GRIFFITH FOLLOWS CONNIE MACK'S TACTICS-"A RAIN CHECK," BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN FEDERAL LEAGUE

GRIFFITH ADOPTS MACK POLICY AND WILL TEAR UP SENATORS

10

Washington Manager Admits His Team Is Not in Class With American League Rivals-Alexander Makes Record With 30 Hits in Nine Games.

AS PREDICTED in these columns at the start of the season, the Washing-Aton baseball team has blown up, and Manager Griffith is convinced that he must rebuild it almost entirely. In fact, Griffith now admits his error. The Washington manager failed to note the handwriting on the wall and refused to discard his veterans soon enough. So confident was he that his team would surprise the country that he did not even bother scouting for material for the future, and he has but few youngsters who have shown enough to be able to step into the breach next season.

Early this spring Griffith picked Washington to win the pennant, and it was evident then that he was blind to several weak spots. It was pointed out here that no team could be a pennant winner with an infield such as Washington has, unless it was backed up with an outfield that ranked with that of the Red Sox or Tigers and a pitching staff that completely outclassed any other in the major league. . . .

Griffith Blind to His Weak Infield

Griffith contended that Gandil, Morgan, McBride and Foster formed a wonderful infield, despite the fact that he had but one consistent hitter in the quartet. He did not notice that Gandil's legs were going back on him; that Morgan has shown a sudden weakness for curve ball pitching, or that Mc-Bride, always a wonderful fielder but a poor hitter, could no longer cover ground as he did in the past. He laughed when the EVENING LEDGER representative asked him if he had noticed that Milan was pulling away at the plate and that he was no longer able to get off to a running start.

Moeller was never strong enough for a team that hoped to be a pennant winner, but Griffith had thrived so long with but little, aside from unusual pitching, that he was blind to the faults of his players.

Will Follow Connie Mack's Drastic Policy

It took the six straight defeats in Boston to open Griffith's eyes, and now he has made up his mind to waste no time in rebuilding a team on entirely different lines Here is what Griffith told Ed Grillo, of the Washington Star, about his plans for the future:

"This team is too weak with the stick to be given serious consideration any longer. A change must be made, and there will have to be a thorough cleaning out. We need hitters and pitchers, too, and 1 am going to get them if they are available. I propose to go scouting myself this fall, and no player will be brought to my team that I have not looked over for a week or so in actual playing. There is nothing left for me to do but to think of the future. I need a lot of new players, for this team has been a bitter disappointment to me. I have got to clean house, and the sooner I get at it the better I'll be off. I know that it will be no easy matter to plug up the many holes which exist, but I shall try mighty hard to do this, rely on that."

Only Joe Wood Approaches Alexander's Record

When Alexander the Great held the Pittsburgh Pirates to two hits yes terday he continued on the most remarkable pitching streak ever known in baseball. In nine successive games, two of which were extra-inning affairs. Alexander has allowed but 30 hits, and in one of these games, against the Braves last week, the big Nebraskan eased up with a five-run lead.

Nine hits were made off Alexander in this game and brought up his opponents' hit total to a trifle over three to a game for the nine contests. Without these nine safeties the total falls shy of three hits per game.

The nearest approach to Alexander's work is credited to Joe Wood, who allowed but four runs and 40 hits in seven successive games from August 10 to September 6, 1912.

