

PHILLIES PRESSING CUBS FOR FIRST PLACE—VAN LOAN'S NEW STORY, "A RAIN CHECK"

RESIGNATION OF FIELDER JONES BODY BLOW TO THE FEDERALISTS

Ex-Chicagoan Had Strengthened Vital Weakness of New League at St. Louis—May Manage Cleveland—Alexander's Pitching Sensation of National League.

If the Federal League is unable to induce Fielder Jones to withdraw his resignation as manager of the St. Louis Club, the third league will receive a body blow from which it will find great difficulty in recovering.

Jones May Lead Cleveland Americans

It has been rumored for some time that the new manager of the Cleveland American League Club would be a man who had gained national prominence as a manager, so the fans need not be surprised if Jones has an iron in the fire.

Third One-hit Game in Six Weeks

Alexander the Great again demonstrated just why he has succeeded Walter Johnson as the king of pitchers. For the third time in less than six weeks Alexander pitched a one-hit game and for the second time within 10 days he allowed but 28 batsmen to face him, but one man reaching first each time.

It has frequently been said that a pitcher must have all the breaks to turn in a no-hit game, and Alexander's case appears to bear this out. Never in the history of the game has a pitcher shown such marvelous form as the big Nebraskan has this season, and yet the breaks refuse to favor him.

Yesterday the Giants obtained one lone hit, a smashing double by Fred Merkle that hit the centre field wall. This drive was made in the second inning, and Merkle was the only New Yorker to reach first base.

Another Speedy Game Goes on Record Alexander went about his work as he always does when he is right, and as a result the game was completed in one hour and 12 minutes.

The game had not gone four innings before every one in the park realized that Alexander was at his best and that it would be only an accident that would enable another Giant to hit safely after Merkle had made his drive.

Phillies Have Played Four Errorless Games The Phillies have not made an error in four consecutive games. Is there any further proof needed to convince the fans that Moran's team is a most serious pennant contender?

Cincinnati May Yet Become Dangerous "Watch the Reds." This is the tip that is coming out of the West. It is said by some of the best scribes of the wild and woolly that Herzog's team has at last found itself, and the way they have moved down the Cubs and Cardinals in the last week seems to bear out the prediction that they are likely to be troublesome in a few weeks.

Charley Dooin, ex-Philly, Now a Giant Charley Dooin, for several years the Philly manager, has been sold by the Reds to the Giants. Herzog had three star catchers, all of whom hold long-term contracts calling for large figures, and decided that he must release one in order to cut his squad down to 17 men, as ordered by the directors of the Cincinnati Club.

Disastrous Day in Windy City Chicago never had a poorer day in baseball than yesterday. With the Cubs leading the National League and the White Sox out in front in the American, the spirit of the Windy City fans was running high, but four defeats in four games by the home town pennant aspirants cast gloom about the city.

Red Sox Begin to Loom Up in American League The return to form of the Red Sox pitchers, with the temporary slump of the White Sox, has raised the hopes of the Boston fans. They have just about come to the conclusion that the Braves are not going to win the National League pennant, but figure the Red Sox as the likely American League winner, if the pitching staff holds up.

Schmidt of Braves Falls From Grace When Schmidt muffed Maranville's perfect throw in the first inning of the Phillies-Braves game on Saturday he broke a marvelous record. It was the first time since late in 1913 that Schmidt had dropped a throw that was good enough for an official scorer to charge him with an error.

FEDERALS NOT TO ACCEPT RESIGNATION OF JONES Phil Ball Declares Umpires Will Be Dismissed.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., July 6.—Phil Ball, president of the St. Louis Federalists, will not accept the resignation of Fielder Jones, said to have been wired from Kansas City yesterday following a row with Umpires Howell and Pinnerman.

Philadelphia Poloists Win The Philadelphia Polo Club polo team, consisting of the three Brocks, Leo Pendergast and Lower, and A. M. Collins, defeated the Bryn Mawr four, leaving Brocks, Brown, Hopping and V. Mather, at the "Country Club" field, yesterday afternoon, by 12½ to 6½ goals.

Howard Won Wrestling Match In a wrestling bout at the Gayety Theatre last night Spike Howard won two falls from Big Bill Evans, of West Philadelphia. Howard won the first and third falls, the first in 12:30 and the third in 3:40. The second fall went to Evans in 2:10.

Belief Me John, I am some pitcher. U-R? Just stand behind me and observe my shoots. There's my spitter. That's my inshoot. Here's my drop. Nice assortment of coives, hey? I didn't notice a curve on any of 'em! Well, it's mighty funny. How would I expect me to fool the batter if you did??

