FEDERAL LEAGUE HEAD DENIES PEACE RUMOR—VAN LOAN'S "THE BACHELOR BENEDICT"

GILMORE, OF FEDS, ACQUIRES DENIAL HABIT; BOASTS OF LEAGUE OUTLOOK

Outlaw President Declares His Organization Does Not Want Peace—Phillies, Upset by Lowly Giants, in Real Test With Brooklyn

President Gilmore, of the Federal League, in an interview, says that the time has passed when organized baseball can make peace with the Federal League. He states further that the Feds absolutely refuse to give up Chicago and St. Louis and will invade New York. The statement in full follows:

"No truce has been declared—and none will be declared. The time for peace has passed. We are perfectly able to go ahead as an independent organization and we are going ahead. A year ago—even six months ago—we might have considered peace. But not now. We've been fighting so long that we've begun to like this battling business and we are going to keep it up.

"The story is bunk on the face of it, because it is said we had agreed to withdraw from Chicago and that we would not put a club in New York. Under no circumstances would we quit St. Louis or Chicago. We are there to stay, and we'll have a team in New York in 1916 that will be one of the greatest in the country."

* * *

Gilmore Acquires the "O. B." Denial Habit

This is indeed a remarkable interview, coming from Gilmore at this time, and perhaps he has joined the class with President Thomas, of the Cubs, the man who never knows what is going on in his own club. The impression has always been that Gilmore was not a figurehead president, but evidently this needs correcting.

Perhaps the object of the interview was to throw sand in the eyes of a few of the magnates who have not been taken into his confidence, but even if such were the case it is hard to imagine Gilmore saying at this time that the Feds do not want peace. The Federals, as well as organized ball, want peace and must have it. In the long run it might do well not to talk too much for publicity's sake.

* * *

Perritt's Only Good Game Pitched Against Phils

The Phillies yesterday went down to defeat at the hands of the Giants because they could not hit Perritt, who pitched his one good game of the last month, and, as luck would have it, it had to be against the Phils. The lead of the Phillies was not reduced any, as the Dodgers were beaten by the Braves. The latter's victory enabled Stallings' team to gain one on the Phillies, although they could not advance in position. As Boston is the team feared by the Moranmen, the even break in New York was a severe set-back to the local team. The Giants had been playing poor ball until the present series, but they seemed to brace with the coming of the Phillies.

* * *

Moran's Men Seem to Be in Another Batting Slump

It is rather early to be calamity howling, particularly as the Phillies have lost no ground, but it seems that Moran's men have fallen into a batting slump again. For some reason the Phils always go into a batting slump after a long stay on the home field that is featured by home-run hitting. The players insist that there is nothing to the theory that they get out of their regular swing in trying to hit the short fences at home and are constantly uppercutting the ball when they get on the road. They also insist that the short fence theory, in accounting for the number of home runs, is bunk, but as the season wears on one must be convinced that there is more to it than Moran and his men will admit.

* * *

Yankees Get Southern League Star

Miller, the youngster who has just joined the Highlanders, made a remarkable record with the Nashville team of the Southern League. He closed up his Southern League career by hitting safely in 26 consecutive games. Briscoe Lord, the former Mackman, now managing Memphis, of the same league, says that he is one of the best looking youngsters he has ever seen in a minor league.

* * *

A. A. U., Rank to Core, Injures Penn Star

How long will reputable athletes and the organizations they represent tolerate the injustices that the Registration Committee of the Metropolitan Association of the A. A. U. perpetrated on Donald F. Lippincott, the former University of Pennsylvania track captain, when it suspended him without warning or even the courtesy of a hearing on somebody's suspicion that he had participated in a fake running race at Ilion, N. Y.?

It now develops that Lippincott was not the man, but the fact remains that the New York committee, without evidence, suspended a bonafide amateur, a world and Olympic champion, with an action that accused him of crookedness and dishonesty.

The least amend the New York committee can make is to apologize to Lippincott; but even that will not undo the evil wrought by a form of legislation that the A. A. U. authorities are constantly resorting to, and of which they should be ashamed.

