

# "SEEING" BASEBALL BY SOUND

## HOW BLIND MAN ENJOYS GAMES

Tom Long, Portland Blind Man, Tells How He Enjoys Ball Games as Much Now as He Did Before Going Blind. How the Ears Distinguish Between Balls and Strikes, and How the Mind's Eye Pictures the Plays.



No Fan With Perfect Eyesight Could Wax More Enthusiastic



Mr Long As One of The Fans At The Game



No One Would Suspect This Ardent Fan of Being Some Blind

It is not necessary to have eyes to enjoy baseball. As much real fun can be had by "seeing" a game with your ears as with your eyes. If you know how. So says Thomas Long, a blind man, who this year has gained the reputation of being one of Portland's leading ball fans and dopsters. Perhaps you have seen him at the ball park this last season. He looks

to be middle aged, wears a Van Dyke beard, a brown suit, a felt hat, has sharp features and is totally blind. Generally he is rooting in lively fashion. When Portland is winning he nearly always is on his feet and when there is any excitement he is throwing his hat wildly. That is Tom Long. You would hardly believe he has been blind for 10 years.

Mr. Long declares that he enjoys baseball as much now as he did before he went blind. He says it is about as easy to follow a game by sound as to see it, providing you know how. The art of hearing a game is not well known, he says, because blind men generally are not baseball fans and because others have no need for the hearing system.

What is going on as the person who has two good eyes and can see. And I haven't seen the light of day for 10 long years. I can not only tell what is going on but I can see it as well. I see, of course, only in my mind's eye. Close your eyes for a minute and think of some incident and see how quickly it will be pictured in your mind. That is how I see baseball. I have developed my sense of hearing to such a point that I can picture every play as it comes off. As a result of this training I can enjoy baseball as much now as I did before going blind.

ness and since that time I have not even seen the flashes of light that some blind people see at times when their blindness is caused by defective eye nerves. When my sight left me I determined I would not give up but would make the best of the senses I had left. I had been a baseball player and fan for 25 years, having started with the kids in the back yard and developed up to a point where I stood a good chance of gaining a reputation. I played with many Eastern teams. Inability to go to baseball games, therefore, was one of the saddest parts of my condition, but I determined not to give up. I went to the games continually and gradually learned that eyes are not necessary in baseball. I could not only hear what was going on but soon got so I could see as well.

One of the chief essentials in "seeing" baseball by ear is to learn the style of the players. In the Coast and the Northwestern leagues I know each player and just how he plays and how he stands. I have got so I can almost tell who is at bat even if the name of the batter is not announced. It can be told by the style of playing and the way the other players act. There is something in the sense of hearing that seems to go far beyond the mere recording on the ear drum of the noise of a movement. It is beyond explanation. There is something in the air that tells of the movements at times when it would seem that there was no noise by which the movement could be distinguished.

When a man is called to bat I settle down and watch developments with just as much interest as any of the other spectators. I can usually distinguish between a ball and a strike merely by listening to the sound of the ball in the catcher's glove. I can gauge the sound, telling whether it is high or low, and I can tell just what the play is without anybody explaining it to me. Perhaps it is mental suggestion. Perhaps it is something else. At any rate I cannot explain it. The only time I lose track of the game is when I get excited and go to throwing my hat. Then I have to sit down and catch the drift of the game again.

# THE HOLIDAY of GARGHOISTS

## Hallowe'en - The Ghost's Night Off.

Darkness, Shivers, Creeps and Groans! Mouldy Graves and Dead Men's Bones! Fairies, Goblins, Gnomes and Elves! Witches, Switches! Save Yourselves! -Hallowe'en Cheer.

DO YOU believe in ghosts? Now, wait. Don't be in a hurry with your answer. For Hallowe'en is nearly upon us, and you remember the fate of Gabriel Grubb, who was kicked to death by the goblins in the graveyard, whether he had gone of a Christmas eve, when others were making merry, to pursue his vocation of grave-digger.

