BEST SPORTING PAGE IN NEW YORK

R. Edgren's COLUMN

Dundee Fights Uphill Battle and Beats Leonard, Whose Excess Weight Slowed Him Up.

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UPROARIOUS shouting, tooting horns, jangling bells drowned the last clang of the ringside gong at Madison Square Garden last night. The thousands of rival Dundee and Leonard rooters were claiming victory for their respective champions. Leonard, pale and battered, turned to his corner with a weak imitation of his usual jaunty step. Johnny Dundee, his dark features in a red flush of excitement, glared after him as if reluctant to obey the bell.

Dundee won the fight. Leonard came into the ring carrying five or six pounds of fat. It was a fatal mistake. His speed wasn't up to the standard set in former bouts, and he was swept off his feet by the little Scotch-Wop's furiously unrelenting attack.

Leonard didn't hold anything back because of his Friday night match with Freddy Welsh, for early in the evening he had been unofficially notified that the Welsh fight had been "called off" by Welsh's manager. Welsh sat near the ring smoking a big fat cigar. And if he had wanted to hold back it would have been impossible, for Dundee wouldn't let him.

According to the announcement Leonard weighed 136 pounds and Dundee 127. It was rumored around the ring that Leonard's real weight was a pound more than this, and Dundee's a pound less. Dundee's manager, Scotty Montieth, said that Dundee "didn't move the beam" at 127 pounds. Billy Gibson said he did move the beam, and the weights were as announced. In any case Dundee was about ten pounds lighter than Leonard. He was fighting an uphill fight.

DUNDEE isn't "scientific," according to the style of boxing taught in schools. He is entirely original in his fighting methods. Apparently he has made a close study of the wildcat in action. He crouches low and moves within leaping distance of his victim, then suddenly springs upon him, ripping and slashing away furiously. He has a trick of coming in slowly, holding his head out as if inviting a blow, but moving in such an eccentric manner that his opponent is completely puzzled. He worked this on Leonard in every round. Now and then Leonard met him with an uppercut, but as a rule Dundee made him miss. When he was hit the little Italian seemed stung into redoubled fury. Driven away by a sharp blow, he always bounced back like a rubber ball. Leonard's hardest blows had no apparent effect on him. He was neither dazed nor weakened.

In their former fight Leonard had little trouble in avoiding Dundee's blows. He couldn't stay away from them last night. The little fellow, tearing in with amazing leaps and spurts of speed, flailed away with both hands and sent smash after smash through, under or over Leonard's guard. In the sixth round he cut Leonard's left eye with a slashing hook. The sight of the damage aroused Dundee to more furious efforts. He plastered Leonard against the ropes and walloped away until Benny slipped aside and escaped. Dundee went right after him again, and was jarred but not held off by a hard crack on the jaw. Leonard was settling down to hard hitting, placing his blows with great care. Every punch was effectively timed. But Dundee swung blow for blow and frequently tilted Benny's head back with left hooks or drove rib-cracking rights or lefts into his body. The body punishment seemed to worry Benny most. He looked pale and he protested to Referee Bill Brown several times. Some of Dundee's punches were rather low. One landed squarely on Leonard's belt and Brown cautioned Dundee sharply.

DUNDEE began holding his jaw out for Benny to hit. Several times he held it out and walked in deliberately. At last Benny took a chance with a right uppercut. Dundee pulled his head back like a flash and let the blow sizzle safely past. Next time he walked in untouched and suddenly let go a storm of swings that drove Leonard across the ring.

The fighting was very fast. The crowds in the various seat sections kept up a tremendous roar of applause. In the ninth round Dundee was so anxious to finish it that he jumped up and down and leaped at Leonard with no attempt to guard his jaw or avoid a punch. Benny peppered him hard, and Dundee fanned the air.

Toward the end of the fight Leonard's skill began to tell. He was planting his blows cleanly, and hard enough to drive Dundee back on his heels. Every time he was hit Dundee only fought harder. Ten pounds lighter, inferior in skill and in hitting power, he upset all obstacles by sheer fighting fury. He swarmed all over Benny Leonard, disregarded his heaviest punches, and by superior speed and aggressiveness planted two blows for Benny's one. Neither was weakened at any time or in the slightest danger of a knockout.

