

BASEBALL DOVE OF PEACE DISCERNED—"THE BACHELOR BENEDICT," BY C. E. VAN LOAN

END OF BASEBALL WAR REPORTED; REARRANGEMENT OF THE CIRCUITS

Federal League and Organized Baseball Agree, Former Withdrawing Teams From Chicago and St. Louis. Two Teams for Each City

Although five or six of the parties concerned have denied that there is any chance of peace, the EVENING LEDGER is satisfied that the following story is true. It was obtained from a source the authenticity of which is satisfactory. All of the details have not been completed, and probably will not be until after the close of the present season, and it is likely that no announcement will be made until November.

A peace agreement has been reached by organized ball and the Federal League. The outlaw organization will open the 1916 season as the third major league under the protection of the National Commission.

These arrangements were made at a meeting of representatives of the warring factions at the Hotel Biltmore, in New York, at the end of last week. The peace agreement, which was drawn up more than two months ago, was announced exclusively in the EVENING LEDGER at that time, was signed by representatives authorized by the magnates of each league, and arrangements were made for the 1916 season.

According to the EVENING LEDGER'S information, the National and American League circuits will remain just as they are, but each major league city in organized baseball which is represented by but one team will have a Federal League franchise, and two teams will be placed in another city. Just how the Baltimore and Newark Federal League franchises will be taken care of has not been decided, but all other arrangements have been perfected.

Weeghmann Loses Fight to Hold Team in Chicago

The most difficult problem that confronted the peace delegates was including the Federal League to withdraw from Chicago. Owner Weeghmann insisted that Chicago was capable of taking care of three teams, but he was finally persuaded to allow the franchise to be transferred to Detroit.

Phil Ball was willing to give up St. Louis for a block of stock in the Cardinals or Browns, and the Federal franchise will be transferred to Washington, which has but one major league team. Both Ball and Weeghmann wanted peace, but neither wanted to have his franchise moved.

In accomplishing this the organized ball forces scored a diplomatic victory, as it was freely predicted that there could never be peace with three clubs in St. Louis and Chicago, and the Feds had always maintained that they would not give up these cities.

The Kansas City franchise will be moved to Cincinnati, and both teams will play on the Reds' field, while the Buffalo franchise will be switched to Cleveland. The American Association team in Cleveland will be transferred to a city that is at present in the Western League circuit, with chances favoring Denver.

Cleveland and Cincinnati to Get Two Teams

Owner McGill, of the Denver and Indianapolis clubs, and President Johnson, of the American League, held a conference with Owner Somers, of Cleveland, in Cleveland last week, and Somers finally decided to agree to the transfer. Cleveland will be represented by two teams again next season, but both will be of major league calibre, instead of one Class AA as it is at present.

The final disposal of the Baltimore and Newark Federal League franchises has not been definitely decided, but both will remain in the East, with chances favoring one team in Baltimore and one in Providence.

Brooklyn and Pittsburgh will continue with one Federal and one National League team in each city, but the games will be played at Ebbets Field in Brooklyn and Forbes Field in Pittsburgh.

By making these arrangements the expenses will be cut down for all concerned, as one field will be used in each city where a consolidation has been effected, thus cutting down the rental one-half.

Ten-Cent Ball Probable in Some of the Parks

Though there has been much laughing at the Federal League's plan for 10-cent baseball, it is said that there will be 10-cent seats in several parks. This will be done to educate the fans and to allow those who cannot afford to pay more to see the games. These bleachers will accommodate only a small crowd and will be in some remote corner of the park.

In all other respects the prices will be uniform in every city. The admission rates will be \$1.75 cents, 50 cents and 25 cents, as they are at the present time in every city in the National and American Leagues.

Details of Re-formed Circuits Not Yet Completed

It is not known when the announcement was to have been made by the three leagues or whether all the magnates are aware of the final settlement yet, but the agreement, it is said, has been signed and the baseball war is at an end. The next few weeks will be spent by the delegates in squaring their differences.

Whether any of the jumping players who disregarded contracts are to be returned to their clubs is another matter that has not been definitely decided, according to the information received.

That Judge Landis was aware of the peace plans and was indirectly responsible for their adoption is evident. It is generally believed that Landis knew that the peace agreement would be signed in due time and for this reason refrained from announcing his decision in the suit brought by the Federal League against organized ball.

The Passing of the Triumvirate

The last time that Jerry Travers and Max Marston were opponents in a golf match was at Huntingdon Valley early this summer. Travers, with two legs on the solid-gold Lynwood Hall Cup, came over from New York hoping to meet Francis Ouimet in the final round. Unfortunately, Ouimet was ill at the time and did not play, so when the field narrowed down to two players Travers and Marston were the finalists.

