

"PLAY BALL!"

Convicts at Carson City Enjoy National Sport While Wardens with Rifles Keep Their Stern Watch on the Prison Walls—Game That Is Unique in History.

CARSON CITY, NEV.—It is not often that the condemned felon, bearing a bolt shot behind him in the door of a death cell, opens to feel and breathe the open air again, save for a few terrible moments when he marches out to the scaffold, to die. Never does he dream that he will again see the gayety of life and freedom expressed in scenes of strength and skill, or that he will be permitted to participate in them.

A special correspondent of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch. That is why, in all the annals of baseball, there is no record of such an umpire as Casey—murderer Casey of the Nevada state prison—who went from a death cell to judge a baseball game between two teams of his fellow convicts.

Patrick C. Casey, whose wooden leg and sobriquet of "Pegleg" tell one chapter in the story of his misfortunes, was a fan of fans in a time gone past. That was before he wandered into the land where "six-shooters" and Bowie knives set the Darwinian theory aside. That was before Goldfield had sprung up in the desert to lure men on to hardships that might yield luxury or death, and before Casey, in that turbulent and terrible Goldfield summer of 1909, deliberately sauntered down a street of the mushroom city, slew Mrs. Thomas Healy on her own doorstep and dangerously wounded Mrs. Thomas Mann, a guest at the Healy home.

Between Casey, the prison umpire, and Casey, the boy, wrangling with other boys on a corner lot where "coming champs" were wont to put their hopes to test, a series of essential years had intervened a record which was long and not too good, and in which Casey had played the game with lead instead of the horseshoe spheroid of the diamond.

But the years had not made Casey forget, and the wayward life of the mining camps had not stamped out of his soul the spirit of sport, and his old-time love of our national game. When he was led to the warden's office a few weeks ago and informed that his plea for a new trial had released him, for a time, at any rate, from the death cell he had occupied since December 7, 1909, his first request was that he might take some part in the baseball games then being planned for prisoners whose sentences stop short of the gallows. And when he stood behind the bat to officiate at the first of the prisoners' baseball games, there was no tremor or doubt in the voice that cried: "Bat—er out; play ball!"

Surely a Remarkable Game.
In order to see the ball game, Casey gave the warden his word of honor that he would abide by all the rules governing the prison yard. He promised that he would act as a fair and impartial judge. He swore that he would make no attempt to escape or to cheat the gallows by destroying himself while he was at liberty in the yard. In a word, Casey, the Goldfield murderer, whose life was being demanded by all the people of Nevada, was strictly "on his honor" to be good one afternoon.

Surely that was a unique and perhaps remarkable game of ball. There was no velvet green with soft brown paths of earth. The diamond was black stripes of paint laid on the hard face of the prison yard, which is blasted and quarried out of solid rock, in the heart of which the excavators found mastodon tracks and footprints of prehistoric men.

One team was composed of "shiners," as the negro prisoners are called, and the other white men whose crimes ranged from petty larceny to murder. Around the diamond sat 200 other fellows, whose whom rose the walls of the prison yard. With them was Warden Baker, who took charge of the prison last January, and immediately began working out a system

OLD LADY WAS A SWIMMER

Mother-in-Law Thoroughly Enjoyed Herself, and the Joke Was Not on Her.

The joke on the mother-in-law, said the Billville man, "is as old as the Ark, but in the tale 'It goes' to tell you, it's on the fellow that tried to give it a serious turn. I ain't callin' no names. I'll just say he was a friend o' mine an' let it go at that.

"His wife's mother had for years wasted time and talk in the effort to make that fellow live up to her idea of what a son-in-law should be, but she only lost many a night's good sleep tryin' to figger out how to git even, an' still keep on the windy side of the law, so, when she once expressed a wild wish to go up in a airship, he prayed, day an' night, that some might come along an' light on the premises, but none ever flew that way.

"But when the old lady told him that she had never seen the ocean, an' was hungerin' for a glimpse of it, he shook hands with himself, an'

of reform in which baseball plays no small part.