ON THE FIRING LINE WITH DUNDEE AND LEONARD

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DAILY REVIEW OF BIG LEAGUE PENNANT RACES

Cubs Lambaste Giants' Spitball Pitchers; Southpaw Packard Is Puzzle to Locals

Offerings of Anderson and Tesreau Walloped by Chicago Team for Eighteen Hits, and Still Some Fans Say They Can't Hit.

By Bozeman Bulger.

THE spitball got a terrible lambasting up at the Polo Grounds on the second appearance of the Cubs, and, coincidental with that carnage, the Giants flopped out of second place, quietly nursing their wounds and wondering how it all happened.

Evidently the Cubs had waxed fat on the slippery delivery during their outlaw days, and when Anderson, formerly one of their clan, opened with a spray of saliva and slippery elm they warmed up and turned the afternoon into an old home week. Very quickly Mr. Anderson and his followers determined that it was no place for him, but McGraw, not knowing the Cub-Whale predelection for the spitball, ushered in Tesreau to give them a little more of the same and the Tinker gang reciprocated. In addition to the six wallops off Anderson our bear hunting behemoth was treated to another dozen of the same—eighteen hits altogether!

And still there are still living those who tell us that the trouble with Chicago's club is that it can't hit!

Somehow, everything seemed to be upset. The Giants fatten on left-handers as a regular diet, but Gene Packard, another outlaw, by the way, made them come right up and nibble at his fingers. Our much vaunted heavy artillery was turned into a parlor rifle. In other words, it was a grand old day for the Federal League, Bennie Kauff and Fred Anderson to the contrary notwithstanding.

The fall of the Giants before the claws of the Cubs, sorrowful as is our duty to relate, occurred simultaneously with the defeat of the Pirates by Grover Cleveland Alexander, and all ideas of stopping Brooklyn have been abandoned for the present. The Phillies are in second place and the Dodgers, having been victorious, are further ahead than ever. Still, the season is long—and weary.

It may be none of the business of New York fans, but we are just that curious that we would like to know Joe Tinker's real reason for keeping Mulligan on the bench while Mike Doolan pottered around that infield making great stops but no nourishing wallops. This young fellow, Mulligan, maced our gallant spitballers for just four sound hits and might have got another but for an effort on his part to beat Tesreau out of a base on balls in the last inning. He waited too long and struck out, thereby checking what otherwise would have been a complete afternoon.

And then there was McCarthy, the other youngster recently allowed to play second in the place of the late Steve Yerkes. McCarthy also delved into the spitball delivery and made several pick-ups at second—some of the double-play variety—that made us wonder all the more.

But this is a day of wonders—come to think of it. For instance, Heinie Zimmerman didn't get in a sawedge word in the direction of Umpire Klem throughout the pastime. Once, and only once, he saw a decision, as he thought, go wrong at first base. Up went the hands of the great Heinie—zim, his usual signal for declaring war, but in a minute down they came without one verbal explosion. Vic Saier, Rollo Zeider and others rushed his way and with beseeching motions insisted that he deny himself the pleasure of murder. And Heinie listened! On another occasion he got his hands breast pocket high, only to drop them again. Evidently the Cubs have been working on Heinie and in rehearsal he was letter perfect. It will mean a lot to the Cubs if teammates can only keep those hands of Heinie's down.

But, on this day of sorrow, let us turn our attention to the West. We might as well have it all over with at once. The Eastern invaders are somewhere in the trenches out there with their tails betwen their legs, howling. The West made a clean sweep, in a way, this was quite well for the Yanks. By a slender thread Donovan's club hangs to that high rung of the ladder, but not by their own efforts. The other Eastern clubs dropped from beneath them instead of climbing up. If the Yanks even stop to spit on their hands there's going to be a terrible fall.

This, by the way, marks another day in the great streak of the Yanks—losing streak. They have put over the fourth straight loss now, and it begins to look as if there will be no straw hats to be presented by Capt. Huston. There is a consolation, though, in the fact that the weather continues cool.

In the gloom there appears just one sunshiny ray that we may note. It was the excellent blocking of Kocher when he went to relieve Bill Rariden, who has been surfeited with catching for a month or so. Kocher has no fear of the cold steel. The one runner that tried knocking him away from the plate struck a solid wall and bounded back like a pop bottle from the head of an umpire. Kocher has a pair of those piano legs that enable backstops to quell the ambitions of some of our wild base runners, and he did not fail to use them. McGraw has done well in keeping that boy around as a bench warmer. He'll come in handy.

