

Monongah Glass Battles Mining Machinery

The jinx—what a funny rabbit. Off times it is hard to credit. Any ball player may have it. And when you get it—you got it.

Hokum—is a funny fellow. Stuff that puts 'em in the cell. Makes fans yell loud like hell. For when they getta—they gotta.

GREAT GAME TONIGHT AT SOUTH SIDE

Another Chapter in an Old Feud Will be Written at Game.

Another chapter in a long standing and well organized feud will be written, weather permitting, this evening when the Monongah Glass and Fairmont Mining Machinery teams tackle each other on the South Side diamond in a city league contest. When these teams clash blood and oratory flow as gracefully as the waters of majestic Mississippi flowing southward toward the Gulf. The Glassies are now leading the league parade, and have a record of four won and none lost, counting among their war scalps the Traction company's new team, which they trimmed 4-0 in their last encounter.

The Mining Machinery has not such a wonderful record, having dropped one game without getting a hit, but Bob Kendall's men will be out there fighting to the last ditch in the game tonight. One or two new faces may be seen in the lineup of the Machinists this evening.

It would be foolish to try to predict the pitching selection for this evening. So many new and dark horses have been added to the various stables during the last week or two that a fellow never knows whether he is going to see some old familiar face on the mound in any one game, or some new star discovered by some hustling magnate since the last game. It is likely that two umpires will be used this evening. It has been the policy of the league thus far this season to employ the double umpire system whenever a particularly important game is on the card, which certainly is the case this evening. Probably Grimes and Toothman will take care of the decisions in the field and behind the bat. We would like to make a suggestion, in case two umpires are employed, namely, that one man stay behind the plate during the entire game and the other fellow in the field. This thing of working one man back of the plate one inning and the other fellow the next is bad business from any angle, and is very unsatisfactory to the umpires themselves. It also sometimes gives the impression to the fans that both teams have selected an umpire to take care of their interests and therefore split the work in field and back of the plate.

In case Toothman and Grimes work tonight, we would like to see Grimes in back of the plate and Toothman on the bases. It has been our observation that Toothman is more satisfactory on the bases than back of the plate, and Phil calls them pretty well from behind the catcher.

The game will be called at six o'clock and will likely draw one of the largest crowds of the season. The Glassies are always particularly anxious to beat the Machinists, as it will be remembered last season it was the Machinists who, with Dawson on the mound, defeated the Glassies in the game that practically sent the hopes of the Glassies for the league pennant to kingdom come.

HOW THEY STAND CITY LEAGUE.

YESTERDAY'S RESULT
B. & O. 4; Stevenson, 0.

GAME TODAY.
Monongah Glass vs. F. M. M. Co.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.			
Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Monongah Glass	4	0	1.000
Traction Company	3	1	.750
F. M. M. Co.	3	1	.750
West Virginian	1	2	.333
B. & O.	1	2	.333
Stevenson	1	3	.250
Owens	0	4	.000

NATIONAL LEAGUE

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.
Philadelphia, 5; Cincinnati, 1.
Others postponed—Rain.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.			
Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Cincinnati	30	22	.577
Brooklyn	28	23	.549
Chicago	29	25	.537
St. Louis	30	26	.538
Pittsburgh	24	25	.500
Boston	21	26	.447
New York	23	31	.426
Philadelphia	23	31	.426

GAME TODAY.
Pittsburgh at Brooklyn.
Chicago at New York.
Cincinnati at Philadelphia.
St. Louis at Boston.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.
Cleveland, 3; Boston, 4.
Others postponed—Rain.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.			
Club	W.	L.	Pct.
Cleveland	37	19	.661
New York	38	21	.644
Chicago	31	25	.554
Boston	28	25	.528
Washington	26	26	.500
St. Louis	27	28	.491
Detroit	19	36	.345
Philadelphia	16	42	.276

GAME TODAY.
Philadelphia at Chicago.
New York at St. Louis.
Washington at Detroit.
Boston at Cleveland.

CAMERA JINX AFTER HIS TEAH.



MILLER HUGGINS

By DEAN SNYDER.
Posing for pictures is the latest JINX to overtake the rampaging Yankees. The whole club has got it, from the bat boy on down the bench. "My heavens, get that camera away from my ball club," cried Miller Huggins in accents wild, as a film sleuth approached the Yankee bench at the Cleveland ball park. "Lookit what the Indians are doing to my prima donnas. We're off that picture stuff—all of us." And in the meantime the Tribe was wallowing in the confidence of the visiting New Yorkers to a fare-thee-well. It is not extraordinary for one player or perhaps two or three of them to think a camera jinxes their ball playing ability and takes away their birthright, but when a whole major league ball club gets it—why that's a dude of a state of conditions. Wilhoit's Case. Joe Wilhoit furnished a glowing example of the one-man picture jinx last season. After hitting safely in consecutive games for a world's record he let a camera man make him. The next day he went hitless. Joe immediately got the hunch that the picture business was responsible for his sudden slump. "You came out to the park early

