

RANK PIZZATTI PROMISED A GUY IN THE BLEACHERS A NEW BALL—HIS PAL WAS SATISFIED

ATHLETICS PLAY LIKE CHAMPIONS AND WIN HARD GAME FROM RED SOX; PING BODIE'S WALLOP DECIDES IT

Mack's Mauler Knocks Triple Which Scores Winning Run—Babe Ruth Is Treated Like Ordinary Pitcher and Is Shown No Mercy

CONNIE MACK is a deep student of baseball, and for that reason usually comes through with the proper dope in a pinch. Connie was and was more Monday night after his hitless game was walloped by the Red Sox by a one-sided score in a one-sided game.

Connie was right. The Athletics played wonderful baseball yesterday and won a hard-fought battle from the champions by the score of 3 to 1. It was one of the most furious combats seen on the home lot this year, and the best team of the most furious combats seen on the home lot this year, and the best team of the most furious combats seen on the home lot this year.

Yesterday's game proved that the Athletics must be reckoned with this year. Teams that used to peer into the future for the Philadelphia series with fond hopes of increasing their league standings and batting averages now wonder what will happen. Since a week ago Monday the A's have won three out of four games from the leaders of the league—two from the White Sox and one from Boston.

IT WOULD not be at all surprising to see the Mackmen cop today's combat. The victory over Ruth will give the players all kinds of confidence, for if they were able to hammer the star twirler, what will they do to the others? In addition to that, Win Noyes will be on the hill and he is in the midst of a winning streak. This will be the last game played by the A's on the home grounds until the latter part of the month, as they leave on their western trip tonight.

Ping Bodie Spoils a Perfect Day for Ruth and Starts Rally

FRANK PIZZATTI, henceforth known as the Walloping Wop, was the person who mused up things for the invaders. Frank had a bum day Monday and suffered in silence throughout the long hours until yesterday's game was called. He planned direct revenge on the gang from Boston, but his opportunity did not come until the third inning. After Dugan fled out, Bush and Jamieson walked. Grover rapped a single to left, scoring Bullet Joe, but Jimmy was nailed at third. This put our side one run to the good when Frank ambled up to the rubber.

Frank was thinking hard. "What's one run against that bunch?" he asked himself. "Nothing," was his reply. "We need a couple more if we want to win this here ball game." After the weighty question had been decided unanimously by himself, Mr. Pizzatti glared at Babe Ruth. This disconcerted the Boston flinger so much that he grooved one and the batter leaned against it. Zowie! Blowie! Blam! The nice, new white pill started on a long aerial journey and did not stop until it had sailed over Jimmy Walsh's head and crashed against the far corner of the scoreboard. Grover came home under wraps and Frank reached third with the throttle wide open. He ran on high gear at all stages of the trip. Then up stepped Ray Bates. Ray picked out a nice one and sent it to left and Frank scored amid wild cheering. That ended the scoring for our side, but it was enough. The remainder of the game the home-town boys played on the defensive and allowed the foe to count only once.

IT WAS Bodie's wallop that settled things so far as Ruth was concerned. It worried him so much that he lost his effectiveness, and he surely had lots of stuff in the early innings. Bodie also saved the day in the eighth when he made a wonderful running catch of Gardner's liner, which sailed over Strunk's head and looked like a three-bagger anyway. No wonder Ping is popular with the bleacherites!

Slugging Pitchers Are Quite Common This Year

PITCHERS who not only are willing to hit, but who can take a crack at a baseball with some of the best of hitters, are becoming more frequent in the major leagues. Time was, a short time ago, when pitchers carried a bat to the plate merely because it was done and a time at bat had to be there. Now there are eight pitchers in the American League who are batting .250 or better and in the National League there are ten.

