Dillon Outpoints Moran Before Great Crowd in Open Air Arena---Yankees and Dodgers Win---Giants Lose Two

LITTLE DILLON TOO FAST FOR MORAN IN TEN ROUND BATTLE

Pittsburger Is Arm Weary Toward Finish in Bout With Hoosier.

20,000 SEE BOUT IN OPEN AIR ARENA IN BROOKLYN

Fighting like a young wildcat, Jack Dillon, the "good little man" from Indianapolis, gave Frank Moran, the "good big man" from Pittsburg a sound thrashing at Washington Park, Brooklyn, last night in a ten round bout that thrilled 20,000 spectators from start to finish.

Dillon, called the "giant killer," gave one of the most spectacular exhibitions of gameness seen in a New York ring in years. Moran, thirty-five pounds heavier and five and a half inches taller, pounded his smaller adversary without mercy in the third round after landing his famous piledriver right. Dillon was reeling and apparently about to be knocked out when the bell saved him.

The brief rest of a minute between rounds meant a difference of victory and defeat for Jack Dillon.

When the fourth round began he rushed from his corner, as in all preceding ones, landed a hard right to Moran's face and overwhelmed the Pittsburger on boxing points all the rest of the way.

Moran Is Outclassed.

Dillon, as compared to his foe, looked almost like a lightweight, and the way he outclassed Moran in ring expertness brought reminders of Packy McFarland, Joe Gans and other great boxers. Moran was slow and so wild in comparison that Dillon landed fully ten square punches to every one that connected solidly with him.

Moran depended almost entirely on his stout right arm. Dillon, knowing this, varied from his usual fighting position by inclining his body a bit sideways at almost all times so that he was out of range of the piledriver.

The spectacular way in which Dillon showed his superiority in the first two rounds made the crowd totally unprepared for Moran's big bid in the third. It was here that the Pittsburger first employed the trick that nearly carried the day for him. Calling on his immense strength, he forced Dillon by sheer weight back to the ropes. Steadying himself, he drove in his right with all the power at his command, ripped it in again, again and again. The blows weakened Dillon, who was almost out on his feet.

Dillon Saves Himself by Clinching.

The little man clinched to save himself; the referee pried them apart and once more Moran literally pushed his adversary clear across the ring. He jammed Dillon out of the ropes again, and continued to beat in with the same mighty fist. There was plenty of power in the blows. But Moran lacked the accuracy to land on a vital spot.

Suddenly Dillon lashed out with both hands to Moran's face, but he left himself wide open and a crashing right hander, more active than the others, knocked him into a reclining position on the ropes in Moran's corner. He hung there a moment as the referee seemed preparing to count him out, but instead of falling to the floor his head cleared, he stood erect and chased Moran to the middle of the ring with what little strength remained. The bell was a most welcome sound to him at that instant.

After recovering Dillon was content to outpoint Moran by a fair sized margin in the fourth round. In the fifth he was himself again, at his very best, and the trouncing he gave big Moran in that session was as bad as he had taken shortly before. A volley of overarm rights were planted squarely in Moran's face, drawing the first blood of the fight. Dillon kept right on top of him, clashing out with both hands. Moran was dazed and the crowd was yelling for a haymaker by Dillon. The bell was welcomed by the Pittsburger this trip.

There was no early stampede for seats except a wild rush at 7 o'clock, when the $2 bleacher gates were thrown open. Two or three hundred outdoor gallery gods were ready to snatch places of vantage. They went through the gate as fast as turnstiles could click. It took about five minutes to get them all inside. When they saw how much room awaited them there was many a laugh over the useless haste and watchful waiting.

The great bulk of the throng came in late. It came smoothly and gradually in twos, threes, fives and a few parties of a dozen or more, with less stir and fuss than a noonday crowd parade along Broadway. Police arrangements were admirable and plenty of experienced ushers did duty, obviating all possibility of confusion. When the first preliminary was put on at 8:30 there were 8,000 in the grand stand and bleachers, while the ringside seats and boxes contained only a smattering of fans here and there. The majority of the close up ticket holders waited until shortly before ring time for the big bout.

