SPORTS OF THE SEASON.

Base ball has received a blow this week from which it will take it sometime to recover. Two more disgusted audiences I have never seen. It is too bad that one of the best college teams of Maine should make such a show of themselves and injure the season's prospects as they have. I need not recall the tour of the Bath's last year. We all have a lively recollection of the snide nine that come down here on a holiday jaunt, and took us in. The Bowdoins are up to the same trick. To see their fine game nipped in the bud by the Shamrocks, who cancelled their dates, gave me genuine pleasure—there could only be one improvement, the presentation of a purse to pay their way out of the province before they did any more harm. What an exhibition that 14, 15 game must have been at Moncton. The citizens should have presented both nines with a soft ball and a ten acre lot.

The event of interest in the league this week is the turnover in the Frederictons. After some trouble among the managers Ryan got the grand bounce, and there appears to be a mental reservation on the part of the managers that Burns and Underwood will have to play better ball or—. Ryan's dismissal seems to have roused his friends in the Capital, but they have no ground to stand on. He, no doubt, was a "nice fellow," but he could not pitch to the league clubs. The managers have acted in a thorough business way in doing what they have.

But speaking of this reminds me that according to the league arrangement it will pay the Frederictons to get the best team they can. It sounds queer to me that St. John with its 40,000 or 50,000 people should give Fredericton the same percentage of the gate receipts as Fredericton with 7,000 people gives St. John. I fail to see the equity of that arrangement. Fredericton and Moncton had made up their minds not to consent to any other, and rather than break the league the St. John delegates gave in.

The two clubs in this city, however, have one advantage ; they have no long distance to travel to get to either city, while the same cannot be said of the Monctons when they go to Fredericton, or vice versa.

The St. Johns have done well in cancelling their dates with the Oronos.

Owing to the absence of Parsons, says the Sun, and the inability of two of the nine to play, the St. Johns could not play the Frederictons an exhibition game. Rather an amusing paragraph. What kind of business is it to pay six or seven men $130 a week, and then let their work depend on the business engagements of two amateurs. No doubt, too, Parsons is off on leave—but not French, I hope. Judging from the freedom given the professionals last season, they could be in town or out of town, play for other clubs or not, so long as they were on hand for the club games. Is this right? If a professional is wanted by another club, has not his employer the right to any remuneration for his services. Experience has shown that you can give the professionals all the favors you please throughout the season, give them short vacations even, and pay them for the time away, permit them to make what they can from other clubs, and at the end of the season, if you want them to stop over their time a couple of days to play one game, they will charge you a full week's salary.

The St. Johns play no more games until the 23d, and will enjoy a ten days' holiday. Care should be taken that the professionals have all the fishing excursions they want during that period ; that they should not find the time hang too heavy on their hands—a picnic, in the meantime, might relieve them of ennui ; anything, in fact, to amuse them, and keep them from practicing. Faugh !

But Fredericton is going to have an amateur league, and Ryan has been engaged to coach the four clubs composing it. Ryan is a very lucky youth, but if he is to be paid out of the money made by the league, I wouldn't like to be in his position. If Fredericton can support an amateur league and pay anybody in connection with it, St. John will have to take a rear seat as a base ball town.

The base ball war still rages across the border. All the newspaper writers are to the front with elaborate schemes for bringing about a better state of affairs between the two big leagues, but the heads of both the brotherhood and the league are determined to fight it out, although they are losing money.

Since the introduction of the double umpire system and the subsequent decrease of chances for abusing that official, attention has been turned to the unfortunates who score the games. The Fredericton cranks must have been reading the base ball papers, and followed their lead ; but for the sake of base ball in the provinces, boys, don't carry the thing as far as the American managers have.

The National league magnates, it is claimed, now control, with few exceptions,

the sporting columns of the leading New York papers, and changes on the sporting end of the staff are very frequent. The Press which, with the World, favored the brotherhood, has been brought into line or the league side, by President Day, and its sporting editor discharged, because he thought the brotherhood clubs played better ball than Mr. Day wanted them to play. This action brings out a very long, yet interesting, letter from the ex-sporting editor, which, if true, shows base ball in New York has arrived at a point similar to that at which the relations of the theatrical managers and the newspapers of St. John have been, for some years past.

