Detroit and Philadelphia
With joyous vigor shout
To hear the happy tidings which
The census folks give out.

Revised League Schedule Is Made Public

But while the population dope
Their interest intrigues,
They do not care to talk about
Their standing in the league.

GLASSIES TO BATTLE NEXT MONDAY EVE.

Will Play the Fairmont Mining Machinery Team Then.

When the carnival came to town it was necessary to call off all the City league ball games for this week, and consequently the schedule had to be rearranged for the remainder of the season. President Bollier of the league has been busy for the past few days fixing up the new program and today gave out for publication the new schedule of games. The last regularly scheduled game is September 5, which will give plenty of time to play off any postponed games which might change the final standing of the first two teams in the league, or in other words, games that would have a bearing on the championship. The next game in the league will be played on Monday evening, when Monongah Glass and Mining Machinery are booked. The new schedule follows:

July.

12—Mon. Glass vs. F. M. M. Co.
13—West Virginian vs. B. & O.
14—F. M. M. Co. vs. Stevenson.
15—Owens vs. B. & O.
16—Open.
17—Monongah Glass vs. Owens.
19—F. M. M. Co. vs. Owens.
20—B. & O. vs. Stevenson.
21—Monongah Glass vs. West Va.
22—Stevenson vs. Owens.
23—West Virginian vs. B. & O.
24—Mon. Glass vs. F. M. M. Co.
26—F. M. M. Co. vs. West Va.
27—Monon. Glass vs. Stevenson.
28—Owens vs. West Virginian.
29—F. M. M. Co. vs. B. & O.
30—Monongah Glass vs. Owens.
31—B. & O. vs. Stevenson.

August.

2—West Virginian vs. Stevenson.
3—Monongah Glass vs. B. & O.
4—Owens vs. West Virginian.
5—F. M. M. Co. vs. Stevenson.
6—Owens vs. B. & O.
7—F. M. M. Co. vs. Mon. Glass.
9—West Virginian vs. B. & O.
10—Open.
11—Monon. Glass vs. Stevenson.
12—Owens vs. B. & O.
13—Monongah Glass vs. West Va.
14—F. M. M. Co. vs. Stevenson.
16—Monongah Glass vs. B. & O.
17—Owens vs. Stevenson.
18—F. M. M. Co. vs. eWst Va.
19—Monongah Glass vs. Owens.
20—B. & O. vs. Stevenson.
21—F. M. M. Co. vs. West Va.
23—Monongah Glass vs. B. & O.
24—Owens vs. West Virginian.
25—Monon. Glass vs. Stevenson.
26—Monon. Glass vs. F. M. M. Co.
27—West Virginian vs. B. & O.
28—F. M. M. Co. vs. Owens.
30—West Va. vs. Stevenson.
31—Owens vs. B. & O.

September.

1—Open.
2—Owens vs. Stevenson.
3—F. M. M. Co. vs. B. & O.
4—Monongah Glass vs. West Va.
6—F. M. M. Co. vs. Stevenson.

New schedule cards will be out the first of the week for the fans. Until that time the fans can use the schedule as published in the paper today.

HOW THEY STAND

NATIONAL LEAGUE

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.
Pittsurgh, 2; Philadelphia, 1.
Chicago, 8; St. Louis, 5.
Other clubs not scheduled.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

	W.	L.	Pct.
Cincinnati	39	29	.574
Brooklyn	40	31	.563
St. Louis	38	35	.521
*Pittsburgh	34	33	.507
*Chicago	37	36	.507
Boston	29	33	.468
New York	33	38	.465
Philadelphia	27	42	.391

*Pittsburgh's percentage is .507463; Chicago's, .506849, putting Pittsburgh alone in fourth place by a fraction (.614) of a point.

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

AMERICAN LEAGUE

YESTERDAY'S RESULTS.
Philadelphia, 6; Boston, 0.
Philadelphia, 1; Boston, 0.
Other clubs not scheduled.

