

“THE BACHELOR BENEDICT,” BY VAN LOAN—MORAN’S MEN EAT DOUBLE-HEADERS ALIVE

PHILLIES' WORK IN DOUBLE BILLS MAKES TEAM FAVORITE

Championship Combinations Must Be Able to Stand Up Under Strain—Moran's Men Have Shown Better Than Other Contenders in This Respect

The ability of the Phillies to win twice in an afternoon is the best evidence needed to convince one that the team is of championship calibre.

In 1911 the Athletics compiled a remarkable record for winning double-headers, but if the Phillies keep on at the present rate they will equal or break the record made by Mack's greatest machine.

Without the slugging Cravath the Phillies won two thrilling battles from the Giants yesterday and increased their lead a half game over the Dodgers, who were winning a single game from the Braves.

Brooklyn Cracks at Critical Stages

Brooklyn has shown a tendency to blow up in a pinch and has been a poor road team throughout the season. For this reason Manager Moran and the Philly players want to see Boston put out of the race before the last swing around the West is started.

Yesterday George Chalmers was allowed to start his first game in a month, and the manner in which he worked against the hard-hitting Giants leaves little room for doubting that he can be depended upon to take his regular turn in the future.

Alexander Earns First Bonus for 25 Victories

Alexander the Great pitched the Phils to victory in the other game and he was never in danger of being scored upon by the Giants. The veteran Mathewson opposed Alexander and gave a splendid exhibition and one that would have been rewarded with a victory under ordinary conditions.

It was the same old story at Shibe Park with the Red Sox winning an easy victory over the Mackmen. The victory was made easy by a miserable decision of Umpire Nallin which gave the Red Sox their final group of three runs.

Braves Again Disgust Fans With Rowdy Tactics

According to reports from Boston, the Braves gave another disgraceful exhibition of rowdiness yesterday. Evers, who has been making a great plea for mercy for his outbreak in Pittsburgh, was again the greatest offender.

Golf Championships at Detroit Full of Upsets

The national amateur golf championship now in progress at the Country Club of Detroit is the most remarkable one in the 25 years' history of the United States Golf Association classic.

Norris Williams Has Difficult Road to Finals

Williams and McLoughlin each lost a set yesterday in the national tennis championship at Forest Hills; but fortunately for the "dope," their sudden fall from grace was followed by an sudden a brace, and both survived, but from now on will be forced to play tennis every minute from the time they assume possession of the court until the final point is scored.

Manager Herzog of the Reds, has had so much success with discards that he signed "Lefty" George, the former Cleveland southpaw who has been abandoned by three American Association teams within the last two months.

THE BACHELOR BENEDICT

Back in His Bride's Home Town, Bertie the Bear Becomes a Lion, But Virginia Becomes a Heroine of the Juliet Class

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

The World's Most Famous Writer of Baseball Fiction

Herbert Lansing Lowrie, the latest addition to the Benedict family, is unmarried. The nickname Benedict was applied to Mack Henshaw's son because of the "better halves" always traveling in the private car of the players.

Copyright, 1915, by Street & Smith. Mrs. Lowrie changed her mind about that before night. Five reporters called during the afternoon, including one man from the Associated Press, who said that he would be pleased to send out "to every paper in the United States" Bertie's reasons for quitting the Benedict series.

"Well, I think it is very nasty of them," said the bride. "Suppose I should meet some one I knew? Do you suppose the papers will print anything about us after what you told those men?"

"Of course not!" Bertie led heartily, which is a trick all men should cultivate for use on honeymoon trips.

In the meantime the Benedicts were sullenly closing the season. Henshaw was as cross as a bear with a sore head; the members of the pitching staff growled from morning till night, and in the home town 100,000 interested people traced the flight of Bertie and his bride by the string of disconnected "interviews" secured on the ring.

"Any way you look at it," said Hackett, after two solid hours of argument, entreaty and expostulation, "it ain't any more than plain quitting. You've got a duty to the team and a duty to the management. You owe it to Mack and the rest of the boys to get in and trim these Shanghai in the post season; and if you don't do it—"

"Oh, what's the use, Jack?" said the bridegroom, rising wearily. "We can't get together on this business. I can't explain to you, but I can say this: my wife hasn't anything to do with this. She wouldn't interfere in my private matters. I resent all this guff in the papers about her taking me out of baseball. It's a lie, Jack. I went out of my own accord."

"That was the truth. Virginia had never put into words her distaste for the national pastime as a profession. It was a thing that Lowrie knew without need for her explanation. He had made a sacrifice for the girl of his choice, and it was his business to keep her from doing that he regarded it as a sacrifice.

"Hackett reported the case as hopeless so far as his plans concerned, and Mack Henshaw scowled over the telegram. Mrs. Mace then announced that she would take the matter in hand. Her husband roared like a bull.