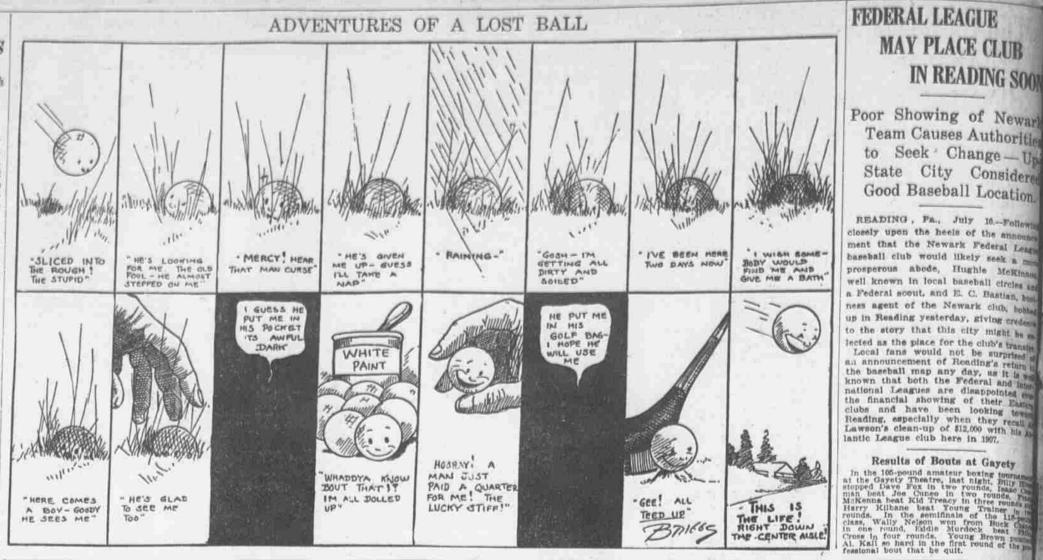
The skill of Alexander is uncanny. In all of these wonderful contests Alexander has wasted no time, and it is likely that the average length of time for the nine contests is under 1 hour and 25 minutes, which is considered a short game in these days.

Alexander's Performance Pure Wizardry

Pittsburgh never had a chance before the blinding speed and sharp sweeping curve ball that Alexander mixed with remarkable judgment and control. Not until one man had been retired in the eighth inning did Pittsburgh get a hit. Then Honus Wagner stepped to the plate, and with two strikes and one ball called on him, the famous veteran met a fast ball just right and drove it into the left field bleachers for a home run. It was a terrific drive and spolled the no-hit dream of the wonderful Philly twirler, It looked from the stand as if Alexander believed that he would cross Wagner with a fast one straight over the plate, as under ordinary conditions Wagner would expect Alexander to waste a pitch or try a ball that was just over the corner. Wagner outguessed Alexander and broke the spell. Carey added a single in the ninth, but it is hardly likely that he would have got this hit had not Wagner spoiled the chance for a hitless game, as the Philly twirler eased up in this inning until Carey reached first,

Started on Victorious March June 5 in St. Louis

Alexander started his string of eight consecutive victories in St. Louis on June 5. In this game he allowed but one hit, a single to centre by Butler with two men out in the ninth inning. Following this victory Alexander held the Cubs to five hits; Pirates to five hits; Cincinnati, four hits; New York,



"A RAIN CHECK"

A Hit Means a Run and It Happens-Strange Conduct of a Winning Pitcher and His Battery Mate-Ending With Retirement of Messrs. Lynch and Hartwell From Vicinity of Tucson.

Ited Lynch and Jake Hartwell, rali-roaded out of organized baneball for throw-ing games on which they had bet, decide to zo the limit. In Tursen, Ariz, they appear as causal strangers. Hartwell, allas George White, is en-gaged as catcher, and Lynch, allas 251 fates, as pitcher for the local team. They perform wonderfully on their first appear-ance. ting under way, just as four thousand cheering men and women came up in a cheering wave, just as Tom Blake's new clear slipped down inside his speckled waistcoat, the first great drops of rain began to whisper to the shingled roof. There were three very sick men in that ball park, and two of them⁵ sat on the bench with the victorious Eagles. White then consults "Oily Tam" Blake of arranges to throw the game scheduled r Sunday. In the seventh inning Bates and White row the game, giving their opponents a fe lead. Rain is coming on. The Eagles In to bat and Moose Jones makes a ree-bagger.

"That'll be about all!" yelled Delaney, s he hugged Bodie in front of the bench. 'Look at that rain coming!'

One of the sick men on the bench lifted p his voice querulously. "You ain't afraid of a little rain are ou?" demanded Eli Bates. "We ain't

crack at the first thing that resembled a baseball. Moose was not much of a sugar or salt, and we can go another inning before it gets too wet." the man who swings blindly introduces the element of luck into a contest of skill. The manager looked at his star pitcher curiously.

