

# ANECDOTES AND COMMENT ABOUT DIVERS SPORTING TOPICS

## PINCH HOBBS' AIR COMPRESSOR

Tells Home Run Haggerty How It Works.

### Turns Yelling Into Run

Concentrates the Hot Air From the Grandstand Into a Breeze That Hustles All.

ONE rainy afternoon when there was no ball game and I was diggerin' up my bat-I was in an' fieldin' percentages, Pinch Hobbs, who had been sittin' with his eyes closed an' lookin' to an' fro, broke in on my pencil work with: "An' I'm like that it's worth money, an' I'm goin' to get money out of it or my name ain't William Henry Harrison Hobbs!"

"You see, Pinch hadn't been doin' anything in this way a long time, an' Josh Haggerty an' his pen-matic backstop an' Gonfalon Kelly an' his elusive ball an' attractive bat had held the middle of the stage, so I knew it was about time for Pinch to spring something clever. For Pinch is always thinkin' of ways to get ideas an' some sort. When he ain't schemin' to beat somebody else's scheme he's schemin' out schemes of his own, an' that was how it came that he suddenly not up that day an' banged his hand down on his knee an' said:

#### A Money "Idea."

"An' I'm like that it's worth money." "I looked at him an' says: "Good gosh, Pinch, when you know how I do love diggerin' an' am up against a job like this here, what makes you bust in on me when I'm countin' up on my fingers how many times six goes into forty-seven an' have three left over? Now I got to start the hull dum thing again."

"Pooh, pooh, Hag," says he, wavin' his hand. "Throw away your pencil, or else use it to figger up the money that'll be comin' to us when my latest invention goes into effect. You won't need to figger any more battin' averages, anyhow. Why? Because, you'll always have 1,000 per cent, an' you won't have to divide six into forty-seven, nor twelve into fifteen, nor nothin'."

"Pinch," says I, "you're too good a ball player to be foolin' around with these ideas so much. First thing you know they'll have you down an' out like Gonfalon Kelly. Leave the schemin' to the managers an' just play ball."

#### Advice Not Wanted.

"Hag," says Pinch, running his fingers through his red hair so's to give his brain a chance to cool off. "Hag, I'd follow your advice, only it ain't possible. Besides, the late an' lamented Gonfalon's scheme was too complicated to be any good. This here one o' mine is as simple as daylight itself."

"Well," said I, "since you have got it on your mind I s'pose you might as well let me know what it is. What's it for? Who makes it? An' which spout does the money come out of?"

"Now, Hag," said the greatest shortstop that ever lived, "I've got it all diagrammed out here on a piece o' paper."

"With that he put down in front of me a drawin' representin' a grandstand, an' right in front of the grandstand was what looked like a great big funnel pointed down right over the home plate of a baseball field which he had laid out."

"Now," says he, "here it is. You see, it always struck Pinch Hobbs' economical brain that when these great audiences o' three or four thousand people that we have out to see our games get up an' holler an' holler an' scream an' wave their hats an' stamp an' holler some more at some critical point in the game, why, as I said, it always struck me that there was a great loss o' power. I says to myself, Pinch Hobbs, says I, you got a great brain, you know how to figger things out, an' can't you figger out a plan whereby all that there hot air an' lung power can be collected an' reduced into foot pounds or pressure or some other durn thing an' made to do some good? I says that to myself, an' then I really begin to figger out the figner that I did result in this."

#### Sensible Diagram.

"Why, in this here diagram, if you look at it close you'll see how simple it is. Them lines, A, B, C, and D, drawn from the top an' bottom o' the grandstand to the wide an' capacious mouth o' that there funnel, show the convergin' lines where the yellin' is goin' to run into it."

"How do you know it will?" says I. "Because it will, you contrary galoot. It's got to. Now, if you'll quit your durn knockin', I'll show you how the machine works."

"As I said, A, B, C, an' D show how the crude hurrahs an' cusses an' howl from the excited an' rampant populace all enter into the mouth o' that funnel. In scientific terms, it's the hopper o' the Hobbs Power Dynamo Air Compressor. Now you've heard an audience yell when you've lifted the ball out of the lot sometimes?"

#### Hot Air Machine.

"It seemed to rock the durn earth, an' pretty near took the roof o' the house off, didn't it? Well, that was a tremendous effect that power'll have when it's conserved inside o' the Hobbs power dynamo an' air compressor."

