

Eddie Dinsmore Gets First Homer

Also Hurlled Devon To Fifth Straight Win In York County League; Hoyt Batted Freely—A Fairly Good Game.

Devon won its fifth straight victory of the York County Baseball League, taking the Tartars into camp at Queen's Square to the tune of 8 to 3 last night.

Devon hit Fredericton pitchers, Hoyt and Thompson quite freely, taking quickly to Hoyt for four successive hits in the first frame. Dr. Percy Thompson was put in to stem the tide of Devon base hits later in the game, but it was too late. Devon collected 11 hits in all.

Eddie Dinsmore, who pitched for Devon, limited the Tartars to seven scattered hits and three runs. And in the second inning, Dinsmore smashed out the first homerun of the season, a long fast hit into deep left. obody was on base.

The loss failed to better the position of the Tartars who were within striking distance of the Imperials in second place. Six innings were played.

The summary:

Club	R.	H.	E.
Devon	8	11	2
Tartars	3	7	4
Batteries:—Dinsmore and Bailey; Hout, Thompson and J. Boyne.			

York Co. League

Clubs	Won	Lost	Pts.
Devon	5	0	1000
Imperials	2	2	.500
Tartars	1	3	.150
Marysville	0	3	.000

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TROTTER DATES

Ithaca, New York, June 7
The Empire State Racing Association has set dates for four meets this summer. Harness horse meetings will be held at Cortland, July 4 and 5; Trumansburg, July 15 and 16; Ithaca, July 21 and 22, and Oswego, July 26 and 27. The association expects entries this year from northern New York and Pennsylvania, as well as from central New York.

WIPED HANDS, INDICATING THAT HE TOLD LIE

(New York Herald-Tribune)
That was a queer touchstone of veracity that gave pause to the supreme court in reviewing instructions to a jury by Judge James A. Lowell, of Massachusetts. The judge said of the defendant: "He wiped his hands during the testimony. It is a rather curious thing, but that is almost always an indication of lying. Why it should be so we don't know, but that is the fact."

Quite aside from judicial propriety, it was not a remark that would make sense to the average juror. He would say that if that sort of evidence counted anybody would be liable to go to jail for some mannerism.

It is certainly an esoteric inference that a man who wipes his hands is a liar. For that matter, most deductions from personal bearing are treacherous. It is said that a man who "looks you straight in the eye" must be honest. Yet everybody knows that accomplished crooks frequently have that art to perfection. To judge by his frank gaze, many a rascal is bulging with probity and his life is an open book.

On the other hand, the furtive, downcast approach may belong to a person as blameless as Caspar Milquetoast or Sir Galahad. He must be a big psychologist who can tell by a man's looks, let alone his little nervous habits, whether he is fit to rob a hen or to win the Nobel peace prize.

No man expects to have a word to say about the details of his own wedding.

Ignorance may be the curse of the world but sophistication is only a little lesser one.

HERE'S WRITER WHO PICKS MAX TO WIN TONIGHT

New York, N.Y., June 7—If you upped to us and asked why we were so thoroughly sold on this Max Schmeling person to hop Br'er Baer when they meet in Yankee Thursday (tonight) evening, we could give you several very fine reasons. And not the least of those very fine reasons would be this fact:

The ballyhoo for the fight has been entirely too much concerned with Baer.

That is to say, the old steam-up has simply been a mess of Baer-facts. The boys seem to be working overtime to oldge in the public mind that the Californian really is a fighter—a tremendous, blasting, slugging son-of-a-gun. And that to us at least, is, as the tubby comedian of blossom time used to say s-s-s-suspicious.

If he's honestly a good man you don't have to tell the people so—they know it already. If his punch carries the power of a steel rivet, if his footwork is as smooth as Pavlova's and fast as Metcalfe's, if his strategy is like Leonard's and his stamina that of an ambitious bullock, then the record books will show it. There's no use shouting it from the housetops and mimeographing it to the ends of the earth.

"Why are Dempsey and his adjective-slinging publicity men boosting Baer so much more than Schmeling? Because they like Baer Better? Because he's better copy? We don't think so although both these answers are true. They do like him better copy. But that's not the answer. The answer is—he needs it."

Probably you noticed that the Baer barrage started shortly after the sportswriters who saw Baer in an early workout got their reports in. Their reports were discouraging. They said that while the Californian was big and strong and willing he still was clumsy as a cat in a paper bag knew next to nothing about defense and was so slow in shooting his punches that ay run-of-the-mine pianist could give-off the Moonlight Sonata between the time he drew back and the time he let fly.

Naturally this sort of thing wouldn't do because people won't clamor for tickets to a fight where they aren't likely to get a run for their money. So the press agents went to work building Baer up to a par with Schmeling. They did a good job for Schmeling at one time a four and five to one favorite is barely two to one.

