

## Baseball Through English Eyes.

(“Giddy” in London “Daily Herald.”)

Having spent a quite Sunday afternoon at Stamford Bridge amid a crowd of sun-grinding, but otherwise well-conducted American citizens, I am in a position to inform all whom it may concern and divers others, that the game of baseball, unlike knurr and spell, coddam, spillkins, and beaver is played by the spectators. This simplifies matters greatly.

It is true that two teams, numbering nine aside, and dressed like nothing on earth, ramble on to the field and proceed to knock a ball about.

A citizen known as a “pitcher” (poor old Arthur Binstead) and wearing an out-size in gloves, hurls balls with marked ferocity at another citizen, known as the “batter,” whose life invariably is saved by yet another citizen, masked and padded like an Assyrian bull-fighter, and denominated a “catcher.”

Also there is an umpire, who makes guttural noises at intervals. And there are the “also rans,” uncouth-looking individuals who stand about the field and hope for the best.

Sometimes the batter, who is armed with a sort of over-fed truncheon, takes an unexpected swipe at the ball and knocks it into the adjoining borough, or, alternatively, on to the roof of the “homeplate” pavilion, on which it descends with unseemly violence. More often he lets the catcher absorb it.

All these things I learned when I visited the American University club versus London Canadians match in company with the talented artist, Lance Mattinson, with a view to studying the American in captivity.

When we arrived on the stricken field the sun was shining, in a manner of speaking, and the air was filled with a low rumbling sound which I attributed, wrongly, to the adjacent Underground.

It proceeded, as a matter of fact, from the mouths of the audience, whose jaws worked in and out rhythmically and regularly. No, they weren't saying anything, they were just chewing it.

As the clock struck 3, eighteen gladiators sauntered on to the “diamond,” whereupon the spectators, like one man, swallowed their chirklet, crammed their Stetsons over the top parts of their determined dials, and howled.

Encouragement? Not on your life. Your baseball “fan” would be exiled to Bunkville, Bo., or sent to the electric chair if he was caught encouraging anybody. His mission is to tell the Other Side what he thinks of them, and this does with much vigor.

“If you listen hard,” said Mattinson, who had already been initiated into the game, “you’ll hear some good rooting.” I heard it all right.

Before me and behind me, all round me and on top of me, the assembled citizens gave tongue. The pitcher flung his ball at the “home-plate” and the batter heaved his club at it and missed.

The umpire shouted something, but nobody took any notice. The “rooters” were prepared to do any shouting that

might be required, and they sure did it. They said:—

“Half an hour late!”

“That guy can’t hit what he can’t see!”

“Lean on her, boy!”

“He swings like a rusty gate!”

“He’s good, he’s good, but he can’t play BALL!”

These things I know they said, because Mattinson, who has been studying the language through the post, translated them for me. They also said other things, but Lance refused to translate these. He said they were too technical. Also that I was too young to know.

The pitcher, having discussed normally with the umpire at some length, repeated the dose, with a like result, whereupon the congregation tendered a little helpful advice, as thus:—

“Give this guy a tennis racket!”

“He’s got a hole in his bat.”

“He thinks it’s a Peace Conference!”

“He don’t know the game; he’s read about it!”

And so forth. It was about this time that I understood why the London Baseball League had gone to the trouble of erecting a net between the players and the audience.

That batter was beginning to look savage, and his club weighed a couple of hundredweight.

We stuck it like Trojans, did Mattinson and I, but the noise would have made a brass band look like a harpichord. When the rooters weren’t rooting, the balls were crashing down on the roof like a young air raid.

When a citizen took up a vacant seat behind me, and feverishly unpacked a megaphone. I thought it was time to make for my own home-plate, and semaphored as much to my companion. He led the way. I’ll admit he protested but the fact remains—he led the way!

“You’ll like the game,” he howled to me, as we made our way to the gates, “when you get to know it better. It’s a faster game than cricket, and it’s brighter.”

“No blooming stonewalling, for instance. Everybody gets a chance to bat in the ball game, my lad.”

“The bawl game is right,” I screamed back, but he didn’t seem to see the joke. Which was, perhaps, as well.

As we passed through the turnstile I could still hear one bull-roared “fan” announcing, “He’s a fine pitcher, I’ll tell the world!” I think he must have meant the next world.

But I’m going to the next match, for all that. And I’m going to take a portable steam-syringe along, in case I feel lonely like!

All the stores sell Edgeworth Tobacco. Smokers demand it.—sept19.21

## Shipping Notes.

S.S. Canadian Sapper is due to leave Montreal on Saturday for Charlottetown and this port.

S.S. Sidal which took part cargo of fish at Blance Sablon, Twillingate and Port Union arrived here last night to complete her cargo at Joh Bros. & Co., after which she sails for the Mediterranean.

Schooner Meta M. Brown has arrived at King’s Cove from Labrador hauling for 700 qts. codfish.