"What'll you do with it when you get it in there?" says I.

"Well," says he, "I'm comin' to that. Now, this here point I've marked E, is the mouth o' the funnel—a little pointed mouth with a hole no bigger'n a garden hose into the end of it. Say, he's a slow runner. By a contrivance controlled at the players' bench, the nozzle is pointed down the first base line. He hits the ball a tap to third, say, an' starts for first."

"Ordinarily that guy would get caught ten feet from first. But with the Hobbs power dynamo an' air com-

## Versatile Ex-Mayor Threw the Champion

Former Chief Executive of Des Moines Put Jim Parr's Shoulders Down—Has Been Representative, Clown, and Barkeeper.

DES MOINES, Ia., Sept. 3.—The strenuousness of American politics has seldom been better proved than in the career of ex-Mayor James M. Brenton, of this city, who has now entered the arena as a professional wrestler. From a circus clown to superintendent of schools, and from a candidate for Congress to a saloonkeeper is the range of his accomplishments.

When he was mayor Mr. Brenton had the distinction of being the largest mayor in the United States. He weighs 330 pounds. Now that he has wrestled with Jim Parr, who holds the English wrestling championship, and succeeded in throwing that worthy in nine minutes' wrestling, he has the new distinction of being the largest wrestler in the world.

#### Began as Clown.

Mayor Brenton began his varied and picturesque career a quarter of a century ago by acting as a circus clown. He sang comic songs and did funny acrobatic stunts in a one-ring circus that toured the Middle West. Making and went into the ice business. Then the political bee began to buzz, and he was not long until he got his first office. He was elected county superintendent of schools of Des Moines, and held that position for six years.

He was then nominated by the Republican party for mayor and elected, serving one term of two years. In that term he announced his ambition to go to Congress as the successor of John A. Hull, the present chairman of the Military Affairs Committee in the

House. He withdrew from the race for a second term, and a week after election opened up a saloon in Des Moines, taking his place behind the bar as chief mixologist.

#### Put Eggs in Highball.

His first achievement was to break three eggs into a customer's highball. Now he contents himself with drawing beer and serving plain drinks which require no fancy mixing.

A few evenings ago he referred a wrestling match between "Farmer" Burns, champion of America, and "Jim" Parr, champion of England, in which Burns came out victorious. Brenton became so enthusiastic that he then and there challenged Parr to a match, putting up a heavy side bet that Parr would not throw him three times in forty-five minutes.

Certain holds were barred on account of the mayor's fat. The wrestling match took place in a burlesque theater. Brenton threw Parr in nine minutes, but the English champion took the two next falls in thirty minutes, so the mayor lost his bet. The match was well attended, and Brenton showed that his early training in the circus had not been entirely overcome by politics, so another is scheduled for the near future.

Brenton is a well-known political orator of the West, and is always in demand for campaign speeches by the Republican party. He was mayor of Des Moines when the cruiser Des Moines was launched at the Boston navy yard. He headed the official Iowa party which was sent to attend the launching. The cruiser left the ways the mayor was nowhere to be found and was not located for two days. He had been seeing the sights of Boston on his own hook.

Pressor spreadin' its influence over things, what happens? Why, the crowd goes yellin'.

"Run, you mutt! Wow, that's a hit! Go on! Go on! Go on!"

#### Makes Men Run.

"The yell goes into the mouth of the dynamo, an' the machine does the rest. Out of the hoselike mouth comes a perfect gale of concentrated cussin' an' cheerin', an' it catches the runner in the back." He goes sailin' down to first like a feather in a gale. He'll beat the throw to first easy, an' it'll go as a hit.

"Then, say the batter's a weak hitter—can't never get it out the infield. They aim the hose down in front of the plate an' when he hits the ball the torrent o' yellin' hits him to hustle an' make it good sweeps the sphere on an' on, an' it goes clear away out, an' the weak hitter gets a two-bagger—anyhow a single. See the point? Then it can be used to blow high flies over the fence an' make home runs. Oh, there's limitless possibilities in it."

