

Boothby Sold to Camels--Indians Win, 10 to 1

Before Night

(Continued from Page 2.)

that she was lost. About a month ago I found her. But I was afraid to let you know, John, though I would have sooner or later. And I never told her, though I been visitin' her nearly every day; I guess she's told you about the lady that comes to see her so much. Yesterday, when she fell sick, I couldn't hold in any longer, and I told her. She's nearly five, and thank God she understood. I'm tellin' you now because she's dyin', John, and it's no time for bein' backwards; we must both be with her."

She crouched low and began crying again. John said nothing, and in the gloom of the cab his state of mind was not discernible on his face. He had not yet spoken when they reached their destination.

A doctor, a trained nurse, and the wife of John's friend, who had Margaret in her care, were in attendance on the still little form in the bed. Drawn of face, John knelt at her side, and Jane knelt at his elbow. As John kissed the snow-white lips and waxen brow of his young idol, he saw that she was unconscious; but, whether it was the sorcery of a mighty love or merely that rally before the end that physicians know of, the little girl opened her eyes. She smiled—oh, the deep, wistful smile of her! Uncontrollable agony and all but unrecognizable rage possessed him as he encountered the smile. But when he saw her white lips framing words, he summoned up the strength of other days and bent to listen. The first word was inaudible, but he caught it from the motions of her mouth—"Daddy." That was what he had taught her to call him. He answered her, but only by a superhuman effort and in few words, for the breath seemed to have gone out of his great body—"Margaret—my Marlie!"

She spoke again, in an audible whisper: "Mama's tum home."

"Yes, darling. I'm glad."

"It's dead."

A look in her eyes impelled him hurriedly to kiss her again, and his lips fevered to a faint response. "It's dead," she said again. John was conscious of Jane's head beside his and he gave way to her. A moment later the little head lurched on the pillow while the doctor was feeling her pulse. John remained kneeling with his head in his arms for upwards of an hour, Jane never leaving his side.

"Jane," he guttural humbly at last, "I've fought my last battle with myself. The long night hasn't come yet, and I'm a broken man, beaten—my strength is dead. I thank God that Jim Stortley lived and loved you, else I'd never have known my little Margaret—my Marlie, nor ever any other little one in the way that I've known her."

He buried his face on the breast of the dead child, his arms stretched out across the white sheet that partially covered her, while his huge frame was rent with sobs that made jelly of the soul that was once adamant. Jane, looking at him in wondering joy, laid an arm across his shoulders and set her cheek against his, saying:

"Never mind, John; I'll stand by you."

The workaday words thrilled John from head to foot with a dolorous joy.

(The End)

RACE MEETING AT LA HARPE

Signal Boy Wins 2:30 Trot in Straight Heats—Winfield Horse Drops Dead.

LA HARPE, Ill., Aug. 16.—The annual race meet of La Harpe opened yesterday with a large crowd present. The Avon, Ill., band furnished the music. The meet will last four days. The races were marred by the dropping dead of H. E. Heaton's horse, Milton Cojo, in the second heat of the 2:30 trot. The results of the races were as follows:

2:30 trot:
Signal Boy, owned and driven by Robbins, of Good Hope, Ill. 1 1 1
Mary Herndon, owned and driven by Sumner of Midland, Ill. 2 2 2
Milton Cojo, owned by H. E. Heaton, Winfield, Ia. Driven by Terry 3 x x
Ross C., owned by Kespol of Quincy, Ill., driven by Austin 5 3 3
Time: 2:21½; 2:19; 2:20.

2:30 Pace
Violet W., owned by Wasson of Clinton, Ia., driven by Broadwell 2 1 1
Elsie Janis, owned and driven by M. C. Murray, Prairie City, Ill. 1 3 3
Redview, owned by Weems of Quincy, driven by Austin 3 2 2
Time: 2:25½; 2:27½; 2:23.

Running Race (half mile)
The Scout, owned by Overly, Decatur, Neb. 1
Prairie Belle, owned by Laird of San Jose, Ill. 2
Crescent Girl, owned by Smith Peoria, Ill. 3

Time: 2:25½; 2:27½; 2:23.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 16.—The conference committee report on the bill requiring anti-campaign publicity of expenses, was approved today.

—Read The Daily Gate City.

When I Sat on the Bleachers

By JOHN J. EVERS

Johnny Evers says in the September "Baseball Magazine," just out, that there is one man who has less chance to become an interested spectator of a ball game from the bleachers than any other person, and that man is, strange to say, the player himself. The big league star is confined to his own schedule, he sees few or no contests outside of his own league, and even those contests he views from the bench or as an active participant. Evers is an exception to the rule and he gives some reminiscences of the typical star in the role of spectator.

