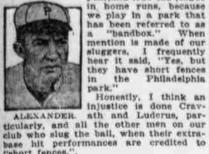
ALEXANDER GIVES TIP ON PALS' BATTING-NEWS OF THE SPORTS WORLD FAR AND NEAR

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 atest Baseball Fitcher and the Mainstay of the Philadelpi 1915 Pennant Bace. his National League Club in the 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



many occasions.

had an aeroplane handy.

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 fence," and then they like to think that on their home lot the right fielder would have caught the ball. But, Fil tell you that in

a number of instances the right fielder would not have caught the ball unless he

All that has been said for Cravath ap-plies to Luderus. He has powerful arms

if they played in Chicago, St. Louis, New

year, and lead the league in home runs, because we play in a park that has been referred to as a "bandbox." When a "bandbox." When mention is made of our sluggers, I frequently hear it said, "Yes, but they have short fences in the Philadelphia park.

and sometimes for a home run. I recall one homer that Cravath hit this season that would have been good for the circuit anywhere, although centre fielders always play deep for him. That was the drive over the midfield wall which cleaned the bases and scored the four runs that beat New York. The ball could not have been caught in any park. I am sure. am sure.

I am sure. Furthermore, I remember several times that "Gavy" has hit the baseball far up in the centre field bleachers. If the bleachers had not been there they would have hit the clubhouse, I am positive. They would have been triples sure and quite likely homers in any city in the land. "short fences.". It is true that the rightfield wall at the land

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, J 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." And there is not a work in our league that doesn't offer op-Cravath showed how hard he could hit the ball in Pittsburgh recently. He clouted one over the left field wall, and only two men had accomplished that feat before, I understand.

In every city the outfielders move back to the fences when Cravath and Luderus come to bat. But the further they go back the more room there is between back the more room there is between them, and no batsman always hits one directly at a fielder. Therefore, no mat-ter how far back they played, "Gavyy" and "Luddy" would continue to get their long-distance hits.

a park in our league that doesn't offer op-portunities for "Gavvy" to get home runs Naturally, the two men get most of their extra-base hits at the Fhilies' Park. The schedule calls for one-half r extra-base hits. There are three parks I know would be their Park. Park. The schedule calls for one-half the games to be played at home. Both men hit fairly well on the road, as a rule, but they don't have long stretches of games in a city with many opportu-nities to find the home-run spots. I feel sure I am safe in saying that Cravath hits a longer drive than any other player in our league, and Luderus is not far behind "Gavvy." I do not know anything about Crawford, who is said to get more distance than any other 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 be-yond the wallops that "Gavvy" delivers

and to get more distance than any other American League player. But I don't believe the Detroit man can beat our pair of sluggers.

Slugging is always enjoyed by the spec-tators, and our team has been popular when we were not high in the race because we had long-distance hitters. In fact, hitting has been associated with Philadelphia teams for many years, I bellove. It pleases the spectators when "Gavvy" and "Luddy" "pole one," but it is not such good fun for the pitchers who must face them. I imagine it is pretty tough for a youngster to go up against

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 aderus would hit as many home runs Such a hard-hitting duo. My main reason for writing this has been that I believe the idea is getting too general that our players are sluggers because of the "short fences." Natural-York or some other city. In fact, I guess they would drop off somewhat in their dreuit punches. But they would get more doubles and triples, I am certain, and ly, we bail players don't care what they think about us in other cities-in fact, if they get an idea that we can't hit exthat would keep their extra-base hit reccept at home, we may take them unawares.

rds 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 But certainly Cravath is entitled to any home-run record he may make, for nobody knows that he would have failed smashed 25 baseballs against the wall this year, and the ball has bounded back playing in another city.

"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



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 plicher of the Ponies. His one atn is his fondness for the suce track Although his money converting of the way he dones out the form charts, which he carries around in a little black book. His team-mates Josh him. During the early part of the senson Duke's luck has run 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.

Gilfcather thumped the table with a beavy fist. "The Duke don't say so much about his killings these days." commented Oren-

The Grave might be depended upon to The Grays might be depended upon to make a clean sweep against the tailend-ers, and with this in view Orendorff and Hawley were not the only members of the Pony team who had given thought to taking vengeance on Merry and the Dudes. Clifton hadn't thought of it, for the Duke had troubles of his own. At the Duke had troubles of his own. All his plans centred around some coup which should repair his fortunes, some long should repair his fortunes. morass of figures which engulfed him day and night.

