

WILLARD MAY ARRANGE MATCH SOON, BUT SO FAR HE HAS NOT CHALLENGED ANY GERMAN

PHILS HAVE SWELL CHANCE TO GO INTO THIRD PLACE TODAY; ST. LOOIE IS ON THEIR HEELS

Cards Now Are But One-Half Game Behind; Paskert Pulls Boniest Bone of Season When He Fails to Touch First—Cravath Gets Reward

UNLESS the St. Louis Cards run into hard luck or the Phils perk up and win a couple of battles today, the prizes of our city are likely to be roosting in third place in the National League race before the golden sun sinks in the west. A glance through the won and lost department shows that the St. Louis crowd is only a shade below the Men of Moran and likely to step up a notch at any moment. Also, by using the once over a second time, it will be noted that the Cincinnati club is within hailing distance of the top—and going strong. All of which presages some rough and rugged times for the Phils unless they resume their winning stride and cop a few battles.

They should have grabbed both ends of the double-header yesterday, but lost out because of one bonehead play which savors strongly of the Concrete League. It was a repetition of the Merkle episode back in the dark ages, but differed in that Fred had a good excuse for not touching second. Paskert can offer no alibi for not touching first base in the first inning of the second game after he slammed the ball against the left field wall. It was a clean hit, and a man of Dodge's speed should have made third easily before the ball was returned to the diamond. But Paskert hit the ball, stood and watched it, meandered to first with all of the speed and determination of a guy going to have a tooth pulled, and then broke into a canter when the ball fell safe. From where we were sitting it looked as if he were disappointed because the ball did not drop into the bleachers for a home run, and while he was sympathizing with himself he forgot all about first base.

That one boner lost the game for the Phils. Demaree was ready to take a trip in the clouds, as that wallop at the start was enough to make him nervous. He did not recover until the third inning, and the chances are that he would have been chased to the bench had Paskert watched himself. The next four men hit the ball hard, but their drives were gathered in by Cy Williams.

THE first thing Demaree did after the game was to shake hands with Dilhoefer, the kid catcher. It was Dilly who discovered that Dodge had not touched the bag and drew the attention of the umpire to it. After that the put-out was easy. Fred Merkle saw the latest tragedy of the diamond from his post at first base. He then welcomed Paskert as a brother member of the Concrete Circuit.

Gavvy Cravath Is Slipping Just Like Ty Cobb and Tris Speaker THE one bright, shining light of yesterday's matinee was the work of Gavvy Cravath. The veteran won the first game with his trusty bat, and tried hard to start something in the second when he scored the first legitimate hit off Demaree. But his playmates fell down on the job and all of his good work went for naught. Once upon a time the mere mention of Cravath's name as a fielder brought on gusts of riotous laughter from the innocent bystanders. Have you watched the old boy carefully this year? He has it on the other right fielders we have seen at Broad and Huntingdon streets and his defensive game is of the highest standard. Yesterday he made two beautiful running catches which killed a pair of hits and his work on ground balls is exceptionally good. He uses his head at all times, and often holds the runner on the base when he makes a bluff at catching a ball which is sailing in the direction of the sign boards or is about to fall short. No other fielder can get away with that stuff. It takes an artist to pull it.

Gavvy did not want to play in the big leagues this year. He had his heart set on managing a club on the coast, and when that deal fell through he signed a contract to play as a pinch hitter. He and President Baker came to terms without trouble, for Gavvy is an easy man to do business with. He knows what he is worth and that's all there is to it. He went South and practiced with the other players, but it was more of a pleasure trip than anything else. He did not worry about his job, helped the youngsters in every way possible and had a good time. When the season opened he still felt that he was only filling in for a time, until he suddenly awoke to find that he was one of the stars of the league and his work was doing a lot to keep the team in the race.

GAVVY never tells an admiring audience how good he is or acts as if he were the man who invented baseball. He went on his quiet, unassuming way, playing every day and getting his base hits, the same as any rookie in the squad. But work like that could not go unrewarded.

