EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 31, 1915.

"SWEENEY TO SANGUINETTI TO SCHULTZ," BY VAN LOAN-VARDON ON GOLF-BASEBALL SWEENEY TO SANGUINETTI TO SCHULTZ

THE SEVENTH TEE

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FRANK BAKER ALMOST CERTAIN TO BE SOLD BEFORE END OF SEASON

12 **

Home Run King at Shibe Park and Rumor of Sale Is Revived. Would be Free to Sign With Feds Next Year-Tennis Veterans Swept Aside by Rise of New Generation.

Frank Baker was at Shibe Park yesterday atternoon, and the rumor that he was to be sold has been revived, and there is probably some ground for it this time. While the Athletics were in the West, it is said that Manager Mack hold many consultations with Western club owners.

There is not a chance of Baker ever playing with the Athletica, as Manager Mack declares that he does not want the Trappe slugger after the wrangle this spring, but it is also unlikely that he will remain in retirement much longer. Recent developments in the Delaware County League are said to have convinced Baker that the organization is not in good shape, and he denires to get back into organized ball.

Manager Mack will not even discuss Baker, and declares that he has absolutely no interest in his former star. The majority of the local fans have supported Mack in tearing down the famous machine, and there would be not even a murmur raised if Baker were sold at this time.

(a) (b) (b)

One More Year and Baker Is a Free Agent If Baker is not sold before the close of the present season to a club that is willing to meet the salary demands of the Home-run King, he will be a free

agent, according to the ruling of Judge Bissell, of Buffalo, in the Chase case. Chairman Herrmannn, of the National Commission, admitted that there was a rule of organized ball that made a player a free agent if he did not play for a year. This ruling was upheld by the National Association of Minor League Clubs also, and it was through this rule that the St. Louis Browns base their claims on Sister.

There would no doubt be an unwritten law that would keep Baker out of organized ball, but he would be free to sign with the Federal League without fear of restraint from the courts, even though his contract with the Athletics calls for his services in 1916. It is not likely that organized ball will permit a star of Baker's calibre to depart to the ranks of the independents without making some effort to hold him.

Connie Mack Made Baker; He Should Have Reward

Manager Mack must realize that while Baker will never be a member of his team again, he would be foolish to allow him to leave organized ball and to refuse to accept a large sum of money for Baker's contract. Mack developed Baker; and while it proved a good investment, there is none but Mack entitled to reap the reward if Baker's services are to be put on the market.

When Baker was asked whether he had come to Philadelphia to talk over this subject with Manager Mack, he merely stated that there was nothing new, and that he had come to Philadelphia to see some friends. The fact remains that there are three American League clubs bidding strongly for Baker's services, and that the home run king went to the Athletics' dressing rooms after the game, which is something he did not do on any of his previous trips to this city. Whether he talked to Mack in the dressing room is not known, but it is a fairly safe bet that Baker will be sold or traded within a fortnight

Poor Judgment Loses Game For Athletics.

A bit of poor judgment, either on the part of Catcher Lapp, of the Athletics, or of Pitcher Knowlson, lost yesterday's game to Cleveland. Most likely it was the stubbornness of young Knowlson, which cropped out early in the game. With Kirke on third base and Smith on second in the 10th inning and one man out, Knowlson allowed Steve O'Neil to hit instead of passing him and filling up the bases to take a chance on Morton. O'Nell clouted a terrific fly, which Schang caught at the bleacher wall, and the winning run crossed the plate after the catch. . . .

Young Knowlson Presumes to Know More Than Does Veteran Lapp.

In the eighth inning O'Nell was purposely passed after much crossing of Lapp by Knowlson, and Morton left Wambsganns stranded on third and O'Nell on first. Lapp signed for waste pitches and stepped out to get them twice with the count three balls and no strikes on O'Neil, but each time Knowlson put the ball over the plate. Fortunately, O'Nell fouled both pitches. With the count three and two Lapp stepped out for the pitch-out and Knowlson stood on the mound trying to induce Lapp to allow him to put the ball over. Finally he pitched what Lapp wanted and walked O'Neil. Had he done the same thing in the 10th inning the Athletics would have had a chance for victory.

Knowlson looked like a mighty promising recruit, but while confidence is appreciated in a recruit, he should learn that veterans who have been in the game for years know more about it than he does. The Ridgeway recruit is a powerfully built youngster, has a splendid curve ball and excellent control. With more experience he is likely to be heard from if he heeds instructions.

Guy Morton Deserved More Decisive Victory.

