M'GRAW MAKES BIG PLANS FOR NEW GIANT CLUB

New York Leader Determined to Produce a Winning Combination.

By W. J. MACBETH.

John J. McGraw is sad. He has just been fooled in the game of baseball.

John J. McGraw is a master mind of baseball. Master minds of any line of endeavor do not relish the idea of being upset in their calculations. Master minds usually apply a remedy. That is just what John J. McGraw is doing.

The man who has done most to popularize America's greatest game in the city of New York has every right to feel sad. Not at himself, but at his associates. His is the directing mind of a club that is one of the most baffling problems of the history of the sport. There never was such a strange collection of worth and demerit as the band that the little Napoleon will lead home to an inglorious finish next October.

No matter what the Giants may do between now and the season's close they may not hope to win the pennant. Nothing short of pennant triumph can square the failure to realize those golden opportunities that lay within his club's grasp at the opening of the season. The victory in the Tener circuit this year will be one of the very cheapest of all history. The Boston Braves, a team that is hitting less than any other in fast company, is—and has been all the way—making the fight for the crowning glory of the parent major all season.

Compared to what McGraw had, and has, the cohort of Stallings shapes up just about as David did when the ruddy Israelite youth stacked his sling against the giant's scimitar. It may have been luck that the pebble found the eye-slit of the Philistine's helmet. And it may be luck that Boston is up there while New York is down. Fandom doesn't brook the tender strain of sentiment. It pays off on the finish.

Won Seventeen in Row.

"I have the best club it was ever my good fortune to command." It is John J. McGraw speaking. His team has just won seventeen straight games. He has moved from nowhere up to within a scant jump of the lead.

"McGraw's team is 15 per cent stronger than any other in his company." This is George Stallings speaking. The Giants have just drubbed the Braves for a clean sweep of a series to make those seventeen straight victories. Two smarter baseball men cannot be found than Stallings and McGraw. Both were ready to stake their reputations on the Giants of this year. What is the answer?

Perhaps as good an answer as any was furnished the other night by Ty Cobb. The writer, in search of Hugh Jennings, stumbled across Ty. He didn't recognize the Georgian Peach at the first glance. The champion of champions shuffled painfully and uncertainly along like a victim of the first stage of locomotor ataxia.

"I'm raw from my hip to my knee," smiled Cobb, straightening out with Spartan courage as soon as he saw that he had been observed of the enemy.

"My sliding pad slipped to-day and I barked myself badly first crack out of the box." Cobb had beaten three infield hits that day after this accident. One realizes how determined he is to fortify his reign against the pretender Tris Speaker.

The conversation turned naturally to the baseball races. The Giants at length came in for discussion.

"I cannot for the life of me understand them," said Ty. "They looked good in Texas last spring—as good as any National League club I have ever seen, and I have seen a pile in my time.

"Do you know," continued Ty, who comes pretty close to being the Benjamin Franklin of the playing fraternity, "I think the whole trouble has been the City of New York.

Lure of Big Town.

"There's a lure about this old town. I don't think I'd fall for it. But it takes a lot of moral courage not to do so. The Giants won three championships. They got acquainted far too well for their personal good as baseball players. That, I think, explains the general falling off of the old men. They went in a bunch—went before their time. And I am sure with other clubs most of them will come back. They slumped before they realized their decline. I do not insinuate that they caroused. But there was too much of the high life, simple as it may have been. Too much automobiling; too much running around for their own good. Look at the boys who have left the Giants and made good elswhere—Stock, Groh, Rudolph, Snodgrass are a few. It takes a man, a real man, a well balanced man to keep his head in this madhouse of a town if he happens to be prominent and talked about at all. Too much New York, I should say, ruined McGraw's Giants."

How McGraw figures it all none but McGraw knows. Certainly he has taken drastic steps to effect a remedy. We will come to that later.

"I wouldn't hesitate a second," he once declared publicly, "to sacrifice the best player in the world if I thought it would benefit my club. Sentiment has no part in this game. The wise manager is the one who can look ahead and see just where the cogs are wearing.

