

MORAN'S PITCHING PROBLEM SOLVED—TEAM IS IN SPLENDID SHAPE FOR DRIVING FINISH

PHILLIES' PITCHERS CONTINUE TO DISPLAY WONDERFUL FORM; CHAMPIONS READY FOR DRIVE

Moran's Hurlers Have Rounded Into Form at Proper Time and Brooklyn's Five-Game Lead Does Not Look So Large

The Phillies were not able to take both games of yesterday's double-header with the Cubs and as a result the National League champions lost another half game in the pennant race because Brooklyn again defeated Cincinnati, while Moran won another pitching duel from St. Louis; but with it cannot be said that yesterday was a day of disappointment to local fans. On the contrary, it was a day which increased the confidence of the Philly players, who now feel certain that the Dodgers will be overtaken in the stretch.

The reason for the unusual confidence is the splendid showing made by George Chalmers and Al Demaree on the mound. All doubt as to the ability of Moran's pitchers to stand the pace has been removed. The consistently brilliant hurling of Alexander, Rixey, Demaree, Bender and Chalmers since the Phillies opened their home stand proves conclusively that the pitching staff at last has rounded into form.

It is a rare occurrence for Moran to utter anything that sounds like a prediction, but the Pittsburgh genius recently declared that he would cease worrying if he could get consistent work out of the pitching staff. Now that the pitchers have proved that they can be depended upon, the fans can expect a late season drive, such as the champions had last season. It might be well to recall that the Dodgers were within one game of first place when the Phillies started the 1915 drive in September. They could not stand the pace and fell far in the rear. Can they stand it this season?

Pitching is more than half the battle, and it was pitching, coupled with intelligent ball and an occasional long wallop, that won the pennant last season. With Alexander the Great in better shape than ever before at this time of the season, and four capable hurling assistants, the Philly players feel confident that they will carry the Dodgers along at such a terrific clip that the Robins will crack. It is going to be the hardest fight since 1903 when the home-stretch is reached, and the Phillies must battle against great odds, but if they can maintain their present clip they should win, unless Brooklyn plays better ball than any championship team in the National League has shown since the old Cub machine was at its zenith.

Two Wonderful Pitching Duels Were Staged

ANOTHER large crowd saw yesterday's double-header and they were treated to two of the best pitching duels of the season. Only seven runs were scored by the two teams, but three being earned, while 16 hits represented the clubbing ability of the Phils and the Cubs, with the Cubs outhitting the champions 10 to 6. Four of the Chicago hits were scratches, while half of the Philly safeties were infield hits which were beaten out.

There was little to choose between Lavender, Hendrix, Chalmers and Demaree. They all pitched well enough to have won under ordinary conditions, but the breaks were against Chalmers in the first game and Hendrix in the second. The latter held the Phils to two hits, one of which was a scratch, but his own poor control and miserable fielding gave the Phils three runs and a victory in the opening inning. Thereafter Hendrix was invincible, but so was Demaree, excepting for a slight lapse in the eighth inning.

For six innings Demaree retired the Cubs in order and when he retired Zeider on an easy chance in the seventh the fans had visions of a perfect game, but Flick spoiled the dream by homering a single past Nishoff. Zimmerman doubled in the same inning, but nothing came of it, as Kelly fanned. Three more hits were bunched in the eighth for two runs, but Demaree pulled himself together in the ninth, retiring the side in order. In seven of the nine innings the Cubs went out in order in the second game, while in the first game Chalmers permitted only three batters to face him in six of the nine innings. Lavender had six perfect innings in the first game, while Hendrix had four in the second. Altogether it was the finest exhibition of pitching of the season.

The Phillies demonstrated in the second game that they still have the unenviable faculty of making runs without hitting when the three runs were tallied with the aid of only one hit, clever work on the bases and taking advantage of the Cubs' misplays bringing over the needed tallies.

Chalmers Unlucky To Oppose Lavender

JIMMY LAVENDER is one of those odd individuals who are either very, very good or very bad. It is doubtful if there is a more erratic pitcher in the game. The diminutive spitball artist is very much like Jimmy Dygert, another understated moist ball hurler. Dygert either shut out his opponents or was driven from the mound, and Lavender works in very much the same manner. Like Dygert, Lavender seems to lose a great deal of his "tut-tut" when runners are on bases and he cannot take his full swing.

