WHEN JOHN BULL SAW THE GAME

Fans Open Their Arms to the Uninitiated Briton

'REHEARSAL' PLEASES

Two Chance Acquaintances Make Him a Squire and Explain the Sport

NEW YORK, June 4.—Edward [illegible] tells the following story of a visit to the Times. Do you recognize the type of American he describes? Keen-eyed, smiling, rapid-fire, generous man who gives the impression that he'd die promptly rather than endure protracted silence, loneliness or the pangs of a grouch. He is a man of enable good nature, invaluable curiosity, unsurpassed stores of language, a man who works hard under high tension and recuperates under much pressure.

[illegible] at sat directly in front of the baseball game the other day. They made so much of a spectacle of themselves that the impertinent curiosity to dramatize which a few words of barter. Next to one of them was a vacant seat. A man came to the end of the row, saw the vacant seat and finally acknowledged the courtesy of those who rose to permit him to pass. They had to rise to give him space, for he was a stout man, largely surrounded by an unmistakably hearty tepee, as if he were a unity from a tropical climate with an insane love of our own climate—which turned out, indeed, to be the case. But it was not that which drew attention. He looked so like the John Bull of the cartoonists that he might have been made up for the part. The two of them speech men realized their fortunate opportunity instantly and [illegible]. One moved into the vacant seat and indicated his vacated chair with a hearty invitation for the newcomer to take it.

Made Him a Squire.

"Sit down that way, squire," he calls.

"Watch your step," the other cautioned. "It's pep, there, mindful of the spectators whose view you are obstructing. Glad to see you aboard."

The stranger could not fail to understand that he was the object of the greeting. He glanced shrewdly, yet shyly, at the speakers, as if the thought came to him that these were not unlike the advances made by friendless men. But he quickly decided against that, took the proffered seat between the men, beaming and said with broad British accent: "You're very kind, gentlemen, I'm sure."

"Right, squire," declared one of them. "Have a cigar."

"Is the game, squire?" asked the stranger. "Or are you in need of advice, tips, prognostications on the articles of foreign and domestic commerce?"

The fine old gentleman was smiling. He probably had made up his mind that he had encountered one of those Yankee characters he had come for foreign enlightment in [illegible] and story.

Couldn't Escape Honor.

"Thank you, gentlemen," he responded heartily. "I'll smoke my cigar, but I'm not a squire, you know. Really not."

"Not a squire? Tut, and also tut!" [illegible] and with the advice and consent of the ladies and gentlemen here assembled, you are hereby commissioned squire."

Disregarding snatches of his talk, it appeared that the stranger had recently arrived from Brazil and was about to sail for England, which he always affectionately referred to as "home." He'd not been home for [illegible] years. Having that morning transacted his business in New York he decided to see for the first time one of the great American games he had heard so much about.

"And," he said, looking with surprise at the batting practice going on, "it's a lively game, too, isn't it, eh?"

The innocent revelation that he thought the practice work going on was the game was received by winks of knowing joy by his companions, and they agreed with it in infinite variety. They explained why so many fouls were batting flies to the outfield, why runners to the infield; why pairs were pitching and catching so many men being served with brown balls, and all the actions of 25 players; all a part of the game, and no wonder that one seeing his first game could not understand all the fine points offhand.

Stayed to "Rehearsal."

Practice was over; the squads cleared their dugouts, and the stranger John Bull rose to depart. His companions detained him.

"Just a wee, squire," one begged. "Just a little, wait for the rehearsal," the other urged.

"Rehearsal?" their new found friend queried.

"Yes, squire. Didst never go to the theater?"

"Why, yes. When I was a youngster [illegible] I was quite a theater [illegible]."

"Sure you were. But never saw a rehearsal?"

"Why, no, but I've thought they must be a good fun."

"Better. Now just like after a [illegible] performance 18 of the [illegible] who did it badly in the regular game we saw, who were rotten on the blink, as we say at home, we must rehearse to get [illegible] their parts."

"I see, I see, indeed."

"Yes, too, dear top."

