

more games than any other man that ever wore a windpad.

McGuire was never fined or put out of a game by an umpire. He was called "Pinch" on account of his timely hitting. After his playing days he managed the Boston and Cleveland clubs and was scout and coach for Detroit.

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**JIMMY'S WILLIN' TO PAY YOU  
BACK—CAN YOU HELP HIM?**

All Jimmy needs is somebody to buy him clothes, but, hully gee, he needs that bad. His big sister and his brother-in-law give Jimmy a home in the very humble frame cottage in which they live and they satisfy his craving for grub, but they aren't in a position to clothe him.

Last year good Samaritan took care of Jimmy, but this is another year, and a kid can't make his clothes last forever, especially when he grows so fast that though he is only 9 years old he wears a 14-year-old boy's size.

Very painfully Jimmy wrote a letter to his friend of the year before, asking her "pleas favar me by trying to get me som more clothes as I need clothes bad." But the friend of a year ago isn't able to do it this year and so she brought the letter to The Day Book and a reporter called on Jimmy's sister Nellie at 524 Hartland ct.

"Do you want to put Jimmy in a home?" asked the reporter of Nellie, who is sick in bed.

"No, indeed," she said very quickly. "Jimmy will never leave us. We'll take care of him some way. We can always get him enough to eat. Since my mother died I'm the only one he's happy with. But my husband was sick in bed and now he's only working three days a week and I've been sick for months, spending money on the doctor when I could get it and doing without the doctor when I did not have the money to get one, and I haven't been able to get Jimmy clothes. Mrs. H. was so good to him last year, but he wore out the clothes

except the overcoat and he grows so fast that he cannot button that. He needs underwear most of anything. And a couple of flannel shirts, for he hasn't any. I bought him a pair of cheap pants some weeks ago, but he hasn't a suit. If I could just get well I could do it myself."

But she cannot now, and Jimmy's friend of a year ago cannot, either, and Jimmy needs clothes. We suspect that Jimmy's birthday suit is about all he really doesn't need in that line. And he cannot go around in this weather with his birthday clothes.

But if somebody would like to play tailor to a boy who is 9, but wears 14-size clothes, Jimmy's last name is Higgins and he lives at 524 Hartland ct. in a frame cottage. And as he said in his letter to his friend of a year ago:

"Maybe wen I am big I can do a favar for you."

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**BODY OF CATHERINE GOGGIN  
TO BE AT CITY HALL**

The body of Catherine Goggin, late secretary of the Chicago Teachers' Federation, will lie in state in the council chambers from noon today until tomorrow morning. Funeral services will be held in the Holy Name Cathedral at 10 a. m. Saturday.

Miss Goggin was slain by a fenderless Marshall Field & Co. motor truck. The driver, John Hood, was held blameless by a coroner's jury yesterday, which recomended that the action on the fender law be pushed and asked for better lighting on street corners.

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Sir—On the N. Y. C. R. R. between Albany and New York city I asked the conductor how long it would be until we reached our destination. "Four hours," he replied. "But it's only 50 miles as the crow flies," I argued. "Well," answered the conductor, "this ain't an aeroplane—it's a railroad."—B. B.