Completing the picture were the guards, patrolling the top of the walls in sharp relief against the blue skies of freedom, and constantly counting the men in the yard lest any attempt at escape should be made.

Umpire's Decision "Went."
Nobody dared question a decision from the peg-legged lord of the game. To have cried loudly for "judgment" on a close play at base, or to have complained strenuously when Casey announced "strike," "safe" or "ye're out," would have been a quick passport to a darkened cell and the forfeiting of privileges.

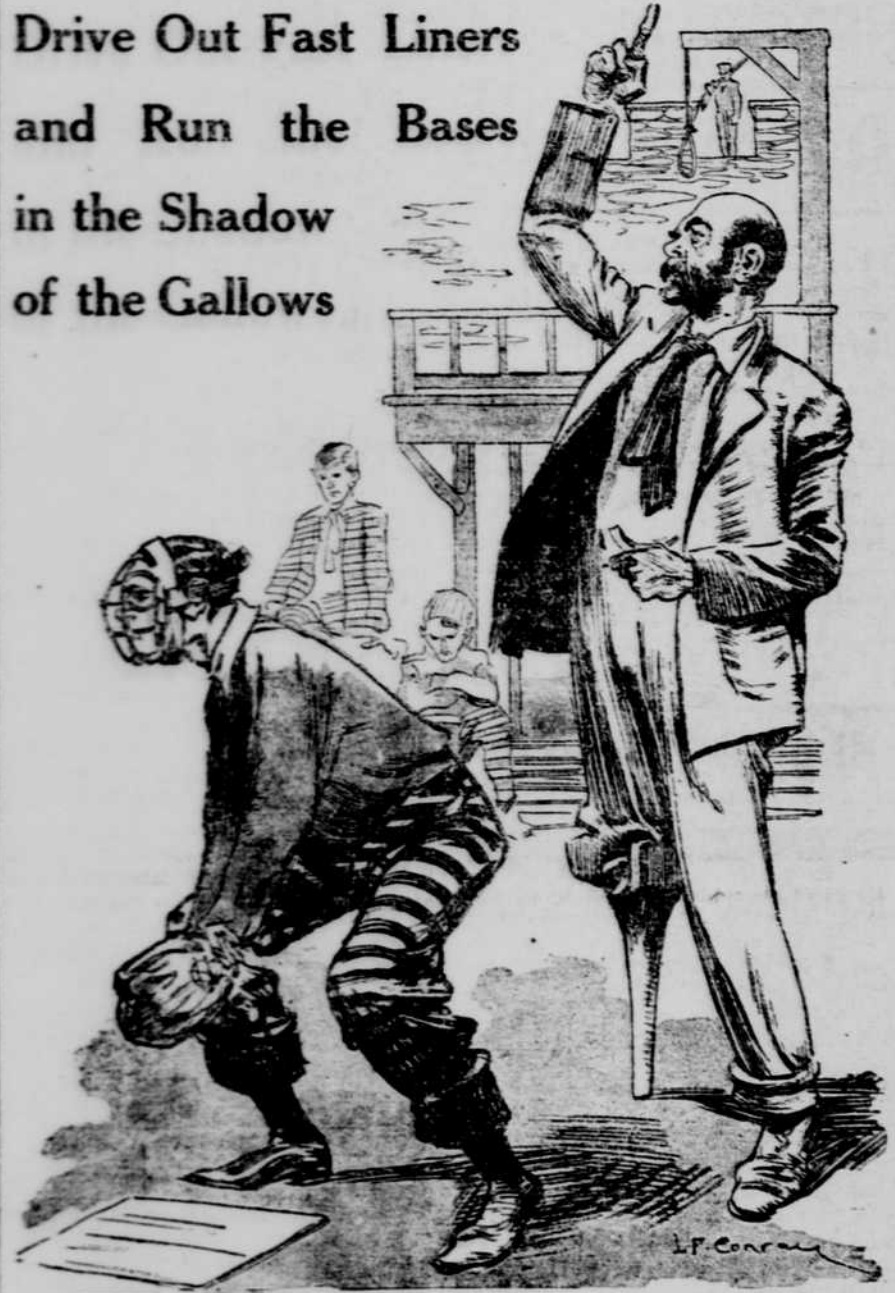
"Play ball!" shouted Casey, and the white men took their positions in the field. A bullet-headed negro, who drew a life sentence for assaulting a white woman in Reno ten years ago, was the first to bat for the "shiners." In the pitcher's box was Skinner, who murdered Mona Bell, once queen of the New York tenderloin. Behind the bat, dressed in mask and pad and heavy glove, was terrible Sheridan, who plunged a butcher-knife through the body of his wife in Goldfield several years ago because she aroused him from a drunken stupor to go to his work.

