BOSTON BRAVES TAKE BIG LEAP PENNANTWARD—"THE CAST-OFF," BY C. E. VAN LOAN

GOING UP! THE BOSTON BRAVES AT LEAST ARE ON THEIR WAY

Statlings' Scrappy Serfs Certainly Seem Serious Contenders After Lambasting Brooklyn Bunch-Now Tied for Third-Connie Mack Has Real Class Among Youngsters.

The Braves are coming fast, and it begins to look as if Stallings' team has at last found its stride. In beating Brooklyn yesterday, the Braves not only checked the mad dash pennantward of the Dedgers, but the champions jumped shead of the Giants and are now tied for third place. As the Phillies also lost, the Brayes gained on all the leaders and are now but six games behind Moran's ciub. As predicted by Managers Herzog and Clarke a few days ago, the Braves will still have a lot to say about where the pennant will fly, and the return of James to form would make Boston the favorite in the race, despite the six-game

The Braves' Fighting Spirit Must Be in the Calculation

The Braves will be a much harder team to beat in the stretch than the Dodgers, who will lose many games through that lack of fighting spirit which the Braves possess. In their first appearance here the Braves looked like a badly demoralized team and one that was about to blow. In their last appearance Stallings' team looked much better, and it was pointed out in these columns that the team was still far from being out of the race. Local fans have been pulling for the Dodgers to lose, and a great cheer went up from the crowd when the score was posted at Shibe Park with the Braves winning. But, perhaps, in a few weeks the fans might wish the Dodgers had trimmed the Braves a few more games.

Boston's ability to stand the gaff and to play just as well on the road as it does at home, once it strikes its stride, will play a most important part in the struggle during the remainder of the season. Since coming out of their slump the Braves have won 13 out of 14 games. They will leave for the West with the pitching staff going stronger than that of any team in the league, even without Bill James, one of their strongest members.

Sherwood Magee's Bat Big Factor in Braves' Rise

Sherwood Magee is starting to hit and that is one reason why the Braves are winning. Magee has driven in the winning run or runs four times within 10 days. Some of those who have been gloating over the failure of the former Philly star to hit must now change their tune. Magee is a wonderful hitter and It was only a question of time before he would strike his stride. The Braves will win many games on Magee's hits from now until the close of the season.

Pitching Is All That Connie Mack Needs

After reading the accounts of the games played by the Athletics in the West, local fans came to look upon the Mackmen as a poor, broken-down aggregation of ball tossers. But yesterday the new Mack combination opened their eyes. Mack declares that the pitching lost the games and that the rest of the team played well enough in the West to have won 70 per cent. of the contests with even fair pitching.

With McInnis out of the game, Manager Mack switched Lajoie to first and rounded out the infield with Malone on second, Kopf at short and Healey on third. This combination played great ball, and Healey made a most favorable impression on the crowd. He is a big, strong youngster, stands up to the plate well and is a beautiful fielder. His only weakness appears to be on the bases, and he probably will get over that when he is in the game for a time.

There Are More Collinses and Bakers-They Are Coming

Wally Schang was in centre, with Oldring back in left and Walsh in right. There is great batting power to the Athletics, even though Baker, Barry, Collins and Murphy are gone, and with a pitching staff that could hold up its end, the Mackmen would give any team a hard fight. That Mack was right when he said he would soon have another powerful team is evident. Healey is a long way behind a Baker, and Malone still further from being in Collins' class, but if these young men improve as fast as they should, Mack is soon going to have a club that will be up in the race.

Sheehan Shows the Nerve of a Veteran

Young Tom Sheehan, a big right-handed pitcher, from the Peoria club of the I. I. L. League, had a chance against the Browns, and he made good with a Vengeance. After he had beaten the Tigers in a see-saw game, in Detroit, scribes from that city declared he was the nerviest youngster who had broken into the American League in a long time, and if he can repeat yesterday's performance with reasonable regularity local fans will heartily agree. Sheehan got off to a bad start, but, instead of being rattled, he improved as the game progressed and did not permit another tally. In the ninth inning the Browns filled the bases, with only one man out, and had Austin and Sisier, two good hitters, due. Yet Sheehan kept his nerve and head and retired them without a run. It was a great exhibition of pinch pitching, and the fans left the park unanimous in the opinion that he "would do." Sheehan pitches more like a veteran than a youngster, and shows the pleasing trait of being able to "work" the batsmen properly, something that has been sadly lacking in the Athletics' pitchers this year.