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

	W.	L.	Pct.
New York	49	26	.653
Cleveland	46	25	.648
Chicago	44	28	.611
Washington	36	30	.545
Boston	34	35	.493
St. Louis	34	38	.472
Detroit	22	47	.319
Philadelphia	20	56	.263

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

FASTEST ON GET-AWAY

By LORRY A. JACOBS.

NEW YORK, July 8.—Look out for Harold Lever, the brilliant young sprinter of the Meadowbrook club.

With but one day to train in before trying out in the Philadelphia Olympic preliminaries, Lever was barely nosed out of first place in the 100-yard dash by L. Murchison, the N. Y. A. C. star.

Lever, although he has somewhat short and stubby legs, is a brilliant and powerful runner. There was little doubt in the minds of those who saw him work out in the tryouts here that he would have beaten Murchison had it not been for lack of training.

Usually Lever has one of the speediest starts I have ever seen, his leap at the gun appearing to be at least ten feet and giving a lead that it is hard for anyone to cut down.

Of course, Lever can hardly expect to defeat Paddock, the great coast man, who clipped off the hundred in nine and four-fifths seconds in the tryouts on the coast, but he is likely to help Paddock equal or break the record for the century in the final tryouts at Boston this month. He has nearly three weeks in which to train before that time and his work between now and then will do him a world of good.

In addition to his sterling ability, Lever has a finish that is positively uncanny. In the century final at Philadelphia, although half a yard behind a yard from the finish he came very near breaking the tape first, finishing like a whirlwind.

He will make a good man to watch in the finals at Boston.

Some Local Sport Chatter

"Babe" Ruth was slightly injured in an auto accident yesterday, but it is likely that the Yankee star will be back in the game in a short time. The auto came out the worst in the smash, and will likely be sold as junk.

Wilbur Cooper, aided by a triple play and a daring steal of home, won a close game for Pittsburgh yesterday from Philadelphia. The final count was 2-1.

The Mackmen twice shut out the Redsox yesterday, 1-0 and 6-0, which is some record for the Philadelphia team.

The new city league schedule having been prepared, the fans will now get ready for the resumption of games next week.

Rain would have spoiled one or two games at least this week, so the fans are not so bad off on account of a week of no baseball.

What has become of that Monongah Glass-Owens girls game. Come on Ira and Wagner, let's get the dispute settled once and for all.

Grab off an open date on the city league schedule and stage the much talked about contest.

Sure to have some crowd.

Three and Two

Let's heave a sigh of deep relief,
And silently give vent
To joy because were going to have
A checker tournament.

At Cedar Point in August all
The checker stars will meet,
A sport event where brains will clash,
And brawn will not compete.

And while were on the subject we
Might as well set down
The fact that one, Doc Laker, has
Just given up his crown.

He said to Capablanca,
Who had challenged him to play:
"Youre welcome to my title," and
So Cap is champ today.

'Tis funny, with a stunt like that,
How people pass it by,
It's really quite unusual, but
The world don't bat an eye.

Now folks, can you imagine how
The world would fume and fuss
If Dempsey to Carpenter
Gave up his title thus.

Dispatches from London say that Dr. Emanuel Lasker has decided to yield his title of champion chess player of the world to Jose R. Capablanca. Therefore it will not be necessary to hold the tournament between the two wizards, which was to have been held in Holland.

This announcement was published in American newspapers in a couple of paragraphs graced with a snappy one-line head set in eight point black face lower case, if you know what that means. A few papers went so far as to put a regular split-line heading on the announcement, thus giving it regular standing as a new item. Others did not print the story at all.

Imagine what the headlines would have been had the announcement dealt with the ceding of the heavyweight boxing title by Jack Dempsey to Georges Carpentier.

Brains may win the game but brawn gets the publicity.

