

WORLD'S GREATEST BASEBALL FAN AT LAST MAKES ENGLAND "PLAY BALL"

Nelson P. Cook of Mount Holly, Vermont, Has Spent Thirteen Years Trying to Introduce Baseball into Great Britain—With Nothing But Unlimited Enthusiasm and Dogged Perseverance He Has Succeeded Where Unlimited Money and the Best Baseball Talent from United States Failed Miserably—Never Played a Game in His Life.

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London, April 2.—Strange as it may seem, the greatest baseball fan in the world is not found among any of the supporters of the various American teams who through the sweltering summer days do their rooting from the front seats of the stand in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia or any of the other great baseball centres. The man who is best entitled to that distinction, his name is Nelson P. Cook, and he is John Bull's little island where he has lived for the last sixteen years, that he has made his claim good.

that he is unique. But he has been a constant and assiduous spectator and in his youth, never missed a chance, in his little home town, when the team from the rival village ten miles away paid its weekly visit, to encourage the home talent with lungs and tongue. So it was that he developed into a full-fledged fan and acquired a stenographic voice and a vocabulary that was guaranteed to defeat the visiting team if it came to a tight pinch.

In common with all fans of abnormal development, Cook learned more of the game than could ever be acquired in a lifetime of playing; and in due course of time his knowledge became a semiprobable fact. In the spring of 1893 there appeared on the scene a famous vaudeville star who, along with so many of the "frank" professionals, was a baseball "crank." He was J. G. Knowles, and he was then and is today a comedian of the first rank, but there was nothing of the joke about him. He went at it seriously with the energy which is denied to all except the born enthusiast, and did some real good work that was deserving of a more lasting success. But although the popular comedian had the limelight and the centre of the stage in those days, the careful observer might have noticed also, behind the scenes, so to speak, the debut of the subject of this sketch. It was Nelson P. Cook who did all the "donkey" work, and he would express it in connection with his attempt to establish baseball on this side of the blue Atlantic. It was he who used all over this English metropolis, looking for possible baseball material, and he worked upon the smouldering enthusiasm of the players and made possible the victory but all too short survival of game.

Things dragged along until the spring of 1896, when thanks to the organizing ability of Cook, the season opened with an evenly balanced team playing a regular league schedule. A few weeks later a junior league was formed with our new teams, and a permanent success was in sight for the organizers. Unfortunately they ran up against a very serious obstacle. Only one ground was available, and that in a very isolated part of London. It was found impossible to remedy this during the season and the result was that at the final baseball was about as popular in London as the Standard Oil in Kansas, and the attendance at the various matches as numerous as the hairs on John D.'s head.

Passioned of such a highly trained, strongly developed love of the American game, it is not strange that this premier

tainly not this red-hot Yankee, whose love for baseball bordered dangerously on worship and who would rather have stood at the top of the National League batting and fielding records than have been president of the United States.

When Cook landed in England the first literature he consulted was not a Baedeker, but a short history of the two attempts which had been made to introduce baseball into the English catalogue of sports. He found that the first real attempt to popularize the game had been made in 1874, when the Boston and the Philadelphia Athletics, of the National League, toured the country.

This effort was a failure, as was the one made fifteen years later by A. G. Spaulding, who brought over two teams, one representing Chicago and the other, All-American. As a result of the latter attempt in the early nineties, professional baseball teams were formed at Preston, Stoke, Birmingham and Derby. These clubs were furnished with professional coaches from the United States and were backed by people in the same quarter of the globe. They lasted just so long as these backers were content to send over a monthly check to make up the ever-increasing deficit. The deepest of pockets has a bottom, however, and the most athletic of men must eventually tire.

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on the subject and polishing up at short intervals his own knowledge of the ultimate triumph of the game. But try as he might it was not until early in 1906 that Cook was able to locate in London and again turn his attention to an active propaganda in the sphere of baseball.

When he started that year Cook was able to discover three, and only three, men in the whole of London who could and would play the game. On this small foundation he set to work to build the British Baseball Association, and in the attempt he trusted half blindly to the fact that so many of the real enthusiasts and to the spectacular qualities of the game.

Football was then, as now, the great Saturday afternoon game in Great Britain. In the ten years previous to 1906 it had made marvelous strides in popular favor. The lover of football who is fair to boast of the long crowds which attend the matches in the important cities of the country, would be amazed could he see the throngs that view a first-class football match in London or any of the other great centres of the game. Eighty or ninety thousand spectators were considered merely a "good gate," and 110,000 more have paid admission to see a cup-match at the Crystal Palace. In Metropolitan London alone there are no fewer than eleven professional football organizations, each one a member of one or other of the three big English leagues.