[illegible] cigars and the pipe were lighted and the regular game, which [illegible] assured the novice was a rehearsal, went on its noisy way. [illegible] the squire's suspicions were [illegible] one could not tell, but in all [illegible] thousands none was more [illegible] than he. When a left fielder ran a hundred yards at a good [illegible] pace, jumped three feet off the earth, snapped and held a fly bound for the bleachers, the squire sprang to his feet and roared, "Well [illegible] by Jove, admirably played!"

As the squire rose to go, struggling into his great coat which, by the way, when for comfort he had taken it off, had fallen under his feet where he had stamped on it with earnest endeavor to reduce it to [illegible] he said, "Gentlemen, we've not been introduced, but——"

They Knew a Place.

They promptly gave him their cards. He ceremoniously gave his to them.

"I've been away from home long enough," he continued. "I'm sure the Englishman's pleasure in dining alone. If you will oblige me——"

"Where are you stopping?"

Both interrupted to ask that question. He named a fashionable hotel.

"Nothing doing!" he was assured. "Nothing doing on the night in question. In the wife's handbag, under the waiter's apron. Nothing nowhere, nix, in that hotel. You, squire with us to our favorite joint, or, more politely, hangout. There we winks to good old Alphonse and he produces, or furnishes forth, cocktails in teacups, we wink again, and he ushers in as good a quart of Burgundy in a grape juice bottle as any Volstead saint or sinner ever slipped a loving lip over. Our car is parked without. What ho?"

"What ho!" echoed the squire with newly awakened spirit, and the three departed arm-in-arm and laughing.

GOLDEN RULE MAYOR

After Month's Trial, Henryetta's Executive Gives Hint of His Platform.

By the Associated Press.

HENRYETTA, June 4.—After filling the office of mayor for one month, his honor, Mayor Jim Hawes, after stating that he "feels" like he was everybody's mayor for the next 23 months, states that about the nearest he has to offer as a platform is that he believes in fairness to everyone, regardless of color, creed, politics or religion, and will apply the golden rule in all cases. Then growing a little facetious, he tells his public that while he is not responsible for the laws on the statutes, he will act as a buffer between them and the council, and that the four high-minded gentlemen who constitute this tribunal with him will be very glad to consider any changes or suggestions folks want to make.

Touching upon the cutting off of the water from delinquent consumers, the mayor apologizes by saying the city needed the money due and that he is in no position to play the Good Samaritan by supplying free water to those who forget their obligations to the city water department. He says that he knows some of the streets are in bad shape but praises the street commissioner as one of the most proficient men in this class of work in Oklahoma or elsewhere, who is handling a 40-mile contract on a 10-mile revenue.

Taking up the killing of dogs on which no license is paid the mayor says he dislikes to enforce this law because he loves a dog next to a human and begs the public to treat the dog tax collector politeness when he calls for two reasons. First, the man is only doing his duty, second, because there is not a chance for the dog to slip by him. Taking up a different angle the mayor announces "to the gentlemen who are engaged in the manufacture of choctaw beer and other low voltage, we have a police force that is full of energy and we will stand by your vases as fast as we can get to them."

Concluding his public paper, Henryetta's golden rule mayor admonishes the people that now is the time to keep their chickens up and to cut weeds, and that they might as well get busy. "Some of you folks," he says, "have no doubt resolved not to vote for me again, and more will come to the same conclusion, but don't do it until I say I want the office again. In the meantime I am at home to all home folks and also strangers alike."

So He Kissed Her on the "Spot."

Jack—"Do you object to kissing on sanitary grounds?"

Jackette—"Oh, no."

Jack—"Then let's take a little stroll through the infirmary."

Italian experts who investigated the petroleum resources of the Caucasus have reported the Baku wells capable of producing 3,000,000 tons annually.

CALL CEDAR 109

Washington Holds Public Funeral For Heroes; Notables Pay Homage

Scene at the public services held for Washington's World war heroes on the monument grounds.

Enormous crowds gathered at the Sylvan theater of the monument grounds at Washington, when the public funeral was held over the bodies of Vincent R. Costello and Hiram E. Cash, in honor of all Washington heroes who died in the World war. The services were attended by Vice President Coolidge, second man from the flag at the left; General Pershing, second man from flag at the right, and the district commissioners and many other government and city officials.

