

BASEBALL :: TENNIS :: BOXING :: OTHER SPORTS

REAL RACING ON LAST DAY OF FAIR

Fastest Heat of Weeks Meeting Occurred in 2:10 Pacing Stake.

The large enthusiastic crowd that witnessed the racing yesterday at the local fair ground were well pleased with the performance of the trotters and pacers and in every heat of the three harness events some real horse racing was seen.

While both of the trots were won in straight heats yet the finishes were close and all of the horses and drivers appeared to be making an honest effort to win. The \$1,000 2:10 pacing stake went to four heats, Polly Ann winning the first, but the first choice, Adlo Guy winning the last three without much effort. The first heat of this race, 2:09 3/4, was the fastest heat of the three days' racing.

The mile run was one of the most pleasing races of the afternoon, all four of the starters finishing well bunched in a hard stretch drive. Judge Curry managed to be seen first by the judge although the finish was so close that many persons in the stand thought Noiseless had won.

Following is the complete summary of the last day's racing:

- 2:10 Stake Pace, Purse \$1,000. Adlo Guy, ch. h. by Guy Dillon (Gray) 2 1 1 1. Polly Ann, b. m. by Alsrath (Clark) 1 2 3 2. Harvey K., br. g. by Bonnie Blond (Palmer) 4 4 2 4. Cora Hal, bl. m. by Hal B. (Rising) 3 3 4 3. Baught, br. g. by Hal Burke (Mann) dis. (Time—2:09 1/4; 2:07 1/2; 2:13 1/4; 2:09 1/2.)

- 2:13 Stake, Trot, Purse \$1,000. The Acme, h. h. by The Exponent (Doremus) 1 1 1. Jack K., ch. g. by Silver Finch (Gray) 2 2 2. Bonnie The Great, b. m. by Peter The Great (Shaffer) 3 3 3. Time—2:16 1/2; 2:13 1/4; 2:12 1/4. 2:21 Trot, Purse \$400. Dill, b. g. by Anderson (Haywood) 1 1 1. Blanche Carter, br. m. by Lord Roberts (Bennett) 2 2 2. Filborn, b. s. by Walnut Hal (McHenry) 4 3 3. Lord Sweet Apple, b. s. by Lord Roberts (Stout) 3 4 4. Eva L., s. m. by Hasings (Shoemaker) 5 5 5. Time—2:20 1/4; 2:20 1/4; 2:19 1/2. In the mile running dash Judge Curry won, Noiseless, second; Sidney Teiman, third; Front Royal, fourth. Time, 1:44.

E.D.K.'s Column

By CHARLES B. DRISCOLL. The candidates are talking loud about our grand old flag; Each one is spouting to his crowd, And handing out his brag.

They've nailed Old Glory to the mast, They cry, "Long may she wave!" They're talking, talking, loud and fast, They shout, deplore and rave.

Will some one kindly amble here, While crowds their plaudits shout, And whisper in my waiting ear What this is all about?

I've heard the speeches, pro and con, I've listened to the bands, Until my wits are almost gone; I weep and wring my hands!

Oh, give us them, a candidate Who'll say, "Boys, I'm a slob! I am not wise, I am not great; I merely want a job!"

AN OUNCE OF PRACTICE IS WORTH A POUND OF THEORY.

"Wombat used to be a great outdoor man and all around sport. Is he reconciled to married life?" "I think so. I called on him recently and found him sitting ashes with an old tennis racket."

Mother Never Thought of That. "Look, mother," said little Bobby, proudly exhibiting a hatful of marbles, "I won all these from Willie Smith."

"Why, Bobbie," exclaimed his mother, "don't you know it's wicked to play marbles for keeps? Go right over to Willie's house and give him back every one of his marbles."

"Yes, mother," said the boy, obediently. "And shall I take that vase you won at Mrs. Smith's whist party and give it back to her?"

Benevolent individual—"Yes, sir; I hold that when a man makes a little extra money his first duty is to make his wife a present of a handsome dress."

Stronger—"You are a social philosopher, I presume?" "No, I'm a dry goods merchant."

WOMEN ARE NATURALLY OF A GLENNING NATURE, BUT THEY ARE NOT IN IT WITH A STINGY MAN WHEN IT COMES TO GLENNING TO A DOLLAR.

That Settles It. The Punktown Literary society has decided that Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays because some of the language in them is so impolite that Shakespeare would have been too much of a gentleman to use it.