You remember Gabriel Grubb, I say, do you not? The head goblin had rubber legs, as I remember him, and he made motions with them, like Teacup getting ready to deliver one of his spit-balls, just before he booted Gabriel neatly under the chin. Oh, yes, you must remember Gabriel Grubb, that Mr. Dickens told about. Gabriel, you recollect, liked his job—liked it so that even on Christmas eve he took his cheerful lantern and his cheerful spade and went cheerfully to the churchyard, having joyfully beaten a little boy, who wanted everybody to be happy like himself, just before he started out. He didn't believe in ghosts, Gabriel didn't. How could he when he had put so many mortals in the holes he dug and then tamped six or seven feet of hard earth down on them?

ON THE evening of October 31 two old ladies, with candle-stuffer bonnets, will arrive at your door on their broomsticks, (protected by Hecate's patent No. 12121 from any infringement by Wright, Curtis, et al.), and they will thoroughly brush from the walls and ceilings every bit of bad luck that has been in that domicile, provided, of course, there are no cynical folk therein. Should there be any such, let them beware—b-e-w-a-a-r-r! This ceremony having been gone through—and you can see the witches themselves—and some other things, if you will sprinkle some salt in a tin dish of alcohol in the otherwise darkened room—preparations for thorough propitiating all ghosts and spirits may be gone forward with.

Before making any suggestions to you along that line, which, with your kind permission, we will do, it will be well to recall the history of Hallowe'en, as we ourselves got it first hand. The ghost that told us—we have known and cultivated the acquaintance of several—was a jolly old chap, who had been an orchardist, and whose name was Jack Appel. A lot of his friends, he said, joked him a good deal by turning his name around and making a crude jest about "Appeljack being a much better spirit than Jack Appel." Well, anyway, it was Jack Appel that first made it apparent to us that, contrary to our general idea beforehand, ghosts are not, as a class, moody mournful folk. Of course, there are some that take death quite seriously.

able. It is for this reason, possibly, that Cupid has chosen the same night to endeavor to straighten out crooked or tangled love affairs, or start some new ones. The spirits are in a jolly mood on this night and do their best to help. Take it from us, who got it right from friend Jack Appel, if your last love potion didn't work, or you are in search of a sweetheart, place your trust in the goblins, or ghosts, or elves, or fairies, or whatever branch of the family you most favor, and be of good cheer, for you will have your desires unless you have made some s-e-r-i-o-u-s mistake. Remember the verse of Burns: "The said guld wife's wee headed nuts Are round and round divided. An' monie lads an' lassies' fates Are there that night decided."

VERY well then. The first thing to do, if you propose inviting a few of your friends to your ghost party, is to prepare the house. If you were going to have important guests you would want your home looking right for them, wouldn't you? Well, a ghost expects the same courtesy, but in getting ready for the spooks—they don't mind being called that, though they regard it slangy—you do just the opposite from what you would do were mortal, meat-made guests arriving. Therefore you should clear at least one room of most of the furniture. An ancient rite is the placing of three bowls on a table, one containing milk and another water, the third being empty. Then a feminine guest

falling. We know a ghost once that fell out of a haymow—but that is another story. Well, after clearing the room, trim it nicely with autumn leaves and corn stalks. Your only lights should be furnished by Jack o' lanterns. One will do, but more will be better. Hallowe'en without at least one Jack o' lantern would be as big a failure as a sweitzer cheese without holes, or an oyster fry without any oysters—or—anything like that. Some sweet-smelling hay will add a lot to the barn-like effect, and some ripened ears of corn, with lots of apples and nuts, are almost necessities. Witches' brooms—real witches' brooms, made of brush boughs, and not the ordinary kitchen kind—will help a lot in case some unsexed visitor, who will surely be there, should lose her flying machine.

THE guests being assembled, if you must have seats in your ghost chamber, let them be wooden benches. No well-regulated ghost will object to such seats. He is not constructed that way. Then prepare for the rites. These must be observed with due decorum and solemnity to obtain the real benefit and charm. A young couple should go, hand in hand, to where some green things are grown—to a garden if possible; if not, boxed plants will do. With blindfolded eyes they should each pluck a stalk from the bed without shaking the earth from the roots. If the stalks are long and symmetrical the future will have nothing but good in store, and if much earth clings to the roots it is a sure sign that much wealth will come to the holder. Finally, the earth should be brushed off and the roots placed over the doorway. The first person who enters will have a powerful influence over the lives of the couple. This can be done by one person or two, of course, but it is always most effective when two lovers perform this rite. An ancient rite is the placing of three bowls on a table, one containing milk and another water, the third being empty. Then a feminine guest