Mack May Recall Cruthers, Sensational Second Baseman

It is probable Manager Mack, of the Athletics, will exercise his option on Press Crothers, the local boy, sent to Memphis, of the Southern Association, for further seasoning. Cruthers, a second baseman, has been the sensation of the league in all departments. When he played several games here last fall he hit poorly but fielded in great style.

Under the wing of Bris Lord, the ex-Mackman, who is managing Memphis, Cruthers has developed into a great batsman. At the present time he is hitting close to .320, in almost 80 games, which is great clubbing, considering the fact that the Southern Association always has been what is commonly called a "pitchers' league," because of the number of high-class twirlers developed there

Recently Cruthers broke a Southern Association record by participating in five double plays made in five successive innings. In this game Cruthers handled 18 chances without an error, which is almost another record for a nine-inning game. Jimmy Keeley, the ex-Chester pitcher, of the Delaware County League, is also at Memphis with Lord, and is one of the leading pitchers of the league. If the little fellow could take on some weight he would be a valuable addition to any major league club, as his control is remarkable for a southpaw,

Pacific Coast Athletes Bound to Figure in Big Meet

Eastern and Middle Western sports scribes take for granted that their favorites will be the top leaders when the athletes gather on the Coast for the Panama-Pacific Exposition national games. The sectional writers do not give a thought to the Pacific coast contingent. Here they are wrong, as the Rocky Mountain athletes are a hardy lot, and in some of the games held have made just as good records as their Eastern rivals. The Coast contingent is not to be passed up lightly. Men who can run 100 yards in 9:4, and the 220 and other distances correspondingly as fast, will bear watching.

Time Dwindles Before Athletes of Today

Not so many years ago an athlete who could turn a quarter mile in 52 seconds stood an excellent chance of coming through a field, even from scratch. That was good time for quarter milers. These days a half miler finishes the

first lap of his race around 53 and 54, and then finishes up with a mark of 1:54. Norman Taber, in his attempt to break Ted Meredith's world record of 1152%, plans to run his first quarter at the Panama-Pacific Exposition national championships around 52. The wonder of it all is how he can do it and then finish the remainder of the route in approximately a minute.

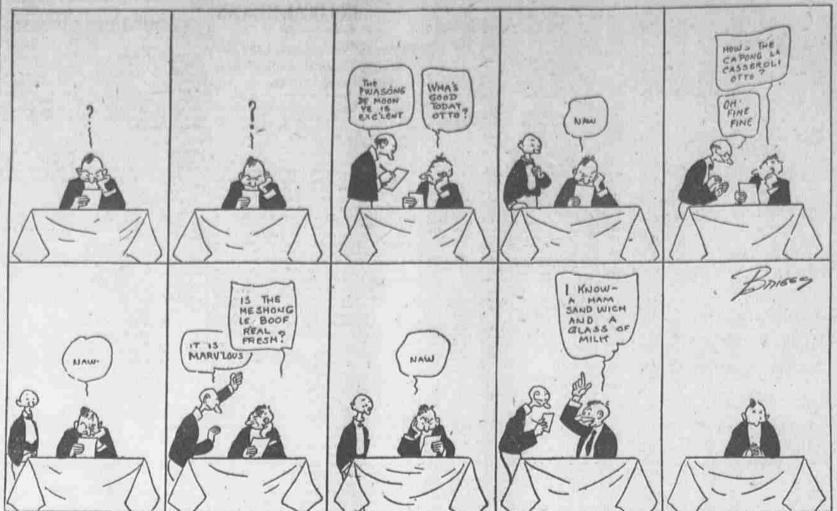
Defeat of Phillies a Heart-breaker

The Phillies' defeat at the hands of the Reds was a heart-breaker. It hurts a ball team to come from behind that way only to lose through errors. It would have been better had the Reds fairly slaughtered the Phils, as defeats of this sort sometimes throw a club off its stride. The Dodgers are in the same fix, however, as the Braves' victory yesterday was one of the hair-rising kind.

It is said that two major league clubs have made offers to Durban, second baseman of the Cape May team, Durban is only a youngster and has a bright future before him. He has been hitting home runs in a manner that recalls the feats of Gene Wood, the ex-Penn star, at Cape May a few years ago. Wood received several major league offers, but turned them down to go into the cotton business in Memphis.

Tough luck! Just when our friend, the enemy, wallops Brooklyn-the hated for our Phile also take it upon themselves to get licked.

