

ALEXANDER GIVES TIP ON PALS' BATTING—NEWS OF THE SPORTS WORLD FAR AND NEAR

CRAVATH AND LUDERUS' HOMERS DUE NOT TO SHORT FIELDS, SAYS ALEX

Injustice Is Done Philly Wrecking Pair by "Bandbox" Field Alibis—"Gavvy" Is Natural Slugger, Declares Phillies' Wonderful Slab Artist

By GROVER CLEVELAND ALEXANDER Greatest Baseball Pitcher and the Mainstay of the Philadelphia National League Club in the 1915 Pennant Race. ARTICLE XVII

Baseball fans in other cities appear to be getting the idea in their heads that the Phillies have been successful this year, and lead the league in home runs, because they play in a park that has been referred to as a "bandbox."

Honestly, I think an injustice is done Cravath, Luderus, particularly, and all the other men on our club who slug the ball, when their extra-base hit performances are credited to "short fences."

It is true that the rightfield wall at the Phillies grounds is a bit nearer to the home plate than is the same boundary in some other parks. It also is a fact that the left-field bleachers cut off some of the playing space that is open in other cities. However, this is not the reason for the long hits of our players.

Cravath is a natural slugger. That is admitted. I am quite certain, by every pitcher who ever faced him. When he gets a hold of a baseball with his bat it's got to "go somewhere."

There are three parks I know would be good home run spots for Cravath—those in Chicago, St. Louis and New York. Each one requires a longer drive than is necessary on our home lot, but not beyond the walls that "Gavvy" delivers on many occasions.

Did you ever stop to consider how far over the wall some of Cravath's drives go? Why, some of them sail nearly across Broad street. I am told by persons who have been outside the park when he hit them. The opposing players see the ball clear what they term our "short fences," and then they like to think that on their home lot the right fielder would have caught the ball. But I'll tell you that in a number of instances the right fielder would not have caught the ball unless he had an airplane handy.

All that has been said for Cravath applies to Luderus. He has powerful arms and shoulders and gives the "apple" a terrific swat. "Luddy" would be a home-run hitter in any park in the world.

I am not insisting that Cravath and Luderus would hit as many home runs if they played in Chicago, St. Louis, New York or some other city. In fact, I guess they would drop off somewhat in their circuit punches. But they would get more doubles and triples. I am certain, and that would keep their extra-base hit records ahead of other players.

How many times have you seen "Gavvy" and "Luddy" and others of our players rock the right-field wall with terrific line drives? I'll bet Cravath and Luderus have smashed 25 baseballs against the wall this year, and the ball has bounded back

"ALEX" HAS THE "STUFF AND NERVE," AND YET HE MAY BLOW, HE MAY

Also Gibraltar May Topple Over—Pitching Stars of the Past Have Worked True to Form, as Witness Matty, Bender, Coombs, Rudolph and Wood

By GRANTLAND RICE

A Reason (Just why, upon the average, so many champions fade so quickly). You see the far heights waiting through the mist. And so you scrap and strive to reach the top. Diving headlong into the open lists. Content to struggle on until you drop. Content to suffer for the waiting throne. Content to take Fate's hardest, roughest blow. Until at last the heights are yours alone. Where you may watch the fighting field below.

So by this climbing mankind makes its goal. From bitter tuck, from dreary loss and gain. That make or break—that crush or render whole. The dreamer fighting upward from the plain. But at the top the old desire goes forth. There comes no more the old thrill of the fight. Ambition fades—the soul grows soft and fat. An easy mark for any one in sight.

For in this game but one thing makes the strong—Unending battle against bitter odds; Raw luck that drives the laggard heart along. That may not call for help to Fortune's gods; But at the top the flame no longer glows, Sloth and conceit supplant the early hope. And so the softening process grows and grows. Until the first hard smash "upsets the dogs."

"It wouldn't surprise me," writes Henry T., "after all the stuff that has been written, to see Alexander knocked out of the box, while Matty, Coombs or Demareo wins for Philadelphia."

Which would seem to indicate that Henry T. isn't easily surprised. A mine explosion under his feet probably wouldn't get a blink out of his system.

Via the Granddoldope The New York Giants no longer hold the sportlight's festive glow; The stars of Matty have left the fold. And dealt a telling blow; Chief Bender's arm has lost its vim; McLaughlin's crown has passed from him; And backward drops Outint; The Champs of old have slipped the trail To make way for the new; And the dogs will tell the same changed tale.

