

# CASEY AT THE BAT

Published by Request.

It looked extremely rocky for the Boston nine that day: The score stood two to four, with but an inning left to play. So when Cooney died at second, and Burrows did the same, A pallor wreathed the features of the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go, leaving there the rest. With that hope which springs eternal within the human breast: For they thought, "If only Casey could get a whack at that." They'd put up even money now with Casey at the bat.

Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt: Then when the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip Defiance glanced in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air, An' Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there: Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped: "That ain't my style," said Casey. "Strike one," the umpire said.

But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed; They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain, And they knew that Casey wouldn't let the ball go by again.

The sneer is gone from Casey's lips, his teeth are clenched in hate, He pounds with cruel vengeance his bat upon the plate; And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go, And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright, The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light; And somewhere men are laughing, and somewhere children shout; But there is no joy in Boston; mighty Casey has struck out. "Phinney" Thayer.

### The River Oxford.

The river, undoubtedly, stands facile princeps at the head of all resources in the way of out-door amusement at Oxford; nor is the reason far to seek, when one takes into consideration the almost endless variety of its charms. For those who seek cool shade or the peace which a pipe and a yellow-back alone can procure, the narrow Cherwell steals softly under its arch of green trees. The broad shallows of the upper river afford boundless scope for the eccentricities of the tyro, whether he disport himself in a skiff, a punt, or a sailing boat; while grim slaughter may be perpetrated by the wary saloon gunner among the water rats which abound in any of the numerous backwaters. Little wonder, then, that readingman, cricketer, footballer and all the other "ers" at times forsake their household goods to pay their homage to the great presiding deity of Oxford. To the boating man proper who seeks fame in the broad reach from Salter's boathouse to Ilfley lock, they may, indeed, appear as so many trifling interlopers, to be assailed with fierce shouts of "Look ahead!" "Confound you, sir!" etc.—Good Words.

### The Mountain Devil.

During his explorations in the mountains of East Africa, Sir Henry Johnston, with 100 Zanzibars, was attacked by a very much larger body of Masai. The enemy made desperate charges and were beaten back with great difficulty. "Toward evening," said Johnston, telling the story, "my men were losing heart, and it looked very black for us, when I had a brilliant idea. I remembered I had a box of 'Tom' Smith's crackers and fireworks. I really don't know what made me buy them, but I added them to my other stores in London. I told my fellows to go on fighting and all would be well, and when night fell I climbed up the mountain side, unseen by the Masai, with a Zanzabari to carry the box, and half way up I let off the various squibs; and when the enemy, who are very superstitious, saw the streams of blue and red light blaze into the black sky from the mountains they instantly fled. It was, they said, the mountain devil fighting on our

# NEW AND TRUE STORIES OF WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE

## WATTERSON NOT A BETTOR.

One by one the idols of Kentucky are slowly falling. First, the great battleship named after the state, and christened by one of Kentucky's fairest daughters was baptized with plain cold water instead of with the red and fiery liquor for which the commonwealth of Kentucky is so celebrated in song and story.



This baptizing of the battleship Kentucky with water instead of whisky, and which is generally referred to in Kentucky as the "crime of the nineteenth century," was the first great prop of tradition knocked from under old Kaintuck. But now comes another, and if anything, a harder blow. Colonel Henry Watterson, the guardian angel of the only original star-eyed goddess of reform and the man who marched the Democratic party "through a slaughter-house into an open grave," declared in an interview at Saratoga Springs the other day "that he had not seen a horse race in fifteen years."

Shades of the old Kaintuck home, whither are we drifting? In every one of the three great geographical divisions of Kentucky—viz.: the blue grass, the bar grass, and the penn'yal—there has always been a feverish idolatry of the trinity of Kentucky—good whisky, fast horses and pretty women. But whisky was scorned, sub, yes, sub, scorned, when the battleship Kaintuck, sub, was christened with water, sub, instead of good old licker, sub. And now, sub, Henry Watterson, ouar Henry, sub, the greatest man, sub, since Thomas Jefferson, sub, casts an insult, sub, against horses, sub, and fast horses at that, sub, by bragging, sub, that he has never attended a horse race in fifteen years, sub.

The next thing and somebody will stand up and declare that the beauties of Kentucky squint and that they have big feet. Then what will there be left of the commonwealth of Kentucky?

