

THE EVENING TIMES AND STAR, ST. JOHN N. B., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 6, 1913

MARATHONS TAKE  
ANOTHER STEP  
UP THE LADDER

N. B. and Maine League Standing

MARATHONS. Won. Lost P.C.

Frederickton. 28 21 568

St. Croix. 23 21 543

Bangor. 14 37 275

By taking two games from St. Croix

yesterday afternoon the Greeks made a

substantial gain on their competitors in

the race for the pennant, as Frederickton

could only split even with Bangor. Both

games were close and exciting and were

marked by hard hitting and at times

spectacular fielding on the part of both

teams.

Tarbell pitched the first game for the

Greeks and kept his nine hits well scat-

tered so that the best St. Croix could

do was to get two runs while the Mar-

athons put over three on their five hits.

In the second contest the Marshons

won by 8 to 7 in a seven inning con-

test. At the end of the fifth the score

stood Marathons, St. Croix 2. Then

St. Croix added four to their score and

things looked bad but the Greek bat-

ters responded nobly and put over four

in their session. St. Croix could add but

one more in their last chance and the

game ended 8 to 7 in favor of the

Marathons.

Box score and summary:

St. Croix.

A. B. R. H. P. O. A. E.

Black, cf. 3 0 0 2 0 0

Lynch, 3b. 4 0 1 0 1 0

Tetrault, 2b. 4 0 0 3 0 0

Jacobson, lf. 3 1 0 1 2 0

Watt, lb. 3 0 1 7 0 0

Parker, cf. 4 0 2 4 0 1

Vance, ss. 2 2 2 1 2

Gross, c. 4 0 1 3 2 0

Howard, p. 4 0 1 1 2 0

Totals. 32 2 9 24 6 3

Marathons.

A. B. R. H. P. O. A. E.

McPherson, 3b. 4 0 0 1 3 0

Pinkerton, 2b. 4 0 1 1 3 0

Shankey, lb. 3 0 0 7 0 0

Pease, cf. 3 0 0 3 0 0

Riley, c. 3 1 0 11 3 0

Waterhouse, ss. 3 0 0 4 3 1

Riley, lf. 3 0 0 4 3 1

Ramsay, rf. 2 0 0 1 0 0

Tarbell, p. 2 0 0 1 0 0

Totals. 28 8 5 27 12 8

Score by innings:

St. Croix. 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 2

Marathons. 0 0 0 1 0 2 0 3

Summary—Two-base hit, Gross. Bases

on balls, by Howard 2. Tarbell 6. Hit by pitch-

er, by Howard 1. Double plays, Ben-

to McPherson, Waterhouse to Shankey.

Time, 1 hour 39 minutes. Umpire, La-

belle. Attendance, 800.

Second Game.

St. Croix.

A. B. R. H. P. O. A. E.

Black, cf. 3 0 0 2 0 0

Lynch, 3b. 4 0 1 1 1 2

Tetrault, 2b. 4 0 0 3 0 0

Jacobson, lf. 3 1 0 1 2 0

Watt, lb. 3 0 1 7 0 0

Parker, cf. 4 0 2 4 0 1

Vance, ss. 2 2 2 1 2

Gross, c. 4 0 1 3 2 0

Howard, p. 4 0 1 1 2 0

Totals. 32 2 9 24 6 3

Marathons.

A. B. R. H. P. O. A. E.

McPherson, 3b. 4 0 0 1 3 0

Pinkerton, 2b. 4 0 1 1 3 0

Shankey, lb. 3 0 0 7 0 0

Pease, cf. 3 0 0 3 0 0

Riley, c. 3 1 0 11 3 0

Waterhouse, ss. 3 0 0 4 3 1

Riley, lf. 3 0 0 4 3 1

Ramsay, rf. 2 0 0 1 0 0

Tarbell, p. 2 0 0 1 0 0

Totals. 28 8 5 27 12 8

Score by innings:

