I T ALL begun when we dropped down
to C'Lumbus, Ohio, from Pittsburgh
to play a exhibition game on our way
out to St. Louis. It was gettin' on into
September, and though we'd been leadin'
the league by six, seven games most of
the season, we was now in first place by a
margin you could 'a got it into the eye of
a thimble, bein' only a half a game ahead
of St. Louis. Our slump had given the
boys the leapin' jumps, and they was like a
bunch a old ladies at a lawn fete with a
thunderstorm comin' up, runnin' around
snarlin' at each other, eatin' bad and
sleepin' worse, and battin' for a team
average of maybe .186. Halt the time
which stretched
a r ches
Thomas
Pittsburgh,
the Arch City, on account of a lot of iron
you could look it up,
out maybe it
lip from me than from anybody
like you're goin' to hear.
knowed I
was
trainin'
boys the leapin' jumps, and they
was
soa r lin' at each othe r ,
la
to Nobody was tetchy, and
when Billy Klinger took a sock at Whitey
Cott at breakfast, Whitey threwd marmalade all over his face.
"Blind each other, whatta I care?" says Magrew. "You can't see nothin'
anyways."
C'Lumbus win the exhibition game, 3
to 2, whilst Magrew set in the dugout,
mutterin' and cursin' like a fourteen-year­
old Scotty. He bad-mouthed everybody
on the ball club and he bad-mouthed
everybody offa the ball club, includin' the
Wright brothers, who, he claimed, had
yet to build a airship big enough for any
of our boys to hit it with a ball hat.
"I wisht I was dead," he says to me.
"I wisht I was in heaven with the angels."
I told him to pull himself together,
'cause he was drivin' the boys crazy, the
way he was goin' on, sulkin' and bad­
mouthin' and whinin'. I was older'n he
was and smarter'n he was, and he knowed
it. I was ten times smarter'n he was
about this Pearl du Monville, first time I
ever laid eyes on the little guy, which
was one of the saddest days of my life.
Now, most people name of Pearl is
girls, but this Pearl du Monville was a
man, if you could call a fella a man who
was only thirty-four, thirty-five inches
high. Pearl du Monville was a midget.
He was part French and part Hungarian,
and maybe even part Bulgarian or some­
thin'. I can see him now, a sneer on his
little pushed-in pan, swingin' a bamboo
cane and smokin' a big cigar. He had a
gray suit with a big black check into it,
and he had a gray felt hat with one of
them rainbow-colored hatbands onto it,
like the young fellas wore in them days.
He talked like he was talkin' into a tin
can, but he didn't have any foreign accent.
He might 'a' been fifteen or he might 'a'
been a hunderd, you couldn't tell. Pearl
du Monville.

After the game with C'Lumbus, Magrew
headed straight for the Chittaden bar—
the train for St. Louis wasn't goin' for
three, four hours—and there he set,
drinkin' rye and talkin' to this bar­
tender.

But Magrew kept a hold onto the midget and begun yellin'; "See the
guys with the glass arm, see the guys with the cast-iron brains."
"How I pity me, brother," Magrew was tellin' this bartender. "How I pity me." That was alwus his favorite tune. So he was settin' there, tellin' this bartender how heartbreakin' it was to be manager of a bunch a blindfolded circus clowns, when up pops this Pearl du Monville outa nowhere.

It give Magrew the learin' jumps. "I'm thought at first maybe the D.T.'s had come back on him; he claimed he'd had 'em once, and little guys had popped up all around him, wearin' red, white and blue hats.

"Go on, now!" Magrew yells. "Get away from me!"

But the midget clumb up on a chair across the table from Magrew and says, "I seen that game today, Junior, and you ain't got no ball club. What you got there, Junior," he says, "is a side show."

"Whatta ya mean, 'Junior'?'" says Magrew, touchin' the little guy to satisfy himself he was real.

"Don't pay him no attention, mister," says the bartender. "Pearl calls everybody 'Junior,' 'cause it alwus turns out he's a year older'n anybody else."

