

PHILS INCREASE LEAD EVEN ON ROAD "THE MEXICAN MARVEL" BY C. E. VAN LOAN

PHILLIES, WITH EVEN BREAK ON ROAD, GAINING ON BRAVES AND BROOKLYN

Moran's Club, Going at .500 Clip, Holds Lead With Little Prospect of Being Dethroned—Road Record Now Should Be Seven Won and One Lost—Pitching Standard Maintained.

The Phillies are still out in front, despite the predictions that the team would blow up long before the 1st of August, and had it not been for some erratic and careless fielding in the last week, Moran's team would now be enjoying a lead of six and a half games. Three games have been lost in the West which should have resulted in easy victories, to say nothing of the game Demaree lost in the ninth inning after pitching eight scoreless rounds.

The pitching staff continues to show wonderful form, and so long as it keeps going at its present rate of speed there is little chance of any of the contenders ousting them from the lead. The most displeasing part of the week's work were the two defeats of Alexander the Great, neither of which was deserved. The big Nebraskan is still pitching wonderful ball, despite the two setbacks, and, instead of showing signs of cracking, Alexander appears to be priming himself for a stirring finish.

As pointed out in these columns last week, Brooklyn's inability to win games on the road probably will eliminate that team from the race before it returns home, provided the Phillies can get an even break or better in the West. Moran's team has won four and lost four games on the road to date, which is good enough, although the record should read seven victories and one defeat. The Dodgers have proved easy for Pittsburgh and Cincinnati, and are likely to find the going rough in Chicago and St. Louis, as both of these teams have taken a new lease of life since returning home.

Boston Braves Must Show Better Ball or Fall By the Wayside Boston's defeats at the hands of Cincinnati were a great surprise to fandom, and the Braves are likely to have their hands full in Pittsburgh this week. Boston must do considerably better than an even break on this trip if they hope to be in position to battle the Phillies for first place when they return home. There is still a good chance for the Braves to have a successful trip, but better ball must be played than the Braves showed in Cincinnati or the team will lose ground instead of gaining.

Phillies Have Cracked, According to Cincinnati Scribe A Cincinnati scribe, W. A. Phelon, issues forth with the declaration that the Phillies are "all in and down and out," that they have cracked and are virtually out of the running. Chirps Mr. Phelon:

"May be so and may be not; but to a man up a tree it looks as if the Philadelphia Nationals had shot their bolt and that it would be a matter of only a few more days before they are dragged down. Their defense seems to have finally cracked under the severe strain to which it has been subjected, and the men are stumbling badly in pursuit of the fugacious fly or the grouchy grounder. All season the club, though doing wonders in the way of net results, has battled very weakly in comparison with its nominal hitting strength, and it has held its position through good fielding and the grand pitching of Alexander. That sort of work seldom endures through a whole season. Sooner or later the one dependable pitcher, when there is nobody to alternate with him in winning big loads of games, goes to pieces; sooner or later the defense, if no batting is done to help it out, staggers and falls. The last game of the Philadelphia series here was lost through bad errors in the final round. Their first game at St. Louis saw both the defeat of Alexander and a miserable exhibition of fielding—six errors."

Mr. Phelon's Fame as a Prophet—The Record This is the best boast the Phillies have received from an out-of-town scribe this season, because Phelon has become famous as a prophet—in the reverse. If memory serves correctly, Phelon picked the Cubs to beat the Mackmen; the Giants to trim the Macks in 1911 and 1913; the Giants to beat the Red Sox; the Athletics to win from the Braves, and while the Braves were running neck and neck with the Giants and Cardinals, he picked them to blow up, just as he predicts the downfall of the Phillies. To make the pennant certain for the Phillies, all needed now is for Hughie Fullerton to pick Moran's team to explode.

Great Three-cornered Race in American League While the National League race has aroused the local fans, the American League is staging a great three-cornered battle also. The Red Sox have an immense advantage over Detroit and Chicago, as Carrigan's team will play the tail-enders of Cleveland and St. Louis 10 games in eight days after the Tigers finish up their series in Boston on Tuesday. Boston's pitching staff has rounded into form and where, early in the year, none of the hurriers but Foster was in shape, now the Red Sox have eight pitchers going so well that Carrigan is having his troubles finding enough work to keep each one on edge.

