

PHILLY TEAM HAS BROKEN RECORD "FOOLISH AS A FOX," BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

PHILS, STAR CLUBS, IN 33 YEARS, NEVER LED LEAGUE IN AUGUST

In 1887 Local National League Team Finished Highest Ever, With .606 Percentage—When Casey and Ferguson Lost. Poor Management Ruined Chances in 1913.

The fact that the Phillies are leading the National League race with the month of August almost half gone has caused endless arguments regarding Philly teams which in the past have been considered pennant contenders.

The Phillies have finished second in the National League race three times in their history. In 1887 they were second to Detroit, and this was the nearest a local team ever came to winning the pennant.

When Ferguson and Casey Lost for the Phils

In July of 1887 the Phillies had a percentage of .426 and were in sixth place. A wonderful spurt was started, and with Charley Ferguson and Southpaw Dan Casey pitching every other day for the rest of the season, the Phils came within three games of overhauling Detroit.

Poor Management of Pitchers Fatal in 1913

The Phillies of 1911 were in first place until July 22, and this is the latest any National League team here has ever been in the lead.

Seaton, Alexander and Chalmers were used against Tebeau, Wilste and Mathewson in the game of June 30, which placed McGraw's team in the lead after 11 heart-breaking innings.

Accidents to Titus and Dooin Ruined 1911 Chances

In 1911 the Phillies were admittedly the class of the league, and almost surely would have won the pennant had it not been for two accidents.

The Days When Luderus' Bat Figured Prominently

The Phillies did not occupy first place very long in 1911, but they afforded much excitement for the fans while they were fighting with the leaders.

In 1900, When Phils Had a Team of Stars

In 1900 the Phils led for one day, early in July, and repeated this performance in 1899, while in 1900 they battled with Brooklyn for the pennant until the last month of the season.

Bill Shettsline Real Builder of Phillies' Teams

During the 33 years of its history the Phillies have had many wonderful teams for individual ability—teams that outclass the present aggregation for all-around strength.

White Sox Lack Confidence at Bat

Local fans have been puzzled by the slump of the White Sox, who looked so good in their first appearance in this city, but those who attended yesterday's game were equally interested.

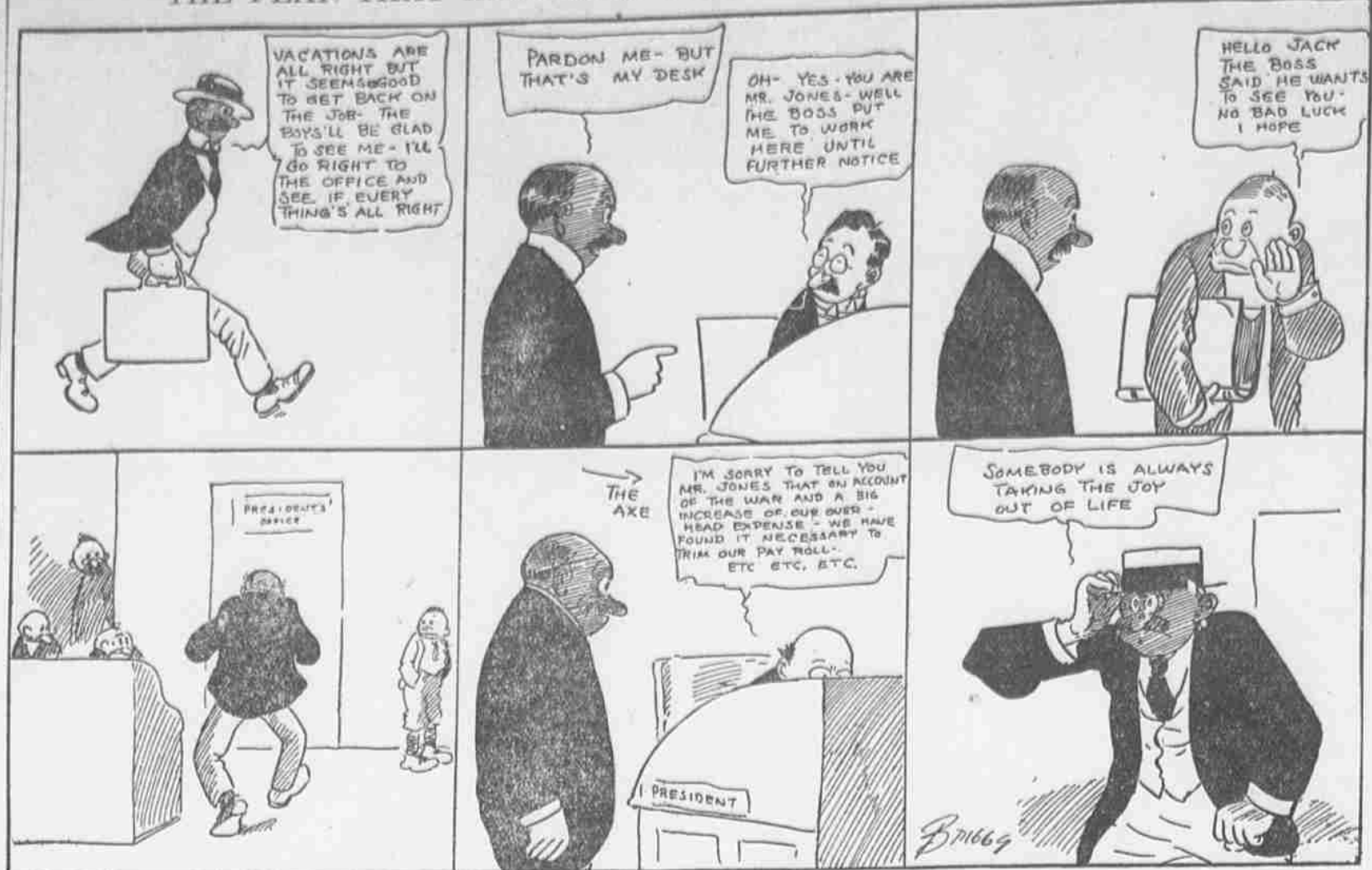
If such is not the case one will find a hard time explaining why Rowland's team, in a batting slump, should continue to punt throughout a game where it had a six-run lead and a green youngster on the mound.