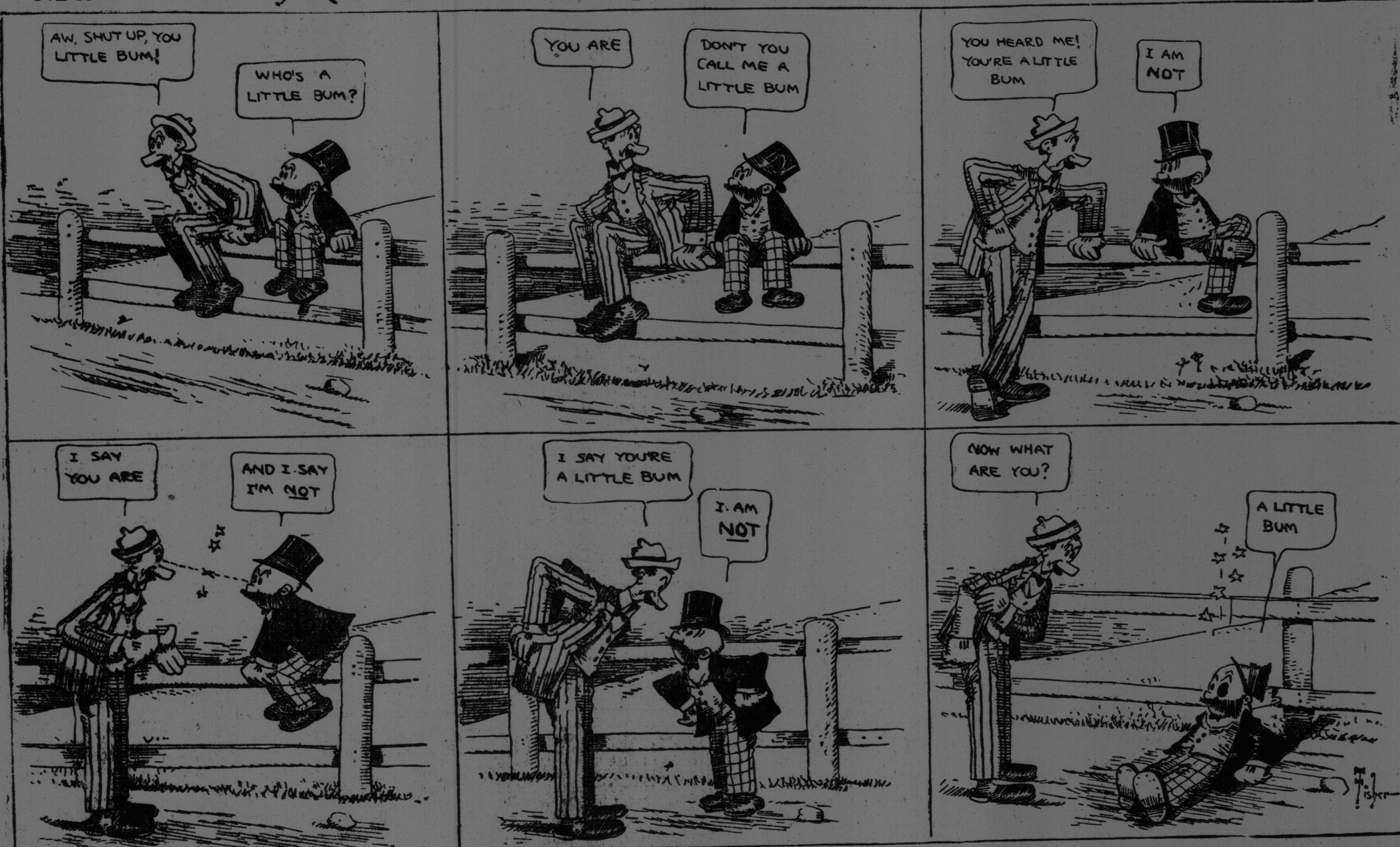
St. Croix. 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 2

Marathons. 0 0 0 1 0 2 0 3

Summary—Three-base hit, Black. Two-

## Mutt Certainly Knows How to Argue

By "Bud" Fisher



## A PROMINENT FIGURE IN WORLD'S THEATRICALS

T. P. O'Connor Writes of Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree—  
Always Two Years Ahead in His Thoughts  
His Life and His Work

(By T. P. O'CONNOR, M. P.)

London, July 27.—Let me, for one day

at least, leave behind me the world of

politics and try to give some idea of a

remarkable man in quite a different

sphere of life, Herbert Beerbohm Tree

has been telling the world something of

his inner life and a fascinating study it

is. But his book contains no new revela-

tions of the man to those who have

known him for any length of years. He

is one of the most transparent of be-

ings. He is now just within a few

months of his sixtieth year; and yet he

is in appearance, in manner, and in out-

look, just a boy; you had almost said a

child still. This largely because he

thinks so little of the mere externals of

life and because he has made for him-

self an entire evaluation of the rewards

of life, as they are understood by the

ordinary man.

As a Young Actor

It is now more than thirty years since

I first met him. He was introduced to

me by Justin McCarthy, the well known

novelist and dramatist, himself also a

very remarkable figure. I had not even

heard his name before; not being much

of a play-goer owing to the terrible ab-

sorption of parliamentary life, and I had

not seen the piece in which he was then

appearing.

