

and that he was a cousin of the noted hunter and explorer, Sir Samuel Baker and of Col. Valentine Baker, once the commander of the Tenth Hussars, the "Prince of Wales' Own," one of the crack commands in the British army; that early in the Civil War he had obtained leave of absence to go beyond sea and had gone to Massachusetts and offered his services to Governor Andrew, who had commissioned him colonel of cavalry in the Massachusetts troops; that he had organized a very fine regiment and had participated in much of the fighting in Virginia. Baker's inseparable companion was a noble Newfoundland dog, and one day, after he had been here several years, he went into an insurance office to see the general agent, Francis H. Cameron, a native of Wilmington, who had before the Civil War been a lieutenant in the United States Marine Corps and who had served in the Confederate States marines, attaining the rank of major. When Baker entered Cameron's office he found the latter smoking a meerschaum pipe of very odd design and shape, and gave a start when he saw this. Then he introduced himself and said: "Pray do not think me rude, but surely I have seen that pipe and you before. Where was it? Am I right?"

The two gentlemen shook hands and then history began to unfold itself. Baker said that he had seen that pipe or its duplicate in Virginia in the spring of 1865, directly after the battle of Sailor's Creek, at which time his regiment had taken part in the capture of a large number of Confederates, after a very sharp and bloody combat. He said that after the battle he and some of his brother officers had gone over to a building in which were a number of Confederate officers who had just been taken prisoners and had offered these officers something to drink and to smoke, and that then one of the Confederates was smoking a pipe like the one Cameron had. At these words Cameron gave Baker a warm handshake and said: "You are right; I was that officer. My battalion was serving as infantry at Sailor's Creek and practically all of them were killed or taken prisoners. I remember distinctly our being taken to a wooden building in the vicinity and held there and I was smoking and wondering to what prison I would be sent when a handsome officer in a colonel's uniform, accompanied by other officers, came in and gave us some of the best brandy I ever tasted and some cigars. I remember that both of us expressed the hope that the acquaintance begun under such bloody and distressing circumstances might be renewed."

It is needless to say that Baker and Cameron from that moment were friends and that the two had supper together that very evening at Cameron's home, with many a reminiscence of the war and not a few about England, Scotland and the Continent, since Cameron, like Baker had been over much of the world. Time passed, the friendship of these gentlemen deepening, and Cameron invited several officers who had been of the party so hospitably treated by Baker to come here and see the latter, and Baker also visited Wilmington, N. C., where he met Col. John Wilder Atkinson, who commanded a regiment of Confederate artillery acting as infantry, at Sailor's Creek, Atkin-

son's command being nearly all taken prisoners after fighting hard and close. Baker's health gave way and it was soon seen that death was not far ahead. He was gallant and courteous to the last; a pathetic figure, in a land far away from his own, among men who had been his enemies but were now his friends. He was attended always by his ever faithful dog. One night this dog, which in his last days was by his bedside, howled most mournfully and when his friends went in the dog had his own cheek laid against that of the master whom he so dearly loved. Such was the devotion of the poor beast that he soon followed his master.

A military funeral for Col. Baker was arranged, and the services were held from Christ Church, upon the casket being laid the flags of his old country and his new, England and the United States, his pall-bearers being members of the National Guard, and the Governor and other state officers, United States regulars, National Guardsmen, Federal and Confederate veterans attended, and the body was borne to Oakwood Cemetery upon a caisson and there the soldier of two continents was laid in his final rest in a grave beside that of the wife of Maj. Cameron, in the latter's family burial-place. The troops fired the three volleys, the bugler blew taps and the Blue and the Gray dropped a tear to the memory of a friend, a gentleman and a soldier. There today, on a gentle slope, quite near the Confederate Cemetery and almost under the shadow of a monument to Brigadier General George Burgwyn Anderson, Baker lies at rest, awaiting the final roll-call. FRED A. OLDS

Professional Starters Necessary

As the game of golf increases in popularity and courses become more crowded it is found necessary to adopt different methods to meet changed conditions. For instance, it has long since been customary at certain popular resorts to have an iron-clad starting system with a professional starter at the first tee. In fact, those in the habit of playing at Baltusrol on Saturdays and Sundays during the regular season have found it advisable to arrange for their starting times the night before.

At Apawamis last season much of the labor which usually falls upon the local tournament committee was assumed by the club's professional, who was kept close to the first tee and the score board from early morning until dusk. Over Philadelphia way there is talk of introducing a system of professional starting at a number of the clubs, and it looks as though several of the tournaments in that vicinity would be run off that way this season.

Au Vin Sans Eau

An inn on the road from Tarbes to Bagneres, England, is inscribed:

0 20 100 0

and this sign puzzles most strangers at first sight. When they pronounce the inscription, however, they find that the figures read exactly the same as the words "Au vin sans eau," and that the inn-keeper has hit on an ingenious method of proclaiming the fact that his wine is not watered.

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150

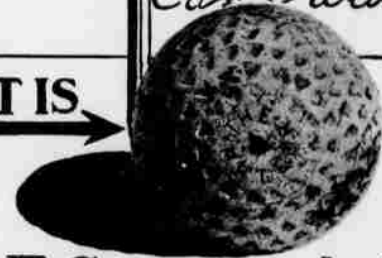
The B. F. Co.
Akron, Ohio.

Gentlemen:-

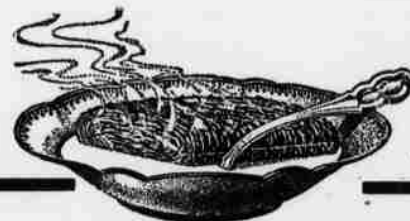
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