President Baker Rewards Cravath With \$1000 Raise LAST week President Baker set for him. Cravath went up to the office and was surprised when Baker tossed over a legal-looking document.

"What's this?" asked Gavvy. "Nothing, only a new contract which I want you to sign," replied the president. "You have been doing such good work that I have decided to raise your salary \$1000 for the year. You remember, we had an understanding that you would receive a bonus if you played in a certain number of games, and instead of waiting until the end of the season I thought it would be best to give it to you now. You certainly deserve it."

Gavvy attached his name to the paper and went back to his daily toil in the ball yard. He said nothing about the raise he received, and it was just through accident that it was discovered.

Another veteran on the club who is playing good ball is Bert Niehoff. Bert is not a showy performer, but he usually does his share of work and in his phlegmatic way covers a lot of ground. In the first game he took care of ten chances without a fumble and accepted three in the second. In addition to that, he went after everything and several times leaped in the air, just missing sharp singles sailing into right field. In the tenth inning he made an almost impossible catch of Dilhoefer's liner over second, and would have completed a sensational double play had he been in position to throw the ball to Stock.

JOHNNY EVERS will be here Monday to take Niehoff's place, and the Trojan will have to work better than at any other time this year to fill his shoes. There is no doubt that Johnny will speed up the infield and inject some new life, but his fielding and batting must improve if he wants to stick around that keystone sack.

Civilization Is Safe—Manager Says Empire Is Right SOME rich business marked the twin battle in New York Thursday when Matty's Rollicking Reds rudely smashed the Giants' mad winning streak, prominent among same being the acceptance of an awfully distressful situation in umpiring by the Red leader without a murmur, and the likewise unusual incident of a player knocking a home run and a single in one inning in "one time at bat."

Also equally remarkable, a manager was applauded by an opposing audience for good sportsmanship on the field. The New York scribes were all aghast over the main episode, but there was apparent evidence of the esteem in which the local manager is now held by home critics. To more than hint at the situation would be superfluous. The former managerial idol is perfectly nameless at present in the home print, which situation corresponds with the playful little custom known at West Point as the "silent treatment," indicating kindly solicitude and tender regard. But this is an aside. The notable features of the unique episode selected as the subject of these remarks are thus described by Bill McGeehan, of the Tribune:

"The incident occurred in the fourth inning. With the score tied, Hal Chase singled and went to second on Griffith's hit. Neale was at bat and Polonius Ferritt was winding up when some fan seated behind third base tossed a ball into the infield. O'Day raised his hand, but Ferritt hurled the ball and Neale hit it.

As Ball Sails Away, Heinie Zim Protests THE ball soared far out to center field and bounded against the fence, while Neale dashed on for a home run, scoring Chase ahead of him. Heinie Zimmerman dashed up to Umpire O'Day, offering the extra baseball in evidence.

"Hey, Hank," called Heinie, "that's homer ain't legal. A guy up there throws this here ball in and crabs it."

"What was the reason?" asked Mathewson. The Reds crowded around O'Day, threatening for his gore, while Heinie Zimmerman licked his chops. The dream of his life was about to be realized. He was to be present when an umpire was slain in cold blood.