The football season lasts from September 1 to April 30. From the latter date until the following August 31 the big football matches are few and far between. In this fact Cook saw his opportunity. He did a little missionary work among the governing bodies of these clubs, and before long had the good will of six of them in his pocket. They were to provide the grounds and Cook was to raise and coach the teams. The latter were to pay their own expenses from the start, and, strange to say, they did pay from the very beginning.

Thus it was that the British Baseball Association was started in April, 1906. By indefatigable labor twenty-three men, in addition to the trio which already had been discovered, who had played the game of baseball before and were willing to play again if given the opportunity, were recruited. The Rhodes scholars were British-born, having learned to play during visits to America.

With them the six clubs were formed, each being taken to form a certain number in each organization to instruct the green hands who were necessary to make up the nine. The clubs took their names from the names of the clubs which had founded them, and were the Clapton Orient, Leyton, Tottenham Hotspurs and six, an independent team was formed called the Non-Scriptura, who used the grounds of the Ilford Football Club, a London amateur organization.

Invitations were sent broadcast to all who wanted to try the new game, and practices were played during April on the various grounds. In this way the green material which was to be some kind of presentable form. For the purpose of giving the general public a taste of the game, an exhibition was given by the new league, exhibiting all the players of the major league, and a number of the minor league players. The exhibition was a success, and in those days Cook wore a smile that wouldn't and hasn't come off.

Of 1906-1907 was the summer—that is, the season of the major league, and a number of the minor league players. The exhibition was a success, and in those days Cook wore a smile that wouldn't and hasn't come off.

but would you like to play a game of baseball? One of the men was tall and the other short. The former grabbed his companion tightly by the arm and, turning his back upon the speaker, he quickly crossed the street. Then the two of them turned and regarded me with reproachful glances. There is no street in the world where the petty "con" man is so numerous as in the Strand, and I did not blame the two men. I suppose they had been warned before they left home. I persisted, despite this rebuff, and finally landed three men who were willing to fill up the gap in the team.

A little later in the same season a similar difficulty arose and I was compelled to go on the hunt again. I finally spotted two Americans on the top of a bus crossing Piccadilly Circus. As first they, too, took me for a "smooth article," but I eventually landed them. They were two brothers from Pittsburgh and were playing for me on several occasions and were glad to get the chance.

ERNEST L. HEITKAMP.

THE SEA SERPENT WAS GIANT LOBSTER

Nineteen-Pound Crustacean, Caught in Dory by Two Fishermen, Brought to Wharf.

(Boston Herald.)

Two men in a dory, members of the crew of the fishing schooner Lucania, were hauling in their trawls the other day on Georges bank. The bottom of the dory was strewn with cod, when one of the men felt a heavy weight on his line. He pulled hard and then almost fell backward over the other side of the boat, for a great monster had appeared in the clear water.

"Is it a sea serpent or a devil fish?" he gasped. "By the Lord, if it isn't a lobster," declared his mate. They pulled together and drew the monster up to the boat. It was an enormous lobster, and it made a vicious snap at them with its free claws as they hauled it in. By keeping out of reach of its claws and exercising great care they got it on board and rowed to the wharf with the catch of 125 pounds. The lobster weighed 19 pounds and measured 36 inches from its claw to the tips of its tail. The claws were of a reddish color, and the body was capable of snapping a steel wire.

The lobster was kept alive and brought to T wharf yesterday, where it was shown to the crews of other fishing boats. There were many suggestions as to its disposal, but the popular opinion was that it be sent to President Roosevelt. It is one of the largest ever brought to Boston.

The lobster almost proved a Jonah for the Lucania. As she came up the harbor yesterday morning a tug with a tow was going out. The harbor master, in order to avoid colliding with the barge, was obliged to run out of the channel, grounding on a mud bank below Castle Island. She was ashore four hours, floating at high tide without apparent injury.

The capture of the lobster, which was a good price today, for fish has been very scarce for some time. Other wharves reported several very severe weather, and nearly all were well coated with ice.

HONEYMOON POINTS FROM PASTOR PAGE

Tells Why Married Life is Not All Angel Cake in His Sermon.

(Boston Herald.)

"The honeymoon determines that married life is not all angel cake, but does not necessarily show that it is an automatic performance, set to an alarm clock," said the Rev. Charles L. Page in his noon sermon on "Man and the Home," at the Dudley Street Baptist Church Sunday.