* * *

Lippincott Has Good Case for Libel Suit

The method by which the A. A. U. suspends many of its athletes is contemptibly mean. The case of Lippincott is only one of many where the procedure has been the same. That a man has right to a trial and that he is presumed innocent until proved guilty is the basis of American justice. The A. A. U. virtually reverses this. In Lippincott's case, on the unsupported word of some individual, the former Pennsylvania captain was suspended on the supposition that he was a party to this fake race. And this in spite of the fact that ordinary intelligence would have told the A. A. U. authorities that the charge could not be true, since everybody who follows track sports knew that Lippincott had recently suffered a complete breakdown due to a pulled tendon and that he could not run had he wished to do so. It would have been an easy matter to have communicated with Lippincott and learned the truth, but to have done this would have violated an A. A. U. precedent, which is to suspend first and investigate afterward.

One of these days some athlete will bring suit against individuals who attempt to injure a man's reputation, as was done in Lippincott's case. The suspension of Lippincott and the unsupported attack made on his integrity ought to have some remedy in the courts. Perhaps when an example is made of this species of injustice through a suit for libel the A. A. U. will see fit to revise its high-handed methods of dealing with its athletes.

* * *

Are the Golf and Tennis Situations Similar?

Yesterday the first upset occurred in the 35th National Lawn Tennis Championship at Forest Hills, where the first of the big three, Karl H. Behr, was beaten. Will another day find the other two—Williams and McLoughlin—out of it also?

The Philadelphians have all made a very good showing, much better than their golfing cousins. Wallace Johnson survived one round, Craig Biddle three, G. C. Caher two and "Bus" Law three, while Williams is a sure finalist.

McLoughlin's victory over the Internationalist, Fred Alexanderm, yesterday, shows a return to form of the California Comet. The red-head achieved another personal triumph yesterday, and it is entirely probable that before long the following that deserted him for Williams a year ago will be flocking around again. This, by the way, is McLoughlin's last championship.

* * *

Johnny Evers has been suspended for five days for his conduct in Boston on Thursday. According to the testimony of the umpires, Evers used "disgraceful language and his conduct was unbecoming." And yet when Evers starts fights on the field he gets away without any punishment. Perhaps President Tener has learned that players like Evers cannot be treated with kindness.

* * *

Dick Rudolph performed a "come-back" against the Dodgers yesterday. Brooklyn batted Rudolph from the mound in one inning on Thursday, but the world's series hero was not satisfied that the Dodgers had his number and asked Stallings for another chance. He had little trouble winning yesterday.

* * *

Mayer pitched another splendid game for the Phillies, and it begins to look as if he is back in his early season form. With Mayer right the Phillies' chances look much brighter, as he will not lose pitching such ball under ordinary circumstances.

* * *

There is every reason to believe that Tommy Lynch was right when he remarked after Billy Kopf was hurt the other day that the Athletics' shortstop would not be able to participate in the world's series in October.

THE EIGHTH TEE

THE BACHELOR BENEDICT

More Excitement Than Bases Full, Two Down, Score Tied and Two and Three in the Ninth. Of Course the Benedicts Win!

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

The World's Most Famous Writer of Baseball Fiction

V.

Two hours before the time set for the opening game of the world's series 15,000 people were inside the park, and rivers of humanity were running bank deep at every entrance. Only the lucky holders of reserved seats were taking their time; and the ticket speculators—those hawk-faced, dirty-fingered picaroons who sail the boundless seas of public tolerance—were taking the money in amounts sufficient to make their crime against their fellow-citizens that of grand larceny.

The entry of a baseball team upon the field is rarely dramatic. The football players line up behind their captain and dash out upon the gridiron at a brisk run, every man on the team taking his part in the spectacular entrance. Football boys play only 8 or 10 times a season, and pomp and circumstance may be forgiven them. Baseball folk work at their trade six and seven days a week for months at a time, and they dribble out upon the field as soon as they don the spangles. A concerted entry they would regard as a grandstand play; and in all spring or summer there is no more painful sight than the countenances of 30 or 40 baseball players lined up to the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner" while the pennant creeps slowly to the top of the flagpole.

