

BASEBALL :: TRACK :: BOXING :: OTHER SPORTS

DOWNSTOWN TEAM TO PLAY AT IDAMAY

Newest Coal Town Will Send Strong Team Sunday.

Manager Knight, of the Idamay baseball team, has just completed arrangements with the Downs baseball team for a game to be played at Idamay next Sunday afternoon.

It is understood that Downs will send an unusually strong team to Idamay composed of players from Mannington and Wheeling, which means that Idamay fans will see a real game.

Beveridge, the hard hitting Idamay twirler, will be on the mound for the home team.

Lumberport and Baxter to Clash

The Lumberport baseball team will come all the way to Baxter on Sunday to clash with the fast Baxter baseball team. Lumberport has been playing good baseball this year and is considered one of the best teams in Harrison county.

With Baxter playing the kind of baseball she has been playing for the last few games they all look the same to Baxter.

August 4 Baxter will go to Watson for a baseball game. The following Sunday a game is scheduled with the Mannington baseball team at Mannington.

FIFTY FARMERS TO MAKE THE TRIP

Farm Bureau Members Going to Morgantown on Sunday.

Fifty farmers or more will make an educational trip to the state experimental farms at Morgantown on Sunday. The Marion county party will leave the court house in this city at 9 o'clock in the morning. Everybody is to take lunch along. W. E. McComas, county agent, today stated that he had received word that a number of department heads of West Virginia University will meet the local farmers at the extension office at Morgantown between 11 and 12 o'clock. Mr. McComas expects fully a dozen machines to make the trip.

No set route has been made as some are going on the east side of the Monongahela and others are making the trip on the west side. Those who cannot get started from Fairmont at 9 o'clock are expected to go directly to Morgantown. The main thing is to reach the extension office at Morgantown at 11 a. m.

The trip is being made under the auspices of the Marion County Farm Bureau. The party will return to Fairmont on Sunday night.

Evening Chat

Last evening a dance was held at Masonic hall and as the many couples swayed back and forth across the brightly lighted windows, they were watched by a number of the hill residents on the street above. Last night was unusually hot and few could sleep. Lying close to the open window in an anxious search for some of those friendly breezes, I thought of a densely populated city I know about where people without any to-do about it, carry their cots out in the backyard and sleep the sleep of the cool. In smaller cities people are more or less influenced by what their neighbors do. If they approve everything goes smoothly; if not, one dares not venture on unfamiliar undertakings. Mrs. Brown doesn't take her cot out of doors to sleep and therefore I must not. I slept hotly and properly in my upstairs bedroom with friend breeze gone on a vacation. But I saw a lot of pretty things and enjoyed myself immensely nevertheless.

The dancers did not seem to mind the heat as they kept time with the music which played every tune imaginable, now loud, now soft and now resembling the ever popular jazz music. They passed and repassed the open windows, sound of their voices and their songs floating out to me. They clapped enthusiastically for more and more and they danced on until midnight and even later. I watched a big moon above the hall sliding through a mother-of-pearl cloud. I watched these same clouds as they moved slowly into various positions as though going through an old fashioned minutet and I wondered how they could change into so many shades of gray and pearl with no color of day or night to aid them. When they became weary of slow dancing, they took shapes of all kinds. I saw many couples, many long stairways leading into the invisible and many quaint ladies sitting on heavily cushioned clouds—clouds which looked as though one would sink forever out of sight if one used them for seats or feather beds. The thought of feather beds reminded me again of the hot night and I looked back at the dancers, so satisfied with life.

I thought how true it was that we

lived in cycles just like the animal world. First came the age of childhood when we thought of nothing but play. Then the age when we believe in all things, have utmost faith in ourselves and are wrapped against any possible disappointment in life by an iron cloak of conceit. Then the age when we dance merrily and soon after, the days when we dance no more and a little later the days when we like instead to hear the music of the world as it goes crashing by; when the music of the dance-hall sounds faint and far-away like the sounds of a toy piano.

Isn't it a peculiar thing that so many people hurry away on a vacation about this time every year and occupy one or two hot rooms with few or no conveniences than they have at home—and pay a great deal more than such rooms are worth, just for a change. City people go to the country; country people go to the city. Everybody does something different and everybody counts it a change and a vacation. I heard of a woman once who took a very unique vacation about this time of the year. She felt she could not spend a great deal for railroad fare and hated still more to spend money for hotel accommodations that could not possibly compare with the wilderness and coolness of her own comfortable home; and because she was determined to have some sort of a change, she managed in this way. She sent her three children to her mother's just a short car ride out of the city. The children were delighted for grandmother wasn't very stern! Then she told her husband she would meet him in town each evening for dinner and that he need not come home for lunch for there wouldn't be any. The plan worked finely. Just

AMERICANS HAVE STRONG NERVES

Nervousness and Nerve Troubles on the Decline

"Nothing wrong but your nerves" is a saying that is fast dying out in this country. While nerve trouble is no organic disease, one of our leading nerve specialists remarked: "A man or woman might better break a leg than have a shattered nervous system."