Nobody seemed to care about anything but Frank Moran and Jack Dillon. The latter was regarded as a 6 to 5 favorite in conversation, but the man who saw somebody make a real cash wager has not been discovered yet. It was talked around that Matt Hinkel, president of the American Boxing Association, refused to accept pay for refereeing the main battle. Hinkel confirmed this and added that he paid his own expenses here from Cleveland. He did not need the money, he explained, and acted entirely for sport's sake. Billy Roche was the third man in the ring during the preliminaries. He refused to be interviewed upon ethical questions in connection with Hinkel's unprecedented move.

Action in First Bouts.

Lively action marked the first two bouts of four rounds each in which Sailor Frank Skies drew with Willie Shea and Mickey Delmont outpointed Jack Tracy. Hank Harris then tackled Billy Irish in a scheduled six rounder, but Irish ended it in the first minute with a right hand punch to the jaw. It was a clean knockout. The second six round bout netted a victory on points for Frankie Wilson over Papa Monte.

By the time these lesser diversions were ended most of the crowd had arrived, with perhaps 16,000 within the big arena. Here and there well up front could be noticed familiar faces. Tex Rickard, who promoted the Jess Willard-Moran contest in Madison Square Garden last spring, sat in a ringside box. Near by was a bevy of stage folk including Joe Weber, Eddie Leonard, George M. Cohan, Sam Harris and Louis Mann. Pat Moran, manager of the Phillies, was just outside the press section. Chris Dalton, Pat Moran, Jim Corbett, Joe Humphries, Bill Brown, Jack Skelley and John McGraw were other notables in the crowd.

At least a hundred women were near enough to the ring to hear the thud of blows. Ethel Barrymore was with her husband, Russell Colt. Laurette Taylor's escort was her spouse, J. Hartley Manners. They and most of the other fair ones were dressed as if for a lawn party.

It made a picturesque ensemble when everybody settled down for the interesting part of the programme. Fifteen big carbon arc lights made the ring a centre of brightness in the midst of the surrounding black. Little incandescents marking the exits were all that served to break the darkness in the stands. One with a good eye who surveyed the surroundings of the old ball park could see every window in the tenements on First street packed to the danger point. Beyond the left field fence was a huge coal pile belonging to the adjoining power house. Atop it were silhouetted figures of morethan a hundred fans who lacked the $2 for a ticket. The power house roof and a long shed next to it were loaded to capacity.

Outlet for Enthusiasm.

The first outlet for the spirit of rivalry in the Moran and Dillon camps was in the semi-final bout, in which Gus Christie of Milwaukee, Dillon's head trainer, met the Zulu Kid of Brooklyn, Moran's chief sparring partner. They travelled the full ten rounds, with both in dead earnest. Christie had the better of it, thereby giving the Dillon camp first blood.

Ten o'clock, the promised hour for the main hostilities to begin, had passed before either Moran or Dillon got into the ring. When the semi-final was over at 10:20 two photographers climbed into the roped square prepared to shoot at the principals. Various supernumeraries, including an official bearing a pair of brand new eight ounce gloves, occupied the enclosure while the crowd waited for the appearance of the fighters.

During the delay Announcer Peter Finnity gave out the ringside weights, Dillon 169 pounds and Moran 204½ without costume, giving the latter an advantage of thirty-five and one-half pounds. As time flew by it was hinted about that the boxers' managers were arguing about the money.

Finally, after a dull period that seemed a year—it was really fourteen minutes—Dillon left the dressing room and began to make his way through the long aisles at 10:30. There was only a mild sort of a cheer for him. Sam Marburger, his manager, acted as his chief second aided by Joe Cox, Gus Christie and Barty Lewis.

Real Noise When Moran Appears.

Real noise greeted Moran when the big Pittsburger climbed into the ring three minutes later. Willie Lewis was the head man in his corner. Others were Dan Washington, a big black masseur, and Frank Kendall.

Announcer Finnity read a telegram from Fred Fulton, challenging the winner, and Charlie Weinert issued a verbal defi when he was introduced. The appearance of Referee Matt Hinkel from Cleveland provoked a ripple of applause confined to clapping.

INDIANA BATTLER, WHO EARNED DECISION OVER FRANK MORAN.

JACK DILLON.

HOW THE BIG AND LITTLE MEN FOUGHT BY ROUNDS

Dillon came out with a rush, leading with left and right, but Moran got inside the blows. They sparred a bit, Moran landing a straight left to the face. Jack rushed Frank, trying with his overhand right, but Frank blocked and laughed heartily. Jack a moment later brushed Frank's chin with a right hook and planted a solid left to the ear. The Pittsburger answered with his famous Mary Ann, but the Giant Killer saw it coming in time to pull away. Dillon hammered Frank's body with both hands at the end of the round, which he carried by a good margin.