LANE'S AMERICANISM

Extracts from The American Spirit, a book written by the late Franklin K. Lane, ex-secretary of the interior.

Spirit—What is American spirit? Is it love of adventure? Two years ago congress authorized the construction of a railroad in Alaska—500 miles straight away from the sea to the circle. We needed a thousand men, and within 60 days 33,000 had made petition that they might take the hazards of that new country—not idlers, the flotsam of the sea of civilization—but men of steady habit, employed already but ready for a new adventure. There's something American about that.

Yes, I hear it said, but will these men fight? There is the test. Do they love anything but the pay envelope? I ask you back. When did these men ever fail to fight?

The spirit of America is against war not because we have grown cowardly and fear death, nor because we have grown flabby and love softness, nor not even because we have become conscious converts to the primer of peace. But we in America have something larger to do. We are discovering our country. Every tree is a challenge to us and every pool of water and every foot of soil. The mountains are our enemies. We must pierce them and make them serve. The wilful rivers we must curb, and out of the seas and the air renew the life of the earth itself. We have no time for war. We are doing something so much more important. We are at work. That is the greatest of adventures. When war comes to a democracy it comes because men are not allowed peacefully to work.

What would we fight for? For what Roger Williams fought—to be let alone, to have the opportunity to show what man can do for man.

Why are we fighting Germany? The brief answer is that ours is a war of self-defense. We did not wish to fight Germany. She made the attack upon us; not on our shores but on our ships, our lives, our rights, our future. For two years and more we held to a neutrality that made us apologists for things which outraged man's common sense of fair play and humanity. At each new offense—the invasion of Belgium, the killing of civilian Belgians, the attacks on Scarborough and other defenseless towns, the laying of mines in neutral waters, the fencing off of the seas—and on and on through the months we said: "This is war—archaic, uncivilized war, but war." All rules have been thrown away; all nobility; man has come down to the primitive brute. And while we cannot justly we will not intervene. It is not our war.

Then why are we in? Because we could not keep out. The invasion of Belgium, which opened the war, led to the invasion of the United States by slow, steadily logical steps. Our sympathies evolved into a conviction of self-interest. Our love of fair play, opened into alarm at our own peril.

We are fighting Germany because she sought to terrorize us and then to fool us. We could not believe that Germany would do what she said she would do upon the seas.

It has taken us a long time to learn the meaning of this war. We are Christian and a kindly people. It was not in our hearts to believe that the gentle German folk whom we knew could, by their government, be forced into position antagonistic to all human sentiment and all the principles which we call American. We could not believe that they intended to do what they did at Louvain and Rheims. We could not believe that they intended to do what they did to the Lusitania or to the Sussex. We could not believe that it was their purpose to turn Belgium into an orphan asylum and to turn beautiful France into a desert. We could not believe that it was their purpose to sink hospital ships carrying the Red Cross. Or that while this was a neutral nation their government would reasonably with those whom she imagined were hostile to us in a vain effort to arouse them against us. But now we know that there always was but a misunderstanding of that passage of love which is the victory of all mankind. [illegible] in a message of unequaled eloquence and accuracy, has laid at the door of his long patience and of his exhaustion. He has called us to the colors. And America would prove that Woodrow Wilson's pledging faith to the allies was the manifestation of the determination of the human conscience against the murderers of a wilful peace. For unheralded there arose our leadership, for a free sea and a free land.

I was talking with a member of Marshal Foch's staff. He told me of the unforgettable chapter in which he assisted. He manned the advance on Paris. He sat in his room back of the lines every few minutes and pointing to and changing the line, moving the French like stock placed on French capital, and so and so came the German flag. At last they reached the Marne, and then the well spoken, sweet spoken Frenchman quietly rose. He paused a while. "You know he said at last, "I thought we had gone far enough." And arose an appeal to the French soldiers to stand firm and die before they yielded further. His men responded to him and drove the Germans back, and he is the hero of the world's greatest battle in 12 long centuries.

"This time we have gone far enough." That is the relief in which we meet the situation today. In the spirit we, too, can stand before the tomb of Washington and say with Lafayette, or Washington, would have said, "This time we have gone far enough."