'What's the matter with you?" he The ball dropped safe in short right field, but the Mouse had no chance to score. Third base was the best he could do, and asked. "Ain't you satised to win this game? Look at that lightning! In three minutes this place will be afloat, and ac-Olly Tom Blake, in the front row of the

grandstand, scratched a clgar on his rousers and put a match in his mouth. He was not greatly worried; only anxious that Peta Moreno be given strength ac-cording to his need. A long hit at this

to start something?" The bleacherites acrambled to cover, cheering as they ran, and in a heavy downpour the third man struck out and raced for the bench. As he ran, a jagged. blinding flash ripped across the blackness which hung over the field and the bottom fell out of the clouds. Sliver Bill Barrett was the last uncture would be bad-very bad, and the rain was surely coming. "Bingo" Bodie spent some time selecting his weapon, and he picked out the

Sliver Bill Barrett was the last man to leave the diamond. Pausing an instant at the plate, he looked at his watch, and in a stentorian voice which sounded above the howing wind and the pelting rain, Silver Bill called time.

into motion. Red Lynch looked ab-Jake Hartwell and then at the freight train. Then both looked at 10m mass

Then both looked at i one mass. "What do I ge; for my six thousand?" demanded the gambler bitterly. "I guess we'll have to give you a rain check for it," said Lynch. "Come to think of it, we owe you something for letting this story get out." Hartwell looked at the moving cars and measured distance and speed with a practiced eye. Then he nodded at Lynch. "A raincheck and a receipt!" said the

'A raincheck and a receipt!" said the redhead. And the next thing Tom Blake knew

e was picking himself out of a mud uddle with a lump on his jaw the size f a turkey egg. Red Lynch could do tore than pitch baseball with that right arm of his.

Some time later, bedded down for the night on the jolting floor of an empty furniture car, Red Lynch thought of

"Oh, Jake! Asleep?" Hartwell grunted savagely. "Jake, when I was a kid, I had a copy book, and there was a line in it that sald 'Honesty is the best policy." "Well?"

"Oh, nothing," said Lynch, grinning into the dark, "but I guess that goes-In baseball, anyway!"

Charles E. Van Loan's next story, "The Ten Thousand Dollar Arm," begins in next Monday's

"Forget the rules." "snarled Ell, and "Forget the rules." snarled Ell, and shoe leather. "Shut up!" hissed the catcher. "Want to start something?" FOR TITULAR BATTLE

Manager Would Not Match Jumping Johnny With

Champion in No-decision Go.

TWO PHILADELPHIA GOLFERS CARRY THEIR OWN HAZARD

Willoughby and Pfeil Give Each Other a "Sneeze a Hole"-What Various Players Do With Ball in a Trap Before a Green.

Wilson Makes a Group Lines. Carrying one's own hazards around is shot was made when Wilson took a securedly the last word in golf enthusi-for the third green. It was a bad if for the third green. It was a bad if Carrying one's own natards around is assuredly thy last word in golf enthusi-asm. This is what Hugh Willoughby, city champion of the Philadelphia, Country Club, and W. G. Pfeil, Huntingdon Valand made a dive for out-of-bounds, a post deflected it back and it zi ley Country Club, did in their match in the club championships, but it was only because they couldn't leave them behind. across the course pell-mell into Continuing on its merry way the brought up just off the green. And Willoughby had hay fever so that he could scarcely see, and both clubs, feel-ing that tears and sneezes were a big son, to show there was nothing fin about the shot, holed out the ball or next try. handlcap, were at a loss what to do. "A-kerchoo-o," spoke up Pfell at this point. "Why not lot-whusk-kee-me play he said.

with Willoughby. I've got the chow-wee neezos, too."

snezzes, too." "That's which-zowee-e fine," snid Wil-loughby, and so it was arranged. "T'll give you a snezze a hole," added Willoughby, "and the winners get two." "Er - r - kachoo - o-whiske-e-e." replied Pfoil and they ware off. the short seventh. There is a baby m between the tee and the green, and former is said to be one-half inch hi than the teeing ground. Crump's spun exactly on a level from tee to m Pfeil. And they were off.