"Yes, there is," says I. "But think o' the variety o' breaths you'll get into it. That's what's botherin' me. Some 'd lift your hair just first hand. What'd a thousand o' them gin an' beer an' cocktail an' mixed ale an' Rhine wine breaths do all tangled up an' concentrated? They'd bust the machine, Pinch," says I, "bust it dead. I'll admit all the power o' air you've figgered out—but, them breaths. They'd kill somebody."

"I've allowed for that," says Pinch, very positive. "It's to be made specially strong on purpose for them."

"Again," says I, "maybe the audience wouldn't like to trade its privilege o' yellin' for the ball game for the pleasure o' yellin' into this here Hobbs Power Dynamometer Air Compressor. How are they goin' to see the game with this enormous thing in front of 'em?"

"Oh, I fixed that a week ago. It's to be o' glass—the hull thing. Instead o' puttin' wires in front o' the grandstand now to keep people from gettin' soaked with bones, my glass funnel will do all that. The ketcher'll have a lot o' work saved, for foul tips'll fall onto it an' roll off into his hands. It's a great scheme, o' course, but it can only be used on the Alfa grounds. I've took it to Hayville them people 'd yell into it at the wrong time an' help their nines. So we'll only have it here."

"I don't know how Pinch got Josh to allow him to try that machine, but one day we went out to the grounds an', lo an' behold! the big glass funnel was in place, suspended from an' iron rod that run from the top o' the grandstand, an' the strings fer almin' the point were beln' arranged an' carried back to where Josh Haggerty, settin' on our bench, could manipulate them."

"The Russvetville kicker," says I, "said they'd protest the game when they saw the machine, but Josh told Tim McGinnis that it was a harmless device for concentratin' the cheerin' uv the populace an' fer crookedness didn't compare with a coachin' catamount or a bald eagle to keep home runs. That shut McGinnis up."

"The audience entered into the spirit o' the thing with great glee. It was amusin' while we were practicin' to see 'em sling peanuts into the big funnel an' then give a concerted yell an' see the peanuts sail out, an' then boys' caps all tore to nuthin' by the glizzards o' Pinch's dynamo; an' when they got to sendin' chains o' tobacco through, why Josh put his foot down an' tacked on a sign forbiddin' anything beln' slung in the machine, an' the game started."

"That machine worked like a charm—just as Pinch said it would. But! Pete Brown'd hit a dribbler to the pitcher an' whizz! the Hobbs Power Dynamometer Air Compressor 'ud gush a draft out behind him that'd send him over test base on his hands an' knees, clutchin' to the grass (stop. Crack! Reggie would bat a slow one towards second, and whirr! the ball 'ud be carried along by the spiritin' air behind it clean to the outfield. Say a Russvetville guy tried to steal second. Reggie would pass up a swift one. I'd line it down swift and straight right into Pinch's hands."

"With such help as that machine give us we'd won any ordinary game hands down. But this was an extraordinary one, an' in the first half o' the ninth Reggie went all to the bad; gave about five bases on balls, hit a couple o' batters, an' let 'em get in two or three. It was critical minutes, so when Reggie got three Russvetville runs, he sweat out our brows 'dug his nose seven runs an' led us 9 to 4. We needed one run to tie an' two to win."

"The audience was savage an' glum, but when Pinch started off our half o' the ninth with a sizzler over second they woke up with a yell that blew it past center an' he got two bags. Then Pete Brown an' Sam Merritt, both good stick-ers, fouled out, an' it was Haggerty to the bat. I had made a couple o' homers, an' recognized the fact that there was the chance to make another an' turn defeat into victory."

"The Russvetville pitcher knew me o' old. He knew he couldn't get me, so he started to give me four balls an' take his chances with Hennessy, our next man. He didn't go a mile, an' I was in a pinch. He called a lead-ended ball, though, an' one of his curves came near enough for me to catch it with the very end o' the club. I ketcht it—it went out over the right fielder's roof, an' I started to amble round."

"Everybody went plum crazy. Men, women an' children, aunts, grandmothers, kids, everybody in fact, began to make a noise. An' Dan Delaney, who had been tendin' the strings which directed the nozzle o' the Hobbs Power Dynamometer Air Compressor, had a conformation fit o' joy an' fell off the bench—an' the durn nozzle, pourin' out a cyclone of hopes an' fears an' tears, steered around an' aimed right in the path o' the greatest shortstop that ever lived as he tore in from third base."

