"THE BLACK BOOK," BY CHARLES E. VAN LOAN-NEWS OF SPORTS WORLD, FAR AND NEAR

THE BLACK BOOK

A Heart-Breaking Pitchers' Battle, in Which Johnry Merry's "Game" Is Slowly Brought to Light

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN

The World's Greatest Writer of Baseball Fiction,

sought to encourage him with roug compilments, he did not answer then except with the remark "I'll set 'em to day!"

Cartwright, the mighty, made pasy ric

Cartwright, the mighty, made many rictims of Joe Foley, Bill Crais and Orendorff, and once more the Duke was back in the box, fighting resolutely against the black shadow which seemed to hang over him—the thing which was half hope, half fear, and in the entirety demoralization. The fourth inning arrived without a score. The Dudes had been unable to get a man to first base; Bush Hawley had dropped a single over the infield, but had been doubled on a lightning play engineered by Slade.

Again the Shadow faced Clifton, and

est man in the league at beating out an

to first,
"Well, John," he panted, "what did
Chevenne do in the fifth?"
The Duke's heart gave one great leap,
and then almost stopped beating. Merry
must have had the tip, too! He was so
close to Johnny that he might have
touched him-close enough to see the
round, flowing handwriting on the yellow
slip. Green turf, white-clad players and
solid background of massed humanity
merged for an instant into a whirling

merged for an instant into a whirling chaos. Merry had a telegram from the track. Merry knew! Unconsciously the Duke shortened his stride, hope and fear

striking hard in a sudden fierce climax of

'Where'd he finish, John?" demanded

"Where'd he finish, John?" demanded the Shadow. Merry crumpled the yellow sheet in his fist with a gesture of disgust. "Finish!" he snapped. "Why, the daws never finished at all! He was left at the

"I'm glad I didn't let you tout me," said ade, "Hew much did he sting you for,

John?" Left at the post? The Duke knew that

his legs were carrying him back into the box despite a certain trembling sensa-tion at the knees. Chills were chasing

each other down his spine, and for the moment he feit as if his stomach had been turned into an ice bag. He shook his head in a vain attempt to drive away the giddy feeling which had taken

cossession of him.

Left at the post! The last of the bank

Left at the post: The last of the bank roll gone; the diamonds gone; he—Duke Clifton—who had always had money in his pockets, caught like a busher with-out even sting money to last through

Without knowing why he did it, Clifton

knelt in the box and picked up a hand-ful of earth, which he sifted through his

fingers. That's the way the money went, he thought, right through his fingers; and

he hadn't brains enough to hang onto it

when he had it. Left at the post! The words were singing themselves over and

over in his brain in a sort of hammering

chorus. After a time other words came to him, in a voice strangely hoatile and pene

"Come on there! Play ball! Quit stall-ing]" It was Johnny Merry in the coach-

GIRL MAKES GOOD SWIM

in 2 Hours 33 Minutes

OTHER SPORTS NEWS ON PAGE 2

GOTHIC THE NEW

ARROW

2 for 25c COLLAR

IT FITS THE CRAVAT

Stade.

diame

commissioner way to the posicooms, is stopped by Johnny Merry, leader as Dudes, who came for an important as Pules. The latter learns thing interesting about the fifth race, takes the mound to pitch the opening play engineered by Slade.

Again the Shadow faced Clifton, and as before the Duke shot the first ball in the groove. Slade, choking his bat short in his hands, bent forward, and dropped a slow, hopping grounder straight at Haynes, who was playing "deep," Seeing at a glance that he must take the toss and cover the bag, the Duke raced across toward first base. It was no foult of his that Slade's spikes hit the canvas a stride ahead of him; the Shadow was the fastest man in the league at beating out an (Copyright, Street and Smith.) Duke took his position on mound, and glanced about the infield.

"Stick it on 'em today, boy!" said Foley, at third base. "One-two-three," said Dutch Orendorff est man in the league at beating out an infield tan.

"Winnic" Comstock, who was umpiring the bases, dropped both hands to his knees, paims downward. The man was plainly safe, but this did not prevent the bleacherites from roaring angrily.

The Duke's aprint carried him 50 feet beyond the bas toward the stand, and as he walked slowly back to the diamond, juggling the ball in his glove, his path was blocked by Johnny Merry, a telegraph blank in his hand. Slade, pulling up unusually short, trotted quickly back to first.

from second. "Show these bums where they get off!" said Haynes, at first.