An amusing incident that was rather hard on the victim was furnished the spectators Thursday afternoon at Merion, when one of the gallery rolled down the side of a hill. He evidently got stymied on his own feet and failed to make a good out, for he slipped and only saved himself by grabbing the limb of a tree. This landed him on the side of a boulder, and when he tried to regain his balance and when he tried to regain his balance with a convulsive twist he fell ignominiously and slid down to the water, in which he sat. When he stood up the water line was very, very plain, and his exit from the scene, though winding, was hasty.

without rising a visible fraction. It hit the green (to prove it had not from a dead-level line), it did not be but sizaled along to a stop in the gr And to continue the story, the ball hooked so as to curve gently are mound which guards the front of a green, and it rolled up nearly destud This shows how scientific a game pith

"I admit I planned the whole affairs

George A. Crump, in his match a Buxton, used the wood on his drive

. . .

IN READING SOON

If Crump had not calculated the best of his tee so as to make the ball on a im with the green, he would have how into the traps, and if he had not he his ball, he would have rolled in. . . .

fences or any other suspicion of sh

Others stick out their chests, stride a and enjoy it. Still others draw out u brellas. Some of these are what might called nondescript.

One noticed was a canopy effect th

that all hands had to hold it down to be the wind from carrying it off balloo

Many followers of the game, remem-A hard rain, such as has broken set Many followers of the game, remembering their own experiences, cannot con-trol a glad feeling when they see some wolfers in many different ways. Is wolfers in many different ways. Is wolfers a wild break for the trees, w many of the tournaments lately, acts



Moose Jones shut his eyes and took

hitter at best, but there are times when

the Moose stayed on first.

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

two hits; Brooklyn, one hit; Boston, nine hits; New York, one hit, and Pittsburgh, one hit. The Chicago and Pittsburgh five-hit games were both of 11 innings, and fewer than four hits were made in each in the regulation nine innings. This is a record that will likely stand for years to come, and Alexander has not stopped yet, as four of his last five games have been close te no-hit contests, and he seems to be better now than at any time in his career.

Meredith Will Not Have Chance to Beat Long's Record

Followers of track and field athletics in the East are angered over the late announcement that there is not a 440-yard straight-away on the Panama-Pacific Exposition grounds. For many days the athletes had entertained the hope that Meredith, or whoever is the winner of the 440, would establish a new world's mark.

However, it has been discovered the much-advertised 440 straight course is a myth. Officially it has just been declared the 440 straightaway was not possible, because the poloists objected. The running track would have cut across the polo field, it is said. This is a reasonable excuse for omitting the route, but the committee might have authorized a statement ere this.

It is now a certainty that the high water figures of 47 4-5 made by Maxey Long, will stand. Wind conditions in August are very troublesome, and slow time is predicted in every event from the 220 up. The hundred may be run in 8 flat, or 12, just as the wind blows.

Monte Cross, former Athletics star, says that Manager Mack has picked up a remarkable youngster in Bankston, of Charleston, S. C. He is a catcher, but is so fast and hits so well that a regular position probably will be found for him. Bankston reminds one very much of Wally Schang, according to Cross.

The Athletics continue to play great ball. Joe Bush was invincible, and, bearing out Mack's contention, the Athletics looked like a championship team in St. Louis yesterday with good pitching.

The mad career of the Red Sox was checked by Detroit. The Tigera batted Ruth. Mays and Gregg to all parts of the field and made the remarkable total of 13 carned runs.

Tom Seaton is said to be sincerely sorry he left the Phillies. What shout a pennant with Alexander, Seaton, Rixey and Mayer as first string pitchers? The little argument would be settled already.

Shucks! That fellow Alexander is slipping. Now he has gone and given two hits in a game. The fans are getting uneasy about this.

The accident to Al Orth was unfortunate. Orth has had quite a lot of poor luck on the Philly grounds. When he pitched for the Phillies he was struck with a line drive hit by Jerry Nops, of the old Orioles, years ago, and spent one month in the hospital. He has had an arm and a knee-cap broken here also. . . .

For the first time this season the Giants succeeded in capturing a doubleheader. The Reds were naturally the victims, as they cannot beat the Giants under any condition. Seidom has one team had it on another as the Giants have it on the Reds.



you!" Moreno grinned, for he was seasoned to pleasant conversation. He knew that Bodle was not a first-ball hitter, and that he did a great deal of talking, On the bench Ell Bates looked at George White and shook his head. "Not a chance in the world!" breathed the catcher. "This fellow will wait for two and then pop out. He hasn't had a hit in a month that went outside the dis-mond!"