"Strike one!"
"Strike two!"

Casey of the corner lots put life behind him, and counted off the first two efforts Skinner sent across the plate.

The white men smiled. Skinner, having tempted the negro to cut two vicious gashes in the hot June air, showed the satisfaction he felt at being able to "come back." He commended his most bewildering selection of astonishment for the final

Drive Out Fast Liners and Run the Bases in the Shadow of the Gallows



The negro poised his bat, and braced himself to solve Skinner's mystery of speed and space.

"Pop!"

Spotted Chance to Score.
Consternation in the camp of the "shiners." The "shiner" had caught the horseshoe squarely with a Hans Wagner smash, and sent it soaring into right field. That particular part of the yard was in charge of "Baldy" Cunningham, who is at Carson City because he tried to act as city treasurer for his own benefit while he was city clerk of Reno. However irregular "Baldy's" past may have been, he displayed one trait of good Americanism by getting under that fly. The negro had almost reached first base.

"Ye're out," shouted Casey; but the dictum was unnecessary. The ball already had been "frozen" by "Baldy," and was on its way back to the pitcher.

The second man to bat for the "shiners" was a former Pullman car porter, who robbed passengers while they slept instead of waiting for them to get up in the morning. With the same smile that had been such an essential anesthetic in treating travelers for hypertrophy of purse, the former porter picked up the willow and cruelly assassinated a beautiful drop over which Skinner had spent several agonized moments. The ball went deep into left field, and when an eminent footpad in that section made a

lollerin' you into deep water. Accidents will happen in this mortal life of ours, but understand, of boy, that I hope for the best—always.

"After a matter o' three days the old lady wrote that she was havin' the time of her life; the ocean was lots bigger than she thought it was an' she had set the next day at the time to take her first swimmin' lesson.

"At that good news her hopeful son-in-law shook hands with himself agin, an' set up the whole town to whatever it called for.

"But two days afterward a mighty change came over him. He got a letter from his friend:

"Dear Friend," it said: "She swims like a duck, an' kin out-foat anybody in the settlement. An' yesterday she saved two men from drownin'.

"That was enough—an' too much. He writ a hopeless letter of thanks to him, for the trouble he'd took with her, an' went to the town tavern, an' set 'em up to himself, privately. But it took him a whole week to drown his sorrows!"—Atlanta Constitution.

wild throw back to the diamond, the "shiner" reached second base in safety.

At the close of the first inning the score was four to three, in favor of the negroes, and then the game grew fast and furious until the close of the seventh inning, when it was called off and the "shiners" declared victors. The score was 15 to 12. The whites struggled bravely, but they were outplayed, and the result was similar in its effect on the "hopes of the white race" to another famous racial contest in another Nevada arena a year ago.

All through the strife the peg-legged Casey stood firm as the stone walls around him and the solid rock beneath his foot and wooden stump. No one showed any inclination to grumble at his decisions, even if the restraint had been lessened or removed. Just how well Casey was pleased with himself and his work as an umpire is not for us to know. Every ball that passed the catcher popped loudly against the walls of the death-house.

Casey's Trial.
Unusual echoes filled the prison courtyard when foul strikes and missed balls dashed against the grim walls. To the men on whom the death sentence had not been pronounced they resounded with a new joy that had come to lighten the gloom of prison life. What they meant to Casey, as they constantly called his mind back to the death cells he had left so recently, and where he might so soon go again for the last time, only Casey knew. Whatever it was, Casey to all appearances was only an umpire trying his best to honestly judge a game of baseball in which he took the greatest delight.