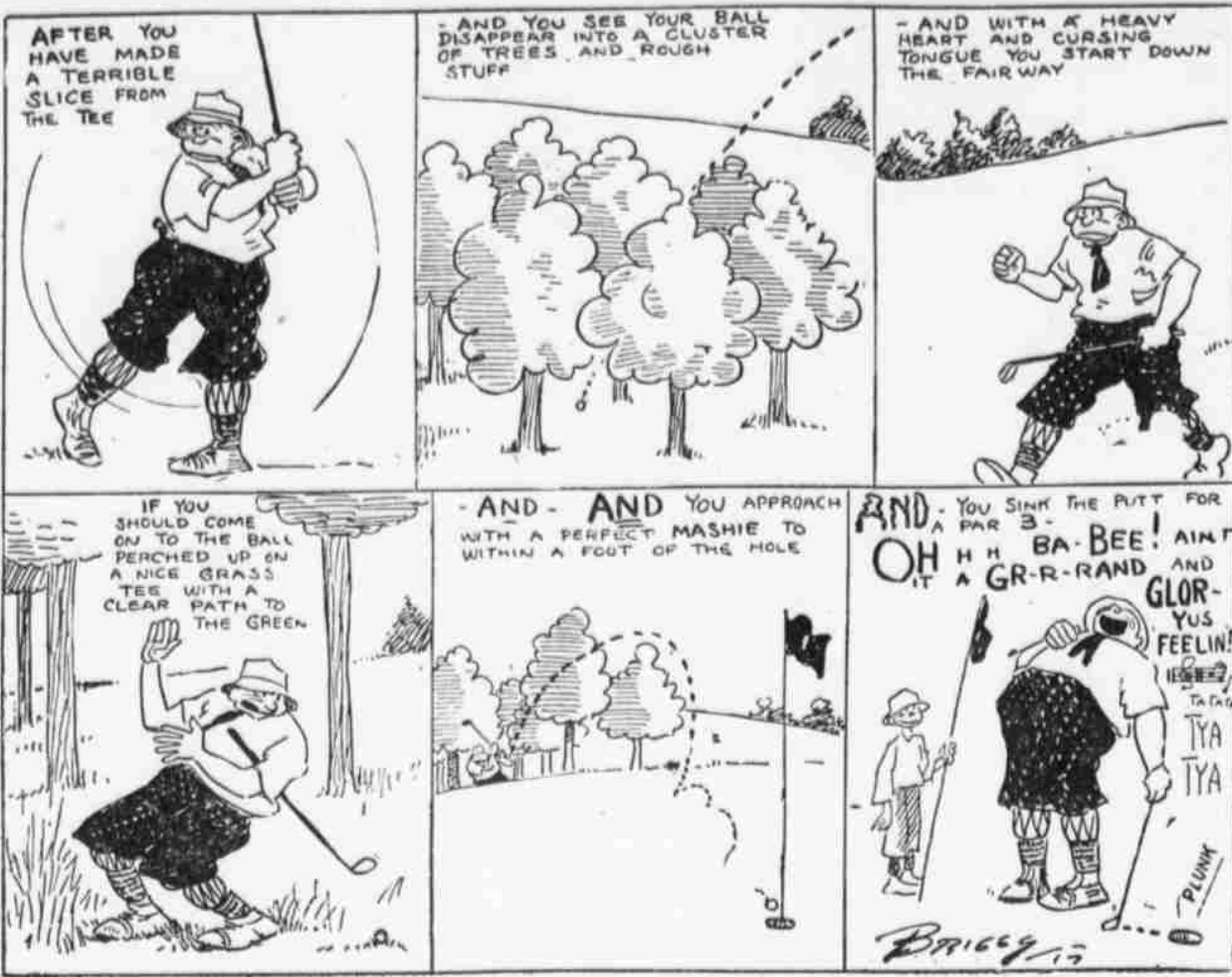
O'Day explained. "Well, I guess you are right," said Mathewson. He turned on his heel and without even looking around to growl went back to the Reds' dugout and sent Chase and Neale back into the game. Heinie Zimmerman howled like a timber wolf robbed of his prey. The multitude was mute with astonishment."

FOR the first time since the origin of the great American pastime the decision of an umpire in a tight place was allowed to go unquestioned. It was a great achievement for civilization.

Red Stole Third With the Bases Jammed RED MCKEE, former catcher for Detroit and now backstop for San Francisco, stole third with the bases full in a recent game with Salt Lake City. Baseball's most famous boner, even including Fred Merkle's well-known play, is making McKee a hero out West. "Red" was on second, when the idea came to him to practice running in case he had a chance to go "somewhere in France." He forgot to see if there were comrades on the sacks when this happy thought came to him, and got set for a flying start.