"I thought in 1906 I had the greatest club in the world. I had won the world's championship the fall before. That old bunch, which was the greatest I ever knew, went all to pieces in my hands almost over night. You know the answer. I scattered them to the four winds of heaven. It took six years to build up another pennant winner, but I had something for my pains. I'd have got there in two years if I hadn't been cheated over a technicality in 1908 in favor of the Cubs. When I feel the Giants cracking again I'm going to get out from under."

All of which explains no doubt the radical changes John J. McGraw has effected in his clientele within the last six weeks. He has parted with a number of veterans and several high class youngsters to secure material needed for the ground plan of a new championship array. One might as well expect to keep a squirrel on the ground as to chain John McGraw for long in the cellar of any league.

The Giants of 1917 will be a far different aggregation than the line-up which opened the present campaign. Already the first base wing of the infield that served him nine years is missing. Fred Merkle has gone to Brooklyn for Catcher Lew McCarty. Larry Doyle, with Herb Hunter and Outfielder Jacobsen, was the bait that lured Heine Zimmerman from the Cubs. Mathewson (good old Matty) was sentenced to manage the Reds that Herzog might return to the Giant fold. With Matty went Eddie Roush, a young outfielder of exceptional promise. McGraw got title to Wade Killifer, too, but Wade, the Red, never got back to exalted company. He was turned over immediately in payment for candidates from the brush.

Here, then, in a nutshell is what happened since McGraw realized his authors of seventeen straight victories had overreached: First Baseman Merkle, Second Baseman Doyle, Subouttfielder Roush, Christy Mathewson and colt Jacobsen were sacrificed for Herzog, Zimmerman and McCarty. Zimmerman will play third base for McGraw in 1917. Herzog will play at second. A fitting substitute must be found to fill Fred Merkle's shoes at first. It will not be hard to find one who can equal Merkle's form of this season. But one that will deliver as Fred did in the past is quite a different problem.

McGraw has plenty of candidates. First off there is Kelly, a left-hander, who has been filling in since Merkle departed. Kelly came from the Coast touted as a slugger. He hasn't hit up to his reputation as a minor leaguer. Two other candidates will report before the end of the season. Holke, another left-hander, was repurchased a short time ago from Rochester. In 108 games with the Broncos this year he has hit for .339, standing third in the International League. Great things are predicted of Holke as a first baseman. While compiling his .339 average he stole 22 bases.

Then there is also Rodriguez, the Cuban first sacker, who was farmed to New London this year. He broke into fast company with all the fielding grace of a Hal Chase. He was green as a hitter and handicapped by a lack of English. He has improved both defects. For New London he hit close to .300.

Jim Thorpe Recalled.

Jim Thorpe has been recalled from Milwaukee. Out there in 122 games he hit for .271 and stole 43 bases. He had 14 home runs, 9 triples and 11 doubles. Schepner and Sanberg, infielders, have been recalled from the New York State League, where they enjoyed fine seasons.

Mac was rather weak behind the bat all year. This weakness has been bolstered by the acquisition of Lew McCarty, a good catcher, and a slugger to boot. Paul Krueger, who was tried out by the Yankees last fall, has been bought from Omaha. Krueger, according to the latest averages, is hitting .326. From Omaha the Giants also bought Kilduff, a shortstop, who has hit .292 in 114 games, with 3 home runs, 7 three-base hits and 22 doubles.

When, several weeks ago, McGraw bought Sallee from St. Louis he believed he had gone far to remedy the apparent pitching weakness of his club. He seems to have been mistaken. Fred Anderson has been a bitter disappointment after a most auspicious start; Perritt and Benton both have been uncertain; Tesreau has shown provoking reversals of form; Schupp has been strictly an in and out performer.

The management of the Giants, who discarded the scouting system last spring, has not been able to land a great many new pitchers, so far, though it has been tipped off to several it hopes to secure by draft. One prospect of unusual promise is coming from Louisville in the person of Middleton. He is about the very best in the American Association. He is a curve ball pitcher. Middleton's only apparent drawback is lack of weight. He weighs only 165 pounds.