"How these sums where they are they are they be said nothing. He was wondering if Harry Lee, the probable favorite in the fifth race, had a chance to beat Cheyenne, the colt which was to carry every deliar which Clifton had been able to scrape together. It was make or break with him now, and he would know his fate after the game. In less than two hours it would be over, one way or the other. And Harry Lee was a good coldt, according to the black book; Miss Folly was a ghost at five furlongs, and Black Bart had three winning brackets to his credit. "If I can just get by this time," thought the Duke, "they'll never hook me again!"

But it was a horse race and not a ball game which he had in mind. "Here's the first victim!" It was the bellowing voice of Charlie Scanlon, the estcher. "Same old thing! You know!" Clifton pulled himself together with in effort. There at the plate was "Shad-w" Slade, the Dudos' fast shortstop.

The Duke cuddled the ball to his chest, fingered it for an instant, took a slow, deliberate wind-up, and sent his first shot swift as a bullet over the heart of the plate. Slade never moved a mus-cle; Regan tossed his right hand in the and the bleacherites howled:

"Oh, you Duke! You're there today, oy-you're there!" Resolutely thrusting every other thought out of his mind, the Duke concentrated his attention on each ball as



"Left at the post."

he pitched it, much as an insomnia pa-tient desperately counts his sheep jump-ing over the wall, or doggedly recites multiplication tables backward. "I'll get 'em today!" the Duke kept mumbling to himself. He heard Johnny Merry's remarks

from the coachers' box beyond first base—and some of them were warmer than the baseball law allows—but he refused to pay the "fox" the compliment of turn-ing his head. "Easy there, John," said Umpire Re-

"A little less chin music." Slowly, and with almost mechanical deliberation, the Duke drove Slade back to the bench on four pitched balls, every one of which had carried the last ounce "What's he got today?" asked the Dudes on the bench.

"Everything," said Slade sourly. "And like an excited fox terrier. "Take me out! Take me out!" Merry Mulligan, the right fielder, retired on a was shouting. "Oh, Monk, I'm all through.

Mulligan, the right fielder, retired on a high foul. "Pinky" Hamilton, the first baseman, and a dangerous hitter at all times, took two hearty wallops at the break ball. but overlooked the "big one," and the first half inning ended amid a loyful outburst from the bleachers and the encouraging yelps of the Pony infelders. The Duke found himself smiling and touching his cap as he walked back to the bench; but when the players "Take me out!" Merry was shouting. "Oh, Monk, I'm all through. Take me out!" Merry was shouting. "Oh, Monk, I'm all through. Take me out!" Merry was shouting. "Oh, Monk, I'm all through. Take me out!" Merry was shouting. "Oh, Monk, I'm all through. Take me out!" Merry was shouting. "Oh, Monk, I'm all through. Take me out!" Scanlon picked up the ball, and carried it into the diamond. "For the love of Mike," he said pleadingly, "what are you trying' to do-kill somebody? Take your time, boy. Hamilton's a sucker for that break ball. Put as a s

KILLEFER WILL CATCH

IN THE WORLD'S SERIES

Moran's Star Rounding Into

Good Shape-Arm Still

Slightly Sore

By a Sing Correspondent
BRAVES FIELD, Boston, Oct. 1.—Mansarer Moran, of the Phillies, says that unless Killefer's arm takes a decided turn for the worse, he expects to use him in the world's series.

"I asked Killefer today how he felt." said Moran, "and he told me he was commis along fine, but he wasn't going to tat 'em loose until he had to. You can't isli what will happen, but I now hope and skeet Killefer to play."

Killefer said today that he was ready to play any time, and that while his arm was still a little sore, he would be ready to play in the big series.

LOGAN A. A. TO PLAY BRISTOL

Game Tomorrow to Decide North

Philly Championship

Sumorrow afternoon Logan A. A. and stol play another game of their series the championship of North Fhiladela. The series at present stands one see son by Bristol and one tie game. It follows the two teams battled to be sume, which will start at \$ p. m., I be played on Logan field, at York of the Adventure of the battle of the played on Logan field, at York of the Coran will be Mollinge, nitcher. Mondon the battle of the played on the control of the battle of

CURRENT ATTRACTIONS



AT HOME TOMORROW

New York Yankees

season tomorrow with a double-header

with New York. The year has been the

most disastrous in the history of the

American Leaguers in this city, but the

Mackmen will be back on top again in

a short while if Mack's fame as a team-

This time a year ago the Athletics were recognized as the greatest team ever constructed, but after the defeat at the hands of the Braves, Mack tore his ma-

chine apart and spent the present sea-son rebuilding. Although game after game is lost, Mack feels that he is mak-

ing some progress, and believes that the fans will be treated to a pleasant surprise in the next appearance of his team in this

NORTHEAST GAME OFF

Match With Villanova to Be Played

Tomorrow

The football game scheduled this after-

noon on Northeast field, between North-east High School and Villanova, was

builder is not spurious.

city next spring.

postponed until tomorrow.

