

SAYS FRENCH ARE BACKWARD IN BASEBALL

We presume that baseball may be added to the things that won the war, for there is no reason why the practice of chewing gum should be given any advantage in this respect, but it can be said, upon the authority of William B. Shepherd, foreign correspondent of the New York Post, that baseball will win no war for France, at least not for another generation. He has made careful observations and widespread inquiries and comes to the conclusion that the Frenchman is not adapted by nature or perhaps by temperament to play baseball. It might be dangerous for Mr. Shepherd to make such remarks in the presence of La. La. La. or even Jean Debuc, famous players whose ancestors came from France and one might by an effort of memory recall more great experts of the American game that were at French by extraction as is Clemenceau. We have heard so much from other sources of the enthusiasm with which the French have hailed the game, and we have seen the French do such marvellous things which few people supposed them capable of, that we take leave to suggest that Mr. Shepherd is unduly pessimistic and that if another war comes along soon the French will be able to win it by baseball—like the late war.

Too Rough for a Game

We are told that the French consider it an extremely rough pastime. Not long ago a doughboy was struck by an automobile; his clothes were torn; his scalp was cut; blood flowed freely. A Frenchman pushed his way through the crowd that surrounded the unfortunate and inquired, "Baseball?" The French people whether they have tried to take part in the exercise or have been mere spectators, have some reason for doubting that baseball is more of a sport than a fight. They see the opposing teams with grim faces, the howling partisans in the bleachers, the desperate efforts to intimidate the umpire, the naturally they fall to understand that this is all part of the game, part of American psychology, and can be forgiven if they prefer something a trifle less strenuous, particularly after a war. Those who have tried to play have as a rule broken or dislocated fingers to show for it, because the Frenchman tries to catch the ball "girl fashion" and a slight error of judgment when the hands are in this position is certain to be attended with painful results.

Like to Kick the Ball

Another thing Mr. Shepherd noticed was that the Frenchmen seemed unable to pitch a ball; they could throw round arm with a motion of bowling or lobbing, but found it difficult to throw with the necessary snap and bent elbow effect which they call "throwing with the broken arm." Perhaps the reason for this is that in most of their games the Frenchmen have found it more necessary to use their legs than their arms. The little French boy kicks as naturally as a little American boy throws. On one occasion, when a lot of balls were lost by being knocked out of the lot, the military police, who were detailed to find them, reported that in every case the boys who had picked up the balls were using them as footballs. For generations the Frenchman has been notoriously clumsy with his hands, from the boxing point of view, but equally adept with his feet, as their rough game of savate testifies. It ought to be mentioned that this disability to make a good showing in the ring has passed with the present generation, for in Carpentier, the French have one of the best men living of his weight.

Better Legs than Americans

Mr. Shepherd says that in the hundreds of rings in which French boxers have appeared with Americans in the past eighteen months it has been observed that below the waist the Frenchman is usually the superior in muscle and in speed, shifter on his feet and quicker

Just as often the American has better shoulders and is stronger. There can be little doubt that the games of the two countries partly account for this difference. Of course, in baseball, speed and well-muscled legs are desirable either in running the bases or in fielding a hit ball. The Frenchman has these qualities in as great perfection as any people on earth. He has also a good eye. If he had been taught to throw and catch a ball from childhood there can be no doubt that in a few years we might find the French meeting the Americans on equal terms at baseball. Of course it would also be necessary that baseball should become a national obsession with the French as well as with the Americans.

Train Up a Child

But considerations which make it highly improbable that the French will ever become an expert ball player apply to all games in all nationalities. It is extremely rare that we ever find a man becoming an expert who has not taken up his particular game in childhood. Golf is one of the few exceptions to this rule. In Canada, for instance, we have found it rarely, indeed, that any but the native-born really excel at our national games of lacrosse one recalls Fred Stagg and in professional hockey Joe Hall, who with the handicap of birth outside this country became noted players. More than 90 per cent of the greatest baseball players were born in the United States, and perhaps eight per cent born in Canada, where the game is almost universally played, leaving just two out of the hundred to be provided by Europe and Asia.

