SPORTING NEWS, AUTOMOBILES.

New York Tribune

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Sam Jackson Breaks Aqueduct Mile Record

One-Time Cripple Flashes Around Turns in Amazing Time of 1:36 3-5.

STELLARINA EQUALS 5-FURLONG FIGURES

Virtual Dead Heat and Falls in Steeplechase Also Mark Getaway Day of Sport.

Sam Jackson won the Mount Vernon Handicap at one mile in 1:36 3-5 over the Aqueduct track yesterday afternoon.

The race came as a fitting climax to a long season of good racing, and set the cachet on the comeback of a good horse. Twenty thousand persons, who sweltered through the long afternoon, cheered the aged son of Garry Hermann—Ravello II as though he were little Roamer.

It didn't seem to be such a fast race to those in the stands and on the lawn, but it was the sort of a race that sets time at naught. The fractional times were 0:13, 0:24, 0:36, 0:47 3-5, 0:59, 1:11, 1:23 4-5 and 1:36 3-5.

In addition to breaking the track record for the mile, it bettered the time for six furlongs, 1:12, set by Gainer, carrying 105 pounds, by a full second, and also the record for seven furlongs, set by Roamer in winning the Carter last year, with 109 pounds up, by the same margin.

Six horses, the best that were left after the barns had been depleted by the shipments to Saratoga Springs, went to the post. They were Hodge, W. J. Weber's four-year-old, which showed so well on Monday; Buckhorn, Iron Duke, Coquette, Surprising and Sam Jackson. The last-named, with 113 pounds up, was giving away weight to everything in the race, with the exception of Hodge and Buckhorn.

Off to an almost perfect start, Coquette was first to shove her nose out of the field as they spun up the backstretch. Next Surprising, the outsider, went out. One length, two lengths, in front he raced, running smoothly. Sam Jackson got off last and was outrun for the first quarter. Then he settled into his stride.

Tommy McTaggart, who had the leg up on the son of Garry Hermann, rated him nicely to the first turn, gradually closing the gap. There was a little jamming as they swung around, and here Hodge, the Western crack, suffered. McTaggart took the overland route and went ahead. Slowly but surely the blue, red sash, red sleeves and blue cap went along, wearing Surprising and Coquette down.

At the head of the stretch they were almost neck and neck. Coming home McTaggart shook up the horse that had "come back" and he went out in front. The boys on Surprising and Coquette went to the whip, the filly responding gamely, but her best was to finish a bang-up second, three lengths in front of Surprising, but four lengths behind Sam Jackson. Hodge came fourth, a rather tired horse.

The spectators rubbed their eyes and applauded wildly as W. H. Baretto hung out the figures in front of the timer's stand. The former track record was 1:38, made by M. L. Hayman's Orthodox, in 1904.

Sam Jackson has not been called the "come-back" horse without reason. He broke down while being prepared for the Endurance Handicap at Louisville in the fall of 1913, after a successful season on the Eastern tracks. Ever since that time lucky Jack McGinnis has been working over him.

Last fall Dr. McCully punch-fired his legs, and this spring he seemed as good as ever. Tim O'Brien sent him to the races at the first meeting at Aqueduct, and he has been in the money every time he has started. When he ran second to Stromboli in the Suburban it was called more or less a fluke, because of the accident that marred the running. However, in his next race he ran third to Gainer and Addie M., in the Empire City Handicap, and among others beat Roamer.

Sam Jackson is another horse that was purchased for little more than the proverbial song. Jack McGinnis owned Sam's half-brother Frank Gill, whose dam was Ravello II. One day he heard that Ravello II and a foal at foot by Garry Herrmann would be auctioned off, and he made a special trip to bid on them.

He bought the foal for $250 and bid on the mare until the bidding reached $1,400. There he stopped, and Ravello was knocked down to H. B. Duryea. She later threw a foal by Broomstick, which was Sweeper II, and was a favorite for the Derby and won the Two Thousand Guineas.

Sam Jackson is not entered in any of the big stakes at Saratoga Springs, and it was thought a pity that a weight-for-age sweepstakes at one mile and a furlong could not be arranged, in which he could meet such good ones as Roamer, Borrow, Stromboli, Regret, Tartar and some of the good ones from the Kentucky and Western tracks.

It has been some time since there was a dead heat at a local track. After the second race yesterday the judges, usually so quick to order up the numbers, delayed and consulted as to whether it would be Dr. Deunner or Song of Valley which would get the honor in the mile race of platers of the three-year-old and up class. Song of the Valley caught the tiring Doctor in the last fifty yards, and they passed the winning post like a team.