Countless other games of baseball

LAST OF FAMOUS PHILADELPHIA TEAM



Larry Lajoie, Second Baseman for Cleveland.

Larry Lajoie is about the last of the old gang that wore the Philadelphia uniform in Harry Wright's managerial days. Wright rounded up a great team of hitters for the Philadelphia National league club in the early '90s. Clements and Cross were .350 hitters. Ed Delehanty, Billy Hamilton and Sam Thompson, the three outfielders, were also .350 sluggers.

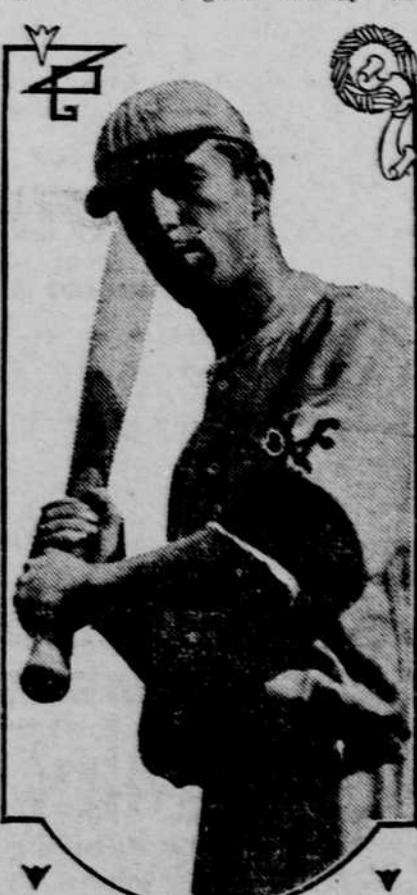
Bill Douglas, Larry Lajoie, Joe Sullivan and Bill Nash composed the infield. While Billy Hamilton was playing second base for the team Lajoie covered first base. Hallman was the weakest hitter on the club. The other infielders were all smashing stick-ers. When Jack Taylor was pitching for the club every man on the team hit over .300.

Clements, the catcher, was a left handed hitter, and could hit the ball a mile. The year Harry Diddlebock managed the Browns for Chris Von der Ahe and Ben Muckenfuss, Theodore Breitenstein almost pitched a no-hit game against the hard hitting Phillies. The score was 1 to 0 in the last half of the ninth. Breitenstein started off by walking Billy Hallman. Harry Wright then sent Clements up to bat for "Klondyke Bill" Douglas, who was catching. Breitenstein, a left handed pitcher, thought Clements, a left handed hitter, would prove easy picking and tossed one over. Clements picked it, driving the ball over the right fielder's head. It landed in the shoot-the-chutes pond and the game was over.

MERKLE MAKES STUPID PLAY

Emulates John Anderson by Attempting to Steal Third Base While That Sack Is Occupied.

Some outside information of the St. Louis Cardinals' recent visit to New York is to the effect that a "Merkle" play distinctly characteristic of the man who lost the Giants a pennant helped Bill Steele get away with his victory over the New Yorkers. Steele was pretty freely hit in the game he pitched. He was beginning to wobble and totter in the seventh inning and the Giants were going after him hard. With one gone Murray and



Fred Merkle.

Merkle singled, and with Murray on third Merkle stole second. Bridwell tapped to the box and Steele nailed him at first. That made two out, but with men on second and third and strong indications of one of those famous Giant rallies, it still looked pretty uncertain for the Cardinals. Then what did Merkle do? He stole third base! And Murray holding down that cushion. Necessarily, the rules not providing for two men holding one station, the Giant rally was cracked then and there.

American League Has Edge.
The American league baseball season will close October 8 with games at Chicago and St. Louis, while the National league season will end four days later. This will give the American league champions four days to get in shape for the world's championship series of best four in seven games.

PECULIAR RECORD OF TRIO

Chance, Jennings and Welch Often Hit by Pitched Ball—Unable to Dodge Coming Sphere.