So, even at such an important time, our friends the Benedicts appeared by ones and twos and threes. The thousands of fortunate fans, jammed behind ropes in the outfield, recognized each man as he stepped through the gate, and cheered long and loud as if trying to drive away doubt and drown the pessimistic tone of the press of the country.

The Benedicts were in a bad way—the papers knew it; the fans knew it, but would not admit it; the Benedicts themselves knew it; and, worse than all, the Shanghais had known it for 10 days.

Left-handed pitchers in the other league knew to the detriment of their winning percentages that "southpaws" were what the Shanghai doctor ordered for his line-up; they had won their pennant against left-handers. The team which hoped to beat the Shanghais must have right-handed pitchers; and three of Mace Henshaw's starboard fingers had gone wrong—Lowrie, Kilgore and Coons.

Lowrie had been regarded as the hope of the Benedicts, with Coons and Kilgore to fall back upon. Lowrie had "run out on the club," as the fans phrased it. Poor old Davy Coons had such a sore shoulder that there was a question whether he would round into shape inside of six months; and Kilgore had gone wrong in September. Of the right-handers, there remained Barry, Henselman, and Bowen. Barry was a good man, but wild as a hawk. Henselman averaged one brainstorm a game; and Bowen was a youngster who had yet to prove his worth against first-division teams. The left-handers were in fine shape—Burchard, Hawes, and Van Buren; but the impression prevailed that to send left-handers against the Shanghais was to court calamity.

It was not a cheerful crowd of white-flanneled athletes, who grimly watched the visitors banging through their batting practice—big, tall fellows in gray suits, who hit everything squarely on the nose, and kept the crowd in the outfield dodging line drives.

Mace Henshaw was a game man; but he dreaded the bell which would bring the clubs together. Man for man, he knew he had the better team. The Shanghais were not particularly dangerous against a right-hander's fast break ball. He had counted on three heavy guns to train upon that weakness; but Coons was out of it, Kilgore was crippled, and Lowrie—well, no matter what Mace thought about him. I could not even hint at it.

The Benedict pitchers scattered out before the grandstand and went to work. Even Kilgore joined the line. Mace looked them over, trying to decide whether it would be better to send in a high-grade left-hander or a second-rate right-hander. It was a choice of two evils. For three days the newspaper men had demanded to know the probable order in which the pitchers would work. Mace had not given them any answer. Yet the decision must soon be made.

The Benedicts began their batting practice. Reporters and photographers descended upon the field by dozens. Would Henshaw pose with the captain of the other club, Jerry Doolittle? Mace would, and did; but when he was asked to smile, he bared his upper teeth in what might have been a grin, but might just as easily have been a snarl.

"His goat's gone," Jerry reported to his cohorts. "I thought f'r a minute he was goin' to bite me!"

The Shanghais were unlimbering their star pitchers, Carsey, the best man they had; "Mel" Davisson, the "sousepaw"; Gant Winter, Harry Kelly, Lew Jessen, "Peevie" McDonald, and "Rube" Perkins—a formidable array.

A bell rang, and the Shanghais tripped smartly out for preliminary practice, as full of life and "pepper" as a coop of gamecocks.

Mace knew that the time had come to make his decision. He passed slowly behind the line of working pitchers, and here and there asked a question.

"Let me get in there," begged Van

"You saw him work, didn't you, Bob?"

Buren. "They can't hit this drop ball of mine with a cricket bat!"

Old Kilgore was struggling along painfully.

"She's considerably better today, Mace," he said cheerfully. "I think I can set these birds down!"

Barry called attention to his speed, and Henselman mentioned the fact that he "had everything." Pitchers are usually anxious to work in a big series; each man thinks he can do a little bit better than his neighbor.

As Henshaw paused at the end of the white line, a terrific roar came from centre field, and spread both ways toward the bleachers—the sort of a cheer which makes a ball player look up at once because he knows that something unusual is happening or has happened.

Instead of dying away, the cheer doubled and quadrupled, and went on gathering volume with every second. The bleacherites borrowed it from the men in the outfield, and added to the commotion by leaping up and down and hurling their hats in the air. It swept into the far wings of the grandstand, jumped to the upper tier, and, rolling toward the centre, met behind the plate in a tornado of sound. Down in the press box the reporters were standing on their chairs and leaning over to yell into the ears of the telegraph operators. From deep centre field to the very roof of the stand, one word was flying from lip to lip, and leaving the thunder in its wake—Lowrie! Lowrie! Lowrie!