"Honeymoon means holiday for a month, but the month should be life-long in duration. There should be no grand tour, is the essential thing after marriage, and the honeymoon is less provocative to quarrels if passed in the couple's snug little home, or in some retired place, than in a place where the newly wedded are liable to be made fretful and fractious.

"Two birds roost on the matrimonial tree. One is the honey buzzard, and the other is the bird of prey, and the other is the bird of love, called the honey guide. The buzzard begins by suggesting serious awkwardnesses of the wedding day—the clumsiness of the groom, the nervousness of the bride, etc., and he is not allowed to flap his wings the honeymoon is liable to be the beginning of spats and quarrels. The honey guide teaches forbearance and mutual yielding of wills and tempers.

"Wedding means wedding and wedding means wedding. The wedding begins in the garden of love to permit the roses of affection to grow and to give the busy bee of affection a scope to make honey for life and eternity.

"There should be neither master nor mistress, neither bossing husband nor nagging wife. There should be the cultivation of preventives and the nurturing of preservatives, and the couple should learn the other's tastes and distastes.

"The honeymoon is a preparation for the hunting moon and the harvest moon. The hunting moon is the moon of love, and the harvest moon is the moon of love. The hunting moon is the moon of love, and the harvest moon is the moon of love.

IN THE FRENCH CAMP AT CASABLANCA A SPECTACLE OF COLOR OUTSIDE THE CITY WALL

General d'Amade Has Soldiers of the Foreign Legion, Algerian Tirailleurs, Arab Spahis Mounted on Barbary Horses, and Chasseurs d'Afrique, Rollicking and Audacious, to Use Against the Moors—Heavy Losses of the Natives.

Casablanca, Morocco, March 25.

One does not have to live long in this town on the edge of Africa to realize that so far as present events in Morocco go, he is in the thick of them at Casablanca. This is the centre of French activity, and for the time being, the centre of everything else in the country of the Farthest West.

It is real fighting, no mimic, comic opera warfare, that is going on in the Casablanca district. French losses, true enough, have not been seriously large, but they have been serious, considering the small number of men engaged in most of the encounters, and Moorish losses—these the story has never been told. Gen. Picquart informed the Chamber of Deputies in the middle of February that fifty-seven French soldiers had been killed up to that date. Possibly—but there is a good deal that those figures do not tell. At the end of most skirmishes there have been a number of men "missing," and these have not appeared among the ranks. Some of the "missing" may be held as prisoners, but it is known that others have shared a worse fate. Reliable word has come—in spite of French official denial—that the heads of soldiers exposed on the walls of Moroccan cities as warning and prophecy of the eventual fate of the Nazarenes in Morocco.

Moreover, it is probable that official returns of the killed number only such as are found dead on the field and not those that subsequently succumb to their wounds in camp and hospital. An Englishman who has been with the fighting column most of the past two months told me that he considered 200 a fair estimate of the French killed up to this writing. On that basis the wounded would go up to about 1,000.

LOSSES OF THE MOORS.

And the Moors? Exaggerated reports, of course, have been made as to the number of their slain. Stories come in of their having been thrown down by thousands, or the French having used their dead as a bridge. Nonsense, without question, but it is true that in the earlier engagements, when the French were behind fortifications and the Moors in the open, the proportion of killed was at least ten to one against the latter, while the Englishman before quoted stated that since it has been field fighting for both sides, the Moors have lost at least ten men to one Frenchman.

So you see it is not child's play, the formidable human sacrifice that is going on in this out of the world of the world. And that, too, despite the fact that there is nominally no war at all, but only "pacific penetration."

There lies before me a post card which I got in a local shop. It represents a French soldier with a native spitted on the end of his bayonet, and the inscription below: "Penetration Marocaine—bessif!" This may be freely rendered into English as "Moroccan penetration—with a whoop!" and may be left without comment to point its own moral.

With almost daily fighting within twenty to fifty miles of its gates, and the French army in charge of the town itself, it may be imagined that Casablanca lives in an atmosphere of powder and smoke. European residents do not fear for their safety any more than they do in Tangier, but uncertainty is the essence of all war, and past and present events in the States, where I noted three huge articles were likewise found in the far beyond the town limits. These incidents are explained in part by the great poverty of the people, but may also be attributed to the craze for loot having driven them mad, just as at a fire a householder will frequently rush out in his excitement with an alarm clock, a pin cushion, or something equally valueless.

One sees other evidences of the poverty of the soldiers, such as I did at the home of Baron von Heemstra, consul for the Netherlands, and acting consular agent for the United States, where I noted three huge copper shells that had been picked up in the streets. Two of them were in use as vases for flowers!