"I seen him as I tore around second myself, an' I kin see him yet—his feet workin' like a feller peddlin' a bicycle an' yet makin' no headway; his red hair blown back from his forehead an' straight out behind, like a flamin' torch flattened by the wind; his shirt belled out like the sail o' a boat across his shoulders—an' him shoutin' all the time some words which was swept out of his mouth and over his shoulder an' nobody ever heard 'em."

"It was all over in a minute—almost before it begun. I swung around third an' the next instant I felt the cyclone breath o' all them yellin', cheerin', shriekin', insane guys in the grandstand, too; but I kep' on an' the next minute I bunched Pinch's began to push him in. I was light. I was happy. I was out o' that nozzel could keep him back, but not me. So I pushed."

"The right fielder had hauled the ball in from where I knocked it, but we would a beat it yet if some crazy guy up in the stand, in his delirium o' lung, hadn't slung an empty bottle into the Hobbs Power Dynamometer. It caught Pinch in his midst, an' as I couldn't carry him along, the next minute the Russvetville ketcher had the ball on us an' us four feet from the plate."

"Maybe it was a merciful thing Pinch was insensible when the crowd realized that their own applause had made 'em lose the game, for they certainly wrecked that funnel an' hose apparatus in jig time, an' then started in to kill Dan Delaney for lettin' the thing get durned wrong, an' wound up by givin' the umpire a four-mile run because he happened to be handy an' used to it. As their handiwork then could be funneled an' bottled it'd give the ministers in Alfa-falfa somethin' to think of. An' so the Hobbs Power Dynamometer Air Compressor drifted into history."

GEORGE WILLIAM DALEY.

(Copyright, 1904, by George William Daley.)

#### FREED FROM JAIL, BUT MUST RETURN WHEN WELL

NORFOLK, Va., Sept. 3.—Mrs. Annie Whaley, serving a year in jail here for alleged cruelty to her daughter, Lillie Davis, and whom Governor Montague recently declined to grant an unconditional pardon, was today released on conditional pardon from the governor, the conditions of which are that she is to return to jail and complete her sentence if her health returns.

#### COURT CUTS DOWN FEES IN APPRAISERS' SUIT

MEDIA, Pa., Sept. 3.—In a suit brought by Charles W. Andrew and Howard Widner as appraisers and John T. Dickson as clerk, in the estate of Jeremiah Wallworth, the Upland manufacturer, the court handed down an opinion in which it holds that the clerk is not entitled to any pay, and that the appraisers are entitled to only \$1 per day.

The appraisers were suing to recover \$25 per day and the clerk \$10 per day.

## CORINTHIAN CLUB RACES POSTPONED

Yachts Cruise Around Marshall Hall.

The races scheduled to be held tomorrow between boats belonging to members of the Corinthian Yacht Club, have been postponed, and will not be contested until next Sunday. The postponement was made in order to allow the clubmen to take a cruise to Marshall Hall this morning to remain there until tomorrow evening.

The Vesper arrived off the Hall yesterday morning, and will be joined to-day by the Janet, and Starline, and possibly the Spartan, Skip, and Naomi.

#### Election of Officers.

At the regular monthly meeting held last week, a new election of officers was made necessary by the resignation of Ross L. Fryer, who has held the position of commodore for a long time. Don E. Clarke, formerly secretary and treasurer of the club, was elected to fill the office held by Mr. Fryer, and H. K. Van Alstyne was elected to the position vacated by Mr. Clarke. L. F. Boland, vice commodore, retained his position.

#### Two Races Planned.

It is planned to have two races take place next Sunday, instead of having all the yachts start at once, as heretofore. The first race will be held at 10 o'clock a. m., and the second at 2 o'clock p. m. The start will be from the wharf, foot of Thirty-second and K Streets northwest.

## Really Great Trotters Scarce This Season

No New Ones Have Been Developed Which Can Wrest Laurels From Lou Dillon or Major Delmar.

The present season so far has been a remarkable one, from the fact that there are fewer of what may be termed great trotters than have been seen on the turf in years.

There are a number of very fair trotters, like Sweet Marie (2:08½), Dr. Strong (2:38), Aristio (2:08½), Consuello S., and others, but of the new flight of trotters which are prominent this season there does not at present seem to be a trotter capable of a mile in 2:05, or which looks like a coming champion.

