

THE LATEST STAGE HIT, "WON IN THE NINTH," THRILLS AT PHILLIES' OPEN-AIR THEATRE

"WON IN THE NINTH, OR PHILS' REVENGE," A NOVEL OF TODAY

How the "Inside In" Is Worked Successfully on the Crabbing Cards on Dripping Diamond, Told in Four Bristling, Thrilling Chapters

By ROBERT W. MAXWELL Sports Editor Evening Public Ledger Copyright, 1919, by Public Ledger Inc.

CHAPTER I

IT WAS a dark, dreary, dismal, damp afternoon. Sporadic showers splashed spasmodically on the ball field at Broad and Huntingdon streets, casting a shadow of deep gloom over the audience...

Sent in the dugout, sheltered from the wind and rain and watching the happy toilers of the diamond, was a nattily clad person, wearing a new spring suit, low shoes, straw hat and everything...

"Gotta play today, chief," he muttered between clenched teeth. "Gotta play the ball game because Jack Combs says so."

"So that's the kind of a guy he is," hissed Rickey, as only a Rickey can hiss. "Very well, I accept the challenge on behalf of the visiting firemen and my ball club. For once we have been recognized. Mr. Combs evidently believes I have a regular nine and intends to take advantage of it."

Thereupon President Rickey removed his straw hat and glared in the direction of the Phillies' bench. Muttering to himself, he located the clubhouse in the semi gloom and headed for it. He was about to put on his lightning change net to battle the elements.

HE WAS president of the Nationals when he entered the clubhouse, but ten minutes later he appeared in scenery which suggested a ball player, and was immediately recognized as Manager Branch Rickey, of the Cards.

CHAPTER II

MANAGER BRANCH RICKY occupied the seat vacated by President Rickey a short quarter of an hour before. He glared defiantly at his cluster of hivelings which gathered closely to get an earful, for they felt that something was about to happen. They were not disappointed.

"Men of St. Louis," greeted the manager, "you have been handed what is known as the 'inside in.' You probably do not know what it is, and to put you hep, which is slang for getting next, I will say the 'inside in' is several degrees further advanced than the double cross. You are expected to play a ball game on this dripping diamond and furnish fun and amusement for the audience, who is sitting behind the Phillies' bench. Unless you are a gang of doormats you will not stand for this course treatment. Will you wipe the field with those gloves?"

A cheer arose from the dugout. Tears sprang into the eyes of the players. "We'll lick 'em, sure, Mr. President—we mean Mr. Manager," they said as Umpire Charles Bagley warmly called the game.

The hot up horses lashed their teeth as they walked up to the plate. "Who is working for the 'inside in' today?" they growled at the world at large.

"Me and the outfielders," bravely replied Frank Morrisell Woodward, the boy heater, who blushing accepts his salary check twice a month from Mr. Combs.

That was enough to infuriate even ball players from St. Louis, for a joke in a joke, unless a boy heaver pulls it.

Mr. Shotton stepped up and dashed a double to left field, amid cheers of his companions. Smith sacrificed and Milt Stock, who once toiled on the same payroll as Mr. Woodward, bounced a single off the bat at third base. Rogers Hornsby, the worn old slugger from Texas, further rubbed it in with a home run into the left field bleachers and three runs were lying on the scoreboard.

"That's not enough!" said Manager Rickey. "Go out and get some more. Their cup of bitterness shall be filled to overflowing."

They waited until the eighth inning and assaulted Mr. Woodward for three more tallies, and that was not all. Another came home in the ninth.

"REVENGE at last!" hissed Manager Branch Rickey. "We have them in our power, those inside inners, and we can choke in their faces! We are leading by the score of 7 to 2, men, and that looks good enough for me. Even a storm will turn, but who wants to be a scum?"

CHAPTER III

JOHN WESLEY COMBS nervously conversed with his ball players. He was all excited and moved restlessly in his seat in the dugout. Like Manager Rickey, he, too, was sheltered from the rain and wind.

"Now, Cy," he said, turning to Williams, "I tell you the fishing is much better in Maine than in Wisconsin. Why, up in my country the bass are so numerous and so hungry that you have to hide behind a tree to bait your hook. You can't say that about Wisconsin."

Irish Meusel, the sardonic slugger from the coast, interrupted the conversation with a home-run drive into the left field bleachers. This was the second run he had scored and the audience began to cheer.

