

"A PENNANT AND A PENANCE," BY VAN LOAN-PHILLIES' HITTING IS GROWING WEAKER

PHILLIES' POOR BATTING DRIVES THEM FROM THE FLAG-FAVORITE CLASS

Locals Hit Safely but Dozen Times in Brooklyn Series of Three Games-Killefer's Injury Serious Blow to Pat Moran's Ball Club

Three days ago it seemed that the Phillies had the pennant all but clinched unless there was a wholesale crippling of players. It was surely not an even money bet that the Dodgers or Braves could overcome the large lead that the Phillies had amassed. Today it is almost a three to one bet that the Phillies do not win the pennant.

On the home lot the Phillies were hitting the ball hard, and while no one expected the team to do so well on the larger fields, the fans were unprepared for the miserable batting exhibition of the leaders on the road. In five games played in New York the Phillies got but 31 hits, an average of a trifle more than six to a game, which is far from championship clubbing form.

To make matters worse, the infield showed a tendency to blow up in a pinch, something that is not apparent in any critical series until the last week. The question is, Has the strain told on the Philly team at last? Four games on the home lot before departing for the West may bring the team back to its stride and send them away with a lead of two games.

If the men could get out of their batting slump and support the pitchers in a pinch, there is still plenty of room for hope, but an injury to Bill Killefer, if it proves as serious as is likely, will add further to the Philly woes.

Killefer is suffering from a sore arm, and was forced to retire from yesterday's game after two innings. Manager Moran says that he does not think Killefer will be crippled long, but will send him to a specialist to find out just what is wrong with the arm that is an absolute necessity to the team.

Poor Batting by Locals in Brooklyn

In the three-game series with the Dodgers the Phillies made but 12 hits, an average of four to a game. Perhaps it was because the Brooklyn pitchers were in unusual form, out that it hardly likely. The chances are that it was more due to the Philly batting weakness on foreign fields than to the work of the Brooklyn pitchers, as Robinson had not been favored with three strongly pitched games in two weeks prior to the series with the Phillies.

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Killefer May be Out of Game Rest of Season

Perhaps Killefer's arms has just grown temporarily weak, but lame arms are not as easy to get rid of as one would like to believe, and there is a possibility of Killefer being out of the game or in poor condition for the rest of the season. Eddie Burns is a clever backstop and he has been doing splendid work in double-headers and as a relief man, but he is far from a Killefer, and a backstop of Killefer's calibre must be in the line-up.

Killefer's clever work behind the bat has been largely responsible for the splendid work of the pitchers throughout the season, and Alexander and Mayer are sure to have their effectiveness impaired with Burns behind the bat. Burns handles Demaree and Rixey well, but in the past has failed miserably in receiving for Alexander and Mayer. Perhaps Burns might surprise the fans and catch sensational ball. He has a good head, fairly good arm and is a hard hitter. If he gets the breaks and keeps his head he may prove the man of the hour for the Phils until Killefer returns to the game.

It is said that Killefer insists on catching in the present series with the Giants, but it would be a bad move to allow him to enter the game if he is not right. A few days rest may bring his arm around in good shape, but if he should enter the game and injure it again, it is hardly likely he would catch again this season.

Alex Likely to Put in Overtime Work

There is still plenty of hope for the Phillies, as there is for any team with a pitcher of Alexander's calibre and a one-game lead going into the home stretch. Manager Moran had been hoping that it would not be necessary to work Alexander out of turn, but from the outlook at the present time it will be necessary to start the Nebraskan in on his long grind.

Naturally, the Brooklyn fans are celebrating today and have visions of the first pennant since 1901; but their celebration is likely to prove premature, as the Braves still look by far better than the Dodgers as a pennant possibility. Despite the three straight victories of Robinson's team over the Phillies, the Phillies had little trouble with Boston three weeks ago and have been helpless before the Dodgers, but nevertheless the Braves are the team to be feared, because they can and will finish strong. It is a team that plays just as well on the road as at home, which is more than can be said for Brooklyn.

The series between Boston and Brooklyn starting today is sure to hurt one team that is battling the Phillies, and our guess would be that it will hurt the Dodgers, despite the fact that they have the advantage of playing at home. There is not a better home club in the National League than Brooklyn, but they will find the Braves a different team than they were a few weeks ago.