Of course, McGraw has in line several pitching prospects that may be developed in time for the next campaign if his veterans do not take a brace. There is Smith, of Columbia, a counterpart of Mathewson when Big Six was a youth. Also Pie Way, the Yale celebrity, who is ripening at Rochester. And Waite Hoyt, the schoolboy wonder of Brooklyn and no-hit fame.

It is not so much what McGraw has done as how he has done it. He has his disciples sitting on the anxious seat. They will play to the very best of their ability for some time to come. An eruption is momentarily expected. Barring first base, McGraw to-day is stronger by far than he was at the beginning of this season. That means a team that is good enough to win another year if the Giants get the notion. It looks as if McGraw is bent upon driving that notion into his team's heads.

Four New Giants Who Figure In McGraw's Plans for a New Winning Team

THE SPORT LIGHT

By Grantland Rice

Stories Umpires Should Read.

"Black as Sin."—Irvin Cobb.
"Lives of Martyrs."—Fox.
"The Red Horizon."—MacGill.
"The Rat-pit."—MacGill.

It begins to look a trifle here and there as if Colonel Stallings still indorses that ancient motto, viz., "None but the Braves deserve the flag."

A Word to Ty.

Here you are on the crest of fame,
You stand in the rays of the gleaming arc;
While straining stars of the lesser game
Train eager eyes from the sombre dark;
A shadow interrupts the light
Your all but rounder record throws.
A bataman swings from out the night,
The last grim leader of your foes.

With every swat that marks his trips
Against the slab he hurls defy—
The threat of long-delayed eclipse—
And what's to be the answer, Ty?
Recall the past—the Nineteen Ten
That knew the smash of Lajoie;
But you were master of him then,
The close-clipped winner of the fray.

Recall the past—the seasons, Joe,
Swept down the course all set to shape
Defeat, wide grinning, turned to know
Your final spurt had won the tape;
The ebbing field's remaining card
Was Collins, as in former trials,
The utmost rush could not retard
That record in the Master Files.

But another sets the pace,
Another makes the final try
To foil the Ten-Year King of Place.
And what's to be the answer, Ty?
J. B. T. (Detroit).

Gone and Going.

"Gone, all gone," as Mr. Lamb remarked, "are the old familiar faces." Eke the old familiar machines.

Fate, destiny or the dope has set the life of a great championship ball club at five years.

Fate, destiny or the dope has set the life of an average championship ball club at three years.

The Cubs and Mackmen were the only two machines able to survive five summers, for, while each was beaten in this span, each came back the next year over the triumphant highway.

But no other machines have lasted longer in victory than three seasons.

Three years were sufficient for the old Pirates, for the Tigers and for the Giants. Connie Mack merely beat time to it.

John McGraw tried to piece out his championship club and rebuild gradually, but he found the job beyond him. The only way seems to be a new start. To-day, of those who led the Giants home in front through 1913, only Fletcher, Herzog, Burns and Tesreau are left. The Giants, minus Matty, Doyle, Merkle, Meyers, Marquard, hardly seem to be the Giants.

But Giant rooters felt the same way when Donlin, McGinnity, Bowerman, Devlin, Merkes and Bresnahan left. In rebuilding his new winner, McGraw retained only Mathewson, Ames and Wiltse. The others were cast adrift. Only three or four can survive when the dismantling process starts.

Those who have gone may yet play great ball in new surroundings. But their big day in New York was about ever. The campaigns of 1914, 1915 and 1916 have proved this beyond any debate.

Add "Familiar Misquotations."

"Many are called, but most are frozen."
"A star on the team is worth ten in the bush."
"Time and Ty for no man wait."

The Day Beyond.

The play of Kumagae, the eminent Jap, at Forest Hills, tips off the day beyond when a golf and a tennis championship will be recruited as the Foreign Legion is to-day—a medley or a motley of races—American, English, French, Jap, Cuban.

That day isn't coming until some time after the war has ended, but a championship ten years from now will be a complex affair and a big advance over the tournaments of the present epoch.

In Detroit's Favor.