They fought at close range coming out for the second. The peculiar style of the Giant Killer had Moran a bit flustered, for Jack laid his head on Frank's breast and peppered away with both hands to the body. Frank tried to keep off his rushing antagonist with a straight left, meanwhile setting for the right. Three times Frank did connect with his most reliable mitt, but none of the shots found the point. This was Dillon's round by a shade.

Dillon Comes Right Back.

As they came together in the third Frank connected prettily with a right to the jaw that shook Dillon to his toes. Dillon retaliated with a light left that brushed Frank's face. The Pittsburg fighter then faced Dillon in a neutral corner. Again he connected solidly with the right. Jack sagged at the knees. Moran sprang in, showering Dillon's head and face with well placed rights. It looked as if Dillon surely would go down, but he weathered the gale by falling back on his favorite crouch.

This respite revived the Indianapolis typhoon speedily, so speedily, indeed, that when Jack rushed he caught Frank unaware and whipped a tattoo of blows to Moran's body without a return. This rally, however, could not offset Frank's earlier lead for the round.

Moran Is Wild in Fourth.

Frank had the better of the early part of the fourth, but Jack squared it just before the bell with a hard left hook to the jaw that spun Moran half way across the ring. Moran was trying for a knockout, but Dillon had the right of his antagonist pretty well gauged. Jack did some very clever blocking. Moran was very wild in this round.

Dillon gave Moran a terrific lacing in the fifth round and sent the tow headed boy from the Smoky City to his corner covered with blood. This damage the little wildcat inflicted at close quarters. Moran was wild with his leads, while Dillon was as sure as death, especially so at close quarters. He kept peppering Frank's face and jaw with uppercuts at close quarters. Every time one landed it shot Frank's head back on his shoulderblades.

Dillon kept working to the body at long range, a sort of attack that took the cool and confidential smile off Moran's bleeding lips.

Dillon Shifty in Sixth.

Through the sixth Dillon continued this most tantalizing attack. Evidently bent on preventing Moran from setting, he kept dancing about for his openings. He was so shifty that Frank appeared bewildered at times.

Compared to what had gone before the seventh was rather tame. There was altogether too much wrestling. Moran realized it was up to him to land a knockout. For almost a minute while they were locked Frank tried valiantly enough, but little Jack let his head rock with the blows and suffered little harm. One powerful right from Frank did make Jack clinch and cling.

Moran seemed to have lost some of his steam before the eighth round ended.

He was contented to wait for an opening for the right, but that opening seldom came. Jack had solved Frank's Mary Ann. It rained harmlessly on little Dillon's shoulder or missed altogether. Dillon was furnishing the thrills by his aggressiveness.

Dillon maintained his advantage, in fact increased it through the ninth. Moran was so slow in his leads he looked to be arm weary. In the tenth Moran showed a breif flash when he rushed Dillon to the ropes and peppered him with half a dozen rights. None of these landed on the "button." Most of them found the crown of Dillon's bullet head.

Before the session ended little Jack more than made up for this slight inconvenience. He was peppering Moran's bruised mouth and discolored eyes when the final bell rang. Moran was so mortified at his sorry showing that he refused to shake Dillon's hand as they left the ring.

WHAT THE SCHOLASTIC ATHLETES ARE DOING

Ed Siskind again will coach the High School of Commerce football team next fall. Frank Collins is captain and Mueller manager. Coach Siskind had the squad out recently for spring practice and also made arrangements for early fall practice at Lenox Oval. Manager Mueller has arranged the following schedule:

September 29, Mount Vernon at Mount Vernon; October 7, Boys High at Boys High; October 12, Poly Prep at Commerce; October 21, Stuyvesant at Stuyvesant; October 28, Flushing at Flushing; November 7, Morris at Polo Grounds; November 11, New Utrecht at West End Oval; November 18, East Orange at East Orange; December 2, De Witt Clinton at Polo Grounds.

Six members of the Townsend Harris nine batted over the .300 mark according to the official averages. Hochman, who played in centre field, led with .368. Capt. Testa and Joe Campbell tied for second with .333. Miller averaged .315; Meehan, .304, and Lester, .301.

