salary of a big leaguer could support in the style to which she was willing to become accustomed, and by the irony of fate the prospective bridegroom was never nearer transfer, bag and baggage, to the most insignificant of the minors. Nevertheless, by doing the impossible in the field, and by daring cunning on the paths, on the few occasions when some pitcher's liberality got him on the bases, "Red" managed to hang on to almost the close of the season—a time when, with the Tigers well up in the first division, visions of prize money and the fat pickings of post-season games tickled his vision.

Then the blow fell, in the shape of a summons to the manager's office—a sanctum which "Red" entered with dire forebodings, to find McGuckin engaged in the careful perusal of a familiar-looking paper.

"Hoffman, you're a Class A fielder, but you couldn't spank a whitewashed elephant with a barn door—not even if some one held the elephant! So—I guess it's yours for the Alfalfa league and the uncut timber, Danny. I'm sorry."

Hoffman shifted from one foot to the other, and twiddled his hat nervously.

"How about another chance, Mac?" he blurted. "I got particular reasons for wanting to stay awhile longer—and I really ain't so bad when I get on base, am I?"

"No kick there, Danny—but you don't ever get on!" McGuckin fiddled the document absently for a moment, then turned sharply towards his fielder.

"Still it's pretty near the end of the season—tell you what I'll do, Danny; we'll let tomorrow's game decide it. If you make a hit or a run, or if you drive in a run, you stay with the Tigers—the rest of the year, anyway. If you don't—well, I don't care if you chase a fly clear up the top bench of the bleachers, you'll be canned. Put that in your pipe!"

"Red's" grin extended from ear to ear. "You're on, Mac!" he chirped. "Hit, run, or Oshkosh—that's me!" And, with a military salute, he whirled out of the office.

His cheerfulness stayed with him through to the next day, nor was he discouraged one whit by his knowledge that to hold his job he would have to perform a feat that he had accomplished so rarely that a safe hit was an event which provoked comments on the part of his team mates. He even stepped up to the plate with a jaunty air and a confident expression, which so surprised the pitcher that he handed "Red" three wide ones before he settled down and struck him out.

The next time Hoffman came up was in the third; he improved the occasion by swinging viciously at the first ball pitched, with a result entirely out of proportion to his effort, for the sphere rose in a gentle curve and settled with a dull "tunk" into the first baseman's mitt. Poor "Red"—this was his nearest approach to making good, for in two more times at bat he struck out, once on three pitched balls.

McGuckin seethed on the bench, for this was an important game; both twirlers were pitching air-tight ball, and the score was tied. So the ninth inning began, with the Tigers in the field; Hutchings, pitching like a machine, mowed down the first two Bronchos—and the next man up met the ball squarely on the A. G. Spalding, with a full swing of his powerful arms.

At the crack of the bat Danny put down his head and dug in his toes in a wild race to the fence—he had heard that sound before and knew what it meant. As he ran, he glanced once over his shoulder, and then ran harder than before, for the ball was tagged "Home Run" as plainly as a label on a crate of drygoods. As he neared the fence, he took one more look—then sprang into the air, half turning as he did so. With a crash that might have been heard in the stands, he struck the fence, then fell in a heap at its foot—but clasped in his bare hand was the ball, and the score was still tied!

Before the nearest players could get to him "Red" sprang to his feet and trotted in amid a storm of applause that rocked the stands; to this he turned a deaf ear, for it was an accustomed thing—besides, the same voices had yelled hoots and cat-calls when he had struck out in earlier innings, as is the way with crowds. More than that, he was bruised and sore from head to foot—and he was the first man to face the pitcher, with the necessity before him of making a hit or a run, or else losing his job.

To give himself more time to pull together, he trotted in very slowly, dropping to a walk as he neared the first-base line—the Broncho guardian of that sack having tossed his mitt to the ground, according to custom, and then made his way to the bench. "Red" almost stepped on his glove which he picked up, and then tossed a trifle farther from the base line—and no one but his manager noted that he held it for a trifle longer than seemed necessary.

"Play ball!" yelled the umpire, and "Red" stepped slowly to the plate, while the big Broncho pitcher wound himself into fearful contortions and grinned happily at the prospect of starting the inning with a strike-out. Perhaps he was careless, or it may have been due to "Red's" desperation, but the batter made a mighty swipe at the first ball pitched, connected fairly and was on his way to first like a scared rabbit!