"There is one detail in our favor," says Hughey Jennings, "that most of you have overlooked. At the start of the season Washington and Cleveland fought out the lead. When they began to slip the Yankees rushed to the front. When the Yanks were broken up the White Sox and Red Sox carried every one's attention, and when the White Sox started slipping the Browns pumped themselves into favor. All this time the Tigers have been plodding along, overlooked. No one up to September picked us with a chance to win. We had none of that early worry and the strain they talk about. We were merely holding our own and keeping in close sight of the leaders. No one can tell, of course, who is going to win a race where three or four clubs have a fine chance and where the break of the game may decide the finish. But I wouldn't care to trade chances with any of the others just now."

H. T. R.—Brooklyn has eight games left with New York, eight games with Philadelphia and four in Boston.

Unfamiliar Quotations.

"Yes, I'm on my game now, playing the best golf I have ever played."

"I won, but I was lucky. I never missed a short putt and holed five or six long ones."

"Yes, the home club lost, but it was a great game."

"How sleep the Braves who sink to rest," wrote Mr. Collins. No; not Eddie. But, according to Wilbert Robinson, the Braves of late must have been struck with insomnia in its most virulent form. They are not sleeping worth a cent.

Jerry Travers has turned down golf for business. And yet he was golfer enough to win five championships. This should be added to the leading mysteries of the year.

BRAVES' PAYROLL IS HIGHEST OF ALL

Boston, Sept. 2.—The Boston National League Club does not exploit the fact in the papers, but nevertheless the Braves' payroll is the largest in either major league.

Percy D. Haughton, Harvard's football coach, pulls down a big salary as president to represent the wealthy Boston men associated with him in the ownership.

Then there is George Stallings, who is, with the exception of John McGraw, the highest priced manager in baseball.

This last spring Stallings signed a five-year contract at $18,000 a year. Johnny Evers is said to be pulling down $10,000, while Konetchy, ranking next among the players, is good for $9,000. The entire payroll for the season is probably very close to $150,000, or $12,500 every semi-monthly pay day during the six months of the championship season.

MAGEE LEARNS TO APPRECIATE COBB

Lee Magee had never seen Ty Cobb play before this season and he declares that he had always thought Cobb overrated. "I didn't suppose there was ever a ball player as good as he was said to be," said Lee.

"But after seeing him in action I hand it to him. You've no idea how wonderful he seems to another ball player. It's perfectly foolish to talk about a second Ty Cobb.

"You can mention Speaker, Robinson, Jackson or any one you want, but there's none of them that comes near Ty. He's completely in a class by himself. He stands alone."

Welsh and White Rest.

Colorado Springs, Col., Sept. 2.—After their work-outs to-day, Freddie Welsh and Charley White will rest until they meet next Monday afternoon in their twenty-round battle for the lightweight championship of the world. On Monday morning at 9 o'clock they will weigh in and neither expects to move the beam, which will be set at 135 pounds.

ST. LOUIS IS WILD OVER THE BROWNS

If the St. Louis Brownies can win the American League pennant they will be rewarded with probably a greater share of money than any heretofore baseball champion team. The recent success of the Brownies when they arose from the obscurity of seventh place to a pennant contender by winning twenty-five out of their last twenty-nine games has so aroused the business men of St. Louis that a purse of $50,000 is now being raised to present to the team if they win the American League title. St. Louis is baseball crazy, and before the Browns came East for their last long road trip the daily attendance in St. Louis ran close to 18,000 per game. On Saturdays and Sundays the gates had to be closed long before game time.

If the Browns should happen to win the $50,000 along with their world's series share of the receipts it would give the players a most tidy sum for a long winter's vacation. They would be pulling down more coin than any other blue-ribbon performer.

Athletes With Glasses Still Can Make Good

Lee Meadows, Who Wears 'Em, Says "Cheaters" Are No Bar.

St. Louis, Sept. 2.—Spectacled youths who aspire to niches in the hall of baseball fame need not count themselves unfit to don diamond spangles. By blending natural ability with perseverance and dogged determination any boy may overcome this handicap and qualify to pitch in the major leagues.

Lee Meadows is a shining example of what this combination may accomplish. Without this pitcher there's no telling just where the St. Louis Cardinals would be at present.

Meadows first donned the "cheaters" when five years of age. To-day, at 22, he is the star right-hander of the Cardinals' slab corps, and has worked this season in one-third of the contests played by Huggins's crew.