Guy Morton pitched against the Mackmen yesterday and would have held

Sand Halling and the state far an selle the and and A The Maille Alferrer marches an

MONEY MATCHES ON THE GOLF LINKS INSPIRE PLAYERS TO GREATEST PLAY, SAYS VARDON

A Stake Is Worth Much to the Real Golfer, Says British Champion-Recalls His Famous Match With Willie Park, Jr., for Hundred Pounds-Tells How He Won Friendship of Andrew Kirkwaldy-Other Interesting Golf Recollections.

By HARRY VARDON Champion Golfer of Great Britain

There is one very excellent form of contest which seems to me to have con-tributed in disappointingly small measure to the history of golf in the United States. It is the professional money match. I must confess that during the last 10 or is years in Britain.

15 years in Britain, struggles between professionals for staked sums have constituted hardly so distinguished a feat-ure of golfing affairs as in olden times; possibly they have en robbed of som their traditiona

glory by the fre tion which subdued rising wrath.

glory by the fre-HARRY VARDON. quent appearance of the leading players in tournaments and exhibition games. When the Morrisen, the Dunns, Allen Robertson, old Willie Park, Bob Fergu-son and other celebrities of a bygone age were at their zenith, practically the only real tests they received in match age were at their zenith, practically the only real tests they received in match play were in these contests for stakes, which, consequently, were promoted fairly often by patrons of the men concerned and which not infrequently found the players putting down their own savings for a "needle" fight.

had the honor, and when I drove, my ball pitched plumb on top of his and knocked it forward. We did not see the incident from the tee, but the forecaddies witnessed it and reported it

When Braid was my partner in a four-some for £100 a side with Duncan and Mayo some years ago we hit upon a daring and successful plan.

The first half of the match had to take The first half of the match had to take place in Timperley, near Manchester, a very wet and muddy course in the sea-son in which we played. The referce was asked to decide whether the green was fit for golf, and, rather to our astonish-ment, he said "Yes," Braid and I re-solved to make the best of the situation, and as the fairway was neither more nor when, on the evening preceding the start. I went for a walk with my brother Tom. "Big" Crawford, one of the best-known of North Berwick caddles and a rare character in his way, suddenly appeared around a corner and hurled a huge horsesolved to make the best of the situation, and, as the fairway was neither more nor less than soft mud into which the ball would sink. we agreed to drive into the rough, where there was stubbly grass that offered a "hold up" to the ball. The papers said next day that we were con-siantly getting off the line. In point of fact, we were pursuing a very nice policy which paid. shoe at me. I dodged and just missed it; if it had hit my head, as it looked like doing, I am not sure that there would have been any match at all. He ex-plained excitedly that he had put all his money on me and wanted to bring me luck. That, at any rate, was a consolawhich paid. For long-drawn-out tension I remem

You should have some of these money matches in America.

ber nothing quite like the first hour and a quarter of that contest. We began by halving 10 holes in succession; each of matches in America. There is only one experience that tests the perves and puts one on one's mettle with the same flerceness as a contest for staked sums, and that is the occasion when one realizes for the first time that one is a person of some importance in golf. Personally, I had this conscious-ness in a tournament at Portrush a good many years ago. I was very young and at the outset I did not expect to do any-thing worth mentioning. us was on tenterhooks all the while, won-dering who would be the first to take

lady onter." who belonged to a visiting team. "They're bad fellows," explained Walker to the newspaper men. "They'r

"Shults was surprised to see a young

always getting soused and creating row. Look up their records if you don' believe me. Why, they might have killed that poor little kid, throwing her aroun

PANIC IN THEATREL

SCHULTZ AGAIN ON RAMPAGE!

"Not content with their rowdy conduct on the diamond, three ballplayers named Sanguinetti, Schultz and Sweeney las night broke up a performance of "The Gilded Lily" and endangered hundreds of

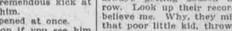
precious lives. As a result several suits for heavy damages may be filed."