This is the Life! Miss Childs, Mrs. Scott Hatch and Miss May Spencer, Edgerton's Lady Jeweler, drove over from Edgerton the first of the week to be fitted to Henderson Corsets at The White House store—Whitewater (Wis.) Register.

Eddie Plank, 41 Today, Says He Will Pitch 10 More Years!

BY HAROLD JOHNSON

Will Eddie Plank's wonder-working left arm eclipse the pitching record set by Cy Young's right?

Here's a problem for the dope-smiths today as the Gettysburg wizard is celebrating his 41st birthday.

Plank, a modest, unassuming gent, expects to pitch 10 years longer. He says he sees no reason why he shouldn't and as long as his arm holds out he will continue to wear big league spangles. Hence it is fair to assume that one of these fine mornings we'll awake to read that the grizzled south-paw has shattered the mark set by "Old Cyrus" in the long ago.

Young pitched 22 seasons and retired at the age of 44. Plank has pitched 17 seasons.

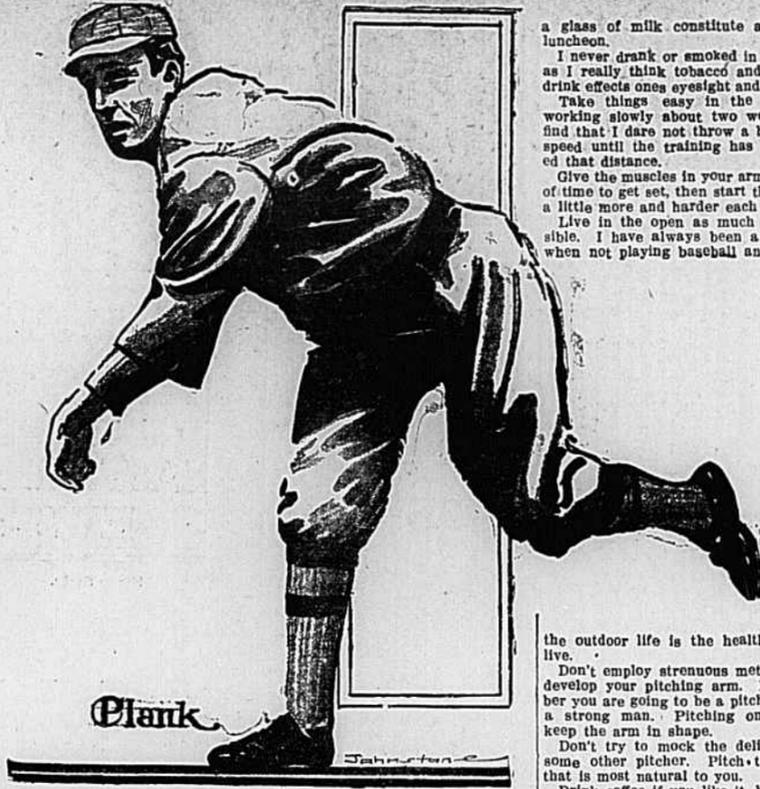
Unlike Young, who started to make diamond history at 22 years of age, a young Goliath at the time Plank was 25 before he entered the majors. He had no minor league training or development of any sort.

Plank has never been blessed with an easy pitching motion. On the contrary he has worked hard most of the way. But Plank has led the simple life and in his message to the readers of The West Virginian on his 41st birthday the grand old man of the firing line speaks a volume of wisdom.

"The majority of players and fans who have seen me pitching a close game are under the impression that I am nervous when they see me fixing my cap and then placing my left foot just so on the rubber before delivering the ball," said Eddie, explaining his pitching practices. "But it isn't nervousness. It is only that I am superstitious—a very bad habit most ball players have."

"I don't know whether it is that I have more on the ball this season than I had in other years, but at any rate I feel that I have as much stuff as I ever did. "The greatest game I ever pitched was in the world's series against New York in 1913, when I was a member of the Athletics. I pitched against Christy Mathewson that afternoon and beat him 3 to 1, allowing the Giants two hits, one a scratch."

Plank's salary arm has its troubles just the same as scores of other great arms. As a youngster back with the old Mackmen Eddie frequently complained of kinks in his elbow.



Plank

a glass of milk constitute a filling luncheon.

I never drank or smoked in my life as I really think tobacco and strong drink effects ones eyesight and nerves.

