

COBB NOT FORCED TO COMPLY WITH THE RULES—"THE MEXICAN MARVEL," BY VAN LOAN

UMPIRES DO NOT COMPEL COBB TO LIVE UP TO PLAYING STATUTES

Tyrus Steps Out of the Batter's Box Every Time He Takes Swing at a Pitched Ball—Wyckoff Doing Good Work for the Maskmen.

It is time that the American League umpires enforced the rules and keep Ty Cobb in the batter's box. Two years ago Manager Mack complained that Cobb stepped out of the box every time he swung at a pitch, and Umpire Tommy Connolly forced the Georgian to stay in the box for an entire series.

Taking advantage of little things of this sort is what has made Cobb such a wonderful hitter; and while the spectators love to see Ty hit, he should not be allowed any such unfair advantages as he is enjoying at the present time.

Hitters like Delehanty, Kesler, Kelly, Anson and Wagner had a habit of stepping up in front of the box, and Delehanty often took three steps and had both feet in front of the box when he called the turn on a curve ball.

If Cobb is bigger than the league, let him get away with it. If he is not, why not see that he is prevented from breaking the rules, when every umpire in the league knows that he does it every time there is a right-handed pitcher facing the Tigers? With a southpaw on the mound Cobb keeps back, because he fears being "beamed."

Wyckoff Pitching Great Ball for Athletics

Yesterday's game between the Athletics and Detroit was another great pitcher's battle, with Weldon Wyckoff on the short end this time. Wyckoff deserved a victory, but owes his defeat to his own lack of control.

Wyckoff shut out the Indians on Saturday, allowing only two hits, one of which was a scratch, and yesterday the slugging Tigers could make only three hits, one of which should have been felled. Two better-pitched games of ball by one pitcher have not been seen in successive games in the American League this season.

Detroit's heaviest hitters, barring Cobb, were pulling badly at the plate and did not even offer the Mackmen many hard chances in the field. While Wyckoff's work was high-class, it was no better than that of Dubuc. The Mackmen obtained one more hit off Dubuc, but he was steady with men on bases and seemed to be in the form that made him the sensation of the American League in 1913.

Hits Ball Too Hard; Whole League Protests

Have you ever heard of a player who hits the ball so hard that he is not wanted in a league, and unless he is declared ineligible the league will disband? A local boy is in that predicament in the South at the present time.

Bitting was with the Charleston club of the South Atlantic League until the season ended, ten days ago. Immediately after the last game Bitting was signed to play with the Lenoir club of the Western North Carolina Association. The Morgantown team of this league had offered Frank Baker a contract, and Lenoir considered it proper to "pad up" a bit, also.

The league is to meet next Sunday to decide whether Bitting shall be allowed to continue with Lenoir. Just what would have happened in this league if Frank Baker had signed with Morgantown is something we hate to think about. Baker is breaking up the Delaware County League with his terrific hitting, and the Delaware County League is probably a trifle faster than the Western North Carolina Association.

"Sherry" Bat Put Mamaux Out of the Game

Sherwood Magee and his big black bat proved the undoing of the sensational Al Mamaux in Pittsburgh yesterday and the Braves took their third successive game from the Pirates. Magee opened the second inning with a triple and three runs were tallied before the side was retired, while in the third inning he smashed out a single which scored Moran and caused the retirement of Mamaux.

Brooklyn is running to form on the road and only the slump of the Phillies has permitted the Dodgers to stay up in the race at all. The Braves are now but three games back of first place and it is likely they will be on even terms with the Phillies or close to it when these teams meet in a four-game series here starting August 13.

Connie Mack Has Purchased Westcott's Release

Manager Mack has purchased the release of Catcher Westcott, of the Raleigh club of the Carolina Association. Westcott is a protégé of "Stuffy" McInnis, and came here at the request of the star first baseman. Mack had no use for him at the time and sent him to Raleigh, which is managed by his son Earl. At Raleigh Westcott played wonderful ball, and several other major league clubs were after him, but, naturally, Earl turned him over to his father.

Gallagher to Turn Professional Despite Pleas of Friends. Johnnie Gallagher, the Philadelphia, who was one of the heroes of the last Olympic marathons, cannot be dissuaded from his intention of turning professional at the Scottish games next Saturday. Gallagher has a well-grounded idea that he can beat Henri St. Yves, the French marathon champion, and incidentally get a snug little sum on the side for doing it.