McLoughlin Will Be East Once More

While the personal friends of Maurice McLoughlin are grieved that he did not capture the premier lawn tennis honors of the United States for 1915, they will be delighted to know that the fiery "Mac" will be East again next year. Although no official announcement has ever been made by the famous "Comet," it was understood among those close in touch with him that if he won the championship this year, and with it permanent possession of the championship cup, he would retire from tournament play—so far as the East was concerned.

Now, however, that "Mac" still has only two legs on the trophy, there is no doubt about the fact that he will be back again for the purpose of winning the cup outright and that if he falls in 1916 he will continue to strive for it for several years to come.

In spite of the popular opinion that McLoughlin is an "old-timer" at tennis, he is not—considering his age. "Mac" is still a young man—one of the youngest, in fact, except his fellow California friend and conqueror, Johnston, who ever won the championship of America.

Johnston a Marvel of Grit and Skill

Johnston's play against McLoughlin and Williams, whom he defeated on successive days—a feat that the mighty Australasians, Brookes and Wilding, were never able to accomplish—indicates not only that the little 130-pound youth is game to the core, but that he is as fully equipped with tennis knowledge as any man in the game today. Combine these qualities with his long experience on the Coast and his natural cleverness, and one finds him just as he appeared in the recent tournament—unbeatable.

Norris Williams Still Has Chance for Permanent Glory

R. Norris Williams has really the best chance of any in America to become the world's leading player, and there is still time for him to prove that he is. Williams learned his tennis from the professionals in Europe. In this country there are so few professional tennis instructors that the average person, even the average tennis player, would not know where to look to find one. Golf "pros" are numerous, but tennis experts in this country are rare, except in amateur ranks. Williams received a liberal tennis education in Switzerland; yet a boy, 20 years old, comes from the Coast and defeats him in a manner which brooks no dispute as to the relative merits of the two players. Furthermore, this same youth defeats one of his own "countrymen" just as decisively, even at a time when the latter was ranked by many experts as the world's greatest racket exponent.

Has looked much better yesterday than on any previous appearance on the mound. He did not pass a man in three innings, and the Senators were lucky to have scored upon him. This lad, who has been a huge joke to the fans since he passed 16 New York batsmen, may yet fool the wise ones and become a star.

The red Sox were beaten for the third straight time by the Yankees. Detroit failed to gain in the race, as they went down to defeat at the hands of the White Sox in a slugging match.

Now, you Phillies, take advantage of the short fences for a few days and then forget there are any, and hit naturally on the road.

SOMEBODY IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE



YALE LEADING IN INTERCOLLEGIATE GOLF TOURNAMENT

Old Eli Defeats Illinois, 6 Up and 5 to Go—Penn Beaten in Today's Play by Princeton

R. D. PIERCE IS STAR

GREENWICH, Conn., Sept. 8.—For the first time in the history of the Intercollegiate golf championship, a Western team started out in quest of the team title today, when the second of a series of team matches was staged on the links of the Greenwich Country Club.

The University of Illinois, Western intercollegiate champions, who drew a bye yesterday, met Yale, while Princeton and Pennsylvania came together.

W. Hamilton Gardner, 2d, the Yale captain, and R. DeZ. Pierce led off the Blue combination against John M. Simpson, the Illinois "chief" and individual college champion of the West, partnered with F. H. White. Gardner and Pierce won by 3 and 2, displaying an almost undeniable brand of golf. Their best ball would have been about 68 had they finished the hole holes.

Both Gardner and Pierce had three on the 317-yard first hole, and Pierce, recording another on the second, made his side 2 up. It was evident on the third and fourth that Pierce was in for a low score, for he won both and made Yale 4 up. Simpson got into his stride, however, and won the next two holes single handed. Pierce sprang another 3 at the eighth, while Gardner's 2 at the ninth made Yale 4 up at the turn. White contributed to Simpson's support two holes coming in, but his help came too late for Yale won the match. The best ball cards follow:

Gardner and Pierce— Out 3 3 4 5 5 4 3 2-34 In 3 4 3 5 6 3 3 Simpson and White— Out 4 4 5 6 4 4 4 3-39 In 2 4 2 4 5 3 4 Pierce had no less than six 5's on his individual course, which was a record. Out 3 3 4 5 5 5 3 3-38 In 3 4 4 5 5 3 5

F. S. Gaines and D. L. Armstrong had no trouble in disposing of H. H. White and C. F. Olsen, 6 and 5, for the second hole point. The Westerners were never dangerous. D. Clarke Corbett, of Princeton, got going well with Russell N. H. Fay, Jr., and N. H. Maxwell, of Pennsylvania. The margin was 8 and 7.