"Red's" hard luck had not deserted him, however, for his drive was straight at the Broncho shortstop, who made a beautiful pickup, and lined the ball to first with all the strength of a willing arm. The baseman, seeing Danny coming like a racehorse, but still some yards away, smirked gleefully as he reached for the perfectly thrown ball, which settled with a hollow "tunk" into his waiting mitt—and then, with a yell of pain, he dropped the ball!

It seemed almost as if Hoffman had been expecting something of the sort, for without slackening speed he rounded first and set full sail for second—a fact which the astonished baseman, still looking with wonder at his mitt, in a vain endeavor to account for the dropped ball, did not realize until the yells of the crowd woke him up. Stooping quickly, he snatched the ball, juggled it for a moment—and then threw it some ten feet over the second baseman's head!

By the time that the left fielder had retrieved the ball, Danny was on third—or rather sailing past third, at a mile-a-second clip. The left fielder took one look at the runner, decided that no relayed toss to the second baseman could catch him, and attempted the long throw home.

It was a beautiful effort: the ball shot almost on a line from deep left to the catcher's mitt. When "Red" was still twenty feet from home the catcher was all set to receive the ball, and every man in the bleachers and grandstand was on his feet, frantically yelling "Slide! Slide!"

So Danny did! A streak of dust, starting some ten feet up the path, and terminating in a tangled mass of arms and legs at the plate, marked the attempt, with players and umpire obscured by a yellow cloud.

Then, from out of the confusion, sounded the umpire's voice.

"S-a-a-f-e!" he yelled—and the game was over, with "Red's" run winning for the Tigers.

Barely had McGuckin gotten to his office when "Red's" grinning face projected itself around the corner of the door, and his lanky form ensconced itself into the manager's other chair.

Without a word the manager reached into his desk, pulled the blank release out of a pigeon hole and dropped it into the waste basket. Drawing his checkbook towards him, and with fountain pen poised, he looked sharply at the fielder.

"What I said yesterday goes, Danny!" he announced. "Also, you've got a little bonus coming to you for that catch against the fence—but you don't get it till you tell me what happened to that first baseman!"

"Red" twiddled his hat and looked at the ceiling.

"Well, Mac," he drawled, "you just suppose that somebody stuck a needle into the palm of that baseman's mitt so's it was out o' sight, but not quite goin' through on the other side. He'd be some surprised when he went to catch a swift throw, wouldn't he?"

For a moment player and manager gazed understandingly at one another, and a wide grin spread over the features of each. Still grinning, McGuckin began to fill out "Red's" check.

"What'll we call this, Danny?" he chuckled—"bonus or wedding present?"

"Better make it enough for both, Mac dear!" answered "Red," brazenly.

Mount Etna on Radio

The roar of the next eruption of the volcano Etna will be heard all over Europe, and possibly in America as well, if the new radio station established on the rim of its crater functions properly. Signor G. Marconi, the pioneer of wireless communication, has erected a 300-foot tower to bear the antenna, and is now waiting for the volcano to break its silence.

Subscript To The Chestertown Transcript $1.50

ROCK HALL

Rural Route No. 1 has been assigned to Jesse Downey who will take official charge Monday morning.

The operetta, "Love Pirates of Hawaii," was given Tuesday night in the Junior Order Hall by pupils of the High School.

Mrs. Moritz Fielitz fell at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Leo Droll, and broke an arm. She bas taken to Baltimore Saturday where an X-ray was taken of the fracture.

Mr. J. W. Joiner, who has been quite sick for several months, is not so well at present.

Mrs. Newton Downey is quite sick of double pneumonia.

Mr. Clay Hadaway and son, Warren were visitors in Baltimore Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Thompson, of Still Pond, and Mr. and Mrs. John Kendall were Sunday dinner guests of Mr. and Mrs. Emory Hogans.

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd Stevens were week-end guest of the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Stevens.

Mr. and Mrs. Mark Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Bringman, James and Catherine Bringham and Mr. Daniel McKee, of Chestertown, were guests Sunday of Mr. and Mrs. Reuben Rodney.

Mr. Orin Downey has returned to Rock Hall from Washington.

Miss Francis Orr spent the week-end with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Price Orr, and Miss Virginia Thompson was also home with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thompson.

Mrs. Bartus Carter and daughter, Mrs. John Kendall, spent a couple of days in Baltimore last week.

STILL POND

Miss Lucille Parr spent several days this week with her brother in Baltimore.

Mr. Herbert Jervis, of Wilmington, spent the past week-end at his home near town.