The report that Alexander is contemplating jumping to the Federal League is ridiculous, according to the big Nebraskan. Alexander declares that he is perfectly satisfied with the Phillies and hopes to close his major league career right in this city. If Alexander had any thought of jumping the Phillies he would certainly have done it last spring, when the team was shot to pieces and he was offered an enormous sum for three years by Otto Knabe, of the Baltimore Reds.

Wesley Oler, the great Yale high jumper, did not make the trip to the Panama-Pacific championship, though he won the qualifying contest at the Harvard Stadium in June. At that time the athlete cleared 6 feet 2 inches. What a magnificent battle it would have been, with Oler, Richards and Horine in the going! It will be a most spectacular contest, anyway, though Oler would have added his mite to the great delight of the crowd.

Next Monday, when the White Sox make their second appearance in this city, an "Eddie Murphy Day" will be celebrated. The club officials and his former team mates intend to honor Eddie with a present.

Donis Bush gave a childish exhibition of temper when he refused to bat until a substitute had been removed from the Athletics' bench, because, Bush claimed, the substitute was "riding" him. From what has been seen of Bush and the Tigers here in the past, they are the last club in baseball that could squeal when they are getting a taste of their own medicine.

Cobb is unquestionably the greatest offensive ball player the game has produced, but as a fielder and thrower there are several center fielders who stand head and shoulders above the "Georgia Peach," with Tyris Speaker's name heading the list. Cobb's throwing arm seems to be growing weaker each season.

KELLY—HIS BIRTHDAY



THE MEXICAN MARVEL

Senor Oliveras in No Danger of a Swell-head—But Kelly Has Made Arrangements for a Game in Tennessee—The Hotel of Colonel Randolph—And Joe Discovers a Dark Gentleman.

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

The World's Most Famous Writer of Baseball Fiction.

Joe Hotstick, scout for the Orphans, discovers a marvelous second base player down South. For obvious reasons Bud Buckner is ineligible, but if he can be placed off as a Mexican, his color will not be against him. Kelly, the manager, is suspicious of the trick.

Buckner is smooth, knows Spanish and is willing. The scheme is worked, and at the beginning of the training season Kelly sends another scout, to make the discovery of Ramon Oliveras, who is Buckner's Ramon arrives in Mexican costume. Ramon carries out the part beautifully. He makes good as a player. A pretended illness has released him from his former contracts and he is ready to play before the training season is over.

Oliveras departed on the Pullman with the regulars, who were to play their way Northward through Tennessee and Kentucky, meeting various minor-league outfits en route, thus working themselves

to a wire edge for the opening of the big-league season on the home grounds. The Mexican marvel was the life of the party. Every city along the line of march was eager to see this wonderful Mexican athlete and to applaud his phenomenal skill.

"He'll be the greatest drawing card of the year," said Johnny McShane to Kelly. "Look at all the press stuff he's had! Every paper in the country has printed something about him. And, oh, what a reception he'll get when he walks up to the plate on opening day! Wow!"

"You're certainly boasting him a lot," said the manager. "Be careful you don't swell his head with that bunk you've been writing about him."

"No danger," said Johnny, easily. "He's as modest as any of the rest of these big-league stars. Why, last night he came into the smoking compartment of the Pullman and showed me a lot of clippings of my stuff in the Breeze, and he's going to send them down to his old man in Yucatan. He said those writings would make his old father very happy and proud."

"He did, eh?" demanded Kelly, with a sudden snort. "Now, wouldn't that ratify your teeth! His old man in Yucatan! Well, I've got to hand it to him. He is a marvel."

"Mr. McShane agreed with the manager's spoken word. If not with his innermost thoughts.

Now, it is a sad thing to reflect that

outen that bus 'long with them white folks. Ole Bud cert'ny handed me a jolt that time."

"Keep a-movin', boy, keep a-movin'!" said Pete sternly. "Don't be a-standin' here wavin' yo' hands thataway. Yo' talkin' whut ain't possible now. Yo' full of gin, Joe, thams whut all you. Why don't you-all wait fo' the cool of the evenin' to get tight?"