Young Mamaux, Pittsburgh's millionaire kid, has discovered that there is an end to a winning streak. After a successful whirl around the circuit the remarkable youngster ran against Alexander and came to a dead stop. At that the kid held the champion Phillies down to two runs and had the Pirates shown any ability to tap Alex he would have been able to wire his old man another one of those joyous messages.

Otto Knabe may not be entirely to blame, but ever since Joe Tinker gave him a job the Cubs are fairly hopping with tabasco.

Tiger vs. Bulldog at Newark.

Princeton and Yale will play the deciding game of their three-game series at the International League park, Newark, to-morrow afternoon. It was hoped to have the game played either at the Polo Grounds or Ebbets Field. Both of these are being used, however. Washington Park, Brooklyn home of the defunct Brooklyns, is not available because of an agreement with organized baseball that the park shall not be open to ball games.

Baseball, Wiedenmayer's Park, Hamburg Place, Newark. Princeton vs. Yale. Championship game, Wednesday, 3.30 P. M. Grand Stand $1.50. Box seats $2. Tickets on sale at the Park.

MAJOR LEAGUE RESULTS AND STANDING

National League

Club.	W.	L.	PC.	Club.	W.	L.	PC.
Brooklyn	25	16	.610	Boston	20	22	.47
Phila	24	19	.558	Cincin'ti	22	25	.463
N. York	23	19	.548	Pitts'gh	20	24	.455
Chicago	23	25	.479	St. Louis	21	28	.429

American League

Club.	W.	L.	PC.	Club.	W.	L.	PC.
Clevel'd	30	19	.612	Boston	24	23	.511
N. York	24	21	.533	Chicago	22	23	.489
Wash.	25	22	.532	St. Louis	21	26	.447
Detroit	25	23	.521	Phila	15	29	.341

Results of Games Yesterday.

Chicago, 8; New York, 2.
Brooklyn, 3; St. Louis, 1.
Philadelphia, 2; Pittsburgh, 1.
Boston vs. Cincinnati (rain.)

Detroit 8; New York 6.
Chicago, 3; Washington, 0.
St. Louis 4; Boston, 3.
Cleveland, 2; Philadelphia, 1.

Games To-Day.

Chicago at New York
St. Louis at Brooklyn
Cincinnati at Boston
Pittsburgh at Philadelphia

New York at Detroit
Boston at St. Louis
Philadelphia at Cleveland
Washington at Chicago

M'GRAW SIZES UP CHANCES OF ALL BIG LEAGUE TEAMS

With Good Pitching Boston Braves Might Win Again in National Race, Says Giants' Manager, Who Doesn't Fear Phillies—Tigers and White Sox Beginning to Show Real Strength in American.

BY JOHN J. M'GRAW.
(Manager of the Giants.)

GEORGE STALLINGS has had his troubles in Boston this year. What has hurt the Braves is lack of consistent pitching, and, as I have said, I believe the tough climate has had as much to do with this as anything else. The twirlers are not in shape. When the Braves won the World's Championship Stallings did not have any good pitching until June. Then James, Tyler and Rudolph began to go and pitched the club to a pennant. James has been a net loss to Stallings because he insisted on pitching winter ball out on the Coast and hurt himself. And the loss of a pitcher like James is a big one. If the Boston club could get any twirling such as it caught during its big year it would come pretty near repeating, because, outside of the pitching staff, it is a better ball club with more hitting strength now. Of course, Stallings has had a lot of good men out of the game this season with injuries and illness. Sherwood Magee's absence from the outfield was sadly felt, for he is a wicked hitter, although he has not been going at his best clip so far this season. He is one man on the ball club who is very anxious to win the flag.

"Maggie" spent most of his baseball life in Philadelphia up to the winter before last, when he was traded to Boston just after the Braves had won the World's Championship, much to everybody's surprise. Of course, Magee did not out in on any of that sugar, but he expected to share in a World's Series purse the next season because it looked like a push over for Stallings. Then Philadelphia turned around and won the pennant.

ALEXANDER DOESN'T SEEM HIMSELF THIS SEASON.

"It looked as if they did it to spite me," complained Magee. "They never even came close while I was with the club."

I am not worrying about the Phillies this year. Their whole campaign last season was built around the fine pitching of Alexander, who had a great year, padded out with a little luck. Alec was worked to death to bring that flag home. He is showing it this year, for he is not himself. We beat him badly in Philadelphia. He may come around, but I think he spent too much energy last season and that he is feeling it now. The league is also tougher this year. Without Alexander in his best shape the Phillies don't carry a Chinaman's chance.