## Just Folks

By EDGAR A. GUEST.

### SAID FATHER TIME.

Old Time comes sweeping down the way

And says: “Well, here’s another day!

Another stretch of hours for you!

To work and laugh and scamper through.

And when the last of them is gone,

Will you be any further on?”

“To-morrow with the rising sun

I’ll come to see what you have done.

Think you that I shall find at dawn

That you have mowed your patch of lawn.

And fixed the gate which needs repair,

Or put away that rubbish there?”

“To-morrow when I call again

And find you in the haunts of men,

Will you have anything to show

For all the hours which come and go?

Or will you still be sitting down

With nothing done to your renown?”

“To-morrow when I pass your door,

Will all be as it was before.

With nothing changed and nothing new.

To mark the day you’ve squandered through?

Shall I go by and smile and say

It’s just the same as yesterday?”

“Let’s mark the spot you’re standing near.

To-morrow shall I find you here.

The goal you seek as far away

As now it seems to be to-day?”

Or when I call will you be gone,

Fighting your battle farther on?”

## English Newspapers.

A newspaper is not duly bound to point anything that it doesn’t want to print. There is no rule, says the Burlington N.J., Enterprise, that requires it to print something of absolutely no news value just because somebody wants it printed. It is not obliged to effusively laud some person where laudation is not earned, nor to lambaste some individual where adverse criticism is not deserved.

It is not printed for the purpose of satisfying selfish motives. There is not the remotest reason why it should give away its space to somebody who is running something for monetary benefit.

The mission of a newspaper is to print news of general interest. Advertisers is not news. Something concerning a single individual is not news. An article skinning some private enemy or opponent is not news.

Numerous other things of a like nature that find their way into a newspaper office are not news. It is not hard for a trained newspaper man to draw the distinguishing line. It is not hard for anybody to draw a distinguishing line if he will stop a moment and give the matter a thought.

True it is, that a newspaper gives away much, especially where charity is concerned, but it does not follow that the publisher should adopt charity as an established custom and open the door freely to all comers.

Space is the only thing that a newspaper has to sell, and the publisher who gives it away is no wiser than the merchant who gives away a hat or a suit of clothes to the man who comes into his store and asks for them.

## “Der Tag”: Nelson and Beatty.

By ROBERT BRIDGES.

No doubt ‘twas a truly Christian sight When the German ships came out of the night. But it can’t be said it was much of a fight.

That gray November morning, The wonderful day, the great Der Tag, Which Prussians had vowed with un-mannerly brag Should see Old England lower her flag.

Some gray November morning.

The spirit of Nelson, that haunts the Fleet, Had come whereabout the ships must meet.

But he feared there was some decoy or cheat.

That gray November morning, When the enemy, led by a British scout,

Stole ‘twixt our lines . . . and never a shout

Or a signal; and never a gun spoke out.

That gray November morning.

So he shaped his course to the Admiral’s ship,

Where Beatty stood with hand on hip, Impassive, nor ever moved his lip.

That gray November morning; And touching his shoulder, he said: “My mate,

Am I come too soon or am I too late?

Is it friendly manoeuvres or paganant of state

This gray November morning?”

Then Beatty said: “As Admiral here, In the name of the King I bid you good cheer:

It’s not my fault that it looks so queer

This gray November morning; But there come the enemy all in cues:

They can fight well enough if only they choose;

Small blame to me if the fools refuse,

This gray November morning.

“That’s Admiral Reuter, surrendering mine

Great dreadnoughts, all first-rates of the line;

Beyond, in the haze that veils the brine

This gray November morning, Loom five heavy cruisers, and ‘light ones four,

With a tail of destroyers, fifty or more.

Each squadron under its Commodore,

This gray November morning.

“The least of all those captive queens

Could have knock’d your whole navy to smithereens

And nothing said of the other machines.

On a gray November morning, The aeroplanes and the submarines,

Bombs, torpedoes, and Zeppelins, Their floating mines and their smoky screens,

Of a gray November morning.

“They rage like bulls sans reason or time,

And next day, as if ‘twere a pantomime,

They walk in like cows at milking-time.

On a gray November morning, We’re four years sick of the pestilent mob

—You’ve heard of our Biblical Battle in Gosh—

At times it was hardly a gentleman’s job.

Of a gray November morning.

Then Nelson said: “God bless my soul! How things are changed in this age of coal:

For the spittle it isn’t with you I’d condone

This gray November morning, By George! you’ve netted a monstrous catch:

You’ll be able to pen the best dispatch

That ever an Admiral wrote under hatch.

On a gray November morning.

“I like your looks and I like your name;

My heart goes out to the old Fleet’s fame,

And I’m pleased to find you so spry at the game.

This gray November morning, Your ships, tho’ I don’t half understand

Their build, are stouter and better manned.

Than anything I ever had in command

Of a gray November morning.