The Chicago *Horseman*, with its usual enterprise, has offered a main stake of $11,000 to be trotted for by foals of '90, between July 1 and October 15, in '94. The entrance is $200, payable by degrees up to July 1, 1894, when the final deposit of $100 has to made for the starters. In addition to the main stake there is a consolation stake of $1500, open to those horses that start but win no part of the main stake.
JACK AND JILL.

APROPOS OF "DOROTHY."

The Natural Curiosity to See One's Friends in a Play.

The person who carps at amateur theatricals is largely a sham. The sham is proved by the fact that the carper always goes. "It's a great bore," the carper is heard to say, but some way or other it is not enough of a bore to keep the carper away. It is a case of "first endure, then pity, then embrace," if the carper tells the truth, which we don't believe. He is his own flat contradiction. He would say that he goes to carp. The most reasonable explanation is that the carping is an affectation, and he goes because he enjoys it.

So much for the carper. He is conspicuous amid the great majority of people who go to private theatricals because, as they say, "it is such fun." The fun of it is infectious. No one but a true cynic —of which genus, praise be to Allah, there are but few examples—can escape a touch of it. No one wants to be out of the swim. No one wants to sit dumb when the topic everybody else has a say about is the universal subject of talk. It is a pleasant thing, this gregariousness of man. It is where men and women apparently hold the most of animate creation. Then there are a few people to whom the fascination of the stage does not appeal. We are all of us living two lives—the every day, bread and butter life which frequently tires and disappoints ; and the ideal life, known only to ourselves, where we make ourselves the heroes and arrange all the hard conditions to suit our peculiar ideal of happiness. We are all of us children, "playing" (in our minds) that we are something nobler, better, finer, happier than we are in reality. It is a blessed thing, this possibility of escape from hard actualities into desirable idealities. And the drama helps it amazingly.

And, then, to the healthy, natural love of seeing "a play," the equally natural curiosity of seeing your friends, or persons about whom you know, in a play—what they can do. What fun there is in trying to make out a familiar face and person behind the disguise of some remarkable "make-up." It is itself worth the price of admission. Then that much vaunted beauty of professional actresses—what a sham it is. No actresses ever look so lovely as the every day women of ordinary acquaintance when they consent for a time to take the role of actresses. There is a daintiness of manner, a picturesqueness of costume, a general effectiveness which quite outmatch the charms of professionals. Then the acting. It is the vogue to decry the acting of amateurs—and it is, of course, not professional in the minor details which make a perfect whole. But it averages a good deal better than common criticism gives it the credit for doing. We do not realize how good it is, for, while our lips are ready with praises, our eyes are intent on picking flaws and instituting comparisons. We should be disappointed if we could not find some lapses from professional standards to justify oft repeated assertions on the subject. Did only the same people have the time and disposition to continue their efforts, profiting by the past experience and stage familiarity with each other, the standard of amateur theatricals would be perceptibly raised. —*Waterbury, Ct., American.*

She Astonished the Public.

A short time ago a family living on State street extension hired a green servant. She was told by her mistress to wash the second-story windows. She had seen the way in which that labor was performed by the neighboring servants, and was all right as far as washing the outside of the windows was concerned.

When that part of the job had been finished, it occurred to her that the proper thing was to wash the inside in the same way. What was the surprise and edification of passers by to see a pair of generously proportioned nether limbs, clad in brilliantly striped hosiery, dangling from the outside of the window, with the owner blissfully unconscious of the sensation that she was creating. The lady of the house saw the crowd collecting and went out to see what was the matter. Looking upward the queer spectacle met her gaze. Shocked and horrified she rushed in doors and called the domestic to the lower household region. —*Bridgeport Farmer.*

Overgrown Nails.

Customer—These nails I bought here yesterday are in a terrible condition. Half of them are rusty.

Salesman (indignantly)—Well, what if they are? You don't suppose that we can manicure every pound that goes out, do you?—*Munsey's Weekly.*

It Will Not Work.

Calico—I see Brown has invented a machine for the scarf trade, called the "Tramp." It "counts the ties," you know.

Casimere—Yes, but the name hoodooed it from the start, I hear. Nobody can make it work.—*Ex.*