"And get your name in all the papers, too?" he cried. "Not on your life! Much as we're going to need this fool boy, with Kilroe laid up and Coons with a sore shoulder, I wouldn't think of your mixing up in it. I'd rather lose the post season than have my wife step in as a sort of rescue party. Why, that'd be duck soup for the newspaper boys. You keep out, Madge!"

"Virginia doesn't say anything in her letters," said Mrs. Mace. "I wish I could talk to that girl for 19 minutes!"

"So do I," said the manager grimly. Bertie and Virginia did not have a pleasant honeymoon. Too many people took an interest in the bridegroom. No matter where he went, the newspaper reporters followed hard after; waiters dropped stray remarks in his hearing. One night he took Virginia to a vaudeville show, and a tramp comedian sang a topical song, which had one verse about the

kidnapped Benedict. It was not pleasant. Mrs. Bertie was beginning to obtain copies of the morning papers, and by stealth she perused the sporting pages. These gave her a new idea of the importance of her big husband, if nothing else.

"If y-y-you had c-c-committed a c-c-crime," sobbed the unhappy bride, "they c-c-couldn't treat us worse. Let's go home to my folks!"

When a bride weeps, it is always best to give her her own way in everything. They went "home"; and the two local papers sent reporters to the station to secure interviews. Bag pardon, but would Mr. Lowrie reconsider—etc., etc.

Bertie did not impress the reporters favorably; but he made an overwhelming hit with father and mother. Both were prepared to be very stern with him; but they can any one be stern with a handsome rascal, who pleads guilty by mail and comes, with all humility, to accept sentence? Bertie captured the entire family.

On a Thursday the post-season series was to open in the Benedict stronghold, Bertie read several papers carefully; and there were times when he spent a quiet half hour looking out of the windows at nothing in particular. On such occasions his wife had to address him twice before he would answer.

On Tuesday night the Curtises gave a reception and "all the very best people in town" came to meet the bride and look at the groom.

Mrs. J. Peter Wilson, leader of the social set—what town so poor it does not have a social set!—pronounced judgment over the banisters and into Virginia's car before she rustled heavily upward to the dressing room.

"Your man is perfectly charming, my dear, charming!" his mother was distinctly related to some very dear friends of mine; and I assure you there is no finer family anywhere. Mr. Wilson was saying tonight that it is a very great pity that in this coming baseball contest your husband will not—participate. Mr. Wilson knows Mr. Lowrie quite well by reputation, my dear!"

At the same moment Bertie strolled into the front hall, accompanied by Mr. J. Peter Wilson and Mr. T. Fairbanks Carruthers, two of the town's extremely solid citizens.

"By George!" said Mr. Carruthers enthusiastically. "I don't see why you couldn't do it as well as not! I never did like those Shanghai, and I want to see them."

And Mr. Wilson: "If I thought you would pitch in that series, I would go over to see the games. I would, indeed!"

And these were the men whose opinions Virginia had feared. That night after the last guest had disappeared, Virginia peeped through the portiere into the dining room. Bertie was standing alone at the table, staring disconsolately into the punch bowl. He lifted a glass, and silently lifted it in an unspoken toast. Then he squared his shoulders with a deep sigh, and marched into the other room.

"Virginia, dear," said Mrs. Curtis, as she watched Bertie climb the stairs, "that boy is miserable about something. You don't suppose it was anything that happened here tonight?"

"No, mother," said Virginia. "It could not be that. Perhaps he is worrying about Mack—and the club. Our friends seemed to like him; don't you think so?"

"Like him!" said the mother. "How could they help it? What an idol they made of him! So many of the younger men remarked to me that it was a pity he would not play baseball again. Is there that much interest in him—work?"

Virginia carried her thoughts with her through a sleepless night; but it was not until the next morning that she found her tongue.

Bertie was sitting in the parlor, his long legs thrust out straight in front of him. The morning paper, open at the sporting page, lay in his lap, and he was staring out of the window. Virginia crossed the room, dropped on the floor beside his chair, and took his big hand in both her own.

"Boy," she whispered softly. "I know what's the matter with you. You want to go over and see the games."

"If I thought you would pitch in that series, I would go over to see the games. I would, indeed!"

"I couldn't stand it!" he burst out at last. "Me up in the grandstand, and the boys out on the field! I couldn't stand it!" He broke off miserably.

"The team is in bad shape," he said mournfully. "This paper says that Coons won't be able to work at all, and Kilgore hasn't been right for a month. The first team in the league; but if their pitching staff is weak, they can't hold these Shanghai."

"Could you—hold them?" asked the girl.