MOVIE OF A MAN SELECTING A LUNCHEON ON A HOT DAY



"THE CAST-OFF"

The Reds Tally-The Blues Beating Themselves-Then Another Break and It's Up to Hardy-How He Made the Great Decision and Tied a Can to the Tin Can Story.

> By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN The world's most famous writer of baseball fiction.

Slub Hardy, real name Spencer, leaves of pitching to become an outfielder. Laurage a sense of humor, he gets in bad with he reporters and with his team, the Blue low. He takes a funny story seriously, and he name of "Tin-can" becomes associated with him. The rans roast him, his playing lumps and finally his manager. Ben Daly, security led to act.

slumps and finally his manager. Ben Daly, is compelled to act.

Traded to the Red Sox, under Catterson. Hardy develops into a sensational player. He shame Jaggs Callahan, who first got him in bad with the tin-can story, to all parts of the lot, displays pep and speed and is a great player. After all the other sames in the league series have been played the Red Sox and the Blue Sox have no hance for the pennant, but if the Blues win the pennant is theirs. Owing to the friendship of Catterson and Hardy for Ben Daly there are rimors that the game is to be thrown. The game begins.

Catterson, always an early riser, picked up the morning papers at breakfast on the third day, and thereby ruined als appetite. On every sporting page he found an article telegraphed from his ome town. It began: "Are the Reds throwing the pennant

The afternoon newspaper men followed hard on the trail. They wanted to know what Manager Catterson had to say, and when he said what was in his mind they found that they could not print it.

"This article mentions Hardy," said one of the reporters. "He's known to be very friendly with Ben Daly, and that may have given rise—"
Catterson exploded with a mighty roar.

"Something will give you a rise in-three seconds!" he said. "It will be this number 13 boot of mine! Now, get out Naturally that young man, in a two

column article, pointed out that Catterson flew into a rage when questioned about the statement from his own town. The Hardy incident drew a subhead, and friendship with Daly was mentioned

It was an angry team which trotted out for warming-up practice before the last game of the season. Catterson had

been reading the riot act to his men.
"What if there ain't a word of truth in it? I know it, and you know it, but if these fellows beat us by a big score this afternoon, we'll never hear the last of it. Let's dig in and show 'em some

When it came time to choose the pitchers, Catterson picked Thomas, a tail left-hander, with slow, puzzling curves, Ben Daly chose Callahan as the one best bet. The game opened with the Blue Sox keyed up to the breaking strain and the Reds sullen and defiant.

Callahan whipped over a lightning-fast strike on Moles, the first man to face him: a great roar went up from 20,000 rooters, and 15 men settled down to the

final contest. Inning after inning slipped by without Thomas, fiapping about in his loose-jointed, ungainly fashlon, kept drop-ping his slow twisters across the plate, and the heavy-hitting Sox flubbed them along the ground or popped them into the air. Hardly a ball was hit to the outside. Thomas had "something on the ball," and, for that matter, so had Jaggs Callahan, who was pitching for his life and the restrictions. and the post-season money thrown in.
In the fourth inning, after Hardy had
doubled to centre, Jags fanned two men,
retiring the side amid thunders of ap-

The last of the seventh saw the 20,000 The last of the seventh saw the 20,000 on their feet, "pulling for luck." The luck came, but to the wrong team, for Parrieh, of the Sox, elamed a line drive into a lightning double play.

The end of the eighth found players, and spectators keyed up to a sayago pitch. The Sox were fighting for a pen-

AMERICAN LEAGUE BASEBALL TODAY SHIBE PARK ATHLETICS vs. ST. LOUIS GAME CALLED AT 3:30 P. M.



| nant and everything which goes with one; the Reds were fighting for their reputations. During the last of the eighth Jaggs abused his teammates like pick-

"What have I got to do for you stiffs?"
he growled. "Here I go out and hold
these tramps down to three hits for eight innings, and you won't stake me to a single ace! Give me one run and I'll win this game!"

To the end of the eighth inning there had not been an error on either side. Suddenly there came the "break." that strange madness which attacks the best callplayers at times and spreads like a contagion until the whole team is involved. There was no warning. Jaggs, pitching like a fury, retired two men, and Moles, known as a dangerous man on the bases, dropped a pretty bunt along the third-base line, catching the infielders saleen.

Callahan started the trouble. He should



Hardy, trotting to his position in the outfield, passed within 10 feet of Ben Daly.

have been satisfied to let Moles reach first base, but, when the big pitcher saw that the third baseman was not even moving on the play, he raced forward, scooped the ball, and, almost without looking, hurled it across the diamond.