IS IT ELBA OR ST. HELENA? It might be either or both, for the "Little Napoleon," alias John J. McGraw, is looking out over the wastes of a one-act-er team. The Giants are worse riddled than that army which made an historic retreat from the wintry wilds of Russia.

THREE PITCHING SENSATIONS IN MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL By GRANTLAND RICE Ballad of the Bat vs. Pen Several years ago \$4000 was a big salary for a star ball player. Today Cobb, Speaker, Johnson, Mathews, Collins and others are getting over \$10,000 a year.

The Humorous Limit Therefore, my son, if you are wise, you will observe without surprise the upward shifts of humor's pulse; nor deem another's fate is cheap.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN IN BASEBALL TODAY NATIONAL LEAGUE. Won. Lost. Pct. Win. Loss. Split. Chicago 38 29 .567 580 931 .565

Runs Scored by Majors This Week NATIONAL LEAGUE. Club. Runs. Men. Totl. Philadelphia 100 100 100

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RUNS SCORED BY MAJORS THIS WEEK

Table showing runs scored by majors this week for National League, American League, and Federal League.

FORD WILL BOX HIRST AT BROADWAY TONIGHT

Much Interest in Battle Between Southwark Rivals, Dillon Challenges Willard.

After much dickerer on the part of Joe Hirst and Barney Ford, Southwark veteran fighters, the pair finally will get together in the feature fray at the Broadway A. C. tonight.

The program follows: First bout—Young Kenny, Southwark, vs. Louisa, vs. Eddie Gordon, New York.

The most recent challenger for the world's heavyweight crown adorning the brow of Jess Willard is Jack Dillon, of Indianapolis.

Dear Sir—Please decide the following bet: A says in the event of a 10-round, no-decision fight, knockout victory for Jim Coffey over Jess Willard would give Coffey the heavyweight championship.

LOCAL TENNIS STARS IN PLYMOUTH MEET Schuylkill Valley Championship at Norristown Has Excellent List of Entries.

On Monday, July 13, the second annual open lawn tennis tournament for the championship of the Schuylkill Valley will begin at the Plymouth Country Club, Norristown, Pa.

Entries to date include Sydney Thayer, a finalist at Wilmington, and Kenneth Kennedy, his double partner, "Junior" Tilden, a finalist in the Philadelphia district tournament.

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A RAIN CHECK

"Red" Lynch and "Jake" Hartwell Find Themselves in Dilemma. They Consider the Ethics of Betting in Baseball, and Think About the Future Seriously.

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN The World's Most Famous Writer of Baseball Fiction.

He didn't prove anything on us," argued "Red" Lynch hopefully, as he settled down in the smoker of the night express.

"Of course not!" snarled Jake Hartwell. "He didn't have to. I tell you we're getting a good deal out of this game in Dutch, and all because you made a bad bet."

"You talk like a man that wants him to prove it! I tell you that we're up against the same thing as a blacklist, and Flannery can queer us in any league in the country."

"But if he doesn't prove it," he demanded, "how is he going to keep us out of organized baseball? Tell me that!"

"Huh!" snorted the indignant Hartwell. "You talk like a man that wants him to prove it! I tell you that we're up against the same thing as a blacklist, and Flannery can queer us in any league in the country."

"The betting, of course!" said Hartwell. "What else?"

"Jake was right. Jake had an analytical eye. Given a knothole in the fence, he could usually see daylight on the other side."

Joe Flannery, the manager of the Keatsville Baseball Club in the T. D. League, was no amateur, but when he learned that Sam Levine and a few others of his sort were openly making a strong book on each day's game at fluctuating odds, the little manager started out on a quiet tour of investigation.

When betting is eliminated, most sports remain honest and fair, but when the door is opened to the professional gambler, danger comes with him. Flannery knew that the drawing power of his team depended upon the belief, deep-rooted in the heart of every bleacher customer, that the games which he paid his money to see were "on the level."

"Levine wouldn't run a book for his little old five per cent," thought Joe Flannery, "and he never had any part of a straight proposition in his life. He's always got an ace in the hole, and maybe he's got one here."

Joe hired a private detective, and in the course of three days ascertained that Levine was covering every cent of the local wagers at even money on a certain Tuesday's game. The visiting club was a notoriously weak one, and the Keatsville team almost had been a strong favorite.