Chess requires a peculiar and exceptional brain, the highest type of a certain kind of intelligence. It requires long practice, devotion and patience which makes athletics look like childs play in comparison. But chess is a brain contest and can never compete for favor with boxing, baseball, tennis, and all the other contests which enlist brains plus brawn.

In fact, it sometimes seems as though popular interest in a sport increased in proportion as brute strength predominated. Keen wits and craft are interesting, but the thrill comes with the display of muscle. It requires no muscle to win a chess game. Brains may not figure in a knockout in the squared circle. But one neednt waste time wondering which would arouse the most enthusiasm.

The highbrow may call this condition a sad state of affairs, but nothing is going to change it, as far as we can see.

Finances of League Shown

Following is the financial statement of the city league as of June 1, prepared by Victor Bird, league treasurer:

Receipts—		
Sale of season tickets	$268.00	
Gate	$400.29	
Total		$668.29
Expenditures—		
Umpires	$ 79.36	
Balls	118.80	
Ground Upkeep	34.90	
Equipment	4.80	
Gate attendants, scoring and ball chasers	34.25	
Printing, telegrams etc.	14.03	
Total		$286.14
Balance on hand		$382.15
Outstanding bills		$179.81

KAUFF'S DEFI.

TORONTO—On the day the announcement was made that Benny Kauff, Giant outfield veteran, had been traded for a Toronto youngster, he hit two home runs.

HOYT IS MISSED.

BOSTON—Pitcher Waite Hoyt, boy pitching star of the Red Sox, may not play again this season. His operation for a strain has left him in a weakened condition.

PLUM FOR GIBSON.

NEW YORK—Billy Gibson, manager of Benny Leonard, will have control of Madison Square Gardens, which he intends to make New York's boxing Mecca.

NEVER BETS.

CLEVELAND—Frank Walker, who is starting the horses at Grand Circuit tracks, this year, never bets. He has started more horses han an man living.

GIBBONS RESTS.

ST. PAUL—Tommy Gibbons is resting at his St. Paul home since his fruitless trip to England to hook up with Joe Beckett. He is planning a heavy fall schedule.

STILL PITCHING.

MELROSE, Minn.—Roy Patterson, once a member of the famous White Sox pitching staff, is still pitching good ball. He takes his turn regularly with the Melrose club.

CARDS TO BUILD

ST. LOUIS—Plans have been definitely settled upon whereby the Cards will build a new home for 1921. It will be second in capacity to the Polo Grounds and the Braves' Field.

Playing Golf Is Like Eating Olives---First Round's Fierce

By LARRY.

A gentleman who buzzes out advertisements on a typewriter in the next compartment to mine, has been trying to tell me some thing about golf of late. He is a good seller, and several times he has come very close to getting me to take a little interest in the game. At times I have almost given in to a desire to buy a set of sticks and maltreat an innocent golf ball or two. In fact if the celebrated nineteenth hole had not been made constitutionally a "duster" I might have fallen victim of his advances, not so much in the hope of gaining international fame as a golfer as to get a more complete knowledge of the justly famous nineteenth hole, which I never reached in the days when I did gallup.

Which brings me rather abruptly to the main cog of this story. For really I was once a golf player—an expert in my own unique fashion—and furnished much amusement to the gallery (I think that is the correct term).

Some years ago in the old home town a wise individual prevailed upon some generally sane citizens to rent a farm of many acres, which grew on the side of a hill, as a site for a country club, where golf could be played and fireworks set off on July 4, without dropping a rocket through some citizens bed room window. I was one among many to step forward and agree to help pay the rent on the farm and take up the game of golf, feeling sure that with a few weeks' practice I could walk away with the next national tournament.

The man who prevailed upon us to rent the farm stated that it could be made an ideal golf course or links or whatever it is that it isn't. The individual I have since learned was absolutely truthful in the matter. The farm was hard to get to, hard to get away from, full of natural pitfalls, swamps, bunkers and the like, while the greater portion of it was so steep a cow could not graze on it without getting humpbacked. I understand that such a spot is ideal for golf, and is one of the reasons why I sold my holdings as soon as possible.