Yesterday Lavender had one of his good days and the Phils did not have a chance to beat him. He had great speed, with an excellent break on his fast ball, while his spitter was working well. He succeeded in keeping the bags clear in seven of the nine innings and two of the Phils' four hits were infield scratches. All things considered, Lavender gave one of the clearest exhibitions shown by a visiting hurler against the Phils this season. With very few exceptions the chances offered Lavender's support were very easy.

Chalmers had his usual hard luck. It usually is Chalmers's misfortune to be on the mound when the opposing pitcher is at his best and yesterday was no exception. Five hits were all that the Bruins could get off Chalmers's pitching and three of these were scratches. Only one of the Cubs' runs was earned, that being made by Heine Zimmerman on a long smash into the center field bleachers. The other run was due to an error of judgment, slow fielding by Good and a fumble by Bancroft.

Chalmers pitched well enough to have won nine games out of ten and it was unfortunate that he was pitted against Lavender. It was Chalmers's second brilliant exhibition within a week, which indicates that he is back in his 1915 form. When in shape there are few better pitchers than Chalmers and as he can stand plenty of work, Moran's pitching staff shapes up well for the final drive.

Remarkable Slugging Games in Northwestern League

THE Vancouver and Butte teams played two remarkable games on July 19 and 20. On July 19 Vancouver defeated Butte 16 to 15, the former making 21 hits, while the latter got 16. Many extra base hits were included in the total. The following day Vancouver made a record that has not been approached in years when it made 31 hits and 27 runs in eight innings off Pitchers Meikel and O'Laughlin. In this game Butte made 9 runs and 16 hits.

In the two games the teams made a total of 84 hits and 64 runs, Vancouver contributing 53 hits and 43 runs. Calvo, the youthful Cuban, who was with Washington two years ago, made 11 hits in the two games, including four doubles, a triple and a home run, while Brinker, a Philly recruit, made six hits out of six times at bat in the game of July 20. Five of the safeties were singles.

Frank Schulte, who was traded to the Pirates on Saturday, was the last of the famous Cub machine which met the White Sox in 1906 so far as continuous service is concerned. Tucker and Brown also were members of this team, but they spent two years in Cincinnati and with the Phils. Archer did not join the Cubs until 1909 and therefore was not a member of the original team constructed by Frank Selee and willed to Chance. This may decide many arguments.

After watching plays at second base on attempted steals, one cannot help but feel that the umpires give incorrect decisions more than half the time. In the first place the baseman seldom tags the runner with the ball and in the second he invariably stands directly over the bag waiting for the runner to slide into the bag. Half of the time the runner is tagged as high as the knees, which means that his feet must have struck the bag before he was tagged, but so long as the ball arrives ahead of the runner the umpire continues to call the men out.

Sherrwood Magee had a field day in Boston yesterday. The former Philly star made three hits out of three times at bat, and also made two sensational one-handed catches of long drives. If either drive had gone safe the Cardinals would have won in the regulation number of innings. As it happened they saved the game and Stallings's team scored the only run of the contest in the eleventh inning.

While the St. Louis Browns were winning their twelfth straight victory in the American League, Davenport was setting an individual record. Within the last three days the hurler has pitched three full games and has done relief work in another.

KELLY—THE MAN FROM DOWNTOWN



"JOE" ARMSTRONG THE REAL HERO IN LONGWOOD TENNIS

Brooke Edwards Another Kind of a Hero "Somewhere in France"

JOHNSTON DROPS A SET

Joseph J. Armstrong, despite his defeat by National Champion William Johnston in the final yesterday, was the real hero of the annual Longwood tennis classic. Armstrong chopped his way to the final through the hardest half of the draw, leaving behind, mangled and bleeding, Clarence James Griffin, conqueror of R. North Williams, 24; "Toby" Kumagae, the Japanese invader, and several others.

Armstrong, who capped the Penn State title from Wallace Johnson a year ago in a bitter battle, has shown more this year in the way of improvement than at any other time since his arrival in these parts from the wilds of Minnesota. This is so even in view of the fact that he already has lost to Tilden, Church and Wallace Johnson.