If the average American youth were to be asked what he desired to be in baseball it is safe bet to say that a big majority of them would answer, "I would like to be a big leaguer." Such is the ambition of nearly every boy or young man who has ever handled a baseball and, in these days when baseball has reached its present high standard, it is an ambition not to be sneered at.

After playing professional baseball for nearly a decade, and all but a few months with the same club, the Chicago Cubs of the National League, I find there are many interesting incidents that I could recall; little things that have occurred on the ball field that are interesting to me as I recount them and which I know would be of interest to the fans. But there is one period of my connection with baseball, which to me seems the most interesting, and that period date back to the time before I entered professional baseball as a means of livelihood, "When I Sat on the Bleachers."

To many this may sound strange, but when I say it I do not forget the many notable contests that I have participated in, nor do I forget the fact that the team I have always been associated with has been a top-notch, a four time pennant winner in the National League and the winner of two world's championships. With all the success that has come to me in my baseball career I have never lost sight of the fact that I once was only one of the thousands of fans, who have made baseball the game it is.

There is a great deal more in viewing a ball game from the bleachers than from the grandstand or the choicest box seat of a great stadium. In the boxes or the grandstand you will usually find the fans who take in the ball game as a diversion from business or other cares or those who may be interested in a certain player or team. But when you sit on the bleachers you cannot help touching elbows with that rabid bunch of fans, who pick apart every play that is made, who condemn the home or visiting players for not doing this or that, who, from baseball instincts, can tell almost what every player of either team has done at the bat without the aid of a score card, and who invariably know the batting average of any player you chance to mention. If all the baseball sense of the bleachers at any big league game could be centered in the brains of a baseball team I think that club would be the best thinking aggregation ever put together.

In my opinion, if half the people who have never had the pleasure of occupying a seat on the bleachers knew what they were missing, they would abandon their grandstand or box seats occasionally and mingle with the bleacherites. On the bleachers every play that is made in a game is replayed and replayed many different ways not only as it was executed, but as it should have been according to the way of thinking of the bleacherites. And don't think for a minute that these bleacherites do not have the right dope many a time.

Since becoming a big league player I have sat on the bleachers, although not a great many times, but I have been there, and only a few weeks ago, upon the occasion of a visit to my home in Troy, I found just as much pleasure and felt just as much at home on the bleachers as formerly. Lately I have also viewed a great many games from the grandstand, and, after playing in so many championship contests, I have learned new lessons from my experiences as a spectator both in the grandstand and bleachers. From these points of vantage the games look much easier. From the side lines many more openings can be seen than when actually playing a game. This arises from the fact that when engaged in a game a player has but one chance on a simple play, an opportunity, so to speak. He must grasp that opportunity in an instant, he must have thought beforehand, for if he waits to think, when the opportunity presents itself his chance is gone before he gets through thinking. Did you ever stop to consider the time it takes to make one play in a game? Try it and you will not only be surprised, but the game will become more interesting. It will show you that a player has not much time to think once a play is started and what thinking must be done beforehand and quickly, because the wrong think may change the entire complexion of the game.

From the sidelines the spectators

are not subjected to this nerve-wrecking experience. They may figure out what play is going to be made, but if it does not turn out that way what difference does it make to the fan? On the other hand, if a player makes a mistake in his play it is at once apparent to the player as well as to every spectator, but the latter without considering what might have happened to him or anyone else had he been in the player's place, starts condemning the player, and I have seen many games where a player would make one mistake and because it proved fatal a chorus of "Take him out" would immediately burst forth.

Thus, from my experiences, both as a player and a spectator, I can now readily see why so much criticism is handed out by the press and the public. Playing baseball and looking at it are two vastly different things. If the player succeeds, all well and good. He is a hero. If he miscues or fails to take advantage of the chances that are applied to him. And in a majority of these cases the player is not deserving of all the things said to him and about him, for there is nothing that hurts a player more than to make an error, either of execution or judgment, at a critical time. That is one reason why the bleacherites should not be hasty to get after a player when he takes chances and fails. Instead of ridiculing him, words of encouragement ought to be given him. When a player feels that the fans have confidence in him, the confidence in himself will be increased.

I was especially interested in the last world's series between the Athletics and the Cubs, not merely because the Cubs were playing, but because I had an opportunity for the first time in my life of seeing the two best teams in the country battle for honors. It was the first world's series the Cubs played in that I was unable to get into the games, due to the accident which befell me near the close of the National League season. However, I watched those games with more than ordinary interest for it gave me a chance of studying the plays of two great baseball machines, just as I had studied the minor league players "When I Sat on the Bleachers."

In those world's series games I saw numerous plays and openings that, perhaps, would not have been apparent to me had I been playing. This only went to strengthen my belief that more can be seen in a baseball game from the side lines than when one is actually engaged in the game. These lessons I have learned from being a spectator have been valuable, and hardly a day has gone by that I have not used some play or other that I had learned or figured out from the side lines. The more I studied the game the more I liked it, and when I had an opportunity of using a play I had planned I felt as though I was well repaid.

