RED SOX STRIKE PENNANT STRIDE—"SWEENEY TO SANGUINETTI TO SCHULTZ," VAN LOAN

RETURN OF RED SOX PITCHERS TO FORM BOOSTS THEIR STOCK FOR PENNANT

Long Stay at Fenway Park Likely to Assist Carrigan's Men in Getting Long Lead in Race for Gonfalon in Johnson's Circuit.

Members of the Athletics and St. Louis Americans are of the opinion that the return to form of the Red Sox pitching staff makes Carrigan's team a heavy favorite in the pennant race. Three weeks ago the Mackmen and Browns were almost unanimous in the belief that the White Sox were the class of the league. They based their opinion on the facts that "Dutch" Leonard was under suspension and Joe Wood's arm had falled to come around as had been expected. Wood suddenly found his stride, and now looks as great as he did three years ago, when he was considered one of the best pitchers in the land.

President Lannin lifted the suspension of Leonard, and it seemed to do him a lot of good. He is in good condition now. He is living up to the training rules and is pitching as well as ever. When Leonard is in shape there is not a lefthanded pitcher in the country, barring Eddie Plank, who is in the same class. There are several southpaws who use their heads better and who are easier to handle, but for pitching ability none but Plank can compare with the sensational

Boston southpaw. The White Sox have a great pitching staff and a powerful team, but, with Speaker slowly returning to form and Wood and Leonard capable of taking their regular turns along with Ruth, Shore, Mays and Ray Collins, the Red Sox look just as strong and have an immense advantage in the schedule. The White Sox, like Detroit, have only few more games to play on the home field. This is considered a great handicap to Chicago, as Comiskey's field has always been the hardest in the country for a visiting team. Long winning streaks on the home field have been a specialty with the White Sex for ten years, and this season is no exception.

Schedule Strongly Favors Red Sox Chances

The Red Sox have 40 games to play at home, with 25 abroad. This will be a tremendous advantage to Carrigan's team, and with a two-game lead at the present time, it will require some sensational work on the part of the White Sox to take the pennant west. Since the Athletics dethroned the Tigers, in 1910, the American League championship has been won by an Eastern team, and unless the White Sox can stop the Red Sox, it looks as though it will remain in the East another season.

Detroit has a fighting chance, but Jennings' pitching staff is not strong enough, with the disadvantage the Tigers have in the schedule. Detroit has practically the same number of games away from home as the White Sox, and while the Tigers are a better road team than Chicago, they have not the allaround strength that Rowland's team has. A weak infield, together with the lack of consistent pitching, has been the greatest drawback to the work of the Tigers. They do not seem able to clinch games against weak opponents as well as the White and Red Sox.

Athletics Lose Out by Wretched Fielding

Miserable fielding by the Athletics in the fifth gave the Browns a game yes terday. Until that session it looked like a victory for the Mackmen, as Wyckoff was pitching great ball, particularly with men on bases. A muffed thrown ball by Lajoie started the trouble, and then young Healey proceeded to boot a grounder, and followed with a weird throw over Lajoie's head. Jimmy Walsh added a fumble to this nightmare, and these misplays, sandwiched in with two clean blows and two infield hits, gave the Browns five runs.

The Athletics rallied somewhat, but could not overcome this lead. Wyckoff was found for 11 hits, but, aside from the fifth inning, pitched excellent ball. Seldom has Wyckoff been as steady with men on bases, and his control was better than usual.

Healey Makes a Brilliant Play on Jimmy Austin

Young Healey had three errors at third base, but he made several plays that showed he has his nerve with him and will not blow up when things are breaking bad. In the fifth inning, immediately after he had botched two plays, Healey showed the fans that he has a head that thinks rapidly. This play was easily the feature of the game from a local standpoint. Austin was on third, with Sisler on second, when Pratt hit a wicked drive down the third-base line. Healey scooped the ball up cleanly and made a bluff to throw to first. The youngster was thinking fast and knew that Austin, a fast man, would dart for the plate as soon as the throw was made to first. He figured his play out perfectly, as Austin started for the plate as soon as Healey swung his arm to throw. Austin was the most surprised man on the field when Healey bluffed his throw and tagged him on the line. It was a clever play for any player to make, and particularly brilliant for a youngster.