From the stands it appeared that either might have won, and the supporters of the two horses called "Put up 19!"—"Put up 22!" They put up 19.

Stellarina, from the Mizpah Stable, after several disappointing performances, came out in the first race with a field of likely two-year-olds, and picking up 105 pounds ran the five furlongs in 0:59, equalling the track record set by James R. Keene's Veil, in 1906. It was a good performance and stoned for much in the minds of her backers.

One fall and a claim of foul marred an otherwise perfect steeplechase. J. E. Davis's Senegambian outgamed A. Ludlow Kramer's Clono in the stretch and won, but Chandler, the boy up on Cloud, went into the stands, claiming that Murphy crowded him going over the last jump.

Griffin, who had the leg up on Stars and Stripes, was thrown when his mount fell at the fourth jump. He lay there for nearly twenty minutes while the driver of the so-called ambulance drove his wagon in circles around the field at a snail's pace. Had the injury been serious the pace would probably have been the same.

John Sanford won the last race of the meeting with Sevillion, a smart looking two-year-old gelding by Isidore—Adruthia. Tommy McTaggart had to hustle him all through the last quarter to fight off the rush of Venture.

Mile at Aqueduct Stands as Record

It was the opinion of many in the stands at Aqueduct yesterday that Sam Jackson, which covered a mile in 1:36 4-5, could have run the distance in 1:36 if he had been forced to extend himself. As it was, the performance was a most sensational one and counts with the best.

August Belmont's Stromboli set a record of 1:36 3-5 in the running of the Jerome Handicap at Belmont Park last fall, and this was counted as the fastest mile around one turn.

It stood out even against the record set by R. T. Wilson, jr.'s, Amalfi of 1:36 1-4, made on an especially prepared trotting track at Syracuse last September, and the reputed similar performance of Christophine, a filly, at Juarez, in January of last year.

PIRATES BAG A BRACE OF GAMES FROM SUPERBAS

Al Mamaux Goes Right on Winning and Allows Only Three Hits.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.]

Pittsburgh, July 31.—Stories of "Great Americans for little Americans" tell how raccoons used to say to Davey Crockett: "Don't shoot, Davey, and I'll come down."

But the Brooklyn Superbas are no raccoons, and that perhaps is why they didn't concede the Pittsburgh Pirates the first game of the double-header this afternoon when Al Mamaux was selected to pitch, and demand that the second be played, with a change of pitchers.

The expected happened, the Pirates winning by a score of 5 to 0. Then to demonstrate that there had been no fluke connected with it, Pittsburgh gathered in the second game, with the totals standing at 5 to 4 in ten innings.

Not since he began to paint his name on the pages of 1915 baseball has Mamaux shown to greater advantage. He was steady as the proverbial clock and baffling as a Chinese murder mystery. Just three hits did he allow, and these so remotely scattered as to be lost in the mists of memory before another was made. He gave one base on balls, and with a team that did not falter behind him was never in trouble.

Mamaux and the Pirates had plenty to think about for seven innings, for Ed Appleton, the clever Brooklyn youngster, had a world of speed and his control was good. But the Texan cracked under the strain of keeping pace with Mamaux, and in the eighth inning he blew up with a bang. A volley of hits of varying distances rang out, and at a critical point Appleton made a crazy wild pitch, and five runs were eased over the plate.

The pitching in the second game was not nearly so good. No fewer than half a dozen twirlers were used; three on each side. Smith, Dell and Pfeffer worked for Brooklyn, and the last named is charged with the defeat. It was off him that Collins doubled and Hinchman singled in the tenth frame, putting over the winning run. Babe Adams was knocked out of the box in the eighth inning, when Brooklyn rallied strongly, and tied the score. Cooper helped him out. He was later replaced by George McQuillan, who finished the game.

"Resign, Hans Wagner! Go back to the farm!" cried the Superbas in a great voice when the day was done. Having convinced every one but the experts that he is NOT finished as a major leaguer, Hans set about convincing them to-day. His two hits figured in the scoring of runs, and in order that the day might close with a distinctly Wagnerian touch, he made a clean steal of home in the third inning of the second game. Hans was quite busy in the field in the second game, too.

Brooklyn made a spirited bid for the second game. The Pirates sailed out and gathered four runs before the Superbas warmed to their stride. Robbie's men did get a tally in the third frame on hits by Smith and O'Mara, but this was buried. In the eighth, however, Brooklyn started and tied the score. Singles by McCarty, Schultz, O'Mara and Daubert were mixed in with a wild pitch and other incidentals, and three runs crossed the plate, squaring the match. Then, however, Pfeffer weakened a bit in the tenth, and the game went a-glimmering.