This in itself was enough to warrant suspicion. For several days no suspicious circumstance was reported; Levine seemed to be booking on a percentage basis. Then, on the night of the ninth day, with a tallent team in town to open a series, the bookmaker again offered even money on the visitors, and did a landoffice business.

Flannery did not fail to note that Red Lynch was scheduled to work in the open game against the tallenters.

Lynch threw his own game away in the seventh inning, and again Hartwell's wild throwing to bases contributed to the defeat. That night the private detective followed Red, saw him meet Sam Levine on a street corner, and watched the couple disappear into the back room of a saloon.

Five minutes later Jake Hartwell walked into the place, bought a glass of beer, and entered the back room.

The next morning Joe Flannery summoned both men to the office.

"I'm on," he said grimly. "You needn't say a word; I've got you with the goods, both of you. I know where you did business, and I know where you went to cut the money. If it wasn't for sitting up a dirty mess in the papers, I'd have you blacklisted and kicked out of baseball, but I'm not going to ruin the attendance this season just for a pair of thieves like you. I don't care where you go, so long as you get out of this town quick, and you can bet your life that if either one of you tries to shove his nose back into organized baseball, I'll pull this testimony on you."

Here Joe tapped a fat envelope which lay on the desk in front of him. That envelope contained blank contracts next season, but the bluff worked.

"Here's what money is coming to you. Now, beat it!"

The newspapers had a great deal to say about the team's sudden loss. Flannery said nothing save that he had a "snicker" with Lynch and Hartwell, and that they had quit in a huff.

He knew that the plain would hurt the Keatsville Club, breeding a general suspicion against honesty of the cleanest professional in the world. A crooked baseball is as rare a bird as to be almost unknown, and when you stop to consider how many thousands of professional have played baseball in America in the last 30 years, the number of them listed for dishonesty is astonishingly small.

Flannery had no desire to add names to that short list, and he was confident that his threat would be taken by Lynch and Hartwell from attempting secure work in any minor league in the country. He was perfectly satisfied and he paid a short visit to Sam Levine.

"Look here, you milk-bottle thief," Flannery's opening remark. "I'm going to tell you something for your own good. You can get away with it this time, if you try to hook up any more of these players. I won't do a thing but that big nose of yours all over your face. Be savvy! All-over-your face! I'll make this town too hot for you."

Flannery had "influence" with many politicians, and Levine knew that could make good his threat, so he was nothing, contenting himself with a general denial.

Some of the Keatsville players had suspected the truth, but pride of the team held them silent, and Red Lynch and Jake Hartwell were whirled away new fields, quarrelling as they went. They had received \$100 apiece for the last 10 days of business, and they felt, too late, that they had sold their athletic birthright for a song, and a pretty poor song, that.

Lynch fumed and railed, but Hartwell the more resourceful, was busy with his plan, which he unfolded bit by bit. "We might as well go the limit now," he said. "They've got us blacklisted, fair, and there isn't a league in the country where some scout wouldn't get us. Now, I know a town a long way from here—"

A stranger in Tucson, Arizona, would have no trouble in locating the sports center of that sporty little Southwest city. It was a billiard parlor on the main street, recognized as the official "hang-out" for baseball players, boxers, and other professional gentlemen.

The particular stranger which he had in mind made a few casual acquaintances, and quite naturally, Fatsy Delaney, manager of the Tucson "Eagles," called by the information that there was a player in town. Now, baseball thrives in Arizona. It is true that there is recognized league in operation, but even town in that part of the country has baseball team, and a schedule is arranged and played out to the bitter end. Every manager "has his eye out" for promising material, and inducements are offered the athletic visitor to tarry a while, breathe the invigorating air of the Southwest.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

When the Big Idea is to "Git Thar" —Atlantic is the "gas" to feed. Atlantic Gasoline has the "git thar" spirit that sends you breezing along boulevard and highway like a bird-a-wing. It puts punch and power behind every piston, an extension in mileage. Atlantic Gasoline has a liveliness that gives a clean, sharp explosion; and a "boiling point" that assures each lot of "gas" you put-in to be exactly like the last, banishing the carburetor nuisance. It is made from the finest crude oil that flows—made to a definite standard by the oldest and largest refiners in the State. Atlantic trucks and tankers deliver any quantity, any place, any time. The best garages, too, sell this liquid power exclusively. Play safe and use Atlantic. Polaron is the 100-percent lubricant that flows freely at all temperatures. It keeps upkeep DOWN. THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY ATLANTIC GASOLINE