A democracy making war is never an agreeable night, for it is not in its normal line of life. And there are those who cavil at it because it does not play the game as well as might be, for an abominable commitment to the morals of free institutions it takes time to accumulate, not to the short, hard words of command, and the attitudes of personal judgment. It is not easy, either, for a nation to turn its back upon the contemplation of a world where justice works as its ends by quiet processes, and to fix its good cause to the stern belief that the ultimate court is a court. Behold, if there is wrenchings and side-slipping and confusion, there should be no surprise. The surprise is to me has been with what comparative ease the transition has been made, and how much unconscious preparation for the task which lay ready has already been made.

Men are already thinking of the greater America that they believe is to come when the war is done. We are in this war for the future of social and political ideals, and if they unfolded, even embryonic, and there we hope to realize through the strength of the nation. Our nationalism, intense, strong, and the fighting kind, is a part of the awakening through which we are trying to make all men our debtors. Our national purpose is to transmute dross of dreary work into happier lives for more beautiful and fulfill others in their time. This is the large view, the idealistic view. If you please, of America's mission. It is the subconscious purposes of all our history, our wars, our politics, our social system, our conservation, our business enterprises.

This greater America is not to be the direct product of a nation's fears, but the dream of a nation's aspirations. It is to be as successful as hard work can make it, a thing of good roads, skills and well-ordered industries, equitable rewards put to use, and schools and science and schools, and thinkers. What has taught England and France much, one thing perhaps above all others, how all important in this day is the man who has the new kind of science here. It was she to meet the full reality of the world, the quick eye, chance for success, quick ability to produce men who in character, in trained capacities, and in resourceful imagination will succeed those whom they are to serve. The new America is the city will contribute to the world, for products with most generous hand. But the ultimate measure of the nation is not that which has within the ground but that which liberates in man's brain. Therefore out of the struggle and turmoil that we shall pass through and the reversion and triumph that we shall meet, there should evolve the conception of America as the center of the world's thought, an America that will give that leadership and direction to the scientific, literary and social thought of the world that we guide ourselves we have recently given to its political thought. Our waking to this war gives us a place of moral ascendency from which if we are great enough to be humble we can become real masters of men, conquerors of the invisible kingdom of naive mind.

'SHODDY' USED IN WOOL CLOTHES

Under Quality Values Are "Sold Off" on Public, Is Charge Made

WASHINGTON, June 4.—Arguments against the French chapter bill, requiring that cloth and other fabrics be labeled with the percentage of pure wool contained in them, are piled riders among those who desire to profit by subjecting the public to the necessity of buying commodities which are not what they are represented to be," T. H. Atkeson, national grange reserve, declared today before a senate committee.

"Nobody wants to prevent use of substitutes for wool," Mr. Atkeson said. "We consumers desire to know what we're buying. Like the pure food law, this is a measure that will be practically self-enforcing."

J. H. Wilson, secretary of the Wyoming Wool association, declared that during the last three years all woolen products had been tinctured with shoddy, "which explains why clothes we buy are poor in wearing quality."

More shoddy, which he defined as wool reclaimed from rags, was used in textile mills last year than new wool, the witness said.

Chairman Watson gave notice that manufacturers opposing the bill would be heard, beginning Monday.

Austrian iron furnaces being charcoal for fuel which were operated for more than 600 years continuously until about three years ago have been reopened.

Rupture Kills 7,000 Annually

Seven thousand persons each year are laid away the burial certificate being ruptured rupture. Why? Because the unfortunate ones had neglected themselves or had been merely taking care of the sign (swelling) of the affliction and paying no attention to the cause. What are you doing? Are you neglecting yourself by wearing a truss appliance or whatever name you choose to call it? At best the truss is only a makeshift—a false prop against a collapsing wall—and cannot be expected to act as more than a mere mechanical support. The binding pressure retards blood circulation, thus robbing the weakened muscles of that which they need most—nourishment.

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Learn how to close the hernial opening as nature intended so the rupture CANNOT come down. Send your name today to PLAPAO CO., Block 617, St. Louis, Mo., for FREE trial Plapao and the information necessary.—Adv.

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