"You mustn't get so anxious, Irish," said the manager as Meusel wearily flopped into a seat. The sardonic slugger liked home runs as much as the disliked running around the bases.

"Be careful in the future," continued the boss. "I don't want you to spoil my plans. I have a new way to win ball games and wish to try it out. The idea is to get the other side overboard and then step out and win. I believe it will be successful because these St. Louis guys are getting chummy already. Wait until I tell you when to start."

So the game went on and the Phils went out until the Cards had scored their seven runs and the men of Combs were five behind.

The ninth inning dawned, cool and wet. The time had come for the fireworks and Manager Combs addressed his men.

"I ALWAYS have wanted to see a great ninth inning rally," he said. "Here is your chance. All you need are six runs, and to get them only six men need cross the platter. Perfectly simple—all you have to do is to go out and do it. Let's go."

CHAPTER IV

GAVVY CRAVATH allowed a wan smile to gather on his face. He had been in too many conflicts in the past and five runs to the good looked as big as five million. It was getting late and he decided to go to the clubhouse. The old man was not kidding himself, but in case of an extra-inning game he wished to shave so he would not trip over his whiskers.

With his face lathered he called to Mike Dee, the demon trainer: "What's happened, Mike?" he asked as he stropped his razor.

"Baird got on when Miller fumbled," said Mike, looking through the window. "Sicking doubled to the left field and Doug is on third. Cady ought to come through—there goes a single and two men are in! Pearce rolls one to Paulette, but Eddie is on third. Callahan bats for Woodward and walks. Williams has Goodwin in the hole—three and nothing. Rickey yanks Goodwin and Sherdel is using his left hand on Cy. Cy also walks. Irish Meusel hits one and two more scores are in. Here comes Lud—"

"That's enough!" roared the veteran of thousands of battles. "I must heat it and win this ball game."

With one side of his face shaved, Cravath rushed upon the field. He arrived in time to see Liddy soak a single and send the tying run over the rubber. Irish Meusel, who was on third and it was getting late.

Cravath stropped up, looked over a couple of twistlers and slammed one against the right field wall, sending Meusel home with the winning counter. The old man ran to first, touched the bag and hastened to the clubhouse to dash his shave.

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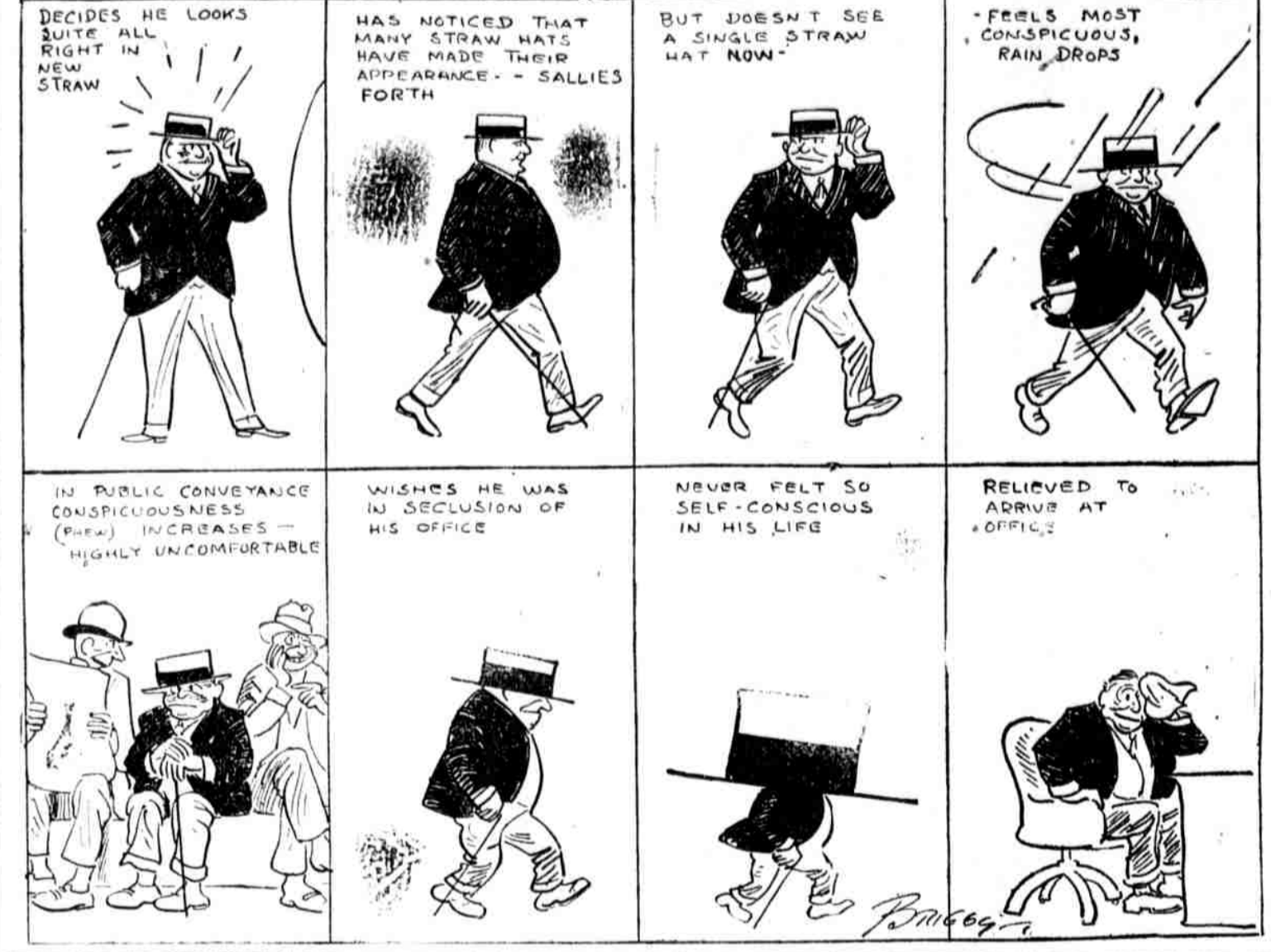
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MOVIE OF A MAN AND AN EARLY STRAW