Reputation can be a fearsome thing al

Before Sweeney, Sanguinettl and Schultz

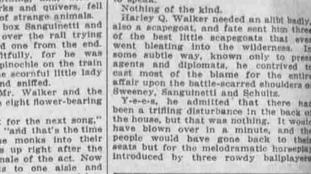
rolled out of their bads in the morning, the fate of the International Alliance was scaled. They rolled out when Johnzy Moore sent for them, and they went up

And this was the way one of the ar-



fou can kick a baboon if first, but you cannot make him like it. A haboon is sensitive. He doesn't look it, but you never can tell from the color like that. Her mother is going to su for heavy damages-shock to the kid nervous system, and all that sort of thing And there wasn't any excuse. Hand I of a baboon's face what his disposition o 'em good and plenty!" may be Johnny Moore read all the papers ever Two baboons and three ushers hurled This was one of the front-page head themselves upon John Smith, who to fight like a manlac, screaming at the ines which groeted him: top of his voice. Those in the back of the house had jumped to their feet with the first yell; now Smith's orles were ROWDY BALLPLAYERS CREATE mixed with the chattering and barking of This was another: the eight haboons. SWEENEY, SANGUINETTI AND





What the Eight Baboons Were Supposed to Do-What They Did

And the Last Triple Play Pulled, Sweeney to

Sanguinetti to Schultz.

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

The World's Most Famous,

Inters

guinetti and Schults,

We now have 13 characters in the cani-Sweensy, Sanguinetti, Schultz, the little

lady in the box, the press agent and the

eight baboons. Destiny sent the 14th

actor in the drama lurching through the

doors shortly after the opening of the

second act. The 14th actor was fat, red

in the face and of fitful, troubled ideas. His name makes no difference at all,

though he told the police afterward that

it was John Smith.

Writer of Baseball Fiction.

Sanguinetti braced himself against the

rail below. "Shoot her along!" he cried. Sweeney leaned far out over the roar

Sweeney leaned far out over the roa-ing abyes, with the aquirming, screaming child balanced in his musclar hands. A shout of protect wont up fram the mass of humanity jammed into the ainless of humanity jammed into the ainless sweeney gauged distance and drop with practiced eye, and the yell of warning changed to a gasp as the little white bundle flashed downward. Sanguinet caught the child defuy about the tiny waist, and, with one swind of his powes-ful shoulders, sent her flying over the footlights to Schultz. And that put the finishing touch to the panic, for it showed the crowd a way out

panic, for it showed the crowd a way our

panic, for it shows a second the stage was of the place. In less than ten seconds the stage was black with scurrying people, and when the curiain came down hunderds tried b fight their way through it. Sweeney, Sanguinetti, and Schult Sweeney, an alley, chuckling to them

'And nobody but us could have done h

An usher looked at John Smith doubt-fully as he seated him in the very last no slick," said Sweeney. "I wonder how you'd score that play?" They found out in the morning. You might think that an affair of that ow upon an aisle. row upon an alsie. "Keep your eyes on that souse," he warned his companion. John Smith cozed into his seat. He sort would give a press agent pause, so found the music soothing, and, with a series of nervous jerks and quivers, fell asleep and dreamed of strange animals. to speak. Nothing of the kind.

asleep and dreamed of strange animals. In the upper stage box Sanguinetti and Sweeney leaned out over the rail trying to filrt with the third one from the end. Schultz slumbered fitfully, for he was tired, having played pinochle on the train the might before. the night before. The scornful little lady counted the house and sniffed. Out in the lobby Mr. Walker and the

rainer marshaled the eight flower-bearing baboons. "The house is dark for the next song,"

said the press agent, "and that's the time we'd better herd the monks into their positions. She lights up right after the moon song for the finale of the act. Now let's see-four monks to one aisle and four to the other, and you're to send 'em down with the flowers after the third curtain call. The newspaper men are all in

front." "Did you give 'em my picture?" asked

"Did you give 'em my picture?" asked the trainer anxlously. "Surest thing you know!" lled Harley Q. glibly. "Thcy'll probably want to in-terview you afterward." They did, too. "All right," said the trainer. "All set? Hup: You Battling Nelson! Quit that!" Battling Nelson, a blond baboon with a blue face and pluk whiskers, showed his teeth in a doprecatory smile, and the proteeth in a deprecatory smile, and the pro-

ession began to move. The lights were low when the flower bearers entered the auditorium. The stage was deserted, save for a very big woman with a very little voice, who was singing a song to a greenish property moon. The youse was absolutely quiet, save for the vocal struggles of the large lady upon the stage.

