BRAVES' PITCHERS ARE MAKING GREAT RECORD AT HOME, OWING TO UNUSUAL CONDITIONS

LOW SCORE GAMES AT BRAVES' FIELD DUE TO SIZE OF PARK AND ABSENCE OF BACKGROUND

Stallings' Team is Winning Daily Despite Weak Batting, as Opposing Teams Are Helpless Before Boston Pitchers

A FEW years ago some magnate or manager, who has been forgotten since, hit upon the idea of having the fence in center field painted green in order to make a background that would be easy on the eyes. The scheme proved an instant success, players declaring that they could see the ball much better than on fields where the fence directly behind the pitcher in deep center field was used for advertising purposes and paint of many different colors had a dazzling effect upon the batsmen. That move was the beginning of a new era in baseball.

Now it is a custom for major league owners to paint the fence in center field green. One or two clubs, taking advantage of their own powerful pitchers, have failed to comply with the suggestion of Presidents Tener and Johnson, who advocate a green background, and these teams are at the present time enjoying a great but unfair advantage over opposing teams.

It is impossible for any team to hit so well with another background as it would with one of green, but a team playing 77 games at home will become more accustomed to different conditions than visiting teams, and these teams depend upon pitching to carry them through, being content to make one or two runs a day.

At the present time the Boston American League club has the fence in deep center field painted a heavy gray, which is one of the reasons why the Red Sox pitchers are invincible on the home field. It has been claimed recently that the same condition exists at the National League field in Boston, but such is not the case. In seeking an explanation for the light hitting at the new Braves' field, many equally foolish reasons have been given; but none have been correct.

Magee Explains Cause of Light Batting in Boston

THE new Braves' field, which is the largest and handsomest in the United States, was not officially opened until late last season, the Braves playing only a few games on it. They played enough games at home for Stallings' players to discover that it was the hardest field on batsmen in the country, the immense field and the absence of a background of green being responsible for this condition.

Just before the world's series, part of which was played on the Braves' field, Sherwood Magee, former Philly player, who is now with the Braves, told the writer that he felt certain the series would result in more low-score games than any previous blue-ribbon event. When asked why he figured the batting would be light, Magee replied: "No team can hit on the new Braves' field."

"If you have ever played on a field out in the country you can realize just what it is like to bat in the new Braves' field," continued Magee. "The fence is so far away from the plate and the slope so great from the infield to the fence that the batter can just about see the top of the fence in the center field, the fence is so far away.

"If the fence was about 20 feet higher it would be a great field for batsmen, but as it is now, there is nothing but the sky for a background, there not being even a building in back of the fence within sight of the batter. How is a batter going to hit a brand-new white ball looking into a sky-line of almost the same color? It also will be almost impossible to gauge any kind of a ball, as there is no background of any description."

Season's Record Proves Magee's Contention

MAGEE was undoubtedly correct, as the games played at the Braves' park this season have proved. The fans have marveled at the slump of the Braves in batting, and also have wondered how Stallings's team continues to win low-score games. They contend that the Braves have great pitching, but are not hitting enough to win the pennant. They point out that Boston is last in team batting; but a review of the season shows that the Braves have batted 20 points better away from home than at home, and also that visiting teams have batted 40 per cent below their normal speed while playing in Boston. The peculiar disadvantage of the field—from a batter's standpoint—is responsible for this condition.

Boston has played 17 games since arriving home from the West, and has won 12, lost 4 and tied 1, despite the fact that it has scored only 52 runs in the 17 games. When one considers that 20 of the 52 runs were tallied in three games, some idea of the effectiveness of the Braves' pitching staff can be gotten.

Opposing teams have scored 35 runs (10 of which were made in two games) on the Boston pitchers in the 17 games. In the four games lost and one tied, 18 runs were scored by the opposing teams, which leaves a total of 17 runs made off Stallings's pitchers in the 12 victories, or an average of less than one and a half per game.

The Phillies and Brooklyn pitchers have been showing wonderful form, but nothing compared with the record of the Braves. It will be noticed, however, that the batting of both the home team and the opponents has suffered in Boston, whereas large score games occur daily in the three other eastern cities and throughout the West, where the American League teams are battling.

Wonderful Pitching by Stallings' Staff

BY WINNING another double-header from the Reds yesterday, the Braves ran their string of consecutive victories up to six. Both games were shutouts, and the Reds' total of runs in the six games lost to the Braves was eight, an average slightly more than one per game. An odd feature of the six victories over Cincinnati is that six Boston hurlers each gained a victory.