Another incident that has been of intense interest to me while watching the games from the side lines has been to see other fellows in action. I have carefully watched Ty Cobb, Eddie Collins and all the other great players of the present day and, in my opinion, Cobb is so far ahead of them all that it would be useless for me to try and make comparisons. I know it will cause some surprise, and to many it may sound like a friendly boost, but candidly, in my estimation, Frank Chance was the only real rival Cobb ever had, all things considered, for being the greatest player of them all.

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"There is. This is the first annual meeting of statesmen who have been whitewashed by investigating committees."

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The American Drug and Press Association authorizes its members to guarantee absolutely Meritol Hair Tonic. It has no equal. It is a wonderful remedy. A trial will convince you. O. W. Ellsworth & Co., City Drug Store.

BOOTHBY SOLD TO MUSCATINE

Old Head Brings Keokuk Club \$75 and Left for Hannibal With Club Last Evening.

A CONSISTANT LOSER

Has Dropped Last Six Games in Which he Has Worked—Directors Say he is a Disorganizer.

Pitcher Boothby of the Keokuk club was sold last night to Muscatine for \$75 and left with the club for Hannibal.

Two things are directly responsible for the sale of Boothby. In the first place he has lost six consecutive games and in the second he is touted as the club's real disorganizer.

The sale will necessitate Belt playing on first base and Murray will be asked to take his turn on the mound. Boothby was secured from Dubuque by Keokuk and pitched great ball the first month he was with the club. Of late, however, his form has been poor and he has been losing consistently. Over in Galesburg the other day he quit because of poor support and did the same thing in Keokuk on Monday.

Boothby is a good twirler and should have no trouble holding his own with the Camel pitching staff.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, to the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hail's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. It is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 50c per bottle.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results.
Chicago, 6-13-1; Detroit, 1-9-3. Batteries—Scott and Payne; Summers and Stange.

New York, 6-12-0; Washington, 1-5-1 (8 innings, called on account of rain). Batteries—Quinn and Sweeney, Groom, E. Walker and Street. Boston-Philadelphia game postponed on account of wet grounds.

Standing of the Clubs.

Club	Won	Lost	Pct
Philadelphia	69	38	.645
Detroit	67	42	.615
Boston	56	53	.514
New York	56	54	.509
Chicago	54	53	.505
Cleveland	55	55	.500
Washington	45	65	.409
St. Louis	32	75	.305

Where They Play.
Detroit at Chicago.
New York at Cleveland.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Yesterday's Results.
Boston, 9-17-2; Brooklyn, 9-13-1 (12 innings, called on account of darkness). Batteries—Weaver, Mattern and Kilg; Barger, Rucker and Bergen and Erwin.

St. Louis-Pittsburg game postponed on account of rain.
Philadelphia-New York game postponed on account of rain.

Standing of the Clubs.

Club	Won	Lost	Pct.
Chicago	62	37	.626
Pittsburg	64	41	.610
New York	51	41	.558
Philadelphia	58	46	.558
St. Louis	57	47	.548
Cincinnati	46	54	.451
Brooklyn	39	64	.379
Boston	25	80	.238

Where They Play.
St. Louis at Philadelphia.
Chicago at Boston.
Pittsburg at Brooklyn.
Cincinnati at New York.

If Your Head Aches You should Take the Sure Remedy Hicks' CAPUDINE

There's a cause for every headache—Capudine reaches that cause quickly, whether it be heat, cold, gripp, or stomach troubles—and cures, even though it be sick or nervous headache. Capudine is the surest remedy for Colds and Gripp. Feverishness, Aches and Nervousness disappear and normal conditions are restored. Capudine is liquid—easy and pleasant to take—acts immediately. 10c, 25c and 50c at drug stores.

BROWN TOO MUCH FOR KEWANEE

Burlington Flinger Allows Only Six Hits and His Team Cops Game, 4 to 0 Through Timely Hitting.

LONG GAME TO OTTUMWA

Johnson Won 14 Inning Battle With Three-Bagger, 4 to 3, Hilgert and Franke Pitching.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

Clubs	Won	Lost	Pct.
Burlington	70	35	.667
Ottumwa	68	38	.642
Galesburg	57	51	.528
Keokuk	55	50	.524
Monmouth	49	55	.471
Kewanee	48	55	.466
Muscatine	40	66	.377
Hannibal	34	77	.324

Where They Play.
Burlington at Kewanee.
Muscatine at Hannibal.
Ottumwa at Keokuk.
Monmouth at Galesburg.