As soon as Tom Hughes started to wind up he set out for third. Hughes saw him start digging for the bag, and it so upset him that he stopped his wind-up to watch how "Red" would make out. Perhaps Hughes' intentions were for the best, but the umpire called a balk on him and McKee was saved. Koerner, McKee's teammate on third, remained glued to the bag when Red started his memorable run, and but for Hughes' balk McKee might have been out of a job as a ball player.

AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELIN'?



CITY NET EXPERTS TO PLAY AT SHORE

Scott, Chairman of Ocean City Yacht Club Committee, Holds Meeting

DR. HAWK TO COMPETE

This city will be well represented in the annual South Jersey tennis championship tournament, which starts on Saturday, August 18, on the Ocean City Yacht Club courts. In order to prepare for the event Thomas M. Scott, chairman of the tennis committee, will hold a meeting tonight at the clubhouse.

Dr. Phillip B. Hawk, of the Cynwyd Country Club, looks forward to competing in this year's tournament. He was runner-up last year to Harvey Y. Lake, losing out in the challenge round after a five-set match that held the spectators on edge at all times. With Hawk will come a number of the Cynwyd Club stars.

Dr. William T. Tilden, 2d, is playing in this section in August he will compete at Ocean City. As the national singles championship has been moved forward a week, starting on August 20, Tilden may be unable to play at the shore. He has not yet decided where he will play during the latter part of the summer.

The Plymouth Country Club tennis team will make its official appearance in a Tri-State League match at Norristown this afternoon. There are no regular Suburban League or Tri-State League matches scheduled, as this is one of the "off" days for the players.

The Cynwyd team has virtually won the Tri-State League championship for the "B" teams. Bellefield has clinched the "A" division title. Cynwyd will line up with Norman Swayze, Paul Gibbons, Charles O. Beard, Thomas C. Leonard, Dr. Elmer E. Ellison and Dr. Phillip B. Hawk. This is a strong aggregation of point winners.

Warren L. Irish, captain of the Plymouth Country Club team, and tennis chairman, is working hard to get a winning combination together. He is unable to get a team out for the first half Tri-State League matches, but will try to play out the second half of the schedule. Kenneth Howie, George J. Lincoln, Jr., Howell Finn, Dr. Chapin Carpenter and Irish will make up the team. Dr. Dwight Meigs, of the Hill School, will be on hand.

BINGLES AND BUNGLES

An Ode to Dode There ain't no chance to beat this bone, Sold Fred to Mar one day, I bought it for a right home, And dodged second on my soap, The game in that there trap, But they got it in their pipe, And know there's 'ell to pay.

Years passed and Fred stood all alone In the bonched hall of fame, The bleachers were and then fell into the field, Every time they sprung his name, In this one the dodger's base, He failed in his reputation, And he knows there's 'ell to pay.

YESTERDAY'S HERO—Dode Paskert. He hit the ball safe and the hit because he failed to touch first base.

And Fred Merkle remarked: "I am still one better than you. Once I failed to touch second."

Bill Killefer made a great catch of Mauer's foul in the fifth inning of the second game when he leaped into the air and knocked down the ball with his bare hand. Fred was stopped at second.

Cy Williams made up for his bum stickwork of the past in the first game. He got four safeties out of four trips to the plate. He ran back to first base but one hit the Phils rounds this year.

Didn't miss Barcroft so much, after all. Stock is a swell shortstop.

George Whitted slipped, fell down and arose in time to catch Merkle's fly in the sixth inning of the second game.

Gavvy Cravath's eighth home run was a strange wallop. The ball hit the railing, bounded into the bleachers and then fell into the field. An appeal was made to Umpire Risler, and Charlie allowed the home run.

Demaree fanned Risly, Paskert and Byrne in the sixth.

Friday, the fishermen had no success for Alie, who killed the "big" hodge when he was the opener and now has fourteen stags hanging on his belt.