Getting back to my story, I finally got my clubs and some golf balls and set out one day to get back part of the rent. The instructor told me I had better practice driving first, so I pulled out that mean looking cane with a big wooden knob on the end, placed the ball on the well known little pile of dirt, called a tee, I think, and let go at the ball. They never did find the pill, and it must have stirred up the milky way before it spent itself. I afterwards learned that most new hands at the game start that way, but the aftermath is fearful. I spent the next three hours swinging in the air with my club and only scared three balls off the dirt pile, all three seeking refuge in a grass jungle along the side of the course, where the groundkeeper had failed to cut the grass. I complained bitterly about the grass not being cut, but was informed rather coldly that allowing the grass to grow tall over part of the course was part of the game. It seemed rather odd to me, but I did not write the rules, so why kick. The remainder of the afternoon was spent by the bell hop who carried my sticks and myself trying to find the balls that had strayed without my consent into the jungle, but it was like trying to find a kick in near beer.

The next day I ventured once more. My luck was marvelous. After three hours or more I finally clubbed a ball into submission long enough to get it up on the first green. I think that is the term. Here some thoughtless person had bored a hole in the ground and inserted a tin cup, which I was soon informed was hole one and that I would have to get the golf ball to roll into the cup. I "putted" and puttered 'round for ages trying to induce that obstinate golf ball to get in the hole. Nothing doing. It would roll gracefully up to the hole, look in, and then jump over or away. Finally some fussy old geezer who was waiting for me to finish up made some ill-timed remark about my speed. I turned and gave him a look that must have made him have the nightmare for weeks, nonchalantly picked up the ball and tossed it into the next county, told the bell hop to sell my outfit at cost and swore that I was off of golf for life and decided that if any golfer got to heaven Hades wouldnt be such a bad address after all.

I have not a word to say about golfers now. If they get to heaven it will be all right with me. In fact, I admire a man who can play golf and enjoy it. I suppose it is just like learning to eat olives and chew tobacco. It is hard work at first, but after awhile you get wild about it. My trouble was I could not live through the first stages. It must be interesting or there would not be so many golfers.

However, I always will be sore at that fussy guy. I might have been internationally famous by now as a golfer, if he had kept his mouth shut.

What's more I had only 17 holes to go before I could have looked in on the nineteenth hole. Possibly if I had reached that happy spot I might have spent all my spare time playing golf until the first of last July.

Such is life.

EAST SIDE -:-NEWS-:-

Buried Tuesday.

W. D. Rockwell and sister, Miss Vernia Rockwell have returned from Brave, Pa., where they were called by the illness and death of their aunt, Mrs. Margaret Jobes Haught. The funeral was held Tuesday afternoon at the family home.

Meeting Will Not Be Held.

The meetings of the East Park Bible class have been discontinued during the next two months.

Surprise Party.

Mrs. E. M. Cox was given a delightful surprise party Tuesday evening at the home of the Misses Freda and Hazel Feather in Pittsburgh avenue. The party was arranged as a surprise to Mrs. Cox by the members of the Teachers' Training class of the Diamond Street M. E. Sunday school of which Mrs. Cox is teacher. The house was decorated with the National colors and the colors were also carried out in the refreshments. The evening was a very enjoyable one. A large baking dish was presented the honor guest.

Aid Society Will Meet.

The Aid Society of the First M. P. Church will meet next Wednesday afternoon at the church. The meeting was to have been held this week but was postponed.

Personals.

Mr. and Mrs. Barry of Raleigh, N. C., are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Grose of Morgantown avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. William Stoneking and daughters have returned from a visit of several days with relatives at Ellenboro.

J. B. Manning, the caretaker at the Maple Grove cemetery, cut his hand yesterday while at his work. The cut is a bad one and is causing Mr. Manning much suffering.