Morris has chosen its manager and assistant for the football team. Bloodfield received the former honor and Ellis Perelman will assist him.

BRAZILIANS HOLD SHOWS.

Good Dogs Are Becoming More Popular in South America.

Many local fanciers are in receipt of letters from Rio de Janeiro asking for particulars and prices for good show dogs of various breeds. Last summer a prominent Brazilian sportsman visiting New York purchased a number of dogs of various breeds to take back home with him, and this man writes that the dogs have thrived well in that climate and that the city of Rio is to be a centre for dog shows and dog fanciers in the near future.

He writes that while they do not stage their shows on the same elaborate scale that Americans do they are fast becoming educated to the fine points of highly bred dogs and are taking a serious and active interest in breeding the dogs that have been imported. Before the war the Brazilian fanciers obtained their dogs from England and European countries, but now they are turning to America for their stock.

DAVENPORT BLANKS CLEVELAND

Poor Work in Field by Speaker and Roth Aids Browns.

CLEVELAND, Ohio, June 29.—Davenport was a trifle too much for the Indians in the first game with St. Louis to-day and Cleveland went down to a 7 to 0 defeat. Poor work in the field by Speaker, Roth, Gandil and Chapman ran the Browns' run total up. Speaker was charged with two errors on muffed flies, Roth fumbled a grounder and while Chapman and Gandil are not charged with errors in the box score, they were responsible for runs. Davenport allowed only four hits and was never in trouble. The score:

ST. LOUIS (A. L.)	ab	r	h	p	a	e	CLEVELAND (A. L.)	ab	r	h	p	a	e
Shotton, lf	5	2	2	1	0	0	Graney, lf	4	0	1	1	0	0
Austin, 3b	5	1	1	0	3	0	Chapman, ss	4	0	0	7	3	0
Tobin, rf	5	1	1	0	0	0	Speaker, cf	4	0	1	0	0	2
Sisler, 1b	4	1	2	12	0	0	Roth, rf	4	0	0	1	1	1
Pratt, 2b	4	1	2	2	4	0	Gandil, 1b	3	0	0	8	0	0
Marsans, cf	4	0	0	3	0	0	Howard, 2b	3	0	0	2	1	0
Lavan, ss	4	0	2	1	1	0	Evans, 3b	3	0	0	2	2	0
Severeid, c	4	0	2	7	1	0	Wamby, 3b	1	0	0	0	0	0
Davenp'rt, p	4	1	2	1	1	0	O'Neill, c	3	0	0	6	5	0
							*Smith	1	0	1	0	0	0
Totals	37	7	14	27	10	0	Billings, c	0	0	0	0	1	0
							Loud'milk, p	2	0	1	0	1	0
							†Bagby	1	0	0	0	0	0
							Klepfer, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
							Totals	39	0	4	27	15	3

*Batted for O'Neill in the eighth inning.
†Batted for Loudermilk in the eighth inning.

St. Louis	0	0	0	2	3	0	0	0	2	—7
Cleveland	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Two base hits—Sisler, 2; Pratt, 2; Shotton. Stolen bases—Pratt, 2; Speaker. First base on balls—Off Loudermilk, 2; off Davenport, 1. Struck out—By Loudermilk, 6; by Davenport, 5. Wild pitch—Klepfer. Passed ball—Severeid. Umpire in chief—Dineen. Field umpire—Chill.

HUSTLERS SHUT OUT TENNEY'S INDIANS

Kirmayer, Although Hit Freely, Proves Invincible in the Pinches.

Yesterday's Results.

Rochester, 7; Newark, 0.
Providence, 4; Buffalo, 3 (ten innings).
Richmond, 8; Toronto, 7 (seven innings by agreement).
Baltimore, 7; Montreal, 2.

Standing of the Clubs.

	W.	L.	P.C.		W.	L.	P.C.
Providence	35	18	.660	Newark	26	28	.481
Baltimore	29	26	.536	Toronto	28	35	.473
Buffalo	28	26	.500	Montreal	26	30	.464
Richmond	27	27	.500	Rochester	19	36	.373

To-day's Schedule.

Rochester in Newark.
Buffalo in Providence.
Richmond in Baltimore.

NEWARK, June 29.—Tommy Leach and his Hustlers got sweet revenge on the Indians to-day, winning by a score of 7 to 0. It was Ollie Kirmayer's cunning with men on the paths that accounted for the shutout. Once more Manager Tenney jumped into the game as a pinch hitter, but succeeded only in spoiling his 1,000 average, balooning to Leach.