PENN PICKS LINE-UP TO RETRIEVE DEFEAT BY F. & M. LAST YEAR

Quakers Stand Pat on Selections of Albright Fracas for Big Gridiron Battle Here Tomorrow

On account of a wet field and the expectation of a hard game tomorrow with Franklin and Marshall, the University of Pennsylvania football team was spared the scrimmage with the scrub eleven this afternoon. The first eleven merely had the usual preliminary practice and then ran through signals, while the second team had the fun of scrimmaging with the scrubs late in the afternoon.

The coaches have decided to stand pat on the same line-up used against Albright on Wednesday. The Albright team was so weak that they were unable to get an accurate line on the work of the men. But they expect to get it tomorrow against Franklin and Marshall.

make the Quakers extend them

The Duke stood up and looked toward the plate. Mulligan was waiting for him, grinning maliciously, and jerking his bat in short, nervous circles.

Charite Scanlon, the catcher, who had the plate. Mulligan was waiting for him, been down on one knee, staring at the Duke, rose with a muttered ejaculation, and, pulling off his mask strode into the In Berry's case the coaches want

forward to meet him.

"What's wrong?" asked the catcher anxiously. "I've been givin you the sign for the last half minute. What alls you?"

"Nothing." said Clifton; and his own voice sounded thick in his ears. "Nothing." coaches want, and they propose to watch work in this particular most care-Harry Ross and "Heine" Miller are the

Charlie. I'm all right. I'll get 'em."
"Wake up!" said Scanlon. grumbling
under his breath as he moved back to his position. He squatted behind the plate, gave the sign, thumped his mitt twice, and spread his hands. Mechanically the Duke responded; but his wind-up was jerky, and the ball, traveling like a white streak, was fully three feet inside the plate. Mulligan, whirling with a yell, re-ceived it full in the small of his back. Regan motioned toward first, and Mulli-gan trotted down the base line, yelping

CHANCE PICKS RED SOX

Thinks It Is Alexander Against the Whole Team

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 1.—Frank Chance today picked Boston to beat the Phillies in the world's series next week. "It's the Red Sox against Alexander, and I don't think the Philly star can win alone," said Chance.

Awnings Taken Down Repairing Free stored, repaired duri Bernard McCurdy

OLYMPIA A. A. Broad & Bainbridge MONDAY NIGHT—5:58 SHARF RDDIE MOBGAN VS. GEORGE CHANEY Adm., 25c. Bal. Res., 50c. Arena Res., 15c. St.

ATHLETICS CLOSE SEASON Double-Header to Be Played With The Athletics will close their home

BERRY AT QUARTERBACK

The Lancaster team, with virtually all of the veterans who last year trounced the Quakers 10-0, is reported to be look-ing for another victory. The coaches hope it will be an even fight, or at least

The coaches are not yet satisfied that

rose with a muttered ejaculation, see him do more interference for his pulling off his mask strode into the team mates. Berry has never been taught ond. Force of habit sent the Duke the sort of interference the Quaker

harry hoss and nemer and the squad. Ross has a slightly infected hand and other minor injuries, and he will be spared until the State game next week. Miller is still hobbling about on crutches.

The line-up for tomorrow's	game	will
be as follows:		
Pennsylvania.	F. &	M
Hopkins left end		SVRRS
Hopkins lett tackte	1 - 2 Ph. F. St.	xuriezn.
Henning left guard		Collur
Wray V centre	Wither	moods
Neill Pight guard	20	Cammer.
Harris right tackle		inith
Urguhart right end	B	erger
Berry quarterback	*****	Mylin
Tighe left halfback .	WII	Bama
Welsh right haifback	Bohn	rether
Quigley fullback	Her	mann
A MINISTER CONTRACTOR OF THE C		

National A. C. Jack McGuigas. Prop Willie Moore vs. Tommy Howel

SKETCHES OF PHILS IN PAMPHLET

The Evening Ledger is publishing sketches of the members of the Philly team—who they are, where they have played and some facts regarding their work. These sketches will be published in pumphlet form and will be given as world's series souvenirs to any reader of the Evening Ledger who will send or bring in three of the sketches, clipped from the paper. Those desiring the souvenir are requested to hold their clippings until announcement is made on this page of the exact date the booklets will be distributed.