"Every one attempts to discourage the youth who is handicapped as I am by nearsightedness," said Meadows, "but if a youngster has talent, love of the game and will stick and work he'll make good, for his handicap is not an insurmountable one.

"When five years of age I was told that I would have to wear glasses for the remainder of my life. A few years later they caused my greatest handicap, for I loved baseball above all other games. As a boy I possessed some natural talent for the game, but those who played with me were always fearfully afraid that in some manner my glasses might be broken, and I would be injured.

"Every attempt was made to discourage me, but I continued to play. My home was in Oxford, N. C., and I attended the military academy there. I made the baseball team, became their pitcher, and still attempts were made to discourage me, my friends claiming that it was a waste of time, as I would never be able to play professional baseball.

"At eighteen years of age I went to the Durham (N. C.) team, pitched for two years and was claimed by St. Louis. That's my story. My spectacles are not a handicap either in the field or at bat. I honestly do not believe that I could pitch any better could I throw them aside."

Meadows holds out little encouragement, however, for the youth who would strive for an infield, outfield or catching berth if he wears specs.

Owing to the difficulty one would experience in judging fly balls or grounders the infielder or outfielder would be heavily handicapped, while he would be unable to don specs and a mask to work behind the plate.

SAM FITZPATRICK HAS A NEW CHAMP

Sam Fitzpatrick, who was the manager of Kid Lavigne when he won the lightweight championship of the world from Dick Burge in London, and who was in Jack Johnson's corner in a managerial capacity when the negro did the same thing in Australia by beating Tommy Burns, thinks that he has once more found a boxer who will go to the top in his class. He now has under his wing Harry Segal, of New York, who has been fighting under the name of "Battling Champ," and although he has yet to meet the top notch welterweights, he has shown the crafty old manager enough to make him believe that he has another titleholder.

Segal is only a youngster, and Fitzpatrick is easing him along the route of the second-raters. He is a fighter that is full of action and a heavy hitter.

Featherweights in Trim.

Cleveland, Sept. 2.—Both Johnny Kilbane and George Chaney, principals in the fifteen-round world's featherweight championship bout at Cedar Point on Labor Day, will leave Cleveland for the scene of the battle to-morrow. To-day they indulged in short easy work-outs. Both are down to the prescribed weight, which is to be 122 pounds, ringside.

Cobb On Speaker's Heels

Daubert Still In Front

Star of Tigers Only Nineteen Points Behind Rival in Batting.

Tyrus Raymond Cobb yet may fool the wisenheimers who voted him passé as king of the swatsmiths. The Georgian Peach is closing fast on Tris Speaker, the idol of Cleveland. Cobb is improving his own lusty average so steadily that he seems to be getting on the nerves of Sir Tristram. At least Speaker is steadily falling off.

This week finds Tyrus within nineteen points of his illustrious adversary. In less than two weeks the Tiger irrepressible has whittled what formerly appeared an insurmountable obstacle just in half. However, Ty has not been able to shake the gaunt shadow of Joe Jackson from his tracks. The three stand now: Speaker, .378; Cobb, .359, and Jackson, .353. There are only half a dozen .300 hitters in the American League this year instead of the usual dozen and a half. Sisler, of the Browns, has tumbled just below the coveted mark.

Hughie High continues to lead the Yankees with .297. Charlie Mullen is batting .293 and Leslie Nunmaker .288.

Following are the averages of players who have hit .200 or better in fifteen or more games up to and including those of Thursday last:

