

BASEBALL.

PATIENTS DEFEAT STAFF IN A TWO INNINGS GAME.

Playing in a gentle downpour of Buxton rain the staff baseball team went down to defeat in the first big ball game of the season on Thursday afternoon by a score of 5 to 9. From the time that Major Guest, Officer Commanding the hospital, opened the game by throwing the first ball straight across the plate till the last man was retired the contest was featured by sensational stunts and bonehead plays while more than a thousand ardent fans and fanettes with raised umbrellas cheered themselves hoarse. The game reached its climax when the last cripple limped across the pan at the conclusion of the third innings, and Sergeant-Major Carpenter called the game—wet grounds. Buxton citizens had been given their first taste of baseball.

The game was played for the benefit of the Buxton and District Cottage Hospital, and while no admission was charged a collection was taken at the grounds which realised £12 8s. 10d. After all expenses were deducted a cheque for £10 was forwarded to the hospital.

The staff of this fair institution went to bat first and Sergeant Granecome was the first man to bat. He refused to attempt Major Guest's offering and kept right on refusing when Moulds took up the burden. As a result he was called out on three good ones. Moulds for the lame ones had the nurses and rubbers feeding out of his hand, and the only score in the first stanza came as a result of miscues.

When the patients faced Corpl. Bailey the scene was changed. The Corporal, when he could locate the plate, was hammered to all corners of the lot. The patients were sadly hampered without their canes, but they managed to chase seven of their number around the circuit before they were finally retired.

And when they took the field rain and their exertions had stiffened their old rheumatic joints to such an extent that they allowed the staff to tally twice.

The feature of the game to this period was a beautiful running catch in centre field by Harold Guest, the youngest player of the lot. This boy's batting also figured in the scoring.

Corpl. Bailey retired from the firing line at the end of the first innings, to be succeeded by Gilling. Gilling was about as wild as he could be and live, and issued passes as recklessly as a moving picture magnate does to wounded soldiers. At that those slugging invalids only garnered two tallies off the substitute pitcher. Corpl. Cummings officiated behind the bat for the staff, while Murphy held the assortment of curves dished up by Moulds. The base running of both teams was daring enough to keep the crowd on edge. Those who did not know the game were kept posted by Sergeant-Major Carpenter, and if they were startled by the constant rapid fire talk by the players they certainly enjoyed it, and even a Buxton rain could not dampen the spirits of that crowd.

PLEASE TELL US.

Who were the three patients who undertook to take home three young ladies and were unable to find their way back to the hospital. Who paid for the telegram sent from a nearby village to the O.C. to acquaint him of their predicament?

How many patients are single men while on the "slopes," and married when in the hospital?

Who is THE great attraction on the slopes, anyway?

Why Sergeant Scott looked so disappointed last Tuesday, and why he is so anxious around mail time.

Who is the sergeant who walks very sprightly when seen down town with a young lady, but is very, very lame when he hears the hospital?

Why most of the old bucks among the N.C.O.'s have a distinct preference for chicken?

Why it is that most of the patients who can sing will not, and those who cannot may be heard almost any hour of the day or night?

Is it proper to salute an officer when he has a lovely piece of femininity on each arm?

Why the big majority of the patients can beat it "on the double" when they hear "Come to the cookhouse door?"

Where Sergt. Bob's aldermanic "front" has gone?

When Archie is going to settle down with one girl—at a time?

When he is going to give us another concert?

Who sent the wrong letter to his wife?

What she said?

What the attraction is which causes Strothers to walk seven miles in a rainstorm and leaves a cheerful grin on his face when he returns?

If Corpl. Jim usually spells Nell with a capital H when he's peeved?

How Two-bit Bill likes his inoculation?

Whether the Bristol postmaster has enjoyed the relief of Ernie's pass and what he will think when the "Bristol Returns" start again?

What the patient in "A" Ward said when he discovered that he had taken a dose of hair oil instead of Castor Oil?

And what he is going to do when the hair starts to grow?

Why K. C. Byfield looks so thin and worried?

When the sun is going to shine on Buxton?

When "Jack" is going to give us some hot water?

What is wrong with the elevator (proper English) "lift?"

When the war will be??? (We haven't the nerve to finish it.)

Who would have won the game if—?

When we are going to have another?

How R. S. M. Carpenter (W.O.) manages to retain his cheerful grin in spite of "Buxton sunshine?"

**RHYME, ROT,
AND REASON.**

By G. T. DUNCAN.

WHEN I GET BACK TO CANADA.

When I get back to Canada
I'll settle down for life,
But first I'll try to coax some girl
To be my little wife,
Who'll cook me all the nice things
That we don't get over here,
And when I want to take a bath
'Twill be in lager beer.

I never wish to taste again
A piece of bully beef,
That I have had enough of jam
For life is my belief;
I want to live on puddings, cakes,
And every kind of pie,
And porterhouse and sirloin steak,
Until the day I die.

I never want to hear again
A bugle or a drum,
Or see a suit of khaki,
Tho' my clothes be on the bum;
I never wish to raise again
My hand in a salute,
Or put the puttees on again
Or wear an army boot.

And should another war break out
And men are asked to fight,
They needn't look for me at all
For I won't be in sight;
I'd rather be a slacker
Than with the heroes—dead—
So I'll be safely with the cat
Beneath my mother's bed.

Visitor: "Is the C.O. in?"
Police Sergeant at door: "Commanding Officer or Conscientious Objector, sir?"

The M.O. comes round Ice a day
2 C how U may B,
And then B 4 U turn around
Along comes the O.C.
And if U're room is not O.K.,
Or slackness he can C
'Tis like as not he'll give U L,
Likewise 10 days C.B.

I saw an ad. the other day
That fairly made me stare;
It read (don't scoff)

**JUST ONE-THIRD OFF
ON MUSLIN UNDERWEAR.**

It grieves me very sore to think
That I am such a mutt,
But I can't see
For the life of me
Where they'll start to make the cut.

J. H. DALE, EST. 1845.

F.R.H.S.

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