Alex Hayburn and T. C. Collett, 2d, another Pennsylvania combination, suffered at the hands of G. T. Lawyer and J. Bernd Rose, of Princeton. Old Nassau won the point by 5 and 3.

Yale was unable to shut out Illinois, for after a hard-fought match, H. R. Walton and C. F. Weems defeated W. T. Radham and Dudley H. Mudge, of Yale. Mudge was unable to putt as he would have liked. The game which won for him the medal in the national amateur championship last week was not evident. This left Yale a leader on the four ball by 2 to 1.

Princeton shut out Pennsylvania when S. Davidson Heron and Grant A. Pascock defeated Franklin W. Dyer and C. W. B. Townsend, which combination, sufficient to say, H. Fay, Jr., and M. H. Maxwell, Pennsylvania, 8 up and 7 to 1.

G. T. Lawyer and J. Bernd Rose, Princeton, defeated Alexander Hayburn and T. C. Collett, 2d, Pennsylvania, 3 up and 2 to 1. Total, Princeton, 3; Pennsylvania, 6.

Hamilton Gardner, of Princeton, defeated Pierce, Yale, defeated John M. Simpson and F. H. White, 4 up and 2 to 1.

W. T. Radham and Dudley H. Mudge, of Yale, defeated H. H. White and C. F. Olsen, Illinois, 5 up and 2 to 1.

F. S. Gaines and D. L. Armstrong, Yale, defeated H. H. White and C. F. Olsen, Illinois, 6 up and 3 to 1.

Total, Yale, 2; Illinois, 1.

A PENNANT AND A PENANCE

Rev. Mr. Todd Becomes "Kid" Todd as the Result of a Short but Effective Fistic Encounter With Nipper Canby, the Demon of the Terrors

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

The World's Most Famous Writer of Baseball Fiction.

Pete MacNabb, manager of the Terrors, was never so shocked in all his life as when David McKinstry Todd insisted that "Sunday class" be inserted in his contract. Todd was snapped up by the old sport, Sherman, who saw him play the last time in the uniform of his alma mater. The boy was studying for the ministry in a Methodist college, when a dirty banker embedded his mother's meagre savings rather than see his sisters taken from high school. Todd decided to let the ministry wait and earn some money. That's how Sherman was able to get the idea of a shortstop to all the shrews of the veteran Charlie Todd, who here where he wants sliding to second, just as the pennant race was beginning to tighten.

"Todd's a good fellow," said the word "go." But the Terrors were a rough set—the "immortality of the soul." Todd, the idea of a Methodist preacher in their midst, was finding anything to criticize about the collegian's playing, they decided to go after his individuality, and the "great-sounding" procedure began in earnest.

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Sandy Wallace argued heavily against the immortality of the soul. "When you're dead," he said, "you're not coming back, because there ain't nothing to come back. All this bunk about living forever and pounding on a golden harp is out of date. Hey, you kid Todd, what'd you think about it?"

David came out of the shower room with a bath towel wrapped around his neck, a fine statue of muscular Christianity bled pink by hot water. "Huh?" said he. "Oh, yes. Arguing about immortality again? Well, Wallace, you may not have a soul, but I think I have."

Finnucane, Bob Kidd, Sam Souzay, and several others lent a hand. The thing which troubled them was that they had not been able to make the new man show resentment in any way. Naturally, they jumped to the conclusion that Todd was seeking to avoid trouble.

"You see, kid," said MacNabb to Todd, "they don't really mean you no harm. They just want to see if you're good. Now, if you'd wallop one of 'em good and plenty, they'd lay off of this stuff for keeps. They think you won't fight."