FIJI FASHIONS

Mr. R. W. Dalton, in his report of the trade of the Fiji Islands, says: "Shirts are gradually gaining in popularity among the Fijians. All kinds of soft tennis shirts with collar and pocket or collar and two pockets sell freely. These shirts are usually worn for dressy occasions, when the natives are generally clothed in white or cream. There is an increasing demand for khaki shorts and trousers. The shorts are either plain or with buckle knees and are being worn by Fijian men beneath or instead of a join cloth. There is also a large sale of umbrellas.

He Couldn't Cough

The King—"I must have gold you imbecile! Cough up!" Prime Minister—"But, your Majesty, the coffers are empty."—Michigan Gargoyle.

COMPENSATING FOR DIFFERENT GASOLINE QUALITY

"Gasoline is Not The Name of a Definite Substance, But of Almost Any Hydro-Carbon Fuel."

The gasoline sold in different parts of the country and even at the various filling stations in the same town varies markedly, for three distinct motor fuels, viz.: "Cracked" gasoline, casing-head gasoline and straight run gasoline are sold under the same name and there are many blends or mixtures of each. The different brands vary in such particulars as the proportion of light hydro-carbons, which they contain to facilitate the starting operation, in the temperature to which they must be subjected to secure approximately complete vaporization and in their density or gravity, not to mention in cleanness or absence of foreign matter, but they do not vary greatly in the amount of heat or "power" which they give out, when used under the most favorite circumstances. This situation does not affect the motorist, who always buys one brand of fuel in the same section of the country, but to him who tours over wide areas or fills his tank wherever he may be, when the need arises, it means that he must make provisions for adapting his carburation system to the variations in fuel which he encounters. One often hears such a remark as this: "I got some poor gas at _____ and my car would hardly run." No doubt such statements are true, but without doubt, many cars are running finely upon the same "poor" quality of gasoline and the unsatisfactory operation complained of was mostly due to the complainant's carburation system not being adjusted correctly to use it to the best advantage. If a car that is adapted to run on present-day fuel were suddenly called upon to use the high grade gasoline in use say 15 years ago, there would be trouble. The carburetor would probably flood continuously, the mixture furnished would be excessively over-rich, and modern heating arrangements would prove detrimental rather than advantageous. Obviously, on the other hand, the car of 15 years ago would refuse to run on the gasoline motorists are now "getting by" on fairly satisfactorily. Gradually, engines have been adapted to run on modern fuel and it has been and still is a matter of fitting the engine to its fuel. In the case of a car run upon different grades, at different times, there is this same problem of adjusting matters to secure the best results, with the particular quality in the tank, and the problem is somewhat similar to that of making engines run well at the widely different temperatures of summer and winter.

Furniture makers must poison all woods with a chemical poison that will withstand kiln drying, if they expect to cater to the wants of the people of South America. This is the purport of a bulletin issued recently by the U. S. department of Commerce. This is necessary to thwart the ravages of the termite, which feasts on all woods that appeal to its taste. The hardness of the wood makes no difference to the little six-legged creature, which begins eating wood shortly after being hatched. The termite works secretly, burrowing innumerable tunnels, running usually with the grain, and leaving a thin shell on the outside. Or-

A SOUTH AMERICAN PEST

ten its presence is not noted until some person takes hold of a chair, the top of a desk, or the panel of a bureau and the object crunches like an egg shell. No varnish protects. The only woods that escape destruction are the Spanish cedar, resinous Georgia pine, and others that contain a substance disagreeable to the taste of the termite.

MARITIME OMELETTES

The "Pele Mele" (Paris) states in a recent issue that the eggs of the dog-fish possess all the nutritive qualities of ordinary farm eggs. Until lately, the dog-fish was quite neglected by fishermen and flung back into the sea as worthless, but today the fish is being actively sought by ships specially fitted for this class of fishing. The eggs of the dog-fish are frequently found as large as hen's eggs. Tortoise eggs are considered a great delicacy, and make excellent omelettes. They are, however, understood to be not adapted for boiling; the white of the egg does not harden as in the ordinary breakfast table egg.

Authority

"Take this rubber plant into the garden." "Mistress said I was to put it on the balcony, sir." "Do as I tell you. You will put it in the garden first. Afterward you can put it on the balcony."—Boston Transcript.