The scores follow:

FIRST GAME.

PITTSBURGH (N.L.)	ab	r	h	po	a	e	BROOKLYN (N. L.).	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Carey, lf.	4	1	2	3	0	0	Myers, cf.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Collins, cf.	5	1	2	4	0	0	O'Mara, ss.	4	0	2	1	0	1
Johnston, lb	5	1	1	9	0	0	Daubert, 1b	4	0	0	10	0	0
Hinchman, rf	3	0	0	4	0	0	Wheat, lf.	4	0	1	2	0	0
Wagner, ss	4	1	1	0	0	1	Cutshaw, 2b	3	0	0	2	2	0
Vlox, 2b.	4	0	1	3	0	0	Stengel, rf.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Baird, 3b.	3	0	0	2	0	1	Getz, 3b.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Gibson, c.	3	0	1	6	1	0	Miller, c.	3	0	0	2	2	0
Schang, c.	0	1	0	1	0	0	Appleton, p.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Mamaux, p	3	0	0	2	0	0							
Totals	39	5	8	27	7	2	Totals	39	0	3	21	9	1

Pittsburgh	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	5	1—5
Brooklyn	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Two-base hit—Wagner. Three-base hit—Gibson. Sacrifice hit—Cutshaw. Sacrifice fly—Hinchman. Stolen bases—O'Mara. Earned runs—Pittsburgh, 5. Left on bases—Brooklyn, 5. Pittsburgh, 5. First base on errors—Brooklyn, 1. Bases on balls—Off Appleton, 2; off Mamaux, 1. Hit by pitcher—By Appleton, 1 (Johnston). Struck out—By Appleton, 1; by Mamaux, 4. Wild pitch—Appleton. Umpires—Rigler and Hart. Time—1:39.

SECOND GAME.

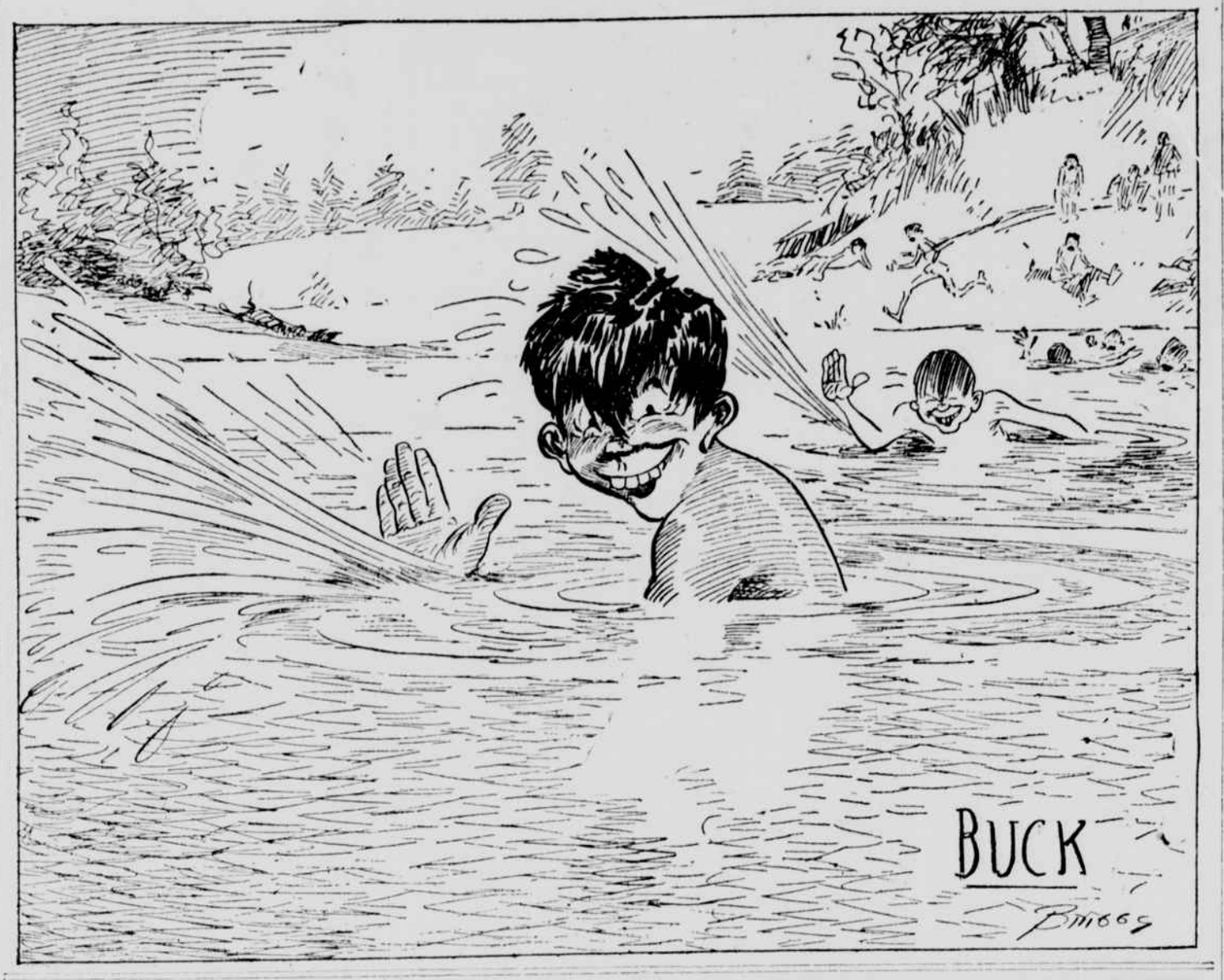
PITTSBURGH (N.L.)	ab	r	h	po	a	e	BROOKLYN (N. L.).	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Carey, lf.	4	0	1	2	0	0	Myers, cf.	5	1	1	2	0	0
Collins, cf.	5	1	1	1	0	0	O'Mara, ss.	5	1	2	1	4	1
Johnston, lb	5	1	1	12	0	0	Daubert, 1b	5	0	2	13	1	0
Hinchman, rf	5	0	3	5	0	0	Wheat, lf.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Wagner, ss	4	1	1	2	3	0	Cutshaw, 2b	4	0	0	2	0	0
Vlox, 2b.	4	0	0	5	3	2	Stengel, rf.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Baird, 3b.	3	1	1	1	1	0	Getz, 3b.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Murphy, c.	4	1	2	0	0	0	McCarty, c.	4	0	2	5	0	0
Adams, p.	2	0	0	0	4	0	Olson.	0	1	0	0	0	0
Cooper, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0	Miller, c.	0	0	0	2	0	0
*Cheslo.	1	0	0	0	0	0	Smith, p.	1	1	1	0	0	0
McQuillen, p	0	0	0	1	0	0	‡Schultz.	1	0	1	0	0	0
							Dell, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
							†Pfeffer, p.	1	0	0	0	1	0
Totals	37	5	9	30	16	3	Totals	39	4	10	29	13	1