Moles would have beaten a perfect throw; Callahan threw the ball 19 feet over the first baseman's bead into right field. Moles, rounding the bag like a ghost, scuttled along to second. The Blue Sox right fielder came tearing in, the ball struck the tips of his sloved the ball struck the tips of his gloved fingers and bounded out of his hand, falling 10 feet behind him. Moles, signaled by the coacher on third,

crossed second like a rocket, and was almost at third base when the right fielder straightened up and whipped the ball in the general direction of the home plate. He had caught the contagion, and, as the catcher ran back for the wild throw, Moles let out the last link in his stocky little legs and slid over the plate just as the catcher whipped the ball savagely to Callahan, Hardy, on the bench, found himself

repeating:

"We didn't do it! They beat them-selves! They beat themselves!" Catterson was cursing in a whole-hearted fashion; all stong the Red beach there was no sign of exultation. High and clear over the muttering in the stands rose the joyful whoop of a lone Red rooter:

"There goes your old pennant! How

do you like it?"

A loyal home fan reached over and mashed the offending one's hat down over his eyes, and he lapsed into sudden slience, chuckling to himself and muttering now and then under his breath. It was no time for loud hilarity.

Callahan raved; the first baseman threw his glove on the ground, and jumped on it, and the right fielder walked around in little circles, making motions with his throwing arm. Ben Daly alone re-mained calm. The Blue Sox got the last man on a pop fly, and, in dead silence, the teams changed sides for the last of the ninth.

Hardy, trotting to his position in the outfield, passed within 19 feet of Ben Daiy. The manager was walking slowly toward the bench, his cap in his hand, and it seemed to Hardy that the man had Daty. The manager was walking slowly toward the bench, his cap in his hand, and it seemed to Hardy that the man had suddenly grown gray and old. There were deep lines in his face, and all the spring had gone out of his step. Hardy wanted to speak to him, but could think of nothing to say, and so wisely held his tongue. It was the boy's first glimpee of a real baseball tragedy, and it hurt him to think that this thing had to happen to a man who had been his friend. He was conscious of a thankfulness that he had had no hand in the play.

He was conscious of a thankfulness that he had had no hand in the play.

In the coacher's box a blue-stockinged warrior was yelling that the game was still young.

"It's not over yet!" he shouted. "Not over yet!" There was no reassuring bellow from the grandstand, where the fans were sitting huddled together, still stunned by the magnitude of the calamity that had overtaken them.

Thomas ambled out to the box to face "Budge" Tipton, put in to hit for Callahan. Jaggs could have done no worse. Budge awung at two slow ones, and the might try for a fly catch. Should he get his hands on the ball before it touched the ground, then popped up a "weak foul to the

Budge swung at two slow ones, and then popped up a weak foul to the catcher. Harrison, the next man up, took a strike, and then dropped the ball neatly over the third baseman's head for a single. The fans in the stands suddenly came to life with a sharp cheer. They screamed madly when the Red catcher dropped the next ball and Harrison slid to second. Like a flash the

"I haven't had a FLAT TIRE in months"

We guarantee and stand back of every sale. TIRE SEAL SALES CORP.

12 N. 21st St., Phila.

GASOLINE-10c

High Test Gas 66 to 68 Degree-Test It You cannot buy better gas.

This is not offered as bait to sell some inferior goods, but is offered to have you try our service. We Are Out of Broad Street Congestion Only Standard Made Goods Carried-First Quality Guaranteed by the Manufacturers

COLONIAL RUBBER COMPANY

- TOWARDS

1509 Spring Garden St. E. C. PHELPS, Mgr.

Bell-Poplar 4872

Keystons - Race 824

mecond base and complete a double play.

If he tried for the catch and missed, both men would score and the game would be

Before he had taken two full strides toward the diamond. Hardy's decision was made, and in that length of time he had welgired his chance of reaching the ball. He would try for the catch, and if he missed it—well, it was basebail to take the winning chance.

the winning chance.

As he raced toward the dismond, Hardy was conscious of the monatrous unfairness of the thins. Why should this play be forced on him, of all the men on the team? Why hadn't Daly popped that ball to centre? It would have been safer there, for the centre fielder was playing deep. Without taking his eyes from the ball, Hardy saw that the coachers and base rinners were willing to gamble that he could not make the caich. Harrison was almost at the plate, Kennedy was running down third, watching Hardy over his shoulder. Confound Daly!