A single, white-clad figure came loping gracefull across toward the home bench—it was Bertie the Bear, the missing bridegroom.

The Shanghais stopped practicing, and stared with popping eyes until recalled to business by Doolittle's frantic signals. His yells were wasted in that whistling, roaring hurricane.

Mace Henshaw dropped quickly back under the awning which shaded the bench. It had just struck him that this sensational 11th-hour appearance of his best pitcher might carry double weight if Doolittle believed that it had been prearranged. From his sheltered position, he signed the Benedicts to go on with their work; and those seasoned campaigners obeyed whether they understood the strategy of the move or not.

Bertie arrived at the bench panting.

"Hello, Mace!" he said. "Turn me loose on these minor leaguers, will you?"

"Well," said the manager, with a growl, "you're a nice piece of cheese, ain't you? What are you trying to do to this ball club, anyway, running out on us the way you did? By rights I ought to fine you a million dollars—and punch your head besides!" he added gruffly.

"Whatever's right, Mace," said the boy. "Anything you say! You can hang me if you think it's coming to me; but for heaven's sake let me beat these fellows first! I can trim 'em till they holler for the police!"

The brothers by marriage looked at each other for several seconds, and then the older man grinned.

"Kid," said he, "I like your taste in wives. Where is Virginia?"

"Oh, by George!" he cried, aghast. "I forgot all about her! I told her to wait out at the private entrance until you sent one of the boys to fetch her in! Didn't have tickets, or couldn't get 'em. Say, Mace! Am I going to pitch or not?"

"Get out there and warm up and I'll look you over," said the manager.

The chief umpire paused in front of Henshaw's bench.

"You put one over, didn't you, Mace?" he asked quizzically. "A pretty slick trick, keeping this fellow under cover and springing him at the psychological moment! He'll pitch, of course?"

"You saw him work, didn't you, Bob?" asked the manager of the Benedicts. "That kid is going to win this series for us, or I'll buy you a nice silk hat!"

The umpire did not claim the hat.

After the post-season series was over, a number of clever baseball experts—most of them hailing from Shanghaiville—dwelt at length upon the strategic value of a good, healthy surprise. You will understand that it was up to them to find some excellent excuse. John L. said he fought once too often; James J., the Pompadour, said it was a fluke punch; Oscar Matthew Bat Nelson once ascribed a defeat to a T-bone steak. The Shanghaiville experts, gamely recoving from the surprise and shock of seeing their darlings walloped in four out of five games, explored into psychology and other dark spots in order to prove that the 11th-hour return of the dangerous bridegroom was entirely responsible. They had to say something of the kind, for the bridegroom pitched three times, scored two shut-outs, and won his third game by a score of 4 to 1.

The local experts raved over Bert Lowrie's triple feat. They analyzed his games, ball by ball, as they were thrown; they dissected the style of his attack until nothing remained but the one thing, which they did not know. They were agreed upon one point, which was that Lowrie had never pitched so well in his life, and they tried to explain that also. If they really wanted the truth, they might have secured it from the talkative Mrs. Sinclair, who sat in the same box with Mrs. Henshaw and her sister.

"The boy was just pitching to his wife ever minute! Between times he couldn't see a thing but that blue hat in the box; and every time he made one of the Shanghias reach for a third one that wasn't there, he'd look over at her and smile and smile! Oh, my dear, I know! I had my opera glasses! Do I think he will be back next year? I certainly do! Because why? Land sakes alive! In that last game she made more noise then all the rest of us put together! Ask her sister if she didn't!"

So, if you do not mind, we will let it go at that, because, you know, it is never polite to argue with a lady.

(THE END.)

Copyright, 1911, by Street & Smith.