It is rumored that Henry Watterson, upon his return to his native land, will be called before a court martial and tried for heresy. If nothing else will take him to a race track he should be bound and gagged and carried out to one and made to lose all his money on the long shots.

## JEFFERSON IN TERRE HAUTE.

When ex-Congressman Lamb was in Boston a few days ago he met Joseph Jefferson, who told of his first appearance in Terre Haute, Ind.

"How old are you?" asked the actor. Mr. Lamb replied that he was 48 years old.

"Oh, then, I was in Terre Haute before you were," said Mr. Jefferson. "In the winter of 1839-40, when I was 12 years old, I was there with my mother and father. We played in an old warehouse or porkhouse. My father had organized a company that was traveling through the west.

"I shall always remember Terre Haute, for it was there I heard one of Shakespeare's plays read through for the first time. After the performance was over one night my mother read to me by the light of a candle 'Much Ado About Nothing.' How it all comes back to me now—the porkhouse, the frame hotel, the bare parlor and sitting room combined, the well-thumbed volume of Shakespeare, and, best of all, the sweet face and low voice of my mother.

"We went down by boat on the Wabash to Vincennes, where the company was 'stranded.' Our last trunk was left with the tavernkeeper for board. How we got back east I do not remember, as I was too young then to appreciate such a situation. Think of it! There we were, utter strangers, without a dollar, a thousand miles from home, in a country where a telegraph and railroad had not been built.

"Five or six years ago, while in Fort Wayne, a gentleman introduced himself to me at the hotel, and, taking from his pocket a silver teaspoon, asked me to look at the initials on it. They were 'C. B.' I said: 'Those are my mother's initials, her maiden name was Catherine Burke.' In a few words the gentleman informed me that the spoon was found in a trunk after that disastrous visit to Vincennes. He presented the spoon to me, and it is one of my treasures at Buzzard's Bay."

## LA FOLLETTE AND STAGE.

To Lawrence Barrett and Edwin Booth belongs the credit of having saved to Wisconsin a governor—Robert M. La Follette.

In doing so they lost to the theatrical world a star. The incident happened less than ten years ago.

La Follette was a candidate for re-nomination to congress for the fourth time. After a house-to-house campaign he was defeated by a small majority by the Democratic candidate, Bushnell. Hav-

ing been out of the practice of law for six years La Follette hated to settle down to the hard grind. During his four years' course in the University of Wisconsin he had made Shakespeare a study. A natural orator, he captured the honors at Madison easily. Turning to new fields he won the intercollegiate contest in which four states were represented. His oration on "Iago" was a masterpiece. Luckless and unscrupulous students in western universities have since fallen a prey to its charms to such an extent that scarcely a year passes when some one is not accused of plagiarizing "Iago" in whole or in part. La Follette knew personally both Booth and Barrett. They were touring the country together and he determined to submit the matter to them and act as they might decide. Barrett's reply sent the statesman back to his native state.

"You have talent for the stage," he said. "There is no question about that." But there are other things to consider. Remember your law. Don't take defeat so badly. Make another effort.

## AN ESKIMO LEGEND.

Believe Earth is in Grasp of Giant Ice Spirit.

Ciakh Eskimos, who wander among the northern stations of Smith sound, know nothing of centripetal or centrifugal energy and have never heard of the oriental stories of the earth being supported on the back of a tortoise or an elephant, but they do have a legend—never before in print—that accounts for their satisfaction for the holding of our globe in its place and a legend that is quite strangely carried out by geography. They say that the earth is held in the giant grasp of the great ice spirit, who reaches out from the dark northern sky and holds the water-covered sphere with his left hand that forms the land of which we live. They laugh at explorers who are seeking the pole, and say that it is impossible to reach it, because the ice spirit has surrounded his wrist with impenetrable and unsurmountable barriers. So much for the legend, now for the geography. These Eskimos point southward over the great American continent and say that is the hand thumb of the ice spirit, and they point further and further to the east to locate the rest of the hand and stop where they say there is a great ocean that reaches from the little finger around to the thumb again. That is the Pacific. Take your atlas of the world and you can well imagine the western continent being the thumb of this spirit, and its broad ball forming North America and the joint breaking at the isthmus; with the nail at Tierra del Fuego, rounding off into Cape Horn, Between the thumb and that finger lies the Atlantic, and that finger extends far southward, forming Europe and Africa with its terminus at Cape of Good Hope. Then the middle finger, with its main joint bent at the Himalaya mountains, reaches through the Indian peninsula, terminating at Ceylon. The third finger is extended, forming the Chinese peninsula, and reaching through Australia. Above these fingers stretches out the mighty broad palm, forming the great plain of Asia; and to the east marking the western bounds of the Pacific is the little finger, which covers Kamchatka, the Kurile islands and Japan.