*Batted for Cooper in ninth inning. †Two out when winning run was scored. ‡Ran for McCarty in ninth inning. ‖Batted for Dell in eighth inning.

Pittsburgh	0	2	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	5
Brooklyn	0	0	1	0	0	0	3	0	0	4

Two-base hits—Carey, Collins, Hinchman. Three-base hits—Wagner, Baird. Sacrifice hit—Adams. Stolen base—Wagner. Double play—Wagner and Johnston. Earned runs—Brooklyn, 4; Pittsburgh, 5. Left on bases—Brooklyn, 3; Pittsburgh, 6. Bases on errors—Brooklyn, 1; Pittsburgh, 1. First base on balls—Off Smith, 1; off Pfeffer, 1. Hits—Off Smith, 6 in 2 1-3 innings; off Dell, none in 4 2-3 innings; off Pfeffer, 3 in 2 2-3 innings; off Adams, 8 in 7 1-3 innings; off Cooper, 2 in 1 2-3 innings; off McQuillen, 0 in 1 inning. Struck out—By Smith, 1; by Dell, 2; by Pfeffer, 3. Wild pitch—Cooper. Umpires—Rigler and Hart. Time—2:09.

The Days of Real Sport . . . . . By BRIGGS



MEADOW BROOK TEAM CLINCHES U. S. POLO TITLE

Milburn and Belmont Show to Advantage in Defeat of Great Neck.

Narragansett Pier, R. I., July 31.—Meadow Brook defeated Great Neck for the polo championship of the United States by the score of 14 goals to ½ goal to-day. Four former international cup defenders took part.

Meadow Brook was represented by Raymond Belmont, J. M. Waterbury, Malcolm Stevenson and Devereux Milburn. The Great Neck team was made up of C. C. Rumsey, J. Watson Webb, C. P. Beadleston and L. E. Stoddard.

Raymond Belmont, who was substituted for Harry Payne Whitney at No. 3 for Meadow Brook, played an aggressive game, while Milburn was powerful on the defence.

Meadow Brook's team play was flawless. In the last period Great Neck came with a rush and scored twice, but three fouls brought their total score down to half a goal.

PHILLIES BREAK EVEN

Cardinals Defeat Alexander in the Ninth.