AMERICAN LEAGUE BATTING AVERAGES

Player and club.	G.	AB.	R.	H.	SB.	SH.	Ave.
Speaker, Cleveland	124	445	87	168	27	13	.378
Cobb, Detroit	118	437	88	157	50	14	.359
Jackson, Chicago	127	485	74	171	17	12	.353
Strunk, Athletics	129	427	69	150	9	12	.351
Gardner, Boston	120	474	40	157	12	15	.331
Roth, Cleveland	99	379	43	97	24	13	.320
Sisler, St. Louis	124	472	71	141	21	17	.299
Ruth, Boston	56	197	17	32	0	4	.299
Felsch, Chicago	125	475	84	141	7	13	.297
High, New York	91	303	41	91	11	7	.297
Gharrity, Wash	28	71	7	21	2	0	.296
E. Collins, Chicago	127	449	68	132	21	30	.294
Mullin, New York	40	133	11	39	2	3	.293
Shotton, St. Louis	129	511	84	149	29	4	.292
Boland, Detroit	5	14	4	4	0	1	.286
Burns, Detroit	119	443	53	129	11	16	.291
Rice, Washington	45	142	15	41	2	1	.289
Nunamaker, N. Y.	88	267	24	74	2	3	.288
Veach, Detroit	123	485	75	139	18	21	.287
Ness, Chicago	54	189	24	54	3	5	.286
Wyckoff, Boston	15	7	1	4	1	0	.285
Hollitzell, Boston	101	337	49	95	9	14	.284
Bauman, N. Y.	32	104	31	26	10	6	.284
Crawford, Detroit	73	217	24	69	5	7	.279
Schang, Athletics	78	253	28	62	11	6	.278
Young, Detroit	125	435	59	120	13	15	.276
Gillespie, N. Y.	58	222	40	61	19	2	.275
Cunningham, Det.	21	40	7	11	0	1	.275
McInnis, Athletics	108	391	52	107	9	21	.274
Severeid, St. Louis	97	338	22	79	1	4	.274
Walters, N. Y.	46	136	9	37	2	6	.272
Heilman, Detroit	113	387	47	104	6	12	.269
C. Walker, Boston	108	402	56	108	11	14	.268
A. Williams, Wash.	63	172	16	46	1	4	.267
Pratt, St. Louis	153	481	47	130	22	16	.265
F. Baker, N. Y.	72	264	33	70	13	3	.265
Myers, Athletics	40	95	7	25	1	5	.263
W. Mitchell, Det.	28	87	5	19	2	2	.263
Pipp, New York	131	425	54	114	12	17	.262
Turner, Cleve.	101	355	47	93	15	22	.262
W. Miller, St. L.	121	392	55	102	21	25	.260
Morgan, Wash.	87	281	35	73	10	15	.260
Milan, Wash.	125	471	42	122	24	9	.259
Shorten, Boston	13	54	4	14	0	1	.259
Maisels, St. Louis	137	452	45	116	33	20	.257
Mager, New York	102	382	50	98	23	18	.257
Wamsganss, Cleve.	109	373	47	96	8	27	.257
Hooper, Boston	119	461	69	117	21	8	.254
McMullin, Chicago	65	181	3	46	1	13	.254
Dubuc, Detroit	44	71	9	18	0	2	.254
Danna, Detroit	31	59	8	15	0	3	.254
Lewis, Boston	120	450	42	114	10	17	.253
Peckinpaugh, N. Y.	115	431	52	109	8	15	.253
Shanks, Wash	115	368	35	93	18	21	.252
Smith, Wash	91	257	29	65	5	6	.253
Gandil, Cleve.	124	461	42	116	10	22	.252
Henry, Wash	98	258	22	65	6	10	.252
Gainer, Boston	44	112	10	28	1	4	.250
Von Kolnitz, Chi.	3	8	1	2	0	0	.250
Lajoie, Athletics	112	425	33	106	14	13	.249
Malsel, N. Y.	36	121	15	30	3	3	.248
McKee, Athletics	38	113	4	28	0	3	.248
Graney, Cleve.	130	494	96	121	10	8	.245
Leibold, Chicago	29	41	3	10	0	1	.244
Pichich, Athletics	23	62	5	15	0	2	.242
Fournier, Chicago	93	295	34	71	14	8	.241
Oldring, N. Y.	75	278	24	67	6	1	.241
E. Foster, Wash.	125	487	57	116	19	8	.238
J. Collins, Chicago	117	418	53	99	7	13	.238
C. Thomas, Boston	78	184	15	39	3	3	.238
Alexander, N. Y.	24	42	5	10	0	1	.238
Lynn, Chicago	25	21	3	5	1	0	.238
Mays, Boston	22	55	5	13	0	1	.236
Janvrin, Boston	81	192	22	45	4	10	.234
E. Johnson, St. L.	74	236	29	55	16	11	.233
Mostler, Cleve.	89	254	19	59	2	5	.232
O. Bush, Detroit	121	458	58	106	18	22	.231
Jamison, Wash.	56	143	15	33	3	5	.231
W. Johnson, Wash.	49	117	11	27	0	4	.231
Carrigan, Boston	23	39	3	9	2	0	.231
Schalk, Chicago	112	360	34	82	30	16	.228
O'Neill, Cleve.	107	340	27	78	3	7	.228
Pick, Athletics	81	303	24	69	15	8	.228
Chapman, Cleve.	91	294	43	67	16	34	.228
Hartley, St. L.	65	158	14	36	3	2	.227
Witt, Athletics	111	428	42	97	9	9	.227
Judge, Wash.	74	225	27	58	18	8	.227
H. Courtelskie, Det.	28	102	6	23	0	1	.226
McKee, Detroit	28	71	3	16	0	2	.225
J. Walsh, Boston	115	391	45	88	29	10	.225
Boston, St. Louis	34	85	9	19	1	2	.224
Weaver, Chicago	114	449	63	100	17	54	.223
McBride, Wash.	120	412	27	91	3	14	.221
Stanage, Detroit	76	236	15	52	2	6	.220
Meyers, Athletics	32	142	6	31	5	3	.220
Vitt, Detroit	125	503	65	106	10	30	.216
Terry, Chicago	47	143	15	40	3	8	.216
Morton, Cleveland	22	51	5	11	0	3	.216
Shaw, Washington	18	14	0	3	0	2	.214
Lavan, St. Louis	83	254	20	54	5	4	.213
Tobin, St. Louis	67	136	18	29	2	5	.213
Daley, Cleveland	27	67	3	14	0	1	.209
Austin, St. Louis	104	362	44	75	15	10	.207
Cady, Boston	64	156	5	28	6	6	.206
Lapp, Chicago	27	68	3	14	1	1	.206
Plank, St. Louis	30	63	3	13	0	2	.206
Harper, Wash'ton	34	83	6	17	1	2	.205