## The Lion and the Fox.

A lion who wanted his meals brought to his room without being charged as extras, invited the beasts to call upon him. The Fox came in his turn. "Come in," cried the monarch of the Plains to the Fox, who remained at a respectful distance, "I thank you humbly," replied the Fox, "but while I observe many footprints leading toward your Den none return from it." "Phisaw!" answered the Lion, "that is easily explained. My good friends were anxious to furnish me with Edifying Literature, and when they went away they left their Tracts." "Aims! I have none with me, but will speedily make Tracts," answered Master Reynard, and he vanished in the distance. Moral—Most Accidents can be avoided by presence of mind and absence of body.

## A Press Notice for Patti.

During one of Adeline Patti's last tours in the United States the following preliminary notice was published by a certain western editor: "Mme. Patti Nicolini, the eminent vocalist and farewellist, will come to us positively for the last time next year. All those who expect to die before the year after next will do well to hear the human nightingale on this trip for Patti never says good-bye twice in the same year, and to die without hearing her strike her high two-thousand-dollar note is to seek the hereafter in woeful ignorance of the lights to which a woman with good lungs and a castle in Wales can soar when she tries."

## Rain Would Hit Edge.

A farmer, in commenting on the proposition that there should be prayers for rain, said: "This earth is flat as a pancake, and at this season of the year the aidge is turned toward the thunder region. If the rain should come it would only hit the aidge, and do no good to crops." Philadelphia Record.

# RAILROAD NEWS.

## MR. SEAGRAVES LOCATES 200 FAMILIES IN COLORADO.

Come from Northern Europe to Raise Sugar Beets.

Mr. C. L. Seagraves, passenger agent of the Santa Fe, has returned from the sugar beet district of Colorado, and completed arrangements to locate two hundred families from northern Europe, the first fifty families to locate near Holly, about October 20. Mr. Seagraves said:

"The leader of the colony is an expert agriculturist, and has visited and carefully investigated all sections of the United States, and pronounced the Arkansas valley the most promising of any section visited, on account of the superb climate, rich soil and the most perfect irrigation system in the world, backed by a reservoir supply with sufficient water to irrigate all the lands for two years without a drop of rain, thus insuring the farmers against failure of crops. After the first movement the balance will follow as fast as homes can be provided for them."

Mr. Seagraves advises that the farmers in the valley are very prosperous, and as that section will be densely populated and brought up to a high standard of cultivation, it will in five or six years become the richest and most prosperous community in the country.

He says: "Sugar beets are a very profitable crop for the farmer and the only drawback is the laborious work in the thinning season which lasts about two weeks. This feature, however, is being overcome by labor brought into the valley from New Mexico, who contract to thin beets at so much per acre. "In the vicinity of Rocky Ford, where the land has been cultivated extensively, it is possible under only fair conditions to raise twenty tons of beets to the acre, while thrifty and industrious farmers grow from twenty-five to thirty tons to the acre, and in some instances as high as thirty-five tons."

"The price of beets is determined according to their sugar content, the average being about \$5 per ton. The cost of growing beets, including all labor, seed, as well as harvesting the crop in the fall is about \$25 per acre, leaving the farmer \$75 or more profit an acre for his beet crop."

"The Arkansas valley of Colorado is considered the ideal sugar beet country, as they grow more tons to the acre and contain a larger percentage of sugar than beets grown anywhere in the world. The Rocky Ford factory is now rearranging some of its machinery, the beets being so rich they will not submit to the usual methods employed at the other factories."

"Cantaloupes are also a very profitable crop, and many growers estimate they will pay \$100 an acre net. I saw two and one-half acres near Rocky Ford that yielded the grower one thousand dollars. This was on reated land of which the owner received one-third of the crop. This may be rather an exceptional case, but it proves what intensive farming will do."

"Alfalfa, as well as small grains, do well and are profitable crops to grow. Vegetables of all kinds, poultry and dairy products command good prices, and a ready market in Denver, Colorado Springs, Pueblo and the mining camps."

"Lands in the vicinity of Rocky Ford, before the erection of the sugar factory, that sold for thirty-five, forty and fifty dollars an acre, are worth today from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty dollars an acre. The question is what is land worth that will net over and above all expenses from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five dollars an acre?"