Then Beatty spoke: “Sir, none of my crew

All bravest of brave and truest of true, Is thinking of me so much as of you

This gray November morning.”

And Nelson replied: “Well, thanks, your chat.

Forgive my intrusion! I take off my hat

And make you my bow . . . we’ll leave it at that.

This gray November morning.”

Says Versailles Treaty

CREATOR CAULDRON OF HATED.

LONDON.—General Ian Hamilton has asked an “interesting” question.

“Why is it,” he inquired, “that the two last successful wars, one against the Boers in South Africa, and the others against the Germans, had such opposite results? How is it that the Boers put an end to the feuds, race-hatreds, bankruptcies, disorders and bloodshed which had paralyzed South African progress for a generation, while the Great War, on the contrary, has inflicted race-hatred, bankruptcy and murder over the best part of the world, from Ireland to the Near East, and turned Central Europe into a seething cauldron of hate?”

And the General has answered his own question, which was propounded at the recent unveiling of a war memorial.

“It is because of politicians who ignored the ideals of these to whom we have raised war memorials by making a vindictive instead of a generous peace,” he said. “This is the place to set forth what I think of the Versailles Treaty,” the General continued. “All I can say, that is spite of the cause of peace is not yet lost if only you will fix your minds rather on the intentions of the boys to whom this beautiful memorial has been raised, than upon the acts which have frustrated those intentions.”

LONDON.—The moment ex-police Inspector Syme gets out of jail he starts for Buckingham Palace with a brick and hangs around waiting for a chance to throw it at the king or some member of the Royal Family.

Syme was dismissed from the police force some thirteen years ago and at once developed into a crank with a grievance. He has been agitating against the authorities ever since and has been imprisoned repeatedly for trying to create a disturbance. When he is locked up he starts hunger-striking. When the prison doctors think he has gone hungry as long as he can do so safely, he is released.

Recently he made a speech in Trafalgar Square and threatened to do for the king if the authorities did not right his wrongs for him. On failing to furnish securities for his good behaviour he was again sent to prison for three months, and at once declined to eat. King George is interested in Syme, and anxious that he should

not starve himself to death. So his Majesty asked that he be released before he get too weak. So he is again at liberty, but the authorities are watching him closely.

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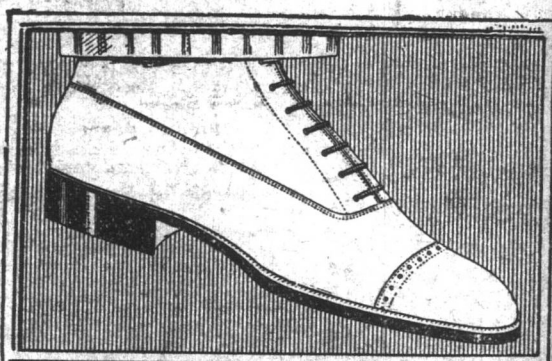
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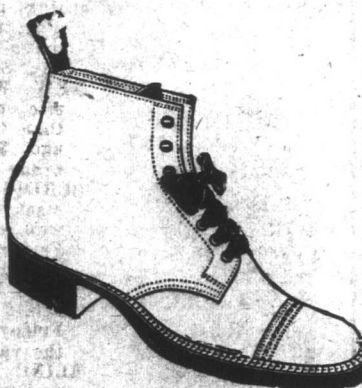
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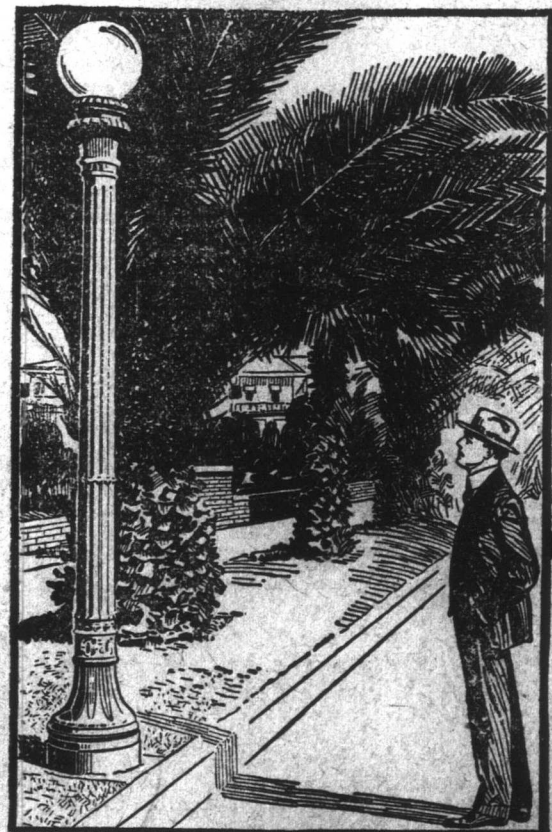
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