Frank Chance, the leader of the Cubs, was overcome by heat the other day and the physician in charge says he cannot play ball again this year. This is a severe blow to the Cubs.

Chance is one of the unluckiest players in the league. He is one of the three men who stood out above all others when it came to being hit by pitched balls. The other two are Hughie Jennings and Curtis Welch. The strangest thing of all, as far as two of these men were concerned, was the fact that they didn't mean it. They were game all right, but not game enough to voluntarily run the risks they seemed to take, and the countless bruises they received were not endured to help their teams, but because they couldn't dodge. It's a fact—Hugh Jennings could not dodge a ball, and Frank Chance cannot duck one now. As for Curtis Welch, he was a different proposition. He got hit intentionally time after time, and never, perhaps, without full meaning.

The box scores of the old Baltimore games seldom went into print without the words, "Hit by pitched ball, Jennings." Time after time Hughie was cannonaded, and, as a rule, was bumped hard. His nerve and gameness were widely praised, while some of the critics said he was simply foolhardy. The latter opinion was almost universal when, after Baltimore had safely won the flag, Hughie continued to get thumped, and to get hit as well. All these years he had been unable to dodge. He seemed unable to convey the sense of danger from his brain to his limbs quickly enough to spring aside, and on several occasions he was knocked cold when he knew the ball was coming, when he was eager to get out of the way, and simply couldn't make his muscles move in time.

Frank Chance has been hit in the head 28 times, and stunned on 30 oc-



Manager Frank Chance.

Ed Ruelbach shows he likes the heat. George Browne is back in the big league again. "Skell" Roach evidently has Jimmy Callahan tied as the "come back" player.

Artie Hoffman has been making good at first base since he started playing that position. Muggsy McGraw has the college idea also, signing Steve White of Pennsylvania.

If the White Sox can overcome their old hoodoo, Cleveland, the Chicago fans will be satisfied. Birdie Cree, the diminutive outfielder of the Highlanders, has been doing some great batting this year.

Howard Cannitz' come back abilities do not seem to be so lasting as Jimmy Callahan's and Fred Tenney's. Hughey Jennings' men are popular on the road, winning or losing—preferably losing, even if they are not so at home.

Manager Duffy is beginning to get the college player craze. He has signed Thrd Baseman Howard of Cornell. Rock Island has sent Outfielder Hunter to Brandon in the Western Canada league, getting Outfielder Jack Olsen in exchange.

Catcher Jack Klebow goes into the Eastern league from Boston. Another veteran's name is crossed off in the big league ledger.

Falling to regain the use of his pitching arm, Bob Spade, the former National and Southern league pitcher, has signed as an umpire in the Cotton States league.

Tommy Leach is credited with being out for the position of manager of the Reds for next season. His Pittsburg friends are determined to land a managerial position for Tommy.

Scout Fred Lake of the Browns says the stars are very scarce in the minors this season, and he has not recommended a single player to his club all season.

Zeb Milan, the Washington outfielder, is superstitious about bats. He likes to use a different one every time he goes to the plate and is a soft mark for the bat dealers.

Rube Carson, a Pacific Coast league pitcher, has invented a new delivery which he styles the "forked" ball. He has had a lot of success with it, as it performs a double curve before reaching the batter.

BLACK HAWK STATUE

Lorado Taft's Monument to Vanishing Race.

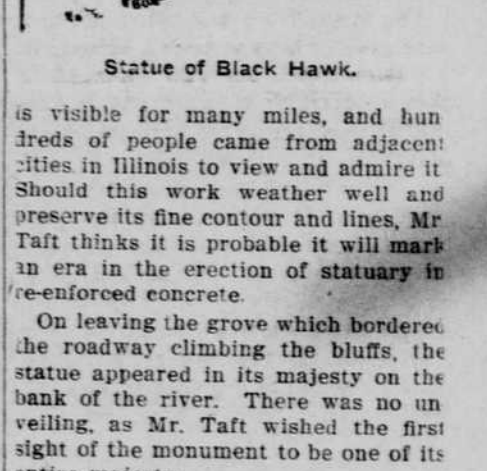
Red Man, Towering Over Valley Long Indians' Sole Property, Seems Leaving the Site Reluctantly—Made of Concrete.