CLUB BATTING RECORDS.

Clubs.	G.	Times at bat.	R.	B H.	S.B.	S.H.	Ave.
Detroit	128	4,303	537	1,116	136	167	.259
Chicago	127	4,168	487	1,043	136	183	.250
Cleveland	130	4,178	522	1,037	136	199	.248
New York	126	4,174	477	1,030	152	144	.247
St. Louis	131	4,253	491	1,042	179	149	.245
Boston	124	4,068	429	973	102	175	.240
Washington	126	4,070	493	974	133	124	.239
Athletics	122	3,934	339	914	114	126	.232

LONG HITS BY CLUBS.

Clubs.	2-B. hits.	3-B. hits.	Home runs.	Total b. on hits.	Extra bases.	Grand b. av.
Detroit	153	71	13	1,450	234	.337
Chicago	167	75	14	1,402	259	.326
Cleveland	188	56	15	1,382	245	.321
New York	151	46	30	1,263	243	.294
Boston	158	42	11	1,248	276	.311
St. Louis	150	44	13	1,319	277	.308
Washington	119	51	9	1,222	248	.300
Athletics	131	47	12	1,175	291	.299

LEADING TEN SLUGGERS.

	2-B. hits.	3-B. hits.	Home runs.	Total b. on hits.	Extra bases.	Gr'd b. av.
Jackson, Chi.	38	16	3	250	79	.513
Speaker, Cev.	36	9	2	222	54	.469
Cobb, Detroit	27	7	3	205	54	.460
Sisler, St. L.	18	12	4	195	54	.413
Pipp, N. Y.	12	13	9	179	65	.411
Felsch, Chi.	21	9	5	195	74	.410
Strunk, Ath.	26	8	1	175	45	.410
Veach, Detroit	21	13	3	189	56	.408
Graney, Cev.	37	10	5	195	73	.395
Pratt, St. L.	28	9	4	188	58	.382

