SPORTS

ST. LOUIS vs. PICKED TEAM

CAPT. GLEASON OF ST. LOUIS TEAM.

ED. FERNANDEZ, CAPTAIN PICKED TEAM.

There will be a crack game of ball played today between the St. Louis team champions of 1907 and a picked team from the balance of the League. The game will be played for the benefit of the Trans-Pacific Yacht, and a big crowd should turn out to see the sport. Ed. Fernandez will have the picked team in charge and has gotten together a combination that will give the Saints a run for their money.

Pat Gleason will have charge of the Saints and will be out to win.

The Chinese Alohas and Palamas of the Riverside League will furnish the curtain raiser to the big event.

Games will start at 2 o'clock.

GREAT PLAYS IN BASEBALL

When an outfielder sprints forty yards at top speed, in less than five second, keeps his eyes on a flying ball, and grabs it with both hands as easily and gracefully as if he were picking a ripe blackberry off its vine, few persons who are watching the game consider that he has done anything wonderful. As a matter of fact, he has performed a feat which is simply marvelous. Think even of running that far at such a speed! Think of keeping an object which is flying through the air at the rate of eighty feet a second in view! Think of calculating at one glance where that flying speck will fall, and then being there to meet it and you have some idea of the difficulties which every outfielder must meet half a dozen times perhaps in one afternoon.

It would take a professor of mathematics half an hour perhaps to figure out where a sphere of a certain weight struck by an object of a certain weight, propelled by a certain force and driven at a given angle would reach a point. Any outfielder even in minor league makes the calculation in a fraction of a second. He doesn't do it by geometry, but by instinct.

Skilled English cricketers who see Americans play baseball are astonished at the "fly catches." I have seen a group of Englishmen sit in a grand stand and applaud a catch which to the experienced American crowd is considered "easy." To the average American fan catching a fly anywhere that the fielder can reach it looks easy.

Yet there are catches which bring the most calloused fans to their feet with yelps of delight and send thrills through the crowd. Some of these catches border on the accidental, so impossible do they seem.

One of the greatest catches ever made was that of Eddie Hahn in a game on the White Sox park late last fall when Comiskey's crippled crowd was fighting desperately to hold on to the lead in the American league race. The game was close and a long hit would have robbed the Sox of Victory. In the eighth inning one of the opposing batsmen slammed a long line drive into right center. The drive seemed a certain triple, for in the right field was a long row of circus seats put up to accommodate the big crowds. Hahn was in pursuit of the ball. He tore across, and back too, at top speed with the ball flying toward the fence against which the circus seats were banked. At the last Hahn leaped and landed high up in the seats, clearing the barrier entirely. With the ball sticking in his hands he crashed down on to the third row of seats, rolled through and put up his hand with the ball still sticking there and the umpire awarded him the last catch.

But quite as good as that was a catch made by Hughie Jennings, now managing the Detroit club, when he was playing with the old rowdy Baltimore team. Jennings was playing shortstop. A foul fly was hit, and the ball was falling into the crowd back of third base. Jennings rushed across at top speed and kept after the ball. In front of him was an unbroken phalanx of humanity. Two rows of men were sitting on the grass. Behind them was a solid mass of standing humanity. Without even checking his speed Jennings tore towards that crowd. The ball apparently was going to fall right into the packed mass of men. Jennings, with a final despairing leap, and with reckless disregard of consequences, threw his body into the air, clearing three ranks of men and while in the air he grabbed the ball and fell among the standing rows. He bowled over a dozen men and, turning a complete hommersault, rolled clear of the crowd and arose, his freckled face aglow with victory and the ball clutched in his hands.—Hugh S. Fullerton in Chicago Tribune.

BORN.

MUNDON—To Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Mundon, Waipouli, Kauai, Aug 30, a daughter.