PENNANT AND PENANCE

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

Here's a new kind of Van Loan story. A Methodist preacher enters the ranks of the toughest team in the league, and wins a world's championship for his manager. In

A Pennant and a Penance

that master of baseball fiction and the world's greatest sports story writer

CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

gives the readers of the Evening Ledger something to think about. Follow the hero through his battles of conscience when he has to choose between his Methodist training and his love for the team. This story begins in the sporting page of

EVENING LEDGER

MONDAY EVENING

REAL TEST OF THE PHILLIES COMES DURING THIS MONTH

Moran's Team, on the Road, With Two Clubs, Superbas and Braves, Close Behind, Must Be Able to Stand Gaff—Tigers Have Same Trials

By GRANTLAND RICE

The question before the house now seems to be about this: Can the Phillies hold the lead they won back in June for another month? Can the Tigers, after winding up with St. Louis, win another road pennant as they did in 1909, with something like the same sort of a ball club?

Conditions confronting the two clubs mentioned are not exactly the same. Philadelphia has no opponent to beat that is fighting at home all this month. Detroit has. The two main Philly rivals are the Braves and Superbas.

But after this week these two also swing West, where they will confront exactly the same conditions. But the Tigers must play a trifle faster on the road than the Red Sox play at home before they can hope to send Ty Cobb and Sam Crawford against Alexander, Rudolph or Coombs some four weeks hence.

If the Phillies can maintain this lead all the way they will furnish a battle requiring fully as much courage as that shown by the Braves last fall. Most people give all credit to the runner that comes from behind. They have nothing to say for the leader who can maintain his lead. Yet it requires just as rare nerve and courage for Moran's club to protect a scanty lead as it did for the Braves to climb from last place to first.

Phillies Must Feel Strain

Consider the case for a brief moment. The Phillies, with a club ranked back in April as a joke, took the lead from the start, but lost it in May. They recovered the top in June, and for nearly three months now, with only a narrow gap between them and the club in second place, they have pounded along. All this time they have heard the hoof beats of several rivals within close range. All this time they have been struggling with the pace, fighting off first one aggressor and then the other, but at no stage have they broken. They have slipped here and there, but only to rally before they were caught.

This takes a lot out of any club. It is more of a strain than that of starting from behind and coming on up, for there is no greater nerve tonic than to know that you are on your way while the other contender is slipping. But to fight on to the front, and then for over three months to know that any sign of faltering will drop you back is a heart breaker of the rarest order.

Ask any golfer or any lawn tennis player or any runner the difference. They will all say that the big strain comes in setting and maintaining the pace. And the Phillies haven't one rival only to beat—they have two. The Superbas were tipped to break and drop back, as the Pirates, the Giants and Cubs did—but they haven't.

The Braves were counted out of it three or four times, but they are still coming on and fighting hard—still ready to take advantage of any setback the Quakertown delegation may receive.

The Phillies might figure that one of their rivals will soon slip, but it isn't likely that both will break together. So their chance to win is not through any weakness on the part of their opponents, but through their own ability to continue for another month as they have been going since June.

Out West they meet the same contenders as the Superbas and the Braves. They will find exactly the same opposition along the route. On the other hand, there will be a great psychological advantage for either Brooklyn or Boston if they can only once reach the top.

They can feel then that they are coming while their rivals are going. The strain of pace setting has not been upon their shoulders—or their batting eyes. And if either ever gets ahead it is 10 cents to a nickel that said club will travel like the wind the rest of the way.

Tigers Have Great Chance

The Tigers have a better psychological case than the Phillies. They are in the position of the entry who has far more to gain than he has to lose.

They are not being picked to win. Boston is at home in the lead. Detroit is on the road. But a ball club under such conditions, where a big fight is on, often plays better abroad than at home.

On the road they are together around the hotel, where they can better continue their machine morale. It was this way for the Tigers in 1909 and the Giants in 1911. Both fought harder and played far better on the September road than they had been doing at home. The lure of world's series kale urged them on, and they both went out at top speed every start, fighting for every foot.

Detroit has this disadvantage. The Red Sox are a harder club to beat than any entry in the American League—that is, over a month's stretch. Their one big chance to fall down will be through over-confidence. They have the stuff, and no club yet has been able to stop them.