ZERO IN OCCUPATIONS—The Sherlock Holmes who tries to detect the guys who swipe the right man, and his social standing is equal to that of a burglar who drives a taxicab.

REDS HAVE FOUND IN LEADERSHIP OF OLD MASTER THAT SOMETHING NEEDED TO GUARANTEE SUCCESS

Without Furore or Clamor Former Great Twirler Has Introduced Both Leadership and Morale; Jess May Fight, But Hardly Germans

By GRANTLAND RICE

Songs the Soldiers Sing You'll rarely ever find him humming A song of war and battle bold; You'll rarely ever hear him strumming A lilt set in heroic mould; For when he finds the big job grating Upon his nerves across the foam, He'd rather sing of some one waiting Back at a place called Home, Sweet Home.

You'd think before some mighty battle, Surrounded by the conflict's roar, He'd make the far-flung echoes rattle With songs of carnage and of gore; You'd think, with wild enthusiasm He'd give vent to his final breath With something in a sort of ecstasy That ended "Victory—or Death!"

But when he hears the dusk winds bringing Some old dream from the heart of June, The chances are you'll hear him singing Some long-forgotten foolish tune— He'd give vent to his service by now. Of blue eyes on the twilight gloam, Of lips red with the blood of roses Back at a place called Home, Sweet Home.

MATHEWSON, the pitcher, had something else beyond a wise head and a great arm. When Matty was working, even when he was the victim of a hostile fusillade, his mates seemed to be playing staidly, holding ball back of his pitching than they were able to play for any one else.

He had the knack of inspiring his club with additional confidence. The morale around him was at its best. Mathewson, the manager, seems to have the same knack with the Reds. Without any furore or upheaval or clamor he has at last given the Red machine the morale it has never known. The men have been giving their best, hammering away with all the artillery they have at hand.

Mathewson has only completed a year at the helm, but in that time he has lifted a dismantled ball club with a forty-year tradition of failure into a machine that is pointing in a definite direction—and that direction isn't downhill.

The Best Infield "Which team has the best infield in baseball," asks T. J. H., "the Giants or the Yankees?" Pipp is better than Holke; Herzog is better than Maisei; Peck and Fletcher are better than 50-50, and so are Zim and Baker. The margin is extremely delicate.

But in the meanwhile what is the matter with an infield composed of Hobbitzell, Barry, Scott and Gardner? An Appeal Dear Sir—I see where the Western Golf Association has abolished all stymies. This is well enough. But why doesn't benevolent golf association arise and abolish all bunkers and traps? If such an association is ever formed, please call me collector.

HOPELESS. "Leonard and Kilbane to meet this month." We had a vague, dim idea of having read some press agency story that Leonard and Kilbane were to meet in the city. We're wrong about it, or has Bennie gone on? The request is merely offered for information.

Or Lives There Not? Lives there a bloke with soul so dead Who never to his rival said "I'm badly off my game?" Or, at the start of some hard fight Remark'd, "I could not sleep last night" And that "my back is lame?" L. L. H.

Jess Willard announces that he will fight somebody this coming fall. Did some one say "the Germans"?

SCRAPS ABOUT SCRAPPERS By LOUIS H. JAFFE After breaking up a perfectly legitimate circus act, Ever Hammer, the blond, bristling battering-ram from Chicago, is here from the wild and woolly to seek rest and quiet. Hammer fought himself out of a job and crimped a wonderful drawing "meeting-all-comers" stunt by knocking out so many opponents around the circuit that he left a trail-like damage done by a forty-two centerimeter. Ever Hammer was covering the field on the other side of the Mississippi with some circus or other, and knocked out his half a dozen or more opponents afternoons and nights in one and two rounds. On Friday night he took Hammer three rounds to stop a tough guy in Oskosh or some such town, and the people raved it was a "frame."