Hardy measured the shortening flight of the ball with his eye. He knew if he made that catch it would be the greatest fielding play of his life as well as the most important one. Over the din of the right-field bleachers behind him, the wild, hysterical yells of his old enemies, he caught the ancient refrain, lifted now in triumph:

"Tin can! Tin can!"
So they thought he had no chance, the, did they? Maybe he would show them something about fielding a short hit! That was the spur which carried him over the final forty feet. With one last bound. Hardy doubled forward and dropped both hands to his shoe tops. Something struck the palm of his gloved hand with a stinging thud, the leather incress. struck the palm of his gloved hand with a stinging thud, the leather ingers snapped shut, and with the triumphant yell of the rooters still quivering in the air, Hardy straightened up and, running a few steps, whipped the ball on a line to Moles, who was waiting on second base. The end of the game and the end of the Blue Sox pennant hopes came with the suddenness of a thunderclap.

Twenty minutes afterward Hardy was sitting in front of his locker in the clubhouse. Catterson entered.

"Throwing the games, eh!" he said.
"Kid, that was the greatest play ever made in this town!" "Oh, shut up!" Hardy burst out. "I couldn't do it again in ten years! I wish tried a fast inshoot on Kennedy, and Kennedy spun around and took the ball between the shoulder blade. The umpire

temper of the great sullen crowd changed.

gave him the benefit of the doubt, and Kennedy jogged down to first base, so much elated that he forgot to limp.

Higher and higher rose the yells from

the stands. Thomas luck was deserting him at last. Turn about was fair play. Gilson, the Red catcher, walked into the diamond and handed the ball to Thomas. The pitcher went back into the box and

discovered that his shoe needed tying. The Blue Sox rooters interpreted all

these signs, and yelled to the umpire to

mak the Reds quit stalling and play ball.

a short, heavy bat in narrowing circles. Twice he gripped his war club between his knees, patted his hands in the dust,

and wiped them upon the front of his shirt. Thomas knew all about Ben Daly. He had been plushing to the veteran for seven years. Thomas had many theories

seven years. Thomas had many theories about Daly's hitting and only one cer-

tainty. He knew that Daly might hit anything anywhere.

suit. Kennedy raced to second and Harrison to third. An insane asylum might have been recruited from the grandstand; the bleacherites were demented with Joy. Out in right field Hardy could barely restrain himself. Herewick to the

Out in right field Hardy could barely restrain himself. He wanted to throw his cap in the air and add his voice to the

The battery signals / passed; Thomas

Ben Daly stood at the plate, wagging

It began to roar for blood.

I'd dropped it!"
"No," said Catterson softly, And then,
under his breath: "Jee-rusalem! I wish

THE END.

A VAN LOAN FARCE BEGINS TOMORROW

"Sweeney to Sanguinetti to Schultz" is the name of the Van Loan story which begins in tomorrow's Evening Ledger. It's a roaring farce of a story which will be completed in three generous instalments. Read the first in tomorrow's Evening Ledger.

Braves Buy a "Three-Eye" Pitcher DAVENFORT, In., July 28.—Jesse Batnes, who leads the pitchers of the Three-I League, was cald to the Boston Nationals and will report to them at Cincinnati teday. Barnes was drafted by Davenport from the Keokuk Central Association team in 1912.

Vacation Day Precautions

was to try a fast drop. The ball broke like a wounded swallow; broke too soon, and striking in front of the plate bounded back to the stand, with Gibson in hot pur-It's a great annoyance to find yourself far from home and unable to obtain your favorite newspaper. Before you go away notify the Evening Ledger to have your paper sent to you. Specify the edi-



MCFARLAN

The Mighty Six 90 H. P.

For \$2990—In every way equal to the \$4000 to \$6000 cars. We have made that statement from the beginning. Do justice to yourself and make us prove that this car, because of its 90 H. P., Light Weight, 12 Full Miles to a Gallon of Gas, Mal-aluminum Pistons, Silver Town Cord Equipment, Cantilever Springs and deep, low-swung Body, has more

Greater Economy, Unexcelled Luxury, Higher Speed, Leas Vibration and Greater Strength than any other Car within \$3000 of its class. Ask Now for a Demonstration.

McFarlan Motor Car Co. Baker & Bell, Managers

665 North Broad Street Phone, Poplar 5220 or 5221

The Hercules of the Hills

EVENING LEDGER MOVIES-THAT'S JUST WHAT LITTLE HEINIE GROH DID TO OUR OWN DUT CHALMERS

THE OTHIR DAY WAS PITCHING A BALL GOIME