That evening at the small hotel where he lived when in the home town Clifton was introduced to a Western turfman whose name he had seen in the owners' column on the form charts. The West-erner, whose name was Gilfenther, had been trifling with metropolitan cocktails been training with metropolitan cocktains and he was very glad to meet a ball player. In his condition he would have been glad to meet any one. The Duke purchased him a few more of the same, which brought Gilfenther's regard for ball players to an acute stage.

"Can you keep a secret?" he demanded, looking at the Duke with the stern grav-ity of intoxication. "If I should tell you something-something good-would you keep it under your hat, and not go toutin" all over town? Oh, I know you feliers; you all like to act as if you knew some thing !"

"I'm no tout," said the Duke carelessly, "and I didn't ask you to tell me any-thing."

"That's a man talkin'!" he said. "By

bed, with the blackbook in his hands, hastily running over the pages in search of Choyenne's name. He found it in time. "" "A long shot?" said Bo pricking

of Cheyenne's name. He found it in time, "Last away from the post," said the Duke to himself; "last at the half pole, and last turning for home. Correct so far. He was ninth in the stretch, and just besten a nose for third. Gee whis! What a finish! Now for the footnotes. "Cheyenne, away badly, closed with hril-liant burst of speed. Would have been third in another stride."" Thus was the tale of the owner confirmed in every particular, Glifeather might be a liar, but the black book told the truth. The Duke took out his pizzkin wallet "A long shot?" said Bo, pricking u his ears imediately.

"I hope so," said the Duke; "but, anyway, I don't want you around the clubhouse before the game, Sec?"

The Duke took out his pirskin wallet and thumbed its contents with a rueful smile. The stiff yellow-backed notes of July had been replaced with plebelan greenbacks-the fives and twos and ones.

house before the game. See?" "Sure!" said Bo. "There's a lot of norey suys in this world, ain't they? Now, Dutch Orandorff, he..." "I'm going to put down a big bet," and Cifton, "I'm going after 'sm 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 whole nest of 'am down by the Metropolitan Hotel. Five or siz in one block. And they won't take any place money, either." (CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

FOOTBALL AT WILLIAMS

Despite Loss of Stars, Good Season Is Expected

he took a diamond ring, and from a com-partment in the pigskin wallet he took snother, 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 dinciad the charge in his hands, his WILLIAMSTOWN, Mass., Sept. 10.-Dea touch in advance." He jingled the rings in his hands, his brows wrinkled in thought. Then he trick another look at the black book. Then he shook his head and sighed heavspite the loss of some of the 1914 stars Williams has high hopes of a most supcensful season. Five of last year's regulars were graduated in June, and a sixth, deWindt, has resigned from col-"Oh, you Cheynns!" he said, sloud. "If you don't get down there in front it will look like a hard winter to me." lege. The loss of the centre trio, Eells 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

"Benson?" he said. "Tell him to come right up." A few moments later the "betting comline material from the sophomore class, missioner" appeared, embellished by a clean collar, which he had donned in honor of the occasion. give promise of a strong cloven which will be somewhat heavier than last year's "Hello, Bo!" said Clifton. "Sit down. team.

The

Have a smoke." Bo sat down, and bit off the end of the

Iso 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 brownpaper brain capsule for mine! What's

a decent exit, so anxious was he to con-

a decent exit, so anxious was he to con-firm the story of Cheyenne's first race. But Gilfeather rocked away at last, after cautioning him to preserve the strictest sort of allence; and two minutes afterward the Duko was sitting on the edge of his

It was Monday night. The telephone

in Clifton's room began to ring. Duke answered it.

"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 com-

"Bo," snid Clifton, "we haven't been hitting them very often lately, have we?" "Tough luck," said Mr. Benson, "But we're going to make up for it

RACES TODAY AT HAVRE DE GRACE. Six Races Dally-Including a Steeplechasy Boeclai Trains: Penna, H. R. leave Brand St. 12:34 p. m., West Phila., 12:38 p. m.-B. & O. leave 21th & ChestBut Sts., 13:48 p. m. M. Admission, Grandstand & Faddeck. \$1.50, Ladies, \$1.00, First Bace at \$150 p. m.