Finally, it became so that set-up guys could be paid to enter the ring with Ever, and the act went flooie. Hammer was out of a job. Now he is in Philadelphia to enjoy the life of a gentleman of leisure for a while before preparing to take on the best of the very best and otherwise lightweight. Hammer is unknown to Philadelphia fans, as he has boxed only twice in the East, being opposed to Johnny O'Leary and Shamus O'Brien, at Boston last year. However, Ever Hammer has boxed some of the leading boxers in the country, including Johnny Dundee, Benny Leonard, Fred Walsh, Ad Wolgast, Joe Welling and others.

Blackjack Blackburn feels sure his cleverness and better left hand will give him a high win when he meets George Chaney early in the week. The winner probably will get a match with Joe Berrill, who is now in the U. S. navy. Other Monday night bouts are Willie, six-foot, five-inch, Andy Rivers vs. Johnny Hogan and Joe Kane vs. Benny Matlock.

Loole Tendler is getting himself into shape. A little thing like weight is proving a big Government. If definite arrangements can be made they will box in the main mix of an all-star show August 1 at Ball's Park.

Little Bear will be one of the four Philadelphia box in Baltimore this afternoon. He will meet Bobby Burns in a ten-rounder. The bear is after a crack at Joe Tabor of Youngstown, Pa.

Eddis O'Keefe is out with a wall load enough to wake up promoters around these dignities. O'Keefe is recognized as

ATHLETICS IMPROVE IN BATTING, ADVANCING FROM FIFTH TO THIRD PLACE IN TEAM HITTING WITH .247

Strunk and Bodie Make Big Gains and Help in Mackmen's Winning Streak—Cobb Drops to .375—Roush in Front

THE Athletics broke their losing streak this week by turning in four straight wins, and they can trace their victories to the hard and timely hitting of the team. Bates was an important factor, while Bodie and Strunk also did their part. Bates boosted his mark from .262 to .276 and Strunk from .276 to .286. The team also boosted its average from .242 to .247, and went from fifth to third place. The pitchers showed increased effectiveness, and this combination proved a winning one against the White Sox and Browns.

Cobb lost ground during the week, falling from .383 to .375, but this loss of points did not endanger his lead, as he still tops the remainder of the field by many points. Sisler spurred, advancing from .326 to .339, while Speaker dropped from .341 to .335. McInnis managed to hold his own and is found now with .314.

In the National League, Roush has the edge on Cruise with ten points, leading the circuit with .350. This pair are far in advance of the rest of the contenders and it will necessitate much work on the part of batting aspirants to overtake them. Cravath is the only Phil in the select, having an even .300.

NATIONAL LEAGUE BATTING AVERAGES

Table with columns: Player Name, Team, AB, R, H, ER, TB, Avg. Lists top batters like T. Clark, C. G. Cruse, etc.

AMERICAN LEAGUE BATTING AVERAGES

Table with columns: Player Name, Team, AB, R, H, ER, TB, Avg. Lists top batters like Hamilton, St. L., Cobb, St. L., etc.

CLUB BATTING RECORDS

Table with columns: Club, AB, R, H, ER, TB, Avg. Lists records for Cincinnati, New York, etc.

LONG HITS BY CLUBS

Table with columns: Club, TB, R, H, ER, TB, Avg. Lists long hit records for Philadelphia, Cincinnati, etc.

TEN LEADING SLOGGERS

Table with columns: Player Name, Team, AB, R, H, ER, TB, Avg. Lists top sluggers like Cobb, Detroit, etc.

TEN LEADING BASE STEALERS

Table with columns: Player Name, Team, AB, R, H, ER, TB, Avg. Lists top base stealers like Adams, Cleveland, etc.

TEN LEADING RUN GETTERS

Table with columns: Player Name, Team, AB, R, H, ER, TB, Avg. Lists top run getters like Burns, New York, etc.

PITCHING RECORDS

Table with columns: Player Name, Team, W, L, SO, BB, H, Ave. Lists top pitchers like Weaver, Phila., etc.