Chicago has shown the best stuff of the Western clubs so far, and the Cubs have improved their standing on the week, but I don't think they are real contenders. The Cincinnati Reds are playing in and out ball, and they are trouble makers. As long as Chase keeps going as he has been the Reds will be dangrous any time. They are a better road club than they are home birds. There are good players in the gathering and some very bad ones.

Both the Tigers and the White Sox have moved up in the American League during the past week and are beginning to show some of their real strength. Ty Cobb has begun to hit the ball at the old gait, and that means plenty. Cleveland is still worrying a lot of folks, and the new owners are taking in the coin at the gate. Nobody has heard Ban Johnson complain of the showing of the Clevelands. The team is making a great fight of it. Both races are close and the first and last teams in the standings of each league are near enough together to make the going interesting. However, if I could push my club away out in front, I would be satisfied to see the interest confined to the other seven.

I understand both Weeghman and Ball, the owners of the Chicago Cubs and St. Louis Browns, respectively, are doing a little complaining. Each had a chance to take the Cleveland club when the peace agreement was fixed up, and this chance was offered at a very reasonable price. Neither one wanted anything to do with this team because they figured it had always been a losing proposition. Ball is not finding the financial going so good in St. Louis. Of course, Weeghman will make money on the Cubs, because the team has a big following in Chicago, but it cost him big money. And the new owners of the Cleveland team are "off the nut" already, so I am told—that is they are on velvet.

I understand that the Cardinals are losing money on the season and that the Brittons, their owners, would like to dispose of the team. But they want all the money in the world for it.

I predict that both races will be close this year. The Yankees look like a good ball club and a game, fighting one, for they have not slowed up even with such a player as Baker out of the lineup.

I don't look to see the Boston Red Sox repeat in that league because I think Lannin killed the goose that laid the golden egg when he parted with Speaker. Believe me, they miss that boy up at the Hub, and I don't understand why Carrigan ever consented to the deal. I would never let a ballplayer like Speaker go. You find only one or two like him in a lifetime.

I have received a letter from a fan asking me how I like the umpiring this season. It has been very good in the National League so far, with the exception of some boots pulled by Mal Eason against the Giants. But you can't expect anything better as soon as he is in again.

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RACING EXPERTS IN THE DARK AS TO FUTURE CHAMPIONS

Star Two-Year-Olds and Three-Year-Olds Too Slow in Showing Real Ability.

By Vincent Treanor.

THE racing season is almost a month old and yet experts are very much in the dark as to the champions and near-champions among the two-year-olds. The three-year-old division is almost as mystifying too. From the looks of conditions at the present time the Saratoga meeting will have come and gone before we will know just what's what regarding these two very important divisions of the thoroughbred world. Out West the turf enthusiasts have their Harry Kelly, who doubtless is a crackerjack, but here in the East, which ordinarily is the centre of racing, nothing in the juvenile class "stands out." In other years experts have had a good line on the youngsters before this, but this season those which have been seen under colors, with very few exceptions, are an ordinary lot.

Harry Payne Whitney's Hwfa (pronounced Hoofa), which won at Piping Rock, is perhaps the best seen so far, but he has worthy opponents in Omar Kayyam, which ran second to him in the same sweepstakes. Campfire, Richard T. Wilson's colt, which won the last race Saturday at Belmont, also looks like a good one, and Priscilla, which won in Madden's colors on Friday last, beating Alvord, looks above the ordinary, judging purely on their strong finishes. The Koh-I-Noors, Yellow Stones, Basils, Yankee Witches, Columbines, Pleasant Dreams and Radiant Flowers are either selling platers or one notch removed from the stake division.

Among the three-year-olds Friar Rock, of course, must be regarded as the best in view of his easy victory in the Belmont, but he has yet to meet good ones of his own age. Of course he may meet and beat the best in this division, but he hasn't done so yet. He has, however, to his credit the Suburban Handicap, in which he beat the best of older horses, and no ordinary horse has ever accomplished that. The coming Aqueduct meeting may go some way before showing up the real class of the racing world. To date such two-year-olds as Novelty, and three-year-olds like Roamer in their respective years are yet to be seen.