"Ain't had no drink today!" protested Joe. "Yo' jus' wait, an' yo'll see him fo' yo'self." He'll be in here to lunch directly."

"Ah won't see him though no gin bottle. Ah tell yo' those!" said the solemn-faced negro. "Listen! The ol' kunnel done ringin' fo' yo' now."

Joe darted away on an errand, and the tall negro returned to his position near the door of the dining room, where he leaned up against a post and scratched his chin meditatively.

"Ah wish it was him, dog-gone his ornery hide!" said Pete to himself. "Done touched me fo' fifty bones 'count o' that inflammatory rheumatism, an' never kicked back no pain't of it."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

TITULAR BATTLES MAY BE HELD IN MONTREAL

Bouts of 20-round Duration Scheduled in Canadian City. Tommy Buck May Show.

Montreal, Can., may become a haven for championship bouts this season, according to reports flitting Philadelphia-ward from that city. A project is under way for the promoting of 20-round encounters there, and in this event Montreal probably will be a battleground for titular set-to's.

Walter Burke, who handled managerial affairs of Johnny Lore when the latter appeared in a bout here two years ago, is matchmaker of the fight between A. A. Montreal. He writes that he has been granted a permit to stage bouts over the championship distance and that he plans to put the first one on early in September.

Philadelphia may be represented in the first of the 20-round bouts with Tommy Buck, who has developed into a lightweight, carrying colors of the Quaker City. He may be matched with either Frankie Fleming or Eddie Wallace. Buck is making Montreal his home until the latter part of September, when he expects to go West.

The bout between Fought Jack O'Brien and Willie Herman at the Alhambra Club tomorrow night will be a return affair. They clashed the latter part of last season, and local critics differed in deciding the winner.

Eddie McAndrews will compete in two bouts in four days. Tomorrow night he takes on Buck Fleming at the Ludlow, and Tuesday night Matt Wells will be his opponent at the Douglas.

Four well-matched bouts will precede the Al Nash-Benny Kaufman fight at the Broadway Monday night. Phil Block, of the United States Navy, tackles Ritt Walters, of Atlantic City, in the semi-finals. Frank Moran, Pittsburg, in the semi-finals, is on his way across the submarine Atlantic on the steamer St. Paul, due in New York next Monday. In a letter received a few days ago Moran stated the game is dead in England.

A match between Bobby Reynolds, who has won his first two bouts since returning home, and Johnny Nelson, of Kensington, may be clinched within a few days.

With the home-coming of Frank Leughey, middleweight, the Manayunk will be flooded with offers in the near future. He is anxious to show here before leaving town, and may hook up with either Sailor Grande or Jack McCarron.

ANOTHER VAN LOAN STORY BEGINS NEXT MONDAY

"Foolish as a Fox" is the title of Charles E. Van Loan's next baseball story, which begins in the Evening Ledger next Monday. It is the story of a clever baseball hoax, and every line is amusing. Begin it in next Monday's Evening Ledger.

BROOKLYN DODGERS USURPING RIGHT OF REDS IN DEVELOPING GREAT STADIUM

Reds Gave to New York Alone Donlin, Mathewson and Seymour Fan Suggests That John Paul Jones' Mile Record Be Allowed to Stand.

By GRANTLAND RICE

I've heard the call of the Unost, pal—I've heard the call as it always comes, And it's for me in the Big Corral, But back again with the boob and bums; I can hit 'em a mile and run 'em out—But what's the use when the showdown comes And we've got a kink in your salary whip?

I came from the bush twelve years ago—I've had my day and I've needed back; For the call that's come in the final one—The glass is there and I heard it crack; I can hit and run with the winning pack, But I've bought my ticket and packed my grip, For what's the use of the rest of it? What's the use got a kink in the salary whip?

Vet Fan: Upon reconnoitering, we find that we were right, for, as you might say, a wonder. But Roger Connor played with the Phillies in 1898 and Dan Brothers operated under the same banner in 1898.