before Huggins comes out to the dug-out," said Rip Collins, recruit Texas pitcher, "and you can train your whole fleet of photographers on me then, but you know, Hug is against it now." Even Babe Ruth—the boy whose popularity this year depends partly on the publicity he gets—is coached to dodge the photo-making birds. Huggins blames a camera man for every home run Babe doesn't get. Babe, in reality, isn't so shy, being more on the Rip Collins type. He is more afraid of a wall-eyed woman sitting in the stands. He never sees her but when he doesn't connect with his ball he blames the wall-eyed individual just the same. Temperamental Club. There might be something in the camera jinx if a player believes in it. When a person believes a thing strong enough nine times out of ten it happens—especially in baseball. And a temperamental ball club either believes it can't hit and it does or it believes it can't and it doesn't. Tris Speaker and any of the Tribe will let a photographer work on them any time the sleuths have the inclination. The White Sox have never been accused of being camera shy. You can't spot a team that is built on something deeper than temperament. But these Huggins—well, they're DIFFERENT somehow.

Some Local Sport Chatter

When the umpire calls a close one this evening women will please adjust their earmuffs.

Ball players, managers and rabid fans some times use a language all their own in a close game.

Speaking of earmuffs it was cold enough for them during the game last evening. But the pitchers seemed to have all the stuff which is supposed to go only on a red-hot day.

It took a half hour to decide whether or not a game would be played last night, but once it got started it was a good one.

One run would have been plenty for the Bando, but they made a few more just for instance.

It is rumored that "Chuck" Trader is going to write a book entitled "Looking Them Over in a Pinch."

The entire book will be devoted to a miscue by Umpire Toothman in a recent battle. Trader says that the difference between George Washington and Toothman is that George Washington couldn't tell a story, and Toothman couldn't tell a ball from a strike the other night.

A fan whispered in my ear the other night that the big week-day games like the one this evening should go nine innings, if daylight held out. It sounds reasonable, but there is a seven inning rule for twilight games. Agreement of managers at any one game might permit the game to go nine innings, if agreed upon before the start of the contest. The rub comes when you never can tell before a game whether it will be fast or slow and how much time will be consumed in seven innings.

Brown, one of the best infielders in league, told us last night he had drawn his unconditional release from the Glassies. If this be true, the Glassies are overlooking a good bet and throwing a mighty fine ball player out of a job. It is true that Brown has not been going good for the Glassies but he is just about at top form now. The Glassies manager has been putting Brown in the wrong place in the batting order all season. Brown should bat first or second, instead of way down the list to do the best service. He is one of the hardest men to pitch to in the league, and a speed demon on the bases.

In case Brown has been dumped overboard, the executive committee of the league should at once take action to allow Brown to sign up with some other team in the league without waiting the 30 days. There is an iron-clad rule which says a man can not jump from one team to another during the season without unanimous consent of the managers. As is is no fault of Brown's he is out of luck, the managers should allow him to hook with some other team at once. The fans like to see Brown in the game.

The Bando team Has won a game Ye Gods. The Grocers got a Single hit The Bando wasn't "skered" One hit The fans they nearly had A fit Ye Gods.

The fans sure did give Helm the merry laugh when he was caught napping and failed to cover third to get a throw when Hoke made a dash for third from second. The Wholesalers

BANDO TEAM LANDS GAME

Davidson in Rare Form and Wholesalers Fail to Score.

Between showers last evening at South Side park the Bando and Stevenson teams in the city league put on a six inning game full of as good baseball as has been seen at South Side park this season, the Bando team being the winner 4-0, mainly through the efforts of Davidson and Hoke, pitcher and left fielder respectively. Davidson tried hard to climb into the no-hit band wagon along with Miller and Anderson, but a hit by Thompson in the first inning spoiled his chances. Harold, too, was pitching great ball, allowing but three single, but coupled with some loose fielding the Bando turned their three hits into four runs and walked away with the old ball game. On account of the rain, the game did not start until 6:30, and at the end of the sixth inning dark clouds had again rolled up making it so dark that Phil Grimes had to call the game. At the rate Davidson was going he would likely have shut out the Wholesalers in six. Hartley, former Owens man appeared at short for the Bando while Thompson and Cunningham were new faces for the Wholesalers.

P. Metz opened the game with a long fly to Flaherty in left. Hartley rolled one to Thompson and was out at first. Heim and Andrews killed off H. Metz.