Young Nabors was kidded quite a lot by those fans who forget that the greatest in the game have been "rubes" when they broke into the major league ranks.

Wally Schang had a busy day at third and looked better than ever as an infielder. He is clumsy and will be for some time to come.

It has been incorrectly stated that the world's record for slugging in one game was held exclusively by Clarence Beaumont, the old Pittsburgh outfielder.

THE FEAR THAT HAUNTS A WORKING MAN ON HIS VACATION



FOOLISH AS A FOX

Mr. Abner Abercrombie Ziegler Desires to Play Ball—He Isn't Sure He Knows How, But He's Willing to Try—He Even Dreams About It, so Merry Accepts.

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

The World's Most Famous Writer of Baseball Fiction.

John Henry Merry, manager of the Dudes, is accosted by a stranger who says his name is Abner Abercrombie Ziegler.

"Too long," said Merry. "We'll call you 'Major Boots' for short. Boys, this is Major Boots, and he's come all the way from Dexter, Iowa, to bring us luck."

Ziegler was introduced to each member of the team in turn, bowing awkwardly and shaking hands as he murmured:

"Glad to make your acquaintance."

"The major is going to warm up today in case we want to put him in the box," said Johnny, with a wink.

"Not yet," said Ziegler complacently. "If you can spare me a few minutes, Mr. Merry, I will explain why I come here to meet you from Dexter, I—way. You see, all my life I have dreamed dreams, and they come true. All kinds of dreams about weather and elections and things of that sort.

"They always happen the way I see them in my dreams. A month ago I had a dream that I was to meet you here and get a job pitching baseball with your club."

Merry drew further salves of ironical applause when he stated behind Ziegler, as if to study his pates.

"Oh, Merry, where'd you catch that?" "Who's the new pitcher?" "Who left the gate open?" and other questions rained down from the grandstand.

Abercrombie worked away industriously, throwing every ball as if his life depended upon it, and making Ben Richards cover a great deal of ground retrieving wild pitches.

"I'm doing pretty well, ain't I, Mr. Merry?" "I don't quite get the hang of it yet, being new to the job, but I will in time. Maybe I better not pitch today."

"You're doing very well," said Merry, solemnly. "You've got a great wind-up there. I never saw one like it."

"Well, I'm going to quit now for a while," said Ziegler. "My arm hurts me."

He retired to the bench, where Pinky Hamilton, the first baseman, solicitously wrapped him in a heavy sweater and cautioned him against the dangers of taking cold in the old soup bone.

The game that afternoon was fast and close. Merry, his heart set on catching the train for home, worked his men at top speed. They ran to and from their positions in the field, and not an instant was wasted.