With the Greatest Dear Sir: In speaking of the great players who have served the Phillies in the past you forgot to mention Charlie Ferguson, one of the greatest that ever lived. In those days the three greatest pitchers were Keefe, Clarkson and Ferguson. The three greatest base runners were Ward, Tiernan and Ferguson. The six greatest batters were Anson, Brouters, Connor, Ewing, Kelly and Ferguson. Ferguson used to say that he was a better catcher than he was a pitcher and he could play any position on the infield or outfield as well as he could the battery posts. If anybody asked me—as nobody has—who the six greatest ball players were I should say—watching them all for nearly 30 years—Ewing, Kelly, Ferguson, Cobb, Lajoie and Wagner.

McFarland vs. Gibbons We understand that Packey McFarland is to receive \$17,500 for a 10-round bout with Michael Gibbons, Gibbons to be handed only \$15,000 for the entertainment. If these financial details are correct, as reported, some one has suffered a serious stroke and needs a guardian. Packey at his best was a very excellent wrestler. He was a superbly trained and a very hard to fight. Gibbons, and his best after so long an absence from the firing line.

Maxims of the 19th Hole He that looketh at the ball is greater than he that taketh a city, while he that never heeth his mashie has more than silver and fine gold. He that developeth a slice shall know his ball upon earth, while he who miseth his short puts shall suffer as he has suffered before him.

Germany has been pulling a Travers on the Allies. She has been doing most of her driving with the iron.

The Pennant Makers Have the esteemed Dodgers supplanted the Reds as pennant makers? For a long time Redland was the greatest flag.

It begins to look more and more as if a Boston house party for the second year in October.

GOLF REGISTER LATEST IDEA FOR DEVOTEES HALTED BY ELEMENTS

Unlike all the other notables of our broad land, the weatherman is not a broad and likes to play in this kind of weather. Between the wind and heat and rain, local golfers have had to work the virtue concentration to the limit.

But there's a way of slipping past the weatherman. The new way will make a hit. It is possible to play 12 or more holes an afternoon. The ball can't be lost. No bunkers, no cussing, no delay, no walking, just shots—sweet and serene, one after another. All one needs to play the new way is a 200-horsepower imagination.

Get busy some day when the elements are too many. Buy a golf-shot register at any corner store. Take it home, roll up the parlor rug and nail it down to the hardwood floor with long and sticky spikes. Then go back to the store and buy some cork indoor golf balls. Take 'em home and then to the club and get the necessary clubs. Bring 'em home.

Hitched to the register will be found a golf ball. Be sure the rope won't break and that everything is nailed fast. Now the imagination part comes in.

The golfer stands on the first tee at the home links. The green is 45 feet away. All is green and pretty. Just then event the pili with the driver. Look at the register. No doubt it says 30 yards. Good! Now shoot a brassie; 181 yards, says the clock. Too bad; that's over the green. Well, a mashie will fix things. Ah! 50 yards on the green.

Now saw a small hole in the floor. Take the cork ball and hole out with the putter. Par four. Well! Well! Some swell, eh, what?

Do not wobble the shots by thinking of the chandeliers, the pictures, windows, statues or furniture. They are indoor hazards.

John Drew and Peter Finley Dunne, creator of "Mr. Dooley," engaged in a lively conflict with General Nelson A. Miles and J. M. Wyborn, a Cincinnati millionaire, over the Maidstone links at East Hampton, L. I., last week. All started off nobly, to the delight of the assembled soldiers. It got to be dusk and no word was had of the match. Toward nightfall it was decided to send out a searching party. But just then the four players staggered in. They walked unloading past the 13th green.

"What do you think of the game?" asked a bystander. "My views are unprintable," frowned "Mr. Dooley" Dunne.

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AMERICAN LEAGUE BASEBALL—Two Games Today SHIBE PARK ATHLETICS vs. DETROIT FIRST GAME CALLED AT 1:00 P. M.

TOMORROW NIGHT—TOMORROW NIGHT ALLEGHENY A. C. and Allegheny Ave. GOLF BOXING SHOW WILLIE HERMAN vs. JACK O'BRIEN

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YOU SAY YOU'RE A CATCHER? (YUP!) IN WHAT LEAGUE? NO LEAGUE! WELL THEN ON WHAT TEAM? NO TEAM! GEE WHIZ! WHERE DO YOU PLAY BALL? DON'T PLAY BALL! I'M A DOG CATCHER (SPUGNIE)

EVENING LEDGER MOVIES—EVERY DOG HAS HIS DAY, THAT'S OUR IDEA, ANYWAY

