

Pirates Defeated By a colored club

**CORSAIRS RUN UP AGAINST A
SNAG IN WEST BADEN CLUB OF
WAITERS, COOKS AND BELL
BOYS WHO KNOW THE GAME.**

West Baden, Ind., Sept. 11—Thirty-four million and seventy-six glooms are parading the atrium of the West Baden Springs Hotel tonight.

Cause: Pittsburg Pirate Yanigans 1; West Baden Sprudels 2!

The Sprudels are Negroes employed at the hotel. Some of them are waiters, some cooks; there is a porter or two, and maybe a bellboy. They don't often get a chance to go against a big league team—a team that is bidding for a National League pennant—so today they put in their best licks and copped.

The shock was terrific! The best shock-absorber on the market would

have been found unavailing, even had the fellows possessed a gross of them. Satisfied that they were going against a set of "marks," the Yanigans entered the affray smiling—smiling over what they were going to do to the Sprudels.

The ebony giant sent to the kopje by the hotel employes is known as Dismukes. He had speed to give away; also a varied assortment of curves. Time after time the Corsairs swung with all their might only to find the elusive pill wasn't where they thought it was. Inning after Inning passed and still the foxy Mr. Dismukes refused to be chased.

Then the situation grew serious. The large crowd which gathered on the ball grounds began poking fun at the major leaguers and the latter became desperate—all to no purpose.

Hank Gardner, the Pacific Coast blacksmith, performed for the Pirates. He pitched good ball, too, but in view of the fact his pals couldn't hit behind him his efforts went for naught.

The score:

Sprudels	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	*—2
Pittsburg	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0—1

Batteries—Sprudels, Dismukes and Watts; Pittsburg, Gardner and Simon.

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