"Yeh?" says Magrew. "How old is he?"

"How old are you, Junior?" says the midget.

"Who, me? I'm fifty-three," says Magrew.

"Well, I'm fifty-four," says the midget.

Magrew grins and says him what he'll have, and that was the beginnin' of their beautiful friendship, if you don't care what you say.

Pearl du Monville stood up on his chair and waved his cane around and pretended like he was ballyhooin' for a circus. "Right this way, folks!" he yells. "Come on in and see the greatest collection of freaks in the world! See the armless go to St. Louis with the ball club, the eyeless batters, see the infielders with five thumbs!" and on and on like that, feedin' Magrew till he starts laughin' at the same time, you might say.

You could hear him and Pearl du Monville hootin' and hollerin' and singin' with break up on the fourth floor of the Chittaden, where the boys was packin' up. When it come time to go to the station you can imagine how disgusted we was when we crowded into the doorway of that bar and see them two a singin' and goin' on.

"Well, well, well," says Magrew, lookin' up and spottin' us. "Look who's here. . . . Clowns, this is Pearl du Monville, a monser of the old, old school. . . . Don't shake hands with 'em, Pearl, 'cause their fingers is made of cast iron and would bust right off in your paws," he says, and he starts guffawin' and Pearl starts tiltin' and we stand there givin' 'em the iron eye, it been 'cause the lowestebb a ball-club man could get himself down to since the national pastime was started.

Then the midget begun givin' us a side show. "How I pity me, Pearl," he says, wearin' his cane. "See the legless base runners, the outfielders with the butter fingers, the southpaw with the arm of a little chee-oid!"

Then him and Magrew begun to hoop and holler and nudge each other till you'd of thought this little guy was the funniest guy than even Charlie Chaplin. The fellas filed outa the bar and Magrew had a holt onto him like some base runner with five fingers is his, and he don't put hisself loose. "Cut it out, will ya, Junior?" the little guy kept whinin'. "Come on, leave a man loose, will ya, Junior?"

But Junior kept a hold onto him and begun yellin', "See the guys with the glasses arm, see the guys with the cast-iron brains, see the fielders with the feet on their wrists!"

So it goes, right through the whole Depot Union, with people starin' and catcallin', and he don't put the midget down till he gets him through the gates.

"How I goin' to go along without no toothbrush?" the midget asts. "What I goin' to do without no other stuff?"

"Doc here," says Magrew, meanin' me—"doc here will look after you like you was his own son, won't you, doc?"

I give him the iron eye, and he finely got on the train and probably went to sleep with his clothes on. This left me alone with the midget. "Lookit," I says to him. "Why don't you go on home now? Come mornin', Magrew forget all about you. He'll probably think you was a midget he seen in a nightmare maybe. And he ain't goin' to laugh so easy in the mornin', neither," I says. "So why don't you go on home?"

"Nix," he says to me. "Skiddoo," he says, "twenty-three for you," and he tosses his cane up into the vestibule of the coach and clamer's on up after it like a cat. So that's the way Pearl du Monville come to go to St. Louis with the ball club.

I seen 'em first at breakfast the next day, settin' opposite each other; the midget playin' 'Turkey in the Straw' on a harmonium and Magrew stirin' at his coffee like they was an uncocked bird with its feathers still on.

"Remember where you found this?" I says, jerkin' my thumb at the midget. "Or maybe you think they come with fast on these trains." I says, bein' a good hand at turnin' a sharp remark in them days.

The midget puts down the harmonium and turns on a harmonica. "Squee," he says; "your brains is dusty." Then he snaps a couple drops of water at me from a tumbler. "Drown," he says, tryin' to make his voice deep.

Now, both them cracks is Civil War cracks, but you'd of thought they was brand new and the funniest than any crack Magrew'd ever heard in his whole life. He started hoopin' and hollerin', and the midget started hoopin' and hollerin', so I walked on away and set down with Bugs Courtney and Hank Metters, payin' no attention to this weak-minded Damon and Phidias across the aisle.