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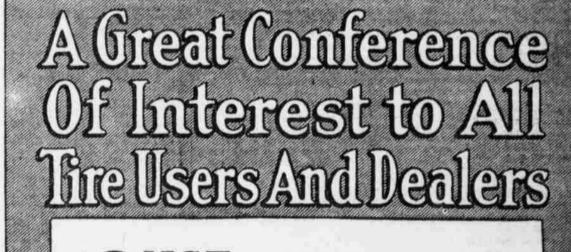
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A Reason (Just why, upon the average, so many champions fade so quickly).

You see the far heights waiting through the mists,

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

That make or break-that crush or render REYNOLDS IS VICTOR whole The dreamer fighting upward from the

plain. But at the top the old desire goes flat, There comes no more the old thrill of the fight, Ambition fades—the soul grows soft and

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 KRAUSE VS. MCANDREWS

And so the softening process grows and

Until the first hard smash "upsets the

"It wouldn't surprise me," writes Henry ""after all the stuff that has been writ-b, to see Alexander knocked out of the Ex, while Mayer, Chalmers or Demarce Bas for Duilddthis " wins for Philadelphia."

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

Via the Grandoldope

The New York Giants no longer hold The New York Giants no langer hold The saportlight's festive glow; The stars of Mack have left the fold And dealt a telling blow; Bir Matty's arm has lost its vim., Chief Bender's star has set, MeLoughliw's crown has passed from him, And backward drops Ouimet; The Champs of old have slipped the trail To make way for the new; And the dope will tell the same changed tale

When the Crimson meets the Blue.

Pitching Chatter

In the main star pitchers adjoined to could series starts have more than made bod. Brown, Walsh, Mathewson, Han-er, Coombs, Donovan, Plank, Rudolph ad Wood have all pitched true to form. the odd have all pitched true to rorm. The of these have been hit hard in descrive spots, but only at rare in-alls. Since anything is possible in 1-it is also possible that Alexander be a big disappointment. But it probable in any sense-since Alex-w has the two main impredists for d surface success-the shuff and the re and and

line slong the westion front will wears weary of eachanging pupts

There are exactly four reasons why the Mackmen didn't finish 12th this season in place of eighth. Do your own figuring. dorff one evening. "I guess he's finding that you can't pick 'em all the time."

and decided to hit the line for a spell.

Ten Fast Rounds-Hunting

Park Club Opens

Tonight

Ten-round bouts-45 minutes from City

Hall-will give followers of the pastime

out to the contrary, there was no doubt whatever as to Bobby's superior form over the West Philadelphian. It was their third meeting and resulted in a good

match.

through October.

"He certainly is awful crabby about something," said Bush thoughtfully. "He A. C. (Detroit). "Too much winning takes away one's keenness," comments L. J. F., "and it may be that Haughton will lose his zest just won't play poker no more, and when he shoots craps he just bulls you to death with big bets. There ain't any fun gamas McGraw, Mack and others have blin' like that, particularly with your friends." Yes, it may be just this way. And then, again, it may not be. For football is only a matter of two or three months, where baseball is a matter from February through October

"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. It's pretty hard to grow stale on a job that only lasts two or three months, espe-cially when one doesn't have to Carry the Ball. I'd rather see any other club land that post-season money."

"You've said something!" Bush 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 walloping the tail-enders, it ought to set Merry's cue plum' outside the game." IN THIRD MURPHY GO:

the game." "With the Duke in this trance," con-tinued Orendorff moodily, "Merry will just about run rings around us. The Duke could stop 'em if he was in shape. When he's right he can beat 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 be two games at once, and it's got him." "Oh, you just imagine that !" laughed

"Oh, you just imagine that !" laughed ush. "The Duke's got a sour ball about

something, but when it comes to a ques-tion of trimming these Dudeo you'll see him come through with the goods in both hands. You know he hates Merry worse'n you do."