Tim Donohue, trainer of Pebeto, the favorite in the jumps, disappointed himself and friends by the failure of Pebeto to score in the steeplechase, but he more than made amends with Martian in the highweight handicap, last on the card. This trick was an 8 to 1 shot and with Eddie Dugan in the saddle made every post a winning post and galloped home by himself.

Something has got into George Odom lately. It may be the success of his recent odds on choices or something else, but yesterday he appeared in russet putties and shoes that attracted the attention and not a few jibes from the paddock habitues. George had the whipcord riding trousers, too. Looks as if he is setting the pace on fashions for Tom Healy, Willie Midgely, Johnny Whalen and the rest of them. "We trainers of race horses must show some class," was George's only explanation of the classy attire.

"Dynamite Jack" Thornby put one over on the boys when Lyke brought home his Virginia W. in the third race. Flag Day, the "form horse" of the race, got an awful ride from Mister Keough. He lost the race where the old-time riding "mechanics" deemed it safest—at the post. Flag Day was twenty lengths out of it in the first sixteenth, and it was really surprising that he was along in time to finish second. Keough's recent riding won't get him any medals. Ordinarily he's a good jockey.

Fistic News and Gossip
By John Pollock

Benny Leonard and Johnny Dundee attracted a big crowd of fans to their ten-round bout in Madison Square Garden last night. The gross receipts were $12,683.50. Of this sum Leonard got $3,910.68, while Dundee drew down $3,170.75. The State received five per cent. of the receipts, which amounted to $951.26. The tickets were sold for the show as follows: 2,406 at $1, 936 at $2, 179 at $2.50, 1,179 at $3, 184 at $4, 745 at $5, exchanges 48 at $1 and $12 in cash in the gallery ticket box.

After the contest Billy Gibson declared that he had offers for Benny Leonard for bouts that totalled close to $80,000. He declared that he has been offered $5,000 for Benny to meet Ritchie Mitchell in Milwaukee and $5,000 for him to box Johnny Kilbane in Philadelphia. "Gib" further stated that he intends to accept all of these offers.

A match was arranged last night by Paddy Mullins, matchmaker of the Clermont A. C. of Brooklyn, between Jim Savage, the New Jersey heavyweight, and Soldier Keane, the Brooklyn "heavy." They will hook up in a ten-round go at Mullins's club on the night of June 22. These men have not fought in some time and their rest will probably enable them to put up a hard battle.

The Broadway Sporting Club of Brooklyn will stage a boxing show to-night at which two good ten-round bouts and several preliminaries will be contested. Phil Bloom and Walter Mohr, the Brooklyn lightweights, meet in the main event, while in the semi-final "Zulu Kid" will exchange wallops with Frank Carbone of the west side.

Matchmaker McArdle of the Fairmont A. C. of the Bronx to-day signed up Willie Jackson and Teddy Jacobs to meet in the star bout of ten rounds, Johnny Fuse and Jack Sayles to box in the semi-final, and Jimmy Towhie and Patsey Delaharp for six rounds at the next boxing show of the club on Saturday night.

Dutch Brandt, the game little Brooklyn bantamweight, is matched for two fights. On Saturday night he will take on Al Shubert of New Bedford, Mass., for ten rounds at the Broadway Sporting Club of Brooklyn, and on June 20 he will go against Benny McNeil, the St. Louis bantam, for eight rounds at the Future City A. C. of St. Louis.

At the Harlem Sporting Club of Rockaway, Hammel's Station, to-night, Hammel's lightweights will hold the centre of the stage. Eddie Clifford, who is making shells for the allies as a training stint, will exchange wares with Bud Palmer of Connecticut, who beat Johnny Love so handily. Johnny Welsh, of Jersey City, and sparring partner of Frankie Burns and Joe Shugrue, will cross gloves with Mel Coogan, the rugged Brooklynite, who recently won an auto for being the most popular boxer in the City of Churches. A semi-final of six rounds and four-round affairs will precede the double event.

With the calling off of the Freddie Welsh-Benny Leonard ten-round bout, the Washington Park Sports Club of Brooklyn will only hold one show this week. This will be on Thursday night, when Albert Badoud of France will go against Johnny "Kid" Alberts and Frankie Callahan meets Young Driscoll in ten-round bouts. This will be Badoud's last appearance here.