At that very moment John Smith, dreaming of pink lizards and purple mice. He awoke with a snort and a gurgle. He jerked his head about to make sure of his surroundings, and, in the shadowy gloom of the place, his astounded even rested upon a solemn procession of dog-faced apes with bouquets in their hands. The baboons were passing along the run-way behind the last row of seats, and they were so close that John Smith might

have touched them. Now, every one knows that when a man is accustomed to pink lixards and purple mice, baboons with roses in their hands are a terrible shock to his nervou system. John Smith leaped to his feet, with a

hoarse howl of terror, and even as he yelled he launched a tremendous kick at the baboon nearest to him. Then everything happened at once.



the Athletics to one run had his support not erred badly, both in the field and in judgment. After the Indians had tied the score in the eighth inning there was little doubt in the minds of the fans as to the result unless some fluke beat the young Cleveland star. He pitched great ball throughout, and his work in retiring the Mackmen without a run after they had filled the bases with none out in the fourth inning was a treat. With Schang and Lajoie hitting in order it appeared a certainty that a few runs would be scored; but Schang went out on an easy fly, while Walsh, tryl-g to score on Lajoie's short fly to Southworth, was doubled at the plate.

A New Generation of Tennis Stars

Within the last half dozen years a new generation of tennis players has sprung up. Of the 1914 list of the first ten, according to national ranking, seven are comparative youngsters. The only veterans left are Karl H. Behr, William J. Clothier and Frederick B. Alexander. Four of the other seven are California "phenoms." The crack players of yesterday have been brushed aside by the smashing play and dashing speed of the youngsters.

In 1909 Maurice McLoughlin and M. H. Long came out of the West, and their form in the all-comers at Newport and in several invitation tournaments caused the powers-that-be in American lawn tennis affairs to take notice. When the next ranking list was published they were placed at sixth and seventh respectively.

The next year T. C. Bundy, of Los Angeles, quietly and convincingly went through the all-comers' tournament, and lost to Bill Larned in the challenge round. The ranking list that year found Bundy second to Larned, and Mc-Loughlin and Long in fourth and fifth places. Clothier, Little, Behr, E. P. Larned and LeRoy, names to conjure with, were outside the select circle.

Seven Youngsters who Now Hold Spotlight.

The seven young players who have come into prominence in recent years, and who are now placed among the first ten in the land, are McLoughlin, Williams, Murray, Johnston, Church, Washburn and Fottrell. They have taken the places of Larned, N. W. Niles, Beals Wright, H. H. Hackett, Holcomb Ward, R. D. Sears, H. W. Slocum, O. S. Campbell and Dwight F. Davis.

Therein Americans differ from Australians, for the veterans of old, Norman E. Brooks, A. W. Dunlop and R. W. Heath, still are the leaders.

McLoughlin, the oldest of the septet, is in his 28th year, and Williams, Crurch and Washburn still are collegians. Therefore, it is safe to presume thet these young players will remain at the top until another generation meurps their places. . . .

"Fill Quit Ring When I Get Rich."-Willard

That is a high-sounding motto, but one which Jess Willard, world's heavyweight boxing champion says he is going to fulfil.

In a recent interview Willard gives some sound advice. He is a lover of home, with a wife and family to look after, and he means to pile up a snug sum for a rainy day. Unlike some other champions, Willard is not going to be king for a day, with a retinue a mile long. In that he shows wisdom. For this reason alone the fans of the country must admire him. He has the right idea, and will do more to put the boxing game on its proper plane than any man who ever sported the Marquis of Queensberry crown. Willard is in position to earn he opposed Willie Park. Jr., at Mussel-burgh in 1877. The many minura and oth-ers in the neighborhood are intenasily en-

Unless the committee in charge of the national most at the Panama-Pacific champkmships next month seen fit to change the order of events, it is not likely that Ted Meredith, of the Meadowbrook Club, of this city, world's half-mile champion, will meet Norman Taber, the ex-Brown University miler, who recently ran in would's record time.

Still, the love of the money match is by no means dead in my native country. It still asserts itself from time to time. It still asserts itself from time to time, and, as a rule, it gives rise to thrills such as not even a championship ex-cites very often. So far as I have been able to judge, this kind of rivalry has never appealed particularly strong to American professionals; at least, one can-not recall many instances of the insulng of challenges. It is a pity, because the money match is splendid training for a young and ambitious solfer. Even young and ambitious golfer. Even though he loses it, he comes out of it with a lot more knowledge and experience and ability to keep his head on a big occasion than he possessed before he went

Personally I have found the truly strong wine of golfing strife in contests for staked sums, and the sense of responsi-bility which they have imposed—the necessity of making the effort of a lifetime in order to be supreme-has done my game no small measure of good. Frankly, they are not handsomely remunerative; one may win the other man's £100, but the engagements that one has to sucrifice in order to prepare properly for the contest and the expenses that are entailed mean that there is not a great deal of profit to show for a hard-earned triumph. And there is always a loser as well as a win-

ner. But although they are generally called "money matches," I am not considering them from the monetary point of view. It is their influence which is valuable