Boston gained a full game on Brooklyn, which was idle, and the Braves are now only three and a half games behind the league leaders. If the Braves are as successful against Pittsburgh as they have been against the Cubs, Cardinals and Reds, another game or two may be gained on the leaders.

Boston took two out of three from the Cubs, and tied the fourth game of the series. The scores were 2 to 3, 1 to 0, 2 to 1 and 2 to 2. With the Cardinals the scores were 4 to 3, 8 to 5, 3 to 5, 2 to 1, 1 to 0 and 3 to 5. The seven-game series with the Reds was opened with a 1-to-3 defeat. Then six straight games were won from Matty's team, the scores being 5 to 3, 5 to 2, 4 to 3, 1 to 0, 2 to 0, 6 to 0. Which comprises one of the most sensational strings of well-pitched games made in recent years.

Phillies Take Final Game From St. Louis

AFTER a weird and long drawn-out exhibition of baseball, the Phillies succeeded in warding off two St. Louis rallies and made it three out of four from Huggins' lifeless team. As a rule, the games at the Philly Park are fast and snappy, but yesterday's contest was an exception, which did not please the crowd. The only pleasing thing about the game was that it was won by the Phillies, who gained a half game on Brooklyn.

George Chalmers started to pitch, but was pulled from the game after two innings. Chalmers was inclined to be wild, and was in trouble in both innings; but he would not have been scored upon if it had not been for slow fielding by Wilbur Good, who played Bescher's double poorly and then made a miserable return to the infield. A relay to Bancroft, who had gone down into right expecting Good to make this play, would have retired Beck at the plate, as the latter was loafing.

After Bill Killefer had put the champions in the lead with a long home-run drive into the center-field bleachers, Manager Moran decided that he would try to clinch the game, and Al Demaree was substituted. Demaree pitched splendid ball until the eighth inning, when he began to weaken. He also was in trouble in the ninth inning, but had enough in reserve to pull out before the Cardinals became dangerous.

* * *

Bert Niehoff and Dave Bancroft played grand ball yesterday. Niehoff made a double and three singles out of four trips to the plate, while Bancroft picked up a few points by making three singles. The latter also provided the most sensational stop of the season at either local park when he grabbed Bescher's terrific drive over second with his gloved hand and nailed the batter at first. The drive turned Bancroft completely around, but he recovered in time to get his throw to Luderus before the St. Louis speed merchant.

* * *

For a youngster Zinn Beck, the St. Louis third baseman, has less ambition than any major league player we have seen in years. If a Cobb or a Speaker had refused to run out a hit as Beck did in the fifth inning, he would have been "roasted" by the crowd. Beck's act was lost on all but Huggins, who sent him to the clubhouse. The youngster did not take three steps after hitting the ball, despite the fact that there was a chance that Bancroft would throw poorly.

* * *

The Athletics have an excellent chance to tie the American League record for consecutive defeats. If the Mackmen lose to Detroit today they will be on even terms with the Red Sox, who lost 20 games in a row in 1906. If the Mackmen cannot win with the brand of pitching shown by Myers yesterday, there appears to be little hope for victory today.

OH, MAN!

TINY TENNIS TOTS CELEBRATE THEIR FIRST VICTORY

Valentines, Age 10 and 12, Smash Hopes of Elders in State Tourney

FAVORITES ELIMINATED

Miles Valentine, 10 years old, and his brother, bowed down with his two additional years, swaggered off the tennis courts at the Cynwyd Club yesterday wearing the air of conquering heroes returning for the plaudits and laurel wreaths of the home folks. They disappeared inside the clubhouse and returned a minute later. In their trail was a grinning, white-toothed son of Africa, bearing a tray on which reposed a stack of sandwiches and two bottles of milk.

The Valentines were about to celebrate. They had just won the first match of their short tennis careers. As the pleasant task of getting outside that which was set before them got under way, both expanded.

"I thought they had us when they won the first set, 6-1," said Miles. "They" referred to Charles Hutchins and J. W. Vanneman, both of whom are several years older than Stuart, and who had just gone down to defeat before the savage attack of the youngsters.

"But," he continued, "we got 'em all right, all rightee. They weren't able to do much with us when we got started, were they, Stuart?" And so on, ad infinitum.

"Nearly a Lawford"

Soon the lad who had umpired the match strolled over to a group that was enjoying a fanning bee in one corner of the spacious veranda. He wore the air of one who had been on the ground floor when history was made. His expert opinion was that Miles, the younger, was the better of the two.