Duke Farrell, the Yankee scout, was a spectator at part of the game from President Price's box. He did not remain to see all of the slaughter of the redmen. He brought with him Carl Jenkins, the former Union College twirler, who is to be tried out by Newark. There also was another new pitcher on the locals' bench, a youngster named R. F. Wilkinson from Allentown. They will be given a chance to show what they can do, as the Indians have double headers with Providence both Saturday and Sunday. The score:

NEWARK	ab	r	h	p	a	e	ROCHESTER	ab	r	h	p	a	e
Cable, 2b	4	0	2	2	1	0	Leach, cf	5	1	2	4	0	0
Durgin, 1b	4	0	1	10	1	0	McAuley, ss	5	0	0	2	3	0
Milan, lf	4	0	2	3	1	0	Sloan, rf	5	1	2	1	0	1
Witter, rf	4	0	3	2	0	0	Jacobsen, lf	5	2	2	1	0	0
Callahan, cf	3	0	1	2	0	0	Holke, 1b	5	1	3	8	1	0
Zimme'n, 3b	4	0	1	1	0	0	Siglin, 2b	5	0	1	2	4	0
Healey, ss	3	0	1	2	1	0	Beatty, 3b	4	1	2	1	0	0
Schwert, c	4	0	1	6	2	0	Hale, c	4	0	0	4	1	0
Pich, p	0	0	0	1	0	0	Kirmayer, p	4	1	0	0	2	0
Schacht, p	3	0	1	0	2	1							
*Tenney	1	0	0	0	0	0	Totals	39	7	14	27	11	1
Totals	37	0	9	27	17	2							

*Batted for Schacht in the ninth inning.

Newark	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0
Rochester	2	3	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	—7

Sacrifice hit—Siglin. Sacrifice fly—Siglin. Stolen bases—Healey, Sloan. Two base hits—Milan, Durgin, Siglin. Three base hit—Jacobsen. First base on balls—Off Kirmayer, 2. Struck out—By Pich, 2; by Schacht, 2; by Kirmayer, 4. Hits—Off Pich, 5 in two innings; off Schacht, 8 in seven innings. Double plays—Sloan, Hale and Siglin; Holke, McAuley and Holke. First base on errors—Rochester, 2. Left on bases—Newark, 9; Rochester, 7. Umpire in chief—Keenan. Field umpire—Bransfield. Time—1 hour and 35 minutes.

FRENCH BULLDOGS OF PROMISE NUMEROUS

Great Crop of Youngsters Being Brought Out in This Breed.

The last six months have been eventful ones in the French bulldog fancy, for during that period more good young dogs have been brought out than usually are seen in the course of a couple of years. During the 1915 specialty show of the French Bulldog Club of America much comment was caused by the poor quality of the youngsters on exhibition and fanciers at once realized that in order to keep the breed prominently before the public some new blood must be brought out.

This year at the specialty show given by that club more good youngsters were seen than ever before in the history of the bouledogue Francais. At least a dozen specimens came out that were of championship calibre and the cause of the Frenchie at once experienced a revival in interest. At recent shows the entry in that variety has been good and to-day there are a number of dogs vying for a championship that are so evenly matched in quality that they make interesting competition.

Not only have metropolitan fanciers been successful in producing some wonderful puppies but the New Englanders have kept their end up. In New York and vicinity Champion Gamins Rival stands out as the sire par excellence. His progeny have made a remarkable record and it is freely predicted that he will go down in history as the sire of more champions than any other dog of this breed, not excepting that great dog, the late Champion Nelleote Gamin.

In New England Champion Parsque is doing his share and is making a great name as the producer of puppies with wonderful heads. Young's Hugo also is siring great pups, while sons of his are proving potential factors in the fancy.

The promise of some of the puppies seen this spring augurs continued interest in the breed, for several fanciers have exceptional whelps, which they are rearing with great care. Healthy competition is what makes or breaks a breed and there is nothing so stimulating to a fancy as uncertainty. With the evenness of quality seen in some of the dogs now being shown no one has a sure thing—it is up one day and down the next, according to the tastes of the various judges. This condition is proving a great boon for the breed and coming shows will see even larger entries in these classes than ever before.

Virginia League Results.