Pitcher Allows But Five Hits in Eighteen Innings Dave Davenport's marvelous work for the St. Louis Federals on Saturday has never been approached in major league circles. Davenport pitched both games of a double-header against Buffalo and allowed but five hits and one run in 18 innings. This one run gave Buffalo a victory in the second game and spoiled a perfect day for the lanky Texan.

The remarkable part of Davenport's work was that he allowed the Buffeds only one hit in the second game, but lost 1 to 0. This hit was made in the eighth inning and was a scratch double on an easy fly that fell between Miller and Tobin. After pitching nine sensational innings in the first game, Davenport permitted but 29 batmen to face him in the second game. Chase, who got the only hit and run, and two men who walked were the only players to reach first. One of these was thrown out stealing.

When the Catcher Should Throw to Second on Double Steal Two Lansford (Pa.) baseball fans are engaged in a lively argument regarding the EVENING LEDGER's analysis of throws to second and to third when the double steal is attempted. One argues that the statement that catcher would do well to throw to second in many instances is incorrect. He contends that the man on first has a chance to get in a juggle and allow the runner who is stealing third to round third and score while the player on first is being run down. The EVENING LEDGER is asked to cite an instance proving that its contention was right.

The best instance was the manner in which the Phillies lost to the Reds last Friday because Milton Stock was caught in a juggle between first and second, with Tincup on third. As soon as Tincup wandered off third he was caught and a rally stopped, while Stock was back on first. Of course Stock and Tincup are not Cobbs or Collinses, but in 99 cases out of 100 a player caught in a juggle is retired under such conditions without the runner scoring. When the throw is made to second on such a play, the base runner is not expecting it and is therefore too near second to prevent being tagged.

Kling Caught Ty Cobb in World's Series of 1908 In the world's series between the Cubs and Detroit in 1908 Johnny Kling broke up a promising rally with this play by throwing Cobb out at second by 15 feet, because he realized that there was no chance to catch Davey Jones at third and that the best thing to do was to retire one of the runners, not being particular whether the play was made at second or third.

If the play could be worked so successfully against the peerless Cobb, it can be worked against any base runner, and it is the proper play, if the pitcher is careful to keep the runner close to first. Of course this play is of value only if one or two are out. Otherwise the man stealing third would be in position to score on any kind of an out. With one man out and the runner going to second picked off, as he can be nine times out of ten, two men are out, and it still requires a hit to score him.

Logan A. A. has signed almost an entire new team, and in its first game with the changed line-up won from Penn City, 19 to 6. Rodenbaugh and Landis, formerly of the Atlantic Refining team, are now with Logan.

Frank McNichol, one of the famous sons of J. P., was batted out of the box by Cape May on Saturday, and the Logan Squares were badly beaten. McNichol's first doubling in quite a while. Bob McKenty, son of Warden McKenty, of the Eastern Penitentiary, was Cape May's twirler, and he allowed Logan Square but three hits and shut them out.

Bob Scott, former Allentown pitcher, who has been twirling for Frank Port's Clifton Heights team, was on the mound for Victor C. C. on Saturday and shut out Union Petroleum with four hits and struck out 11 batters. Victor batted Weaver fairly hard, but tallied only three times, as the Union infield played sensational ball.

WHEN A FELLER NEEDS A FRIEND



THE MEXICAN MARVEL

The Greatest Second Baseman in the Business Discovered—A New Gag Instead of the Cuban Stuff—Haysoose Maria Martinez Is Planted and Ramon Oliveras Sprouts.

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

"YES, sir," said old Joey Bostwick, the scout, "he's the greatest second baseman in the business today, bar none. You know me, Dick. I've been here and I've been there, and I've looked at 'em all, one way and another; but you never heard me make a crack like that before in my life. I never go round shooting off my mouth about what a great player I've found. I let them prove it, but this time, Dick, I've dug up a man worth hollering about, and I don't care if he is a coon, I say he's the greatest second baseman in America today. I bar nobody!"

Dick Kelly, manager of the Orphanas, listened to the excited statement of his old scout with the trace of a grin on his face. Never before had he seen the veteran "so worked up," as he would have expressed it.