Three Beaten

Tilden's victory over Armstrong was in the Penn State tilt, Church's in the challenge round at Wilmington and Johnson's in the Merion-Cynwyd Interclub League match. These three defeats will be somewhat offset when the National Ranking Committee gets in its "rank" work by his wonderful performance in the Longwood event.

Taking a set from the national champion counts tremendously. It has been said that Johnson let down in the third set of yesterday's final, but this saying cannot carry weight simply because it cannot be proved. Certainly Armstrong earned it. After winning the first two sets at 6-0, 6-3, it was freely predicted that Johnston would wade right through his doughty opponent and clean up in straight sets.

But Armstrong flashed some of the brilliancy that proved too much for Griffin and Kumagae, and took the third set at 6-2. This was satisfaction enough for one day, and Johnston's powerful forehand drive and judicious use of the much-condemned mid-court position prevailed in the fourth set at 6-2.

Brooke Edwards Starring

Brooke Edwards, the Philadelphia tennis player, who has been commended for bravery while attending to the wounded somewhere in France, has a host of friends among local tennis players. Edwards and his brother "Ted" formed the Merion Cricket Club's second doubles team in the Interclub League last year.

Last year Edwards played in a virtually every important tournament in this section. At Wilmington, defeated in the first round, he stuck it out and eventually won the consolation singles event, defeating C. N. Beard, of Cynwyd, in the final in which one set went to 28 games. In the Philadelphia mixed doubles at Manheim in the fall Edwards and Miss Edith Runk, who now is Mrs. Liggett, went through the field to the final, but failed to capture the title.

Before leaving for the war zone early last winter Edwards informed his friends that he would be back for the mixed doubles at Manheim in September.

SCRAPS ABOUT SCRAPPERS

It happened about three years ago, Willie Orner, of Brooklyn, and now living in Camden, says he saw Jack Kintrow an artistic fencer there in the semifinals of a Pal Moore Young Brown match at Far Rockaway. Seeing by the papers that Kintrow wanted a fight Orner writes that if Jack has forgotten that match of three years ago he is ready to accommodate him with another.

Three families of boxers will be in evidence here this season, viz.: Hinckley (Linda), Moore (George) and Nelson (Halsin), Stanley, Eddie and Wally, are in the Hinckley bunch; Pal, Willie, Beady, Frankie and Al are Moore's men, and the Nelsons are Al, Wally and Young.

No more bouts for Buck Fleming until after he has become a Benedict. The Gray Korymb will take into himself a hire manager the latter part of the month and then he will prepare for a busy campaign. A return set to with Johnny Dundee is what Huckle wants.

Jack Dillon will get started again on Labor Day. After his miss with Battling Lavinsky the Boxer thought it wise to take a rest. Libbia "Felix" Brown, of Philadelphia, who has been next to nothing and it is probable that Jim Coffey will be his vie-a-vis.

Tommy Coleman, the Frankford negro, and dubbed the "Black McFarland" by New York critics, is training contemplating a trip to Camden now that mixed scraps are being staged there. The last time Coleman boxed he suffered a fractured rib. Jackie Clarke did it.

Boxers who are tardy in their training always get a nice lesson. This was proved last night when Danny Murphy entered the ring against Abe Kabanoff and was handed a terrific lesson at the Royal Club. Murphy was fit for a fat man's race instead of a boxing match.

No word has been heard from either Tom Jones or Jess Willard for several months, the circumstances several other star scraps will take place. Frank Moran vs. Carl Morris at Tulsa is one.

Lou Dalley will be back at Norristown as matchmaker of the Palace Theater this year. Fifteen-round bouts again will be staged.

Joe Asenodo boxes in New York tonight. He will be opposed to Eddie Clifford in a 10-rounder.

Dallas Tennis Players Qualify

DALLAS, Tex., Aug. 2.—George Wright and Bradley Horne, both of Dallas, by defeating Arthur Scullion, of San Antonio, and George V. Cook, Jr., of Dallas, 2-6, 6-3, 6-0, in the doubles finale of the southwest district tennis tournament which ended here yesterday, will enter the national tennis matches at Chicago, August 5.