Babe Ruth, of the Red Sox, is the best stick of the pitchers in either league, but Dutch Reuther, Cincinnati; Walter Johnson, Red Russell and Ray Caldwell are considered excellent batsmen. Any one of them is likely to be called on to pinch hitting for his club. Larry Cheney, of the Dodgers, is a good hitter. Dick Rudolph, of the Braves, never shirks a time at bat, and he has a teammate of the same sort in George Tyler. Sherrod Smith, of the Dodgers, would rather win a game with a hit than by a stellar pitching performance. Grover Alexander is considered a dangerous batsman. Nearly all the Yankee pitchers are good hitters. George Morridge and Ray Caldwell perhaps are the best, but Al Russell has out-hit both of them this year. Claude Hendrix, of the Cubs, is respected by pitchers as a hard, long hitter—one who is just as likely to knock a baseball out of the lot as not. Mel Wolfgang, of the White Sox, although small, has plenty of courage at bat and makes his hits. Elmer Myers, of the A's, also shines with the bat—when he hits his stride.

Jack Coombs's hitting is an asset added to his pitching ability. Clarence Mitchell, of the Reds, not only can pitch a good game, but he can outfield or play first base and gets his regular safe ones. There are plenty of others—perhaps more of the hitting kind of pitchers than the game ever knew before.

IT IS noted that the so-called "iron men" are conspicuous by their absence this year. Only two pitchers—Alexander and Fred Toney—have even qualified for that title and their records show quantity, not quality. Pete Schneider, of the Reds, has twirled a bunch of games, and only a few in the American League appear to be overworked.

Yankees Use Golden Bait to Lure Pennant to Gotham

JAKE RUPPERT and Cap Huston are gluttons for punishment. After receiving wallops on the jaw and reeling for the count for two years, they still are in the ring showing just as much nerve as ever. The custodians of the money bags are willing to open up and pay big prices for new baseball talent, as was shown Monday when they paid \$20,000 for three players of the minor league variety now sojourning in Baltimore. This is a huge fiasco of money to pay out in these wartime days, but the Yankee owners are in the business to win a pennant and legal tender is no object. Already they have spent a couple of fortunes on the club, but nothing has come of it. Perhaps this is the last desperate try to put something over.

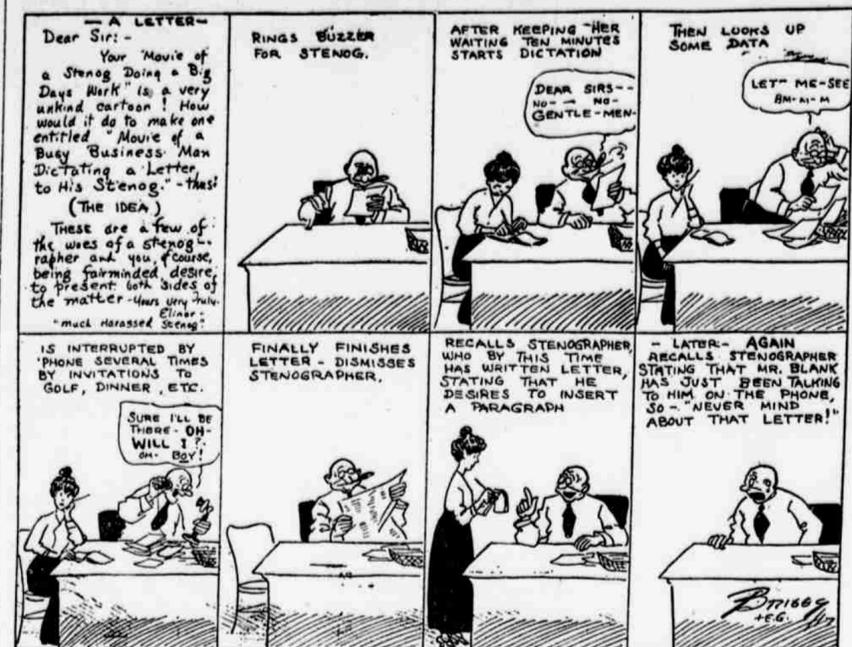
Last year Muggsy McGraw, the famous repudiator, decided to get his club out of the rut and went gunning for new players. The bush leagues were closely scrutinized, but nothing was discovered. So Muggsy got together all of his spare cash and visited the big league cities. He needed a second baseman, as Larry Doyle was on the down grade, so he grabbed Charley Herzog from Cincinnati. This required about a ton of cash, but the amount was cheerfully paid. Then he expressed a desire to land Heinie the Zimm, who was third-basing for the Cubs, and the eccentric athlete was landed. Others were looked over, but with this pair the club was greatly improved. Kauff, Burns and Robertson were in the outfield and Holke and Fletcher made up the other half of the infield. This gang got together, won twenty-six games in a row, proved their class in the league and, just to show how easy it is to lose a few games, allowed Brooklyn to wallop them a couple of times and win the pennant from the Phils. But they played such good baseball that they were awarded the National League pennant for 1917 last winter, and they have not crossed the dope.