"They are playing almost exactly as they played in 1912," said Eddie Collins recently. "That is, with fine confidence every game and with fine team play. I have never seen two clubs that looked more alike, and yet Gardner is the only 1912 infielder left. It's hard to beat a club when you can't pick out a single weakness. I figure Detroit with a chance, but only in case Detroit can go to Boston and take that series.

"That meeting will be a wonder, for each club will figure that it is worth about $2000 to each man. For if Boston falls before Detroit, she can hardly figure any other club to stop the Tigers. It looks to me now as if this series will settle the race."

PHILADELPHIA WOMEN GOLFERS FIGURE IN NATIONAL TITLE PLAY

Just as soon as the national crown is settled over the ears of the new amateur champion of the United States at Detroit more than 100 women players will tee off at the Onwentsia Club, Lake Forest, Ill., in an all-for-glory bout for the women's national title.

Only seven of the star players of this city will enter, and in this much disappointment has been expressed; for it is felt that there are at least a half dozen more who would be serious contenders.

Most disappointing is the failure of Miss Florence McNeely to send in her entry. Last year she survived to the third round and then, after a brilliant and ding-dong battle all the way, it took 19 holes before she was finally put out of the running by Miss Elaine Rosenthal, a finalist, and ultra-brilliant star in women's golf.

The latter was also the one who completed the bean-spilling of Philadelphia's chances when she ousted Mrs. Ronald Barlow 1 up on the last green with a can't-be-done putt.

Another Philadelphian whom it had been hoped would try her hand in the national joust is Mrs. G. Henry Stetson, of Huntingdon Valley. Though she has played the game little more than a year, Mrs. Stetson gave Mrs. Barlow an interesting time in the finals at Shawnee this year and has been mowing down opposition in general.

Mrs. Barlow, Mrs. Clarence Vanderbeck, who was put out by the champion last year in the semifinals; Mrs. Caleb Fox, Miss Eleanor Chandler, Mrs. E. H. Fitler are the veterans who will play this year. Mrs. William West, Huntingdon Valley, and Mrs. Arthur Liveright, Philmont, both of whom have been showing great golf this season, are also expected to give a good account of themselves at Chicago. Thirty-two will qualify Monday, and there will be 18 holes of match play each day with the finals Saturday.

* * *

Benny Sayers, alias Kaiser Ben I of Golfdom, tore a nifty score of 70 at Bon Air the other day. The old man is still on his exploration trip over all the courses of Philadelphia. At first he was backing Merion against the field, but now he has retrenched and has put Whitemarsh and Huntingdon Valley to the fore, with Pine Valley king of them all.

At the latter place he was so engrossed in his game that he scarcely noticed anything else. Going to the sixth, when Howard Perrin attempted to call his attention to the beautiful scenery and view to be had from the heights, Benny merely looked into the gloaming and then said, "Whaur's ma ba'l?"

* * *

John Crout, besides picking the favorites in the Washington party, likes to jump his mind from the game of politics to the game of golf. One of his ambitions is to crack 50 wide open on nine holes. Playing at Bala the other day, he was in a fine position to do the deed. He had just worked his way into the long seventh and cupped out for a total of 40 for seven holes.

Frank McAdams encouraged him. "Right up to the pin now," he said; "you've got two fours for a 48."

"Ah, but there's a lot of water between me and 48," boomed Crout in his deep bass voice, as he looked out on the darkling lake gleaming in the glittering ray of the sinking sun.

Spud! Plip! Plop! Sphewie! "Four balls!" said a voice, and Crout still has his ambition.

* * *

The kind of golf in which it has been said by a great player that "father has a chance to gum the good shots of his son, and ditto for the son," is going on today at Whitemarsh. The entry list today in the "Pater et Filius" tournament is the smallest for some time, and the question comes up whether interest in the event is waning.

There are scores of "teams" in the city which are not entered, and this is felt to be a pity, in view of the good time everybody gets out of it. It is a kind of play suited to many golfers who need a partner's helping hand every now and then.