When the Crimson meets the Blue. Pitching Chatter In the main star pitchers adjoined to world series stars have more than made good. Brown, Walsh, Mathewson, Bender, Coombs, Donovan, Plank, Rudolph and Wood have all pitched true to form.

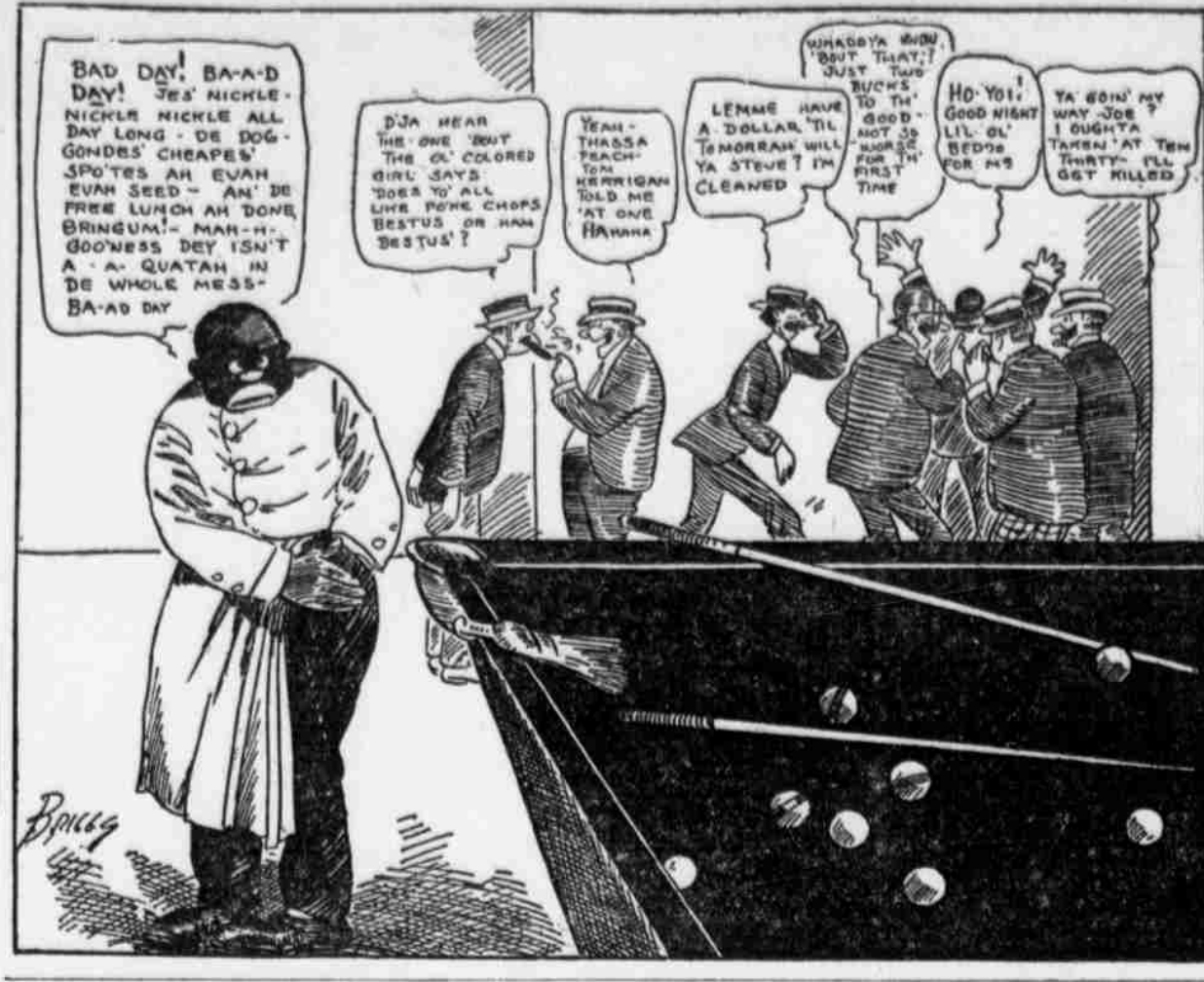
Some of these have been hit hard in world series spots, but only at rare intervals. Since anything is possible in sports—it is also possible that Alexander will be a big disappointment. But it isn't probable in any sense—since Alexander has the two main ingredients for world series success—the stuff and the nerve.

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KELLY—GOING HOME



THE BLACK BOOK

Duke's Luck Changes and His Money and Spirits Are Nearly Gone—He Suddenly Gets a "Good Tip"

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN The World's Greatest Writer of Baseball Fiction.