I shall never cease to regard as the most important event of my career the 72-hole match for £190 a side which I contested with Willie Park, Jr., over the North Berwick and Ganton courses in 80. I had beaten Park by a stroke in the open championship of the previous season at Prestwick (he had missed a putt of four feet on the last green to tie with me), and he was soon out with a chal-

It took us the best part of a year to agree upon terms; we were both aching for the match, but Park wanted part for the match, but Park wanted part of it to be played at Musselburgh the home of his famous family, and I did not relish that idea. I had always been treated in a sporting way by the Musselburgh crowd, but its reputation in conneon with money matches in which a local golfer was engaged was such that one could not take the risk that seemed to me to be involved. When old Tom Morris met Willie Park, Sr., there in 1855, the spectators interfered so frequently with Morris' ball that the referee had to stop the match; and I believe that J. H. Tay-lor had a very harassing time of it when thusiastic golfers, but they are partisans to the backbone, and the visiting golfer who opposes a local favorite in a big match stands a vary considerable chance of being worried completely off his same. Well we agreed at last to play at North Berwick-links which Park knew well-

rived on the scene. I had the next shot and missed it. Then he replaced his ball in the spot it had originally occupied and played the like. Park won the hole, but after a terrific struggle I was 2 up at the end of 36 holes.

At the 11th hole, where the spell wa

broken, a curious thing happened. Parl

dering w the lead.

At Ganton, in the second half of the match, I had a kind of joyday. I could not fail at a putt or do anything badly. It was just one of those happy periods which every golfer strikes occasionally. I won by 11 and 10, a far more easy vic-tory than ever I had expected to gain. For capacity to stir the emotions, the second greatest match in which I was second greatest match in which I was ever engaged was the foursome in which Taylor and I met James Braid and Alex-ander Herd over four greens-St. An-drews, Troon, St. Anne's-on-sea and Deal-in 1966. That event also aroused endless discussion, and the crowd at St Andrew's, where we started, was almost and the sector of the sector of the sector. awe-inspiring. Estimates varied as to the number of persons present; some put it av 15,000 and others at 8000. Certainly, the latter must have erred on the side of moderation. When we drove off the speciators were packed many deep the whole way down either aide of a fairway 305 yards long, while there were thousands of persons round the teeing ground

and the putting green. What I remember chiefly about that match was the desperateness of the strugand then the dist of the string-gle in the first 36 holes. First, one side and then the other would gain an advan-tage. It was called "England vs. Scot-land," because the pairs happened to be so constituted, and I tell you that at St. Andrew's they are all for Scotland. At one point where the English ball. At one point, where the English ball began to roll down a slope toward a bunker, there were cheers from the Scottish partisans, followed by groans when the ball stopped two feet short of the hasard. However, it was real excitement and at the end of the day Taylor and I

were two down. The amazing circum-stance that stands out in bold relief in the recollection was that never a ball at anybody. There were spectators enough in all conscience, and they were wild be-yond the dreams of authoritative control My only memory of the second half of the contest at Troon is that the crowd-about 10,000 strong-was a great deal more excitable that at St. Andrew's: that Tay-lor and I played under the influence of a divine impiration such as soldorn vis-ited us, and that a man kept on playing a cornet on the edge of the last grean, presumably for the benefit of people who were not keen on the solf.

wars not keep on the golf. Taylor and I left Troon with a lead of 15 holes, so that we had nothing about which to worry when we went to St. Anne's for the third stage of the contest. Indeed, the only trouble at that course was that Herd had a long wrangle with a policeman before he could get on the a policeman before he could get on the links: the officer thought he was trying to swindle local charities for half a grown. "It you don't leterms in there'll he no match." said Herd, and that uitt-mately settled the question.

I was drawn with Andrew Kirkaldy, and in the next couple was his brother, the late Hugh Kirkaldy. On the evening before the competition began I met the big-hearted, outspoken Andrew in the strest, and in his own inimitable way

thing worth mentioning

he told me just what chance I had.

indicated that I might as well for all the opportunity I had of gaining a prize, and wound up with a complaint, against a draw which would cause him against a draw which would cause him and his brother to meet in the second round,

I did not dispute his views; in truth, I felt that they were right.