Norfolk, 6; Rocky mount, 3.
Portsmouth, 4; Honeycutt, 3.
Petersburg, 4; Newport News, 3.

BRAVES EASY AS PIE FOR SHERROD SMITH

Southpaw Allows Only Four Hits—Nehf Forces Dodgers' Winning Run Home.

FINAL SCORE IS 2 TO 1

BOSTON, June 29.—Sherrod Smith had the Braves panting for breath this afternoon, the Dodgers winning their second straight game by 2 to 1. The best Boston could do in the way of hitting was three singles and a double, the latter sending in Fitzpatrick with the lone tally. Nehf was not hit hard. Five of Brooklyn's safeties were infield affairs and at least two of them were open to argument as to whether or not there had been faultless fielding.

During the early innings the Braves and many spectators found much fault with Hank O'Day's idea of what constituted a ball and what a strike. Finally, after a lot of noise, President Haughton left his box and went upon the field, where he had a short talk with Manager Stallings. Then Haughton took a seat behind the plate, where he could match his judgment with O'Day's. Hank dusted the plate with great frequency during the remainder of the contest.

Both teams got away with a run in the opening inning. Johnston led off with a line double to centre. Daubert bunted and Johnston was safe at third when Nehf threw to Smith. Stengel fanned. When Wheat hit a roller to Evers the latter made a poor throw to the plate, Johnston scoring.

In Boston's half with two out Fitzpatrick drew a pass and stole. Magee hit the score board in centre field, sending Fitz home, and was out himself trying to convert the drive into a triple.

Daubert opened the third with a single to centre. Stengel's fast shot was picked up prettily by Red Smith, but the latter could not recover his balance in time for a perfect throw to first. Evers juggled a slow bounder by Stengel which was officially scored as a hit, filling the bases. Mowrey fouled to Smith. A base on balls to Cutshaw forced Daubert home with the winning run. The score:

BROOKLYN (N. L.)	ab	r	h	p	a	e	BOSTON (N. L.)	ab	r	h	p	a	e
Johnston, cf	5	1	2	1	1	0	Mar'ville, ss	4	0	1	4	5	1
Daubert, 1b	3	1	0	10	0	0	Evers, 2b	3	0	0	2	3	0
Stengel, rf	4	0	1	1	0	0	Smith, rf	3	0	1	0	0	0
Wheat, lf	4	0	1	3	1	0	Mage, lf	4	0	1	4	0	0
Mowrey, 3b	4	0	1	1	2	0	Konetchy, 1b	3	0	0	10	0	0
Cutshaw, 2b	3	0	1	1	0	0	Smith, 3b	3	0	2	2	2	0
Olson, ss	3	0	0	4	3	0	Snodgr'ss, cf	3	0	0	3	0	0
Meyers, c	4	0	0	6	0	0	Tragesser, c	3	0	0	5	2	0
Smith, p	4	0	1	0	2	0	Nehf, p	2	0	0	0	5	0
							Gowdy	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	34	2	9	27	10	0	Hughes, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
							Totals	29	1	4	27	13	1

*Batted for Nehf in the eighth inning.

Brooklyn	1	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	—2
Boston	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	—1

Two base hits—Johnston, Magee. Stolen bases—Daubert, Fitzpatrick. Sacrifice hits—Daubert, Evers. Double plays—Smith, Tragesser and Konetchy. Nehf, Maranville and Konetchy. Left on bases—Brooklyn, 8; Boston, 3. First base on balls—Off Smith, 1; off Nehf, 1; off Hughes, 1. Struck out—By Smith, 6; by Nehf, 5; by Hughes, 1. Umpire in chief—O'Day. Field umpire—Eason. Time—1 hour and 50 minutes.

TINKER'S FLY WINS FOR CUBS.

Zimmerman Scores Deciding Run After It is Caught.