St. Louis, July 31.—St. Louis divided a double-header with Philadelphia, winning the first game 2 to 1 and losing the second 8 to 0. A ninth-inning rally won the first game for St. Louis. Bescher opened with a double and Long tripled, tieing the score. Then Demaree was relieved by Alexander. After Miller walked and Wilson flied to Paskert, Snyder singled and scored Long, winning the game.

Perdue was easy for the leaders in the second game, Luderus putting the ball in the right field bleachers for a home run with two men on bases.

The scores follow:

FIRST GAME.

ST. LOUIS (N. L.).	ab	r	h	po	a	e	PHILA. (N. L.).	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Bescher, lf.	4	1	1	0	0	0	Bancroft, ss	4	0	0	2	0	0
Long, rf.	4	1	1	0	0	0	Byrne, 3b.	3	1	1	0	0	0
Miller, 2b.	4	0	2	0	4	0	Stock, 3b.	1	0	0	3	0	0
Wilson, cf.	4	0	0	4	0	0	Becker, lf.	2	0	0	1	0	0
Snyder, c.	4	0	1	5	2	0	Paskert, lf.	1	0	1	0	0	0
Hyatt, 1b.	3	0	0	13	0	0	Cravath, rf.	3	0	2	2	0	0
Butler, ss.	3	0	0	2	3	0	Niehoff, 2b.	4	0	1	3	0	0
Beck, 3b.	3	0	0	2	1	1	Whitted, cf.	3	0	1	7	0	0
*Betzel, 2b.	0	0	0	0	0	0	Luderus, 1b.	3	0	0	7	0	0
Ames, p.	2	0	0	0	4	0	Killifer, c.	2	0	1	4	1	1
†Roche	1	0	1	0	0	0	Demaree, p.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Robinson, p	0	0	0	2	0	0	Alexander, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
‖Golan	0	0	0	0	0	0							
Totals	30	2	6	27	17	1	Totals	29	1	7	25	8	1

*Ran for Roche in eighth inning. †Batted for Ames in eighth inning. ‖Ran for Beck in eighth inning. ¶One out when winning run was scored.

St. Louis	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	2
Philadelphia	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1

Two-base hits—Miller, Whitted, Byrne, Paskert, Bescher. Three-base hit—Long. Earned runs—Philadelphia, 1; St. Louis, 2. Sacrifice hits—Becker, Cravath. Left on bases—Philadelphia, 4; St. Louis, 5. Bases on balls—Off Demaree, 1; off Ames, 1; off Alexander, 1. Hits—Off Demaree, 5 in 8 innings (none out in ninth); off Alexander, 1 in 1 inning; off Ames, 6 in 8 innings; off Robinson, 1 in 1 inning. Balk—Ames. Struck out—By Demaree, 4; by Ames, 3. Umpires—Quigley and Emslie. Time—2:01.

SECOND GAME

PHILA. (N. L.).	ab	r	h	po	a	e	ST. LOUIS (N. L.).	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Bancroft, ss	5	1	2	3	0	0	Bescher, lf.	4	0	0	3	0	0
Stock, 3b.	5	1	3	0	3	0	Long, rf.	4	0	2	2	0	1
Becker, lf.	1	1	1	0	0	0	Miller, 1b.	4	0	1	0	1	0
Paskert, lf.	1	1	1	0	0	0	Dolan, cf.	4	0	0	4	0	0
Cravath, rf	4	1	1	3	0	0	Snyder, c.	2	0	1	2	0	0
Niehoff, 2b.	4	2	2	0	1	0	Gonzales, c.	1	0	0	4	0	0
Whitted, cf	2	1	1	0	0	0	Hyatt, 1b.	4	0	1	8	0	0
Luderus, 1b	4	1	1	12	0	0	Butler, ss.	3	0	0	2	2	0
Killifer, c.	4	0	0	7	2	0	Beck, 3b.	4	0	1	0	2	0
Rixey, p.	4	0	0	1	1	0	Perdue, p.	1	0	0	0	1	0
							Robinson, p.	1	0	0	0	0	0
							*Roche	1	0	0	0	0	0
							Niehaus, p.	0	0	0	0	0	0
							†Betzel	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	33	8	8	27	10	2	Totale	34	0	7	27	5	2

*Batted for Robinson in seventh inning. †Batted for Niehaus in ninth inning.