THE PENNANT-WINNING PHILLIES

NO. 5-EPPA J. RIXEY

Eppa J. Rixey was one of the greatest college twirlers of a decade prior to signing with the Phillies in July, 1912. As a member of the University of Virginia team he attracted the attention of almost every major league manager



SPECIAL BOUTS AT GAYETY

Three Added Fights on Card at

Theatre-105-pound Contests

There are three special bouts scheduled for decision at the Gayety Theatre to-night between Johnny Shoemaker and

Abe Lipman, Kid Williams and Young

Robideau and Eddie Collins and Billy No-land. Besides these there will be several

outs in the 118-pound class between

Frankie Williams and Tommy Lang, Bat-tling Herman, Mike Carlacola and Dunnie Boyd, while the boys in the 105-pound

FOR MEETING TOMORROW

LAUREL RACE ENTRIES

class will get started.

Upon the recommendation of Umpire Charles Rigler, of the National League staff, the Philadelphia Club signed him at a large salary, after his graduation from Virginia. Rigier's part in the signing of Rixey caused bitter feeling in National League circles and he was reprimanded and fined by President Lynch for his part in the In his first season with the Phillies the big

FORM GIFT TO THE FANS

southpaw pitched sensational ball, but in 1913 he took a postgraduate course at Virginia and would not report to the Phillies until June. He reported in poor shape and after losing several close games. he appeared to lose confidence. Instead of encouraging him several players "rode him hard" and until the present season, Rixey pitched but few good Manager Moran encouraged and coached Rixey

and brought back his confidence and throughout the season he has been a star. Rixey's greatest work has been against the Braves and Dodgers, proving conclusively that his confidence and nerve have returned. He was born at Culpeper Court House. Va., in 1891 and had nothing but collegiate experience when he joined the

Rixey possesses a wonderful build for a pitcher, standing 6 feet 5 inches

in height and weighing about 200 pounds.

LAFAYETTE TO PLAY URSINUS TOMORROW

Coach Crowell Has Men on Edge for Battle-Maxfield Out of Lineup

EASTON, Pa., Oct. 1.-It will be a great deal better ball team that will represent Lafavette in the game with Ursinus on March Field tomorrow afternoon than the one which met Muhlenburg last Saturday. The game last week served to show to the Maroon and White coaches the weakness of the team.

These weaknesses, by the way, were mainly in the advance guard. The line was shaky against Muhlenburg, and particularly on the defense. During the earlier practices of the week the team was put through gruelling scrimmage. Later in the week the work was more than a skirmish The line also has been bolstered up by

First race, selling, 4-year-olds and up. 11-16 miles—Canto. 111; Abbotsford. 108; "Front Horal, 101; "Tom Hancock, 108; "Roger Gordon, 103, "Kayderoseros, 101; "Tovato, 103, Secund race, purse, 2-year-olds, 34; furiongs—Strapnel, 112; Nolli, 110; Senmer Stalwart, 110; Damrosch, 108; Cantara, 108; Bambi, 105; Virginia L., 105; Belgian Trooper, 103; Bonnis Carrie, 100.

Third race, handican, 2-year-olds, 34; furiorize—Colandria, 120; Malachite, 113; Regina, 106; Prohibition, 104.

Fourth race, 3-year-olds and up. Baltimore andican, 11-16 miles—Etoamer, 128; Borrow, 128; Stiemben, 123; Ten Folm, 120; Winning Witch, 108; Solar Star, 168; Addie M., 08.

Fifth race, selling, 4-year-olds and up, 11-16 miles—Frysk, 112; Ionard, McDonald, 110; Holling, 4-year-olds and up, 11-16 miles—Erickley, 114; O'Sullivan, 114; *Louise Travera, 108; Vodeling, 108; Sonada, 108; *Patty Regan, 108 *Carlton G., 106.

"Apprentice allowance claimed. the infusion of some new players, but just what the varsity's selection for to-morrow will be nobody knows, not even Willie Crowell, coach of the team. Maxfield, however, will not be in the game, as his injury is more severe than

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straight without a tongue-kick! You get the listen of that.

Cut out lamenting for that old jimmy pipe stored away in the rafters; stop fretting about how you'd like to roll 'em, but you dassn't. Men, you can lay your last cent that you'll be top-notch-tickled if you catch the spirit of this testimony and get some P. A. and go to it! Never did anything but make smokers jimmy pipe joy'us and cigarette makin's happy - and that's just what's coming to you!

Can you sit-tight and get that P. A. aroma from somebody eise's friendly old pipe or rolled cigarette? Can you pass up pleasure that's due you, and coming to you quick as you jump that fence into the Prince Albert pasture? Come on out and be a regular fellow who's game to take a chance for what alls his smokeappetite division!

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