"But don't you see, Broey," remarked Kelly, "that it wouldn't make any difference how good he is? He might be far and away the best second baseman in the world, but his color bars him. He can't get in. A nigger on a big-league ball club? Wake up, Joey, wake up!"

"Dick," said the scout, with ominous politeness, "are you going to listen to me or not? Who was it that went out in the bushes and got 'Splint' MacLean? Who was it that went down into the jungles and came back with 'Boneface' Harmon? Hey?"

"You did it," said Kelly solemnly. "I've always said you could fall in a sewer, and come out with a ball player in each hand."

Bostwick sniffed scornfully at this veiled reference to his lack of success on the club—as a coon? demanded Bostwick. "Of course not! You make me tired. When it comes to jumpin' at conclusions, you're the greatest lepper that ever came out of Ireland. Listen now till I tell you. It was out in Lima, Ohio, that I saw this bird—his name's Buckner, and they call him Bud for short—and he was with a coon team that was touring around the country in a private car, meeting all comers. The minute I saw this Buckner in action, it hit me that there was class sticking out all over him—good enough, just as he is, to play on any club in the country. Dick, I give you my word he covers that infield like a carpet, and when it comes to getting the ball on a runner, he's all—"

"You said all that before, Joey," said Kelly. "What's the use in going all over the ground again? He's a coon, and that lets him out." Kelly snapped his fingers as if displacing the subject into thin air.

Joey Bostwick fairly wriggled with impatience, indignation and other unholy emotions.

"Can't you wait?" he cried. "I'm no fool! I know you can't get a coon on a club in this or any other league, but you tell me now, is there any law against your playing a Mexican?"

"A what?" demanded Dick Kelly, surprised in spite of himself.

"A Mexican," answered the old man. "I'll tell it for you if you want me to. I guess there ain't anybody in this league who can't play a Mexican. I've played baseball with a high-class Mexican. If he was well advertised as such, eh?"

Kelly lowered the front legs of his chair to the floor, and flipped away his cigar and.

"Joe," he asked, "what are you getting at, anyway?"

"Just this," said Bostwick: "We could pass this fellow Buckner off as a Mexican as easy as you can stick a pin in a cork. Go 'way!" said the manager. "Why, a Mexican's hair is straight, and—"

"Are you going to let me finish or not?" harked Bostwick. "That's you all over, Dick, setting me up, and then when the cards are dealt! Now, keep your shirt on and listen to me a minute. I went down to that private car, and I had a talk with this Buckner. If he'd been made to order for people such as I, he'd be any better. In the first place, he ain't so black as he might be—sort of a nice smooth coffee color. In the second place, his hair is nearly as straight as yours—what you go and say that he's a coon of a wave to it. He's a right handsome looking fellow. Once in a while you see 'em like that. First I was thinking we could spring him as a Cuban—"

"No!" said Kelly shortly. "That's old stuff. That Cuban thing has been worked to death by people who never saw the island—not even on a map. Why, all you've got to do to say 'Cuban,' and you'll make people snort. Nix on the Pearl of the Antilles."

"Just the way I had it figured out!" said Bostwick. "Now, this Mexican gag is a thousand per cent stronger. In the first place, it's never been done. It's new. In the second place, how many of these Easterners have ever seen a Mexican, or a cross between a Mexican and an ape, and all they have to do is to change his name. That's dead easy. Don Juan Garcia, or Haysoose Maria Martinez, or any old thing. Easy! Well, I should say," said Kelly, and there was in his tone a hint of uncertainty, as if, in spite of himself, he had been weighing the matter in his mind. "I'm afraid it's no use, Joey. I couldn't be done. If we play this fellow for a Mexican, it would make it his business to look up Buckner and have a chat with him, and the coon couldn't come through with the language."

Old man Bostwick brought his fist down with a tremendous thump.

"But he can!" he cried. "That's the best part of it—he can! This Buckner talks that Mexican Spanish all same as a sailor's parrot. I guess I forgot to mention to you that he lived down in Presidio County, Texas, for five years when he was a kid, and that's right on the Mexican line. Why, he can sling that chile-con-carne conversation so thick and fast it would make your head swim! Taste the language? Why, he can eat it alive!"

"The dickens you say!" exclaimed Kelly. "Why didn't you tell me that before? You always tell a story backward, anything you get tucked away inside that thick skull of yours?"