The French camp, which is a never ending spectacle of color and fascination, begins just outside the city wall on the north, and stretches for a mile along the road that leads inland. The Foreign Legion is represented, but by far the largest proportion of the soldiers are Algerian Tirailleurs—native troops recruited in that country. These men, one would judge, are ideal for the task in hand, because they know the language of the Moors, and are near enough to sympathize with them, and make good go-between for the French.

A picturesque, if uncouth, lot are the Algerian Tirailleurs. Their fatigues uniform is a white cotton blouse, with zouave trousers to match, blue sash, and red fez. Dressed up, they wear a light blue dannel jacket and zouave trousers—both ornamented with much gold braid—a red sash and a fez of similar hue.

Best of all from the spectacular standpoint are the Arab spahis, Algerians and mounted troops. They wear red jackets, and blue zouave trousers, and a head covering of white muslin pulled tight over the crown and bound around the sides with turn after turn of coarse cord. Mounted on their Barbary horses they are a splendid and bewildering vision.

Then there is another set of mounted troops—the chasseurs d'Afrique. They are French, and a rollicking and audacious set, indeed, in their black puttees, red knickerbockers, blue jackets, and scarlet fez. They wear red jackets, and blue zouave trousers, and a head covering of white muslin pulled tight over the crown and bound around the sides with turn after turn of coarse cord. Mounted on their Barbary horses they are a splendid and bewildering vision.

While visiting one afternoon at the home of a foreign consul here, I met two other callers—a member of the French military postal service, and a private in the Foreign Legion who was a Prussian count. This illustrates the democracy of social life in Casablanca, and the peculiar membership of the Foreign Legion. If one could tear off the disguises he might find former American bank officers in the ranks.

MEN WHO APPLY THE TORCH.

Last of all, and set apart from the rest of the camp as something unclean, must be mentioned the gnomes, which is a word the French have coined from the Arabic, gnom, a village. The gnomes are natives of Algeria, and infantry privates. They are paid only when actually performing military service—mainly in the privilege of looting—and are used for burning villages, pillaging houses, or other delicate tasks which the French would rather not do directly themselves. The gnomes, it was said, must be admirably fitted for such work, and economical both from the standpoint of pay and that of wear and tear upon the conscience.

French uniforms, although gorgeous in color and design, impress one as less cleanly or comfortable than the plain tan service cloth of our own or the English army. The dannel catches dirt, and the color shows soil. Yet, of course, in fitting out Algerians it is desirable to produce the clothing they are used to as far as possible.

Altogether they are a cheerful and a careless, a swarthy, and a swaggering lot, these soldiers from the green little towns of France, or the unpurged plains of Algeria, who have tumbled, shaken into a gaudy uniform, armed with a carbine, and shipped off to fighting and shoot and die for the tri-color in Sunset Land. In camp or in the field they seem to live the ancient lives of Anacreon.

For today I take or give.
For to-day I beg or borrow;
For to-day I beg or borrow;
Who knows about the silent morrow?

The men they have to fight are no less brave, and no less patriotic than the French. The Moors' courage and ardor have been amply demonstrated and thanks to the efforts of smugglers within recent years they have been provided with modern rifles and ammunition. These they do not make the best use of, because they lack discipline and there are among them a few who can be considered marksmen.

But the great handicap under which the Moors are working is lack of cannon or large guns of any sort. It is the superior equipment of the French troops in this respect that has enabled the latter to win the poor natives down with such right full disproportion in all engagements.

WHAT THE FRENCH ARE DOING.

Now, what is it the French are doing with their 10,000 soldiers in the Casablanca district? About half of the troops are stationed here and in the fortified towns of Fedhala, Bou Znika, Ber Reshid, and Melouana, while the other half constitute a flying column under Gen. d'Amade, which swings round on a radius of some fifty miles from Casablanca as a field force. With such exceptions as detachments of it, which has been doing the fighting. The Moors are not wasting themselves in attacks on the fortified towns, but some of the most serious engagements of the French have occurred when the natives have caught small convoys carrying provisions and ammunition between.

It has all along been known that Mulai Hafid wanted to avoid collision with France if that nation would leave the question of who was to be Sultan to the Moors, and it now looks as if that course might be followed. Of course French interests have been tied up to the continuance of Mulai Abd-el-Aziz on the throne, but judicious Europeans in Morocco have marvelled that France seemed so long bent on doing the apparently impossible, and increasing the ferment which is doing such harm to the country. There is an impression here now that pressure at home, and the hazards of the campaign about Casablanca, have led to an understanding with Mulai Hafid, whereby he will be left untrammelled.