Ted "Kid" Lewis, the fast English welterweight, and Mike Glover, the clever Boston boxer, will have it out in another twelve-round bout to a decision at the Armory A. A. of Boston to-night. This will be their second meeting, Glover having secured a decision over Lewis at the same club on Aug. 3, 1915. Lewis expects to wipe out that defeat this time.

Kid Williams, the Baltimore bantamweight, and Frankie Brown, the promising east side bantam, have at last been matched. They will come together in a twenty-round bout at an open-air show to be staged at the Federal League baseball park in Baltimore on the night of July 11. Brown has made a great impression in the fights he has fought in that city.

Johnny Harvey of Harlem is another fighter who will be kept busy fighting in the near future. On June 19 he is carded to meet Jimmy Flynn of Long Island City in a ten-round bout at the Military A. C. of Brooklyn, while on June 26 he goes against Jimmy Duffy, the west side lightweight, in the main go of ten rounds at the Olympic A. C. of Harlem.

John Weismantel, the fight promoter of Brooklyn, announced to-day that he has completed arrangements with the officials of the Brooklyn National League Baseball Club to stage open-air boxing shows at Ebbets Field during the summer months. He intends to put on his first show in about two weeks.

Bloom and Welling Box Draw.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., June 13.—Phil Bloom and Joe Welling fought a good draw here last night. Welling displayed a harder punch, but Bloom offset this advantage by his leading. Bloom was sent spinning in the sixth round, but recovered and won the next four rounds on points.

Giants To-Day with Chicago, 3.40 P. M. Polo Grounds. Admission 50c.—Advt.

PUTTING 'EM OVER
With "Bugs" Baer

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RABID RUDOLPH says

"BOSTON Doesn't Miss Tris Speaker Any More Than a Whale Would Miss the Ocean."

Owing to all the rain and postponements last week no doubt Bat Levinsky will start fighting doubleheaders this week.

The scheme to move the clocks ahead one hour is meeting with favor in St. Louis. It would get the baseball season over just that much sooner.

Chicago fans are puzzled by Reb Russell's sudden slump in batting. Reb has slumped from .102 to .059.

Being in fifth place is something like being Vice President of the United States. Neither good nor bad enough to be noticed.

Batting averages indicate that Slim Sallee got his 1916 hit rather early.

THAT BUENOS AYRES TRIP.

Prof. Langford will take three students with him, Jeanette, McVey and Wills.

* * *

It will be a progressive tournament. First Prof. Langford will chat twenty rounds with Senor McVey.

* * *

Then Don Jeanette will collaborate with Herr Wills on a new serial in twenty reels.

* *

Prof. Langford will then meet the winner of the other debate to see who delivers the baccalaureate address.

* * *

There may be some upsets in the league as Senor McVey and Don Jeanette have never thrown the bones before on an ocean liner in rough weather.

Impossible to figure why the Penn crew has to practice so much to finish last.

ATHLETIC AILMENTS.

WRESTLER'S EAR—Caused by the ear maturing too rapidly. Unobtrusive at first, but gradually becomes annoying when wearer tries to enter revolving doors or go through tunnels. When bursting into full bloom horticulturists pronounce it to be the most beautiful specimen of cauliflower in existence. Is also caused by opponent using the ears as a boulevard or for handles, or by victim endeavoring to catch too many delicate whispers while wrestling.

Although he is not among the ten leading sluggers, has never made a triple play unassisted or led the league in base stealing, Clark Griffith announces he will hold on to Walter Johnson in hopes the boy will come through.

If sold, Slim Sallee will bring a figure much wider than his own.

The boomerang ball is very puzzling, the outfielders never knowing whether to play it on the first bounce or off the fence.

Although the National Commission has awarded Sisler to Fielder Jones, Barney Dreyfuss will take the case higher and again appeal to Barney Dreyfuss.

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Special Race Trains leave Penna. Station, 33d St. and 7th Av., also Flatbush Av., Brooklyn, at 12.50 and at intervals up to 1.55 P. M. Also by Trolleys.
Special Cars Reserved for Ladies. Grand Stand & Paddock, $3. Ladies, $1.50.
TED KID LEWIS vs. JIMMY COFFEY, FRIDAY NIGHT. Harlem Sporting Club. BOX OFFICE OPEN.
BOXING TO-NIGHT Harlem Sporting Club, Rockaway Beach.
B'way Sport'g Club, B'klyn. Tel. 5366 Bush. Series To-night, Bloom vs. Moir; Zulu Kidd vs. Carbone, 1st

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