"Uh-huh," said Todd gravely. "That's about the way I sized it up when the thing started."

"Sure! That's it! Now, I could horn in and stop it, but it would only make it harder for you in the long run. If a thing has got to come, you know, the sooner it comes the better. If you get a felon on your finger, the sooner she gets ripe the sooner she gets well. Now, looky, Finnucane is a dinch. Everybody on the club has kicked him because he's got a glass jaw. Next time Finnucane starts anything, just chop him once on the chin. Get a knockout or two in your record, and there ain't no more of this preacher stuff! But don't go mixing up any with Canby. He's a hard nut in a fight."

"Rabble-ah!" said MacNabb. "Come again. Don't make that one."

A few days afterward, with the full team for an audience, and the target close at hand, Canby opened fire upon the Sunday question.

"Preachers won't work on Sunday," said Nipper. "For the matter of that, I never see one of 'em that would work any day in the week. They never do nothing—just loaf around and live off the poor. Methodists are—"

Nobody ever knew just what it was that Nipper was about to remark about the Methodists. Nipper himself couldn't remember. He was conscious of an interval filled with pinwheels, skyrockets, Roman candles, Venetian fireworks, and other constellations of light and color which ended with the jarring explosion of heavy artillery—12-inch guns at the very least.

David Todd knelt beside the unconscious second baseman.

"Stand back from him!" said Todd shortly. "He isn't hurt as badly as he deserves to be. Oh, you're smug around here, are you? Now, listen, Canby, and this goes for the rest of your hoodlum friends: My father was a Methodist minister. You're s'pose your teeth, and you've got a lump on your jaw to help you remember it. I've heard enough out of you about ministers, and if I hear any more you'll need one—or a doctor. Understand?"

Canby understood part of the discourse. He rolled over on his chest, and spat out

contract which offered \$3000 for the next season. Long division was called into play. MacNabb was offering more than four times as much as Goldstein for a little more than eight months' work. Now, what would a sensible young man do under such circumstances?

David pointed out to his mother and sisters that a man might save something on \$70 a year—enough so that, say, in 40 years, he might be independent. On the other hand, baseball would produce a nest egg in one-tenth the time. And, with the \$3000 starting out from the face of the contract, what was there for the mother to say? Nothing but that David do as he thought best.

"Kid" Todd rejoined the Terrors in the springtime, and, on the evening when he reported for duty, Pete MacNabb opened a quart of wine—and drank it all himself.

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WHAT MAY HAPPEN IN BASEBALL TODAY

NATIONAL LEAGUE table with columns for team, W, L, Pct., Win, Loss, Split.

AMERICAN LEAGUE table with columns for team, W, L, Pct., Win, Loss, Split.

FEDERAL LEAGUE table with columns for team, W, L, Pct., Win, Loss, Split.

White Makes a Record Run

A. A. White wired the Evening Ledger from Missoula, Mont., last night that he had made world's record run with four-horsepower Thomas Myers on Glacier National Park to Yellowstone National Park with 24 Montana guests. Time 22 hours, with only 1 minute 52 seconds delay from trouble.

Dundee Has Work A-plenty

MILWAUKEE, Sept. 8.—Johnny Dundee has just closed the following matches: Charley White, September 16, at New York; Ad Wolgast, at Milwaukee, September 20; Joe Welling, at Duluth, October 3; Joe Mandot, at St. Paul, October 21.

The EVENT

Supreme among new styles for Fall is "The Event"—a Stetson creation. Young men and those who stay young will welcome this as a pleasing departure from the late trend of style.

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Stetson Hats are Sold and Featured by Prominent Dealers Everywhere

Supreme among new styles for Fall is "The Event"—a Stetson creation. Young men and those who stay young will welcome this as a pleasing departure from the late trend of style.

EVENING LEDGER MOVIES—IF YOU "GET" SUBTLE STUFF, LOUIS, THIS WILL BE MOST ENJOYABLE

Advertisement for a movie featuring E.J. MacOne-Gill, Tie-Cobb, and Hands-Wagon-R. Includes text: 'MONS. E.J. MACONE-GILL PRESENTS THE NAMES OF TWO FAMOUS BALL-TOSSERS IN PUZZLE FORM' and 'THAN KEW!'.