Well, sir, the first game Magrew and the midget lost, and there we was facin' a double-header next day. Like maybe I told you, we lose the last three doubleheaders we played, makin' maybe twenty-five errors in the six games, which is all right for the intemates of a school for the blind, but is disgraceful for the world's champions. It was too wet to go to the zoo, and Magrew wouldn't let us go to the movies, 'cause they flickered so bad in them days. So we just set around, stewin' and frettin'.

One of the newspaper boys come over to take a picture of Billy Klinger and Whitey Cott shakin' hands—the reporter'd heard about the fight—and whilst they was standin' there, too to toe, shakin' hands, Billy give a back lunge and a jerk, and threw the catcher over into a corner of the room, like a sack a white. Whitey come back at him, with a chair, and Bethlehem broke loose in that there room. The camera was trooped to pieces like a berry basket. When we finely got 'em pulled apart, I heard a laugh, and there was Magrew and the midget standin' in the door and givin' us the iron eye.

"Wasshers," says Magrew, cold-like, "that's what I got for a ball club, Mr. Du Monville, wasshers—and not very good wasshers at that, you ast me.

"A man can't be good at everythin'," says Pearl, "but he oughta be good at somethin'."

This sets Magrew guffawin' again, and away they go, the midget taggin' along by his side like a comic crack.

When we went out to face that battlin' St. Louis club in a double-header the next afternoon, the boys was jumpy as tin toys with keys in their back. We lose the first game, 7 to 2, and are trailin', 4 to 0, when the second game ain't but ten minutes old. Magrew set there like a stone statue, speakin' to nobody. Then, in their half a the fourth, somebody singled to center and knocked in two more runs for St. Louis.

That made Magrew squawk. "I wisht one thing," he says. "That night I was manager of a old ladies' sewin' circus 'stead of this.

"You are, Junior, you are," says a familer and disagreeable voice.

It was that Pearl du Monville again, poppin' up outa nowhere, swingin' his bamboo cane and smokin' a cigar that's three sizes too big for his face. By this time we'd finely got the other side out, and Hank Metters slithered a bat across the ground, and the midget gave up to jump to keep both his ankles from bein' broke.

I thought Magrew'd bust a blood vessel. "You hurt Pearl and I'll break your neck!" he yelled.

Hank Metters says somethin' and went up on the plate and struck out.

We managed to get a couple runs across in our half a the sixth, but they come back with three more
in their half at the seventh, and this was too much for Magrew.

"Come on, Pearl," he says, "We're gettin' outa here."

"Where you think you're goin'?" I ast him.

"To the lawyer's again," he says cryptly.

"I didn't know you'd been to the lawyer's once, yet," I says.

"Which that goes to show how much you don't know," he says.

With that, they was gone, and I didn't see 'em the rest of the day, nor know what they was up to, which was a God's blessin'. We lose the nightcap, 9 to 3, and that puts us into second place plenty, and as low in our mind as a ball club can get.

The next day was a hor'rible day, like anybody that lived through it can tell you. Practice was just over and the St. Louis club was takin' the field, when I hears this strange sound from the stands. It sounds like the nervous whickerin' a horse gives when he smells somethin' funny on the wind. It was the fans ketchin' sight of Pearl du Monville, like you have prob'ly guessed. The midget had popped up onto the field all dressed up in a minacher club uniform, cap, little letters sewed onto his chest, and all. He was swingin' a kid's bat and the only thing kept him from lookin' like a real ballplayer seen through the wrong end of a microscope was this cigar he was smokin'.

Bugs Courtney reach'd over and jerked it outa his mouth and throwed it away. "You're wearin' that suit on the playin' field," he says to him, severe as a judge. "You go insultin' it and I'll take you out to the zoo and feed you to the bears."

Pearl just blowed some smoke at him which he still has in his mouth.

