AMONG US MORTALS

Sunday Baseball Fans

By W. E. HILL

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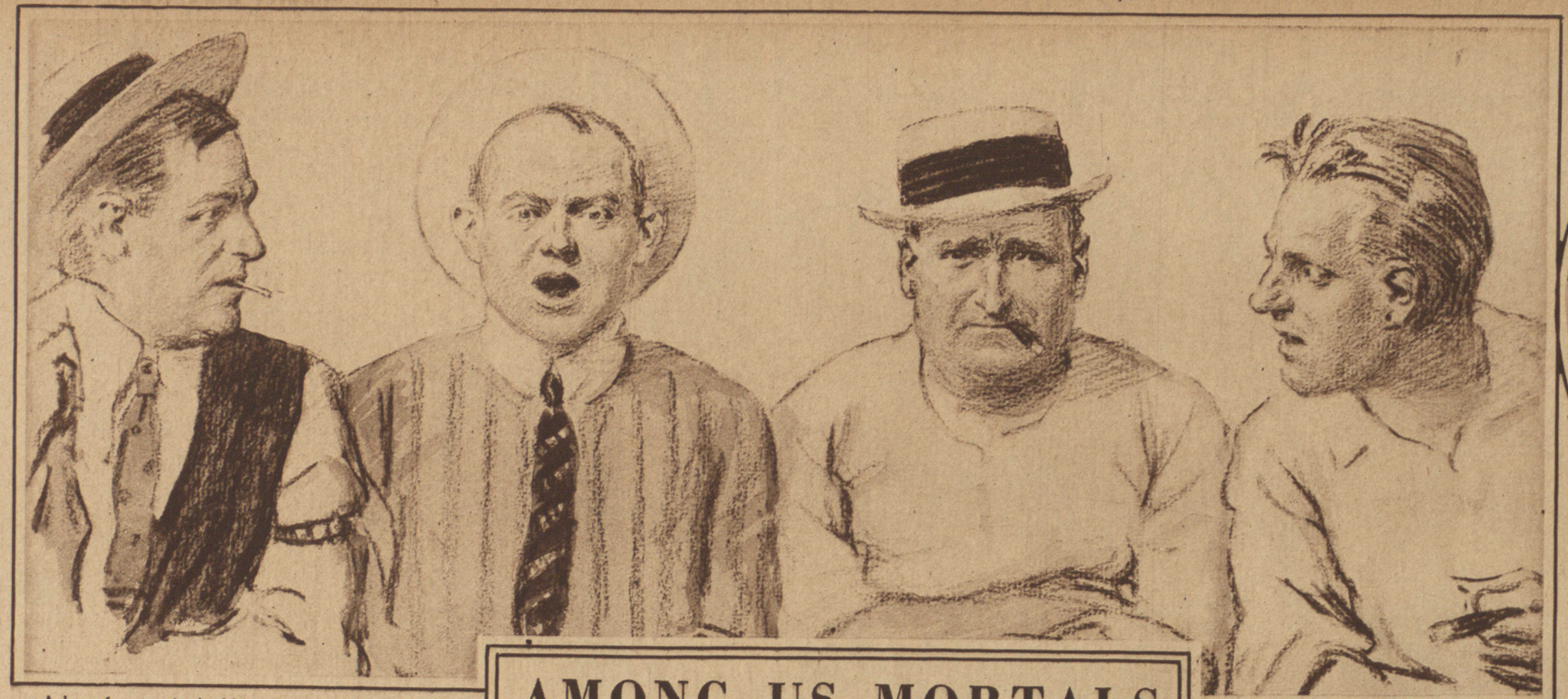

A hot afternoon in the bleachers. "Aw, how do you get that way? I'll betcha any amount of money Ty Cobb will be ten points in the lead."

Maude is a regular fan and can probably tell you the batting average of any man in the big leagues. Joe is not very keen on baseball. The score is a tie, with three men on bases, and Joe is telling Maude all about his sunburn, how he got it and how it feels, and wants Maude to look how his nose is peeling!

"Listen, Arthur; is that where the clubber usually stands to hit the ball? It looks to me as if he was at the wrong station!" Keeping a score card while the little girl rattles on.

"Safe!"

You can tell that it must be a pretty interesting game for Dr. Hassett, up near the top of the bleachers, to be holding the sun umbrella over Eddie, the newsstand boy.

"Peanits, c'gars, n' cigarettes!". Willis is getting ready to toss a bag of peanuts to a man who wants a package of cigarettes.

"I don't care whether it's the Chicago Red Sox or the St. Louis Cubs, or who, I always feel *so* sorry for the losing team!"

"Well, what do you know about that!" Mr. Spiers would like to have a little talk with the umpire.

"No, sir! Baseball ain't what it used to be!"

The ball that went into the stand. Nobody knows anything about it—never saw a ball in that part of the stand, in fact!