Sherwood Clifton, "the Duke," is the star pitcher of the Phillies. His one sin is his fondness for the race track. Although he has never been near a course, he lays his money according to the way he comes out of the form charts, which he carries around in a little black book. His friends call it "the black book."

During the early part of the season Duke had been high, and he is \$3000 ahead of the game. (Copyright, Street and Smith.) Thus he lost no faith in the black book, even when a long losing streak thinned the pigskin wallet, and the bills with which it had been stuffed began to find their way home again. He redoubled his mathematical researches; he spent more time "doping out" the probable winners, with no better result. Like most losers, he began to plunge, to bet on three or four horses in an afternoon instead of confining himself to the one best bet on the card.

As the bank roll dwindled, his temper grew ragged at the edges, his appetite became uncertain, and there were days when he sat upon the bench, staring out on the field, knowing less of the progress of the game than the most ignorant spectator. When it came his turn to pitch, he shook off the spell for the time being, but he no longer had the indefinable snap and dash of the early spring. His heart, as Dutch had said, was at the race track with most of his bank roll.

"The Duke don't say so much about his blifflings these days," commented Orendorf one evening. "I guess he's finding that you can't pick 'em all the time." "He certainly is awful crabby about something," said Dutch thoughtfully. "He won't play poker no more, and when he shoots craps he just builds you to death with big bets. There ain't any fun gamblin' like that, particularly with your friends."

"I wish he's come out of it," said Dutch. "Johnny Merry and his gang will be here next week, and if we don't stop 'em they'll just about win the pennant. I'd rather see any other club land that post-season money."

"You've said something!" Dutch chimed in. "Any guy in the world but Merry! If we knock the Dudes down three out of four, or only break even with 'em while the Grays are wallowing the tail-enders, it ought to set Merry's cue plum' outside the game."

"With the Duke in this trance," continued Orendorf moodily, "Merry will just about run rings around us. The Duke could stop 'em if he was a dope. When he's right he beats that club just by chucking his glove out on the line where they can see it. He had their number last year and the early part of this season, but now he gets out there and he reminds me of a mechanical toy. His arms and legs are playin' baseball, but the rest of him is wrapped up in that black book. Confound him! I wish he'd get onto himself! But it's just the way I said. He's been tryin' to beat two games at once, and it's got him."

"Oh, you just imagine that!" laughed Dutch. "The Duke's got a sour ball about something, but when it comes to a question of trimming these Dudes you'll see him come through with the goods in both hands. You know he hates Merry worse'n you do."

Johnny Merry and his Dudes, thus called because of the prevalence of silk underwear and tailor-made shirts on the players, and a certain swagger which might easily have been mistaken for conceit, were popular in their home town; but on the road they drew no applause save that earned by their professional efforts. Johnny himself—a cocky, assertive little man, with energy enough to supply a dozen dynamoes, and a brain which took advantage of every opportunity to win, no matter what it might be—was particularly disliked by the Phillies, and not without reason.

Johnny believed in fighting to win games, and that's what made him feel some of which linger beyond the heat of battle. To knock Johnny Merry out of a pennant would be a real triumph equal to finishing in the first division themselves; certainly it would have afforded Monk Lawson's carefree young devils more genuine satisfaction.

The pennant race had tightened to such an extent that the Grays were hanging at the top of the column, only three full games ahead of the fast-coming Dudes.

TRENTON FAIR

September 27 to October 1 \$1.00 ROUND TRIP FROM PHILADELPHIA THRILLING RACES AEROPLANE FLIGHTS Daily EDUCATIONAL ENTERTAINING EXHIBITS SPECIAL TRAINS WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY Leave Reading Terminal, 9:30 A. M. Stopping at Spring Garden St., Columbia Ave., and Spring Garden St. Waynes Junction and Jenkintown For Particulars Apply for Free Any A.G.T. Philadelphia & Reading Rwy.

LAUREL RACES Baltimore & Ohio October 1 to 30, \$1.50 Round Trip Special Train to Fallis, 24th and Chestnut Sts., Station, 1:30 A. M. Through coaches, parlor and dining cars. Returning after race.

bed, with the blackbook in his hands, hastily running over the pages in search of Cheyenne's name. He found it in time. "Last away from the post," said the Duke to himself; "just at the half pole, and last turning for home. Correct so far. He was ninth in the stretch, and just beaten a nose for third. Gee whizz! What a finish! Now for the footnotes. Cheyenne, away badly, closed with brilliant burst of speed. Would have been third in another stride." Thus was the tale of the owner confirmed in every particular. Gilfeather might be a liar, but the black book told the truth.

