

FOOD FOR FANS.

By Chas. A. Starks.

These are great days for the Monarchs, with everything going big—and their way. When the team made the last trip, the prestige they enjoyed with local fans ranged about seventy per cent. But with the comparative record they made on the road, and the positively superb playing they have exhibited since their return, easily warrants one in estimating their prestige about the century mark now.

It has been pointed out that the coming games with Rube Foster's Giants, which start Saturday, are great with importance. Local fans are on edge for these sure-to-be-hot-contests for supremacy. Needless to say how optimistic we are of winning

out in the series. However, don't forget that Mr. Foster comes to town with a formidable array of baseball talent, formidable because of his own great generalship gained by long experience and scientific study of the game. The Fosterites play ball, that's all. In a letter to Dr. Howard M. Smith, Foster says that he has only lost 3 out of 40 games played. And the last 15 games they have played have been won straight (that is to say consecutive). But remember, great or not great, "RUBE MUST FALL DOWN!" DOWN WITH THE GIANTS! UP WITH THE MONARCHS! Let them reign, as monarchs are accustomed to do. There'll be hot times in old K. C. for half a dozen days at least.

Monarchs Blank Beloit Leaguers In Both Games and Series.

The clash between the Monarchs and the Beloit Leaguers, an aggregation hailing from Kansas, discovered the added strength of the colored locals in point of more clock-like precision in their movements. Those who know, claim that this was all that the team needed—some exercise and appreciation of organic action. Even the members of the Beloit team admitted that the monarchs have wonderfully improved in this direction.

Saturday's game offered some liberal swatting by the Monarchs. The locals used four pitchers for exercise, apparently, rather than for any alarm

about the fate of the game. Things went easy for them until the seventh round, when the Beloits staged a bat-

ting rally and almost won, 10 to 11. Crawford, Foreman, Smith, Currie formed batteries for the locals. Williams, Kennel for the visitors.

Sunday's game was voted to be pretty by fans. The great Blodgett hurled for the Leaguers and the Greater Logan hurled for the Monarchs, thereby lies a tale of a shutout, 1 to 0. Agreed, that both pitchers had plenty british.

Monday's game was a repetition of the Sunday tilt, only the locals made it 2 to 0 in the affair. Currie, speedily becoming great on account of his dependability in winning games, pitched the classy number for his team. The white boys only coupled on to two hits, and got no farther than second. Carr, the clever first baseman, made two very clever catches in the second round. Donaldson, Carr and Currie

got a two-bagger each in the course of the contest. 12 hits were gathered off the Belois, while the visitors managed to secure only 2 from the developing master.

—Two events which you may talk about seven days: Jack Johnson's return to America; Wills defeats Fred Fulton.

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