JAKE and Cap evidently are aware of this stunt pulled by the Giants and are trying to emulate Mr. McGraw. It's all right to spend money to get the proper players, but, as John Chester Sherman says, money ain't everything. Comiskey has spent waste of the stuff on the White Sox, but no pennants have waved over the Windy City. Other clubs have done the same thing, notably the Cubs. Twenty thousand bones seems to be a trifle high for Baltimore players, especially when the club is not able to even lead the International League.

George Stallings Has Established a Record for Outfielders

THOSE who have seen ball players come and go from Shibe Park in the last three years probably have awarded the tryout championship to Connie Mack without a dissenting vote. However, Connie does not hold the record, although he comes mighty close to it. George Stallings, the temperamental boss of the Boston Braves, wins the barrel of flour and lady's bicycle, to say nothing of the brown derby. In the last five years George has been in search of an outfield. Almost thirty athletes have been tried out and he still is on the hunt. In 1913 he started out with Cy Seymour, Titus, Zinn and Lord, but soon shipped them via the showery route. Since then he has labored with Fred Snodgrass, Sherwood Magee, Whitell, Connolly, Chapelle, Collins, Cather, Compton, Moran, Gilbert, Mann, Whitted, Griffith, Devore, Murray, Dugay, Fitzpatrick, Trownbley, Clymer, Kelly, and Powell and many others. Whitted and Dugay now are Philly stars, Griffith is a regular in the Red Sox, Magee is with the same club, and Whitell has been in the Giants' lineup.

MOVIE OF A BUSY BUSINESS MAN DICTATING A LETTER TO HIS STENOGRAPHER



BENNY KAUFF GAINS IN NATIONAL RACE

Husky New York Outfielder Closing in on Cruise, of Cards, Who Is Second

COBB WELL IN FRONT

Benny Kauff, of the Giants, is closing in on Walter Cruise, who is batting second in the National League race. The husky New York outfielder gained two points yesterday and the slugger Cardinal now leads him by only six points. Touch is leading Cruise by thirty-one points, and appears to have the championship sewed up.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Table with 5 columns: Player, Club, G., AB., R., H., Ave. Lists top performers like Cobb, Kauff, and Cruise.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Table with 5 columns: Player, Club, G., AB., R., H., Ave. Lists top performers like Ruth, Tamm, and Johnson.

AMATEUR BASEBALL

All baseball teams having games arranged for Sunday with the Upper Darby club playing communicants with Louis J. Batoway, 5737 Chestnut street, before Friday.

SCRAPS ABOUT SCRAPPERS

By LOUIS H. JAFFE

LEW TENDLER, local southpaw, has switched managers, or else Sam Hahn, a new entry in Philadelphia's boxing circles, has a hallucination that he is to look after the newboy's bouts in the future. To prove that he has been appointed Tendler's adviser, Hahn shows a typewritten statement, with Jack Hanlon's signature, that he (Hahn) is recognized as Tendler's handler by the Olympia matchmaker.

WHO IS Lew Tendler's manager?