The grand circuit campaign is pretty well advanced, and the trotters should show their best form, but of all the horses being raced in the "big ring" not a single champion capable of wrestling the honors from Lou Dillon, Major Delmar and Crescens is in sight.

#### But Few Fast Ones.

So far the season has not been a sensational one as far as speed is concerned, and, while the racing as a whole has been first-class, outside of the performance of Sweet Marie and Dr. Strong among the trotters, and Morning Star (2:05), and Gallagher (2:03½), among the pacers, there have been no really sensational doings among the light harness horses.

Major Delmar trotted a mile during the Empire City meeting in 2:02½, probably the most splendid performance of his great career. He trotted the mile without the aid of a wind shield, and a pacemaker in front, which is really the

only fair test of a horse's speed, and the son of Delmar and Crescens now jointly hold the world's trotting record without the aid of a pacemaker in front.

#### Major Delmar's Feat.

Major Delmar may succeed in lowering this record during the present season, but it is extremely doubtful, as to trot below 2:02½ without the aid of a wind shield is a very difficult task, and, while no one doubts the extreme speed and superb courage of the handsome gelding, he is not likely to trot a mile in two minutes this year.

He has been splendidly handled this year by Alta McDonald, there have been no mistakes made by his trainer, and the horse is just beginning to show the result of long months of careful and patient training at the hands of a man who has no superior and few equals as a trainer.

Major Delmar has the makeup of a real champion. Strong and courageous, he looks more like the successor of the lion-hearted Crescens than any of the other trotters now before the public. There is a great flock of fast pacers being raced this year, and while there are scores of sidewheelers capable of 2:10 or better, not in the entire racing field does there loom up a pacer which seems capable of equalling Dan Patch, Prince Albert, John R. Gentry or any of the famous old champions.

The present outlook is that several pacers may close the season with a record around 2:30, but not a single horse is in sight which looks capable of a mile in two minutes.

## POTOMAC CREW NOW SELECTED

Strong Eight for Middle States Regatta.

The Potomac Boat Club will start its senior eight-oared shell in the Middle States Regatta, which will be held in New York tomorrow.

The crew left Washington for Gotham at 7 o'clock this morning, over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and will row at New York as follows: Barber, stroke; Mueller, 7; Britt, 6; Scott, 5; Du Ganne, 4; Bliss, 3; McGowan, 2; Boeck, 1, with Eddie Hancke as coxswain.

The opponents of the Potomacs in the eight-oared shell race will be the famous New York Athletics, a crew picked from some of the best college oarsmen of Yale and Harvard; the Staten Islands, likewise composed of good collegians, and the speedy and gritty Malta crew, of Philadelphia. These crews should put up an exceptionally good race, and the eight winning will have a formidable claim to the championship, in view of the fact that the Vesper, of Philadelphia, did not come up to expectations in practice, and decided not to race at the Middle States Regatta.

Coach Dempsey thinks a lot of the Potomac crew and says it is the best that has rowed on the Potomac this season. It is said to be much stronger than the eight which represented the locals at the Potomac River regatta, in it are found three new men, Du Ganne, a Junior; Bliss, an intermediate, and Scott, a Junior. Du Ganne displaced Orand, Bliss took the place of Herman, and Scott won Chase's place in the boat. "The Middle States" regatta is the final regatta of the year, and the largest, the entries being the pick of America.

THE STORE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY.

## The Triumphal Entry of This Greatest of All September Furniture Sales.

FORWARD! THE SALE ADVANCES. THE HUGE HARVEST OF BARGAINS GATHERED here for this mammoth furniture sale proves the stupendous scope of our commercialism and the exceptional value offered. THIS IS A FURNITURE STORE FOR THE PEOPLE, a great popular emporium stocked with

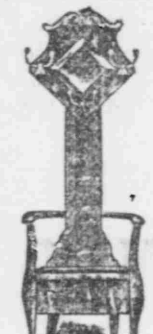
### Every Grade of Home Furnishings at Lowest Prices.

IT'S A CONSISTENT STORE, A VERY ACCOMMODATING STORE, and a very popular store, because we INVARIABLY STRIVE TO PLEASE ALL OUR PATRONS—NOT FOR ONCE, BUT FOR ALL TIME. Our unvarying aim to give the best values for the least possible money, combined with OUR LIBERAL AND CONVENIENT CREDIT SYSTEM, has given this store its unusual popularity and prestige, and it is universally known as THE STORE THAT SAVES YOU MONEY. The coming week's bargains will deserve your careful attention.