Whilst Whitey was foulin' off four or five prior to strikin' out, I went on over to Magrew. "If I was as comic as you," I says, "I'd laugh myself to death," I says. "Is that any way to treat the uniform, makin' a mockery out of it?"

"It might surprise you to know I ain't makin' no mockery outa the uniform," says Magrew. "Pearl du Monville here has been made a bone-of-fida member

(Continued on Page 114)

The fielder goes back and he pulls that midget down outa the air like he was littin' a sleepin' baby from a cradle.
of this so-called ball club. I fixed it up with the front office by long-distance phone.

"Yah!" I says, "I can just hear Mr. Dillworth or Bart Jenkins agreein' to hire a midget for the ball club. I can just hear 'em. Mr. Dillworth was the owner of the franchise and Bart Jenkins was the secretary, and they never stood for no monkey business. "May be I be so bold as to inquire," I says, "just what you told 'em?""

"I told 'em," he says, "I wanted to sign up a guy they ain't no pitcher in the league can strike out with."

"Uh-huh," I says, "and did you tell 'em what size of a man he is?"

"Never mind about that," he says. "I got papers on me, made out legal and proper, constitutin' one Pearl du Monville a bone-of-didda member of this former ball club. Maybe that'll shame them big babies into gettin' in there and swingin', knoin' I can replace any one of 'em with a midget, if I have a mind to. A St. Louis lawyer I seen twice tells me it's all legal and proper."

"A St. Louis lawyer would," I says, "seen nothin' could make him happier than havin' you makin' a monkey out of this one-time baseball outfit," I says. Well, sir, it'll all be there in the papers of thirty, thirty-five years ago, and you could look it up. The game went along without no sconin' for seven innings, and since they ain't nothin' much to watch but guys poppin' up or strikin' out, the fans pay most of their attention to the goin's-on of Pearl du Monville. He's out there in front a the dugout, turnin' handsprings, balancin' his bat on his chin, walkin' an imaginary line, and so on. The fans clapped and laughed at him, and he ate it up.

So it went up to the last a the eighth, nothin' to nothin', not more'n seven, eight hits all told, and no errors on neither side. Our pitcher gets the first two men out easy in the eighth. Then up come a fella name of Porter or Billings, or some such name, and he lammed one up against the tobacco sign for three bases. The next guy up slapped the first ball out into left for a base hit, and in come the fella from third for the only run of the game so far. The crowd yelled, the look a death come onto Magrew's face again, and even the midget quit his tom­foolin'. Their next man fouled out back a third, and we come up for our last bats like a bunch a schoolgirls steppin' into a pool of cold water. I was lower in my mind than I'd been since the day in Nineteen-four when Chesbro threw the wild pitch in the ninth inning with a man on third and lost the pennant for the Highlanders. I known something just as bad was goin' to happen, which shows I'm aclairvoyun, or was.

Then Gordy Mills hit out to second, I just closed my eyes opened them again to see Dutch Muller standin' on second, dustin' off his pants, him havin' got his first hit in maybe twenty times at the plate. Next up was Harry Loesing, battin' for our pitcher, and he got a base on balls, walkin' on a fourth one you could 'a combed your hair with.

Then up come Whitey Cott, our lead-off man. He crotches down in what was probly the most fearsome stance in organized ball, but all he can do is pop out to short. That brung up Billy Klinger, with two down and a man on first and second. Billy took a cut at one you could 'a knocked a plug hat off this here Carnera with it, but then he gets sense enough to wait 'em out, and finnely he walks, too, fillin' the bases.

Yes, sir, there you are; the tyin' run on third and the winnin' run on sec­ond, first a the ninth, two men down, and Hank Metters comin' to the bat. Hank was built like a Pope-Hartford and he couldn't run no faster'n President Taft, but he had five home runs to his credit for the season, and that wasn't bad in them days. Hank was still hittin' better'n anybody else on the ball club, and it was mighty heartelin', seein' him stridin' up grandma or somethin'. Their pitcher stood out there with his hands on his hips and a disagreeable look on his face, and the plate umpire told Magrew to go on and get a batter up. Magrew told him again Du Monville was battin' for Metters, and the St. Louis manager finnely the idea. It brung him outta his dugout, howlin' and bawlin' like he'd lost a female dog and her seven pups.