"I'll tell you what you do," said John suddenly. "I've got to go to the ball yard now, and you come in, I—along. We'll see how lucky you are."

"Oh, you do?" said Merry, looking again at the clock. He was loath to leave this strange person; many a laugh was in him, but it was time to repair to the ball park for the afternoon struggle.

"Well, maybe not today," said Merry; "but you can warm up in case I have to take Cartwright out of the box. Got a uniform?"

"No, sir," said Ziegler. "I've got some other clothes in my valise." "We'll rig you up somehow," said Merry. "Bring your grip."

"John's got a new bug," said Hamilton. "He's framing up something for him. Did you ever see such a thing as that before?"

"Not even with Barnum & Bailey," said "Culver, the pitcher.

"Boys," said Merry, while the group

waited for a street car, "This is what do you say your name was?" "Abner Abercrombie Ziegler."

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COSTELLO VS. FARRELL AT DOUGLAS TONIGHT

Joe Borrell Gets Offer to Fight for Panama Canal Middleweight Championship Belt.

South Philadelphia fans have planned to give Tyrone Costello, Iron Man middleweight, a great reception at the Douglas A. C. tonight, when he encounters Knock-out Jack Farrell.

First bout—Young Carberry, Kensington, vs. Lefty Tyler, Southwark.

Second bout—Patsy Kline, Southwark, vs. Young Gentry, Germantown.

Third bout—Gus Anderson, Sioux Falls, S. D., vs. Willie Baker, Kensington.

Semi-wind-up—Kid Broad, Southwark, vs. Kid Pattilo, North Penn.

Wind-up—Tyrone Costello, North Penn, vs. Jack Farrell, 17th Ward.

Johnny Burns, manager of Joe Borrell, has accepted an offer to fight for the middleweight championship belt of the Panama Canal, now in the possession of Jeff Clarke, who boxed at local clubs several years ago under the nom de plume of "The Fighting Ghost."

Tommy Connors, 99-State middleweight, who went to Panama for a series of bouts, has earned a small fortune for himself through use of the mittens and managing a theatre at Balboa.

Joe Woodard, manager of Tyrone Costello and Kid Pattilo, who box at the Douglas tonight, also looks after the welterweight aspirations of Sailor Costello, who is training with Mickey Mitchell, featherweight; Harry Wagner, bantamweight, and Phil Lawrence, welterweight.

Since Jess Willard won the heavyweight championship of the world, the first boxer who has adopted the Kansas moniker with a battle staged at a park in Nashville, Tenn., welterweight, Young Jess Willard will meet Roy Hurst, of Camden, who showed in this city two years ago, at Nashville in the near future.

Kid Sazby, Irish featherweight, is in New York seeking scraps with Eddie Wallace, Frankie Fleming and other "22" pounders. Saxby made Philadelphia his home last year.

Charlie Weinert and Jim Savage meet in New York, August 12.

An open-air 10-round bout between Tad Lewis and Kid Curley will be staged at the Douglas tomorrow night.

Frank Farmer, cackish middleweight, looks good to Billy McCarty, of this city. He describes the Weesterner as a big, fast boxer, a good blitzer and only 24 years old.

Billy McConigle, fight manager, is suffering from a broken right hand as a result of a battle staged at 13th and Filbert streets with Mugsy Taylor, fight promoter. Spectators say a draw was a fair decision at the conclusion of hostilities, when a guardian of the law intervened. It was their second melee. A third may follow.

Abe Attell, former featherweight champion, has been beating the bookies for fair at Saratoga. One day last week he grabbed \$3000 winnings, it is said. He probably lost it the next day; but then Abe doesn't mind getting broke, for he is an actor.

Two bantams who promise to break into the local limelight this season are Young Jack Toland and Young Joe Tuber. Both are aggressive and hard-hitting light fellows.

Bobby Reynolds has renewed training and he is working more conscientiously than at any time in his career. Reynolds may get an opportunity to clash with Jimmy Murphy the latter part of the month. A victory over the West Philadelphia will put Bob in line for matches with leading lightweight.

Happy Littleton, a New Orleans middleweight, will make his Northern debut in New York tomorrow night, when he tackles Johnny Howard, of Bayonne. The latter is very much peeved because Sailor Grande's press agent is informing the New York press that the sailor beat Howard.

IT'S A FIGHT IN NATIONAL RACE, HENCE ALL THE SCRAPPINESS

Umpires Are Getting Theirs, Players Are on Edge, and Whole Race Is a Boiling Affair, Just Because It Is the Greatest Battle Ever Staged.