"Why," he exclaimed, enthusiastically, "he has nearly a Lawford!"

Miles is about half a head taller than the net on a tennis court, or about twice as high as a tennis racquet is long. He uses a full-sized racquet. "No baby things for me," he declared contemptuously. On pick-ups and volleys he takes both hands to his bat, but a shoulder high-ground stroke is taken with a full swing of the racquet and a good follow-through. He began playing the game three years ago.

Stuart is already a tournament veteran, having made his debut at the Cynwyd tourney a year ago. Consequently anything that Stuart says goes.

Many Surprises

Surprises ruled in the State junior championship yesterday. Searing Wilson and Roy March, who hold the Philadelphia junior indoor and New Jersey outdoor titles, respectively, and are joint holders of the New Jersey junior doubles, dropped out of both events, and in both they were looked upon as sure finalists.

In singles, Wilson lost to G. B. Emerson, of Orange, N. J., a likely looking lad of 16, who has the strokes and court generalship of a real star.

March was beaten by 15-year-old Carl Fischer in summary fashion. The fact that March had played two hard Suburban League matches for his club the day before may have had some effect on his game, but that should not detract in any way from Fischer's remarkable showing. The twain often have met in friendly matches, and March has invariably won, which makes Fischer's straight set win even more noteworthy.

Fischer is a southpaw and plays the game as it should be played, making his strokes in good form and handling himself well on the court.

Shiel is a Star

In doubles, Wilson and March, playing together, were defeated by Glenwood Board and R. B. Shreiner, of Harrisburg, who look like finalists.

Young Howard Shiel, a West Philly High freshman, is another lad who furnished an upset. He beat Samuel Pennock, Jr., one of Penn Charter's strongest players, 8-6, 6-4. Shiel came through from behind in both sets, Pennock leading in the first at 5-2 and in the second at 4-1.

Shiel was finalist in the junior indoor tourney at the First Regiment Armory, and according to P. W. Gibbons, coach of the West Philly tennis team, he has improved 100 per cent since. He did not miss a single one of the tennis lectures last spring, and in addition to a natural aptitude he is determined to learn, a combination that is bound to prove successful.

HERZOG'S ALL-AROUND WORK PLACES HIM IN CLASS WITH GREATEST OF THIRD BASEMEN

Former Reds' Manager, Now With Giants, Deserves Ranking With the Immortal Three—Collins, Bradley and Devlin

By GRANTLAND RICE

The Game

This world's a diamond with the bases laid,
And on it Life's great game of ball is played;
The teams are Human Beings versus Fate,
And Time's the umpire, watching by the plate;
We're at the bat; our purpose o'er and o'er
To wield Ambition's club and try to score:
To try to solve the curves the pitcher throws
And lam the sphere where not a fielder goes;
Where some of us are sluggers who can kill
Fate's blinding speed and drive it as we will,
Others tap infield hits, but swiftly race
And beat the ball down to the primal base.
Still others, though they strive their best, no doubt,
Fan wildly at the air and then strike out,
Then seek the bench, downcast, with visage drawn,
Crestfallen, shamefaced, blue, ambition gone!
Or rag the umpire, growling like a bear,
To shift the blame and sulk in their despair;
That's not the game; there is no time to quit.
What though you failed to cut in with a hit,
You've got another chance—stand to the plate,
Head up and ready—keep your guard and wait.
Wait for a good one—let the other rip,
And when it comes, now—lam it hard—and zip!
It's got to go! And so must you, old man!
Hike for the base—keep going—yes, you can,
And so around—don't lose that swinging stride;
You've got to beat the throw in—slide, now slide!
Wow—wow! You did it; Score? Of course you scored.
See—there's your tally marked up on the board!
And now you'll win the game—no doubt at all.
You'll never lose, old man, if you'll Play Ball!
I. J. W.

Famous Rubes—on second thought, there isn't enough space to fill in the list.

Quite So

When things break badly and in vain
Along the road we buzz,
We'd like to crack beneath the strain
The way that Brooklyn does.

Win or lose, it's a great thing for the sport to have Eric the Red, sometimes known as Maurice McLoughlin, back with the harness on. The part that he has played in the tennis drama has put his glory beyond any defeat.

Buck Herzog

If any one requests you to name the greatest third baseman of the game today there is no need for any extended thought. His name is Buck Herzog, and the game he is playing now lifts him up around the heights once held by the Immortal Three—Jimmy Collins, Bill Bradley and Art Devlin.