The Duke took out his pigskin wallet and thumbed its contents with a rueful smile. The stiff yellow-backed notes of July had been replaced with piebald greenbacks—the fives and tens and ones. "Sixty-eight bucks," said Clifton to himself. "Here's the chance I've been laying for, and it catches me busted!" From the third finger of his left hand he took a diamond ring, and from a compartment in the pigskin wallet he took another, weighing them in his hands.

"For these and the stud I ought to get about \$500," he reflected. "No pay check until a week from next Monday, and it wouldn't do to tip my mitt by making a touch in advance." He jingled the rings in his hands, his clear crystals in thought. Then he took another look at the black book. Then he shook his head and sighed heavily.

"Oh, you Cheyenne!" he said, aloud. "If you don't get down there in front it will look like a hard winter for me." It was Monday night. The telephone in Clifton's room began to ring. The Duke answered it.

"Benon!" he said. "Tell him to come right up." A few moments later the "betting commissioner" appeared, embellished by a clean white shirt and a hard winter hat. "Hello, Bo!" said Clifton. "Sit down. Have a smoke."

Bo sat down, and bit off the end of the cigar which was offered him. "A punk may be all right for them as likes 'em," he said, "but for me—the pill every time. Gimme the old brown-paper brain capsule for mine! What's doing?"

"Bo," said Clifton, "we haven't been hitting them very often lately, have we?" "Tough luck," said Mr. Benon. "But we're going to make up for it tomorrow, and what we'll do will be a shame."

"A long shot!" said Bo, pricking up his ears immediately. "I hope so," said the Duke; "but, anyway, I don't want you around the clubhouse before the game. Be?"

"Sure!" said Bo. "There's a lot of money guys in this world, ain't they? Now, Dutch Orendorf, he—"

"I'm going to put down a big bet," said Clifton. "I'm going after 'em hard this time, and I want you to place this money for me downtown. Do you know of any place?"

"Sure!" said Bo. "There's a white nest of 'em down by the Metropolitan Hotel. Five or six in one block. And they won't take any piker money, either."

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.) FOOTBALL AT WILLIAMS Despite Loss of Stars, Good Season Is Expected WILLIAMSTOWN, Mass., Sept. 28.—Despite the loss of some of the 1914 stars Williams has high hopes of a most successful season. Five of last year's regulars were graduated in June, and a sixth, deWint, has resigned from college. The loss of the center trio, Kells, Furness and Driscoll, from the line is no less severe than the absence of Payson and Toolan from the halfback positions. Nevertheless, the presence of ten "W" men and several of last year's first string substitutes, together with valuable line material from the sophomores class, give promise of a strong eleven, which will be somewhat heavier than last year's team.

RACES TODAY AT HAVRE DE GRACE

Six Races Daily—Including a Steeplechase, Special Trains From St. Louis, Grand St. 12:34 p. m., West Philadelphia, 12:55 p. m., B. & O. Leave 24th & Chestnut Sts., 12:58 p. m. Admission, Grandstand & Paddock, \$1.00. Ladies, \$1.00. First Race at 2:30 p. m.

A Great Conference Of Interest to All Tire Users And Dealers

ONCE every year all Firestone salesmen meet at our Akron headquarters.

At our first annual meeting only thirty men were present; this week we'll have over three hundred from all parts of the United States and several foreign countries. Besides attending the general sessions addressed by Company executives, branch managers and salesmen, every representative will spend hours in the factory studying, in a practical way, the manufacture of Firestone tires. He will actually see our experts building into Firestones the "extras" you have been reading and hearing about; that extra layer of fabric in the five-inch tire; the extra ply in the three-inch; the extra coating of pure gum between the plies, etc. He will see the "inside" reasons why 50 per cent more Firestone dealers were added last year, and why our output was increased 78 per cent.

He will see five great buildings under construction to provide over seven acres of additional floor space which will increase our output of pneumatic tires from 7,500 to 12,000 a day. This increase of 4,500 tires per day is larger than the output of the original new Firestone plant erected on its present site four years ago.

He will rub shoulders with hundreds of men whose interests are kin to his, and from them he will reap a great harvest of valuable and helpful information which he will use to the advantage of customers in his territory.

These days of conference and study represent a large investment, but it produces adequate dividends in better service for tire users the world over. It means a greater, more alert, better informed Firestone organization, and that insures satisfied customers. And there you have the vital reason for it all because—satisfied customers constitute the corner stone of this business.

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