Philadelphia	1	2	0	0	0	1	0	3	0	—8
St. Louis	0	0	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Two-base hits—Bancroft, Long (2), Paskert. Home run—Luderus. Stolen base—Niehoff. Earned runs—Philadelphia, 4. Sacrifice hits—Whitted, Becker, Paskert. Left on bases—Philadelphia, 3; St. Louis, 9. Bases on errors—Philadelphia, 1; St. Louis, 1. Bases on balls—Off Rixey, 2; off Niehaus, 1. Hits—Off Perdue, 4 in 2 innings; none out in third; off Robinson, 2 in 5 innings; off Niehaus, 2 in 2 innings. Struck out—By Rixey, 4; by Robinson, 2. Wild pitches—Niehaus, Rixey. Umpires—Quigley and Emslie. Time—1:47.

THE SPORTLIGHT

by Grantland Rice

Trouble Speaks.

My name is Trouble—I'm a busy bloke;
I am the test of Courage—and of Class;
I bind the coward to a bitter yoke—
I drive the craven from the crowning pass;
Weaklings I crush before they come to fame,
But as the red star guides across the night,
I train the stalwart for a better game—
I drive the brave into a harder fight.

The Brooklyn Barrier.

Brooklyn's inability to work up steam upon the road has cut in heavily upon this club's pennant outlook. With only fair road work back of her, Brooklyn to-day would be breezing tidily out in front, with a safe margin to shield any slump.

At home in her recent drive she was able to win something like 21 out of 26 games. But of her last 17 games on the road she has lost 13 and won but 4—a cave-in too complete to give her any chance for flag success unless her road play can be bolstered some 68 per cent.

White Sox and Tigers.

Col. Hughey Jennings, the eminent grass plucker, doesn't figure any American League rival but Boston.

Prof. Clarence Rowland, the White Sox mandarin, figures the same way. Rowland can't see Detroit with a Lick telescope, and Jennings can't see the White Sox from the top of a tall hill. As both rival leaders figure the Red Sox as the hardest club to beat, the logical candidate for first place at the finish requires no further guessing.

J. J. McGraw has won five pennants for New York. He has finished first with ball clubs rated as second division outfits around the circuit. He leads eleven National League managers in pennant conquests. Just why, in the day of his rebuilding, he should be panned by New York writers is beyond our limited ken. We rate no man upon any one year, but upon his grand average over the full distance.

The Pick Assignment.

If, as suggested, we are at war with Germany by September 20 we know a number of earnest fanatics who will pull lustily for St. Louis to win the N. L. pennant so they can visit that fair city for the world series as a stop-over on the way to the Rocky Mountains.

An October world series, in the above event, on top of Mount McKinley, would also be extremely popular with a number of our most conservative citizens.

"What part does luck play in golf?" queries H. H. L. It all depends. If you are winning it plays practically no part at all. If you are losing it is 87 per cent of the game.

W. E. S. We were wrong. At that moment the Braves had only twelve out of thirteen.

Very Well.

Dear Sir—Yale has lost Yates and Harvard has lost Gilman. Princeton hasn't lost any one, and under Speedy Rush will have the best trained eleven in many years. The ger is due this time and nothing can stop him. Wait and see.

NASSAU.

Easily.

I'd rather stand pat on a four-card flush
And bet it against four "eights"—
I'd rather lead a charge on a German trench
Where the forty-two centimetre waits;
I'd a good deal rather be drafted by the Browns
Or be an umpire in the jold—
I'd rather be the manager of the Reds
Than to pick up a summer cold.

'Ouimet has hard job defending his title against Travers this season." And about all Norris Williams has on hand to defend his is a victory over McLoughlin.

Travers and McLoughlin were on top in 1913 and both fell last summer. As very excellent as both Ouimet and Williams are, it would be no great shock to the two deposed stars of 1914 to resume where they left off a year ago. Their case is much alike—for while both lost the amateur crown, each turned a still greater trick—Travers by winning the Open and McLoughlin by beating Wilding and Brooks.

Which recalls a card from Westerner, who writes that he is willing to wager that the West will regain its old place this season by landing McLoughlin and Evans at the top. The bet he offers to make is that one of the two Westerners will win. Any takers? No? Very well.

By One Run.

Ability to keep winning by one run has always been regarded as a test of strength—of tightness in the pinches and of unflagging spirit.

If this test is correctly put the Braves have proven their ability beyond all doubt.

A brief slant at their recent uplift shows by what narrow margins they have slipped through.

On July 15 they beat Cincinnati 3-2.

On July 17 they beat Cincinnati a double header, and each victory went at 3-2.

After winning three games by one run from the Reds they beat the Cubs four straight by one-run margins—4-3, 2-1, 1-0, 1-0. After this they beat Brooklyn 4-3—and two days later beat the Reds again, 7-6. All told, the Braves have won eleven out of their last sixteen games by a one-run margin. And in this time their own only one-run defeat was a 2-1 beating by the Reds.