The ball makes every main the strate the state the state that the state state the state that the state state the state state the state state the state state

pire as he holsted himself into the stand. "It's called off, ain't it?" demanded the gambler anxiously. "It ought't to go unless they play the full nine innings!" Silver Bill reached into his hip pocket and brought out a well-thumbed volume. "Rule seventy-four, section one." he bellowed "If it rains for half an hour, I have the power to terminate the game. Want to see the book?" Oily Tom did not wish to see the book Oily Tom did not wish to see the book. "But the bets?" he asked. "They stand, of course!" "Could they go on and finish the game half an hour?" Tom was begging "Say!" demanded the umpire suddenly, "which club have you been betting on? Finish the game! Man, this ain't no rain! This is a flood!"

Finish the game! Man, this ain't no rain!
This is a flood!"
Blake sat down, looked at his watch, examined the sombre sky, but found no comfort there, looked at his watch again, and then settled down, chin on his chest, to the melancholy contemplation of the dismond, fast being furned into a lake. He was working out a sum in mental arithmetic, and the result caused him to wince as if in pain.
Silver Bill watched the sambler out of the corner of his eye. He also was working out a sime in mental arithmetic, and the result caused him to wince as if in pain.
Silver Bill watched the sambler out of the corner of his eye. He also was working out a little problem of his own. Over in one corner of the stand the victorious Eagles were holding an informal reception, and Bilver Bill Barrett noticed the fact that Eil Bates, the incomparable one, was not celebrating with his fellows. He was not a first-ball hitter, and that he did a great deal of taking.
On the hench Fill Bates bound at the out of the could put two and two together as well as the next man.

well as the next man.

Olly Tom Blake seized the dripping um-pire as he hoisted himself into the stand. Although Johnny Dundee, dubbed "Jumping Johnny" by New York fans, has appeared in ring combat here in but few bouts, his spectacular exhibitions enabled him to get many constituents in this city, His settos with Tommy to Toole, Harry Tracey, Charley Thomas, Eddie Moy and George Chaney stamped country.

> Many followers of the fistic game here are anxious to see Dundee tackle Cham-pion Fred Weish in the squared circle. But according to Scotty Montieth, Dun-dee's manager, he will never match the clever New Yorker with the titleholder for a limited match.

Here's the way Scotty puts it: "Of course, Johnny wants a crack at Welsh and he is sure he can beat 'No-declaton Freddy.' But it must be in a 20-round fight with a decision; a cham-pionship fight. I will not match Dundee against Welsh for a no-decision match. If Welsh ever had a sample of Johnny's style in a limited way hold sure more style in a limited go, he'd Johnny over a longer dista waited until Johnny grew 1 whiskers. I don't think John

one else can get Freddy in 10 Willie Hannon, who has be ing his boxing in every fight the toughest test of his care

pairs off with Knockout O'De Broadway Club, Monday nig Gloucester knockerout.

30-MILE MOTOR-PACED

EVENING LEDGER MOVIES-YOU CAN'T BLAME HIM, CHARLEY, THE PHILS ARE HERE

morbid curiosity to see how the shot will be played. There is a shower of sand, and then, depending on who wielded the tool, the ball will go somewhere. There is one local golfer, C. B. Buxton, who "eats" such a shot. He likes it, and he

. . .

comes close to holing out offtimes. Once at Huntingdon Valley, when he was playing with "Chic" Evans, he failed to get the ball out of a trap at the ninth green. Finally, he did, and after he had played the hole, he put the ball back

This time-pip-two inches from the "That shot belongs to me and I don't want to lose it," said Buxton, as he picked up his ball.

Two vaudeville shots were let loose on the Merion links during the champion-ships. One was a full brassie by Hugh Wilson in his match with E. A. Service, of the Philadelphia Country Club. The

wise. Playing opposite this was a tiny h effect which was more like a parasol I not nearly so capable. Ponchos, sume tentos and other varieties of rainos were produced, and, winding around I players' legs, made shots which were a shots.

One player, with a neat new m

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