AMERICAN LEAGUE PITCHING RECORDS

Player and club.	G.	W.	L.	Ave.
Lose, New York	15	2	0	1.000
Collop, New York	22	12	3	.800
Morton, Cleveland	23	12	5	.706
Shore, Boston	29	14	6	.700
Boland, Detroit	37	7	3	.700
H. Coveleskie, Detroit	37	19	9	.679
Faber, Chicago	27	12	6	.667
Bens, Chicago	23	8	4	.667
Keeb, St. Louis	24	9	5	.643
Groom, St. Louis	38	12	7	.632
Dauss, Detroit	31	15	9	.625
Beebe, Cleveland	14	5	3	.625
Shawkey, New York	41	18	11	.621
Mays, Boston	33	13	8	.619
Leonard, Boston	39	14	9	.609
Russell, Chicago	48	14	9	.609
Ruth, Boston	35	17	11	.607
Lambeth, Cleveland	8	3	2	.600
Cicotte, Chicago	34	10	7	.588
Weilman, St. Louis	38	17	12	.586
W. Johnson, Washington	41	22	16	.579
G. Foster, Boston	29	11	8	.579
Fisher, New York	26	9	7	.564
Williams, Chicago	35	9	7	.563
Harper, Washington	34	14	11	.560
S. Coveleskie, Cleveland	41	15	12	.556
Davenport, St. Louis	51	19	15	.547
Danforth, Cleveland	24	6	5	.545
Kepfer, Cleveland	28	6	5	.545
J. Bagby, Cleveland	38	13	11	.542
Plank, St. Louis	30	11	12	.478
Hamilton, St. Louis	21	7	8	.467
Gallia, Washington	49	12	14	.462
Dubuc, Detroit	31	9	11	.450
Gould, Cleveland	16	4	5	.444
W. James, Detroit	23	7	9	.437
Scott, Chicago	31	9	12	.429
W. Mitchell, Detroit	28	6	8	.429
Mogridge, New York	24	5	7	.417
Bush, Athletics	36	14	21	.400
Wolfgang, Chicago	27	4	6	.400
Gregg, Boston	29	2	4	.400
Russell, New York	27	5	8	.385
Boehling, Cleveland	30	8	13	.381
Cunningham, Detroit	31	6	10	.375
Danforth, Chicago	22	3	7	.375
E. Mayer, Athletics	34	10	20	.333
Ayers, Washington	31	2	4	.333
Shocker, New York	6	1	2	.333
Caldwell, New York	21	5	12	.294
Wyckoff, Boston	13	1	3	.250
Johnson, Athletics	9	1	4	.200
Parks, St. Louis	24	1	4	.200
Nabors, Athletics	31	1	15	.062
Sisler, St. Louis	1	0	1	.000
Driscoll, Athletics	1	0	1	.000
Walsh, Chicago	2	0	1	.000
Rice, Washington	5	0	1	.000
McFate, Cleveland	7	0	1	.000
Jones, Boston	9	0	2	.000

First Baseman of Robins Shows Way in National, Though Idle.

Jake Daubert's game hip, or knee, or whatever it is, may cost the Robins a pennant, but it does not appear likely that it will cost Jake the batting championship of the National League. Jake's fine .325, compiled before he was eliminated, is pretty safe for the time.

Daubert's most dangerous competitor is Hornsby, the handy man of the Cardinals. He is still six points below the captain of the Trolley Dodgers. However, Jake need not worry on account of this rising star. Hornsby, too, is laid up for repairs, and if he plays again this season is likely to come back with dimmed batting lamps.

It would not be any miracle if old Hans Wagner were to sneak through on Jake, however. The Dutchman is only ten points away. But Wagner, like Robertson, of the Giants, has been flirting around his present figure for many weeks. Robertson is hitting .318 to Wagner's .315. Lew McCarty, of the Giants, who batted for nearly 400 more than half the season, has sloughed off to .318 and is still going down.

Following are the averages of players who have hit .200 or better in fifteen or more games up to and including those of Thursday last:

NATIONAL LEAGUE BATTING AVERAGES

Player and club.	G.	A.B.	R.	H.	S.B.	S.H.	Ave.
Daubert, Brooklyn	97	375	61