JOE RAINEY TO TRY FOR WORLD'S RECORD

Central Sprinter Will Attack Scholastic 50-Yard Mark Next Monday

HOLDS THE INDOOR FIGURES

There was more than one sad looking youth out at Franklin Field yesterday afternoon watching the Penn Fresh trackmen take a snappy workout against a few high school youths and the Dartmouth team take Penn into camp for its sixth consecutive victory of this season.

But it is doubtful if there was any one as disappointed as Joe Rainey, the Central High School speed king. No, Joe was not defeated. He didn't even have a chance to lose, for he remained in his civilian attire all afternoon.

Joe had decided some time ago that he was going to win one of more of the medals which are given to the place winners in the Penn Fresh combined high school track meet each year. Bad luck was against Joe and he will have to wait till next year.

Told to Rest

Rainey has been competing quite a good deal lately and, with the important championship events coming along in a week or so, Doctor O'Brien, the Central High coach, decided that Joe needed a rest, and advised him to remain out of the meet yesterday.

But Joe had one consolation. Next Monday afternoon he is to get a chance at the world's scholastic record for the 50 yard dash outdoors. In the indoor "Quads," which were called the indoor championships, because they were held on the Wanamaker store roof, Joe established a new indoor record for 50 yards and equaled the outdoor record at the same time.

Made in 1904

The present record for the 50 yard dash outdoors is 5.3 seconds, made in 1904 by E. C. Jessup in St. Louis. Rainey is confident that with a good track and fair weather conditions he will establish a new record.

More than a week ago in a dual meet Rainey was timed in the 100 yard dash in even time. There was only one time he was timed and that was not accepted as a record. In order that there may be no mistake this time, Doctor O'Brien has asked several leading timers to be on hand when Rainey makes his bid for fame.

Williams Star Twirler

There were several first-class pitchers in the league this season, with Williams, of Episcopal; Breslin, of Penn Charter, and Middleton, of Germantown Academy, showing the way. Williams was one of the real stars of the league.

Wanted our one-hit game, our one-hit game, and two three-hit games, and had a record of seven strike outs in seven games.

Cook, of Friends' Central, was the leading catcher, Red Whitting, of Episcopal, is given the choice at first base. He injured his ankle in the last Friends' Central game. Grove, of Penn Charter, was the star pitcher.

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MARSHALL GRATEFUL THAT ONE LEAGUE REMEMBERED HIM

Thomas R. Marshall, Vice President of the United States, is a happy person today, because Ban Johnson, president of the American League, remembered his address and sent a season pass.

"My faith in human nature has been greatly revived," he wrote to the American League boss, "because such an intelligent and patriotic organization as your league has remembered that there is a Vice President."