In the morning I struck a rich vein from the second hole and kept it till the Soon after the turn, we passed Hugh playing in another match, and he called out to Andrew to ask how he

"Mon," replied Andrew in tones of al-nost feroclous indignation, "I'm five most doon!

I reached the final of that tournament. and nobody was more genuinely delighted about it than Andrew, who has been one of my greatest friends since that curious day at Portrush

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[This is the eighth of a series of articles on solf that Mr. Vardon, the British cham-pion, is writing specially for the Evening Ledger, The minth article will appear next Saturday.]

Atlantic II Sold to Brady

James Cox Brady, son of the late An-thony N. Brady, has purchased from for-mer Commodore Wilson L. Marshall, of the Larchmoot Yacht Club, the three-masted auxiliary schooner, Atlantic II, which won the Emperor William Cup in a race across the Atlantic Ocean.

The big schooner was built in 1963 by Townsend & Downey, of Shooter Island. She is 135 feet over all, 135 feet on the water line. Atlantic, as the steel craft is generally known, has won a number of trophies, the chief one being the Emperor William Cup.

"THE MEXICAN MARVEL" BEGINS ON MONDAY

Charles E. Van Loan's excellent story, "The Mexican Marvel," begins in the Evening Ledger on Monday. It is a rattling funny story of a baseball hoax, full of the humorous touches for which Van Loan is famous. Hegin it in Monday's Evening Ledger.

Down in front a woman began to scream hysterically. It was her voice which stampeded the six baboons who had, up stampeded the six baboons who had, up to that point, taken no part in the battle. One of the brutes sprang upon the rail-ing and started for the footlights over the heads of the people, and, as he went, he used his sheaf of American Beauties

as a club. The other baboons followed him, shricking and chattering like crazy things. One baboon would have been enough to create a disturbance; eight of them complicated

the situation somewhat. A panic resulted. Men and women were swept out of their seata, and carried in a wave toward the front of the house. The afales were full of struggling, acreaming human beings, and behind them came the baboons, like hairy furles.

on the managerial carpet with clear con-sciences. They had not seen the morning papers, but Johnny shook them at the From their seats in the upper box, San-guinetti and Sweeney could not see what was causing the excitement. They saw papers, but Johnny shook them as the culprits as they entered.
When the manager got through frothing at the mouth, the defendants began to talk all at the same time."
"A-h-h-h, shut up!" anapped the manager. "Think you can play me for a sucker all the time? This is where I've got you with the goods! I'm going to split this combination so far apart that no two of you will ever be together again? That's what I'm going to do! I wish they had a baseball league in China."
Considering the limitations of organised baseball, Moore did tairly well. Sweeney went to Boston. Saugulastit went to sulprits as they entered. only the panic swirling down the alsies

only the pane swiring down the aliges toward the orchestra pit. "Hell's loose in the back of the house!" shouted Sweeney above the clamor. "Let's jump down on the stage and beat it out of the back door!" 'You said it for me!" yelled Sanguinetil

excitedly Just then the scornful little lady called attention to her presence with a succes

"Mamma! Mamma!" she walled. "Wa can't leave this poor kid here." and Sweeney. "Got to take her along

said Sweeney. omehow." He picked the child up in his arms and he clung to him, still acreaming with

Sweeney and Sanguinetti. And all, mind you, for an act of purs

'It's all right now." said Sweeney, "It's It doesn't seem right, even to this day. (THE END.)

all right. Cheese on the noise, little one, We'll gut you to your mamma. Herman!" "Vot iss?" demanded the big Garmar. "Herman, you jump down on the stage-Sanguinett, you drop into the box balow here. I'l pass the kid along to you, and you toas her to Schults! I'll follow. Quick

now"" Te was the commanding officer speaking, and, like trained soldiers, Schults and Sanguhotti oboyed. By this time the up-roar in the back of the house had begun to subside, but the sight of two men leaping from an upper stage box did not tend to restors public confidence. One of the men jumped on the size. A third man suppared in an upper box with a child in his arms. "Now then!" he yelled. "Sweeney to Sanguinstil to Schultz! All set"

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went to Hoston, Sanguinetti went to Chicago, and poor old Schultz remained with the Mudhens. Moore said that Schultz would have been all right but for

AMERICAN LEAGUE BASEBALL TODAY SHIBE PARK ATHLETICS vs. CLEVELAND

GAME CALLED AT 3:60 P. M.

EVENING LEDGER MOVIES-LUCKILY MOZAR IS NO MORE, LOUIE; HOW HE WOULD HAVE SUFFERED!