Joey Bostwick grinned, and, taking a faithful, pale cigar from his vest pocket, proceeded to poison the atmosphere with its fumes.

"Of course," he said, at last, between

MENTAL HAZARDS IN GOLF ALL A FAKE; "IT AIN'T SHOULD"

First Hole at Country Club and Eighth at Bala Bugaboos to the Timid—Sir Noble Changes His Mind at Lu Lu Tourney. Von Hindenburg Has Broken Up Golf in Germany.

A mental hazard is all a fake. It's only a hazard because one thinks it is. And in thinking of all the things that might happen the golfer is prone to wiggle his brain out of gear with his brain and bone, thus causing the shot to falter and most likely do exactly the opposite of what the player devoutly wished it would do.

Why in the world a simple thing like standing on the brink of a 60-foot cliff and making a 70-yard drive across a valley filled with boulders and trees, as is the case on the first hole at the Country Club, should cause alarm is beyond reason, yet golfers as a rule simply have to give the setting the up-and-down and then they freeze just because failure to make the shot will cost them a stroke.

And then there's the eighth hole at the Bala Golf Club. Lapping lazily at the edge of the tee is a beautiful lake, right at the driver's toes. He knows that the lake has been put there on purpose to bother him and yet he allows himself invariably to be bothered. It is only a carry of 130 yards to the other side. There's a boy who sits singing and whistling all the day in a boat waiting to fish out any balls that are topped into the lake. Yet, aware of the boy and of the easy shot across, golfers as a rule are petrified at this hole.

Why should this thing be? As Euclid was prone to remark, "It ain't should."

At the Lu Lu tournament the other day one of the Nobles refused to take a big handicap.

"I'm good," he admitted, "I can do the nine holes in 54 easy." When he stood up to meet at the first tee, he lashed wickedly at the pill, but missed it cold. After untangling his legs and club, etc., he swung again. He just nosed the thing and it took a gentle rise to the right about 10 feet away.

Mr. Noble hastily ran to retrieve it.

"Yeh, yeh, whoa!" roared the gallery. "If you pick up your ball it costs you four strokes."

"Gosh ding it!" moaned the Noble, much annoyed. "This ain't like playin' in fun, is it? We always take a hum drive over."

Golf was introduced into Deutschland less than seven years ago, but, on account of the war, it has now "died dead."

The Teutons took their tools, trained to the tee and thistle, to the trenches. Von Hindenburg, who never could get on to the game, ordered a raid on all the golf clubs. Everything was snatched.

The iron clubheads, so says a dispatch, made lovely shrapnel, as did the brass cups and steel lockers. The golf balls were unwound and melted into rubber things to keep out the wet.

The little flags at the holes were nifty for the Uhlans. Golf bags have been sewed into canvas tents for the officers; the sand in the bunkers is used for ballast on the Zepps; the leather grips on club shafts were sewed into shawls, and the felt underneath makes blankets. The secret of the nature of the poison gas that knocks 'em dead has come out in the disclosure of the collection by the bridge building society team. He was also a well known and popular member of the Northwood Club.

RUNS SCORED BY MAJORS LAST WEEK

Table with columns for Clubs, Runs, and Majors. Includes American League and National League data.

NEW YORK YACHT CRUISE ON THIS WEEK

150 Boats Entered for Festivities, With 40 Listed for Big Races.

NEW YORK, Aug. 2.—The annual cruise of the New York Yacht Club is the chief yachting feature for the next 10 days.

The fleet has been ordered by Commodore George F. Baker, Jr., to rendezvous at New London, and from there until a week from Wednesday there will be racing every day except Sundays, and while the fleet of yachts is passing through the Cape Cod Canal.

The cruise this year will be novel in many ways. The itinerary is new, and the yachtsmen are pleased that the old route through the Sound and then racing off Newport has been changed. It is expected that at least 150 vessels will participate in the festivities, and that the fleet of racing yachts will number more than 40.

The commodore will signal the harbor start Tuesday morning, after which the yachts will proceed to Newport. The race committee will send the competing yachts off an hour after the harbor start has been made. The start will be at Sarah's Ledge and the finish at Brenton Reef light vessel, 38 miles away. Off Newport on Wednesday the best of the racing fleet will sail for the Astor Cups.