If so, peace may come again to Al-Moghreb Al-Aksa—the Moroccan name for this country—for the natives in arms about Casablanca are no numerous or important.

Gen. d'Amade is not attacking them, but letting them attack him, and, failing reinforcements, it appears that he will not take long to come to better their forces to pieces against his flying column.

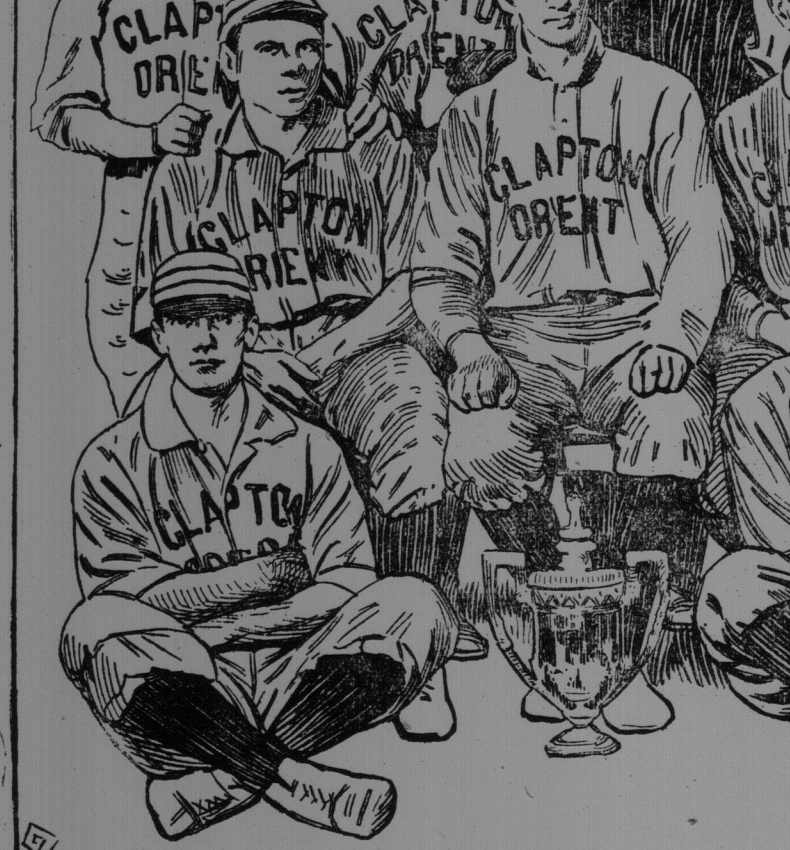
ARTHUR H. WATSON is N. Y. Times.



THE GREATEST BASEBALL FAN IN THE WORLD.
Nelson P. Cook, Formerly of Mount Holly, Vt., Who, After Trying for Thirteen Years to Introduce Baseball into England, Has Succeeded.

For thirteen of these years he has been trying to make our English cousins "play ball," and it is the fact that he has at last succeeded which makes him the premier fan of the universe, whether they wanted it or not. Cook is the founder and organizing secretary of the British Baseball Association.

Before Cook appeared in England two attempts to introduce the game in the British Isles, backed by an abundance of money, and in two instances supported by the best baseball talent of the United States, had ignominiously failed, yet this



THE ALL-BRITISH TEAM WHICH BEAT AN ALL-AMERICAN AGGREGATION.
With Four Exceptions These Players Had Never Seen a Baseball Game Until the Season Opened Last Year.

Yankees, starting with only three players and no grounds, but with unlimited enthusiasm and dogged perseverance, has built up an organization with two leagues and six rattling good clubs.

To Mount Holly, Vt., a little town that cannot boast probably of more than one team of players, belongs the honor of being the birthplace of this greatest of baseball rosters. Cook is a rooster, pure and simple; his love for the game is that of a spectator, for he has never played a match in his life. This it will be seen

fan of the future should have brought with him to England sixteen years ago a determination to make the game as popular in Great Britain as it was in his own native country. To be sure he found ready at hand, a valve for his surplus enthusiasm, the English game of cricket. But who, having been brought up on whirlwind baseball such as they play in Mount Holly, ever could be satisfied with the slow, tedious national game of these isles, which generally takes three days to play, and, like as not, ends either in a runaway match or an unsatisfactory tie? Certainly not this red-hot Yankee, whose love for baseball bordered dangerously on worship and who would rather have stood at the top of the National League batting and fielding records than have been president of the United States.

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