The open champion won this match on the first five holes, on all of which he played par golf, against one over par for Marston. The tall Baltusrol player suddenly found himself, and even with the odds hopelessly against him he showed grit and determination—two qualities that go to make a sterling golfer—reduced Travers' lead to two holes and carried him to the 17th.

At Detroit yesterday Marston turned the tables. Travers led him after the morning round, 1 up, and retained the lead when they squared for home the last time. Grit and determination then prevailed, and against the gamut golfer in the land Marston cut a stroke off par on the 18th, and the match was even. He cut another stroke from par on the 19th, another on the 20th and another on the 21st, and from 1 down with 9 to go he had leaped into the lead at 3 up with 5 to go. That was all, but it was enough.

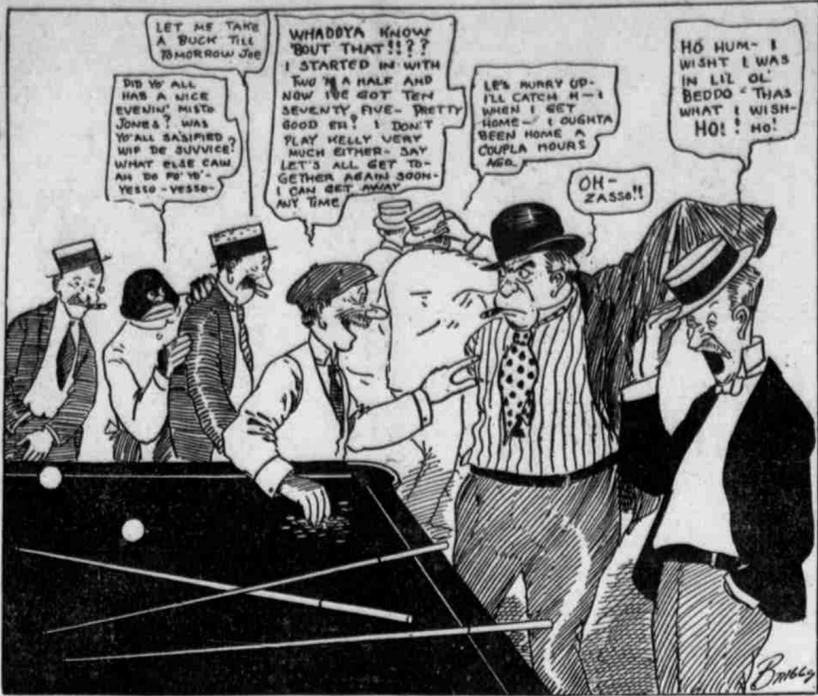
With Evans and Ouimet, as well as Travers, now playing the part of spectators, the passing of the great American "triumvirate" is imminent. The eight survivors of this morning are, with the exception of Anderson, all of the younger school of golfers, who need just such encouragement as they received yesterday.

McLoughlin, Back in Form, the "Comet" of Old

While it was generally conceded that McLoughlin would beat the Orange and Black player, there were few who thought that the "Comet" would be able to do it as decisively as he did, and in a sufficiently impressive manner to dispel the doubts as to his physical condition. But "Mac" upset the dope once more and showed not flashes, but a continuation of that brilliancy which took him to the top of the tennis world two years ago.

When the tournament began the odds favored Williams for the ultimate crown, but those who saw McLoughlin's unplayable service yesterday, commencing with his stinging kills of jobs and his net blocks at the net, realize that Williams will be up against the same McLoughlin who defeated Brookes and Wilson a year ago, and not the "Mac" who was beaten at Southbury by Karl B. Baker.

KELLY—BREAKING UP A LONG SESSION



THE BACHELOR BENEDICT

Lowrie, Benedict's Best Pitcher, Kidnapped by Bride and World's Series Chances for Mace's Team Are Down to Nil

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

The World's Most Famous Writer of Baseball Fiction

Herbert Lansing Lowrie, the latest addition to the Benedicts, is unmarried. The nickname Benedict was applied to Mace Henshaw's team, because the majority of the men were married, and the "better halves" always gravitated in the private car of the players. Poker parties gave way to bridge. "Bertie" was the natural sobriquet for Lowrie from the start, but as the young pitcher moved his way through the matrimonial maze, the appellation, "Bertie the Bear," he instantly gained favor with the players' wives, as well as the men and the press.

Before the meeting in New York, Bertie had been married to a girl named Virginia. She was a pianist and singer as a pitcher. It is not until after the season closes that Virginia and Bertie are to be seen together. Virginia is a pianist and singer as a pitcher. It is not until after the season closes that Virginia and Bertie are to be seen together.

The war correspondents moved in force against the drawing room of the Pullman, where they "smoked out" their prey. Petie Barlow, a morning newspaper man, had a peep within the inclosure as Henshaw stepped out, and he saw that Mrs. Henshaw had been crying. Mace planted his broad back against the cased door defiantly.