Harry E. Wilson of Columbia street is in Chicago where he will attend the Elks National Convention.

Miss Emma Brown is ill at her home in Columbia street.

Mrs. H. E. Dodd has been sick for several days past.

Miss Olive Dunham spent the Fourth at Oak Park with a party of friends.

Miss Lucille Anderson has returned from a visit with relatives at Parkersburg.

Misses Ruth Frum and Mildred Nuzum have returned from a few days visit at Clarksburg.

Miss Jessie Morris is spending a few weeks with her aunt, Mrs. Sallie Carder at Shinnston.

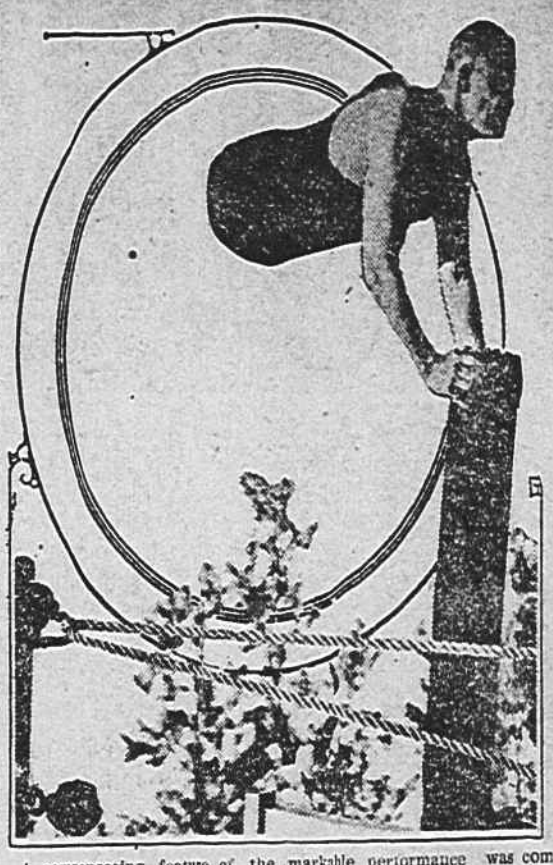
Mr. and Mrs. Lute Brown have returned from a few days stay in Harrison county. They were accompanied home by Mrs. Brown's mother, Mrs. Elliott, who is taking treatment from a city physician.

Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Satterfield are expected home in a few days from Muncie, Ind., when they have spent several months. The former has been ill in a hospital while in the west, but is much improved.

Miss Amanda Conwell remains quite ill at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Coffman of Columbia street.

Miss Marie Scott left Tuesday evening for Philadelphia, where she will be a student at the University of Pennsylvania. Miss Mary Eliason who has been visiting relatives at Hollysdayburg, Pa., joined her and will also attend the University. Both are teachers in the East Side schools.

THE INVINCIBLE VETERAN



A compensating feature of the human wreckage of war is the unconquerable spirit of the crippled soldiers in overcoming seemingly insurmountable obstacles, despite the loss or serious impairment of their faculties. An example, without duplication, perhaps, is the diving exhibition of Lieutenant R. S. Fletcher, of Plainview, Texas, who is an expert swimmer notwithstanding both of his legs were severed from his body in service overseas.

The photograph above shows this invincible veteran, after having mounted a 15-foot diving tower unaided, preparing to plunge into the pool at the Walter Reed hospital, Washington, D. C. His remarkable performance was completed without a mishap, as the audience observed with wondering astonishment and repeatedly cheered the victor of such a marvelous feat.

Lieutenant Fletcher has been a patient at a government hospital for twelve months, the wreckage in the crucible of a battle necessitating the ambutation of both of his legs. This irrecoverable loss is not a deterrent to a heroic spirit which climbs a 15-foot diving tower without assistance, and dives into the waters of the pool. Another contest staged at Walter Reed hospital has developed an exhibition whereby a one-legged soldier races 50 yards in 55 seconds.

