

## Won in the Ninth

A Baseball Story for Boys.

(By Herbert Fiddes)

"Chickery-rig Chickery-rig  
Chickery Rieky roo  
We are the BOYS' BRIGADE  
Who are you?"

Hurrah!!!

"Hic Hac, Hock

Oh don't talk  
We are the HIGH SCHOOL  
We are the Boys  
We make the Noise  
Can we lick you?  
Well I guess!  
We are the High School  
YES! YES!! YES!!!"

Ferocious cheers greeted the rival calls of the Boys' Brigade and the High School. The occasion was the annual Baseball Match, and excitement was intense. Supporters from both camps were out in force, and the noise was only exceeded by the variety of yells.

It was a bright sunny day, and the grass was green and fresh. The players were having a "work-out" prior to starting the match which would decide the destiny of the Mayor's Cup for another season.

Both teams were in the Pacific Coast Junior League, and for years they had been keenest rivals. They were tied for the Championship, and the occasion was the deciding game. It was a gay scene, for both teams were very popular amongst all lovers of clean amateur sport.

A cheer went up, when the press photographer came on the scene and the two managers marshalled their teams to undergo the ordeal of being photographed.

Many sarcastic remarks were passed between the supporters in the Bleachers. "Better let him take their picture now, Tommy for there will be nothing left of them afterwards," shouted a B. B. supporter to Tom Langton. "How's he going to get their feet into that little box?" yelled some wit. The photographer went about his work trying to look unconcerned, but his composure was upset when on covering his head with the black cloth to adjust the focus, a high pitched voice cried "Peek-a-bo, daddy." This sally brought forth a roar of laughter, and so the fun went on fast and furious.

"Here comes the ump."

"Three cheers for the ump."

"How much did they give you?"

"Hope you have your glasses today."

"Remember this is baseball, not alleys."

But such remarks had no effect on the veteran "Stoker Miles" whose batting average had for many years stood as a record, and whose play was still commented upon by the old timers as being par excellence.

The two captains came together and tossed a coin. The High School batted first.

The Umpire came forward, took off his cap, but it was some time before he was able to make himself heard above the roar of about 2000 highly excited boys, not to speak of the many parents and older friends, who (although they might not have admitted it) wouldn't have missed the match for a great deal.

The batteries for today are BOYS' BRIGADE: Smithers

and Edwards, (loud cheers) HIGH SCHOOL, Jackson and Baxter. Thank you." (More cheering).

The players took the field, and the spectators settled down to enjoy the game.

Tommy Langdon, who was captain of the B. B. team, played centre field.

The first batter for the High School was Ainsley, a fine tall, handsome boy with a reputation as a hitter and an all round good sport.

"Play ball."

The players, alert and eager, bent forward. Smithers swung his arm three times, and then there was a sharp report as the ball landed in the catcher's mitt. "Strike one." "Atta boy, Jack!" "You can do it old kid." "You know where to put them." "Never mind that one, Sid." "That was a lucky one." "That's the only one he has got." "BALL ONE." How the High School boys cheered. "He's up in the air." Slowly and deliberately Smithers started his wind-up, "Strike TWO." "Oh, he's easy, Jack." "You've got him swinging like a rusty gate."

Ainsley's face was grim. "Strike Two, Ball one" did not sound nice to him. He stood swaying his bat, waiting for the next one. It came, he swung at it, there was a sharp click, and away the ball sailed, but not far enough, for Johnson made a beautiful pick-up, and before Ainsley could reach first

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