"Now, however, the sun is shining and whether we shall have a league of nations or not, I am quite sure I shall get more pleasure out of the performance of the American League than of the American Senate trying to organize a league of nations."

FOUR EPISCOPAL PLAYERS ON ALL-STAR BALL TEAM

Three Penn Charter, Two Germantown Academy and One Friends' Central Man on All-Interacademic Nine

'BUDDY' STARR AT SHORT

FOUR members of Coach Charles McCarty's champion Episcopal Academy nine are honored with positions on the 1919 mythical all-interacademic baseball team.

Penn Charter players won three positions, Germantown Academy two and Friends' Central one. These four are the only members of the Interacademic League, so each one has at least one on the all-star team.

The members of the Episcopal Academy team to win positions on the all-star team are Williams, Whitting, Starr and Scott. The Penn Charter players selected are Breslin, Grove and Stattel. Dinsmore and Baird come from Germantown Academy, while Cook is the lone Friends' Central player to gain a place.

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BIDDLE MAY JUDGE CHAMPIONSHIP BOUT

Tex Rickard Wants Philadelphia to Officiate at Willard-Dempsey Scrap

TO STAY OUTSIDE OF RING

New York, May 21.—Tex Rickard, reports here today, wants to do something new when he stages the bout between Jess Willard and Jack Dempsey at Toledo next July 4.

He is considering the plan of placing a couple of judges outside the ring to give a decision, as is done in amateur bouts. In case the judges disagree, the report goes, Tex intends the referee to give a decision.

Biddle May Accept

It seems the good old American way of deciding winners of bouts is about to be abandoned. However, there is a ray of hope in the refusal of Lord Londsdale, English sportsman, to accept the offer of Rickard to act as one of the judges. Major A. J. Drexel Biddle, of Philadelphia, is being reported, has virtually agreed to be one of the outside referees.

Hinkle Favorite

Mat Hinkle, of course, is acceptable to the boxers and competent. There is strong opposition to him in Toledo, and this may result in both boxers and promoter deciding not to ask him to serve.

It is up to the boxers to agree on a third man, but Rickard has left a loophole for himself in the articles of agreement by withholding the privilege of naming the referee.

Syracuse Wins Dual Meet

Syracuse, N. Y., May 21.—The Syracuse University track team defeated Colgate here in the annual dual track meet yesterday afternoon. The Red Raiders scored sixty-one points against fifty-five for Colgate.

Two hitting from St. Louis and the Phils within half hour of fifth strike.

Irish Meusel, who personally scored three runs and drove in two by bagging a home run, double and two singles out of five times at bat, advanced into the third place in National League hitting. He was right on the heels of Cy Williams, who jumped up to 320. Young of the Giants, all of which speaks ill for Captain George Whitted's chances for getting back in Phil hitting array.

Southpaw Sherdel was in the hot seat but the Phils got an R. O. in the ninth over long enough to have the lead. Yesterday the Phils pitched to four batters, but failed to retire a single one. Therefore, his line in the box score reads: "three hits, two runs in no inning."

"You can't dope this 'bird," Babe Ruth, at all," chirped the gas in the Brown derby as he pitched to four batters, but failed to retire a single one. Therefore, his line in the box score reads: "three hits, two runs in no inning."

Exp. Lear continues to live up to all expectations of the Cubs yesterday. The former Villanova boy, who bats in the clean-up position, bagged three hits out of four times up. He figured in all three times scored by the Bruins in beating the Dodgers.

After a losing streak of one straight, these Giants nipped yesterday and won a ball game. The Dodgers yesterday, and checked the Robins in time to make the "hub" three runs in the first game of the series.

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WITH SHADOW LIFTED, OUMIET SHOULD PLAY IMPROVED GOLF GAME

The Professional-Amateur Storm Which Broke Around Star's Head in 1915 Caused Him to Play Indifferently—Now His Heart in the Match

IN THE SPOTLIGHT—BY GRANTLAND RICE Copyright, 1919, all rights reserved.

To Any Rival at Golf

When I have made some pop-eyed shot, And reached the bunker, like an owl, Don't say "I'm sorry"—or "tough luck," Unless you are prepared to duck, For I will know, in place of tears, You'd rather give three rousing cheers.

When I am struggling in the rut, Don't advise me when I blow a putt; Or say "Too bad," if I should hook, My shot to some rock-fretted brook, Where, though you show an outward joy, Your soul is singing "Atabey."