should be blindfolded and led to the edge of the table and there turned around. She is told to reach toward the dishes. If she dips her hand into the one containing milk she will win a rich and handsome lover; if into water she will marry a widower; if into the empty dish she will remain single. A ring, a thimble and a nickel should be hidden in the room. The one who finds the ring is sure to be married; the thimble indicates a life of single blessedness; the nickel promises wealth. Apples are most distinctly a part of Hallowe'en, coming almost next to ghosts themselves. Those who are looking for sweethearts should be provided with apples and knives. Each apple should be pared very carefully so that there will be but one large paring if possible; this paring should be whirled around the head three times and then dropped or placed on the floor; whatever initial the paring most resembles will be that of the future husband or wife of the parer. If the peel is broken the holder will not be married before another Hallowe'en.

THE same information as that prepared by means of the apple-paring may be had by going into a dark room and tossing a ball of white or rose-colored cord out of the window, holding one end tied securely around the third finger of the left hand. When the ball has reached the ground the holder should begin at once to rewind it, repeating the alphabet slowly backward. Before the ball is rewound a mysterious hand will catch the trailing end. The holder inside should then lean out of the window and faintly ask, "Who is there?" The name that will be whispered in answer will be the one most desired to be heard. Perhaps some of your guests may have supper with you. If so, a large cake should be placed in the center of the table, with as many candles around it as there are guests, each candle being a different color, as far as this is possible. The cake should be passed last. The guests choose each a candle, selecting the color that

pleases their fancy. As they do so some one reads: He who takes the candle blue Will find his swain's love true. The pink, the sweetest of them all, Will wed a fellow six feet tall. Alas! for yellow, bright to see, You lover's wit will jealous be. Happy he who orange takes! Now prepare your wedding cake. Hopeless, houseless bachelor he, Will find his swain's love true. Crown her blest this very night. Who has chosen crimson bright. He whose choice inclines to red His heart's joy will surely wed. A fiery ceremony that will please the spooks greatly, no doubt, is called "The Witches' Cauldron." Three young ladies should be attired as witches—streaming hair and winding sheets and all that. They should hover about a cauldron (every house is equipped with a factory cauldron, if one will; but look for it) and should repeat some incantation. The verse from "Macbeth" will do.

ALL of the guests should circle about the cauldron and the witches, and each time the circle is completed the witches should bid them stop and select one to come forward. The person selected must come forward, reach into the cauldron with a ladle and select one of the articles previously placed in it. The parcel when opened will contain an emblem of what the future spouse of the guest will be. A toy shop will provide these emblems; a soldier, a sailor, a pen, an engine, a box of pills, a drum, a violin, a sauceman, a hat, a fan—there are lots of things to indicate personalities. The pen would indicate a writer, the fan a coquette, and so on. Any of the old-time customs, such as ducking for apples, string-dragon, eating the apple from a strap suspended from the ceiling, are in order and, pleasing to the ghosts. Apples, with the initials of the guests, may be toasted in the open fire, should there be so satisfactory a fixture in the home in these ripe, radiant days. The apples will perform strange antics and may be taken as prophetic in a manner that will be at once apparent. And don't forget the ghost stories.

The room should be darkened and tiny candles, one for each story-teller, lighted. As each tale is completed the narrator should blow out his candle. The last raconteur will be sure to see things when he disposes of the "glimmer." The pan of alcohol, with frequent sprinklings of salt, will aid during the story telling. If you have never tried it, and know not its effect there will be a surprise for you. Try it. A small mound placed in a deep plate is all that is necessary, and there is no danger if ordinary care is exercised.

Pensioning Government Employees. For many years the proposed pensioning of government employees has been a question of vital interest at Washington, D. C. A plan lately submitted by the President would pension all employees over 70 years old, no person to receive over \$50 a year, about enough, with economy, to find them in clothes. This, it is estimated, would cost the Government not more than \$27,000 a year. The present employees are assessed not to exceed more than 3 per cent of their salaries, of alcohol, with frequent sprinklings of salt, will aid during the story telling. If you have never tried it, and know not its effect there will be a surprise for you. Try it. A small mound placed in a deep plate is all that is necessary, and there is no danger if ordinary care is exercised.