The Stallings Craft.

From an inside source we have received advices as to how Stallings worked with his men in the days of their second division woe. Not all the recovery made was the result of improved physical skill. There must have been also an awakening of machine spirit. And Stallings brought on this awakening by telling his men that it was up to them to prove they were not a fluke machine.

"Every one," he would say from the bench and in the clubhouse, "has put you fellows down for a joke club—a fluke set of champions. They all say you had a lucky streak and don't belong above fifth place on form. It's up to you to get out and win and prove that you are a regular club. If you don't win this season you'll never get any credit for what you did last year."

After a long line of this chatter Stallings soon had his club tearing out again at top speed, hustling to the ultimate limit. And there will be very little let-up in this hustling to the end of the race.

Sayings of the Great.

"Only the game fish swims upstream."—George Stallings.

"It's better to be on the topside looking down than on the downside looking up."—Connie Mack.

Anyway, grooming his pitchers for the next October world series isn't going to cut very heavily into Connie Mack's afternoons through August and September.

"I'll give Jess Willard $1,000 for every round he stays with Sam Langford after the sixth round."—Woodman. The Bug season is on in all its pristine fury.

In the second place Langford's only chance to hit Willard above the kneecap would be to mount an elevator and get off at the third floor.

F. K. Cobb's batting average for ten years is .369. The next best average over a long stretch is held by Lajoie with .347 for nineteen years. As averages go, both are fair enough to encroach upon regular class.

Hot Weather Suits Ray Caldwell to a T

Yankee Pitcher Performs Well Under a Blazing Sun, and the White Sox Go Down to Defeat.

By HEYWOOD BROUN.

Pitchers are continually prating about what they will do when hot weather comes. Two were required yesterday to make good, and they did. Infielders, outfielders and catchers all but dropped on the blazing diamond at the Polo Grounds, but Joe Benz and Ray Caldwell played as if they had never quite realized the possibilities of the game until the heat wave came.

Jess Willard or some other author has said that no man ever accomplishes much until he knows how to sweat. Caldwell and Benz showed proficiency in this useful art. Their pitching was on a par with their perspiration.

Caldwell had a little better of the duel—the pitching duel, that is—and the Yankees won by a score of 2 to 1. They had to wait until the ninth inning for their victory.

People used to say that Clarence Rowland was a hypnotist. They were in the habit of pointing to the record of Jacques Fournier in order to prove the potency of Rowland's gift.

The big first baseman became a hitter, according to these stories, because Rowland persisted in telling him that he was a great batter. But the Trilby of the troupe is out of hand. Rowland will have to mesmerize mighty hard to-day if he hopes to continue the enthrallment of the athlete in delusion.

Fournier fanned the first three times up and was out on a little infield tap in his last appearance at the plate. We don't believe Rowland is a hypnotist at all, but there is no denying that he is a mighty powerful talker. Right now Rowland does more chattering during a game than any leader in either league.

Buck Herzog used to talk a lot to his Reds until he found it was no use, but even in his most prolific days he could never equal Rowland in length, breadth or depth of conversation. Clarence takes no rest. He has just as much to say to the players of the other team as to his own men.

Doc Cook thought that he was under contract to the Yankees and responsible for his conduct only to Bill Donovan, but Rowland took him severely to task in the second inning for not sliding into first. Later he advised Boone to bunt, as he had no chance to hit, and whenever Nunamaker came to bat Rowland commented loudly on the prowess of Alexander, a young catcher who is soon to join the Yankees.

The White Sox manager's strictures on the batting of Boone were probably based on the fact that Lute is hitting somewhat below 200 or thereabouts. They did not apply with any particular pertinency yesterday, for it was a double by Boone which won the game in the ninth inning.

Coupled with the double was a little strategy. The Yankees have not been altogether noted for strategy this season, which made their surprise play all the more effective. Boone began the winning rally of the ninth with a two-base hit to deep left. It was aimed at the sign, which entitles him who hits it to an automobile. Boone's drive failed to carry the necessary distance by a few yards. But gasolene is pretty high these days.

Hartzell was sent up with instructions to bunt, but he had no chance to hit, for Benz hit him first. Before taking his turn at the plate Pipp went into secret session with Donovan. The manager gave him certain instructions and Pipp nodded.

"He's going to let him hit it out," exclaimed the tacticians of the stands, adding by way of explanation: "Pipp is a fine long hitter, but a poor bunter."