Monkey-Talk

Professor Garner reports that the female ape says "Moochoo," and the male ape replies "Wahoo." Evolution doesn't appear to have carried us very far. A chap on the moonlit beach last night said, "Who is oo?" and the girl replied, "It's oo's."—San Francisco Chronicle.

Guessing Doesn't Pay

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"Absurd, foolish idea!" That's what you would very properly say if your dealer proposed to guess the weight of your seed grain that you pay good money for. No indeed—you demand it weighed, and accurately weighed, too.

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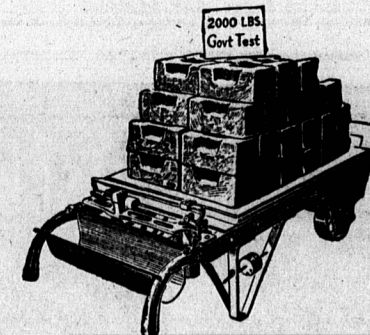
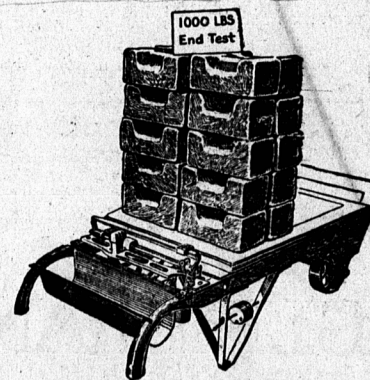
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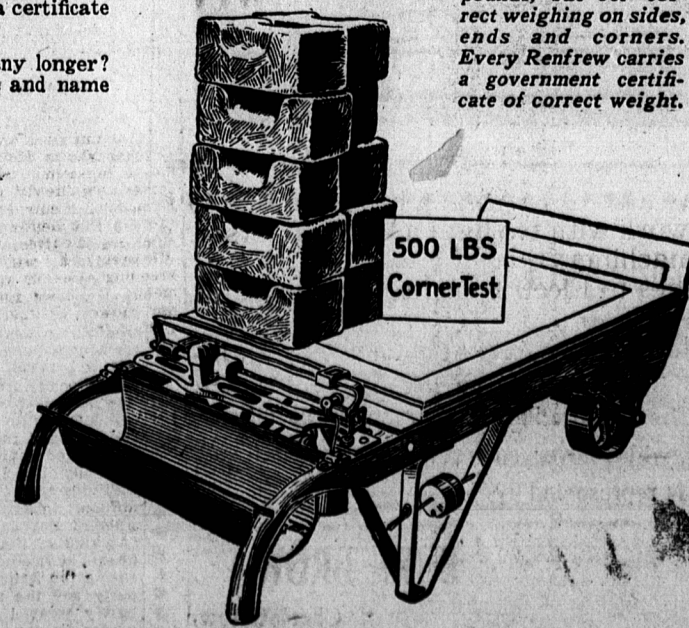
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PROFITABLE SLEEP-WRITING

"Among medical reports of abnormal mental conditions and in the proceedings of the Physical Research Society hundreds, if not thousands, of well-authenticated cases of most extraordinary activities of sleeping persons have been recorded," says Dr. Edwin Bowers in "Pearson's Magazine." "In some instances the mental feats accomplished far transcended the normal capabilities of the individual.

"Such a case is the intuition—or perhaps it was the clear subconscious grasp of business detail—of a Russian banker who was addicted to the habit of getting up at night and looking over his papers while asleep. The banker had been examining the prospectus of an oil company about to be formed, in which he had planned to buy an interest. But after mature deliberation, with his objective mind (the mind we use while awake) he decided not to "take a chance"

"However, a few days later his agents told him they had followed his instructions and had bought heavily for his account in the proposition, at the same time showing him a letter, written in his hand-writing, authorizing this purchase. This letter he had written while asleep, and he had not the slightest recollection of it. Within two years the banker had added two and a half million dollars to his already over-swollen account—which puts him in the championship class of sleep-walking money-makers."

Hand-Stirrups

"See any fancy ridin' while you was east?" asked Three-Finger Sam. "I sure did," answered Cactus Joe. "But everything's topsyturvy. People in the cars have to hang on with their wrists in straps. "Jes' think of that. Usin' the stirrups for their hands, instead of their feet!"—Washington Star.