in this city an opportunity to see encoun-ters of longer duration than the limited six-session set-tos here. Pop O'Brien, of this city, who was appointed matchmaker of the Palace A. C., Norristown, has decided to stage half a score of session scraps in the future. Johnny Merry and his Dudes, thus called because of the prevalence of allk under-wear and tailor-made shirts on the play-ers, and a certain swagger which might The first 10-round affair was held last night with Jimmy Murphy, of West Phil-adelphia, and Bobby Reynolds, of South-wark, as principals. Reynolds' exhibition was a revelation and, despite reports sent

enally have been mistaken for conceit, were popular in their home town; but on the road they drew no applause save that sarned by their professional efforts. Johnny himself-a cocky, assertive little man, with energy enough to supply a dozen dynamos, and a brain which took advantage of every opportunity to win, no matter what it might be-was par-ticularly disliked by the Ponies, and not

without reason. Johnny believed in fighting to win Reynolds held the upper hand from the very first round. His cleverness in using his left mitt-jabs, hooks and uppercuts-had Murphy in a quandary in the latter's sames, and fights make hard feelings, battle. To knock Johnny Merry out of a pennant would be a real triumph equal to finishing in the first division themand surphy in a quantary in the latter's endeavor to avoid the punches. Bob's incessant jabs opened a cut in Jim's lips in the second round and blood streamed from his mouth until the final gong. selves: 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.

In the other bouts Frankle McKeever defeated Johnny Kelly in a good fight, Johnny Morgan, although handleapped by a pulled tenden in his left snikle, won from Jimmy McCabe, and Young Man-ton lost to Young O'Leary in one round. Sailor Charley Grande will meet either Eddie Revoire or K. O. Baker in 10 rounds at the Palace next Tuesday night.

Eddie McAndrews and Johnny Krause will meet in the wind-up of the opening Hunting Park A. C., Hunting Park and Germantown avenues, tonight. The program follows: Pirst Louit-Art Parvell, Garmaniowo, va. Joe Wright, Germaniowo, Sacond Louit-Elmer Mount, Manayunk, vz. Joe Huldrer, Tinf. Third hout-fice is Hean, Nurth Penn, va. Jonnay Schol, N. H Penn, Semiwind up-k.d. Wort, Nurth Penn, va. Vonas Jonality, Overmanibuoo.

Now, then, I kind of like you, Dukeread so much about you, but never seen you before, you know-and I'm goin' to tell you where you can pick up some soft money to last you over the winter. Real

"It listens well," said Clifton. "Think can stand another one of those things?"

"I could stand a bar'l of 'em!" said Gilfeather; wrereupon the Duke made signs to the barboy.

"How!" said Gilfeather, "Back East here they say 'Here's how!' That's dead wrong. It's an Injun toast, and an Injun never wastes a word. Just 'How!' Like that. Savvy?"

"I do," said the Duke. "Let's see; you were speaking about picking up some soft money. Horse race, is it?" some soft money. Morse race, is it? "You're whistling!" ejaculated Gil-feather. "I got a colt in my barn that can run away and hide from anything on that racetrack at five furionss. Only started him once at this meeting, and then he wasn't goin' for the downs. Just a workout. Wanted to throw a race

then he wasn't goin' for the downs. Just a workout. Wanted to throw a race under his belt, see? Well, he got away bad-I had a stableboy on him that couldn't ride a pig-and after being all but left at the post, he's running twice as fast as any horse in the race at the finish, and came mighty near bein' third. You bet, I took a rattan cane to that fool jock! Little more and he'd have ruined the price for me. Next Tues-day Ive got him in a race against pretty fair horses, and, Duke, he'll make suck-ers of 'em all'. Just stand 'em on their rain horses, and, Dust stand 'em on their brads. There'll be a good price against him, and you can hock your shirt to bet because this baby's there! You can go as far's you like, and if this bird don't win I'll give you your money back!" Clifton laughed.

"That's fair enough," he said. "What lid you say was the name of this colt?" Gilfeather looked all around, then caned across the little table and whiscred hoarnely.

"Cheyenne!" he said. "And bet your hirt on him right on the nose, because that's where he'll finish. I've been here for months, waitin' to put him over, and the big show comes off next Tuesday." Now, if the Puke had spent more time among racing men he would have been hardened to a tale of this sort. The touting owner, common enough on a race track, was a stranger to Clifton. He

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