

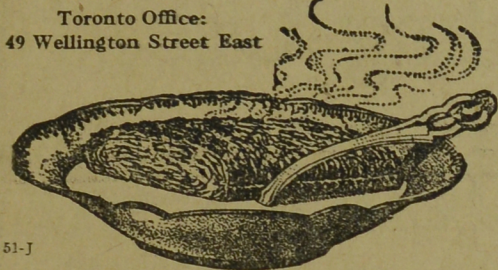
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51-J

Evangelist Billy Sunday Meets Old Base Ball Pal

(New York Herald)

Following the Biblical injunction that a man shall labor six days and rest on the seventh, the Rev. "Billy" Sunday made yesterday, his Sabbath in Paterson, N. J. But at that he was pretty busy.

"Monday is wash day with the women," Mr. Sunday said, "and the men are too busy helping around with the work to make suitable revival subjects, so I work on Sunday and rest on Monday."

Bright and early he asked where "Jim" McCormack, the old pitcher for the Chicago "White Sox," could be found. He knew that McCormack lived in Paterson and they had been pals back in the old days, before Mr. Sunday became a devil defying evangelist.

In an automobile Mr. Sunday, his wife and secretary drove to McCormack's very modest little cottage. "Jim" is old now, he is racked with rheumatism and money is a scarce article.

OLD BASEBALL "PALS" MEET

While the two old ball players, each representing now a vastly different round on the social ladder, were embracing and shaking hands the Rev. "Billy" slipped a fat roll of bills into the old pitcher's hand and whispered:

"That's help you buy a little medicine, Jim."

They sat and "fanned" for nearly two hours, recalling many of the famous old plays when "Billy Sunday" went after everything in right field.

Well, Billy—I can't call you the Reverend Mr. Sunday—that Epers to Tinker to Chance combination might have been speedy in these modern days, but back in the old time I don't know when there was anything to beat Sunday to Pfeffer to Anson," said "Jim." "There was many a double play made on that."

That was the way they "fanned" the old games until Mrs. Sunday became tired and said she feared her husband might quit the pulpit to resume baseball.

After they had left McCormack, brighter and happier, the party made courtesy calls on Mayor Fordyce and Police Chief Birson, and on the way Mr. Sunday said:

"If my preaching never did any other good it will see that a good old ball player, who always was on the level, like "Jim" McCormack, spends his last days in comfort."

INTERESTED IN PRIZE FIGHT

By the time the party reached the centre of the city the tickets were bringing in the reports of the Willard-Johnson prize fight, and Mr. Sunday seemed to be as keen a "fight fan" as for baseball. He wanted to know all the particulars, and before the result was announced, and while the two giants were battering each other in Havana, he said to a cluster of newspaper reporters:

"Well, if the fight is on the level there is no reason in the world why Johnson should not win. He has everything, excepting age, on the white man. You notice that fellow Willard kept his mouth open all the time. A fellow that keeps his

mouth open and doesn't say anything isn't much good for any kind of a fight in this world."

When it was announced that Willard had won Mr. Sunday was keenly interested and wanted full details of the knock-out blow.

"That surprises me," he said, "but, as I said before, if that fight was on the level Johnson should have won. Had I been a betting man I would have wagered on the negro, of course, course figuring that it was all on the level."

After an automobile ride to Eagle Rock, Mr. Sunday returned to the residence which has been rented for him and said he would see the reporters at once. As soon as he got into the house he ripped off his stiff white collar, opened his neck-band of his shirt, took off his coat and waistcoat and called for his slippers—"those gray yarn ones that Ma knitted for me."

TELLS HIS EXPERIENCE

In this informal attire and seated in a large and restful chair, he chatted with reporters for more than an hour. He told how he had become an evangelist and of his first revivals in small Iowa towns twenty years ago, when he had to carry his own tent with him.

"I wasn't known in the East and had no desire to come here, because I was having a pretty hard time with the devil out there," he said. "The devil is just as powerful in the little towns as in the big city. Gradually they got to wanting me further East and, then came the Scranton and the Philadelphia calls."

"Of course, there is more work to be done here for the simple reason that wherever you find a human being you also find the devil. He wants everybody. The bigger the crowd the better I like the job of grappling with Satan."

"Now, boys, I'm going to have a wash day dinner, corned beef and cabbage, and I'll be in bed and sound asleep at seven o'clock this evening. Long sleep makes me ready for the big fight."

AN INNOCENT MAN WAS HAMMERED

(Evening Times.)

Can it be that relations are strained between Premier Clarke and ex-Premier Fleming? We find in an editorial in The Woodstock Press, which is Mr. Fleming's organ, the following reference to The St. Croix Courier, which is the organ of Mr. Clarke:

"In this (Carleton) county, the Courier is in bad standing with the Conservatives, who have doubt as to its bona fides, owing to its silence during the Dugal investigation, when an innocent man was being unmercifully pounded by his political opponents."