Herzog's play has approached the work of this eminent trio closer than any other third base exhibition we have seen. For he is getting them all four ways—right, left; back and in front—a far greater ball player than he was when five years ago he rejoined the Giants and was supposed to be in his prime.

A New Something

One March day last spring we ambled into the Yankees' training camp at Macon. We fairly stumbled over ball players. They were in the lobby, in the dining rooms, in the elevators, around the newsstands—a camp mobilized with untold quantities of baseball flesh.

We started to count them one day, but after reaching 54, including 21 pitchers, we quit the job flat.

The American League should vote Joe Lannin all the thanks there is, or are. If the Red Sox had Tris Speaker and that batting average of .391 added to what they already have there wouldn't be enough race left in the A. L. to clog the eye of a needle. When Lannin made that deal he landed $50,000 for himself and $250,000 for the rest of the league.

Last night I fairly rolled in coin—
I'd millions on the dead;
Say, ain't it fierce when you wake up
And find you've bumped your head?
—Exchange.

Last night I dreamed that I could sleep
The busy morning through;
Say, ain't it fierce when you wake up
And have to get up, too?

Six Cyclists to Race at 'Drome

Six bike champions from different parts of the world will compete in the international championship 100-kilometer race at the Point Breeze motordrome on Thursday night. This will be the first time a field of six crack riders will face the starter in a long paced race at the local track, and the innovation will no doubt prove a big boom to the racing game and welcome news to the many thousand speed fans who visit the track every Thursday and Saturday night. Clarence Carman, the present champion; George Wiley, champion of 1914; Menus Bedell, the old-time champion and hero of many six-day races; George Columbatto, champion of Italy; Victor Linart, champion of Belgium, and Georges Seres, champion of France, will match their speed and skill.

POINT BREEZE MOTORDROME
THURSDAY NIGHT, 8:30
INTERNATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP RACE
100 Kilometers—62½ Miles
6 Riders—6 Pacemakers
CLARENCE CARMAN—Champion, 1915
GEORGE WILEY—Champion, 1914
BOBBY WALTHOUR—Champion, 1910
GEO. COLUMBATTO—Champion of Italy
VICTOR LINART—Champion of Belgium
GEORGES SERES—Champion of France
15,000 Seats.....25 and 50 Cents

NATIONAL LEAGUE PARK
PHILLIES vs. CINCINNATI
GAME STARTS AT 3:30 P. M.
Seats on Sale at Gimbels' and Spaldings'

Ryan Ath. Club 1026 Sog. Garden St. Prices 25c and 50c.
Fred Kelly vs. Ed Hinckle
TUESDAY EVENING, AUGUST 8, 1916

POINT JUDITH VICTOR IN JUNIOR POLO MATCH

Cooperstown Four Beaten in Opening Round of Tourney, 7½ Goals to 5¼

NARRAGANSETT PIER, R. I., Aug. 8.—Point Judith, thick for nearly, hid the players from view in the opening round of the junior championship of the Polo Association tournament here at the Point Judith Club. In spite of the mist, the game was marked by clean, hard, fast rides, Point Judith winning by 7½ to 5¼ goals.

A. C. Schwartz, who made his first appearance with Point Judith, was out of the game for five minutes during the eighth period by a blow on the forehead swung by an opponent, but he pluckily resumed his position and finished the game.

Another first appearance was of Major J. G. Ross, from the Coronado Club, California, who played No. 1 and later as back for Cooperstown. He proved a very adept player, especially on the back-handed strokes.

The first period was a blank except for a safety forced on Ross. Thereafter, for two periods Point Judith had the advantage, Stevenson breaking the ice with a tally in the second from a side-line throw and Whitney accounting for three more goals. Meanwhile Le Boutillier and Gatling made goals for Cooperstown, but a foul penalty reduced the total so that at half time Point Judith led, 4 to 1¼.

After that each team made four goals, Gatling being the only scorer for Cooperstown. Randolph had three and Stevenson one for Point Judith. Randolph was penalized for a foul in the seventh.

There was the three team members' match to close the afternoon, the players being Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock and Mrs. Philip Stevenson. The others were W. Plunkett Stewart, Eugene S. Reynal, William Baldwin, H. Fleischmann, R. G. Shaw, 2d, H. E. Widener, H. P. Hulburt, S. H. Freeman, Jay Cooke and P. S. P. Randolph.

QUAKER PRINTERS BEATEN

INDIANAPOLIS, Aug. 8.—Poor running was responsible for the elimination of Washington from the championship contest of the Union Printers' Baseball Tournament here yesterday afternoon, when the club lost to New York, 3 to 2. The St. Paul-Cincinnati game was called by the umpire at the end of the third inning yesterday afternoon on account of rain with the score St. Paul, 6; Cincinnati, 0. The game probably will be played tomorrow when Detroit and St. Louis also are scheduled to meet.