ST. LOUIS, June 29.—Manager Tinker's sacrifice fly in the eighth inning beat the Cardinals by a score of 3 to 2 to-day. The Cubs tallied in the first round on a clean steal of home by Zeider. The Cardinals came back in the sixth with two markers. The lead held till the eighth, when Fisher and Zimmerman each tripled. Tinker, pinch hitting for Packard, sent a long fly to centre and Zimmerman scored after the catch. From then on Hendrix held the Cardinals safe. The score:

CHICAGO (N. L.)	ab	r	h	p	a	e	ST. LOUIS (N. L.)	ab	r	h	p	a	e
Zeider, 3b	3	1	0	0	1	0	Betzel, 2b	5	0	2	3	4	0
Zwilling, cf	4	0	0	2	0	0	Beecher, lf	5	0	1	2	0	0
Mann, rf	4	0	0	3	0	1	Long, rf	5	0	2	1	0	0
Schulte, lf	3	0	1	2	0	0	Miller, 1b	3	0	0	8	0	0
Knabe, 2b	3	0	0	2	3	0	Hornsby, 3b	4	1	0	1	3	0
Saier, 1b	3	0	1	11	0	0	Smith, cf	2	0	0	1	0	0
Fischer, c	3	1	2	7	2	0	Butler, c	1	1	0	0	0	0
†Mulligan, ss	2	0	1	1	1	0	Wilson, cf	1	0	0	1	0	0
*Zim'erman	1	1	1	0	0	0	Snyder, c	3	0	2	8	3	0
Hendrix, p	0	0	0	1	0	0	Corhan, ss	4	0	1	1	1	0
Packard, p	2	0	0	3	3	0	Steele, p	3	0	0	2	2	0
Tinker, ss	0	0	0	2	0	0	Meadows, p	0	0	0	0	0	0
							‡Gonzales	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	28	3	6	27	13	2	Totals	35	2	9	27	11	0

*Batted for Mulligan in the eighth inning.
†Batted for Smith in the sixth inning.
‡Batted for Meadows in the ninth inning.

Chicago	1	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	—3
St. Louis	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	—2

Three base hits—Mulligan, Fischer, Zimmerman. Double plays—Snyder, Betzel and Snyder; Snyder and Corhan. First base on balls—Off Steele, 2. Struck out—By Packard, 5; by Steele, 4; by Hendrix, 2. Sacrifice hits—Tinker, Long, Snyder. Stolen base—Zeider. Hit by pitched ball—Miller. Balk—Steele. Umpire in chief—Klem. Field umpire—Emslie. Time—1 hour and 55 minutes.

TO HOLD REGATTA IN WEST.

Miss Detroit Will Have to Beat Miss Minneapolis at St. Paul.

The first of the big power boat regattas of this season will be that of the Mississippi Valley Power Boat Association, which will be held this year at St. Paul, July 4, 5 and 6. The event is the ninth annual regatta of the association and the races will be the chief event of a week of water carnival.

The race meet opens Tuesday, July 4, and the race committee of the Mississippi Valley Association is now working on the programme for the big event. It will include such boats as Miss Detroit, which last year won the Gold Challenge Cup, and attained a speed of over fifty-four miles an hour. This boat will have as a rival Miss Minneapolis, financed and raced by the Minneapolis Athletic Club.

TO RACE AROUND LONG ISLAND

Power Yachts Must Finish Within Forty-eight Hour Limit.

The Yacht Racing Association of Jamaica Bay will have a race for cruising power yachts on July 2, 3 and 4. The course will be around Long Island, 250 nautical miles. The start will be made from off the Belle Harbor Yacht Club at Rockaway Beach at 2 P. M. There will be six classes and a time limit of forty-eight hours is placed on the race.

This contest is for yachts over twenty-five feet and not exceeding fifty feet over all length, and the classes are Class A, all over fifty rating; Class B, forty to fifty rating; Class C, thirty-two to forty rating. Hunting cabin cruisers, Class D, over fifty rating; Class E, forty to fifty rating; Class F, thirty-two to forty rating. The course will be to the westward, first passing up New York Harbor, through the East River into the Sound, through Block Island Sound to Montauk Point and then along the Long Island coast to the finish.

American Association Results.

Kansas City, 4; Minneapolis, 2.
Toledo, 2; Louisville, 1.
Indianapolis, 6; Columbus, 4.
Milwaukee, 9; St. Paul, 8.

Southern League Results.

Atlanta, 3; Memphis, 6.
Nashville, 2; New Orleans, 1.
Chattanooga, 7; Mobile, 4.
Birmingham, 3; Little Rock, 2.

GIANTS to-day with PHILADELPHIA, 3:40 P. M. Polo Grounds. Adm. 50c.—Adv.

GIANTS DROP TWO GAMES TO CHAMPION PHILLIES

Pat Moran's Tribe Wallop McGraw's Pitchers All Over the Field, and Win by Scores of 4 to 0 and 5 to 2.