And if, by ragged chance, Old Top, You lay a stymie I can't hop, Don't try to tell me, in disguise, You'd rather have it other way, Since I know well enough that you Are very far from feeling blue, I know, because I'm human, too.

For I can tell you I don't mind How many deep traps you may find; And every short putt that you miss Fills me with an ecstatic bliss; Why should I kid you? Tell me, why? Since you, too, know a simple lie?

A New Oumiet

THERE will be a new Oumiet—or, rather, a Oumiet of the old Vardon-Trey days—when the young Bostonian resumes his golfing career this season in the open championship at Braeburn.

The professional-amateur storm was breaking about Oumiet's head in 1915, his last competitive year, and he left it coming. The result was that he played indifferently golf all that year, for his heart was not in his play. He finished far down the rut at Baltusrol in the open, caved in badly at the amateur, where he was beaten by young Standish, of Detroit, and later, paired with Travers against Evans and Gardner, helped on only one or two holes.

The shadow has been lifted at last and Oumiet is playing with a new spirit this spring. He recently had a 71 over the hard Braeburn course, and once more his long tee shots are whirling far down the fairway.

WIN or lose at Braeburn, he will be one of the most formidable entries in the big gathering.

Alex Must Start Soon

WHEN Grover Cleveland Alexander reaches the middle of May without having turned in a victory, his chance of reaching the thirty victory this abbreviated season had virtually vanished. This epochal another record, unless the ex-announcer has more ammunition at hand than he has ever had before.

These Giants are a bizarre outfit. They have the oldest club in the league—and one of the fastest. As a rule, age and speed are not supposed to be teammates along the broad highway of sport.

BUT in this lone instance the ancient order has been reversed.

Another Transplanted Upset

RAY FISHER, the Vermont pedagogue, is another of those transplanted upsets who seems to have benefited by a shift.

In six of his eight years with the Yankees Fisher failed to win half his games. He finished on the proper side of the mark in only two seasons. Then he suddenly pops out among the Reds and nicks four of his first five games, taking Alexander in one of his starts.

"TONY" BIDDLE CHALLENGED TO BOXING BOUT BY DR. ELY

Evangelist, After Two Years in Army Camps, Says He Is in Condition for Friendly Ring Tilt

Major A. J. Drexel Biddle, physical instructor of the United States marine corps, has been challenged to a friendly boxing bout by the Rev. Dr. James B. Ely, evangelist, who has challenged the major to a friendly boxing bout.

Major Biddle Doctor Ely 5 ft. 8 1/2 ins., height... 5 ft. 11 ins. 168 pounds... weight... 165 pounds 44 inches... chest... 40 inches 68 inches... reach... 65 inches 17 1/2 inches... biceps... 17 inches

Bible Classes. After nearly two years in army camps, with plenty of good exercise, I feel able to stand up to the major in a friendly way and have a little bout.

"Now, please don't misunderstand me," he said with a smile. "I am a preacher and I have no desire to forsake preaching for boxing. But I am a firm friend of the boys in the camps, and I am willing to do almost anything to give them a little fun.

"I want it understood that I will not box on Sunday, and I prefer some quiet slugs for the match, some place where it will not get any publicity."

Major Biddle has not yet accepted the challenge. The acceptance will have to come soon, because Doctor Ely is going to Camp Dix for the week-end and next week he goes to Chicago for a preaching engagement that will last one month.

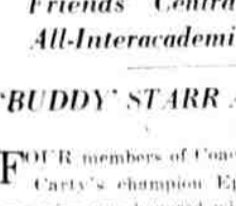
POINT BREEZE PARK Philadelphia's Wonderland. J. Kamte, Mar.

NOW OPEN TODAY SPECIAL MUSICAL PROGRAM 3 P. M. Dancing Every Evening Dedication of New Velodrome Cycle Track, May 30th

Devon Horse Show and Country Fair May 28, 29, 30, 31 Devon, Pa. Horse Show, Dog Show, Baby Show, "Easy Street" in the Country Village, the "Good-and-Plenty" Cafeteria. Old-fashioned market place. Dancing 4 P. M. until 10 P. M. Trains every half hour from Broad St. Station, also Phila. & Western Trolleys. Tickets, 50c; Grandstand Seats \$1.00. On Sale at 1119 Chestnut Street



T. R. MARSHALL



'BUDDY' STARR AT SHORT



He Slugs the Ball