

progress. We have had too many of these "knockers" in our town, and it is to be regretted that the judgment of our saner and more progressive people has been subservient to the will of the Stand-patters.

But the good will prevail. The Progressives, if we may be permitted again to make use of the class designations of our friends in the United States Congress, seem to have determined that our town must improve. The unchangeable law of life has it that there must be growth and progress, or decay. There can be no half-way condition, and our citizens in increasing numbers are coming to the determination that our choice shall be growth and progress. To this end we must have capable municipal government. Our best business men must lend

their services to the town. We never will get capable civic administration from men who either know nothing of business management or make a failure or but mediocre success, of their own affairs. The greatest deterrent to the most capable men serving in public offices, is not because of the time it takes, but because of the abuse bestowed on them if mistakes are made—and often if mistakes are not made, but a course is steered differently to that which the abusive, but far less capable, critic would have followed. We who are served must stand behind our public men, and endorse their work and not endeavour to block it.

We must have a live board of trade, too, and a capable board of education. In the struggle for industrial position we sometimes neglect the aesthetic

side of our lives. An abiding success for a town must be sought along broad lines and embrace the cultivation of refinement and the better things as well as the pursuit after material gain. A town is but a community of individuals banded together in bonds of common necessity. Let our civic bond be a strong one! Let us forget the petty differences and press forward, each for the betterment of all, to the status of the Town We Ought To Be!

(The foregoing letters, as well as the others in the "Courier's" Civic Spirit Competition, seem to indicate that there is a need throughout Canada for a broader and more active civic spirit. No more patriotic service may be performed by any citizen than to assume a portion of the leadership.)

BASEBALL IN MONTREAL

By CHARLES HANRATTY

Photographs by Chesterfield.

"Is baseball a craze in Montreal?" asked the newcomer, after he had taken a constitutional which led him through the green freshness of Fletcher's Field, then across the north end to Parc Lafontaine, these being the city's two vast Commons. In each place he had witnessed a score of ball games on as many diamonds, and—shudder not ye of Puritan spirit—as it was on a Sabbath morn he saw these sights, he argued that this imported pastime must have been taken deep to heart in the Canadian Metropolis and raised to the height of a craze. But the citizen cicerone held to the contrary notwithstanding the testimony offered.

"No," he replied. "No, baseball is not a craze in Montreal. The only craze Montreal admits is for Bernhard, not baseball. The Divine Sarah has a grip on the affections of the people amounting to absolute devotion, but baseball is recognized only as a well-ordered business enterprise which offers a fair entertainment, the more to be appreciated because it presents its wares *al fresco* rather than 'cabined and confined' within the limits of a theatre; and because it gives its patrons an opportunity to enjoy cool breezes—if there have been any lost from the cave that day—while the performers go through their parts under the glare of Nature's great flood light, the sun, instead of the spluttering flicker of mere man's invention, while the leading man is spared the annoyance of a spot."

There you have it. Baseball has its place in Montreal but the people have not yet taken it to their hearts any more than the ordinary citizen falls in love with the crossing policeman. He accepts the position of one as he does the other.

Baseball is much played in Montreal. Without hesitation an observing person will admit that he detected ten youngsters fooling with the horsehide pill to every one engaged in perfecting himself with a 'crosse in the fine points of a game which the original native sons established even before C. Columbus crossed on the ferry and found us out. On the big open spaces in the city parks and on the vacant lots will be heard the crack of the willow as it meets the trade mark on the sphere; on the side streets will be seen hundreds of budding players pegging a few at a pal, or perhaps a tad with a young pillow on his southpaw imploring his chum to "put some steam in 'em."

There are many amateur clubs, a dozen junior and juvenile leagues, and a couple of semi-pro leagues, that account for a host of young players. One semi-professional league that plays each Sunday (and without police interference) is in a state of prosperity. Of the interest in baseball as shown by the participation of the younger men there is no doubt. Meanwhile a lacrosse Diogenes armed with a high power searchlight would have found one spot on each of the common playgrounds reserved sacred to the memory of the real national game, while a further search would have discovered more of the remains interred inside the walls of the three big athletic associations that make Montreal their

home. That's the way it looks: Baseball alive and kicking, lacrosse ready for the hearse.

