

various weird sounds at me. But I knew I should not pay any attention to them. I had to keep my eye on that ball, and make a clean hit. That was my ambition.

I remember seeing the ball coming. It looked as if it was nowhere near me. I can remember also that I had decided to let it go by, thinking it would be a « Ball ». And that is all I can remember.

I awoke in the club house and felt a beautiful bruise just between my eyes. My head was a whirl of noises. In my ears was ringing a sound of many voices, and thought I distinguished a cry « Walk ». I asked my friend what had happened.

He explained that the Pitcher pitched a beautiful « in-curve » which unfortunately caught me between the eyes. I did not drop immediately, but stood upright for a few seconds. And the crowd *did* yell at me « Walk ! » He hoped I had fully recovered. I had had tough luck, he said.

Yes, I was out of luck. My souvenir of Baseball will stay with me forever. And forever will I remember a Baseball crowd—that strange mass of excited beings, intent on a voluble expression of personal hatred or love for each Player, whose hoarse cries can only be drowned by the ever present marvel of a Baseball field—the youngster with the untiring voice yelling « Chocolates, Chewing Gum, Cigarettes. »

CRICKETER.

A Patriotic Garden Plot.

« Hoe, we're called up », said the gallant spade,
« In the country we've got a stake ;
And I'm a loyal and staunch old blade,
Though my Brother's a bit of a rake ».

The patriotic potato cries :
« Eyes right, and the day is ours »
Poor Lily picks up her skirts and flies,
For we only grow cauliflowers.

Where tulips flaunted it yesterday
The modest young turnip grows,
Instead of a crimson Rambler gay,
You'll find just a cabbage rose.