Magrew pushed the midget towards the plate and he says to him, he says, "Just stand up there and hold that bat on your shoulder. They ain't a man in the world can throw three strikes in there 'fore he throws four balls!" he says.

"I get it, Junior!" I says the midget. "He'll walk me and force in the tyin' run!"

And he starts up on the plate as cocky as if he was Willie Keeler.

I don't need to tell you Bethlehem broke loose on that there ball field. The fans got onto their hind legs, yelling and whoopin', and everybody on the field begun wavin' their arms and hol­lin' and shovin'. The plate umpire stalked over to Magrew like a traffic cop, waggin' his jaw and pointin' his finger, and the St. Louis manager kept yellin' like his hounds was on fire. When Pearl got up to the plate and stood there, the pitcher slammed his glove down onto the ground and started stompin' on it, and they ain't nobody can blame him. He's just walked two normal-sized human bein's, and now here's a guy up to the plate they ain't more'n twenty inches between his knees and his shoulders.

The plate umpire celled in the field umpire, and they talked a while, like a couple doctors seein' the bubonic plague. Time was when the plate umpire come over to Magrew with his arms folded across his chest, and he told him to go on and get a batter up. And it don't even upset St. Louis. He pulled out his watch, and somebody batted it outa his hand in the scufflin', and they batted it up to be a free-for-all, with everybody yellin' and shovin' except Pearl du Monville, who stood up at the plate with his little bat on his shoulder, not movin' a muscle.

Then Magrew played his ace. I seen him all these papers outa his pocket and show 'em to the plate umpire. The other umpire studied 'em like they was bills for somethin' he not only never bought it, he never even heard of it. The other umpire studied 'em like they was a death warren, and all this time the St. Louis manager and told him to quit hollerin' and get on back in the dugout. The manager's name is Peach, and he couldn't even dream about it, even when they has nightmares. Maybe you can't send no midgets in to bat nowadays, 'cause the old game's got a lot, moostly the worst, but you could then, it turned out.

So the umpire finally decided the contract papers was all legal and proper, like Magrew said, so he waved the St. Louis players back to their places and he pointed his finger at their manager and told him to quit hollerin' and get on back in the dugout. The manager is the owner of the club and Bart Metters, and the fans and the players is yellin' and hollerin'.

Well, sir, they fought about him bein' a midget, and they fought about him usin' a kid's bat, and they fought about where's he'll be all season. They was eight or nine rules brung out and everybody was thumblin' through 'em, tryin' to find out what it says about midgets. They didn't say nothing about midgets, 'cause this was some­thin' never'd come up in the history of the game before, and the boy's never dreamed about it, even when they has nightmares. Maybe you can't send no midgets in to bat nowadays, 'cause the old game's got a lot, mostly the worst, but you could then, it turned out.

The St. Louis pitcher picked up his glove and beat at it with his fist six or eight times, and he got set get up and studied the situation. The fans realized he was really goin' to pitch to the midget, and they went crazy, hoopin' and hollerin' louder'n ever, andthrowin' pop bottles and hats and cushions down onto the field. It took five, ten minutes to get the fans quieted down again, whilst our fellows was on set down on the back hand, waitin'. And Pearl du Monville kept up that game with the bat on his shoulder, like he'd been told to.

So the pitcher starts studyin' the setup again, and you got to admit it was the strangest setup in a ball game since the baseball game started and begun wearin' gloves. I wish I could call the pitcher's name—it wasn't old Barney Felty nor Nig Jack Powell nor Nick Hayes, but it was a big right­hander, but I can't call his name. You could look it up. Even in a crochelin' the sight of the pitchers over the midget like the Washington Monument.