Oregon, Ill.—With impressive ceremonies the statue of the famous Indian chief Black Hawk was dedicated at Eagle Nest camp, the summer colony of Chicago artists and writers, near here. The statue of the great chief is the work of Lorado Taft and stands on a 200-foot bluff across the river from the town and just outside the limits of the camp. Among the members of the party at the dedication were some of the best known of Chicago's artists, sculptors and writers. Edgar A. Bancroft was the principal speaker and presented the statue to the people of Illinois. Responses were made by Dr. Charles C. Eastman and Miss Laura M. Cornelius.

The statue of Black Hawk occupies a position on the highest point in Rock river valley. It is mammoth in size—being 47 feet high—and represents the work of four years. It is built of concrete and is expected to be a permanent monument to the red men who once roamed this section. The facial lineaments are of Black Hawk, but the sculptor's idea was to make the statue typical of the vanishing North American Indians.

The figure of Black Hawk is represented girl in a blanket, reluctantly leaving the valley which served his tribe as council grounds long before the white man came to this continent.

This remarkable statue, which is made of re-enforced concrete by a new process, is itself imposing, and has been placed upon a rock 200 feet above the water, the highest point in the picturesque Rock river valley. The statue



Statue of Black Hawk.

is visible for many miles, and hundreds of people came from adjacent cities in Illinois to view and admire it. Should this work weather well and preserve its fine contour and lines, Mr. Taft thinks it is probable it will mark an era in the erection of statuary in re-enforced concrete.

On leaving the grove which bordered the roadway climbing the bluffs, the statue appeared in its majesty on the bank of the river. There was no unveiling, as Mr. Taft wished the first sight of the monument to be one of its entire majesty.

Below, in the stream, lies Margaret Fuller's island, sacred to the memory of Madam de Ossoli, the poetess who once lived here. Two miles distant beyond the oak groves, rises the spires of Oregon. Mr. Taft's other works, the Indian "Paducah" in the city of that name in Kentucky and "The Eternal Silence," the Graves monument in Graceland cemetery, Chicago, have a similar feeling of majesty to that of his latest creation.

QUEBEC BRIDGE IS BIGGEST

Time of Construction Shows Advance in Engineering Since Brooklyn Bridge Was Built.

Quebec, Ont.—The new bridge across the St. Lawrence river near here supplants the mighty structure that fell when half finished in the summer of 1907. The site of the new bridge is the same but the north pier is moved out 50 feet further into the river, thus appreciably shortening the central span. The new bridge contains 130,000,000 pounds of steel, as compared with the 100,000,000 of its predecessor. It will cost when completed not less than \$12,000,000, and will have the longest truss span of any bridge in the world—1,800 feet, or 96 feet more than that of the great Firth of Forth bridge in Scotland.

The construction of this bridge which has taken two and a half years is an impressive indication of the progress of mechanical and civil engineering since the Brooklyn bridge was opened to traffic, May 24, 1883. The latter required 12 1/2 years to erect, and to date has cost over \$22,000,000, of \$10,000,000 more than the prospective cost of the new Canadian giant.

The length of the river span of the Brooklyn bridge is 1,500 feet—200 feet less than that of the bridge at Quebec. Of the other bridges across the East river the Manhattan has a river span of 1,470 feet; the Williamsburg bridge has a span of 290 feet shorter than that over the St. Lawrence; the longest span of the Queensboro bridge is 1,200 feet.

Old Church as Garage.
Long Hill, Conn.—The old white Methodist church building steeple and all, for many years used as a place of worship and the first church built in the town of Trumbull has given away to the progress of the times and garage. The edifice, which stands almost in the center of the village, has long been a landmark. The steeple will be retained, the galleries will be made into waiting rooms for women and the pulpit and platform a show place for accessories.

Why Mackmen Want Flag.

It is hardly a state secret, but it is a fact, that the Athletics are furiously eager to win the championship this year in the American league, for they believe that the Giants are probable winners of the National league championship, and they wish to play them again for the world's championship.