Mr. McCarthy told me that Mr. Tree

was one of the young actors who were

coming to the front. Even then, in the

days of his youth and his obscurity,

there was something so striking and so

dominating about his personality that I

retained so distinct a recollection of him

that I could always pick him out in a

crowd however vast. The tall, willowy

figure, the strange eyes, so large, so blue,

so abstracted; the reddish hair, the

strange rap—look—all revealed a man

out of the common. Even in the midst

of our conversation, he seemed to go off

into a brown study from which the two

of us beside him were scarcely aware.

The explanation was simple, though I

did not know it at the time. Like Na-

polion in his youth, he was always liv-

ing two years ahead; and already he had

been gazing with that strange, rapid

look of his on the vivid scene before

him, for the inner lobby of the House

of Commons is at the very heart of our

political system, and I should not be

surprised to find that at that moment

he was wondering if he could not pro-

duce some political play in which the

drama of the House of Commons could

be realized by the play-goer.

At Rehearsal—

It is when he is rehearsing a play,

however, that you see the big bundle of

artistic nerves that are behind this

quiet little face and expression of his. I

don't know that he weeps, but he can

groan and tear his hair and almost

threaten to knock his head against the

scenery if things are not going to his

liking. I often wish that I had seen Tree

at one of these moments. I am sure it

would make a picture as wonderful as

that of Anatole France in his picture of

Sardan when he went to the church to

see the burial of an actor who had killed

himself in the desperation of a hopeless

passion.

Again in his conduct with regard to

the Haymarket Theatre, you can see

that artistic ambition and disinterested-

ness which underlies his whole nature.

The Haymarket Theatre is one of the

most uniformly prosperous houses in

London. The Bancrofts who, in addi-

tion to being great artists, are also ex-

cellent business people, went into the

Haymarket with £50,000, and in a few

years they left with £120,000—just dou-

ble. Tree might have done the same

thing, but the gnawing ambition and

the haunting dreams of his inner life

would not let him be still, so off he went

to an architect and built the magnifi-

cent theatre he now controls.

The Beerbohm is all imaginative; Max, his half-brother, is just the same.

With a brilliant pen which any news-

paper would be glad to employ at a high

salary, Max prefers to travel, to work

by himself and then to come to London

with his caricatures. They both came

from German stock; their father was a

German banker, and they were still in

Germany when the German idealism was

the strongest factor in their tempera-

ment, and they left the money-changers, and betook

themselves to the Temple of the Muses.

I should add that Herbert Tree has

another of the best qualities of the ar-

tist. He is extraordinarily generous. He

gives his theatre for every charitable

object; he pays big salaries; he gives

much of his time to the benevolent or-

ganizations of the profession. And all

the time he works like a slave. How

he manages to retain all his parts, es-

pecially during a Shakespeare season,

passes my understanding. It is all part

of that restless, ever-striving tempera-

ment of his that is contemplating half

a dozen pieces at the same time; he is

always living two years ahead. One

little touch I should give to this

picture of him. The apple of his eye is

himself.

One day while I was paying him a visit

on rather particular business, he stopped

in the midst of it all; his daughter had

called him up on the telephone. And

when the conversation was ended, he in-

sisted that she should sing a song on

the telephone for my benefit; he wanted

me to realize what a pretty voice she

had.

hopes better than anything else in life.

One day while I was paying him a visit

on rather particular business, he stopped

in the midst of it all; his daughter had

called him up on the telephone. And

when the conversation was ended, he in-

sisted that she should sing a song on

the telephone for my benefit; he wanted

me to realize what a pretty voice she

had.

A famous scientist  
condemns the  
light bottleWe reprint herewith an extract  
from an opinion rendered by a  
famous scientist showing that  
beer in light bottles can not  
remain pure.

"Beer bottles should be manufactured from reddish-brown glass, inasmuch as same will to a much higher degree than any other kind of glass, minimize the influence of the rays of light on the quality of beer, and will protect the latter against acquiring the disagreeable taste (Sonnengeschmack) due to the chemical action of light."

"In white and green glass bottles the beer is most affected by the action of the light. Such bottles are, therefore, absolutely inappropriate and should never be employed by brewers."

(Signed) Prof. Dr. F. Schonfeld.

From the Illustrated Brewery Encyclopedia, p. 99 (Illustriertes Brauerei Lexikon.) Published by Dr. Max Delbrück, Privy Councillor, Professor at the Royal Agricultural College and Director of the Institute for Fermentology at Berlin. Berlin: 1910.

Schlitz is made pure and the Brown Bottle keeps it pure from the brewery to your glass.

**Schlitz**  
The Beer  
That Made Milwaukee Famous.

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