"Well, now!" he demanded shortly, "what's loose?" Doc Cassidy believed in the direct attack, taking as much for granted as possible.

"We understand that Lowrie has quit the ball club because his wife doesn't want him to pitch any more," he said quietly. "Now, what steps will you take to get him back before the post season?" "I've sent wires to Hackett and Norton," Mace began. Then he stopped with a clicking in his throat.

"Great!" said Cassidy quickly. "Don't start to copper it, Mace. You've answered the question."

The seven scribes closed in with a scattering volley. Henshaw backed up against the door. "See here!" he cried, "all I can tell you is that Lowrie and my wife's sister were married this afternoon. They are both of age, and that part of it is nobody's business. See? He's got some fool notion that the won't play ball any more. I think he'll be on hand for the post season, all right enough; and we won't need him till then, anyway. We've got the pennant now. That's all I know."

It was enough to break up the newspaper poker game that evening. The war correspondents had something else on their hands. Live news stories are scarce along toward the end of a baseball season; and typewriters clicked, rattled and banged from one end of the car to the other. And there was also no bridge whist. The Benedicts gathered in the smoking compartment three deep, and the situation was discussed, with the club wives clustered around the three of them present, not including Mrs. Henshaw—and Doc Cassidy and Petie Barlow, listening to their speculations, learned something of "Miss Virginia Curtis that was," and delicately weaved this information into their stories.

Back in the home town there was wild excitement. The sanctuaries of the sporting editors. They were having over telegraph wires for full interviews with Henshaw, Henshaw's wife, and anybody else who might, by any chance, know anything.

"Where's Lowrie?" "What's doing?" "Put us wise!" "Lowrie, said Phillips, "is married. Yes. This afternoon. Why, Miss Curtis, of course. Mrs. Henshaw's sister. No. No. No. I don't know."

Phillips fled with his telegram; and "Doc" Cassidy, who had overheard Mrs. Sinclair's remarks, summed up compactly. "Doc had traveled with the club for 10 years, and what he did not know about the Benedicts was not worth knowing. "Then what's Henshaw so sore about?"

thing about the case. City editors became interested. The story was much too good to bury upon the sporting pages, so the city editors lifted it for the news section, and sent reporters scurrying after the marriage license record, with instructions to find out who married the couple and where they went. The bridegroom was to be interviewed, and the bride was to tell the news-hungry populace why she did it. In some cases the city editors turned the raw material over to their highly salaried humorists, the "rewrite men."

"Here's a good josh story," said the editors. "Mace Henshaw's sister-in-law comes to visit him, and runs away with his star pitcher. If she'd stole his right eye, he couldn't have been hurt any worse. Put a little life into this stuff for about 150 words!"

The rewrite men put a little life into the stuff, and the only thing they did not have to work upon was the interview with the bride and bridegroom. While hand-driven typewriters were clicking and banging, Lowrie and his bride were shamelessly holding hands on the rear platform of an observation car, honeymooning at 50 miles an hour.

The next morning the storm broke all over the front pages. It amounts to something in a news way to lose the best pitcher of a pennant-winning club on the verge of a post-season series. The local baseball fans writhed in anguish, as well they might. Telegraph wires carried the story to every league town in the coun-

try. Those serious-minded gentlemen, the humorous paragraphers, sharpened their evolved quips about Cupid's double-play, unassisted.

The next morning, as Bertie the Bear and his bride played at eating breakfast in the dining car, the morning papers were brought in and distributed. Bertie took three different sheets, and wisely tucked them underneath his chair.

Later, in the seclusion of a private compartment, he asked permission nicely, lit a cigarette, and began opening the papers. The first one was printed in the home town of the Shanghais, the team which had made a runaway race for the pennant in the other league, and therefor the Benedicts' opponents in the post-season series.

On the sporting page and in the first column was some black type which caused the groom to blink his eyes rapidly:

BENEDICTS' BEST SLABMAN KIDNAPPED BY BRIDE! There was nearly a column of the stuff, written in a highly humorous vein, so the city editors lifted it for the news press notice. When he arrived at that portion which recommended that the Shanghaiville rooters present Mrs. Lowrie with a diamond sunhat, in token of their appreciation of her efforts to bring a world's championship to their fair city, Bertie used some language, and jammed the sporting section into an inside pocket.

The other papers, being neutral, expressed the opinion that the Benedicts, crippled by this act of desertion—yes, they called it desertion—would be easy for the Shanghais in the coming series for world honors.