Thompson opened for the wholesalers with a single. Andrews fanned. Cunningham filed to Donlin. After the catch he threw to first base to try to double Thompson, and Metz fumbled the ball long enough to allow Thompson to take second. Davidson made a balk and Thompson took third. Heim sent another high one to Donlin for the third out.

Bando counted one in the second. Hoke singled and stole second. He went to third while Cunningham was throwing out Schoudt at first station and counted when Donlin went out third to first on a fast rolled. Belt lopped up to Cunningham.

In the second for Stevenson, after Smith had popped to the catcher, Flaherty was safe at first on an error by P. Metz, but Morris forced him at second station. Fankhauser breezed.

The Bando took the count in order in the third canto. The Wholesalers got one man on base. Harold sent a fly to Boice at second, and Thompson sent another one to first sacker. Andrews outgassed Davidson and walked, but Cunningham was retired, Davidson to H. Metz.

The Ralls again took the count in order in the fourth stanza and the Wholesalers did likewise. One hit produced two runs for the Bando in the fifth canto. Schoudt opened with a pop on balls. Donlin popped to Cunningham and Belt lifted a little fly to Harold. Boice crashed a single to center and "Golden Rod" Smith, who may be our next circuit clerk rumbled up things by allowing the ball to get away, Schoudt coming home and Boice going to third. Davidson was safe at first and Boice counted when Andrews dropped an easy throw which should have retired the side. P. Metz fled to Flaherty.

Nothing doing for the Wholesalers in their half. With two out for the Bando in the sixth, Hoke got his second hit and again pilfered second. At this juncture "Shorty" Heim went scound asleep at third base for some reason. He failed to see Hoke start to steal third and Morris' throw was halfway to the unguarded third sack when "Shorty's" alarm went off. He made a mad dash for the bag, caught his foot in the sack, did a beautiful Annette Kellerman into the soft mud, while the ball went on and the runner came home. Schoudt fanned.

In their last stand the Wholesalers failed. Thompson sent a wicked liner to right which Belt captured. Andrews fanned for the second time in the game, and it was all over until the next nice evening when Cunningham took three swings at the atmosphere. The score. BANDO—AB R H P A E P. Metz, 3b 3 0 0 1 1 1 Hartley, ss 3 0 0 0 0 0 H. Metz, 1b 3 0 0 4 0 1

Player	AB	R	H	P	A	E
Houke, lf	3	2	2	0	0	0
Schoudt, c	2	1	0	6	0	0
Donlin, cf	2	0	0	3	0	0
Belt, rf	2	0	0	1	0	0
Boice, 2b	2	1	1	2	0	0
Davidson, p	2	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	23	4	3	18	3	2

STEVENSON—AB R H P A E
Thompson, 2b 3 0 1 0 1 0
Andrews, 1b 2 0 0 7 0 1
Cunningham, ss 3 0 0 2 2 0
Heim, 3b 3 0 0 0 2 0
Smith, cf 2 0 0 1 1 1
Flaherty, lf 2 0 0 1 9 0
Morris, c 2 0 0 1 0 0
Fankhauser, rf 2 0 0 0 0 0
Harold, p 2 0 0 2 1 0
Totals 20 0 1 18 7 2

Game called in sixth, darkness. Stevenson 000 000 1 2 Bando 010 021 4 2 2

Stolen Bases Hoke, 2. First on balls off Harold 1; off Davidson 1; struck out by Harold 2; by Davidson 3. Balk Davidson. Umpire, Grimes.

Three and Two

We'll let Tris be the Speaker. In this so-called poem today. He's blurring forth 'bout census. And he has a heap to say.

It seems it got his nanny. When Detroit stepped out in front; So Speaker turns to baseball. For an answer—and it's blunt!

"Detroit ahead of Cleveland? Say! My stuff they're try'n to cop. Just look the standings over, Ain't the Indians up on top?"

And when the season's closing, I predict—and I'm no shark, You'll know we've got a million—By the crowd at Indians' park.

Whazzat? Detroit ahead of Cleveland. We must be losing our census.

Cleveland might come back at Uncle Sam's figures and say that "Quality will tell."

Detroit owes its position on the census book to the automobile business.

When was it this fella John McGraw said that riding in automobiles put a ball player's batting eye on the frisk?

One might infer that Tris Speaker, Doc Johnston, Rogers Hornsby and George Sisler & Co. ride in the trams on walk.

Take Ty Cobb out of Detroit and the census would drop the town down to a mere village.

And say, if they counted the birds at the Polo grounds, who have Ruthmania, the Yanks ought to be ahead of the Indians in the percentages.

Figures don't lie, but census numbers don't mean anything in baseball.

Back in 1907-'09 the Tiger town really did have a big population, but Jennings hasn't got a good staff of pitchers any more.

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