Phils Begin to Wobble in Fielding

Alexander's wonderful pitching has spoiled the fans. They have become so accustomed to seeing the Nebraskan blank his opponents with a few hits that when he pitches an average game the fans begin to wonder if he is cracking. This expression was heard all over town last night. The Cardinals have always been so easy for Alexander that they naturally expected him to shut them out yesterday. With perfect support the Cardinals would have tallied but one run and the Phils would have carried the game into extra innings, but the tendency to blow up which developed in Cincinnati on Monday was again evident and the Cardinals gained two runs by misplays.

When a team gets but three hits it has no right to win and that was all that the Phils could accumulate off Willie Doak. Doak is a spitballer, and when a spitballer is right it is almost impossible to beat him, and Doak is probably the best spitball pitcher in the National League.

Publicity Stunt for Morton Slap at Sam Kennedy

In a publicity boost for Guy Morton, a Cleveland scribe tells a story about a Detroit scout who passed up a chance to buy Morton for \$200 and commented on the fact that Morton was now worth \$20,000 to any club. In this publicity yarn the Clevelander takes a slap at Sam Kennedy, a Philadelphian. It is not out of order to straighten the facts of the case.

Kennedy was managing the Waterbury Club of the Eastern Association when Morton was sent there under optional agreement by the Cleveland Club. Kennedy was the real developer of Morton and not Lee Fohl, who has been credited with it.

When Kennedy returned from Waterbury after the close of the season he boosted Morton strongly and said he would develop into one of the best pitchers in the country with another year in a minor league. That winter Kennedy was engaged by the Detroit Club as a scout and the first thing he did was to try to purchase Morton. This was impossible, as Cleveland had an option on the sensational youngster and Lee Fohl, who succeeded Kennedy as manager of Waterbury, assured Owner Somers that he must not fall to exercise the option. No amount of money could have got Morton for Detroit as that club discovered when it tried to effect the deal. The tale about the Tigers refusing to pay \$200 for Morton is bunk.

Mel Sheppard Heads Heterogeneous Crew of Athletes

Mei Sheppard took a crew of athletes to the Panama Pacific Exposition games. Sheppard is coaching the Millrose A. C., of New York, and his team was composed of seven men, including three Irlahmen, a German, a Jew, a Greek and a Pinn, All of them are good athletes, and the Millrose Club is certain to score. The Irishmen are Sheppard, himself, former king of distance runners; James Cahill and Joseph Higgins. Cahill is a discus thrower, who won this event in the Eastern tryouts at Boston, while Higgins is a half-miler who beat Dave Caldwell last winter. The German is a broad jumper named Schmidt; the Jew is Charlie Pores, a distance runner; the Finn is Willar Kyronen, a marathon runner, while the Greek le Nick Giannakopules, the well-known distance runner.

Dick Rudolph won again yesterday, and with the Phillies losing the Braves picked up another game on the leaders. With three more games in Cincinnati the Braves are likely to gain still another unless the Phillies surprise the fans By taking three in a row from the Cardinals, which is a mighty hard task to perform in St. Louis,

The wonderful work of the White Sox infield prevented the Red Sox beating Jim Scott yesterday and Rowland's team advanced in the American League race. Reports from the Hub state that no less than six ordinary hits with men on bases were snared by Collins, Weaver and Blackburne.

"Bud" Landis, of the Atlantic Refining Company, worked out at Shibe Park yesterday morning and made a great impression on Manager Mack, Landis is an outfielder who can hit 'em a mile. A regular game was played between Mack's recruits, and Landis and O'Donnell, a youth from Kensington, who was behind the bat for the first team, were the stars.

KELLY-THE SLAM BANG PLAYER



SWEENEY TO SANGUINETTI TO SCHULTZ

The International Alliance—Sweeney, of the Gas House, and His Companions From New York and Germany-How the Combine Began in St. Louis.

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

The World's Most Famous Writer of Baseball Fiction.

that way.

Sweeney, of course, was the fountain head of nearly all the devilment which flowed from the coalition. Sweeney had originality, initiative and inventiveness.

He was a red-headed, square-shouldered, freckle-fisted young man who came from the gas house district of a great city.

He began his career by playing ball upon the crowded streets and dodging policemen who wanted to arrest him for

it. He has been playing ball and dodg-ing policemen ever since. Sweeney was the bright star of the combine, the guid-

ing genius, the trouble boss; a prospec-tor for excitement, an ugly customer in

a mixed battle and a terror to umpires and base runners who slid feet first.