Pat Moran's champions fell upon McGraw's Giants like a ton of brick in yesterday's double header at the Polo Grounds. Eppa Rixey, the southpaw, took the measure of Fred Anderson by 4 to 0 in the opener and the ancient and honorable Chippewa chief, Alfred Bender, resurrected himself in the thawing rays of the hot midsummer sun and beat a flock of Mac's lesser pitching lights—Poil Perritt, Rube Schauer and Ferd Schupp—in the closing engagement by a score of 5 to 2.

Bender did not pitch as well as Rixey. Yet he pitched just about 100 per cent. better than Perritt, Schauer and Schupp combined.

Somehow it seemed in keeping with the sad chain of fatalities that have attended the home struggles of the Giants that McGraw picked the toughest possible spot for his most consistent twirler, Fred Anderson. New York lent absolutely no encouragement to this spitball expert. The team couldn't get even a run. The Giants got two runs off the Chief. A rank error by Bancroft was directly responsible for the first. A wild pitch by the redskin arranged for the other one.

Against the Giants Rixey showed by far his best game of the year. It is significant that only three batters faced him in each of the nine innings. Rixey's control was perfect. He didn't pass a man and he didn't hit one. Only twenty-seven batters faced the colleagues from Dixieland. New York got only four hits off Eppa and they were widely scattered. Robertson beat a slow tap to Bancroft with two out in the first inning. He was caught stealing. All the other three hits opened innings—the second, third and ninth respectively—and on every occasion the hit was followed by a double play.

In the second inning Doyle was caught stealing as Fletcher struck out. The count was three and two on Arthur, so that the captain simply had to go for general protection. Rariden was unfortunate enough to spoil McKechnie's clean singles in the third and ninth. Each time he rapped smartly to the box and each time the rangy Rixey telescoped for high hoppers and started double plays by way of Bancroft to Luderus. From the fourth until the ninth no Giant saw first base.

Not only did the Giants fail to lend any encouragement to Anderson, but it seemed they took occasion to discourage him. Luderus scratched a single to Doyle, starting the second round. Benny Kauff then made a horrible error on Whitted's sharp single. The drive rolled through Benny and away to the fence. Before it could be retrieved Luderus had rumbled home and Whitted was perched on third. Whitted scored while Doyle was throwing out Bancroft.

Georgie Burns made a costly muff on Cravath, first up in the fourth. The easy fly carried so high that the slow gaited Gavvy reached second. Luderus sacrificed and Whitted "squeezed" in the run with a bunt hit to McKechnie's yard.

Another "squeeze" play landed Philadelphia's final score in the ninth. Luderus, in the midst of a batting frenzy, opened this last section with a double down the right line. Whitted sacrificed and Bancroft walked. It was Killifer's bunt to McKechnie, with the "squeeze" sign out, that gave the counter.

A crazy chuck on the part of Bancroft sent New York off to a one run lead in the first inning of the second game. Benny Kauff nicked Chief Bender for a clean blow to right with one down. Robertson singled to left. Bancroft gathered Doyle's sharp grounder near the bag for a force out on Robertson. He had plenty of time to double the batter, but the throw carried wide and high. Kauff scored on the error and Larry raced to third. Fletcher, who was in exceptionally poor batting form all day, struck out.

Bancroft more than redeemed himself for this bobble by hitting into the right field stand for a home run with Luderus and Whitted waiting in the second inning. The first two singled with none out. Bancroft's main purpose when he went up was to advance the runners. He choked his bat after the fashion of Willie Keeler for this purpose before he was in the hole with two strikes. Then he took the longer grip and swung at a curve. The home run swat that broke up the game was the result of Perritt's overcaution to prevent a sacrifice.

Whitted and Bancroft singled with none out in the fourth. Killifer sacrificed, and when Whitted tried to score all the way from second on the infield hit he was doubled at the plate by Merkle's fine relay of Perritt's toss. Bender hit Bancroft home with a long single to left.

New York got its second and last run in the fifth. McKechnie led off with a single, took second on a wild pitch and scored on Rariden's single to right. Roush, hitting for Perritt, whiffed. Burns fouled to Luderus. Kauff grounded to Stock.

The Phillies got their last run off Schauer in the sixth. Whitted walked with one down and stole as Bancroft struck out. Killifer tripled to right. The scores:

FIRST GAME.

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