That is a somewhat serious charge to make against the newspaper that is the home organ of Premier Clarke. Who was the innocent man in the case? Was it Mr. Fleming? If so, why did not the royal commission say so and why is Mr. Fleming not now occupying the position which is occupied by Mr. Clarke? Of course, had there been no Royal Commission report Mr. Fleming would still be premier. Does he blame Mr. Clarke for that report? The present premier certainly did not betray any fierce desire to get Mr. W. H. Berry on the stand or to bring another gentleman or a certain set of books from the States. Mr. Fleming should surely be thankful to Mr. Clarke on that score, even if the newspaper which is supposed to express Mr. Clarke's views failed to discover in Mr. Fleming a high-souled patriot and an eminent statesman. It is really too bad that there should be any rift in the Tory lute.

SOLDIERS GO TO VALCARTIER SOON

(Montreal Mail.)

The news that Valcartier is to be used this summer for the overseas troops training in Quebec was officially confirmed yesterday. All the overseas troops that are here by the time weather conditions permit its being used will be sent down the troops in the other provinces going to their own concentration camps. It is thus planned that the 5th Mounted Rifles which are now mobilized at Sherbrooke, the 41st 42nd infantry battalions of the third contingent, some artillery and detachments of other branches of the army will all gather at Valcartier. Tactical manoeuvres of the greatest possible value will thus be able to be carried out.

The next party of Austrians who are to be interned from Montreal will be sent to Valcartier instead to Spirit Lake Camp. They will put the camp in condition for the troops.

The Liberals earnestly hope that the shocking revelations of graft being made before the public accounts committee at Ottawa will not frighten the Tories into a postponement of the general election.

Somebody who knows nothing about it says that the happiest day in a married man's life is the day before the wedding.

SPRING REMINDERS OF RHEUMATISM

Raw, Damp Weather Starts the Pain, but the Trouble Lies in the Blood.

Spring weather is bad for rheumatic sufferers. The changes from mild to cold, the raw, damp winds start the aches and twinges, or in the more extreme cases, the tortures of the trouble going. But it must be borne in mind that it is not the weather that causes rheumatism. The trouble is rooted in the blood—the changeable weather merely starts the pain. The only way to reach the trouble and to cure it is through the blood. The poisonous rheumatic acids must be driven out. Liniments and rubbing may give temporary relief, but cannot possibly cure the trouble. The sufferer is only wasting time and money with this kind of treatment and all the time the trouble is becoming more deeply rooted—harder to cure. There is just one speedy cure for rheumatism—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They act directly on the impure, acid-tainted blood. They purify and strengthen it and thus root out the cause of the rheumatism. Here is strong proof of the above statements. Mr. J. Routley, Sydney, Man., says: "I was so badly crippled with rheumatism in my hips and knees that I could hardly go about. I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which I took steadily for a couple of months, by which time all traces of the trouble had disappeared. I can most strongly recommend the Pills to all rheumatic sufferers."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WILLARD WAS SURE OF THE OUTCOME

(By Jess Willard)

The champion of the World. I am free to confess that when I stood up in front of the champion boxer of the world I felt more shaky than I did the first time I went on the stage, and at that time I thought my knees would give way under me.

Then the fight started. From the very first Johnson tried to get me. He used all the punches he knows and I guess he landed on me about everywhere, but honestly I did not feel any of the punches. The fact that I was in such good condition that I could not feel his attack gave me confidence, and as the fight wore along, I knew I would be the champion of the world when it was all over.

After the 20th round I knew I had Johnson. He was tired. His punches had no more steam than a child's.

In the 21st and 22nd rounds, Johnson tired more and more, but I hid my time.

By the end of the 24th my seconds and myself knew that Johnson had shot his bolt, and that it was time for me to go in and finish him up.

In the 25th I shot one at his midriff which wilted him. He came to a clinch and held on. His body was limp. I knew then the fight was all over.

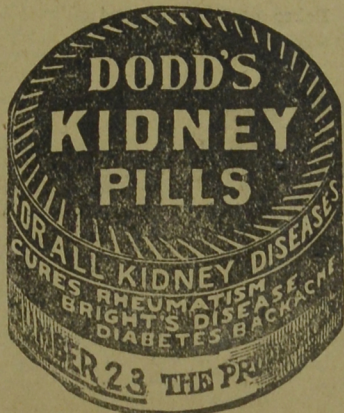
Johnson came from his corner slowly in the 26th and I decided that it would be the last round. He clinched at me and looked at his wife, who was leaving the ringside. I pushed him back and shot a right to his jaw with all the strength I had in me.

That was the end of Johnson as a champion.

But I want to say this one thing Johnson has been the most criticised champion the world ever saw, but he fought a clean battle with me. I found him a white man in the ring.

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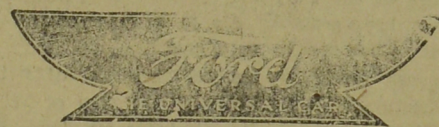
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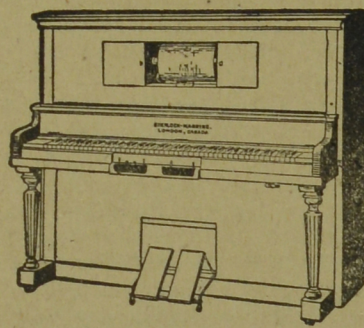
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