Overwork and worry drains the nerve cells of their reserve strength and food, and then follows the sleepless night, indigestion, poor appetite, impure blood and general nervous breakdown.

The thing to do in such cases no longer troubles doctors and their patients who know from their own experience the value of Phosphated Iron. They know that a few weeks' regular use of this nerve food and red blood builder will strengthen and brace up the whole nervous system, because Phosphated Iron gives the tired, hungry, worn-out nerve cells phosphates and iron, in a form easily and quickly absorbed; as one happy user said: "You can almost feel it taking hold of the nerves and blood, after a short time you feel like a new person; life seems a pleasure and worth living once again."

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SHOT

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Men's Wear
318 Main Street.

let me tell you what this usually busy mother did with her time.

In the morning she lay comfortably and uncalled until something like cold cantaloupe and rich creamed coffee and toast said "Maybe you'd better get up." Her husband got his own breakfast, leaving the house with a low "Goodbye, mother, have a good time!" About eleven o'clock she carried all the new magazines out under a tree where comfortably seated, she spent until nearly two o'clock, reading, gazing about or dreaming lengthwise on the grass. When she felt just like it, she prepared herself a glass of something cold and made a number of small sandwiches—hunting about in the refrigerator and on the pantry shelf for anything tempting. She tried to be as utterly irresponsible as a child and only when it became necessary did she bother ordering groceries. At night, after a long delightful day, she dressed and went to meet her husband and they enjoyed a dinner together which while it probably was not quite so good as one she could have prepared herself, neither appeared to notice any defects, and both claimed to have had the time of their lives. This sort of a program went on for two weeks and when it ended the busy mother says she wouldn't have traded her vacation for any other! Did you ever try one like it yourself?

Doesn't it make you mad to run across some one as cool as a cucumber when by rights they should be just a shot as you? I wonder, by the way, just how cool a cucumber is anyway? No doubt the expression originated in the heart of an ice cucumber for one right of the vines on a day like this is decidedly not cool. Christian Scientists say we are just as we feel and if we feel hot we'll be hot and if we feel cool we'll be that way instead. Perhaps that is why some folks go about their work and never complain when the fellow next is wiping his brow miserably. They say science can do most anything. A young chicken broke her leg recently and when she had "God is love," said to her, she walked off whole again.

I think really the mind does have a lot to do with one's feelings. Some people thrive well under a good dose of Christian Science. The person who frets and fumes and can't sit still because of the heat is usually fearfully hot, while the calm person who remains quiet and doesn't allow any emotion to get away with him, is usually quite comfortable. It becomes, however, a quite physical matter of being master of one's body and of keeping the blood so undisturbed that heat is kept at its lowest possible degree. I saw a fat man once walk up and down the station platform with a handkerchief in his collar and fanning himself madly with his hat. He said: "Oh, isn't this terrible! It's the hottest day we ever had! I never could stand the heat!" He plunged up

and down like a mad bull and most of the time he was in the sun, when he could just as well have stayed quietly on a seat in a waiting room with all the breeze there was coming in from the river directly upon him. He needed a little of that "God is love" medicine.

Ice melts fast these days but it is a satisfaction to some to know that the ice stations are close at hand. Many children in the city have the job of carrying it this summer. The boys who have charge of these stations say they are making good money delivering to those too far to come for it. And children not in charge of sta-

tions are charging anywhere from a penny up—mostly up—for bringing it home themselves. Some of the little girls in the city claim that some of the little boys in charge give them unusually good weight!

This kind of weather must be hard on pets because they don't play with quite the same enthusiasm. We have a little dog that we love very much and in answer to some one who asked why we wanted to bother with "a little, old, dirty dog!" we replied, in company with all other dog lovers, "We like this dog because she likes us and is just about the best friend we have. She has no other thought but for us and waits behind the basement door

each morning for a footstep coming her way. Her good morning welcome starts the day just right. She wags her whole body so glad to see us. She stands on her small hind feet and begs for a caress. She follows up everywhere we go, no matter what she is doing. No matter what we suggest she is perfectly willing to take part and no matter what we do, she loves us just the same. She never snaps or bites nor has yet shown an ugly streak. She is just a small white dog with a long, slender, brown spotted face and with eyes that watch every move we make, but we like her a whole lot better than a number of people we know."

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