Captain Vincent Astor offers two of these trophies, one for schooners and one for sloops. In the schooner race will be the Encantress, W. E. Iselin; Irota, E. Walter Clark; Miami, George W. Scott; Corona, Cleveland H. Dodge; Yacram, Harold E. Vanderbilt; Windward, H. D. Whitton; Queen Mab, Hendon Chubb, and some others. In the sloop race will be the 50-footers—Ventura, Grayling, Spartan, Hamuri, Coralis, Barbara, Iroquois, the Shimura and some of the thirties.

After these races the fleet on Thursday will race to Buzzards Bay, finishing off East Falmouth. Friday morning the sailing craft will be towed through the canal into Cape Cod Bay, and the auxiliaries and steamers will follow. They will then proceed to Provincetown, anchoring there for the night. On Saturday morning the race will be to Marblehead, crossing Massachusetts Bay.

EVENING LEDGER MOVIES—IF A MAN IS WORTH 29 CENTS, LOUIE, WHY IS A BALL PLAYER?



"Yes, sir," said old Joey Bostwick. "He's the best second baseman in the business today."

horn into one of those semipro outfits under the name of Miguel Garcia, or whatever else that sounds Mexican, and that he'd be waiting to be discovered.

"Of course, you'll have to grease him with pork-and-bean money over the printer, but that wouldn't amount to much. Then, to make the play strong, you could send one of the other coons down there to look this fellow over in the regular way. I'd suggest Bill Carter for the job, because Bill has never been south of St. Louis in his life, and he wouldn't know a Mexican from any other smoked-up citizen. Bill will report this fellow to be a bear, and then all you have to do is to come out in the morning with the statement that you'll have grabbed Senator Ramon Oliveras, the greatest Mexican second baseman in the world, for the usual spring buy-out. Why, Dick, it'll work like a charm!"

(CONTINUED TOMORROW)

REYNOLDS VS. WHITE IN BROADWAY FINAL

Rival Ghetto and Italian Lightweights Clash Here Tonight. Scraps About Scrapers.

Boxer vs. fighter will be the feature of the wind-up at the Broadway Club tonight, when Ghetto Bobby Reynolds clashes with Italian Frankie White. Both boys reported to Promoter Taylor this morning in fine fettle. South Philadelphia fans have manifested much interest in the match, and the biggest crowd of the season probably will be in attendance.

The program follows: First bout—Joe Thum, Southwark, vs. Bob Loebe, Southwark.

Second bout—Joe McAvoy, Southwark, vs. Tommy Jackson, Fort Richmond.

Third bout—Jack Fawcett, Little Italy, vs. Mike Howell, Little Italy.

Fourth bout—Raymond, Bunny Social, vs. Willie Bengert, Southwark.

Fifth bout—Frankie White, Trouble Factory, vs. Frankie White, Little Italy.

The Toland battlers—Jack and Young Jack—will appear in bouts at the Douglas Club tomorrow night. Big Jack will tackle Eddie Reynolds and Little Jack will be opposed to Joe Tuber.

Frank Foley says Willie Houck made such a great hit in his 15-round bout with Tommy Love at Ardmore, Md., that he has been matched to meet the best light-weight procurable for Labor Day.

Residents in the vicinity of the Ludlow A. C. have been cheating the box club by watching bouts in the open air, instead of from boxes. Still they have complained against doing this.

Bill Brown, of Brown's Gymnasium, N. Y., will act as third man in the ring when Johnny Dundee and Jack Britton endeavor to knock each other's block off at the Garden A. C. to-morrow night.

Ty Cobb, local featherweight, has been summoned at Fennerhouse, N. J., as a guard for the du Pont Powder Works.

Following his victory in Brooklyn over Patsy Brannigan, Eddie Campi, of San Francisco, left for home. While in the East, Eddie made Philadelphia his home.

Bill Dalley, manager of Joe Phelan, says he has a coming champion under his wing. He wants to hook up Joseph with Young Jack O'Brien.

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

BOXING TUESDAY NIGHT DOUGLAS A. C. 11th & Spring Garden St. Eddie Reynolds vs. Jack Toland. Joe Tuber vs. Young Jack Toland. 8 OTHER BOUTS. Prices 25c and 50c.