"Lands in the Holly district and the very choicest in the valley and under a most perfect system of irrigation, with a never failing supply of water, a perpetual water right going with the land is selling at thirty-five dollars per acre, with ten per cent down and the balance in seven years at six per cent. The company will also build houses, barns, etc., on which they require fifty per cent down and the balance in seven years at six per cent."

"The Dunkards and Mennonites are now colonizing large tracts of lands, while other settlers are pouring into the valley from all over the country.—The valley from all over the country.—Topeka State Journal, Sept. 2, 1901.

## Where Eaton Came From.

Dr. Edward Dwight Eaton, the new president of Beloit college, is by profession a Congregationalist minister and was formerly the pastor of the Newton, Iowa, Congregational church.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Sept. 16.—The Garfield Tea Co., manufacturers of Garfield Tea, Garfield Headache Powders, Garfield Tea Syrup, Garfield Relief Pastils, Garfield Digestive Tablets and Garfield Lotion, are now occupying the large and elegant office building and laboratory recently erected by them. For many years the Garfield Remedies have been growing in popularity and their success is well deserved.

Money invested in knowledge pays the best interest.

## WISCONSIN FARM LANDS.

The best of farm lands can be obtained now in Marinette County, Wisconsin, on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway at a low price and on very favorable terms. Wisconsin is noted for its fine crops, excellent markets and healthful climate. Why rent a farm when you can buy one in a few years it will be your own property. For particulars address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, Chicago.



"THE SNEER IS GONE FROM CASEY'S FACE, HIS TEETH ARE CLENCHED IN HATE."

But Flynn preceded Casey, and likewise so did Blake, And the former was a puddin', and the latter was a fake; So on that stricken multitude a death-like silence sat. For there seemed but little chance of Casey's getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a "single," to the wonderment of all, And the much-despised Blakey "tore the cover off the ball," And when the dust had lifted, and they saw what had occurred, There was Blakey safe at second, and Flynn a-huggin' third!



"TEN THOUSAND EYES WERE ON HIM AS HE RUBBED HIS HANDS WITH DIRT."

Then from the gladdened multitude went up a joyous yell. It rumbled in the mountain tops, it rattled in the dell; It struck upon the hillside, and rebounded on the flat; For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat!

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place, There was pride in Casey's bearing, and a smile on Casey's face; And when responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat, No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.



"AND NOW THE PITCHER HAS THE BALL."

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar, Like the beating of storm-waves on the stern and distant shore; "Kill him! kill the umpire!" shouted some one in the stand, And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.



"AND NOW THE AIR IS SHATTERED WITH THE FORCE OF CASEY'S BLOW."

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone; He stilled the rising tumult, he made the game go on; He signaled to the pitcher, and once more the spheroid flew, But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two."



"THERE WAS BLAKEY SAFE ON SECOND, AND FLYNN A-HUGGIN' THIRD."

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and the echo answered "Fraud!"

side, and they didn't stop to argue with him, you can be sure.—London Truth.

## IN THE PHILIPPINES.

### Native Bulls for Hauling Vehicles—Boys as Soldiers.

Maj. R. R. Stevens, chief quartermaster in the Philippines, thinks well of the native bull, or carabao, for transportation purposes. A cart with a single bull and driver costs \$1.50 to \$2 a day, Mexican. It transports about one-third or one-fourth as much as an escort wagon. Australian or trotting bulks are used on expedited lines. The system of these expedited lines for the supply of fresh beef and vegetables

throughout the department has been brought to a great state of efficiency for the interior of Luzon. The chief surgeon in the Philippines objects strongly to the enlistment of youths under 21 for service there, as he has found such boys particularly prone to typhoid fever. When the first sense of novelty and adventure wears off the boy loses heart and becomes homesick. The chief surgeon's ideal army for the tropics would consist of men between 25 and 40. Contrary to the general disability from alcoholism, it is the native drink that produces

insanity among soldiers. Capt. Thomas Cruise, depot quartermaster at Manila, points out in an official report that the sizes of clothing in the United States will not apply in the Philippines, because the American soldier out there soon loses considerably in his waist measure. A man taking a 30-inch leg and a 36-inch waist on arrival will, within six months, be wearing a 30-inch leg and a 32-inch waist.—Chicago News.

The most difficult thing for some people to remember is the poor.