UMPS OFF COLOR.

TOLEDO—That umpiring in the American Association is away off color this year is the general opinion of the public here. The howl is general around the circuit.

CAN HE FIGHT?

PHILADELPHIA—Fans, who have watched Georgous georges Carpentier work on his luxury exhibition tour, are still asking, "But can this guy fight?"

GRANDMAS SCRAP.

COLUMBUS GROVE, Ohio.—Grandmothers of Jesse Thornton, Jr., 9 months old, got into such a row over the tot that Jesse's mother had to go to court and get an official order to get her son home again. Mrs. James Thornton, paternal grandmother, refused to allow Mrs. Hannah Stevenson, maternal grandma, to see young Jesse, because the grandmas are not good friends. The court's order sent the wee Thornton home to his own camp.

OL' JOSH DISPLACED.

SAN DIEGO.—Josh believes he has done his bit and gladly accepts his position in the green pastures for the balance of his life. Josh is an old-time fire horse, who has served for 18 years, and who has been displaced by an auto.

SEVEN BABIES ARE FOUND.

EVANSVILLE, Ind.—Seven babies were found by police under a log. Chewing-gum, pencils and knives were also discovered. The babies were kewpies. The loot had been stolen from a store.

TARANTULA NIPS HIM.

EVANSVILLE, Ind.—M. M. Warren, grocer, while trimming a bunch of bananas, was bitten by a tarantula, a tropical deadly spider. First-aid treatment was administered at a hospital. He'll live.

Seafaring Men Do Not Like Friday

Superstition dies hard, especially among sea-faring men. If you are sceptical ask Sergeant Edward Horne in charge of the U. S. Marine Corps Recruiting office, 315 Main street, what he thinks of Friday as a recruiting day.

"The old Jinks has a stranglehold on Friday, he said today. "It may be because marines have caught some of the superstitions of the sea that they still believe this, but recruiting figures bear it out nevertheless.

"I have a chart here which shows the status of recruiting in our Eastern division for the last four months, and it is plainly seen that Friday shows up as the unlucky day for us, in so far as the number of recruits are concerned.

"This little chart also proves a good many people are superstitious before they come into the Marine Corps, for they seem to hesitate before taking the important step of applying for enlistment on this traditionally unlucky day.

"Apparently many men who might otherwise apply on Friday, put it off until the next day or the beginning of the next week."

BRAVED BULLETS.

TOLEDO. — Donald Myers, 23, was so afraid of work that he braved a fusilade of police bullets to escape from it. He was captured after he fled from the workhouse here.

The largest private fortune in the United States, estimated at one billion dollars is equivalent to the aggregate wealth of 2,500,000 of those classed as "poor."

GRANDDAD'S DAY ON GOLF COURSE LIKE BABY SHOWS

A Little Inside Dope on Cow Pasture Pool is Given.

By EDWARD M. THIERR

CHICAGO, July 8. — The on youngsters allowed around a go course are saddles. Except Granddad's Day.

Ever try that on the home Granddad's Day at Exmoor try club gave the first tee pearance of a baby show clothes, safety pin yelps, tles and everything.

Only grandfathers were qualifie to compete in the annual Gran dad's Day Handicap. Every gran

child sworn to added one-h stroke to a player's handicap. A in addition, every grandchild p ent at the first tee at the begin of play added a full stro grandfather's handicap.

Maybe it was grand-p worry over the possibility of g son getting beaned with a m —anyway, the winner and the ner-up didn't have any d ants present.

T. Barber Brown won the hole medal play with a net 74 plus his regular handicap of and a half strokes for a grandch he swore he had at home. H. Hitchcock was second with a n

75 1-2 plus a regular 24 handic and another half stroke for grandchild not present.

R. W. Patton was the proud grandfather golfer there. He swo to possessing six, but none show up. Richmond Dean had thr grandchildren present, adding thr full strokes to his handicap, he couldn't win.