While the growing generation is paying considerable attention to baseball and thousands of kiddies are to be found whacking the ball on corner lots and in the playgrounds, and sowing a crop of gnarled hands, the number of recruits from Eastern Canada in the ranks of professional clubs is so small as to be a minus quantity. There are a couple on the Montreal payroll, but their work is largely that of the understudy character, with the exception of Jean Dubuc, the husky pitcher, who is regarded as the hope of French Canada; even here it must be admitted that this hope first saw the troubles of this world among the classic Vermont hills. Perhaps when we shall have secured a crew of hired men developed on Quebec soil we may become crazed over baseball. Meanwhile the sight of a score of professionals practically all natives of a foreign land—stop! salute, for Charles Handford, native of Tunstall, Staffordshire, and fully qualified to represent the Empire at bat or in the field—using the name of Montreal for business entertainment purposes is not such as to inspire any extraordinary emotion.

This is very evident by the actions of the people of Montreal.

It is evidenced by the fact that no baseball match has yet brought out a crowd to surpass any seen at contests between good lacrosse teams. It remains to be recorded that twenty thousand citizens—as in Toronto—dipped into their righthand jeans pocket and parted company with the necessary two, four or six bits to obtain seats on the humble bleacher or a pew in the lordly covered stand. So far as attendance goes lacrosse has the upstart game fiddling at the post long after the barrier is sprung. The biggest crowd to witness a local game was at a contest between Newark and Montreal, on a Saturday afternoon two years ago, when just a shade under six thousand spectators appeared despite the fact that Tom Longboat was dancing on his tiptoes that day over the dusty roads.

Then, too, you can see that baseball is not a craze by the behaviour of the crowd. They may differ in opinion from the masterly umpire, but their language addressed to him would not disturb the shell-pink ears of the littlest convent miss, and no one would ever think of heaving a pop bottle towards him. The occasions of ragging "the umps." are rare indeed, in fact we are not bent that way at all. Perhaps our enthusiasm will develop some day.

When you judge the matter from the standpoint of attendance and from impressions obtained at the contests, it appears quite clear that Montreal is not at all crazed about baseball, merely accepting the game as a timely contribution to the varied amusements and interests of a large city that has a lot of serious business on hand.

Professional and semi-professional baseball was played in and around Montreal for years

previous to the establishment of an Eastern League team, but the real beginning of the present club was in 1897. In that year Rochester was having one of its periodical bad spells and had tumbled into the cellar, to effect a rescue from which undignified position there was no rush on the part of the home folk. Finally some bold spirits in Montreal, headed by such local characters as "Bob" Boyd, "Tom" Wall, "Jack" Hasley, George O'Neill, and Lt.-Col. Cameron, banded together and made a bid for the franchise which was accepted, and in August of that year the team was turned over bag and baggage. Charley Dooley, then the Adonis of Eastern League first basemen, was made manager. The following year Montreal made a whirlwind campaign and won the Eastern League championship, the one solitary pennant to decorate the local flagstaff.

Matters financial interfered with the later



Out! Curtis, the Montreal catcher, caught at the plate in a game with Newark.

progress of the club, and the present Baltimore franchise was established on the sale of Montreal's rights. But the year in which Montreal lost the franchise saw the return to Montreal of another, Worcester, after a disastrous season, Worcester transferring its games here to finish the fall end of the schedule.

Then John Krietner, of Buffalo, got hold of that franchise and established it in Montreal, installing Charley Atherton as manager, the latter being succeeded by Ed. Barrow. Of that lot of players the only one to wear a Royal uniform to-day is "Joe" Yeager, the sturdy third baseman.

There have been various reorganizations of the club, and to-day it is a limited liability company, of which Mr. "Sam" Lichtenhein hold a controlling interest, with Mr. Hubert Cushing and Mr. E. R. Carrington associated as directors.

Lectures American Women

THE many thousands of American women going to England for the coronation have made the life of Ambassador Reid a horror, says the San Francisco *Argonaut*. All of them demand to be presented at court. He can comply with but few of these demands. Result, feminine threats of vengeance, while the unfortunate ambassador is on the verge of despair.

Why do American women seek court presentation? For now nearly a century and a half we have lived under a republic. Are our American women but imperfectly republicanized? It would seem so, for not only do they become hysteric over the courts of St. James, of Berlin, of Petersburg, but they even crave presentation at the courts of dinky little grand duchies. Yea, even in microscopic German states do our American citizenesses abase themselves, yearning to be presented to his serene highness the Grand Duke of Pumpnickel.



Gandil tags the runner off first.