RUNS SCORED BY MAJORS FOR WEEK

CLUBS.	Sat.	Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Games
AMERICAN LEAGUE.								
Athletics	4	0	*	*	0	3	2	9-11
Boston	5	1	*	*	6	8	1	21-10
Chicago	2	5	*	8	4	6	1	26-13
Cleveland	4	0	*	6	6	2	5	23-17
Detroit	6	7	*	9	5	8	2	37-14
New York	2	4	*	3	1	1	0	11-11
St. Louis	2	2	*	0	2	4	3	13-11
Washington	1	1	*	7	2	0	2	13-11
NATIONAL LEAGUE.								
Boston	2	*	*	4	0	1	6	13-15
Brooklyn	6	*	*	6	*	10	3	25-10
Chicago	0	*	*	3	*	*	1	4-11
Cincinnati	0	*	*	0	4	*	1	5-11
New York	2	*	*	7	6	1	3	19-11
Philadelphia	*	4	5	5	5	6	4	29-11
Pittsburgh	1	*	7	7	1	2	4	22-11
St. Louis	*	3	9	4	7	7	3	33-10
FEDERAL LEAGUE.								
Baltimore	*	*	*	*	7	2	2	11-11
Brooklyn	2	*	1	*	4	1	1	9-11
Buffalo	7	*	2	5	5	1	8	28-11
Chicago	*	2	4	4	*	5	0	15-11
Kansas City	2	1	*	*	*	2	4	9-11
Newark	*	*	6	2	9	9	1	27-11
Pittsburgh	*	2	7	11	2	3	1	26-11
St. Louis	8	10	*	6	7	4	1	36-11

*Indicates did not play.

Directum I and Peter Stevens

ALLENTOWN, Pa., Sept. 4.—Dr. Victor E. Wieand, president of the Allentown Fair, last night completed negotiations for a match race on Wednesday, September 22. It will be between Directum I and Peter Stevens, for a $5000 purse, winner to take all. These sensational pacers have never met. Directum I is to be driven by Murphy and Snedeker will hold the reins over Peter Stevens.

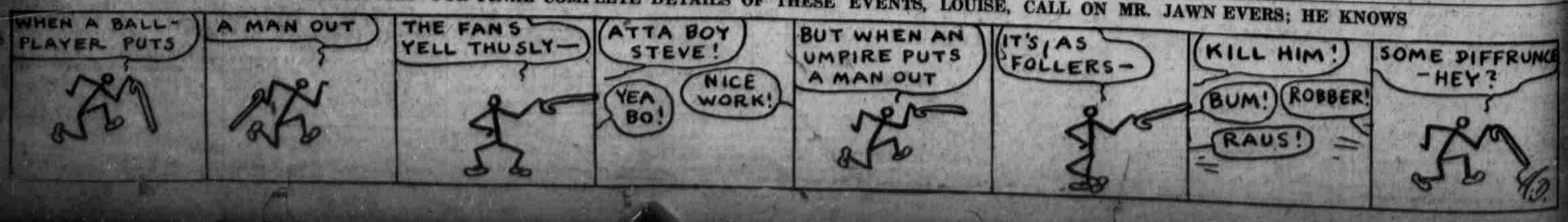
Hanks to Coach Mercersburg

HAGERSTOWN, Md., Sept. 4.—Eugene Hanks, manager of the Hagerstown Blue Ridge League Club the past season, announces he will be unable to accept the management of Hagerstown next season, as he has signed to coach Mercersburg Academy squad next spring.

Dedham Polo Victor

WENHAM, Mass., Sept. 4.—Dedham showed the way to Myopia second team here yesterday in one of the best-played games in the Myopia Hunt Club tournament at Princemere, the estate of Frederick H. Prince, winning by a score of 6¼ to 5¼.

AMERICAN LEAGUE
BASEBALL TODAY
SHIBE PARK
ATHLETICS vs. BOSTON
GAME CALLED AT 3 P. M.

OLYMPIA A. A. Broad & Bainbridge. Harry Edwards, Mgr.
TUESDAY NIGHT, 8:30 SHARP
FRANK LOUGHREY vs. JOE BORRELLI
Adm. 25c, Bal. Res. 50c, Arena Res., 75c.

EVENING LEDGER MOVIES—FOR FINAL COMPLETE DETAILS OF THESE EVENTS, LOUISE, CALL ON MR. JAWN EVERS; HE KNOWS