Take things easy in the spring, working slowly about two weeks. I find that I dare not throw a ball any speed until the training has advanced that distance.

Give the muscles in your arm plenty of time to get set, then start throwing a little more and harder each day.

Live in the open as much as possible. I have always been a farmer when not playing baseball and think

the outdoor life is the healthiest to live.

Don't employ strenuous methods to develop your pitching arm. Remember you are going to be a pitcher; not a strong man. Pitching only will keep the arm in shape.

Don't try to mock the delivery of some other pitcher. Pitch the way that is most natural to you.

Drink coffee if you like it, but only at breakfast and dinner. I have always taken coffee twice a day and do not think it injurious.

Don't try to strike out every batter who faces you. Strive to keep batsmen from reaching first base in the easiest way.

Don't try to do all the work. Remember there's a team behind you. Give the fielders a chance. Save yourself for times when you need to tighten up.

Keep your arm covered after a workout lest it catches cold.

BIRTHDAY MESSAGE TO YOUNG AMERICA.

BY EDDIE PLANK

Be regular in sleeping! I always make it a point to be in bed at night between the hour of 10 and 11 and out of the "hay" in the morning between 8 and 9.

Don't overeat! I eat most anything and always was a lover of rich foods, plenty of meat and all kinds of vegetables. A little soup, a sandwich and

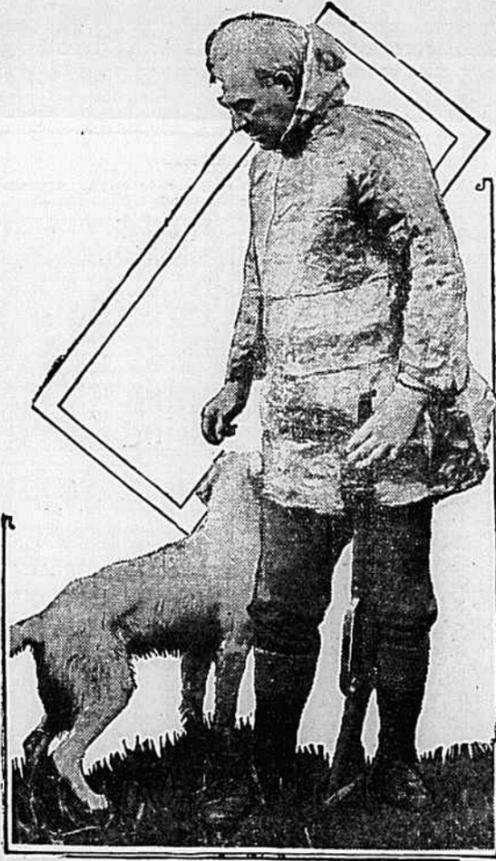
save my own life—not these pals of my lonely trail life!

"When the hunger pangs became too acute to bear, I used to steep cottonwood fibre in hot water to relieve the pain. And I managed to keep the fire going, day and night.

"On the seventh day it cleared. Too weak to make Seldovia over the range, I started back for my cabin, ten miles away, determined to try reaching Seldovia by dory around the storm-swept peninsula.

"I shook my fist at the pitiless sky again, muttering in my delirium, 'You

Paul Buckley, Grizzled Alaskan, Risked Life in 7-Day Blizzard to Save His Dogs



Paul Buckley and his dog

BY JACK JUNGMEYER (Staff Correspondent)

SELDOVIA, Alaska, Aug. 25.—He values his dog's life as highly as his own.

And for that reason Paul Buckley's battle with the snows and starvation on Kenai Peninsula stands today among the most terrible of the North records.

Known widely throughout Alaska, grayed and chiseled by hardship, Buckley has been for 20 years in the van of gold seekers and adventurers. He is now United States Deputy Marshal at Unalakleet.

"Most men," he said, "kill and eat their dogs without compunction when starvation threatens. But I have never been able to do that."

"My ordeal began when, in attempting to reach Seldovia from Port Dick, my three dogs and I were caught in a terrible blizzard.

"Already half starved for lack of supplies which my partners had vainly tried to get to me, the storm caught me at a low ebb of vitality. I had but two hard tack, a few prunes and a inch of cocoa left. And I had counted on making Seldovia in one day.

Losses Trail in Storm. "So blinding was the storm that I quit trying to make headway after I had circled in my own tracks three times. That is a frightful sensation

to an experienced woodsman. I sat down to talk it over with the dogs.