BURLINGTON, Iowa, Aug. 16.—Brown held Kewanee in the pinches, preventing them from scoring, while timely hits won for Burlington. Score:

Burlington	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Patterson, cf	1	1	3	0	0	0
Clifton, c	0	1	7	1	0	0
Burton, ss	0	1	0	3	1	0
Watson, rf	0	0	1	0	0	0
Bell, lf	0	0	0	1	0	0
Rohn, 1b	2	1	8	1	0	0
Lowthers, 2b	0	2	3	2	0	0
Lamb, 3b	0	0	3	1	0	0
Griffith, lf	0	2	1	0	0	0
Brown, p	1	2	1	1	0	0
Total	4	10	27	9	2	0

Kewanee.

Kewanee	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Block, cf	0	1	2	0	0	0
Kilpatrick, 2b	0	2	1	6	0	0
Hurbert, ss	0	1	3	0	0	0
Robert, rf	0	0	1	0	0	0
Andrews, 3b	0	1	0	3	0	0
Kurke, c	0	1	3	2	0	0
Dilger, lf	0	0	0	0	0	0
Webster, 1b	0	0	14	0	0	0
Saxe, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
Total	0	6	24	14	2	0

Score by Innings.
Burlington 002 100 01x-4
Kewanee 000 000 000-0

Summary.
Stolen bases—Clifton and Burton.
Two base hits—Burton, Patterson, Rohn.
Struck out—By Brown, 8; by Saxe, 2.
Bases on balls—Off Brown, 2; off Saxe, 2.
Umpire—Kennedy.

HANNIBAL, Mo., Aug. 16.—Johnson won the game with a three bagger in the fourteenth inning. Gard's hit tied the score in the seventh inning. The score:

Hannibal	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Jacobson, lf	0	2	2	0	0	0
Bagnall, 3b	0	3	2	0	0	0
Beckley, 1b	1	2	14	2	0	0
Brown, p	0	0	3	4	0	0
Nickell, rf	0	0	1	0	0	0
Milligan, 2b	2	4	5	6	0	0
O'Mara, ss	0	0	2	5	1	0
Shea, c	0	1	2	0	0	0
Franke, cf	0	3	5	0	0	0
Total	3	13	42	18	1	0

Ottumwa.

Ottumwa	R.	H.	P.	O.	A.	E.
Kensel, 2b	1	2	2	2	1	0
Russell, lf	1	2	2	0	0	0
Johnson, cf	0	2	1	0	0	0
Wall, 3b	1	0	2	6	0	0
Senno, rf	1	1	2	2	0	0
Gard, c	0	1	3	0	0	0
Cook, 1b	0	2	13	0	0	0
Wise, ss	0	0	4	5	0	0
Hilgert, p	0	0	1	5	0	0
Total	4	10	43	20	2	0

Score by Innings.
Hannibal 110 100 000 000-3
Ottumwa 100 000 200 000 01-4

Summary.
Stolen bases—Beckley (2), Bagnall, Russell, O'Mara, Shea.
Two base hits—Milligan, Johnson.
Three base hits—Kensel (2), Franke, Johnson.
Struck out—By Brown, 9; by Hilgert, 7.
Bases on balls—Off Hilgert, 4.
Umpire—Fleming.

—Read The Daily Gate City, 10c per week.

CLEAN SWEEP IN CAMEL SERIES

Cavanaugh's Hitting Was Big Factor in Third Game Which Terminated in Keokuk Winning 10 to 1.

MADE FOUR LONG HITS

Leads Off With Home Run and Follows it With Triple and Two Doubles—Swears Pitches.

Cavanaugh's vicious clouting—a home run, one triple and two doubles in four times at bat—featured the third game of the series with Muscatine which Keokuk took with the same ease with which the first was captured. The score was 10 to 1.

The Keokuk backstop was on. His four clouts totaled eleven bases and were responsible for more than half the runs made by the Indians. All of his drives were hard ones, the home run being over the right fielder's head and rolling to the fence.

Keokuk secured ten hits off William Adams, a flinger from Centerville, Iowa, who worked in his first game for Muscatine, and eight of them were good for extra bases. Connie Bresnahan got a home run drive over the left field fence in the fourth, while Pennington secured a triple and Reichle and Murray each got doubles. It was fierce battling, half of which was crowded into the fourth inning when Keokuk made seven runs.

This was all done behind South-paw Swears who twirled a clever game. He allowed only seven hits and held the enemy runless until the eighth when Hart's single, Reichle's error and Adams' double counted one.

That younger Adams might have been pitching for Keokuk yesterday instead of for Muscatine. He came to town to sign with Keokuk. The Indian's twirling staff was full and Muscatine picked him up with the above result.

Hiram Stebbins, out for more of those five case notes, again umpired in the absence of Beasley, who was sent home sick. The local man performed satisfactorily and there was little cause for criticism. He missed a play at first base and had his lamps out of line on one or two strikes, but otherwise was all right. Stebbins is about as good as the average umpire as long as the game presents no knotty problems