BEATS OWN MARK

New York N. Y., June 7—George Kojac, former Olympic back-stroke champion, set a new world record in the 440-yard back stroke in an exhibition race against time yesterday in the lushing swimming pool. Kojac was clocked in 5:29.25. The old record was 6:10 made by himself in Massapequa, L. I., in 1927. The pool measures 25 meters.

TURNING THE DIAL

SPORT TATTERS:—Young Lloyd Machum has forsaken the Tartars?... he has brother Jimmie doing an apt job behind the bat.... Harry Richards is now managing the "Midgets".... The Tartars are developing a left hander.... the two Harrisons, "Bingo" and "Peewee" are doing the umpiring in Devon and Fredericton.... neither yet has his eye on the ball.... but the season is young yet.... however, we have never watched a local ump in action who followed a ball across the plate.... the majority (experienced or not) usually call the pitch three feet away, then wink and duck.... what happens after that is a blank to them.... still they haven't very good armor to wear.... and half the time one can't blame them for ducking.... Larry McLean might be

PARIS BECOMING WORLD CENTRE OF ICE HOCKEY

(By W. O. McGeehan)

Paris, France, June 7— They tell me that Paris has become hockey conscious in a way that would bring a greenish hue to the faces of the Six Hundred [M]onales of Madison Square Garden. This city is on its way to becoming a world center for such exhibitions and contests as are to be seen on artificial ice and that the public, largely, unconscious of the existence of such things two years ago, has now been brought to the state where it will frequently neglect an aperitif for a hockey match. And that is no small accomplishment.

George Rehm sports editor of The Paris Herald European edition of the New York Herald-Tribune chides me for delaying my arrival in Paris until after the hockey season.

Nothing Like It Here

"It is too bad you didn't get here sooner" he says "for you have not got anything like this back home."

"Two years ago" says Mr. Rehm, "skating in Paris was among the lost arts, or at least it was an art lost to the general public. For only a few of the socially inclined went to the tiny circular rink in the Palais De Glace on the Champs Elysees, and the Hoi Polloi had to wait for an act or God to produce ice on the lagoon in the Bois De Boulogne or the Grand Canal at Versailles.

"The energetic Jeff Dickson, boy promoter of sports in general, including indoor lion hunting, was the person to alter the situation. He provided ice throughout the winter and gave the public a chance to use it almost every day and evening. Of course, his generosity went beyond the mere offering of ice for skating. He added hockey and gave the Parisians a genuine idea of the game.

New Audiences More Primitive

"In two seasons of a few months each, Dickson has made the people of Paris highly hockey conscious. Previously an esthetic brand of the game had been played on the Palais De Glace Circle, a kind of ring around the rosy contest, watched by unexcited spectators in evening dress, who sipped champagne and yawned even at goals.

"Dickson's gallery of enthusiasts is of the more primitive type. Almost anything can happen. Members of visiting teams have often protested against the steel chairs in the man can toss one of them through the boxes surrounding the rink. A strong air and even a child can slide on onto the ice with disastrous results.

"The astute Dickson engaged the best teams in Europe and gambled to the extent of bringing over outstanding amateur teams from the United States and Canada. It turned out to be a pretty good gamble. Dickson's hockey games at the Palais De Sports are considered flops if the attendance falls as low as 10,000. The average is considerably above this, and almost any encounter on a Saturday night is good for 15,000 or 18,000 or as many as can pack their way into the hall. Although the top around \$4, the general admission is 10 francs, and 10 francs looks like quite a piece of money these days."

Hostilities in the Far East end with a crash of broken China.

CHOICE

What's so rare as a day in June?
Of course, the punster will answer "two",
But that's not here nor there and soon
The truth will show as truth will do.

We cannot pick or choose, 'tis true.
We must accept them as they run,
But still we shout our choice anew,
Not rare at all, but days well done.
—PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN.

During the history lesson the teacher pointed out that a surname often indicated the trade or profession of ancestors.

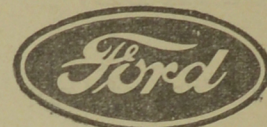
"For instance," she said "supposing your name was Baker, that meant your ancestors were makers of bread." She pointed to one of the boys.

"What were your ancestors, Webb?" she asked him.

"Spiders, teacher," he said, after a pause.

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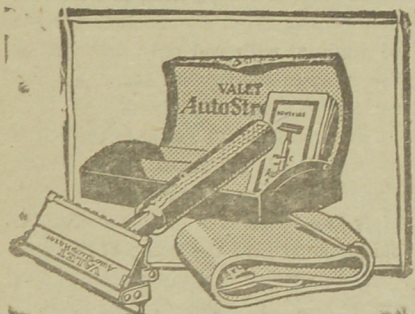
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