"For the next seven days Spot, a Llewellyn setter, and Doc and Captain, his two-year-old pups, squatted around a smudgy fire with me in the swirling snow.

"My pinch of food was gone in two days. I had a rifle, but no ammunition. Snarers for rabbits produced no meat.

"Every living thing, except us, was holed up.

"On the fifth day I began having irrational spells. Crazy hallucinations, I thought the storm taunted me, and I used to lift my fist with curses of defiance. At such times Spot would leap before me, his guardhair bristling, ready to fight for me to the last.

Man and Dogs Starving

"Then we'd all grow weak and lie down around the little fire, lapsing into stupor, moaning, famishing, waiting.

"I used to speculate about killing the dogs, in my weaker moments. Often I talked it over with Spot, a trail companion who had mushed with me thousands of miles and shared every hardship without a whimper.

"How'd it be, Spot? I used to say, 'If we killed Doc, or the Captain—what do you say, old man?' "But the pups, hearing their names,

haven't got us yet—we'll beat you at 'em all!" "But so far fate had only been toy-ing with us. More terrible things were to come—the first within a few hours."

Baseball in Nutshell

NATIONAL LEAGUE. Yesterday's Results.

Pittsburgh 10, New York 1; Cincinnati 3, Brooklyn 1; Boston 5, Chicago 1; Philadelphia 7, St. Louis 2.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

Table with columns: Club, W., L., Pct. Brooklyn 63 42 .618, Boston 63 42 .600, Philadelphia 65 46 .586, New York 63 57 .482, Pittsburgh 62 59 .468, Chicago 62 64 .448, St. Louis 62 65 .444, Cincinnati 44 74 .373

Today's Schedule. New York at Pittsburgh.

Philadelphia at St. Louis. Brooklyn at Cincinnati. Boston at Chicago.

AMERICAN LEAGUE. Yesterday's Results.

St. Louis 5, New York 4; New York 4, St. Louis 2; Boston 3, Detroit 0; Philadelphia 6, Cleveland 5; Cleveland 4, Philadelphia 2.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

Table with columns: Club, W., L., Pct. Boston 70 47 .598, New York 64 54 .542, Chicago 65 55 .542, Detroit 65 56 .537, St. Louis 65 56 .537, Cleveland 63 56 .529, Washington 56 60 .483, Philadelphia 25 89 .219

Today's Schedule. Detroit at Boston.

Chicago at Washington. Cleveland at Philadelphia. St. Louis at New York.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of Chat. H. Fletcher

Needed Encouragement. Mortimer's mother had permitted him to come to the company dinner only on condition that he would not ask for any of the rich plum pudding. He looked ruefully at the dish of plain rice set before him for dessert. At length he addressed his mother in a plaintive little voice: "May I please have some sugar or sunthin' just to encourage this rice a little?"



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Stomach poisons breed millions of germs that eat into your vitals, causing Gas Pressure, Indigestion, Constipation, Torpid Liver, Auto-Intoxication, Yellow Jaundice, Gall Stones, Appendicitis, cancer and ulcers of the stomach, and intestines, etc., etc. Thousands of sufferers have been restored by Mayr's Wonderful Remedy, among them Justices of the Supreme Court, Congressmen, Doctors, Lawyers, Bankers, Ministers, Nurses, Farmers, Mechanics—persons of every class—probably your own neighbors. Stomach troubles are due mostly to catarrh of poison. Mayr's Wonderful Remedy removes that poison, thoroughly cleanses the system, drives out the disease breeding germs, always inflammation and ends suffering. Unlike any other remedy. No alcohol—nothing to injure you. One dose convinces. FREE book on stomach ailments. Write Geo. H. Mayr, Mfg. Chemist, Chicago, or obtain a bottle of Mayr's Wonderful Remedy from Crane's Drug Store or Holt Drug Company, Fairmont, or the Prescription Pharmacy, Mannington.

Used Car Sale

We are offering the following cars at a price that is greatly reduced, for the benefit of Fair visitors.

- 1915--Studebaker "Six" \$650.00
1915--Mitchell "Six" - 150.00
1915--Mitchell "Six" - 150.00
1910--Packard "Thirty" 500.00
1914--Maxwell Racing body and extra touring body 300.00
1913--Overland - 400.00
1914--Overland (privately owned) - 350.00

Let us tell you about some new Studebakers we have.

Standard Garage Co.



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