Boy, please pass! Look on the beach or some place at Atlantic City. Phil Glassman also writes that he has made a new acquisition, an Italian lightweight, who has signed a contract with him and has punched out a tough, hard-punching native. It is he who has the right to become prominent. Glassman should be able to pull the strings.

HOW TO PLAY GOLF Charles (Chick) Evans Jr.

IN DRIVING I strive particularly to make the descent of my stroke the same as the ascent. I consider my swing as a whole with two equal parts and my object is to make these halves identical; that is, when I go back my right elbow is in my right side, my left arm is almost straight; when I follow through my left elbow is in my right side, my right arm is almost straight. Also on the backward stroke my right knee strikes my left knee.

Hints on Tee Shots

The imaginary line to the hole is a straight one leading from a point behind the ball through it to the hole. Therefore I place the clubhead back of the ball at right angles to the imaginary line to a right angle at the start let the shoulder be parallel to the line going back, and at right angle going through.

Don't Skid

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CHAPMAN, THE SHORTSTOP KING, IS BATTING OVER .300 AND HAS SCORED MORE RUNS THAN ANY OF RIVALS

He is as Good an Infielder as Peckinpugh, Fletcher, Maranville and Scott—Baseball Soon Everywhere "Somewhere in France"

By GRANTLAND RICE As for instance— "What the country needs now is a popular war song—not the highbrow type, but one with words the average soldier can understand."—Editorial Ex. Why didn't you say so before?

Our Uncle Sam is none too quick at picking up a scrap; He doesn't care a half a whoop about a foreign map; He'd rather take it easy with his fingers off the clutch, But no one's gotten very fat at picking on him much. Our Uncle may be flabby, And not yet at his prime; He's just a trifle gabby; And he takes his bloody time; But when the showdown gathers And they need him in the list, He'll be there with the wallop And a kick in either fist.

Well, then— Perhaps this isn't the one meant. Very well— The Kaiser says it makes him laugh To think of Uncle Sam; The Crown Prince shakes his aching sides And nips another dram; And Von the Hindenburg lays back And breaks into a roar— But who will lead the cheering When they get the Final Score? Shrapnel shell and gas and hell And all the bally rest— Mud and blood and bayonet And any other test— When the Sammys hit the line, As they have always done, Won't that be a dainty dish To set before the Hun?

The business of writing a popular song is a pipe, if you drop the one word popular. One can never tell just what the esteemed populace will seize upon as a desired melody. But if any one breaks through our guess and One Best Bet is George M. Cohan. Who has the odds? During the Interim In the meantime, why doesn't some one write a popular war song for the Browns and Pirates? We suggest the following titles: First. Asleep in the Deep. Second. They're More to be Pitted Than Centured. Third. Down Where the Wurzburger Flows. Fourth. Please Go 'Way and Let Me Sleep. The Leader Last season the shortstop battle rested among Peckinpugh, Fletcher, Maranville and Scott. This season the crown goes to another man. His name is Chapman, of Cleveland. Chapman is almost as good an infielder as any of the four mentioned. Above that, he is far in front of them all as a batsman, base runner and run getter. He is batting more than .300 and has scored more runs than any shortstop in the game. You can seize upon these statistics and do your own dopping. Over There When the American soldier went to the Philippines he not only left baseball in Manila, but also in Japan and in many parts of China. Several crack ball clubs have invaded this country from China and Japan. With a long stay in France, it is the safest sort of gamble that the American trooper will plant the game among the English and French soldiers, picking up where the Canadians have already started. There may be no great chance this season, but if 600,000 Americans are over there next spring the boom of the base hit will be almost as prevalent as the boom of the big guns. One tough detail about the Reds is that they nearly always do the bulk of their slumping at home in the anguished and frenzied sight of the home fanatic. And forty years' experience hasn't yet left the Red fan immune. Commission should be appointed to examine the Brown, Kelly, Kony and Fitzpatrick accounts for a Boston victory in a few-inning game with the Phils.

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