By GRANTLAND RICE

Johnson carries a bale of smoke; Marquard's slant is a two-foot drop; Rucker? You said it, Kid, SOME BLOKE—

One of the best in the pitching crop; Alexander, the retaining prize. Out there winning and always good—Slip it along to the leading guy—And then again—there's a bloke named Wood

Dale's curve breaks in a mystic maze; Grab the laurel for Old Man Plank; Matty, picked up on his likely days, Stacks like a million in the bank; Rudolph's down for a winning bet;

Manure scows as a der guy should; Three loud cheers for the Lacerated Set—And then again—there's a bloke named Wood

We've heard a lot about Joe Wood's lame arm this season. We wish our typewriter was busted in the same spot.

The Cause of the Rumpus A number of high disgruntled fanatics have written in to inquire as to the main cause of all this bitter warring spirit shown upon the ball fields of the National League this campaign; as to why umpires are being drawn into daily broils and personal, as well as impersonal, combats are being staged upon the peevish athletes.

Making no excuses for said athletes, the answer is that Curly or the equally late Mr. Shelley would call a double-coppered clinch.

Never before in all baseball history has any such closely fought, hectic war been waged for a pennant among so many clubs, where has never been an occasion in the past when six clubs came tumbling into August all within easy shooting distance of the top.

Now, the athletes all realize that the days of big money in baseball are waning; that a period of retrenchment is at hand in the near future, when \$10,000 salaries are to be pruned at both ends and chopped in the middle.

Knowing this, all hands now in the hunt are looking forward with keen eagerness to the \$2500 or \$3000 pot to be awarded each club in the next world series. Three thousand dollars looks larger now to the athlete than it ever looked before. And where all clubs have a chance, or where at least six are almost on even terms, the struggling combatants figure that each run may mean a ball game, and that every ball game may mean a pennant in a close drive under the wire. Under these rabid conditions each decision from an umpire takes on a new importance, for each decision may mean a shift of that \$3000 in the wrong direction—\$3000 to the man—not to the club.

This is no excuse for rowdy conduct on the field, but understanding human nature, which nobody does, it is fairly easy to see just why the earnest athletes gets worked up to a frenzy and a froth until the bubbles begin to pop in his brainy neck.

Over in the A. L. There is no such bitter warfare in the American League for two reasons—1. Only three clubs in that circuit have a chance and the other five, while desiring to win, have no world series kale to key them up. 2. They know approximately upon what portion of their persons Ben Johnson will light if they get too gay and festive with his umpires.

Maxims of the 19th Hole He who hath a Supple Wrist is greater than he who hath a neck like a rhinoceros. For what doth it profit a bloke to gain a 300-yard drive and lose a two-foot putt?

The Kinks of Dope What are records worth? You can frisk us for any coherent answer. The Phillies have been leading the National League for some time. Yet they are last in team batting, next to last in runs scored, a bad last in stolen bases and fourth in fielding.

On the other hand, or opposite paw, the Reds are led for first place in team batting and are first in team fielding. Batting and fielding are supposed to be

CHICAGO YACHT CLUB ANSWERS CHALLENGE OF NEW YORK RIVAL

It Is Now Lake Racing Coast, and Event of September 4 Will Help Determine Issue—Ankle Deep II Being Repaired.

Not since international yachting sport was introduced has a more popular boat been made than intercollegiate boats. The Chicago Yacht Club officials were challenged by the Indiana Harbor Yacht Club, of New York, to a race which practically determines American championship among Glass P boats.

A City Island builder is putting the twice-submerged Ankle Deep II, property of Count Casimir Sterling Manselowski, into commission for the Gold Cup high speed motor races on Manhasset Bay August 14. The day the Ankle Deep II was launched she went to the bottom. She was on July 10, and in a trial over a mile course Thursday in Hempstead Harbor she ran afoul of a rock and sank once more. The title Ankle Deep is a synonym. Submarine would be appropriate.

FOG SPOILS SQUADRON RUN

Chandler Will Recover

WHAT MAY HAPPEN IN BASEBALL TODAY

Table with columns: Team, Won, Lost, Per. Cent., Win. Loss Ratio. Includes Phillies, Brooklyn, New York, Pittsburgh, Boston, St. Louis, Cincinnati.

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EVENING LEDGER MOVIES—THAT'S ABOUT ALL HERZOG'S BUNCH HAS, LOUIE, BUT THEY DID EVERLASTINGLY WALLOP THE PHILS

