

# MAN, A WOMAN AND BASEBALL

(By Flora I. Barrie)

If you remember, last Sunday was a beautiful day. A typical Oregon June day.

If you sat in the sun, you recited, "Oh, what is so rare as a day—etc." If you sat in the shade, you recited, "Oh, I feel so bare on this day—etc." As I sat in the shade with shivers running down my spine, a La Grande man you all know, rather short, rather stout, rather scant of hair, stopped at my gate.

"Why, howdy," I greeted him.

"Oh, Mrs. B.," said he, "how are you be happy? I am so unhappy. My wife just does not understand me."

"Dear Lord," said I to the Lord.

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## Caesarian Triplets



Mrs. Ruth Dayhoff, 21, became mother of triplets at Staley Hospital Washington, D. C., through a Caesarian operation. This is one of the few instances in medical history where triplets were thus born—and all three are fine healthy babies as the picture shows. They are being held by Miss Gail McQuay, hospital nurse.

"Another one. He's got it too." But to him I said, "Ah, piffle. What have you been eating? Have you tried Milk of Magnesia?" This is my unfailing remedy for all men when they start to complain, be it about wives or other matters.

"No, no," groaned he. "This is the real thing. My wife mis—"

"But, but, my good man," I replied, "for having a misunderstanding of my own roaming at large, I always put sail on talk of this kind. But I decided right then what I would do."

"Now, listen," I purred. "A wife who doesn't understand is a terrible affliction. You poor, dear man."

How his face lighted. He was finding a woman who understood. You just bet she did. "We will go to the ball game," I continued, "and you can explain it to me, and I will do my best to understand you." I meant the game, and he, being a man, thought I meant himself. He quickly said that he would be delighted to go with me.

We arrived a little late. The grand stand was crowded, but interest in the game was lost for a full minute. One-half of the people murmured, "There's Mrs. B. I wonder where her husband is?" Since one-half of the world ain't supposed to know how the other half lives, we refused to answer.

I liked the grand stand, all but the little fenced-in places in front over which a sign hung, saying "50 cents extra." Everybody in the grand stand looked real nice and decent, so I thought perhaps the people in the fenced places had to pay extra in order to be allowed there at all, but on looking thru them I saw an undertaker, a millionaire and several Presbyterians that I knew (by sight), so that evidently was not the reason.

I often wonder if the Lord has Heaven all packed out with hundreds of places, with "50 cent extra," hanging over them. I hope not. I've always liked St. Pete, but when I think of him slipping those fifty-cent pieces into the pocket of his shining robe, his halo seems to fade.

Mr. X informed me that the diamond was before me. I had to take his word for it, since I couldn't locate it. He told me that the sand bags scattered around were bases; the man with the cane over his face and the chest protector on his back was the umpire; that I could tell the different players by the names on their shirts. If a man ran all around the field and hit a sand bag every time, it was a home run; if somebody hit him with the ball while he ran, it was his hard luck; when the men had all tried to run around and fan the sand bags, it was an inning, and innings were divided into two parts, the home team and the visitors; that the men standing scattered around loose, like, were fielders, because they were standing in a field, the pitcher threw the ball, the catcher caught it and the batter batted it. (Good easy to remember that). Also, I was to keep my eyes on the umpire, since he was generally a stow and, for the love of Mike to yell for my home team and not for the visitors, for he didn't want to be disgraced in public by a fool woman who didn't know a darn thing about the game and—

"How come?" asked I. "Don't hang me yet. Give me a chance. I got all your orders from the first."

To tell the truth, even after all this explaining there were many things happened that were mysterious to me. Baseball resembles prize fighting in some ways, only it is more refined and still to look at, the yelling is the same. When the people were pleased with a man they would yell—"Good boy, Andy, Watch yourself!" Everybody loves you, Charley?" This last statement was a little low, for, even though Charley might be a very nice man, I being a married lady, I would be utterly against the law to be intimate with that "everybody." If the people were not pleased with a man, well, what they called him the city ordinance forbids me repeating, and even I object, and I'm not a very strict Presbyterian either.

"I think," said I to my friend, who was all pepped up and not a bit unhappy, "I think that the field is on the wrong side of the batter. Most of the balls my over their backs and either hit the netting or slid up on the roof."

"Sufferin' cats," snorted he. "The field is where it belongs, can't you watch the game?" I could, well, but why waste time when there were so many other things to watch. There was the umpire, a fat, little man, who looked like a white-bearded Dutch Fisher painting called "Love's Awakening." His po-

was too polite to ask him the same, but I thought it.

Right then, one of the men got peered at the umpire, and eluded him. Great Scott. How the umpire talked to him. He shook his hand under the man's nose and the man walked off and never even slapped him. Which just goes to prove that you can't monkey with the umpire or sass anybody with authority. I know. Once I sass'd a policeman.

Mr. X didn't like that umpire. He had been jawing about him every little while, and now to just up and yell, "Kill the Ump!" "Oh, please," I cried. "Does your wife like him?"

"Who?" asked he. "Why, the Ump." "No, she doesn't," he replied. "I want you to know that my wife likes me." (Conceded? Lord, no. Jew a man.)

"Then, why kill him?" I asked. "There is only one way now that you can kill a man and get away with it and that is to run him down with your car. It is no fault of yours if you break his bones or mix up his insides. Outside of that, you have to plead insanity, higher education or claim that you were called."

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more thrifly than a locksmith and electrician who has just opened a shop in Seventh Avenue. The entire facade of his store is just eighteen inches wide, and he gets the use of it for \$15 a month.

Five feet back from the sidewalk the shop widens to three feet, allowing room for a drill press in addition to machine by which keys are made while you wait. Customers, however, must do the waiting on the sidewalk.

Ireland's Ancient Judiciary Gives Way To New System

DUBLIN, (AP)—At the completion of the Easter Law Sittings, the entire Irish judicial system, based on the model of the British which has prevailed in Ireland for many centuries, disappeared.

There will be no more lords chancellors or lord chief justices, and the places of lord chief justice will fall to the occupant of the office of chairman of the supreme court. There will be no more judges of assize throughout the country. They will be replaced by district judges holding permanent courts with a jurisdiction more extensive than any formerly exercised by the judges of the county courts.

Europe Seeks Standardization.

BRUSSELS (AP)—An international congress is to be held here July 21-24 for agreeing upon scientific methods in manufacturing processes.

Thirty-eight technical and industrial corporations have been invited to send delegates. It is expected that a permanent organization will result which will be instrumental in bringing about an international standardization of methods.

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PURITY BREAD SUPERFINE BREAD

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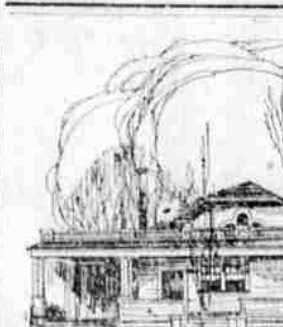
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