											R.	H.
New York	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	1	—	3	7
Washington	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	—	2	6

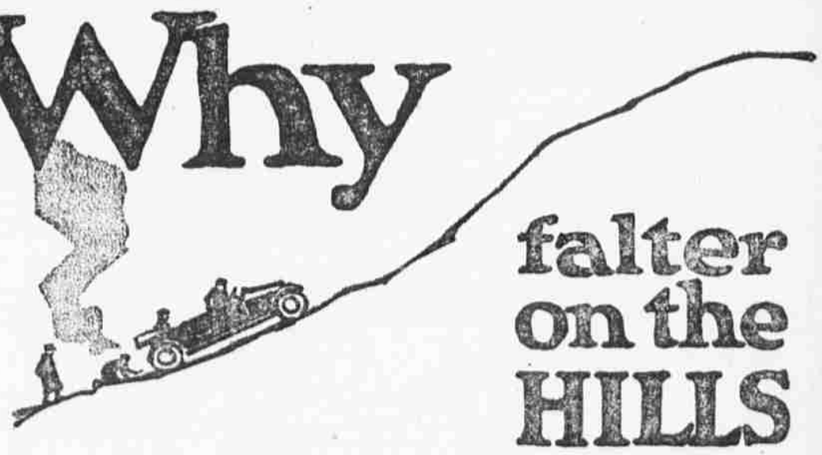
Bailey and Wigand; Blanton and Gossett.

Cleveland	4	3	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	—	11
Philadelphia	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	—	5

Batteries—Cleary and Benath; Hetling and Huppi.

Ask for "HAVANA RIBBON" CIGARS sold from the Sanitary Humidor by all dealers
Bayuk Bros., Manufacturers

Why falter on the HILLS



Hill-hesitation is galling to your average driver. His sporting-blood boils when a 1910-Complex flivs past on the first long pull with apparent ease and matter-of-factness. Invariably he bawls-out his motor and labels it "a cheese." But—ten-to-one, the motor itself is guiltless. The real cause is *faulty lubrication.*

If your car does the hesitation on the grades, look first to the oil you are using.

The Atlantic Refining Company, the oldest and largest manufacturers of lubricating oils in the world, have produced a group of four motor oils that answer *every* lubrication question, under any and all driving conditions.

Polarine, the leader of the group, is *the* correct lubricant for 3 out of 10 cars. The alternatives are Atlantic "Light," Atlantic "Medium" and Atlantic "Heavy."

At least *one* of these four is the exact oil for your particular motor. Your garageman will advise you which to use to get 100-percent results.

Atlantic Motor Oils bear the *same* relation to lubrication that Atlantic Gasoline—the accepted standard—bears to fuel.

Advise with your garageman at once on this matter of motor oils. His long experience with Atlantic products and all kinds of cars will prove valuable to you.

Read up on this subject. We have published a handsome and comprehensive book about lubrication. It is free. Ask your garage for it. If they cannot supply you, drop us a postal and the book will be sent you without charge.

Polarine
KEEPS UPKEEP DOWN

ATLANTIC MOTOR OILS
THE ATLANTIC REFINING COMPANY
Oldest and Largest Manufacturers of Lubricating Oils in the World
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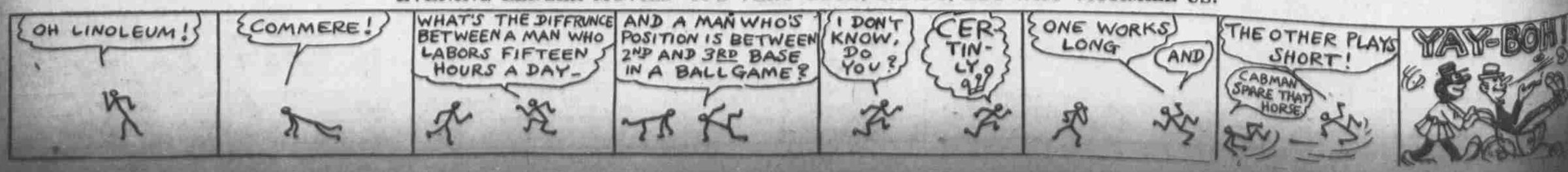
EVENING LEDGER MOVIES—IT'S VERY GOOD, SANDY, BUT WHY VICTIMIZE US?