TWENTY-ONE PLAYER LIMIT SURE WOULD HAVE PROVED DISASTROUS FOR YANKEES

Donovan Started Season With Twenty-five Men, But at Most Critical Time Was Forced to Use Pitchers in Outfield

By GRANTLAND RICE

The Major Leaguer's Daughter They were seated in the parlor where the gas was burning low. He started warming up upon the job; He looked at her and whispered, "Mame, you know I love you—"

CHORUS. "I am the only daughter of a major league phenom, While you are but an unknown bushier bloke; My Old Man bats .800 almost every season, Tom, While they tell me that your hitting is a joke; Some day when you are drafted or you have a batting eye I may listen to the words you have to say; But until some teary scout beats the bush and digs you out, There is nothing doing here for you today."

The years went by and Tom improved, his work began to shine; His batting and his fielding were immense; His slugging jumped from .683 around .449, While day by day he splintered up some fence; But in the meanwhile Mame's Old Man began to lose his eye, They cautioned him when his salary whip went down; So Tom paused her up for good, and now she wonders why Them bitter words unto Mame once she said.

CHORUS. "I am the only daughter of a major league phenom,"—etc.

The Player Limit The National League has a 21-player limit working. It is argued that 21 men should be more than sufficient to last out a season—that carrying any more is pure waste.

But take the case of the Yanks. They started with 25 men. No club in the country was better prepared in the way of secondary strength. They had eight or nine pitchers, three extra fielders and three extra outfielders. Yet at the most critical point of the race Donovan was forced to play infielders and pitchers in the outfield and to send out a hurry call for help. In the outfield alone he had Malsb, Gilhooley, High and Magee, the three regulars

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EVENING LEDGER MOVIES—YES, HE WALKED RIGHT IN, HE TURNED AROUND AND WALKED RIGHT OUT AGAIN

A-HEM! THE OTHA DAY I SIDLED INTO THE BLEACHERS TO VIEW THE BALL MATCH. THE MINNET I SAT DOWN I GOT RIGHT UP AGAIN, THREW MY HAT AND COAT IN THE AIR AND SHOUTED: "E-YOW-W-W!"	THE MAN NEXT TO ME SAID, "HEY YA DARN FOOL, WAD'R YA ROOTING SO SOON FOR? THE GAME AIN'T STARTED YET!" I SAID, "I AIN'T ROOTING I JUST RUN A SPLINTER ABOUT A YARD LONG IN MY HIDE!"	JUST AS THE GAME STARTED, WATSON M'GILL CAME IN. HE SAID TO ME, "I'LL BETCHA A SHILLING THE NEXT THING THE PITCHER THROWS IS A BALL." I SAID, "ALLRIGHT I'LL BET YOU IT AIN'T." SO THE PITCHER PITCHED,	AND HE CURVED THE BALL OVER THE PLATE FOR A STRIKE. I SAID, "I WIN!" M'GILL SAID, "NO, I DO." I SAID, "YOUR CRAZY!" HE SAID, "THE PITCHER JUST THREW A BALL." I SAID, "NO HE DIDN'T."	HE SAID, "YES HE DID—A HORSE-HIDE, ROUND, SPHERICAL, CORK-CORED BALL WITH STITCHES ON IT." THEN I SAW WHAT HE MEANT. I GOT SO SORE, I STOOD RIGHT UP, THEN ALL THE FANS YELLED: "DOWN IN FRONT."	I LOOKED DOWN IN FRONT BUT I COULDN'T SEE A THING, SO I SAID, "WHAT'S UP?" AND THEY SAID, "YOU ARE!" THEN SOME ONE HIT ME WITH A YELLOW JOURNAL AND I GOT A YELLOW STREAM AND SAT DOWN.	WHEN SOME ONE YELLED, "SEVENTH INNING STRETCH," SO I GOT UP AND STRETCHED. I STRETCHED MY FIST INTO ANOTHER MAN'S EYE. HE SAID, "HEY, DONTCHA THINK YOU'RE STRETCHING THINGS TOO FAR?"	THEN HE STRETCHED HIS FOOT ONTO MY SHIN. HE WAS GOING TO STRETCH HIS OTHER FOOT ONTO MY OTHER SHIN; BUT I STRETCHED MY LEGS TO THE EXIT. WELL, I CAN'T STRETCH THIS TALE ANY LONGER.
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