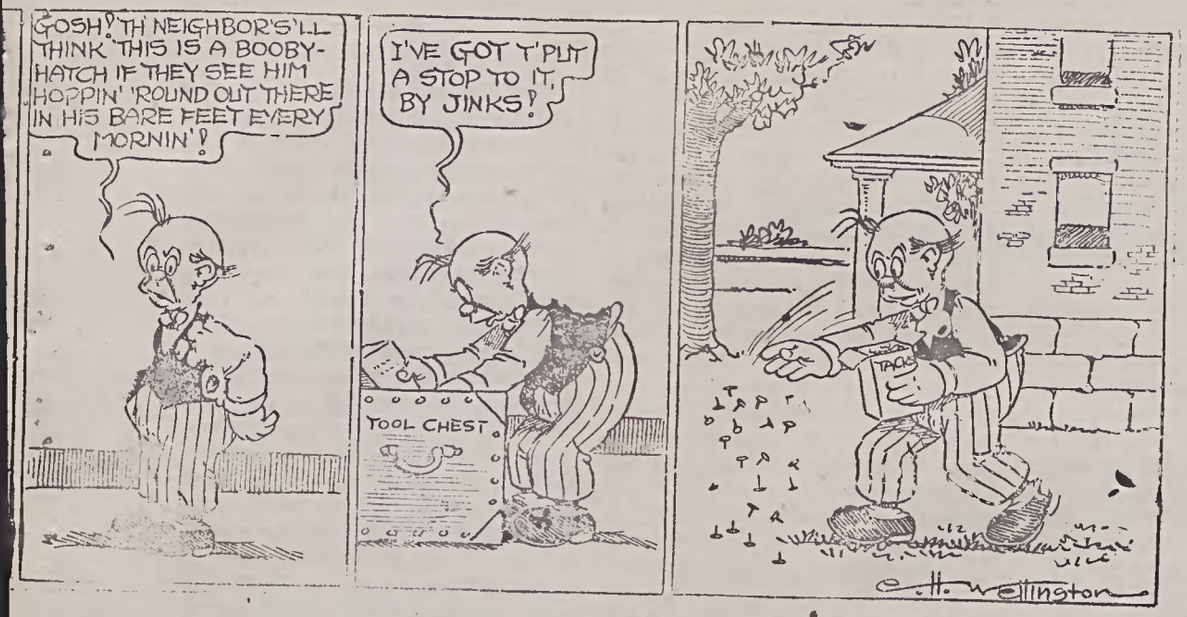
By Wellington



The bases were loaded with Brownies—with two out. Then George Sisler walked to the plate—Sisler and a .407 macing average; Sisler who had pounded with regularity the offerings of any opposition twirler in the circuit. Did Clark shiver? Did Clark lose courage? Was Clark afraid? Did he falter?

Oh, no!

Very calmly and cooly and with the attitude that a veteran pitcher might assume toward a "rookie" batter, Clark walked up toward home plate, sized up Sisler carefully, grinned widely and said:

"My boy, I am going to put it over for you and you can't hit it."

Clark went back to the box and made good on his promise. He grooved one for Sisler—and Sisler swung for a strike. Then grinning wider than ever, Clark, preliminary to his wind-up, shouted to Sisler:

"Here's another good one, my boy—and you won't be able to soak this one either."

Clark put it along the "main line," Sisler swung and the result was a puny grounded to second base which was fielded by Wamsgans for a force-out, retiring the side.

Wouldn't it be more than passing strange if this youngster arriving at a moment when the Indians need at least one fresh pitcher would fill the gap and assist in hurling them into the world series duelling of 1920?

WHERE HOLIDAY MAKERS WEAR CASTLES FOR HATS.

By Temple Manning.

Those who are agitated every week or so by some odd hat the fair ladies of our households bring home really have no cause for complaint when American hats are contrasted with those some Swiss girls and men wear on festive occasions. Our illustration above two such millinery oddities At a distance they might be mistaken for anything under the sun except hats. They are of all shapes, all sizes, all heights and all breadths. In the gloaming of a holiday their wearers, plus the contrivances, loom like fantastic wraiths of a feverish imagination.

On nearing a group of holiday-makers one may well be pardoned for thinking these gay youths and maids animated chess men and ladies. For

Two Amazing Adornments.

some of the hats are shaped like castles. But when one looks for the other familiar pieces—the knights, the bishops and the pawns—one is perplexed. They are absent.

In the place of the rest of the chess emblems there are bridges, houses and quaint designs of various sorts. Even the lace hats of some peasant women or the starched headdresses of sacred orders may be observed. And the observer may say to himself: "Why, these people look like the chorus of a whimsical musical comedy."

But when he stops close to the "merry villagers" he discovers that the headdresses they wear so gayly are all made of wood. Some one in the neighborhood with a knack at a jig saw has made all these hats out of wood. His bridges may be most realistically designed as a whole, but their ornamentation is freakish. The castles may look like castles when viewed from a distance, but they are unlike real castles in their details. So it goes all the way down the list of novel headdresses.

But curious and truly unique as these festive hats for holidays may be—and slightly heavy as they undoubtedly prove when worn for long—they add to the joy of the occasions on which they are worn by the Swiss merrymakers.

The manager of a factory inquired whether a new man was progressing with his work. The foreman, who had not agreed very well with the new man, exclaimed:

"Progressing! I have taught him everything I know, and still he is an ignorant fool."

Beyond the isle of What's-the-use,
Where Slipshod Point is now,
There used to be, when I was young,
The land of Anyhow.

Don't-Care was king of all this realm,
A cruel king was he,
For those who served him with good heart
He treated shamefully.

When boys and girls their tasks would slight
And cloud poor mother's brow,
He'd say, "Don't care! It's good enough!
Just do it anymow!"

But when in after life they longed
To make proud Fortune bow,
He let the mknow that fate ne'er smiles
On work done anyhow.