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Newspaper Clipping, July 20, 1911

Laura Simmons

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Sobbing Over Father

By LAURA SIMMONS.

A MOVEMENT is on foot to set apart one Sunday in the year in praise of father, a certain Sabbath in June is already dedicated to mother, but father is yet unsung.

The scheme has its sentimental side, and will, no doubt, be kindly received by everybody but father himself. The American pa is not that kind.

Pa may not have been strictly beautiful, but, as Eugene Field once remarked of the crocodile, he is undoubtedly useful.

There's nothing ever takes the place of a corking good pa. There has been a lot of poetry written about ma, but pa is seldom sung—for which he gives thanks. Just the same, there are times in a boy's life when there is use for a man's sympathy and a man's help, when there is more joy over one pa than all the ninety and nine mas and aunts that can't understand. After all, they never were boys!

Queer Things.

Queer things they are—pas. Take it after some sharp scolding, when you feel he is utterly disgusted with you, and your natural foe for life—and then you overheard him bragging to Neighbor Jones about your smart deeds, your wonderful bravery and powerful intellect and originality. You nearly wept to hear about your unflinching courage and glittering wit; you were filled with wonder, love and praise at yourself.

Sometimes, it is true, after using up his best razor on the sallycloth and ropes for your tent, and his silk hat for your boy's parade, you thought him lacking in a sense of humor, in his dealings with you later.

But, taking him by and large, he has done pretty well. That Christmas you wept for celestial things like air rifles and double runners, etc., he was desperately hard pressed to buy the family flour, coal and first aid medicines, not to mention flannels and your shoes. (Heavens, how fast they wear out!) Also, he sent the doctor a check for fixing your broken arm, from falling over the grocery team. (Pa didn't explain these trifles to his tearful, disappointed boy, however, though he felt worse, much worse, than his boy himself.)

Sometimes he seemed awfully mistaken—for instance, after your big scrap with Bill Jones, and you begged pa to go over and kill him, or, at least, give him a terrible drubbing, that very night, but he didn't see it that way.

Some ways it is very discouraging to be a pa. If he wants to see a ball game Saturday afternoon, he sneaks off like a thief with the family spoons on him, guilt

written all over him. Anybody would think he was going off cruising to Bermuda. Why is it thus? Pa won't stand being wept over—he only asks to keep the furnace going, the yard raked and the gas bill and ice bill down; occasionally he ~~sees~~ the butcher and milkman to ~~check~~ his ~~overburdened~~ ~~soul~~, at times his pipe is his only friend—he can only suffer and be strong.

Heart is There

At sister's wedding he was a little lower than the janitor; but he gritted his teeth, gave the bride away, and skulked behind the palms to see that the orchestra was paid.

And once you found him out; when in raving typhoid, you glimpsed his haggard, drawn face, and saw real, miserable tears on his cheeks. Oh, pa's heart is there, all right!

Queer thing, but no matter how hopping mad you get at pa, you would never stand hearing Bill or any other boy casting any "asparagus" on him—never. And how eagerly you listen when grandma tells you about his boyish pranks and smart escapades. Some day, likely, a little chap of your own will want to hear all about his pa also; and how you'd hate to have the wondering, hungry little fellow hear something that wasn't just square and right!

No, the pa Sunday is off; it won't do. The next best thing is to appreciate him a little as he goes along, and catch on to the fact that his tired shoulders and gray hairs show that he is having troubles of his own—before it is too late.

TO TACK

By R. W. LARDNER.

The Pirates are here again. They appear to-day in a double-header against the Rustlers and they're not at all cheerful over the prospect. No, the Pittsburgers are not nearly as happy a lot as when last we saw them. At that time they were picked as Chicago's most dangerous rivals for the pennant, and now they are topping the second division and actually looking up at St. Louis.

Fred Clarke has not escaped the worries which go with a shaky pitching staff, any more than has Frank Chance or even Fred Tenney. The Pittsburg slabbists haven't held up their end, and the lowly position of the Pirates is charged to their box weakness. Babe Adams is going along with a fair degree of success, but the rest aren't. The club has won several more games than it has lost, but there's very little pennant talk in the camp at the present writing.

Pirates Still Dangerous.

However, Pittsburg is still a good ball club and its athletes have not given up all hope. As long as Gibson, Wagner, Clarke, Byrne, Leach, Miller and some of the others don the spangles and hustle, the Pirates will be dangerous. At least, they won't be easy for Boston's tail-enders.

A. Vincent Campbell is back in the squad. This likely young man joined the team only the other day, after a long hold-out. He was working in a brokerage office at St. Louis, where he lives, and wouldn't listen to the pastime's call until the Pirates started on this Eastern trip. Now he is acting as first utility outfielder and seems to have lost none of his ability. Vin is lightning on the bases and when he learns a little more about outfielding he is bound to be a star, for he can hit and throw.

He started as a catcher, and was a

it to F. Clarke for gameness and ability to lead.

Downfall Of Mattern.

When a Boston pitcher goes as well for seven innings as Al Mattern went yesterday, it seems a shame that heartless wretches like the Cubs should be allowed to spoil it all in the eighth. Not a single Chicagoan had reached second base when the eighth rolled around. The visitors had accumulated three hits, two of them belonging to Arthur Hofman and one to Joe Tinker. The Rustlers were leading by a count of 2 to 0 and everything looked lovely.

Tinker was up first in that eighth and he evened up Hofman's record by singling to right. There didn't appear to be much cause for worry when Saier forced him. But Archer produced a single to left and the teacherous Peaches Graham, batting for Toney, shot a safe one to centre. This scored Saier and moved Archer to third. Another ex-Rustler, Goode, was put on to run for Graham. Sheckard singled, scoring Archer and sending Goode to third, and it was easy for Wilbur to cross the plate on Schulte's long fly to Miller.

This put the Cubs in the lead, and the fighty finisher, Mordecai Brown, came forth to pitch the Boston eighth and ninth. He got by easily in his first round, but the Rustlers were game and, with the aid of one of the most peculiar accidents in baseball history, tied it up again in the ninth.

Spratt sent a liner to Hofman and to the astonishment of everybody Artie dropped it. Kaiser sacrificed and Kling singled to right, Spratt stopping at third out of respect to Schulte's arm. Pat Flaherty was sent up to hit for Mattern. His grounder resulted in the death of Spratt at the plate, and the glooms were thick in the audience. But Sweeney lammed a hard shot to left. He also tossed his bat into the diamond toward third base.

Time To Take a Chance.

Kling knew all about Sheckard's great wing, but it was time to take chances. He turned third and sped for home. Sheckard picked up the ball cleanly and sent it true as a die toward the plate. It was here that Sweeney's bat butted into the argument. When it seemed certain that the ball would hop straight into Archer's hands and that Kling would be out by several feet, the stick got in the way, practically stopped the throw and gave Boston the tying run. Tenney had a chance to break it up right there, but he succumbed on a grounder to Saier.

The battle then waged merely until the Cubs' eleventh, when Hofman walked and trotted in ahead of Doyle on the latter's home run drive over the left field fence. Again the Rustlers rallied, but with the bases full on a pass to Spratt and singles by Kling and Pfeffer, and one out, Brown forced Sweeney to pop a foul to Archer and set down Tenney on three strikes.

Notes Gathered

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Sobbing Over

By LAURA SIM

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