"Any news, dear?" asked Virginia. "No, friend wife," answered Bertie. "None that would interest you." "Now, don't call me friend wife!" pouted the bride. "If there's anything I can't bear—"

You are at liberty to understand that Bertie stopped this protest in the approved honeymoon method. Arrived at their destination, the young people went to the best hotel, and Bertie registered with a careless flourish:

H. L. Lowrie & W. Many a newly married man believes that by abbreviating the word "wife," thus showing great familiarity with the title, he fools people. Bertie did not fool the man behind the desk. Before the young people were fairly into the elevator, the desk clerk was calling a friend on the telephone—a sporting editor, who sometimes gave him baseball tickets.

Fifteen minutes afterward a trim, well-dressed young man tapped on the door of Lowrie's suite. "Good morning!" he smiled. "I've never had the privilege of meeting you, Mr. Lowrie; but my name's Kellogg, sporting editor of the Telegram. Are you going to pitch in the post-season series?"

Bertie actually blushed. He was glad that his wife was in the other room. "See here, old man," said Bertie hurriedly. "I make it a rule never to talk when I'm on a honeymoon. Never have. Never will. It's a bad habit to get into. You'll excuse me, I know."

"But," persisted Kellogg, sticking the toe of his boot into the crack of the door, "you wouldn't really stay out of the world's series, would you? All this stuff that has been printed—"

"Sorry you must go," said Bertie. "Yes. Yes. It is lovely weather for so late in the season. Yes. Sure thing. Good-by!"

"But you're not through with baseball, I hope?" "Keep right on hoping," said Bertie. "Good-by."

He closed the door. Mrs. Bertie had been listening to every word. "I think it's a downright shame that people annoy us like this!" she cried.

"On our honeymoon, too. Haven't newspaper men any consideration at all?" "My dear friend wife," said Bertie, "this is what you get for marrying a public character. And never, under any circumstances, blame a reporter. He's paid to chase people who don't want to meet him; and, so far as I've known them, I've found the newspaper men pretty fine bunch. But you would marry a ball player—"

"Bert, dear, don't say that! It sounds so common! And, as for the newspaper men, I've never met any except at home. They must be nice, or you wouldn't like them."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

DICK HARLEY WILL COACH PENN STATE BASEBALL NINE Former Philly Player Again Will Instruct Young Hopefuls

STATE COLLEGE, Pa., Sept. 2.—Dick Harley, the former big leaguer from Philadelphia, who last spring developed the best baseball team that has ever represented Penn State, has again been engaged to instruct the State College ball tossers. Graduate Manager of Athletics R. H. Smith today announced the receipt of Harley's signed contract for the 1916 season.

From material that, outside of the pitching staff, was only mediocre, Harley produced for the Centre County institution a ball club that won 18 games in a schedule of 22. Victories were registered over the Navy, Princeton, Lafayette, Dartmouth, University of Vermont, Washington and Jefferson and University of Pittsburgh. Four games were lost. State going down before the Army. University of Pittsburgh and Gettysburg.

"They're all trying Fatimas"

Fatimas have always been mighty popular in this town. But lately, since we've been telling smokers how SENSIBLE they are, Fatima sales have been jumping every day.

Nearly everybody seems to be trying them. Everybody wants a "sensible" cigarette—one that is COOL to the throat and tongue and free from after-effects.

More Fatimas are sold than any other cigarette costing over 5c. Today's the day you should try them.

Leggett & Myers Tobacco Co. FATIMA The Turkish Blend Cigarette 20 for 15c

Advertisement for Cadillac 'Eight' automobiles. Features a large illustration of a Cadillac car and text: "and the Cadillac 'Eight' stands all alone. ORDER NOW FOR SEPTEMBER DELIVERY. Automobile Sales Corporation."

Advertisement for Point Breeze Motordrome. Text: "Point Breeze Motordrome Tonight, 8:30 : Tonight, 8:30 GREATEST RACE OF THE SEASON 100 KILOMETER MOTOR-PACE RACE 8 1/2 MILES No Advance in Prices, 25 & 50c. 10,000 Seats at 25c. AMERICAN LEAGUE BASEBALL TODAY SHIBEPARK ATHLETICS vs. BOSTON GAME CALLED AT 9:30 P. M. TENTS to HIRE ALL SIZES Water Proofing BERNARD MCCRUDY Phone 119 NORTH NINTH STREET"

EVENING LEDGER MOVIES—OH, FORGET IT LOUIE, GAVVY ISN'T HERE AND FRANK BAKER IS IN THE DELAWARE COUNTY LEAGUE.

A series of cartoon panels with dialogue. Panel 1: "WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A MAN THAT SHOOTS A QUARTET OF REED-BIRDS AND A HOME RUN?" Panel 2: "AWN-SER, ONE BAGS FOUR." Panel 3: "WHYLIST THE OTHER'S FOUR BAGS!"