Sure enough, Pipp took a hard swing at the first ball pitched. Benz had delivered it high to keep the batter from bunting. Deceived into thinking that no sacrifice would be attempted, the pitcher shot the next ball over much lower. This time Pipp did not swing, but merely thrust his bat out and dropped the ball on the third base line. Blackburne was caught flatfooted, and, making a belated rush for the ball, he was hurried into a bad throw, which sailed above the outstretched hand of Fournier. Boone came home on low speed before Murphy could pick the ball away from the foot of the wall.

There was no strategy in the scoring of the other run credited to the men of Donovan. The system employed in that case was of the simplest, yet the method was none the less effective. This run came in the fourth, and its manufacture was entirely in the hands of High.

A little fellow is High, but he packs power in his frame just the same, and when he met the ball fairly it sailed into the right field stand. If the day had not been so warm it might have been possible to tease a wheeze out of the fact that the ball hit by High went into the upper tier. But never mind.

The White Sox used up a lot of hits to get their lone run. They made it in the fifth, thereby neutralizing the tally which the Yankees had gained in the earlier inning.

After Fournier had fanned, as usual, John Collins singled to right. He was out when he tried to steal. Nunamaker threw well all through the afternoon. With two out, Felsch waited and walked. Mayer sent him to second with a single, and Blackburne's hit to right brought Felsch home. If Cook had handled the ball a little better he might have had a chance to get his man at the plate.

As before mentioned, it was a hot afternoon. It was fearfully hot, so torrid, indeed, that upon one occasion old Roy Hartzell made a kick against a decision rendered by old Bobby Wallace, who was once his manager. The crowd made several complaints concerning decisions of Connolly, but crowds have been known to do that even on cool days.

Benz and Caldwell pitched so well that there was less for the fielders to do than usual, but there were brief bits of action which were well worthy of attention.

John Collins went far back for a fly from the bat of Boone in the fourth inning and Pipp made a spectacular one hand stab of a high throw from Boone in the seventh inning.

Next to the victory the thing which pleased the fans most was when Ray Caldwell struck out Eddie Collins in the fourth inning.

Mostly Caldwell.

NEW YORK (A. L.).	ab	r	h	po	a	e	CHICAGO (A. L.).	ab	r	h	po	a	e
Hugh, lf.	4	1	2	1	0	0	Murphy, rf.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Boone, ss.	4	1	1	2	1	0	Weaver, ss	3	0	1	1	2	0
Hartzell, 3b	3	0	0	0	1	0	E. Collins, 2b	4	0	0	2	2	0
Pipp, 1b.	3	0	0	8	2	0	Fournier, 1b	4	0	0	12	1	0
Cook, rf.	3	0	1	2	0	0	J. Collins, lf	3	0	1	3	0	0
Barney, cf	3	0	1	3	0	0	Felsch, cf.	1	1	0	2	0	0
Bauman, 2b	3	0	1	3	2	0	Mayer, c.	3	0	1	1	2	0
N'maker, c	3	0	0	7	3	0	Blackb'e, 3b	3	0	1	2	2	1
Caldwell, p	3	0	0	1	0	0	Benz, p.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Totals	29	2	6	27	10	0	Totals	28	1	5*	24	10	1

*None out when winning run was scored.

New York	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	—2
Chicago	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	—1

Two-base hit—Boone. Home run—High. Earned runs—New York, 1; Chicago, 1. Sacrifice hits—Weaver, Felsch, Pipp. Left on bases—New York, 5; Chicago, 4. First base on error—New York, 1. Bases on balls—Off Caldwell, 2. Hit by pitcher—By Benz, 1 (Hartzell). Struck out—By Caldwell, 5; by Benz, 2. Umpires—Wallace and Connolly. Time—1:43.

GIANTS BATTLE NEITHER UPWARD NOR DOWNWARD

Break Even in Another Double-Header with the Cubs.

MATTY POUNDED IN OPENING GAME

Old Master Relinquishes the Mound After Lasting Only Three Frames.

Chicago, July 31.—"No progress is retrogression, and retrogression is ruin," declared an eminent French scientist. John McGraw and his band of New York Giants had better beware, for theirs is a way of no progress. If they win a game, they straightway turn about and lose one. But then, on the other hand, if they lose a battle of the diamond, they come back with renewed vigor and win one. But, on the whole, their struggles are without purpose. No progress is made in the climb to the heights.

The Giants followed the usual programme this afternoon. They divided the honors with the Cubs in two lopsided games, which were filled with hard hitting and loose fielding. In the first affair the Cubs reaped in the laurels by a score of 7 to 3, knocking Christy Mathewson out of the box in four innings. The sunset battle saw the Giants plunge into the fight more furiously than ever and win by the all-sufficient count of 9 to 2, finishing up Larry Cheney in less than one inning. Certain it is that neither team adopted any halfway meas