Mrs. Wilson Smith and daughter, Miss Marion Smith, of Philadelphia., spent the week-end with Mr. and Mrs. Carl Norris.

Come out to the grange meeting on Tuesday evening, March 3rd. The newly elected officers will be installed.

Miss Rachel Parrott has returned home after spending some time at Cambridge, Md.

Miss Bertha Cooper spent the past week-end with her aunt, Miss Sophie Miller.

The Pan Cake Social held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Price on Tuesday evening, was well attended and a jolly evening spent.

—Fire of unknown origin discovered about midnight on Tuesday, destroyed the home of the Phillips family about two miles west of North East, with its contents. The family had been absent for several days.

FERTILIZER

Large stock in our warerouses at Betterton, for immediate use.

(For all crops)

No delay. Wagons loaded as soon as they arive.

LUMBER AND BUILDING MATERIALS

Just received a carload of Southern Cypress, which includes Fencing, Gate Slats, Siding, Rab Boards, Dressed Lumber, etc. If you want Cypress we have it.

Our store opens at 7 a. m. and closes at 8 p. m.

TURNER & SON,

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All prescriptions accurately and reliably compounded.

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I am prepared to buy your live stock such as

Calves, Lambs, Sheep, Poultry, Pigs, Etc.,

for which I will pay the highest cash market price. See me before selling.

I. HELLER,

Phone 17 Chestertown, Md.

ANOUNCEMENT.

Thomas F. Healey, wishes to announce to his many friends and clients that he will return to Chestertown, Md. on or about December first to resume the general practise of the law, and that his office will be located in the Copeland Building, Cross and Park Row.

THOMAS F. HEALEY.

The Transcript $1.50

TRUSLOW'S

BABY CHICKS

Now is the time to place your orders for Baby Chicks. By getting your chicks from Truslow you are sure f getting good, strong, vigorous hatched chicks that are very easy to raise.

We Sell the Following Breeds:

White and Brown Leghorns, Anconas, Black Minorcas, Barred, White and Buff Plymouth Rocks, R. I. Reds, White Wyndottes, Black Giants.

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We can set a good many eggs, but it is always best to engage space as far ahead as possible. Trays hold 180 eggs. Price $5.40 per tray for eggs set Feb., May and June.

$6.40" " " " " " March and April.

Write for Catalogue and Price List.

TRUSLOW POULTRY FARM,

Chestertown, Maryland.

Early Chicks Pay The Best

While it pays to raise chickens from January to September, the early chickens are the money-makers. The broilers go on a higher market and the pullets lay when eggs are high.

We put in our FIRST HATCH MONDAY, JANUARY 12, for both Custom Hatching and Day-Old Chicks. A hatch every week from January 12 until fall.

CHIX OF HIGHEST QUALITY

All our chix will be of the very highest quality, from free-range, purebred stock. We will have the following varieties: S. C. White Leghorns, Brown Leghorns, Barred, Buff and White Rocks, White Wyandottes, S. C. Rhode Island Reds, Blacks Giants (higher).

(All the above breeds for $15 per 100, excepts Giants). 100% delivery guaranteed.

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We spare no pains to give our customers who bring Custom Hatching GOOD HATCHES and GOOD CHICKS. Have your Custom Hatching Done Early.

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AT A PROFIT

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WE ARE READY FOR YOUR 1925 TRADE.

Our assortment of Nuts, Candies and Fruits are of the best quality, and our prices cheapest.

SPECIALS IN DRY GOODS

Amoskeag Apron Ginghams	12½c yd.
Fast Color Dress Ginghams	18c "
Hill Muslin	19c "
Heavy Outing Flannel, solid colors	22c "
Silk Stripe Madras	35c "
Shirting Percale, fast colors	22c "

A large lot of Ladies' Shoes at one-half price to clean out stock.

Ball Band and Goodrich Boots, in Short, Three-quarter and Hip. Rubber Shoes for the whole family.

Men's and Boys' Heavy Pants and Coats, made by Sweet-Orr & Co.

Floor Coverings in Congoleum, Matting and Woolen Fibre Rugs.

Cook Stoves, Ranges and Airtight Heaters in stock.

GROCERY SPECIALS

Seeded and Seedless Raisins	12½c lb.
Currants	22c "
Citron	55c "
Mixed Nuts	20c "
Six Velvet Soap	25c
Six P&G White Naptha Soap	30c

Will take Chickens and Eggs in trade.

T. H. M. BRAMBLE, Fairlee, Md.

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