Sanguinetti was born on the East Side

in New York, and there was nothing really Italian about him but his name,

his dark, soulful eyes and his artistic temperament. Sanguinetti will resent this statement about his temperament,

but it is true, nevertheless. On the field and off, he depended a great deal upon

and on, he depended a great deal upon Sweeney's leadership, but Sanguinetti was a flash of lightning when it came to backing up a lead and carrying a play along to the point where the fists began

to fly. There was nothing yellow about Sanguinetti but his teeth, and while he could not invent new ways of getting

considering his limitations, and what man of us can do more?

And Schultz-well, he was just Her-

It happened in St. Louis, where the

"Sweeney to Sanguinetti to Schultz," | not be blamed for that; he was born thus it used to appear in the box-score summary of the games in which the old Mudhens took part. Sometimes, of course, it was "Sanguinetti to Sweeney to Schultz," which was a mere matter of inconsequential detail, depending upon which side of the bag the bail was hit. If anything of a chain-lightning nature was due to happen in the infield, it was a certainty that it would be started by the Irishman, pushed along by the Italian, and finished by the German. As for the third baseman, he was only a married man, with three children, and a touch of rheumatism in his right knee. He did not count. The real stars of the Mudhen infield were Sweeney, Sangui-nettl and Schultz.

Whether it was the red-headed, fighting Mick at short who first got his hands on the ball, or the nervous, temperamental Italian at second, it was always the mountain of a Teuton at first who closed the incident with a sweep of his broad. flat mitt. Sweeney and Sanguinetti were wonders at starting things, but when-ever they started something which they could not stop, they yelled for Schultz. That was where Schultz shone. He was a noble finisher, that German first base-



"A terror to umpires."

too much together. Too much together for their own good and the good of the club. When they were together they went hunting for trouble—that is to say, 8 weeney wished to find trouble, and 8 anguinetti told him where to look for it. After they had found it, and amused themselves with it for a while, they turned it over to Schultz. He knew what to do with trouble, that big German.

For three years the trio lasted, skating on the thin edge of suspensions, managerial fines and police court proceedings. For three years they whipped policemen, taxi mahouts, waiters and cab drivers; they demoralised towns and teams; they split the league wide open; and then, just as they had made up their In the eighth inning there was quite a celebration. It grew out of a decision at second base. Warner, of the St. Louis club, started to steal, and slid to the bag. Sanguinetti handling the throw. About 2020 people in the stands thought Sanguinetti falled to get the ball on Warner in time. One man on the diamond took the other end of the argument. He was the umpire, and he called Warner out. The St. Louis players came roaring from the bench, and the fans came roaring from the bench, and the fans came roaring from the bench, and the fans came roaring from the pench, and the fans came roaring from the pench. It was an unfortunate affair all around, for the next batter spanked out a double, which would have scored Warner from second if—but no post mortens. Warner was out. The umpire said so. St. Louis went home to his wife with his collar witted down, speaking in whispers, blasphening

and then, just as they had made up their minds to reform, the overstrained hair parted, the sword flashed, and calamity fell upon them as a reward for an act of pure heroism. Pure, unadulterated heroism, mind you. It doesn't seem right, even to this day.

herolam, mind you. It doesn't seem right, even to this day.

From the beginning of the alliance. Sweeney, Sanguinetti and Schultz were "in Dutch' with the management of the club. After a time they graw used to it. The worst thing about Johnny Moore, the manager of the team, was that he had absolutely no sense of humor. He could not see any fun in a combination formed of an Irishman, an Italian and a German. Johnny should

had evidently overlooked in their earlier The white-aproned gentleman with the curly bang built low upon his forehead was requested to arrange a brace of intricate beverages, the con-struction of which demanded a shaker, plenty of ice, the white of an egg, and-some other trifles.

if Sweeney and Sanguinetti had looked about them, they would have seen Her-man Schultz sitting at a table in a far corner, thoughtfully concealing a tall gob-let of dark, foreign-looking brew. In like manner, Schultz overlooked his team-

seven noisy young men, wearing number six hats and number nineteen collars. One of them, a dish-faced person with an undershot jaw, recognized Sanguinetii. He gathered his clan at the far end of the har, and spoke in a low tone. Then, with the dish-faced youth in front, the newcomers shoved forward in a body. "Hey! You're that wop second baseman, ain't you!"

Thus the lender saluted Sanguinetti, who turned with his back to the bar, and dropped his right hand to his side. Sweeney took his elbows off the rail, and looked over his shoulder.

"Well," said Sanguinetti pleasantly, "what's it to you? What if I am?"