The plate umpire tries standin' on his tiptoes, then he tries crochin' (Continued on Page 116)
The pitcher gets on out towards the mound and talks to the pitcher and sends him the ball. This time the big right-hander tries a undershoot, and it comes in a little closer, maybe no higher'n a foot, and a half above Pearl's head. It would 'a been a strike with a human being in there, but the umpire's got to call it, and he doesn't.

"Ball two!" he hollers...

The ketcher hands it out past the pitcher's box, the pitcher fallin' on his face tryin' to stop it, the shortstop sprawlin' after it full length and zaggin' it on over towards the second baseman, whilst Muller is scorrin' with the trin' run and Loesing is roundin' third with the winnin' run. Ty Cobbl could 'a made a three-bagger outta that bunt, with everybody fallin' over theirselves tryin' to pick the ball up. But Pearl is still maybe fifteen, twenty feet from the bag, toddlin' like a baby and yeezin' like a trapped rabbit, when the second baseman finely gets a hold of that ball and slams it over to first. The first baseman ketches it and stumps on the bag, the base umpire waves Pearl out, and there goes your old ball game, the craziest ball game ever played in the history of the organized world.

Their players start runnin' in, and then I see Magrew. He starts after Pearl, runnin' faster'n any man ever run before. Pearl sees him coming, and runs behind the base umpire's legs and gets a hold on 'em. Magrew comes up, pantin' and roarin', and him and the midget plays ring-around-a-rosy with the umpire, who keeps shovin' at Magrew with one hand and tryin' to slap the midget loose from his legs with the other.

Finely Magrew ketches the midget, who is still yeezin' like a stuck sheep. He gets helt of that little guy by both his ankles and starts whirlin' him round and round his head like Magrew was a hammer thrower and Pearl was the hammer. Nobody can stop him with out gettin' their head knocked off, so everybody just stands there and yells. Then Magrew lets the midget fly. He flies on out towards second, high and fast, like a human home run, headed for the soap sign in center field.

Their shortstop tries to get to him, but he can't make it, and I knewed the little fella was goin' to bust to pieces like a dollar watch on an asphalt street when he hit the ground. But it so happens their centerfielder is just crossin' second, and he starts runnin' back, tryin' to get under the midget, who had to stick in 'round like a football 'stead of turnin' head over foot, which give him more speed and more distance.

I know you never seen a midget ketched, and you probably never even seen one thrown out. To ketch a midget that's been threw by a heavy-muscled man and is flyin' through the air, you got to run under him and with him and pull your hands and arms back and down when you ketch him, to break the compact of his body, or you'll bust him in two like a match-stick. I seen Bill Lange and Willie Keeler split some wonderful ketches in my day, but I never seen nothin' like that centerfielder. He goes back and back and still further back and he pulls that midget down out the air like he was liftin' a sleepin' baby from a cradle. They ain't no raise on him. His face was the color of cat's meat and he ain't got no air in his chest. In his excitement, the base umpire, who was runnin' back with the centerfielder when he ketched Pearl, yells, "Out!" and that give hysteries to the Bethle- mean which was ragnin' like Niagara on that ball field.

Everybody was hoopin' and hollerin' and yellin' and runnin', with the fans swarmin' onto the field, and the cops tryin' to keep order, and some guys laughin' and some of the women fans cryin', and six or eight of us holdin' em and laughin' and cryin' at everythang that come his way, and the rest of us just laughin' with everybody. The old zip come back. The old zip come back. Things was tearin' his hair outs his head, and the ball club. The old zip come back. When he hit the ground. But it so happens their centerfielder is just crossin' second, and he starts runnin' back, tryin' to get under the midget, who had to stick in 'round like a football 'stead of turnin' head over foot, which give him more speed and more distance.

I don't recollect things as clear as I did thirty, forty year ago. I can't read print nor perhaps, and the only person I got to check is on the women fans that got思 you, you could look it up. Printed in U.S.A.