"Me?" said Bertie wistfully. "Why, a month ago Mack was talking about sending me in to open the series! He figured I had the best chance of any man on the club to stop 'em, because the Shanghai don't like a right-hander with a good fast 'break' ball. They never did care for that kind of pitching. Of course, dear, a fellow never knows what he can do to a club till he tries; but I've always had the notion these fellows were made for that kind of pitching."

"In a way," continued Bertie, "it means a lot to win a post-season series—about fifteen hundred dollars apiece in money; but the money is only the small part of it. It was an awful rotten thing to do—quit the boys right at the time when they needed me more than ever before. They'll always be sore; but I know you didn't want me to play baseball—you never said so, friend wife; but I know how you felt—and so—well, my sister never liked it either. She used to get part of it. Perhaps I'll ever be able to explain it to the boys so they'll get my angle on it."

He paused hopelessly. All his brave pretense of the past 10 days had disappeared. Virginia saw him for what he really was—a big, honest boy, mourning for his playmates.

"Dear," whispered she gently. "I didn't know. I didn't understand how much it meant to you. I wish you had told me before. Why don't you take the next train?"

"You mean for me to go in and pitch?" "Why, of course, dear."

"And you—you wouldn't mind?" "It should mind it very much if you did not go—and take me with you."

One widely quoted authority says that all supreme emotion is dumb. This gentleman may have met a number of supreme emotions; but it is quite evident that he never met Herbert Lansing Lowrie.

In response to the wild yell which echoed through the house, Mrs. Curtis rushed in from the kitchen, wiping her hands on her apron. She found her lately acquired non-in-law waiting his wife madly about the parlor, stepping from time to time to rattle the chandeliers with an Indian whoop.

"Land of liberty!" ejaculated the good lady. "What has happened?"

"Nothing yet, mother," panted Bertie; "but something is going to happen tomorrow! Will you help my wife pack the trunks? And, mother, what time does the next train go away from this place?"

"(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)"

RUNS SCORED BY MAJORS FOR WEEK

Table with columns for CLUBS, AMERICAN LEAGUE, NATIONAL LEAGUE, FEDERAL LEAGUE. Lists runs scored by various teams like Athletics, Boston, Chicago, etc.

ONLY FOUR OF PRINCETON'S FOOTBALL PLAYERS MISSING

Highley and Shea Probably Will End This Season. Only four of Princeton's 1914 team, namely, Captain Ballin, E. Trankman, Bland and Shenk, will be missing from the material for the 1915 team.

Philadelphia County FAIR Byberry 2, 3, 4 and 6 SPECIAL Reduced Fares Leave Reading Terminal 9.00, 9.30, 10.00 A. M. 12.30, 1.00, 1.11, 1.30 P. M. Every Day a Big Day Attractions for Everybody Philadelphia & Reading Rwy.

Advertisement for Prince Albert cigarettes. Features a large illustration of a man smoking a pipe and a pack of Prince Albert cigarettes. Text includes: 'You uncork that sunshine tank', 'by letting some Prince Albert joy smoke sift into your system via a jimmy pipe or makin's cigarette, for you never got such fun out of tobacco in all your life.', 'Get that P. A. flavor? Get that P. A. aroma? Go to it mighty cheerful, because P. A. can't bite! Puff away like you hit perpetual motion in the first round! And keep fired-up till the cows come home. For it's surefacts Prince Albert never groused any other man's tongue and won't grouch yours!', 'Get P. A. jimmy pipe joy us and cigarette makin's happy, then you'll personally understand that no other pipe and cigarette tobacco ever was or ever can be like Prince Albert. The patented process fixes that—and cuts out the bite and the parch. That's why pipe peaceful and cigarette peaceful men call', 'PRINCE ALBERT the national joy smoke', 'You be a sport and take a chance on this say-so, because you've no idea of the bully goodness, of the joy's satisfaction, of the contentment and restfulness and that sort of thing, that hits every man who gets chummy with P. A.', 'Hammer this home for what ails your smoke appetite, because you've no time to lose getting introduced to this real and true man-tobacco that's ace-high and a yard wide no matter how you swing on it, jimmy pipe or makin's cigarette!', 'R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO., Winston-Salem, N. C.'

Advertisement for Arrow Soft Collars. Text: 'ARROW Soft COLLARS Of White Pique or Repp, or plain Mull. Very superior in fit and wear. It pays to ask for Arrows. 2 for 25c. CLARET, PEABODY & CO., INC. MAKERS'

Cartoon strip titled 'EVENING LEDGER MOVIES—WHICH PROVES IT'S MONDAY, AND YOU SAID TODAY WAS FRIDAY, LOUIE'. Characters are talking about movies and a line-up. One character says 'BY THIS TIME MY WIFE IS HANGING CLOTHES ON IT!'.