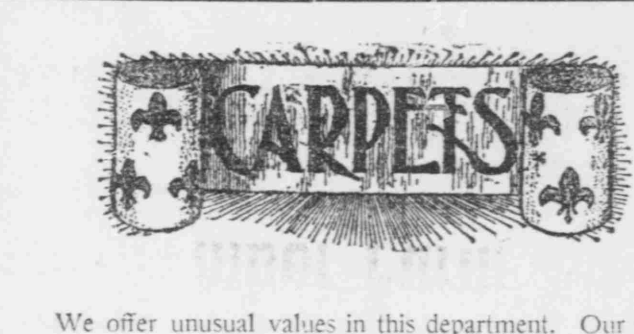
BUY NOW. PAY LATER. YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD.



This very neat American Princess Dresser, solid golden oak, has large egg-shaped French plate mirror, cast brass trimmings, complete with ball-bearing casters. Worth \$18.00. September Sale price, \$11.75.

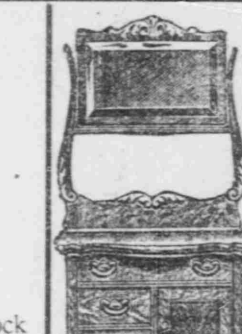


Full quartered oak and polished Hall Rack, French shaped arms and back, stands over 6 feet tall, with complete set of brass hooks and brass umbrella stand. Worth \$12.50. September Sale price, \$7.75.



We offer unusual values in this department. Our stock comprises the choicest patterns in Royal Wiltons, Extra Axminsters, Velvets, and all grades of Brussels. Our Rug Department is a store in itself. Thousands of patterns to select from, including very exclusive Persian and Oriental effects. Prices the very lowest. Every carpet and rug fully guaranteed. Special (Monday only)—Best Quality All-wool Smyrna Rug, in numerous patterns; 54 inches long; worth \$2.50.

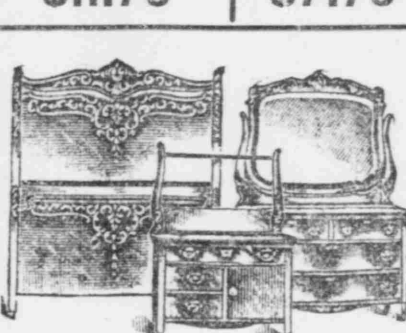
Monday Only, \$1.39



This very elaborate Toilet stand, has much silver plate mirror than cut glass; solid oak and highly polished. One of the new chival effects. Worth \$12.50. September Sale price, \$8.50.



Solid oak five-drawer chiffonier, highly polished, with oval French plate mirror. Solid post construction; large and roomy. Worth \$14.00. September Sale price, \$8.25.



The greatest value ever offered by us or elsewhere in a Solid Golden Oak Bedroom Suite; has shaped French plate mirror, roll-top bed, shaped-top dresser, and washstand; worth \$35.00. September Sale price, \$21.50.



Solid Golden Oak Sideboard; profusely carved, large French bevel mirror, very highly polished, with the new egg-shaped drawers; worth \$25.00. September Sale price, \$17.75.



Strikingly handsome Mahogany-finished 3-piece Parlor Suite; very elaborately carved; full tufted back and patent spring construction; covered in silk damask; worth \$39.00. September Sale price, \$27.50.



Handsomely designed and exceedingly showy Iron Bed, in all colors of enamel, worth \$6.50. September Sale price, \$5.25.



Mahogany-finished Frame, 3-piece Parlor Suite; neatly carved and covered in good quality of damask; worth \$17.00. Now, \$11.50.



500 Window Shades, in all colors; some slightly soiled; that sold for 25c. Special, 9c.



125 pairs Nottingham Lace Curtains; all samples and slightly soiled from handling; worth \$1.50. Now, 69c.



Solid Oak Dresser, highly polished, with oval French plate mirror; worth \$12.00. Now, \$7.75.



3-leaf Palms (they require no watering); including pot and moss, 9c.

Easy to Buy. THE HUB FURNITURE COMPANY Southeast Corner Seventh and D Streets N. W. Easy to Pay.