"Oh, nothing," said the dish-faced person, "Nothing, Only you never put the ball on Warner this afternoon. That was a rotten, dirty steal."

was a rotten, dirty steal."

Sanguinetti, with one eye on the dish-faced party, estimated the strength of the attacking force. Seven to two-the odds should be shorter. A chorus of growls came from the six young men:

"Naw! He never even come close!"
"Warner slid under the ball."
"This wop couldn't tag an elephant in

an alloy!

Sweeney faced about.

"Sn-a-ay!" he remarked. "What's eating you guys? You looking for something?" That was what Sanguinetti had been

waiting for. His leader had spoken. It was to be war, then. Oh, very well.

"You say I didn't tag this bird to-day," said Sanguinetti softly. "Well, I'll tell you the truth now. I didn't, but I'm going to tag-you!"

Fist and word landed at the same time, and down went the dish-faced person in

a limp heap, wondering in a dazed fash-ion what had happened to him. (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

BARTLETT EASTLAND VICTIM

Well-known Bare-knuckle Fighter Identified in Chicago Disaster.

CHICAGO, July 29.—The body of Eddie Bartlett, well known as a fighter in the bare-knuckle days and no less renowned as a runner, jumper and wrestler, has been identified among the victims of the

Eastland. He was employed on the boat and his body was laid beside that of Joe Ber-trand, former bantam boxer, who also perished in the disaster. Bartlett prepared Harry Gilmore for his bare-knuckle fight with Jack McAuliffe at Lawrence, Mass., in 1887,

ANOTHER WHITE HOPE LOST

Gunboat Smith Slaughters Cowler, Corbett's Protege.

NEW YORK, July 29 .- Gunboat Smith REW CORR, July 22.—Gunboat Smith, of California, cut and smeared up Tom imported beer and keep an eye out for his friends at the same time.

While Sweeney and Sanguinetti were standing peaceably at the bar, waiting for the artist to produce twin masterpieces, the door opened, and in came

WILLIAMS OUTGROWS CLASS, SAYS HANLON

Champion Weighed in at 118 Pounds With Jimmy Taylor, Local Man Declares.

Despite the fact that the respective weights of Kid Williams and Jimmy Taylor were announced "116 pounds at non-for their 15-round championship battle Baltimore last week, Jack Hanlon, of the city, says articles of agreement governithe match read "118 pounds at noon," and that the principals weighed in at the last are avairables. er avoirdupois.

ter avoirdupois.

Furthermore, Hanlon Insinuates Williams will never defend his title at "12".

"He is too big for the weight," says Jack.

Three bantams loom up as probable conquerors of the Baltimore bearest, or, rather, one-time bearest, as the unanimous opinion of critics who saw Williams in his last fight was that he is ago the same Williams of yesteryear. They are Johnny Eric, of St. Paul; Billy Bevans of Wilkes-Barre, and Louisians, of this city. The Philadelphia contender, however,

may have outgrown bantam ranks. Since returning from New Orleans, where Louisiana fought Kid Herman, the local lad has increased in poundage. His manager, Jack Hanlon, says Louisiana may weigh as much as 124 pounds for his fight with Dutch Brandt in Brooklyn temorrow night.

A switch in the program of the elimina-tion bantam tourney at Ebbets Field to-morrow night, in which Louisiana and Dutch Brandt will meet in the final bout has been made. Eddle O'Keefe will meet Billy Fitzsimmons, instead of Eddle Canpi, and the latter will clash with Pany Brannigan. The fourth fray will bring Brannigan. The fourth fray will bring together Young Solzberg and Battling Reddy. The Trouble Factory and Little Italy is

all agog relative to the match between Bobby Reynolds and Frankle White at the Broadway Monday night. Ther great rivalry between the followers Reynolds and White, who is managed by Pat Bradley, and ye old Broadway probably will be jammed to its utmost caps

Bennie Kaufman, who is under the management of Muggsy Taylor, will show at a local club in about a fortnight. He is fighting in fine form.

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

TOMORROW NIGHT—TOMORROW NIGHT ALLEGHENY A. C. Allekheny Ave. OPEN AIR BOXING SHOW EDDIE REVOIRE vs. TYRONE COSTELLO

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But Fatimas are the best-liked and best-selling of all the cigarettes costing over 5c.



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Make this important test today.



EVENING LEDGER MOVIES-IT CAN'T KILL HIM, LOUIE, OF COURSE; BUT IT WAS AN AWFUL BLOW TO ALEX

speaking in whispers, blasphening hoarsely, it was a close race that year















