

Cricket in Yankeeland.

As the train carrying our cricket eleven neared Buffalo, I chanced to be in a car apart from the rest. The brakeman's cry "Black Rock" warned me that Buffalo was near at hand, but I heeded not that warning. "Ferry street" made me remember my luggage, which was in the next car; and as the train moved outward I went in search of it, but alas! the car was empty. All my friends had left the car at Ferry street, and, to my delight, had taken my luggage with them. Alone in Buffalo! An entire stranger! You know not what my feelings were, especially as the match was to begin immediately on our arrival. "Still," thought I, "I cannot be much late, for, after finding out the location of the grounds, a car or cab will quickly convey me to the desired place." Accordingly I addressed the porter at the station:

"Would you kindly tell me where the cricket grounds are?"

"The what?"

"The grounds where they play cricket?"

"Never heard of such a thing in my life."

By no means disheartened I went up Main street and soon asked a kindly looking man of clerical appearance the same question.

"My dear sir, I pay no attention to sport of any kind," was his reply.

With a feeling of pity for his sad state I left him and spied in the distance a group of newsboys, who are generally acquainted with every branch of sport, as well as every locality in the city. After first purchasing an *Express* and *News* in order to secure their good will, I asked the usual question.

"Crickets," said the big boy of the group, "you've knocked me out this time. What is crickets, anyway?"

Not desiring to enter into a discussion of the game, I hailed a Niagara street car, and after a ride of about 20 minutes was landed at Ferry street. None of our party were in sight. My spirits were much depressed. I thought the day's sport would surely be lost. I soon found myself leaning dejectedly against a lamp post endeavoring to find some solution of the difficulty, much annoyed at myself, and disgusted with the replies I had received. A man delivering ice stopped near by, and without moving from my comfortable position, in a very disappointed tone I said:

"Do you know where they play cricket?"

"I don't know, unless it's in the gymnasium over yonder."

At this idea I burst into laughter and said:

"You of all men should know something about a 'cool' game like cricket. I would advise you to learn it."

As a last resource I questioned an Irish police-

man who just at that moment came up, and here I secured the much desired information.

"That's a game Oi kin play mesilf. Oi loike it. Many a toime when off me bate Oi watch thim playin up at the Frint, close forninst the barracks. Take this car and get off at Connecticut strate."

My alarm now being over I boarded the car, but from force of habit could not resist asking the conductor if he on any of his trips had seen anything of a cricket club.

"I can't tell you," said he, "what kind of a club they were, but on my last trip about fifteen gentlemen got on this car, all carrying grips, and in a large blue one I noticed some most peculiar things. There were some pads about the size of your leg, some rubber things, a number of sticks, about two and a half feet long, a flat thing, not like a base ball bat, but more like a paddle. Why, a woman could hit a ball with a bat like that. She couldn't miss it."

During the game a number of street boys who were sauntering through the grounds stopped quite near me. The following were some of their remarks:

"Hully gee, what are they playin'?"

"Look at the feller makin' a windmill out of his arm."

"Where's the diamond?"

"It's a plasterer's pic-nic."

"Oh, come on; there's no base runnin' and no game aint worth nothin' without that."

By this time I was fully convinced that cricket was by no means a well known game on the other side, and I had already resolved that before playing again in any of the cities across the border, I should secure a map of the city with, the exact position of the grounds clearly indicated.

Concerning Solomon.

Freddie—Mr. Boddy, sir, did Solomon use a ruler for a fork?

Mr. Boddy—No, Freddie; he never told me anything about it if he did.

Freddie—Well, sir, in the thirty-third chapter of Proverbs it says "When thou sittest to eat with a ruler, consider well what is before thee."

A well known professor has advanced a theory that Solomon went to boarding school. He finds it upon the thirtieth verse of the fifteenth chapter of Proverbs: "A good report maketh the loins fat." It is evident that Sol. knew a thing or two, anyhow.

A great improvement would be made in the swimming arrangements if some fine sand were substituted for the cinders now placed near the crib, as boys feet very often suffer in consequence of the ragged points.